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THE POLITICAL BRIAREUS.

THE VERSATILE CANDIDATE MAKING HIMSELF ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN.

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

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All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

THE FOLLOWING ILLUSTRATIONS

WILL APPEAR IN OUR NEXT NUMBER:

A fine portrait of Cunliffe Owen, C.B., Secretary to the British Exhibition at Paris.

A front-page group of the chief oarsmen of the Bay—Hanlan, Ross, Plaisted, Coulter, Luther and Morris.

A view of the Military Prison, Melville Island, Halifax.

Views of Portage-du-Fort, on the Ottawa.

A double-page illustration of the whole Paris Exhibition and its annexes.

Fac-simile of the great Municipal Address of Ontario to Lord Dufferin.

We have also in the hands of our artists a general view of the beautiful town of Yarmouth, N.S., with special views of the same which will be published very shortly.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 14, 1878.

THE ELECTORAL ISSUE.

It is single, simple and striking. Irrelevant issues are brought in, according to the fancy of campaign speakers, or the peculiar relations of different localities with the Government, but the main point should not and, we believe, will not be lost sight of. The Pacific Scandal has nothing to do with it. The real or imaginary sins of the present Administration have nothing to do with it. Mr. MACKENZIE laid it down from the beginning in the clearest language and, to his credit be it said, has repeated it on every occasion when called upon to declare his views. What is the point? It is this: The present revenue tariff, or a protective tariff. Between these two the people have to choose and between these only.

The theoretical discussion of Free Trade and Protection is only incidental, and whatever fine things may be said about either are only so much rhetoric, so many *fioriture*, as one would say in musical lingo. Free Trade in the abstract is a beautiful ideal to which all of us must needs give in our adhesion. It ranks with the Universal Republic, the Compact of Peace, and Tennyson's Federation of the World, where

"The drums have ceased their throbbing and the battle flags are furled."

But we have nothing to do with ideals now. A young country like this has hard facts to meet and must adapt itself to its surroundings. We have no lesson to give the world, having quite enough to do to take care of ourselves. Hence it is that electors must face the alternative set before them, and, with a full sense of responsibility, select one or the other side for the future ruling of themselves and the country. Whatever they decide upon will be well, as they are the best, indeed the only judges. If the present Government is sustained, it will have to adhere to the tariff as it now exists. If it is not sustained, whatever Administration succeeds it will have to formulate a protective tariff.

It is a pity that this single problem is not kept before the people, untrammelled by the selfishness of personal issues. Politicians are a queer tribe who needs must talk about everything except the absolute want of the time. And yet, if they only knew it, they are infinitesimal factors in the contest. It really matters very little who are the men that rule the country. Conservatives may fret and fume into extenuation, but they will never convince any sensible person that the Liberal party has not representatives able and honourable enough to guide

the ship of state. The Liberals may roar till they are blue in the face before they will be able to show that there is not statesmanship and character sufficient in the Conservative ranks for the administration of Canada. In both parties, as there are mere hacks and unscrupulous seekers after office, so there are good men, true and great men. Hence it is not men we are looking after now; it is a policy.

We shall not enter into the arguments favourable or hostile to either phase of the controversy. In this boisterous time, the very air palpitates with them in repercussion from the lungs of speakers on a hundred platforms. And the people quite understand these arguments too, in many cases much better than the men who undertake to teach them. The principal need is that, understanding them, they should cast their vote according to their convictions, irrespective of the issue of persons. The question, as we have set it forth, is as important for us, *consideratis considerandis*, as the Eastern question is to England, the Socialistic question to Germany, or the Republican question to France. The size of a country is in direct, not in inverse, ratio to the vital policy which is to govern it, and while the present is by no means the most important issue ever laid before the country, it is one upon which much of her future will depend.

THE SOUTHERN PLAGUE.

Even amid the din of the electoral campaign, it is impossible that the people of the Dominion should be overlooking the frightful ravages which the yellow fever is making in the South, especially in the valley of the Mississippi. It is especially impossible that their sympathies should not be aroused for the thousands of victims of the plague. We have not seen, however, up to the present writing, any movement toward extending relief inaugurated in a single one of our large cities. That this negligence is due to apathy we do not for a moment suspect. Rather is it attributable to a vague idea of the distance which separates us from the sufferers, and to the belief that the other portions of the United States are abundantly able and willing to furnish the necessary succor. No doubt the American people are doing all they can in this direction, as our exchanges clearly testify, but that is no reason why Canadians should remain altogether in the back ground. The instinct of humanity is there to spur us on, and the bond of a common brotherhood ought to remind us of a duty which cannot be set aside. We think that, without delay, subscriptions should be opened in Montreal, Toronto, and elsewhere for the unhappy victims of the yellow fever. No time should be lost, and to make a beginning, we hereby give notice that all offers of assistance will be received at this office, duly credited, and the proceeds sent forward with despatch. The infliction is a terrible one, it is wide spread, and so far from diminishing, our latest advices are that it is on the increase. The resources of human science and skill are almost completely baffled; the superhuman exertions of charity are well-nigh helpless, and the whole country stands aghast at this dreadful visitation of God. It sickens the heart only to read of the scenes of suffering and death enacted in the sunny South, and one shudders to think of what the reality must be.

Considering all the circumstances which attend it, the yellow fever may be regarded as that plague from which we are taught, in the daily litany, to pray for deliverance, along with its twin maledictions—famine and war. People fly before it as from the menacing visage of doom, and fast as steam can carry them, they are often overtaken and borne down. Towns and villages are deserted; the fields ripe for the harvest are abandoned; an atmosphere of desolation reigns in the busiest haunts, and the bells in the steeples of churches are muffled so as not to increase the panic by a tolling which would be incessant. People fall and die in the streets

and alleys, and all night long there are lights in every dwelling for those who watch the dying and the dead, to say nothing of that lurid gleam which hangs over whole districts as an exhalation from the tomb. The rate of daily mortality has been nigh one hundred in New Orleans, Natchez, Vicksburg and Memphis. Grenada has been swept clean by the scythe of the destroyer. Natives, who generally enjoy immunity from the fever, have this year been stricken along with strangers, and the death rate among negroes has been unprecedentedly large. Galveston, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, and other southern cities have, up to the present, been saved by a quarantine almost savage in its rigor, but there is no telling how much longer the tainted gales may be barred out. And all this will last until the first cold frosts, that is until the end of this month or the beginning of October. In all this time the aggregate of suffering, misery and absolute destitution will be something appalling, and really the picture is one that should stimulate an active charity. We may not be able to give much, having many calls nearer home, but let us give what we can, and let it not be said that Canada was absolutely insensible to the wretchedness of her southern brothers.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

It was a common remark four or five years ago with travellers—especially American tourists—that the principal cities of the Dominion were glaringly lacking in three institutions—hotels, theatres and public libraries. The first two of these wants have since been supplied in a considerable degree. Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, St. John and Halifax can now boast of hostelries erected and conducted upon the best American models—and Americans are admittedly at the head of this branch of social industry—while, if we were disposed to particularize, we might instance two or three Canadian houses which yield in nothing to the most famous of similar institutions beyond the border. In regard to theatres, Toronto has two; Montreal two; St. John and Halifax, each one of the best appointed dramatic temples, in so far, at least, as architecture and stage properties are concerned, although as to resident companies, we fear, from the experience of repeated failures, that it will be long before either of these can afford to maintain one of its own. The third desideratum, however, has hitherto been unaccountably neglected, notwithstanding that it is by far the most important and of the most universal application. Toronto has indeed done something in this direction, but not near as much as we had reason to expect from the Boston of Canada. The smaller towns of Ontario are also alive to the great need, but the wonder is that among such a reading people larger results should not have been accomplished. As to Montreal, the utter apathy in regard to public libraries is something simply unaccountable. There is certainly not a city of its size in America that is so miserably provided in this respect. Indeed, there are many smaller towns in the Dominion—to say nothing of villages in the United States—which provide readier and more abundant reading facilities to their residents than does the commercial metropolis of Canada. We are aware that several praiseworthy attempts have been made to establish circulating libraries in this city, but the repeated failures are only so many additional proofs of the lukewarmness of our people. And yet without such institutions it is impossible to foster and improve that popular education which we all so much desire, and which we have expended so much money to secure. Our schools show very well, the Ontario schools especially having reached so high a standard as to have been pronounced unexcelled at both Philadelphia and Paris. But the schools necessarily use only school books, that is, technical manuals and compendiums intended for teaching purposes. These are only so many founda-

tion stones of the structure of education. The rest of the materials must be sought for in the whole cycle of literature, and the books representing this cycle are to be obtained only from a large and well-assorted library. Private libraries supply mere individual wants; college libraries are beyond the reach of all except the favoured few. The vast majority of men have not the means to buy books, and even, when you come to calculate, a very great proportion are unable to pay large subscription fees for the use of books. What they want, not for themselves alone, but for the good of the whole community, is nominally free access, under certain well-known rules and conditions, to a large library, and it is positively a misfortune that a city like Montreal should not think it worth while to furnish such. We broach the vital subject to-day, but shall return to it with authentic citations, from official reports, of the immense good accomplished by the establishment of public and free libraries in large centres of population such as this.

AN esteemed Ottawa correspondent writes us to this effect: "I have observed that His Excellency the Earl of DUFFERIN has lately, through his Secretary, Lieut. Col. the Hon. E. G. P. LITTLETON, expressed his desire, in writing to the director of each educational establishment, to obtain the portrait of each successful student who had the honour of being awarded a medal by His Excellency, to carry away with him as a souvenir of his stay in the Dominion. I am happy to state that, from observations taken, His Excellency's desire will be eagerly complied with. This further act of kindness on the part of our beloved Governor-General will serve to endear him still more, if possible, to the people of the Dominion, and particularly to those fortunate ones of the rising generation who have reason to remember his liberality. Now, Mr. EDITOR, permit me to offer a suggestion, which I hope you will approve of. Why not publish the portraits of those medallists in your excellent journal? I have interviewed a number of them, and one and all expressed their extreme willingness to forward their portraits and names to your office, for publication in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. It would be a grand scheme and would be appreciated by the readers of your widely circulated newspaper, and would serve as an impetus to ambitious young scholars. I am certain that His Excellency would be gratified by this token of respect paid to him by the leading journal of the Dominion." In response to this communication, we are happy to state that we are quite prepared to publish the portraits of all the DUFFERIN medallists if they will send in their photographs with a brief account of their scholastic efforts. A fine group would be made of them, extremely interesting in the cause of education and a pleasant memorial to His Excellency. With this in view, we hereby invite all the DUFFERIN medallists to address us their portraits without delay, so that the publication may take place before the departure of the Governor-General.

WE are informed that wealthy citizens of Montreal are considering the advisability of building a vice-regal residence for the Marquis of LORNE and the Princess LOUISE, and their successors in the vice-royalty of the Dominion. A beautiful site at the foot of Mount Royal Park has been thought of, and the outlay is set down at about \$100,000. This is all very proper. But when we are further told that the motive of the step is to lead fashionable travel in this direction and be of advantage to our local trade, generally, we are lost in admiration of the disinterestedness of this act of loyalty, and of the childlike ingenuousness which publishes the secret to the world. Of a verity it is a characteristic phase of patriotism that shall make of the Queen's daughter a signboard for the promotion of self.

SOME time ago, the London General Omnibus Company offered a prize of 1000*l.* for the best scheme or invention that would enable it to place an effective check upon their conductors, the chairman publicly declaring that he never rode in an omnibus without noticing embezzlement on the part of the conductor. In reply to the invitation no fewer than 700 schemes were sent in, but they all involved the use of tickets, to which the Company objected. At a late meeting of the Company, however, it was announced that a scheme for checking the conductors had at last been hit upon and would soon be perfected. We shall have great curiosity to learn more of a piece of brute machinery that shall effectually counteract that subtlest of all machinery, human dishonesty.

EPHEMERIDES.

THERE is perhaps no literary exercise more crucial than verbal criticism. And yet it is the one that is most constantly indulged in. I have had several examples within the past few days. One critic, seeing the words *hors de combat*, immediately made what he imagined was a correction—*du combat*. Similarly, on seeing *La Sonnambula*, he thought he was setting things to rights by substituting *Sonnambula*. Again, two poets, in two different American magazines, wishing to commemorate the death of the young Queen of Spain, broke out with an apostrophe to Mercedes, both wrongly putting the accent on the penultimate, instead of the last syllable. A gentleman who wished to read the word right, thereby unfortunately breaking the rhythm, was severely taken to task by a sciolist. Again, a scholar who pronounced the name of the fair Queen of Egypt, Cleopatra, with the accent on the ante-penult (Cleopatra) was at once called to order and told that he should say Cleopatra, with accent on the penult. These critics should have remembered, if they ever knew, that in Greek and Latin prosody, a vowel before a consonant and a liquid is *anceps*, that is, either long or short, and that in prose it was generally pronounced short. In Shakespeare's tragedy, the name must be uniformly pronounced with a long, because the poet so has it, but that does not alter the principle.

BUT the best recent instance of mistaken ignorance is in the following story from the French:

The colonel—it was in the Guards—was unaccountably late in returning, and the orderly, who had been with him for twenty-two years, got ravenously hungry, and knowing that his kind-hearted master would not object, slipped away for a snack, writing a note to explain the cause of his absence and pinning it to his huge bearskin shako, which he left on a chair, being thus satisfied that it would meet the eye of any one entering the room. He was right. The colonel's wife entered the room, saw that her husband was absent and likewise missed the orderly. The orderly's shako met her eye; then she saw the note. She opened it, and had no longer any reason to wonder that her husband was not there, and that the only thing left of the orderly was his shako. There it was in the soldier's plainest and most painful handwriting: "I'm eaten."

The wit of this no man can see, because the French *double entendre* was not understood by the writer. The original words were *j'ai été mangé*, which mean two things—"I have gone to eat," and "I am eaten." But the joke is utterly untranslatable into any language.

I WAS amazed the other day to read the word "Halifaxian" instead of the ancient and time-honoured "Haligonian." And the term was used in a Halifax paper, edited by one of our purest and most scholarly Canadian writers. Why the change? The ancient appellation was euphonious and overcame a difficulty constantly experienced in other cities. "Torontonion," "Kingstonian," "Hamiltonian," can be nicely pronounced *overotundo*, but "Montrealer," "Quebecer," are exceedingly harsh. The inhabitant of the capital avoids as much as possible to write "Ottawaite," while the resident of the metropolis of New Brunswick finds himself lengthened out to a double-name, "St. John-man." And how about the fellow from Charlottetown? "Victorian" from the Pacific Province hath a classic ring, but just fancy "Winnipegite!"

THOUSANDS, other than mere antiquarians, will grieve to learn that the historical old building on the Gully farm, at Beauport, in which Montcalm spent his last night before his advance on Quebec, has been burned to the ground. Thus another of the old landmarks is gone. Of course it is practically impossible to preserve from the elements all of the ancient national relics which still remain to us, but at least art might be brought in to perpetuate their remembrance. Casts, wooden models, photographs and other appliances should be employed to rescue them from utter oblivion. Unless such reverent care is used, the few of our historical monuments still extant will disappear, leaving not a rack behind.

WHAT is the good about our worrying over the correct spelling of the immortal name of Avon's bard, when he cared nothing about it himself? Or, putting it more strongly, he himself does not appear to have known the correct orthography of his name. A writer in the last number of the *International Review*, going minutely over the whole subject, states that we have five and only five authentic signatures of the poet, and in these the name appears indifferently as Shakespeare and Shakspeare. Hence we have his own authority for either of these forms. The third form, Shakespeare, is found, however, in most of the plays published during the poet's lifetime; in the folio edition of the plays edited by two of his fellow-players; in Meeres, a contemporary; in Ben Jonson, and in Milton's famous sonnet—

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones."

A. STEELE PENN.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The September-October number of the *North American Review*, among its usual excellencies, contains two papers to which we may refer more particularly. The first is from Mr. Gladstone, and is entitled "Kin Beyond Sea," a designation curious enough, when we observe that it deals almost exclusively with the machinery of the British constitution and Parliamentary practice. The production is altogether the best of the many articles which the distinguished author has lately confided to the press, being written in a calm, impartial mood, and with a breadth of view worthy of so experienced a statesman. We should like to see the paper detached and published in pamphlet form, being convinced that it would have a wide circulation in Canada, as an apt authority to quote from. Incidentally, Mr. Gladstone refers to a subject of keen interest to Canadians at present. We mean the dismissal of Lord Melbourne's Ministry in 1834 by William IV. and the assumption of office by Sir Robert Peel. He argues that the responsibility was entirely assumed *ex post facto* by Sir Robert, upon whom the whole burden of a proceeding "very hard to justify" was cast. He states further that this bold stroke had not, and naturally could not had, the effect which its author intended—the disruption of the hostile majority, for though, at the time, the Liberal majority was reduced from three hundred to about thirty, it soon rallied compactly and resumed power the very next year. It will be remembered that this precedent is precisely the one invoked by Hon. Mr. Joly, in maintaining himself after the vote on the Constitutional question in the Quebec Legislature. The other salient paper treats of Alfred de Musset in a style of fine appreciation. This poet, who is not sufficiently known on this side of the Atlantic, but whose fame will grow, has been pronounced the most perfect poetical organization in the whole circle of modern French literature, and Mr. Perry, the critic of the *North American*, fully recognizes this. He lays proper stress on the fact that de Musset's instinctive taste and sagacity of genius induced him to break from the romanticism of Victor Hugo and George Sand, in which he was early entangled, and set himself in the classic groove. Had he lived longer—he died at the age of 47—and kept clear of the bad habits which consigned him, like Byron and Poe, to a premature grave, he would have rivalled the purity of Racine.

The Canadian edition of the *Fortnightly Review*, published by Rose-Belford, Toronto, contains no less than three contributions on the complicated Eastern Question, the chief of which treats of the Convention with Turkey. The article, which imparts a great deal of information, loses much of its value from its extreme partisanship, the key-note being struck in the opening sentence: "The secret Convention with Turkey of the 4th June is the most startling surprise ever recorded in history." Mr. Anthony Trollope furnishes, in his usually clear and simple mode, an account of Iceland, which he lately visited. He informs us that there is not a tree in all Iceland, and peat is the only substitute for fuel. Speaking of the remarkable erudition of the people at large, he confesses that he had never quite believed in that famous Latin speech of Lord Dufferin, supposing that "it was too super-Sheridanian to have been delivered on the spur of the moment," but he soon learned to think otherwise, when, on riding out to the Geysers, of which he gives a full description, he was met by a person who laid the blame of their fatigue on the "Via lapidosissima." The fourth and last instalment of the "Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield" is given in this number, and we shall only say of it that it unaccountably reveals a more kindly and discriminating appreciation of the noble Earl's character than was displayed in the preceding parts.

