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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, 2nd Sept., 1876.

THE STATE AND THE FAMILY.

Let us suppose that two large families, the Northendians and the Southendians, live side by side. Both originally were farmers. But in course of time some of the sons had to act as doctors, watchmakers shoemakers, clothiers &c., for it was found that by division of labour they could work more profitably for all.

Now they both very soon found that the easier the work, they more the pay. The farmer sons had to sweat all d y to earn a dollar while the doctor would charge a dollar for twenty minute's thought, and the lawyers sometimes got \$5 or even \$20 for a half hour's pleasant chat with their clients. The shoemaker earned his \$2, the clothier \$3 and the watchmaker \$5 for a day's work so light, that when the "ox-loosing" came, and the farmers went to do their chores, their mechanic brothers could sit down and enjoy books or music. But when chores were over the poor farmer was too tired and swinked to read a newspaper, and was only too glad to tumble into bed.

Now the Southendians were the largest family and the richest. And, since the desire for pelf grows bigger and bigger as the store of pelf gets more or more, they determined to take away all the more profitable trades from their poorer and honester and stupider neighbours the Northendians. And so they put one of the cunningest fellows they had where the road ran through the two farms and said "When any Northendian comes to peddle any of his boots and shoes or tweeds or flannels among us, make him pay you fifty cents for each dollar's worth of goods he has, and say that it goes to keep up the general expenses of our family.'

Also they said to their jewelers; "Instead of making five watches make nine. The cost of making nine is not more than five, by very much. Sell five to us at the usual price. Then sell four to the Northendians very cheap. This will soon kill out their watch-making trade.'

So in a very short time all the men of Northend who made watches, boots, jewelry, shirts, goloshes, mirrors, glue, mowing machines, and paper had to turn farmers again, or go and live among the Southendians. And then presently a dreadful thing took place. The farmers at Northend had found that the most profitable point of their crops consisted of things that cost but little labour and fetched Ten bunches of radishes high price. fetched as much as a whole bushel of corn. Four good tomato plants brought in the price of a whole ton of hay. But all these things got wilted and spoiled before they could get them to the Southendian home-stead. And then came something worse stilk. It was worth \$5 to team a loaded wagon from Northend to Southend and bring it back. Now hay was selling at \$11 a ton at Southend. So when the has produced results which render it a wagoner had sold a ton of Northend hay matter of national interest and importance. he kept \$5 for himself and the poor

Northend farmer only \$6 while the Southend farmer got \$10 or \$10.50 for his hay. But when the wagoner had put \$1,000 worth of jewelry and clothes on his wagon, and sold it at Northend, he kept \$5 for himself and gave the Southend jeweler and clothier \$995, so that he never felt the "Cost of Transportation." And then the rich treasury of Southend paid their sugar boilers money, to help them to undersell the sugar makers of Northend and so kill out all their sugaries. And this destroyed a very profitable trade which the Northendians had had with the sugar cane growers of the Islands of the South. And so the whole of Northend bought a poor harmonium at twice what it cost to make from Yeasty & Co., down South, and sat down together and sang the song of "Hard times come again no And at last some of their meanest Sachems rose and said let us ask the Southendians to make one family with us.

Then the great Sachem awoke in terrible wrath and said. "Not so! Never! lest we learn their tricky ways. No, my children. Death before dishonour. Northendia expects every man to do his duty. Ne plus ultra! E pluribus unum!! Let us try "tit for tat." And so they tried tit for tat and lived happy ever after.

A FIASCO.

The latest news from the Yellowstone expedition steamer "Josephine" near the mouth of the Yellowstone, August 20, savs since the junction of Generals Crooks and Terry, it is hoped that they will overtake and force a fight with the Sioux. The command moved west to Big Horn Mountains, where, on the 18th inst., a trail four or five days' old and two miles wide being the heaviest ever seen on the prairies, was discovered. This trail finally separated, and the Indians were found to be in full retreat, one band heading north towards British possessions with the probable intention of crossing the line, and the other going south along the Little Missouri, for the purpose of crossing Missouri River about Fort Berthold; there is every indication of the hostiles being heavily reinforced by agency Indians; they have their families, and evidently intend remaining north this winter. The army has a difficult programme, and it will be almost miraculous if our troops overtake the savages, who are well mounted. General Mil's, commanding the 5th infantry, returned to the camp on the Rosebud on the 12th ultimo. The steamers "Far West," "Josephine," "Carroll," and the "Yellowstone," have been place at his disposal, and supplies for the command are being rapidly shipped up the river. The "Far West" and "Carroll" are to be employed in patrolling the river. The steamers are well guarded and supplied. The camp is strongly defended; the garrison has three Gatling guns and several Rodman guns, and the steamer "Josephine" has on board three Gatling guns for the garrison. Sharp work may be expected on the south bank of the Yellowstone before the war ends. A later despatch, dated August 22nd, near the mouth of Powder River says :- The practical failure of the campaign thus far, has caused a change in the plan of operations, and the Government will now continue the war until the Indians are subdued and return to their reservations. It is almost assured that the scout now being made by the combined forces of Crook and Terry will be unsuccessful, and the troops will probably return to the mouth of the Tongue River on the 25th instant; the and will then rent for another dash. which it is hoped will be more successful. A despatch dated August 23rd ria Bismarck, says the campain is practically closed, unless further instructions come from the Lieut.-General.

CANADIAN METEOROLOGY.

The meteorological system in Canada is now in the fifth year of its existence and The central office is at Toronto, under the

superintendence of Professor G. T. KING-STON, M. A., a gentleman of recognized scientific repute and a most zealous official. The internal work of this office consists in the construction of the necessary apparatus; testing instruments before issue; compiling monthly, weekly and occasional reports from all points in the Dominion, and corresponding both with the Canadian stations and the Weather Bureau at Washington. Another chief function is the issue of storm warnings. A starm warning is a publication of an opinion to the effect that shortly after a time specified, or implied, a storm will probably occur in some portion of a certain region within a radius of 100 miles of the port warned. The port which receives the warning must be regarded as merely a convenient point for advertising a fact which is applicable, not to it alone, but to the whole region. Indeed, if it were certain that the port in question would be exempt, the publication of the warning would be proper either to deterships from running into the storm, or to prepare them to encounter it. A warning, or more strictly a prediction, is said to be verified when a gale of strength sufficient be dangerous occurs within the prescribed limits, either at the place indicated or within the prescribed limits, either at the place indicated or within the distance above named. Warnings were issued on 55 days in the course of the year 1875. In the vast majority of cases the warnings were verified, a satisfactory evidence of the advance of meteorological science and the competency of the men at the central

CANADIAN ANTIQUITIES.

QUEBEC-RUINS OF INTENDANT'S PALACE,

"It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before e with all their deeds."—Ossian.

One of the most prominent features and incidents connected with the celebration of the entenary fête at Quebec, under the auspices of the Literary and Historical Society, the 29th December, 1875, was the taking possession of the Intendant's Palace in St. Roch's Suburbs by the American Insurgents, under the notorious Col. Benedict Arnold, in 1775, and its subsequent destruction by the guns from the ramparts, by order of Sir Guy Carleton.

The descriptions, or perspective sketches, according to the fancy or whim of the artist, or the photograph, of what is left of the ruins, convey no adequate idea of its real capacity and magnitude in length, breadth, or height. My present object, therefore, with your permission, Мy is to supply this deficiency through the medium of your excellent journal from plans and eleva-tions drawn to a scale of feet about the year when some repairs were to be effected by the Military Engineers,—five years before its destruction in 1775. And more especially do I feel it a duty to submit this plan, &c., for publication since it has become a part of the military history not of Quebec only, but of Canada.

The following is an extract from the Centenary -" This once magnificent pile was constructed under the French King's directions in 1684, under Intendant De Meulles. purnt in 1712, when occupied by Intendant Begon, and restored by the French Government. It became, from 1748 to 1759, the luxurious resort of Intendant Bigot and his wassailers. Under English rule it was neglected and, Arnold's riflemen having, from the cupola, annoyed Guy Carleton's soldiers, orders

were given to destroy it with the city guns."
"Skulking riflemen in St. Roch's, watching
behind walls to kill our sentries, some of them ired from the cupola of the Intendant's Palace. We brought a nine-pounder to answer them. (Extract from a journal of an officer of the rbec Garrison.)

For those who may not be familiar with the seaning of the term "Intendant," and the offi-

cial duties of his office, the following remarks are submitted from the most authentic sources. It was one of civil administration, direction, management, superintendence, &c., and next to that of Governor-General, the office of Intendant was one of the greatest importance and celebrity in Quebec. It was established by the proclamation of the hing of France in 1663,—creating a Sovereign Council for the affairs of the Colonyviz: the Governor-General, the Bishop, the Intendant and four Councillors, with an Attorney-General and Chief Clerk. The number of Councillors was afterwards increased to twelve

The authority of the Intendant, except in his executive capacity, was indeed little inferior to that of the Governor himself. He had the superintendence of four departments, viz: Justice, Police, Finance, and Marine. The first Intendant named under the Pro-

clamation of 1663, was M. Robert; but he never came to Canada to fill his office, and it was not till the summer of 1665, that Jean de Talon artill the summer of 1665, that Jean de Taion arrived at Quebec, as the first real Intendant with the Vicerov De Tracy, and the Carignan seemed to be composed of silica and exide of iron.

Regiment. The building in which the Sovereign Council first held their meetings would appear to have stood on the South side of Fabrique street westward of the Jesuit College, known at that

buring the intendancy of M. de Meulles, in 1684, that gentleman, at his own expense, endowed the eastern portion of the St. Roch's Suburbs with an edifice henceforth known as the 'Intendant's Palace, (" Le Palais"), remarkable for its dimensions, magnificence, and general appearance; it included also (according to old plans) about ten acres of land contained laterally between St. Roch's and St. Nicholas streets, having the River St. Charles in front, and afterwards laid out in ornamental gardens. The Palace was described by La Potheric, in 1698, as consisting of eighty toises, or 480 feet of buildings, so that it appeared a little fown in itself. The King's stores were also kept there.

In 1712, Intendant Bégon, with a splendidd equipage and retenue, arrived in Quebec from France, and kept up his residence at the Palace. On the 5th of January 1713, the entire building and premises unfortunately were destroyed by fire and such was the rapidity of the flames that the Intendant and his wife escaped with great difficulty. Madame Bégon was obliged to break the panes of glass in her apartment before she had power to breathe. Two young lady attendants were burnt to death. The Intendant's railet de chambre anxious to save some of his master's wardrobe also perished in the flames. His Secretary passing barefooted from the Palace to the river in front, was so much frozen that he died in the Hospital of the Hotel-Dieu, a few days afterwords.

The Palace was afterward rebuilt under the direction of M. Begon at the expense of His direction of M. Begon at the expense of his Majesty and of which the plans and elevation now presented are presumed to be a correct and faithful illustration. The principal entrance appears to have been from that side next the cliff opposite the "Arsenal"—or from the present line of St. Valier Street—with large store buildings prographes &c. on either side store buildings, magazines, &c., on either side of the entrance and in the rear of that stood, the building known as the "Prison." It would appear that La Potherie's remark, in 1698, of special that La Tourier's remark, in 1985, of the first construction resembling a little town in itself would also apply to the group of the second construction—as no less than twenty in number are shewn on some of the old plans of this period. From sketches taken on the spot by an officer of the Fleet in Wolfe's expedition of 1759 and published in London two years. 1759 and published in London two years afterwards-there can be little doubt for want of room elsewhere, that the Palace was converted into Barracks and occupied immediately after the surrender of Quebec by the troops under General Murray, and continued to be used as such till it fell into the hands of the American insurgents under Arnold, in 1775, and destroyed by the cannon from the ramparts. This assumption is strengthened if not confirmed by the occupation of the Jesuit College as Barby the occupation of the Jesuit College as Barracks the following year, 1776—the amount of accommodation in both cases—(a full Regiment) would be the same, hence the comfortable quarters in the "Palais" by the rebel force under Arnold, which would accommodate the whole of his men.

The appearance of this once celebrated struc-ture in its general aspect was more imposing from its extent than from any architectural ornate embellishments. The style was the French domestic of that period, of two clear stories in height, the extreme frontage was 260 feet with projecting wings at either end of 20 feet (vide plan) the depth from the front of the wings to the rear line 75 feet and the central part 58 feet; the height from the site level to the apex of roof about 55 feet and to the eaves line about 33 feet, in the basement there were no less than 9 vaults-10 teet high to the crown of the Arch running along the whole front as shewn in the elevation. The apartments in the two stories are divided longitudinally by a wall from one end to the other and comprise altogether about 40 in number, allotted into barrack-rooms as per original Military Plans.

The roof is plain and steep, and only broken by the pedimented wings at each end of the building, with chimney stacks and stone coping over the transverse fire walls, and otherwise re lieved by a small octagonal cupola of two sections placed in the centre of the roof. The approach to the building in front is by two flights of steps, an enclosed porch forming a central feature to the main entrance; the basement windows are shewn in the elevation above the ground line. The walls were substantially built of black slate rock peculiar to Quebec and must must have taken much time in the erection judging from its tenacity, and the hardness of the material still remaining. No doubt the walls, as was the practice in those days, were built of as was the practice in those cays, were ount of dry masonry, a few feet at a time, and then grouted with mortar in a thin semi-fluid state, composed of quicklime and fine sand poured into the interspaces of the stone work, filling every cavity, excluding the air, and left to dry before commencing the next course. The wrought stone at the quoins and angles appear to have been quarried at Pointe-aux-Trembles, or more likely at Beauport; while the sides of the doors and windows were faced with bord the doors and windows were faced with hard Flemish brick, still intact, and beyond doubt imported directly from France.* The main store

f For the names of the victims and further particulars vide 2nd. Volume du Dictionnaire Généalogique, par l'Abbé Tanguay.

buildings in front with vaults underneath, were undoubtedly built in the same compact manner, as Mr. Boswell, some years ago, in excavating for his brewery on the site of these stores, came in contact with the old foundation walls, and so hard that powder had to be used for blasting ; the mortar was found to be harder than stone, and a drill had but small effect upon it. That gentleman many years ago became the tenant of the war department for these ruins and vaults and has roofed them in, taken care of of the property and made improvements generally at his own expense. There is an old story current that a subternacous passage, under these old ruins, led to the river. Others say that a passage communicated with the Upper Town; is highly probable the old vaults and passage discovered by Mr. Boswell in the above excavation have been the origin of this story. For in one case towards the river it would be flooded at high water and towards the Upper Town barred by a rampart of solid rock.

From 1775 to the withdrawal of the Imperial troops in 1870-71, mearly a century this pro-perty was used specially for unlitary purposes, and commonly known, as shown on old plan, as the King's Wood Yard, and more recently as the Commissuriat Fuel Yard. The land several years ago was reduced in extent by the sale of building lots on the lines of St. Valier and St. Nicholas streets; and the Palace Harbour, in front to the River St. Charles, was disposed of to the City Corporation in 1851.

At the beginning of this century, and many years afterwards, a military guard seems to have done duty at the "Palais," and adjoining premises, cast of St. Nicholas street, known as the Royal Dock Yard, King's Wharf, Stores, &c. This latter property extended eastward as far as La Casalerie, in front of a block house, the site of the present Nunnery Bastion, and lying between what is now known as St. Charles street. or the foot of the Cliff, and the high water mark on the North side corresponding pretty nearly with the line of St. Paul street.

The mins of "Le Palais" and accessories

since 1775, were several times fitted up by the military authorities, for stabling, fodder sheds, wash house, military stores, caretaker's quarters. Key, New, and the vaults were leased for storing ice, wines, and other liquors, and storage generally, to the inhabitants of the city, and the ted was shingled, or otherwise covered in on several occasions by the Government.

In the great fire of St. Roch's, 1845, the Fuel Yard, about four acres in extent, with some hundreds of cords of wood piled there, and a very large quantity of cools in a "lean-to-shed" against the Palais Walls was consumed the coals continued to burn or smoulder for nearly six mouths and notwithstanding the solidity of the mesonry, as already described, portions of it with the heat like a flery furnace gave way. Upon this recasion, an unfortunate woman and two children were burnt to death in the Fuel Yard. Great efforts were made by Mr. Bailey, a Commissariat Officer, and Mr. Boswell, owner of the Brewery, to save the lives of the victims. but unfortunately without success. These gentlemen, after their coats had been burnt off their backs, and the hair from their heads and evebrows, had to fly at last to save their own lives.

On the withdrawal of the Imperial troops in 1870-71, the whole of "Le Pulais" property was handed over to the Donanion Government.

CHARLES WALKEN. (Late R. E. Civil Staff in Canada.) Ottawa, 24 July, 1876.

THE ISLAND OF ENNAYE.

"Summer-isle of Eden in dark purple sphere of sea Lockstey Hall.

The ishard of Ennaye was the twin sister of Tenerille. Part is a low, rich champaign, hot and teening with rich vegetation. Part is rocky and mountainous; ascending from a cluster of falls up to the regions of ceaseless cold and perpetual snow. It was almost entirely inhabited by two large

families living, like Lot and Abraham, in the old patriarchal style. They were the offspring of the two patriarchs. Psam Yooel and Khan. Ucque. The sept of Psam lived on the plains; that of Khan on the hills and mountains.

witted, while the everlasting hills nurse a race of men of deep-set patriotism, moral lives, undaunted bravery and slow but sure reasoning powers.

So was it to a great extent with Psam and Khan, as these claus were called after the names of their two great fathers.

The histories of the wars and commerce of these families one with another extends over numerous quartes and folios. But like Flacens of old we will drop from lofty themes, touch a humbler string with slighter quill, and tell how Psam chented Khan out of his sugar orchard.

tine of the sons of Khan was named Rougeche-He had a splendid sugar orchard on one of the slopes of the hills at the foot of the everlasting mountains of Ennaye. He employed many men who used to offer their sugar for food or furs to the other sons of Khan. And right glad were they to make the trade, for sugar is dear to the tooth of the innocent, and it has been proved that the more civilised a nation bacomes the more sugar does it eat. And the orchard and Rougechemin flowed with white and refined sugar the whole four seasons round.

