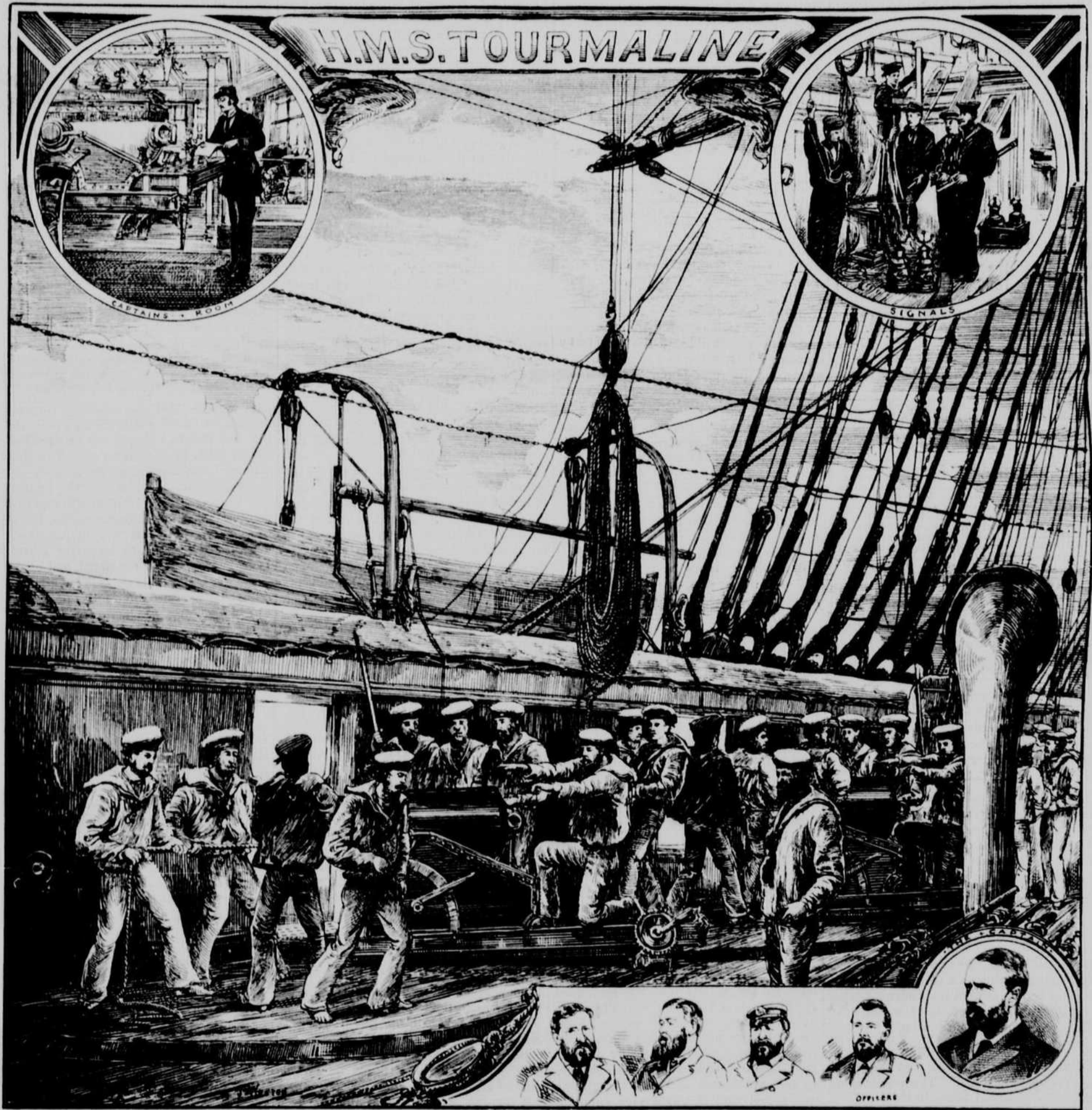


# Illustrated News

Vol. XX.—No. 13.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

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MONTREAL.—GUN DRILL ON BOARD H.M.S. TOURMALINE.

