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MARY ANDERSON.

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NOTICE.

Among the illustrations which will appear in the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be a sketch of the

DEPARTURE OF PRINCESS LOUISE

from Quebec, with views of the special apartments prepared for her on the "SARMATIAN." Also a representation of the great banquet tendered to

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

at Quebec. As of special interest, we shall add a sketch of the meeting of the

PROTESTANT TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

in Morrin College, Quebec. The number will contain several other interesting pictures.

TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Oct. 19th, 1879.			Corresponding week, 1878.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 62°	44°	53°	Mon. 56°	44°	51°
Tues. 62°	46°	54°	Tues. 64°	48°	56°
Wed. 67°	52°	59°	Wed. 63°	55°	58°
Thur. 76°	60°	68°	Thur. 63°	55°	59°
Frid. 72°	58°	65°	Frid. 71°	56°	63°
Sat. 68°	59°	63°	Sat. 70°	51°	60°
Sun. 65°	43°	54°	Sun. 52°	42°	47°

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LETTER PRESS.—Editorial Paragraphs—The Times—England and Russia in Asia—The Premier's Banquet—The Crops in Canada—The Bishops of Durham—Ephemerides—"My Creoles," continued—The Late Justice Holt—Varieties—Gleaner—Humorous—Artistic—Musical and Dramatic—Story of a Portrait—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, October 25, 1879.

It is an agreeable and significant fact, which politicians may interpret as they like, that at no time have the English press and people been so much and so amicably occupied with Canada as they are at present.

QUEBEC is popularly known as the Ancient City because it is the oldest in Canada. From 1608 till 1850 it was also the most populous. It now ranks second after Montreal, but the next census will probably place it below Toronto.

RAILWAY returns for September prove conclusively the return of prosperity in the United States and Canada. Of twenty-two lines, only three have not increased their incomes. The other nineteen declare an increase of 20 per cent. in September of this year, as compared with September of last year. The Grand Trunk and Great Western of Canada are both interested in this cheerful increment.

THE London World is forced to admit that Protectionist ideas are gaining ground in England. Several public men and several journals are already openly advocating them. The World adds that the shrewd American, the grave German and even the Colonies have refused to follow British example, and after an experience of thirty years, the whole world, which should have emulated England, seems to dread more than ever the application of Free Trade principles.

ONE of the many good features of the National Policy which are becoming evident from time to time is the amount

of money which formally went to the United States in the shape of numerous post office orders, now being kept in the country, no post office orders coming in for redemption. Formerly the large number of small purchases made in the United States were remitted for in post office orders, which afterwards came back to Canada for payment. These post office orders no longer come, and the money is thus kept in the country.

WE learn from the *Saskatchewan Herald* that Mr WILKINS, C.E., in charge of one portion of the exploring party under Prof. MACOUN, arrived at Battleford in July. Mr. WILKINS had returned from an exploration North-West of that point and also of the "great plain." He found the agricultural resources much greater than had been popularly believed. His exploration makes important additions to the existing maps, and chequering, among "other things, the great plain with lakes and mountains, not before marked on the maps."

IN writing the obituary of the late Mrs. LEPROHON, some weeks ago, we referred to the agreeable fact that the leading writers of Canada have, at different times, graced the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS with their productions. This is so true that in the bound volumes of the News alone will be found many of these writings not accessible elsewhere, and the future literary historian will have perforce to turn to our pages for reference. Thus to-day we publish a poem by our national poet, JOHN READE, which is not only remarkable in itself, but which we have been flattered in receiving as the best medium of reaching the appreciative classes of the country. The News is not only the sole pictorial paper of Canada, but is also essentially a literary journal devoted to the development of native talent.

MOST American papers affect to believe that the Fisheries Treaty is all to the advantage of Canadians and the detriment of their own countrymen. One leading journal, however, sets the matter right by saying that the Canadians are as ready for the abrogation of the Treaty as Americans are, for they regard the right which it gives to New England fishermen of taking fish in Canadian waters as of much greater value than the right it gives them of bringing their fish into the United States free of duty. "It is not the duty on fish that we care about," the Canadians say, "but your participation in our fisheries. The duties are always paid by the consumer, and if you impose duties on fish, you must pay them. Don't participate in our fisheries and we won't care a snap for your duties. We can catch fish cheaper than you can, and if you do not have Canadian competition, the cost will be so increased to consumers that fish will vanish from your tables as an article of diet; for, you get up such an array of appliances, expensive outfits and the like, that it costs you a great deal to catch fish, and all this increased cost the consumer must pay."

Few features in the railroad problem receive more constant attention at the West than the low cost for which most of the trunk roads could be built at present, compared with their capitalized value. The Union Pacific, for instance, has a nominal value of \$114,186,182, including \$36,762,300 of the capital stock on which few or no payments were ever made by the original owners. This gives the road an assumed cost of \$110,000 per miles, on which it is endeavoring to pay dividends. A road, at present prices of iron and labor, could be built over the same distance at \$15,000 a mile. The same thing is true, in less proportion, of the trunk lines east from Chicago, and facts of this order are constantly being adduced in criticising the high rates now charged under the present pool. Gen. Butler says there is "not a dollar of honest railroad stock in the hands of any man in the country," as any

railroad can be duplicated at \$25,000 per mile. Here is a lesson for us Canadians which we should take to heart betimes, as railway building is just in its infancy among us, and the Pacific Railway is soon to assume immense proportions.

FROM our neutral and independent stand-point, there is one little piece of advice which we will venture to give to our Liberal contemporaries and orators of the party. It is, that it is not wise, for mere party purposes, to continue to declaim against the tariff, and at the same time to predict declining revenue. The fact is the country has already commenced a rebound towards prosperity; and this, while very good for the people at large, will be very bad for the prophets of evil. A party, too, to be successful, must have much better stuff for its cry than mere futile criticism, the absurdity of which must be plain to the common sense of all men. The commercial policy which has become a *fait accompli* would certainly be very much better left to its operation at this early stage. If there should be anything to alter when the time or the chance comes to do it, of course it might be well to take it earnestly in hand. But simply to decry in the face of plainly advancing prosperity, is surely not the act of men who have their senses well about them.

THE London Times of September 29th has an article descriptive of the Canadian Land Laws, occupying two or three columns of that paper. We may fairly say this a benefit for us to be able to obtain so much attention, and it is, moreover, a sign of the drift of the agricultural crisis in England. There is no better criterion of this than the tone of the leading journal. The Times notes that the superior lands of Canada in the North-West are attracting an influx of settlers from the United States. We quote this paragraph from its article: "The Canadian Minister of Agriculture in his Report states that in the year 1878 no fewer than 983 farmers from the United States transferred themselves across the boundary into Manitoba, and during the current year the numbers have been more considerable." The figures given are of heads of families, and, to get to the number of souls, should be multiplied by 5, which would give over 4,900, a figure equal to more than one-third of the whole of the immigration into Manitoba in the year named. Here is official proof of the substantial correctness of the statement made by Lord BEACONSFIELD.

AMONG our illustrations this week will be found a series of pretty views in the Toronto Park, taken by our special artist when on an official visit to the Toronto Exhibition. These are supplemented by a charming engraving of Willows, a companion to the Soft Maples, which we published last week. Our front page is graced by a beautiful portrait of MARY ANDERSON, the tragic actress, whose talents we discussed a couple of weeks ago, during her engagement at the Academy of Music. Our artist took up the picture as a study for a head, and succeeded so well that we have used it as an artistic production worthy of our pages. We have special facilities for work of this kind, and we would draw the attention of managers and dramatic agents to the advantages we offer both in quality of workmanship and cheapness. We have to thank Rev. H. CHRISTOPHERSEN, as we did last year, for a sketch of the Grand Bend of the River Au Sable, at which point that river approaches Lake Huron, flowing south for ten miles nearly parallel with the lake and scarcely one quarter of a mile from it, leaving a peninsula, remarkably healthful as a summer resort for camping parties. We have another sketch of a camping ground by the same gentleman, which will appear next week. The remarkable development of grape culture in the open air, in the different Provinces of the Dominion, will lend interest to the two pretty sketches on

this subject which are given in the present number. The portrait of KAIRA is another of the Algerian pictures kindly forwarded us by a gentleman who lately travelled in that country. The type of the girl is a fine one and no one would suspect her of having eaten of her father's flesh during the Kabyle famine of 1867-68. Yet such is the fact and she was condemned to six months' prison for the crime.

THE TIMES' OPINION.

The London Times has a leading article on the Canadian Pacific Railway, which we have had very great pleasure in reading. The leading journal states that the construction of this great work may now be regarded as certain of being achieved in the course of a few years. The usefulness, in fact the necessity of it for the Dominion, is pointed out. And the scheme of vesting a hundred million of acres of land in commissioners as the basis of the financial arrangement, is favourably viewed. It is pointed out also that this road must be constructed to keep the Dominion British; and that while the American line, which is its immediate competitor, runs for many miles through a barren tract, the Canadian will run through a country unequalled for fertility on the continent of North America. It is further pointed out that while the railway from Omaha to San Francisco crosses two mountain ranges—one at 8,235 feet, the other at 7,012 feet, the Canadian line has to pass but one range of about 3,000 feet, the ascent of which is so gradual the traveller only knows he has reached the watershed by observing the course of the streams. The Times says: "When completed, this Canadian Railway will shorten the distance between Yokohama and Liverpool by more than a thousand miles. For this reason, through traffic between the East and Europe, by way of the North American continent, is almost certain to pass over the Canadian Pacific Railway." Our London contemporary notices our difficulties as regards conflicting interests and the lines to be run. But on this point it states that "Mr. Sandford Fleming, the Engineer-in-Chief, has reported, as the result of personal observation, that there is ample room and ample justification for at least two lines across the prairie country of Canada." In our belief, all this will come in less time than men look for. Population will follow very rapidly the hundred miles of road west of Winnipeg, and as the resources of that vast country become developed, they will make Canada a governing power in the world.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN ASIA.

There may or there may not be any ground for apprehension that the occupation of Cabul by the British will lead to a rupture with Russia, but the probabilities of such an event are by no means slight, and it is well to give the situation a little study. England has an empire in India of two millions of souls, while Russia has established in the valley of the Oxus a territory of vast extent, which commands all the commercial highways of India. The advance positions of England have the double advantage of being easily defended and forming excellent bases of operations in any forward march. The treaty of Gandamak, signed by the late lamented Major Cavagnari, cedes to the British the Khyber, Gomal and Bolan passes, the keys to that great natural fortress, Afghanistan. Candahar, held by the British troops, is at the junction of the only two routes of the country, one leading to Cabul and the other to Herat. Cabul being now in their hands, Herat becomes the objective point of contention with Russia for the control of Afghanistan. Herat is a fortress of the first class, and the real military capital of the Iran tableland. If the "City of Roses" should lead to war, the English could reach it much in advance of the Russians, who have only just arrived at Merv.

The principal drawback to English success lies perhaps in the ill-will of the

native tribes. Persia has long been little else than a vassal of the Czar. The nomadic clans of Central Asia, from the steppes of Turkestan to the mountains of Sind, would join any regular army that would offer them loot in the rich valley of the Ganges, from Delhi to Calcutta. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the British have succeeded in organizing a very considerable native army. With 150,000 of these and 50,000 regulars, England could put forth a much larger force than Russia at the opening of the campaign. Furthermore, the former could transport reinforcements by sea, from Portsmouth and Bombay, long before the Muscovite reserves would have time to gather on the shores of the Caspian. If there were no danger of insurrection and of intestine disturbance, the whole British army might be employed on the frontier with every chance of success, even in aggressive warfare, but unfortunately there is reason to apprehend that dissatisfaction among several of the principal rajahs would break out, thus necessitating a curtailment of forces in the front. It results from all these facts that the chances are pretty well balanced in the event of a war between Russia and England.

THE PREMIER'S BANQUET.

The political event of the day is the banquet to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD in the Ancient City. His friends might well do him this honour. And he might well express great pride and gratification at receiving it. He called it, in his speech, a "culminating" honour. No living man in the Dominion of Canada has done more; in fact, probably none has done so much, to guide the destinies of the confederated country which now stretches from ocean to ocean. And he has been, despite the dark shadows of 1873, a fortunate man. He gave this fact a prominent place in his speech. He is, in fact, known to be as great a fatalist as the NAPOLEONS, and it is known among his friends he holds the belief that he and Time are forces to put against all opposition. It is a fact that the days of his dark shadows in 1873 marked the commencement of an unexampled period of depression, and it is a further fact, that he now comes into power again on the crest of a rising wave of prosperity which will probably be as unexampled as was the period of the depression. It was unfortunate too for the Ministry of his predecessor, that the circular of its Finance Minister to the banks gave the first note of alarm, which led to such immediately disastrous consequences; while, on the other hand, it is true, now that Sir JOHN comes into power again, the tariff of his administration affords reason to believe that it has restored the tea trade and West India trade of Canada, starting also many manufacturing industries, while it is not sufficiently high to act as a prohibition to commerce. It is true that we stand at this moment in the presence of a singular and most remarkable fact, and one, moreover, to which we do not remember a parallel, viz., a general failure or deficiency of the wheat crops in Great Britain, France, Germany, and in the wheat regions of Russia and Egypt; while on the other hand, throughout the North American continent, in the United States as well as in Canada, on the two sea-boards as well as on the interior plains, the wheat crop is most bountiful. The result of this singular coincidence is, that prices are high and gold is pouring into this continent in a thick stream, to pay for wheat to replace European deficiency. Everything must feel the stimulus, and prices must go up. If therefore, Sir JOHN and his Ministers did not create this condition of things, its existence is certainly most fortunate for them, and almost gives reason to say, as Sir CHARLES TUPPER did at the banquet, that Providence favours them. A point made by Sir JOHN in his speech, in quoting the saying of Prince METTERNICH, was a very fair one in the circumstances, viz., that it is always better to employ lucky than unlucky people.

Sir JOHN's speech was noticeable for much of his old wit and sprightliness, but it is evident (and this he also seems to see) that the hand of time is beginning to touch him, as he pointed out, that in the near future, some of the younger, able men around him must take his place. He did not speak too warily or say too much in praise of that simple and brave statesman, who is now no more, Sir GEO. E. CARTIER, who, in the face of many cries of corruption, died as he had lived, a poor man, giving thus evidence of personal purity, and who, in his simple truth to friend as well as foe, has not left his like behind him. Of course, in an after-dinner speech of this nature, we should not expect the First Minister to afford us a political programme. But it was fitting that he should defend Lord BEACONSFIELD from what he very well described to be the "disgraceful" attacks which had been made upon him in Canada, in order to further the interests of party to the very detriment of those of Canada. It is an ill day for any country when its credit and its best interests are made the pawns of faction. Sir JOHN stated that Lord BEACONSFIELD had made a verbal mistake in that he had spoken of the leading farmers of the Western "Provinces," moving to Manitoba. But Sir JOHN in this correction has himself made an error. It is perfectly true that large numbers of well-to-do farmers, in fact a considerable portion of the whole of those who have gone into Manitoba, have come from the United States, as well from the east as from the west. But this is a petty point, and the extent to which it has been harped upon is utterly unworthy. It is a fact, as Sir JOHN stated, that the speech at Aylesbury of that remarkable man who is First Minister of England, constitutes a recognition of Canada which is of vast importance for its interests at the present crisis, and this was a fact which the Opposition in Canada would have done well to recognize instead of to decri. As respects the great work of the Pacific Railway, Sir JOHN gave the most cheering assurances, while he did not, and in fact could not, on that occasion, give a recital of the negotiations in England.

Sir CHARLES TUPPER's was the next great speech of the evening, and it was marked by the vigour which he is known to possess. He also gave hopeful assurances as respects the Pacific Railway, and stated that with regard to his purchase of steel rails, which he contrasted with that of Mr. MACKENZIE, he had that day received a telegram from Sir JOHN ROSE indicating that he had saved by it, while in England, over sixty thousand pounds sterling. This is the difference between purchasing in the face of a rising instead of a falling market. In speaking of the political parties in Canada, Sir CHARLES stated that when he came from Nova Scotia, at the time Confederation was proposed, and mingled with the statesmen of the two old provinces, he had no difficulty in deciding that the interests of the Confederation would be the safest in the hands of the Conservative party. We should not forget to mention that Sir JOHN paid a marked compliment to his colleague Mr. POPE, the Minister of Agriculture. He said that he himself was at first a little afraid of his colleague's bold scheme of inviting the tenant farmers of England to send delegates from themselves to Canada at the expense of the Dominion, to report to their fellows on what they saw. He (Sir JOHN) thought it was venturing too much, but now he was satisfied that in no other way could the resources of this country be so well made known. Mr. LANGEVIN, Mr. WHITE and others, also spoke at the banquet, but we have touched the points of chief public interest.

The Admiralty have issued stringent orders that flogging is not to be awarded by court-martial sentence except in very aggravated circumstances. They have also abolished solitary confinement except as punishment for breach of discipline. The Admiralty last week rescinded a sentence of flogging by a naval court-martial.

EPHEMERIDES.

Educated people in this country may ignore or affect to ignore, the fashionable pronunciation of certain British family names, but there is no harm in reminding them of the ancient traditions in this respect—which are and always will be respectable. Thus: Majoribanks is called Marshbanks; Mainwaring, Mannering; St. John, Sinjin; Cockburn, Coturn; Cholmondeley, Chumley; Berkeley, Barkley; Brougham, Broum; Montgomery, Mungumery; Abergavenny, Abergenny; Beauchamp, Beaucham; Colquhoun, Koochoun; Duchesne, Dukam; Beaconsfield, Beckons'eld; Bethune, Beeton; Milnes, Mills; Ruthven, Riven; St. Maur, Seymour, and so on.

