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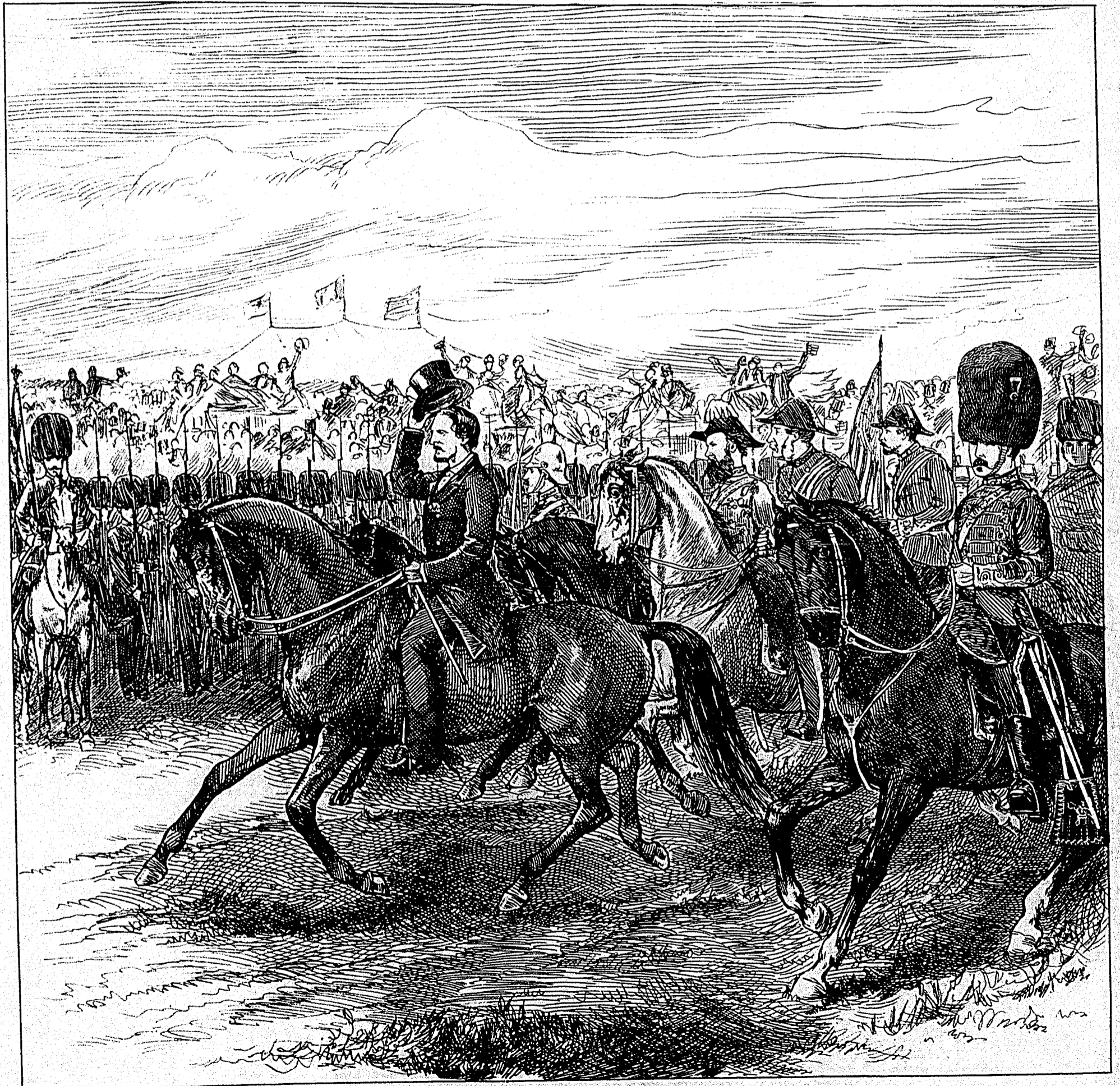
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# Wholesale News

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THE REVIEW BY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL AT THE HEAD OF THE STAFF.  
CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN MONTREAL.



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## NOTICE.

PRESCOTT (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED.

The next number of the NEWS will contain the last series of the Prescott views.

## OUR DOUBLE-PAGE

Gallery of the principal Officers who figured in the celebration of the Queen's Birthday, contains about fifty portraits. We have endeavoured to do justice to each subject, and the few shortcomings that may be noticed will be found traceable to the actual photographs themselves. The short record of services accompanying these portraits will be found interesting. We have still several photographs in hand, which came too late for this week, and which we purpose publishing next week. Besides which, we intend to begin immediately the illustration of the principal regiments of the Dominion.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 8, 1878.

## QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

### GREAT MILITARY CELEBRATION IN MONTREAL.

All honour to the Volunteers! This is the cry which comes spontaneously to the lips when we record the magnificent celebration of the Queen's Birthday, at Montreal, entirely under the auspices of the troops. In connection with the pictures which we publish in this number illustrative of the notable event, we append a full description, for which we are largely indebted to the excellent report of the Montreal Gazette. Notwithstanding its length, we add the splendid speech of His Excellency the Governor General.

### I.

#### REVIEW AND FEU DE JOIE.

Shortly before noon His Excellency the Governor-General came upon the ground, Fletcher's Field, east of the Mountain, accompanied by the Commander of the Militia force in Canada, Lieut-General Sir E. Selby Smyth, K.C.M.G., and Capt. Smyth, A.D.C. They were received with the general salute along the entire line. His Excellency's staff was composed of Lieut-Colonel Dyde, Colonel Littleton, Capt. Hamilton, Colonel Lovelace, Colonel Strange, "B" Battery, Lieut-Colonel Fletcher, C.M.G., Lieut-Colonel Harwood, Colonel Aley, Lieut-Colonel Bacon, Dr. Fenwick, Dr. F. W. Campbell, Captain Hamilton, of the Fifth Royal Fusiliers, Adjutant David of the Sixth Fusiliers, Dr. McEachran, of the Montreal Field Battery, Lieut-Colonel D'Orsonnens and others. Having made the inspecting tour, His Excellency and staff now took up their position at the saluting point, and the battalions marched past in brigades.

A pleasing incident of the inspection occurred when His Excellency reached the Montreal Field Battery. Here, in the presence of the Staff Officers, he called upon Colonel A. A. Stevenson and addressing him in a few words appropriate to the occasion, begged on behalf of the Artillery Association, to present him with a splendid field-glass, the gift of the Dominion Association. Upon the case of the glass is the following inscription:—

Dominion Artillery Association.  
Presented to Colonel A. A. Stevenson,  
Commanding the Montreal Field Battery, that  
Battery having the highest number of  
Volunteer drills  
During the year 1877.

His Excellency was in civilian's dress, with black hat and gold-headed cane poised obliquely in his right hand. He rode a spirited little charger and there was no better horseman on the field. Having completed the inspection, His Excellency, accompanied by his staff, rode back to the position occupied by the Barlow Guards, and addressing their commander, Captain Culver, said after having shaken hands with that officer: "Can I address a few words to your company?" "Only too happy, Colonel," was the reply. His Excellency was then introduced to Lieutenants Gilder and E. W. Bordo, whom he welcomed in the name of the people of Canada, and complimented on the fine appearance of their men.

His Excellency again shook hands with the officers, and Captain Culver called for three cheers for His Excellency, these being given in a manner that showed the American company well know how to cheer. The "tiger" of course was added.

By the time the hour of noon had arrived, the troops had been inspected, and the word was given by the commanding officers, when the firing commenced from the right of the line, and was carried on to the left by the front rank and back again along the rear rank. Three times the operation was repeated, and then the men were ordered to doff their hats and give "three cheers for Her Majesty." We need hardly say these were given with a will that showed there were lungs of British composition to back the bone and sinew that stood there proud to bear arms for Queen and country.

### II.

#### THE MARCH PAST.

The Artillery Brigade, Colonel Stevenson commanding, now took up the march past in open column. First came the demi battery of "B" Battery, the band playing a lively air as they went past, every pin and bolt about the guns and the harness shining in the sun's rays, while the men were like soldiers every inch. The Ottawa Battery followed, and were well up in every particular, but now the old Montreal Field Battery came along, with their steady mien, for which they are noted, second to no other battery on the ground. Next came the Foot Artillery, the two companies of 50 men each from "B" Battery, under Col. Montizambert. No finer marching was done during the day than was done by these companies. Close after them came the Montreal Garrison Artillery, Col. Frazer, a corps which we are glad to see has again assumed its old strength and precision of movement. The men were in forage caps, their new helmets being still in England. They presented a very good appearance. Major Kennedy's command came next—two companies of Montreal Engineers, No. 1 wearing the new helmet and No. 2 wearing the forage cap of old times so well known among our volunteers. This was the last of the Artillery Brigade.

The Scarlet Brigade, Col. Martin commanding, now came up, the Governor-General's Foot Guard leading, the men coming along like one man to the music of their splendid band. Following these came the Fifth Royals with a swing of the old regular battalions about it, the drum-major brandishing his baton after the manner of drum-majors of the old school, while the men by companies were "a crack-looking lot," to use the words of a military by-stander. Next were the Sixth Fusiliers, and No. 1 Company was represented by the American Company, which looked admirably. They were dressed in grey swallow-tail coats, the tails trimmed with black and facings of the same, white epaulettes, and shako with a short plume, while their buff cross belts brought to mind the old British regular style of dress. They carried the beautiful flag of the American republic of the United States, and marched in a style that did credit to the Sixth, of which regiment they formed part. Captain Kirwan's St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company brought up the rear, and were a fine body of men. Thus flanked, the Sixth marched past in capital style.

Now came the first brigade of Rifles, Col. Frank Bond commanding. The Prince of Wales Rifles were first to march past, and as the veteran regiment came along with steady military step they were greeted with applause from the assembled thousands. Following them came the Victoria Volunteer Rifles, the left wing of the first Rifle Brigade. As the Vics. came along cheer upon cheer greeted this favorite corps, their fine band giving them the time in capital style. The second brigade of rifles was composed of the 4th Battalion, Quebec volunteers, Col. Alleen commanding. The men wore the regulation Scotch cap so common among our volunteers, and notwithstanding the ills of their voyage, looked remarkably well. In common with the other strangers, they were greeted with many marks of approval. The Queen's Own now came along. Expectation was on tiptoe as to the appearance this fine corps would make. They were commanded by Col. Otter, and were composed of eight companies aggregating nearly 500 men. Headed by their band which played in excellent style, they came along in markedly military manner, all the companies preserving their distance remarkably well, and each company marching massively. Burst after burst of applause greeted the marching of these men, who more than realized the expectation that had been formed as to them. The Queen's Own appears in the foreground of her picture. The head column meantime had wheeled to the left, and marched along to take ground and prepare for the march past in quarter column. This movement was accomplished in the same steady manner which had marked the march past in open column, except that the Barlow Guards, which had in the first instance inclined as if to follow the band, were better posted and went past with a solid and compact front.

### III.

#### THE SHAM BATTLE

which had been planned by Lieut-General Sir E. Selby Smyth, K.C.M.G. commander of the forces, to whom is largely due the success of the whole celebration, was commenced almost before the people were made aware of the fact, and all through the fight they crowded and harassed the troops, who exercised considerable carefulness in the use of their arms, otherwise the most serious consequences might have occurred.

The party composing the defense was under the command of Col. Fletcher. It composed the Garrison Artillery and a demi battery of field

artillery, with two guns, of "B" Battery from Quebec, the company of St. Jean Baptiste Infantry, the two companies of Royal Engineers and the Montreal Garrison Artillery. On the staff of Col. Fletcher was Col. McEachran, of the 50th Huntingdon Borderers, Colonel D'Orsonnens of the staff, and Major David of the 6th Fusiliers. These took up the positions as follows:—On the right of the line of defense the Montreal Garrison Artillery divided into four companies, two in skirmishing and two in reserve, under the command of Col. Frazer; the centre, two companies of the Montreal Engineers in skirmishing order, under command of Major Kennedy, the two guns of the demi Field Battery and the Garrison Artillery of "B" Battery from Quebec; the left of the line of defense was taken up by the Company of St. Jean Baptiste Infantry, under command of Capt. Kirwan. The first attack was commenced by a fire from the guns of the Ottawa Field Battery, Captain Stewart, placed upon a continuation of Bleury Street; this was promptly responded by the fire of the two guns of the demi Field Battery from Quebec. The remainder of the forces at Colonel Fletcher's disposal were placed in the extended order, lying down and lining the brink of the line of defense and supported by appropriate reserves. The Scarlet Brigade made the first attack.

The attacking party was composed of Stewart's Ottawa Battery of four guns, the Stevenson's Battery of four guns, the Scarlet Brigade and the First and Second Brigades of Rifles. Capt. Stewart was not long in discovering the enemy's position, and taking a position on the extreme left with his guns well masked by the fence and grounds of a private residence, opened the ball. Col. Stevenson's mounted battery had taken to a position in reserve on the extreme left of the line, his guns having been very adroitly brought into position on some uneven ground just north of the Grey Nunnery. Meanwhile the 5th Fusiliers and the Governor-General's Foot Guards, on the right of the attacking line, had crept up and in a few minutes their skirmishers were threatening the enemy's position. The rifle brigades echeloned. No. 1 Company of the 5th Fusiliers commenced the attack, supported by Nos. 2 and 3 and afterwards the whole regiment. A dropping fire commenced from the enemy as soon as the skirmishers of the 5th showed themselves above the Bleury street road. The 6th Fusiliers and Victoria Rifles came up, taking the centre of the enemy's position, with the Queen's Own and Quebec battalion in reserve. By this time the firing along the line of attack and defense had become general, while the boom of the Stevenson's Battery guns told that they had commenced the attack on the extreme right of the enemy's line firing over the heads of the troops, who were lying down. Slowly, but surely, the attacking party crawled up, their skirmishers having been reinforced from the reserves, and as they swarmed the rising ground towards the very strong position occupied by the defence, the latter slowly retired to the second line of defences. Here they made a very stubborn resistance and their firing was well maintained, especially on the left of the line. Finding the position too strong to be taken successfully, the attacking party retired upon their supports and in a few moments new tactics were observable. Stewart's Battery took ground further to the left of the enemy's line and commenced a rapid fire. The Governor-General's Foot Guards and the 5th Royals were now thrown round in an attempt to turn the enemy's left flank, while the Queen's Own and 8th Battalion had marched up through the lane leading past the Hall House, their object being to attack upon the enemy's left flank. Meanwhile Major Tees' Cavalry, which, owing to the nature of the ground, could hardly be used, were safely under cover. Near were some of the enemy's sharpshooters in rear of some rising ground, covered by an orchard belonging to a private citizen. Simultaneous with the attack upon the right and left flanks, Col. Stevenson's Battery and the 1st brigade of Rifles and the left of the Scarlet Brigade were pushing rapidly forward, and now began the most stubborn contest of the day. The skirmishers of the attacking party advanced to within 50 yards of the defending party, and kept up a continuous firing, while the fire from the right and left flanks told that the enemy were being successfully dealt with in that quarter. Capt. Kirwan's infantry slowly retired up the mountain road, stubbornly contesting the ground, warmly pressed by the skirmishers of the 5th and Foot Guards, while the reserve of both corps were echeloned in rear. After about twenty minutes it became evident that the position could not be taken, and the recall was sounded. The last shot having been fired, the corps were quickly marched into position, and the whole affair was over about a quarter past two o'clock, the celerity of the movements being very marked and highly creditable to the troops engaged on both sides.

### IV.

#### HIS EXCELLENCY'S SPEECH.

At the Windsor Hotel Banquet a long table placed on the right of the main entrance was raised several inches above the seven others, which led from it at intervals. At each of these tables were seated some thirty gentlemen, a vice-chairman at the foot of each table, while the main table seated some fifty gentlemen. On the right of His Excellency were Colonel Harwood, Hon. J. L. Beaudry, Mayor of Montreal, U. S. Consul-General Smith, Colonel Dyde, Benj. Lyman and others. On His Excellency's left

were Colonel Fletcher, Chairman, Lieut.-General Sir Selby Smyth, Colonel Strange, B. Battery, Col. Littleton, Col. A. A. Stevenson, Montreal Field Battery, Captain Smith, A.D.C., Captain Hamilton, A.D.C., Messrs. Andrew Robertson, Hugh McKay, Thomas White, E. G. Penny, Thos. Workman, M.P., Messrs. Reekie, Green-shields and others. Vice-Chairmen, Major Bond, P. of W.; Lieut.-Colonel Gardner, Colonel Crawford, 5th Fusiliers; Col. Handyside, Victoria Rifles; Colonel Frazer, Foot Artillery; Captain Oswald, of the Field Battery; Lieut.-Colonel Edward de Foy, of 80th Battalion, Nicolet County. Col. Stevenson acted as Vice-Chairman.

We can make room only for the Governor-General's speech:

#### "HIS EXCELLENCY LORD DUFFERIN."

Col. STEVENSON regretted very much that time would not permit him to dwell upon the subject of the toast he was about to propose, but there need be no regret on that account, because His Excellency was so well known throughout the Dominion of Canada, the continent of America, and Great Britain that it was almost unnecessary for one to say anything about him at a time like the present. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

In conclusion, Col. Stevenson paid a high compliment to His Excellency for efforts made by him to promote the welfare of the militia of Canada, and with some fitting remarks of kindly farewell to Lady Dufferin, he asked his hearers to drink the toast "His Excellency the Governor-General."