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

**NOTICE.**

**THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS**

WILL CONTAIN VIEWS AND SCENES CONNECTED WITH THE DOMINION EXHIBITION AT OTTAWA.

TRIAL OF THE GILBERT RIFLE GUN AT ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

PORTRAITS of the late MRS. LEPROHON, the Canadian authoress, and of the late SENATOR CARRALL, together with a number of illustrations of current events.

**TEMPERATURE,**

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

**THE WEEK ENDING**

Sept. 21st, 1879.			Corresponding week, 1878		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 61°	47°	54°	Mon. 78°	55°	65°
Tues. 64°	50°	57°	Tues. 69°	55°	62°
Wed. 64°	54°	59°	Wed. 72°	56°	65°
Thur. 60°	47°	53°	Thur. 72°	61°	66°
Frid. 64°	46°	55°	Frid. 73°	59°	66°
Sat. 59°	49°	54°	Sat. 62°	66°	74°
Sun. 72°	44°	58°	Sun. 78°	61°	69°

**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,**

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 27, 1879.

**CONTENTS.**

ILLUSTRATIONS.—View of H. M. S. "Tourmaline."—Gun-Practice on board the "Tourmaline."—The Citizens' Ball at Toronto, in honour of their Excellencies.—The Military Review at Toronto.—The Vice-Regal Reception at Hamilton.—The "Mail" Kiosk on the Toronto Exhibition Grounds.—The Nova Scotia Exhibition Building at Halifax.—The Montreal Horticultural Exhibition.—Wolfville College, N.S.—King's College, Windsor, N.S.

LETTER PRESS.—Lord Lorne's Speeches.—The Commissioners Speak.—Sir Alex. Galt at Belfast.—Home Industries and Foreign Trade.—Who is Responsible for the Supplies?—Elaie Morrice.—"My Crookes," continued.—Improvements in Spelling.—Fire Irons.—Ephemera.—History of the Week.—A Day at Murray Bay.—The Governor-General at Rustico.—Varieties.—The Gleaner.—Mary Anderson.—Musical and Dramatic.—Humorous.—Brevoises pour Dames.—Paragraphs.—Our Chess Column.

The death of Mrs. LEPROHON, the well known Canadian poet and novelist, is announced. We shall publish her portrait and a brief memoir of her literary career in our next number.

HON. DR. CARRALL, Senator for British Columbia, died suddenly last Friday at the residence of his brother, near Woodstock. He will be enrolled in our Canadian Portrait Gallery next week.

PERHAPS the most palpable proof of the revival of business in the United States is the fact that the book trade is looking up. Literature is the first to suffer in times of financial crisis and the last to recuperate. Literature wants an awful deal of recuperation in this country.

We made brief reference last week to the manufacture of rifled cannon by a Canadian house. Next week we shall go further and publish an illustration of the trial of such a gun on St. Helen's Island, together with full particulars which have since come into our possession.

Who will say after this that the Canadian people are slow? The public stand taken by Montreal ladies in the matter of the Consolidated Bank is the first instance of the kind in any country and beats American enterprise all to pieces. It is perhaps the most sensible woman's rights movement ever made.

As we stated last week, the little Province of Manitoba is taking the lead at the Dominion Exhibition of Ottawa. At one end of the Manitoba building the large map of the Dominion, which attracted so much attention at the Paris Exposition, is displayed, and at the opposite end of the building a platform and canopy, richly decorated, has been raised for the reception of the Vice-Regal party.

THE canning of fish, fruit and vegetables is a Canadian industry yet only in its infancy, but full of lucrative promise. Hygienic laws must, however, be rigidly enforced. The Inspector of Fisheries in Prince Edward Island has seized the lobster factories east of Point Prim for canning after season and dismissed the fishery warden for not promptly doing his business.

THESE are several fruits of the National Policy: A stock book is to be opened at Belleville for subscriptions to a window glass manufactory. Large quantities of coal are being shipped from Springhill, N.S., and business generally is improving. Several American capitalists of the Pennsylvania oil regions are at Lake Ainslie, C. B., inspecting the oil wells at that place. If the wells turn out as good as represented, they will invest a large sum of money and open the region up.

