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Vol. XX.—No. 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1879.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



OFF FOR HOME.

Sir John:—"Yes, yes, I see. I think you have everything there, my dear Galt. It's a grand work you're engaged in, and you are just the man to do it. You taught our American cousins the value of our fish. Now, go and teach our English brothers our unlimited supply of grain for their breadstuffs, cattle for their markets, dairy products and agricultural implements, and homesteads for their emigrants in the richest country on earth."

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is print ed and published every Saturday by The Bur-LAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Blenry St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 it not paid strictly in advance.

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All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.
When an answer is required, stamp for return

postage must be enclosed.

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

NOTICE.

1880.

With the first number in January we begin the XXI. Volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and have the pleasure to inform our numerous friends that we have resolved to increase our efforts toward making it more acceptable than ever. The NEWS being first and foremost a pictorial paper, the artistic department will be materially improved, current events of interest being sketched and attention paid to all important incidents abroad. Our Canadian Portrait Gallery, now considerably over three hundred, and the only series of the kind attainable in Canada, will continue to be a leading feature. No pains will be spared to make the literary character of the News equal to that of any journal in America. Original articles, stories, and poems will be contributed by several of our best writers. Different series of literary papers will also appear, chief among them being Pen Pictures of Canadian Statesmen, beginning with the Opening of Parliament, and Studies on the Literary Men of Canada, a work hitheric never attempted. The Naws being the only illustrated paper and the only purely literary weekly in the Dominion, and having taken the field early at great expense, we solicit encouragement thereto as a national institution. Our friends are respectfully requested not only to renew their own subscriptions, but to engage at least one of their neighbours or acquaintances to try the paper

OUR NEW STORY

Our readers will doubtless give us credit for our efforts to continue presenting them with original scrial stories, in pursuance of the course we have followed till now. We have the pleasure to an nounce that, with the first number of January we shall begin the publication of a new original romance, entitled

CLARA CHILLINGTON.

THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF

A STORY OF 100 YEARS AGO,

THE REV. JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER

Rector of La Porte, Ind., U.S., formerly of Editor with Charles Dickens of All t Year Round,

EDITED BY THE REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D.D.,

of Lindsay, Ont.

The scene of this very interesting story is laid on the Kentish coast, and the characters are re-presentative of English life at the beginning of the century. The plot is full of interest, the incidents are well constructed, the tone is manly and thoroughly English, while the style is often enlivenened with racy humor. The story will run through several months, and now is the time

TEMPERATURE,

to subscribe.

As observed by HEARN Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Dec. 0th, 1879.	Corresponding week, 1878.			
Max. Min. Mean.				
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Forest Clearing II—A Narrow Escape.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, December 13, 1879.

THERE seems to be no truth whatever in the rumours of changes in the Dominion Cabinet. Mr. Masson has recovered his health, and all the other Ministers are busy in their Departments.

MINISTERIAL crises are the order of the day on the Continent-Spain, France and Italy are suffering from them. The late attempt on the Czar's life has put an end to all hopes of political reform for a long time to come. Altogether there is an uneasy feeling in the air.

THERE is every prospect of a regular trade between Canada and the West Indies. A pioneer steamer set out from Yarmouth, N.S., to Bermuda lately. Our trade with Jamaica has already assumed considerable proportions, and with regular steam service and low through freights from Toronto, it is believed that that trade can be greatly increased.

THE indications are that the clergy of the United States and Canada will not countenance any Irish agitation, if it assumes a merely political complexion. If Mr. PARNELL comes over, he will probably meet with less favour than he expects. It will be a different thing if succor is applied for to relieve the distress in the different portions of Ireland.

As was to be expected from such an invalid, the recent attempt on the life of the Czar has had a terribly depressing influence on the mental and physical condition of that potentate. He refuses to converse, rejects food and excludes every one from his presence save his inseparable confidants. The Empress, who is wintering at Cannes, in the South of France, is represented as being in a similarly deplerable condition. Every thing points to the conclusion that we may soon expect some startling developments at St. Petersburg.

Our cartoon this week, referring to the mission of Sir Alexander Galt to the Mother Country in connection with Canadian interests, and supplementing what we have so often written upon this subject of late, will doubtless be appreciated by our readers. We present a curious scene in Barcelona of newspaper men and students going about the streets collecting alms for the poor people who suffered from the inundations at Murcia, a sketch of which catastrophe appeared in our last issue. The sketch of the Royal Company of Archers and of Forest Clearing will be found described in separate articles. The new Khedive of Egypt, not to be behind his father, has presented the last of the obelisks which stood at Alexandria to the United States. This column is in a better state of preservation than Cleopatra's Needle donated to England. The last of the series of Algerian pictures furnished us by a Montreal gentleman who lately travelled in that country are published to-day. They represent a fine study of Algerian children and a view of the splendid palace occupied by the French Governor-General at Mustapha. Our artist closes his attendance at the recent Ministerial banquet at Ottawa by some interesting scraps connected with that event.

COMPETITION WITH CANADA.

The best proof that there is really some vitality in the new trade policy of the Dominion lies in the fact that our American neighbours are awakening to a senso of the necessity of starting competition with us. When the tariff was introduced last spring, the leading papers of the United States contented themselves with a theoretical discussion of the same—the advocates of Free Trade naturally dis-

approving of it, while the Protectionist journals faintly congratulated us on our mitation of the American system. But eight months have scarcely elapsed when we find that all these papers are beginning to realize the effect of the new policy on American exports to Canada. According as we are gradually supplying our own wants and opening out new branches of industry, the need for their manufactured goods proportionately decreases, and competition begins to loom up as the order of the day. There can be no possible objection to this, as it must result in further stimulating our energies, but it behoves us to be careful that we do not lose any of the advantages which are at present within our grasp. Our public works, more especially, should be jealously guarded, so as not to be deviated from their legitimate channel—the promotion of our own wealth and prosperity. The enormous sums that we are laying out-heavy mortgages on our future prosperity and which can only be justified on the promise of great ultimate profits-should be expended mainly for ourselves and not for others. Let us take the Pacific Railway as an example. When completed, that line will be 293 miles shorter than the Northern Pacific, with easier grades and longer curves. The whole of the traffic of our own North-West, to say nothing of a future Pacific trade, must naturally pass by that route, and if that is secured, the millions upon millions which we are expending on the railway will not be lost. But the Americans have their eyes upon us and have set up their system of competition in that direction. They propose a line extending from Ottawa to Coteau du Lac. and a bridge over the St. Lawrence and the Beanharnois Canal at that point, connecting their line with the American railways that converge at Boston and New York. We shall not stop to discuss this project in all its bearings, especially its commercial aspects, but a few reflections will not be out of place. If this road is built, it seems clear that both the Intercolonial and North Shore Railways will be shorn of most of their usefulness. Our great ocean ports will be deprived of much of their shipping business, and our merchant navy will receive a considerable check. We think that it is impossible to deny these facts, and we are certain that the Government will give them their most serious consideration. The question is not a local one, but Dominion in its broadest sense. If Montreal, Quebec, St. John and Halifax are injured, the whole country must suffer, and if the large sums spent on lines that run through the whole of this Province and of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are depreciated by a diminution of their carrying trade, it will be hard to estimate the injurious effects that must accrue to all branches of business. This is one of the most perplexing problems which the Government have to meet, and we wish them well out of it.

RELIGIOUS UNBELIEF.

It has been frequently remarked that one of the chief characteristics of the present generation is the keen interest it phase of religious discus takes in every j sion. In the United States and England religious newspapers are uncommonly numerous and enjoy a large circulation. In the public libraries of Boston and New York the report of the officials is to the effect that, on an average, more books on different religious subjects are taken out, than novels, poems, or works of travel Even the works that mingle abstruse science or the advanced theories of natural history with religious demonstrations have a popular vogue, quite curious in connection with the fact that they cannot be understood by the majority of readers. The age is essentially one of inquiry and nowhere is this spirit of investigation so apparent as in the domain of theology or exegesis. Now the query naturally arises—is this spirit a morbid one or is it normal? Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH leans to the former appreciation. In a remark.

able paper, lately contributed to the Atlantic Monthly, he announces a collapse of religious belief of a most complete and tremendous kind. He holds that, in the views of society at large, belief in Christianity as a revealed and supernatural religion is entirely giving way. According to him, science and criticism combined have destroyed the faith of free inquirers in the Mosaic Cosmogony, in the inspiration of the Bible, and the genuineness of many books of it, in large portions of the Old Testament, and in the history of the New Testament so far as it is miraculous or inseparably connected with miracles. He further declares that the mortal blow has been given by criticism in disproving or rendering uncertain the authenticity of the historical books of the New Testament. Here are very serious charges indeed, forcing one to pause and inquire whether they are true. For Mr. Goldwin Smith's talents and sincerity of intention we have the highest respect. We are beholden to him for making Canada his home and expending money, time and ability in stimulating a literary spirit among us. As an historical lecturer he has few rivals; as a master of terse English he has none. But Mr. Smith is essentially a radical and we fear we must attribute to him the innate and unconscious exaggeration of that class. He tried political radicalism in the United States and when, to his astonishment, he found the American mind much more conservative and anti-revolutionary than he expected, he left the country with a certain feeling of disgust. As we all know, he has tempered his fugue in the atmosphere of Canada, diverting his thought to other political channels, where he has given sound advice and rendered real service. But it seems that now he has entered upon new lines of thought, taking religion as his theme. With all respect, we must declare our conviction that the assertions of his, set down above, are strongly tinetured with exaggeration. Qui nimis probat, nihil probat. That our chief scientific laymen incline to infidelity or pure naturalism in their teachings is doubtless true. That many lower minds must in time be more or less leavened thereby may also be set down as indisputable. But there is a world of difference between these results and the assumption that the world at large is drifting into religious unbelief. It may be a bold thing to say, but we venture the affirmation that the majority of men can never become sceptics. And the reason is that the majority of mon require belief in the supernatural as their main support through the hardships of this life. Spite of the spread of education, the majority of men cannot devote their faculties to metaphysical or moral inquiry—being too busy with the material cares of existence. But all the same they need something to sustain them and that something is simple faith. Faith may take the shape of an humble adherence to the literal interpretation of the Scriptures, as with the Orthodox Protestant or a devotion to tradition and authority, as with the Roman Catholic, but in either case it is a firm and unalterable belief in some form of divine revelation as the standard of truth and morals. Not all the philosophers and scientists can uproot this faith by all their teachings in the next hundred years. For the history of mankind is there to prove that, as has often happened before, when any combination of circumstances has arisen to shake the faith of the lowly to any appreciable extent, a reaction takes place, restoring things to their former level. Religious unbelief is a fertile subject to write about, but the vast bulk of the human race take no stock in it.

NEXT week we will give a description of the celebrated New York Weber Piano, which is now acknowledged the finest instrument in the world and used by all great musicians.

Anorner new lyric, theatre has been added ANOTHER new lyric, theatre has been added to the number of those, which already attract the music lovers of Paris. The Theatre Taithout has been rechristened the Nouveau Lyrique, and, to do honor to the new venture, the house has been entirely redecorated de fond en comble. It is now one of the daintiest and pleasantest theatres in Paris, The manager is M. Leon Vasseur, the composer of "La Timbale d'Argent,"

FOREST CLEARING.

Among our illustrations this week is a second group of a series of pictures we are publishing to illustrate the modus operandi of Land Clearing in this Dominion of ours, which will be found very interesting just now when so much attention is being called to the subject of exploring and settling our vast territory. country offers a natural outlet and numerous inducements for an opening to many in the over populated cities of the world, and here the immigrant, if so desirous, or any one wanting to lead a hardy and independent life, can profit by the vast resources offered him in this respect, and here there is also a ready market for any amount of unskilled labour. Here the hardy pioneer can hew out of the primeval forest a home, thereby advancing his own prospects and also that of his country, which directly profits as, acre by acre, the forest disappears before the axe of the settler and is made ready for the

plough. Our first illustration relative to this subject appeared in the issue of last week under the title of Forest Clearing, and commences with the start of the pioneer into the woods back to his or their lots, which may be a distance varying from one hundred to a thousand acres, and very often considerably more, necessitating the tedious process of carrying every article they need in packs on their backs, if small enough, and the heavier articles such as stoves, &c., by rough made handbarrows through the "blazed" line or path. This is made by scraping a piece of bark off the trees on both sides of the route, to the position they have assigned and the spot they have selected to commence their rude home, the log shanty, which is raised as soon as a small opening sufficient to guard against the possibility of any falling trees is found. The straightest logs of the proper length are then selected, after which by the help of some neighbours and perhaps a yoke of cattle, they haul together and raise log upon log, squaring or dovetailing the corners, until the walls are about 6 feet in height, when two long poles or skids of bass wood with the bark peeled off so as to make them slippery, are used to slide up the remaining rounds of logs. That done, troughs consisting of logs split and hollowed out with the axe are next placed on the top in two tiers, the bottom one with the hollow upward, the next with the hollow downward, overlapping the edges of those placed upwards. This is the roof generally used; sometimes, however, clap boards are used, which consist of pieces split out of a section of very straight grained pine log, about six feet in length and used as a very long shingle, and then the door is cut in the shanty and also the window, which generally consists of a sash containing four or six small panes. Next when the crevices between the logs are well caulked with dry moss the shanty may be considered complete, that is as far as outward appearance is concerned. The inside may be considerably embellished according to the taste and time spent upon it. For instance, the inner walls may have the bark pulled off and the logs hewn, and wooden partitions, shelves, &c., may be pulse which has nothing to do with choice. Irplaced up according to the occupant's idea of comfort. In fact we have often seen a small shanty exceedingly well finished inside, and possessing all the conveniences which go to make up a thoroughly comfortable house, although, of course, of a very miniature size, as a shanty is very seldom over twelve by eighteen feet, if so large as that. Thus settled, with the larder well filled with fat pork, flour, etc., the winter's work begins in real earnest, the axe is sharpened all ready for action, and the battle commences. Click, click, is the music day after day, as the steady but sure stroke of each blow tells in the gap that is made in the trunk of the giant that

fall. At last it swerves in the direction he wishes it to take. He drives home the last blow to hasten its fall for fear of it catching in any tree on its downward course, takes shelter behind some large tree in its rear and watches it as it commences to topple over, crushing all that comes in its way, until with a terrific boom it lies shivered to pieces by its own weight on the ground, a perfect wreck. And then after the storm of broken branches and tree tops has somewhat settled, he comes from his hiding place, mounts it with a feeling of victory and commences cutting it up into lengths, varying from twelve to fourteen feet, cutting and piling the branches carefully in a heap that they may burn in the summer more readily, and this war rages day in and day out with ever and anon a splintering and shivering crash, winding up with the dull thud which tells of another monarch of the forest slain. As each successive night closes, the gap in the forest becomes larger, until perhaps an opening of 10 acres is made the first year. The ground is now strewn with timber cut in lengths, interspersed with piles of brush wood, which is to help in the general conflagration. The deatils of brush burning and logging will be given in our next.

IRRESOLUTION.

Some men are born with a natural infirmity of character which, if humoured, amounts to an inability to make up their minds, to keep to one intention, to regard any decision as linal. A variety of causes may seem to underlie this weakness—causes arising from an over-keen and ready perception of all the bearings of the question in hand, or from mere feebleness of character, rendering all grasp of a subject, all effectual hold, impossible. It may be an intellectual or a moral failing, one due to a judgment paralysed by extent of choice, or to a conscience made slippery by habitual disregard of its first monitions; but in either case its effect upon a man's character and career is patent to others. People may have many faults which work in secret, which observers only guess at by seeing their consequences; but irresolution works in the open, and is sooner detected by the looker-on than by the man himself who is a prey to this enervating influence. What seems to the irresolute temper the mere exercise of a profound judgment or a refined taste is detected by those who are inconvenienced, irritated, or injured by it, as the slip and blemish which weakens, loosens, renders futile the whole course of life and action. The irresolute man, whatever his position or his powers, not only fails to himself, but is felt by those about him to be useless for the parts of counsellor, supporter, or advocate. He is essentially incompetent for these offices. His own course is determined, not by intention, but by chance; his judgment wants the education of personal experience. No one can remain eternally suspended between two courses of action, for the world moves and situations change however much a man may desire to keep them at a standstill till his mind is made up. Something irrespective of his judgment steps in and takes the matter in hand. While he deliberates on the highest conceivable best—best in itself or best for him—while he fluctuates, accident settles the matter, with little regard for his credit or interest. It is difficult, La Bruyère says, to decide whether irresolution makes a man more unfortunate or contemptible, whether there is more harm in making a wrong decision or in making none at all. A step which a man is driven to take under the compulsion of external circumstances is seldom taken at the right time. Owing to this demand for action, even in the most vacilating-this impossibility of eternal indecision where other men and other interests are concerned-irresolution is necessarily allied with precipitation. The man incapable of a final immovable resolve decides at length on an imspur of the moment in order to defeat their infirmity and put it out of their power to hesitate

and shilly-shally.