The toast was drunk with an enthusiasm such as we have rarely witnessed, and it was some moments ere he could be heard. When the ovation had subsided, he spoke as follows:—

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you most heartily for the cordial manner in which you have drunk my health. I should have felt I had lost one of the pleasures to which my office legitimately entitles me, had I been compelled to leave Canada without taking part in such a celebration as the present. During the whole term of my office, I have never had an opportunity of seeing myself surrounded by the representatives of our Canadian Forces. It is true I have had the good fortune to come into individual contact with most of the distinguished officers of the Dominion, but until now I have never seen them gathered round me in their corporate capacity. On my arrival in Ottawa, six years ago, one of my first duties was to go to assist at a review at Kingston, but since then, until today, I have never had a chance of seeing any large body of troops assembled in the field. My experience of the military *tenue* of Canada has been confined to guards of honour (laughter). Of these I have seen a greater number probably, and in a greater variety of places, than the sovereign of the most military nation in the world; and, though a civilian, I am sure I have acquired as good an eye for criticising this special and peculiar formation, as my friend the Lieutenant-General himself. (Loud laughter.) Last year I endeavored to collect under my roof, at Ottawa, as many officers of our national army as I could lay my hands on, but an unfortunate accident prevented me receiving my guests in person. The spectacle, however, I have witnessed this morning—the scene which now meets my view—more than repay me for my previous deprivations and disappointments. Anything more admirably arranged, more gratifying to the pride of Canadians, and to all the friends of Canada, than the performance this morning, cannot well be conceived. From first to last everything has passed off to my entire satisfaction, and I now beg to tender my best thanks, and I render this acknowledgment not only in my own behalf, but on behalf of my fellow spectators, and of the country at large—to the Lieutenant-General who has planned, to the militia authorities who have organized, and to the officers and men who, at great personal sacrifice and inconvenience, have executed and carried out the celebration with which we have this morning saluted the birthday of our Most Gracious Sovereign. (Cheers.) It is not for me to indicate, even by praise, the professional excellencies of these manoeuvres. That pleasurable task will be performed in due time by a more competent authority, but there is one characteristic of today's performances, at all events, which must have attracted everyone's attention—that is, the magnificent appearance, the patriotic enthusiasm, the spirited alacrity, the loyal sentiments which have been exhibited by each and all of the regiments that have paraded before us. Though I should be very far from wishing to depreciate the effects of training and discipline in producing efficiency, we must all admit—even the greatest martinets amongst us—that such a lively spirit of patriotism, such a joyous, such an exuberant alacrity in the performance of their military duties, as have been exhibited by our soldiers, is the first step towards the formation of victorious battalions. Happily, the prospect of the Dominion being required to array itself in defence of its homes and liberties is remote. We have but one nation for our immediate neighbor, and with that nation we are united by long tradition, by a community of interests, and by a continual interchange of courtesies, in indissoluble friendship (loud cheers); while those foreigners who, under any unhappy circumstances, might attempt to assail us, are remote and separated from our shores by leagues of sea. It is true, of late there have been heard a few vague, and probably exaggerated rumours of a certain amount of Celtic effervescence (loud laughter) along our southern frontier, but I cannot believe that

such an unpardonable crime as a second filibustering attack upon the sacred peace of Canada, can be in contemplation. I never have, and never will speak harshly, or disrespectfully, of my Irish countrymen, however wrong I may consider their opinions, or misguided their conduct. (Cheers.) It is not by abuse, harsh or violent language we shall win them back to a friendlier frame of mind. Undoubtedly in past days Ireland has suffered ill-treatment and injustice; but for generations England has strained every nerve to make reparation for those ancient wrongs. (Hear, hear.) However disposed, therefore, we may be to make allowance for the circumstances which may have generated these invidious passions, if they take effect in acts of outrage and murder—if the peaceful homesteads of Canada are to be ravaged by bands of marauders, who can have no possible quarrel with her peaceable inhabitants, such violence, which outrages every law recognized by civilized mankind, must be suppressed with the most unmitigated firmness (hear, hear); but, as I said before, I cannot bring myself to believe in the possibility of so great a wrong. During my various progresses through the country, I have come into contact with hundreds and hundreds of kindly, noble Irishmen, laboring in the field, the forest, by the river side, or in the mine, and never did I meet one who did not give me a hearty welcome, both as a fellow countryman and as the representative of the Queen. (Loud cheers.) Happily for Canada these Irishmen are sown broadcast through the land, and are intimately associated with their fellow-citizens of French, English and Scotch descent. They are contented, prosperous and loyal. Yet it is these Irish homes—where the kindness, the hospitality, the wit and the mirth of Old Ireland live again under such happy auspices—together with their British and French neighbors, which are to be involved in these unnatural hostilities. What cause of quarrel has the invader with the people of Canada which our own Irish fellow-citizens could not themselves allege, had they a mind to do so? Nor are the Irish the only community of persons within our borders who might, if they choose, translate historical wrongs into actual warfare. Half the population of Hungary, I believe, died the country, if not from Calixtus, at all events from their Highland home, to avoid the tyranny of him whom they called a usurper, whose descendants now sit upon the throne. (Hear, hear.) Yet where is there to be found a more loyal people in the world than the people of Hungary? (Hear, hear.) In considering, therefore, the possible occasions on which we may have to rely upon the valor of our gallant troops, I reject with horror from my thoughts the idea that they should ever be called upon to shed the blood of even the most inconsiderate, or irreconcilable of our Irish fellow-countrymen. (Loud cheers.) And, gentlemen, if this cloud—or rather phantasmal exhalation—be dispersed along our southern boundary, what is there behind it in that direction but dimitable sunshine, and the prospect of perpetual peace? (Cheers.) It is true, even so, we are still liable to invasion, and to-day we have witnessed how soldier-like and martial is the array of our southern neighbors. But if they have forced the bulwarks of our land—if they have penetrated to the heart of our richest city—if they have established themselves within the precincts of our camp—it has only been to give us a fresh proof of the kindly feelings entertained for us by themselves and their fellow-countrymen in the States—(Cheers)—perhaps to lay siege on the hearts of our young ladies—(loud laughter)—and to join with us in doing honor to our Gracious Queen. (Hear, hear.) In the name, then, of all those who are present—of the Volunteer Army of Canada—of the people of Canada—I bid them welcome; and, inasmuch as it is the habit of every politic Government to extend to deeds of military daring substantial rewards, I hereby promise to every American soldier-citizen who is now present, or shall ever after take part in our reviews, a free grant farm within the Arctic circle the day he takes the oath of allegiance. (Loud laughter.) But though we have thus disposed in the most satisfactory manner for all possible foes within the circuit of our immediate vision, it is not the less necessary on that account that we should take those precautions which every nation since the world began has found requisite for its safety. (Hear, hear.) Let us learn a lesson from the fate of the aboriginal inhabitants of this very continent. We read in the pages of Prescott how happy and careless were their lives; how destitute of fear as they sported and slept beneath the unbragous shelter of their tropical groves; war with them had ceased to be an imaginable contingency—every possible fear had disappeared from the limits of their world. Yet suddenly, unexpectedly, coming from whence none knew, there stood upon their shores steel-clad men armed with the thunderbolts of death, and in a few short years that harmless, flower-crowned people were annihilated—their altars, cities and temples laid waste and desolate. Happily the repetition of such a catastrophe in our case is impossible; but, for all that, a war-cloud seems to be gathering in Europe, which may involve the entire Empire in its dreadful shadow. As members of that Empire—as men of British descent—as subjects of Queen Victoria—it may be necessary for us to face the responsibilities which our nationality entails. You have seen by the papers the precautions the Government has taken to protect that, happily for us, restricted portion of our seaboard which is within reach of an enemy's assault; but I am proud to

think that the spirit of Canadian patriotism has not confined itself merely to those exertions. Almost every mail has brought, either to me or to the Prime Minister or the Minister of Militia, the most enthusiastic offers to serve in the Queen's armies abroad in the event of foreign war. (Loud cheers.) These offers have represented not merely the enthusiasm of individuals, but of whole regiments and brigades of men. (Renewed cheers.) It has been my duty to transmit them to the Home Government, and to the foot of the Throne; and I should be failing in my duty if I neglected to tell you that they have been duly appreciated, not only by the Queen's Ministers, but by the Queen herself. (Prolonged cheering.) It will undoubtedly require a great deal of consideration to determine to what extent, and in what manner, advantage could be taken of such noble self-devotion. Happily the time has not yet arrived, and I trust to God it may never do so, for giving practical effect to the suggestions which have been received. But I feel that I could not have a better opportunity of recording and emphasizing facts so indicative of the martial and loyal spirit of the Canadian people as those I have indicated. No, gentlemen: God grant that many a long year may pass before the note of warlike preparation rings through the quiet hamlets, the sunlit fields, and the prosperous cities of Canada. But should the evil day arrive, let it find us prepared and ready to do our duty. (Cheers.) It is not by undisciplined levies, however enthusiastic, that the homes and liberties of a country can be guarded. Every day war is becoming a more complicated science, the problems of which can only be successfully dealt with by highly organized battalions and trained and scientific officers. (Hear, hear.) Above all remember, things are not with you as they were a few short years ago. British North America is no longer a congeries of disconnected provinces, destitute of any strong bond of sympathy or mutual attachments. You are no longer colonists or provincials. You are the defenders and guardians of half a continent—of a land of unbounded promise and predestinated renown. (Cheers.) That thought alone should make men and soldiers of you all. Life would scarcely be worth living unless it gave us something for whose sake it was worth while to die. Outside our domestic circle there are not many things that come up to that standard of value. But one of these you possess—a country of your own; and never should a Canadian forget, no matter what his station in life, what his origin or special environments, that in this broad Dominion he has that which it is worth while both to live for and to die for. (Loud and long continued cheers.)

His Excellency concluded by proposing the health of their entertainers, the Rifle Brigade of Montreal.

His Excellency proposed the health of "The Officers of the Montreal Battalions."

This was responded to by Lieut.-Colonels Fletcher and Harwood, the former in a few appropriate words in the English, and the latter in the French language.

"THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL COMMANDING THE MILITIA OF CANADA"

was the next toast proposed by the Vice-Chairman, which was replied to by Lieut.-General Sir E. Selby Smyth.

Col. Stevenson now begged to propose "THE VISITING VOLUNTEERS,"

alluding specially to the visitors from St. Albans. He called upon Col. Ross, of the Foot Guards, to respond, and also upon Capt. Culver, of the St. Albans Barlow Guards.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

MILITARY.

The military review, which took place in Montreal on the 24th May, has been the occasion of much talk and speculation all through Western Ontario. Owing to the very great distance, and the expense that would necessarily be incurred thereby, the volunteers of this city were unable to be present and take part in the manoeuvres of the day. Nevertheless, the 13th Battalion, as well as the Field Battery, have, for some time back, manifested the deepest interest in the matter, and all hoped for the complete success of the parade. It was regarded as an important event, and of such magnitude as to give unmistakable evidence of a healthy revival of military enthusiasm in Eastern Canada. The telegraph despatches and newspaper reports heralded the success of the affair, and all interested were glad to know that the review passed off so satisfactorily. The announcement that the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will contain a descriptive account, as well as an ample array of illustrations, has been hailed with delight, and the number is eagerly looked for. In view of the large amount of space which you will allot to the subject, my notes will be cut short on this occasion. It will be well to mention, however, that the volunteers of Hamilton are on the alert, and a much better feeling prevails, now that the Government have manifested their appreciation of the city force by the erection of a new gun shed in connection with the old drill shed, on James street, and otherwise. The vigorous policy of the new Minister of Militia will soon gain for him the unanimous support of the whole volunteer force—a culmination devoutly to be wished for.

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton.

THE MESSIAH.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:—

SIR,—Presuming that you will have in your next issue some critical remarks upon the recent production of Handel's "Messiah" at the Victoria Rink, I shall not offer any thereon, believing that you will do ample justice to the subject. Yet, if you will give me space for a few remarks, historical and otherwise, I think they may prove acceptable to your readers.

The passages of Holy Writ introduced in this pre-eminently Sacred Oratorio, were selected and arranged, with admirable judgment, by Charles Jennens, Esq., of Gopsall Hall, in the County of Leicester. From notices left by Handel in the original manuscript copy, we learn that the first transcript of the whole was completed by himself within twenty-one days, between Aug. 22 and September 12, 1741; the marvellous rapidity of the performance indicating the intense ardour and concentration of his mind. He was then at the age of fifty-seven.

The "Messiah" was produced, for the first time in London, on March 23, 1743, having been announced as "A Sacred Oratorio," the title which Handel applied to this oratorio alone, from the words being purely Scriptural, and by which he continued to distinguish it for several years. On its first performance, the audience were exceedingly affected; and when the Hallelujah Chorus introduced the words "The Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth," the whole vast assembly, with the King (George II.) at their head, rose, and remained standing until the chorus was ended.

In promoting the cause of charity, "The Messiah" has been signalized (it is probable) above every other production of musical genius. Its very first performance in Dublin was devoted by Handel to the benefit of poor prisoners. From 1719 to the time of his death, in 1759, he had it annually performed in London for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, founded by Captain Thomas Coram, whose portrait, painted by Hogarth, adorns its walls. The performances continued yearly until 1777; by them the Hospital was benefitted to the amount of £10,000. As though the signal favour of Heaven rested on this consecrated work, no artist has ever conferred benefits so extensive on the helpless, the widow and the orphan, as those which from year to year Handel has continued to confer by this crowning production of his mighty genius. Nor can we reasonably doubt that a large amount of religious benefit has accompanied the numberless exhibitions in England of this oratorio. If the remark of Demosthenes be true, that the delivery carries with it half the effect of an oration, when, it may be asked, has a sermon been delivered more purely evangelical, more Scripturally eloquent, more awful or pathetic, than that which the "Messiah," well performed, addresses to every hearer, attentive to the Divine sentiments and susceptible of the musical impressions? Next to religion, or the worship of God, can music be better employed than in the cause of charity? Can we not have an annual performance of "The Messiah" in Montreal for the benefit of our noblest charitable institution, the Montreal General Hospital?

Much taste and skill are displayed in the selection and arrangement of the sacred passages employed, which may be truly said to compose a Scriptural epitome of Christianity. The first part presents the Prophetic Promise of the Messiah, His Nativity, His Titles, His Character, and the happy consequences of His Appearance. The second part describes His Sufferings, His Resurrection and Ascension, the destruction of His adversaries, and the establishment of His Kingdom. The third part exhibits the resurrection of the Redeemer, and, as the conclusion of the whole, their celestial Hymn of Praise to the Redeemer, whose Glory, in accordance with the title Messiah, is the pervading theme and object of this truly Divine Oratorio, from the commencing recitative to the concluding chorus.

Looking at the oratorio from this point, would it not be well, in future, to have the performance of it in one of our large churches, or in the Cathedral, and there conducted after the manner of the Musical Festivals at Gloucester, Hereford and Worcester Cathedrals? The sublimity of the oratorio demands a more sacred building than the Victoria Skating Rink! It also demands an organ accompaniment. Are we not "walking in darkness" by not letting the glorious light of this oratorio shine in an edifice dedicated to the "Father of Lights"?

Yours obediently,

THOMAS D. KING.

MONTREAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

On Friday last, this Society gave Handel's "Messiah" at the Victoria Skating Rink. We do not wish to be hypercritical about a Company which is mainly composed of amateurs and will not therefore point out various accidents that marred the excellency of the performance as a whole. There was one treat however for those who love the tones of a sweet and pure voice, albeit of no great compass. In fact we may premise that the majority who went to listen to the oratorio were attracted either through having heard Mrs. Osgood already, or through her reputation having reached their ears. Certain it is that the rendering of the several solos

which fell to her lot amply repaid the visit to the Rink. Mrs. Osgood showed excellent judgment in not repeating "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Were all artists to act likewise in response to the injudicious and persistent *encores* of a Montreal audience, they would contribute their share towards educating the musical taste of our people.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHRIST'S CHURCH, WOODBRIDGE.—Woodbridge is a thriving village on the T. G. & B. R. R. about 17 miles from Toronto. It was at first called Burwick, in honour of the late Rowland Burr, well known to many in that part. The neat little church represented in our picture belongs to the Episcopal body. The present incumbent is the Rev. Dr. Hodgkin. A school house is connected with the church, but the trees prevent it from being seen when the view was taken. The river, on the banks of which the church stands, is the Humber. A short distance to the right of the church—not shown in our picture—is Abell's foundry, so widely known in connection with agricultural machinery. A Presbyterian and two Methodist Churches, an Orange and a Temperance Hall, form part of the buildings in Woodbridge. In the woods, on the edge of the Humber banks, not far from Christ's Church, an Indian pit was discovered about 25 years ago, in which were a great many skeletons.

FASHION NOTES.

BRIDAL dresses are no longer made of entirely white satin.

THE equestrienne hat of last summer will be worn again.

THE swallow-tail jacket is affected by nobby young ladies.

No loopings in black draperies are worn by fashionable women.

FOUR button undressed kids are the thing for full street costume.

THE capote, or cottage shape, is the favourite style for mourning.

THE Marie Antoinette fichu of black silk is a favourite light wrap.

NAVY'S serge is the correct thing for mourning travelling dresses.

BEURRETTE batiste is a new knitted linen fabric for midsummer wear.

THERE is a revival of spotted silks and satins and soft twisted foulards.

THE Don Sol scarfs are of silk chenille, and bright colours are preferred.

HAWKING is to be revived as a fashionable field sport for ladies in England.

JASPE silks with bourette effects are the latest novelties in dress goods.

NEW summer fichus of lace and crepe lisse have collars and cuffs to match.

BEIGE-BEADS in graduated shades are a novelty for trimming black silk dresses.

DUST cloaks of India pongee are chosen by fastidious women who can afford them.

THE most fashionable trimming for linen and batiste dresses is Russian embroidery.

WHITE muslin veils, dotted with Roman pearl beads, are pretty novelties for full dress.

THE Devonshire and Oxford are leading shapes of round hats for this season.

CRIMPED braid fringe, combined with crepe, is used for trimming mourning dresses.

STRIPED black silk grenadine, with chenille bourettes, is used for bonnet caps and strings.

THE most fashionable evening dresses have the corsage opening V-shaped, front and back.

YOUNG girls who are in deep mourning wear crape round hats in all the popular shapes.

THE "Mayfair," "Estey," and "Wolffington" are the country excursion hats of the season.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MME. RISTORI is fifty-nine years old.

ADELAIDE NELSON has made a failure in London.

OLE BULL will probably return to America next season.

MARY ANDERSON says she won't play any more boy's characters.

CLARA SCHUMANN has been a concert pianiste for fifty years!

THURSBY, it is said, takes a nap before appearing in concert, so as to be fresh.

ARBUCKLE cannot go abroad with Gilmore's Band, as he is a deserter from the English army.

EVERYBODY in Paris is whistling or humming the "Trio des Cigarettes" from Flotow's new opera.