THE Quebec crisis continues to be hard and fast, and is made more so by the position Mr. JOLY is taking in the series of meetings he is holding. He declares most positively that he will not be a party to any coalition, which he says would be a sacrifice of the interests of the people; and he tells the people the question is, whether the country is to be ruled by an irresponsible Chamber, or by representatives responsible to the people by election? That is the sum of all his arguments, and the ground on which he stands.

MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL ROSS has written a letter which appears in the newspapers, and this is marked by a tone of great bitterness. He says the Legislative Council did not and could not object to any item of the Supply Bill which they rejected; and contends that, at all costs, the usurpation of this irresponsible House ought to be resisted. This is substantially the same argument as that used by Mr. JOLY in the speeches he is making, the contention being that, if practical effect is allowed to be given to the action of the Council, a precedent will be established subversive of popular liberty.

MR. CHAUVEAU has inflicted a most severe wound on Mr. JOLY's Government by resigning his portfolio, notwithstanding that he makes, at the same time, the warmest professions of friendship for his leader, and indicates that he would be glad to follow him in a coalition Government. Mr. CHAUVEAU's action is evidently intended to bring about a coalition as the best means of solving the present constitutional difficulty. He is, we may almost say of course, most bitterly attacked by the Ministerialists, and accused of being moved by "human devices" in the shape of railway interests.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD has arrived from England, accompanied by Sir ALEXANDER GALT and five delegates of the English tenant-farmers. A committee went on board the steamer as soon as she landed at Quebec and tendered the Premier a public dinner. Sir JOHN expressed his great pleasure at the cordial welcome he had received, dwelt on the many pleasant recollections which endeared the old city to him, the theatre of his first successes, and stated that it would give him the greatest pleasure to accept the dinner, if they would give him a fortnight in which to attend to affairs of State, after his long absence from the Capital. It would be necessary for him to proceed there immediately, but after a fortnight he would be happy to come down to Quebec on any day they might determine.

At the very moment of going to press we receive the following announcing peace in Zululand:—A despatch from Sir Garnet Wolseley, to the War Office announces that he has signed terms of peace with all the Zulu Chiefs, and effected a thorough understanding with them, which, in his opinion, will preserve the future peace of South Africa. One of the provisions of this treaty puts an end to the Zulu military system, whereby the young warriors of the tribes were not permitted to marry until they had served in battle and distinguished themselves by bravery. The Chiefs who signed the treaty undertake to prohibit the importation of arms into their territories, and promise to make no declaration of wars upon other tribes without the consent of the British authorities at Cape Colony. The terms of the treaty, as explained by Sir Garnet Wolseley, appear to be extremely comprehensive and prudent, and reasonable anticipations are now entertained that we have seen the last of warfare between the English and natives in South Africa.

**LORD LORNE'S SPEECHES.**

The Marquis of LORNE appears to be following in the footsteps of Lord DUFFERIN in speech-making; and despite the chaffing which Lord DUFFERIN indulged in, a short time before he went away, to the effect that the Marquis came from the wrong side of the channel to be very successful in that sort of thing, the gift of speech being Irish monopoly, we feel bound to say that His Excellency's lively utterances at the Toronto Club the other day, have rather upset his predecessor's theories. It is somewhat wickedly said that Scotchmen do not love jokes, and cannot be made to understand them or get them in their brains even by the aid of a surgical operation. But it must be confessed that that was rather a pleasant one of Lord LORNE's, when he told his hearers that the Governor-General of this country was expected to be, in his speech-making, "the Advertiser-General" of the country. Now this, we think, although of course it was all for chaff, was as fair a hit at Lord DUFFERIN as that one of the eloquent Irishman, which attracted so much notice at the time, as respects the disadvantage under which his successor would labour from the fact of his being born on the wrong side of the channel. The Scotchman, however, did turn his *not* to profitable account, and in a few words gave a very striking description of the advantages which these provinces had gained by the consolidation of Confederation. His description of their political condition and importance was also very striking; and probably will have the advantage for us of being reproduced outside of the Dominion. Our space will not permit us to follow His Excellency throughout his remarks, which were as noticeable for their good sense as for their aptness and point. He stated that both the Prince of WALES and the Duke of CONNAUGHT have expressed a confident hope of revisiting Canada during his term of office—an intimation which will be met with enthusiastic welcome by the people of the Dominion.

