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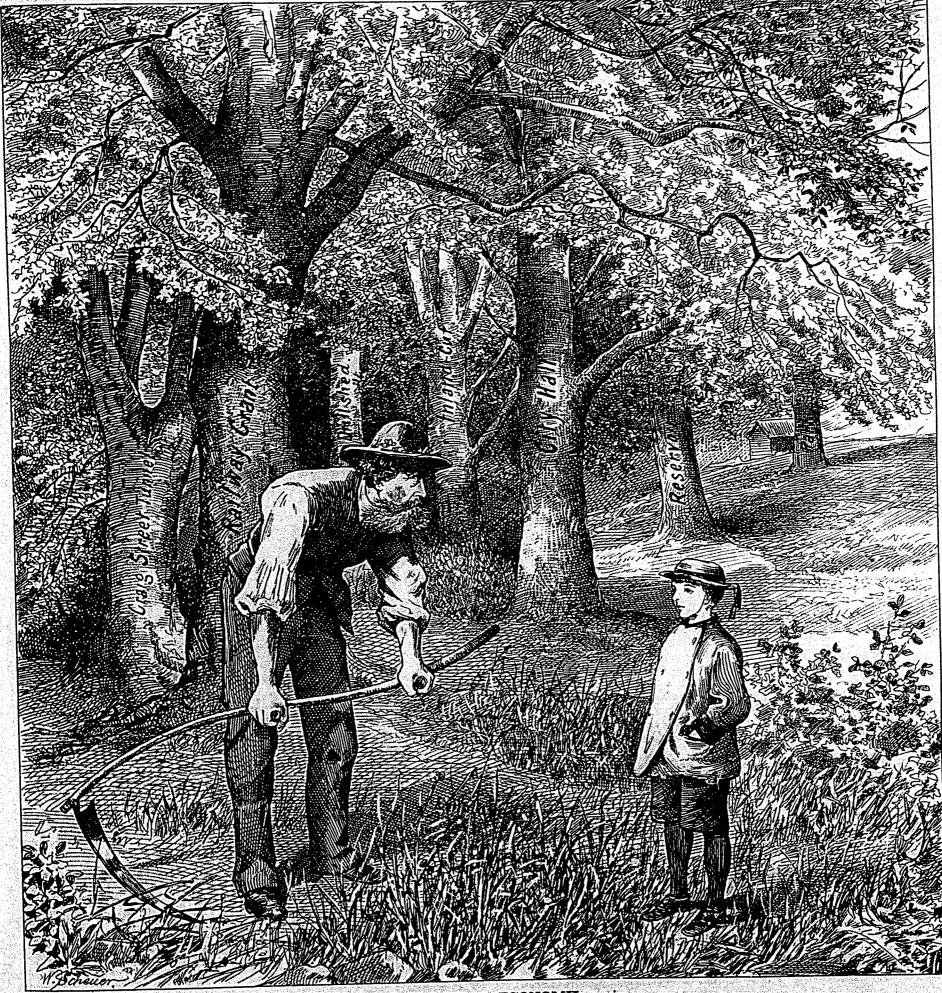
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Vol. XV.-No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1877

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



MUNICIPAL ECONOMY.

INQUISITIVE YOUTH:—What's that you're cutting up, sir?
THE MAYOR:—Cutting down these big weeds that are eating out the life of my big trees.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATE LITHC-GRAPHIC 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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All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

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ONLY ONE.

All we ask of each subscriber of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

is that he will procure us ONE additional subscriber. This can be easily done, ing the tower on which to set the colossal and it will go far towards increasing the efficiency of the journal. We are doing our best to put forth a paper creditable to the country, and our friends should make it a point to assist us. Remember that the Dominion should support at least one illustrated paper. Remember too that the "News" is the only purely literary paper in the country. We invite our friends to examine carefully the present number of efforts in their behalf.

L'OPINION PUBLIQUE.

Such is the title of an illustrated paper, written in French, and published from the offices of this Company. It is now in the seventh year of its existence and has prospered from the beginning. but since the month of January of this year, special efforts have been made to improve it, both pictorially and editorially, and the result has been of the most satisfactory nature. It is in the hands of two or three of the best known and most graceful writers of the Province of Quebec, who have, besides, the inappreciable advantage of assistance from the first pens in Quebec, Ottawa, Montreal, Three Rivers, and elsewhere. The literary movement among the French Canadians has never been so pronounced as it is at present, and most of us have really no idea of the variety, abundance, and general ex-cellence of French Canadian literature. We feel therefore justified in calling attention to this fact among our English-speaking friends throughout the Dominion. The knowledge of French is almost a social and commercial necessity in Canada, while in the circle of polite education it cannot be omitted. Hence the English-speaking people of Canada, who wish to learn the language, or improve their acquaint-ance with it, cannot do better than subscribe to this beautiful weekly, which will furnish them with choice reading, written in good French, and edited with a single view to the entertainment of the fireside. The form of the paper is a large quarto, the size of the CANADIAN ILLUS TRATED News, containing twelve pages of matter-four devoted to illustrations and eight to letterpress. The price of subscription is only \$3.00 in advance. Colleges, convents, academies, schools, and public institutions are particularly invited to give the paper a trial and they may rely upon being treated with due consideration. For further particulars apply to the office of the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company, 5 Bleury Street, Montreal.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, April 14th, 1877.

THE PRESERVATION OF LEARNING

A correspondent of an American scientific paper suggests the use of gum copal for the preservation of stereotype plates. The fact that this substance has withstood the elements for such a considerable period, as is indicated by the conditions under which it is found, is ample proof of its durability under ordinary circumstances; and all that would have to be specially guarded against would be its we are compelled to hold over a mass of possible exposure to fire. The plan pro- matter -- editorial and other.

posed is this: To varnish on both sides the printed sheets to be preserved, and then, by the application of heat and pressure, mould them into solid blocks. This done the blocks might be placed in earthen vessels and covered with melted copal. Thus, like flies in amber, the ideas of the present age might be fossilized and laid away in their integrity for the entertainment or enlightenment of times to come. Buried under public buildings, or other structures likely to remain in some form to challenge the curiosity of explorersgeologists, maybe, of some distant geological era-such fossilized records of our day and generation might be the only clue to the mental and moral condition of a type of humanity that had long since passed to the limbo of forgotten existences.

The Scientific American taking up the suggestion makes the following serious proposition:-In a few years, one of the grandest monuments of the age will be erected, in or near New York, the magnificent gift of France in commemoration of the Centennial year. When we are buildstatue of Liberty giving Light to the World, let us make room in the foundation, or elsewhere, for a legacy to intellectual light to remote posterity. Without weakening the structure in the least, spaces might be left for storing our more precious and instructive volumes, duly embalmed in copal or otherwise, to remain undisturbed until the celebration of our tenth centennial year, or longer, in case the paper and judge for themselves of our the preservation of ordinary books and records should be more satisfactory than we have anticipated. This would simply be carrying out in a more scientific and comprehensive way the common practice of depositing newspapers and transient matter in corner stones. A more favorable opportunity for setting a signal example to the civilized world touching this matter is not likely soon to occur than in connection with the light-bearing statue of Liberty; nor a more appropriate opportunity. Let it be done!

DEAD HEADS.

In an article on "Journalism and Journalists" in the New York Evening Mail, we find the following:—"It is the people and not the journalists who are 'Dead heads." In case anything more serious than stubbing his toe befall a man, he hastens to the nearest newspaper and demands that the editor shall wield the pen and shed ink in his vindication or defence. And if the jaded editor does not with alacrity espouse the cause of his 'patron' he will make an enemy for life. 'Members of the press' are literally hunted down by all sorts of people who have axes to grind. The managers of a public meeting who do not find the reporters at the table suffer stings of disappointment; the judge who sonorously blows his nose after reading his opinion, looks anxiously for the stenographers; the preacher who descants upon some special subject loses spirit if the representatives of the press are not there; even the burglar on the way to the State prison covets a talk with the 'newspaper man." Yet the outside barbarian thinks all newspaper men are 'dead heads,' and envies them the fine times they have in the way of free dinners and free tickets to all manner of shows. There never was a greater mistake. People do not seem to realize that, on the part of the journalist, it is merely a matter of business; that the reporter or editor goes to these places, so attractive to the outsider, much as the horse goes to the plough—because he must do so. We venture to say that four-fifths of the entertainments are to journalists intolerable bores. The press is the victim of the public's rapacious and unceasing demand for services without pay. Let us have the boot on the right leg.

Owing to unusual pressure on our space,

EPHEMERIDES.

In the biographical memoir which we lately published, accompanying a portrait of the late Rev. William Smart, an account was given of a remarkable dream which that lamented clergy-man once had. A gentleman of high standing in Ottawa writes thus to the editor concerning

"While lecturing recently in a neighbouring town I had occasion to quote your account; and endeavoured to explain the dream on scientific principles. At the close of the lecture, I was informed by a gentleman who resided beside Mr. Smart for many years, that Mr. Smart spend the carrly years of his life in the very shadow of the old Bailey. I think this fact will explain all that appeared wonderful about the dream. The curious in such matters will find the subject discussed fully in Carpenter's Mental Physiology.

An exchange says: "The question is very often asked: What is the difference between a registered letter and any other? The difference is that a registered letter does not go in the mail proper. It passes from hand to hand outside of the mail ponches, every person through whose hands it passes being required to sign a receipt for it on receiving it, and secure a receipt for it on passing it over to the next transit. The person holding the last receipt is thus always able to show who is accountable for its loss. The responsibility rests upon the man who has signed a receipt for the registered package and who is not able to produce the psckage or a receipt from somebody else for it. The safest way to send money is by money order. Where it does not go to a money-order office it should always be sent in a registered package. Money ought not to be sent in an ordinary letter under any circumstances. There is no possible way of tracking such a letter."

The Americans must have a sensation every reek. Blue glass has had its day and now is the turn of the telephone. Perhaps my readers would like to hear all about this new curiosity. The following is malteen in purco:

The telephone in its present form consists of powerful compound, permanent magnet, to the two poles of which are attached ordinary telegraph coils of insulated wire. In front of the oles, surrounded by these coils of wire, is placed points, surpulated a diaphragm of iron. A month-piece to converge the sound upon this diaphragm substantially completes the arrangement. The motion of completes the arrangement. The motion of steel or iron in front of the poles of a magnet creates a current of electricity in coils surrounding the poles of the magnet, and the duration of this current of electricity coincides with the duration of the motion of the steel or iron moved or vibrated in the proximity of the magnet. When the human voice causes the diaphragm to vibrate, electrical undulations are induced in the coils environing the magnets precisely aualogous to the undulations of the air produced by that voice. These coils are connected with the line wire, which may be of any length, provided the insulation be good. The undulations which are induced in these coils travel through the line wire, and, passing through the coils of an instrument of precisely similar construction at the distant station, are again resolved into air undulations by the diaphragm of this instru-

A study of the pedigree of many words which are in daily use would prove more fascinating than any other kind of mental recreation. Treuch, in his little work on the "Study of Words," has done much to cultivate the taste than any other kind for this kind of investigation; but he made only a beginning. The field is inexhaustible.

derives its name from the Gagates, a river of Lycia, where was found the black stones which the French call gagate, or jact, which we abbreviate into jet.
Pamphylia, a Greek lady who compiled a

history of the world in thirty-five little books, has given her name to the "pamphlet."
"Punch and Judy" are the relies of an an-

cient inystery play, in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot. " Dollar" is from the German thaler, which is derived from Thal, the Valley of Joachim, in Bohemia, where the silver works situated there

make this coin. "Bigot" is from Visigoth, in which the fierce and intolerant Arianism of the Visigoth

famy.
"Humbug" is from Hamburg; "a piece of Hamburgh news," was in Germany a proverbial

expression for false rumors.

"Exhort" and "yeast" are from the same root, which signified something boiling or over-"Gas" and "gust" have the same par-

entage.
"Blue Jeans Williams" probably does not know that the fabric from which he gets his name was originally made by Moors, at Jean, in

"Gauze" derives its name from Gaza, where it was first made.

Damask silk was first made at Damascus.
The word "panic" has a curious origin
According to Herodotus, the god Pan was sup posed to have assisted the Greeks at the battle of Marathon, 490 n. c., striking such a terror into the Persian host that they fled to their ships in perfect dismay. From that time the Greek word puniton was used to describe unreasonable or sudden and over-powering fear.

"Tabby cat" is all unconscious that her name is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manufacturers of the silken stuffs called Atabi, our taffety; the wavy markings of the watered silk resembling pussy's

"Old Scratch" is the demon Skratti, who still survives in the superstitions of Northern

Europe.
"Old Nick" is none other than Nikr, the dangerous water-demon of Scandinavian legend. In the phrase "Dence take it" the deity Tiw still continues to be invoked. In his book, "Do Civitate Dei," Augustine speaks of "quosdam damanes dusies Galli nuncapust."

The lemon takes its name from the city of

Londstone is a corrunt translation of Lorines opis, the stone of Lydia.

The word money reminds us that the coinage of the Romans was struck at the temple of June Monieta, the goldess of counsel.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MUNICIPAL ECONOMY .-- The city of Montreal grievously burdened with taxes and appropriaons, and it is the intention of the present Council to inaugurate an era of reform. The new Mayor seems to have entered heartily into the project, as we stated last week, and it is to be hoped that he will persevere.

ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON .- This fine old structure was built in 1825, at a cost of £14,000, raised, according to the record upon the tablet of its porch, partly by a sale of church lands, by contributions from the congregation and by a Government grant obtained through the intervention of Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Governor of the Province. In 1840, it was enlarged to its present dimensions by the liberality of the then Rector (Ven. Architeacon Stewart) and his assistant-minister (Rev. Mr. Herchmer,) who gave each the magnificent sum of £1,000 for the purpose. A number of memorial tablets, which adom the walls of the interior, record the names of numerous military officers and civilians whose ashes repose either beneath the building, or in the adjacent ground. Among the number is one to the memory of the late Governor General, Lord Sydenham, whose bones lie beneath the Cathedral floor. The church is identified with the early history of Ontario, the first St. George's (built of wood) and which stood on an adjoining block, having been the church in which was read and proclaimed the Act constituting the Province of Upper Canada. The present Rector is the Very Rev. Dean Lyster, tho is assisted in his spiritual labors by the Rev. Henry Wilson. The congregation is large and composed of the leading society of Kingston, who have lately had the whole church restored at much expense. The interior has been reseated throughout, and painted-the massive pillars being imitation marble; while the altar is decorated in white, color, and gilt, which gives the old building quite a modern finish. A magnificent organ-one of the largest in the Dominion-has been placed in the gallery. steeple clock, which had been silent for a long time, now chimes the rassing hours. The views are taken from photographs by Mr. J. J. Abbots, of Kingston.

THE LATE REV. ARCLID HENDERSON, M. A.-The Rev. Mr. Henderson, senior minister of the Presbyterian Church, St. Andrew's, Que., died on the 19th of January, 1877. The following sketch of his life and character is taken chiefly from the Montreal Witness and the Argentewil Advertiser. He was born at Donne, near Stirling, Scotland, in the year 1783; attended the Grammar School of the latter place under Dr. Doig, graduated at St. Andrew's University, and after passing through the theological class of the ancient Dr. Lawson, at Schirk, was licensed as a preacher in connection with the associate Synod. He was settled as minister in Carlisle, England, in 1810, and remained there till 1818, when he came to this country, having received an appointment from the British Government, as Presbyterian minister of the County of Argenteuil, with a salary of £100 stg. per aunum, which he enjoyed to the last, but which, of course, dies with him. He settled in the village of St. Andrews, then in its infancy, and resided there ever after, preaching the Gospel, and administering the ordinances of the church, with unwearied zeal, both there and in Lachute and Chatham, till ministers were settled in those laces: gaining and retaining to the end of his life the unfeigned respect of the entire community, by his learning and ability, by his high-toned character and his ministerial faithfulness. In the year 1860, his failing sight rendered it necessary that he should obtain assistance in his work, and Mr. Paterson was ordained as collegiate minister. After that, Mr. Henderson only preached occasionally, in the absence of his col-league. He continued, however, to do so till within a few months of his death, the last time he occupied the pulpit being in June last, and with no apparently falling off in mental power, and very little even in voice. But the strong man was bowing down. He gave an impressive and affectionate "Table Address" at the com-munion on the 3rd December, and attended church for the last time on the 24th. He complained much of the cold, although it was not an unusually severe day, and began at once to fail. Apprehensive of the issue, although not without hope of partial recovery, he proceeded to set his affairs in order with the calminess of one who had the great concern settled long ago. The end of his long pilgrimage come somewhat

suddenly. About noon on the 19th, hemorrhage set in, and in a few seconds his spirit was with God. With him perishes one of the few links that connect this generation with that of the French Revolution and the great upheaval of modern society of which it was the symbol and the forerunner. Mr. Henderson died at the age of ninety-three years and three months, and was, we believe, the oldest clergyman in the the minion, and the oldest Presbyterian minister (but one) in the world. He was a good man, and, although not without enemies during his long life (as every man will have who has a mind of his own in this world), yet he died in peace both with God and with man. His picty was deep, though unobtrusive. Its sincerity appeared in his whole life; it shone particularly in his prayers—not in their length, but in their in his prayers—not in their length, but in their comprehensiveness, in their profound reverence, in their rich Scriptural tone, and evangelical metion. The sick and the dying knew their power. He was of a catholic spirit—a lover of all good men; he was a lover of liberty, and a strong hater of oppression and injustice. strong hater of oppression and injustice, religious press found ever in him a liberal supporter, for he knew its value to the public. the last year of his life he continued to receive and read several religious newspapers, both British and Canadian and of the United States, besides reviews and new books; and he kept abreast of the intelligence of the age, discussing public questions, especially the ecclesiastical, with all the zest and keenness of a young man. He was a theologian of extensive and accurate knowledge, and a scholar, being especially a master in English and Latin. As a preacher he was scriptural, logical, profound, instructive rather than popular, but highly appreciated by intelligent minds. He excelled in preaching timeral sermons. He took a lively interest in education, and has bequeathed his valuable library to the Presbyterian College, Montreal, to the theological and literary stores of which it will doubtless prove a welcome addition. He has left legacies also to various of the schemes of the Church and to the French-Canadian Missionary Society, of which he was from its beginning a warm friend. He was, at an early period, an earnest promoter of temperance reform in its then phase, and a liberal supporter of Missionary and Bible Societies, of the latter of which he was President of the local branch to the last. In private he was cheerful and affable among his intimate friends, full of humorous reminiscences of his early student and ministerial associates, which he delighted to bring forth, when in the vein-his accurate and retentive memory cuabling him to reproduce scenes and conversa-

