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Illustrated News

Vol. XII.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1875.

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THE RELIEF PARTY.

Scene :—Works on the Montreal, Ottawa, and Western Railway. Personages : SIR HUGH ALLAN ; HON. J. G. ROBERTSON, Treasurer Province of Quebec.
HON. J. G. :—Why, ALLAN ! you seem quite done up ; is the Job too heavy for you ?
SIR HUGH :—Yes, it is ; there's too much worry about it ; I must be relieved. Besides, the building of this road concerns you more than it does me, so tuck up your sleeves, and finish it like a man.

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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In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS we shall publish sketches of the late

CHIEF BERTRAM'S FUNERAL,

notably a view of the procession going up St. Lawrence Main Street. We shall also publish sketches of the

GUIBORD RIOT

at Côte des Neiges, with portraits of the chief actors in the drama, JOSEPH GUIBORD, REV. M. ROUSSELOT, and MR. DOUTRE.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 11th, 1875.

CANADIAN PLIMSOLLS.

We have lately been favored with the new cry in the midst of the general political dulness, that a Canadian PLIMSOLL is needed to get the true conditions of safety recognized in our ocean and marine, and the *Willness* says, he should be found working "in parliament, on the platform, and in the press" Poor fellow! Even Hercules was too much engaged, on one occasion, to liberate a waggon-wheel from the mud, and we know that he had to put his own shoulder to the wheel at last. Besides, it would seem there is a little error of statement here. In the order of procedure adopted in constitutional countries, the press has to make the commencement by enlightening the people, or at any rate the readers. The platform, with its adjuncts of deputation and memorial, then, commonly, takes up the question, and the seal of Law will be finally placed upon the needful measure, after due discussion in committee, by the action of the Legislature. It would seem in this view of political arrangements, we might find room for a good many PLIMSOLLS in Canada. The tone of public sentiment here differs somewhat in its force and expression from that of older countries. The one-man-power is, all things considered, less of an influence with us—we all like to have our share in every new political activity. We talk, and we consider whether we will act; and sometimes we do act. There was sublimity no doubt in the spectacle of the policy of a great nation being at least hastened for a year, because Mr. PLIMSOLL with immeasurable justification, got into a "sacred rage," but nations, it might seem to the simple minded, should be too self-respecting and too self-protective in their instincts to need so sudden and painful a stimulus to rational action. Modern Anglo-Saxondom is justly sensitive about moral obligations in its political leaders, tho' it sees less clearly how completely these obligations are already interwoven with material and vital conditions and the industrial and social order. As long as editors and orators and politicians were in blank ignorance of the nature of iron plates—a nature which even the hammerman gets glimpses of—of what they could bear, and what they could not bear, when put into the side of a passenger ship, there was at least the poor excuse of ignorance to be pleaded. Shipbuilding was then the engineer's and constructor's business only. But it is no longer so. The experts have set the tune and played it to us long enough. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they have largely sacrificed us in our

dearest interests and affections, and yielded us frightful subjects for contemplation and thought. The expert we want to-day is the man who will act up to his knowledge, and we certainly require the concurrent pressure of a public opinion sufficiently instructed to keep track of his movements. Our needless and unthinking confidence has well-nigh ruined us—actually ruined individual families. As long as the great Clyde interest was pleased, we were pleased, and assured that all was well. This was not logical. Tradesmen are never the first to originate improvements in the goods they manufacture. The public need is the great originator. Seeing our brothers and sisters and friends go down into the deep so unnecessarily will prompt thought in the end; and we get at last the requisite number of brains in mild agitation of their God-given faculty of thought, to initiate a "movement" under our modern institutions. This is freedom. The enlightened Despot has ceased to exist amongst us; and the corollary of the proposition is rather a serious one for a living and breathing people. It amounts exactly to this: That if the people will not take care of themselves, in a general way, they will not be cared for at all. Ministries taking their action from the "pressure from without," hold themselves, somewhat too entirely as mere reasoners think, exonerated from action where that pressure does not make itself felt, while tradesmen—shipbuilding and other—have the promptings of an unregulated self-interest always affecting their acts. If labour is not sufficiently organized, construction is even less so. If hecatombs of destroyed life do not make the travelling public, who are the sufferers, cry out for an improvement in ships, they are not likely to be reminded from the Clyde of what is due to themselves. The public must formulate a few ideas of this sort, if it wishes to understand the conditions of its future welfare—it should think of the immenseness of this future—and the press should be representative of the truest public feeling, rather than the reflex of the most glittering, and in certain contingencies, dangerous and unreliable creations of the Clyde and Tyne. Let not our friends suppose we are denying the necessity of special advocates; on the contrary we consider "how to find them?" to be a perfectly rational cry. But an able editor cannot improvise at will the deep-seated human affection and resulting energy of a PLIMSOLL by merely calling for his copy. God makes such men. Neither is PLIMSOLL so far the complete Reformer. We do not know what he may grow to. In a general somnolence amid arrangements that are null and inadequate, it is easy to shut our eyes to the fact that this brave man is only at the beginning of his work, that tho' he has rather effectually busied himself about a set of rotten tubs, he has not yet found opportunity to look with the eyes of a Reed at those Iron Vessels whose qualities affect almost the entire passenger traffic. "Following my leader" is pleasant occupation for a school-boy, but our Canadian PLIMSOLLS will have to utilize all the leaders, and then act for themselves. So, the editor himself has types at command, and may just as well make a beginning in his own way, by cultivating those affections for his fellows which he feels the existence of, but is not always prepared to test or risk, and by saying the thing that is right and true, so far as he knows, in place of that which is timid, temporizing and widely ruinous in practice; and with such encouragement as he can give, our parliamentary PLIMSOLLS will the sooner be discovered and developed, and their services made practically available. In the year 1863, on a memorable occasion, the shipping interest was earnestly entreated by a leading Montreal journal to encase the hulls of their ships with rock elm. The worthy writer, at present in New York, did not profess to be a ship-builder, any more than Mr. PLIMSOLL does, but his common sense and consideration had enlightened him as to the main points involved, and we stop to think what a mighty saving of precious

human life would have followed the adoption of that recommendation of his within the twelve years that have since gone over our heads! It is appalling to think of! Ought the newspaper we speak of or any other philanthropic journal now to give up the contest! A hundred times No! For we persist in the belief, that courage and patience are the most important elements in the statesmanship of these days. Canada will have to do her share in the work, but this great question is as wide as civilization and modern travel. The world cannot always go to sleep over it.

NAVIGATION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

A telegram from Winnipeg announced the other day the completion of a very successful trip of the Hudson's Bay Company's new propeller *Colville* from Stone Fort through Lake Winnipeg to the Saskatchewan River and back, in three days. And further that the steamer *North Pole* had made the round trip to Fort Edmonton, at the base of the Rocky Mountains, in twenty four days, reporting a good stage of water all the way, notwithstanding that the dry season is very far advanced. If any of our readers, not acquainted with the geography of the North West Territory, will look at the map they will see that the important fact, thus announced, implies the actual existence of steamboat navigation from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains. In the United States the corresponding section of country not only has no navigable water, but it crosses the great American Desert. It may further be remarked that the water system of the St. Lawrence and the great Lakes, which constitute one of the most marked features of the geographical formation of North America, and which lead directly to the North West of the Dominion, form also an arc of the shortest sailing circle between the ports of the United Kingdom and America. We call attention to this fact, in this connection, to point out that the waters of Lake Superior, from Thunder Bay, may, by means of canalling, with comparatively small labour, in view of the magnitude of the object to be obtained, be connected with the immense interior water system of the continent. If such a work were accomplished it would enable products to be floated from the base of the Rocky Mountains to Europe. Such will not be an immediate event; but we believe the future will inevitably bring it. The Railway must first be made, it being the first need; and there cannot be any doubt the government of Mr. MACKENZIE (see his speeches in Scotland) will push this as would that of SIR JOHN MACDONALD had it remained in power. We may further remark with respect to the navigation of the Saskatchewan, of which the Hudson's Bay steamer has demonstrated the existence, that it passes through one of the largest coal fields in the world, which is a fact of great interest for the Province of Manitoba, as regards its present need, and points to titanic capabilities for the future. The agricultural and other mineral wealth of that vast territory have been before described in these columns, as have also the favourable grades through the Rocky Mountains, of which we possess the gate, together with the favourable commercial facilities of our Pacific coast. All these remarkable conditions are now only beginning to be opened to immigrants. There cannot be a doubt that they will be rapidly availed of. One decennial will bring great changes.

The *Globe*, replying to certain politicians in a spirit of badinage, makes the remark: that it, the *Globe*, is "not bigotted" as to the mode pursued in constructing the Pacific Railway. In this case it is good judgment that is needed, and not bigotry. By the expression, our contemporary would seem to take credit to itself for indifference as to whether this enormous railway property and adjoining territories should fifty years hence be in the hands of the Dominion, and its settlers as regards the lands, or of a company carrying the profits

of traffic out of the country from week to week, and consolidating great areas of the lands into a vast feudal domain, a dukedom with which there would be nothing in Europe to compare; and it would also seem that the *Globe* does not perceive that the outlay upon the Line by the Dominion might be estimated at about the same amount in either case, while by the company plan we should not only, as a people, have lost the railway property, but most certainly have installed a new set of masters over us, stronger than the nominal government of the country, a consideration so serious as to throw into the shade all mere questions of expenditure and ways and means.

In Cuba some half dozen coffee estates have been burned, and men who garrisoned one of the largest deserted and joined the insurgents. The recent murder in cold blood of a French citizen in Guatemala by Spanish soldiers has caused the French Consul at Santiago to send to Martinique for a war vessel. The Frenchman's name was Regandau, and he was killed near his sugar estate, his body being left on the road.

Server Pasha, in a telegraphic despatch from Mostar, states that many insurgents have submitted, and the agitation in Herzegovina is greatly allayed. The imperial troops have been traversing all parts of the country for several days without meeting with resistance. He believes order will be restored before the Foreign Consuls begin the work of mediation.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ALEXANDER BERTRAM, LATE CHIEF OF THE MONTREAL FIRE BRIGADE.

We cheerfully give place in our gallery of portraits to the likeness of this faithful public servant, so well known throughout the Dominion of Canada, the oldest in continuous service of the chief firemen of this continent, and particularly endeared to all the citizens of Montreal by a lifetime devoted to the protection of their lives and property. His death, which occurred on the morning of Tuesday, the 31 ult, was regarded as a public loss, and his funeral, sketches and accounts of which will appear in our next number, was one of the largest and most imposing ever witnessed in the city.

Alexander Bertram was a native of the border county of Berwick, North Britain. At the age of twenty-three years, he came to Canada, and, soon after his arrival, became a member of the Volunteer Fire Protecting Company. In this capacity he served till the year 1841 when the Fire Department was re-organized—Mr. J. B. Bronsdon being Chief Engineer. Mr. Bertram was then brakeman, but his skill and energy soon won for him promotion, and he passed through the several grades of branchman and lieutenant, till, in 1849, he attained the rank of captain. In the same year he became assistant engineer. In 1852 the terrible fire occurred which devastated a great part of this city, providentially destined to rise from the fearful ordeal with renewed strength and beauty, and increased prosperity. On this occasion the meritorious conduct of Mr. Bertram so distinguished him in the eyes of his fellow-citizens that he was awarded, on the resignation of Mr. Perrigo, the office which he filled so well for twenty-one years. From that date all his energies were devoted to one object—to bring the Brigade which he commanded as nearly as possible to a state of perfection. For this purpose he neglected no means by which the apparatus for extinguishing fire and appliances for saving life and property could be adapted to the exigencies which they had so frequently to encounter. Many of our citizens will recollect how many difficulties stood in the way of prompt and properly directed effort under the old volunteer régime—especially before the setting in motion of our present system of water works.

About this time his great desire was to disband the Volunteer Department and have a permanent paid Brigade. This he finally succeeded in accomplishing by having the number reduced. The Brigade was decreased from over 300 to 39 men and then regularly salaried. In 1873, the department was raised to 56 men, with the chief, 3 assistants and one hose maker. Mr. Bertram was also a strong advocate of the Fire Alarm Telegraph which was put in full operation in 1863. The deceased chief obtained, from time to time, ample recognition of the valuable services which he had rendered to the city. In 1860, when, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, the Brigade, under the direction of its chief, contributed a large share to the beauty and magnificence of the public rejoicings, especially in the torch-light procession, he was presented with a handsome silver cup, as a token of cordial appreciation and esteem. In 1863 he was the recipient from the men of his Brigade of a silver goblet, beautifully symbolic of the duties which he discharged. The Shand & Mason steam fire

engine, which has proved so valuable an acquisition, was named, in his honour, "A. Bertram;" and, in 1873, at the end of twenty years diligent service, as chief, the Brigade presented him with his portrait painted in oils.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE.

The School was first established in the village of Weston, near Toronto, and was opened May 1st, 1865. In consequence of the liberal offers of assistance made by the inhabitants of Port Hope, during the summer of 1868, the School was removed to that town, where it was established in buildings provided by the towns-people, free of rent for three years. Early in 1871, the property, consisting of ten acres of land, together with the buildings upon it, and situated on one of the most picturesque sites in Canada, was purchased by the School. The erection of large permanent buildings, designed by H. Macdougall, Esq., Architect, Toronto, was then proceeded with. They furnished accommodation for about eighty boarders, with apartments for Masters, Matron, and Servants, and were occupied for the first time in January, 1871. Trinity College School was, by an Act of the Legislature of the Province of Ontario, passed during the Session of 1871-2, constituted a corporate body, consisting of the Lord Bishop of Toronto, the Chancellor of the University of Trinity College, the Provost, and the Professors in Arts of Trinity College, the Head Master of the School, and such other persons as may from time to time be appointed by the Governing Body. In the year 1873, a large and handsome Chapel, capable of containing upwards of two hundred worshippers, and a spacious Dining Hall, were erected at the east end of the new School building. At the western end of the original range of buildings there has been added during the past year (1874) a large wing running north and south, with projecting towers on the west and south fronts. This addition contains spacious Class-rooms, School-hall, Dormitories for about seventy more Boys, and apartments for an increased staff of Masters and servants. During the past year there has also been purchased about ten acres of land adjoining the original School property on the west side, and making the whole premises include over twenty acres. The new portion is now being prepared for spacious cricket and football grounds, with ornamental shrubbery, &c. This institution is already in a flourishing condition. The course of study is of a high standard, and the number of scholars quite considerable.

M'GILL NORMAL SCHOOL.

The Province of Quebec has three Normal Schools, views of two of which we present in the present issue. The McGill Normal School is under the chief management of Principal Wm. H. Hicks, well known as one of the most devoted, experienced and educated instructors on this continent. The total number of pupils admitted during the session has been 112, 9 of whom were males and 103 females. Of these 112 pupils, 5 entered to follow the academic course, 40 that of the model school, and 67 the elementary course, 59 reside in Montreal and 53 are from the country. At the end of the session, after the usual examinations, 70 pupils received diplomas: 6 academy diplomas, 25 model school diplomas, and 39 elementary school diplomas. These diplomas make up 866, the total number of diplomas granted by the McGill Normal school since its foundation. The boys school is under the care of Mr. W. F. Hicks, M. A., the department for girls under that of Miss A. F. Murray and Miss Dirick, who will have at the expiration of the present scholastic year, completed fourteen years of service, during which time she devoted her care to the primary department. Miss Murray was unfortunately drowned at Oka during the summer vacation. Her loss is a very severe one.

JACQUES-CARTIER NORMAL SCHOOL.

This School is intended for French training. From the 8th day of September 1873, the day of the opening of classes, up to the month of April 1874, it admitted 43 pupils; 42 of French origin, and one of Irish; this one was from Montreal, the others came from different parishes in the country. Of this number 37 remained during the year. The model school attached to the Normal school always receives much encouragement. The proof that it gives full satisfaction to the parents who send their children, is the large number of demands for admission made every year. In the course of the scholastic year of 1873-74 it was frequented by 174 children. Of this number 59 left the school before the day for the distribution of rewards.

MONTREAL HIGH SCHOOL.

The instruction given at this school is of the highest character and the teachers include some of the finest talent in the Dominion. The institution is under the direction of a Board of laymen who devote a great deal of time and attention to the honorable and arduous work. The school is largely attended and has turned out some choice scholars.

THE RELIEF PARTY.

We are altogether in favor of government aid to the Montreal, Ottawa and Western as well as the North Shore Railways. They are invaluable for the development of the Province and the continued prosperity of Montreal. In whatever way Mr. Robertson may help Sir Hugh Allan and Hon. Mr. McCreavy, he will be seconded by the solid men of the Province, irrespective of party.

SEPTEMBER.

This picture is published as illustrative of the opening of the hunting season. It is a beautiful, varied and highly suggestive work of art.

STATUE OF HERMANN.

This colossal statue of the heroic barbarian Arminius, immortalized by Tacitus, who defended his native woods against the legions of Rome, has just been set up as a type of German fortitude and a remembrance of German union.

BASE BALL MATCH, HAMILTON.

Our artist has sent us the following amusing account:—The long talked of base ball match between nine local celebrities selected by that old naval hero, Capt. Cook, and an equally illustrious nine chosen by Gymnast Kerner, Esq., came off with a great flourish of trumpets at the Crystal Palace grounds, in the presence of a large and enthusiastic multitude. From the outset of the game it was evident that the veteran's side had the advantage, and long before it ended it became simply a question of majority. The chief feature of the game, of course, was the playing of Alonzo the brave, with his tasselled smoking cap, who received a perfect ovation every time he wielded the ash, but who was not as successful as his numerous friends would have wished. A noticeable feature of the players was that nearly all were uniformed in their best black pants, and nearly all had pockets behind with handkerchiefs sticking out of them. All the players had individual peculiarities, amongst which we noticed the following:—"Dad" Fee, who kept on saying, "Wo, now," to the ball, and who rolled around the bases more quickly than he could run. "Bill" the catcher, who came late, as wild as ever, with a handkerchief in one hand and his cap in the other. He was a hot favorite for the Chamption Medal. "The Bailiff" who was charged with not touching the bases, and who offered to make an affidavit about the matter before the new Sheriff. He was the unfortunate cuss of the game, receiving the ball in his eye in one innings, and eternally demoralizing his only pair of pants in another. He was seen this morning at Mrs. Blumenstein's on John street. "Bombardier Schwab," who was conspicuous as to his cuffs, and for whose benefit the band struck up "Yankee Doodle," every time he made his appearance at the bat. He struck as though he had a boil under each arm, and as a base-ballist is evidently not a success. He says, however, that he could do worse if he tried. This statement is open to doubt. "Jimmy," of James street, gay and debonnaire, as usual, with the inevitable cigar and the natty neck-tie. "Alderman Tom," who played in earnest and responded to the Mayor and Corporation in a neat and effective manner. "Executor James" played in a plug hat, with his trousers turned and his feet bare. He said he could run best when his corns troubled him. And, moreover, there was also "Josh." The only inconvenience that was felt during the game was owing to the fact that somebody was always missing, and was always found by everybody at an impromptu bar, furnished with a barrel, a tin cup, and a box of cigars. The Champion Medal was presented by "Eddy." On the reverse is a standing man, with the words "Province du Bas Canada," "Deux Sous;" and on the obverse a coat of arms, with the motto, "Concordia Salus," which, being interpreted, signifieth, "Free drinks for everybody." This medal was hotly contested for by the navigator, Bill the Catcher, and "Grocery Tom, the latter coming in on the home-stretch and wrestling the trophy from the gallant competitors.

