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# AND THE Illustrated News

Vol. XII.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1875.

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



A DAY DREAM.

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.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to "The General Manager, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

All correspondence of the Papers, literary contributions, and sketches to be addressed to "The Editor, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

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In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be published

#### A DOUBLE-PAGE PICTURE

which is intended to represent the portraits in group of the

#### PRESS GALLERY

at Ottawa, during the last session of Parliament. The members are shown in different attitudes, sitting or standing, and the illustration will be accompanied by a memoir of each member.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 17th, 1875.

#### THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL.

Preparations are actively in progress in Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa, for a becoming celebration of the hundredth birthday of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish Liberator. The oldest of the Irish societies in Ottawa has already nearly prepared a programme, the leading features of which have been sent to us and to which we shall refer fully in a future number. The general committee appointed to make arrangements for a banquet, and also for the procuring of a full length portrait of O'Connell to be hung in the picture gallery of the houses of Parliament, are meeting with such encouragement that they have reason to anticipate complete success. Already the indefatigable secretary, Mr. Connell J. Higgins, has received the most flattering responses to a private circular recently issued at the instance of the Committee and he has also been in communication with ourselves with the view of producing several pictorial features which will tend to enhance the brilliancy of the festival. We are glad to hear of the success so far attained, as distinguished Irishmen, without regard to creed, have given their adhesion to it. The Ottawa papers, however, make, we think, a slight miscalculation in attributing the initiative of the celebration to Ottawa. The project has been mooted for weeks past in Montreal. But this, after all, is a matter of small consequence. The union of all Irish societies in the different Canadian cities, is the main thing, and we are pleased to see that there is every chance of its being consummated. O'Connell belongs to that privileged class of great men whose memories survive the prejudices of caste or creed, and the fiery passions of the day of battle.

#### FRENCH REPUBLICANISM.

In studying the gradual establishment of Republicanism in France, we must divest ourselves of American ideas. There are more reasons than one why a French Republic cannot be a copy of the American Republic, and we may add that there are as many reasons why it is not desirable that it should be such. It is sufficient to say that the United States are by no means an ideal Republic, and that even if local circumstances did not admit its adoption in France, there would be theoretic inducements for French statesmen to attempt an improvement upon it. M. THIERS has long since declared that the Washington Government was not his point of departure, and the present PRIME MINISTER,

M. BUFFET, has stated the same thing in other words. Hence we cannot properly appreciate the new Constitutional movement in France if we gauge it by American standards.

It has become a trite saying, originated by some English writer, that France is a Republic without Republicans. The proposition may have some share of truth, in one sense, but it is absolutely erroneous in another. We must distinguish between a Democracy and a Republic. The terms are philologically distinct, and they represent two different schemes of Government. The United States are a Democracy. The whole fountain of authority is the people, and its vehicle is universal manhood suffrage. All the departments of Government—the Executive, the Legislative, the Judiciary, with the sole exception of the Supreme Court—emanate directly and immediately from the popular vote. Organic laws, whether of the State or the General Government, must be submitted to the people for approval. Amendments to the Constitution must be referred to the same tribunal. Then, in the United States, there is the Federative principle. A number of minor Republics are gathered together under a general Republic. The civil war has certainly weakened the strength of the States Rights doctrine but has by no means destroyed it, and the increasing prestige of the present Opposition party is precisely its hostility to the encroachments of Centralization attempted, and in a measure accomplished, by the party in power.

The new French Government is widely different from this. In the first place, it is not, and cannot be, a Democracy, pure and simple. Frenchmen have reason to be cured of their passion for the ideal of Democracy. Those of our readers who peruse the great romance of ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN now appearing in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, may learn to excuse that enthusiasm, but the events of 1793, 1848 and 1871 have been too terrible not to inculcate the lesson of prudence and moderation.

Hence the French are now striving to build up a Conservative Republic with due and literal regard to the meaning of those words. The broad foundation of universal suffrage is retained, as it must, being the best relic of the great Revolution, and the immortal glory of France which first introduced it into Europe. But the other departments of Government, with the exception of the Assembly, are derived only mediately, and indirectly from the people. Thus a large portion of the Senate is elected by the Assembly, and the Executive is likewise chosen by that body. The Judiciary is nominative throughout. The Prefets of the Departments are not elective, but appointed by the Government. The Federal system is, of course, out of the question. France is and must remain a unit, and the Commune which tended to separate local administrations, has grown into increased disfavor since the horrors of 1871. A new element of stability is acquired in making the Presidential term one of seven years, with privilege of reelection for two or more terms. The members of the Cabinet hold seats in the Assembly and are personally responsible for their administration to the Assembly. This is a manifest improvement on the American method.

Not only in theory, but in practice as well, the Republic is intended to be conservative. The Radical wing is at present infinitesimal, and its leader LOUIS BLANC, in his late speech on the Public Powers Bill, rallied only a few followers to his extreme views. GAMBETTA has proved his statesmanship in this—that the Republic of 1875 is not and cannot be a repetition of the miserable attempt of 1848. He has proved another thing—that the peasantry of France, which forms the bulk of the population, can be rallied around a Republican Government, without undue love for any of the three dynasties—Bourbon, Orleans or Bonaparte—on the one hand, and without exaggerated dread of the Revolution, on the other. This is a wonderful step in advance, and gives reasonable hopes

for the stability of the new Constitution. Altogether, France must have the sympathy of the world in her endeavours to create a new popular Government based upon the will of the people and removed from the worst of all dangers, the tyranny of the Demos or Mob.

#### THE NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

The report of Col. FRENCH, Commander of the expedition, has just been published, and we are pleased to find that it confirms in almost every particular the accounts of our special artist and correspondent, which were concluded in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS only a few weeks ago.

On the 6th June, the Force, consisting of 16 officers, 201 men and 244 horses left Toronto. On the 17th, they reached Dufferin where they made a junction with Troops A, B, and C., which had gone on before. The total Force then consisted of 22 officers; 287 men, called constables and sub-constables; 310 horses; 67 wagons; 114 ox-carts; 18 yoke of oxen; 50 cows, and 40 calves. This long procession filed out of Dufferin in the afternoon of the 18th July. But before that event, thirty or thirty-five of the men deserted the service and took leg bail over the frontier, where, of course, they were safe from pursuit. At the first encampment, two miles from Dufferin, four or five more followed their example. There is no doubt that this had a bad effect on the Force, which, for a few days, was quite manifest, but gradually the distractions of the route effaced it. Later, the men had reason for complaint in regard to rations and general comfort; but at the beginning, no ground existed therefor. Throughout, the treatment of the men, so far as their officers were concerned, was such as every soldier receives in a campaign.

The route lay between Dufferin and Fort Edmonton, and the expedition lasted from 6th June, 1874, to the 7th November of the same year. The direction was southerly, never far from the boundary line between British America and the United States. The first favorable locality visited was Souris, or Mouse Valley. It seems admirably adapted for cultivation, and in years when the frost is not too severe, ought to grow wheat easily. It stands some 1500 feet above the level of the sea. The soil is black loam with sandy bottom and white oak is plentiful along the banks of the river. Then came Rivière des Lacs. On the opposite side is the historic Butte Marquée, a sketch of which appeared in the tenth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, p. 177. Some sixty or seventy years ago, the Crees were at war with the Mandans, a tribe frequenting the hunting grounds of the Missouri. A party of each was on the war-path about this part of the country. One morning before sunrise, when the mist was not yet off the ground, a Cree left the camp to examine the surrounding country from the highest point of land in the vicinity. This was Butte Marquée, as it was afterwards called by the French Half-Breeds, or in English, Murdered Scout Hill. There he perceived a Mandan, in a sitting posture, also anxiously looking about for enemies, his back turned to the Cree. The latter took a large round stone weighing about fifteen pounds, crawled silently up to his enemy and killed him. To memorialize the place, with his tomahawk he dug out the form of a man lying on his back, his legs spread out and arms stretched back of his head. The figure measures about twelve feet in length. The approach is also marked out for some sixty feet by dug-out foot marks. On the 25 July, the expedition reached Roche Percée, a sketch of which appeared in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, p. 197. This singular rock is of white sandstone of wind formation, running up like a crest from the bottom of the Souris Valley. At its base, it measures about 35 feet in height and the base about 40 feet. Some parts are softer than others and from the combined influence of wind and rain, fissures and holes have been worn

through it. The largest hole is clearly seen. On different parts of the rock are cut the names of people who have passed by, and many Indian hieroglyphics which, of course, remain a mystery to us.

The water of Old Wife's Lake is deeply impregnated with sulphate of soda. It emits a disagreeable smell to the windward, as of decayed weeds steeped in brine. The effect of the odor is very nauseating, and one cannot stop long upon the banks. Men and horses were actively purged by it. This sulphate of soda is found as a thick deposit on the shores of most of the small neighbouring lakes. No grass grows in the neighborhood. It is a Dead Sea country. Shooting, however, was very plentiful. Pelicans, ducks, geese, and bastard plovers were in abundance. The Colonel killed a pelican of immense size and all white, measuring eight feet from tip to tip.

On the 13th August, the great "pow-wow" took place with the Sioux. On the 27th, the Force reached the Sweet Grass Hills consisting of three elevations, known to the half-breeds as "Les Trois Buttes." They are in a line, with about four miles of intervening space, measuring from one extremity to the other about twenty-three miles. They are a notable landmark, being on the boundary line between Canada and the United States, the western Butte on the line being on British, the others on American soil.

Appended to the report are a diary kept by Colonel French from July 8th, till November 7th, 1874; several extracts from the reports of Mr. McLeod, the Assistant Commissioner, a report of Inspector Jarvis, and another of Veterinary Surgeon Poett. All these contain valuable and interesting information.

At Lake Qu'Appelle, a point now celebrated for the treaty concluded there between the Indians and the Canadian authorities, our artist and correspondent took leave of the Force. We may repeat his parting words:—"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 acknowledgment 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."

Six weeks have elapsed since the wreck of the Vicksburg, and we have not heard a word about an official investigation. The whole press of the country called for it, and it must not be shirked. It is in the interest of the company itself that the matter should be thoroughly investigated. The interest of the public is still more pressing and cannot be overlooked. The inquiry into the Schiller disaster took place within a month after it occurred, and after the British inquiry, the German Government resolved to institute another of its own, not to invalidate, but to confirm the first, if necessary. The Dominion Government should not delay in this case, either in ordering the investigation, if such is their duty, or in urging it upon the responsible party, should the duty lie elsewhere.

There are two ways in which the careful and impartial observer should look at the late Quebec elections. As a purely Provincial contest, between Ministerialists and Oppositionists, the Government must be allowed to have a fair working majority, at least as great as that of the Ontario Government, at the late elections. As a contest of parties, between Liberals and Conservatives—it must be acknowledged that the latter have largely won. Fully ten of the members claimed by the Opposition are life-long Conservatives, who may go against the Local administration, but who are by no means pledged to join the

Liberals on other and higher issues. This is the simple truth, and there is no harm that the truth should be sometimes told.

The new Quebec election law works well, as the experience of last week proved, and in several particulars it appears superior to the Dominion Act. There is one detail, however, to which we may call attention. The ballot, instead of being placed in an envelope by the voter, after he has voted, is simply folded and handed to the Returning Officer, who tears off the tag or heading and then deposits it in the urn. In doing this, though he turns the paper down, he can easily see the cross made with a pencil, and thus may tell how the vote went. We see no reason for this tearing of the tag and we think that the folded ballot should pass at once into the box without any further manipulation by the Returning Officer.

THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE DOMINION.

III.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE

The new School buildings of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, of which we give a representation elsewhere, have been erected during the past year to replace the former School House which was destroyed by fire on the 25th of January, 1874. During the intervening sixteen months, the School has been kept together in such temporary quarters as were at the time available and it says something for the prestige of the School and for the College management that, despite the many discomforts and inconveniences experienced, the School roll for the last year numbered 100 boys. The year previous to the fire the number was 130, the whole available School accommodation being occupied, about 30 boys from the village and neighbourhood being non-resident, the old system of outside boarding houses having been discarded on the appointment of the present Rector. In the new School House accommodation is afforded for 110 boys, and with such a building it may be confidently expected that the School's former numbers will soon be reached again and perhaps surpassed.