**HOME INDUSTRIES AND FOREIGN TRADE.**

As supplementing and confirming several of the excellent views put forth by Sir ALEXANDER GALT, in his recent speech at Belfast—to which we refer in another editorial article of the present issue—we may summarize the striking conclusions arrived at by an anonymous writer in the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He holds that foreign trade is no cure for hard times, and proves his position by the example of England and the United States. According to him, the six hundred millions of foreign trade gained by the United

States are not worth more, in dollars and cents, than the eight millions of home trade which they have lost. This appears self-evident, and, as proving the necessity of domestic industries, supplies an argument in favour of our National Policy which cannot be lost upon Canadians. A country geographically circumstanced as is ours, and relying upon a constant flow of immigration for the settlement of its immense area and the building of its vast public works, must perforce be able to supply itself in the way of manufactures and be virtually self-sustaining. And that is precisely what we are now endeavoring to do. The arguments adduced by the writer are briefly these, and they deserve to be studied:

I. No people without industries can possibly be permanent or profitable purchasers of foreign products.

II. Every nation that sustains an industry must and will employ that industry in producing that which enters directly in the consumption of its own people. *That nation which is compelled to depend on the foreigner for food, clothing or lodging is wanting in some of the elements of permanent prosperity.*

III. Every country advanced in civilization has the elements within itself for support and must use them.

IV. Whenever our manufactures or products, or those of any other people, come into serious competition with their own products, they are sure to be heavily taxed or excluded. *The law of self-protection compels it.*

V. The present effort in the United States, as it has been for many years in England, is to find markets with those populations which are not yet fully developed in their use of the latest mechanical methods of production. It is only by developing advanced industries in the midst of those peoples that their condition can be changed or improved, and that will be done to the exclusion of any considerable foreign consumption.

It appears that the Chinese Government have purchased machinery and engaged engineers and spinners to establish cotton mills in China, so as to free that country from dependence on English and Russian imports. "Not only the English and Russians, but all others, will find that market closed, not to cottons alone, but to everything that that people consume." What the Chinese are doing for China, Dom Pedro is doing for Brazil, and as regards the United States, not in a hostile sense, but as a measure of self-protection, Canada is doing for herself. The more this great question is studied, the more it appears that the Dominion has taken a first step toward true national greatness.

**SIR A. T. GALT AT BELFAST.**

SIR A. T. GALT has made a speech at Belfast, before the Chamber of Commerce, the rules of which, he found, trammelled him with regard to some statements he desired to make. But he yet appears to have excited the free trade flax-spinners of that enterprising North of Ireland town by something which he did say. He said it was a dogma of political economy to sell in the dearest and buy in the cheapest market. But he asked the Chamber to consider whether they were not only not selling, but absolutely giving away, the most valuable possession they had, namely, access to their own markets; the markets on which other countries were absolutely dependent; while they were getting nothing in return. He found, if that was buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, it was at least a strange mode of proceeding. And then he added that he believed there was a change coming over the minds of the people of the United Kingdom as regarded this question. Here he was interrupted by loud cries of "No! No!" and "Hear, hear." He had evidently struck a sensitive chord, and was beginning to tread on forbidden ground. Whatever may be said to be the prosperity which has arisen from the sys-

