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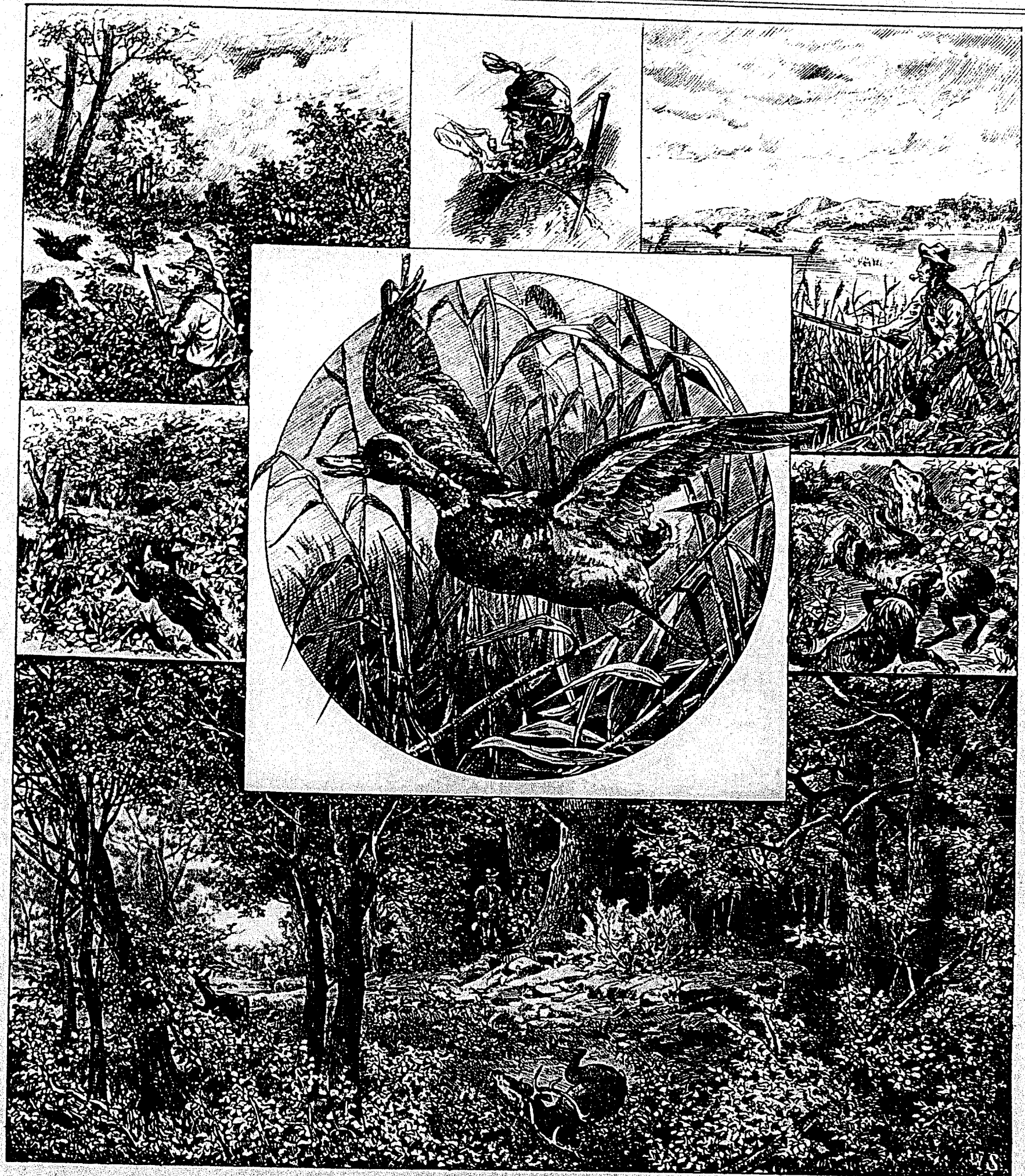
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# Wholesale News

Vol. XVIII.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1878.

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



THE HUNTING SEASON.  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



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

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

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

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

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

NOTICE.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

In the present number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS we begin the publication of our new story

BENEATH THE WAVE:

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

We have acquired the sole right for the Dominion of publishing in serial and later in book form. We trust our friends will appreciate this effort of ours to supply them with good and entertaining literature, and that they will induce many of their neighbours to subscribe, so as to secure this new story from the beginning.

OPINIONS OF THE PEEES ON DORA RUSSELL'S NOVELS.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

"Footprints in the Snow" is entitled to stand well in the fiction of the year."--Graphic.

"With a deep knowledge of the ways of wicked aristocrats."--Standard.

"Miss Russell uses the pathetic, and uses it with effect."--Queen.

"The incidents are skilfully dealt with."--Pictorial World.

"The interest is fairly sustained throughout the book."--Saturday Review.

"Several characters are drawn with a skill that deserves much praise."--Spectator.

"Elizabeth Gordon's character is well drawn. The story is fairly told."--Athenaeum.

"Elizabeth's struggles for independence in London are particularly well described."--Whitehall Review.

"Footprints in the Snow" is a novel which can be read with satisfaction and even enjoyment."--World.

"Miss Russell's story is unquestionably clever, extremely amusing, and will, we doubt not, be a favourite in the libraries."--Academy.

"There are here all the elements of tragedy, enough to have satisfied Webster or Marlowe, and Miss Russell's scenes are of a dramatic kind."--Daily News.

"A plot which will highly interest romance readers."--Stanford Mercury.

"Miss Russell has effected considerable progress as a novelist."--Carlisle Journal.

"Miss Russell writes with so much vigour and gives so much flesh-and-blood interest to her novels."--Scotsman.

"Novel-readers should find 'Footprints in the Snow' very much to their taste."--Birmingham Daily Post.

"The best and truest thing we can say of it is, that it is extremely popular."--Warrington Guardian.

"Miss Russell has made herself a name by this work which must bring her considerable fame."--Bury Times.

"The authoress has displayed considerable skill in the way in which she has put her figures into contrast one with another."--Bradford Observer.

"Will be read with interest. There is a good deal of originality in the plot, and its elaboration is skilfully carried out."--Leeds Mercury.

"We have read this story with great pleasure, and consider it deserves to be classed amongst the best specimens of English fiction."--Mona's Herald.

"There is a freshness of description and a facility of expression which is a treasure beyond price in these days. One of the best novels that have come under our notice for some time."--Nottingham Guardian.

"A really interesting and well-written story, and one which we can heartily recommend to our readers. When we say that it is rather sensational we have mentioned almost the only fault we have to find with it."--Hereford Times.

"Rapidly written, and full of stirring incident, brilliant description and spirited dialogue, the tale is one of the most successful and interesting pictures of modern life which have come under our attention for several years."--Kent Messenger.

"Is well--and in parts powerfully--written; will become--and deservedly--a popular story. The female characters are admirably drawn, the style is excellent, and the incidents are so varied that the interest never flags."--Sheffield Telegraph.

"Is one of the really good novels which have been published during the last few months. It shows a firmer and more practised hand, has more strength of plot, and is altogether more complete and artistic than any of the writer's earlier stories. Miss Russell is steadily moving out a line for herself."--Newcastle Chronicle.

"We regard Miss Russell as a very successful follower of some of the most popular novelists. The characters are fairly and consistently drawn, while the leading one only falls slightly short of real excellence."--Footprints in the Snow is the work of one who has a real talent for this species of literature."--Sussex Daily News.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 9, 1878.

HYPOCRITICAL SABBATARIANISM.

There is nothing more harmful to religion than the rascality that is perpetuated under its mantle. It is time that a general protest should be raised against that despicable phase of hypocrisy which, under the mask of piety, runs riot in every species of iniquity. We have had frequent examples of this kind in the United States lately, but the last case which comes to us from Scotland demands more special animadversion. Mr. LEWIS POTTER, one of the Directors of the Glasgow Bank, and now in gaol for his share in the disastrous collapse of that institution, belonged to the class which the great Scotch poet called "the unco guid." And Mr. LEWIS POTTER appears to have furnished such an admirable illustration of the moral eccentricities of this class, that had he lived in BURNS' day he might have been the forever immortalized hero of "Holy Willie's Prayer." Besides being one of the leading spirits in various orthodox enterprises for the conversion of foreign and domestic heathen, and lending vigorous aid and comfort to the warfare against iniquity in high and low places, Mr. POTTER'S Sabbatarian principles would have insured him a seat in the late Centennial Commission. He was not only opposed to any and every relaxation of Sabbatarian laws, and in favour of every ordinance, civil and religious, which makes man for the Sabbath, and not the Sabbath for man; but so enthusiastic was he in this cheap form of piety that he would not read Sunday newspapers because they appeared on Sunday, and would not read Monday newspapers because most of the work on them was done on Sunday. And, as might have been expected, he was ostentatious in proclaiming his views and conduct in regard to Sunday and Monday journalism; and could he have had his way would have suppressed the sin pertaining thereto by appropriate legal pains and penalties.

Still, as a foreign journal remarks, Mr. POTTER'S loud-mouthed Sabbatarianism did not prevent him from taking an active part in the most gigantic swindle of modern times; a swindle which has carried more sorrow and suffering among his people than any ordinary visitation of war, pestilence or famine. He has assisted in the utter financial ruin of thousands of his own countrymen; he has been a willing instrument in reducing hundreds of honest families from comfortable competence to absolute beggary; he has helped in the systematic robbery of widows and orphans, and no punishment the courts can inflict upon the brazen-faced hypocrite will be too hot or too heavy in the estimation of the public. It is to be hoped, however, that the managers of the prison in which Mr. POTTER is likely to spend a considerable portion of his future life will not harrow up his feelings unnecessarily by offering him newspapers printed on the first or second day of the week. Let him be allowed to devote both Sunday and Monday to solitary meditation upon the mischief he has done. Such healthy mental discipline may, perhaps, convince the ex-director that true religion demands honesty and not narrow-minded bigotry; and that while the celestial gates may possibly be opened to Sunday and Monday newspaper readers, they are quite likely to be shut against those who "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

It is not surprising that the late robbery of the Manhattan Savings Bank in New York should make a sensation and inspire bank circles in that city with alarm. The amount of money and bonds stolen—nearly \$3,000,000—the fact that there were several robbers engaged in the work, that it was done in broad daylight and consumed nearly three hours in its execution—and more than all, the strong sus-

picion that the watchman, or the janitor, or both, and possibly some higher official of the bank were privy to the robbery, make it the most extraordinary transaction of the kind that has taken place in New York for many years. If it was the work of trusted persons in the bank or connected with it, then every bank in New York is exposed to a similar fate. These institutions must be entrusted every night to the keeping of one person, or two, at most—and how easy it is, where this watchman or the janitor is dishonest, for a gang of robbers to seduce him into a conspiracy which places the bank vaults at their mercy, particularly when, as in the present case, the janitor has been entrusted with the key of the vault and the combination secret!

OUR advices from European files brought by the last steamer are that there has been inaugurated in Paris, on the Boulevard des Capucines, an International Club, of which great things are predicted by the Figaro and other journals. Its founder is M. DUPRESSOIR, nephew and successor of the celebrated BENAZET, manager of the Baden gambling-house, and who since that was shut up by the Prussian Government has been in want of occupation. The decorations, not yet complete, are on a gorgeous and attractive scale, and there can be little doubt that what in Baden-Baden advertisements were euphemistically called distractions will be provided, so far as is consistent with French law, which in such matters bends very much to usages. It is stated that the honorary presidency of the Prince of Orange and the effective presidency of the Marquis DE VERTEILLAC will offer every desirable guarantee to distinguished foreigners desiring to become members.

NOTWITHSTANDING reports to the contrary circulated last week, negotiations between the Vatican and Germany are progressing. Both sides are anxious to arrive at a prompt settlement concerning the dioceses of Alsace and Lorraine, which are still administered as when they belonged to France. With regard to the central question of a softening of the Falk laws, there is no prospect of any arrangement. Furthermore the Vatican will take advantage of the recent defeat of the Radicals in Switzerland to re-establish relations with that country. Exiled Bishops have already been notified to return.

CANADA UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF LORD DUFFERIN, by GEO. STEWART, JR., is the title of a splendid volume which reaches us just as we are closing our forms for the press. We have barely time to welcome its appearance, reserving the fuller notice which it deserves for the next issue. Meantime, however, we recommend it to all our readers, as from the well-known abilities of the author, we feel satisfied that he has done justice to its subject. The publishers are the ROSE-BELFORD Co., Toronto, and the work is sold only by subscription agents.

It was rumoured in the course of last week that negotiations between Portugal and England, in regard to the cession of Delagoa Bay, an inlet of the Indian ocean in South-East Africa, were concluded, and that England was to pay £60,000 for it. A railway connecting the new port with the Trans-Vaal was also to be begun at once. But the latest information, as we go to press, contains a denial of the report.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HUNTING SEASON.—On our frontispiece, our readers will find a sketch made especially for this paper by one of our own artists, who, a short time ago, accompanied a party of sportsmen on a duck-shooting expedition in the country lying to the north of the island of Montreal. The head at the top of the picture represents that of an old trapper and hunter, well known in Montreal sporting circles. He goes by the appellation of "Le Canard Sauvage" (the wild duck) for obvious reasons. His clothing is made entirely of furs and leather, and his head is covered with

the time-honoured tuque bleue; his skin is as brown as the furs that cover him, and he truly represents the typical trapper. Whatever the season may be, he is ready for the game, although he has a particular fondness for ducks. Like all true sportsmen, he likes to go on his expeditions alone; but, like many others, a little "palm-oil" can induce him to take a companion or two. To the left, he is depicted watching a partridge which he has disturbed; his keen eye will follow it until it "trees," when his old muzzle-loader, more destructive than many a fashionable sportsman's latest improved breech-loader, will bring it to the ground again. To the right, he is seen having secured a duck and returning to his punt, with which he will soon seek and find a new flight. The startled duck in the centre is raising the last cry of alarm, and below, the frightened doe deserts her master, who has fallen to the gun of a sportsman whom the old man has put on its track.

REV. A. O. CAMERON.—Mr. Cameron was born in Breadalbane, Perthshire, Scotland, in the year 1841. He is the youngest son of the late Rev. D. Cameron, of Tiverton. He has sprung from a ministerial family. Besides his father, his uncle, grand-uncle, and quite a number of other near relatives being clergymen, his eldest brother, Robert, of Sunderland, has the reputation of being one of the finest political and platform speakers in the North of England. The subject of this sketch received his early education in the Free Church School of Lawyers, then in the Parish School Killin. When but 15 years of age he became tutor in a gentleman's family in Lochs Glenlyon. In 1857 he came to Canada, his father being called to the pastorate of the Breadalbane Baptist Church, Ontario. He prosecuted his education in the grammar-schools of Vankleek Hill and L'Original. He taught school as a first-class teacher for 5 years; entered the Baptist College, Woodstock, as a theological student and licentiate in 1864; graduated in April, 1867; was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church, Strathroy, the following June; was called to his present pastorate in the city of Ottawa in 1871. Since that time the membership of the church has increased from 50 to 250. Mr. Cameron has published a number of pamphlets, chiefly on controversial subjects. His lectures on Baptism have received most attention, having led to the famous Ottawa Evangelical Alliance controversy.

HORSE-RACING IN PARIS.—Our illustration represents the heat races between Netherland horses that came off in the Allée des Acacias, Paris. The distance was only about two hundred and fifty yards, but by reason of the heats being run in pairs (and the entries being numerous), the winner of the final heat was pretty well "done up" when he passed the winning-post. This curious style of racing thoroughly astonished the Parisians. The races were organized by Mr. Casten, the Netherland Minister to Paris, and were one of the most pleasing spectacles of the past joyous season. The Netherland horses have the reputation of being very fast trotters for a short distance, and judging from our reports, they fully justified their reputation on the occasion in question; indeed their speed, taking into consideration their heavy build, was really marvellous. The "sulkies" were also a remarkable feature of this contest; they were painted and carved in a most gorgeous manner, having a greater resemblance to some of Barnum's "turnouts" than respectable trotting skeleton waggons. The competitors were started by the blast of a bugle, and, what with the mounted police, soldiers, gay dresses, etc., presented a thorough contrast to our mode of conducting races in this country.

THE NEW BAPTIST TABERNACLE, OTTAWA.—The church stands on the corner of Maria and Elgin streets, a very pretty location, and is of the gothic style of architecture. The material used in construction is Gloucester lime-stone, and it is safe to say that it is as fine a piece of masonry as one could desire to see. The exterior dimensions are 100 x 60 feet, the walls being relieved with buttresses of cut stone. The main entrance is on Maria street, and is ornamented with two handsome pillars of Nova Scotia marble. Immediately over the main entrance there is a beautiful stained window with three compartments, and sandstone turnings. A handsome tower rises heavenward a distance of 170 feet on the north-east corner, and on the north-west there is a neatly-finished turret which gives the main tower a more imposing appearance. A sandstone table appears in the front bearing the inscription in gilded letters, "Baptist Tabernacle, 1878." In addition to the stained window in the front there are ten side windows. The staining has been done in excellent taste. The interior of the building is designed with exquisite taste. The seats are arranged in amphitheatre style, so that every one in the church faces the officiating clergyman. They are elevated on a scale of 2 feet 6 inches. There are two entrances, one at the south-east corner on Elgin street, and the other (the main entrance) on Maria street. The baptistry and platform are located in the centre of the western wall, and immediately above is the choir gallery. In rear of the baptistry, it is understood that Mr. Howe, one of the deacons, will produce an imitation of the River Jordan, which will certainly have a pretty effect when viewed from the body of the church. The ornamental frame-work has been designed in good taste, and is painted in imitation of marble. Two doors, one on either side, lead to the font and conceal the candidates from the congregation until the immersion ceremony is performed. There are two dressing-rooms in

the rear. The ceiling is arched and relieved by three centre pieces, from which are suspended elegantly polished brass gasaliers, each furnishing twenty-two jets. The ceiling is tinted a light blue, and the walls a light pink. The aisles are carpeted, and the seats in the course of time will be beautifully upholstered. The gable wall looks somewhat bare, and it is proposed to introduce appropriate frescoing by way of relief. The wall will also be bordered with a Scriptural, which will vastly improve the whole effect. We omitted to mention that there was a small gallery over the main entrance. For months past the congregation have been worshipping in the basement, which is a commodious one. There is a lecture-room 65 x 49, and also a vestry and kitchen. It is proposed also to set apart a room for a library. The heating apparatus is located in the basement. The whole building, in fact, is a credit to the architect, Mr. Mather, the pastor, and the congregation, who exerted themselves so energetically towards its successful erection. When completed, it will cost \$20,000. The opening services were held on Sunday, September 29th. Rev. John H. Castle, D.D., of Toronto, preached morning and evening, and Rev. Wm. Stewart, D.D., of Hamilton, in the afternoon, before large congregations. A very successful opening social was held on Monday evening following, presided over by Hon. A. Mackenzie, who also laid the corner stone last fall. Services were continued on Sunday, Oct. 6th, Rev. A. H. Munroe and Rev. J. Gordon, B.D., preaching.

**THE MELBOURNE PUBLIC LIBRARY.**—The principal room is 240 feet in length by 50 feet in breadth, and 34 feet in height. This spacious gallery, with its pillars and cornices and lofty roof, finished in a high style of art, and its capacious niches on the right hand and left, crowded with volumes in every department of literature, substantially and elegantly bound, would be esteemed a gem in any city in the world. The entrance hall is 50 feet by 50; and its fine arts room, filled with beautiful statuary, is of the same dimensions. The number of volumes which it contains amounts to about 100,000, all of which have been purchased, with the exception of about 10,000, which are free presentations. The library is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. on ordinary week-days, and is free to all who choose to take advantage of it. In connection with the library there is, in addition to the Museum of Art, a Picture Gallery, both of which are free to the public, also an Industrial and Technological Museum and a newspaper room, all of which are free.

**THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE.**—It is situated on an eminence in St. Kilda Road, and overlooks the city. It is surrounded by a large garden, which in course of time will be one of the sights of Melbourne; at present it is only in a primitive state. The building itself, as far as size is concerned, far exceeds the requirements of the Governor of the colony, but ambitious little Victoria, which aspires to keep in Melbourne the Governor-General of Australia whenever Confederation takes place, has built this huge palace in anticipation of that great event.