One of the pleasantest events of the late highly successful Exhibition at Toronto was connected with a piece of historic art. A relative of the exhibitor, Mr. John S. Crawford, of Toronto, had many years ago engraved and published a portrait of the Princess Victoria, our present Queen, taken when she was only eight year old; appended to this steel engraving was the autograph of the royal child, strikingly similar to her present autograph, as seen in her published works. Mr. Crawford had had an enlarged crayon picture prepared by Bruce, a Toronto artist, and beautifully framed. This was presented by Mr. Crawford to the Princess Louise, who expressed herself highly pleased with the compliment.

While several of the American journals are indulging in the harmless recreation of attempting a spelling reform, others amuse themselves with the discovery of odd words and terminations. Thus one leads the van with the statement that there are only three words in the English language ending in e-i-o-n, namely, seion, coercion and suspicion. Another writer adds the parolous word ostracion. A third, after a long interval, trots out internecon. Who will furnish a fifth?

Another curious observation is that the words abstemious and factious are the only two in the language in which the five vowels follow each other in their proper order. Is there not a third somewhere?

An illustration of the Yankee mode of combining the agreeable with the useful is worth preserving. Here is what they sing at Public School examinations in a Vermont village to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," visitors and all joining in the chorus:—

If anything on earth can make
A great and glorious nation,
It is to give the little ones
A thorough education.

Chorus.

Five times five are twenty-five,
Five times six are thirty,
Five times seven are thirty-five,
And five times eight are forty.

Continuing the philosophical and educational current, I am glad to find that the American papers are turning their attention to the vicious pronunciation of the vowel u. For instance, ninety-five out of every 100 Northerners will say institoot, instead of institute, dooty instead of duty—a perfect rhyme to the word beauty. They will call uew and news noo and noos—a perfect rhyme to pew and pews, and so on through the dozen and hundreds of similar words. Not a dictionary in the English language authorizes this. In student and stupid the "u" has the same sound as in cupid, and they should not be pronounced stooudent and stoopid, as so many teachers are in the habit of sounding them. If it is a vulgarity to call a door a doah—as we all admit—isn't it as much of a vulgarity to call a newspaper a noospaper? When Punch wishes to burlesque the pronunciation of servants it makes them call the duke the dook, the tutor the tooter and a tube a toob. You never find the best Northern speakers, such as Wendell Phillips, Chas. Sumner, George William Curtis, Emerson, Holmes and men of that class saying noo for new or Toosday for Tuesday, avenoo for avenue or calling a dupe a doop. It is a fault that a Southerner also never falls into, nor a Canadian either.

Many of our readers will be pleased to learn that our former citizen Mr. Wm. Vogt, who has made many friends among the music-loving public by his ably conducted concerts a few years ago, has for a long time past put the musical and lyric education upon a higher standard than it was heretofore on this side of the Atlantic, and has opened, under his own directorship, a conservatory of music in New York city, on the plan of the renowned Stern Conservatory of Berlin, where Mr. Vogt graduated and taught. We are glad to know that his large experience is duly appreciated, and his enterprise cordially supported by pupils from cultured and refined families. The curriculum embraces a vocal and instrumental department, with their usual branches; Italian language and elocution with dramatic expression being also taught at this conservatory, one may look forward to the day when we will see Stars from this honest institution greet a Montreal audience.

It is often desirable to know on what day of the week a certain date falls. I find a method

suggested by a correspondent of the London Times, which I publish for the curious rather than for the practical:

The following old couplet, committed to memory affords an easy rule for ascertaining without reference to an almanac on what day of the week any day of the month will fall:

"At Dover Dwells George Brown, Esquire,
Good Christian Friend, and David Friar."

Explanation.—The couplet contains twelve words, one for each month in order, beginning with January. The initial letter of each word corresponds with the letter in the calendar for the first of the month represented by the word. The key to the use of the rule is the knowledge for the Sunday letter of the year, which this year is E.

Example 1.—On what day of the week did March 16 fall this year?

Answer.—D, the first letter of "Dwells," stands for March 1. But D is the letter or day before E—that is, D, the 1st of March, was Saturday. The calculation is instantaneous that March 1st was the third Saturday in the month.

Example 2.—On what day of the week did December 3 fall? F is December 1. But F is the day after E—i. e., Monday; therefore December 3 will be on a Wednesday.

A. STEELE PENN.

THE GLEANER.

THERE is general expectation that when the time comes for Prince Leopold to wish to be created a Royal Duke, he will choose as his title that of Kent.

A RUMOUR is again current in the Clubs that Lord Beaconsfield is about to surprise the world with a very small and select batch of new peers before the end of the year.

QUEEN Emma of Holland is *ecciente*. Under ordinary circumstances, this would not be looked upon as an event of grave significance. But the future of Holland is undoubtedly problematical.

A CORRESPONDENT says he has authority for stating that the Duke of Connaught has asked to go out to the seat of war in Afghanistan in any capacity that may be thought fit. But the Queen has in the most absolute manner refused the patriotic request of her son.

The newest scare is "death in our clothes," and we are warned against arsenic in the disguise of many tempting hues, especially red. The next idea will be "arsenic in our friends," and we shall be warned of the red-haired and the ruddy complexioned.

NOT a little sensation has been made by the news that Garibaldi is being induced to be a naturalized French subject, and it is Victor Hugo who is said to be the chief advocate of this proposition. Victor Hugo is well aware of the bitterness of spirit which Garibaldi suffers at the present moment, and more than any one he knows of all the delusions of the veteran General.

BALLADS OF THREE MISTRESSES.

Fill high to its quivering brim
The crimson chalice, and see
The warlike and whiteness of limb
Light-draped luxuriously;
Hark the voice love-shaken for thee,
My heart!—and thou liest ere long
In the close captivity
Of wine, and woman, and song.

Though sweetly the dark wine swim,
More sweet, more tyrannous she,
Who, till the moon wax dim,
Rules man from east sea to west sea.
And strong tho' the red wine be,
Nevertheless is woman more strong,
Most fair of the Jove-given three—
Of wine, and woman and song.

But the rhyme of thy Rhine-song hymn
Is more sweet than thyself, Lorette,
As over the night's blue rim
Thou chanest voluptuously;
So stronger is song for me,
To bind with a subtler thong,—
Her only may I not see
Of wine, and woman, and song.

ENVOI.

Then her must I serve without plea,
Who doeth her servants much wrong,—
Queen song of the Jove-given three,
Of wine, and woman, and song.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Fredericton, N.B.

MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT intends to spend \$400,000 in pictures by foreign artists. The great picture by the eminent French painter of battle pieces, Detaille, the largest that he has ever produced, passed through the New York Custom House only a few days ago.

SMALL wooded panels covered with bronzed leather ready for painting on in oils are a novelty lately introduced by Yandell, the upholsterer in Eighteenth street, N.Y., and very admirably adapted they are to the purpose. The bronzes vary in colour, there being green, brown, and red. Their effect as a background is highly decorative. Mr. Yandell has inserted some small panels in an ebony table, and the effect is very rich and beautiful. As the price asked for them is moderate, we shall not be surprised if they become quite popular with amateurs.

THE Ottawa Citizen says:—The Canadian Illustrated News very properly points out the fact that there was really no ground for the Grit declaration that the Government had chosen the Bute Inlet route, because they had declared the adoption of the Burrard Inlet route premature. It was, in fact, as the Canadian Illustrated News points out, "nothing but jumping to conclusions that were erroneous, and piling up mountains of invective on the basis of error."

THE COMPOSER OF "PINAFORE."

Kate Field relates a number of interesting anecdotes of Arthur Sullivan in *Scribner* for October, including a clever piece of boyish deception. After having gained the Mendelssohn scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music over twenty-three competitors, he sang for a year at the Chapel Royal, after which, at the age of sixteen, he was sent by the committee to Leipsic where he studied three years, first as a Mendelssohn scholar, and later at the expense of his father, who allowed him an annual income of \$500. These were the happiest days. A leading spirit among his comrades, Sullivan mingled hard work with constant visits to Dresden, where he divided his time between the opera and the picture gallery. Moscheles, his guardian, was also his banker, and required a strict account of expenditures. Fearing to be scolded if found out in his wanderings, Sullivan put down what was spent in Dresden to "pomatum and socks." This extraordinary consumption of two extraordinary articles astounded Moscheles. When the truth came to light, Sullivan's allowance was increased so as to admit of visits to Dresden without fear and without reproach. Moscheles held Sullivan in high esteem, as all those who have read his letters know, and his ward speaks in grateful terms of his maestro's kindness.

A WOMAN'S GLOVE.—A woman's glove is to her what a vest pocket is to a man. But it is more capacious, and in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred it is much better regulated. A man will carry \$200 worth of small change, four matches, half a dozen tooth-picks, a short pencil, and yet not be able to find a nickel, or a match, or a tooth-pick, or a pencil or a card when he wants it. Not so with a woman. She has the least bit of a glove, and in that glove she carries the tiniest hand, and a wad of bills, and the memorandum for her intended purchase of dry goods, and car tickets, and ma'inee checks, and maybe a diminutive powder-bag. We have no idea how she does it—how she manages to squeeze those thousand and one things into that wee space. But she does it every time, and the glove never looks the least discomposed or plethoric or ruffled. And when a woman wants any article concealed about that glove, she doesn't seem to have the least trouble in the world getting at it. All that is required is a simple turn of the wrist, the disappearance of fairy fingers, and the desired article is brought to light! It is a wonder that no savant can explain.

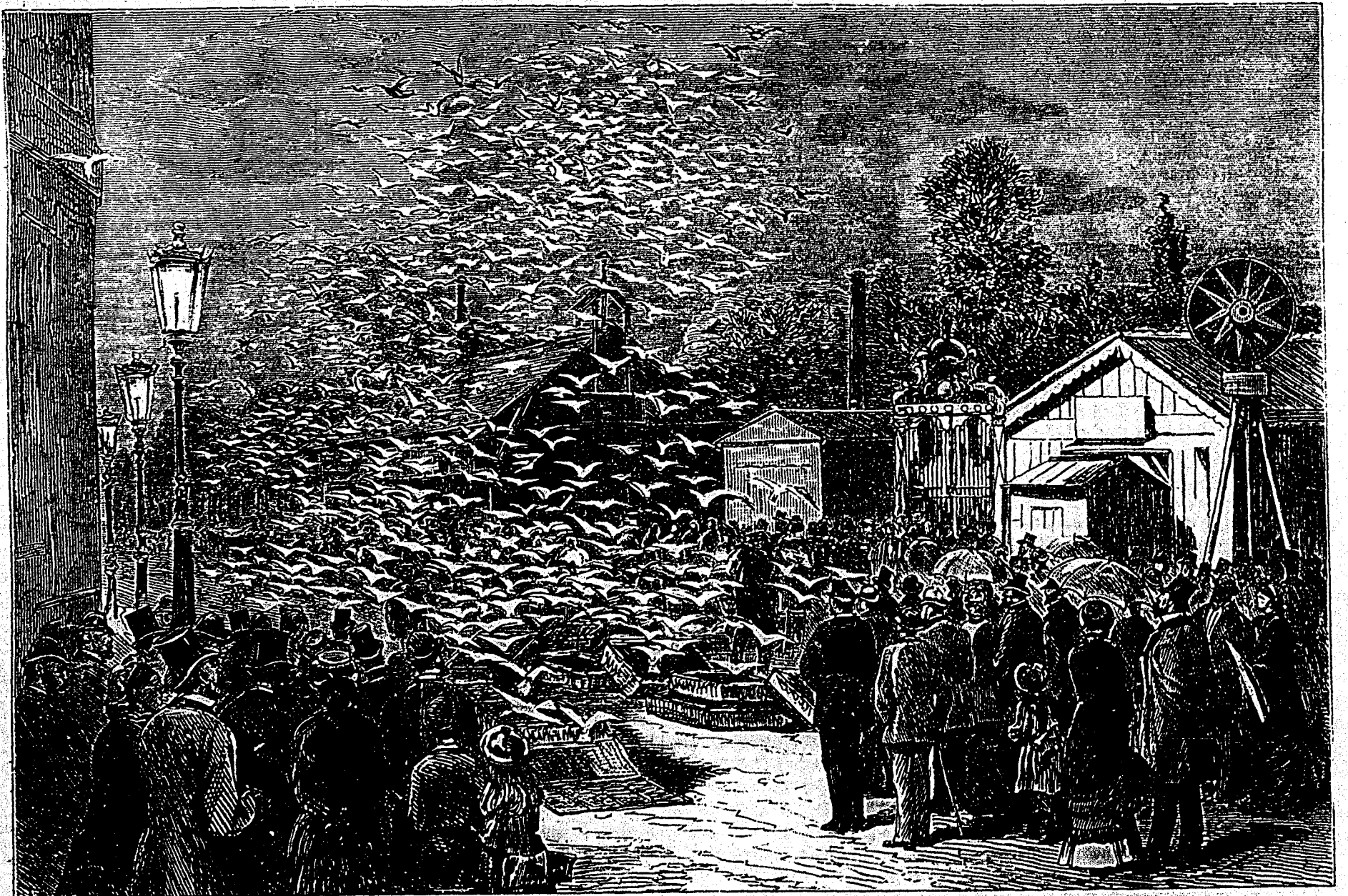
TWO NEW METALS.—The discovery of two new metals is announced, named samarium and norwegium. Paradoxical as it may sound to



KAAIRA.—A KABYLE TYPE.

speak of finding and christening of a hitherto unknown metal before it has been either seen or handled, yet such is the case with samarium. As happened in the instance of the metal gallium, it has first become known to science by means of the spectrum analysis alone; nor can it be doubted that in the verification of its existence by the senses it will in due time follow the same precedent. Lecoq de Boisbaudran found, as he was examining a mineral known under the name of samarkite, an omission of unfamiliar rays. He has inferred thence the existence in this mineral of a new metal, which he has accordingly named samarium, and all he has now to do is to isolate it from the other elements with which it is as yet combined. This has already been done for the other new metal, Norwegium, patriotically so named after his fatherland by its discoverer, Prof. Telleir Dahll, of the University of Norway, who detected it in a metallic compound of arsenic and nickel. The professor has even determined the principal properties of his new metal, which he describes as being white, slightly malleable, of about the hardness of copper, and fusible at a dull red heat.

THE SONG OF BIRDS.—I believe it is a general opinion that the song of a bird is a disinterested effort on the part of the male to comfort his mate and assure her of his presence while sitting on her nest. Certainly, the song produces this desirable effect; but this does not seem to be the motive of the songster. On the contrary, it is an outpouring of his impatience on account of her absence, and an effort to call some other female to join him. Though the male bird often takes his turn in sitting upon the nest during incubation, he is impatient while thus employed, and spends only a small part of his time in performing this duty. While his mate is sitting, he is evidently dissatisfied with her absence, and sings more loudly at that time than after the young appear, when his time is more or less employed in procuring food for them. Even in this respect he is not so diligent as his mate. If we watch a pair of robins when they have a brood of young to feed, we shall see that the female provides the greater part of their subsistence. This disposition on the part of male birds to carry on a flirtation with some other female, while their mate is sitting, may be observed by watching one in a flock of common time pigeons. While his mate is employed in her maternal duties, her lonesome partner resumes the same loud cooing that was heard while he was choosing his mate. The delight which he always expresses when some young, unmated female, hearing his call, alights on his standing place, is very evident. That constancy for which doves have been proverbially celebrated is a trait of character which belongs only to the female.



PARIS.—STARTING A FLOCK OF CARRIER PIGEONS.



GATHERING THE FRUIT.



SCENE IN THE VINEYARD.

GRAPE CULTURE.—A NEW SOURCE OF CANADIAN WEALTH.

THE LOVER'S QUEST.

Stood they where the night dews falling,
Spread like silver o'er the sea;
Sparkling 'neath the smiling goddess
Sailing o'er them placidly,
With her shimmering rays o'er spreading
Tranquil lake and changing sea.

Lit she up those earnest faces,
Interchanging looks of love,
Each replete with nameless graces,
As each voice for mastery strove,
Breathing ardent vows, and solemn,
By that lover's lamp above.

Sad his longing glance, but tender,
As he tore himself away,
Sweet the maiden's smile, bewitching,
While the moonbeams o'er her play,
False, Oh! false, the heart coquette's
That within her bosom lay.

Morning sun with beaming glances
Gilds the old ancestral grove,
And a messenger advances
To the votary of love,
And his tidings, like a dagger,
In that trusting heart he drove.

"Wedded I say you, fatal herald!
That she should be false and live!"
"Stay, my lord, and sheathe thy weapon,
Death is not for thee to give,
For afar her chosen bridegroom
Bears the lovely fugitive."

Down he fell, as though the tidings
Had indeed his death-stroke been;
When he rose, how wild his glances,
And how altered was his mien;
Reason, though not yet departed,
Tottered on her throne, 'twas seen.

Now from anxious friends he wanders,
Lost in foreign lands afar,
On his lip a strain melodious,
In his hand his loved guitar;
Seeking one whose face still pierces
Clouded memory, like a star.

Little know the crowds who listen
That a princely name he bore,
Or that feet, now well high shodless,
Once had trod a marble floor;
And they, wondering, hear repeated
Still the same sad measure o'er.

'Twas a song that oft had echoed
To the clear Italian sky;
'Twas a song that oft had summoned
Tear-drops to his lady's eye;
'Tis the song he hopes will call her
To receive his parting sigh.