But Psam east jealous eyes at the sap-buckets | hardly a possibility of one over being dull.

and boiling house of the children of Khan, Propo too had children who supplied their brethren with sugar from the ephemeral cane. Not content with this Psam wished to entice away the sturdy bucket-carriers of Rougechemin, to swell the numbers of those who paid tax and toll to him and he thought, with a devilish cunning the depths of which could not be sounded by the brain of Kurtrong (the great Caliph of the house of Khan) that, if he once killed out the trade of Rougechemin, he could sell sugar to the

Ucques at any price he wished.
So he said to the great cane-boilers of his

"Your brothers and I are rich; for every pound of sugar which you sell to the house of Khan, we will give you three obols. This bein a "draw-on," we will call it a "draw-back. This being

And so the farmers and the hunters on the sides of the mountain of Ennaye got sugar so cheap from Psam that they would no longer try that of their own brother. Some of the bucket carriers of Rougechemin left him and hoed the cane and fed the "trash" to the huge boilers of the great commercial house of Yooel.

Others with their ruined master shared the toil of the hunters on the mountains and dimin-

ished the prospects of the chase.

But the rest of the Ucques, who had at first rejoiced in getting sugar so cheap, found it gradually go up, up, up, in price, and the Psams laughed and said "We will no longer take your butter and beef for our sugar. We produce enough of these for ourselves. Give us of your

Then indeed rose the slow wrath of the children of Khan. And a wise man said "that, since Kartrong has been Caliph, not one seven days together of pleasant weather had gladdened our wives and daughters who love the picnic and the sleigh drive. The curse of our nighty god, the weather klere, has rested on us since we turned out our old Caliph and his band of

Of Kartrong and his softas indeed had the prophecy of the ancient bard come true.

To scatter plenty o'er and smiling band. And read their history in a nations eyes. Their for forbade."

And so Sir George, the old Caliph, came back to the council hall of Ottaonais.

And he said that for three obols of "draw-back" he would lay a duty of three obols on very pound of Uncle Samuel's sugar that came seross the line of the Canucks; and for four obols of drawback he would lay a duty of four And the boiling-house welcomed back its old master to Rongechemin. And Redpath's bucket-carriers filed slowly back to Canada. And again in the merry spring tide when the buds are bourgeoning on the maple, what time the tender ash delays to clothe itself with leaves, the spring probably resonant to the merry sames of the sugar orchards resound to the merry songs of the white palmed daughters and horny handed wives of the sugar makers, and the time-honored rites and ceremonies are kept up , so well known to every reader of Mudie or the "Bastonnais."

Belleville, Ont.

YORK PIONEERS AT LUNDY'S LANE.

The cry of hard times kept up with full chorus for the last two years, luxuries going by the board and retranchment amounting to inconvenience and discomfort the order of the day, it is curious to notice with what tenacity people still hold to their pleasures. There is no tax, not even an Englishman's dog tax, paid more readily by a community of grumblers, than that which nature exacts for mental bouyancy and relief from care. It may be that the hot weather suggested the advisability of a sail on the lake and the great number of steamboats, launches, barges and craft of every denomination and toppage lying in the harbour with nothing else to do, and cheap fares consequent on fierce com-petition, may have rendered an excursion the most convenient manner of doing it, or as opium, arsenic, whiskey and idleness are indulged in proportionately to the hunger, rags and disgrace of the individuals requiring either of the unusual amount of festivity, holyday making and "mirth which proclaims the absence of solid enjoyment" may be dancing all out of tune to Khan on the hills and mountains.

Now it has always been observed that in nations those who live in the rich plains are effectively to the very same law. "That must be as it may", but crowded steamers "bound for a fair spice country of a nowhere," are intoxicating affairs, and a band where there is occasionally too much brass and frequently too much drum palls on the sense." The excursion of the York pioneers however, which we present in this number, celebrating as it did the victory of Lundy's Lane, is one of national interest, savouring, indeed, somewhat of a religious character. Never did pilgrims to Loundes, or Paray-le-monial carry more sincere hearts or more honest convictions of the good purposes of their mission, than those old men to the grave of the gallant Brock. They had served under him, probably saw him die. The lesson in hardship which they received early in life has instilled a modesty unusual with old men. They have retained some of the soldier's pride in his old corps and are literally dying in the ranks, meeting here every 25th of July from all parts of the country to "close up in the centre," and call the roll of their own enfeebled memories to see who is missing. There is a certain amount of the Indicrous always coming to the surface on such an occasion in the matter of flags and cannons, as we see in the sketches. but where there is an infusion of

inoffensive lunacy without being vulgar, there is

OUR PICTURES.

The greater number of our illustrations, in the present issue, are separately described. The front page cartoon refers to the great question of the increase of taxation in this city, wherein the rich proprietor is seen to grumble because his assessments have risen, and the poor tenant rejoices because his have gone down. The reason of the difference is that the assessment roll is now based on the value of property, not on the rental. The Eastern war, now drawing to its close, is represented by a series of graphic sketches. Our readers will allow that we have kept them abundantly informed of the events of this war through our pictures. We have an art engraving entitled the Harvest Time, after Bouguereau, which, besides being appropriate to the season, is well worth preserving as a work of

THE DUKE OF ALVA'S BREAKFAST. In reading an old chronicle of the sixteenth century, we met with the following anecdote, which, for many reasons, deserves to be preserved. We have since found it confirmed from other sources.

A German lady, descended from a family which was always famous for heroic spirit, and had seen one of his sons on the imperial throne, once made the dreaded Duke of Alva tremble by a display of masculine resolution.

In the year 1547, when Charles the Fifth was passing with his army through Thuringia, Catherine, widow of the Earl of Schwartzburg, y birth Princess of Henneberg, obtained from him a letter of protection for her subjects, forbidding the Spanish forces to do them any in-

In return, she bound herself to furnish bread, beer, and other necessaries of life, at a reasonable rate, to the troops, at the place where they crossed the river Saal.

She had the prudence, however, to remove the bridges which stood near the town, and erect others at a distance, for fear the neighbourhood of wealth might tempt too strongly the soldiers' appetite for plunder. She sent orders, likewise, to the inhabitants of the villages in the army's line of march to bring their most valuable effects to her own eastle of Rudolstadt.

In the meantime the Spanish general approached the town, accompanied by Duke Henry of Brunswick, with his sons, and sent a message to the lady, expressing his wish to breakfast in her eastle. Such a request, from a man with an army at his back, could not well be refused.

He should be welcome, was the answer, if his

excellency could be satisfied with what the house afforded. At the same time he was reminded of the letter of protection, and requested to observe it scrupulously.

A friendly greeting and a well-furnished table saluted the Duke on his arrival. He must confess, he said, that the ladies of Thuringia understood the management of a kitchen and the other

duties of hospitality.

The company had not yet sat down to table, when a messenger called the lady out of the room, and informed her that, in certain villages, the Spanish soldiers had violently driven off the cattle of the peasants. Catherine was the mother of her subjects, and felt a wrong done to the meanest among them as a personal injur

Greatly irritated at this breach of faith, but still retaining her presence of mind, she ordered all her vassals to arm themselves quietly and

collily, and bar the gates of the castle.

Meanwhile, she herself returned into the parlour, where her guests were seated at table, and complained, in the most moving terms, of the wrong which had been done her, and of the contempt with which the plighted faith of the Emperor was treated.

She was answered with laughter. She was told that it was one of the usages of war, one of the little accidents which always attend the march of an army, and could not be prevented.

"That we will see," exclaimed she, glowing with indignation; "my poor subjects shall have their property restored, or by heaven, princes' blood shall pay for oxen's.'

This said, she left the apartment, which in a few moments, was filled with armed men, who placed themselves, sword in hand, but with respectful looks, behind the chairs of the nobles, ready to wait on them during their meal.

At the entrance of this martial troor Duke of Alva changed colour, and his companions looked at each other in muto astonishment.

Cut off from his army, surrounded by a superior force of armed men, what remained for him but patiently to submit to any terms which the offended dame might impose. Henry of Bruns wick first resumed his courage, and broke out into a loud laugh.

He adopted the judicious course of treating the whole scene as a joke, and pronounced a panegyric upon the lady for her maternal care of her subjects, and the resolute spirit which she had manifested. He begged her not to trouble herself at what had happened, and undertook to obtain Duke of Alva's consent to anything which justice required. The Duke, agreeably to his request, immediately sent orders to his camp to have the cattle restored without delay.

As soon as the lady learnt that the order had een obeyed, she thanked her guests in the most obliging terms, and they, with great show of ourtesy, took their leave.

The skilful manouvre of the astute dame soon became a matter of public gossip throughout the whole of Germany, and the courage of the lady was the theme of high praise wherever it was

It was this transaction, undoubtedly, which obtained for Catherine of Schwartzburg the name of the Heroic. She died universally honoured, in the flfty-eighth year of herage. Her remains lie in the church of Rudolstadt.

LITERARY.

HEPWORTH DIXON is writing about the conomy of Palestine,

"Ready Money Mortiboy" was written by

HERWORTH DIXON is writing his first novel. n and Out of Sunshine" is its title

TWELVE years clapsed before 500 copies of Emerson's "Nature" were purchased by the public.

"HELEN'S BABIES," the popular tale published anonymously by Loring, was written by a New Yorker.

HENRY BLACKBURN is writing a series of hand-books to the National Collection of Pictures, Statues, &c.

THE Rivista Europea for July contains the first act of a translation of Longfellow's "Spanish Student."

Mit. Darwin is reading the last proofs of his new work, "The Results of Cross and Self-Pertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom."

THE author of "St. Elmo" is the only American writer of fiction to whom a publisher will pay \$15,000 for a novel on receipt of the manuscript.

DISBARLI'S novel will illustrate the developnent of imperialism in Europe and continue the fortunes of Lothair. He should, by all means, write his autobio-

graphy. James Russell Lowell has copied his tribute to Virginia in his Centennial Ode and had it elegantly framed for the Library of the Mother of Presidents, at the request of one of her sons.

Swinburne has concluded a tragedy, for the library, not the stage, and calls it Elizabeth. It is about half the length of Bothwell, and is said by the few who have heard passages from it to be full of beauty and tooner.

A BEAUTIFUL copy of the Complutensian Poyglott, the rare Edditio Princeps of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, together with two Missals, a Codex of Justinian, and other MSS., and seventy-three other volumes reserved from the library of the late Bishop of Mauchester, have been presented by the Rev. Canon Evans to the library of Owens College. An attempt some time ago was made by a few

AN attempt some time ago was made by a few gentlemen to start an illustrated newspaper for the Chinese, who, it appears, are very partial to for-ign illustrations. The idea was certainly a good one, as it would tend to give the Celestials some idea of the manners and customs of foreigners. The natives of China, leaving the inhabitants of the Treavy Ports, know very little about foreigners; and such a paper, if brought out at a moderate price, would do much good.

at a moderate price, would do much good.

GEORGE SHEA, a compositor employed in the Ashton Star office, is alleged to have abstracted the manuscript of a letter published in that paper, and to have handed it over to certain persons who had been warmly criticised in it. The Ashton magistrates do not consider this sort of thing theft, and have refused to convict Mr. Shea. The result is that Mr. Broadbeat, who has prosecuted, has announced his determination to apply for a mandamus to compel the bench to send the case for trial. The Liberal Review thinks that he will get the mandamus, and hopes to find that property in MS, is just as sacred as it is nilver plate.

"Connected with the The Paper."—This experies

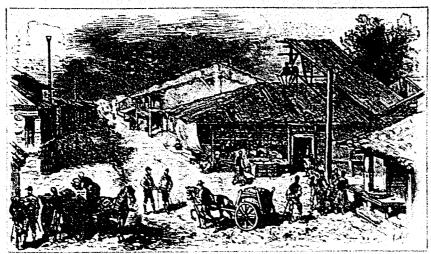
"CONNECTED WITH THE PRESS."-This ex-"Connected with the Priess."—This expression, says the World, will soon pass into a byphrase meaningless as "something in the City." A fellow, whose name was unwholesomely mixed up with a tale of seduction and suicide, described himself at a recent inquest as "connected with the press." The probability is that the fellow had no claim to that distinction. It is one thing to be "connected with the press," another to be a journalist. The red-nose pennyaliner who "flimsies" tremendous conflagrations, the advertisement tout, the dapper clerk in the fluancial department, the proof-reader, the "devil" who fetches copy and beer, even the boy in livery who rides the hack-pony of the Echo.—all these are "connected with the press;" but, if you please, they are not journalists.

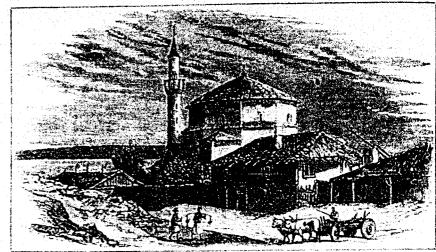
Mortimer Collins, the English novelist and

Mortimer Collins, the English novelist and Mortimer Collins, the English novelist and poet, whose death is announced, fell a victim to overwork. He had not rested from his incessant literary toil for years. He was born at Plymouth, in 1827. He early devoted himself to journalism, and was for many years connected with various metropolitan newspapers, and was also well known as a writer of verside society. Among his novels are, "Who is the Heir?" "Sweet Ann Page," "Marquis and Morehant," "Two Phinges for a Pearl," "Squire Silchester's Whim," "Transmigration," and "Frances," In poetry his separate publications are, "Summer Songs, "Idyls and Khyunes, and the "Inn of Strange Meetings and other Poems," A volume of, essays, published in 1871, anonymously, and entitled "The Secret of Long Life," was also from the pen of Mr. Collins. the pen of Mr. Collins.

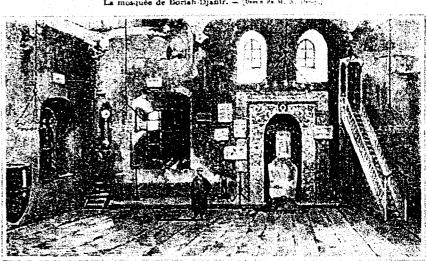
BOOKS are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furhishes a house. The plainest row of books is more sightifeant of refinement than the most elaborately-carved sideboard. Give us a home furnished with books rather than ferniture. Both if you can; but books at any rate. To spend several days at a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, thing to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting on luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without them is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. Children learn to read through being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with rending, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the interior excitements of passion and vice.

THE London correspondent of the Lung Adcertiser is answemble for the following:— To judge from appearance, literature is not a profitable profession. I had occasion lately to spend a good deal of time at the reading-room of the British Museum Library, and of all reading-room of the British Museum Library, and of all the badly-dressed, unwashed, unshayen, nukempt persons ever collected in a public room, the frequente, so it hat library are certainly the seedlest. And yet a large proportion are not the mere rank and file of the profession mere liberary backs and penny a liners—but names "familiar in our mouths as household words," men famous wherever the English language is spoken are there. But a single magazine article for which the publisher would pay ten guineas would defray the annual tailor's bill of most of these celebrities; and, to the shame of the craft be it said, there are few of its profession whose brainwork does not prevent their giving any attention to the exterior of their heads. Most of them are prematurely badl—most stoop—many are astumatic, in society they are often as shy and awkward as a senior wrangler; and, in point of fact, they are, as a rule, pleasanter in their writings than in their persons."

















Interleur d'un forgeron talgane, - (Doma de M. D. Varge)



Inscription de volontaires à la préfecture de police. — (Dune es M. G. Janus,



THE EASTERN WAR.—SKETCHES IN BELGRADE, BY M. DICK, Special artist of Le Monde Illustré; each drawn by a different artist from the staff of that Paper.

A. R. C. SELWYN, F.G.S.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY No. 284

Alfred Richard Cecil Selwyn, F.G.S. and Director of the Canadian Geological Survey, is one of the best known and most eminent of our scientific men. He is the youngest son of the Reverend Townshend Selwyn, Canon of Gloucester Cathedral, by Charlotte Sophia, daughter of Lord George Murray, Bishop of St. Davids, and grand-daughter of John, fourth Duke of Athol. Mr. Selwyn was born in 1824 and educated in Switzeland. In 1845, he was a resulted. cated in Switzerland. In 1845, he was appointed Assistant Geologist on the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and in 1852, on the recommendation of Sir T. De la Beche, undertook the Geological Survey of the Colony of Victoria, Australia. In 1854 and 1859, respectively, by special request of the Governments of Tasmania and Australia, Mr. Selwyn examined and reported upon the coal-field and gold-fields of those colonies. He was appointed one of the Victorian Commissioners of Mines in 1856; member of the Board of Science and of the Prospecting Board in 1858; and Commissioner for the Vic-torian International Exhibition in 1861. He was also a member of the Government Tender Board, and member of the Council of the Board of Agriculture, of the Royal Society, and of the Acelimatization Society. In 1869, he left Australia for Canada to succeed the late Sir Wm. E. Logan in the Superintendence of the Geological Survey of the Dominion. In that post his industry has been unremitting, and the labors undertaken by the Survey under his direction have been both continuous and of the highest scientific value to the country. His late journey of exploration over the line of the Pacific Railway and in British Columbia have led him to report most forcibly in favor of that great national work. It is mainly owing to his exertions that Canada has made so brilliant a show of mineral resources at Philadelphia, as the sketch which we publish today, in connection with Mr. Selwyn's portrait, will prove at a glance. We cannot go into the particulars of this exhibition, but all agree in testifying that, by means of it, Canada holds her own in that branch, as in all other lines of natural resource and industrial production.

CANADIAN BILLIARDS.

One of our illustrations this week is the billiard exhibit of Riley and May in the Canadian Court of the Philadelphia Exhibition, the taste and good workmanship of which have been much admired, and judging by the favourable notices from several of the press correspondents, the Canadian billiard table compares favourably with



A. R. C. SELWYN, F. G. S., DIRECTOR OF THE CANADIAN GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.
From a Photograph by Notman.

the tables of numerous other makers there exhibited from different parts of the world. Riley and May have been a long time established at Toronto as manufacturers of Billiard tables, also importers and dealers in everything appertaining to the noble game of billiards, and are celebrated for the first class quality of everything they send out, also for introducing novelties and improvements in the billiard line, the latest of which is their patent leveling attachment for billiard tables, and a new style of dining and billiard table which is giving great satisfaction, being arranged to present the correct height either for dining or playing on. When placed in position it can be altered to either purpose in one minute. To those who would have billiard rooms in their dwellings, could they spare the space which the ordinary billiard table requires, the combined dining and billiard table is recommended. Many who heretofore have been depied the pleasure, can now play billiards. Without taking more space than the ordinary dining table, it may be used as a dining table, a library table, or a billiard table.