FREDERICK DOUGLASS. Frederick Douglass, the new United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, was born at Tuckahoe, Talbot tounty, Md., about 1817, his mother being a negro slave and his father a white man. The first ten years of his life were spent as a slave on a plantation. He was then sent to Baltimore, and, while working for a relative of his master, he was secretly taught to read and write. 1838 he fled from the city, stopped for a while in New York, and then sought immunity from arrest and return to bondage in New Bedford, Mass. He was taken in charge by some leader of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and found employment on the wharves and in some workshops. His career as a public speaker opened in 1841, when he ventured to address the legates to an Anti-Slavery Convention held in Nantucket. His eloquence, earnestness and argumentative ability so impressed his hearers, that he was offered the agency of the State Society, and in that capacity he spent four years travelling, lecturing through the New England States. In 1845 he went to Europe, and appeared before large audiences in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, urging the formation of societies for the purpose of securing the aboli tion of human slavery. Upon his return to his country he began the publication of a vigorous anti-slavery paper in Rochester, N. V., which he kept up until the war of 1861-65. In the early part of that struggle he urged the employment of colored troops, and President Lincoln consulted with him frequently upon the subject. After the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued he abandoned his newspaper enterprise, and for several years travelled throughout the United States and Canada as a public lecturer, drawing large audiences and making hosts of friends. In 1870 he started the New National Era in Washington. In the following year President Grant appointed him Secretary to the Santo Domingo Commission, and, on his return, a member of the Territorial Council of the District of Columbia; and in the next place he was elected Presidential Elector-at-large for the State of New York, and the messenger for conveying the official vote to Washington. On the 15th of March last, President Hayes appointed him Marshal for the District of Columbia, and two days later he was confirmed, by a vote of thirty to twelve. The duties of the United States Marshal for that District are much more important than those of that officer elsewhere. All the courts there are United States courts, and in addition to the duties of the marshal in other districts, he has to perform those usually devolving upon the sheriff. Besides this, custom has made the marshal almost a member of the President's official household and the master of ceremonies on all State occasions. It is understood that President Hayes will not require of Mr. Douglass the performance of the duties at the White House which Marshal Sharpe has discharged, but will expect him to simply attend to the or-dinary and legal duties of his office. On Mon-proved that Homer had lived in Mycena's golden set on the proper track to "Goldsmith's Au-

day, March 19th, Mr. Douglass drove up to the office of Marshal Sharpe, and, alighting, passed through a row of his friends to the Marshal's room, where he was received by Colonel George Phillips, the chief-deputy-marshal. After remaining a short time with this gentleman, he proceeded to the White House, and there received his commission. At 12:30 o'clock he returned to the court-house, and held a consultation with his bondsmen, Messrs. Hill and Alexander, who united with him in the execution of a bond of \$20,000 for the faithful performance of his duties. After this they all, with the addition of ex-Marshal Sharpe, left for the consultation-room of the Circuit Court, where Chief Justice Carter administered the "iron-clad" oath. Mr. Douglass returned to the Marshal's office and assumed control. His first act was the appointment of Mr. L. B. Williams as deputy-marshal, who, after being sworn, and his bond taken, at once entered upon his duties. Mr. Williams for many years has been in the office of the clerk of the court, and is a gentleman of high reputation. As soon as Mr. Douglass was fairly installed be was besieged by droves of his race, who had come to congratulate him. He promptly intimated that he was not in favor of removing any good men from their present position, and would make no change without careful considera-

SAN FRANCISCO NEWSBOYS. The space before the offices of the San Francisco daily newspapers presents every morning and evening a picturesque spectacle. Spirited mustangs, carryng large leather ponches on each side in front of the saddle, are drawn up in line, waiting for their owners to receive their papers. The moment a carrier gets his supply, he thrusts the damp sheets into the pouches, springs upon his mustang, and dashes off at break-neck speed to that part of the city where his papers are to be distributed. When several start at once, as represented in our sketch, the race becomes quite exciting.

Dr. Schliemann's Discovenies .-- We have

stready given ample information of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenie, but in connection with our full page illustration in the present issue, it may be interesting to reproduce the doctor's own account as given at a late reception recently tendered him by the London Society of Antiquarians. He there stated that he knew of no example in history of an acropolis having served as a burial place save the small building of the Caryatides in the Athenian Acropolis, the traditional sepulchre of Cecrops, first King of Athens. But, he said, we now know with certainty that Cecrops is nothing else than Kacyapa, the sun-god, so that the story of Cecrops having been buried in the Acropolis is a pure myth. But here in the Acropolis of Mycenie the tombs are no myth, but a reality. Who were the great personages entombed here and what services had they rendered to entitle them to such splendid honors? He thought they could be no other than those mentioned by Pausanias, in spite of the certainty that the traveller of the Autonine age count acceptable seen the tombs, which were then covered by a 10-feet thick layer of prehistoric rubbish. ascient writer mentioned that Mycenae was re built after n.c. 468, and Strabo even said that the site had remained uninhabited ever since its capture; but facts proved that the city had been rebuilt about B.C. 400, and again about B.C. 200. Below the ruins of the Hellenic city were found vast masses of splendidly painted archaic vases. fron, he remarked, was found in the upper Hellenic city only, and no trace of it in the pre-historic strata. Glass was found now and then in the shape of white beads. Opal glass also occurred as beads or small ornaments. Sometimes wood was found in a perfect state of preservation, as in the board of a box, on which were carved, in bas-relief, beautiful spirals. Rock erystal was frequent, for beads and also for There were also beads of amethyst, onyx, agate, serpentine, and the like precious stones, with splendid intaglio ornamentation, representing men or animals. When towards the middle of November he wished to close the exeavations, Dr. Schliemann excavated the spots marked by the sepulchral slabs, and found be low all of them immense rock-cut tombs, as well as other seemingly much elder tombstones, and another very large sepulchre from which the tombstones had disappeared. These tombs and the trensures they contained, consisting of masses of jewels, golden diadems, crowns with foliage, large stars of leaves, girdles, shoulder-belts breastplates, etc., were described in detail. He argued that as 100 goldsmiths would need years to prepare such a mass of jewels, there must have been goldsmiths in Mycena from whom such jewels could have been bought ready-made. He spoke of the necklaces, too, and of the golden mask taken from one of the bodies, which must evidently be a portraiture of the deceased. Dr. Schliemann then proceeded to show that in a remote antiquity it was either the custom, or, at least, that it was nothing unusual that living persons were masks. That also immortal gods wore masks was proved by the bust of Pallas Athene, of which one copy was in the British Museum and two in Athens. It was also represented on the Corinthian medals. The treasures of Mycene did not contain an object which represented a trace of Oriental or Egyptian influences, and they proved, therefore, that ages before the epoch of Pericles there existed here a flourishing school of domestic artists, the formation and development of which must have occupied a great number of centuries. They further

age, and at or near the time of the tragic event by which the inmates of the five sepulchres lost their lives, because shortly after that event Mycenae sank by a sudden political catastrophe to the condition of a poor powerless provincial town, from which it had never again emerged. They had the certainty that Mycenæ's flourishing school of art disappeared, together with its wealth; but its artistical genius survived the destruction, and when, in later centuries, circumstances became again favorable for its deve-lopment, it lifted a second time its head to the heavens. In conclusion, he said that if they thought Mrs. Schliemann and he had by their disinterested labors contributed a little to show that Homer did not describe myths, but real events and tangible realities, this would be to them a most flattering acknowledgment and a greater encouragement in the continuation of their works in Troy, which they would resume very soon, for they had the necessary Firman of the Turkish government in their hands.

FROM TOWER TO TOWER. - Our illustration gives a good idea of the view to be obtained from the top of the Brooklyn tower of the East River Bridge. The temporary foot-bridge stretches in a graceful curve from tower to tower, diminishg almost to a thread as it ascends on the farther side. Beneath, the shipping of the East River presents strange appearances of foreshortening as the spectator looks down from his dizzy height upon the masts of sailing craft and the chimneys of tugs and ferry-boats. When completed, the bridge will be a favorite promenade, no doubt, for those who wish to enjoy the splen did view it will afford.

ECLIPSES OF THE MOON AT CONSTANTINOPLE The Turks have a superstition that theeclipse of the moon is caused by the struggle of that to them sacred luminary with a dragon. Hence, as lately happened, when there is a lunar eclipse, they fire their guns and pistols in the air, in order to drive away the dragon.

YORK MINSTER, -The minster is built of magnesian limestone from the quarries near Tadcaster, from the Huddlestone quarries, and from quarries near Stapleton, Pontefract. Its length from base to base of the buttresses is 524 feet, and its extreme breadth 250 feet. It is thus twenty-four feet longer than St. Paul's Cathedral, and 149 feet longer than Westmin-ster Abbey. York Minster has perhaps a more widely extended reputation than any other English cathedral. Until the rise of the great manufacturing towns within the present century, York was by far the most important city in the north of England. It was the centre from which Christianity had been dispersed throughout the country north of the Humber. The wealth and importance of the ancient town, and the memory of the great change of faith in Northumbria, found their most permanent representation in the minster, which, as the metropolitan church of the northern province, gathered about it the recollections, often of deep historical interest, connected with its long series of archbishops. These causes sufficiently explain the early fame of the cathedral, and as the several portions were completed, the size and grandeur of the building itself rapidly extended its reputation. For cen-turies the eathedral was the centre of the northern counties, and it still remains a bond of union between the many sects, parties, and classes scattered over the three ridings. Whatever touches the minster touches the heart of York-

VARIETIES.

MISPRONUNCIATION. - It is possible that some one who reads this title may find himself guilty of failing to pronounce ci like sh in shun. I find that my lady friend, who is very precise in her language, will persist in accenting "eti-quette" on the first instead of the last syllabe. My good minister, who has the greatest aversion to anything wrong, was greatly surprised when I mildly suggested to him that "aspirant" should be accented on the penult, while my musical niece mortified me, the other day, by pronouncing "finale" in two syllables. I heard my geological friend explaining the ences" of the earth's crust, but he should have recented the second instead of the first syllable. The same mistake happened, the other day, to my friend, the President of the Reform Society, who spoke of the "ragaries" of certain people by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. He also announced that I would deliver an "address" that evening, but I knew it was not polite to tell him to accent the last syllable. My boy says he left school at "recess," accenting the first syllable, and was loth to believe that whatever the meaning of the word, it should be accented on the final syllable. Then my friend, the president of the debating club, who is a great student of "Cushing's Manual," tells us that a motion to adjourn takes the "prescalence. by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. My other lady friend says that she lives in a house having a "cupclore." She should consult a dictionary for that word. But I will close by remarking that my legal friend, who is very scholarly, always accents "coad-jator" on the second instead of the third, where it rightfully belongs.

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE. -The site of the Deserted Village is on the road from Athlone to Ballymahon, about six unles from the former town; and as crops of new "Auburns" are springing up in all directions, it is only nec-

burn," as the Westmeath peasantry call it. At a little distance from the entry to Lissoy, at the same side of the road, is the very pool alluded to by Goldsmith, and the noisy geese are now as ever gabbling over it. It is bordered by a few stunted hawthorn bushes, having upon them a strange impress as of old. against it is a ruinous cottage, the residence of a "wretched matron" whose tale of her own happier years assuredly merits a sympathic listener :

She only left, of all the harmless train, The sad historian of the pensive plain.

The fields near her cottage were, up to recent eriod, covered with a deep embowering wood; but all this has been cut away, and now only the discolored stumps remain, as if to heighten the apparent desolateness of the scene. Ascending an incline, which certainly deserves not the name of "hill," we come to the cross of the 'Three Jolly Pigeons," where the ruins of the alchouse may be seen; also the sycamore on which the signboard of that little inn used to be so invitingly hung in years that are over. Here, too, at the opposite side of the road, grows a later representative of that famous hawthorn bush, though no fragment of it now remains where those enviable old people would so often sit and chat, and where those artless loves were told by rustic lovers of long ago, yet bids fair to bloom in fancy's garden forever. To the right, a little off the road, leading northwest, are the hoary, roofless walls of the once "busy mill." Most of the wheel has been taken away, doubtless by visitors, each scrap being in some sort a faded palm branch from one of "the Delphian vales, the Palestines, the Meccas of the mind." The old nether millstone alone is likely to endure for a while beneath the ceaseless agencies of change and decay.

THE POET'S LAY.

I fain would sing, my queen.
While my heart is full of song,
Gaily sing of thee, my queen,
And chant thy praises long.
But thou hast said, my queen,
If thy lover I may be,
That I must not, my queen,
Sing of lovely love to thee.

O. tell me, my queen,
What I may sing to thee,
O, teach me, my queen,
Whate er the song may be.
And I will sing, my queen,
In my loftiest, noblest rhyme;
And I will ring, my queen,
My bairest, purest chime.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

EDHEM PASHA, the present Grand Vizier, is a poet. He is the author of Selim III. Johanna Gray, and other dramas.

" DANIEL DEBONDA" has been dramatised by a bold Californian, and will soon be produced at a theatre in San Francisco.

THE Whitehall Review says the Earl of Bearconsided the other night was at the Prince of Wales's Theatre with the Duchess of Sutherland and other persons of consideration; and not only expressed his great delight at all he saw, but was minded to say he considered Mr. Cecil's acting "the best piece of comedy he had seen since Liston."

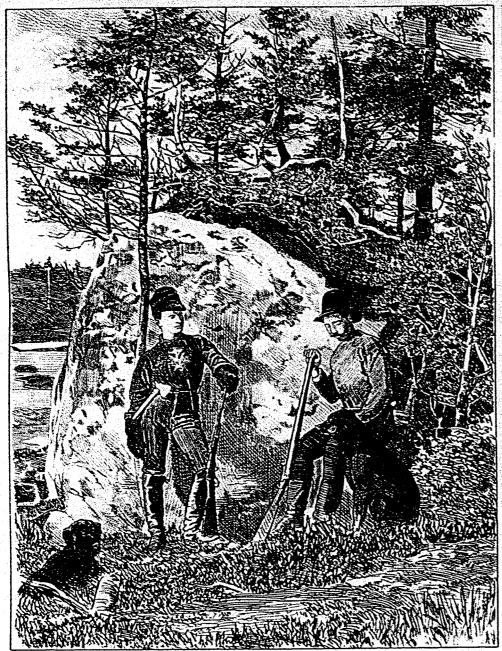
THE first appearance on the lyric stage of Mile Fechter at the Opera Comque, Paris, has been quite successful in Mignon. The friends of Mile Fechter showed much sympathy; but it seems that the young about anticould have relied on her own ability for the cordial reception she met with, her acting being quite out of the common order, and her vocalization of a quality to lusure, with time and practice, her position as a prima donna.

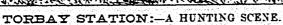
LONDON playgoers, there is reason to believe, will not be dealed the pleasure of seeing another piece from the pen of the late Mr. Oxenford. Some years ago that gentleman adapted to the English stage a French comedy in four acts. The name of the play we cannot remember, but the principal character was a dachess who falls from her high estate to the condition of a workhouse drudge, and is brought into somewhat invidious contrast with a woman of humble origin. Though the adaptation was landed by his friends as superior to the original, as regards both dialogue and character-painting, Mr. Oxenford did not have it represented; for what reason we are not aware. About a year ago, however, reason we are not aware. About a year ago, however, he intrusted the MS, to Mr. Hence Wigan, and it may be hoped that the "Wicked Woman," as the piece is called, will before long be brought out.

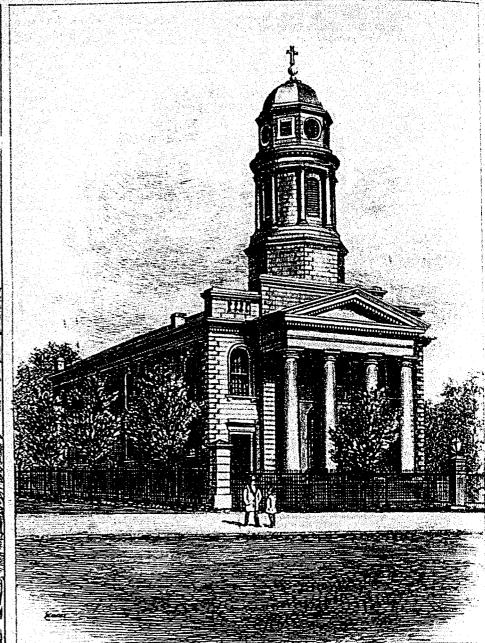
Mu. Invine has published the version as ar-MR. TRVING has putoushed the version as arranged by him of Shakspeare's King Richard III., now in course of representation at the Lyceum. In a brief preface the tragedian speaks thus:—"In the task of arranging Shakspeare's King Richard III. for stage representation, which it has been thought desirable to place before the public in book form, I have been actuated by an earnest wish to rescue from the limbo of 'plays for the about not for the stage." the closet, not for the stage, a tragedy which, in my humble opinion, possesses a variety of action and a unit of construction which readily accounts for its great popularity in the days of the nuther. The taste of a succeeding generation overlaid it with ornament as autagonistic to the fashions of our own day as the hair powder and knee breeches which were then indispensible to the recognized tragic dress; but, while fashions change, truth remains unalterable, and the words of Shakspeare now speak to the human soul of human passions as clearly as when they were written, and require no interpolations to convey their lesson into succeeding generations."

"OLD RELIABLE."

