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# FRANCO Illustrated News

Vol. XIV.—No. 16.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1876.

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THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions:—\$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters in advance.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 28th Oct., 1876.

### THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

"Archee," said Diogenes Laertius twenty centuries ago, "Archee, the foremost and dominant principle in all statesmanship is the education of the young." This being so, a meeting where such foremost educationists as Dr. Jenkins, Dr. Dawson, Dr. Howe, Principal Hicks, Professor Robins, &c., were present can have no slight interest for Canadians.

The reports were very badly taken for the local press. So many blunders were made that hardly any statement can be taken up as entirely trustworthy until corroborated by the official yearly report of the Association. But, for the first time solid progress may have been said to be made in educational knowledge at a meeting of this convention. Every important paper made the subject of a distinct resolution, and where such resolutions were agreed to unanimously by such a large and influential body of men interested in education (for the Association is by no means exclusively confined to teachers), they may be looked upon as, for all intents and purposes, ascertained facts.

Perhaps the most important resolution, so far as its practical effect on the country is concerned, was that "it is the unanimous opinion of this Association that it is to the advantage of the pupil as well as to the teacher that the hours of teaching in country schools should not exceed five hours a day and five days a week." From the form in which the motion was put, any single person present who thought that the scholars would learn more if taught six hours a day, as at present, instead of five hours as proposed, could have prevented the motion from being passed in its actual shape. But none such appeared, and any commissioner or board of commissioners who do not act upon this recommendation, (and it was resolved that a copy should be sent to every school trustee and commissioner in the province) sets himself against the united wisdom of the leading educationists in the Dominion.

Mr. DAWSON, the delegate from the Teachers' Association of Canada, did honor to the body who selected him. His brief, clear, lucid speeches pretty well established the advisability of the co-education of the sexes, the granting of teachers' diplomas by one central board with the subsidiary aid only of local boards and county inspectors, and the urgent necessity of a superannuation fund for the teachers. "Once make all teachers," he argued, "the servants of the State and then they will have a right to a retiring pension like any other civil servant." We ourselves know of teachers fifty, sixty and even seventy years of age, depending on charity for subsistence, and that after years of faithful, earnest labour. Such cases are a disgrace to a country, and Government should step in to remove the anomaly. The amount of public money required to do so will not be large, as unfortunately too many men enter the teachers' profession merely as a stepping stone to something else, and lady teachers are the first to be sought in matrimony by the most sensible and am-

bitious young men of the neighbourhood where they reside. School Inspectors' reports complain bitterly of the fatal facility with which they marry.

One way to defer this much lamented catastrophe would be, we think, to open up a vista of advancement in their profession to them. By attaching different salaries to the schools in each municipality and advancing the better teachers to the better schools, many an ambitious teacher will tell her lover that "she had rather bide a wee" till she has attained to the honour of teaching the best school in her district.

The way to retain an Anglo-Saxon in an employment is to persuade him, not that he "is," but that he is going to be "blest." The Bishoprics attract much talent and genius to the English Church. Similarly if school-masters saw that they had a chance of becoming Inspectors by a faithful discharge of their duties, with an ultimate hope of a place in the Department of Quebec when tired of the Inspector's homeless and houseless life, there would be more hope of retaining the leading lights of the teacher's profession in their useful and important work.

There are some subjects which may well be thought over by teachers against their next meeting. There is the desirability of establishing cheap gymnastic appliances around our leading country schools, of teaching singing and drawing however imperfectly in all schools, of teaching all girls the art of sewing and cutting out clothes (which may be done in conjunction with a French conversation class), and the elements of domestic economy. It might be possible for the teachers to inaugurate a system of making a teacher's diploma a sort of university degree conferred by the State, beginning with the E.D. or elementary degree; passing through the M.S.D. or model school degree and culminating in the B.A. or bachelor of arts for gentleman, and M.A. or mistress of arts for lady academy teachers. All teachers would have to submit to these examinations, especially those from our Normal Schools and Universities who would be sure to obtain the highest honours.

One great lack in the past teachers' conventions has been the scanty attendance of school commissioners. It is on them that the education of the country finally depends. It is their orders which teachers are bound to obey. When teachers meet they mostly tell one another facts perfectly well known to them all. It is the commissioners who need the most instruction and persuasion, and indeed, like Dominies, encouragement in their thankless and important office. Some steps must be taken to coax the attendance of all the school commissioners in Ascot to the next meeting at Sherbooke.

Finally the teachers might bring prominently before the attention of the clergy, justices of the peace and school commissioners that the duty is laid on them by act of parliament of visiting all the schools in their neighbourhood once at least in the year. The clergy at any rate, who raise such complaints about the little influence they are allowed to have in education, ought to avail themselves of this obligation to see that the great disgrace of Protestant schools—the utter ignorance of all Scripture history—is wiped out from the escutcheon of the province.

### COMPETITION AND COOPERATION.

The system of free imports commonly spoken of as "free trade" has doubtless certain advantages as affecting particular peoples and countries, and branches of labour. Its tendency, while providing markets for large establishments, is to keep down prices, and prices sometimes have to be kept down in the interest of the consumer. It will also occasionally run prices to a very low point, so as to put manufacturers to their wits' end to compete with their outside competitors. Where commodities circulate freely, markets are increased in area, and the obstruction to manufacturers and their improvement, which consists in merely limited fields of

action, is overcome. Establishments are enlarged, while local industries run risk of extinction. By promoting the inflow of foreign commodities, the system often supplies new and better ideas to those who produce similar goods in the home country, and thus infuses a quickening influence into the world of design and labour. It may even go on to promote good feeling between distant peoples, and seem to be hastening the approach of the ideal brotherhood of men, which poets and philanthropists have dreamt of, and which, however it is obscured by the contentions around them, is the faith of Christians. And yet with all these advantages before us, we do not know how to advocate an indiscriminate or an unjust free trade. So far as markets are the object of the arrangement, the plan fails entirely if we permit our neighbours' country to supply us with their goods without restriction, while we are receiving no similar advantages at their hands in the permission to sell to them what we produce. We find our own market restricted by the influx of foreign competing goods, and our difficulty added to by the want of the outflow we are looking for, for our own. We want to have our production enlarged and our people employed. The arrangement hinders both. In starting any factory, we have to assure ourselves of the sources from whence its custom is to flow. If it be one designed only for the supply of home and neighbouring necessities in a community, and if it is also capable of doing this properly and well, there can be no advantage in bringing in goods of the same kind from elsewhere; but, on the contrary, the entire enterprise may be upset by that course. In the case of a local manufacturer who is doing well in supplying a district, and comparing well in his goods and prices with other places, the introduction of goods from far or near to compete with his will make him do worse and not better, for by losing his custom or a part of it, he loses his strength and capability for worthy production. But the establishment may not be doing its best, or may at least be far from competing properly with the general or widely social best in manufacture. In that case it would seem better to replace the establishment or management by what shall be worthier or more capable, than to set two to work to outdo each other and strive who can operate for the most falls for its opponent. If custom increases, two or more can, of course, be set to work. A market may be either too large or too small for a factory, regarding its strength in men and means, but it is often easier to increase the factory than to enlarge the market. A sufficient market secured for the productions of a local factory, the question of prices, buyer and seller being reasonable in their demands, could be fairly arranged between them; but when the market is diminished the profit charge, has to be increased, to enable the producer to live and keep all going out of more limited returns. But a manufactory may be quite of another class than this, and be started on a great scale; and with a view to the production of staple articles demanding large markets to keep the organization alive at all. Here, of course, come in new anxieties and new forms of enterprise. We have to see that as a community whose numbers, and strength and skill have suggested the enterprise, we secure those markets somewhere, and are not deprived of them by excessive imposts in the shape of customs duties in the country to which we carry our goods. The compliment of free access we are willing to return by opening our own markets. For some trades the most advantageous thing would be to have this interchange, because, by their speciality of manufacture, they command to some extent the home market and the foreign one—the same speciality being only restrictive in a small market. Other trades, limited in strength and capital, will often go on best without extension or interference. The less the market, the less can division of labour be sustained. Division of labour expended on the several parts of one production

will sometimes destroy the unity of it by the absence of a combining mind. Divided labour turning out one complete and special article will often yield it in great proportion; but all will depend upon the adaptation of the market and the manufacture to each other,—whether the enterprise be extensive or more humble. It is not sufficient to generalize only on this subject and neglect to take note of the surroundings of each class of manufacturing enterprise.

As it might in some trades be found inconvenient in practice for customers to bind themselves not to purchase for a certain term except of the one manufacturer, the plan of subscription orders for a stated quantity of goods deliverable as required during the year, might take the place of the first arrangement, in the annual session which would be called to adjust the interests of Buyer and Seller.

### THE EASTERN WAR.

By the confession of the *Times* Vienna correspondent, he was mistaken about the powers which had declared their acceptance of the six months' armistice. Neither Austria, France nor Italy had notified the Porte of their adhesion to that proposal, though none had objected. England alone, therefore, took formal action in its favor. The effect of this is that all the powers except England remain in a position to urge the Porte to concede the Russian demands. On the other hand, it seems certain that Russia has not the support of either Germany or Austria in the contemplated movement against Bulgaria. The announcement that the Czarevitch will visit the Courts at Vienna, Berlin and London seems to indicate that Russia is hesitating to act separately. Anyhow, the mission of Colonel Deteshkoff, the Czar's adjutant, to the Emperor of Austria fared no better than that of Gen. Suwarakoff, and the weight of evidence seems to show that the other powers have, like England, taken up an expectant attitude in face of Russia's warlike preparations; for we have also the contradiction of a Russo-Italian alliance from several quarters, including an inspired Reuter despatch from Rome, which says:—Contrary to rumor, Italy, up to the present, maintains an attitude of reserve. Bismarck is still at Varzin; the Emperor of Austria and Count Andrassy are at Pesth, and the Russian Court at Livadia. At Belgrade it is declared that the Czar's return to St. Petersburg will be the signal for the entry of the Russian army into Bulgaria. A special despatch from Vienna to the *Standard* says two large clubs of the Constitutional party in the Austrian Reichsrath, a club of the Left and a club of Progressionists, held a sitting yesterday on the questions to be put to Ministers respecting the attitude of the Government upon the Eastern question. The majority of both clubs declared against any intervention, occupation or annexation whatever. Some objections as to the competency of the Reichsrath in foreign affairs hitherto reserved to the deliberation of Austro-Hungarian delegations, were overruled. In the Servian camp, according to the *Times*' Vienna correspondent, the idea of peace is scouted. Fighting continues before Saitzchar. The Servians under General Doctorff, General Tchernayeff's new chief of staff, are endeavoring to drive the Turks from their position there. The Servians considerably outnumber the Turks, but have not effected anything yet.

Councillor Woods, in Quebec, has moved for Gas Lamps and Life Buoys on the wharves of the city. This is noble, and we look to see the proposal carried out faithfully by the Council. Being human themselves, they must like to save life, as well as to enforce the laws, and the public, who are all interested, hate to be deceived. The improvement, in addition, was brought before the House at Ottawa, by Mr. Cook, M.P., of ladders on the face of wharves, to which, we believe, should be added a few hand-lines festooned, for a rapid grasp by the person unexpectedly immersed in the flood of something that will not give way.

The Department of Agriculture has issued instructions for the guidance of intending exhibitors at the Sydney, New South Wales, Exhibition, in April next.

OVER THE INTERCOLONIAL.

One of the most notable events of the summer was the opening of traffic of the Intercolonial Railway. A number of journalists went over the whole line to study its administration.

Taking his departure from Riviere-du-Loup, the starting point of the Railway, Mr. Hamilton proceeds leisurely from station to station till he reaches St. John and Halifax.

The working force of the Line from Riviere-du-Loup is also furnished, although it does not include the salaries of the highest officers and is intended merely to enable the reader to form an approximate idea of the cost for labor only.

Table with columns: Number of Employees, Nature of Duty, Average Daily Wages, Average Weekly Wages. Rows include Shopmen, Engineers, Station men, and Employees represented in total weekly expenditure.

Mr. Hamilton has supplemented his pamphlet and thereby, in our opinion, more than doubled its value, by two exhaustive papers on the Mineral Resources of New Brunswick and the Mining Industries of Nova Scotia.

Table titled 'GROSS YIELD' showing District and Period, Total Quantity, and Value at \$19 46-6 Canada Currency per oz.

THE FREE LANCE.

The Mills of the Grits grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine.

What is the chief attraction of the Illustrated London News? Its column of Laughing G. A. S.

I am furnished with the following which is the more acceptable that it comes from a lady. What is a marriage certificate? A writ of attachment.

The County of Beauce is still a Pater for the Tories.

The venerable Senators may snooze quietly in their seats. The Sage of Bothwell is muffled.

Lieutenant-Governor Laird has one comfort. He is sure to be long in office.

The Clouds of the Academy of Music were very fine last week, but, alas! they had not a silver lining.

Some people are very irreverent. They call Beaver Hall Hill Butcher's Row.

Nearly every preacher has some peculiarity of expression. One that I know uses the word "beautiful" at least fifty times in every discourse, pronouncing it "bee-utiful."

"Well," was the reply, "I liked it here a little, there a little."

The words did not appear in the next sermon.

A bit of human nature at a book sale.

Two books were put up—Boccaccio's Decameron and the Heptameron of the Queen of Navarre. A young fellow, who was told that they were rather funny books, bid lively for them, and they were knocked down to him.

"Then take your choice quick," said the auctioneer.

"I take the biggest," said the youth.

And snatching his treasure, he sailed out triumphantly.

Now that Prince Edward has lost its seat on the Treasury Bench, it will perhaps seek a place on the Opposition benches. There are lots of room there.

A wag has written "Big Push" on the heavy doors at the new Post Office here.

That is a refreshing notice in a morning paper of a gentleman who announces that he has the greatest pleasure to inform the public in general and his friends in particular of his severance of partnership with So and So.

The other night, when the war news was so exciting, some gentlemen expressed their surprise that England should so persistently side with Turkey. A broker suddenly threw light on the question by saying that there were eleven million sterling bonds which tied the two countries together.

"What right have you Conservatives to call yourselves the party of gentlemen?" asked an indignant Grit of a Tory, the other day.

"Because we have blue blood, of course," was the ready reply.

The Herald says that Mr. Canchon is an "ornamental" piece of Cabinet furniture. If he is ornamental, what must the other pieces be?

EPIHEMERIDES.

There is the history of a curious case of starvation in the last number of that sterling publication, APPLETON'S JOURNAL.

Among the many excellent compositions in the October number of SCRIBNER, the following noble verses may be cited as particularly appropriate at the present time.

While men pay reverence to mighty things, They must reverence these, their blue-structured Isle Of England—not today, but this long while In the front of nations, mother of great kings.

In the next number we are promised a new serial story, "Nicholas Minturn," by the editor, Dr. Holland, who is unquestionably one of the most popular American authors of the time.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY has the trick of occasional strikingly original stories which stamp the success of a number.

One of the principal features of LIPPINCOTT during the present year has been a series of articles entitled, The Century—its Fruits and its Festival.

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"Canada takes upon her shoulders the cause of the mother country and fights her battle well. She fills at the same, it must be said, the place of the bat in the conflict of bird and beast.

That is a refreshing notice in a morning paper of a gentleman who announces that he has the greatest pleasure to inform the public in general and his friends in particular of his severance of partnership with So and So.

The other night, when the war news was so exciting, some gentlemen expressed their surprise that England should so persistently side with Turkey.

The natural history of Canada is illustrated by collections of stuffed quadrupeds and cabinets of stuffed insects, the latter more carefully arranged and labelled than we usually find them.

stuffed quadrupeds and cabinets of stuffed insects, the latter more carefully arranged and labelled than we usually find them.

St. NICHOLAS for November is in full harmony with the Thanksgiving season. "The Owl that Stared," "Borrowing a Grandmother," and "Tinsie's Conclusion," are three admirable Thanksgiving stories.

One of the principal papers in the October GALAXY is based upon the original order book of General Burgoyne, kept during the famous campaign of 1777, which resulted so disastrously to the British at Saratoga.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The statement that Mlle. Abiani will marry Mr. Ernest Gye, the eldest son of the impresario of Covent Garden, was emphatically denied by the lady at the late Birmingham Festival.