There are cases where these contending qualities play somewhat fatally upon one another. Thus the impulse of the moment commits a man to a course of action. Knowing his weakness he is precipitate in making promises; but then steps in the habit of his mind; he deliberates and hangs suspended, when the slower process of performance ought to follow. Irresolution splits into two, or into many parts, what should be only one act. With the healthy reasonable mind a promise involves its performance; but irresolution never considers anything as settled so long as change is possible. Every hindrance, every difficulty is an argument for a reversal, or breach of contract, either with onesself or others. As a fact, all important undertakings and pro-

terrible moments," said Pope, "does one feel after one has engaged in a large work ! In the beginning of my translating the Iliad I wished everybody would hang me a thousand times." It is of course this relaxation of the mind's fibre which lies at the bottom of all decent forms of jilting, whether in man or coman. The promiser awakes to the fact that he has done a tremendous thing. This may happen to the firm as well as to the weak, but the irresolute are in the habit of vacillation, and also in the habit of justifying it as reasonable deliberation. It comes easily to them to hesitate or to betray hesitation. The constant mind knows that it is in for it, and instantly recovers from the temporary panic. It is no time to weigh this question when the step is once taken; thought and deliberation have finally given place to action.

THE ROYAL COMPANY OF SCOTTISH ARCHERS.

It may be among the things not generally known that when the Queen of England goes to Edinburgh, a Royal Company of Archers forms Her Majesty's Body Guard; and they turn out on all occasions, while the Queen abides in the Scottish capital, to attend and defend their monarch, armed with the same primitive weapons still in use in Northern China. The Edinburgh corps bear on their seal figures of Cupid and Mars, with the motto, In Peace and War." This device was adopted in 1676, when the company received the Royal sanction, and at that date there may have still been some remains of the idea that men armed with bows and arrows might be of service in the defence of their king and country. In the pre sent age, we suppose that Mars might be obli-terated as a symbol, and Cupid alone be retained, to express the motive which now brings ladies and gentlemen into the field as Toxophilites. There was a body of Archers which an ciently furnished the guard to the old Scottish Kings; and the Royal Company still in existence consider themselves to be its legitimate descendants. But they have almost no definite history previous to 1676. It appears that a code of rules was drawn up in that year, and the king's letter still exists containing the Royal approval. A continuous history of the Royal Company of Archers has been kept from that time. This has lately been published by Messrs. Blackwood, with other documents bearing on the history of the corps. It is well illustrated, and forms a handsome volume, and one in-teresting to all lovers of archery. The existing corps is in reality a toxophilite society, with its regular meetings, prizes, and dinners; but its antiquity and its character of Body Guard to the Queen give it a position and public importance high above most bodies of a similar kind. The select character of the members is another indication of its rank. Nearly all the peers of Scotland belong to it. The Duke of Bucoleuch is Captain-General, with Dukes and Earls as Licutenant-General, Majors-General, Ensigns-General, and Brigadiers-General, under him in command.

On the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to Edinburgh to unveil the statue of the late Prince Consort, the Royal Company were in attendance, under command of their Captain-General, the Duke of Bucclench. We give this week an illustration showing the uniforms of the corps, and their mode of saluting the Royal Presence. The dress is of dark green trimmed with black and a thin line of crimson Glengarry bonnet with eagle's feather. They all require three uniforms, one of which is the "Court Dress," green and gold, with epaulettes, cocked hat and feathers. This is worn by the officers in command when the Queen is present, and one is introduced into our illustration. The "Mess Uniform" is the same as the ordinary evening dress worn by gentlemen, only that the coat is of green, with velvet collar and silver buttons.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE nightly receipts of the Lyceum Theatre

WILLIAM BLACK's next novel is to have its scene laid in England and is not to include a

HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to forward to Captain Chard a very handsome ring as a mark of her appreciation of his heroic conduct at Rorke's Drift. The gift is accompanied with an autograph letter. The ring is a valuable diamond water-kloof.

MR. LABOUCHERE still keeps himself well before the Courts. A wag suggested the other day that he should have a Judge allocated to himself by the Courts, and that the "High Court of Justice, Labouchere Division" would be an exceedingly entertaining and profitable one for all concerned.

A COURESTONDENT gives an interesting item relating to the *Times*, which will afford an idea of the scale on which business is carried on in has braved the tempest, reared its monster limbs upwards to the sky, perhaps nearly a hundred years old, and now at last is seen to quiver. The axeman watches to see in which direction the monster will

A CORRESPONDENT from Milan tells us that much serious interest is felt in the state of health into which the young and chamning Queen Margherita has fallen since the attack upon the King by Passanante. Her Majesty suffers from an affection of the heart. Every evening after dinner she swoons, and remains unconscious for several hours. As these attacks have begun just at the time of her proposed return to Naples, it is believed by the doctors that they must be produced by the dread of being again exposed to the same danger.

IT may seem an extraordinary thing that, 321 years after the event, the accession of Queen Elizabeth should be a subject of commemoration by a thanksgiving service; but such was the feeling of rejoicing at the sense of freedom from Spanish influence and Roman tyranny when the death of Mary was known, that a wealthy citizen named Chapman gave a perpetual endowment for a service commemorative of the event to be held in Bow Church, Cheapside. A written notice of the service is to this day affixed to the church door, and many are the passersby who stay to read the quaintly-sounding announcement.

DEAN STANLEY made a favourable impression on our American cousins when he visited the States, but now that he has expressed such a terrible opinion about the Transatlantic Press there will probably be a little less enthusiasm. American newspapers, said the Dean the other day, are full of ridiculous nonsense and contemptible tittle-tattle. There is much truth in this, but it should be remembered in extenuation that American society is such a grotesque medley of all nations that a newspaper which has to cater for every taste necessarily contains great deal of matter which strikes the Englishman as absurd.

A GENEROUS GAMBLER. - A lady of rank in Paris died some weeks ago in the fashionable quarter of the Arc de Triomphe, of whom an interesting story is told. She was a famous card player, and was credited with knowing every game there was to know. When travelling in a foreign land she met one day in an hotel a Russian lady with that passion for gambling said to be inherent in the Russian nation. Auxious to play with a lady from Paris, she wrote requesting a few games. Her request was granted, and the ladies played all night, the Russian losing on every hand, until her opponent had won from her more money than her mines in the Ural had produced for revenues in twentyfive years. At last the Russian lady made a desperate effort to regain her fortune, but without avail. Rising from the table, she told the Freuch lady how she had lost more than she possessed, but that in her desire to pay a debt of honour she would instruct her steward to convey to her the title deeds of all the mines and estates she owned. At this the victions antagonist smiled and requested that she might have her own way in the matter, since she had von. A priest and a lawyer were sent for. When hey arrived, the Russian lady was asked to bind herself by a solemn oath never again to touch a card or risk money at any game of chance. She did so, and then signed an engagement to pay her antagonist the annual sum of 2,000 dollars. The vow never to play cards for money again she faithfully kept, and the 2,000 dollars were paid punctually every year, the French lady giving it the name of the "Queen of Spade's Bounty," and invariably giving it to the poor of Paris.

PUBLIC NOTICE:

is hereby given that under the Canada Joint Stock Companies' Act, 1877, letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada bearing date the first day of October, 1879, whereby the shareholders of the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company, being a subsisting and valid corporation duly incorporated by letters patent bearing date the fourth day of November 1874, under the authority of the Joint Stock Companies Letters Patent Act of 1869, and carrying on the busi-

Engraving, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing, in the City of Montreal, and all or every such person of

persons as shall or may at any time hereafter become a shareholder or shareholders in the Company have been incorporated as a body corporate and politic with per petual succession and a common seal by the name of

The Burland Lithographic Company (timited)

with all the rights and powers given by the said first mentioned Act and subject to all the terms and provisions thereof, and for the purpose of carrying on the

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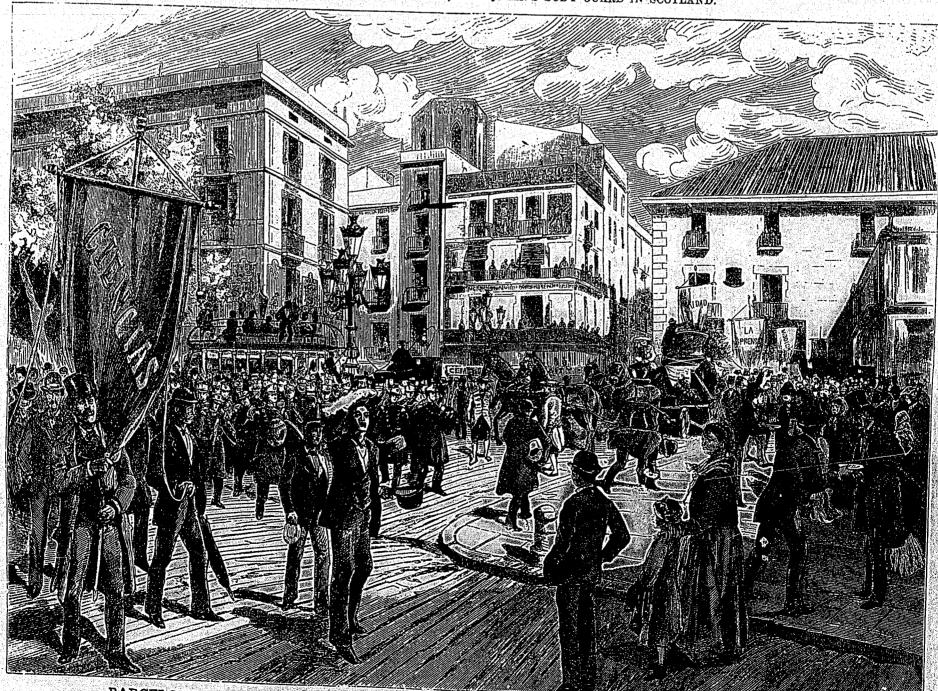
divided into two thousand shares of one hundred dollars

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada this third day of November, 1879.

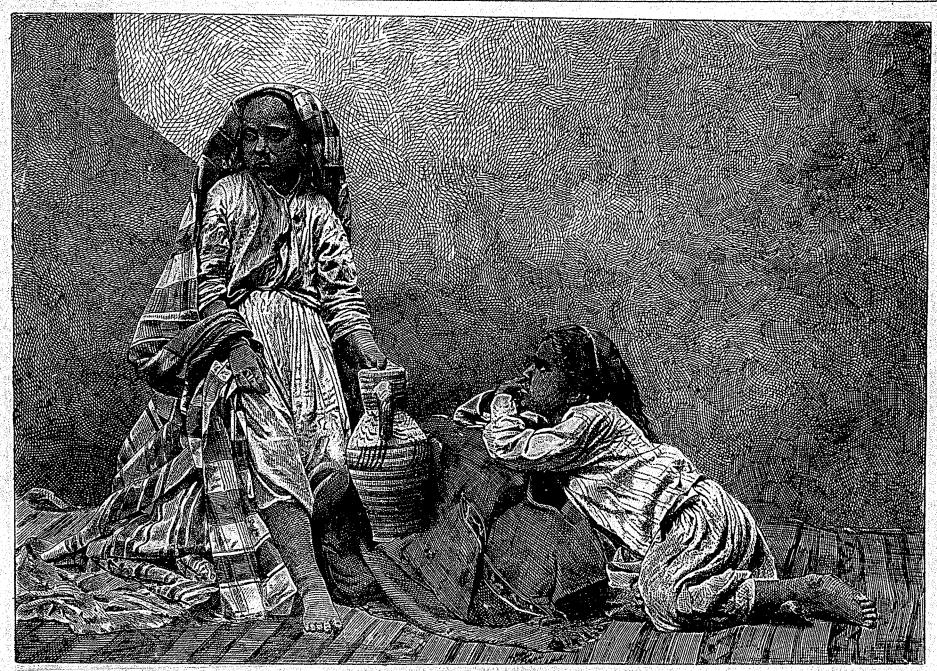
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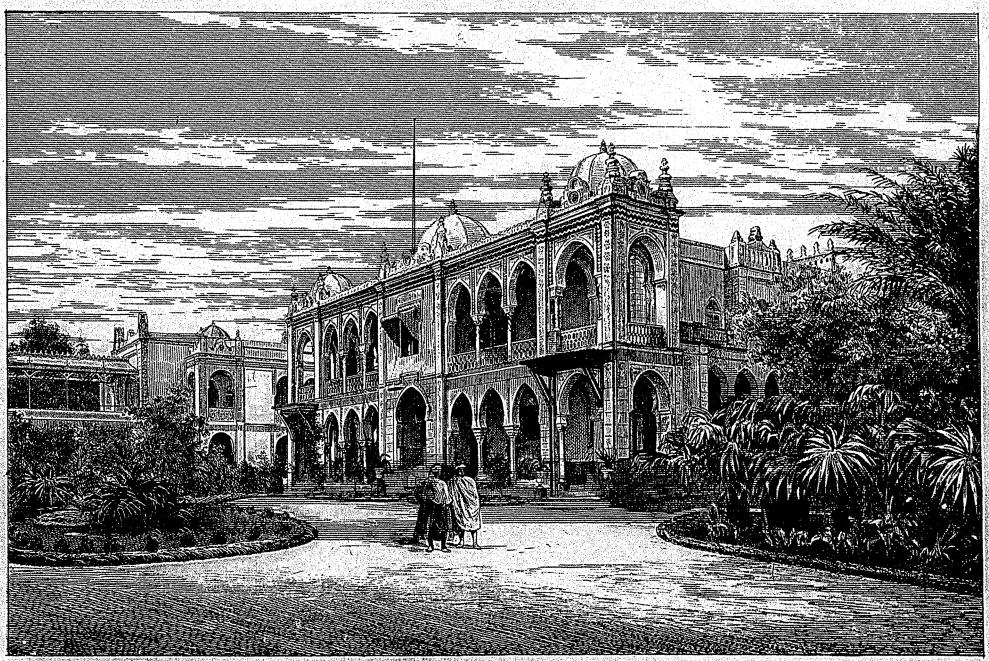
THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS, THE QUEEN'S BODY GUARD IN SCOTLAND.



BARCELONA.—COLLECTION IN THE STREETS BY JOURNALISTS AND STUDENTS FOR THE INUNDATED OF MURCIA.



ALGERIAN CHILDREN.



PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR OF ALGERIA AT MUSTAPHA.

