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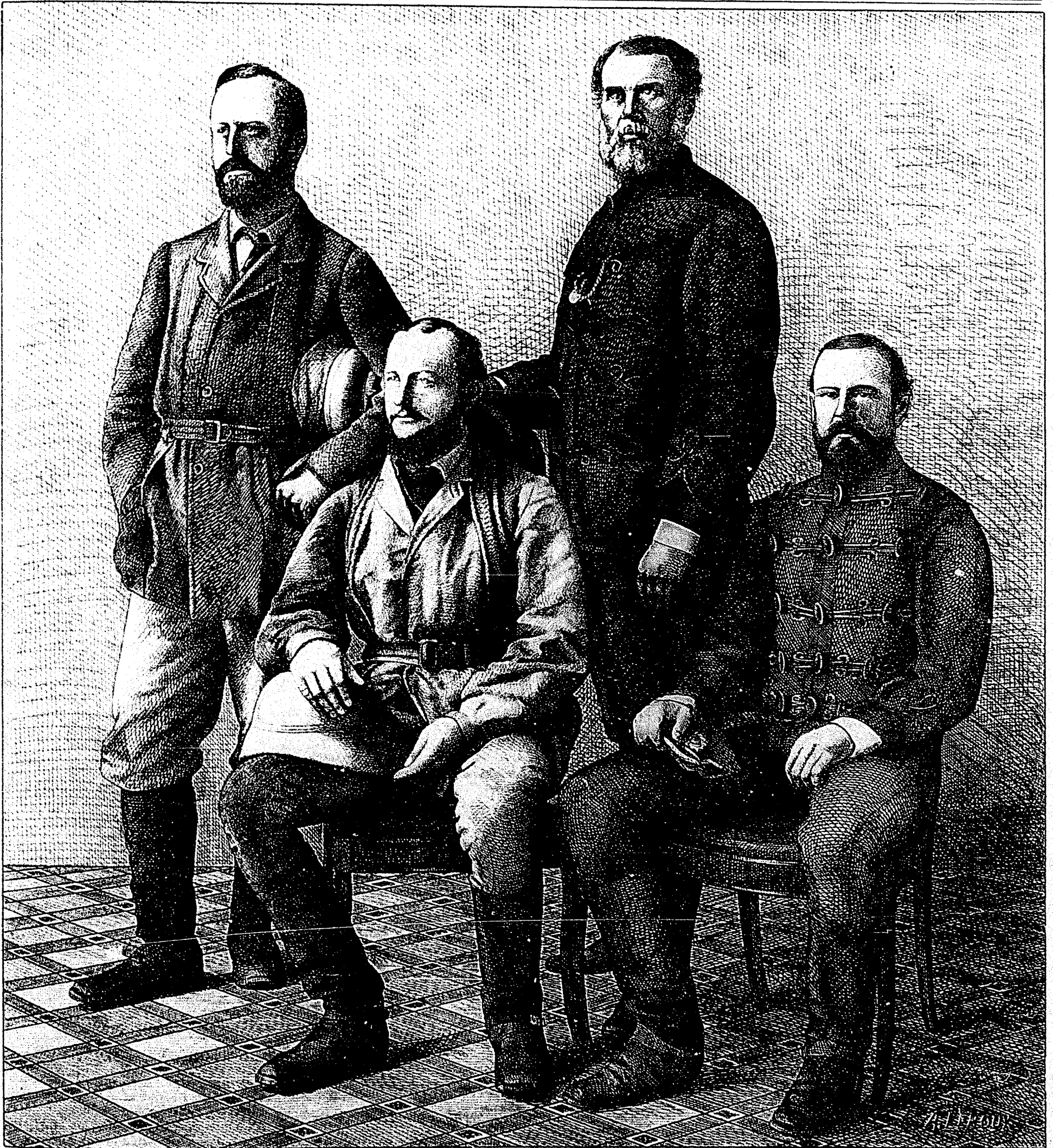
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Illustrated News

Vol. XIII.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1876.

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CAPT. R. F. WARD.

MAJOR GENERAL SELBY SMYTH.

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OUR CHROMO.

As it is our desire to extend the benefit of our beautiful Chromo to as many of our friends as possible, and with the view of preventing all misunderstanding in regard to those who are entitled to it, we take the opportunity of stating once more the conditions under which it is issued.

1st. To all those who have paid up to the 31st December last, or as soon thereafter as their subscriptions could reach us.

2nd. To all new subscribers who pay their subscriptions in advance.

As many persons who receive the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS through News-dealers, apply to us for Chromos, although they are not on our books, and wishing to enable them to get the Chromo through the same channel as they receive the paper, we are prepared to furnish the Chromo to News-dealers on the same conditions as to our regular subscribers, allowing them, of course, a commission.

Our object being to gather in all our standing accounts, our friends need not wait till they are called upon by our collectors for payment, but will oblige by sending in the respective amounts directly, when they will be at once served with the Chromo, by return mail or otherwise.

NOTICE.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the fact that we are now removing our offices and works from their present stand to our large and commodious premises on Bleury street, near Craig. Due provision has been made to prevent any interruption in the regular publication of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS during the interval of this change, but as some unforeseen accident to the machinery may possibly occur, we wish our friends would take notice of the circumstance and excuse any little delay that may happen. In any event, the delay will not extend beyond a day or two.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, Jan. 29th, 1876.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1876.

ON THE OPENING OF A NEW YEAR we feel justified in calling upon the public in every part of the Dominion to aid us in making the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS second to no journal of its class in the world. We have accomplished much in the way of improvements, and we think we have fulfilled the promises we made twelve months ago. *But we feel that there still remains much to be done, and we call upon our friends to assist us in doing it.* This is the only illustrated newspaper in the Dominion. As such it has special claims upon the patronage of Canadians. It is a national undertaking, designed to reflect PICTORIALY and EDITORIALY the life, the sentiments, and the daily history of Canada. No other paper can do this in the same way, and hence the ILLUSTRATED NEWS has an intrinsic value quite distinct from any other publication.

Its principal features are:—

1st. The pictorial illustration of all leading Canadian events as they occur.

2nd. A complete gallery of all Canadian celebrities with biographies attached.

3rd. The reproduction of the finest works of art.

4th. A great variety of original and selected literary matter.

5th. Stories, sketches, poems, and other contributions by leading Canadian writers.

6th. Special attractions for the home circle.

Every Canadian ought to be interested in the success and continued progress of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and should consider it is his duty to encourage it to the extent of at least one year's subscription. None know better than ourselves how much it can still be improved, and we warrant that if we receive the patronage which we solicit, no effort on our part will be left untried to introduce a number of the most desirable improvements. Let the public throughout the country come forward generously with their support and we guarantee to furnish them a paper which shall be a real credit to the Dominion. We will supply the material if our friends will only furnish the patronage. Our terms are very moderate:—

1st. FOUR DOLLARS in advance, including the postage paid by us.

2nd. To those who neglect paying in advance, FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged to cover postage and other expenses.

3rd. Clergymen, Professors, and School teachers, THREE DOLLARS in advance.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

On our front page we present a sketch of Major-General SELBY SMYTH and staff, as they appeared on their arrival at Vancouver, in the middle of last November, after concluding their tour of military inspection over the Dominion. The *Army and Navy Gazette* is right in saying that it was perhaps the longest continuous tour on record by any General Officer of the British Army, embracing a distance, by the route travelled, of about 7,000 miles, of which nearly 2,500 were performed entirely on horseback and with horse transport, and about 600 with pack animals through the Rocky Mountains and British Columbia. Leaving Ottawa on May 24th, the General proceeded by the States of Vermont and Maine, through the Province of New Brunswick and across Northumberland Sound to Prince Edward Island, to reconstitute the Militia system in that newly Confederate Province, returning by the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to inspect the various batteries along the coast, to Quebec and Montreal, and thence to Niagara, to review 3,000 men assembled there in camp. Afterwards inspecting the various brigades encamped at Cobourg, Kingston, Brockville, Holland Landing and Guelph, he proceeded westward and embarked at Saranac on St. Clair River, passing along Lakes Huron and Superior, and then, descending the Red River of the North, reached Fort Garry, in Manitoba, to examine the condition of the Militia and the provisional battalion stationed there. Thence taking horses and proceeding north-west, he reached Swan River, the head-quarter station of the newly raised Mounted Police Force, being charged with the duty of examining the constitution and condition of this useful and valuable addition to the Dominion Forces. Here the General was overtaken by pressing dispatches, sent after him by an express officer, having reference to the occurrence of disorder in the vicinity of Carleton on the Saskatchewan River. The necessity of immediate action, thus urged upon him by the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, obliged him to march a considerable body of Mounted Police to that point. Accomplishing the distance of 275 miles in eight days, the first armed force which ever crossed the Saskatchewan was safely passed over that deep and rapid river, 300 yards wide, without accident to men, horses or wagons, and, appearing before Carleton unexpectedly after this rapid march, the causes of alarm were speedily dealt with and subdued. The General then continued his march 400 miles along the north bank of the Saskatchewan to Sturgeon Creek, in the vicinity of Edmonton, where a troop of Mounted Police was posted. Thence turning south through the vast

prairie country of the Blackfoot Indians, crossing the Battle, the Red Deer, and the Bow Rivers, he encountered a band of 200 Blackfoot Indians who, upon learning who he was, treated him with great attention and civility. Five of the chiefs, including the once dreaded paramount chief Crowfoot, spent the night in his camp, and around their council fire expressed their confidence in the Mounted Police, and their satisfaction at the security their presence in the country afforded. At Red Deer River the General met a troop of the mounted police, which had been moved up in case a reinforcement should have been required at Carleton, and they were left to form a new outpost on Bow River, where the Hudson's Bay Company is about establishing a new trading post under their protection. Proceeding south, the Mounted Police stationed on Old Man's River were inspected—the most westernly outpost of the "Great Lone Land," whose fertile valleys and plains are destined to hold many populous and thriving settlements, under the secure protection of this valuable force. They have other outposts along the frontier line at Cypress Hills, Wood Mountain, and Qu'Appelle. They are a fine body of men, clothed in scarlet, and equipped as Light Cavalry, mounted on horses of an excellent stamp, commanded by Captain French of the Royal Artillery, a local Lieutenant-Colonel, and officered generally from the Canadian Militia. Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod, the Assistant Commissioner of the Force, and in command of the western outposts, is held in high estimation, and has quite gained the confidence of the various Indian tribes along the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, thus overcoming the elements of much discord in that remote region. General Selby Smyth, being charged by the Canadian Government with the duty of conferring with any General Officers of the United States Army in Montana or anywhere within reach, for the mutual adoption of measures by both Governments for the suppression of crime and the capture of plunderers and marauders all along the frontier, then proceeded 250 miles south to Fort Shaw, in Montana, with that object, and had a very satisfactory interview with Brigadier-General Gibbon, whose guest he was for the day he stopped there. Afterwards the General met with Major General O. O. Howard, U. S. A., commanding the department of Columbia, in Washington and Oregon territories, and travelled with him several days. Having had instructions from Washington to meet General Smyth, the most friendly intercourse passed between those officers, and several useful suggestions were adopted regarding frontier questions, for the consideration of the respective Governments. Everywhere the General met with the most cordial welcome from United States officers, who turned out to meet him at their various outposts, receiving him with the prescribed salute for his rank, and their bands playing "God Save the Queen." Turning north again from Fort Shaw 280 miles, the General had a very satisfactory meeting with 700 Indians of the South Peigan tribe and then rejoined his Staff, whom he had left to hunt in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains and, taking to pack animals, they penetrated the rugged, precipitous country, greatly encumbered by dense forest and fallen timber; and eventually, after 600 miles of further travel through gold mining districts, and much impeded by the rough mountain country and primeval pine and cedar forests, he passed through British Columbia and arrived at the most westerly spot of the Canadian Dominion, where he was employed in reconstructing and organizing a sound Militia system, and taking steps for the erection of batteries for the protection of the harbour and coast. General Selby Smyth's Staff, on this extended expedition, consisted of Captain the Hon. M. Stapleton, Coldstream Guards, A.D.C.; Captain R. F. Ward, late R. N., and A.D.C., to his Excellency the Governor-General of Canada; and Lieutenant the Hon. T. Fitz William, Royal Horse Guards (Blue).

Bell's Life in London has the following remarks on aquatic matters:—In order that any of the English Universities may accept the invitation to contest in the International College boat race in America, it is indispensable that the day for the event be fixed considerably later than proposed. Owing to the late Easter this year, the great inter-university contest on the Thames will be rowed in the second week in April. The same cause will prolong the May Term of Oxford and Cambridge, which will, probably, delay the annual Henley regatta until about the middle of June. The present arrangement proposes that the American race will be rowed on the 19th of July. The English Universities will thus have barely four weeks time to pick their crews, to go to America, and complete their preparations there, when two months or ten weeks would be required. If Oxford, Cambridge or Dublin should decide to participate in the American races, it is quite certain that the men selected for that contest would be unable to row at Henley-on-Thames. A greater misfortune could not befall our aquatic carnival, and no British rowing man would consent to it. That our Universities may take part in the International collegiate race, and also the International regatta at Philadelphia, is the wish of the whole country, but it will be necessary for our friends across the Atlantic to fix a later day. The International regatta at Philadelphia is fixed for the end of August. It is highly probable that England will be represented there by two or three crews, independently of the Universities. Why not hold the collegiate race at the same regatta or within a few days?

The following is the text of the proclamation published by Marshal MACMAHON, which put an end to the late very serious Ministerial crisis in France:—Frenchmen—For the first time in five years you are called upon to participate in a general election. Five years ago you desired order in peace, and at the price of the most cruel sacrifice, and after the greatest trials, you obtained them. You still desire order and peace. The Senators and Deputies you are about to elect must cooperate with the President of the Republic to maintain them. We must apply with common accord and sincerity the constitution and laws, the revision where of I alone, until 1880, have a right to propose. After so much agitation, discord and misfortune, repose is necessary for the country, and I think her institutions ought not to be revised before they are honestly tried, but to try them as the salvation of France requires. It is indispensable that the conservative and truly liberal policy which I always intended to pursue, should prevail. I appeal to the Union among those who place the defence of social order, respect for the law and patriotic devotion above their recollections, aspirations or party engagements. I invite them to rally around my Government. It is necessary that the sacred rights which survive all Government changes and legitimate interests, which every administration is bound to protect, should enjoy full security under a strong and respected Government. It is necessary not only to disarm those who might disturb that security now, but to discourage all who threaten its future by the propagation of anti-social and revolutionary doctrines. France knows that I neither sought nor desired the power I am invested with, but she may rely upon my exercising it without weakness, in order to fulfil to the end the mission entrusted to me. I hope God will aid me, and that the support of the nation will not fail me.

Official information has been received of the success of a society lately organized at Milan, under the title of "Associazione Christoforo Colombo," for a "scientific, industrial and artistic excursion to the United States on the celebration of American Independence on the solemn inauguration, July 4, 1876." So many have

joined the society that one steamer will not accommodate them all. The first ship will leave Genoa on June 1st, and may be expected in New York about the 15th. In that city the travellers will stay until the 30th, and will then proceed to Philadelphia by the Fourth of July. From hence they will visit Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Montreal, Quebec, Boston, and will then return home via New York. The trip will cost each member 1,200 francs, and is under the leadership of a late Union officer. There is no doubt that the Philadelphia Centennial will attract thousands upon thousands of visitors from all parts, and that, after inspecting the Exhibition, their route will be pretty much identical with that stated above. It is therefore certain that the travel through Canada will be immense this summer, and we should prepare for it in time. Englishmen and Frenchmen especially will be sure to take Canada on their way home.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. Clair Flats.

The first view shows the entrance on the North side of the river to the Indian settlement on Walpole Island - you then turn to the right at the Bend and are at once in the tortuous channel that runs through the Flats. The main channel is intersected at numerous points in its passage by smaller tributaries, but one of them called the 'cut' (or 'cut') becomes for a time the main or deep channel till the St. Clair is again reached and takes you to the 'cut.'

The second view presents to the spectator the apparent phenomenon of ships and steamers sailing over dry land in all directions, nor can you see the passage through which you must sail till you are almost on it. During the season this is increasingly covered with vessels of all descriptions, and in foggy weather is, it not perilous, certainly precarious, as a few yards and sometimes a few feet to the right or left will cause a vessel to ground. At night lights of different colors indicate the true channel.

The third view shows the cut, which is actually a canal in the mouth of Lake St. Clair. There are two lighthouses on the right elevation of the 'cut' and two tastefully built brick houses for the men near the lighthouses; one at each end.

The cut is roomy and safe, and the elevations are two immense 'caissons' about two miles in length and about 70 feet in breadth, rising out of the lake to the upper deck of a large vessel. It is substantially filled in on both sides with stones and covered over with earth and planted with young trees from end to end on all sides and with plenty of grass also. In the foreground on the right, a steamer is touching at the old club house to take on or leave off members of the clubs or their friends who are desirous of fishing or shooting. The two houses growing out of the water (as it were) are the old lighthouses. They are still used to guide 'rafts,' &c., which could not possibly navigate the 'cut,' and have to pass between them and take the old route. There are several yachts from both Canada and the States enlivening the scene constantly. The little shanty on the left is where game is purchased and packed, 40 cents a brace being the usual price. The three small sketches show a little and only a very little of the sports of the Flats. The duck shooting is hard work to one unacquainted with the various nooks and channels, but to the old sport-man it is keen sport and he will take you through apparently impenetrable thickets of grass, which at certain places known to him yield readily to the bow of your boat and, after you pass through, spring up again and close you in. You now find yourself in a sort of fairy lake with clusters of tiny islands dotted all over it and mirrored so clearly that it is difficult to distinguish the substance from the shadow, and although it is only a few feet in depth, the reflection is so perfect, that it makes you giddy to look over the side of the boat and see the sky-blue vault above, inverted below you.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

An anecdote, which Mark Lemon loved to tell, related to the period when Tom Hood became a contributor to Punch. Looking over his letters one morning, he opened an envelope inclosing a poem which the writer said had been rejected by three contemporaries. If not thought available for Punch, he begged the editor, whom he knew but slightly, to consign it to the waste-paper basket, as the author was 'sick at the sight of it.' The poem was signed 'Tom Hood,' and the lines were entitled 'The Song of the Shirt.' The work was altogether different from anything that had ever appeared in Punch, and was considered so much out of keeping with the spirit of the periodical that at the weekly meeting its publication was opposed by several members of the staff. Mark Lemon was so firmly impressed not only with the beauty of the work, but with its suitability for the paper, that he stood by his first decision and published it. By a letter of

Tom Hood's to Mark Lemon, which we have for the moment mislaid, it appears that the question of illustrating the poem was entertained and discussed. The lines, however, were published without illustration, except that humorous border of grotesque figures which made up 'Punch's Procession' on Dec. 16, 1843. 'The Song of the Shirt' trebled the sale of the paper and created a profound sensation throughout Great Britain.

