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# Wholesale News

Vol. XVI.—No. 10.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1877.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE MILLENIUM.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS and MR. DEVLIN, M.P. dancing an Irish jig on the deck of the steamer *Rocket*.

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

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### OUR NEW STORY.

With the present number we begin the publication of a new serial story entitled

### BY CELIA'S ARBOUR,

from the pen of the celebrated authors of "Ready Money Mortiboy," and "The Golden Butterfly."

We have secured the Dominion copyright of this very interesting new work at a great expense, and we trust that our friends throughout the country will recognize the strenuous efforts we are making to give them a thoroughly interesting and valuable paper. The opening of this story is a

### Favorable Time for Subscribing.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 8th, 1877.

### IMMIGRATION AND COLONIZATION.

Some new light has been thrown upon this important and interesting subject, by the publication of the report of the Select Standing Committee of the House of Commons, which deserves to be briefly analysed. There is no portion of the public administration which should be more jealously watched than the Immigration Department, because there is none upon which the welfare of the country so immediately depends. It is, therefore, pleasant to be able to say from the start that its management is in able and willing hands, and that the results obtained are fully commensurate with present circumstances.

As was to be expected, there was a decline in the immigration to Canada during the year 1876, the total number of immigrants reputed to have settled in the Province in that year being 25,633, as against 27,382 in 1875. This decrease, however, was not confined to Canada, but extended over the whole continent, and if the percentage of decline is compared, it will be found that Canada has not been the greatest sufferer. Thus, while our percentage for 1876 was only 6.38, that of the United States for the same period was 25.65. The class of immigrants were chiefly agricultural labourers and female servants, all of whom seem to be doing well and to have given satisfaction. Special exertions are being made, however, to attract the class of tenant farmers, and Mr. LOWE, the distinguished and zealous secretary of the Department, regards the time for doing so to be propitious as well from causes in the United Kingdom depriving large numbers of their holdings, as the attention which is being attracted in Canada by the new and important trade in meat, which has suddenly sprung up into such development.

We have the best accounts from the Mennonite colony in Manitoba, lately visited by LORD DUFFERIN. They already number 6,700, are thrifty and industrious, and will, in a few years, be enabled to pay the last cent of the special loan voted them by Parliament. The Icelandic settlement in Keewatin, on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg, numbering 1,447, is not so prosperous, owing to the ravages of small-pox.

In the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec there are very large masses still unoccupied, and great resources wanting to be developed by immigrants. As respects Manitoba and the North-West the evidence continues to accumulate that the soil is of unsurpassed richness, capable of yielding the largest crops of cereals and roots. The only drawback—the grasshoppers—is now set aside, and all the witnesses agree that there are no eggs laid. The Committee deprecates the shutting up from actual settlement of large tracts of land in the North-West for the benefit of companies, the true policy being to facilitate the operations of the actual settler. The value of every immigrant is set down at from \$800 to \$1,125, but this applies to thrifty and industrious men. The class of professional men, or specialists, should not be advised to come to Canada, and there is no room at all for men of loose habits or those who are unwilling to work.

### THE COLORADO BEETLE.

Our farmers must keep wide awake. Because the season is advanced, they must not imagine that they have done with the potato bug. It is precisely in autumn that they deposit their eggs, and we may look for a wider and more destructive invasion next spring. The trouble has only begun with Canadian farmers. They must be up and prepared to meet this terrible enemy at every turn. To assist them in this we publish to-day an engraving illustrative of the insect, with full letter-press description, in another column, which we extract from a very valuable pamphlet just put forth by Dr. J. C. TACHÉ, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa. We trust this work will be translated into English without delay, and spread broadcast over the country. It is the most comprehensive and practical treatise on the subject which we have seen anywhere.

From the same source we gather the method of applying what the experienced author denotes the only reliable means of destroying the insect—Paris green. We trust our readers in the country will take note of it and practice it in due time. Paris green is employed in two ways—in a dry state and in a liquid state. In the former, the Paris green is mixed with 20 or 30 times its volume of plaster, ashes, slaked lime, or better still, flour—the poorest being the best. When the Paris green is of good quality and well mixed with fine-grained flour, one proportion of the poison to 40 of the flour quite suffices. The liquid method, however, is far better than this, and consists of a teaspoonful or a hundred and ten grains ( $\frac{1}{4}$  ounce) of the best Paris green to an ordinary bucket of water. One pound of pure Paris green is sufficient for sixty-four buckets of water, or about 140 gallons.

The operation is conducted as follows: The Paris green being measured out in a spoon, or better still, being divided into little papers, each containing the requisite spoonful, is thrown into the bucket of water. If the poison is distributed in papers, these are emptied into the respective buckets and thus further manipulation is avoided. Throughout the operation the mixture must be stirred, because Paris green, not being soluble, must be kept equally distributed throughout the liquid mass. Taking up a small broom, the farmer enters the potato rows with his bucket. As soon as he discovers a perfect insect or a grub, he dips his broom into the mixture and sprinkles the plants right and left, taking two rows at a time, and thus diminishing his work by half. This operation must be executed rapidly, but with care,

and renewed as often as the insects appear. In badly infected fields it must be repeated twice a week, and even three times if there have been showers, which, of course, wash away the preparation. In this way a field is sure to be made clean, and Dr. TACHÉ maintains that it is the only way. He has very little faith in any of the several mechanical methods of destruction which have been proposed when the insects are full blown, and he particularly cautions farmers against the innumerable quack powders which are being hawked about the country by charlatans.

### THE LOCUST OF THE PRAIRIE.

If, as we state in another article of this issue, it would appear that mechanical methods are ineffectual to deal with the Colorado potato beetle, especially when it is full blown, there is some satisfaction in knowing that the same cannot be said in regard to that pest of the North-West, the grasshopper. In his evidence given before a select committee of Parliament, this spring, a Mr. HILL, of St. Pauls, declared that the hand of man, with proper machinery, is adequate successfully to combat the evil. He stated that the grasshoppers visited Blue Earth County in Minnesota in sufficient numbers to cause the total destruction of the crops. In the emergency, a reward of one dollar a bushel was offered for the destruction of the insects, and the inhabitants set to work to catch them, with no better appliances than bags made of mosquito nets, stretched on hoops. The result was that 30,000 bushels, equivalent to ninety railway car loads, were destroyed in that county, and the crop that was saved by this exertion was valued by the Bureau of Agriculture, at Washington, at \$700,000. He added that the same efforts were not made in an adjoining county, which is as populous, and naturally as rich, and that the result there was an almost entire destruction of the crop. This experience led to the invention of a machine made of wire netting, propelled by a horse pushing it before, of such efficiency that one man and one horse could clear fifteen acres in a day with it. No doubt some such contrivance will be employed in Manitoba and the North-West whenever the locusts appear again. Meantime, it is satisfactory to learn that the country is now free from them, and that there are no eggs laid. The people of these Provinces appear to believe that they have arrived at another of the immunities which Senator SUTHERLAND stated, in his evidence before a Parliamentary Committee last year, that he had personally known to last for forty years. And Mr. BANNATYNE, M.P., states that the people now do not even think of the grasshopper. This is so far satisfactory, and may lead to the assurance that this sole drawback to the prospects of the great North-West is within the control of man.

Owing to the publication of the beginning of our new serial, there has been a serious pressure on other columns of the paper, and in consequence much original matter has been postponed till next week.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MILLENIUM.—Our front page cartoon represents a humorous scene which took place lately on board the steamer *Rocket*, which conveyed the Harbour Commissioners, with Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, from Quebec to Montreal. Sir Francis Hincks, an old representative of the Opposition, and Mr. Devlin, a devoted adherent of the Government, danced an Irish jig, which we wish we could regard as typical of the good feeling which ought to exist between the members of the two great political parties.

VISIT OF THE HUDSON FIREMEN.—Week before last, a number of the firemen of Hudson, N. Y., paid a visit to this city, accompanied by a number of the officers of the town of Hudson, and were received in royal fashion by the members of our Brigade. The Mayor and several of the Aldermen also joined in the demonstration. Our sketches represent several of the principal doings connected with this pleasant event.

OPENING OF THE LAURENTIAN RAILWAY.—We give several views connected with the inauguration of this important branch of railway, which took place several days ago. The road to

St. Lin will open one of the finest tracts of country in the Province of Quebec, and as such is looked upon with general favor.

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.—The first sketch represents the college building itself, which is about 90 years old; and the second is the Library and Museum, a building about 14 or 16 years old. The University was originated and recommended by a committee of the House of Assembly, 1787. It was founded by Act of Parliament in 1788, under the title of "King's College, of Nova Scotia," and a Royal Charter was granted by King George III. in 1802, so that it will be seen it is the oldest college in the Dominion. Its Patron is His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. There are over 20 prizes and scholarships in connection with the college, 10 of which are of £30, and 3 of them £60 sterling. Besides these there are over 80 nominations, which entitle the holder to go through the three years course free of college fees. There are three classes of students admissible to the college—1st. Matriculated students in arts, who must pass the regular University Examination constituted by Royal Charter. 2d. Matriculated students in civil engineering, who must pass the same examination as for arts, with the omission of the classical subjects. 3rd. Elective students who desire to attend during an academic year or term, one, two, or more, courses of lectures. Among the principal subjects taught may be mentioned classics, chemistry, natural history, divinity, including pastoral theology, English literature, French and German, mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy, engineering, etc. For a B.A. degree, students are required to be of four years standing. The academic year commences during the first week in October.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.—This engraving represents the potato plant attacked by the insect in its diverse phases and under its different aspects, as follows:—a, a group of eggs; b, worm just opened; c, a brown maroon color; d, worm enveloped; e, worm arrived at its full development and ready to undergo its transformations; f, formed grub; in the earth it is of a deep orange color; g, the perfect insect seen in profile; h, the perfect insect seen from above; i, the perfect insect, seen from under. The general color of the insect, with the exception of the wing shells or sheaths, is of a light brown, marked with dark stripes, stains and spots. The wings, hidden under the sheaths, are of pink, with extremities of transparent ashy-white.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF PLEVNA.—We gave a full description of this battle in a former number.

### ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE quartz lead on the Rosseau is now yielding gold at the rate of fifteen dollars per ton.

Favourable accounts come from Prince Edward Island of the harvest and fisheries in that Province.

IN the Ottawa district the potato bugs are making havoc not only of the potato vines, but of the tubers themselves, as well as of the tomatoes.

A SPECIAL session of the New Brunswick Legislature opened last week, for the purpose of legislating with reference to the needs of the tax-payers of St. John in consequence of the recent fire.

TYPHOID was very prevalent at Quebec, and caused considerable anxiety. The re-opening of the classes at Laval University and the Seminary has been indefinitely postponed in consequence.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE has entered into correspondence with the Premier of the several Provinces with the object of securing, if possible, the observance of one and the same day throughout the Dominion as a day of thanksgiving for the bountiful harvest.

### ROUND THE WORLD.

THE date of the elections in France has been finally fixed for the fourteenth of October.

IT is expected that the publicity of the proceedings in the Gambetta trial will be prohibited.

THE anti-Russian agitation in Poland is meeting with little countenance from the influential Poles.

THE Home Rule Conference of Great Britain has elected Mr. Parnell, M. P., President of the Confederation.

BUSINESS prospects in the West are reported as being good, and St. Louis merchants are inclined to believe that the volume of trade this fall will be even greater than before the panic.

THE strike among the miners in the Lehigh region is at an end, the employers having acceded to the strikers demands, on the ground that the advance in the price of coal warrants such a step.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S death was caused by inflammation of the bowels. It is reported that he will be succeeded by John W. Young, his youngest son by his first and legitimate wife.

A PAPAL BULL has been completed at the Vatican authorizing the Cardinal Camerlengua, in the event of the Pope's death, either to summon the conclave immediately or to await the arrival of the foreign Cardinals.

### ARTISTIC.

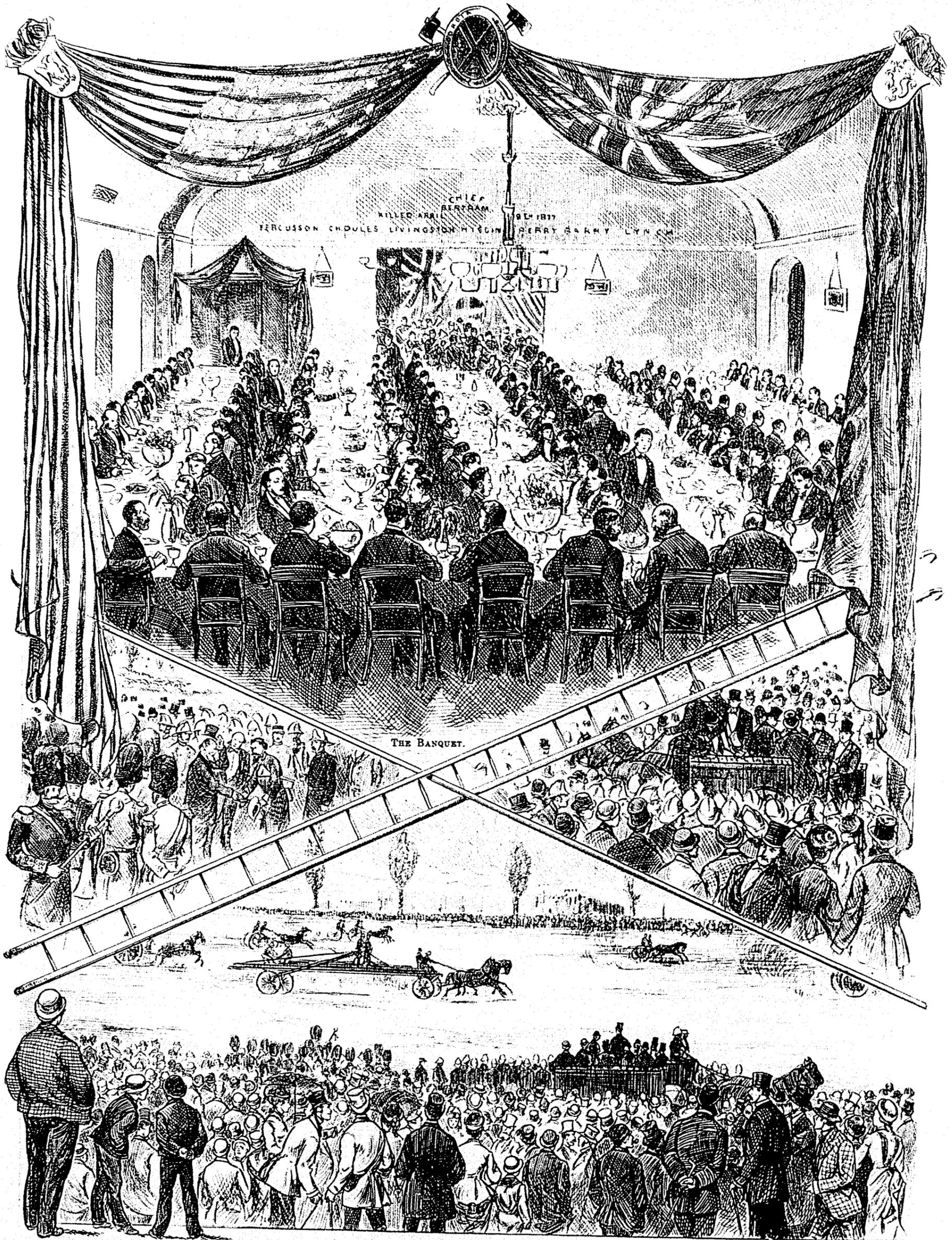
A VALUABLE painting of "Andromeda," valued at ten thousand dollars, has been cut from its frame and carried off at Columbus.

DR. SCHLIEMANN will exhibit at South Kensington his splendid collection of antiquities discovered on the supposed site of Troy.

THE painter Gérôme is at work, it is said, on a group of sculpture for the International Exhibition of 1878. He has taken the subject from one of his own pictures—"The Gladiators."

IT is announced that the exhibition of pictures in the Grosvenor Gallery this autumn is not to be of modern pictures—at least not of pictures of living artists. Dead pre-Raphaelites alone are to be represented.





