

CANADIAN Illustrated News

Vol. XIV.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1876.

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\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



QUEBEC INAUGURATING THE FIRST SECTION OF THE CANADIAN INTER-OCEANIC RAILWAY.

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

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

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 21st Oct., 1876.

COMPETITION AND COOPERATION.

Every great issue can be more or less satisfactorily discussed by confining the enquiry to a small area. There is no need to affirm that the elements when so narrowed will agree entirely with actual facts on the great scale; but the points in which they may be found to differ will be subsidiary and capable of being separately treated.

The necessity for competition in order to regulate prices is nothing more than a factitious or alternative necessity. It must be looked upon as a remedy for a specific social disease—that disease which in other than a trade sense we term extortion, or a demanding more than is due; or, to put the point more mildly, we may say that competition is a check upon the instinct of self-preservation when liable to be carried to excess. If it be the practice to base a whole commercial system upon the dictum that a tradesman is entitled to all the profits he can obtain, so long as there may be a clear understanding as to the quality of the goods, there can of course be technically no extortion in fixing prices; but in that case high prices being inconvenient to consumers, competition, as a matter of fact, will be appealed to, to diminish them.

If we could imagine, for argument's sake merely, so much of the mutual spirit to prevail in any community that a manufacturer's expenses and profits should in constant practice be laid open for his customer's consideration and debate, in order to an agreement for adjusting the prices to be charged and paid for his goods, there would be no need to call in the aid of competition in any shape to regulate those prices, provided the quality of the finished goods were satisfactory, as compared with those turned out by other makers. His profits would, in actual fact, be regulated by the willingness of the community to allow him in their purchases what would amount to a certain percentage on his capital employed, and a wage, not exactly defined, for the time and labour of himself and the staff engaged in the manufacture. Manufacturers have sometimes made explanations of this kind of their own accord in discussing the economical question in the journals, but it does not follow that they would always like to deal with such enquiries in the absence of a special advantage to be reaped by them from the practice.

A simpler process than this might take the form of an annual meeting of the customers or neighbours with the manufacturer or company to determine the prices to be charged by him or them during the ensuing year, in view of the prices of similar goods elsewhere, they giving the firm their exclusive custom for one year in consideration of a fair adjustment. This latter method would not differ in principle from an ordinary time contract

between individuals. The result of either plan would be a local monopoly in favor of the manufacturer for the period determined on, and the retention of the factory within the district, if such district were large enough to support it. On account of the great difference in the size of districts needed for remuneration by different branches of manufacture, the plan would appear much more feasible in some trades than in others. Even indiscriminate free-trades are often not averse from entering into time bargains for delivery of goods, for they know that a mutual contract on the face of it can be no injury to either party. It will be seen that the element of competition is not entirely absent from an arrangement of this sort, as the adjustment of prices will depend in some degree upon outside market values, nor is this comparison of prices at the outset to be deprecated, for there cannot be a doubt that in the absence of all competition the energies of ordinary men are apt to mould and become moth-eaten. Such arrangements as we have pictured, it might be thought are more suited for cherishing a youthful industry than for aggrandizing an established one—unless a good proportion of the community had invested a part of their means, and themselves become shareholders of a healthy manufacturing company, in which case some such adjusted monopoly might almost be looked for as a matter of local instinct and *esprit de corps*. There would be a great difference between constructing a main line of railway by shares distributed throughout the community, and putting it into the hands of proprietors with inevitable powers of transfer. The power of transfer may at any moment make havoc of merely local arrangements. With leading railways this is more important than in the case of trading companies or firms. We have already a Canadian railway which is governed from New York.

If a local consensus of the sort indicated were possible, it would of course be for the period covered final in its nature—and the admission of outside goods of the same description, during the period agreed upon, would be a breach of contract on the part of the community towards the firm or company. The motive of the agreement, if entered into, would chiefly be the retention of the particular industry within the limits of the municipality, for the various benefits to accrue from its presence as a part of the general organization.

And it would be difficult to deny that, other things being equal, the local manufacturer has an equitable claim to the custom of the neighbourhood over his outside rival, for the admission of competing goods, even where necessary for the regulation of prices, is often destructive, though not intended to be so. Regulation of prices being admitted to be necessary, if it cannot be instituted by general consent, is enforced by such admission of goods from the outside. What most frequently tends to destroy the local industry is the undue limitation of its market, and it will be admitted that such limitation of the market by competition is an evil *per se*, as effecting the particular community, unless it be proved that the market is larger than the establishment can supply, or that it is an industry that has no right to be there at all. Of any well-established industry it would in most cases be difficult to prove this latter averment. Certainly, the displacement of the industry would not generally be justified by asserting a minute and temporary saving in price through importing the goods over manufacturing them as home, because while the community would be gaining for the moment something upon some of its luxuries or necessities, it would be alienating and getting rid of a section of itself—of its own individuality and organization—sending its people away in part that the remainder might gain a percentage in some departments of consumption, not considering the while that population being of the right kind, in men of skilled and regulated lives, forms the chief

basis of local wealth. To put the matter generally, we ask the economists to admit that the static element has to be considered as well as the dynamical.

In an abstract point of view it is not impossible to put the the question of price entirely on one side, although this question of price is so frequently considered to comprise everything. We may, if we choose, and merely for argument's sake, suppose that no man in a certain municipality is asking more for his goods than a fair percentage upon their actual cost. The effect of introducing outside commodities here, admitting, let us suppose, for a popular fancy, manufacturers from a distance to supply exactly similar goods at exactly the same prices, might be to drive the local maker out of his trade, supposing his customers to be confined to the one municipality—because the amount of custom that will support one factory will not support two or more. Two smiths in a village, where there is room but for one, have to come to agreement with each other and with the villagers, for one to leave or go into another trade—lest the dividing of the custom should ruin both. The principle has a much wider application—but the example shows at any rate that *price* which we so often take to be the only consideration, is really but a partial one, the extent of the market for a local industry being really the first thing to be considered.

FIRE INSURANCE IN QUEBEC.

The letter which Mr. PERRY, as representing the Board of Fire Insurance Underwriters, has addressed to the press of Quebec on the insurance question in that city, will be likely to allay some doubts which had arisen in the civic council as to the views and proceedings of the Board who represent the underwriters. A most grave experience has come upon the insurance interest during the past season in Canada proving the great value of the system, but at the same leading the companies to discuss the questions of water supply and engines with even closer attention than before, and to act upon special knowledge as it comes to hand. The conditions of climate and construction vary so much in different countries that such knowledge has to be classified and intelligently acted upon. With perhaps the single exception of Montreal, and which has no particular reason to make the change, we do not believe there is a city in Canada that could afford to do without outside help in the matter of fire insurance, and certainly not any of those which have large wooden districts to watch over, through a defective policy in the past.

When a great fire occurs in one of such extensive towns or suburbs although individual companies may have protected themselves in the sense of not having too many risks in the one locality, the loss in the aggregate is heavy, and is discouraging to the underwriters as a class. The attempt to confine the risks to local companies might be the means of crippling every interest a city contained, and at once lower its credit in the money markets of the world, but by reasonable precaution and constant reference to the stores of experience at home and abroad, a city may be made comparatively safe, and so far encouraging to the companies as to secure reduction of premiums.

It was observed on the Quebec Council Board that the city would have to borrow for its water works and engines. Its credit is good, and if this be so, it would seem essential that the necessary powers should be obtained from the Local Legislature during the session about to commence, as otherwise nothing practical can be accomplished during all next year, and that result might be a most serious one for the future of the city.

The excellent zeal and very encouraging measure of success which have attended the efforts of the Ladies of the

Protestant Infants' Home of Montreal, should insure for that institution the support of all generous souls in its present hour of need. It being so difficult to establish an institution of the kind in any new locality, it might we think be recommended that it should be made provincial in its scope, or even that its benefits should be extended to the Dominion generally. Every mother who knows the happiness imparted by the smiles of the babe upon the breast, should afford a trifling sum with the prayer that the Montreal Home may be greatly blessed in its future history, and what a kind mother does will be certain to carry the sympathies of a loving father. God blesses such efforts.

A semi-official statement from St. Petersburg declares the Porte's proposal of five months' armistice is regarded by the public as merely an attempt to checkmate Russia and evade the guarantees for the proper treatment of the Christians by the Porte, and does not secure peace. Such proposals only cause procrastination, especially as the Government is solicitous to give the interest of precedence over the sympathies of the Russians for their menaced co-religionists. A favorable reception of the proposals by Russia is impossible, in consequence of the increase of popular excitement at the tone of the English press, which has lately been distrustful and jealous of Russia. A Reuter despatch from St. Petersburg says hopes are entertained of averting a veto by England.

MR. BARNJUM's classes have again commenced, and we understand they are filling more rapidly than in any previous year. We are glad to hear this, as it is a proof that his endeavours to advance the cause of physical education are beginning to bear fruit. Mr. BARNJUM is thoroughly qualified for the position he fills; and as a consequence, his method of instruction has proved a perfect success, securing to him the confidence and support of the medical faculty, and proving practically the truth of what he has been so earnestly attempting to impress upon the public, both by word of mouth and also by the annual issue of his excellent little tracts on physical education.

Last year two sections of Oxford street, London, Eng., between Regent-street and the Marble-arch, were laid with a wooden pavement on an asphalt foundation, and the result has been so satisfactory that the intermediate section, upon which the old granite pitching had been allowed to remain, is now being treated in the same way. This combination of wood upon asphalt affords a firm, smooth, durable, and yet, not slippery pavement, which is far better than either wood alone or asphalt alone, and infinitely better than that granite which has so irretrievably ruined many a valuable horse.

Somebody writes to the *Belleville Intelligencer* to call attention to the practice, lately very common around Belleville, of scribbling texts of scripture on board fences and sidewalks. The motive may be good, but the practice itself is a violation of correct taste and Christian propriety. The writer adds that it is revolting to our sense of the sacredness of God's word to see it chalked up in every imaginable place, and often in the most unattractive chirography.

A correspondent writes to the *Ottawa Citizen*—the members of the Civil Service would be glad to know when the increase to their salaries (given them by Act of Parliament in 1873), for the six months ending 30th June last, will be paid, as the delay is a matter of great inconvenience to many.

THE INTERIOR OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

I.

THE GENUS JOURNALIST.

There is one advantage anyhow. I know what I am writing about, when I undertake to describe the inner workings of a newspaper office. At least, I ought to know, for I have passed through all its grades, have viewed its bright sides and its dark sides, have shared in its triumphs and its humiliations, have slaved in it at only a vulgar pittance a week, and have done its lighter and nicer work at a respectable salary. There is many a lawyer knows nothing about law, many a doctor knows nothing about medicine, many a preacher knows nothing about theology, but I know all about my newspaper. And I love it. Dear old newspaper! I love its narrow galleys covered with hieroglyph corrections like a palimpsest or an Egyptian pyramid. I love the music of its presses thundering in the silent hours. I love the sheet when it is made up, still wet from the forms and faintly redolent of diapers or kitchen towels. But I never read it. That is, I never read my own paper. And least of all, I never read my own articles. We all have a trick that way. I mean the older hands. The younger fellows act differently for a while. After writing and rewriting their paragraphs and correcting the proofs till a late hour of the night, they rise early next morning and rush for a copy of the paper. They retire to a corner where no one can see them. There they rapidly glance over the paragraphs to see that they are all right. Then they read them over carefully. Next they read them half aloud to be satisfied that they are really musical. Finally, they take a stroll down the street, with the assurance that every one they come across has read them too, and is going to stop to inquire who wrote them. But these novices soon learn better sense. After a few weeks, they give over looking at the paper.

And why? Because they find out that the paper is a humbug. That is a queer thing to say, but alas! it is the truth. *Experto crede Roberto.* Newspapers are humbugs and no mistake. If the people only knew what we know! There is that venerable old party sitting on the porch of his hotel, with spectacles on nose, deeply absorbed in a leading article, every word of which he takes for gospel. If he knew that that leader was written by a beardless youngster who knows little and cares less about politics, and who dashed off the article only upon "a few hints" of the manager! "Pitch into them lively," was the last thing the manager said when they parted for the night. There is that sentimental young damsel getting into ecstasies over the account of a theatrical or operatic performance and then and there making up her mind that papa or Jimmy must take her thither to-night. If she knew that that account was wrenched out of a bored reporter by a suppliant actor or a wheedling actress, or still more frequently, by the business manager who orders a "big puff," in requital for a lot of "jobbing" done in the office! There is that solemn clergyman reading a pious and learned dissertation on this, that or the other subject of religious controversy. If he knew that the paper in question was dished up, in the dearth of more exciting topics, by a fellow who either does not belong to his church or else to no church at all!

I have sat in my sanctum — I call that a "sanctum," reader, which you would most likely call a den, a room about twelve feet by eight, with a few rickety chairs, a bare table that will rock on its three good legs, and a gazetteer about ten years old, which has the amiable peculiarity of always being minus the one page which I want to consult—Well, I have sat in my sanctum, and written letters from Ottawa which were either so good or so bad, that several people have asked me to tell them who the Ottawa man was that wrote them. I have written flaming notices of concerts, readings, lectures and bazaars, at which I was not present, nay frequently before they took place. I have seen long and eloquent *extempore* speeches in type, with the "cheers" and the "hear hear," at the right or wrong places, twenty-four hours before the speeches were delivered. More than once, when an alderman in Council or an orator at a public meeting, had made a fool of himself, I have put a really decent speech in his mouth for the morning paper and been heartily thanked for it. On one occasion I saw an alderman accept with much complacency the compliments of a friend on the nice speech I had made for him. After all this, who can wonder that the journalist laughs at the humbug of his profession!

The newspaper man need not necessarily be a cynic or a sceptic, but he sees so much of the secret, selfish ways of men that he cannot possibly pass for an optimist. I doubt whether the priest or the doctor knows more about the miseries and the mysteries of life than does the journalist. He has to do with all sorts of people and almost always under exceptional circumstances. The dreadful weapon of publicity which he wields brings suppliants to his feet who carry their heads high in the thoroughfares of men. There are sinners who come to him with confessions that would make the town run wild, if they were published. People talk of black-mailing. There is no journalist of any experience who cannot tell of the multitudinous and insidious forms of that obsession. The black-mailer sticks at nothing.

He has a silding scale of endearments, from a hundred dollar bill to a glass of whiskey; of menaces, from a six-shooter to a back-bite. And then the favours that the newspaper man is called upon to dispense. Why, his dingy little den is thronged like a throne room. Sardana-palus could not be imagined more bountiful. See the courtiers coming in. There is the intriguing politician—a plague on the scurvy tribe; the begging clergyman; the theatrical manager, with his greasy tickets; the circus agent, with his passes; the patent medicine man with the wonderful new discovery; the poetical contributor; the commercial traveller; the man who wants his name out of the Police Court; the rival insurance agent; the man who is a "particular friend" of the proprietor, and last and worse than all put together, the female canvasser. Every one of these wants something and wants it for nothing. He or she comes in just when you are the busiest when you are writing an important article, when your imagination is about to take unto itself wings for a flight into the empyrean. And he or she stops in spite of your beams or your yawns, evidently believing that he or she is called upon to keep you company in your idleness. The best part of the joke is that when you have allowed your good nature to be imposed upon to the extent of granting every one of the favours, these people will not thank you for it, and when next they meet you on the street, they will forget all about having ever seen you. How can a journalist be goody or spooney with such experiences?

ALMANIVA.

HON. DAVID LAIRD.

We present our readers to-day, with a portrait of the newly appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Keewatin, a territory parcelled out of the great North-West. The gentleman is a native of Prince Edward Island. He was born at New Glasgow in 1833, and educated at the Presbyterian Seminary of Truro, Nova-Scotia. Prior to its entrance into Dominion politics he was editor and part proprietor of the *Patriot*, of Charlottetown, his interest in which he sold only a few weeks ago. He was a member of the Executive Council of Prince Edward Island from November, 1872, until April 1873, and while holding that position formed a delegation to Ottawa, with Hon. Mr. Haythorne, to negotiate terms of Union with the Dominion Government. Upon his return, his scheme of Union was submitted to the people and rejected by them; but a little later, upon the introduction of some modifications, it was accepted, and the Island became one of the Provinces of the Dominion. Mr. Laird sat for Belfast in the Prince Edward Island Assembly from 1871 to 1873, when he was returned to the House of Commons for Queen's County. On the advent of the present administration, he accepted office as Minister of the Interior. In the summer of 1874, conjointly with Lieut. Governor Morris, of Manitoba, he concluded the very advantageous Qu'Appelle Treaty with the Crees and Saulteux. Mr. Laird enters upon his new duties without delay.

VARIETIES.

A correspondent writes: "To those who assert with Mr. Gladstone, that the Turkish cruelties in Bulgaria are unparalleled in the history of mankind, I beg to commend the perusal of the following account of the massacre and burning of Bazelle:—'At Bazelle,' writes an eye-witness, 'I found every edifice, public and private, had been burned, the blackened walls alone remaining. I looked into the cellars, with one of which every dwelling-house seemed to be provided, and saw lying there the charred remains of former occupants. In one cellar alone three men and a girl had been either smothered by the smoke or slowly burned to death. After all kind of resistance had ceased, the German troops surrounded the place, and deliberately set fire to it, as they said, to make an example. Many of the poor inhabitants were driven into the fields, without food, shelter or clothing, regardless of age, or sex, or physical condition, there to die of starvation and exposure.' We were told by a correspondent of the *Daily News* that many persons were dragged from the cellars, where they had taken refuge and shot; others were fastened down and left to the flames. The sick and infirm were bayoneted in their beds. Two infants were thrown out of a window by the Bavarians, and then thrown back again previous to the house being fired."

The cathedral of Durham, which has just been perfectly "restored," is of very ancient date. The foundation of the present stately structure was commenced in the year 1093 by Bishop Walcher, when an imposing ceremony took place, at which Malelm, King of Scotland, and Turgot, the prior, assisted. Queen Elizabeth, not satisfied with appropriating various manors belonging to the cathedral to her private use, caused successive Bishops of Durham, who were all married men, to refund £1,000 per annum out of their revenue. In the time of Edward VI. the bishopric was dissolved, but it was subsequently restored by Queen Mary. The newly restored sanctuary is to be re-opened this fall but the Bishop, Dr. Baring, refuses to take part in the ceremony on the ground that the expenditure incurred in the decoration of the cathedral was both "unwise and wasteful." This has led to much unpleasantness and to a paper controversy between the Bishop and the Dean of Durham.

FENTON was a fat poet, whose habit it was to lie in bed and be fed with a spoon. He was almost as lazy as Thompson. Pope says he died of indolence. Wilkie, the author of the "Epi-gramiad," loved not only to lie in bed, but, if we may believe his biographer, Anderson, to lie under sixteen or seventeen pairs of blankets. Pope was another poet with queer habits. He was fretful and petulant and expected that everything should give way to his ease. If he felt drowsy in company he would go to sleep without ado, and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry. When he accepted an invitation to stop at a friend's house he took no servant, and his wants were so many that a hall full of servants might scarcely supply them. "His errands were so frequent and so frivolous that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him. The maids, when they had neglected their business, alleged they had been attending Mr. Pope." Like his friend Swift, he was sometimes parsimonious, and is charged by Johnson with "niggardly reception of his friends and scantiness of entertainment, as when he had two guests in his house he would set at supper a single pint upon the table, and, having himself taken two small glasses, would retire, and say: 'Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine.'"