THE FASHIONS.

1. HOUSE COSTUME.—This is composed of barge or woollen, close fitting at the throat and sleeves, and without train. There is a short tunic, the front part of which is heavily ornamented with plissé and bows, as are the lower skirt and the cuffs of the sleeves.
2. MORNING COSTUME.—The peculiar feature of this are the armlets of grey material. The stuff is of red cashmere with Turkish borders.
3. HIGH WAIST WITH SHAWL COLLAR.—This costume is fitted for young ladies and even girls. Its beauty is the shawl four-plaited and garnished inside with lace or gauze plissé. The waist is high and adorned with a large fringed bow of the same material as the dress. That material is white-striped longitudinally.
4. HIGH WAIST WITH CHEMISSETTE.—Another style for young girls. The feature is the chemisette, plain-plaited, surmounted by a stiff collar and bound by a large pin. The whole front, to the edge of the tunic, is garnished with passementerie.
5. SOCIETY TOILET WITH APRON TUNIC.—A gorgeous evening dress the features of which are the long and heavy train with double silk bow, roses, and triple border, and the tunic apron tightly drawn in front and garnished with a threefold row of white plissé.
6. BRIDAL HEADRESS.—The veil is of the usual illusion tulle, but the peculiarity is the six triangular folds on the top which remain in position independently of the hair. The orange blooms and other traditional floral ornaments adorn the head and glisten through the gauze.
7. SOCIETY TOILET WITH HIGH CUIRASSE WAIST.—The train is of imitation. The cuirasse and tunic in front are ornamented with insertion, as also the lowest portion of the skirt.

AN ILLUMINATION OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Writing from the Imperial Isle, on the St. Lawrence, of the annual reunion celebration of the Thousand Island Club, a correspondent says: The closing entertainments of the celebration in the evening rivalled if not excelled any of the fairy tales in fabled history. The last streak of day had no sooner departed than the islands which cluster about Alexandria Bay assumed a splendor of scene which is simply beyond the power of description. The illuminations consisted of various designs and figures interwoven with some appropriate masterpiece, enhancing the enchantments of the scene. Imperial Island produced a monster star, which was reared majestically on a rocky eminence in bold relief; also a large cross of different colors in the background. Nobby Island was encompassed by myriads of lights. Far back on a promontory was raised a white cross, solitaire, and seemingly occupying a position among the clouds. At the island entrance was a design representing the entrance to a grotto or cave, and also a massive column. The island was beautifully embellished on all sides with different colored lights. Iroquois Lodge, Judge Spencer's Island, loomed up from the dark waters like a fortress perforated with dots of fire, and above the island appeared designs of diamond-shape crosses, stars, arches, arbors, and other devices. Warner's Island was the most conspicuous for the elaborateness of display and ingenious perfection of its illuminations. An immense angular-shaped arch, pendant from the tops of long-reaching poles and stretching across the river and surmounting numerous cleverly contrived devices, attracted much attention. Alice Isle was resplendent in every color of the rainbow. Pioneer, Bluff, Pullman, West Point, Grenadier, and all the associate islands appeared in the regalia of Oriental and Egyptian magnificence, each contributing its share to the sublime spectacle. The Thousand Island House, from its lofty perch on the mainland, was literally enveloped in lights of tinted shades. Likewise the other principal hotels and the residence of the villagers of Alexandria Bay. The bay presented a scene far surpassing anything ever recorded on this continent in the way of a marine display. The procession of yachts was reformed and started for a cruise among the islands, and all were illuminated, so that nothing was perceptible but a long line of attractive lights and flambeaux, reminding one of a grand movable panorama.

WASHINGTON'S STRENGTH.

A writer at Arlington House, in 1854, asked Mr. Custis if Washington could, like Marshal Saxe, break a horseshoe, and the reply he received was, he had no doubt he could had he tried, for his hands were the largest and the strongest he had ever seen. Mr. Custis then gave him several instances of the General's strength, of which he recalls the following:—When Washington was a young man, he was present on one occasion, as looker on, at wrestling games, then the fashion in Virginia. Tired of the sport, he had retired to the shade of a tree, where he sat perusing a pamphlet, till challenged to a bout by the hero of the day, and the strongest wrestler in the State. Washington declined till, taunted by the remark that he feared to try conclusions with the gladiator, he calmly came forward, and without removing his coat, grappled with his antagonist. There was a fierce struggle for a brief space of time, when the champion was hurled to the ground with such tremendous force as to jar the very marrow of his bones. Another instance of his prodigious power was his throwing the stone across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburgh—a feat that has never been performed since. Later in life a number of young gentlemen at Mount Vernon were contending in the exercise of throwing the bar. Washington, after looking on some time, walked forward, saying, "Allow me to try," and grasping the bar, sent the iron flying through the air twenty feet beyond its usual limits. Still later in his career, Washington, whose age was like a lusty winter, "frosty yet kindly," observed three of his workmen at Mount Vernon vainly endeavouring to raise a large stone, when, tired of witnessing their unsuccessful attempts, he put them aside, and taking it in his iron-like grasp lifted it to its place, remounted his horse, and rode on.

JUMPING OUT OF BED.

A clever medical writer does not approve of the old doctrine which was formerly instilled into the minds of children—that they should spring out of bed the instant they are awake in the morning. He says: up to eighteen years old every child should be allowed to rest in bed, after the sleep is over, until they feel as if they would rather get up than not. It is a very great mistake for persons, old or young—especially children or sedentary persons—to bounce out of bed at the moment they wake up; all the instincts shrink from it, and fiercely kick against it. Fifteen or twenty minutes spent in gradually waking up, after the eyes are opened, and in turning over and stretching the limbs, do as much as good sound sleep, because the operations set the blood in motion by degrees, tending to equalise the circulation; for during sleep the blood tends to stagnation, the heart beats feebly and slowly, and to shock the system by bouncing up in an instant and sending the blood in overwhelming quantity to the heart, causing it to assume a gallop, where the instant before it was a creep, is the greatest absurdity. This instantaneous bouncing out of bed as soon as the eyes are open will be followed by weariness long before noon.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

MME. SCHNEIDER has a son twenty years of age, whose pranks are such as to astonish even the natives.

M. DE QUERCY, the opera-bouffe tenor, is a baron, and has a right to the "De." He belongs to an ancient house of Brittany.

MISS NEILSON will, it appears, begin a series of fifty representations in Paris in October. It is stated that she will be supported by George Clarke.

MASKED balls at the Paris Opera are decided on for the coming winter. M. Halanzier has decided on conducting the enterprise on his own account, and the Minister has granted his permission.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS is expected to return to this country in about a month's time. She has been rusticating at a healthy place in Devonshire, and her face is described "as red and brown and freckled as it ought to be."

PRINCE BISMARCK, Prussian that he is, is not devoid of French tastes. It is now related that on the eve of the battle of Sadowa he wrote to his wife: "Send me some French novels to read, but not more than one at a time."

THE Mexican Juvenile Opera Troupe, which has been brought forward at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, consists of twenty-seven children, led by Senorita Carmen Unda y Moran, a wonderful child artiste eight years of age.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT will open, with the Royal Italian Opera Company, the new Southminster Theatre at Edinburgh. The troupe will comprise Mdles. Albani and Thalberg. It is expected that the new theatre will be ready for opening early in November.

GERMAN newspapers state that Madame Lucca is contemplating one more tour through Germany, in order to sing at various places, and that afterwards she will retire into private life. For her German tour she has concluded a contract with the impresario, M. Marelli, who has guaranteed her £150 for every performance in which she takes part.

MME SOPHIE HAMEY, the original Frochard in the "Two Orphans," died recently in Paris. Among the late Mme. Hamet's accomplishments was one which she introduced with unbounded success in the "Two Orphans," that of emptying a small flask of liquor in a stream which shot in an undeviating line to her mouth from quite a distance above, with a celerity which would put an ancient toper to the blush.

OBERRAMMERGAU, celebrated for the representation of the Passion Play, which takes place there once in every ten years, is to be this autumn, by special permission of King Ludwig, the scene of a new sacred drama entitled, *Die Kreuz schule* ("The School of the Cross"). Two representations have been given, and others follow on the 15th, 22nd, and 27th of August, the 5th, 12th, 19, and 26th of September, and the 3rd and 10th of October.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS, according to a recent letter is riding, bathing and shooting at a place in Devonshire, England. She didn't have her gun fixed in a rest, says the account of her participation in a match, "but dropped on one knee, brought the rifle to the shoulder, aimed carefully and made the bull's eye. Then she reloaded, again brought the weapon to the shoulder, and made a centre. After that, amid the vociferous cheering of the Biddford volunteers, she shouldered and presented arms like a veteran."

NAPLES has just lost, in the person of Pasquale Alta Villa, who died on the 3rd ult., at the age of 61, a celebrated author and actor. The *Panfulla*, in noticing the event, states that he had passed fifty years in diverting the public. He produced over 130 comedies, one of his best being the *Comet of the 13th June*, performed in 1857. M. Monnier, who was in Naples at that time, was so impressed with Alta Villa's abilities that in his book, *L'Italie est elle la Terre des Morts?* he did not hesitate to compare him with Molière as an author, and with Frédérick Lemaître as an actor.

RUBINSTEIN gave his first piano concert at Moscow when he was nine years old. Liszt appeared as a pianist when nine before a company of noblemen, who subsequently paid the expenses of his education; Gounod took the grand prize for musical composition awarded by the French Institute when twenty-one; Wagner composed four operas when twenty and his "Rienzi" was brought out in Paris when he was twenty-four; Verdi became organist in the old Church of Busseto when seventeen, and his first opera was put on the stage of La Scala, Milan, when he was twenty-five; Offenbach became leader of the band at the Theatre Français when twenty-six, and composed his first opera at that age; and Theodore Thomas began playing on the violin in public when only six.

HUMOROUS.

A new definition of an old maid is—a woman who has been made for a long time.

A Western editor returned a tailor's bill, endorsed, "Declined: handwriting illegible."

A Saratoga belle writes home: "It is horrid here—not a man in town worth over \$15,000."

PHIL SHERIDAN's bride is nearly half-a-head taller than he. But he counterbalances this advantage by keeping his hair out short.

If you want to make an enemy for life, just stand and laugh at a fat woman as she passes you on a flying jump to catch a horse-car, with the thermometer at ninety-five.

IN A COUNTRY churchyard there is the following epitaph—"Here lies the body of James Robinson and Ruth his wife;" and underneath this text—"Their warfare is accomplished."

A LAWYER pictured the meanness of an opponent by saying that if his soul should be placed inside of a mustard seed, it would have as much play-room as a woodchuck would have in the State of Connecticut.

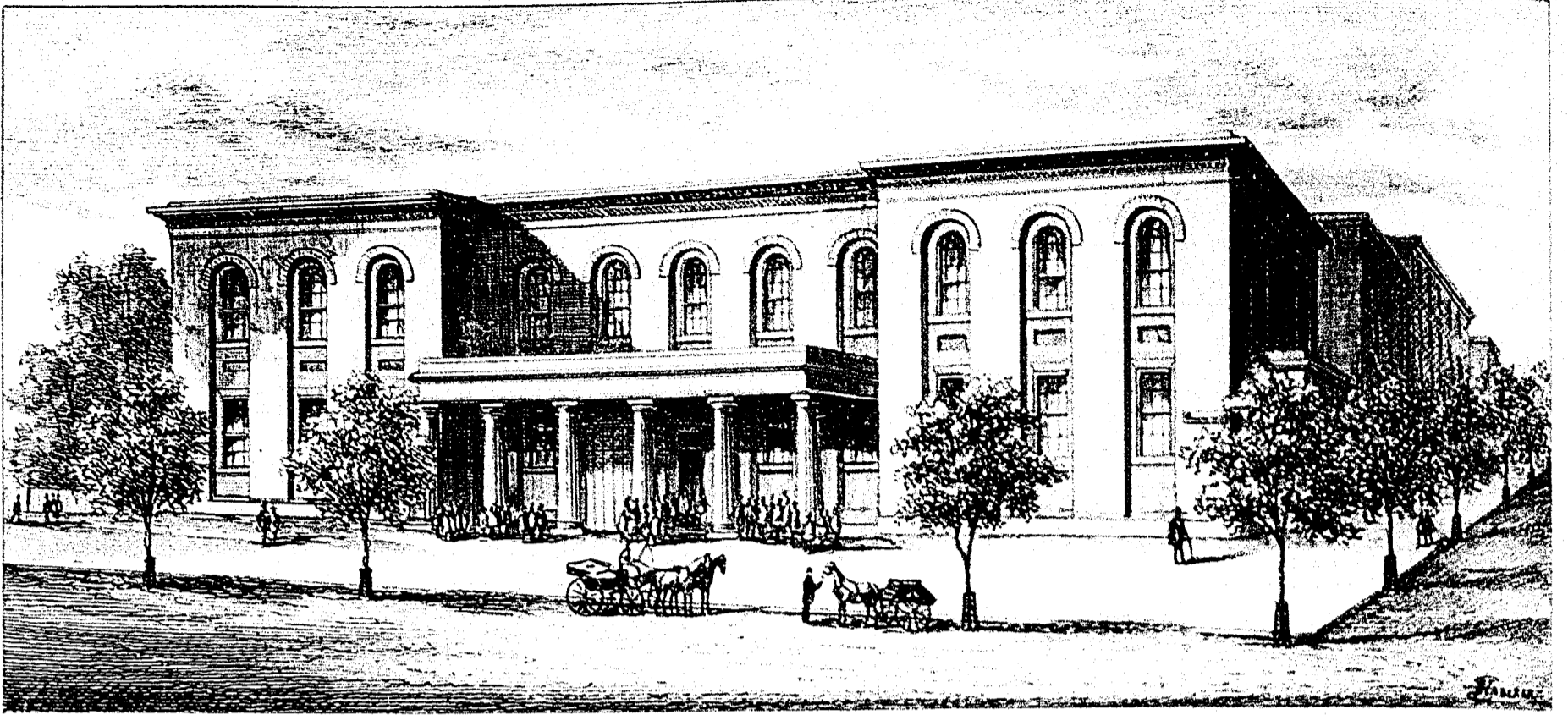
THE American Rochefoucauld says, the average gorilla of Central Africa now points to Stanley and his band of explorers, and pathetically reminds its grandchildren that "it is what they may one day expect to come to."

THE following lines are taken from a German song:—

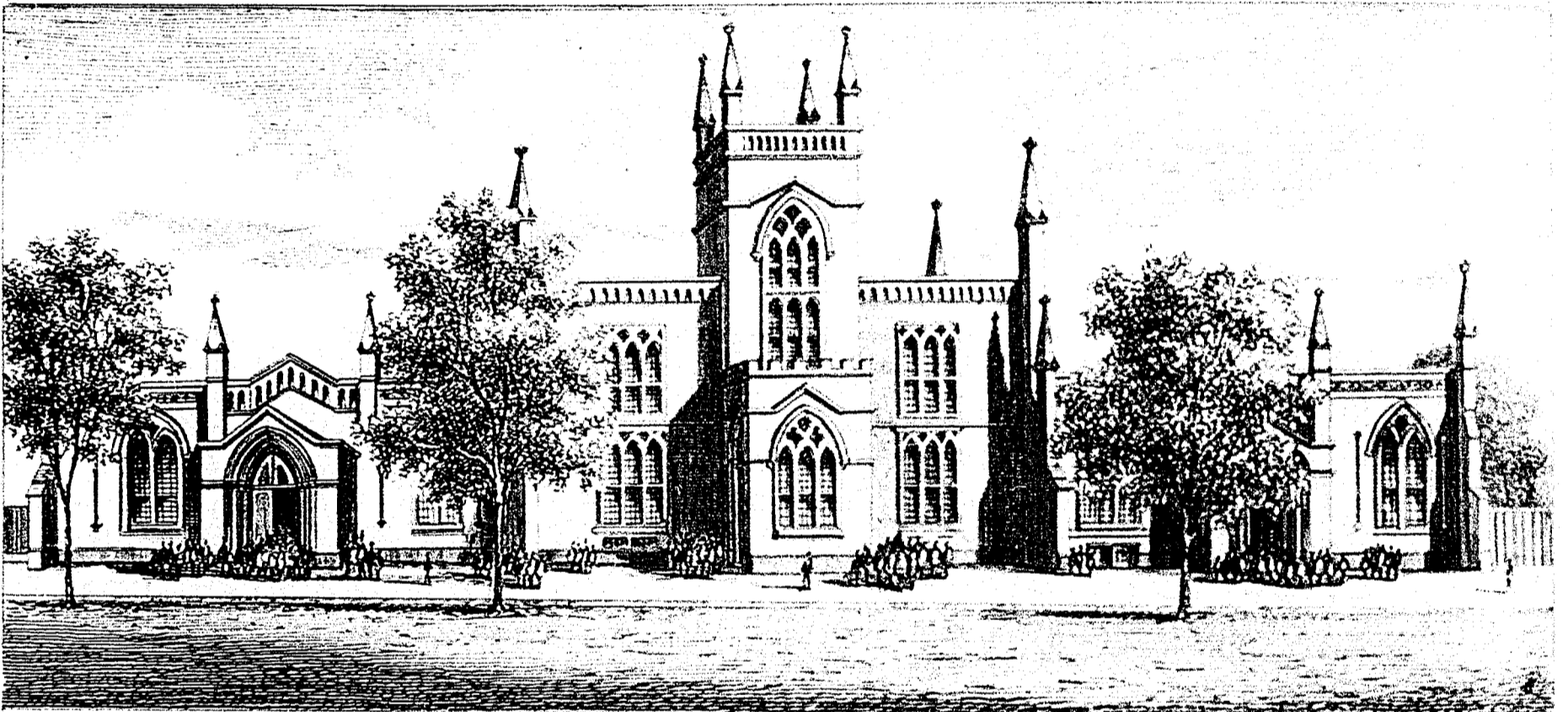
"When first on earth the truth was born,
She crept into a hunting-horn;
The hunter came, the horn was blown,
But where truth went was never known."