tem of Free Trade in England,—and it is not our purpose to enter upon this question here, although we may remark *en passant* that it is not relatively greater than that of France or the United States under a Protectionist system,—there is one fact which appears very plainly before one's eyes, and this is, that if England should put a tax on imports of meat and grain from the United States, in retaliation for the offensive and intended to be prohibitive United States tariff, as against English manufactures, the western United States cattle and grain raisers would come down with a crash on the eastern manufacturing interests, and the result would be an arrangement which would make the state of things a little more equitable between the two countries. England might, in the meantime, import her meat and grain free from Canada, or elsewhere, and so keep up her supplies. She has so far seen, in her more than quarter of a century of experience, that the opening of her markets has not had the effect anticipated, of inducing other countries to do likewise; but it has, on the contrary, led to a general taking advantage of this privilege by them, while they have, at the same time, steadily, one by one, more and more closed their markets against her. It may be set down as an axiom that you will get nothing for nothing; and giving everything for nothing, until you have nothing to offer for an exchange of privileges, really amounts to this. We have tried the experiment on a small scale in the Dominion of Canada. We have given the United States everything that our markets could offer, and they have eagerly availed themselves of the privilege; while in return for this, they have exhibited their gratitude by exhausting ingenuity in the vexatiousness of their restrictions, carrying this to the extent even of violating the spirit, if not the letter, of a treaty, as witness the tax on lobster cans. There may be, as Sir A. T. GALT intimated, some change coming over the public opinion of the United Kingdom, at least there have been manifestations of this in some remarkable articles which have appeared; but things will have to go very much further yet before any general change comes over the minds of this generation, so deep are the impressions made by the prevailing doctrines.

THE COMMISSIONERS SPEAK.

The English Agricultural Commissioners have first broken silence at Toronto, at a social gathering given by the Exhibition Association, in answer to the toast, "Our Guests," with which their names were associated. Each spoke very modestly and with marked good sense. Mr. READ, M.P., said he did not see how the Commissioners came to be associated with the Exhibitors, except it might be for the purpose of exhibiting themselves. As respected the Exhibition itself, he stated, that he had witnessed it with mixed feelings—of pleasure and satisfaction on one side—and almost despair on the other. The latter expression had reference to the objects of the Commission although he did not in terms say so. He added that he lived almost exclusively on the produce of his own farm in the east of England, and that the English farming community had felt more keenly than they had liked, the competition from this side of the Atlantic. But he continued to say that, in his belief, competition was evidently only in its infancy. And here he came to perceive the master fact of the situation. He saw that when such cattle and other stock as were gathered at the Exhibition were more generally spread over the vast areas of the Dominion, and when further the great Prairies of the northwest should begin to pour out the supplies of wheat of which they are capable, then the condition of the Canadian farmer would be far more advantageous than that of the English. Here we have the whole story told in a very few words. Mr. PELL, M.P., next spoke. He said he came from a part of England (Norfolk), famed for the growth of its grasses; but when he saw the manner in

which the Canadians were converting their grass into beef, he found reason to fear that competition. He found that the English agriculturists would have to bestir themselves most actively to meet the competition with which the Toronto Exhibition showed him they would be confronted. Mr. JOHN CLAY, of Tweed-side, Scotland, the third member of the Commission, also spoke. He had been to Canada before, and therefore he felt less surprise than his brother Commissioners at the wonderful prosperity of the agricultural interest which they saw; and when he thought over the tremendous competition to which the English, Scotch, and Irish farmers were exposed, he found that the only way they would be able to meet it, would be to cross over and settle on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. He added it was useless to expect that competition would stop, for so long as the fertile prairies and the vast regions they had in Canada, produced wheat, beef and mutton, it would continue to increase; and, since he had left Scotland, there was an important movement going on, among a class of men who had never before, in any numbers, crossed the Atlantic. Up to this time, we had only, with slight exception, received the labouring class, the bone and sinew, it was true; but now the movement had commenced among men of capital, who would come and occupy the lands which had been cleared for them, and they would bring to our agriculture, industry and integrity, and also, scientific skill. He made a remark which we believe to be quite true, viz.: that these men would do much better to buy and occupy the cleared farms, while in their turn the Canadians are better adapted for fresh conquests over the wilds in frontier life. Such are the chief points of the first utterances of these three Commissioners. We feel that no elucidation is required at our hands. Their statements are in the same sense as those which we have for months been endeavouring to impress through these columns. We have already expressed our belief, as pointedly as we could, that the situation which has been indicated by the Commissioners could not fail to lead to results of the greatest possible magnitude, as well for the mother country as the Dominion of Canada.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SUPPLIES?