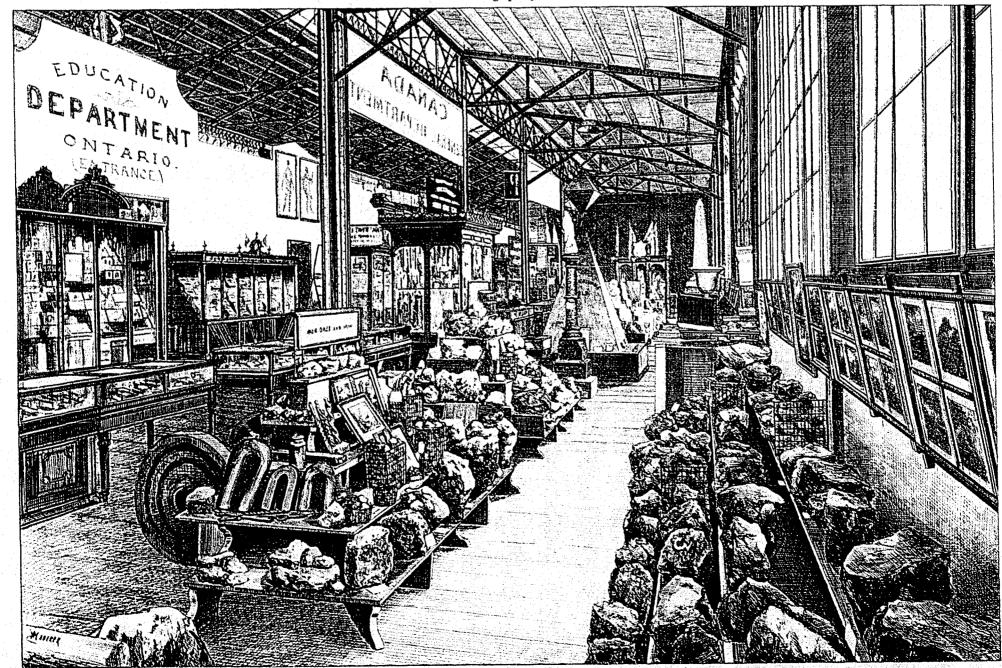
NAMES OF SCOTTISH GAMES.

The names of some of the Scottish games puzzle me not a little. I dare say these names are full of meaning to those who know their origin and have studied the peculiar phraseology in which they are couched. To me they are riddles. For example, the game upon the ice with curling stones or irons is called a bonspiel. This word I venture to interpret to mean smooth play, or possibly bean play. Then in the late list of the Caledonian games I notice another foreign-looking word, dam-brod. I know the game as that of draughts, or chequers. But I am curious to know the occult meaning of this compound title. With the few books I have at hand, and with such research as I have had time to bestow upon it, I would diffidently suggest that dambrod is a corruption of dom-bret. I fail to see any meaning attachable to dam in this connection. Brod I consider to be simply a Scottish substitute for board. Dom means a church or a monastery, and bret is teutonic for board. I have often heard uneducated Scotch boys call the boards of a book, the breds. Can it be that dam-brod, or dom-bret, is a game originating with and played at leisure hours by the clergy of the middle ages? It looks like chess made easy.

easy.

Not to weary you I pause, and beg some one of your many scholarly contributors to give me the precise meaning and etymon of bonspiel and dam.brod

eal. A. B.



THE CANADIAN GEOLOGICAL EXHIBIT AT THE CENTENNIAL .-- FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.) DISENCHANTED.

Not lovely; but her mobile mouth Half open like a crimson flower, Bursts into such a witching laugh, That I can only madly quaff The sounds delicious hour by hour, Like music floating from the South.

Not true of heart; and yet my heart Wheels round her heart in ceaseless passion; Why should her face have such a power. Which well I know is falsehood's dower? Will my heart ever mothlike dash on This pitiless light till life depart?

Nay! it will, knowing of the blight
That lurks beneath those sweet soft eyes,
And seeing 'neath that marble bust
Hearts cindered into loveless dust,
No longer seek that deadly prize:
But flutter out to the cool night?

Montreal, August, 1876.

BARRY DANK.

THE CURATE'S SON.

CHAPTER I.

A widowed mother and her only son are sits ting on the opposite sides of a table that standin the centre of a seven-roomed cottage, which they jointly occupy in the northern suburbs of

Both are busily engaged in writing.
She is apparently making a fair copy of manuscript, each folio of which he from time to time hands over to her as he hurriedly dashes it off; and if a looker-on might judge from the quantity of loose sheets which lie carefully piled up on the sofs, it is evidently intended to be a work

of no slight length.

They pursue their task with silent earnestness, and scarcely a syllable passes between them beyond an occasional question on the fond mother's part when some more than usually illegible word or phrase necessitates a momentary

illegible word or phrase necessitates a momentary pause in her "labour of love."

While they are thus occupied it may be as well to take the opportunity of recounting some of the principal incidents of their former life, a knowledge of which is needful for the education

Mrs. Needham was the widow of a poor curate, who, for the paltry stipend of seventy pounds per annum, had for years faithfully administered to the spiritual wants, and, as far as in him lay, to the physical needs, of a large rural parish, situated not far from Windsor.

Her husband, who had died at the comparatively early age of forty-five, had taken his degrees at Oxford with so much credit that he shortly became a "fellow" of his college; and if he could have made up his mind to remain in that state of single blessedness which a "fellow-ship" entails, the well-read, clever young clergyman would no doubt in due course have become a thriving and prosperous member of the Church militant; but, alas! "Love struck him with unerring dart," and in marrying Miss Amy Caldecot he lost his three hundred a year, and, in spite of all his scholestic attainment. in spite of all his scholastic attainments, ultimately subsided into that worst of all gentle-manly slaveries—a hard-working, ill-paid village curate.

Only the one child to whom the reader has just been introduced had blessed their union and it need scarcely be mentioned that the fond father had, as long as he lived, taken all possi-

ble pains with the education of his darling boy.

His sudden death, however, when the lad
was hardly sixteen, had cruelly cut short the many hopes which both parents had justly en-tertained of their son's future eminence, inas-much as it had deprived him of such a tutor as he could hardly hope to meet again, even if the means had been forthcoming to command services of so high a grade; much less when the sorely straitened pecuniary circumstances in which both mother and son had been left by the loss of their sole support, had rendered every shilling that could be scraped together for "daily bread" scarcely sufficient for the provision of the commonest necessaries.
Still, young Arthur Needham had, at any

rate, received that inestimable boon, the groundwork of a sound classical education. And as he had already given proof of aptitude and unindustry in pursuing his studies, and his poor father had more thun once flagging industry in told her-evinc-d tokens of no ordinary future told her—evinced tokens of no ordinary future talent, his mother continued to indulge in bright secret hopes; and, in her heart of hearts, ventured to predict no cummon success in life for her darling boy, provided he obtained "the ghost of a chance," as she phrased it, to fight his way through the dark clouds then surround-

ing them.
It was about six weeks after the curate's death that an incident occurred which completely changed the vhole course and current of young Arthur's life—whether for future good or ill-fortune, the progress of our narrative must determine.

He was returning along a secluded lane from atternoon ramble in the neighbourhood, and had nearly arrived at the garden gate of his small cottage to which their now sorelydiminished income had only a few days before compelled them to remove, when the sound of rattling wheels and galloping horses, accom-panied by loud screams for "Help!" fell sud-denly on his startled ear.

He had bardly time to turn round, when he

saw, within a few yards of him, a low, four-swheeled basket-chaise, to which was harnessed a pair of ponies that, having evidently taken flight at the report of a gun which had just been discharged by a boy who was employed in

scaring crows from a field that bordered on the hedge, had taken the bit between their teeth, and madly bolted off, kicking and plunging, to the dire distress and alarm of a young lady who was the sole occupant of the tiny carriage

She had evidently lost all control over the reckless animals, and could scarcely keep her seat, as the frail vehicle swung dangerously from side to side, while it was dragged to and fro through the deep ruts, and up and down the shelving banks which rose steeply on either

The boy immediately sprang forward to arrest them in their furious career, and, at the imminent peril of his own life, he happily succeeded; but, at the same instant, a sudden descent in the lane, and a deeper rut than usual in its rugged surface, caused the chaise to over-turn, and its youthful occupant to be thrown out, fainting and senseless.

To raise her in his arms, and carry her to the

cottage in which he dwelt, was the work of but

a few moments longer.

When he had transferred his inanimate burden with all possible tenderness to his mother's arms, and the exceeding loveliness of the girl whom he had thus gallantly rescued from almost certain death for the first time fairly met his view, Arthur Needham, boy though he was, felt a strange emotion rise in his heart and course rapidly through his veius—a emotion which, although he then knew not, would never cease to dominate his being until death stepped in and stayed all earthly sensation.

The kind care and attention which Mrs. Needham bestowed on the young lady who had been so providentially rescued by Arthur's coolness and courage, soon restored her guest suffi-ciently to be able to inform them that she was the daughter of Mr. Bute, one of the largest and most celebrated London publishers, whose country house was about two miles distant. And a medical man, who lived close by, having pronounced that all the serious harm which she had sustained from her accident was a most severely sprained ankle, a messenger was immediately despatched to their residence, to inform her father of the upset and its results.

He usually returned from business in town to

a six o'clock dinner, and would, very probably, have arrived even before the note which she penned to him of her hair-breadth escape, and

its happily results, could reach the villa.

A verbatim copy of the young lady's missive to her sole surviving parent is herewith appended :-

"DEAR OLD DAD,-

"The ponies you so kindly gave me the other day ran away with me this afternoon. I was pitched out of the basket-work, and should have been killed had it not been for the presence of mind of a young gentleman—not a young 'gent,' mind—who stopped them at the hazard of his life; and picked me up and carried me insensible into his mother's cottage. But I'm all right now; and, barring a badly-sprained ankle, I'm not the bit the worse for my acrobatic tum-

ble. So don't fidget about it, but come and see me as soon as you've dined.

"My ankle is rapidly assuming as astonishing likeness to the pillar of your library table, which is, I think, about nine inches in diameter; and the medical man whom they have called in vows I ought not to touch the ground with my I ought not to touch the ground with my swollen foot for a week at least. He strongly recommends my staying here for that time, and says they are highly respectable people, &c., &c. The mother (a clergyman's widow) is most assuredly a remarkably nice sort of body; she has put me into a cosy little spare bed-room; and I think I should like it of all things. You can come and see me every day, course, when can come and see me every day, course, when you return from town; and, dear old dad, you have plenty of money, you know, and could recompense them handsomely for my board and lodging, and any trouble that I might give; so get your dinner, and drink a couple of glasses extra of the old port, and then come over, and we'll arrange it all as nice as can be. I'm jus going to devour a mutton chop and two beauti-tful potatoes.
"Ever your affectionate daughter,

"EDITH BUTE."

It need not be said that the first part of the foregoing communication put the worthy pub-lisher into a sad state of trepidation, for Edith, was his only surviving child, and he loved her

dearly.

But he calmed down considerably as he continued his perusal of it; and after hastily par-taking of a good dinner, during which he turned the matter in his mind, he resolved, as usual, to let his darling pet have her own way, and domicile herself at the widow's cottage until the medical man pronounced her able to use her

foot without fear of further injury.
So, after taking the two extra glasses of old port which she had recommended, he ordered his brougham to be brought round, and had half he knew she liked best—carefully placed on the front seat, and drove off to see the young lady who had been "pitched out of the basket-work" and sprained her ankle, and proclaimed her intention of devouring "a mutton chop and two beautiful potatoes." sparkiing Moselle-—the wine

CHAPTER II.

When Mr. Bute arrived at the cottage, he found his daughter reclining on a couch in one of the prettiest and neatest little chambers he

ever recollected to have seen.

The furniture was old-fashioned, but exceed-

ingly good; the accessories were quiet, but in xcellent taste; and altogether there was an air of real comfort about the apartments, that, in comparison with any of the large gorgeously appointed rooms of Bulwer Villa, which he had himself built, and named after the celebrated

himself built, and named after the celebrated novelist, was absolutely refreshing.

"Well, dad," said Edith, as her father entered the room, "here I am, you see; all serene and snug, after my topsy-turvy tumble."

"You are a sad madcap, Edith," said Mr. Bute, kissing her fondly. "But how on earth

did it happen?"
"Ah, that you must ask the ponies."

"Now don't be a foolish child! There must have been some cause!"

"Of course there must," archly replied this rather fast young lady; "you know your favourite Shakspere says, 'This effect defective comes by cause,' and I perfectly agree with him; but still," continued she, pointing to her swollen ankle, "I may not know the cause of this effect defective." this effect defective."

"She's a chip of the old block! She's a

clever girl, although she is a madcap!" muttered the fond father to himself, highly pleased at this apt quotation from his dearly loved poet.
"I forgot to ask you in my note," she said, laughingly; "but do you happen to have brought a glass of my pet wine for me, dad, to wash that little bit of old *Polonius* down?"

"Yes, my darling, I have," replied he eagerly, as he produced a bottle of Moselle from his pocket; "and I've brought five more in the carriage with me, to last you the whole week. But I don't think"—(this somewhat seriously) "that Shakspere requires a washing down to make him palatable."

I said to wash Polonius down, and he was an old fool you know; and fools require some sort of stimulant to enable one to swallow their

"Humph! Deduction passably good, but founded on a false premiss. *Polonius* was not a fool, my dear, and Shakspere never intended to make him one. He was an astute, clever old man, whatever the critics may aver to the con-

"Well, we'll say that it is wanted to wash the mutton chop and potatoes down, then. They brought me up a tumbler of spring water; but, you see, they didn't offer me any wine, and I didn't like to ask for it."

"You were yery right. Ab Leton, though!

"You were very right. Ah! stop, though! What will the doctor say? What about inflam-

mation! I quite forgot that."
"The doctor be fiddled! I'm as well as ever "The doctor be nddled! I'm as well as ever I was in my life. Come, make haste, like a dear old dad! I'm dying with thirst; there's a corkscrew and wine-glass on the table."
"I see there is; but we must not make use of them without the medical man's permission."
"Nanagana! One glass at any rate won't

"Nonsense! One glass, at any rate, won't hurt me !"

It may, my child." "But I say it won't."

"And I reply that I cannot be a party to giving it, at all events!" And, so saying, he rose from his seat, and placed the bottle on a table at the opposite side of the room.

Now, Miss Edith Bute did not so particularly

want the wine; but she did desire to have her own way. It has, no doubt, been already discovered by the reader of this true history that she was a somewhat self-willed young person— in other words, a spoiled child; and she had, ever since her mother's death, been so humoured ever since her mother success, been so numoured and petted by her father, who was foolishly fond of her, that the slightest contradiction was apt to put her into an ungovernable passion.
"I will have it!" she exclaimed, in a tone of

towering rage.
"And I won't give it to you!" replied he, with great determination; for the probable danger of increasing the inflammation in her already frightfully swollen ankle gave him a strength and firmness to resist her, which

strength and firmness to resist her, which nothing short of his fear for the consequences of yielding to her temper could have accomplished.

"Then I'll get it myself!" vociferated the headstrong girl, totally forgetting her inability to move, and indignantly starting up.

But at this inneture our dear good kind.

But at this juncture, our dear, good, kind but stern old Mother Nature intervened, and instantly settled the matter by throwing the young lady back on the sofa before she had well risen from it, in unhearable pain.

"Oh !-oh !-oh !-oh-oh !" cried she, in pi-

tiable agony.
"Oh!--oh!-oh." echoed the fond, toolish father, in tones of the deepest commiseration. "My dear darling!—my precious treasure!— what a stupid you are! Here, here, I'll give it to you—I'll give you the whole bottle rather than you should subject yourself to such pain as this, my child!"

But, luckily, this crowning act of insanity was put a stop to by a gentle tap at the door, and the entrance of the medical man; who, deeming it a rather serious case, had called in

again to see how his patient was getting on.
"What is the matter?" inquired the doctor,
as he took a chair and felt her pulse. "We are as he took a chair and left her pulse. "We are not worse, I hope? The pain ought to have subsided considerably by this time. Humph! pulse too high; febrile symptoms. You have used the lotion every half-hour, of course!"

"Yes doctor," replied she, with as much calmuess as she could assume.

calmness as she could assume. "You seem to be in much greater pain than

I had expected to find you."
"It is—it is—still rather painful! But I

your position, on any pretence whatever, for some hours, or I won't be answerable for the consequences. This gentleman is

"My father, Mr. Bute."

"Ah?—I congratulate you, sir, on your daughter's narrow escape! If she is kept perfectly quiet for a week or ten days here, she can be removed to your own residence; but I must strongly advise that she does not stir from this room until at least that time has elapsed." room until at least that time has elapsed."

"Very well, doctor," said the old publisher.
"I am certain that she will have every possible care and attention from Mrs. Needham, who is a highly respectable lady, and a very kindly one, too. For the next two or three days the plainest diet must suffice."

"She can have a glass of good wine, I suppose!" inquired her fond father.

"Not a drop!—not one drop! Nothing but tea, toast and water, barley water, water gruel. No coffee—no beer. Wine and spirits are absolute poison!"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" exclaimed poor Edith, with a sigh that came from the bottom of her heart.

bottom of her heart.

"Ah, my dear young lady," said Dr. Williams, with a smile, "this is a very sad prospect for you, no doubt, after unrestrained indulgence in all the delicacies and luxuries of your father's table; but, believe me, it is absolutely necessary that you should adhere strictly to the necessary that you should adhere strictly to the regimen which I have pointed out. Your pulse is much higher than I had expected to find it. You must keep yourself quiet. I will send you a couple of pills, which you must take to-night, and a draught the first thing to-morrow morning. I shall be with you early, and shall hope to find a marked change for the better. Meantime, recollect that quiet—the most absolute quiet both of mind and body—is all essential. Good day!"

And with these instructions the doctor bowed birned for the doctor

And with these instructions the doctor bowed himself out. And there sat the father and the daughter, wofully gazing at each other, and looking unutterable things!