It is curious to hear that the Spaniards are very good paymasters. If they give an order they are almost sure to pay, and pay promptly. The French, too, are very honest. Even the farmers in Eastern France, immediately after the war, paid punctually in spite of all the ravages they had suffered, and one firm which had sold in that district \$210,000 worth of implements before the war, and had looked upon the money as a bad debt, received every penny of it. On the other hand, the Germans have a very indifferent reputation as customers. This shows that individual and national morality do not always go together. Spain as a state does not pay her creditors, but Spaniards pay theirs. Germany has a horror of a deficit in her budget; but Germans are very "long-winded."

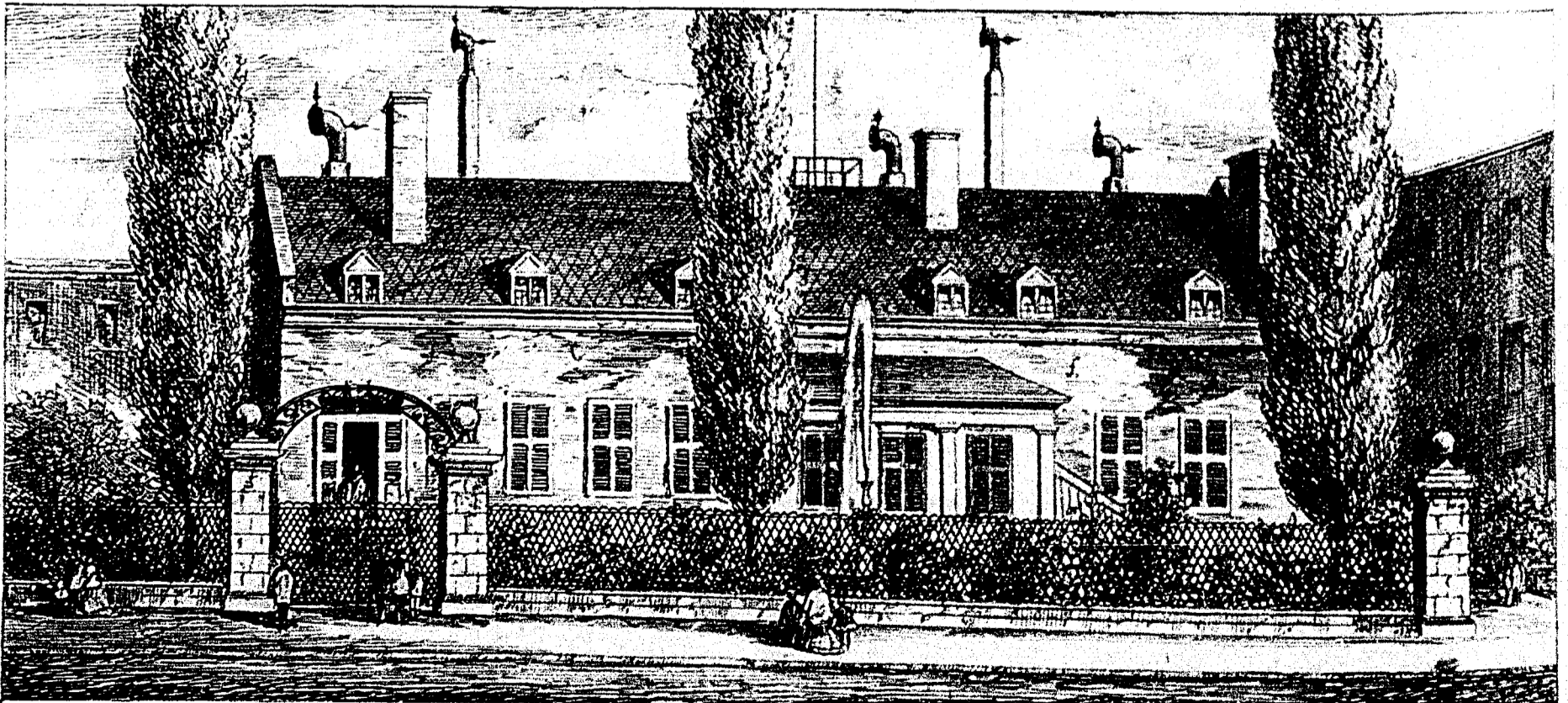
OPENING OF THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR.



THE HIGH SCHOOL, MONTREAL.



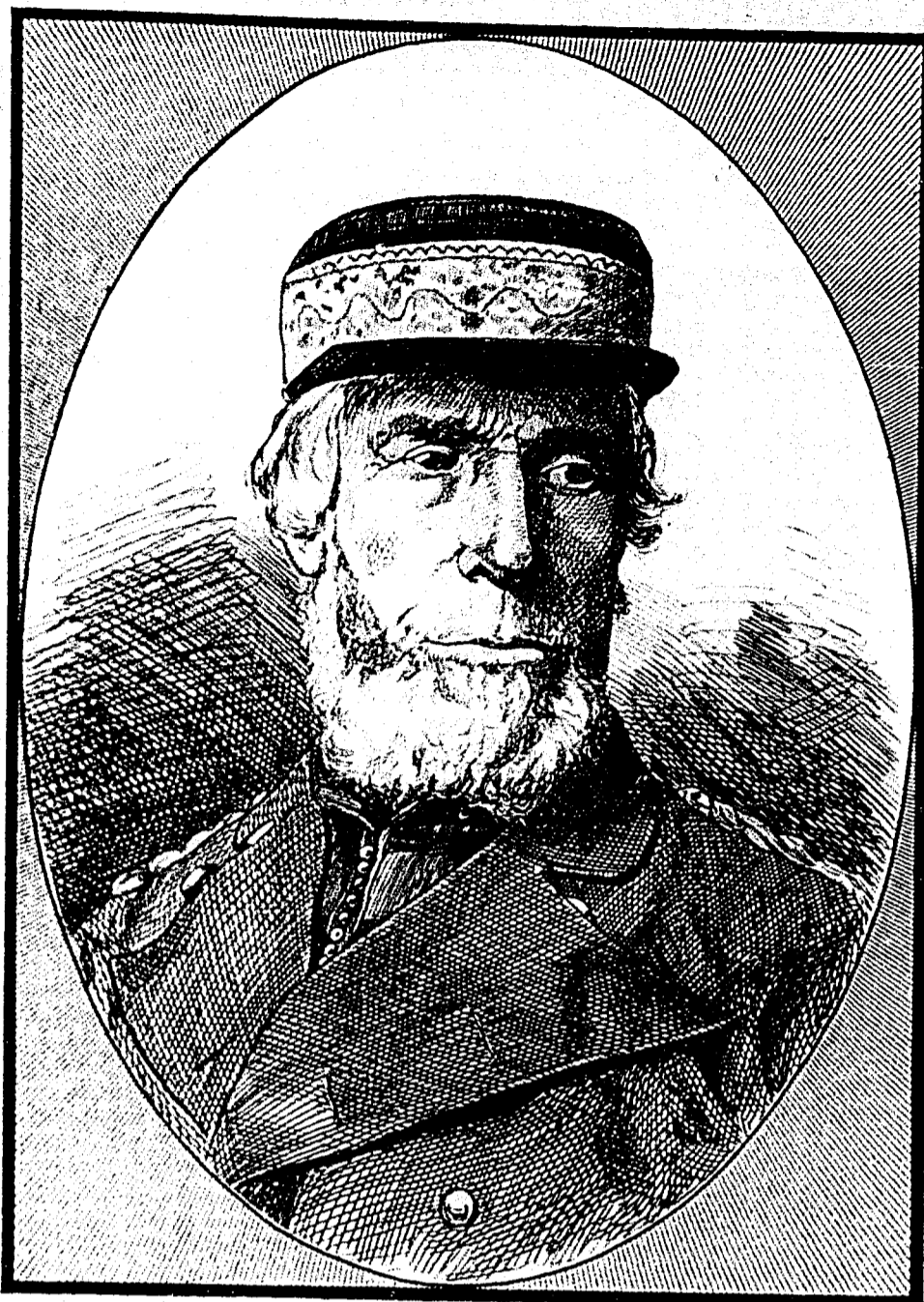
THE MCGILL NORMAL SCHOOL, MONTREAL.



THE JACQUES CARTIER NORMAL SCHOOL, MONTREAL.

THE HISTORY OF GLASS.

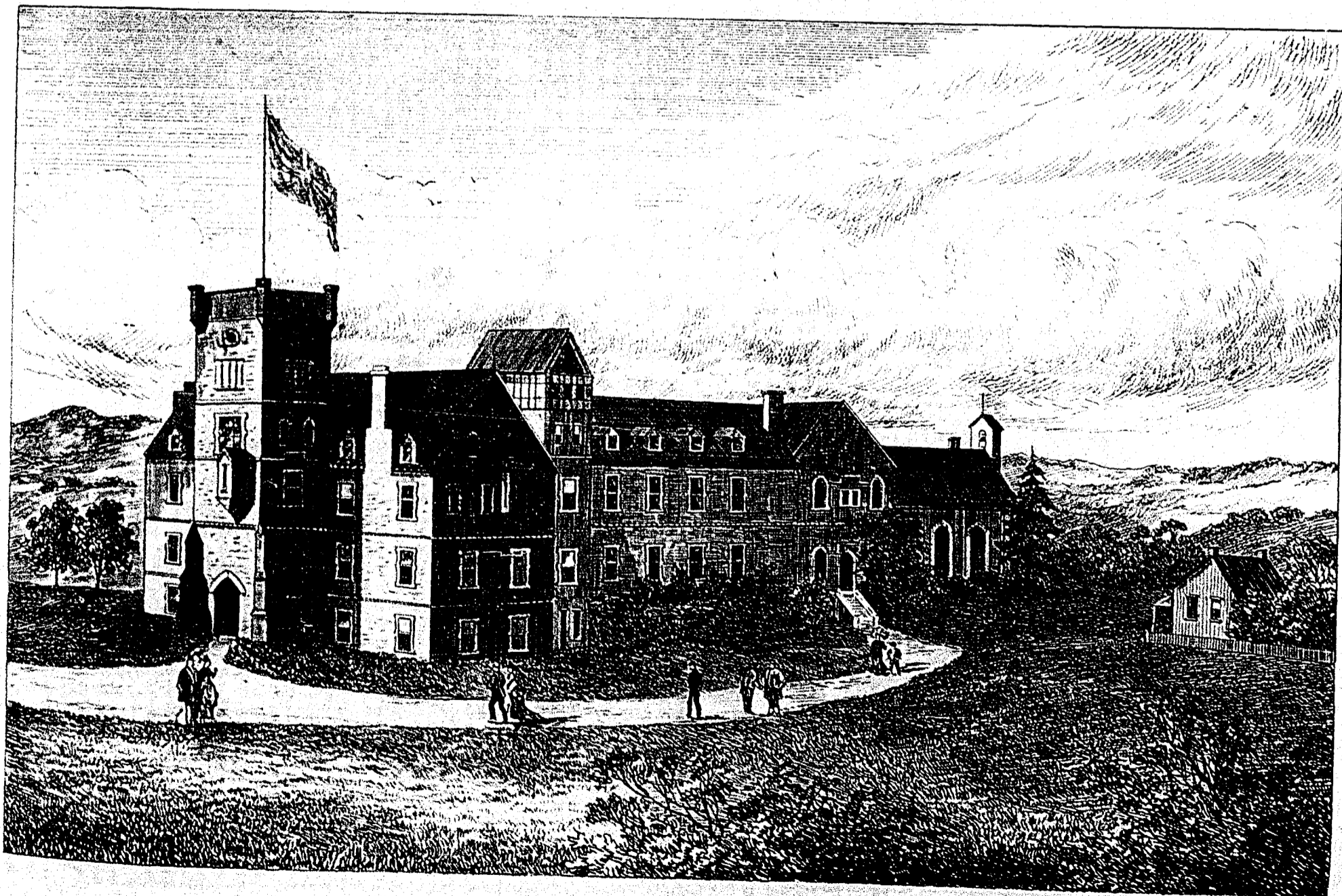
Taken in connection with the glass exhibited in Japan, and said to be over one thousand years old, an article by M. de Foville in the *Economiste Français* may be read with interest. That gentleman says that France long remained indebted to Italian art in the matter of glass, although in the sixth century drinking glasses were manufactured at Paris and Quinquengrogné. But in 1342 we find a Dauphin paying for a little glass service for his daughter Diana the price of an ox. Some of the most curious windows in the Gothic cathedrals date from the thirteenth, twelfth, and even eleventh centuries but it was only under Louis XIV. that France appropriated the secret of those exquisite productions which Venice sold her for their weight in gold. There are now in France 175 glass manufactories without counting seven manufactories of looking-glasses. Every year on an average 125,000,000 bottles are made, and 50,000,000 of these, filled with good wine, find their way abroad, together with 20,000,000 empty bottles. Forty years ago 100 bottles cost about 30 francs; now they cost half that price. According to M. de Foville, the invention of glass deserves to rank with printing and steam as an agent of civilization and refinement, for it rendered indoor life possible. There are proofs, he says, that glass existed in the early days of Christianity, but it was an exceptional luxury which did not survive the fall of the Roman Empire. The window-pane reappeared at a later period in the churches under the form of a small lozenge of equivocal transparency. At the castle of the Duke of Northumberland, in 1587, says the writer, there were a few glass windows, which used to be put in when his Grace was at home; and not a century ago there existed in France a corporation of "Chassiers," whose profession was to put in windows of oiled paper. It was only in 1710 that glass panes in wooden frames were used.



THE LATE ALEXANDER BERTRAM, CHIEF OF THE MONTREAL FIRE BRIGADE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY INGLIS.

HOME CONVERSATIONAL TRAINING.

The *Baltimore American* writes: There is no nation more fluent in conversation than the American. The French are more voluble, perhaps, their language permitting greater rapidity of pronunciation than the English. Our best conversationalists are not rapid talkers. One trouble with us is, each one likes to do all the talking; therefore Americans are not conversationalists. In almost all home circles there is much talking done during the day, but we fear there are few who do not reserve their most brilliant conversational powers for other assemblages than the home group. Many a father comes home tired; he has worked hard and talked a great deal, told amusing anecdotes and displayed much wit. He has come home to rest. He takes out his paper and is soon oblivious to everything around him. Wife would like to tell him many of the little harassing afflictions of the day, and would like to hear some of his interesting experiences, but if he were a deaf mute he could not be more silent, only an occasional grunt answering her many attempts at conversation; and the children, except the good-night kiss, and often not even that, are not noticed. Such a home, whether the abode of wealth or otherwise, cannot be a healthy and happy one. As a parallax, draw around the evening lamp of another home circle. The father tells the anecdotes from the paper as he reads them; the mother laughs her sweet, low laugh, and the children burst into merry ha! ha's! To watch them as they ask questions and listen to the answers and patient explanations, the wonderment, interest, and thought imprinted on their young faces is a picture for an artist. This home education is an heritage more valuable than land or money; and one beautiful recompense in life is that in making others happy we bring happiness to ourselves. Parents who practise self-denial and endeavor by cheerful conversation and playful wit to enliven home life will reap a rich reward in the better thoughts and nobler actions of their children, and will experience the truest and best contentment themselves.



TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. A. M.

TIED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are all so dull and thankless and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I bore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot-prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more:

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

OUR HOLIDAY,

OR A VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.

Byron's sublime panegyric to the sea was suggested to my mind on my first finding myself standing upon old ocean's shore, with the breakers rolling in with a sublimely majestic sound and dashing their wild fury upon the beautiful strand which at this point stretches away as far as the eye can reach for miles in a beautiful plain of whitest sand. And as I found myself thus alone on the ocean shore, away from the dusty city, and the care and anxiety of daily toil, and felt myself really like a boy "out of school," and free from the spirit-fretting, petty annoyances of an overcrowded, overworked professional and business life, which, like grains of sand among the wheels of delicate machinery, grind but to destroy, or like particles of dust neath the eyelids, irritate but to inflame, I felt how joyous it is to be free, free from business calls, cares and interruptions. Here all is left behind, and here, we come to have our holiday and to commune with nature, to bathe, swim, boat, fish, walk, eat, sleep, talk, gossip. Oh, no, not gossip, for that must be left to the ladies; it is their special privilege, a sacred enclosure, upon which no rude male feet must ever be allowed to intrude. So then "here we are again," as the old song has it, at old Orchard Beach, on the coast of Maine.

I presume it is needless for me to enter into an argument to establish the advantages and desirability of a visit to the sea coast as a place of summer resort. That has now come to be accepted among the more intelligent classes of our larger communities as a self-evident axiom. One thing, however, I wish to say in this connexion, is that I regard the common idea that a visit to the "salt water" is sufficient as a grave error. Salt water may be met with high up in the Saint Lawrence, and the lower St. Lawrence has many admirable places of resort, but they are remarkable rather for the absence than otherwise of the peculiarities of a sea bath resort. There is no beach except a rough, craggy, treacherous rocky one; there is no surf or surf bathing. The temperature is much lower, the water colder and the breeze more extreme; hence for weak people and children I regard the open coast of the Atlantic itself as infinitely preferable a resort for invalids, to any inland bathing place in many respects. The climate is more equable, fogs less prevalent, the beach sandy, sloping and safe, the surf strong, invigorating and enjoyable.

In selecting a sea bathing resort, a point where the surf can be secured with a gently sloping beach should be preferred to still water or an abrupt coast. To be safe for women and children there should be no under current, which is seldom felt to any considerable extent where the beach slopes gradually out.

The coast of Maine offers many admirable points of resort suited for all tastes and inclinations. On arriving at Portland the voyager can find his way by boat either to Cushings or Peaks Island; at both places the best accommodation is offered, and persons can suit not only their tastes and predilections but also their pockets as to price. The water here is quiet and the resort a delightful one in several respects peculiar to itself.

Then we find Cape Elizabeth on a projecting point lower down the coast, with admirable advantages and accommodations, while a person standing upon its outmost point can look away South over an expanse of water unbroken by land until the islands of the Indies are reached. Hence the visitor lives, breathes, walks, lives in and is surrounded by the sea air.

Further down the coast is Scarborough beach, and a little further, Orchard beach with its village of hotels, boarding houses, and its fine spreading beach of many miles in extent, with the beautiful pine wood grove in the rear where annually a Methodist camp meeting is held.