**NOTES FROM HAMILTON.**

**ITS NEWSPAPERS—POPULAR PERIODICALS—ETC.**  
It has been said that a sure and easy method of obtaining a comprehensive insight into the national vagaries and characteristics of a people is to make oneself thoroughly familiar with their popular songs. There is, no doubt, a great deal of truth in the remark, but it refers to the days before almost instantaneous communication, and rapid transit, had been discovered. Now, it is the press; the mighty press—with all its wonderful appliances for obtaining and disseminating news—which enables one to become familiar with our fellow beings of all quarters of the globe. To all who have made them a study, newspapers are a tolerably faithful index to the peculiarities of a community. Of course they are useful—grandly useful—in a hundred different ways, but we are speaking of them as being a mirror in which is reflected that remarkable combination termed “the character of a locality.” If we come across a newspaper that is a stranger to us, how eagerly do we scan its columns, pry into the mysteries of its advertisements, endeavour to detect the motives which prompted its leaders, read its birth, and death, and marriage notices, its accounts of accidents, elopements, socials, fairs, its local market reports, personals, business notices, etc., until we arrive at a conjecture as to the extent, energy, affluence and general disposition of the people that support it. In nine cases out of ten the conjecture will be a correct one, and we could then walk into that particular community with feelings of a most neighbourly description.

But an essay on that subject is not the object of the present. That work will be left for more cunning hands to do. The desire is simply to say a word or two to our fellow countrymen—your readers—about the newspapers of Hamilton.

Here will be the proper place to mention that if there is any one weakness stronger than another in Yours Truly, it is that of bashfulness. Excessiveness in that respect is respectfully offered as an apology for having abstained from referring to the subject before. Even now, all that will be attempted will be merely an enumeration, with a brief remark or two in regard to each. For convenience, they will be taken in that rotation in which they make their appearance each day, beginning with the

**MORNING SPECTATOR,**

one of the oldest newspapers in Western Canada. It has always been a staunch supporter of the Conservative party, and is now pretty generally acknowledged to have been the pioneer journal in the advocacy of protection to national industries. Its editorials are noted for the opposite to narrow views, and also for their general moral tone. During the recent general election contest, its argumentative influence undoubtedly did much towards winning votes for the National Policy. This paper is familiarly known, amongst its acquaintances, as “The Spec,” and, on the evening of the polling day that placed Mr. Mackenzie in power “there were none so poor as to do it homage,” but on the evening of the 17th ultimo, when the Conservative success had been announced, every window in its office was brilliantly illuminated, and thousands of people assembled in front and rent the air with triumphant cheers. It has a fancy for fiction; each number contains a section of some one of the popular stories of the day. Some of its book notices and musical criticisms are said to evince much erudition. Its local columns use to have a proneness, as it were, for making “a mountain out of a mole hill,” but that is not so noticeable of late. The *Spectator* now issues an evening edition, and claims to enjoy a large and growing circulation.

Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the

**EVENING TIMES**

makes its appearance, and is always waited for with eagerness by its thousands of subscribers. This paper is published by the “Times Printing Company,” and is, perhaps, one of the most financially successful journals in the Dominion. The Reform party is indebted to it for long and valuable support. To a constant reader its policy would seem to not have been cast in the extreme “Globeite” mould, but has savoured more of what used to be known as the “Baldwin Liberal” type. While Mr. Edward Blake was prominent in public life, the *Times* grew to be a warm admirer of him, and, throughout the whole of its administration, the late Government found in it a manly and influential defender and supporter. Even now, while a majority of the Canadian people have pronounced against it, Mr. Mackenzie's free trade policy still finds in the *Evening Times* a champion of no mean order. For years back its editorials have been noted for their keen, biting sarcasm when dealing with political opponents. As a general newspaper, it is second to none, and the extent, reliability and unusual freshness of its local columns have gained for it more than even a provincial reputation. It is, emphatically, a “live” paper, and appears to have become an “institution” which the people will not do without. It is not an unusual thing to see crowds of people waiting outside the office until the paper comes out. For many years back the “arabs” have found ready sale for it on the streets at night, and “*Times*, only three cents,” is a sound that jingles in the ears of Hamiltonians, wherever they may be. So crowded are its columns, the enterprising publishers find it necessary to issue a double sheet on Saturdays. Its criticisms of musical and dramatic entertainments are acute, and are not always the most flattering to the undeserving. Indeed, in this respect, it has often prevented the public from being swindled and made miserable by travelling frauds.

All things considered, it is safe to say that its two daily papers are a credit to Hamilton, and there are but few people who know anything about the city but what will corroborate this statement.

On Wednesday evening, each week, the

**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS**

comes to hand, and is always anxiously waited for by its numerous readers. On some occasions its arrival is delayed by railways, or some other means, and in every such instance a feeling of disappointment is evinced by many who have grown to consider it a weekly necessity. But we must spare its blushes, and proceed to mention the

**GLOBE AND MAIL,**

which, by a G. W. R. train, leaving Toronto at an early hour, reach Hamilton between nine and ten o'clock each day. Both of these Metropolitan papers have a permanent correspondent in Hamilton, which invests them with a measure of local importance. Their Hamilton departments sometimes contain a bit of news, or a scrap of gossip that does not otherwise leak out. As a rule, however, the *Times* and *Morning Spec.* contain all the telegraphic and other news to be found in either the *Globe* or *Mail*.

The Toronto

**NATIONAL**

comes to hand on Thursdays. The motto of this paper used to be “Canada First,” but some months ago it silently dropped that and substituted one of a protection complexion. It is cleverly edited and is a really good family paper. Its spicy columns doubtless find many readers in Hamilton.

Almost every business house in the City regularly receives the

**MONETARY TIME,**

an exceedingly useful and valuable commercial journal which needs no further comment here.

**THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,**

a religious weekly, is published here under the auspices of the Episcopal Methodist Church of Canada.

*Harper's Frank Leslie's, Scientific American, Ledger, Waverley, Clipper, London Illustrated, Graphic,* and a whole host of American weeklies, as well as the New York dailies, may be had at any of the book stores.

The Canadian, English and American magazines all have their allotment of patrons, but it would be needless to state which are the most popular. To most people, those which have the largest sale would appear to be the most popular, but then it must be remembered that the best article is not always the greatest favourite.

Other weekly publications of a special character, such as the *Irish Canadian*, the *Orange Sentinel*, &c., as well as papers devoted to separate branches of trade, such as the *Plumber*, the *Grocer*, etc., have also obtained a foot-hold in the city.

Thus it will be seen that the citizens need not be behind for the want of news, and are well provided for in almost every department of periodical literature.

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton.

**ECHOES FROM THE DOMINION PRESS.**

**A GREENBACK SCHEME.**—The Toronto *National* has made a discovery, or rather attempts to apply an American discovery to Canadian wants, in the matter of the Pacific Railway. The plan is to let the Government give the contract for grading, tying, and furnishing the road, and pay the contractors with Dominion notes which shall be made a legal tender for all debts, including those due to the Government, and which shall not be redeemable except at the option of the Government. *By this means the road would not add a dollar to the burdens of the people.* On the contrary the consumption of dutiable goods by the men employed in building the road would add to the revenue of the country, and actually decrease the taxation. Then let the land along the line of the road be surveyed in blocks twenty miles square, as proposed in the scheme of the Macdonald Government, place each alternate block on the market at say two dollars per acre, reserving the remainder until the first-half is taken up and then place it on the market, at say four dollars per acre. Thus as the road was opened a steady source of revenue would be created. It is estimated that one hundred millions of acres of good land could thus be offered, and this would, if sold on the plan we have suggested, realize to the country three hundred millions of dollars; more than the entire cost of the road would be. If it was considered desirable, the proceeds of the sale of the land could be applied to redeeming the Government notes, or the notes could remain in circulation and the proceeds of the sale go to pay the National debt.

**A CHEERFUL VIEW.**—The *Monetary Times* takes a cheerful view of the future:—“As a nation, Canadians are becoming richer every year, in spite of commercial disasters, which are as the ripple on the surface of the water undisturbed beneath. It is well to look at the cheerful side of things sometimes: for moodiness may bring despair, and exclusive attention to one set of facts while others are left unheeded, will certainly create a wrong and injurious impression. In the large sense, it is not true that Canada is a nation of bankrupts; it is rather a country in which wealth, widely distributed, is constantly increasing.”

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**

On Halloween, the Caledonian Society gave their annual concert at the Academy of Music. It was, like all entertainments previously given by the Society, an enjoyable one. During the course of the evening an address was delivered by Sir A. T. Galt, K.C., M.G. Among those who contributed towards the amusement of the audience were Mrs. Barnes, who made her first appearance before a Montreal public in such a manner as to prove that she is an artist of real merit and still greater promise. Mr. Neil Warner gave a couple of readings and shared the applause with Mrs. Chatterton Bohrer, whose performances on the harp always meet with a ready recognition. Mr. Hamilton Corbett, a Scotch humourist and singer, new to Montreal, was loudly welcomed; he bids fair to worthily tread in the steps of the Kennedys and Gourlays.

**CONFEDERATE GENERAL STUART.**—From the headquarters within, might be heard the gay voice of Stuart laughing with his staff officers, his couriers or visitors. From time to time he roared out some song, either “The Old Gray Horse,” or “The Bugles Sang Truce, for the Night Cloud had Lowered,” or his favorite, “The Dew is on the Blossom.” If you entered you would see him busily writing at his desk, or trolling out his catches of song with one booted leg thrown over the arm of his chair, or laughing as he started up to slap one on the back. Or he would call for his banjo player, and the whole place would soon ring with the humming of that instrument. And then in the midst of this merriment it was not improba-

ble that a dispatch would be handed to him by a courier, covered with dust and entering in haste. He would run his eye over it, order his horse to be brought, mount without a word, and followed by his staff, who never waited for orders, set out at a gallop, with which it was hard to keep up. Brigadier General Stuart has been informed that a scouting party of the enemy had fired into his pickets, and he was going in person to see what they wanted.

**CANADIANS, BE STEADY!**

**A NATIONAL SONG.**

Our fathers loved dearly that land o'er the sea,  
Where for ages their kindred did dwell,  
But left it in search of new homes just as free,  
And this Canada pleased them right well.

Canadians, be steady! and ever prove true,  
Round the flag of our country combine;  
The thistle and rose on its field of bright blue,  
With the shamrock and maple leaf twine.

With courage and toil the grim forest they clear,  
As the wild wolf before them retires,  
'Tis ours to improve the inheritance dear,  
And thus show we are worthy such sires.

Canadians, be steady, &c.

In defence of these homes should our flag be unfurled,  
And its folds the stiff battle breeze fan,  
We'll bravely uphold it and show to the world  
We are patriots to the last man.

Canadians, be steady, &c.

Montreal.

J. HENDERSON.

**LITERARY.**

The biography of the poet Longfellow has been written for the November *Scribner*, by the poet Stoddard.

“A NIGHT WITH ELISON” is described in *Scribner* for November, by Mr. W. H. Bishop, author of “Detmold.”

HEPWORTH DIXON has been thrown from his horse in Cyprus and had his collar-bone fractured.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH is about to publish a new novel in the *feuilleton* of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, to be called “Forstmeister.”

MR. GALLENGA is about to publish a work on “Pope Pius the Ninth and King Victor Emmanuel, and the War between Church and State in England.”

HENRY WARD BEECHER will go to England next summer, under engagement of Hathaway & Pond to give fifty lectures. Mr. Beecher is to receive \$500 a night and all his expenses.

DR. EGGLESTON, the author of “Roxy,” will have a paper in *Scribner* for December, about Parsons and Parsons, giving reminiscences and stories, ranging from the American backwoods to Westminster Cathedral.

A NEW weekly paper will shortly be started in Philadelphia, by Colonel J. W. Furney, formerly proprietor of the *Press* in that city. It is to be called *Progress*, and its outward appearance will be modelled upon that of the London *World*.

DR. HOLLAND, in the November number of *Scribner's Monthly*, says of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, “There is but one English writer—a woman—who can command a better audience in America than the woman whose novel we begin in the present issue of the *Monthly*.”

MISS BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD, the author of “One Summer,” will hereafter live in Stuttgart, where she has taken the place of the late Ferdinand Freiligrath, the poet, as editor of a fortnightly electric journal printed in English, which has a large circulation on the Continent.

THE blind Bishop in *partibus*, Monsignore Sagar and the Comte de Mnn, the popular military Clericalist, are about to start a new weekly journal with the characteristic title *La Croix et l'Épée*. The Duke de La Rochefoucauld-Bianca is reported to be money-finder for the undertaking.

MISS RHODA BROUGHTON is said to be engaged on a new novel, whose central purpose is to holt the Pre-Raphaelites, “Aesthetic,” and the world of “higher culture” generally up to ridicule.

THE English edition of the Duc de Broglie's new work, *Le Secret du Roi*, which embraces the secret correspondence of Louis XV. with his various diplomatic agents from 1752 to 1774, is announced. The translation is in active preparation, and the work will be published in two volumes at an early date.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE has returned to the active editorial management of *St. Nicholas*, after her long vacation. One long article and two poems from her pen will appear in the November number, and in the “Letter-Box” she holds a little chat with the young folks about her recent journey to California.

A “FEATURE” of *Scribner* is the publication of articles written and illustrated by the same person. In the November number there are at least two such papers, “Johnny Reb at Play,” by a Confederate trooper of Baltimore; and an article on “Chambly Fort, on the Richelieu River,” by Henry Sandham, the Canadian artist.

THE New York *World* says a collection of Lord Dufferin's Canadian speeches carefully and intelligently made, would be a popular book on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. George Stewart Jr.'s book on “The Earl of Dufferin's Administration in Canada,” published by the Rose-Belford Publishing Company, Toronto, will have a full collect on, carefully revised by Lord Dufferin himself. The book, which also contains His Excellency's farewell address, is now before the public.

IT is not generally known, perhaps, that during the stay of our esteemed Governor-General in Canada, he has given to the various Societies, Religious Institutions and Educational Establishments of the country upwards of five hundred beautiful medals in gold, silver and bronze. We have much pleasure in announcing that Mr. George Stewart, Jr.'s great work, “Canada under the Administration of Lord Dufferin,” contains a complete list of these medals with the names of the parties who have received them, the object for which they were given, and the various dates of issue. This will add largely to the interest of Mr. Stewart's book, which we learn is being eagerly subscribed for.





HON. H. E. TASCHEREAU, THE NEW JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.



REV. MR. CAMERON, OF THE BAPTIST TABERNACLE, OTTAWA.



THE FIRST LESSON.



**CHIEF JUSTICE HARRISON.**

The Honorable Robert Alexander Harrison, was born in the city of Montreal on the 3rd August, 1833. His parents were both from the North of Ireland, and in the same year that he was born removed from Montreal to Markham, near Toronto, but subsequently became inhabitants of that city. Educated at Upper Canada College, the nursery of a majority of Ontario's great men, Mr. Harrison, at the early age of sixteen, entered the office of Messrs. Robinson and Allan as a law student. When about eighteen years of age, and two years a student, he commenced the compilation of his first law work: it was a digest of all cases determined in the Queen's Bench and practice Courts of Upper Canada, from 1843 to 1851, inclusive. He was about a year in writing the book, and nearly as long in passing it through the press. Being a young law student and unknown to the profession the work was published under the supervision of Mr. (now) Sir James Lukin Robinson, who was then the authorized reporter of the Queen's Bench. The work was published in the joint names of "Robinson & Harrison." It was most successful, and received the approval of the profession. It brought Mr. Harrison's name widely and favourably before the legal profession. This was the only legal work he wrote during the time he was a law student. During the years of his study he was a prominent member of the Toronto Literary and Debating Society, and of the Osgoode Club of Toronto. For a long period he was president of the Literary Society, though in years junior to many of its members. Of the Osgoode Club, while the Hon. Justice Burns was president, he was one of its vice presidents, and a most active member. In 1853, Mr. Harrison became a law student in the office of Messrs. Crawford & Hagarty, then the leading law firm of Upper Canada, the members of which were the late Lieut. Governor of Ontario, and the present Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. In 1854, he joined the crown law department for Upper Canada, as chief clerk, or deputy to the Attorney General. Although then only a law student, his selection was made by the late Hon. John Ross, on account of the favourable opinion given of Mr. Harrison by many leading men of the profession. Though the government, of which Mr. Ross was a member, was defeated during the time that Mr. Harrison was on his way to Quebec, yet Sir John A. Macdonald, who in the mean time had taken Mr. Ross's place, confirmed the appointment. Prior to his departure for Quebec, Mr. Harrison received addresses from the literary and other associations with which he was connected, all bearing the most fervent expressions for his welfare. In 1855, the year in which the Government removed to Toronto, Mr.



THE LATE HON. ROBT. ALEX. HARRISON, CHIEF JUSTICE OF ONTARIO.  
From a Photograph by Notman & Fraser.

Harrison was called to the bar "with honors." He was the first so called under the new rules then just in operation, and was warmly congratulated by the late Mr. Robert Baldwin, then treasurer of the Law Society, and shortly afterwards had conferred upon him the degree of B.C.L., by the University of Trinity College. Subsequently he received the degree of D.C.L., from that institution. About this time he was a constant contributor to the *Daily Colonist*, then one of the leading papers of Toronto; his articles were often reproduced by the country press with much effect. Becoming too much involved in politics, to the neglect of his profession, he, in 1855, cut short his connection with the political press. This year he commenced his work on the Common Law Procedure act. The undertaking, although a great one, was accomplished in twelve months. It was received with even greater favour than his first attempt, and the press loudly commended it. The London legal press placed him in the front rank of those who had written about the subject of which he had treated.

His next work, which appeared in 1857, was "The Statutes of Practical Utility in the Civil Administration of Justice in Upper Canada, from the First Act passed in Upper Canada to the Common Law Procedure Acts of 1856." This was intended as a companion to his former work, and fully answered its purpose. In July, of the same year, he became joint editor of the *Upper Canada Law Journal*, in which capacity he continued to serve until forced by a vast legal business to abandon the labour to other hands. The *Journal* was previously published at Barrie, and not much in favour with the profession, but when Mr. Harrison became connected with it, it was brought to Toronto, and from that time has steadily progressed; it is now much read and valued, not only by the profession, but a great number of the people of Upper Canada. During 1857, he also brought out "A Manual of Costs in County Courts, containing besides the tariff of costs some general points of practice; and shortly afterwards wrote "A Sketch of the Growth and Present Importance of the Legal Profession in Upper Canada," which concluded his literary labours of a legal character for that year. In 1858, he produced two other law works, one being the "Rules, Orders and Regulations as to Practice and Pleading in the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas in Upper Canada, with notes explanatory and practical," the other a corresponding work in regard to County Courts of Upper Canada; these were both well received, and fully bore out the reputation he had gained for accuracy, industry and ability. In 1859, appeared his last and most popular legal work, "The Municipal Manual of Upper Canada," which had a tremendous sale



NETHERLAND HORSE RACING.



and was greatly extolled. Mr. Harrison, although repeatedly solicited to allow himself to be put in nomination for a place in Parliament, for many years steadfastly refused that honour. In 1867, however, on the Confederation of the Provinces, he was prevailed upon to accept a seat in the new House of Commons. He was returned for West Toronto and sat until the general elections of 1872, when, owing to the demands of his profession, he retired altogether from political life.

In 1859, he retired from the Crown Law Department, bearing with him the sincere and heartfelt good wishes of all he had come in contact with. He also received letters from his superiors, couched in the most affectionate and flattering language. Mr. Harrison commenced practice in partnership with the late Mr. James Patterson, and at once obtained a large and lucrative practice. He had been retained as counsel for the Crown in nearly every important case arisen till then. His first appearance in that character was at the celebrated prosecution of McHenry *alias* Townsend, the murderer; he next appeared in the conduct of the North Shrievally case, when people ridiculed the Government for retaining so young a man to prosecute. Though opposed by one of the most eminent counsel of the Province, he was entirely successful, and by his success set at rest the fears of those who looked only to his youth and not to his great industry and ability. In the "State Trials" when the Parliamentary opposition endeavoured in Courts of Law to break down the Government, he, with eminent counsel, was on the defensive, and, as usual, successful. In the famous *Habeas Corpus* case of John Anderson, the negro, he gained his case before the Queen's Bench, but happily for Anderson, on technical points, the force of which he at once conceded, lost it before the Common Pleas.