The disciples of Wagner in Europe have adopted a "Wagner crayon" as a sort of party badge. It is made of black silk with a flat knot which opens with a spring disclosing a medallion portrait of the Bayreuth master.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt's acting in "Phedre" has convinced the Parisians that she is a great tragic actress. Her power did not appear at the first like Rachel's, but unfolded slowly like the pathetic power of Mrs. Bancroft, of the London stage.

The Manchester critics have been very hard on Mr. Irving and have said all sorts of hard things about his Hamlet—that it is not the Hamlet of Shakespeare, nor one at all worthy of Shakespeare.

MAZZOLINI, a favorite Italian tenor at the Academy N. Y. ten years ago, a singer who had a manly, graceful style of action and a very pleasing voice, is back again in New York with Madame Mazzolini (née Ortolani-Brignoli) and a boy pianist, who is said to be a marvel.

In the midst of a colloquy between Booth and McCullough, as *lops* and *ollies*, in San Francisco, a huge watermelon rolled out from the wings to the centre of the stage, then down the slight incline to the footlights, struck Booth's legs, and finally fell into the orchestra with a thud and a splutter.

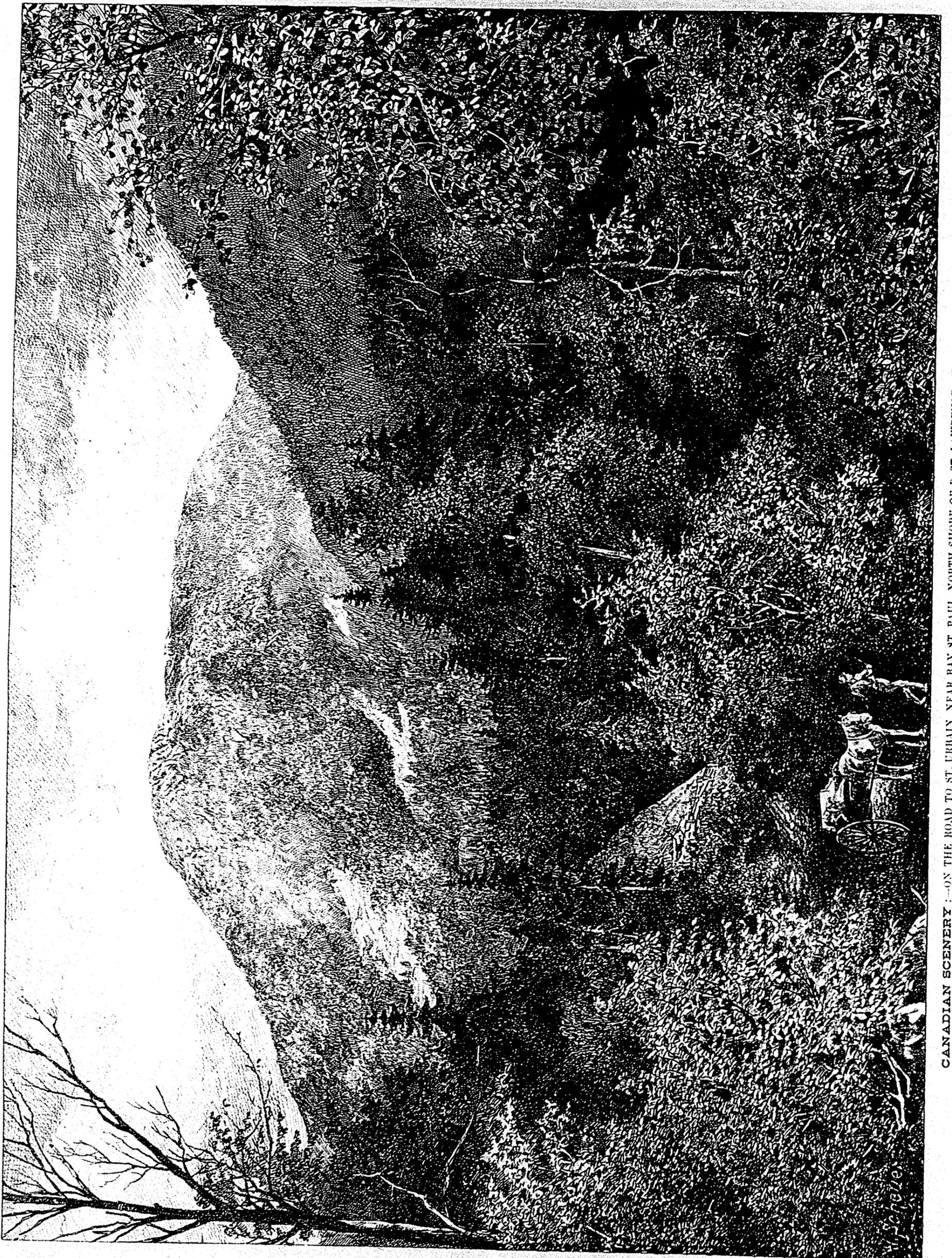
The deficit on the performances of the *Leser Nibelungen* at Bayreuth, amounted to \$15,000, when the corporation of the town has undertaken to pay on condition that the Torology (not Trilogy) shall be repeated next year. The price of admission for the series will be \$25. This year it was \$75, and over \$100,000 was spent by the visitors at Bayreuth during the progress of the performances.

DOMESTIC.

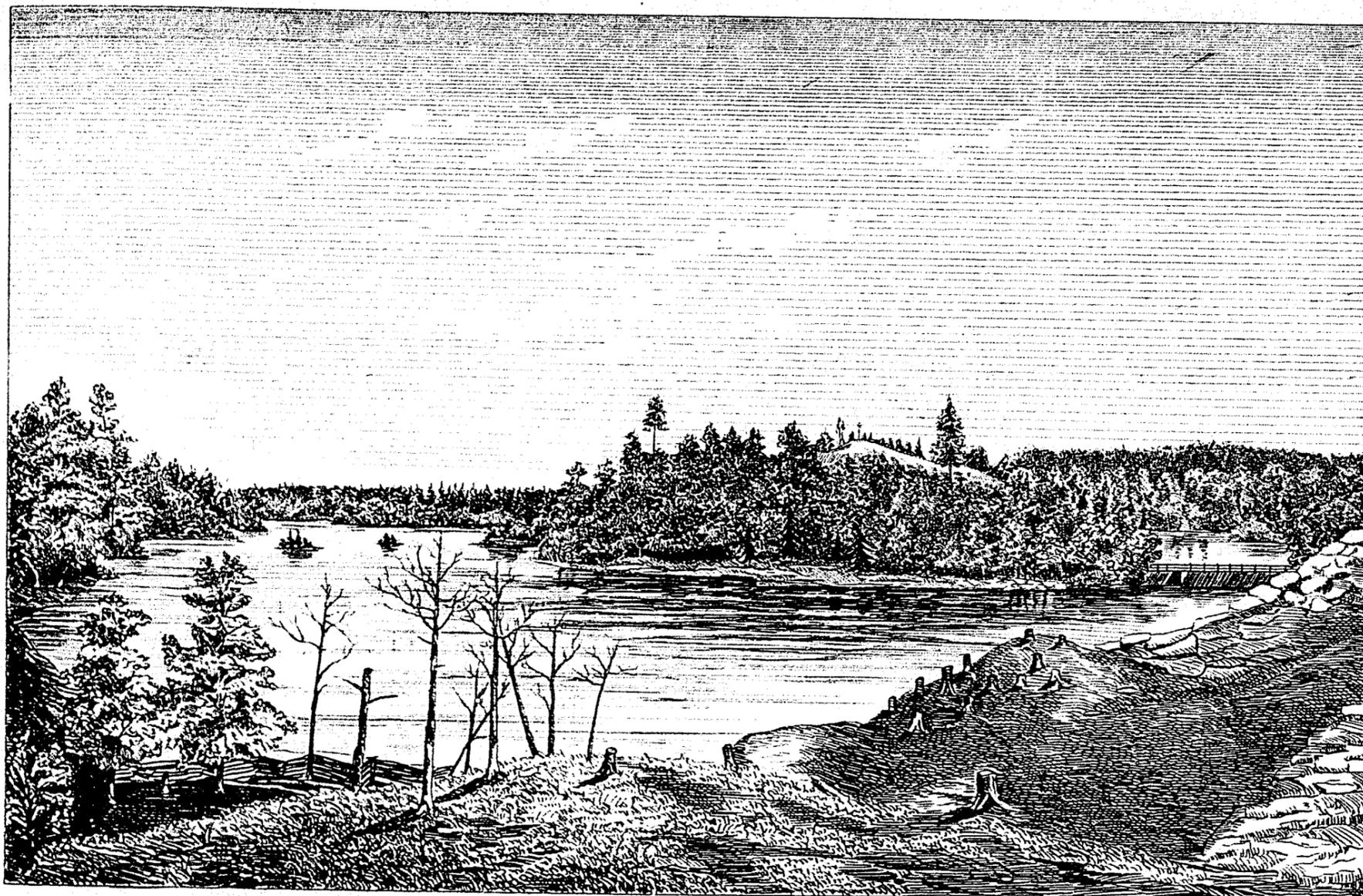
SWEET AND MILK FOR INVALIDS.—Two ounces of mutton suet (that next the kidney is best), cut into small pieces, and simmered in half a pint of water fifteen minutes; then throw the water away, and add to the suet one quart new milk, two ounces loaf-sugar, two drachms cinnamon-bark, quarter ounce isinglass. Simmer for fifteen minutes, strain, and drink lukewarm.

TURMERIC-POT PERLE.—Take a quantity of turmeric, peeled clean and washed, and put them in a saucepan with a little water. When thoroughly done, put them on a hair sieve to drain. When all the water is thoroughly drained from them, pass them through the sieve. Mix in a saucepan a tablespoonful of flour with about one ounce of butter, add the turmeric paste, stir well, put in pepper and salt to taste, and serve hot in a dish garnished with fried sippets of bread.

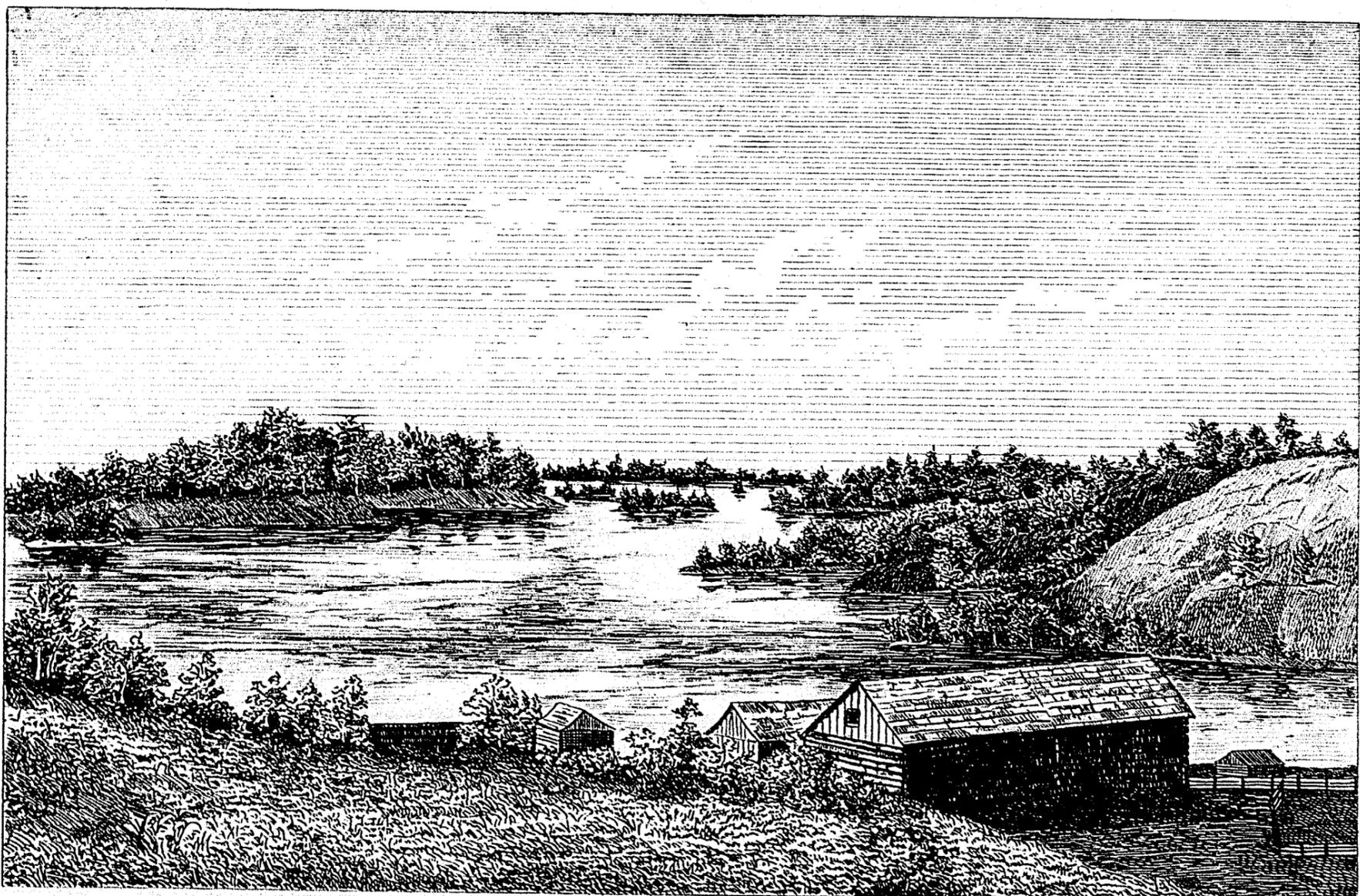
APPLE SAUCE.—If you have a barrel kettle, take thirty gallons of sweet cider, that just from the press is preferred; but it does not to one-third of the quantity, then add altogether about two bushels of pared, quartered and cored sweet apples, about one-third at a time, judging as to the quantity of apples, then stir the whole mass constantly with a long-handled wooden stirrer, reaching down to the bottom; this stirrer must be from four to five inches broad at the bottom, rounded a little to fit the bottom of the kettle, and have half a dozen or more half inch holes bored through it. The mass must be kept boiling and stir until the whole is reduced to say one-half of the original quantity of cider assumes a dark color, and is perfectly smooth and palatable. For this purpose samples should from time to time be taken out and tasted. When done it should be put in jars, well tied over with paper, and placed in a cool place. Otherwise it may "work" and lose a great deal of its value.



CANADIAN SCENERY :—ON THE ROAD TO ST. URBAIN, NEAR BAY ST. PAUL, NORTH SHORE OF R. ST. LAWRENCE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.



CROW LAKE.



BOB'S LAKE.—FROM ANDERSON'S FARM.

THE LAKES OF FRONTENAC.—FROM SKETCHES BY ARTHUR W. MOORE.

## SONNET.

What makes a hero? Can it be the doing  
Of some wild deed, to which a nation turns  
The lightning of her eye, that ever burns  
Brighter to view a son's impetuous wooing.  
And winning of the fame he held in sight,  
Regardless of the pain it may have cost.  
Careless of aught that others may have lost.  
So that his iron heel but tread the height  
To which unnumbered straining eyes are turned;  
And by whose tortuous paths, sweet lives unknown  
Have gone to glory, ere their ears had learned  
The praise late carved on monumental stone?  
Or is it walking the stern path of duty  
That makes a hero's manliest, holiest beauty?

Montreal, October 1876. BARRY DANF.

## DOG LANE.

It would be easy to find a prettier name for a historical thoroughfare than Dog Lane, but there is no reason for believing that any more sweetly sounding appellation would add anything to the natural beauties of the road I have undertaken to historicize to-day, or remove from it any of the associations that have clung to it for centuries, and which appear to be destined to hang about it until the spirit of Quebec iconoclasts shall sweep it away from the knowledge of man for ever. Though few may know it, Dog Lane is one of the few remaining memorable streets of New France. With the exception of Sault-au-Matelot street, Mountain Hill, Notre-Dame and Buade streets, it is without a peer in Canadian history. Yet outside of a few who busy themselves occasionally with intervals of antiquarian study, there are few citizens of Stadacona who are aware of its existence, or ever bother themselves with thinking of it.