From the house in which the writer lodged, an unobstructed view might be had of a beach ten miles in length, in front the broad ocean, dotted with numerous islands in the distance to the South Biddeford-pool, sometimes called Saccopool, an old and favourite watering place, but with a much bolder and more rocky shore, and not so favoured with beach accommodation for bathers. It is quiet, however, and is the favourite resort of many who prefer retirement to a more bustling place like Orchard on our left. At a short distance was the station of the Boston and Maine RR., a large and fine pic-nic grove, a large collection of hotels, cottages, boarding houses, restaurants, stores, &c., with the fine large building known as the Ocean House on the hill in the rear. By the way the "Old Orchard House" had, just previous to our visit, been destroyed by fire, but is expected to be rebuilt in fine proportions by another season. These latter two houses have always been the resort of the fashionables and would-be aristocrats, for it is well to know that a class of people are frequently met at watering places, who of little significance at home, set up to be somebody at the sea side, and succeed in passing themselves off as current coin.

Thus at a ball or evening party one will sometimes notice Mr. or Mrs. So and So mingling in the mazes of the merry dance with the *crème de la crème* of our best and wealthiest society, but it is the old story of the Magpie dressed in the peacock's feathers. They become known and then they are "let alone," severely so, and so the bubble is burst, or some unkind friend has pricked it all too soon, and the bird takes refuge in flight, some feathers less.

Society at the watering places is a curious study. We have the grandly fashionable, the morosely religious, the quiet plain people, the sensible people, the gossiping slandering people, and the puritanic, the quaker, the methodistic, the ritualist and the sacerdotalist, all blended in one happy confusion, and resolving themselves into so many knots, cliques and circles.

There we had the purse proud, the proud poor, the querulous, the garrulous, the whimsical, the eccentric, the indifferent and the particular.

There we had the notary who would like to be a judge, the trader who would fain be a doctor, the foreigner who would play the role of a special pleader, and the clergyman who could talk politics more glibly than religion, while the ladies were all paragons of excellence, although but one could lay claim to having been favoured by the goddess of beauty. Talents innumerable, faculties glittering like diamonds in a coronet so thickly studded that no room was left for more, and yet new characters and new types of humanity were continually coming and going. Were I a character painter like Josh Billings, what an opportunity I now had to take some sittings.

Well Orchard Beach presents perhaps the finest sea bathing beach in the world and requires only a visit to prove its transcendent facilities.

The beneficial effects of change in scene, air and association soon began to affect my appetite, and the qualms of conscience which I now began to feel as to the price of board interfered somewhat with my comfort, but a bargain is a bargain, and if I not could eat enough for four ordinary men, it was not my fault, but that of the health invigorating air and associations for which I was not responsible.

Indeed the invigorating influence of a short residence at the seaside is become so notable that its propriety—during the summer months—is no more questioned, but is universally accepted as being *quite the thing*, except under special circumstances and for exceptional reasons.

All Medical Authorities agree in the threefold nature of the beneficial influence which a seaside resort affords.

1st. in the unbending of the over-strained intellect kept constantly on the rack from years end to years end.

2nd. in the relaxation and repose which it affords from disturbing cares.

3rd. by the exhilarating and tonic influences of the change of air.

So from the soot flake of many a summer spent in the pent up work shops and office dungeons of the city come forth the pale haggard ones, bowed with their weight of cares and feeble with want of food and air. Forth they come annually to the sea in search of health.

"So now on sand they walked and now on cliff
Lingering about the thy my promontories."

They pass the first few hours at the unaccustomed sound of the low murmuring of the sea—strange sounds are heard, strange things are seen, all things are new to him or her whose lives have been one round of daily toil at desk or needle or the house wife's toil, or it may be the unwearied round of other daily duties for a dozen years or more now past and gone. But such is life. Whipped like a galley slave most of us go driven to our daily toil by a task master, more inexorable than any barbarous driver the enslaved ebony race e'er knew which rises with us and return with us as regularly too. I mean our own necessities. Many of these perhaps we create by our own morbid or falsely trained fancies but thus we increase our own burdens and heap tasks upon ourselves that would excite rebellion in the weakest of us if imposed by others. So inconsistent are we that we will voluntarily load ourselves with self imposed burdens like asses until we groan beneath the burden.

To such the holiday comes like a welcome visitant from some flowery land of fairies, relieving the burdened mind or body as may be and changing by its enchanting wand the whole scene to

one of pleasure and enjoyment. But such is life, it is just what we make it, a journey strewn with garlands leading to the skies or rugged and painful, more gloomy to the end. We choose our destinies as we choose our mates.

A month has passed away and we are still luxuriating in the cooling, invigorating breezes of the sea side. The children have gathered many a tiny shell upon the shore, collected sea ferns, mosses and weeds and withal we have gathered strength and renewed health and vigor from our pleasant sojourn here. Thus is it with us of ripe years, we gather from day to day to find empty shells, fascinating to behold but barren to enjoy.

Our time is up, the packing process now begins and we hie us away to our homes far inland from the sea to devote ourselves with renewed application, earnestness and vigor to our several callings and with an earnest loving cheerfulness so widely different from the demure spirits we were wont to be.

"Home again, from a foreign shore." The hall once more resounds with childhood's gleeful, noisy voice and the kettle sings and the cat purrs, the bell rings as of yore and all goes on again just as it was wont, and now we talk merrily of our visit, new acquaintances, odd people, and already begin to plan for the next year's holiday.

A TRAPPIST ABBEY.

A correspondent writes: A Trappist Abbey in the nineteenth century may be reasonably esteemed as great a curiosity as any pilgrimage. Indeed it is a greater, since, whereas any one can be a pilgrim, every one cannot penetrate into the monastery of so strict an order. The Abbey of Sept-Fonds Saint-Lieu is half-way between Dion and Dompierre, two small villages on the Moulins-Macon line, nine miles from Bourdon Lancy, and not far from where the Bebre joins the Loire. The name of Sept-Fonds seems an anomaly, for no documents testify to the existence of seven fountains there at any time, nor is the name of Saint-Lieu to be better explained. The abbey is a square mass of buildings divided into countless yards and courts, and the whole of the grounds are surrounded by a wall fifteen feet high, broken at intervals by small towers. It takes over an hour to walk around the inside of this wall. On entering the large courtyard we were at once conducted by a lay brother to the guests' room, where the following inscription appears over the door:

"Ici des tempêtes du monde
S'éteint le bruit tumultueux,
Nos jours dans une paix profonde,
Coulent sous un ciel radieux."

And immediately opposite I read:

"Le plaisir de mourir sans peine
Vaut bien la peine de vivre sans plaisir."

Here a brother, whose special duty it is to receive guests, appeared and cordially welcomed us. He was of course allowed to speak, and as his term of office was on the wane, he made the best use of his time. He had been a Pontifical Zouave, and related with pride how during the late war he and 149 others had kept the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg's whole division in check for nearly two hours. As he was relating his experiences, the Abbot was announced, and nothing could have exceeded his hearty greeting. The Comte de Durat, although only thirty-five, has been fifteen years in the monastery, and has lately been elected thirty-ninth Abbot. He is also Vicar-General of the Order, and hence is often called upon to make long journeys—indeed, he will shortly go to Turkey to inspect Mariastern. In dress there is but little difference between him and the other brethren, save that he wears an amethyst ring, and a violet ribbon, to which is attached an inlaid cross, is hung over his white garments. The first place we visited was the refectory, where about a hundred of the monks were eating their scanty meal of vegetable soup, bread, cherries, cheese, and beer, the bowls and platters being metal and the spoons wooden. Meat, fish, eggs, and butter are always forbidden. Of course there was no conversation; indeed, it is reckoned a sin to look up when strangers enter; but a brother was reading aloud from some religious work in a pulpit standing half-way down the room. From the refectory we ascended to the dormitory, where each monk sleeps, dressed in his clothes, in a separate cubicle on a straw mattress, with one coverlet and a bag of straw for a pillow. Seven hours is the limit of time allowed for sleep, the hour for getting up throughout the year being two A. M. We then went successively through the library, the Abbot's study, the laboratory, the chapel, which is an uninteresting modern red brick building, and the chapter-room. Here are held the solemn meetings where each Trappist confesses his sins aloud in the presence of all the others, and should he omit any fault, however trivial, one of his brethren may, should he have been witness of it, solemnly rise, and, after receiving permission from the Abbot, denounce the omission. Various punishments are allotted for sins, from prayers and fasting down to a good flagellation. Close by is the meditation-room, where each monk has a small cupboard in which to keep his papers, &c. "You see," said the Abbot, "not one of them is locked, yet one brother never looks into another's cupboard." In the cloisters is a gateway leading directly into the cemetery, and over it is the inscription, "*Hodie mihi, cras tibi.*" Before passing outside, I must remark how beautifully clean every part of the monastery was. I do not believe a particle of dust could be found anywhere. Sept-Fonds might serve as an example in this respect to similar institutions in Italy, and, indeed, Paris.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Wayland Hoyt writes to the Boston Journal: There are two ways of getting into the House of Commons—through a card given you by some honorable member, or through a donation to some one of the honorable policemen standing about. It is something worth knowing that a half a crown will break away an enormous number of British barriers. It need not matter how I got in. It is enough that I entered. Well, what do you see when at last the doors of the strangers' gallery open for you? A room in the shape of a parallelogram, with a big table in the centre, with seats, or, better, with cushioned benches, rising in long lines either side, and there, at one end of the table, a pulpit-looking canopied seat, in which is Mr. Speaker, almost lost in a tremendous black gown and under a perfectly overshadowing gray horse-hair wig. On the benches, in all sorts of positions, lying flat, half reclining, sitting upright, some with hats on and others uncovered, are the honorable members. That is the House of Commons. There, in the gallery above site the reporters. Higher up and back from these, and behind a wire railing, as though they were dangerous and honorable members must be protected from them, peek down some ladies from their gallery. That does not look much like female suffrage for England. Though I think that England, of all countries, is the most logically entitled to female suffrage. Here Victoria is Queen, and not only that, but at one and the same time is the head of two churches—that of England and of Scotland. If one woman can be all that, why cannot any woman vote? Well, I think she ought to vote, both in England and in America. And some day she will. Opposite from these galleries of the ladies and of the reporters are the strangers' galleries—most uncomfortable places, in which you must break your neck in straining to see, and where, if you attempt to stand, inexorable doorkeepers compel you to sit down. On the right hand of the great table from the Speaker's chair sit the Government, Mr. Disraeli and his Cabinet. Directly opposite are the Opposition. The speaking in the House of Commons is not so much speaking as conversation. You very rarely hear anything like oratory. Nearly every one draws, and stammers and hesitates in a most painful manner. Few Englishmen can speak readily, and I noticed that it was by no means the readiest and most fluent speakers who most commanded the attention of the House. It was the man who seemed to know the most about the matter in hand to whom the House most quietly listened, however poorly he might express himself. An unpopular member has a hard time in the House of Commons. Dr. Kenealy—the notorious advocate for the notorious Tichborne claimant—is manifestly a very unpopular member. It is due to him to say that he is the best speaker I heard. His voice is clear and strong, his words are aptly chosen, his manner quite commanding. But when he rose to speak you should have heard that House of Commons. Laughter, cries of "Oh!", groanings, and an indescribable sound the reporters here call "murmurs." These were kept up throughout the entire speech. It was impossible, except now and then, to hear a word. But Dr. Kenealy kept at it undismayed, and the House kept at it.

ARTISTIC.

PORTRAITS of Hannah More, George Stephenson, and Jeremy Bentham have been added to the National Portrait Gallery.

COMMISSIONERS pronounce the Hermann monument at Detmold to be a very crude piece of art workmanship; both in form and substance quite barbarous.

MR. F. B. CARPENTER has finished a full-length portrait of President Lincoln for the State of New York, to be placed in the Albany capitol. Lincoln is here represented standing, with the emancipation proclamation in his left hand, and his right resting on a Bible.

MR. RUSKIN prints, in the August number of the *For's Claviger*, a petition to Parliament against the extension of railways into the Lake district. One of Turner's most splendid pictures is due to the poetry of colour he got out of a railway train in a storm.

PROFESSOR DRAKE, of Berlin, has completed his colossal statue of Humboldt, which, cast in bronze, is to be despatched to Philadelphia. The philosopher is standing in modern costume, with a large cloak disposed on his shoulders, holding a book in one hand, and having the other hand on a globe.

The Chapter of St. Peter's have at last permitted a plaster cast to be taken of the celebrated *Pieta* by Michel Angelo, but only on condition that it shall be entrusted to Signor Malipieri, who is said to be the most skilful artist in Rome in the execution of this kind of work. The cast will be exhibited at Florence on the occasion of the Michel Angelo Festival in September. A cast of the *Moses* from the tomb of Julius II. will also be sent to the Exhibition from Rome.

A competition has been opened at the French Ministry of Finance for a new design for a postage stamp in France. The only restrictions imposed on the candidates are that the words *Poste* and *République Française* must appear, and that the figures represented must not have any political character. The artist whose drawing is chosen will receive a prize of 1,500 francs; indemnities of 500 francs and 300 francs will also be accorded to the designs classed second and third in merit.

THE centenary of Michael Angelo has revived the interest of the Italians for everything connected with the artist, and led to the discovery of some interesting facts concerning him. The examination of the judicial archives of Rome has disclosed the existence of an official inventory made by order of the Governor of the city immediately after the death of Angelo. In that document are mentioned not only the furniture, the clothes, the money, and the horses belonging to him, but also different unfinished statues, and several cartoons are spoken of. An equally interesting circumstance is the discovery, or rather the deciphering, of an unpublished sonnet by him. It is written on the back of an original drawing of his, which forms part of the collection made by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and purchased by the University of Oxford.

HEARTH AND HOME.

DON'T REPINE.—The best way is always to keep up a cheerful heart. Take the world as it goes, the good and the evil as they severally come along, without repining if fortune frowns, with that philosophical ejaculation of Jacob Faithful, "better luck next time."

FOR WIVES ONLY.—It is to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face. It is thought that the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles.

FALSEHOOD.—When once a concealment or deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have once pressed in your hand. How true is this, and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind! Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is most certain to lead to the most serious crimes.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.—When a child has been punished, he should be restored as soon as possible to favour, and when he has received forgiveness, treated as if nothing had happened. He may be affectionately reminded of his fault in private, as a warning for the future; but after peace has been made, to upbraid him with it, especially in the presence of others, is almost a breach of honour, and certainly, a great unkindness. Under any circumstances, to reproach children in company is equally useless and painful to them, and is generally done from irritability of temper, with little view to their profit.

UNWILLING BRIDES.—If there is a person on earth entitled to sincere commiseration, it is an unwilling bride—a girl who has given her hand, without her heart, in marriage; and more especially is she to be pitied if her heart, unhappily, has been prepossessed by another. Can any prospect be more dreary than that which lies before such a bride? What has she to look forward to, what to expect, what to hope? Linked not for a day but for life, to one with whom she has no sympathy—who is no more than a stranger, save that in law and in fact, but not in soul, he is her husband! Is it not dreadful to contemplate? How much more so to experience!

SCANDAL.—The story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made a confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to go out in various directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected, that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports which she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle seed before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again.

HOME.—A careful observer thinks that as a rule the whole tone of a home depends upon the woman at the head of it—the average home, not the poverty-stricken home or the wealthy home. In this average, whether sunshine shall enter the rooms, whether the parlour shall be used and enjoyed, whether the table shall be invitingly spread, whether bright lights and bright fires shall give warmth and cheer on winter nights—whether, in brief, the home shall be an agreeable or disagreeable place, is usually what the woman determines. Men are powerless in the matter. Some find solace for a dismal home in study; some, occupation in business; some submit with what patience they can; others are attracted by the cheer of the public-house; and it is drift into bad company and bad habits.

NEVER COQUETTE.—Never coquette. The heart that needs coquetting with to be kept true is not worth having, and it is very cruel to pain one that is leal and true.

After a man has told you that he loves you—not before, of course—if you love him, let him know it frankly; and if such a course makes him colder to you, you would be mad to marry him. A lover whose only joy is in winning, and who does not care to have a heart, would make a cruel husband. And such a feeling is proof that he has no affection, but simply a fleeting passion—felt for every face and form that pleases him—which promises none of that tenderness which is the only part of love worth having.

To coquette is to do injustice to your womanhood, and to lose the esteem of any man worth having. When Miss Landon wrote:—

"And if you would not suffer,
Be the one to give the pain."

she premised that the *other one* was a very heartless little wretch, indeed, not worth the trouble of "paining," that is, with any view of "not suffering" yourself. Fancy a noble-minded man being made to love a girl better by ill-treatment; fancy his loving her less because she honestly loves him! What an idea! What true, pure people desire is to stand honestly on the same level, each only striving to make the other happy. For this love, which you so soil and spatter with coarse flirtation and mean coquetry, is the purest dove that ever nestled in the human heart when Heaven first sends it there.

"Make him know your value! make him fear to lose you," do you? He values you more than you deserve, and he dare not even think of losing you, if he loves at all.

Never coquette.

THE GLEANER.

LADIES in France are patronising canoeing. They are most expensive affairs, with silver fittings—not the ladies, but the canoes.

JEAN HANNEMA is the name of a very little Dutchman (six inches shorter than Tom Thumb) who is being exhibited in London. This small person, who is known as "Admiral Tom Trump," speaks five languages fluently.

On the occasion of the arrival of the first sack of flour from the new crop of wheat at the Halle aux Blés in Paris, it was received, according to traditional usage, by the officials, and after being garlanded with ribbons and flowers, it was placed in the centre of the building.

THERE is some little uneasiness caused to the Empress Eugénie and the friends of his house by a certain delicacy of vision which has become observable in the Prince Imperial. His eyes have suffered either from hard work or from temporary weakness.

THE Parisian Society of Pedestrians, which has the honour of having Sir Richard Wallace, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, and many other notabilities amongst its members, has been organising a series of walks. Pierrefonds, Compiègne, and Fontainebleau will be visited in turn and on foot.

THE latest novelty is an ornamental but sufficiently formidable looking dagger, sheathed in velvet, and with a silver chain to attach it to the waistbelt of the fair wearer. The article is called "The New Dagger Fan." The fan is intelligible, and the dagger is probably intended for protection in travelling.

It was expected that Mr. Disraeli would go to Ireland this year, but the visit must be still longer deferred, as he will spend a month in Germany, and means to nurse himself very quietly all through the recess. He is much improved in strength within the last fortnight, and all the gossip about his retirement has died away. He does not entertain any such design himself.