"Poppet," said he, at last, "so fond as you are of a good breakfast, and a good dinner, and a good tea, and a good supper, your're in a nice predicement!" predicament!"

"So it appears," said she, with a most lugubrious grimace; "but you didn't ask him anything about the eating part of the diet."
"No, I didn't, my poor child!"

"And why not?"

"And why not?"

"Well, he astonished me so much with his catalogue of drinks, that I thought I had better leave it alone! Did he know of the mutton chop and potatoes, my child?"

"I can't say, I think not."

"I feel sure he didn't; and he had better not be told now. If he does, he will put you on bread and water, to a certainty."

"Ah! hut even that ien't the worst!"

"Ah! but even that isn't the worst!"

"What do you mean?"
"The pills and the draught! I detest physic! I can't conceive what good pills can do to a sprained ankle!"

sprained ankle!"
"Nor I, my child; but you'll have to swallow them! We mustn't disobey the orders of our medical men, you know. I'd take the pills and the draught, too, for you, with pleasure, but that would do you no good."
"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" again sighed Edith; now deeply regretting the violence of temper which she plainly saw had run her pulse up to

which she plainly saw had run her pulse up to fever heat, and brought the pills and draught, and perhaps the whole catalogue of slops, into

the doctor's prescription.
"Well, darling, it is useless to mourn over it; what can't be cured must be endured, you know. Eh? Hark! I declare the church clock is striking nine! I'll go down stairs and have a word or two with Mrs. Needham and her son, and thank them both for all their kindness, and then I'll be off home. You shall see ness, and then I'll be off home. You shall see me again to-morrow morning before I go to town. Keep up your spirits, darling; and pray take the pills. And now good night, my child, and heaven bless you!"
"Good night, darling old dad—good night!"
And thus, with a kiss of fond affection, the father and daughter hade each other adjan.

father and daughter bade each other adieu.

CHAPTER III.

Whether Miss Edith really took the pills and the draught was a matter known only to herself; suffice it to say that the strength of her constitution and general state of robust health enabled her to recover very speedily from all the abled her to recover very speeding from an the ill-effects of her accident, and, in a fortnight, her sprained ankle was a thing of the past.

As she gradually regained the use of her foot, the intercourse with her kind hostess and

Arthur became more frequent, and the pleasure she took in their society increased daily

Her father, who was a constant visitor at the cottage, was not only profuse in his expressions of gratitude, but strove to evince, by decda as well as by words, his deep sense of what he owed to the boy who had so courageously sayed his daughter's life at the hazard of his own; and the young lady herself was by no means chary of her acknowledgments.

During the intimacy which had sprung up between the families, the old publisher soon found out that in consequence of the curate's death, without his having been able to make any provision for his wife and son, they were in very straitened circumstances. And after a long consultation with Edith, who entertained the idea with all the ardour that belonged to her unwittingly attempted to move it just now!"

"Ah, that accounts for it! This is a most sewere sprain. You must not attempt to change

and not only give him a present salary which would be sufficient to keep the wolf from the door, but also to advance him to a higher and more lucrative post as soon as an opportunity should offer.

It need scarcely be said, that this handsome proposal was engerly and gladly accepted; and arrangements were effected for the immediate removal of the widow and her son to London, so that Arthur might be within easy walking distance of Paternoster Row, in which renowned bookselling locality Mr. Bute's extensive publishing business was carried on.

After the lapse of a very few weeks, all these little arrangements were completed. Mrs. Needham took a small house at Highbury, and Arthur took his seat at the desk of an inner office, which communicated immediately with the private room of his principal.

Notwithstandingall the confinity with which

the publisher treated his new clerk, the boy could not help occasionally regretting the neressity which had forced him to give up all those hopes of future scholastic and university emmence in which he had indulged while under his poor father's tutelage; but the hours (from nine till five) during which he was engaged in business, were comparatively few, and he was still able to occupy his evenings in improving his mind, and as far as lay in his power, con-tinuing those classical studies for which he had always telt a strong predilection.

The well-stored book-shelves of his employer, who not only published two magazines, but also a vast quantity of the higher grades of movels, furnished hin with an inexhaustible sters of light reading; and Mr. Bute's private library, to which he also had access, gave him an unlimited range among the the works of the most velebrated ancient and modern authors. So, taking things together, he was as indeed, he had good reason to be happy and contented.

Six years rolled on, during which he performed his official duties so greatly to the satis-taction of the old publisher, that he had been twice promoted to a higher position, with the agreeable accompaniment of an ingreased salary.

In short, everything seemed to be progressing -o pleasantly, and going on so swimmingly, that had it not been for one little drawback-one little hope which he hardly dared dream would ever be fulfilled - Arthur might be said to be reposing on a perfect had of roses; but, alas' there was one sharp thorn in it she had tallen desperately in love with Edith.

Having ever since his first entrance into the soffice been a welcome and frequent visitor at Mr. Bute's country house, he had gradually become sumeshed in that always-enchanting, but often unfortunate; thraldom which so few men have

been able to escape.

The young lady, too, he thought reciprocated his passion. Although he words of love had possed between them, he had every reason to believe Miss Bute looked favourably on his evident prolifection for her.

But the distance that the large fortune which the old publisher had accumulated placed between his lovely daughter and the poor clerk was immeasurable, and, he greatly feared, insur-

What was to be done? This had been his constant thought for months. What was to be done? What could be do to gain her father's consent to their union

Of her consent he felt tolerably sure, although his high sense of honour forbade him to ask it until he had first secured that of her only parent.

An idea suddenly struck him. He had already occupied some of his leisure hours in writing two or three short tales, and having sent them in anonymously to one of the magazines of which Mr. Bute was the publisher, he had been much gratified, and, indeed, somewhat astonished, by their prompt appearance in print.

o sool on earth knew anything about this but his mother, who had made the copies of the manuscripts which were forwarded to the editor, so that his well-known handwriting should not be recognized.

"Faint heart never won fair lady " If he could write a short story, why not a big novel.
He would write a novel!

If it should be successful, he should be on the

high road to fame and fortune. He is writing a novel!

And it is this very novel which he is now dashing off, page after page, so rapidly, while ir convol making cribed at the commencement of our tale.

In three days it was finished, and he made ut his mind to hazard a bold coup by sending it in (anonymously, of course) to the publisher himself, with a note signed "A. E. I.," stating that the author sought no pecuniary remuneration for this his first attempt, and a request that a reply might be left, addressed to the above initials at "Peele's Coffee House," Fleet street.

In a month the reply came. It was accepted!
Within two months afterwards—viz., in February-it was published, and was so highly successful that it became the favourite, that season, of the fashionable world.

Even the dear, kind, good-natured critics in the newspapers did not cut it up. Everybody praised it. It can through three editions before the 20th of May.

And the 20th of May was Edith's birthday; and Arthur, as usual, received an invitation to spend it with her and her father at Bulwer Villa.

He went to Bulwer Villa with his original MS, in his pocket, and after dinner he showed Paris lifty times over, and in the provinces

it to the delighted and astounded publisher and his daughter.

And from that moment "the course of true love did run smooth;" and Miss Edith Bute is now the happy wife of Mr. Arthur Needham, the curate's son.

THE GLEANER.

Lord Clandeboye, eldest son of the Earl of Dufferin, has sailed for England to study at Rugby.

MANY of the Parisian toilets have several bouquets, always one at the throat and one at the pocket.

THE breaking of a bottle of cream over the bow of an English steamer, on the occasion of the christening, was carrying the tectoral feeling about as far it can go.

THE Echo says that the sword which the City of London presented to Earl of St. Vincent, of naval fame is -and has long been -exposed for sale in a pawnbroker's window in the Strand.

THREE at a birth seems such a general occurrence now that the Times has found it necessary to manufacture a word for it. That journal calls three at a birth "trins."

It is said that King Alfonso is an early riser, a hard worker, and a close student, particularly of French and English history. His amusements are riding and hunting.

eross the Atlantic in a steamer has been abandoned. It was found impossible to arrange the matter to suit the convenience of the majority of the members.

A French scientific journal states that the ordinary rate of a man walking is 4 feet per second: of a good horse in harness, 12; of a reindeer, in a sledge of the ice, 26; of an English race-horse, 43; of a hare, 88; of a good sailing ship, 14; of the wind, 82.

THE millennium has not come, yet the Bishop of Gloucester and Cardinal Manning were present the other day at a meeting of the Model House Association for improving the dwellings of the poor in London. The Bishop was compelled by other engagements to leave, and he actually asked the Cardinal to take his place in the chair.

A society has been started in France for the purpose of prosecuting "voyages of study" round the world. M. de Lesseps has interested himself in the project, and next year a steamer of 1,200 horse-power will take a cargo of boys, with tutors, regulations, and everything neressary to enjoyment, on a long cruise, in which pleasure is to be duly seasoned with instruction.

It is suggested that school managers should press upon the Education Department the necessity of allowing boys to practise their fingers in needlework, netting, and the like, and of cuhave all boys taught needlework. Nothing gives such nicety of touch as that, or prepares so well for any kind of handieraft.

THE oldest Cavalry Regiments in the British Army stand thus in the order of seniority of embodiment :

Life Guards Royal Horse Guards (Blue) ... 1661 Scots Grevs 1681 First Dragoous 1683

General Brialmont has published in the last number of the Recue. Scientifique an article on entrenched camps and the conditions of their establishment, which is considered very remarkable. The article forms part of a work, La Defense des Etats et les Camps Retrancles, which will appear shortly.

Carrier pigeons have been put to a valuable and ingenuous use by an Isle of Wight doctor. After seeing his patients in each village, the doctor writes a list of prescriptions, affixes at to the leg of a pigeon, and sends the bird home. The prescriptions are thus made up long before the doctor's return, and the medicines for those living at a distance are enabled to be despatched As a country doctor's practice is necessarily much scattered, this method might be adopted with great advantage, as delay in the arrival of medicines is often of serious cousequence to the patient.

A clever American has patented a novelty in playing-eards. In the "Globe pack," as it is called, the cards are round, which gives an increased indestructibility, and an ease in handling, shuffling, and dealing, such as is now to be attained only by long practice. Besides this the number of colours has been increased to four, printed as follows : - Hearts, red ; diamonds, yellow; clubs, green; spades, black thus rendering the suits more easily discernible; and in addition the rim of each card has near its edge a number of numerals, printed in the proper colour, so that without seeing the rest of he card its suit and value are known at once.

THE city of Paris lately asked for a loan of 120 millions of francs. Saturday was the subscription day, and from Friday night until the next morning thousands of Parisians surrounded the establishments where the list was to be opened, and as the day broke formed themselves into queues, the loan being allotted in the order of application. Instead of 120 millions, subscriptions were offered of between nine and ten milliards. The loan, in fact, was covered in

twenty-five times over. The last loan, issued at 440 francs, was covered 43 times; this, issued at 465 francs, has been covered 75 times. There is plenty of money in France even now.

THE most startling combinations of shape and colour are visible in the Paris streets. instance, a lady was seen driving to the Bois de Boulogne, a few days ago, wearing a turquoise blue China crape costume, embroidered by hand with a large flowing design of vine leaves in sap green silk, and fastened with turquoise buttons This dress was shaded by a light-blue parasol, also worked with sap-green vine leaves, and the handle of which was studded with turquoises. Another lady wore, on the same day, a white satin waiscoat, richly embroidered in gold, with a cream-coloured damask polonaise and skirt, and a third wore an ingenious mixture of coffeecolour and cream-colour, the whole elaborately and thickly-embroidered with silk moss-rose-

FASHIONS IN HAIR, -- It was a custom formerly in France to blesss the first cutting of the hair, as with the Romans the first shaving day with young men was kept as a festival. placed his first beard in a jewelled box, and dedicated it to Jupiter. Often enemies were reconciled in France by cutting their hair at the same time, and mixing portions of it to form a lock. Donations to the altar were generally accompanied by a lock of the giver's hair. The tonsure, which is still practised by many religious orders, is the symbol of homage. Some councils THE proposed trip of members of Parliament of Rome direct the clergy to cut their bair, and others to permit it to grow. From the twelfth to the fifteenth century the clergy wore the beard as long as a Greek philosopher's, till, the laity following the example, Leo X. ordered the priests and the abbots to shave. François 1., like the Emperor Hadrian, wore the beard long, to hide a wound, and the hair short to dissimulate a burn by thus appearing bald. Louis XIV, wore a wig to conceal his wen. Under the First Empire the hair was won short; under the Restoration, long: the Saint-Simoniens and the members of the Romantic School wore their locks like Samson's.

A relic of the great fire of London has been found at Eastcheap. The fire of 1666 is said to have begun in Pudding-lane and ended at Piecorner, and the identical spot where the conflagration originated is pointed out by an inscription on an old stone recently unearthed in the cellars of a warehouse in Pudding-lane. The inscription was as follows :-- " Here by ve Permission of Heaven Hell broke loose upon this Protestant Citye from the malicious hearts of barbarous papists by ye hand of their agent Hubert, who confessed, and on ye Ruines of this place declared ye Fact for which he was hanged (VIZI), "That here began that Dreadful Fire which is described and perpetuated on and by ye neighbouring Pillar.' Erected Anno 1681 in the Mayoraltie of Sir Patience Word, Kt. The stone was found face downwards-a proof couraging the teaching of these processes by that it had remained undisturbed for two cenpayments. The eminent surgeon, Sir Benjariin turies. Some coins were near the stone, and Brodie, said, "If I could have my will, I would probably Hubert's skeleton is not far off. The illar referred to is, of course, the Monument on Fish-street Hill, on which the inscription accusing the Roman Catholics, after being crased and restored was finally effaced in 1831. This stone, although now broken in half, is of considerable historic interest, and certainly worthy of preservation.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WE know a girl so industrious that, when she

has nothing else to do, she knits her brows, When is a blow from a lady welcome !-- When she strikes you agreeably.

A clergyman said the other day that modern coung ladies were not daughters of Shem and Ham; but daughters of Hem and Sham compounds of plain sewing and make-believe.

Birthday presents are dear to the feminine juvenile, who loudly heralds the anniversary, but as she grows older she sees the vanity of such things, and after she is twenty rarely, if ever, refers to the subject.

As old gentleman who has dabbled all his life in statistics, says he never heard of but one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this by the singular fact of one of the questions being, "What is your age!

QUALIFICATION.—It is said when a young lady "comes out" in New York, people ask, "Is she rich!"—in Boston, "Weat does she know!"—in Baltimore, "Is she pretty!"—in Philadelphia, "Is she a thoroughbred!"

As old author quaintly remarks : -" Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satias, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up.

THOSE who denounce a woman's extravagance should read this :- " A London shirt-maker has just finished a dozen shirts for a gentleman, the price of which is one hundred and twenty pounds. They are, it is stated, of the finest ambrie, and have fronts embroidered with gold threads.

Can it be that there are women in this civilzed land who will not economize in household matters by making the family live on two meals per day and compelling the children to go barefooted to Sunday school, when their poor, overtaxed husbands are compelled to lose two days' work every week to play base-ball?

An old gentleman who was living with his sixth wife, and who had always been noted for the ease with which he managed his spouses, on being asked to communicate his secret, replied, "It is the simplest thing in the world. If you want to use a woman up, just let her have her own way in everything all the time. There never was a woman born who could survive that a great while.

Ar a hairdresser's establishment, near the Haymarket, may now be read this old label attached to an exhibition of tresses of feminine hair :- " Ladies' own short-comings made up. Owing either to the brevity of the space at disposal, or to an indifference to strict orthographical propriety, the letter "b" in the word "combings" has been curiously considered su-

A prominent citizen rushed into one of our large dry goods stores, and stopped at the button counter: he had a small sample of brown silk in his hand, and he asked the smiling clerk if he had any buttons to match that. "Plenty sir," was the answer, "will you have them by the gross?" "No, sir!" roared the citizen, "I want them by the bushel--eart-load--ton! I want them sent up in wagons, and backed into my cellar, till it is full and running over. I'm sick of hearing, 'J-och-n, did you match those buttons?" I am not going to spend the rest of my days running round trying to match impossible colors! There's my check, but I tell you I won't feel like myself till I've laid in my winter smuly of buttons." winter supply of buttons.

ARTISTIC.

A picture by a young Polish painter named Smieradzki is being much taiked about in Rome at the present time. It is called "The Martyrs," and represents the prosecution of the Christians by Nero, as described by Tacitus. It is probable, an Palian journal states, that this picture will be exhibited in Paris before

J. H. PARKER has two monographs in the press, one on the Fermu Romanum and the Via Saera, the other on the Colosseam. Both will be illustrated, the former having forty-five, the latter thirty six plates. The work on the Colosseum will embedy the results obtained through the recent exervations which have thrown so much new light on the building.

NEAR Rome, in the Villa Palombara, the discovery has just been made of the head of Venus, of artistic workmanship, and in excellent preservation, also a Mercury with cadneens, and some bronze vases and sculptures in marble. At Ripetta, an ancient port of the Tiber, have been found a column of mottled alabaster, add a large sarcophagus of marble with genii in relief and inscriptions; and in the Villa Babuino some remains of walls and a nessaic parennent.

At the drawing for prizes of the Ceramic and Crystal Palace Art Union, London, England, on the 28th of July Palace Art Union, London, England, on the 28th of July last, the following gentlemen in Montread were prizeholders:—C. Drinkwater, Esq., G.T.R., vase, 14 inches high, Italian design, on hoff ground, with medallions and trophies: colours and gold enrichments,—Hattom & Son. John Harris, Esq., 9-inch Jardinière: richlycoloured majolica. Rev. R. W. Norman, M.A., Plaque, Subject from Sir Joshua Reynold's "Robinetta, — Bottane & Son.

A valuable relic of Egyptian sculpture has been found on the banks of the Xile, near the ruins of the Temple of Karme. A sandstone clost has been uncarthed containing a green basalt figure of a hippounearthed containing a green toaset lighte of a hippopatamus, beautifully curved and polished, and standing about 3 feet high. Hieroglyphic writings on the class show the carving to belong to the period of Psantaetic I., and to be contemporary with the green basalt helder in the Boulac Museum at Cairo, hitherto considered the fluest carving extant. The hippopotamus, however, is a more delicate and perfect specimen.