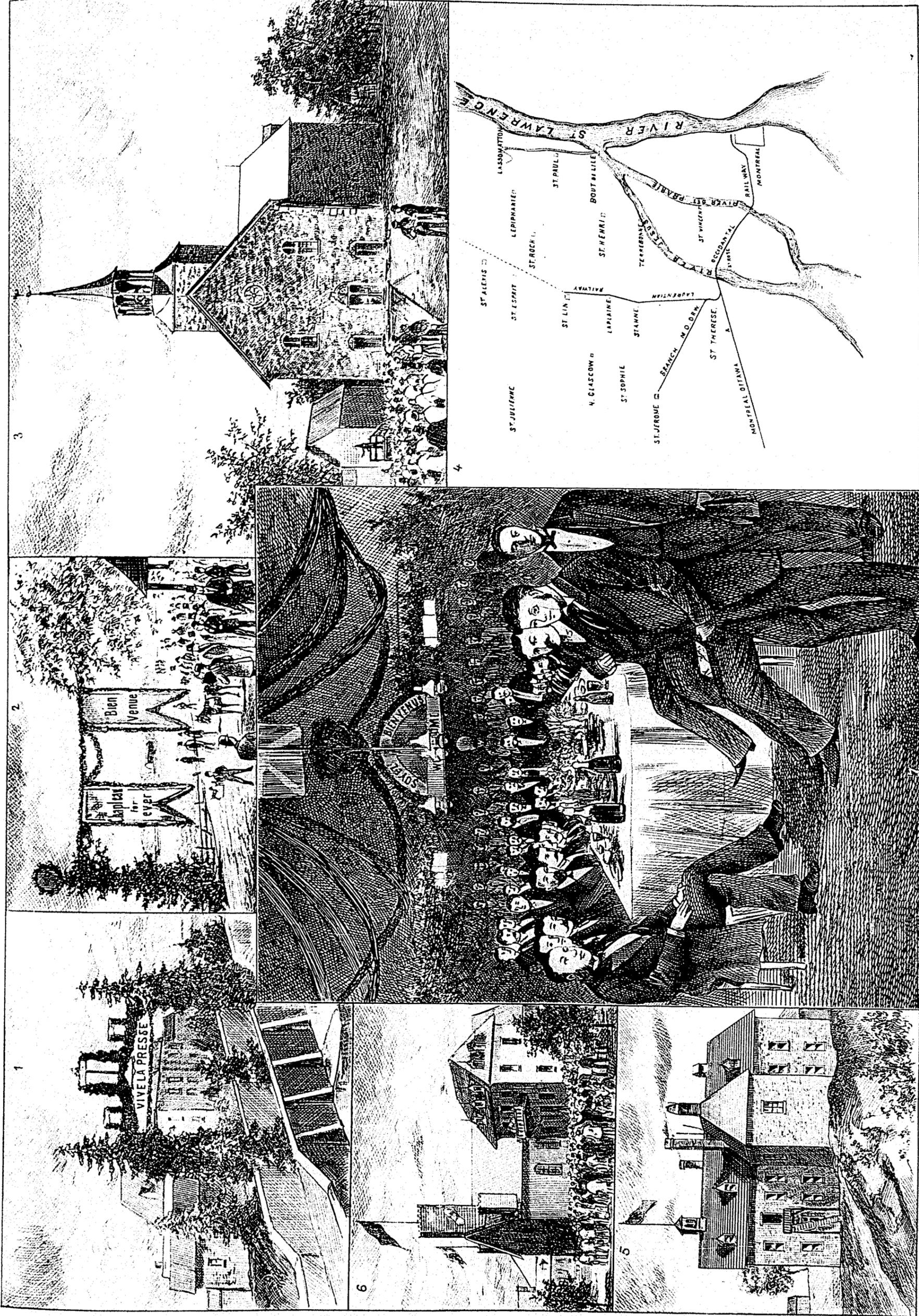
THE BANQUET.

INTRODUCTION TO THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

THE REVIEW ON CHAMP-DE-MARS

THE MAYOR ADDRESSING THE FIREMEN.

MONTREAL.—VISIT OF THE HUDSON (N. Y.) FIREMEN.



OPENING OF THE LAURENTIAN RAILWAY.

1 ARCH IN HONOR OF PRESS. 2 ARCH IN ST. ANNE. 3 CHURCH OF ST. LIN. 4 PLAN OF THE RAILWAY. 5 BREWERY OF ST. LIN. 6 RAILWAY STATION, ST. LIN. 7 THE BANQUET.

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# BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

## A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTHOBY,"  
"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

### CHAPTER I.

#### ON THE QUEEN'S BASTION.

Two boys and a girl, standing together in the north-west corner of the Queen's Bastion on the old town wall.

Leonard, the elder boy, leans on an old-fashioned 32-pounder which points through an embrasure, narrow at the mouth and wide at the end, straight up the harbour.

Should any enemy attempt to cross the lagoon of mud which forms the upper harbour at low tide, that enemy would, as Leonard often explain, be "raked by the gun." Leonard is a lad between seventeen and eighteen, tall, and well-grown. As yet his figure is too slight, but that will fill out; his shoulders are broad enough for the strength a year or two more will give him; he has short brown hair of quite a common colour, but lustrous, and with a natural curl in it; his eyes are hazel, and they are steadfast; when he fought battles at school those eyes looked like winning; his chin is strong and square; his lips are firm. Only to look upon him as he passed you would say that you had seen a strong man in his youth. People turned their heads after he had gone by to have another look at such a handsome boy.

He leans his back now against the gun, his hands resting lightly upon the carriage, on either side as if to be ready for immediate action; his straw hat lies on the grass beside him. And he is looking in the face of the girl.

She is a mere child of thirteen or fourteen, standing before him and gazing into his face with sad and solemn eyes. She, too, is bare-headed, carrying her summer hat by the ribbons. I suppose no girl of fourteen, when girls are bony, angular, and big-footed, can properly be described as beautiful, but Celia was always beautiful to me. Her face remains the same to me through the changes of many years; always lovely, always sweet and winsome. Her eyes were light blue and yet not shallow; she had a pair of mischievous little lips which were generally but not to-night, laughing; her hair hung over her shoulders in the long and unfettered tresses which so well become young maidens; and in her cheek was the prettiest little dimple ever seen. But now she looked sad, and tears were gathered in her eyes.

As for me, I was lying on the parapet of the wall, looking at the other two. Perhaps it will save trouble if I state at once who I was, and what to look upon. In the year 1853, I was sixteen years of age, about two years older than Celia, nearly two years younger than Leonard. I believe I had already arrived at my present tall stature, which is exactly five feet one inch. I am a hunchback. An accident in infancy rounded my shoulders and arched my back, giving me a projection which causes my coats to hang loosely where other men's fit tight, forcing my neck forward so that my head bends back where other people's heads are held straight upon their necks. It was an unfortunate accident, because I should, but for it, have grown into a strong man; my limbs are stout and my arms are muscular. It cost me nothing as a boy to climb up ropes and posts, to clamber hand over hand along a rail, to get up into trees, to do anything where I could get hold for a single hand, or for a single foot. I was not, through my unlucky back, the distortion of my neck, and the length of my arms, comely to look upon. All the years of my childhood and some a good deal later were spent in the miserable effort to bring home to myself the plain fact that I was *disgracé*. The comeliness of youth and manhood could be no more mine than my father's broad lands. For besides being a hunchback, I was an exile, a Pole, the son of a Polish rebel, and therefore penniless. My name is Ladislav Pulaski.

We were standing, as I said, in the north-west corner of the Queen's Bastion, the spot where the grass was longest and greenest, the wild convulvulus most abundant, and where the noblest of the great elms which stood upon the ramparts—"to catch the enemy's shells" said Leonard—threw out a gracious arm laden with leafy foliage to give a shade. We called the place Celia's Arbour.

If you looked out over the parapet, you saw before you the whole of the most magnificent harbour in the world, and if you looked through the embrasure of the wall you had a splendid framed picture—water for foreground, old ruined castle in middle distance, blue hill beyond and above blue sky.

We were all three silent, because it was Leonard's last evening with us. He was going away, our companion and brother, and we were there to bid him God speed.

It was after eight; suddenly the sun, which a moment before was a great disc of burnished gold, sank below the thin line of land between sky and sea. Then the evening gun from the Duke of York's Bastion proclaimed the death of another day with a loud report which made the branches in the trees above us to shake and tremble. And from the barracks in the town; from the Harbour Admiral's flagship; from the Port Admiral's flagship; from the flagship of the Admiral in command of the Mediterranean

Fleet, then in harbour; from the tower of the old church, there came such a firing of muskets, such a beating of drums, playing of fifes, ringing of bells, and sounding of trumpets, that you would have thought the sun was setting once for all, and receiving his farewell salute from a world he was leaving for ever to roll about in darkness.

The evening gun and the *tintamarre* that followed roused us all three, and we involuntarily turned to look across the parapet. Beyond that was the moat, and beyond the moat was a ravelin, and beyond the ravelin the sea-wall. Beyond the wall a smooth and placid lake, for it was high tide, four miles long and a couple of miles wide, in which the splendour of the west was reflected so that it looked like a furnace of molten metal. At low tide it would have been a great flat level of black mud, unlovely even with an evening sky upon it, intersected with creeks and streams which, I suppose, were kept full of water by the drainage of the mud banks. At the end of the harbour stood the old ruined castle, on the very margin and verge of the water. The walls were reflected in the calm bosom of the lagoon; the water-gate opened out upon the wavelets of the lapping tide; behind rose the great donjon, square, grey, and massive; in the tourney yard stood the old church, and we needed no telling to make us think of the walls behind, four feet broad, rugged and worn by the tooth of Time, thickly blossoming with gilli-flowers, clutched and held on all sides by the tight embrace of the ivy. There had been rain in the afternoon, so that the air was clear and transparent, and you could see every stone in the grand old keep every dentation of the wall. Behind the castle lay the low curved line of a long hill, green and grassy which made a background to the harbour and the old fortress. It stretched for six miles, this hill, and might have been monotonous but for the chalk quarries which studded its side with frequent intervals of white. Farther on, to the west, there lay a village, buried in a great clump of trees, so that you could see nothing but the tower of a church and the occasional smoke of a chimney. The village was so far off that it seemed like some outlying fort, an advance work of civilisation, an outpost such as those which the Roman conquerors have left in the Desert. When your eye left the village among the trees and travelled southwards, you could see very little of land on the other side by reason of the ships which intervened,—ships of every age, of every class, of every colour, of every build. Frigates, three-deckers, brigs, schooners, cutters, launches, gunboats, paddle wheel steamers, screw steamers, hulks so old as to be almost shapeless,—they were lying ranged in line, or they were moored separately; some in the full flood of the waning sunset, some in shadow, one behind the other, making deep blacknesses in the golden water. There was not much life, at this late hour, in the harbour. Here and there a boat pulled by two or three lads from the town; here and there a great ship's gig, moving heavily through the water, pulled by a crew of sailors, rowing with their slow and measured stroke, and the little midgy sitting in the stern; or perhaps a wherry coming down from Fencham Creek. But mostly the harbour was silent, the bustle even at the lower end having ceased with the sunset.

"What do you see up the harbour, Leonard?" asked the girl, for all of us were gazing silently at the glorious sight.

"I am looking for my future, Cis, and I cannot make it out."

"Tell us what you think, Leonard."

"Five minutes ago it looked splendid. But the glory is going off the water. See, Cis, the Castle has disappeared—there is nothing to be made out there, but a low black mass of shade; and the ships are so many black logs lying on grey water that in ten minutes will be black too. Nothing but blackness. Is that my future?"

"I can read you a better fortune out of the sunset than that," I interposed.

"Do, Laddy," said Celia. "Don't let poor Leonard go away with a bad omen."

"If you look above you, Leonard," I went on, "you will see that all the splendours of the earth have gone up into the heavens. Look at the brightness there. Was there ever a more glorious sunset? There is a streak of colour for you—the one above the belt of salmon—blue, with just a suspicion on the far edge of green. Leonard, if you believed in visions, and wished for the best possible, you could have nothing better than that before you. If your dreams were to get money and rubbish like that—it will be remembered that I who enunciated this sentiment, and Celia who clapped her hands, and Leonard who nodded gravely, were all three very young—" such rubbish, it would lead you to disappointment, just as the golden water is turning black. But up above the colours are brighter; and they are lasting. They never fade."

"They are fading now, Laddy."

"Nonsense. Sunsets never fade. They are for ever moving westwards round the world. Don't you know that there is always sunset going on somewhere? Gold in evening clouds

for us to see, and a golden sunrise for some others. So, Leonard, when your dreams of the future were finished you looked up, and you saw the sky brighter than the harbour. That means that the future will be brighter than anything you ever dreamed."

Leonard laughed. "You agree with Laddy, Cis? Of course you do. As if you two ever disagreed yet."

"I must go home, Leonard; it is nearly nine. And, oh, you are going away to-night, and when—when shall we see you again?"

"I am going away to-night, Cis. I have said good-bye to the Captain, God bless him, and I am going to London by the ten o'clock train to seek my fortune."

"But you will write to us, Leonard, won't you? You will tell us what you are doing, and where you are, and all about yourself?"

He shook his head.

"No, Cis, not even that. Listen. I have talked it all over with the Captain. I am going to make my fortune—somehow. I don't know how, nor does he, the dear old man. But I am going to try. Perhaps I shall fail, perhaps I shall succeed. I must succeed." His face grew stern and a little hard. "Because everything depends upon it, whether I shall be a gentleman, or what a gutter child ought to expect."

"Don't, Leonard."

"Forgive me, Laddy, but everybody knows that you are a gentleman by birth and descent, and very few know that I am too. Give me five years. In five years' time, if I live, and unless it is absolutely impossible for me to get home, I promise to meet you both again. It will be June the 21st, in the year 1858. We will meet at this time—sunset—and on this same spot, by Celia's Arbour."

"In five years. It is half a lifetime. What will have happened to us all in five years? But not a single letter? Oh! Leonard, promise to write one letter, only one, during all the years, to say that you are well. Not leave us all the time without a single word."

He shook his head.

"Not one, Cis, my child. I am not going to write you a single letter. One thing only I have promised the Captain. If I am in danger, sickness, or any trouble, I am to write to him. But if you get no news of me set it down to good news."

"Then, if you will not write there is nothing to look forward to but the end of the five years. Laddy, don't you feel as if you were a convict beginning a five years' sentence? I do, and perhaps you will forget all about us, Leonard, when you are away over there, in the great world."

"Forget you, Cissy?" He shook her hands, and drew the girl to himself. "Forget you? Why, there is nothing else in all the world for me to remember except you, and Laddy, and the Captain. If I could forget the seventeen years of my life, the town, and the port, the ships, and the sailors, the old walls, and the bastions—then, perhaps I could forget little Cissy. Other men belong to families. I have none. Other men have brothers and sisters. I have none. Laddy is my brother, and you are my sister. Never think, Cis, that I can forget you for one moment."

"No, Leonard. We will try to feel always that you are thinking about us. The Captain says nothing is better for people than always to remember what others would like them to say, and think, and do. Stay, Leonard." She had made a little bouquet of daisies, and the sweet wild convulvulus which spread itself over all the slopes of the walls. Out of this she picked two or three blossoms, tied them up with a tendril, and laid them in a paper. "That is my French exercise for to-morrow. Never mind. There, Leonard, carry that away with you to remember me by."

"I will take it, Cis, but I want nothing to remember you by."

"And now, Leonard, make your promise over again. Say after me, 'In five years' time—'"

"In five years' time—"

"In rags or in velvet"—be very particular about that, Leonard, you are neither to be too proud to come or too ashamed,—in rags or in velvet."

"In rags or in velvet."

"In poverty or in riches."

"In poverty or in riches."

"In honour or—no, there can be no dishonour,—in honour or before the honour has been reached, I will return."

"I will return," echoed Leonard.

"And we will meet you here, Laddy and I." He held her hands while she dictated the words of this solemn promise, looking up at him with earnest and pleading face.

Then the church clock struck nine, and from the Port Admiral's flagship boomed a solitary gun, which rolled in short, sharp echoes along the walls, and then slowly thundered up the shores of the harbour. Then there was a pause. And then the bells began their customary evening hymn. They struck the notes slowly, and as if with effort. But the hymn-tune was soft and sad, and a carillon is always sweet. That finished, there came the curfew bell, which has been rung every night in the old town since the time of the great Norman king. The day was quite done now, and the twilight of the summer night was upon us. Gleams of grey lay in the west reflected in the untroubled sheet of the harbour, the cloudless sky looked almost as blue as in the day, and the stars were faint and pale. Venus alone shone brightly; the trees, in the warm, calm night, looked as if they were sleeping, all but one—a great elm which stood at the

end of the wall, where it joined the dockyard. It was shaped in the black profile of the evening something like the face of a man, so that it stood like a giant sentry looking every night across the harbour.

"I must go," said Celia. "Good-bye, Leonard. Good-bye, dear Leonard. Forgive me if I have teased you. We shall look forward—Oh! how eagerly we shall look forward to the end of the five years. Good-bye."

He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. She cried and sobbed. Then he let her go, and without a word she fled from us both, flying down the grassy slope across the green. In the twilight we could catch the glimmer of her white dress as she ran home, until she reached her father's garden gate, and was lost.

"Walk with me to the station, Laddy," said Leonard.

We walked away from the quiet walls where there was no one but ourselves, out from the shadow of the big elms, and the breath of dewy grass, and the peacefulness of the broad waters, down into the busy streets. Our way lay through the narrowest and the noisiest. Shops were open, especially places which sold things to eat and to drink. Hundreds of men—chiefly young men—were loafing about, pipes in their mouths, among the women, who were buying in a street market, consisting almost entirely of costers' carts and barrows, and where the principal articles exposed for sale appeared to be hot cooked things of pungent and appetising odour, served and dressed with fried onions. Every night, all the year round, that market went on; every night that incense of fried onions arose to the much-enduring skies, every night the crowd jostled, pushed, and enjoyed their jokes around these barrows, lit by candles stuck in bottles, protected by oiled paper.