Near the crowded hall of fashion,
Watching each departing guest;
Near each haunt of wealth and beauty,
Still of one faint hope possessed,
That his eyes may rest upon her—
Thus endures the lover's quest.

Montreal.

M. J. WELLS.

A PICTURE DEALER'S ROMANCE.

I.

I, John Gildern, was confidential clerk to Messrs. Copal & Sons, picture dealers, near Oxford street, London, long ago, when these events happened; and the firm of Gildern & Co., that now passes pictures worth thousands through its hands, was not then even a dream of mine.

I tread my way back through the maze and confusion of a busy life to those unforgotten days, and one picture rises before me, real, living—all but substantial in my memory—the one picture that has haunted me through all these years, and that all the gold that ever was coined could not purchase, nor all the power of man give back again to my bodily sight. A young English girl, not tall or queenly; not lofty in looks, but straight and graceful and very fair; a face with clear-cut features, wearing yet the looks of a child; blue eyes, looking upward, with their dark fringes raised; eyes of the softest grayish blue, not bright, unskilled in any artfulness of glance, not fine with any artistic correctness of form, but eyes that were supremely beautiful in that rapt, upward look, because they told of a child's unconscious simplicity, of a true heart's open candor, of a pure soul that in every-day life, and among every day things, was bright enough to make its presence known. This is the picture in my mind. Marian standing on the doorstep of a manor house watching the floating clouds in the autumn sky. It was a picture of ordinary things with an inner depth of beauty. The accessories were commonplace enough. There was a white pavement before this side door, some ivy on the wall, and all within was dark. The fair figure thus framed was dressed in some poor cotton stuff of pale blue and white lines that ran into one soft color. The dusky brown hair, with only a few golden threads where it sprang straight upward from the forehead, was plaited and hung in braids, as was the custom once before in those old days; and the hat, with ivy leaves thrust under its band of pale blue, was pushed back, and cast no shadow on the never-to-be-forgotten face.

I, plain John Gildern, was in the most non-romantic of moods, when, turning out of the path from the side gate by which I had entered, I came upon this sight. I presented the appearance of the most ordinary man of thirty, such as may be seen any day in London banks or offices in scores. I had come to the house merely on business, with no introduction to the family; but I carried a carpetbag—a necessary appurtenance of the traveller in those days—and I was invited to stay in the house until my business was done, for it was expected to be troublesome and lengthy work—the drawing up of an accurate catalogue of the names of a gallery of pictures, which the master of

this place desired to sell to our firm. At my approach the girl stepped out of the doorway into the garden, and I saw no more of her that day.

An old gentleman, careworn and, as it seemed to me, not too amiable in appearance or manner, received me in a room full of books and papers. When the servant, a shabby-looking individual with threadbare livery, ushered me into his presence, he was bending over the table looking at some stones and colored earth through a glass that he held in a thin, palsied hand. He drew a newspaper hurriedly over his treasures, and without asking me to be seated, made his inquiries in a proud, slow voice. Was I from Messrs. Copal & Sons? I was. Had I come to examine the pictures as their agent? Yes, I had come to do that service. Then, he said, holding himself straight all the time, and with a pitiable artifice of display, smoothing back his thin gray hair with the shaking hand, whereon glittered a great diamond—then I would find my room made ready; and I was free to stay at Elmsmere as long as my work lasted, for Messrs. Copal had given him to understand that it was sometimes a tedious operation to catalogue and do justice to so many pictures of all degrees and merit. He explained that he was a lover not of art but of study—waving his hand toward the book shelves. He never went near the picture gallery, and, desiring retirement, he chose to ask but few to his house; so he was anxious to clear off the whole art collection—"all," he said, "every one of them;" and with a sudden betrayal of anxiety despite his proud demeanor. "I am sure, sir, Messrs. Copal have sent a competent agent who will do my property justice. You can have them all, every one, mind; and I know such a house as yours gives a good price. Now, sir, the servants will attend to your wants."

With that he bowed me out; and the shabby serving man went before me along the passage, with slippers down at heel and stooping gait, a living satire upon the last order of the poor broken-down gentleman. Such indeed, was his master! I knew it as well as if he had shown me his mortgage papers and the blank credit side of the accounts of Elmsmere. His diamond ring, his cold ceremony and his erect port, braving fortune, did not deceive me; but I must say for the credit of me, John Gildern, the clerk, that I quitted his presence as I would have quitted that of a millionaire; for respect was commanded by this remnant of a grand family struggling against ill-fortune, and being, as the phrase goes, "out of luck."

My work began, and was not easily ended. There were but few paintings of value, though there were many having traditions of great names attached to them, which a close examination proved to be groundless; for these were generally but copies, or works "in the manner of" Van Eyck or De Wint, as the case might be. There were, however, some really good Dutch pictures, a beautiful but ill-preserved Madonna of the Tuscan school, and a Rubens that sorely puzzled me, but which, as the event proved, turned out to be genuine. The main bulk of the collection was family portraits, worth little more than their frames. It was clear from the names of these that the family was related to a knightly one; but this branch bore no title. There was a veritable Stuart court lady by Lely among the rubbish; and there were two pretty children with unkempt hair, great brown eyes and pointed chins, purporting to be from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is no need to describe, nor can I at this day remember, all the pictures of that miscellaneous collection. But among these hundreds of bright or old and discolored canvases there was one that attracted my attention, and it was only a little thing, no more than eighteen or twenty inches in size. This was the portrait of a fair young woman among vine leaves at a window. She was dressed in white silk, adorned with jewels, and with strings of large pearls round her neck. Her hands were raised and clasped as if in some enraptured gesture, her blue eyes cast upward. And though the dress was as different, and the attitude of the hands was tragic and what we commonly call "stagey," I had no difficulty in detecting a striking likeness between those fair, refined, spiritual features and the girl I had seen standing in the door. In the corner of the picture there was an awkward smear of paint. "That conceals the artist's name," I thought, and I soon carefully removed it. But beneath there was only scratched in small white letters, "My Juliet"—two words which cast no light upon my business but awakened my curiosity to a painful degree. On the back was a late twenty years before.

My work soon put the discovery out of my head. I saw no one all day except the slipshod serving man; and, after a lonely evening, he came with a guttering candle to light me up stairs to a large bare room, filled with the smoke of an unwanted fire. It was a room with faded hangings, seedy pictures, a tiled hearth-place and shadowy half-lit walls. Any one nervously inclined would have imagined not one but half a dozen ghosts there. I was haunted by nothing but the memory of the girl at the door, and the mystery of the portrait with its obliterated name, "My Juliet."

II.

All next day I worked alone, the rain pattering against the high narrow windows of the

gallery. Many of the family portraits I omitted from my last list as not saleable, and various other pictures I set down as "doubtful," no being able, without consultation, to settle the question of their authenticity; but the little painting of the girl in white silk at the window was so exquisite in feeling, in color, and in minute finish, that I had no hesitation about placing it in my list. It was about sunset when the light in the gallery was strong and clear in a dry hour after the rain, that as I knelt deciphering some artist's marks on a little Dutch sea piece hung badly near the floor, I heard a light footfall, and looking up I beheld a slight girlish figure treading with little slippers on the bark oak floor. I rose and bowed. It was the girl of whom I had wished vainly all day and all last evening to catch another glimpse. I rightly guessed that she was my host's granddaughter, and I was not free from an embarrassing flutter of heart when she came to speak to me; but I supposed it would be some message from the old man, nothing more.

The girl drew near and began to speak, with eyes not downcast, but like a child's eyes, raised steadily to mine, with a look that was at once the soul of innocence and maidenly gentleness. "I want to ask you," she said, "is that picture to be sold among the rest?" The picture she pointed to was that which had roused my curiosity the evening before.

Yes, I said; it was on my list. The instructions received were to the effect that all were to be sold; and though there were some of the larger portraits that I could not take, this picture was of value.

Never shall I forget the effect of these words—the nervous trembling of the girl's lid and liquid look in the blue eyes. "Sir," she said, addressing me in that way because she knew nothing of latter day customs, and was making an earnest appeal, "Sir, it is my mother's portrait. Grandfather does not care for it; but oh! I do. It is no use for me to ask it of him, he thought so little of her. But will you ask him and have it kept for me?"

"Most assuredly I will," said I, looking down at the earnest face, which it would have taken a harder and more uncharitable heart than John Gildern's to refuse. "I am certain there will be no difficulty having it left out of the list."

"I am not so sure of that," she said, smiling and shaking her head. "Grandfather has such strange ideas sometimes, and he keeps so to whatever he once says."

"Other people do that, too," I replied, assuringly. "I shall keep to what I have said, and see that the picture remains here."

With her sweet voice she thanked me and went away, leaving poor John Gildern standing still, note-book in hand, calling to mind every word that had passed, like any romantic swain of twenty, wondering if he would see her again, and, through sheer anxiety, fancying every word of his own had been awkwardly and stupidly uttered.

When the servant summoned me to my solitary dinner, and took his place behind my chair in the deserted dining-room, full of faded grandeur, I could no longer resist the temptation to find out something about the family, or rather—need I conceal it!—about my charming little maid.

"It is rather tedious work for me here," I said as a beginning, my pre-occupation causing me to make such spattering failures in dismembering a duck that I know the shabby-coated old man was grinning behind my shoulder. "Family portraits are such useless things unless they are by a man of note, and there are some of the pictures that I know nothing about. For instance, there is a little thing of a lady in white silk at a window, and there is something interesting about it, but it has not even an artist's name." I knew I was not wasting my words. This servant had evidently grown gray in the family; most likely there was not an inch of the house unknown to him.

"Ah! yes—ah, yes, yes!" he said, speaking in low, husky tones, and clearly making a bad copy of his master's air of importance, "There's a secret about that picture; 'taint no common affair, not it."

"Well," I said, "if you can assist me in any way that is valuable in my business, I shall, of course, consider your services." All is fair in love and war, they say, and I could not resist the desire to satisfy my curiosity.

"Much obliged to you, sir," said the husky old man, with a bow of great dignity, as he forthwith proceeded to relate the history of the mysterious picture.

The facts I afterward put together were these: There had long ago been a coldness, almost a feud, between the owner of Elmsmere and his only son. The cause of this was the attachment existing between the son and a beautiful and virtuous girl who was then on the boards of a provincial theatre. The delay to this marriage was caused by the father's threats of disinheriting the offender. But at last that difficulty was surmounted; a consent was wrested from the old man; the marriage took place, and the bride bidding farewell to the stage, was brought home to Elmsmere. Her husband, the heir of the mansion, had dabbled in art. He painted his wife as Juliet, the part in which he had first seen her; and he insisted on hanging the portrait with the rest in the gallery. He met with a fearful accident not long after the marriage; and the father, for love of his willful son, let the small portrait hang where he had placed it, but with his own hand blotted out the words in the corner—"My Juliet." The

young wife did not long outlive her sudden loss; and the old man was never reconciled to her, although as the servant said, "she was the gentlest, most heavenliest being, sir, that ever drew breath." But when, in dying, she left an infant daughter, the father's heart warmed to the child, and for his son's sake she became to him the one dear thing on earth. This was the whole story—a sad one enough. My interest in it only made the servant more communicative.

"Master will want to see you, to-night, sir, as the business is done," he said; "and don't you mind, sir, if you find him nervous a bit—or hot as I may say. It's his way, sir. The world's gone askew with him this long time back; and there's always a mine or some such nonsense just again' for to be found on the estate, and not been' found after all, and edging his temper, poor gentleman."

The old man was evidently glad of some one to talk to, but when he verged on his master's present affairs I stopped him, and dinner being finished, sent him with a message to my host to ask if he was at leisure to see me. He sent back word that he was engaged on most important business, but would see me in half an hour. When the summons to the library came at last it was easy enough to see that the "most important business" had something to do with plans on the table, which were stained by late contact with clay or dusty stones. This much I could not help observing, as the plans lay on the table, and the old man held something in his hand, which dropped reddish earth on the floor when he stretched it toward me with an impatient gesture. I gave him a rough estimate of the value of his pictures, subject to changes, for better or worse, which might be made in it by my employers. I offered him his option of doing business in this way or of having the whole collection disposed of on his own account for what it would bring at our sales rooms. He said he preferred ready money transactions, with the firm for the purchaser, but the figure I named was much too low. He went over the list with me, and waxed, as the servant had predicted, rather hot on seeing some of the prices, and hotter still at my inability even to take into consideration the purchase of the portraits. He was only pacified, when he was absolutely losing his self command, by my assurance that this catalogue was only a first estimate; that in order to avoid disappointment I had set down what I myself thought the lowest figure, and that I had to leave out some works which examination might prove to be of great value, in which case our house would deal with him liberally. He had risen to his feet; but he sank again into his arm-chair on hearing this explanation, saying: "Certainly, certainly; we cannot yet decide on the exact figure; and after all—with a trembling voice and his loftiest air—"a few pounds one way or the other matter but little to me; but a man does not like to part with any of his property below what he himself believes to be its actual worth."

This I judged a favourable moment for the commission I had received from my fair suppliant in the morning. I hastened to explain that a young lady, whom I judged to be his daughter—unfortunate me, driven to use such flattery!—"No," he said; "his granddaughter," I bowed, and went on. The young lady had requested me not to include in my list a small family portrait of some value.

"I know the thing," he said impatiently. "She has been talking to me about it. Let it go. It is only a fancy, sir, which does not concern your business here. I want the gallery cleared, and I am only sorry so many of those vapid daisies of our ancestors have to remain there."

His severe tone and cold looks were almost too much for me; but I was not outmastered yet. I replied in a firm but respectful manner, sorry for the artifice I was resorting to against his gray-haired ruined pride: "You say, sir, it does not matter to you whether the picture bring a few pounds more or less. The price of the one is no value to you, and the portrait itself is of value to the young lady so much for whom I speak that she herself made it be my business and my concern to mention it." This was the homethrust.

"Of course I don't care about the paltry price," he said. "If she really wants the thing so much strike it out of your list." After that hurried speech he bowed my dismissal as he had done at the last interview, only remarking that he supposed I would carry the result of my work to London in the morning, and there would be no further delay. When I had gone to the foot of the staircase, in the dusk of the spacious flagged hall, I saw his granddaughter coming hastily from a doorway, where no doubt she had waited anxiously for my step on the stairs.

"Have you asked grandfather?" she whispered.

"I have. He will do as you wish about the portrait. He has struck it off my list."

"I am so glad!" she said, still in a low voice. "I would not part with it for the world!" and she seemed surprised at her good fortune, while I knew but too well that the secret of it lay in my allusion to money affairs, a subject on which the poor man would not have a stranger's suspicion aroused.

"You have been very kind," she said—"very good to me." And with some sudden impulse of gratitude, she stretched out her hand, which I was but too proud to press for a moment in token of friendship.

"It was but a slight service," I said, scarcely knowing what words I stammered out; "I have to thank you for the pleasure of allowing me to do it for you."

In another moment she was gone, with a kindly "good-night," and I tried in vain to persuade myself that it was possible for her to take my answer as anything but a piece of ordinary politeness. Yet I had meant it with all my heart. What else could I have said? I thought. What else could I have done? Of course, my words had only the sound of a courteous answer, and as such she took them, thinking not of poor John Gildern, but of her rescued treasure.

In the morning I wished in vain for one sight of that fair, simple-hearted girl, that had so unconsciously robbed me of my own heart's peace, and of my ordinary unromantic, business-like frame of mind. More—I confess I loitered unnecessarily long over breakfast and departure; and I took many a side glance as the shabby servant led me to the door, and then it was not by the shortest route that I made my way to the high road. But there was no help for it; I left Elmsmere without seeing my little enchantress again.

III.

Four years passed to be added to John Gildern's thirty. I was fortunate enough to have a rich relative, and I gave up the service of Messrs. Copal and spent the best part of those four years travelling with him in Italy; and it must be admitted that I thought but seldom of Elmsmere after the first few months, though there were certain memories connected with the place which might any day or hour have filled my time-tried heart as full of romance as was ever a boy of half my years. These memories I put out of my mind permanently as useless and disturbing; but I had no other romance, though there were ample opportunities for such indulgence both at home and when we were on our travels. At the end of those four years we returned to London, and I took up my former employment, but at a different house, which I may call here the house of Messrs. Easelby & Sons. One morning I was laughing over the pages of *Punch* in an idle hour—there were many idle hours at Messrs. Easelby's—when a fellow-clerk said in his usual off-hand way of throwing work on me: "You might open that parcel and attend to those letters which the late post has just brought in, Gildern."

I made some remarks more forcible than courteous about the parcel and letters, adding: "I shall attend to them this time, but it is none of my business." It was in this mood that I opened the first letter. Had my fellow-clerk been a student of physiognomy he would have seen my annoyance suddenly change to a feeling very different. But my comrade had no such gift of insight; and, even if he had, there were deeper feelings awakened by that letter which my face did not betray. It was addressed to Messrs. Easelby, and the writing was light and unfinished in character, much like a school-girl's, with u and n alike. It was in after readings—days and months after that—I noted all this, and then it was in no spirit of criticism. At the time I only saw that it was from a young lady, asking if water-colour drawings of hers, done at her former country home, would be acceptable for sale, adding that any price would be taken, as she was anxious to part with them, and the name signed was Marian—. Even here I cannot break the sacred secrecy of that second name, but it was the same as that of the owner of Elmsmere, and I no longer doubted who the writer was, even before I opened the thin, flat parcel and took out sketches of parts of the well-remembered garden, the avenue of elms and the shallow, reedy widening of the little river that bounded one part of the grounds and gave the name to the house. The letter was dated from a shop that I happened to know, a stationer's in City road. I knew also that this was merely an address for correspondence, and not the residence of the writer. Unfortunately, there would not be the smallest hope in offering the drawings to my employers. But it was impossible for one who knew the would-be artist, and guessed the history of their coming, to return them to her as a failure. At least it was impossible for me, with pictures of the past rising in my mind and sympathy roused until it was pain. I enclosed a trifling sum, letting it appear to come from Messrs. Easelby, and signing my name in my accustomed illegible manner; and that night I took the parcel of drawings to my own home.