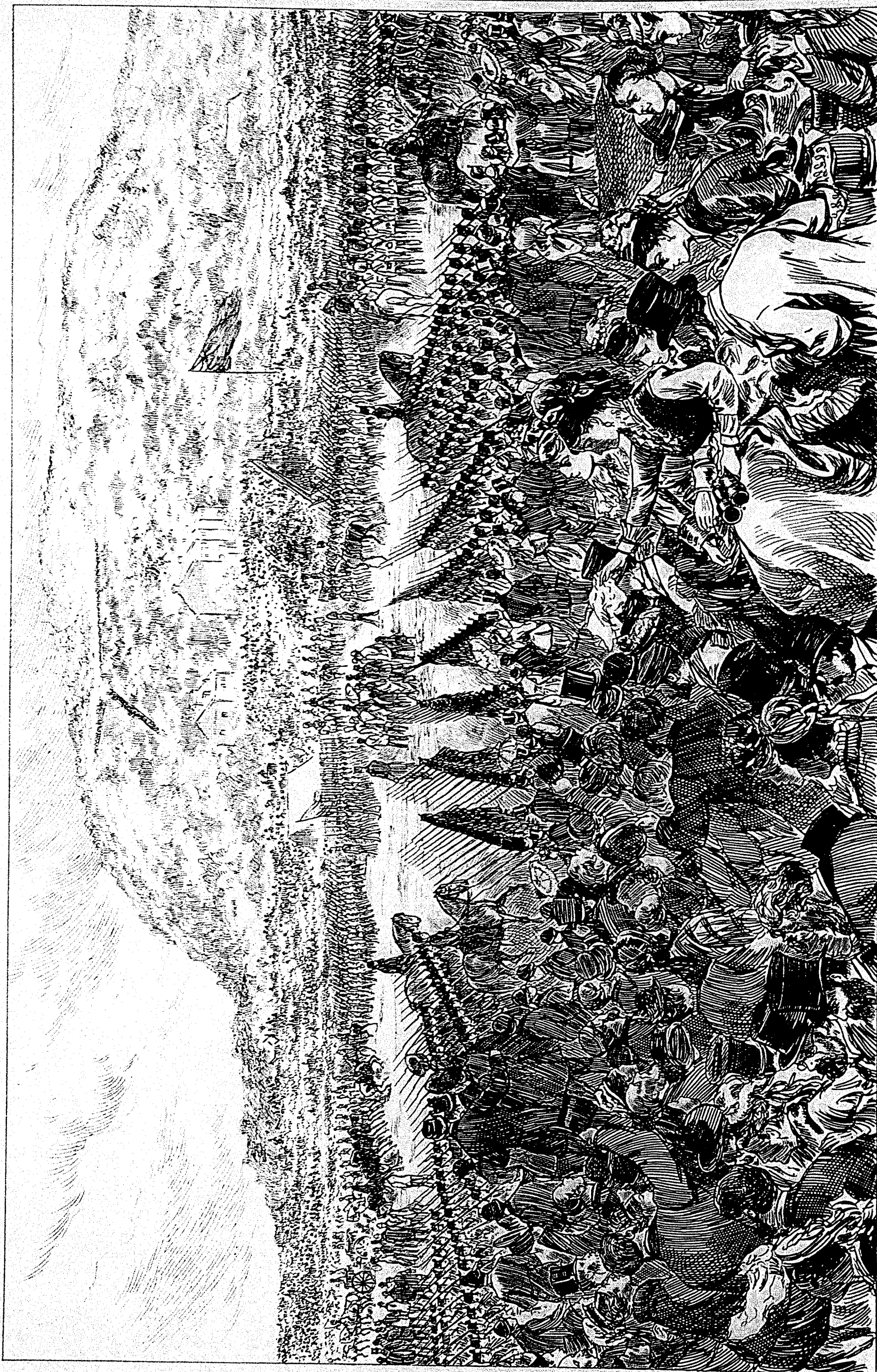
AGE and changes of climate do not seem to have much—if any—effect upon Briguoli. His upper notes are still rich and clear, while his sforzandos are yet wonderfully effective.

MOME ADELINA PATTI has had the highest compliment paid to her at Bologna accorded to any artist since Malibran. The Philharmonic Academy of that town having inscribed her name in the Golden Book.

THE statement that Mario is in comfortable circumstances is now contradicted. He is quite without resources, and a concert is to be given in London for his benefit, Mme. Christine Nilsson journeying to that city specially for that occasion.

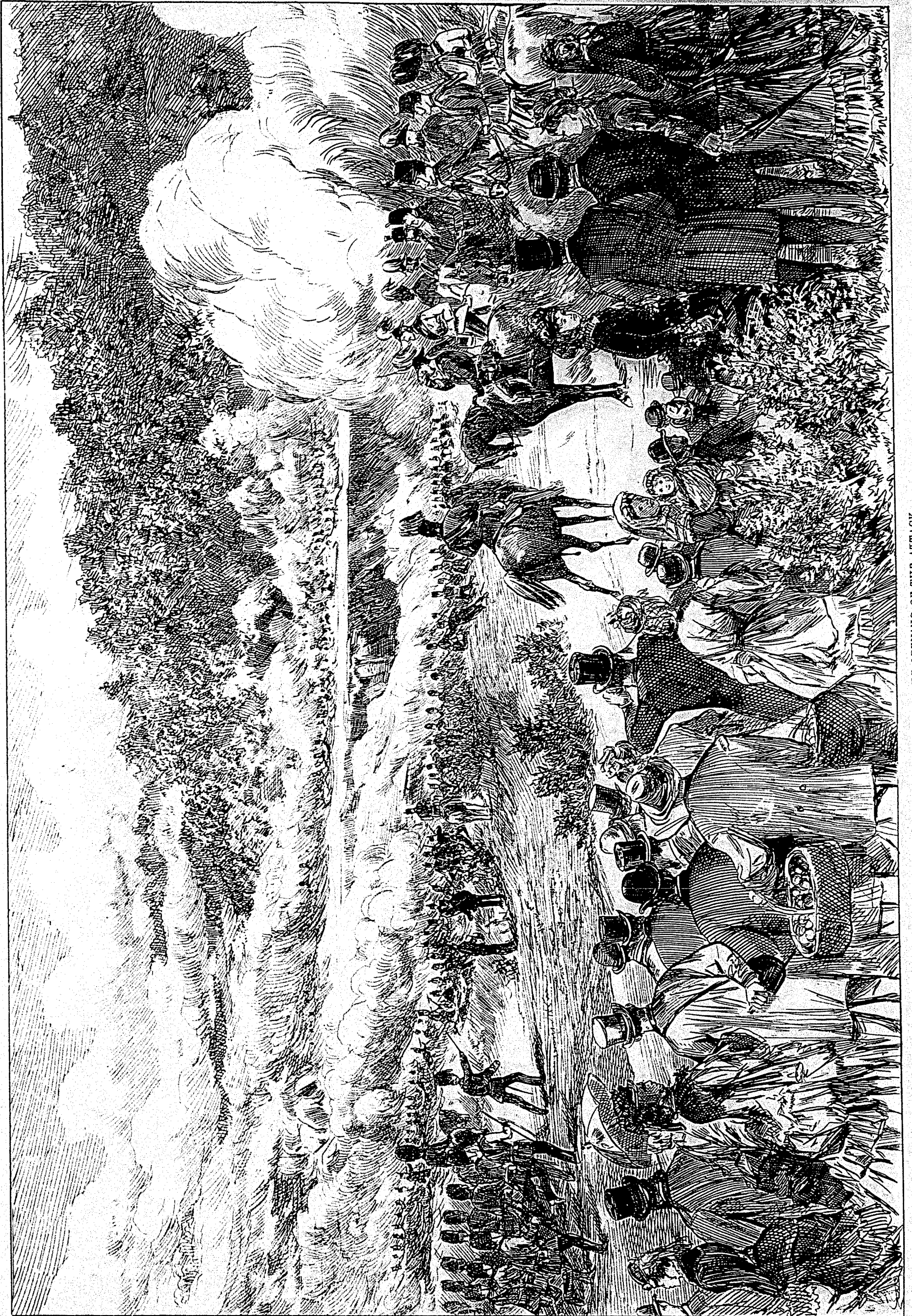
JOHN STEFSON, lessee of the Globe Theatre, Boston, says he has lost \$12,000 on the late season of thirty-six weeks. He prints a list of the attractions which paid him and of those on which he lost, with his curious reading. From it we learn that he lost \$76 a week on Mme. Janaschek, and made \$663 on Mme. He lost over \$800 on Bonicciotti, two weeks, and made \$5,000 on "Evangeline," same length of time. He lost \$340 on "Davy Crockett," and made \$1,300 on "Pippina," etc.





THE MARCH PAST VIEWED FROM THE SALUTING POINT.  
THE CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN MONTREAL.





THE SHAM-BATTLE. THE OPENING OF THE ATTACK.  
CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN MONTREAL.



## MILITARY RECORD

OF THE PRINCIPAL OFFICERS WHO FIGURED IN THE CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT MONTREAL.

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR EDWARD SELBY SMYTH, K.C.M.G.

Only son of the late Colonel John Selby Smyth, Royal Scots. Born 1820. Educated at Putney College. Married 1848, Lucy Sophia Julia, daughter of Major-General Sir Guy Campbell, Bart., and granddaughter of the late Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Entered the army 26th January, 1841; promoted a Major-General 6th March, 1868. Appointed Knight Commander of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, 24th May, 1877; promoted Lieutenant-General, 1st October, 1877. The reward for distinguished and meritorious services, conferred by Her Majesty the Queen, 15th October, 1877. Appointed to command the Militia of Canada, with the rank of Major-General in the Militia, 1st October, 1874. Is President of the Dominion of Canada Artillery Association. Lieutenant-General Sir E. Selby Smyth's military record is as follows:—Served as Brigade-Major to the forces in the Southern Concan and Sawant Waree country during the campaign of 1844-45, and was present at the attack and capture of several strong stockades, as well as in the operations before the mountain forts of Monohur, and at the final assault; also at the forcing of the Kitwattee Pass, and subsequent occupation of the country below the Ghats; served also in the Kafir War of 1851-2 (medals), and mentioned in general orders for his conduct in command of a column in action in the Fish River Bush (brevet-major); with the expedition north of the Orange River in 1852-53, afterwards as Deputy Asst. Q. M. Genl. and Deputy, Q. M. Genl. to the forces in South Africa, from Jan., 1854, till July, 1860; commanded the troops in Mauritius, from the 13th April, 1870; assumed the administration of the Government there 3rd June, 1870; and from August till September, 1871, was acting Secretary to the Government in the Eastern Provinces, Cape of Good Hope; in 1859, whilst employed there as Q. M. Genl. to the army; and was Inspector General of Irish Militia from 1861 till October, 1867; appointed a special magistrate for the County and City of Dublin, 1867. Made a journey of inspection across the continent to British Columbia, 1875.

LIEUT.-COL. THOMAS BLAND STRANGE, R.A., entered the army in the year 1847 and served at Gibraltar and in the East and West Indies. During the Indian Mutiny, he was present at Chanda, Sultraempoor, Fort Moonshajunge, Lucknow, Koorsee, Nawabjunge, Serajunge, the passage of the Goomtee and Dooldpoor and was highly spoken of by his superiors. At Moonshajunge, March 4th, 1858, assisted in carrying off two captured guns under a heavy match-lock fire from the loop-holes. On March 26th, 1858, at the capture of the Kaiser Bagh, Lieut. Strange endeavoured to empty a powder magazine in the great square while the adjacent buildings were on fire; an explosion took place which left that officer the sole survivor. On the 20th October, 1858, at Dooldpoor, Oude, Capt. Strange captured two guns and sixteen horses. From 1860 to 1871 was Gunnery Instructor at the Repository Branch of the School of Gunnery, Woolwich. Col. Strange has rendered the most efficient service to the young army of Canada as Inspector of Artillery and Commandant of the Quebec School of Gunnery.

LIEUT.-COL. EDWARD OSBORNE HEWITT, R.E., entered as cadet in the Royal Military College, Woolwich, in 1851, obtaining his commission in the Royal Engineers in August, 1854. In 1861, during the Trent affair, was ordered to Canada and stationed in command of the Royal Engineers at London, Ont., where he remained until 1863, when he proceeded with his command to Halifax, returning to England in 1867. Besides active service in the two Indies and a tour of observation with the armies of the North and South during the American War and travelling throughout every portion of British North America and the United States, Colonel Hewitt has identified himself particularly in the higher branches of military science, having been professor at Woolwich, and been charged with the construction of the celebrated fortifications defending Spithead at Portsmouth. He is now at the head of the new Military College at Kingston, and figured prominently on the General Staff at the last celebration of the Queen's Birthday.

LIEUT.-COL. M'GIBBON.

Lieut.-Col. McGibbon's military record is as follows:—2nd Lieutenant Field Battery, 31st March, 1858; 1st Lieutenant do., 9th July, 1858; Brevet Captain do., 22nd January, 1862; Brevet Major do., 23rd April, 1867; Brevet Lieut.-Col. do., 23rd April, 1872.

LIEUT.-COL. STEVENSON.

Col. A. A. Stevenson's military record is as follows:—2nd Lieutenant Field Battery, 15th February, 1856; 1st Lieutenant do., 3rd July, 1856; Captain Foot Artillery, 11th December, 1856; Captain Field Battery, 2nd April, 1857; Brevet Major do., 11th December, 1861; Brevet Lieut.-Colonel do., 15th March, 1867.

LIEUT.-COL. HANDSIDY,

Commanding 3rd Battalion Victoria Rifles, is a native of Montreal, of Scotch descent. Enrolled in the regiment as a private on the occasion of

the Trent difficulty, when the corps was organized, 17th December, 1861; was shortly after appointed Orderly Room Clerk and Treasurer of the regiment, serving in the ranks as left hand man of No. 2 Company; was elected by the voice of the corps and gazetted Ensign 9th June, 1868; recommended by Lieut.-Col. W. Osborne Smith, then commanding, for the Paymastership with the honorary rank of Captain, and gazetted 15th March, 1864; appointed to the command of No. 6 Company, 1st December, 1865. Gazetted Major 6th March, 1868; Brevet Lieut.-Colonel, 20th June, 1873; Lieut.-Colonel commanding, 24th August, 1877. He has ever manifested the warmest interest in the battalion, having served with the regiment when and wherever ordered, and esteems above all else the honour of having been the first man to wear the regimental cloth. First-class certificate M. B., May 5th, 1865.

LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN FLETCHER

commenced when quite young his military career at the breaking out of the rebellion in 1837, by joining the "Montreal Light Infantry" in which corps he served in the ranks as a non-commissioned officer for two years. He joined the Montreal Fire Department in 1836, and soon rose to a superior command in that volunteer organization, serving for twenty-two years efficiently. In 1846, when trouble was apprehended with the United States on the Oregon Boundary Question, several corps of volunteer militia were formed. The Montreal Fire Department was organized into a battalion under the command of the then Mayor, the Hon. James Ferrier, as Lt.-Colonel; Mr. Fletcher was appointed Adjutant of the corps with the rank of captain. On the breaking out of the Russian War in 1854, Captain Fletcher offered his services together with those of one hundred men of the Fire Battalion as volunteers for the Crimea. For this offer he received the thanks of the Secretary of State for War. In 1855, when the Canadian Militia Bill was passed authorizing the formation of 50 rifle companies for the Province of Canada, Capt. Fletcher was appointed to the command of one of the two to be raised in Montreal. In 1856, he, together with Captain Theodore Lyman, was promoted to the rank of Major in the militia for the reasons given in the General Orders of the 20th November of that year, viz: "Captains Lyman and Fletcher shall likewise be promoted to the rank of Major, these officers having formed the first rifle companies in Montreal, and commenced the organization of a force in that city, whose discipline and appearance are not excelled by any corps in the Province." On the breaking out of the East Indian Mutiny in 1857, the offer of the services of a Canadian regiment was accepted, and in the spring of 1858, the 100th Regiment was organized, Capt. Fletcher was one of those selected for a commission; he raised the quota of men for a Lieutenantancy, to which he was appointed. He served with the regiment until 1862, when he returned on leave during the excitement of the "Trent" affair to Canada. He volunteered his services to drill the 5th "Royals," Montreal, just formed under the command of the late Lieut.-Colonel Booth. Subsequently Capt. Fletcher, with a view to an appointment on the militia staff, retired from the 100th Regiment, and was appointed Major of the 5th Battalion "Royals." In the fall of the same year, 1862, Major Fletcher was appointed Brigade-Major with headquarters at St. Johns, Q. In the course of a short time he was instrumental in raising thirty-three new companies in his division, and in placing the border force in a good state of efficiency. He also gave valuable aid in forming three Rifle Associations; for these services he was promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in 1865. During the Fenian troubles in 1866, he commanded a Provisional Battalion on active service at St. Johns. In April and May of 1870, he commanded the volunteer brigade at Huntingdon, and at the "Trout River" engagement he commanded—assisted by Lt.-Colonel McEachern, 50th Battalion—the line of skirmishers that drove the Fenians across the borders from their entrenchments. For their services during this raid, Lieut.-Colonels Fletcher and McEachern were decorated with the Order of St. Michael and St. George. In 1874 Lieut.-Colonel Fletcher was appointed to his present position, Deputy Adjutant General Commanding No. 5 Military District. Since his appointment he has had several times the responsible duty of commanding troops called out in aid of the civil power.

LIEUT.-COL. RICHARD ALLEYN.

Colonel Allevyn was, during the excitement of the "Trent" affair, in 1861, one of the first originators of the general volunteer movement at the time as far as the City of Quebec was concerned, having with a few others founded the "Quebec Victoria Rifles," then an independent Company, but now merged into the 8th Battalion as No. 1. He has filled every rank in the regiment from that of private to the one he now holds as Colonel of the Royal Rifles. His record of service extending over eighteen years is a very good one. He was as Captain of No. 1 Company stationed at Windsor, Ont., from December, 1864, to May, 1865, and was also on active service with his Company during the Fenian troubles of March and June, 1866, and as Major commanding the regiment which formed the reserve of the field force under Col. Bagot, of H. M. 69th Regiment, was again called out in May, 1870. He has, besides this, on several occasions rendered assistance to the

civil authorities when local disturbance was feared. His commissions date—Ensign, November, 1861; Lieutenant, February, 1862; Captain, 21st August, 1862; Major, 3rd August, 1867; Lt.-Colonel, 20th September, 1872.

LIEUT.-COLONEL FRANK BOND,

who commanded the 1st Rifle Brigade on the Queen's Birthday, has been 18 years in the 1st Battalion (Prince of Wales' Regiment), having joined the corps in 1860. In 1864 he volunteered for service in Western Canada, and commanded for four months, in the town of Sandwich, a detachment composed of one company from the 5th Royal Fusiliers and one company from the Prince of Wales' Regiment, receiving a complimentary address from the Mayor of that town. During the Fenian raid of 1866, he commanded at St. Johns, P. Q., a provisional battalion consisting of four companies from Montreal and two country companies. In 1870 he commanded his own regiment at the frontier during the Fenian raid of that year. Colonel Bond passed through the Cavalry School, then under the charge of Major Russell, 13th Hussars, and holds a first-class certificate. He also holds a first-class infantry certificate taken before Col. De Horsey, Grenadier Guards, Major Dillon, 30th Regiment, and Major Gordon, 60th Rifles.