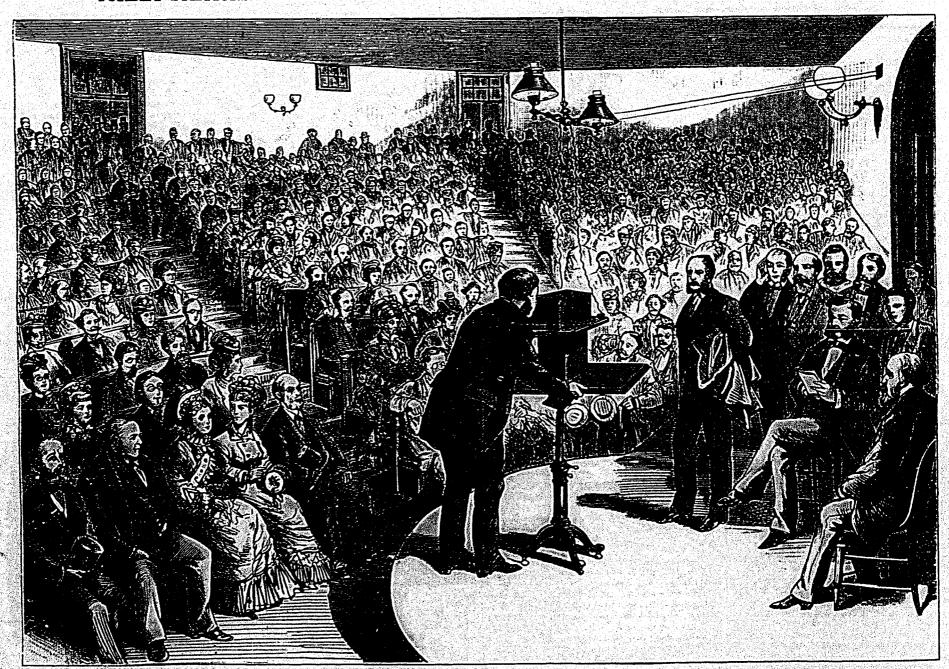
There are many reputed remedies for that very orevalent disease, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, but none which have given general satisfaction and become acknowledged standard preparations, except Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It continues to enjoy an unprecedented popularity. This reputation has been earned through the perma-nent cures which it has wrought, having proved itself a specific in the worst forms of the disease. Pierce's Pocket Memorandum Books are given away at drug stores.



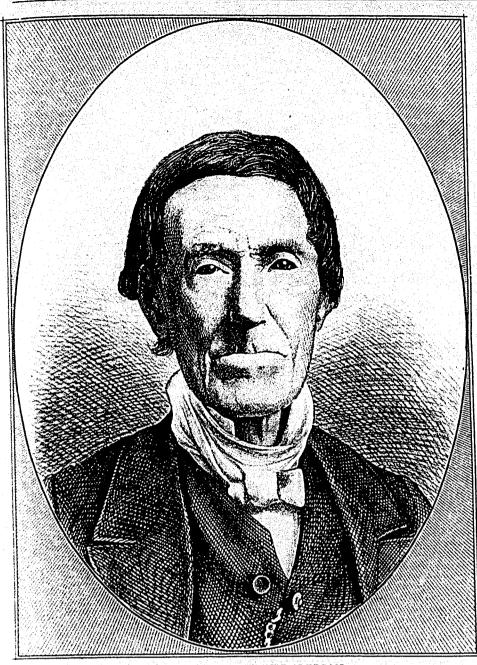




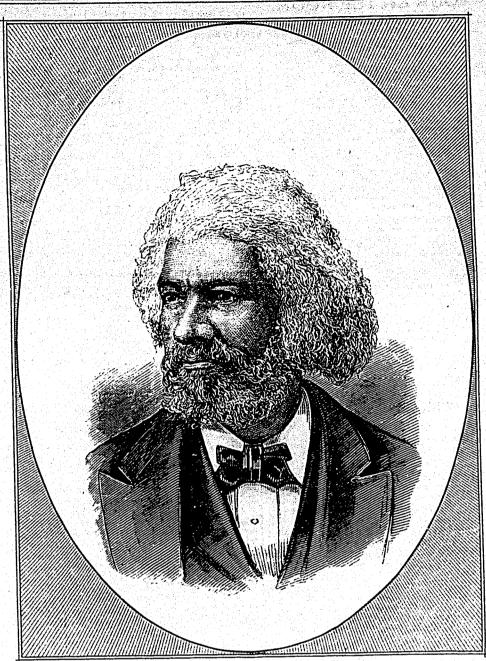
KINGSTON: -ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL.



TRIAL EXHIBITION OF BELL'S TELEPHONE FOR THE TRANSMISSION OF SOUND BY ELECTRICITY, OPERATED BETWEEN SALEM AND BOSTON.



THE LATE REV. A. HENDERSON.



FREDERICK DOUGLAS, THE NEW MARSHAL OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.



SAN FRANCISCO:-NEWSBOYS DISTRIBUTING THE EVENING PAPERS.

OUR LITTLE ROOM.

Well, it wasn't a very handsome room, Nor a fashionable street. And though first we called it an ugly tomb, Yet we grew to like the quiet gloom, And the echo of passing feet.

Our purses, you see, wern't over long. So we had to economize; And when we once got into the jog. 'Twas as easy as rolling off a log.— Our poverty made us wise.

Enjoy ourselves? I should think we did.
Why Bill had a violin.
And he'd scrape a tune from some opera bouffe.
That would very nearly raise the roof.
And let the moonlight in.

Or else I'd write some rattling rhymes, And read them out aloud, And then he'd say, "By Jove that's good!" Of course I always knew he would, Scill, I felt a little proud.

And then, we'd lots of books to read, If the weather was cold or damp; Why, many and many winter's night, We've sat and read by the doubtful light Of a dim old coal-oil lamp.

And if we got tired of everything else.

This we could always do.—
We could sit together, and talk and smoke.
And very often the daylight broke
Thro' the window, before we knew.

Ah yes' i was a cosy little room. And we're leaving it row, for aye; But I fancy in dreams we shall often see The dear old place, as it used to be In the time long passed away.

BARRY DANE. Montreal.

DRAWING-ROOM AMUSEMENTS.

INCOGNITO; OR, WHO AM I ?

One of the players is sent out of hearing distance, while the rest fix upon some well-known character of history or fiction whom he is to be taken to represent. On returning, he is addressed by each person in turn with allusions appropriate to the character he is supposed to per sonify. Usually each one of the company addresses the victim as he best pleases. It will be found, however, to be a great improvement upon the ordinary method if those who remain in the room choose for themselves each a character contemporary and connected with that which the absentee is intended to represent. When the principal character is taken from fiction, the rest must be taken, of course, from the same work. Suppose, for instance, that the character chosen for the absentee is that of Faust, then the parts of Marguerite, Valentine, Mephisto-pheles, Siebel, Dame Martha, &c., should be assumed by each of the company. On the ex-cluded one returning to the room he will be ad-dressed by Marguerite: "You are my ideal of a handsome student and a gallant lover. I trust you with my heart, and would with my life, for never were woman's love and faith like mine. And yet when, as we wander through the garden, I look into your eyes, a strange fear and a dreadful foreboding come over me. I have but the truth and tenderness of woman; you have the strength and intellect of man, if not of something more than man, to rely upon. Spare me, then, and we may yet live and die happily.' Unable to make much out of this, the guesser answers, it may be, that the lady does him too much honour in her sentiments, and goes on to the next, which happens, perhaps, to be Dame Martha, who says, "I have my doubts about you, young man, and my opinion is that you are no better than you ought to be and a good deal worse than you might be. If I ever marry again, it will be to a tall, slender, fair-spoken gentleman who has already shown his affection for me, and I hope my charge may be as fortu-nate as I shall."—"I hope so too," says the guesser, whom Mephistopheles next addresses: "I am a friend to you such as few men possess, and, although I spring from the lower classes, you will find me able to add to the inestimable gifts which I have already bestowed upon you, others of even greater value. Such, however, is the ingratitude of mortal man, that I hardly expect an adequate return for all this, and I foresee that you may even make use of the advantages I have conferred upon you to find out a tricky way of evading the payment of my stipulated reward, poor even as it is." The guesser will possibly by this time have discovered the character he represents, and should henceforth answer each person appropriately, and if he pleases sarcastically. "For you, my friend," he will say to Mephistopheles, "I forgive you. You are but acting up to your character, and, for once, are quite as black as you have ever been painted; but what has this gentleman to say?" Supposing the next to be Valentine, he will answer, "I have to say that I will exact satisfaction for the wrong done to me, and that the insult placed upon our house can only be washed out in blood."—"Very well," returns the guesser; "I can refuse nothing, not even satisfaction, to the brother of the woman I adore; but I doubt if it will improve matters, and my belief is that if—doing some violence to the story—you will allow me to repent now, I shall get off with one curse the less, and my friend there will lose one soul the more." This sort of thing must not however, be too much prolonged, as the greater art of the interest has gone when once the guesser has shown that he has discovered the character he represents.

THE MUSICAL ORACLE.

Like all oracles of which we have any account, this requires a certain amount of intelligence

both in the working and the interpretation of it. One of the players having been sent out of the room, the rest arrange among themselves some task that he is to perform, and, a player being scated at the piano, on his readmission the task is to be indicated to him by the music played and the manner of playing it. Suppose, for instance, he is to be required to walk three times round the table, and kiss the hand of a particular lady. On entering, the victim will be saluted with "All round my hat," played on the piano. He will probably look for a hat, and, finding none, will try going round on his own axis, on which the music will die away almost to silence. He then approaches the table, when the strain swells louder; he takes a few stepslouder still; and now recognizing what is required, he paces round once to the air, and is about to go away, when the tune keeps on persistently and loudly, until he guesses that he has to go round the table again. Having com-pleted the three turns, he waits for the next musical indication, which perhaps comes in the shape of "How happy could I be with either," changing to "Nora Creina." He then perceives that it must be the question of a lady, and passes in front of all those in the room—the music becoming fainter as he leaves the lady selected and louder as he approaches her. At length he stands before her, and the piano strikes up "When the heart of a man is oppressed with He offers her his arm, but she makes no move. He kneels, when the music stops abruptly. He rises again, and the music begins with "The Kiss." He attempts a kiss on the cheek. when he is met with an awful chord and clatter. He then tries the hand, when the music increases in londness and winds up with a grand flourish, and, if he has acquitted himself intelligently, he obtains the applause of the company.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE.

This is a game which requires absolutely "no reparation. ' and which may be played driving home from a ball, or under any other depressing circumstances in which the want of amusement is most keenly felt. It is another of the guessing games, but a word can easily be settled by the company in whispers, the guesser being bound to stop his ears, and being put upon his honour not to listen. The word chosen must be a noun or a proper name, and as it is to be guessed by the answers returned to the three questions, "How, when, and where do you like it?" it must be twisted and turned about, and put to every contradictory use of which it is capable. Suppose, for instance, the word chosen to be flame, the gentleman asks each of the company, flame, the gentleman asks each of the company, "How do you like it?" and gets for answers successively, "Bright," "Old," "New," "Steady," "Put out," "Tender," "Smokeless." Gaining no light from this, he then asks, "When do you like it?" and is told "When I am cold," "When I am warm," "After dinner." He next inquires, "Where do you like it?" and is told, "In Celia's breast," "Before my slippers," "Behind iron bars," and so on. At the end of each series of questions the victim is allowed one guess and if at the the victim is allowed one guess, and if at the conclusion of all the answers he has not succeed ed in guessing aright, he must begin again. If, however, he detects the word, another must be appointed to his place. Punning is quite allowable, and even most laudable, in this game and it is a great advantage to select a word pronounced like some other, even though it differ from it in spelling. Thus if Wales be the word chosen, it will be seen that the most contrachosen, it will be seen that the most contra-dictory answers may be given to the same ques-tion. To "How do you like it!" the answer may be, "Very well in dumb show," "Stuffed," "As a principality," "As an animal rather than a vegetable production. "When do you like it?" "In autumn," "Never," "When it spouts," "When all else fails." "Where do you like it?" "In Iceland," "On the back of a garrotter," "Next to a prince," &c. If the name of one of the company will bear panning, much amusement may be derived from it.

HOME-TRUTHS.

A diplomatic game, showing how the same fact is capable, if properly manipulated, of being drawn to any inferences, however opposite they may be. One of the company-supposing it to be a lady-informs her neighbour that she wishes she were some animal or object supremely disagreeable, and asks if he knows why. The person addressed is bound to give a passable reason, and at the same time to avoid paying a compliment in giving it. The lady then asks the person on her right the same question, and in this case must be answered with a compli-For instance, the lady may say, should like to be a coal-scuttle; can you tell me why?" The first person addressed may answer, "Because you are less fair than useful, and your heart is only fit to be burnt." The second person of whom the same question is asked, replies, "Because you furnish the charm of home, and when appealed to never fail to produce a flame, Or a gentleman may say, "I should like to be a centipede; can you tell me why?" The first person appealed to replies, "Because you would be the better able to run away from your creditors." The second answers, "In order that whenever one of your friends had not better that whenever one of your friends had not a leg to stand upon, you might lend him one of your own." Each one of the company takes a turn at the choice, and by the time the end is reached a pretty crop of disparagement, and an equally plentiful supply of compliments, will have been obtained, between which the truth as to any particular player may be discovered.

ELEMENTS.

A most laughable and aggravating game, especially if it be struck up unexpectedly. One of the party throws a ball (it is hoped that it will be a soft one) at another, and cries at the same time one of the elements, viz., "earth," "air," "fire," or "water," The thrower then counts ten aloud, and before he has got to the end the person at whom the ball has been thrown must name some animal inhabiting the element in question. The fun of the game consists in the almost inevitable tendency to name an animal belonging to one of the other elements a tendency which is much increased by the thurry into which the player generally gets as the number ten is approached. No animal must be named a second time, and it will be found that the difficulty of finding inhabitants for the different elements after the first five or six have been exhausted is something incredible. Any player who fails to name an animal, or who names one inhabiting another element than that mentioned, pays a forfeit, and has to throw the ball until he can get relieved in turn. The ball until he can get refleved in turn. The great object is to catch somebody who happens to be looking another way, and throwing the ball at him or her, to cry, "Air—one, two, three, four," &c.; when it is ten to one that the person addressed in the hurry names "sheep," or "elephant," or some other such wingless creature. When "fire" is named, the person that the person was the stable through mark remain silent. at whom the ball is thrown must remain silent for the obvious reason that there is no animal which exists in fire except the salamander, which, being a case not well authenticated, is not received among the authorised animals of the game.

THE FAMILY COACH.

This will be found to be, if fairly managed, a very stirring and amusing game. The company is seated in a circle, and one who is chosen his-torian of the "Family Coach," goes round the circle, and learns from each one what particular portion of the vehicle, or what pertaining to it, he or she chooses to represent. One chooses the linele-pin, another the fore-wheels, another the horses, another the coachman, and so on. He then seats himself in the centre of the circle, and tells as good a tale as he can invent of the adventures of the coach, and whenever any part of it is mentioned the person representing it must rise and turn round rapidly, and six down again. When the word "coach" occurs the whole of the company must turn round. It is a cunning and successful device of some historians to mention the same portion of the coach three or four times running, which makes a kind of tectorum of the person representing it, which is not without a certain charm (especially if it be a gentleman of portly presence inclined to giddiness), and will probably result either in annecment or forfeits. Any player who fails to revolve in proper form whenever his own part of the coach is mentioned pays a forfeit only to be redeemed by one of the varieties of the "peine forte et dure" which are given further on. Here is a story: "The Marchioness of Pumphandle, which are given further on. Here wishing to advance herself and her daughters in the world, one day resolved to go to court, and as railways were not then invented was perforce obliged to set out in the family there everybody starts up to turn round) vehicle -give me for feits, please, all those who have got up. Sending then for the coachman (coachman revolves) - Coachman; (coachman revolves again), said if your fore-wheels (fore-wheels revolves), your linch-pins (linch-pins revolves), your traces (traces revolves), and the rest are all in proper order, I should like to go to court in the Family Coach (all revolve). On the next Drawing-room day, then, off they set, the Marchioness of Pumphandle looking as lovely as diamonds and paint could make her by daylight, while her laughters positively radiated beams of beauty through the windows (windows revolves) at the ill-fated padestrians. But they no sooner got to the top of St. James's street than one of the horses (horses revolves) trod on a piece of orange-peel, fell down, broke the pole (pole revolves), and then the linch-pins (linch-pins revolves) coming out by capillary attraction the

in peach-coloured satin, without ever having seen the Queen after all." POST.

wheels (wheels revolves) upset, the marchioness

and her daughters were thrown into a heap of mud, and had to walk home through Piccadilly

Each player chooses a town which he or she will represent, and all remain scated in a circle, except one, who stands in the middle. It will be found necessary to have the names of the towns chosen written down to prevent confusion. The victim in the middle, to whom the paper is given, and who assumes the dignity of Postmaster-general, suddenly calls out, for instance, "The post is going—from Bagdad to Northampton." The players representing those towns must change places at once, and the object of the victim is to capture during the change one of the places left vacunt, when the ousted player becomes in turn the victim. Once in six times he is allowed to call a "general post," when everybody must change places. This game is bustling, and is capable of amusing for a short time; but it has hardly "backbone" enough to make it a very great favourite.

CONSEQUENCES.

Each one then writes an adjective at the top of the slip and folds it backwards, and that which is written being thus concealed, each slip is handed on to the next person. The next thing handed on to the next person. The next thing is to write the name of a gentleman, after which the slips are passed on again. Then comes another adjective; then the "name of a lady;" next, "Where they met," "What they were doing," "What he said to her," "What she said to him," "What he did to her," "What she did to him," "What the consequences were," and finally, "What the world said," the slips being turned down and passed on between the writing of each circumstance in the history. When it is all written the slips are read aloud by one of the company specially selected for that purpose, and as they are necessarily made up of the most incongruous scraps, the effect is naturally supremely ludicrous. Here is a faithful copy of one such slip. "The dove-eyed" Mr. (names suppressed for the credit of the society) met the "seraggy but muscular" Mission the kuife-board of a twopenny bus. "They were coming back from Cremorne." He said to her, "Fly to the desert; fly with me, my life, my soul, my all to be." She said to him, "The fact of the rides being influenced by lunar attraction proves that Mr. Mill is right in objecting to exclusion from the franchise on account of sex." He "knelt at her feet, and vowed eternal constancy to her mild havannah. She "at once landed her left on his dexter optic." The consequences were "that the chances of municipal reform, and a supply of pure water for the metropolis, were greatly in-creased. " and the world said, "The man who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of

kindness, is unworthy of the name of coward." COLLARORATION.

This is a game of the same nature as the last, but much less generally known, although it is infinitely more amusing. Paper and pencils are to be given as before to the company, and each of them on the upper part of the slip is to draw a head. Let not the unartistic be frightened at this, for it is not necessary to display any knowledge of drawing; on the contrary, the absence of it rather adds to than diminishes the fun of the game. The most effective heads to draw are naturally exaggerated caricatures of any of the company present. The head having been achieved as effectively as may be, the slip is folded back just above the ends of the two lines forming the neck, and handed to a person sitting next, who fills in a body from the ned down to the legs, folding the slip again inches diately above the ends of the lines forming the body, and again hands it on. The third person then adds legs according to his or her fancy. writing the name at the bottom thereof, and the whole result will be found to be the most laughable specimen of ideal humanity conceivable

SHENCE.