SWINBURNE'S NEW POEM.

'Erethius,' the title of Mr. Swinburne's new volume, is a dramatic poem, on the model of a Greek play. Erethius, King of Athens, is at war with Eleusis, and he is at first presented to the reader praying to the gods for aid against the foe, who seems likely to be victorious. The answer of the gods he tells Praxithea in these words:—

There shall die
One soul for all this people. From thy womb
Came forth the seed that here, on dry, bare ground,
Death's hand must sow, untimely to bring forth
Nor blade nor shoot in season, being my name
To the under gods made holy, who require
For this land's life her death and maiden blood,
To save a maiden city.

Praxithea, the wife of Erethius, makes known to Chthonia, her daughter, the will of the gods. Chthonia replies, expressing her willingness to lay down her life to save the city of her birth:

That I may give this poor girl's blood of mine,
Scarcely yet sun warmed with summer—this thin life,
Still green with flowerless growth of seedling days,
To build again my city.

Praxithea's grief finds vent in the words which follow:

Of gods and men
I drift unsteered on ruin, and the wave
Darkens my head with imminent height, and hangs
Dumb, filled too full with thunder that shall leave
These ears deaf, deafened when the tide finds tongue,
And all its wrath bears on them. 'Thee, oh, child,
I help not, nor am helped. 'Fain, ah! fain,
More than was ever mother born of man,
Were I to help thee—fain beyond all prayer,
Beyond all thought—fain to redeem thee, torn
More than from me sorrowing than the dream
That was thy sister; so shalt thou be, too—
Thou but a vision, shadow shaped of sleep,
By grief made out of nothing. Now but once,
I touch, but once more hold thee; one more kiss
This last time, and none other evermore
Leave on thy lips, and leave them. Go; thou wast
My heart, my heart's blood, life-blood of my life,
My child, my nursing; now this breast, once thine,
Shall rear again no children; never now
Shall any mortal blossom born like thee
Lie there, nor even with small, silent mouth
Draw the sweet springs dry for an hour that feed
The blind little life that shows not. Never heed;
Rest here to make these cold veins warm; nor eye
Laugh itself open with the lips that reach
Lovingly toward a fount more loving. These
Death makes as all good lesser things now dead,
And all the better hopes that flowered from these,
And fall as these fall, fruitless; no joy more
Shall man take of thy inhumanity, no tongue
Praise it; no good shall eyes get more of thee
That lightens for thy love's sake.

Chthonia's death is followed by that of her two sisters. The horrors of the battle which follows are increased by the war of the elements. The scene is described through the chorus in language magnificently strong:

For now, not in word but in deed, is the harvest of spears
begun,
And its clamor outbattles the thunder, its lightning out-
lightens the sun
From the springs of the morning it thunders, and light-
ens across and afar
To the wave where the moonset ends, and the pall of the
last low star;
With a trampling of drenched red hoofs, and an earth-
quake of men that meet,
Strong war sets hand to the scythe, and the furrows take
fire from his feet.
Earth groans from her great rent heart, and the hollows
of rocks are afraid,
And the mountains are moved, and the valleys are waves
in a storm wind swayed,
From the roots of the hills to the plain's dim verge and
the dark lone shore,
Air shudders with shrill spears crossing and harrying of
wheels that roar,
As the grinding of teeth in the jaws of the lion, that foam
as they gnash,
Is the shriek of the axes that loosen, the shock of the
poles that crash,
The dense mazes darken and glitter, the mouths of the
mad steeds clump,
Their heads dash blind through the battle, and Death's
foot rings in their tramp.

Eumolpus, the son of Neptune, is killed by Erethius, and his death is avenged by Jupiter, who, 'for his brother's son's sake,' killed the king by a shaft of lightning. Athens is, however, saved, the enemy, on the death of their leader, falling 'sullen back, and strengthless.' Praxithea's grief at the loss of her husband and children is assuaged by Athena, who thus proclaims the future fame of the city which bears her name:—

I, virgin daughter of the most high God,
Give all you charge, and lay command on all,
The word I bring, be woe not—for this
The gods have established—and his soul hath sworn
That time, nor earth, nor changing sons of man,
Nor waves of generations, nor the winds
Of ages risen and fallen, that steer their tides
Through light and dark of birth, and lover's death,
From storm toward haven ineluctable, shall see
So great a light alive beneath the sun
As the awless eye of Athens. All fame else
Shall be to her name as a shadow in sleep
To this wide moon at waking. Men most praised
In lands most happy for their children found
Shall hold as highest of honors given of God
To be but likened to the least of things—
Thy best of all my city; thine shall be
The crown of all songs sung, of all deeds done;
Thine the full flower for all time; in thine hand
Shall time be like a sceptre, and thine head
Wear worship for a garland; nor one leaf
Shall change, or winter east out of thy crown,
Till all flowers wither in the world. Thine eyes
Shall first in man's flesh bring to light liberty;
Thy tongue shall first say freedom.

MARIANA.

The path we trod was broad and bright,
And far from any realm of night;
His kiss was burning on my lips;
And still, thro' all this blank eclipse,
I think of that unclouded light.

And all his words to me were sweet;
The ferns and grasses at his feet,
The leaves and branches overhead,
Were fair for the words he said,
In grace and beauty more complete.

And broken vows have taken root
In my sad heart, and borne their fruit
Of hopes that droop in barren ways,
And die, remembering brighter days,
Before the lips of love were mute.

I sing the songs of vain regret:
The words I write are stained and wet
With tears that fall from other eyes
Than those that looked with glad surprise
And fatal love when first we met.

I pluck the blue forget-me-not
He planted in my garden-plot,
With sky and sun beholding him;
And these may perish, waxing dim
When I forget as he forgot.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE CENTENNIAL IN METIS, QUE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—In the NEWS of the 8th inst., you say "It would have been well if other parts of the country had joined in the Centennial, for all parts of the country were almost equally interested in it."

Well, in this small, out-of-the-way place, the anniversary did not pass away altogether unnoticed. On Friday, December 31st, a large Union Jack was hoisted in front of the Presbyterian House. Among the decorations in the interior on the following (New Year's) was the same flag with several white rosettes and ribbons on it, and in the centre the following inscription:—"Quebec unsuccessfully attacked December 31, 1775."

Another consisted of the flags of Great Britain and the United States arranged in the form of a V. Between them was the representation of two hands clasped together, around which was the following inscription—"Great Britain and the United States, December 31, 1875. May their friendship ever continue." During the course of the thanksgiving meeting that day, the pastor referred to the Centennial, and expressed the hope that these two countries will never fight again, except side by side, and against wrong.

Yours respectfully,
METISIAN.

Metis, Que.

ARTISTIC.

DOLE has prepared forty illustrations of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

THE celebrated Moabite stone has been placed in the Museum of the Louvre.

"THE Little Peasant," by Greuze, was sold recently in Paris for 4,700 francs.

At a recent sale in Paris a study of a white horse by Meissonier brought 1,500 francs.

At the recent exposition of art bronzes in Paris the first prize in figures was awarded to M. Picaut.

JULES BRETON, the eminent French painter, has been elected an honorary member of the Academy of Fine Arts, Stockholm.

JULES CLARETTE has just published a little memoir full of charming anecdotes of the lately deceased and much lamented sculptor, Carpeaux.

THE Duc d'Anjou has presented to the city of Versailles five copies of portraits in his possession of Dukes of Guise of the house of Lorraine.

CARL MULLER'S "Madonna of the Grotto," which attracted so much admiration at Goupil's, is reported as sold for four thousand dollars in gold.

At a sale of engravings in London, an engraving by Watson of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Strawberry Girl" sold for £59 10s., the highest price yet given.

THE Municipal Council of Mentone having determined to erect a splendid theatre in that city, M. Charles Garnier has accepted their invitation to be the architect of the new building.

Ferdinand de Lasteyrie's "History of Gold-mith's Work" has just been published by Hachette, Paris. It is richly illustrated, and is a masterpiece of erudition.

THE Painters of Paris are forming a society analogous to that of men of letters and dramatic authors. One of the first acts of this body will be to organize a permanent exhibition for the sale of the works of its members.

THE statue of Prince Eugene de Beauharnais will shortly be erected in one of the small gardens of the Palace of the Invalides. All the necessary preparations have been made, and now only remains to complete the pedestal.

FOUR superb tapestries belonging to the Department of Justice, Châlons-sur-Marne, and representing scenes from the Odyssey, were recently sold by order of the Council General of that Department. Great indignation is expressed at this act of vandalism.

THE Prix de Sèvres is to be awarded this year to the best design for the vases to be placed on the mantelpieces of the foyer of the Grand Opera. Competitors must furnish one single design for the form and two compositions for the decoration, one of "Music," the other of "Dancing."

THE conclusion of the Maulaz sale (Hôtel Drouot), three Gobelin tapestries, with mythological figures in rich medallions, after the style of Bérain, Louis XIV. period, sold for 25,000 francs. A portrait of Beauvais tapestry, with the fable of the Fox and the Grapes, by Oudry, 805 francs. The whole sale realised 126,961 francs.

THE engraving presented by the Art Union of London to every subscriber for the current year is Maclean's famous wall-painting "The Death of Nelson." This important plate has been engraved by Charles W. Sharpe, and it is a brilliant representation of the death of

Britain's great naval hero. The amount subscribed to the Art Union of London for 1875 amounted to £18,926, 5 s., the largest sum received in one year since the formation of the Union in 1839.

MR. MILLAIS will contribute to the next exhibition of modern pictures at the Royal Academy a large landscape, which is now nearly complete, and on which he has been engaged during the past autumn. It represents Strath Tay and the river in many curves, with the mountains on either hand in the extreme distance. This work, a group of portraits of three young children, seated on the ground, and a stately life-size figure, at whole length, of the Duchess of Westminster, will probably form the chief of Mr. Millais's contributions to the Academy.

LITERARY.

PROFESSOR MOSES COIT TYLER, of Michigan University, has prepared for publication a history of American literature.

JOHN JAMES PIATT is engaged in collecting the poems of George D. Prentice, which he will shortly publish, together with a biographical sketch.

HERR EBEN has made a German translation of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," and done it very well, too, though parts of the poem are most un-German in feeling.

JULES ABÈNE, Interpreter in China, has published "La Chine Familiale," a series of very piquant revelations as to the most intimate manners and customs of the Celestial Empire.

DAVID A. WELLS has adopted the novel as his most effective means of teaching the public his philosophy of finance. His story is entitled "Robinson Crusoe's Money," and is to be illustrated by Nast.

A NEW clerical paper is about to be started in Paris by M. de Villiersant, proprietor of the Figaro. His object is to oppose the Ultramontane organ L'Univers, conducted by Louis Veuillot.

POOR W. DALTON, he was the author in his day of some of the best books for boys that ever were written and boys will remember him with affection. They will want to know too, and will inquire of the benevolent, how it was that the poor fellow was permitted to die in a casual ward.

WE are to have at an early day a new Centennial edition of Bancroft's History of the United States, in six volumes, to comprise the matter of the two-volume edition, revised and somewhat abridged. Mr. Bancroft is engaged upon four additional volumes, which will bring the work down to the present time.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S new novel, "The Prime Minister," takes up the story of "Phinias Finn" where the author last left it, and introduces us once more to Lady Glenora, now Duchess of Olanina, and to Messrs. Daubeny, Gresham, Monk, and the rest, in whom Mr. Trollope gives us scarcely disguised sketches of some prominent politicians.

THE private memoirs of Sophie Marie Graefin von Voss, recently published in Leipzig, are attracting much attention. The volume bears the title of "Sixty-nine Years at the Prussian Court," and contains much interesting gossip concerning court notables of Prussia during the reign of Frederick William I. and the three succeeding dynasties.

THE "new writer" who has published three series of "Songs of Two Worlds," and who has had a most flattering reception from the critics, is now engaged upon a long poem, which will probably be published in the spring. He will then either appear in his own name, or else under another assumed one. Unfortunately his real name is the same as that of a popular modern poet, so that were it used, confusion would be almost inevitable.

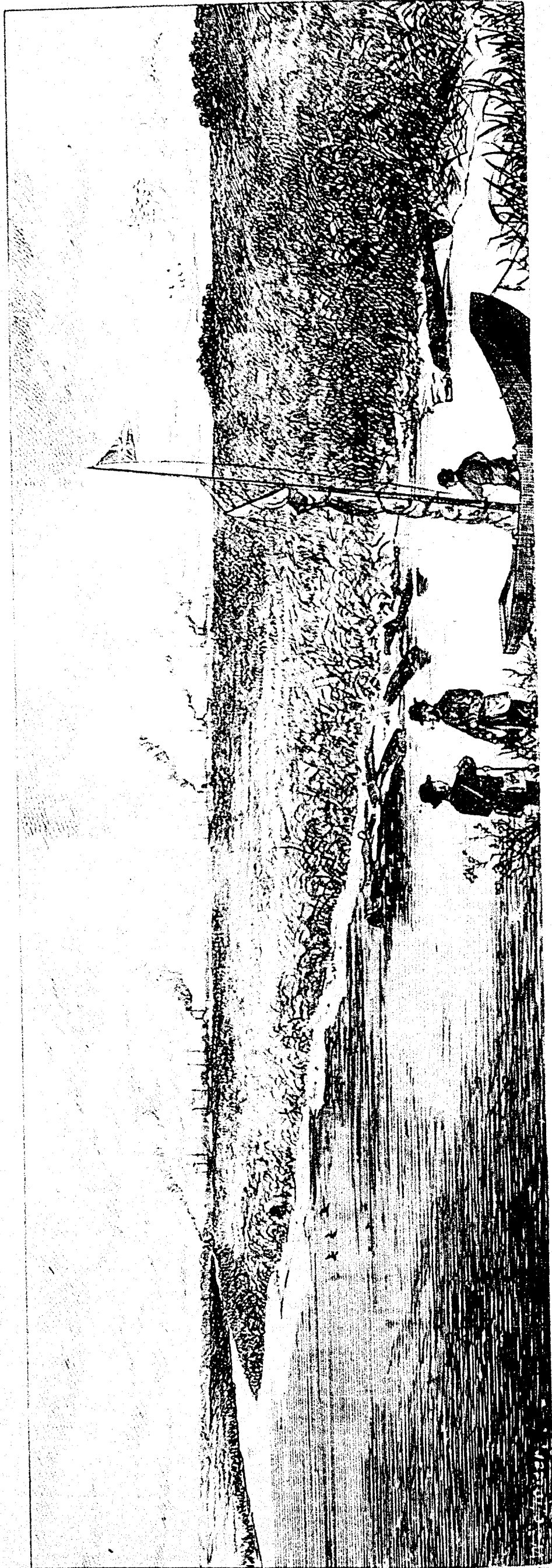
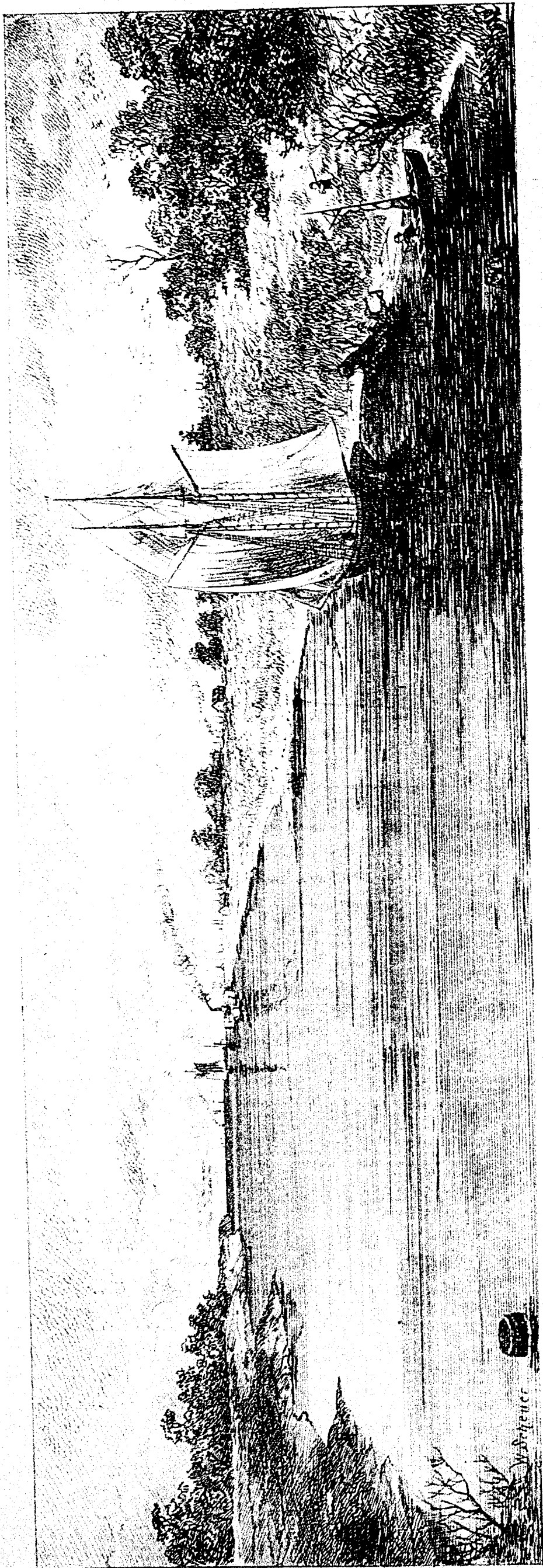
THE Bibliography of the original Quartos and folios of Shakespeare, with special reference to copies in America, which has been in preparation for some time by Mr. Justin Winsor, Superintendent of the Boston Public Library, is about to be issued. The work is based upon the bibliographical notes which Mr. Winsor has included from time to time in his reports, which have been extended and corrected by prominent Shakespearean scholars of this country and of Europe. It is announced that but 250 copies of the work will be printed, 100 of which will be reserved for Europe. The negatives of the illustrations are to be destroyed after printing.

FORSTER'S Life of Jean Swift, the first volume of which is just issued, will be exceedingly welcome to the many admirers of the author of "Gulliver," for the new light which it throws upon his early life, Swift's later life, after he had become famous, has been fully written, but Forster claims that all previous accounts of his obscure years are untrustworthy. Johnson had too little liking for him to do him justice, and Scott had too much other work to do. Mr. Forster, aided by the large amount of new material which his industry and zeal have brought to light, is able not only to present a more complete account of the life of the distinguished Dean, but to completely refute much that has been accepted as truth for more than a century, to his injury. This first volume embraces forty-four years of his life, from 1667 to 1711. Two more volumes will complete the work.