Dog Lane was a thoroughfare designed by nature. Long before a European sail whitened the waters of the St. Lawrence, the aborigines crept along its rocky side from the village of Stadacona to the base of the cliff to fish and hunt. The St. Charles, in the years before the artifice of man had dammed its flow and checked its outlet, washed the foot of the rocks now crested by the *cuculate* of modern Quebec. The Palais and the properties of St. Paul street formed part of the delta of the river, and the tide rose high above points now crowded with habitations. The mills and factories along this busy road stand on soil that, less than a century ago, was covered with water, and the only access between St. Roch's and the Lower Town, which then ended with St. James street, was by Dog Lane. It was, in fact, an old Indian gateway, and had been for centuries; probably it never was wide; to-day it is a narrow gut lined with tenement houses, and generally fluttering with linen hung out to dry. It is the region of cheap boarding houses and hotels, junk shops and whiskey and oyster cellars. Here is the happy abode of the bateau-man, and the smell of soup boiling and tallow rendering is ever fresh. The rising cliff in the back ground affords ample pasture to the goat, and the volunteer scavenger of Quebec, the swine, has undisputed possession of the roadway. Shunned by the rich, uncovered by the middle classes, uninviting to the poor, it offers special advantages to a floating population, to whom cheapness is an essential, and the lack of a stringent moral code no appreciable deterrent.

To reach Dog Lane from the Upper Town, you must pass through Hope Gate. Hope Gate now forms part of some building or other in Quebec, if the stone has not been broken up for road metal. All that remains of it now, that I am aware of, is the keystone, which you can see any day behind a bale of paper in the *Chronicle* office. This gate, it may be remarked *en passant*, was constructed in 1786, at the cost of the French population, who required a ready means of communication with the Palais. In the roads of those days, it was no joke to have to depend upon Palace Gate, and the conduct of General Hope, in granting a site for a gate, was very highly appreciated. It was regarded as a great blessing at the time, and the pediment bore the following inscription:

HENRICO HOPE

Capitulum Duce et Provincie Subprefecto.

Protegentis et adjacentis

Extracta

Georgio III Rege Nostro

Anno XXVI et salutis 1786.

Hope Gate commanded an imposing bluff crowned by a powerful block-house. The covered way of the ramparts was completely enfiladed, and the position from a military point of view was a very strong one. The hill leading down to St. Charles street and the harbour of the Palais is yet named the "Cannoterie," a sufficiently suggestive one. All around arises the mighty rock forming the amphitheatre upon which Quebec proper is built, and at the base of this rock Dog Lane runs. It is hard to say whence came the English origin of the name. The French name is *Petite-Rue Sault-au-Matelot*. As Sault-au-Matelot street proper is supposed to derive its appellation from the dog Matelot which committed suicide by jumping over the cliff, it is probable that its absurd excess of sentiment has had something to do with the lane I celebrate. Dog Lane, as I have explained, was the only means of ready connexion between St. Roch's and the Lower Town. Then the General Hospital was considered to be removed a tremendous distance from the capital. When the Intendant's Palace was regarded as a walk or drive not to be inconsiderately undertaken, when St. Roch's was an outlying hamlet, Dog Lane was not despised. The mud and slush of

the St. Charles dashed against the rock and threatened red heeled shoes and silk stockings, but the foot way at the base of the cliff was preferable to the steep hill, and the trudging and stumbling across the weary squares along the narrow streets, and through the woods of the Upper Town and the suburbs. Besides, it was easy to get a boat at the landing, and move up the St. Charles, or along the piers of the St. Lawrence to the residences of the aristocrats in Sault-au-Matelot street, and the military notabilities in the neighbourhood of Notre-Dame de la Victoire. Here was, if we are to believe some manuscript correspondence of the time, a favourite flirtation ground, a sort of "Lover's Mill." Where a tobacco factory flaunts its head brazenly, was a ground almost sacred to the settlement of little points of honour among the noblesse of the day, requiring the handling of swords, and all that sort of nonsense. More than once, on a fine morning, has a dashing gentleman been found lying stark in the damp sand, with a blue triangular hole through his body, and teeth gritting over a crimson foam, drying ugly upon his moustache. The place was convenient and gentlemen who had disputes to be regulated were not backward in using it. Coroners' inquests were unnecessary arrangements in a society where every man of birth was the guardian of his own honour, and when the post was, according to the prevalent opinion on the subject of honour, no sinecure to a person of spirit and temper. The French *gentilhomme* of the pre-conquest era was indeed a thorough going individual, in the matter of fighting. No other employment afforded him so much genuine and unsophisticated satisfaction. If he could not have a feast of it with some friend at home, he went to look for it outside. It must be admitted that outside he generally found enough to do. The New England Puritans kept him tolerably busy. With them he fought on the religious and national basis. He took up the crucifix, rallied his Indian allies, and went to work with a will that many a family on the dividing line yet remembers. Swooping down upon hamlet and village, he marked his course with fire and blood, and returned from the massacre of the English to the enjoyment of court life, with the consciousness of having discharged a duty due alike to his faith and to his king. And New England retaliated, whenever opportunity offered, with sufficient effectiveness to make the account about an even one.

They had a rather hard time of it in Quebec in the first-third of the eighteenth century and Dog Lane had its share to bear. They had inundations, earthquakes and famines. The St. Charles rose and swept everything before it. The loss was immense. Famine visited the city in 1720-30, and hardly had a little bit of prosperity set in than a visitation of small-pox, in 1733, devastated the struggling community. In the absence of vaccination and under the medical atrocity known as the "sweating process" the sufferings of the victims of the loathsome disease may be imagined. But the famine was worst of all, as Garneau tells us in his history most pathetically.

The intensity of the distress was such that the Government had to intervene on behalf of the starving people. Various expedients were resorted to, but the one which was productive of the most beneficial and lasting results, was the building of the *Digue du Palais*. This was a long river wall along the St. Charles, forming a dock in which a hundred vessels might be safely moored. It gave employment and pay to large numbers, and as time was not of much account to people who had no other means of reaching relief from the gnawing pains of hunger, it was well and solidly constructed. The *Digue* may be regarded as the beginning of the made land of the district. It arrested the pour of solid matter from the St. Charles, and helped the deposit higher up which has added so much territory to St. Roch's. It paved the way for the laying out of St. Paul street, and proved its efficiency more than a century later, by providing a gradual accretion of matter for the extension of the Lower Town. The longjetty, that owed its origin to the hungry stomachs of the inhabitants of Quebec in 1730, existed for very many years, and it was only obliterated in its original form as the requirements of commerce demanded more accommodation than the narrow strip of coast afforded. Wharves and docks have since been constructed, factories innumerable line the road, a gas-house rears its counter-saturated head above the extremity of the pier, and the terminus of the North Shore Railway now occupies a considerable portion of the territory upon which so much finished toil was expended. Dog Lane flourished in this period, and houses grew all along its tortuous length. The narrow footway originally traced out by Indian feet, assumed proportions of breadth that were not to be despised by people whose ideas of roominess were based upon French home models. What was good enough in France was good enough for Quebec, and when we remember that Hospital street was once considered an extravagantly spacious thoroughfare, let us sneer be cast because in Dog Lane there was no possibility of swinging a cat around at arms' length with safety to the cat. French taste in the early portion of the eighteenth century did not run in the way of using up real estate for streets of inordinate width, and Dog Lane was laid out gradually in strict accordance with that taste and the teachings of custom. Quite a population sprung up. Here dwelt the families of the hardy boatmen and those who worked the vessels trading between Quebec, Tadoussac and the Gulf, and the courageous

fellows who penetrated the country of the Great Lakes. They were a tough, fighting lot of people, always ready for an emergency and when the emergency rose, to smash it over the head, to use the sense of one of the late Mr. A. Ward's remarks. Whenever danger threatened they were on hand, willing to do their part toward settling the difficulty. Whether Iroquois swooped down, bent upon scalps and plunder, or English invaders like Phipps came along, the populace of this district was prepared to see the business through, and that they bore their part respectably, contemporary history attests. Speaking of Phipps, and that expedition which the New England people fitted out, it is proper to say that, in 1690, Dog Lane was a busy place. When that attack along the St. Charles was made, it echoed to the tread of the gallant defenders, and though the fighting was principally in the other side of the river, the Lane had to be called into requisition, and it furnished no insignificant portion of the combative material. Seventy years later, when France and England were engaged in a life and death struggle for the sovereignty of the North American continent, Dog Lane bore its part. In all the campaigning along the banks of the St. Charles—a dark and bloody ground—as a means of communication it was found of incalculable value to the defence, and it had to bear its own share of the destruction of the siege, though, from its position, it was enabled to escape much of the fire of the vessels in the stream.

One hundred and one years ago, this day (18th October), or sixteen years and a month after the battle of the Plains of Abraham, Dog Lane bestirred itself into more than ordinary activity. The American Congress had despatched an army into Canada, and before it every fortified place, Tiouderoga, Crown Point, St. John, Chambly, Montreal, Sorel and Three Rivers, had succumbed. Quebec alone stood out, and upon it were marching the hosts of the revolted Colonies. Benedict Arnold came down the Kennebec and the Chaudiere in two hundred batteaux, and after reconnoitering about Point Levis for a day, he crossed the river at night, eluding the vigilance of the two British men-of-war, the *Lizard* and the *Hunter*, and effected a landing at the very spot Wolfe had struck the night before the decisive combat with Montcalm. Following the footsteps of the mighty chieftain, he found his way to the crest of the hill, marched down, though saluted by a gun from old Mr. Thompson, which dissipated all preconceived ideas of a willingness on the part of the Quebecers to listen to the blandishments of the liberators who came with fire and sword to demonstrate the principle that every man is born free and equal, with an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The gates did not fly open as Colonel Arnold expected they would, and the 24-pounder shot of Mr. Thompson demonstrated the fact that there was not much likelihood of a cheery welcome. The "Bastonnais," therefore, after possessing themselves of General Murray's house on the Ste. Foye Road, and the General Hospital, sat down before Quebec, and by placing guards along the roads, prepared to starve it into compliance, while waiting the arrival of the army of General Montgomery. Arnold's force was ridiculously small, some 700 all told, and it is a marvel to this day, why General Carleton did not attempt to dislodge him from St. Roch's. He had 1,800 men under his command, all full of fighting humor. Yet he allowed the Americans to take possession of every house near the walls, and to keep up the perpetual annoyance of a rifle fire upon the British sentries. They had possession of the Intendant's Palace, just at the foot of the hill leading from Palace Gate, and the building had to be destroyed by a cannonade in order to dislodge them. To tell the story of the investment of Quebec by the Continental force would be a tedious task; indeed it has been too frequently related to require any further treatment in detail. I will just deal with Dog Lane's share of the business.

The plan of the supreme attack, the project of a regular siege having been found impossible, was that Montgomery and Arnold should advance simultaneously with their commands from their respective bases and meet at the foot of Mountain Hill, so as force Prescott Barrier. Montgomery had to advance along the Coves; Arnold's way led from the General Hospital along St. Charles street, and necessarily through Dog Lane. Now, Mr. Thompson, Overseer of Works, had made both routes particularly difficult. He had palisaded the line from Palace Gate, projected a bastion in which he constructed a blockhouse, which made a good defence, while he blocked up the windows of the houses in the extremities of the Lower Town leaving only loop holes for musketry, in case the St. Lawrence should freeze across. He protected the lower end of Sault-au-Matelot street, then an aristocratic quarter, and his arrangements were such that, with an efficient force to man the defenses, there was small hope of overcoming them without a severe struggle. Cape Diamond was well protected also, by palisades and blockhouses. Montgomery's route was defended as completely as the one Arnold had to take, and the consequence of the precautions of the worthy engineer was the salvation of the city. Every one knows of the fatal march of the commander of the American forces that terrible night of the 31st December, 1776. The garrison had been made aware of the attempted storming of the fortress, and every preparation was made to meet him. At *Pres-*

*de-Ville* all approach to the city was cut off by a three gun battery, and as the head of the invading column appeared in the grey dawn, it spoke out. Sergeant Hugh McQuarters did his work well. The column was broken, the General killed, and the enemy retreated before a disastrous fire.

Arnold came along from the General Hospital, and by five o'clock in the morning he was well on his way to join his commander. The snow storm through which he had to struggle was a brutal one, and his progress was necessarily slow, but still he was on time, for as he neared Palace Gate, the feat ordered to be made on the Upper Town from the batteries near St. John's Gate, was commenced, and so he pushed along to Dog Lane. Here he met the little obstructions that Mr. Thompson's foresight had placed in his path. The jutting rock which is crowned now by far heavier and more useless ornament than in that day, had been taken advantage of by the sagacious engineer, and the first barrier of two guns opposed the way. Arnold had a battery of artillery with him too, and he was so favoured by the storm, and probably by the racket of the feat beginning around St. John's Gate that he reached the barrier without being discovered, and immediately opened his attack. There was no child's play about Dog Lane that morning. The defenders were plucky and determined to hold the post; Arnold was bent upon effecting a junction with his chief, and it was only after an hour's hard fighting that he induced them to consider that he was strong enough to force his way through. In the discussion the Colonel was shot in the knee, and had to be carried off to the General Hospital. When the detachment got to the second barrier, clear through Dog Lane, there was some severe fighting. Here there was another of Mr. Thompson's batteries, extending across the ends of St. Peter and Sault-au-Matelot streets. The hangars were mounted with cannon; from loop holes there was a continual blaze of musketry. The resistance of the garrison was of the most determined character, and the invaders became convinced, as their ranks thinned under the fire, that there was little hope of storming new ideas of independence and equality into the Canadian and British mind. Their troubles only began here. General Carleton, as day light wore on, saw how things stood, and ordered a powerful sortie from Palace Gate to take the Americans in the rear, and then the tussle began in sober, though freezing, earnest. Up and down Dog Lane the fight raged for two mortal hours. The "Bastonnais" fought most valiantly. Not until all hope was lost did they surrender themselves to British arms. The harvest of death in Dog Lane on New Year's morning, 1776, was a heavy one indeed. About one hundred American, and nineteen British killed and wounded were gathered from its narrow roadway.

How Montgomery's corpse was found and buried in the ramparts, how Arnold lay wounded in the General Hospital, cursing his evil fortune, and holding a loaded pistol ready to blow his brains out with in the event of the advance of the English, the incidents of the protracted blockade, the precipitate retreat and the ultimate evacuation of Canada, do not belong to this history.

I am not aware that there is much more of historical interest attaching to Dog Lane. During the rebellion of 1837-38, it was a rather closely watched locality. The "Blanket Corps" never trusted it, neither does any detective to-day. I am sorry to believe that it has degenerated. In its cellars burrow many dishonest beggars and many professional thieves. The police authorities of Quebec instinctively look to Dog Lane whenever the scent of an individual "wanted" is lost, and generally with some degree of success. The ruffians in search of excitement turn in here, and find, as a rule, more of it than is good for either his person or his pocket. The bateau-man on a jamboree may here be relieved of his hoarded dollars with a dexterity unrivalled in the Quebec suburbs, while as for the roving, tipsy waman, Heaven help him if he has no friends to look after him. It cannot be said that a moral code exists to any appreciable degree in the Dog Lane of to-day. Morality of any kind would be a superfluity interfering with the successful transaction of business, consequently it is a luxury not indulged in, though every day is washing day in the locality.

Dog Lane is, on the whole, a lane which did its best to acquire a history in days when history was made with wonderful rapidity. In this age the Quebec public residing in its locality is more interested in the price of fish and the condition of the old junk market, than in the contemplation of the movements of the roaring outside world. Its reputation was made a century ago, and is now forgotten, and there is no hope if its ever retrieving respectability. It is a dirty, dilapidated, wet-clothes-hung, thief and beggar sheltering, and grace deserted thoroughfare, which no one wants ever to see more than once.