At Rome it was the practice of the Church to bless the rose on a special day set apart, which was called Rose Sunday. The custom of blessing the golden rose seems to have begun in the eleventh or twelfth century. The benediction was pronounced with particular solemnity on the fourth Sunday in Lent, and the golden rose thus consecrated was given as a mark of the Sovereign Pontiff's favour to some prince or princess. Alexander III., who had been received with great honour during a journey which he made in France, sent the golden rose to Louis the Young as a sign of graceful compliment. Subsequently the giving of the golden rose became an authoritative act, by which the Pope officially recognised the rights of Christian Sovereigns. Thus Urban V. gave the golden rose to Joan, Queen of Sicily, in 1368, thereby preferring her over the King of Cyprus. Henry VIII. of England received a golden rose both from Julius II. and from Leo X. Towards the close of the last century the golden rose appears to have been given almost indiscriminately to any travelling prince who would pay a sum equivalent to about £400 in fees for it.

The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster-shells, stones, ivory, bark, and leaves of trees, and from the latter the term "leaves of a book" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use, and a bill of foemont on copper was some years since discovered in India bearing date 100 years B. C. Leather was also used as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially among the Chinese; but the first paper mill in England was built in 1536 by a German at Dartmouth, in Kent. Nevertheless it was nearly a century and a half—namely, in 1713—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection. The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently reeds, pointed and split, like pens of the present day, were used.

At the recent Anthropological Congress at Jena, Prussia, Privy Councillor Schaafhausen read a paper on the color of complexion, eyes, and hair. He said that blue eyes indicate a lack of coloring matter, which originally proceeded from inferior nourishment, and was evidence of a weaker organization than is possessed by persons of dark eyes. The less coloring matter there is, the lighter the hue of the eye, until, by reason of its utter absence, the blood vessels become visible, and the eye is red, as is the case with the Albinos. The fact that people living in the country, other things being equal, have light-colored eyes more frequently than those living in cities is accounted for by the inferior nutritive value of the vegetable food of the farmer as compared with the meat and beer of the people of the cities. In the mingling of the blond and dark types, the latter usually shows the greater vitality, and the children assume the darker complexion. The blonde complexion usually carries with it a finer organization and a higher and thinner voice. Of sopranos and tenors, a majority have light-colored eyes and light complexions, while of most alto singers, and particularly basses, the reverse is true. The fact that light hair and eyes are more numerous in northern than in southern countries is attributed to the colder climate, which consumes the pigments of those features. Dr. Schaafhausen's conclusions were based on statistics carefully gathered.

The Turkish battle hymn, of which the following is a portion, furnishes an excellent text for the horrible brutalities perpetrated by Turks in moments of victory: "Allah calls us! Allah invites! Alas! Up to the seventh heaven, rise the vile odor and the insolence of the infidels. Allah calls! Allah invites! The bloody combat opens. To the conquerors the Prophet will open the gates of Paradise. Allah is great! The corpses of our brethren will remain upon the field of carnage, that they may breathe pestilence, desolation and death into the camp of our enemies. Weep not for them! The avenging sword of the sons of the prophet will slay by the

side of each, a hundred as a compensation for their death. Dead or alive, may their corpses or their weapons sow destruction and mourning in the infidel ranks! Weep not for them! Allah is great! The Christians crushed, our dead will inherit all the joys promised by the Prophet in his love for his people. To the combat! To carnage! Allah calls us! Allah invites us!"

General di Cesnola has, according to a late English paper, made a new and most valuable find in the ruins of a temple at Cyprus. It comprises gold earrings of the very finest period of Greek art and surpassing in beauty almost everything of the kind previously known; gold necklaces and bracelets, including among the latter a pair of massive gold bearing the name of the King of Cyprus, who dedicated it; finger-rings, with engraved gems in exquisite setting; a series of engraved gems, two or three of which are beautiful, but the most part being valuable for archaeology rather than for art. For archaeology, the most important part of General Cesnola's discovery consists of a series of silver and silver-gilt bowls, such as had been used for drinking wine. They are ornamented with designs beaten up in relief slightly. Artistically, these designs are obviously a mixture of both the Egyptian and Assyrian styles. Previously there had been some reason to suspect that this mixture of styles was a peculiarity of the ancient Phœnician art, and now the discovery of a series of such works in Cyprus—which was more of a Phœnician than a Greek island—may be said to give the final proof.

ONE of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrives to exist there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping the mouth; then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up in the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Oman, some 500 or 600 miles distant.

LITERARY.

A Baltimore critic likens Bret Harte's play to a dime novel struck by lightning.

IN the partnership work of Erickmann and Chatrian, the French authors, the former devises the plot and writes out a plain narrative, and then Chatrian fills in the details.

GEORGE RIPLEY and Charles A. Dana are said to have cleared over eighty thousand dollars each as their share of the profits on the old Appleton's Cyclopaedia, and expect to get as much more from editing the new edition of the same work.

Count Alexander Frédo, "the Polish Mother" who died at Lemberg on July 15, left in manuscript sixteen or eighteen dramas, and a collection of poems, which, it is hoped, will shortly be published by his son.

Murad Effendi, the Turkish Charge-d'Affaires at Dresden, a man well known and much liked in Dresden society, has just brought out a play, written in German, "Mirabeau," which has been acted with great and, as the German journals assert, well-merited success.

English journals state that the house in which Goldsmith lived, while usher in Dr. Milner's school at Peekham, in 1756, and where he wrote, it is said, part of "The Vicar of Wakefield," has been sold "for building purposes," and will, of course, be improved off the face of the earth.

A great manuscript work of St. Francis de Sales has just been discovered at Lyons. It is in possession of an ecclesiastic of that city, who bought it from a Protestant family, on the Swiss frontier, in Upper Savoy. It is a treatise on the Eucharist, and in bulk is equivalent to a quarto volume.

THE Roxburgh Club has just issued to its members a singularly beautiful book. It is an "Apocalypse of St. John the Divine, represented by figures reproduced in facsimile from a MS. in the Bodleian Library." There are forty-six pages of illustrations, each page containing two subjects, done in colours, and of the most curious designs. The Rev. H. O. Coxé is the editor, and contributes a very interesting preface.

ROUND THE WORLD.

The Spanish squadron in Cuban waters is to be reinforced.

The French Chambers have been summoned to meet on the 20th of October.

The Minister of Public works has prohibited the running of Sunday trains on the International.

It is reported that coal has been found at Pemhina Mountain at a depth of seventy feet from the surface.

The Centennial Commission have officially appointed the 10th of November as the day for the close of the Exhibition.

The trouble between the employers and operatives in the Yorkshire cotton mills threatens to result in a lockout of some 7000 workpeople, unless an amicable arrangement can be arrived at.

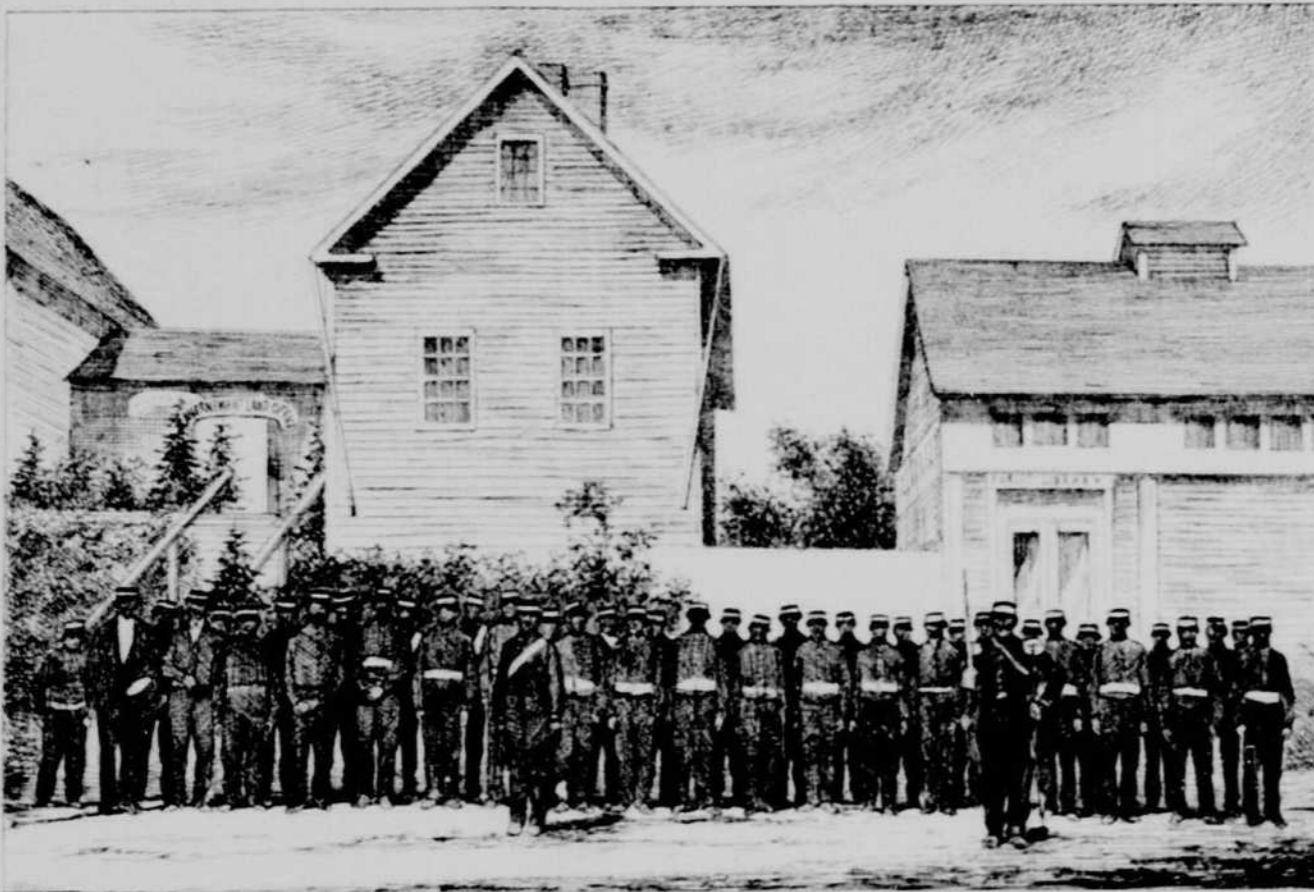
The two expeditions sent by the Egyptian Government to Abyssinia, one twelve months ago, and the second at the beginning of this year, were surprised in the passes by the Abyssinians, and massacred wholesale.



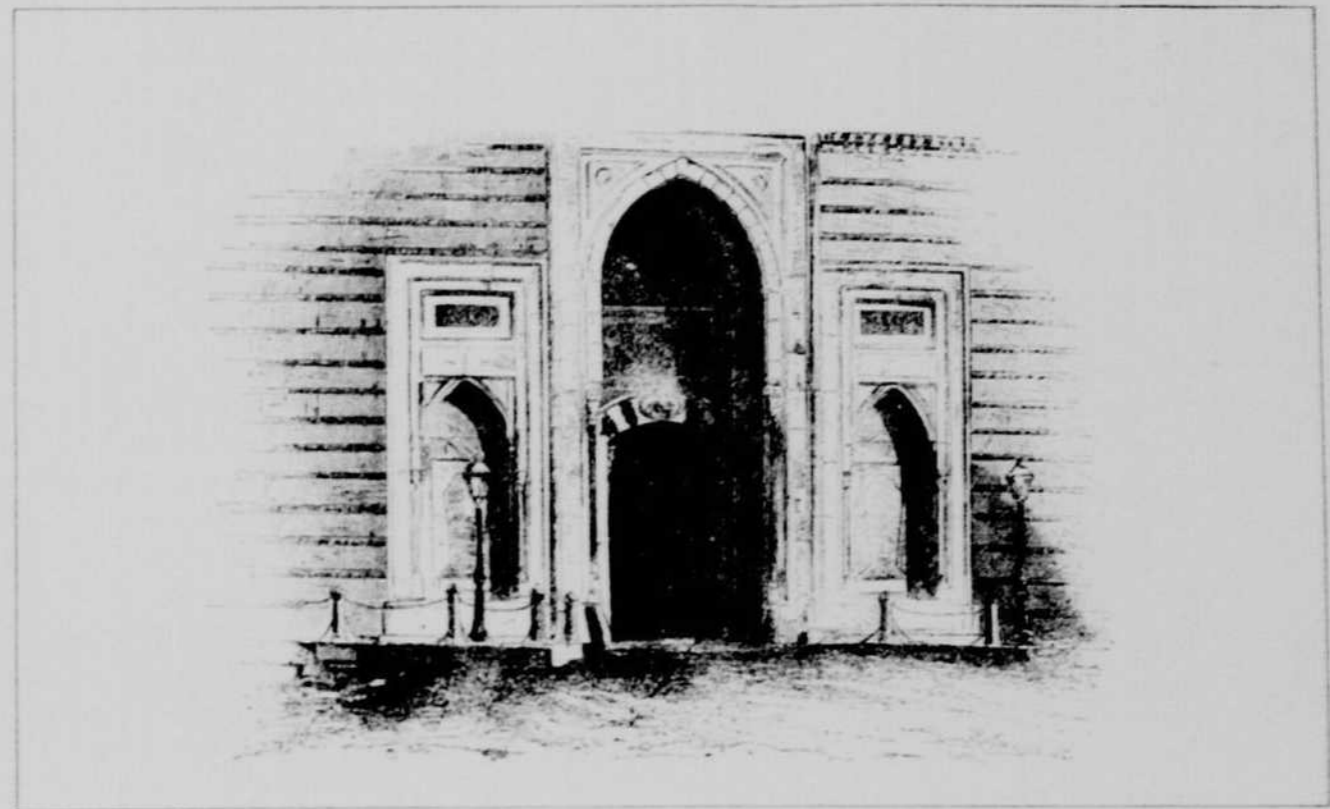
B. C., RECEPTION OF LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN AT THE PAVILION, NEW WESTMINSTER.
 Photograph by J. Davis.



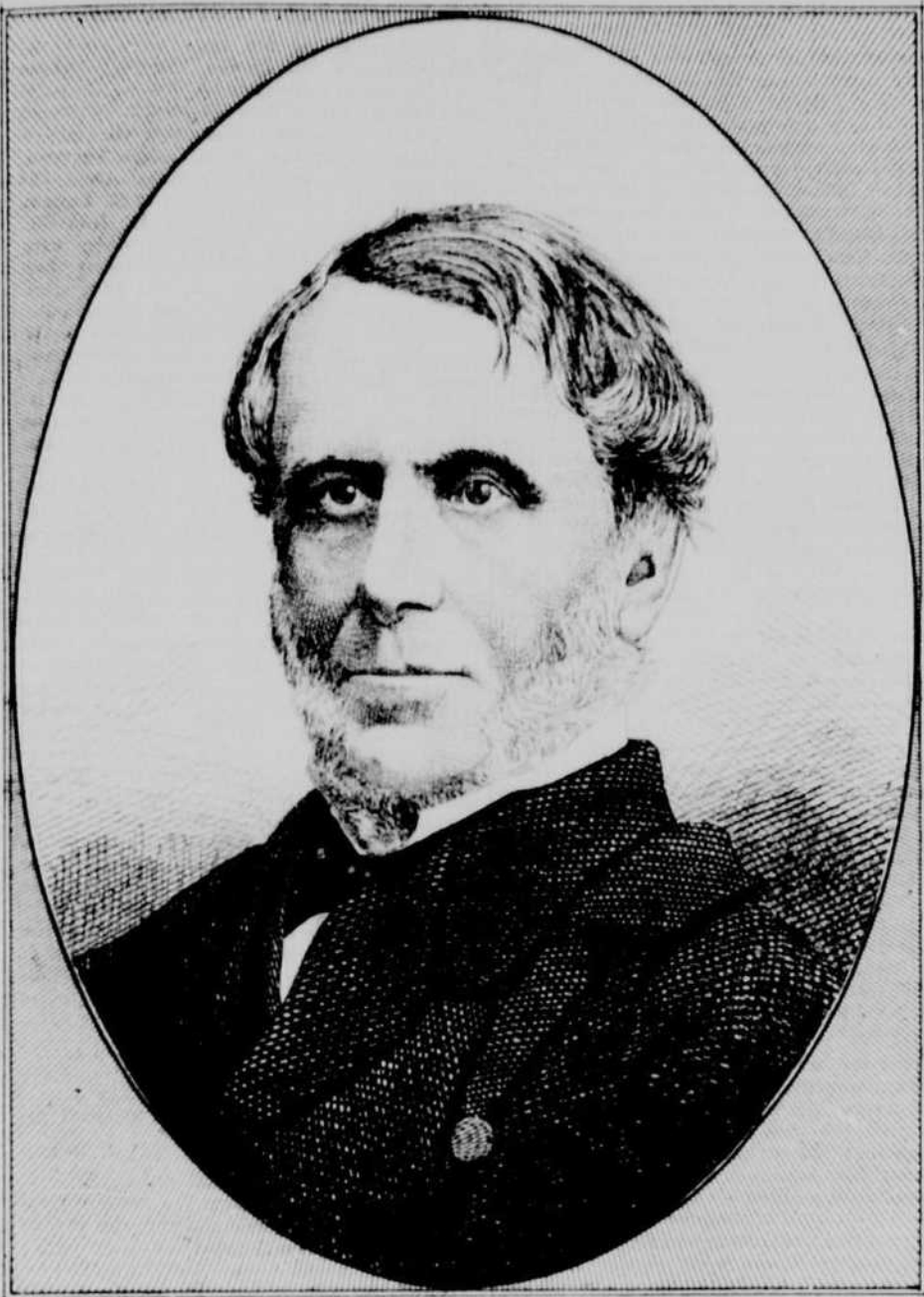
VIEW OF CITY ARCH IN COLUMBIA STREET, NEW WESTMINSTER.
 Photograph by J. Davis.