DOMESTIC.

DIET OF CHILDREN.—Tea and coffee dietary for children is as bad in its effects as its use is now universal. Dr. Ferguson found that children so fed only grew four pounds per annum between the ages of thirteen and sixteen; while those who got milk night and morning grew fifteen pounds each year. This needs no commentary. The deteriorated physique of tea-and-coffee-fed children, as seen in their lessened power to resist disease, is notorious amidst the medical men of factory districts. It is not the mere difficulty of procuring milk which prompts the adoption of a tea dietary. The convenience of it is one allurement, while the idea of feeding their children like those of the better classes around is another. Foolish pride has a good deal to do with it and to answer for.

BOUILLON, (THE COMMON SOUP OF FRANCE).—The stockpot of the French artisan supplies his principal nourishment; and it is thus managed by his wife, who, without the slightest knowledge of chemistry, conducts the process in a truly scientific manner. She first lays the meat in her earthen stock-pot, and pours cold water to it in the proportion of about two quarts to three pounds of beef; she then places it by the side of the fire, where it slowly becomes hot; and as it does so, the heat enlarges the fibres of the meat, dissolves the gelatinous substances which it contains, allows the albumen (or the muscular part, which produces the scum to disengage itself and rise to the surface, and the osmazone (which is the most savoury part of the meat) to be diffused through the broth. Thus, from the simple circumstance of boiling it in the gentlest manner, a refreshing and nutritious soup will be obtained, and a dish of tender and palatable meat; but if the pot be placed and kept over a quick fire the albumen will coagulate, harden the meat, prevent the water from penetrating it, and osmazone from disengaging itself; the result will be a broth without flavour or goodness, and a rough, dry bit of meat. Add salt in the proportion of half an ounce to the quart, throw in three or four turnips, as many carrots, half a head of celery, two or three leeks, one onion stuck with some cloves, a tea-spoonful of peppercorns, and a bunch of savoury herbs. It will require from four and a half to six lbs. of meat, according to the quantity.



TORONTO CHIEF OF POLICE.

Major Draper, the youngest and only surviving son of Chief Justice Draper, of Toronto, was Captain of the Queen's Own Volunteer Rifles from 1863 to 1868; called to the Bar in 1867, passed through the Military School in 1865, took first and second class certificates. Entered police service in January 1874 as deputy under Captain Prince. Assumed full command on 1st June following.

Commanded the police on the 3rd October riots, had about 90 men with him on that day, 4 Serjeant-Majors and 10 Serjeants.

The force now numbers 125 exclusive of detectives, and the pay they receive is as follows:—

Serjt.-Major.....	\$ 2 75 per diem
Serjeant.....	2 40 "
1st Class Constable	1 75 "
2nd Class Constable	1 45 "

Service of 6 months as second-class constable required with good conduct before promotion to first class.

Liable to be dismissed or reduced for any infringement of regulations. Drilled regularly once or twice a week according to orders. Every private constable must send in a monthly report of his duties according to a form prescribed.

Qualifications: must read, write and know something of arithmetic, be physically fit, height 5 ft. 10 in., and under 30 years of age.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

The first time that Napoleon III. saw Rossi on the stage he sent Dr. Conneau off with orders to bring the "mighty tragedian" to him at once, and said to him:

"Monsieur, I am not easily affected, but I own that in the last scene you singularly moved me. You must have made *Desdemona* suffer horribly when you buried your nails in her throat; her cries of agony were too natural."

"Sire," replied Rossi, "the artists who act with me are accustomed to sacrifice everything to their roles. It is possible that I bear a little heavily upon *Desdemona's* throat, but no one who has ever played her part has dared to tell me so."

Rossi is in the plenitude of force and talent, and singularly enough for an Italian, attributes his remarkable preservation to his cold morning bath which no severity of season ever interferes with. Perhaps the very sober life he leads has as much to do with it as the cold bath. If his proposed visit to America comes to pass, I doubt if he be prevailed upon to take one single drink at the inevitable bar. * * * At Cassale during a



MAJOR DRAPER, CHIEF OF POLICE, TORONTO.

farewell representation, the court society chattered so loudly as to interfere with the representation. Rossi, who was playing *Hamlet*, came to a full stop in the middle of a sentence, and turning towards a front box from which the greatest noise came he bowed and said tranquilly, "I shall hush as long as you do not hush." The public applauded, the interruption ceased, and the play went on, but afterward Rossi was met at the door by one of the young gentlemen, who felt called upon to ask for satisfaction. Rossi made a long face, for he was expected on the morrow at Milan. So he explained his situation to his bloodthirsty adversary, and begged, that, in order to get through with their little affair as speedily as possible, they should go to his (Rossi's) rooms at the hotel and quietly shoot at one another there. The proposition having been accepted they went to Rossi's rooms, and had just placed themselves at either end of the *salon* in order to exchange three shots, when the innkeeper, over anxious as to his guest's health and hours, knocked at the door (which he found locked) and asked, in an anxious voice, if Monsieur was ill, as his light burned so unusually late.

"No," replied Rossi, "I am going to bed; thanks; good night!"

"You are deceiving me," persisted his anxious keeper, perhaps enlightened as to the scene in the theatre. "You are certainly ill."

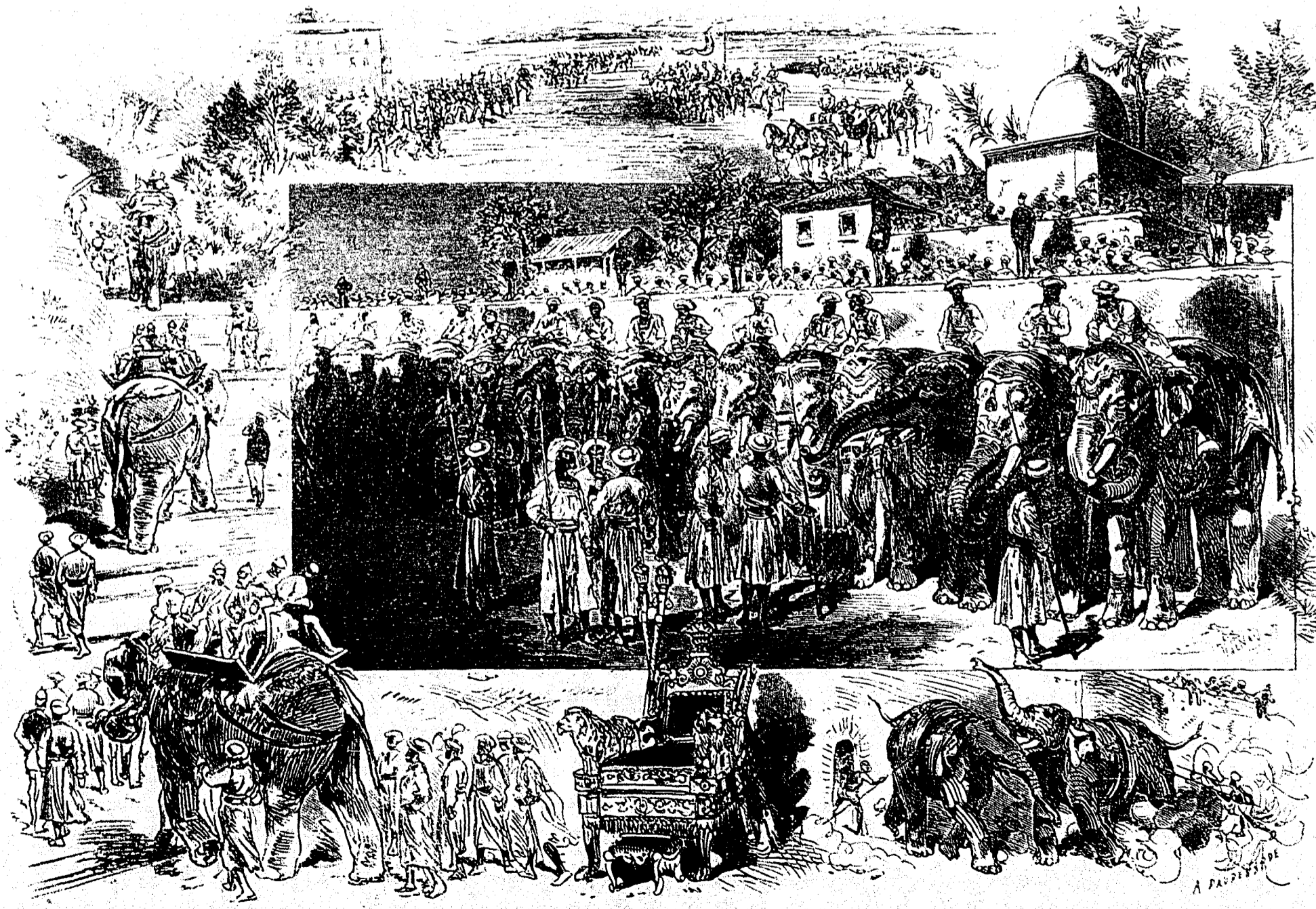
"Go to bed," replied Rossi; "I am putting out my light;" and in a lower tone he added to his antagonist, "This is the only way out of it; blow out the candles."

"What! are we to fight with pistols in the dark!"

"Not quite; we will each smoke a cigarette, and that will serve to guide our aim."

"All right."

And so the famous duel was fought, in which Rossi had the good luck to wound his adversary slightly. * * * Rossi is a man who sleeps as little as human nature can bear. He smokes constantly, and always horrid Tuscan cigars which, as he says, "bear something of his country to his lips." He has only one old servant he has ever been able to retain, his irritable temper and capricious orders putting all others out of temper. This faithful Sancho Panza only succeeds by assuring his master that the hundred orders given in as many minutes are all executed, and Rossi, having forgotten all save the last, is satisfied. Like most geniuses, he fancies he has a greater than his own, and never fails to affirm that, had he to begin life anew, he would be a tenor, and therefore is disposed to entertain his visitors with any amount of bad music, thinking to give them a better entertainment than by reciting any of his wonderful parts.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA: THE ELEPHANTS OF BARODA; THRONE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES; ELEPHANT-FIGHT.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

OLD FACES.

'Tis sweet to dream upon the story
Of the future, and the glory
On its heights of sunny pleasure
Holding riches without measure;
But far sweeter, and far dearer
Is the dream that cometh clearer,
Of your forms, and lives, and graces,
Dear old faces, dear old faces!

Tenderly the visions enter
To my spirit's warmest center;
Bringing in the recollection
Of the things that seem perfection—
Bygone tears, and bygone blisses,
And the presses of young kisses—
Bringing back the primal races
Of companions—dear old faces!

O companions of the morning!
With that sacred light adorning
All your glances, all your features,
Till ye seem half-mystic creatures
Whom a moment we have dwelt with,
In the half-remembered places
Of the springtime—dear old faces!

Ah, could I but give you greeting
Once again, the fervent meeting
Would appease the fond appealing
From remembrance ever stealing!
Oh, could we but meet a daytime
As we used to meet in Maytime,
Life would have regained the graces
That ye gave it, dear old faces!

C. L. CLEVELAND.

Sweetsburg, Quebec.

QUEBEC CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

We republish the following graphic account of this interesting event from the columns of the *Quebec Chronicle*—

Great was the bustle in barber shops, and plentiful the commotion in ladies' dressing-rooms, on the evening of December the 31st, 1875. The cause of the unwonted excitement, this denuding of masculine chins and juvenile cheeks, this sacrifice of hirsute ornaments, this powdering of golden, auburn, or raven locks, and application of old-time patches to fair, round cheeks, and in delicate proximity to cherry red lips—the cause of all the quaint finery of sacque and hoop and farthingale, of old lace and older jewellery, bestrewn boudoirs, and which accounted for the cocked hats, embroidered waistcoats, silk stockings and gem-buckled pumps—was that Colonel and Mrs. Strange were entertaining a large party of guests at the Citadel, by giving a costume ball, which should display before our gaze the fashions of the bygone times—one hundred years passed away—when our ancestry held somewhat precarious rule within our walls, and who on the centennial anniversary of the night in question were repulsing a vigorous and daring invader with shot and shell and steel, and, successfully too, as our presence here, as owners of the soil, can testify. The many and varied features of this splendid reception and ball, which partook of a strictly historic character, render it consequently worthy of more than a passing notice; and make it necessary for the writer to ask those who wish to realize some of the delights of that memorable evening to accompany him from his hotel to the scene of the festivities. Out into the murky foggy moistness of the night, big misty tears dripping from every eave, seemingly mourning over its fast approaching decease; splashing through the watery snow our driver, careless of atmospheric influences, hums a lively air and with many a bound and leap, like a boat in a chopping sea, the carriage is safely steered through the sinuosities of the street and into the hilly road which leads to our destination—the frowning fortress on the summit. Over cahots and ruts we slowly ascend and soon become sensible of something unusual, a pale bright light shining like a halo round and above the grey walls and bastions. As we approach closer and are brought within the massive chain gates, this is explained by the huge lamps and reflectors, like minor suns, pouring out floods of light and doing duty for Mme. Luna, who at the moment is smiling very lugubriously behind the wreaths of fog above. Dashing along at a quickened pace and through the sentried inner gates, we are in the citadel and across the icy waste of the barrack yard. Bright lights can be seen burning at every window of the long row of buildings known as the Officers' Quarters. Hundreds of covered sleighs and carriages are wending their way processionally over the snowy expanse which, with its glared top, looks like some monster bridal cake. After some further plunging and pulling, we are allowed to get out and find ourselves in the presence of a courteous non-commissioned officer, who ushers us into a long corridor, blazing with light and colour. Entrusting our wraps to the charge of a much he-medalled veteran, who is custodian of the cloak-rooms, we seek the centre of attraction the

RECEPTION PARLOUR.

Before arriving there a perfect labyrinth of rooms have to be passed, and each one is so tastefully decorated and cunningly arranged for appropriate effect, the progress is long but in no ways tedious. Being early comers we have ample opportunity of inspecting all the symbolic arrangements and historical relics so profusely scattered on every side; adorning each nook and embellishing every available door and window. Half way between the dressing and receiving rooms is a noble double staircase, the sides of which are draped with Royal standards intermingled with the white and golden lilies of France, our Dominion Ensign, and the stars and

stripes of the neighbouring Republic. On either hand of the broad steps are stands of arms and warlike implements. Here too, facing one, when ascending the steps, is the magnificent trophy designed by Captain Larue of the "B" Battery, who in fact has acted as master decorator of the entire building, a position for which his keen sense of the beautiful and appropriate admirably fitted him. The huge banners fell in graceful folds about the stacks of musketry piled on the right and left above the drums and trumpets; from the centre was a red and black pennant (the American colors of 1775), immediately underneath was the escutcheon of the United States, on which, heavily craped, was hung the hero's sword—the weapon with which one hundred years before this night, Montgomery had beckoned on his men; the blade with which even in his death-fall, he had waved them forward to scale the precipitous crags and storm the garrison within which we are standing. Underneath this kindly tribute to the memory of the dead General were the solemn prayerful initials of the *Requiescat in Pace*. At the foot of the trophy were two sets of old flint muskets and accoutrements piled, and in the centre a brass cannon captured from the Americans in 1775, which bears the lone star and figure of an Indian, the arms of the State of Massachusetts. On either side of this gorgeous historical tableau recalling as it did, so vividly, the troublous times of long ago, telling the lesson so speakingly of the patience and pluck, the sturdy manhood and bravery of a century gone by, were stationed as sentries, two splendid specimens of the human race, stalwart giants considerably over six feet in height, who belonged formerly to the renowned Cent Gardes of Napoleon III., but now in the ranks of B Battery. The stern impassiveness of their faces and the immobility of their figures were quite in keeping with the solemn trust they had to guard. Mounting the scarlet cloth-covered steps, we proceed down the corridor in the direction of a brilliantly lighted chamber at the end of it, and, the names being announced, make our obeisances to Col. Strange and Mrs. Major Montizambert who acted as Hostess in the absence of Mrs. Strange through indisposition. At this spot many charming little embarrassments took place in the presentations from cases of mistaken identity. The fact was that nine out of ten, upon looking up after their bow or courtesy had been made, seemed to be uncertain whether they had not been mistaken. In place of the gallant Colonel with his well known bearded face, was a tall gentleman with heavy moustache and imperial, white *perruque* and *querc*, booted and spurred, dressed in a brilliant scarlet and gold uniform of a commandant of artillery in 1775. The suit was that of Capt. Jones, R.A., who commanded the 3rd company of the 4th battalion at that period. His name has been ignored in local records but not in the history of his regiment where, it is said, he received the highest praise in general orders, and afterwards greatly distinguished himself in the field both in the new and old worlds. It was very hard, unless at a second glance, to recognize the Colonel, and the ladies upon shaking hands would look provokingly puzzled as much as if they were being pleasantly hoaxed. The illusion was made all the greater from the fact that the suite of artillery officers who surrounded their chief were all attired in last century costumes. Major Montizambert, Captains Short and White wore the Royal Artillery uniform of that period, according to Major Duncau's history; Dr. Neilson, Lieut. Shephard, and Mr. D. Ross were attired in the garb of John Coffin's gentlemen volunteers, while several others wore the swords, sashes, hats and coats of their grandfathers, much more showy and elegant than we had any idea of. Taking possession of a quiet coign of vantage, we watched the gorgeous procession as it gradually absorbed all the available space with its rich and fragrant presence. Was it a dream, a pleasant, although ghostly reminiscence of ancestral times, the martial bearing and Grandisonian politesse of the age in which bottle-green and plum-coloured coats, cravats yards in length or satin stocks many inches in height, silk stockings and muchly buckled shoes were the correct thing? The tightly laced bodices, the graceful flowing folds of the sacque, the sharp-pointed long-waisted corsets, the courtly sway of ostrich plumes floating over velvet turbans, the countryfied simplicity of Dolly Vardens, the bewitching glimpses of clocked hosiery, and high heeled-shoes were there too. Can that delicate exquisite, with step so dainty, and manner so Brummelian, be one of ourselves? Is that daintily clad courtier with his lace ruffled breast and wristbands, and on whose white coat glistens the riband and cross of St. Louis a living reality, or is he the glittering shadow of his forefathers? We have hardly decided that knotty question when more puzzled as to our own and other people's identity we watch the ever advancing crowd—ladies who one would swear had partaken of di hes of tea at Mrs. Thrals's, and afterwards diverted themselves at Vauxhall, under the rays of the ten thousand extra lamps; fair women who had read with pleasure an Addisonian essay on social topics in the *Spectator*, or who had cried heartily over the sorrows of Pamela, or laughed at the adventures of Peregrine Pickle or Ferdinand Count Fathom. Nothing could be more agreeably disappointing as bevy after bevy of the sex which is rarest, fairest and best, draped in such attire as their grandmother's wore, passed on, to see that the ancient stiffness of brocade, the quaint angularity of farthingale and hoop did but enhance and display the natural charms of our Quebec belles. What school-