W. LESLIE THOM.

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

HEARTH AND HOME.

**NO BASTER.**—Remember that the talent of turning people into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the gratification of small minds and ungenerous tempers. A young person with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. So said Addison, long ago, and it is as true to-day.

**SUCCESS.**—The fear of not succeeding, and the impression of this fear, often occasion too great an impetuosity in the pursuit of an enterprise. When circumspection and foresight regulate and govern our plans, apprehension is more than half overcome; but whenever doubts are entertained of success, everything is decided on in hot haste and without discretion.

**ORNAMENT.**—The love of ornament creeps slowly, but surely, into the female heart. A girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily were fadeless, and the stream a mirror. We say let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love to ornament in due moderation.

**ORDER.**—If you go into a dwelling and behold order and neatness and taste in arrangement, you see the disposition of the tenants indicated by these material things. If you see uncleanliness, untidiness, and disorder, you do not simply see filth and a want of order—you see a mind that was not pained by disorder and uncleanliness. If you see, on the other hand, beauty and attractiveness, you do not see these alone, but through them you perceive the mind that arranged them.

**OLD MAIDS.**—Many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns, "she is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kind and humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the application of "old maid." In short, we have always found that neatness, modesty, economy and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of "an old maid."

**FRIENDSHIP.**—There is no word that is more lightly used than the word "friend," and there is no sphere so difficult to fill as that of friendship. For the most part, friendship is regarded either as a matter of sentiment or as a matter of selfishness. In youth we regard it sentimentally and romantically. Woe be to the young woman or young man who has not some poetic thought of the greatness, the beauty, and the desirableness of true friendship! And alas for men when life has satisfied them by its strivings and its attractions that there is no such thing as friendship! Alas for them when they have worn off the gilt and found nothing but brass in the coin which in youth passed with them for gold!

**THE REARING OF CHILDREN.**—If any one has reared children, and inducted them safely into manhood in the midst of dangers that multiplied about them, and the troubles that beset them, and the temptations that surround them, and the liabilities to evil that contest their way, he must be strangely insensible, in looking back upon his household, if he be not overwhelmed with a sense of the multitudinousness of God's mercies. A man may do many things in this world that are deserving of praise, but there are few things that he can do that are more deserving of praise than, dying, to leave his name with a family of children who shall more than fill his place, and who shall maintain virtue and intelligence and good habits throughout their lives.

**A GIRL THAT IS "FINISHED."**—Josh Billings gives the following: My dear Gertrude.—You tell me that you have been 2 years at boarding-school, and have just finished your education, and want to know what you shall do next. Listen, my gushing Gertrude, and I will tell you. Get up in the morning in good season, go down into the kitchen, seize a potatoe by the throat with one hand and a knife with the other, skin a potatoe and a dozen more just like it, stir up the buckwheat batter, look into the oven and see how the bisket are doing, bustle around generally, step on the cat's tail, and help yute good mother get breakfast. After breakfast put up the young children's luncheon for skool, help to wash the dishes, sweep sum, put things in order sumtimes during the day, nit at least 2 inches and a half on sum 1 of your brother's little blue woollen stockings for next winter. In other words, go to work and make yourself useful, become ornamental, and if you have any time left after the beds are all made, and the chamber righted, pitch into the piano and make the old rattle-box scream with music. Do this for 1 year, and sum likely young fellow in the neighbourhood will hear of it, and begin to hang around you, and say sweeter things than ever you heard before, and will finally give you a chance to keep house on yure own hook. You follow my advice Gerly, and see if he don't.

**FALLING IN LOVE.**—There is nothing—no moral or intellectual phenomena—more strange than falling in love. What is it; whence it originates; how it is brought about; these things are among the hidden mysteries of our nature.

A girl has reached the age of eighteen; a young man that of twenty-one. They have lived at home; travelled a little; pursued their studies; attended parties, and been a good deal in the society of other young people; yet they

never took a very deep interest in anything particular; neither of them ever cared very much for any other person.

They meet, and lo! of a sudden, all is changed! Each sees the other in a different light from what any other was ever seen in; the whole world seems changed. Life itself is changed; their whole being is changed, to be like what it was, again, nevermore!

Love is often as sudden as this, but not always. Sometimes it is of very slow growth. Persons have known each other for years, and been much in each other's society, and been intimate all this time, but never thinking of a tie stronger than friendship; when some incident or event—a temporary parting, or the intervention between them of a third person, friend or stranger—reveals to them, for the first time, the great truth that they are mutually in love! Yet this love springing up gradually and imperceptibly, is no less mysterious and unathomable than that which is sudden and at first sight. It is not mere friendship grown strong; it is a more absorbing, more violent, more uncontrollable sentiment.

Whether a person can fall in love more than once is a moot question. Some people appear to fall in love many times. It is not unusual to see widowers, who have been very devoted husbands, marry again and seem to love the second wife just as well as the first.

**WIDOWS.**—Winter-kept apples, seasoned wine, a clouded meerschaum, a vase around which the scent of roses still hangs, all these have a rare, ripe, evanescent flavor that suggests, but cannot express, the charm of a widow. A young widow is perhaps, the most interesting object in nature—or in art. She represents experience without its wrinkles or its grey hairs. She has maternally beauty and maidenly freedom combined. She is grief with a laughing eye—sorrow in a house of festival—a silver moon in a sable cloud. She is too sweet for anything! Like all good things she can only be created at a great sacrifice. Mrs. Browning says that a man must be pretty thoroughly spoiled before he can leave a widow. This black swan—the mournful Phoenix—rises only out of the funeral urn that hurls the ashes of a husband's heart.

Let us wipe away the briny tear and proceed. **Prædite Pictædles.** Poets, statesmen, heroes, and philosophers, have each felt the undefinable influence of widowhood. Its quality is not sustained. It falls alike upon the just and unjust. Edward Plantagenet married the widow Elizabeth Grey, though he knew she brought civil war as her dowry. Ned Walker, Joe Addison, Sam Johnson, George Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, John Wesley, Tony Weller, Ben Disraeli, and all the boys married widows. Henry VIII. was so fond of them that he took two, and King David was so pleased with Abigail, the widow of Nabal, whom he took to wife, that he turned Bathsheba into a widow on purpose to marry her. When Judith ceases her cogitations over the virtues of the late lamented Manasses of Bethulia, puts off her mourning and adorns herself in brave attire to set out for the camp of Holofernes, we feel instinctively that she will come back with his heart, his crown, or head, whichever she goes for. When the old widow Naomi counsels the young widow Ruth how to lay her snares in the harvest fields of her kinsman, and spring her net on the threshing floor, we know at once that the wealthy bachelor Boaz might as well order the wedding garments. Allan Ramsay wrote a song telling how to woo a widow. He might as well have left directions how to get struck with lightning.

THE INTERIOR OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

II.

NIGHT WORK.

The work on a morning newspaper is done almost wholly at night. At least all the writing and the setting are. In the forenoon hardly anybody turns up. At noon the members of the staff drop in, one after the other, to receive their orders. Then the local reporters saunter forth upon their afternoon tramps, to pick up "items" on the street, as the herborist does weeds by the wayside or lichens on grey walls. The stenographers go off to meetings. The commercial editor smells around the warehouses and the customs offices. The shipping editor wanders along the quays, improving his knowledge of rigging, and bending occasionally to filch a pinch of sugar from the bung-hole of a hogshred. The financial editor looks in unconcernedly on brokers' shops and the stock exchange. The political editor hobnobs with leading members of the "party" at the post-office corner, or in the suspicious neighbourhood of hotels. About the only man who remains in the office is the paraphraser or "scissors," and he is found in a corner of his den, near the murky, cob-webbed window, looking disconsolate, like Eurcladus, under a mountain of exchanges.

Evening comes on and the scene suddenly alters. The old office is illuminated from top to bottom, and blazes forth like the beacon of light which it pretends to be. A cheerful hum of animation circles through its corridors. The click of printers' metal keeps time with the boom of the engines in the caverns. The "boys" come trooping in burdened with matter. Like the children of Israel, "going they went and wept, casting their seed, but coming they come with exultation, laden with golden grain." Hats are stuck on pegs, coats are flung on the backs of chairs, unsized paper is spread out, H. B. pencils are produced, and away they go.

Reader, did you never see a newspaper man write? Then you never saw a lightning express train. The pencil fairly flies over the paper, scarcely touching it except at the foot of a page, or the close of an article, and then it comes down with a heavy scientific flourish of exultation. Pens are seldom or never used, because the dipping for ink is regarded as a serious loss of time. The journalist has to be in a hurry, for the printer's foreman is always down upon him, like the Scriptural lion seeking whom he may devour. So soon as one little slip of paper is covered, it is whipped away into the composing room and fed out to the greedy men, who are ever clamorous for "copy." Correctness of statement and elegance of style are essential to the newspaper writer, but they must be called to speed. All the brilliant paragraphs which you admire, all the rhetorical sentences, all the epigrammatic sayings, all the sparkling anecdotes, must be struck off with the rapidity of the Virgilian arrow, which scattered gems of light while it whistled towards its goal, *signatam vias*. The journalist who writes an article, as Sam Weller wrote his valentine, with head bobbed on one side and tongue lolling out of his mouth, will never do. I have kept four printers going for two hours at a stretch and beat them at the end, by a length, during which interval I have mounted my chair, brandished the stump of my pencil, and, with the jubilation of Marnion, shouted victory!

The newspaper man is not only alert. He is generally cheerful. In the midst of a doleful, scientific composition, he will as likely as not hum "Champagne Charlie," or "The Girl I Left Behind Me." At the acme of a pathetic description, he will stop a brief moment to sharpen his pencil and indulge in a laugh that rings through the building. More than once I have heard the stenographer mutter humorous groans over the "old duffer," whose speech he was writing out. And the newspaper writer smokes. He should not drink, but he has to enjoy either his cigar or his pipe. That keeps up his spirits, while it soothes his nerves.

Admirable is the combination of work thus performed in the four initial hours of the night. At eight, the paper may be said to be a blank sheet, if you except the standing advertisements. At twelve, its twenty-eight, thirty-two, or thirty-six columns are filled up, barring the space reserved to the latest despatches which come in at that hour. In that brief interval of time, many delicate brains have thought out, many deft hands have written down, and other skilful fingers have set in type, the voluminous matter which, by early morn, will be scattered far and wide, over city and country, by the wings of the giant presses. The world knows not of the magnitude of the labour, as it complacently reads the printed sheet at the breakfast table. It little reck of the drain on fibre, nerve and muscle which the journal of its choice entails. But I will not moralize on this point, for the world is selfish, and none know it better than newspaper men.

Midnight sounds and the toil is pretty well over. The dramatic critic may come in from the theatre, humming an operatic bar in the corridor, or striking a tragic attitude at the threshold of his room, preparatory to praising or blasting the actor of the play, as his humour may dictate. But his task is soon over. Then the hats and coats are donned, the gas is turned down, the last cigar is lighted, "good night, old fellow," is exchanged on all sides, and the weary men make off to their roosts in the narrow streets up town. Silence reigns in the office, the printers close their forms quietly, and in the editorial rooms only the solemn night editor, mooning over his midnight despatches, sits, like Poe's raven, with "his shadow on the floor."

ALMAVIVA.

THE LAKES OF FRONTENAC.

Very few of our readers—we will venture to assert—are aware of what a beautiful lake region lies a little to the north of Kingston. We therefore purpose presenting to our readers a few sketches (which will appear from time to time as our space admits) of this interesting part of the Dominion and commence with a sketch of White Lake which is situated in Bedford Township and within four miles of the Kingston and Pembroke Railway. This lake, as its name implies, is of a crystal clearness, having a white sandy bottom. The principal fish to be caught in it are salmon trout and Oswego bass. But perhaps the most important of the Bedford group of lakes is Bob's Lake, which is notorious for the excellence and abundance of its pickerel, that fish being obtained in weight varying from 5 to 20 lbs. White pike, black bass, and fish of the smaller species are to be found in great quantities. The scenery of Bob's Lake is magnificent, but on account of the eccentricity of its contour it is difficult to obtain an extended view at any one point. Its chief beauty lies in the number and bold appearance of its islands and the intricate and tortuous course of its main shores which renders it a most romantic puzzle to the explorer. Crow Lake—which is separated from Bob's Lake by a government dam—is also famous for its fish, black bass predominating. Upon its shores also is to be found abundance of game both of beasts and birds. Christie's Lake, which lies in the township of South Sherbrooke is remarkable for its iron mines and the number and beauty of its islands. It is reached from Bob's Lake by portaging at Curry's Mills and the Government dam and descending the Tay river which passes through a very charming country

—quite English in its aspect. The sportsmen will find plenty to do here by fishing during the summer months and shooting during the fall—for ducks, pigeons, partridge and deer abound in this region. By crossing the country a short distance of five miles from Anderson's farm on Bob's Lake and going to the village of Fernoy, the sportsman will find himself in the centre of a great fishing and sporting region. Wolfe Lake, or Upper Rideau, as it is sometimes called, lies at the foot of the village and is a good sporting lake, being noted for deer during the season. About a mile from Fernoy in a southerly direction lies Canoe Lake, a wild and romantic sheet of water, swarming with fish, and whose precipitous and rocky shores crowned with huge trees presents a grand and picturesque appearance. At the southern extremity of this lake there is a small portage, by crossing which the traveller enters into Desert Lake, remarkable also for the diversity of its scenery. Like Bob's Lake it has many windings and is dotted with islands. By pursuing a southerly course you come to Mud Lake—which is a regular breeding place for ducks and geese on account of the forest of woods which grow there, and further on to other lakes among which is Knowlton, no less remarkable for the beauty of its scenery than the plentitude of its fish and duck. By leaving Desert Lake to the north you enter a creek which brings you to Birch Lake where can be seen a natural cavern.

In a geological point of view these lakes are highly interesting and no doubt in the course of time, as the country becomes developed, many more rich deposits of iron, lead, copper, phosphates, etc., will be discovered.

For many years these lakes have been visited annually by a few knowing ones for the purpose of fishing and shooting, the general public being left in ignorance of the excellent sport that can be obtained there. Since the building of the Kingston and Pembroke Railway however, the access to them being easier, their solitudes are broken by the occasional presence of tourists and sportsmen from afar.

Nearly every species of fresh fish can be found—some of enormous size—in these lakes, while the woods and hills on every side abound with game of all descriptions, from the bear to the partridge.

Farm houses are scattered throughout the lake region, and sportsmen will find no difficulty in obtaining lodging accommodation should they prefer it to camping out.

TWO QUERIES.

A lady correspondent from Toronto, having read the interesting article on New England Ferns, in a late number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, asks us whether we could give her the address of any firm either in Canada or the States, who would buy pressed ferns or maple leaves. She has opportunities of gathering any quantity of most beautiful specimens during the season. "Knowing from experience the obliging character of editors in general" she ventures to send another question, whether we could give her the address of a manufactory in Canada where the services of a painter on china would be required. An answer to these inquiries from any of our readers would be welcome.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

The Orangemen of Ottawa district will march in procession on the fifth of November.

Fur dealers of the upper Ottawa report the supply of fur plentiful, but prices very low.

A tunnel to cost \$50,000, under Wellington Crossing, Montreal, is under consideration by the G. T. R.

SOME of the volunteer officers at Montreal are talking of raising a regiment in the event of an Eastern war.

The Bank of Montreal has a capital and surplus of \$17,000,000—the largest of any bank on the continent.

The London Hour thinks there are few countries in the world that have maintained their financial credit as well as Canada.

The water the in Ottawa has begun to rise and the mills are cutting large quantities of cuts and deals to which there is an excellent demand at present.

The Bishop of Rupert's Land is to be the Metropolitan of a new ecclesiastical province including the diocese of Rupert's Land, Monsony, Athabaska, and Saskatchewan.

It is said to be the intention of the Ontario Government with the minerals and other productions now on exhibition at Philadelphia, to open a museum to illustrate the natural resources of Ontario.

PERSONAL.

Lieut.-Gov. Laird has left for the Province of Keewatin.

His Honor Judge Burrows, of Frontenac, has suffered a relapse.