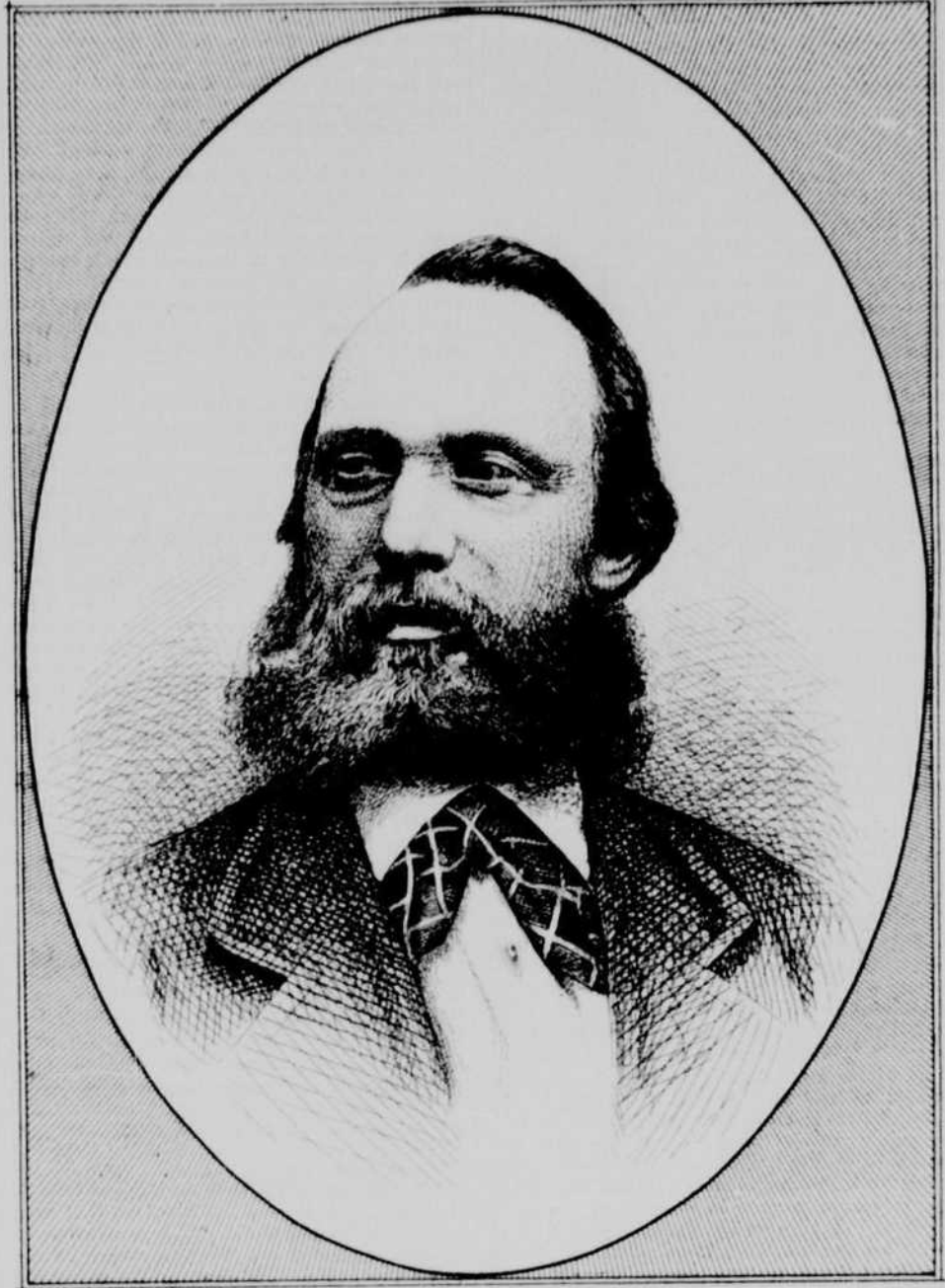
THE INDIAN WARRIORS RECEIVING THE GOVERNOR GENERAL AT NEW WESTMINSTER.
 Photograph by J. Davis.



THE SUBLIME PORTE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE LATE LORD LISGAR, FORMER GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



THE HON. DAVID LAIRD, FIRST LIEUT. GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY, (KEEWATIN.)

LORD LISGAR.

We publish to-day the portrait of Lord Lisgar whose death was announced last week. He was born in August 1807, and was the son of Sir William Young, the first Baronet. He was educated at Eton and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, graduating in 1829, being called to the Bar in 1834. He was M. P. for Cavan from 1831 to 1855. He was a Lord of the Treasury from 1841 to 1844, Secretary to the Treasury from 1844 to 1846. He occupied the position of chief secretary to the Lord-Lieut. of Ireland from December 1852 to March 1845; lord high commissioner of the Ionian Islands from March 1855 to February 1859; and, according to usage, was made a G. C. M. G. on receiving that appointment; and created K. C. B. (Civil) on retiring from the office. He was Governor of New South Wales from 1860 to 1867; appointed Governor of the Dominion of Canada November 1860; and was created a peer for his long official services 1870. In 1872, he was replaced at Ottawa by Lord Dufferin.

SINGULAR ANTIPATHIES.

Lamothe-Levayer could not endure the sound of any instrument, and yet he experienced the most exquisite pleasure in the noise of thunder. Cæsar could not hear the crowing of the cock without shuddering. The Lord Chancellor Bacon fell into a swoon whenever there was an eclipse of the moon. Mary de Medicis could not endure the sight of a leveret. Marshal d'Albert was taken ill at a public dinner on seeing the attendants serve up a young wild boar or a sucking pig. Henry III. could not remain alone in a room where there was a cat. Vladislaus, King of Poland, was uneasy and fled at the sight of apples. Scaliger shuddered in every limb on beholding water-cresses. Erasmus could not smell fish without being thrown into a fever. An Englishman once expired from the impression that was made upon



FRANCE:—REMOVAL FROM THE CEMETERY OF PERE-LA-CHAISE, OF THE REMAINS OF BELLINI, TO BE RE-INTERRED AT CATANO, HIS NATIVE PLACE.

him by the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Cardinal Henry de Cardonna fell into a syncope from weakness on meeting a hare or fox. Cardon could not bear eggs; the poet, Artosto, baths; the son of Crassus, bread; Cæsar, of Lescallas, the sound of cymbals. The cause of these antipathies is sometimes found in the first sensations of infancy. A lady who was a great admirer of paintings and engravings swooned when she met with pictures in a book. The reason of it she thus explained: While she was very young her father one day perceived her turning over the books of his library to seek for pictures in them; he abruptly took them from her and told her in a severe tone of voice that there were in the books devils, which would strangle her if she dared to touch them. These foolish menaces, which are but too common with parents, always produce injurious effects which cannot afterwards be destroyed.

FOREIGN FUN.

A SUGGESTION.—We have heard more than enough of Turkish "atrocities" in Bulgaria. A new word is greatly needed. How would it do to call them "Turkish Bulgarieties"?

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Some one hazards a suggestion that the American slate-writing medium will be done for the exposures in the *Times*. Spiritualism isn't killed, though this particular professor of it is Slade.

MENU FOR A LOVE FEAST.
"Spring" soup and Pot au Feu, two soles (with but a single thought), Sauce Piquante, Calf's heart au My deary, Filly a la Financiere, Lamb Cuddlets, To mate her sauce, Amour Fowl trust au Pate de foi. Tongue au naturel brain sauce, Green Gage Tart, sweet sauce; Cherries, Pairs, Love apples. Lees: none. Wines: Chateau Ma go, Chateau la Rose, Beau jolly, Port—not crusted, Sherry—Amoroso, Liqueur—Cure-her-so. Café aux Champs Elysées.

EPHEMERIDES.

A writer in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS lately made a rather pointed inquiry into the existence of the Montreal Historical Society. In fact, he wanted to know whether there was such a body, at all. I am happy to be able to set his mind at rest on the point. By the merest accident I recently made the acquaintance of the President, who assured me that not only did the Society exist, but that it was steadily, though quietly, pursuing its work. That work consists in copying important MSS relating to Canada, from the French and British archives. Last year the £100 sterling allotted by the Provincial Government was devoted to this end, beside \$200 sterling from the private means of the President himself. It so happens, said the President, that we have now in Montreal certain MSS which no longer exist in France, having been consumed during the recent ravages of the Commune. This is satisfactory and it is proper that the public should be made acquainted with the fact. What appears to me not so satisfactory is that the membership of the Society is ridiculously small, and that very few of our citizens take any interest in it. I think there ought to be a revival in this respect. A large number of our English population should join it, and there should be regular monthly public meetings, a fixed scale of fees and other appliances to galvanize the Society into active life. The idea is thrown out. If leading citizens will not take it up, there perhaps will be found humble men to do it. One thing is certain—Montreal should have a large, energetic and progressive Historical Society.

I learn that Belford Brothers, the rising publishers of Toronto, intend issuing the first number of a new Monthly Magazine, on the 22nd of November. The managers announce in their prospectus that nothing worthy will be rejected from their columns because it is Canadian, but nothing of native production will be forced upon their readers out of a sentimental consideration for what is sometimes flippantly called the "Encouragement of Canadian Literature." I am anxious to see how this distinction will be carried out in practice. I am inclined to hold first, *pace* Mr. Goldwin Smith, that there is just at present a splendid field for a purely literary magazine in Canada, and secondly, that it can be supported almost exclusively by Canadian writers. I know of a project in this sense mooted in our city of Montreal, held in abeyance for the time being, but which will be revived if occasion offers. I am an ardent believer in the present resources and future capacities of Canadian literature, and I believe that it ought to be encouraged to its utmost bent. All that is needed is a judicious and courageous editor to winnow the wheat from the chaff.

There is an editorial discussion in the *National*, a French paper of this city, on no less a subject than the correct method of reading verse. One party holds that it should be read like prose, while our friend, M. Tremblay, insists that it should be recited with full recognition of rhythm and rhyme. I shall not presume to intervene in the controversy, especially as regards French prosody, but I may refer to the fact that the practice of the whole French stage, even the Theatre-Français, is against M. Tremblay, while the English school of declamation is so uniform in that respect as not to admit of debate at all. Our strict prosodists, such as Pope, who generally closed their sentence and rounded their meaning with the end of a distich, offer no difficulty in recitation, but Byron and his followers, who run their lines into each other, would be simply unintelligible unless their verse were read as prose. But if he goes back further, M. Tremblay will find his theory supported by Greek and Latin prosody. The whole system of classical quantity and accent is based on this theory, and is not intelligible outside of it. The *Minever* pokes fun at our friend for thus indulging his literary and critical tastes. The *Minever* is not wise. I think it will be allowed that it is far more wholesome and agreeable to discuss such amiable questions than to indulge in those acrimonious personal polemics which are the disgrace of a certain press.

The Romans had a saying that the highest test of worth and the supremest gratification of life was *laudari a ceteris laudato*. Now Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is not precisely what we should call *vic laudatus*—he certainly is not *laudandus*—but any how he has spoken kindly of Canada—as well he might—after his recent visit, and it will do us no harm to accept and acknowledge the compliment. A New York reporter, with that charming familiarity which is an appanage of the breed, relates that, last Sunday week, Mr. Beecher, looking fairer and fatter than ever, rolled back in his velvet-cushioned chair in his lecture room and told the admiring church members of what a fine time he had this summer. He spoke of the agricultural addresses he had delivered and then related an account of his Canadian tour, which he said he had long held in anticipation. He told with relish that in Montreal there were no halls large enough to hold the throngs that desired to hear him, and that three or four thousand persons gathered in the Rink in the most enthusiastic reception of him. In Ottawa he had hearty greetings, and much success. In Toronto he was met at the depot by a number of clergymen, who informed him that he had been announced to preach twice on the next day. The church,

he said, was simply ridiculous in size in comparison with the throngs, and in the evening he had to preach in the Opera House. The *Globe* and the *Mail* had helped him mightily by occupying large space for two or three weeks, running him down, so that there was no person in Toronto who did not want to hear him. He lectured to a large throng on the next night. Then he went to London for two nights, where he spoke in a drill room, filled with rude seats which were occupied by throngs. He regards Canada as the fairest land on which the sun shines. He was no longer in favor of annexation. He thought they could do far more good in a Dominion—working open the wilderness clear through to the Pacific Ocean.

There was an exquisitely illustrated article on Salmon Fishing in the last number of SCRIBNER. The writer says distinctly that salmon-angling is confined to the rivers of Canada East and those of the Northern part of New Brunswick, which includes the Miramichi. This is a bit of information worth knowing, as it imparts immense value to the Quebec Fisheries. The article is entirely devoted to Gaspé Basin, whose three streams—Dartmouth, York and St. Johns—are stocked with salmon. We learn from him that the Canadian Government exercises complete control of the principal salmon streams both in their tidal and fluvial parts. Leases are commonly given for several years, but occasionally a schedule of vacant rivers is published, giving "upset" or minimum prices at which season permits will be granted. These range from \$20 to \$50. Mr. Thos. Reynolds, the popular Ottawa Railway Manager, has had for years the lease of the river York, and his hospitality to anglers is proverbial. A score of his, recorded on the 14th July of this year, is curious enough, consideration being had of bad weather and very rough high water.

Earl Dufferin (3 days) ...	8 fish	197 lbs.	average 24 1/2
Countess " " " " " "	2 " "	45 "	22 1/2
Capt. Hamilton " " " " " "	6 " "	148 "	24 1/2
Mr. Grant (1 day) " " " " " "	1 " "	27 "	27
Mr. Molson " " " " " "	14 " "	326 "	23 1/2
Mr. Middleton " " " " " "	50 " "	1094 "	21 3/4
Mr. Reynolds " " " " " "	29 " "	633 "	21 1/2
	110	2470 lbs.	22 1/2

The common people have an implicit faith in almanacs, and it must be admitted that their faith is not always misplaced. I have before me the predictions of one Thomas Moulton for the year of grace 1876. He says that the spring will be cold, windy and unprofitable for several things, similar to the third solar number. The summer will be pretty warm and fruitful in all the products of the earth. The autumn will be damp during its first half and the remainder will be tolerably fine. The winter will be long with great frosts. Wheat will be dear. So far the seer has been correct enough. He appears to trip when he adds that the vintage will be short, as advices from France point to the contrary. He is terribly right when he says that large conflagrations will be common, causing great losses in several provinces. Quebec, Lewis, St. Johns, St. Hyacinthe and other places are sad testimonials. He predicts that a great prince will ascend the throne. That is doubly verified in the two Sultans. A great king will get married. Perhaps Alfonso XII will be kind enough to do this with the Duke of Montpensier's daughter before the year is out. A great prince will be born. The Duchess of Edinburgh is announced to be *dans une position intéressante*. Doubtless it will be a boy. A treaty of treaty will be signed. Let us hope that will prove the case with Turkey and her revolted provinces.

The following rules are given in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for deriving the name of an inhabitant from the name of his State.

Rule 1st.—Names of States ending with a vowel drop this and add *ian*. Examples: *Alabamaian, Delawareian, Floridian, Indianian, Iowaian, Carolinian, Coloradoian, Louisianaian, Mainian, Mississippiian, Missouriian, Minnesotaian, Nebraskaian, Nevadaian, New Hampshireian, Tennesseeian, Kentuckyian, New Jerseyian* (&c.). Exception: To avoid the doubling of the letter *i*, which is contrary to the usage of English orthography, State names ending in a vowel preceded by *i*, after dropping the final vowel, add only *an*. Examples: *Californian, Georgian, Pennsylvaniaian, Ohioian, Virginiaian*.

Rule 2nd.—State names ending in a consonant add *er* to form the name of the inhabitant. Examples: *Illinoiser, Oregoner, New Yorker, Marylander, Michiganian, Rhode Islander, Wisconsiner, Vermont*. Exception 1st: The names Massachusetts and Connecticut, being already so long, it is preferable to form a compound rather than a derivative from them; so we say, "a Massachusetts-man" and "a Connecticut-man." Exception 2nd: State names ending in *us* drop the last syllable and add *ian*. Examples: *Arkansian, Kansian, Texian*. Note: The form *Texan* is preferred by many.

Applying these rules to the Canadian Provinces they will be found to hold good for Nova Scotian, New Brunswicker, Quebecer, Manitoban, British Columbian, and even Keewatiner. The only recalcitrant is Ontario. We never say Ontarian, but always Ontario-man, just as we never say Ohian, as in the rule, but Ohio-man.

A. STEELE PENN.

A DEAR BOOK.

The Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction in their new regulations have prescribed "Abbott's Teacher" as a text book required to be got up to obtain even an Elementary Diploma. I was surprised, on ordering it from the leading bookseller in St. James street, Montreal, to find that it was so little asked as not to be in stock! When it came from New York I found it was the same I had looked through some years ago, and laid down as a catch-penny, designed to advertise Mount Vernon School, and with the usual catch-penny illustrations illustrating nothing, being old plates taken almost at random from other books.

On reading it again more carefully, I find there are however some few useful hints in it. They may to the best of my belief be all enumerated very briefly. The moral influences that should be brought to bear on the young are professed by the main subject of the book. The first secret in these would seem to be that "an ounce of praise goes as far as a pound of blame." Say to a boy "I fear this pail is too heavy for you," and he will lift it at once. Say it is light, in a complaining voice, and he will be discontented too. The one secret of teaching is patience; infinite, unruffled patience. The reward of teaching is finding one unaccustomed to sympathy and kindness, and to have the pleasure of surprising the timid sufferer by kind words and cheering looks, and of seeing in his very face the signs of a new happiness that owes its birth to you. The danger of a teacher is to try to conceal ignorance, and affect knowledge he does not possess. This is as unwise as it is dishonest. You often gain the respect of a class by confessing that you do not know everything. The golden rule for a teacher is, after the six hours teaching are over, to carry no school work home with him;—no not even talk or think of school work at home—and to give a portion of every day, tho' but a few minutes, to self improvement. School Teaching, Mr. Abbott thinks, is an infinitely harder strain on the mind than any other pursuit.

Under the head of teaching proper, there are eight or ten useful hints. "Assist your pupils so as to lead them to do without assistance," this is a good rule well expressed. Thoroughness is somewhat, but not half enough recommended. Thoroughness implies to keep at one item e. g. the practice of addition—a long time. To prevent the class getting wearied endless variety, (the great secret of pleasure in life), is suggested. Teach the "addition table" orally in class again and again; make them bring sums to see who is most correct; race them against time; make them work in ink and see who is the neatest; make up ingenious questions, add the ages of the class, find the total of its mistakes in one day; suppose a scene as that they were going out shopping and add their expenses, &c., &c. To impress a name on the class, e. g. that of Vasco de Gama, make the class spell it simultaneously in simultaneous questioning say, "let all tell me," and not "let some one tell me." I am glad to find that it is the author's experience that it is much easier to teach singing than any teacher would imagine. No school can be said to be perfectly managed without singing. I honestly believe that we have enumerated nearly all that is useful in the book. The sins of omission in it are infinite. And yet nineteen paragraphs, long and short, are devoted to a difficulty about hanging a hat on a nail, and page after page is devoted to describing the appointment of committees of pupils to settle everything. Fifteen minutes a day, Mr. Abbott recommends for such work! But he gravely proves, at length, that it is not feasible to make a school of wild boys entirely govern themselves! Hundreds of hints are omitted that should be indispensable in a work on education, and the book is altogether too expensive to be a text book in our ordinary schools.

Brockville.

ALUMNS.

OUR PICTURES.

To those who imagine that the Ottoman Empire is effete or moribund we recommend the series of splendid pictures, in the present issue, representing the investiture of the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II. They display a pomp of power and a symbolism of national greatness which cannot be an empty show, but gives an earnest of a latent, but tremendous power behind. The "Sick Man" is by no means dying, and the power of Islamism might yet be driven to a resurrection of its once formidable ascendancy. To these engravings we add a view of the Sublime Porte. While everybody is familiar with the term Sublime Porte, by no means everybody knows that the name is derived from the entrance to the old Seraglio erected by Sultan Mohammed II. at the Golden Horn in 1492, on the spot where in olden times Byzantium stood. The name "Sublime Porte" is further applied to the official residence of the Grand Vizier outside the old Seraglio. We give also a view of new works on the Lachine Canal, near this city, the object of which is to enlarge that fine and necessary thoroughfare to the trade of Montreal. The remains of Bellini, the immortal author of *Norma*, and *La Sonnambula*, were lately removed from the cemetery of Père La Chaise, Paris, where they had lain since 1835, to Catania, Sicily, his native place. A view of this solemn ceremony is presented in the present number. All our other illustrations are separately described in the body of the paper.