boys would irreverently term Guys, and men of the modern world would call Frights, if they had seen them in the oiled canvass and heavy framings of a family picture gallery, were transformed into fac-similes of the dead and gone beauties whose resplendent charms conquered the fox-hunting, port-drinking, hard-fighting hearts of our grandfathers. Naught was changed save the dress. In lieu of the ludicrous obstruction of the "pull-back," the sweeping trains, self-supporting and not requiring the aid of crinoline, deftly handled by jewelled fingers were carried as gracefully through the intricacies of cotillion and quadrille as ever was hoop skirt through the mysterious evolutions of the minuet or the romping extravagances of Sir Roger de Coverly. We were in complete bewilderment and amaze at the scene before us; at the ebb and flow of fair women and brave men, impelled under the influence of music's voluptuous swell to seek the dancing rooms and whirl harmoniously in the ecstatic dreamy waltz or more prosaically walk in the figures of the square dances. We could not determine whether we were in the *salons* of the Tuilleries, the pump rooms of Scarborough or in the sanctum of that Arbiter of Fashion, Beau Nash, in the Trianon boudoirs of Ninon de L'Enclos or in the exclusive apartments of Almack's aristocratic domain. They who have smiled somewhat superciliously at the fashion of the habiliments of those who have gone before them would have been wonderfully astonished to see how those peculiarities of garments and head-gear suited the charming women whom they decorated, who in return of compliment enhanced the beauty of their attire by the surpassing grace with which they wore them. The corridors, the upper of which ought to have been entitled Beauty's Passage and the lower Flirtation Alley, in spite of the great number of dancers, were perpetually haunted by living, breathing, talking occupants, male and female. A hundred graces, fair as her frolic grace Fitz Fulke, wandered through the arched passages, each one a personification, as well as an ideal of the age that has gone by. With them in lively chat or romantic conversation were men that in bearing and nobleness of mien lacked nothing of the pride, muscle or the sinew of their ancestry. Commingled in the throng were voices babbling wittiest *badinage* in choicest French, and ringing out scorous fun or whispering softest nonsense in simplest Saxon. The illusion was complete and the *entourage* only added to it. Hither and thither with the clash and *cliquetis* of swords and spears, and clang of arms, went the officers; now speeding in the vertiginous round of the galop, or again moving in the undulating sway of the mazourka. As an actual representation of what might have happened if General Carleton had given a ball to the citizens he had preserved from invasion on this December night, there could hardly have been any perceptible difference if the swallow tail element had been eliminated. Everything was redolent of long ago, the brocades and stiffened satins, the odours of lavender and musk, the strangely flowered silks and plumed turbans, the antique gems flashing as brightly as ever from their old fashioned settings, the *poudre coiffures*, the rare lace stomachers and delicately worked brodequins, the pig tails and queerly cut wigs, each and all contributed to the faithfulness, and the magnificence of the entertainment. The writer is now approaching a subject fraught with pitfalls, and before commencing he must crave the pardon of all those he has omitted to mention, (their name is legion), of all he alludes to, and also regretting that his knowledge of the science of millinery is absolutely nil and therefore his descriptions will be more or less incorrect. It was a very gratifying fact to notice the number of guests in ancient costume, and the excellence of the dresses which they wore. This, considering the short notice given, reflected infinite credit on the taste and energy of their wearers. All sorts of antique stuffs saw light again after years of seclusion. All the brocaded velvets and finery from the wardrobes of our grandmothers appeared to have been ransacked. The greater part of the ladies were in fancy dress, and nearly all wore powdered hair. The effect was magical. It seemed as if our ancestors had come to life again, just to take their places in a memorial dance with their descendants. The costumes were all handsome; but, perhaps the most remarkable was that of a young married lady. Her bodice and over-skirt was an antique black satin, worked in, in various colours, and worn over a white silk petticoat. Her heirloom necklace and earrings, and jewelled stomacher, were particularly admired. The daughter of one of our prominent medical men wore a very handsome brocaded silk and crimson velvet skirt—a dress which common opinion declared most becoming. The wife of a gallant Major had on a splendid yellow flowered silk, as ancient as that officer's name. The wife of a well-known merchant had evidently just arrived from a Court levee of George the Third; while another young lady looked as if she had walked out from Hogarth's picture of *Marriage à la mode*. Another, the daughter of a retired merchant, wore a handsome blue brocade and silk under-skirt. There were some dresses as remarkable for their simplicity as their tastiness. One blonde *petite*, in pure white corded silk and yellow hair, contrasted well with the Cleopatra dignity of the matron whose dark blue velvet costume and courtly head-dress were a theme for universal admiration. A lady who wore a light blue figured silk dress, beautifully adorned with lace in the sacque fashion, and whose sweet face did not require the alluring crescents and devices of patches which she had assumed, was much ad-

mired. It would take pages to describe the excellencies of the various dresses. Save a couple of fantastic costumes of no character whatever, except length of ribbon, the whole was in excellent taste and the period well represented.

Of the gentlemen less may be said, as comparatively few were in fancy dress. The ancient artillery uniform, worn by the officers of B Battery, was very effective and becoming, and their gallant commander looked as if he only needed the occasion to repeat the valiant deeds of that night one hundred years. Different gentlemen wore the court dresses and uniforms of that period. The dresses were not, as a whole, so true to the age as that of the ladies, and a couple of gentlemen, in black, were dressed in a style fully over fifty years after the year commemorated. Taking it as a whole, the scene was one for Quebec to be proud of, and those who affect to think that the old town has lost her ancient prestige for taste and refinement, need only to have been at the citadel on New Year's eve to see that it exists in all its pristine freshness and effect. Dance succeeded dance and the happy hours flew past as in the time when Belgium's capital had gathered there the noblest of our chivalry and the choicest of our dames and demoiselles. The band, now trained to almost mechanical perfection, was, for the convenience of the terpsichoreans, divided into two parties, one playing on the upper story and the other occupying the hall on the ground floor on which are situated the apartments of His Excellency the Governor-General. By this means the sweet melodies of Gungl, Strauss, Offenbach and Gounod were wafted through the entire building, and whether one was taking a quiet hand at a whist rubber, chatting in the parlor, or refreshing themselves at the supper room, there followed the sounds of dance-enticing harmony. Euterpe was queen regnant until the hands of the clocks had verged on the midnight hour which should add still another year to our earthly existence. About that time there were mysterious signs and evidences that something unusual was going to happen. There was a hurrying to and fro of the *cognoscenti* to their respective places, but so noiselessly and carefully were the preparations made that the gay throng who perpetually circulated through the rooms took little heed, when all of a sudden the clear clarion notes of a trumpet sounding the assembly thrilled the hearts of all present. A panel in the wainscoting of the lower dancing room opened as if by magic and out stepped a jaunty little trumpeter with the slashed and decorated jacket and busby of an hussar. The blast he blew rang in tingling echoes far and wide, and, a second later, the weird piping and drumming in a music now strange to us, was heard in a remote part of the Barracks. Nearer and clearer every moment came the sharp shrill notes of the fifes and the quick detonation of the drum stick taps. Eyes met eyes, with somewhat of that look which had been interchanged on the eve of Waterloo at the Duchess of Richmond's Ball, between those gallants who were perhaps going out to their death, and those fair women who had to wait through bitter hours of suspense the announcement of England's victory, purchased perhaps at the price of their husband's love or lover's devotion. A silence grew over the bright *cortège*, the notes of the band died into the nothingness of quiet, the company clustered in picturesque groups around the stairs where was placed the thin steel blade, whose hilt, one century gone by, was warmed by the bounding, blood-filled pulse of Montgomery. The rattle of the drums came closer and closer, two folding doors opened suddenly, and through them stalked in grim solemnity the "Phantom Guard" led by the intrepid Serjeant Hugh McQuarters. Neither regarding the festive decorations, the bright faces, the sparkling eyes, or the dazzling uniforms around them, the guard passed through the assemblage as if they were not; on through salon and passages; past ball room and conversation parlour, they glided with measured step and halted in front of the Montgomery trophy and paid military honors to the memento of a hero's valiant—if unsuccessful act. Upon their taking close order, the Bombardier, Mr. Dunn, who impersonated the dead Serjeant, and actually wore the sword and blood and brain bespattered belt of a man who was killed in action in 1775, addressed Colonel Strange, who stood at the bottom of the staircase already mentioned, surrounded by all that was most attractive of Quebec society. The Serjeant carrying in his hand a lintstook and lighted fuzee, was the live picture of a man prompt to prime and fire his gun against the enemy. The lines, which are his own composition, were as follows:—

Commandant! we rise from our grave to-night,
On the Centennial of the glorious fight.
At midnight, just one hundred years ago,
We soldiers fought and beat the daring foe;
And kept our dear old flag aloft, unfurled,
Against the Armies of the Western world.
Altho' our bodies now should be decayed,
At this, our visit, be not sore dismayed;
Glad are we to see our Fortress still defended,
By Canadians, French and British blended,
But Colonel, now I'll tell you, why we've risen,
From out the bosom of the earth's cold prison—
We ask of you to pay us one tribute;
By firing from these heights, one last salute."

The grave sonorous words of the martial request were hardly uttered ere through the stygian darkness of the night, the great cannon boomed out a soldier's welcome and a brave man's requiem, causing women's hearts to throb, and men's to exult at the warlike sound. While the whole air was trembling with the sullen reverberation and the sky was shamed out of its gloominess by port-fires, rockets and Roman candles, Colonel

Strange responded to his ghostly visitant in the following original composition:

"Tis Hugh McQuarters, and his comrades brave,
To-night have risen from their glorious graves—
To you we owe our standard still unfurled,
Yet faints doth defiance to the world."

God grant in dangers we prove as true,
In duty's path, as nobly brave as you.
This night we pass in revel, dance, and song,
The weary hours you watched so well and long.
Mid storm and tempest met the battle shock,
Beneath the shadow of the brooding rock;
When fœmen found their winding sheet of snow,
Where broad St. Lawrence wintry waters flow.

Yet once again these echoes shall awake,
In thunders, for our ancient comrades' sake;
The midnight clouds by battle bolts be riven,
Response like Frontenac's may yet be given.
If fœmen's foot our sacred soil shall tread,
We seek not history's bloody page to read,
For us no beautiful words aggressive burn,
Forgotten, few, but undismayed we stand.
The guardians of this young Canadian land,
Oh, blessed peace! thy gentle pinions spread,
Until all our battle flags be furled
In the poet's celebration of the world.

For us will dawn no new centennial day—
Our very memories will have passed away,
Our beating hearts be still, our bodies dust;
Our joys and sorrows o'er our swords but rust.
Your gallant deeds will live in history's page,
In legends, stories, told to youth by age;
But sacred writ still warns us yet again,
How soldier's science and his valour's vain.
Unless the Lord of Hosts the City keep,
The mighty trouble and the watchmen sleep,
Return grim soldiers to your silent home,
Where we, when duty's done will also come."

It will not be easy for those fortunate enough to have witnessed the impressive and natural way in which this *opus de theatre* was arranged to ever forget it. Taken either as a *tableau vivant* of a possible historic event, or as an example of truthful spirited eloquence, on both sides it was a perfect success. This striking portion of the entertainment concluded, the guests after visiting the supper rooms, resumed their promenading and dancing, and the most charming episode in our social life, which has occurred for very many years, came to a very happy termination at 11 a. m., every one on departing giving Colonel Strange, who was the progenitor of this remarkable *piece*, their most sincere and hearty thanks for his urbanity and welcome. Lest any of those gentlemen who contributed to the perfection of the arrangements which so materially conduced to the pleasure and comfort of the guests should think they are forgotten, we may state that Captain Lamson provided the flint muskets and last century accoutrements for the trophy. The brass gun which was so conspicuous in the same arrangement was lent by Mr. Tapp, whose ancestors had transmitted it to him as a heir-loom. The sword of Montgomery, as we have before told our readers, is the property of Mr. Thompson Harrower of the Treasury Department. Mr. Gregory of the Marine Department gave valuable assistance in the illuminations, aided by Sergeant Donaldson. Captain LaRue, assisted by Sergeant Major Lynden and men of the B Battery, put up all the decorations and superintended the wanderings of the Phantom Guard. Hardly had the midnight salute died away from the Citadel heights when a second brilliant pyrotechnic light was observable, which upon enquiry proved to be from the housetop of Captain C. E. Howell. Many splendid rockets and other descriptions of fireworks were discharged and the heavens which had got clearer were illuminated with the ruby and emerald showers from these peaceful projectiles. It has been very correctly mooted and general approbation, and certainly coincided in us, that if it could be arranged that the costly and magnificent dresses which saw the light on Friday last could be utilized by their fair and gallant wearers at another ball to be held in the Music Hall and to which their friends could be admitted by ticket to the gallery to view the exquisite taste and gracefulness of 1775 dress and costume, a great deal of good might be done. What ladies and gentlemen require at a costume ball is dancing, space and fair opportunity of displaying that which has cost so much thought, manual labor and expense. Would it not be possible for some of our energetic bachelors to get something of the sort at a reasonable rate, be economical in their refreshments and give the proceeds to the poor? No one would be the worse off and many would be benefited. On New Year's Day the whole of B Battery turned out in light marching order, with a field battery of four guns garlanded with peaceful looking wreaths of flowers and foliage. They proceeded to Diamond Harbor where Montgomery fell and fired a gun in *memoria mori*. A further salute would have been given, but the reverberation shifted some snow and shale, and it was deemed advisable not to fire again. On returning to Durham Terrace a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. In connection with the movements of the battery it may be said that the non-commissioned officers gave a sumptuous supper at half-past twelve on Friday night to their citizen friends and a very happy time was passed. Never was New Year more happily inaugurated than this of 1876, and we tender our congratulations to the gallant commandant of our garrison, Colonel Bland Strange and his amiable spouse, on the perfect success of the Montgomery commemoration. The house in Lewis street wherein the warrior was laid out previous to burial was very prettily decorated by day and illuminated by night.

MR. BAILEY'S COURTSHIP.

The case of Bailey vs. Bailey came up in the Superior Court at Norwich, Ct., and was finally settled. Mr. Bailey's evidence as to his courtship was as follows:—

She came to my house visiting. She stayed all night. My daughter left us in the room together. She says to me, "Is your daughter about to be married?" "Perhaps so," says I. "What'll you do for a housekeeper?" says she; "you'll want one, won't you?" "Where can I get one?" says I. "I'll be your housekeeper," says she, "if you'll have me." "Have you?" says I; "marry you?" "Yes," says she. "When?" says I. "Right off," says she; "now or never." "Hadin't we better wait four or five weeks?" says I. "No," says she; "I always meant to be married before folks knew it, and if you'll marry me before I go home, all right." "I looked at her," said Mr. Bailey. "She was a rugged-looking girl; looked strong and handy like. She stayed that night, and asked in the morning if I had made up my mind. I finally told her we would go to the minister's and get married, and accordingly we went to the parson and got married. But my mind was full of forebodings all the way."

After this account of his courtship Mr. Bailey proceeded to give his matrimonial experiences. The following was the moral which was drawn from these cases:—

The moral of this case is plainly to be seen. That William should have thought when he courted Josephine: When a widower of fifty wants a girl both young and gay He must take care that his courtship lasts longer than a day.

By an arrangement between the parties Mr. Bailey withdrew his petition and made no defence to the wife taking the decree of divorce.

THE BLUE ROOM:

THE LAIRD'S STORY.

BY D. LANG.

There had been a quiet wine party in my room, and most of the men had gone. A few remained, smoking by the fire-light, rather silently and thoughtfully, for it was late in their University time, examinations were casting their shadows before, and they had, as men always do on Sunday evening, discussed the main questions of metaphysics and religion. The subjects of ghosts came up, of course; it always does on Sunday evening. I think they strayed into it out of the immortality of the Soul. We all knew some one who had seen a ghost, and some of us had even heard one ourselves in old houses in the country. One remembered an inexplicable knocking that always occurred at four o'clock in the morning, and how he had become used to it, and had awakened once, saying sleepily, "Come in," and then reflected that it was "only that fool of a ghost." Another had heard how a frightful head appeared reflected in the bright silver cover of a dish, thereby adding a new horror to the duty of carving. On the whole the best authenticated tales seemed to be those which represented some scene of terror constantly recurring in the rooms it had once defiled. "Who knows?" some metaphysician guessed. "Time and space are only relative after all. A man looking down from Jupiter would see Pharaoh building the pyramids, for light must take some thousand years to get from Jupiter to us. Then there may be states of nerves, and ganglions, and so on, in which our ordinary limitations of space and time are weakened, or widened; and we become impressed by the most impressive facts that have occurred in the room where we find ourselves. That would account for the sound of shrieks and of tearing up of paper in the closet where the horrible woman in the story tortured the child to death for making blots in her exercises. You know that blotted copy-books were found in a locked cupboard in that house many years after. Or, to take an instance in my own experience. The wife of a man in the Indian Civil Service was travelling with her husband in the hills. One night she had dreams and visions beyond ordinary nightmares. She did not learn till long afterwards that among their servants was a Hindu who had to point out the place where certain murdered Europeans had been buried. In the morning he found that the party had camped in the dusk over the very spot of the murder. Then why is the house in Sloane street haunted? Cagliostro lodged there, and another living medium, and the atmosphere somehow has become favourable to the laxness of nervous force, in which we see the past or perhaps the future." "I wish you would explain your explanation," some sceptic replied. "You talk about nerves like a vague Herbert Spencer, and you borrow your facts from Mr. Dale Owen. I've known two people who behaved sensibly in spectral matters. One was the Marquis of Gairy Owen. When he heard that the ghostly drummer, who always plays before the death of the head of the Gairy Owens, had been going about the house, what did he do? He insured his life heavily. That was twenty years ago; it was a capital thing for the insurance company. The other was young Adams of the Cleugh. His family had an old Venice glass, and the luck was to leave the house when it was broken. They kept it in an iron safe—somebody's patent. Adams was showing it to the present Mrs. Adams one day, there was one one else in the room, and she had the luck to break it. What did he do? He said nothing, collected the pieces, and got Salvatori to make an imitation. The old people keep this specimen of Murano ware in the safe religiously, and no harm happened to any body."