A pastime more amusing, perhaps, than it tellectual, but not, therefore, to be despised. It is advisable to play this after one of the feregoing games—the last for instance—as it makes a contrast with them, and so militates against monotony, that deadliest foe to amusement There is, too, the additional advantage that the players will be already seated. This, then, being the case, one of them in the most solena-manuer, and with a perfectly grave face, softly slaps the face of his right-hand neighbor whether tady or gentleman-who in turn repeatthe operation upon the next. Thus it goes round the circle, the most profound silence being observed, until it reaches the leader again. He then gives his neighbour a box on the car on each side (I trust that nobody will be tempted to box hard); and this, too, is repeated round the circle, possibly amid faints titterings, which the leader must suppress with all the weight of his authority and much severity of countenance. That concluded, he next proceeds softly to pull his neighbour's ear, the circle still, it is hoped, sufficiently restraining inself to observe the perfect silence which is indispensable to the game. This having been duly completed, he goes on to pull the nose of the unhappy right-hand neighbour, upon whom all the experiments are first tried. that this proceeding of the players is such that this proceeding, suffered and inflicted in turn by each, goes round the room without inextinguishable roars of laughter, the circle may be congratulated upon being the first which ever succeeded in playing the game according to the canon, and as it should be played.

BUST THE BING.

This is the more possible form of hunt the slipper. A circle is made, and a piece of tape or string is obtained sufficiently long to reach all round on the inside. A ring is then slipped on to it, and the two ends are fiel together. Each of the players takes hold of the tape or string with both hands, and the person whom let or choice has marked out for the victim, standing in the middle of the circle, is next made to turn round three times (without shutting his eyes or submitting to any other disadvantage). and is then let loose to hunt for the ring. The object of the rest of the players is, of course, to onject of the rest of the players is, or course, to prevent his catching it, and they pass it from one to the other, covering it with their hands as rapidly as possible. If a constant backward motion of the hand is kept up, it will be found extremely difficult to discover where it is so as A well-known and favourite game, which is played in this wise. Each of the company has a strip of paper (note-paper torn in halves lengthwise answers the purpose well) and a pencil.

and the victim's only chance is the greatest ra-pidity in opening and shutting every hand round the circle, to each of which he has immediate access so soon as he has touched it. It is unfair to pass the ring from under a hand after it has been touched and before it has been opened, and the player in whose possession it is finally found becomes in turn the victim. This a very merry and most entertaining game.

This is probably the best, as it certainly is the most possible, of all the games into which agility enters. A number of chairs, less by one than the number of players, are placed in a long row, the chairs facing alternately in opposite directions. The players then proceed to march round the chairs in single file and to the sound of music, and continue to do so as long as the music is played. As soon as ever the music stops every player must sit down, and as there is one chair too few, one person is necessarily left without a seat, and is thereby put out of the game. A chair is then taken away, and the players resume their murch as before, a player and a chair being taken off at each sitting. The fun of the thing, as may be imagined, depends almost entirely upon the manner in which the music is managed, for the deceptions which may be practised by the musician are infinite. He may play a short air through and allow it to die away on the last note. Every one of the players immediately captures a seat, but only to be urged on again by the music being continued in a faster strain than before; and as the musician will not stop in ordinary places, so he must be careful to stop in unexpected places, the more abruptly the better, and he will be rewarded by seeing a most amusing scramble for the chairs. The field will get gradually smaller and smaller, till nothing is left but one chair and two players; and here the skill of the musician will be shown by keeping them marching for as long a period as possible, and finally break off just as they are both passing the front of the chair, when they will, in all probability sit down on each other. It is not fair to use ottomans or stools in this game, because the principal of it is that only one person should be able to occupy the seat at a time, and chairs with backs to them are therefore indispensable. It is necessary, too, that authority should be exerted to keep the players marching fairly as long as the music is going on.

corbitator.

A French game, which can only be played in that language. It is inserted here because it is very popular in French châteaux, and may serve to amuse in some English houses, besides improving the French of the young people. One of the players says, "Je te donne mon corbillon qu'y met-t-on?" And the person to whom the offer is addressed is bound to answer with some word ending equally "on," of which there are many hundreds in the language, such as "un cornichon," du jambon," un "femilleton," "un carton," "du cresson," &c. Those who fail to supply a word before ten can be counted, or repeat one that has already been given, must pay forfeit. This game was already old in the time of Molière, who makes one of his characters answer the question with, "Tarte a la crème." It becomes somewhat monotonous after a short time, but is useful in the manner above indicated, and as an exercise of ingenuity.

HEARTH AND HOME

INSINCERITY IN ASKING ADVICE, - Nothing is less singere than our manner of asking and of giving advice. He who asks advice would seem to have respectful deference for the opinion of his friend; whilst yet he only aims at getting his own approved of, and his friend responsible for his conduct. On the other hand, he who gives it, repays the confidence supposed to be placed in him, by a seemingly disinterested zeal, whilst he seldom means anything by the advice he gives but his own interest or reputation.

THE DANGEROUS HOURS, -- Although a man's life is of necessity greatly influenced by his avocation, it is not of itself an infallible indication of his character. On the contrary, it is very often misleading, particularly when the bent of a man's mind has not been well considered at the time of his entry upon the active pursuits of life. If we take the trouble to look a little below the surface, we shall find that in most cases a man's character is formed, and his mental and bodily health established or destroyed, during those dangerous hours which constitute his leisure.

Manny, -If you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is heaven's last best gift to man-his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice is sweet music-her smiles, his brightest dayher kiss, the guardian of his innocence -her arms, the place of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth-hor economy, his safest steward-her lips, his faithful counsellors-her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares-and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

SILENT SUFFRHING.—Silent suffering is a thing often unknown to the world; for there is much pain that is quite noiseless, and vibrations that make human agonies are often mere whispers in the roar of hurrying existence. There are glances of hatred that stab and raise

no cry of murder; robberies that leave man and woman forever beggared of peace and joy, yet that are kept secret by the sufferer-committed to no sound, except of low moans in the nightseen in no writhing except that made on the face by the slow months of suppressed anguish and early morning tears. Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human car.

MARRIAGE ETIQUETTE. -It is contrary to custom to invite guests to the marriage of a widow. If a widower marries a young girl, the etiquette is the same as that of a first marriage. A widow must marry in the morning early, without show, and has only her witnesses and those of her intended. Her dress must be plain, of quiet colour; black, however, is not admissible. On leaving church, the bride invites to breakfast the witnesses who have formed the party, but no other guests are invited to this repast. On the lifteenth day after the marriage, cards are sent bearing the new addresses of the married pair. A widow never makes wedding calls after temarrying. Those who receive the cards do the visiting. There is a month allowed for the return of the cards and the visits. When a single lady marries, after having passed the usual age for marriage, the ceremony should be simple and unobtrusive.

WHY THEY OFTEN FAIL .-- Young men often fail to get on in the world because they neglect small opportunities. Not being faithful in little things, they are not promoted to the charge of A young man who gets a subordinate situation sometimes thinks it is not necessary for him to give it much attention. He will wait till he gets a place of responsibility, and then he will show people what he can do. This is a very great mistake. Whatever his situation may be, he should master it in all its details, and perform all its duties faithfully. The habit of doing his work thoroughly and conscientiously is what is most likely to enable a young man to make his way. With this habit, a person of only ordinary abilities will outstrip one of greater talents who is in the habit of slighting subordinate matters. But, after all, the mere adoption by a young man of this great essential rule of success shows him to be possessed of superior abilities.

Curtones. How little do they who have grown up to man's estate trouble themselves about the feelings of children! It would really seem as if they fancied that children were destitute of all those fine and delicate springs of motion, which are recognised in maturer life, and are the sources of all our joys and sorrows It is time that the grown-up world went to school to some one who has not forgotten the tender susceptibilities of childhood; that it may learn to sympathize with the little sufferers. The germinating bud has within its folded recesses all the beauty and the fragrance of the flower the gentle distillations of heaven sink as sweetly in its secluded shrine, and the sunbeams fall there as soothingly, as on the prouder petals that would claim all to themselves. How many a sweet spirit withers beneath the blighting frown of an unsympathizing gnardian; how many a one retires to weep in solitude, because it is not loved as it would be, and is not comprehended in its affection! We little imagine what areana we read, when the words "Of such is the kingdom of heaven" pass our unheeded

ADVICE TO LADIES. - In marrying, make your own match; do not marry any man to get rid of him, or to oblige him, or to save him. The man who would go to destruction without you will quite as likely go with you, and perhaps drug you along. Do not marry in haste, lest you repent at leisure. Do not marry for a home and a living, when by taking care of your health you can be strong enough to earn your own living. Do not let aunts, father, or mo ther sell you for money or a position into bondage, tears, and lifelong misery, which you alone must endure. Do not place yourself habitually in the society of any suitor until you have decided the question of marriage; human wills are weak, and people often become bewildered, and do not know their error until it is too late. Get away from their influence, settle your head, and make up your mind alone A promise may be made in a moment of sympathy, or even half delirious ecstacy, which must be redeemed through years of sorrow, toil, and pain. Do not trust your happiness in the keeping of one who has no heart, no head, no Beware of insune blood. Do not rush thoughtlessly, hastily, into wedded life, con-trary to the counsel of your best friends. Love can wait ; that which cannot wait is something of a very different and less creditable character.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

There is much truth in the remark, "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." And all honour to the fools, say 1. What an untrodden spot this world would be without them! Just imagine a world without fools. Why it would be a nerveless place, without thought, without action; without painters, without poets, without musicians, and, oh, dwell upon it, reader, as if it were the last idea you ever may imbibe, a world without newspaper critics. How slow world without newspaper critics. going it would be without the constant lash of malice, on one side, or the well paid puff on the

I once attempted a little criticism myself, a

that made no difference, I had a hope that my readers would know less. Now when I say that I knew nothing about music, I hardly tell the truth, for I had once been inside a singing school where the children were helped to music with a tuning fork; and there I learned that the notes in the spaces of the stave spelt F, A, C, E, which I am now inclined to interpret "check."

With the knowledge thus gained and the help of a music book in which there was a list of technical terms, I launched upon the sea of cri-How many critics have embarked with less ! Heaven only knows : 'tis past human understanding to count them.

My critique was not long, that is, not long for a beginner; it would have been long for any one who knew anything about it. But what cored I? I never lifted my pen until I had exhausted my music-book vocabulary, and then I had to. I thought it a success, and so did the other critics, though they expressed no surprise at my intimate knowledge with such numerous musical terms, for had we not all drunk from the same perennial spring !

I was happy, till alas! I, one day, ventured to ask a man, who was not a critic (he had merely played one of the leading instruments at the Boston Jubilee), what he thought of a certain recent critique.

His stolid German eye flashed fire, as he pierced me with a look of withering scorn; then taking his pipe from his mouth, he dashed it in pieces on the floor, and started up exclaiming: Py himmel, dot ish joust vot ish de gilling off musig in dish coundree. Prainless vools dalking off vot dey dont know someting."

I left the profession, though doubtless by this time I would have been able to turn a Paganini to scorn and wither up the prospects of a Gotts-

Yes, I left the path of fame, and retired behind the quiet railing of an office desk, where I have since used my little talents to that best advantage-turning an honest penny (somebody else's penny) into my pocket. Yet I love music still, and whenever I have accumulated enough pennies, I purchase a ticket for the best concert that comes my way, and there I sit regardless of the critics round me (who are probably squabbling as to what page of the music book the last piece performed begins on), and enjoy all that is sweet to me, though I may not understand it

And yet I have been, perhaps too frequently, a disappointed listener. Possibly I expected too much, thought I should be entranced; but so Why, many a time I have been more pleased with the singing of a simple ballad by some artless girl, than with the paroxysms of some world-renowned cantatrice heralded by

columns of newspaper puffs.

True, I listened with open ears and eyes and mouth, when I heard Parepa Rosa. I was en-

From Carlotta Patti I expected as much; but she had a cold-great pity. Ilma de Murska, well, she had not a cold; but she was cold herself, a wonderful mechanic, I thought her, but with no soul. Titiens, ah, she had a cold too, and I deplored it, for I had hoped so much, and felt that she could give it. I gave up faith in great singers and was happy with small fry.

Then came a great pianist. I knew the piano could not have a cold, and so I went joyfully to

hear Madame Goddard. I can't say what I expectd; probably I fancied a sort of female Orpheus. I know not. Of course it was beautiful and of course I was pleased but not satisfied. I could have left the hall before it was all over, and still been happy. There seemed to me a want; she was too marble; had I touched her, I fear she would have been cold: and thus my faith gave way again.

And so the time went on till suddenly "Essipoff" was all the cry; but I only shrugged my shoulders. Of course I knew her performance must be splendid, because the newspapers said so; but then they say the same of the girl who sings the new songs at the minstrel show (if the advertising bill is large).

However, as the time drew on, I grew anxious

to hear. I went. Mons. Alfred Vivien, who was he? I had never heard of him before, and what did I know about a "Grand Concerto (for violin) by De Beriot?" Nothing, absolutely nothing. He made his bow, and stood before me. Without a grace of person, he stood with his feet rather farther apart than a dancing master would have allowed; however as he came to play and not to dance, I did not grumble. He had a peculiar look of power about him, not like a man who has jumped suddenly into fame, but like a man who had striven steadily for years, and had at last attained success, an air of confident, quiet dignity. He had a way of holding his violin and bow, as if he was their master, firm but kind, and then he made them speak. Yes, I knew nothing of a "Grand Concerto" or what its capacity was, but I soon learned that it could hold the whole soul of a man, and as he stood there pouring a flood of melody upon my ears, I was satisfied, more than satisfied

After a vocal effort by Miss Palma (who by the way, I think, was unfortunate in the selection of her pieces, her voice being somewhat pleasing and powerful) came another "Grand Concerto," (E. Minor). Chopin." 1. had learned something about a grand concerto. I was eager for more. "Allegro Mustoso, Romance, Rondo." I scanned the words and shuddered to think how recklessly I had used them once.

Madame Annette Essipos took her seat at the

musical one. I knew nothing about music. But | her, as she sat leaning slightly forward, her hands folded on her knees, and her face wearing a coy smile that bewitched the audience. And so she sat waiting while her accompanyist played the introduction, then she touched keys; half playfully she seemed to extend her arms

" As lithe as wand of willow tree."

One half imagined that she flirted with the keys at first, just touching them and flying off, only to return with warmer greeting, as a mother playfully kisses her infant's cheek, and pushes it away, then suddenly clasping it closer, show-ering kisses and caresses without number. So she bent over the notes. "Four songs without words, Gondellied; Volkslied; Springlied; Spinnerlied," by Mendelssohn. This was what had longed to hear, and what I shall never

forget.
The being who had dared to stir, while those fingers were dropping like pearls upon the keys, would have received the silent execrations of a mute and breathless audience, and if mortals have power to recall the spirits of the departed, surely the spirit of Mendelssohn must have attended the beckoning of those fingers.

And so it is no pedantry for me to say, that And so it is no penantry for me to say, time I enjoyed, nay was enchanted with a concert of classical music. I, who know no more about music than to join heartily in singing "God save the Queen," enjoyed it, as a man would enjoy a beautiful painting, though knowing nothing of the artitself, and being unable to opticize further than to say "It is lifelike". criticize, further than to say, "It is lifelike." and so it was with the music and the untutored listener; he knew not how to criticize: but it was full of soul. No automatic instrument could have imparted that feeling; no matter have exactly each note had been releved it how exactly each note had been played, it would have lacked the life that so few can give.

Music, like dropping of pearls in the purest crystaline

waters,
Magical kisses, that slipped from the tips of her delicate
fingers,
Murmuring sounds, that were sweeter than sighs of the
Lyre (Eolian,
Passionate words, that a lover might breathe in the ear of

Passionate words, that a lover might breathe in the ear of his mistress.

Or, alone and forsaken, the wail that might rise from the heart of the outcast.

The laughter of childhood and youth on the air of a sunny May morning.

Such were the plain spoken tones, that answered her

gentle caressing.

And thrilled in the ear of the listener, who motionless sat, thus enchanted.

LITERARY.

THE granddaughter of Douglas Jerrold has a evel in the press.

THE Unknown Eros is the title of a poetical olume, said to be from the pen of Coventry Patmore.

Sermons from Shakspeare is the title of a series of articles from the pen of the Rev. E. Paxton Hood.

M. SARDOU, the dramatist, is a candidate for the chair in the French Academy left vacant by the death of M. Autran.

SWINBURNE, the poet, has come into possession of a handsome estate by the death of his father. Admiral Swinburne.

ANOTHER edition of Lothair is called for, which makes the eightcenth, and editions of the Pre-mier's other novels are to follow.

GENERAL IGNATIEFF is a writer as well as a soldier and diplomat; and he announces a book giving an account of his experiences as ambassador at the Golden Horn.

SINCE Joaquin Miller disearded long hair, red shirts, and the custom of wearing his trousers in his boots, there is a perceptible falling off in the fire and originality of his poetry.

MRS. CAROLINE WEBSTER DAY, a grand-daughter of Daniel Webster, is preparing a life of the great statesman, which will present his every-day experiences at Marshfield, together with anecdotes of him which have never been published.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE, whose death is CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE, whose death is announced, was within nine months of completing his ninetieth year. He will be remembered best by his Tales from Chaucer, and his Shakspeare Characters. He was also Kent's schoolmaster. His wife, who is twenty-two years his junior, and the sister of Clara Novello, was married to her husband forty-nine years ago. She is an even more devoted student of Shakspeare, her edition of his works, and her graceful sketches of the girlhood of Shakspeare's heroines, have laid all other students under a great obligation to her.

THE following excerpt from Lord Palmerston to his brother Sir William Temple, amb ssador at Naples, of date May 30. 1844, is curious:—"I send you Coningsby, Disraeli's novel, well worth reading, and admirably written. The characters, many of them, perfect portraits. You will recognize Cooker in Righy, Lord Hertford in Menmouth, Lowther in Eskdale, Irving in Ormsby, Madame Zichy in Lucretia, but not Lady Strachanin Countess Colonna, though the character is evidently meant to fill her place in the family party. Sidonia is, I presume, meant as a sort of type of the author himself, and Henry Sidney is Lord John Mannars, the I uke of Rutland's second son, Beaumanoir being clearly Belvoir, the country sent of the Rutland family."