CLARA'S QUESTION.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Clara King laid down her Bible on the stand and looked out of the window. It was the first day of November, and a dull, cold rain filled the streets with mud; a few Irish women were on their way to early mass, and here and there a brown sparrow hopped about looking for his food; otherwise there were brick walls. The outlook was not pleasant. Clara was a teacher in one of the city schools, working hard weekdays, so hard that occupation kept her from thinking that her father and mother and sister all lay in Falmouth graveyard, and what other relatives she had less near and dear were scat-tered far and wide. But this was Sunday, and as she finished her morning reading and looked out of the window while she waited for the bell to ring for breakfast, she could not help a dread. ful sense of loneliness settling down on her heart. It is true there was a Bible full of comfort before her, but she was tired, lonely, chilly, and the day was all gloom. She remembered it was November, the month of Thanksgiving; and before her rose like a vision the cosy, warm kitchen at her old home, her mother making pies at the cross-legged table; father filling the brick oven—always heated for that festive use—with long wood shavings, Matty dressing up the sitting-room with bitter-sweet and ground pine, while she herself pared apples, strained squash, or stirred the cranberry sauce on the stove; and without the sea sparkled and roared close by, and the low cedars on the Point rushed and writhed in the keen wind. Then she had found the old red house small and inconvenient, and longed to get away, to see more people and live a less quiet and monotonous life; now, she would have given anything she could give to be back there with those three again. She would have no Thanksgiving this year; she must stay in her cheap boarding-house, spend the long day in her chilly room or the dark, squallid parlor below, and have no ray of light from past or future to be thankful for. Nevertheless Clara was, and meant to be, a Christian woman; the flesh is weak many a time when the spirit is willing, and she had not learned the last, greatest lesson of the Christian life; that we live by daily bread alone; that even heavenly manna did not provide for the morrow's food, what for the day. She had been reading the first only for to-day. She had been reading the first four psalms, and out of them but one clause of a verse remained with her:

"Who shall show us any good ?"

She heard this over and over with curious persistency; thinking of what her life would probably be; a long stretch of hard, lonely work, a homeless old age, a death among strangers. Bitter tears rolled down her pale face as she entertained this spectral trouble, and pitied herself so carnestly for that which as yet was not here. There are thousands like her, poor child ! thousands who borrow trouble, millions beside who have it without borrowing; but of these last she did not think.

Strangely enough, the minister who preached that day in the church she habitually attended took for his text the very line that had haunted her. He acknowledged that this was a common query among the unhappy of this world, but

went on to say:
"If we cannot really find any good—which is a proposition I do not mean to dispute, since a person in the state of mind which asks that question is unable and unwilling both to see good ness, even if it were found for them—let us look for evil. There is enough of that lying about us in every path; we are not any of us 'all alone unhappy, though we are apt to think so. If is a soul in this assembly which has ever asked this question in bitterness of spirit, then, oh, deer soul! let me beseech you to begin this very day and see what evil you can find beside your own, to keep it company. Go and measure your sorrows by your neighbour's; put plummet and line to next-door or next-room miseries and find out wherein the scale of human wretchedness you stand. It is real comfort to the mind of man to define and establish its posi-tion. If you are once aware of evil, you can do something toward its mitigation, and your own bitter experience will help you to sympathize with others, it may be to help them; though that is scarce to be expected from one who disbolieves in good. This is a good day to begin; it is almost time for the feast of Thanksgiving; and you who are not thankful, since the day gives you no occupation, ought at least to discover others who are also unthankful and tell them how much less their sorrows are than yours. If you are Christians, or think you are, go and preach to them these bad tidings of tribulation and see what andiences you will have. Since you do not accept the gospel for yourselves, except in name, go and see how others live with-out it. Yes! go fill your soul with husks, and then come back, if you cannot come till then to your Father's house and sit down and make

merry in honour of your repentance."

Clara heard no further; this strange outlook from her own stand-point so shamed and coufronted her that she went home astonished at herself, yet in a state of despondence still, for she did not knew what to do, where to find another discouraged human being. She was a direct, simple-minded creature, in the best sense of "simple," and so the sermon came home to her for herself, not for her neighbors. She looked about her at the tea-table that eming with a new insight; was it possible that she could find unhappiness right under her eyes. It might be new insight; was it possible that she could find sympathy.
unhappiness right under her eyes. It might be "Are you going liome to Thanksgiving, my so, she thought, as she looked at Miss Allen, an dear?" said Mrs. Armstead,

elderly woman, who had a room on the fourth story, just above her own, and went out dress-making. Clara had never spoken to her before, but to-night she happened to sit next her, and observed that her face was sad as well as grave.
"It has been a disagreeable day, Miss Allen,"

she said, by way of making conversation.
"It has been a dreadful day!" returned the

poor woman, with a sigh.

"Did you get out to church?" asked Clara.

"Oh, no! This weather gives me the rheumatism so I can scarcely come down to my meals."

Here was an opening. One word led to an other, and Clara found that the poor woman was so disabled by pain that her work was delayed or suspended, her daily bread precarious, and besides being poor she was also friendless and no longer young. Here, indeed, she found evil, but finding it forgot her own miseries in consoling another's. It was not much to bring Miss Allen into her room where her one Sunday evening luxury, a small fire, filled an open grate, and where an easy rocker rested the half-crippled limbs of the suffering woman. She rested here for an hour or two, told the young girl her sad story of loss, and pitied Clara's loneliness, and then crept up to her own bed, cheered and

helped.
"It'll seem so good," she said, "to think you're right under mc. I shall not feel half so

"Knock on the floor, then, if you are ill in the night and want me," Clara answered. "I shall be glad to help you if I can," and she went back to her room full of plans to make Miss Allen more comfortable; she would carry her up one of the flannel sheets she had brought from Falmouth, and paste one of her windows with strips of paper about the sash-edges. It was so near her bed. She went to rest in quite another temper from that of the morning; though she did not know it. The next day had its own work, the dull routine of school, the recurring

lesson, the stupid children. One was absent. "Do any of you know where Sally Blair is

to-day ?" she asked.

"Please 'm she's down with a broken leg," said a boy who lived next door to the Blairs. So after school Clara went down into Elm street, and hunted up the house. It was an old brown tenement, where four families lived, but inquiries enough led her to the back room on the second story, and opening the door to a gruff—
"Come in," she found Sally stretched on a cot
in the corner, her half-paralyzed father in a chair by the fire smoking a clay pipe, her mother at the wash-tub by the window, two dirty babies tumbling on the floor, and the whole room filled with that indescribable odor of dirt, grease, frying, soap-suds and tobacco, that is so often the only atmosphere the poor know. Mrs. Blair wiped her hands on her apron and set a chair; the man nodded and laid down his pipe; the twins looked up in surprise, and Sally began

Certainly Clara had found evil here. Sally was so glad to see her, however, that she felt it repaid her coming, and the twins ceased their noisy play while she sat there talking gently and tenderly to the child who had become a burden instead of a help to that poverty-stricken family. When she at last left them, promising to come again, and picked her way back through the filthy, fogey streets to her boarding-house, just within the door she met the table girl coming out of the dining-room with some tea and toast on a waiter; it was for Miss Allen, and Clara volunteered to take it up. She found her friend quite helpless and very tearfully glad to see a kind face. Clara made her more comfortable in a few minutes, and scarcely observed that her own tea was cold and her butter soft because she came late to her supper. Her Bible that night seemed to tell another story to her heart; her little room full of the home tokens and touches she had brought with her, seemed no louger sad. She was filled with the contrast between its appliances and comforts and the four bare walls, the wooden chairs, the uneasy bed above her and the grimy, oppressive poverty of the Blairs' home. She did not even remember to pour out her own sorrows in her prayers, she felt such an earnest desire that these others should be helped and comforted.

Now she had two new interests in her life, and the days seemed too short ; she could make Sally a warm sack out of one she had to spare, and little woollen dresses for the twins from a skirt that had outlived its usefulness as far as she was concerned; also out of her scant earnings she could now and then take the child an orange or a few crackers. Then there was a daily visit to pay Miss Allen, a book from the free library to read to her when the room was not too cold to sit in, a flower perhaps that some kindly scholar had brought her, to light up the invalid's room or a fresh piece of toast which she persuaded the

cook to let her make herself.

So the days went on towards Thanksgiving other people beside Clara had heard that sermon which so impressed her. Mrs. Armstead, whose husband was the pastor of the church, had taken it to her own heart; her boy went to the school where Clara was a teacher, and liked Miss King with boyish enthusiasm. His mother, too, had watched her sad, delicate face across the church, and now that Thanksgiving time drew near, she thought of the girl with kindly provision, and went one Saturday to see her. Clara was both pleased and surprised; and showed all her better self, as we do to genuine

"I haven't any home!" Clara's eves filled. she said; and the words had scarcely escaped when a gentle kiss touched her forehead.
"Poor little soul!" said the motherly visi-

"You are then the very person I want to You must come and take your Thanksgiving dinner with us; Johnny thinks Miss King is 'just bully.' Forgive the slang, dear, it is Johnny's greatest compliment; and you ought to know Mr. Armstead since you attend his church. I shall expect you right after service; don't forget!"

And with another kiss she took leave. A little thing to do, perhaps, but giving a great pleasure. Clara felt as if the sun shone into her room all that day, and in the church porch the next morning, a bow and smile from the minister's wife seemed to make the church itself homelike.

Thanksgiving day came at last; but before it came Clara had learned its lesson; in the want and suffering of others she found fresh knowledge of her own comforts and blessings; works had vindicated and re-kindled her faith her prayers were vitalized by the spirit of Him who came to seek and to save the lost; and sharing his labor she shared also His recompense. It was with a heart fully attuned to the hour that she sat down in her seat to hear Mr. Armstead's sermon, and as she turned to her Bible to follow the scripture reading, her eye fell again

on that text of the query; and with a full heart she read and received it all.

"There be many that say, who will show us any good? Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us. Thou hast put gladness in my heart more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased. I will both lay down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

Clara's question was answered.

THE GLEANER.

THE Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, néc Anspach, has just presented her family with a son. As the weaker sex is in majority in the rising generation of the Rothschild clan, this addition is a subject of much satisfaction.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, it is reported is about to marry a second wife, a daughter of the house of Rothschild. The first Lady Dilke died several years ago, and her remains underwent cremation at her own request in Germany.

London Truth :- "Lord Grantley married, last week, Miss K. MacVickers, a young American lady, who has acquired fame from her beauty. It is curious how many American girls marry Englishmen. This is because they know how to make themselves pleasant.

MISS DUDU FLETCHER, who will shortly be Lady Wentworth and in the future Countess Lovelace, is the grand-daughter of the eminent divine, Dr. Casar Malan, of Geneva, Switzerland, and on her father's side belongs to the family of that wise and beautiful Grace Fletcher, who was Daniel Webster's first wife.

A PARISIAN was on trial recently for stealing some candles, and the counsel was examining witnesses who had bought from him. One of them said that though he had suspected the candles had been stolen he had bought a franc'sworth, but that in order not to encourage rob-bery he had paid for them with a bad franc.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, who arrived recently in the Scythia, is described as a robust, animated full-blooded Englishman, tall, with a face full of expression that changes rapidly to suit the rapid apprehension of any new topic of discussion. He chats in high spirits wih an apparently almost exhaustless fund of vitality, mental and physical, to draw upon. On the trip over, as the captain said, he was the life of the cabin table. His fifty-first birthday fell during the voyage, on the 24th inst., and the passengers astonished him with a "tesin the form of a document full of timonial pleasant words, handsomely illustrated by Col. Hezard, a fellow voyager. Mr. Sala, after spending ten days in New York, wishes to push southward to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and so on into Virginia, and thence to New Orleans. He especially wants to see as much of the South as he can. He would like to spend the winter in Florida. He would be delighted to lie out in an orchard and eat oranges cies. He has from asthma, and thinks a change of air and climate will do him good.

FASHION NOTES.

STREL color is again in fashion.

RED bonnets are the rage in Paris. Most new costumes are of two materials.

THE Prince Imperial is a new shade of violet. Loors of silk are a very fashionable trim-

ARTISTIC tapestries are used for draping vel-

CLOAKS of white lambs' wool cloth are shown

BRIGHT red amaryllis may be seen occasionally at the florists'. ARISTOCRATIC Japanese women cat the bulbs

Polo caps to match ulsters are worn for travelling by young ladies.

"LADY HAINES' Blush" is said to be one of the prettiest tinted camellias,

AMONG costly novelties in fur is Russian silver fox, a mulf of which costs \$80.

AFRICAN grue is a new fur that will be very popular for trimmings and sets.

A NEW material for underclothing is Japanese

silk—a soft, uncrushable fabric.

STYLISH wrappers open in curtain fashion over a front breadth of gray brocade. TROPICAL plants are much lower in price this

ason than they have been heretofore. Some persons who profess to know say that oney from teasel bloom is the choicest.

THE new silver foil for covering bouquet stems looks something like gros grain silk. "LOVE lies bleeding," is another name for

the feathery crimson coxcomb, now plentiful.

WAISTCOATS reaching to the knee, with large

oocket flaps, are among the very latest novelties. NEW ulsters are so tight that only the dress-

hirt can be comfortably worn underneath them. MANY skirts are raised on one side only, and

waists are long, lacing in the backs as in the Renais-sance period

An old fashion that is very pretty has been revived. It is the lacing of dresses with gold cord over a white chemisette. DRESSES, except for fullest dress, are short.

Full-banded bodices, gathered at the waist and on the shoulders, are to be worn. Some of the newest evening dresses are mad :

with Medicis trouts of satin, on which flowers are painted by hand in water colors. LACE is worn in masses, ruches, thick ruffs

and paintings, tripled and quadrupled, in order to pro-duce the most becoming effects.

ASTRACHAN fur and cloth, so long popular, have entirely disappeared. The fur was handsome and becoming, but the cloth imitation ruined its sale.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

NOTHING so quickly dries a woman's tears as

NEXT to a wife the easiest thing for a poor nan to get is to get into debt.

THE reason why women prefer canaries to parrots is because canaries can't talk back

THE new style of wedding invitation, will read: "Mr, and Mrs. Proudfoot respectfully request your presents at the marriage of their daughter," etc. WHEN a young lady has money everybody

knows it, because she puts it in an open worked purse and holds it in her hand so every one can see it. WALKING parties are new becoming fashion-

able in the country. They are generally the most enjoyable when made up by two persons presumably cousins. THE woman who doesn't begin now to answer that she is just 30 years old may be caught napping next year when the census-takers start out to pillage the country.

WHEN Naomi stood up to get married and the clergyman asked her if she was sure she was four-teen years old, it must have been a terrible twist for her to admit that she was 580.

"HAVE you in your album any original poetry?" asked one young lady of another. "No," was the reply, "but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

FASHIONABLE cooking clubs consist of a heap of young ladies who want a square meal and one old woman who knows how to cook it. The only good result is that the old woman gets paid for her work.

To be just big enough for the girls to flirt with and not have spunk enough to return the compli-ment, is the distressing situation of many a young fellow who has his first gleaning of thought about his coming moustache.

SEYERAL young men were sitting together, and a young lady happened to approach the vicinity. One "real sweet," young fellow, seeing, as he supposed, the young lady looking at him, remarked playfully, and with a becoming simper, "Well, Miss—, you needn't look at me as though you wanted to eat me." "Oh no," sweetly replied the young lady, "I never eat greens."

Two ladies, both over 45, but each still TWO ladles, both over 4b, but each still young in her own estimation, are travelling on the Continent together. They send letters home, of course. Mine, de B. writes to her friend: "I am delighted with my travelling companion. Mrs. C. is a truly adorable woman. She takes care of me in a most motherly way." And Mine. C. writes exactly the same thing to her friend. Naturally the two letters are read to an admiring circle of ladies and gentlemen, and they laugh a good deal over the highly ridiculous pair, each of which is trying to pass for the other's mother.

PATTY TAKENOT, a bright, frisky little fiveyear-old miss, went for the first time to the infant de-partment of the Sunday-school. "What was the golden text, birdle?" was the anxious inquiry of the fond mo-ther when her darling got home. "O, I don't know, mamma; but there was Susie Dresswell, she had on mamma; but there was susse Dresswell, she had on such a love of a hat! It was dark blue, trimmed with light blue and brown silk, and the front had a white routhe; and she had on a lovely dress with brown silk ribbons and a brown circular cloak without pleats. O, she was lovely!" The girl is mother to the woman.

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 curof 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 MATCH OF MINDS.

In the preceding issue of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS I promised our professional bookkeepers a proposition under the above title,

which promise I shall try to redeeem to-day.

We have had lacrosse, base-ball, cricket walking and swimming matches, boat and horse races, to which the greater number of our merchants contributed largely, without having ever received any direct benefit from the same. And since the welfare of our commerce is in immediate danger, at least as far as it rests upon keeping true accounts, it becomes all professional bookkeepers, merchants and others who are in favour of advancing the interests of our com-merce, to stamp out all imposition of scientific bookkeeping, and hold out some induce nent to our young men that it will be worth while fitting themselves for the highest position in a counting-room.

