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# Montreal Wholesale News

Vol. XIV.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1876.

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JOHNNY CANUCK COMING HOME FROM THE CENTENNIAL.

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#### NOTICE.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 14th Oct., 1876.

### REBUILDING OF ST. HYACINTHE.

It is pleasant to learn from St. Hyacinthe that favourable progress is being made in the work of repairing the ravages of the late sweeping fire, and that the municipality are taking active measures against a similar liability in future. Amongst these plans, we are told the abolition of shingled roofs has been determined on, and we also learn that the water supply and the sufficiency of the engine-power are receiving attention. All this is very satisfactory, so far—but there will still remain the liability described as "ignition by contact," if wooden buildings shall be allowed to be placed in contiguity with one another. We are sorry this should be looked upon as a necessity in any part of the town. If wooden constructions were kept separate from their like, being furnished at the same time with fire-proof roofs, the only danger that would arise to them would be from "ignition from within" and that would then involve all the horrors of a spreading fire. Even party-walls, so essential in rows of buildings, would only partially avail where the rest of the structure was of wood, for though they might fend off the fire for a considerable time, there would always be the danger arising from a great heat and the curling over of a mass of flame. In the crowded part of the town it would therefore be most desirable that the structures should be of brick or stone—or, at the worst, frame buildings cased with brick—while the wood buildings should be reserved for "garden-suburbs." If it be pleaded that hard necessity will not admit of this better arrangement, what is to be done? The point is a crucial one for all, and should receive the closest and most patient attention. No city that could enforce the better rule would for its own interest adopt the weaker one. Party walls would, we must still admit, not be useless even between wooden structures. Their efficiency also might be increased if they were made to project on the front as well as above the roof. They would allow time to the firemen to bring all their appliances to bear—and time is the chief and best auxiliary of our brigades. Supposing this unfortunate state of things to exist that wooden houses and stores have to be erected even in some of the closed up lines of streets, in our country towns, the first consideration will be these very party-walls. They could be built of brick or stone or concrete. An extremely inexpensive form of party-wall or division between houses would be realizable by a separation between the wood-buildings, of a foot or more between each pair—with only a casing of brick on the elevation which should project somewhat in front of it. This would leave an interstice where the ordinary party-wall would be, such interstice to be filled to the roof with sand. Thus would be formed a sand-wall or division between the buildings, and on the occurrence of a fire on one side the

division, the sand would have to be saturated with water from the engine-hose which would be effected by removing one of the plates of the roof (marked for the purpose) and introducing the stream above. It would be nearly useless to make the connexion of the hose at any but the highest point—but if done as described, the separation or interval of non-combustible matter would be secured between the two buildings by a complete party-wall of sand and water—and by keeping the sand fully wetted, the flames would be unable to act upon the wooden casings or outer walls of the two buildings. Metal plating would be necessary for the ends of the roof-timbers which would of course be separated for the two buildings. The whole plan would be vitiated, if the interstice were not kept entirely filled with the sand, compacted so as not to subside by the incursion of the water. Upon this plan the danger of communication of the flames would be confined to the drying, calcining and fitfully advancing powers, which the fire would still possess, but which by the presence of the sand-and-water-wall, the firemen would obtain considerable assistance in battling with. The plan, though important in the circumstances supposed, is not now suggested as anything but a concession to unavoidable weakness in a municipality, and could not of course command the most favourable rates in effecting insurance on the buildings.

### THE NEW MONTREAL POST OFFICE

We publish to-day an interior view of the new Post Office, opened in this city, on Monday last, and will continue further views in our next issue. On July 23rd, 1873, we gave an exterior view from the architect's design, at the time of the laying of the corner stone. This splendid building has been erected by the Dominion Government on the site of the old Banque du Peuple, St. James Street, corner of St. François Xavier Street, and adjoining the Montreal Bank. The foundation was laid on the 12th July, 1873, by the Hon. the Minister of Public Works. The structure has 120 feet frontage on St. James Street, and 92 feet frontage on St. François Xavier Street, the whole being built of Montreal grey stone, the internal faces having an air space and brick lining for protection against dampness. The facade on St. James Street has an imposing appearance, the ground floor story being in the Doric style, and the second and third stories having full carved Corinthian columns, pilasters and window dressings of a rich design. On St. James Street front there is an arcade or portico for summer and winter entrance with the latest improvements for the convenience of the public, with letter and paper slides inside and out of the building. The facade on St. François Xavier Street is in keeping with St. James Street, this facade having Corinthian pilasters, and being finished in every other respect similar to the main front. The other fronts are of a plainer character. The top cornice for the two principal fronts is of a rich finish, with ornamental fascia with pateras, dental blocks and carved modillions with pannelled and moulded top finish to the roof. The roof as well as the towers are in the French style, with crescent work for top finish; the centre or main tower, terminating above the Mansard roof with a cornice and cresting work, will have a clock showing three faces. This clock will have an ornamental finish. The angle pedestals above the cornice, including returns, as also chimney stacks, are highly moulded and finished with finials. The main lucarnes or dormer windows, including the circular roof-lights, are of a neat style, giving an imposing appearance. The interior is finished in keeping with the general design, and has the latest and most approved arrangements for the public, and the Post-Office officials and employees. There are strong fire-proof safes for all documents, letters, and papers, and hydrants and hose are also provided in the building. The basement is occupied by

the newspapers and mail-bags department, also keepers' apartments, coal cellars and furnaces. The ground or principal floor is occupied by the Post Office department, including Post Master's offices, Assistant Post Master &c. The second story is occupied by the Post Office Inspector, and others; leaving a third story to be laid out hereafter as occasion may require. The general arrangements of the ground floor will be more fully understood from our engraving, which is so thoroughly done, as to be able to serve for a guide to that part of the building which is the only one open to the public.

The addresses of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE and of Professor FAWCETT and Mr. MUNDELLA and others upon the unquenchable Eastern question will be found grand efforts and replete with the fire that spring only from a good cause. Popular discussion is needed not for the purpose of arousing a conflict of opposing wills, though that is sometimes inevitable in a free country, but as a check against oppression. Appealing to broad and general sympathies, these speeches exhibit the rising of the spirit of humanity and civilization all informed by Christianity against the antique barbarisms of Asia, so long permitted to occupy and lord it over some of the fairest tracts of the European continent. In a home sense they recall the great days of British parliamentary and popular eloquence, when men were not deterred from giving free course to the utterances of the heart. The young men of the British Empire should not fail to study these speeches, and for that purpose they will well deserve publication in a collected form.

The Hon. the Postmaster General has given notice that hereafter registered letters on which both the postage and registration fee are paid by registered stamp only cannot be forwarded to destination, but will be treated as unpaid, and sent to the Dead Letter Office. Registered stamps are to be used exclusively for the prepayment of the registration fee on such letters, and cannot be accepted in prepayment of postage.

### THE HEALTH OF MONTREAL.

Dr. A. B. Larocque one of the two Health Officers of Montreal has published a sanitary report which merits attention for its exhaustive nature and conscientious study of details. We are not used to such work in this country, and hence its appearance partakes somewhat of a pleasurable surprise.

The first thing laid down is a statistical table affording an insight into the population of the city. Calculating the increase in the last four years, that is, since the census, on the scale of the preceding decade, the Doctor sets down the figure at 132,000. Some put it at 126,000, others at 125,000, and still others at 130,000. Counting in Hochelaga, the Tanneries, Mile-End, Outremont and other municipalities, on and around the Mountain, separated from us only by invisible lines, and doing all their business within our limits, the total easily reaches 150,000, placing Montreal among the chief cities of the Continent.

Taking the births and deaths according to the French, Irish-Catholic and Protestant populations, we have the following table:

	Population	Mortality	Mortality p. 1000
French-Canadians	92,000	2,500	42.50
Irish-Catholics	30,000	600	20.00
Protestants	34,000	700	20.58
Total	156,000	3,800	24.36
	Births	Increase	Births p. 1000
French-Canadians	4,621	1,531	65.01
Irish-Catholics	969	282	32.00
Protestants	1,114	374	32.00
Total	6,704	2,187	49.10

A remarkable point is the difference between the births and deaths among French-Canadians—65.01 per 1000 against 42.50. There is perhaps no more fertile people on the face of the earth.

Still the mortality among children under the age of a year is certainly abnormal. Hygienists estimate that the mortality of towns should not exceed 18 in 1000. With proper sanitary measures, Montreal ought to diminish its mortality by at least 1400 a year. Among these measures, as regards children, our author suggests the opposite of the following evils:—premature weaning, bad artificial foods, nursing bottles, soothing syrups and adulterated milk.

Eight policemen were employed last year as Sanitary Inspectors. They did their work well, but a more thorough classification of the streets would have enabled them to do it much better. The subject of vital statistics has received some attention, but much more is required, and

Dr. Larocque has traced out a programme, which, if carried out, will serve for all practical purposes.

The Meat Inspectors are two in number, and there are 85 slaughtering places in the city. Whatever precaution be taken, these are always more or less hurtful to the public health, and a frequent cause of typhoid fever. An appropriation of \$100,000 has been voted by the Council for the construction of slaughter houses outside of the limits.

The question of foundlings is treated at great length and with special reference to the experience of older countries, especially France where the matter has risen to the dignity of a State question. The greater number of Montreal foundlings come from the different parishes of the Province of Quebec, from the Lower Provinces, from Ontario, the United States and even from Europe. After full investigation, the conclusion is reached that the only way to save these infants is to procure fit nurses, no appliances being calculated to replace woman's milk. A Home outside of the city is suggested under the following calculations. Of 700 children admitted there during one year, allowing that the death-rate for the first year would be 30 per cent., 490 would survive. As nurses would have to be paid \$7 or \$8 a month, the first year would be the most expensive—about \$35,000. From \$20,000 to \$25,000 would cover the outlay of succeeding years. At the end of 18 years—the total would be about \$1,000,000, but then the surviving children would begin to produce and remunerate. According to Dr. Farr the value of a child at its birth is \$20; at 5 years, \$224; at 10 years, \$461; at 20 years, \$936; at 25 \$984. Then it diminishes, till at 55 years, the value is \$552. Following these calculations, of 700 children received in one year, on the supposition that only 350 would survive at the end of 18 years, with an average value of \$500, the profit would be \$280,000. In ten years at the same ratio, the total would reach \$2,800,000. Deducting from this sum the expenses of the Home during the same period, there would remain a balance of \$1,120,000 to the good.

The report of the Health Officer is full of such information as this, not perhaps always practical or practicable, but useful nevertheless as stimulants in the right direction. It is a pity that, through mistaken economy, the Board has published only a couple of hundreds of copies, instead of scattering it broadcast over the city.

### THE DUDSWELL LINE KILNS.

THE SHERBROOKE AND DUDSWELL LIME AND TRADING COMPANY.

The accompanying photograph of the Dudswell Line Kilns situated near the centre of the Township, County of Wolfe, shows the position they occupy, from a point south of the kilns. They stand about two miles from the Quebec Central Railway, which now runs forty-three miles from Sherbrooke and is intended to pass through to the city of Quebec. They are distant from Sherbrooke 24 miles, and the quality of the lime manufactured cannot be surpassed, according to an analysis made by Dr. Girwood, of this city. There is 93 per cent. of pure lime in the stone, in its natural condition.

The quantity of limestone is unlimited, and is taken from a mountain distant about 100 feet from the kilns. The ledge is nearly perpendicular, and some eighty to ninety feet in height, and the stone comes off the face of the ledge in layers perpendicularly, in thickness of from three to six feet each. The rock is conveyed to the kilns on a tramway, in small cars, on a level with the tops of the kilns, so that there is no lifting of material required to place it ready for burning. The kilns are about twenty-four feet square at the bottom, and lessening to about sixteen feet at the top, with three furnaces in each, and are capable of turning out three hundred bushels of lime each kiln daily, and numbers of kilns can be erected alongside of those now erected, and all that is required to make them a perfect success is a tram or railway to connect with the Quebec Central Railway.

If you intend taking Quinine Wine, do not be induced by over-advertising and bill-posting to try any of the so-called preparations that are spread over the country. Make up your mind to it and get one that you know something about. Now DEVINS & BOLTON'S Quinine Wine has received the approval and sanction of the Medical Faculty, and with just merit, as it is a pure Wine scientifically prepared, possessing the medicinal properties of this valuable tonic in a simple, pleasant and reliable form. Now, what other preparation of the kind can show such flattering testimony in its favour?

### ROUND THE WORLD.

THE reported capture of Massowah by the Abyssinians is unattended.

Unsuccessful attempts have been made to assassinate the President of Hayti.

THE first snow of the season fell on Lake Superior on the 29th ult.

Gen. Martinez Campos has been appointed Governor-General of Cuba.

FEARS are entertained of a general uprising of the Ute Indians in Colorado.

AUSTRIA has very plainly refused the Russian proposition for a joint occupation of the Turkish Provinces of the Danube.

A report comes from Vienna that Russia has concluded a treaty with the United States, ceding a portion of Oahotok, in Siberia, in return for iron clads.

TRAFFIC IN NEW ENGLAND FERNS

Among the new industries of the last few years is the collection and sale of the creeping ferns so common in the New England woods...

The season for gathering these ferns begins about the middle of August and lasts till late in the autumn. Originally only fresh ferns were sold, and those largely for Christmas decorations...

The above illustrates that what we have often urged upon habitues that they will make more money upon small things indigenous to the soil than the large crops. The business above referred to of pressing ferns has been the source of support to many families in New England for years...

NIAGARA.

I took a run down to the Falls the other day. I had a little money and a great deal of that description of time, which, as Mr. Twain quaintly remarks, is not money. I was just recovering from the crippled condition (financially), in which a former visit to the same place, had left me...

the children outside, and pass on by himself to the next barrier where he would observe in large gilt letters. "The Falls \$5." ("Through smoked glass \$2.50.") He would then tell the man at the gate that he was going back for the children and explain to the old lady how much grander they looked when seen from a distance, &c. When I saw the words, "Entrance to the Entrance to the Falls, 25cts." I paid the money, put on my spectacles, and looked about for some return for the outlay...

A CODE OF TABLE ETIQUETTE.

The N. Y. Graphic has the following:— When seated at the table do not be betrayed into that cheap boarding-house habit of sticking your napkin up under your chin, nor even the French restaurant trick of pulling one corner of it through the buttonhole of your coat...

Also when wine is served drink of it whenever you like it—the custom of nodding to the hostess or host before drinking has gone out.

Clinking glasses is still retained as an accompaniment to drinking choruses on the stage; but is no longer indulged in at the repasts of the beau monde.

On no account refuse to take the last helping on a dish. To decline it seems to infer that you suppose the dish cannot be replaced; or it may be your refusal to take might be construed into a contempt of it as "leavings."

If there are wines at table and servants do not keep the glasses well filled you may nod, indeed this is your duty, even at another table than your own till the glass of the lady or ladies near you. They cannot very well help themselves, nor can they ask to be helped to wine; but you must remember to pour out sherry or sauterne with soup and fish, hock or claret with roast meat, sparkling wines between the roast and confectionary, madeira for dessert; liqueurs come after coffee, and are served by the servants.

A special point to be remembered in going to keep an engagement to dinner is to be at the house of your host exactly at the time fixed for the dinner. If you come before, you are in the way; look at your watch before you enter the house, and if you are ten minutes early, sit in your cab or take a few turns before the door prior to going in.

To a people so universally well dressed as the Americans it is scarcely necessary to say much on this branch of the subject. Yet unless the dinner be a formal one Americans are likely to shirk putting on a dress suit for dinner. There are exceptions to this rule, of course. I was once the guest of a wealthy brother and sister

who live all summer and part of the winter in a very quiet old homestead away in a lonely place in one of the northern counties of New York State yet whether they had company or no these gentle-folks always dressed for dinner—the gentleman put on his dress suit; the lady something more fanciful than what she had been wearing all day. They both said there was no affectation in this. They did not dress for "style," especially when there was nobody to witness it, but they simply felt better and enjoyed their dinner more after dressing for it than if they had "slumped" down to table in the attire they had worn during the afternoon and morning.

I am greatly pleased to see that English ladies are falling into that mode which I maintain is a true Americanism, namely, the dinner toilet made as richly as one likes, and from that fact most indubitably entitled to be called "dress," and yet made without being out low in the neck and short in the sleeves. It is now indeed a very grand and formal dinner which demands the conventional full dress so very trying to scrawny necks and arms and so apt to be immodest when these are the reverse.

AN OLD POCKET DIARY.

The Hamilton Spectator says that a most remarkable pocket diary, kept by some one unknown in that city between the years 1825 and 1830, was picked up in the street, the other day, by a policeman, and is now in the office of the Chief of Police. It is very old, smoky and dilapidated, and has been much worn.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Includes entries like 'Paid for drying a handkerchief', 'Bell sweet currier', 'Silk handkerchief', 'Bell milk nurse', 'Still (brewery)', 'Toil, snuff and hostlers', 'Miss Law', 'To Gardener for half days work', 'A man with a boy and girl, for digging potatoes for 35 days work', 'A. Anderson for 6 days work', 'Gave him in a present', 'Ready money', 'A trough for the swine', 'Dressing 4 sheep skins', 'Candy, sugar, &c.', 'A stick, snuff, &c.', 'Man with two horses collecting hay', 'Bunnet for Catharine', 'Stockings for Mrs.', 'Night caps', 'Potatoes and snuff', 'P. M. Smith for barley', 'Betty wet nurse', 'Freight of barrel of porter', 'Dips in warm bath', 'For snuff of wasn't good', 'For quills for Henderson', 'Police taxes', 'Watt for whiskey, 14 pints', 'Charity', 'Amoy's Dictionary', 'Cleaning Pichese', 'Advanced to milk-man'.

The Diary winds up with the following:—"Wish to have no more money transactions with Relations, have found them, almost without exception, the cause of an unpleasant feeling on the mind, without thanks or gratiude where such might have been expected—always without profit."

OUR PICTURES.

In a previous issue we gave an account of the splendid stand which Canada has made at the Centennial Exhibition. She carried off fully three hundred prizes, some of them placing her at the head of all competitors. Our amusing front-page cartoon fully illustrates the pleasing circumstance. We have also illustrations of the west end of the Main Building and of the Hunter's Camp at the Centennial. We give, besides, two pictures of art, appropriate to the season—Pasture Grounds after Rosa Bonheur, and the Family of the Happy Fisherman.

REVIEW.

Messrs. Belford Brothers, Toronto, have just issued editions of "The Earnest Student" and "Wee Davie"—well-known works of the late Dr. Norman Macleod. In typography and binding they are equal to the other publications of this well-known house, Messrs. Dawson Brothers, of this city, have added to their list of Canadian editions "The Laurel Bush," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," a pleasing romance of a domestic nature.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A NEW opera by Lecocq is to be brought out in Paris in about a month at the Renaissance, under the title of "Le Mikado."

THE Prussian Government has instituted an inquiry into the condition of the theatre in Prussia, and the advisability of establishing an academy of the dramatic arts, endowed by the Government.

A WORK entitled "Musical Myths and Facts," by Herr Carl Fageb, and comprising essays on the art of music, and musical instruments, folk-lore, &c., is now in the press, and will shortly be issued.