PHOSFOZONE

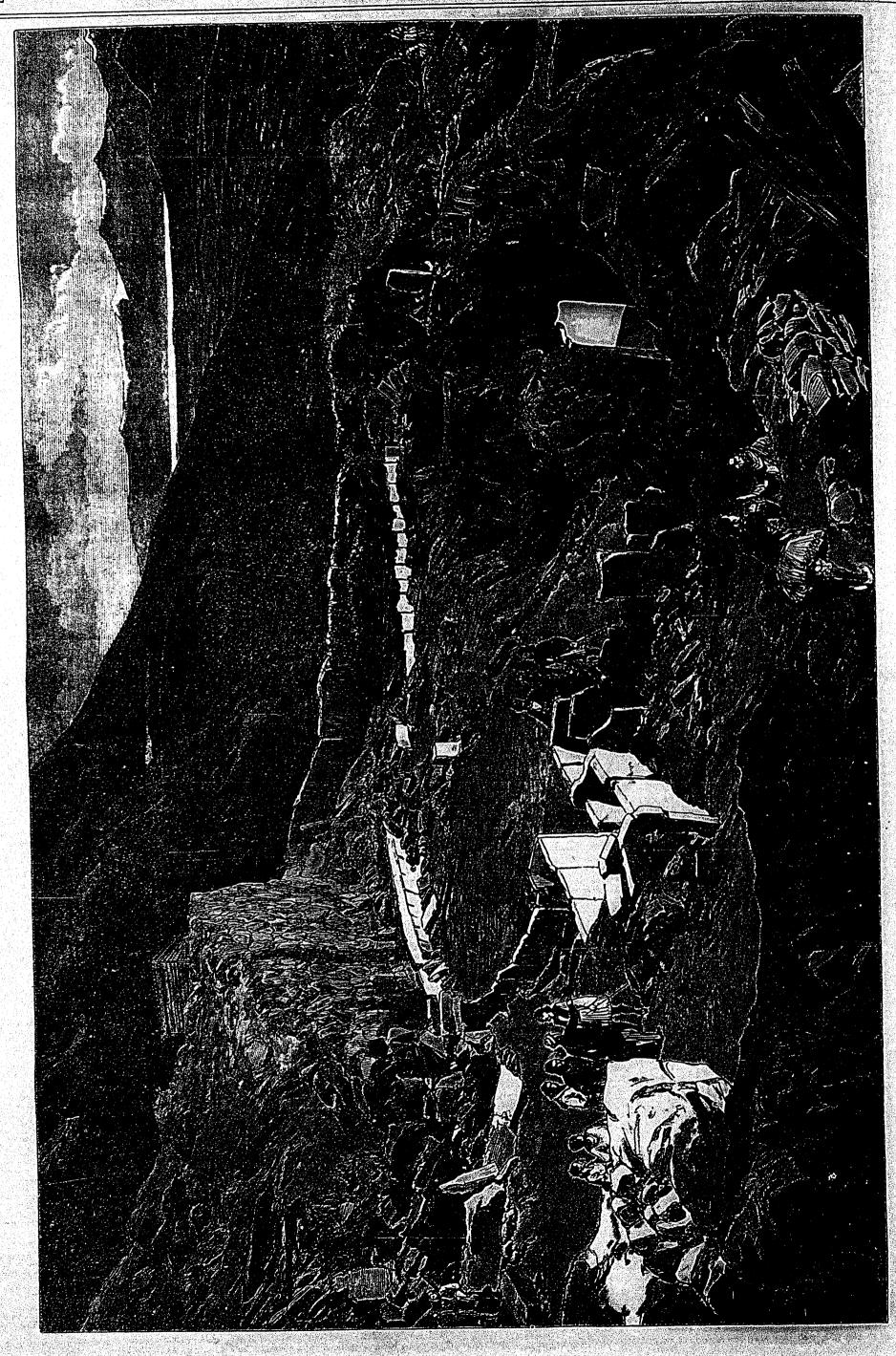
NEW DISCOVERY in Medicine which supplies A NEW DISCOVERT III occurred by disease or by excesses of any kind. It is composed of Callsaya and the

OZONIC COMPOUNDS OF PROSPHORUS.

and for building up the constitution is unequalled.

It has been prescribed for NERVOUS DEBILITY,
MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM and LUNG DISEASES

Sold by all Druggists. Further particulars on apply piano. Not being a stoic, I was charmed by ling to EYANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.





THE VIOLET.

From the French of Constant Dubas.

Lovely daughter of Spring. Sweet angel from above. Thousands your praises sing, Yet you shou their fond love. Like one e'er realous in duty. Whose good deeds are daily shown. Whose good deeds are daily shown. You lavish on us your beauly, And fear that you may be known: Come then, and live in our gardens, Leave for e'er this drear solitude. What do I say? No, in this wood, Stay, O cherished violet, stay! Happy the man who doeth good And, like thee, hides his life away!

GEORGE T. BITLING. Montreal.

THE TWO JONESES.

A STORY OF ST. DAVID'S DAY.

CHAPTER I.

It was the first of March, in the year of grace. 18 -- . In a merchant's office, not far from Cheap side, a little man sat at a high desk, trying hard apparently to keep one eye on the rows of figures before him, and the other on the office-clock. Failing in this, his glances travelled from the one to the other with pendulum-like regularity. At last the clock struck the wished-for hour of six; and the little man shut the big ledger with a long, and after locking it up carefully in the office-safe, dashed into a dark cupboard, and began a hasty but careful toilet, involving great splashing of water, and much violent exereise with a stumpy nail-brush. Evan Jones was nominally managing-clerk, and really general factorum, to the firm of Borwick & Brown, hardware merchants. He was fifty years of age, short, fat, and good-natured, though a little peppery at times. He had a numerous family, whom he found it anything but easy to feed and bring up on his modest salary of fifty shillings a week. With strict economy, however, he managed just to make both ends meet. Not for him were the breezy sands of Ramsgate, or the chestnut avenues of Hampton Court. Not for him were the mildhavana or the tragrant eigarette. He had no vices and desired no luxuries. One indulgence alone, in the course of the year, did he permit himself. He was a Welshman to the back-bone, and herein lay his one extravagance. Come what might, and however depressed the condition of the domestic money-market, he was always present at the dinner of the "United Welshmen" on St. David's Day. The necessary guinea was to Jones as much as a hundred to many of the other guests who assembled at the banquet in question-a sum to be saved and scraped together by infinite sacrifice and self-denial. But

"Though back and sides go bare, Though hands and feet go cold,"

as the old song says, scraped together it must be, by hook or by crook. For nearly a week prior to the present occasion, Evan's dinner had consisted of a saveloy and penny roll; and on the day of our story he had taken no food whatever since his frugal breakfast, intending to compensate himself handsomely for his abstinence at the expense of the "United Welshmen." He had, in truth, gone so long without food as to feel a little exhausted; but he consoled himself with the thought of the splendid apperite he should carry to the festive board; and having at last completed his toilet, he shut up the office, and started for the hostelry where the dinner was to be held, feeling at least six feet high and humming Ar hyd y nos with patriotic

At almost the same moment when Evan Jones started on his journey, a tall handsome man, in faultless evening attire, stepped out of a West-end mansion, outside of which a brougham was waiting. A graceful little lady, with a bright girlish face, accompanied him to the hall-

door. "You won't be very late, Owen, will you?"

she said, coaxingly.
"Not very early, I am afraid, pet. We
"Welshmen" are rare fellows for keeping it up; and if I came away before all the national toasts had been duly honoured, I should never hear the last of it.

" Very well, dear; then I suppose I mustn't expect you till I see you. I hope you will have a pleasant evening. Don't take too much wine," she continued laughingly.

"Can't answer for myself on such an occa-

her husband responded. "The Tavern," he said to the coachman; and kissing his hand to his wife, in a few moments was whirled out of sight.

CHAPTER IL.

The "United Welshmen" had finished their dinner, and had made considerable progress with their dessert. Each man wore attached to his button-hole a wonderful composition of green and white satin and silver filagree, which was supposed (by dint of making believe very much indeed) to represent the "leek" sacred to the occasion. A perfect hurriane of n's and m's and p's and l's and it's flew about the room, only ceasing for a few moments when the chairman rose to propose a toast, or the bards at the far end of the banquet-hall tuned their harps for someCambrian melody. Evan Jones was scated at the festive board, but, alas, no longer the spick-and-span Evan Jones who had but a couple of hours earlier left the office of Messrs. Borwick & Brown. His carefully-brushed hair

was now rough and dishevelled, his face red, his shirt-front limp and crumpled, his utterance thick, and his general appearance that of a gentleman who has dined "not wisely, but too well." Poor Evan had been by no means immo-derate in his potations, but he had so weakened himself by long fasting, that the little he had taken had had an exaggerated effect upon him, and he was rapidly becoming argumentative, not to say pugnacious. It was an article of faith with him, even in his sober moments, that he was in some mysterious way connected with the last of the Welsh kings, and in his present elevated condition this idea took possession of his mind with redoubled emphasis. He had more than once commenced a sentence beginning, "As a scendant of Llewellyn," but without getting any further. At the second failure his left-hand neighbour, to whom the observation was addressed, replied professely, "O, blow Llewellyn!" Evan Jones looked at him for a moment with an expression of immeasurable scorn and disgust, and then turned to his right-hand neighbour "" 'S a deshendant of Llewellyn, " Llewellyn, " I lewellyn, " 'S a lewellyn, " 'S Llewellyn, " 'S Llewellyn," 'S Llewellyn, " 'S Llewellyn, " 'S Llewellyn, " 'S Llew pears to me-as a 'scendant-of Llewellynand then stopped again.

"Cwm nog lwyn bora dwmnath cwlyd llimach bach." replied his right-hand neighbour. "Dwyllog lwmno gwlloch y dina nos," re-marked another of the party.

"Cwlla gwyn dwylleth dym da y cwa bala llewelly caerloc," responded Jones whose tongue was loose enough in his native Welsh, and who would probably have continued in the same strain for some time, had not the chairman requested attention for the "March of the Men of Harlech," which was about to be given by the choir. Jones sat still during the chorus, with head and hand keeping tipsy time to the measure; but his soul waxed hot within him under the influence of the inspiring strains, and no sooner had they ceased than he wildly got upon his legs, and said in a loud thick voice,

"Mis'r Chairman, I shay! 'S a humble represen'tive-I mean ancestor-I mean 'scendant -of Llewellyn, I don't think this 'spicious occasion—I shay I don't think this 'spicious 'ca-

Here there were loud cries of "Order!"
"Chair!" "Sit down!" And Jones was pulled violently down by the coat-tails by one of his neighbours. The gentlemanly-looking man to whom we have alluded in our first chapter was Jones' vis-à-vis at the table. The scene was so ludicrous that he could not repress a smile, which was observed by Evan, whose choleric temper fired up instantly at the supposed affront.

"What th' devil you grinning at, look you?"
"Did I smile! I really beg your pardon; but
I am quite sure I was not 'grinning,' as you

call it."
"You did, sir; you grinned like—like
"You did, sir; you grinned like—like Cheshire cat, sir. I appeal to th' gen'lmen present. You've 'sulted me, sir-'sulted me grossly. Name's Jones; very good name; 'scendant of Llewellyn; and I 'mand 'sfaction of a gen'lman.

"My name is Jones too, though I baven't the honour of being a descendant of Llewellyn. There is my card, sir; and if when you come to your sober senses you desire to apologise for your unseemly behaviour, I shall be happy to see

Evan's right-hand neighbour thrust the eard, which bore the inscription:

MR. OWEN JONES,

99 Winslow-square,

Belgravia, S. W ..

into Evan's waistcoat-pocket, and the owner, by no means desirous of being involved in an afterdinner brawl, moved away to another part of the table. By dint of a little humouring, those around managed to soothe the fiery Evan into comparative tranquility, and after a few more desultory observations, wherein his descent from Liewellyn still played a prominent part, he leant back in his chair, and was speedily fast

The toasts came to an end at last the hards packed up their harps, and the last of the guests. departed, leaving Evan Jones still sound asleep in his chair. A council of waiters was held over the slumbering hero, and endeavours were made wouldn't, wake up. They succeeded in getting out of him that his name was Jones, but to a than in anger, when suddenly a latch-key was further inquiry as to where he lived he only heard in the door, and in walked Mr. Jones scendant of Llewellyn." nurmured lapsed again into still deeper slumbers.

"You'll have to give him a shake-down among the empty bottles, William," said one. "Not if I know it," replied the head-waiter.

"He might wake up in the night and walk off with the spoons. No, we must find out where he lives, somehow. Some of you just look in his pockets, will you? Perhaps the gent has a card-

ase about him. No sooner said than done.

"Here's a card," said one diving into Evan's waistcoat-pocket. "Mr. Owen Jones, 99 Winslow-square

"That's him right enough: he said his name was Jones. He don't look much like a Winslowsquare sort, does he? But there's no accounting for these Welsh gents. Just as well he had his pasteboard about him, though, wasn't it? or he wouldn't have got home to-night.

"We cannot warrant the purity of the author's

It was a little after eleven o'clock when a four-wheel cab drove up to the door of No. 99

Winslow-square, "This Mr. Jones's, ain't it?" said the cabman to the smart parlour-maid who answered his knock at the door.
"Yes, this is Mr. Jones's," answered the

maid.

"That the name right enough. Here's the card they give me: 'Mr. Owen Jones, No. 99,' Well, look here, miss, I've brought your master from the Welsh dinner. He've been enjoying of his wine a goodish bit, I should say, and I wake him up nohow.'

"You don't mean to say he's taken too much !

"Well, miss, that depends. I don't think myself, in a general way, a gentleman can take too much; the more the merrier, I says. But he's pretty far gone, anyhow."

The maid rushed in to her mistress, who was sitting in the dining-room.

"O ma'am, here's master come back in a cab from the Welsh dinner, and the cabman says he's fast asleep and quite tosticated."
"Nonsense, Mary!" said her mistress, angrily,

and advancing into the hall; "there must be some mistake.

"No mistake, ma'am," said the cabman, touching his hat respectfully: "I've brought the gent from the Welsh dinner, and here's his card.

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Jones, recognising her husband's card, "it is too true. O dear, how ever shall I survive this shocking disgrace! Mary, go down-stairs; I know I can rely upon you not to say a word of this dreadful misfortune to the other servants."

Mary retired accordingly, and Mrs. Jones continued:

"Cabman, I must ask you to assist Mr. Jones up to his bed-room; it is the front room on the first floor : you will find the gas ready lighted. I can give you no help; for I think it would kill me to see him in such a condition

"Lor, don't take on so ma'am," said the cabman good-naturedly; "it ain't nothing when you're used to it.

nobs does it every night. My old horse'll stand as steady as a church, and I'll have the genel-man up-stairs in a jiffy."

Poor Mrs. Jones returned into the diningroom, holding her handkerchief to her eyes and after a moment's pause she was made aware, by a sort of scuttling in the passage, accompanied by exclamations of "Wo-ho," Hold up," and other ejaculations of a horsey nature, that the cabman was assisting Mr. Jones up-stairs. After an interval of about ten minutes, which seemed an age, he reappeared at the diningroom door, and said, in a confidential manner.
"I've got the gent into bed quite comfortable,

mum. He was a little orkard to undress, but I done him at last, proper; and he's sleeping like

a babby.

Mrs. Jones dismissed the man with a fee beyond his wildest expectations, and resumed her seat, feeling as if her peace of mind was for ever lost. She felt that she never could have the same respect for her husband again. He, who had always been a model of all that was dignified and gentlemanly, a very pattern hasband, to come home helplessly drunk from a tayern-dinner! It was incredible; and yet the fact was beyond question. Surely there must be some mystery about the matter. Could be be But no; he had never been in better health than when he left her a few hours previously, and to send for a doctor would only be to publish his disgrace. Could his wine have been drugged! But surely at a public dinner, at a first-rate place of entertainment, this was equally out of the question. There seemed no alternative but to suppose that, carried away by the excitement of the occasion, Mr. Jones had fallen into one of those sudden frailties to which poor human nature, even that of the noblest, is subject. At first the weeping wife had felt as if the offence was beyond all pardon; but gradually a softer feeling came over her, and she felt that, though the wrong could never be forgotten, it might in time be possible to forgive it. And then she mentally rehearsed the painful scene which would take place between herself and her to rouse him. They shook him, they punched erring husband on his return to consciousness him—but all in vain. He couldn't, or he and self-respect; and she had just arranged a few littles speeches, to be spoken more in sorrow himself, cain and unruffied, without a hair out i of place, or a crease on his snowy shirt-front. Mrs. Jones gazed at him a moment, scarcely believing her own eyes.

"Owen !- and sober !" she exclaimed; then flung herself into his arms, and went into a fit of decided hysteries.

" My darling wife, what on earth is the mat-

"O Owen, I am so thankful," said the little wife, as soon as her sobs would let her speak-"I am so thankful. But, then, who is the man

"The man in our bed?" said Mr; Jones. "Whatever do you mean?"

"O Owen dear, you can't tell what I have gone through. A cab came half an hour ago, and brought you home from the dinner; at least the cabman said it was you, very tipsy and fast asleep, and he had your card; and so I told him to put you-I mean to say him-in our room, and there he is now."
"The devil he is !" said Mr. Jones. " I must

ing a candle he strode up-stairs. Presently he

again entered the room,
"I think I see how the mistake happened," said he. "This fellow up-stairs was at the din. ner to-night, and had had more than was good for him at an early period of the evening. He was rather rude to me; but it was no use to be angry with a man in such a condition; so I merely handed him my card, and told him when he returned to his senses he might come and apologise, though I can't say I had much expec-tation that he would. What became of him afterwards I can't say. I smoked a cigar with our friend Griffiths, and then walked leisurely home. Meanwhile I suppose this fellow was too drunk to answer for himself; and finding my card about him, they assumed it was his own, and sent him here accordingly. The only thing that puzzles me is that you didn't find out the

"Well, dear, to tell you the truth, I was so shocked and horrified that you should be as I supposed, in such a condition, that I would not even see you, or let Mary do so either : so I sent her down-stairs, and told the cabman to take the wretched man up to our room. But whatever shall we do now! The idea of a filth, drunken wretch in our bed! It's too horrible.