It is rumoured in military circles that the Duke of Connaught will pass a portion of the winter at Gibraltar, with a view of getting acquainted with garrison duties abroad. His Royal Highness, who has studied his profession in the infantry, the cavalry, and the staff, has proved himself worthy to be the godson of the Iron Duke.

QUEEN ISABELLA and some of her family are to visit England, probably resorting to the seaside. There seems to be no doubt her Majesty wished to avail herself of sea bathing at some Spanish watering place, but the advisers of King Alfonso opposed, and thus gave rise to the report about a misunderstanding existing between mother and son.

THE story which has been going the rounds of the press of both hemispheres, that Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, has parted with his birthright of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to the German Empire for an annuity of £80,000 sterling, originated with a Berlin newspaper, *Tagsblatt*, and was thence copied into the London *Telegraph*. The *Official Gazette* of Coburg pronounces it totally false and without foundation.

LADIES must expect sealskin jackets to be dearer than ever next winter. The seal fishery in Greenland has been quite a failure, and is likely to be so for some years until the arrangement for a close time has been carried out and had time to operate. The wholesale slaughter of young seals, as improvident as it was cruel, has greatly diminished the supply—in fact the phoca tribe was in danger of being exterminated.

SHALL we ever be able to dispense with our five senses? Sir John Karlake, who is blind like Professor Fawcett, like him is going to amuse himself with salmon fishing. Still more wonderful, a professor of music at Trieste, S. Rota by name, has succeeded in teaching a number of deaf mute to sing. His pupils lately sang in public at Paris, and did so in perfect time and tune. This is even more astonishing than lip speech.

THE number of sailing vessels has greatly decreased throughout the world since 1870, while a steady increase is noted in steamships. According to a report presented to the London Statistical Society the total tonnage of the great nations indicated their relative rank as follows: First, Great Britain; second, the United States; third, Sweden and Norway; fourth, Italy; fifth, Germany; and sixth, France. In 1874 the total tonnage was 5,226,886.

Mr. NAIRN, of the London Bicycle Club, left Dover Friday, Aug. 13th for the Continent, having determined to show that the feat which was accomplished, last November, of riding one horse from Vienna to Paris, a distance of 678 miles in fifteen days, can be beaten by an ordinary bicycle rider. He has taken with him a machine 45lb, with a driving wheel 51 inches in diameter, made for him by the Coventry Machinists Company. He expects to leave Vienna on a Tuesday or Wednesday, and will travel via St. Polten, Yo, Emms, Lintz, Munich, Stuttgart, Strasburg, and Nancy, to Paris. He proposes starting every morning at daybreak, to ride for five or six hours, rest during the great heat of the day, and start again for a short evening trip of a couple of hours' duration. With successful bicycling travel he may be looked for in Paris in eleven or twelve days' time from his leaving Vienna. Mr. Nairn has undertaken a bold and perilous venture, and his safe arrival will be looked forward to with anxious interest by thousands of well-wishers.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

One hundred and fifty firms failed in Montreal between the 1st and 31st ult.

Harvest Homes are beginning to be held regularly in townships all over the Province of Ontario.

Gen. O'Grady Haly gave a ball at his residence at Halifax last week which was attended by a large party.

The annual competition of the Dominion Rifle Association commenced at Ottawa on Tuesday the 7th inst.

Nearly \$7,000 worth of canned lobsters went to Liverpool on the last trip of the Caspian from Halifax.

The Hamilton School Board has decided that German classes are to be opened in the Collegiate Institute there.

The forty-five miles of the Canada Central between Renfrew village and Douglass will soon be placed under contract.

Old and experienced vessel men and shippers prophesy a change for the better in lake and river traffic after the 15th of Sept.

Hop picking has commenced in Prince Edward; the quality of the hops is very good, while the yield it is thought will be large.

A fire in Berlin last week destroyed property to the value of \$10,000. In Clover Hill, buildings to the value of \$3,500, were also burned.

The fishing this year in Lake Huron is unusually good, and the boats from Southampton sometimes bring in six or seven tons at a time.

The Caledonian celebration is to come off on the 15th of September at Lucknow. All the distinguished athletes of Canada and the United States have promised to contend for prizes at this tournament.

It has been decided to hold a regatta in Belleville on the 15th September. At a meeting held on Thursday evening the sum of \$105 was subscribed towards the prize fund, which will be considerably augmented.

An attempt is being made in Montreal to organize a Celtic Society, all of whose members will be Highland Scotchmen, able to speak the Gaelic. The business of the Association is to be conducted, as far as practicable, in that language.

Orders have been given for the purchase of books to comprise the Supreme Court Library, and that for the present they be attached to the Parliamentary Library. It is probable that apartments will be provided temporarily in the Senate wing of the Parliament Buildings for the use of the Supreme Court.

FOOT NOTES.

It is stated that the Syndic of Rome intends to give a grand entertainment at the Colosseum, which is to outvie the recent municipal entertainment at the Guildhall.

COLORADO would be a good place for students of zoology. More than 1,000 varieties of insect life have been noted there. A large proportion are injurious to agriculture.

It is worth while to remember the profound saying of Herder in answer to the vulgar aphorism, that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre; viz., "This is not because the hero is not a hero, but because the valet is a valet."

SOME cricket extraordinary has been witnessed on the University Ground at Cambridge. The Long Vacation Club Eleven made 374 in their first innings, and the Trinity College Eleven 172 for the loss of two wickets, Mitchell scoring 90.

THE Chinese have a cruel habit of abandoning the hopelessly sick to die alone. A China woman, nearly dead with consumption, was recently found in a hut in Portland, Oregon, where she had been left without food or care by her husband.

MARTIN HARRIS, a co-laborer with Joseph Smith in the preparation and publication of the Mormon Bible, has died in Utah. He invested money in the enterprise and lost it, but still adhered to the religion although his wife parted with him.

THE French chroniclers assert that the establishment of a French republic has not in the least curtailed the luxurious displays and gambols of the daughters of Eve at Paris and the sea shore. As many feminine heads so many different styles of hats and flummery to match.

BLUE and scarlet colours, in juxtaposition, cause, it is known, a dazzling effect on the eyes. It is stated that these colours, strung on a line and placed over strawberry or other beds, produce a puzzling effect on birds, so much that none will enter the garden while the colours flutter in the air.

THE Oxford Botanic Gardens now contain a very rare plant, in the shape of a singularly fine American aloe in flower. It is a specimen of the variegated American aloe, of unusual dimensions. The height of the flowering stem, which is not yet fully developed, is already 20ft., and the diameter of the plant from tip to tip is now 11ft. 6in.

THE Leicester Magna Charta Association has adopted a resolution declaring that Dr. Kenealy, "in and out of Parliament, has shown that he lacks sagacity, caution, and temper; that he is violent, tyrannical, and dictatorial; and that his acceptance of the people's pence for so-called Magna Charta purposes, in the absence of a responsible treasurer, is discreditable and open to the greatest censure."

VARIETIES.

MR. SANKEY is said not to be a success either as a preacher or an orator, but to sing like "anything." He joins Mr. Moody in Washington, on the 1st of October.

SPURGEON is described as "burly, almost gross, intensely magnetic, an apostle of the people to the people." He seems clear-headed, tender hearted, and pure-souled.

HERE is a chance for husbandless woman. The Buffalo authorities have decided that no woman having a husband shall be accepted as a public school teacher.

M. ROBING a French chemist, has notified the Academy of Medicine, Paris, that we may all live forever if we use enough lactic acid, and recommends the extensive use of buttermilk.

FROM June 11, 1874, to June 20, 1875, Queen Victoria spent 130 days at Osborne House, 93½ of Windsor Castle, 124 at Balmoral Castle, 94 at Buckingham Palace, 5 at "The Cottage" at Glassalt Shell, and a little over 3 travelling between Balmoral and the south of England.

AMONGST the real curiosities of the Geographical Exhibition in Paris is a microscopic photograph of the French map by the staff. The 250 maps, covering a space of more than a hundred yards square, are reduced on the glass that they can be packed in a portfolio weighing half a pound when full, and examined with a small microscope with perfect facility and clearness.

PROF. E. T. COX, State Geologist of Indiana, in the report just issued, calls attention to the vast quantity of porcelain clay deposits in the State, equal to the best in the world for the manufacture of stone china, queensware, and very available for Sevres china work. Measures have been instituted to develop this great wealth, and factories will soon be erected in Indianapolis.

A COMPLAINT is made in the *St. James Magazine* that instead of studying her own maritime interests, England has created five naval powers, Germany, Turkey, Spain, Brazil, and Peru, by permitting the construction, on the Thames and Clyde, of iron-clads superior to any in her navy for these countries. It is urged that the Lords of Admiralty should take immediate steps to have this business broken up.

SINCE the National Assembly has chosen the palace of Louis XIV. for its residence the Historic Museum of Versailles is in a state of complete disorganization. The paintings and statues are all piled one upon another in the Salle du Jeu de Paume. It is suggested that the new Assembly establish itself in the vast buildings of the old stables and leave the Historic Museum, and the apartments which contain it, in their original state.

FOR pedestrians in India travelling in forests and jungles it is indispensable to have long gaiters for the ankles and legs, as a guard against the swarms of leeches that are ever on the watch to make an attack. These gaiters need to be worn over the ordinary socks, and drawn up over the trousers to the knee, where they must be tightly tied. If a single crevice be left the leeches creep in, and will mount perhaps to the armpits, where they proceed complacently to bleed their victim.

LITERARY.

A new volume will shortly be issued by Walt Whitman.

ALDRICH, the poet, is a beautiful penman. His copy is fit to be copied.

LORD LYTTON'S very charming *Fables in Rhyme* have been translated into French, and are now on sale in the Paris booksellers' shops.

A work entitled "Victorian Poets: Essays upon their Leading Characteristics," by Mr. E. C. Stedman, of New York, is in preparation.

THE life of the late Sir William Fairbairn, Bart., the eminent engineer, is about to be written, with the concurrence of his family, by a member of his own profession, Dr. William Pole, F.R.S.

OUIDA has been dangerously ill with an attack of diphtheria at her Tuscan villa. The disease was treated by Professor Cibrani and Dr. Grazzini on the new system of disinfectants, and she is now recovering and daily regaining strength.

MR. JOHN SKELTON, a Scotch advocate, is preparing for publication a work entitled *The Impeachment of Mary Stuart, sometime Queen of Scots*, containing various documents which the writer believes will tell in favour of the unfortunate queen.

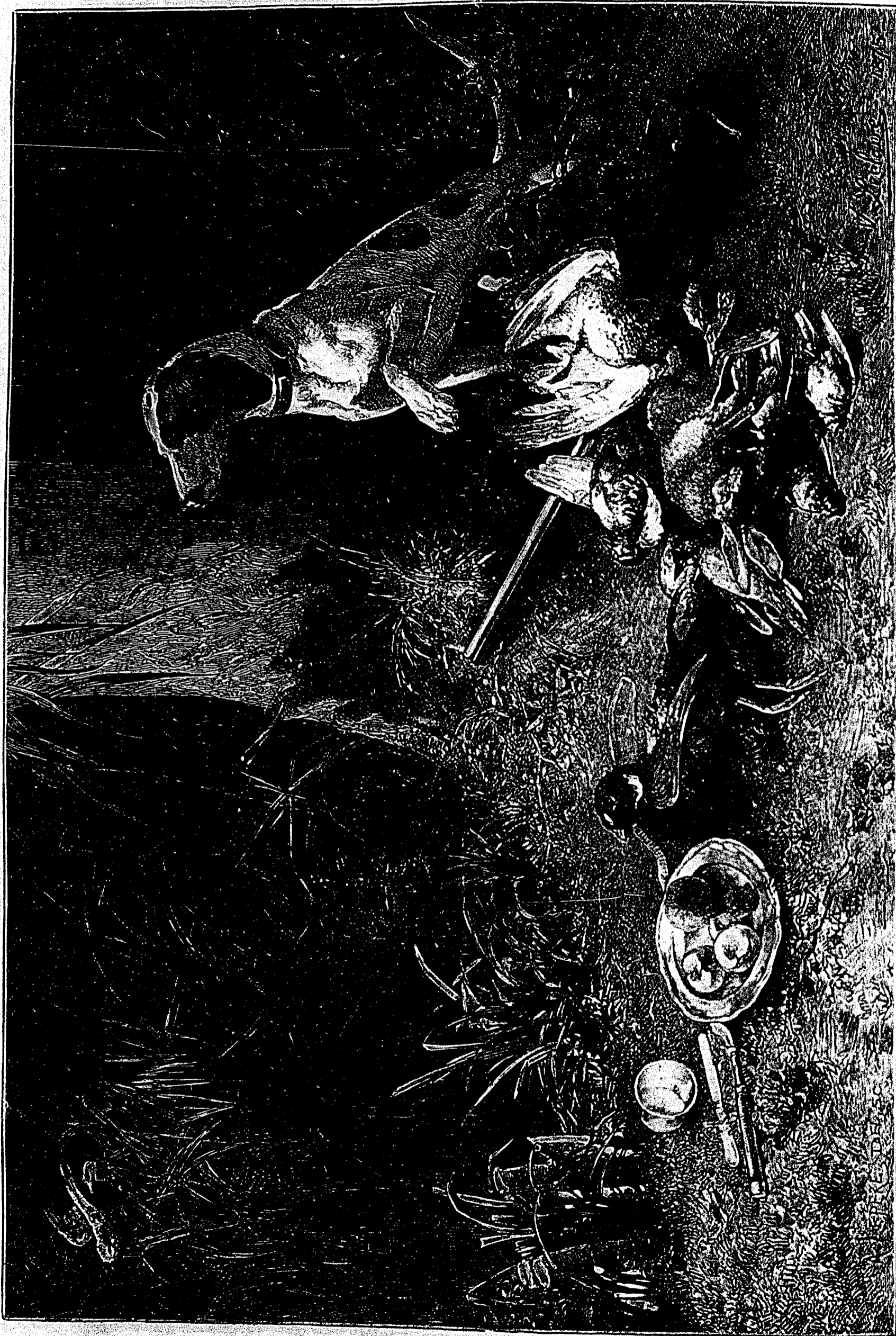
EMILE OLLIVIER'S book, *Principle and Conduct*, is severely handled by the French critics. They say it shows him to be the same light-headed fellow who declared war in 1870 "with a light heart" from the ministerial bench in the Corps Législatif.

A Royal Commission on copyright, eminently representative in character, and with Earl Stanhope for its chairman, has been appointed by the Government, and awaits the Royal sanction, prior to its session, about January next, for the consideration of the direction and extent to which international, colonial and domestic copyright can be improved.

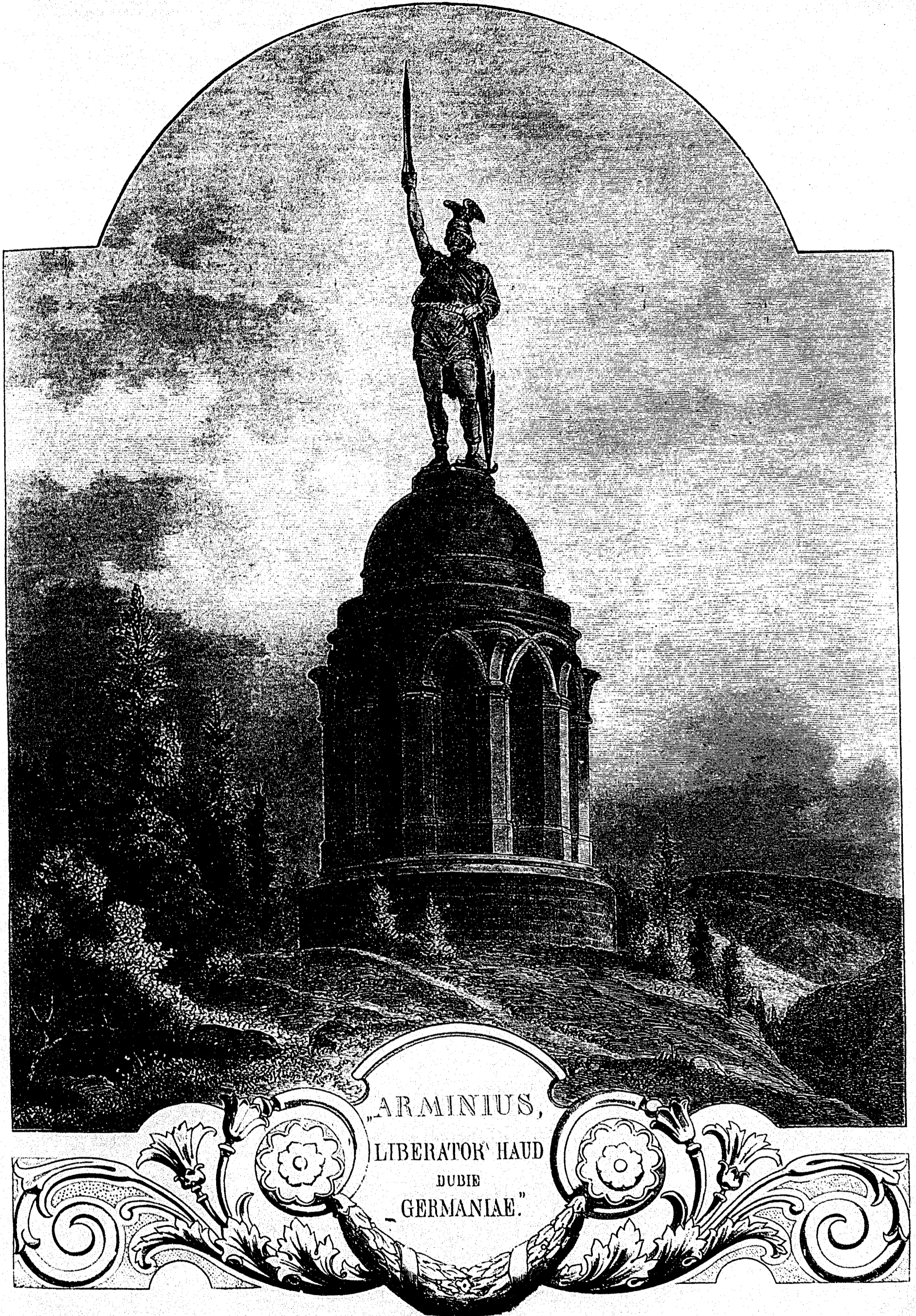
THE death is announced of Mr. Wilson, better known as "Barney Magrane." He was an able and versatile writer, but the productions for which he was best known were his letters to his "Cousin in America," in which, with humor and originality, he gave his weekly review of current events. Mr. Wilson, who was a man of varied accomplishments, also contributed at one time and another some charming items to the ballad poetry of his country.