Day after day I spent in plans for coming into actual communication with her. I built castles in the air then, indeed, imagining how I would come to know her again; how her grandfather, who doubtless had by this time fallen lower in the world, would accept me as her suitor; and how life would run for the rest of our days like a fairy tale. At the same time, every week that went by in hesitation added to my anxieties, and at last I was positively suffering from suspense, all my old ardor roused and my sympathies quickened by the thought of this young girl, so unfit for the world's trials, obliged to do stern battle with them and perhaps alone. My surmises were true. When about a month had passed, the clerk who had attended to the correspondence came to me one day laughing at a poor attempt at water-colour drawing. I took the cardboard out of his hand, touched to the quick, and gave some awkward explanation, ending with: "I shall attend to it." So I did attend to it by sending to the girl's address a

poor price, but the best I could afford and taking home with me the worthless drawing. This happened twice again; and being now on the watch, I myself managed to receive the parcels and letters, and each time I did what any man on earth would have done—had he been placed as John Gildern was—sent my own money with my useful illegible signature and appropriated the poor child's work. Then, fearing the repetition of my pardonable ruse might lead to some awkward discovery, I desired the sender of the water-colour drawing to leave them in future at an address which I gave in the city, and merely to mark them, "Messrs. Easelby & Co.—to be called for."

The result of this step proved that I was right in relying on her small knowledge of the business world. But what was my dismay to find, when I first called at this city address, a package, which, when opening it at my rooms, I found to contain—ah, now well remembered—the picture of Marian's mother. A voice came to me out of the past; "I am so glad: I would not part with it for the world." But some overruling power had doubtless compelled it otherwise. And what a tale the parting told. I glanced at the accompanying letter. It stated with the most unbusiness-like simplicity, that the writer greatly valued the picture, but she needed money at the moment. If Messrs. Easelby would send part of its price and leave her the chance of buying it back again at some future time, she would be most grateful. But if they never did business on those terms, she would sell the picture for whatever they thought it worth.

"Poor child! Poor Marian!" I exclaimed with Heaven knows how sad and burning a heart, "she is sorely tried somewhere in this great, hard world of London—sorely tried, and perhaps without a friend." I paced up and down for a few moments with the open letter in my hand, thinking what could be done, and haunted by every soul-stirring memory that the sweet young face and trustful blue eyes had left me. I wrote a hurried note and sent it on its way, delaying only to inclose a check for the picture, and to explain that it would be safely kept, and might at any time be repurchased by the sender. Then I wrote another letter, taking care that it would arrive a post later than the business communication, purporting to be from Messrs. Easelby's clerk of the unknown signature. The second letter ran:

DEAR MISS N.—I have hitherto corresponded with you only in your business affairs in relation to Messrs. Easelby; but strangely enough I once had the honor—far from forgotten—of meeting you at Elmsmere, when I was acting agent for Messrs. Copal & Co. I have not forgotten your kindness and confidence in allowing me then to do you a slight service in connection with a picture which has to-day passed through my hands. If you send a word in answer to this note to John Gildern at the above address, I shall take it as a favor that you will do me the great favor of permitting me to renew that chance acquaintance. If I receive no answer, I shall do my best to be resigned to the greatest disappointment of my life; and in either case your business relations with Messrs. Easelby will continue exactly as if I had never ventured to send you this letter.

I took care to write my name with clearness in the body of the letter, but to sign it as usual at the close. After a day or two of the utmost anxiety, a few words came in answer. Poor Marian explained that her grandfather was ill, but that he would be glad to receive me, and that she hoped I would not be surprised at finding that they had suffered great losses and misfortunes, for I would visit a very different home from Elmsmere. At the head of this letter was an address in a street in Finsbury, a quiet, dull corner, not far from the city road. Thither I made my way the very first evening after receiving the letter, and I still recollect how dull the street looked in the twilight, all the houses alike as if each row had been cast in a mold. As I looked up and down for the house, I wondered if the people who lived there had to make sure of the number every time they went home. The number I sought led me to a house where in the lower room there was but dim firelight, and bright light only in the top window. After a long delay I was admitted to the room distinguished in those houses as the "front parlor." The stout landlady, who seemed particularly untidy and in a hurry, poked up the fire before she left me, and I could see distinctly the worn furniture, the glass shades of wax fruit and the old lace curtains that I still recollect in one vague dream when I think of that room. The fire was bright, flashing white on the wall, when there came in a fair girl, pale and altered, but blue-eyed Marian still. But how strange she looked—tearful and without a smile. She stretched out her hand with the sorrowful words on her lips. "Poor grandpapa!" She could utter no more; but I understood the rest. The poor, broken-down man was dead in that bright room upstairs.

I would have gone away at once, feeling my presence an intrusion just then; but she asked me to stay, adding most simply, with her face hidden in her thin white hands: "You won't mind my crying a little? But don't go just awhile. It is kind of you to come, and I shall be able to talk to you soon. But I'm so—so nervous and shaken."

We did not meet as strangers. Sorrow and sympathy became friends at once, and there is no barrier of ceremony between them. Somehow she trusted me; why I cannot tell, except perhaps, because she knew nothing of the

world, and I had once shown some little kindness to her about that picture at Elmsmere.

There is but little more to tell. I accompanied her a few days after to the old man's grave. It was a sad, lonely funeral; we were the only mourners.

I let but little time pass until I won Marian and made her my own; for loneliness and grief were telling upon her, and I could afford to despise the tattlers who talked of my unbecoming haste. Ah! it was well to make haste, for little did I suspect then that my new-found treasure was already hastening away from me. She busied herself gaily in our new home; she laid plans of all she would do to make it "a little paradise, John," when she would be well and strong; but there was a dark look under my little wife's blue eyes, a hollowness of the cheek once so fair and smooth, a husky cough that drove me wild with increasing fears. There was for me a deepening beauty in her looks; but more and more I felt the hand of fate upon us as I watched her face and delicate form from day to day, seeing but too plainly

Something faint and fragile in the whole. As though 'twere but a lamp that held a soul.

At last the day came—dreaded, oh! how long!—when, raising her fair head from her pillow, my poor Marian whispered to the watcher in his constant place beside it, "Dear heart, tell me, am I dying?"

Oh! how the words cut into my very soul—"Am I dying?" from the sweet flower of Elmsmere, and the same question from troubled blue eyes that had so charmed me long ago. "Not dying, darling," I could only say, "don't call it dying, it is only going home."

Then she laid her head upon my arm, looking up at me with those pure, child-like eyes. "Don't grieve and fret, dear heart. Ah! I'm afraid you will. He will bring you home too, you know, into his bosom."

When I sat beside my lonely hearth, I took courage from those words to bide my time and work out my life bravely. My grief has not driven me into selfish seclusion, and I have found interest in covering the walls of my home with art treasures of my choice. Among these is the picture of Juliet, which, with a pardonable artifice of love, I pretended to buy back for my poor girl before her marriage. As to her own drawings, I kept them hidden, and she never knew my secret. The revelation would only have taken from her the pleasure of thinking that her work had supported her ruined grandfather. But when she was with me no more I filled my own room with those worthless sketches—priceless to me, and it is among them now that I have gone back through those old years, and raised again the memories of Elmsmere and of Marian as I saw her first, before her frail life was broken on the hard world's wheel.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN EATING.

"It is probable," Mr. Ernest Hart writes in the *British Medical Review*, "that in these hard times and in the bad times yet to come during the winter of distress with which we are threatened that the question of conveniently feeding our population will assume a growing importance. It is one on which medical men are able to speak with some authority as practical physiologists, physicians, and travelled men of the world. The extravagance of our people in their feeding is well known to us all—notably, their extravagant excess in flesh food, their ignorant neglect of nitrogenous vegetables and unskillful waste in cooking. At this moment Sir Henry Thompson's excellent articles on Food and Diet in the *Nineteenth Century* are very opportune, and medical men generally may usefully serve their country at what threatens to be a period of widespread distress and critical suffering by inculcating sound principles in respect to the economy of meat, the attention to all kinds of beans, lentils, green vegetables, common fish (now neglected), rice, cheese, macaroni, and hominy. In a great number of the houses of the middle and all of the upper classes it is the practice to indulge the servants and the masters in meat meals twice, and often thrice a day. There can be no doubt that this is wasteful, and in all probability it is for the majority unwholesome. To repeat the now well-known figures which represent the high food value of all kinds of peas, beans, and lentils is trite to persons who have any extended knowledge of life elsewhere than in England, or who have any elementary knowledge of dietetics and of the composition and value of food. Yet the fallacy that meat alone can give strength for hard work and beer alone give adequate stimulus to its digestion are fallacies so deeply founded, and which underlie so many extravagances and follies of the poor and of the well-to-do, that a campaign against dietetic fallacies would be as patriotic as it is well founded. The first step is a widening of our list of legumes. The first immediately available resources are peas, beans, and rice, haricot beans, lentils, and the varied beans of India; the second is the introduction of the pipkin and the stew-pot. Until the English housewife learns how wasteful is the roasting-jack, how costly the gridiron, and how unnecessary the "clear fire" and the blazing mass of coals, without which she can at present usually neither cook a cutlet nor boil a cup of coffee, the first lessons of household economy are still unknown to her. But it cannot be very difficult, if anything like a general effort be made to popularize

the art of making an appetising, nourishing soup with a few bones, a crust of bread, and half a cabbage, a *croule au pot*, such as every peasant can make, and such as every epicure falls back upon from time to time. It cannot be difficult to naturalize in England the wholesome, delicious, and nutritive breakfast "honey porridge," on which peasant and millionaire alike delight in America, and which may be seen as often at the breakfast-table in the Fifth Avenue at New York as in the cottage in New England; the art of stewing over a few embers in a pipkin which converts scraps of meat, onions, carrot, and bread-crusts into a savoury stew cannot be unattainable. At any rate, the time is suitable for a renewed effort to impress upon rich and poor the costliness, the waste, and the national evil of our present disregard of the wealth of legumes which is at hand, but little used; of the desirability of inquiring into the alleged trade combinations by which the price of fish is kept up and the take limited in order to preserve a system of limited sales and large profits. The habitual excess of flesh-eating probably leads also to the excess of beer and wine drinking; the digestion is fatigued by excess of nitrogenous food, and then stimulated by alcohol to dispose of it. More and more the medical profession is happily assuming the duty of instructing the people in the means of health and the art of avoiding and preventing disease. Dietetic regulation, in health as in disease, is one of the most useful of medical functions."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIMS REEVES is on an operatic tour through the English provinces.

MUSIC teachers in New York have been compelled to come down in their prices.

THE new operetta, upon which Offenbach is at work, is entitled "La Fille du Tambour Major."

SLEEPY HOLLOW, Maretzek's new opera, is to be done into French for an early production in Paris.

IT is said that Mme. Adelina's Patti's great amusement is fishing for trout. She is now in Wales, enjoying that sport.

TENNYSON has finished his new drama, "Thomas & Becket," which Mr. Irving is to put before the public during the season.

MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF, whose Dickens Mornings were so popular last year, will give another series of similar readings during the month of January.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS will make a final tour of the States, commencing October 16, at Boston. She will visit all the large cities with a farewell programme of new readings.

BARRY SULLIVAN will probably come to America in January or February, and will act his way across the continent to San Francisco, whence he will sail for Australia.

WAGNER, in his second paper on the "Work and Mission of My Life," announces that he was far from satisfied with the result of the great Beethoven festival of 1876, and that he has planned greater things for the future.

upon Anna Dickinson to write a new play for her. An odd fact in this connection is that Miss Davenport has cut her hair off, and now wears it after the Dickinsonian method.

IT is said of Buttone, the new comic opera, that while in Fatinita there are but twenty-four, in the Chimes of Normandy twenty-three, Pinafire twenty-four, and Maretzek's Sleepy Hollow eighteen musical numbers, in Buttone there are forty-three.

THE most important and interesting theatrical news that has reached us in many a day is the news that Edwin Booth intends to act in London, and that negotiations are even now in progress between Henry Irving and himself, with a view to his appearance in that city.

IT has been finally arranged that Ullman shall bring Bernhardt to this country, although not until the fickle Frenchwoman had broken a contract with another manager. Under this contract Mlle. Bernhardt will come to this country in September next, and remain for six months. H. J. Sargent will probably have charge of the tour, as Mr. Ullman does not propose coming himself.

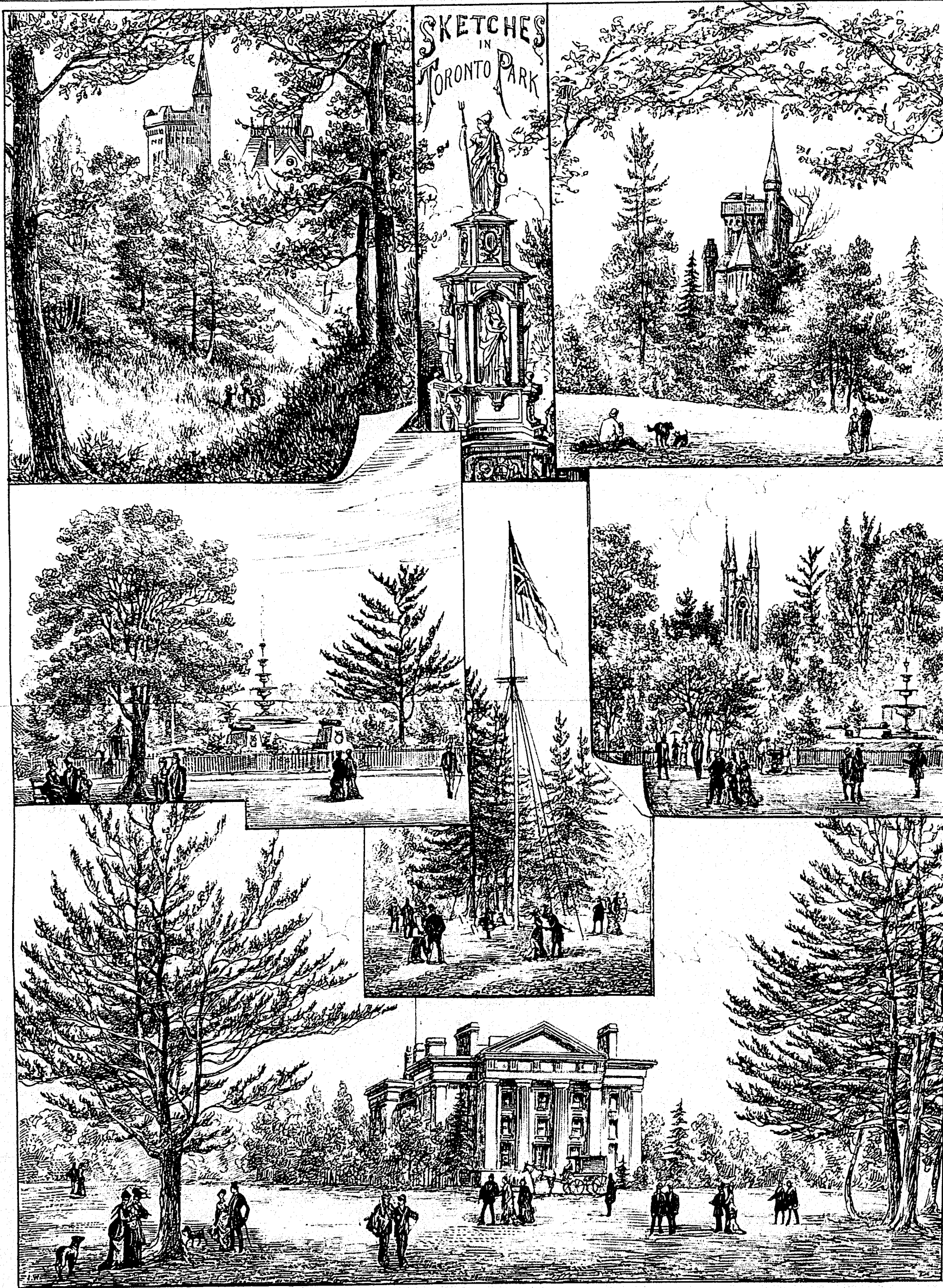
GEORGE MACDONALD and members of his family are appearing in England in a dramatization of the Pilgrim's Progress. Moncure D. Conway writes that while generally quaint to the verge of the grotesque, there is much about the performance which had to his mind solemn significance. But the audience smile over the most serious passages, even when "Christian" cries, "What shall I do to be saved?"

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.

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.



TORONTO.—VIEWS IN THE PARK.—LEAVES FROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH BOOK.

THE LATE JUDGE HOLT.