"We musn't be too hard upon him, dear. 1 could see at a glance that he was one of our proter brethren; I daresay a hard-working solier man enough in a general way, but the temptation of a good dinner and unlimited liquor was too much for him. Besides, dear, we must consider the occasion. It is the immemorial privilege of every Welshman to get drunk, if he likes on St. David's Day. Some of us waive it, but that not to the purpose. We must move into the spare room for to-night, that's all. You had better give Mary orders accordingly; and at the same time it will be as well to restore my black. ened character by showing her that I am not so far gone as she imagines.

mrs. Jones rang the bell.
"O Owen," she said, kissing him fondly, and still wavering between smiles and tears, such a relief, I can't tell you. I am so thank ful it wasn't you."

Mary's face, when she opened the door, was a

"Lor, ma'am ! Lor, sir !" she said, looking

from one to the other.
"It is all right, Mary," said her master.
"You will be relieved to hear that the gentleman up-stairs is another Mr. Jones. There has been a little mistake, that's all; and your mistress and I are going to sleep in the space

CHAPTER III.

Evan Jones woke on the morning following the eventful dinner hot and feverish, with a tremendous headache and an agonising feeling

"O, my poor head?" he ground. "Betsy, my gal," imagining his wife was beside him. "for mercy's sake get out and give me a drink o' water, there's a good soul."

There was no answer.

I s'pose she's gone down stairs. O, for my 11" and he tried to settle himself to sleep again, but his parched throat was unbourable

"I must have a drink of water, if I die for it;" and he unwillingly opened his eyes, an dragged himself into a sitting position. "Hallo!" he exclaimed, as his eyes fell on his unaccustomed surroundings. "Where the decomposition of the statement of have I got to, and how on earth did I come here. Why, it's like a fairy tale. I must be a nobleman in disguise, or one of them foundling hospital chaps come into a fortune. Jones, you old fool, you're dreaming ! I ain't, though. Lor. what a bed ! and lace curtains and marble tables ; and what a lot 'o looking-glasses ! 'Pon my word, I should like never to get up any more. i must have a glass of water, though. Ah! that's just heavenly. Now let me think a bit. How did I come here! Let's see, what was yesterday! Yes it must have been yesterday that I went to the Welsh dinner. I remember going. but I don't remember coming away; and judging from my head this morning, I'm afraid I must have been uncommon serewed. And ! haven't been home all night. My eyes, what'll Betsy say ! I shall never hear the last of it to my dying day.

At this moment our bero's reflections were interrupted by a knock at the chamber-door.
"Come in!" he shouted incautiously; "at

least no; don't come in-I mean what is

The voice of Mary the parlor-maid, replied, "Master's compliments, and he says break-fast is ready for you, sir, whenever you can come down-stairs."

"My respects to your master, and I'll be down directly, miss," answered Jones.
"Well, that's a comfort, anyhow," he soli-

wen, that is a conflort, anyhow, he soft-loquised, "for, 'pon my word, I didn't know whether I mightn't be given in custody for sleeping in other people's beds under false pre-tences; or embezzling another gent's house, or something of that sort. How the dence did I get here, that's what beats me I

here, that's what beats me i Still vainly trying to solve the enigma, Evan made a hurried toilet, and finally, with his head still aching as if it would split, and looking a wreck of yesterday's greatness, he left the room, and crept softly down-stairs. The evidences of wealth and luxury on every side, so unlike his own humble belongings, quite awed him, and having found his way down, he would not venhave a look at this double of mine;" and seize ture into any of the sitting-rooms, but modestly

took his scat on a chair in the hall, and waited for the development of events. Here he was for the development of events. Here he was found after a few moments by Mr. Owen Jones, who wished him a friendly good-morning.

"I've seen you somewhere, I know, sir," said Evan; "but I can't for the life of me tell where."

"Can't you?" said his host smiling. "We

were both at the Welsh dinner last night, and one of us took a little too much,

A light suddenly flashed across Evan's mind.
"I remember now, sir; I'm afraid I was very

rude to you."

"Well you were a little plain spoken, and I gave you my card, and told you if you wished to apologise you would know where to find me. I must say I didn't expect you would have come quite so soon, though. The fact is, you were brought here by the inistake of a cabinan, who supposed my card was your own."

I'm sure I humbly beg your pardon, sir, said poor Evan, completely crestfallen. (1) can't think how I came so to disgrace myself; but to tell you the truth, sir, I'd had to pinch a bit to buy my ticket, and all day yesterday hadn't tasted bit or sup since breakfast, and when it came to dinner-time I was that faint and weak that the very first glass seemed to set my head all swimming like. I'd let it go too long sir, that's what it was. I humbly ask your pardon, I'm sure, for the trouble I've caused, and I thank you kindly for giving me a night's shel-I feel I don't deserve your kindness, sir; but I'm grateful, I assure you.'

And with tears in his eves Evan moved humbly to the hall-door to depart.
"No, no," said Mr. Owen Jones; "you

mustn't think of going without your breakfast. We are all Welsh here; and if a brother Welshman does take a glass too much on St. David's Day, we know how to make allowances for him. Come, step in here. We have had breakfast an hour ago; but Mrs. Jones is waiting to give you

Looking very shamefaced and repentant, Evan Jones followed his namesake into the breakfast-parlour, where Mrs. Jones, who had heard his humble confession and apology, gave him a kindly greeting, and he was soon seated before a snowy table cloth and, as well as his headache would let him, enjoying a plenteous repast. During the meal his entertainers quietly drew him out, and were speedly behind the scenes as to his daily life and his hard struggles to keep the wolf from the door; and when he finally took his leave, a well-filled basket was waiting for him in the half to take home as a present to the children. Nor was this by any means the last which found its way to the same quarter, sent by the same friendly hands; and I am sorry to say that of all days, that held in the highest veneration by the little Joneses is "the very day when papa got so dreadfully tipsy at the Welsh dinner.

I feel that there must be a moral to this story somewhere, but I can't see where it lies. You can't call it exactly a temperance story, because you observe, Evan Jones got a good night's bidging and made a couple of kind friends by getting drunk-which is not poetical justice by any means. After much anxious consideration, the only safe moral I can see is, that my readers must take this case for an exception and infer that it is best never to get the worse of liquor even at a National ditter.

ANGELO J. LEWIS.

NUMISMATIC AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Society, held on the 21st February, Daniel Rose, Esq., in the chair, the following donations were handed in:

From J. F. Wood, Esq., New York: New England Historical Numismatic Society's Medal; Martha Washington Centennial Medal; Washington Monument Medal: Haverford o asnington Monument Medal; Haverlord College, Memorial of Class, 1862, Medal; Haverlord College Alumni Association Medal, two copies of each of the above, (bronze W.M.) From Mrs. Emily Bacon, Hatley, E. T. Through Dr. Dawson, Montreal, 2 Sandwich Island cents

Island cents.
From Henry W. Holland, Esq., Boston, U. S.,
Medal of Rev. W. E. Channing, in silver.
From Edward Murphy, Esq., Montreal: Brouze Medal of the Catholic Commercial Academy,

Montreal. From Protestant Board of School Commissioners, Montreal, Bronze Medal of the late Wm

Murray. From M. E. Caylus, Esq., New York, Bronze Copy of the Lincoln Momorial Medal, (found-

ed by penny subscriptions in France).

From R. W. McLachlan, Esq., Montreal,
Jacques Cartier Medal, white metal.

From Dr. J. A. Crevier, Montreal, Plan and

Pamphlet, Histoire de l'Isle Ste. Hélène. For all of which the thanks of the Society were voted.

The following from private collections was laid on the table: A sett of 15 crowns of the English series, including Elizabeth, Charles I., Commonwealth and Cromwell, notable alike for their condition, their searcity, and their historic interest. A number of books of the earliest issues, remarkable for their preservation, historic interest. A number of books of the earliest issues, remarkable for their preservation, rarity and value, as well as specimens of the Hope," having a flint lock pistol in the hilt, ved to drop a tear.

earliest typography, including "Perfectum Religiosorum," by David of Augsburg, a large paper copy, seemingly of the type of Petrus Schneffer, and of epoch 1460, rubricated initials, colophon, &c., in the original wood and leather binding. "Gramaticae Prime Whittontoni," printed by Wynkyn de Worde (son-in-law and partner of Caxton), in English, Latin, Statutes of Henry VII., and VIII., printed by Richard Pynson (Caxton's apprentice); A marginal note defining Henry VIII.'s titles on one of the pages is in the writing of the period; a volume printed by Johann Petit, in 1508, one of the first Paris printers). Silvayn's Declamations, Edition 1596, on which, it is assumed, Shakespere founded the "Merchant of Venice," (this work is excessively rare, and commands a very high price,)
Boccacio, 1545. Sir Walter Raleigh's Advice,
1618, with portrait. Works of the Civil War, including "Elkon Basilice," 1648, with the scarce plates, Acts and Ordonnances of the Common-wealth, with autograph "O. Cromwell," (book wealth, with autograph "O. Cromwell," (book supposed to have belonged to him). King James Works, 1616. Milton's Paradise Lost, 1st edition divided in 12 books, 1674, &c., &c.

An account was given of a recent visit to Repentigny, in search of the site of the Porteous Bridges, constructed by Thomas Porteous, an

enterprising merchant of Montreal, who obtained a charter from the Quebec Legislature, to connect the Island of Montreal with the main land, in 1808. Availing himself of the privilege, Bout-de-l'Isle to Isle Bourdon, 1,600 feet, from thence to Repentigny Point, 600 feet, and a third from Isle Bourdon to Lachesnaye Point, (now Charlemagne), 700 feet. These bridges, unfortunately, were not destined to a long existence, having been carried away in the second year of their construction by ice and spring freshets. Though not destined to a long existence, they were yet destined to a long remembrance, Mr. Porteous having procured from a Manchester firm, a series of checks in copper, which were given on entering the bridge, and taken up at the other end, serving as a check on the money collected. These checks were 4 in number, viz.: Caléche, Charette, Cheval, and personne, having each 3 different reverses : 10. De l'Isle de Montréal à Repentigny ou Lachesmye; 20, De Lachesmaye à l'Isle de Mont-réal ou Repentigny; 30. De Repentigny à l'Isle de Montreal on Lachesnaye, and as he obtained only a small quantity, they are consequently very scarce, and are otherwise highly prized as interesting specimens of early Canadian substitutes for paper tickets, having a like interest to those issued by the Montreal and Lachine Railway of later years, as well as for their French inscription and workmanship. Those from Lachesnaye are clipped, to more readily distinguish them from the others. This was merely done for the convenience of the toll-keepers and seems to have been the work of a rude hand, on this side the water. These cheeks are quite unknown to the inhabitants of the locality as well as the very bridge, and they regarded the specimens showed to them with feelings of amazement, that their little hamlets should have been the object of so much importance as to have a special token to commemorate an event in their history, another proof of the value of numismatics in conserving events, which would otherwise have been entirely lost sight of and forgotten years since. Of the bridges, but one abutment now stands, and that only partially. The plans of the bridges are said to be in a dilapidated and abandoned store house on Isle Bourdon, which was formerly used as a resting place or inn, in connection with the bridges. It may be of interest to mention, that the tolls enforced were, 6a, for a foot passenger, 1s. 3d, for a calcebe or cart, 1s. for a horse, and 6d, a head of cattle.

A regular meeting of the Society was held Wednesday evening, 21st ultimo. The Society's cabinet was enriched by the following donations: From I. F. Wood, Esq., New York, a copy, white metal, (one of 12 only) of the members medal of the American Numismatic and Archaological Society, having the rejected reverse die inscribed "Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, from Isaac F. Wood, of New York, 1767." A copy in bronze of the U. S. Grant Profile Medal, struck in Geneva by Hughes Bovy. From Boston Numismatic Society, of their constitution and by-laws. The following exhibits were made by Mrs. Learmont, through Mr. McLennan : A complete proof set of William IV., currency 1831, in velvet case, consisting of double sovereign, sovereign, half sovereign, gold : crown, half-crown, one shilling, sixpence, fourpence, threepence, twopence and penny, silver: penny, half-penny, and farthing, copper. Of this set it may be remarked that the owner is particularly fortunate in possessing such beautiful specimens of the really handsome coinage of this reign, the series being most difficult to acquire. The crown piece and double sovereign never having been put in circulation, are, therefore, regarded as patterns, though, strictly speaking, they are coins, but of the most excessive rarity and consequent value. Mr. Cushing exhibited a half shekel of the year 2-Simon Maccabens (B. C. 138). Shekels of undoubted authenticity have of late years been unearthed in Cyprus, more of the half shekel value having been discovered than the full. This is said to be one of the number there found. A Widow's mite (Lepton). Mr. W. McLennan

scemingly of the manufacture of the early part of the 18th century. A weapon of this character is very uncommon. Mr. G. E. Hart exhibited to the Society a Crown, Oliver Cromwell, 1658, to the Society a Crown, Oliver Cronwell, 1658, in tin. A. Martin.—Pattern crown (proof), George IV., 1826. A medallion of the Princess of Wales, formed of "Petrified Water."—A Testoon and Groat, Mary Queen of Scots. "History of Independency," published in 1648, with the plate of Oliver Cronwell pulling down the "Royale Tree of Brittayne." To the lower branch of the tree (Charles 1st), the book "Eikon Basilice" is suspended, an undoubted evidence, as to the public contain of the ed evidence, as to the public opinion, of the authorship of the work when first published. In the view of the approaching anniversary of the introduction of printing by Caxton, it was suggested by the Secretary that a conversazione and exhibition be held in June, to consist of a collection of books from public and private libraries, which would illustrate the progress which has been made in printing during the last four centuries, having specially in view the bringing together of books, pamphlets and newspapers printed in any part of the Dominion, the whole to be properly catalogued. The suggestion met with warm approval.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE streets are not as well swept as they used to be, because the ladies are not trained to do

THEY tell a bride in Philadelphia by her new watch-chain, and the bridegroom by the shawl on his arm.

"JEMIMA Susan, did you get my letter?"—
"Yes, Sambo."—"I sent it in de hope ob raising a flame."—"Sambo, you succeeded, for it lit de gas.'

"You have only yourself to please," said a married man to a bachelor. "True," replied he; "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it.'

THE misery of the young man who courts a sparkling, fashionable belle and loses her, is only excelled by the misery of the man who courts her and wins her.

THERE was a reward offered the other day for the recovery of "a large leather lady's travelling-bag." Whether the "large leather lady." has got it back has not been stated.

A HOUSEHOLDER in filling up his schedule at the last census, under the column, "Where born," described one of his children as born "in the parlour," and the other "up-stairs."

An American saloon-keeper named his resort "Nowhere," so that when his married customers went home late, and their wives wanted to know where they had been, they could safely tell them the truth.

A FADED belle remarked to a fresh young rival: "You are having a great triumph tonight. I wonder what your enemies will say now!" Reply with a dear innocent smile, "I was just going to ask you."

Tun other day a father said to his little five year-old who came in late to dinner from school: "Robbie, why are you so late? Didn't you hear the bell?" "Yes, father," replied Robbie, "but I couldn't hear it plain."

"Do I believe in second love! Humph! It man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet! And, when it's gone, don't he want another pound; and isn't that sweet too! Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love!

LITTLE Susie, looking at some pictures of winged angels, exclaimed, "Mamma, I don't want to be an angel."—"Why not, dear?"—"Humph! Leave off all my pretty clothes and car fedders like a hea l

dones, if burglars should get into your house, what would you do ? - 'I'd do whatever they required of me. I've never had my own way in that house yet, and it's too late to begin iow-yes alas ! too late !

At Rome a society has been formed for the defence of family principles. The body confers special privileges on those who are the fathers of three children, and it has just awarded its civic crown to a lady named Madame Bouillet, who has given birth to her thirty-sixth child.

A LADY correspondent conclude her letter as follows: "But I have already wearied you," etc. The villainous type setter made it read: "But I have already married you." This is only one of the ten thousand little aunovances that a newspaper man has to suffer.

"Wny do we live; what is there for us in We don't pretend to answer the queslife ?' tion, but we do know that when a man has walked four miles through the mud to see a girl and finds another fellow sitting up with her, it comes home, it comes home.

"An! me! we live again in our children," sighs the fond mother, and as she looks out of window, suddenly adds, "John Henry, you pesky little wretch, come right out of that mud I declare you haven't got sense enough to last you from ten o'clock till dinner."

A YOUNG female travelling accordeon player was observed sitting on a doorstep last. Thursday, enting a raw onion. As the gentle aroma ascended heavenwards, and passed a pair of sweet blue orbs over which brown lashes fell in delicate fringes, the accordeon angel was obser-

Young lady in the country : "Aunt Tabithy, my fur-sack of imitation mushrat is about played—whoddy you think I'd better get into for summer wear?" "Rooshy, I'd just like to see your lovely form in one of these new-fashioned cuspidors, bias, turned over on the edge and box-pleated around the top."

JEAN Ingelow thus briefly and beautifully tells the whole story of life;

"Sweet is childhood—childhood's over;
Kiss and part,
Sweet is youth; but youth's a rover—
So's my heart;
Sweet is rest; but all my showing
Toil is nigh;
We must go. Alas the going!
Say, 'Good-bye.'

A MAN who appeared to have 2 378 12 pounds of care on his mind, called in at one of pounds of care on his mind, called in at one of our drug stores last week and called for a strenth-ening plaster to put on his back. "Rheumat-ism" queried the clerk. "Wall, no," replied the man, "Not exzactly; but my wife, she's been hintin' about whippin' the parlor carpet, and takin' down the sittin' room stove, and I know just what's comin' as soon as ever the snow goes off."

WHEN you see a young man sitting in a parlour, with the ugliest six year old boy that ever frightened himself in the mirror, clambering over his knees, jerking his white tie out of knot, mussing his white vest, kicking his shins, feeling in all his pockets for nickles, bombarding him from time to time with various bits of light furniture and bijouterie, calling him names at the top of his fiendish lungs and yelling incessantly for him to come out in the yard and play, while the unresisting victim smiles all the time like the cover of a comic almanae, you may safely bet, aithough there isn't the sign of a girl apparent in a radius of 10 000 miles, you can bet your bottom dollar that howling boy has a sister who is primping in a room not twenty feet away, and that the young man doesn't come there just for the fun of playing with her brother.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Fresh and spicy the Canadian Illustrated News comes to us this week. The illustrations are very fine; the reading very interesting, particularly those elequent beries, the productions of a Canadian and the author of "The Devil Defeated," in two cantos.—Peterborough

The excellence to which the Canadian Illustrated News has attained is a fit subject of congratulation. No other publication can afford an equally clear conception of the progress of Canada in every respect. Its current number contains several pictures of the great Dominion Fish-Breeding Establishment, near Newcastle, Ont. and a portrait of Mr. Samuel Wilmot, the famous Canadian pisciculturist. There are also numerous other illustrations, of both home and foreign subjects,—Orillia Parket.