The firm was subsequently joined by Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Q.C., late M.P.P. for West Elgin. On the death of Mr. Patterson, the firm of Harrison, Osler & Moss was formed, having as leading members the present Chief Justice in Equity, Mr. F. S. Osler, Mr. Charles Moss and Mr. W. A. Foster. This firm, during late years, obtained a remarkably large practice. The extent of the business of Harrison, Osler & Moss may be imagined when we state, on excellent authority, that Mr. Harrison's professional income had reached \$14,000; and Mr. Moss had probably as much more. To give up this, even for a Chief Justiceship, must have been no ordinary sacrifice. Chief Justice Harrison had been twice married: first in 1859, to Anna, daughter of J. M. Muckle, Esq., formerly a merchant of Quebec; she died in 1866; and secondly, in 1868, to Kennithina Johanna Mackay, only daughter of the late Hugh Scobie, Esq., who was editor and proprietor of the *British Colonist* newspaper, Toronto. Mr. Harrison's appointment was a high tribute to a most worthy, able and industrious man, and coming as it did from the hands of a political leader on the opposite side, was as graceful as well deserved. On all sides the appointment was hailed with satisfaction by members of the profession.

### HEARTH AND HOME.

**TRUE TASTE.**—There is a great difference between taste and fancy. One is a perception of some manifestation of a principle in nature, the other a mere predilection for works of art. One is founded on the soul as seen through its outward covering, the other contemplates only the exterior dress. True taste is the love of the sublime, the beautiful, and true.

**MILK.**—The following extract from a letter received by Dr. Davies, of Bristol, from "one of the highest medical and official authorities in the kingdom," deserves consideration—the letter was apparently written *à propos* of the recent epidemic of milk-typhoid in that city—"We English, who stare at the consumption of uncooked ham by Germans, would do well to follow their example in the universal cooking of milk. Germans think us utter barbarians to drink it raw."

**BEGIN NOW.**—Don't wait until to-morrow. Remember in all things that, if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings-bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling on his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered if, instead of putting off his resolutions of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning.

**RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT.**—By way of ascertaining just how fast we can think, experiments, with the use of several forms of apparatus, have been made by scientific men. In all the experiments the time required for a simple thought was never less than a fortieth of a second. In other words, the mind can perform not more than twenty-four hundred simple acts a minute, fifteen hundred a minute being the rate for persons of middle age. From these figures it will be seen how absurd are many popular notions in regard to the fleetness of thought, how exaggerated are the terrors of remorseful memory that moralists have invested for the moment of flying. And we may reasonably "discount"

also the stories told by men saved from drowning, cut down before death by hanging, or rescued from sudden peril from other causes. No doubt a man may think of a great multitude of experiences, good or bad, in a few minutes; but that the thoughts and emotions of a long life may surge through the mind during the seconds of asphyxiation is manifestly impossible.

**TASTE.**—It is not so much what is worn as how it is worn that produces the general effect of being well dressed. The material may be splendid, but, if it is ill-cut or ill-adjusted, the wearer appears no better for it. A linen dress made with taste is more becoming than a silk out of the mode or awkwardly put on; and the simplest ribbons, tied by one who knows just how to do it, will be more elegant than the costliest scarf in the arrangement of which taste has not been consulted. There is a choice in everything, from a calico to a velvet. And, even in ornaments, things that make no pretence, yet are well shaped and becoming, may be bought for a "song"; although some people have no knowledge of that fact, and believe that the only choice is between real diamonds and glaring glass and brass. Let Taste be a girl's dressing-maid, and she needs very little money.

**OLD FRIENDS.**—Don't lose your old friends, but keep your intercourse green with little acts of kindness. Leave your business, or pleasure, or study, long enough to step in and see that dear old man and woman who used to give you spring apples and lilacs when you went visiting with your mother. Run in and enliven a minute the neighbours who have known you ever since you were born, with whose children you have often played before their golden heads were laid low in their last sleep. Call upon your once merry schoolmate, now an invalid. Old time friends are to be specially esteemed. And make many friends. Don't be too exclusive and fastidious. True, it is your privilege to be particular in choosing intimates, but there is a large number of people among those you know with whom you ought to be on so cordial terms as shall in time change into the most friendly relations, so that some you did not fancy at first may become your fastest friends, to the great benefit of both parties. You want many friends, because so many are removing residences and exchanging worlds, and you want plenty left to enjoy till those changes come to you in turn. As long as your body lives, you want a living, healthy heart in it. And in your times of trial how precious is human love and sympathy!

**AFTERNOON MEN.**—There is a proverb which says, "What can be done at any time is never done," and which applies especially to a class who have become slaves to the habit of procrastination, the habitual postponing of everything that they are not compelled by necessity to do immediately. Now delays are not only damaging to present prospects, but they are destructive of ultimate success. A dilatory man is not to be depended upon. The slightest pretext is sufficient for him to disappoint you. If an *employe*, the sooner he is discharged the greater the advantage to the employer. There are those who may properly be called "afternoon men." They are always busy getting ready to go to work. In the morning they walk around, carefully inspect their duties, and say, "Plenty to do to-day! I must go to work this afternoon." About three o'clock they survey what they have not done, and exclaim, "One thing and another have prevented me from making any headway to-day. I'll leave it and begin bright and early to-morrow morning." One day with them is simply the reflection of another. There is nothing accomplished in a whole life, and their western sun overtakes them and finds no preparation for the wants and infirmities of age. There is nothing to look back upon but squandered time. One hour's exercise in the morning loosens the muscles of the limbs, sets the blood dancing in the veins, and fits a man physically and mentally for the day's activity; while one hour's sloth after breakfast produces a torpor from which it is almost impossible to rally.

### FOOT NOTES.

**SHADES of Malthus!** An arithmetically-minded gentleman in Kensington informs us that there is no surplus population at all. That the whole population of the world could stand on that speck in the sea, the Isle of Wight. He estimates the population of the earth at 1,440,000,000. Allowing two feet of standing room for each individual, the area covered would be 66,115 acres. The area of the Isle of Wight is nearly half as much again, being 93,341 acres. But how much land does it require to feed each one of that hypothetical party of excursionists?

A LARGE pit or cave has lately been discovered on a farm, near Wyebridge, in which to all appearance were the remains of about two thousand persons, besides brass kettles, beads, pipes and other Indian relics. It is supposed to be in the vicinity of an old Jesuit fort, St. Louis, where in 1649 there was a terrific struggle between the now the almost extinct Hurons and their constant persecutors, the Iroquois. In one of the kettles, a parcel wrapped tightly in a beaver skin was observed, which contained the body of an infant, portions of the flesh of which were still clinging to the bones. The discoverer placed the treasure in a box and reverently buried it.

**CHARLES DICKENS' EYES.**—Charles Dickens

had that acute perception of the comic side of things which causes irrepressible brimming of the eyes; and what eyes his were! Large, dark blue, exquisitely shaped, fringed with magnificently long and thick lashes—they now swam in liquid, limpid suffusion, when tears started into them from a sense of pathos, and now darted quick flashes of fire when some generous indignation at injustice, or some high wrought feeling of admiration at magnanimity, or some sudden emotion of interest and excitement touched him. Swift glancing, appreciative, rapidly observant, truly superb orbits, they were worthy of the other features in his manly, handsome face.

**GREEK PRONUNCIATION.**—Professor John Stuart Blackie laments that "the altogether factitious and barbarous pronunciation of Greek practiced by the English universities systematically cuts off young travelling scholars from holding any profitable communion with the Greek people in their native tongue so plentifully scattered in all parts of the Mediterranean visited by English vessels." He proposes "the abandonment of the existing practice of pronouncing Greek with Latin accents and with English vocalization, and that no person should receive a first or second class in Greek who cannot read, without a dictionary, any column of a Greek newspaper that may be set before him. He suggests also that Greek, being, as everybody now knows, a living language, should be taught, not by dead grammars and dictionaries only, but also by living colloquy."

**TENNYSON AT WORK.**—It is said by those who know him, or pretend to know him, that Tennyson writes and re-writes most of his poems three or four times over, or rather *prints* them three or four times over, for the Poet Laureate rarely uses a pen, except to write letters. He moves about on his lawn with that Texan hat of his, with his pipe or cigar, or stretches his legs upon a garden chair and muses, taking an hour or two very often over a couple of lines, and all the morning over a single verse, and this, when complete, is set up in type at a private printing press. Thus line by line the poem is built up in type till it is finished. A couple of proofs are then pulled—one to go into a collection of original drafts which the Poet Laureate keeps as a literary curiosity—to see, perhaps, what his first ideas were, and what form they took—and the second to revise throughout, line by line, word by word, for no man is more critical in the selection of his phrases, and the poem is thus re-set. This, with possibly a few additional alterations in the margin, is the form in which we see the poem.

**TWAIN AND SELLEES.**—Mark Twain conceived the idea of *The Gilded Age* when he was suffering from a prolonged fit of the blues. He proposed to write a story with a moral, and he told Charles Dudley Warner that he wanted that moral so plainly put, that he who ran might read. It was high time for the American people to be awakened. The American people were awakened to the extent of \$14,000, which Mark Twain and Dudley Warner pocketed in six months' time from the sale of the book; here the equal division of profits ended, however, for John T. Raymond says that he has paid Mark \$60,000 royalty on the play, while it is a secret that Dudley Warner sadly tries to keep that Mark Twain paid him \$1,000 for his half interest in any dramatization. The discrepancy is said to have arisen because Warner regarded the book, when the last sheet was tossed on the floor still wet with ink, as the most successful piece of American humour, while Mark Twain gravely reminded Warner that any such view of it taken by the American people would ruin the influence for a better state of morals which it was intended by him to exert. Warner stuck to his opinion, and Mark Twain to his. Twain was surprised and grieved to learn that the public so far agreed with Warner as to characterize it as an attempt at humour. The two men shook hands over it under the bust of Calvin, in Mark Twain's den, and then Warner sailed for Europe to spend the money the book had brought him, while Mark Twain remained behind to negotiate with John T. Raymond.

**"TOUGH AS A HALTER."**—An amusing story is told of Mr. Tennyson in a foreign journal. Staying in a quiet neighborhood in England once, which great people visit as rarely as comets appear, advantage of such an event as the Laureate's visit was taken by one of the native hostesses to give a luncheon, and show off her lion. Conversation languished sadly; every one was afraid to speak lest he or she should be detected as infinitely prosaic, or that suddenly there be a great utterance which would be lost. Still the poet spoke not, but attended diligently to the business of the hour. The hostess grew uncomfortable; perhaps something was wrong; that dreadful cook was so exceedingly uncertain in her work. Perhaps poets had peculiar food; there were dim recollections floating through her mind of having heard of certain food for gods. Anything was better than this uncertainty. "Have you been helped as you liked?" she asked timidly. "That ham, we are particularly proud of it, is of our own curing. The receipt has been in our family for more than seventy years." Still there was no reply. The poet heard her not: he was thinking of something else. Only one word reached his ears; it appealed to his senses. Then there ensued a silence which seemed to be interminable. Still the thought took form and speech—"Tough as a halter!" and that was all the Laureate said until he took his leave.

### ACROSTIC.

London was the war cry!  
Onward they rallied  
Round Britain's standard:  
Dangers were parried.

Beacon of our realm,  
England's rights adjusted,  
Alpha and Omega, at  
Congress seen and trusted.  
"Ollane Fola" of our time,  
Nations bow before thee,  
Servant of our "Empress Queen,"  
Fondly we adore thee.  
Israel shines out in thy name,  
England shouts D'Israeli's fame!  
Land of hope and land of grace!  
Doubt we not thy people's race!

"Ollane Fola" is celebrated in ancient history as a sage and legislator eminent for learning, wisdom and excellent institutions, and his historic fame has been recognized by placing his medallion in *basso relievo*, with those of Moses and other great legislators, in the interior of the dome of the Four Courts of Dublin.

Lord God of our Fathers!  
Omnipotent Ruler!  
Reign o'er our country,  
Deus major columen.

Salvation is granted;  
An honourable peace;  
Laurels are planted;  
Triumphs increase;  
Secure in her statesmen,  
Britannia may rest,  
Ut quocunque parata,  
Reigns Victoria blessed,  
Yielding to none her  
banner and crest!

—God is the best support.  
—Cyprus.  
—Prepared on every side.

### HUMOROUS.

THERE are few sights more inspiring than a four-foot young man with a six inch cigar stuck in his mouth.

"ONE for his knob and two for his heels," as the rogue said when he stole a pair of boots and a wide-awake.

It takes a man who wants office to see the corruption there is in official circles. The more he sees of it the more anxious he seems to be to get into it.

CORRUPT is becoming very popular as a material for children's clothing, and as it is about the only fabric that will bear sliding down hill and improve by the operation, there seems to be a sort of eternal fitness about it.

A VERY free translation of a well-known phrase—Abit: He went out to dinner. Excessit: He drank too much. Erupt: He was—not quite well. Evasit: He said it was the salmon.

A SHARP Toledo girl said of a gentleman to whom she had just been introduced, that he would be very presentable if nature hadn't turned up so much of his legs to make feet of.

"HABIT" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "it" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit," you must throw it off altogether.

A MAN can always tell exactly how tall he is by walking through a low door in the dark. Next morning he can measure the height of the door, and then measure from where it struck to the top of his head, add the two together, subtract the swearing and multiply by what o'clock it was, when he got home, and the result will be his net height.

A POET in *Good Words* says:

"Let us slumber on forever and forever."

That is all easy enough to say, but when an alarm clock is pounding itself to pieces just over your head, and the milkman is singing a psalm that would waken the dead, any kind of slumber seems to be about nine miles the other side of eternity. We would therefore move to amend the bill by substituting for the words "forever and forever," the clause, "as long as we can without missing breakfast and the nine o'clock car."

POOR young Mr. Gibbs is very loquacious, and says every day more indiscreet things than he has hairs on his head. "I wish," he said, in the bitterness of spirit, one day after he had made a terrible slip, "I wish it was harder for me to talk. I wish I had some natural impediment in my speech. I wish," he said, tearing his hair in a agony of mortification, "oh, I wish I had been born a stammerer, with my front teeth out." The sad picture of a person born without any front teeth was so painful to contemplate, that it was all his weeping friends could do to console him.

NOT such a fool as he looks—Father of Adored One: "Then it comes to this, sir; you have no fortune, you have lost your appointment, you have no prospect of another, and you come to ask me for my daughter's hand—and fortune?" Not such a Fool: "No! Suppose we put it this way: I am unembarrassed by wealth, am free from the cares of business, and my future is irradiated by hope; therefore this is the crisis when I can best devote myself to your daughter, and enjoy that affluence with which you will crown our love."

A YOUNG man, who is at least sufficiently educated to write on one side of his paper only, sends us a long essay on "The True Aim of Journalism." We haven't read the article, but suppose the author, like almost everyone else, prefers the Smith & Wesson, navy size, No. 44 calibre, to any other pistol. In this locality especially is the aim of the journalist of the greatest importance, and the man whose hand shakes, and who can't hit an outraged community's third vest button three times out of five, has no business trying to run a paper in California.

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.

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AN OLD LATIN CHESS POEM.

"We are indebted to Nordisk Skaktidende for the following Latin Chess Poem, which was originally published by Prof. Hagen, at Berne, in the Swiss newspaper Der Bund, with a German translation. It was taken from a collection of hitherto unprinted Latin poems, found in MS. in the library of the convent at Einsiedln, and supposed by the Professor to date from the 10th or 11th century. It appears, however, to be extremely doubtful whether so high an antiquity can really be claimed for it, since, on its being submitted by Lieutenant Sörensen, the editor of the Danish Chess Magazine, to the criticism of such excellent authorities as Dr. Van der Linde and Herr Von der Lasa, both were of opinion that it could not be of so ancient an origin, the latter giving the following reasons in support of his view from internal evidence in the poem itself. He observes, first, that the Knight is called "eques," whereas the oldest hitherto known expression was "miles." Secondly, that the Bishop is designated as "comes," whilst all the old writings and poems always say "alfinus," after the Oriental appellation "alfil," elephant. Thirdly, that the Pawn can only become a Piece (Queen) when such piece is wanting, whereas, according to all hitherto known writings, whether from the East or West, this restriction found no place, since in the old MSS. on end-games one often meets with several Queens of the same colour. Further confirmation of his opinion was obtained by Herr Von der Lasa from Prof. Hagen in the fact that the poem is bound up in a Codex with other pieces of various dates, which may perhaps have suggested the idea, but of course could afford no proof of its age. The poem, however, both as regards its classic form and the unusual accuracy with which the board and men are described, is remarkable and interesting, and as the Danish magazine in publishing it appended an able translation in that language, we have now much pleasure in giving a no less able one in English, which has been kindly made expressly for our own Magazine, and that of Huddersfield College, by Dr. Howe, of Montreal, and which we owe to the courtesy of J. Watkinson, Esq., Chess Editor of the latter periodical, who sent the poem to Dr. Howe more than a year ago for the purpose of translation." The above is from the October Chess Player's Chronicle, of London, just received, and we hasten to offer the primitive thereof to all our chess and classical readers.

VERSUS DE SCHACHIS.

- 1. Si fas est ludos abiectis ducere curis
Eat aliquis, mentem quo recreare queas.
Quem si scire uella, huc cordis dirige gressum.
Inter complotos hic tibi prima erit.
5. Non dolus ullus inest, non sunt peruria frandis,
Non laceras corpus membra uel ulla tui.
Non soluis quicquam nec quemquam soluere cogis
Certator nullus insidiosus erit.
10. Hic refugit totum simplicitate sua,
Tetrageonum primo certaminis aequor habetur
Multiplicis tabulea per sua damna ferax.
Jamlibet octonos in partem ducite calles,
Rurus in obliquum tot memor adde uias.
15. Mox cernes tabulea aequi discrimina octo.
Cottus ut replens aequoris omne solum.
Sunt quibus has placuit duplici luare colore.
Grata sit ut species et magis apta duplex.
Dum color unus erit, non sic rationis imago
20. Discolor: alternus omne repaudit iter.
Illic digeritur populus regumque duorum
Agmina: partitur singula quisque loca.
Quorum quo numerus ludenti rite pateat.
Post bis quindenos nouerit esse duos.
25. Non species eadem, nomen non omnibus unum:
Quam ratio uaria, sic neque nomen idem.
Nec color unus erit diuisis partibus aequis:
Pars haec si caudet, illa rubore nitet.
Non diuersa tamen populorum causa duorum:
30. Certamen semper par in utroque manet.
Sufficit unus partis dinoscere causas:
Ambarum species, cursus et unus erit.
Ordo quidem primis tabulas diuisus in octo
Praelati ruris agmina prima tenet.
35. In quorum medio rex et regina loantur,
Consimiles specie, non ratione tamen.
Post hos acclini comites, hinc inde locati.
Auribus ut dominum conscia uerba ferant.
Tertius a primis eques est hinc inde, paratus
40. Debita transuerso carpere calle loca.
Extremos retinet fines inaequos uterque
Bigis seu rochus, marchio sua magis.
Hos qui praecedunt (retinetque est ordo secundas
Aequoris), effigies omnibus una manet:
45. Et ratione pari pedes armarum in hostem
Proceduntque prius bella gerenda patit.
Liquerit istorum tabulam dum quisque priorem.
Recta, quae sequitur, mox erit hospes alter:
Impediat cursum ueniens ex hostibus alter:
50. Obuius ipse pedes praemia prima gerit.
Nam dum sic uni ueniens fit proximus alter.
Dissimiles capiat ut color unus eorum,
Figendi fuerit cui primum oblata facultas.
Mittit in obliquum uulnera saena parum.
55. Obuius ex reliquis dum sic fit qui-que, ruina
Hac preter regem praecipitatus erit.
Quilibet hic ruerit, non ultra fugere fas est:
Tollitur e medio, uulnera dum caecidit.
Solut rex capitur nec ab aequore tollitur ictus.
60. Irruit, ut sternat, nec tamen ipse ruit.
Hic quia prima tenens consistit in aequore semper,
Circum se est eurus quoque tabella sibi.
At uili reginae scelli ratione patebit:
Obliquus cursus huc color unus erit.
65. Candida si sedes fuerit sibi prima tabella,
Non color alterius hanc aliquando capit.
Hoc iter est pedis, si quando pergit in hostem,
Ordinis ad finem eumque meare potest.
Nam sic concordant: obliquo tramite, desit
70. Ut si regina, hic quod et illa queat.
Ast quos uicinos dominis curioque notant,
Transuerso cursu sat loca paucis petunt.
Istorum fuerit positus quo quisque colore,
Primo dissimilem non aliquando pete.
75. Post primam tabulam mox fit tibi tertia sedes,
Qua fit reginae, dissonus ille uia.
Praeterea cursus equites quoque faciunt,
Sunt quibus obliqui multiploque gradus:
Dum primam socium quisque contemnit eorum.
80. Discolor a prima tertia cepit eum.
Sic alternatim tenet huc illumque colorem,
Quilibet ut cursus esse tabella queat.
At rochus semper procedit tramite recto
Ut que datur ratio, porrigit ille gradum.
85. Quattuor in partes gressum distendere fas est
Ique uno cursu tota meare loca.
Hi certamen habent equitibus per horrida bella,
Ut, si defuerit, praemia paene cadant.
In quibus et reliquis extat custodia sollers:
90. Inconuultus enim praemia nemo petit.
Cuique datur custos, non incautum uulnera sternant.
Solut, heu, facile, si petat aequa, ruit.
Cum uero enuot certatim praemia densant.
Hostis in hostem fit celer ire neomem.
95. Haec rex deuita, haec nunquam sternitur ille,
Hoc fato reli quis amplius ipse potest.
Dum tamen hunc hostis cogit protrudere gressum,
Si conuulsus erit, praemia tota ruant.