If the *Fortnightly* is hardly just to Lord Beaconsfield, Alan Brodrick, in the last number of the *International Review*, pays a proper tribute of admiration to Mr. Gladstone, whose career he reviews with thorough knowledge of facts and a high spirit of fairness. President Chadbourne, of William's College, contributes a subtle analysis of the problem of labour. He describes a four-fold poverty:

- I. The poverty of ignorance, which must be aided till its cause is removed.
- II. The poverty of misfortune, which seldom needs more than temporary aid.
- III. The poverty of imprudence, which re-

quires a change of life, making extravagance disreputable.

IV. The poverty of idleness. This is twofold. The idleness that comes from inability to employ one's self must be cared for by supplying labour. The idleness which is wilful should be dealt with by the strong arm of the law.

The paper on "Stanley as an Explorer," gives, in a comparatively small compass, the substance of that traveller's great work, "Through the Dark Continent," and is exceedingly valuable. Leaving aside the geographical discoveries which are of incalculable importance, the results of this wonderful expedition may be thus summed up: It lasted 999 days, and of the 356 souls who entered upon it, only 113 reached its termination. The march thus cost 173 lives, nearly three years of time and only the moderate sum of \$10,000. Yet, as the writer remarks, "the Nile sources remain undiscovered, and it is still in store for Mr. Stanley or some other fortunate discoverer to locate them." The last pages of the *Review* are devoted, as usual, to full summaries of the Literary Movement in Great Britain, France and Germany.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE POLITICAL BRIAREUS.—The irrepressible candidate is a well-known figure, and he is the cynosure of all eyes at the present time. Our cartoon represents the many faces and phases which he assumes to please everybody, where everybody is so hard to please. He has to modify his countenance to suit all moods; to temper his speech to conciliate all opinions; and he must shake hands right and left with everybody who approaches him. Nay he must hunt up everybody and shake hands, however the process may sometimes go against the grain. Nothing more pliant and ductile than a candidate before election. After that event, he is not the same man at all.

THE DUFFERIN MEDALLISTS.—In connection with the Governor-General's visit to Sherbrooke, we publish in the present issue the portraits of two young gentlemen who respectively won the Silver and Bronze Medals given by His Excellency for competition to the School in connection with Bishop's College, Lennoxville. The Silver Medal was given for classics and the Bronze for mathematics, and were won last term by two brothers, sons of Livingston E. Morris, Esq., of Beaumont, near Lennoxville. The youngest, Richard Fairlie Morris, aged 15 years, took the Silver Medal, and the eldest, William Morris, aged 16, the Bronze Medal. In the same connection, and further to commemorate the vice-regal visit, we have added the portrait of Miss Anastasia Dupont, a highly accomplished young lady of Sherbrooke, who was chosen, on account of her standing in her classes, to read the beautiful address prepared for His Excellency by the Congregation Convent at Sherbrooke.

ARCHES AT ST. JOHNS.—It was at this ancient and historic town that Lord and Lady Dufferin closed their triumphant march through the Eastern Townships, on the 20th ult. And it is satisfactory to be able to chronicle that the reception at St. Johns was in every way worthy of the occasion. On the entrance of their Excellencies into the town, they passed under an arch, at the corner of Richelieu and St. George streets, bearing the words "Welcome," and surmounted by an Irish flag with the words "Erin Go Bragh." From this point to the St. Johns' Hotel where the presentation took place, Richelieu street was festooned with flags and bunting. Among the many inscriptions on arches and private buildings were: "Honour to our Illustrious Visitors," "Long Live our Governor," "Lord Dufferin, Canada's Pride," &c. The ornamentation of the dais at St. Johns' Hotel will be seen on the picture.

THE PRESS MEDAL.—This beautiful medal, the work of Mr. J. R. Harper, jeweller, Notre Dame street, was presented to the volunteers of the 5th Military District by the staffs of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, *Herald*, *Star*, *Witness* and *Jester*. The conditions as regards possession are that it must be won twice (not consecutively) in five years before becoming the property of the rifleman. If at the end of five years it has not been won twice by any shot, then all the holders of it during that time fire off for possession. The medal has this year been won by Sergeant Riddell, Montreal Garrison Artillery, with a score of 110 points out of a possible 135.

KINGSTON AND THE MILITARY COLLEGE.—This is a view of the beautiful old city and its harbor taken from Fort Henry. Its main features will be easily recognized, and the more that they have not materially changed, at least the water approaches, for several years. As to the Military College, our readers will find a full description of it in the NEWS of June 9th, 1877; together with an account of "A" Battery, which is stationed there, in June of this year.

THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.—On Tuesday, 13th ult., Her Majesty the Queen inspected the vessels of the reserve squadron, under the command of Admiral Sir A. C. Key. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and the Duke of Connaught were present, and there was a great gathering of yachts and of the public. Unfortunately, the spectacle was marred by bad weather, and the programme had to be modified in consequence. Towards three o'clock Her Majesty was observed to be putting off in a

Royal barge towards the Royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," and soon afterwards the Royal Standard was run up to the masthead, which was a signal for the fleet to salute. A line was then formed of the yachts and tenders following in the wake of Her Majesty in the subjoined order: Next astern of the Royal yacht came the Royal yacht "Osborne," with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and his friends; then the "Enchantress," with their Lordships the Commissioners of the Admiralty; then the "Fire Queen," with the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Fanshawe, flying his flag at the main; then the "Euphrates," with the Lords, Commons, and a large bevy of peeresses and lady commoners; then the "Vivid," with the foreign representatives; and in the rear of these the "Dasher" and "Britomart," with half-pay naval officers and officers of the garrison. In this form the squadron of yachts, with a strong breeze blowing behind them, bore down on the Fleet, which was now seen to be anchored in most admirable order and perfect formation—the larger, but less formidable, vessels forming the Starboard Division, the turret-ships and monitors the Port. These consisted of 219 guns, 72,350 horse-power, 99,549 tons, and 6,691 men. The vessels in two divisions left a broad water-way, down which Her Majesty now steamed. As the Royal yacht approached, the yards were manned, and cheer after cheer rang from the ships. A crowd of small craft followed thickly in the wake and on both beams of the squadron of yachts; and fortunately at this moment the one stray gleam of sunshine which appeared throughout the day shone forth and lighted up the scene. The long, even rows of vessels, the fluttering bunting, and the figures of the men as they stood on the yards presented a fine scene. The Royal yacht now steamed towards the "Warner" lightship, passing not far from the wreck of the "Eurydice," which must have attracted Her Majesty's attention, and then turned towards the fleet again. It was not Her Majesty's intention to visit any of the vessels, so that the bad weather did not interfere with that part of the programme; but it was evidently the intention that the fleet should have been got under weigh and have performed some such simple manoeuvre as steaming round the Royal yacht, either in two columns or in single line ahead, and then resuming their stations at Spithead. But it was wise to abandon this project, as from the confined space, the crowds of shipping and small boats, the violent squalls of wind, and the occasional blinding showers, it would have been attended with considerable risk. Her Majesty now made the signal, "Am much pleased, and regret that weather prevents evolutions;" with which gracious message, and under the smoke of a second Royal salute, the Royal yacht and her train of followers steamed away towards the Solent.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

MR. DION BOUCICAULT has dramatised "Clarissa Harlowe." He had a predecessor forty years ago, when an adaptation of the novel was produced at the Olympic, with Madame Vestris as the heroine.

HILARION ESEVA, one of the most distinguished of Spanish composers, died recently at the age of seventy-one. He is as much celebrated for his religious music as for his operas; was director of the Conservatoire of Madrid, and chapel-master to the king.

ROSE EYTINGE says: I have several plays of his (Charles Reade, the novelist's), which I shall produce in addition to my new drama of "The Woman of the People," including one or two dramatizations of his own novels, on which I am justified in relying. Hereafter Mr. Reade proposes confining himself to writing for the stage, and will direct the production of his works in person.

At a French provincial theatre, recently, in a military play, an actor who was performing the part of a general slipped on the stage, and fell ignominiously at the very moment when he was supposed to be conducting his troops to battle. With ready wit, however, he saved himself from ridicule by exclaiming, "Soldiers, I am mortally wounded, but do not stay to aid me. Pass over my prostrate body to victory!"

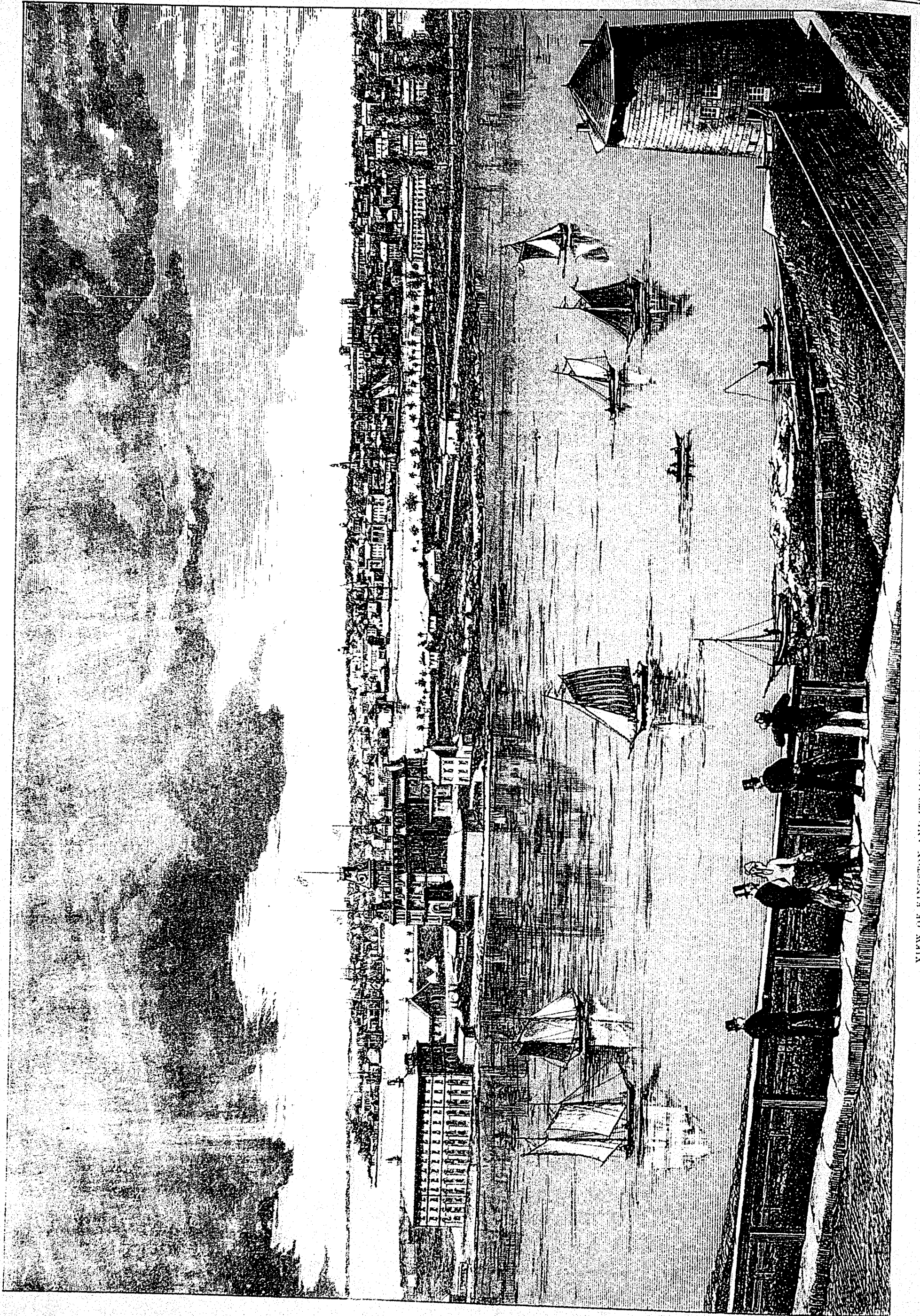
THROUGH the good offices of M. Meyer, who is at once a Parisian and an Englishman, as at home on the Boulevards as in the Strand, and as familiar with French dramatic authors as with English, a new and original drama by Sardou has been secured for the Adelphi Theatre. The promised play has never been performed in France, and will be produced in New York and London simultaneously next year.

On a certain occasion "Damon and Pythias" was recently being played at a country theatre. In the last act, as Damon was about to be led to execution, straining his eyes in the effort to discern his friend in the distance, and asking, "Is he coming?" a locomotive whistle sounded close by. "He'll be here by the next train," shouted a wag, and in an instant the emotion of the audience was changed to laughter.

MADAME TAGLIONI has beauty and exquisite grace still, although in her seventieth year. She is a woman of much wit and cultivation, and is generally liked in London, where she lives, and is generally to visit abroad, but at her own parties she welcomes with vivacious charm people of the best society. Until very lately she gave lessons in dancing and deportment to the daughters of the nobility and gentry, but this is now beyond her strength.

SOME curious experiments were made with the Paris captive balloon lately. Some score of musicians, forming half the load which usually discourses sweet strains during the ordinary ascents, went up in the balloon, while the other half remained on the earth. At a height of 100 metres the ruins of the Tuilleries sent back the echo in a very remarkable manner. The aerial music was perfectly audible, and was for a long while a puzzle to the by-passers, who could not make out from what quarter the strange harmony came.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.



VIEW OF KINGSTON AND ITS HARBOR FROM FORT HENRY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. HESPERON, KINGSTON.



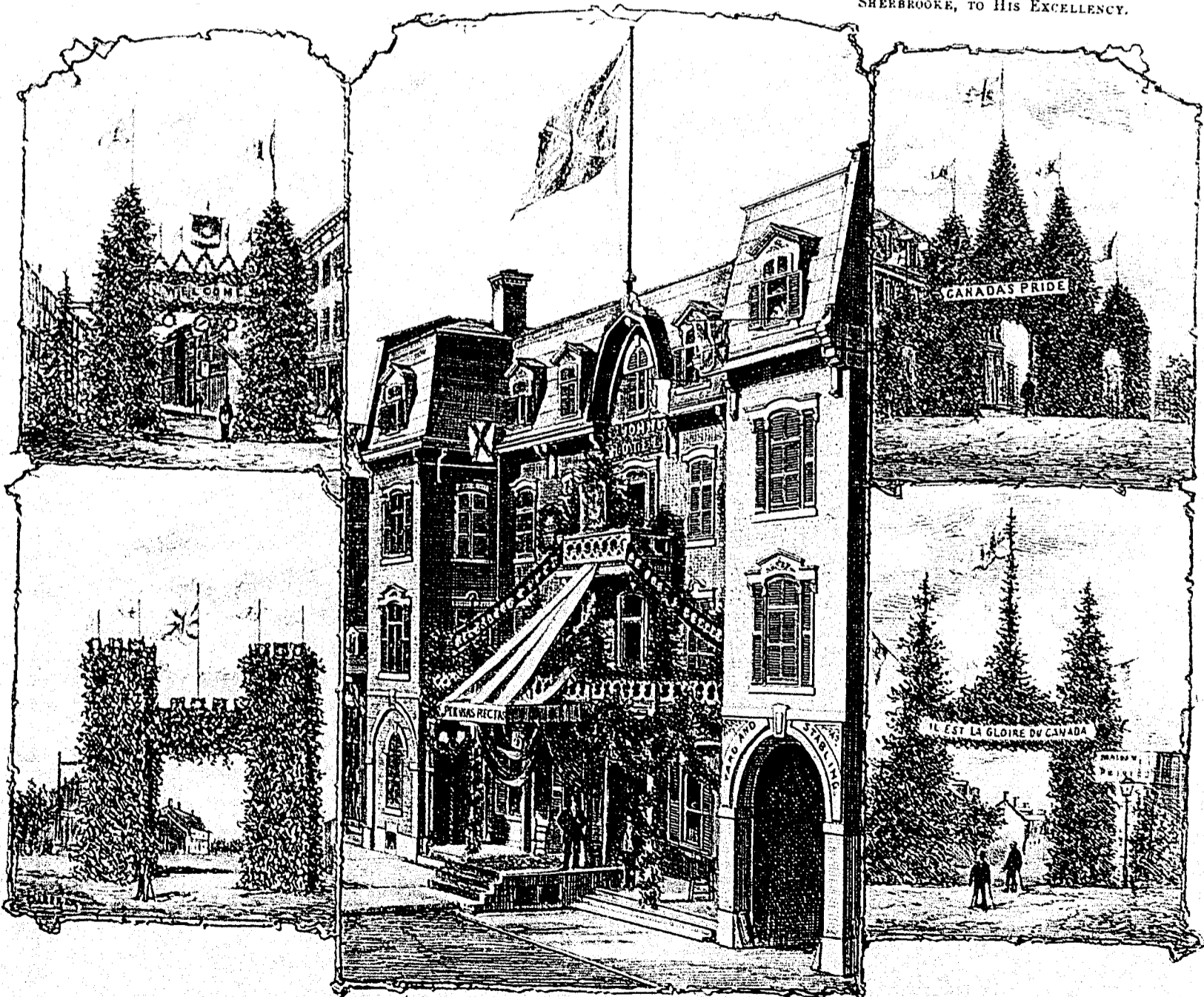
RICHARD FAIRLIE MORRIS.
WINNER OF THE DUFFERIN SILVER MEDAL AT THE SCHOOL CONNECTED
WITH BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE.



WILLIAM MORRIS.
WINNER OF THE DUFFERIN BRONZE MEDAL AT THE SCHOOL CONNECTED WITH
BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE.



MISS ANASTASIA DUPONT.
READER OF THE ADDRESS OF THE CONGREGATION CONVENT,
SHERBROOKE, TO HIS EXCELLENCY.