MONTREAL TO ST. JEROME.

On Monday, the 9th inst., took place the inauguration of the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway to St. Jerome, the point at which the line is now completed. Upwards of two hundred invited guests took the train at Hochelaga at half-past eleven in the forenoon, and reached St. Jerome—35 miles—about one o'clock. The Abbé Labelle, curé of St. Jerome, the Mayor of the municipality, M. Jean-Bte. Villeneuve, and a large number of others were present to receive their guests, and escort them to the Presbytery. Some time was then spent in looking about St. Jerome, and shortly after two o'clock the doors were thrown open in the banquet hall, which we illustrate fully in our sketch. The Abbé Labelle occupied the Chair at the table of honor, with the Hon. M. De Boucherville, Hon. M. Chapleau and others on his right, Mayor Hingston, of Montreal, Abbé Nantel and others being seated on his left. The cloth having been removed, the chairman rose to address the audience, and was received with an ovation lasting some minutes. After alluding in a eulogistic speech to the benefits derived by French Canadians and by the whole Province from being under British rule, he proposed the "Queen," drank amid much enthusiasm, the company singing the national anthem. Other toasts followed in order, and some excellent speeches were made, the briefest and best being that of Mr. Duncan Macdonald, the contractor of the road, who promised the company that he would build for them one of the best lines in America. The party returned to the city at a late hour, thoroughly pleased with the royal reception of the good people of St. Jerome, and satisfied that they had assisted at the opening of what is really the first link of the Canada Pacific Railway, at the same time that it is a great Provincial work destined to develop the wonderful resources of the back country north of us. In our front page cartoon, we present an idea of the real value of the new railway and the Province of Quebec has truly every reason to be proud of its part therein.

THE FREE LANCE.

The enemies of Mr. Laird have to reach up pretty high to hit him.

Who is the Father of Confederation? It is remarkable how particular some people are getting, especially those who combatted the great project with all their right and main.

The *Gazette* tells us that, at the St. Jerome banquet, the Quebec Cabinet, the Corporation of Montreal, and several individual notabilities were "drunk." A question of grammar. The *Witness* goes further and intimates that nearly everybody in the company was drunk. A question of taste.

O Davis o' Charlott's, O Davis, the Laird.
They have taken off Davis that sat at the haired;
Who turned on poor John A. and drove him awa'
They have taken off Davis, the flower of them a'.

The *London Times* will probably cease pottering now in Canadian railway schemes. The President of the Grand Trunk has resigned.

LACLEDE.

Such a preparation as the Children's Carmine Cordial has been long looked for, that is to say, one that could be administered with perfect safety of not endangering the child's health and constitution. In the Children's Carmine Cordial you possess this valuable assurance. Its formula has been submitted to several of our leading physicians, who have approved of it for all cases of Teething pains, Restlessness, Loss of sleep, Colic, Wind, Gravel, &c.

HUMOROUS.

A MOVING young father boasts that the little stranger is so affectionate that he sits up with his parents nearly all night, and so tough that he seems to have no conception of fatigue or of the time of day.

THERE is a man in New York so close that when he attends church he occupies the pew farthest from the pulpit, to save the interest on his money while the collectors are passing the plates for contribution.

A young scapegrace, noted for his practical jokes, arrived at the age of twenty-one at midnight, whereupon he raised the family and all the neighbors by shouting at the top of his lungs, "There's a man in the house!"

On a certain occasion, duly recorded by Boswell, Dr. Johnson was asked what defence could be offered for the drinking customs of the age, and generally for the habitual over-indulgence in strong liquors, which has been for ages a proverbial characteristic of Englishmen. The great Doctor answered briefly and sententiously, "Bibulous clay, sir—bibulous clay."

SPECIMENS of Western oratory are rather stale, but here is a bit, related by a trustworthy authority as authentic, which has not been in print before:— "Where is Europe with America? Nowhar! Where is Great Britain? Nowhar! They call Britain the mistress of the sea, but what makes the sea? The Mississippi River makes it. And all we've got to do is to turn the Mississippi into the Mammoth Cave, and the British navy will be foundering in the mud."

MAN AND THE WEATHER.

Man's a fool!
When it's hot he wants it cool,
When it's cold he wants it hot—
Ne'er contented with his lot.
When it's dry,
He for showers is heard to sigh!
When—to meet his wish—it rains,
Of the wet the fool complains.
Hot or cold, dry or wet,
Nothing suits that he can get;
I consider as a rule,
Man's a fool.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

YOUNG ladies who play croquet are known as "maidens all for lawn."

A good sermon is like a kiss—it requires but two heads and an application.

WHEN a woman finds that she has married a prodigal son, she should arise and go to her father.

"TIME works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen-years' courtship.

MARRIED ladies will please notice that some political meetings last till 2 o'clock in the morning. It can't be helped.

THEY express surprise that the Massachusetts woman's suffrage full ticket was nominated—and not a woman on it!

SAID a lady to her husband, "My dear, what is cotton duck?" "Oh," said he, carelessly, "a kind of canvas back."

"DID you ever know of a crack that was too tight for a spying old woman to peep through, Tom?" "Yes, John, the crack of a whip."

WHAT is the outward and visible sign in baptism? said a person to his Sunday-school class. The baby, sir, was the prompt reply.

A fashionable but illiterate lady, who was travelling on the Continent, in writing to a friend, said she had just seen the "museum of iniquities" in Greece.

Careful men estimate that a chap who takes the hired girl to the fair will pay out seven dollars, where the man who takes his own wife won't spend ten cents.

A street man in laying in his coal, had a half-ton of the heaviest chunks sent up to his bedroom. His window has full command of the neighboring woodsheds.

A debating society in England has decided that Christopher Columbus, "was twice married and a moral man." We don't know when we have felt so relieved.

IN the Bois de Boulogne the other day was a marriage procession on velocipedes, each gentleman having a lady behind him, the leading man playing a violin.

MANY a young lady suffering from blighted affection and a resolution to die at once, has been jerked from the brink of the grave by reading the announcement of a fall opening.

THE autumn is so far advanced now that a man can take a lady out for a walk and wonder that he ever experienced a sense of nervous apprehension on approaching an ice cream saloon.

NATURE shudders when she sees a woman throw a stone; but when a woman attempts to split wood, Nature covers her head and retires to a dark and mouldering cave in temporary despair.

"Is your client going to move for a new trial?" asked a successful lawyer, the other day, of his defeated opponent.—"I rather think he is, and a grand trial, too, as he is seeking a second wife" was the response.

"Who is the master of that house over there?" asked a gentleman of a man at work by the roadside.—"I fancy Mr. Wilkins is, about this time, as his wife wasn't expected to live this morning," was the naive reply.

Two ladies who contended for precedence at the court of the Emperor Charles V., appealed to that monarch to decide the matter. "Let the elder go first," said the Emperor. He was never troubled with such a dispute again.

A Binghamton man is suing for a divorce from his wife on the plea that she has a glass eye that is always open nights, and the "aspect makes him nervous." He coaxed her to close it with red sealing wax, but that only increased his terror.

A GENTLEMAN of New Orleans has found it unsafe to leave blotting paper about his office. His wife found this on a piece:

euS tsraed
sevoig fo xob dneS lliv I

ELLIV.

AUGUSTUS attempted suicide, leaving a note saying, "My Angelina has gone to the Happy Isles, and I must hasten to her side, lest some angel rival should win her affections;" but the poison was too weak, and Augustus now has to read his note in the newspapers.

EMERSON teaches us that cheerfulness, among the best of medicines, though, perhaps, he never knew what it was to be waked up on a cold Monday morning by the voice of a strong woman reminding him that there was no servant in the house and that Monday was wash day.

"CHARLES," said a young lady to her lover, "there is nothing interesting in the paper to-day, is there, dear?" "No, love; but I hope there will, one day, when we both shall be interested." The lady blushed, and of course said, "For shame, Charles!"

It is proposed to establish in some of the eastern cities an institution in which the science of spinology, weavology, and cookology may be taught to young ladies, and where, after obtaining these accomplishments, they may receive a regular diploma, with the honorary degree of F. F. W. ("Fit for a Wife").

MRS. SHODDY (to New York shopkeeper): "Show me a thermometer—one of your very best."—Shopkeeper: "This ma'am, is one of our finest—Venetian glass and the best quick-silver."—Mrs. Shoddy: "Silver? That would

be very nice for the kitching, but I want one for my boodoor. Haven't you one with quick gold?"

THEY were discussing a young lady whose beauty makes her to a local sensation, but who, whether because she lacks a fortune, or for some other reason, sees none of her suitors declare himself formally. "She makes all the conquests she desires," said one.—"True," said another, also a woman; "but she would give all her slaves for one master."

A lady of fashion, the relict of a well-known foreign Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and resident in the neighborhood of Windsor Castle, has procured a carriage of precisely the same peculiar build as those in which the Queen is driven about Windsor: her horses are high-stepping grays of exactly similar shade and height with the royal steeds, and to complete the likeness they are driven on the most ordinary shopping trips in the streets of Windsor and Eton, not from the coach box, but—just as her Majesty's—by postillions, who wear a mourning livery undistinguishable from that worn by the Queen's outriders.

HEARTH AND HOME.

MEN WITHOUT OCCUPATION.—The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man possesses, he can be neither contented nor happy without occupation. We were born to labour and the world is our vineyard. We can find a field for usefulness almost anywhere. In occupations we forget our cares, our worldly trials, and our sorrows. It keeps us from constantly worrying and brooding over what is inevitable. If we have enough for ourselves, we can labour for the good of others; and such a task is one of the most delightful duties a worthy and good man can possibly engage in.

WOMAN.—The woman who has no sense of beauty, and who lives only for herself; the woman who has no sense of love, and who cannot compass its divine sacrifice, its exquisite self-abnegation; and she who has no sense of modesty—not one of these is woman pure womanly, the woman by whom men are ennobled and the world kept pure.

TROUBLE.—There is no soil for the roots of a true man which is better than the soil that trouble makes—when it is trouble; for that which other folk think to be trouble is not necessarily trouble to you; and that which in you is trouble may not necessarily be trouble to other people. Each man, in his own nature and circumstances, finds what trouble is to him; and it is the thing which you cannot bear that you must bear to make yourself a man.

MOTHERS.—It cannot be denied that mothers have many cares. The feebleness of the infant unable to tell its wants, and beset by dangers to its frail life from the very beginning, makes a constant appeal to the mother when her own strength is but slowly returning. What restless nights they are! How many spells of sickness, with the anxious waiting! And, when the baby can tell its feelings and its wants, how much waywardness is to be corrected, how many ill tendencies are to be checked! Nor is it one that is to be guarded—there is a group, a little community, a kingdom over which she is to rule, keeping, if possible, each in its place, and giving to each its rights. The variety of temperament is great and must be allowed for, so as to guide and restrain without repressing, and so as to be queen without being a despot.

DON'T FRITTER AWAY YOUR TIME.—It is said that a man who had accustomed himself to seize a pen whenever his wife was putting on her shawl and bonnet to walk, found, before he suspected such a result, that he had written a tolerable book. Wonders may thus be accomplished by all in their stray moments, would they but improve them. We would not prevent people from reflecting, from resting, or enjoying themselves; but the worst of it is, many waste large portions of their lives without doing any of these. Circumstances favor persons bent on rational employment. Instead of idling away the half-hour before dinner or some appointment, if they take up a book or a pen, or undertake to do any little duty which demands their attention, they find often the time which they might have frittered away much longer than they anticipated. Many a friend might be secured or obliged by a letter written at these intervals by those who profess to have "no time." We all have time, more or less, which might be devoted to the performance of neglected duties.

SUBMISSION.—There comes a terrible moment to many souls when the great movements of the world, the larger destinies of mankind, which have lain aloof in newspapers and other neglected reading, enter like an earthquake into their own lives; when the slow urgency of growing generations turns into the tread of an invading army or the dire clash of civil war, and gray fathers know nothing to seek for but the corpses of their blooming sons, and girls forget all vanity, to make lint and bandages which may serve for the shattered limbs of their betrothed. Then it is as if the invisible power that has been the object of lip-worship and lip-resignation became visible, according to the imagery of the Hebrew poet, making the flames his chariot and riding on the wings of the wind, till the mountains smoke and the plains shudder under the rolling, fiery visitation. Often the good cause seems to lie prostrate under the thunder of unrelenting force; the martyrs live reviled, they die, and no angel is seen holding forth the crown

and the palm branch. Then it is that the submission of the soul to the Highest is tested, and even in the eyes of frivolity life looks out from the scene of struggle with the awful face of duty, and a religion shows itself which is something else than a private consolation.

THE GLEANER.

THE city of Aix, France, is preparing to celebrate its two thousandth anniversary. A statue of the Roman General, Marius, conqueror of the Cimbri-Teutons, is to be erected.

AT Stratford-upon-Avon, Shakespeare's birth-place, the curfew is still tolled. A few of the Aldermen recently voted to stop it, but the lovers of old customs were in the majority.

THERE is a great belief that the Russian trotters are superior to the American trotters. Indeed the owners of the latter declined to meet the challenge of the former, the place selected being Paris.

It is announced from Paris that most of the new forts round the city are now completed, and that for some time past the operation of arming them has been carried on. The guns are all breach-loaders. Some of the forts have already been garrisoned.

THERE is considerable commerce in toads between France and England. A toad of good size and in fair condition will fetch about twenty-five cents in the London market, and a dozen of the extra quality are worth \$5. Market gardeners employ them to keep down insects.

ALTHOUGH the late Earl of Leven and Melville may have been correctly described as the oldest man among the Peers, he was not "Father" of the House of Lords. In both Houses the "Father" is that member who has sat longest, and Viscount Gage succeeded to this position in the Lords on the death of the late Duke of Leinster in 1874, having been then for 60 years member of that House.

THE vastness of the Socialist organization in Germany revealed itself at the Congress held at Gotha, when 101 delegates, elected by 37,747 votes and sent by 284 districts, took part in the deliberations. There are 145 accomplished public speakers connected with the movement. The Congress received communications from Socialist societies in Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Brussels, London, and Paris, all urging the point that the interests of workingmen are everywhere identical.

AN aged lady—a centenarian, in fact—has just died in Paris. Sister Magdalene claimed to have been born on the 15th of August, 1769, and was in the habit of speaking of Napoleon I. as "her twin brother." She belonged to the Convent of Ursulines, which was broken up in 1793. She did not re-enter conventual life, but chose to live alone, or rather simply in the company of a large number of canaries and finches and a couple of doves. It will perhaps interest vegetarians and teetotalers to hear that this ancient lady never indulged in meat or wine.

Lady Burdett Coutts was invited to attend a meeting to protest against the Turkish policy of the English Government. She declined, and added: "The page of history does not teach that the execrable deeds perpetrated by the Bashi-Bazouks are wholly unmatched in warfare, or by cruelties legally inflicted upon a dominated people, even in our own generation. For are there wanting among ourselves instances of assault so brutal and dastardly that we have no need to be careful in speaking of the ferocious and licentious acts of a wild soldiery as unparalleled?"

TRULLET, the French champion bicyclist, completed on Saturday evening, Sept. 23 at Wolverhampton in England, the feat of riding 650 miles on a bicycle in six consecutive days of 12 hours each. He started at 7 o'clock on Monday morning, and up to Friday night had covered 540 miles, thus having 104 miles to accomplish on the last day. He started on Saturday morning at a few minutes after seven, and rode till 11:38, when, having gone 44 miles, he rested for dinner. Starting again at 2 o'clock, he went along at a splendid pace, and eventually completed the distance at twenty minutes to eight.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL AT NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

We have already illustrated and described the reception of Lord Dufferin and suite at Victoria, B. C. We add to-day sketches of his visit to Westminister. On the arrival of the Governor General and suite on board H. M. S. Amethyst at Burrard Inlet, they were received with a salute of seventeen guns. Shortly after landing, the distinguished party visited the extensive lumber mills. The next morning they visited Mr. Rogers' logging camp, English Bay, and witnessed the operation of felling tress, etc. In the afternoon His Lordship arrived at New Westminister. At three p. m. the carriages passed under the first arch, and the procession being formed in accordance with the programme, proceeded to the Crescent amid frequent cheers from the assembled multitude. As the procession approached the Crescent, the guns of the Seymour Artillery boomed forth the royal salute. The Firemen and Rifle Corps quickly formed in line to make way for his Excellency's carriage, and having alighted, his Lordship and Lady Dufferin ascended to the dais provided for them, and the reception commenced. On Lady Dufferin reaching the dais, a number of young ladies scattered

flowers in her path, and a beautiful bouquet was presented to her by Miss Webster, and Miss Macaulay read an address of welcome to the Countess of Dufferin, to which the Countess replied appropriately.

Dr. McInnes, Mayor of New Westminister City, then presented an address to His Excellency who made a suitable reply. After the introduction of a number of ladies and gentlemen to their Excellencies, the presentation of Indian Chiefs took place. The chiefs were formed into a circle with their respective flags unfurled, and certainly presented a very novel sight. His Lordship went round the circle and was presented to each of the chiefs in turn by Mr. Lenihan, Indian Commissioner. His Lordship took his position on the front of the platform with Lady Dufferin and listened to the addresses from each tribe. At the conclusion of the Indian addresses his Lordship addressed the assemblage of chiefs. He told them that he had been sent by their English mother the Queen to converse with them about their affairs and to assist them when practicable. He had been told by their chief that they were ignorant and weak, but this he attributed to their humility. He found them sturdy and respectable in appearance, sober and well conducted. He said there were three persons in whose eyes the Indian was always equal to the white man, these were God, the Queen and the Law. His Lordship, in conclusion, warned them against the effects of intemperance and indulgence in spirituous liquors. His Excellency then inspected the Seymour Artillery and Hyack Fire Company and having taken lunch, witnessed a series of canoe races, drove through the city to inspect the handsome decorations, and subsequently went on board the steamer Royal City, which at 9 p. m., moved into the stream, followed by upwards of 100 canoes each carrying from five to ten torches. The sight was most effective and at midnight the Vice-Regal party sailed for Yale. The municipalities of Langley and Maple Ridge joined in the reception and presented appropriate addresses of welcome, to both of which his Excellency replied in fitting language.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mr. Sims Reeves has accepted an offer of £15,000 to give fifty concerts in Australia, and will sail for the antipodes in June, 1877.

Rossi, the tragedian, according to the wish of his American manager, postpones his visit to America until September of next year.

Mr. Dion Boucicault has promised to write a drama, the subject of which will be the escape of the Fenian convicts from the Australian penal settlement.

Some particulars have lately been published as to the origin of Sims Reeves, the famous tenor. His is a case of hereditary talent, his father having been a musician in the band of the Royal Artillery.

Madame Adelina Patti is now in Paris. For the first time in the course of her triumphant career she has been reported in delicate health, and a consultation of physicians was, at last accounts, to decide whether she could fulfil her operatic engagement at St. Petersburg, this winter.

Madame Suzanne Lagier, a good actress, but extremely stout, was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Tallade, the original Pierre of *The Two Orphans*, who had at one position to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the fat heroine, but although she helped her little comrade by standing on tip-toe, in the usual manner, he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture a boy in the gallery called out, "Take what you can, and come back for the rest."