Pauline Lucca is about to begin a farewell concert through Germany, after which in compliance with the wishes of her husband, who longs for a quiet home life, she intends to quit the stage for good.

THE son of a well-known actor recently, at a public examination, in reply to the question, "Who was the greatest English divine?" said, promptly, "The divine William." The boy spoke more wisely than he knew.

SOTHERN has brought out a new play called "A Hornet's Nest," in Boston. He enacts the part of a supposed noodle, against whom nearly all the other characters lay plans for monetary spoliation, but who turns out to be bright-witted, and consequently circumvents them. It is farcical and improbable, but entertaining. H. J. Byron is the author.

Celina Montaland was very stout when, in Fisk's life, she sang in the Grand Opera House, N. Y. Lately, having increased so much in size that she had to abandon the stage, she employed a Paris physician who promised to reduce her to moderate plumpness. His system embraced daily shampooing, but she gained flesh under it instead of getting slender, and refused to pay him. A lawsuit brings out the facts.

FEW plays have been as variously adapted as "Le Procès Vauradioux," now running in Paris. It is acted in London as "The Great Divorce Case," Sir Randall Roberts uses it in Canada as "The Brighton Scandal," Mr. Daly as "Life at the Fifth Avenue," Mr. Wallack at his theatre as "Forbidden Fruit," Mr. Byron has prepared it for the Eagle as "French Flats," and at the Boston Museum it is "Wanted a Divorce."

THE Bishop of Manchester, speaking at Ransbottom, referred to Mr. Irving's recent performance of Hamlet at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. He had, he said, learned with delight that 17,000 persons in Manchester had gone to see Mr. Irving act that character, into which he had thrown new life. Whether Mr. Irving's reading was the true one or not it was not for him to say; but he knew Mr. Irving was a great actor, and it was an ennobling thing to see Hamlet played by him.

THE reception given to Madame Christine Nilsson during her short stay at Christiana was quite as enthusiastic as at Stockholm. A crowd of some 10,000 people assembled in front of the hotel where the celebrated artist was staying, and a choir of students serenaded her, when suddenly Madame Nilsson stepped out on the balcony, and after thanking the students, sang an old Norwegian ballad, her voice in the quiet evening being heard all over the square. The crowd became so enthusiastic that several ladies were crushed and were carried away fainting.

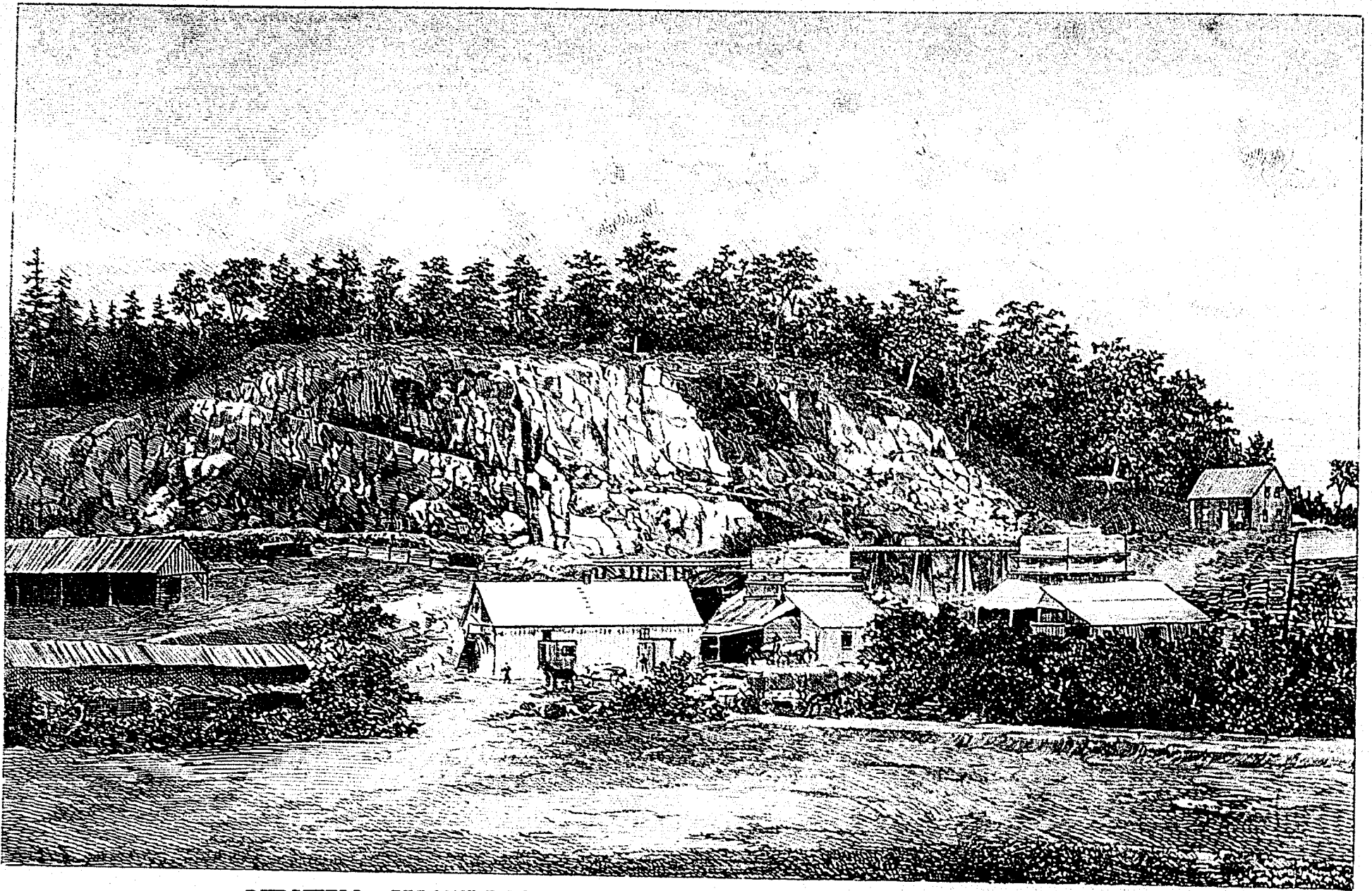
MR. IRVING has just received a graceful and appropriate present from the Baroness Burdett Goussin in the shape of a ring, with a beautiful portrait of Shakespeare, which was formerly the property of David Garrick. It was presented by him on his death bed to his butler, and came into the possession of Mr. Patrick, a well-known theatrical antiquary, and was from him purchased by its late owner some ten years since. The presentation inscription from the Baroness to Mr. Irving states the gift to be "in recognition of the gratification derived from his Shakspearian representations, uniting to many characteristics of his great predecessors in the histrionic art the claim of original thought, giving to his delineations new form of dramatic interest, power, and beauty."

MR. MAPLESON, who has introduced some of the best singers to the English operatic world, including Adeline Patti and Christine Nilsson, has just had another lucky "find" in Paris. This consists of a young girl not yet out of her teens, and who for many years has followed the occupation of a mould maker for plaster images in an obscure Italian village. Her voice, although lacking cultivation, is said to be a soprano of wonderful range and flexibility, and as she has been singing in the choir of a Catholic church for four years, she is well acquainted with music, and gives promise of becoming a "star" of the first magnitude. Her beauty is also said to be of a kind that will take London by storm. She is a brunette, with large, expressive eyes, while her hair when loose trails the ground. Mr. Mapleson happened to be in the church one morning when he heard her sing, and being struck with the remarkably rich tones of the voice he sought an interview with her. She referred him to her father—a humble image maker—and after much persuasion he consented to his daughter accepting an engagement under Mr. Mapleson as an apprentice for five years, at what for these poor people must be a princely sum. The young lady is now at a musical school, and it is probable she will not make her debut in London for a couple of seasons yet. Mr. Mapleson, however, is well pleased with his discovery, and seems to think that his coming singer is a wonder. The operatic world will look forward with considerable curiosity to the appearance of this phenomenon.

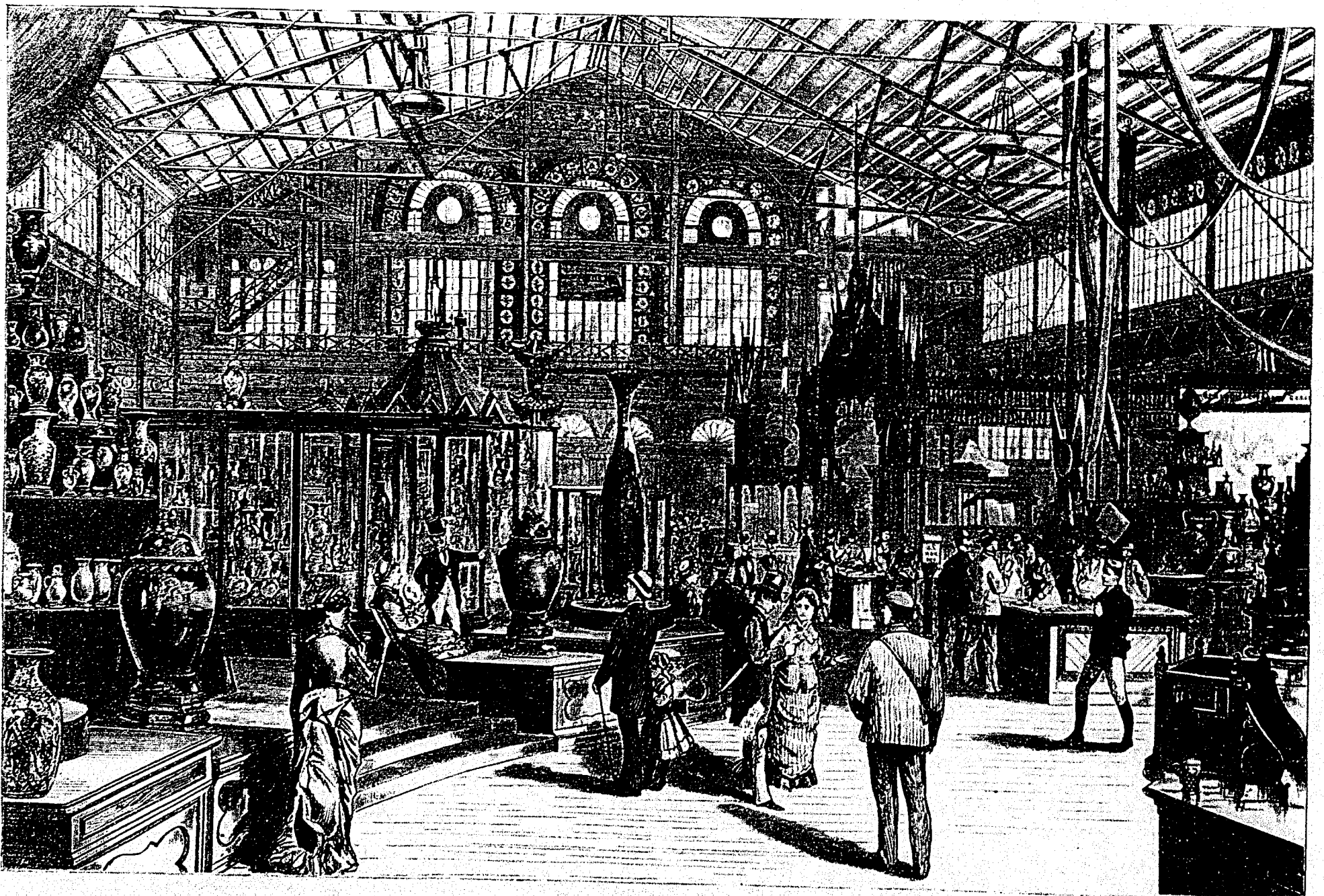
SCIENTIFIC.

AN interesting observation, referring to the power of germination in seeds which is hundreds and even thousands of years old, is said to have been made by Professor Henderich, in Greece. In the silver mines of Laurium, only the slags left by the ancient Greeks are at present worked off, in order to gain, after an improved modern method, silver still left in that dross. This refuse ore is probably about two thousand years old. Among it the seed of a species of glaucum or poppy was found, which had slept in the darkness of the earth during all that time. After a little while, when the slags were brought up and worked off at the smelting works there suddenly arose a crop of glaucum plants, with a beautiful yellow flower, of a kind unknown in modern botany, but is described by Pliny and others as a frequent flower in ancient Greece.

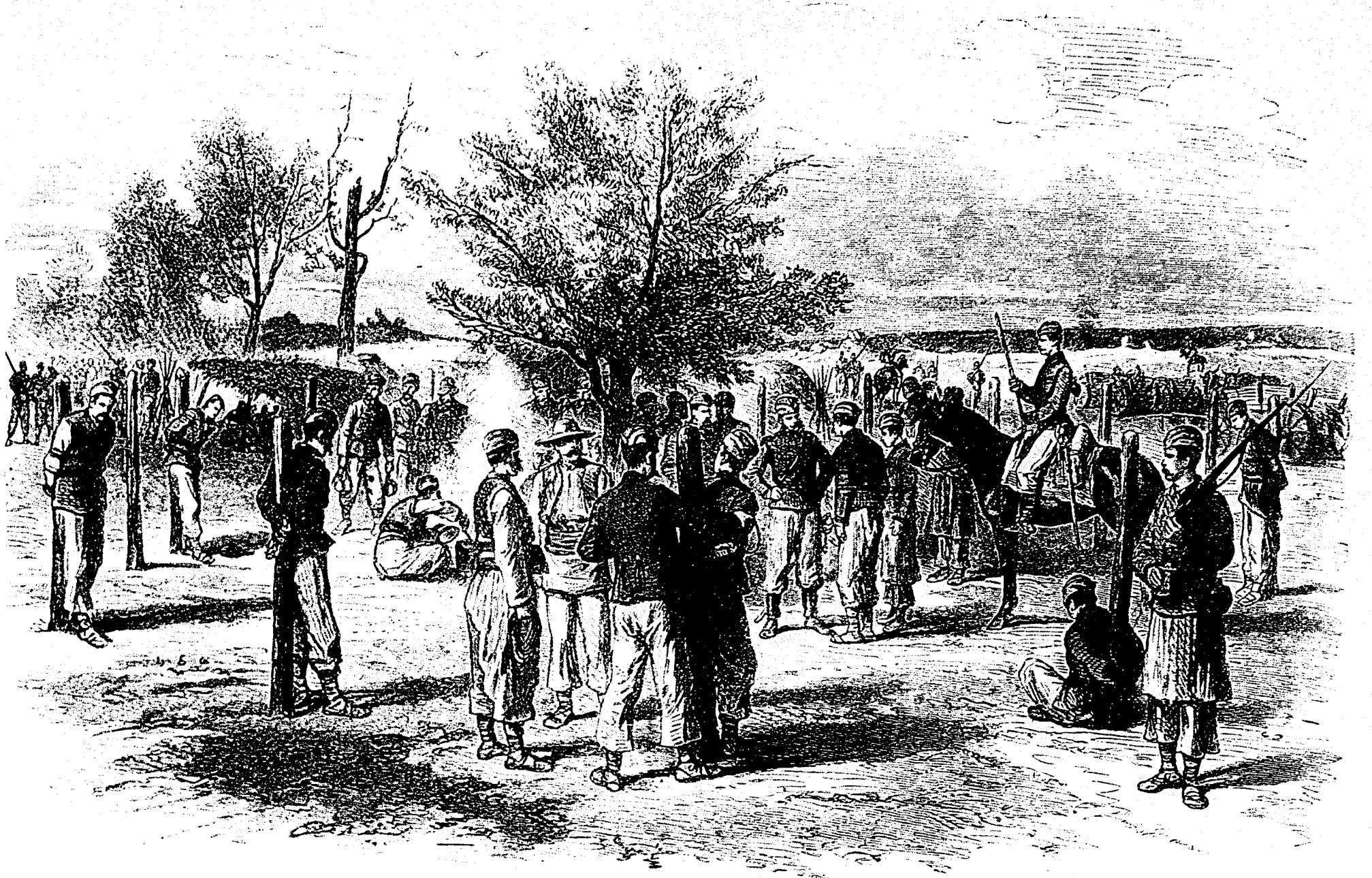
A CENTURY plant is now in blossom in Boston. A horticulturist from the North happening to be on the grounds of the old John C. Calhoun estate, in Florida, one winter, discovered indications of a flower stalk in the centre of an old neglected plant, standing near a cart path on the premises. Several of its leaves had been chopped away, by one generation or another, as they had intruded across the way. Realizing his opportunity, he obtained the plant at a price which was merely nominal, and had it removed by steamer to Boston, where it arrived last April, with its stem grown to some eight feet in height. Here it stood in the open air, and in the three following months added twelve more feet to its stature, and a few weeks since commenced to unfold its one thousand yellow blossoms, to the great delight of its owners and the swarms of bees and humming-birds that were constantly attended it. The stalk is six inches in diameter at the base, and full half that size at eight or ten feet high, and is as hard and woody as the trunk of a tree. The flowers which are something of the shape and size of cigars, are contained in twenty clusters, supported upon arms which leave the trunk at right angles, like the limb of the white pine. As soon as it ceases to bloom, which will be in a few weeks, the whole plant will wither and perish, as its life-work is then at an end.



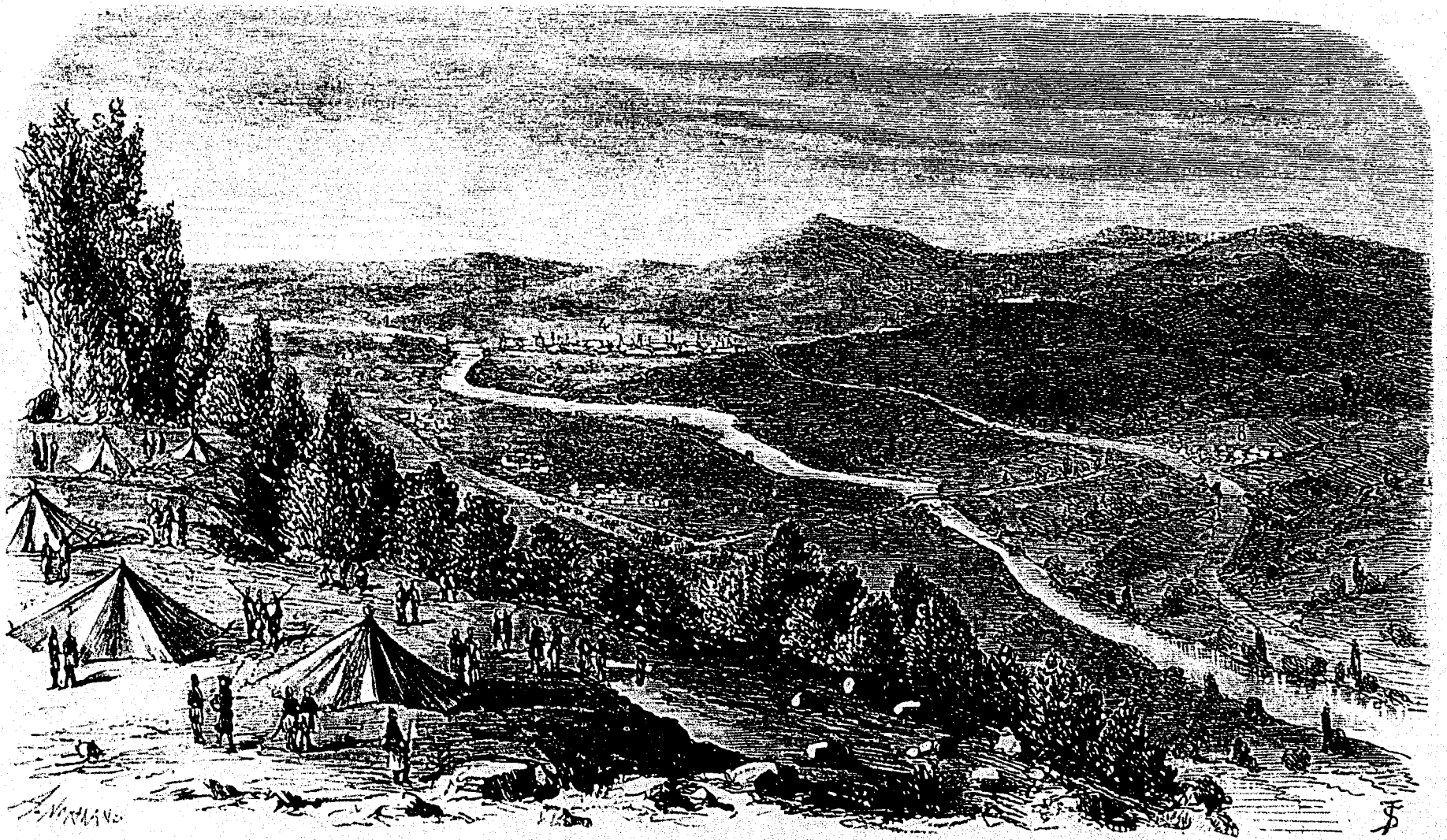
DUDSWELL:—THE LIME KILNS AND QUARRIES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PRESBY & PARKER, SHERBROOKE.