MAJOR BOND

dates his first military experience from the formation of the High School Cadets, in 1863, by Mr. Barnjum. Major Bond joined the Cadets as private, and worked his way up, till in 1865 he was Captain of No. 2 Company, and the late C. C. Bridges, Captain of No. 1 Company, of a corps that was at that time known all over Canada as a model of drill. Leaving the Cadets he joined No. 6 Company Prince of Wales Rifles, as Ensign, on 1st March, 1866, just in time to serve with Col. Devlin in the expedition in defence of the Huntingdon frontier. In 1870 he commanded a company in the St. Armand and Pigeon Hill expedition, and was appointed Major on the 11th July, 1873. Major Bond holds a 1st class Military School certificate. Joined the Victoria Rifles in 1862 as private in No. 1 Company; was elected Ensign in 1864, and holds at present the rank of Brevet-Lieut.-Col. with the regimental rank of Major. Has been with his regiment on every occasion on which they have seen active service. Was in command of the only Montreal Company that was under fire at Ecole's Hill during the last Fenian invasion.

LIEUT.-COL. O'LELL

joined O. O. R. as private, in October, 1861; served as Lieutenant in 2nd Administration Batt. at Niagara in 1864-5; was Adjutant of Regiment from 1865 to 1869; was present at Ridgeway and Thorold camps, also the Niagara camps of 1871-2 and 1875. He commanded the regiment at Belleville in January, 1877, during the Grand Trunk strike riots.

MAJOR ARTHUR

joined the regiment as a private in November, 1861; served as a Lieutenant at Ridgeway and Thorold camp in 1866, and as a Major in the Niagara camp of 1871-2 and 1875. He is now senior Major of the corps and a Brevet Lieut.-Col.

MAJOR JARVIS

joined the O. O. R. as a private in Oct., 1862; was a Sergeant at Ridgeway and Thorold camp in 1866; served as a Lieutenant and Captain; present at Niagara camp of 1871-2 and 1875 as Adjutant; was Major during Belleville riots, now senior Major and a Brevet Lieut.-Col.

DR. FRANCIS WAYLAND CAMPBELL

was born in Montreal on the 5th November, 1837. He graduated at McGill University in 1860, and in 1861 passed most successfully an examination before the Royal College of Physicians of London. About the same time he was also elected a member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh and of the Microscopic Club. In 1872 Dr. Campbell joined with Drs. David, Smallwood, Hingston and Trenholme in organizing the present Medical Faculty of Bishop's College. He joined the volunteers in 1854, and in 1860, on his graduation, was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the 1st Battalion of Volunteer Rifles of Canada, now the Prince of Wales' Rifles. He was at Hemmingford and Durham during the Fenian raid of 1866; in the fall of that year he was promoted to the Surgeoncy of the regiment, and in 1870 was present with it at Pigeon Hill, St. Armand and St. John's. From the above it will be seen that Dr. Campbell is one of the pioneers of the volunteer force in Montreal.

CAPTAIN RICHARD LE SUEUR, ADJUTANT.

Captain Le Sueur is one of a large number of officers holding commissions in the Quebec active force, who began their service in the Victoria Rifle Company, for many years commanded by the present Colonel of the Royal Rifles. Joining the corps as a private in 1865, he received his first commission in April, 1870, and has held the appointment of Adjutant since December of the same year. He passed the Military School under Col. Gordon, H. M. 17th Regiment, and was permitted to re-enter under Col. Pakenham, H. M. 30th Regiment. When the field exercise of the British army was revised, he attended the Laprairie Camp of Instruction, under the present Sir P. J. McDougall and Sir Garnet Wolseley, in September, 1865, and has been on active service with his regiment in March and June, 1866, and in May, 1870.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THOMAS BACON

was born at Cambridge, Eng., and educated at C. E. under his uncle, Sir Wm. Cabitt, the celebrated engineer. He was engaged in the construction of several railways in England, to wit—the South-Eastern and Great Northern railways. He came to this country as an engineer for Peto, Brassey & Betts, contractors for the Grand Trunk Railway, and constructed the road between Somerstown and Morrisburg. He was thence sent to Kingston to complete the section between Kingston Mills and Collin's Bay. Mr. Aikman, Secretary to Mr. Hodges, C. E. for contractors, wrote a letter congratulating Mr. Bacon on the fact of his section costing less per yard than any other section in Mr. Hodges' division. He was subsequently contractor for a maintenance of the road between Montreal and Morrisburg. His military career commenced on the 17th December, 1861, when he enlisted as a private in the "Vics," being drafted to No. 3 Company. On the 18th February following, he was gazetted Lieutenant, and on the 27th August of the same year, was appointed Adjutant of the Battalion, when he greatly assisted the then Colonel, Lieut.-Colonel Osborne Smith, in its organization. He received his Captain's commission 20th October, 1864, and in April, 1866, took the volunteer Company from the Battalion for active service to Cornwall. In June of the same year, Capt. Bacon commanded another volunteer Company at St. Johns, and, on his return, was complimented by General Lindsay as commanding the finest volunteer company that had ever come under his inspection. His successive promotions were: Major, 5th October, 1866; Brigade-Major, 14th December, 1866; Lieut.-Colonel, 22nd November, 1867, and Acting D. A. G., 16th October, 1871. In conclusion, we have only to add that, if the review which took place on the Queen's Birthday reflected so much credit on the volunteer force of our city, it is principally due to the untiring and unceasing efforts to promote its interests and efficiency on the part of the present Brigade-Major.

LIEUT.-COL. NADELON LA BRANCHE,

son of Louis La Branche, one of the veterans of the war of 1812, who died last week at the age of 86, was born in Rigaud, in 1838, and brought up in Montreal. He joined the Montreal Rifles, now the Prince of Wales' on the 6th November, 1855, as private, and served in all the ranks up to his present position. In 1856 he entered into the ranks of the Montreal Light Infantry and remained in that corps until 1862. In 1862 he was appointed Drill Instructor to the total volunteers during the Trent excitement, for that purpose giving up his business, and he has since devoted the whole of his time to military matters. Col. La Branche was stationed at Amherstburg, Ont., during the time of the St. Alban's raiders, and at Beauharnois, St. John and Hemmingford during the Fenian raids. From 1867 until 1874, he was Assistant Adjutant Interceptor at the School of Military Instruction in Montreal. Col. La Branche has been in command of the 66th since 1874. He holds first-class certificates of Cavalry, Gunnery and Infantry.

MAJOR GEORGE GRANT

joined H. M. service in 1832. Served in the 74th Highlanders, 124 years of which was in West Indies, 2 of which he was sergeant-major. On that corps leaving Canada in 1844, he purchased his discharge. Appointed Assistant Storekeeper in Commissariat at Montreal, in March, 1846, and served therein 14 years. Therefrom was appointed quartermaster to the 10th Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian Regiment on its formation in March, 1857, and was the first officer gazetted to that corps. Accompanied it to England and Gibraltar in 1859. Retired on half-pay on completing 32 years service, making a total of 39 years in all in Her Majesty's service. Returned to Canada in 1862, and served 3 years in Customs Department, Montreal. Served as Camp Quartermaster to cadet camp of three battalions at Laprairie in 1864, under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Garnet Wolseley, and received the thanks of that distinguished officer in his report. Resigned appointment in Customs Department on threatened invasion by the Fenians in 1866; to join the Militia Department, and was appointed Camp Quartermaster and Commissary to the expeditionary volunteer force of 1,000 men under command of Lieut.-Col. Osborne Smith, dispatched from Montreal on 1st June, 1866, to intercept the Fenians on the frontier of Hemmingford and Huntingdon. Afterwards ordered to join the Store Branch of Militia Department at Ottawa, in October, 1866, and still serving. Gazetted Quartermaster to the 1st Battalion Governor-General's Foot Guards, with honorary rank of Captain on formation of corps on 18th June, 1872, and promoted to the honorary rank of Major in said corps by General Order of 25th February, 1877.

MAJOR S. C. STEVENSON

was born in Montreal, in 1818, and commenced his military career by joining the High School Cadets as a private in 1834. On leaving school in 1836, he entered into No. 1 Company of the Victoria Rifles and was present with the regiment at Huntingdon in that year, subsequently working his way to the rank of Colour-Sergeant to the Company. In 1869 he was appointed Ensign to No. 2 Company of the Prince of Wales' Rifles, taking part in the St. Armand and Pigeon Hill expeditions and gradually rising by successive steps to the rank of junior Major in

1877. Major Stevenson holds a first and second class Military School certificates.

BREVET LIEUT.-COLONEL ED. A. WHITEHEAD.

This gentleman, at present senior Major of the Victoria Rifles, has the honour of being one of its few remaining original members, having been an active member of the old Beaver La-crosse Club, from which sprang this now well-known Battalion. The subject of our sketch has filled, without exception, every grade in the corps up to his present rank, and has never failed to muster with the regiment when ordered on foreign duty. Was gazetted Ensign 20th October, 1861, and was almost immediately promoted to rank of Lieutenant; obtained his Company 5th October, 1866; rose to rank of Major 6th June, 1871, and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel 6th June, 1876. Lieutenant-Colonel Whitehead is a most popular officer, and from the great interest he has for years taken in our manly sports, commands the confidence of that class of young men most to be desired as citizen soldiers.

MAJOR FRANCOIS AUDET LAPOINTE

was born at Montreal on the 25th May, 1818, and performed his studies at Masson College, Terrebonne, after which he entered the Montreal Military School, where he obtained in a short time his 1st and 2nd class certificates. A few days later took place the first Fenian raid, and he enrolled himself in the St. Therese Company, Captain Chas. Oumet, which did duty on the frontier at Lacolle. During the second Fenian raid, he went with his Company to Frelighsburg, and on the 21th October was promoted to a Captain in the 65th Battalion. It was then that he strongly supported Lieut.-Colonel La Branche in his efforts to re-organize this body in order to make it worthy of representing the Canadian French. As a reward for this conduct, his superior officer recommended him for the rank of Senior Major to the 65th. It is now 14 years that Major Lapointe has been in the active militia; he is recognized as the best marksman of his regiment, and the Rifle Association of the Province of Quebec has just appointed him Executive officer for the coming match.

MR. GEORGE E. FENWICK

was gazetted Surgeon of the Montreal Field Battery of Artillery when it was first raised by the late Lieut.-Col. Coffin in 1854, and has held the position ever since. Was on active service during the first Fenian raid with the Battery in June, 1866, stationed at Huntingdon. Was out also in 1870.

CAPTAIN FEEN

commanding the Montreal Cavalry, joined the volunteer force during the rebellion in 1837, and served in Col. Molson's Battalion, Captain Hunt's Company. Joined the Machine Cavalry in 1841, serving in that troop for 12 years, and at the re-organization of the Mounted Cavalry in 1857, joined the corps as a trooper, under the command of Captain, now Colonel, A. W. Ogilvie, and served as Sergeant and Sergeant-Major at the Fenian raids at Huntingdon and Pigeon Hill. At a tournament on Logan's Farm, in 1862, he was the winner of a gold medal, presented by the officers of the Cavalry for best pistol practice mounted. He went through a course of Cavalry instruction, and secured a 1st class certificate from Major Russell, of the 13th Hussars. He received his commission as Cornet in 1871, Lieutenant, 1872, and Captain in 1874. He is the only member now in the troop that joined in 1837.

CAPTAIN KIRWAN

has been, off and on, soldiering for 17 years. His father was a Major in the army, and Captain Kirwan was educated for the service. He joined the 44th Royal Glamorganshire Light Infantry when 17 years of age, in 1861. He afterwards served, for a short time, in a volunteer corps in New Zealand, and subsequently commanded the Irish contingent in the service of France during the Franco-German war, for which he was decorated with the Legion of Honour.

LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MARTIN.

6th Fusiliers, has been connected with this regiment since its formation, in 1862. Captain, November, 1862; Major, November, 1869. Lieut.-Col., November, 1872. The 6th Fusiliers is now in a state of efficiency that reflects great credit upon all its members—the men are well-dressed and smart and active, and the officers and non-commissioned officers are well posted in their duties.

CAPTAIN OSWALD.

Montreal Field Battery of Artillery, has served 10 years in the Montreal Garrison Artillery and Montreal Field Battery. Was at Trent River in 1870.

LIEUT.-COLONEL ROSS

joined the volunteer force in the year 1839, and served for six months as a non-commissioned officer in No. 1 Company Montreal Rifles. In 1841 was appointed Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Montreal Garrison Artillery, under command of Lieut.-Col. Maitland. On the removal of the Government from Montreal, was placed on the now attached list as Major. When the Civil Service corps was formed at the time of the Trent difficulty, was appointed Colour-Sergeant. In 1865 was appointed to the command of No. 2 Battery, Quebec Artillery. When the seat of

Government was removed to Ottawa, was authorized to raise a Battery of Garrison Artillery, which subsequently became No. 2 Battery of the Ottawa Brigade, of which, in due course, he became the Major. In 1872 received authority to raise the Guards.

MAJOR PENNINGTON MACPHERSON

joined the force as a private in the Cobourg Highland Light Infantry Company, in the year 1862. Afterwards became a member of the Civil Service Rifles, in which corps he remained until 1866. In that year he took a 1st class Military School certificate, and on his return to Ottawa was offered and accepted the position of Adjutant in the Ottawa Provisional Battalion. In 1871 raised No. 2 Company Civil Service Rifles, and when the Guards were formed, joined it with his Company. In May, 1876, was promoted to the rank of Major. Has always been an earnest promoter of rifle shooting and a successful shot, having won, besides many less important prizes, a silver cup for the aggregate of the Province of Ontario; two regimental gold medals, two Ontario silver badges, the bronze medal of the National Rifle Association, the Civil Service Challenge Vase (twice), the Civil Service cup (twice), and the Civil Service Challenge Bugle. Last year won first prize in the All Corner's Match at Kingston, and was second in the same matches at Toronto and Ottawa. In 1874 was a member of the Wimbledon team, and a prize winner in the Queen's and Alexandra, and won the Dollond telescope, presented to the team for competition amongst themselves. In 1875 was again a successful competitor for a place on the team, but was unable to go. Is a representative of No. 4 District in the Council of the Ontario Rifle Association, and of the Province of Ontario in the Council of the Dominion Rifle Association.

BREVET-MAJOR JOHN WALSH

joined the force in May, 1861, as Ensign in the 5th Battalion, Quebec. In 1863 went into the ranks of the Civil Service corps, and served as a private and non-commissioned officer until 1866, when the corps was broken up and the Civil Service Rifle Regiment formed in its place. In the latter, was appointed Ensign, and was promoted the year following and served as such until the regiment was disbanded. Served as Colour-Sergeant and afterwards as Ensign in Civil Service Rifle Company No. 1, until it was merged in the Guards in 1872. Was promoted to the rank of Sergeant in May, 1872; Captain, 20th September, 1872; Adjutant, 27th March, 1874, and received his Brevet Majority on 20th September, 1877. Took a 2nd class Military School certificate in December, 1866, and a 1st class V.B. in February, 1877.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MACPHERSON

is a Canadian by birth, having been born in the County of Glengary, Province of Ontario. He is descended from a highly honorable and ancient Scottish family, who claim as their chief Cluny Macpherson. On his father's side, he is connected with the late Lieutenant-General Kenneth Macpherson, of the Honorable East India Company's Service, who served in the 71st or "Fraser Highlanders" at the taking of Quebec; as also of the late Lieutenant-General Robert Barclay Macpherson, C. B. and K. H., whose services in the East Indies, South America, the Peninsular, and Canada are on record. This officer, who died in 1863, was cousin-germain to the present Cluny Macpherson. He is descended, in his mother's side, from the ancient family of the "Rosses of Kilravock," in the County of Nairn, Scotland; and is also connected with the Mackenzies, his grandmother being a first cousin of the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie, of Avonch, well known in Canada by his discoveries in the desert regions of North America, and who was a partner in the late North-West Company. Lieut.-Colonel Macpherson in 1849 received a commission in the 2nd Battalion Montreal Militia; and in 1856 organized the first Highland Company in the Province of Quebec, of which he was appointed Captain. This Company was afterwards attached to the 1st or "Prince of Wales" Regiment, Montreal, and formed one of the guards of honor during the visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales in 1860. He retained this command until his promotion to the rank of Major in 1861. Was appointed Brigade-Major to the active Force of Montreal in the same year. In 1862, was selected by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief to fill the post of Brigade-Major of Military District No. 11, Lower Canada. In 1865, was promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in the Militia; served with the Staff of Major General Lindsay at Montreal during the Fenian troubles in 1866. The same year, was appointed Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General of Militia, commanding one of the Military Districts in Lower Canada. In 1869, acted as Deputy-Adjutant-General, commanding Military District No. 3, in Ontario. In 1870, appointed Acting Superintendent of Military Schools in the Dominion, until the threatened Fenian troubles in April of the same year, when he was again selected by His Excellency the Governor-General for appointment on the Staff of Lieut.-General Lindsay, as Assistant Adjutant-General, and assumed command of the Militia Brigade concentrated in Montreal, accompanied the Staff of H. R. H. Prince Arthur to the scenes of action on the Missisquoi and Huntingdon frontiers. On the termination of this service, joined the Staff at Headquarters, and at present is in charge of the Finance Branch of the Militia Department.

LIEUT.-COL. FRASER

entered the Artillery in 1864; served as Adjutant under Lieut.-Cols. Lyman and Ferrier until 1872, when he became Major. Was promoted in October last to command of the regiment, which he has made very efficient. Lieut.-Colonel Fraser is prominent as a rifleman; is on the Executive, both of the Quebec Provincial and the Dominion Rifle Associations, and has been a successful team leader.

MAJOR KENNEDY.

The Montreal Engineers were organized in 1861, at the time of the Trent affair. Major Kennedy was twice on the frontier, the last time under Col. Bagot, of the 69th regiment. On the 25th of June, 1869, he was promoted to Brevet-Major and to the command of the corps. The officers are, Lieut. Davies, Lieut. Contin, of No. 1 Company; Lieut. Duffy and Lieut. Wittesen, of No. 2 Company.