ST. JOHNS, P.Q.
THE TRIUMPHAL ARCHES AND THE DAIS WHERE THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION TOOK PLACE.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRAULT, ST. JOHNS.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S VISIT TO THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

PASSING.

O, the happy days of summer! O, the sunny days of summer!

With their mirthful music sighing.
The summer time is passing fleet;
We feel it not; our pulses beat,
But life is death, and time deceit.

O, the gleesome days of summer! O, the glad some days of summer!

That are dying, dying, dying.

O, the happy days of summer! O, the smiling days of summer!

To the heart's refrain replying.
Our hearts now throb in pure delight,
"There is no night, there is no night,
For all is love, and love is bright."

O, the gleesome days of summer! and the glad some days of summer!

That are dying, dying, dying.

O, the happy days of summer! O, the golden days of summer!

Days that brought me my love, sighing.
I cannot let thee pass away;
Give me thine hand, I bid thee stay,
Summer will be with us alway.

O, the fading days of summer! and the fading days of summer!

That are dying, dying, dying.

F. N. DEVEREUX.

Kemptville.

IS ATTRACTION AN INHERENT OR A DEVELOPED FORCE?

It is a popular belief that Sir Isaac Newton has left nothing undone in the science of Astronomy—that he has explored the whole subject and settled his law of Attraction on so solid a foundation that no effort of any subsequent investigator will be able to shake it. It may be wrong to attempt to disturb this popular belief. "Should we," says the gifted Giles, "in our estimate of opinion, pay no respect to the numbers who hold it, to the time it has endured, or to the great names by which it is commended? I say not so. Any of these may entitle an opinion to our examination; but the whole of them united may not entitle it to our assent." The theory of Attraction has been recommended to us on the authority of great names. Should we not bow down and receive that great theory without question, and accept it without reservation? We are told that the theory of Attraction is settled beyond the possibility of a doubt, that every particle of matter attracts every other, according to the law of the inverse square of the distance. If we ask modern astronomers what they mean by the word "Attraction," they will tell us that there is some principle *within* matter which has a tendency to *draw* other matter towards it; that this *principle* is inherent to every particle of matter and *draws* every other. If we pursued the enquiry a little further, our modern astronomer would have told us that Sir Isaac Newton was the discoverer of that great law, and that therefore we should accept it; that the distinguished ability of Newton, with those of course recommending it, would be our sufficient justification. Let us now question Sir Isaac Newton himself. He says, "What I call 'Attraction' may be performed by impulse or by some other means unknown to me. I use the word here to signify only in general any force by which bodies tend toward one another, whatsoever be the cause." The reader will notice at a glance that what our modern astronomers palm upon us as the Newtonian theory, is virtually only their own version of it. Newton clearly foresaw that matter acted as if there was a real attraction in the sense in which modern astronomers accept it; but, unlike them, he possessed that keen penetration which enabled him to perceive that such an idea was clearly unphilosophical. The theory of Attraction, as understood by the followers of Newton, has never appeared satisfactory to the mind of the greatest thinkers from the time of Newton to the present. It has formed the theme of a great many papers, at different times, presented to the various scientific institutions of the world.

In order that the reader may fully understand the real question at issue, it will only be necessary to state that the followers of Newton contend that the force or power of Attraction resides *within* bodies, while those who hold an opposite view contend that Attraction is a developed force and operates *without*; thus, the former *draws* and the latter *pushes* bodies together. From what is stated in the beginning of this article, it will be noticed that the authority and the great name of Newton cannot be claimed by either party. The question, so far as he is concerned, is an open one, and it is considered, and I think justly so, a fit subject for investigation.

The Newtonian theory of Attraction superseded the Cartesian system of Vortices. The Cartesians contended that space was full—that the interplanetary spaces contained a highly subtle matter called *ether*. Sir Isaac Newton denied the existence of a subtle matter in space, because he considered it absolutely necessary that space should be empty, because if space were full, it would have the effect of destroying those motions which Attraction was supposed to preserve.

Among all philosophers, Newton seems to have stood alone in denying that space was full. Among the ancients we find that Thales, Anaximenes, Anaxagoras, Aristotle, Zenon, Pythagoras, Lucippus, Democritus, Epicurus, and others all believed that space was full; while among the moderns who held the same view were Descartes, Kepler, Boucheperon, Seguin, Faraday, Guyot, Herapath, Eiler, Lesage, Bernouilli, Villemot, and others, who not only believed in the existence of an ethereal medium pervading space, but likewise endeavoured to show that it was in some manner connected with that mysterious principle which we call Attraction.

In order that the reader may fully comprehend the difference between what is held by the followers of Newton, and those modern philosophers whom I have mentioned, let us suppose that a blind man inhabited a circular island—that there was a post erected exactly in the centre of the island, that one end of a chain was attached to the post, and the other end to the leg of the blind man, and that the chain permitted him to go but a few inches from the river, and that the blind man was ignorant of the existence of the river. Let us again suppose that the blind man on occasional visits to the shore would find on the beach logs or pieces of timber which had been driven there by the action of the wind or the force of the current, the blind man would conclude that the island possessed some inherent principle *within* it which attracted (on the Newtonian principle) those pieces of wood to the island. What other conclusion would he arrive at? The poor man was blind. He could not see the river. He would not believe in the existence of a river, and, even if he did, would he not consider it absurd that such a light thing as water could bear on its bosom such heavy pieces of timber, &c. &c? Now, the followers of Newton are exactly like blind men with chains attached to their legs. They cannot see the river, and consequently they will not admit that it is the wind and the waves which drive the timber to the island. In like manner, Sir Isaac Newton denied the existence of that "Sea of medium" through which light passes in waves at the wonderful velocity of 192,000 miles per second.

In order to harmonize the existence of this ether, or medium of space, with the Newtonian theory, particularly to account for the reason that this ether or medium does not destroy these motions which Attraction is supposed to preserve, the followers of Newton were driven to make a statement which bears the impress of absurdity on the face of it. They contended that the ether of space was imponderable—that it has no perceptible weight, or is destitute of weight. I must confess that the word "imponderable" is chosen with some degree of cunning on their part, for two obvious reasons. 1st. If we prove to them that matter, to be matter, must possess weight, they will tell us that the word "imponderable" implies such to be the case. 2nd. If we prove to them that matter, however rare, must retard the motion of a planet, they will tell us that the ether of space is "imponderable," has no weight, consequently that any thing which is destitute of weight cannot retard a planet. I will now endeavour to show that the ether of space must possess weight. If I can show such to be the case, it will follow as a logical sequence that the ether must necessarily offer resistance to a planet in motion. The qualities or properties of matter may with propriety be divided into two classes, viz., the essential and the accidental. The essential qualities are: length, breadth, thickness and weight. Can we conceive it possible that matter could exist if deprived of either of these qualities? In order to point out the utter absurdity of their statement, I will admit, for the sake of argument, the Newtonian idea of Attraction. Now, the medium or ether of space is a gas of some kind. According to the law of Avogadro or Ampere, "Equal volumes of all substances, when in the state of gas, and under like conditions, contain the same number of molecules." Avogadro uses the word "Molecule," which means a *little mass* of matter. Ampere uses "Particle" in the same sense. According to the Newtonian theory, "every particle of matter attracts every other according to the law of the inverse square of the distance," and as this "Attraction" is the cause of weight, how is it that the particles of ether have no weight? If the particles of ether have no weight, then every particle of matter *does not* attract every other. In order to extricate themselves from the dilemma into which they have permitted themselves to fall, I would advise the so-called followers of Newton to alter their law so as to read "Some particles of matter attract some other, &c." It has always been the misfortune of parties who have denied the accepted opinions on any subject to be laughed or sneered at, or worse. It is scarcely possible that I can escape the same punishment, but that is no reason why I should not endeavour to lessen the laughter and curtail the sneer. In order to do this, I will quote from Sir Isaac Newton himself. He says: "It is inconceivable that inanimate brute matter should, without the mediation of something else which is not material, operate upon and affect other matter without mutual contact." * * * That gravity should be innate, inherent and essential, to matter, so that one body may act upon another at a distance through a vacuum, without the mediation of anything else, by and through which their action and force may be conveyed from one to another, is to me so great an absurdity, that I believe no man who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking can ever fall into it." The philosopher Paley, in speaking of Attraction, says: "For my part I am totally at a loss to comprehend how particles streaming from a centre should draw a body towards it." The German philosopher, Hegel, says that Newton "has exhibited in his optics a perfect specimen of the manner in which experiment and reasoning should not be conducted." Abbé Moigno says: "If there is anything certain in the world, it is that the molecules of bodies and bodies themselves are not really self-attractive, it is that Attraction is not an intrinsic, but only a developed force." In bringing this article to a close, I may be permitted to remark that I intend at a future day

to publish a work in which I will show the cause of that mysterious force which we call Attraction. I have already, in my pamphlet entitled "The Heavenly Bodies, How they Move, and What Moves Them," given a concise view of my theory.

DUGALD MACDONALD.

Montreal, Sept. 6, 1878.

SHAVING AND RAZORS.

A very sensible, but rather impatient, gentleman once committed suicide, leaving by way of explanation a scrap of paper, on which he had written, "I am tired of buttoning and unbuttoning." The world has always admitted the adequacy of the motive, though not every man has the courage to imitate the example. Closely allied to the annoyance which drove this unfortunate to seek repose in death is another infliction in the matter of our daily toilette, to which many, too many, of us are subject—we allude to shaving. How often must the victims of this custom, while cursing a blunt razor have been pursued by the thought, "True, it will not remove my beard, but it may serve to cut my throat, and then farewell to all shaving for ever." How many have given way to the temptation which perhaps never be known. In the pious hope of thinning the number of victims we offer to our readers a few remarks on the philosophy of shaving and the choice of razors. We shall be amply rewarded for our labours if in the course of the year a single wisard remains unslit which in the natural course of events would have been sacrificed in a moment of irritation caused by an undue economy of shaving-soap and a neglect of the use of the hone and the razor-strop.

In the first place, the question arises, what is the best time of day to shave? Common-sense at once replies that so dangerous and painful an operation should only be undertaken after the stomach has been comforted by breakfast, and here, as too often happens, custom and common-sense are at loggerheads, and the latter goes to the wall. As a matter of fact, then, we may assume that most men who shave at all are, unless they can spare time for a second visit to the dressing-room, obliged to shave before breakfast.

To this first question, then, we answer—Shave after breakfast if you can, before if you must, but on pain of looking slovenly never put it off till the evening. Men who only shave at night always look unwashed and abominable all day. There are some poor creatures so extremely hairy that they are obliged to shave twice in twenty-four hours; the deep pathos of such an existence might furnish the material of ten novels and half-a-dozen tragedies.

Having thus settled the knotty question of the "When," we will proceed to consider "How;" and this latter subject naturally divides itself into three elements, all of which are essential to a successful shave. There is the question of the lather, of the razor itself, and lastly, of the means of keeping the razor sharp, which will entail a few thoughts on hones and razor-strops.

The shaving-brush should be ample and rather soft, the soap of the most soft and lubricant sort that can be got. Lay it on hot, and work it freely; the thicker, hotter, and softer the lather, so much the pleasanter and easier will be the shave. Never use biting or acrid soap; probably the more glycerine, honey, and grease that enters into the composition of the soap, the more agreeable will it be to the skin, but in this, as in so many other great affairs, experience will be the surest guide. The man who has shaved for a year or two and has not found out what soap is pleasantest to his cheek is deficient in the bump of research, and will never do great things in the world.

The choice of a razor is commonly thought so difficult that many give up all attempt at forming an opinion of their own, take what the cutler pleases, and rely upon his good faith and the credit of the house for a happy result. Possibly there exist tradesmen who will take back a razor which after a few days' trial does not prove up to the mark. If so, we shall be only too happy to make their acquaintance: personally we never met with one. And this is hardly to be wondered at, for nothing equals the delicacy of a good razor edge except perhaps the tenderness with which it requires to be treated. If a razor in tempering has not received sufficient heat its edge will be brittle; if, on the other hand, it has been too much heated it will be soft, but how is the purchaser to tell? He may, however, take with him a microscope, and carefully examine the edge all along. If it shows no bluntness or inequalities under this test a *prima facie* case is made out in favour of the razor. We ourselves do not use the microscope, but never on any account buy a razor which will not with any part of its edge sever a hair plucked from our own head and held freely between the left finger and thumb, while we chop at it with the razor in the right hand. The tool which will successively pass this test seldom turns out badly. We may also here record another fact—namely, that mounting has nothing whatever to do with excellence, and that expensive razors are not as a rule a whit better than cheap ones. A shilling razor bought of a small cutler in a country town is just as likely to do its work well and long as one mounted in tortoise-shell costing ten times the money and purchased at a West-end establishment. That is, of course, if you have taken the trouble to verify the state of its temper by the means which we have above pointed out.

Never dip your razor into boiling or very hot water to make it cut better; it is a most waste-

ful and deceptive proceeding. At first it certainly seems to answer and to make the edge keener, but in the long run it softens the steel, and you will find the weapon fail you at some critical moment when smoothness and despatch may be invaluable.

If you put your razor away wet, or with the edge ill-cleaned, you have no sort of right to blame anyone but yourself when it fails to do duty next day. Treat it tenderly as if you loved it, like Isaac Walton's worm, and you will, if you have had a fair start, be sure of a good and faithful servant. From time to time you must use the hone; do it yourself; don't trust your servant, he will certainly make a complete hash of the process, and most likely ruin your razor for ever. You should wipe your hone before using it with some soft rag or piece of old silk to remove all dirt; next spread a few drops of oil on the hone, and then, gripping the razor firmly by its handle with the thumb and forefinger, firmly holding it also below the shoulder of the blade, push the razor away from you, taking care to press evenly, flatly, and firmly, and to give the blade a sliding motion along the surface of the hone; when the whole of the blade has traversed the hone, reverse it, and do the same thing over again on the other side, always remembering to work from shoulder to point; by this means the minute teeth of the saw, which, as a microscope will show you, form the edge of the razor, will all be set in a proper direction, so as to give you the most benefit from their touch against the bristles of your beard when you set to work at your morning shave.

Recollect that a razor-strop must be used in the same manner; but that however carefully you may strop your razor, it can never prevent your being sometimes driven to the hone. When choosing a razor-strop, be careful to pick out a flat one. This is very important, as otherwise you will never get the teeth of your microscopic saw to be evenly set on the edge of the razor with an equable, keen, and fine-cutting faculty all along from one end of the blade to the other. The leather on the smooth side of the razor-strop should be calf, and of the best quality, and this side is of course used after the razor has been sufficiently sharpened on the side spread with the composition. It has the effect of smoothing the edge, and will so far be found useful.

FASHION NOTES.

LACE will be all the rage this fall.

PUSH fabrics will be much worn.

BLUE is a favourite colour for coatings.

BONNETS will be worn of a larger size.

VELVET will be used for trimming dresses.

LUSTRELESS silks are the most fashionable.

Bonnets are to be embroidered with gold.

THE red is the new shade of garnet or maroon.

FELT hats will be more popular than ever this fall.

FLOWERS of fur will be among the winter novelties.

GOLD braids and gold embroideries are to be revived.

LACE mitts are worn at the moment on all occasions.

FEATHERS in cashmere colours are among the novelties.

PLAIDS will be much worn in the first weeks of the fall.

SETS of English coatings are made all of one kind of goods.

"EGYPTIAN" and "Pompeian" are two fashionable dull shades of red.

THE leading styles in bonnets are the Gypsy, Quaker, and cottage shapes.

THE latest novelty in veils is black dotted net, lined with white illusion.

OLD style India satin, called Pekin silk, heavy and lustreless, will be worn again.

PALE blue and Jacqueminot red are favourite combinations of colour for evening dress.

STRIPED velvets and broche patterns in quaint designs are shown for ladies' waistcoats.

PLEATED basques and pleated waist polonaises with deep yokes and wide belts are coming in vogue.

THE panier scarf is seen on some of the new dresses, and is said to be the precursor of the panier proper.

THE Louis Quatorze casque and long waistcoat is worn over a kilt plaited skirt without any scarf around the hips.

WHITE barege is used for inexpensive bridal dresses. Such dresses are trimmed with white satin and garlands of orange blossoms.

BACK draperies are only slightly more bouffant, and there are no perceptible paniers on the earliest importations of fall dresses.

ON some of the dresses for the next season are to be worn accessories—that is to say, plastrons, pockets, and cuffs composed entirely of feathers.

THE latest novelty in lace copied from the Paris Exposition is a mixture of black and white leaves and flowers on a groundwork of black Chantilly.

AN imperative rule in second mourning is that neither fringe, nor flowers, nor satin, nor jet shall be used in the ornamentation of a dress or other garment.

THE richest novelty in fans is of gold, wrought in a delicate open work, like the Chinese ivory fans. The most expensive have the owner's monogram in diamonds.

A NOVELTY for gentlemen's underwear is a netted shirt of small twisted cotton cord, to be worn under the flannel, or in place of flannel in very warm weather.

LONG pointed corsages, or simulated points on princess robes, are very fashionable for full evening dress. The point is very long and broad, and rounded, not sharp.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

AN International Congress on alcoholism has been opened at Paris.

It is believed that the receipts at the Paris Exhibition will not cover one-half of the immense expenditure.

It is announced that Mme. Thiers intends publishing the speeches of her late husband; the first two volumes will appear in print in January next.

THE visit of another sovereign to the Paris Exhibition is announced. Menelik II., King of Abyssinia, is expected at the commencement of September.

A COMPANY has been formed at Madrid for the introduction of bull-fights in Paris, but it is to be presumed that the requisite permission will not be accorded.

THE Gobelin's manufactory has constructed a large temporary salon, in which some splendid examples of fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth century work are now on view.

It is said that the well-known M. Bois Dubois has bequeathed the whole of his large fortune to the poor of Paris. The amount reaches close upon 2,000,000 francs (about £80,000).

THE Grand Duke Alexis, travelling under the name of Baron de Schelling; the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar; the Prince Peter of Oldenburg; and the Grand Duke Nicholas are in Paris.

STEAM launches are threatening the lower reaches of the Seine. In the London *Times* somebody advertises for a craft that can get up the river so far as Paris. The Seine is a very much neglected river, but full of beauties.

It is expected that during the month of September the Emperor of Austria, the Prince of Wales, the Czarowitch, the King of the Belgians and the King of Italy will meet in Paris; and that Marshal MacMahon will give a grand fête in their honour at the Palace of Versailles.