THE CENTENNIAL:—WEST END, MAIN BUILDING.



PUNISHMENT OF SPIES AND COWARDS IN THE SERVIAN ARMY OF THE DRINA.



PANORAMA OF THE MORAWA VALLEY.

1. Tête de pont.—2. Sitkovaz.—3. Mrsol.—4. Nosrina.—5. Alexinatz.—6 and 7. Trenches.—8. Buimir.

KUKLOS CLUB.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

At the last monthly meeting of the Kuklos Club, Mr. W. Leslie Thom gave us a very interesting paper, entitled, "Why we are Met," in which he sketched the formation of the Club and projected the position its founders wish it to occupy in the future. That paper, having been printed, and we hope extensively read, will have informed the public that as the Railway and Telegraph are breaking up the hostile demarcations which once divided and inflamed mankind, so the Kuklos Club is breaking up the boundary lines, or rather walls, which hitherto have too much divided the social and fraternal existence of the Pressmen of Montreal, and is teaching them to rise above partizan contests, professional opposition and personal warfare, to the consideration of great principles, healthful and ennobling in their discussion to the minds of men. Whether the Club will succeed in giving shape and consistency to the vision of a "fraternal era" among Pressmen of every school of political thought, and among our local Pamphleteers and Reviewers, the future will determine. The pursuit of such a purpose is worthy of the Club. I cannot too strongly impress upon the minds of the members of the Club the necessity for the avoidance of the turbid maelstrom of party and religious strife into which men of facile morality and feeble purposes are ever ready to plunge, but from which virtue and conscience never come forth without a stain.

I ask them to reflect upon the material growth and business activity of the city of Montreal, and consider that there ought to be a commensurate growth of mental culture, refinement, broad views and cosmopolitan spirit among those who wield the pen, and fashion the organs of public sentiment and opinion. It would be gratifying to know that the Press of Montreal includes men of wide experience, of varied accomplishments, of profound erudition and stern integrity, men who can challenge respect by the culture which marks the gentleman, and by that hearty sympathy with the feelings and even the prejudices of all sections, political or religious, into which the Province of Quebec is divided. It would be still more gratifying to know that the men whose duties and privileges are to mould the thought and enlighten the mind of the Public, are determined to unite themselves round a common centre, by the enduring ties of friendship, that true and perfect friendship which has been tersely but beautifully described by one of our good old English authors, as requiring these three things, especially—VIRTUE, as being honest and commendable;—that is Virtue in the Latin sense, the regulating our thoughts and pursuits by right principles. "SOCIETY, which is pleasant and delectable;" that is society which may be thus interpreted, a scene of perfect easy sociability. "AND PROFIT, which is useful and necessary;" that is, anything profitable to teach, to improve, to instruct "to learn in righteousness." Such a circle of men we ought to wish our Kuklos to be.

I cannot forbear concluding my allusions to Mr. Thom's "Why we are Met" with an apt quotation from the Spectator, No. IX: "When men are thus knit together," as I hope we are, "by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and don't meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the week, by an innocent and cheerful conversation, there may be something very useful in their little institutions and establishments."

I will now glance at the difficulty experienced in getting a befitting name for our Club. You all remember that it took Don Quixote four days to deliberate upon what name he should give his steed; "for," as he said to himself, "it would be very improper that a horse so excellent, appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without an appropriate name;" so we sought for an appropriate name for our Club, knowing that its object is to aid in the fostering good fellowship and kindly feelings among the Pressmen of Canada, the cultivating a taste for Letters among its members, the gathering together lovers of art, music, and literature, the extending to Authors, Literary men, and Journalists who may, from time to time, visit Montreal, that wanted courtesy and hospitality due from kindred spirits to their like. Never did gossips, when assembled to determine the name of a new born child, whose family was full of conflicting interests, experience half the difficulty which the progenitors, or rather, projectors of this confraternity of Pressmen found in settling its patronymic. We, children of the brain, had not a godfather ready at hand. Our desire was that the name of the Club should be modest, that it should be expressive, that it should be new, that it should be striking, that it should have something in it equally intelligible to a man of plain understanding, and surprising for the man of imagination. How far we have succeeded in the attainment of this happy nomenclature we leave others to judge. There was one thing which the hunt after a name realized; a—good deal of despairing mirth. We had all done something towards the constitution and formation of the Club; in these matters we were in "sweet accord," but in the matter of its name we were as divided as sectaries are in their schisms. Some of the names suggested were as follows: Number one—"The Spectator," which was abandoned because attention was called to No. X, of the Spectator, March 12, 1719-11, in

which allusion is made to "the fraternity of spectators who live in the world without having anything to do in it, and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions have no other business with the rest of mankind but to look upon them." Number two—"The Touchstone"—rejected because our wit and conversation may not be as bright and brilliant as the Lydius Lapis of the Latins, a shining stone upon which gold is tried; or again, because your President would probably object to wield an official sceptre, or bangle ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head; or your Vice-President would not consider it befitting his dignity "to wear in his forehead a cockcomb for his foolishness, and on his back, a *for tangle* for his badge," or your Treasurer would not be ambitious to carry at his girdle a large purse or wallet like Tarlton, who personated the clowns in Shakspeare's time, or a tortoise shell budget like that given by Panurge to Triboulet, as described by Rabelais, (book iii., ch. 15), though he may not object to the "osier-wattled wicker bottle full of Breton Wine, and five and twenty apples of the orchard of Blandinereau" for the entertainment of our fair visitors. Number three—"The Commentator"—repelled on account of Pope's couplet:—

"Some have at first for wits, then poets, pass'd  
Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last."

Number four—"The Mercury"—good name thought some, for there had been in the reign of King James I., an "Apollo" Club, at which it is said Ben Jonson wrote "The Devil is an Ass." Why should we not be associated with the Gods? Mercury was a decent sort of a fellow, a friend to the ladies! Did he not conduct Venus, Juno and Minerva to Mount Ida to get the judgment of Paris! Was he not the inventor of the lyre! Aye, rejoined a classical scholar (one of our Council); but he was, nevertheless, a great scamp according to Homer, who, in the hymn to the honour of Mercury, has given us a delightful account of his pre-maturity in swindling. He had not been born many hours before he stole Vulcan's tools, Mars' sword and Jupiter's sceptre. He filched the girdle of Venus in return for her embrace, and robbed Apollo of his quiver. Besides, his thieving propensities descended to his son Autolykus (after whom Shakspeare christened his merry rogue in the *Winter's Tale*) who was a thief suitable to the great airiness of his origin. He is said to have conveyed away a young and handsome bride, charming enough to turn the resolutions of a Cynic, and sent back in exchange a woman as ill favoured as Touchstone's Audrey, yet the bridegroom did not find out the trick till Autolykus had got off. All agreed that Mercury should be discarded, for fear the small wits may sneeringly or jestingly say that we belonged to the Bohemian *Klop* toocracy. Number five—"The Augustan"—good—it signifies increasing waxing in honour. Our Club ought to have a goodly number enrolled under its banner, and our literary efforts ought to bring honour to its members. Aye, but, says one, are we modest in assuming such a title? There is associated with the name everything majestic, magnificent, illustrious, splendid and noble, to wit:—Augustus, the first Roman Emperor, the *maximus principum*, according to Horace, who doubted whether the Senate of Rome and Rome's people could find "a largess of honours sufficiently ample to eternize the virtues" of this Great Caesar. The name Augustan is too ambitious, too soaring, says another. Look at the Augustan Age of English Literature in the beginning of the eighteenth century, graced by such eminent writers, teachers and benefactors, as Addison, Burnet, Butler, Congreve, Gay, Pope, Prior, Savage, Steele and Swift, (*Utare ares in Terris*), who, for their brilliant genius, masterly reason, fascinating wit and vivid imagination were as illustrious in their time as Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Ovid, Tibullus and Catullus were conspicuous in the latter part of the century before Christ. Number six—"The Horatian"—the title had a great charm for some of our members. Horace—Horatio. Horace, as a poet, immortal! Horace, like Shakspeare, *arealis auro*,—the two poets who most furnish the public speaker with quotations sure of striking effect in any public assembly to which the Latin and English languages are familiar. Horace, who employed his pen in forwarding those reforms which it was the first object of Augustus to effect when the civil wars were brought to a close and the temple of Janus was shut. Horace, who, according to Lord Lytton, vindicates in his poems his enthusiastic admiration of a Prince whom he identifies with the establishment of safety to property and life, with the restoration of arts and letters, with the reform of manners, and the amelioration of the laws. "Reformers" and "Conservatives" both agreed in this matter! Ministerialists and Opposition both in accord! Bravo! says our classical friend with his usual acuteness, Horatos or Horatikos, from the Greek. "as of good eyesight." Some etymologists have translated it, "worth looking at." "Worthy to be beheld."

What a riddle! What a millenary name! What a happy deliverance from party strife, could we become Augustan and Horatian in our ideas! Reformation and Preservation! What a coalition! Such a political consummation would be worth looking at! would be good for sore eyesight! would joy the heart of a Doctor of an Ophthalmick Hospital. The title Horatian, provoked more enthusiasm than any other. Horatius, the champion of Alba in the combat with the Curiatii. Horatio, the friend of Hamlet in his school days, his fellow-student at the University of Wittenburg. Horatio, according

to Gervinus, "the man of perfect calmness of mind, schooled to bear suffering and to take with equal thanks fortune's buffets and rewards;" Horatio, the hero of endurance, one of those blessed ones on whom Hamlet might look with envy.

"Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,  
That they are not a *grape* for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please."

nor are they the resistless slaves of passion. Horatio, the true type of the man of the world, but his worldliness is so noble and unseeking that it contrasts, without conflicting, with Hamlet's ideal character. Horatio has many qualities suited to Pressmen, in fact, the chiefest—endurance and calmness of mind. Again, Horatio Nelson, he whom "to his country, Honour hath left and Freedom," whose name will never perish from amongst the nobles of England, whose zeal for the honour of his Sovereign and for the interests of his country are ever to be held up as a shining example to all, but more particularly to a British seaman. Horace, Horatio—the very names to be associated with the Press, which holds such a prominent place in the field of civilization,—the guardian of the public liberty, devoted to the public interests, the protector of the rights of the governing classes and the liberties of the governed classes, and, lastly, the improver of the character, habits, manners and customs of the people, by teaching the knowledge of truth. The title, "Horatian," however much becoming to the objects and duties the Club had prescribed for itself, yet our modesty would not allow it to be adopted. Upon the propriety of rejecting the names "Augustan" and "Horatian" our minds were, as they usually are upon matters of moment, much divided. By way of soothing the *genus irritabile*, Augustan and Horatian were both rejected; the latter, partly on account of the bachelors, who form the majority of the Club, finding that the name was given in gratitude to the *Hera*, or *Seasons*, who were always supposed to be bringing us something new, and one of whose pleasantest gifts were children, with whom the bachelors had no sympathy. However, after many grave and ineffectual attempts to furnish a name suited to the majority, one of our Council luckily and happily hit upon the word *Kuklos*, which certainly had the merit of being new and striking, and which our worthy Vice-President subsequently said, "expressed exactly the scope of the association—the promotion of the whole circle of literary and aesthetic pursuits and the union of all men addicted to these pursuits." The Club was and is intended to be cyclopaedic, and while the aim is doubtless high, as it should be, it is only justice to say that it is not beyond the reach of the literary men of the City of Montreal. So much for the name of the Club, Kuklos, upon which let not little critics exalt themselves, and shower down their ill-nature. So much for the aim and objects of the Club, and it is to be hoped that the Goddess Criticism, about whom, according to Swift, sits Ignorance, Pride and Opinion, and, I may add, Caprice and Malevolence, will not deter the Club from pursuing the career it has opened for itself.

"*Tandem fit succubus arbor.*" Let us all most fervently hope that the young twig we have just planted may take deep root in Montreal, and shoot up to such a height, and spread its branches so wide, that we, the planters, may live long enough to find comfort under its shadow. The pleasure that I felt in the presentation of this inaugural address has insensibly led me far beyond the limits originally prescribed for my task, so much so, that I shall have but little time to speak about "Where We Meet," which I had intended to be the sole subject of discourse this evening.

Of the architecture of our Club Rooms little need be said. About their adornment, according to the rules of either of the orders of Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian, no remarks are necessary. Their magnitude and solidity as qualities which affect the eye, their order and harmony as qualities which affect the understanding, and their richness and simplicity as qualities which excite the affections may be passed over in silence. No professional taste, nor skill has been displayed in their erection; there are no richly panelled and ornamented door-ways, no large handsome fire places, no combined effects of the grotesque and eccentric in the cornices, no display of geometrical study in the moulded ceilings, no arabesques of endless beauty, variety and originality, no oriel nor bay windows, neither has there been any regard paid to the olfactory nerves, the respiratory organs, the auditory nerves, and the membranes of the tympanum, as far as the ventilating and acoustic properties of the Rooms are manifested. In short, although our Club Rooms exhibit in their design and structure, no more professional genius than that displayed in the majority of the rooms in the best private houses in Montreal, nevertheless they are cozy, a word more easily comprehended than defined. Let it be understood I do not wish to "censure or annoy those that are absent." The architects, whom we should be glad to see representing the Fine Arts within our circle, would, doubtless, have done much better if the opportunity had been given them to put forth their powers.

Liberal encouragement upon the part of the wealthy is absolutely necessary for good architecture, whether the Classical or Gothic principles of construction and styles of decoration be adopted. The painter, the poet, the journalist, the mechanic, and every artist should be above want. *Magne mentalis opus*, &c.

"It is a great mind's work, no work of him  
Who knows not where to get a blanket  
To see the chariots of the Gods, their horses  
And heavy wrought arms, and how the fell Erinny  
Seares the Rutulian. How could Virgil write  
Without his slave and tolerable lodging?  
Alecto straight would moult her snaky hair,  
And the mute trumpet give no martial sound."

Now for our Club Rooms, or the place "where we meet," for which the architect has done nothing worthy of notice, because he, perhaps, had no opportunity of making a good and proper use of his talents in their construction and decoration, but something has been done for them, and in them, to make them worthy of those who congregate within their walls. In the recesses and apsis of our temple, or sanctum, is the basis of a good miscellaneous library; the niches in the walls are filled with upwards of a thousand volumes, where the mind of the student may be enlightened by the writings of our standard English authors, and guided onward by the lessons of the divine and encouraged by the bright examples of the historian. Here he may range over the domains consecrated to Art and the Muses, and hold communion with the mortal bards of Rome. Here he may enjoy the humour of Rabelais, the wit of Moliere, the eloquence of Fenelon and Bossuet, and the wondrous and beautiful creations of Schiller and Goethe. Here he may enlarge the conceptions of nature and art by a view of the several branches of natural and experimental philosophy in the works of Bacon, Boyle, Locke and Newton; Brande, Faraday, Tyndall, Ampere and Orsted. In the class of Poetry and the Drama may revel in fifteen *octavo* editions of Shakspeare, "the thousand-souled," and in the works of a host of his illustrators and commentators who have traced and elucidated the hidden, labyrinthine workings of his all-vivifying, all-unifying genius. He may be joyful in Milton, the singer of primal innocence and the glories of Paradise; the native manners painting verse of Chaucer; the gentle Spenser "fancy's pleasing son;" the fire and vigour of Dryden, and the harmonious numbers of Pope; Dante and Petrarch, the morning stars of modern literature; Ariosto

— the minstrel who called forth  
A new creation with his magic line."

and Tasso, whose delightful strains, so familiar to his countrymen, were once chanted by the Gondoliers on the blue waters of Venice; the soul-stirring verse of Shelly, Keats and Byron, and the song of many poets which the latter made famous in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." In the Drama he may consult the writings of Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley and Otway; also those of Goldsmith, Knobel, Sheridan, Talford and Bulwer. In other branches of *Belles Lettres* he will find the works of DeFoe, Swift, Addison, Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, Lytton, Johnson, Chesterfield, &c.; also a variety of Lexicons, Dictionaries and Cyclopaedias, by the aid of which the boundless fields of literature are opened to his view, and he is enabled to hold converse with the mightiest intellects of all lands. In illustration of the Fine Arts he will find books adorned with choice prints, of Monuments of past and mightier ages; *Archaeological* works illustrative of Etruscan, Greek, Roman and Egyptian Antiquities, Coins, Sculptures and Medals; Lazard's *Nineveh* with large colour-coloured illustrations; Cook's *Voyages*, with numerous large plates, including portraits, birds, fruit, &c.; Denon's *Egypt*, with many fine plates from the burin of Denon himself, which exhibit much of the force and freedom and style of Rembrandt. He who relishes the beauties of Virgil or Horace, Dante or Petrarch, Schiller and Goethe, and cannot visit the spots either marked by their footsteps, or immortalized by their verse; who cannot feast his eyes upon the scenes ever endeared to learning and taste, may revel in prints of the gorgeous palaces, classic groves, solemn temples of Italy and Germany, after drawings by Prout, Turner, Stanfield, and Roberts. Upon the tables of our Club will be found many of the magnificently illustrated works published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, such as the "Picturesque America," the "Picturesque Europe," and the "Art Journal,"—these a perpetual feast for all lovers of the beautiful in Art and Nature. In folios will be found the works of the *Arundel Society*, a society for promoting the knowledge of art by copying and republishing important works of ancient masters, among them beautiful chromo-lithographs, *Facsimiles* of the works of such eminent men as Fra Bartolomeo, Fra Angelico, Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Giotto, Van Eck, Hans Memling, Albert Durer, and others.