The members of the 5th Fusiliers will not impute blame to us if they are not represented in our group of portraits. The reason is that both the Colonel and one of the Majors were reluctant to appear in print.

VARIETIES.

ONLY WANTED TO KNOW.—"What makes that noise?" asked a little boy on the train the other day. "The cars," answered his mother. "What for?" "Because they are moving." "What are they moving for?" "The engine makes them." "What engine?" "The engine in front." "What's it in front for?" "To pull the train." "What train?" "This one." "This car?" repeated the youngster, pointing to the one in which they sat. "Yes." "What does it pull it for?" "The engineer makes it." "What engineer?" "The one in front." "What is that in front for?" "I told you that before." "Told who what?" "Told you." "What for?" "Oh, be still; you are a nuisance." "What's a nuisance?" "A boy who asks too many questions." "Whose boy?" "My boy." "What questions?" The conductor came through just then and took up the tickets, and the train pulled up to the station before we could get all of the conversation. The last we heard as the lady jerked the youngster off the platform, was: "What conductor?"

UMBRELLAS SEVENTY YEARS OLD.—Some seventy years ago a large umbrella was usually kept hanging in the hall at good houses to keep visitors dry as they passed to and from their carriages. Coffee-house keepers provided in this way for their frequenters; but men disinclined to carry such a convenience through the streets. It was held effeminate, indeed, to shirk a wetting.

"Take that thing away," said Lord Cornwallis, to a servant about to hold the house umbrella over him; "I am not sugar or salt in a shower."

It is hard to imagine the guards under fire and umbrella at the same time. Such a thing, however, was seen once. During the action at the mayor's house, near Bayonne, in 1813, the grenadiers under Col. Tynning occupied an unfinished redoubt near the high road. Wellington happening to ride that way, beheld the officers of the household regiment protecting themselves from the pelting rain with their umbrellas. This was too much for the great chief's equanimity, and he instantly sent off Lord A. Hill with the message:

"Lord Wellington does not approve of the use of umbrellas under fire, and cannot allow the gentlemen's sons to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the army."

GERMAN WIVES.—The culinary art forms a part of the education of the women in Germany. The well-to-do tradesman, like the mechanic, takes pride in seeing his daughters good housekeepers. To effect this object the girl on leaving school, which she does when about fourteen years of age, goes through the ceremony of confirmation, and then is placed by her parents with a country gentleman, or in a large family, where she remains one or two years, filling what may also be termed the post of servant, or doing the work of one. This is looked upon as an apprenticeship in domestic economy. She differs from a servant, however, in this—she receives no wages; on the contrary, her parents often pay for the care taken of her as well as her clothing. This is the first step in her education as house-keeper. She next passes, on the same conditions, into the kitchen of a rich private family, or into that of a hotel of good repute. Here she has control of the expenditures of the servants employed in it, and assists personally in the cooking, but is always addressed as miss, and is treated by the family with deference and consideration. Many daughters of rich families receive similar training, with this difference, however, that they receive it in a princely mansion or a royal palace. There is a reigning queen in Germany at the present time who was educated in this way. Consequently the women in Germany are perfect models of economy.

STREET MUSIC IN ITALY.—And as for singing, Florence is one of the musical towns of Italy. Some are silent ones—their streets hushed in a perpetual Sunday's stillness, the footfall of the wayfarer rings hollow in their streets. Such are Verona, Pisa, Bologna, Rome, even Venice, where—

Tasso's echoes are no more,  
And silent rows the timeless gondolier.

And here the stillness is really oppressive. But Florence and Naples are pre-eminently

noisy ones. All the street hawkers vend their wares with lone and long drawn cries, sometimes rolling off into a rather musical chant, and every-one going to or returning from work or running (no, sauntering) an errand, sings away as he goes, from lightness of heart or want of thought, or to drive dull care away. The streets are resonant with vocal sound from early dawn until far into the night. As for playing, there is not much outdoor music in Florence. At Naples they wheel around the streets great organs as grand as pianos, with one man to grind the crank and watch the winds and another to go about and collect the coppers, neither making the slightest pretense of poverty or need, but appealing to your sense of the beautiful. Here I have not met more than one or two hurdy gurdies. They tell me that the great majority of the organ grinders and the plaster cast men in America come from Lunca. But they were gambling, grinding and singing away at the foot of the hill as vigorously as if trying to make up for lost time.

THE CARAT.—Possibly many people have speculated upon the precise meaning of the word "carat." It is an imaginary weight, that expresses the fineness of gold, or the proportions of pure gold in a mass of metal. Thus, an ounce of gold of twenty-two carats fine is gold of which twenty-two parts out of twenty-four are pure, the other two parts being silver, copper, or other metal. The weight of four grains, used by jewelers in weighing precious stones and pearls, is sometimes called diamond weight—the carat consisting of four nominal grains, a little lighter than four grains troy, or seventy-four and one-sixteenth carat grains being equal to seventy two grains troy. The term of weighing carats derives its name from a bean, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree, called knara, varying little in its weight, and seems to have been, from a very remote period, used as a weight for gold in Africa. In India, also, the bean is used as a weight for gems and pearls.

HUMOROUS.

Is the midst of debt we are in life—most of us.

"THERE'S many a sip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

In some of our restaurants the waiters don't wait half so much as the customers.

MEISSONIER never painted a woman. Probably because women paint themselves.

A TEXAS man killed his opponent in a duel and is now writing a poem about it.—*Ex.* Happy dead man! He will never read that poem.

RUSSIA has secured a loan of \$10,000,000. *Ex.* We know it, we admit, and we begin to feel a little shaky about it. If we had it to do over again, by gracious, we would not let her have it!

"MONEY is so plenty in St. Louis," says the *Journal* of that city, "that young men are wearing pantaloons with checks on them." And when in next year or probably there will be droughts through them.

THE discouraged collector again presented that little matter. "Well," says his friend, "you are round again." "Yes," says the fellow with the account in his hand, "but I want to get square."

A NEW YORK reporter has just had a couple of our drivers arrested because they put him off a car on which he alleges he had paid his fare. It is understood that this is to be made a test case as to whether a reporter can ever be believed or not.

Two gentlemen were arguing in a pasture field, with only a goat for an audience. In reply to a statement of one the other said: "I know. But—" "The goat took him at his word, and the argument was continued on the other side of the fence."

"BEGGARS can't be choosers," says an old adage. We take notice that a beggar got into the hall-way the other day, and chose from the hat rack forthwith—three hats, one umbrella and our best seatskin overcoat. This knocks the sawdust out of that adage.

"VAT a monster language," said a Frenchman: "here I read in the 26 newspaper that a man committed a murder, was committed for trial and zen committed himself to a reposit. No wonder everyzing in America is done by committee."

The scales of justice are for the weigh of the transgressor.

Little notes from creditors.

Little bills on slate.

Make the average bank cashier

Rehypothecate.

"It is impossible!" said I to a French peasant lad who was telling me a tough story about a miracle-working chair in a neighbouring church. "There's nothing impossible," he answered, "but a stick with one end; and if you go to Chartres you'll see it." "See what the stick, or that there's nothing else impossible?" I replied. "Neither; but you will see Chartres."

STUTTERS are compelled to take life easily whether they will or not. Two men thus afflicted were at work at a forge. The iron was red-hot and placed on the anvil, when the first one said: "John, ess-strike it hard." The other answered: "Wh-wh-where shall I hit?" "No m-m-matter now, it's got co-co-cool," was the reply, and the bar was put into the forge again.

A YANKEE humorist was giving an account of his experience as a hotel-keeper. "Did you clear anything by it?" asked a listener. "I cleared a six rail fence getting away from the sheriff," was the answer.

Hail, gentle spring! ethereal midday hail! Thus quoth the poet, and his prayer prevailed. For scarcely had he tuned his lyre to sing Before the weather altered and it hailed.

Conceit causes more conversation than wit. If you want a first-class fitting shirt, send for samples and cards for self-measurement to Treble's, 8 King street East, Hamilton. Six open back shirts for \$9.00; open front, collar attached, six for \$10.00.

Luck and temper rule the world. Choicest assortment of French Cambrie, Choret and Oxford Shirts in Canada at Treble's, 8 King Street E., Hamilton. Send for sample and price list, and have your shirts made properly. Treble's, 8 King Street E., Hamilton.





1. Lieut.-Col. Bacon, Brigade Major, 5th Military District.—2. Lieut.-Col. Harwood, Commanding 6th Military District.—3. Lieut.-Col. Martin, 6th Fusiliers, Commanding Scarlet Brigade.—4. Lieut.-Col. Dyde, C. M. G.—5. Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, C. M. G., D.A.G., Commanding 5th Military District.—6. Lieut.-Col. Labranche, Commanding 65th Battalion.—7. Major Macpherson, Governor-General's Own Rifles.—8. Lieut.-Col. Otter, Commanding the Queen's Own Rifles.—9. Lieut.-Col. Boud, Prince of Wales' Rifles, and Commanding the 1st Rifle Brigade.—10. Major Whitehead, Victoria Rifles.—11. Lieut.-Col. Fraser, Montreal Garrison Artillery.—12. Captain LeSueur, 8th Royal Rifles.—13. Lieut.-Col. Bond, Prince of Wales' Rifles.—14. Major Lapointe, 65th Battalion.—15. Lieutenant Savage, Ottawa Field Battery.—16. Major Bond, Prince of Wales' Rifles.—17. Captain Tees, Montreal Cavalry.—18. Lieut.-Col. Gardner, 6th Fusiliers.—19. Captain Short, B Battery, Quebec.—20. Major Jarvis, Queen's Own Rifles.—21. Captain Kirwan, St. Jean Baptiste Village.





1. White, Governor-General's Foot Guards.—5. Lieut.-Col. Strange, R.A., Inspector of Artillery and Commandant School of Gunnery, Quebec.—6. Lieut.-Col. Hewitt, R.E., Commandant Canadian Military College, Kingston.  
 Foot Guards.—11. Lieut.-Col. McGibbon, Montreal Field Battery.—12. Lieut.-Col. Stevenson, Montreal Field Battery, Commanding Artillery Brigade.—13. Lieut.-Col. Ross, Commanding Governor-General's Foot Guards.  
 General Sir Edward Selby Smyth, K.C.M.G., Commanding the Militia of Canada.—19. Lieut.-Col. Alleyn, 8th Royal Rifles, Commanding 2nd Rifle Brigade.—20. Lieut.-Col. Handyside, Commanding the Victoria Rifles.  
 Rifles.—25. Major Crawford, Victoria Rifles.—26. Lieut.-Colonel Montizambert, B Battery, Quebec.—27. Major Kennedy, Montreal Engineers.—28. Major Arthur, Queen's Own Rifles.—29. Captain Stewart, Ottawa Field Ba  
 Company.—35. Major Stevenson, Prince of Wales' Rifles.—36. Major Grant, Governor-General's Foot Guards.



CANADA—A BALLAD IN THREE PARTS.

Dedicated (by permission) to the Right Honourable the Earl of Dufferin, K.P., K.C.B., Governor-General of Canada.

PART THE FIRST.

While yet the river roll'd, unnam'd, its courses to the sea, The red-man roam'd upon its banks as fanciful and free, His wigwam in the dewy eve sent up its curling smoke, And in the light of happy morn his peaceful slumber broke.

Bathing his brown limbs in the sun, whose rising spirit drew His upward prayer along its rays to heaven's illumin'd blue— 'Great Spirit hear,' he said, 'my wish to send us plenty food, For small papooses all and squaw, while me go hunt the wood. Then throwing what remained of robe beside his birch canoe, He, plunging in the sparkling wave, its crystals backward threw. But suddenly a tremor seized those limbs that ne'er had quail'd, And clammy sweats, with icy chill, that iron frame assail'd. 'Great Spirit, what is that,' he cried, 'far yonder on the sea. Like mighty bird, with stretching wings, and flying fast to me! Back, back to shore, his brawny arms struck their imploring course, And beck'ning to his busy mate—with speechless tongue and hoarse— By gesture and outstretching arm, he caused her, frighten'd, to see The source of his profound alarm—the wing'd mystery. All day they watch'd the spreading sail come flapping o'er the deep, And, crouched in voiceless wonder, saw the image on them creep— Till evening brought it to the vale where rear'd their lowly cot. When something foaming from its side, like huge harpoon was shot; While, folding close its mighty wings, a loud tremendous roar In rolling thunder woke each cleft along the wooded shore, Then from their hiding place came forth the forest children dumb, In terror 'whispering with white lips'—behold! 'Great Spirit come! And trembling on the pebb'd beach awaited, still, to hear What the Great Spirit more would say—now, unto them so near— When lo! a lesser vision, from the larger one, they saw, Fly forth with foaming crest along, and bound up on the shore.

Approaching, men of warlike mien made signs to them to come And take the proffer'd offerings into their pointed home; But fearful of the stranger's gaze and gifts brought from afar. The Indian, turning to his camp, cries "na-da, Ca-na-da!" Fear quell'd at length, and friendship crown'd with quaffing of the cup, From calumet, in fumes of peace, their vows to heaven went up! When the chieftain of the pale faced men cried out with lofty song, Remembering 'twas on that Saint's day, Saint Laurent! And ever to his dying hour, when other red-men throng, That Indian, pointing to the stream, cries—Laurent! St. Laurent! And the white-men landed on its bank, this new discover'd star Among the kingdoms of the earth, proclaimed fair CANADA!

PART THE SECOND.

The flowing tide of years roll'd on unnumber'd to the sea Whose tideless wave engulfs all time amid eternity; And faces pale, like autumn leaves, grow thick upon the strand. Once people'd only by the race of the red Indian band; While vessels, from the mighty deep, in crowds the river deck, And waken, with saluting roar, the fortress of Quebec. Proud soldiers, gay, with martial tread, the maidens lead in dance, And whiten'd folds of lilies spread the banner-flag of France— "The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance!" Great statesmen foster'd near the Throne, had greater grown abroad, And martyr'd soldiers of the Cross, had perch'd their risen Lord. Foul war may blacken other climes, and harrow other soils, But broad St. Lawrence rolls between New-France and such turmoils, And perch'd upon her eyrie, like an angel in the sky, Quebec looks down upon the foe, with stern, defiant eye. Wolfe saw, and flash'd the challenge back upon en-trench'd Montcalm, And scaling o'er the diamond ridge which echo'd war's alarm. Those heroes, dashing 'mid the fray, each thought the field was won— Then sank in death at close of day, calm as its setting sun. Fame's brightest rolls the names of both—of Wolfe and Montcalm—bear, And years with new-born gems adorn the coronets they wear. Though the triumph of Old England's arm then shook out in the sky The red cross of St. George above where the Lily used to fly. For aye may French and English sons, sworn friends unto the death. Their native land, united, hail with every living breath— And ever make against the foe one holy, common cause, To guard the sacred treasure of their freedom and their laws! And if the tyrant of the East, with others like, conspires To raise his blood-red hand against the kingdom of our sires, May every child of Canada rush, should the parent call, To aid their glorious mother-land, or round her standard fall! Although in death, with pallid brow, his lips cheer for the Queen And England's Empire—like of which the world hath never seen— Around, attending angels wait his last expiring sigh. Then bear, with aureole crown'd, the hero's soul on high!

PART THE THIRD.

"Peace hath her victories as war," and peace hath conquer'd now The fertile plains of Canada, by the triumphs of the plough; And houseless men with foodless babes, upon her virgin soil Have found a shelter and a home where bread rewards their toil. And Commerce on exploring ways, increasing yearly, brings Vast throngs of husbandmen to fill the womb of coming springs. To pilgrims in the wilderness, each hearthstone lighted new, Unfolds the paradise of home, with that of Nature's view: And corn, and grain, and forest-trees, the harvest-bearing river, While open to the sea, floats on ward, onward ever— To help to shelter and to feed the toiling ones at home— The pledge of food and honest work, if hitherward they come. No gilded rank of pedigree abashes manly brow; But honest sweat, like diamonds set, sparkling behind the plough. Prove truer jewels on the crown, whose richness doth instill The bosom of our mother earth with fructifying skill. No musty parchments foul with age, or fouler far with crimes, Doom children of our soil to dwell in sickly, crowded climes— While Earth's broad acres laughing lie beneath the golden sun, Wooing the loving hands of toil their fruitful breasts upon: And rank, worth taking, is as free, to all, as is the wind. The rank which bears the stamp of God—the PEERAGE OF THE MIND! The sapling to the tree hath grown, and now strikes out its root In broad and deep'ning strength of hold—Britannia's proud off-shoot. And long may Britain's oaken germs, transplanted o'er the sea, Preserve in Canada the life of British liberty— While foremost 'mid the roll of names which helped to usher in The New Dominion's happy birth, stands that of Dufferin! No "evanescent eidolon" that haunts our history's page, But deeply graven in all hearts throughout undying age. The common Nation, may it prove—Dominion of the good! And, in its growing years, stand, where Britain has ever stood— The foremost in the cause of right! Upholder of the truth! The nation which, with growth of years, grows in the strength of youth! So may we cry, with hopeful voice, unto the heavenly powers, For blessings on our native land—"THIS CANADA OF OURS!"

Canadian Spectator.

NENUPHAR: A FANCY.

JUNE.