Plans for the building were furnished by Messrs. Macdougall and Darling, the leading architects of Toronto, and it is only necessary to see the material result of their designs to justify the wise selection.

The contractor, Mr. G. Bryant, of Sherbrooke, also deserves especial commendation for the faithful and skillful discharge of his important work, work which in every way reflects the highest credit upon him and which has deservedly met with the warmest appreciation of both the Architects and College authorities. The cost of the building was very nearly \$27,000. This was met by the Insurance money on the former School amounting to \$15,000 and by private subscriptions which fully covered the balance. The new School has therefore been handed over to the College free of debt, and as the subjoined description will shew, is one of which the College and the country may be justly proud. As regards comfort, safety, convenience and health, it is perhaps one of the most perfect buildings in the Dominion and in respect of its sanitary arrangements in particular has called forth the highest public eulogiums from two of our most eminent physicians, Dr. David, of Montreal, and Dr. Marsden, of Quebec.

The building, which is of brick, is situated on a rising ground overlooking the village and having the St. Francis and Massawippi rivers forming a junction almost at its feet. It faces the St. Francis, presenting a facade 161 feet long by 40 wide and 56 high to the ridge line of the roof. It is plain Gothic; giving one the idea of what it really is—a good substantial building intended to meet the requirements of the age. It has a solid, well-pitched, slated roof, with six handsome dormer windows on either side. The main entrance is on the north-side, in the central block. Besides the entrance there is a private door at the end of the east wing, and a wide double door on the south, which will be the entrance for the boys, hereafter to be connected by a cloister with the chapel and dining hall. Coming in by this door we find ourselves in a vestibule, leading to the main corridor, which extends the whole length of the building from end to end (the same corridor being repeated on the two flats above), 8 feet wide, and so lighted that no part of it is in the least dark. Turning to the left we come to a study, 38 feet by 16, which, as also the other two studies, is sheathed from floor to ceiling, stained and varnished.

Passing the dividing door, we come to the central block, in which is the main staircase, the most, in fact the only, ornamented part of the building, extending from the south side to the main corridor, and occupying a space of 31½ by 40 feet. Opposite the staircase is a broad vestibule, intersecting the central corridor, and having the main entrance opening to it. Coming in by the main entrance there is a door at the right which leads into the book room; to the left is the reception room for parents and guardians. In the basement are the Boys' bath room, furnished with hot and cold water baths,

kitchen, man servant's and boot brushing rooms, fuel chamber and furnace room, from which pipes carry the steam to every room and corridor in the building, giving all the heat that could be desired.

Coming up again we proceed along the main corridor through the east wing, in which are situated the Rector's room, with a large fire-proof safe, the Master's common room, Sixth Form room, Library, and Master's staircase. The walls of this flat are sheathed 4½ feet up, and all the wood work is stained and varnished. The rooms are 13 feet high. Iron ladders are fastened against the outside wall from the roof to the ground, forming an effectual means of escape in case of fire, even supposing one was cut from all the four parallel staircases. Every room is provided with its independent ventilating shaft for carrying off vitiated air, the separate shafts leading into a space in the roof which has connection with the external air. In addition to these shafts there are fan lights over every door, so as to establish a thorough circulation of air. Four great and most important desiderata for a school building have evidently been insisted upon, and, as far as an outsider can judge, have been clearly carried out, both by architect and contractor, in the new Bishop's College School House. Abundance of light, as witnessed both in dormitories and in studies; economy of labour, as seen in lift, dusts shafts, water and housemaids' conveniences, &c.; thorough heating (by steam); and, perhaps most important of all, thorough ventilation and drainage. The drainage of the new school house is, it may be well to add, as new as the house itself, and, we hear, has proved the only serious item of "extra" expenditure in the account of the contractor.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DAY DREAM.

This beautiful front page picture represents a musician falling into a reverie over the echoes of her instrument, and dreaming of fairy melodies even after the strings have ceased to sound. The face is much like that of poor Parepa-Rosa.

THE CENTENARY OF BOIELDIEU.

We present a full series of sketches representing the centennial celebration of Boieldieu, at his native city, Rouen. Boieldieu was the author of many operas, but his master piece is "La Dame Blanche" which has rendered him immortal.

THE LOVELL PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The Lovell Printing and Publishing House is situated on the margin of Lake Champlain at Rouse's Point, New York. The landing for the Lake Champlain steamers and the stations of the Vermont Central and the Grand Trunk Railways are within a short distance of the building.

The Lake Shore Press office is an imposing, massive and substantial structure of stone and brick, three storeys high, measuring 150 feet front by 178 feet depth, with a width of 45 feet. The roof is covered with English tin. The foundation and first courses are built with magnificent blocks of lime stone from Isle Lamotte quarries, many of them weighing four and five tons. The remainder of the building is built of brick.

The 50-horse engine, a beautiful specimen of mechanical skill, manufactured by C. E. Brown & Co., of Fitchburg, works noiselessly, while the shafting and belting, when in motion, work without the slightest vibration.

The first flat is partly occupied as a press-room, measuring 45 feet by 130 feet, and 13 feet clear to ceiling. On the same flat are the hydraulic press-room, the drying-room, the paper-room, the wetting-room, the packing-room, and a fire-proof vault for stereotype and electrotype plates. Adjoining the press-room is the engine-room, with a beautiful 50-horse engine, and an exquisitely finished pumping engine, capable of throwing 150 gallons of water per minute. The boilers are in a separate compartment.

The second flat contains a splendid room for the compositors. It is lighted by 35 large windows. On this flat is a noble apartment which has been set apart for a library, and leading to the library are seven rooms intended for the convenience of authors. The business offices are also on this flat, with brick vault and fire-proof safe.

The next or third flat is occupied partly as a bindery, and in part by the stereotype and electrotype departments.

There are hoists at the end and side of the different flats, worked by steam. The supply of water is unlimited. Lake Champlain serves as a reservoir, and a six-inch pipe, 500 feet long, extends to deep water, which, by means of a steam pump, furnishes an unlimited amount of pure water to five large tanks in the fourth storey. Eight four-inch hydrants are in use on the premises.

The lavatories, water-closets and dressing rooms for both males and females, on each flat, are admirably arranged and copiously supplied with water.

In winter the entire building is heated by steam.

A 500-light Springfield Gas Machine furnishes a clear, agreeable and easily managed light. The machine is automatic, the gas is produced as consumed, consequently there is no accumulation or danger of explosion.

The success of an industrial enterprise depends less on the amount of capital invested than on the management, and in this respect the Lake

Shore Press gives promise of being a remunerative undertaking. It has the advantage of the senior Mr. Lovell's forty years' experience, as manager, and his well-earned reputation as a printer and publisher. He is well sustained by four of his sons, and by a zealous and industrious staff.

As a commercial enterprise, it must be pronounced an entire success, and cannot fail to yield satisfactory dividends to the shareholders.

Mr. John Lovell is known over the whole American continent and his name is endeared to all Canadians by his strenuous efforts, for very many years, to develop and encourage a native literature. The hardships of the Copyright Act have forced him to transfer a large part of his vast establishment to Rouse's Point, where he can serve Canadians even better than he could in Montreal, but his spirit and his aims are still thoroughly Canadian, and we only echo the universal sentiment in wishing the largest measure of success to his new and very bold venture.

COLONEL DYDE C. M. G.

Colonel Dyde was born in the last century, of English parents at Altona, in the Duchy of Holstein, during the French Revolution, the Reign of Terror. His father, an extensive merchant in London, and on the continent, was imprisoned with other Englishmen, at the time in Paris, for speaking their minds too freely, his mother fortunately having made her escape to the Elbe. In 1802 he was present in Paris when the 1st Napoleon, General and First Consul, reviewed 50,000 men on leaving for the seat of war. He came to America in 1810 and to Canada during the war with the United States and was immediately enrolled in the 4th Embodied Militia and served with it as Sergeant Major and Adjutant. In 1816 he went to the North West Territories and was placed in charge of a Fort belonging to one of the great Fur Companies, then at deadly feud with each other, and had more than one narrow escape for his life. On his way back he was shipwrecked on Lake Superior, and after his return made two voyages to the West-Indies and the Spanish Islands. In the first he was nearly captured by a Pirate, and in the last was shipwrecked twice in a gale of wind on Cape Porcupine in the Gut of Canso, and again late in November in another vessel sailing from Halifax to Boston in Holmes Home, Martha's Vineyard, and was nearly lost both times. On moving to Quebec and being appointed Agent of the two great Steamboat Companies, he was gazetted Captain and Adjutant of the Garrison Artillery, 8 Batteries, which corps however on the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1837 declined by a vote of a majority of the officers to drill. It was of course disbanded, and Captain Dyde was appointed to the Grenadiers of the Royal Quebec Volunteers a Regiment 800 strong ordered to be raised for immediate service by Lord Gosford. This corps was quartered in Barracks, became very efficient and was constantly on service with the regulars. At this time he was by his promptitude and decision instrumental in saving the guns &c., for a field battery, several thousand stand of arms, a large quantity of ammunition and military stores of every kind from falling into the hands of the insurgents. In 1838 Captain Dyde was promoted to a Majority and when the revolt again broke out, and on his removal to Montreal as Inspector was attached to the Light Infantry. This corps was brought to so high a state of efficiency that when the colors were presented to the Regiment by Lady Harcourt he was complimented in presence of the whole division by the General Commanding. In 1845 when the Oregon difficulty occurred, he was appointed Lieut.-Colonel, and ordered to recruit the corps to its full strength and organize for immediate service which was done in three weeks' great personal exertion and outlay. In 1854 he became Lieut.-Colonel of the 1st Bat. Rifles, now the Prince of Wales, then numbering ten companies, and soon after was appointed Col. Commandant of the whole active militia and Volunteer militia force of Montreal. On the visit of His Highness the Prince of Wales in 1860, he furnished from his brigade all the Guards of Honour and Escorts and commanded the whole militia force when reviewed by that illustrious personage, and was thanked in general orders. In 1861 on the claim growing out of the Trent imbroglio, for the surrender of Mason and Sli-dell, war appeared to be imminent, even before additional forces could be sent from England. Col. Dyde was therefore again called, and under his command and supervision a small but efficient staff, unpaid with one exception, augmented the available forces of the city within three months from 750 to nearly to 4,000, comprising a Squadron of Cavalry, a Field Battery, six Batteries of Garrison Artillery, two Companies of Engineers, three Regiments of Rifles, and three of Light Infantry, fully armed and equipped. In the partial frontier disturbances caused by the St. Alban's raid in 1865, Col. Dyde was ordered to furnish detachments for several points both in Upper and Lower Canada, and in 1866 and subsequently during the Fenian incursions, he was Brigadier in command of the whole of that part of the volunteer militia forming the 2nd Brigade who were constantly on service with the 1st, composed of H. M. Regular Troops. At this time the Home Guard consisting of three battalions, numbering about 1500, was also placed under his command by the senior Lieut.-Col. the Hon James Ferrier and took their full share of duty in furnishing outlying pickets, guards and patrols, at various points for a considerable time. In addition to the various services in this long course of years Col. Dyde

has been called upon to aid the civil power in times of riot or serious public commotion, on nineteen occasions, either as a magistrate in charge of regular troops or in command of militia and in every instance he received the approval and thanks of the authorities. Col. Dyde has also to deplore the loss of two sons in the service of their country, the eldest who contracted a disease when in command of the Montreal Light Infantry in the winter of 1861, and the other who perished in India in the 14th Light Dragoons. When Sir George Cartier's Militia Bill was enacted, Col. Dyde was shelved after nearly sixty years' service without even the compliment of a general order. But we are happy to say that the record which we have here produced has obtained for the subject of it proper recognition in the very highest quarters.