I was sorry he said this, for if you begin to talk about glass, you get into ceramics at

large, Nankin, Worcester, Chelsea, and you work round to Mr. Whistler's paintings, the Japanese school of art, and so on. So it was a relief when Jardine woke up in the easiest arm-chair, and seemed interested. He was a large Borderer, who had been a fast and was now a very quiet man. His character had completely changed after the Easter vacation. All the Lent Term had been a particularly hard and disagreeable one for men like him. The floods had covered the face of the earth, till people thought of reording the depth of the water, and of their boredom, no less durable material than bricks, to be deciphered by some George Smith of the future.

Hunting was impossible; the eight could only have been properly coached out of a balloon. The result was whist after luncheon, and whist led to loo, and loo, I am sorry to say, yielded to the fascinating sport of buccarat. The result was that a good deal of paper, and a general feeling of discomfort, was prevalent in college, and when the vacation came, Jardine went down, as it was supposed, a very heavy loser. In summer, he came up late, with a hamper of books, and a streak of grey in his brown hair. He gave up play, and took to reading, and seemed, like Grethir, in the old Saga, after the battle with the Vampire, to be unhappy when he was alone. This is a feeling so very common among undergraduates that no one noticed it particularly, and these that did observe a change in Jardine were the last to be likely to ask for an explanation. Now, I felt that one was coming, that the Laird, as he was called, had that influence on him, that makes a man speak and relieve his soul.

"It's all very well to chaff," he said, "but there are more things on earth than can be accounted for in your philosophy, you unbeliever. As for Jones, with his ganglions, and time, and space, he could account for anything; much good may it do him in the schools. I speak of what I have seen. You remember when I went down last Easter? I was twenty-one, and not in a very happy state of mind for the festivities at my majority. But I explained the whole affair of my losses to the chief; it was soon over, and the rejoicings and the roasted ox, and the beacons, and a happy tenantry, and the rest of it went on, as the Mort D'Arthur says, 'in the most orgulous manner it could be done.' When all the toasts had been drunk and the reels worked through, the chief came to me with a serious face. He said, I must do what the heir always has to do in our house on the night of his majority—sleep in the Red Lord's room. Now, we are a superstitious clan in Galadale, and I had heard, of course, something vaguely about the Red Earl, but nothing to remember clearly. Every child about the place knew of the ghost of the Spanish girl in the tapestried passage, and how the last of the family wizards was burned with his wife on the Warlock's Lean, and how he foretold the passing of the peerage from the family. That happened in the Forty-Five; but about the Red Earl there was only a 'sough,' as we say."

Now, the castle is an old Scotch chateau, with nothing remarkable about it but its grey weather-beaten look, and this, that there is a window facing the north, with no corresponding room. When we were children, and played at hide-and-seek, we found that out, and looked for the door often enough, for there we would have been safely hidden. It was to that door the Chief took me that night. Heaven forbid I should enter it again till the hour I take my first-birth there.

"I was left in a room with deep walls, hung with a faded blue tapestry, wrought with figures in a darker dull blue. The bed was as old and rickety looking as Queen Mary's in Holyrood, but the sheets, of course, were white and glistening, and there was a bright fire of wood burning. The furniture was older and simpler than that of the rest of the house. In the midst of the room was a small round table, whereon stood a wine-glass, covered with cobwebs; a plate, on which lay what must once have been food, and a dice-box with a cast of dice—the cast was deuces. The whole looked as if it had been untouched for generations, and the dust lay thick on two great chairs, one drawn up to the table, the other fallen on its side.

"I stirred the fire and made it blaze, and pondered over the ember, till I nearly fell asleep. It was about three in the morning; in two hours it would be dawn. The whiskey, the claret, the speeches had their way, I yielded to sleep, and went to bed.

"I do not know how long I may have lain, when I awakened with the sound of a horrible oath ringing in my ear.

"A chair fell, there was a scuffle of dragging feet, the door was shut heavily, I heard the sound of a weighty body falling outside. After one moment of paralyzing fear, in which all my life seemed to retreat to the centre of its being, I sprang with a blind, involuntary impulse to the fire. One or two wild blows made the flames leap up. Was I alone in the room? No; in the chair drawn to the table one was sitting with his head fallen on his hands, and his face mercifully hidden. There was dust on the hat and trailing feather, white dust on the long brown curls, rust on all the steel of sword and breast-plate. I needed not to raise the face, I knew it was that of one centuries dead.

"There was silence, and I heard no voice. The hours went by, till the dawn. The light broke grey through the narrow panes, the figures stirred on the tapestry. I opened the casement, and the morning air came in, the scent of pines, the drowsy notes of birds. The ordeal was over,

and when the grey light turned to red upon the wall, I crossed the threshold that I shall never cross again.

"The tale I heard that morning was brief enough. Earl Randal had been with Charles Stuart at the Hague, and, strangely, the King did not forget him when he came to his own. But the subject and the monarch's friendship was broken by no light feud, and Lord Randal went down to make the name of the Red Earl hated on the Border. If a Westland Whig was tormented, if a girl disappeared, if a tower was burned, he got the credit of the exploit. But these amusements palled on his active mind, and he passed his nights playing high with the French lords who came to the Duke of York's court at Holyrood. One morning the Duc de Jouy was found senseless in a passage of our chateau. This was not so strange as that red Lord Randal was found never more on earth. And the Frenchman swore that he had lost all to him the night before, down to a stake I will not name, and then, invoking ruin on his soul, had passed from his sight, in a manner that found credit with the lairds.

"Certainly there is nobody, no 'handful even of white dust' in the laden coffin in the vault, where Lord Randal should be sleeping with his fathers and his children.

"That is my simple tale, and now let Jones explain it out of Herbert Spencer, or by a judicious mixture of John Stuart Mill and Kant. You will see that the point is rather the converse of most ghost stories. It was not the flood spirit of a body certainly mouldering somewhere that I saw, but the lost body of a lost soul."

Mr. Jones's system could not solve this case, and every one retired in fear and trembling to grope his way up his darkling staircase, where the decree of an economical Bursar had long ago caused the lights to be extinguished.

RECIPTS.

BAKED INDIAN PUMPKING.—Scald a quart of milk, and while boiling thicken it with a pint of cornmeal, remove from the fire, thin with cold milk to the consistency of batter, add two well-beaten eggs, a cup of raisins, sugar to taste, a little salt, cinnamon or nutmeg, and bake two or three hours in a moderate oven.

BREAKFAST MUFFINS.—A dainty substitute for bread and tea: Two eggs well beaten, one cupful of sugar, and a lump of butter the size of an egg; to this add one pint of milk, with one teaspoonful of soda, one quart of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Bake in muffin rings on top of the range, or in gem pans in a quick oven.

POTATOES are adapted to be eaten with lean meat—the starchy potatoes furnish the fattening and heating elements which lean meat lacks, while the lean meat supplies the bone and muscle-making elements not afforded by potatoes or fine flour bread. Fat meats afford heating and fattening elements, like potatoes, but in a form less easily digested by most persons.

HUMOROUS.

A New Hampshire man sends fourteen of his children to one school, and when they combine against the teacher he knows he can safely bet on the result.

MRS. SMITHSON, of Fulton, is old-fashioned, and calls rather "mother" and "mother," but you eat a piece of her mince-pie once and you'll never stick up your nose at her again.

INFANCY appeals to the better feelings of all of us, and we do not suppose that any young man ever took a neighbor's baby on his lap and dropped it suddenly without good cause.

The man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has been trying to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

P. T. BARNUM has resolved to be a travelling showman no longer, but when it was announced that New Haven had a two-legged horse, his wife had to hate his hat.

AN Aberdeen man, on being told by a generous Highlander that he would give him barrel of ale, asked him if he could bring it to his house. "Certainly," replied the farmer, "with pleasure." "Well," said the grateful recipient, "what will you pay me for the barrel when the ale is gone?"

OLD Lord Alphinstone was asleep at church, while the minister, a very pious preacher, was holding forth. At length the parson stopped, and cried, "Waukin, my Lord Alphinstone." A grunt, and then, "I'm no sleepin' minister." "But ye are sleepin'." I wager ye dinna ken what I said last." "Ye said, 'Waukin, my Lord Alphinstone.'" "Ay, ay; but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that." "I wager ye dinna ken yourself."

CHAPTER I.—It was New Year's morning. He had been thinking deeply for a day or two, and there was a Spartan look on his face as he sat down to breakfast. He was unusually quiet, though he said he never felt better in his life.

CHAPTER II.—Rising from the table he drew forth his tobacco box and said to his wife: "Hannah, I'm going to quit the weed."

"No!" "Yes, I am. I've been a slave to the disgusting habit for forty years; but now I'm done with it! Come here, Hannah."

She followed him at the door, and he flung the box far out into the back yard.

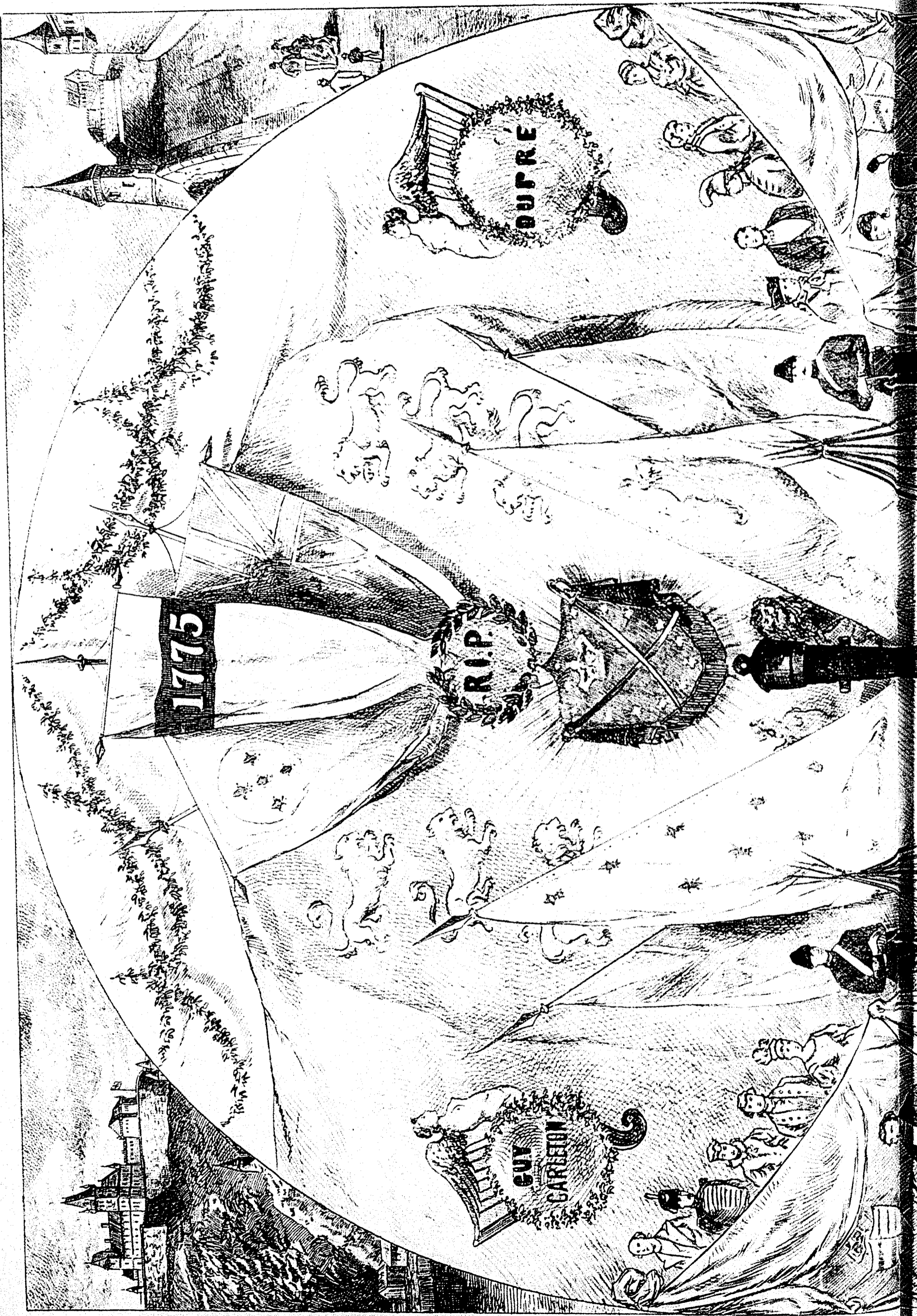
CHAPTER III.—Four days had passed. Dried pumpkin, cloves, spices, gum, and dried beef had been chewed in place of the accustomed quid. The family cat had been kicked out of doors; the dog had fled; the hired girl's nose was up; every peddler in town came to the door.

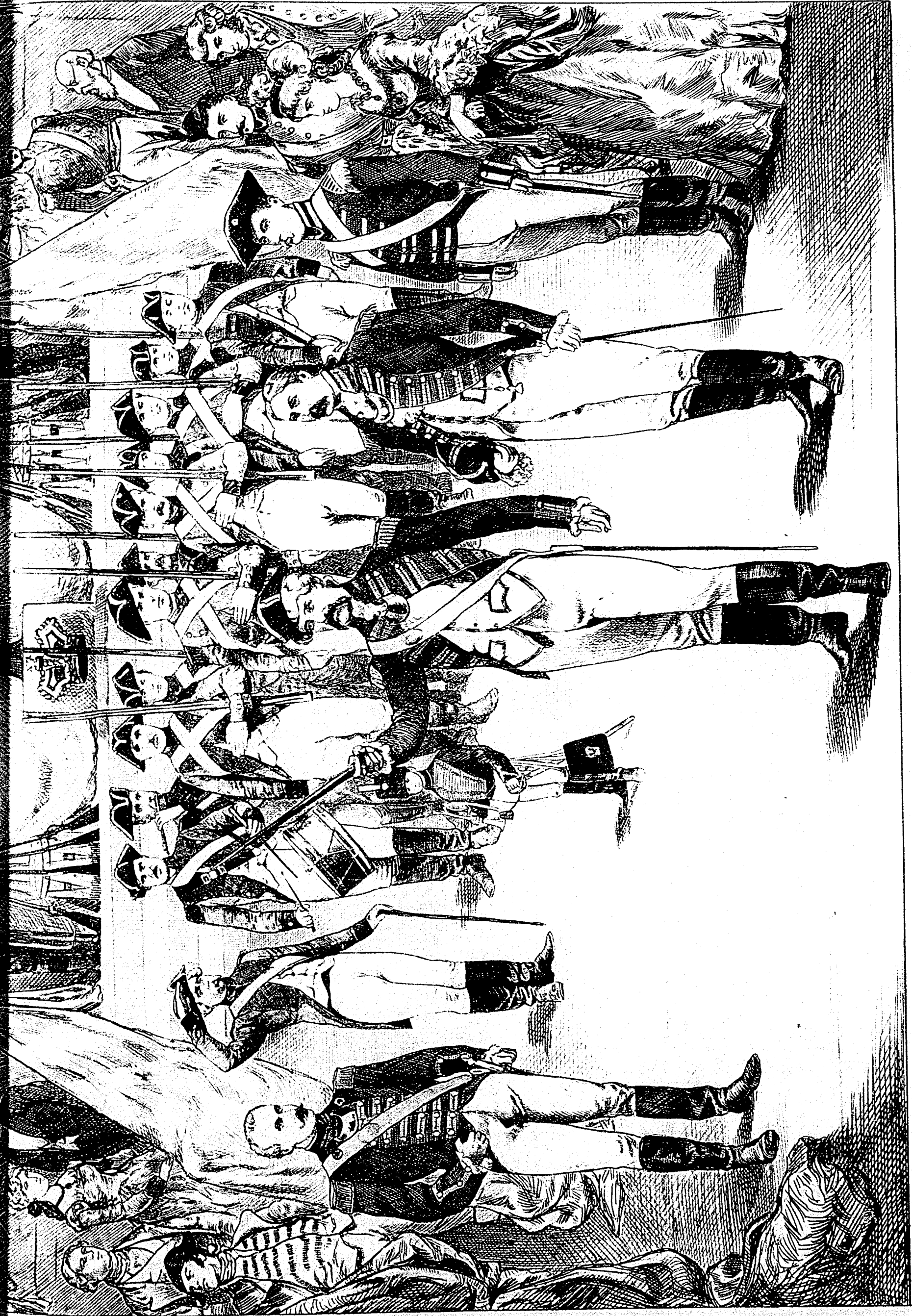
"But you will stick to your resolution, won't you?" asked the wife.

"I will or die!" he replied.

CHAPTER LAST.—'Twas dark. Man sneaked around the house—on his knees on the grass—pawed around—fingers clutched an object—lid flew open—moved his right hand to his mouth— "Yum! yum! But what a fool I was!"

MORAL.—Don't chew.





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 29TH JANUARY, 1876.

THE QUEBEC CENTENNIAL

FANCY BALL AT THE CITADEL: THE PHANTOM GUARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY COL. STRANGE.

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS:

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK I.

THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

XIII.

A SUCCESSFUL MISSION.

At ten o'clock, on the morning of the 8th November, the day after his arrival, Roderick Hardinge presented himself at the residence of the Commandant of Three Rivers. It was the hour agreed upon between them for a conference, which circumstance did not prevent the Commandant from manifesting some surprise on seeing the young officer.

"You surely are not ready to start for Quebec already?" he asked.

"If possible, sir, I should very much like to do so. My horse is not as fresh as he was yesterday, and he will delay me longer, and besides I think my presence will be required in Quebec before midnight."

"Very well. Time is pressing, I know. I have jotted down a few lines giving Lieutenant-Governor Cramahé all the information in my possession. Here is the letter. But you have doubtless wandered about the town a little this morning, and thus learned many details which have escaped me."

"I have heard much more than I am willing to believe," said Hardinge, with a laugh.

"Tell me briefly what you have heard, and I will correct or confirm it."

"I have heard that Montreal has fallen."

"Not yet. Montgomery is still on the plateau between St. Johns, which he captured about a week ago, and Montreal, which is his next point of attack. But there are two obstacles which retard him. The first of these is the skirmishing of the British troops on his flank, and the second, the discontent among his own soldiers. Many men from Vermont and New York have returned home. Montreal is, however, really defenceless, and cannot hold out more than a few days, especially as Montgomery is anxious to get there in order to house and clothe his naked, suffering men. What else have you heard?"

"That the French of Montreal are secretly working for the enemy."

"It is false. Those who told you so are treacherous friends, and we have several here in Three Rivers. Next?"

"That the Indians under La Corne have dug up the hatchet which they buried in Recollets church one month ago, and declared against us."