It is an ancient usage and custom, and therefore part of the common law, that each of the three branches of the Parliament of the United Kingdom should separately concur in any bill before it acquires the validity of a law. On the other hand, the absence of such concurrence is fatal. The bill cannot become law. The rule applies to all bills and of course includes Bills of Supply.

But with regard to Bills of Supply, there are some especial privileges which are commonly respected, and held sacred by the three branches of the Legislature. The people at large, through their representatives in the House of Commons, have maintained the privilege that all supplies of money to be raised by taxation shall begin by a vote of the House of Commons. Effect is there given to it by a Bill which beginning there, and receiving the consent of the Lords, and the assent of the Crown, becomes an Act of Parliament. Such Bills cannot be altered by the Lords. They must be wholly accepted or wholly rejected. This well known principle seems not to have been everywhere understood, judging by what has occasionally been written on the subject.

The rule was made in 1628 when a committee of the Commons, which included Sir EDWARD COKE and others, settled the form of the preamble of a Bill of Supply. The form so settled was this: "Most Gracious Sovereign, We Your Majesty's most faithful Commons have given and granted to Your Majesty," &c. This form has sometimes been modified, or made more effusive, but it has not seriously been departed from. Thus the prevailing principle is for the Commons to grant the sup-

ply, for the Lords to assent to the supply and for the Sovereign to receive the supply with thanks.

The power of granting supplies was not bestowed on the Lords, as they were thought to be too much under the influence of the Crown to be safely entrusted with that duty. The great body of tax payers, through their representatives in the Commons, held the purse and determined what should be paid out of it. Again the Act of one House only in a matter of supply cannot be reported to the Sovereign. That was settled in 1407 when it was solemnly determined and recorded in Parliament that neither the Lords separately nor the Commons separately shall make any report to the king, of any grant granted by the Commons and assented to by the Lords until the Lords and Commons are of one assent and one accord; and then in manner and form accustomed by the mouth of the Speaker of the Commons.

The positively and separately expressed assent of every one of the three branches to a Bill is indispensable. The power of the Crown to express a veto is not lost, though it may not have been used for more than a century. It still exists and occasions may arrive for the exercise of it.

And this brings up the question in regard to the Legislative Council. Does the occasion justify their vote? Were the supplies refused by the Commons they might find their excuse in the constitutional watchword, "grievances before supplies." Now, although the Legislative Council of Canada did not use the watchword, they practically enforced its meaning when they refused to pass the Supply Bill in 1856. The case arose out of that vexed question, the permanently fixing the Seat of Government. In that year a Bill was passed to render the Legislative Council, in future, elective. Whereupon the House of Assembly chose to regard the Legislative Council, then existent, as moribund, and unworthy of special regard. The Assembly was bent on settling the Seat of Government question and by a close vote chose the City of Quebec. The Legislative Council was not invited by the Assembly to consider the resolution or to take any action on the subject. The ancient usage and custom was omitted. The Supply Bill included a vote for buildings at Quebec. Before choosing a permanent Seat of Government for Canada, the Queen had been graciously pleased to seek the advice of the two Houses of the Canadian Legislature. Money had been voted, but the previous question as to where the permanent Seat of Government should be, had not been chosen in accordance with the Queen's command. The Legislative Council under such circumstances had the right to exclaim "grievances before supplies." So the Bill was not passed. The reasonableness of the negotiation was recognized. An amended Bill was at once sent up from the Legislative Assembly, read three times and passed at one sitting. Though sneered at by some as moribund, the Legislative Council discovered a real amount of true life, and by their calmness in rebuking an encroachment on their rights and privileges won the grateful approval of a large majority of the people of Canada. The grievance out of which their opposition grew was a real and not a sentimental one. If they cried "grievances before supplies" most persons admitted it was the voice of the Constitution, which it was their duty to articulate. Extreme occasions excuse and justify extreme measures, but there ought to be no doubt about the character of the occasion, and no suspicion that the underlying motive is otherwise than pure and disinterested.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

I.

GREAT BRITAIN.

