

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

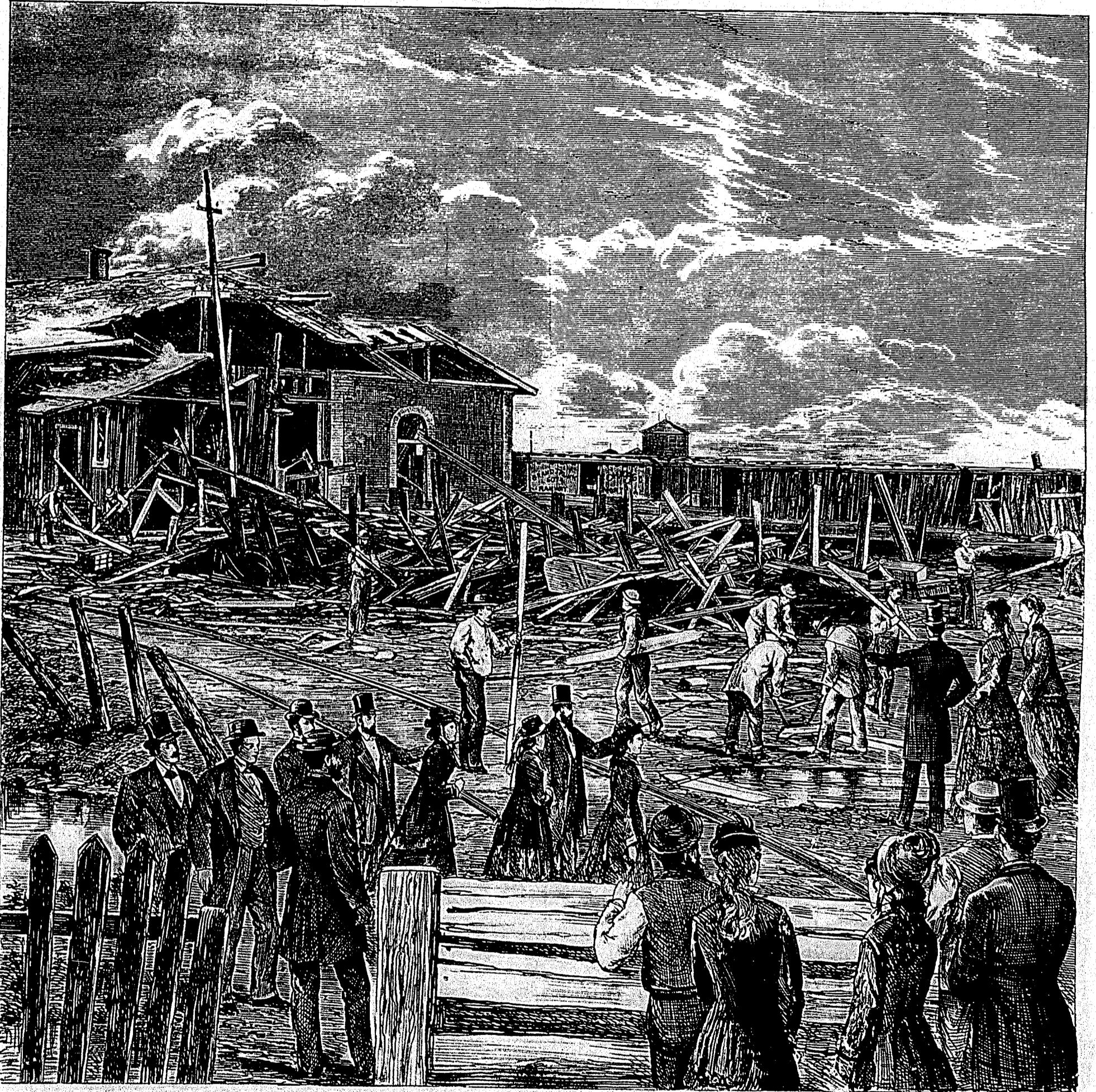
# Montreal Free Press

# Wholesale News

Vol. XIX.—No. 20.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879.

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



THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION AT STRATFORD.  
VIEW OF THE FREIGHT SHED, SCENE OF THE DISASTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. M. CAMPBELL.

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.

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

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.

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.

### TEMPERATURE.

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1878			
May 11th, 1879.							
Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
53°	50°	32°	42°	55°	47°	30°	42°
Tues.	62°	46°	54°	Tues.	61°	45°	54°
Wed.	66°	46°	56°	Wed.	58°	44°	51°
Thur.	75°	53°	64°	Thur.	61°	41°	51°
Frid.	71°	58°	64°	Frid.	68°	43°	55°
Sat.	64°	53°	58°	Sat.	70°	47°	58°
Sun.	48°	38°	43°	Sun.	75°	62°	68°

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 17, 1879.

### THE INTRACTABLES OF FRANCE.

So long as the French Republic had enemies from without it showed elements of strength. During the German occupation it was stimulated to cohesion by the ambition of paying the indemnity as quickly as possible. During the intrigues which well nigh led to a fusion between the Bourbons and Orleanists, it was spurred to appear better in the popular eye than either of the old dynasties. The conspiracies of the DE BROGLIE cabinet, and the constant friction of Marshal MACMAHON'S unsympathetic course, kept it ever on the alert, and eliminated the ascendancy of mere partyism. But when the October elections gave the Republicans a majority, and the January elections put the Senate under their control, symptoms of intestine trouble, if not of disintegration, began to manifest themselves. It was then that M. GAMBETTA, with his usual foresight, said that now the dangers of the Republic were ended, its difficulties began. During the past three months several signs have appeared pointing to a morbid condition of the Republican party. The Moderate wing is doing its best to maintain the whole within the bounds of legality, but the task is almost impossible of accomplishment. The Radicals are pushing forward in force, and, as usual, utterly regardless of ultimate consequences. But there is a more dangerous party than even the Radicals. We refer to the *Intrigues*, or *Intractables*. They are the Jacobins of the third Republic, and unless they are checked betimes, it is not difficult to divine that a revolution will soon break out in France, scattering the Conservative Republic to the winds, and throwing the gates open to military despotism.

The chief object of the *Intractables* is to force the government to grant universal and unconditional amnesty, thus virtually condoning the crime of the Commune. The Government have gone as far in that direction as they could possibly go, in the name of mercy and decency, and do not seem disposed to go any further for the present, especially in the face of undue pressure. As a kind of flank movement, the *Intractables* have imagined the grotesque expedient of electing to the Legislative Assembly several of the most prominent conspirators, who are still under the ban of the law. They made a beginning with the notorious old BLANQUI, a man who has spent forty of his five and seventy years in gaol, and who is now confined at Clairvaux for his participation in the dark excesses of 1871. This individual has

been elected at Bordeaux by a vote of 6,800 against 5,333 given to M. LAVERGNE, a distinguished member of the Moderate Republican party. The result is, of course, a complication. M. BLANQUI being a felon is ineligible; being ineligible, he is clearly not elected. Will the government abandon the case by pardoning him in view of his election, or will they simply ignore the election, and give the credentials to his adversary? Both alternatives present difficulties. Fortunately, there is a third course—that of invalidating the election, but pardoning BLANQUI, so as to give the Bordelais another chance to pronounce on the matter.

The BLANQUI case is not to be a solitary one, for we have just been reading that M. BONNAT-DUVERDIER intends resigning his seat for Lyons for the purpose of having HENRI ROCHEFORT elected in his place. It is clear that a definite and resolute policy will have to be adopted to meet this insidious danger, but we must repeat our reluctant fears that France is rapidly approaching a crisis, all the more perilous because of its springing from the very vitals of the Republican party itself.

### A PHOTOGRAPH OF ST. PAUL.

Our readers have learned from our column of Literary Notes that M. RENAN, the famous author of the *Vie de Jesus*, was lately received a member of the French Academy. They are also aware that on the day of his reception the new member pronounces an eulogy of his predecessor, while another one of the Forty is chosen to deliver a review of the printed works of the initiated. In the case of M. RENAN the task devolved upon M. MEZIERES. This gentleman's discourse was generally laudatory, though tempered here and there with a little mild criticism. One of the points of criticism was M. RENAN'S description of St. Paul as "short, stout and slightly bow-legged." M. MEZIERES was curious to know how the new Academician had found out that the great Apostle of the Gentiles sat for this portrait: "On his strong shoulders was oddly set a small bald head. His sallow face was, as it were, invaded by a thick beard, an aquiline nose, piercing eyes and black eyebrows, meeting on the forehead." M. MEZIERES also protested against M. RENAN'S finished portrait of St. Luke, and his rehabilitation of the Empress FAUSTINA.

M. RENAN answered this criticism in the *Journal des Debats*, citing as his authority the famous Chronicle of THECLA, concerning the origin of which TERTULLIAN gives many interesting details. He also cites a dialogue entitled "Philopatris," accurately dated at the close of JULIAN'S reign, or about 363. "Once," says the Christian Triphon, "I was nourished with the same doctrines as thou art, until I had the goodness to meet a certain Galilean (used as the equivalent of Christian), bald and with a long nose, who had ascended to the third heaven and there learned the most beautiful things. He regenerated us by water, and snatching us from the world of the impious introduced us into the company of the happy." It is made certain by the allusion to the rapture of being caught up into the third heaven that the writer is describing Paul, and as it is not at all likely that, being a heathen, the writer of "Philopatris" had read the Chronicle of THECLA, the inference is legitimate that if his portrait accords with that the Christian priest drew two centuries before, it was because he knew and described the traditional type according to which the Christians had always represented Paul. Precisely the same description of the features of St. Paul is given by the Byzantine historians, NICEPHORUS and MALELAS. Finally M. RENAN contends that St. Paul in his Epistles to the Corinthians gives evidence corroborative of the above statements (II. Corinthians, x., 10; I. Corinthians, ii. 3; II. Corinthians, i., 8, 9; *ibid.*, x., 2; *ibid.*, x., 30; *ibid.*, xii., 5, 9, 10; Galatians, iv., 13, 14; I. Corinthians, i. et seq.; II. Corinthians, x., 1, 2, 3; *ibid.*, ii., 6, 30;

*ibid.*, xii., 5, 9, 10.) M. RENAN then goes further and tells us about the Apostle's temperament. He is represented as capable of great fatigue, without, however, being of a sound constitution. The thorn in the flesh cannot have been carnal passion in view of the explicit testimony of I. Corinthians, vii., 7, 8, and M. RENAN has come to the conclusion that it was rheumatism, that being the infirmity which most accurately agrees with the Apostle's description (II. Corinthians, xii., 7, 10) of the messenger of Satan sent to buffet him lest he should be exalted above measure. M. RENAN concludes by contrasting the physical deficiencies of the apostle with his extraordinary mental and moral powers, pronouncing him one the strongest and most extraordinary minds that ever existed.

REFERRING to a late editorial paragraph in the NEWS, which treated of a performance of the "Passion Play" in Quebec thirty years ago, an esteemed correspondent informs us that it was not in connection with a theatrical performance, but with an exhibition of dioramas, that the burning of the Quebec theatre and the fearful loss of life of which we spoke, took place at the time stated. The proprietor was a Mr. M. HARRISON, whose widow, we believe, still lives in Quebec. One of the scenes shown was a copy of MARTIN'S picture of the Crucifixion. For the information of those who do not know what a diorama is, we may state that when this picture is treated as one, there is first shown the city of Jerusalem, and three empty crosses on Mount Calvary. After a little, twilight creeps over the scene, and then all is wrapped in total darkness. Next, a stream of light pours through a rift in the clouds, showing Christ and the two thieves on the crosses, a soldier on horseback piercing the side of the former, and an immense number looking on. These different effects are produced by changes in the manner in which the lights are cast on the picture. While the exhibition above referred to was going on—it may be while the very picture which we have just described was being exhibited—one of the lamps used fell on the floor and broke. As it was filled with camphine, the flames in a moment caught the diorama, and in another, overspread it. One minute more, and the whole of the stage scenery—which was like dry gunpowder—was in a blaze. The doors opened to the inside. Escape was, therefore, very difficult, on account of those next the stage pressing so much against those in front of them. The consequence was that fifty—among whom was a brother of the proprietor—fell victims to the flames. The burning to death of three thousand people in the Cathedral of Santiago, at a later period, was owing to causes of the same kind.

### THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

OTTAWA, May 9.—The closing event of this session is the bringing down of the Pacific Railway resolutions by the Minister of Public Works. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the importance of these resolutions which have been very long expected. The delay in bringing them down may be accepted as a sign of the deliberation of the Government so as very thoroughly to mature their measure in view of the very serious responsibility involved in their action. The most important, as it is the newest feature of these resolutions, is the declaration that the selection of Burrard Inlet for the Pacific terminus of the road was premature. This does not go to the length of saying that the Bute Inlet is preferred, and it is a fact that at this moment as I write these lines, engineers are about to start to survey the Peace River country entering it by way of British Columbia. It is possible the absolutely best route may be found in that region. This has long been my thought, and I speak from the point of personal and consideration of every report and narrative of travellers and explorers of that region. It is also plain to those who have carefully read Mr. Fleming's reports that there is on his mind an impression that the best route may be found in the north. It is therefore the part of wisdom to ascertain the fact with thoroughness before we commit ourselves to an expenditure of millions. The only thing that could be said in favour of the decision by the

last Government before the verification of the facts, was the clamour for immediate construction, and if the northern country should prove to be what it is reported, two railways would not be too much.

There has been a rumour actively and confidently circulated that work was to be commenced this year on the Bute Inlet route, that being the demand of that portion of the people of British Columbia who live on the Island of Vancouver, for the reason that a railway at that point means also bridging the Narrows and continuing the road within the island itself to Esquimaux. It would otherwise have no common sense. This would mean lengthening the road by 40 or 50 miles, adding many millions to the expenditure and actually getting after all something that would not be so well adapted for a thorough route. It would be better to buy off the Island people at any cost than to do this. The resolutions of Dr. Tupper do not confirm this rumour; but I am not prepared to say that some colonization works might not with advantage be made on the Bute Inlet.

Another feature of the Government resolutions is that they give to the work a more than Canadian character. It is to a large extent a question of Empire interests as such; and therefore the Imperial Government may with great propriety be asked whether or not they will not take some share in it. There has never been any thing more popular in England than taking share in the Suez Canal; and the mind which conceived that investment may with still greater reason be asked to consider this great international highway which opens up the shortest and best route between the eastern and west and which through a large portion of its route passes through an immense country of almost unbounded richness,—a country where millions of men on whom the increasing pressure arising from the growth of population within the narrow limits of the British Islands may find homes of plenty, and make the seat of perhaps the most powerful empire on the earth. It must be not forgotten that the whole of Europe might be simply dropped in our North-West, in which the area of cultivable lands and extent of mineral resources in climatic conditions favourable to human energy, are almost beyond belief.

Another great feature of this scheme proposed by the Government is the setting aside one hundred million acres of land and all the minerals they contain for the purpose of constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway, the land to be invested in Commissioners and the Imperial Government represented on the Commission. These lands are to be taken in a belt of twenty miles on each side of the Pacific Railway where they are good. But where they are not good others are to be substituted. This reserve is to be combined with a colonization scheme, and those men who have watched the operations of schemes of this kind in the Western States, cannot doubt that the fund created will more than build the railway without imposing any burdens on the people of the Dominion. The minimum price of the reserved lands is fixed at two dollars per acre. The sales of the Northern Pacific Railway lands of inferior quality to these, and in less important territory as relates to through connections, have averaged five and six dollars per acre. It will, however, happen as a matter of course, that at the commencement of the operations the expenditure will greatly exceed the income; and that is the bridge we have to get over. This might impose a serious present burden on the Dominion, and this is the point in view of the international interests upon which we might ask the Imperial co-operation.

The Militia Bill to which I formerly referred has passed the House of Commons. Among other things it contains provisions to settle difficulties in municipalities in the event of local disturbances. It provides for a new enrolment before February, 1881.

I was glad to see that an item of \$37,000, as part of a subsidy of \$50,000 per annum to a line of steamers between Quebec and the West Indies and Brazil, has been carried. This is a practical attempt to open up some of the great natural trade relations of the continent. It must be plain to the most careless observer that we in the north require the tropical products of those countries, while they require our northern products in the shape of many manufactures of our forest, our fish, butter, cheese, &c. This subsidy, moreover, follows the enactment of a tariff which will allow that trade.

The despatch of the Governor-General to which I alluded in my last letter was discussed in the House of Commons on Wednesday evening. I stated what was the tenor of this despatch. The point in the discussion in the Commons was simply that Mr. Cartwright attacked it with bitterness as being inaccurate, holding the Ministers responsible for it. Mr. Tilley replied that he had never seen it, and then there came a cry from Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Holton, and others to the effect that this denial of responsibility was an attempt to put up the Governor-General as a target to be hit at behind which the Ministers sought to shelter themselves. But this Sir John A. Macdonald very well answered by saying that it was the right of the Governor-General to write despatches of his own to the Imperial Government without submitting them to his Ministers, and that he might for the substance of these despatches ask his Ministers for facts and figures. This is undoubted, and the position of the Governor-General might at least have secured for his despatches a different tone of criticism. The bitterness of faction is always disgusting, and

never adds strength to debate. It may be asked whether it could be said that the Ministers were responsible for the despatch Lord Dufferin wrote on the Pacific scandal affair.

There was another long debate during the week on the Insolvent Bill. It only served to show how bitterly hostile was the great majority of the House to continuing the law under which all the assignments and bankruptcies that have recently taken place have been made. The friends of our insolvent law resorted to every device to endeavour to get some modification or a simple form of bankrupt law passed, but it was all in vain. The great majority of the House would not listen to them. The repealing bill was finally passed on a vote of 130 to 55.

There has been a telegram going the rounds that the Washington Government intended to declare Sitting Bull a British subject, and so hold Canada responsible for any raids that he might make, and this was brought up in the House by Dr. Schultz. Sir John Macdonald declared the whole thing was nonsense, as it was not in the power of a minister at Washington to decide who should or should not be a British subject.

Mr. Holton tried to galvanize a little life into the notice of motion Mr. Mousseau had given, known as the want of confidence motion, in reference to the Letellier affair, on the occasion of that gentleman allowing it to drop on the request of Sir John Macdonald. But whatever may have been the warmth of former passions, it is always impossible to put life into a dead issue, and every body knew that such was the fact as respected the matter of Mr. Mousseau's motion. As I, in the first place, told you, whatever may be the merits of the Letellier question itself, the vote of the House of Commons cannot be got over, and the political decapitation of His Honour must sooner or later come. Whether he will have a resurrection, or what will be the questions that will afterwards come, it is scarcely worth while now to discuss. There will be plenty of time for those things.

Lord Eiphiustone and Col. McNeill arrived at the Government House on Thursday. They are the bearers of important messages for the Governor-General, in the sense, I have not the slightest doubt, I indicated in my last letter.

Members have continued to go away, and measures to be rapidly passed and dropped, all marking the immediate close of the session, which is now expected to be on the 13th—but no day is yet fixed. I may mention the Coteau Railway Bill has passed the Senate, leaving, as I before explained, to the Government the responsibility of decision respecting the bridge.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

RIGHT REV. DR. SWEATMAN, who at the time of his election was Archdeacon of Brant, Diocese of Huron, was born in London, England; graduated B.A. (senior optime) at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1859, having obtained a scholarship and M.A. in 1862; was ordained Deacon in 1859, at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and Priest, in 1860, at Chapel Royal, Whitehall. He held successively the Curacies of Holy Trinity, Islington, and St. Stephen's, Canonbury. He was also Master in Islington College, and is now about 45 years of age. He came to Canada in 1865 to take charge of the Hellmuth Boys' College. Having for several years filled the office of Head Master of that institution with marked success, he removed to Toronto, and for a short time was connected with the Upper Canada College in that city. He subsequently returned to the Diocese of Huron, and was for some time Rector of Grace Church, Brantford. From the latter place he was transferred to Woodstock, accepting the assistant ministerialship of the place and the Archdeanery of Brant.

DYNAMITE EXPLOSION AT STRATFORD.—At 9.30 o'clock a car of dynamite, consigned to Port Colborne, for use in the harbor works there, exploded in the Grand Trunk yard at Stratford. Fully one hundred cars were damaged more or less, and fifty were a total wreck, their contents being scattered over a space of several acres. The cars were reduced to match wood. Where the exploded car was standing a hole ten feet deep and twenty feet in diameter was cut into the ground. The freight shed was wrecked, as were fully fifty houses in the vicinity. Two men were killed outright, Pigeon and Dolan, and burned and shattered out of all resemblance to human forms. The shock was felt all over the town, and smashed glass in almost every window in the town. It was also felt at Shakespeare, Hamburg, Berlin, St. Mary's, Mitchell and other towns within a radius of twenty miles. G. Hawkins, a car sealer, was struck on the head by a splinter, and both eyes destroyed; he died later. Joseph Humphrey was badly cut about the head; Alfred Lamb, cut about the face; Andrew Porter, freight clerk, cut about the face; Jas. Drysdale, bruised on the face and neck, James Miller, call boy, was covered with debris, but not injured. In the adjoining houses several children were badly cut with broken glass. Car wheels and rails were sent with terrible force in all directions. The explosion was caused, it is supposed, by a package falling down when the car was being coupled. Hardly a house in town escaped without some of the glass in windows being broken.