The Canadian Illustrated News of this week is a spicy number. It has a capital cartoon, portraits of Mayor Beaudry, of Montreal, Rev. W. S. Itainsford, President Hayes and Cubinet, and other illustrations. which, with the reading, make it a publication much sought after.—British Whig. Kingston.

ARTISTIC.

Miss Thompson has sold her Inkerman picture

THE subject of Mr. I., Alma-Tadema's pictures for this year's Academy will be the "Four Seasons, treated in tour paintings.

Mr. MILLAIS has consented to paint the por-trait of Mr. Carlyle, at the request of a numerous circle of the historian's friends.

MR. RUSKIN is now publishing in shilling parts "St. Mark's Rest; the history of Venice written for the help of the few travellers who still care for her Two small but interesting pictures have been

bequeathed the Louvre. One is a sketch by Rubens of "The Resurrection of Lazarus," the other a "Head of Christ," by Quentin Matsys. BIERSTADT is distancing even English artists

in the prices he gets for his works. He is now painting a picture for exgovernor Stanford, of California, for which he is to receive £4,000. HENRY BLACKBURN, well known as an art

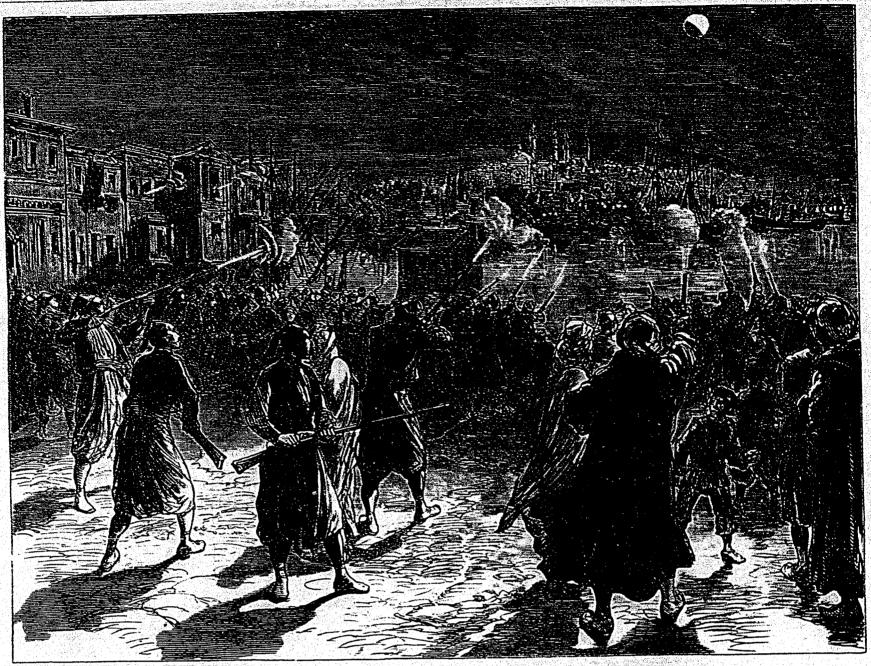
writer and the author of several admirable books of travel, has prepared a hand-book of the National Gallery in London, in the style of his "Academy Notes," published last year. Mu. Caldenos will exhibit a picture at this

MR. CALDERON will exhibit a pacture at this year's Academy, entitled "Home they brought her warrior dead." and also a bright, happy bit of humour, called "Reduced Three per Cents.," representing the majestic Bumble at the Bank of England, reading his Times interrupted by the intrusion of two country visitors, who are so awestruck with admi atton of the great man that they seem afraid to inquire for the directors, for whom they are evidently seeking. Mr. Calderon will also send one or two portraits.

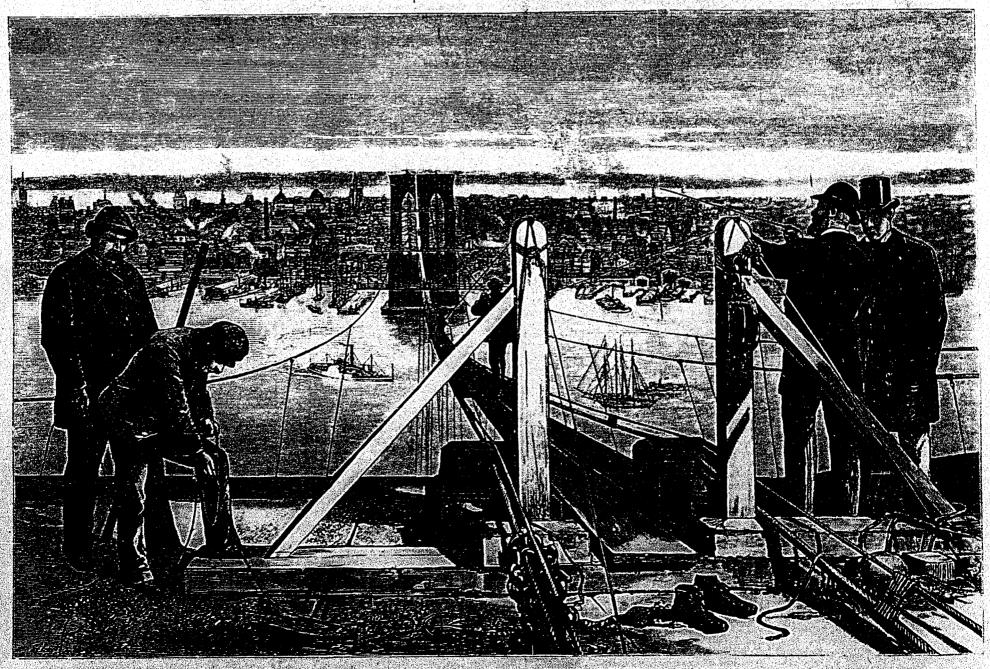
Mr. Millais will not exhibit at the Royal MR. MILLAIS will not exhibit at the Koyal Academy his almost completed picture of the stolen interview between Effic Deans and her treacherous lover. It will form of itself a separate exhibition, with a view to securing subscribers for the engraving. This engraving there can be little doubt, will be the most popular of all Mr. Millais's works, with the exception perhaps, of "The Huguenot." The face of Effic Deans is singularly pathetic, too, is the nervous elenching of the right hand, which holds the blue snood which she has torn from her air. This tells the story.

air. This tells the story.

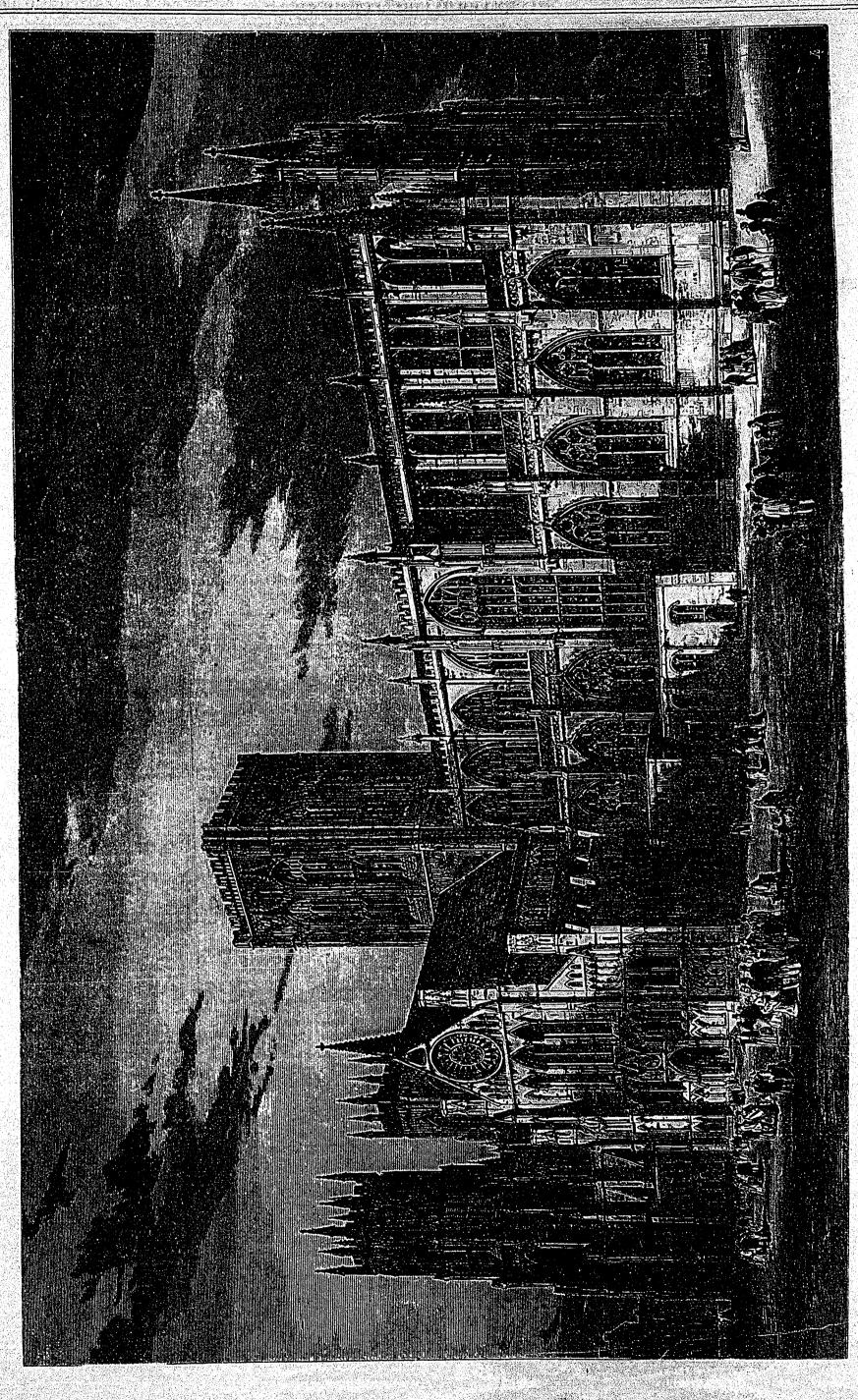
GUSTAVE DORE, who comes over to London frequently to see about the affairs of the Dorf Gallery in Bond street, and has binself been given the key by jamitor so that he may let himself in about half-past five and do a half day's work before the first visitor dreams of dropping in, complains hitterly that he cannot get a cup of coffee made tor him anywhere in London at five o'clock in the morning. He puts up at the cholers hotels, the most expensive, and gives special orders concerning his coffee. The result is always the same-frantic bell-pulling, yawning waiters, cross chamber-maids and coffee anywhere from three-quarters of an hour to two hours late. At present the great artist brings his own valet with him with portable cafetive and their own coffee, so that the spry Frenchman is independent in respect to his early morning meal.



CONSTANTINOPLE :- THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON



NEW YORK:-THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER RAST RIVER TO BROOKLYN.



SPRING. FROM CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

The year has east aside its dress
Of rain, of tempest and of cold,
And raps itself in cloth-of-gold
Of sunlight's shining cheerfulness.
There is no creature, young or old.
That in its speech does not confess:
"The year has cast aside its dress
Of rain, of tempest and of cold."

Pountain, brook and river-stream Pountain, orock and reversional
Wear, in smiling livery.
Drops of gilt and silvery gloum
Reight with flashing tracery.
Each clothes itself in fairer fold
And sings into the silentness:
"The year has cast aside its dress
Of rain, of tempest and of cold."

W. D. L. Montreal.

TORBAY STATION.

It was a lovely afternoon in September, 1874, when I first beheld that part of Torbay where now stands the Direct Cable Company Station. We had been sailing all day, and as the dying sunbeams were shedding their rays over the tall tree tops, and tipping the distant hills with gold, our boat rounded a small headland when a magnificent scene presented itself. Directly in front of us, on the sloping of a fir-clad hill, overlooking a leantiful beach of white sand profusely strewn with silvery-like shells sparkling like myriads of diamonds in the fast fading sunlight, while on this shining strand the silent waves of the almost calm Altantic sported in thousands of glittering wavelets, lapping and dancing in restless splendour, some half dozen tents were erected forming a detached circle while the "Union Jack" was gaily streaming from a high tree in the centre. The white smoke was issuing from the clear canvas roofs and slowly curling heavenward. Several young tellows attired in top-boots and guernseys were scattered about the camp, some seated on fallen trees cleaning their guns, one gambolling with a magnificent dog of huge dimensions, others chatting and smeking. The melodious strains of an invisible flute mingling with an occasional peal of hearty laughter stole sweeetly over the quiet war-rs, well indicating the happiness reigning in that picturesque camp. The wind had now completely died away; our sails gently fell from side to side, our oars were put out, and almost instantaneously with the dip came a ring-ing cheer such as only can proceed from British throats. Guns were thrown aside, the flute ceased its melody, and the fellows came bounding down the hill to welcome their fellow countrymen to a future home.

One thing here is particularly worthy and de serving of remark, that is the remarkable display of forethought exhibited on this occasion, as notwithstanding their impetuosity and our sudden appearance, one individual, whose nasal organ showed outward signs of his partiality to "tipple," produced from his pocket a suspicious looking bottle redolent of alcoholic matter, whilst other members with equal dexterity withdrew from their respective coats implements necessary for investigating the contents thereof.

Another observation is necessary here; it is the abnormal state of the Nova Scotia palate, the contents of the above mentioned bottle being the only drop of good and tackleable liquour I had tasted since entering the country, nothwithstanding a vigorous search for the same (as my respected friend the Bishop can testify). After the usual preliminaries—introductions and so forth-I looked about me with a critical eye and concluded I had dropped into a delightful region, everything around seeming so strange and beau-tiful. Being suddenly removed from the great city across three thousand miles of saltwater, and deposited in a spot where all was tranquility and where trees predominate, where the rattle of the cab, the melancholy cries of the street vendor and the distressing howl of the sweep ceased to be heard, it appeared like coming to another world, tho' yet we might refer to the distant shores of Ireland, as "thou art so near and yet Not having any house or civilized dwelling, we were of course compelled to use the tents, which I infinitely preferred to the finest mansion. Tent life in this wild and lonely locality was, to say the least, extremely grandsleeping around the embers, the ruddy glow from which blended with the clear moonlight that gently stole thro' the aperture in the tent rool, and played upon the laces of the sleepers who no doubt were dreaming of home and friends in a far off land. Often have I lain awake, in a far off land. Often have I lain awake, listening to the melancholy roar of the surf, only roused from my reverie by some familiar voice calling out, "I say, old fellow, put a stick on the fire." "Thanks," and then to sleep again.

When the pale moon is struggling thro the hazy masses of clouds, which frequently hide her from view only to shine forth more brilliantly then ever when the inventorious ages of

liantly than ever, when the incongruous mass of clouds parted, a silvery streak was thrown upon the broad ocean, and looking seaward thro the shady opening in the fir, vessels might be seen flitting hither and thither across this silver rib-bon, their white sail reflecting in the moonlight. When the moon is high in the heavens and shining brightly on the Atlantic, which appears as a sea of molten lead gently heaving in the distance, when the branches of the withered trees are clearly outlined, and when the moonlight streams into the tent, lighting it up so as to enable one to read, it is then that tent life is enjovable.

At this time there were no roads; therefore

stray fisherman, and from such visitors we learned that the nearest settlement of any consequence was Guysboro', a distance of twenty-four miles. At this information we looked back upon chignons and dress-improvers as sights calculated to be beneficial to any individual whose visual organs were affected. We also learned that the neighbourhood abounded in game, wild fowl especially, and with slight apprehension heard of bears being near to the camp, and might be had by any adventurous spirit; but we had an idea that the bear might have us, therefore we wisely concluded to allow that animal to roam in peace I had seen bears in the "Zoo" and calmly viewed them, but I had not any inclination to judge the animals in their native forest.

Being temporarily under a German officer, w were likewise subject to German discipline, at which we collectively manifested our disgust. With the new addition to the staff, provisions began to get very low and famine was imminent.

The dining tent was an erection well suited to the quality of the provisions consumed therein -a log but plastered outside with mud and A lautern suspended from the roof, and swaying to and fro, enabled a man with difficulty to convey the food to his mouth, and the table which had at one time unquestionably performed the duties of a door in a more civilized locality, whilst around this festive board were oatmeal casks, herring tubs, oilcasks, etc., which articles served as seats, and dangerous scats they proved to be upon several occasions. have witnessed members of the community flop down on a cask and immediately spring up with a dismal yell; upon examination a nail has been discovered protruding about two inches from the cask's top and bearing an exquisitely sharp point. Such exhibition brought wrath to the Teutonic eye, as the old scamp observed the strictest etiquette at meals, while the staff preferred consulting their personal comfort and their appetite.

I have frequently heard an animated argument as to the possession of a pickle tub in preference to an oatmeal cask, but when the portly figure of the major darkened the doorway, eloquence subsided and the strictest silence would prevail. The much coveted seats were those distant from where the carving tools were laid, as not one of us could carve with any degree of confidence anything but a pudding. I invariably became possessed of a strange and nuaccountable feeling when in proximity to the much dreaded knife and fork. I had an idea that my ability in this respect would shortly be tested and trembled for the consequences. One day I happened to be last in to dinner, and not until having gone too far to meditate a retreat did I observe the only available seat was that immediately opposite the Teuton, into which I reluctantly deposited myself, and upon catching a glimpse of the carving materials lying before me I trembled, moved uneasily in my seat and waited results.

My anxious face wore a very troubled look, when a goose was placed before me for dissection, and my feelings, were indescribable. I had faced a bear, or rather that animal had faced me, but I had not experienced the same feelings of dread as I did at the sight of the goose.