DE BAR'S OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. De Bar continues to furnish Montreal playgoers with excellent entertainment. Last week he presented The Big Bonanza, and Monsieur Alphonse, with the assistance of the Fifth Avenue Company, of New York. Both plays were well performed, and drew good houses, but the cast was scarcely as telling as on the occasion of the last visit of this excellent company to Montreal. Miss Sara Jewett, Mr. Louis James, and Mr. James Peakes sustained the same roles as before, and with, if possible, more merit. Mr. David Whiting, the former Uncle Rymple of the Big Bonanza, took the part of the great broker Jonathan Cawallader, and Mr. B. T. Ringgold, and Mr. Chas. Rockwell, respectively personated Jack Lymer, M.D., and Alphonsus DeHaas, each effectively and with credit, but not so satisfactorily as the former exponents of these strongly delineated parts. Miss May Nunez is not as sprightly and ingenue a Virgie as Miss Nina Varion, but apart from the comparison, played with care and *entrain*. The important part of the Professor was ably filled by Mr. Edward Lamb and altogether the piece was smoothly played, and met with success. Little Miss Heron again shone conspicuous in Monsieur Alphonse, which was also received with great favor. Miss Charlotte Stanley is the attraction this week. Visitors to De Bar's Opera House are always sure of a pleasant evening.

HUMOUROUS.

THE mean temperature is what disgusts a man with every climate.

SPEAKING of railroads a wag remarked that they are now built of three gauges, viz: Broad gauge, narrow gauge and mortgage.

A LAZY fellow once declared in a company, that he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious man, "I'm obliged to work for it."

DON'T be too anxious to solve a conundrum. A man got two black eyes in endeavouring to find out the difference between a man and a woman fighting in the street.

"WELL, I always make it a rule to tell my wife everything that happens," said Brownwig.—"Oh, my dear fellow, that's nothing!" said Smithwig.—"I tell my wife lots of things that never happen at all."

"What do you think of women for doctors?" asked a lady of her family physician.—"They are invaluable, madam" replied the doctor; "we derive at least two-thirds of our income from them."

A MAN was telling some friends about a wonderful parrot.—"Why," said he, "that parrot cries 'top thief' so naturally that every time I hear it I always stop. Now, hang it, what are you all laughing about?"

A fourteen-year-old girl in Sandy Hill, N. Y., eloped with a school boy, got married, and returned home with him to be forgiven. She was soundly spanked by her mother, and the husband on his way out of the house was kicked eighteen times by her father. They had never read anything like that in novels.

"DOCTOR," said an old lady, "I'm so troubled in my sleep. Last night I saw my grandfather, who has been dead thirty years."—"What did you eat before you went to bed?" asked the doctor.—"Nothing but half of a mince pie."—"Well, if you had eaten the other half you might also have seen your grandmother."

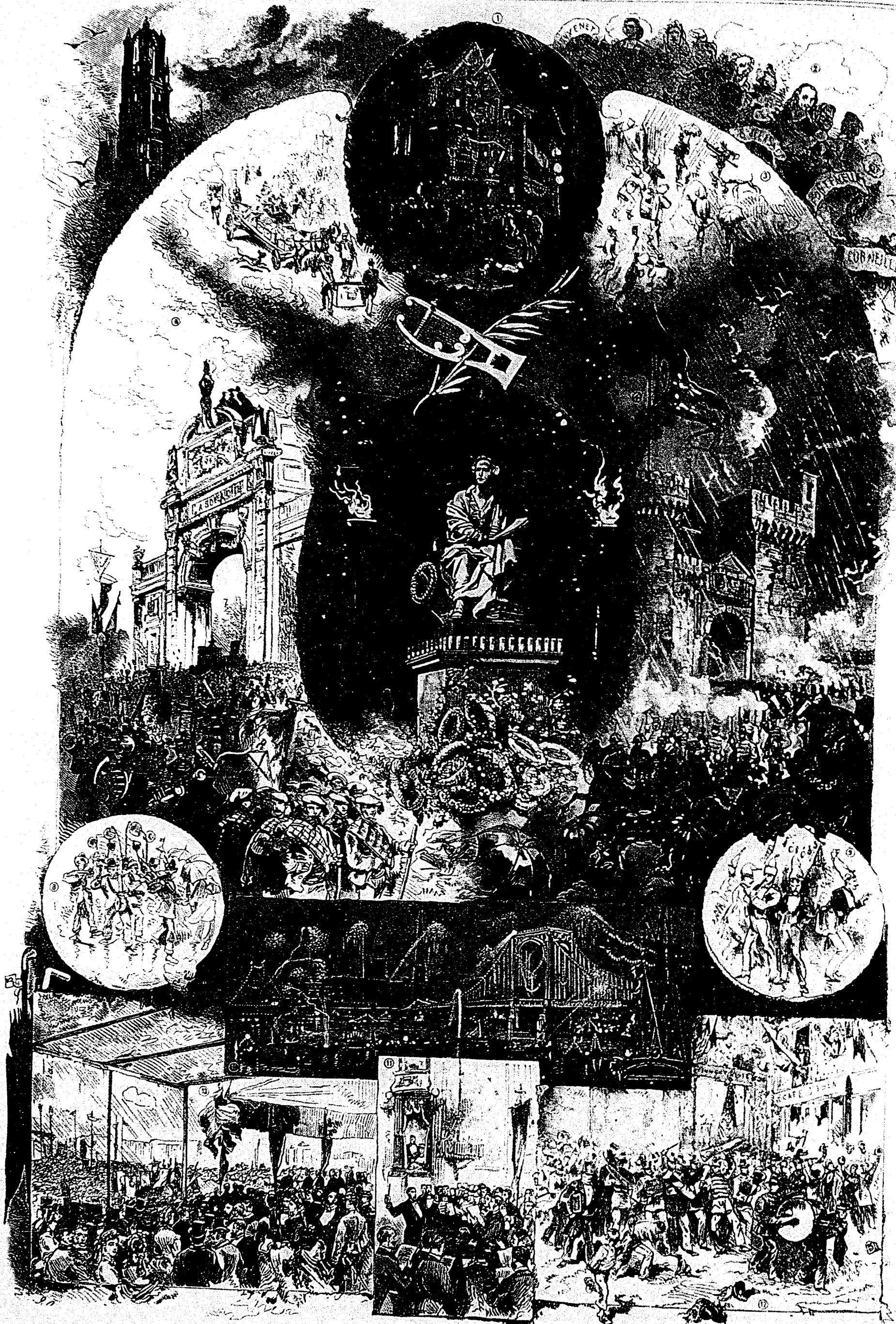
MYNHEER SNOFFENGROZEN thus tells how he felt "on a time." It verges towards the agonizing:—"Once, ven I vas court mine Catherine, I vas gone on mine field to hoe my potatoes corn. Vell, den I see my Catherine coming der road, so I dinks I give her a boo, so I climbs a tree, and shunt as I vas going to boo her, I falls of on ver hemlock fence, and stick a pine-knot hole in mine pantaloons, and Catherine vas laff and make me more shame den a sheep mit one tief on his back."

DOMESTIC.

STOMACHIC BITTER.—Infusion of calumbo, infusion of cascara, of each, four ounces; carbonate of potash, one and a half drachm. Mix. Two or three tablespoonfuls occasionally.

THE ROSE SLUG.—This insect pest is now at work on the rose bushes, destroying them as rapidly as it can. The only sure cure is a suds of whale-oil soap, applied to the bush with a syringe or garden engine; with this, the bushes can be cleared in a few hours, the soap effectually destroying the caterpillars, and not only not injuring the bushes, but proving a positive benefit to them.

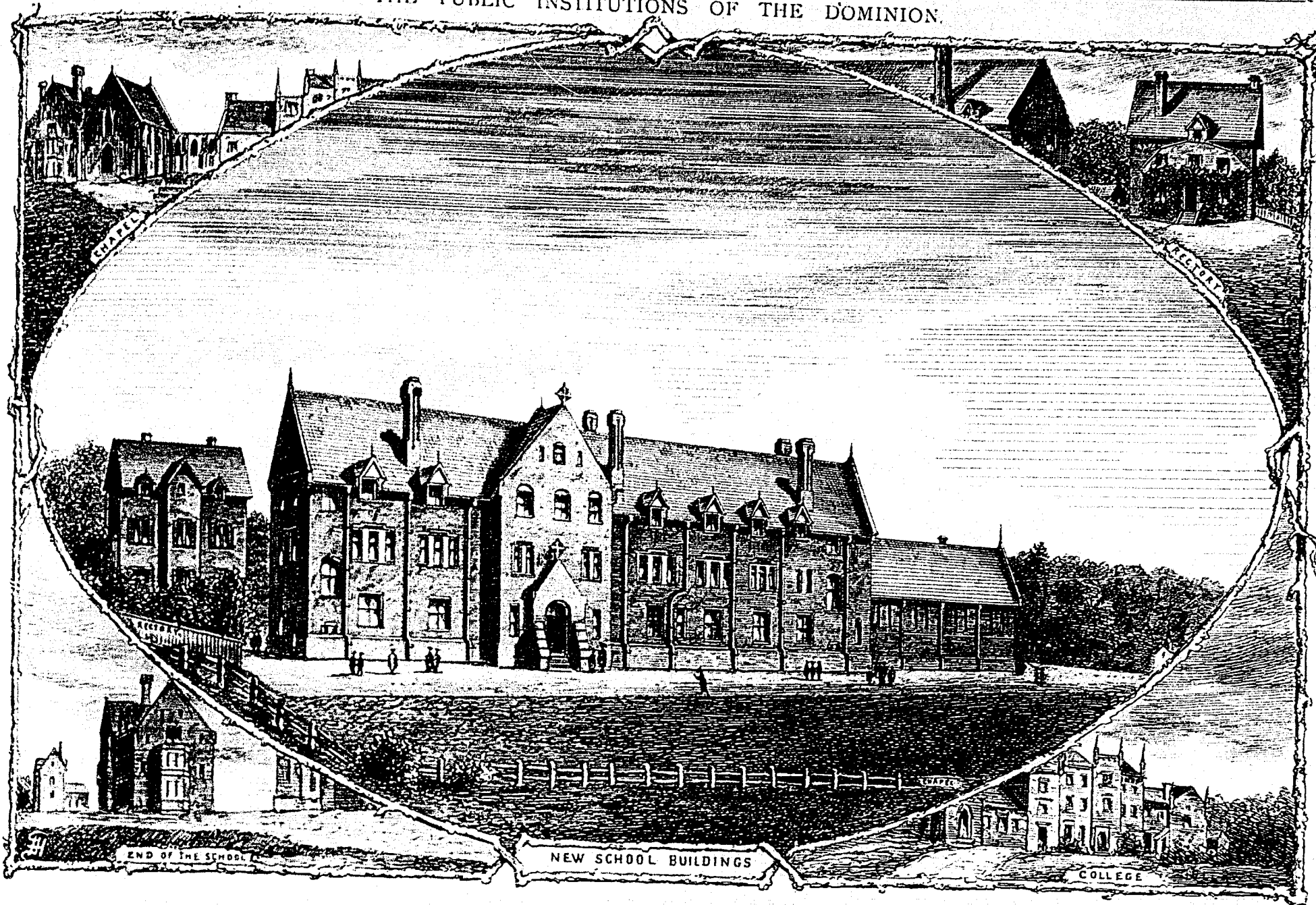
MANAGEMENT OF GOLD-FISH.—Gold-fish may be kept ten or twelve years [their average period of existence] by using the following precautions: 1. Allow not more than one fifth to two quarts of water. 2. Constantly use the same kind of water, whether well or river; change it every other day in summer, and twice each week in winter. 3. Keep clean sand and pebbles at the bottom, washing them occasionally, or replacing with a fresh supply. 4. Use a small net to catch the fish when changing the water. 5. Feed with sliced meat, thread worms, or flies, once each week, except in cold weather. Feed but little at a time. Remove any uneaten food that may remain after feeding. 6. Do not feed at all from November to the end of February, and but little during the following three months. 7. If there are growing plants in the aquarium, the water need be changed but rarely. 8. Keep from the sun and in the coolest part of the room.