"AH!" exclaimed a Russian, as he gazed on the unfinished French Exhibition, "there's a sad proof of laxity here." "What do you mean?" asked his friend. "I mean," replied he, "that the Exhibition will be finished before it is completed."

TEN Roman mandolinists have started for Paris, where they intend to display this Roman speciality to the visitors to the Exhibition. The leaders of the company are two of the first mandolinists of Italy, M. Bertucci and Professor Caracca. The repertory consists of symphonies and airs arranged for the mandoline out of the *Muette* of Auber and the *Semiramide* of Rossini, as well as some characteristic music and fantasies for the violin which will be played without change on the mandoline by M. Bertucci.

EXHIBITION souvenirs continue to be the rage in Paris, and while humble visitors content themselves with a penny medal, a twopenny fan bearing a plan or a picture of the building, or a pen, paper-knife, or tiny opera-glass, containing microscopic views, wealthy Parisiennes wear the "Exhibition Bracelet," a gold circlet, ornamented by a representation of the Trocadero, in bas-relief, and pierced with innumerable holes through which can be seen minute pictures of the gardens and the animals illustrating the four quarters of the globe.

THE latest idea here is a floating restaurant, which is destined to have as great a success as the captive balloon. A fine little steamer, the *Touriste*, leaves the Pont Royal, from alongside the Bains de la Frégate, every morning at half-past ten o'clock, and steams down to St. Germain in three hours and a half, from whence it returns at six o'clock. The two decks of the boat are covered with tables, and the restaurant is managed by a company consisting of Catelein frères, Bouvalet and Champeaux. It is needless to add that the cuisine is excellent. We cannot imagine a more charming manner of seeing the scenery of the Seine, which is very varied and interesting.

THE show of horses and asses to be opened on the 10th of this month, promises to be very interesting. There will be about 1,000 horses exhibited. England, Belgium, Hungary, Denmark, Italy, Holland, and Russia will be represented. England will send seventy horses, the Prince of Wales being an important exhibitor; Belgium, 100; Austria, fifty; Holland, forty; Russia, twenty-five. France will naturally be represented in the largest proportions. The races of Normandy, la Saintonge, the draught horses of the Perche and of Brittany, and the saddle horses of the south will be represented by the finest animals to be found.

THE big balloon in the courtyard of the Tuileries must do a good business. It made 15 ascents on Saturday, 24th ult., taking up 355 passengers at 20¢ each, whilst 5,636 persons were admitted at 11¢ each to the enclosure. The proceeds for the day reached nearly £500

sterling. A few such receipts will defray the original cost of the huge machine. It remained at anchor throughout the whole of the preceding Friday on account of the raging tempest. The blast of the hurricane nearly caused the balloon to slip from its moorings; it swayed to and fro, and struggled hard to get free, but the stout hempen cable held on without yielding an inch. Another balloon ascended from the Tuileries courtyard on the preceding day, carrying Don Carlos, his brother-in-law (the Count Bardi), the Count de Bari, and the *five fleurs* of Bourbonism. The Legitimists descended safely, two hours later, some thirty miles from Paris.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the famous Petra Camara revealed the Spanish dance to the Parisians. The coldest were intoxicated with her success, and the most severe became enthusiastic. In one of his marvellous *Cannées* Théophile Gautier immortalized the *Cachucas* of the charming *ballerine*:

J'ai vu ce fantome au Gymnase,
Que tout Paris admira,
Lorsque dans son lineul de gaze
Parut la Petra Camara.
Impassible et passionnée,
Fermant ses yeux morts de langueur,
Et comme Inès l'assassinée,
Dansant, un poignard dans le cœur.

The dancers from Madrid who are now at the Gymnase are a mockery and a delusion. We were told to expect the daughter of Petra Camara. In her place we find a colossal, masculine, heavy woman, whose legs resemble a weaver's beam, and who moves with the rapidity of the minute hand of a church clock. If we are to judge by the present troupe, Spanish dancing is in a complete state of decadence.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A CURIOUS report has got about that Lord Acton is to succeed Mr. Winter Jones as Principal Librarian at the British Museum.

AFTER all, the long-talked-of visit of the Prince of Wales to Australia is likely to be made, probably next year. He is reported to be anxious to see the loyal colony.

It is said that the cause of the sickness in the 42nd may be traced to the fact that there still lurks in it the seed of the fever of the West Coast of Africa. The 42nd was in Ashantee, and perhaps this is the cause of the present outbreak.

It has always been a matter of conjecture why the buildings of many places of interest in London should turn black. Professor Paley says the blackness is not caused altogether by a deposit of smoke and dirt, but of small black lichen. Sunlight is destructive to this stealthy destroyer.

APROPOS of new peerages and baronetages, the last rumour of this kind concerns the Lord Mayor. He is to be knighted before the expiration of his mayoralty, and there is a rumour that Sir Henry Drummond Wolff in going to Roumelia as Her Majesty's Special Commissioner, is going into training for the Ambassadorship at the Porte.

DR. DUFFY, who was almost a celebrity in his way, has died in London at the age of 71. He had lived for years in Spanish South America, and witnessed, or taken part in, most of the revolutions in which that region is most prolific. He was in treaty with Mrs. Brassey for the translation of her *Voyage of the Sunbeam* into Spanish. It is said Mrs. Brassey has netted a good £3,000 by her book.

MR. GEORGE GRAY, in conjunction with Mr. A. H. Hill, is actively engaged in perfecting a scheme by which it will be possible for clerks, unable to obtain lucrative employment with the quill, to learn a useful trade, such as carving on wood, stone-engraving, &c. About a dozen carefully selected handicrafts will be taught, under competent supervision, at the institution, which, from the outset, will be conducted on self-supporting principles. A preliminary conference will shortly be held in London.

THE report of the Science and Art Department just issued states, in regard to South Kensington Museum, that the purchase vote having been reduced very little has been bought for the collection. Still, something has been acquired, enamels from Limoges and some specimens of Majolica ware especially; and, seeing that the new articles take up several pages, and that the Natural History Museum is going to South Kensington soon, that part of the world seems to have no reason for complaint.

THE promoters of the completion of the inner circle railway for London have just made another application to the Board of Works, having for their object to induce the Board to lend its support to a slight extension of the plan for uniting Cannon Street Station, commonly called the Mansion House Station, of the district railway, with the Aldgate terminus of the Metropolitan Railway, so as to provide an endless series of circular trains, and to furnish accommodation to the Mark-lane and Mincing-lane district of the city.

A NEPHEW of Osman Pacha's has been for several months residing at the Constabulary Depot in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, learning the organization, drill and duties of the Royal Irish Constabulary, with a view to the introduction of a similar force in Turkey. Youssef Aril Bey is the name and title of the visitor. It was at Lord Beaconsfield's suggestion that the Irish Constabulary was selected as the model of the future Turkish Police, and that Osman Pacha's relative, who was one of the heroic defenders of Plevna, was despatched to Dublin to acquire a knowledge of his professional duties.

A VERY industrious enumerator has set to himself the task of counting the number of hours spent by Parliament in actual work during the past Session. He recounts that the Lords had devoted 100 days to legislative labour, the Commons 136; and in the 136 days managed to extend their work over 1,100 hours. "The House of Lords sat for less than a sixth of the above number of hours. The House of Commons sat beyond midnight eighty-five times, and on thirteen nights sat until later than 3 a.m., extending its sitting of the 2nd of August until past 4 o'clock on the next morning, its sitting of the 1st of April until past 6 a.m., and its sitting of the 13th of May until half-past nine on the next morning." The *Times* reports at the rate of about a column per hour, and had 1,200 columns of speeches during the year. These very important facts must have taken more than a day to discover. "What do they prove?"

BACK TO SCHOOL.

This year the fatal date was the 2nd September. It is more fortunate when the date is the 6th or 7th of the same month, as then the schoolboy gets a few extra days thrown into his vacation.

Why is September adopted all through the United States and Canada for the re-opening of the scholastic year, whereas, in England and on the Continent, October is chosen? The only reason I can see, and a valid one at that, is that September lies at the threshold of the cool weather, and that the summer vacation is well set in the calendar months of July and August. The only offset to this theory is that the same months are at least as hot in Europe, and that, in spite thereof, schools run on there till the first of August.

Throughout America the first Monday of September is a memorable day. For the very few it is marked with a golden star, but to the many a black cross stamps it forever.

It is very hard to associate so untoward a date with the departure of the glories of summer, with the first fall of the leaf, and the return of the calm autumnal days.

There is no use moralizing about it. Schooling is one of the hardships of young life, the effects of which are felt far on in the maturity of age.

We have no royal road to learning. The fruits of instruction, like the fruits of the earth, may be gathered only after patient sowing, patient husbandry, and patient harvesting. Children know this by instinct, and hence the feeling of burden with which they always enter each scholastic year.

Hence, too, I repeat, while some exceptional characters are found who hail the re-opening of the school with pleasure, the great majority of boys and girls see it approach with shrinking of the heart valves, and when the dread day at length arrives, it is like a separation as for the dead to exchange the easy, unrestrained freedom of home, for the seclusion and formal discipline of the school-room. Especially is the separation a doleful one for those poor children who are obliged to go to school in a distant town, or to be locked up in a boarding institution, far from the sight of parents and the companionship of brothers and sisters.

Poor little Johnnie! Only seven years old and yet he has worked himself up to the sticking point. Got a big pile of books, and a leather satchel strapped to his back, like a rifleman, when he needs only a primer; a big slate and a box of lead pencils when he can't write a stroke. The fatal morning comes; he kisses mamma and sisters with just a little quiver of the thin lips, but turns away with papa and marches bravely to school. On the road talks big to keep up his courage and promises all sorts of things. At length they reach the school-house; mistress receives them; last recommendations of papa; and the final kiss and farewell. Then the great brown eyes open, the arms are thrown out to the father and the childish form clings to the big man. Poor little Johnnie has broken down, and can the father stand it?

Poor little Mary! Only six and she, too, must go. Mother intends to do wonders with her daughter. Drawing and music from the start. Lessons in deportment and dancing to follow shortly. The child is fascinated and consents to everything. On the first Monday in September she trips gayly away. Mother has no difficulty at the first. The little thing goes from the parlour in the custody of a mistress; is covered with kisses by the other girls, and the school begins before the romance has worn out. But gradually the little eyes become fixed and the tiny rose ears distended and the mind is already far away. That evening, Mary nestles more closely to her mother, and when at length she falls asleep, it is to dream that she has lost her home and she calls out to her mother for help in her adrift. Poor little Mary!

Courage, however, and patience! The law of compensation applies in the case of these kids, as it does in all the difficult passes of life. Within a few weeks, especially if the studies are congenial, if the tutors are gentle and generous, and if the set of companions happens to be of the right sort, the school yoke will become less irksome, and at intervals, under the stimulant of prizes, or under the charm of favourite authors, reading will become a delight. There is also a soothing resignation in habit. A boy gets used to his daily grind, and after a while does not appear to care.

Montreal. MUFTI.

LITERARY.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE has just completed a novel with the title "An Eye for an Eye." It is a story of English and Irish society.

THE London *Graphic*, though still young, is said to have paid one hundred per cent. on its capital of £20,000 for the year ending with June.

JOAQUIN MILLER will publish next month a volume of poems dedicated to Lord Houghton, entitled "Songs of Far Away Lands."

THE friends of Walt Whitman announce that the poet is projecting a new book, "Far and Near at Fifty-Nine" (fifty-nine is his age), comprising all sorts of themes, mostly in prose.

MRS. MORTIMER COLLINS has finished a novel left incomplete by her husband, entitled "You Play Me False." It will be brought out next month.

MR. GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP has become the editor of the Boston *Courier*. For some years past he has been one of the critics of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

A GENTLEMAN who visited Richard A. Dana lately at his country seat at Cape Ann, Mass., found the venerable poet in good health for one who bears on his shoulders the weight of ninety-one years.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN is the owner of the MSS. of Sir Walter Scott's "Black Dwarf," "Woodstock," "Peveril of the Peak," and "The Fortunes of Nigel."

M. TAINÉ is fifty years old, and lives handsomely in the midst of the Faubourg St. Germain, in a house whose windows have a clear view of the Hotel des Invalides, across the Gardens of the Sacré Cœur.

REV. FRANCIS HODGSON, B.D., scholar, poet, and divine, better known as Provost Hodgson, from his long connection in that capacity with Eton College, was one of the most intimate friends of Lord Byron. A memoir of his, about to be published, will contain letters from Lord Byron and his sister, Mrs. Leigh, throwing much light on the relations between Lord and Lady Byron.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, the poet, a woman now in middle age, is an invalid and a recluse. Her sweet nature has not, however, been soured by illness; she is one of the most amiable and charming of women. She has a pleasant face, with prominent eyes and a fine head, and she is extremely industrious, writing constantly.

SHAKESPEARE got \$25 for "Hamlet;" Boucicault has made \$150,000 from the "Shangran;" E. A. Poe was paid \$10 for "The Raven;" Dr. Holland got \$12,000 for "Bittersweet;" Charles Lamb wrote two years for \$425 a year; George Eliot made \$50,000 from "Daniel Deronda."

TENNYSON'S two sisters, Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Jesse, are extremely cultivated and intellectual women, now past middle age. Mrs. Kerr is tall and stout, Mrs. Jesse short, wiry, and dark-haired. Mrs. Jesse is the "Emily" who was engaged to marry poor young Arthur Hallam, the hero of the Laureate's "In Memoriam."

THE Old Testament revisers, who began their work on the 30th of June, 1870, have sat for four hundred and sixty days for six hours each day, and have gone over the whole of the Old Testament, with the exception of part of Esther, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, and Daniel.

THE house wherein George Eliot lives and writes stands in one of the most secluded nooks of London. It is a plain, comfortable building, surrounded by a generous measure of soft turf and graceful trees. Awnings shade the windows, and a high wall about the lawn contributes to the almost rural retirement of the most distinguished of living women.

VICTOR HUGO has a habit of working upon four or five subjects at once, rarely knowing which he shall finish first. In the morning he begins with whichever subject first takes his fancy, and after devoting himself for a few hours to verse, turns to his novel after luncheon, and finishes the day by writing on some theme utterly unlike that which he took up in the morning. He has now in preparation six prose works and four poems.

MR. CARLYLE, although now past eighty-three, is so well and strong that he has been making a summer visit to Scotland. His pleasant but simple home in Cheyne row, Chelsea—a house nearly 200 years old—is presided over by his niece, Miss Aiken, an amiable lady of middle age. In the bright garden the sage comfortably smokes, and twice every day he walks abroad among the quiet and narrow streets of Chelsea, one of the oldest and most interesting parts of London.

"STELLA," the author of "Sappho," which has reached its fourth edition in England, recently recited a new poem at a garden party given by Mr. Gallup at his beautiful villa, at Gypsy Hill, near London. The poem was very effective with its audience, and has been sought for publication by several well-known publishers. Mr. Gallup, by the way, is the proprietor of the "Floriline," now so largely advertised in this country, and is a man of large fortune, but also of a large and generous nature and cultivated literary tastes.

SAMUEL ROGERS had a sufficiently good opinion of his own work, if one may credit the anecdote related by a literary celebrity to the late W. H. Harrison. The literary celebrity said that on one occasion the poet referred to the following lines as the best he had ever written: "Long," he exclaimed, "long may such goodness live; 'Twas all he gave—'twas all he had to give." "I was in bed," added Rogers, "when I made them, and I put my hands outside the counterpane and treated myself to three rounds of applause."

THE novelist, Alphonse Daudet, when he came to Paris at the age of sixteen, had only two francs in his pocket, or rather in the lining of his tunic. He is now a rich man—thanks to foreigners, not fellow countrymen, for purchasing his romances. As in the lowest depths, there is a lower still, so with attic: he lived in an attic over an attic, opposite Ricord's mansion, where, he confesses, he is at present a welcome guest. Gambetta was at the time a law student, and, at a common table d'hôte on Sundays, dominated the guests with his persuasive eloquence. Gambetta was considered a millionaire among the students, because his father allowed him 300 francs a month to live on.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO. — Bow Ties of every description manufactured. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

THE MONTREAL CAVALRY.

In 1812, now sixty-six years since, a number of persons in Montreal enrolled their names to form a troop of Volunteer Cavalry, and offered to serve wherever His (then) Majesty required them. The Governor-General accepted their offer, and in recognition of the loyal and spirited manner in which they proffered their services, gave the corps the title or distinction of "The Royal Montreal Cavalry," and this Royal Montreal Cavalry has, under one name or another, continued to exist, *without intermission*, to the present day.

Its first officers were: George Platt, Captain; Robert Gillespie, Lieutenant; John Molson, Cornet; David Wilson, Qr.-Master; Benjamin Holmes, Sergeant; Archibald Ogilvie, Sergeant; Charles Penner, Sergeant; Thomas Torrance, Corporal; Alexander Ogilvie, Corporal.

All our old citizens will remember most of these gentlemen, many of whom were amongst our most respected merchants. At Mr. Platt's death, Mr. Gillespie became Captain; then Mr. John Molson; then, in 1827, Major Gregory took command with the Hon. J. L. Mc-

Cord as Captain of the Montreal Troop, and Charles Penner, Captain of the Lachine Troop, the two forming the squadron.

There are not many now living who served in 1827 as troopers. The Hon. Judge Badgley, and Messrs. C. M. Delisle and Beniah Gibb may also be named.

The information of the first formation of the corps is derived from Major Charles Penner, very lately deceased at Kingston, at a very advanced age, and who was himself one of the original members; and also from the records since 1827, still extant.

Our old and active citizen, that gallant veteran, Col. Dyde, C.M.G., who himself served in 1812, well remembers the cavalry of that period and its history.

A number of the Montreal ladies, in 1818, presented the Montreal Cavalry with a beautiful and costly standard of silk very heavily worked with gold, said to have cost 100 guineas; the standard is now in the possession of the present commander of the troop.

The Montreal Cavalry has been on escort duty during the visits of the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur to Montreal.



THE MONTREAL CAVALRY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N

The troop was reorganized in 1855 by Lieut.-Col., then Capt. A. W. Ogilvie, at the full strength of fifty troopers, as an independent corps, purchasing their uniforms at a cost of about \$45 per man.