"Look at them," said Leonard, indicating a little knot of young fellows laughing together at each other's *gros mots*. "Look at them. If it had not been for the Captain I might have been like them."

"So might I, for that matter."

"What a life? No ambition! No hope to get beyond the pipe and beer! If I fail it will be better than never to have tried. Laddy, I mean to make a spoon or spoil a horn, as the Scotch say."

"How, Leonard?"

"I do not know quite. Somehow, Laddy. Here we are at the station. You will be good to the old man, won't you? Of course you will, Laddy, a great deal better than I could ever be, because you are so much more considerate. Keep up his spirits, make him spin yarns. And you will look sharp after the little girl, Laddy. She is your great charge. I give her into your keeping. Why, when I come back she will be nineteen, and I shall be four-and-twenty. Think of that. Laddy, before I go I am going to tell you a great secret. Keep it entirely to yourself. Let no one know a word of it, not even the Captain."

"Not even Cis?"

"Why, that would spoil all. Listen. If I come back in five years' time, a gentleman, a real gentleman by position as I am by birth, I mean to—ask little Celia to marry me."

I laughed.

"How do you know you will care for her then?"

"I know that very well," he replied. "I shall never care in the same way for any other girl. That is quite certain. But, oh! what a slender chance it is! I am to make myself a gentleman in five years. Celia has got to get through these five years without falling in love with anybody else. \* Of course all the fellows in the place will be after her. And I have got to please her when I do come back. Wish me luck, Laddy, and good-bye, and God bless you all three."

He squeezed my hand, and rushed into a carriage as the engine whistled, the bell rang, and the train moved away. Then I realized that Leonard was really gone, and that we should not see him again for five long years.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE CAPTAIN.

I walked home sadly enough, thinking how dull life for the next five years was going to be. It was half-past ten when I arrived, but the Captain was sitting up beyond his usual hour, waiting to hear the last news of Leonard. He was at the open window overlooking his garden; before him stood his glass of grog, empty, and his evening pipe was finished.

"You saw him off, Laddy?" he asked with a little eagerness, as if Leonard might possibly be lurking in the hall. "You are quite sure he got safely into the train"—five-and-twenty years ago people were not so familiar with railway-trains, and they were generally regarded even by old sailors as things uncertain about going off, as well as untrustworthy when you were in them. "Poor lad! At Winchester by this time, very nearly. Thirty miles from salt water."

The Captain at this time was about sixty years of age. He was a man of short and sturdy build, with a broad and rosy face like an apple, and perfectly white hair. His whiskers, equally white, were cut to the old-fashioned regulation "mutton-chop," very much like what has now come into fashion again. They advanced into the middle of the cheek, and were then squared off in a line which met the large stiff collar below at an angle of forty-five. Round the collar the Captain wore a white cravat, which put on many folds as the weather grew cold. He never appeared except in some sort of uniform, and

paraded his profession habitually, as was the custom among sailors of his standing, by a blue frock with anchor buttons. In winter, he wore loose blue trousers, which, when the warmer days returned, he exchanged for white ducks. Upstairs he kept a uniform of surpassing splendour, with epaulettes, sword-belt, sword, gold lace, and an innumerable number of buttons. But this was reserved for ceremonies, as when a ship was launched, or when the Port Admiral invited the Captain to dinner, or when the Queen visited the Yard. On all other occasions, the blue frock with brass buttons formed the Captain's only wear.

He had great white beetling eyebrows which would have lent him a ferocious aspect but for the twinkling blue eyes beneath them. There were crows'-feet lying thick about those eyes which gave them a curiously humorous look, not belied by the mobile lips below.

You might see, by the light of the single pair of candles, that it was a plainly furnished room having in it little besides a small square table, a horsehair sofa, a wooden armchair, a bookshelf with a hundred volumes or so, most of them boys' school books, and a piano which was mine given me by Mr. Tyrrell. The walls were decorated with pictures of naval engagements and ships, cut out of illustrated papers, or picked up at second-hand shops, mounted and framed by the Captain himself. Above the mantelshelf was a print of the Battle of Navarino, showing the *Asia* engaged with two Egyptian and Turkish men-of-war, one on each side of her, the rest of the action being invisible by reason of the smoke. The Captain would contemplate that picture with a satisfaction quite beyond the power of words.

"'Twas in '27," he would say; "I was Lieutenant then: Sir Edward Codrington was Admiral. We sailed into Navarino harbour at 2 P. M. after dinner. Gad! It was a warm afternoon we had, lucky it was the lads dined before it. Something to remember afterwards. Don't tell me that Turks can't fight. A better fight was never made even by the French in the old days. But their ships, of course, were not handled like ours, and out of eighty odd craft, which made up their fleet, we didn't leave a dozen fit for sea again."

And on the mantelshelf was a model, made by the Captain, of the *Asia* herself.

The piano, I explained above, was my own. Everything else I had in the world came from the Captain; the clothes I wore were bought by him; it was he who brought me up, educated me, and lifted me out of the mire. I am bankrupt in gratitude to the Captain. I have no words to say what I owe to him. I can never repay by any words, acts or prayers, the load of obligation under which I rejoice to be towards that good man.

It began, his incomparable benevolence to Leonard and to me, like a good many other important things, with a crime. Not a very great crime; nor was the criminal a very important person; but as the Rev. Mr. Pontifex once said of it, it was emphatically a Wrong Thing, and like all Wrong Things ought to be remembered with Repentance. Mr. Pontifex, although he had never had the opportunity of reading a certain great Bishop's Treatise on the Sinfulness of little Sins, was as uncompromising as that Prelate could wish, and I hope that Leonard, who was the criminal, has long since repented. Certainly, it was the infraction of a commandment. Now Mr. Pontifex has repeatedly asserted, and his wife approved, that he who breaks one commandment breaks all. This is what was done.

The Captain's house, one of a row, stood separated from the street by the respectability of three feet clear and an iron railing. It was close to St. Faith's Square, a fashionable and almost aristocratic quarter, inhabited by retired naval officers, a few men who had made fortunes in business, and a sprinkling of lawyers. It was a plain square red brick house, with nothing remarkable but the garden at the back. This was not a large garden, and like others in the old town, was originally intended as a drying ground—all builders in those days were accustomed to consider a house as, in the first instance, a family laundry. The garden was planted with raspberry canes, gooseberry bushes, and currant-trees. Peaches and plums were trained along the walls. There one or two small pear-trees, and there was a very fine mulberry. In the spaces the Captain cultivated onions, radishes, and lettuce with great success. But the garden was remarkable in having no back wall. It looked out upon the Mill-dam, an artificial lake designed, I believe, to flood the moats of the fortifications if necessary. Projecting iron spikes prevented the neighbours on either hand from invading our territory, and you could sit on the stone-work at the end of the wall with your feet dangling over the water. It was a broad sheet periodically lowered and raised by the tide, which rushed in and ran out by a passage under the roadway, close to which was the King's Mill, worked by the tide. Sitting in the garden you could hear the steady grinding noise of the mill-wheels. The mill-dam was not without its charm. In the centre stood an island redoubt, set with trees like the walls, and connected by a light iron bridge. There was a single-storied house upon that island, and I remember thinking that it must be the grandest thing in the world to live upon it, all alone, or perhaps with Celia, to have a cask of provisions and absolute liberty to wander round and round the grassy fort, particularly if the iron bridge could be knocked away and a boat substituted.

They have filled up the mill-dam now; pulled down the King's Mill; destroyed the redoubt; and replaced the bright sparkling sheet of water with an open field, on which they have made a military hospital. The garden at the back of the house has got a wall too, now. But I wish they had let the old things remain as they were.

It was in this garden that the Captain was accustomed to sit after dinner, except when the weather was too cold. One day, nine or ten years before my story begins, he repaired thither on a certain sultry day in August at half-past two in the afternoon. He had with him a long pipe and a newspaper. He placed his arm-chair under the shade of the mulberry tree, then rich with ripe purple fruit, and sat down to read at his ease. Whether it was the languor of the day, or the mild influence of the mill hard by, or the effects of the pipe, is not to be rashly decided, but the Captain presently exchanged the wooden chair for the grass under the mulberry tree, upon which, mindful of his white ducks and the fallen fruit, he spread a rug, and then leaning back against the trunk, which was sloped by Nature for this very purpose, he gazed for a few moments upon the dazzling surface of the mill-dam, and then fell fast asleep.

Now at very low tides the water in the mill-dam would run out so far as to leave a narrow belt of dry shingle under the stone wall, and that happened on this very afternoon. Presently there came creeping along this little beach, all alone, with curious and wondering eyes which found something to admire in every pebble, a little boy of eight. He was barefooted, and bare-headed, a veritable little gutter-boy, clad almost in rags. It was a long way round the lake from the only place where he could have got down, a good quarter of a mile at least, and he stopped at the bottom of the Captain's garden for two excellent reasons, one that he felt tired and thirsty, and the other that the tide was racing in through the mill like the rapids at Niagara, that it already covered the beach in front and behind, and was advancing with mighty strides over the little strip on which he stood. And it occurred to that lonely little traveller that unless he could get out of the mess, something dreadful in the shape of wet feet and subsequent drowning would happen to him.

He was a little frightened at the prospect, and began to cry gently. But he was not a foolish child, and he reflected immediately that crying was no good. So he looked at the wall behind him. It was a sea wall with a little slope, only about five feet high, and built with rough stones irregularly dressed, so as to afford foot and hand hold for any boy who wished to climb up or down. In two minutes the young mountaineer had climbed the dizzy height and stood upon the stone coping, looking back to the place he had come from. Below him the water was flowing where he had stood just now; and turning round he found himself in a garden with some one, a gentleman in white trousers, white waistcoat, and white hair, with a blue coat sitting in the shade. His jolly red face was lying sideways, lovingly against the tree, his cap on the grass beside him; his mouth was half open; his eyes were closed; while a soft melodious snore like the contented hymn of some æsthetic pigling, proclaimed aloud to the young observer that the Captain was asleep.

The boy advanced towards the stranger in a manner common to one of tender age, that is, on all-fours, giving action to his hands and arms in imitation of an imaginary wild beast. He crept thus, first to the right side, then to the left, and then between the wide-spread legs of the Captain, peering into his unconscious face. Then he suddenly became conscious that he was under a mulberry tree, that the fruit was ripe, that a chair was standing convenient for one who might wish to help himself, and that one branch lower than the rest hung immediately over the chair, so that even a child might reach out his hand and gather the fruit.

This was the Wrong Thing lamented by the Rev. Mr. Pontifex. The unprincipled young robber, after quite realising the position of things—strange garden—gentleman of marine calling sound asleep—ripe fruit—present thirst—overwhelming curiosity to ascertain if this kind of fruit resembled apples—yielded without resistance to temptation, and mounted the chair.

Five minutes later, the Captain lazily opened his eyes.

Boom—boom—boom—the mill was going with redoubled vigour, for the tide had turned since he fell asleep, and was now rushing through the dark subterranean avenues with a mighty roar. But except for the tide and the mill everything was very quiet. Accustomed noises do not keep people awake. Thus in the next garden but one, two brothers were fighting, but as this happened every day, and all day, it did not disturb the Captain. One was worsted in the encounter. He ran away and got into some upper chamber, from the window of which he yelled in a hoarse stammer to his victorious brother, who was red-haired, "J—J—Jack—you're a c—c—c—carrotty thief."

But invective of this kind, not addressed to himself, only gently tickled the Captain's tympanum; the sun was still very bright, and I think he would have fallen asleep again but for one thing. A strange sound smote his ears. It was a sound like unto the smacking of tongues and the sucking of lips; or like the pleased champing of gratified teeth; a soft and gurgling

sound; with, unless the Captain's ears greatly deceived him, a low breathing of great contentment. He listened lazily, wondering what this sound might mean. While he listened, a mulberry fell upon his nose and bounded off, making four distinct leaps from nose to shirt-front, from shirt-front to white waistcoat, from waistcoat to ducks, and from ducks to the rug. That was nothing remarkable. Mulberries will fall when over ripe, and the Captain had swept away a basketful that day before dinner. So he did not move but listened still. The noises were accompanied by a little *frou-frou*, which seemed to betoken something human. But the Captain was still far from being broad awake, so he continued to wonder lazily. Then another mulberry fell; then half-a-dozen, full on his waistcoat, caroming in all directions to the utter ruin of his white garments, and a low childish laugh burst forth close to him, and the Captain sprang to his feet.

To his amazement there stood on the chair before him a ragged little boy, barefoot and bare-headed, his face purple with mulberry juice, his mouth crammed with fruit, his fingers stained, his ragged clothes smirched; even his little feet so dusty and dirty, standing in a pool of mulberry juice.

The captain was a bachelor and a sailor, and on both grounds fond of children. Now the face of the child before him, so bonny, so saucy, so full of glee and confidence, went straight to his heart, and he laughed a welcome and patted the boy's cheek.

But the fact itself was remarkable. Where had the child come from?—Not through the front door, which was closed, nor over the wall, which was impossible.

"How the dickens—" the Captain began. "I beg your pardon, my lad, for swearing, which is a bad habit—but how did you get here?"

The boy pointed to the wall and the water. "Oh!" said the Captain doubtfully. "Swam did you? Now that's odd. I've seen them half your size in the Pacific swim like fishes, but I never heard of a English boy doing it before. Where do you live, boy?"

The child looked interrogative. "Daddy's dead, I suppose. Drowned, likely, as many a good sailor is. Where's your mammy?"

The boy looked a little frightened at these questions, to which he could evidently give no satisfactory reply.

"The line's pretty nigh paid out," said the Captain, "but we'll try once more—Who takes care of you, boy, finds you in rations and serves out the rope's end?"

This time the boy began to understand a little.

Then Captain put on his hat and led him by the hand to the *quartier* where the sailors' wives did mostly congregate. In this he was guided by the fine instinct of experience, because he felt, in spite of the rags, that the boy had been dressed by a sailor's wife. None but such a woman could give a sea-going air to two garments so simple as those which kept the weather from the boy.

He led the child by the hand till presently the child led him, and piloted the Captain safely to a house where a woman—it was Mrs. Jeram—came running out, crying shrilly, "Lenny! wherever have you bin and got to?"

There was another ragged little boy with a round back, five or six years old, sitting on the door-step. When the Captain had finished his talk with Mrs. Jeram he came out and noticed that other boy, and he then returned and had more talk.

HEARTH AND HOME.

ORIENTAL MAXIMS.—When anger would overcome thee, curb it. When thou speakest, well weigh thy words. When thou makest a promise, be sure to keep it. When thou judgest, be impartial. When thou hast cause for animosity, forgive thine enemies. When thou hast the ability, be generous. When thou possessest power, treat thy dependents kindly.

WIVES.—I am acquainted, says a writer, with a great many good wives, notable and so managing that they make a man anything but happy—and I know a great many others who sing, paint, play, and cut paper, and are so accomplished that they have no time to be useful. Pictures and fiddles, and everything but agreeableness and goodness, can be had for money; but as there is no market where pleasant manners, and engaging conversation, and Christian virtues are to be bought, methinks it is a pity the ladies do not oftener try to provide them at home.

AMUSING CHILDREN.—To keep them constantly employed, one way or another, is certainly the best plan with children, and the moment they appear to be getting tired of one game have another ready to set them to. Nothing pleases children better than for the nursery maid to enter into their games, and this she can easily do without moving from her seat. If she agrees to be the mistress of the doll house, she can keep the children in plenty of exercise by sending them messages to different corners of the room, where various shops are supposed to be; and as all children have powerful, lively imaginations, the more she exercises her own the better they will like it.

THE TASTEFUL WOMAN.—A tasteful woman can make a garret beautiful and home-like, and

at little cost; for the beauty of home depends more on educated and refined taste than upon wealth. If there is no artist in the house, it matters little if there is a large balance at the bank. There is usually no better excuse for a barren home than ignorance or carelessness. A little mechanical skill can make brackets and shelves for the walls. A thoughtful walk in the woods can gather leaves and lichens and ferns for adorning the unpicturesque rooms. A trifle saved from daily expenses can now and again put a new book upon the table or shelf. The expenditure of a few dollars can convert the plain window into a conservatory.

PROSPERITY.—Very few men can bear prosperity. It intoxicates them, like wine. It turns their head, and then throws them off their balance. Others cannot bear adversity. They have no fortitude, no courage, no hope. They are not like the old sailor who said he always felt happiest in the height of a storm, because he knew that the next change that took place, whatever it might be, must necessarily be for the better. They cannot realize that there will be any change. When the sky is once clouded and overcast they will not believe that the sun will ever shine again. Young men should make it a point to keep their heads cool under all changes of circumstances, to preserve their equanimity, and not be duly elated by success or too much cast down by disappointment.