I am going to call up before you what I consider to be one of the loveliest pictures in that great picture-book that we call the world, and which is always lying open for the eyes of every admiring child of nature to look upon. A grey, cool summer dawn, lighting up with the hazy, mysterious light peculiar to the dawn, the dark shadows that have slept all night among the branches of the trees; dew-drops lying on every leaf waiting for the sun's touch to convert them into sparkling diamonds. Nothing to be heard around but the faint chirp of newly-awakened birds,—over everything else the soft hush that seems to prevail in the very early morning, as though the whole world were waiting and listening so as to wake up to life and motion at the first token of the arrival of the Day-god. At the foot of the trees which grow thickly around it, is a large lake—Wykeham Mere. The marsh-marigolds and forget-me-nots on its banks, as also the alders and tall trees above, are reflected in its waters, and all over its broad surface lie the white blossoms of the water-lilies with tight-folded petals, sleeping away the hours of night. Suddenly over the landscape, springing from one knows not where, comes a little shivering breeze that rustles the tall tree tops, and even disturbs somewhat the placid waters of the mere, causing the water-lilies to move restlessly to and fro on the baby ripples, and the rushes, that on the one side grow by the water's edge, to shiver and murmur amongst themselves,—a little breeze that is the precursor of morning. It has scarcely time to give its message, and pass on with it to other lands, ere the clouds on the horizon have passed away, and through the branches come flickering rays of light that wake the birds to a chorus of praise, and cause the water-lilies to unfold their leaves in anticipation; then a few more minutes of waiting, and the dim grey haze has disappeared: no more dreams of night—no more uncertain fancies of dawn: those are alike over and done with, for the day has come—the working-day of stern facts and realities. Some hours later on, the path that led through the park from Wykeham Hall to Wykeham Mere was trodden by John Clermont, Lord of the manor. He walked slowly, and leant heavily on his stick, but more through weariness of spirit than infirmity of body; for a tired heart makes tired feet, and Mr. Clermont's heart was indeed sad. Only a year ago he had, after seeking for it over fifty years, found and won for his own, the most precious jewel in the world—at least it had seemed so to him; and now he was thinking of how once more he was left quite alone—only all the sadder and drearier for the remembrance of the brief glimpse of sunshine he had had, and of how at home, in the wide nurseries where he had once, not so long ago, hoped to see a proud

young mother, holding her child in her arms, there was no one but the week-old motherless babe. So thinking, and pondering over the rights and wrongs of a question, the solving of which is so far above a weak human mind, he came down to the water's edge, and stood watching the white moony cups floating on its calm surface; but even in their still loveliness his angry embittered soul could see no beauty. "Senseless things," his thoughts ran on, "you were just as unmoved, and looked at me just as calmly, a year ago when I gazed upon you in my joy as you are to-day in my sorrow! Cold and white and beautiful, you have not one feeling in common with us! You stand apart in a world of your own, the embodiment of selfishness! "There are some flowers," so his fancies rambled on, "one could imagine gifted with a soul, so near and dear do they become to us. Mignonette, or heather even, a scentless blossom, but still there is something that it has about it that is different to—a peony, for instance. But you are of the peony type, I am afraid," he dreamed on, "despite your beauty;" but here the thread of his thoughts was broken, and a sharp cry of utter astonishment broke from his lips, and entirely disturbed his fancies, which had begun to run rather wild, as they were sometimes wont to do; for among the reeds by the water's edge he had caught a glimpse of what appeared at first sight to be a water-lily gifted with motion, but which on a closer examination proved to be a baby. It was laid in the rushes as in a cradle, safely out of the reach of the water, although the hem of its long robe was damp by reason of its having come in contact with the wet leaves around. The child was fast asleep, but at John Clermont's touch it opened its large blue eyes and gazed up at him. With many a cry of astonishment and surprise, he lifted it up in his arms out of its unsafe bed, where certainly in its white dress, and with its little close-fitting cap tied under its chin, it did present rather an unearthly appearance. "I will take thee home, little one," said John his own grief and bitterness of soul for the minute forgotten, in contemplation of the helpless infant in his arms: "for the present, at least, though shalt remain with us; and if in the future no one comes to claim thee, why, thou canst still stay on, and be a companion for little, lonely Heather." There was much excitement in the nursery at Wykeham at the appearance and romantic history of this new water-baby, and much discussion as to its parentage; for although Mr. Clermont inquired everywhere, and the nurses made no secret as to how and where it had been found no one ever came forward to put a claim in for it. It was a lady's child nurse Bell, who had been engaged to look after it, declared, because of the delicate laces and embroideries wherewith its things were trimmed; which supposition nurse Beatty, Miss Clermont's attendant, of course thought it her duty to contradict. And as the days went on, and still no anxious father or mother raised an inquiry for the babe, it really seemed at times to Mr. Clermont whilst gazing on the sleeping infant's placid countenance, that it was not altogether impossible for it to have sprung from the same root as its namesakes floating on the waters of the lake; for, as a sort of link with the past, and as a remembrance of how the foundling had come among them, he had given to the child the name of Nenuphar. Little Heather screamed and cried when on the christening day the sacred drops fell upon her forehead, but Nenuphar only opened her wide, blue eyes, and smiled a sweet baby smile, as if she liked to feel the water; and Mr. Clermont, watching her in the distance, smiled too, for it seemed to him a realization of his quaint conceits and fancies that day he had found her down by the water's side: and from that day forth he took more interest in her than ever, for it diverted his mind from his own sorrow, and he looked forward to something almost approaching excitement to the time when she should be grown up, so that he might see what kind of a woman she would develop into. And thus it was that Nenuphar gained a name and a home. A stray sunbeam flickering through the branches of some forest oak may touch and warm some dark spot that the sun's rays rarely, if ever, reach,—a stray raindrop caught on its downward course by a green leaf, may fall from thence to some corner of the earth hitherto barren and unprofitable, and by its cool, reviving touch give life to a seed there concealed, which, springing up as the years pass on, may grow to be a stately tree giving shelter and protection to those who need it; but then, again, the seed having developed, it may prove to be the poisonous nightshade breathing death on those around; but surely for this neither the sunbeam nor the dewdrop can be blamed. They did the good deed—they gave the life for good or for evil; and if the seed be poisonous, the fault does not lie with them. Which all is a preface to saying that John Clermont watching Nenuphar grow up, sometimes wondered whether all the world, or at least the world that came under her influence, would not have been happier and better if the waters of Wykeham Mere had closed over her head when she lay a sleeping babe upon its bosom. She was growing up to girlhood fast now; but in all the years that had come and gone, no one had ever arisen to lay claim to her, no one had appeared who either in love or in law wished to take her away from the home which had been

Given to her; and Mr. Clermont wondered often as he watched her lazy, languid movements, who and what her mother had been;—a lady, he generally decided, as nurse Bell had done before him,—or else, he would add, smiling to himself, a water-lily! As long as the children were in the nursery Nenuphar remained the favourite; for what nurse can withstand a child who rarely if ever cries—a child who will lie in its bed and gaze calmly and contentedly at the ceiling for as long as the maid requires for conversing with the young man from the baker's? A child of that description is well worth its weight in gold. So what wonder that Nenuphar was often held up as a model to naughty, passionate little Heather, who could not bear to be kept waiting a minute for anything, and would scream and cry, and stamp her tiny feet, if not attended on the moment? Then her father would come up, attracted from his study by the shrieks of his motherless lassie, and Betty would be reproved, and the child coaxed back into goodness. And Mr. Clermont would go away, thinking that he had done all that was required of him, and wondering if the children were so troublesome now, what they would be when they grew older. "After all it is only Heather," he would think as he shut the study-door again; "no one could wish for a better child than Nenuphar. It would be an interesting study to watch as they grow up and their characters develop, the effect they will have the one upon the other. It will give quite an interest to my life, that has become of late so sadly devoid of interest." So he thought, almost forgetting that human souls have to be guided into right paths, trained and pruned by a gardener's hand, not left to run wild for the sake of astonishing that gardener by the flowers and fruits they will produce when left alone. As the children grew older, Nenuphar still continued the favourite with every one, as she had been when a baby with her nurse. And yet she did not do very much to earn that position, and was perhaps not so really worthy of it as naughty, wilful little Heather, who was all tears and despair one moment, and was lifted up into the most wild joy the next. But Heather was troublesome; always more or less in mischief, and did not care for learning—and beyond a sweet voice, was possessed of no accomplishments likely to do credit to her instructors; so it was not altogether wonderful that her good qualities were rather inclined to be overlooked. Whereas with Nenuphar it was different: not that she was clever—and her accomplishments fell short even of Heather's, for she could not sing; but then she had learnt one great art of popularity—she agreed so quietly with everything proposed; afterwards, perhaps, she as quietly slipped out of it—for she was essentially lazy, and disliked work quite as much as Heather did, though for different reasons. But she certainly managed better. No one ever heard her voice in dispute, or saw her smooth forehead disfigured with frowns; she had learned while yet very young that it was so much easier, so much less trouble, to say "yes" than to say "no." "No" involved explanation and arguments, and noise and confusion,—all the things, in fact, she most disliked; whereas "yes" stopped people talking for the time being; and afterwards—well, afterwards—the best thing was to wait and see what would happen. Wait; yes, that was always the great thing with her. She was never in a hurry about anything; any other hour was just as good as the present: hence her popularity with those about her; for the impatience of a child is often trying to the wider understanding and deeper knowledge of those about it. "I believe," said Heather, as she stood watching from the window one day a steady downpour that had set in just as the two girls were dressed and ready for a long promised expedition,— "I believe, Nenuphar, we shall not be able to go, after all. Oh, what shall we do?" "Wait," replied Nenuphar, calmly, looking up from the arm-chair in which she was awaiting the result of the storm. "It does not really matter; for if it rains very hard to-day, it is almost sure to be fine to-morrow." Very philosophical, of course, but scarcely natural in a girl of thirteen; and Heather, who had her feelings less under control, turned away with tearful eyes to the nursery, there to be told not to be so silly, but to look at Miss Nenuphar, and see how much more sensible she was. As the years passed by, and girlhood gave place to early womanhood, the intense stillness—I know not what else to call it—of Nenuphar's character became less noticeable than when she was a child. She and Heather were always great friends, as indeed was only natural; for they were sisters in all but name, being bound together by the ties of one mutual home and one father's care—for John Clermont made no difference whatever in his treatment of the two girls. Mr. Clermont was very fond of society, and he very often had friends staying in the house—men friends, that is to say. As to ladies, he had reverted to his old feelings towards the sex,—feelings that had held good up to the time of his marriage, which event had not occurred until he was nearly fifty, before which time he had never been known to speak willingly to a woman,—and to that most unchivalric state he had returned after his wife's death; so, having procured an elderly lady to act as chaperon to the girls, he felt he had quite done his duty as far as womankind was concerned, and might now go his own way and amuse himself. But there were always plenty of men, and

with them, as with every one else, Nenuphar was the favourite, and Heather merely a very ordinary girl, not remarkable in any way—rather bad-tempered too—but still forming an admirable contrast to the wonderful beauty of Nenuphar. All the admiration, all the love, fell to her share, and it was the more curious, as it seemed impossible for her to return any one's tenderness. She smiled graciously on all alike, and was always willing to receive any amount of admiration, but that was all; yet, strange to say, it seemed utterly impossible for any man to care for, or even think of, any other woman while she was present, though wherein lay her exact fascination it would have been difficult to say, beyond mere beauty. Perhaps it was the sense of rest and quiet that was always about her, setting her apart, as it were, from every one else in the world of her own—a world from which all toil and care had been carefully excluded.

Although in that way the girls saw a good many strangers, they had rarely, if ever, gone beyond the precincts of their own home. The world outside the grounds of Wykeham Manor had always been denied them, Mr. Clermont being of opinion that girls could not go too little abroad; therefore it was not altogether strange that they had entered into their nineteenth year before they saw Sebastian Long.

Sebastian Long was the greatest landowner in the neighbourhood, and "eccentric" was the mildest word used when speaking of him; indeed there were found some to hint cautiously and with bated breath of madness, although the only symptom evinced was that he had shut up the great house that his forefathers had bequeathed to him, and had spent a roving life in foreign lands, in preference to staying quietly and decorously at home.

But there was, as there generally is, another side to the question. The said house was large, and somewhat gloomy and lonely for a man who had neither wife nor mother to keep him company in it; so it was not perhaps altogether so wonderful his preferring to spend his time amongst his mother's Spanish relations, who made for him the nearest approach to a home he had ever known.

And now as to how and where he and his neighbours first met. It was the evening of a lovely summer's day, just such a one as that early dawn on which Nenuphar first made her appearance might have grown into later on, when the mists and the dew had alike passed away, giving place to something brighter and more gleaming. But, as on that other occasion, the work of the day was not begun, so on this it was over and done with, and the two girls were out on the terrace that surrounded the house, Nenuphar lazily reclining on the marble steps reading, and Heather some few yards distant from her feeding the peacocks. It was a brilliant picture enough, for the sun was near setting, and its declining rays dyed scarlet everything they touched. They tinged even Nenuphar's white cheeks with some of their own warmth and colour, and caused the soft yellow curls that lay upon her forehead to brighten, until they shone like molten gold.

It was just what she wanted to give perfection to her beauty, which was otherwise too cold and colourless, though there were not often people to be found who thought so.

"How full the world is of sunshine!" exclaimed Heather, as she watched the evening glow intensifying the colours of the gorgeous birds before her, and the rich tints spreading over the landscape. "How full the world is of sunshine!"

Nenuphar did not reply to her companion's rhapsodies, being too much interested in her book; besides, she was not much given to thapsodies over anything.

After Heather's remark the silence remained unbroken, until suddenly on to the path was thrown a long black shadow, which lay still and motionless between the two girls—the shadow of Sebastian Long.

Heather was thinking too much of her peacocks and Nenuphar of her book to give it a thought, and his foot-steps had been so silent over the smooth turf that led up to the gravelled walk, that they had never heard his approach; but presently he moved a little, upon which the shadow wavered for a second, and then fell right across Nenuphar, enveloping her in entire darkness.

At this sudden eclipse Nenuphar raised her head, and saw, standing before her, a man with soft Southern eyes, and dark foreign-looking moustache, and small pointed beard.

"Heather," she said; and at her voice the strange, turned towards the girl addressed, and raising his hat, said, "I beg your pardon for taking you by surprise in this way, but I have come home to see your father, and I took the short cut through the gardens instinctively; it is so long since I have been at home that I quite forget it might be a liberty."

"Then you are Mr. Long," exclaimed Heather, impulsively, holding out her hand; "how glad I am to see you! Oh, I hope you have come home for good!"

"Yes, I have come home," he replied; "but for good or for evil, who can say?" he added in a lower tone, as if to himself.

"Let me shew you the way to my father's study," said Heather; "but first I must introduce you to my adopted sister—Nenuphar—Mr. Long."

Nenuphar bowed, and then the other two turned away towards the house, chattering merrily as they went.

When, a couple of hours afterwards, greet-

ings and explanations and welcomes over, Sebastian once more emerged from the house, he was a little startled to find Nenuphar still seated on the marble steps. She was no longer reading, although even that might have been possible, so brilliant was the starlight, and the moon, which had just risen, was shedding such a soft, quiet light over the scene he had last seen illuminated with the glow of sunset. She was sitting on one of the lower steps, her head resting against the urn filled with geraniums that stood behind her, and gazing up into the bright heavens above with such intense earnestness that she might have been trying to read her fate therein.

"Are you not cold out here?" asked Mr. Long, for want of something better to say, when he reached her side, as she still did not move.

"Cold?—no," she replied, sitting up and turning towards him. "Why, it would be a shame to go in on such a lovely night. Oh, if only this sort of weather would but last all the year round!"

"There, Miss——" and he paused. "Nenuphar," she said, quietly.

"Miss Nenuphar," he repeated. "I do not agree with you. Summer is all very well in its way, but it is nothing without winter to back it up. It is pleasant, of course, but enervating, and that is the reason why, with all its faults, I prefer this country to the ones I have been living in lately."

"But think of the snow and the cold and the storms that we know are coming, and then, looking up at that sky above us, and feeling the warm sweet air that blows around us, can you not find it in your heart to agree with me when I say that I would sacrifice one half of my life if the other half could all be spent in some sheltered sunny spot, far away from the existence of mingled heat and cold? Ah," and she gave a little faint shiver. "The very thought of winter makes me miserable!"

"I am afraid we should never agree on that subject, for I love a storm. I think it is a grand though fearful sight to see tall trees that have had a firm foundation in the earth for ages, fall before that giant power which is not even visible. Yes," he went on, warming with his subject, and for the moment almost forgetting his white, lovely listener. "I love to stand and watch such a storm; to hear the wind screaming through the branches, and to see the wild waves rising up madly in their wrath, and yet to feel that I, a weak man, can stand firm amongst the ruin around. It is at such times one realizes most that all about us there is a Power greater than ourselves, greater than the storm; then it is one understands most clearly what it is to be held in the hollow of His hand."

"I cannot understand you," Nenuphar made answer; "it is so incomprehensible to me how anyone can like noise and confusion."

"Is it?" he replied, still somewhat excitedly. "Cannot you understand the pleasure of fighting against anything, even though it is only a storm of wind? Why, the very struggle itself gives fresh life?"

But the girl only shook her head incredulously.

"It is different, I suppose, with you," she said; "you are a man, and I am only Nenuphar!"

He made no answer to her strange words, but suddenly remembering that he was on his way home, said "Good night," and left her.

She did not reply to his parting salutation—did not even seem to notice his departure. When he had gone some few steps, he turned back for one farewell glance. She was still seated as he had left her, looking upwards, and in the weird, chill moonlight she looked very white and ghostly. And was it fancy, he wondered, but as he looked it seemed to him that the border of her white dress waved softly to and fro; yet there certainly was no breeze to stir it.

With a smile at his fancies, he continued his walk towards his own lonely home. When he had arrived there, and was seated in the empty hall, he indulged in a walking dream—an amusement he was rather given to; but when he shut his eyes, so to give greater scope to his imagination, the vision he conjured up was not that of a woman with soft golden hair and wide blue eyes, which seemed always looking beyond the things around them, but that of a slim, graceful maiden, with rough brown locks and honest sweet eyes; and the last words he seemed to hear before he really passed through the ivory gates, where the echo of those which had reached his ears not so very long ago,—"I am so glad you have come back: I do hope that now you are going to stay," while a small hand was placed in his.

Some time after Mr. Long's departure, Heather was awakened by a sound in her room, and on looking up she discovered Nenuphar seated by the open window, bathed from head to foot in a broad sheet of moonlight. She looked very white and lovely as she sat thus gazing out—the moon's beams just turning her golden hair and white dress to silver; but, nevertheless, there was something in her calm, motionless attitude which sent a little shiver, almost of terror, to Heather's heart. But then it is enough to terrify any one to be awakened suddenly out of a first sleep.

"Nenuphar, what are you doing?" she questioned, after a second spent in watching her.

"Doing?" repeated Nenuphar; "I am doing nothing—only wondering how you can spend such a glorious night in bed. I came here because the moon does not shine into my room,

and you know how fond I am of moonlight. I think I was very nearly asleep when you spoke."

"Have you been there long?"

"No, not very long. I stayed out of doors until I feared that I should have been shut out altogether; then I came here; and ever since, till I began to get sleepy, I have been thinking and dreaming over—love;—I knew you would laugh."

"No; I am only laughing at the serious way you said it. But you should be careful, Nenuphar, for you know that they say moonlight causes madness."

"Another name for the same thing, perhaps. But what I was thinking of was, what is love? Heather," she said, rising, and speaking almost excitedly, at least for her, "what is it? Why is it that I cannot care for any one?"

"I do not understand you. You have never, perhaps, cared very much for any one as yet, because the right person has not come; but that is, after all, only one kind of love. You love us, do you not? I hope so; and that, of course, is the same kind of thing—at least it seems so to me."