TRANSLATION OF LATIN POEM.

- 1. If games e'er meet with heaven's indulgent smile,
There's one may well the cares of earth beguile.
This would'at thou know, give me thy heart and mind;
'Twill win thy love, not mere approval find.
5. No cheating will is here, no fraud forsworn,
No risk of limb by cruel violence torn.
Gold not the prize, honour the only stake,
Tempts not the player honour's laws to break.
What ruinous course the dice-died gamb' er runs,
10. This guileless game abhorrent wholly shuns.
A field tetragonal with squares is cross'd,
A fruitful mother in her offspring lost.
Eight onward paths are drawn the front to gain;
From flank to flank as many mark the plain.
15. The field thus filled, eight equal squares you view.
Eight times repeated in dimensions true.
Some, too, these spaces, with distinctive dye
Alternate stain, to please and guide the eye.
A hue unvaried ill defines the field,
20. The lines of march by contrast stand revealed.
Two kings new marshal each his warrior band.
At posts assigned the men and leaders stand.
Twice fifteen subjects, with their lieges two.
Compose of combatants the number true.
25. These are of various form, and different name.
Of power unequal, functions not the same.
Two rival colours mark the equal lines;
Here spotless white, there red resplendent shines.
Their strategy the same, alike the cause
30. In which they war, controlled by equal laws.
To know one player's men, and moves, and aim,
Is both to know: like purpose rules their game.
Upon the first line of the field thus traced
Eight warriors of higher ranks are placed.
35. In centre of this line the king and queen,
Of similar form, in scope unlike, are seen.
Bishops, close followers of the royal pair,
Concerted counsel with their sovereign's share.
On each side third, due place in foremost fight,
40. Eager to seize with slant leap, stands the knight.
Two rooks, with chariots, the flank lines guard,
As margraves of the marches keeping ward.
Before their lords eight vassals fr at the field,
In action one, and in the arms they wield.
45. Fighting on foot—a uniform array—
Danger and death they dare in earliest fray.
In forward march direct along the plain.
Successive squares their part 'tis to maintain.
Who first attacks is met by foe intent.
50. With foot to foot the inroad to prevent.
A third, advancing to his comrade's aid,
Must risk the thrust transverse of hostile blade;
Of rival colours on squares of hue the same,
The first a field first stroke oblique may claim.
55. Nor only equals can he thus forestall;
All by this law of war, save kings, may fall.
Borne from the midst, whose'er is thus laid low
No more may range the field to front a foe.
The king alone nor wounds nor capture knows,
60. Yet shares the battle, and abides its close.
Present ever the tide of war to guide,
He moves from square to square on every side.
Oblique, in colour one, distinct are seen
The lines of squares along which moves the queen.
65. If placed at first on white, she may not change
Her path at any time red lines to range.
A peon advancing, when, by foe unchecked,
May win the final square in march direct:
Then, if the queen be lost, it is agreed
70. He shall to her power of move oblique succeed.
But those who near their lords hold honoured place
Command in transverse course a shorter space;
Whate'er the colour of squares they take,
This, different for each, they use'er forsake.
75. Their move is from the first to third confined,
Less than the queen's in scope, but like in kind.
The wheeling knights, in movement multigrade,
With side stroke fell the hostile ranks invade.
Whene'er they spura their square, disdainng rest,
80. The third or other hue must be their quest.
Alternate thus from white to red, their track
Includes all squares as points for dread attack.
The rooks in lines direct their might display;
Or near, or far, at need, they seize or slay.
85. Four ways it is with single bound their right
To gain the farthest limits of the fight.
Where rook meets knight, there fiercest strife pre-
vies absent these, the conflict all but fails. (va. is;
In these, in all no less, a watchful skill
90. Controls mere bravery and aimless will.
Each aids his comrade; wounds and death betide
The rash who singly in their strength confide.
When all outvie, in close concerted strife,
Their storm-like onset is with slaughter rife.
95. The person of the king his rank defends;
Thus privileged, his power the rest transcends.
Yet pressed to move, beset, without retreat,
He yields, and all is ruin and defeat.

NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

- Line 3. Huc cordis dirige gressum. The metaphor is harsh.
8. Certator nullus. There are many instances in the poem of this metrical licence—one avoided by the Classic Poets. See lines 20, 26, 28, 34, 64, 66, 82, 92.
11 & 12. A good dithich, the poetry of which I have endeavoured to preserve in the translation. Although the Latinity and metre are occasionally faulty, there is much spirit in the poem.
43. Secundas—sc. tabulas.
64. The moves as described belong to some centuries back. Originally the Queen moved only one square at a time diagonally; subsequently over the whole diagonal; and more recently the move of the Rook was conceded to her.
The Bishop (line 75) was limited in range to the third square, but could pass over the intervening square, like the Knight. The Knight and Rook were anciently the most powerful pieces (line 87), and have retained their move unaltered. So also the King and Pawn, except the innovation in the case of the latter of a double first move.
70. The metre of this line is very faulty.
71. The word curvos bears no reference to anything in lines 37 and 38. Possibly it should be comites, but if curvos is the true text, the allusion must be to the shape of the Bishop, or rather of the piece now so called. Anciently it was a ship, for which we know that curvus was an epitheton perpetuum.

H. ASPINWALL HOWE, LL.D.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is freely stated Mr. Gladstone is about to buy a mansion in the Isle of Man and settle there for the rest of his days. It is also stated that the right hon. gentleman has given up his Hawarden residence, and that he has seen the last of his parliamentary days.

THE chess-loving public will learn with satisfaction that a project is on foot for establishing a chess club in connection with the reading-room of the Royal Aquarium at Westminster, provided a sufficient number of gentlemen signify their intention of joining. Names will be received by the Secretary of the Aquarium; and if the proposition be adequately supported, a preliminary meeting will be called at an early date, to take the necessary measure for establishing such an association.

A CORRESPONDENT complains that he has lately been subjected to a novel and somewhat irritating form of annoyance. An envelope was lately delivered to him bearing the St. John's-wood postmark, and on the other side was written, "J. A., fondest love." The contents of the envelope were some evangelistic mission tracts. It is obvious that this mode of transmitting warnings to sinners might give rise to much misconception, if a jealous wife or intended didn't get a sight of the interior.

QUITE a crowd gathered to see the Ministers arrive for the late Cabinet Council, and altogether intense interest was exhibited at the gathering. The punctuality observed by Ministers in attending such meetings has often been remarked upon. Saturday on the whole was no exception. First came Colonel Stanley, making an appropriate "first arrival." Then followed Lord Beaconsfield, who arrived ten minutes before the appointed hour. Close after him were all the rest, with the exception of Lord John Manners, who has got a touch of the gout, and Sir Michael Hicks Beach, but about ten minutes after the time the latter made his appearance. "Here's Sir Michael," remarked a bystander. "He's late." "Oh, he's always late," retorted another, who seemed to be an authority, and took upon himself to sum up.

A WELL-KNOWN writer has concluded a somewhat curious investigation. Being struck with the vast number of novels issued from the English press and sent to the circulating libraries, he has endeavoured to trace the authors. He has discovered that they are for the most part young ladies, a good many of them with means. It is computed that the number of lady novelists is past finding out, but that they make up the large majority of novel writers is without doubt. One curious thing about this investigation is the fact that in some cases the female authors belong to the poorer orders. There is a species of religious novel that has lately obtained a large circulation, and it is in this sphere that the latter are found. But the success of the works depends not upon their intrinsic merits, but upon the benevolence of rich gentlemen who guarantee to pay the publisher for so many hundred copies. Some works of this class are sent out to the extent of ten thousand in this particular way, gratuitously to Sunday-schools and similar institutions.

The ceremony of freeing Waterloo Bridge was ludicrously unceremonious. It was an utter fiasco. Mr. Cecil Rogers, Deputy Chairman of the Board of Works, at the time appointed, in the midst of a huge crowd of people and cabs and carriages, with which the road from the Strand to the gates was crammed, mounted a sort of stool with an handrail and commenced an address. As many of the people were making their way to the trains at Waterloo Station, and the heat and dust were unbearable, they soon became impatient, and raised shouts of "Time! time!" At this moment an altercation arose between two cantankerous hackney cabmen, which effectually rendered Mr. Rogers' voice inaudible, but unwilling to have his oration so soon cut short, the deputy chairman, with violent head gesticulation, continued in a louder voice. Finding, however, that the uproar increased, and his vocal efforts were of no avail, he suddenly ducked his head and disappeared, waving in his right hand a dusty key. The crowd raised three lusty cheers, and the ceremony was over. The gates of the bridge were unhinged, and in a struggle to be first the people and carriages passed over and dispersed.

MORE ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS TIE.—"Marriage," says a cynic, "is like putting your hand into a bag containing ninety-nine snakes and one eel. You may get the eel, but the chances are against you."

ARTICLES DE PARIS.—In Paris a certain Monsieur Kenard announces himself as "a public scribe who digests accounts, explains the language of flowers, and sells fried potatoes."

NOT SKULLS AND CROSSED BONES SURELY!—A writer in a South-African contemporary, in describing a ball-room, says, "The dreary old building was prettily decorated with the youth and beauty of Humansdorp and a few supplementary flags."

"HIP, HIP, HURRAH!"—"Hip, hip, hurrah!" was originally a war-cry adopted by the stormers of a German town where a great many Jews had taken refuge. The place being sacked, they were all put to death amid shouts of "Hierosolyma est perdita." From the first letters of these words (H. c. p.) an exclamation was contrived. Few of those who raise the English cheer in festivity or battle are aware that they use a cry associated with the fall of Jerusalem, and those bloodthirsty persecutions of Jews by so-called Christians which so foul a stain upon the page of history.

PRIVATE LETTER-BOX.—It has been proposed to the authorities of the General Post Office that, at first in London, and then, if the system be found to answer, in large provincial towns, any one should, upon payment of a moderate sum—say, two guineas a year—to the Post-Office, be entitled to have a private letter-box for posting letters within his own premises and for his exclusive use, and that the letters should be collected regularly hour by hour by the post-man, just as they are now from the pillar letter-boxes in the streets. By this plan the loss of time, together with the chance of delay, miscarriage, or loss attending the present system of sending letters to post, would be obviated.

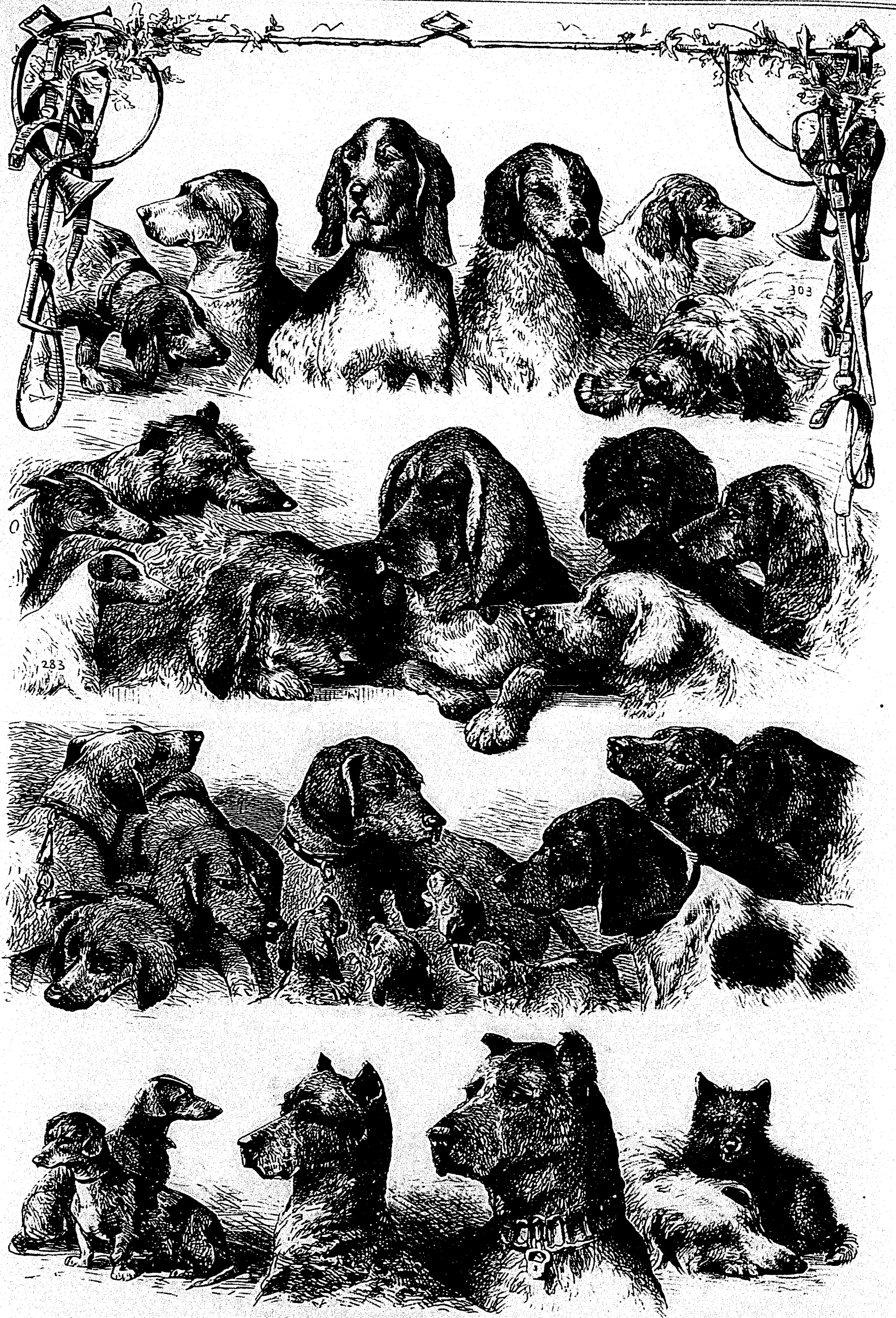
HALCYON DAYS.—The expression "halcyon days," so frequently employed to denote a season of special security and joyousness, is derived from an old fable that the halcyon, or king-fisher, made its nest on the surface of the seas, and possesses some innate power of charming the waves and winds to rest during the time of its incubation. Fourteen days of calm weather were in the power of the king-fisher, or alcyon, the fabled daughter of Æolus, wearing a feathered form in token of grief for the loss of Ceyx, her husband, and deriving her authority from her father, the lord of winds. There is a singular idea concerning the king-fisher which seems to have its origin in the same mythical history. In the rural districts a king-fisher is sometimes seen suspended by the point of the beak from the beams of the ceiling, the notion being that the bird turns its breast towards the quarter from which the wind is blowing.

ITS EFFECT.—A month before the bombardment of Fort Fisher, in the last American war, began, the celebrated powder explosion occurred which was intended to blow down this solid earth-work, a mile in extent, with forty-foot traverses every few yards. Its failure was ridiculous. That night, after the explosion of the powder-ship, some pickets on the beach were captured and carried on board the Admiral's ship. Among them was a very solemn-looking soldier, who sat silently and sadly chewing tobacco. As there was intense curiosity among the officers of the fleet to know the result of the remarkable experiment, one of them asked the solemn-looking "Reb" if he was in the fort when the powder-ship exploded; to which he replied in the affirmative, but without exhibiting the least interest in the matter; whereupon the officers gathered around him and began to ask questions. "You say you were inside the fort?" "Yaas, I was ther." "What was the effect of the explosion?" "Mighty bad, sir—powerful bad!" "Well, what was it?" "Why, stranger, it waked up pretty nigh every man in the fort."

THE MUSK-OX.—The musk-ox measures only about five and a half feet from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail, closely approaching in size the smallest of Highland cattle, but is much stouter in proportion and more compactly built, its structure differing in the shortness and strength of the bones of the neck and length of the dorsal processes which support the ponderous head. Its weight is usually greatly over-estimated by travellers and writers, being placed approximately at seven hundred pounds. Three hundred pounds would probably be nearer the weight of the largest. This error is doubtless due to the apparent size of the animal, which owing to the huge mass of woolly hair with which it is covered, has given rise to the common statement that it rivals in size the largest of English bullocks. The outer hair or fleece is long and thick, brown or black in colour, frequently decidedly grizzled, and prolonged to the knees, hanging far below the middle of the leg. Underneath this shaggy coat, and covering all parts of the animal, though much the heaviest upon the neck and shoulders, is found a fine soft wool of exquisite texture, of a bluish drab or cinerous hue, capable of being used in the arts and of forming the most beautiful fabrics.

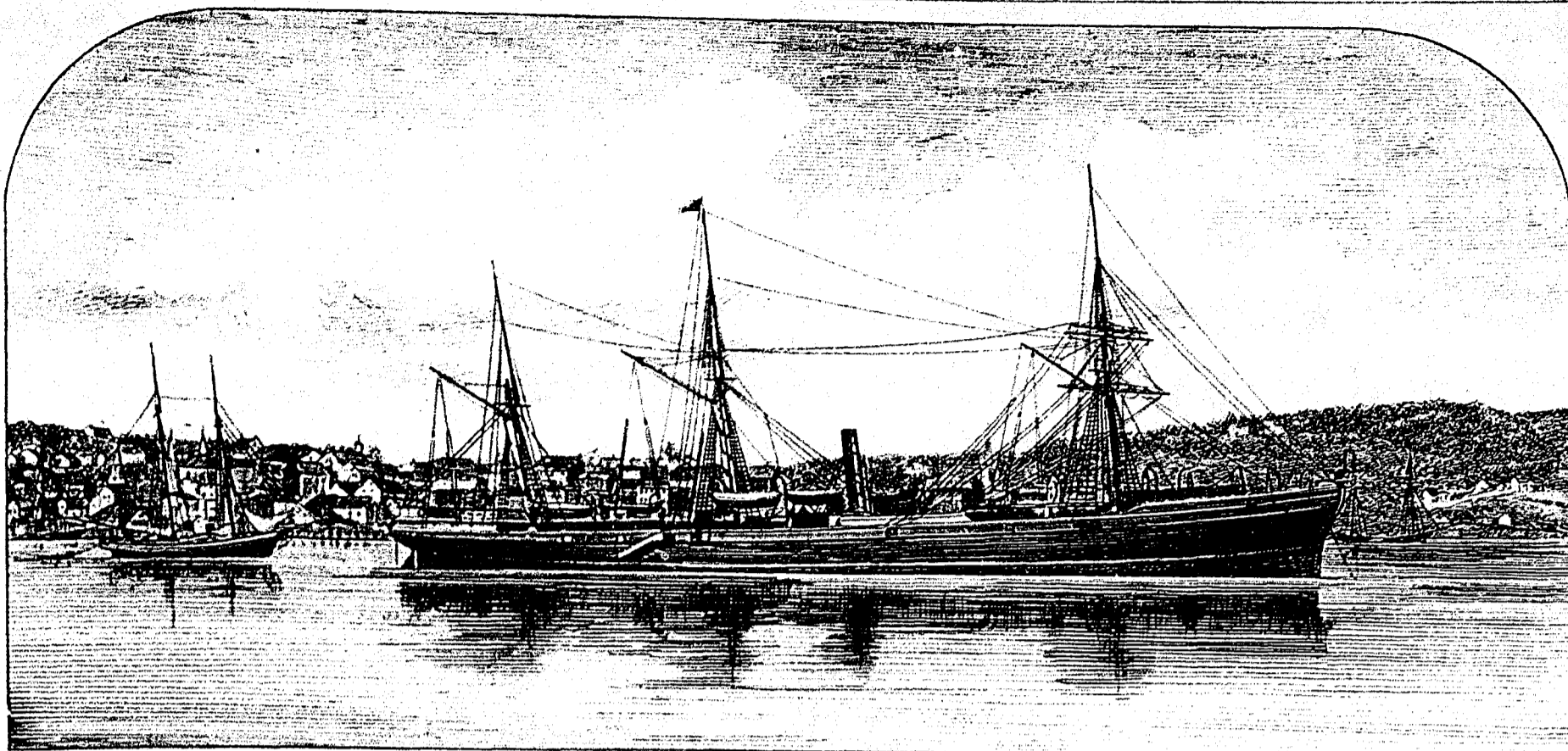
REFORM THE BALLET.—Can anything be worse, or in worse taste, than the prevalence and popularity of what managers call "the leg element" on the stage? It does not require very wide open eyes to see that the hideous and ungraceful posturing, which managers are pleased to designate a "ballet," has no element of beauty—is, in fact, nothing but a means of exhibiting female figures for the benefit of certain sitters in the stalls and high-priced parts of the theatre. Modest women turn away their heads, and others gaze with a sort of petrified horror of attraction, wondering whether these sprawling creatures are indeed women with feelings like themselves. They shiver with pity for those who seem to have no sense of the degradation to which a prevalent fashion has condemned them. We do not say that the "ladies of the ballet," as they are called, may not be as good, as pure, and as right-minded as the most carefully guarded of the women who are sitting while they turn from them; we only say that a taste which encourages such exhibitions is one that calls loudly for reform.