Upon the walls are to be found choice water colours and oil paintings, also prints from the burin of those eminent English engravers William Sharp, William Woollett and Robert Strange, men of such extraordinary ability that they have been justly considered the marvel and example for those of the present time; the celebrated etching by Schiavonetti after Stothard's "Canterbury Pilgrims" a picture which reflects honour not merely on the artist himself but on the School of British Art; a fine print by Watts after Stothard's well known picture, *The Ceremony of the Fifth of Bacon Dammor*; a few large prints after Raffaele, first—Philosophy or the School of Athens—the scene represents a portico of superb architecture, containing four gradations; in the upper part Plato and Aristotle surrounded by their disciples, expounding their systems; in another group, Socrates, reasoning with Alcibiades; below Pythagoras with his scholars; in another part Archimedes instructing his pupils in geography; Zoroaster with a globe in his hand; and Diogenes, apart from the rest,

in the foreground with a book in his hand. Secondly:—*The Hampton Court Cartoons* by Hol- loway— as specimens of engraving they are much esteemed for their beautiful execution, while the originals are classed among the great Italian's grandest works, and for dignity, propriety and dramatic force of expression combined are unequalled; a very fine point by Peter Lutz, Dresden, *La Madonna del San Francisco* after Correggio, and another by Raphael Urbano, *Apollon and the Muses*, after Giulio Romano in which the artist has displayed everything that the most extensive powers of the fancy can produce. Time will not permit me to allude to the other prints which adorn the walls of our Club Rooms. I would rather steal a few moments from their description, to express the hope that these transcripts of the pictures which adorn some of the palaces in Europe will tend to refine and elevate the taste of the members of the Club. There can be no doubt that the Fine Arts, whether exemplified in good Prints, Paintings, Enamels, Ceramics or Sculptures, have a beneficial influence upon the development of the mind and feeling of a people, and some go so far as to say that "decay in Art and deterioration in morals go hand in hand together." Others have asserted that the study of Art may be "a bond of union between different classes, who are, unhappily, often brought into antagonism." If the assertion is founded upon fact and observation, there is great propriety in having the walls of our Club-Rooms covered with etchings, drawings and paintings. I am thus discursive, believing that my discourse will consequently be more entertaining, therefore I will pass by the collection of ancient and modern pottery and porcelain (Ceramics) which fill the niches of one of our Rooms, in order to refer to a matter of some public interest connected with the subject of Prints, and one which I hope will come under the observation of the Minister of Finance.

The present tariff 17½ per cent upon Prints, commonly but erroneously called engravings, acts most strangely and unjustly upon collectors of the works of the old masters. A tariff or Custom House regulation so unjust and absurd needs only, one would think, to be pointed out as an oversight, to be repealed. For instance, large illustrated books full of choice prints, take for example—*Boydell's Shakspeare*, *Hogarth's Works*, *Robert's Holy Land*, and *Layard's Nineveh*, when handsomely bound, are only assessed at a 5 per cent duty, whereas any loose sheets out of the same books would be assessed at a 17½ per cent duty; and then, these excessive duties are not always levied upon the published prices but occasionally on the fictitious or fanciful values. Surely this is very unfair. Again, if the Canadian book-making resources only require 5 per cent to protect them, the engravers cannot require more than 5 per cent to protect them. It may be said, in reply, that the reason why there is not a greater tax put upon books is because it would be considered a barrier to education. I contend that prints, copies of the works of our best Ancient and Modern Masters are educators; they are *libri obstatum* as St. Augustine calls them—"the books of the simple." Such prints touch the heart and adorn the tale whether it be the narratives in Biblical, Roman, English, and French history, or the writings of our great philosophers, Dramatists, Poets and Novelists. The object of all true Art, more particularly Christian Art is to teach; it is at once the instructor and edifier of the people. If books be the Crown of Literature or Knowledge, prints illustrating them may be termed the adorning jewels. In a country like Canada where so much is done by the different Provincial Governments for the intelligence and education of the people, the least the Cabinet at Ottawa could honourably do, with a clear conscience and a full treasury, would be to admit prints illustrative of Literature free of duty.

In conclusion, I will glance at the drawings which adorn our walls by members of the Society for the study of Epic and Pastoral Design, better known as *The Sketching Society*, established in 1808, by A. E. Chalon, J. J. Chalon, Henry P. Bone and other Royal Academicians, who met at each others' houses weekly, the host of the evening being President and giving out the subject to be treated. At 8 o'clock they commenced labour, and were called to refreshment at 10 o'clock precisely. The subjects distributed themselves into the respective characters of Scriptural, Romantic, Dramatic, Epic, Pastoral and Miscellaneous. The Scripture themes ranged from Genesis to Revelations; the Romantic from the dark mythology of the North, the stories of Ovid, the tales of Boccaccio, the works of LeSage, Don Quixote &c.; the Dramatic subjects related to scenes from plays, the meeting of Antony and Cleopatra, Caesar falling before the Statue of Pompey, &c.; the Epic from *Paradise Lost*, the *Iliad*, *Odyssey* and *Æneid* &c.; the Pastoral from the idylls of Gessner and Theocritus, Musical Contest and Shepherds &c. These drawings evince freshness of spirit and originality, and considering that the time occupied in the production of each was only two hours, their execution and conception are marvellous, yet not so when we reflect that the drawings are the handiwork of geniuses. Men infused with genius can do or bring forth or mature what other men cannot do. Genius is instructive and almost spontaneous—an "offspring of the Eternal Prime". Genius inspired Mozart to write the overture to *Don Giovanni* in one night, and to give concerts at the age of seven. Genius made Shakspeare and Dante, Cardinal Wiseman in his last work alluding to

Genius, says:—"We may describe it as Shakspeare describes Glory, and say:—

"Genius is like a circle in the water, Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself, Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught."

Now to conclude, or "make an end on't." May our Kuklos Club, which we have cast into the water of literary life, make one circle after another till the last circle reaches the banks or shores of the Atlantic and Pacific. So mote it be. THOS. D. KING.

Montreal, September 30th, 1876.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SELF-RELIANCE.—The success of individuals in life is greatly owing to their early learning to depend upon their own resources. Money, or the expectation of its inheritance, has ruined more men than the want of it ever did. Teach young men to rely upon their own efforts, to be frugal and you have furnished them with a productive capital which no man can wrest from them.

WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS.—In every situation woman has more causes of grief than man, and suffers more than he. Man has his strength and the exercise of his power; he is busy, goes about, occupies his attention, thinks, looks forward to the future, and finds consolation in it; but woman stays at home, remains face to face with her sorrow, from which nothing distracts her; she descends to the very depths of the abyss it has opened, measures it, and often fills it with her vows and tears. To feel, to love, to devote herself, will always be the text of the life of woman.

WOMAN.—Every man of sense and refinement admires a woman as a woman; and, when she steps out of this character, a thousand things that in their appropriate sphere would be admired, become disgusting and offensive. The appropriate character of a woman demands delicacy of appearance and manners, refinement of sentiment, gentleness of speech, modesty in feeling and action, a shrinking from notoriety and public gaze, aversion to all that is coarse and rude, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity, either in principle or action. These are the traits which are admired and sought for in a woman.

THE FOOD FOR CHILDREN.—The greatest mistake parents make is in giving children too much meat. A child requires meat not more than once a day, and this should be hot and fresh cooked, as this is decidedly more nutritious and easier digested than cold meat. This should be followed by some light farinaceous pudding; the most wholesome are those of rice or batter. Cheese should never be given to children, as it is too heating and exciting for the tender brain. So also are sweetmeats of all kinds given in excess injurious; they clog the stomach, pall the appetite, and produce fever and sickness. Eating between meals should also be discouraged; the stomach requires rest after work, like everything else. Late suppers should be strictly forbidden, and nothing be eaten just before going to bed; a drink—if possible a cup of milk, slightly diluted with water—should supply this want. If children suffer from chills, caused, in general, by the impoverishment of the blood, fewer dainties should be given them, but more nourishing food.

THE DINING-ROOM.—By far the most important room in a house is the dining-room. It should be a bright, cheerful apartment, where plenty of sunlight enters and an air of comfort prevails. Its appointments should partake of the substantial rather than the showy. The table itself should have the appearance of great respectability, and a seeming consciousness of having sustained loads of good cheer for generations past. The chairs, too, should look invitingly hospitable, not stiff, straight-backed affairs, which are found in so many of the dining-rooms of to-day; but chairs in which you can lean back towards the close of the dinner, sipping your wine and cracking your nuts in an easy, leisurely way. Appropriate pictures—fruit, flower, and game pieces—should decorate its walls, which should be stained a quiet, neutral tint.

A cheerful dining-room, a table covered with spotless damask, bright silver and gleaming china and glass, add greatly to one's enjoyment of a gloomy apartment; soiled table linen, and greasy, half-washed goblets and plates, are abominable and destructive in anything like an appreciation of the meal itself.

Then, again, the most elegant and artistically-arranged table is sometimes—not often, fortunately—the only redeeming merit in a dinner, owing to the inexperience of the cook. Many a fine fish and joint of meat have been spoiled by stupidity in cooking.

We recall, with a good deal of amusement, the remark made, several years ago, by a friend of ours, who sat next to us at a small dinner party, where a magnificent sirloin of beef, fat and juicy, was served. "Ah!" he said, with a sigh that seemed to come from the pit of his stomach, "what a pity that such a fine piece of beef should have been spoiled in the cooking!" Puzzled, for to my eye and taste it was all that could be desired, we inquired what he meant. "Why," he exclaimed, "it isn't half cooked! Don't you see how the blood follows the knife?" We did see, and we rejoiced thereat; but our friend, we found, wanted his meat thoroughly done, dry as sole leather, and without a bit of colour left in it. Tastes differ, but we fear our friend had none at all, and more than this, we

do not think the roast had been spoiled in the cooking.

A good dinner is a good thing, aside from the mere fact that one enjoys partaking of it. It improves our health and temper, enables us to accomplish more business than we otherwise could, and, in fact, is necessary to the "proper performance," as Sydney Smith said, "of our most serious duties and functions." And he was right. Anyone who has given the matter thought will be able to recall, in his own experience, how much better he has been able to converse, argue, and even sing; how much happier, jovial, and satisfied with himself and those around him, after a good dinner, than when his meal has been a cold, ill-cooked, unsatisfactory one.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Why are troubles like babies?—because they get bigger by nursing.

"Time works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen-years-old ship.

The lady who was nearly killed by the accidental discharge of her duty, is slowly recovering.

We know of an ancient maiden lady so sour, that she gets her living by pickling the cucumbers of her neighbors.

A new social philosopher says the art of flirting is in its infancy. It will be a sad day when the thing is grown up.

Unmarried girls in Vestula have to wear little bells on their ankles, and the eloping business is not good in that locality.

It is hard to tell which will bring the most pleasant expression into a woman's face—to tell her her baby is heavy or her bread light.

WHEN Brigham Young was in gaol the other day for contempt of court, there were five of his wives weeping at each window of that institution, and twelve at the door.

It doesn't take me long to make up my mind, I can tell you!" said a conceited fop. "It's always so where the stock of material to make up is small," quietly remarked a young lady.

One of the sweetest things about a young and budding love is the way in which she will smooth the hair so gently off your brow, and then smile tenderly in your face, and show that about four of her back teeth are gone.

A slow fellow of a lover asked a young lady, to whom he was feebly paying his dilatory attentions, what form of marriage she thought the most beautiful. "Oh, never mind the form," she exclaimed, "the substance is what I care for." The cards are now issued for that wedding.

Which is the one to believe?—George Eliot says that "girls are delicate vessels in which is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affection?" and some unhappy B-meditated adds that "girls are delicate vessels which require a small fortune every season to keep them in sails."

The classical costume, says the London journal of the "upper ten," has become fashionable for evening wear. It is simple in the extreme. Trimming of the slightest, bodies low, displaying neck, shoulders, and arms; the whole presenting, when worn by good figures, a superb artistic effect.

EDITORIAL BAIT.—A paper "out West" has the following notice: "All notices of marriage where no bridecake is sent will be set up in small type, and poked in an outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, the notice will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride-favours are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends at the ceremony in person, and kisses the bride, it will have especial notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, or stolen."

ANOTHER WEE WIFE.—A couple belonging to one of the coast towns of Fife, who had been but a few months married, recently took advantage of the railway to Edinburgh to see the ceremonial of a foundation-stone. The young wife proposed staying a few days with her friends in Edinburgh, but it was necessary that her husband should proceed homewards by the boat on Saturday morning. To try the strength of his helpmate's affection, he remarked that he "doutit the boat would be sae heavy laden that they wad a gang to the bottom." "Dae ye think sae?" responded his affectionate partner. "Then, John Anderson, ye had better leave the key of the house wi' me."

Here is a part of a Kentucky woman's recent petition for divorce: "Dark clouds of discord began to lower over the sky of wedded felicity, and the minacious lightning of disunion began to dart its lurid flames across gloomy clouds of atra mental blackness, obscuring every star of hope and happiness whose resplendent glory illuminated the dawn of the first few brief years of her wedded life, when she gave her hand and an undivided heart to the defendant, who, in the sultry month of July, 1867, when, after having been warmly and snugly wintered within the fond embraces of her loving arms, and closely nestled to a heart that beat alone for the defendant, he showed his base, black ingratitude by abandoning her bed and board without cause whatever, except the insatiable thirst for novelty, which is the predominant character of defendant's nature."

THE GLEANER.

The King of Bavaria was lately in Paris, where he went about enveloped in a large cloak, and observing the strictest incognito, as is his custom.

A sword said to be 1,400 years old, having on it marks that show that it was used in one or more Crusades, has been sent to Prince Milan from Russia.

A society has been established, under the designation of the "Society of the Holy Cross," to the membership of which only priests of the Church of England will be eligible.

Vienna lately passed a law which compels all restaurateurs to have their beer glasses gauged by the Government, and requiring a line to be cut around them, below which the froth on settling must not subside—Sensible.

It appears that the ex-Sultan's mother has applied for the authorization to take her son somewhere in Europe where he can undergo treatment for insanity. She is said to live in constant fear that the scissors mystery may be repeated.

The new tunnel being built under the Thames is intended chiefly for the use of about 8,000 workmen who have to cross at that point, and who are often detained by fogs that stop the boats. It will be an iron tube nine feet in diameter, lighted with gas, thoroughly ventilated, and is intended only for pedestrians.

Among the demolitions which are about to take place in Paris, from the Arsenal Library to the Hôtel de Ville, to make way for the new Boulevard Henri IV., is that of a house built by the Duc de Lesdiguières, and which was the residence of the Czar Peter the Great, or, as he was called in the chronicles of the time, "Pierre due de Moscovy."

In the Assembly of the Colony of Victoria on the 27th of July, a select committee reported on the conduct of Mr. M'Kean, a member of the House, and found the allegations substantially true. Mr. M'Kean was then ordered to attend in his place: he admitted having made the statements affecting members of the assembly, and said he had done so in the heat of the moment. He apologised to the House and withdrew them. The House, by 33 against 20, resolved that he be expelled.

LITERARY.

THE second volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" is nearly ready.

MR. GEORGE McDONALD'S new story is called "The Marquis of Lonsie."

THE death of Count Auersperg, better known by his pseudonym of "Anastasio Grün," is announced. His poems have earned considerable popularity.

Professor Charles Davies, LL. D., long an instructor at West Point, and author of a number of popular mathematical works, died at Fishkill on the Hudson, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

Mr. Charles G. Leland, author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," "Pigeon English," and other works of humour and learning, has in the press an original fairy story, profusely illustrated from his own pen and called "Johnnykin and the Goblins."

MISS MARTINEAU'S "Biographical Sketches" have reached a fourth edition, and the book has been enlarged by four new sketches of Sir John Herschel, Sir Edwin Landseer, Barry Cornwall, and Mrs. Somerville, as well as by a curious autobiographical sketch, all of which are reprinted from the *Daily News*.

VICTOR HUGO now has in the press two new volumes of the *Légende des Siècles*. He has postponed till next spring the publication of his book entitled *L'Art d'être Grand-père*. He will issue at the same time a volume of verse, *Les Justes Colères*, a series of satires to form a continuation of *Les Châtiments*.

THE demise is announced in London of George Alfred Lawrence, author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," etc. novels famous and more read many years ago than now. He was about fifty years of age, a man of fine presence and address. He was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold and subsequently at Oxford.

THE only portrait which George Eliot ever consented to have taken is owned by Blackwood, the Edinburgh publisher, and hangs in his private office. It is a crayon head, taken in 1860 by Samuel Lawrence, the artist to whom Thackeray posed, and who once visited America. Among his sitters then were Professor and Mrs. Botta, of New York.

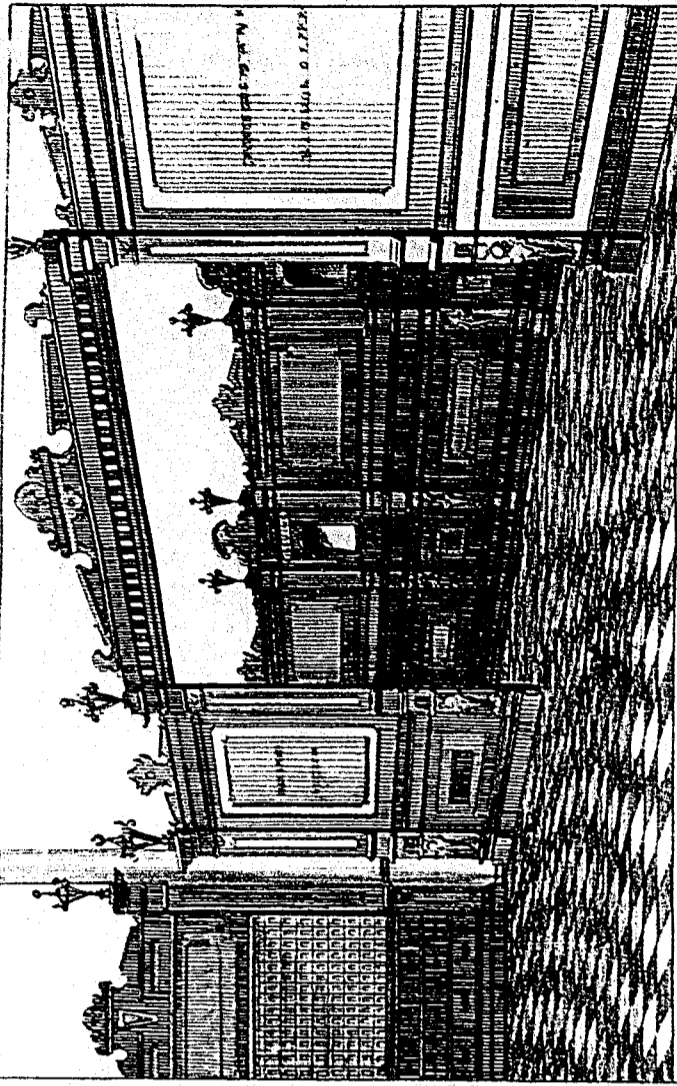
No end of damage was done to literary men by the fire at Grant's printing offices, London, which are also the offices of the *Gentlemen's Magazine*. Part of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's articles on the Holy Land and Mr. Frazer's new novel were burnt. So, too, was the concluding chapter of Miss Helen Mather's tale, but she sat down and re-wrote it from memory as fast as any one could have copied it.