Let us, therefore, have a "Match of Minds," by which proficiency in scientific bookkeeping will take due honours. Give the successful competitors the first chance of filling vacancies, which may at any time occur in our principal offices, and the result will show itself. But let it be understood that, should such a match, with the support of our merchants, be brought about, it does not mean war against the average book keeper; for while we promote the interests of the merchants and do justice to professional bookkeepers, we compel the neglected mind either to fit himself for the position of an ac-countant or yield the palm to the deserving

Supposing that this new departure meets with general favour and the carrying out of this plan is heartily supported by subscriptions from our merchants, who receive in return a great benefit by knowing who is able to fully do their office work, the merchants, bookkeepers and friends of this cause could meet, elect a com mittee and make preliminary arrangements with a view of having the match come off some time in February, 1880, s an earlier date might seriously interfer with the balancing of our merchants books after the 1st of January

As to the question who shall have a right to

be a competitor, permit me to give my idea.

In order to have fair play in this interesting movement, we cannot base upon anything than look to our shield "Experience," which will settle the question at once

For instance, those who have had at least two years' practical experience in a merchants' office and worked to the entire satisfaction of their employer, shall be admitted into the Third Class. The Second Class to be open to competitors o

not less than five years' experience. The First Class shall be open to competitors of not less than eight years' experience. No one older than 30 years of age should take part in the proposed match as it must be understood the prizes, which may be offered according to the support of the subject, are simply to in duce our young bookkeepers to increase their knowledge, aim for higher accomplishments than the average bookkeeper commands at the present day, and come up to the standard where a thorough, competent manager of a counting room ought to be

It should afford any man capable of managing a merchant's office properly, a great pleasure in not only being at the head of an office, but that the employer can repose implicit faith in his bookkeeper's integrity and efficiency.

Therefore, let our young men who wish to attain to the profession of an accountant, come forward, show their superiority of mind over another in this branch of business, and the merchants will certainly recognize ability. For an able man is always preferred to the less talented one.

The merchant who can carry back his thoughts to the days when he held the position of a bookkeeper, will coincide with me that the responsibilities in a counting-room are many while the laurels are few / But it is only right that these few laurels should not bear the dew of imposition which every employer can stop effectually. Firstly, by not employing poor help; secondly, by promoting education in bookkeeping and general office work, and thirdly, by encouraging the study of the profession in giving those who have obtained proficiency, the first chance of filling any office

Thus, while the merchant secures his own interests he helps on the worthy man and lays the foundation of commerce upon sound principles; much needed in the tide of adversity as well as

Merchants! support this new departure! for it will give light to the minds, air imposition and put money into your pockets; three very

important elements nowadays! Should our professional men take up the question of "Our Bookkeepers," and succeed in bringing about a "Match of Minds," the judges could be elected by our merchants, and ought to consist of men of not less than 12 years' experience, who are known to be thorough accountants and perfectly acquainted with practical and theoretical bookkeeping.

Afterwards an association could be formed of those who are and merchants who were practical bookkeepers, extending the membership to those merchants also who are in favour of having their books kept by capable men. However, this subject will receive more at-

tention as the proposed match advances.

E. W. B.

DO SOMETHING FOR YOURSELF.

Almost any man of capacity and independent spirit who has reached middle age, and been continuously employed by others, must regret that he did not in early life enter into some sort of business for himself. The majority of men, whatever their trade or talent, are anxious to be hired; and if they are not hired, are liable, and likely, too, to come to want. The consequence is that the market for labour, from the finest to the coarsest, is nearly always overstocked, and that in dull, hard times—such as we have had for five years past—it is irremediably glutted. At such periods, thousands and thousands of men, all over the land, especially in cities, are idle, unable to support themselves and their families, simply because they cannot get places, and they cannot, or think they cannot, do any thing for themselves. They have been accustomed to be hired; they are acquainted with no other way of gaining a livelihood; and, when they cannot be hired, their case seems hopeless, and they yield to what they regard as the inevitable. By far the greater part of the pauper ism, vagabondage, and lack of occupation in the country now and in the past, comes, and has from the inability or indisposition, strengthened by long indulgence, of the mass of people to push and manage their own fortunes. instead of trusting them to the direction and dictation of others.

In the beginning of our practical lives it is natural and necessary that we should serve an apprenticeship of some sort; that we should e instructed in the calling or profession we intend to adopt. We must in some way be hired before we can expect to earn for ourselves. The trouble is that we are apt to remain in this commercial tutelage long after we should have been our own masters, and when we want to get out of it, if we ever do, it either is, or seems to be, too late, and we are deterred by the formidable character of the undertaking. Thus it happens that in middle age we are, as has been said, likely to regret the course we have too steadily followed, neglecting opportunities, and wasting years that we cannot revive. It behoves us, as a certain amount of experience shows, to try our trade or talent, after we have fully learned or demonstrated it, in our own behalf, in place of following or exercising it in the interest of others. Our apprenticeship ended, we cannot too soon set up for ourselves. The occasion may not be quite ripe; things may not be as we wentld have them—they very seldom are so—but still we should begin, and let improvement and further encouragement come in their own good season. For lack of such enterprise and resolution, innumerable men in all departments of activity have been kept down constantly, and have lost more than half their usefulness. timidly hesitated and waited to do something for themselves until the time had irrevocably gone by, and their destiny had been fixed.

The large proportion of failure in business and the professions is often used as an argument against the wisdom of young men attempting to be independent. But it is no argument at all Most of the failures result from defects in the men, not in what they have undertaken. They have been imprudent, dishonest, careless, extravagant, over ambitious, and therefore they have met with disaster. If they have not; if they have conducted their affairs intelligently and properly, they will be pretty certain to be so sustained and helped as to able to go on again; and the next time circumstances over which they have no control will not, in all probability, de-clare against them. Out of failure not traceable to dishonourable dealing, incapacity, or recklessness, prosperity may, and often docs, spring, for a new trial is generally accorded to him who has worked faithfully, and not abused public or private trust. Honest failure is not calamity; t excites sympathy and insures timely aid, for the most part, finally resulting in justification of, and advantage to, the man who has failed.

But failures at the worst are hardly so bad as osses of situation or absence of employment to the hired. They who depend on salaries or wages are never secure, and they are prone to feel their insecurity and their dependence, if they be sensitive or proud, in a way that wears upon and depresses them more than they think. It is very common to say that a really valuable man seldom wants a place; that if he have not one he can easily get another. But this is not true, as numberless valuable men have found to their sorrow, mortification and bitterness. Hundreds of such men, whose services have been dispensed with from no other cause than desire or need to retrench, have actually suffered for the necessaries of life. They are thoroughly competent; they are industrious; they are trustworthy, and they could prove it by their acts but they could not, hard as they tried, though they have offered to do anything, obtain any situation worthy of the name. Nobody has any sympathy with them or any inclination to aid them. They want to be hired, and the community, with a strange injustice, rarely has respect or compassion for the army of men who have such want. Why, it asks, don't they do something for themselves ? This is the question everybody asks, and the answer is an echo, "Why don't they?" Let those for whom it is not too late answer it soberly, practically, wisely, by a little enterprise and by positive deed. There are thousands here at this moment who lament that they have never tried to do some-

not the trial before middle age is apt to sow his future with seeds of discontent.

FOOT NOTES.

AN IMPERIAL AMAZON.-The Empress of Austria's life at her estate of Gödölö is unlike that of most queens. She spends a great deal of her time in her stables and riding school. The riding-school is a large area connected with the castle by a covered passage, and having a luxurious tribune for spectators. Leading from this apartment is a ball-room; and the empress is described as sometimes giving a semi-equestrian, semi-terpsichorean entertainment to her guests, when waltzes and mazurkas are interspersed with feats of horsemanship-the imperial lady herself mounting a wild Arabian horse which has given a great deal of trouble to its trainers.

STANTON-DICKENS—In a letter, dated Washington, February, 1868, Mr. Dickens says, "I dined with Charles Sumner on Sunday, he having been an old friend of mine. Mr. Secretary Stanton (war minister) was there. He is a man of a very remarkable memory, and famous for his acquaintance with the minutest details of my books. Give him any passage anywhere and he will instantly cap it and go on with the context. He was commander-in-chief of all the northern forces concentrated here, and he never went to sleep at night without first reading something from my books, which were always with him. I put him through a pretty severe examination, but he was better up than

Who is John Dunn?—As the question is still frequently asked—Who is John Dunn, whom the British Government have committed the office of ruler of an important sec tion of Zululand? we may state shortly that John Dunn is the son of a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, who was killed by an elephant in Natal many years ago. John married a halfcaste woman ; but when he settled in Zululand most of the chiefs, by way of making him at home, sent daughters as offerings—gifts he could not well refuse. He has thus twenty Zulu houris in his harem, besides the half-caste and his family already consists of ninety little Dunns. His profession for many years has been "gun-running," or, in other words, that of smuggling firearms across the frontier into Zululand, an operation he long conducted vith noted success, thereby laying the foundation of his wealth. As the great Sir Garnet has decreed that gun-running shall cease, he has set t thief to catch a thief, and Dunn, no doubt, will prevent everybody he can from participating with himself in the profitable trade.

THE DARWINIAN THEORY CONFUTED .- The Darwinian hypothesis is not only unsupported by facts, but it is in flagrant contradiction to them. There are some 20,000 species of animals, and not one instance is known of different species being crossed without sterility ensuing in the animal thus begot. It seems a law of nature to keep species apart. Darwin, to support his hypothesis, has to assume that there may have been a time when this law was reversed What would be thought of an astronomer, if he were to argue that though the attraction of gra-vitation is true now, there may have been a time when an apple thrown into the air would travel forever in space? Darwin's argument is precisely similar, though its fallacy is not so obvious at first sight. If the theory of evolution be true, a multitude of animals should be discovered in various stages of physical change, which would defy the efforts of naturalists to classify. As is well known, the reverse of this A skilled naturalist finds no difficulty in placing each newly-discovered animal in its proper order.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION .- Lieutement Came ron cro-sed Africa from Zanzibur in a south-western direction and more recently Stanley crossed it, navigating the great river Congo in canoes, but now two Englishmen, named Bagot and Beaver, have resolved upon what the *Cape* Argus describes as "one of the most hazardous feats of African exploration yet attempted." They are to travel north through Central Africa from the Zambezi river to the Victoria and Nyanza Lakes. This they are to attempt at their own expense, and the first cost of is estimated at from £3,000 to £4,000. There is still a large blank in the geography of Central Africa, and, were the present expedition successful, it would be in a great measure filled up, for, as is intended, a complete astronomical and general survey is to be made between the Zambezi and the great lakes under the Equator. Dr. Livingstone's greatest discoveries may be said to have been along the line of the Zumbezi and we may suppose what that truly great and good traveller would have thought of two Englishmen starting from that river with Lake Nyanzi as their destination.

A MOSLEM VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY. - Sayyed A. Bedaway, a Mahometan of Alexandria, has written to the Pall Mall Gazette a letter on what he calls the failure of Christianity. It is beyond doubt and nothing but rational, he observes, to say that real "Christianity has been perverted by the gloomy ages of the past, or has been crased immediately aft r Christ by those There are thousands here at this moment who been crused immediately are referred by those lament that they have never tried to do something for themselves. There are very few who, who had the power of killing Christ himself; having done something for themselves, have and all the present forms of Christianity are not worthy to be named as such." Luther's work is, do something for yourself! and he who makes he calls "a noble attempt to reform." Christian-

ity, but unfortunately it was only "the adding of so much water to mud." Bedaway thinks it quite practicable to provide evidence of "the spuriousness of all the present different creeds of Christianity." The Mahometan doctors, beside having special books on Christianity when they teach the doctrine of Islam, "refute on the most sound principles all religious, Christianity included, and it is simple, nevertheless just, to observe that Islam is unquestionably the most pure, real, and the most teaching theism of all the religions of the universe "moreover it is "that religion which in less than a century has united-not by force of arms, as misrepresented by its enemies—the different and difficult nations that existed from near the heart of China to the very coast of Africa on the Atlantic, as well as northward and southward, to one common principle: the belief in the unity of God, and His—and only Ilis—sacred worship (praise be to Iliu;) and to do unto others any good, whether they would have it done unto themselves or not."

WOMAN'S HAND .- The female thumb is said to be an important index of the female character. Women with large thumbs are held by phrenologists, physiognomists, &c., to be more than ordinarily intelligent--what are called sensible women-while women with small thumbs are regarded as romantic. According to certain authors, who profess to have been observers, a woman's hand is more indicative of a woman's character than her face, as the latter is to a certain extent under the control of temporary emotions, or of the will, whereas the former is a fact which exists for any one who understands it to profit by. Consequently, a few hints about the proper reading of a woman's hand may be very useful to certain of our readers, especially married men, or men contemplating matrimony. Women with square hands and small thumbs are said to make good and gentle housewives. These sort of women will make any man happy who is fortunate enough to win them. are not all romantic, but they are what is better—thoroughly domestic. Women with very large thumbs have a "temper" of their own, and generally a long tongue. There is a hint in this to a lover. Let him, the first time he saides held of his mistrage's land, against scizes hold of his mistress's hand, examine, under some pretext or another, her thumb; and if it be large, let him make up his mind that as soon as he becomes a married man he will have to be a good boy, or else there will be the very deuce to pay. Again, if a young man finds that his lady-love has a large palm, with conc-shaped fingers and a small thumb, let him thank his stars-for in that case she is susceptible to tenderness, readily flatter, casily talked into, or talked out of anything, and can be readily managed. But if she is a woman with a square hand, well proportioned, and only a tolerably-developed thumb, why, then, she is either one of two distinct classes of women-she is either a practical female who will stand no nonsense, or she is a designing female; she is a woman who cannot be duped, or a woman who will dupe him.

HUMOROUS.

MANY men become round shouldered by arrying trouble.

ONE touch of nature-When you get your

DEAL gently with the 'erring or you'll get mes in your throat.

"AND oh, Edward," said the girl he was going to leave behind him, "nt every stopping place, be sure you write; then go ahead."

IN a family in which there are two boys of about the same age, it is protty difficult to decide whose birthright it is to roll out the ash barrel.

"DOCTOR," said a gontleman to his clergy-nan, "how can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself." THE boys are beginning to think it's about time to start a couple of cases of mamps and break up the school, which, of course, won't reopen until after Christmas.

A FASILION magazine says: "Ulsters will be worn somewhat longer this senson." Well, then, by St. George, the men who wear them have got to wear stilts, that's all."

"PA," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a great deal more isn't it, after it's broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because 1 broke the new rocking horse you gave me this morning."

A YOUNG lady of Moultrie County sends in a communication on some presumably interesting topic, with the request to "Please print it if not too full." It is hardly necessary to say that we hard back insinuation with scorn—also the communication.