DRESS.—It is quite as foolish to decry dress as it is to make dress the first object in life. A proper attention to it is not only necessary, but praiseworthy. We speak advisedly when we say necessary. We believe that a person, male or female, seeking employment, who is modestly, neatly, and becomingly attired, will stand a much better chance of securing a situation than one who repels by slovenliness and carelessness of dress. Nor does this necessarily involve an expensive outlay; as combs, soap, water, and towels are not even in such circumstances quite unattainable; nor is a neatly mended or threadbare garment, carefully put on, of necessity inconsistent with good appearance. A person may spend hundreds upon dress and yet always look untidy; while that person who counts every penny of it as it goes may look much better even in his well-worn suit. In short our moral is—avoid extremes in talking, dressing, eating, drinking, and every other duty or occupation of life.

LITERARY.

MR. TREVELYAN is engaged in writing a life of Charles James Fox.

A NEW book is to be shortly published, entitled *The Kheadee's Egypt*. The author is Edwin de Leon.

MR. SMILES, the author of *Self-Help*, and other popular works, is at present in Thurso, collecting materials for his forthcoming biography of Mr. Robert Dick, the Thurso scientific baker.

AMONG the books likely to excite some interest next publishing season, will be a biography of Garibaldi, probably with extracts from his correspondence. The author will, it is understood, be a Glasgow man, merchant, poet, and journalist.

THE attendance of novelists at the trial of the three detectives, in London, has been enormous. Our masters and mistresses of fiction were there every day and all day, making studies for their unborn books, giving new views of criminals and their custodians.

EMERSON has not made from his remarkable little volumes over \$20,000. He has gained nearly as much more by lecturing; and yet, by excellent management, which one might not expect from the high idealist, and by a serene philosophy of a practical sort, he continues to live on his small property.

J. G. HOLLAND is frequently named as an author who has amassed wealth. His books have sold as largely as those of any American writer, and whatever may be thought of his ability he still has a vast constituency. He is not at all rich in the New York sense; he may be worth \$200,000, but most of this he got by his partnership in the *Springfield Republican*.

GWENDOLEN, the name of the heroine of George Elliot's last novel, is an Anglicised form of the ancient Welsh *Gwenllian*. The pronunciation of *Gwenllian* in Welsh is pretty nearly given by *Gwendolen*. The *ll* in Welsh is an aspirated sound peculiar to that tongue, but nearly like the Italian *gl* and the Spanish *ll*. The name *Gwenllian* is still a common one in Wales.

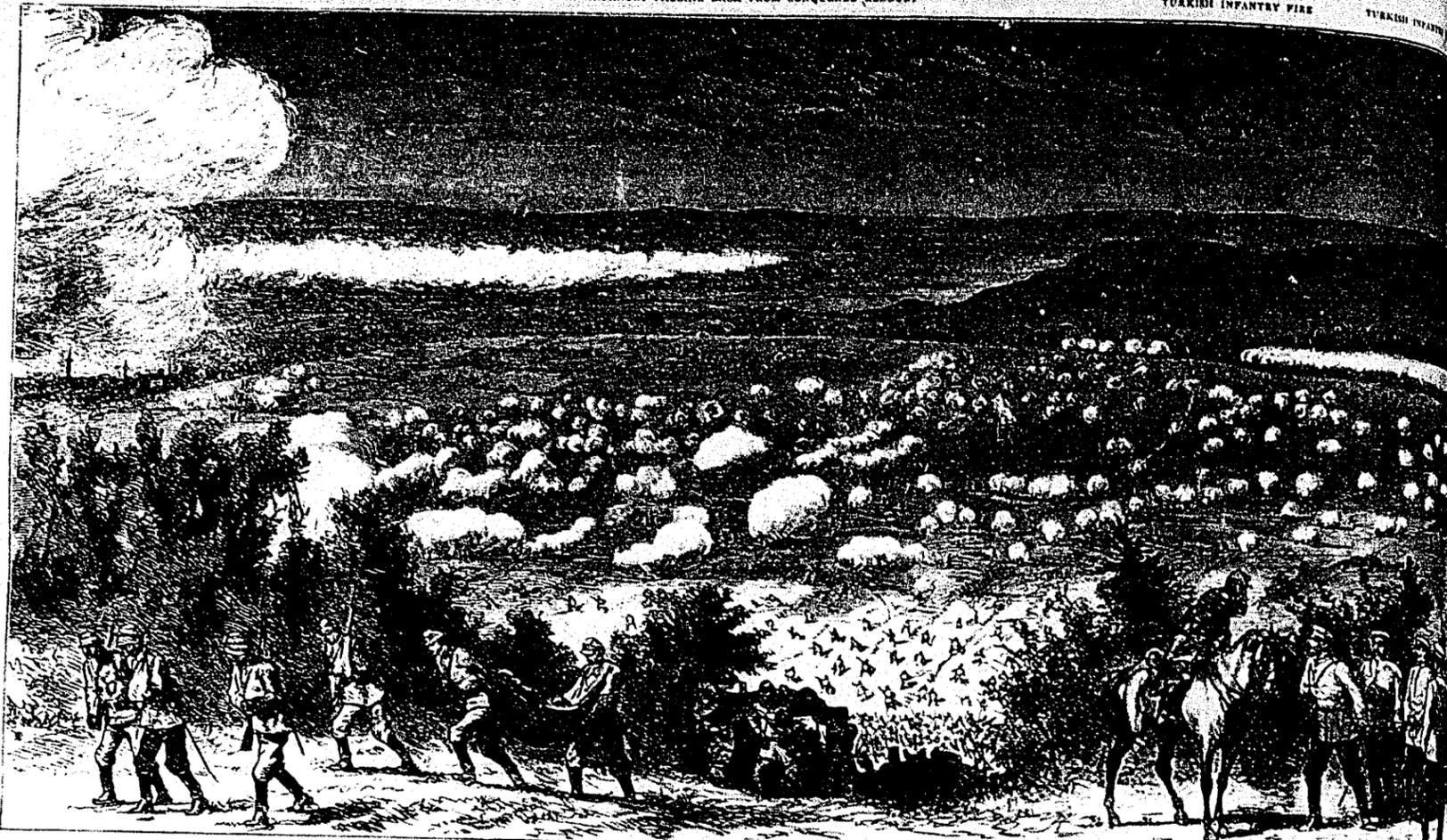
NEAR Scituate, Mass., is the village of Greenbush and a yard where one drinks a glass of water pumped from the well which inspired Samuel Woodworth to indite his famous poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket." The old place now has two cottages upon it and plenty of woodshed. These cottages are occupied by two married brothers named Northey. The well which is now close to an annex, is covered over and water is pumped from it; but those who delight to gratify their curiosity and want to say that they have drunk water "drawn" from the well of the old "moss-covered bucket," have the privilege of lowering a bucket into the shaft and drawing it up filled with the best of spring water.

Pius IX. is approaching the completion of his *Memoirs*, on which he has been engaged for more than forty years. In preparing this work, which is being executed on an elaborate scale, his Holiness has had no aid except from Father Bresciani, one of the most learned of the Jesuits. The Pope has now handed over his autobiographical notes and accessory documents to Father Bresciani, who is to put them in order for the press. Among the manuscripts to be used in the preparation of the *Memoirs* is the correspondence of the Pope with Charles Albert, King Victor Emmanuel, Napoleon III., and the Count de Cavour. By a special codicil to his testament his Holiness orders that the *Memoirs* shall not be published until ten years have elapsed after his death.

PHOSFOZONE.

Contains the most valuable compounds of Phosphorus and Ozone. Certificates received daily from all quarters.

The PHOSFOZONE sells well. It is a favourite tonic with the ladies. JAMES HAWKES, Place d'Armes Drug Store, Montreal. Pamphlet sent postage free on application to VANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.

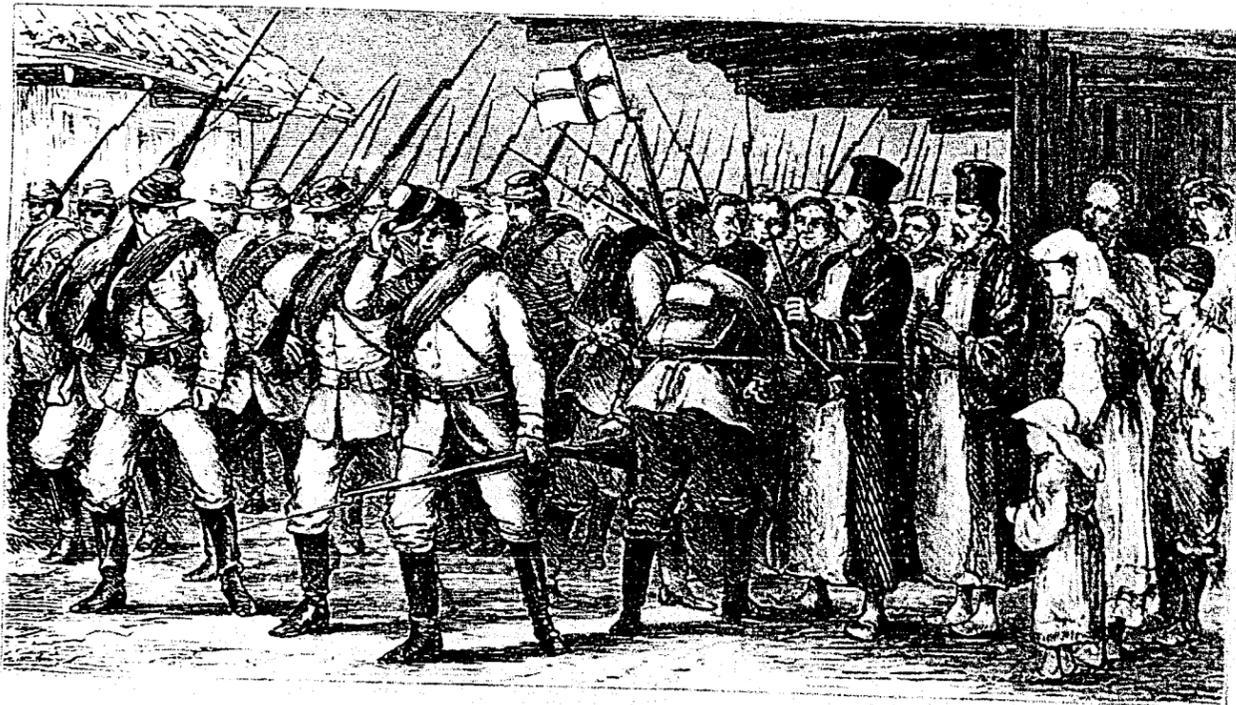


RUSSIAN BATTERY

THE RETREAT BEGINNING

GENERAL PRINCE MEHMET PASHA

GENERAL VIEW



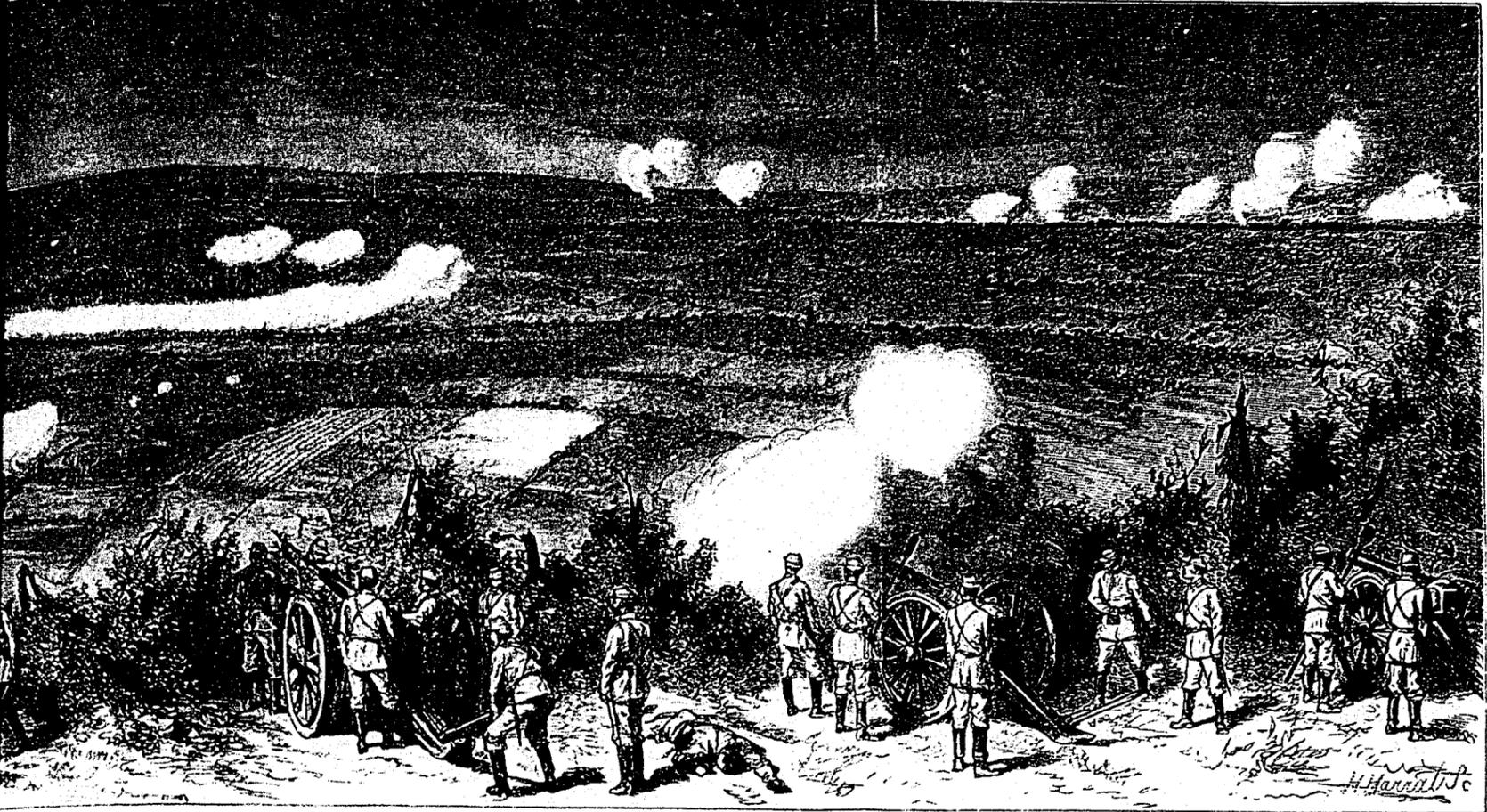
"WE ALWAYS FIGHT FOR THE CROSS"



RUSSIAN INFANTRY



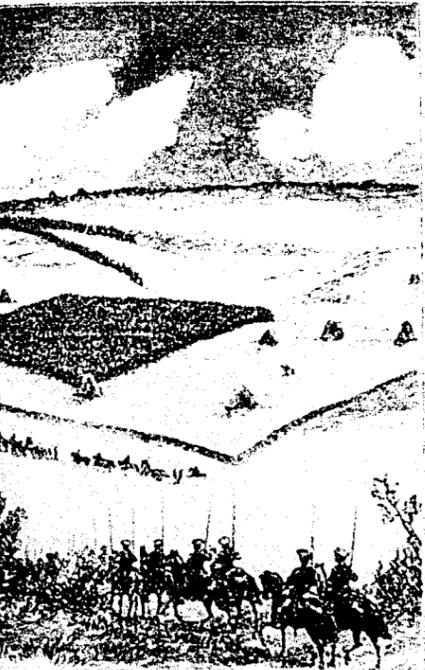
THE NIGHT AFTER WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE GREAT



RUSSIAN FIELD GUNS

OF THE BATTLE

Advance of Russian Troops



GOING INTO ACTION



"HOW GOES THE FIGHT?"



THE BATTLE

BATTLE OF PLEVNA, JULY 31

## SEPTEMBER.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

Like a fair vision of a love long lost,  
That fills the soul with joy e'en to remember.  
So comes the gipsy, hazel-eyed September,  
With gift of fruits for summer's pentecost.  
How fair is she, enrobed in emerald glow!  
For her wan nature, it's last effort makes;  
But like the expiring spark of light that wakes  
To brightest light before its final thro',  
'Tis all in vain; a yellow melancholy  
Lays daily siege to all that lingers fair;  
And hope seems but the shadow of despair,  
So faint the last sweet blush on things laid lowly.  
Then, where exhausted life and beauty lie,  
This dear autumnal maid, in tears, lies down to die

THE  
GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND  
CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

## CHAPTER XIX.

SCHOOLING.

All Hazel's news thus far had come from Dr. Maryland's house; brought by Primrose or sent in a note. There was not much to tell; at least not much that anybody wanted to tell. The sick-beds in the two cabins, the heavy atmosphere of disease, the terrible quarantine, the weary tension of day and night, the incessant strain on the physical and mental strength of the few nurses,—nobody wrote or spoke of these. The suspense, nobody spoke of that either. The weeks of October and November slowly ran out, and the days of December began to follow.