HON. SIR WILLIAM YOUNG, CHIEF JUSTICE OF NOVA SCOTIA AND ADMINISTRATOR OF THE PROVINCE.—This distinguished man is the eldest

son of the late Hon. John Young, the well-known author of "Agricola," who for many years occupied a seat in the Nova Scotia Assembly, by Agnes, daughter of Geo. Renny, Esq., of Falkirk, Scotland. He was born at Falkirk on the 29th July, 1799, and educated at Glasgow University. In 1830 he married Annie, daughter of the late Hon. Michael Tobin, M.L.C. He studied law with the late Charles Rufus Fairbanks, K.C., afterwards Solicitor-General, and was called to the Bar of Nova Scotia in 1826. In 1835 he was called to the Bar of Prince Edward Island. He was created a Queen's Counsel in 1843. He was in partnership for some years with his brother, the late Hon. George R. Young, M.P.P., author of the well-known work on "Colonial Literature, Science and Education," and Hon. Charles Young, L.L.D., now a judge in Prince Edward Island. He was a Commissioner with others for consolidating the Statutes of Nova Scotia. In 1832 he entered the Nova Scotia Assembly as one of the representatives of Cape Breton, and while a member of that body sat successively for that Island, for Inverness and for Cumberland. He was Speaker of the Nova Scotia Assembly from 1843 to 1854, when he became Attorney-General and leader of the Government, and so continued till 1857, when he resigned, retaining his rank as an ex-councillor, by special permission of Her Majesty. In 1859 he became President of the Council, and in 1860 was appointed Chief-Justice of Nova Scotia, and Judge of the Admiralty, *ex officio*, in 1864. Was delegate from the Province in 1838 to the Earl of Durham at Quebec; in 1839 to the Home Government, and in 1850 to the Minister at Washington. Since 1868 has been President of the Dalhousie College. Founded the Citizens Free Library in 1866. Knighted by Her Majesty in 1868.

THE WORLD ILLUSTRATED.

On Monday last, Professor Cromwell, who has been on a lecturing tour through the Dominion, delivered his first address to a large audience, which had assembled in the Mechanics' Hall to hear and see him illustrate the City of the Grand Monarque, Versailles. Professor Cromwell, who is not only an artist, but, moreover, a philosopher, has the peculiar gift of rendering interesting his description of the places which appear before the audience in panoramic view. He has travelled, and brings his own experience to bear upon his subject. The lecture was highly interesting, and was followed during the week by others on Rome, Paris, London and Ireland.

THE QUEEN CITY.

TORONTO PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

The second performance of the seventh season (1878-9), of the above society was given on Friday evening, the 2nd inst., at Shaftesbury Hall, on which occasion Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed by a combined orchestra and chorus of about two hundred, under the direction of Mr. F. W. Torrington, the conductor of the society. The tickets for non-subscribers were placed at 50c. and \$1, and many availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing this sublime oratorio, so that all, or very near all the available space in the house was occupied.

The principal vocalists were as follows:—Soprano—Mrs. Bradley, and Misses Reid, McCallum, Bulmer and Ada Torrington. Alto—Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Perlin, and Misses Corlett, Scott and Upton. Tenor—Messrs. Mockridge, C. Beckh and C. Pearson. Bass—Messrs. Macdonnell, Warrington, Mitchell, Blight and Jones.

The orchestra, augmented for the occasion by a few musicians from Buffalo and Hamilton, was composed of the following gentlemen, with one or two others, whose names I did not learn:—

1st violins—Messrs. Cowan, Warwood, Eldridge, Arnold, Zhior, Corlett and Dr. Alt—7. 2nd violins—Messrs. Timson, Campbell, Frisby, Aikenhead, Paul and Armstrong—6. Violas—Messrs. Suckling, Kuhn, sr., and Emile Boeckh—3. Cellos—Messrs. F. Thomas, A. Thomas, Chas. Kuhn—4. Contra Basses—Messrs. Claxton, Littlehail and Clements—3. Flute, —1. Clarinets—Messrs. W. Carey and P. Hassard—2. Fagotto—Mr. Chas. Boeckh, sr.—1. Trumpet.—Messrs. Hogan and Cull—2. Horns—Messrs. Pirrie and Kidd—2. Trombones—Messrs. McKenzie and Young—2. Bombardion—Mr. F. Williams—1. Tympan—Mr. C. Riddy—1.

The Pianist, Miss Kerr, deserves special mention, not alone for the skill with which she renders the music, but for the modest, unassuming manner in which she performs her difficult duties.

The direction of the performance by Mr. Torrington was all that could be desired, and, although, of course, the rendition of such a work as this by a body of amateurs with their limited opportunities for study and rehearsal, must, of necessity, be far from perfect, yet the faults were comparative few, and such only as are inseparable from a performance under such conditions. In attack, tone and expression, the chorus gave evidence of patient training and hard work. The best rendered numbers of the chorus were, "The fire descends," "Thanks be to God," and "Behold the Lord passeth by."

The vocalists mentioned above all acquitted themselves with credit, and their efforts in the various solos, duets, trios and quartets called down frequent and deserved applause. It would be invidious in me to particularize without mentioning all, and the space at my disposal for-

bids that. The very difficult instrumental music, from the overture throughout, was performed with care and smoothness by the body of instrumentalists, though individual varieties of phrasing would occasionally assert themselves, and the Jomsonian "coincidences of the fiddlers' elbows" was not always observable.

On the whole the performance was one of which the city of Toronto may be proud, as proving the possession of talent of sufficient quantity and quality for the rendering of the highest musical works. I understand that the society has secured the new pavilion now in course of erection in the Horticultural Gardens, and which is expected to be completed about the Queen's Birthday, when they will give three grand public performances at popular prices. The works produced will probably be Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, or *Hymn of Praise*, *Elijah* and the *Messiah*.

At the annual meeting Mr. S. Nordheimer was re-elected president, as also Mr. J. B. Boustead 1st vice-president, and Mr. Ph. Jacobi treasurer. The success of the society is largely attributable to the energy of these gentlemen, and their unceasing watchfulness of its interests.

DRAMATIC.

Mr. John McCullough closed an engagement at the Grand Opera House on Saturday evening, which commenced on Wednesday. During his stay he appeared in the following roles, viz.:—*Virginius*, *Othello*, *Julius Caesar* and *Spartacus*, in all of which he sustained his high reputation as a tragedian. He received valuable support from Mr. Chas. Barron as *Iago* in *Othello*, *Phasarius* in *The Gladiator*, etc., and also from Miss Emma Stockton in *Desdemona*, *Senona*, etc.

Miss Mary Anderson opens a brief engagement on Monday evening, May 5th, and as she comes heralded by the American press as an actress of rare beauty and power, will doubtless draw large houses. The support accorded the "Grand" of late has not been proportionate to the excellence of the fare provided by the energetic lessee and manager, Mr. Pitou, and it is to be hoped that his efforts to provide entertainments of the highest order will not be allowed to relax for want of a proper appreciation.

At the "Royal" Mr. and Mrs. Williamson commence a three days engagement on Thursday, May 5th, in "Struck Oil."

POLITICAL.

Hon. C. F. Frazer, Commissioner of Public Works for Ontario, was dined at the Rossin House on the evening of May-day by his friends. The principal speeches were those of the Guest and Hon. Mr. Mowat, dealing with Ontario politics from the government point of view. The attendance was large. On the following evening a mass meeting of Reform electors nominated Hon. Mr. Mowat for East Toronto.

RELIGIOUS.

The lately elected Bishop of Toronto, Rev. A. Sweatman, M.A., was consecrated on Thursday at St. James' Cathedral with the usual imposing ceremonies. In the evening a reception was tendered him at Trinity College, at which more than a thousand people were present.

The very handsome new Congregational Church on Bond street, (Mr. Handford, pastor,) was opened on Thursday, when the Rev. A. J. Bray, of Montreal, preached the dedicatory sermon.

J. W. H.

AN EXPLANATION.

In reference to a short paragraph which appeared in this journal, a fortnight ago, respecting a legal case between Dame Coleman and Mr. T. F. Miller, we beg to declare that the statement was presented to us by Mr. E. Globensky, husband of the plaintiff, and published without examination of the record. Hence there was not, on our part, any intention to reflect in the least upon Mr. Miller, or to prejudice the case in any way. We may add, furthermore, that our columns are not open to the usual reports of legal affairs.

THE sight of a man wheeling a baby-carriage in the street is a sign, not that the infant is weak, but that the man's wife is strong. And yet, if we were to judge from the amiable grin with which the fond father, under these circumstances, salutes every passing acquaintance, we might erroneously suppose that he was really doing it just for the fun of the thing.

RIDING in a railroad car—Husband: You are quite comfortable, dear? Wife: Yes, love. Husband: The cushions are easy and soft, ducky? Wife: Yes, darling. Husband: You don't feel any jolts, pet? Wife: No, sweetest. Husband: And there is no draught on my lamb, is there, angel? Wife: No, my ownest own. Husband: Then change seats with me!

"SETH," said Mrs. Spicer, "plants are very fashionable for hall ornaments now, and I wish you would get me one for ours," and when Spicer replied that he would have a hat tree hauled home for her, she further remarked that he would keep his stupid jokes for his club dinners, and not bring them home to contaminate the minds of the children. But then wives are rarely grateful.

"NO MAN shall ever kiss me except my future husband," she said, as he was about leaving her at the gate. "Suppose I agree to be

your future?"—"Why, then I'll kiss you," she replied eagerly, and she did. Her mother was informed that he had proposed, and the old lady called around next day to fasten matters, and before he knew it he was eternally hooked. It was mean advantage, but a bird in the hand is worth two on a front gate.

GEORGE ELIOT says that girls are "delicate vessels." They are the sort of vessels that young men frequently put to their lips; but they are not so delicate as their pallor often implies. Did George never hear of a girl walking 3,000 quarter miles in 3,000 quarter hours? It is the girl who dances until 2 A.M., and who sits at the piano two hours in the afternoon and sings "Mother Dear is Growing Old," while her maternal parent is frying slajacks for supper, who is a "delicate vessel."

In a late German story the hero gives a rap-sodical description of the "first kiss" in these ebullient words: "Am I really dear to you, Sophia?" I whispered, and pressed my burning lips to her rosy mouth. She did not say yes; she did not say no; but she returned my kiss and my soul was no longer in my body; I touched the stars; the earth went from under my feet." All of which is very pretty and very poetic, but very indefinite. What the practical American reader wants to know is, if that is the transcendental German way of saying that he was at that particular moment lifted by a paternal boot-toe?

FASHION NOTES.

NEW white lawn ties have the ends finished with black Breton lace.

WEAVERS for the summer are made of India cashmere in the natural color.

NEW parasols have covers of the finest tating made in wheels and crescents.

OLD-FASHIONED changeable silks are again in fashion for dresses and hat trimmings.

WHITE dresses and delicately-tinted organdies and coloured grenadines all show the new striped effects.

AMONG new colours are king-fisher blue, biscuit, cafe, chemise, carmelian, madder, medlar and egplantine.

A NEW suit material is called "Amazon cloth." It is not necessary to be strong-minded to wear a suit of it.

MOUSQUETAIRE hats will be worn for summer with plumes three-quarters of a yard in length hanging down to the shoulder.

BLACK grenadines are made over silk with the new curtain draperies parting at the waist and forming draped sides with fringe.

THE basques on dresses made for young girls are decidedly longer than those worn last season, and the fastening is usually in front instead of at the back.

THE "Copeau" or shaving fringe is now supplanting grass fringe; it resembles a narrow tape crimped, and is sometimes curled at the edges like wood shavings.

A POPULAR bonnet of the season will be of black chip trimmed altogether with black satin for the lining, black feather tips, and an addition of the gold embroidered lace.

MISS WORDSWORTH, daughter of the Bishop of Lincoln and grandniece of the poet, is to be lady principal of the college for young ladies, which is to be established at Oxford.

IRISH poplin is seen in light colours, such as silver gray, white and fawn colour. It is likely to become popular again now that pauciers have returned and stiff fabrics are reinstated.

THERE is a great demand for silk painted by hand in bands for trimming dresses. Some strips have guards of flowers, a bee or butterfly here and there on black or white silk.

THE high directoire collar forms an especial feature of many of the new spring costumes. It is generally lined with satin, and has a rolling collar beneath and a wide flap front.

JET is more seen than last year, and is becoming decidedly fashionable; black satin and dark dinner dresses are very much trimmed with tulle and jet, embroidered with jet and gold beads.

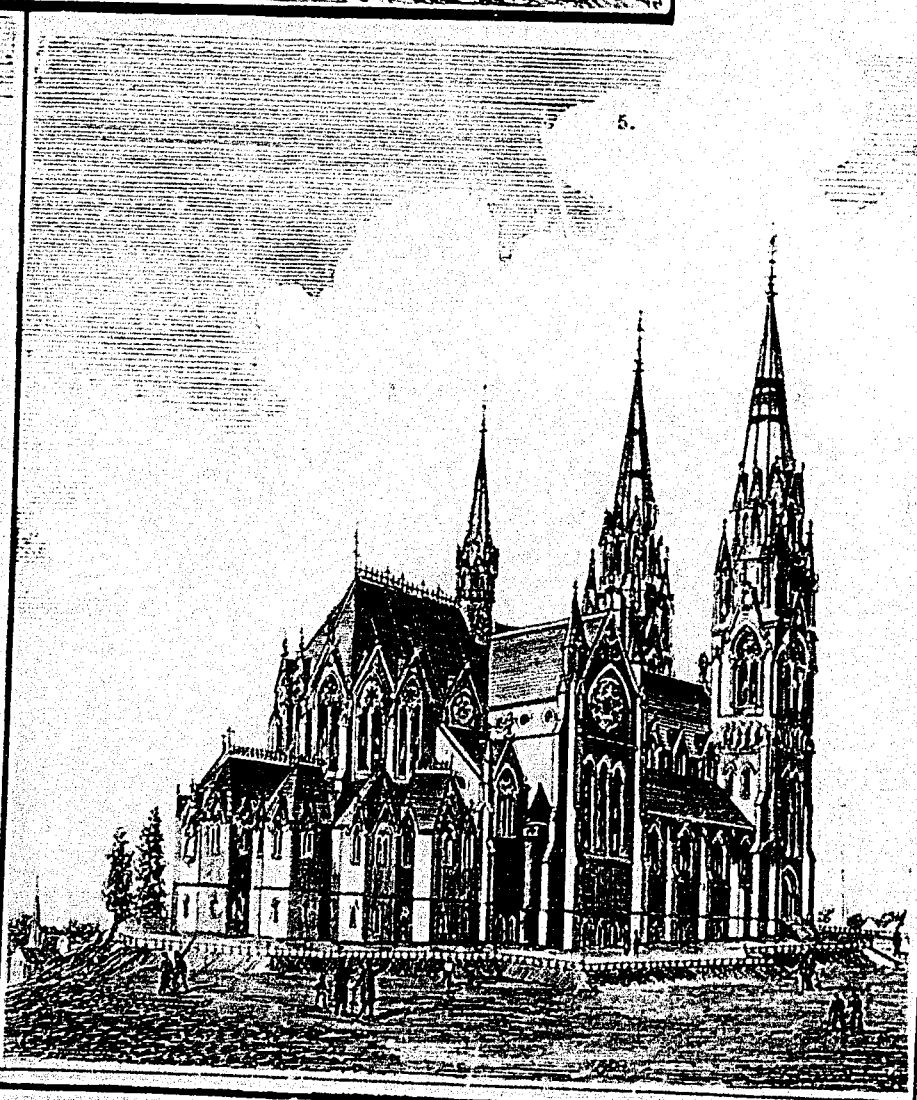
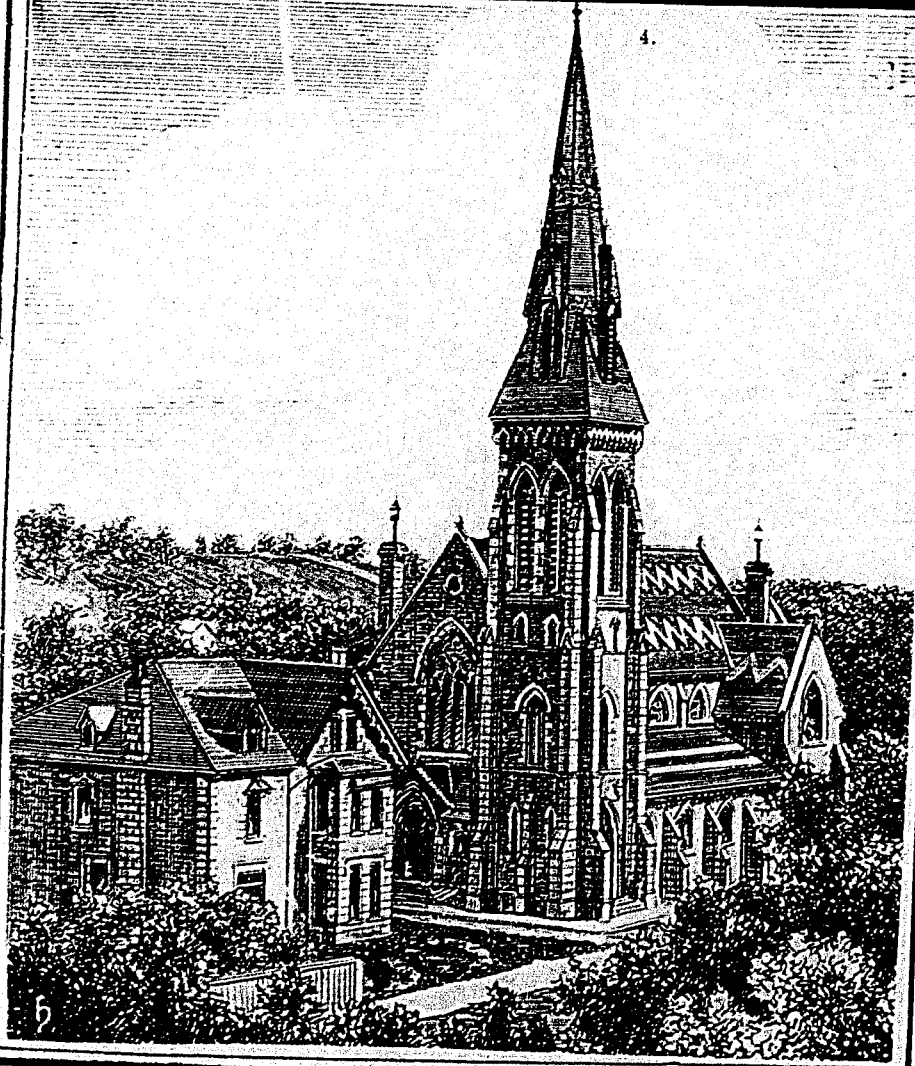
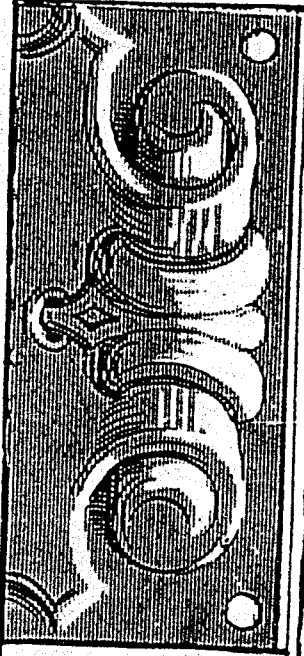
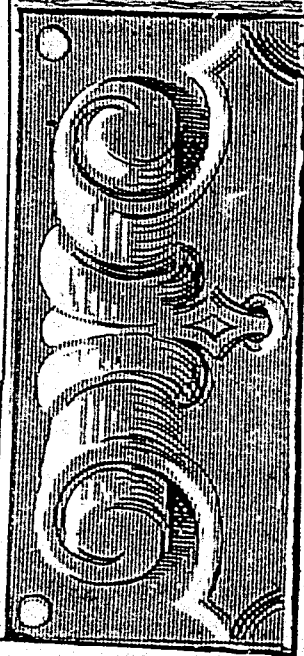
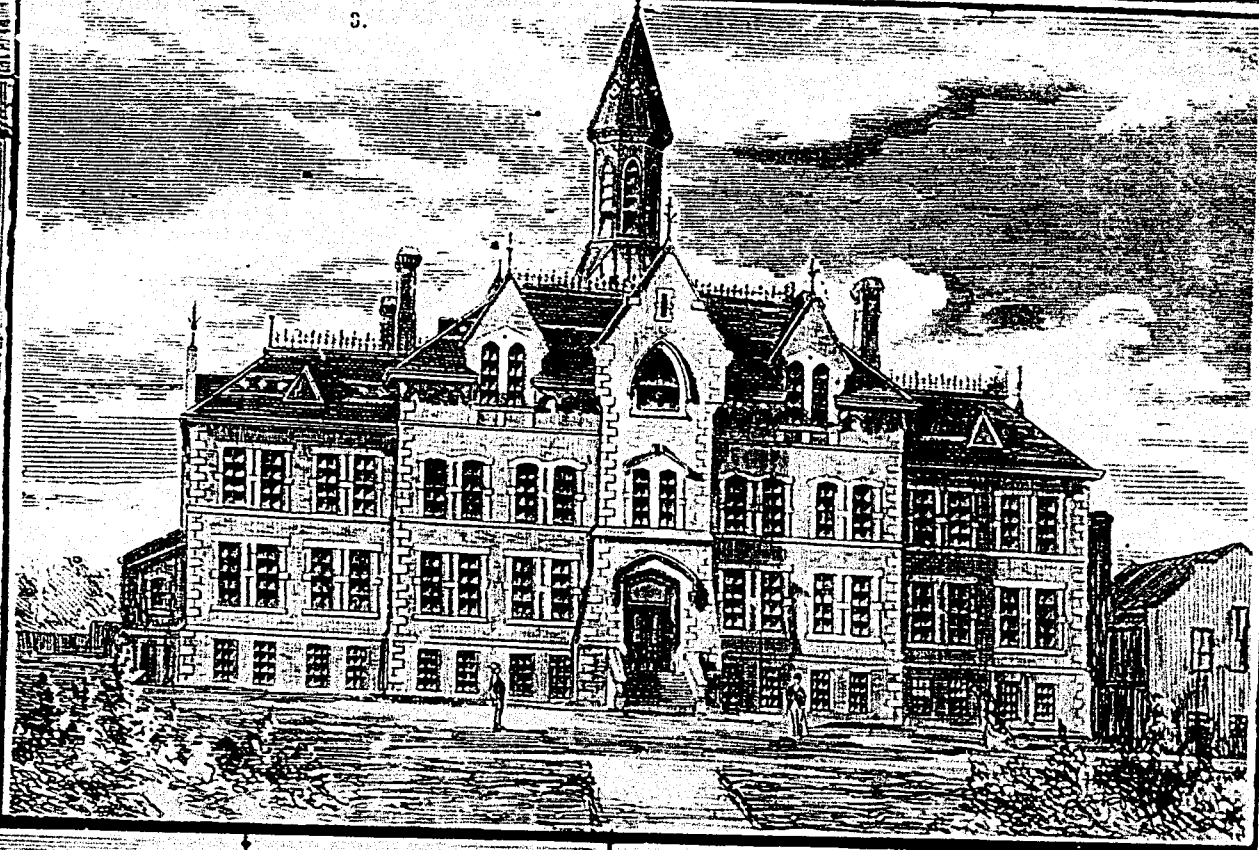
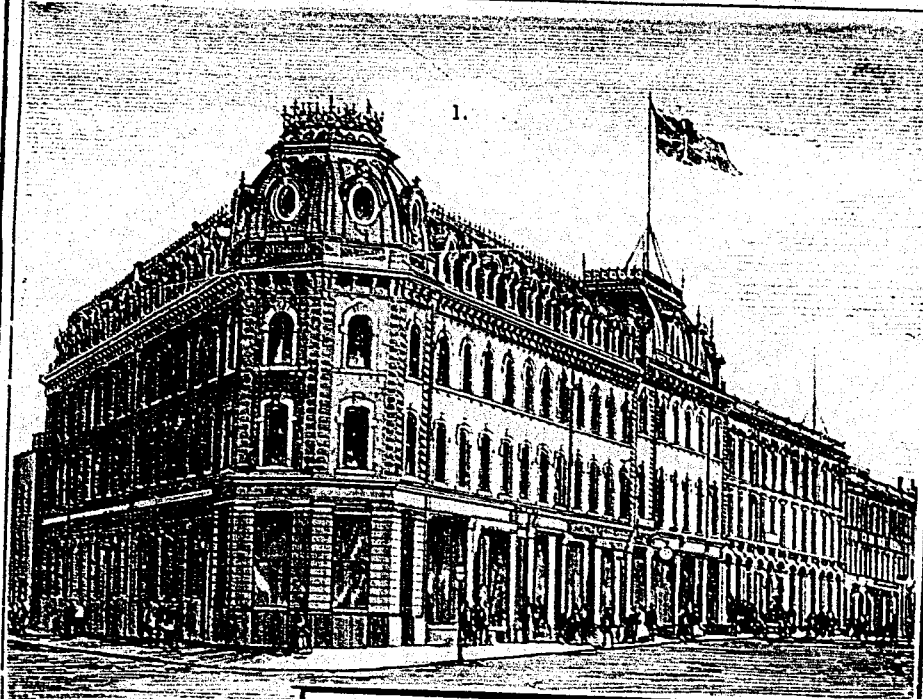
COMPARED with silk, woolen fringe has lost its prestige, and been remanded back to the upholstery department, strict fashion not admitting of the use of silk fringe for the trimming of woolen materials.