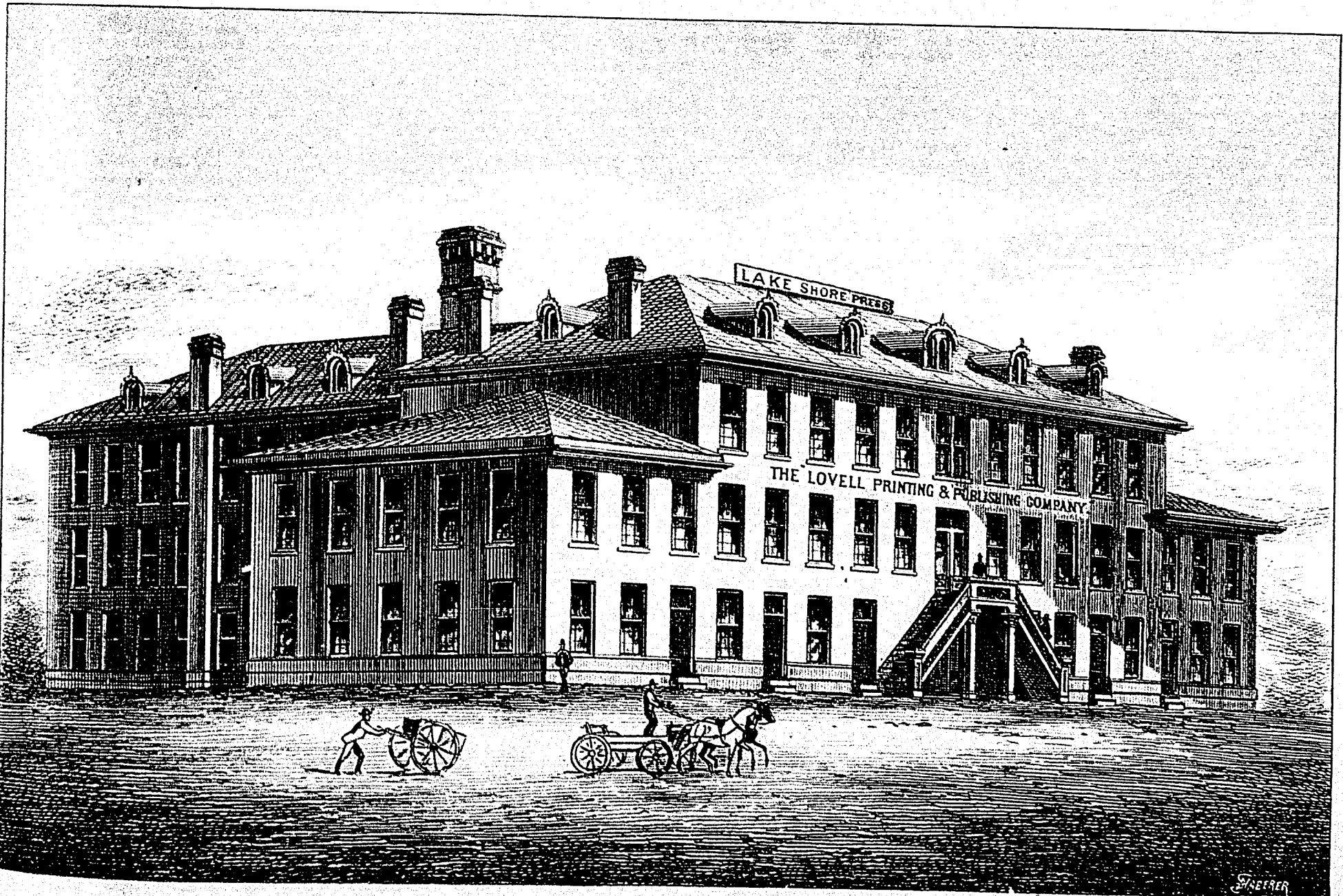
THE CENTENARY OF BOIELDIEU AT ROUEN.

House of Boieldieu by night.—2. The great men of Rouen.—3. The Shower.—4. The retreat at Cauchoise Gate.—5. The Orpheons at the Triumphal Arch of the Rue du Vieux Marché.—6. Arrival of the Orpheons.—7. Statue of Boieldieu.—8. The Valenciennes.—9. Orpheon of Pontandemer.—10. The Illumination.—11. Musical competition in the Theatre des Arts.—12. The Victorious Belgians.—13. Distribution of Prizes.—14. The St. Lawrence Tower.

THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE DOMINION.



III -- BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE.



WORKS OF THE LOVELL PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY AT ROUSE'S POINT.

## GOOD-BYE.

Open the casement, Roger,  
Open it wide;  
Let in the friendly voices  
Of wind and tide;  
Let in the golden sunbeams  
On every side.

Raise me high on my pillow—  
Yes, that will do,  
How is it, Roger, that no one  
Lifts me like you?  
Nobody's hands are so tender,  
Steady and true.

Just as you promised to hold me  
When death is nigh,  
In its old place on your shoulder  
Let my head lie.  
Now for one last look, Roger,  
On ocean and sky.

Ah! how the white sails glisten  
Out by the Nore!  
Hark! how the waters ripple  
Down on the shore.  
Gently the soft wind kisses  
My cheek once more.

Yonder the silvery sea-birds  
Flutter and cry,  
Under the band of purple and gold  
In the Western sky:  
Fairest of earth's fair pictures,  
Good bye, Good bye!

Roger, you know how often  
In my pain,  
I've longed for a glimpse of the shining sea  
Yet once again:  
Doubting, as days rolled onward,  
My prayer was vain.

But the answer has come, and I see it,  
Stretching for miles,  
With its murmuring, dancing waters,  
Its changing smiles,  
Whilst the clouds of evening gather  
In burnished piles.

I've said good-bye, and I'm ready,  
Where's your dear hand?  
And you'll hold me, won't you, Roger,  
Until I stand  
With the father's arms around me,  
Safe in the Better Land!

—O. W.

## THE COLONEL'S WIFE.

(Concluded from our last.)

Captain Trenham at once obtained a great popularity in the regiment. Every one liked him; and to my astonishment—for I could not forget that first greeting in my drawing-room—he and Mabel Carlton became great friends. She would rouse out of her languor when he approached her; and would be gracious, and sweet, and charming to him, in a way which made her wondrous loveliness seem greater than ever. Her eyes would sparkle, and smiles dimple round her lips, and her sweet, low laughter make music in our ears. She looked like a happy child in this mood; quite different from the rather stately little lady she generally seemed. But I noticed that it never appeared in her husband's presence; and after a time I became conscious, though I tried to shut my eyes to it, that she and Captain Trenham rather avoided each other before him.

I once asked Captain Trenham where and when he had known Mrs. Carlton; but he did not satisfy my curiosity, and was as reticent on the subject as she had been. Whenever they met, however, he was devoted to her; hovering round her like her shadow, anticipating her wants, and watching every movement that she made. At times (and these became more frequent as the days wore away) she would be cold, and even repellant in her manner to him; and then, if he seemed hurt at her caprice, her mood would change, and she would be more perilously fascinating than ever.

In a little world like ours this could not continue long without affording food for gossip; and Mrs. Carlton's name, which one short year ago was spared by the most malicious, was soon never mentioned without the epithet of 'flirt,' or 'coquette,' being attached to it. She was too lovely for women not to be jealous of her; and, monopolising the attentions of the most eligible man in the regiment was looked upon as an unpardonable crime. Mothers with marriageable daughters regarded her as a dangerous enemy, and scandal began to be busy with the sweet name, which had become as dear to me as a sister's; for Mabel, with her fragile beauty and the sweet caressing ways she reserved only for me, had twined herself round my heart. I did what I could to stem the current of popular opinion; but it set too strong for me. People began to look upon me as thoroughly infatuated with Mrs. Carlton, and no longer mentioned her before me; but I knew that the scandal-mongers were busy with her fair fame behind my back, and began to fear that, unless something were done to stop them, it would soon be effectually blackened. I determined, though reluctantly, to speak to Mabel, especially as my husband said to me one day, 'Mary, your little friend is getting herself talked about. I think you should give her a hint not to flirt so much with Trenham.'

However, it was so distasteful a duty, that I put it off from day to day. Mabel, I thought, looked ill and worn, and I did not want to worry her. She had dark circles round her eyes, which told of sleepless nights, and her spirits were variable and capricious.

A few weeks had elapsed since my husband had spoken to me, and I still shrunk from advising her; when one Sunday afternoon, as I was returning from my school, I came suddenly upon Mabel and Captain Trenham walking together. He was speaking rapidly and vehemently, and she, looking pale and excited, was listening with her eyes raised to his. It was getting dusk; and

they were so self-absorbed that they passed me without seeing me.

I felt annoyed at Mabel's imprudence. Colonel Carlton, I knew, had left home for a few days; and here was she giving fresh food for scandal. That she was anything more than imprudent never even crossed my mind. Her face was so angelic, that it was impossible to associate a thought of wrong with her. Still I decided, as I sat brooding over the fire on my return home, that I must take heart of grace, and speak to her without delay. Lost in these thoughts, I did not hear a light footfall on the carpet; and I started as a hand fell on my shoulder, and, looking up, I saw her standing beside me.

'Why, Mabel,' I said, 'you came in like a spirit; and, indeed,' I continued, as the flickering firelight fell on her face, 'you look like one. How very wan your little face is, my child; and how cold your hands are! What have you been doing to yourself?'

I drew a low chair to the fire for her; but she pushed it back; and, seating herself on the rug at my feet, clasped my hand in hers, and rested her pale cheek against it.

'Let me sit here, Mary,' she said, 'at your feet.'

I stroked her bright hair with my disengaged hand; and for some minutes we both sat silent, I considering in my mind how best to put into words what I had to say.

'Mabel,' I at last found courage to begin, 'you said once that I was the only friend you had. Will you let me be a true friend, and give you a little advice, which may, perhaps, be unpalatable?' She moved her head, so as to let her lips rest on my hand, but did not answer; so I continued, 'I am much older than you, dear Mabel, and more versed in the ways of the world; and I know how soon a young wife, from mere thoughtlessness, may get hard things said of her.' Mabel moved uneasily, but still did not speak. 'I am quite sure that you hardly estimate the imprudence of being so intimate with Captain Trenham. It is impossible to stop ill-natured people's tongues, and you are too lovely, dear,' said I, caressing her bent head, 'to escape their malice, if you give them a chance of gossiping about you. Why do you receive Captain Trenham's attentions with such evident pleasure?'

'Why?' exclaimed Mrs. Carlton, starting to her feet. 'You want to know why? Because Charlie Trenham is the only man I have ever loved.'

'Oh, Mabel!'

'Yes,' she went on, vehemently, 'I loved him long, long before I was sold to gratify my father's ambition, and my step-mother's jealousy. What was it to them that I went to the altar with a lie upon my lips? What did they care, though my girl's heart should be broken by their unholy bargain. Yes; Charlie and I were engaged, and I loved him—oh, how I loved him! But they drove him from me because he was poor; lied to me about him, and threatened and goaded me into my hateful marriage. And I, poor fool that I was, how could I have been so weak, or have believed that Charlie would have been false to me? Oh, Charlie, Charlie!' she sobbed, as she fell on her knees beside me, and hid her face in her hands.

I was horrified. In my worst forebodings I had never imagined anything so bad as this. How strange it seemed to me, as I looked from the calm autumn of my middle age on the young tempest-tossed soul beside me. I let her passion have its way, and when it had spent itself in hysterical tears, I soothed her pitifully, as if she had still been the child she looked.

'Mabel,' I said, 'Captain Trenham must leave this, leave the regiment, exchange, anything—I went on excitedly, 'he must not stay here to break your heart, and ruin your fair fame. Why was he so utterly selfish as to join the regiment your husband commanded?'

'He did not know it.'

'But he knows it now; and is playing a game which may be sport to him, but will certainly be death to you, my child, my poor child.' I mourned, as I looked at her pale, tear-stained cheeks. 'He must and shall go, Mabel. You must make him go; it will kill you if this goes on much longer.'

'He goes away on three months' leave to-morrow,' Mabel said, with a deep, burning blush suffusing her pale cheek.

'Thank Heaven for that!' I cried, fully resolving in my own mind that my George should see him long before it elapsed, and persuade him to leave the regiment. 'Mabel, you ought to thank Heaven, too, that he is going.'

'Hush, hush!' she says, shudderingly. 'You do not know—you cannot guess. Ah! Mary, has any one ever suffered as I have?'

Ah! sublime selfishness of youth that knows no suffering but its own!