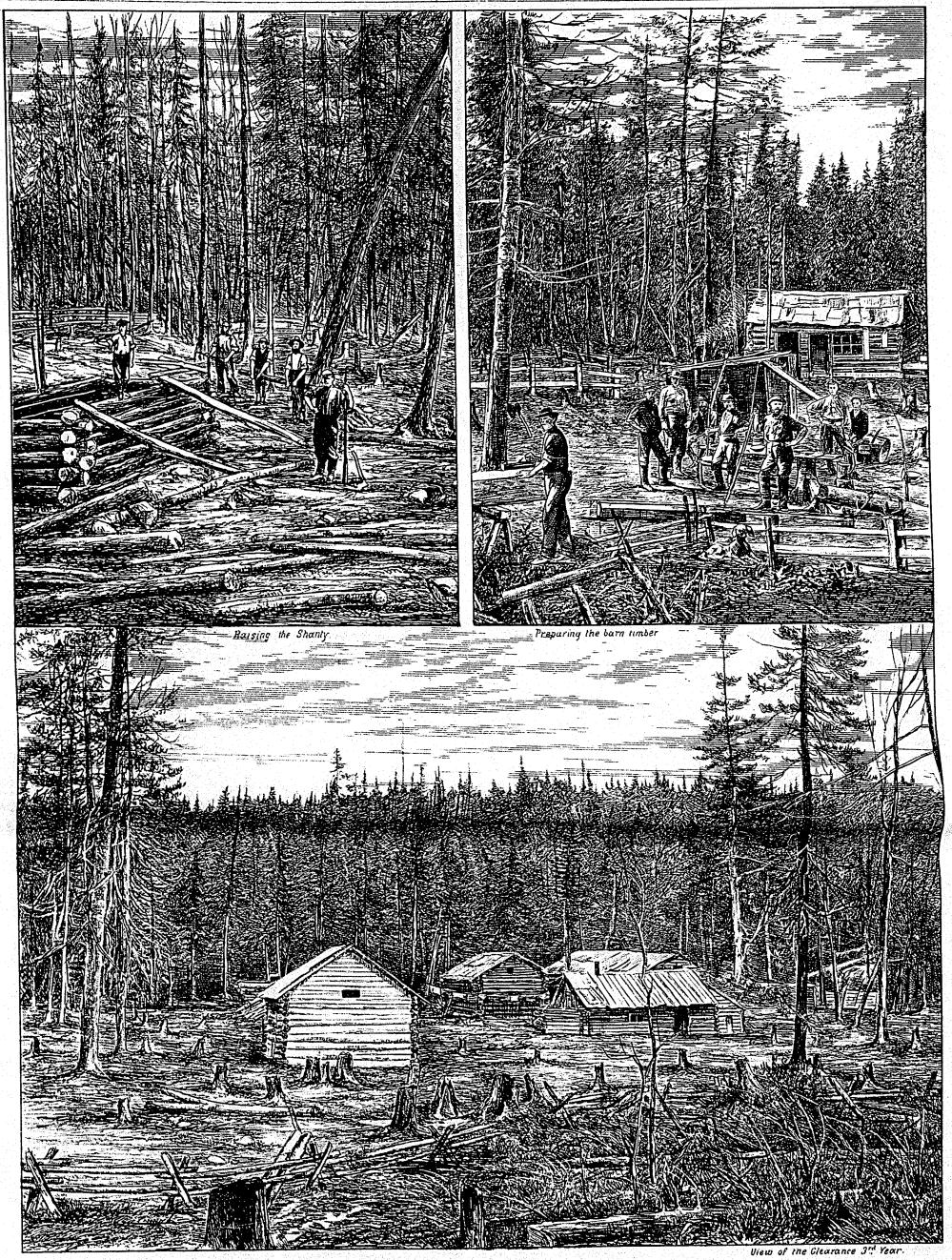
A nov was caught in the act of stealing A hoy was caught in the act of steating ratsins in a shop, and was looked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The bay commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and, after using all the persuadouble you'll let me out and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the raisins and lick me beside!" This appeal was too much for the grocer to resist. too much for the grocer to resist.

THE Pekin Gazette is nearly 500 years old, THE PERIN Cazeta is nearly 500 years out, and every now and then an old men hobbles isto the office and pays a year's subscription, with the remark that he has been a subscriber ever since the first number was printed. The clerk, without befraying any surprise, observes, as he hands him a receipt, "Yes, we have several names on our list who have been subscribers from the start." Then the old man goes out muttering something about this world being full of liers.

A WALNUT street clerk was discharged and asked the reason. "You are so awful slow about every thing," said his employer. "You do me an injustice," responded the clerk, "there is one thing I am not slow about." "I should be delighted to hear you name it, remarked the proprietor. "Well," said the clerk slowly, "nobody can get tired as quick as I can." A notion for a reconsideration of his case has been referred to the proper committee.



OTTAWA.—SKETCHES AT THE CONSERVATIVE BANQUET.—By OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



FOREST CLEARING II.

MELANCHOLIA

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

Listan! A woman with a wasted face,
Thin, wan—a wond ring infaut in her arms—
Is sobbing in the middle of the street.
A mob, intent on hearing, crowds around:
Her children's months are hungry—she has nou,
No bread—no money—scarce a bed of straw.
Her husband drinks the income of her toil:
She weeps and passes. When this spectre flits,
Tell me brothers, who among the crowd
Has seen the bottom of her aciding heart?
What hear we always! Peals of laughter loud. What hear ye always? Peals of laughter loud.

You sweet-browed girl perchance once dared to claim Some right to happiness and joy and love, But ah! poor orphan maid, she is alone.
Alono! what matters it? Her heart is brave—She has a needle, and with that she gains, (Working the live-long day, the live-long night) A little bread, a lodging, and some clothes.
At eve she dreamily beholds the stars, And in the summer near the housetop sings:
But winter comes—in truth 'tis very cold In her bare garret, up those broken stairs.
The days are short—her labour needs a lamp, But oil is dear, like coal and wood and bread.
Oh! youth, life's spring and morning, winter's prey!
Soon Hunger thrusts his paw within her room, Unbooks a faded mantle, pawns her watch, And the small ring that once her mother owned.
Now all is sold—the struggling child still toils With honest hands: but, when she lies awake, Want, tempting demon, whispers in her ear.

Work fails: alas! how often this is seen:
What now is lett! Oue day, oh! fatal hour,
She sells her mothers picture, and she weeps.
She coughs—she shivers—must she die, O God,
At sixteen years! Behold, to baffle Death,
it came to pass one morning that the maid
Plunged in the gulf, and now her cheek is red
Not with the blush of modesty, but shame.
Alas! her life thenceforward must be tears,
And ebildren cruel in their innocence,
With joyous cries pursue her in the street.
Poor wretched gir! she trails a silken robe;
She sings, she laughs, oh! hapless son! at bay!
And the harsh world with its denouncing voice.
Which blasts a woman, and bows down a man,
Shrieks loudly: "Is it thou! Vile wretch, begone!"
Montreal.

GEO, MURRAN GEO. MURRAY. Montreal.

MURDER OF COMMISSIONER FRASER-DELHI, 1835.

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the grounds of Easter Moniack, the seat of the ancient family of Fraser of Reeling, near Inverness, there stands, under the shade of a widespreading cedar of Lebanon, a small cenotaph, sacred to the memory of four sons of the family, three of whom were in the service of the Honourable the East India Company, and died

The circumstances attending the death of one of the sons-William Fraser-are so curious that a narrative of them may not be without interest to our readers.

William Fraser was a distinguished member of the Bengal Civil Service, and held, in 1835, the important office of Commissioner of Delhi, under which denomination was included an area of some twenty thousand square miles, area of some twenty thousand square miles, and a population of probably not less than three millions of people, besides several small quasi-independent chiefships. He was a man deservedly popular with the natives of all ranks, and was beloved by them, more particularly by the lower classes, with whom on many occasions, he showed strong sympathy; but being a man of considerable forces of character and deserved.

man of considerable force of character and decision of purpose, he sometimes made enemies.

Upon the 22nd March, 1835, between six and seven in the evening, Mr. Fraser was returning on horseback, attended only by an unarmed servant on one of his spare horses, from an official visit to the Rajah of Kishengurh, and was just entering his own grounds when an was just entering his own grounds when a native trooper rode up, and, as he passed, discharged his carbine into Mr. Fraser's back. So close was the assassin when he fired, that Mr. Fraser's coat was singed with the powder. The balls passed through his body, he sprang up in his saddle, and then fell dead on the ground. The trooper was seen by the terror-stricken servant to ride off at speed in the direction of the city of Delhi, situated about a mile distant. The servant rode to Mr. Fraser's house, gave the alarm, and his people hastening to the spot found their master dead, but his body still warm. All that the servant, a lad of about sixteen years of age, could say was that the assassin was a horseman armed with a sword and

Mr. (later Lord) Lawrence happened to be at the time magistrate of the adjoining district of Paneeput. Early on the morning of the 22nd Marc: he received a brief note in Persian from one of his police officers, stating that news had just arrived to the effect that on the previous evening a trooper had ridden up to the Commissioner as he was returning from his ride, and fired his carbine into his "sacred body," killing him on the spot.

Mr. Lawrence was much shocked at this tragic intelligence; and thinking that, as he was intimately acquaited with Delhi, he might be of use to Mr. T. Metcalfe, the senior civil officer, and to the magistrate, Mr. Simon Fraser, in tracing the murderer, he instantly ordered his horse, and rode off to Mr Metcalfe's house, a distance of forty miles. In reply to his inquiries, Mr. Metcalfe told him that no satisfactory traces of the murderer had been found; that ro one was suspected; and that, further, some men of the Goojur caste, well known for their skill in tracking, had been sent to the scene of the murder, to follow up, if possible, the tracks of the assassin's horse. They had

divided into three branches, two leading into the country, and the third to the Cabul gate of the city of Delhi.

The Goojurs apparently considered it very improbable that any man in his senses, after the commission of such a crime, would venture himself into Delhi, full as it was of Government police, and where he could scarcely hope to escape observation and arrest; they therefore did not think it worth while to examine the road leading to the city, but tried, without success, to follow up the tracks along the two roads branching into the country. It was too dark when they abandoned their incifectual search for further examination toward the city Recommencing the search the next morning. they found that all marks of the previous night had been obliterated by the footsteps of early travellers passing to and from the town. The Goojurs were therefore completely at fault, and could give no further assistance. Mr. Metcalfe, however, informed Mr. Lawrence that an old chief-Futtch Khan, a resident of Delhi (who was in receipt of a pension for good service under the Duke of Wellington in the pursuit of the celebrated ontlaw Doondiah Waugh in 1804)-had just been calling on him, and, after expressing his deep sorrow for the fate of Mr. Fraser, observed that it might possibly turn out that his own nephew, Shumshoodeen Khan, the Nawab of Ferozepore, had been implicated in the murder. Mr. Metcalfe, however, expressed his doubts of the Nawab having any share in the affair, and said that he thought very likely the old pensioner's accusing his nephew arose from some motives of private enmity. Mr. Lawrence remarked that it might be so; but as in hunting, when the scent is lost, one casts about at a venture to recover it, so in this case they must take up any chance clue which might present itself, in the hope of its leading to the object sought for. Therefore he would advise that, in absence of anything more tangible, it would be well to follow the clue suggested by Nawab Futteh Ehan.

Accordingly, Mr. Lawrence, left Mr. Met-calfe's house, and went to that of the magis-

trate, Mr. Simon Fraser, to whom he told the conversation that had passed between Mr. Metcalfe and the old pensioner. The magistrate stated that he was aware that the Nawab of Ferozepore was at enmity with the late Commissioner, in consequence of some proceedings of that officer in connection with the Ferozepore State. The late Nawab had left two sons the elder illegitimate, who had succeeded his father; and the younger, the son of his mar ried wife, for whom no provision had been made. The late Commissioner, thinking the case a very hard one, had been sudeavouring to force the ruling Nawab, Shumshoodeen, to assign a portion of his territory for the support of his rounger brother, which the Nawab bitterly resented, and hence his earnity to Mr. William Fraser

Thinking that these facts, added to the sus picions expressed by the old pensioner, gave them a clue whibh they should at once follow up, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Simon Fraser pro-ceeded together to visit the house in the city of Delhi belonging to the Nawab Shumshoodeen, in the hope of obtaining information which might lead to the detection of the murderer. On arriving at the house, and entering the courtyard in which it stood, they found no one, nor did any person respond to their repeated calls. Mr. Fraser then proposed to Mr. Lawrence that they should enter the house; that M. Lawrence should remain and watch below, while he went upstairs and looked about him. This they did. Mr. Lawrence, to occupy the time, sountered about the courtyard, and came upon a very good-looking chestnut horse stinding at his picket.

Being fond of horses, Mr. Lawrence went up and began to examine the animal, and had reason to admire some of his points. While so doing, a man of the Goojur caste, whom until then he had not observed, joined Mr. Lawrence, who praised the animal to him. The Goojur, while admitting the merits of the horse, somewhat abruptly remarked, "Yes, sir; but do you not perceive that the hind hoofs are wider than the front enes?" And then, taking up a straw, he measured a hoof before and behind it; and holding it up to view, said, "There is just one straw's difference between the one and the other; and the same difference was seen in the of the horse which the murderer of Fraser rode. I am certain that this is the animal that was ridden by the murderer.

As the Goojur was saying this, a native trooper, in undress, lounged up. On Mr. Lawrence beginning to question him, he said the horse belonged to him; that he was an orderly of Shumshoodeen Khan, the Nawab of Ferozepore -- a district some ninety miles south of Delhi; and that he had been sent on a special duty to the city.
"Mr. Lawrence said, "This is a nice horse.

"Yes," said the man, "he is a fine horse but he is very sick, and has not been able to eat much for a week, nor to do his work

Upon this, Mr. Lawrence feeling strong doubts as to the truth of the statement, and espying the saddle and other furniture of the forse at a little distance on the ground, walked up to them, and moving them with his foot observed the tobrah, or nose big, full of grain, ready for the animal. He picked it up, and shing it on the animal's head, who commenced at once feeding greedily, proving that the trooper's statement was evidently not very correct. As Mr. Lawrence stood succeeded in doing so to a spot where the road | watching the animal, he was joined by the ma-

gistrate, who said he could find no one in the house, but that, as he came down the staircase his eye lighted on some fragments of paper floating on the top of a large bucket of water These fragments, on taking them up, bore all the appearance, to him, of a Persian letter, which had been read, torn up, squeezed together, and then thrown away. Even in their then condition, the magistrate, who was a man of quick apprehension, and a good Persian scholar, could discern words in that language indicating instructions as to some transaction. He therefore put the papers into his pocket with a view to further examination. Mr. Lawrence then told Mr. Fraser of the peculiarity in the horse's feet pointed out by the Goojur, and his own suspicion that the trooper was proba-bly connected with the murder. Mr. Lawrence got into a conversation with the trooper about the late murder, as to who might have been connected with it, without making any special allusion to the Nawab, his master; and without arousing his suspicions he induced the man to accompany him out of the Nawab's premises now the Chaudeny Chowk (or great marketplace) of Delhi, past the Begum Sumroo's garden, until they reached the magistrate's kut cherry and treasury, where there was a guard of epoys posted under a native officer.

Mr. Lawrence then suggested to Mr. Fraser that it would be expedient to arrest the trooper to which the latter consenting, they summoned the subahdar, who came up with two or three sepoys. Mr. Lawrence then turning to the trooper said to him: "This is an awkward business, this murder of the Commissioner and as it strikes me you must know something of the matter, you shall remain here under restraint until our doubts regarding you are cleared up." They then handed over the trooper, whose name was Wassil Khan, to the subahdar, with directions to keep him in confinement until further orders.* the Nawab's house being searched, Wassil Khan's sword, which had been recently sharpened, was found among his clothes; but no trace of the carbine with which the murder had apparently been committed was forthcoming.

They then proceeded to Mr. Metcalfe's house and reported to him all that had occurred, pointing out how, to their minds, it corroborited the old pensioner Futteh Khan's suspicions It struck them both that in all probability the trooper had perpetrated the deed; that he, as a trusty follower of the Nawab, had been instigated to it by his master, he himself having no motive of his own to engage in such an affair. At nightfall Mr. Lawrence again met the magistrate at his house, who informed him that, on coming home, he had tried to put the pieces of the Persian letter together, and to fix them with gum, but that they so stuck together, and the ink was so faded by the action of the water, that he was inclined to give up as useless any attempt to decipber the writing, and was about to do so, when Dr. Graham, civil surgeon of Delhi, called upon him, and, seeing how he wa engaged, proposed to go for some chemicals which would restore the colour of the ink. This was done; the letters became clear, and the writing proved to be a note from the Nawab Shumshoodeen Khan to his servant Wassi Khan, to the following purport : "You know the object for which I sent you into Delhi; and I have repeatedly told you since, how important it is for me that you should 'buy the dogs. If you have not done so you must do it without delay; it is most urgent and necessary." It was then repeated, "It is necessary, it is very necessary, to buy the dogs."