At the time of the first Fenian raid twenty-five of the troop, commanded by Captain W. W. Ogilvie, were on duty at Cornwall, and twenty-five at Huntingdon under the command of Captain, (now Major) John Smith, and since then they were on Frontier duty at Huntingdon and Pigeon Hill, commanded by Captain (now Major) James Muir. The troop has at all

calls to duty turned out promptly in full strength; Col. Fletcher at its recent inspection spoke very highly of the efficiency and smart appearance of the troopers. He said the horses were good and well fitted for duty. He spoke of Trumpet-Major Clapham as one of the best trumpeters in the Dominion, and expressed a desire of having a cavalry band.

The present officers are: John Tees, Captain, Commanding; Collin McArthur, Lieutenant; R. W. G. Stewart, Cornet. Col. Lovelace has been drill instructor during the last 18 years.

VARIETIES.

NEW LADIES' FASHIONS.—At Goodwood there were two attempts at the adoption of the Greek style of dress which has of late been so encouraged among the artistic members of society. The dresses were, of course, the great object of curiosity among the company in the royal stand, and much interest was expressed as to the secret of their make. When the mystery was revealed they were simply pinned on, all one piece, like a long Indian shawl, folded to the shape of the wearer, confined on the shoulder, and the ends left to fall over the bosom and

shoulders. Nothing can be more simple and graceful than this style of dress. The economy of the construction should be a great recommendation beside.

CELESTIAL PORTRAITS.—Some grand dames and princesses are reviving the fashion of the last three centuries of sitting for their portraits in the costumes of goddesses. It is a charming idea. A portrait thus made would not grow old, and would never offer that ridiculous aspect which, in spite of the painter's talent, is inevitable when it is depicted with the accessories which are authorized by the doubtful taste of the

moment. How absurd, for instance, a lady in a crinoline appears to our eyes, to say nothing of certain varieties of tight and loose lacing, high waists and low waists, and the innumerable ways of dressing the hair which were in fashion not twenty years ago. The passing and often grotesque fashions will certainly not embellish the portraits in the eyes of posterity. On the other hand, look at the lasting beauty as works of art of the portraits of Reynolds and Gainsborough. The Olympian inhabitants whose traditional characteristics indicate them as models to be chosen are mainly three. For women of ample

and ripening beauty let the blonde Ceres with a tight-fitting costume be taken; a woman of proud and commanding features will choose Minerva as her artistic godmother, while Diana will be emulated by women of great physical perfections. Young brides, still timid and astonished, would be *ravissantes* as Hebe or Psyche.

A JAPANESE RIP VAN WINKLE.—The Japanese have the story of Rip Van Winkle in another form. A young man fishing in his boat on the ocean was invited by the goddess of the sea to her home beneath the waves. After three

days he desired to see his old father and mother. On parting she gave him a golden casket and a key, but begged him never to open it. At the village where he lived all was changed, and he could get no trace of his parents until an aged woman recollected hearing their names. He found their graves a hundred years old. Thinking that three days could not have made such a change, and that he was under a spell, he opened the casket. A white vapour rose, and under its influence the young man fell to the ground. His hair turned gray, his form lost its youth, and in a few moments he died of old age.

LORD BYRON'S DAUGHTER.—Byron's only child married the Earl of Lovelace, descendant of Lord Chancellor King, John Locke's favourite nephew, and had two sons and one daughter. Lady Lovelace had every right to be peculiar, and was so. Her eldest son, too, was perfectly and most inconveniently eccentric. While at Eton College he stopped a carriage, presented a pistol, and robbed some ladies, and committed divers other strange deeds; and, at length, having utterly exhausted the patience of his family, became a workman in Scott Russell's ship-building yard on the Thames, where, at the time of



ALRY ON A CHARGE.

NOTMAN & SANDHAM.

his death, he was on the eve of marriage to a carpenter's daughter. He had some good points about him, notwithstanding his strangeness, and might perhaps ultimately have developed into a useful man; but this was not to be. He was succeeded by his brother, who inherited, at his maternal grandmother's death, her Barony of Wentworth, with a seat in the House of Lords. A few years ago Lord Wentworth, who, in current phrase, "doesn't amount to much," married the daughter of the Rev. George Heriot. His wife was for a season or two the reigning beauty of the day. But the marriage did not prove

happy, and about two years ago Lord Wentworth instituted a suit for divorce, but subsequently withdrew it. Lady Wentworth died lately, aged twenty-four, leaving an only daughter.

DAMASCUS.—One of the oldest cities in the world, which, through all the vicissitudes of history, has retained its primitive character in a greater degree than any other centre of population, either in the East or the West, is at present experiencing a period of depression unexampled in its long history. Damascus, mentioned by Abraham 1,917 years before the Christian

era in the book of Genesis, long afterwards the capital of an independent kingdom until its conquest by the Jews, and successively the prize of the Romans, Saracenic, and Turkish masters, is still the capital of Syria, but has fallen during the past eighteen years from a condition of prosperity, to one of squalid misery. The civil war and massacre of 1860 drove away to Aleppo a considerable portion of the silk trade, which in recent times had been the staple industry of Damascus. The opening of the Suez Canal, which virtually extinguished the old Bagdad overland trade, has also proved a serious blow to

the ancient Syrian metropolis, and the importers of European manufacture are now confined to Manchester goods of the commonest and cheapest descriptions. The population of the city does not, even according to the highest calculations, exceed 110,000 souls, and its trade is confined to supplying the wants of its half-ruined people, and the rude requirements of the Bedouins of the surrounding desert.

A new instrument, the electroscope, is said to have been invented, by which two persons can talk with and see each other at a distance of 500 miles.

DEATH OF GENERAL BROCK.

(BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.)

On Queenston Heights the foe was ranged, in battle's dread array,
Full many a heart that ceased to beat, ere closed the autumn day;
While our young country's chivalry, beneath, on every hand,
Stood well prepared to win, or die, defenders of the land.

Why should they fear? their leader stands, a veteran strong of will,
They know and trust his prudent mind, his bravery and skill.
His firm command is heard in tones as calm as zephyr's breath,
And, like a breeze, it waving sets this harvest-field of death.

Oh! gallant Brock, beloved of all, how sad thy sudden doom!
The victor's wreath so nobly earned, but circled on thy tomb,
And Destiny, before so kind, an odious task was thine,
The laurel for thy brilliant son, with cypress to entwine.

"Heed not my death, I am but one!" the noble leader cried,
Unflinching to the last, while war rolled on its reddened tide,
Twas Valour's helpless, last appeal, yet uttered not in vain,
Their hero's soul is with them still—the victory they gain.

Their maddened passions now at rest, with many a hidden tear
And groans suppressed, they gather by their fallen general's bier;
The minute gun now spreads afar the tale of battle ground
And many an echoing hill-top answers that unwonted sound.

But hark awhile! no echo this, that breaks upon the gloom,
From o'er yon wooded summit comes a dull responsive boom.
Its meaning soon they proudly read, a tribute from the foe,
And offered to the honoured dead their aim hath stricken low.

His soldiers mourned; no less his foe was to his memory just,
A people's unavailing tears fell o'er his silent dust;
A towering monument now bears the record of his fame,
And Canada was proud to give her fairest town his name.

Oh, Canada! for cause of thine hath blood been freely shed,
Thy grassy sod hath early closed o'er many a gallant head,
Yet in thy sheltering bosom rests no nobler hero's clay,
Than his who fell at Queenston Heights on that October day.

Montreal.

M. J. WALLS.

MASON AND SLIDELL.

We fancy our readers will be pleased to peruse the following new, authentic and highly interesting account of an historical event which made an unusual stir throughout Canada at the time of its occurrence, and will remain forever memorable for the impulse it gave to our volunteer system. The paper is from the pen of R. M. Hunter, an officer on board the American war vessel *San Jacinto*.

I.

The *San Jacinto* had cruised during the fall months on the west coast of Africa, bearing a roving commission and keeping a bright lookout for the privateer *Sumter*. The cruise had not resulted in anything of practical benefit either in the way of prize-money to the crew or service to the Government, and the 1st of October beheld her steering for the Spanish main, with her crew and officers in fine spirits and eager for adventure. Touching at Cienfuegos, news was received that Mason and Slidell had passed out of Charleston in the blockade-runner *Theodora* and had reached Havana. This was on the 23rd of October, and orders were at once given to coal ship. The order was executed with despatch, and on the 26th of the same month the *San Jacinto* was again in blue water shaping a course for Havana. The greatest secrecy was observed as to the destination of the ship, but a stray copy of the *Baltimore American* had passed among the crew, in which it was announced that Mason and Slidell had run the blockade. The theory that they had gone to Nassau, N. P., and that the objective point of our present trip was to intercept the *Theodora* on her return, was mooted and generally accepted. I am afraid that the honour of suggesting the capture of Mason and Slidell must be awarded to our boatswain, J. P. Grace. On the evening of October 27th this officer, while pacing the lee side of the quarter-deck with another warrant officer, said, in a tone which we distinctly heard in the wardroom, that the two chaps themselves ought to be overhauled wherever they might be, and the ship that did it would get honour that would compensate for the absence of prize-money won during the past four months. Two days afterwards we passed under the frowning guns of Morro Castle and anchored in Havana harbour. No person except officers were permitted ashore, and it was required that they should not appear in uniform. It was street talk at the time that Mason and Slidell had made the hardest part of their journey when they passed through the blockading squadron off Charleston, and the opinion prevailed that they were safe from interference from the United States. All but Capt. Wilkes accepted this view of the case, and he retained his views within himself. Having frequent occasion

to visit his cabin, I saw that he was deeply engaged in the perusal of international law books, from which he was taking copious notes. On the 1st day of November, Lieutenant J. A. Greer, navigating officer, brought word to the ship that Mason and Slidell, with their secretaries and families, were booked for England by the steamer *Trent* to St. Thomas and thence by the regular West India packet to Southampton. The next day we went to sea, touching at Key West on the 3rd. On the 4th we returned to the Cuban coast, and cruising along the northern shore awaited further information as to the movements of the Confederate representatives from Consul-General Schufeldt. It was not received, and orders were given to bear away to the narrow channel of old Bahama, through which the *Trent* must necessarily pass on her way to St. Thomas. The point selected could not have been chosen to better advantage. Between the coral keys the distance across the channel was but fifteen miles, and no ship could pass without being seen by our topsail-yard lookout. Early on the morning of the 8th the ship was cleared for action.

If the *Trent* had left Havana on the 7th she was due at the point where we were waiting on the 8th. The distance was but 240 miles, and the wind blowing a full sail breeze from the south-west, should place the *Trent* under our guns at noon. The calculations were made with exactness, for at 11:40 o'clock the lookout aloft sang out "Sail ho!" Lieutenant K. Randolph Breese, who had the deck, hailed the lookout and asked for her direction. "Off the port bow, sir," came back the reply. The *San Jacinto* was then heading north, and presently the black smoke of a steamer was descried from our decks. When the crew was piped to dinner the messcloths were deserted and nearly everybody remained on deck watching the smoke until out of the base of the ascending blackness came the spars, presently the hull and full shape of the steamship *Trent*. Until that moment probably no one on board of the ship knew what the object of our waiting was, but as soon as the *Trent* hove in sight and her identity was decided there was no doubt of our mission. Then Captain Wilkes called Lieutenant Fairfax into the cabin and gave him his instructions, of which the following is a copy.

UNITED STATES STEAMER SAN JACINTO, }
AT SEA, November 8, 1861. }

SIR.—You will have the second and third cutters of this ship fully manned and armed, and be in all respects prepared to board the steamer *Trent*, now hove to under our guns.

On boarding her you will demand the papers of the steamer, her clearance from Havana, with the list of passengers and crew.

Should Mr. Mason, Mr. Slidell, Mr. Eustis and Mr. McFarland be on board you will make them prisoners and send them on board the ship immediately, and take possession of the *Trent* as a prize.

I do not deem it will be necessary to use force; that the prisoners will have the good sense to avoid any necessity for using it; but if they should they must be made to understand it is their own fault. They must be brought on board. All trunks, cases, packages and bags belonging to them you will take possession of and send on board the ship. Any despatches found on the persons of the prisoners or in possession of those on board the steamer will be taken possession of also, examined and retained if necessary.

I have understood that the families of these gentlemen may be with them. If so, I beg you will offer them in my name a passage in this ship to the United States, and that all the attention and comforts we can command are tendered to them, and will be placed at their service.

In the event of their acceptance, should there be anything which the captain of the steamer can spare to increase the comforts in the way of necessities or stores, of which a war vessel is deficient, you will please to procure them. The amount will be paid by the paymaster.

Lieut. James A. Greer will take charge of the third cutter, which accompanies you, and assist you in these duties. I trust that all those under your command, in executing this important and delicate duty, will conduct themselves with all the delicacy and kindness which become the character of our naval service. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHARLES WILKES, Captain.

Lieut. D. M. Fairfax, U.S.N., Executive Officer, *San Jacinto*.

As if by common consent the officers had repaired to their state-rooms and presently appeared in full uniform, with side-arms. The officers detailed to go in the boats with Lieut. Fairfax received their instructions, and Captain Wilkes walked forward to the mainmast and gave the order, "Beat to quarters." A few minutes afterwards the officers reported their divisions and the guns were run out, the half-ports triced up and all preparations made. It was 1:15 o'clock when the boats were called away, Mr. Fairfax in the second cutter and Lieutenant Greer commanding the third cutter. Before the boats were shoved off the *Trent* had steamed well up towards the *San Jacinto*, and was in mid-channel when the gun on the top-gallant forecastle, loaded with a round-shot, was fired in a line across her bows. Immediately the red cross of St. George went fluttering to her peak, but she kept her course. "Put a shell in that gun," called out Captain Wilkes, "and let it go across her bows so she may not mistake our intention this time." The shell exploded about one hundred fathoms ahead of the steamer, and immediately her engines stopped and she rounded to within two hundred feet of the man-of-war and under the muzzle of our broadside that would have sunk her at the word "fire." There was much confusion on the mail steamer and the passengers could be seen running about the decks in the greatest state of excitement. As our men were going into their boats Captain Moir, of the *Trent*, hailed us. "What do you mean," shouted he, "by stopping my ship? and why do you do it with shotted guns, contrary to usage?" Lieutenant Breese sang out in reply: "We are going to send a boat on board of you. Lay to."

II.

At this instant the order to shove off was given to our boats, and the second and third cutters went dancing over the blue waves toward the *Trent*. Lieutenant Greer pulled up the port gangway and Mr. Fairfax went to the starboard side and boarded the ship alone. The first officer met him as he came up the side and asked him what he wanted. "Are you the master of this ship, sir?"

"No, sir—first officer."
"I would like to see the captain," and Captain Moir at this instant walked out of his cabin, and coming forward said, in angry tones: "How dare you come on board of my ship? What right have you here? This is an outrage the flag there (pointing at the red cross aloft) will make you pay for."

Lieutenant Fairfax bowed and said, "I have instructions to effect the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell and their secretaries. Messrs. Eustis and McFarland. I have information that they are on board and I would like to see your passenger list."

"For a——impertinent, outrageous puppy, give me, or don't give me a Yankee. You go back to your ship, young man, and tell her skipper that you couldn't accomplish your mission because we wouldn't let ye. I deny your right of search. D'ye understand that?"

"I am sorry," quietly returned the officer, "to say I shall use force to carry out my orders, and thanking you, sir, for your advice, I decline to return to the ship in any such a way as you propose."

The passengers, some forty or fifty in number, had gathered aft around the officer, and the crew also stood about. As Captain Moir made his assertion regarding the right of search the passengers applauded, and a young lady, whom I afterwards learned was Miss Slidell, sprang on to the companionway skylight and said: "Quite right, captain; very right." Lieutenant Fairfax then came to the side of the ship to summon the boat crews, but the tones of the discussion had been highly pitched and his call had a response before he made it. The blue-jackets, twenty in number, and the marines, of whom there were ten, the former with cutlasses and pistols and the marines with muskets and bayonets, sprung aft at once. A detachment was ordered to the lower deck and the rest of the men formed in a line across the main deck, cutting off communication from abaft the mainmast to the fore-castle. During this movement there had appeared on the deck an officer with a parrot-like voice, wearing the uniform of the Royal Navy. Strutting up to Lieutenant Fairfax, he said:

"I am the Queen's representative, sir, and I protest against this unwarrantable action under Her Majesty's flag and on the deck of a British ship." The Lieutenant paid no attention to this speech, delivered with great pomposity of manner, but turned to Captain Moir, and said: "You see I have force enough to carry out my orders," and at this juncture Mr. Slidell and Mr. Mason came out of the cabin and stood in the crowd. Amid cries of "Piracy!" "Did you ever hear of such an outrage?" "They would not have dared to do it had there been an English man-of-war in sight," Mr. Slidell stepped forward and said, "Do you wish to see me?" and Mason, just beside him, echoed "To see me?" Mr. Fairfax vainly tried to induce them to accompany him to the *San Jacinto*; and as they positively refused to go, he said, "Gentlemen, you may as well prepare to go at once peaceably if you want to, but by force if necessary, for in twenty minutes you shall be on board that ship." The excitement was intense, and cries of "Shame!" from the passengers, in shrill crescendo, mingled with the stern tones of the boarding officers as they ordered the men on guard at different points of the ship. In three minutes Mason and Slidell, having the while stood hesitating before the cabin, turned and walked into their state-rooms. Mr. Fairfax followed, and here he encountered an obstacle in the person of Miss Slidell, who filling the doorway, said: "Mr. Fairfax, I met you as a gentleman in Havana on Thursday. You outrage our hospitality by this proceeding, and I swear to heaven you shall not go into this cabin to my father." At this there was more excitement, and the passengers clustered in little groups and spoke in loud tones. From where I stood I saw Mrs. Slidell approach the door and beg Mr. Fairfax to go away. He replied: "Madam, my orders are imperative. I will obey them," and just then Mr. Slidell began a most ungraceful movement out of the window of his cabin, which opened into a small gangway.

III.