One mild, gentle winter morning, Dr. Maryland's little old gig mounted the hill to Chickaree.

Dr. Maryland had not been there, as it happened, for a long time; not since the event which had made such a change in all the circumstances of its mistress; nor in all that time had he seen Hazel. The place looked wintry enough to-day, with its bare trees, and here and there the remnant of a light snow that had fallen lately; but the dropped leaves were carried away, and the sweep showed fresh touches of the rake; everything was in perfect order. Dingee ushered the visitor into the great drawing-room, to warm himself by a corresponding fire; and there in a minute Hazel joined him, looking grave and flushed. The doctor had not sat down; he turned to face her as she came in.

"Well, my dear!" said he cheerily. "How do you do?"

"Very well, sir, thank you."

"You are alone? Mr. Falkirk is away, I understand; just gone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Gone to a sick sister in England, and left you alone."

"Yes, sir. It is nothing very new for me to be alone," said Hazel.

"But for you to be so much alone? Well, I suppose he thought there would soon be somebody to take care of you. We have the good news now that those poor people seem to be all getting well. Arthur reports that there are no new cases. I am most thankful!"

Hazel answered with merely a gesture of assent. She had no words to say what she could say.

"I suppose Dane would be soon out of quarantine now.—But he is not quite well himself, Arthur tells me; knocked up by watching and incessant exertions, I suppose."

For a minute Hazel held her breath—growing so white that even the old doctor must see it. Then she turned away in a gentle, noiseless way and leaned her head down upon the back of her chair. She must have support somewhere.

"It is nothing but a low feverish affection," Dr. Maryland hastened to say. "May be tedious, perhaps, for a while, but shows no dangerous symptoms at present. We must not anticipate evil, my dear."

Hazel did answer that; but presently she sat up again and asked one or two quiet questions as to time and place.

"He is at Gyda's, my dear; they took him up there, being the nearest place. Mrs. Boerssen is a good nurse, and devoted to him; and so is Arthur. He will not want anything. Hazel, my child, can you cast your cares off on the one arm strong to help?"

She started up and went to the fire, picking up brands and pushing the red coals right and left, until the wood burst out into brilliant flame. And all the time she was saying to herself, "He will not have me,—he does not want me." But she came back to her place again without a word. Dr. Maryland looked on, pitying, feeling for her, and yet oddly without anything to say. He had lived so long and seen so much of life and had got so far above its changes; more, he had lived so much in his study and felt life so little except in contemplation, and with so small an admixture of practical experience of human nature, that he looked at the young thing before him and was conscious of his unreadiness, and in some sort of his unfitness, to minister to her.

"Are you lonely, my dear? Would you like to have Primrose come and keep you company?"

"Oh no!" said Hazel hastily. Then she began again, and tried to catch up her eager words and soften off their corners; speaking with a wistful affectionate tone that was half pleading, half deprecating. "I mean—I do not want anybody with me, sir. I am out a great deal—and sometimes very busy at home. And—some other time, maybe, Primrose will come."

Dr. Maryland considered her with a recognizing smile on his lips, and a very tender look in his thoughtful eyes.

"I understand," he said. "There is room in the house for only one presence just now.—Are you going to be a true helpmeet to Dane, Hazel, in all his work?"

"I do not know, sir."—Hazel always classed such questions, coming to a preoccupied mind, under the general head of 'pins and needles,' and never by any chance gave them much of an answer.

"He will want a helpmeet. A wife can hinder her husband, or help him, very materially. Dane has taken a great deal on his shoulders. He thinks you will be a help to him; 'the best possible,' he told me one day, when I ventured to ask him."

The words shook her so, coming close as they did upon the news of his illness, upon thoughts of his danger, that for a minute Hazel moved like one bodily pain; and more than one minute went by, before she answered, low and huskily,— "He knew I would try."

"My dear, there is only one way," the old doctor said very tenderly. "Dane has set out to follow his Master. If you would help him you must follow with him."

Hazel glanced up at the kind face from under her eyelashes. Could she dare open her heart to him? No,—young as she was, her life experience had cut deeper channels than Dr. Maryland's own; he could not follow her; it was no use; she must bear the trials and work out her problems alone.

"I know, sir," she said gently. But she said no more. And perhaps Dr. Maryland had an intuitive sense that the right words could not be spoken just then, and that the wrong ones would be worse than an impertinence. For he only looked gravely at the young creature, and added no more either of counsel or comfort at that time. He did not stay long, nor talk much while he staid, of anything; but he was thoughtfully observant of Hazel. He gave her a parting shot on taking leave.

"Good-bye, my dear he said with a kind and shrewd smile. "I hope Dane will not let you have your own way too much for your good;—but I am afraid of it."

The girl's eyes flashed up at him then, as if she thought there was rather less danger of that than of any other one thing in the world. Then she ran down the steps after her old friend, and gave little finishing touches to his comfort in the shape of a foot-muff and an extra lap-robe, and held his hand for a minute in both hers,—all with very few words and yet saying a great deal. And when Dr. Maryland reached home, he found that a basket of game had in some surreptitious manner got into his gig.

"Small danger of that!" Hazel thought, going back to his remark, as she went back into the house. But it was not such a question that brought the little hands in so weary fashion over her face. She stood very still for a minute, and then went swiftly upstairs to finish the work which Dr. Maryland had interrupted. That could not wait; and Hazel was learning, slowly, that the indulgence of one's own sorrow can. So the work was well done; only with two or three sighs breathed over it, which gave kind Mrs. Bywank a headache for the rest of the day. But then Hazel hastily swallowed a cup of the chicken broth and went off to her room. It had come now, without if or perhaps, and she could not sit down and face it. The one person in all the world to whom she belonged,—the only one that belonged to her!

For a while, in the bitterness of the knowledge that he was sick, Hazel seemed to herself half benumbed; and sat stupidly dwelling on that one fact, feeling it, and yet less with a sense of pain than of an intolerable burden. A weight that made her stir and move sometimes, as if she could get away from it so. It was no use to tell her not to anticipate; to say he was not much sick; that was thin ice, which would not bear. And now on a sudden Hazel found herself confronted with a new enemy, and was deep in the fight. What then? Only her own will in a new shape.

She had come out so gently and sweetly, so clearly too, from the mouths of restless perplexity and questioning; she had agreed, she had decided, that her will should be the Lord's will. Now came a sudden sharp test. She had chosen heaven, with earth yet in her hand,—now if earth were taken away? And what if to do the Lord's will should be all that was left her, to fill her life? Did her consent, did her acceptance, reach so far?

And—Oh how hard that was!—to study the question, she must throw full upon it the light (or the darkness) of things that might be. Things that she would not have let any one say to her, knife-edged possibilities came and went and came again, till Hazel stopped her ears and buried her face in the cushions and did everything in the world to shut them out. What use? She had to consider them. Was she willing now that the Lord should do what he pleased with her?—She could not word it any other way. And the fight was long; and time and again pain came in such measure that she could

attend only to that. And so the day went by with occasional interruptions, and then the unbroken night.

She could submit,—she must submit: could she accept? Nothing was anything without that. And she was getting almost too worn out to know whether she could or not. So she would sit, with her face buried in her hands, putting those fearful questions to herself, and with answering shivers running over her from head to foot. Then would come interval of restless pacing the floor, thinking all sorts of things; chiefly, that the very minute it was light she would set off for Morton Hollow. What would that serve? what could she do if she were there? But one Hand could meddle with these things, and work its will. And for a while a bitter sense of the Lord's absolute power seemed to lie on her head and heart till she felt crushed. She could not walk any longer, she could not debate questions; she could only lay her head against the arm of the chair, and sit still, bearing that dull pain, and starting at the sharp twinges that now and then shot through it.

There came to her at last, as she sat there, suddenly, the old words. Words read to her so long ago, and learned so lately. They had reached her need then, and there she had in a sort left them, bound up with that. But once more now they came, so new, so glorious, all filled with light.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us!"—The key to life work, but no less to life endurance. And the key turned softly, and the bolts flew back, and Wych Hazel covered her face saying eagerly, "Yes, yes!"

But then, even with the saying, she broke quite down, and a stormy flood of tears swept over her, and left her at last asleep.

There was no getting back when the day dawned. But Hazel soon found that this question was not to be ended once for all like the other. It came up anew with each new morning, and must be so met, and answered: in full view of what unknown possibilities the day might bring or the night have brought, the assenting "yes" must be spoken. The struggle was long, sometimes, and sometimes it was late before she left her room; but those who saw her face of victory when she came would remember it always.

Still, the days were long. And hearts are weak; and Hazel grew exceedingly weary. Chafing most of all against the barriers that kept her from Morton Hollow. At first, when Dr. Maryland left her that night she thought she should go with the sunrise next day. Then she recollected herself.

"I said I would follow his bidding if I could," she remembered,— "and I can wait one day."

And so she could wait two, and so she waited on. One day she must go; the next, she would write and ask permission. "But he never asked me to write!"—she thought suddenly, covering her face in shame. "What would he think of me?" But oh, why had he given such orders?

It was the old story,—she was supposed to have no discretion.

"I dare say he thought I should rush over if I had a fingerache!" she said with some natural indignation. Was she then really so little to be trusted? Wych Hazel sat down to study the matter, and as usual, before the exercise had gone on long, she began to foot up hard things against herself. How she had talked to him that night!—what things she had told him! Then afterwards what other things she had proposed to do,—propositions that were stamped at once with the seal of impropriety. Hazel pressed her hands to her cheeks, trying to call off those painful flushes. Well—he should see now!—She could wait, if he could. Which praiseworthy climax was reached—like the top of Mount Washington—in a shower of rain. But the whole effect of these musings was to make her shrink within herself, and take up again all the old shyness which had been yielding, little by little, before the daily intercourse of the month past. Prim found her very stately over reports, after this; and even good Dr. Maryland would often fare no better, and betake himself home in an extremely puzzled state of mind. That the girl was half breaking her heart over the twofold state of things, nobody would have guessed. Unless, possibly, Mrs. Bywank.

Meantime, the purchase of the Hollow property from Gov. Powder had been completed; and the fine fall weather tempting people to stay and come, and the region being thus full of guests, Chickaree had been regularly besieged during most of these two months. And almost at the time the sickness broke out in the Hollow, Mr. Falkirk had been summoned to England, where his only remaining sister was living, with the news that she was very ill. Mr. Falkirk had nevertheless stood to his post, until the fever had gone in the Hollow and he saw that Rollo would soon be able to resume his place. And then he had gone, much to Wych Hazel's disgust. "It seems," she said, "that I can never want anybody—even my own guardians,—so much as somebody else!"

## CHAPTER XX.

ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

The days lingered along, but no worse news came. Rollo was slowly regaining his usual condition. Still December was half gone before with all his good will he could undertake the drive from the Hollow to Chickaree.

Late one afternoon Dr. Arthur set him down at the old house door. A cool winter breeze was fitfully rustling the dry leaves and giving a monitory brush past the house now and then; whispering that Christmas was near and snow coming. Staying for no look at the sunlight in the tree-tops, Rollo marched in and went straight to the red room. He stood suddenly still on opening the door. No one was there, not even the presence of a fire, but chair and foot-cushion stood as they had been left two months before; the ashes had not been removed and the flowers in the vase had faded and dropped with no renewal. Rollo next went down the hall to Mrs. Bywank's quarters. Here a side door stood open, and Mrs. Bywank herself stood on the steps shading her eyes and gazing down the road.

"What are you looking for, Mrs. Bywank?" said a cheery voice behind her.

"Mr. Rollo!" cried the old housekeeper turning with a delighted face. "I am glad to see you again sir, surely! And well-nigh yourself again! I was just looking for Miss Wych—it is time she was home."

"Where is she?"

"Off and away," said Mrs. Bywank, with the smile of one who knows more than his questioner. "She's a busy little mortal, these days."

"What does she find to be so busy about?"

"I should like to tell you the whole story, sir,—if we had time," said Mrs. Bywank with a glance down the road. "She'll never tell—and I think you ought to know. Step this way Mr. Rollo, and you can see just as well and be more comfortable."

Mrs. Bywank led the way to a little corner room were fire and easy chairs and a large window commanding the approach.

"I suppose you'd like to hear, sir," she said as she replenished the fire, "how the world has gone on down this way for nearly two months back?"

"Very much,"—Dane said gravely, with however a restless look out of the window.

"Well sir, about the first days I cannot say much. I hardly saw Miss Wych at all. She used to dress up and come down and meet Mr. Falkirk, and then she'd go back to her room, and there she staid. Only she'd given me orders about the articles for the Hollow."

So one morning, just as the beef and things were brought into my kitchen, and one of the maids had gone down for a kettle, in walked Miss Wych. "Bye," says she, "I am going to make everything myself in future."—"But my dear!" said I, "you don't know how."

"I am going to learn," says she.

"Well," said I, "you can look on and learn."

"I will do it then and learn," says she—and she marched right up to me and untied my big apron and put it on herself; for I don't believe then she had an apron belonging to her."

Without ceasing to keep watch of the window, Dane's eyes gave token of hearing and heed, and growing large and soft, with a flash coming across them now and then.

"It's a nice business to hinder Miss Wych when she has a mind," Mrs. Bywank went on; "but I couldn't see her tiring herself over the fire—so I said, 'But my dear, think of your hands! No gloves!'"

"What about my hands?" says she.

"Cooking is bad for them Miss Wych," says I.

"Is it?" said she. "Well, they've had their share of being ornamental. What is the first thing to do, Bye?"

"So I felt desperate,—and said I, 'My dear when Mr. Rollo comes back he will not like to find your hands any different from what they are now.—She turned round upon me so,' said Mrs. Bywank laughing a little, "that I didn't know what she would say to me for my impertinence. However, she only gave me one great look out of her eyes,—and then stood looking at her hands, and then she ran off,—and was gone a good little while. And I felt so bad I couldn't set to work nor anything, till at last I knew it must be done, and I told the girl to set the kettle on. And just then back she came, looking—Well, you'll know some day, sir, how Miss Wych can look," said Mrs. Bywank with dim eyes. "However, the gloves were on; and she just took hold, steady and quiet as an old hand, and never opened her lips but to ask a question. Of course I sat by and directed, and kept a girl there to lift and run; but from that day Miss Wych made every single thing that went to the Hollow—or to you, sir—with her own little fingers. So that kept her fast all the mornings."

Dane's eyes did not leave the window. His lips took a firmer compression.

"Then in the afternoons she just shut herself up again,—and I knew that would not do, and I begged her to go out. So she said at last that she couldn't go and come without such a train—and it did seem as if people were bewitched, sure enough," said Mrs. Bywank. "I think there never was such a run on the house. What with you sick and Mr. Falkirk somehow not taking much notice—You know he's gone, sir?"

"Yes."

"Miss Wych took it rather to heart," said Mrs. Bywank. "She couldn't why he went. But I asked her then why she didn't ride in the woods where nobody'd meet her.—'If there was anything to do there!' she said. 'But nobody lives in my woods.'—'Ask Reo,' says I. 'He goes everywhere.'"

"So I don't know what Reo told her, but now she's out all the afternoon; busy somewhere. And there!" said Mrs Bywank, as a horseman passed the window. "It's hard to blame her for staying late. But there she comes!"—and the old house-keeper went softly from the room.

At a little distance now he could see the brown horse and his rider, with Lewis following. Coming slowly at first, then with sudden haste she saw horseman at the door. Hazel knew her mistake in a moment, but she kept up her pace as the unwelcome visitor came on to meet her; and just up the steps deftly jumped herself off, giving no chance for civilities. Then after a few words of colloquy dismissed the intruder, and came slowly up the steps. There paused, looking wistfully down the empty road, and finally came in, taking notes and messages from Dingee.

"Give me tea directly," she said. "And admit no one, on any pretence whatever."

"Mas' Falkirk?" suggested Dingee. "Spouse done come home?"

"Mr. Falkirk never asks admittance."

"Mas' Rollo?"

"Did you hear what I said!"—exclaimed his mistress; and Dingee vanished.

Wych Hazel turned for one more look at the road, drew a deep sigh that was half patient and half impatient; and then slowly pulling off cap and gloves came forward to the corner room chanting softly to herself as she came—

"Endlich blüht die Aloe.  
"Endlich räht der Palmbaum Früchte;  
"Endlich schwindet Furcht und Weh;  
"Endlich wird der Schmerz zu nicete;  
"Endlich nah't das Freudenthal;  
"Endlich, endlich kommt einmal!"

But with the first step inside the door the girl stopped short, folding her hands over her eyes as if they were dazzled.

"Endlich?" repeated Rollo. But then there was a long silence.

"Endlich—what?"

"Kommt einmal—But I thought it never would!"

"Ah, what do you know about it? I am very tired of living without you, Wych!"

"Yes?"—Words were like sight to-day.

"Yes? Do you say so? What do you know?"