We stated last week that the Zulu King was on the point of capture. We are now enabled to announce the fact, and with it, the close of the war. While Cetewayo was being watched on one side by Lord Gifford and scouts, Major Marter with a detachment of dragoons approach-

ed him from the other. Lord Gifford, whose presence was unknown to the King, intended to defer the attack until night-fall to prevent escape into the dense bush. Cetewayo had caught a glimpse of the dragoons, but thought in consequence of the bad condition of the ground they could not approach quietly. Major Marter directed the removal of all noisy accoutrements and sent a native contingent ahead. These surrounded the kraal where the King had taken refuge, and Marter then rode up and called to Cetewayo to come out. The King, after some parley, complied. He preserved a dignified demeanour and asked to be shot. He has been sent to Cape Town.—The Viceroy of India has received a letter from the Ameer enclosing a report from his brother Ayooob Khan about the outbreak at Herat. Three regiments participated in the mutiny because they had been ordered to march to Kooohistan, where disturbances had occurred. Ayooob Khan asks to be allowed to resign his command. The Ameer hopes shortly to regain control, when he will exhaust his resources in maintaining faith with the British. Later particulars of the outbreak at Herat state that the troops of the garrison plundered and burned the Governor's house and murdered the commanding General, who was a friend and supporter of the Ameer. The affair throws suspicion upon the loyalty of Ayooob Khan, brother of the Ameer.

II.

FOREIGN.

At the military review at Strasburg, when the Emperor William appeared, the German citizens and the military greeted His Majesty with cheers, but the Alsatian inhabitants of the town remained very sullen and silent, and many of their houses along the route taken by the Emperor had their blinds and shutters closed. After the return of the Emperor William from Alexandrowe, Prince Bismarck presented him with a memorial demonstrating that it was absolutely necessary for Germany to support Austria against Russia in the East. The Emperor endorsed the views set forth in the memorial.—It is announced positively that, notwithstanding the rumours which have been circulated respecting his proposed retirement, Prince Gortschakoff does not intend to resign his post, and that the confidence reposed in him by the Czar still remains unshaken. It is reported from Janina that Albanians are arriving there daily with the object of fighting the Greeks. They are under the impression that Janina has been ceded to Greece. They number already 2,000 and are amply provided with ammunition.—The Kurdistan insurrection has not yet been quelled. Two powerful tribes have joined Abduallah with 12,000 men. The commanders of Erezeroum and Bagdad have been ordered to send all available troops to Mosul. It is feared that the Persian Turcomans will join the insurgents.—The rebellion at Tonquin is crushed. Lyung sai, the rebel leader, is still at large, but his family, his lieutenant and all his war material have been captured. Later reports state that the complications between China and Japan respecting the Corea and Loo Choo Islands is causing much anxiety. The opposition party in Pekin is gaining strength, and removing the Emperor's relations to offices distant from the Capital. Orders have been issued for the three sons and grandson of Yekoob Beg to be mutilated because implicated, although innocent, in the Kashgar rebellion.

III.

THE UNITED STATES.

The engrossing topic in political circles is the arrival of General Grant at San Francisco from Japan. This event took place on Saturday evening, the 20th inst.