"But do I love you?" questioned the other. "Oh, Nenuphar! how can you grieve me by speaking like that?" and Heather got out of bed, and crept to her friend's side.

"Tell me," said Nenuphar, "what it feels like, this love that every one talks of. You say you care for me, do you not? Well, supposing some morning you came into my room and found me lying there dead, what difference would it make in your life?"

"Oh, do not even suppose such an awful thing!" and there was a sob in the girl's voice as she spoke.

"What should I do?" cried tender, impulsive Heather. "I should die too!"

She, not yet having learnt to understand that death is the great reward bestowed on those who have fought and struggled; not like the Lethe of old, a river in which we can bathe and forget our pain, but the opening of the gates that have shut us out so long from the sight of our beloved ones,—the entrance to the eternal rest after the pain has been suffered and conquered.

"Do you remember," said Nenuphar after a pause, "young Mr. Vivian?"

"Yes, certainly I do."

"Well, that was exactly what he said, when I told him I did not care for him. That it would kill him! But he is still alive; so you see, Heather, you are not right. As I said before, I cannot understand it."

"I think Mr. Vivian was right, all the same, Nenuphar," said Heather, softly; "for though he is, as you say, alive—and of course his saying it would kill him was nonsense—still I do not think he has ever been quite the same man since. He loves you, you see; and therefore, as you do not love him, the world must seem darker to him than it did. Cannot you see the loneliness of it, Nenuphar?"

But Nenuphar did not answer; her thoughts seemed to have wandered far away. After a time, however, they returned to Heather and the subject in hand. "You ask me if I do not see the loneliness, and pity it, I suppose you mean? No, I cannot say that I do; I am lonely, but I do not pity myself."

"Ah, Nenuphar! how can you say that? Are you not happy? You have nearly all my love, surely I have some of yours."

"But you forget—I cannot love; and that brings us back to the beginning of the argument—back all the way to where my thoughts were before you woke up. What is it that I do not possess? What is it that makes me so different to every one else? For I am different, Heather, as even you, with your different eyes, blinded as they are by affection, must acknowledge."

"You are only different," said Heather, putting her arm around her, "in that you are a thousand times more lovely than any one I ever saw. And that being the case," she concluded somewhat timidly, "you should not be too kind, until you have found some one really worthy of your love, and then you will find out quickly enough the meaning of the word."

"Do you really think so?" said Nenuphar dreamily, leaning her white arms on the sill, and looking down into the garden.

"Yes, of course. They say that every one loves once."

"I should like to think so," replied her companion in a softer voice than that in which she had yet spoken. "But, come, it is quite time you were asleep again, Heather; so I must shut the window, for I see you can hardly keep your eyes open! Good night, dear." She stooped as she spoke, and just touched Heather's forehead with her lips; then, without another word, she glided away, still bathed in moonlight, to the door which led to her own room, leaving Heather to find her way back to bed, there to dream dreams of the strange conversation she had held with her midnight visitor.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Banquet of Nations, at Paris, which has been talked of for some time, is to comprise several thousands of guests.

THE Paris season is to be continued until June, two months after the usual time. Balls and dinners will be given at the Marshal's every Thursday.

THE works of the Exhibition building and ad-

junctions will, it is now ascertained, not cost less than forty-five millions of francs, £1,800,000.

THE *Frigatier*, the French vessel fitted up for the bringing of fresh meat from South America, has come up the Seine from Rouen, and will be on view during the Paris Exhibition.

THE Portuguese Government propose to send to the Paris Exhibition fifty artisans from their arsenals, manufactories, &c., and the Lisbon and other municipalities intend to despatch industrial delegates.

LORD LYONS'S ball is mentioned by the whole French Press as the most brilliant *pete* of this brilliant season, and they speak with wonder of the fact, that it cost the British ambassador no less than £4,000.

IN a piece at the Ambigu, one of the characters has to propose the toast of "England." On Saturday last when he did so, the lord of the village responded, "My whole heart is with France." The appropriateness of the response in the words lately used by the Prince of Wales caused an enthusiastic outburst of approval.

A young lady of Paris has been arrested by the police for attempting to procure small quantities of arsenic from various chemists. She states that, having learnt how the people of Styria grew red and stout by eating the mineral, and being anxious to look more beautiful for the sake of her lover, she would fain have poisoned herself into loveliness.

MADAME asked her husband for a new outfit. "My darling," he replied, "that would make the third in two months, and times are so hard that—" "You will kill me," exclaimed the lady, bursting into tears. "and my funeral expenses will cost you more than a new dress!" "Ah, but I should have to bury you only once," was the comforting rejoinder.

THE President of the Republic and Madame la Maréchale de MacMahon in the course of their visit to the British section of the Exhibition on Wednesday stayed a few minutes at Mr. Bimmel's stand to witness an experiment of his *Maison de*, a new apparatus invented by him to extract the aroma of flowers in a few seconds. The operation was made on freshly gathered lilacs, and was perfectly successful, the perfume produced being unusually delicate and giving the true odour of the flower.

ELECTRIC light has been employed for the first time to illuminate a Paris theatre, the Chatelet, the system being that put in use for the lamp-posts on the Place de l'Opera. For some months past the inventor, M. Jabbechokoff, and M. Castellano, the manager of the Chatelet Theatre, have been attempting experiments that have finally succeeded, and now the dazzling electric light throws its brilliant radiance over the ballets and the principal effects of the spectacular fairy pieces now being played at the Chatelet. Electric light will probably become of frequent use at theatres.

THERE is really no rallying place in the Exhibition, as in the case of the central or round point in the Palace of 1867. The terrace of the grand vestibule appears to be a favourite try-sting place, and the hoisting of a white *anchovy* on the end of a cane the detail sign, having become useless, especially as the ways resort to the plan as a trick. The English and Austrian Fine Arts sections are favourite spots to drop into after a fatiguing walk; their contents are beautiful, and, in addition, complete. The machinery galleries are far from being in working order, but then one laggard can keep back many punctual exhibitors.

COPY OF TESTIMONIAL JUST RECEIVED.  
39 ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STREET,  
MONTREAL, 8th April 1878.  
To the Proprietors of "Phosfozone,"  
MONTREAL.

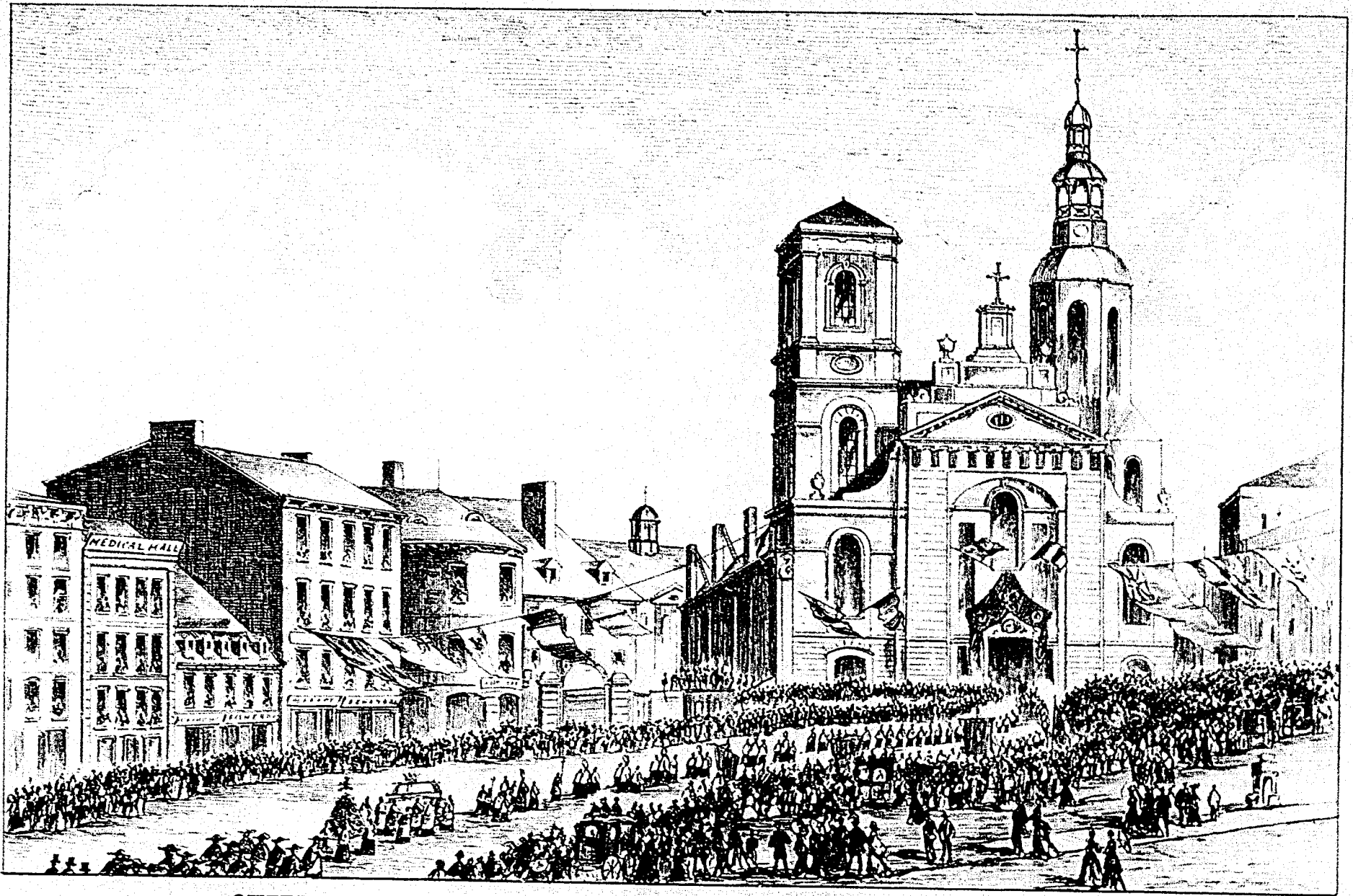
Gentlemen,  
I have been using your PHOSFOZONE for the last two months, and I have thus derived very great benefit from it in the cure of a DISORDERED LIVER and of INDIGESTION, and I can therefore most cordially recommend it to all suffering from either of these ailments.

Respectfully,  
(Signed) JOHN POPHAM

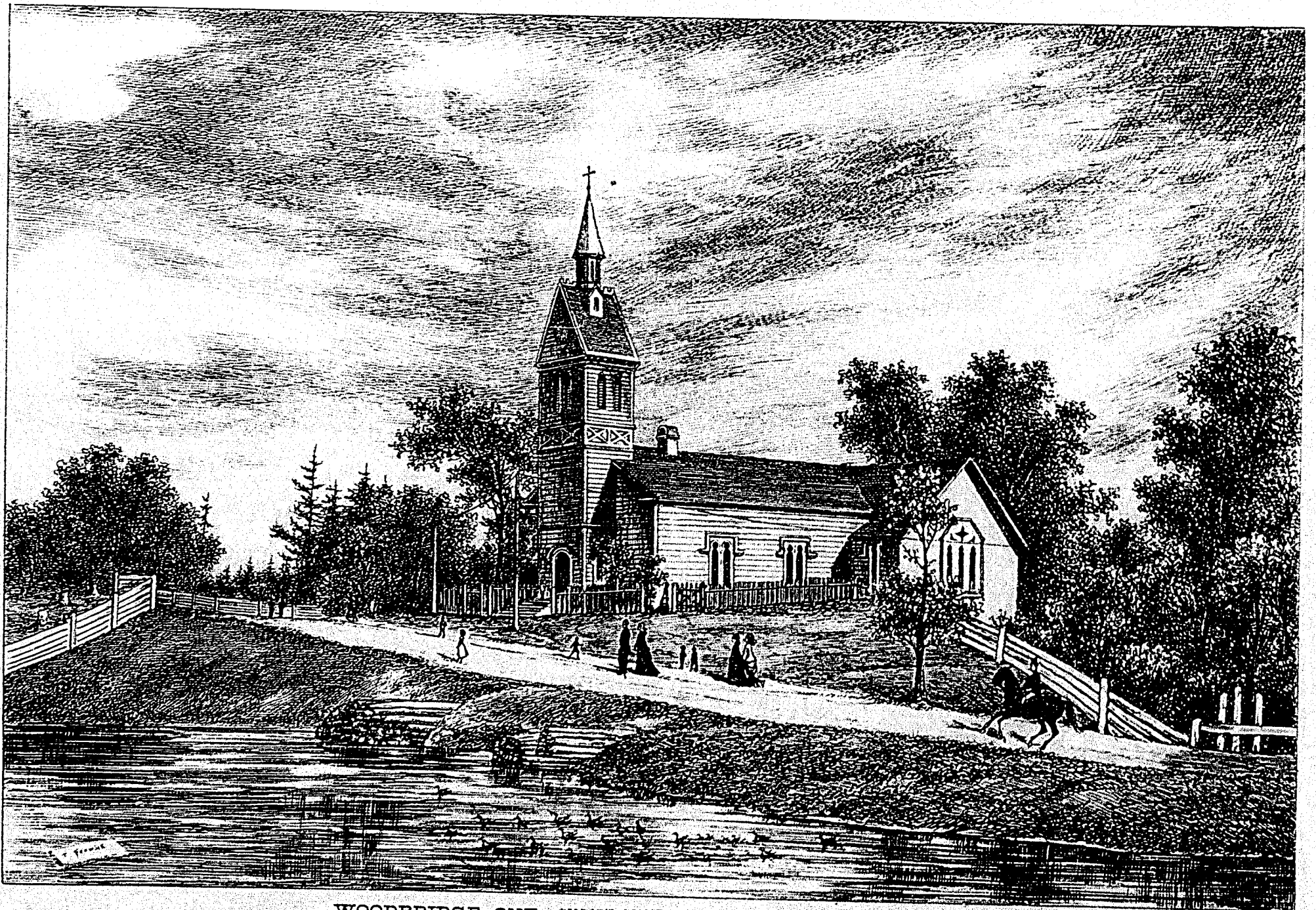
"Phosfozone" can be had from every Chemist and Druggist throughout the Dominion. Price, \$1.00 per bottle.

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QUEBEC.—TRANSLATION OF THE REMAINS OF MGR. LAVAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. P. M. O'LEARY.



WOODBIDGE, ONT.—CHRIST CHURCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY REV. T. FENWICK.



CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN MONTREAL.



Captain Oswald, Montreal Field Battery.



Dr. Campbell, Prince of Wales.



Major Weatherly, Governor-General's Foot Guards.



Major Walsh, Governor-General's Foot Guards.



Col. J. Macpherson.



Surgeon Harris, Ottawa Field Battery.



Dr. Fenwick, Montreal Field Battery.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL OFFICERS.



THE KAFFIR WAR. A FINGO CORPS MUSTERED BEFORE GOING INTO THE BUSH.



**LITTLE WAIF.**

AN OLD TRAMP'S STORY.

A little waif on the street—  
The city's crowded thoroughfare—  
With head unshaded from the heat,  
Save by a mesh of yellow hair,  
With blistered feet she toils along  
Beneath the noontide's scorching rays,  
Upon the hurrying, panting throng  
She turns a weary, pleading gaze.  
They crowd her off the narrow walk,  
Each caring only for himself,  
And hurry on with oath, or talk,  
Intent on rest, or gain, or profit.  
And no one sees her palling cheeks,  
Her livid lips and glaring eyes,  
And no one hears the wails she speaks  
They faint upon her lips in sighs.  
Without a home—without a friend,  
She wanders on, she wanders on,  
Still thinking vaguely of an end—  
It she will find the streets end soon.  
Thinking how the sunbeams burn,  
Wond'ring why her sight is dim,  
Thinking which way she must turn,  
Wond'ring why the pavements swim.  
Wond'ring why the sky is green,  
Why the sunshine grows so red,  
Trying hard her eyes to screen,  
Wond'ring, oh! if *God is dead!*  
Before a mansion's sculptured door,  
A child lies smitten with the heat;  
A red tide drips the marble o'er,  
And slowly trickles to the street.  
The moist hair round her wan face clings  
Like curling tendrils of the vine;  
Neath white lids stained with purple rings,  
Her eyes like dew-wet pansies shine.  
A dead cart rumbles to the Morgue,  
A crier with a lazy yawn,  
A doctor looking wise and large,  
A ventriloquist—"Death from cause unknown."  
Some cold clay in a pine-box sealed,  
A dead-cart once more rumbering by,  
A small grave in the Potter's Field,  
Another angel in the sky.

FRANK OAKES ROSE.

**BUTTONS.**

A TALE OF TREACHERY.