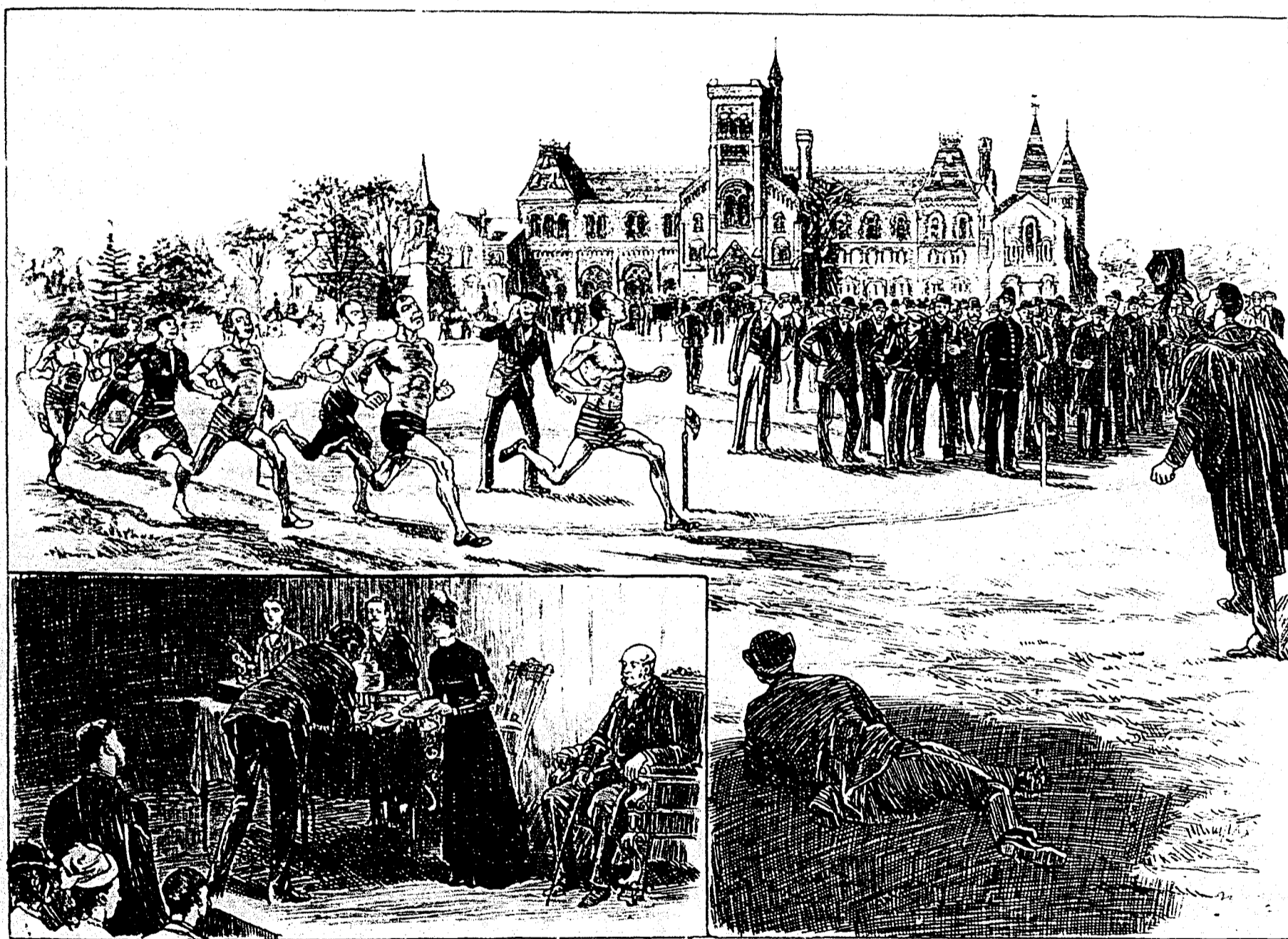


MONTREAL.—THE DOG SHOW, VICTORIA SQUARE.





HALIFAX, N.S.—S.S. MINIA, CABLE SHIP FOR ALL N. A. STATIONS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHASE, HALIFAX.



TORONTO.—UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC SPORTS.

VARIETIES.

**LOVE OF COUNTRY.**—Teach your daughters and your sons alike, next to honour, next to the love of home, to love their country. Then, when her need comes, if come it must, in any struggle, her honour will be as their own, and life itself will not be too dear to offer for her sake. Who that remembers a battle, a husband or son sacrificed; who that ever saw a soldier die, or stood in any silent city of the country's slain, or in a churchyard where the village heroes rest, can ever make our country seem again a vague or visionary thing!

**DESTINY.**—It is when men have nothing higher than themselves to believe genuinely in that they attach the most importance to such odds and ends of circumstances as the flight of a bird,

or the falling of a leaf, or the blaze of a meteor, or the emphasis with which a particular word is accidentally spoken in their ears, and call such things the indications of destiny: whereas, if there be a destiny at all, it must be through the command of a being who is able to see and determine the end from the beginning, and to help us much better through the heart than through the eyes.

**BE OF GOOD CHEER.**—A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his faculties, he grows dull, and his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks in the slough of despair; and if anybody pulls him out by main force, and places him safe on solid ground, he stands dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which

have been given him. How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life, even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck! He may be swept away by an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ever ready to make the most of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is an invaluable trait of character, and should be assiduously cultivated.

**A MOTHER'S LOVE.**—A mother's love! How lightly do we often value and how little do we appreciate a kind loving mother! What a fountain of pure unselfish love rises up from her generous loving heart! Who will love as a mother does! and who will suffer, work, and toil for us, depriving themselves of every comfort, in order that we may be well cared for and

spared all anxieties and cares of life! No one but "mother." We may have a kind father, gentle and loving brothers and sisters, and, when we grow older, and leave the paternal roof, we may be fortunate in securing a kind husband or gentle wife, and may be blessed with dutiful and happy children; but no one will ever exercise toward us the same kind, patient love and gentle forbearance as a mother. How kind we should be to her! We should share her anxieties, lighten the burden of her cares, and strive to make her declining years happy. It is a debt, as well as a duty, we owe to her, and it is happily in the power of all to pay it. Think of the many days of weary toil and the years of unselfish love and patient devotion she has given to us, and then let us ask ourselves if we can do too much for "mother."



## THOUGHT.

Swifter than arrows in their flight  
In the future and the past,  
In the darkness or the light,  
Flying past.

From hemisphere to hemisphere,  
With more than speed,  
An instant there, an instant here,  
No rest you need.

So uncontrolled by thy possessor,  
So unlimited in power,  
Often huge as a transgressor  
At midnight hour.

Now hinting good, now hinting evil,  
Building castles in the air,  
Then leading to a fitful revel,  
Or to despair.

Oft would I banish thee from me  
To parts unknown,  
Yet wish to be so full of thee  
When older grown.

Chatham, Ont.

A. MACPHEE.

## BENEATH THE WAVE,

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE SEA SHALL GIVE UP HER DEAD.

One Sunday morning, towards the end of October, now some nine years ago, the usual congregation was assembled in the primitive and simple church of Sanda-by-the-Sea.

Sanda is a small, rather picturesque looking village, standing on the very verge of our storm-beaten, rock-bound, north-eastern coast, and is inhabited almost exclusively by a fishing population, which for many generations has been settled at the place.

A few houses of a better class are, however, intermingled with the humble cottages where live the hardy men and women whose entire subsistence depends upon the unquiet and precarious sea. These houses are strange, old-fashioned dwellings, and like the rest of the village have an ancient and storm-worn look, reminding one unconsciously of the blasts and winds which have swept over them during the long years of their weather-beaten existence. In one of them at the time of which I am writing, lived the incumbent of Sanda—the incumbent who, about twelve o'clock on the Sunday morning in October when this story begins, was preaching his sermon.

There he stood in the ancient wooden pulpit, where had stood many incumbents before him, telling his scanty congregation, with a certain amount of fluency and ease, about the old story of which we never tire. A pleasant, rather comical face had the Rev. Matthew Irvine—the Rev. Matt, as he was very commonly called when he was not present, by his not-over-respectful parishioners. But he had a pleasant face, sweet, thoughtful, and humorous, and with a sort of pathetic comicality in its expression which surely never belonged to an Englishman. He was, in fact, Irish, but had lived so long in England that most of his original nationality had passed away. But the sweet, comical smile lingered about the face still, and he had a sort of light-heartedness also which is not very usual among our grave and somewhat solemn countrymen.

Yet he had had many trials, and life for him had lain along no smooth or pleasant roadway. To begin with, he was poor; to go on with, he had a sickly wife; and to end with, he was a schoolmaster as well as a clergyman, and driving Latin and Greek into the brains of stupid or idle boys, is by no means conducive to enlivening existence.

"But we must take things as they come," he used to say, and so he went on, bearing his burdens along with him, and stopping often on his way to help a fellow-traveller who was perhaps more heavily laden than he was.

His heaviest burden most men would have thought was his wife. She was not a lady; she was very sickly; and he had never been in love with her. His marriage came about in this fashion. His first curacy was in a remote part of the country, and when he was appointed, there was not a lodging to be procured in the neighbourhood. His vicar was in despair, but at last a grazier in the village, a well-to-do and jolly man, offered the young curate (as an accommodation to his friend the vicar) a temporary home in his house.

The grazier was a widower with one daughter, and though this young woman was by no means handsome, she had many suitors, for the grazier was supposed to be, and at that time actually was, very rich. But after the arrival of the Rev. Matthew (then a handsome young man of twenty-four), Miss Shadwell (the grazier's name was Shadwell) would never look again either at farmer, or grazier, or butcher, or indeed at any of the young men of her own class of life, who had come courting her before. She fell, in fact, in love with the dark, soft-eyed young Irishman, and what chance had the poor fellow with his generous nature and sweet disposition to escape? She would marry him, and she did marry him, for the Rev. Matthew felt that he could not

break the poor girl's heart. She was really deeply in love with him, and when he saw that it was to be, he tried his best to return her affection.

Well, they married, and by-and-bye, as years rolled on, when perhaps the curate was naturally expecting from his supposed wealthy father-in-law some little help more than the small yearly allowance he had agreed at the time of the marriage to give them, the grazier himself fell into difficulties. This was a great blow. Mrs. Matthew was frightfully delicate. Indeed, as she herself expressed it in her somewhat peculiar phraseology, she "was only held together by a pin." The necessary pin had, however, apparently been left out in the composition of the various little babes that she had presented to the unhappy curate, for one after another they had all died. Of the ten children that were born to him, one only survived, but the advent and departure of the little ones all cost money, and so the Rev. Matthew had got poorer year by year.

At last he was appointed by an amiable Bishop to the incumbency of Sanda, which was then worth about two hundred and fifty pounds a year. There was a large house also attached, and the good Bishop suggested that as Sanda was considered healthy, a school would be likely to succeed there. Upon this hint the Rev. Matthew acted, and he had been tolerably successful in his undertaking. He had indeed a fairly good school—some twenty boarders, perhaps—and some day scholars. He was thus in easier circumstances, and the sweet temper that had carried him through all his troubles was his still.

Such was the Rev. Matthew Irvine, incumbent of Sanda, who, now some nine years ago, was on a certain Sunday morning in October, preaching to his congregation.

This congregation is easily described. In a square pew near the pulpit sat a pale, gaunt woman, who was the parson's wife. In the two next pews were the schoolboys—pale boys, rosy boys, fat boys, and thin boys, but the fat ones and the rosy ones were in the majority.

Among the boys sat Philip Hayward, the tutor. He was a broad-browed young man, with a straight nose, but not handsome. He was clever. You saw that when you met the grey, thoughtful, inquiring, dissatisfied eyes. He was also unhappy, and was at that age when such men as he look for perfection they cannot find, and then see more imperfections than really exist around them.

He was looking now steadily with his grey eyes fixed on the red curtain and the brass rod round Mr. Trevor's pew. Mr. Trevor was the squire of Sanda; the largest landowner, nay, the only landowner, for miles and miles around. He was a wealthy man also, having married for money, and in his own estimation, and in the estimation of the little world around him, he was a very great man indeed.

So Philip Hayward sat with his eyes fixed on the red curtain of the squire's pew, but though he could not see through it, we are privileged to do so, and I can promise you that the occupants of this pew were well worth looking at.

First, there was Mr. Trevor—Reginald Trevor, Esq., J.P.; a tall, thin, grey-haired, gentlemanly-looking man, with a narrow forehead and thin lips, and a brain of no great capacity, filled with narrow ideas and prejudices to the very brim. Then there was Miss Trevor—Isabel Trevor. What was it that made you think when you looked at her face of all the fair and frail ones, famous in history and song, who have tempted men to destruction and shame! Yet it was a beautiful face—almost too beautiful, with the rippling golden hair swept from the white brow, and the rarely regular features, and full ripe lips. Yes, she was a beauty, and knew it, and prized it above all her other possessions. She was Mr. Trevor's only daughter, and would be very rich, but she cared and thought very little about her wealth. She thought a great deal more about the straight, regular features, and the large, restless eyes whose power she knew. She was then about twenty-two, and had had many lovers; though prudent men were afraid somewhat of this imperial beauty, and contented themselves with humbler women, who gave them more for their love than Isabel Trevor ever would have done. It was said of her sometimes that she had no heart; but we shall know her better by-and-bye, and be able to judge whether the soul within suited the splendid garb in which it was clothed.

Seated near her, but still at some little distance, was her second, or rather third cousin, and companion, Hilda Marston. Here was a very different face—a sweet, sensible, clever face, scarcely pretty and yet attractive, and with something in it that told you that the girl had thought of many things beyond the narrow circle in which she lived. She was a distant cousin of the Trevors, but this relationship was never mentioned in the household. It was understood there that it was not to be mentioned; and Miss Marston understood that she ought to consider herself a very fortunate young woman to be allowed to be one of the inhabitants of Sanda Hall. This is easily accounted for. She was the orphan and penniless daughter of a clergyman, and the Trevors naturally considered that they had done a very exemplary action in taking their poor relation to live with them. She was about the same age as Isabel Trevor, and very useful to her. She was indeed a clever girl, and tried to do her duty fairly enough, but sometimes, no doubt, she found it a little irksome.

These, then, were the three occupants of the Squire's pew—Mr. Trevor, Miss Trevor, and

Miss Marston—and by-and-bye, after the Rev. Matthew had pronounced the benediction over his scanty flock, in that strangely half-pathetic, half-comic voice of his; and after the commoner portion of that flock had disappeared through the humble door-way of the church, the Squire opened his pew door, and walked majestically down the narrow aisle, with his head thrown high in the air. Then followed Miss Trevor, with her head thrown back proudly also, and then Miss Marston, who carried herself with a meeker carriage, remembering, perhaps, that this was the house of God.

They passed into the churchyard beyond—the seaside churchyard. Let us pause a moment here, and look at the fisherman's gravestones. Here is one—Joshua Davidson, aged forty-two, drowned on such a date; also his son Joshua, drowned the same date, aged eighteen. Turn to another, James Johnston, whose fishing-boat capsized on such a night, drowned with three mates, whose bodies were never recovered, and so on. All around are the records of the cruel sea. Boys, middle-aged men, and old men; all have gone down. Some, you will see, have been drowned far from home, when some big ship disappeared with all her crew, but mostly the inhabitants of this place have perished almost within sight of it.

Through these common monuments by the shore, the Squire passed down, with his head still thrown high in the air. It was its natural position, he thought, and he held it high to show how superior his head was to all the heads of his fellow-creatures around him.

One of the schoolboys (a curly-haired, rosy-cheeked urchin) was lingering behind the rest in the churchyard to speak to the Squire's family. Mr. Trevor looked at him, did not smile, but with one of his thin, well-gloved hands, gave a little pat on the boy's shoulder.

"Well, Edward," he said, and that was all. The boy upon this grinned, touched his cap, and then ran up to Miss Marston.

"How are you, Hil'?" he said, and Miss Marston stooped down and kissed his rosy cheek.

He was her brother, a dependant also on Mr. Trevor's bounty, and he was one of the Rev. Matthew Irvine's scholars.

"Well, my dear," said Miss Hilda, "and have you been a good boy in church?"

"Of course," replied Ned Marston, and his sister playfully and unbelievably shook her head.

By this time the party had reached the end of the narrow pathway among the graves, and had come to the gate of the churchyard. As they passed through this they overtook the grave-faced tutor, Philip Hayward, who was lingering there under the pretext of waiting for his pupil, Ned Marston. He touched his hat to the Squire as he passed him, and the Squire touched his hat in return. Mr. Trevor paid the tutor this compliment because he was a B.A., and a gentleman, and because he had never seen anything in his conduct that he disapproved of. Miss Trevor, too, looked one moment at Mr. Hayward as she went by, and a faint smile—scarcely a smile—stole over her lovely lips in token of recognition. She had hardly ever exchanged a word with him, but she had been with Miss Marston when Miss Marston had talked to the tutor about her little brother, and so she did not utterly ignore his presence. A sudden flush rose to Hayward's face as Miss Trevor thus acknowledged him, and as he took off his hat and stood bareheaded before her, his eyes were fixed upon her face with a look of almost passionate admiration. Then, as she passed on, he gave a restless sigh and turned away; turned to face Miss Hilda Marston, who held out her hand to the tutor with a smile.

"What a bright fine day it is, Mr. Hayward," said Miss Marston courteously.

"Yes," answered the tutor, but he said even that brief monosyllable absently. He was not thinking of the pleasant face before him, but of the beautiful one that had passed by. Not of Hilda Marston, who was willing and anxious to be his friend; but, of a woman to whom he was nothing, nothing, at least, but one of the many men who greatly admired her, and as such, perhaps, he was not quite indifferent to Miss Isabel Trevor.

The tutor did not offer to accompany Miss Marston and her brother to the Squire's carriage, which was waiting a few yards off the churchyard gate on the roadway. He knew that to have done so would have been to have forgotten his proper station in the Squire's eyes; but he stood still and watched the ladies enter the carriage, and saw the disappointed look of the boy, Ned Marston, when it drove away. Sometimes (not every Sunday, though) Mr. Trevor would ask Ned to lunch with them at the Hall. He did not do so this Sunday, however, and Ned came back to his master with a disappointed look; for besides the lunch the Squire always gave him half a crown when he went away.

Thus, the half crown and the lunch, and not seeing more of his sister, combined, naturally created great disappointment in Ned's youthful heart. Could we have seen straight therein, we would have seen that though the lunch was nice, and seeing his sister nice, that the half-crown was the nicest of all to Ned's imagination. Pray do not despise Ned. He was merely an ordinary schoolboy, and had private necessities of his own for that half-crown, in the liquidation of debts which he had incurred in the vain expectation of receiving it.

He came back with rather a rueful countenance then to his tutor, and Hayward smiled grimly at the boy as he did so.