To add to my discomfiture, the devils around the table apparently enjoyed my dilemma, as they indicated this distressing fact by divers contortions of the visage and stranger inward rumblings. Their appetites on this particular day appeared to be particularly partial to fowl, which they evinced by numerous demands for the same. The major eyed me blandly. I recklessly seized the dissecting implements and commenced a de-moralization of the bird, and in my endeavours to detach a leg my trembling hand slipped, the fowl shot off the dish, and made for the major, striking that gentleman full in the chest. Out came the dressing imparting a coating of grease to the iron cross of Prussia, which ornament adorned the major's breast. The scene that ensued beggars description; the battle-stained, or, to be more exact, grease-stained warrior indulged in some terrible language, I regret to say. Had he given vent to a round of good English oaths it would have been bearable. The major roared. swore and stamped his feet and left the tent smidst the smothered laughter of the staff.

After this episode I could not bear the sight of a goose. Not so the major. That worthy demonstrated his respect for the bird by not having another killed during his stay amongst us. I carved no more and think the major would have rather faced the whole French army than have sat opposite me at dinner. His benevolent visage invariably assumed a nervous apprehensive look whenever he observed me handling the knife and fork, and he seemed particularly interknife and fork, and ne seemen, ested in my operations with the same.

D. O.

(To be continued.)

GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY, 1775.

(Sketched by his wife.) (Continued.)

In the preceding chapters, we gave four or five out of the nine original letters written to his wife, Janet Livingston, by Brigadier General Monigomery, a few days before his death: we shall close this short memoir with an extract written by Mrs. Montgomery and, we think, now given for the first time, in her memoir, to the

"General Montgomery traced his origin from

of France, wounded him in the eye, thus causing his death. For this mishap the Count was brought to the scaffold. His family afterwards went to the Low Countries. One of their descend-ants came to England with William, Prince of Orange, and commanded a regiment during the wars of Ireland, where, either by his prowess or his wealth, he owned three estates. General Montgomery was born in Dublin, and was educated in the college of Dublin. His father, Thomas Montgomery of Donegall, had three sons, Alexander, John and Richard, and one daughter married to Count Ranelagh. The eldest son, Alexander, was an officer under Wolfe, in the conquest of Canada, and forty years member of Parliament for the county of Donegall. John died at Lisbon a noted merchant. Richard was the third son. His mother was an English lady of fortune, whose estate was settled on her younger children, the eldest son having inherited the estate of his uncle. Richard was placed in the British Army in the 17th regiment by the advice of his brother Alexander, his senior by many years. He was at the taking of Cape Breton, with Amberst. The latter marched to reinforce Wolfe. He used to say that his march from Albany under General Amherst was very severe. Amherst did not go to Quebec; when he heard of the victory he returned to New York. Lord Monckton, who was Colonel of the 17th regiment, was then Governor of New York. The duty on this expedition was very severe. All the duty of this regiment was in America. For this reason, when the stamp act was to be enforced, order was given to employ that regiment, then in England. which Montgomery receiving, with several others, declared publicly that, having lived so long in America, they would throw up their commissions if the order were persisted in.

Montgomery had the promise of a majority in the year 1771, and had lodged his money for the purchase, when he was overlooked and an other purchased over him. This gave him a disgust for the service. He immediately sold out, and in 1772-3 came to New York, purchased a farm at Kingsbridge, and in July, 1773, was married. He then removed to Rhinebeck, where he built and laid the foundation of a

Unknown as his modesty led him to suppose himself to be, he was chosen, early in 1775, one of the Council of Fifty to New York, from Duchess County. Although he received this call with surprise, and left his retirement with no small regret, he hesitated not a moment. The times were dangerous, but he shrank not from the duty of a citizen. While thus engaged, Congress determined to raise troops in defence of our rights. Philip Schuyler was appointed the Major General, and the appointment of Brigadier-General was tendered to Montgomery. Before accepting it he came to his wife's room and asked her to make up for him the ribbon cockade which was to be placed in his hat. He saw her emotion, and marked the starting tear. With persuasive gentleness he said to her: "Our country is in danger. Unsolicited, in two instances, I have been distinguished by two honorable appointments. As a politican I could not serve them: as a soldier I think I can. Shall I then accept the one, and shrink from the other in dread of danger ! My honor is engaged."

Mrs. Montgomery took the ribbon, and he continued: "I am satisfied. Trust me. You that never blook for your Montgomery." shall never blush for your Montgomery.

On his departure he remained only a moment to bid Judge Livingstone farewell, who said: 'Take care of your life.' 'Of my honor, you would say, sir,' was Montgomery's reply. In passing his own villa he said : "I must not suffer myself to look that way."

We must now close this agreeable gossip indulged in by a loving wife, respecting the brave soldier, whom it was fated she never would meet again, and whilst enjoying those titbits of information dear to antiquarians, one regrets to light on the following: "A sword said to be his, and lately on exhibition at the Museum of Morrin College in Quebec, has been purchased and presented to the University of Virginia." These few words embody many inaccuracies. Montgomery's sword is yet on exhibition, not at the Museum of the Morrin College, but in that of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec; it has mover been purchased and presented to the University of Virginia, but is still and has been for years a valued heir-loom in the possession of James Thompson Harrower, Esq., of Quebec. J. M. L.

Quebec, 1st April, 1877.

THE GLEANER.

DAGUERRE, who gave a name to the daguerrectype, is to have a monument in Paris

It is not an uncommon thing for Turks to smoke from sixty to eighty pipes of tobacco

Tur King of Holland has offered to send to the Paris Universal Exhibition a collection of 40,000 talips.

A FRENCH gymnast near the Champs Elysées has introduced music during exercising hours, as it is said greatly to facilitate the efforts of the

THE Duke of Wellington, as is well known, stood as godfather to the Duke of Connaught. On the Prince's birth the warrior received an odd At this time there were no roads; therefore "General Montgomery traced his origin from rebuff from the nurse. He asked simply enough, leaving the camp was deemed unwise. The only that Count of Montgomery, who, unfortunately, "Is it a boy or a girl!" and received the strange face seen for weeks would be that of a in playing with foils with his King, Henry II., crushing reply, "It is a Prince, your grace."

Four tons weight of valentines have been cturned to the Dead-Letter Office in London from all parts of the kingdom, and this immense mass of amatory rubbish is to be worked into pulp before being sold to the papermakers. tost of the valentines were not taken in at the houses to which they were addressed.

A NEW fashion in ladies, stockings is being introduced in Paris. The stockings are of thick white or pine silk, the clock being of solid but flexible gold, something like an ordinary snake. chain, about as thick as a man's little finger, and ornamented with pearls. The price of these simple articles of dress is only 500 francs a pair.

Is Germany the bag-pipe is called the "Ehreitenduphlangenameitrohngliessend ugehtespielemighteegespalterdunichtenhauser "What ! Haven't! Well, leave what you've got up standing and telegraph for more type to Chicago, and set the rest when it comes, and get it up in time for the inside of the weekly.

A NEW device in the use of flowers has just come into use in Paris. It is the wearing of a small banch of natural flowers on the shoes in place of the lace and ribbon resettes of a few seasons ago. The favourites are primroses, yellow on one shoe, purple on the other, or mixed on both ; violets are much worn, and daisies are just coming in.

THE last interpretation of "Kaiser-i-Hind," the Queen's new Indian title, is given by the Earl of Wincheilsea and Nottingham, who informs disputants that "Kaiser" or "Casar" is neither Etruscan, Latin, Greek, Atable, Persian, nor German, but Punic. The Julian family are supposed to have received this title which means elephant as "an augmentation of honour" after the fall of Carthage. translation of the new Imperial title therefor-should read "Elephant of India."

THE trades of the hunter, fisher, archer, (iii) a bow. i fletcher, (flecke, an arrow,) smith, glover etc., have given us many surnames. Grosvenor (gras reneur) was chief huntsman to the Norman dukes. All the Reads, Reeds or Reids were originally red men. Bunker was so named from his good heart, then event.) But few have observed that old Dan Chaucer had a French shoemaker in his ancestry, (chausser,) and that Spenser was by lineage a butter, whose place was in the spense or buttery; nor need he be ashame i, for his company is that of the Lord Despenser.

Go BANG is the rather odd name of a new society game, which is all the fashion just non in the best citeles. The play is hatmicss and innocent, similar to checkers, only more amusing. It is played with an ornamental portfolio. on the inside of which the requisite number of square spaces is printed. There is a box, the impartments of which contain counters of different colors. Each person puts down a counter. of his own color in turn, the object being to get five in a row, diagonally or straight. The winner, placing his fifth counter, says, "Go Barg." The game, which is learned at sight, may be played by two, three or four persons, and affordrare amusement for young or old.

HUMOROUS.

M. QUAD says that "one of the landscape scenes in Nevada is an English tourist wiggling over the ground to get in a position to kill a mule, believing that he has a sure thing on a grizzly."

A house in Bellaire, Ohio, has this lexend on the gatepost ... Nincteen agents have called here the mercing; we always shoot the release." No agent has touched the hell knob since the placind was possed.

AN elderly darkey was inquiring of a police-nian if he knew anything of his sen Pete. The police-man replied that there was a young darkey in the book-ing for breaking up a prayer meeting with in axe-handle." Dat's him!" exclaimed the over-bayed parent. He fold me he was gainete muse hisself!"

BASSOMPTERE, French ambassador to Spain, was telling Heory IV how he entered Mulrich. "I was mounted on the very smallest note in the world," said the ambassador. "Ah," said the King, "what at amusing sight to see the biggest as a mounted on the smallest mule!"—"I was your majesty's representative was the reionder. was the rejoinder.

A causry tenant of a miserly Scottish daird pressing him to complete some piece of work which had long stood over, the laird craved further delay, saiding that he would give his word of homour—may, his written bond—to have the 'thing done before a certain day.' 'Your word!' excluded the tennat; '' it's week kenn'd that will do me little guid; and as for yer writing nobody can cent if nobody can read it.

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is Luby's Parision Hair Renewer. A few applicanecessary to restore gray hair to its natural color, after which one application a week will be sufficient. It imparts a most beautiful perfume and gloss to the hair and keeps the head cool and entirely free from dandruff. It is quite a favourite toilet dressing with ladies, as it does not soil the most delicate head dress. It can be had of all chemists in large sized bottles 50 cent. each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreals are agents for Canada.

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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 Illus-TRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TOCORRESPONDENTS

J. W. S. Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks. The contents will prove very useful in our Column. M. J. M. Quebec.—Solutions of Problems Nos. 114 and 115 received. Correct. M. J. M., Quebec.—Solutions of Problems Nos. 114 and 115 received. Correct.
H. A. C. F., Quebec.—Solutions of Problems Nos. 114 and 115 received. Correct.
E. A. J. C., Quebec.—Correct solutions of Problems Nos. 114 and 115 received.
W. A., Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks. It shall have early attention.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 116 received.

We have received another letter from our esteemed correspondent. Mr. W. Atkinson, on the characteristics of a good Chess problem. We shall be glad to publish this letter in our next Column, as we are sure his views on the subject will be read with interest by Chess players generally.

In connection with this, it is worth mentioning that we

In connection with this, it is worth mentioning that we have been asked repeatedly, when the Prospectus of the annual meeting of the Dominion Chess Association is to be issued, and, uise, whether a Chess problem Tourney will form a part of the programme. If it is determined to make the latter a part of this year's proceedings, competitors will be anxious to have, at an early date, all the information needed to guide them in selecting and forwarding their productions.

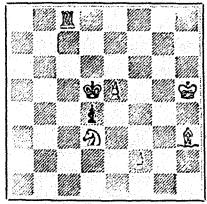
A match has been recently concluded at the Montreal Chess Club, between Messra. Henderson and Shaw, in which the former player allowed his opponent three descriptions of odds, viz.: Pawn and move, the exchange of Rook for Knight, and Knight. At the close, the score shood: Mr. Henderson, 5; Mr. Shaw, 12, and 3 drawn games.

3 drawn games.
In the Annual Chess Match between Oxford and Cambridge just concluded, Oxford is again victorious, having sected eight games to their opponents two.

A match by Telegraph has just been fought between the Toronto and Cobourg Chess Chibs. The games were played simultaneously at boards marked respectively A. B. C. and the match was contested by three members of the Toronto Chib against the same number of the Cobourg Club, each member playing singly one game against an opponent chosen by lot.

The Toronto players were the victors on the occasion, having succeeded in winning two out of the three games. Through the kindness of a friend, we are cushled to give this week in our Chess Column, the score of the game played at board B.

PROBLEM No. 117. By A. TOWNSEND.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

GAME 169ru.

Played by Mr. P. T. Jones and Mr. Beggs in the re-cent Telegraphic Match between Toronto and Cobourg

WHITE .- (Cobourg.)

Bl.Ack. - (Toronto.) Mr. Boggs. Mr. F. T. Jones.)

I. I' to Q 4	P to K B (
	P to K3
	K Kt to B 3
I. K Kt to B 3	P to Q 3
	B to K 2
	Castles
	P to Q Kt 3
	It to Q Kt 2
	Q to Q 2
	Q Kt to B 3
	Kt to K 5
7 V 1 (a)	P takes B
	Kt to Q sq
	I takes I'
	Q to K B 4
16. Kt to Q B 3	B to K B 3 (c)
	Q to K Kt 3
18. P to K 4	P to Q B 4
19. Kt at Q 4 to K 2	B to Q R 3
20. B to Q Kt 2	Kt to K B 2
21. R to K sq	Kt to Kt 4 (c)
	K B to Q 5 (f)
23. Kt to K B 5	Kt takes R P (ch)
24. K to K R 2	B to K 4 (ch)
25. K takes Kt.	R takes Kt
26. P takes R	그렇다면 가고하다 나라.

And Black announced mate in seven moves.

(a) Kt to Kt 5 looks tempting.
(b) To take with Kt seems better here.
(c) A cramping move.
(d) P to K B 4 would, perhaps, ward off the attack.
(e) This move of the Kt strengthens Black to a great extent.
(f) The right move.
(g) Faint.

CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

GAME 170TH.

Played between Mesers, Bird and Roberts in the Cen-tennial Tournament. The game and notes are taken from the "Book of the Congress," published in Phila-dalshia.

(Scotch (Jambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Bird.)

1. P to K 4

2. Kt to K B 3

3. P to Q 4

4. Kt takes P

5. Kt to Kt 5

6. B to K 3

7. Q Kt to Q 2

8. Q takes B

9. Castles

10. Kt takes Q B P (c)

11. Q to Q 6 (ch)

12. Q to B 8 (ch)

13. Q to Q 0 (ch)

14. B to Kt 6 (ch)

15. B to Q 3

16. K R to K sq (ch)

17. B to K 4

18. Q takes Q

19. B takes Kt

20. B to Q B 5 WHITE .- (Mr. Bird.) BLACK .- (Mr. Roberts.) P to K 4
Kt to Q B 3
P takes P
Q to R 5
Q takes K P (ch)
B to Kt 5 (ch)
B takes K (ch) (a)
K to Q ra K to Q 1q P to Q R 3 (b) K takes Kt
K to Q sq
K to B 2 (d)
K to Q sq
K to K sq
Q to K K 5 (r)
K Kt to K 2
Q to R 3 (ch) Q to R 3 (ch)

Rt P takes Q

Rt P takes B (f)

P to Q 3

B to K 3 (g)

P takes R

K to B 2

K to B 3

K R to K so 19. B takes Kt 20. B to Q B 5. 21. R takes P 22. R takes B 23. R takes K P 24. R takes K (ch) 25. R to Q 7 26. B to K 3 27. R takes R P 28. R takes R P K R to K sq K to K 3 (b) R to K R sq R takes R K to B 4 K to K 5 R to O sq 28. R takes R P 29. B takes R 29. B takes R
30. B to K 3
31. P to K R 4
32. P to K R 5
33. P to K R 5
34. P to K R 6
35. P to Q B 3
36. P to Q K 4
37. B to Q 4
38. B to Kt 7, and wins. R to Q sq R to K Ktsq R to Q sq K to B 6 R to Q 4

NOTES.

(a) A very bad move. He should have played Q to K 4, retaining his pawe with a threatening position on the King's side.
 (b) Black seems oblivious of the threatened danger;

9. Kt to K B3 was the correct move hero.

9. Kt to K B 3 was the correct move here.
(c) Played in Mr. Bird's happiest style. The sacrifice appears to be perfectly sound.
(d) It is evident that if he interposes the Q, mate follows at Q K 16.
(e) The best and only move.
(f) Another singular position. Q P takes B, cannot be played on account of the threatened mate.
(g) The piece might have been saved by the following line of play:—
21. R to O K 1 80

21. R to Q Kt sq 22. R to Kt 2 23. R to Q 2

22. Rt.kes Q R P 23. R takes K R P

And White having three pawns for his piece should

win.

(h) Black had here perhaps a chance for a draw, by playing 26 R to K 2, in which case, however. White could have retreated his R to Q 2, and finally won by the

SOLUTIONS.

talution of Problem No. 115. WHITE.

BLACK.

1. Anything. 1, 1 to Q 5 2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 113. WHETE. BLACK. 1. Q to K-R6 (ch) 2. B to K6 mate. L. K. takes P.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 114.

BLACK. WHITE KatQKt6 QatQH8 RatKKt4 BatKR4 KtatK3 Kat K4 Q at Q sq R at Q B 2 R at K B sq

Kt at K 7 Kt at Q Kt 7. White to play and mate in two moves.

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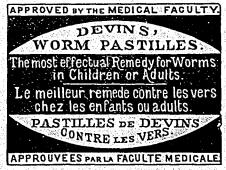
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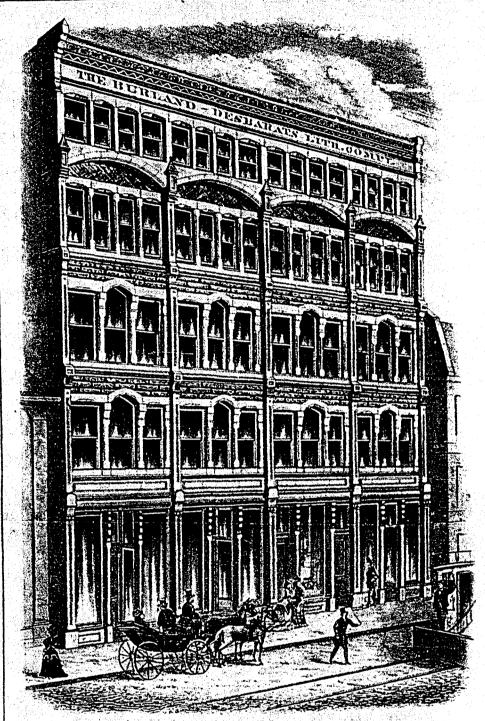
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