SOTHERN'S advertising device in Boston was as follows: During his delivery of the tag in the "Hornet's Nest," he was interrupted by a man in a private box, who proceeded, amid the hisses and cries of "Put him out" from the audience, to denounce the play as a piece without head or tail. Sothern rejoined that it was not a two-cent piece to have a head or tail. The man grew more violent, and was hustled from the box by a policeman. He was an actor who had consented to perform in that way.

THE first act of Wagner's *Walkure*, lately performing at Bayreuth, represented an interior, with a prodigious fire apparently blazing on the hearth. In order to render the illusion more complete, Herr Wagner caused the machinist of his theatre to add dense clouds of smoke; these, however, incommoded the tenor singer Herr Niemann, to such a degree that he grew as hoarse as a cuckoo in June. "Can you not dispense with all this smoke?" he asked of the composer. "That will never do," answered Wagner; "as there is no smoke without fire, so there can be no fire without smoke." But this smoke, said the tenor, "prevents my singing properly." "Nevertheless you must sing," declared the composer. "The smoke is necessary to the perfection of my art-workmanship." "In that case nothing will be more easy than to arrange the matter," said Herr Niemann; "make the chimney sing, and I will do the smoking part of the business."

ARTISTIC.

CHARLES SUMNER couldn't tell a good picture from a bad one, and most of his collection was rubbish.

A monument to the memory of Tomaso Grossi was unveiled on the 10th ult. at Bellano, near Como. After Manzoni and Massimo d'Azeglio, he was regarded as one of the most celebrated Italian novel writers.

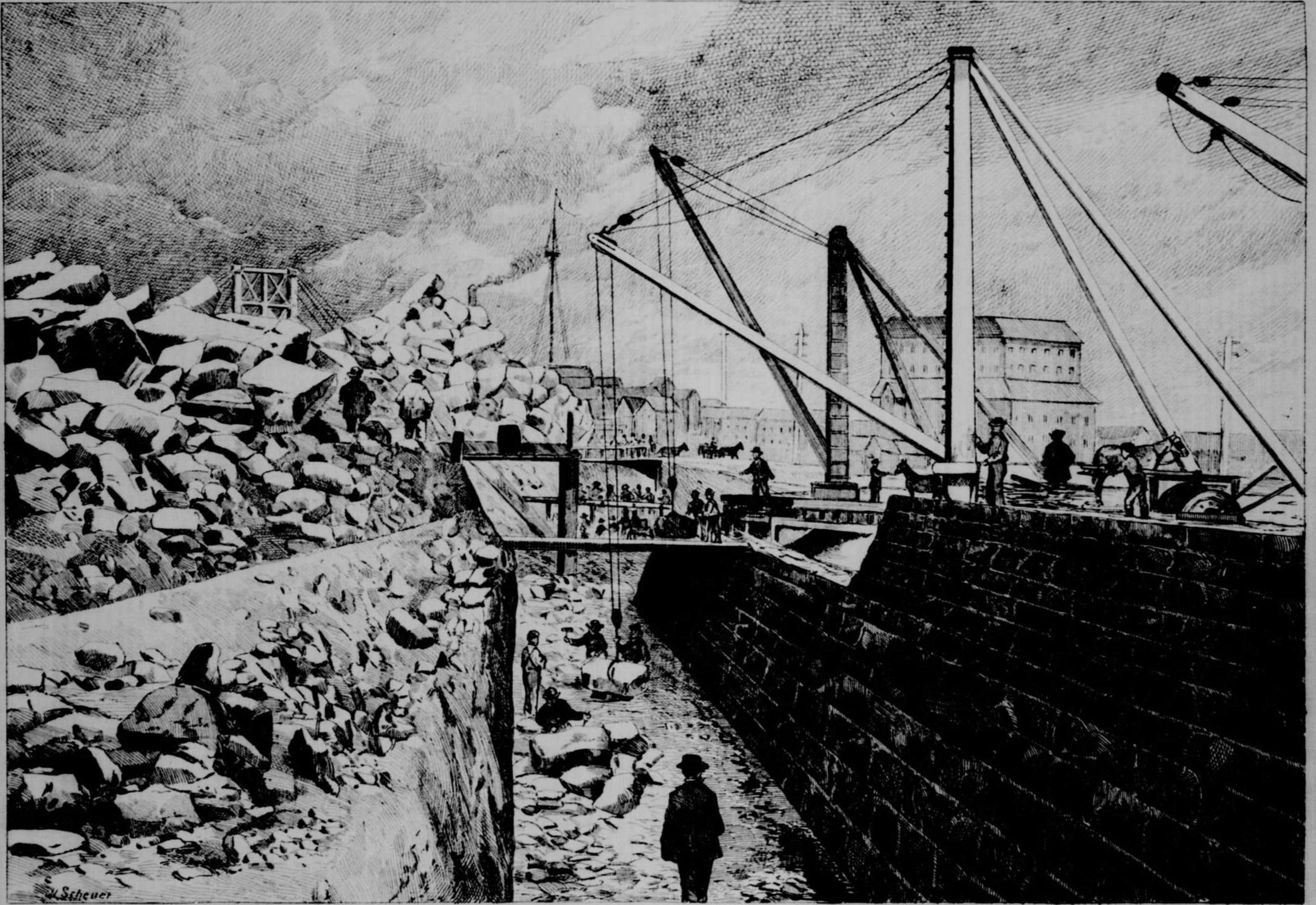
A curious porcelain tureen, with a coarse but vigorous design of the execution of Louis XVI., sold lately at Paris for 492 francs. The executioner, whose portrait is a faithful likeness, is in the act of catching the King's head by the hair, and showing it to the populace.

IN demolishing the lower wall of the Castle of Dieppe, in France, interesting relics have been discovered, consisting of coins and pottery of different periods. The workmen have also come upon the foundations of the ancient Church of St. Rémy, known by antiquaries to have stood near the castle.

A memorial tablet is about to be placed in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of Capt. Alexander McNab, a Canadian, who, as Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Pitt on fell with his chief at Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington stated in Parliament that the preservation of Canada as a portion of the British empire was due to the service of the late Sir Allan Napier McNab, a member of the same family.



ST. JEROME.—INAUGURATION DINNER AT ST. JEROME, IN HONOR OF THE OPENING OF THE FIRST SECTION OF THE Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.



MONTREAL:—THE NEW WORKS ON THE LACHINE CANAL, BEYOND WELLINGTON BRIDGE.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

I hold in my hand a lock of hair,
A single lock of the deepest gray,
A lock that was cut from a well-loved head
That has lain in the grave for many a day.

My eyes are dimming, I cannot help
The feelings I have of grim despair,
For I long to see the face once more
On which once fell this lock of hair.

Sleep on in the grave and take sweet rest,
The bitter tears for thee I shed,
As I think of the day they came and gave
Me the lock they had cut from my mother's head.

My thoughts are away in the happy Past,
When she was young, and I was a boy,
And I still recall her tender love,
And her pride of me, and her faith and joy.

I remember well the great blue eyes,
And the face unmarked by grief or care,
And this lock, 'tho' now of so deep a gray,
Once lived in the head of golden hair.

I remember the way she coaxed, and nursed,
And soothed me so oft with her gentle talk;
It was she who laughed with fond delight
When my infant feet first tried to walk.

It was she who knelt by the little cot,
And prayed for me over and over again,
And wept like a child herself if she thought
I suffered the slightest cark or pain.

It was she who sang me the evening hymn
That I think of now to this very day,
And I fancy still I can hear her voice,
As I gaze on this lock of silver gray.

It was she, when I passed from her side and went
Into a world of noise and strife,
Who ever prayed for the son she loved
And thought so much of his ways and life.

And year by year, as time flew on,
And I grew up to be older and older,
The days went by, but I knew her love
For me had grown warmer but never colder.

And when they told me that she was dead,
I could not shudder, or move, or cry,
But I prayed myself on that bitter day,
And I longed myself to die.

And since that day I have held most dear,
And I'd not exchange it for life, I say,
For it's all I have of a mother's love,
This little lock of silver gray.

Toronto.

A. D. STEWART.

GEIER-WALLY:

A TALE OF THE TYROL.

CHAPTER VIII.

HARD WOOD.

When Wally again opened her eyes she was surrounded by the deepest gloom; the fire was extinguished, the bells were silent, the Asche thundered in the ravine far below, and high above her head glittered a star. She looked up to it as she lay motionless on her back, and it gazed down upon her like the eye of Providence. A wondrous consolation breathed through the night. The wind swept over her feverish brow with a soft, cool touch, and she started up and began to collect her thoughts. It could not be very late, for the moon had not yet risen. So the fire had been quickly extinguished. It must surely be so; how could flames spread when so many were on the spot ready to aid in putting them out? She knew not how it was; she searched the inmost depths of her soul, and could not feel guilty. She had only done it to defend herself in deadly peril, to escape from her persecutors by giving them something else to do. She was well aware that they would call her incendiary—but was she? She raised her eyes to the star above her head. It seemed as if, for the first time in her life, she was alone with God, and the words He uttered were those of pardon. The clear night sky looked peacefully down upon her; it was for the sake of that sky she had done the deed. Only beneath this lofty starry dome had she room to breathe; to remain imprisoned in the close cellar, without light, for weeks and months, until she would take refuge in the house of her hated suitor and publicly beg her father's pardon on her knees—this was more than death; it was an impossibility.

The girl, who for six months, had been entirely alone in the rude asylum of the glaciers; who had watched through the night with the wild companions, storm, hail and rain, who dwelt there; whose brow was kissed by the light of heaven before it touched the earth; around whom the thunder roared in all its terror, ere its strength was dispersed in the air; the girl who almost daily risked her life as she sprang over bottomless chasms in the rocks to save a goat—this girl could no longer yield to the ideas and tyranny of little minds, could not allow herself to be bound like an animal; she was forced to defend herself to the death. Men had no longer any rights over her, they had cast her off and made her the companion of the elements; what marvel that she summoned one of the wild comrades—fire—to aid her in the struggle against men? She could not clearly express all this; she had never learned to think about her own nature; she knew not why it was, but she felt that God was not angry with her, that He from His lofty throne judged her by a different standard from that of men; had not everything she had thought grand when in the depths seemed small and pitiful as she gazed from her mountain peaks? How, then, must it be with Him on the heights of Heaven? God alone understood her; the people below might think her a criminal, God absolved her.

She rose, shook the burden from her soul, and became once more the old Wally, resolute and confident, strong and free.

"Now, Hansl, what shall we do?" she asked the eagle, to whom, for want of any other com-

panion, she had become accustomed to speak aloud. Hansl darted after some nocturnal reptile, seized and swallowed it.

"You are right," said Wally, "we must seek our bread. You are safe; you can find it everywhere; but I?" Suddenly Hansl grew restless, rose high in the air, and seemed to gaze at something in the distance.

Wally remembered that, now the fire was extinguished, she might be pursued, and must go on as quickly as possible. But whither? Her first thought was Sölden. But a deep flush crimsoned her face; might not Joseph think she was running after him? And was he to see her in disgrace, poor, driven from her home, scouted and derided as an "incendiary"?

No, he must not see her so, he least of all. Better to wander to the ends of the earth. And without any further reflection she took the eagle on her shoulder—the only property she possessed—and set out in the direction from which she had come in the morning—toward Heiligkreuz.

She had walked two hours; her feet were sore and she was utterly exhausted when the steep Heiligkreuz rose before her in the gloom, and, like the lantern in a lighthouse, the rising moon shone through the open belfry and showed the wanderer the right way.

Staggering from fatigue, she dragged herself through the sleeping village to the church. Now and then a dog barked as she glided by. Whoever caught her now would take her for a thief. She trembled, as if she were really one. What had the proud Wally Stromminger become?

The parsonage stood behind the church. Beside the door was a wooden bench, and from the small boxes by the little window hung the withered leaves and stalks of the mountain pinks. Here Wally intended to wait till morning; the priest would at least protect her from all treatment. She threw herself on the bench; Hansl perched on the arm over her head, and after a few moments nature asserted her rights and she fell asleep.

"Merciful Heaven, what sort of foundling hast thou given me?" said a voice in Wally's ear; and when she opened her eyes it was broad daylight, and no less a personage than the priest himself stood before her.

"Praised be the Lord Jesus Christ," faltered Wally, in an embarrassed tone, springing from the bench.

"In eternity—amen. My child, how did you come here, who are you, and what strange companion is this? One might almost be afraid of you," said the reverend gentleman, smiling.

"Your reverence," said Wally, simply, "I have a heavy load on my conscience, and would like to confess to you. My name is Wallburga, and I am the daughter of Stromminger, who owns the Hochstuf on the Sonnenplate. I have run away from home. I had a quarrel with Vincenz, and beat a hole in his head, and then I set my father's barn on fire—"

The priest clasped his hands in horror. "God help us! what stories are these? So young, and already so wicked!"

"Your reverence, I'm not naturally wicked; indeed I'm not, I can't hurt a fly; but they drove me to it," said Wally, looking at the priest with her large honest eyes, till he could not help believing her, whether he desired to or not. "Come in," said he, "and tell me about it, but leave that monster outside!" he meant the eagle. Wally tossed the bird into the air; it flew on the roof, and she followed the priest into the little house. He took her into his own room.

It was very quiet and peaceful. In an alcove stood a rude wooden bedstead with two flaming hearts, which, to the priest's eyes represented the hearts of our Saviour and the Virgin Mary. Over the bed was a china cup for holy water, and a shelf containing religious books. Around the room were several more shelves with other books, an old writing-desk, a brown wooden bench behind a large heavy table, several wooden chairs, a stool under a larger crucifix bearing a garland of edelweiss, and a few gay lithographs of the Pope and various saints. From the ceiling hung a cage containing a crossbill. An old-fashioned bureau, with brass lions' heads, whose mouths held rings for pulling out the heavy drawers, was the principal ornament, and on this bureau were all sorts of beautiful things. A shrine with a carved saint, a little glass case containing a wax figure of the Christ Child in a red silk cradle, a tiny glass spinning wheel, and a faded bouquet of artificial flowers, like those made in a convent, in a yellow vase under a glass shade. Next came a little box of bright shells, then a manger formed of moss and glittering stones, with tiny carved figures of men and animals. Beside these sacred objects there was no lack of beautiful cups and mugs; and, lastly, on the right and left of the manger, stood two crystal salt cellars. And the whole array was as clean as if there were no such thing as dust in the world. This bureau, with its various ingenious trifles, was the altar which the lonely priest, six thousand feet above the sea and modern culture had raised to the God of beauty. There he probably often stood, when the snow whirling outside and the storm shook the little wooden house, gazed thoughtfully at the pretty tiny world, shook his head with a smile, and said, "What cannot men make?"

Wally thought the same, as, in passing, her eyes wandered timidly over the wonderful little objects. Rich as her father was, such things had never appeared in his house—what could the rude peasants have done with them? Never in all her life had she seen anything of the kind, she to whom a spinning wheel standing beside her scythes and pitchforks had seemed the em-

bodiment of elegance. She really felt as if she could not move in the little room without breaking something—as if she must be particularly careful here. She involuntarily tried to take off her heavy, iron-nailed mountain-shoes at the door, in order not to spoil the smooth white floor, but the priest would not allow it; so she stepped as lightly as she could, and sat down on the extreme end of the bench he offered her. The reverend gentleman's clear, kind eyes rested steadily upon her, and saw that she could not remove her astonished gaze from the ornaments on the bureau. He was an excellent judge of human nature. "Would you like to look at my pretty things first? Do so, my child, or you will be unable to fix your attention on the grave subjects we wish to discuss."

He led Wally to the mysterious bureau, explained everything, and told her where he obtained them all.

Wally did not trust herself to speak, but looked and listened with the utmost reverence. When, as the last and best of all, they reached the manger, the priest said:—"See, this is Jerusalem behind, and these are the three kings who went to see the Christ Child. Look, there is the star that guided them, and there—there is the little child lying in the manger, as yet unconscious that it is born to suffer for the sins of the world. It cannot think, and has brought no recollection of its heavenly home, because the Son of God must become a true human child like any other, otherwise men might have said it was no merit to be good and patient like Jesus Christ, when He was the Son of God, and had divine power, and that such a pattern could not be imitated by ordinary mortals. Unfortunately, they say so often enough, and continue to sin." Wally gazed at the little naked child, with its gold-paper glory, lying in the manger so patiently, and listened to the words of the priest; and she thought of the stern, gloomy "Lord on the Cross" as a poor, helpless human child, born to suffer, she pitied it, and was sorry that she had been "so hard" upon the poor crucified form yesterday beside Luckard's death-bed. "But why did He submit to it all?" she said, involuntarily, more to herself than the priest.

"Because He wished to show men that they must not repay evil with evil, or seek to revenge themselves; for God has said, 'Vengeance is mine.'" Wally blushed and cast down her eyes.

"Now come, my child," said the wise man, "make your confession."

"It will be very short, your reverence," replied Wally. And honest as she had always been, she related without palliation, though in a low, timid voice, how everything had happened, and soon the whole became clear to the confessor. A powerful picture of life sketched with bold strokes, unrolled before him, and he pitied the noble young creature who had run wild amid rugged crags and rude men.

When Wally had finished, he sat for a long time in silence, gazing thoughtfully into vacancy. His eyes rested on an old worn book on the shelves nailed against the wall, a present from a stranger whom he had hospitably entertained. On the binding, in gilt letters were the words, "Nibelungen-Lied."

"Your reverence," said Wally, who had mistaken the thoughtful expression of his features for one of reproach, "it was because too much came upon me at once; my heart was full of anger about poor Luckard, and then he struck Klettenmaier, too. You know I couldn't see the old man beaten, and if it happened over again, I should do just the same. And I'm not an incendiary if they do call me one. Do you think so? If I set fire to my home in broad daylight, with all the people there, it can't burn much. I didn't know how to help myself, and then I thought if they had to put out a fire they couldn't run after me. And if that is a sin I don't know what I'm to do in a world where the people are so wicked and do me all sorts of wrong."

"You must do like Jesus Christ: bear and suffer," said the priest.

"You know, your reverence," said Wally, "if the Lord Jesus Christ allowed everything to be done to Him, He knew why. He wanted to teach the people something. But I should not know why I did it, for nobody in Oetzthal will learn anything from me. And if I had allowed myself to be locked into the cellar ever so patiently, it would have been useless, for nobody would have taken any example from it, and it might perhaps have cost me my life."

The priest hesitated a moment, then fixed his kindly searching eyes on Wally and shook his head. "You unruly child, would you like to begin the struggle again with me? You have been so disturbed and irritated that you foresee opposition and enemies everywhere. Take breath, and remember where you are; you are with one of God's servants, and God says, 'I am love'; that shall be no empty word to you. I will show you that it is true. I will tell you that, even if all men hate and condemn, God loves and pardons you. Rude men, rugged mountains and fierce storms have made you what you are, and that the dear God knows well, for He looks into your heart and sees it is good and honest, whatever faults you have committed. And He knows that no garden flowers grow in the wilderness, and rude axes can perform no delicate carving. But now listen. When our Lord and Master finds such coarse work on an especially good piece of wood, which seems to Him worth the trouble of making into something better, He takes the knife Himself and carves the bungling human work into some

beautiful object. Now, I think you will beware of hardening your nature still more, for you see when our Lord has made a few strokes and finds the wood too hard, He grows weary of the trouble and casts the task aside. Take heed, my child, that your heart is soft and yielding under God's fingers. When a hard pressure seems unendurable to you, be docile and think you feel the hand of God working upon you. And when some keen pang cuts deep into your soul, think that is God's knife cutting out the irregularities. Do you understand me?"