'Many,' I reply, mournfully, 'and many will again. You must be strong to suffer, Mabel, and you must tread your path in life without repining.'

I draw her nearer to me; and speak of duties to be fulfilled, of that comfort which is not of earth, and prophesy renewed peace, and, if not happiness, at least calmness and content. She listens in silence, only now and then drawing a long, shuddering sigh, and nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers.

At last she rises to go, and I put on my bonnet to accompany her. 'Come in to Mrs. Bruce's with me,' I say, as we pass the door, 'and hear the children sing their hymns before they go to church.' She draws back, but I use a gentle force, and compel her to enter with me; I think the pure young voices will do her good.

The childish trebles seem to me as sweet as a choir of angels, as the familiar notes of the evening hymn float through the hushed room.

'Lucy is not here to-night,' says Mrs. Bruce. 'I do not like any of my children to be absent from our Sunday-evening singing. We always have had it, and then I know those who are away are thinking of it and of us,' says the tender mother, thinking of her sailor boy.

As we leave them again when the singing is ended, she draws me aside to comment on Mabel's changed appearance.

'How ill Mrs. Carlton looks? I am sure she wants nursing and care; but she cannot have a better friend than you,' says the kind woman, as she presses my hand.

I find Mabel waiting for me at her own gate. 'You must not come in to-night, Mary,' she says; 'I should like to be alone. Good-night, dear, dear Mary. God bless you for all your kindness to me.' She clings to me for a moment almost convulsively.

'You are still a little hysterical,' I say, practically. 'Go to bed at once like a good child, and come and see me to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!' she echoes, wearily; and once more clasping me closely to her, she turns and disappears under the shadow of the trees.

The next day one thing after another occurred to prevent my going over to Mrs. Carlton's, and, to my surprise, she did not come to me; so in the evening, seeing my husband cosily settled with his feet on the fender and his paper before him, I determined to run in for a minute, and see how she was.

'I shall not be more than half an hour,' I said, as I came into the drawing-room, shawled and ready.

'You had better take Henry, my dear; it is past nine o'clock,' said my husband. But I would not have a servant, as it was but a step; and sallied forth into the winter's night alone.

As I entered the green lane, at the bottom of which stood the Carltons' house, to my surprise I saw a fly standing there. I had not ceased conjecturing for whom it could be waiting, when a man brushed hastily by me, and even in the darkness, I felt sure I recognised Captain Trenham's tall figure; but Captain Trenham was on leave I knew. He had left that morning by an early train, for George had told me so, and I smiled at my own excited imagination. Still, hardly knowing why, I quickened my footsteps anxiously, and without knocking, turned the handle of the door, and stood in the Carltons' drawing-room. It was empty, and a lamp burned dimly on the table. The place looked deserted and forlorn, and I called eagerly for Mabel. She did not answer; but fancying I heard a movement above, I ran hastily up to her room.

Was the figure that I saw there Mabel's?

She was sitting, with her bonnet and shawl on, on the foot of her bed, a small travelling-bag in her hand, her face white and drawn, dark circles under her haggard eyes—a wreck of the woman I had parted from the day before. As by a revelation, I knew it all! It was Captain Trenham I had seen, and he had come back—for this. No! never while I had life. I flew to Mabel; I clasped her in my arms; I poured forth every endearing epithet I could think of. I told her, as I rained warm kisses and hot tears on her cheek, that I had come to save her, that I would save her; that, never, should she do this wickedness and sin against God. I pillowed her head on my breast, and rocked her in my arms like a child, but she neither moved nor spoke. A marble statue would have been as full of life. What could I do to rouse her? And, while I sat here holding her in my arms, if any one should recognise Captain Trenham as I had done, her reputation would be lost for ever.

'Mabel, Mabel! speak to me,' I implored. I might as well have implored the dead to rise from their graves. I knew I must act, and that promptly; so laying her on her bed, and taking the precaution to lock the door for fear of prying servants, I went out again into the darkness, to find the would-be-destroyer of my poor sweet Mabel.

As I stepped from the door, a figure emerged from the gloom, with a low cry of 'Mabel' on its lips. I laid my hand on its arm. 'Captain Trenham,' I said, 'I have been sent to prevent the crime you were about to commit; the very thought of which has nearly killed Mabel Carlton. Go, and thank Heaven on your knees, which has saved you and her this night. Go,' I repeated; 'it is well for you if you are not her murderer.'

'Is she ill? Have mercy, and tell me if she is ill. I will go away and never trouble her more, but tell me I have not killed her!' he said humbly. 'Ah! you do not know our story.'

'I do,' I replied; 'but because her heart is broken would you destroy her soul? And leaving him in the darkness, I returned to Mabel. She still lay motionless on her bed; so, undressing her, and removing all evidences of her intended flight, I called the servants, intending to send for medical assistance; but before I could do so, a shuddering sigh convulsed her whole frame, and large tears began to well out of her eyes. I knew then that the poor, overcharged brain was relieved, and her reason safe. But it was an anxious night for me: for she fell from one death-like faint into another, and when the doctor came he looked grave and concerned. I telegraphed for Colonel Carlton, and he returned to find his wife unconscious of his presence, and fighting with the grim destroyer, but youth and a naturally good constitution prevailed; and a day came when Mabel, the shadow of her former self, was lifted from the bed (which, for days, I had thought she would never leave again), and carried to the sofa in her pretty sitting-room.

The usually stern Colonel was visibly affected as he bent over the white wan face, which was as colourless as the pillows on which it rested; and I knew there were tears in his eyes, as he stooped to arrange and re-arrange the cushions, with almost the tenderness of a woman.

'You are very good for me,' said Mabel, faintly; 'I am not worthy of your goodness.'

I stepped hastily forward, fearing any agitating topic for her in her weak condition; but Colonel Carlton had left the room hastily to conceal an emotion of which he was half ashamed.

During Mabel's illness Captain Trenham suddenly exchanged back into his old regiment, much to every one's astonishment and regret except mine. I had seen him once. I had not the heart to refuse when he came to my house, and sent in a note entreating me to give him news of Mabel; and I saw how he suffered, pity mingled with my indignation; but I made him promise that, should she recover, which we then doubted, he would never again attempt to see her; and he kept his word faithfully. In this world they never met again.

I took her away with me into the country, and nursed her back to health; but peace to her mind I could not restore. We never alluded to that dreadful night but once, and then, kneeling on her knees in utter self-abasement, she thanked and blessed me for having been the means of saving her; but I could see that she brooded over it continually. She shrank from seeing any one, saying always that she was unworthy even to touch the hem of a good woman's garment. I was pained, though not surprised, to see that as the time approached for us to return home she shrank more and more from meeting her husband. I reasoned with her, I comforted her; I reminded her who it was that forbid us to cast stones at each other, and on what occasion the command was given. I spoke of repentance, of atonement, without which repentance is nought; and I promised her peace. But it was long ere the peace came. Mabel repented deeply, bitterly, and silently; and she did seek with all her strength to atone for that momentary madness. Though she shrank morbidly from society, she became almost a sister of mercy to the women of the regiment; and was always most pitiful and tender to such of her erring sisters as had strayed from the paths of virtue.

There was the soul of one of the martyrs of old in that fragile form; and where pestilence raged, where crime stalked rampant, there, soothing, comforting, admonishing, was she ever to be found. I remonstrated once when I considered unnecessary danger, but she stopped me sadly; 'Have I not to atone?' said she.

And at length, God sent the Comforter. There came a day when Mabel lay faint and exhausted in her bed, but with a new light of happiness in her eyes, and a tiny form beside her. 'God has forgiven me,' she whispered, as I bent over her, 'since He has sent me a little soul to train for Him.'

Years have rolled by since then, and Mabel Carlton is still pursuing her work of atonement; but never since the day when we Mary first lay in her arms has she sorrowed as those who have no hope. Her life is spent in works of love and charity; and to husband and child she is the very light of the eyes; and when her place on earth shall know her no more, her good works shall live after her.

There is a lonely graveyard in Port's Island, Bermuda, washed ever by the surging sea, where lie the remains of those who died by yellow fever in the frightful epidemic of 186—If you push aside the tangled brushwood and cedar, and the rank tropical weeds which grow over the neglected graves, you will see one bearing this inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY.

OF

CAPTAIN TRENHAM.

Captain—th Regiment.

WHO SACRIFICED HIS LIFE NOBLY WHILE ATTENDING ON THE MEN OF HIS REGIMENT DURING THE YELLOW-FEVER EPIDEMIC.

'He who is without sin among you let him cast the first stone.'

E. M.

## FRENCH REPORTERS.

Newspaper reporting is really attaining wonderful proportions in France. It may seem incredible, but it is yet a fact that the London correspondents of Parisian journals may be found at about six o'clock every evening outside one of the *cafés* which line the Boulevard des Italiens. Those are their London headquarters. They are to be easily recognized, the ink and paper which stand before them on the little white table, in close juxtaposition with a glass of *vermouth*, the pen which they are nervously using as a tooth-brush, and their thoughtful moods distinguish them from the crowd. The following words—'Moodey and Sanky'—stood out in bold relief at the top of the sheet of paper they are blackening, and their familiar quotation, 'Time is money,' may be detected at the bottom. Strange to say, one of the Paris papers has sent a real, genuine, live correspondent to Rouen, where he is to report the festival in connection with Boieldieu's Centennial. This able journalist, whose experience has won him a reputation, has favoured the world with his first letter from Rouen. It is concluded as follows:—'The distribution of prizes took place at half-past four to-day. It had just terminated, and I am too hungry to write you the result. You will wait until to-morrow' (*sic*).

**BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.**

AT what season did Eve eat the apple? Early in the fall.

A PENNSYLVANIA ladies' man says he is never satisfied that his lady friends understand a kiss, unless he has it from their own mouths.

MANY a pretty girl of humble extraction has risen far above her station in life. Why, even Venus herself came of the very scum of the ocean.

BOARDING school miss: "O, Charlie! I expect to graduate at next commencement." "Graduate? what will you graduate in?" "Why, in white tulle?"

A YOUNG lady who had no time to spare for making garments for the poor has been engaged three weeks embroidering a blanket for her poodle dog.

At a revival in a western town, out of one hundred converts fully two-thirds were males, which the women explain by saying their own sex are angels already.

A WESTERN editor insists that he wrote the word "trousseau" as plain as a pikestaff in connection with certain bridal presents. The printer, however, vulgarly put it "trousers."

A LADY, returning from an unprofitable visit to church, declared that "when she saw the shawls on those Smiths, and then thought of the things her own poor girls had to wear, if it was n't for the consolation of religion she did not know what she should do."

A red-haired lady, who was ambitious of literary distinction, found but a poor sale for her book. A gentleman, in speaking of her disappointment, said: "Her hair is red, if her book is not." An auditor, in attempting to relate the joke elsewhere, said: "She has red hair, if her book has n't."

A SIMPLE fellow once said of a famous beauty, "I could have courted and married her easy enough, if I'd wanted to."—"And, pray, why did n't you?" asked his friend.—"Oh, when I began to address her, you see, she took me on one side and politely asked to be excused, and I excused her!"

LOVE is a heat full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness. Love is a chameleon, which draws nothing into the mouth but air, and nourishes nothing in the body but tongue. A man has choice to begin love, but not to end it. Love-knots are tied with eyes, and cannot be untied with hands; made fast with thoughts, not to be unloosed with fingers.

IN an English Sunday-school the vicar's daughter, who was very proud of her Bible class, inquired of one of her pupils in a smock-frock how Queen Sheba came to Solomon. He replied "By railway, miss." On asking an explanation she received answer: "Because, miss, the Bible says she came to Jerusalem with a very heavy train."

LITTLE four-year-old Carrie went to church. The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and she was much interested. "Mother," said she when she came home, "I have heard such a smart minister! He stamped, and pounded, and made such a noise! and then he got so mad he shook his fist at the folks, and there wasn't anybody dared to go up and fight him."

THAT was rather a touching allusion to a deceased spouse, made recently by a farmer, who came to the village store to purchase things. "Can't I show you anything else to-day?" politely asked the clerk. "No, I reckon not," replied the said looking customer, "I lost two horses and my wife last fall, and I feel putty poor. Good span of horses, too."