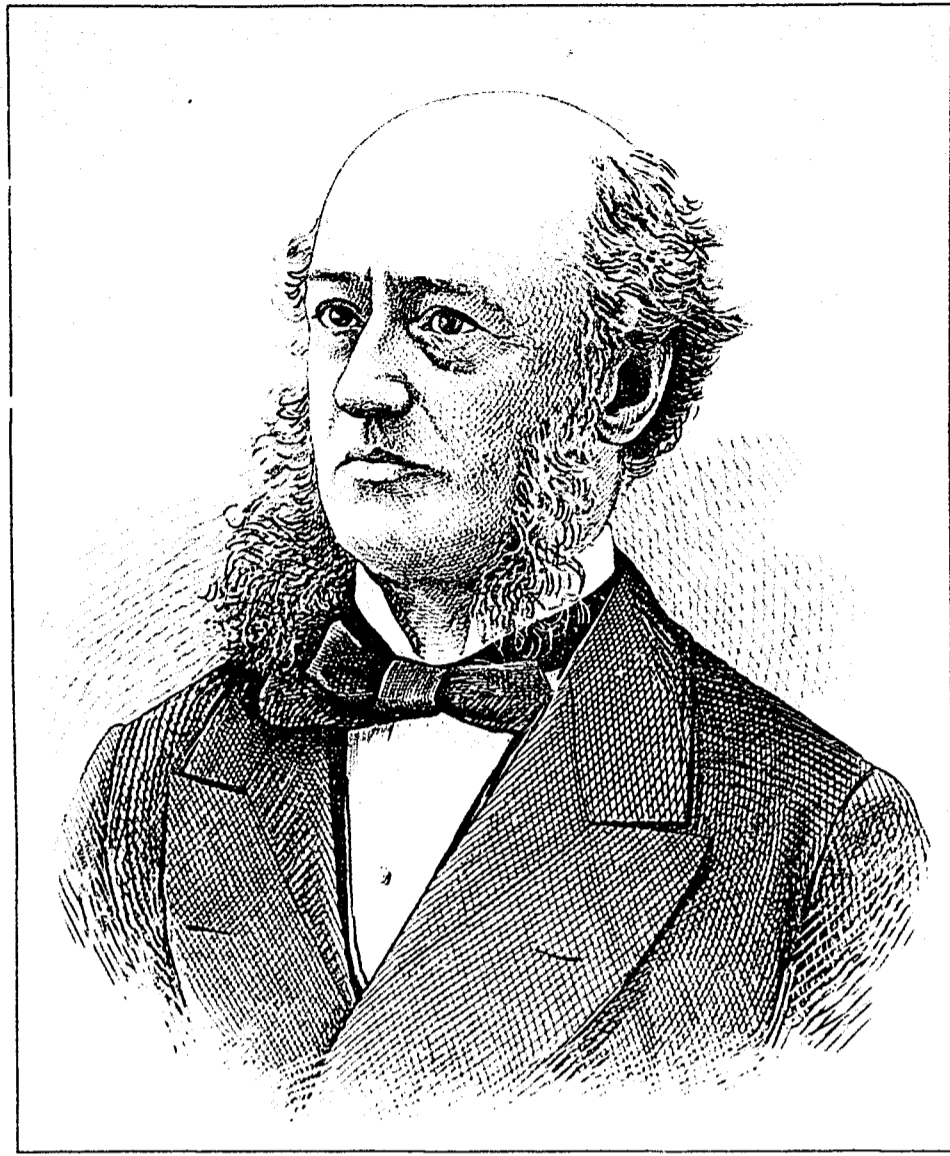
The late Judge Holt was born in Quebec, the eldest son of the late C. A. Holt, Esq., a merchant there. He was descended from a family which had been settled in America for over two hundred years, but which came to Canada after the close of the American war. The deceased was called to the Bar in 1844 and was made a Q.C. in 1863, and soon achieved a name for himself as a sound and brilliant lawyer, but it was perhaps in winning verdicts in commercial cases that he was most successful as an advocate. His pleasing appearance, imperturbable good-humour and uniform courtesy, joined to his ability and eloquence, usually proved quite irresistible with the jury. Among his *confères* at the Bar Judge Holt was extremely popular, and he always took the warmest interest in upholding the honor and dignity of the profession. By the Bench he was universally respected, for though firm in upholding the interests of his clients, he was never disrespectful or captious to the judge. He was, in fact, in every way a model lawyer.

Many were surprised at his accepting in January last so comparatively insignificant a post as that of Judge of the Sessions, but it is probable he already felt the seeds of the disease which ultimately proved fatal to him, and was glad to exchange the laborious life of the profession for the comparative ease of the Bench. Besides, in the last thirty years only one Protestant member of the Quebec Bar has been appointed to the higher courts of this province.

The extremely complimentary resolution passed by the Bar was felt in his case to be no exaggerated praise, and the immense concourse of citizens which attended his funeral proved that an honorable and blameless man, even in these days of rapid living, wins recognition from the world.

WHY AMERICANS BOLT.—It is especially remarkable that in the United States the ordinary food of the people is better in quality and more respectably cooked than among the masses in any other country, and the Americans are known to masticate their food very imperfectly, in short, to "bolt" it. This habit of bolting is probably itself due to the general excellence of the food supply, coupled with the restlessly busy temperament of the people. Now it is curious that in the United States the degeneration of the wisdom teeth has gone further than in any European country; that the jaws are almost always abnormally short; that the lower jaw is apt to be rather "underhung," and that, as Mr. Brace assured Mr. Darwin, "it is becom-

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

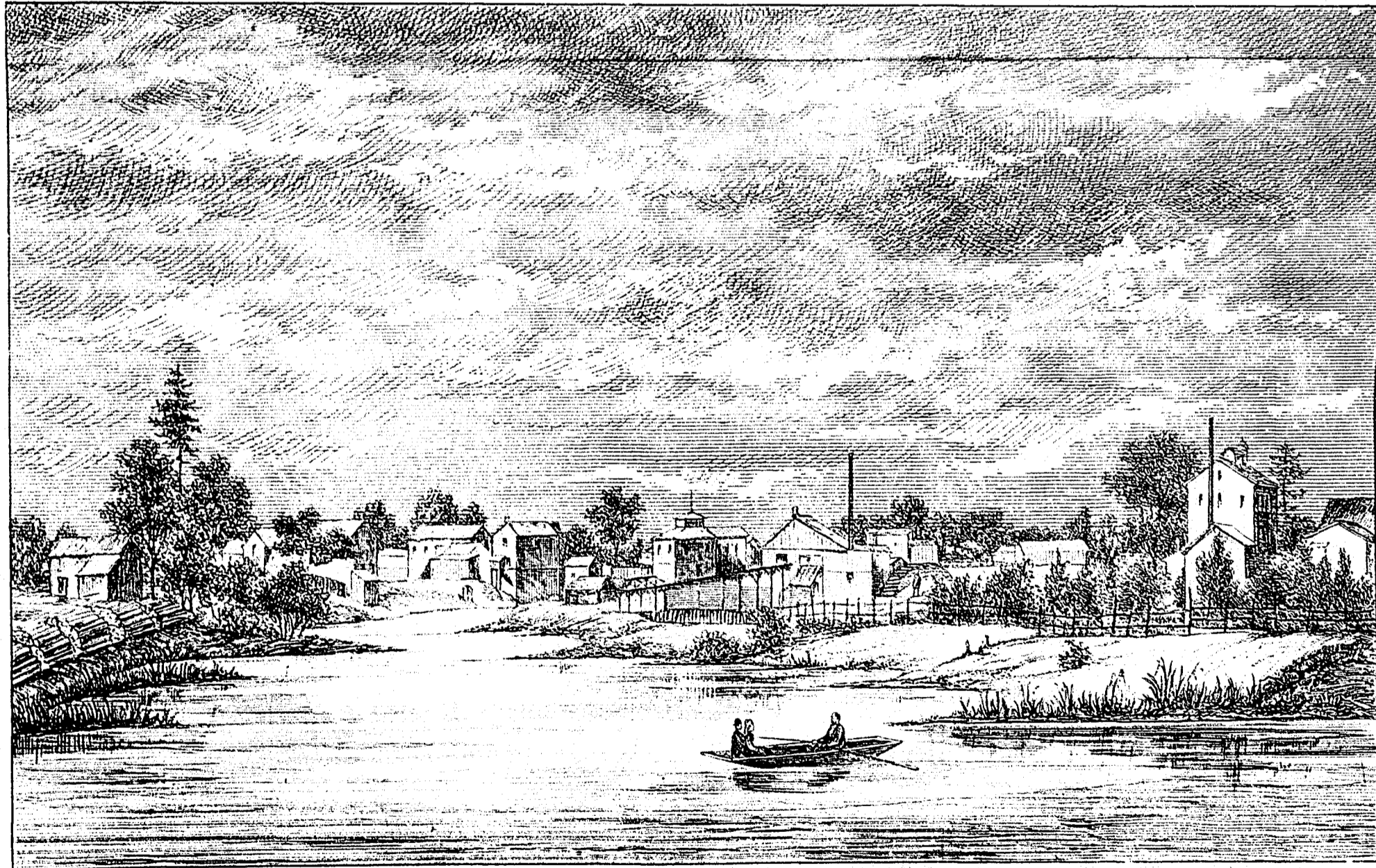


No. 323.—THE LATE JUSTICE HOLT.

ng quite a common practice to remove some of the molar teeth of children," as the jaw does not grow large enough to hold the proper number. To these peculiarities we must attribute in great part the commonness of the hatchet face in America.

KING THEODORE'S PROPOSAL.—It is an unlucky sign for a King of Abyssinia to write a letter to the Queen of England. It was a misadventure of that kind, written by the late King Theodore, that led to the Abyssinian war a few years ago. His African Majesty proposed to marry the Queen. His letter to that effect was, by some mischance, filed away in a pigeon-hole in one of the British circumlocution offices, and never thought of until the black king began to maltreat the English missionaries within his boundaries, by way of showing his sense of blighted affections. He kept this up until the English Government sent an army there to thrash him, which it did. But the war and its costs were heavy penalties for pigeon-holing a letter from Africa. The present letter from King John is on a less embarrassing subject, for it only complains of the Egyptians, and, as the English are doing the same thing on their own account, this letter can get a prompt response, expressing a fellow-feeling, and therefore be wondrous kind. But it will not do to file it in a pigeon-hole or a waste-paper basket.

THE COMING WINTER.—Among the triumphs of science, which research and diligent application have secured, is that system of observation and computation by which it is possible to prognosticate, with almost unswerving accuracy, the weather changes, the temperature and atmospheric conditions which will prevail for hours, weeks and even months to come. It is now confidently asserted that the coming winter is to be, in the main, not unlike last winter, as regards average temperature. There will be a cold spell through the middle of December, and a very cold snap during the latter part of January. The amount of snow which will fall will aggregate more than fell last winter, and the chances are that sleighing will prevail during nearly the entire season. This is undoubtedly welcome news to the manufacturers of sleighs and the dealers in robes, furs, etc., who, for many winters past, have been heavy losers, owing to the openness of the weather and the scarcity of snow. The temperature will probably be more even than last winter, which latter was characterized by three severe gales. The prospects for a plentiful ice crop are thus seen to be favorable—a fact of interest to all consumers of this luxury.



GRAND BEND IN RIVER AU SABLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY REV. H. CHRISTOPHERSEN.

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MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

Book V.

BEGINNING LIFE.

IX.

BONAIR RECIDIVUS.

A moment's conversation with M. Paladine revealed the situation in the house during my absence and the cause of Ory's mortal illness. Bonair had raised a storm. His father, after letting him have his own way for full six weeks, indulging his every whim and anticipating all his desires, had at length ventured to broach the subject of his relations with Gaisso. He had two reasons for raising the subject at that particular time. The first was the intelligence he received that Gaisso was already being annoyed by the Voudous and urged to come to some determination. The second was that Bonair had proposed to his father a trip of some two months to New York for the purpose of coming to an understanding with forwarders of that city in regard to the fur trade which he intended opening in the Blackfoot country. In his interview with Bonair, M. Paladine did not require him to give a decision one way or the other, but contented himself with exposing the full state of the case, and requesting his son to give it calm and mature consideration. Without allowing his father time to conclude his statement, Bonair broke out into a violent passion, denounced his whole family as leagued with his enemies against him, declared that he would allow no one, absolutely *no one*, to interfere in this matter which was purely personal to himself, and that he intended to act just as he pleased. Gaisso was his whenever he wanted her. He could use her as he liked, and he meant to use her as he liked. She was old enough to be mistress of her own person; he was old enough to be master of his own actions. As to any danger with which he was threatened by the Voudous, he roared and ranted in a way that was terrible to hear. He protested that he laughed any such menaces to scorn. He who had met the barbarous Mexican in corral and ravine, who had faced the savage Indian on mountain and plain, was not to be intimidated by skulking negroes who shrank from the glance of a sharp eye and trembled at the whistle of a lash. If any negro on the plantation or elsewhere even looked askance at him, he would plunge a dirk into his belly. He had been hounded and badgered long enough. He determined to be ruled by nobody hereafter.

The old man's blood was roused by this insolent outburst. All the patience which he had been practising for months was forgotten in a moment, and he fiercely set before his son the alternative—either to do justice to Gaisso or leave the house.

"I don't require you to marry the girl," said M. Paladine, "but the least you must do is to acknowledge to her and her friends that you have abused her confidence, that you regret having done so, and that you are willing to offer any reparation short of marriage. I believe I will be able to bring sufficient influence to bear upon your enemies to make them accept these conditions. And, indeed, these conditions are just. They ought to be accepted without either persuasion or compulsion."

These words of M. Paladine only added to the fury of the hot-headed youth. He lost control of himself completely. He used most insulting language to his father. He even went so far as to threaten him with resistance if he attempted to enforce his intentions.

"And now as you want to drive me," he shouted, "I will show you that I will not be driven. As soon as I arrived from the mountains, you spirited Gaisso away, just as if I were an unclean animal, bearer of the plague. I said nothing. But the injury has rankled. I know not where you have hidden her. But I will find out. I will go at once in search of her. When I find her I will draw her forth and show you what I can do. Ah! You pretend that she is good; that she is virtuous; that she regrets the past; that the fault and the ignominy are all on my side. Well, I will prove to you that Gaisso is mine to turn and twist as I like; that she is my slave, has no will but to yield to mine. If you had let me alone I might have let her alone, but now I will parade her as my mistress before the world, and while I will enjoy all the pleasure, I will let those who regard it as a scandal and a disgrace, bear the whole burden of shame."

With these words Bonair seized his hat and rushed out of the house. His father called him back in wrathful tones that made the whole house tremble, but the desperate youth heeded them not and pursued his way.

The counter-stroke of this altercation fell on Ory. Her brother had scarcely disappeared through the park when she dropped on the floor of her room in a state bordering on death. Brain fever then set in. For a whole week she held to life by the merest thread. The physicians had

had scarcely hope of her recovery till the preceding evening.

That same day, on seeing the danger of his daughter, M. Paladine sent a pressing letter to Gaisso summoning her to The Quarries by the next boat. In that way he snatched the poor girl herself from the clutches of Bonair, at the same time that he procured the best possible nurse for Ory.

Gaisso arrived on the third day of Ory's illness, and had not left her bedside, night or day, since then.

Meantime, where was Bonair? M. Paladine could not tell. He had caused the most diligent search to be made after him throughout the city, but in vain. It was a special hardship for the old man that the boy should know nothing of his sister's sickness, for, spite of his faults, he always had a particular tenderness for her.

Not the least part of my surprise was that M. Paladine should thus confide to me all the secrets of his family. The long histories which he related to me on former occasions had a personal relation to myself, as episodes of a mystery in which I found myself involved, but in the last incident I was nowise concerned, unless, perhaps, it were that M. Paladine, like Ory, desired me to assist in finding Bonair's whereabouts and inducing him to return to The Quarries. But if M. Paladine had any such intention, he did not hint it to me. No. In this revelation he evidently had no afterthought. He made it naturally, as if I were one of the family and had a right to know it. Ory had indeed told me more than once that I exerted a singular influence on her father; that since he had made my acquaintance he was no longer the same man, his sternness having yielded to a gentle patience and his implacable taciturnity to a freer intercourse with all his household. I had full proof of this esteem on the present occasion.

In expressing my heartfelt sympathy I inquired of M. Paladine whether Bonair had not some friend in whom he could confide and who could give him good advice.

"No," was the reply. "he never had the blessing of a true friend. He is as isolated as I am. He had in old times plenty of young sponges who rioted with him and helped him to waste his money, but they are all dispersed since he went to the army. I know of but one who could have any influence on him, and that is yourself, Carey. He has spoken to me several times of you with the fullest respect, and the fact that he owes you his life might go a great way. But I would not ask you to look after him. Now, that his sister is out of danger, I am just as well pleased to have him at a distance for awhile. It will, perhaps, be all the better to let him return of his own accord. He had on his person considerable money, the fruit of his own gains. With that he will doubtless run a course of dissipation somewhere. When he is out of pocket he will come back to me. He has been negotiating an arrangement with the American Fur Company for next spring, and I have already promised him the necessary funds."

I made no offer of service to M. Paladine, but with Ory's request in my mind I departed, fully resolved to try my prentice hand on the prodigal.

X.

A MOTHER'S WARNING.

I never really knew till that evening that I loved Ory. I had never even analyzed the feeling which had drawn me to her from the day when I first saw her standing on the platform of the quarry. But now, in my long walk, hastening over the frozen ground, I was not more exhilarated by the sharp air which blew upon my brow, than by the sense of love which palpitated in my heart.

My mind was as clear as the starlit sky above me. I could leap to conclusions with a swift, sure intuition. I therefore examined myself. And the examination itself was a delight. What was the one thing in Ory, which, predominating and absorbing all others, thus commanded my love? Was it her beauty? No; not precisely. I had seen others as beautiful, with the exception, always, of her eyes, which were simply incomparable.

Her eyes!—that pride of Creole daughters—keen, large, round, brown, lustrous and serene. So deep they mirrored all her virgin soul. So sharp they pierced into your very brain. And yet so meek, so fully 'neath control That even their vividness could inflame no pain.