THE neck ornaments of Breton lace are only double frills, with headings of mall muslin or crepe. They are made more dressy by the addition of ribbon bows or clusters of flowers suiting the costume.

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 of 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 direction 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.:

THE ZULU WAR.—We are credibly informed by eye-witnesses of the recent disaster at Isandula that, upon the swarming thousands of Zulu warriors not one SHIRT was to be seen. This is scandalous. Common humanity calls on us to send them, *at once*, some of Treble's Perfect-Fitting Shirts. Samples and cards for self-measurement sent free to any address. TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.



1. Wellington Hotel. 2. Herald Buildings. 3. Central School. 4. St. Georges' Church and Rectory. 5. The Church of Our Lady.  
 VIEWS OF GUELPH, THE ROYAL CITY.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 308.—RT. REV. ARTHUR SWEATMAN, M.A.,  
THE NEWLY CONSECRATED BISHOP OF TORONTO.



No. 309.—SIR WILLIAM YOUNG,  
ADMINISTRATOR OF THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.



JOHN HARVEY,  
CITY CLERK AND TREASURER OF GUELPH.



GEORGE HOWARD, ESQ.,  
MAYOR OF GUELPH.



FREDERICK JASPER CHADWICK, ESQ.,  
EX-MAYOR OF GUELPH.



CITY OF GUELPH

**WHAT MATTERS IT?**

What matters it to me what far strange sky  
Should form a vault where I to rest am placed,  
Or what hot waste should spread my bones to dry?  
And what care I?

What matters it to me! Did I not lie  
In the same spot where I have laid to sleep,  
In silence deep, the forms for which I sigh,  
Thither my bones would creep, my phanion fly,  
So much care I.

What matters it to me if no sad eye  
Should answer tear to sigh above my tomb—  
No loved one come to weep me where I lie?  
And what care I?

What matters it to me! The agony  
Of soul to think that she whom I love best  
Should never rest her head where cold I lie,  
Would haunt me even in eternity,  
So much care I.

Fredericton, N.B.

HARRY STRATON.

**THE  
Cities and Towns of Canada**

ILLUSTRATED.

XV.

**BROCKVILLE, Ont.—(Continued.)**

W. FITZSIMMONS, ESQ., M.P.—HON. W. J. CHRISTIE—A NOR'-WESTER'S LIFE—SOME CHARMING SITES—BUSINESS NOTES—CURIOSITIES—BROCKVILLE'S FUTURE.

WILLIAM FITZSIMMONS, ESQ., M.P.

is a son of the late Robert Fitzsimmons, of County Leitrim, Ireland. After fifteen years' service with the 9th Light Dragoons, including the Peninsula War, the father of the subject of the present sketch came to Canada in 1823, and settled at Perth, removing to Brockville in 1851, where he died, ten years after, aged ninety-five. William had settled in Brockville in 1841, carrying on the business of builder and contractor. He speedily took a front rank in public affairs, being elected President of the first Municipal Government, then termed the Board of Police. He has been connected with and taken an active part in the public matters of Brockville ever since, being for fifteen years a member of the Town Council, eight years as Mayor, for which office he was elected six times by acclamation. He sat for Brockville in the Ontario Legislature eight years and was elected to the House of Commons by the Town and Township at the last general election. He has been for many years connected with the School Board and is a Director of the Canada Central Railway. In politics, Mr. Fitzsimmons is a Liberal Conservative; a believer in judicious protection to native interests and an upholder of British connection. His manner is that of the true gentleman; his disposition is kindly and generous to a fault. I question if there is a more popular man in the United Counties.

HON. W. J. CHRISTIE.

At the present time there is probably no one living who has a better knowledge of the extent, geography and resources of the great North-West territory than the Hon. W. J. Christie, one of Brockville's most respected citizens. Mr. Christie's father entered the Hudson Bay Company's service in 1809 and rose rapidly, being a Chief Factor in 1821, when the Hudson Bay and Nor'-West Companies amalgamated. He was subsequently in charge of York Factory, Moose and Fort Garry, and for many years Governor of the Assiniboine District, now Manitoba. He retired in 1849 and died in his native country, Scotland, aged eighty-nine, leaving a reputation and name honoured to this day throughout the Nor'-West.

His son, whose eventful life I purpose to briefly sketch, was born at Fort Albany, East Hudson Bay, January 1<sup>st</sup> 1824. He was sent to Aberdeen, Scotland, to be educated, and returned to this continent with Sir Geo. Simpson, in 1841, almost immediately entering the service at Lake Superior; in 1843 he went to the Northern District and was one year at Rocky Mountain House trading with Blackfoot Indians. He was next stationed at York Factory where he stayed five years, being thence promoted to Fort Churchill, H. B., where he remained four years and was transferred to the Swan River District, Fort Perry; after six years he was promoted to the charge of the Saskatchewan District which he retained fourteen years, when in 1872, upon the re-organization of the Hudson Bay Company's business, he was made Inspecting Chief Factor and Supervisor of the country from Fort Garry to the Arctic Regions, comprising Swan River, the Saskatchewan, English River, Athabaska and the McKenzie River Districts. On returning from his tour of inspection Mr. Christie resigned and settled at Brockville in 1873, after thirty one years' active service.

During the Riel insurrection Mr. Christie was in charge of the Saskatchewan District, and his tact, management and great popularity with the half-breeds and natives undoubtedly saved the Hudson Bay Company from immense loss. It would have been easy for the disaffected to have cut off the northern posts which at the outbreak of the disturbances were almost entirely without supplies, but Mr. Christie managed to avoid a blockade and early got out one thousand

bags of pemmican for distribution among the outlying stations.

In the spring of 1874, the Dominion Government being about to make a treaty with the Plain District Crees, Mr. Christie was appointed one of the Commissioners for that purpose, and when a Council was appointed to aid the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and the North-West he was requested to form one of that body. Throughout the administrations of Governors Simpson, Dallas and McTavish he was their right-hand man and in various ways rendered conspicuous service. His name is mentioned in very flattering terms in Captain Palliser's report of the expedition of 1858-9, and the same may be said of all Parliamentary papers referring to the North-West.

**SOME JOURNEYINGS.**

A brief account of some of Mr. Christie's journeyings may prove interesting to those only accustomed to Palace cars. In 1861, having with difficulty obtained leave of absence for six months for the purpose of visiting Scotland, Mr. Christie set out from York Factory on the 19th September in the Hudson Bay Company's sailing vessel *Prince of Wales*, 550 tons, Capt. D. J. Hurd. The Bay was crossed in three days and the Straights cleared in a week. It took only ten days to run from Resolution to the Lizard, and but for a thick fog in the English Channel, which detained the vessel several days, the passage from York Factory to the East India Docks, London, would have been made in twenty days. This achievement will be interesting to the advocates of the scheme for shipping the grain of the West to Europe via Hudson's Bay. The route is undoubtedly short, but the early close of navigation is a formidable obstacle. However, to resume, on the 4th January, 1862, Mr. Christie embarked on a Cunard steamer for New York, thence took train for Lacrosse, thence by four-horse coach to St. Paul, from whence the journey to George Town, Red River, occupied eight days. Here dog-trains were ready to make the run to Pembina, where a horse cariole was brought into requisition for the 70 miles to Fort Garry. He was thus enabled to report on the 20th February—the very day on which his leave expired. After a week's rest he started for Fort Edmonton, 1,000 miles distant, and accomplished the trip in twenty-eight days. Staying here a month he left for Carleton, 600 miles down the Saskatchewan River, and returned to Fort Garry, 500 miles, on horseback. Remaining a few days he started with Messrs. Dallas, McTavish and Graham for Norway House, north end of Lake Winnipeg, to hold the North-West Fur Council, after which, having been appointed to take charge of an expedition of two North canoes to convey Governor Dallas on a tour of inspection, he set out, 28th June, via Cumberland House, Isle Lacrosse, to Portage LaLoche, 1,600 miles, accomplished in sixteen days. Portage LaLoche is nine miles long. One of the canoes was carried across and the other sent back to Montreal. Continuing their journey Messrs. Dallas and Christie went down Clear Water and Athabaska Rivers to Chippewyan, thence up Peace River to Dunvagan, seventeen days' paddling against the stream. Returning to Heart River a clerk, men and twenty pack-horses assisted them across the portage to Lesser Slave Lake, three days' journey, where the party exchanged the canoe for a boat manned by eight men and were rowed via Lesser Slave River and Athabaska River to Assiniboine, where thirty pack-horses were ready to transport the expedition across the eighty miles to Fort Edmonton. After a week at the Fort, they set out with a light boat and eight men for Carleton House, six days' journey. Here Governor Dallas started for Fort Garry across the Plains, and Mr. Christie returned to Edmonton to winter, having been travelling in all sorts of ways from September, 1861, to October, 1862, during which period he must have covered over fourteen thousand miles.

Another time he made a tour of inspection from Fort Garry to Fort Simpson, about 2,000 miles, which was accomplished with the aid of horses, boats and canoes, in forty-one days. The return journey was made in winter, leaving Fort Simpson Dec. 5th, with a cariole, two dog trains, a clerk, interpreter and two men. It occupied fifty-four days. Not a mishap occurred either way.

**A FUR TRADER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.**

In Mr. Christie's journal I find the following rather dismal entry under the heading "Christmas Day in Camp, Athabaska River, 1872:— Bitter cold. Short commons; dinner, small allowance of poor black dried cariboo; no pudding, no desert or anything of that sort. Tea without sugar; no bread; supper the same. Smoked our pipes; talked of absent friends, and what their Christmas dinner might be. Hard is the life of the fur trader at times."

With all his hardships, however, Mr. Christie left the service with a rare stock of robust health, and he is to-day as hearty a specimen of humanity as you will meet in a day's journey. Though "Edgar Place" is one of the most delightfully-situated mansions in Brockville, he assured me that he often thinks longingly of the great Nor'-West, particularly the Saskatchewan Valley. He says we have no idea of the vastness and varied attractions of our boundless territory to the West, to which the Province of Manitoba is as a speck on a sheet of note-paper.

He predicts for the Saskatchewan District a brilliant future.

**"RIVERSIDE."**

Brockville boasts many handsome residences, indeed, the main road on the eastern side of the town is lined for half a mile with mansions, all occupying magnificent sites on the river bank, and each having peculiar points of beauty which woo the admiration of the passer-by. "Riverside," the residence of Mr. T. Gilmour, is among the finest of these.

**"PINE WOOD"—RESIDENCE OF ORMOND JONES, ESQ.**

This is one of the old homesteads—large and solidly built, standing in its own grounds and overlooking a great portion of the town. The mansion is well laid out; the rooms are large and lofty, and finished in black walnut. Being too extensive for the present owner, he is desirous of finding a purchaser. Particulars may be obtained by addressing Mr. W. H. Jones, Barrister, &c., Brockville. The site is a fine one, and must annually improve in value.

**"RIVER'S CLIFF."**

This is the name given a very picturesque water-side estate, belonging to J. W. B. Rivers, Esq. It comprises some thirty-six acres, situated at the west-end of the town, and is generally conceded to be one of the prettiest locations in the vicinity of Brockville. The views either up or down the river are charming, the broad expanse of the noble St. Lawrence being pleasantly varied by numerous islands, the first group of the Thousand (more or less) which have made this part of the great river famous the world over. The estate is a natural park, possessing the best characteristics of Thousand Island scenery. It is high, beautifully shaded, being in the midst of a pine grove, yet catching every breeze that sweeps the river; the facilities for bathing and boating are first class, while, though seemingly miles away from the busy haunts of men, it is within a few minutes' walk from the centre of the town.

The three cottages shown in the engraving were early secured by summer sojourners, and it is probable that others will be erected. Mr. Rivers has a number of very fine building lots to dispose of, and is prepared to offer extremely reasonable terms to desirable parties. I should mention that a carriage drive has been made through the estate, and that there is a good landing, with a commodious boat-house. No doubt the time will come when a palatial summer hotel, rivaling the Thousand Island House, will be built. It would "pay," as thousands of Canadians from the back towns and villages, to say nothing of people from East and West, annually go to the hotels on the American shore, simply because Canada does not boast one real good summer house on the banks of the St. Lawrence. I expect to see some wide-awake Brockville men make a move in this direction ere long. Land in the west end of Brockville must eventually become very valuable, as all the good river-side sites in the east are taken up.

**MOLSONS BANK.**

This building, situated on Court House Square, has been the home of various bank agencies. The Molsons Bank branch was established in Brockville, Jan., 1873, under the management of J. W. B. Rivers, Esq., who still retains charge.

**T. GILMOUR & CO.**

This is one of the oldest Grocery, Grain and Provision firms in Central Canada, and its progress has been uninterrupted. The premises, two hundred feet deep, situated on Main Street West, are very extensive, and include large store-houses for various kinds of grain. The business is both wholesale and retail, and extends over a considerable area. Messrs. Gilmour import their teas, &c., direct, and are large exporters of grain and other staples. This house is quite a Brockville "institution."

**THE ST. LAWRENCE HALL.**

This is the popular hotel of the town, and its popularity is of the kind that grows. The proprietor, Mr. Amos Robinson, is a veteran hotel-keeper, having been in the business nearly twenty-five years. He is untiring in his efforts to please his patrons, and the steadily-increasing flow of guests prove that he is successful. The bookkeeper, Mr. George Newsome, is a great favourite with the travelling public. A more genial, attentive and obliging gentleman it would be hard to find. The house has some forty comfortable rooms, and has recently been improved in several respects. The dining-room is cheerful, and a skilled cook presides in the kitchen. A free 'bus attends all boats and trains.

Talking of travelling reminds me that Brockville boasts a trunk-maker, who is acknowledged to be "hard to beat." He manufactures a trunk which is said to bother "baggage-smashers" badly, while the lock is so wonderfully made that a novice has to carry a sheet of instructions as to the way to open it. His name is Beacock and he keeps an assortment of valises, gun-cases, bags, &c. The store is on Main street west. When Barnum's show passed this way Mr. Beacock received orders to supply every performer (except the elephant) with a new trunk.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC.**

I have to thank Mr. J. B. Murray and A. C. McIntyre & Co. for photographic favors. Whatever they could do to assist me they cheerfully did. Both turn out excellent work; Mr. McIntyre devoting himself more especially to views among the Thousand Islands—of which he has a splendid variety—and Mr. Murray turning his attention to portraiture, in which study he is constantly making improvements.

**TRINITY CHURCH.**

Anglican—is rather curiously situated on the brow of a hill at the west end of the town. It is a stone building, and at present lacks a steeple. The minister is the Rev. Mr. Crawford.

**NATURAL CURIOSITIES.**

In the vicinity of Brockville are one or two natural curiosities, which are duly pointed out to the visitor. Among these may be mentioned a natural well high up in the granite rocks at Hill Crest, to the west of the town. Another object of interest is known as the "Devil's Footprints," which appears on a flat rock by the shore near River's Cliff. The theory is that the Old Gentleman stepped across the St. Lawrence at this point. As there are no signs of his return it is a pleasant fiction with certain good folks that he never came back, but others, judging by what they see and hear, hint that he probably slipped into Canada again either by the Victoria Bridge or at Niagara. At the east end of the town, by the river side, there is a curious cave underneath a market garden. I could not get into the cave, neither did anyone seem to know much about it. I would suggest that the gardener sink a shaft and use the big hole as a root cellar, and for the cultivation of mushrooms.

**INDIAN ROCK PAINTING.**

On a cliff at the east end of the town a curious painting in brown ochre is to be seen, though some Vandals have done their best to efface the interesting object. It is supposed to be a memorial mark, denoting that a war party to the number represented by the perpendicular lines were slain in the vicinity, the mound and cross representing a grave. The St. Regis Indians say, "Some time ago the Caughnawagas were going west on the war path and made the painting on their way up. They were all killed. The marks denote the number of the party."

**THE JOHNSTOWN STOCKS.**

The above does not refer to a financial speculator, but to the apparatus for punishing offenders, which in the olden time stood at the place designated. It appears that when the Brockville folks succeeded in wresting the title of County Town from the effete Johnstown settlement, a party went down to bring away the stocks. A stout resistance was met with, and the invaders were forced to go home without the stocks, which, after being for many years favorite playthings of the boys, finally fell to pieces.

**BROCKVILLE'S FUTURE.**

Brockville has not been a place of rapid growth, but its progress, if somewhat slow, has been steady, and it has weathered the storm of commercial depression in a manner which many other towns may well envy. Probably the future will in no marked degree differ from the past in the matter of development. At present there is nothing observable likely to cause a sudden rise. Great things are expected by some in the event of a bridge being thrown over the St. Lawrence at this point to connect the Canadian Pacific R.R. with the United States railway system. But this is a very remote contingency. If the new tariff works as its promoters expect, no doubt Brockville will get its full share of manufacturing industries. True it lacks water-power, but its central situation, transportation facilities, and the fact that it already possesses a variety of factories, allied with the consideration that it is not far from a rich and varied section of mineral producing country, must always weigh in its favor. As regards agricultural resources, the locality has for many years been famed for its butter, and the probabilities are that this profitable industry will be largely developed in the near future. The land, as a rule, is better adapted for dairying than for any other branch of farming. A certain increase of population will be always due to the attractiveness of Brockville and vicinity as a place of residence for persons in easy circumstances. The locality is healthy and beautiful, there is first-class society, and Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and the cities of the States are easily reached. Of course Brockville is not an earthly paradise or perfect town. In my earlier writings I have not refrained from pointing out defects to be remedied—but, take it all in all, it is, as our American Cousins would say, "a real nice place," and I shall always look back to my sojourn within its borders with feelings of unalloyed pleasure.

**ARTISTIC.**

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is going to manifest her genius in yet another form; after sculpture, painting, poetry, ballooning, the extra-gifted actress will now appear as art-critic in the columns of a new Parisian daily paper, announced to appear shortly.