It was evident that Mr. Slidell was scared, perhaps excited is a better word, for his fingers twitched nervously, and for a minute or two he was unable to speak. Then Mr. Mason came out of his cabin. Lieutenant Fairfax asked him if he was ready to go on board the *San Jacinto*. Mason was cooler and more collected than his confreere, and replied with moderation in tone: "No, sir, I decline to go with you." Fairfax, turning to his own officers, said: "Gentlemen, lay your hands on Mr. Mason," which we accordingly did. Mr. Mason then said: "I yield to force." Whereupon Commander Williams shouted: "Under protest, Mr. Mason, under protest." "Yes," said Mr. Mason, in the same tone as before, "precisely, under protest," and then walked down the companion ladder to the boat. Meanwhile Mr. Slidell had recovered his equanimity to an extent which enabled him to say: "I will never go on board

that ship." Mr. Fairfax took him by the collar. Engineer Houston and Boatswain Grace taking each one of his arms, marched him to the gangway, Miss Slidell in the meantime being in the enjoyment of an aggravated attack of hysterics. Other lady passengers were similarly occupied, while the gentlemen on board the ship had retreated in sullen silence to the taffrail, where they scowled defiance at the boarding party. There is no doubt in my mind that had the *Trent* been an armed ship she would have manifested a resistance of no small energy. The spirit prevailing on her decks may, without any stretch of truth, be called warlike. Captain Williams, Royal Navy, who was in charge of the Central American and Mexican mails, now came out of his cabin, and passing to Mr. Charles B. Dahlgren, master's mate, handed him an unfolded paper, which Mr. Dahlgren declined to receive. Lieutenant Fairfax was on the lower deck, and Captain Williams finding no officer who would accept the note, finally shoved it in his pocket. Subsequently it fluttered to the deck and a marine stationed inside the cabin door secured it, and after reading, handed it to me. I presented it to Captain Wilkes, but after consultation we agreed that, as the letter had no signature and the manner in which it had reached us was unofficial, we would consider it as never having been written. Among my papers I found this redoubtable letter recently, and the following is an exact copy thereof:

"In this ship I am the representative of Her Majesty's Government, and I call upon the officers of the ship and passengers generally to mark my words, when, in the name of the British Government, and in distinct language I denounce this an illegal act, an act in violation of international law; an act, indeed, of wanton piracy, which, had we the means of defense, you would not dare to attempt."

Mr. Eustis, one of the secretaries, was more violent than either of the principals and made a demonstration in the direction of striking Lieutenant Greer with his fist. He passed into the boat *sans cérémonie*. McFarland had previously taken his seat alongside Mr. Slidell in the stern-sheets of the boat, and our object having been accomplished, we bade the *Trent* good-by, first bringing the personal effects of the prisoners to the *San Jacinto*, and we were soon headed north, our mission in Bahama Channel being *un fait accompli*.

THE GLEANER.

THE Emperor of Austria, the King of the Belgians, and the King of the Netherlands are all expected to visit Paris next month.

IT HAS been discovered by Minnesota farmers that two acres of sunflowers will supply a family with fuel through a long winter. The wood of the stalks and the oil of the seed make roaring and cheerful fires.

TOURGUÉNEFF says:—"In a century there won't be a king in Europe, except, perhaps, in England, and even there nothing but a pageant—a political mummy shown to the populace at so much a head."

A PARTY of fifty American women are making a tour through Europe without any male companion, in order to demonstrate the independence of woman, and her ability to travel without the assistance of the rougher sex. They do not object to be spoken to.

MISS HELEN SAYLER will stand for the borough of Southwalk at the coming election, and, if successful, will attempt to take her seat in the House, but will, without doubt, be removed by the sergeant-at-arms. She will thus, by a practical protest, impress the fact of the political disabilities of woman.

PRINCE Bismarck is becoming corpulent. When weighed recently at Kissingen he tipped the beam at two hundred and forty pounds. The former gracefulness of his movements, so conspicuous when he was Prussian Minister in St. Petersburg and Paris, has given way to portly unwieldiness.

MR. CYRUS W. FIELD has offered a prize of \$100, or a silver cup of that value, to the person residing on Broadway, Irvington, who shall within one year make the greatest improvement on his own grounds and on the street in front of his house by planting shade trees and by trimming and cutting down trees in front of his house.

PROF. EDISON was presented to the Association for the Advancement of Science, holding its sessions at St. Louis, and on the same morning the association received a telegram from the Paris Exposition "that the grand prize at the Exposition had been awarded to Mr. Edison for the most wonderful inventions of the age."

The French Government has just published statistics of the entries into the Exhibition during the months of May and June. In May, 1,666,679 entered; in June, 2,555,523. The receipts during these months amounted to 3,232,963 francs—that is, 650,842 francs more than the amount received during the corresponding months at the Exhibition of 1867.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

The last three or four years have been most fruitful in the annals of extraordinary discoveries or inventions, and we are still apparently going higher up the form. First we had the telephone—still a thing of yesterday; next came the phonograph—still in its very earliest infancy; and now we are promised public exhibitions of the microphone. With this latter we can hear the most minute sounds, from the very smallest of insects, which are supposed to be mute, and can trace the peculiar and varying cries of each and all—their signal calls, their notes of passion and endearment, and in fact the whole social life of the insect world, even in minute forms which are scarcely visible to the naked eye, will be laid open to us. It is not our object, however, to speak of this invention now, but one still more wonderful—we mean the phonograph, or talking machine. The present phonograph is, however, a perfect talking machine. It certainly requires to be spoken to before it will answer, and will then only repeat the words which have been addressed to it, but this it does to the most minute inflection or variation of the voice; and with any sort of mimicry of song, or any imitation of the cries of man, bird, or beast; and, what is more, it records them all indelibly as it speaks. A result so utterly marvellous is not very easy to describe, but the process by which it is accomplished is so simple that we hope we shall be able to make it plain to the general reader. The instrument, then, consists of a small hollow brass cylinder a little over five inches long and about four in diameter. This rests on a pivot at either end, and is turned by very ordinary clock work at a regular and slow rate. The cylinder, it must be mentioned, is grooved out with a fine spiral thread, so fine that it is not easily seen. Round this cylinder, and fastened on to it at the ends by a morsel of shellac, is a strip of tin foil which has to be renewed when the machine is being constantly spoken to every twelve or fifteen minutes. So far nothing can be simpler, and we think we can make the rest as plain. But what we have now to say is what is virtually the whole secret of the instrument, for all the rest of it, its clockwork and cylinder, are the commonest mechanical contrivances. But when all is ready and the cylinder slowly begins to turn there is put in front of it a mouthpiece about twice the size of an ordinary speaking-tube, which at its end is closed by an iron disc about two and a half inches in diameter, but so exquisitely thin that it only weighs a few grains. Through the centre of this passes a minute tongue, in shape like the tongue of a Jew's-harp, but so fine and small as to be scarcely visible. Very few of us are so old as not to well remember the days when we were boys, and when at school our only harmonic consolation, albeit a small one, was a Jew's-harp, which we all played, more or less, with equal difficulty. The modulations of sound which the movements of the tongue or the hollowness of the mouth caused on the tongue of the Jew's-harp, while its metal rested on the teeth, is precisely the starting principle of the phonograph. The metal disc represents the teeth, while the accents of the voice vibrate the little tongue. This tongue is placed just touching the revolving cylinder covered with the tin foil, and as the person speaks through the tube it causes the tongue to tremble and make little dots or dashes, according to the intonation of the voice, or, in the case of a song, according to the time for which the singer dwells upon a note. All this time the machine remains mute and dumb, though every change of the voice has been recorded. To make it speak, you have but to shift one of its pivots aside, like putting in the stop of an organ, so as to start at the commencement again, when, exactly as the dots and dashes of the tin foil meet the little tongue in passing, they cause it to vibrate in a precisely similar manner as it did when the sounds were given, and it returns them high or low, soft or harsh, exactly as they were delivered to the machine, though not quite so loudly. And this, it must be remembered, can be done, and has, we are told, actually been done, with the same tin foil sheet more than a thousand times over. The opponents of the invention—for, like all new inventions, it has opponents—say that the foil plates will not last more than from twenty-five to thirty years; while its supporters, who are in the majority, uphold that the plates will be good for 250 or 300 years if only moderate care is used in their preservation. But on what does either party base its theory, considering that the invention is only about four years old, and is admitted now to be not even half developed or even well begun? One might as well predicate what would be the exact stature of an infant when it reaches twenty-one years, as to say what time will limit the development of this extraordinary instrument when experience has shown its powers. There is no valid reason why it should not be brought into connection with the telephone, which in its main principles as to the vibration of sound it much resembles. A person could send a message through the telephone to the phonograph, and in case of the intended receiver being absent, say for a week, a month—any reasonable time, in fact—he would find that on coming to the office, and giving the date and hour, it would be all clearly and verbally delivered to him as it was spoken. There is one clear use to which the phonograph could and should be immediately applied. Not many months pass during which we do not hear of the burning of some opera house or the other, in the conflagration of which all the scores of most valuable music are destroyed. These, if sung to

the phonograph, would be preserved; for its records, if stored in a safe place, would always remain, and the machine would sing them to a note. It might also be used in copying other valuable manuscripts, which, though the original might be destroyed, would at least leave behind authentic copies, which are but too often neglected to be taken. Patti, too, might sing into the instrument her Shadow Dance, or "Batti, batti," and then what prices would not these instruments command! We feel quite sure that some such progress in the invention as this will take place as time goes on. At present the cost of them is very small; not more than £30 for the best, that is to say, the most ornamental, while others which are good, but not so decorative, can be had for less than half that sum.

CURIOSITIES.—Judicious applause. Unostentatious charity. A German who dislikes beer and dogs. A pedestrian who can't beat O'Leary. An artist who is not jealous or cranky. Perfect harmony in the love affairs of the female species. A New York alderman who has not had "one soft thing." A true disciple of Izaak Walton who never deviated from the truth. A mother willing to acknowledge the superiority of a neighbor's child. An Italian who can't play on something—an instrument or our credulity. A critic who did never carry, or was unwilling to carry, a satchel from a stage entrance.

THE ENSUING ELECTIONS.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. The following nominations have already been made for the House of Commons; and as other nominations shall be made from time to time, we shall add them in order to give our readers an opportunity of learning the names of those candidates who have been nominated to contest the various constituencies at the approaching general elections:—

Table with columns for Ontario, Opposition, and Ministériels, listing candidates for various constituencies like Addington, Algoma, Bothwell, etc.

QUEBEC.

Table listing names and candidates for Quebec constituencies, including Argenteuil, Bagot, Beauport, etc.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Table listing names and candidates for Nova Scotia constituencies, including Annapolis, Antigonish, Colchester, etc.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Table listing names and candidates for New Brunswick constituencies, including Albert, Carleton, Charlotte, etc.

MANITOBA.

Table listing names and candidates for Manitoba constituencies, including Lisgar, Marquette, Provencher, etc.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Table listing names and candidates for British Columbia constituencies, including Cariboo, Westminster, Vancouver, etc.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Table listing names and candidates for Prince Edward Island constituencies, including Prince, Queen, King.

HUMOROUS.

LAME excuses seldom carry the crutches of plausibility. A MAN who don't know anything will tell it the first chance he gets. SOME of the papers say that "trade is looking up." Flat on its back, eh? THE timer are hard—everybody says so—but the wages of sin have not been cut down. CORRESPONDENTS say that many of the summer resorts are short of men this season. Wouldst know wherefore? The men are short themselves. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS didn't discover America any sooner than all his sailors did, and it's mean to single one man out of a homesick crowd and call towns and streets after him.

IT requires great moral strength and tenacity of purpose to enable a man to sleep till seven in the morning when an industrious fly has decided that he had better get up at half-past four.

THE gang of burglars who worked for seven straight hours to hammer a safe to pieces to secure fourteen cents, know something how a country minister feels next day after a donation.

IT is a fact demonstrated beyond dispute that the person who is entirely alone when slipping down on the sidewalk is more hurt than if he were surrounded by scores of unfeeling people.

THE New York Express says: "One thing the average man can't help noticing, and that is, while the yellow fever is striking right and left in the Southern cities, not one candidate for office has yet been struck."

AN Iowa editor thus acknowledges a present of grapes: "We have received a basket of grapes from our friend W., for which he will accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter."

A MAN in Minneapolis, who went to that city in 1856, a poor boy, friendless and penniless, went out recently to Lake Minnetonka and caught a bass weighing four pounds. Industry and perseverance always thrive.

A RESTAURANT patron was talking somewhat roughly to a waiter, when the proprietor stepping up, remarked: "Don't talk to him that way. He used to be Governor of Oregon, and such treatment naturally hurts his feelings."

"IF," advertised a philosophical victim, "the person who took my overcoat was influenced by the weather, then all is serene; but if he did so from commercial considerations I am ready to enter into financial negotiations for its return."

"TRANSLATION" INDEED!—It is said of the furniture of a well-to-do literary adapter that it is supposed to have been "borrowed from the French."

AN album containing the photographs of the handsomest women in Europe figured at the International Anthropological Congress which was held at the Trocadero recently.

MISS HELEN TAYLOR, daughter-in-law of John Stuart Mill, has been nominated for Parliament. This will test the present strength of the woman's movement in England.

FOR MALE READERS ONLY.—A woman who can take a mental inventory of another woman's street attire in half a minute will occupy an entire morning in telling her neighbour the details.

ONE of the strangest lessons taught by the late eclipse reaches us from Colorado. It is the possibility of ice crystals in the sun's atmosphere. Professor Hastings, a great authority in optical matters, arrives at the conclusion that these crystals exist.

IN consequence of his services being required at Cyprus by the London Daily News, the war correspondent, Mr. Archibald Forbes, has been compelled to cancel various lecturing engagements in the United States, which he had intended to fulfil during the autumn.

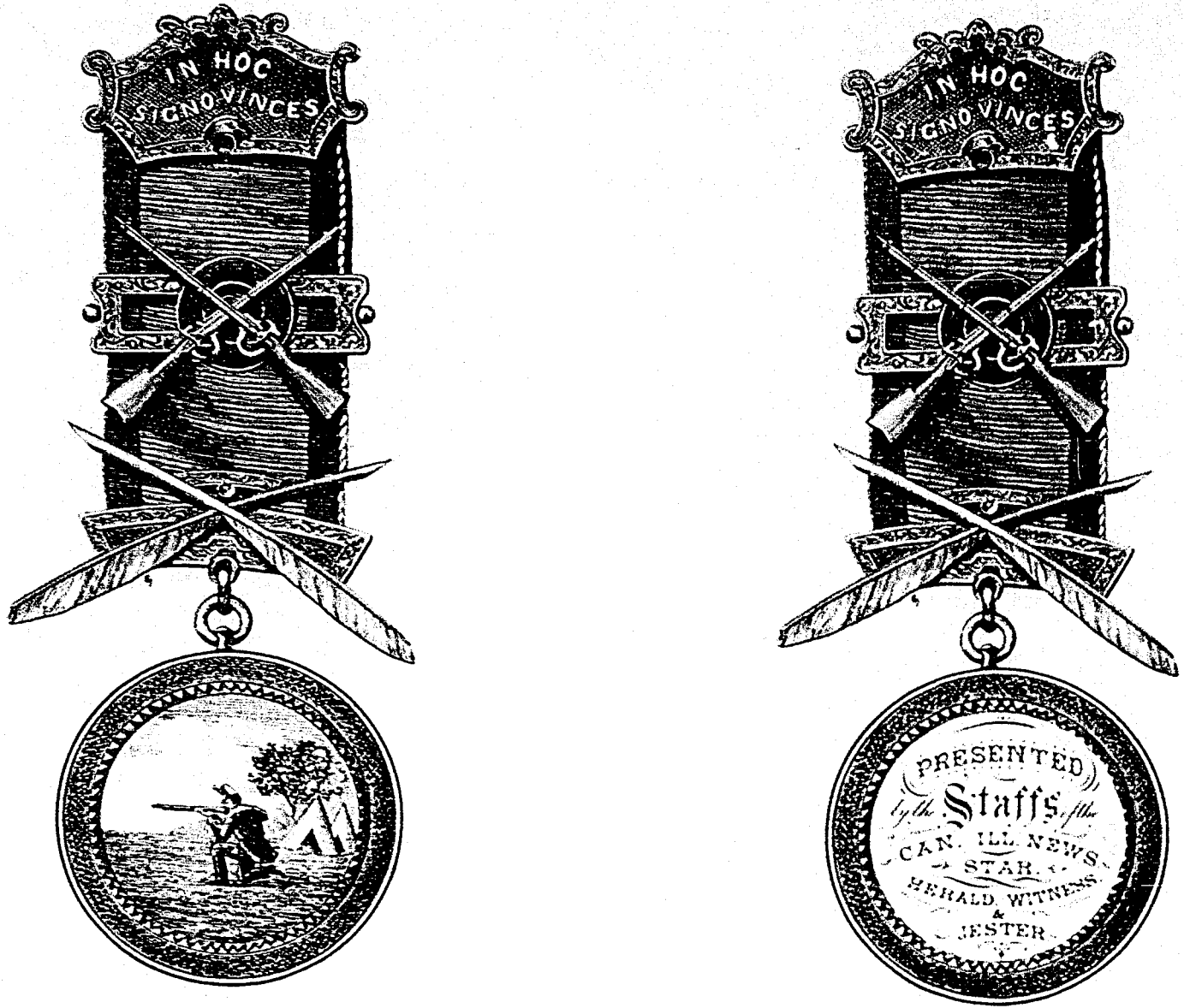
ART AT SEA.—At an auction art-sale the other day a marine view was about being knocked down to a handsome figure, when a bluff sailor, who had happened to wander in, exclaimed earnestly, "My stars, if there ain't a vessel drifting on to the rocks with a strong breeze blowing off shore!" The artist took his work home to re-arrange the wind.

THE two rooms occupied by Voltaire in his chateau at Ferney have been kept lovingly and reverently as he left them. His little sleeping apartment, with its truckle bed and its walls hung round with portraits—among them Milton and Newton—is exactly the same as when he died there a century ago. Unchipped, too, by Cook's tourists' knives is still the black sarcophagus in which his heart is interred.