Wally nodded rather doubtfully.

"Well," said the old man, "I will make it plainer. Which should you rather be, a rude staff, with which we can kill people, and which, when it grows rotten, we break and burn, or a delicate image of some saint, like yonder one, which we put in a shrine and devoutly reverence?"

Now Wally understood him, and nodded eagerly. "Why, of course, I'd rather be the image of a saint."

"Now, you see! Rude hands have fashioned you into a rough staff, but God can carve you into the image of a saint, if you do what I have just told you."

Wally looked at the priest in astonishment. She felt very strangely—pleased and yet ready to weep. After a long silence, she said, timidly, "I don't know how it is, but everything is very different here with you, your reverence. Nobody ever talked so to me before. The priest from Sölden always scolded and talked about the devil and our sins, and I didn't know what he meant, for I had never done anything wicked then. But you talk so I can understand, and I think, if I could stay with you, it would be best for me. I'd work day and night, and earn my bit of bread."

The priest reflected for a time, then sorrowfully shook his head. "It will not do, my poor child. When I consider the matter, I see it cannot be. If I can forgive you in the name of God, I must not before men; for God sees the intention, men only the act. The priest is one man in the confessional; another in the parish. In the confessional he is the mouth-piece of the mercy; in the parish the mouth-piece of the law. He must, by word and example, incite men to honor and keep the law. Think what people would say if the priest should receive an incendiary into his house. Would they understand why I did so? Never; they would only conclude that I took the incendiary under my protection. And if we afterward had any great fire I should be forced to reproach myself bitterly for having encouraged the people to do it, by my indulgence to you. Can you perceive this and accept it without murmuring, as the inevitable result of your act?"

"Yes," replied Wally in a hollow tone, while her eyes grew red with suppressed tears. Then she hastily rose and said, abruptly, "I thank you kindly, your reverence, and wish you a good morning."

"Why? why?" cried the priest, "are you off at once? Don't you think it might be nearer through the wall than the door? If I were in your place I would rather go through the wall!"

Wally paused in confusion and fixed her eyes on the floor. The old gentleman gazed at her in comic surprise. "How much pain it will cost, before that hot blood is calmed! Must you run off at once? Did I say I would leave you to your fate, because I did not wish to keep you in my house? First breakfast with me, for people must eat and Heaven knows how long it is since you have tasted food. Then we will talk again." He went to a sliding window that opened into the kitchen, and told the old maid servant to prepare breakfast for three, then sat down to his desk and wrote for Wally the names of several people, whom he knew to be worthy people.

"See, there is a list of honest men and women in Oetzthal and Gurglerthal," he said to the young girl; "seek service with them. Far back among the mountains, nothing is yet known of your crime, and before they hear the story you can have proved yourself a good servant, so that they will close their eyes to it. You need not refer to me, you are as large and strong as a man; they will gladly hire you. You can work and make yourself useful, if you choose. But you must learn to obey, must accommodate yourself to their ways and habits. I do not ask you to return to your father and allow yourself to be locked up in the cellar, for that would be an unworthy punishment and do you more harm than good. Neither do I ask you to marry Vincenz out of obedience to your father's will, and make yourself miserable for life. But I do expect you to control your wild nature in the service of worthy people, and once more become a useful member of human society. Will you promise me this?"

"I'll try," said Wally, her immovable honesty.

"Well, that is all I ask at present, for I am well aware that you cannot promise more with a good conscience. But try honestly, and always remember that the dear God throws the wood away when it is too hard! I will go to your father this very day, and try to persuade him to forgive and be reconciled to you, or at least no longer persecute you. Send me word where you are, that I may write and tell you how matters stand."

Old Mariann brought in the breakfast, and the priest asked a blessing. Wally also folded her hands devoutly and prayed fervently that God would help her to become good and upright; she was in most sacred earnest, she would so gladly have been worthy, if she had only known how to set about it.

After the blessing had been asked, all three sat down to breakfast. But the meal had scarcely begun, when loud shouts arose outside:—"An eagle! Look at the eagle on the roof! Shoot it, bring a gun!"

"Oh! my Hans!" shrieked Wally, as she started up and rushed to the door.

"Stop!" cried the priest, "what do you intend to do? You can't go out. Do you want to expose yourself unnecessarily, when the people sent by your father may come up to seize you at any moment?"

"I can't leave my eagle in the lurch, come what may," cried Wally, and was out of the door at a single bound.

The priest followed, shaking his head. "The eagle is tame," she called, turning to the crowd; "it belongs to me; let it alone!"

"But such a bird mustn't be allowed to fly around," muttered the people.

"Has it robbed you of a sheep or a child?" asked Wally defiantly.

"No."

"Then let me go with my bird," said the girl, standing before them in an attitude of such proud defiance, that the people looked at her in amazement. "Wally, Wally," said the pastor gently, "remember the hard wood!"

"I do remember it," and she beckoned to the eagle:—"Come, Hans!" The bird shot down from the roof, and the people shrank back in alarm. She took it on her shoulder and approached the priest. "God be with you, your reverence," she said gently, "I thank you for everything!"

"Won't you come in and finish your breakfast?" asked the old gentleman.

"No, I dare not leave the bird alone—and beside, I must go on. What should I wait for?"

"Then may God and all His saints be with you," said the priest, sorrowfully, while old Mariann secretly thrust some food into the pocket of her skirt.

For one moment her foot lingered on the threshold that had grown so dear. Then she walked silently away through the crowd of peasants, who stared at her in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Who is that?"

"She's a witch!" she heard voices murmur behind her.

"She is a stranger," said the priest, "whose confession I have just received!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE KLOTZE ROFEN.

Day after day Wally wandered around the villages to seek a service, but no one would receive her with the eagle, and she would not part from the bird. Even if she had left it, it would have flown back again, and the thought of killing the faithful creature never entered her mind. Now she was indeed Geier-Wally, for her fate was inseparably united to the eagle's, and it exerted the influence of a human being. Luckard's old cousin wished to keep her with her, but there she was too near home—there she would have been completely in her father's power. She must go on; as far as her feet would carry her. The weather constantly grew colder. It began to snow, and the nights Wally spent on some open hay-rick were sensibly colder. Her clothes were shabby and dirty; she began to look like a wandering beggar, and was more and more harshly dismissed when she knocked at some peasant's door. She looked so wild that no kind-hearted woman now asked her to work a few hours in the house and then share the family dinner, though for the sake of charity, a bit of bread was sometimes handed to her from the door, and Wally, proud Wally Strommingner, sat down on the threshold and ate it. For she did not want to die. Life, tortured, persecuted, naked life, was still so beautiful, so long as she could hope that some day Joseph would love her! For the sake of this hope, she could endure everything, hunger, cold, disgrace! But her strong constitution began to sink under the perpetual anxiety and exposure, her eyes grew dim, her feet almost refused to support her, and when she lay down to rest her senses became confused in a feverish half-slumber. The feeling that she was growing ill overwhelmed her with a suffocating dread. This, too! If she should remain lying senseless in some barn, the people would carry her to her father, and she would be in his power once more. She had wandered into the Gurglerthal, and as she found nothing there, again mounted the toll-road to the Oetzthal. Some impulse had attracted her to Vent, which lay under the shelter of her father Murzoll; it seemed like a part of home. But there she had fared still worse. The ruler of the region, the ruler are the people who inhabit it. The news of Wally's crime had preceded her, and wherever she appeared she encountered horror and aversion. She did not refer to the priest at Heiligkreuz, for he had forbidden her to do so, and she saw that he was right. But for this reason she sought no other pastor, since none could receive her.

The last house in Vent had just closed its door behind her. Before her there was now naught, save the heaven aspiring cliffs of the Plattenkogel, Wildspitze, and Hochvernaght, that closed the valley, and over which no path led. Here the world on all sides closed like a blind alley, and she was at the end of the blind alley. She stood gazing at the steep, rugged mountain walls. It was a gray, dreary morning, and deep snow, which had fallen during the night, made the whole valley appear like one vast white heet. All traces of a path had disappeared.

She sat down and thought:—"If I fall asleep and freeze it will be an easy death!" But the weather was not yet cold enough for that. The snow melted under her and she was soon shivering from the dampness. Suddenly she sprang to her feet and dragged herself to the heights, which rise behind Vent on the way to Hochjoch. From here she could overlook the whole region, and now perceived a sort of furrow that wound behind the village along the Thalleitspitz into the heart of the mountains. It might be a foot path, but where did it lead? She ascended still higher, to obtain a wider view, and it seemed as if a bandage suddenly fell from her eyes. That was the road that led from Vent to Rofen, the highest inhabited spot in the whole Tyrol, the last in Oetzthal, where human beings perched like eagles, only two families, the Klotze and the G'strein. Rofen, quiet secluded Rofen, at the foot of the terrible Vernagt glacier, on the shore of the sea of ice, where no foot wandered year in and year out, over which an ancient legend wove a mysterious veil. This was the spot where Wally belonged, the last asylum where she might find help, or at least die quietly, like the animals in the wilderness. Thither she would go, to the Klotze of Rofe! They were the most famous guides in all Tyrol, as much at home on the mountains as the mountain sprites; they could understand that Wally would rather set fire to a house, rather die, than be robbed of freedom, and they could protect her against the whole world, for Rofen had the right of affording sanctuary. Duke Friederich had bestowed it, as a token of gratitude for having once, when pressed by his enemies, found shelter there. Joseph the Second, it is true, had abolished it at the end of the last century, but peasants cling firmly to old customs, and the inhabitants of Oetzthal voluntarily continued to respect it. Whoever found refuge in Rofen was unassailable, for the "Klotze" and "G'strein," who lived there, received no one who was undeserving, and were held in the same respect as their ancestors. An assault upon their houses would have been like a violation of the sanctity of a church.

Wally raised her arms to Heaven in fervent gratitude, that God had pointed out this path, and with a dizzy brain and tottering steps toiled toward the last goal her strength would still enable her to reach. The road first descended, and then rose steeply upward.

She had journeyed for an endless hour. Before her, as if sleeping in the snow, were the quiet venerable houses of Rofen, which she had often seen from Murzoll, resting like eagles' nests among the rocks. Her heart throbbled so that she could hear it beat, her knees trembled. Would she be turned away here also? Another snow storm whirled noiselessly down and wrapped everything in a white moving veil. The flakes whirled and danced before Wally's eyes, and the white veil floated with a cool touch around her head, but melted on her feverish brow and flowed over her face and hair as water, and then she shivered with a sudden chill. At last she stood before the door of Nicodemus Klotz and seized the iron knocker, but even as she grasped it her eyes grew strangely dim. She fell heavily against the door and she lay stretched at full length before it.

The white flakes still whirled down into the narrow valley, veiling and covering every object and forming a peaceful white mound over the senseless form that lay before Nicodemus Klotz's well-barred door.

Nicodemus Klotz was sitting by the warm stove, smoking his pipe and gazing comfortably at the flakes descending outside the window. The minutes passed quietly away, while his youngest brother, Leander, a handsome hunter, was reading a weekly newspaper.

"The snow is coming down finely again," said Nicodemus.

"Yes," replied Leander, looking up at the flakes floating before the little window. Suddenly, in the midst of the whirling white cloud, a dark object struck against the panes, fluttered, screamed, and then flew on the roof.

"That was something," said Leander, rising. "Whatever it may have been," growled his brother, "you can't get outside the door in this storm."

"I don't know," said Leander, taking his gun down from the wall; the hunter's spirit stirred within him at the sound of wings. He left the room and cautiously opened the door, that no sound might frighten the bird. A heap of snow fell in, and he perceived the pile before the threshold. He could not get out, and must bring a shovel to clear the wall away. Angriily putting the weapon aside, he began his task.

"Merciful God, what's this?" he suddenly exclaimed; "Nicodemus, come quick; here is something under the snow; help!"

His brother hurried out, in the twinkling of an eye. The pile was partially cleared away, an arm, a beautiful rounded arm, appeared, and they drew forth a senseless body.

"Oh! Heaven, it's a girl—and what a girl!" whispered Leander, as the beautiful head and bust appeared.

"How can she have wandered here?" said Nicodemus, shaking his head, as not without making a considerable effort, he raised the heavy body from the snow.

"Is she dead?" asked Leander, gently feeling her pulse, while his eyes rested with mingled terror on the pallid face.

"She must be carried into the house at once and rubbed," said Nicodemus.

They took the motionless figure in and laid it on Nicodemus' bed. "She must be there a good half hour; it is surely as long as that since

I heard a heavy blow on the door, but I thought it was a mass of snow from the roof."

Leander brought a pail full of snow and tried to help remove the girl's bodice.

"No, no," said the older man, "that won't do—such a young fellow—the girl would be ashamed if she should know it! Go and see if you can't get some one from the G'strein's, Kathrin' or Mariann', Go!"

Leander could not turn his eyes from the motionless figure. "Such a beautiful girl!" he murmured, compassionately, as he left the room.

The experienced guide now undressed the girl and rubbed her with snow until the skin began to grow red and the blood to circulate. Then he dried her thoroughly, wrapped her up carefully, and poured a few drops of some powerful cordial down her throat.

At last she revived, stirred, stretched herself, and looked around the room. But her eyes were glassy and expressionless, and after stammering a few unintelligible words, she closed them again.

"She is sick," said Nicodemus to Leander, who had just returned, and a stout peasant woman, after shaking off the snow at the door, followed him into the room.

"Mariann," said Nicodemus—she was his married sister—"you must help. Two men, like Leander and me, can't wait on the girl. Leander's already staying at her like one possessed."

He cast an anxious glance at the young fellow who was standing by the head of the bed and seemed to be devouring the beautiful face with his eyes. Now, as if caught in some misdeed, he turned away with a deep blush.

Mariann approached the bed and her first question was, of course, "Who can she be?"

"Yes, Heaven only knows. Some vagabond," said Nicodemus.

"Not at all," growled Leander; "any one can see that she's no vagabond."

"Yes, yes," replied Mariann, "because she's handsome, and you like her looks! I'll tell you what, many a lass has a fair face and a foul soul. You can't judge by that. A well behaved girl don't wander about at this season of the year in a snow storm, till she drops. There's something wrong about this one, and God only knows what sort of creature we've got in the house!"

"Well, it's all the same now," replied Nicodemus, kindly; "we can't drive any sick woman out into the snow and cold, no matter who she may be."

"Well," said his sister, "I'll run across and take care of her for you; but she doesn't come into my house, mind that!"

"That isn't at all necessary. We'll keep her ourselves," retorted Leander angrily, and as Wally again murmured something, bent over her tenderly asked, "What is it; what would you like?"

The elder brother and sister exchanged glances. "Hark ye," said Nicodemus; "I've something to say to you. Keep away from here until we know who this person is. There's the hole the carpenter made; walk through it, and don't come into my room again, or I'll drive the girl away, sick as she is! Do you understand?"

"Well, a man might be allowed to look at a girl," muttered Leander; "I don't know what you mean."

"Go out, I won't have you here so long as I am master of the house and your guardian." With these words Nicodemus pushed him out of the chamber and remained alone with his sister and the sick girl.

Wally did not recover her senses; she was tossing in the delirium of fever. Her throat was swollen, her limbs stiff and sore. The brother and sister soon saw that the stranger must have been terribly chilled and wearied, and nursed her as well as they could. Meantime Leander wandered restlessly about the house. Whenever any one came out of the sick room, he appeared and asked how the patient was. His heart was full of indignation; he would have been only too glad to care for the beautiful girl. Toward evening, when it stopped snowing, he took his gun and left the house, but had been absent only a few minutes when he hurried back and called Nicodemus out of the sick room, "Look," said he, in an excited tone, "there's an eagle perched on the roof; a magnificent golden eagle, looking around as quietly if he belonged there."

"Ah!" said Nicodemus, "that's strange."

"Come and see," cried Leander, dragging his brother out of the house with him. "There, there he sits, without moving. The splendid fellow, and I can't shoot him. It's the devil's own luck!"

"Why can't you shoot him?" said Nicodemus.

"I can't fire now, with the sick girl in the house!" exclaimed Leander, stamping his foot.

"Drive him away," advised Nicodemus; "then you can follow and shoot him a long distance off, where the gun can't be heard."

"Shoo! shoo!" shouted Leander, throwing snow-balls at the bird, to frighten him away. The eagle ruffled his feathers, screamed, and at last rose into the air; but, instead of flying away, circled around for some time high above the house, and then quietly returned to his place on the roof.

"Why, that's strange. He won't go. He acts as if he were tame."

Once, twice they renewed their attempts to frighten the bird, always with the same result.

"He is bewitched," said Leander, making the sign of the cross; but this did not trouble

the eagle; so he probably had nothing to do with the devil.

"I think he has been shot and can't fly. At any rate, nobody can do anything more," said Nicodemus. "Let him stay there quietly till he falls down on his accord, if you don't want to startle the sick girl by the shot."

"Why, if he's half dead, I think he might be caught in the hands," replied Leander. He brought a ladder, placed it against the side of the house, and cautiously ascended it. The bird quietly allowed him to approach. The young hunter drew his handkerchief from his pocket and tried to throw it over the eagle's head; but it struck at him so fiercely that he was forced to beat a retreat as fast as possible.

Nicodemus laughed. "Well, he showed you how easy it is to catch eagles with the hands. I could have told you so."

"I don't know what sort of a bird it is," muttered Leander, shaking his head. "Just wait," he called, "till I catch you somewhere else."

"You can shoot him to-morrow, if he doesn't die during to-night. If he can fly, he'll go away, and certainly not come here a second time."

It began to grow dark, and Mariann came out, saying that she must go home and get her husband's supper.

The brothers went in, and Nicodemus brought some bread and cheese from the pantry.

While he was absent, Leander gently raised the latch of the door which opened from the sitting-room into Wally's chamber, and peeped through the crack. The young girl was lying quietly and sleeping soundly in Nicodemus' warm bed. It was so long since she had rested comfortably; one could see how much good the slumber did her, she nestled so easily among the pillows. "God be with you, poor thing, God be with you!" murmured Leander, hastily closing the door, for he heard Nicodemus coming, and was once more sitting on the bench by the stove when the latter entered with the supper. "We can manage very well to-night, as Benedict is away; I can sleep in his bed. But when he comes back to-morrow, we must all three share the two beds."

"Oh! I want no bed," exclaimed Leander, eagerly. "For her sake I'd sleep on the bench by the stove, or in the barn; it's all the same to me. If any one of us is to be disturbed on her account, it shall be nobody but me."

"Well, just as you like. But it must be in the barn, not on the bench by the stove, which is close by the sick room. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes, I understand," said Leander, biting his cheek as if it were a sour apple. The chambers occupied by the two younger brothers were directly opposite that of Nicodemus, and the latter took the absent one's bed. Several times during the night, he rose and went to Wally's door, to hear what she was doing. The young girl talked and raved a good deal, and once Nicodemus distinctly understood something about an eagle.