The Queen has purchased a book of studies by the late E. M. Ward, R.A., for the two pictures "The Installation of Napoleon III. to the Order of the Garter," and "The Royal Family visiting the Tomb of Napoleon I.," both painted for and now in the possession of Her Majesty. The book contains portraits of many interesting personages connected both with the French and English Courts at that period.

The latest fashionable pastime is paper sculpture. The requisites for indulging in this art are a pair of sharp-pointed scissors and pieces of thin Bristol board. The flowers are cut out singly, and then gathered into a bouquet, and, after being mounted on a piece of black velvet, they are covered by a concave glass, and we have a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Those flowers most desirable for beginners are pink, trailing arbutus, roses, fuchsias, daisies, and blue bells.

NIAGARA.

Deep, wide, stupendous are these sublime Falls--
Sullen and strong the murmur of their roar.
Eternal is the tide that tumbles o'er
The sombre summit of their rocky balls--

Yet it as furious and as hugely fell
In ancient days of which no records tell--
As loud the chorus when it echoes sung
Thro' each recess of the primeval woods--

How wondrous grand and savage is the scene.
Where four great lakes full in the nation's sight
Pay tribute to their sister--her birth-right.
How strange and solemn 'tis to stand between
Dim caverns and their opalescent screen--

Montreal. H. J. K.

A GLANCE OVER THE HEADS OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

In the good old days of ignorance and honesty, many hundred years before the introduction of barricades and opera bouffe, the hair was looked upon in France with a kindly regard which amounted almost to reverence.

A great value was attached to a fine head of hair, and all the resources of ingenuity and art were exhausted by the women to set it off to advantage. It was as much considered and cultivated as it was by the goddesses of Olympus;

combing out her "long, glorious locks." It was to Venus, by the way, that the Roman ladies prayed when they were afflicted with an epidemic malady which carried off the hair of their heads;

he would have been fascinated, no doubt, in the same way. Juno, "by whose splendid hair," as the poet says, "all Olympus was perfumed," the god of wine dared not approach out of respect due to her as the wife of his father, or the aversion due to her as the destroyer of his mother.

'Till the end of the thirteenth century the veil was the principal feature in the coiffures of the French women. It was worn attached to a small crown, from which it fell in neat folds, or thrown over the head and shoulders, or tied across the forehead and under the chin.

for beneath its ample folds the hair may be plainly distinguished. It is tastefully dressed in the most simple style. The hair is brushed down over the forehead, and curls hang in heavy clusters down the back, falling from the ugly little silver crown to which the veil is attached.

Her hair was rolled in many a curious fret.
Much like a rich and curious coronet.

The veil covers less of the hair than it did formerly. It is thrown off the forehead--indeed, it might have been advantageously thrown off the head altogether, for it adds nothing to the attractiveness of the coiffure.

The turban is ornamented with small blue bows, but the simple, almost religious character of the coiffure is still preserved. At the back of the head, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her shoulders loosely was displayed.

of Marguerite of Provence shows us the same coiffure with the bandage untied. In front
Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

Till the end of the thirteenth century the French Fashions show more ingenuity than art. The women dressed their hair unpretentiously, as became their lowly condition in life. Shut up in the castles of their lords and masters, they could hardly be called creatures of a world with which they held no intercourse.

THE GLEANER.

On his return from his last journey to Europe the Shah of Persia determined to adopt the use of post-cards in his dominions. A million and a half of post-cards have accordingly been ordered in the Imperial Printing Press at Vienna.

THE infant Bulgarian National Assembly is teaching us a lesson relating to the law of libel. The Organic Statute, or Constitution, dispenses with a censorship of the Press, and declares that publishers will not be held responsible for libel if the authors of incriminated articles are known.

To paper collars, paper petticoats, paper curtains, paper carpets, paper chairs, paper tables, paper chandeliers, paper frames, paper corals, paper jewellery, paper barrels, and paper wheels for railway carriages, must now be added paper stockings.

DR. NEWMAN, the new English cardinal, plays on the violin and violoncello with exquisite taste and skill. He is beside a composer of no mean abilities, and has set many of his own hymns to plaintive and appropriate airs. The symphonies of Beethoven are his evening's delight.

A GOOD story is going the round. The mail steamer which put into Plymouth on its way to the Cape with the Prince Imperial on board, was greeted by a visit from an ex-mayor, who congratulated the Prince on his zeal and pluck in going to the war.

EDISON'S patent clockwork pen is a recently-imported novelty. It is used as a manifold writer, and by its means some of the most beautiful designs may be produced and copied ad infinitum. It has the appearance of an ordinary screw pencil, but where the small piece of lead is usually contained is a very fine needle.

HEARTH AND HOME.

EARNESTNESS.--Whatever you try to do in life try with all your heart to do it well; whatever you devote yourself to devote yourself to completely; in great aims and small be thoroughly in earnest. Never believe it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hardworking qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfillment on this earth.

ENDEAVOUR.--It is the activity of the mind, not the functional vitality of the body, that constitutes life. By the enlargement of our ideas

and the general diffusion of knowledge, consequent upon our increased powers of locomotion and comparison, we may condense a whole existence into a narrow compass of time, and enjoy a dozen such lives as were passed by the most enlightened of our ancestors.

LAUGHTER.--Inasmuch as laughter is a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, we seem to be guilty of a sort of ingratitude, if not impiety, in not exercising it as often as we can. We may say with Titus that we have "lost a day" if we have passed it without laughing.

JEALOUSY.--It is true that some people are born with a jealous temperament, and can no more help it than they can help their brown hair or their black eyes, if they happen to have hair and eyes of those colours; but they can in great measure help the development of it, if a course looking to that end has not already been adopted for them in childhood.

HUMOROUS.

A FACETIOUS correspondent calls the frog the Dutch nightingale.

IT takes more sense to write a good nonsense than it does to write good sense.

THE strawberry festival season, with about three strawberries to a festival, is approaching.

IT is a French saying that sooner or later we pardon our friends all the injuries we have done them.

A SHERIFF, being obliged to arrest his father, was asked where he was going, and replied: "I am going to Bagdad."

THE average railroad map is cut bias. The wide black lines show that there is but one way to go to any known place.

AN Atlantic darkey who tried to send one of his children through the post-office was arrested for an attempt at blackmailing.

THE other day a man died so suddenly that the body was almost cold before the distracted and grief-stricken relatives found the will.

AN ardent old churchman was lately heard to say: "What our ministers most need nowadays is a religion that won't stand around for a fat calf."

"GREAT heavens!" he murmured, as the dealer named the price, "I don't want a whole strawberry; I only want a small slice off the round."

LET a small boy catch his kite on a telegraph wire, and he will exhibit more ingenuity in getting it down than it would take to invent a first-class flying-machine.

BETTER is a dinner of verbs where love is, than a whole banquet of nouns, pronouns, adjectives, adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctive conjunctions, with hatred therein.

A KANSAS boy of fifteen has been detected making arrangements to run away with a woman fifty years old, and live on an island in the Pacific Ocean. It is a pity they did not let him go, she would have been a grandmother to him.

A SHORT time ago a Danbury man had forty dollars stolen from him. The thief was subsequently struck with remorse, and sent back twenty dollars, with a note to the effect that as soon as he received more remorse he would send back the rest.

IT is now stated that the water of boiled celery is a sure cure for rheumatism. This leaves only one ailment for which celery is not prescribed as a cure, and that is poverty. And no doubt it would cure this if the patient were to eat nothing but celery for several weeks.

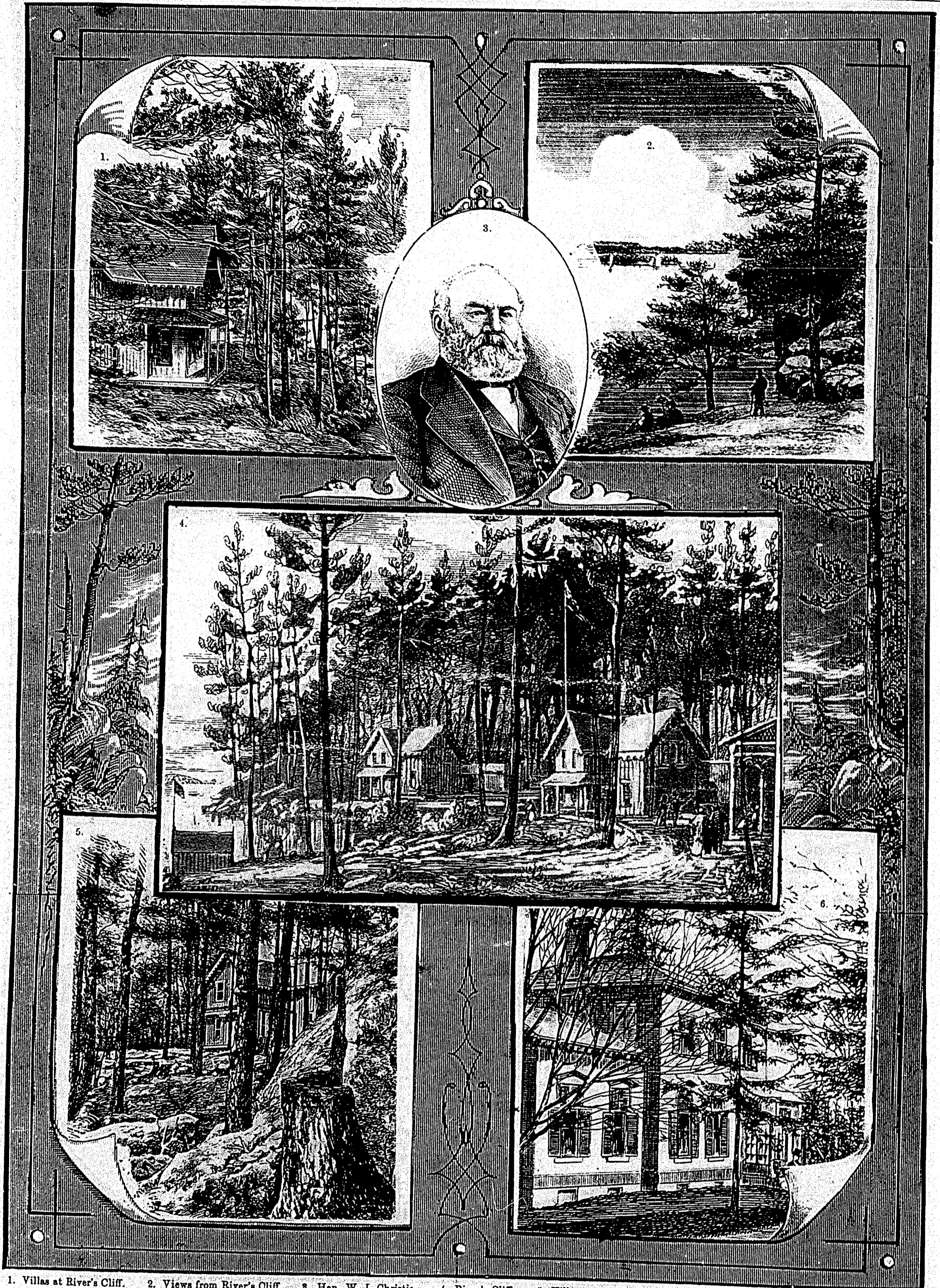
GOVERNESS (desirous of explaining the word "enough")--"Now suppose, Freddy, that you gave pussy all the milk she can lap, all the meat she can eat and all the sweet cake she cares for, what will she have?" Freddy (with surprising alacrity)--"Kittens."

THE Derrick says a boy in Oil City came stumbling in the house with the remnants of a dozen mashed eggs in a bag and a broken molasses pitcher, yelling: "I beat him solid and two laps to spare." He thought the next lap, which was his mother's, was the hardest of any.

THE gentleman who attracted attention in one of our churches recently by crying out "Holy Moses!" had no intention of disturbing the congregation. He had been tacking down a carpet the day before, and just as he sat down in his pew he was suddenly reminded that he had half a paper of tacks in his coat-pockets. We make this explanation in justice to the gentleman.

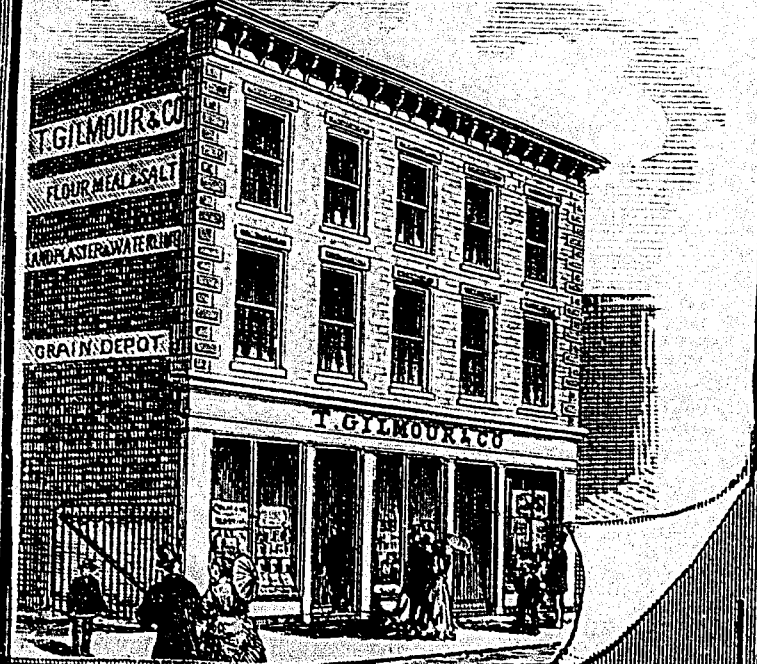
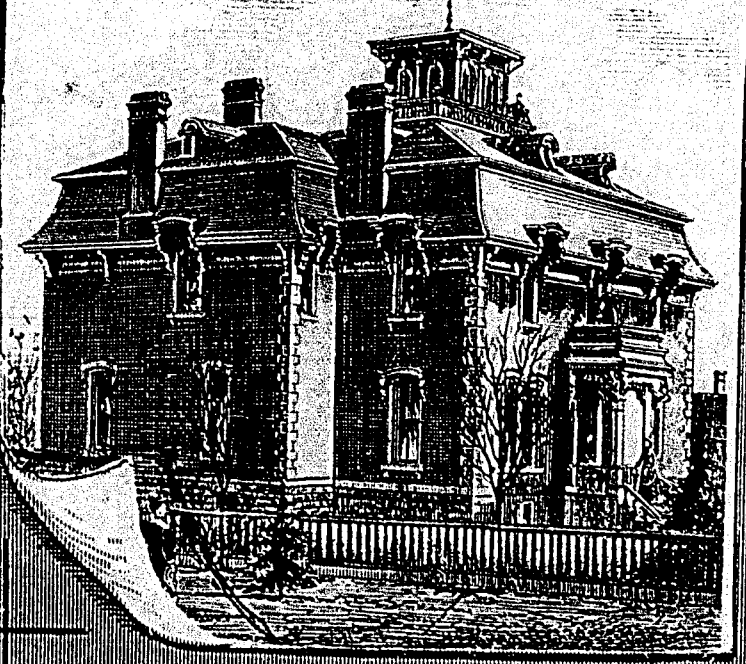
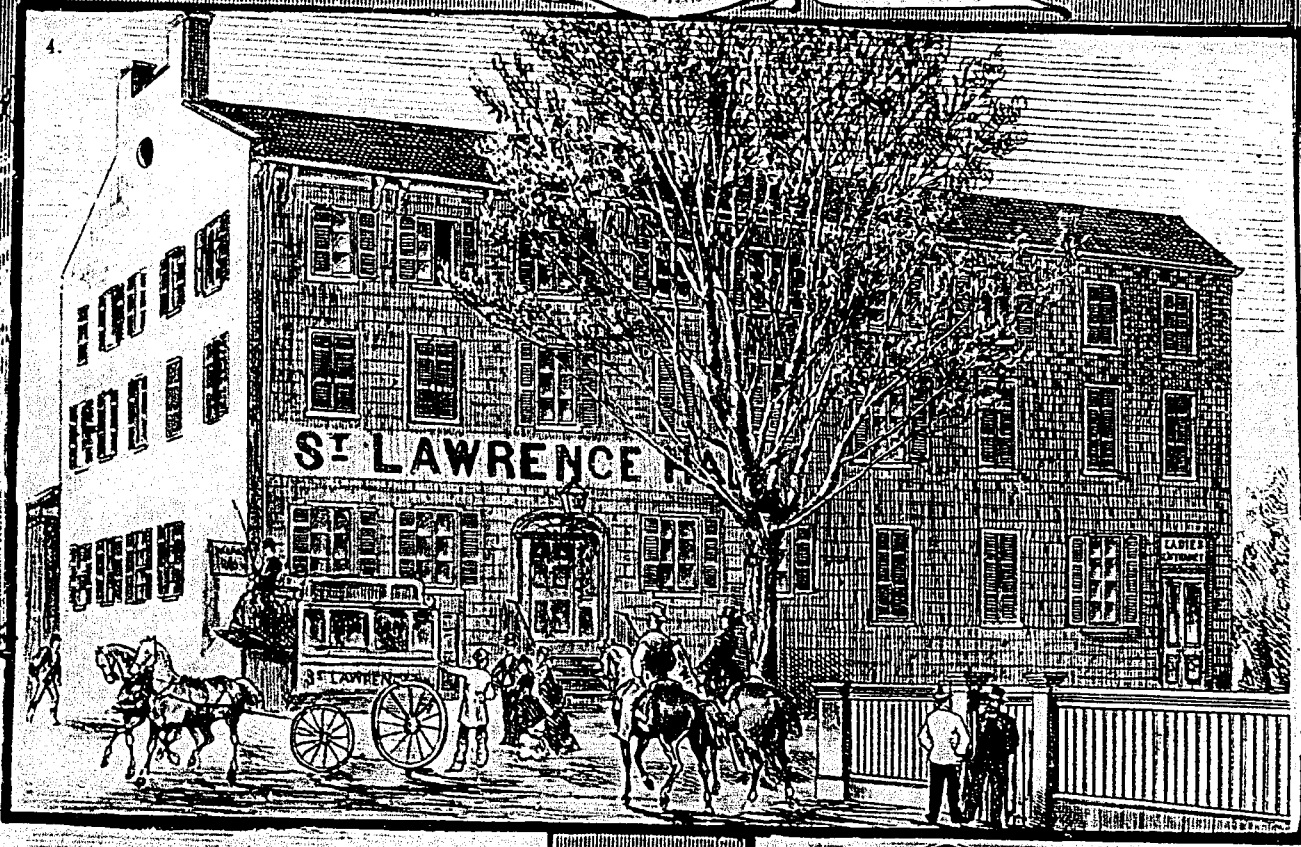
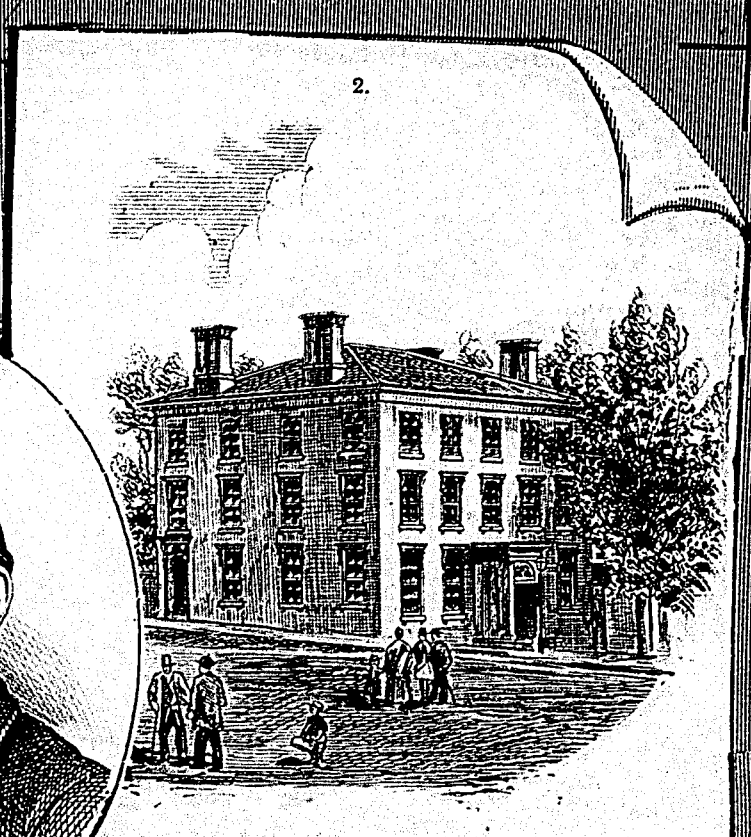
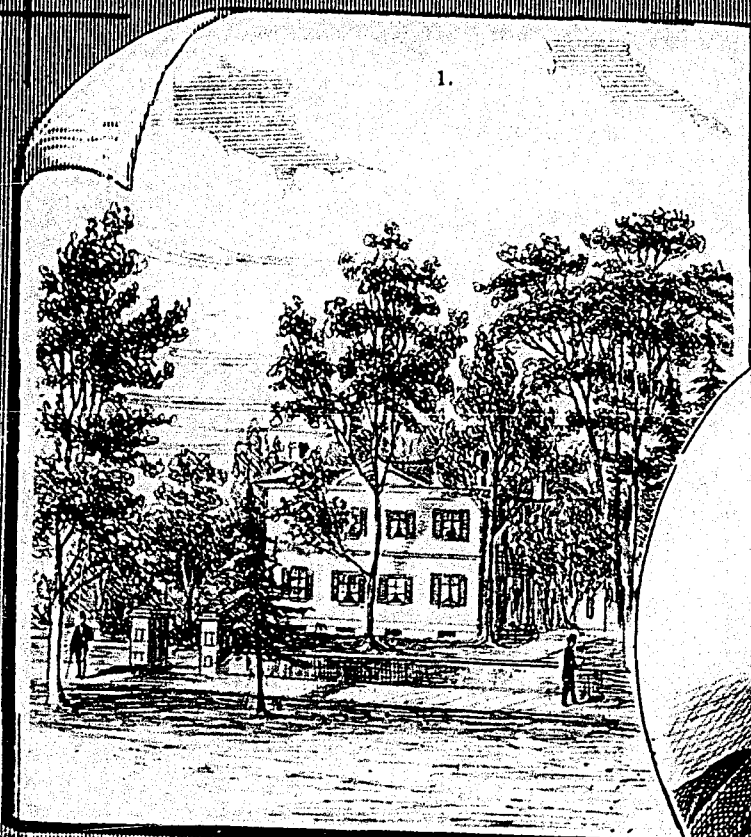
A YOUNG man with the blush of country life on his cheeks sold out his produce on the market yesterday and entered a shoe store and said he wanted a pair of shoes for his wife. "What number?" asked the clerk. The young husband scratched his head, looked very much embarrassed, and finally said: "Well, I've been married eight months, but this shoe business stumps me. I don't hardly believe she wears 'levens, and I don't think she can git into fives. I guess if we split the difference we'll hit her pretty close." He was given a pair of eights, and after squinting along the soles, he observed: "I guess them'll do; she is awful proud, and I know she'll squeeze into 'em for all she's worth."