There has been all these weeks a visionary presence of you—that was not you—flitting before me continually; standing beside me, coming and going, by night and by day, with the very rustle of your garments and the look of your brown eyes; but I could not touch it, and it did not speak to me; it smiled at me, but the lips were silent; and the eyes sparkled and were sometimes wistful, but it passed on and vanished. It mocked me, it tantalized me. The experience was good for me perhaps; I was obliged to remind myself that I had something else to live for. In the night watches this presence came and brushed by me—looked in at the door—stood between the rising sun and my eyes—hovered like a vision in the moonlight;—sorrowed over me when I was weary, and comforted me when I was sick. I mean the vision did; but the fact of the vision tantalized me. Is this hand true flesh and blood?" He tried it with his lips. A shadow as of what had been came over the girl's face. She answered unsteadily—

"You did not stand by me in my watches. You have been off at the very ends of the earth!—And—O won't you let me go and get off my habit?"

"How long will you take?"

"Two minutes."

If there were suspicious wet eyelashes when Miss Wych came back, she had at least by that time got herself in hand, as well as got rid of her habit. She came in noiseless and grave and quiet, in a soft shimmering rustle of deep red silk, and held out her hand again.

"You should not have stirred out such a cold day," she said. "But come into the other room; it is warmer there."

Dane had not sat down, he was standing watching for her; and now drew her within his arms again, in a seeming ignoring of her invitation.

"Have you been a good child all these weeks?"

"No."

"Wherein not?"

"Primrose would have settled composedly down, and been happy in obeying orders. I wasn't a bit."

"People are not all good after the same fashion," said Dane laughing, holding her fast and looking at her. "My little Wych was not happy, nor submissive—but obeyed orders nevertheless."

"No," said Wych Hazel slowly, "I am not sure that I did. I had said I would keep away if I could—and I remembered how you might look at me if I went. So it was better to stay and die quietly at home."

"Is that the footing on which we are to live in the future?" said Dane laughing and kissing her. He evidently was rather in a gay mood.

For all answer, Hazel drew him across the hall to the dining room, and sounding her whistle began to make preparations for tea with a speed and energy before which Dingee flew round like a cat. Then, dismissing him, Hazel crossed with soft steps to the side of the lounge and stood there a moment, looking down, searching out the traces of illness and fatigue. Dane was paler and thinner certainly than he had been two months before. But his colour was the colour of health, and his gray eye had certainly suffered from no faintness. It was very bright now as it met hers, and he sprang up.

"Nothing ails me," he said. "I am only tired with twelve miles in Arthur's buggy. You will have no doubt how I am, when you see how much work I mean to do before I go away."

"You will not do any work to-night," said Wych Hazel decidedly. And then she made herself very busy about Mr. Rollo's tea, with quiet dictatorship making him take and not take, as she saw fit. But I suppose he was easy to rule to-night, and had besides matter for study in the grave mouth and the eyes that would hardly meet his. Perhaps he began to observe that there was more work to do than he had been aware. Perhaps he saw, that in these two months of separation the old timidity, the old reserve, had grown up and flourished to an alarming extent. Just at first, when he came, defences had not been up, or his sudden appearance had flung them down; but it was rather the Wych Hazel of last year than of last October who sat before him now. Betraying herself now and then, it is true, by a look or a tone, but still on the whole keeping close guard. Clearly this was not to be an evening of confidences. Rollo made his observations for a little time; and then enquired gravely,

"What have you done with Mr. Falkirk?"

"His sister in England wanted him. He went to her. One ought to have six guardians, you perceive."

"How do you expect to be taken care of this winter, in such a state of things?"

"I ought to give more trouble than ever," said the girl, shaking her head,—“after such an apprenticeship at taking care of myself.”

"I hope not," said Dane demurely. "But Hazel, it is time we began to talk about business. There is a great deal to be said, at least, before Arthur comes to fetch me. Do you know it is just a week, or little more, to Christmas?"

"Yes," said Hazel. "I know."

"I might divide my subject categorically into two parts; how Christmas is kept in the Hollow, and how we shall keep it here. I want your best attention on both heads."

"I have not thought—I tried not to think. I wished Christmas a hundred miles away!"

"I am quite unable to fathom the mystery of that statement."

"Yes, of course," said Hazel; "how should you know? But if you had been shut off here—and she gave her plate a little push, sitting back in her chair, as she might have done,—and had done—in many of the weary days gone by."

"Meanwhile Christmas is not a hundred miles off," said Dane watching her. "How shall we keep it?"

"I don't know. I never did keep it much."

"First, there is the Hollow."

"O in the Hollow!—yes, certainly. They must all have a Christmas dinner, for one thing."

"Well, go on. I want your help. I suppose they never kept Christmas much, either. What shall I do for them?"

"How many Christmas trees would reach through the Hollow?"

Dane shook his head. "I am afraid we are hardly ready for that. And there is scant time. I must be content to do without the poetry, this year, and make everybody happy prosaically."

"With roast beef and plum pudding," said Hazel. "But then I would rather find out real wants, and supply them. Could that be done?"

"Hardly. Not in detail. The time is too short. In general, there is always the want of good cheer and of joy-taking; or of anything to give cause for joy. How would it do, for Christmas, to send in supplies for a good dinner to every house? Then we can take breath and think about New Year's Day."

"I suppose that could not fail. But then, to make them feel really like Christmas, they ought to have something they do not need."

"I am open to suggestions," said Dane smiling. "As much as they are to the fruits of them. What shall I give them that they do not need? I think you are quite right, by the by; though it is not the precise light in which the subject is commonly viewed by the benefactors of their species."

"Yes," said Hazel. "As if sleighing on the bare ground was good enough for people who generally walk. But you want them to forget the ground for a while, and go softly, and hear the bells."

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

L'Inno of Garibaldi has been prohibited in Italy.

ANDUL Kerim Pasha weighs 19 stones, and used to take five baths a day at Schunula.

TRAMWAYS have been introduced at Naples, and it is proposed to extend one to Vesuvius.

It is rumoured that Prince Bismarck intends shortly to visit some quiet English sea coast place, probably Sandown.

RATHER a grand scheme has been proposed, and an illustration issued, of a swing bridge on the Thames, below London Bridge.

THE Sultan has sent a large part of the plate of the palace to the mint, that it may be employed for military purposes.

FIVE young English noblemen have arrived in Copenhagen, carrying with them canoes, in which they intend to explore Denmark by paddling through the lakes.

THE monarchial journals are reduced to attack-

ing the white hat of M. Thiers; he certainly gives the government organs great anxiety, without ever noticing them.

It is stated on good authority that London is to have a new park, made by the demolition of a small number of houses, mostly private, situated in the immediate neighborhood of the new palace of Westminster.

It is expected that Prince Albert Victor on completing his education, will be appointed for duty to a regiment, continuing in a subordinate position until he has obtained a full insight into the working of the regimental system.

THE eating of opium as a stimulant is largely on the increase in the United States. Women appear to be more addicted to the habit than men, and it prevails to a larger extent among the richer and better educated classes than among the poor.

THERE was esprit of the right sort in the reply of Sir Henry Halford, of the British rifle team, to the toast of welcome when, as he raised the glass of champagne to his lips, he laughingly said: "We can't say, this time, 'Here's success to you.'"

ENGLAND wants everybody to practice free trade, but a select committee of the House of Commons, to whom the matter had been referred, recently reported 14 to 7 in favor of levying a heavy duty upon American beef in the interest of British cattle raisers and sellers.

THE cost of the Pittsburgh riot to that city alone is estimated at \$4,500,000 which is more than one-fortieth of its entire assessed valuation. This is equal to a tax of \$32 1/2 for every mam woman and child, supposing the city to be held responsible.

VERY excellent models of the Exhibition building are to be had for a few sous, in chocolate and gingerbread; some vendors will give you along with the former, and in the same material, a Colorado beetle, in full work on a potato stalk. The alabaster models are dearer, and labour under the disadvantage that they cannot be eaten.

THE third finger was originally chosen for wearing the wedding ring, for the reason that it is not only used less, but is more capable of preserving a ring, from bruises—having thus one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the others may be singly stretched out to their full length and straightness.

A SUITE of apartments, costing £2,421, exclusive of furniture, to be fitted on board the *Britannia*, cadet ship, at Dartmouth, has been prepared at Devonport yard. The apartments are intended for the sons of the Prince of Wales, tutors, and domestics, and when fitted will occupy nearly the whole of the vessel's poop. The erection and furnishing are to be completed by September 2nd.

Jules Verne's romance of *Round the World in Eighty days* has been eclipsed by a fact, as we find in a letter from Dr. F. S. de Hass, American consul at Jerusalem, who says:—"Not counting the time I laid over at different points, as these breaks in the journey could all have been avoided, I made the entire circuit of the globe in exactly sixty-eight days, and, but for heavy weather on the Pacific, would have made it in sixty-two days." The learned traveller enters into particulars, dry and matter of fact, leaving no doubt as to what he asserts.

A COLOURED man employed by Jeff Davis at the time of his capture says that he was not disguised as a woman on that memorable occasion. He was dressed in his ordinary clothing; cavalry boots, dress-coat and a broad-brimmed Texas hat. It is admitted, however, that he wore a "waterproof," and, on his shoulders had a shawl. Mr. Davis went to the tent-door, and was ordered by the soldiers to surrender. He replied that he would not; he would rather die. At this, Mrs. Davis pressed to her husband and put her arms around his neck, begging the soldiers not to kill him; both she and the children crying piteously.

POETS LAUREATE.

The following rough list of Poets Laureate will be interesting to our readers:—

Reign.	Poet.	Notes.
Richard I.	Baeton	Wrote officially on the Crusade.
Henry III.	Henry d'Avranches	Stipend of one hundred shillings.
Edward II.	Guillemus	Wrote of siege of Stirling Castle.
Edward IV.	John Kay	Wrote "History of Rhodes."
Henry VII.	Andrew Bernard	
Henry VIII.	John Skelton	Laureated at Oxford.
Elizabeth	Edmund Spenser	DISPUTED—50l. per annum from Queen.
James I.	Samuel Daniel	
Charles I.	Ben Jonson	100l. and a butt of Canary wine.
Charles II.	Sir Wm. Davenant	100l. and a butt of Canary wine.
James II.	John Dryden	Adopted the Court religion [Catholic].
William and Mary	Thomas Shadwell	Author of "Lancashire Witches."
George I.	Nahum Tate	Ejected to make room for Rowe.
George II.	Nicholas Rowe	Author of "Tamerlane," &c.
George III.	Lawrence Eusden	A clergyman who declined.
George III.	Colley Cibber	The office was next offered to Gray who declined.
George III.	William Whitehead	
George III.	Thomas Warton	
George III.	Henry James Pye	M. P. for Berkshire.
George III.	Robert Southey	Received 455l. annually.
George IV.	Ditto	
William IV.	Ditto	
Victoria	Ditto	
Victoria	Wordsworth	
Victoria	Tennyson	

BURLESQUE.

KNOCKED OVER BY THE QUADRUPEX.—The members are very able liars, according to what we read about them. One of them stood up in a recent meeting and said: "The telegraph company are now using the quadruplex system over the Virginia and Salt Lake circuit, by means of which four messages may be sent simultaneously over a single wire. The increased strain on the wire is not visible here in Austin, but I was out at Dry Creek yesterday and in that vicinity the wire was just humping itself, and groaning and straining, and just dropping words off in chunks. I examined the wire and found a knot in it, and came to the conclusion that a quadruplex message had struck the knot and got tangled up and stuck at that point. I tried to straighten the wire out, but a section of an account of a battle between the Turks and Russians struck me on the ear and knocked me down, and I concluded it was not advisable to fool with the thing."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS is making a great deal of money in Australia.

Mlle. AIMÉE has arrived from Paris. She will appear first in Brooklyn.

MRS. EDWARDS' novel, *Leah, a Woman of Fashion*, is to be dramatized.

"The Danites'" career at the New Broadway Theatre promises to be exceedingly prosperous.

MME. ETHELKA GERSTER-GARDINA has accepted an engagement for the winter season at the Paris Italian Opera.

MME. CELESTE, who is nearly seventy years old, is announced to play the part of the boy in "Peveril of the Peak" at Drury Lane, London.

AN absurd report has been going about in Paris that Mario had fallen to the low rank of prompter at a theatre in St. Petersburg. He is director of a museum at Rome.

ONE of Jenny Lind's (Mme. Goldschmidt) daughters intends, it is said, to make her appearance at no distant date, upon the lyric stage. The quality of her voice is said to be excellent.

A COMMISSION, presided over by M. de Chennevières and M. Ambroise Thomas, has been appointed to arrange for a Musical Section at next year's Exhibition; 250,000fr. is placed at their disposal.

THE Cluny Theatre has in preparation a scientific play by M. and Madame Louis Figuiet, entitled "Six Parties du Monde." The director intends to spare no expense, and has ordered twelve new scenes and 100 costumes.

MM. CALVOT and DURU, in conjunction with Offenbach have written a comic opera entitled "Mademoiselle Favart." For the part of the heroine they have selected Mlle. Girard, the pretty Serpolet of the "Cloches de Corneville."

MR. WILLIAM YOUNG, formerly the editor of *The New York Albion*, has written a blank verse play on the subject of "Corinne."—Madame de Staël's well-known work—which he hopes to have produced in America. Mr. Young is now residing in Paris.

HALEVY'S opera of "La Reine de Chypre" has not had the success anticipated. The Paris Grand Opera labours under the disadvantage of having no singers worthy of the name, only one *morceau*—*Triste Exilé*—was applauded. The scenery however is magnificent, and the ballet satisfactory.

The coming *prima donna* is a Dutch woman, or girl, rather. Her name is Jenny Van Zandt, and since she was eight years old she has been connected with the stage. She is now studying music at Milan. At ten years old she wrote a four-act tragedy, by way of amusement during play-hours at school. It is expected that she will be brought out at Her Majesty's in 1879.

MRS. MARCH was a grand-looking woman, and she was a brilliant pianist as well as composer. Quite recently she played at a private party to the little Chinese ambassador, who followed her across the room on her little shoes, and stood listening beside her in wonderment. "Virginia Gabriel" was one of the few women-musicians who have ever reached any eminence.

THE approaching musical season in Italy is not announced under very brilliant auspices, apprehension being felt that several of the principal theatres for opera, the Fenice at Venice, the Bellini at Palermo, the Carlo Fenice at Genoa, and the Pergola at Florence, will not open their doors. It appears that the manager of La Scala at Milan has had much difficulty in completing an efficient company.

AN odd incident occurred the other night at the Park Theatre, London, during the performance of "The Rake's Progress." In the duel between Tom Rakewell and Harry Maskham, in the last act, the pistols twice missed fire, and Mr. H. Grattan had to exclaim to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, will you please to imagine that I have been shot?" on which he assumed a recumbent position, and the curtain fell on the usual tableau.