It is the out-of-town season, and London, particularly Pall Mall Square, is empty. Pharisee Crescent is empty, too.  
Why do I mention these facts? Merely to enlist public sympathy in my own forlorn situation in being confined to town.  
Not a bit of it. I remain in town for choice, and in Pharisee Crescent, because, occupying a drawing-room floor in one of these genteel residences, and the house being comparatively untenant, I can enjoy a blissful season of liberty and music. For I am fond of music, and like, now and then, to tattle on the flute, to twang the guitar, or scrape, as it is vulgarly termed, on the violin. Only I am unfortunately situated with respect to my neighbours, who have no souls for music.  
My apartments are between those of a maiden lady—on the upper floor—who goes into fits on the slightest provocation, or none at all—say upon the hasty shutting of a door, or the servant slipping down two or three stairs, with or without the tea-things, a casualty which happens almost every other day, while in the parlour beneath me lurks a savage who calls himself a journalist. It is difficult to get at any correct idea of this profession, but it seems to me to consist in being out all night when everybody else is in bed, and in being at home and asleep all day when other people want to be up and moving about.  
To these agreeable personages music is, in the one case, torture; in the other, infirmary. So it is only in the rare absence of both that I can suffer either of my instruments to be heard.  
Now is my time, when the epileptic one being out of town, and the journalist gone to Jericho, or the seat of war, I am sure I don't know which, or care: I can tattle, or twang, or scrape, or all together, to my heart's content. There is only the landlady and "Lyzer," the slaver, in the house besides myself, but neither of these will object, of course; so, after a little hesitation between my three charmers, I choose my especial favourite, the violin, and begin to tune up.  
It is a warm, drowsy afternoon. The French windows of my room are wide open. They open upon a balcony, which balcony is continuous to every two houses of our crescent. Before taking my seat near the window, I just give a glance outside, to see whether there is anyone on the balcony on either side of me. I do this for two reasons—first, because, you see, I am fearful of giving offence to my unmusical neighbours; and, secondly, not being above the weakness of desiring one or two sympathetic auditors. There are some nice girls on one side of me, and they might—you know. Only I need not have given myself such concern, for I ought to have known they were out of town like everybody else, and that, in fact, I had Pharisee Crescent all to myself.  
Stop a minute, though; not quite so much to myself, after all. There is no one in the balconies, indeed, but, as I return to my seat, and prepare to commence a somewhat difficult symphony—a work requiring some study and absence of all outward distractions to master it thoroughly—I become conscious of a melancholy wailing proceeding from the open window of the next house.  
Pausing to consider what these dismal utterances portend, I remember me that there is

harboured next door a pestilent creature, called a page. I recollect, too, that this creature is inspired with a passion for the penny whistle.  
He is in possession of one now, and, in the absence of "the family," is enjoying his case in the drawing-room next to mine, and plaintively murmuring through his dulcet pipe the air of "There Stands a Post."  
"Let it," I remark, as I involuntarily repeat the title of the piece.  
"He always came Home to Tea," is the exclaiming response of the penny whistle.  
"Well, there's some hope in that," I think, "it'll only go home for his tea."  
But either it isn't his tea-time yet, or the penny whistle has more charms for him than the proverbially cheering cup. Or perhaps he requires rest rather than refreshment, for he now requests, in agonizing accents, to "put him in his little bed."  
"Put him in his little bed, indeed! I'd put him in the—well, say the station-house, not to mention anything worse."  
With which murmur I take up my violin again, and begin to play in spite of him. Abandoning the symphony, I try instead a loud bravura, in the hope of drowning his horrible screeching, or of driving the demon of discord out of his savage breast. It is, surely, not to be charmed out. But, above my loudest passages, I can hear him still bewailing, in harrowing strains, that "You'll Remember Me."  
"I think you'll remember me, my friend, before I've done with you!" I observe, considerably above my breath; and just now an sensible of a momentary darkening of my window. Looking up, I catch the glimpse of a ditting figure, and the echo of certain impertinent remarks touching a "humbuggin' fiddle."  
It seems my instrument has disturbed him at his studies; still, his resentment takes only the mildest form. But it aggravates mine almost to frenzy, when, in tones of tenderest reproach, he threatens to "Strike me with a Feather."  
"If I could only strike him with that atrocious whistle."  
With this revengeful thought I put down my violin in despair, and resign myself to the entertainment of murderous designs upon that engine of discord. A soft caecination, like the laughter of a baby-hyena, now comes through the next windows. It may come from the page or the whistle, I don't know which, and don't care. We shall see who will laugh presently.  
Eureka!  
I have it. A bright idea has just struck me. A man over the way is crying strawberries. At first it occurs to me to purchase a basket of them, and offer it to the manager as a welcome refreshment after his exertions, with the object of slyly abstracting the penny whistle, and dropping it into our area. The idea of strawberries, however, suggested another and a more useful fruit for my purpose.  
What about cherries, now? There are stones in cherries. And how about a cherry-stone in a penny whistle? Boys, like this tuneful page, I reflect, are generally of an inquiring turn of mind; wherefore the following problem occurs to me—  
Given—A, a tuneful page; B, a penny whistle; and C, a cherry-stone. What are the odds against C finding its way into B through the agency of A?  
Anyhow, the experiment is worth trying. So I ring the bell, and send "Lyzer" for a pound of the best bigarons.  
Eliza has brought the bigarons—fine, large, tempting fruit, with good big stones inside, as I find upon tasting a few. I go out upon the balcony, and throw these stones upon the adjoining one, which is continuous with ours.  
Just as I expected, these have interrupted my neighbour's appeal to Tommy to make room for his uncle, and brought him to the window, whistle and all, to see, as he would phrase it, "What's up?"  
In the most seductive manner I can assume, I compliment him upon his proficiency on the whistle, extol the instrument, and offer him the cherries.  
He answers, obscurely, "Gammon!" designating, I suppose, the maker of the whistle. But he has accepted the cherries, with a large concession, and retired with them into private life.  
The penny whistle is silenced.  
He is evidently devouring the cherries, but what is he doing with the stones? Throwing them out of window? No. Swallowing them? Not likely. He must be saving them up, and there is—yes, there is just a chance that some of them may find their way into that whistle.  
A knock at my door.  
Eliza enters to say there's a man downstairs wants to see me, and says he "knows as I'm at home, 'cause he see me in the balcony." Some obtrusive tradesman with a little bill, I surmise; but as there is no help for it, I go down to him, obsequiating him and his class in general.  
I have been gone some minutes, having had a little difficulty with the man, whom I found to be a singularly pertinacious tailor; but I have pacified him, and come back rejoicing.  
As I enter, I fancy I perceive a figure scurrying away from the window in the direction of the whistling amateur's apartment. My friend Buttons, I suppose, come to look for some more cherries, or to reproach me with the ruin of his pipe, plugged up and silenced through my treachery.  
I rub my hands, and chuckle in anticipation. I listen. All is still next door. Not a sound

of the penny whistle, or of its master's lamentations. Perhaps the end is not yet attained; perhaps he is experimenting now. He has surely eaten the cherries by this time. A few minutes more, and that abominable engine will be securely bunged up.  
At all events, I think I may now get through my symphony in peace, or, at least, attempt it again.  
I take up the violin—  
Ha! what is that?  
Something rattles in the inside.  
I shake it. Gracious! It rattles like a bladder of peas.  
What can it be?  
I rush to the light! I peer into the sound-holes, and see—  
That page!—that monster! has put all the cherry-stones into my violin!  
And none in the whistle!  
For there it is again, invoking the "Two Obadiahs."  
I have fled from Pharisee Crescent.  
H. C. S.

**THE PROMPTER'S LAST CALL.**

He was an old man, his hair white and thin. He had been sick for some time past at the M. Hotel. The company would constantly drop in to see how the poor old fellow thrived and minister to his wants as well as they could.  
A drizzling rain was falling on the lamp-lit street below. The fire of the grate played with a ghastly effect upon the old man's emaciated face, and he tossed his head restlessly on his pillow.  
Two ladies of the company sat by his side; one with fair hands smoothed the tangled grey hair from his damp brow. The silence in the room was really oppressive; nothing could be heard but the loud ticking of the clock on the mantel and the pattering of the rain on the window without.  
The door opened noiselessly and the physician entered. All made way for the man of science. How eagerly they watched him, as he felt the invalid's pulse! The fair-haired *scaboth* was the first to break the silence.  
"Doctor, is there any hope?"  
The physician slowly shook his head, as he tenderly dropped the poor thin hand, and softly said—  
"The end is very near."  
Ten minutes passed, twenty. The sufferer was very quiet. A *gamin* in the street below called loudly to a companion. The old man suddenly opened his eyes and distinctly said in an authoritative voice—  
"Half-hour! half-hour!"  
All was quiet again. The company in the room seemed awed by the presence of death, and reverently bowed their heads, waiting mockly for the end. Some one below stairs opened a door, and the soft notes of a piano were distinctly heard in the room. The old Prompter roused himself from his stupor and clearly called—  
"Overture!—all down to begin!"  
Then they understood him, poor old man! Actor and actress looked into each other's faces and truly realized that the ruling passion was indeed strong even in death. In his last moments his head was with his beloved profession. Ah, alas! it was his life-drama, and he was in the last scene of the last act. From this moment he began to sink rapidly. The friends gathered closer around the bedside with pitiful faces; one of the ladies with a sob turned away. It seemed to rouse him. He feebly said—  
"Everybody ready to end act?"  
A terrible paleness came over his face, dark rings formed around his poor eyes. It was the ghastly hue of death. He did not move. They thought he had passed away, he was so quiet and motionless. The doctor leaned over softly and listened. The loud ticking of the clock grated harshly upon their ears, but no one moved. The door of the parlour below opened, and again the soft notes of the piano could be heard.  
At this instant the clock upon the mantel struck one. The old look of intelligence stole over his wan face, his dim eyes brightened for a moment.  
The physician, stooped to catch his feebly-whispered sentence—  
"Ring down!—the drama is over!"  
The fair-haired girl tenderly closed his sightless eyes, and thus, like a plaintive melody, the old Prompter's life passed softly away.  
FRANK OAKES ROSE.

**BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.**

"EXPERIENCE is a dear teacher." Not half so dear as a pretty school-marm.  
It will shortly be time to sit on the front stoop with a girl and a Japanese fan and listen to the street musician and the mosquito.  
OUR extra-strong-minded woman has remarked that an old bachelor is a man who, through selfish motives, has refrained from making some woman wretched.  
THE latest caprice of a New York bride was to wear a thread lace veil heavily embroidered with pearls. This was made in France especially for the occasion.  
ANOTHER woman has shot a burglar—this time in Bradford, Pa. Before going through a

house a burglar should make sure there is nobody but men around.  
THE pity of mankind will soon be attracted by the root beer bottle that will be doomed to swelter all day under the raging sun in a vat of warm water in front of the fruit stands.  
A LITTLE Brookline girl, being reproved the other day by her elder sister for using a slang expression, sharply retorted, "Well, if you went into society more, you would hear slang."  
A TRUE story in two chapters. Chapter I. Mrs. Malton, of Jersey City, had a habit of smoking a pipe in bed. Chapter II. The other night she changed that habit for a shroud. The end.  
ANY decent-looking and respectable man can get a wife for the asking that will stick by him; but nothing short of cash will secure a hired girl, and then she is not liable to stay over two weeks.  
"In buying furniture don't get a bed better than Queen Anne's time, because it isn't fashionable." If the author of the above will inform us what time Queen Anne got to bed we'll try and follow suit, even if we have to get up again and return to the club.  
WE have never been able to understand how it is that a woman, who is apparently dead when her husband asks her where that half-dollar is left in his pantaloons pocket before going to bed, can hear the wail of her two weeks old baby down two flights of stairs and through three dead doors.  
WE hear of a lad who is much given to the perusal of reports of accidents. "My child," remarked his fond mother the other night, "you have neglected your cat-chin lately."  
"Yes, my dear mother," he replied, after a moment's profound thought, "I—I was afraid it might explode."  
HE was an entire stranger to the girls present, and the boys were mean and would not introduce him. He finally plucked up courage, and stepping up to a young lady, requested the pleasure of her company for the next dance. She looked at him in surprise, and informed him that she had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. "Well," remarked Casanova, "you don't take any more chances than I do."  
**THE GLEANER.**  
THE Hoosac tunnel is to be illuminated with the electric light.  
New umbrellas of French Levantine silk, and the English pug's head is as much in demand as ever.  
MADONNA pitchers, representing ears of corn, pineapples, etc., are a fashionable addition to the dinner table.  
RECENTLY Chiquery's Needle was brought to its final resting-place that is, for the next thousand years or so.  
It is announced that Don Augustin Edwards, an American, who has just died in Chili, left a fortune of \$25,000,000. He had, it is stated, a monopoly of the copper mines of the country.  
It has been decided to hold the international congress for the investigation of the history of America before the time of Columbus in Brussels during 1879, instead of in some American city.  
A "Society for the Smuggling of Married Men who attend Dancing Parties and leave their Wives at Home," is the latest notion among the young ladies of Boston. Hundreds are joining it.  
"MARK TWAIN" is now in Europe. A reporter interviewed him on board the steamer just as he was starting, and Mr. Samuel M. Clemens told the reporter this:—"I am going to write something when I get settled. I can't write when I am interrupted. I burn three pages out of four and begin over again. In Germany, where I can't understand a word they say, I can settle down and write it off." What- ever he writes is sure to be worth reading. He is one of the truest of living humorists.  
It is well known that the Empress of the French has long felt the inconvenience of living so far out of the London world as Chisclhurst, and that her Majesty has more than once thought of taking up her residence at the West End. The Empress has long been on the look out for a house in the neighbourhood of Kensington or South Kensington, if she is not already in treaty for one. The Prince Imperial finds Chisclhurst dreadfully dull; and it is natural that she should like to see a little more of society than is possible at the distance of eight or ten miles from London.  
DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery will cure a cough in one half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine; and it does it, not by drying it up, but by removing the cause, subduing the irritation, and healing the affected parts. Sold by druggists.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks. Also solution of Problem No. 175 received. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 176 received. M., Montreal.—If we can find a copy of the game, it shall be sent by post. E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 173 received. Correct. H. B., Montreal.—The solution is in three moves instead of two.

Mr. Bird, of London, Eng., our visitor of the winter before last, has written lately to a friend in Montreal, and makes allusion in his letter to his forthcoming work on Chess. He says:—“Next week I shall send single copies of Chess openings to each subscriber and the balance will follow.”

In connection with this we are glad to insert the following from one of the last numbers of Land and Water.

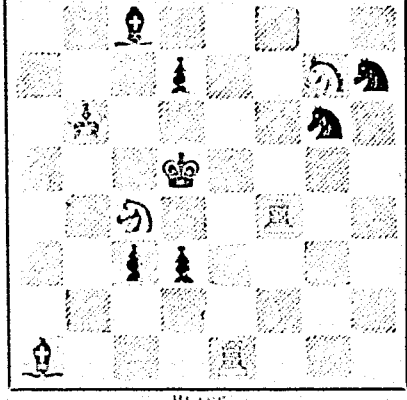
“We have received in advance the introduction to Mr. Bird's new work, ‘The Chess Openings,’ which we have from him is now in the press. The book is dedicated in warm terms to Dr. Howe, Mr. Thus, Workman, M. P., and the members of the Montreal Chess Club. Deductions, as a rule, are not much to our own taste; but hospitable amenities and open-hearted courtesies as between Chess players, are very much so; and we happen to know that Mr. Bird looks upon his visit to Montreal in the winter of 1876-7 as one of the most pleasant episodes of his Chess career.”

A new Chess circle has been formed in Brooklyn, N.Y., entitled the ‘Paul Murphy Chess Association.’ Meetings are held every Thursday at the residences of the members; business meetings once a month.

We learn from the Glasgow Herald that the prizes at the Paris Congress will be as follows:—First—A work of art from the Sevres manufactory, value 5,000 francs, with 1,000 francs in cash. Second—A work of art from the Sevres manufactory, value 1,200 francs, with 600 francs in cash. Third—1,200 francs in cash. Fourth—500 francs in cash. These prizes will be increased if the committee receive a larger amount in subscriptions than is at present expected.—The Herald (Glasgow Times).

PROBLEM No. 175.

By P. T. DEBIA WHITE



BLACK.

White to play and mate in three moves.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY. GAME 23RD.

From the Derbyshire Advertiser, Eng. (POSTAL CARDS.)

Table with two columns: WHITE (Mr. F. Potter (British)) and BLACK (Mr. E. Hime (American)). Lists chess moves for both sides, such as 1. P to K 4, 2. K to K B 2, etc.

The above game is yet another game which we publish through the courtesy of the Chess Editor of the Glasgow News. Up to the present time eight games have been transmitted, scoring equally to the Old and New Worlds.—(E.H.)

CHESS IN LONDON. GAME 26TH.

In the following game, which was played in the last Handicap Tourney of the City Club, Mr. Potter gave the odds of Pawn and two moves:

(Remove Black's K R P.)

Table with two columns: WHITE (—Mr. Stevens) and BLACK (—Mr. Potter). Lists chess moves for both sides, such as 1. P to K 4, 2. P to Q 4, etc.

NOTES.

- (a) The royal pawns played as here, go to form about the best defence that Black can adopt. (b) Aggressive but weak: the Pawns ought not to be thus advanced until they can inflict real injury. (c) ‘Still they come,’ but to no purpose. (d) White must learn to restrain the fury of his on-rushing Pawns. (e) The proper course here was Q takes Q, and then check with Kt at Kt 6, winning at least the exchange. (f) Chess, but not Chess. White must now emerge from the slaughter with an utterly hopeless game. (g) Black loses no time whatever in consummating his victory.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 175.

Table with two columns: WHITE and BLACK. Lists moves: 1. Kt to Kt 8, 2. Q to B 6, 3. Mates accordingly.

(A) If Black plays 1 K to Q 3, then follows 2 Q to Q 7 (ch) and 3 Q mates.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 173

Table with two columns: WHITE and BLACK. Lists moves: 1. R to K Kt 8, 2. R to K Kt 7, 3. P to K Kt 4 mate.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 174.

Table with two columns: WHITE and BLACK. Lists moves: K at K sq, Q at Q Kt sq, B at K 5, Kt at K Kt 3, P at K B 6.

White to play and mate in three moves.

ARTISTIC.

The picture, Gainsborough's famous Duchess of Devonshire, which was cut from its frame in London, has been traced to New York. It was valued at \$53,000.

A PECULIAR measure has just been taken by the Paris authorities: during the period of the Exhibition, artists will not be permitted to copy in the galleries of the Louvre Museum after twelve o'clock. The painters, whose existence depends on the sale of their copies, judge the decision arbitrary, and it certainly is very injurious to their interests.

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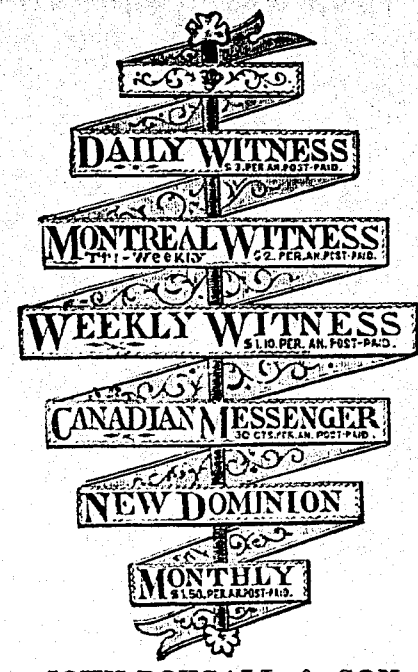
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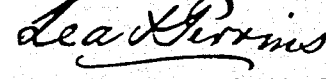
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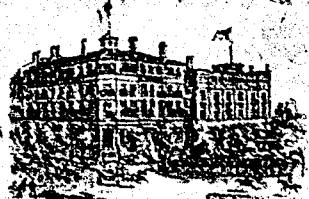
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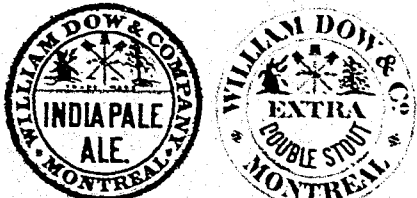
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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of  
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