Dr. Tupper has taken up his residence permanently in Toronto.

David Mills, M. P. for Bothwell, has been appointed to the vacant portfolio in the Dominion Cabinet.

Mr. Molineux St. John, of the Globe, has been appointed to Shrievalty of the new Northwest Territories.

The Dominion election in Beauce has been decided in favor of Mr. Boldue by a small majority. Everything passed off peaceably.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has left Toronto for New York en route for England accompanied by his wife. It is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Smith to spend the winter in Italy after a brief stay in England; they expect to return to Canada in about eight months.



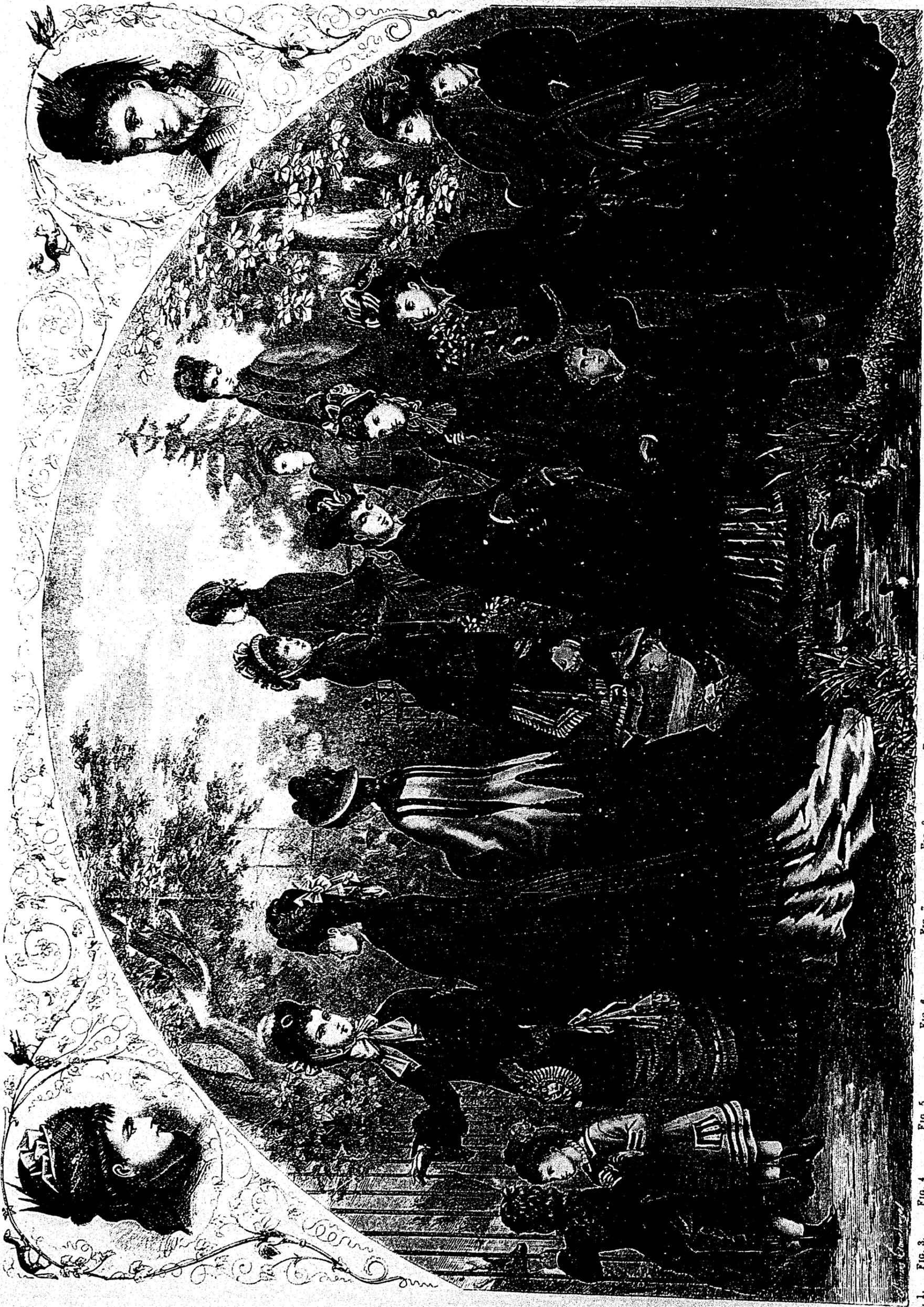


FIG. 1. FIG. 3. FIG. 4. FIG. 5. FIG. 6. FIG. 7. FIG. 8. FIG. 9. FIG. 10. FIG. 11. FIG. 12. FIG. 13. FIG. 14. FIG. 15. FIG. 16. FIG. 17. FIG. 2.

FALL FASHIONS FOR OUTDOOR WEAR.



GERMANY:—VISIT OF THE EMPEROR TO LEIPSIK; THE IMPERIAL PARTY VIEWING THE FIRE WORKS FROM THE BALCONY OF THE NEW THEATRE.



"If he knew it, he certainly would repay me," said Wally, casting down her eyes, with a deep blush.

"Doesn't he even know it?" asked Benedict, in amazement.

"No; he scarcely knows me."

"Then may God forgive you for setting your heart on a stranger and casting off those who love and have cared for you. That is no love—it is mere obstinacy."

Wally made no reply, and Benedict said no more. Like old Klettenmaier, he made the hut as comfortable as he could, and collected a stock of firewood. Then he held out his hand to bid her farewell. "May God be with you. If I might say anything more, it would be this: keep a watch over yourself and pray that you may not fall into the haunt of evil powers."

Wally's heart contracted with a sudden pang as his eyes rested upon her so sorrowfully. It really seemed as if she felt the evil powers hovering around her, and almost unconsciously she clung to the hand of the protector who had hitherto watched over her so faithfully, and accompanied him half the way, as if she were afraid to be left alone.

"Now turn back. The path is getting dangerous; I thank you for your company," said Benedict, turning away.

"Then farewell, and may you get home safely!" Wally called after him.

He did not look back. She returned to the hut, and was once more alone with her eagle and the mountain spirits. But the sprites seemed reconciled. Murzoll smiled benignly in the bright sunlight on his recovered child, and Wally no longer found herself a stranger in these lofty regions as before. Every time on Murzoll's brow was familiar to her. She knew his smile and his frown, and was no longer terrified when dense clouds veiled his brow, or when in wrath he hurled avalanches down into the depths below; she felt secure on his noble breast, and the stormy atmosphere relieved her heart of the burden she had brought up from below; for there is a healing power in tempests—they cool the fever and bear the soul on their rushing wings far above the stones and thorns, amid which it flutters painfully. When a child hurries itself and cries, we breathe on the fevered spot, say that it is well, and the little creature smiles again. So Father Murzoll blew away from the heart of his restored child the dull pain that oppressed it, and she looked with sparkling eyes into the wide world, and hoped and waited.

Again weeks and months elapsed. The July sun already shone with such power that the mountain was entirely bare, that is, the lighter covering of winter snow had melted to the boundaries of the eternal ice where Wally lived. Now, and then one of the Reden brothers came up and asked whether she had not changed her mind. But this only happened at rare intervals, and merely disturbed her solitude for a short time.

One day, the sunbeams stung with such unusual heat that Wally felt as if she were exposed to the pricks of red hot needles. When the sun "stings," the clouds roll up and soon, about the hour of noon, they formed a dense tent of mist, behind which it disappeared, and a leaden twilight brooded heavily over the earth. A strange restlessness seized upon the little flock; ever and anon a flash of lightning darted through the gloom like the quivering of a sleeping man's eyelids, and a huge black mourning veil floated around Murzoll's head. From time to time it parted, affording a glimpse of the outside world; but new veils speedily covered the thin places, till it seemed as if there were no longer any empty space between earth and sky.

Wally knew what this meant; she had already experienced many a terrible storm in these upper regions. She drove the flock under a projecting rock, which she had herself prepared for a temporary fold in time of need. But one kid was missing; Wally must look for it. No storm had ever risen so rapidly. Already the thunder began to rattle among the mountains. The wind roared violently and dashed large hailstones on the ground. Now it was only a question of moments before the tempest would burst forth in all its fury, and the kid was nowhere to be seen. Wally put out the fire in the hut and stepped forth into the battle of the elements, like a heroic queen amid her rebellious subjects. And she looked royal, without knowing or intending it. She had put a small copper milk pail on her head, like a helmet, as a protection against the hail, and a thick horse blanket hung from her shoulders like a mantle. Thus attired, and holding in her hand instead of a lance her shepherd's staff, with its iron hook, she battled against the storm and fought her way to the ridge of rock, from whence she could look for the lost animal. But it was impossible to distinguish anything in the mist. Wally climbed farther and farther along the path that leads from the Hoelich across to the Schnalserthal. There, far below in a ravine, the kid was crouching on the steep cliff, trembling with fear and writhing under the blows of the heavy hailstones. She pitied the helpless animal—she could not help pitying it. The hail rattled down in still denser masses, the wind and rain beat against her face, the noise grew louder, like the thundering waves of an approaching deluge; but it did not deter her; the tortured animal's mute appeal for help drowned the raging of the elements, and, without the slightest hesitation, she climbed down in the misty depths. With incredible difficulty she at last approached silently

near the animal to seize and draw it toward her with her crooked staff; then, throwing it over her shoulder, climbed up again on her hands and knees. Suddenly it seemed as if a stream of fire shot from the zenith down into the ravine; a pine tree was shattered in the depths below, and, as if earth and sky were roaring at the same moment, there was a crashing and rushing sound above, a thundering of torrents and falling masses of ice below, which made the lonely girl, clinging to the quaking rocks, feel as if the solid earth were whirling around her. Bewildered and deafened, she at last swung herself over the edge of the cliff upon the safe path, but was forced to pause a moment to take breath and wipe the water out of her eyes, for she could scarcely see, and, beside, the kid on her shoulder was kicking so that she would be obliged to tie it before she could carry it any farther. Meantime, clap after clap of thunder crashed above and below her, while the lightning darted downward in sheets, as if the heavens were a leaky vessel full of fire. There—what was that? a human voice? A cry for help rose distinctly above the roaring of the storm. Wally, who had not trembled before the fury of the hurricane and the thunder, now shook from head to foot. A human voice, now, here with her in the terrible conflict of nature, in chaos. It terrified her more than the raging of the elements. She held her breath to discover the direction from whence the sound came, and whether she was not mistaken. Now the shout arose again, this time close behind her. "Holloa! you fellow, there, help me!" A figure, which seemed to be dragging a second form, emerged from the mist and rain. Wally stood as if petrified. Whose face was that? The glowing eyes, the black moustache, the delicately arched nose; she gazed and gazed, unable to move a limb in happy terror. It was surely her St. George—Baren-Joseph.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

THE Archbishop of Totnes, (England), says that the diocese of Exeter is larger than the Holy Land.

Lord Beaconsfield's registered motto at the Herald's College, on his elevation to the peerage, is *Forti nihil diffidit*.

William Black says New York impresses him as a French city, but its people are more English than the English themselves.

Dr. Schlemann is now engaged with fifty men in excavating the ruins of the Acropolis and the Lion Gate of Mycenae.

The late Queen Dowager Josephine, of Sweden, left a fortune of £1,120,000. The Princess of Wales is one of her principal heirs.

The religious papers are discussing the propriety of using ale in the communion service, when wine cannot be had, as was done by a Baptist congregation in Burmah.

A Newfoundland dog in Toronto, sixteen years old, wears three medals, each representing a human life saved. He is gray and toothless, and is carefully provided for by the mother superior of a convent.

Mons. Meunier, in the French Chamber of Deputies, urges a remedy for the decrease of population in France that all bachelors should be taxed. He includes among these the 175,000 priests of the country, whom he would by no means exempt.

The two dwarfs brought by Dr. Schweinfarth from Central Africa are being educated in Verona. They already read and speak Italian fluently, and are making progress in Latin. The elder one has a musical taste, but the younger is sulky and peevish.

The Archbishop of Canterbury recently said that he did not think the controversy of the present day was with superstition, but with a growing infidelity, and if the clergy were not equal to the emergency, some great catastrophe might befall, not only the church, but the nation.

The Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial arrived at Arenenberg on the 12th or 13th of October. This winter they will proceed to Florence, where the Empress will reside alone till March. During that time the Prince Imperial will make the tour of Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Russia.

An "Empress" rupee for India is in contemplation. But some one at the India Office having suggested that the royal image on coins of the realm at present in vogue shocked native prejudices by its decapitated look, a proposal has been made to extend the imperial figure the length of the bust.

The Czar Alexander receives, in round numbers, \$25,000 a day income; the Turkish Sultan, \$18,000; the Emperor of Austria, \$10,000; the Emperor of Germany, \$8,200; the King of Italy, \$6,400; the Queen of England, \$6,270; the King of the Belgians, \$1,648; and the President of the French Republic, \$500.

At a recent wedding in London the six bridesmaids were attired in cream-colored dresses trimmed with blue, each wearing a massive gold locket, with a raised jewelled and enamelled monogram of the bride and bridegroom, presented by the bridegroom. The jewels worn by the bride were pearls and diamonds.

The Pneumatic Despatch Company, London, has lost its breath. It had connected the General Post Office by several subterranean des-

patch tunnels with the railway depots, but the trucks carrying the parcels stuck fast so often in the tubes that the experiment had to be abandoned and the fittings sold for a song.

Lord Beaconsfield has never been in Ireland, but it is discovered that there was a Benjamin Disraeli, a notary public in Dublin, 1814, who died in affluent circumstances, and left large benefactions to churches in Carlow and Dublin, and the genealogical querists are busy in trying to discover who he was and whence he came. Jews are little addicted to Ireland.

THE British archaeologists met this year in Cornwall. The event of the meeting was the reception by Sir John St. Aubyn at St. Michael's Mount, which has for centuries been by turns post, fort, and monastery. Sir John entertained the company in his curious and very ancient castle which crowns the Mount. The Mount can only be approached by land at low tide.

No tool is more essential on the farm than a good grindstone. They were formerly all imported from England. Then the Nova Scotia ones were found superior. Ohio grindstones are largely used by Western farmers. But now Lake Huron grindstones are superseding all others; they have a fine sharp grit, and leave a fine edge. The stone should be kept clean and dry, and free from grease and rust.

"L." writes to the London Times that his butcher sent him prime ribs of American imported beef at ninepence a pound. The meat was fresh and tender, although perhaps not of quite so fine a quality as the best English. He publishes the fact as an encouragement, not only to American exporters, but to all countries where meat is cheap. The lowest market price for prime ribs in London is a shilling a pound.

A walk through the Vienna Imperial Hofburg shows the striking likeness between the Hapsburgs of to-day and their ancestors 600 years back. The broad nether lip of Rudolph, elected Kaiser of the German Empire in 1276, forms a very marked feature in all his descendants down to the present occupant of the throne, Francis Joseph I. They pride themselves on an unbroken descent of thirty generations.

Victor Emanuel's grandson, Prince Humbert's son, is being educated in a peculiar manner. The only foreign language the boy, who is now six, is allowed to learn is English, and he is only to begin the study of another when he has thoroughly mastered this. He is brought up ignorant of his possible future kingship, and his attendants are instructed to evince the utmost indifference as to his rank. The young Prince's mind is given to mechanical study.

THERE is at present quite a stir among the Masons on the continent in consequence of a statement given on the authority of the *Freemason* that the Countess Hadich, a highly educated lady, had been initiated into a lodge subordinate to the Grand Orient of Hungary. She was regularly proposed and seconded, ballotted for, elected and admitted in due form. The matter coming to the knowledge of the Grand Orient was further complicated by a declaration that the initiation was null and void, as a woman is disqualified from becoming a Free Mason. As the Countess was actually received, the question is, can her lodge now keep her out?

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A SHIP is decked for use, a woman is decked for ornament.

Do people remember that it was a woman—Priscilla Wakefield—who founded the first savings bank?

"THAT'S the only wedding-trip I shall probably ever take," said an old bachelor, as he stumbled over a bride's train.