"So they haven't asked you?" he said.

"No, it's a shame, isn't it?" answered Ned.

"And I hadn't time to say a word to Hil'." Oh, Ned, Ned, have you begun so soon! Here was a boy scarcely eleven years of age, putting his best foot forward already. "Not time to say a word to Hil'," indeed! While all the time he was thinking of that lost half-crown.

The tutor, who did not know of the half-crown inducement to visit the Hall, now smiled more kindly on the boy.

"Well, they'll ask you another time," he said, "and then you'll see more of your sister." And he drew the lad's arm through his as he spoke.

He, too, did this for a motive; a motive, however, unconscious to himself. This boy was the link—the one link—between him and Isabel Trevor. For this reason the tutor clung to this boy, and gave him little boats and bats, and talked to him as he talked to no other boy in the school. Thus, Hilda Marston was grateful to the tutor for his kindness to her little brother, and anxious to be his friend. But such a friendship would never have been allowed, they both knew, by the Squire, and therefore their acquaintance continued to be of a very distant description.

The two—the tutor and Ned Marston—then followed the rest of the schoolboys to the incumbent's house. This stood in the village, nearly surrounded by the broken-down, quaint, and in many instances, squalid cottages of the fishermen. You entered it by rather an imposing iron gateway, and in the front of the house was a large grass plot, with a sun-dial in the midst. Then you came to the house. Grey and green with damp and mists were its walls, and blown and torn even in October, were the creepers that the Rev. Matthew endeavoured most assiduously to train against them. It was a large, roomy and commodious house, and built back; the back windows looking out on the sea, and the front ones on the village. Scarcely a healthy place for boys, you would say, and yet it was so, for if in the front sometimes came the smell of stale fish and other impurities, at the back did not the glorious sea breezes, fresh and health-giving, blow with uninterrupted vigour?

Presently the effect of these breezes was shown at the dinner table. Round the Rev. Matthew's substantial board gathered the fat boys and the thin boys, the pale boys and the rosy boys. Oh! how they ate! But not until the Rev. Matthew had blessed the meal. In his quaint and pleasant way he stood up and said a simple grace, and after this, with right good will, they all began. The Rev. Matthew also played a fair knife and fork, and ate his dinner with a grateful and contented mind. There was real piety indeed in the heart of this humble parson. He believed. He saw beyond the trials and discomforts of his earthly home. He saw a kingdom which would never end, and joys and glories, to which he was the heir. Oh! scorn him not, you higher clergy, who dwell in the pleasant places of the Church, and sit beneath the shadows of the grey cathedral towers. He is not one of you now, but his promised reward is the same; and if you have ten talents laid out in well-doing, he has his five also employed in his Master's service.

So the Rev. Matthew enjoyed his dinner with a grateful heart, and the boys enjoyed theirs too, with no especial feeling about the matter except that roast-beef and plum pudding are good and pleasant to the taste. Then, when the meal was over, they went bounding out of doors—bounding, running, racing, leaping along the big brown rugged cliffs, on which Sanda stands, and down the rude roadway which leads to the long yellow sands beyond.

On these sands, this afternoon, the sea was breaking in deep white-crested waves—waves which came rolling slowly and majestically on the shore. It was not a storm; not one of those days when the voices of the deep bring terror to the dwellers on the land. But it was a heavy sea, and as the boys ran on in their play the tutor walked apart, moody and restless, as the great mass of waters spread out before him.

Suddenly he was startled by a cry—a cry from the boys. Ned Marston ran up to him, gesticulating and pointing to the sea. Then some of the others followed.

"Look, Mr. Hayward, look there, sir," cried Ned.

"It's a corpse!" said another.

"It's a whale!" said a third.

Upon this the tutor looked at the dark object in the sea which had attracted the attention of the school-boys. This object came forward and went backward with the waves. It was receding when the tutor first saw it, and behind it and around it floated something long and dark. Hayward was keen-eyed, and he was also brave.

"It's a body," he said briefly, and as he spoke he began to prepare himself to plunge into the sea.

There was no great danger, though the surf was heavy and rolling, for the tutor was a practised swimmer, and in almost as short a time as it takes to tell it, Hayward had swam into the sea, had reached the dark object floating there, had twined some of the long hair which floated round it over his strong arm, and so swam backwards to the shore, bringing the body with him.

The boys ran forward to assist him to land it; to assist him in laying it straight and decently on the sand, and then clustered eagerly round. It was a woman's body—a woman past her first youth, and dark and foreign looking. Many days apparently had this poor corpse tossed in the restless sea. It was bruised, and the rich

clothing in which it had been attired, was rent and torn. But on the hands glittered and sparkled, as the water fell away from them, some valuable rings. The tutor lifted the left hand and looked at the third finger. The symbol of marriage was there. It was a wife, perhaps a mother, then, that the sea had given up from its wild keeping.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORM.

There was great excitement in Sanda during the afternoon after this incident. Dead bodies were not very unusual visitors to this shore, but these were mostly of rough seamen, or of the hardy fishermen, whose little cots stood on the great brown cliffs above. But this woman's body was another thing. The Squire himself came down on the sands and condescended to examine the cold damp hands, where glittered and shone four costly rings beside the wedding one. The gems in these rings he pronounced to be of great value, and three of them to be of foreign workmanship. One, however, was apparently an English ring—a great, heavy, diamond hoop.

"It looks like a family ring," said the Squire.

"Ah, poor soul, it won't matter to her now, whether it's a family ring or otherwise," said the Rev. Matthew, who also had come down upon the shore.

"It may be her surviving relations, though, Mr. Irvine," said the Squire, throwing his head high in the air.

"I was thinking of the poor creature herself," answered the gentle parson, "and how now she will be far above such gauds as these." And he reverently lifted one of the cold, damp, decorated hands in his as he spoke.

"It is our duty," said the Squire, pompously, "to endeavour to discover who is now the legal owner of these rings."

"To be sure," said the parson, "and in the meantime won't ye take charge of them, yourself, Mr. Trevor? Ye see," he added with his comical smile, "ye're the only one of us about here rich enough to trust with them."

"I trust that this is not so," answered Mr. Trevor yet more pompously. "But if you think it is my duty to take charge of these jewels," he added, "as the lord of the manor, I will not shrink that duty."

"I thought ye wouldn't, Squire," said the parson (for you see he was Irish, and loved to say pleasant things), and the Squire bowed gravely in acknowledgment of the compliment.

So the Squire became the custodian of the dead woman's rings, and by his direction the corpse was carried up the rough road from the sands to the cliffs, on which Sanda stands. The next day the inquest on the body was held, but nothing further was elicited on that occasion. The tutor, Philip Hayward, gave evidence, and the school boys. The Coroner, in summing up, said something complimentary to Mr. Hayward for the courage he had displayed in swimming out to recover the body.

"There was no danger," interrupted the tutor gravely.

Still the Coroner considered that courage had been displayed; and after the inquest was over, Mr. Trevor said pretty much the same thing.

He went, indeed, up to the tutor as he was leaving the room where the inquiry had been held, and slightly touched his arm.

"Mr. Hayward," he said, as the tutor turned sharply round, "I also wish to say a word to you about your conduct yesterday."

The tutor was now facing the Squire, and measuring him mentally, as such men as Hayward unconsciously measure their fellow-men.

"I do not suppose," continued the Squire, "that, as you justly stated, there was much danger to life or limb in recovering the unfortunate woman's body that we have just viewed. But I consider there was moral courage, and promptness of action, and such qualities deserve praise. I, therefore, who am ever ready to give praise where it is deserved, wish now to express to you my sense of appreciation of your conduct, and I assure you I do so with much pleasure."

All the time that this long speech was going on, the tutor was looking at the Squire. The tutor, with his pale, earnest face and thoughtful eyes, was looking at the narrow-minded being that social position had made his superior.

"I deserve no praise," he answered, quietly, after the Squire had finished his speech.

"I have pleasure in thinking that you do," said Mr. Trevor, with a bow. "I also appreciate another good quality that you appear to possess, which is modesty—a quality peculiarly fitted to a young man who has his way to make in life—and if I can be of any future service to you, I assure you, young sir, that I will gladly exert my influence in your behalf."

"You are very good, sir," replied Hayward, and the Squire then bowed again, and having bowed also to the Coroner, majestically left the room.

Isabella Trevor had heard with almost contemptuous indifference of the body that had been washed to the shore.

"It is probably some foreign sea captain's wife," she said.

"Poor, poor woman!" said Hilda Marston, with a sigh.

The two ladies were sitting in the drawing-room of Sanda Hall, when this conversation took place. Sanda Hall was then, and is now, a grey and ancient house, the stone of which is green, mildewed, and worn; that of the pillars of the gateway being absolutely hol-

lowed out with the action of the sea air. It is built in two wings, with a broad front, and is in the centre of extensive grounds. The wood around it is, however, a failure; stunted and dwarfed are the trees by the piercing winds and uncongenial climate of the north-eastern coast. Everything that wealth could do there was done to make it look cheerful, yet Sanda Hall was, and is, a cheerless-looking dwelling. In the drawing-room, at the time of which I am writing, Isabel Trevor's luxurious tastes were plainly visible. Everything here was rich and brilliant-hued, and well suited the tall, golden-haired, beautiful woman, who had adorned it to her taste.

She was standing in one of the deep windows tormenting a grey and rose-coloured parrot with a gold pen, when she made the remark about the poor woman's body recovered from the sea being a foreign sea captain's wife, and she had scarcely noticed Miss Marston's reply, so occupied was she with her present amusement. She was still thus employed (the parrot bristling her feathers and screeching her disapproval) when Mr. Trevor entered the room, and approaching his daughter, said:—

"I have just returned from the inquest, Isabel, held on that unfortunate woman. See, these are the rings I told you of."

Isabel turned sharply round at these words, and flung down her pen on a table near, and stretched out her hands for the rings.

"Why, papa," she said, after examining them for a minute, "these are splendid rings! I do not think," she went on, "that these could have belonged to a common sea captain's wife."

"No, impossible," said Mr. Trevor. "Look at the diamond hoop, Isabel. Are they not splendid stones?"

"Splendid!" echoed Isabel almost covetously. "I have none such, papa."

"Well, my dear, if we could only discover their rightful possessor, we might buy them, perhaps," said Mr. Trevor.

"And there was no clue discovered to-day, then?" asked Isabel. "No one identified the body?"

"There were no witnesses but young Hayward, Mr. Irvine's tutor, and some of the school-boys," answered Mr. Trevor. "But I proposed after the inquiry was over, that advertisements should be inserted in the *Times* and some of the local papers, and what else can be done?"

"What else, seemingly?" said Isabel. "But, papa," she added, after thinking a minute, "if these rings never find a proper owner, won't they become legally yours as lord of the manor?"

"I should not care to broach that claim, Isabel," answered the Squire, who was not so fond of rings as his daughter.

"Well, at all events," said Isabel (who was a woman who took sudden fancies), "I think I shall wear this one for the present." And she kept turning the heavy diamond hoop, as she spoke, slowly round one of her delicate fingers. Suddenly she drew it off, and examined the inside rim attentively. "Look here," she cried, "look, papa; look, Miss Marston—here's a discovery! What do you think is engraved here. See, quite distinctly. *To my Beloved.* It's a romance, I declare, a complete romance!"

The Squire and Miss Marston examined the diamond hoop in turns. The inscription in the inner rim was quite plain—*To my Beloved.*

It seemed sad to Miss Marston, who laid down the ring gravely, and with a sigh.

"Poor woman!" she said, "then her death has left someone's life desolate!"

"Some one will console himself," replied Miss Trevor, carelessly, and she again lifted the diamond ring, and this time placed it on one of her fingers.

"I shall wear Mr. Someone's ring until he comes for it," she said. And she held out her slender hand to admire it.

"I would be afraid," said Miss Marston, almost with a shudder, looking at the ring on Isabel's white finger.

"Would you?" answered Isabel Trevor, with a little laugh. She was thinking, "Poor thing, she hasn't a chance of wearing it," but she did not say this.

Thus Isabel Trevor took possession of the diamond hoop, and continued occasionally to wear it. She did this from a mere whim. But she took whims—fancied one thing particularly one week, and entirely forgot it the next. At the present moment her whim was the dead woman's diamond ring.

The dead woman herself was buried a few days after this, for obvious reasons. She was buried in the churchyard of Sanda-by-the-Sea, and the Rev. Matthew Irvine read the service over her body.

She had only two mourners who followed her to the grave, and one of these was the tutor, Philip Hayward; the other his friend among the schoolboys, Ned Marston. Miss Marston was pleased when she heard that her young brother had gone, and she told him so.

"Old Hayward wanted me to go," truthfully affirmed Master Ned, "but it was rather a sell."

So the poor bruised body lay still beneath the earth at last, after its long wanderings apparently amid the restless waves. On the following Sunday Miss Marston went up and looked at the newly-made grave; but Miss Trevor, though she still wore the dead woman's ring, did not approach it. This was not from any feeling on the subject. The freshly cut turf lying over the poor tenant beneath, awoke no emotions in Miss Trevor's heart; but she

simply left the churchyard quickly, because it was beginning to rain, and because the weather was threatening to be yet more wet and stormy.

This was not only a threat. The wind veered round to the south-east during the afternoon, and by midnight a perfect gale was blowing on the coast. Long before the night set in, the fishermen had lit the beacon on the cliff, and had drawn their boats high upon the shore, and had gathered in their gear, and had placed everything, as far as they could, in safety from the expected storm. And the storm came. Such a storm as had not raged on the coast for thirty years. Isabel Trevor heard it, and trembled lying in her down bed, beneath the substantial roof of Sanda Hall. The Squire heard it, and felt uncomfortable; and Hilda Marston heard it, and turned on her pillow to pray.

"God help the poor sailors," she said, "God help all those at sea."

Other prayers, too, were offered in the village of Sanda that night for the poor seamen out in this awful gale. The Rev. Matthew got up, and knelt reverently down.

"Lord, be with Thy poor creatures exposed to this dreadful blast," he said. "God be merciful to us sinners this night and for ever more."

Under his roof, too, the tutor rose restlessly, and looked out on the blackened sky. He, too, was thinking of the men at sea—thinking vaguely and passionately of the great unsolved problems which lie between this life and the life which is to come. He had none of the Rev. Matthew's simple faith; he had only a great heart "crying for the light." To him had not come "the peace of believing," and yet he knew, he felt, that his soul would not die here, nor perish when the time came that his earthly form should be consigned to the dust.

He stood and looked at the blackened sky, and heard the raging of the waters below. He knew that unheard and unseen, strong men would at that moment be in their death agony. Where would these poor souls go, he thought, after their brief struggle for life was over? He did not pray for them. He stood there gloomy and irresolute, wondering if anything could be done—if his weak arm could save one victim from the cruel sea?

When the morning broke, the sky was one dull, uniform, leaden grey. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and the rain fell in great splashing, blinding drops, and the banks and cliffs were white—white with the wild sea foam that blew inland every moment in huge flakes on the flying scud.

Below, near the steep cliffs on which Sanda stands, wrecked on one of the great shelving rocks that jut out into the sea, a ship was lying with her keel uppermost. She was a foreign brig, and broke up before the day was over, and her crushed and rotten timbers were all that came on shore to tell the tale of her last struggles during that wild night.

The storm continued the whole day, and about three o'clock increased in intensity. By this time nearly all the inhabitants of Sanda (men and women alike) were gathered together on the high cliffs, on which it is built to watch the ships endeavouring to run for shelter to the nearest harbour. About half-past three a thin, blue line of steam appeared on the horizon. This rose and fell. Then a steamer, gallantly holding her own amid the mighty mass of foaming water, grew visible. Now but her funnel was seen, now her decks. The excitement on the cliffs grew intense. The waves seemed to sweep right over her, but still she went on—on past the wild headland of Sanda—on, prayed many a woman present, safe to port.

As she disappeared there rose a cry—a cry that rang through the crowd. Philip Hayward, who was among the watchers of the sea, turned round when he heard it, and as he did so, found himself face to face with Isabel Trevor. There she stood, the rain beating and dashing on her golden hair, and streaming down her lovely features. She was pale and excited. It was so grand, she thought, watching this death struggle with the waves.

Unconsciously, almost, the tutor drew nearer to her. Then again rang that cry—the cry from the crowd—"Another ship in sight! Look no! Another ship labouring in the sea!"

"She is a yacht," said a sailor who was standing near Hayward, inspecting her through a long telescope that he held in his strong brown hands.

"She'll never live through it," muttered an old fisherman shaking his grey head.

Everyone on the cliffs now saw the yacht and her fearful danger. She was driving rapidly on—fleeing as it were, before her devouring foe. Then, suddenly, when every eye was fixed upon her, she veered round. She had been running apparently for the nearest harbour; now she turned, and began drifting, drifting fast upon the rocks below.

What a cry there was then! The women threw their aprons over their faces, and ran backwards and forwards, screaming and gesticulating, while the men stood silent and pale.

"They've lost power over her," presently said the sailor with the telescope, to Hayward.

"Her time's come," said the old fisherman.

"God be merciful to the poor souls on board." The yacht was now rapidly approaching the cliffs. But before she struck; before the fatal, grinding, crushing blow could come, a great sea lapped over her, and then another. But she rose from the mass of waters, though an appalling shriek from the crowd told that all believed her fate was certain. Then a third sea struck

her, and this time she went down to rise no more.

She disappeared so suddenly that she might have been a phantom ship. Hayward rubbed his eyes. She had been there a moment ago, now she was not there. It was like a dream. Isabel Trevor gave a cry, and the crowd swayed backwards and forwards, and pressed nearer to the edge of the cliffs. Every eye was fixed upon the sea; the sea that had just swallowed up the ship and her living crew.

(To be continued.)

BE HAPPY.—Seek pleasure whenever you can consistently do so. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.

CHESS.

AN EVENING WITH SOME OF ITS CELEBRITIES.

BY IVAN RYBAR.

A pleasant place is the town of Laertnom, pleasant for the contrasts to be found in its buildings—here a clap-boarded house, there a brick one; here an elegant limestone mansion, there a verandahed, doll-sized, indescribable cottage; here a shingle roof, there a tin, iron, or slate one. Pleasant from the national differences existing among its inhabitants, one section of its area almost exclusively appropriated by residents of Gallican descent, another by an admixture of American, German, Scotch and English, whilst a third is decidedly under the control of that lively element, sent out in rich profusion by the Emerald Isle. Pleasant from the sociality of its people, mixed though they are, yet a general emulation is evinced to render all their differences companionable. Pleasant for its situation, with its hilly background, covered with the variegated foliage of an abundant forest growth, while in its front sweeps a magnificent river, whose flood is swelled by confluent tributaries from an almost boundless western territory.

Well, to this pleasant city circumstances had directed my way, and, after an active day's occupation, I was enjoying a quiet evening's rest, when a visitor was announced. On his introduction I recognized an agreeable gentleman, with whom I had become acquainted during the forenoon's engagements, and, rising, I extended my hand cordially, as on our previous interview he had impressed me favourably.

"Good evening, Mr. Skinatton," I remarked; "it gives me pleasure to see you again, and now that the day's work is over, I hope a little leisure will enable us to cultivate more of an acquaintanceship."

"I entirely reciprocate your advance," he replied. "I imagined from your remarks to-day that you were a stranger, and concluding that you might find the evening somewhat lonely, I took the liberty of dropping in."

"Thanks for your consideration," I rejoined. "I was just beginning to feel a slight touch of homesickness, so your visit is kind and well-timed."

Thus we glided into a pleasant half-hour's chat, scarcely thinking of the passing moments, when I gave utterance to the platitude that "the world, after all, was only a great chess-board, on which different characters figured according to their peculiarities."

"Ha! Mr. Rybar," my visitor observed, "your mention of a chess-board reminds me that the chess club of this city meets to-night, and as I have the *entree* there, if you feel any interest in the game, I shall be pleased to act as your guide to the rooms."