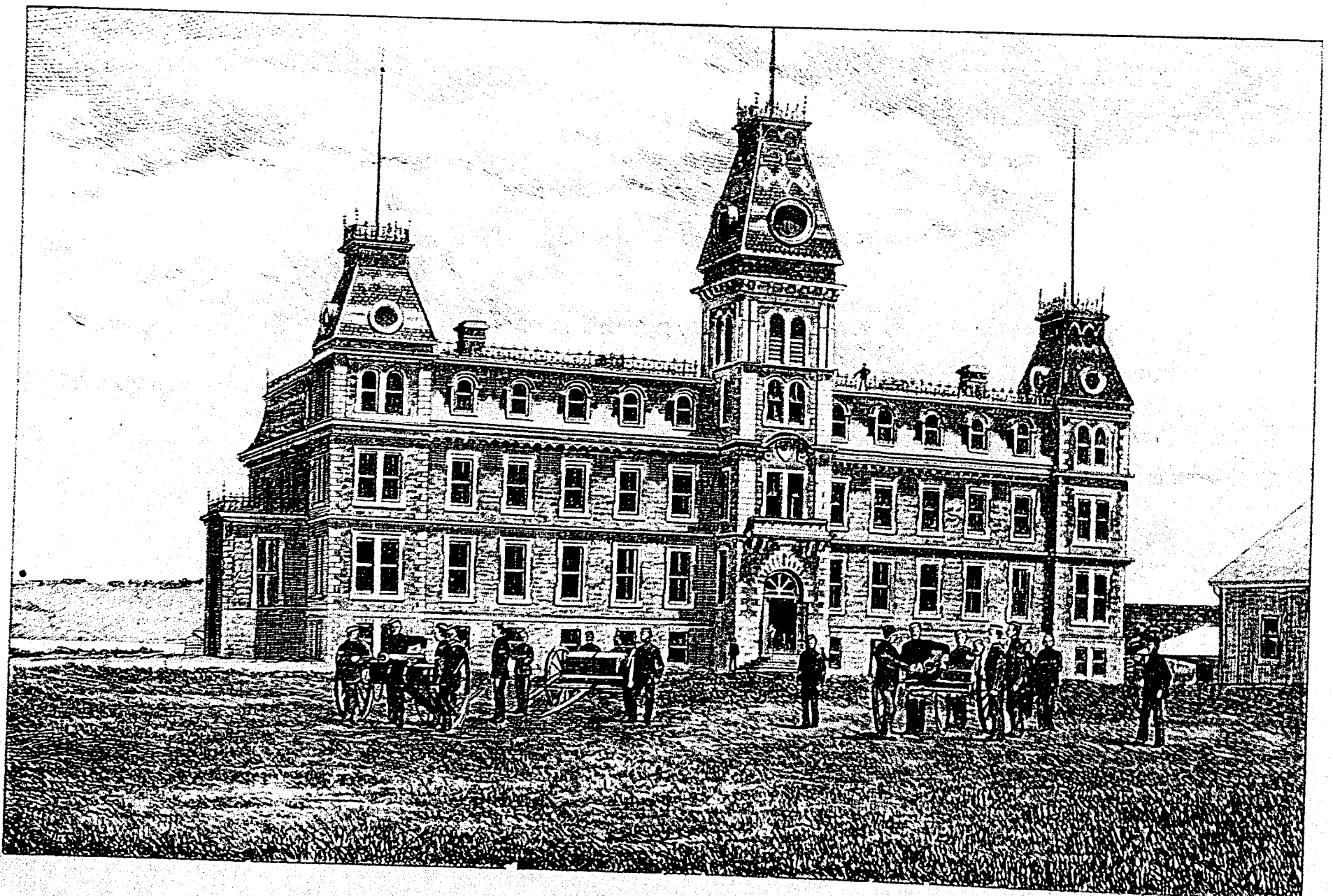
WHAT WOULD THE DOCTOR SAY TO IT?—Law Court reform is somewhat needed in the Mofussil, if we are to credit a correspondent of the Indian Daily News, who, commenting on the administration of justice there, states he once had occasion to go to a court of justice as a witness. He found the magistrate cross-legged, smoking a "hubblebubble," picking his teeth a while, and hearing three cases simultaneously. And, as there was no Bible to be found on the premises, he had to be sworn on Johnson's Dictionary.

A CYPRIAN DISH FOR AN EPICURE.—Herr Franz Löher, a recent traveller in Cyprus, gives the native recipe for treating the beccaïco, which abounds in that island. Plucked and cleaned, the tiny birds are ranged side by side in a jar, which is then filled up with Cyprus wine. When they have acquired the fine aromatic and "almond" taste of the wine of the Commandery they are taken out of pickle and roasted. The result, according to Herr von Löher, is magnificent.

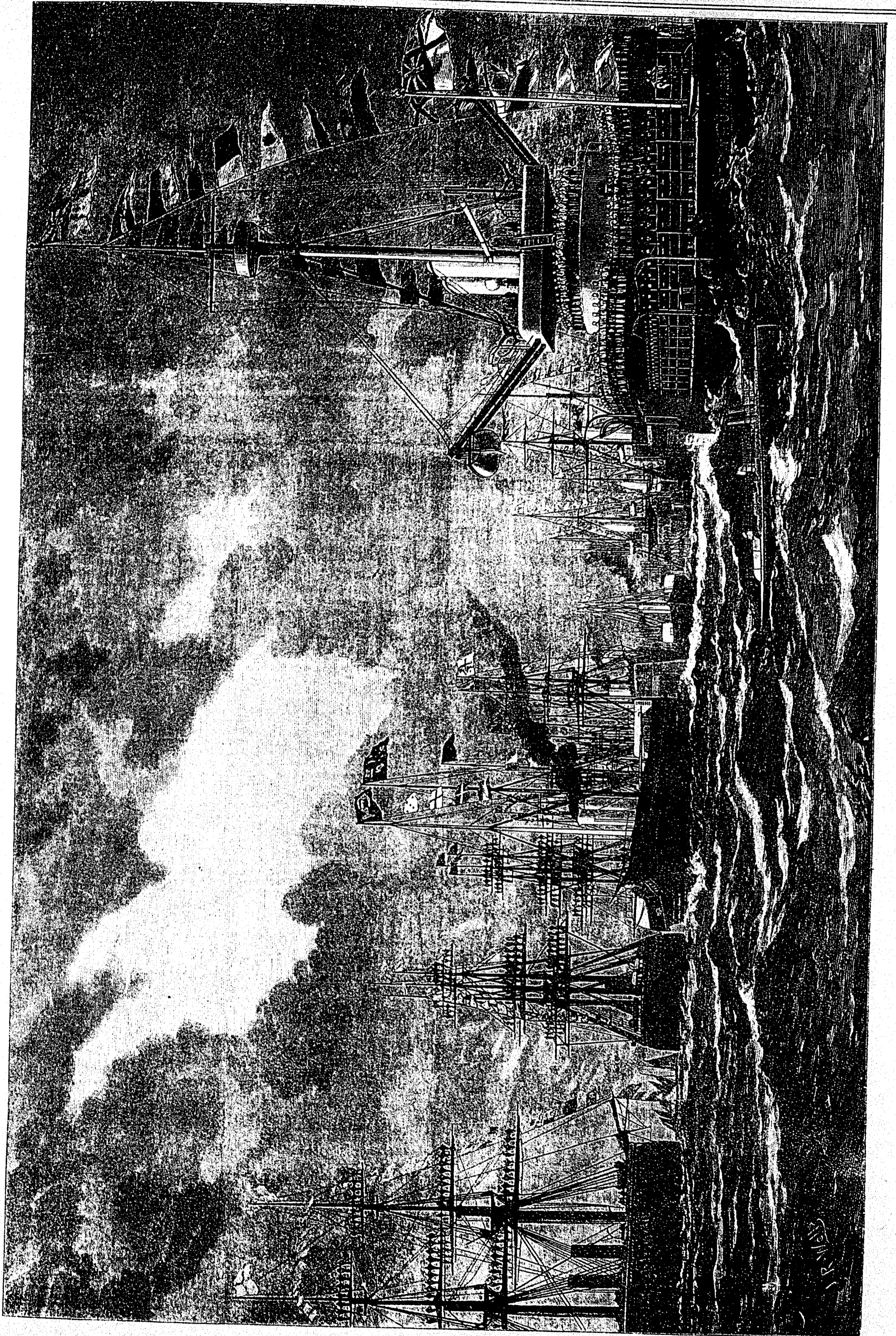
ANOTHER "COOL AS A CUCUMBER."—Cool as the late Charles Matthews appeared on the stage, he was rendered very nervous sometimes by loud conversation in the boxes when he was acting, and he was frequently obliged to address the offending parties or appeal to the public to protect him. In such emergencies he was sure to be applauded by the audience, who insisted on silence from the obtrusive characters. Once only was he obstructed. An elderly gentleman had throughout the evening annoyed him with loud talking. During the last piece the old man rose in his box and was putting on his overcoat, still talking at the top of his voice, when Charles Matthews, unable to stand it any longer, addressed him—"I beg pardon, sir; the piece is not yet over." "Yes, I know; and that's the very reason I am going," replied the unabashed tormentor.



MONTREAL.—THE PRESS MEDAL OFFERED TO THE PROVINCIAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.



KINGSTON.—THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. HENDERSON.



REVIEW OF THE FLEET AT SPITHEAD BY THE QUEEN.

FAREWELL.

ON HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S
FAREWELL VISIT TO THE EASTERN TOWN-
SHIPS, AUGUST, 1878.

All hail to you, Earl Dufferin!
So honoured by our Sovereign;
But doubly hail your Countess fair!
Who rightly has the greater share
Of this our loyal greeting.

We've long been under Queenly sway,
Nor ere repented it a day:
Britannia, too, still rules the waves,
And Britains never will be slaves—
Only to their better halv-a.

So now, my Lord, before you go,
Excuse us if we let you know
That, much as we admire your fact,
We can't conceal the honest fact—
Your Lady's our devotion.

You've done some plucky things we own;
And done your duty to the Crown;
And so have earned the gratitude
Of this our famed high latitude—
But petitioners still govern.

Your successor a title brings
Of high and proud ennoblings;
And he brings a Consort Royal,
In whom will centre all our loyal
Homage to Princess Louise.

So men in the front rank must stand,
And take high duties in the land;
But women, in old England's sight,
Shall ever claim, and hold the right,
To rule the roast domestic.

J. H. C.

Lennoxville, P.Q., Aug., 1878.

"NO. 33."

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

It was a sad scene. Around Tom's bed at the hospital was his wife and Tom's old father. Tom had a house of his own, but as the accident had happened at our end of the line, some seventy miles from Perrinton, he had been taken at once to the hospital. I knew Tom quite well, for, as I was in the pay department, when I travelled occasionally on his section of the road, it was mostly on Tom's engine. Tom was a matter-of-fact man, temperate, well educated for his station in life, and not given to whims.

It was touch and go with Tom, but at last, thanks to good nursing, he seemed to be coming slowly around. Though he might be crippled, still there were hopes that he would not lose his place. If, at the worst, he couldn't run his engine, he might find a berth in the company's repair shops, for he was a good all-around mechanic. Tom was able to sit up when I last saw him. For the first time he seemed chatty. His mind would, however, revert to the accident, in which some eight people had been killed outright and some twenty-five wounded. A careful investigation had followed the accident, and as it was clearly proved that it was no fault of Tom's, I didn't see why he should mope so and seem to have trouble on his conscience. "Bunker," said Tom to me, "it's on my mind, and it will take years before that accident will be cleaned off my brain. If—if I had only followed my inclinations, I never should have run 33. Eight killed and twenty-five wounded! I never thought of that before—that makes 33!" "Nonsense, Tom," I said; "what has 33 to do with it?" "No, it ain't nonsense. I felt she was growing vicious. She was but eighteen months old, and had been running rather ugly, when six months ago she got to be as cruel as a tiger. She showed it to me. I ought to have known it—"

"Come, old man," I replied gently, interrupting him. "It's the stimulants that you have been taking, by the doctor's orders, and your nerves are unstrung. Take some of this calming medicine the doctor has left you, and stop talking."

"I ain't a bit nervous, but am as cool as a cucumber, and my head is as clear as a bell. I ain't a bit shaky. Now, just you listen. Thirty-three was built in the company's shop, and I had a hand in her construction. Just the day before we put steam in her there came an old fellow into the shop who claimed that we was infringing on an injector or feeder, or something of his invention. It wasn't any of our business in the shop, so, though we were civil, he didn't get much redress. He was a cussing us for thieves, and all that kind of thing, for stealing his patent, when the boss of the shop walked up and hearing the chinning, ordered the old man out. It was Bub Harrington that hustled the old chap out, under the boss' orders, of course. Just as the old fellow got to the door, and Bub was bouncing him, he turned round and wished that every one of us around that engine might meet our death. We thought him crazy. Well, 33 was put on the road, and Bill Given he ran her. She commenced right off killing stock. It was a cow or a horse that was smashed most every week. It was alleged that Bill was to blame, and he was discharged. Then Bill took to drinking, and went to the bad. Bub Harrington then got sick of shop work, and took his old place of engineer. Just then he married Sue Morris. I was at the wedding, seeing that Sue is a second cousin of my Jenny. Now, Bub had gone through the war, and wasn't skeery. This spring—it was in May—I met Bub at Hopling Junction. Denny Keef was his helper, and 33 had a hot journal, or something was out of kilter, and Denny Keef was a cooling and oiling of her. I was running 98, and was on the siding waiting for the through freight to pass. Says

Bub to me, 'Tom, I ain't going to run 33 no more.'

"Why?" says I.
"Cause she's showing temper," says he.
"How?" says I, laughingly; and I remember I borrowed some cavendish from him.

"Tom," says he, 'engines is like humans. For the last week 33 has been showing spite.'

"Mebbe she wants overhauling?" says I.

"Nary a bit," says Bub. 'She is just out of the shop. She makes steam kind of reckless, and wants watching. I have to keep my eyes on the steam-gauge all the time. Sometimes out of pure cussedness, she won't burn her coals, and all of a sudden you would think she wanted to melt out her grate-bars. She is always a getting something jammed or sprung, and heating on her bearings, no matter how you keep 'em oiled. She is beginning to throw sparks and burning up things. Three days ago she set fire to an awning in a shop a full mile from her.'

"Cool your head, Bub," says I, 'at the next water-tank.' Just then the freight train passed along, and I started my old engine, and we went lumbering along. How it happened I don't know, but the face of the old man in the shop who had cursed us appeared before me. That very night 33 killed poor Bub Harrington!"

"Nonsense, man!" I exclaimed.
"No; it is no nonsense. As Bub was crossing San's bridge, over Soldier's Creek, he put his head out of the cab window. Some of the hands had been working on that bridge, and had left a bit of scaffold, a piece of 4 by 6 square stuff, hanging over a truss. His head struck plumb against it, he tumbled out of the cab a dead man, and the tender cut him in two. That very next week 33 was shoved on me. I told Jenny I didn't want her, and Jenny she laughed at me. I was mighty careful of her. First thing she did, that was Monday, two weeks ago, was to play hob with a wedding party. There was three carriages in a file, and they were crossing the bridge at Stapleton, most thirty feet above the track. I stopped the exhaust to kill her snorting, and was sliding down grade, making no noise worth mentioning, when the horses in the first carriage got frightened and turned round, and the last I see of 'em they was galloping down the hill."

"Stop, Tom, how do you know they were people going to a wedding?" I inquired sceptically.

"Didn't I read about it next day in the Stapleton paper? I was kind of thankful that it was not worse. The man only had his collar-bone broken and a couple of ribs smashed, and the marriage had to be postponed. Next night she killed her first man. You knew Mather Hollis?"

"Yes, a half-witted lad."
"So they said he was, but he was a human being all the same. Never was known to have done such a thing before—and, poor fellow, he never will do it again. It was pitch dark, a raining, storming, and thundering. I was keeping a sharp lookout as we came to Cross Hollow about nine o'clock. How that boy was killed the Lord only knows. He was either half asleep or dazed. We never saw him—neither I nor Keef, the fireman, until he stood right up on the track before us. He might have got off but for his fish-pole. That was driven clean through him. I got down-hearted then. I felt that something dreadful was in store for me. One thing about 33 that was strange was that, from being a tidy engine, all of a sudden she got to be dirty, always splashing herself with oil, and accumulating cinders. A week passed along without anything a happening, only she kept burning more coal than she should, so that I was grumbled at for waste. Then came Friday, two weeks ago. Right off on starting she showed her spite on a little girl that had crept almost on the track. So help me heaven I think the cursed beast of an engine tolled children on the track. We just grazed that baby. Everything went contrary that morning. Denny Keef, who was a merry fellow, would keep a-cracking jokes, but I couldn't laugh. First, there was a bother about a freight train that had broken an axle ahead of us. That kept us back. At Croyley's the station-master got orders for me to make up some sixteen minutes I had lost, because there was an excursion train back of me, wanting to be on time for a rowing match as was to take place on Lilly Lake. Well, I let her have it, and she just took the bone in her teeth, and kind of shrieked and howled, her whistle keeping a-moaning. Every now and then I had my hand on the throttle to be certain of her. It hadn't been raining for some days, and I knew no sleeper could be loose, and that there were no washways. But I had a kind of presentiment. I seed the face of the old man and Bub Harrington. Poor Bub was before me when— All I remember was seeing poor Denny Keef mangled by my side. I could hear—my God!—his bones crunch! All I knew after that was that I was in bed here, with poor Jenny a-crying over me. They say it was a broken rail. Now, in freezing weather a rail can break, but in summer mostly never. It was 33 that had made up her mind to go a-killing. The only thing I am glad about is that 33 has gone to hell. When Mr. Malcomb, that's the boss of our repair shop, came to see me this morning (he's been mighty kind, his wife a-sending me jellies and soups), he asked me if I had no inquiries to make about 33."

"33," said he, 'is ground up into fine bits. Just a lot of smashed-up, tangled and battered iron. Her bed-frame even is cracked.'

"Only fit for the scrap-heap!" I asked.

"That's where most of her is now," said Mr. Malcomb.

"Then thank God for that, says I—for a more murderous engine the hand of man never turned out. She was accursed before she started."

Poor Tom had a bad relapse which ended in a brain fever which set in that night. Poor Jenny is a widow now. Tom raved about 33 until exhaustion came, when he passed away.

As it was easy for me to have access to the machinery account and accident book of the road, I did look up the history of 33, and I am forced to say that poor Tom Massey's story, as far as related to that particular engine, was true to the letter. Have, then, machines certain idiosyncrasies?