PAUL BOYNTON amused the court circles at Osborne a good deal by his frank, homely fashion of talk. When asked a question by the Princess Beatrice, he answered innocently, "Yes Miss," and the Queen is said to have laughed outright when at the close of her interview with him he said he hoped her Majesty would overlook any defect of etiquette on his part, on the plea, "You see, madam, it is not to be expected I'm posted up in this business."

A PARTY of wits once stopped at a tavern. When the feast was over, one of the members called in the hostess. "Angelique," he said, "I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you not heard of the great Platonic year, when every thing must return to its former condition? Know, then, that in sixteen thousand years we shall be here again on the same day and at the same hour. Will you give us credit till then?" The hostess, however, had her reply. "I am perfectly willing," she retorted; "but it is just sixteen thousand years since you were here before, and you left without paying; settle the old score, and I will trust you on the new."

Two eloping couples from Kentucky were to be married at Caseyville, Ill., the other day and when they went before the parson some dozen of their friends, men and women, "stood up" with them. The clergyman who performed the ceremony, the Rev. R. W. Jeffries by name, married the whole crowd in this fashion: "Gentlemen and ladies, do you agree to take those standing by your sides as your lawful husbands and wives?" to which they all nodded. The parties who officiated as groomsmen and bridesmaids were terribly surprised when they ascertained that not only the eloping couples, but themselves also had been joined in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony.

**HEARTH AND HOME.**

MANAGEMENT.—It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good waggoner who can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance is the praise of the estate, not to the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little than how to make it more.

How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties and look all men boldly in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offence toward God and man! There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation undischarged—this fills the heart with satisfaction and the soul with strength.

RISE ABOVE DISCOURAGEMENT.—There is always a way out of discouragement. Conviction that our course is right, constancy of purpose, an invincible determination never to submit or yield and a calm reliance on Providence, may sustain us in a lofty attitude. If we will wait with patience for the element of time to keep in our affairs, the difficulties may disappear of themselves, and we may find a clear path where we had anticipated only insurmountable obstacles.

At its best the spiritual impulse of the idea of "reward" is not a very thrilling one. Great actions, or even a succession of small actions, are seldom done or preserved in with an eye to recompense. A more spiritual and quickening impulse is needed. We must see that our lives are penetrated and animated by the desire of perfection in any of its forms, religious or moral, such as the desire to be at one with the world's laws or the Divine will, or workers in the tardy and creeping progress of the race. All these sentiments demand faith of one sort or another; all rest in a trust in things not seen.

HEART'S EASE—What contentment can do in its own way, so also can diligence and the unwearyed performance of duty. Few things help more towards true heart's ease and keeping the mind employed, and all our duties on the right side of the great day-book of life. No one can have heart's ease whose duties are lying in an ordered mass at his feet, and those things left undone which it is his special business to do. Pleasures are all very delightful while they are going on, but when they are over we have no solid residuum left, save perhaps in the coil created by those duties left unfulfilled which ought to have been done while we were amusing ourselves, and by the neglect of which we are distressed and others are hindered for days after. And what heart's ease can there be when we are assailed with reproaches from without and full of self-reproaches within, when we have not a smooth inch of rope left for the running, but only a mass of knots and kinks, all made by ourselves, and some of which we can never undo!

STEP-MOTHERS.—If there is a wretched creature upon the earth, it is the miserable woman who has married a widower with grown daughters—the step-mother who comes into a house where her husband's eldest daughter has been mistress ever since she was sixteen, and where the new wife is regarded from the first as an interloper. The fiercest of mothers-in-law, the most wofully aggravating of prim spinster-sisters-in-law, can be nothing in comparison. Their attacks are generally underhanded and insidious; but the offended daughter openly reveals the wrath of her heart, and all the world upholds her and sympathizes with her. The poor dear has a step-mother—a cruel step-mother, of course—and anything she says or does may be pardoned under such awful circumstances.

No one pities the deluded lady whom the sentimental widower has begged to be "a mother to his little girls," and who has visions of seraphs of five years old, whom she has resolved to cuddle, and kiss, and curl, and feed with sugar-plums. No one asks how she bore the awful revelation of the four sharp-tempered virgins, the eldest five-and-twenty, who have been made her life miserable in every possible way since her advent, and who are known to everybody in the neighbourhood as the "poor Misses Smith," because of her union with their father.

Nobody asks whether she ever wishes that that widower, howsoever fascinating, had not dyed his whiskers, taken twenty-five years off his age, and gone a courting.

Everybody presumes that she rejoices while the four Misses Smith languish. That a step-mother must be a fiend is a world-wide superstition, and as old as the oldest ballad in the English language, in which, to the best of our belief, an "evil step-dame" is introduced.

If she is young, that is her crime. If she is not, age becomes her fault. It goes against her to be pretty or to be ugly. If she is a capital housekeeper, she takes every thing out of poor Martha's hands. If she lets matters rest as Martha desires, poor Martha is a slave.

People who have quite forgotten the first Mrs. Smith for years, take to pitying her, and wondering what "she would say if she knew," or to thanking heaven that "she cannot see what is going on."

Of course, a step-mother is often in fault; but in five cases out of ten, she enters her new home with amicable feelings to all within it, while those who await her coming are already her sworn enemies. Daughters cannot understand why papa needs other affection than theirs, and there is a jealousy of kinship fiercer than that of love.

In a strange, inexplicable way this new wife and the daughters of the house are rivals, and the results that follow are only what might naturally

be expected. That, however, does not make the step-mother's fate any happier; and a sensible widower will marry off his grown daughters before he beckons Cupid back for his own behoof, though his second choice be as near an angel as erring mortal may be.

**THE GLEANER.**

MARSHAL BAZAINE has taken No. 6, Royal-crescent, Ramsgate, as a residence.

A fashionable Paris dressmaker announces that "Ladies' shrouds are now cut *décolleté*."

CAPTAIN BOYTON intends "doing" the whole of the Rhine and the Danube by easy stages in his bathing dress.

AUGUSTE WOLFF has invented a tonal pedal for the pianoforte, by which certain notes, at the will of the performer, are given.

FRANK LISZT, who has lately been the King of Holland's guest at Loo, has received an order, and a writing-desk worth 24,000 marks, as proofs of the esteem of his Royal host.

SIGNOR MARIO was in London lately, and attended the Opera House as a spectator. His hair has become quite white, and few beyond his intimate friends would have recognised the once popular Fernando and Almaviva.

AN expedition of 100 or 150 picked Welsh singers is being organised to proceed to the United States in July next on the occasion of the centenary of the Declaration of American Independence.

THE Sultan of Zanzibar stopped before the memorials of Livingstone which are exhibited in the Brighton Museum, and, raising his hand, gave utterance to the following appreciative remark: "Livingstone was a good man!"

MNE MACMAHON disappointed the admirers of grand toilets appearing at the races in the plainest dress consistent with fashionable respectability. It was of plain *écru* material, and rivalled in point of simplicity the garb of the ex-Queen of Spain.

A GOOD deal of discussion has taken place lately about bought sermons. The trade is a very large one, and at the present time and for the past fifteen years one of the popular preachers of London is and has been indebted to a literary friend for the sermons which the said popular preacher has delivered with such satisfactory results to his dear hearers.

A handsome testimonial has been privately presented to Cardinal Manning on behalf of the lay Catholics, chiefly peers, in token of their satisfaction at the honour recently bestowed upon him by the Pope. The testimonial took the form of a sum of money amounting to nearly £8,500, voluntarily contributed, towards which the Duke of Norfolk subscribed £1,000.

SANTA Barbara, Cal., claims the champion rose of the world, the "King of Noisettes," measuring sixteen and three-quarter inches in circumference, and from tip to tip of its petals more than six inches. The shoot from which it hangs, three feet in length, grew in the space of six days, on the trellis of the garden wall of Dr. Dimmick. It has a delightful perfume, a delicate lemon tint, and is claimed to be the largest rose on record.

"THE Harp-King of the North," as he was called, Antoine Edouard Pratté, has just died at Odensnas, Sweden, in his seventy-seventh year. He was born in Bohemia, but was brought to Sweden when a very young boy, and began life by playing the harp at a little theatre of marionettes. He was considered one of the best harpers in Europe, and his talent as a composer—shown in several concerted pieces for the harp, melodies with orchestra and choir, with one grand symphony, "The Night of Storm"—was very considerable.

THE wife of the late Professor Agassiz rose one morning and proceeded, according to custom, to put on her stockings and shoes. At a certain stage of this process a little scream attracted Mr. Agassiz's attention, and not having yet risen, he leaned anxiously upon his elbow, inquiring what was the matter. "Why, Professor, a little snake has just crawled out of my boot," said she. "Only one, my dear?" returned the Professor, calmly lying down again; "there should have been three." He had put them there to keep them warm.

A Paris journal reports that recently in the Butte-aux-Cailles, one of the poorest quarters of that city, a human baby monkey was born, with an ordinary boy's face, a long tail, and considerable hair on its body. The father of the beast, a workman, got wrothy over the birth, and immediately left his home with a visible prospect of going crazy; his wife, its mother, was very much cast down because it was born with upper and lower teeth, and she was therefore unable to wet nurse it.

The interesting statement is made by M. Champion, the well-known French chemist, that the heat developed by a given quantity of nitro-glycerine when exploded, is capable of exerting, on being converted into motion, a maximum energy fully five times that produced by the explosion of gunpowder, and three thousand times more than that caused through the combustion of an equal quantity of coal. So small a quantity as a single quart of nitro-glycerine has, it is asserted, the immense potential energy of 5,500 horse power, working during ten hours. This being the case, no wonder that inventors are turning their attention to some means of utilizing such a prodigious force, as practical motor.

**SPEAKING AND REPORTING.**

Lord Erskine said 'Burke was of all *writers* the most eloquent, and of all *speakers* the most tedious.' I expressed surprise at this startling dictum, but he proceeded: 'One evening in the House of Commons, when Burke was delivering one of his interminable harangues, I became anxious, like many others, to get away; but being close under his eye, I could not easily escape unobserved. At last, however, unable any longer to endure his drawling, I ducked down behind the benches, and crawled out on all fours. Next morning I found the speech reported in the newspapers. What a splendid composition! No longer marred by his wearisome manner and Irish accent, it riveted my attention. I read it through again and again, carried the paper with me into the country, and kept it in my pocket till it was worn out.'

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.**

BOSTON is blessed with no fewer than 2,000 music teachers.

THE eldest daughter of Cherubini, recently died in Berlin, aged 79.

M. GASTON MESTEPES, a librettist, formerly associated with Offenbach, is dead.

THE well-known London clarinet-player, Mr. Joseph Williams, has died in his eightieth year.

VON BULOW, the pianist, who comes to this country in October, will make his first appearance in Boston.

SIGNOR PETRELLA has been appointed inspector of Music at the Naples Conservatorio dello Spirito Santo.

STRAUSS composed his first waltz when seven years of age, his father boxing his ears for fooling away his time.

SCHUMANN'S *Genoveva* has been placed upon the stage at Leipsic, and received with a great amount of interest.

A CASCADE of ice water, broken into eleven separate falls, is to cool the air of Gilmore's summer garden in New York.

THE last performance in Paris of Verdi's *Requiem* is said to have resulted in a sudden reputation for the tenor, Masini.

A MR. BOUCHER, of Philadelphia, has an old violin, part of which is of human bone. Another important portion is not made of cat bone.

LOVERS of music everywhere will be glad to hear that Mme. Schumann, having recovered from her long indisposition, has returned to the concert platform.

THE late Mme. Pleyel left a legacy of 10,000 francs for the Belgian Association of Musical Artists, for the relief of distressed members of the profession.

THE receipts at the performance of Verdi's *Requiem* in Paris have averaged 30,000 francs, and at the end of the last week every place was sold for five performances.

THE number of the associate members of the Paris Musical Association is now 456. This association supports 300 old people and orphans, who have been in any way connected with music.

A GRAND musical festival will be held in Glasgow, in the autumn of 1876. G. A. McFaren has agreed to write a new cantata for the occasion, and M. Gounod has also consented to produce his oratorio, *Calvary*, and to conduct the work in person.