1. Villas at River's Cliff. 2. Views from River's Cliff. 3. Hon. W. J. Christie. 4. River's Cliff. 5. Villas at River's Cliff. 6. Edgar Place, residence of Hon. W. J. Christie.

BROCKVILLE (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED (III.)



1. Residence of Ormond Jones, Esq. 2. Molsons Bank. 3. Wm. Fitzsimmons, Esq., M.P. 4. St. Lawrence Hall. 5. Riverside. Residence of T. Gilmour, Esq. 6. T. Gilmour & Co.'s Store.

BROCKVILLE (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED (III.)

## LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHDAY CHAIR.

Professor Henry W. Longfellow, whose seventy-second birthday occurred on February 27th, was the recipient of a testimonial of regard from the children of Cambridge, which was a gratifying surprise to the venerable poet. When Brattle street, in Cambridge, was widened a few years ago, it became necessary to remove the old horse-chestnut-tree, in the shade of which stood the smithy, celebrated in the "Village Blacksmith." The wood of the tree was preserved by the city, and from a portion of this has been wrought an elaborately carved chair, which was sent to the residence of the poet, who was at a loss to divine the source from which it came, but on raising the cushion the following inscription, on a brass plate, furnished the desired information:

To  
THE AUTHOR  
OF  
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH  
This chair, made from the wood of the spreading  
chestnut-tree,  
is presented as  
An expression of grateful regard and veneration  
by  
The Children of Cambridge,  
who with their friends join in best wishes and  
congratulations  
on  
This anniversary,  
February 27th, 1879.

The design of the chair is very pleasing and seems to be in perfect keeping with the origin of the material and the subject which it commemorates. The heavier parts are all made large, which is partly owing to the nature of the wood, so that the chair has the appearance of solidity, and at the same time is not denied whatever contributes to an appearance of comfort and utility. The colour is a dead black, an effect produced by ebonyizing the wood. The upholstering of the arms and the cushion is in green leather. The castors are glass balls set in sockets. In the back of the chair is a circular piece of exquisite carving, consisting of horse-chestnut leaves and blossoms. Horse-chestnut leaves and burrs are presented in varied combinations at other points. Around the seat, in raised German text, are the following lines from the poem:

"And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing floor."

And the following is the reply of the venerable poet, who never wrote anything sweeter, or more graceful in conceit. This is a proof that at past three score and ten the poetic faculty is as perfect in him as it was at thirty.

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.  
TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE

Who presented to me, on my Seventy-Second  
Birthday, February 27, 1879, this Chair,  
made from the Wood of the Village Black-  
smith's Chestnut Tree.

Am I a king, that I should call my own  
This splendid ebony throne?  
Or by what reason, or what right divine,  
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song  
It may to me belong;  
Only because the spreading chestnut tree  
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,  
When in the summer-time  
The affluent foliage of its branches made  
A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,  
Its blossoms white and sweet  
Fruited the bees, until it seemed alive,  
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shower,  
Tossed its great arms about,  
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,  
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,  
Shaped as a stately chair,  
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,  
And whisper of the Past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride  
Repel the ocean tide,  
But seated in this chair, I can in rhyme  
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,  
The blossoms and the bees,  
And hear the children's voices shout and call,  
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,  
I hear the bellows blow,  
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat  
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me  
This day a jubilee,  
And to my more than threescore years and ten  
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,  
And in it are enshrined  
The precious keepsakes, into which are wrought  
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could  
Give life to this dead wood,  
And make these branches, leafless now so long,  
Blossom again in song.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,  
February 27, 1879.

LORD DERBY is the hero of this. A Frenchman lately remarked to him how extraordinary it was that France should be governed by an English Prime Minister. "I wish as much could be said for England," muttered the ex-Foreign Secretary.

## DID HE LOVE ME?

Did he love me? Ah, who can tell? Dead lips and closed eyes reveal not.

I was a seamstress, and mother and I lived in a tiny cottage on the cliff. From our window we saw every day, and all day, the billows of the mighty Northern Ocean dashing on the shore, or in gentle moments the white wavelets dancing on the bosom of the blue deep. The summer's sun lit it up with a golden glory, and the icy snow of winter melted into it and left no sign; the gray sea-gulls floated on it, and so did the bodies of the dead sometimes. We were very poor; and when mother was ill, I could not leave her to go out and work, nor even to seek employment that I could take home and do beside her; so when this happened, you can think they were hard times with us. Bread became scarce, and had it not been for the dried fish, sometimes we would have had a sorry dinner. One of the houses to which I used to go, when we were little known, belonged to the captain of the coast-guard; and I really enjoyed the days I spent helping Mrs. Leigh cut down and alter the dresses and jackets of the young ladies. They were such dear bright girls; it was like a ray of sunshine bursting into the room when they came and turned over the things in my basket "to see Nelly's love letters." What merry laughs they had, and what a tangle they made of all my cottons and tapes! They all knew the story that had been the cause of my going to live on the cliff, and they thought none the worse of us because father had got into trouble before he died.

They knew we could not help that; that mother had sold the little home I was born in, and had given up everything she possessed, to make up the deficit in his accounts and hide his name from shame as much as possible. When he died, mother moved to this out-of-the-way fishing village to try and forget and be forgotten. There was no money now; nothing to keep a roof over our heads but what she and I could earn; so she taught a few of the fisher children to read and write, and I went out to the houses of the few gentle folks who lived near to sew. How different they were, these employers! There was the farmer's wife, Mrs. Abdy, as proud and conceited as the finest lady in the land, with her silks and satins; too grand by far to look into her dairy, or lend a hand in the cheese-room. The flouncings, the plaitings, the braidings and trimmings of all kinds, that I put on her gowns, and yet I could not hear on enough to please her. She would come into the spare bed-room and read out bits from all the fashion papers; and, oh dear, how tired I was when 8 o'clock came and I went home to mother again!

Very different were my busy days at the Leighs. I worked in the snug sitting-room, while Miss Leigh played, Carrie drew, and the mother knitted socks for the Captain. Ah, there was no pride about them; only good, kind hearts and bright looks; and often did Mrs. Leigh make some soup or a pudding which she gave me, saying: "I am sure your mother will like it, Nelly; so just run home with it, my dear; you can stay longer to-morrow." And off I used to run along the road, up the steep chalk-cliff, and in at the cottage door, disturbing all the little ones at their reading and writing. Mother looked up; and how her dear face brightened when she saw the cause of the commotion in the black hat and tartan shawl standing in the doorway! Then I sat down, and how fast the lessons went! Even that stupid Joe Hawkins did finally master "twice two are four." The eight-day clock in the corner struck; little legs and feet scrambled about for hats and caps, and out they all ran, leaving the cottage at last to mother and me. The joy of those early home-comings! I was there to get the tea ready, and mother's eyes followed me all round the room to the cupboard where the cups lived, back to the table, then away again for the teapot. O dear old days of long ago!

I wonder would you care to hear what our cottage was like? Nothing pretty or romantic, not a bit of it. Just a little, low, long cottage, with two windows on one side of the door and one on the other, and the sloping tiled roof; the walls were tarred black. "Very ugly," you are saying; perhaps so, only I didn't think it when I used to see the curl of the smoke from the chimney, the dark red tiles of the roof, the black walls, the bright glass of the windows, the leaves and flowers of the few poor plants, and the flicker of the fire looking at me, as, tired from my day's work, my eyes lighted on it as I came up to the cliff. "Dingy, ugly place." Yes, I dare say; but it was my home, and I loved it.

When the spring came there was a good deal to do at Sea View; Carrie was going away on a visit to her aunt, the Captain's sister, who had no children of her own, and who might, perhaps, one of these days, add her help to Carrie's wedding portion. None of the Leighs had ever suggested this thought to me, but they often said how rich Aunt Mary was, and she had no children of her own. I built up a little romance in my imagination, in which she was to adopt Carrie and give her all her money, so that she might marry a penniless Jack Lambert I had heard of, and—live happy ever afterward. I worked with a real delight to turn Carrie out as well as possible, and between us we coaxed the Captain out of a five-pound note, had a great envelope of patterns from Franthorpe, and later a big brown parcel containing the prettiest dress material you ever saw. I even went to

Mrs. Abdy's and borrowed the very last fashion book "for myself;" of course I would not say it was for the Captain's daughter. We made the dress, and it looked lovely, and Carrie prettier than ever, if possible, in it. Just in the middle of all this business, when we were working hard all day, a letter arrived saying that Ned, the Captain's son, was coming back. He had been at sea when mother and I arrived at the cottage, so I had never seen him, and had a great curiosity to behold this "sailor boy" of whom I had heard so much.

The letter was sent off from Malta, so he might soon be expected home. What preparations they made for his return! He was the only son, and you can well imagine how fond and how proud both the Captain and his wife were of him.

The "bunk," (for so the Captain had christened the room Ned was to have), was fresh papered; loving hands worked all kinds of pretty things, from slippers upward (they were made and placed ready for use when he should arrive); Carrie painted a big cardboard flag to look like a Union Jack, and in gold letters wrote a huge "Welcome" on it, which she hung up in the little hall; and the whole family lived in constant expectation of Ned's home-coming.

How the wild waves beat against the cliff; how the wind sighed and moaned as we sat there in the cheerful sitting-room at Sea View! Carrie was going to-morrow, and there was still a lot to do; so I had asked my mother to let me stay there until Guy Weeks, the old fisherman, should pass the Captain's on his way home late that night; and he was to call for me and see me safe to the cottage door.

My needle was flying along, as if spurning the snowy muslin under it, and Norah was making the buttonholes on Carrie's new bodice, when the bell rang.

Out they flocked into the tiny hall; glad loving voices were lifted in greeting; and a few moments later they all came back into the sitting-room, bringing with them Ned—curly-headed, brown-haired, sun-burned Ned. How handsome he looked as he stood there; his pilot-jacket buttoned over his chest, and the little cap perched a wee bit on one side of his bonnie head!

"Nellie, this is our Ned."

"Isn't he a darling?"

"There, Nellie, that's something like a young salt."

"My dear old Ned, how glad I am to get you home again!"

How many more words and looks and greetings! And as he stood there, with one hand on the Captain's shoulder and the other round his mother's waist, who could doubt him? He looked so well worthy of all their loving worship.

"Come and see your room, Ned," cried Carrie.

"Did you see the big flag, my boy?" inquired Mrs. Leigh.

"Come along, Ned; come along!" And Carrie put her arm through his, and dragged him half unwillingly upstairs.

Then they had a private hugging and kissing outside the door again; I heard them; and then up went Ned, two stairs at a time, and Carrie after him.

"What do you think of him, Nelly?"

I said something stupid, I suppose. How foolish I was! I absolutely felt left out in the cold, with all this welcoming and loving going on around me.

Norah evidently thought my praise constrained and cold, for she laughed and said, "O, Nelly, I am sure you are jealous at not having him for a brother yourself!"

Presently Carrie and Ned came down; he, glorious in the new slippers I had helped to make. Yes, I had helped, though that was a secret between Carrie and me; for she had got the wools all wrong, and I helped her unpick the pattern and set it right again.

So he sat there and told them of all he had done, of where he had been, of the queer sights and sounds of the far-off lands; and when old Guy Weeks called for me, Ned and the Captain had begun singing a lot of old sea-songs; and as I closed the door the last thing I heard was something about "little Billy." And I went with the old fisherman out into the dark tempestuous night, with the refrain of "little Billy" ringing in my ears.

Mother was anxious enough when I reached the cottage, and took many a good look at me to assure herself that there was none of me blown away by the winds or washed away by the rain.

"Come in a minute, Guy, won't you?"

"No, I thank you, missis; it be main tempting, but I'll just go on home."

"Well, thank you for bringing Nelly; good-night."

"Good-night, neighbour."

We heard the splash, splash of the old man's boots as he tramped on in the wet mud. Mother took off my hat and cloak and gave me a cup of tea; then she sat down on the other side of the fire to hear the news.

"Is the Captain's son come, Nelly?"

Mother had asked this question every night for a week past.

"Yes, mother, he came this evening."

"What is he like, dear?"

"Oh, big and brown, and curly-haired and sunburned."

"That's a queer description, Nell."

"Well, mother, it's true."

"Weren't they glad to see him? I can just imagine."

"They hugged him and kissed him enough, anyway."

"One would think you had no one to hug and kiss you, Nell, from the way in which you talk."

Dear me, what a cross-grained crabbed girl I was, to be sure! What could it signify to me if they had all gone on kissing Ned from now till next Sunday night?

"What did he talk about, child?"

"He told them a lot of stories about whales and sharks, and black people, and palm trees with dates on them—ever such a lot of stories; only I was busy working, you know, and they took no notice of me. Then he and the Captain began to sing, and they were still in the midst of it all when old Guy came for me."

Carrie did not go to her aunt's next day; she wrote her a letter instead, telling her of Ned's return, and saying she could not leave him just yet; mentioning all the little presents with a flaming description of the munificent donor.

I went up there every day to work, and the day seemed very short in spite of Carrie's and Ned's mischievous pranks. They were always teasing and tormenting some one, and my scissors and cottons took to living in curtains, under sofa-cushions, and in all kinds of old places.

Then Ned would often, on wet days, fetch out some amusing book from his father's den, and read out to us as we all sat at work. Sometimes we would laugh at "Harry Lorrequer," sympathize with "Snarleyow," or get what that ridiculous Carrie called "Wilkie Collins' creeps" over the "Moonstone."

He had a trick of settling himself in a folding-chair near the little table I worked by, and now and again he would look up at me, his brown eyes twinkling with mischief or melting with tenderness, as the case might be. I told you how good and kind all the Leighs were to me, how they remembered that I had not been born to quite such a lowly sphere as the one I now occupied; so they never treated me like they would have done an ordinary seamstress, but used to let me sit in the room with them, and get my meals there, instead of in the kitchen with the servants. I suppose they told Ned my poor little story; or else it was his own innate delicacy that made him always affect not to know that I was paid for my work, and to treat me with just the same consideration he showed Norah and Carrie.

I was so grateful to him for this little kindness, so proud and happy when sometimes he would walk up the cliff part of way home with me, that I forgot that I was now only a poor work-girl, and let my heart secretly thank him for the new brightness he had brought into my life.

How he used to laugh at our dress discussions at Sea View, and give us the most ludicrous suggestions for female attire! He would dress himself in a skirt of Carrie's, a jacket of Norah, and any one's hat—sometimes mine—and, entering the room with dignity, ask who we thought him like. Ah, childish nonsense; but how we delighted in it all!

The winter was come, and still Ned staid on, though his leave was getting very short. The tears used to come in Mrs. Leigh's eyes now when his departure was talked of; so though no one could help thinking of his going, no one mentioned the subject.

I thought on one or two occasions Carrie's bright eyes fixed themselves on me in an inquiring manner that winter; once or twice she made queer little remarks about her brother, which I, fearful of showing the great love in my heart, always willfully misunderstood.

It was quite true—deny it how I would—in my heart, quite deep down, lived the image of Ned, dear, kind, gentle Ned, who had never asked my love—how could he? I was only a poor seamstress—but to whom I had given it all—passionate, deep, agonizing love, whose wild aching half frightened me.

At last it came; how we had all dreaded it! It came: Ned's recall. The old Captain gave a little short, sharp laugh. "To work, to work, Sir! Do you suppose her Majesty keeps a great strong fellow like you to read to a parcel of women-folk, and dress up in their petticoats?" Then he walked to the window, took a pinch of snuff, and used his handkerchief more energetically than usual, I thought.

Carrie ran up to Ned, and hid her wet eyes in his neck; Norah poured out the hot water instead of the tea; Mrs. Leigh—ah, I shall not say what she did; you who have no Neds would only call her a foolish old woman. Of course it was no business of mine, none in the least; I had no right to feel the tiniest atom moved; but my heart seemed to die away in me, and then—oh, then—I went on cutting the bread and butter!

If you could have seen them all during the day, each bearing up for the other's sake, and each longing to be alone and take off this mask of gayety. In the afternoon somehow they went off one by one; just stole out of the room.

Thank God, I was alone too; I might breathe freely now; no more need to hide it all. The twilight came; I could not see to work, and, unheeded, the big tears tumbled down on my knee. Then, O then, my love, darling, I thought I might never see him again; and to fancy I pictured all possible and impossible horrors, foolish, stupid girl that I was; and my hands went up to my face, and the stifling sobs came, and the big lump in my throat, and—O, would that I had died!

I don't know how long I had been crying like this when my hands were pulled down from

my face, and a voice said, "Why, what's the matter, Nellie? What are you crying for?"

It was Ned who had come into the room and caught me.

There was no good denying it; he had heard the sobbing; so, though I tried to choke it all back, I could not. He still held my hands. "Why, you silly little person, any one would think you had a real big trouble." Ay, so I had, Ned dear.

"Is your mother ill again, Nelly? Can I help you any way?"

What should I do? It was heaven to have him there by me, holding my two hands in his firm grasp; and yet I could not let him think—O, what should I do? Do? Just what I did; make an utter fool of myself, and begin crying again worse than ever.

"Poor little Nelly! There, Nelly, don't; tell me all about it. Poor little Nell, dear little Nell!" His hand went on my shoulder, gently round my neck, and Ned's lips just touched my hair. Ah, it was killing me; to sit there and make no sign, with my pulses throbbing and my heart boiling over with love for him!

I jumped up from my chair and ran out of the room, upstairs, until I reached Carrie's room, where I threw myself, panting and aching all over, on the door-mat.

The door opened and a moment later Carrie's arms were around me, and she had lifted me into an easy-chair by the fire-place.

"Why, Nelly, whatever made you scamper up here like that? Were you frightened of ghosts down below there, or had you a headache?"

Silly, good-hearted Carrie! Not a headache, dear, but such a weary heartache.

"It's very silly, Carrie; but you know I am very nervous, sometimes; I am sure a storm is coming up, and I feel all shaken, and have one of my headaches."

"Lie down on my bed, then, and you shall sleep here if you like."

I lay down, and Carrie sat by me until the tea bell rang; then, for I had not spoken, she thought I was asleep; and as the Captain was the model of punctuality, and expected his children to be so also, she left me and went down.

How the wind raged! It seemed as though it would beat in the window of Carrie's room! I could not lie there any longer. I would just scribble a line for her, and, getting my hat and shawl on my way, go home; so, softly I went down the stairs and out at the door into the wild, threatening night.

The wind eddied round me, and nearly took me off my feet, and I leaned against a low wall to take breath. A step came nearer, and the next moment Ned appeared.

"Carrie said you had gone home. How foolish of you, this wild night! You had far better stay till to-morrow."

Ah, was it fate, then? Was I not to get away from this man?

"I am quite well now; my headache is gone; indeed, I can get home."

"Well, Nelly, I shall come too. Fancy going out such a night as this. There'll be plenty of wrecks to-night, and the wreckers will have a busy day to-morrow. We are in for a real storm, and no mistake."

The wind was against us, and try how we would we could make but little progress. All my presentiments came back upon me. What if this were our last walk, this the last time I should see him!

"Trembling again, Nelly? If you were a fine lady I should say you were hysterical; as you are a sensible girl, I believe you are going to be ill."

"No, I am quite well; it's only a cold."

More and more the wind blew, keener and more bitterly as we neared the cottage.

"Nearly home now, Nell, and I want to tell you something before I leave. I must not keep you out here, though. May I tell you to-morrow, dear?—What's that? A signal of distress! Again, again! Run in, child, run in! I must go and help, if help be possible. To-morrow, Nell, to-morrow!"

He almost forced me inside the house, put his arm round me, pressed kisses on my aching, burning brow, turned and ran down the cliff.

Mother came to the threshold, and, seeing me tottering, put her dear arms about me and pillowed my head on her breast.

"You have been walking too fast, darling; get your things off. That's a shot from some ship in distress. Poor things! God have mercy on them this wild night!"