MR. FURNIVALL'S first book for the New Shakspeare Society is in the binder's hands. It is *Wm. Stafford's examination of the complaint of his countrymen in Shakspeare's youth*, A. D. 1581, about the dearth (earth) of things, and other general social troubles, and it contains a good deal of information as to the condition of the country. The chief cause of the rise in prices Stafford holds to be the debasement of the coin by Henry VIII.

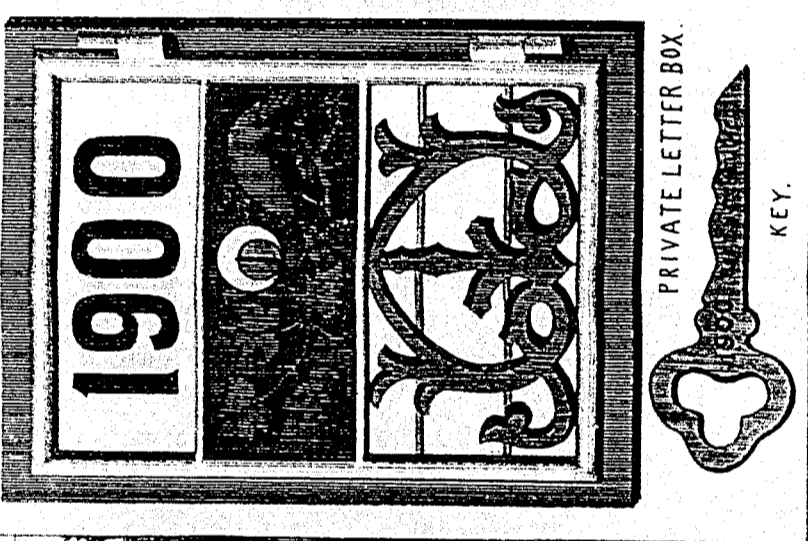
Mr Salvatore S. Marno writes that he has discovered until now an unknown MS. of Dante's *Divina Commedia* in the library of Santa Maria de Montreal. Two others had been previously found at Catania and Palermo. The newly discovered MS. presents several various readings, and seems to have been very carefully written. A former professor has made numerous corrections and added a number of notes. The same library contains a fine MS. of Petrarch's *Trionfi*.

CHARLES READE, the English author, has been presented with the "ladies' Centennial brooch" by Mrs. James T. Fields, wife of the Boston lecturer. In return, the author sent a tea-pot of the last century, of antique and curious design, bearing the following inscription:—Charles Reade dedicates to the ladies of Boston, and presents to his esteemed friend, Mrs. Fields, this pot of the period when the citizens of Boston turned their harbor into a tea-pot and tasted the sweets of liberty.



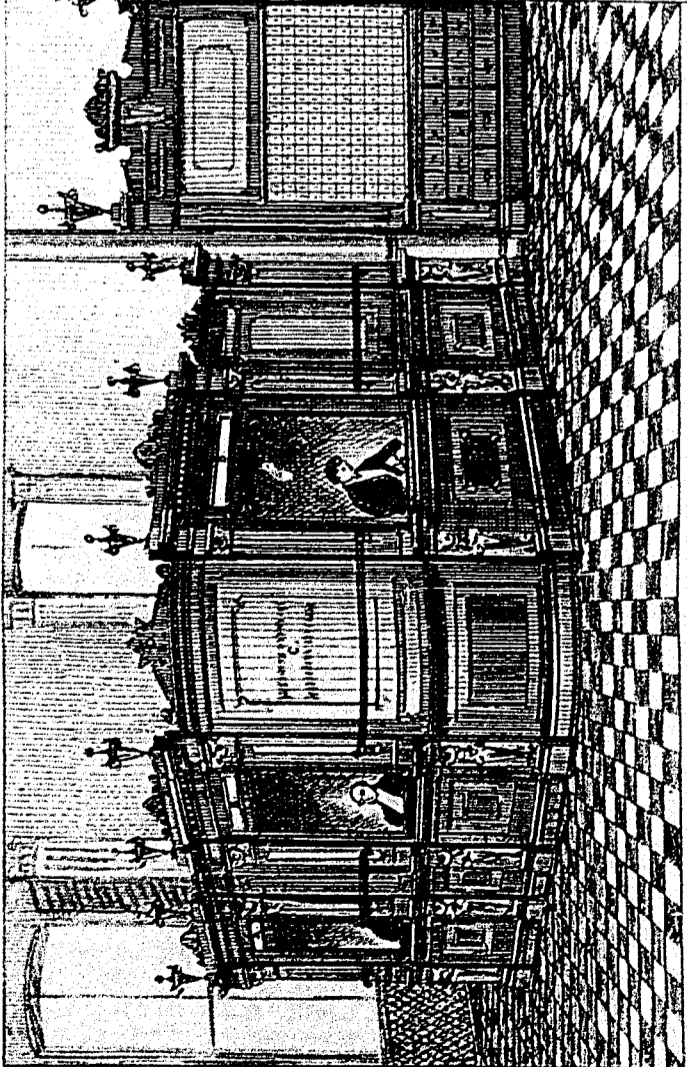


BAYINGS BANK.



PRIVATE LETTER BOX.

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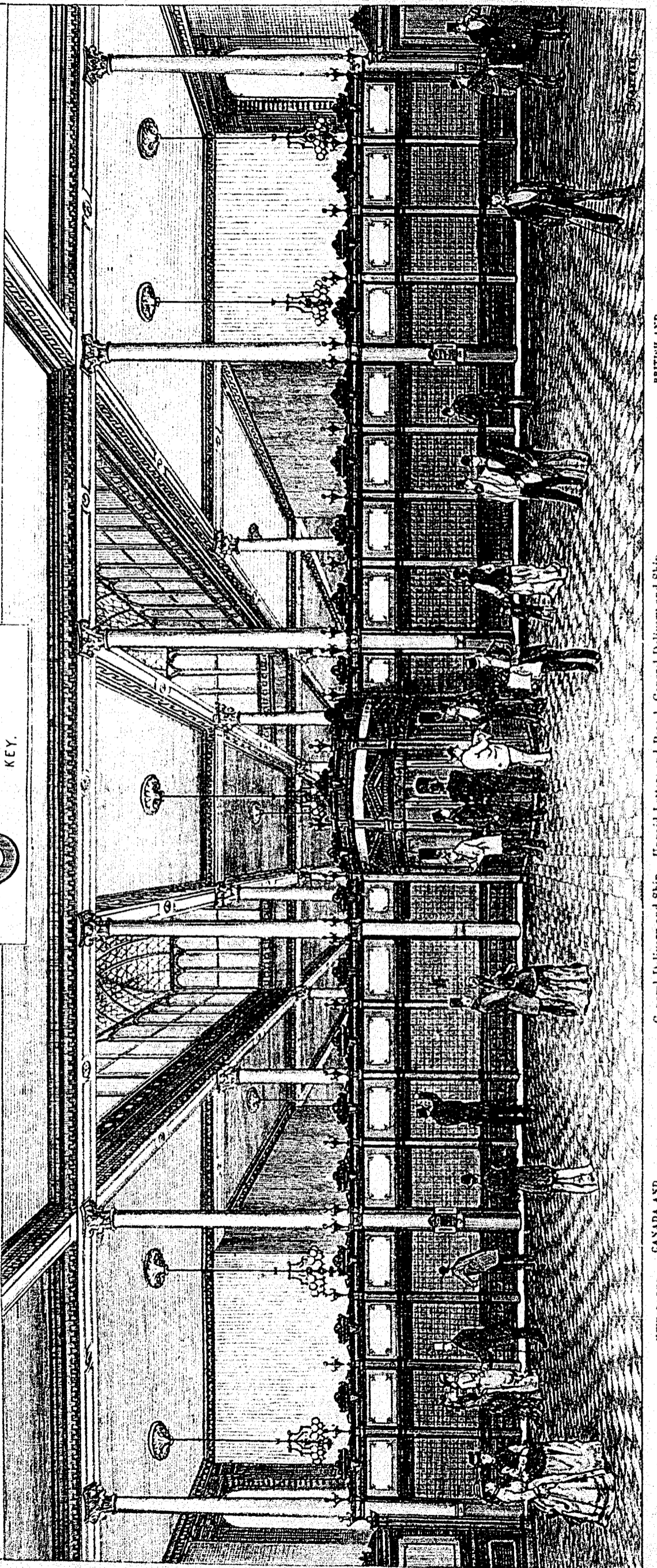


D. RECEIVING WICKET.

C. REGISTERED LETTER OFFICE.

B. DELIVERY, L TO Z.

A. DELIVERY, A TO K.

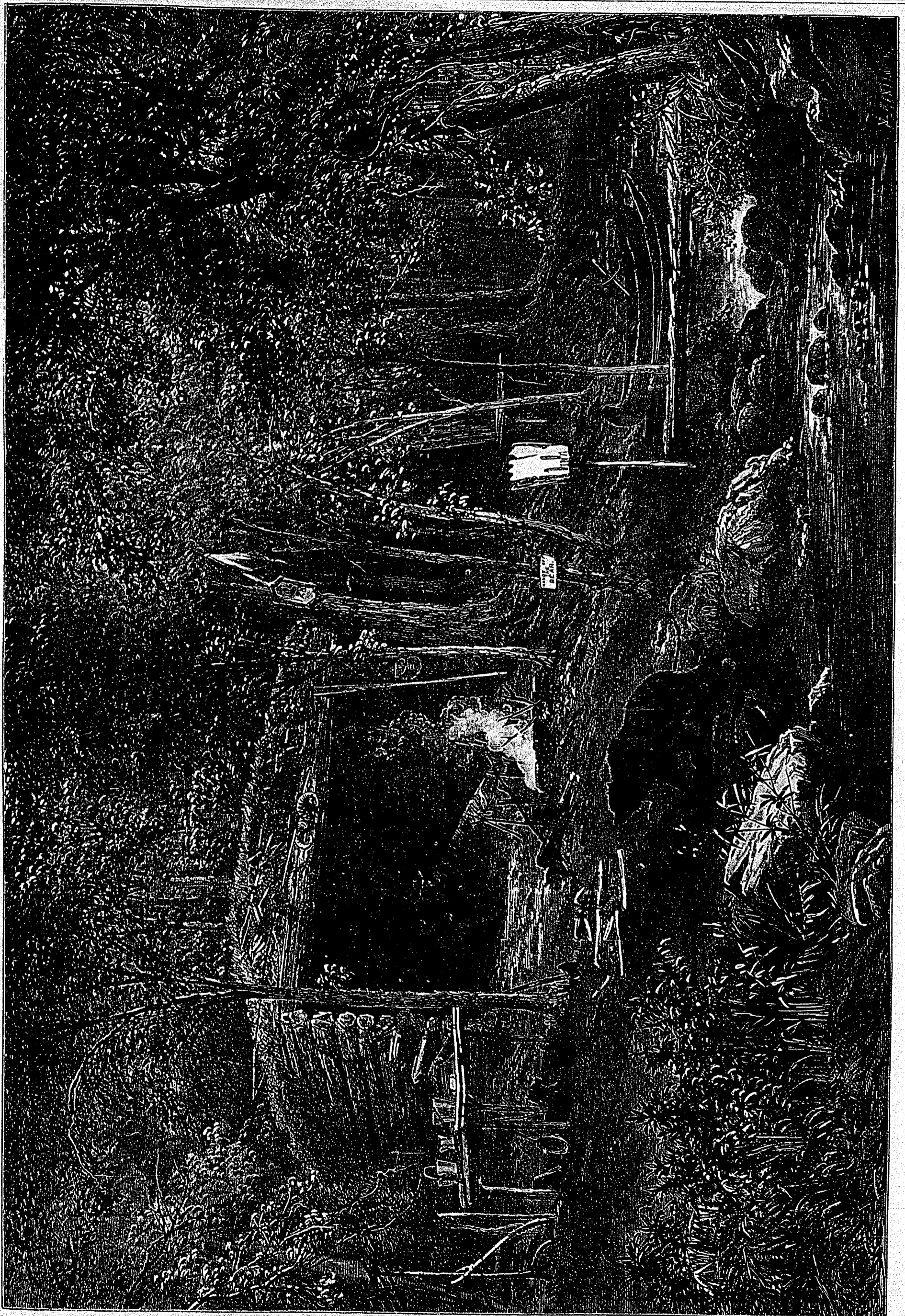


BRITISH AND FOREIGN LETTERS.

General Delivery and Ship Letters from A to K. Unpaid Letters and Parcel Delivery. Letters from L to Z. General Delivery and Ship Letters.

CANADA AND UNITED STATES NEWSPAPERS.

MONTREAL: -OPENING OF THE NEW POST-OFFICE, INTERIOR VIEWS.



THE CENTENNIAL:--THE HUNTERS CAMP.

## BYZANTIUM: 1876.

It is long since Cross and Crown  
By the Bosphorus went down  
While a Christian world, too weak  
To avenge the dying Greek,  
Lay a rotting in the West,  
And while plotting fingers prest  
Brow of king, palm of priest,  
And the horror in the East,  
And the fall  
Stirred the pained plotters not,  
And dishonour smeared a spot  
On them all;

Nearly twice two hundred years,  
With a glut of blood and tears,  
Have grown weary with the work  
That was given to the Turk,  
And the Greek is still a slave,  
And around his living grave  
Still dishonour's plague-spot clings  
To the plotting priests and kings,  
Growling nigh  
Like hyenas, robed and crowned,  
Round a prey which they have found,  
Till it die.

Would God that, when it dies,  
From the very corpse might rise,  
Like a phantom, weird and vast,  
Like a resurrected past,  
Like a prophecy fulfilled,  
The old races they deemed killed,  
The old valour they think dead;  
And the blood the Turk has shed  
Since its fall  
Seal Byzantium's crown again  
To a kingdom of true men,  
From them all.

## GEIER-WALLY:

A TALE OF THE TYROL.

## CHAPTER VI.

## LUCKARD.

When at the end of the week a herd-boy came up with the flock, he was almost startled at the sight of Wally, she looked so changed; but when he said:—"Your father told me to ask if you had got enough of it up here and were ready to do your duty?" she clenched her teeth and answered:—"Tell my father I would rather be devoured, piecemeal, by the eagles, than do anything for the love of him who drove me here!"

This was the last message exchanged between them.

When Wally had her little flock, which consisted only of sheep and goats, for larger cattle could not find sufficient nourishment on these heights, she regained her old courage, and the mountain wilderness lost its terrors. Amid her pets she was no longer alone; she had something to work, something to care for. Although the eagle had been a faithful companion, it could not banish the idleness that almost drove her to despair and suffered all sorts of gloomy thoughts to obtain the mastery over her heart.

So she gradually became accustomed to the solitude, and it grew familiar and dear to her. Life, with its every-day demands, narrows and confines all great natures; but on these heights Wally's ungovernable character developed unrestrained; here she had full liberty; there was no one to contradict her, no other will to oppose hers, and thus the only thinking creature in this wide space gradually felt herself a queen on her solitary, lofty throne, a ruler of the boundless, silent kingdom her eyes surveyed. At last she looked down with compassionate scorn on the pitiful race that toiled and grovelled, higgled and bargained below on the earth, and a secret aversion took the place of home-sickness. Down yonder was conflict, pain, and sin. Murzoll had spoken the truth in her dream—up here in the pure region of ice and snow, where the clear air was poisoned by no smoke, no pestilential breath of guilty life, dwelt innocence and peace; here amid the huge, powerful forms of the mountains, which had at first frightened her, a perception of sublimity had dawned upon her and her mind had risen above the ordinary standard. Only one of all the dwellers on earth was still dear to her; still remained great and noble as before—Joseph the bear-slayer, the St. George of her dream. He, too, like her, lived more on the heights than in the depths; he had ascended all the heaven-aspiring summits, on which no other dared to set foot; he brought the chamois from the steepest crags, and neither heights nor depths had any terrors for him. He was the strongest and bravest man, as she was the strongest and bravest maiden. There was no girl to equal her in all Tyrol—and all Tyrol could show no man who was his peer. They belonged to each other; they were two mountain giants; they had nothing in common with the petty race of the depths.

So in her loneliness she lived only for him, and waited for the day when the promise would be fulfilled. The day must come, and as she was sure of it, she did not lose patience.

So the summer passed; winter descended to the valleys, and with its wild fore-runners, storms and snow, she was to return to her old home; she shrank from the thought. She would have preferred to creep into the deepest crevice in the ice and sustain her existence like the bears, rather than go down into the smoke and noise of the low-roofed spinning room, with her grumbling father, her abhorred suitor, and the malicious servants; to be shut up in the narrow rooms of the house, imprisoned behind walls of snow, several feet high, from which no escape was possible for weeks.

The nearer the time approached, the heavier her heart became and the more despairingly she rebelled against the thought of his imprisonment, but time passed away, and no one came

for her. It seemed as if those below had forgotten her. The weather grew colder and more wintry, the days shorter and the nights longer; two sheep perished in the snow; the animals could find no food, and the time when the flocks usually returned home had passed. "They will leave us here to starve," Wally cried to the eagle, as she divided her last piece of cheese with him, and a secret terror overpowered her: her young vigorous life struggled against the horrible thought. What should she do? Desert the flock and return home, leaving the innocent animals to perish? No, Wally could not do that; like a good general she would stand or fall with her troop! Or should she set out with the flock, and, ignorant of the way as she was, wander over the snow-covered glaciers, only to see the animals, one after another, die or fall into some chasm in the ice? This, too, was impossible. She could do nothing but wait!

At last, on a gloomy autumn morning, when the fog was so dense that one could not see one's hand before one's eyes, while the little flock crowded together in their pen shivering with the cold, and Wally sat chilled by the frost on the hearthstone; the boy sent to bring her home appeared. And, though she had shuddered at the thought of starving slowly here with the animals, all her dread of returning to her father's house once more took possession of her, and she knew not which would be the greater evil—to die with her rough father, Murzoll, or be forced to go back to her real father.

Just at that moment the lad broke the silence:—"Your father says he won't set eyes on you till you are ready to do what he asks; if you haven't come to your senses yet, you must stay in the barn with the girl who tends the cattle. You don't set foot in the house; that he has sworn!"

"So much the better!" replied Wally, with a sigh of relief, and the boy looked at her in amazement.

She would now go down the mountain with a light heart, for she was relieved from the dread of living with those she hated, and could remain by herself in the barn and stable; the order her father had intended as a punishment was a boon to her. Now she could indulge in her thoughts, undisturbed, and if she needed consolation she would have Luckard, who was so fond of her. Yes, in her solitude she had learned, for the first time, to perceive the real value of a faithful heart, and that her father could not take from her.

She went to work almost gayly, to prepare for her return home. Since she was relieved of her fear of living with her father, she thought, with secret pleasure, of the woman's joy at her foster child's return. There was still some one down below who would be glad to see her, and the idea was a consolation.

"Come, Hansl," she said, after everything was packed, turning to the eagle, which sat sulkily, with ruffled plumage, on the hearth; "we'll go to Luckard!"

"But Luckard isn't at the house," said the boy.

"What? where is she?" asked Wally, almost alarmed.

"The Höchstbauer has driven her away."

"Driven away—Luckard!" cried Wally.

"What was the reason?"