The magistrate read the letter to Mr. Law-rence, and asked him his opinion about it. He immediately replied: "I am certain the dogs mean the Commissioner, William Fraser, whom the trooper was sent by his master, the Nawab, to waylay and murder; and as there was some delay on the trooper's part, the Nawab wrote this letter to him, enjoining him to do the work speedily." The magistrate concurred in this view, and Mr. Lawrence then left, and with this fresh evidence of the Nawab's complicity, returned to the Commissioner, telling him what had transpired, and urging him to send for the Nawab at once, on the plea of wishing to consult him, as suspicious had arisen against one of his servants, the trooper Wassil Khan, in connection with the murder. The Commissioner demurred, on account of the Nawab's position and influ it possible also that he would not obey the summons; but Mr. Lawrence continued to urge the measure, saying, "The Nawab would either come or not come : if he did not, his refusal would give reasonable ground for believing that he was implicated-a result which he would probably be careful to avoid; and if he came, there would be this great advantage, that being out of his own territory, the Nawab could not use his influence, as he otherwise certainly would do, to stiffe the inquiries which ought at once to be instituted in the Forozopore State, by a special officer deputed for that purpose. Mr. Metcalfe then agreed to send for the Nawab, and to depute Mr. C. Gubbins, magistrate of the adjoining district of Goorgaon, to prosecute inquiries. The Nawab obeyed the Commis-

"Wassil Khan was a Mogul, fall and well made; he was known as an expert horseman and an excellent shot; just such a fellow as was capable of making a desperate resistance had time and opportunity availed; but taken at disadvantage, he probably thought it was his best chance to succoumb to circumstances, and trust that no evidence of any importance would be found against bim. He proved to be a desperate villain; but, nevertheless, underliably possessed great courage, for itude and devotion to the cause of his master. * Wassil Khan was a Mogul, tall and well made; he

sioner's summons; and the coast being thus clear, Mr. Gubbins was able to pick up gradually, in conversation with the people, bits of intelligence throwing light on the case. He thus ascertained that it was the general impression there was a man on foot with the trooper on the fatal night, which had not hitherto been supposed. Mr. Gabbins learnt his name and abode, but could not get hold of him; as, for some reason or other not then clear, he had taken to the adjacent hills, and would not come This man was said to be Unyah Meo, a noted freebooter, well known for his power of enduring great fatigue, and for his wiftness of foot. Every endeavour was made by the Government officers, but in vain, to arrest Unyah, or to induce him to surrender himself; and it was supposed that, fearing the vengeance of the Nawab on himself and family if he gave evidence against him, and also the punishment which would be inflicted by the Government if he admitted his complicity in the murder, Unyah continued to clude pursuit.

Colonel Skinner, the well-known commander of the corps of irregular cavalry called "Skin-ner's Horse," and a most intimate friend of William Fraser, had from the first exerted himself to help the magistrate in this difficult matter. With that view, Skinner had used every means in his power to induce Unyah to come in, but for a long time without success. At last Skinner received an anonymous Persian letter stating that the writer was well acquainted with the man whom he was in search of; and as he (the writer) was also desirous of bringing the murderer to justice, he would aid Mr. Skinner in his endeavours to secure the man. If, therefore, Skinner would send a party of horse under a native officer to a certain village in Bulundshuhur district, some twelve miles from Delhi, on a certain night, he would find the man be wanted. Whether this letter was written at Unyah's suggestion or otherwise, never transpired. Skinner acted on the advice of the anonymous writer, and sent the party which duly arrived in the village, but could find no one answering to the description of Unyah Meo. The party was just about quitting the village on their return to Delhi when suddenly a man appeared, and walking up to the native officer said, "I know whom you are seeking; I am Unyah Meo. I will go with you."

On being made over to the magistrate, Unvah agreed to tell all he knew of the murder. He stated that the Nawab Shumshoodeen Khan, being at enmity with the late Commissioner, had instructed his servant, Wassil Khan to go to Delhi, to watch his opportunity, and to kill Mr. Fraser some night as he was returning in the dusk from his customary evening ride. William Fraser was well known to the natives for his great strength and remarkable courage, the Nawab did not consider it prudent to devolve the task of murdering him on one single man, as in that case there would be a great chance of failure. The Nawab had therefore sent Unyah Meo to remain in Delhi with the trooper, and to accompany him on all occasions when he went out with the intention of waylaying the Commissioner. L'nyah's instructions were to remain close by, so that when the carbine was fired, in the event of the shot not proving fatal, he could run up and help to de patch the Commissioner; however, as the shot killed the Commissioner on the spot, there was no occasion for Unyah to interfere. At the auggestion of the assassin he at once started off to convey the intelligence to the Nawah. Unvah ran all that night and the next day, arriving on the following evening at Ferozepore, a distance of ninety miles. He entered the fort, and going straight to the door of Nawab's room, which was only closed by a thick curtain, told the orderly on duty to go in and inform the Nawab that Unyah Meo had arrived and wanted to see him immediately, as he had very important news for him. The man went in. and Unyah, with the natural caution and suspicion of his profession, crouching down lifted the corner of the curtain which closed the door to see what would follow, and hear what the Nawab might say. The servant woke the Nawab, who, on hearing of Unyah's arrival, ordered him to be admitted at once, but at the same time warned the servant in a low voice to take special care, and when the Nawab dismissed Unyah, that he should on no pretext be allowed to leave the fort. Unyah went in and old the Nawab of the successful murder of the Commissioner, at which he expressed great delight, and promised Unyah a handsome reward. He was then dismissed, and told to wait in the fort till the next morning, when he should receive the promised present, and he might then be allowed to go to his home.

But Unyah, remembering the orders he lad overheard not to allow him to leave the fort, and surmising that they boded no good to him. slipped down to the gateway, and making some excuse to the sontry on duty there to allow him to pass through, sped away as fast as he could to his own house, situated in the jungle at a distance of seven miles from the fort, which he very soon reached. Unyah had two wives; he explained his situation to them, and said he must hide himself as best he could, for he was too fired to go further; it was pretty certain the Nawab's horsemen would be sent to seize him. He then made a hasty meal, and going up to the flat roof of the house, his wives covered him up with sheaves of straw placed there

Unyah's surmises were correct, for shortly after the Nawab's horsemen arrived, as he had expected, and questioned the women as to whe

ther they had seen Unyah. They, of course, denied all knowledge of him; and the horsemen, having searched the house in vain, re-turned to the fort, having made the women promise that should Unyah return he was to go at once to the Nawab, who was anxious to reward him for his good services. Next morning Unyah, refreshed by his night's rest, fled to the hills, and defied every effort to find him, until he surrendered himself, as already related, to Skinner's troopers.

Ever since the murder of Mr. Fraser search had been made by the police, but in vain, to find the carbine used by Wassil Khan. It happened, however, that one evening, some time after the murder, a woman was drawing water from a deep well close to the Cabul gate of Delhi. While so employed, the rope broke, and the vessel attached to it sank into the water. She called her husband to her assistance; and he, letting a hook down fastened to a rope, pulled up not the lost vessel, but a carbine, scarcely at all rusted, and bearing the appearance of having been recently discharged. On it being shown to Unyah, he at once recognised it as the weapon used by Wassil Khan.

Other evidence, tending to establish the guilt of the Nawab and the trooper, was procured by degrees. Thus the grain merchant who had supplied for the horse deposed that he had done so at the trooper's request for several days preceding the murder; then people of the bazaar adjacent to the Nawab's house at Delhi gave evidence that Wassil Khan had been in the habit of riding the animal out every afternoon, and that on the night of the murder he had returned with his horse in a lather, showing he had ridden hard. There happened to be a mosque near the scene of the murder, in which it was proved Wassil Khan had been seen on the very evening in question saying his prayers for an unusually long time, and that on their completion he had ridden his horse sharply off, as if intent on business of import-It further appeared, that on the fatal night the Commissioner had been detained later than usual, owing to the visit he had paid to the Rajah of Kisbengurh.

Both the Nawab and the trooper were tried by a special Commission, deputed by the Government for the purpose, and their guilt being clearly proved, they were condemned to death. They were hanged close to the Cashmere gate of the city, and both retained their resolution to the last, and denied all knowledge of the mur-

Thus perished Nawab Shumshoodeen Khan, a chief of considerable position and wealth, all of which he owed to the British Government, who had raised his father from comparatively humble circumstances for his services during the wars with the Mahrattas in the years 1802-3. The father was a man of ability, and was bred up in a school which demanded the exercise of the virtues of moderation, vigilance and industry. In his old age he was highly respected and even honoured; whilst the son, having no such inducements to self-restraint, passed a life of self-indulgence and recklessness, and came to an untimely and disgraceful

Some of the Mohammedans of Delhi regarded the Nawah as a martyr, and erected a tomb to his memory, which was in due time regarded as a sacred shrine, to which members resorted to worship.
Of all the Government officers employed in

Of all the Government officers employed in the investigation of this case, Lord Lawrence was till lately the sole survivor. Of those who did, Mr. S. Fraser, the magistrate, and Dr. Graham met with violent doaths. Mr. S. Fraser, then holding the office of Commissioner of Delhi, was killed in the king's palace, by the mutineers on the morning of 11th May, 1857; and Dr. Graham was shot dead about the same time by the rebels at Scalkote in the Punjab, both folling in the execution of their duty. falling in the execution of their duty.

THE PORTRAIT.

A RUSTIC LOVE STORY, FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRY GREVILLE.

Maurice was wandering aimlessly in the depths of the forest. It had ceased raining, but the drops of water were still rolling from leaf to leaf with the light sound of a nearly exhausted fountain trickling into its half-filled basin, and in the distance the dark path opened out into a wet glade of a deep green of exquisite softness. The trunks of the trees were very black, their branches blacker still, and the massive boughs of the chestnut trees above the young painter's head seemed like the high arches of a cathedral at the hour when all is dark in the church and when the colored windows cast into the gloom gleams of light so intense and so mysterious that you would think them lit up by a fire of live coals from without.

Maurice loved this hour at the decline of day when after the rain the sun has not shone out, and when a gray tint is cast over everything, blending outlines, softening angles and investing every shape with a smooth and exquisite roundness. He walked slowly, discovering every moment in the well-known forest some beauty till then unknown, and he was thrilled to the very depths of his being by that tender admiration for nature which is one of the characteristics

of genius.

Having reached the glade, he looked around him. The grass was green and brilliant; the delicate leaves of the shrubs, shining beneath loved it all, and it was with reluctance that he

the water that had washed them, formed a fine, lace-like network against the dark background of the great forest beyond. He stopped in order to see better, to observe better and to take in better the impression of the wet forest, more impressive and more human, so to speak, in its great shadows than beneath the sunshine in all

the splendour of the day.

The pretty and graceful figure of a young girl stood out against the foliage of the birch trees. She advanced with a supple movement, without perceiving Maurice, who, as immovable as the trunk of a chestnut tree, was watching her. When two steps from him the young girl per-ceived him. She started, and let fall a few twigs from the faggot of wood that she was carrying on her head.

"You trightened me," said she, smiling; and her large black eyes shone out merrily beneath the tangle of her blonde hair.

He looked at her without answering. A complete harmony, which no words can render, reigned between the slender figure, the laughing face, the lace-like foliage of the glade and the tints of the landscape.

"Stand still," said the young man, "I am going to take your portrait."

She wished to push back her hair, which had fallen over her face, but he prevented her by a

"Remain as you are."

He seated himself on a stone and sketched rapidly the outline and features of his young model. She was a peasant, but delicate and refined as the young girls of the peasantry often are before their complete and often tardy development. The eyes were already those of a wo-

man, the smile was still that of a child.
"How old are you!" asked the painter, still workling

"I shall soon be sixteen."

"Already! I saw you three years ago, a little bit of a thing."

"I was very little," said she, with a pretty laugh, and frank and bold as a sparro x, "but I grew fast, and on St. John's day I shall have lovers.

"Why on St. John's day " asked the young man, stopping to look at her.

"Because one must have a lover to dance with round the bonfire."

So soon! That pure brow, those innocent eyes, that childish mouth, all these were to be profaned by the boorish gallantry of a rustic Maurice felt a vague jealousy dawn in his heart.

"Will you have me for a lover ?" said he, re

suming his work.
"Oh! you! you are a gentleman, and I, I am a peasant; good girls do not listen to gentle-

That is the village code of morals; the young

man answered nothing.
"I cannot see any longer; will you come back

here to-morrow, a little carlier?'

"For my portrait !"

"I will come back. Good evening, sir." She raised her bundle of wood and went away

into the deepening shadows, beneath the archway of the dark chestnut trees

Maurice went home dreaming of the fairhaired child. He had seen her often, and had always looked at her, but with the eyes of an artist. Now it seemed to him that he looked at her with the eyes of a jealous lover. That night and the next day seemed interminable to him,

and long before the appointed hour he was in the glade.

If worked alone, and when the young girl arrived, a little late—already playing the coquette—she was quite surprised.

"It is really myself!" said she. "Will you girls it to me?"

give it to me? No, I will make you a little one for your-

"And that one, what will you do with it?"
"It will go to Paris, it will be put in a large frame, it will be hung in a beautiful gallery, and every one will come and look at it.

"Ah! yes, I know, in the exhibition."
"Have you heard of the exhibition!"

"There are gentlemen painters here who work for the exhibition, as they say, but they never look my portrait.

Daylight was fading gently; Maurice found, as on the preceding evening, the exquisite soft tints which had so charmed him, and his work

advanced a hundred cubits toward posterity.

He saw her again several times beneath the checkered daylight of his improvised studio, and he took pleasure in making this work his best one. Already celebrated, he had no need to make himself a name, and yet he was sure that this picture would put the seal to his renown.

By the time he was quite satisfied with it winter had come, and Maurice loved his little model. He loved her too much to tell her so, too much to sully this field flower of whom he could not make his wife, but enough to suffer at the thought of leaving her. She had none of those qualities which secure the happiness of a life; neither depth of feeling nor the devotion which causes us to forget everything, nor the passion which is an excuse for everything; she was a pretty field flower, a little vain, a little coquettish, with no great faults nor yet great virtues. Maurice knew that she was not for him, and yet he loved the graceful lines of her figure, as yet scarcely developed and which her home-spun gown chastely enfolded without disguising. He loved the deep eyes, the laughing mouth, the fair hair that was always in disorder,

went away. We always go away with reluctance and most helpful have yet, acknowledged or unwhen we have nothing to hope for on our return. It is so hard to leave behind a bit of one's life, of which nothing is to remain.

He carried away his picture, however, and it was before it that he passed his happiest hours that winter, always perfecting a work which was already perfect. The picture was admired ; the critics, who were unanimous in their enthusiasm, declared that such faces could not exist, excepting in the brain of a poet or in the imagination of a painter. Maurice listened, smiling, and kept for himself the secret of the sweet face that had inspired him. He received brilliant offers for his picture; never had so high a price been offered for any of his works; but he refused, and refused also to allow it to be copied. Since he was never to possess anything of his model but her likeness he intended that that should be his alone.

Autumn was drawing near when he returned to the village, twice had the fires of St. John seen the whirls of the merry dance since he had painted the portrait, and when he thought of the oung girl it was with a smile that was somewhat sad, as he asked himself on which of the village rustics she had fixed her choice.

Hss first pilgrimage on arriving was to the forest of chestnut trees; at the fall of daynight comes quickly at the beginning of October -he wandered down the long path; but it was no longer dark; it was traversed by an amber sunbeam, which seemed to have fastened itself on every one of the leaves which quivered on the branches or crackled beneath his feet.

The odor of the dead leaves brought to him a whole world of regrets, of remembrances of bitterness, stirring up within him an unspeakable sadness, and a more complete disgust with everything that he had sought up to that time. When he had reached the glade he sat down on the spot where eighteen months before he had made the sketch which had since crowned his renown. The cold stone seemed to laugh at him ironically for all that he had suffered.

A peasant girl—a coquette! a matter of great consequence surely! She would have loved me if I had chosen. Many others have loved painters, and have followed them to Paris, and then have disappeared in the scum of the great city without loading with chains the one who had initiated them into the mysteries of art and intellectual life. fool who sacrifices to chimeras the real goods of this world; the love of a beautiful girl, the glory which talent gives, the fortune which success brings.