THE London *News* thinks that all this discourse about chords of color, symphonies of white and blue, sonorous spaces of ultramarine and bright-hued passages of music, may remind the irreverent of Artemus Ward's "Do my eyes deceive my eyesight?"

It is said that next season will witness the debut of Mlle. Anna de Belocca, the Russian singer, who has just made a successful entrée in London. Mlle. de Belocca's great character is Rosina; and she made her debut under Maurice Strakosch's auspices in Paris.

MRS. SWEENEY, wife of Peter B. Sweeney was formerly the wife of Page, the artist. After parting from him she is said to have entered a Catholic convent, from which she emerged to go upon the stage, and, meeting with indifferent success, she married Sweeney.

CHARLES BARNARD, for several years editor of the *Vox Humana*, has withdrawn from that paper. He will take up his residence in New York, where a position on the editorial staff of *Scribner's Monthly* has been offered him. A good thing for *Scribner's*, but bad for the *Vox*.

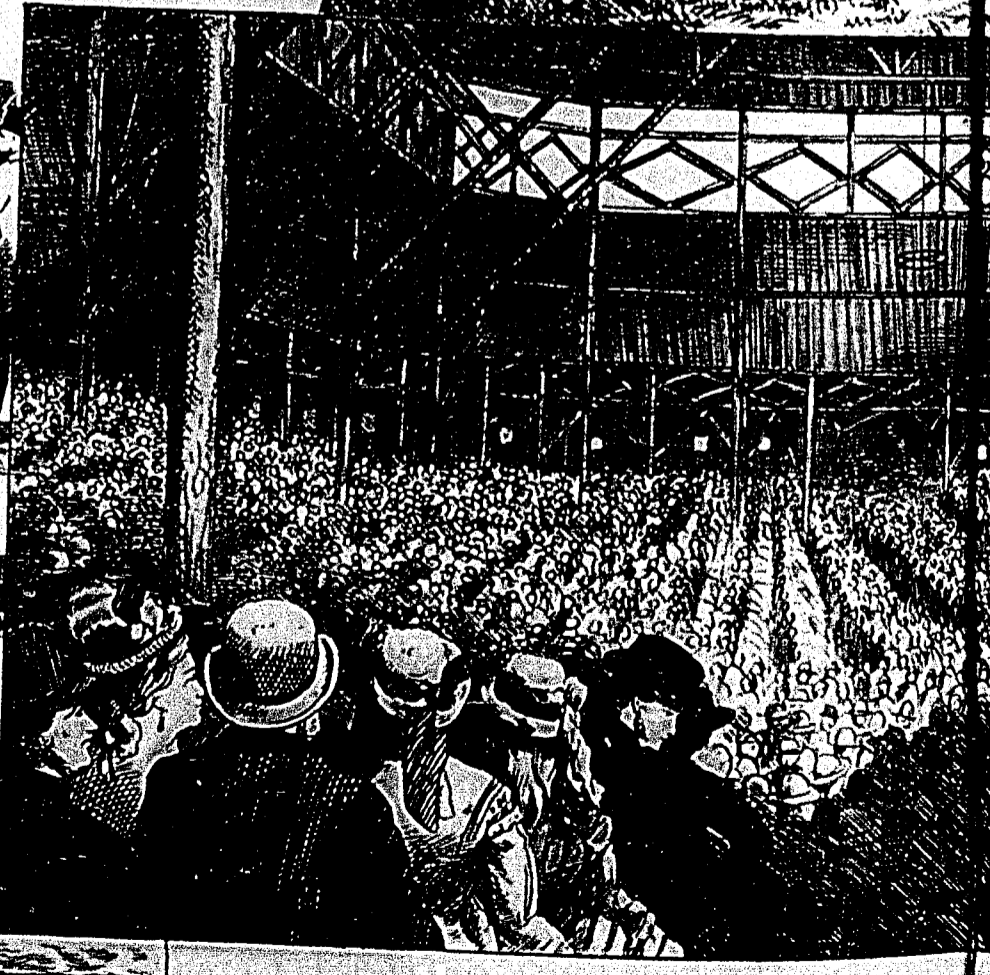
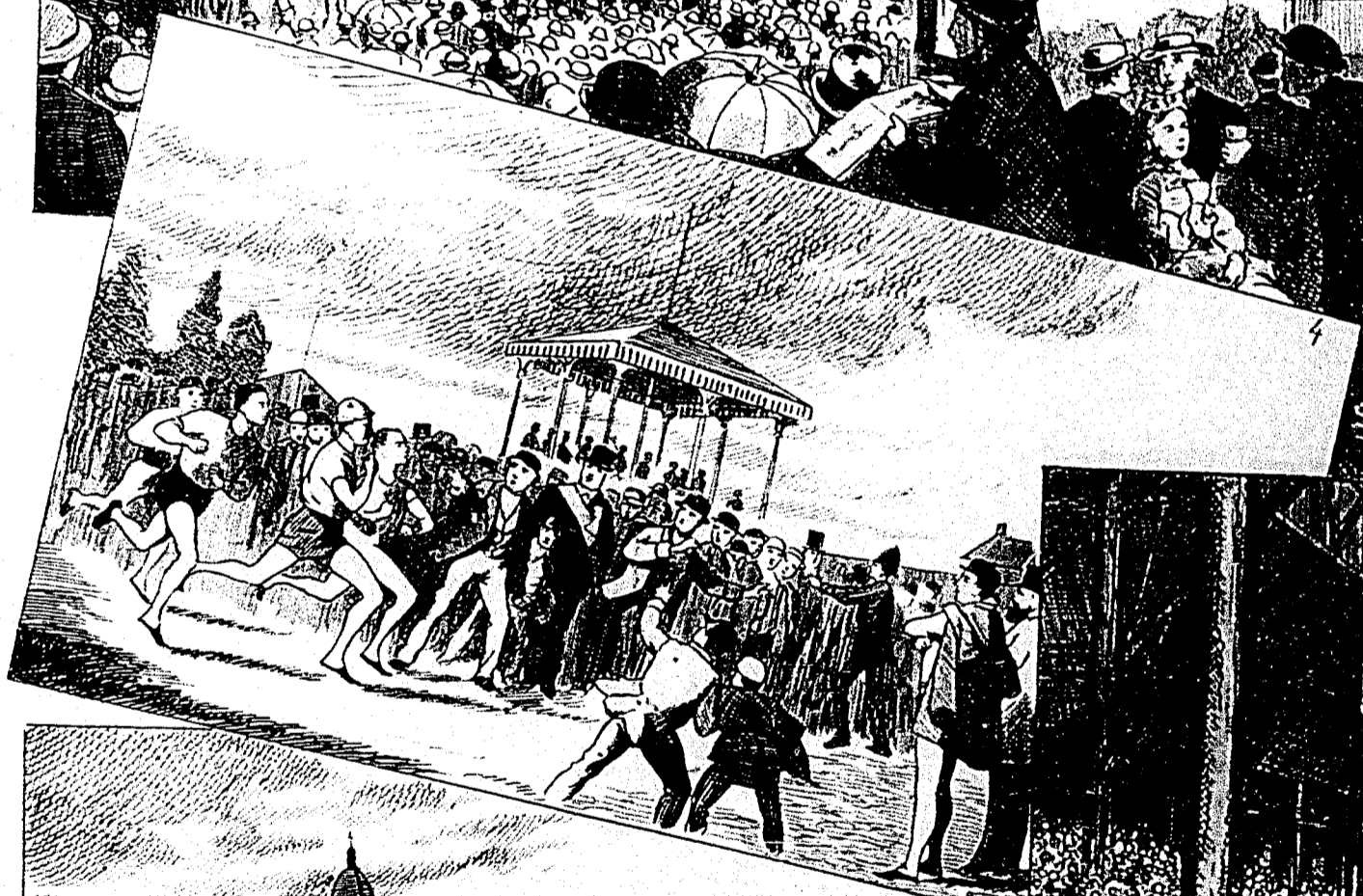
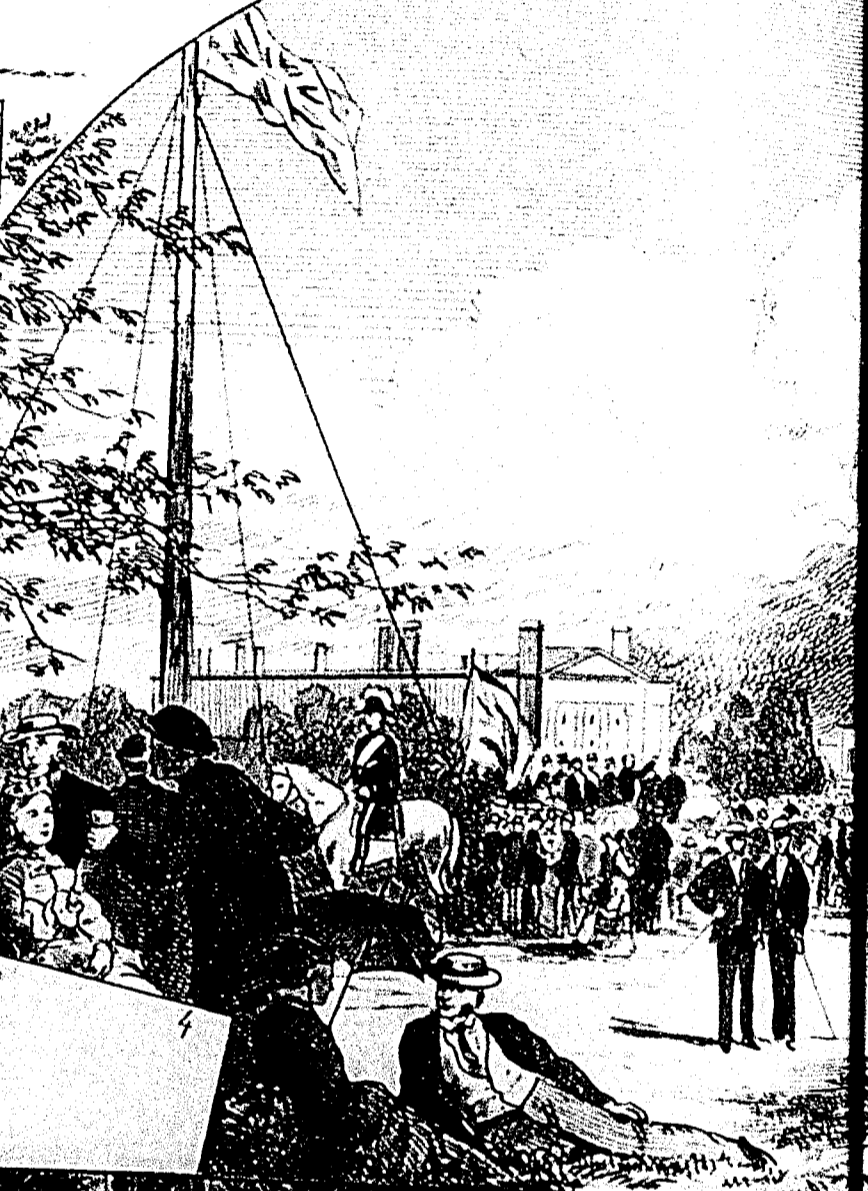
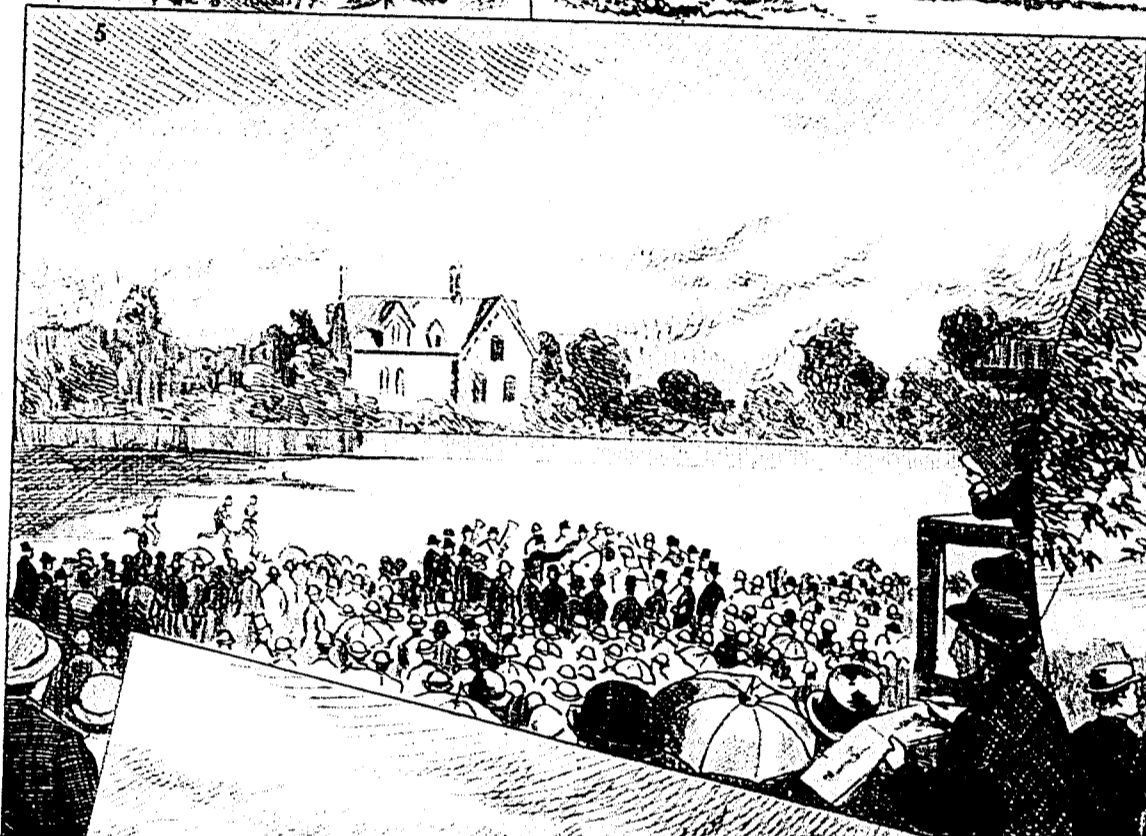
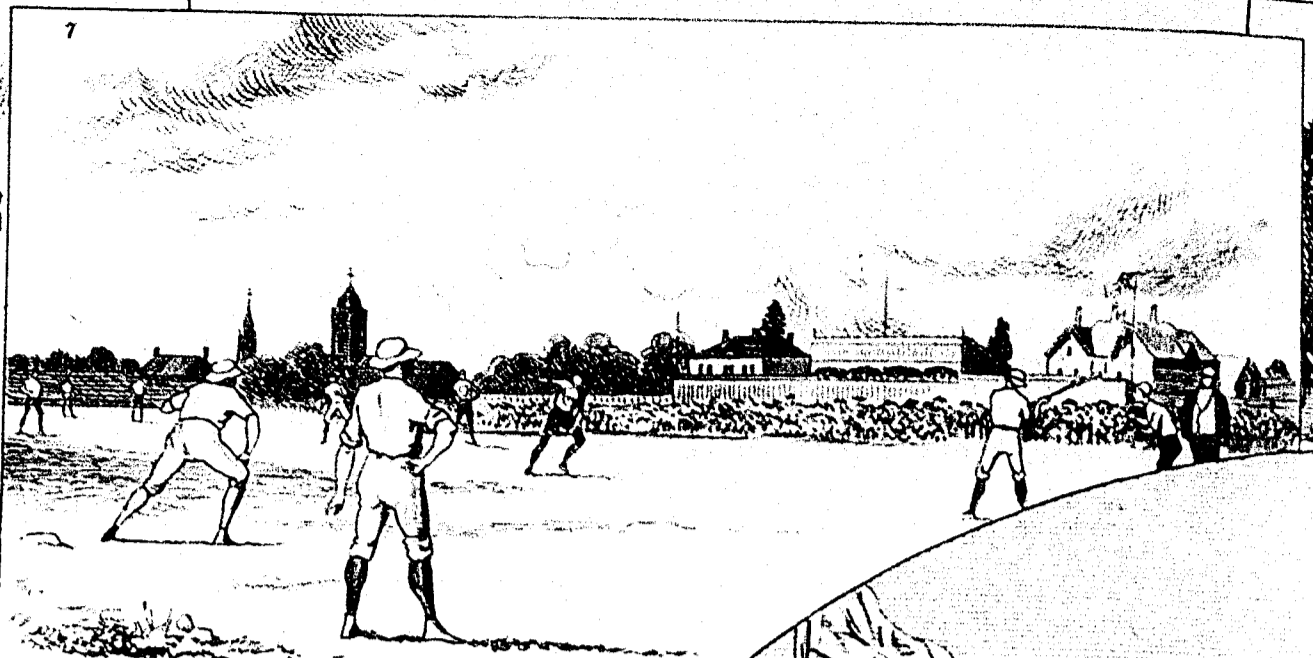
THE words of "Hail Columbia" were written by Judge Hopkins, LL.D., of Philadelphia, in 1798, for an impecunious actor named Fox, but the music, which was called the "President's March," was composed in 1789, by Professor Phylla, of Philadelphia, and played at Trenton when Washington was en route to New York to be inaugurated. In lieu of a better, it is ranked as a National Hymn; and this is but moderate praise.