"She couldn't agree with Vincenz, and he is everything to Stromminger now," replied the lad, whistling carelessly, as he fastened straps around Wally's baggage. The girl had turned very pale.

"With old Annemiedel, in Winterstall."

"When did it happen?"

"Oh! about ten weeks ago. She could scarcely walk, her knees shook so with fright. Klettenmaier and Nazzi had to hold her up, or she would have dropped on the ground. All the villagers were standing around, to see her driven away."

Wally had listened without moving a muscle; her bronzed face grew livid and her chest heaved painfully. When the boy paused, she snatched the shepherd's staff from the wall, flung the eagle on her shoulder, and left the hut.

"Make haste," she cried, in a stern, imperious tone, and the little flock was speedily collected, the milk pails packed, and the procession in motion. Wally did not utter a word. An expression of terrible eagerness rested on her features; her lips were compressed; a threatening line, which reminded one of her father, appeared between her heavy brows, as she walked on before the flock with long strides, her firm tread leaving deep marks in the snow. She moved more and more rapidly the farther they descended, so that the boy with the flock could hardly keep pace with her, and where the path was too steep, she thrust the iron point of her staff into the rocks and swung herself down with such powerful bounds that only the eagle, flying over clefts and chasms, could follow her. The shepherd and flock often disappeared in the mist behind her. Then she paused and waited a moment till they again appeared, and the boy pointed out the right direction, when she moved on without pausing for rest, as if a human life were at stake.

At last the snow region was traversed and Vent lay at Wally's feet, as it had done when she ascended the mountain six months ago, but this time not in the radiance of the May sunlight, but dreary, cold, and lifeless. The lad said that the flock must rest at Vent. Wally objected, but he replied that both he and the animals would be unable to go on without stopping half an hour.

"Then stay, for aught I care," said Wally; "I shall go on. I can't miss the way now. If they ask you where I am when you get home, say I have gone to Luckard." And she walked on, accompanied by the faithful Hansl, who could now fly where he chose, since his wings were no longer clipped. Now she had reached the spot where old Luckard bade her farewell and turned back. "Old Luckard!" Wally could see her distinctly in imagination as she walked home, holding her apron to her eyes, and the brown, muscular arms beckoning to her again, and the silver locks that always hung below her cap fluttering in the wind. She had grown gray in faithfully serving Stromminger, and now disgrace had fallen on the white head! And Wally had parted from her so carelessly, and forbidden her to weep, and impatiently released herself when the old woman clung to her in her grief; no presentiment had told her to what fate she was sending the defenceless maid-servant with that curt farewell, and that Luckard would suffer insult and disgrace for her sake. Wally ran and ran, as if she might overtake Luckard on the path she had traversed six months before, and in spite of the autumn cold the perspiration stood on her brow, perspiration caused by winged haste to discharge a heavy debt of gratitude. Burning tears welled into the eyes that still saw the old woman walking away weeping. Luckard moved so slowly, and Wally so fast, and yet they remained so far apart and she could not overtake her.

The girl was forced to pause a moment to take breath. She wiped the perspiration from her forehead and the tears from her eyes; then some irresistible power urged her on again. "Wait, Luckard—only wait, I am coming!" she murmured breathlessly, as if to calm herself.

At last the church steeple of Heiligkreuz rose before her, and from there a dizzy bridge, far above the bed of the Asche, led to a lonely group of houses on the other side of the ravine. This was the little village of "Winterstall," where Luckard lived. Wally turned into a path behind the houses of Heiligkreuz and crossed the light bridge, beneath which the wild Asche dashed and foamed, as if it wished to fling its angry spray up to the defiant girl, who gazed so carelessly into the terrible abyss, as if there was no such thing as danger or dizziness in the world. The bridge was crossed, only a steep ascent and there—at last she had gained the goal toward which she had struggled with a throbbing heart; she was in Winterstall. On the left of the path stood the little hut of old Annemiedel, Luckard's cousin, its tiny windows almost concealed by the overhanging roof of straw. The old woman was surely sitting there spinning, as she always did in winter, and Wally uttered a long sigh of relief. She reached the hut, and before she entered glanced smilingly through the small low window to catch a glimpse of Luckard. But there was no one in the room; it looked desolate and empty, and a bed, with the clothes stripped off, stood against the wall. A smoke-blackened wooden figure of Christ, nailed to the cross, extended its arms, a fragment of *crêpe* and a dusty garland of rue hung on it. It was an uncomfortable sight, and all Wally's joy suddenly disappeared. She put the eagle down, raised the latch, and entered the narrow passage, at one end of which was the little kitchen, where a small fire of brushwood smoked on the hearth. Some one was moving about the kitchen. It must be Luckard, and Wally entered, with a beating heart.

The cousin was standing on the hearth, cutting bread for soup; no one else appeared.

"Oh! good Heavens, its Wally Stromminger," cried the old woman, dropping the knife into the dish in her astonishment; "oh! God what a pity!"

"Where is Luckard?" asked Wally.

"She is dead! Oh! if you had only come three days sooner. We buried her yesterday!"

Wally leaned silently against the door post, with closed eyes; not a sound betrayed what was passing within her.

"Ah, it is such a pity," continued the old woman, garrulously; "Luckard thought she could not die until she had seen you—and the cards always said you would come, so she listened for you, day and night. And when she felt death drawing near, she said: 'Now I must die without having seen the child!' And then I had to give her the cards again, and even in the death agony she tried to consult them about you, but 'twas no use, her hands shook on the quilt; she murmured: 'I can't see'—stretched herself out, and breathed her last."

Wally covered her face with her hands; but no words escaped her lips. "Come into the room," said the old woman, kindly; "I haven't liked to go there since Luckard was carried out. I'm always so lonely, and was so glad when my cousin came and said she would stay with me. But I soon saw she wouldn't long survive the disgrace. She always had it on her stomach, and could eat nothing, and I heard her crying all night; so she grew weaker and sicker till she died."

The old woman had opened the door of the room into which Wally had glanced, and they entered. A swarm of flies, chilled by the autumn cold, feebly buzzed around. In one corner Luckard's old spinning-wheel stood stiff and silent, and the empty bed seemed to gaze at them mournfully.

The cousin took a worn pack of cards from a chest, on which was painted the Madonna of Altenötting. "There: see, I've kept them for

you; I knew you would come; the cards always foretold it. They are real witch cards, and a pack which has been stained by death-sweat is twice as good. I don't know what misfortune is hanging over you, but Luckard always shook her head and looked frightened. She didn't tell me what she saw, but it couldn't have been anything good."

She gave Wally the cards, which the latter quietly took and put in her pocket. The old woman wondered that Luckard's death affected her so little, that she was so calm and did not shed a tear. "I must go back, my soup is on the fire," said she; "will you dine with me?"

"Yes, yes," replied Wally, in a hollow tone; "pray go and leave me alone a little while. I came all the way from the Hockjoch."

The old woman went out, shaking her head.

"If Luckard had known what a hard-hearted creature she is!"

Wally was scarcely alone, when she bolted the door and threw herself on her knees beside the empty bed. She drew the cards from her pocket, spread them out before her, and clasped her hands over them as if they were some sacred relic. "Oh! oh!" she cried, suddenly giving way to an outburst of grief; "You died, and I was not with you. And you never were anything but good and kind to me all your life—and I—I never repaid you for it. Luckard, dear old Luckard, don't you hear me? Now I have come—and it is too late. They left me up there longer than any shepherd stays—and it cost me two of the flock, and you also, you poor dear old servant!"

Suddenly she started up, her swollen eyes flashed with passionate light, and she clenched her brown fists convulsively. "But just wait, you scoundrel, till I come! I'll teach you to drive helpless innocent people out of house and home. So surely as God lives, Luckard, you shall hear in your grave how I stand up for you!"

Her eyes fell on the figure of Christ over the dead woman's bed. "And you, you let everything go as it chooses—and help nobody unless he helps himself," she cried, in the impetuosity of her grief, to the silent patient God, whom she could never understand. All the obstinacy inherited from her father had developed, unchecked, in the wilderness, and the great heart which knew only the purest impulses, unconsciously sent seething, pernicious blood through her veins.

She gathered up her sacred possessions, the cards on which the fingers of the dying woman had written with the sweat of mortal agony the last message of love, then left the room and went to the kitchen.

"I'll go now, Annemiedel," she said, calmly. "Only pray tell me what happened between Luckard and Stromminger;" she no longer called him "father."

The old woman had just poured the soup into a wooden dish and insisted that Wally should sit down and eat. "You know," she said, while Wally was eating, "Vincenz has been on very good terms with your father, and now manages everything. Ever since the summer Stromminger has had a sore foot and can't move about. So Vincenz squats there every evening, helps him pass the time by playing cards, and always lets him win; he thinks he'll have it all back again when he gets you. The old man can't live without Vincenz; so by degrees he has given up the whole oversight of affairs to him, because he can't go about with his lame foot. Now Vincenz imagines he owns the farm, and manages it just as he likes. That was the cause of the trouble with Luckard, for Luckard wanted to see that everything went on as usual, and Vincenz took all the charge out of her hands and wouldn't let her have her say in anything. After he saw that Luckard was grieving, he once told her he would let her manage everything as if she were mistress, and even close an eye while she put aside as much as she chose, if she would only help him to get you, for he knew that she had a great deal of influence with you. But Luckard answered roughly that she had never stolen anything in all her life and wouldn't begin in her old age; she wanted nothing, except what she honestly earned, and she would never recommend to Wally a man who would overlook anything wrong. What did the scoundrel do? Went straight to Stromminger and accused the old woman. He said he was now convinced that it was Luckard who had set you against him and your father. She was to blame for your disobedience, he said, because she wanted to keep the control of things in her own hands. That's the way it came about. And it broke her heart to think that any one should believe such a lie of her. Tell me, did she ever say you must not obey your father?"

"Never, never. On the contrary, she was an humble, modest servant, and never talked about things that did not concern her," said Wally, and again her burning eyes grew dim. She turned her face away and rose. "God be with you, Annemiedel, I'll come again some day!" She took her staff and hat, called the eagle, and walked swiftly toward her home.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A DAY AT HOME.

Wally's head swam as she walked back across the bridge. Now for the first time she felt how the blood had mounted to her brain. The milder air below seemed heavy and oppressive after the light cold atmosphere of the glaciers, the eagle, shaken by her rapid movements, grasped her shoulder firmly with its claws; everything seemed painful and unnatural. Thus

she at last reached her native village. She was obliged to pass through the entire length to Höchsthof, her father's farm. All the villagers, who had just finished their dinners, thrust their heads out of the windows and pointed at her. "Look at Geier-Wally. Have you dared to come down at last? And you've brought your eagle along, you didn't both freeze? Your father left you up there long enough! Oh! how you look! You've got as brown and ugly as a Schmalser shepherd! Ha! ha! you've grown tame enough up there. Yes, that's the way people fare when they don't obey their parents!"

There was such a torrent of malicious speeches that Wally cast down her eyes, and a burning flush of shame and bitterness crimsoned her brow. Insulted, scorned—so the proud child of the Höchstbauer returned to her home. And all this—why? An implacable hatred welled up in her heart, and this was worse than anger, for anger may be soothed, but hate that grows up in an embittered heart strikes its roots through the whole nature; it is a quiet, continuous deed of powerless vengeance.

Wally silently ascended the heights from which Höchsthof looked down on the village. No one noticed her arrival, except deaf old Klettenmaier, who was splitting firewood under a shed in the farm yard. The others were all in the fields.

"God be with you," said he, waving his cap to his master's child.

She set her burden, the heavy Hansl, on the ground, and held out her hand to the old man.

"But do you know? Luckard!" said he.

Wally nodded.

"Yes, yes," he continued, but without interrupting his work, "if Vincenz gets a grudge against any one, he never rests till he's driven him off. He would like to send me away, for he saw that I stood by Luckard, and thinks if there were nobody at the farm to help you you wouldn't be so obstinate. And because he can't harm me in any other way, he orders me to do the hardest work. Now I have to split a cart full of wood every day. You know I am sixty-seven years old, and this the third day. But he'll like to be able to tell Stromminger I'm of no more use, or make me go away of my own accord, because I can't hold out. But where am I to go in my old age? I must hold out."

Wally had listened to the old man's words with a very gloomy face. Now she hastily entered the house to get him some bread and wine, but the store room and cellar were locked. Wally went into the kitchen. Her heart ached. This had been Luckard's real home; she thought the old woman must come to meet her and ask: "How have you fared? what do you want? what can I do for you?" but all this was over. A strange maid servant sat by the hearth, peeling potatoes.

"Where are the keys?" asked Wally.

"What keys?"

"To the store room and cellar."

The woman looked at her insolently. "Ho, ho! who are you?"

"That you can probably guess," said Wally, proudly; "I am the daughter of the house."

"Ha! ha!" cried the woman, laughing; "then get out of the kitchen; Stromminger has forbidden you to enter the house. You belong in the barn, your place is there; do you understand?"

Wally turned pale as death. So this was to be the way she was treated in her father's house! Walburga Stromminger was to be set under the maid servant in her own home. Her father's intention was not merely to banish her from his presence, but to break her will by insulting humiliations. And this to Wally—Geier-Wally, of whom her father had once proudly said that a girl like her was worth more than ten boys.

"Give me the keys," she said, sternly.

"Ha! ha!" that would be a fine thing. Stromminger said we were to treat you like any other stable maid, and it's no use talking about the keys; I have charge of the house, and give out nothing, except what the master orders."

"The keys?" cried Wally, in an outburst of rage; "I command you!"

"You've no business to order me; do you hear? I'm Stromminger's servant, not yours. And I'm mistress of the kitchen; Stromminger says so. And if Stromminger treats his own child worse than a maid servant, he probably knows why."

Wally stood close before the woman; her eyes flashed, her lips quivered; her companion began to feel uncomfortable. But the conflict in the young girl's soul lasted only a moment, then her pride conquered; she had nothing to do with the servant. She left the room. Her pulses throbbed; there was a mist before her eyes; her bosom heaved as she gasped for breath; her sufferings to-day had been too much. Like a person walking in a dream she crossed the farm yard, took the axe from the old man, who was troubling with fatigue, and led him to a bench that he might rest. Klettenmaier resisted, and said he ought not to stop working; but Wally replied that she would perform the task in his place.

"May God bless you, you have a kind heart," said the old man, sinking wearily on the bench. Wally entered the shed and cleft the huge logs with powerful strokes. She swung the axe with such angry strength that it passed through the wood and entered the chopping-block at every blow. Klettenmaier looked at her in amazement; she did the work far better than any man, and he rejoiced at it, for he had seen the child grow up, and loved her in his own way.

Just at that moment Wally saw the hated Vincenz approaching, and involuntarily paused in her task. Vincenz did not perceive her. He came behind Klettenmaier, and suddenly stood close beside the startled old man. Wally watched him from the shed. He seized the old servant by the waistcoat and jerked him from the bench. "Holloa!" he shouted in his ear; "do you call this working? You lazy scoundrel, whenever I come you are always sitting around doing nothing. I've had enough of it. I'll make you more active!" And he gave the tottering old man such a push that he fell heavily on the stone pavement of the courtyard.

"Oh! farmer, help me up," cried Klettenmaier, beseechingly; but Vincenz seized a whip, exclaiming, "Just wait. You'll see how I help lazy louts!" At this moment he received such a blow on his head that he screamed aloud and staggered back. "Oh! God! what is that?" he stammered, and sank down on the bench.

"That is Geier-Wally," replied a voice trembling with rage, and the young girl stood before him with pallid lips and staring eyes, panting for breath, as if the quick throbbing of her heart would suffocate her. "Did you feel it?" she gasped; "did you feel what it is to get one of my blows? I'll teach you to abuse my faithful old servant. You've already sent old Luckard to her grave, and now want to do the same for Klettenmaier. No; before I'll suffer such wickedness I'll set fire to my inheritance and smoke you out as I would a fox!" While uttering these words, she had helped Klettenmaier to rise, and led him to the shed. "Now go in and rest, Klettenmaier," she said; "I order you."

The old man obeyed; he felt that at this moment she was master. But at the door he released himself, and said, shaking his head, "Oh, Wally, you ought not to have done so; look after Vincenz; I think you have hurt him badly."

She left the old man and went out. Vincenz was perfectly still. She glanced timidly at him. He had fainted, and was lying on the bench, with the blood streaming from his head upon the ground. Hastily forming her resolution, Wally went to the kitchen and called the maid servant; "Come out here; bring some vinegar and a cloth, and help me."

"Have you more orders already?" answered the woman, laughing insolently, without stirring.

"It's not for myself," said Wally, with an angry glance, as she took the vinegar from the shelf herself; "Vincenz is lying outside; I struck him."

"Merciful Jesus!" shrieked the woman; and instead of hurrying to Vincenz's assistance, rushed out of the house screaming, "Help! Wally has killed Vincenz!"

The cry of terror echoed on all sides; the villagers heard it and flocked to the spot. Meantime Wally had summoned Klettenmaier to her assistance, and washed the senseless man with vinegar and water. She did not understand how the wound could be so severe. She had struck him with the back of the axe, not with the sharp edge, but the blow had been delivered with a strength of which she was unconscious. The wrath so long pent up had found vent in a stroke as crushing as those she had formerly dealt the logs.

"What has happened?" thundered a voice that made Wally's blood freeze in her veins. Her father had dragged himself out on his crutches. "What has happened?" repeated twenty or thirty throats, and a crowd of people thronged into the farmyard. Wally was silent. A dull murmur arose around her; all pressed forward to touch or gaze at the motionless figure. "Is he dead?" Will he die?"

"How did it happen?"

"Did Wally do it?" asked one and another.

She stood fastening a bandage over the wound, as if she neither heard nor saw anything.

"Can't you speak?" thundered her father.

"Wally, what have you done?"

"You see," was the curt reply.

"She confesses it!" shouted the crowd.

"Heavens! what insolence!"

"Gallows-bird!" shrieked Stromminger. "So this is the way you come down to your father's house!"

At the words "father's house" Wally laughed bitterly, and looked at him with a piercing glance.

"You laugh!" shouted Stromminger. "I thought you would improve on the Höchsthof, and now you have scarcely been in the house half an hour before another misfortune happens."

"He is moving," cried one of the women; "he is still alive."

"Carry him into the house and put him on my bed," said Stromminger, moving aside from the kitchen door, against which he was leaning. Two men raised Vincenz and took him in.

"If we only had a doctor," moaned the women, following the wounded man into the room.

"If we had Luckard we should need no doctor," said some of them; "she knew what to do for everything."

"Then let somebody fetch her," said Stromminger. "She shall come at once."

Again Wally laughed bitterly. "Yes, Luckard now, Stromminger; you would like to have her again. Now you can bring her from the churchyard."

The people looked at each other in perplexity. "Is she dead?" asked Stromminger.

"Yes; she died three days ago; the sorrow you caused killed her. You see, Stromminger, it serves you right; and if the man in there dies because there is no one who understands what to do, it will serve him right, too. He deserves it."

A violent uproar arose. This was too bad. "After such a wicked deed to talk so, and say it served him right, instead of repenting of it. No one will be sure of his life. And Stromminger stands by and lets her talk, without uttering a word. He's a pretty father!" So the people muttered, while Wally stood defiantly, with folded arms, in the kitchen doorway, looking at Stromminger, who was involuntarily disconcerted by her reproach. But now his fury returned with double strength, and, supporting himself on his crutches, he shouted to the crowd: "I'll show you what sort of a father I am. Seize and bind her!"