How long we stood there I don't know. The storm came on in earnest; the sharp claps of thunder and the vivid flashes of lightning succeeded each other; down poured the rain in torrents. The flashes lit up the distance, and there, not far out, we could see a ship, and the innumerable black specks flitting about, poor things, in agony.

Louder and louder pealed the thunder. I could not rest there, so I broke away from mother and rushed down the cliff to Sea View. Had Ned not said he was going to help? Breathless, mud with love and terror, I reached the Captain's house.

"Ned, Ned!" I cried, when the door was opened.

"He is gone," answered Carrie's voice; "gone out in the lifeboat with the men."

"Gone!" And like a mad thing I flew on and on till I reached the beach.

"The lifeboat?" I asked of the crowd of

fisher-folk standing there, all called out by the signals of distress from the ship.

"She be gone out, lass. I'm most afeard she won't do no good."

"The Cap'n's son, he's gone in her!" cried one of the women.

I knew it, feared it, felt it! O, Ned, Ned, come back to me! More rain, more thunder. Ah, God help those brave fellows! The lightning flashed and showed the life-boat tossing about on the wild white waves.

"She'll never weather it! Yes, she will, God bless her!" Another flash. Where was the life-boat and her gallant crew? Ah, where! All eyes strained seaward, waiting for the next flash to light up the course of the white boat.

Where was she? The flash came; it showed the boat—keel upward!

O God, where was he—Ned, my darling? My senses left me. I can not bring back one moment after that, until I woke to find myself in the little cottage, with mother's loving face looking over me.

Days passed, and still my mind wandered, and the scene of the beach was quite effaced from me until I heard old Guy Weeks' voice ask mother at the cottage door, "How be she to-day, neighbour?"

"Not much better, Guy, I fear."

"Ah, poor lass, she loved the Cap'n's son's my belief."

Then it all came back; and brought by my scream, mother returned to me. For many days I lingered between life and death; then in time mother told me the rest of that sad night's events.

How, when I broke from her, she had followed me to the Captain's house, thence on to the beach, where she had just caught sight of me when I ran back, like one whose feet had wings, up the steep cliff, and with one wail threw up my arms and leaped into the angry sea below. Mother flew down to the beach, implored and begged the men to go after me—but this fearful night would have shaken the courage of heroes. All looked away, and mother was nearly mad with agony, when old Guy Weeks came up to her.

"We'll go, neighbour, me and grandson Tom; and by God's help we'll bring your lass back again!"

And amid dangers of every kind they rounded the cliff, and made their way in their fragile boat to the place where I had thrown myself. There, then, they found me, bruised and shattered by the fall, washed upon a boulder of rock, utterly unconscious.

They put me in their boat and brought me back to mother, and there I lay for days and days, a fever raging within me and a prey to wild delirium. My hip was broken in the fall, and never more, the doctor said, should I walk the well-known road to the cottage door, where I had bid farewell to my heart's darling.

And he—brave, gallant Ned—he had been washed ashore with the others of the life-boat's crew; and all was mourning and misery at Sea View. O heaven, would that I had died and my bonnie sailor love had lived!

I lie here now, all day and all night, winter and summer, watching the plashing of those cruel waves on the shore, thinking always of Ned's "to-morrow." What would he have told me, my heart's treasure? Was it that he loved me? Ah, who shall know it ever?

Years have passed since this. Carrie, bright, loving Carrie, comes to see me often, and together we talk of him. She knows I loved him. How well I loved him God only knows.

I have a curly brown lock Carrie gave me. I kiss it and I love it—it is all I have of Ned.

Ah, did he love me?

A COIN OF EUCRATIDES.

There is a delightful zest about it, this finding of a unique coin, a bit of money which remains alone of the thousands which were made ages ago, which no one but the true numismatist can feel. The survival of the coins of the Greek and Roman periods appears, when one thinks about it, quite remarkable. It is the fate of the precious metals to change often in form, for eventually all the gold and silver goes to the melting-pot. Such discoveries, then, as have been made of old coins are due entirely to accidental hoardings, stowed away in the bowels of the earth, which time only, with the purest chance, brings to light. The military chest of some Consul, the Commander of a Greek or Roman army, might have been buried to escape capture, and thus there turns up most unexpectedly, some thousands of years afterwards, the gold and silver of a pagan Emperor. There may be yet slumbering in the bed of many a placid lake or swift river innumerable old coins which some day may be fished from the depths—coins worth a thousand times more than their weight in gold or silver.

Here is the true story of the rarest of all coins, and how a precious metal came to be the great numismatic triumph of the French collection. One evening in July, 1867, a French gentleman, an expert of the British Museum, was dining in London with General Fox, the son of Lord Holland. In the midst of the dinner-table talk, the numismatic enthusiast was addressed as follows by a gentleman present: "I am sorry you were not in town to-day, for I should have sent you a queer kind of a fellow (a glass of wine with you?) who says he came from Bokhara, and who pretends he has a rare (your very good health) coin." The numismatist was all attention.

"It was a gold coin, so he said, of some an-

cient King of India, and would weigh as much as twenty sovereigns, and was huge—as big as the palm of my hand."

The numismatist's heart was in his mouth.

"Sorry you seem so excited about it. It is my belief that the whole thing is a forgery. Just think of it! The shabby-looking fellow who was hawking the coin around had the impertinence to ask 5,000*l.* for it!"

The numismatist thought over it, and, as an expert, reasoned in this way over the story: "Forger he may be. Still there may be something in it. Issuers of spurious old coin never have brains enough to invent new forms; they always vamp up representations of certain well-known coins. Anyhow, it may be worth while for me to look it up as a numismatical monstrosity."

"The fellow," continued the informant, "seemed very much down on his luck. He told me that wherever he had been to show or sell his coin, the experts had kicked him out, declaring that his piece of money was a forgery."

A hope sprang up in the coin-collector's heart—an inkling that some great find was near at hand. Instinctively he rose from the dinner-table, determined to set out at once in search of the coin. Gen. Fox, the host, being himself the most enthusiastic of collectors, understanding what it was to have a fit of numismatic fever, excused his guest's further presence at the dinner. Out started the numismatist from Kensington, and posted as quick as a cab could take him to Islington, for at Islington he knew an Oriental who kept up communication with those curious waifs from the East, who only turn up in the greatest city of the world. A trail was discovered in Islington itself, and soon the miserable lodgings of the man from Bokhara were found. The landlord of the house said, "The man you wish to see is just gone to bed. I know he has been trying to find you. Shall I call him down?"

"Yes, at once," cried the expert.

In a few minutes down came the man who had been kicked out by every coin-collector in London. With the help of the Oriental who acted as interpreter, the Bokhara man was told to show his coin. Then the Bokhara individual took off his queerly-cut coat, next his embroidered waistcoat, then his waistband, next his shirt, until there was nothing on him above the waist but his undershirt, and from under his arm-pit he drew out with great deliberation a dirty, sweat-begrimed leather case, which he laid slowly on a table. Presently the case was opened, and in an instant the eyes of the expert were dazzled with that peculiar soft, yellow sheen which only antique gold gives forth. It was, indeed, a prize. One glance alone was sufficient to show that it was a grand medallion, a unique coin, the chiefest, the rarest in the world. It had taken years of study on the part of the numismatist, a transmitted instinct, in fact, through some generations, for this expert to appreciate a rare coin at a single look.

Knowing that in dealing with Orientals an intending purchaser must exhibit no anxiety, the expert did not allow a muscle of his face to move.

It was the Bokhara man who took the gold coin and placed it in the numismatist's hand. If the recipient's hand had trembled in the least with excitement, the wily Oriental would have made a hard bargain. It was a supreme effort, for when the piece was touched only by the numismatist's fingers a thrill, something like an electric shock, tore up his arm.

Said the Bokhara man, through the interpreter, "That coin cost me dear. It has been sweated in man's blood—his heart blood. Seven of us found that piece of gold. We quarreled over it. That was natural. It was worth a fight. We fell on one another with knives and daggers. After a while, for it was hot work, five of the men rolled dead in the dust. Only two of us were left. The other man is still at Bokhara. He agreed that I should come to Europe to sell this bit of gold. Since it was found I have always carried it under my arm. There are, I understand, more skilful thieves in England than in Bokhara. They all say in London, those who have studied old golden money, that this coin is a forgery. I know better. Will you buy it, my Lord?" The expert looked at it again and satisfied himself as to its authenticity. It was an antique. More than that, it was a numismatic prodigy. Its weight was nearly five ounces, or twenty staters, and its value in gold about £110. On one side was the portrait of Eucratides, King of Bactria, who lived 185 B.C. The bust of the monarch was crowned with a helmet, ornamented with the horn and ear of the bull, a peculiar attribute of the kings of Bactria. On the reverse were the Dioscures, Castor and Pollux, galloping on horseback, with the legend in Greek, *Βασίλειος Μεγαλοπύργου, Ευκρατίδου* (the great King Eucratides). There was a defect, something like a line running across the field of the piece. This defect was the glory of the coin. This showed the number of blows which were required to strike such a big piece. The die with which the coin had been stamped must have been broken after this piece was made. The numismatist was wild with joy, for certainly this piece was unique. It was the first, may be the last, of its kind, and there never would turn up in this world another piece of gold like it.

"Ask him what he wants for it," inquired the expert with concealed indifference. "It is worth something of course—its weight say, in gold." The Bokhara man's eyes twinkled—they were black, snaky eyes. "I will take 5,000*l.* for it, my lord, and nothing less," said the man, coolly, as he picked up the coin, slipped it into

the bag, and was about putting it under his arm.

Now came the moment of trial. The expert lighted a cigarette and smoked to calm his nerves. Then, blowing the smoke from his lips, he said: "I tell you what I will do. I will give you, right now, my check for 1,000*l.* for the piece. If the coin is not mine in twenty minutes I shall offer you 800*l.* for it, and so on until I get to 500*l.* If you don't close with me to-night, to-morrow I will not take it at any price."

"Twenty minutes passed," said the expert, "like an instant. The Bokhara man seemed immersed in deep thought. Then he turned on me suddenly," continued the expert, "pierced me through with his black eyes, and put the much-coveted coin in my hand, while his long, bird-like fingers were bent like talons to take the check. The coin was mine. I slept," said the expert, "with that coin under my pillow; that is, I tried to sleep, but so excited was I that I never closed my eyes that night."

The numismatist took the earliest conveyance across the English Channel. This medal was not for common collections. It was a piece for the French museum. The Emperor Louis Napoleon heard of it, as did the Minister of Instruction. M. Feuardent considered an offer of 30,000 francs for the medal as an imperative command that the coin should remain in France. So stay it did, and though 50,000 francs, just double what it cost, were offered for it. This coin of the Bactrian Eucratides is now the greatly prized ornament of the Cabinet des Medailles. To-day it lies in a glass case all by itself. There is a little handle coming out of the box which permits the public to turn the coin so that both sides of it can be seen.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

IT is dangerous to ask a woman idle questions when she is adding up a grocery bill.

A LONDON paper thinks that by residing in Europe an American girl can gradually "get rid of her war-whoop." American girls don't war whoops now.

"How nicely the corn pops," says a young man, who was sitting with his sweetheart before the fire. "Yes," she responded, demurely, "it's got over being green."

NO YOUNG man in Rochester has any chance with the fair sex unless he can tell the names of several thousand stars, and is able to discover a new planet about once a month.

BONNETS are not worn in heathen lands. Hence churches are not popular there. It requires a new spring bonnet to develop the latent Christianity in a woman.

WHEN a lady by accident discovers that her photographer has put her picture in his showcase, she goes home and makes a terrible time over it, but doesn't order it to be taken out.

A touching story is told of a little New Haven child who, having received a "reward of merit" card from her teacher, held it up to the sky all the way home, that her dead father might see how good she had been.

IN the latest London novel two ladies are described as having "that air of affability about them that shows they regard themselves as women who soar superior to anything like an attempt made to sit upon them by other women."

A HIGH-SCHOOL girl in Des Moines the other day gave the following definition of spring: "When the gentle zephyrs make the wing on your hat stand straight up and all your scolding locks severally assert their individuality, then it is spring."

WHEN you see a window-blind with two slats disconnected from the rod which is intended to hold them in place, it is safe to conclude that there is a woman behind, and equally safe to wager that she isn't dressed and that the dishes are not washed.

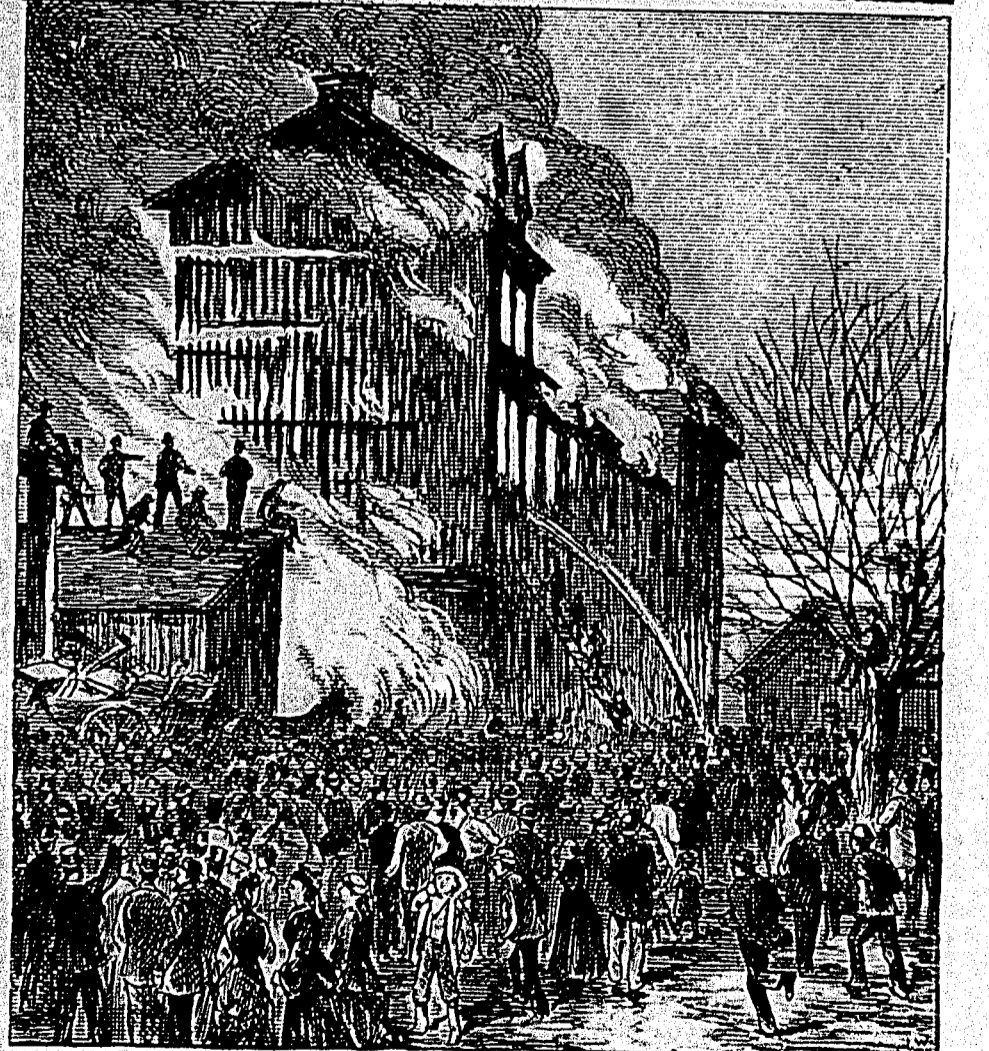
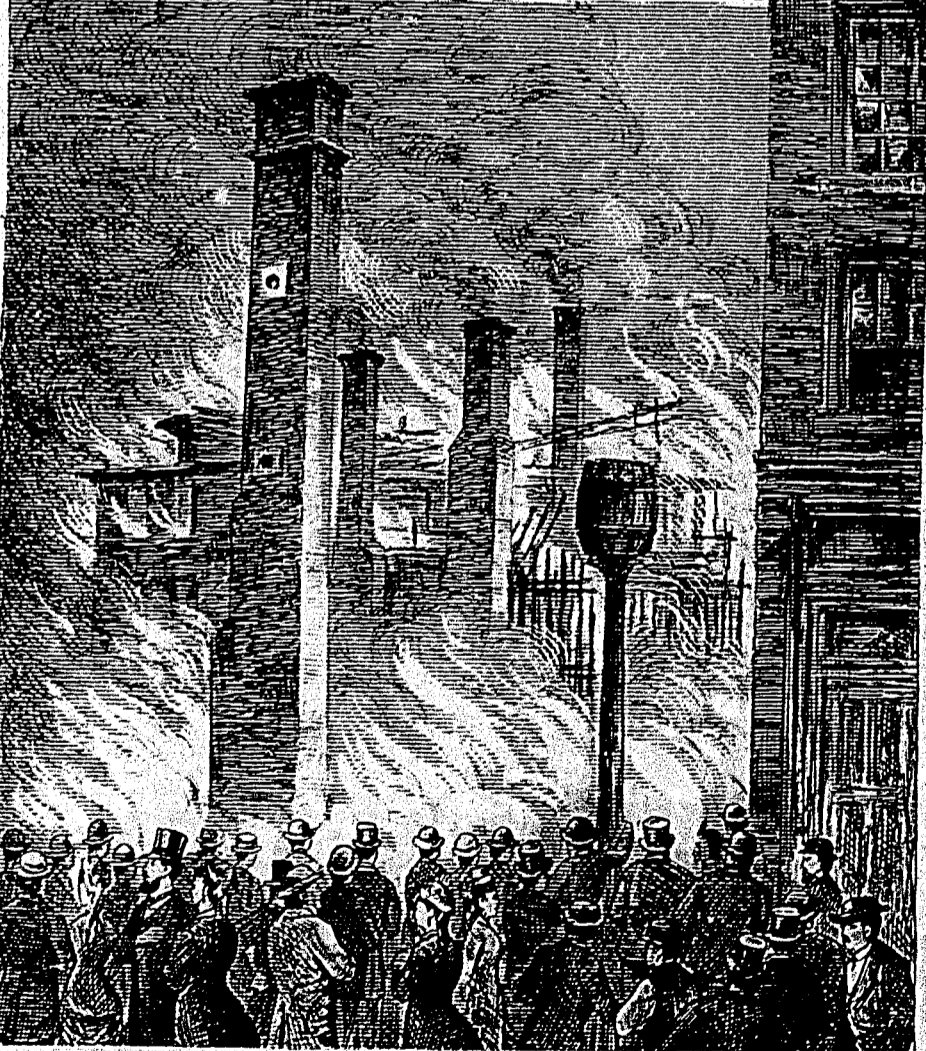
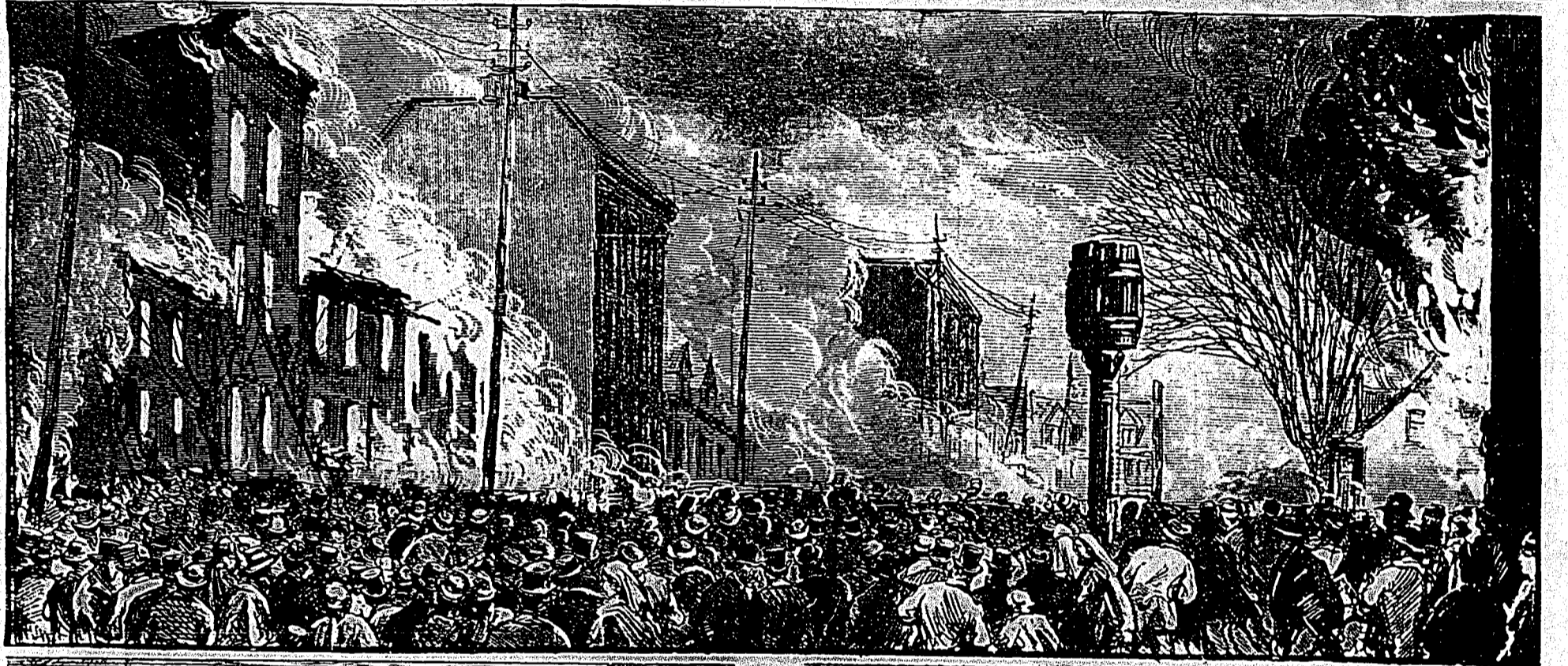
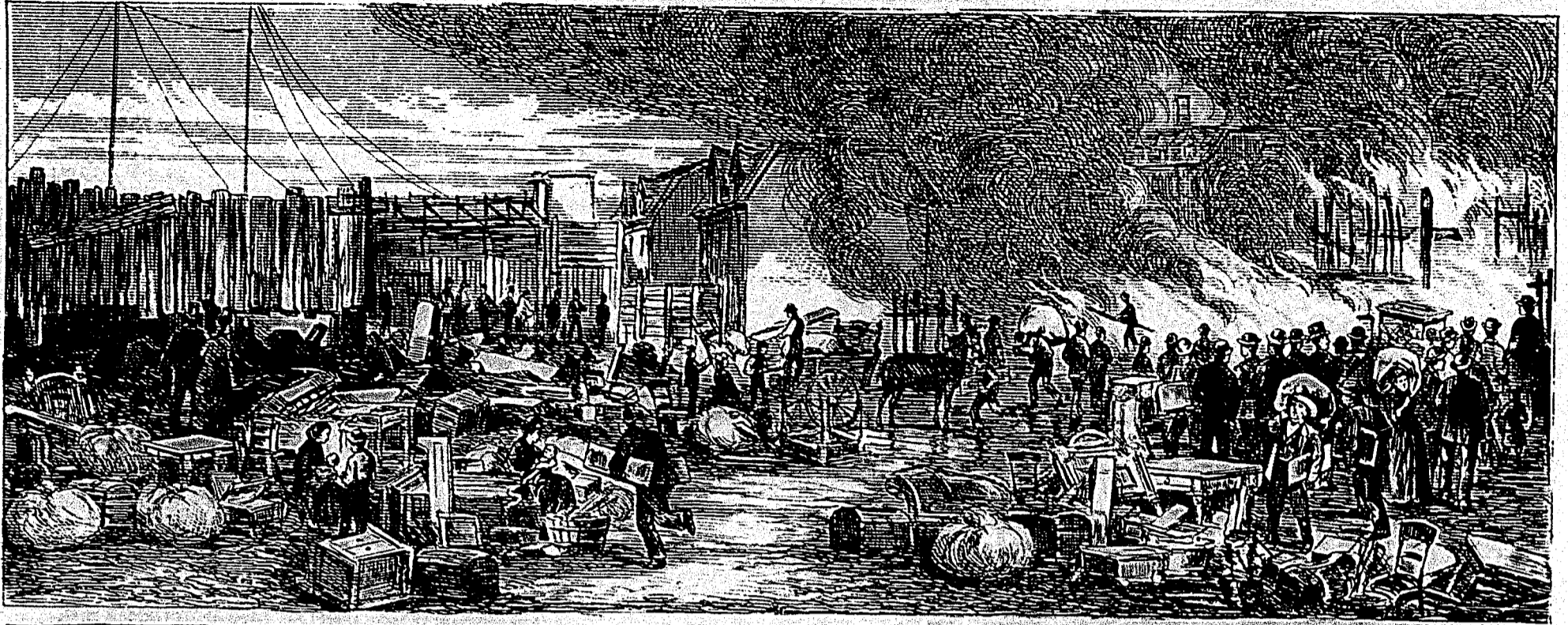
A SCHOOL teacher who was taking down the names and ages of her pupils and the names of their parents at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow, "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman," was the reply.