"That would be terrible news if true, but it is not true. My last courier from the west, who arrived not an hour ago, has particular information from the Indians about Montreal. They still maintain the neutrality pledged in Recollets church. I admit, however, that it would not take much to turn them into foes, and I know that Montgomery has already his emissaries among them. But LaCorne is a true Frenchman, and so long as our own people retain their allegiance, he will maintain his."

After a pause, Hardinge said:

"I have heard, sir, in addition, that Colonel McLean, at the head of his Highlanders, has not been able to form a junction with Governor Carleton, at Longueuil, so as to intercept Montgomery between St. Johns and Montreal."

"It is true."

"That, owing to the defeat of Governor Carleton at Longueuil by a Vermont detachment, and the spread of Continental troops through the Richelieu peninsula, Colonel McLean was forced to fall back precipitately to Sorel."

"That is unfortunately too true. Do you know more?"

"That is all."

"Then, I will tell you more. McLean will have to retreat from Sorel. My *coureurs des bois* and Indian messengers have been arriving in succession all last night and this morning. They inform me that while Montgomery is marching on Montreal, a considerable body, under one of his best officers, is moving towards Sorel, with a view of occupying it, and thus commanding the river. McLean is in no condition to withstand this attack. What will hasten his retreat is the news he has by this time received from Quebec. Last night, so soon as I had read the despatches which you brought me, I sent him one of my fleetest messengers with the intelligence. The messenger must have reached Sorel early this morning. The special messenger to Governor Carleton, with the same news, will arrive in Montreal about noon today."

During the whole of this conversation, Hardinge's face had been grave and almost downcast. But at the last words of his interlocutor, it suddenly flushed with an expression of enthusiasm.

"If Colonel McLean and Governor Carleton know exactly how we stand at Quebec, I am content," he exclaimed.

"Then you may be content. I have stated all this briefly to Lieutenant-Governor Cramahé, but you may repeat it to him with emphasis."

"I will not fail."

And after a few parting words, he respectfully took his leave.

When he had cleared the streets of Three Rivers, and was alone upon the road, he could not restrain a long, loud whoop of exultation.

"The game is up," he cried. "The war is in full blaze. In twenty-four hours, my name has gone from one end of the province to the other. My mission has indeed succeeded. How proud little Pauline will be of her cavalier!"

With such thoughts uppermost in his mind, he forgot his bodily fatigue, and rode back to Quebec with more eagerness than he had gone from it.

XIV.

CROSSING THE BOATS.

Notwithstanding the late hour at which he arrived in Quebec—it was considerably after midnight—Hardinge repaired directly to the Chateau St. Louis. There was no bustle in the Castle, but his eye noticed signs of unusual vigilance. The guard about the entry was a double one, and many of the lower windows were lighted. It was evident also that his coming was expected, for, immediately on his dismounting, his horse was taken charge of by a soldier, and he was at once ushered into the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor. Cramahé was in the Council chamber, and several members of the Council were seated around the central table on which was spread a number of papers.

"Welcome back, Lieutenant," said the Governor, with a weary smile and extending both his hands.

Hardinge bowed and at once delivered his despatches. Cramahé having rapidly glanced over them, handed them to his colleagues, then turning to the young officer, said:

"It is clear that the storm which has been gathering over this province must break upon Quebec. This is the old city of destiny. And we shall accept our destiny, Lieutenant," said the Governor, rising from the table, and advancing towards Roderick. "We have not been idle during your absence. Much can be done in a day and a half and we have done it. We have done so much that we can await the arrival of Arnold with some assurance. I see, however, from the despatches you bring me, that Colonel McLean is in some danger at Sorel. I had calculated on his arrival and that of Governor Carleton who knows our exact position by this time. Should they could come to harm, it will go hard with us, but we will do our best all the same."

Hardinge replied that he was exceedingly glad to hear this, because the people of the upper country through which he had ridden looked to Quebec for the ultimate salvation of the province. It was pretty well understood that the rest of the country was lost.

"Your despatches make that painfully clear," replied the Governor, "and increase our responsibility. I rely upon you particularly, Lieutenant. I appreciate so much all that you have done, that I look to you for something more. This is our last day, remember."

"Our last day?"

"Yes, Arnold will be at Point Levis to-morrow."

Hardinge could not help smiling.

"You may well smile. Your prediction was correct. I saw Donald last night. He had been hovering around the enemy all day and informed me that by direct and forced marches they would surely be at Levis to-morrow. This being the case, I have a duty for you to perform. But first you must take some rest."

"I will be ready for orders at daylight, Your Excellency."

"Ten o'clock will be quite early enough. If we worked during the dark we should excite too much curiosity. The city is really ignorant of what is impending, though there are many rumors. The excitement of yesterday has entirely subsided, and it would be very unwise to renew it. At ten o'clock, therefore, you will quietly cross to the other side of the river, with two or three of your men, and under pretence of wanting them for some service or other—I leave you to imagine a plausible pretext—you will cause every species of embarkation, canoe, skiff, flat-boat or punt, to be taken over to this side. Not a floating plank must be left at Levis. If Arnold wants to get over, he will have to hew his boats out of the trees of the forest. Donald will be there to assist you and may possibly be in possession of fresh news."

Roderick thanked His Excellency for entrusting to him this task which he regarded as the crowning act of the services which he had been rendering the cause of his country in the past two days. After giving expression to his obligation, he added:

"The removal of the boats, sir, will give us

three or four days of respite, for I suppose Donald repeated to you that Arnold has no artillery and must procure boats if he really intends to attack the city. In the interval, we may look for Colonel McLean and Governor Carleton."

The Lieutenant Governor nodded assent and ordering the subaltern to report to him when his work was done, he dismissed him to his quarters.

When the appointed hour came, Hardinge set about his business which he conducted very quietly and judiciously. In those days every body living on or near the river owned a boat which was almost the only conveyance whereby to reach the markets of Quebec. And the inhabitants had learned from the Indians how to use their craft with skill, so that women were as expert at the oars as men. Those who resided on the banks of the St. Lawrence usually kept their boats chained near a little house on the water's edge, where the women did their washing. The practice is maintained to this day along many parts of the river which are distant from large cities and where there are no ferries. Those who lived a short distance in the interior were in the habit of drawing their boats a little way into the woods, after they had used them, and leaving them there in some marked spot till they were required again. It thus happened that, at the time of which we write, there were perhaps no less than a thousand boats within a radius of three miles up and down from Quebec and on both sides of the St. Lawrence. Directly opposite the city there were probably about a hundred, not belonging only to Point Levis, for that was then an insignificant village, but mostly to farmers of the neighboring parishes. The number was important if Arnold had been able to lay hold of the craft, but it gave Hardinge little or no difficulty to dispose of. Some thirty or forty of them that were leaky, or otherwise disabled, he quietly broke up, sending the fragments afloat down the river. The remainder he despatched over to the other side, at intervals and from different points, with the aid of a dozen men whom he had joined to his party. Operating thus from ten in the forenoon till five in the afternoon, he succeeded in clearing the south shore of all its boats, without exciting undue attention in the city.

He himself came over with the last canoe, about twenty minutes after the sun had gone down and just as the twilight was creeping over the waters. As he neared the landing he distinguished a female figure walking very slowly along the bank. He could not be mistaken. It was she. A few vigorous strokes of the paddle having brought the boat to its destination, he leaped ashore and approached.

Yes, it was Pauline.

XV.

THE MEETING OF THE LOVERS.

Swift as the lightning's flash are the instincts of love. Before a word had been spoken and without being able to read her face in the dusk, Roderick felt in his heart that Pauline's presence there was an omen of ill. But, like a true man, he smothered the suspicion and spoke out bravely.

"Why, Pauline, what an agreeable surprise. How did you know that I had returned? I should have sent you word this morning, but I was so occupied that it was impossible.... You probably heard it from others.... But I am so glad to see you.... How is your father?.... And you, darling, I hope you are well...."

To these words of the young officer, broken by breathing spaces so as to admit of replies, not an answer was returned. But when he had finished, all that Pauline did was to stretch out her arms and lay her two ungloved hands in the hands of Hardinge, while her face looked imploringly into his and she murmured:

"O, Roddy, Roddy!"

They were then standing alone near the water, the two companions of Roderick having ascended to the city. Gently and silently, he drew the yielding form toward him until he could scan her features and learn in those eyes, which he knew so well, the secret of her sorrow. But the light of the eyes was totally quenched in tears, and the usually mobile face was veiled by a blank expression of misery. Hardinge was thunderstruck. All sorts of wild conjectures leaped through his brain.

"Speak to me, Pauline, and tell me what this means," he said imploringly. "Has anything befallen you? Has any one injured you? Or am I the cause of this grief?"

Still holding her extended hands clasped in his, and casting her eyes upon the ground, she replied:

"O, Roddy, you cannot tell, and you will never know how wretched I am, but it is some comfort that I can speak to you, at least once more."

"At least once more!" These words quivered through him, chilling him from head to foot.

"Pauline, I entreat you, explain the meaning of all this," he exclaimed.

"It means, Roddy, that I who have never disobeyed my father in my life, have had the weakness to disobey him this evening. I did not mean to do it. I did it unconsciously."

"Disobeyed your father?"

"Yes, in seeing you again."

"Surely, you do not mean—!"

"Alas! dearest, I mean that my father has forbidden me ever to meet you."

Roderick was so astonished that he staggered, and the power of utterance for a moment was denied him. At last he whispered falteringly:

"Really, there must be some mistake, Pauline."

She shook her head, and looking up at him with a sad smile, replied:

"Ah! I also thought it was a mistake, but, Roddy, it is only too true. These two days I have brooded over it, and these two nights. To day, hearing that you had returned, I could endure the burden no longer. I thought of writing to you, but I had not the heart to put the terrible injunction on paper. I have wandered the whole afternoon in the hope of meeting you. I walked as in a dream, feeling indeed that I was doing wrong, but with this faint excuse for my disobedience, that by telling you of it myself, I would spare you the terrible disgrace of being driven from my father's door, if you presented yourself there without knowing his determination. For myself such a misfortune would have been a death blow."

Every word went burning to Roderick's heart, but he had to master his own agony a moment, in the effort to support Pauline who had utterly broken down. When she had recovered sufficiently, he protested tenderly that there was a mystery in all this which he was unable to fathom, and entreated her to help him discover it by telling him minutely all that had happened since they had last met. She gradually summoned strength and composure enough to do so, relating in detail the scene in Cathedral square; the arrival of the Lieutenant Governor's aide-de-camp; his delivering of a letter to her father; the conversation that took place between the latter and the officer; her father's visit to the Chateau; his return therefrom; and, relapsing into tears, she narrated how her father had found her reading a note from Roderick, and how he had ordered her to cast it into the fire.

The young officer did not lose the significance of a word. At first the mystery remained as impenetrable as ever, but after a while a thread of suspicion wove itself into his brain. He tried to brush it away, however, by rubbing his hand violently over his brow and eyes. It was too painful. It was too odious. Finally, he asked:

"Did your father give any reason why you should burn my note?"

"Ah! Roddy, why do you force me to say it? When I told him that you had sent him your regards, he replied 'he has just sent me his hate!'"

These words solved the mystery. Hardinge saw through it all, distinctly, sharply, unmistakably. He drew a long breath, and his broad chest swelled with the fresh air from the river.

"Pauline, my dear," he said with that tender authority with which a strong man can miraculously revive a weak, drooping woman. "Pauline, take heart. It is all a terrible mistake and it will be explained. Your father has suspected me of a dreadful thing, but I am innocent and will convince him of it. I will see him this very night and make him and you happy."

She raised her hands imploringly.

"Fear nothing, darling, I am as certain as that we are standing here together, that it is all a fearful misunderstanding, and that I will make it clear to your father, in a quarter of an hour's conversation."

"But why not tell me, and I will tell him?"

"Because there are several points connected with the matter with which you are not familiar, and because he might misconstrue both your motives and mine. No. It is a matter to be settled between man and man. Besides, it is late and your absence must not be prolonged. I, too, have a military report to make to the authorities without delay."

Pauline suffered herself to be convinced, and the two, after a few mutual words of love which wonderfully recuperated them, bent their way up Mountain Hill. At the gate they separated.

"I will be with you within two hours," said Hardinge, as he took the direction of the Chateau.

Pauline stepped into the old church on her way, and in its consecrated gloom poured out a prayer at the feet of Her whom she worshipped as the Comforter of the Afflicted. *Consolatrix Afflictorum*.

XVI.

THE ROUND TABLE.

There was high festival at the Chateau St. Louis. Sieur Hector Théophile Cramahé, Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec, and Commander of the Forces in the capital, during the absence of Guy Carleton, Captain General and Governor in Chief, was a man of convivial spirit. He had for years presided over a choice circle of friends, men of wealth and standing in the ancient city. They were known as the Barons of the Round Table. An invariable rule with them was to dine together once a week, when they would rehearse the memories of old times and conduct reveals worthy of the famous Intendant Bigot himself. They numbered twenty-four, and it so happened that in five years not one of them had missed the hebdomadal banquet—a remarkable circumstance well worthy the attention of those who study the mathematical curiosities of the chapter of accidents.

The ninth of November was dinner night. The Lieutenant Governor had a moment's hesitation about the propriety of holding it, but all objections were at once drowned in a flood of valid reasons in favor of the repast. In the first place, His Excellency had been particularly burdened with the cares of office during the past two days. That young fellow Hardinge had kept him as busy as he could be. In the next place, though the citizens of Quebec really knew nothing of the true state of affairs, they were making all kinds

of conjecture, and if the dinner did not take place, the gossips would hear of it immediately and interpret it as the worse possible sign of impending trouble.

It was not long before the company was ushered into the banquet hall, brilliantly lighted with waxen candles. A round table stood in the centre of the floor charged with a treasure of plate and crystal.

It was five o'clock when the Barons sat down to their first course. It was nine when they reached the gloria. Just at that supreme moment, a waiter handed a paper to the Lieutenant Governor.

"Another glass, gentlemen. The rebel Jockey will have to swim the St. Lawrence on horseback, if he wishes to pay us a visit."

The note was from Hardinge who, on arriving at the Chateau and finding the Lieutenant-Governor engaged with his guests, wrote a line to inform him that he had safely crossed all the boats.

"This news will not be so good as the other," whispered one of the Barons to his neighbor, while the host was reading the despatch.

"Because alternation is the law of life." The old Baron was not mistaken. M. Cramahé perused the paper with a very grave face, and folding it slowly, said:

"My friends, I regret that I must leave you for to-night. But first let us sip our cognac with the hope that nothing will prevent us from meeting again next week."

The message which the Lieutenant-Governor had received was from the faithful Donald who informed him that the enemy had arrived within five miles of Point Levis and encamped for the night.

(To be continued.)

THE FRENCH AND THE CENTENNIAL.

It is always a pleasure to turn from the political side of the French people, which is their weak point of view, to that taste and indomitable energy which are the strong point of the national character.

THE GLEANER.

It has been resolved to pave Piccadilly with patent wood.

A BLIND mendicant, in Paris, wears this inscription around his neck:—"Don't be ashamed to give only a sou. I can't see."

It is now said, contrary to the first report, that the Queen will not open Parliament next Session. Her Majesty will remain at Osborne until the middle of February.

THE Municipal Council of Paris has voted the sum—a very handsome one for France—of £400 for the monument to American independence France proposes to erect in New York harbour.

THE price of London land is on the rise and rapidly, for the fee simple of No. 24, Cullum street, Fenchurch street, covering a superficial area of little over 280 feet, was sold the other day at about £10 per square foot.

THE last descendant of John Calas, for the rehabilitation of whose name and family Voltaire laboured so many years, and with full success, has just died at Toulouse. Calas was broken on the wheel in 1762.

M. DUMAS, the celebrated scientist and Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy of Sciences, has been elected one of the "immortal forty" of the Academie Francaise in the room of the late M. Guizot.

A GENTLEMAN has been summoned in Paris for encouraging small boys by throwing coppers to them to open slides on the flagway near his house. He confessed to the policeman he did so, as he expected his mother-in-law to dinner.

A CIRCASSIAN in Reading, Pa., shows a pair of stockings that she says she made out of her own hair. It is not wonderful that a local editor remarked on seeing them: "Those hair stockings knock the socks off any other sock story going; they're too wild almost to take stockin'."

THE bodies of Generals Lecomte and Thomas, the first two victims of the Commune, who were assassinated on the 18th March, 1871, were recently exhumed from their original resting place, and, after remaining a day for solemn service at the Invalides, interred at Pere la Chaise.

THE annual report of the Medical Department of the British army for 1873 shows that the troops were healthiest in seaport towns, camps, and at small stations. In the large manufacturing towns and Dublin the death rate was high. Thus, while in camps the number of constantly sick was 38 in every 1,000, it was 49 in London and 43 in Dublin.

THE Sultan visits the mosque in Constantinople every Friday, and this custom makes a weekly pageant. Soldiers and gaily dressed civilians line the streets through which he passes, and vehicles are kept out of the way. A discharge of cannon announces his departure from the palace, and as he walks along in the midst of his attendants, the spectators cheer lustily.

THE eldest daughter of Admiral Hardy, the officer in whose arms the gallant Nelson expired, has just died in England. She was the occupant of a suit of rooms in Hampton Court Palace, allotted to her by the Queen. The musket ball by which Nelson was killed was for many years kept as a memento by Capt. Hardy, who had it mounted in crystal and silver as a locket. It is believed now to be in the possession of the Queen.

AN official commission has reported that most of the water supplied to London is unfit for drinking. The supply is provided by eight companies, six of whom draw from the Thames or the Lee, and both of those rivers are, even at the points from which the water is taken, polluted by sewage. Filtration theoretically purifies the water before it is sent to the city in pipes, but really does not do the work perfectly. The Commission advises that wells and springs in the neighbourhood be used exclusively, as is now done by two companies.

HEARTH AND HOME.

A CHEERFUL FACE.—There is no greater everyday virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humour. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapour hope to cling to the sun-illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier travelled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner, in presence of a determined cheerfulness.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.—Nothing can be worse for a child than to be frightened. The effect of the scare it is slow to recover from. It remains sometimes until maturity, as is shown by many instances of morbid sensitiveness and excessive nervousness. Not infrequently fear is employed as a means of discipline. Children are controlled by being made to believe that something terrible will happen to them, and punished by being shut up in dark rooms places they stand in dread of. No one without vivid memory of his own childhood can comprehend how entirely cruel such things are. We have often heard grown persons tell the sufferings they have endured, as children, under like circumstances, and recount the irreparable injury which

they are sure they then received. No parent, no nurse, capable of alarming the young, is fitted for the position. Children, as near as possible, should be trained not to know the sense of fear, which, above everything else, is to be feared in their education, early and late.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A good matrimonial firm is said to be one that consists of three-quarters wife and one-quarter husband.