ON one of the recent dismal days a lady, dressed in the deepest myrtle-coloured cloth, told another that she had put on a deep-toned crimson bow to brighten the room.

A PERSON who was sent to prison for marrying two wives excused himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he had two they fought each other.

"You wouldn't take me for twenty, would you?" said a young lady who looked much younger, to an old bachelor.—"Take you for twenty?" he exclaimed—"Yes, for life."

"SPEAK a little louder, for I am so absent that ten to one I shall forget you are speaking unless you raise your voice." This was a subtle fling on the part of the old lady to conceal her deafness.

He was not a scientist, but he was modest; and when a young man asked him at the tea table what was meant by an ornithorhynchus, he frowned, and reminded him that there are some things which should not be mentioned before ladies.

A RICH American woman has brought up her accomplished and beautiful daughters to do washing and ironing. When questioned, she replies, "Oh, it is always well to be prepared for any contingency! Perhaps some of the poor children may marry an Italian count!"

"WHAT is that young lady's Christian name?" asked a widower of a friend, pointing to a handsome girl as he spoke.—"Katherine," answered the friend.—"I think I'll not ask her for her hand, then," said the widower, "as that

was also my first wife's name, and I don't believe in marrying a dupli Kate."

"JAMES, my love, perhaps—what do you think?—perhaps, maybe, you know, dear—it has just occurred to me that it might be cheaper to get a couple of silk dresses this summer—because, you see, the mulberry has blighted the silk in the south of France, and the crop will be short, and dress silks awful high, next year."

THE following is an instance of the "severely calm" style of Western people. The other morning a boy sauntered up to a yard in Eighth street, where a woman was scratching the bosom of the earth with a rake, and leaning on a fence said, "Are you going round the back yard after a while?" The woman severely said, "No! Why?" "Because, I just saw the water butt drop on the baby's head a minute ago, and thought if you went you might lift it off, and the butt's full of water."

LITERARY.

THE domestic name of "Max Adeler," of the Philadelphia Bulletin, is Charles Heber Clark.

M. J. Ashby-Starry's long-promised volume of verses, *Bonheur Ballade*, consisting of love songs and *verses ecrits*, will be published immediately.

THE house in which the poet Keats formerly lived in the Piazza di Spagna, Rome, will shortly be indicated by a tablet under the direction of Gen. Vincent Eyre.

The new volume of poems which Victor Hugo is engaged on is thus far purely literary in its character, not dealing with political questions. Several of the poems are satires.

THE London Examiner notes the fact that only three European languages have brought forth any notable crop of sonnets: the Italian first, the French next, and the English last.

WILLIAM BLACK, the celebrated novelist, returned from his trip to the far West in excellent health, and has greatly enjoyed his journey. Mr. Black sailed on his return to England, on the 21st instant.

A French translator is said to have translated the poet's exclamation, "Hail, horrors! hail!" into "How do you do, horrors! How do you do?" This is no worse than the German translation of Shakespeare's, "All hail, Macbeth!" into "Alle Hugel, Macbeth!"

CHARLES FENSO HOFFMAN, who was once ranked among the first American song-writers, is not dead as many believe. He became insane about twenty-six years ago, and is still an inmate of a private asylum in the interior of the State of New York. He is a native of New York city, a graduate of Columbia College, and sixty years old. There is no hope of his recovery.

E. MARLEY is the *nom de plume* of Fraulein Joun. She lives in the little town of Arnstadt, in the interior of Germany, and began to write about ten years ago for an illustrated weekly paper published at Leipzig. Her first novel, "The Old Man's Secret," was successful, and when the author was discovered it was found that she was an invalid afflicted with deafness, and so much of a recluse that she was seldom seen in her village.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON, the English novelist, was lately entertained at a dinner at the Lotus Club, N. Y. Mr. John Brougham presided, and speeches were made by the guest of the evening and by A. Oakley Hall, Dr. McDonnell, Douglas Taylor, Mr. Marston, the author of "Clouds," the Rev. Dr. Alger, and by a number of the members of the club. Among the guests was Mr. William Black, the novelist. Mr. Oakley Hall read a poem, one verse of which ran:

"Then a health to the dramatist, poet, *Baron*,  
Whose head is a "Him" and whose heart is a "Her,"  
Whose presence is Spring Time,  
Whose wit (like the sun)  
Pleaseth every horizon it shineth upon."

GEORGE LAWRENCE, the author of "Guy Livingstone" and other well-known works of fiction, who died in Edinburgh a few days since, was the eldest son of the Rev. A. C. Lawrence and Lady Emily Lawrence, the daughter of Daniel, sixth Earl of Winchester, and second Earl of Nottingham. He was born in the year 1827, and was educated at Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated as a second class in classics. He was called to the bar by the Inner Temple in 1852, but early abandoned practice for literature.

ROUND THE WORLD.

THE Egyptians altogether lost 2,700 men in the recent Abyssinian campaigns.

Greece is going to raise sixty thousand men for the purpose of menacing Turkey in the rear.

The value of raw silk imported this year to England was £1,432,222, of which £1,067,377 worth came from China.

The estimated outlay for the proposed subterranean railway, fourteen miles long, under the streets of Paris is £5,480,000.

New York city takes 250,000 fish from the Restigouche, now that the Intercolonial Railway enables the consumers to get them fresh.

Russia is taking steps to promote cotton culture in Central Asia, where the annual product is now about 50,000 lbs. American seed is to be introduced.

The Berlin Chamber of Commerce has decided in favor of the representation of Germany at the coming French Exhibition, and has moved with a view to obtaining a Government subsidy for that purpose.

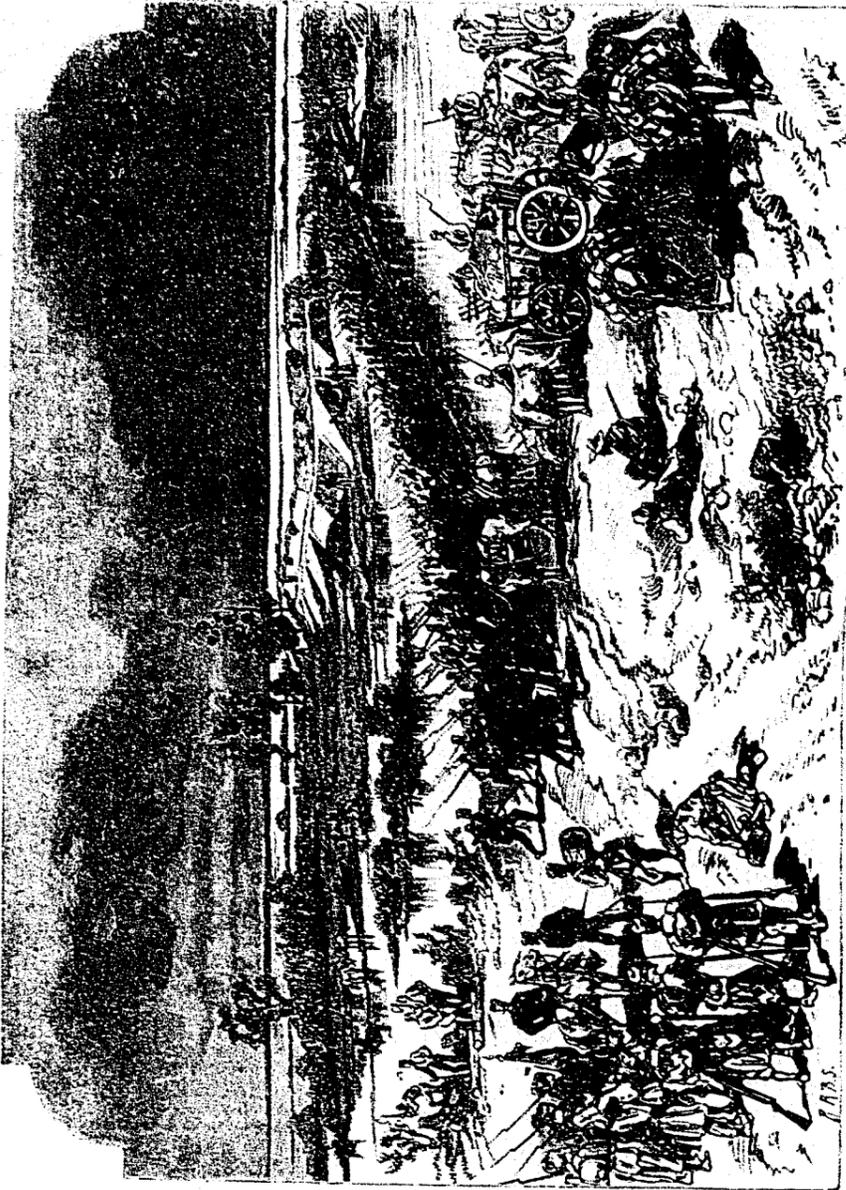
Lord Derby, in replying to an address from certain missionary societies in favour of the Protestants in Spain, stated that the British Minister at Madrid is taking steps to induce the Spanish Government to put a ban on construction on the eleventh Article of the Constitution.

ARTISTIC.

ON September 15, the sixty-sixth anniversary of Mexican independence, the corner stone for the bronze statue of Juarez was laid. Signor Gagliardo, a San Francisco sculptor, won the prize for the model.

MR. RUSKIN, who is now in Venice hard at work, has been treated by the directors of the Academy with unusual courtesy. Large pictures were taken down from the walls and placed in a room where he could examine or sketch from them at leisure.

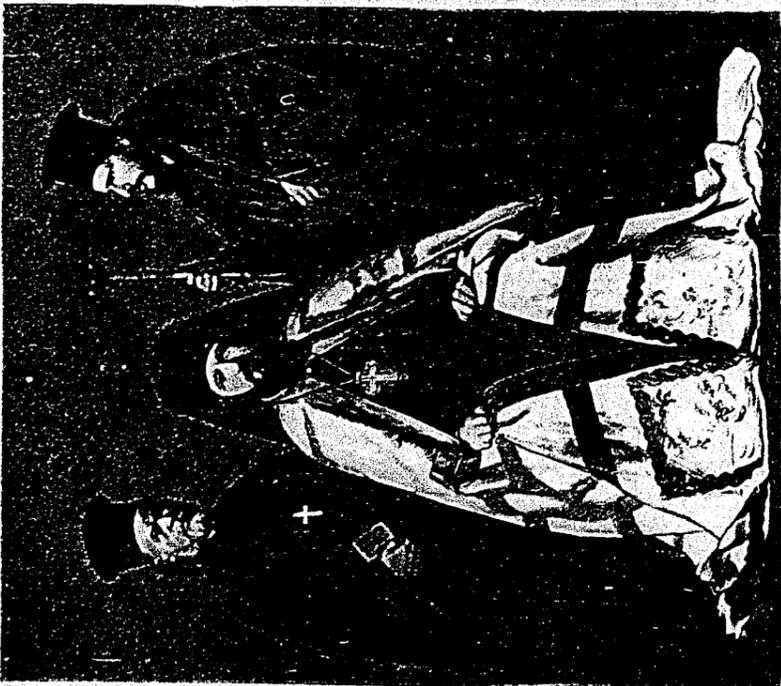
A remarkable porcelain tureen was recently sold in Paris for 492 francs. It bears a painting representing the execution of Louis XVI, at the moment when Sanson, the famous executioner, who is admirably portrayed, holds up the dead monarch's head to the populace. A truly appalling piece of table furniture!



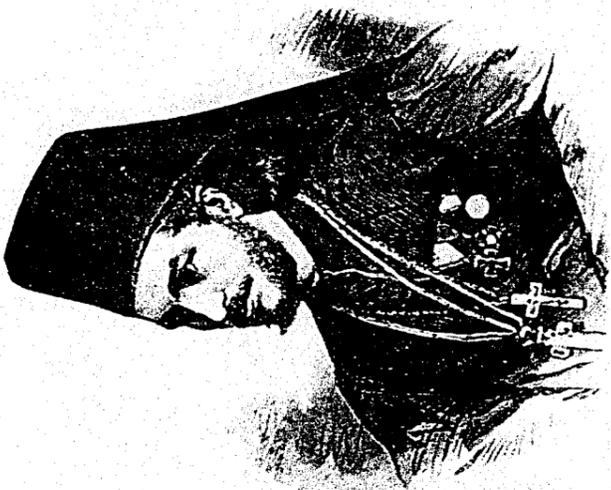
A DETACHMENT OF SERVIANS CROSSING THE DRINA AT BELINA.



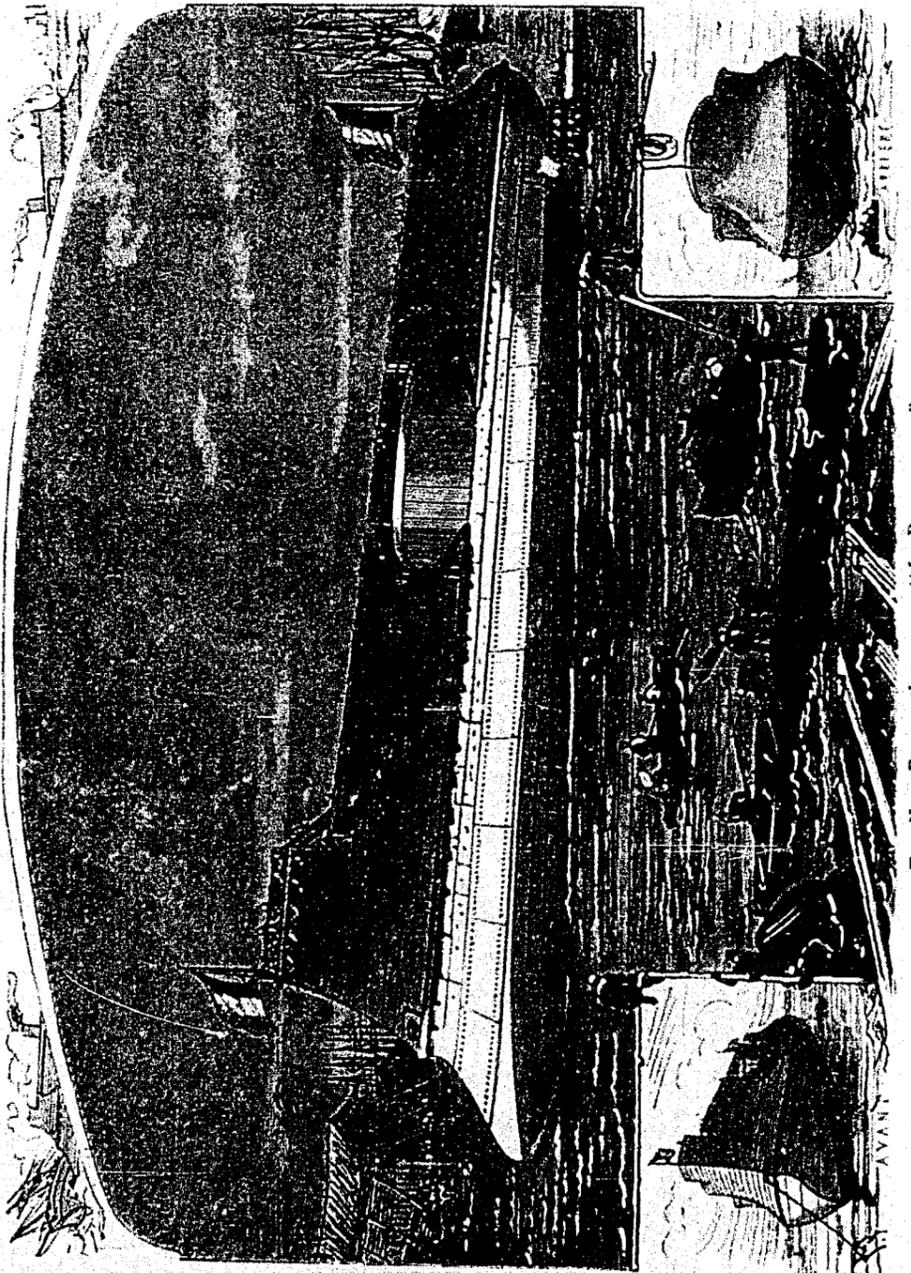
THE TURKISH IMPERIAL GUARD ATTACKING THE SCHUMATOVAZ REDOUBT AT ALEXINATZ.