LOVERS of the poems of Dr. Charles Mackay will be glad to hear that a movement is on foot to present him with a testimonial in recognition of that genius and energy which he has ever devoted to the ends of popular advancement. In addition to his poetical labours, Dr. Mackay for the last forty years has produced numerous telling essays and editorial articles devoted to the elevation and amelioration of the masses. He was one of the earliest literary advocates of free-trade, and has ever urged the necessity of free education—as due from the State as a right, and not as a favour.

The hardest working student of our age works at a time when most persons are asleep. M. Littré the lexicographer, goes to bed about the hour when Mr. Thiers, the early-rising statesman, get up. M. Littré flourishes upon night work. He is very little the junior of Mr. Thiers, being 74, and is quite as healthy, possibly quite as happy, and most certainly quite as wise, so that book learning is concerned, as the ex-President. At 26 Littré was a polyglot. He could have told a woman "I love thee" in ten languages, yet did not say this in one, but took care of his old mother while she lived. Afterwards he married a portionless girl. He was not an entire stranger to politics. He carried a gun during the Revolution of 1830, he wrote articles during that of 1848, and he is a member of the present National Assembly, but never speaks; he prefers to be silent in twelve languages. If all the letters in his Dictionary (every word of which he wrote) were put in a row, they would stretch nearly fifty miles, and this is only a portion of his work.



SEPTEMBER — OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON



HERMINIUS,
LIBERATOR HAUD
DUBIE
GERMANIAE.

GERMANY.—COLOSSAL STATUE OF HERMANN, IN THE TEUTOBURG FOREST.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

OLD JOSETTE.

She wanders here and there,
With dull, unhappy air,
As if life were but one grand regret;
Course and faded is her gown,
And her hands are hard and brown
Toiling for her daily bread, poor Josette!

The fretful ills of life
With her make constant strife—
She was never known to conquer yet—
And she wears friend and foe
With her tongue's incessant flow,
And her temper is not sweet, poor Josette!

Yet she is kind of heart,
And takes in gentle part
What an evil one could not forget;
For along the village streets,
The thoughtless one she meets
Have their jest at crazy old Josette.

Ah, once Josette was young!
The golden sunbeams clung
To the tresses of their rosy pet;
And the sky's sereneest blue
Was not sweeter than the hue
Of the shining eyes of P'tite Josette."

That poor old wrinkled face,
With girlhood's laughing grace,
Dimpled o'er from dawn till bright sunset,
Not a bird-note ever rang,
Clearer than the voice that sang
The merry songs of young Josette.

Now oft she sighs and weeps,
But in her heart she keeps
A thought that comforts, even yet;
Though weary, sad and old,
In hunger oft and cold,
"Le bon Dieu est pour moi," says Josette,
And He will know his own;
When grief and life are flown,
Not a care or pain will He forget,
And her years will fall away—
—Fair and young, in the glad day,
Will shine the face of "Old Josette!"

J. H. S. BUGEJA.

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"SISTER DORA, you are a simpleton! That girl of yours is clearly ruined by your own folly!" said Mr. Dorrington, a bachelor of some fifty years of age, as he watched a bright and lovely girl carelessly lounge from the room where they were sitting, some moments after the luncheon had been removed.

Mrs. Tremaine looked round from the letter she was reading in blank amazement.

"Really, brother, you are very odd!" she said, despairingly. "What can you wish or expect to be more beautiful, attractive in every respect, than Blanche? I am sure she is immensely admired! And see," she went on, "here is a proposal I have just received for her from a charming gentleman, who, I know, has been wishing for a long time to speak out openly, but has deferred doing so till he had a home to offer to her!"

Mr. Dorrington gave a slight grunt as he accepted the letter extended to him.

"It is all very well as to outside show, Dora," he returned, adjusting his glasses to read the epistle; "but it's not that which will make a woman worth having, or happy in herself. Blanche is incorrigibly idle, and, what is more, criminally unpunctual!"

"Criminally, brother! Surely, you use some very extraordinary expressions!" interrupted Mrs. Tremaine, her anger scarcely smothered under the fear of losing a rich brother's favour.

"Yes, sister, criminally!" resumed Mr. Dorrington; "for I call it a robbery to cheat others of their time, as well as a dangerous and fatal trespass on domestic peace and comfort. But, of course, it's your affair, and her future husband's. It will make very little difference to me!"

And the old bachelor applied himself to the perusal of the letter.

"Humph!" he commented, when it was fairly concluded; "I don't dislike the tone of this young fellow's epistle. There's some sense and manliness in it, though it's plain enough he has no great prospects to offer. Still, he speaks out; and, I should think, would have enough wits, seemingly, to push his way. Let me see—what's his name? Quentin Marsland. Yes, I rather incline favourably to his pretensions," continued the old gentleman, referring again to the important letter.

"He wishes to come and see you, brother," was Mrs. Tremaine's faltering suggestion.

"All right," he answered. "I don't object; only I've very little to say in the matter," was the rather gruff reply.

Mrs. Tremaine was fain to be satisfied with the permission, albeit rather ominously expressed, and a letter was sent off accordingly to the expectant lover.

It was some few days afterwards when Quentin Marsland and Blanche Tremaine were summoned to the library of the eccentric old bachelor, who had studiously avoided the slightest allusion, by word or act, to any concern he might be supposed to have in the betrothal of his orphan niece.

Indeed, he had been away part of the time that the lover had spent at Woodland's; and the mother and daughter privately hoped he had visited Shrewsbury on some legal business that would tell on the wedding arrangements of a presumed heiress of his wealth. And when, on the morning after his return, the lovers were sent for to his apartment, the hopes of all concerned flashed up into a yet brighter flame.

"I have sent for you, niece, and for you, Mr. Marsland," he began, "to make all as clear to you, with respect to my intentions and your prospects, as may lie in my power."

He paused.

"In the first place, I must inform you that

the fortune left to Blanche by her father is very small; but with the interest, and tolerably good management, it is worked up to some two thousand pounds, yielding little less than a hundred per annum." The bachelor looked from one to the other. "Now, as I understand that you, Mr. Marsland, are in receipt of two hundred a-year from the bank, in which you are tolerably certain to rise, I do not see that you need be at any difficulty as to the future, with ordinary economy and self-denial; but mark me, Blanche, nothing else can keep you out of debt and ruin, and I give you this warning to prevent any fatal mistakes on your part." Blanche winced. "If you are either, or both of you, afraid of the prospect, then there is yet time to draw back. Nay, hear me out," he went on; "it is only fair you should know what to expect from me, and I have to inform you, in the first place, that I am myself going to marry a woman who will in all respects, I believe, secure my comfort and happiness, though neither young nor pretty like my little niece"—this with a grave smile; "and what I propose to do, as my part of the business, is to furnish your house for you in a comfortable manner, and present you with a check for a hundred pounds as a start in housekeeping, besides which I will take the expenses of the wedding and trousseau on myself. So now you have all before you, and can make up your minds whether you will risk the prospect."

It was easy enough to predict the reply, and, to do Quentin justice, his thanks and his protestations were heartfelt and manly.

But perhaps a slight cloud did come over Blanche's lovely face, though she took care to repress every expression of her feelings, and it was only in private confabulation with her mother that the disappointment broke forth.

"Is it not provoking, mamma? I wonder who has got hold of my uncle. I can't think of any one—do you? And it is too bad I should be left unprovided for by him after all this time! And, of course, the artful woman will get all his money!"

"Let us hope not, my dear," replied the mother, condolingly. "In any case, you are as well out of the way; and you do love Quentin, you tell me, and he is really an exceedingly good-looking and gentlemanly young fellow. You will be very happy, I dare say, after all, Blanche, love."

"Oh, yes, of course; only I might have done better if I had thought I had not plenty of my own money," said the young lady. "But I do care for him, and I should be wretched without him, mamma; only it is horrid to have to be so careful, and to work for oneself, instead of having lots of servants. However, perhaps Quentin may get some wonderful luck, or uncle may leave us a fortune, after all; and it's too late to draw back," continued the young fiancée. "Yes, it will be jolly enough, I am sure! Uncle Bob's a nuisance, that's certain!"

But Uncle Bob was plastic as to trousseaus and wedding guests.

Never had slenderly dowered young lady such a tasteful, ample outfit; never did a bride look lovelier or happier than Blanche Tremaine, or receive the good wishes of more numerous guests on her wedding morn.

And Mr. Dorrington's own wedding, some two months afterwards, was simple and private in comparison with that of his modestly dowered niece.

"Really, Blanche, dear, I do think something might be done to make this room rather neater—I may say, more habitable," observed Quentin, gravely, looking round on the breakfast parlour before quitting it for his daily avocations. "Just look at that ragged chair-cover, and then the window curtains want rings sewn on; and the anti-macassars would be decidedly better out of the way, unless they could be kept rather cleaner," he went on, glancing round the apartment with an air rather of hopeless regret than of anger.

"You are so tiresome—always finding fault, Quentin!" was the fretful reply. "I'm sure it's more annoying to me than you to have things looking so shabby and no servants to attend to anything. I'm not used to working my fingers to the bone with parlour-maid's work; and if you wanted a wife like that you should not have married a girl brought up as a lady—nor a servant."

And Blanche returned to her perusal of the Court gossip in the morning paper.

Two years had not elapsed since their marriage, and Blanche had but too well justified her uncle's predictions.

Hopelessly untidy and unpunctual in her habits, now that she was thrown on her own resources, the handsome furniture and elegant trousseau with which the young couple had started in-life were being rapidly ruined for want of ordinary care and attention.

Her husband did not fare better in his turn.

Buttonless shirts; late and comfortless breakfasts that often were useless meals for the master of the house, to whom in the early morning moments were precious; and dinners, whose ill-chosen and ill-dressed dishes were at once costly and unsavoury, were the experience of married life to Quentin Marsland.

And although his love for the fair young culprit did not decline, he yet could scarcely fail to mark her unblushing submission to these shortcomings, and sigh over the visions that had gilded his marriage day.

On the morning in question his temper had perhaps been severely tried by a long waiting for the breakfast meal, and one or two unlooked-for demands on his purse.

He went off without his accustomed kiss to the young wife.

And Blanche pouted in mingled resentment and grief at the omission.

Almost about the same hour a colloquy of a very different nature had taken place between a couple of even more recent bridal.

"If I have time, may I not call on your niece? They must think it unkind we have not been to see them for so long," asked Mrs. Dorrington of her husband, as they sat in the "Palace Hotel."

"If you will be at Paddington by three o'clock, you can do as you please," returned her husband. "You are one of the very few women whom I could trust; but you are always right—never in the way, nor out of the way," he added, with a look of tender pride that brought a happy smile to his wife's lips.

"Flatterer," she said, gaily, "you are bribing me to do my duty! Well, I will not try to forfeit your good opinion."

And quietly putting on her walking-dress, the pleasant-looking wife entered the brougham ordered for her, and set off on her various commissions.

"If you please, ma'am, Mrs. Dorrington," announced Blanche Marsland's servant-of-all-work to her young mistress; "and she is sorry she can't stay many minutes, ma'am."

Blanche rushed from the bed on which she was lying, to conceal the tears that would force their way, and began her toilette.

But again her unconquerable procrastination seized on her, to strengthen the untoward obstacles in her way.

The dress she had to put on lacked buttons; her hair had been carelessly arranged for the breakfast, and was certainly still more disordered now.

And, in short, on her tardy descent, only a card, and a brief apology on its space, greeted her eyes; and with a peevish surprise that people could be in such a hurry, she sat down to the piano, and began to sing.

"Blanche, what is the card? Has your aunt been here? How fortunate!" said the husband, as his eyes fell on the pasteboard.

"My uncle's wife came, but I did not see her; was dressing," she returned, rather sulkily.

"Blanche, you could not mean it—you are not so unfortunate?" he exclaimed.

"Why, pray?" she asked.

"Only that I have at this moment the chance of an excellent appointment that would much depend on your uncle's interest," he said; "and I actually have given him as a reference; and tomorrow morning I am to go for a personal interview with the gentleman in question!" he replied, angrily, "Woman, you will be my ruin!" he added, bitterly.

"I'm sure you have been mine! I could have done far better if I had never seen you!" she returned.

Quentin looked at her for a few minutes in stern, speechless indignation.

Then, without a word more, he rose from the table, pushed his plate to the opposite side, and rushing from the room, was soon out of the house.

Blanche heard the hall door slam behind him.

Her heart beat throbbingly; she could have sobbed with mingled grief, and terror, and anger. But the latter prevailed.

She forced some spoonfuls of the untempting dish down her throat.

Then ringing the bell, she passed into another room while the maid cleared the table, and tried to employ herself; but in vain.

The hours lagged slowly on. She sent the domestic to bed, and waited, till midnight sounded, for the truant. The next minute a staggering step mounted the stairs; the chamber door was abruptly forced open.

For the first time in her life, Blanche saw her husband in a state of intoxication, and, in horror and disgust, watched his attempts to find his way to bed; where, once safely landed, his heavy breathing proved him to have sunk in deep and hopeless slumber.

Blanche also slept at last; but her repose was fitful and broken, and she rose early, to escape, as it were, from the chamber that had been the scene of degrading torture for her.

It was ten o'clock ere Quentin woke, in a confused state of consciousness.

"Blanche, where am I? What is the time?" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"You are at home, of course. It is ten o'clock—and no wonder, when you did not come home till past midnight, in that disgraceful state of inebriety!" she said, coldly.

"Ten!" he repeated, in a tone of anger. "And I was to be at Mr. Vavasour's ere half-past ten! What shall I do?"

"It is of no use, I imagine; but of course you must be as quick as you can," replied Blanche, coldly. "It is your own fault, so do not blame me," she added, angrily.

The husband did not pause for altercation; there was no time for such folly.

And he rapidly commenced his operations, in the faint hope that Mr. Vavasour might not be much more punctual than himself.

At length, the last processes were at hand.

"Blanche, a clean shirt!" he exclaimed, half-forgetting the coldness between them, in his haste.

"The wife carelessly obeyed."

It is your last; you have worn two this week, she said, half-throwing the garment on the bed, in stead of a more kindly mode of service.

Quentin hastily put it on.

An oath burst from his lips, as he tried to fasten it.

"As usual, no button! It is useless. I am ruined!" he exclaimed.

For once, Blanche quailed under the deep anger and terror that the words and look betrayed.

"Give it me; I will sew it on in an instant?" she said.

But the button had to be found; the thread was too coarse for the needle. Thus another delay occurred, and at least a quarter of an hour elapsed ere the matter was complete.

Quentin took no food ere he started. The cup of tea that was silently poured out was his sole refreshment.

And when he was gone, Blanche gazed round at the comfortless apartments in something like remorse, however resolutely repressed by pride and her fancied injuries.

"It was so stupid of him! He might at least remember what home he took me from, and my pretensions!" she murmured. "And then to make such a row about a button, and after his being in that disgraceful state!"

Blanche worked herself into a conviction of confirmed ill-usage ere the next weary hour had passed slowly away.

Another and another! Then there was a slow, heavy step came feebly up the steps; the key was put tremblingly in the door.

And, in another moment, Quentin straggled into the room, pale and agonized, as if his grief was too great to bear.

"Too late—too late, Blanche—you have ruined me!" he said, faintly.

And, with a hollow groan, he fell on the couch, with the blood welling from his nose and mouth; while a shrill scream of horror burst from his young wife's lips.

"Quentin, can you forgive me? I am so wicked—so cruel! I do not deserve it; but if it is possible—if you could have mercy on me—I have suffered so severely!" pleaded Blanche, as she knelt by the couch on which her husband lay, after the long and dangerous illness, that, for a time, seemed hopelessly to threaten his life.

The young husband gave a faint smile, as he as he feebly extended his hand to the weeping girl.

"Poor Blanche! I was wrong, and you are the sufferer!" he moaned; "but we will try to be happy, even in poverty."

"If my whole life can atone," she gasped, "it shall be freely given! Oh, Quentin, you are an angel to forgive such a thoughtless, selfish wretch!"

Perhaps the young pair had never shown more loving union than on that sad awakening to the truth of their position.

Certainly it was the beginning of a new life for Blanche.

The powers that she naturally possessed were called forth by the terrible shock she had undergone, and, even amidst great shortcomings and mistakes, she, by degrees, conquered the failings that had well-nigh made her a mourning, desolate widow.

There was, perforce, the self-denial and the restraint which Mr. Dorrington had predicted; but even amidst the frugal living and the drawbacks of Quentin's long expensive illness, there was peace and happiness in the little abode.

An air of neatness, even refinement, pervaded the *entourage*; while Blanche's dresses had a scrupulous simplicity and taste, that was, in itself, elegance. Never had Quentin thought her so lovely in their early courtship as now; and when a look of sadness would, at times, come over her sweet face, he hastened to kiss away the tears with the magic whisper, "Love, I am so happy!"

It was some six months afterwards when Blanche was once more roused from her avocations by the presentation of Mrs. Dorrington's card, and an announcement that the lady was in the drawing-room.

But this time she scarcely needed a minute to smooth her always glossy and well-arranged hair, and throw off the apron she wore when in her household duties.

"I am come to ask a favour from you," said the soft-voiced aunt, as she kissed Blanche's flushed cheeks. "Your uncle has gone away for the whole day, and I am left alone at the hotel, so I am come to ask you to take me in and give me a dinner. Will you Blanche?"

The girl flushed; but then, with a half-impatient smile at her own folly, she exclaimed, "How foolish of me! You know we are poor, and you will only expect a plain dinner. We shall be glad to have you."

Mrs. Dorrington smiled in her turn; and, after her bonnet was taken off, the two ladies sat in pleasant chat, varied by Blanche's singing and occasional absence from the drawing-room, till the master of the house returned.

And although the young couple did perhaps feel a little embarrassed at the simple dishes that were placed on the dinner-table, it soon passed away, and Quentin, at any rate, was more inclined to indulge an honest pride in the nicety of the belongings, and the tempting perfection with which the plain, inexpensive meal was cooked—thanks to the persevering attempts of the young housewife to master the mysteries of the cookery book.

Mrs. Dorrington made no remark, however, even in commendation; but Blanche felt that the kiss she received at parting had an almost maternal tenderness in its pressure; and the absence of her own indulgent but weak mother, on a long Continental tour with some old friends, made such affection doubly precious to the long-tried and generous hearted girl.

But it appeared to have been merely a sudden and passing impulse on the lady's part, in which her husband had no share.