"AH!" yawned a bachelor, "this world is but a gloomy prison." "To those in solitary confinement," added a witty lady.

THE Albany Argus denies that an Albany girl, out walking with her lover, threw snuff in his eyes while she could pull up her stocking.

A bachelor explains that the reason a woman puts her finger in her mouth when she thinks is because she cannot talk and think at the same time.

THE first lady lawyer admitted to the bar in America has just got her first client. The client is very youthful, and she is doing as well as could be expected.

THE American Rochefoucauld says women, like the plants in the woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade, and yet never like to confess to the shady side.

JOSH BILLINGS says—"When Freedom from her mountain height unfurled her standard to the air, her skirts, pinned back so very tight, made her appear exceeding spare."

A dishwashing-machine is the latest invention says an American paper. They will continue to invent washers, ringers, ironers, sewers, and one thing and another, till women will not be worth fifteen cents a dozen.

"THE widow lived on a small limb left by her relative," said a Boston young lady. When requested to explain, she said, "Mamma has told me never to mention leg, but to use the word limb instead."

A young Tennessee girl recently married an entire stranger, alleging that she should have plenty of time to become acquainted with him afterwards. The civilized part of the world acts a little after this fashion, but does not quite so candidly admit it.

ONE of the young members of the French legation, hard pushed for a compliment to a fair English lady whose face was marred by an undeniably flat nose, remarked, "Madam, you are an angel fallen from heaven, but you fell on your nose."

THE friends of a wit expressed some surprise that, with his ace and fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it worth while to marry. "A wife was necessary. They began to say of me that I drank too much for a single man."

MRS. DAVY, of Tennessee, pretended to be drowned just to see what her husband would do. He hired a cheap negro to drag for the body, and went to the cornfield at his usual pace. And then she crawled out from under the house, followed in and blessed him her hardest.

A Paris paper gives a conversation between a father and his little daughter. "What have you done with your doll?"—"I have put it away to keep for my children, when I grow up."—"But if you shouldn't have any?"—"Ah! well! then it will do for my grandchildren."

A countryman went to see his lady-love, and wishing to be conversational, observed, "The thermomokron is twenty degrees above zero this evening."—"Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such kinds of birds do fly highersome seasons of the year than others."

THE Woman's Dress Association is turning attention to the costumes of our servants, whose prevailing love of finery is to be taken in hand, and awards of money are to be offered as encouragement to female servants to dress more suitably to their station in life, and to keep their places more carefully.

A languid, sentimental, slow Dalton "pin-back" of sweet sixteen went to hear a clergyman famous as a revivalist a few Sundays ago. The clergyman claims hers as the quickest case of revival from sentimental languor he has ever seen or heard, for she made the fact known with her dress pinned back as tight as a breeches leg, and when she took her seat the pin sat down first.

It is impolite to ask a lady her age. As a matter of courtesy, if she is forty, you are to say you think her about thirty; if from forty to fifty-five, say about thirty-five. Ladies regard themselves complimented when they are thought to be much younger than is the case. "Miss Gomboge," says Mr. Blixen, to that interesting but rapidly-advancing lady of forty-four, "I declare you are looking quite charming—a regular twenty-one bloom and spirits. You can't be a day over that figure, if I'm a judge."—"Now, Mr. Blixen, you do say such insinuating things; and then you guess ages so closely!"

THERE is a very precise and methodical young lady in New York who divides her time up with the utmost exactness. For instance, she allows just so much time for eating, so much for reading, &c., and on no account suffers herself to deviate from her rules. If she has a visitor, she says, looking at her watch, "Now, I have just ten minutes to see you in without infringing upon my time for meditation." A friend called not long ago to relate to her the sad particulars of the death of her much-beloved grandmother. The methodical young lady was affected to tears,

but didn't forget her time-card. She drew forth her watch at the most touching point in the story, and begged her friend to cut it short, as in four minutes and twenty-two seconds she must practise with her dumb-bells.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. B. C. Montreal. The rule as regards pawns taking "en passant" is as follows:

"A pawn has the privilege, on being first played in the game, to advance two squares, unless in doing so, he pass a square which is attacked by a hostile pawn, in which case the opponent may, at his option, permit him to make the two steps forward, or may capture him in his passage in the same way as if he had moved but one step."

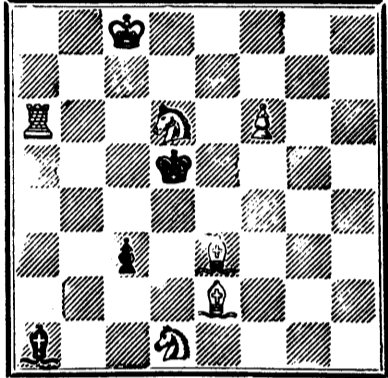
In the case you have supposed, if the black Pawn is advanced to Black's K Kt 4th, and it is to be taken by the white Pawn which is on White's K B 5th, the white Pawn is to be placed at White's K Kt 6th sq and the black Pawn taken as if it had only moved one square.

We see it stated that a Chess match has just been played between Mr. Bird, the celebrated English player, and Mr. Mason, of New York. We will endeavour to obtain fuller particulars of the match, and one or two of the games played, for our next column.

PROBLEM No. 56.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 70TH.

Played recently at the Montreal Chess Club between Dr. Howe and an Amateur of considerable skill; the former giving the Queen's Knight.

The Queen's Knight must be removed from the board.

Irregular opening.

- WHITE (Dr. Howe.) 1. P to K B 4th 2. Kt to K B 3rd 3. P to K 4th 4. P to Q Kt 3rd 5. Q to K 2nd 6. P to Q 3rd 7. B to Q Kt 2nd 8. P to Q 4th 9. P to Q R 3rd 10. P to K Kt 3rd 11. P to K 5th 12. P to Q B 4th 13. K to K B 2nd 14. P takes P 15. P to Q Kt 4th 16. P takes P 17. K B to K Kt 2nd 18. K R to Q sq 19. K R to Q 2nd 20. Q R to Q sq 21. K B to K R 3rd 22. K takes B 23. Q to K 4th 24. B takes P 25. Q takes B 26. R takes R 27. R takes R 28. B takes Kt 29. Q takes P 30. Q to K 4th 31. Q takes Q 32. K to K 4th 33. K to K 5th 34. K to Q 6th 35. K to Q B 6th 36. K takes P 37. P to Q R 4th 38. P to Q R 5th 39. P to Q R 6th 40. K takes Kt 41. K to Q K 7th
- BLACK—(Amateur.) 1. P to K 3rd 2. B to K 2nd 3. Q Kt to B 3rd 4. K Kt to B 3rd 5. Kt to Q Kt 5th 6. K B to Q B 4th 7. Castles 8. B to Q Kt 3rd 9. Kt to Q R 3rd 10. P to Q B 4th 11. Kt to Q 4th 12. B to Q R 4th (ch) 13. Kt to K 2nd 14. B to K 2nd 15. P to Q Kt 3rd 16. P takes P 17. Q B to Q Kt 2nd 18. Kt to K B 4th 19. Q to K 2nd 20. P to Q 3rd 21. B takes Kt 22. K R to Q sq 23. P takes P 24. B takes B 25. R takes R 26. R to Q sq 27. Q takes R 28. P takes B 29. Kt to Q B 2nd 30. Q to Q R sq 31. Kt takes Q 32. Kt to B 2nd 33. K to B sq 34. Kt to K 3rd 35. Kt to Q 5th (ch) 36. Kt to Q B 7th 37. Kt takes P 38. K to K sq 39. Kt takes P 40. K to Q sq 41. Resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 54.

- WHITE. 1. R to K B 8th (ch) 2. Q to K Kt 6th (ch) 3. P takes B (ch) 4. B to Q 3rd mate
- BLACK. 1. K to K R 2nd 2. B takes Q 3. K takes P

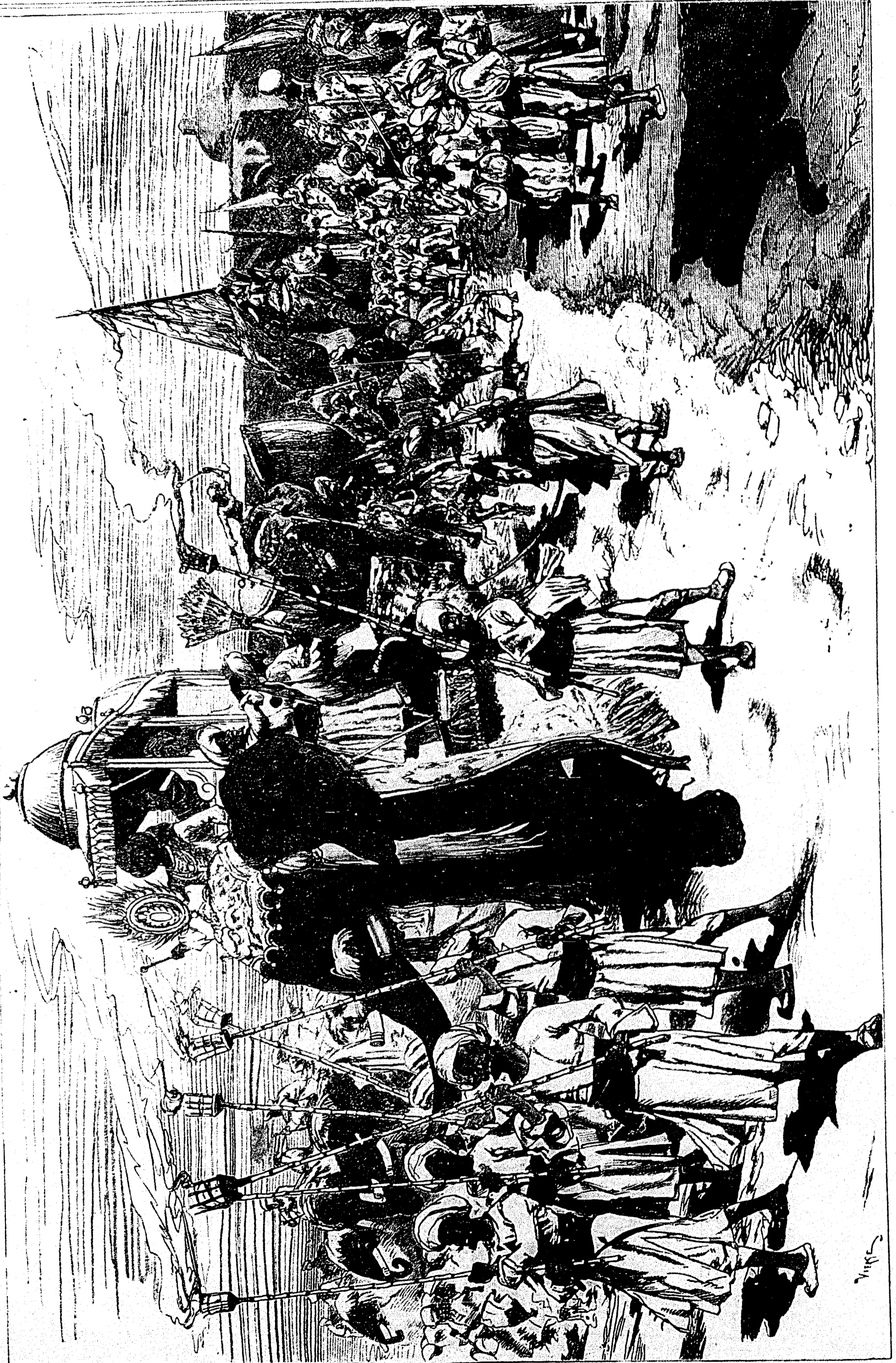
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 53.

- WHITE. 1. B to K 3rd 2. P to K B 3rd 3. B to Q Kt 6th 4. B to Q 8th mate
- BLACK. 1. K to R 5th or (A) 2. P to K Kt 4th 3. P to K Kt 5th

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 54.

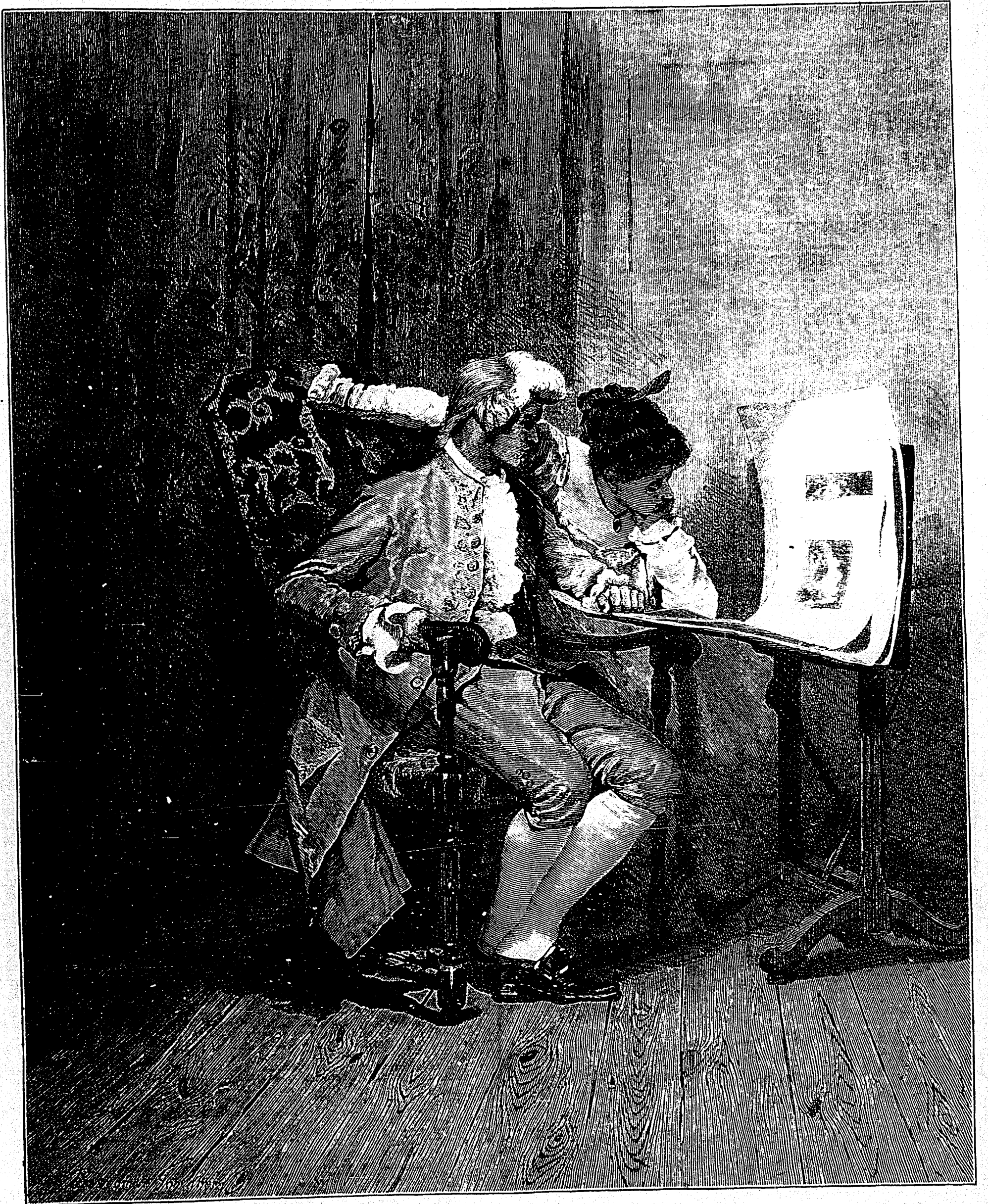
- WHITE. 1. K at K R 6th 2. R at Q B sq 3. Kt at Q Kt 2nd 4. P at K Kt 4th
- BLACK. 1. K at K R sq 2. B at K R 4th

White to play and mate with the pawn in five moves.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES IN INDIA - THE MUMBAI ENTRY INTO BARODA.

W. H. R.



THE PORTFOLIO.

A WOMAN'S LOVE DREAM.

We all have waking visions—I have mine,
 And being young and fanciful, and counted fair,
 I sometimes dream of love.
 And sitting all alone, and musing still,
 While yet the firelight flickers dim,
 I ask myself if I should learn to love,
 If my still heart could wake to life.
 How would I love, and how would I be loved,
 For I am weary of idolatry!
 My soul is faint within me while I think
 Of all the fierce, strong passion
 I have seen and known, resistless in its might.
 As some rock-cleaving stream.
 I would be loved in calmness—
 Trusted, and not feared.
 He whom I loved should be my king,
 And not my slave.
 I do not ask that he be proud and cold,
 But calm, and grave, and very strong—
 A king, like Saul, among the sons of men,
 And Kinglier o'er himself.
 He must not tremble at my slightest frown
 Nor shudder if another meets my eye;
 Nor must he, like a vassal, crave my smile—
 Glad in the dust before my feet to lie—
 For I am weary of servility.
 I would not rule, nor would I yet be ruled;
 I scorn the tyrant as I scorn his slave.
 There is a love of sweet equality,
 The love God gave and I smiled upon,
 For it was very good.
 He whom I love must be my king,
 But I must be his queen;
 And he should yield me, as my tribute due,
 The reverence I had earned,
 Not only by my womanhood, but by all gentleness,
 Long suffering, the patient sweetness
 Only love can teach;
 For looking on me, he should feel and know
 That peace and rest which follow after toil;
 In me his heart should find such safety trust,
 That he should "have no need of spoil."
 I do not ask for him the world's applause,
 The blaze of heraldry, the pomp of fame;
 His deeds the annals of a nation's pride;
 His name upon the lips of men;
 But I must feel his power,
 Must know he could be what earth's heroes are—
 I could not love him were he not thus great.
 His hand must be both safe and strong;
 A hand to shield, to trust, to lay my own within,
 To stake my life upon;
 A hand that might have fought with Hercules,
 Yet would not harm the worm in his path.
 For tho' the heart of woman loveth oft
 A thing she doth unwillingly despise,
 It is a pitiful, imperfect love that hath not
 For its corner-stone the rock of Faith.
 His heart must be most tender and most true—
 A heart that loves, and pities, and befriends
 Earth's suffering children, whether high,
 Or yet among the lowly and the poor,
 And he must love me perfectly.
 If from the first fruits of my heart's fair wealth
 I bring an offering for a love-crown made,
 He must not mock me with a paltry love
 Nor stoop to cheat my soul.
 If I should ever meet this man,
 This king I only dream, I never see,
 Then could I sit most meekly at his feet—
 A very child before his goodness and his power;
 And while he stooped to kiss my shining hair,
 Or smooth its clusters from their clinging rest,
 A sweet unspoken language in its touch
 Would lift my dark eyes to the dark of his;
 And, as in fair Judea, when the world was young,
 Sarah with reverence said to Abraham,
 My lips shall call him "lord!"