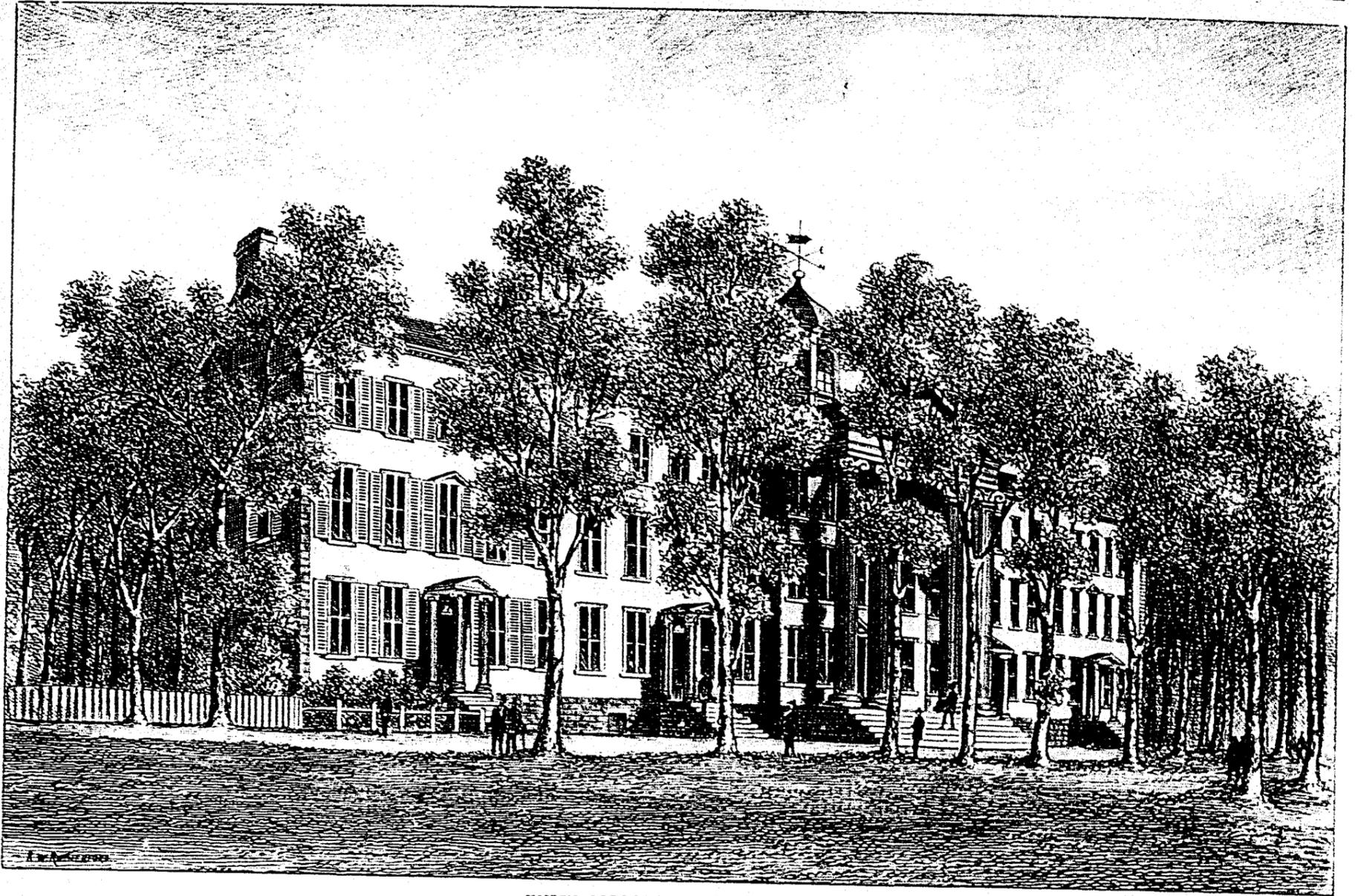
MR. DALY has had in contemplation for a long while an important alteration in the auditorium of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and before the house opens for the regular season, on the 4th of September, it will be carried out. The orchestra will be transferred to a music room under the stage, as is now the fashion at the Prince of Wales Theatre, the Court Theatre, and all the principal London theatres. A row of handsome *hautsuits* or easy parlor chairs, will occupy the space now allotted to the musicians, and will be the most desirable seats in the theatre.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON has entered into an engagement to sing two nights a week for three months, at the Imperial Operas in St. Petersburg and Moscow, for which she will receive 7,000 francs (£280) a night, besides which two performances are to be given in her name as "benefits," for which she is to be paid 28,000 francs. Before leaving Vienna last spring Madame Nilsson signed a new agreement with Signor Morelli, and will sing in German opera in the German language during the months of February and March, at the expiration of her Russian engagement.

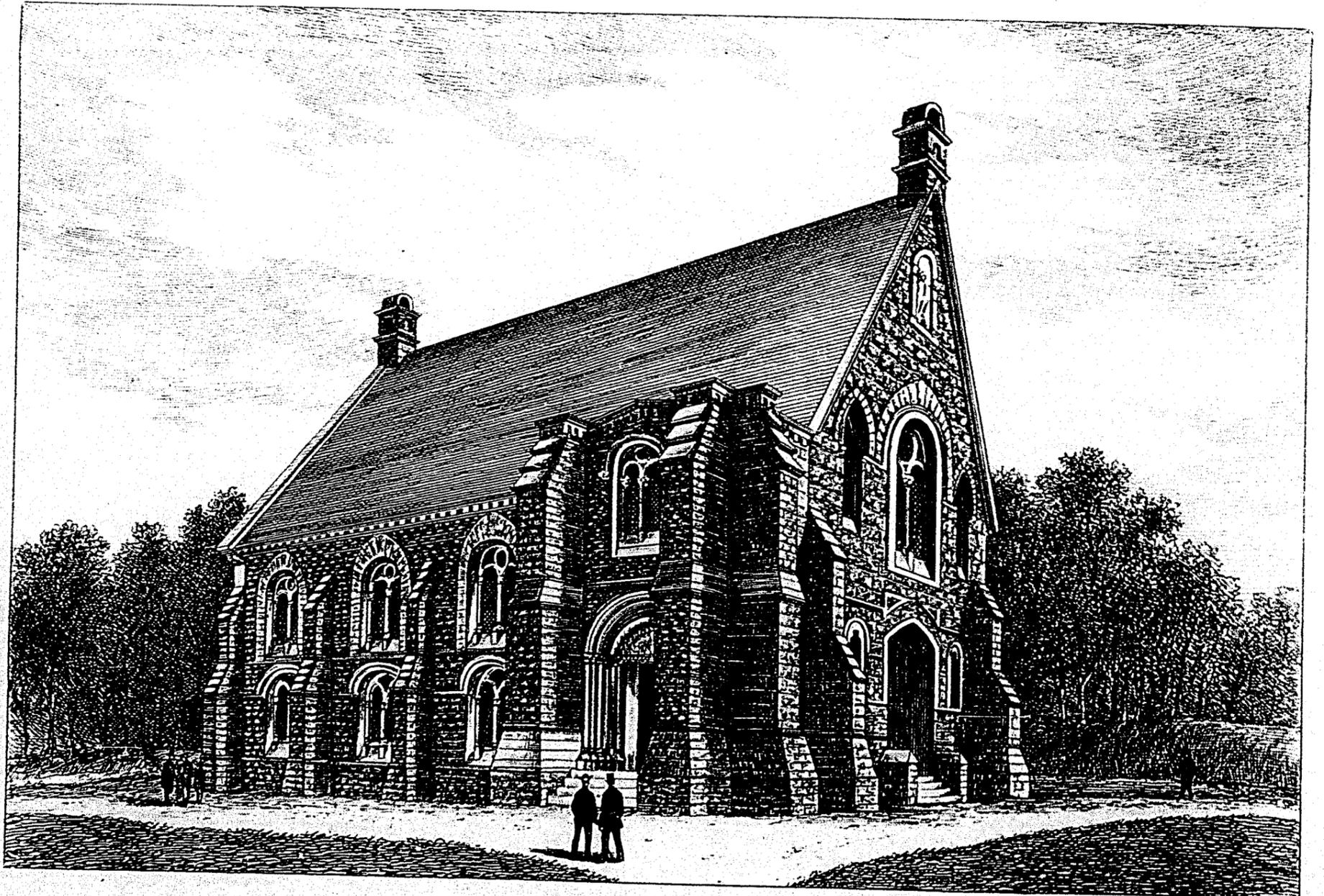
NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, on all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

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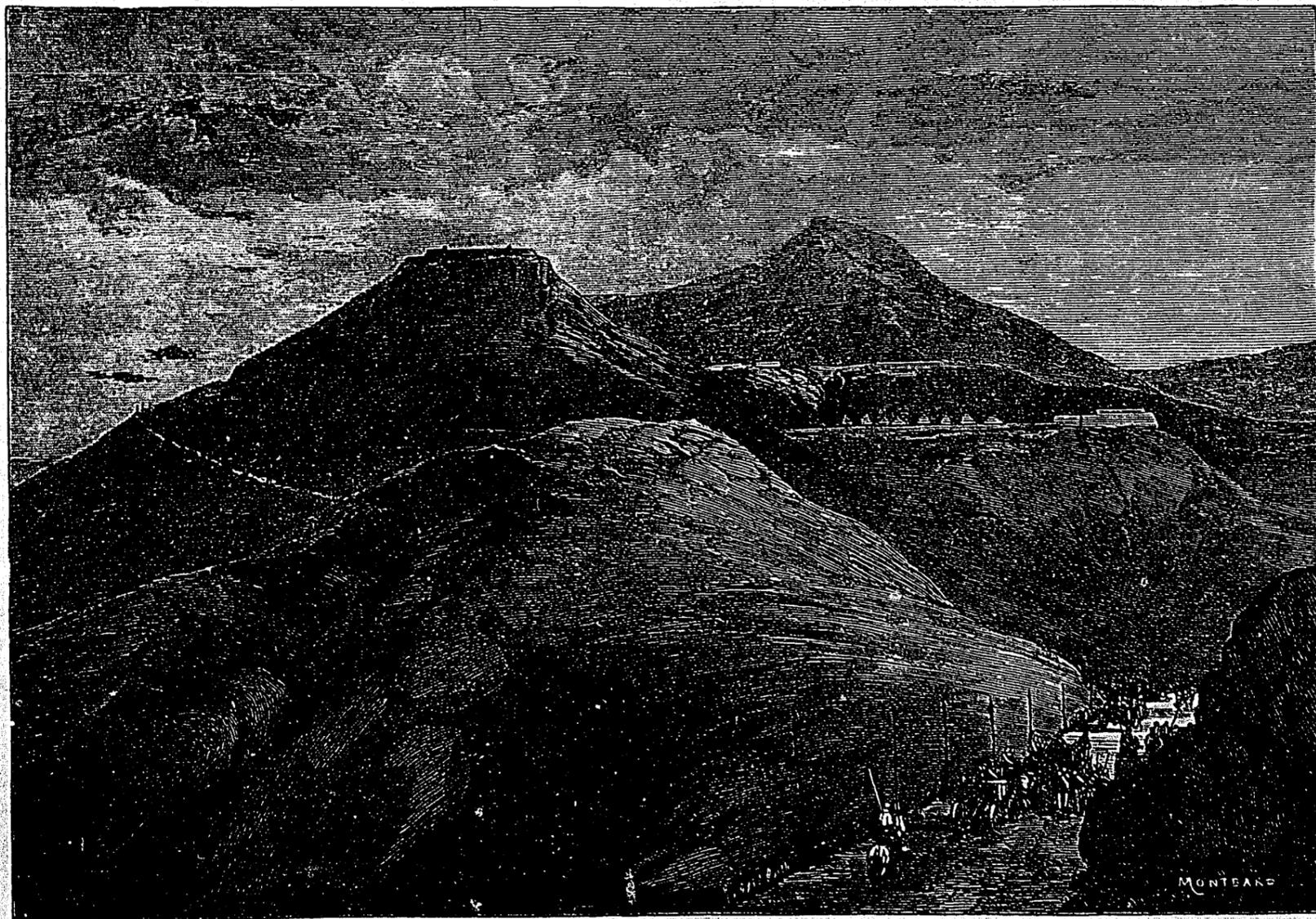
LIBRARY AND MUSEUM, KING'S COLLEGE, N. S.  
FROM SKETCHES BY R. W. RUTHERFORD.



THE COLORADO BEETLE, *CHRYSOMELA DECEMLINEATA*.



OKA INDIAN BOYS.



THE EASTERN WAR.—SHIPKA PASS AND MOUNT NIKOLAI.

## AN IDYL BY THE RIVERSIDE.

I sat upon the rapid river's bank,  
And soon myself in wandering fancy lost;  
Fair fields and homesteads faded from my view,  
And bygone scenes my mental vision crossed.  
I saw the stately fir trees tapering top  
Point upward to the clear unclouded sky;  
The graceful ferns, down hanging from the bank  
To kiss the waters that went rushing by.

While far away as mortal gaze could reach,  
The silent sentinels of ages stood;  
Few eyes had rested on their towering forms,  
Few sounds disturbed their awful solitude.  
The velvet moss that sheathed their spreading roots,  
Had known no wound from desecrating axe;  
Though on its surface, oft the wandering deer  
Might leave the impress of his wayward tracks.

The vision held; methought 'twas evening now,  
And golden crowns the western treetops bore.  
When down the current swept a light canoe,  
And sought the favoring shadows of the shore.  
A signal cry went echoing o'er the tide;  
When gliding forth from some embowering glade,  
Like fabled wood nymph, from her sylvan shrine,  
There came a young and beautiful Indian maid.  
A youthful hunter clasped her dusky hand,  
And placed within his craft her agile form;  
Pure votaries of Love, they took their way,  
Nor feared the angry spirit of the storm.

I saw them, side by side, these lovers twain,  
Float o'er the friendly river's dark'ning breast;  
While in her coy, but not unwilling ear,  
The olden secret was once more confessed.  
Perchance, he told her how his stricken foes  
His prowess on the warpath oft had felt;  
Or whispered of his wigwam's homely joys,  
In gentler terms, her tender heart to melt.

The vision fades; the duties of to-day  
Recall me from that weird fantastic dream;  
I banish from my thoughts those timbered shores,  
Ere Cartier passed their gloomy lines between.  
My phantom lovers, too, may glide to seek  
The happy hunting ground of their desires,  
Unmindful of the conquering race who come  
To dwell within the country of their sires.

No doubt, the New World as the Old hath scenes  
Where many a romance had its passing day,  
But where the truthful chronicler, whose pen  
Records the gentle tryst, or maddened fray?  
Those stately trees, mute witnesses of all  
That passed beneath their broad, protecting shade,  
Grew, flourished, fell, and crumbled into dust,  
With secrets of the ages unbetrayed!  
Here were no graven stones, no mildewed tomes,  
No treasure hiding archives of the land,  
Like those from which a Scott or Shakspeare drew  
The germs, which grew to glory 'neath their hand.

That dim, unwritten past, hath left no theme  
For pen or pencil; in no annals we  
Can read its storied romance, but alone  
Conjecture fills the by-gone history;  
Alone can tell us how these lives and died,  
Ere alien races had their boundaries sought;  
Ere Europe knew as yet a Western World,  
Ere Flodden Field, or Agincourt was fought.  
Montreal, August 20th, 1877. MARY J. WELLS.

## A SCHOOL-GIRL FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

## CHAPTER III.

An opportunity of putting her project in execution was soon likely to offer itself to our heroine, for an expedition had been planned for the following day to visit some neighbouring woods remarkable for a waterfall of great beauty.

As usual, Miss Brookes, even whilst still standing on the piazza in the morning sunshine waiting for horses and carriages to be brought round, called Mr. Rodney to her side, careless of the fact that he was conversing with his young betrothed and enquiring with real interest if she were ill, a solicitude the latter's palor amply justified. The truth was the very thought of the cruel task before her, and the mighty sacrifice it would entail, made Gertrude's heart throb suffocatingly and blanched her cheek. She felt it would be like signing her own death warrant. Just as Mr. Rodney was on the point of offering himself as her escort, the irrepressible Charlotte gayly spoke out, reminding him in her clear sweet tones of his having promised to act as her guide to the Silver Creek Falls. After a moment's hesitation, a quick glance towards his betrothed, whose eyes were studiously averted, he accepted Miss Brooke's challenge, the latter little dreaming that she had thus defeated, at least for a time, her own most cherished desire—a parting and final explanation between Arthur Rodney and her friend.

The vacant place at our heroine's side was immediately taken by a Mr. Rowan, a wealthy, good-looking, though tiresome young gentleman; and if Gertrude had possessed a wish to make reprisals, a favourable opportunity was now offered her. Such was not, however, the case, and though she listened politely to Mr. Rowan's heavy remarks on the weather and the scenery, she never entered on anything approaching flirtation.

Arrived at the Falls, a general halt was called, and exclamations of real or simulated admiration were heard on all sides. The scene was indeed charming: a canopy of fresh green foliage overhead, through which the sunbeams flickered down in golden lines, moss smooth and soft as velvet beneath the feet, wild flowers showing their frail lovely heads at the foot of every old tree or mossy stone, and the chief object of attraction, the pretty cascade itself, crowned with silvery foam, leaping down the brown rocks and filling the air around with delicious coolness. Through the intervening trees glimpses of the rude masonry of an old mill were discernible, and the deep, solemn stillness of the woods was relieved by many a musical note from the boughs overhead.

Suddenly a commotion on the outskirts of the

grove became perceptible, and a voice exclaimed, "By Jove, there goes Maitland's turn-out!" just as a powerful black horse, dragging a small but elegant phaeton, dashed suddenly into a car track leading into the wood.

After hurriedly excusing himself to Miss Brookes, Rodney was off to the rescue, followed by two or three of the gentlemen. When the little excitement caused by this incident had subsided, the remainder of the party either seated themselves beside the spray-covered rocks or dispersed to explore the woods. Some twenty minutes afterwards Mr. Rodney rejoined the sojourners by the waterfall, and to their enquiries regarding the result of the affair, returned an assurance that all was right and the horse properly secured.

"But where are Miss Mildmay and Miss Brookes?" he asked, his quick eye at once detecting their absence.

"Gone on a voyage of discovery with Mr. Rowan. They said something about visiting an old mill in the neighbourhood."