"Aha!" he thought, "she saw the eagle, too, on her way here. Now the fright pursues her, even in sleep."

Early the next morning, before breakfast, the restless Leander wandered out of the house again, and did not return until nearly noon.

"Well, how is the sick girl?" he asked, as he entered.

"Just the same. She hasn't recovered her senses, and is constantly raving about people who want to catch her."

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.

Hon. Mr. Cartwright is going to England soon.

Lord Dufferin has left Toronto for a trip to Philadelphia.

Major-General Selby Smyth has returned to Ottawa from England.

Gov. Kemper, of Virginia, has declined to name a Virginia Day for celebration at the Centennial.

Mr. Isaac Watson succeeds Mr. J. M. Anderson as editor and proprietor of the Prescott *Telegraph*.

Mr. Potter has resigned the Presidency of the Grand Trunk Railway on account of disagreement with his colleagues.

Mr. Forget, of Montreal, and Mr. William Scott have been appointed respectively Clerk of the North-West Council and Registrar for the North-West Territory.

The man Blanchet, who is charged with having caused the great fire at St. Hyacinthe recently, has made his escape from the gaol in that place, in company with another prisoner.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

MONTREAL has within two years lost \$200,000 by non-payment of water rates.

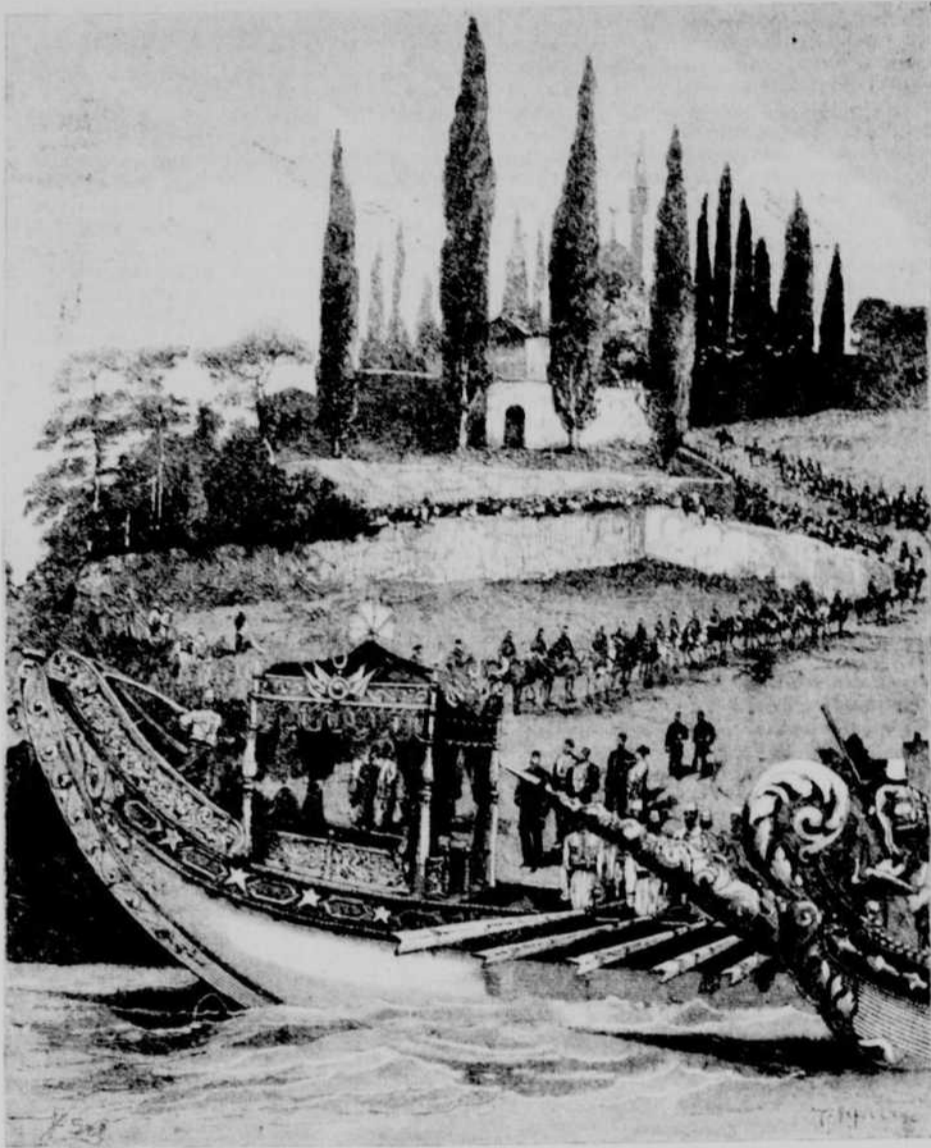
The Quebec Press Association has adopted the rule of payment in advance.

A grand *bonspiel* of curlers is to be held in Hamilton in January, when the principal match will be East vs. Ontario.

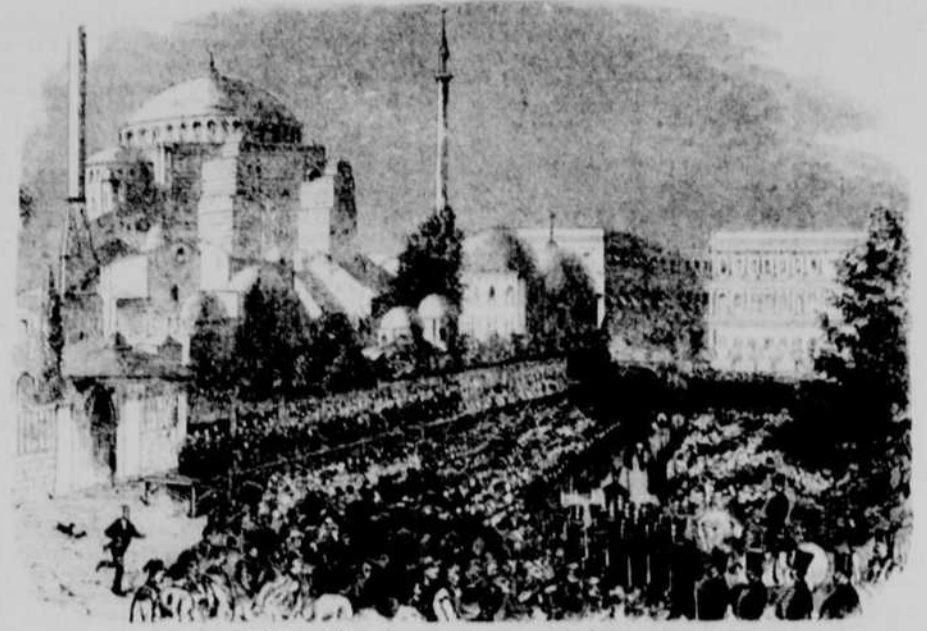
During the recent gale on the Labrador coast some 15,000 quintals of fish, principally owned by Newfoundland merchants, were lost.

The abundant harvest in Manitoba has put persons in the humor for rejoicing and there will undoubtedly be a large turn out at the several fairs to be held in the Province.

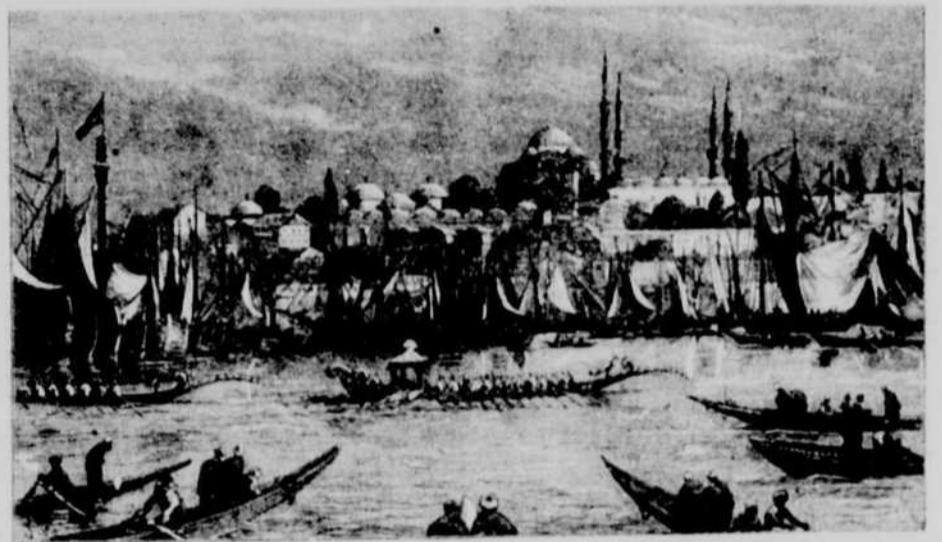
The conference of representatives of the Quebec and Ontario Governments in reference to the unsettled financial question between the two Provinces was held at Ottawa, last week. Messrs. Mowat and Crooks represented the Ontario Government, and Messrs. De Roucheville and Church the Quebec Government.



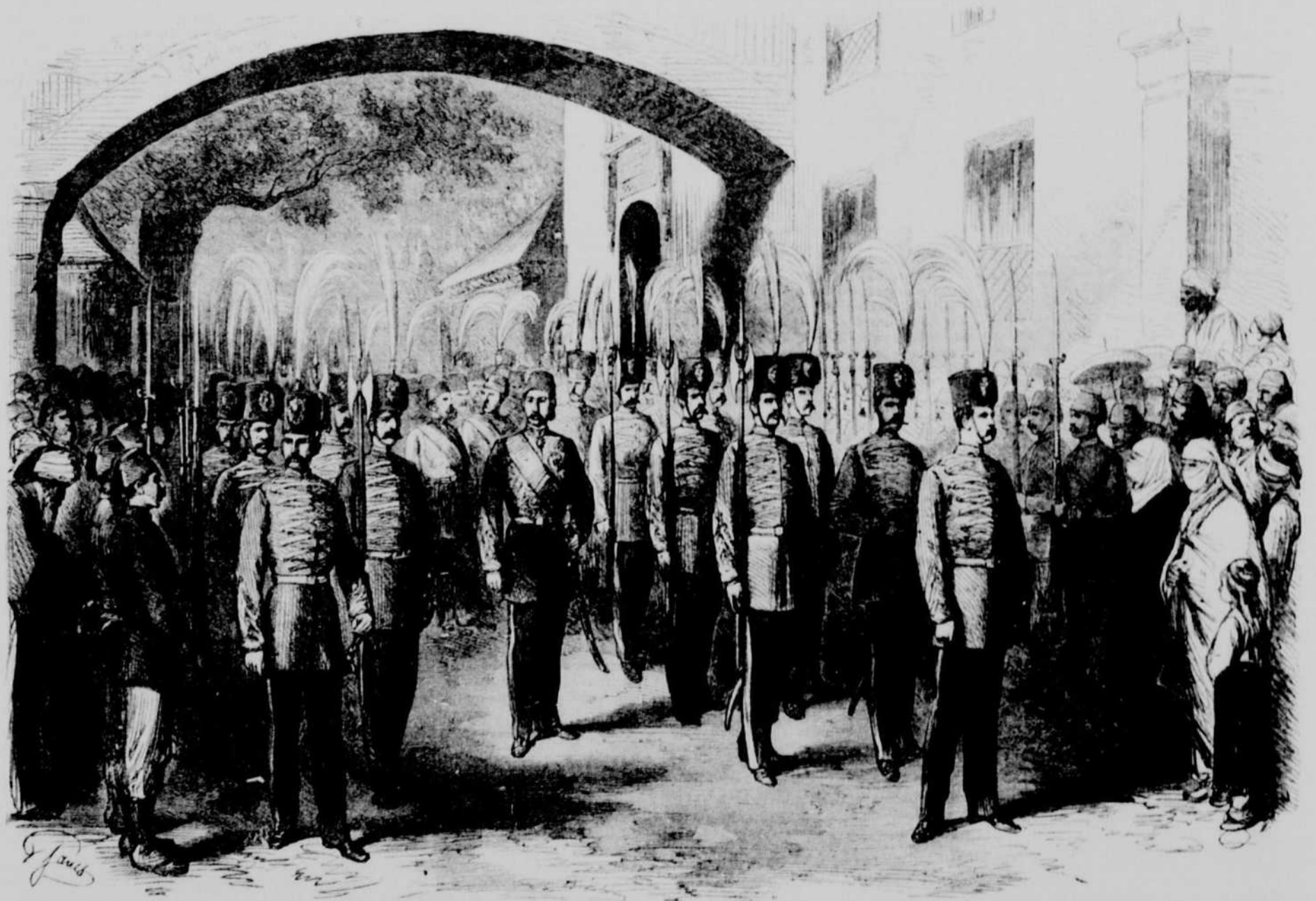
THE SULTAN LANDING AT THE MOSQUE OF EYOUB.



ST. SOPHIA SQUARE.—THE SULTAN, AFTER THE INVESTITURE GOING TO THE PALACE OF TOP-CAPOU.



THE GOLDEN HORN.—THE SULTAN, IN HIS STATE CAIQUE, ON HIS WAY TO THE MOSQUE OF EYOUB.



THE SULTAN'S GUARD OF HONOR, AT THE MOSQUE OF EYOUB.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—INVESTITURE OF H. M. ABD-UL-HAMID II.



THE SULTAN CROSSING THE COURT YARD OF THE MOSQUE OF EYOUB, AFTER TAKING THE SWORD OF OTHMAN.



ABD-UL-HAMID ENTERING THE HOLY MOSQUE.
CONSTANTINOPLE :—INVESTITURE OF THE NEW SULTAN.

WAITING.

Wearily waiting
All through long years;
Hoping and wishing;
Of shedding tears;
Mourning air-castles,
Faded and gone;
Slowly and sadly
Days wear on;

Thinking of sweet hours
Now passed away,
Listening for light steps
All through the day,
Nights spent in waking
Visions of love,
Clouds hanging o'er me
Darkly above.

It is worth living,
Living for naught,
Better than dreams with
Sadness so fraught?
What does it matter
That I should be
Living and breathing,
If I'm not free?

Vows, tho' to self made,
Chaining, 'tis meet,
Not binding thoughts, but
Word and deed;
Days full of sadness,
Nights full of pain,
Wishing and longing;
All—all—in vain!

Dreams of the bygone
Haunting my brain;
Thoughts crowding quickly,
Fleeting again;
Darkness enshrouding
All that is Past,
Present and Future—
Death then at last!

Quebec.

FUCHSIA.

THE JAWS OF DEATH.

Buchárpore is a quaint, isolated little place, situated in that portion of Her Britannic Majesty's Eastern dominions known as Bengal proper. It is garrisoned by a solitary regiment of Irregular Cavalry, possessing also a civil surgeon, a collector or junior magistrate, and a missionary. Being quite out of the beaten track, it is naturally the quintessence of dullness and the abode of the foul fiend *zami*. Three years in this benighted spot are almost equivalent to sojourning for the same period on a desert island, and any regiment under such a ban is always cordially commiserated.

To this unblest region it was my bad fortune to return after two years' furlough. My leave had been spent in the very heart of civilization—partly on the Continent, and partly in our own tight little island. The contrast between the life I had led and that in prospect nearly drove me to despair. There was but one faint gleam of hope. My friend Jack Carrington, an enthusiastic sportsman, wrote that it was a splendid shooting country.

Jack, who was the laziest beggar alive, would never have troubled himself to put pen to paper but for that potent lever which rarely fails to move men's minds—to wit, self-interest. He wanted a rifle and a supply of ammunition, which he asked me to buy and bring out. I did as requested, taking care to stock myself pretty completely at the same time.

We never talk of winter in the plains of India; but luckily it was the middle of the cold weather when I arrived, so my journey was pleasantly cool. The last eighty miles were traversed in a doolie—palanquin.

I reached the outskirts of Buchárpore at about five a. m. My first impressions of the place were decidedly favourable. Instead of an arid waste, with nothing to break its blank monotony save here and there a stunted tree or sickly briar, and occasionally the whitewashed grave of an ancient Mussulman, with perchance at long intervals a tope—plantation—of mango-trees, I found myself jogging steadily along the banks of a wide river, the crystal waters of which, especially inviting to one weary and travel-stained, tempted me to bathe in their cool depths.

The pearly heavens welcomed the rising sun with a faint blush. A soft blue haze in the far distance presently resolved itself into a range of low hills. Trees full of bud and blossom were planted at regular intervals by the wayside affording pleasant shade, and scenting the air with their sweetness. Amongst them in abundance was the babool—acacia—the fragrant flowers of which resemble a tiny ball of golden moss, and are so faithfully and untiringly copied by the jewellers of famous Delhi. The path was carpeted with thick, soft turf, and from amidst its rich green peeped timidly myriads of small wild-flowers.

"Come," said I, "give a dog a bad name, and hang him." Buchárpore is belied. At all events I shall find some pretty bits for my sketch-book. Hi!—to the doolie-bearers—"how far are we from the station now?"

"About three miles," was the response—of course in the vernacular.

In about another half-hour I was landed at the door of our mess, where I met with a cordial greeting from my old brothers-in-arms.

Travellers by the ancient and honourable method of palanquin *dák*—post—are obliged to content themselves with as little luggage as possible. What they do take is packed in tin boxes of various shapes and sizes, which are placed in wooden frames to avoid breakage, and called *pitáráhs*. These are slung one to each end of a long pole, and carried across a man's shoulders, after the fashion of milk-pails, and called *dhanghy*. Bound by these restrictions, I was forced to leave my heavy baggage at the nearest line of rail, to be forwarded by bullock-cart.

Now Indian bullocks—albeit very useful animals in their way—will not for any consideration

whatever perform more than a stated distance per day. They may be tempted with the choicest food, beaten and tricked, but, lean or fat, they will not budge when once they have performed their usual task. Knowing this, Jack and I anxiously counted the days which must elapse before the arrival of our much-coveted shooting-material.

"If our blessed guns were only here," said Jack, ruefully, "we might have gone after a tiger that killed one of our unfortunate grass-cutters the other day. Bad scan to him! I dare say we shall get him some day, but unhappily we shall never know it."

At last my baggage made its appearance, unharmed. Jack praised my choice of weapons, and was enraptured with a brace of Derringers which I presented to him. These little pistols are small enough to slip with ease into an ordinary coat-pocket, although they carry a full-sized cartridge, and are deadly at anything like close quarters.

Jack and I were like two children over our new toys, and could scarcely persuade ourselves to lay them down, much less trust them out of sight. They were exhibited at mess, and duly admired. Every one was eager to try them; and so highly were they appreciated that the outgoing mail took home orders for a pair from each officer in the regiment.

We now set to work in earnest to find a tiger which in that neighbourhood was a matter of small difficulty. Word was soon brought that a huge beast, supposed to be the identical brute that had killed our poor grass-cutter, could be heard of in a certain ravine.

The intelligence rejoiced our hearts. At the time of which I write the Irregular Cavalry were allowed to do irregular things occasionally, and our fellows at that period thought it expedient to keep a hunting-elephant. Old Luchmee—such was its name—was instantly ordered to prepare for action, and, having arranged everything with the foresight of old stagers, and ordered a hapless goat to be tied out as a decoy, we retired to rest one evening fully confident of meeting our deadly foe in a few hours.