BABU NANA'S VENGEANCE.

Precision as to dates is not called for where legends are concerned. It is sufficient to say that in the days when Lalla Rookh encamped beneath the peepul and orange groves of Hussain Abdaul, Babu Nana was still occupying his comfortable cell on the hill-top hard by. As a Hindoo, depend upon it the holy man looked down with much contempt at that large gathering of Mahometan nobles. Their magnificence and proud joyous bearing must have been a severe trial to him. As the evening breezes wafted upwards to his eyrie home the tinkling of lutes, and of the dancing girls' armlets, the savoury smell of feasting, and the smoke of a thousand watch-fires, we can fancy how the worthy fellow was wrathful, perhaps even a little discontented; but always in a dignified way, as befitted so pious a man.

His white temple is still to be seen on the mountain-top, but it is empty. Babu Nana, after having lived there for several centuries, a happy man and universally respected, is as much a thing of the past as many other saints whose lives have been written to show what wonders holy men were once capable of working without the slightest effort.

Seated beneath the pleasant valleys' thick foliage, near a tank where shoals of great fat highly-venerated carp disported themselves joyously, where the sunshine was farther tempered by a quaint old temple's richly-wrought walls and arches, I heard the local legend of which Babu Nana is the hero. It was a half-naked fakir, gaunt and ghastly-looking, his long hair bound in plaits turban-wise across his forehead, who for my mind's improvement told the old-world tale.

It seems that there was a time when to have lived at Hussain Abdaul without believing in its pet saint Babu Nana, would have been not only highly dangerous, but impossible. His fame was so wide-spread, that even travellers from distant parts of the country would come and place their offerings at his feet. Every one in those days cast reverential glances up-turned to where his white dome glittered in the sunlight. At night a small twinkling light he always kept burning aroused the gratitude of weary, footsore travellers, and told them the night-halting place was nigh, with its cool shade of trees and its rippling water. Remember we are in sun-stricken lands, where shade and water have more important significance than in our own colder regions.

There was not a dissenter in the valley. Babu Nana reigned omnipotent, and his doctrine was undisputed. Not one of his parishioners, under the combined influence of love and fear, ever failed, at least once a week, to climb up the steep

narrow pathway that led among rocks and briars to his comfortable dwelling. They would tell him the gossip of the valley, say their prayers to him, take a smoke of his hookah, see if he wanted anything, and come back to exult over the high degree of familiar friendship entertained towards them by the valley's patron saint. It was an enviable existence, as my friend the fakir allowed, with a sigh of mournful envy. The Babu's prophecies had often been unfulfilled, but when this was the case he was never wanting for a good reason to account for their failure. No one in the village could read or write, there were plenty of pretty girls who had no secret from the worthy seer and saint, and his duties were light. These chiefly consisted in looking down smilingly on the fields, that their fruits might be rich in harvest time, and accepting fragments from their produce for so doing. He would curse also occasionally; but as he charged rather heavy for this item, it was seldom called for; in short, nowhere could have been found a happier, more contented population, or a more accommodating and in every way respectable saint. Those halcyon days should have lasted for ever; but, alas, no man, though a good and a saintly one, can always count upon Fate! Fortune's wheel will persist in turning for every one, even for worthy people who could like, and are entitled by their virtues, to be allowed to put on the break when they find their lot cast in pleasant places and want to stop where they are. It is distressing to relate, but a serpent crawled at last into Babu Nana's paradise.

One fine morning of early spring this patriarch of the hill-top was enjoying his first after-breakfast hookah, and the sensation of what a pleasant world it is when the sun is shining joyously, and we have everything our own way. As the gray smoke circled in small spiral curves round his head, mingling with the long tresses of his blue-stained beard, thus the aged man soliloquised amidst the frequent eruptions of repletion, which, according to the etiquette of that land show the well-fed, well-bred man.

"Great is the supreme Buddha, may his name be blessed! Though but his slave, am I not also great in virtue and in wisdom? Here the good man chuckled. "I never defrauded, because in my whole life I have never known want. I like incense and fragrant flowers, sandal, betel leaves, flesh of aquatic and other animals, white boiled rice, and yellow-cow-butter, and all that can be enjoyed by mortal man; and I get them supplied—I may say liberally supplied—free of cost. May my faculties be preserved, and may I commit no errors!"

"I am not one of those devils who sit on rocks, eating men's flesh. I am a merciful lord to the vassals who sit beneath the shadow of my footstool. Ha, wending up the mountain, I see coming that aged mother of demons, Nourdee of the foul tongue, followed by some of her lying-lipped gossips. They ascend too quickly to be laden with the bags of paddy, which have been for some time due. I must receive them coldly if they come empty-handed, and put their shrivelled faces to shame."

While that holy man was sitting thus, calmly sunning himself, wrapt in genial reveries, and conscious of nothing but pleasant self-important thoughts, dire events were taking place in the valley below. No wonder the aged Nourdee and her gossips hastened up the hill-side with a degree of agility of which their old limbs would scarce have been supposed capable. A prophet of a new faith had appeared in the village and for the first time ran through Hussain Abdaul horrid whispers, stirring up its inhabitants to revolt against their hitherto universally-recognised conscience-keeper and his doctrines.

Of course Babu Nana possessed the usual good-natured friends—even saints are not free from that infirmity—and equally of course they had thought it only kind and neighbourly just to step up and be the first to tell him anything disagreeable and adverse to his interest that might be going on; arriving too, as good-natured friends usually succeed in doing, just at the time a man is the least prepared to bear up against evil tidings. It is all very well for modern prelates, who only live their seventy or eighty years, to preach toleration, and to set a good example to their flocks by conscientiously carrying out the practice of it; to smile on dissent and pray for good to befall every one, to forgive as they hope to be forgiven. Some allowances, however, must be made for the indignation of a holy man, who, after having for hundreds of years enjoyed full control over several hundred consciences, after having lived comfortably, supported by the toils and the tithes of his obedient and all-believing parishioners, has to hear that a new prophet has sprung up, whose very first prophecies are concerning the approaching dissolution of a respectable old faith which has been found to work well both for its preceptors and followers for so many long years.

"He only came last night," began Nourdee breathless, "and yet he has managed to convert the farrier and the tussaldar's head-groom. The man must be possessed of the evil glance."

"He has a purse and a conch hung on his shoulders, and pleases the people by distributing handfuls of parched grain. May he who sold it to him be accursed!" gasped another.

"Tears fell in streams all over my limbs when I saw him look menacingly in this direction, yelped a third; availing of the old priest's abstraction to finish off his hookah for him.

It was bad enough that a rival was near his hill; but to be told that the intruder was tolerated—not stoned, nor flayed, nor roasted alive—was too much. Yet it was a terrible fact. But to be told it just after breakfast on a fine morn-

ing in May, was very hard, as every one must allow. Yes, Govind, the great founder of the Sikh religion, was on his travels, taking his new heresy with him; and, as the old ladies had truly said, he was at that moment resting from his journey at the village of Hussain Abdaul. Several shrivelled old fingers directed Babu Nana's troubled gaze to a group of figures collected beneath some trees in the plain below, where the man of a new-fangled notions was delivering an address to half the old women of the hamlet. New prophets would stand a bad chance if it were not for old women. Shades of Buddha and Vishnu, could it be? And all this to be going on at the very foot of his hill, his own particular hill? It was a fine opportunity for good-natured friends to exult; and no doubt those of the Babu made the best of it, paying off their spiritual master for a lot of old scores in the way of taxes and penances that he had imposed for their souls' good. No doubt the good priest, on hearing these dire tidings, thought ruefully about proverbs relating to "new brooms;" but he was a man of energy; so, after a few moments devoted to undivided astonishment, a few to deep disgust, a few to pious cursing, and a few more to reflection, he proceeded to action.

"Art thou come, blockhead, to fight with thy master, who was born long before thy vile existence was ever contemplated? By the lotus-throned goddess of riches, but thou shalt rue the day! If this does not settle thee for ever, I will take thee by thy legs and dash thy head to pieces, and throw thine eyes to the vultures, that every one may see what thou art and what I am." Having thus said he detached with the greatest ease an enormous block of granite from the hill-top—huge enough, as the fakir told me, to have made the dome of a favourite queen's tomb. After having taken a deliberate aim at Govind's yellow turban, just discernible above some myrtle-bushes, and his crowd of admirers, the aged seer hurled his missile with the skill of an athlete and the force of a catapult, to crush the opposition priest, his listeners, and heresy all together. "And serve them right too!" said his comforters in chorus, as they sat enjoying themselves round the hermit hookah.

Pity a plan so admirably conceived and well acted upon should not have met with the success it deserved! Set a saint to catch a saint! Govind, as he saw the huge rock come rumbling and tumbling down the hill's side, in the most graceful manner, without leaving unfinished a beautiful metaphor in his address, in the midst of which it found him, merely raised his hand. Not only was he able by such simple means to stop, before it could hurt any one, the stone which his enemy had hurled, but he fixed it for ever to the spot where it was meant to crush him. Not content with this, but as a final grand effect, he caused (with what object his admirers do not reveal) a spring of beautifully clear water, stocked all ready with live carp, to gush from the foot of it. The fish of the present day in the sacred tank claim, it is needless to relate, an undoubted descent from those heaven-born ancestors. We can imagine the rest: general conversion, innumerable offerings, choruses of admiration, and the laying of the first stone of a temple, whose architectural splendour should commemorate the marvels which had taken place there.

There can be no doubt as to the truth of all this, as the original block of stone is still to be seen, with the marks of a hand imprinted upon it. From its base still springs the pure water which the prophet summoned from the before dry flank of the rock. No one seems to know or care much what became of Babu Nana.

The spot is still very lovely. Nourmahal's tomb, with its two tall cypress-trees, like gigantic sentinels, that Lalla Rookh looked upon, still moulders slowly and becomingly. Weird-looking fakirs squat lazily about the tank, feeding the fish while smoking the pipe of peace. Priests of Govind's doctrine, as they lazily flap the flies from their sacred volume, draw out in nasal tones long sentences of his doctrine. But, alas, his turn to be ousted has now arrived. The feringhee eat beef beneath the shady groves, where once the mildest punishment for bullock slaughter was death.

The shade of Babu Nana is avenged!

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

The following general rules laid down by Dr. Lincoln, he insists should always be observed by persons when writing, reading, drawing, sewing, etc. We should take care, he says, that the room in which either of these pursuits is engaged in is comfortably cool, that the feet are warm, and that there is nothing tight about the neck. The reason for this injunction is a simple one: to prevent an excessive tendency of blood to the head and the congestion of the delicate ducts of the eye, which is consequent thereupon. These precautions being observed, he goes on to say further: Take care that there is plenty of light but not so much as to dazzle the eyes; that the sun does not shine directly on the object we are at work upon; that the light does not come from the front, but from over the left shoulder if possible; that the head be not bent over the work; and that, in reading, the page be held nearly perpendicular to the line of sight.

Besides these general rules, each of which is based upon either a law of optics or a physiological necessity, Dr. Lincoln gives the following further directions, suited to particular cases. When the eyes have any defect they must not be overtasked; and fine work, such as needlework, or drawing, or even reading of fine print should be limited to short spells, not exceeding half an hour each, and in the morning. Studying or

writing before breakfast, by artificial light is highly injurious; as is also, and for obvious reasons, the habit of lying down when reading. In all forms of labor requiring the exercise of vision on minute objects it is indispensable that the worker should rise from his task now and then, take a few deep inspirations with closed mouth, throw the arms backward and forward, and, if possible, step to a window into the open air, only for a moment.

In addition to the above, the following practical hints, derived from other sources, may not be inopportune: If the sight of the eye is failing, it is of the utmost importance that no tricks should be played upon it. Holding the light between the eyes and the object looked at, is highly injurious. Holding the page one reads at an abnormal distance from the eye, is equally bad. When either of these shifts are resorted to, it is because the eye can no longer get along unaided; it needs help, and this, to be salutary, should be promptly afforded, should be exactly adapted to the want, and should be of the best quality. There is no wisdom in putting off the use of spectacles when the eye gives warning that it needs assistance. It will not recover its acute vision by being subjected to undue straining; but, on the contrary, its powers will be the more rapidly impaired. Neither is there either wisdom or economy in using spectacles of inferior quality or of unsuitable strength.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FARJEON'S new play is founded upon his novel, "London's Heart."

THE principal character in Dumas "L'Etrangère" is to be played by Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt.

SIGNOR PAPINI, the great Italian violinist, is at present staying in Paris, and intends to perform in public there.

Miss Charlotte Cushman is said to be engaged in writing a book, giving her personal reminiscences of life upon the stage.

IN Florence, at the Pagliano, twenty-five successive representations of Meyerbeer's "Ugonotti" have not sufficed, and the run continues.

Mme. Anna La Grange (the princess Stanckowitch), has just given her daughter's hand to François Thome, the Creole pianist.

GOUNOD is composing an historical opera for the opening of the new opera house in London. The title of the work will be "Lady Jane Grey."

THIRTY-SEVEN volumes of autographic songs by Adolphe Adam have been given to the Paris Conservatoire Library, by the widow of the composer.

AN unfinished pianoforte concerto by Beethoven has been found by Mr. Nottebohm. Thirty sheets of it are in existence, but are in the possession of so many different persons that it will take time to collect them.

EMILE AUGIER is at last to break silence. He has sent in, for the Paris Vaudeville, a four-act comedy, which has already been read to the actors and actresses who are to play in it. It is spoken of there, by them, very favorably.

A NEW cantata, entitled "John Gilpin," has been successfully brought out in Birmingham. This cantata de center is by a Mr. Anderson, who gives proof, we are told, of adaptation to the subject, originality, melody, and excellent construction.

A movement is on foot in Pittsburgh to erect a monument in memory of Stephen C. Foster, the composer of "Old Folks at Home," "Old Dog Tray," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," and other popular airs.

WAGNER'S greatest success has been achieved in Vienna, where his "Tannhauser," was given with such realistic effects that the baritone was kicked half across the stage by one of the fiery, untamed steeds in the scene in which the horses and hounds gallop across the stage.

Mlle. AIMÉE is as sparkling in adornment as in style in Paris. She wears a close-fitting collar of diamonds set with emeralds, her fan is fastened to her side by a diamond clasp, there are diamond pins in her hair, and from her dainty ears hang rings of diamonds and pearl-shaped emeralds.

Mr. James W. Morrissey, who has been associated in many successful Sunday-evening concerts in New York, has formed a musical troupe out of the members of the Fifth Avenue Theatre Company, of which he is treasurer, and the first entertainment has been given in Galveston. Mr. Owen Fawcett comes out as a buffooner, Mr. George De Vere as basso, Miss May Nunez as soprano, and Miss Sara Jewett as prima donna assoluta.

A striking incident disturbed the ordinary quietude of the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday evening. At the conclusion of the fourth act of "Pique," when the child of Mabel Kenfrew is again lost, a lady in the audience fell into a fit of violent hysteria, and the efforts of the gentleman in attendance upon her proving unavailing to restrain her she was carried shrieking to the ladies' parlor and a doctor summoned. Before the play ended she was sufficiently recovered to be sent home in a carriage; but even then she could not walk down stairs without assistance. No clue was given to the sad story indicated by the lady's emotion.

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1776. NEW YORK. 1876.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is the Centennial year. It is also the year in which an Opposition House of Representatives, the first since the war, will be in power at Washington; and the year of the twenty-third election of a President of the United States. All of these events are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and all of them and everything connected with them will be fully and freshly reported and expounded in THE SUN.
The Opposition House of Representatives, taking up the line of inquiry opened years ago by THE SUN, will sternly and diligently investigate the corruptions and misdeeds of GRANT'S administration; and will, it is to be hoped, lay the foundation for a new and better period in our national history. Of all this THE SUN will contain complete and accurate accounts, furnishing its readers with early and trustworthy information upon these absorbing topics.
The twenty-third Presidential election, with the preparations for it, will be memorable as deciding upon GRANT'S aspirations for a third term of power and plunder, and still more as deciding who shall be the candidate of the party of Reform, and as electing that candidate. Concerning all these subjects, those who read THE SUN will have the constant means of being thoroughly well informed.
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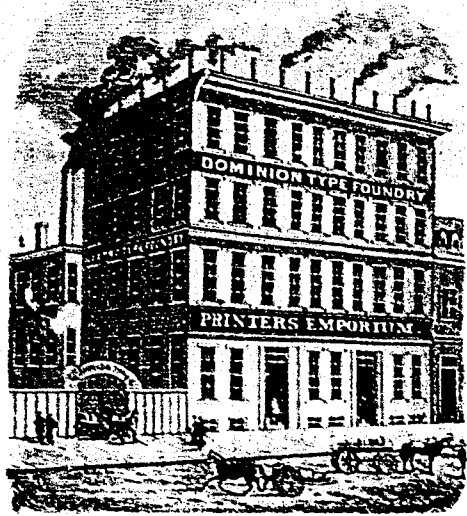
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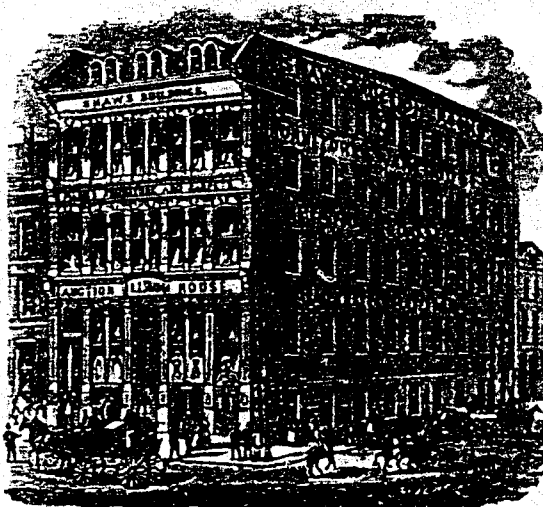
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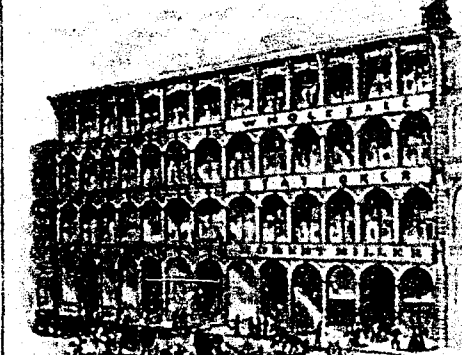
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