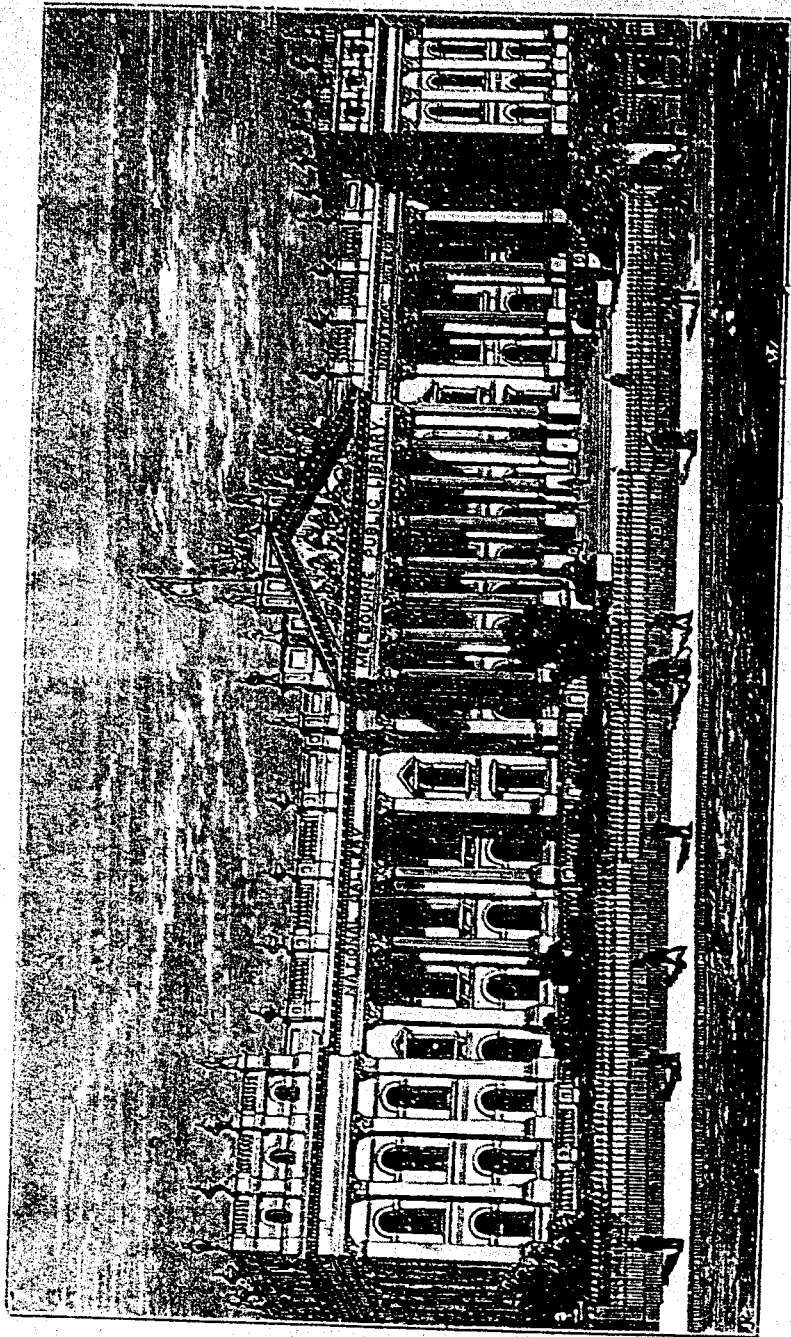
"Nothing, my dear fellow, could be more to my mind; although no great player, yet I always feel gratified in witnessing a right good combat at the royal game, and I'll just don my hat and follow you."

A ten minutes' walk brought us in front of a stone building, whose architectural pretensions might have distinguished it as a cross between a portion fractured from the ancient temple of Solomon and an off-shoot from the great Nauvoo Cathedral. On entering, we commenced climbing a tortuous staircase, barricaded by a swing door, that threatened vertebral dislocation as you went up, and olfactory reduction as you descended. After escaping a spinal disaster, we found ourselves in a large-sized room, but dimly lighted, for although the usual distribution of gas arrangements were to be found, yet it seemed as if economical considerations limited the jets to a mere sufficiency for producing an obscuring haze.

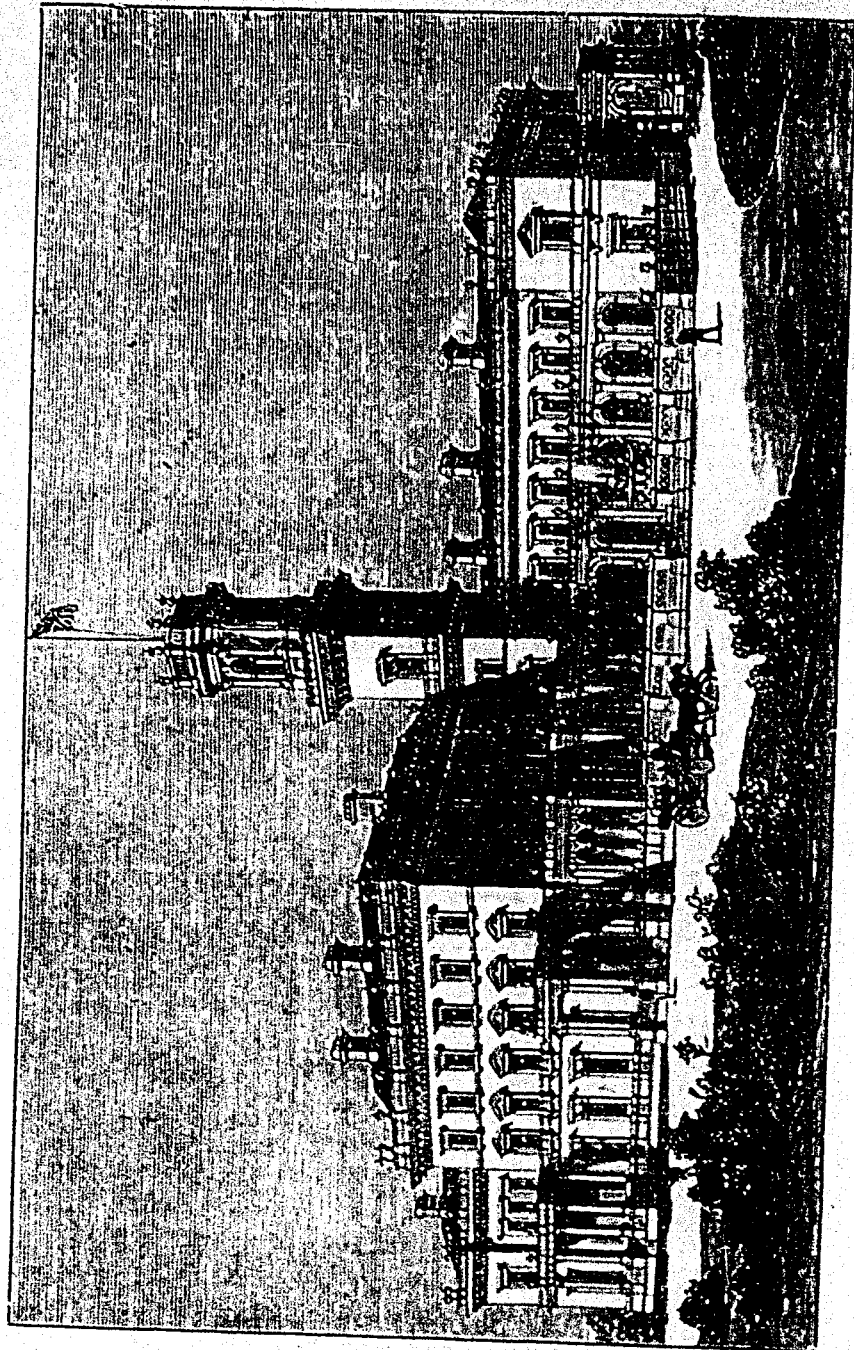
The room itself had somewhat the appearance of a lecture hall, in which a lecture had never been delivered—desk, benches and tables crowded its space, but they looked as if they had never been placed for the uses of an audience or lecturer. It had, too, somewhat the character of a library hall; at one end and at one side were shelves, on which, in badly-assorted manner, were ill-conditioned-looking volumes, that in their dusty repose appeared supremely adverse to the slightest approach to anything like circulation.

Under the few gloomy gas flames were five or six chess-tables, at only two of which were

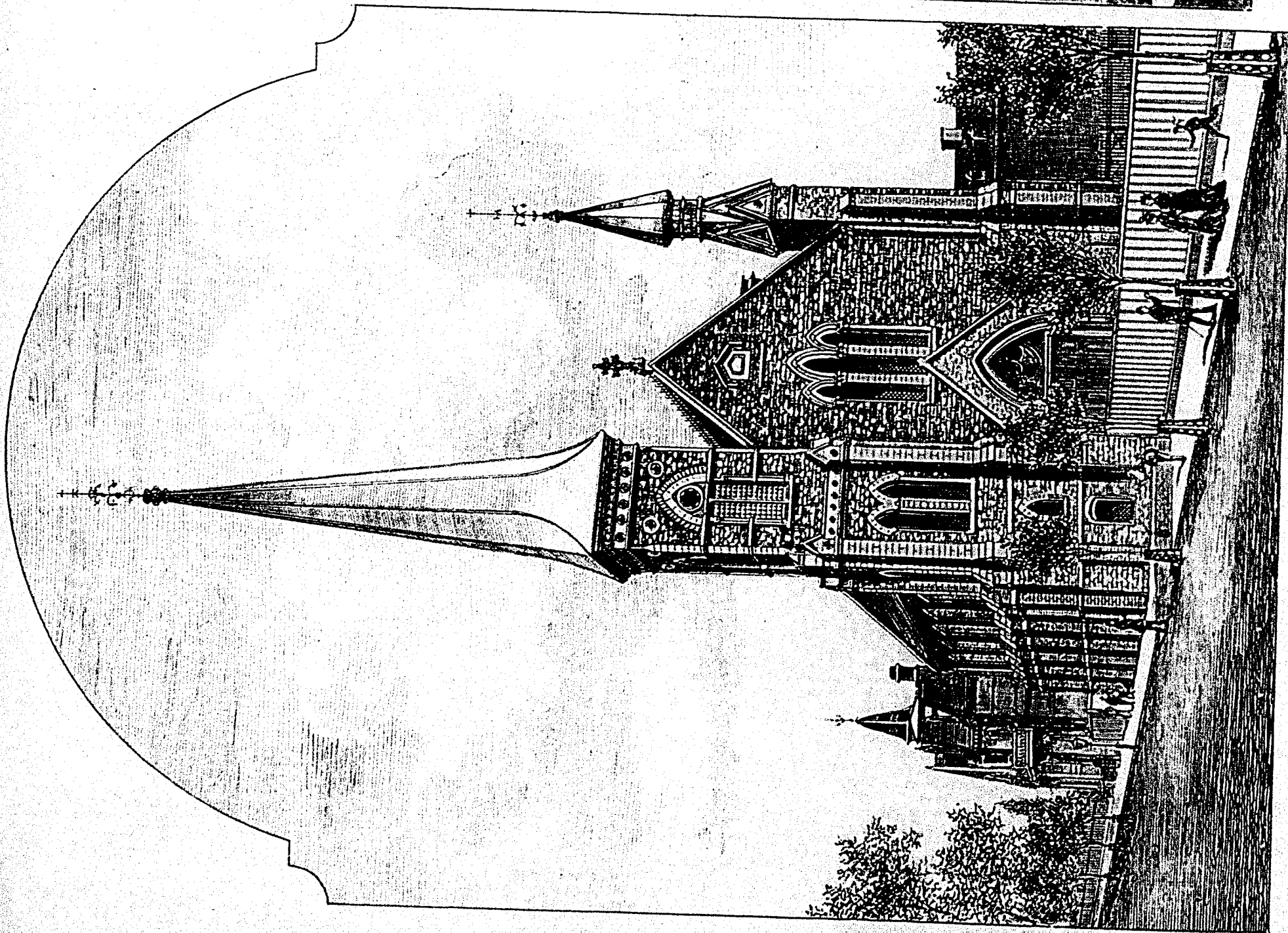




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OTTAWA.—THE NEW BAPTIST TABERNAACLE.





THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.



players engaged as we emerged from the cork-screw stairway. Seating ourselves at an observing distance, my companion commenced (sotto voce) to make me familiar with particulars, thus:

"Rybar! notice that undersized player at one of the tables, with spectacles on a rather prominent nose, for he ranks as President of the chess club. He is a person of some note and of marked ability. His name is Weho. He is at the head of the principal educational establishment of this city, and is remarkable for doing well anything that he undertakes. Prominent as a teacher, he is not the less remarkable as a chess gladiator; as one who brings harmony out of that execrating instrument, the violin, he is the acknowledged *beau par excellence*—forgive the wretched pun. As a billiard player he is known to excel—the fact is, in whatever he engages, he becomes conspicuous for the aptitude he displays. His opponent," continued Skinatton, "is a veteran chess-player, and at the game, Professor Skich holds his own with most of those with whom he comes in contact, and at the tournament combat of late years he has been remarkably the favourite of chess fortune, having carried off most of the choice prizes, and that, too, from the strongest of our chess worthies."

"At that other table," Skinatton went on, "you will notice the player who occasionally rests his head on his hand. His name is Krownam. He is one of the most enthusiastic and liberal upholders of the game, and his only fault is said to be a disposition to pass a life-time at the board. His portly opponent is the laureate of the club, and, as a problemist, Mr. Horsenden holds a high position, not only in the circle of the Laertnom Club, but also in the Chess Congress of the country. That quiet-looking person, seemingly interested in the play now going on, is a Mr. Lingerst. He is waiting the arrival of a friend, with whom he has a standing engagement, and seldom plays with another. The gentleman just entering the room is a Mr. Search. Notice the easy, swinging manner of his approach, and the keen, discriminating expression of his face. His play is of a fluctuating character, yet he possesses a knowledge of the game superior to that of many of his brother members. His style is fertile in expedient, and many of his mates evidence masterly conception and strategic merit, and are surprisingly beautiful. He holds the rank of Secretary-Treasurer."

"Why, Skinatton," I struck in, "if you continue as you are going on, I shall become familiar with the entire roll of membership, and shall have the excellencies of them all at my fingers' ends."

"Just so," he replied, "that is exactly my intention. I want you to be interested in this gathering, for you may not have such another opportunity for having redoubtable celebrities pointed out to you, one of whom is that careful-looking man now coming forward. He is Mr. Mophap, at once the Blackstone and Art-Critic of the club. He is the friend for whom Mr. Lingerst has been waiting; there is a kind of chess *Damon* and *Pythias* bond between them, and, as a matter of course, they will now draw together and commence play."

Up to this point great quietness had prevailed, seldom broken by more than a half-heard ejaculation, as some one or other of the players found himself in difficulty—in fact, a dull decorum was the order of the evening, when the spring-trap on the stairs again creaked, and a hasty foot-fall gave notice of a new comer. In a moment or two the number in the room was increased by the arrival of a member, who entered in a noisy, jerking manner and with rapid steps, made apparently without any inflection of the knee-joint.

"Good evening, gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "Good evening. I hope I find you all well and in excellent humour; for you know, gentlemen, on the humour we are in depends very much our enjoyment of our occupations."

My friend Skinatton promptly gave the information that the last arrival was Mr. W—, and that probably some new features would now pervade the gathering.

Shortly after, the tables in the room were all occupied, and the playing became interesting. The games were occasionally overlooked by ourselves and a few other bystanders who had gradually sauntered in; but although silence was still observed by the on-lookers, the members every now and again went on with remarks, that at length merged into an endless, desultory kind of colloquy, which, to a stranger, conveyed the idea of the speakers being scarcely *compos*.

"De give us something!" was heard from Krownam's side of the table at which he sat. "Here is my man sitting and sitting, and doing nothing. I can't stand this any longer! Can't you give us a move?" he impatiently exclaimed.

"Move!" responded his antagonist, Horsenden. "You are going to get a move that will astonish you; you think your *Fianchetto* opening something wonderful, but I am going to show you that it is worthless."

"Then why don't you give us the something astonishing?" replied Krownam. "Your astonishing move will be like

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men, that gang aft agley."

"Oh! listen to him!" exclaimed his Scotch opponent. "Aglee! Who ever heard such pronunciation! Let me give the lines in the true utterance of the greatest bard that Scotland ever produced—

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

and if Krownam's chess is no better than his Burns, I'm going to have an easy time with him."

"Well, if dat is not de richest ting I ever heard since I ad de measles," sung out Mukvobon, another player, who, Skinatton told me, was a German, and one of the rising players of the club, "may I be blowed! but whoever heard in a Christian land of such a ting as 'gang aft agley!'"

"O, you!" retorted Horsenden, "mind your game, or Duasers will use you up. If there was any supputation in your being, you would be a better judge of things."

"Dat is an excellent vord," went on Mukvobon—sup—sup—sup—vat vas dat you said?"

"Sup—sup"—mimicked Horsenden; "just like you guzzling Germans,—sup—sup—sup—it is always sup with you, and yet you are never full."

"Gentlemen!" cried out Mr. Wash, "more silence. We should conduct our play with greater observance of the rules of propriety. What is the use of wrangling about words? If Horsenden drags in as a word what was never heard before, what's the use of harping on it?"

"Supputation! a word that never was heard before! Wash's remark only displays his ignorance. Now, I maintain that it is a word, and one to be found in Webster, but I challenge any member of this club to give me its meaning," Horsenden defiantly rejoined.

On this throwing down of the gauntlet, a momentary silence ensued. No one appeared disposed to enquire into the meaning of the word, seemingly fearful of displaying ignorance. The several members had all the appearance of being what is vulgarly termed "stumped," and no effort at solution being forthcoming, Horsenden deigned no explanation, but maintained a triumphant attitude for a while, as if he was the very embodiment of etymology.

The short-lived and somewhat awkward quiet that prevailed after Horsenden's challenge, was broken by Wash getting up and remarking—

"Gentlemen! I hold that our poet has placed us in a most unsatisfactory position. He has introduced a word that is likely to be an element of discord. Yes, gentlemen, I say discord, for a matter unexplained represents mystery; and, gentlemen, until that mystery is grappled, mastered and check-mated, every member of this club—I repeat it—every member of this club may entertain the vague impression that the word contains some unpleasant meaning, that it meant to be applied to himself; and so, gentlemen, to deal with this important matter as it should be handled, I now call on Maphop, our eminent jurist, to express himself."

No sooner was this address finished than Maphop discontinued play and attempted to rise, but Lingerst took him by the arm and endeavoured to restrain him, saying—

"Sit down, man! sit down! don't mind that mad-cap W—. Go on with your game; I am not going to stay here all night merely to listen to nonsense!"

Headless of this remonstrance, Maphop took the floor, and, assuming a forensic manner, delivered himself of the following, in the most approved judicial tone:

"Fellow members! feel the importance of the task which has been imposed on me; a task of such difficulty as would tax the utmost powers of a *Carracci* or a *Da Vinci* to depict; a task that involves the harmonizing of two antagonistic conditions, for Horsenden has used an expression that he will not explain, and the rest of the club have heard an expression that they do not understand; therefore, *per curiam*, it is the conclusion, that one making use of what he does not define, and the others hearing what they do not comprehend; the conclusion, I say, is, that both propounder and audience are enwrap in the mazes of palpable ignorance."

"Hear I hear!" ejaculated Mukvobon, "de very best decision possible; a Daniel; a second Daniel come to judgment, as de immortal William observed."

"William! how dare you allude to the immortal bard," chimed in the irrepressible Wash; "no one here has a right to make such allusions, except my friend, Search; for he only of us all has trodden the boards; he only has stood behind the footlights, and with that amazing Roscign ability, for which he is remarked, he only has held the mirror up to nature."

"Friends!" began Search, who thus prominently referred to, at once gained a hearing; "friends! a genius that the world may well be proud of, has recorded—'there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune'—and unless I take advantage of such a tide, I may not have another opportunity like this to speak; and there is no subject dearer to my heart than the drama, for it is the magical 'Sesame' that opens up to our ken, all the wonderful workings of human nature; it is the *Mentor* that has taught us

"All the world's a stage, And all the men and women, merely players; They have their exits and their entrances, And one man in his time plays many parts."

But as it is now ten o' the clock—an hour that makes us a privileged party—I propose, that being partial to the fragrant weed, I be allowed to light my Havana.

"And I my companionable pipe," echoed Horsenden, "for I would sing

"Sublime Tobacco: glorious in a pipe, When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe, Yet some are found who more admire by far Thy naked beauties in the mild cigar."

"Well done, Horsenden! count me in two, on your paraphrase of Byron," unctuously exclaimed W—, as he produced a well-filled morocco cigar case.

"Twas well you mentioned 'paraphrase' W—, for the Scotchman is 'sublime' enough to pass the whole verse off as his own," cynically growled Krownam.