Was it her accomplishments? No. They were in perfect keeping with her station in life, but otherwise, there was nothing particularly salient in them. Was it her character? Yes. Her character was genuinely feminine and there were a firmness, a consciousness in it which I had not at first suspected. But beyond all this, there was a negative charm in that character which grew out of her peculiar position. It was precisely this negative charm which formed for me

the centre of attraction. Ory needed some one to lean on, some one into whose heart she could pour out her own. I had never so fully realized this as to-night at her bedside. She required a protector and a confidant, some one less paternal than a father, more fraternal than a brother. She needed a lover.

I flattered myself—and how delicious was the belief—that circumstances, a wonderful series of circumstances, had marked me out for that rôle. Further, I had the certitude that Ory expected me to assume it. In other words, she loved me.

When I reached home I found my mamma waiting for me, as she had promised. The intelligence of Ory's illness both surprised and pained her. She even felt hurt at not having been apprised of it, but with her usual magnanimity announced her intention of visiting her god-child the next morning. This she did, along with one of my sisters, and, as I learned from herself immediately on her return, her visit produced the best results. She found M. Paladine charming. In a long private interview which she had with him, he never once alluded to past differences, but thanked her for the gracious reception she had given Ory, for her continued friendship to his daughter, and for her amiability in calling upon him in the hour of his distress. He alluded feelingly to his domestic troubles, to the solitude which shrouded his old age, and excused himself for not having informed her of Ory's illness from a morbid fear of that neglect and alienation with which the whole world had always treated him. He was cured of that now, in her case at least, and he would be happy to continue the kind relations which this visit had inaugurated. Whatever M. Paladine may have been accused of in past times, my mamma added, he was certainly a perfect gentleman, and there was something very pathetic about the silent courage with which he bore his sorrows.

There is no need to speak of the delight which the visit afforded Ory. As my mother remarked, it is during illness that we can judge best of a person's character, and judging her god-child by this test, her good opinion was heightened to unbounded admiration. I had seldom seen my mamma so warm, so expansive as she was that day in repeating the praises of Ory. For a full hour she did not deviate from the theme. I shared her enthusiasm, of course, and could have listened to her for another hour, but she closed the conversation at last, and in a way which I least expected. Assuming a grave countenance, she wound up by saying:

"But, Carey, after recounting all my impressions, there is one last point I must refer to, and which I regard as most grave and most important."

I was not a little surprised, and immediately asked:

"What is that, mamma?"

"Don't you suspect what I mean?" she continued, with the same gravity.

"I do not, really." And the reply was sincere, for I had no idea of what was to follow.

"It is this, my dear—Ory loves you."

I smiled and blushed. Then, for lack of something better to say, I inquired foolishly:

"Did she tell you so, mamma?"

"She had no need to tell me. Her beaming eye, her flushed cheek, her dimpled smile whenever your name was mentioned, and, I must say, she mentioned it oftener herself, were witnesses eloquent enough."

I remained silent.

My mother continued:

"Were you not aware of this love, Carey?"

"Not till last night, mamma. Before that, I never gave the matter a serious thought."

"But now you are certain of it?"

"I think I may answer yes, mamma."

"And what do you say to it, my dear?"

"Ah! what else can I say than that I reciprocate it with all the powers of my soul?"

My mother now looked not only grave, but concerned. A shade of sadness even gathered on her countenance. Astonished at this I asked in a trembling voice:

"You are silent, dear mamma. Does the knowledge of our love give you pain?"

"Pain? No, Carey; not to me. If I alone were interested, it would give me the keenest delight, for no one is worthier of your love than Ory. But there are others, Carey."

"Others? Who is there besides yourself whom I need care to please in this matter?"

"Oh! that is not my meaning. I refer to another young heart that loves you."

"To whom can you refer?"

"I thought you were sharper sighted, Carey. Have you forgotten Mimi Raymond?"

"Mimi?" I exclaimed. "She is my amiable cousin, to whom I am indebted for much kindness, for many favours, and whom I highly esteem—but she is nothing more."

"Nothing more, Carey? What? Do you not know that Mimi loves you even to blindness, that her whole existence is wrapped up in you? Has she not given you sufficient proof of this? She has unbosomed herself to me, my son, in floods of tears. She told me of the happy Valmont days, of her accident at Big Fork, of her reluctance to go to Europe because that would separate her from you. Is it possible that you did not understand the meaning of that prompt attendance—of that unwearied kindness of hers during your illness? Ah! Carey. Your memory is short. Remember the words you spoke to her at Valmont Spring, the other words you spoke after her rescue from drowning, the letters you wrote her during her absence in Europe, and all the hopes you gave rise to in

that loving, trusting bosom. I do not upbraid you, my son. I do not even wish to interfere. All I ask you is to be prudent. Be careful, before engaging yourself too far, not to do an injustice to Mimi. Are you certain that you have not been unjust and neglectful already?"

"I do not believe that I have," was my timid reply.

"You received letters from her when you were at Potosi?"

"Yes, mamma, several."

"And did you answer them faithfully?"

"Every one of them, I think."

"Since your return have you gone to see her?"

"Not yet. I have not had the time."

"Tell me honestly. Did you intend going to see her?"

"I did, indeed."

"When?"

"This very afternoon."

"Ah! That is right. Do so. Reflect on what I have told you and bear yourself accordingly. I seek your good, my son, and it is because of this solicitude that I repeat—do no injustice to sweet Mimi Raymond."

XI.

DOUBTS AND INQUIRIES.

Here was a predicament. One short hour ago, my life's path opened clear before me, flooded with sunshine. Now a dark shadow fell over it, which, alas, might prove the harbinger of a storm. Who would have thought that my wild words, spoken erewhile in a blind outburst of boyish passion, would thus bring an unexpected retribution? *Nescit vox missa reverti*. It was too late to withdraw those words. I could not recall them if I wished. They had borne their fruit in silence and sorrow long after I had forgotten them and while I was building other hopes elsewhere.

Poor Mimi! Was it strictly true that I had been wholly ignorant of her love; that I had not rightly interpreted the tone of her tender letters, and the spirit of that nursing care with which she enveloped me during my illness? Ah! there are moments in life, and especially there are blinding crises of love, when it is the almost impossible thing to be literally, sternly truthful. Dissimulation is such a fascinating chameleon, and it is sometimes so like a benediction to be deceived. I tried hard to convince myself that Mimi could not love me so much as my mamma had stated, and particularly that I had given her no valid grounds for that love, or its requital on my part. But it was useless. The past came back to me in sharpest outline and with clearest, brightest colours. Yes. It was plain. Love's arrow had sped from the bow and the stricken heart lay bleeding.

My intention had been, as I told my foster-mother, to call on Mimi that very day. I owed her an early visit after my return and I knew she would be expecting me. But now, after this revelation, what should I do? Ought I to go or not? And if I went should I act as if nothing had happened, or should I frankly ask and give explanations? The problem was hard to solve, and I puzzled over it for a long time. At length, however, I decided on taking the most straightforward course; to go to Mimi as usual, do and say nothing to bring the conversation on that dangerous ground, but if in any way it drifted thitherward—as I more than suspected it would—then meet it like a man.

Had I consulted my own taste, I should have paid the visit at once, but I had to put it off till later in the afternoon, for there were several business hours before me yet, and I must go down to my office. There I found some new clients waiting for me, with whom I worked for a considerable time. Then I was called upon by a few friends, who, having heard of my arrival, dropped in to congratulate me. The last of those who came was Djim. Making himself at home, he helped himself to a cigar out of my box, made a slow and critical inventory of my scant professional furniture and then sat down at the window to read a paper until all the guests were gone. When we were alone, one of my first inquiries was whether he had seen or heard anything of Bonair Paladine. His answer was a hearty laugh.

"Bonair Paladine!" he exclaimed. "Why, yes; the last time I saw him was about a week ago, and such a sight as he was. He came down to the office with a couple of black eyes, a swollen face, a torn coat and shirt and an old silk handkerchief tied around his head. I didn't know him at first. Of course I understood what it all meant. He had been on one of those rousing old frolics—'busters' they call them—in which all our mountain men indulge when they come down to St. Louis. He had been drinking, gambling, fighting, and the rest. Probably, too, he had been robbed, for generally it is only when these wild men have had their pockets completely cleaned out that they take refuge at our office to tell us their dismal story. We then wash them, clothe them anew, and advance them a little money, with which they manage to behave themselves during the remainder of their stay. Paladine, however, wanted neither ablutions, clothes nor money. His request was a most singular one, and I'll bet you could not guess it if I gave you from this till to-morrow. Just imagine! He wanted me to get him a wig."

"Ah, yes," I remarked quickly, "he is somewhat bald."

"Bald! I should think he was. Why the fellow is scalped. When he took off his hand-

kerchief to give me his measure for a new wig, I hardly knew what to do, whether to laugh or scream with fright. I never saw anything so hideous and so comical. It was Gorgon and Genou put together. He then related to me how he came to lose his wig. It was in a low den where he had been carousing with a lot of rough boatmen. Liquor, of course, got the better of them all. A free fight was first indulged in, but after awhile, by a common instinct, the whole of them turned on Paladine. The fellow, who is very powerful and no coward, faced them for a long time, and from a corner of the wall where he was driven, dealt them shower upon shower of heavy blows. But the unequal fight bore him down at last. Possibly, if he had continued to the end he might have been left dead on the floor, but fortunately, at the very crisis of the battle, one of his adversaries made a desperate plunge at his hair and tore off his wig. The effect was tremendous. A terrible shout arose: "The devil! the devil!" and in the twinkling of an eye the room was cleared. Out of charity I got the poor fellow a wig of the size, pattern and colour which he designated. He had some little money left with him, because he paid me for it. He left me a moment after, and I have not seen him since.

"You don't know what has become of him?"
"He must be at the Quarries, I guess."
"No. I am told he has not been there for seven or eight days."

"Oh, by the way, he did tell me he had had a falling out with the old man, and from what he said—I don't remember now precisely what—I concluded he would not go back home in a hurry. He talked to me of a trip he intended taking to New York on some business or other, but I did not pay much attention to him, for I thought he rather needed rest than anything else after such a hiding as he received. However, if he had it in his head to travel, I should not be surprised to learn that he has done so."

All this was bad enough. It was such news as I could not repeat either to M. Paladine or to Ory. The old gentleman's wrath would burst out afresh and Ory would break her heart with weeping. That Bonair had made search for Gaiso through the city was quite probable, and not finding her, he had sought relief from his vexation in a round of dissipation. When he had gone into that rather deeper than he expected, it was also possible that he had decided upon absenting himself for a time until the scandal had blown over or some other circumstance called for his return. I thought I might safely tell M. Paladine that Bonair was gone East.

(To be continued.)

BISHOPS OF DURHAM.

SOMETHING ABOUT A RICH OLD ENGLISH SEE AND SOME OF ITS EIGHTY-TWO INCUMBENTS.

The cable last week announced the death of Dr. Charles Baring, ex-Bishop of Durham, who resigned his office last January, when Dr. Joseph Barber-Lightfoot, Canon of St. Paul's and Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was chosen his successor. Bishop Baring was raised to the Episcopacy in 1856 as Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, where he was known as a hard worker and a sworn foe of display, "having even been seen to carry his own carpet-bag from the railway-station and encouraging his clergy to receive him in the same homely way as they would any other brother clergyman." On the death of Bishop Villiers in 1861, Dr. Baring was translated to the See of Durham. During his seventeen years' incumbency he built 119 new churches, and enlarged and restored 150 others, besides building or enlarging 183 schools, forming 102 new parishes, and incurring a large outlay for burial grounds. He held 671 confirmations, at which 75,704 persons were initiated. The duties of his large diocese—it has a population of more than 1,000,000 souls—to which he sedulously devoted himself, left Dr. Baring little leisure for literature, controversy or politics. He was probably the strongest Evangelical on the bench, and so not in particular close sympathy with many of his clergy. Critics said that he was almost as tyrannical to his clergy as was Bishop Marsh, of Peterborough, who was smashed by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review*. "Bishop Overbearing" was one title conferred on him, and a familiar story that has been widely circulated relates how a child who had been playing in Auckland Park boasted on returning home that she had seen and been spoken to by "the Lord Bishop." "What did he say?" "Oh, he frowned and said, 'Get off the grass!'" His feuds with the Dean and Chapter of his Cathedral were notorious—indeed he had not preached in the cathedral for many years, and but rarely entered it. Nevertheless he was munificent in his charities, though opposed to all display, and when he resigned his charge, owing to ill health, declined to receive any retiring pension on the ground that his ample private means made it unnecessary for him to avail himself of the provisions of the Bishops' resignation act. The income of the See was £8,000 a year, to one-third of which he was entitled on retiring. He might also have retained as a residence Bishop Auckland, a noble palace. His successor would have found himself with an income of only £4,300 a year—£7,000 is the figure forwarded by a recent act, the other £1,000 going towards the endowment of the See of Newcastle—and without a residence, had Dr. Baring insisted on his rights.

The selection of Canon Lightfoot was a surprise, notwithstanding his eminent reputation for piety and learning. For more than two centuries at least the See of Durham had not been filled by any one not previously a Bishop, the successive translations being Bishop Crewe, from Oxford, in 1674; Bishop Talbot, from Salisbury, in 1722; Bishop Chandler, from Lichfield, in 1730; Bishop Butler, from Bristol, 1750; Bishop Trevor, from St. David's, in 1752; Bishop Egerton, from Lichfield, in 1771; Bishop Thurlow, from Lincoln, in 1787; Bishop Barrington, from Salisbury, in 1801; Bishop Van Mildert, from Llandaff, in 1826; Bishop Maltby, from Chichester, in 1836; Bishop Longley, from Ripon, in 1856; Bishop Villiers, from Carlisle, in 1860, and Bishop Baring, from Gloucester, in 1862. The present Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Ellicott, was regarded as reasonably sure of the promotion, and wicked wits record that there was a distinctly visible smile on the congregation when he gave out as his text on the Sunday after the announcement of Canon Lightfoot's preferment, "O wretched man that I am!" Dr. Baring, by the way, was the first person that ever resigned the See of Durham.

The Bishopric of Durham is in the north of England what the Bishopric of London is in the south, holding an altogether unique position and preponderating over all other Sees. It is only inferior to an Archbishopric in dignity, and has the distinction of being one of the three Sees—London and Winchester being the other two—which carry with them a seat in the House of Lords independently of seniority on the bench. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York are not entitled to encircle their mitres with the ducal coronet, but the Bishop of Durham is, in compliment to the old Palatine rights of his predecessors. The Prince-Bishops of Durham once exercised regal sway over the territory of their diocese. Till the reign of Henry VIII. writs in Durham ran in the Bishop's name, and offenders were tried for breaking "the Bishop's peace," not the King's. As late even as the reign of William III what is now called "the County Palatine of Durham" was styled "the Bishopric of Durham." The incumbent, who was Count Palatine in right of his See, Earl of Sacerge, and in point of precedence held rank, as he still does, next to the Bishop of London, had his Court of Chancery, Attorney-General, etc., and Durham was one of the *imperium in imperiis* against which Burke thundered. The Bishopric was once the richest in England, its income in good colliery seasons ranging from £40,000 to £60,000 a year. When, almost a century ago, Thurlow asked it for his brother, the Bishop of Lincoln, George III replied: "Any other preferment, my Lord, but Durham has always been reserved for men of noble birth and distinguished connection," whereupon the King's conscience-keeper answered in his most impressive manner, "Then, your Majesty I ask it for the brother of the Lord High Chancellor of England," and the King gave way. The last Prince-Bishop who could be so designated by courtesy, in consideration of the princely amount of his revenues, was William Van Mildert (1826-36). He dispensed a splendid hospitality both at his city palace and country seat. Dr. Halifax, the biographer of the great Bishop Butler, says that the latter during his incumbency of Durham set apart three days every week for the reception and entertainment of the principal gentlemen of the county. Nor, it is added, did he neglect even the clergy who had the poorest benefices. "He not only occasionally invited them to dine with him, but condescended to visit them at their respective parishes." The notion that there could be any extraordinary condescension in the visit of a Bishop to the clergymen who formed a part of his staff throws a curious light not only upon the general ecclesiastical life of the eighteenth century, but also upon the position of the Bishops of Durham. It is worthy of remark also that when Dr. Baring resigned, the Dean and Chapter disregarded the formal inhibition of the Archbishop of York against their administering the diocese during the vacancy, considering that the guardianship of the spiritualities *se de vacante* had been granted by a charter of William the Conqueror and confirmed by numerous charters of succeeding monarchs and bulls of Popes prior to the Reformation. It was then again confirmed in the charter of Henry VIII, and has only once been resisted, and that unsuccessfully, by Archbishop Sandys in 1587.

The Bishopric of Durham dates back 1,242 years, from the days of St. Aidanus, A. D. 637, when it had Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, on the Northumberland coast, as its headquarters. Thence the Danes expelled the Bishop and monks, about 800, and, says Heylin, "they wandered up and down from place to place for 200 years, not finding any place where they might repose themselves in safety, till in the end they sat them down in Durham, Anno 990 or thereabouts." Among the Bishops have been a Patriarch of Jerusalem, a Cardinal, a Lord Chief Justice, a principal Secretary of State, besides Lord Chancellors, Lord Treasurers, etc. Five of the Lindisfarne Bishops were sainted, the greatest of them being Cuthbert, in whose name the Durham Cathedral was consecrated. A shepherd boy of the vale of the Leader, he joined the monks of a small monastery on the Tweed—Muirros or Melrose—and by his ardent, but mild, piety and zeal for the conversion of the heathen rose to be friar, being afterwards transferred to Lindisfarne. He died March 20, 687, having, by his devotion to the spirit of prayer and holy contemplation, so distinguished himself that his brethren he seemed "more

like an angel than a man." For some time he had occupied a solitary cell on the smaller island of Farne. There it was he died. Readers of "Marmion" will remember Scott's lines:

How on a rock by Lindisfarne,
Saint Cuthbert sets and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name.