"Yes, yes!" shouted the people, "bind her; such a girl needs to be under bolts and bars. She must go before the judge—the murderer!"

At the word Wally uttered a low cry and shrank back into the kitchen.

"Stop!" screamed Stromminger. "I won't have my daughter dragged before the judge. Do you suppose I'll submit to the disgrace of having my child in a prison? Will you never know Stromminger? Do I need a court of justice to punish an unruly child? Stromminger is man enough himself, and I'm my own law on my own ground. I'll show you who Stromminger is, if I am lame. I'll lock her up in the cellar and not let her out till her spirit is broken and she begs my pardon on her knees before you all. You've heard everything, and if I don't keep my word, you can call me a scoundrel!"

"Merciful God, dost Thou no longer see?" cried Wally. "No, no, father, don't lock me up! Drive me away; send me to Murzoll, and let me be snowed in there. I will starve, freeze, but under the open sky. If you lock me up some misfortune will happen."

"Aha! you'd like to go out to be a vagabond; would that suit you better? No, indeed, I've been too indulgent to you! You shall stay under lock and key till you beg pardon of me and Vincenz on your knees."

"Father, it will be useless; before I would do that I'd rot in the cellar; you know that yourself. Let me go, father, or I tell you one more, some misfortune will happen."

"Come, we've had talking enough. Why do you all stand there! What are you thinking of? Am I to run after her myself with my lame foot? Seize her, but take care; any one who has Stromminger blood can conquer ten of you. Look out!"

The young men, irritated by these sneers, crowded into the kitchen. "We'll have her directly," they said, scornfully.

But Wally, with a single bound, sprang to the hearth and snatched a flaming brand from the fire. "I'll touch the hair and beard of the first man who touches me!" she cried, standing before them like the archangel with the flaming sword. All shrank back.

"For shame!" shrieked Stromminger. "So you'll let a girl conquer you all. Strike the brand out of her hand with sticks," he cried, foaming with rage, for he now considered it a point of honor to conquer his daughter before the whole village. Several of the bystanders ran and brought sticks. It was like hunting a wild beast, and Wally had become a wild beast. Her eyes were bloodshot, and heavy drops of perspiration stood on her brow, as gnashing her white teeth, she defended herself against the crowd, defended herself without thinking or reflecting, like the animals of the wilderness, to gain her freedom, her vital element. Now they struck with poles at the brands in her hand—her only weapons—but she hurled them at the crowd till they shrank in terror, snatched fresh ones from the hearth and flung them like fiery darts at the heads of her assailants. The uproar increased.

"Bring water!" shouted Stromminger. "Bring water; put the fire out."

This was the last resource. If this were done Wally was lost. A moment more, and the water was brought; despair seized upon her. Just at that instant a thought entered her brain—a terrible, desperate thought. But there was no time for reflection; the idea was carried into action the instant it occurred to her, and, swinging a burning brand in her hand, she darted like an arrow through the throng into the farmyard, and, with a powerful arm, hurled it into the barn, in the midst of the hay and straw.

A cry of terror arose.

"Now put it out," called Wally, rushing across the yard, out of the gate, and hurrying on and on, while every one ran shrieking and screaming to extinguish the flames, which were already blazing through the roof.

With the column of smoke a dark object, as if born of the fire, rose screaming from the roof, circled high in the air several times, and then flew in the direction Wally had taken.

The girl heard a noise behind her, fancied it was made by her pursuers, and ran blindly on. Night had fallen, but it was not dark; a bright light gleamed through the gloom; she could be seen for a long distance. She ascended a ledge of rock, from which she could overlook the path; but she now saw that her pursuer was coming through the air. She had gained her object; no one thought of following her; there was more urgent work to be done in saving the farmhouse, and all were assisting in it. The eagle now overtook her, striking so violently against her in its rapid flight, that it almost hurled her over the cliff. She clasped the bird in her arms and sank exhausted upon the ground, gazing with dim eyes at the fire which illumined the distant horizon, and was reflected by the dark mountain peaks. With a flushed, angry face, and stern, menacing look, she watched her deed. Notes of alarm rang from all the steeples in the villages,

and the bells murmured distinctly. "Incendiary! incendiary!" But the terrible song lulled her consciousness to sleep; a fainting fit spread a merciful veil over her tortured soul.

(To be continued.)

**THE MOONLIGHT GAS GENERATOR.**

At the Exhibition in the Crystal Palace lately, no object attracted more general attention at night than the Moonlight Gas Generator, an illuminating apparatus of great power and efficiency. Its steady, brilliant, unintermittent light, its freedom from flickering, and the perfect immunity from danger attending its use, combine to make it the most perfect instrument of the kind in use, and stamp it as a veritable acquisition to the public. The gas consumer is composed of atmospheric air mixed with gasoline; it is heavier than air, therefore, and in the event of a leak, the gas would seek the lowest levels and escape through the sewers. The gasoline reservoir is not contained in the house, but is buried six feet in the ground, and a distance of fifty feet outside. It is constructed to hold a six months' supply of gasoline and is filled through a rubber tube rising to the surface. An automatic arrangement fills the carburettor. The air pump in the basement is put in motion by a weight, which need be only wound up once or twice a week, and thus the supply is constantly maintained by a very simple contrivance. To cover the effects of evaporation, in winter, the gasoline is heated under ground by a small boiler, which is placed near the air pump, and sends steam through a pipe to the carburettor. The gas is distributed through all parts of a building with equal intensity, and is always under complete control. The manufactures furnish the apparatus in six sizes, from 25 to 600 lights, and at a cost ranging from \$125 to \$500. They are, of course, prepared to execute even larger works at special contract rates. The machine exhibited in the Crystal Palace was one of 50 lights, and it attracted very much admiration on account of the magnificent manner in which it worked. There is this additional advantage over the ordinary coal gas; light of superior brilliancy is produced for fifty per cent. less of cost. The Bellevue Convent, St. Foye Road, Quebec, is lighted by a fifty burner machine. The immense building, five stories high, was recently illuminated, and the members of the press and a large number of citizens were present. On all sides there were expressions of the utmost gratification, and the journals universally acknowledge the superiority of the new apparatus. Sister Ste. Eulalie, Superior of the Convent; the Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Paquet, and Revd. Mr. Lallamie, of the Laval University, have written to the proprietors, warmly eulogizing the invention and acknowledging the superior advantages in splendid light, cheap light, and absence of all danger.

**HYGIENIC.**

Port wine is more used than any other kind of wine for the sick, but it is also a wine more adulterated than any other, and therefore requiring extreme caution in its selection. A new adulteration of the article is mentioned as having been recently introduced, and which is in some cases actually dangerous, especially when partaken of by feeble or delicate persons. This is described as an artificial colouring, consisting of a mixture of opium and Magenta red. The aniline colours, objectionable in themselves, are the more dangerous because they not infrequently contain arsenic. The adulteration is detected by shaking the suspected wine—and all cheap wines are to be suspected—with an equal volume of amylic alcohol that is, used oil. If genuine port, the amylic alcohol remains colourless; if adulterated, it dissolves out the colouring matter, and itself appears of a purple red.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone, compresses it and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as fainting over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouse us; that sends on the stagnated blood, and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation and the length and strength of the effort made to escape danger. But when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us, what then? That is death! That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in their bed in the morning. They were as well as they ever were the day before, and often is it added, and "ate heartier than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed well to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safer side. For persons who eat three times a day it is simply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising a day of comfort.

**PERSONAL.**

Baron Lisgar, Governor-General of Canada, from 1868 to 1872, is dead.

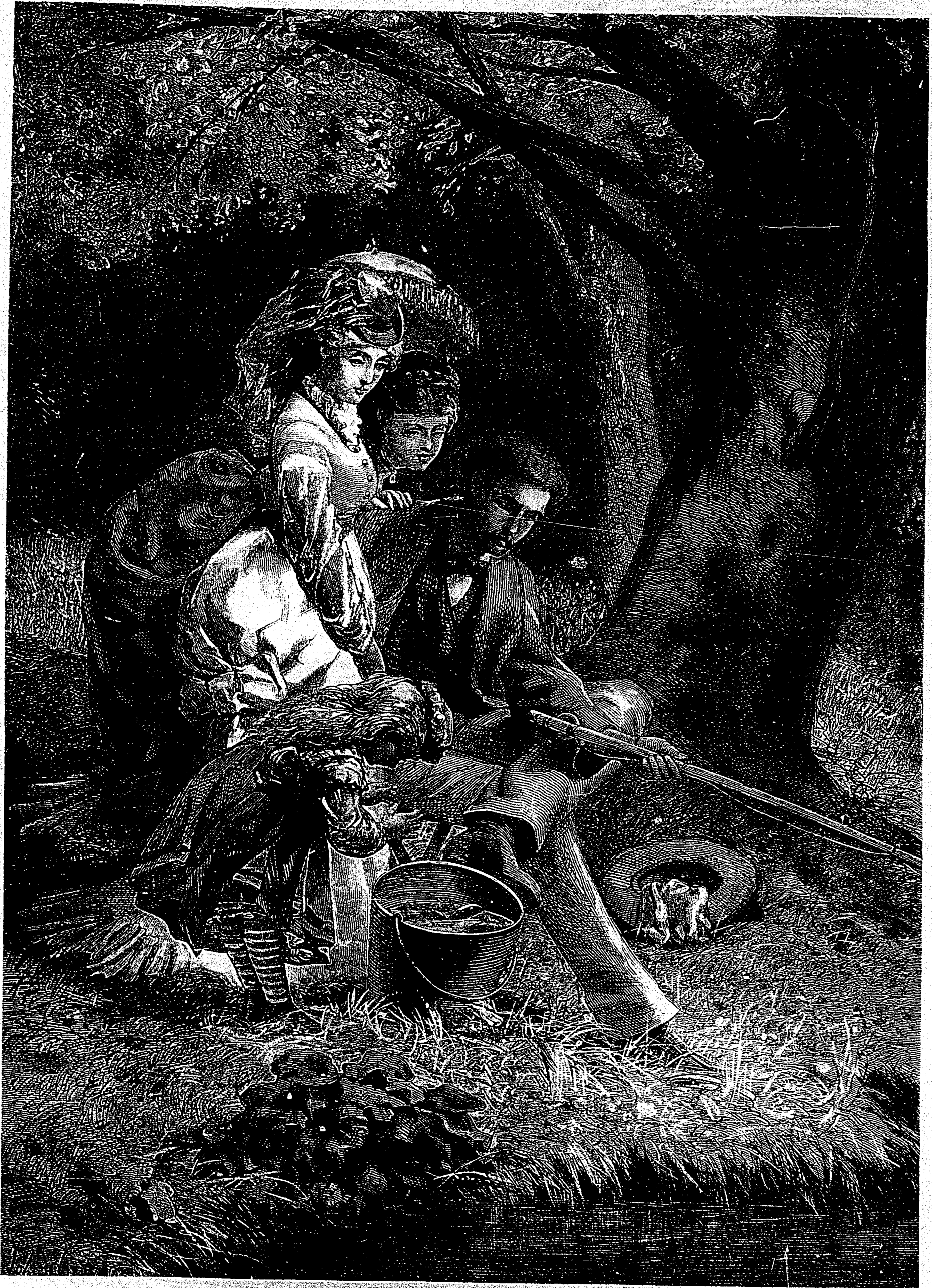
The name of Mr. Williams M. P. P., of Hamilton, is mentioned in connection with the vacant Ontario Senatorship.

JAMES LICK, the celebrated California philanthropist, is dead. He leaves five millions of dollars for charitable purposes, but it is said that his son will contest the will.

OBED SMITH, one of the champion oarsmen of the world, was drowned in Halifax harbor last week. The boat he was in was run down by the mail steamer Nova Scotia.



PASTURE GROUNDS, AFTER ROSA BONHEUR.



THE HAPPY FISHERMAN.

### MY CHILD FRIEND.

O child, we oft sported together  
In days that were balmy and warm,  
Fast friends through the wealth of the weather,  
Through sunshine and shadow and storm.

Three winters have fled since you met me:  
I wonder if you are the same?  
Perchance you begin to forget me,  
In everything changed but your name.

When last you flew forth to my greeting,  
My fancies were fairer than now;  
But time, that has sped since our meeting,  
Has sobered and clouded my brow.

Our life, like a swift-flowing river,  
Speeds onward in spite of regret;  
We grasp at its wealth now or never,  
And snatch a few joys from it yet—

A ray of the rapture that hastens,  
A gleam of the glory that fades,—  
Ere evening comes onward and chastens  
Life's light with its clustering shades.

Yet, darling, when summer has left us,  
And winter, unlovely and chill,  
Of all they call joy has bereft us,  
There's something worth living for still:

A love for the Fount of all beauty,  
A zeal for the truth and the right,  
Devotion to sternness of duty,  
The battle the bravest should fight;—

A love for the worn and the weary,  
A will to the oppressed to relieve,  
To brighten the home that is dreary,  
To comfort the mourners that grieve;—

To lift up a sister or brother  
Who wanders or falls from the road,  
To lead up the heart of another  
To freedom, to light, and to God;

This, this is the best of all pleasures;  
O, make it your own while you may;  
For time cannot rife its treasures,  
And death cannot take it away.

### NECESSITY OF SUNLIGHT.

Instead of excluding the sunlight from our houses lest it fade carpets and curtains, draw flies, and bring freckles, we should open every door and bid it enter. It brings life and health and joy; there is healing in its beams; it drives away disease and dampness, mould, megrims. Instead of doing this, however, many careful housewives close the blinds, draw down the shades, lock the door, shut out the glorifying rays, and rejoice in the dim and musty coolness and twilight of their unhealthy apartments. It is pleasant and not unwholesome during the glare of the noontide to subdue the light and exclude the air quivering with heat, but in the morning and in the evening we may freely indulge in the sun bath and let it flood all our rooms, and if at its fiercest and brightest it has full entrance to our sleeping-rooms, so much the better for us. Wire netting in doors and windows excludes not flies and mosquitoes only, but all other insects, and those who have once used it will continue to do so. With this as a protection from intrusive winged creatures one may almost enjoy all the benefits of an open house without any annoyances so frequent in warm weather. But better the annoyances with sunshine than freedom from them without it. Statistics of epidemics have shown that if they rage in any part of a city they will prevail in houses which are exposed to the least sunshine, while those most exposed to it will not be at all or very slightly affected. Even in the same house persons occupying rooms exposed to sunlight will be healthier and repulse epidemical influences better than those occupying rooms where no sunlight enters.

### MIXED MELODIES.

Some wretch, whose stock of original sin must have been inexhaustible, hired an Italian count in reduced circumstances to play "Nelly Bly" for three hours on his hand organ in front of a saloon on — street lately. The Count turned the crank at the rate of about four times a minute for an hour and twenty-seven minutes, disregarding the saloon-keeper's earnest invitations to take a walk around the block. The saloon-keeper had no music in his soul, and he went out and crammed the reduced Count into his hand organ, and turned the crank furiously. The first tune he ground out was "I cannot sing the old song," the effect of which was somewhat marred by being entangled with the Count's suspenders and a piece of his flannel shirt. This was followed by "Silver threads among the gold," interspersed with the unfortunate Count's scalp and his left boot. Two or three sections of his spine and the waistband of his pants failed to harmonize with "The sweet by and by," and "Maggie's Secret," with anatomical variations, was rather execrating.

### THE POPE'S DAILY LIFE.

Pius IX., writes a distinguished correspondent to a French paper, like the greater number of his ecclesiastics, is an early riser. At an hour when all Rome is asleep, lights are already seen behind the high windows of the Vatican. It is half-past five. The Pope's bedroom door suddenly opens, and his Holiness appears. *Buon giorno*, says the Pope in a clear, distinct voice to his aged valet de chambre, Signor Zaugolini, who is dressed in a violet-coloured robe,

and who occupies his leisure moments in disposing of unheard-of quantities of snuff. Signor Zaugolini then enters the Pope's room, shaves him, dresses him, and then leaves him in his privacy till seven o'clock. At seven o'clock the Pope repairs to his chapel, where he celebrates and also hears Mass. It is at this morning Mass that he administers the sacrament to foreigners of distinction visiting Rome. It is considered a very high honour to receive the sacrament from the hands of his Holiness; but in order to partake of this privilege one must be up and stirring by five in the morning. Every person must be present at the celebration of the two Masses—domestics, Swiss Guards, Palatine Guards, &c. Service being concluded, Pius IX. passes into the refectory, where already smoking on the table stands a tureen of soup, in which are seen floating the fine *patés* of Genoa. The Pope qualifies the soup with a little Orvieto wine, eats four or five moistened biscuits; and now it is almost nine o'clock, he passes into his business room. He is seated at his table—before him are the crucifix and the image of the Holy Virgin. Cardinal Antonelli, exhausted and shattered by his long illness, but in whose eyes that singular brightness cannot be quenched seats himself opposite his sovereign. He wears the court dress of the Vatican, a soutane, a black tight-fitting robe, fringed with red, with small red buttons, and a red silk cloak. The Cardinal discusses with his Holiness grave questions of State policy, exhibits to him the despatches that have arrived the previous evening, and takes his departure. The functionary who is next ushered into the Pope's business-room is a layman, Signor Giacomo Spagna, Prefect of the Apostolic Palace, whose functions among others consists in the management of the sums derived from St. Peter's Penny. These funds amount yearly to twenty million francs. A portion is absorbed by the numerous attendants, servitors, guards, gendarmes, who live in the Vatican, by pensions and the expenses of the nuncios at foreign courts. The rest is capitalised, and it is said the day will soon come when the Vatican will possess a revenue equal to the sum which the Italian Government placed at its disposal—three million francs—but which the Pope has hitherto refused to accept.