THE Italian Government, persuaded by the success of the Trappist brotherhood of San Paolo finor he mure di Roma, that the Encadyptis globulus has a beneficial influence in matarious districts, has presented beneficial influence in maiarious districts, has presented to the landowners of Italy large supplies of slips of the tree for the purpose of forming plantations where its virtues seem required. The Government also intends to grow the Encalyptus along the boulevards of the large cities and even along the various lines of railway throughout the kingdom. Landholders themselves, are following the initiative of the Government, and in a few years Italy expects to drive maiaria as effectively from the borders as ague has been expelled from those of Lincoloshire. Lincolnshire.

HUMOROUS.

THERE is a tired and subdued look about a linen collar now-days that is a severe reflection on the starch manufacturers of this country.

THE Connecticut State Treasurer having received the sum of ten dollars from a conscience stricken fellow, the Legislature voted an adjournment and started for Philadelphia.

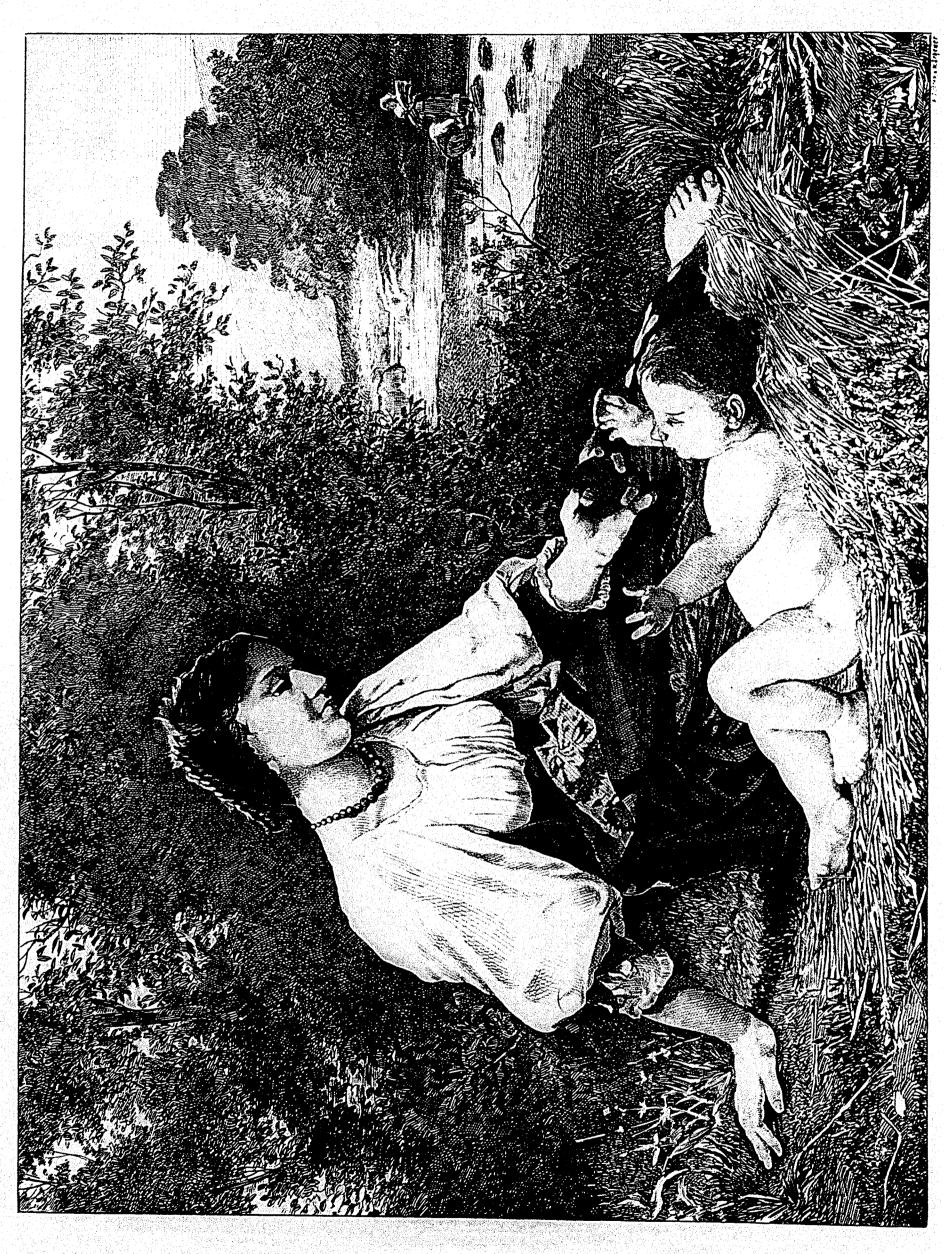
Proper who are going to dry any apples should do it you, for a sudden demise of all house sanding of many by a state of the mass of the instru-nentality of the house fly that dried apples are brought to a state of perfection.

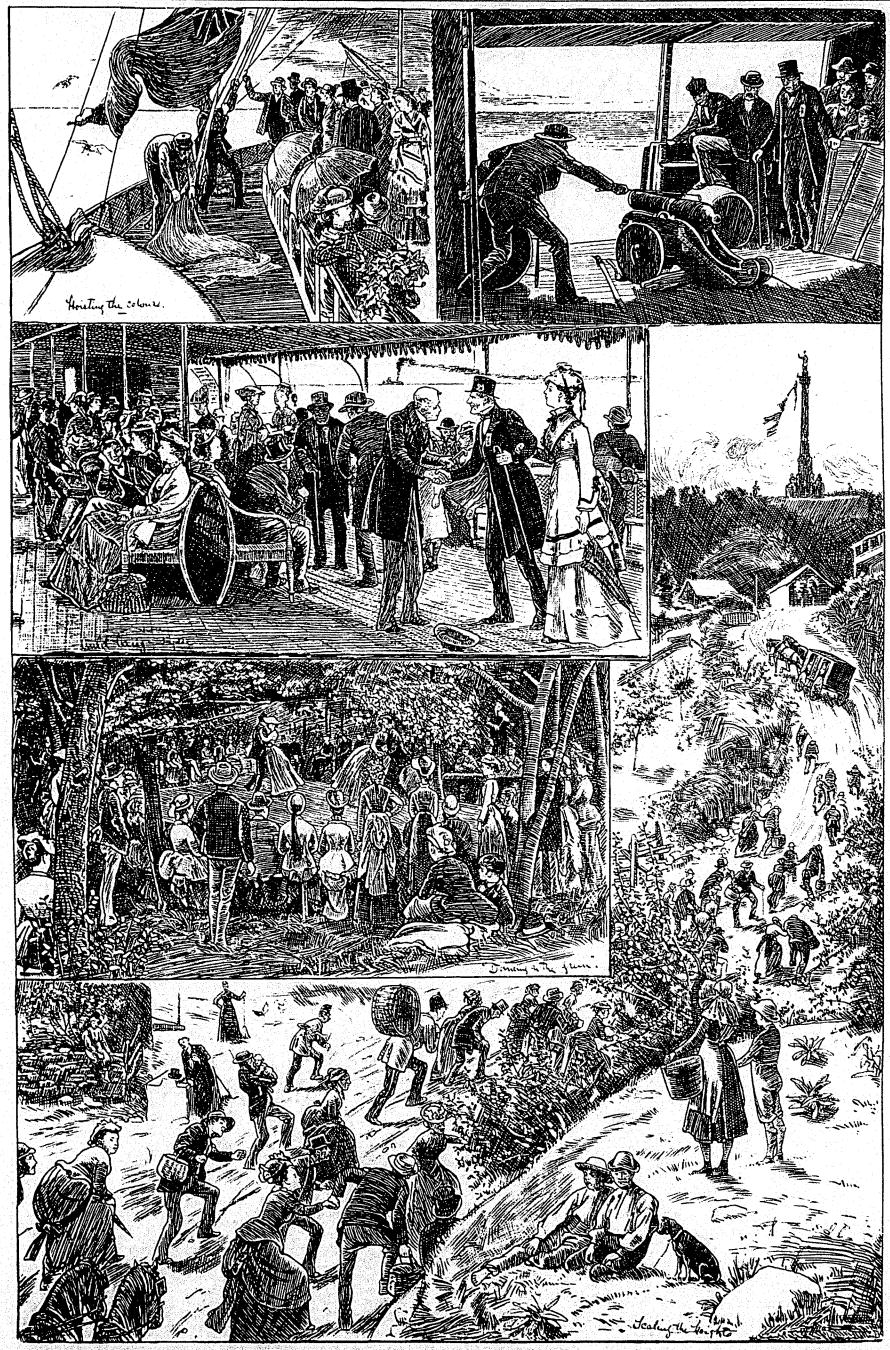
Lord Dendreary, having an appointment with his consin, who was habitually unpunctual, to his great surprise found him waiting. "Why, Tham," drawled his bridsnip, "I thee you are here first at last. You were always behind before; but I am glad to thee you have become early of late.

A German professor while lecturing on momentum to a junior class, related, in illustration of his subject, an account of an explosion of gunpowder in one of the army trains during the late war, on which occasion, he said, the horses were blown off their shoes. "But this," he added. "was an extreme case."

"I AM glad," said the Rev. Dr. Young to "AM glad, said the key. Dr. Young to the chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whiskey; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes!" replied the chief, and he fixed an expressive eye upon the Doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it. "We Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make

A Scoren wife, on her return home from A SCOTCH wife, on her return home from hirk, dechared the settion she had just been listening to was the finest discourse she had ever heard. "What was it about?" it quired a friend. "How should I ken?" rejoined the lady. "But what was the subject?" pursued the friend. "I'm no sure." replied the guidewife. "But what was the text, and did he divide it? still pursued her friend. "I didm mind the text," an excred the lady. "but oh, it was a grand discourse, the best I ever heard; for first he dang with this han, and then he dang with that han, and then he sampli with that hoot, and then he stampit with that foot; and aboon a he swar maist vicious.





TORONTO:—EXCURSION OF THE YORK PIONEERS TO QUEENSTON HEIGHTS ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

FROM A SKETON BY W. CRUICKSHANK.

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

BASTONNAIS

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

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK IV.

AFTER THE STORM.

V1,

THE SAVING STEOKE.

When Roderick took his departure, Pauline accommended him to the outer door, but she was not long away, being desirous to assist at the interview between Cary and Batoche. The old man stood by the bedside of his friend keenly observant of the symptoms which presented themselves to his practised eye. He that had so often been exposed to the severities of the Canadian winter and the hardships of the hunter's life was well acquainted with a malady which had more than once threatened his own

days.

'Both his lungs are terribly attacked and he is very, very feelde," said he to M. Belmont and Pauline, "but the clearness of his complexion is sound, and the shows that his constitution is sound, and the repose of his limbs is proof that he is endowed with remarkable strength. His illness comes from his wound. He was struck by a ball under the right shoulder and the upper lobe of the lung was probably grazed. He held up against the shock thus wasting much of the vital force which absolute repose from the beginning would have spared him. He is a very sick man, but I believe with the doctor that he will pull through. Indeed, added Batoche in that quaint oracular way which was no longer new to those who heard him, "Cary Singleton cannot, must not die. Not only is his own young life precious, but there are dear lives depending upon his. What would Zulma Sarpy do without him, she that is fretting at the very thought of his illness ! And, Pauline, you, I am sure, would not have him die?

The answer was two large tears that quivered in the eyes of the poor girl.

Presently, the head of the sick man turned slightly on its pillow, the body contracted a little and Cary opened his eyes. There was no beand Cary opened his eyes. There was no be-wilderment in the look. He awoke knowing where he was not in a strange place, but among those whom he loved and who lovingly cared for him. Pauline was the first to approach him. She asked him a question, and he answered in her own language, as naturally as if the French had been his mother tongue. Batoche was delighted to observe this, regarding it as a satisfactory normal symptom. Cary accepted a draught from the bands of his beautifal nurse, then lay back on his pillow as if quite refreshed. At that propitious moment, his eyes encountered those of Bateche who stood up a little towards the foot of the bed. A calm smile played upon his lips, intelligence beamed softly in his look, and, withdrawing his long emaciated hand from under the sheet, he extended

it to his old friend.

"Batoche!" he whispered.

The latter took the proffered hand reverently and pressed it to his lips.

"You know me, Captain?" Perfectly."

"I have longed to see you."

" And I to see you."

"But it was impossible to come sooner." "I know it and you had to use that uniform."

As Cary saw this he pointed to Batoche's dis-guise with a subdued laugh. He immediately added:
"And my friends, how are they? Mademoiselle

Zulma and Sieur Sarpy ?"

A radiance passed over the sufferer's face, and

Does she know in whose kind hands I am?" "She does and that is her only consolation." It was l'auline's turn to betray her emotion by averting her head and wiping the tears from

her eyes.
"Here are a few lines from her pen," continued Batoche, " written not many hours ago. Cary held out his hand for the paper, partially

raising himself on the pillow in his eagerness as he did it. He would have asked that it be read to him, when Batoche interposed with that quiet authority so familiar to him.

"Not to-night, Captain. Keep it for your first joy on awakening to-morrow morning." The sick man smilingly acquiesced, and hand-

ed it to Pauline, saying:
"We will read it together at breakfast." After a pause, during which Cary appeared to be collecting his thoughts, calmly, however, and without effort, he said to Batoche :

You return to-night !" "Yes, at once. It is growing late."

You will see Mademoiselle Sarpy and her father. You will thank them for their solicitude. Tell them that my thoughts are with If I live and secure my liberty, my first

ther. "A soldier does not die thus. All is not lost. We shall fight side by side again. A young man does not die thus. Death is for old men like me. A glorious future is before you. Die ! You will not die, Captain Singleton. You must live for the sake of your parents and relatives in the old home at the South, and you must not break the heart of these two Canadian girls whose happiness hangs upon yours.

This last sentence especially Bateche blurted out in a kind of reckless enthusiasm. But he knew well what he said.

Pauline was amazed at the anchoity of his speech. M. Belmont looked on in silent wonder. As to Cary he gazed with great open eyes, as if he was listening to a summons, delivered in a trumpet blast, from an unseen power that was omnipotent to save him. A glow of sudden health mantled his cheeks, his brow was illuminated with an air of intelligence quite distinct from the torper of mortal disease which had lain upon it and as he stretched himself out more fully on his couch, he appeared endowed with a vigor that could only be born of confidence. It was evident, too, that,

at the moment, he was perfectly happy.
"It is well," murmured M. Belmont, laying his hand upon his daughter's shoulder. "This is the blessed revulsion of which the doctor

Batoche seemed quite satisfied with what he had done, and a moment after he bade his friend farewell. Down in the hall, when alone with M. Belmont, he delivered his other messages, a letter from Zulma to Pauline, and one from Sieur Sarpy to his son Eugene, which his friend was to send to its destination in whatever way might seem best so as not to compromise himself He observed also with satisfaction that Cary had not breathed a word about military matters. This he regarded as a sign that the young man's mind was quite at ease.

VII.

DONALD'S FATEL

Before he took his departure M. Belmont solemnly warned Batoche of all the dangers which he had incurred, reminding him that it is often more difficult to return from such an expedition as he had undertaken that night. than to get through its initial stages. Batoche was by no means insensible to his perils and, thanking his host, promised to exercise the utmost prudence. M. Belmont particularly called his attention to a patrol headed by Roderick's old servant, Donald, who was a desperate man, animated by the most deadly feelings against every one whom he even suspected of disloyalty towards the King.

"I know that he owes you a special gradge, Batoche, for your frequent midnight incursions, and if he catches you, he will treat you without merev.

The night was as dark as death, without a single star in the sky, or a solitar, lamp in the streets. On leaving the house, Batoche shot boldly into a narrow lane that led towards the ramparts facing the St. Charles, and then slackened his step, creeping along the walls of the houses. This lane opened on a little garden which the old hunter was obliged to skirt along its whole length. He heard nothing, saw nothing, except that he fencied the leafless trees looked down upon him with shadows of warning. Batoche often said that he under-stood the language of trees, and certainly to-"They grieve at your misfortune and pray might the sight of them impressed his usually for your recovery. Mademoiselle's chief regret imperturbable soul so that he accelerated his is that she cannot be at your side." length of the garden, he distinctly felt that he was followed. He turned around and saw a dark figure at a distance behind him. He knew instinctively that there was mischief brewing. He stopped : the figure stopped. He advanced it advanced. He crossed the road diagonally it crossed. He returned; it returned. He might have rushed upon his pursuer, but that would probably have occasioned outeries and other noises, which were naturally to be avoided. He had recourse to flight. Swift as a deer he darted along the garden palisade, turned, and hid himself behind a large tree that formed the corner of the street. His pursuer was equally fleet and came up to him immediately.

"Give me your musket," he growled in broken

"Follow me to the guard-room."

"Who are you?" Your enemy.

The strange man advanced a step and looked full into Batoche's face.

"Ah! it is you, at last, and disguised in his Majesty's uniform. I knew I would catch you yet. Take this,"

He raised au enormous horse pistol which he visit will be to them. If I die—"

Die, Captain, die?" exclaimed Batoche in a left hand Batoche struck up the levelled arm, ringing voice that startled Pauline and her fa- while with his right he whipped out a long hun-

ter's knife from his belt. The struggle was brief. The pistol went off grazing the edge of Batoche's fox-skin cap, and the hunter's blade plunged deep into the patrolman's heart. The latter rolled into the snow without a groun, and Batoche fled with the sound of footsteps, attracted by the pistol's report, sounding in his ears. He encountered no further obstacle, erossing the wall at the same spot which he had chosen in the earlier part of the evening, and almost in sight of a sentinel who was half asleep on his earline.

"That fellow will never trouble me or M. Belmont again," thought Batoche. "And what is better they will not know that I did it. I am only sorry for Monsieur Hardings who will have to provide himself with another servant.