The Northumbrian legend was that on dark stormy nights the saint occupied himself by forging on a rock anvil, with another fragment of rock as his anvil, beads for the faithful. To this day the waves cast up there after a storm "St. Cuthbert's beads"—the fossilized remains of crinoids washed by the sea out of the shore rocks. The saint's bones have wandered wide. He charged the monks of Lindisfarne, in the event of a Danish incursion, to quit the island and take his remains with them. Eleven years after Cuthbert's death they disinterred the body to give it a more honorable place, and finding that it had not undergone decay, proclaimed a miracle, and placed it in a shrine where it remained till 875, the wonder-working object of great veneration. To escape the Danes the brethren then left the island, taking the body with them. After wandering about for some years it found rest at Chester-c-Street till 995, when, the Danes coming unpleasantly close, it was taken to Rippon. The incursion over, the brethren brought it back, but at a spot on the River Wear, known as Duir-holm—the Deer's Meadow—they were miraculously arrested, and settling there with their precious burden, founded the Cathedral of Durham. To the present building the body was moved in 1104; on inspection ere it was placed in the lavishly adorned shrine behind the great altar, it was found to be inclosed in three coffins, one wrapped in hides, and to be shrouded in linen, "including the face, the only flesh visible being through a chink left in the cere-cloths at the neck." There the body remained till the Reformation in 1540, the saint's corporax cloth—the covering of the chalice, having meanwhile been the Plantagenet's banner, turning in 1346 the fate of the day at Neville's Cross and soon after witnessing the taking of Berwick. More fortunate than other saints, Cuthbert escaped ignominious treatment, his coffin being carefully closed, sealed up in an additional casket, and buried beneath the defaced shrine. In May, 1827, the coffins were opened, and within was found a skeleton, wrapped in shrouds of linen and silk, with on its breast a small golden cross. The whole body was perfectly dry, and as there was no space between the swathings and the bones, and no trace of decomposition was observable, it was evident that in promoting belief in the incorruptibility of the saint's body, the monks had been guilty of a pious fraud, exhibiting "a mere skeleton, swaddled up, so as to appear entire, with plaster-balls in the eye-sockets, to plump out that part of the visage."

LYMAN, SONS & CO.

We give this week an engraving of the exhibit made by Messrs. Lyman, Sons & Co., of this city, at the recent Dominion Exhibition at Ottawa. This house is by far the oldest in the drug business in the Dominion, and is one of the very few houses in Canada which has been successfully conducted by the same family from its foundation towards the end of the eighteenth century, and it has throughout its long existence maintained the highest reputation for honourable dealing and the purity of the goods it supplied. The exhibit made by this firm at Ottawa was worthy of special notice, and it is characteristic of the quality of the goods kept by them, that in the four regular classes in which they exhibited, they took three first prizes, including a silver medal, and one second prize, although, we are assured, nothing was manufactured especially for exhibition, everything shown having been taken out of the regular stock. The articles exhibited were: Pharmaceutical Preparations, including Fluid Extracts and Powdered Drugs and Spices, for which they received the Dominion Silver Medal and \$10, being the highest prize; Paints, ground in oil; and a collection of raw and boiled Linseed Oils, for each of which they received first prize. They also made a very attractive display of perfumes, prominent among which was their "Noupareil" perfumes, which, although but recently introduced, have already achieved for themselves a reputation second to none of even the imported perfumes, from such celebrated houses as Lubin and Atkinson. A special feature in this exhibit was a huge pile of Linseed Oil-Cake. This is the residue obtained in the manufacture of Linseed Oil, and as it consists only of the farina and mucilaginous skin of the linseed, is very nutritious, and is largely used for fattening cattle in England, where most of the cake made by the firm is sent. This house was the first to introduce the manufacture of Linseed Oil into Canada, nearly fifty years ago. At first, a wooden screw press was used, which was soon replaced by a hydraulic press: this proving insufficient, about twenty years ago four powerful hydraulic presses were erected, capable of pressing 500 gallons of oil a day. During the season these presses are run night and day, two gangs of men being employed. It may not be generally known that the climate and soil of Canada are particularly fitted for raising linseed, and that Canadian seed produces a large yield and a very fine quality of oil. As evidence of this, we may remark that, both at Paris, 1867, and Dublin, 1865, this firm obtained first prizes and medals for Linseed Oil, exhibited in competition with

oils from the best English crushers. A special prize was awarded for the oil cake shown at Ottawa. Messrs. Lyman, Sons & Co. are also large grinders of Land Plaster and Plaster of Paris, samples of which were shown at Ottawa and received special commendation.

NORDHEIMER'S HALL.

Murphy's Miniature Pinafore Company is performing as this number appears, with the success that was predicted for it. Those who have not yet witnessed the performance, should do so, as "Pinafore" interpreted by children, is doubly irresistible.

On the 10th proxo., the Emma Abbott Opera Company will make its debut amongst us. Of Miss Emma Abbott it is said that delightful as she is in concert, it is only fair to say that her genius is distinctly dramatic, and that to a temperament precisely fitted for the drama, she adds the gifts of a most thorough and elaborate cultivation. It would be idle to claim that in point of quality her voice is the equal of some of our very greatest singers; and in strict justice it must be added that Miss Abbott sings with such intensity and self-forgetfulness, that in her most impassioned utterances, her tone loses a part of its delicacy, and may be called slightly piercing, although never hard. This is unavoidable; and yet when we have said this we have exhausted our quiver, and add that in pureness, sweetness, the clear and even tones, and a mastery of all technical difficulties, Miss Abbott is surpassed by no singer who has ever visited us. In her half voice she has never been approached, and in the almost incredible difficulties of the "bird song" she shows all the resources of her rich and plastic organ and her long and arduous cultivation. She is not only a great singer, but a great actress, and in verve, intelligence and emotional sincerity, she cannot be surpassed.

HUMOROUS.

The English home ruler—The lady of the house.

"What is marriage?" "One woman the more and one man the less."

It is getting chilly; it is time to light the office fire. Now is the time to send in poems on autumn.

A RECENT obituary notice says: "Mr. Smith was an estimable citizen. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married."

AN Illinois editor returns thanks for a centipede sent him by mail from Texas, it being the first cent of any kind that he has received for several weeks.

BYRON once said of a lady whose tongue suggested perpetual motion to every visitor, that she had been dangerously ill but was now dangerously well again.

WOMAN has many advantages over man; one of them is that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her life-time.

A PRECOCIOUS youth, prompted by an unpleasant recollection of the last term, says that school teachers are like dogs, because "they lick your hand." This carries off the palm.

THE little one made a beautiful answer without knowing it. "What! kiss such a homely man as papa?" said the mother in fun. "Oh, but papa is real pretty in his heart," was the reply.

If there is one thing more than another that will make a young man in a big button-hole bouquet, light gloves, dainty clothes, and hair parted in the middle, come down to hard-pan and as near common-sense as he can get without previous preparation or adaptability, it is to have a woman tell him he ought to have been born a girl.

"SCUGE me 'fyou please," stammered he as he staggered about four feet to the left and almost knocked a lady down on Main street last evening: "scuge me, m-madame, but prefehnel pedestrian oughter have nohjective point, an' make for it to a b-bee line." And he walked on, really thinking he had enlightened a female who could not walk straight.

MISS CALINO goes for the first time to view the sea at Dieppe. At her departure for home her sister recommends her to carry back some sea-water in a bottle. She goes down to the shore and fills her vial with water. "Better not fill it up like that, missy," said a sailor. "because it being low water now, when the tide rises it'll burst your bottle." Miss Calino, quite convinced, pours out half the water and departs.

ARTISTIC.

MR. PRESTON POWERS, the sculptor, is about to return to Florence with many orders. He is making an ideal figure of "Maud Muller."

MR. ERNEST LONGFELLOW, the artist son of the poet, has a large allegorical composition which he painted in Paris and which he will shortly exhibit. He is going to build himself a studio at Cambridge.

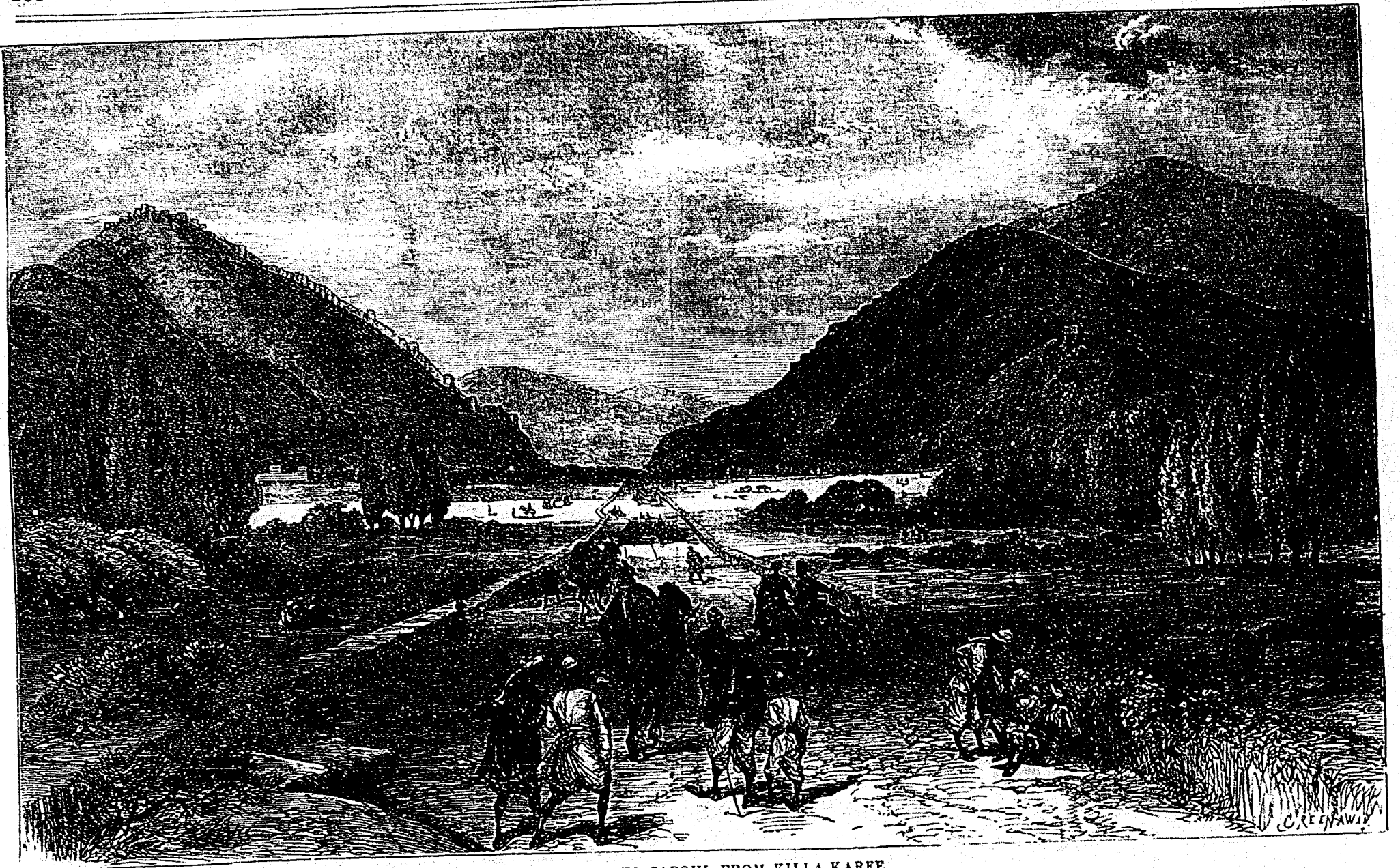
As many as 14,000 works have been sent in from the art schools throughout Great Britain for competition at South Kensington, and there is reason to believe that the number next year will be exceeded.

At least one practical result of the desire to facilitate Boston girls in obtaining the most useful as well as ornamental branches in their education is the late furnishing of the girls' high school with an admirable collection of antique casts.

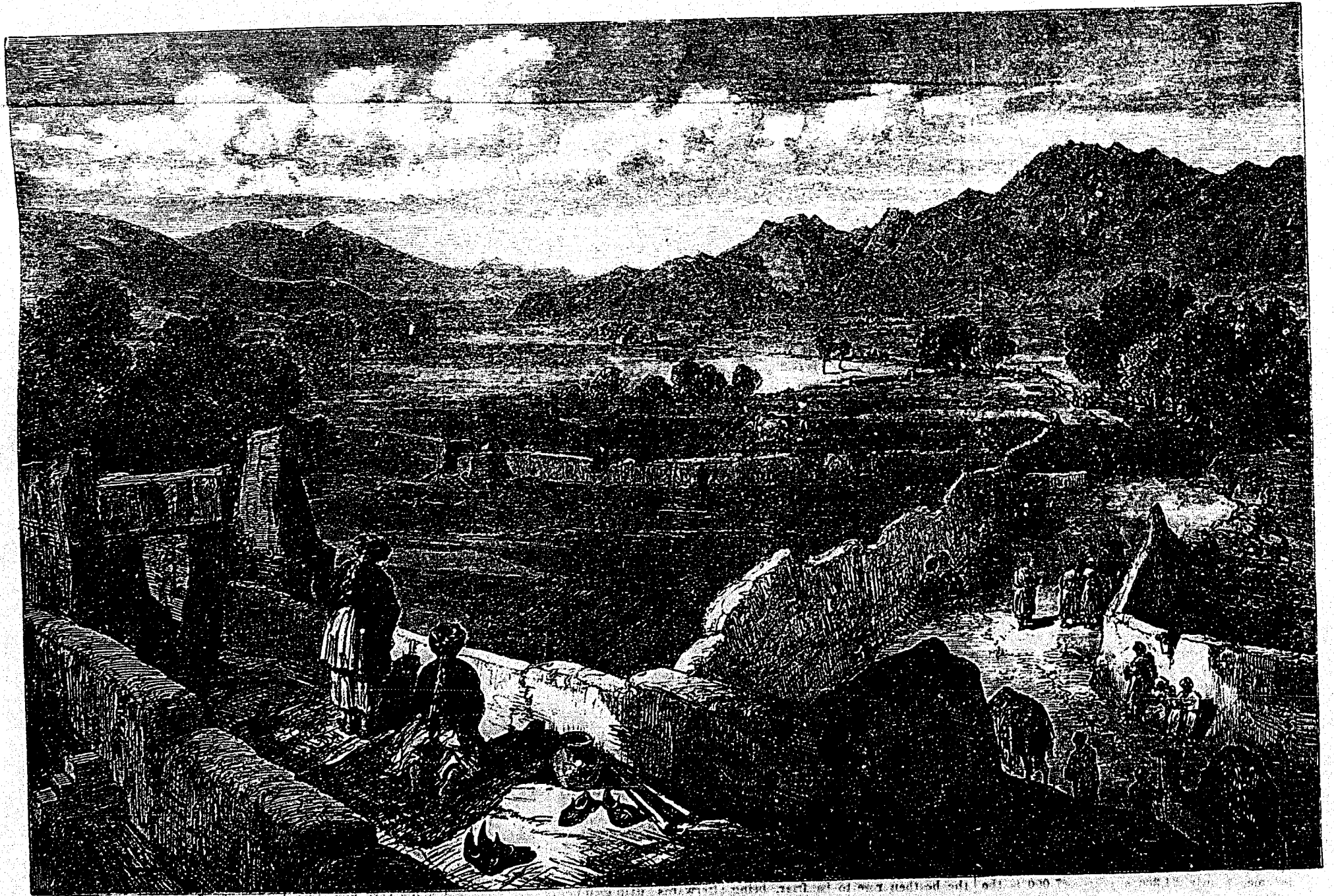
THE death of M. Alexander Hesse, the French painter is announced. He was working at a picture to be entitled "The Last Judgment," destined for next year's Salon, when death overtook him. He succeeded, in 1867, to Ingre's seat in the Institute.

THE late Duchess Colonna, the London *World* is informed, has bequeathed the whole of her unsorted works, art collections and artistic furniture to the city of Freiburg, on the condition that they shall be accessible to the public under the name of the Marcello Museum.