Then comes the hour of the arrival of the post. Pius IX. opens some letters, then hastily makes himself acquainted with the contents of the newspapers. The hour for reception sounds, the solemn time when the Pope grants audience. The hall of the Countess Mathilda is filled with ladies, mostly foreign, in the strict attire required at the Vatican—a black silk dress, the head covered with a black veil and no jewellery. Gentlemen must be in strict evening costumes, with a white cravat. A noise is heard of the tramp of armed men. The Swiss Guards line the hall; then enters a long array of prelates and other dignitaries of the Church—last of all the Pope. These audiences are often marked by touching incidents. The audience is over. It is now twelve o'clock. The Pope walks in his garden accompanied by five or six Cardinals and other familiars of the palace. It is during this promenade that the Pope hears all that takes place in the city. Nothing of the least importance is concealed from him. He is made aware of all the doings and sayings of the inhabitants. Two hours are thus passed. He is then reconducted to his private apartments, and the cardinals and others take their leave. Dinner is served. Do you wish to know what it consists of? There is seldom any change, and I will take upon myself to inform you. The repast, which is invariably the same except on fasting days, consists of soup, something boiled, a side dish, and some vegetables. Ordinarily the Pope contents himself with soup, some vegetables, and some fruit, without touching the remainder. Pius IX. dines alone and with the appetite of a man whose life is well regulated. Dinner over, it is time for the siesta. This lasts about an hour. Towards four o'clock the Pope goes to the library, accompanied by his particular friends. Amongst these, since the death of Duke Massimo, who was never absent from the Pope, the most important is the archæologist Visconti, not less famous for his wit and repartee than for his learned illustrations of the ancient monuments. On his way to the library the Pope blesses the mountains of rosaries, chaplets, crosses, and scapulars which every day are sent from Rome to the five parts of the globe. Those accompanying the Pope to the library do their utmost to divert and interest their master, who is always of an easy accommodating temper. The Pope enjoys an epigram, especially if it is neatly turned in verse, and he is not the last to add the spur of his wit to those satirical hits launched at the head of those oppressors, the Piedmontese, and other barbarians. When he has dismissed his attendants the Pope returns again to work. He occupies himself now with religious affairs, with the secretaries of the Congregation of Briefs. The day at last comes to an end. It is now eight o'clock; the hour for supper has come. His supper is like that of an anchorite—a little bouillon, a couple of boiled potatoes, water, and a little fruit. The Pope, however, does not yet go to bed. He is closeted with a prelate in his private library. If he has a discourse to deliver—an occupation to which he devotes himself very willingly, for the Pope is an excellent orator—he causes the Gospel of the day to be read to him, and picks out the passage which is to be the subject of his text, and immediately improvises an allocution, the groundwork of the discourse to be delivered. If he has nothing

particular on hand, the prelate who is with him seeks a book in the library and begins to read. The Holy Father soon discovers that sleep is gathering on him. The prelate stops reading and kneels. "Holy Father, your benediction." The Pope lifts his hand, and pronounces the Benediction. It is now ten o'clock. A quarter of an hour later, with the exception of those prelates who have vigils to perform, all are asleep in the Vatican. In the corridors no one is to be seen but the Swiss Guard, habited in his mediæval costume, and a Remington rifle on his shoulder. Outside the wind whistles through the immense porticos of the square of St. Peter, and the cold night wind flutters the green plumes in the hat of the Bersaglieri sentry watching from afar the entrance to the Vatican.

### BREAKFAST.

The Yankee breakfasts much as his cousin, though he has an uncomfortable tendency to add iced water to his earlier, not less than to his later meals, and to indulge in "milk-toast," an abominable mess which tastes like toast a day old which has by accident been dropped into hot water. In San Francisco it is common to begin breakfast with a plate of fruit, which is wonderfully appetising on a bright summer morning; but after a cup of tea or coffee has gone the same way as the fruit, an alarming sense of distention is produced, and there is often a friend at hand to suggest an early glass of curaçoa as the one thing needful to set you to rights. Therefore a man who has any business to transact would do well to keep peaches resolutely apart from buttered toast and accompanying beverages. "An English breakfast," are words which call up so many pleasant memories, and such a genuine picture of comfort, that one hesitates to stigmatise it as an utterly barbarous institution. And yet in spite of the hissing urn, itself a companion, the paper leisurely skimmed, the fresh morning toilets one sometimes sees, and the pleasant gossip—it is said a man is never conceited till luncheon-time—in spite of these attractions, our most national meal is a violation of all the rules of hygiene and common sense. In the first place the stomach is not prepared at that early hour for the rude exercise to which we condemn it, while in the second place the mixture of tea or coffee and meat is objectionable for two reasons. Physicians have shown that the action of the tannic acid in tea upon meat is such as to render it highly indigestible while coffee added to meat is scarcely happier in its results. It may perhaps be urged that the English breakfast is not always taken immediately on rising, a good many persons being in the habit of getting up at various unseasonable hours from three a. m. onwards and devoting the interval to work. Here again medical science steps in and strongly dissuades us from working on an empty stomach; though one is bound to admit that some excellent work has been done—notably Scott's novels, if not his poems—before breakfast. But no rules can be laid down for the guidance of ordinary mortals from the habits of genius. Schiller would lock himself up at night with a bottle of sparkling Rhine wine and compose till the morning; but one would not therefore be inclined to recommend all aspirants for poetic honors to pursue a similar course, lest sleeplessness and red eyes should indeed be apparent, but another "Wallenstein" or "Maria Stuart" be found lacking.

In the matter of breakfasts the French have given the law to Europe and the Latin world, and had we been wise we also should have been content to learn of the "great nation." Our French friends have long recognised the cardinal truth that the stomach, on first awaking to consciousness and a sense of another day's troubles, requires to be comforted and stayed with gentle and stimulating aliments; hence the early cup of coffee or chocolate with a morsel of bread, followed at an interval of three or four hours by the substantial meal which it then begins imperatively to demand. The second breakfast is of course the equivalent of the Britannic lunch, except that it seems somehow or other to be a lighter and brisker affair. The fact is that the Briton who has taken a first solid meal, in accordance with national customs, has no need for lunch, which somebody has described as an insult to breakfast and an injury to dinner. Though there can be no doubt of the soundness of the French rule in regard to breaking the night's fast—namely, by gradual and well-considered steps—there has been a good deal of discussion as to the propriety of commencing the day with a cup of coffee and milk. Some doctors have charged on this custom half the dyspepsia wherewith Gallic organs of digestion are affected, besides countless other ills, till one almost expects to hear the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and the five milliards traced to the baneful influence of the matutinal café-au-lait. Again, though chocolate, pure and simple, is not proscribed, chocolate with the addition of vanilla is pronounced extremely unwholesome by the faculty. Bread and milk, or a plate of soup, is said to be the safest of all morning refectations. M. Alexandre Dumas has been good-natured enough to inform the world that he invariably begins the business of the day by warming himself with a plate of soup which has been left out for him the night before. He can thus get up at whatsoever hour he pleases, independently of servants' whims, refresh himself, and set to work till noon. It is, however, essential that the first breakfast, however slight, should be agreeable—should, if possible, be an incentive to leave one's bed.

To return to the example of illustrious men, we read that Buffon's breakfast consisted of a crust of bread and two glasses of wine. Claret, however, would generally seem too cold a beverage to the morning fancies of a Briton, while sherry would have a dangerous tendency to degenerate into dram-drinking, though there are precedents far from contemptible for that practice—as that of Sheridan, for instance. But one can only repeat the caution which may be necessary for admirers of Schiller, and remind the ardent youth who is ambitious of oratorical fame that the speech on the Oude charge was by no means due to the circumstance that its author would drink a glass of raw brandy on getting up in the morning; and that a person who should follow his example might very likely find a bailiff to snatch away his last blanket, but not so easily some "nobles" to hold up his pall. A better example is furnished by the matutinal drinkers of tea. Yet the leaf of China has much to answer for in some cases, and, especially if its infusion be taken strong and without accompanying bread and butter, it is apt to be productive of nervous disorders. At the same time, weak tea is hateful to gods and men. Some very respectable persons, wholly unlike Sheridan in every respect, begin the day with a dram, which they confidently assert (and apparently with truth) is ordered them by their doctors. Nor do they suffer any loss of their friends' esteem, for the simple reason that they add a raw egg to the dose of strong spirits they absorb. A glass of rum, again, taken at six a. m., has been held to be innocent, and even praiseworthy, if tempered with milk. But the most remarkable of all breakfasts was the customary meal of the Emperor Charles V. in the small hours. A servant would awake his Majesty, and forthwith set before him a chicken stewed in milk. The Emperor ate it, drumsticks and all, and went to sleep again. Perhaps it was the best thing he could do. Only such a repast was the merest piece of gluttony. Finally, there was another method of distributing the day's meals, with which our fathers were familiar in the heroic days: it was to go without breakfast at all, taking "dinner" at noon. There is small need to counsel the present age against a return to this custom.

### ARTISTIC.

Wendell Phillips once said that a mere peasant in Europe had a better education in art than the average American.

A portion of the supports of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and some of the nave pillars in Westminster Abbey are undergoing extensive repairs.

Is taking down houses in London, about thirty-six feet of the ancient Roman wall, nine feet thick, and a solid semi-circular bastion were revealed.

The title of Sir Noel Paton's latest picture is "The Good Shepherd," and it is intended as a companion picture to "The Man of Sorrows," painted about a year ago.

MEXICO is to have a colossal statue of the late President Juárez, which will be executed by Signor Gagliardo, who lives in San Francisco, and says the climate of California is as good as that of Italy.

The painter Leopold Robert, the author of the "Moissonneurs," was born at Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, and died at Venice. His fellow-countrymen opened a subscription to erect a monument to his memory, and it produced 2,500 francs. That memorial will be erected in the cemetery of the Lido, at Venice.

An interesting discovery of old pieces of money has been made at Aire (Pas-de-Calais). They were found in an earthenware pot buried in a cellar of a house; the greater part are of copper, and bear the arms of the House of Austria. Among others are 51 silver pieces of square form with the corner cut off, and a few of gold of the same shape, of the value of four florins. The most interesting among them are a number of the coins struck in the town during the siege of Aire by the French in 1641, and which are very rare. Those of gold are believed to be hitherto unknown.

The right form of the foot seems as difficult for artists to settle as the right colour of the skin. An authority writes that the French foot is meagre, narrow and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly curved—thanks to the Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of it." The foot of the Scotch is large and thick; that of the Irish flat and square; the English, short and fleshy, but undoubtedly well-shaped and proportioned. A foot for both beauty and speed should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the person.

An interesting discovery has just been made at Rome in the church of St Peter ad vincula. Workmen have been engaged for some time in the construction of a "confession" near the high altar. In the course of the excavations, in a line between the altar and the apse, they came upon a marble sarcophagus more than two metres in length. On the sides are sculptured five groups in the style apparently of the fourth or fifth century. The first represents the Redeemer raising Lazarus, with the sister of the latter on her knees at the tomb; the second, the multiplication of the loaves and fishes; the third, Jesus and the Samaritan woman at the well; the fourth, our Lord foretelling to Peter his triple denial; and the fifth, Christ giving the keys to Peter. The interior is divided into seven compartments, and this circumstance has given rise to the belief that the sarcophagus found contains the bones of the Seven Macchabees, which, according to Church history and tradition, rest in this church, built by Eudoxia,—

"Pelagius rursus sacravit Papa beatus  
Corpora Sanctorum condens ibi Machabæorum."

The ecclesiastical authorities, wishing to proceed with caution, have not pronounced upon the authenticity of these remains. In the meantime the sarcophagus has been sealed up with the usual formalities, and a commission of archæologists has been charged to investigate any evidence that may be found to throw any light on the discovery.

### ROUND THE DOMINION.

Thirty-seven vessels are reported lost on the Labrador coast during the recent gale. No lives were lost.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M., Quebec.—Letter and Problems received. Many thanks. Also Solution of Problem No. 89, Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 89, received. Correct.

At the request of several Correspondents we insert, this week, the position of the Indian Problem. It is as follows:

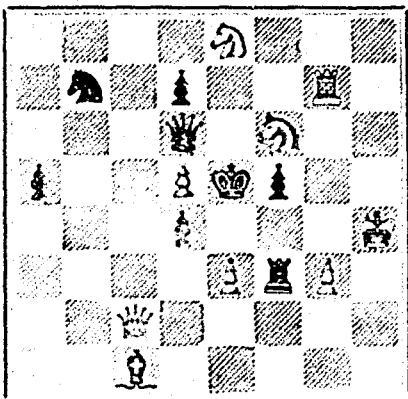
WHITE. BLACK. K at Q R sq K at K 5 R at Q sq Kt at K B 6 B at K R 6 Pawns at K 4, Q Kt 3, B at K Kt 2 Q Kt 4 Pawns at K Kt 4 K R 2, Q Kt 3 and Q R 2

White to play and mate in four moves. We shall be glad to forward the Solution to any of our correspondents who may require it.

PROBLEM No. 91

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

GAME 1381.

Played some little time ago between Messrs. Bird and Wiskey.

(GUY LOPEZ)

WHITE.—(Mr. Bird). 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to Q Kt 5 4. B to R 4 5. Q to K 2 sq 6. B to Q Kt 3 7. P to Q B 3 8. P to Q 4 9. B to K 7 10. Kt to Q 2 11. P takes Q P 12. Castles. 13. Q B P takes P 14. Q to Q 7 15. P to Q B 3 16. K B to K sq 17. Q to K B sq (ch) 18. K R to Q sq 19. Q R to Q B sq 20. K takes B 21. B takes Kt 22. R takes P 23. Q R to Q B 24. Kt to B 3 25. P takes Q 26. R takes R 27. K takes B

And Black wins.

NOTES.

(a) An old-fashioned line of attack not often adopted in these modern times, though it should lead to an even game. (b) A disastrous retreat. (c) A terrible trap, from the effects of which there is no escape. (d) Conclusive.

GAME 1382.

Played a short time ago between Messrs. Boden and Potter, at the West End Chess Club.

(Knight's Defence to King's Bishop's Game.)

WHITE. BLACK. (Mr. Boden.) (Mr. Potter.) 1. P to K 4 P to K 4 2. B to Q B 4 Kt to K B 3 3. P to Q 3 P to Q B 3 4. B to Q Kt 3 (ch) P to Q 4 5. Q to K 2 B to Q 3 6. B to K Kt 5 B to K 3 7. Kt to K B 3 Q Kt to Q 2 8. Q Kt to Q 2 Q to B 2 9. P takes P (ch) P takes P 10. P to K B 3 Castles (Q R) 11. B to K R 4 P to K B 3 12. Castles (Q R) P to K Kt 4 13. B to K Kt 3 KR to K sq 14. Kt to Q Kt sq (ch) P to Q 5 15. K R to Q 2 Kt to Q B 4 16. Kt to Q B 4 P to Q R 4 17. Kt takes B (ch) R takes Kt 18. B takes B (ch) Q R takes B 19. Kt to Q B 3 Q to Q B 3 20. P to K B 3 Kt to Q 4 21. Kt to Q B 4 Q to Q R 5 22. Q to Q 2 Kt to K 6 23. Kt takes Kt Q takes Q R 24. Q to K 2 P takes Kt 25. Q takes P R to Q B 3 26. K to Q 2 Q takes P 27. K to K sq Q takes P

and White resigned.

NOTES.

(a) We should have preferred 4. Q to K 2. (b) Mr. Boden condemns this move as tending to free Black's game. (c) Better, perhaps, to have played the King to this square.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 89.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. Kt to Q 8 1. K to Q 5 2. K to Kt 5 2. Anything. 3. Mate.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 87.

1. Q to K B 7 1. Any move. 2. Q to K 7, mate.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 88.

WHITE. BLACK

By Mr. J. MURPHY, Quebec. K at Q R 4 K at Q R sq B at Q 2 Kt at Q Kt sq Pawns at Q B 7, and Pawns at Q R 3, and Q Kt 6. White to play and mate in three moves.

MR. BARNJUM



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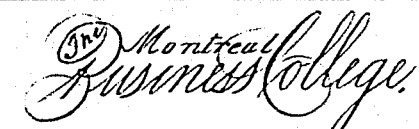
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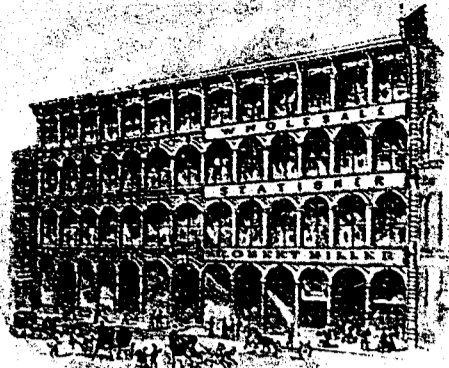
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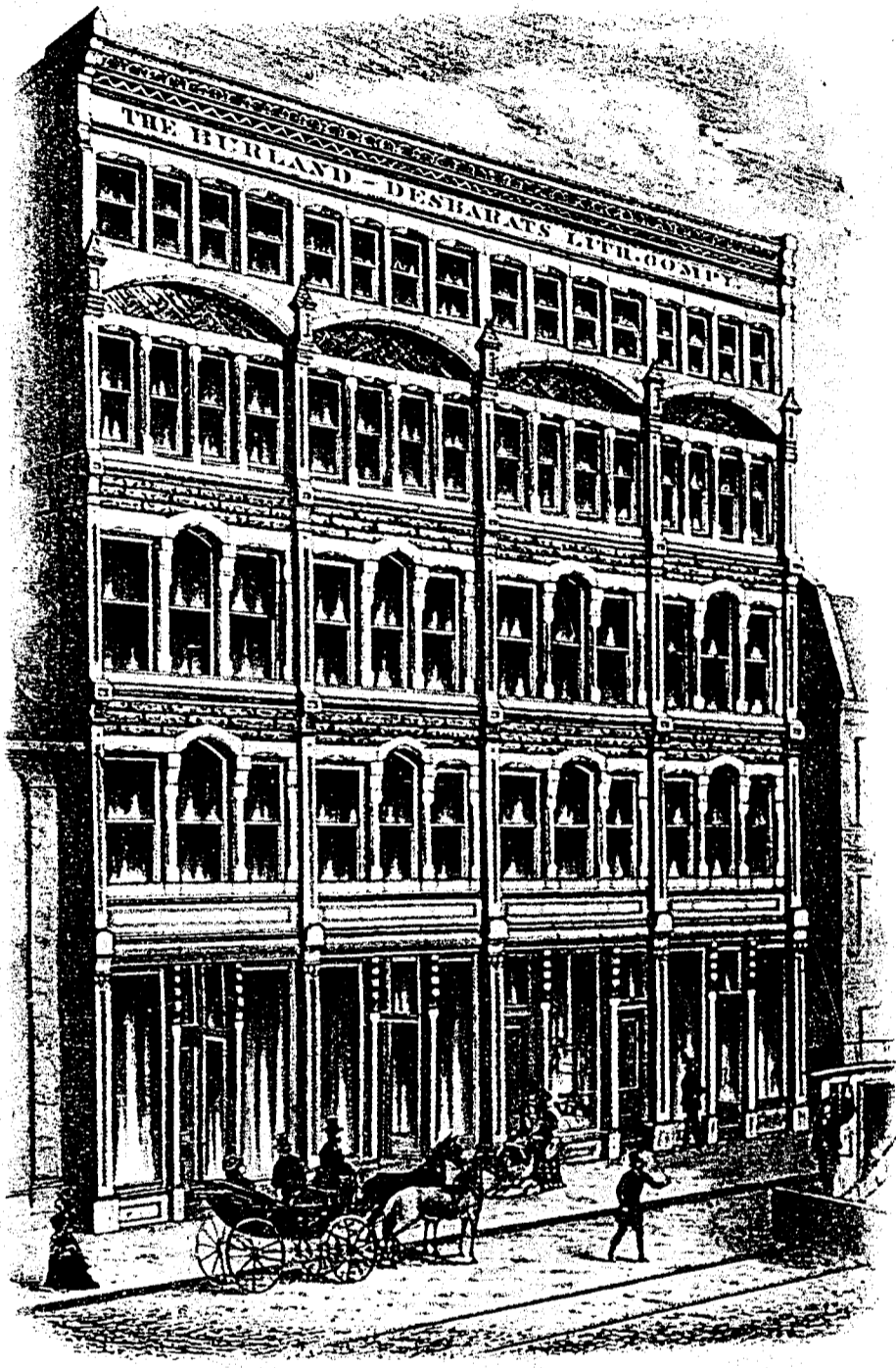
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