We started about 2:30 a. m., intending to reach our rendezvous with his royal highness a little before daybreak, and force him to atone for his depredations as he went down to drink after gorging on the luckless goat. We each pocketed one small pistol, handing its fellow to the friends who accompanied us. They were our commanding officer, Colonel Meredith, and—don't be shocked—his daughter.

Miss Meredith had not long arrived in the country. Our regiment was to spend only one more year at Buchárpore, during which time the young lady was to have remained in England, but the aunt with whom she lived died suddenly, and scarcely knowing what else to do, Colonel Meredith decided to have his daughter out to India immediately.

Buchárpore was not rich in feminine society. Besides Miss Meredith, we had only the pious and somewhat chattering "better half"—an abominable woman, whose magpie tongue did more mischief in a day than she or anybody else could undo in a twelvemonth—and Mrs. Vane, the popular Adjutant's fascinating little wife, on whom naturally devolved the care of Miss Meredith when she needed a chaperon.

A very sweet and charming little person was Miss Nellie Meredith, but determined withal. Selfish she was not; dauntless and impulsive she was as certainly was, with that firm belief in her own power of overcoming difficulties which arises either from constant success or from inexperience. The girl had set her heart upon seeing a tiger-hunt before she left Buchárpore, and in a weak moment the Colonel promised that her wish should be gratified.

Although Jack and I meant work, we could not well object to Miss Meredith's company. The Colonel was a dashing soldier, still in his prime, and deservedly popular. Besides, being an old shikaree of established repute, his advice was most acceptable; and we felt sure that we would run no unnecessary risks while his daughter was with him. Well armed, with a trusty elephant, we feared no danger; moreover, there was but one lady, and she—men are brutal—was very pretty.

Such a sweet, saucy, naïve face! The delicate features and large almond-shaped eyes seemed capable of every variety of expression. Her dark-brown hair, tied carelessly back with dainty ribbons, rippled in thick waves below a waist round and supple as Hebe's own. Her foot and hand were of the smallest; her voice was of the sweetest. Still, the girl's principal charm lay in her simple, unaffected manner, and the small opinion which, in spite of her waywardness, she entertained of herself and her abilities. Bright, sparkling, full of fire and *saricé*, she was not coquettish, although an ordinary observer might have misjudged her in this respect. Nellie Meredith had no petty meannesses. Hers was a fine, frank, noble nature, containing the promise of great things to come.

We all liked the girl, and took pleasure in her society, as men do in that of a clever, pretty girl, who can make herself agreeable, neither falling violently in love herself nor expecting every man she meets to fall in love with her, as is an unfortunate weakness with some girls of the period. Carrington, however, was "hard hit," and under the circumstances I did not object to Miss Meredith's society. We should have preferred making up a larger party, but, as there was only one elephant, this was impossible. Mrs. Vane was thus prevented joining us, which she would otherwise gladly have done.

It was broad moonlight when we started, and, to the mind of a simple English girl freshly arrived in the country, there must have been something strangely weird and romantic in the scene. The elephant marched majestically through the thick jungle of waving feather-grass, from eight to ten feet high. Heavily she trampled it down before her, picking her way daintily for so huge a creature, in obedience to the whispered commands of the mahout.

We were all well wrapped up, for the air was keen and chilly, but our faces were distinctly visible in the pale cold light. Talking was forbidden; and, to do our lady-hunter justice, she might have been born dumb, so strictly mute was she. At a quarter to five we arrived at the ravine, and found the goat missing, but no sign of the tiger. There were however spots of fresh blood along a rough path down the side of the ravine, where evidently the animal had recently passed, carrying his prey with him.

One of our native beaters, who from long training understood the customary manoeuvres of such animals, crept down the path, and presently returned to say that a tiger and tigress were both in the cave, apparently breakfasting on the goat's carcase.

We immediately settled our plan of operations, and ordered the shikaree to fire his piece into the cave, to apprise the royal pair of our approach. Carrington and I hastily climbed a couple of large trees overlooking each side of the ravine. Colonel and Miss Meredith, on Luchmee, were safely posted out of harm's way, where they could command a good view of the animal's movements, and where also the Colonel's rifle might tell with good effect should Jack and I fail to give either of the brutes its *quintus*.

It was now broad daylight, although the sun had not yet risen. This was fortunate, as we could see much better, and there was less chance of our prey escaping.

Bang! bang! went the shikaree's piece into the cave, and immediately out sprang a tremendous Bengal tiger into the centre of the ravine.

A right royal beast was he; nothing but princely blood ran in his veins. A true king of the forest he looked, as he stood there lashing his sides with his tail, with a roar like thunder, his eyes flashing rage and defiance, his head turning eagerly from side to side in search of his enemies. He measured at least twelve feet from nose to tail, and was beautifully marked.

The shikaree fired from a large tree, and was completely hidden in the midst of thick foliage. We had agreed that Carrington should fire first; so, after a few seconds spent in sincere admiration of our enemy, bang went Jack's rifle. The tiger staggered, gave one bound into the air, and with a hideous yell fell mortally wounded.

At this instant the tigress appeared. I aimed at her, but my trigger catching in a branch, the shot failed. Carrington hastily let fly his second barrel, but, being in too great a hurry, and possibly rather excited, he also missed, and the tigress bounded up the side of the ravine; meanwhile I had put my second shot into the tiger, who now lay lifeless.

The tigress fled straight towards the jungle, passing old Luchmee unawares, then turned suddenly, perhaps to seek her mate, and, facing the plucky old elephant, charged straight at her. Luchmee gave a squeal, and brandished her trunk in the air, but never offered to turn tail.

So rapid were the tigress's movements that, although Colonel Meredith was thoroughly prepared, and a capital shot, he could fire only one barrel before the huge beast leapt on to Luchmee's hind-quarters. The shock threw his rifle to the ground!

Seeing what was likely to happen, Jack and I descended from our perches with lightning speed, and hastened to the rescue.

I have had plenty of tiger-shooting, but never again has such a strange sight greeted my eyes as met them then. The howdah, unused for some time, was slightly white-ant-eaten, and at a desperate assault from the frantic tigress partially gave way. Nellie Meredith was slipping slowly but, as it seemed, inevitably into the tiger's jaws. Colonel Meredith's shot had taken effect in the animal's shoulder, and the monster, unable to spring, crouched ready to receive her victim. Not only had the woodwork of the howdah broken, but the whole affair was turning round, and, although Colonel Meredith sought for his pistol, he could not get at it.

Nellie's hand dropped in an endeavour to catch hold of the howdah, which only helped to drag the ponderous machine round. Lower and lower still slipped the girl. In another moment she would have been seized by her merciless foe, but that grand old Luchmee, watching her opportunity, wound her trunk round Nellie's supple waist, and lifted her into comparative safety beside the mahout. At the same instant bang went Carrington's rifle, and "ping" sounded the Colonel's Derringer, whilst the tigress rolled over on her back, biting the dust in her death-agony. Colonel Meredith's shot entered the brain, passing through the right eye—Jack's went straight to the heart.

As soon as he felt himself on firm ground the Colonel turned to clasp his daughter in his arms.

"I am quite safe, thank Heaven, papa dear," were her first words. "But how foolish I was to drop the pistol!"

Brave little thing, she never fainted! And, although her face was white, neither hand nor voice trembled. But, when we reached home, the poor child said her head ached, and went to her room suffering from an attack of nervous fever which kept her in bed a fortnight.

This happened many years ago; and, though we have long left Buchárpore, Colonel Meredith

still commands the regiment. I am supposed to be a confirmed old bachelor, but need I add that my dearest friends are Captain and Mrs. Carrington? A. I.

DOMESTIC.

FRENCH TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Take two ounces of tapioca and boil it in half a pint of water until it begins to melt, then add half a pint of milk by degrees and boil until the tapioca becomes very thick; add a well-beaten egg, sugar, and flavouring to taste, and bake gently for three quarters of an hour. This preparation of tapioca is superior to any other, is nourishing, and suitable for delicate children.

MENT FOR A SMALL FAMILY.—1. Oyster soup made by boiling twenty oysters, with their juice, in a pint of milk, with five ground butter crackers, for two hours; 2. Stewed dice of beefsteak and potatoes, with mushrooms (which are in season); vegetables—beets, boiled cabbage; 3. Salad of water-cress cut fine, with dressing of sweet oil, vinegar, pepper, salt, mustard; 4. Mush, fried in slices and buttered; 5. Rice pudding, cooked very thin, with raisins; 6. Sweet cakes and grapes, with coffee (small cups).

BUTTER SCOTCH.—Now that cool weather is coming, and molasses-taffy, cream-candy and chocolate drops are all the rage for soon will be, the following recipe for making butter-scotch will be found useful. Take one cupful sugar, thoroughly wet with vinegar and butter size of an egg; boil until a little dropped in water will harden; then take it off the stove and pour into a buttered dish; when cooled, cut into cakes about three fourths of an inch square, then eat it. Of course you can make more or less, as you please, but always observe these proportions.

The problem of feeding the young and the poor, physiologically is not easy, but it is simple if considered from the scientific point of view. That the bulk of the food of the poorer classes must always be bread is unquestionable. Peas, beans, and other like leguminous plants, however rich in albumen, can never be expected to successfully compete with bread; first, because they require steeping in water and boiling for hours—next, they become hard so easily, and then are indigestible, while at all times they are not so easy to be digested as bread. But bread is not so good a food as meat—and here chemistry comes in, and shows that bread soaked in broth made from extract of meat is as good food as the best meat diet. Indeed, the most eminent chemists and physiologists are now agreed in the opinion that, when people will use more of such simple vitalising extract, and a little less tea, for their strength and health, they will be willing to dispense with the present artifices of cookery as numberless as they are useless.

HYGIENIC.

Prof. Schieb of Florence has demonstrated that the non-edible mushrooms have a common poison, muscarin, and that its effects are counteracted either by atropine or daturine. Italian apothecaries now keep these alkaloids in the rural districts where the consumption of the non-edible fungi is apt to occur.

Thin cotton socks—at least for some persons—are said to be much warmer than thick woollen ones. The woollen socks cause the feet to perspire, and as the moisture cools they become chilled. Persons who have suffered from cold feet as long as they wear woollen stockings have ceased to complain as soon as they have changed them for cotton.

Dr. L. B. PALMER, of New York, has been led to conclude, from a series of experiments, that the decay of the teeth is not, as is generally supposed, due to acids, but to alkalis. With alkalis he reproduced decay of the teeth as it is seen in the mouth, but was unable to do so by acids. With the assistance of an electric current, acids simply acted on and destroyed the whole of the enamel.

Is butter a food—that is, does it nourish and strengthen the body? Butter is a food quite as much as meat. Indeed, there is more strength stored up in an ounce of butter than two ounces of the best lean meat; but butter will not furnish material to build up the tissues of the body as bread and meat do. A man would starve on a butter diet in a very short time. Butter is a fat useful in the body to support animal heat and generate force, as coal and wood do under the boiler, and of some use in building muscular and nervous tissues.

SCIENTIFIC.

In a communication to the Academy of Sciences, M. A. Marec states that during a recent balloon ascent off Cherbourg with M. Durand, they were surprised, at a height of 1,700 metres, to see the bottom of the sea in the minutest details, though the channel at that point must be 60 or 80 metres deep. The rocks and undercurrents were clearly visible. He suggests that balloon observations might prevent shipping disasters due to deficiencies in charts.

The Paris Acclimatization Society has received at its garden in the Bois de Boulogne two Russian hares of a peculiar species. They have the singular property of changing colour with the season. In February their fur is of a reddish blue, quite unlike that of the animal in France, and in the month of November it becomes perfectly white. In form they differ little from the common hare, the change of colour being their only rarity.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. W. Montreal.—Problem and letter received. Many thanks.

O. Trempe, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 89 received. Correct. Also correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 87.

Sigma, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 88 received. Correct.

The most interesting circumstance connected with Chess at the present time in Eng. is the proposed publication by Mr. W. T. Pierce of a hand-book containing a selection of the best games of past and living masters, arranged according to their several openings. He gives the following as a few suggestions with reference to the form, scope, and general plan of the work:

(a) It should be brought out in parts; each part to be complete in itself, and devoted to the illustration and elucidation of one opening.

(b) The book should be quarto size, and each game presented on one page, the opposite page being devoted to notes and analyses of the opening.

(c) The games should be readable without a board, by means of diagrams every five or six moves.

(d) The games, as far as practicable, should be selected and annotated by the players or authors of the games themselves—subject only to the general supervision and

correction of the editor or editors, who should be at liberty to arrange, modify, etc., according to the requirements of the work.

(e) The notation should be general or international; whilst using the English names for the pieces, the squares should be lettered and numbered in accordance with the continental board.

(f) The price of each part should not exceed shillings.

(g) The last part should consist of an analysis of the ordinary end-game methods of mating, and conclude with a collection of chess studies.

Mr. Pierce asks for the co-operation of Chess players in furnishing him with materials for the work, stating at the same time that its success will depend upon the aid he may receive in this respect.

PROBLEM No. 92

By WM. ATKINSON, Montreal, BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

GAME 1318.

Played between the Rev. J. Owen and Mr. Minchin, the Hon. Sec. of the St. George's Chess Club, in the late Tourney of the Counties Chess Association.

(Fianchetto di Donna.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. O.) 1. P to Q Kt 3. 2. B to Q Kt 2. 3. P to K 3. 4. Kt to K B 2. 5. P to Q B 4. 6. P takes P. 7. B to K 2. 8. Castles. 9. Kt to K 5. 10. B to K B 3. 11. Kt to Q B 3. 12. Kt to K 4. 13. B takes Kt. 14. B to Q B 3. 15. R to Q Kt sq. 16. Kt to K Kt 3. 17. B takes B. 18. Q to R 4. 19. Q to Q B 6 (ch). 20. P to Q 4. 21. P to Q 5. 22. P takes P. 23. P takes Q. 24. R takes P. 25. P to K 4. 26. Kt takes P. 27. P to K B 4. 28. P to K B 5. 29. B takes Kt. 30. R takes P (ch). 31. K R to Q R 5 (ch). 32. Q R takes P. 33. R to Q B 5. 34. R to Q B sq. 35. Kt to B 6 (ch). 36. Kt to K R 5. 37. R to Q 6. 38. B takes B.

And White wins.

- (a) This move, or 1. P to K 3, is perhaps the best reply to the Fianchetto when adopted by the first player. (b) Surely waste of time. What danger was there to be apprehended in this quarter? (c) Not nearly so efficient as 16. B to K B 3. (d) This looks more promising, as it turns out to be. (e) Properly taken advantage of, this ought to have cost the exchange. (f) What are the objections to 32. R to B 8 (ch), followed by 33. R to K B 2 (ch)? (g) A palpable blunder, which, of course, throws away the game.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 92.

- WHITE. 1. Q to R 6. 2. P to K B 5. 3. Q mates. BLACK. 1. Kt to K B 3. 2. Kt or P moves.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 88.

- 1. P to Q B 8 sec. a R. 2. R to Q B 7 (ch). 3. B takes P mate. 1. K moves. 2. K takes P (A). 2. K to Q R sq.

(A)

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 89.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

- BLACK. K at Q 2. Q at Q R 3. R at K 7. B at K 8. Kt at Q Kt 5. P at Q Kt 4. WHITE. K at Q Kt 3. Q at Q Kt sq. B at Q Kt sq. Kt at Q B 3. P at Q 4.

White to play and mate in three moves.

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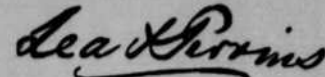
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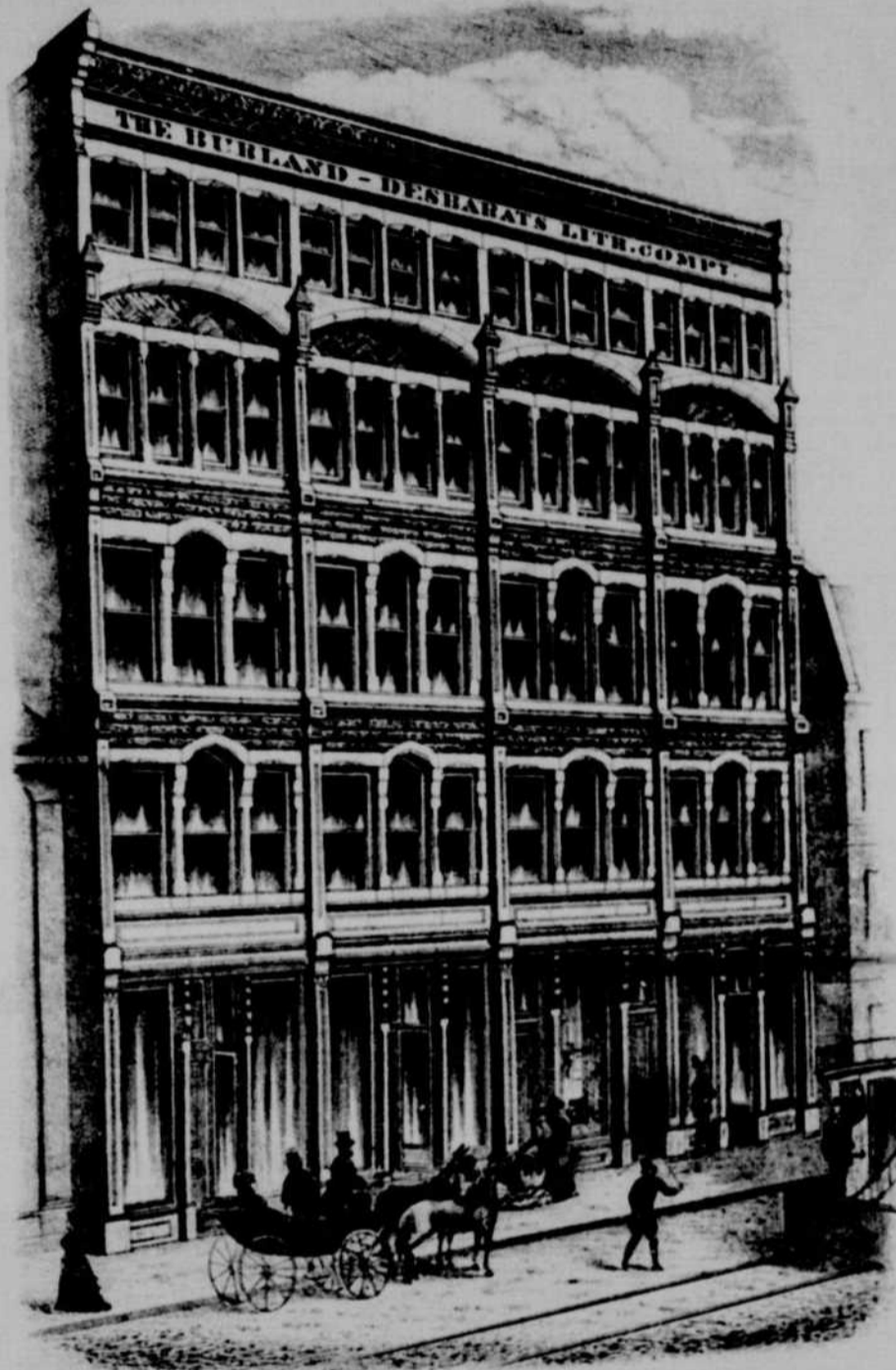
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