A CITIZEN went home from the caucus one night and asked his wife, "Did you commit an error or do anything out of character before we were married?" "Why, no! What makes you ask such a question?" "Oh, I didn't think you had, but I was nominated for a town office to-night, and I knew if you had it would all be out to-morrow."

A WOMAN may revel in silks and satins; she may make her beauty resplendent with diamonds and opals; she may attire herself in the most delicate of colors until she looks sweeter than the burst of dawn on paradise; but at the same time she will condescend to tie her hair up with the fag end of a pair of superannated penny shoe-strings.

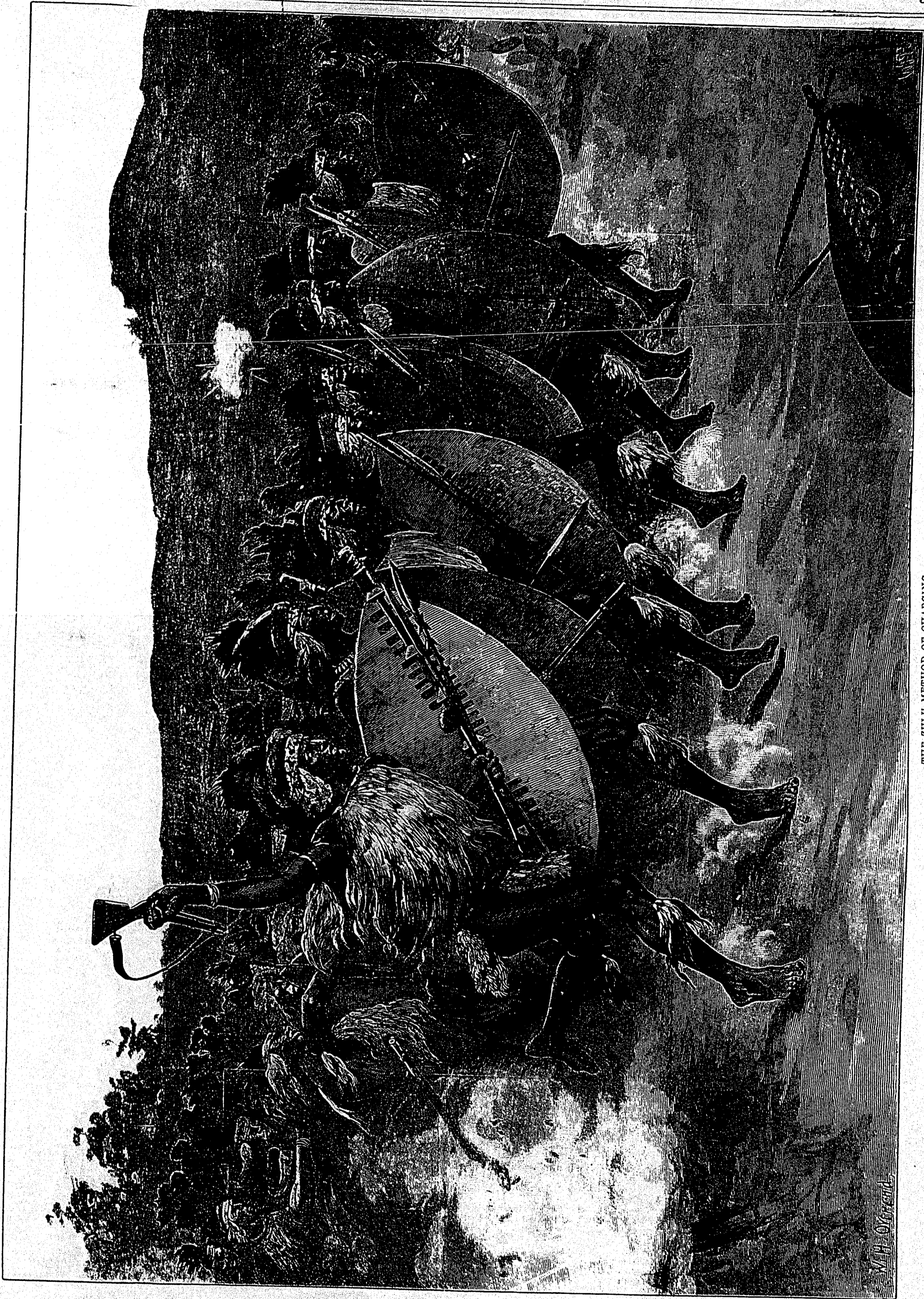
A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.



1. View from Fletcher's Field    2. View from St. Lawrence Main Street.    3. View from St. Lawrence Main, looking toward St. Dominique Street.    4. View from St. Dominique Street.

THE GREAT FIRE AT ST. JEAN BAPTISTE VILLAGE, SUBURBS OF MONTREAL.



THE ZULU METHOD OF CHARGING.

## THE WOUNDED HAND.

AN ENTERTAINING CHAPTER FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A GERMAN DETECTIVE.

On the 22nd of May, 1875, I stood in our office, behind my desk, when our chief entered the room with a letter in his hand, and addressed me with an invitation to undertake the unravelling of a mystery which had baffled the local police at T—. I consented, and departed for the scene of the crime which had been committed, much limited, however, as to the time I was allowed for spending on the case.

Two hundred and fifty-five thousand marks had been stolen from the window of a well-connected woman named Friedow. Her villa stood outside the gates of a small town, and the lost property consisted chiefly in coupons and such value, together with a little coin. Her habit was to keep all papers of importance, as well as money, in a chest of drawers beside her bed. Her sleeping-room was situated on the first floor, and had but one window, which looked out upon the yard. Her confidential friends had often advised Frau Friedow to keep her gold at least in some safer place, but she had always resisted such counsel, and put no faith in banks or bankers. As to the safe, she had averred that if robbers did ever molest her, unless her trusty dog and her faithful Frederick, who was her factotum and the only male person upon her little property, could not protect her, an iron box would avail little beyond, perhaps, delaying the thieves in laying hold of what they wanted.

On the night of the 7th of May the poor lady was suddenly awakened about 12 o'clock. Her room was illuminated. Before her bed stood a small, thin man, with a lantern in his left hand and a hatchet in his right.

In a rough, disguised voice he threatened to knock out her brains if she so much as ventured to utter a sound. The unfortunate Frau was already voiceless from alarm. This speech could scarcely make her more quiet, but she could see her eyes, and did so for the next few seconds while her visitors remained with her. She saw that the speaker wore black hose, a blue blouse and a mask, and that two more men were busy in the background breaking open her chest of drawers. In the farthest back division, covered over with stockings, yarn and flax, lay a round tin case, in which she kept her movable treasures. She was just recovering herself sufficiently to begin thinking about risking her life by calling for help, when the smothered yelling of a dog was heard without. The thieves had found what they wanted, however, and sprang with it to the window, one sash of which was open. They threw themselves upon a ladder without and descended to the ground, while the third man still kept guard beside the bed. Frau Friedow cried "Help, help!" with all her might.

"You may scream as long as you like, now," he muttered, turning away, and following the others from the room.

Frederick appeared at this instant, having been awakened by the noise. He found the ladder still in its place, and going below, was just in time to save the life of the house-dog, which had been almost choked by a cord twisted round his neck, fastening him to his kennel. The man-servant roused up the neighbors, but all pursuit, then or later, by friends privately or by the police publicly, had been in vain. Not the least clue had hitherto been obtained as to the identity of the house-breakers.

This was how the matter stood when I arrived at T—. When I had privately communicated with the magistrates, my second visit was naturally paid to Frau Friedow. I sought everywhere for any special indications which might put me on the right track, but what I found was desperately little. Like those who had gone before me, I concluded that the robbery had, at any rate, been accomplished by persons well acquainted with the locality, as entrance to the premises had been made by a small door in the yard, of the very existence of which many of the neighbors were unaware. The ladder made use of had been dragged out of a nook in which it had long lain concealed. A pane of glass had been smashed in the window of the bed-room to enable one of the assailants to slip back the bolt. A few footprints had been traced, but there was nothing remarkable about their appearance, and they had been lost at once upon the high road or street upon which the little court-yard opened.

One thing seemed alone certain amid the maze of perplexity; the house-breakers must be sought for amongst neighbors, servants, friends or relations. Now, the neighbor theory, upon investigation, seemed utterly futile, and one glance at old Frederick was enough to make one dismiss all thoughts connected with the second term in the list.

There remained the friends and relations in the habit of visiting at the villa. The widow had not the faintest suspicion of foul play in any of these; nevertheless I made her describe and closely particularize them all to me. I took up half a dozen imaginary scents; I ran hither and thither. I telegraphed in various directions. I worked, in fact, in the sweat of my brow; but, alas! the result was simply nothing, nothing, nothing. I never before had been so utterly puzzled and hopelessly at fault.

On the fourth day of my residence at T— I went again to the villa, where the widow greeted me with eyes full of expectation. "Frau Friedow," I said, "it seems to me hardly possible that you are utterly without suspicion in every quarter. There must surely be some one or other on whom your mind has fixed, if it were

but for a second. Confess it is so, and confide in me."

"I assure you I have not even a shadowy thought such as you describe," she replied, in a much disappointed tone.

"And has nothing more struck you about those men you saw in your room than you have already mentioned? One remembers things on due consideration which have been often overlooked before. Did you notice no peculiarity about any of the scoundrels; in the voice, for instance, the way of standing, the hands of him who held the axe? Had he on a ring? Did he look rough, like the others?"

"There was one little thing I may not have told before," she replied slowly. "It was scarce worth telling. When the two fellows ran off down the ladder with my little case, the window slapped down as they disappeared. The third man pushed it up again to go after them, but in so doing I think he must have put his hand through the broken pane, and have hurt it with the glass, in his haste. I certainly heard him mutter to himself, as if he were in distress."

"Was there no trace of blood left?" I asked, anxiously.

"None whatever."

I began my investigations anew, and this time with the doctor of the district. We got into a lively dissertation upon wounded hands, and in particular upon hurts inflicted by glass. By degrees I acquired the, to me, very interesting fact that some three weeks since, when the medico was riding home to breakfast after an early call, a strange man had suddenly appeared in the middle of the highway and had implored his help. He complained of having fallen upon a heap of broken glass, and held out his right hand to exhibit its condition. The doctor took out his pocket case of instruments, and extracted five splinters from the inflamed palm. While he did so the patient whimpered like a woman.

"How was the fellow dressed?" I cried breathlessly.

"A blue blouse and black underclothes, as far as I can recall."

"Could you identify him again?"

"Perhaps. His face made an impression on me, rather; because it did not seem to match the clothing, and yet, now I think of it, I seem to see only an ordinary brow, nose and mouth. I fancy it was the set of the head on the shoulders which looked remarkable. Artisans and such folk usually look otherwise. That is all I can say. But what makes this matter interesting to you?"

"I believe your complaining patient to be the principal in the late robbery, concerning which I have come down here," I replied in a low voice. "Can you give me any idea as to what became of the man after you were done with him?"

The doctor looked at me in amazement. "I think he went towards Elms," he replied.

I lost no time in going the same direction. An old tree, which forked at the top, and carried a bell in that division, stood on a height near the shore. Here those who wanted to be ferried over the river must stop and ring for the boatman, whose house stood in a sheltered nook at hand. I shirked preliminaries and made at once for the dwelling. Here I found a gigantic person, who declared herself the daughter of the ferryman and the customary rower, when, as now, her father was absent. I sought to gain the confidence of this damsel.

"A friend of mine went over here, I think, not long since," I said. "He was in great haste, being on his way to Holland, in order to escape serving here in the army."

The popular antipathy to the enforced military training loosed her tongue at once.

"Yes, yes," she replied: "a young man in great haste did surely go over a little time back."

"He wore a blue blouse and black hose?"

"Maybe; but it seems to me he had others with him, or of his party."

"Very probably. Two others I suppose."

"This was how it was. One man came to me in the early dawning. I put him across. An hour or so later there came a second, and asked anxiously about the first. When I told him he was beyond he seemed content enough, and followed. The third, your friend with the blouse, asked if he were the first who wanted me that day. He asked me particularly about the two I had already rowed over, and then seemed right gay, and jumped into the boat himself."

"Ah! One of the three carried a tin box?" I said, slipping a coin into my new acquaintance's palm.

"I never noticed," answered the girl. "But I saw that the third man carried a round bundle or parcel wrapped in a red handkerchief under his arm."

"Did he give you a good reward for taking him over?"

"Nothing more than all the world—ten pfennigs."

"With his right hand?"

"Why not?"

"Wasn't his right hand tied up?"

"Not that I saw. "I only know he kept one hand in his pocket, whether the right or left I couldn't say now."

I could have embraced the tall ferry-woman, in spite of her forty summers and her uncertainty upon minor points. It was plain that the three ruffians for better security had separated, and that the last comer was the leader in and the chief benefiter by the crime which had been committed. During his confab with the doctor, no doubt he had hidden the spoils in some hedge. I was upon his track now.

But I had soon to cry "Lost." It was a grievous disappointment to me. Beyond Elms the clue was nowhere to be followed. I labored in vain in this neighborhood for days. I made friends with all sorts of people—letter-carriers, porters, waiters—and walked many a weary mile in the hot sun, but all to no purpose. I was baffled and wholly at fault as though I never had had a hint at all to follow.

Nine days had gone by since I had come to T—. I turned into a beer-garden in the neighborhood of the town one evening, and sat down near a well-lighted bowling alley, in which about ten gentlemen were busy at a game. My seat was rather in the shade. I paid little attention to the players, but leaned my head upon my hand and reviewed the defeat I had sustained and the small estimation in which I should be held, for the sake of it, by my colleagues and chief at home, feeling altogether extremely out of humor. Suddenly an ill-thrown ball rolled almost to my feet.

"A miss, a miss!" shouted several voices together, while one cried, "Why, Botcher, is your hand not even yet recovered? You are not complaining of it still?"

I felt like a huntsman in a forest who sees the game at his gun's end. I was on the alert that second. I lost no time in finding out all Herr Botcher's antecedents. He was a merchant, one of Frau Friedow's connections, and an occasional visitor at her house. He was a continual guest at this place of entertainment. I brought the doctor here next evening, and set him to work stealthily considering my game. My discomfiture was great when he flatly refused to identify Herr Botcher and his patient as one and the same person. They might be one, he confessed; but then—they might not.

If the medico turned rusty, like this, it seemed to me utterly useless to bring hither the ferry-woman on a like errand. I must trust to myself alone. We officials have two methods of doing business of this sort. We use the long or short line, according as either seems most likely to suit. I determined to try one after the other.

In order to put Botcher quite off the scent, I went now to the host of this house of entertainment, and introduced myself to him as a Hamburg agent for the forbidden lotteries. I begged him to keep this close, but I saw very plainly by his face that he intended doing nothing of the sort. Next morning, to my great contentment, I found myself outwardly under the supervision of the town police, and generally regarded by the public as a shabby individual.

I, meantime, was as busy as ever, but it was little I discovered. Herr Botcher was certainly not in good repute among his fellows. Nevertheless, I could hear of no particular difficulty in which he had fallen of late, although I did learn that he had, three weeks since, made a hasty journey. One little fact, however, seemed to me of great worth. Herr Botcher these times slept badly, and was wont to rise often by night and pace up and down the garden.

I lay lurking for two entire nights under bushes in the same plot; but during all those weary hours whoever *did* come to this place, Herr Botcher unfortunately did *not*, and in the garden I could find no trace of any hidden treasure or likelihood of such.

I fell into greater despair than before. What could I do! Upon one side my absolute certainty of having tracked my man; on the other, no earthly means of bringing home his guilt. If I only had even sufficient ground to demand a search through the rascal's house! but I had not. One afternoon I was walking up and down my room considering, when the post brought me a brief but concise and decisive dispatch from my chief:

"Return immediately, unless all matters are in train. Give up. Your presence here is necessary."

This order was like a thunderclap in my ears. My commanding officer was plainly displeased at my long delay. Should I simply throw the cards down or venture all on one trick this same evening, so as to be ready to depart to-morrow, at farthest? I decided for the last alternative.

Twelve gentlemen sat in the town club-room. My friend made one of them. To his great surprise, I sat down close to him and began to talk a little. Presently our nearest neighbor stood up and departed to my great joy. I bent over Botcher now and whispered that I had a weighty matter to talk over with him.

"What may it be?" he inquired calmly.

"You believe I am here as a lottery agent?"

He nodded.

"I am not, however. I have been sent here on detective business by the Prussian police office." Herr Botcher took this revelation significantly. On the instant he knew not how to compose his features. He first drew in his face as if wishing to look astonished, and then he tried to smooth away all but supreme indifference. After a second or two, during which I studied him as a serpent does its prey, he said in a constrained tone:

"How does that concern me, pray, good sir?"

"You have heard of a Widow Friedow, from whom a large sum of money has been stolen. I have come here to hunt up the thief. I have got on the right track. You, I know, are related to her, and concerned in the property she possesses as a probable heir."

When I spoke thus I looked him straight into the eyes. They sparkled like those of an angry cat making ready to spring.

"And you will arrest me, I suppose?" he gasped angrily.

I should have loved to seize him by the throat then and there, shouting, "In the name of the

law." To this day I wonder how I restrained myself, but I did.

"How can you talk so?" I exclaimed calmly. "I only mean that you must help me to bring the criminal to justice, being, as you are, interested in the inheritance."

"With all the pleasure in life," he replied heartily, "I will do what I can. But—what is it you want of me?"

"Early to-morrow I will come to you to consult over the matter, and we can then decide on our proceedings."

Botcher drew a long breath. "This is most unfortunate," he exclaimed. "I have an urgent summons, and must start from T— before daybreak. Perhaps I may even be obliged to leave this evening. I owe a heavy sum of money, and must appear personally to my creditor, and demand further delay. I cannot wait."

I could scarce restrain my joy. The game had run his head right into my lasso: only one pull now, and the knot was fast.