The death of Donald created a great excitement in the town. Besides that he was well known and much esteemed as a faithful, active soldier, the neystery that attended his fate aroused the most painful feelings. Was it due simply to a moonlight brawl, were any of the disaffected men of the garrison concerned in it, or had some of the American prisoners, in attempting to effect their escape, committed the deed? A thorough investigation took place, but no clue to the tragedy could be found. Roderick Hardinge was particularly distressed. After exhausting all the means of inquiry, a suspicion of the truth thished upon him, and roused the stormiest indignation in his mind. His vexation was the greater, that, if his conjecture were correct, it would place him in a difficult position towards the Belmonts. Once already, as he only too well remembered, his military duties had led him to a bitter misunderstanding with Pauline's father, and, several times since, the operation of the same sause had rendered their mutual relations very precarious. Both of them had made concessions, and the young officer was generous chough to admit to himself that M. Belmont had borne a very trying part in the most noble spirit. But, in the present instance, the element of publicity in Donald's death was a particularly disturbing freumstance and it preyed so much on Roderick's mind that for two or three days he avoided calling at the house of M. Belmont. Pauline and her father noticed the absence without being able to account for it. They had indeed heard of Donald's death, but it never entered into their remotest suspicious that Batoche had anything to do with it. At length, when his mind was calmer, Hardinge went to inquire after the health of Cary Singleton. He made that appear the main object of his visit. In spite of himself he was constrained in manner while addressing a few words to M. Belmont, and even towards Pauline he appeared cold and formal.

On conducting him to the door, the girl ven-

tured to ask him whether he was ailing.
"I am ailing in mind, Pauline. I have tried my best to make things pleasant with my friends," and he looked sharply at her—"but this outrageous murder of my old servant has upset nearly all my calculations. I don't know

what may come of it yet."
Pauline understood nothing of this speech, but when she repeated it to her father, he grew

very excited and angry.
"It is the hardest thing in life to serve two masters, my dear. Rederick is a fine fellow, but perhaps if you or I had known less of him. our course would have been simpler, and we should not have to live in perpetual fear and trembling I think I know what is on his mind which would explain the coldness of his manner towards both of us. I will say this, how-ever. While I will stand strictly to the promise made to Monseigneur, I will not allow myself to be made the butt of any man's lumor, and if Roderick holds the same conduct towards me to-morrow evening, I will attack him about it."

M. Belmont's aspect was very decided as he poke these words. Pauline, still comprehending nothing, retreated to the sick room with a load of apprehension at her heart.

VIII.

THE EVEDENED BEARY...

Nor was this her only sorrow. The morning after Batoche's visit, Cary's first thought, upon awakening, was about Zulma's letter. He asked Pauline to read it to him, which she did without delay. The note was short and simple. It expressed the writer's amazement and regret at the awful misfortune which had befallen Cary and his companious, and contained such sentiments of comfort as might have been expected from her warm heart and generous nature. The only remarkable sentence was the last one which read as follows: " Do you know that all these adversities are making me selfish? It seems to me that I am harshly treated. I know that you are in good hands, but it is my place to be be side you, and I am jealous of the chance which Pauline has of nursing you. Tell Pauline this. Tell her that I am dreadfully jealous, and that unless she brings you to health within a very few days, I shall myself lead a storming party which will succeed in wreaking its vengeance Pardon this banter. It is meant to enliven you. Give my love to Pauling. I write to her more on this subject.

These phrases were innocent and commonduce enough, and they caused Cary to smile Not so with Pauline. She read them with a serious face, and faltering accents, and when she closed, her eyes fell on those of the sick officer in a queer spirit of interrogation.

"A very kind letter, such as I knew she would write. I hope to be able to thank her soon," he said. "And she has also written to you, mademoiselle "

This was spoken in such a way as to show plainly that Cary would have desired this second letter to be road to him. Pauline thus understood it, but although the paper was secreted in ker bosom, and she instinctively raised her hand to produce it, she checked the movement and contented herself with saying that, among other things, Zulma had recommended her to take the

utmost care of her patient.

"Indeed!" said Cary smiling. "That was the excess of generosity, but she might have spared herself the trouble. Let me say it again, mademoiselle. Not my own mother, not my own sisters, not even Zulma Sarpy herself could do more for me than I receive at your hands, and if I recover, as I now believe I shall, I will always hold that I owe my life to Pauline Bel-

This little speech thrilled the listener. It was spoken in a calm, pathetic tone, and the last sentence was accompanied by such a look as carried a meaning deeper than any words. Words, gesture, look none of these things had escaped the girl, but what particularly struck her with unusual significance was that, for the first time, her patient had addressed her as Pauline.

Later in the day, when Pauline was alone for a few moments, she produced Zulma's letter and read it once more attentively. She could not disguise from herself that it was a noble letter, full of generous belings and instinct with that sympathy which one true friend should testify to another on occasions of such painful trials. Zulma wrote eloquently of the dangers and anxieties which Pauline must have experienced on that dreadful December morning, and renewed her invitation to alandon the ill-fated town and take up her abode in the peaceful mansion of Pointe-aux-Trembles. "You are not made for such terrible scenes, my dear't these were her words "I could bear them better, for they are in my nature. You should be in my place and I in yours. I would thus b-in a position to bear the fatigue of nursing lum

who is the dearest friend of us both."

This was the phrase which had pazzled Panline at the first reading, and which perplexed her still at the second. It was on account at this sentence that she did not read the letter to

Cary. What could Zulma mean by it?
"She is much mistaken," thus Pauline soliloquized, "if she thinks I am unable to bear the burden which Providence has laid upon me. am no longer what I was. These two months of almost constant agitation have nerved me to a courage which I never thought I could have but had. They have completely changed me. When I might have remained out of the town and gone to Point-aux-Trembles, it was I who persuated my father to return to this house, and I do not regret it. I would not leave it now if I could Much as I should like Zuima's company, and the benefit of her advice and example, I would not

consent to exchange places with her."
Pauline glanced at the letter again.

"How curiously she words the sentence alway my poor invalid! She does not speak of him as her dearest friend, an expression who h I would have expected her to use, and which she was entitled to use, "here an involuntary tremer passed through Pauline's frame, "but she speaks of him as the dearest friend of as both What does this mean t Was it written spontan onsly, or on deliberation " Is it a trap to door me into indiscretions? No. Zulma is ter-true a friend for that. Alas! The dear girl does not know, cannot know, will never know the full bearing of the words." Pauline herself did not their know the

full bearing of the words written with to intention of conveying the meaning which she attached to them. Notwithstanding all the changes that had previously taken place in her character, her sweet simpleity remained intact, and it was this very ingennousness which had prompted her to admit Cary Singleton into her father's dwelling. When the young officer fell sick in the hospital at the Semiinary, it was Roderick Hardinge who accounted her with the fact, expressing regret that he could not be more properly provided for. She at on-suggested that he be transported to her home, offering to be his nurse assented and, after considerable difficulties, obtained the necessary permission from the author ities. In all this transaction the conduct of the British officer was manly, noble, and aboveboard, without afterthought, or the slightest trace of selfishness. It is simple truth to say that, not withstanding her sincere admiration of Cary Singleton, Pauline acted in the matter through motives of humanity alone and out of her friendship for Zulma. She looked not to future contingencies. Indeed she never stopped to inquire that any contingencies might arise. Had he done so, a sense of duty might have restrained her deed of charity. That duty was the love she bore Roderick Hardinge, a love which had never been confessed in words, the extent of which she had never been able to define to herself, but which existed nevertheless, and which it had but been her happiness to believe was fully reciprocated. But the heart travels fast within nine days, and, at the end of that time, it is no wonder that Batoche's visit, Zulma's letters and Roderick's moodiness should have disturbed the poor girl's soul. Man is not master of his affections, and there is a destiny in love us in the other events of this world.

1X.

EBB AND TLOW.

Zulma's anxieties were no less than Panline's. They increased from day to day, and impatience. She knew that Cary's malady was of its nature a protracted one, and that the convalescence must necessarily extend over many weeks. She could hear from him only occasionally, and never with that fullness of detail which her affection required. She had recourse to many expedients to ease her mind, but failure in ; every instance only sharpened the edge of herdisappointment. Her chief attempt was to obtain admission into the town for the purpose of aiding Pauline in nursing the invalid. She quite appreciated all the delicacy of the step; with a very heavy heart. but, having obtained her father's cordial consent, she pursued it with all the energy of her nature. She applied for the necessary leave to her brother Eugene who, having done soldier's duty, was supposed to be entitled to some little consideration at the hands of the authorities. Engene was flatly refused. Zulma then enlisted the services of Roderick Hardinge, who somehow entered into her views with the greatest alacrity.

She would make a charming prisoner," he said gaily.

But Hardinge failed. So did Bouchette who had been approached in the matter by his friend The affair created quite a stir in this Helmont. small circle of friends, relieving the monotony of the siege for the time being. Cary Singleton was very much amused as well as touched by it. But when it was at length ascertained that the Governor, usually so good-natured, was strangely inexorable in the present instance, Pauline and her coadjutors gave up all hope of seeing Zulma among them. But the latter was not so easily discouraged. These rebuffs only added fuel to her desire, and though the time passed rapidly, she did not resign her project. seriously, she impured of Batoche whether he could not smuggle her within the walls. The proposition at first struck the fancy of the old man, making his eves glitter; but, upon second thoughts, he laughed it away.

"The trouble would not be so much to smuggle you in, as to know what to do with you when once we got you in," he said slyly. "Women are awkward things to handle in a camp of seldiers. No disguise can hide them

from paying eyes

As a last posont, Zulma resolved on appealing directly to Monseigneur Briand, whom surely Carleton would not deny. There were name-tons and very glaring objections to this bold measure, but the impetuous girl over-ruled them all, and, after writing a splended diplomatic letter, she had concluded arrangements to have it safely delivered to the prelate, when an un-foreseen event saved her from the consequences of her amiable tashness.

As we have said, time had passed briskly on since the terrible events of the New Year's Eve. January had glided into February, and Morch had come with the promise of an unusually early spring. No military events of any importance had occurred, at least, none that had any conpestion with our story, and beyond the circumstances attached to Cary's long illness, therehappened nothing which need make us linger over those bleakest months of the winter.

Singleton had so far recovered as to be able to walk about, but he tenained very feeble, without the opportunity of taking that free exercise necessary to his complete restoration. It was awkward for him to tarry much longer in the house of M. Belmont. The seclusion of prison life was interdicted by the humane physician, while there were char military objections to his being allowed to circulate in the streets of Que-Fortunately the doubt was solved by a partial exchange of prisoners which took place about the middle of March, and in which, by a special privilege, Cary was included.

The parting from Pauline was very trying. The young man could not explain to himself the regret which it caused him. It grew out of something distinct from and far above his gratitude for her unusing, and the sense of obligation for the saving of his life which he was conscious he could never discharge. In those long atternoons, within the curtained gloom of the sick chamber; during those longer sleepless nights, with their companionship of silence and badden revelations of the heart; in those brief but not infrequent visions of Pauline's beauty brought about by sudden graceful movements of her body, or when she appeared under certain favorable effects of the window light; in those intuitive glimpses of her real character made doubly attractive by its constant element of sad? ness, and the suspicion of self-sacrifice, Cary had weven about his heart an unconscious chain, the power of which he could not understand until called upon to burst it.

Not did be gather any comfort from Pauline's attitude. When he announced his titual departure to her, she heard him calmly, but her quiet was that of mental and physical weakness. There was no energetic self-control in her words or manner; merely a passive resignation. she extended her hand, and felt the warm kiss imprinted upon it, she was an object of extreme pity, which added to the bitterness of Cary's

The last farewell had been spoken and the two stood on the steps, at the foot of which a cariole was waiting to convey the released pri-

Cary turned once more to meet the eye of Pauline. As he did so, he paused, struck by a sudden thought, and, going back a step or two,

said : "Pauline -allow me to call you by this name she fretted herself almost into illness by her for perhaps the last time Pauline, promise me impatience. She knew that Cary's malady was that, after I am gone, you will replace me on that sick-bed, worn out by wearing weeks of watching."

Two livid spots burned on Pauline's cheek, and there was a glassiness in her eye. She leaned on the frame of the door for support, but mustered strength enough to answer that she felt no illness and hoped that all would turn out for the best. It was poor comfort; Cary had, however, to be satisfied with it, and drove away

He had not been two hours in the American camp, when he met Ratoche. It goes without saying that the meeting was of the heartiest, and between them, a visit to Pointe-aux-Trembles was planned for that same evening. Zulma having heard of the negotiations for the exchange of prisoners, the coming of Cary was not unexpected, and there was great rejoicing that evening at the Sarpy Mansion, as over one who lead been lost and was found, who had died and had risen from the dead.

(To be continued.)

.... HEARTH AND HOME.

CHILDREN AS TEACHERS, - Children may teach us one blessing, one enviable art - the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasont's child is happier than the duke's tree from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasure; he can carve out felicity from a hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

Thun Concert, --- What the world very often mistakes for conceit is a self-consciousness, a reregulation of the inward power, which is, in truth, very different from it. In our common acceptation of the word, a conceited man is an empty fellow who bases his opinion of himself upon no true grounds. Very often, great but untried men will take upon themselves the achievement of that which the world deems an impossibility. But if the man has that within him which will carry him through, he is not to be blamed. It is the ignorant fellow and puffedup fool who exhibits the richest crop of conceit.

SELFISURESS. - There are some characters that possess an inexpressible charm in their manner. a something which attracts our love instantaneously; without wealth, rank, or talents, still a dignity bovers round them and ennobles every What is it? How shall we define it Simply thus: They have a freedom from selfishby some extraordinary charter of nature. Though selfishness is the most common of all vices, yet such is our sense of its repugnance to moral beauty, that we are as much disgusted by those who do not conceal it, as if they were exhibiting the secret sears and deformities of their person.

To be Loven. There is nothing so sweet as to be loved, except loving. The true pure love which is not a thing of the senses, but of the soul-love that is the outgrowth of goodness what will not one do to win or keep such tenderness? What will not one risk, or dare, or forsake for it? Is any journey long that has a love-kiss at the end of it-any duty hard that cements the bonds between two hearts? To be truly loved is the great reward life has to offer. And any one who has a heart and does not mind showing it, who can put aside selfishness and be true to others, can win love. To have people temporarily in love with you needs only beauty. To be beloved, one must have truth, tenderness onstancy, and responsiveness. Be good, and do good, and, despite all that is said about this world's ingratitude, some one will love you.

Pourny. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element; and to breathe into it a to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthu-siasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines vouthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

CHEERFULNESS AND MOROSENESS, --- If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky more lear, the ground has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon, and stars all appear most beautiful. We happens to us if we are ill-tempered and disconsoner to his destination among his friends, nions, and with ourselves. Nothing comes

right for us; the weather is either too hot or too cold, too dry or too damp. Neither sun, nor moon, nor stars have any beauty; the fields are barren, the flowers are instreless, and the birds silent. We move about like some evil spirit, neither loving nor beloved by anything.

DJELMA.

LEAVES EROM A TRAVELLER'S JOURNAL.

It was on the "Trebisonda," and we were steaming through the sea of Marmora. Constantinople was still in view, and presented a gorgeons spectacle with the setting sun shining on the domes and minarets of the countless mosques. Around, the water was perfectly calm, upon which were numerous fairy-like islands, luxur iant in growth; while along the bold and rocky Asiatic shore, dotted here and there, picturesque towns and villages were to be seen. On looking eastward rose Mount Olympus, its distant summit covered with snow and reflected in lines of pink by a touch of the declining rays. Truly an object of majesty securingly reaching the sky. As the twilight faded into darkness, the moon arose, spreading a soft lovely light over all. So bright was the reflection on the water, that our vessel appeared glidling through a silver sea.

After contemplating this beautiful scene for a long time, I was about to retire, when my attention was arrested by hearing a sweet woman's voice singing some plaintive Oriental melody. I listened awhile to the dulcet notes wafted over the still, breathless air, then feeling desirous to see the gifted one who could so touch the sympathetic chords of our better nature, ! walked forward from whence came the melodious sounds, and, seated on the deck among a group of Turkish women. I beheld the object of my search.

A more beautiful face I had never looked upon. It was Djelma's.

She had long ceased to sing, yet I lingered there looking at this picture of loveliness;—a fresh rose-bud nature just bursting into graceful womanhood-and was puzzling myself as to what her station might be, when there appeared on the scene one of those repulsive specimens of humanity, (black men for the most part), who are guardians and attendants of the Harem. Seeing this man, I then felt sure the poor girl was but some slave, and destined for an abode of the rich and licentious.

This attendant she seemed to hold in much disgust, and instead of noticing his ceremonious approach, she turned away, and with an impapatient gesture, ordered him off. The negro moved aside, but as he did so, I saw him glance at her and smile maliciously. Doubtless he took pleasure in knowing how soon her imperionsness would become submission, in the presence of a master, where she would be but one of many, an object of command at his beck and

As much as I abhorred the life to which I was convinced this young and beautiful creature was doomed, I held her an innocent victim to a barbarous land; where the religion, the laws and the customs sanctioned a traffic in womankind for immoral and degrading purposes. And as I gazed at her fair upturned face, with the full moon shining thereon, I could almost fancy the pure radiant countenance saintly in appearance. did believe that the Almighty and Father, when He so willed, would take her hence from a life of bondage, ignorant of the sin she was committing, purified, to dwell with Him

Next morning I came early on deck, in the hopes of again seeing the beauty who had so charmed me the night before. But she had not yet made her appearance.

To amuse myself then, awaiting her presence,

I watched the many persons collected around the hatchways below. A curious sight indeed. Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Arabs and Egyptians, men and women, all were crowded together. Some were cooking, others conversed or were playing games, (most puzzling ones), while a few in a corner by themselves were occupied with their morning devotions. On seeing these first stand erect, then fall on their hands and knees, and finally bow down full length on the deck, I could but wonder if they were ever tired the sole intercourse of the eyes; in those frequent conversations made up for the most part of commonplaces, but relieved at times by until the sole intercourse of nature, brings back the worshippers of Mohammed, and I firmly believe as strict in their faith and religion, if not more so, than many a brother of the more civilized

Soon I espied the attractive being I had come forth to see, looking as lovely as ever. was that type of beauty, descriptions of which I had read as belonging to those women of the desert tribes inhabiting Arabia, parts of Syria, and the land east of the Dead Sea. A bright xpressive face (unlike most women in Turkey she was unveiled), with a tall, graceful figure, she made a charming picture to look upon ; and despite the unbecoming Oriental costume she wore, I thought how many a "belle dame" in Paris or London, courted and admired, would have been "put to the blush" by a physical comparison with this poor Eastern slave. Seeing take our food with relish, and whatever it may her look around apparently for some one to be, it pleases us. We feel better for it—stronger fill the water jug she held in her hand, and lovelier, and fit for exertion. Now what and as there appeared to be no person near, I stepped forward, and by a gesture intimated my tented ! Why, there is not anything which can desire to perform this small service for her. please us. We quarrel with our food, with our She looked up and seemed surprised, doubtless dress, with our amusements, with our compa- | wondering that I should take this interest ; but on a further demonstration of my willingness to

be of assistance, she then smiled pleasantly, but before accepting my offer spoke to the old woman by her side, as if asking her permission. This aged guardian scrutinized me carefully, after which she said something in a most guttural voice, meaning an assent, and the jug being handed to me, I soon returned it filled with cool water from the cabin. This little incident procured me a sort of privilege over the party, which I claimed now and then by sitting near and observing the one jewel in their midst.