While he was thus denying the gods of his couth, he saw coming towards him, in the wellknown path, the young girl of other days, who had grown up, who had become a woman, in one She was not alone; a rustic was walking beside her holding her by the little finger; a fine fellow, for that matter, strong and well made, and richly dressed for a peasant. He bent toward her, and from time to time wiped away with his lips a tear from the young girl' cheek.

On seeing Maurice they stopped, confused and surprised.

"And it was for that," thought he, "that respected this flower ?

And he was thinking with contemptuous pity othis folly when the young girl addressed him:
"They will not let us marry, sir," said she,
her voice broken with sobs. "I am poor; he her voice broken with sobs. "I am poor; he has some property, and his mother will not have me for a daughter-in-law. She talks of dis-

have me for a daugnter-m-taw. One cause of ose inheriting him."

"And you too do not wish him to be disinherited, do you?" said Maurice, ironically.

"Indeed!" answered the lad, "we must

"That is only too true! I pity you, my children.

They went away. Maurice, left alone, with his head bowed down on his hands, thought for

a long time.

His idle fancy had flown away-nothing re mained of the slowler young girl but a peasant who was still L... me, but very near becoming an ordinary matron.

So it is with our dreams," said he, rising. "The only sure thing that we can gather from them is to do a little good with them.'

The same evening he wrote to Paris, and a few days later he presented himself at the young girl's house.

"I have sold your portrait," he said to her, in the presence of her astonished mother; "1 received a large sum for it. It is quite a fortune. I have brought it to you in order that you may

marry your lever.'

HEARTH AND HOME.

IREESOLUTION .-- With the healthy reasonable mind a promise involves its performance; but irresolution never considers anything as settled so long as change is possible. Every hindrance, every difficulty is an argument for a reversal, or breach of contract, either with oneself or others.

FORWARD .- It is well to look both backward and forward. They who look only backward become too conservative. They who look only into the future become too rash, and are incapable of true progress. For progress always implies a past, and is content to be an advance upon it. True development preserves the old and carries it forward in an expanded and improved form into the new.

Symparity .- No human being can be isolated and self-sustained. The strongest and bravest | York City,

acknowledged to themselves, moments of hungry soul yearnings for companionship and sympathy. For the want of this, what wrecks of humanity lie strewn about us-youth wasted for the mocking semblance of friendship, adrift at the mercy of chance, without the grasp of a true firm hand, without a kindly loving heart to counsel!

NATURAL AFFECTION .- Natural affection offers a fine foundation on which to erect the edifice of a firm and enduring friendship, but it will not rise up of itself. We must build it, stone by stone, if we would possess it. If we have a valued and respected friend, what pains we take to cherish his friendship; how carefully we endeavour to prune away from ourselves that which would displease him, and cultivate those qualities which he admires; how we strive to gratify him by pleasant surprises and to avoid all that could wound or trouble him! Yet let the familiar house door shut us in, and how many of us take the same pains !

LOVE AND JEALOUSY .-- The love that harbors jealousy is not love at all. Jealousy is far too mean and petty a feeling to find a resting-place in the vast abode where love sits enthroned. Love is trusting and unselfish, with the trust of an unsuspecting, unquestioning faith in its idol, and unselfishness carried to the extent, if necessary, of even giving away the beloved, though the music of life for ever after remain mute. This is true love, and the only love which wins in the end, and brings the winged boy back a captive and a slave to the feet of his mistress. And, if he is not brought back thus, then nothing will ever bring him back again; so of what use are wild regrets, dishevelled locks, and swollen eyes? They but hasten his flight by disgusting his nature; they alienate, and do not endear.

MIDDLE LIFE .-- "It is a solemn thought and feeling connected with middle life," says the late eloquent F. W. Robertson, "that life's last business is begun in carnest'; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of his youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling, it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is passed, and every day that follows is shorter, and the lighter and feetler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic tootsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind, when we were children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man better and holier than his first, if he will look forward and not back-

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BRONSON HOWARD'S play, "Wives," is so successful that Daly could not withdraw it when the time came.

London Truth finds that Sothern's sou has

OLE BULL, the violinist, has taken the resience of James Russell Lowell, on Elmswood Avenue.

Cambridge, for the coming winter season. Miss Minnie Hauk and Mine. Pappenheim have made a recont success in Don Giornani, the former as Ecricia and the other as Louise Anna.

EDWIN BOOTH'S engagement at the New York Grand Opera House has been very successful, crowded houses being the rule during the entire fort-

THE Theatre Francis, which, after the example of the Paris Opera, had either diminished or wholly suppressed the "claque," has once more estab-lished it on its former footing.

A MONSTER festival is in contemplation at the Trocadero, where will be invited the fifteen amateur symphonist societies of Paris, each of which, on an average, is composed of forty instrumentalists, wind and stringed instruments who do not usually appear in

Ir is said that "Aida," as now presented at the New York Academy of Music by the Mapleson pera Company, is the most complete performance of grand opera in America. At no representation has the house been large enough to hold all who wished to see and hear it. and hear it.

EVETY box, and all the seats as far as the third gattery of the Paris Gaicté, baye been engaged for the February representations of Mue. Patti. The Dira, with Nicolini, has been warmly received in the Traviata, at Berlin, where the Emperor, who remained through the entire performance, frequently gave the signal for the applause with which the great vocalist was

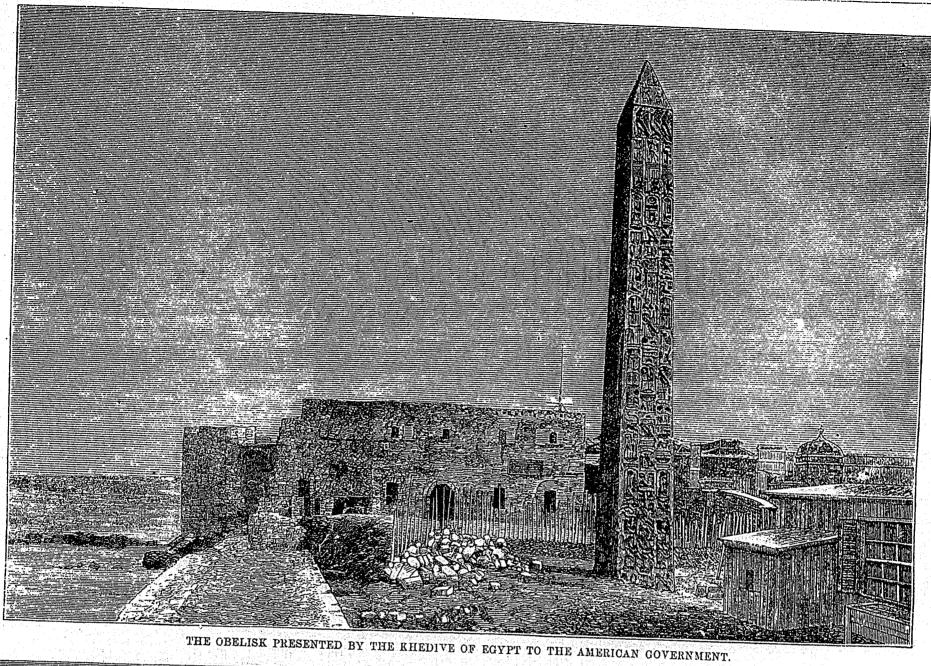
MR. P. S. GILMORE has written and composed MR. P. S. GILMORE has written and composed a national hymn entitled "Columbia," which he intends to dedicate to the American people. Those who have heard it speak in the most enthusiastic terms of both music and words. The poem comprises seven verses, three of which are composed for solo and chords, illustrative or descriptive of the national history, from the landing of the Figrims to the close of the civil war, from "day to dark" and "dark to day." New York will have the opportunity soon of judging of Mr. Gilmore's work.

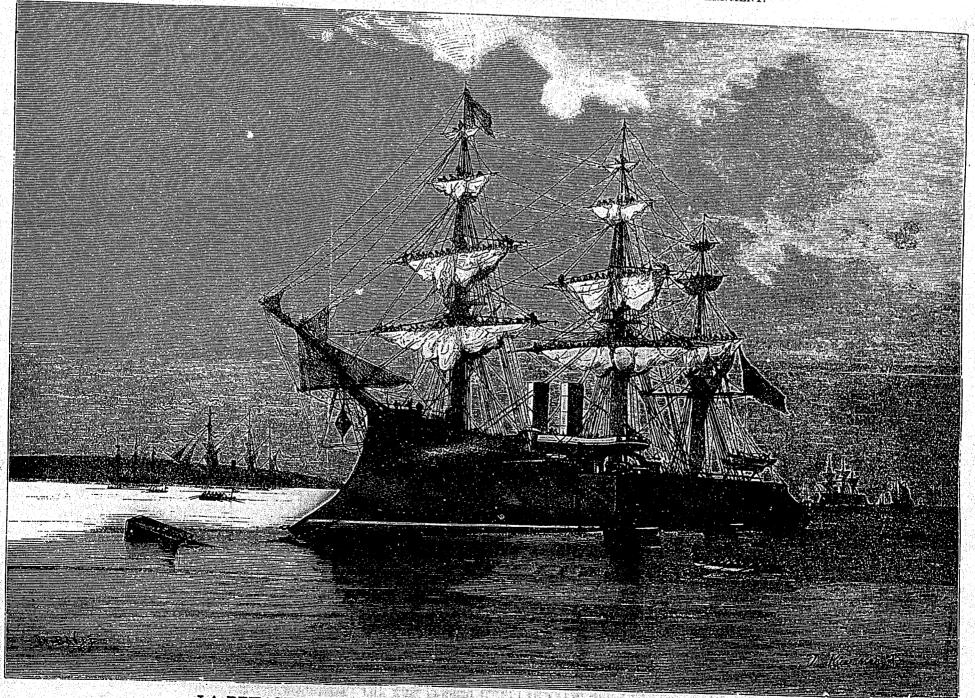
A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, saily 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 To INMAN, Station D. New









LA DEVASTATION.—THE NEW FRENCH IRONCLAD LAUNCHED AT L'ORIENT, AUGUST 20, 1879.

AN EPITAPH ON ROBERT LOWE.

The following is an exact version of the epitaph that was written upon Mr. Lowe, in the House of Commons, together with Mr. Lowe's translation of it into Latin:—

"Here lie the bones of Robert Lowe, A faithless friend and bitter foe; Whither bis restless soul has fled Cannot be thought of, nuch less said. If to the realms of peace and love, Concord no longer r-igns above; If it has found a lower level, All must compassionate the devil,"

"Robertus humilis hic jacet,
Qui nobis (mortuus) valde placet,
Amicus minime fidelis,
Amarus hostis et crudelis.
Quænam conditio sit futura
Ambigitur, sed spero, dura.
Si codum scandet ista pestis,
Vale, concordin coelestis,
Si apud inferos jacebit,
Diabolum ejus pænitebit,
Et nos Diaboli miserebit."

THE RECORD OF THE WAR.

IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE LATE CIVIL WAR CHRONOLOGICALLY STATED.

Abraham Lincoln elected President of the United States, November, 1860. South Carolina seceded Dec. 20, 1860. Missi-sippi seceded Jan. 9, 1861. Alabama and Florida seceded Jan. 11, 1861. Georgia seceded Jan. 19, 1861. Louisiana seceded Jan. 26, 1861. Texas seceded Feb. 1, 1861. The seceded States met in Congress at Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 4, 1861. National peace conference at Washington Feb. 4, 1861.

THE CONFEDERACY.

The constitution of the Confederate States adopted Feb. 8, 1861.

Jeff Davis elected President and A. H. Stephens Vice-President, Feb. 9, 1861.

Jeff. Davis inaugurated President, Feb. 18,

Bombardment of Fort Sumter, begun April 12, 1861.

2, 1301. Surrender of Fort Sumter, April 13, 1861. Lincoln's call for 75,000 troops, April 15,

Virginia seceded April 17, 1861.

Baltimore riot April 19, 1861-Lincoln's blockade proclamation, April 19,

Federal evacuation of Harper's Ferry April 19, 1861.

Norfolk navy yard abandoned by the Federals, April 20, 1861.

Virginia admitted to the Confederacy May 6, 1861.

Tennessee secoded May 9, 1861. Arkansas admitted to the Confederacy May

Seat of Confederate Government removed from Montgomery to Richmond, May 20, 1861. North Carolina seceded May 21, 1861. Federal occupation of Alexandria May 24,

BATTLES IN VIRGINIA, 1861.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston abandons Harper's Ferry June 13, 1861. Rich Mountain, July 11, 1861. Bull Run, July 19, 1861. Manassas, July 21, 1861. Cross Keys, August 26, 1861. Carnifax Ferry, September 10, 1861. Leesburg, October 20, 1861. Dranesville, December 20, 1861.

Big Bethel, June 10, 1861.

BATTLES IN THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI. Boonville, Mo., June 20, 1861. Carthage, Mo., July 5, 1861. Oak Hill, Mo., Aug. 10, 1861. Capture of Lexington, Mo., Septr 20, 1861.

NAVAL AFFAIRS, 1861. Fight off Hatters Inlet, Aug. 28, 1861. Off Port Royal, Nov. 7, 1861. Commodore Wilkes forcibly took Mason and Slidell from the English vessel Trent, Nov. 8,

BATTLES, ETC., IN VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND, 1862.

Johnston's retreat from Manassas and Centreville, March S, 1862.

Battle of Kernstown, March 23, 1862.
Confederate conscript law, April 16, 1862.
Evacuation of Yorktown, May 4, 1862.
Battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862.
Battle of Front Royal, May 22, 1862.
Battle of Sayar Pines May 30, 1862. Battle of Seven Pines, May 30, 1862. Battle of Cross Keys, June 7, 1862. Battle of Port Republic, June 8, 1862. Battle of Mechanicsville, June 26, 1862. Battle of Gaines' Mills, June 27, 1862. Battle of Frazier's Farm, June 30, 1862. Battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862. Buttle of Savage Station, June 29, 1862. Battle of Cedar Run, Aug. 9, 1862. Lee entered Maryland, Sept. 5, 1862. Capture of Harper's Ferry, Sept. 15, 1862. Battle of Sharpsburg, Sept. 17, 1862. Battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.

BATTLES SOUTH AND WEST, 1862. Fishing Creek, Ky., Jan. 19, 1862. Surrender of Rounoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8,

Surrender of Fort Donelson, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1862.

Surrender of Newbern, N.C., March 14, 1862. Surrender of Island No. 10, April 7, 1862. Battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862.

Fall of Shilon, April 6, 1802.
Fall of New Orleans, May 1, 1862.
Fall of Memphis, June 6, 1862.
Battle of Baton Rouge, Aug. 5, 1862.
Battle of Richmond, Ky., Aug. 29, 1862.
Battle of Corinth, Oct. 3, 4, 1862.
Battle of Perryville, Ky., Oct. 8, 1862.
Battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., Dec. 31, 1862.

BATTLES, ETC., IN THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.

Battle of Elkhorn, March 7, 1962. Battle of Prairie, Dec. 8, 1862.

1862.

NAVAL AFFAIRS, 1862. Fight at Hampton Roads, March 8, 1862. Naval attack on Drury's Bluff, May 15,

BATTLES, ETC., IN VIRGINIA AND PENNSYLVA NIA, 1863.

Battle of Chancellorsville, May 2, 3, 1863. Battle of Winchester, early in June, 1863. Battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 2, 3, 1863. Battle of Bristoe Station, Oct. 14, 1863. Fight at Germania Ford, Nov. 27, 1063.

BATTLES, ETC., SOUTH AND WEST, 1863.

Charleston, S. C., first attacked April 7, 1863. Battle of Baker's Creek, Miss., May 16, 1863. Surrender of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863. First assault on Fort Wagner, July 11, 1863. Second assault on Fort Wagner, July 18,

Gilmore's bombardment of Fort Sumter, Aug 18, 1863.

Morris Island taken Sept. 6, 1863. Surrender of Cumberland Gap, Sept. 9, 1863. Battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 20, 1863. Battle of Missionary Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI, 1863.

Battle Helena, Ark., July 4, 1863.

BATTLES, ETC., IN VIRGINIA, PENNSYLVANIA AND MARYLAND, 1864.