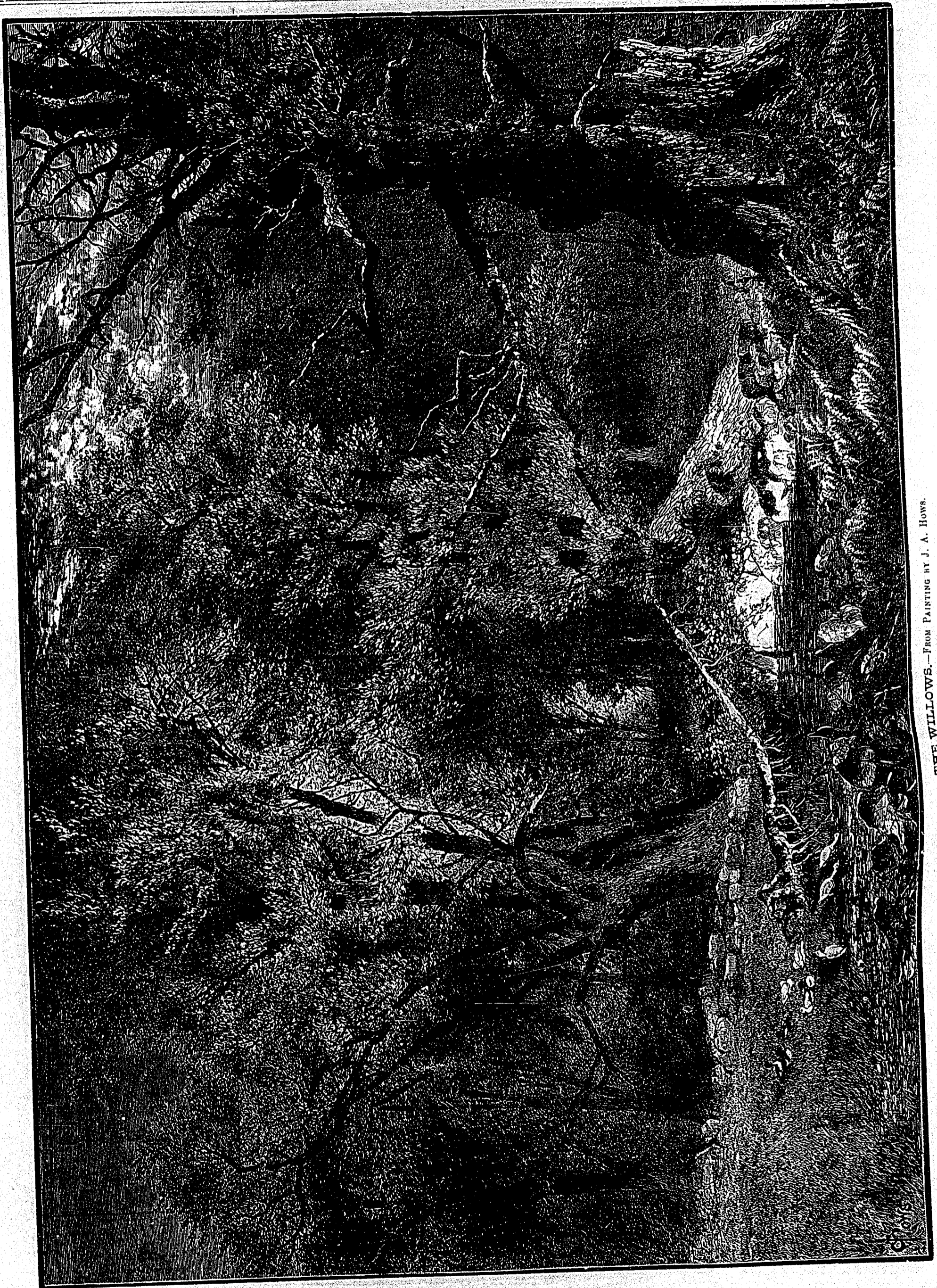
THE Chevalier Desanges has completed his portrait of the Earl of Beaconsfield for the Junior Carlton Club, London. The figure is life-size, and stands erect in an easy, graceful pose. A palette of light brown surmounts a black frock, relieving the sombre effect of ordinary walking costume. In the left hand is a scroll of papers. The likeness, says the *Morning Post* is faithful and characteristic.



ENTRANCE TO CABOUL FROM KILLA-KAREE.



CABOUL FROM THE JELLALABAD ROAD.
THE AFGHAN WAR.



THE WILLOWS.—FROM PAINTING BY J. A. HOWS.

THE FLOWERS AND THE STARS.*

(From the Italian of Caterina Franceschi Ferrucci.)

BY JOHN READE.

Where are the sweet, life-giving airs By which, new-waking from their wintry tomb...

With sear leaves covered o'er, the arid ground, Touched by the feet, gives back a mournful sound...

On tireless wings doth Fortune move In its perpetual range; In swift succession change...

But, in this chancelled, changeable destiny, And all the ruin time brings in his flight, Fair tenants of serene immensity...

In the dark bosom of the formless void When first Eternal Love woke life and light And set the sun to shine, you heard the tide...

Since then, what crime or grief or pain, Fair stars, is hidden from your conscious gaze? Now 'tis the fire that rages; now the deep...

In my life's flower-time, when the dreams of love Gladdened my heart, in gentle night's calm hour, How oft with pensive eyes I saw you move...

As dies the rose, As fades the lily, death the wintry blast, So fade my fairest hopes, and weaker grows...

O thou, my first sweet care, on whom now smiles The season new of years yet fresh and green, The love with its enraptured gay beguiles...

But ah! trust not the flowers, Trust not the sky serene— E'en now the tempest lowers...

This poem was addressed by the authoress to her son, Antonio, on the completion of his twentieth year.

THE CROPS IN CANADA.

A great and bitter cry is coming up from our English farmers about agriculture being paralyzed by the present "universal" depression.

The sub-tropical summers of the Dominion bring on the crops apace. What though the snows and frosts of winter hover over the land until April...

Indian Corn is very largely grown in Canada. The maize-fields are always beautiful: they present a highly picturesque appearance while still young...

Go out into one of the maize-fields on a warm still evening in July, and listen; a night when there is not wind enough to stir an aspen leaf...

Maize is rarely ripe before the end of September, and this year will not be cut until October, the season being a backward one. Very fine wheat is grown in the Dominion...

In Canada, far more than in England, the romance of haymaking and harvesting is a thing of the past. Harvest homes are only heard of in poetry and some benighted shires in England.

Time was when each field took more than a week to cut. But what find we now? In the morning a golden mass of waving grain; in the evening the crops not only cut and bound into sheaves...

In storing their hay Canadian farmers are much wiser in their generation than their English brethren. Notwithstanding the proverbial fickleness of our climate, Englishmen persist in stacking; whereas in the Dominion they take every wagon-load into a capacious barn.

In noticing the crops of the Dominion we must not forget its fruit. No country in the world produces finer apples and pears, especially the parts bordered by Lakes Erie, Ontario and South Huron.

There is scarcely a pleasanter phase of Canadian farm-life than the time of the apple harvest. The hurry and skurry of the summer work is over, and the October days are delightfully clear and cool.

Editors are charged their space, else we should have liked to say a word or two on the vineyards of South-Western Ontario.

W. O. R.

THE Marquis of Lorne has had the honour of having the newest revolver invented by the New York manufacturer, Hutchinson, named after him.

THE Paris Figaro states that the Empress Eugenie has informed the Vatican of her intention to undertake a pilgrimage to Loretto, to say masses for the soul of Napoleon III.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 214.

G. E. J., Edmondville, Ont.—Communication received. Many thanks.

The following lists, showing the standing of the competitors in the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney, have just been received from Mr. Shaw, the Conductor.

THE CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNAMENT.

Continuation of list of games concluded (from April 21st, 1879, to October 10th, 1879).

Table with columns: No., PLAYERS, WON BY. Lists chess matches between players like Clawson vs Saunders, Shaw vs Braithwaite, etc.

J. W. SHAW,

Conductor of Tourney.

Totals of games played, to October 10th, 1879.

Summary table with columns: NAME, GAMES PLAYED, WON. Lists names like W. H. Hicks, John Henderson, A. Saunders, etc.

On Saturday evening, the 11th inst., a special meeting of the Montreal Chess Club was held at the Gynasium, Mansfield street, when a new code of rules was adopted.

We are informed that the annual meeting of the Seaford Chess Club took place on the 2nd inst., when Dr. Coleman was elected President; Mr. Cameron Bricefield, Vice-President; Dr. Vercoe, Secretary; and Mr. G. E. Jackson, Treasurer.

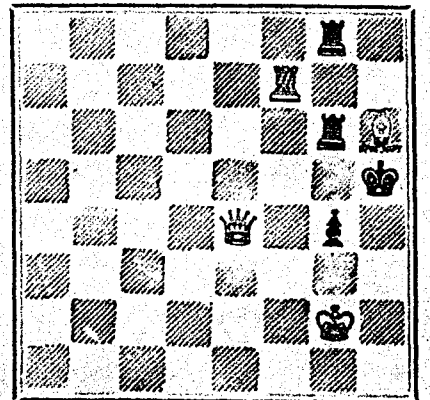
Mr. Blackburne not having been lately heard of in connection with that department of chess which he has made specially his own, it will please his many admirers to learn that he was down at Huntington last week, and there showed that his mental boards were not at all rusty.

We hasten to say that in copying the conditions of the Tourney Problem of Rev. H. R. Dodd, taken from the Huddersfield Magazine of August last, and inserted in our Column of the 29th September last, a mistake occurred.

PROBLEM No. 247.

(By W. S. Pavitt.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 393RD.

(From the Chess Monthly.)

Played recently at the St. George's Chess Club London, between Prof. Wylde and Mr. Landany, in the Displacement Tourney.

Transpose Bishops and Knights.

WHITE.—(Mr. Lindsay.)

1. P to Q 4
2. P to Q B 3 (a)
3. P to K 4
4. B takes P
5. P to B 3
6. Kt to K 2
7. Kt to Q 2
8. Q to B 2
9. P to Q R 3 (l)
10. B to Q 3
11. Kt takes P
12. Kt to K 4
13. B to K 2
14. Castles (b)
15. Q to R 4
16. Kt to K B 5 (d)
17. Kt to B 5 (e)
18. B takes B
19. Kt to Q 4
20. Q to Kt 3
21. Q to K 6 (g)
22. R to Q 2
23. B to Q 6 (h)
24. B to K 7 (i)
25. B takes Q
26. K R to Q sq
27. B takes Kt
28. Resigns.

BLACK.—(Mr. Wayte.)

1. P to Q 4
2. P to Q B 3
3. P takes P
4. B to Q 3
5. P to B 3
6. Kt to Q 2
7. P to K 4
8. Kt to K 2
9. Q to B 2
10. P takes P
11. Castles
12. Kt to K 4
13. B to B 2
14. P to Q R 3 (c)
15. Kt to Q 4
16. B to B sq
17. B takes Kt
18. B to Kt 3 (l)
19. Kt to Kt 3 (f)
20. Kt fr K 4 to Q 2
21. Q to B 5 (cb)
22. K R to K sq
23. Q takes Kt (j)
24. Q to B 4 (k)
25. R takes Q
26. Q R to K sq
27. R takes B (l)

(l) A good, strong move. (i) A bad, unsound one.

NOTES.

(a) 2 Kt to Q 2 is at least as good.

(b) White has lost already important time in developing his forces.

(c) Prof. Wayte rightly points out that he ought to have played here Q to R 4, anticipating the opponent's next move.

(d) Not good; the Knight is led away from the scene of action, the adverse King's quarters. The quiet move 16. P to K Kt 3 was much more to the purpose, whilst 16 Kt to Kt 3 would be unsatisfactory on account of 16 Kt to K B 5, 17 B to B sq, B to K 2!

(e) We would prefer 17 B to B 5.

(f) Black misses here the powerful continuation Kt to K B 5, which must win the exchange.

(g) 21 Kt to K 6 would lose at once by 21 Kt takes R, 22 Kt takes Kt, Q to B 5 (ch). 21 B takes Kt would equalize the game. White, however, having lost the first game would lose the match by drawing the second, so he has to keep up the attack at any price.

(h) An ingenious blunder. White intends, after the retreat of the hostile Q to proceed with the splendid coup Kt takes P, but he overlooks the opponent's decisive reply. 23 Q to Q 6 would probably lead to a draw.

(i) Whatever he does, he cannot recover the piece nor maintain the attack.

(k) The simplest and shortest way to settle matters.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 245.

WHITE. 1. R to Q 5
2. Mate acc.

BLACK. 1. Any move

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 243.

White. 1. Kt to Q 4
2. Mate acc.

Black. 1. Any move

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 244.

WHITE. K at Q R 4
B at K R 3
Kt at K 7
Pawns at Q R 5
and Q B 4

BLACK. K at Q R 3
Pawns at Q R 2
Q B 2 and 3
and Q Kt 2

White to play and mate in three moves.

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R. B. ANGUS,

General Manager.

Montreal, 17th October, 1879.



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F. BRAUN,

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Ottawa, October 3rd, 1879. }

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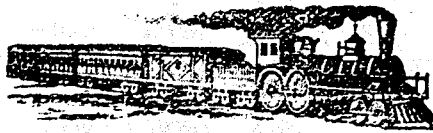
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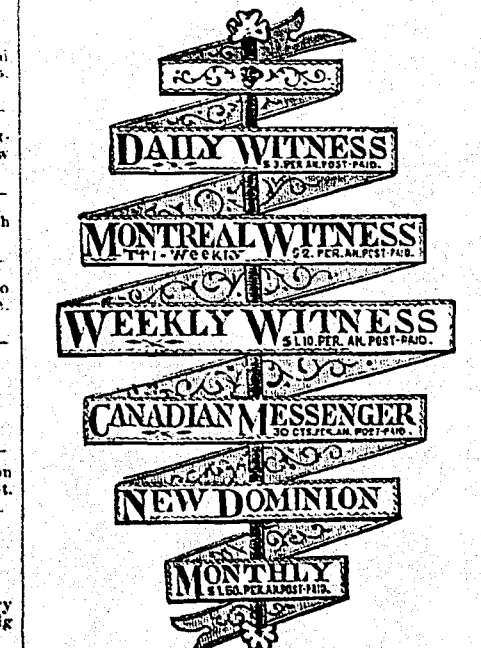
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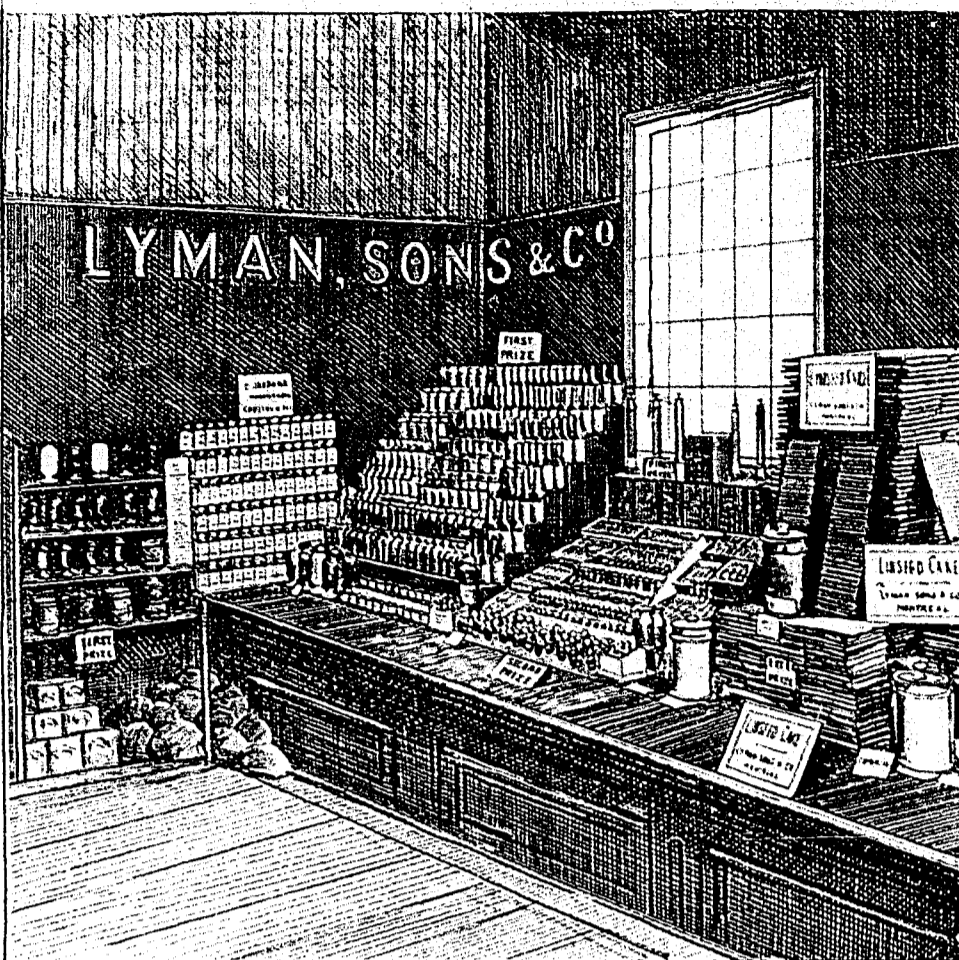
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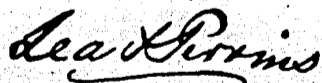


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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,
 Commencing 14th July, 1879.

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

Leave Point Levi.....	7.30 A.M.
" River du Loup.....	1.15 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner).....	2.25 "
" Rimouski.....	3.44 "
" Campbellton (Supper).....	8.05 "
" Dalhousie.....	8.22 "
" Bathurst.....	10.12 "
" Newcasile.....	10.12 "
" Moncton.....	11.40 "
" St. John.....	2.00 A.M.
" Halifax.....	8.00 "
" Halifax.....	10.35 "

These Trains connect at Point Levi with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.00 o'clock p.m., and at Campbellton with the Steamer City of St. John, sailing Wednesday and Saturday mornings for Gaspe, Percé, Paspébiac, &c. &c.
 The trains to Halifax and St. John run though to their destination on Sunday.

The Pullman Car leaving Montreal on Monday, Wednesday and Friday runs through to Halifax, and that leaving on Tuesday and Thursday, to St. John.

SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS may now be obtained via rail and steamer to the unrivalled Sea Bathing, Boating and Fishing resorts on the Lower St. Lawrence, Metapedia, Restigouche, Bay Chaleur, Gaspe, Prince Edward Island and the Maritime Provinces. For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to

G. W. ROBINSON, Agent,
 190 St. François Xavier Street,
 (Old Post Office Building),
 Montreal.

D. POTTINGER,
 Chief Superintendent.