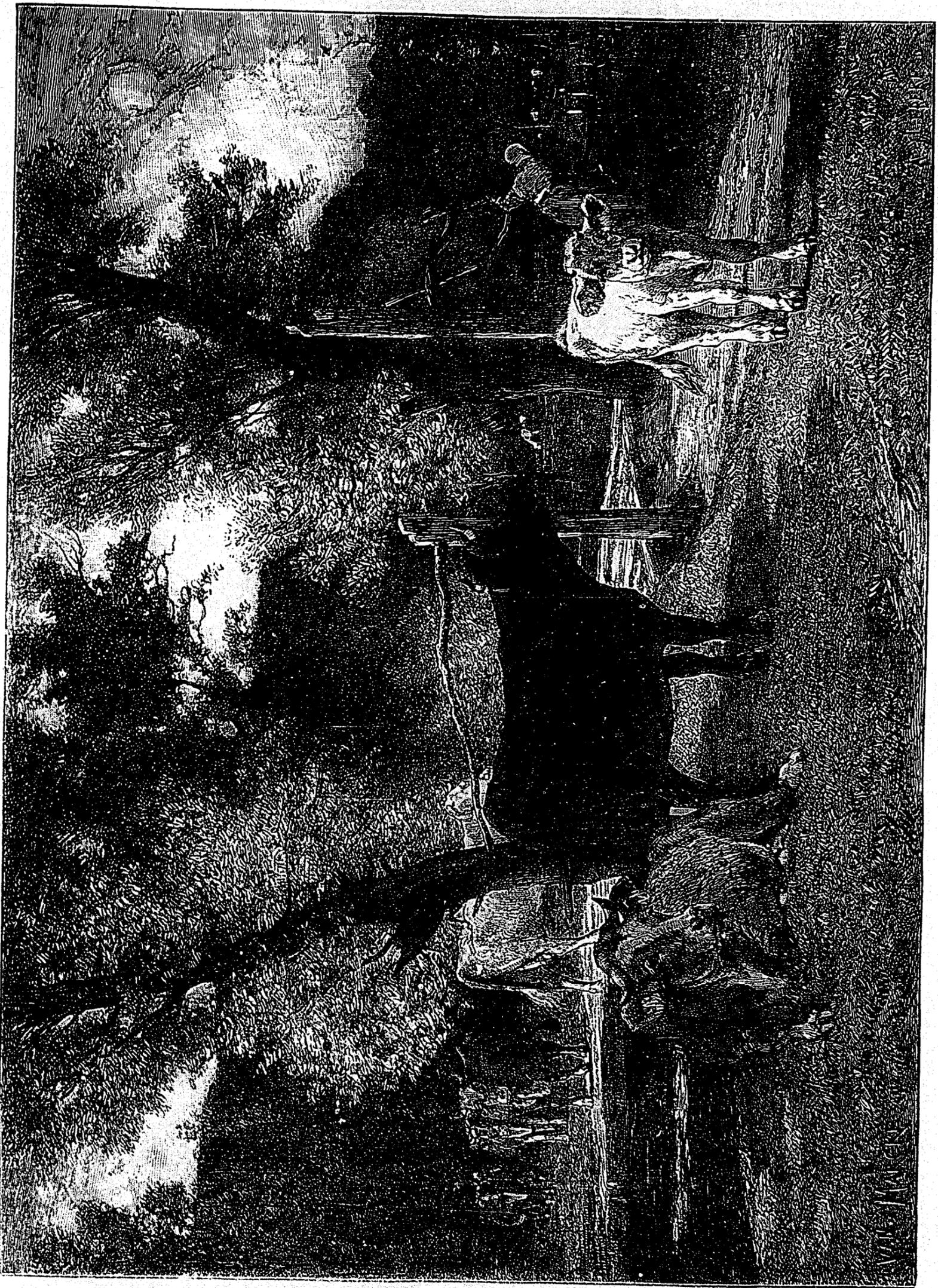
MGR. MICHAEL, METROPOLITAN OF SERBIA, AND HIS COADJUTORS.



ARCH. MANDRITE DUTCHICH.



THE NEW FRENCH IRONCLAD, "LE REDOUTABLE."



A PUBLIC PASTURE IN NORMANDY.

## VARIETIES.

**THE ROMAN PONTIFFS.**—The whole number of Popes from St. Peter to Pius IX is 257. Of those 82 are venerated as saints, 33 having been martyred; 104 have been Romans, and 103 natives of other parts of Italy; 15 Frenchmen, 9 Greeks, 7 Germans, 5 Asiatics, 3 Africans, 3 Spaniards, 2 Dalmatians, 1 Hebrew, 1 Thracian, 1 Dutchman, 1 Portuguese, 1 Candiot, and 1 Englishman. The name most commonly borne has been John; the 23d and last was a Neapolitan raised to the chair in 1410. Nine Pontiffs have reigned less than one month, 30 less than one year, and 11 more than 20 years. Only 5 have occupied the Pontifical Chair over 23 years. These are St. Peter, who was Supreme Pastor 25 years, 2 months, 7 days; Sylvester I., 23 years, 10 months, 27 days; Adrian I., 23 years, 10 months, 14 days; Pius IX., who celebrated his 30th year in the Pontifical Chair, June 16th, 1876.

**CASUISTRY.**—An archbishop is no match for a woman. At a grand marriage which recently took place in Paris, Faure and Madame Cavalho had agreed to sing in the church, but the *curé*, upon applying to the Archbishop for the necessary permission, was informed that on no account would the great *prima donna* be allowed to sing in a sacred edifice. This was a sad blow, but the bride's "mamma," whom it annoyed, was equal to the emergency. She prevailed on Madame Cavalho to hide herself behind the organ, and then put up a lad with a missal in hand to stand up in the choir and pretend to sing while the *prima donna* poured forth her enchanting notes. The chorister boy had an immense success, but they had to send him away next day, so many churches contended for his ownership.

**OBITUARIES.**—The report that Mr. Delane will shortly retire from the editorship of the *Times* excuses a reference to a statement which has been going the rounds relating to the Births, Marriages, and Deaths column of the great journal. It was said that those were at first inserted gratis; but Mr. Walter, then proprietor, thinking that a Benedict might very well pay a trifle for the announcement that he had volunteered into the "noble army of martyrs," fixed a tariff of half a crown upon each epithalamium—the money to go to the printers. One morning at breakfast Mrs. Walter suggested that the sum realized in this way would fit in very nicely to her pocket allowance; and her husband, seeing with the eyes of his wife, diverted the revenue accordingly. At the subsequent transfer of property it was found that the triple record of human weakness and mortality was worth fully four thousand a year.

**ORPHEUS C. KERR.**—Few persons who can read but have read of "Orpheus C. Kerr," one of the most delightful of American humorists, and one of the truest and most pathetic of poets. But few know or ever will know how rare the nature which lay concealed beneath his kindly wit; his genial cynicism only found expression in his active sympathy with every poor, forlorn and suffering child of humanity. He was a modern knight-errant, as true and chivalrous as the truest and purest of the knight-errants of old, and as sensitive and refined as the fairest lady of their love. His marriage with Adah Isaacs Menken was the strongest proof of this, though many considered it an act of folly. So far as its effects upon his own future was concerned, it doubtless was; but his motive was Christ-like. She wrote some poems for a paper he edited. He believed there was good in her. He married her to save her, but she would not be saved, and she sacrificed him without a second thought. Poor fellow, he lived in the world, yet the world knew him not; his wisdom and goodness was its folly, and now he is in all probability dying, wasting away with a disease which baffles the skill of physicians. He takes food only every other day, and then nothing solid. He was always a slender, delicate-looking man, but he is now the mere shadow of himself.

**SYDNEY SMITH.**—Sydney Smith, with all his humour, was naturally reserved if the surroundings were not all favourable, and forwardness he utterly despised. One evening, at a dinner-party, he was excessively annoyed by the familiarity of a young fop with more money and pedigree than brains and sense, who constantly addressed him as "Smith"—"Ah, Smith, my dear fellow!" "Smith, you will pass the wine?" and so on. By-and-by the young gentleman stated that he had been invited to dine with the Bishop of London, and he asked the reverend canon what "sort of a fellow" he was. "A very good sort of fellow indeed," replied Smith; "only let me give you a piece of advice. Don't call him Howley." This rebuff greatly amused all present save the object of it, whose armour of ignorant obliviousness was proof against anything like true wit, and he talked on in happy unconsciousness. Soon afterwards one of the company rose to depart, remarking that he had an engagement for a *soirée* at Gore House. "Pray take me with you," cried the titled fop; "I've the greatest possible desire to know Lady Blessington." The request was very naturally demurred to on the ground that a visitor was not authorized to introduce uninvited guests. "Oh," said Sydney Smith, "never mind! Take him, by all means; I am sure her ladyship will be delighted to see our friend. The weather is uncomfortably warm, and you can say to her that you have brought with you the cool of the evening."

**SMALLNESS OF STATURE.**—Not long before his death, Canon Kingsley drew attention to the surprising number of small young men to be seen in a London crowd. According to him, it was a sign of the deterioration of the race. But there are two ways of looking at everything, and, for the comfort and satisfaction of small people, we would point out that it might almost be taken as an indication of intellectual progress. Many—we might almost say most—of the great men of history have been of short stature, from the days of that ancient philosopher who, as the story goes, was so diminutive that he had to carry lead in his pockets to prevent his being blown away. Canute the Great, for example, was a singularly small man; Napoleon, too, was little; Nelson had no height to boast of, and the great Condé was short enough. Hildebrand—Gregory the Seventh—the mightiest of all the Popes, was also quite a diminutive person. Then amongst men of letters, poets, and philosophers. Montaigne, the essayist, was little; so was Pope—"a little crooked thing that asks questions;" so was Dryden; so was Dr. Watts, who insisted, as we all know, on the mind being the stature of the man; and so was Scarron, who, alluding at once to his ill health and his little size, called himself an "abridgment of human miseries." Will any one, after such names as these—and the list might be indefinitely extended—look down on little men with disdain?

**LORD BEACONSFIELD'S ARMS.**—Upon the elevation of untitled persons to the ranks of the peerage, or even of the Baronetage, it is necessary, or at all events customary, for them to apply to the authorities of Her Majesty's "College of Arms," commonly called the Herald's College, for a grant of armorial bearings, or for some augmentation to those already borne, in the way of charges, supporters, crest, motto, &c. The usual form has lately been gone through by Lord Beaconsfield, whose arms and supporters are now for the first time duly "registered at the College." The motto which his lordship has chosen, "*Forti nihil difficile*," resembles the motto used by Lord Muskerry, "*Forti et fidei nihil difficile*." The armorial bearings granted to Lord Beaconsfield are as follows, in Heraldic language: "Per saltire, argent and gules, two lions rampant, sable, between a tower, argent, in chief, and an eagle displayed in base." The crest is "a tower, triple-towered, argent, surrounded at base by an oak-wreath proper." The supporters are as follows: "Dexter, an eagle, or collared gules; on an escutcheon, gules, pendent therefrom, a tower, argent. Sinister, a lion, or collared gules, with similar escutcheon pendent therefrom." It is to be observed that the supporters of his lordship's arms are the same as those chosen by Lady Beaconsfield, and recorded in "Lodge's Peerage" on her being created a Peeress in her own right in December, 1868, although the charges of the shield itself are quite different. Lady Beaconsfield's arms were, "Argent, a bunch of grapes, proper between two haunches, sable, each charged with a boar's head of the field."

**A SPEECH ATTRIBUTED TO NELSON.**—The Astronomer Royal, Sir George B. Airey, writes to the *Athenæum*—"It has been stated in some of our best biographies of Nelson, that he went into the battle of Trafalgar with orders and decorations on his coat; that his officers pointed out to him that these would attract the attention of the enemy's marksmen, and requested him to change his coat; and that he proudly answered, 'In honor I have won them, and in honor I will wear them,' or in words to that effect. Some years past, my friends Mr. Francis Baily and Admiral W. H. Smyth, came in contact with Sir Thomas Hardy, (the Captain Hardy of Nelson's flagship), and inquired of him as to the accuracy of this report. He replied distinctly that Nelson did wear the decorated coat, and that he (Captain Hardy) did represent to Nelson the danger; but that the character of Nelson's reply was materially different from that reported. He only replied, peevishly, 'This is not a time to talk of changing coats.' I think it is probable that Nelson was at the time in great anxiety. The hostile fleet lay in a deep horseshoe form, open to windward. The smaller British fleet, in two nearly equal divisions, advanced in nearly parallel lines into the horseshoe. The wind fell to a very light breeze, and the British advance was very slow. During this time the British fleet was exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy, which they could not return. Had the wind sunk to calm the British fleet might have perished. There remained, however, enough of breeze to carry them on, and when once mixed in the melee, their success was no longer doubtful."

## THE FASHIONS.

We present our readers, in this issue, with a fine group of Autumn fashions. No. 1 and 2 are hats for children; No. 3 is a paletot for girls between 7 and 9 years of age; No. 4, a paletot for girls between 6 and 8; No. 5, a paletot of corded cloth; No. 6, a mantle of black cashmere; No. 7, a mantle of grey Vigogne; No. 8, a paletot of drap-piqué; No. 9, a paletot of cashmere; No. 10, a mantle of Eugenie material; No. 11, a dress for girls; No. 12, a costume of velvet; No. 13, a mantle of Vigogne; No. 14, a costume for boys between 4 and 6; No. 15, a paletot of silk; No. 16, another paletot of Vigogne; No. 17, a paletot of matisse cloth.

## BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Now that the west end of Montreal has secured the erection of a respectable place of amusement, the inhabitants of that favored region seem to think they have done all their duty. They are satisfied to know that there is, close by, a handsome hall where they may semi-occasionally take their families, but as to the means whereby a high standard of entertainment is to be maintained there, they leave such to be provided by their neighbours. It was a mistake at the start that the directors of the Academy of Music Company, did not, before opening the doors of the theatre, secure, by a subscription list, the sale of at least 500 seats for the year. But even now, it is not too late for these gentlemen to canvass their friends, and to contribute by their own patronage to the success of the Academy. How otherwise can any first-class company keep the place open? Is this pretty theatre to become a mere Variety Hall to be leased week by week to strolling troupes of unknown actors? Or is it the ambition of the proprietors of the Academy to have on its boards only good reliable companies, such as the one Mr. McDowell placed before the public last winter, and which now delights the sparse but appreciative audiences that assemble at Victoria street? If not liberally patronized by the gentility of Montreal, our Academy must be closed, or must lose caste. The plays presented last week by Mr. McDowell were deserving of bumper houses every night, both intrinsically and for the manner in which they were set, cast, and acted. "Clouds" and "Pique" are vastly different in style and character; but both have merits of their own. "Clouds" is an American comedy of a high standard, full of interest, and replete with refined humour and elegant dialogue. "Pique" is a drama in tableaux, in some of which the situations are somewhat strained, but which has ample elements of sentiment and fun, to attract and amuse. The first is undoubtedly the one which gives the better occasion for legitimate acting, and in it, each individual member of the company shows out with peculiar brilliancy. We only reecho the daily press, when we say that the cast was excellent, and that among so many good actors and actresses, it is difficult to signalize any one in particular. We may however say that our belief, formed last winter, as to the future of Miss Affie Weaver, has become a conviction, and we notice with pleasure the great improvement which steady application, aided by excellent natural gifts, has wrought in this lady's acting and presence on the stage. Both as *Stella Gordon*, and as *Mabel Renfrew*, Miss Weaver conquered at once the sympathies of the audience, and was called and recalled before the curtain. Miss Reeves is pleasing as usual, natural and careful, and must always be a favorite. Miss Cameron had unpleasant and difficult parts in both plays, and did them well. Mr. Neil Warner was more at home in "Pique," as the autocrat of Deerfield, than as the wayward and indefinite Ralph Randall. Mr. McDowell was at his best in the excellent part of Fred Towne. Capt. Standish is too melancholy a character for him, though it could scarcely be better interpreted. Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Gwynette, and the other members of the company, are equal to all emergencies. Two junior members, Harry Chester and Alfred Selwyn, greatly contributed to the success of "Pique," although one of them was a *perjured villain*. It is a thousand pities that the company can stay but a very limited time, and we do hope that the citizens of Montreal will condescend to be rationally amused, and will crowd the Academy every night this week.