HEARTH AND HOME.

CHILDREN.—Children are children as kittens are kittens. A sober, sensible old cat that sits purring before the fire does not trouble herself because her kitten is hurrying and dashing hither and thither in a fever of excitement to catch its own tail. She sits and still purrs on. People should do the same with children. One of the difficulties of home education is the impossibility of making parents keep still; it is with them, out of affection, all watch and worry.

ABOUT FINDING FAULT.—It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. It is easy to say that nobody is honest; but it is not easy to look on the best side, to see that there are thousands of honest sincere men and women, countless acts of justice, charity and humanity which outweigh all the grumbling of all the grumblers, so that it is really only the finest dust in the balance. Let us be free and cheerful. The world is not all wrong. Everybody is not a rascal. Our neighbours are not trying to cheat us. Even the grumblers are not half as disagreeable as they seem.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.—Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things therefore to its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here where we make a great mistake; we mistake feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things—we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is the weak man. It is his passions that are strong. He, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of those who subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength.

NATURE.—Perhaps the sweetest hour of a sweet season is that which precedes the setting of the sun upon a May day. All the world is taking holiday, from the lowing herd that winds slowly o'er the lea to the shard-born beetle and the large white moth. The aspect of the sky and earth, too, clear, calm, and tranquil, is full of repose. The mistiness of the mid-day sunshine is away; and the very absence of a portion of the full daylight, and the thin colourless transparency of the evening air, afford that contemplative, but no way drowsy, charm which well precedes, by thought tending to adoration, the hour when in darkness and forgetfulness we trust ourselves unconsciously to the hands of Heaven. The heart of man is but an instrument from which the great musician, Nature, produces grand harmonies; and the most soothing anthem that arises within the breast is surely elicited by the soft touch of that evening hour.

THE LONG-LIVED MAN.—It is easy to sketch him. He has a well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size and somewhat thick set. His complexion is not too florid—at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. Hair approaches rather to the fair than to the black; his skin is strong but not rough. His head is not too big. He has large veins at extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat; his neck is not too long; his belly does not project, and his hands are large but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long, and his legs are firm and round. He has a broad chest, and strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. His nerves are never out of order; his pulse is slow and regular. His appetite is good, and his digestion easy. He has not too much thirst, which is always a sign of rapid self-consumption. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he gives way to anger he experiences a glow of warmth without an overflowing of the gall. He likes employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculation—is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity—has no thirst after either honour or riches, and banishes all thought of to-morrow.

PROMISES BEFORE MARRIAGE.—When a man is very much in love, or for some reason or other wishes to secure a given lady for his wife, he is apt to be profuse in promises; and, at the time when he makes them, it is possible that he may intend to keep them. Women are too apt to believe in the lasting effect of promises made under such conditions. They know that under such circumstances, if ever, their power is strong; and they are a little apt to insist upon the making of conditions which at other times would not be accepted, and trusting to a continuance of their power for ensuring the fulfilment of promises then made. The experience of daily life shows us that promises made and conditions granted under such exalted circumstances are

less likely to be kept. When marriage has taken place, and the sober realities resume their sway, the man's mind swings back into its accustomed position; and, if he has been induced to make promises to do actions greatly at variance with those which he usually performs, the chances are that he forgets all about them, or refuses to ratify them. It would be wise therefore if ladies, in seeking for promise-making, would think a little as to whether what they ask would be as likely to be granted in calm moments as in excited ones. They would thus spare themselves much disappointment, and many moments of bitter though useless recrimination.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"TAKE away women," asks a writer, "and what would follow?" That's easy. The men.

If second thoughts are best it is wrong to make men pay damages for breaches of promise to marry.

A WOMAN is never thoroughly interested in a newspaper article until she reaches the place where the balance is torn off.

WHY is a young lady like a bill of exchange; because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

It is said that at Saratoga this summer the most expensively-dressed women are the wives and daughters of coal and ice-men.

A LADY who is not in her own house does not rise either on the arrival or departure of ladies unless there is some great difference in age.

AN old bachelor said he once fell in love with a young lady, but abandoned all idea of marrying her when he found that she and all her family were opposed to it.

THE proper time for a girl to marry is after she has counted up her cash and found that she can support herself in case her husband turn politician.

A RIDGEFIELD man has invented a chair which can be adjusted to 8,000 different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when having his hair cut.

You have seen drift-wood on the sea-shore? Even so do the little ridges form about the mouth of a lovely woman as she vainly essays to gracefully gnaw an ear of green corn.

NOTHING will more effectually spoil a joke than having to write it with one hand and fight flies with the other, unless it is a woman who asks to have it explained, and whose only criticism is "umph."

GREAT stress has always been laid upon the joy of a lad over his first pen-knife, but philosophers have very carefully smothered the fact of his grief at finding that his father has given him away with hoop-iron cutlery.

AN infant who will insist on howling and kicking after being tendered the last tooth-brush and the only egg-beater in the house sadly needs that regular motion of the elbow which Solomon invented and patented.

A LITTLE boy from New York went into the country visiting. He had a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips: "Yes, ma. I was wishing our milkman would keep a cow."

A LITTLE girl in LaCrosse, Wis., seeing two drunken men stagger by the house, ran to her mother and told her that she had just seen "two awful sick men." On being asked what she supposed to be the matter with them, she replied, after a moment's reflection, "I dess they'd been takin' some bad medicine."

It was on the train, and he was trying to read. There was a crowd in the cars, and amongst others a lady with a very sprightly little girl that had blue eyes, a head of glistening gold, and an inquisitive tongue. She plied him with questions, and toyed with his watch-chain. The mother, who was a widow, fairly beamed upon him. He, nervously to the mother: "What do you call your little darling?" Widow, smiling. "Ethel." He: "Call her then." Indignation. Reading resumed.

ARTISTIC.

By Spanish Royal decree the Escorial is to be converted into a picture gallery.

It is announced that the presentation work to the subscribers of the London Art Union will this year consist of a volume of illustrations to Lord Byron's poem, "Lara," by Mr. C. B. Birch.

As the arms of the colossal statue of Liberty, by Bartholdi, have been placed on a pedestal in Madison Square, New York, so has the head been similarly erected in the Champs-de-Mars, Paris. A French paper says, that Bartholdi revels in the enormous, and is not satisfied unless he can create statues in which a whole family can live in the nostrils.

ONE of Gilbert Stuart's portraits of Washington has been presented to the Maryland Historical Society. It was originally painted for the late Solomon Ething, of Baltimore, and was given to the society by his daughter, who was present on a number of occasions while the artist was performing his work.

THE Illustrated London News says: We can only repeat that whatever is specially fine in the art-practice of any country is due, either directly or indirectly, to French influence. All methods and styles, all classes of subjects, find their most masterly exponents in France. Across the whole breadth of Europe, and over the wide Atlantic from the great Western Continent, come the pilgrim students; for they know that France is par excellence the home of refinement and taste, and Paris the Art-School of the world.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

The sight of your last number with its pleasingly fine representation of those probably, each in its line, the finest works of art of the hour—I don't say day, because that implies period, and we live and progress so fast now-a-days—has called to mind a passage in Milton long ago impressed upon me by the sight of the celebrated painter, David's picture, or pictures, rather, for there were two (a set) of the "Temptation," and the "Fall." David's "Temptation" and "Fall" of Adam and Eve was more than a nine days' wonder in the world of art. In Mathurin's chef d'œuvre now before us, in the sister art—the sculptor's—we have, I think, even a truer realization of Milton on this theme. Whether or not David (French) or Mathurin (also French) ever read Milton, I know not—probably not, and the co-incidence but goes to prove the truth of the axiom that "True art, true nature." The lines I refer to as applied to the fact, are very—yea, sublimely human, and I venture to recall them for the nonce. The passage is in the ninth book of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and in his soliloquy ("answer inward"), when Eve, immediately after eating the forbidden fruit, "with countenance blithe her story told." Then, "Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length he inward silence broke"—

"O fairest of creation, last and best Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd, Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet! How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost, Defaced, deflow'rd, and now to death devote! Rather, now hast thou yielded to transgress The strict forbiddance, how to violate The sacred fruit forbidden! Some cursed brand Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown, And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee Certain my resolution is to die: How can I live without thee? how forego Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd. To live again in these wild woods forlorn! Should God create another Eve, and I Another rib afford, yet loss of thee Would never from my heart; no! no! I feel The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh! Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

Sept. 2. HOMO.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Several valuable communications received. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 188 received. Correct. E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 187 received. Correct. W. B., Montreal.—The game shall be inspected.

THE CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNAMENT.

Subjoined we give a table showing the condition a few days ago of the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney. We may add that the Tourney has, so far, been a complete success, and that it does much credit to Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal, who was the originator of the contest, and who has given a large share of his time and labour to make it, what it certainly is, an enterprise in every respect worthy of the attention of Canadian Chess-players.

It is calculated in more ways than one to promote the growth of Chess in the Dominion. Fifteen or sixteen players, living in widely separated parts of Canada, cannot be in almost daily communication by post with reference to games in course of play, without some interest being excited among friends and acquaintances as to the results.

The anxiety shown by Chess amateurs on both sides of the Atlantic with regard to the International Postal Tourney, is represented in a great measure by the feeling which shows itself among the friends of our Canadian competitors, and in both cases the cause of the Royal game is, to a great extent, advanced.

The gain to individual players in contests of this nature is stated in a few words. Each player finds himself in friendly contest with several persons with whom under other circumstances he, perhaps, would never have come in contact. The postal card, besides being the medium for the transmitting of moves, conveys, in almost every case, friendly greetings, and communications connected with the game generally, which in a social point of view must be productive of good in many obvious respects. Then again, contests of this nature must lead to beneficial practice of the game. Careful consideration and study of position, with ample time at command, ought most assuredly to improve the play of each competitor in the Tourney, whatever should be the result of his encounters. Such are a few of the advantages of the Tourney which at the present time is occupying the attention and skill of a goodly number of players in our Dominion.

As we have stated above, we consider that much credit is due to Mr. Shaw, the conductor of the Tourney, but at the same time it ought not to be forgotten that the Chess Column of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS was the first to publish the particulars of the contest, and bring it prominently before the notice of Canadian players.

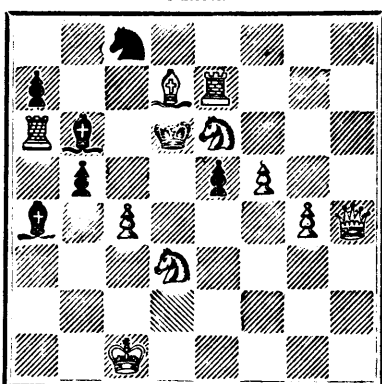
The following table shows the standing of all the players in the Canadian Correspondence Tourney, August 14th, 1878.

Table with 3 columns: Players, Number of Games Played, Ditto Won. Lists names like W. H. Hicks, John Henderson, A. Saunders, etc.

PROBLEM No. 191.

By W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

It appears from a statement made a few days ago in the Hartford (Conn.) Weekly Times, that the British players are one game ahead in the International Tourney.

We have just had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Frank W. Hicks, a member of the Montreal Chess Club and a son of the chess editor of the Canadian Illustrated News. Mr. Hicks is on a visit through the United States, and is now on his way to Hot Springs, Ark. He informed us that chess was quite lively in Canada, and that a tourney was in progress under the auspices of the Canadian Chess Association.

GAME 293RD.

Played recently between Mr. M. J. Murphy, of Quebec, and Mr. J. E. Narraway, of St. John, N.B., in the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney.

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

NOTES.

- (a) B to Q B 4 is better here. (b) An injudicious move, which leads to a bad game on the part of Black. (c) Q to K Kt 4 seems preferable, but White, we suppose, gives up the Pawn for the sake of immediate attack. (d) An oversight; he should have moved his K.

GAME 294TH.

(From the Hartford (Conn.) Times.

The first drawn game in the International Tourney match. Played between G. W. Stevens, of Coventry, England, and H. Holmes, of Bay City, Mich.

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

And the game is drawn by perpetual check.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 189.

- WHITE. 1. R to K R sq. 2. Q to Q Kt sq. 3. Q to K Kt sq mate. BLACK. 1. B moves. 2. B to Kt 4.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 187.

- WHITE. 1. P to K 7. 2. Q to K R sq (ch). 3. P moves, becomes a Kt and mates. BLACK. 1. Q to Q 4. 2. Q takes Q.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 188.

- WHITE. K at Q 2. R at K Kt 3. R at K Kt 7. B at Q 5. Kt at Q 3. Pawns at K B 2. Q 6 and 7. BLACK. K at Q 5. Pawn at K Kt 3. 4 and 5.

White to play and mate in three moves.

BURLESQUE.

BRUDDER GARDNER SETS A STRAY DARKEY ARIGHT.—"Las' nite ez I sat on de front doah step mendin' de handle of one of de ole woman's flat-irons," began Brother Gardner (at the Lime-Kiln club) as the notes of the triangle died away, 'long comes dat nigger Thornapple Scott. He was puffin' an' blowin' an' fannin' hisself wid his hat, an' de minit he cotched sight of me he rushed in and called out:

"Brudder Gardner, dis kentry am all gwine to ruin! Starvashun looks de poor man square in de eye, dar am no work for de laborer, an' de tax-gatherer hez got us by de froat!"

"I looked to see if dat nigger hed goned crazy, an' den I axed him to look aroun' an' see de new houses gwine up in ebery direkshun. I axed him to disremember dat kaliker was only four an' five cents a yard, butter fifteen cents a pound, flour low, taters way down, an' clothin' cheap 'nuff to bust half de dealers, an' he sot down an' replied:

"Deed, sah, but dat's de fack—dat's de fack."

"I axed him to look across de co'ner lot an' see de droves of workin' men gwine home to der fam'lies after de labors of de day, an' he looked an' replied:

"Deed, sah, but dey hez bin to work, I reckon."

"I went inter de cabin an' brought out my tax-receipts for de two y'ars back, an' showed him dat de taxes for dis y'ar war \$5 less dan las'; an' he hitched aroun' an' said:

"Deed, sah, but de speeches of de pollytishuns an' de facks in de case doan' hang togeder."

"Den I stood him up agin de house, whar' I could look him square in de eye, an' I said: 'Thornapple Scott, you am a good 'nuff nigger for common weather, but you'd better kiver your head with a blanket if a rain storm comes up. You talk about de kentry gwine to ruin, an' yit you loaf aroun' an' let your wife an' darters wash an' iron an' support ye! You talk about starvation lookin' de po' man in de face, an' yit you haven't worked a day for six months! You talk about de tax-gatherer, and yit you neber paid one cent of taxes in year life! Go home, nigger—skip outen dis locality afore some mule kicks ye tu death! It am you an' de oder loafers an' lazy-boneses who am all de time blowin' sich nonsense, while yer families are diggin' inter hard work to keep ye in food an' whiskey!"

"Gem'men, dat nigger skipped. Ize got six brick handy for de nex' pusson dat comes talkin' in dat way, no matter what his color. I iz lookin' for signs, I iz. I iz lookin' for signs dat some member of dis club am sitting wid his feet hanging over a dry-goods box while he talks about starvashun, ruined kentry, an' so forth. When I diskliver de sign you'll dis'kiver a vacancy in de club, an' let no man disrekeolact it!"

HARROWING.—A cross-eyed man in a long linen ulster and a tall hat rang the bell, and when the woman of the house opened the door she was satisfied he had an eye to the spoons (the straight eye), so she snapped:

"Well, what do you want?" "Madam, be calm," said the cross-eyed man in a smooth voice.

"What for?" she queried suspiciously. "Madam," said the cross-eyed man, "have you a child?"

"Yes, I have," replied the woman, "what of it?" "A little girl?" queried the cross-eyed man.

"No; a boy," returned the woman. "Of course—a boy," repeated the cross-eyed man; "a young boy—not very old?"

"About that age," said the woman, "what about him?" "Madam, do not get excited," pursued the cross-eyed man; "be brave and calm."

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the woman in surprise; "what's the matter?" "Gently, gently," said the cross-eyed man, in a soothing manner; "restrain yourself. Did not that little boy go out to play this morning?"

"Yes, yes," said the woman, excitedly; "what—why—is there anything the matter?" "Is there not a railroad track crosses the next street?" queried the cross-eyed man in a solemn voice.

"Yes, oh yes," ejaculated the woman, in great fear, "oh, tell me what has happened; what—" "Be calm," interrupted the cross-eyed man soothingly; "be brave—keep cool, for your child's sake."

"Oh, what is it? what is it?" wailed the woman, wildly; "I knew it—I feared it. Tell me the worst, quick! Is my child—where is my child—where is my darling boy?"

"Madam," replied the cross-eyed man, gently, "I but this moment saw a little boy playing upon the railroad track; as I looked upon him he seemed to be—" "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" screamed the woman, wringing her hands; "tell me the worst. Is he—" "He seemed to be daubing himself with oil," continued the cross-eyed man quickly drawing a bottle from his pocket, "and I've got here the best thing in the world—Lightning Grease Eradicator—only twenty-five cents a bottle, warrant-

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"There was a broom standing behind the door, and with one blow she knocked his tall hat over his eyes, and with another waved him off the steps and through the gate. And as the cross-eyed man moved swiftly up the street she shook the broom at him, looking for all the world like an ancient god of mythology with a passion-distorted face and highly-excited red arms."

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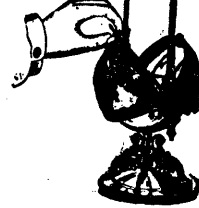
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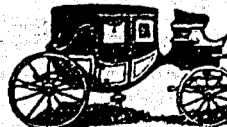
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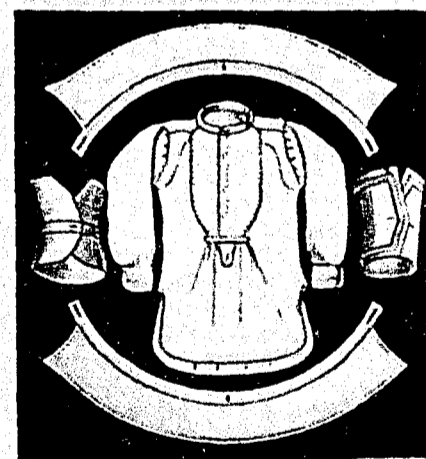
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