Then at it the smokers went and ere long the wreathing vapour came issuing from many a mouth, and in a short time the entire room was so beclouded, that all present had that weird, hazy, phantom appearance, that folks, skilled in ghost-lore, tell us is peculiar to spirits in the spectre land.

As the smoking went on, the conversation became expanded into almost an uproar, and from Krownam's table was heard a shout of—

"Order, boys! order, boys! if you hold on in this way you will have the police coming in to ask us what we are about."

"Police! who dares mention that word? What have police to do with chess-players?" rattled W—; "police! by-the-by, Mr. President, that word to me has the smack of the Greek about it, has it not, Mr. President? the 'po' certainly has, but the second syllable, what does it come from? You are a recognized scholar and versed in all the intricacies of languages; come, tell us what the second syllable springs from."

"I really cannot say," quietly observed President Weho, "I profess no skill in analysis,—as you suggest the examination; but as you are better acquainted with it, I feel quite satisfied that you are more competent to form a correct opinion of the second than I am."

"Mate!" roared Horsenden, throwing himself back in his chair, his huge frame almost convulsed with delight, and as his ha—ha—ha laughingly rolled through the room, he added "and one of the prettiest mates ever seen; now what do you say to your *Fianchetto*?"

"Well, I can't win every game," replied his discomfited opponent, "it is about time that you should win one."

"Time I should win one!" shouted Horsenden; "well that is good. Why, man, you have not won once to-night."

"Gentlemen," interrupted W—, "another, whom a natural cynicism would almost induce me to say shall be nameless, will shortly have to announce a second victory. I, gentlemen, have involved my adversary in all the embarrassments of a *Ruy Lopez*, and really it is quite painful to witness the wriggling agony that now affects my antagonist's play as he sees defeat looming before him; but, gentlemen, everyone cannot be conquerors, so let the best man take the coveted stakes."

"Content! your wriggling agony and coveted stakes," retorted his adversary Search, "why man, I have you mated in four moves, do what you will."

"Eh! Eh! What is that you say?" gasped the astounded W—, "mate to me in four moves! let me see, let me see,—his bishop takes pawn, pawn takes bishop, rook checks, knight interposes, queen checks, and my queen must take queen; then is it possible? Why, then knight mates. So it is *per Jupiter*! Why, bless my soul, who would have thought it? but this, gentlemen," he declaimed, assuming the oratorical pose, "this, gentlemen, is only another proof of the aphorism contained in the well-known adage of 'there's many a slip twixt cup and lip,' and it is also a warning that the chirping progeny should not be too sanguinely counted on before the feathered incubation has fully achieved her maternal duties."

"Federated incubator! dat is fine idea, here is my man wishing he ad a federated incubator to hatch him out of de toils of de *Scandinavian Gambit* dat I have got him in."

"Well and no wonder," muttered Dausers, "if you only played a decent civilized game, one would have a chance, but you always commence with that barbarous Scandinavian monstrosity."

"Ah mein friend! you are like de rest of de world. You can see no beauty in what upsets you. *Wir würden selber was gegen unser interesse ist.*"

"Hullo! what noise is that?" cried out Mr. Vice-President Skich, "is that rumble the din of a coal-cart passing the club-house?"

"De din of a coal-cart! O dat I should ever live to hear such a thing! to compare de sound of de most glorious language in de world to de rattle of a coal-cart. Ah, mein Gott! dat make me sick."

"Who makes you sick, Mukvobon? No one in this club shall ill-treat you, sir. I shall stand by you," volunteered W—, "for I hold, sir, that to assist and defend the unsophisticated stranger and foreigner, in his emergency, is evidence of some of the noblest qualities of a magnanimous mind, as that great statesman, Lord Beaconsfield, has perorated in tones that electrified the world—'England is not the country.'"

"For a blatant fellow like you," supplemented K—.

"Mr. K—, let me tell you," went on W—, "there is no poetry in your composition; now if you were more like Horsenden, you could better appreciate the beautiful, his finer strong nature would disdain the interruptions you inflict; he is a poet, sir! and let me tell you he is the author of one of the best chess-ballads that this or any other age has produced,—a lyric that has aroused enthusiasm in our noble game, on both sides of the broad Atlantic; here it is, sir,—

"Brave Knights of old, with spurs of gold, On battle horse, in panoply,— In Tourney round, or battle ground, Oft 'bit the dust' most gallantly; So do we yield, on checkered field,— Or proudly our success relate; The foe was brave, but could not save His king from final check and mate."

"Our royal game, who call it tame, They do not know its beauties rare, For in the fight move King and Knight, With Queens that are both dark and fair, And where's the man who e'er would ban The rapture—tongue can ne'er relate,— The joy who'd miss,—'tis almost bliss, When we announce the smothered mate."

"Yet some do hate this pretty mate, And choose instead a stupid stale; But none you'll find who hate the kind That Adam chose in Eden's vale! Then while we toast, and while we boast Our masters in our sport most rare, Hold with your cheeks, here's to the sex! The best of mates—the lovely fair."

The applause that ensued at the conclusion of W—'s recitation was almost overwhelming; when it had somewhat subsided, the enthusiast addressed Krownam again, saying—

"There, Krownam, if you could only produce something like that, you would be of more value to your age and generation. Now what do you think of it?"

His tormentor slyly replied, "O! it was not so bad; you spoiled it in the rendering, that was the only fault it had."

"Mr. President," W— excitedly appealed, "I claim your protection, sir, for I am about the worst used member of this club. I cannot exercise the slightest effort to make myself agreeable and entertaining, but I am subjected to snubbing and chaff. Sir, I protest that—"

Here the deep-toned bell of the neighbouring cathedral proclaimed the midnight hour, and lifting my hat and shaking the hand of my friend Skinatton, I wended my way to the quietude of bed; but whether the celebrities are still listening to W—'s agitated outpourings, or that they dispersed shortly after my exit, is a question on which it is utterly impossible for me to give any information to the readers who may have glanced over this record.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELINA PATTI is said to be worth a round million.

E. A. SOTHERN, the actor, is seriously ill at Birmingham.

A RECENT English play shows a diver at the bottom of the sea.

KATE CLAXTON has shivered through the "Two Orphans" 1,200 times.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS receives, probably, the highest prices paid any reader or lecturer. They range from \$200 to \$250 a night, according to the size of the town.

LISZT was recently offered his own terms to play in England, but his reply was "Never." He has not forgotten his old reputation in London thirty year ago.

ARTISTIC.

MR. MILLAIS is a candidate for the Presidency of the Royal Academy, London.

MR. RUSKIN, who is now quite well again, has wisely resolved, on the advice of his doctors, to write no political economy, but to devote himself solely to art.

AT a sale of pictures at the Hotel Drouot, Rosa Bonheur's "Oxen at Pasture" realized 18,000 francs, and "Heather Land," by the same artist, 20,000 francs.

A COMMITTEE of French artists, together with the Council of the Academy of Fine Arts, propose to erect a monument to Louis David at Père-la-Chaise. For this purpose they have already applied to the Belgian Government for permission to remove the remains of the artist from Brussels.

MR. W. C. HOWELL, the editor of the Antauga (Ala.) Citizen, has a picture 24 x 30 inches showing the inauguration of Jeff Davis as President of the Confederacy of the South. The scene at Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 18th, 1861, was photographed. The photograph has been enlarged, then a painting made of that, and now a chromo has blossomed out from the painting.

WE hear that Gustave Doré has made up his mind to visit America at an early day, in order to see the country, particularly Niagara, the Mammoth Cave, the Rocky Mountains, and the Yosemite. He also wants to go into Mexico for subjects for his pencil, and hopes to spend some months there. He has time, probably, to do many things, for he is in excellent health, and is only forty-five.

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. Work 517 St. Lawrence.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Several communications received with thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 196 received. J. J. B., New Rochelle, N.Y.—Many thanks. We will gladly avail ourselves of your kind offer. W. A., Montreal.—Problems received. Many thanks. E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problems for Young Players, No. 195 received.

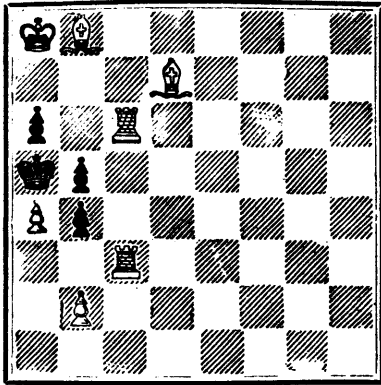
PROFESSOR ALLEN'S CHESS LIBRARY.

It is well known to every lover of Chess that it has a history of its own, and also, that a large number of works have been written in connection with it, constituting altogether a very important amount of literary labour. A collection of these works was made by the late Prof. Allen, of Philadelphia, which ultimately became a magnificent Chess library. This library is at the present time offered for sale, and we have been requested to notice the circumstance in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. We have seen the catalogue of the works, and most willingly insert the following notice from the Philadelphia Librarian which in a few words describes the nature and extent of this splendid collection. "A catalogue of the Chess Collection of the late Prof. George Allen, of the University, has been prepared by his executors, Professors F. A. Jackson and G. B. Keen. The library is the first on the subject in America, and ranks with three or four best ones in Europe. It comprises about a thousand printed volumes in more than a dozen languages, besides two hundred and fifty autograph letters, and fifty engravings and photographs. All departments of chess lore are represented in it; many of the works are of the greatest rarity, some of them not included in any other private collection, some altogether unique. Three books as valuable as any, are the copy of Domiano, in the first edition of 1512, Ruy Lopez, of 1561, and the Italian Carrera. There are copies of Tarsia, Gianutio, Seleucus, Salvio, Loll, Ponziani, Cozio, and all ancient and modern classics of the game. There are forty-six copies of Philidor, only two or three of them duplicates, as well as nineteen reproductions of his treatise under other names. The collection of works relating to Chess Problems, the Knight's Leap, and the Automaton Chess Player, are remarkably copious, the Chess Journals extremely numerous, and the Belles-Lettres of the subject beyond all hope of rivalry. The bindings of the books have been described with great precision by Colonel John P. Nicholson, of the well-known firm of Pawson & Nicholson, Philadelphia, and correspond in solidity and beauty with the volumes which they protect. The catalogue itself is neatly printed, and gives the titles of the works with more than the usual fulness, noting from recognized authorities points of bibliographical interest.

A committee of the Chess Club of the University of Pennsylvania are making an effort to raise \$3,000, for the purpose of buying and presenting to the library of the University, the magnificent and unique collection of works on chess, made by the late Prof. George Allen, LL.D., of that institution—a library of chess books and mss., admitted to be the finest in America, and which takes rank with three or four regarded as the best in Europe.—Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, U.S.

The annual club tournament of the Manhattan Chess Club, New York, began last week, and is now in progress. We understand that Mr. A. P. Barnes, the well known Chess annotator of New York, is taking part in the contest, and is one of three players in class A, who give the odds of pawn and move to the players in the first class.

PROBLEM No. 199. By W. ATKINSON, Montreal. BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 30TH. CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNAMENT.

(From Argus and Express.)

Played between Mr. Geo. P. Black, of Halifax, N.S., and Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal. (Philidor's Knight Game.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Black.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. P to Q 4 4. Kt takes P 5. Kt to Q B 3 6. B to K 3 7. B to K 2 8. Castles 9. B to Q 3 10. Kt to Q 5 11. P to Q B 4 12. Kt takes Kt 13. Q R to Kt sq 14. K P takes P 15. P to Q Kt 3 16. Q takes Kt 17. Q R to B sq 18. P takes P 19. P to K B 4 20. B takes B 21. K R to B 3 22. R to R 3 23. Q to K 3 24. Q to K B 2 25. K R to Q 3 26. Q R to Q sq 27. B to K 3 28. R (Q 3) to Q 2 29. R takes R 30. Q to K sq 31. B to B 2 32. R to Q 2 (a) 33. Q to K 8 (ch) 34. Q to K 4 (ch) 35. Q takes P (ch) 36. Q to K 6 (ch) 37. Q to B 5 (ch) And White resigned.
- BLACK.—(Mr. Shaw.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 3 3. P takes P 4. Kt to K B 3 5. B to K 2 6. Castles 7. P to Q Kt 3 8. B to Kt 2 9. Q Kt to Q 2 10. Kt to K 4 11. P to B 3 12. B takes Kt 13. P to Q 4 14. P takes P 15. Kt takes B 16. Q R to B sq 17. P takes P 18. B to K 4 19. B takes Kt 20. B to R 3 21. P to B 3 22. P to R 3 23. R to K sq 24. R to K 5 25. R takes Q B P 26. Q to B 2 27. R to B 7 28. R (K 5) to Q B 5 29. R takes R 30. R takes R P 31. Q to B 7 32. Q takes R 33. K to R 2 34. P to B 4 35. K to Kt sq 36. K to B sq 37. K to K 2

NOTES.

(a) A very good endeavour to obtain a "draw" by "perpetual check," but Black cleverly avoided perpetual motion, and wins by sacrificing a pawn at the proper time.

GAME 31TH.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An instructive game played some time ago at Simpson's Divan (Eng.)

(Q R P's Opening.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Janssens.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. P to Q 4 4. P to Q 5 5. P to Q 5 6. P takes Kt 7. K to K 2 8. Q to Q R 4 (c) 9. Q Kt to Q 2 10. Kt takes Kt 11. Q takes P at K 5 12. Q takes K P (d) 13. Q takes R (ch) 14. K takes B (e) 15. B to K 3 16. R to K sq 17. P to Q R 3 18. R to Q sq 19. B to K 2 20. K R to K B sq 21. K to Kt sq 22. B to Q 4 23. Kt to Kt 5 24. R to B 2 25. R takes B 26. P to K R 4 27. B to B 2 28. P takes R 29. R to K B sq (h) 30. R to K sq 31. B to Kt 3 32. K to R 2 33. R to K 8 (ch) 34. R to K 7 (ch) 35. B to Q 6 36. K to Kt (sq) 37. B takes P
- BLACK.—(Mr. Minchin) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. Kt to K B 3 (a) 4. Kt takes K P 5. B to Q B 4 6. B takes B P (ch) (b) 7. Kt P takes P 8. P to K B 4 9. Castles 10. P takes Kt 11. P to Q 4 12. R to K sq 13. Q takes Q (ch) 14. B to K B 4 15. P to Q R 4 16. Q to B sq 17. P to Q R 5 18. B to K 5 19. P to Q B 4 20. P to Q B 5 21. Q to K sq 22. R to R 3 23. B takes Kt P (f) 24. R to K Kt 3 25. Q to K 2 26. P to Q B 4 27. R takes Kt (g) 28. Q takes B 29. Q to K 2 30. Q to Q 3 31. Q to Q 2 32. Q to K Kt 5 33. K to B 2 34. K to B sq 35. Q to K K 4 (ch) 36. K to Kt sq

And after a few more moves Black resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) P to Q 4 is safer if not stronger. It ensures the second player at least an equal game, and moreover limits the aggressive variations at the command of White in this opening.
- (b) If Kt takes this P, White replies with Q to Q 5.
- (c) More forcible than the usual move Q Kt to Q 2.
- (d) Compulsory, as otherwise the Q must take up some useless position, and the other pieces remain for some time locked up at home.
- (e) White has now virtually a won game, but it requires careful management.
- (f) A cunning bait which Black snaps at, devours, but cannot digest.
- (g) Of course he dare not take the B on account of R to K sq.
- (h) Better than the obvious R to K sq. The whole game, indeed, is a fine specimen of Mr. Janssens's sound judgment and scientific knowledge.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 197.

- WHITE. 1. B to K 7 2. Kt to B 5 (dis. ch.) 3. R to K 8 (ch) 4. Kt or R mates
- BLACK. 1. K moves 2. K moves 3. K moves

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 195.

- WHITE. 1. R takes Q 2. Mates acc.
- BLACK. 1. Any

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 196.

- WHITE. K at Q 8 B at Q 7 Kt at Q R 7 Pawns at Q R 6 and Q Kt 5
  - BLACK. K at Q R sq Pawn at Q Kt 3
- White to play and mate in three moves.

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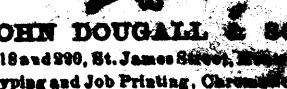
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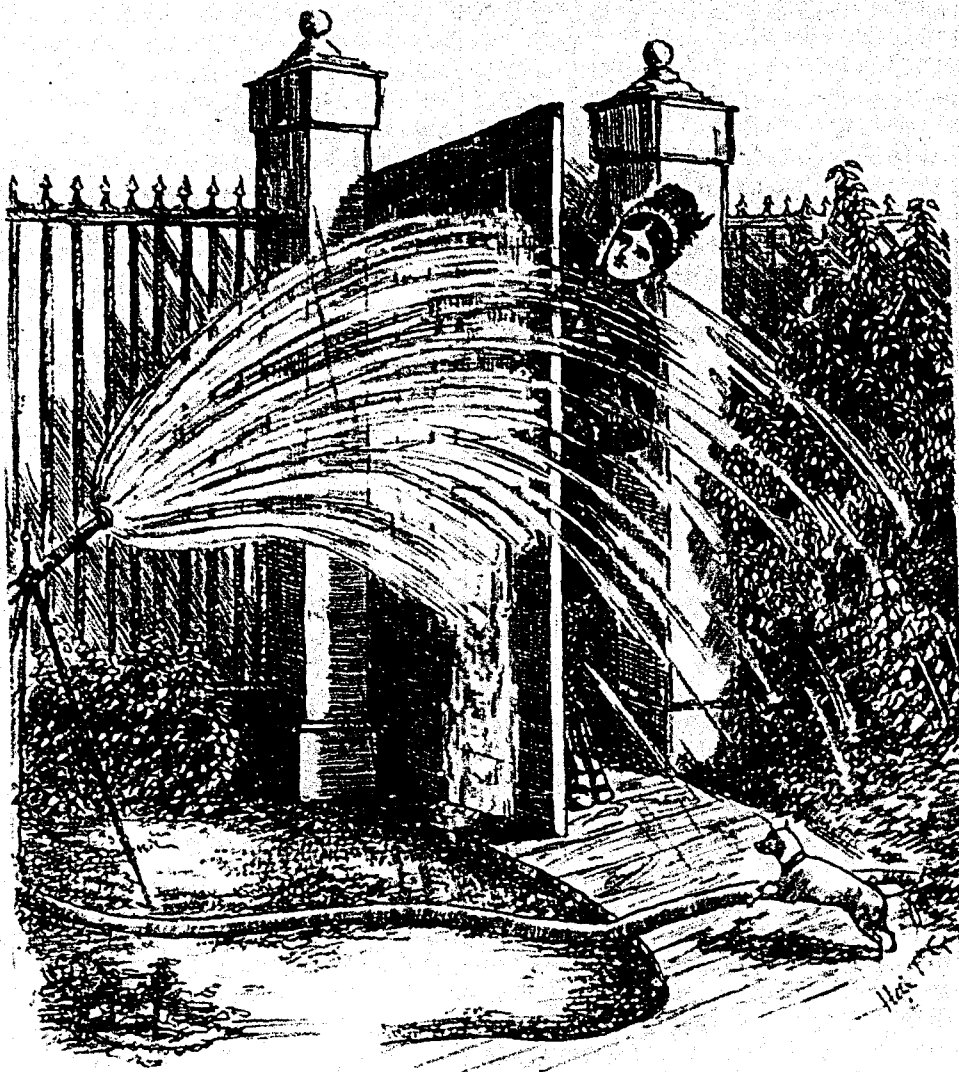


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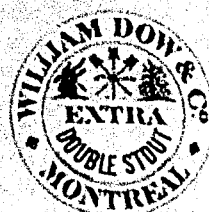
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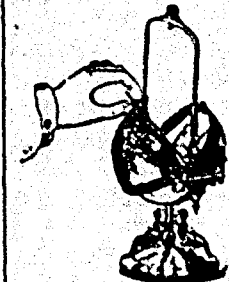
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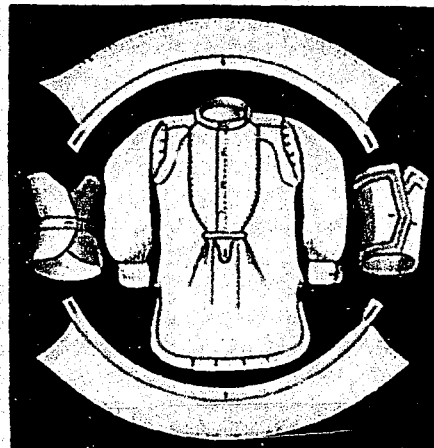
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