Three months more rolled away, and still no

word or sign came from Blanche's uncle to speak forgiveness or approval; and though the pair were happy as love and peace could make them, there were moments when Quentin's still pale cheeks and evident weakness sent a pang to Blanche's heart, and made her repent even more keenly the loss of the appointment which would have placed ease and affluence within their reach. Alas! for those precious minutes that give to a rival the choice which would otherwise have been gladly cast on the nephew of the wealthy and influential Mr. Dorrington! They would never be recalled!—and as, Blanche more than feared, they had carried with them an opportunity never to return.

"Quentin," she said, one evening when her husband could not altogether conceal the weary languor produced by a walk home on a hot July day, "I sometimes wonder you can even bear so patiently the hardships my folly brought on you, perhaps for life. To think that a brief quarter of an hour could have ensured your life's happiness!"

"Perhaps its failure has been more propitious than its success, dearest," he returned, fondly. "I should scarcely have enjoyed affluence with my little wife's best qualities concealed under a cloud. Now that I can feel what a treasure I possess in her, I care little from the absence of wealth, save for her sake."

Tears of grateful happiness came into Blanche's bright eyes as she laid her head caressingly on her husband's shoulder.

But the sharp ring of the postman's knock startled her from her nestling posture, and the servant quickly entered with a letter on the little waiter that served the duty of more aristocratic salvers.

"A letter for you, ma'am." Blanche hastily seized the missive, which she at once saw was in her uncle's handwriting.

"Good heavens! what can it be?" she exclaimed, opening the thick packet with a trembling hand.

The young wife was perhaps more nervous of sudden tidings than in her girlish days. A blue paper fell from the enclosure as she tore it open, which Quentin quietly picked up and laid by his wife on the table, while she read the cramped but legible lines of the letter.

She read it in gasping silence, and then, throwing it on the table, burst into a flood of tears.

"Quentin!—Quentin! I can forgive myself at last! Read!—read!" she said, chokingly, to her alarmed husband.

The letter ran thus:—
DEAR NIECE,—

"As I find you can at last comprehend the value of time, and have learnt to manage a small household in a proper, womanly fashion, I think it but just you should have a chance of improving your abilities in a larger sphere. I have already exhausted any interest I possessed, but, as an *amende*, I have had a deed executed, settling three hundred a-year on you, with reversion to your husband, and—I hope—your children."

"And I ask no return but that you will always preserve the unlucky garment that, I believe, was the culprit in your husband's temporary misfortunes so long as your life shall last, as a wholesome check on any relapse into the evil habits of more prosperous days."

"Your aunt begs me to add that, if you and your husband will come down to us for a fortnight, she will do her best to return your hospitality to her. But she doubts whether any dish her cook may produce will be at all so relishing as the pudding that was the work of your own little hands!"

"Your affectionate uncle,
"ROBERT DORRINGTON."

There was silence for some minutes—a silence of deep and reverend thankfulness—between the young couple.

Then Blanche threw her arms round her husband's neck, and whispered, through her tears, "Quentin, for the first time since that dreadful day I feel guiltless while receiving your indulgent love! For the first time I can venture to cast away the remembrance of that 'Lost Opportunity!'"

But Blanche never did forget the lesson, nor omit to inculcate it on her children till her dying day.

DRESSMAKING AS A FINE ART.

It should be agreed by the gentler sex, thinks the *Saturday Review*, to adopt a uniform as men have done, or else dressmaking should be elevated into the position of a fine art, and treated as such. It should be undertaken by people of culture and refinement in the same way that cooking has been. There ought to be a school of art dressmaking. Perhaps a royal princess could be induced to patronize it. Certainly portrait painters would be only too glad to know of a place at which their sitters could be becomingly got up. It is melancholy to see the bad millinery which is perpetuated in pictures, and which will be an eyesore to future generations. The walls of the Royal Academy are every year hung with portraits which look like enlarged copies from *Le Follet* or the *Queen* newspapers. Ladies can never see ugliness in a dress so long as it is made in the height of the reigning fashion. They have their portraits taken if possible in "in the last new thing," and then when another style appears wonder they could ever have made such frights of themselves. If there were some recognized rules about dressing, as there are about almost every other kind of decoration, in time they would

be followed, to the great relief of people of taste and to the comfort of people with no taste at all. There is always a large number of ladies who say that they have no work to do. Here is an opening for them. The first step should be to petition her Majesty not to insist upon ladies who are delicate or spare in figure wearing low-necked dresses at morning drawing-rooms. Their second one out to be to abolish the use of the word "fashionable" in its present sense, and to substitute the word "becoming," which would indicate both economy where it is necessary and magnificence where it is suitable.

WIND INSTRUMENTS.

A curious theory has been started by a French physician, Dr. Burg, that the playing of wind instruments and other like pulmonary gymnastics, instead of being, as generally supposed, injurious to persons with weak lungs, are, on the contrary, beneficial to them. In order to establish this fact, Dr. Burg, has visited a variety of large workshops, and among others those of manufacturers of wind instruments. On one of these occasions he received the following information from M. Sax:—"Besides choleraic immunity, our workmen enjoy another—they are free from consumption. Many philanthropists, on seeing our young military musicians wield the enormous instruments we make, have sorrowed over the few years these poor fellows would have to live. Well they are mistaken. All the men who make it their profession to try the wind instruments made at the various factories before sending them off for sale, all, without exception, to my knowledge, are free from pulmonary affection. I have known many such who on entering upon this profession were very delicate, and who, though their duty obliged them to blow for hours together, enjoyed perfect health after a certain time. I am myself an instance of this. My mother died of consumption; eight children of hers fell victims to the same disease, and only three of us survive, and we all three ply wind instruments. The day is not far distant, perhaps, when physicians will have recourse to our dreaded art in order to conquer pulmonary diseases." At all events, the experiment is worth a trial, and it is unlikely that playing on the cornopean will prove more fatal to consumptive persons than the long journeys and discomforts to which they are often condemned by physicians.

THE LATE PRINCESS ORLOFF.

A correspondent writes: Every one is mourning over the death of the charming, gifted young Princess Orloff—for we may call a married woman young at thirty-four. A Russian friend wrote me the other day: "I am so glad that our dear Princess is better." But it was a false hope, a little flash, as the candle dying out in the socket. Poor woman! Her sorrowful malady or disease, which never gave her any hope of cure from the beginning, caused her such cruel sufferings that only death could give relief. She has just died at St. Moritz in the Engadine, whither her husband, Prince Orloff, Russian Ambassador to Versailles, went last week to see her, and be present at her last moments. He is almost stunned with grief. The Princess Orloff was the daughter of that Prince Nicolas Troubetskoi who died last year at Fontainebleau. Her father was a Catholic, but she was of the Greek Church. The Princess was a very elegant and highly accomplished woman. She had a passionate love for literature and the fine arts. I never met her, but I have friends who knew her intimately. She was a finished musician, a pianist of the first order, and executed the works of masters such as Beethoven, Mozart, and Chopin in a style that obtained applause from critics and artists.

PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATOR.

London Society says: At first Mr. Leech only drew occasionally, and some of his sketches were not used. Eventually, the reader knows, he became the principal caricaturist of the publication, and remained with it until his death, in spite of tempting offers to transfer his pencil to rival publishers and editors. Take up a volume of *Punch* at any period of his lifetime and it is difficult to say whether his horse "gents," his Mossoo, his seaside "swells," or his precocious children are the most characteristic and natural. Who will ever forget his rat-tailed horse and its brief but suggestive story?

Dealer (to weak-headed little snob)—There! I don't know where to find a fault with him.

The horse, with his wooden looking tail, is trotted round the yard.

Customer—But he has got such a beastly tail.

Dealer (with all the virtuous astonishment Leech could put into such a face)—Beastly tail!—There never was a bad rat-tailed 'oss. Why we go miles to find 'em.

Then his pretty girls! His women give an additional charm to every phase of society. His hen-pecked husband is a warning for ages yet to come. His incidents of the hunting field will always be popular. The enlarged colored plates of the hunt are in every sportsman's house. Leech could go across the country with most men, and his pictures have about them all the reality of time and place, though in the early days of *The Field*, when the editor, Mark Lemon, introduced what might be called technical pictures of sports and pastimes, the subscribers often complained that Leech was not correct in his details of harness.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F. Quebec. Letter and problems received. Many thanks.

M. J. Murphy, Québec. Solution of Problem No. 35 received. Correct.

The following is the full score of the fourth Tournament of the Canadian Chess Association, held a fortnight ago at Ottawa.

In the subjoined table 1, —, respectively denote games won, lost, and drawn in actual play, whilst (1), (—), (½), indicate the same by default. Drawn games counted as one-half for each player:—

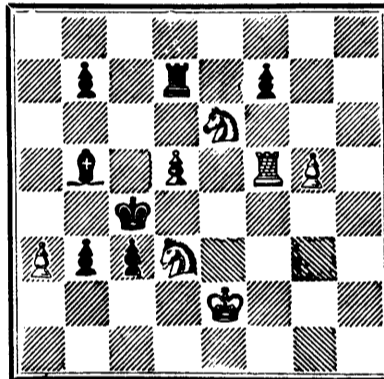
NAMES.	Andrews	Baker	De Boucherville	Henderson	Howe	Hurlbut	Jackson	Lambert	Phillips	White
Andrews...	†	†	†	—	†	—	†	(†)	—	—
Baker.....	—	(†)	†	—	—	—	†	(†)	—	—
De Boucherville..	(½)	(—)	(—)	—	—	—	(—)	(†)	(—)	(—)
Henderson.....	—	—	(†)	†	—	—	—	(†)	—	—
Howe.....	†	†	†	†	—	—	—	(†)	†	—
Hurlbut.....	—	†	†	—	—	—	—	—	(—)	(—)
Jackson.....	†	(†)	†	†	†	—	—	(†)	†	—
Lambert.....	—	†	(†)	†	—	—	—	—	—	—
Phillips.....	(—)	(—)	(—)	(—)	(—)	†	(—)	—	—	(—)
White.....	†	†	(†)	†	(†)	†	†	†	(†)	(†)

It will be seen by the above that Jackson won 8 games out of 9 White 7½ out of 9; and Howe 7 out of 9.

PROBLEM No. 36.

By R. B. Wormald.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 34.

- WHITE. 1. R to Q 8th (ch) 2. Kt to Q 6th 3. Q mates
- BLACK. 1. B takes R 2. Any move

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 33.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to K 7th (ch) 2. R to K B 5th (ch) 3. B to K Kt 2nd (ch) 4. B takes Kt mate
- BLACK. 1. R takes Kt 2. B or R interposes 3. Kt to K 5th (ch)

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 34.

- WHITE. K at Q B sq R at Q R 4th B at K 6th B at Q 6th Pawns at K Kt 6th K B 5th, K 2nd Q B 5th Q Kt 3rd and Q Kt 6th White, playing first, mates in four moves.
- BLACK. K at Q B 6th Pawns at K Kt 2nd, K B 3rd, K 5th, Q B 3rd, and Q Kt 2nd

GAME 39TH.

Played some time ago between two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

Queen's Gambit declined.

- WHITE.—(Mr. W. H.) 1. P to Q 4th 2. P to Q B 4th 3. P to K 3rd 4. Q Kt to B 3rd 5. K Kt to B 3rd 6. P takes Q P 7. B to Q 3rd 8. P to Q R 3rd 9. Castles 10. P to Q Kt 4th 11. Q to Q B 2nd 12. Kt to K 5th 13. P to K B 4th 14. B takes Kt 15. Q to Q Kt 3rd 16. Q to Q sq 17. Q to K sq 18. P to K Kt 4th 19. P to K B 5th 20. P takes K B 21. P takes Q B 22. B to Q Kt 2nd (a) 23. R takes Kt 24. K to B sq 25. K to K 2nd 26. K to Q 2nd 27. Kt to K 2nd 28. P to K B 6th 29. B to Q 4th 30. R to Q R 2nd 31. Resigns.
- BLACK.—(Mr. W. A.) P to Q 4th P to K 3rd P to K B 4th K Kt to B 3rd Q Kt to B 3rd P takes P B to Q 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd Castles Kt to K 5th Kt to R 2nd R to K B 3rd R to R 3rd B P takes B B to K 3rd Kt to K B 4th Kt to K sq Kt to R 5th B takes Kt B takes B P Q takes K P Kt to B 6th (ch) Q takes R P (ch) Q to R 8th (ch) Q takes R (ch) R to R 7th (ch) Q R to K B sq P takes B P R to B 2nd R to K Kt 2nd

(a) Q to R 2nd better.

TEXTS FROM THE TALMUD.

"Go down the ladder," it is written in Nas-him, "to choose a wife; go up the ladder to choose a friend." "Three virtues will be especially proclaimed in Heaven—the virtue of a young man who lives pure in a large city, the virtue of a poor man who restores a lost treasure, the virtue of a rich man who gives without ostentation," "Every sin is allied to ignorance." "Never cast a stone into a well out of which you have once drunk." "In a doubtful matter, abstain." "Consider three things and you will not transgress—an eye sees you, an ear hears you, and all your acts are recorded." "Do not say, I will learn when I have time; it may be you will never have time." "He who multiplies words with a woman causes evil for himself; his end shall be in hell." "The day is short, but the labor is long: the reward is large, but the laborers are lazy, and the Master urges." "Morning slumber and midday wine, idle conversation and commerce with the ignorant, destroy a man." "Be the lion's tail rather than the fox's head." "This world is but an entrance hall to the next. Prepare yourself in the passage for the parlor." "Consider not the cask, but its contents; for a new cask often contains old wine, while an old cask sometimes contains not even new." "Trust not in yourself till your death." "Judge another when thou art in his place."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The French Government want the Pope to interdic the proposed pilgrimage of German Catholics to French shrines.

The meeting of the Association for the Reform of International Law was formally opened at the Hague last week.

The Bank of California will resume business, a guarantee fund of five millions having been subscribed to meet present emergencies.

The Swedish banks refuse to cash Bank of England notes in consequence of the large number of counterfeits which are in circulation in the country.

A verdict that Ralston, the late manager of the Bank of California, came to his death accidentally has been returned by the jury.

The Carlist general, Dorregaray, lost four hundred men in trying to escape into Arragon.

The United States Secretary of the Treasury intends to replace the fractional currency with silver coin.

The Chinese have been unsuccessful in their endeavours to punish the savages of Formosa.

The *Times* says that wheat and barley will have to be largely imported by England during the year.

An insurrectionary movement is reported in the neighborhood of Gradatchalitz, Bosnia, instigated by bands of Servians. It is reported that the whole districts on the south-eastern frontier of Bosnia are rising.

DR. PIERCE.

From the Toledo Blade.

"Success is never achieved without merit. A man may make a poor article and sell it once, and there being 40,000,000 people in the United States, the sale to each one would be enough to make a decent fortune. But an article that holds the field year after year, and the sales of which increase regularly and rapidly, must have absolute merit."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., occupies our entire eighth page to-day with his various articles. We admit it, because we know the doctor, and know of his articles. We know him to be a regularly educated physician, whose diploma hangs on the wall of his office, and we know that he has associated with him several of the most eminent practitioners in the country. We know that parties consult him, by mail and in person, from all the States in the Union every day, and that they are fairly and honestly dealt with.

This grand result has been accomplished by two agencies—good, reliable articles—articles which, once introduced, work easily their own way—and splendid business management. They have succeeded because they ought to have succeeded."

If you would patronize Medicines, scientifically prepared by a skilled Physician and Chemist, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is nutritious, tonic, alterative, and blood-cleansing, and an unequalled Cough Remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for Pain, Bowel Complaints, and an unequalled Liniment for both human and horse-flesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head" ever given to the public. They are sold by druggists.

20 YEARS A SUFFERER.—CURED BY THE GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE.

Dear Sir.—Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic Ocean, and the cold exposure caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. I was attended by doctors in Liverpool, Havre, New Orleans, New York, and at the hospital on Staten Island (where the doctors wanted to take one leg off). Finally, after spending hundreds of dollars, I was persuaded to try your "Golden Medical Discovery," and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground. I am at home nearly every evening and shall be glad to satisfy any person of the truth of this information. I am, sir, yours respectfully,

WILLIAM RYDER, 87 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

INCIDENTS OF THE GRAND BASE BALL MATCH FOR CHAMPIONSHIP OF HAMILTON AND SILVER MEDAL between CAPT COOK'S "DREADNAUGHTS" and KERNER'S "INVINCIBLES"



HAMILTON:—BASE BALL MATCH.



THE GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS VIEWING EXPERIMENTS WITH ANCIENT ROMAN WAR ENGINES AT ST. GERMAIN EN LAYE



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 6.



FIG. 5.



FIG. 7.

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 SECOND.

THE COUNTRY IN DANGER.

1792.

IVI.

I fancy I see him now, leaning over the platform, describing in what confusion all these nobles, great seigneurs and great ladies, were; and the quantity of servants who had followed them, to comb their hair, and wash, dress, and undress them, as if they were children; but who could no longer live at their expense, for they had not a sou.

Nothing was ever heard like it. Gossard, imitated their grimaces among these poor Germans, who could not understand a word they said. He imitated an old mitchioness in her furbelow, long cane, and knick-knacks, in an hotel at Worms. This old woman had some money left, so she ordered them about right and left; the chambermaids looked at her, and kept saying—

"Wass? wass?"

"Wass! wass!" cried the old woman, "I only told you to warm my bed, you fools!"

All our club burst out laughing.

And then he imitated the old seigneurs, who danced about to give themselves a dissipated and careless air, as if they were at Versailles; young ladies who were looking after their husbands; the astonishment of those who rushed to the post-office expecting to receive bills on Amsterdam or Frankfurt, and who found letters with nothing in them, in which their intendants informed them that mouseligneur's chateau, woods, and lands were sequestered by the nation.

Gossard opened his eyes wide and let his face fall; we could see these people who had lived so long at the expense of other people tormented for six weeks by the waiters for money. And then, at the Hôtel du Rhin, he described to us the terrible General Bender—who was to bring us to all reason—relating his last Belgian campaign, where he had hanged and shot the patriots so that the country was now in a perfect state of tranquillity. But the best part of it was the despair of the elector when he learned that the émigrés had quartered our princes in his palace without asking his permission, as if they were his masters. Maître Jean held his sides with laughing, and Chauvel said he had never been more amused.

Joseph Gossard gave the same entertainment at all the clubs on his road; he was received with shouts of applause everywhere; that man might have made money by giving representations of his journey to Coblenz; people would have willingly paid to see it, but he did it all out of patriotism, and was satisfied to amuse them and sell his wine.