ON April 26th, the bones of Gaetano Donizetti and Simon Mayr were disinterred, and placed in two urns of brass for perpetual preservation. The following, concerning the operation, is from the *Gazzetta di Bergamo*, of April 27.

"The two skulls and the two skeletons correspond almost exactly in size; two magnificent heads, two tall and stately figures, both. The circumference of the skull of Donizetti is only two millimeters larger than that of the skull of Mayr. The skull of Donizetti is as much as fifty-two centimeters and a half round. The measurement of the skull of Donizetti from front to back is greater by two millimeters than that of Mayr's. Both are, however, large, powerful, and well-formed skulls. The bones were carefully collected by the medical men, first those of Donizetti, and then those of Mayr, and were placed within their respective brazen urns, which were lined with wood. Above the thick folds of textile material, with which the bones were enveloped in their urns, was placed a parchment endorsed in a sealed tube of glass. Each parchment was signed by the members of the committee, and authenticated by a notary. The urns were then closed, and hermetically sealed. Each urn, bearing on its cover the name of the master engraver, whose mortal remains were therein contained, was provisionally deposited and walled up within one of the mortuary cells of the cemetery.

EVERY one should not fail to see the unfairness of an arrangement by which charges and losses should be equally divided between parties having unequal shares. Still, such is the case in foreign insurance companies' business. The Canadian insurer has few fires, the foreign insurer has many large conflagrations, and the premiums earned on the Canadian business go to pay the losses on foreign risks. Consequently, preference ought to be given to Canadian companies. The "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, office: No. 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal, is a purely Canadian institution.

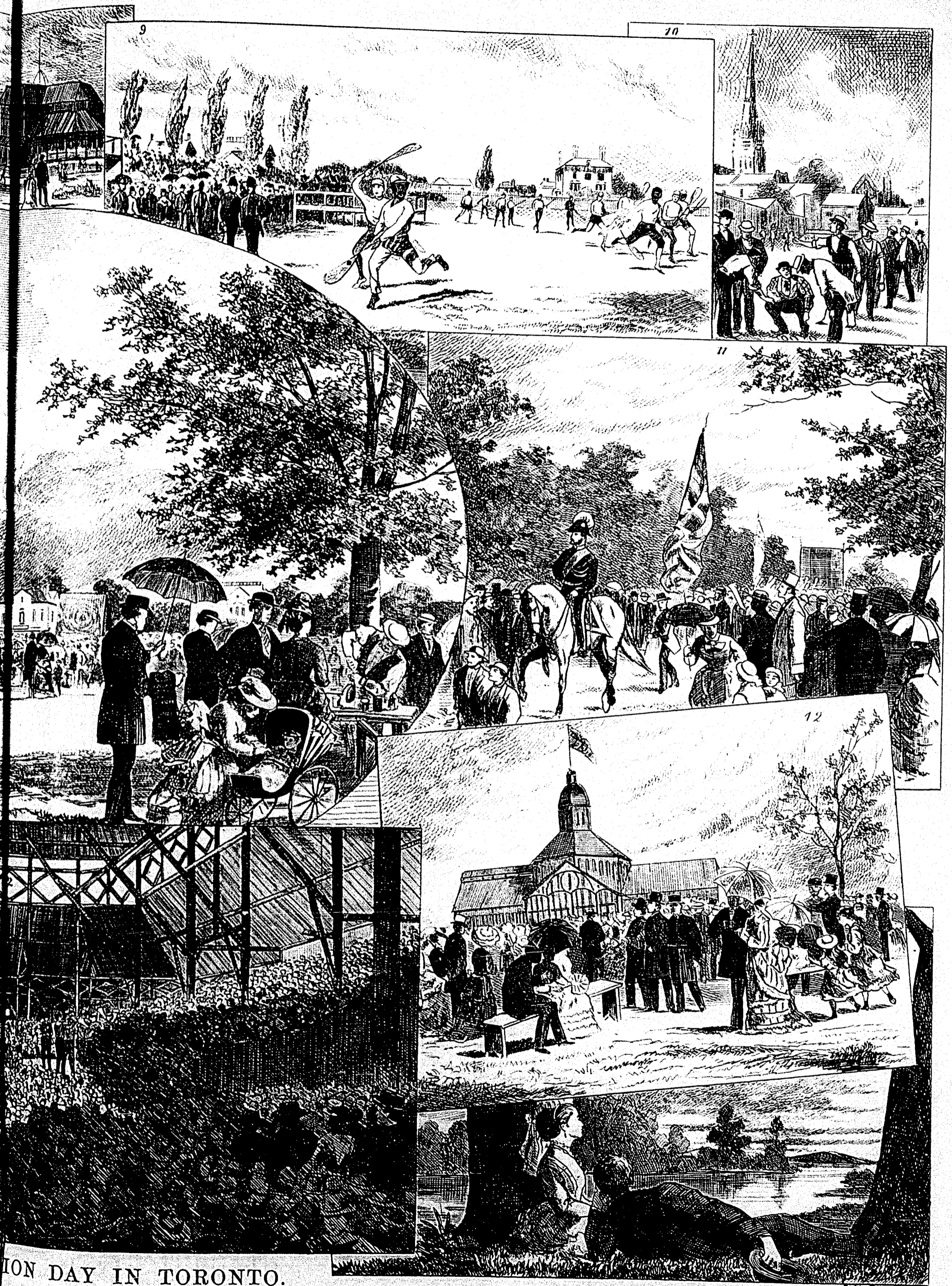




CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 17TH JULY, 1875.

1. Scene in the Queen's Park.—2. Concert in the Horticultural Pavilion by bands successful in the competition.—3. Boating on the Bay.—4. Races at Orange Picnic.—5. The Horticultural Gardens.—6. Lacrosse Match for Confederation Medal.—7. Quoit Match on Mutual Street Grounds.—8. The Horticultural Gardens.—9. Lacrosse Match for Confederation Medal.—10. Quoit Match on Mutual Street Grounds.—11.

# CELEBRATION OF DOMINI



ION DAY IN TORONTO.

Crystal Palace.—5. Band Competition on Toronto Lacrosse Grounds.—6. Forrester's Excursion to Hamilton.—7. Base Ball Match, Toronto w. London.—  
 11. Procession in the Avenue, Toronto.—12. St. Mary's Pic-nic at Crystal Palace, Hamilton.—13. A quiet Nook.

F. M. Bell Smith







FRANCE.—THE FORTIFICATIONS ON THE NEW EASTERN FRONTIER; ARREST OF A PRUSSIAN SPY.



PARIS.—GRAND REVIEW ON THE 13TH JUNE, AT THE LONGCHAMPS.



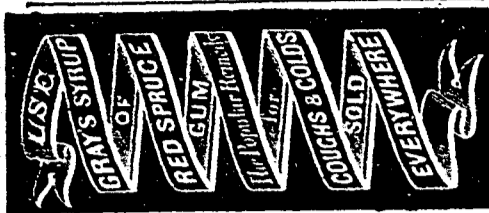
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