"Don't trouble," I said quietly. "By and by will do for me. I shall be in T— for another week. When you come back will answer as well."

"All right. I expect to return in a couple of days," he exclaimed. "But stay, one question! Is Dr. Miding mixed up in this affair?"

"Do you know him?"

"By sight only."

"He will help me to identify the criminal," I said, coolly looking full again into my companion's face, which took a horrible tint and expression now.

"Can he do so?"

"Certainly. He saw the man, dressed like a laborer, the morning after the robbery was effected."

"Who was this ruffian?" Botcher asked, breathlessly.

"His name is—Ebbing"—I answered, at hazard.

"I don't know him," was the reply to this.

"I daresay," I said; "he only comes here at times."

I rose now, broke off our conversation with every appearance of confidence, and departed, having shaken Botcher by the hand. I went stealthily to his house and waited. I had been there but about a quarter of an hour when a trap dashed up to the door. Botcher sprang out of it, went inside for a few minutes, and then reappeared, carrying something under his left arm. As he got upon one side of the vehicle, I jumped upon the other, and seized hold of my game. He made not the least resistance, but sat like one enchanted.

"Are those Frau Friedow's papers you have under your arm?" I inquired.

"Yes, they are," he replied.

I made the coachman take us where I could put the robber in safe keeping.

When a man is suddenly discovered in a crime, he is sure to commit some piece of folly. I had reckoned upon this, and was not out in so doing. My game had literally walked into my hand, and I felt rewarded at last for all my trouble and disappointing delays.

Botcher was sentenced to six years in the house of correction. His coadjutors were not caught.

NARISSA ROSAYO.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 234.

S. A.—It is not yet finished.

J. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 221 received.

R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 233, also, of Problem for Young Players, No. 229. In solution to Problem for Young Players, No. 219 Black's move should be B moves.

We are sorry to hear that the *Westminster Papers*, one of the most prominent of the Chess journals of the day, after a career of eleven years has issued its final number. We shall be among the number on this Continent who will greatly miss the abundant fund of chess intelligence which it was wont to bring across the ocean every month, and we must express our wonder that at the present time, when the Royal game has increased its number of votaries to an extent which is, to say the least of it, surprising, the amateurs of the mother country should not have made an effort to continue the existence of so valuable a chess periodical.

(From Land and Water.)

We have been requested to mention that Ajeed, described as "The original world-famed Automaton Chess Player," has taken up his quarters at the Royal Aquarium, in the gallery lately vacated by Mephisto. In doing so, we must point out that an "automaton" chess player is an impossibility, and we are therefore of opinion that no chess-playing figure ought to be described as such.

[With reference to the above, we may say that we have seen it stated that Kempelen's celebrated Automaton Chessplayer was brought to America in 1825, and after having been taken to several of the principal cities of the United States, finally found a resting place at Philadelphia, where it was destroyed by fire which consumed the museum in which it was kept, in 1854. An interesting account of this Automaton was written by the late Professor George Allen, of Philadelphia, whose library of chess works was recently noticed in our Column.—CHESSEY, C. I. NEWS.]

Mr. James Mason is yet in London, doing well with some of the best players. We hear that the proposed match with Mr. Potter will not take place at present. It is not unlikely that Mr. Mason may in a little while aim higher. *Westminster Papers* says that Mr. Mason is, by the play he is exhibiting now, vindicating the high opinion of his strength expressed by his American backers before the Paris journey.

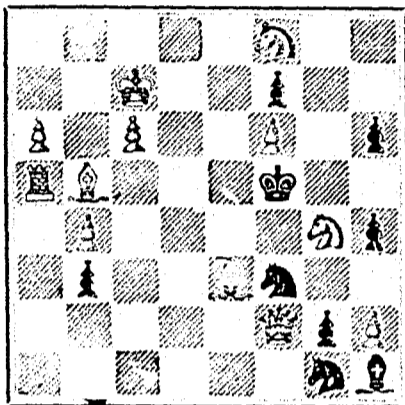
A game of chess by telegraph between the chess clubs of Liverpool and Calcutta has been arranged, and is to come off during the summer. Mr. R. Steele, of Calcutta, now in England, originated and perfected the affair. — Turf, Field and Farm.

The well-known problem composer, F. Healey, remarks in the preface to his collection of problems: "It has been justly observed by a clever Spanish writer that there is as much difference between the styles of two skillful problem composers as between the paintings of Raphael and Titian; the one excelling in expression, the other in colour. Similarly one problem is known for its originality and brilliance of conception, while another excels in giving that artistic finish which really constitutes the perfect problem. In truth, the beauty of a problem does not consist so much in the intricacy of the theme as in the manner in which the idea is treated or woven by the composer. The finest end-games have often a very simple solution but it is so hidden among other modes of play, which mislead the solver, that it is very difficult to discover. The main feature in the works of the earlier composers is the great number of moves required for their solution. There are in general few variations, but a series of forced checks and bold sacrifices conducts the student to the final mate. Though difficult to solve they were comparatively easy to invent. In a word, although much admired on account of their intricacy and ingenuity, they lack the depth and simplicity which characterize the best productions of the present day."

PROBLEM No. 225.

By James Pierce, M.A.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 360TH.

(From the Hartford Times.)

MORPHY'S LAST GAME.

A beautiful "Evans' Gambit" that was played Nov. 11, 1856, at New Orleans. (Remove White's Queen's Knight.)

WHITE. BLACK. (Morphy.) (C. A. Maurian.)

- 1. P to K 4. 2. P to K B 3. 3. B to B 4. 4. P to Q Kt 4. 5. P to Q B 3. 6. Castles. 7. P to Q 4. 8. P takes P. 9. P to Q 5. 10. P to K 5. 11. Q to R 4 (ch). 12. Q takes Kt. 13. R to K sq. 14. B to K Kt 5. 15. P to K 6. 16. P takes P (ch). 17. Q to B 4 (ch). 18. Q to K R 4. 19. Q takes R P. 20. B takes Kt (ch). 21. Kt to Kt 5 (P). 22. K to R sq. 23. R takes R. 24. Q to R 7 (ch). 25. Q takes P (ch). 26. Kt to K 6 (ch). 27. P takes Q. 28. Q to B 8 (ch). 29. Q takes R and wins.

GAME 361ST.

Played in London some time ago between Herr Harwitz and Mr. H. F. Gastneun, when the former gave the odds of Queen's Rook.

(French game. Remove White's Q R from the board.)

WHITE. BLACK. (Herr Harwitz.) (Mr. Gastneun.)

- 1. P to K 4. 2. P to K B 4. 3. P to Q 4. 4. P to K 5. 5. Kt to K B 3. 6. B to Q 3. 7. B to K 2. 8. P to Q B 3. 9. Castles. 10. P to K R 3. 11. P takes P. 12. Kt to R 2. 13. B to Q 3. 14. B to Kt 6 (ch). 15. P to B 5. 16. Kt takes P. 17. P takes P (ch). 18. Q takes P (ch). 1. P to K 3. 2. Kt to Q B 3. 3. P to Q 4. 4. B to K 2. 5. P to K R 3. 6. Kt to Kt 5. 7. P to K B 4. 8. Kt to Q B 3. 9. P to K Kt 4. 10. P to Kt 5 (ch). 11. P takes P. 12. P to K R 4. 13. B to R 5. 14. K to Q 2. 15. B to Kt 6. 16. P takes Kt. 17. K takes P. And Black resigned (b).

NOTES.

- (a) The advance of these Pawns is injudicious. (b) Mate is forced in two more moves.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 225.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. R to Q sq. 1. Any move. 2. Mate acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 221.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. P to Q B 3. 1. P moves. 2. R mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 222.

- WHITE. BLACK. K at K R sq. K at Q R 4. R at Q Kt sq. Q at K Kt 6. R at Q B 3. R at K Kt 4. Pawns at Pawns at. Q R 2, and Q Kt 2 and 3.

White to play and mate in three moves.

The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD, A MONTHLY JOURNAL.

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED BY

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION:

5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

F. N. BOXER, ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER, Editor.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, including postage, \$2.00. One copy, six months, including postage, \$1.10. Subscriptions to be paid in ADVANCE.

The following are our advertising rates:—For one monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months, 9 cts. per line; for six months, 8 cts. per line; for one year, 7 cts. per line; one page of illustration, including one column description, \$30; half-page of illustration, including half column description, \$20; quarter-page of illustration, including quarter column description, \$10. 10 per cent. off on cash payments.

INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the "MAGAZINE," and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates. REMITTING MONEY.—All remittances of money should be in the form of postal-orders. When these are not available, send money by registered letters, checks or drafts, payable to our order. We can only undertake to become responsible for money when sent in either of the above ways.

This journal is the only Scientific and Mechanical Monthly published in Canada, and its value as an advertising medium for all matters connected with our Manufacturing, Foundries, and Machine-Shops, and particularly to Inventors, is therefore apparent.

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

500 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free. Address: P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co. 5 & 7 BLEURY ST.,

Begs to inform the BANKERS, MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN of the Dominion, but their large establishment is now in full operation, and that they are prepared to do all kinds of

ENGRAVING ELECTRO-TYPING, STEREOTYPING, LITHOGRAPHING and TYPE-PRINTING, Photo-Electrotyping & Wood Engraving

IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES. Special attention given to the reproduction by Photo-Lithography

OF MAPS, PLANS, PICTURES OR BOOKS OF ANY KIND.

From the facilities at their command, and the completeness of their establishment, the Company feel confident of giving satisfaction to all who entrust them with their orders. G. B. BURLAND, Manager.

Every Man HIS OWN Printer. 25 Press print cards labels etc. Self-inked 1 1/2 1/2 sizes. For business, pleasure, young or old. Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cords, Paper, Etc., mailed for two stamps. Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn.

60 Chromo and Perfumed Cards (no 2 alike). Name to Gold and Jet, 10 cents. CLINTS BROS., Clintonville, Ct.



Province of Quebec.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

PRIVATE BILLS.

PARTIES intending to make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, for Private or Local Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges, or conferring corporate powers for commercial or other purposes of profit, for regulating surveys or boundaries, or for doing anything tending to affect the rights or property of other parties, are hereby notified that they are required by the Rules of the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly respectively (which are published in full in the Quebec Official Gazette), to give ONE MONTH'S NOTICE of the application (clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object), in the Quebec Official Gazette, in the French and English languages, and also in a French and English newspaper published in the district affected, and to comply with the requirements therein mentioned, sending all copies of the first and last of such notices to the Private Bill Office of each House, and any persons who shall make application, shall, within one week from the first publication of such notice in the Official Gazette, forward a copy of his Bill, with the sum of one hundred dollars, to the Clerk of the Committee on Private Bills.

All petitions for Private Bills must be presented within the "first two weeks" of the Session.

BOUCHER DE BOUCHERVILLE.

Clerk, Leg. Council.

G. M. MUIR.

Clerk, Leg. Assembly.

Quebec, 1st April, 1879.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The Great English Remedy, will promptly and radically cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of Indiscretion, excess or overwork of the brain and nervous system; is perfectly Before Taking, harmless, acts like After Taking, magic, and has been extensively used for over thirty years with great success.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., WINDSOR, ONT.

Sold in Montreal by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists, and everywhere in Canada and United States.

50 Perfumed Chromo and Lace Cards, name in gold in fancy case, 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS.

7-19-52-362

55 College Street

MOTHERS DURHAM

KNOW CORN FLOUR,

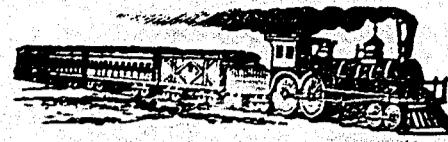
FOR INFANTS

and

NURSES

INVALIDS.

KNOW IS THE BEST.



GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.

Western Division.

SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

On and after MONDAY, APRIL 14th. Trains will leave HOCHELAGA DEPOT as follows:—

Table with columns for A.M. and P.M. times, listing Express Trains for Hull and Train from St. Jerome.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later. General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square. STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, Ticket Agents. Offices 202 St. James and 156 Notre Dame Streets. C. A. SCOTT, Gen'l Superintendent Western Division. C. A. STARK, Gen'l Freight and Passenger Agent.

British American BANK NOTE COMPANY, MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent.

Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds, Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps, Bills of Exchange, DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS, Promissory Notes, &c., &c., Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving. Portraits a Specialty. G. B. BURLAND, President & Manager.

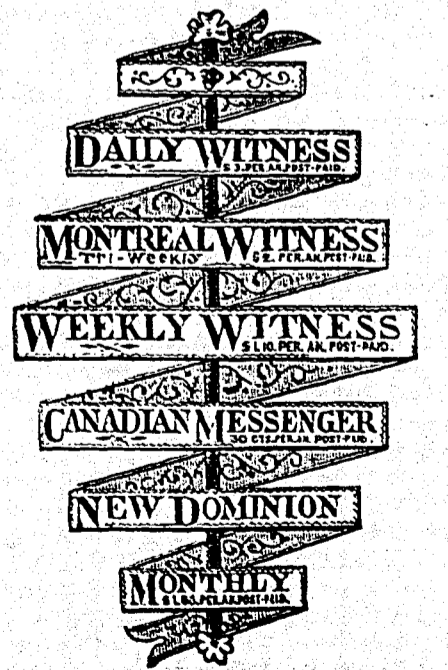
JUST PUBLISHED

CHISHOLM'S ALL-ROUND ROUTE AND PANORAMIC GUIDE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE,

With corrections to date. It contains full descriptions of the points of interest on the "All Round Route," including Hudson River, Trenton and Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, New York. It is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with maps of the Route, and a fine panoramic view of the St. Lawrence River. For sale by booksellers and news agents. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price, 50 cts.

C. R. CHISHOLM & BROS., 179 Boulevard Street, Montreal.

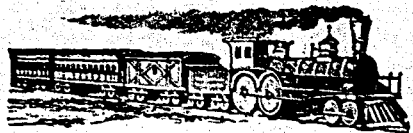
CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal.

Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromo and pla's.





### Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY. Eastern Division.

COMMENCING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11th.  
Trains will be run in this Division as follows:—

Leave Hochelaga.	Arrive in Quebec.
EXPRESS..... 3.00 p.m.	10.10 p.m.
MIXED..... 7.10 a.m.	5.50 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Quebec.	Arrive in Montreal
EXPRESS..... 12.45 p.m.	7.30 p.m.
MIXED..... 6.15 p.m.	10.10 a.m.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.  
Tickets for sale at offices of Messrs. Leves & Alden, Agents, 202 St. James Street, and 151 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile-End Stations.

J. T. PRINCE

Gen'l Pass Agent.

Feb'y 7th 1879.

60 CHROMO MOTTO Gut-Edge & Lilly cards, with name, 10c. Globe Print. Co., Northford, Ct.

### JOHN MCARTHUR & SON OIL, LEAD, PAINT, COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS

IMPORTERS OF

English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass,

PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES, CHEMICALS, DYE STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.

310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST.,

AND  
255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.  
MONTREAL.

26-17-52-365

### BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of five per cent upon the paid-up capital stock of this Institution, has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, on and after

Monday, the Second of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank, on Monday, the Second Day of June next.

The Chair to be taken at One o'clock

R. B. ANGUS,

General Manager.

Montreal, 15th April, 1879.

CARDS—10 Lilly of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case, name on all, post-paid, 15c. 4 packs 50c.

WARD & CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

### THE Canadian Spectator,

A high-class Weekly Journal,

EDITED BY THE

Reverend A. J. BRAY.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

OFFICES: 162 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

### THE MILTON LEAGUE.

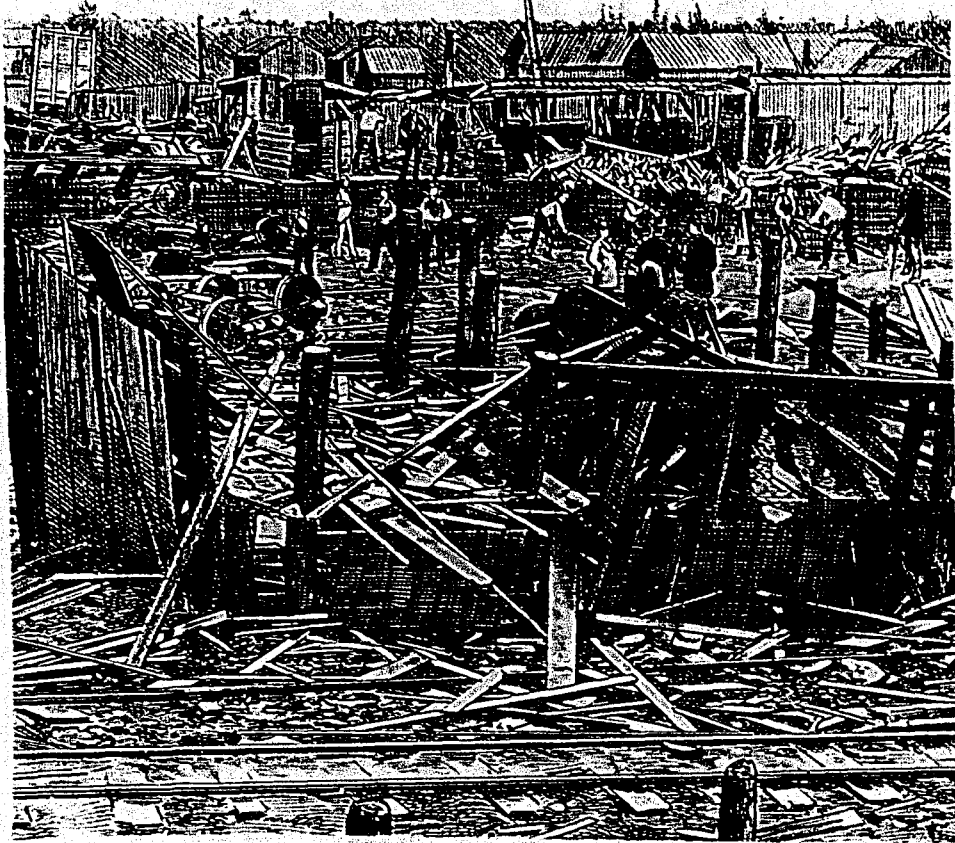
"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties—Milton."

PUBLICATIONS:

- BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Christendom, cloth..... \$1.00
- BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love..... 50
- DALE, REV. E. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Triad..... 60
- DAWSON, GEO., M.A. Prayers, and a Discourse on Prayer..... 50
- MCLEOD, NORMAN, D.D. Scotch Poems..... 15
- TIPPLE, Rev. S. A. Echoes of Spoken Words..... 50

"Here is a new wave of literature, and of the deep and wide sea of religious thought, but sparkling and bright and gratefully refreshing."—Literary World.

**Gray's**  
**SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM**  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS



THE GREAT EXPLOSION AT STRATFORD.

### THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengtheners of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation; safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION.

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

In consequence of spurious imitations of

### LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,

which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,

*Lea & Perrins*

which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine. Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of  
MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

### LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT



FINEST AND CHEAPEST  
MEAT-FLAVOURING  
STOCK FOR SOUPS,  
MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

"Is a success and boon for which Nations should feel grateful."—See Medical Press, Lancet, Brit. Med. Jour., &c. "Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years." To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists. Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 43, Mark Lane, London, England. CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

### TO LET.

In those central premises forming the corner of Bleury and Craig Streets, and in the adjacent house on Craig Street—OFFICES, double and single. PLATS, admirably adapted for light manufacturing business, with or without steam power. Rent moderate.

Apply to

G. B. BURLAND,

No. 7 Bleury Street.

### AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a salary of \$100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address,

BIERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

\$10 to \$1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

### WILLIAM DOW & CO. BREWERS and MALTSTERS MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales, Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied. 18-G-52-282

### E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.

Advertising Agents,

186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.,

Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application.

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual



### JOHNSTON'S

FLUID BEEF is being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician, and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 60c., and \$1.00.

### ROBERT MILLER,

Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER.

IMPORTER OF

Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS,

387, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 14-6.

### D. MORRICE & CO.,

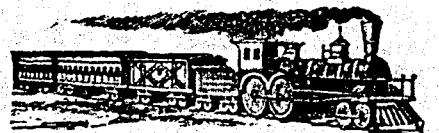
### Ice Dealers,

24 VICTORIA SQUARE.

Prompt Delivery and Pure Ice.

50 Perfumes, Snowflakes, Chromo, Motto Cards, name in gold & jet, 10c. G. A. SPRING, E. Wallingford, Ct.

\$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. \$177 Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.



### INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1878-79.

### Winter Arrangements.

EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run DAILY except Sundays) as follows:—

Leave Point Levis.....	8.00 A.M.
" River du Loup.....	2.00 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Plateaux (Dinner).....	3.00 "
" Rimouski.....	4.49 "
" Campbellton (Supper).....	10.00 "
" Dalhousie.....	10.21 "
" Bathurst.....	12.28 A.M.
" Newcastle.....	2.10 "
" Moncton.....	5.00 "
" St. John.....	9.15 "
" Halifax.....	1.30 P.M.

Pullman Cars on Express Trains. These Trains connect at Point Levis with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.45 o'clock p.m. Pullman Car leaving Point Levis on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, runs through to Halifax, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to St. John.

For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to

G. W. ROBINSON,

Agent,

177 St. James Street.

C. J. BRYDGES,

General Supt. of Gov't Ry's.

Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

25 FANCY CARDS with Name 10c. Plain or Gold, Agents' Outfit 10c. 150 Styles. Hull & Co., Hudson, N. Y.

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND-DEBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.