I tell you this story to show you the sort of people who lived on the labour of the French nation before '89; and what puts their want of good sense in a stronger light is the answer which Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., gave to the National Legislative Assembly, which invited him to return to France if he wished to retain his possible right to the regency.

Here is his answer:—

"Members of the French Assembly styling itself National. Sound reason, in virtue of Heading 1st, Chapter 1st, Article 1st, of the Imprescriptible laws of common sense, directs you to return to your senses again within the delay of two months, dating from this day, failing which and at the expiration of the said delay, you will be considered to have relinquished your right to the qualification of reasonable beings, and you will only be considered as lunatics worthy of a madhouse."

This is the answer given by a royal prince to the nation which offered him the regency in case of his brother's death. It was well worth the trouble of crushing a great people with such a terrible weight of taxation and leave it the burden of millions of debts, to bring up creatures of such limited understanding. The poorest village had would have profited more by the money expended on his education. All these émigrés together would not have been a mouthful to the nation; but the sovereigns of Europe, frightened at the awakening of a sensible people, which might set an example of courage to others, still threatened us. One talked of nothing but war, and the dispute began at the Jacobins, between Brissot and Robespierre. Brissot was for immediate war with the émigrés, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria. Robespierre said our real danger was at home, and that we ought first to fight the traitors who were waiting to betray their country in order to recover their privileges. This was the ground of his speech, which Chauvel sold by thousands; citizens, soldiers, and peasants, every one wanted it; his shop was constantly full; Margaret had hardly time to sell them.

This struggle became fiercer; the club was divided; Danton, Desmoulins, Carra, Billaud de Varennes, sided with Robespierre; they said the king, the queen, the court, and the émigrés wanted a war to recover themselves; that they were driving us into it; that it was the last resource of vanquished despotism; that we out to be on our guard, and not risk losing what we had won. Brissot persisted; he belonged to the Legislative Assembly, which at that time, was

divided between the Girondins and the Montagnards. The Montagnards wanted to finish everything at home first, the Girondins wanted to begin abroad.

Louis XVI. inclined to the Girondins; he had nothing to lose by them. If we conquered, victory would put into his hands a great force to stop the progress of the revolution. Armies always side with a king who wins battles and has promotion to bestow. If we were beaten, the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria would establish everything with us as it had been before the States-General. That was what Queen Marie-Antoinette desired. She hoped to owe her throne to our enemies.

The Girondins, therefore, Brissot, Vergniaud, Gaudet, Gensonné, &c., were in the interest of the court, and the Jacobins, Robespierre, Danton, Couthon, Billaud de Varennes, Desmoulins, Merlin (de Thionville) were on the national side. That is all I can tell you about it.

The nearer war approached the more terrible was the agitation; the greater the distrust felt for the king, the queen, their ministers, and their generals. We saw plainly their interest was not ours, and what ruined the Girondins in the minds of the people was the fact that at last Louis XVI. chose his ministers from among them.

But these things are all well known, and I will only speak of our own province, and what I have seen myself.

The expectation of invasion from January 1st, 1792, until March increased daily. Phalsbourg was armed, cannon were mounted on the ramparts; they made embrasures in the turf, and with fascines along the slopes. The war minister, Narbonne, inspected the frontier fortresses to see them put in a state of defence. At last every sensible man saw that danger was at hand. In the meantime the boldness of our enemies at home increased. A Strasbourg deputy loudly complained to the Jacobins that the directory of the upper Rhine had taken no steps to put an end to the outrages. More than fifty patriot priests had been murdered, and citizens who complained were arrested by the very men whose duty it was to protect them. The mayor Dietrich was accused all over Lower Alsace of neglecting his duties. Assignats in consequence of these disturbances went down seventy per cent., which was just what the aristocrats wanted. Judge of the despair of the people and the fury which seized them in consequence.

While patriots were murdered on all the roads foreign spies went about the country spreading false news and circulating forged assignats, which were produced by émigrés at Frankfurt. No strangers were trusted, no news communicated. Even at the club they were careful, and those who wished to join it had to be first proposed. Work still went on at the forge. Maître Jean was always in hopes of beginning to cultivate Picheholtz again; he had only two months to wait, for some seeds are not put in with us till March; but when he thought the war might break out about that time, and the émigrés and their friends the Prussians and Austrians come and burn the barn he had just put to his farmhouse, devastate his fields, and perhaps hang him to some tree in the orchard, this idea so excited his indignation that every evening he could not sufficiently curse the aristocrats, and would cry that instead of waiting their arrival, it would be far better to march to the Rhine, disperse their assemblages of troops, and burn the farmhouses, barns, and crops in the electorate than to see the wretches burn ours, steal our grain, drink our wine, and enjoy themselves at our expense. He sided with the Girondins, and insisted that volunteer patriots would not be wanting for such a service, and declared that in case of necessity he would put himself at the head of his company, descend the valley of the Sarre, and drive all before him who offered any resistance.

Alsatian and Lorraine peasants who happened to be passing the Three Pigeons listened to him with great satisfaction; they made a noise, called for wine, and sang "Ca ira!" in chorus. So the state of things became every day more aggravated.

In February we had rain. Many said the seed would rot in the ground, and we should have a bad year. Reports of famine began to circulate, and there was a scarcity of everything. In the south the dread of famine threw every one into despair, and led the way to those fearful excesses which we have since seen.

In the club the watchword was "No war!" Chauvel was against it; he insisted it would be a very great misfortune, and that we should allow good ideas time to take root, and above all profit by the time which we had at our command to pull up the weeds which were choking the grain. He unceasingly advocated concord and union, of which the enemies of the human race were doing their best to deprive us by keeping us at variance as much as possible, and holding all together themselves to be able to give a good account of us.

"Our only chance," he used to say, "our only chance, do not forget it. If the patriots, workmen, citizens, and peasants unite, there is nothing to fear; divided, they are lost; ancient privileges will reappear; these will again under-go all the miseries attendant on existence; those all the enjoyments."

He told us great truths, and, as has been seen since, we profited by them. The patriots remained united, and they have done great things, not only for France but for other countries.

Lafayette was no longer mentioned, nor Bally, Dupont, nor the brothers Lameth, who used to be called the "Feuillants," and were supposed to have sold themselves to the court. After the king accepted the constitution, Lafayette had resigned the command of the National Guard; he afterwards wished to become Mayor of Paris, but the electors having chosen Petion, he had left for Auvergne. The *Courrier* the *Orateur du Peuple*, the *Débats des Jacobins* and other gazettes which Chauvel received, troubled themselves no more about him. When the National Assembly having summoned the electors of Treves and Mayence to disperse the émigrés, these electors refused to do so, and required the reinstatement of those German princes who held possessions in Alsace. The Emperor Leopold declared he would march to the assistance of the electors if they were attacked. The king replied, if these bodies of émigrés were not dispersed by the 15th of January, he would have recourse to arms, and the Assembly decreed an accusation of conspiracy against the king's brothers, the Prince de Condé and Mirabeau the younger. Three armies were organised, each of fifty thousand men, under the command of Luckner, Lafayette, and Rochambeau; from Dunkirk to Philippeville, from Philippeville to Lauterbourg, and from Lauterbourg to Basle.

Every one expected war to break out, but it was delayed until March, and during that time the fury of the royalists burst out against the Jacobin Club; their gazettes called it a brigands' cave, and those of the Feuillants, written by Barneve, André Chenier, and some others, repeated the same abuse. But the Jacobins made them no answer; they were no longer worth the trouble. The real struggle lay between the Montagnards and the Girondins. It was in February, 1792, that it began, and we knew it could not end by the death of one party or the other.

Since the creation of the world, perhaps, never have such orations on war been read; every man of feeling was obliged to take part in this struggle; his own rights, his blood, his life, his family, and his country were at stake. But every one can now read them and judge if I have exaggerated the genius of these men.

Our excitement had become so great, the Parisians and the provinces were so determined to get rid of all those who stood in their way and who annoyed and threatened them; they were so determined to preserve their property and their rights, and had such a detestation of all who either by fraud or force should try to rob them of what they had won, that they would have fallen on them all in a body like wolves, when Leopold, Emperor of Austria, who had just sent forty thousand men into the Low Countries, and twenty thousand on the Rhine, died in consequence of his excesses. He had taken stimulants to such a degree that they killed him. Then some good people thought his son Francis, King of Bohemia and Hungary, in the interim of being crowned Emperor of Germany, would be more reasonable, and he would withdraw his troops from our frontiers, since our disputes could not affect him. But, on the contrary, this young prince was hardly seated on the throne, than he summoned the National Assembly not only to restore their lordships in Alsace to the German princes, but to re-establish the three orders in France, and give their property back to the clergy.

This was too much. He thought he was talking to servants, and needed only to talk loudly to be obeyed. No patriot remained calm, our blood boiled, and on the 23rd of April, notwithstanding Chauvel's opposition, who declared that war was to the advantage of kings but not of the people, every one wanted to fight. Maître Jean was to move at the club a declaration of war against Austria by the National Assembly; he wanted to oppose Chauvel himself, and reproach him for not being sufficiently alive to the national honour, the first of all possessions.

Sometimes anger inclined me to Maître Jean's views, sometimes good sense to those of Chauvel.

All Monday it rained; sadness and indignation rendered us dull; every moment we ceased working to curse the wretches who were exposing us to these insults. At last, when supper was over, about half-past seven, we set off, Maître Jean and his great red umbrella, Letumier in his overcoat, and the rest of the patriots behind in a string.

When we arrived at Phalsbourg we saw that the excitement was at its height; people were running from one house to another; they were to be seen talking in groups at the dark corners of streets; we thought it was in consequence of the motions which were to be made at the club; but once on the place we saw something else. Chauvel's shop was wide open, and so full of people that there was quite a swarm in the street, and in the shop in the midst of all these people leaning over one another was Margaret, standing on a chair with a gazette in her hand.

As long as I live I shall never forget Margaret as I saw her that evening, her small brown head

under the lamp near the ceiling, her bright eye and animated face, reading the paper with enthusiasm.

She had just finished a sentence as the Baraquins rushed in out of the mud, and as they tried to elbow their way through the crowd, it naturally caused a disturbance; she turned round, and cried out clearly and distinctly—

"Listen! This is the decree of the National Assembly; it is France who speaks!"

Then she recommenced reading—

"Decree of the National Legislative Assembly—The National Assembly, in deliberation on the formal proposition of the king; considering that the court of Vienna, in contempt of treaties, has never ceased to grant its avowed protection to Frenchmen in rebellion; that it has formed a league with several princes of Europe against the independence and security of the French nation; that Francis I., King of Hungary and Bohemia, after its votes of the 18th of March and 7th of April last, has refused to give up this league; that, notwithstanding the proposal which was made to it by the note of March 11, 1792, for both parties to put their troops on a peace footing, on the frontiers, it has continued and increased its hostile preparations; that it has made a formal attack on the sovereignty of the French nation by declaring its intention of supporting the pretensions of German princes holding possessions in France, to whom the French nation has repeatedly offered an indemnity; that it has endeavoured to divide French citizens, and to arm them against their brethren, by offering the malcontents the support of the powers leagued against us; that the refusal to reply to the last despatches of the French king leaves him no hope of obtaining redress for these several complaints by peaceable negotiations, and is equivalent to a declaration of war:

"Decrees it a case of urgency."

At that moment I was suddenly seized with enthusiasm, and waving my hat in the air I cried—

"Vive la nation!"

All the others behind me repeated it.

Margaret looked at me quite pleased, and then said, as she raised her hand—

"Listen! it is not all."

Silence was established, and she went on—

"The National Assembly declares that the French nation, faithful to the principles sanctified by the constitution, to undertake no war of conquest, nor ever to employ its strength against any nation's liberties, only takes up arms in defence of its own liberty and independence; that the war it is called upon to wage is not a war of nation against nation, but the just defence of a free people against the attack of a king; that the French will never confound their friends with their real enemies; that they will neglect nothing to soften the calamities of war, to protect and spare property, and cause all the unavoidable evils of war to fall only on those who have banded themselves together against liberty; that it adopts at once all foreigners who, forsaking the cause of its enemies, should come to serve under its colours, and devote their energies to the defence of liberty; that it will second with all its power their settlement in France:

"Deliberating on the formal proposition of the king, and having decreed it a case of urgency, it declares war against the King of Hungary and Bohemia."

Hundreds of cries of "Vive la nation!" were raised on all sides; they reached the barracks, and the soldiers of the Poitou regiment, which had replaced the Auvergne, showed themselves at the windows waving their hats. The sentinels hoisted theirs on the points of their bayonets; people stopped one another in the street and shook hands, saying—

"It is done—war is declared."

We were all feverish with excitement, notwithstanding a fine rain which covered everything like a mist.

Margaret had left her chair; I went up to her through the crowd; she put out her hand, and said to me—

"Well, Michel, we are going to fight!"

"Yes, Margaret! I was of your father's opinion; but since we are attacked we will fight for our rights or die."

I still pressed her hand, and looked at her with admiration; she seemed handsomer than ever; her cheeks were red, and her great black eyes full of courage, when Chauvel, bareheaded and his hair flattened down on his head by the rain, came in from the street with five or six of our best patriots, whom he had gone to inform of the news.

"Ah, there you are," said he, when he saw us in the shop; "the rain has not kept you at home—right—I am glad of it; we shall be all together."

"Ha!" cried Maître Jean, "so we are to have war, in spite of you, this time."

"Yes," said he, sharply; "I did not want it, but we will do our best since the others have so willed it. Come!"

And we went to the club opposite. A great din filled the old building; every corner was full of people. Chauvel got on the platform, and without sitting down began speaking in a distinct and impressive tone; he told us he

had wished for peace, the next greatest blessing to freedom which men could possess; but since war has been declared, he who could wish otherwise than for his country's victory, who would not sacrifice his fortune and his blood to defend the national independence, was a most miserable coward.

He told us it would be no ordinary war; it mean freedom or slavery for men; everlasting injustice or every one's rights; the greatness of France or her degradation. He told us not to believe that all would be over in a day, but to husband our strength and our resolution for years to come; that despots were about to send against us all their poor soldiers, brought up in ignorance and in respect for privileges; and instead of embracing we should shed torrents of blood, and fight till death.

"But," said he, "he who defends his right by force is just; he who seeks to raise himself above the rights of others is criminal; justice, then, is on our side."

He told us, moreover, that this war on our side would not be a war of soldiers, but a war of citizens; that we should fight our enemies, not only with guns and bayonets, but with reason, good sense, and good feeling; that we could offer them good and evil at the same time; and dull as they were said to be, these nations would at last understand that they were defending their own chains and collars against those who came to break them; then they would bless us and rally to us, and the rights of all be founded on the basis of eternal justice. He called that a war of propaganda, wherein good books, good speeches, offers of peace, alliances and advantageous treaties would march in the advanced guard in company with the rights of man.

(To be continued.)

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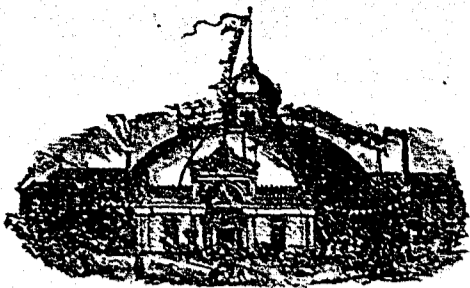
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Manufacturers' and Mechanics' EXHIBITION, 1875.

To be held at St. John, N.B., commencing September 27th, to continue for one week.

The competition is open to the Province, and articles to represent New Brunswick at the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876, will be selected from those exhibited.

A great variety of machinery will be exhibited in motion, and other novelties introduced.

The Band of the 1st Battalion 60th Royal Rifles, now stationed at Halifax, and acknowledged to be one of the best in the British service, will be in attendance day and evening.

No pains will be spared to make this Exhibition attractive, and it will far surpass anything of the kind ever before attempted in the Province.

The most favorable arrangements found practicable will be made with Railroad and Steamboat Proprietors for the conveyance of articles and passengers at reduced rates, and ample provision will be made for accommodating strangers visiting the city. A list of Hotels, Boarding Houses and Private houses where lodgers will be accommodated, may be had on application to the Secretary.

IRA CORNWALL, Jr., Secretary, Office 23 1/2 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

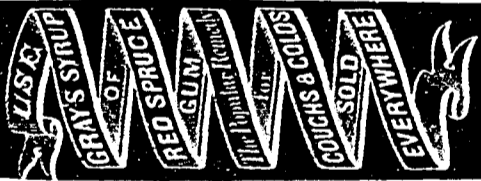
N. B.—Persons intending to exhibit will please take notice that the entries for Machinery requiring Notice Power MUST BE made on or before August 27th, and for other articles not later than September 5th. Prize Lists and Blank Entry Forms can be had on application to the Secretary.

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NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

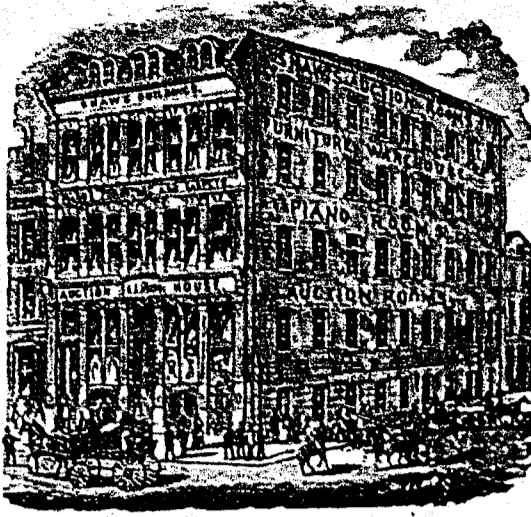
THE undersigned has this day admitted MR. ANDREW YOUNG AND MR. JAMES MATTINSON, JR., as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on under the style and firm of MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO. All outstanding accounts will be settled by the new firm. JAMES MATTINSON. May 1st, 1875.

With reference to the above, the undersigned beg to state that they have fitted up the large and commodious premises, No. 577 CRAIG STREET, as a manufactory, where, with increased facilities, they will be prepared to meet all commands at the shortest notice.

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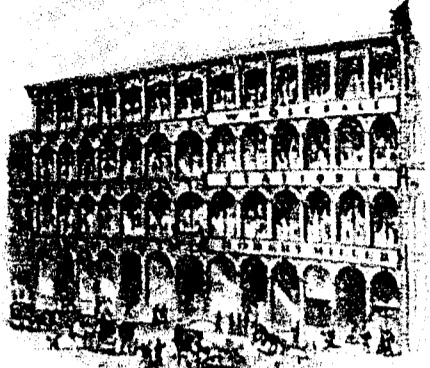
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