Later on I pointed out the group to my dragoman, and requested him to endeavour to ascertain the girl's name and history. He came back shortly afterwards with the desired information, gained, he said, from the black attendant, who had further stated that she was the property of the Governor of Smyrna, to whose abode she was being conveyed.

The second day after leaving Constantinople we anchored off Smyrna. I shall never forget the impression this beautiful spot made upon me, with its domes and minarets, its pretty villas and gardens of cypress trees, and its surrounding hills, thickly planted, on one of which were the ruins of an extensive eastle, a remnant of past grandeur and a model of former strength. A magnificent bay opened its blue waters around. washing shores of bright sand on the one side. of high rocks on the other; or dashing the surf on the public beach of some fair isle, an emerald gen on the bosom of the sea. Ships too there were, ladened with cargoes of wealth, some sailing away, some resting from journeys afar. And finally, the people themselves, representatives from all nations in strange and novel costumes, lent a finishing touch to this scene of beauty, nestling in the midst of Nature's bounties formed by the hand of God.

It was early when we arrived, and I amused myself looking out of my stateroom window, until it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps Djelma might land, and I should thus miss a last opportunity of seeing her. I rose therefore, dressed hastily, and going on deck I looked in vain for a glimpse of her , she was nowhere to be seen. I then descended below and searched very group, but with no better success. Finally I came back on the quarter deck, and looking down at the many little boats which surrounded our vessel, waiting for a load of passengers, I caught a view of Djelma scated in one just moving off. I waved her a good-bye, she saw me and kissed her hand in acknowledgment; then, as the boat neared the steamer, she stood up and threw me a bunch of flowers—a sourcair d'adien. Her strength proving unequal to the will, the little bouquet fell short of my reach and drifted away, but the kindly thought which instigated the action, was deeply engraved on memory's tablet.

In my rambles around Smyrna a few days afterwards. I visited the palatial and beautiful residence of the Governor, and gazing thereon thought sadly of sweet Djelma's prisoner within.

Tis true this Governor is reported to be a gentle master, and his Harem is said to be rich and luxurious in appurtenances. But oh! that lovely woman, can be thus a human creature, deprived of liberty, enslaved to a degrading, sinful life, and committed in the end to an ignoble grave, is a stain on the civilized world.

R. C. B. Montreal.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Bayreuth festival is to cost about

THEATRICAL business is bad in Paris. Some days ago one of the principal theatres took one night of francs and the next 65.

The entire list of Schiller's plays are to be produced at the Court Theatre in Munich in the coming season, beginning with "The Robbers," and ending with "Demotrius."

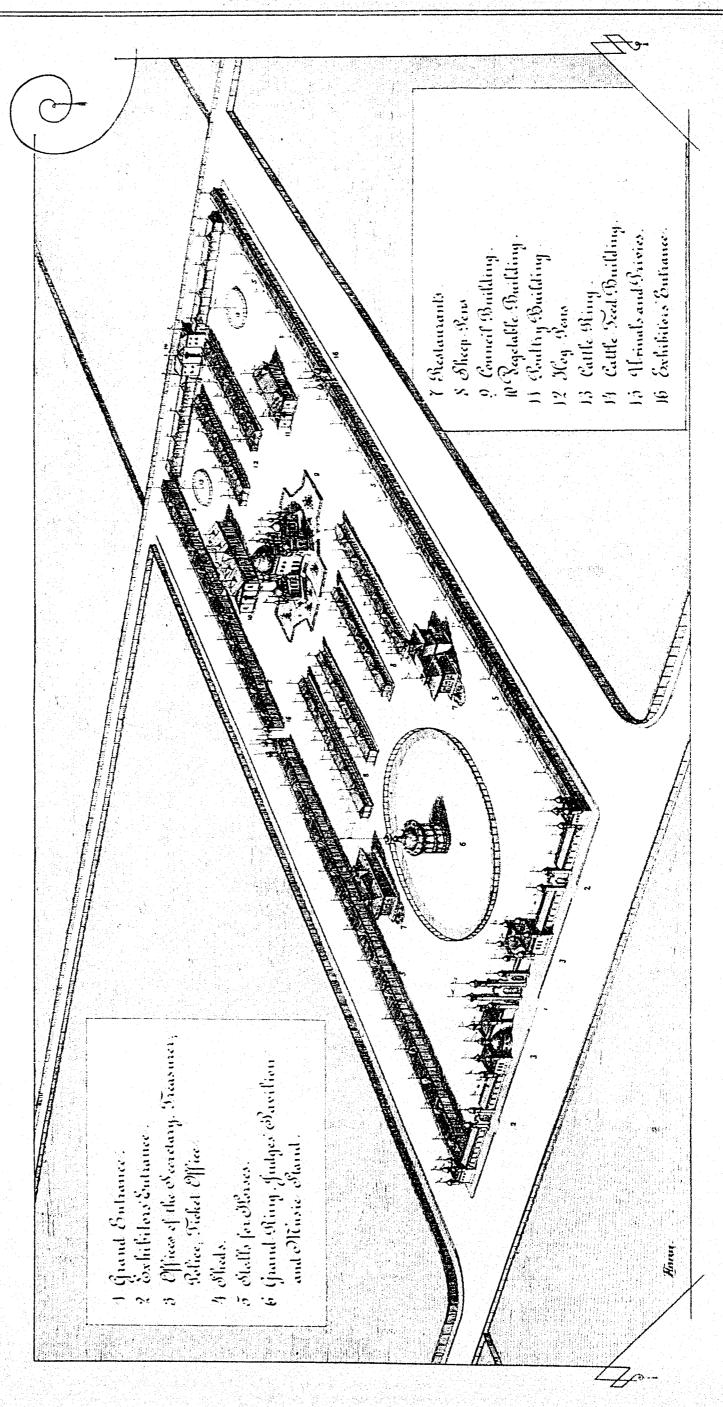
It is said that Offenbach has informed an American "interviewer" that he is about to write a Miss. If such is the case, the composition will be looked brward to with interest.

Gaetano Brizzi, the great Italian trumpet-player, who recently died at Bologna, had a mouth hard as steel, and lungs capacious as the bellows of a hard as steel, and times capacions as the braining support of the property of

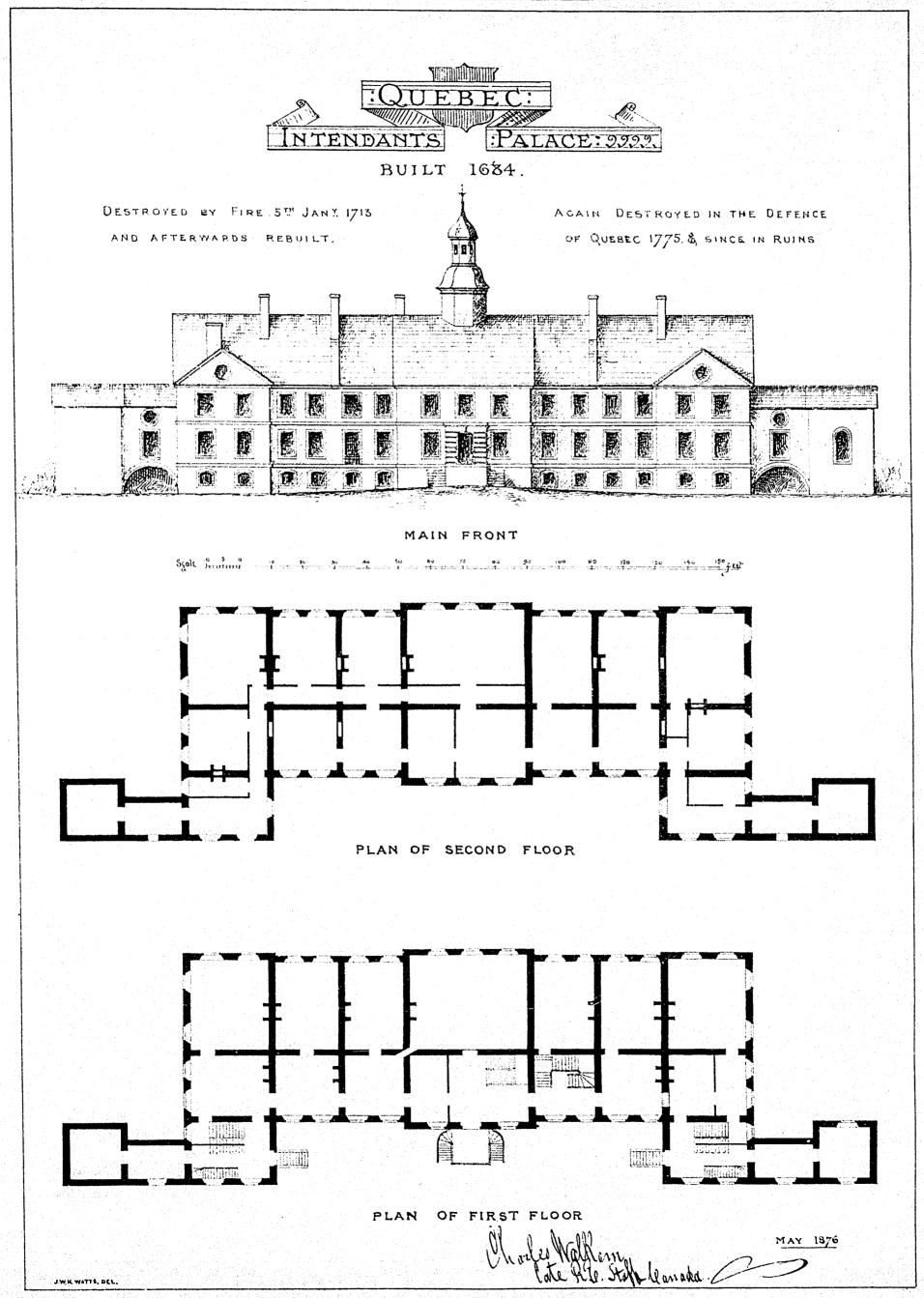
Brizzi, you're sure of an engagement on the last day, to lay the trumpet in the Valley at Jehoshaphat!

Mrs. Annic Kemp Bowler, the operatic singer, died in Philadelphin on Monday week. She went to that city several weeks ago, under an engagement to enact the part of Stalacta in "The Black Crook," at the National Theatre. On the first night of the play. August 16, the very large theatre was journed, and the performances had almost terminated. In the final transformation scene, which was in meanmonly splendid spectacle, Mrs. Bowler as Stalacta was drawn up from the stage in a golden car. She became dizzy and follower the unprotected edge of the car. striking hard upon the stage. Her shoulder-blade and collar-bone were broken, and that, it was supposed, was the extent of her injuries. She was thereafter centined to her bed and latterly she grew worse, internal hurts beginning to affect her dangerously, and resulting in her death.

Mrs. Bowler was a daughter of R. C. Keng, a New York merchant. She early developed a fine contralion voice, and commenced her musical education when young, studying mater such well-known teachers as Mrs. Seguin, Sic, Badiali, of N.Y. city, and Sig. Schira, of London. She made herfirst appearance in public at a concert in New York, and was sosuccessful that she was engaged to travel with the concert troupe which supported Thalberg and Vicuxtemps. In 180 she joined the Cooper English Opera troupe. In 1861 she went to England, where she remained until 1866, when she returned to America to play Stalacta in "The Black Crook" at Nikle's Garden. During the senson 1803-70 she was with the Richings English Opera troupe, Since that she has occasionally sung in concerts, acted in theatres, and for a brief time song in soneers, acted in theatres, and for a brief time song in soneers, acted in theatres, and for a brief time song in soneers, acted in theatres, and for a brief time song in sone of the since that she has coveraged in theatres, and for a brief time song in some better class of variety theatres. Her husband be and she also leaves several children. Her husband le plive,



MONTRBAL:-THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.



SUPPOSE.

BY T. H. ROBERTSON.

Suppose.
Fadette, that I, instead of keeping tryst
With you to-night, had staid away to doze,
Or call upon Miss Brant, or play at whist—
Suppose?

Suppose You had? Think you I should have cared?

Indeed,
Aint you a bit concei—don't take my rose—
gift to me. From whom? Well—Joseph
Mead,

Suppose
It is? Then I'm to understand, Fadette—
If I must read your words as plainest proseMy presence matters not to you—and—yet, Suppose

Suppose
You are to understand me so? You're free;
Do, if you wish! And—oh! the river's froze;
What skating we shall have! ¡To-morrow we, That's Jose

And Jose
Be hanged! It seems to me, Miss Lowe, that you
Are acting rather lightly; rumor goes
That he—but since I seem to bore, adieu!—

She Suppose-Suppose

He. We say good-night.

Good-night, sir. and good-bye! He. What does this mean, Fadette? Are you-

This scene at once. My words are plain, sir, I Suppose ? She

He., Compose Yourself Fadette.

My name sir, is Miss Lowe! He. Come, come, Fadette, do look beyond your nose,

Here's your ring, sir!
I receive it, though

She. Suppose He.

You do, sir?—you—
Enough, Miss Lowe. Farewell
'Tis best. I've been deceived in you, God knows
Coquette! a heartless fiirt! a haughty belle
Who chose—

Suppose—
Oh!—oh! let's part as friends! I hate you—
there!!
Fadette! why, sweet, in tears! This surely shows
You'll pardon me, a brute!

And-Frank-we'll ne'er Suppose.

"Bric-à-Brac;" Scribner for September.

DEATH ON THE STAGE.

Now that the simulation of death on the stage is a matter of every-day conversation, it may not be out of place to glance at a few of the many cases where death, or at least its sudden approach, has occured on the stage, often from excess of feeling, or the excitement in the realization of character.

Peg Woshington, acting Rosalind (May 7, 1757), became paralyzed on uttering the words in the epilogue: "I'd kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me."

More famous was the case of John Palmer, the actor. He had a wife and eight children, to whom he was much attached; but within a short period of time Mrs. Palmer and a favorite son both died, and the shock greatly affected the unfortunate widower's nervous system. On August 1788, he was playing the principal role in Benjamin Thompson's translation af Kotzebue's play, "The Stranger," at Liverpool, and in the fourth act he had answered, "I love her still," to the query of Baron Steinfort (Whitfield) respectively his wife and the first specting his wife; and then, to the question as to his children, he gave the reply, "I left them at a small town hard by;" but the words, falteringly uttered, had scarcely passed his lips when he fell dead at Whitfield's feet. We read in Doran's "Their Majesty's Servant's" that to support the theory of some pious persons the story was invented that Palmer was stricken after uttering the quotation, "There is another and a better world!" Palmer, the original Joseph Surface, was a great actor in his day. A tablet, inscribed with his last reputed words, has been accorded to his more accorded. has been erected to his memory in the churchyard of Walton, near Liverpool.

Another remarkable case of the same kind is that of Molière. He was acting the sick man in "The Malade Imaginaire," and on the fourth in "The Malade Imaginaire," and on the fourth night of the run he appeared weak and ill. When he came to the place where he was supposed to fall dead on the stage, he acted the part so naturally that even the audience became alarmed. He was at once carried to his house in the Rue Richelieu, and before his friends could be summoned he expired in the arms of two strange priests who were lodging on the floor above and who were hastily called in.

A striking case in point was that of Moody, the actor. He was performing Claudio in "Measure for Measure." When Isabella commanded him to prepare for execution, and he began to answer: "Ah! but to die, and go we know not where!" he fainted, and shortly afterwards died before he could be carried from the stage.

Sanuel Foote was seized with paralysis, in 1777, while acting in his comedy, "The Devil Upon Two Sticks." He rallied, spent the summer at Brighton, and was ordered by his physician. cians to France. But at Dover he was seized with a shivering fit while at breakfast, and breathed his last in the course of the afternoon, October 21, 1777.

Edmund Kean, too, may be said to have died in armor. He appeared for the last time as Othello, and, in the passage beginning "O, now, forever, farewell, the tranquil mind! Farewell, Charles, I am dying.

A more recent instance may be mentioned in the case of Harley, whose last words mark his identity with the old Shakespearian drolls. Though not actually dying on the stage, he was conveyed from the theatre in a state of insensibility, after playing Launcelot Gobbo, when he quoted Bottom's words, "I have an exposition of sleep come over me," and from that moment remained speechless to the end.

remained speechiess to the end.

Poor Clara Webster was fatally burned on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre during the ballet; while old play-goers may remember that Mrs. Glover was speechless on the occasion of her farewell benefit on the 12th of July, 1850, and died on the 15th.

Gottschalk, the great pianist, was performing his favorite composition, "La Morte," when he suddenly fell down dead.

Miss Maria Linley expired at Bath in September, 1874, while singing, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Cummins fell dead upon the stage June 20 1817, while performing the part of Dumont (Shore) in Rowe's tragedy, "Jane Shore," just as he had uttered the benedictory words at the close of the piece:

Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts, Such mercy and such pardon as my soul Accords to thee, and begs of heaven to show thee, May such befall me at my latest hour."

Mr. James Bland, well known for his clever assumption of the monarchs in Mr. Planche's extravaganzas, expired at the stage door of the Strand Theatre immediately after entering for the purpose of discharging his professional duties; whilst Mr. Barrett, a recent talented actor of old men's parts, died in a cab that was conveying him home, he having played in a farce, and being afterwards dressed for *Polonius*.