Dahlgren's raid on Richmond, March 1, 1864 Battles of the Wilderness, May 5, 6, 1864. Battles of Spotsylvania Court-House, May 8,

Gen. Stuart killed at Yellow Tavern, May 10,

Battle of New Market, May 15, 1864. Beauregard "bottles" Butler below Richmond, May 16, 1864.

Battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864. Capture of Staunton, June 5, 1864. Butler's attack on Petersburg, June 9, 1864. Grant's assaults on Petersburg, June 14, 16,

Hunter repulsed at Lynchburg, June 18, 1864.

The "mine" attempt on Petersburg, July 30, 1864.

Battle of Monocacy, Md., July -, 1864. Chambersburg, Pa., burned July 30, 1864. Battle of Ream's Station, Aug. 25, 1864. Battle near Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864. Battle Fisher's Hill, Sept. 22, 1864. Fall of Fort Harrison, Sept. 29, 1864.

BATTLES, ETC., SOUTH AND WEST. Battle of Ocean Pond, Fla., Feb. 20, 1864. Cavalry fight at Okolona, Miss., Feb. 21, First battle of Sherman's march, Resa.a, June

14. 1864. Battle of New Hope, June 28, 1864. Battle of Atlanta, July 20, 22, 28, 1864.
Battle of Jonesboro, Tenn., Sept., 1864.
Fall of Atlanta, Sept. 2, 1864.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 14, 15,

Atlanta burnt, Nov, 15, 1864. Savannah evacuated, Dec. 26, 1864. TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.

Battle of Mausfield, La., April 8, 1864. Battle of Pleasant Hill, April 9, 1864. Battle of Big Blue River, Mo., Oct. 23, 1864.

NAVAL AFFAIRS, 1864. Fight in Mobile Bay, Aug. 5, 1864. Privateer Alabama sunk June 19, 1864.

Privateer Florida captured Oct. 6, 1864. BATTLES, ETC., IN VIRGINIA, 1865. Fortress Monroe Conference, Feb. 3, 1865. Battle of Hale's Hill, Gen. Lee's last offensive

operation, March 25, 1865. Battle of Five Forks, April 1, 1665.
Grant assaults Lee's lines, April 2, 1865.
Evacuation of Richmond, etc., April 2, 1865.
Lee begins his retreat, April 2, 1865. Federal occupation of Richmond, April 3,

Army of Northern Virginia surrendered by Gen. Lee at Appointation Court House, April 9,

BATTLES, ETC., SOUTH AND WEST, 1865.

Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C., January 15, Columbia destroyed by Sherman, Feb. 17,

1865, Charleston evacuated Feb. 17, 1865.
Battle of Bentonyille, N. C., March 19, 1865.
Mobile captured April 12, 1865. Sherman and Johnson agree to a truce, April

18, 1865. TRANS-MISSISSIPPI, 1865.

Kirby Smith surrendered May 26, 1865, which was the last of the Confederate States

VARIETIES.

THREE MILES OF BOOKSHELVES .- Some idea of the capacity of the British Musuem Library may be gained from the statement that it contains three miles of bookshelves eight feet high and, taking them all at the ordinary 8vo size, there are twenty-five miles of shelves. The dome of the reading-room is the second largest in the world, the diameter of that of the Parthenon, Rome, exceeding it only two feet, while St. Peter's, being only 139 feet, is less by one foot. We have here an instance of the value of iron; for, while the piers of the British Museum dome occupy 200 feet, those of the Parthenon fill 7,477 feet of area.

A NOTED FIFER .- Alexander Selkirk, the subject of Defoe's celebrated novel "Robinson Crusoe," was born in Lower Largo, Fifeshire, in the year 1676. In 1903 he became sailing master of the ship "Cinque Ports," bound for the South Sea, and while on the voyage the master put him ashore on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, where he remained for upwards of four years. On the 1st day of January, 1709, two privateers, called the "Duke" and "Duchess," under the command of Captains Woods Roger, touched at the island and took Selkirk on board, taking him home to England, which he reached in October, 1711. The story of his solitary abode on the island was immediately made public, and Defoe made it the foundation of the wonderful romance which every schoolboy knows.

LITTLE HANDS TO BEGIN THE BATTLE ALONE. —I was walking down one of Detroit's beautiful avenues on a lovely afternoon last week. In front of an ivy-wreathed doorway sat an old lady knitting. A sunny-haired little girl ran through the hall and down the steps into the street carrying her doll. Her curls had fallen over her eyes and she stumbled and fell. I had her in my arms in an instant. The smile that revealed her dimples and snow white teeth told me that she was neither hurt nor frightened

"What is your name, little one?"

"Ain't dot any,"
"Haven't any name! Is that aunty on the norch ?"

"No, 'at's dan'ma."

"Well, what does grandma call you?" "S'e talls me l'uss, but s'e talls 'e tat puss,

"But what does mamma call you?"

"S'e doesn't tall me nuffin'-s'es done 'ay off.'

"Gone away off where?" "To see papa."

"And where is papa?"

"And where is papa?"
"Up dere."

And she pointed to the sky rosy with the sunset's glow. "When did mamma go?"

"'E snow was on'e ground, and s'e went in a sleigh wivout any bells on 'e horses, and danma c'ied."

I am not ashamed to own that tears filled my eves as I kissed the child and turned away, for I, too, had my graves in childhood.

How to Tell Her Age.—There is a good deal of amusement in the following table of figures. It will enable you to tell how old the young ladies are. Just hand this table to a young lady, and request her to tell in which column or columns her age is contained; add together the figures at the top of the column in which her age is to be found, and you have the secret. Thus, suppose her age to be seventeen, you find that number in the first and fifth columns; add the first figures of these two columns. Here is the magic table:

A LONG LAYED QUEEN.-And now, as she looks back on the two and forty years of her reign, what changes has Her Majesty seen in the personnel of her privy council, her parliament, and her cabinet ministers, to say nothing of her judicial and episcopal bench? She has outlived, by several years, every bishop and every judge whom she found seated on those benches in Eng-

land, Scotland and Ireiand. She has witnessed the funeral of every premier who has served un-der her except Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. Not a cabinet officer of her uncle and predecessor's days now survives, and those who held inferior offices under her first and favourite premier, Lord Melbourne, I can find among the living only Lord Halifax (then Charles Wood), and Lord Howing (now Lord Grey). Of the members of the privy council which sat at Kensington palace on that bright summer morning in June, 1837, to administer the oaths to the girlish queen, I can find in the land of the living only four individuals - George S. Byng (now Lord Strafford), Sir Stratford Canning (now Lord Strafford de Redeliffe), Lord Robert Grosvenor (now Lord Ebury), and the veteran Earl of Wilton. Indeed, it may be said that Her Majesty has lived to receive at court in very many, perhaps in most instances, the successive wearers of the same coronet, and she has seen four Lords Beauchamp, four Lords Aberdeen, four Dukes of Newcastle, four Dukes of Northumberland and five Lords Rodney. She has received the homage of four Archbishops of Canterbury, of four Arch-bishops of York and five Bishops of Canterbury, Litchfield and Durham successively. She has filled three of the chief justiceships twice at least; she has received the addresses of four successive speakers of the House of Commons; she has intrusted the great scal of the kingdom to ne less than nine different lord chancellors. and she has commissioned eight successive premiers to form no less than thirteen different administrations.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.-Letter, &c., to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal .- Correct solution received of Problem No. 251.

T. S., St. Andrew's, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 250.

E. H.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 250.

R., Hamilton.-Letter received. "banks.

R., Hamilton.—Letter received. Thanks.

The prospectus of the Hamilton Chess Club Correspondence Tourney, which we published in our last Column, has, no doubt, received attention from Canadian chessplayers, and we feel sure that the list of competitors will soon be completed. We are desirous, however, of making a few remarks on the printed table of rules, &c., and trust that others besides ourselves may be induced to give their views of the undertaking as now presented to the public in order that, if necessary, such changes may be effected as may be calculated to make it in every way acceptable to those who may feel inclined to join it. The first enquiry which naturally suggests itself is why this contest, which is intended for players in the United States as well as the Dominion of Canada, should be called the Hamilton Chess Club Correspondence Tourney? We have no objection to this, rather the contrary, but we suppose that no responsibility is incurred when the name of the club is used.

We are pleased, indeed, to find one club, at least, in the Dominion, interesting itself particularly in chess correspondence tourneys, and hope that others may be led to follow its example. As regards the conductor, Dr. Ryall, we believe it would be difficult to find a gentleman in the Dominion better calculated to fill this difficult and ouerous post, and conclude that it is only his enthusiastic devotion to the royal game that induces him to take upon himself a task so replete with continuous care and labor.

The management of a chess correspondence tourney of twenty five contestants for the long period which must necessarily elapse before the whole of the games are completed, will require unremitting attention, but we feel satisfied it will receive it.

We have carefully read over the rules, and without directly objecting to a.y, till we hear the opinions of others, we think the following should have careful reconsideration:

Rule 4th, which insists upon a time limit of forty-eight hours between the rucept and posting of mo

cretion, even a minor penalty for the infringement of this rule.

Rule the 5th is made to apply to a difficulty connected with chess tourneys of every mode of play, and we can hardly anticipate that the present arrangement will satisfy all engaged in the contest.

Rule 6th is the one which appears to be most open to objection, and before the tourney begins it will have to be well understood and thoroughly weighed by every competitor.

be well understood and thoroughly weighed by every competitor.

The result of a mistake, trifling in itself, on a post card, may at any moment deprive a competitor of half a game, and jeopardize his claim to a prize after months of hard and successful labour.

name, and geopardize his claim to a prize after months of hard and successful labour.

This, we think, few will consider to be a fitting mode of regulating a contest which is supposed to be carried on upon principles, from which what we call accident or chance has been almost entirely eliminated. And yet, a slip which might drop the "t" from the "Kt" in writing a move, would incur a penalty in almost every case fatal to the unfortunate sender.

Rule 11, which determines that Staunton's Chess Praxis shall be the authority for appeal in matters of dispute generally, is sure to be satisfactory to the majority of players in this or any other tourney, but, inasmuch as this work, according to the opinion of many players, does not settle the "move or no move" question, it would be well to ascertain how far the late decision of the Canadian Chess Association carries weight in the matter. A'difficulty of this nature has just occurred in Mr. Shaw's Tourney, and a similar mistake may happen at any time.

Mr. Shaw's Tourney, and a similar mistake may nappear at any time.

Such are a few of the points connected with the prospectus which we wish to place before those who may be desirous of joining the tourney. We are convinced, however, that these and others will be sifted thoroughly before the beginning of bostilities, and the more unautimous may be the views of those who may have to compete together, the less chance there will be of any misunderstanding whilst the struggle is going on.

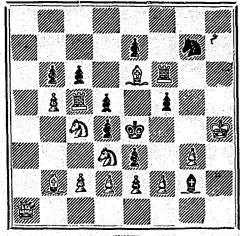
A match between the members of the Ladies' College Club and those of the Belsize Club, London, has been played at the rooms of the former association, Little Queen Street. The Ladies' College won easily twelve games to six, Miss Florence Down contributing a win and a draw to the victorious score.—Illustrated London News.

The Harvard Chess Club has been organized and has hired rooms near the college. The Yale Club will probably be challenged.

SCORE OF THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY

PROBLEM No. 254.

By Jos. N. Babson, Worcester, Mass., U.S. (For the Canadian Illustrated News.) BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves, GAME 382ND. CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Fourth game in the series between Messrs. Delmar and

lar opening.) BLACK .- (Mr. Mackenzie .

THE OWNER OF THE OWNER OWNE	(Irregula
WHITE(Mr. D	elmar.)
1. P to K B 4	
2. Kt to K B	3
3. P to K 3	
4. P to Q Kt	3
5. B to Kt 5 (ch)
6. B tubes B	(cli)
7. B to Q Kt :	3
8. Castles	
9. Kt to Q B	3
10. Kt to K 2	
11. Kt to K K	t 3
12. Kt to K 5	1.4.25.55
13. R to Q B	sq (a)
14. Kt to K K	t 4 (b)
15. P to K B :	5
16. P to K 4	
17. Kt takes I	
18. R takes K	
19. R to KB ?	
20. Q to K B 3	
21. Q to K B	5 (d)
22. Q to Q 5	

23. P to K 5 24. Q to K 4 (e) 25. R takes P 25. R takes P
26. Q takes Kt
27. Q te K R 5
28. Q to K R 3
29. R to K 8
30. P to K 6
31. Kt to K B 2
32. Kt to K 4
33. R to K 3 (h)
34. R takes (h) 34. B takes Q 35. Q takes R

1. P to Q 4 2. P to Q B 4 3. P to K 3 4. Kt to K B 3 4. Kt to K B 3
5. B to Q 2
6. Q Kt takes B
7. B to Q 3
8. Castles
9. R to Q B sq
10. R to K sq
11. Kt to K B sq
12. Kt to K K t 3
13. P to Q 5

12. Kt to K Kt 3
13. P to Q 5
14. Kt to Q 4
15. Kt to K R 5
16. P takes K B P
17. Kt takes Kt
18. Kt to K K 2
19. Kt to K K 3 19. Rt to K Rt 3
20. R to Q B 2
21. Kt to K R 5
22. R to Q 2
23. B to K B sq
24. P to K B 4 (f)
25. Kt takes R
26 R to K R 2 25. Kt takes R
26. R to K B 2
27. P to K Kt 3
28. B to K Kt 2
29. P to K R 4
30. R to K B 4
31. Q to K B 3
32. Q to K 4 (g)
33. P takes R
34. P to K 7
35. P takes O 30 35. P takes Q and wins.

NOTES.

(a) An injudicious move, as it permits Black to advance his $Q\ P$ and block out the $Q\ B$. (b) Had he played to win the Pawn, the following

White. 14. Kt takes Kt15. P takes Q P16. B takes Q P17. B takes Kt

14. R P takes Kt 15. P takes P 16. B to Q R 6 17. Q to Q Kt 3 (ch), &c

Black

(c) Better to have played the Rook to K B, so as to eave a place of retreat for the Kt.

(d) For the purpose of preventing P to K R 4; but the Queen is badly placed here, and White has to sacrifice the exchange before she can escape the dangers that

(a) If to Q B 4, Black would probably rep!y with P to K R 4, &c. (f) Black cannot now play P to K R 4 on account o the answer, Kt to K B 6 (ch.)

(y) If Q takes K P, White regains the exchange by K (h) An error which loses off hand; White overlooks the fact that the Rook can be taken with advantage.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem Ao. 252.

Willia. 1. Kt to Q Kt 2 2. Kt to Q B 4 (ch) 3. P mates.

BLACK. 1. K takes R

There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 250 White. Black.

1. Q to Q R sq 2. Mates acc.

1

... Any move

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 251 WHITE

BLACK. Kat K 7 Kat K 4 Kt at K B 6 Pawns at K 3 and Q Kt 3 Kt at Q Kt 3 Pawns at K3, Q B 2 and 4 and Q Kt 5.

White to play and mate in three moves.

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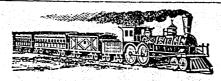
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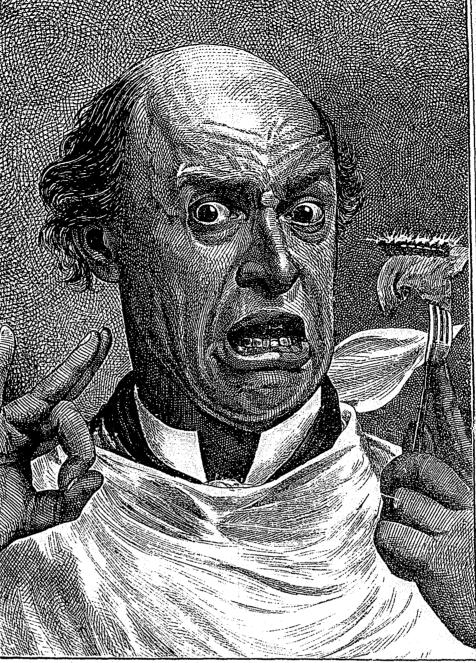
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