An uneasy feeling shot through Rodney's breast. He remembered having heard that the mill in question was in so ruinous a state as to have necessitated the boarding up of the entrance. Fearing that Rowan, whom he knew to be very careless, might have removed the slight barricade and penetrated already into the interior of the ruin with his companions, he bent his steps in its direction, and soon came in full view of it. Yes, the rough boards that had barred the entrance were lying on the grass, and a flood of amber sunshine streamed in through the aperture, lighting up the gloomy, cavernous recesses and rough angles of the building. One rapid, anxious glance at its ruinous aspect and he sprang forward to the doorway. At the farther end of the large square space stood Charlotte, while directly above her head, lit up by a ray of golden light, was a long narrow crevice, from which tiny rivulets of dust and mortar were trickling down, unperceived by the temporary inmates of the mill. Not far from the spot in question young Rowan, encouraged by the enchanting smiles of Miss Brookes, was engaged on the arduous task of dragging a heavy block of wood towards a small window pierced somewhat high in the wall, so as to enable the lady to enjoy the view it commanded. The situation was most critical, and Rodney took in its danger at a glance. The fissure was rapidly spreading, dust and mortar were lightly falling in every direction, unaccountable detonating sounds made themselves faintly audible, whilst Mr. Rowan, in his hasty struggles to effect his object, was precipitating the crisis. Entering with a quick yet light step, Rodney strode towards Gertrude, who stood watching her companions, an amazed expression on her face, and quickly raising her in his arms, turned towards Rowan, exclaiming, "For God's sake take Miss Brookes out of this; the mill is about to fall!"

Rowan, thus suddenly appealed to, and in no circumstances ever remarkably bright, stood staring mutely at the speaker, but Charlotte, ever quick where her own safety or interests were at stake, heard the warning, and in two bounds was at the door, reaching it at the same time as Rodney and his burden, followed by Rowan, who, on seeing the rapid flight of his companions, sped after them, impelled more by instinct than reason.

Just as they had cleared the portal, the wall in which Rodney had perceived the fissure fell inwards with a thundering crash, and the whole four were enveloped in a cloud of dust, crumbling mortar, and falling stones. Not a word was spoken till they had put a tolerable distance between the dangerous building and themselves, when Rodney asked, in a low agitated tone, "Gertrude, for God's sake tell me are you much hurt?"

He had seen a stone strike her just as they had passed through the doorway.

"A little," was the faintly-whispered reply. "My head feels sore."

"O my arm! I fear it is broken!" moaned Miss Brookes, as she raised her elaborate trimmed sleeve and revealed some scratches on the white skin. "What shall I do?"

"Mr. Rowan, what are you about? Why don't you look after Miss Brookes?" sharply interrogated Rodney, as he nervously tore off our heroine's hat to examine what injury she had sustained.

"How can I look after Miss Brookes pray, when my own shoulder is nearly dislocated?" was the gruff retort.

An angry gleam shot from the fair Charlotte's eyes at this double desertion, an experience somewhat novel in her case, but she wisely held her peace. By this time Rodney had removed our heroine's hat, parted the thick silky hair, and discovered a long red gash, from which the blood slowly oozed. Water, however, was at hand, and dipping his handkerchief in the little stream that had once moved the mill, he staunch the wound with a skilful, tender hand, Gertrude thinking all the while in a dizzy confused sort of way, that she had never felt so happy as now, thus tended and cared for by her betrothed.

The crash of the falling mill having been heard by the other members of the party, stragglers soon began to arrive on the scene of action, and assistance was proffered on all sides. Miss Brookes immediately became the centre of a sympathizing circle, and the trifling scratches she had received were loudly lamented over. Rodney allowed of no interference with his charge beyond accepting for her a glass of water, and as he held it to her white lips he saw at last the colour return in some degree to them.

"How shall I thank you, Mr. Rodney? You have saved my life," she whispered.

"Why should you thank me for doing my duty?" was the half gay, half serious reply.

There was something in his answer that jarred unpleasantly on the girl's ear. Ah! it was duty then that had dictated the preference he had given her over Charlotte Brookes, a preference that had secretly filled her heart with joy. Shortly after, Miss Brookes came up to them, accompanied by one of the kind, fussy matrons of the party, who then and there insisted, despite Gertrude's faint remonstrances and Rodney's more outspoken objections, on taking possession of her dear young friend, who must be kept perfectly quiet, remain with and return in the same carriage as herself.

Fearing a refusal might be construed into a desire to continue in the charge of Mr. Rodney, who might perhaps be already wearying of an office undertaken through duty, Gertrude complied, evidently to the annoyance of her betrothed.

"Well, Mr. Rodney, what do you think of our recent adventure?" asked Miss Brookes, looking up into Rodney's face with her most winning smile. "Was it not in the highest degree sensational?"

"Yes," he answered, smiling despite himself. "But who was the Fatima whose persevering curiosity brought such an adventure upon us?"

Miss Brookes turned the tip of her dainty lace-covered parasol towards herself, thereby mutely replying to his interrogation.

"Ah! indeed. Well, 'tis fortunate the results have not been more serious."

"Yes, thanks to Mr. Rodney's gallantry," and the fair speaker gracefully bowed. "With what bravery and promptitude you rescued our poor timid Gerty, who would never have had courage to save herself."

"Miss Brookes flatters me. I merely did my duty."

"That is more than Mr. Rowan can say. He remorselessly left me to my fate, as indeed did every one else."

"Oh, that tacit reproach is for me, Miss Charlotte, but please bear in mind that Miss Mildmay was standing alone, and it was natural to suppose that, as Mr. Rowan was so much engrossed attending to your behests, he would also see to your safety in the moment of danger."

"Ah! Rodney; jealousy at last!" thought the lady, with secret exultation, replying, however, with outward calm:

"Very true; but to make amends for having left me completely to my fate, you must really take charge of me on the way home, without expecting, however, another exciting adventure like that of this morning to enliven the route."

It was impossible to resist the winsome gaiety of this appeal, so Arthur Rodney offered his arm, which was triumphantly accepted.

(To be continued.)

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

BETTER to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

THE two most valued tints at present are dove purple and Eastern light.

THERE is one way for a woman to keep a secret. That is to keep it going.

A LONELY Keokuk bachelor wants to adopt a girl baby—not less than 18 years old.

"IMPROVED FIG-LEAVES" is the heading which the *New Orleans Democrat* puts over an article on the fashions.

BRIGHAM YOUNG liked to talk of old times, but said that his second dozen weddings seemed like a dream to him.

THE latest thing in scarf pins is a miniature shot gun, double-barrelled and highly polished. It looks sporting.

A CLERGYMAN lately said that modern young ladies are not the daughters of Shem and Ham, but of hen and sham.

AN old bachelor probably wrote the following: "Twixt women and wine man's lot is to smart; 'tis wine makes his head ache, and woman his heart."

THE revival of brunettes has brought amber into fashion again; it is both exquisitely clear and clouded in necklaces, beads, crosses, and combs.

WHERE one woman scans the horizon for signs of the dawn of a brighter era, ten are scouting among their neighbors trying to borrow saleratus.

"AVOID that which you blame others for doing," says one of our wise men. Well, things have come to a pretty pass if a man can't kiss his own wife.

Driving past some harvest-fields, an Irish coachman, addressing a smart girl engaged in sheaving, exclaimed, "Arrah, my darling, I wish I was in gaol for stealin' ye!"

A WOMAN in Maine went to church without her bonnet on, and several papers are making a great fuss over it. We dare say she wore the bonnet, but it got hidden behind one of her ears.

CONFIDENCE is truly the most beautiful of human attributes; yet we never knew a woman to read the notice of the birth of a young couple's first child without pausing to ask the date of their marriage.

CLUSTERS and wreaths of flowers adorn the new sun umbrellas, which also have a fringe of silk to match the colours of the embroidery. The owners of these gorgeous affairs are supposed to be gay and happy.

THE hanging gardens of the ancients were nothing to the conservatories that the ladies now carry about on their bonnets. Some of them are big enough for Maud to come into, and would if Maud were masculine.

A NEW ladies' periodical devotes eighteen pages to fashion and one to cooking. And there is an eternal fitness in this. Fashion costs eighteen times as much as cooking, and has more than eighteen times as many devotees.

SPEAKING of the "Time Bargains," in his financial article a New York journalist says, "The entire female portion of one of the New Bedford schools are engaged to be married within three months after graduating."

THE cruel fates never appear half so grim and pitiless as when they marry a girl who has gone through Vassar and can play divinely, paint like an angel, dance like a fairy and slam the front door in seven languages, to a man who owes for the clothes he was married in, begs his tobacco and buys his wood half a cord at a time.

A NEW French costume is called La Présidence. It is painfully plain, short, narrow, and put on with a tippet. A cottage Miss in North Wales, leaving home about a century ago on a bright Sabbath morning, must have looked, as she walked in a path through the rye, a perfect Présidence. The merit of the maid would then, of course, have been that she ignored the fact that it would come into fashion a century later; but the Parisians cannot ignore anything, and in their endeavour to look MacMahonish, Welsh or Irish, they overdo La Présidence, and it spoils them.

HE invited her to lunch, and she, being a beautiful young lady, went. She read the bill of fare behind her sweet little fan, and whispered in zephyry accents: "Woodcock on toast." At this announcement it flashed across his mind that his assets were but seventy-cents. Something must be done. "Cornelia, do you know what a woodcock is?"—"No, Mr. Spinks," she answered. "Well, then, my dear," said he, "it is as big as a halibut."—"O, goodness gracious!" exclaimed the charming Cornelia, "then bring me some pork and beans." Spinks winked exultingly at the waiter, and the waiter winked knowingly at him.

## DOMESTIC.

FRENCH BEAN SALAD.—String some French beans and boil them whole in plenty of salted water. When cold dress them with oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt, some tarragon and capers finely minced, and garnish with hard-boiled eggs, anchovies, and beet-root. The dish must be well rubbed with a shallot.

TOMATO SALAD.—Peel some good-sized tomatoes, not over-ripe, cut them in slices and remove the seeds, lay them in a dish with oil and vinegar in the proportion of two to one, sprinkle pepper and salt over them according to taste, a few leaves of basil finely minced, and some onions very finely sliced. They should lie in the sauce for a couple of hours before serving.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Cut up some tomatoes and put them into a saucepan containing a little water, with some parsley, basil, marjoram, thyme, and laurel leaf, according to taste, a pod of garlic, a few cloves, some whole pepper and salt. Let them boil till thoroughly done, then strain off the water, and pass them through a hair sieve. Put a piece of butter in a saucepan, add to it when melted a spoonful of flour and the tomato pulp, mix thoroughly, and when hot the sauce is ready.

MUTTON CUTLETS WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Cut the cutlets out of a piece of the best end of a neck of mutton. They should be less than half an inch thick, and neatly trimmed, with not too much fat left on them. Give them a few blows with a bat, and grill them on or in front of the fire, which should be clear and fierce, so that each cutlet be full of juice when cut. Sprinkle with salt, and arrange them in a circle on the dish, overlapping each other; pour some tomato sauce in the centre.

CHEESE TARTLETS.—Make a paste with 1 oz. of butter, 2oz. of flour, the yolk of an egg, a little water, a pinch of salt, roll it out to the thickness of the eighth of an inch, and line some patty pans with it. Take 2 oz. of finely-grated Parmesan cheese, beat it up in a bowl with the yolks of two eggs; add pepper, salt, cayenne, and nutmeg, according to taste—very little of the two latter; then work in three tablespoonfuls of cream. Fill each patty pan with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven till done.

## HUMOROUS.

"Why don't you mount a clean collar, Brown? I do three times a day."—"Yes," replied Brown to the boaster, "but everyone's mother isn't a washerwoman."

A LADY, who was suffering under a slight indisposition, told her husband that it was with the greatest difficulty she could breathe, and the effort distressed her exceedingly. "I wouldn't try, my dear," soothingly responded the husband.

A PROFESSOR was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said—"It's of no use; I was cut out for a loafer."—"Well," declared the professor, surveying the student critically, "whoever cut you out understood his business."

"What would you please to order, sir? We have potage printanier à la Julienne; Fricandeau de veau avec croquettes de pommes de terre; rissoles de bœuf—Milesian: "Well, give us a plateful of which ever of them's nearest to Irish stew!"

Is there any particular reason why a Main street teamster can't say "whoa" to a team that would rather die than run, without giving a wailing shout with the peculiar intonation of agony that makes everybody on the block shriek and run out to look at the murder?

SYDNEY SMITH once said that clergymen might be divided into three classes—Nimrods, Ramrods, and Fishing rods. It was not a bad epigram, but it has been beaten by an American, who says that railways are built upon three gauges—broad gauge, narrow gauge and mortgage.

A CITY man having moved to the country for quiet repose of nights away from the "noise of steam and horse cars," spent his first night in hunting up a cricket who whistled lustily first in his right and then in his left ear. The sun rose on a haggard man newly impressed with the wonders of nature.

The recent introduction into public notice of the Holman Stomach and Liver Pad, and the wonderful relief experienced, and actual cures effected, in many authenticated instances, by its application, is daily leading to numerous inquiries being made from all parts of the Dominion as to its claims to public recognition.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 135 received.

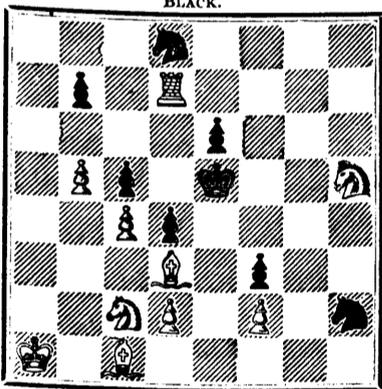
T. S. N. Jersey Mills, Pa., U. S.—Your solution of No. 134 is not correct. If Kt on Kt sq moves to Q B 3, the P at Black's Q Kt 7 becomes a Q checking, and on the Kt moving to Q sq (dis. oh.) the other P advances and covers.

The Sixth Annual Congress of the Dominion Chess Association took place at Quebec, on Thursday last, the 28th of August. There was a large gathering present of the lovers of the game, and at a meeting held on the course of the day, it was decided that each player who entered his name for competition in the accustomed Tourney should play one game with every other player.

THE DOMINION CHESS TOURNEY.

This tourney opened at the rooms of the Quebec Chess Club, yesterday morning. Amongst those present were the President of the Dominion Chess Association, Dr. H. A. Howe (who occupied the chair.) Professor Hicks, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Henderson, all of Montreal, and several Quebec players. Eleven competitors have entered in the match, the first mentioned eight of whom commenced play together yesterday morning.—Messrs. White and Hicks, Shaw and Bradley (Dr.) McLeod and Henderson, and Pope and Holt. Dr. Howe and Messrs Fletcher and Sanderson, the remaining three will commence playing to-morrow.

PROBLEM No. 138.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 199TH. CHESS AT QUEBEC.

Played at Quebec, last week, between Messrs. McLeod and Henderson, in the annual Tourney of the Dominion Chess Association.

- WHITE. (Mr. McLeod.) 1. P to K 4 2. K Kt to B 3 3. K B to Q B 4 4. P to Q 3 5. Castles 6. P takes P 7. K B to Q Kt 3 8. P to Q B 4 9. P takes P 10. Q Kt to B 3 11. P takes Kt 12. P to Q 4 13. Kt to K 5 14. Q to Q 3 15. Kt to Kt 6 (a) 16. Q to K R 3 17. P to K B 4 18. P to K B 5 19. Q B to K 3 20. Q B to K Kt 5 (b) 21. Q R to K sq 22. Q to K R 4 23. Kt to R sq 24. Q to R 3

NOTES.

- (a) Evidently a slip on White's part by which he loses a piece. (b) White makes strenuous efforts to overcome the loss of his piece. (c) With the view of taking K B P and effecting an exchange of Queens. (d) White had now no chance, but protracted the game to the 50th move, and ultimately resigned.

CHESS AT QUEBEC. GAME 200TH.

Played at Quebec, last week, between Messrs. White and Hicks, in the annual Tourney of the Dominion Chess Association.

(French Game.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. White.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 3. P takes P 4. Kt to K B 3 5. B to Q 3 6. Castles 7. P to K R 3 8. Kt to Q B 3 9. Kt to K 2 10. Kt to K 5 11. P takes B 12. P to K B 4 13. K to K R 2 14. Kt to K Kt 3 15. K takes Kt 16. K to K R 2 17. P to Q Kt 3 18. P to Q R 4 19. P to Q R 5 20. Q to K B 3 21. Q to K R 5 22. B to Q R 3 23. R P takes P en passant 24. B to Q Kt 2 25. R takes R 26. R to Q R sq 27. B takes R 28. P takes P 29. B takes Kt 30. B to Q 4 31. P to Q B 3 32. Q to Q sq 33. Q to Q R 4 34. Q to Q R 7 35. B takes Q.

Drawn after a few more moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 136.

- WHITE. 1. B to Q B 6 2. Mates accordingly. BLACK. 1. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 134.

- WHITE. 1. R to K 5 (ch) 2. Kt to Q 6 (ch) 3. B to K B 7. Mate. BLACK. 1. R takes R (best) 2. K to K Kt 3

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 135.

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

White to play and mate in two moves.

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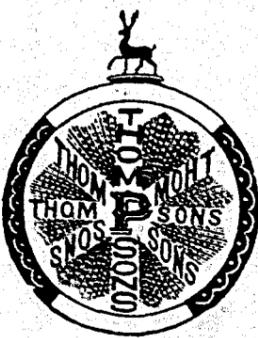
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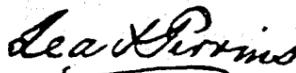
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