Poor James Rogers may almost be said to have died on the stage in 1863. He continued to exert his mirth-creating powers to the very last, and when his powers were absolutely exhausted. On the evening before his death he had struggled through the part of Effic Deane, in a travestic at the St. James Theatre, and on his return he was so completely exhausted that he was unable to make any further effort, and rested in an armchair throughout the night without taking his letter of the part to the state of the st clothes off. The next morning, fancying he had recovered a little, he took his violin and played clothes off. over a song he was going to introduce into the burlesque; but as the day advanced he became so weak and breathed with such difficulty that he felt compelled to send a message to the theatre stating that he should be unable to play. Clasping his wife's hand, and turning to a friend he said with a feeble effort to cheer them with smile, and in his peculiarly characteristic manner, "The little raffle is over," and soon after expired. The last words suggested to Mr. E. L. Blan-

chard the following lines: These were the last words flowing Forth from the actor's breath, The jester who told life's story In the ear of the listener—Death.

"The Raffle of Life soon over,
And though others a chance renew,
The blanks still go to the many,
The prizes fall to the few.

"Raffie the dice]! Who's highest?
Come, take your turn for a throw;
Perchance you may turn up the highest,
Perchance you may get but the low.

We throw, but ill-fortune may baffle The hand, the hope and the eye; With a chance for us all in the Raffle, The only thing sure is the die."

Similar cases are not at all uncommon. Hugher died on hearing of the success of his play, Siege of Damascus;" and more than one Roman tragedian is reported to have died on the stage.

A NEW STEAMSHIP LINE.

Among the subscribers to the CANADIAN IL-LUSTRATED News are many who have emigrated from the South or South Western Counties of England and Southern Counties of Wales, the larger number of whom are unaware that a line of comfortable steamships are now running from Bristol to New York, and that it is likely they will run a line between Bristol and Montreal a oon as the new docks at the mouth of the River Avon are opened.

During a recent trip to England I visited Bristol and, finding that a steamer of the above line would sail for New York within a few days, I determined to seize the opportunity to travel by her, and so be enabled to give your readers the benefit of my experience. The steamship was the S. S. "Somerset" commanded and part-ly owned by Captain Western who has been at ea since his boyhood, and has had considerable experience in the sailing of steamships as well as sailing vessels. She is a new boat of 2,000 tons burthen and can run at a fair average speed of 12½ to 13½ knots an hour. She is comfortably fitted up for passengers, her saloon, intermediate, and steerage cabins being arranged according to the newest principles conducive to the health and well-being of their occupants. Both officers and crew appeared well-satisfied and happy, and it was remarked by more than one passenger how quietly they worked and on the total absence of profane language.
The "Somerset" left Cumberland basin at

5:30 on the morning of the 6th July, and steamed slowly down the River Avon, passing under the Clifton Suspension Bridge which appeared

content!" his articulation gradually died away, like the work of fairy hands, so light did it seem and he whispered to his son, "Speak to them, in its great distance above our heads; on we in its great distance above our heads; on we went leaving Nightingale Valley and the Leigh Woods with their thousand tints of green on our left, and the Giant's Cave, Clifton Observatory, Clifton Downs and the Sea Walls, all frowning high up on the Rocks on our right; then we past a number of private residences grouped around the tall tower called Cook's Folly, about which there is a most interesting legend too lengthy to be here given; then through a breadth Valley in which the Sea Mills and woods of of valley in which the sea mains and woods or Blaize Castle are situate, and so on to the mouth of the River where on the right side and on the left are the rival Docks, the one on the Avon-mouth side all but completed, while that on the Portishead side are not half finished; and then out into the Bristol Channel passing between out into the Bristol Channel passing between two large Rocky Islands, one towering high on the right, the other lying low on the left, and named respectively the Steep and Flat Holmes; afterwards passing Clevedon, Weston super Mare Lynton, Lynmouth, Ilfracombe and other water-ing places on the English Coast, while on the distant right could be seen the Wells Hells. distant right could be seen the Welsh Hills blue and misty in the morning light; then we passed Lundy Island with its rugged and dangerous rocks and then the channel gradually widening, we passed out on to the bosom of the broad Atlantic, and next morning were out of sight of land. My poor pen gives but a faint idea of the grandeur and beauty of the scenery through which we passed during the first twenty four hours of our journey; it must be seen to be appreciated and cannot fail to make this line one of the most popular between the old and new worlds, and that at no very distant date.

Our list, of passengers was small, twenty nine intermediate and steerage and eight cabin, four ladies and four gentlemen. Two of the ladies belonged to Newark, New Jersey, where they were returning under the care of their aunt, a Hampshire lady, and all three were sick nearly the whole passage. The fourth lady was an old and experienced traveller who did not miss a meal and whose genial manners contributed largely to enliven our journey. Of the gentlemen two were Bristol Merchants, Messrs. W. Clarke, Provision Merchant, and J. D. Weston, Wholesale Iron Merchant, and Lead Smelter. The former travelled on business and pleasure, the latter on pleasure only. The third gentleman was a Mr. Cavendish, Inspector of the Madras Government Bank, home on sick leave and also tra-velling on pleasure. The fourth was your corres-pondent returning from his trip with the Canadian Lacrosse Teams to the home of his adoption. There you have the personel of the saloon; the intermediate and steerage passengers consisted of "young men and maidens, old men and children" of various ranks and businesses, some returning to America, and some bound there for the first time full of hope of a happy future in this new World. I had almost forgotten to mention that Captain Western was accompanied

by his little daughter, six years of age, a bright pretty little girl, who of course was the pet and plaything of all on board. The incidents of the voyage were few, the weather was cold and foggy nearly the whole time, and we were considerably retarded by headwinds, yet we managed to complete our run of three thousand one hundred miles, in a few hours over the twelve days. We sighted and signalled an unusual number of ships and steamers, and within two days sail of New York passed through large schools of whales and porpoises whose antics afforded us considerable amusement. Only one accident happened and that was caused by a heavy iron ash bucket becoming unhitched, and falling on the head of one of the firemen, fracturing his skull so seriously that some apprehension was felt lest he would not live to reach New York. He however rallied somewhat during the last day, and on arriving was taken to the Hospital. The two Sundays we passed at sea were properly observed by services held each day, morning and evening, when most interesting and instructive discourses were delivered by Mr. Clarke, who it will be remember-ed delivered a lecture in the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Montreal, last summer. This gentleman also came to New York as delegate from the Associated Chambers of Commerce of England, but arrived too late to take part in the meeting of the American Chambers that took place in that city lately. He is one of the largest buyers of Canadian butter and cheese in England and has just sailed for home after buying upwards of £60,000 sterling worth of those articles. He confirms what I wrote you from London, that 'anadian cheese is far superior to that made in the United States, and fetches from two to five cents a pound more : also that it is being universally sold as American cheese. Therefore our cousins across the line obtain he credit of our super Canada pro portionally suffers, as many of the country people in the Old Country who emigrate will naturally prefer a place, whose products as they suppose they see in every grocer swindow, to one they see and hear but little about. I referred to this in a previous letter, and am somewhat surprised that its importance has not occupied the attention of some of the Canadian daily papers whose business it is to lay these matters before their readers.

With regard to the establishment of a direct line between Montreal and Bristol I am assured that it is now under consideration and that next summer will see the boats of the Great Western Steamship Company in the Montreal Harbour. PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.

We present our readers to-day with a bird's eye view of the splendid grounds and buildings contemplated and in process of erection, by the Council of Agriculture of the Province of Quebec, on their magnificent property, facing Mount Royal Avenue, in the environs of this city. The view show that at the north end be placed a convenient fodder house, flanked on either side by 100 pig pens and having in the entrance corners rings for the exercise and exhibition of cattle. Nearer the St. Catherine road is placed the poultry house, a building 100 feet long by 32 feet in width, and rising to a height of 32 feet. It is in the Oriental style, and is very handsome, both internally and externally. It contains 250 pens, and has cost about \$5,000. Two hundred and thirtytwo stalls are being put up for horses, along the side of the grounds, also 125 stalls for bulls, and a large number of sheds for cattle. The root and grain houses, somewhat similar in external build to that for poultry, is on a level with the poultry house, and immediately in front of it will be situate the offices of the Council, which will be in a handsome square two-story building, of ornamental pattern, with a handsome dome, having at either corner rooms for the judges, reporters, committee, &c., while in the centre will be the large board room. Close by will be pens for 200 sheep; a root house 100 by 40. Next will come the great ring, an oval in shape, 300 by 200 feet, and having in the centre an ornamental pagoda-like judge's stand, of two storeys, to whose top, from the ground is a distance of 75 feet. There is a large well on the ground while the Council are endeavouring to secure from the Corporation connection with the spring on the Mountain Park. The front entrance to the grounds is on the Mount Royal Avenue. It is very handsomely turetted, and has five separate entrances, with twelve ticket offices, and accommodation for police and other officials on each side of the main entrance, the two offices of the secretary and of the police being placed in very handsome towers. The plans of these buildings are from the designs of Messrs. Roy & Resther, and it is only fairness to say that in suitableness to the purposes intended, and general elegance, they reflect the greatest credit upon these gentlemen.

There are few preparations now a days but require a great amount of puffing to keep them alive. We see enough of this every day in our newspapers and on the street fences and corners. The one great exception to this rule and which will stand on its own merits is certainly Devins & Bolton's QUININE WINE. This valuable preparation being honoured by the approval and sanction of twenty-four of our city Physicians to whom it has been submitted, now recommend Devins and Bolton's Quinine Wine when they consider their patients require this tonic. What more can be said in its favour?

DOMESTIC.

A PUDDING THAT IS AS GOOD AT THE END OF A WEEK OR TEN DAYS AS WHEN FIRST MADE.—One pound of flour, one pound of currants, one pound of butter, beat back to a cream the yolks of seven eggs, a little salt, nutmeg. ginger and sugar—well mixed together, and baked like a cake. Bake it in a pie-dish, and when turned out to send to table, cover the top with grated white sugar. It is better cold than hot, and ought not to be cut till the second day.

HOTCH POTCH (A SCOTCH DISH.)-Put on HOTCH POTCH (A SCOTCH DISH.)—Put on two quarts of water, and when it boils, put in three pounds of the back ribs of mutton or lamb, paring of the fat if there be too much. Put in with the meat two or three carrots cut into squares, and two grated, also three or four sweet young turnips in squares, a cauliflower and a lettuce cut down, a few young onions shred, a little paraley, and about a pint of sweet young peas. Boil this for one hour and a half, then take out the meat and cut it in chops, laying it aside. Add one more pint of young peas, seasoning with pepper and salt; and when these peas are done, put in the chops. In a few minutes afterwards, serve up the whole in a tureen.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—Oatmeal porridge is especially suitable for children. It nourishes their bones and other tissues, and supplies them in a greater degree than most foods with the much-needed element of phosphorus. If they grow weary of it, they can be tempted back with the bit of golden syrup, jam, or marmalade, to be eaten with the porridge. The Irish and Scotch make their porridge with water, and add cold water, but the most agreeable and nutritive way is to make it entirely with failk, to use coarse oatmeal, and to see that it is not too thick. The Queen gives this recipe:—Bring a quart of milk to boiling point in an enamel-lined saucepan, and drop in by degrees eight ounces of coarse oatmeal: stir till it thickens, and then boil for half an hour. The mixture should not be too thick, and more milk can be added according to taste. OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—Oatmeal porridge is

HYGIENIC.

HYGIENIC.

The Roval Humane Society has issued the following excellent instructions for the guidance of bathers:—"Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal, or when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause, or when the body is cooling after perspiration; and avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet; but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water, or remaining too long in the water. Leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach, but the young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of disconnectral title heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser."

الله الموسودية والمدارس والمسابعة المسابعة المس

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Student, Montreal—Solution of Problem No. 84, received. Correct.

J. T. W., Halifax.—Correct solution of Problem No. 83, you say for White's first move. B to Q Kt 4. There is no White Bluth Problem. Look over it again.

C. S. H., Halifax.—Solution of Problem No. 82 received. Correct. Many thanks for letter and enclosed game: the latter shall have a place in our column shortly. We shall be glad to have the promised problems.

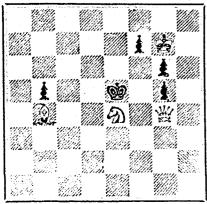
C. H. B., Montreal.—The match of which your speak shall be noticed in our next column. Your letter came too late for us to do so this week.

H. A. C. F., Montreal—Solution of Problem No. 92, received. Correct. Thanks for Problem enclosed. Did you get our letter:

We are obliged through want of space to lay by some very interesting Chess matter, which, however, we hope to publish next week.

PROBLEM No. 85.

PROBLEM No. 85. By J. B., of Bridport, BLACK



WHITE

Whate to play and mate in three move-

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

GAME ESTR. art little encounter played, some time ago, be cen Mesers, Boden and Marttonnell,

White—(Mr. Macdonnell.) BLACK...—(Mr. Beden) I. P to K 4 Wiff P.—(Mr. M. L. P to K 4 2. B to Q B 4 3. P to Q K 4 4. P to Q B 3 5. P to Q 4 (a) 6. P takes P B to Q B 4 B takes P B to Q B 3 P takes P B to Q K to (ch) B to Q R 4 P to Q 3 Q to K 2 K to K B 3 (d) Q takes B K to Q B 3 K takes K P P takes P P taking P . Vo B sq . Vo R R 5 . B taken P . B to Q R 3 . Q taken P (ch) . Q taken B . Q to Q R 3 . Q to Q R 3 . Q K to Q 2 . R taken R . R to Q K to Q X R takes K P R to Q R K takes K P (ch) Castles (Q R) Q to Q 4 B to K B 4 17. R to Q Kt sq 18. Kt to K B 3 K R to K sq. Q takes Kt (c) B to R 6 (ch) R to K 3 Q R takes Q P (d) Kt takes B 24. Binkes Q R and White resigned

NOTES.

(a) Better, perhaps, to have brought out the K Kt and coulved the opening into an Evans's Gambit.

(b) A good counter stroke,

(c) Very ingenium.

(d) A beautiful termination to an interesting little.

gume.

CHESS IN CANADA.

GAME 121st.

A lively skirmish played, a few days ago, between Messs, Barry and Henderson at the Muntreal Chess Club.

(The Centre Gambit.)

-(Mr. Henderson.) | BLACK--(Mr. Barty.) K 4 | P to K 3 | B to Q 3 | K B 3 | K to Q B 3 | Q B 4 | P to K R 3 WHITE,---(Mr. H 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 1 3. Kt to K B 3 3. Kt to K B 3
4. B to Q B 4
5. P takes P
6. B takes K B P (ch)
7. Q to Q 5 (ch)
8. Kt takes B
9. P to K B 4
10. P to Q K 12
11. B to K 12 (ch) P to K R B B takes P K takes B K to K B B K takes Kt Kt to Q B B P to Q B K to K K t B K to R 2 K K to R 2 B to Kt 2 (ch) 11. If to Kr 2 (ch)
12. P to K B 5 (ch)
13. Castles.
14. Q to K B 7
15. Q to K K 6 (ch)
16. Q Kt to Q 2
17. B takes Kt
18. Kt to K B 3 K to K 2 K Kt to B 3 R to K B sq K to Kt sq Q Kt to K 4 P takes B Q to K 2 P to Q B 3 Kt takes K P 19. Q R to Q'sq 20. Q R to Q'3 21. R to K 3 B takes K B U 22. Q to R 5 23. Kt to R 4 21. R takes R (eld) 25. Kt to B 3 Q R to Q B to R 2

And White resigned.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 83

White White Street County County Clark County County Clark County Clar WHITE. BLACK. L R takes P 2. Kt takes Q

Salution of Problem for Young Players No. 82. BLACK 1. K tukes B (A) 2. K moves,

1; B to K R 6; 2; R to K 7 3, R mates at K R 7

(A)
1. K to R sq or Kt sq

2. K to K Kt 7 And mates next move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 83.

White.
K at Q Kt sq
Q at Q B 2 BLACK. Kat Q Kt 2 Q at Q B sq R at Q 4 at Q Kt 5 and. Hat Q 6 Pawns at Q H 2, Q K 3 and Q R 2

Whiteto play and mate in the emoves,

NOTICE,

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the BRITISH AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY, for the election of Officers and other business, will be held at the office of the Company, St. John Street, Montreal, on Tuesday, 5th September 1876, at four o'clock P. M.

By order

By order,
GEO, JNO, BOWLES,
Secre

MONTREAL, August 22nd, 1876.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION

OF 1876.

The PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION for 1876, open to the world, will take place on

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,

The 12th, 13th, 14th & 15th Septembre next,

ON THE

GROUND MOUNT ROYAL AVENUE, MILE-END,

Prize lists and blank forms of entry can be had on application to the Secretary of the Council of Agriculture, No. 63 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal, or the Secretaries of all County Agricultural Societies.

Entries for live stock must be made on or before Saturday, the 26th of August, and in the other Depart-ments on or before Saturday, the 2nd September.

N. B.-No entries shall be received after the above mentioned dates

For further particulars, apply to

GEORGE LECLERC.

Sec. of Conneil of Agriculture, P. Q.

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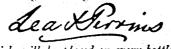
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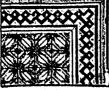
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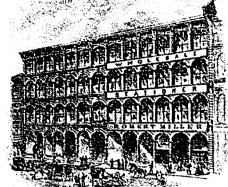
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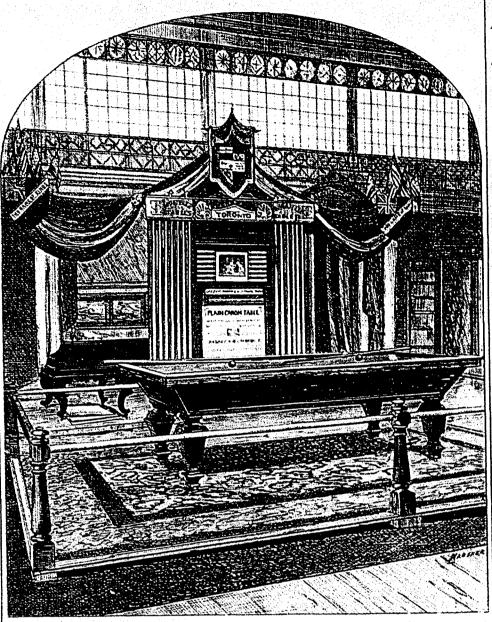
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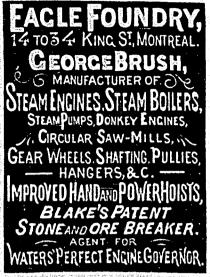
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