## HYGIENIC.

A tea made of ripe dried whortleberries and drunk in place of water is a sure speedy cure for scrofula difficulties, however bad.

The social effects of morning bathing are desirable. It is a healthy practice, in that it necessitates early rising with its almost necessary association, early retirement to rest.

The London *Milk Journal* says that a pint of milk heated a little, but not boiled, taken every four hours, will check the most violent diarrhoea, stomach-ache, incipient cholera, and dysentery.

DR. C. B. FABER, in the *Practitioner*, argues against the use of drugs in sea sickness. They prolong the attack, and he would only advise opiates when vomiting is continued to an alarming extent. Several hours a day on deck is what he advises.

SIMPLE cure for rheumatism is to boil a small potful of potatoes and bathe the part affected with the water in which the potatoes were boiled, as hot as can be applied, immediately before going to bed. The pains will be removed, or at least alleviated, by the next morning.

Baron Mundy, Chief Inspector of Hospitals in Servia, has invented several contrivances for carrying the wounded off the battle field. The most satisfactory of these is an inclined arm chair strapped to the back of a burly soldier, upon which the wounded are transported with gentle celerity to the hospitals. It works admirably in mountain warfare.

A party of ten medical men were dining together not long since, and one of them, during dessert, started the question that, supposing all present were limited in their practice to a selection of six pharmacopœial remedies, which would be chosen as being most useful, compound drugs to be excepted. Each of the party wrote the names of the six drugs he should select, and handed them to the doctor who started the enquiry. On examining the lists it was found a majority of votes were given in favor of opium, quinine, and iron; between mercury and iodide of potassium the votes were equally divided, as they were also between ammonia and chloroform.

## SCIENTIFIC.

THE Paris Jardin des Plantes has recently received a Chinese plant hitherto unknown in Europe. It changes color three times daily, and naturalists have named it *Hibiscus mutabilis*.

M. SEBRIL, a French architect, obviates the danger arising from dampness in brick building by injecting bricks, tiles and other earthen material with the tarry residue from the manufacture of illuminating gas.

SIGNOR PIEROTTI, a railway man, who has long resided in Palestine, has proposed to the Pope to make Jaffa a seaport, and connect it with Jerusalem by a railway. The Sultan has already given his sanction, and both Pio Nono as well as Cardinal Franchi, are favoring the scheme.

THE Bremen Senate recently regaled the members of the International Congress of Economists and Lawyers with some of their famous wine from the Baths Keller, where it had lain since 1620. An English member of the Congress writes that the wine had passed beyond the age of improvement, and bore a strong resemblance in taste to a less noble beverage.

A new industry, that of drying eggs, has been set on foot at Passau, on the Danube, and the Prussian military authorities are about to give the product a trial for soldiers' rations. The London *News* says several German chemists are very sanguine as to the success of the experiment, and they pronounce dried eggs to have lost none of their valuable properties by the gradual evaporation of the water contained in their original state.

Interesting experiments are being made at the central telegraphic bureau in Paris with a new apparatus for producing a fac simile of the writing and signature of an individual sending a despatch. The apparatus also produces, with great exactness, drawings of the most complicated description. The inventor is Mr. Lenoir. Some years ago similar trials were made with the invention of a Mr. Caselli, but the results were imperfect.

Mount Ararat has been successfully ascended by Mr. Bryce, of Lincoln's Inn, London. This is believed to be either the third or fourth ascent, the first having been made by Parrot in 1834, and the second by Abich in 1850. The mountain is 17,212 feet in height, and the last 4,000 feet had to be climbed alone, the Cossack escort refusing to go further. The Armenians of the neighborhood believe the mountain to be inaccessible, and insist that Noah's ark still remains upon the summit.

IT is proposed to carry a wire to the Cape of Good Hope across the African continent. Of the 1,500 miles or so of aerial line it is suggested that much might be erected without the expense of poles by taking advantage of the trees over thickly wooded tracts, which are frequent in tropical Africa. The difficulty would be to keep the natives from utilizing the wire in regions where iron is scarce and valuable, but this might be got over. The undertaking, if it could be established and kept in working order, would be exceedingly lucrative, and would in many ways aid in opening up Africa to commerce and civilization.

Two years ago some laborers digging in the soil near Dufort, France, encountered a number of fossilized bones. The Paris Museum lost no time in obtaining possession of the prize, and has at length succeeded in setting the fragments together for permanent preservation. They were at first supposed to be the bones of a mammoth, but the structure of their molar teeth identifies them as pertaining to a prehistoric animal known as the *elephas meridionalis*, which antedated both the mammoth and the mastodon. The stratum in which they were found belongs to the Pliocene, or tertiary period. The skeleton which, after two years' effort, has at length been put together, measures 19 feet in height and 18 in length.

## HUMOROUS.

MILWAUKEE is called the Cream City on account of the number of pumps in its streets.

SEWING bees will soon be in vogue, and at every meeting three or four African beathens will be provided with clothes, and the characters of eighteen citizens will be ruined.

A thief, who broke out of goal in Ohio the other day, being captured, told the sheriff that he might have escaped, but he had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday.

Presence of mind is a great thing. A Floyd avenue man, whose wife was attacked by a cross dog, promptly crawled under the steps of a cooper's shop, and did not get hurt at all.

AT the Winchester Sessions in England four men were indicted for stealing beans. A gentleman asked another, "What have they been doing?" "Been stealing," was the answer.

"I don't think I ought to pay that bill," said a man when his physician called on him for settlement. "Why not?" "Because, doctor, you gave me so much medicine that I was sick a long time after you cured me."

THE following was the reply to the question, "Which of the two preachers do you like best?" naming them. "I like to hear Mr. Smith preach best, because I don't like any preaching; and he comes nearest to nothing of any that I ever heard."

AS the trial of a breach-of-promise suit was about to begin in San Francisco, a juror arose and asked to be excused because he was engaged to be married, and consequently his mind was not free from bias. He was excused.

A boy who was sent to ask how an old lady named Wilkins was in health, delivered his message thus:—"Please, ma'am, missus wants to know how old Mrs. Wilkins is?" To which she replied, "She is just seventy-four."

AN organist played in another church than his own recently, and was complimented by the organ blower, for the proficiency shown in his Voluntary. "By the way," added the man who manipulated the wind apparatus, "I've blown that Voluntary before."

A party of belated gentlemen, about a certain hour, began to think of home and their wives' displeasure, and urge a departure. "Never mind," said one of the guests, "fifteen minutes will make no difference; my wife is as mad now as she can be."

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. S. W., Windsor street, Montreal.—Solution of Problem 91, received. Correct.

Sigma, Montreal.—Received correct Solution of Problem No. 89.

The following programme of the Centennial Chess Problem Tournament has been published in the newspapers of the United States:—"That the Centennial Chess Tournament may possess a more wide-spread interest it has been decided to hold

**Problem Tournament under the auspices of the Chess Editor throughout the United States, and such foreign countries as will give their kind assistance.**

Problems with the customary mottoes, composer's address, and an entrance fee of 50 cents for each Problem, may be sent to any of the Chess Editors who have the affair in charge previous to the 1st of January, 1877, at which time competition will be closed, and the award made with as little delay as possible.

Competitors may send as many Problems as they desire.

There will be twelve prizes as follows:—

For the best set of three original Problems, consisting of two, three, or four moves Problems, a prize of \$50 00

For the second best set, a prize of 25 00

For the third best set, a prize of 12 50

For the best single Problems of two, three, and four moves, three prizes, each, 10 00

For the second best single Problems, three prizes, each, 5 00

For the third best single Problems, three prizes, each, 2 50

The amount of the above prizes is already guaranteed by the leaders of the movement, but as the fees and subscriptions may make up a sum that will greatly exceed the required amount, the entire surplus will be given in one extra prize for the best single Problem of the Tournament. The prize, it is expected, will be the largest ever offered.

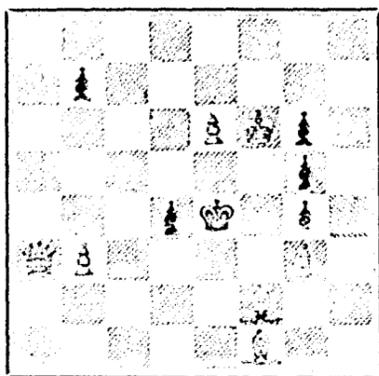
The Problems will be compared upon the following points of merit:—For ingenuity and beauty of trick or design, 1 to 15 points; for difficulty of solution, 1 to 10 points; for beauty of construction or position, 1 to 5 points.

This gives 30 points to a strictly first-class problem, and shows the basis upon which composers may expect their problems to be judged.

The following appears in one of our city papers as a telegraphic item from Quebec:—

Chess.—The next general meeting and sixth annual Chess Tournament of the Dominion Chess Association is fixed to take place in this city during the summer of next year, and in view of the fact, at the meeting of the Quebec Club, held the other night, it was resolved that the meetings of Council should be held fortnightly.

PROBLEM No. 24.  
By F. W. MAULDIN.  
BLACK



WHITE  
White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME PATH

From Land and Water.

A brilliant little skirmish, in which Capt. Mackenzie saves the odds of Q R to a New York amateur.

(Evan's Gambit.)

- |                        |                 |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| WHITE—Capt. Mackenzie. | BLACK—Amateur.  |
| 1. P to K 4            | P to K 4        |
| 2. K to K 5            | K to Q B 3      |
| 3. B to Q B 4          | B to B 4        |
| 4. P to Q K 4          | B takes K P     |
| 5. P to B 3            | B to B 4        |
| 6. Castles             | K to B 3        |
| 7. P to Q 4            | K takes P       |
| 8. B to R 3            | P to Q 4        |
| 9. P to K 5            | B to Q 2nd      |
| 10. K takes K P        | K takes K       |
| 11. K takes B P        | K to K 3        |
| 12. Q to R 5 (ch)      | P to K K 3 (ch) |
| 13. K to Q 2           | K takes Q       |
| 14. Q takes P (ch)     |                 |
| 15. B mates            |                 |

NOTES.

(a) In Foot, Field and Firm, Captain Mackenzie points out that if Black had captured the K, the following would have been the probable continuation:—

- |                    |           |
|--------------------|-----------|
| 14. R to K sq (ch) | K takes K |
| 15. R takes K (ch) | K to K 5  |
| 16. B to B 4 (ch)  | P takes R |
| 17. Q to B 7 (ch)  | K to B 3  |
- And mates in a few more moves.

(b) As here a stroke as we have ever seen in actual play.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 21

- |                        |          |
|------------------------|----------|
| WHITE                  | BLACK.   |
| 1. Q to Q B 7          | Any move |
| 2. Q R or P mates acc. |          |

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 89.

- |                    |           |
|--------------------|-----------|
| WHITE              | BLACK.    |
| 1. B to Q K 7 (ch) | K takes R |
| 2. Q to R 5 (ch)   | K takes Q |
| 3. R takes K mate  |           |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 90.

- |              |                        |
|--------------|------------------------|
| WHITE        | BLACK                  |
| K at K K 5   | K at Q 4               |
| R at K 3     | B at Q 6               |
| R at Q R 5   | K at Q B 3             |
| B at Q K 5   | Pawns at K 3 and Q B 4 |
| B at K B 2   |                        |
| K at K K 6   |                        |
| Pawns at K 3 |                        |
| K B 3, K B 4 |                        |
| And Q B 3    |                        |
- White to play and mate in three moves.



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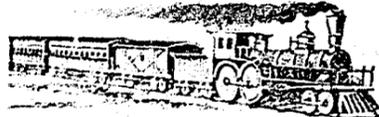
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R. B. ANGUS,

General Manager.

Montreal, 12th October, 1876. 14-16-5-166.

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Montreal, 7th October, 1876. 14-14-5-163

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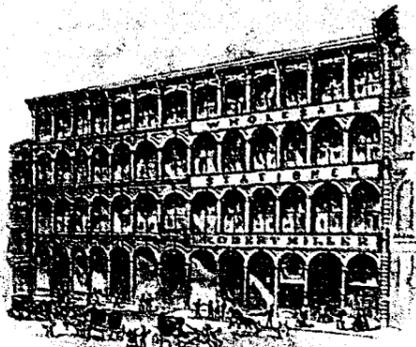
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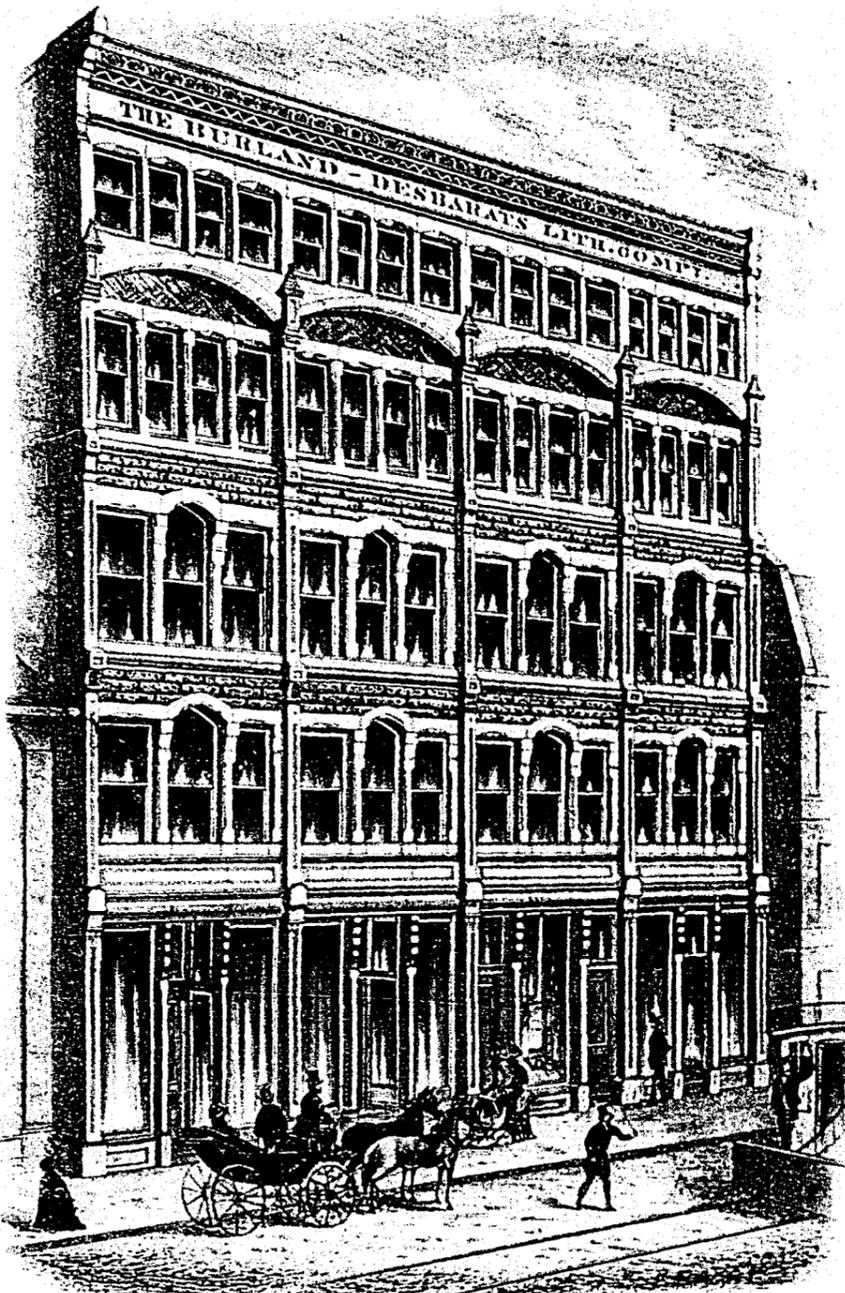
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