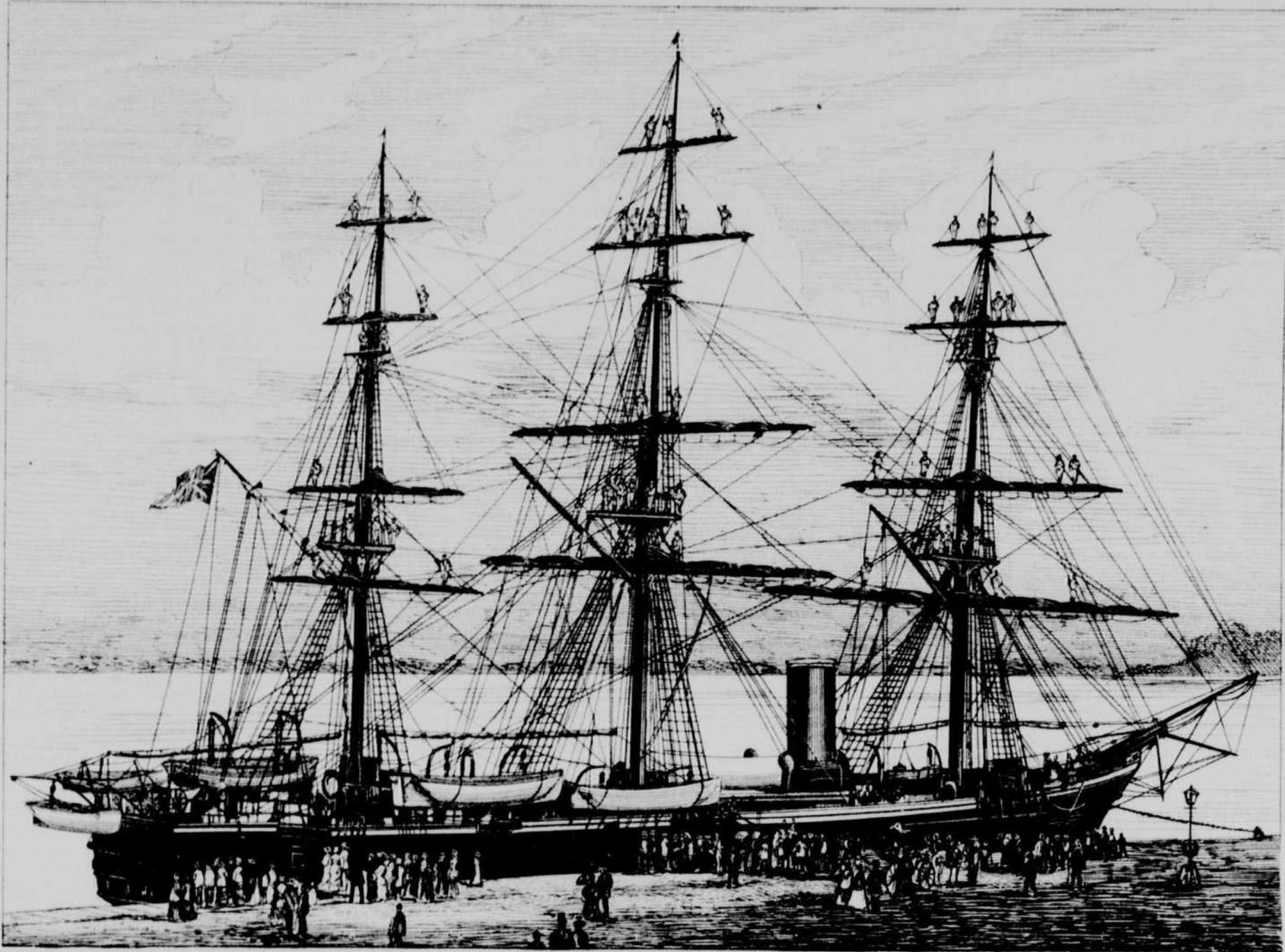
It was 7.20 p.m. when the lights of the *Oakland* were seen approaching the slip, she moved slowly into position, the platform was lowered, the band struck up "Home Again," and amid roars of applause from the crowd Grant stepped ashore. After a brief informal congratulation, the Mayor delivered an address of welcome to which Grant responded. He was then conducted to a carriage, the Mayor accompanying him, while various commissioners and other gentlemen in attendance repaired to their own carriages. The gates of the dock were thrown open, and vehicles moved forward and took their places in line. As the carriage containing Grant appeared, cheers went up from thousands. With the greatest difficulty a passage was opened and a procession formed. The march was taken up amid tremendous cheers. On the conclusion of the review the various organizations were dismissed, and Grant was conducted to his quarters in the hotel. As soon as the review was finished, various divisions of disbanded soldiers and sailors, veterans of the late war, repaired with batteries to the Sand Lots, where salutes were fired. Grant, in response to repeated calls, appeared on the balcony and bowed to the crowd, immediately retiring. The still enthusiastic populace thronged the court and refused to leave. Finally, the Mayor announced as soon as the General had finished dinner he would show himself. Grant shortly appeared amid long continued shouts. The Mayor then started up Market street, where bonfires at the street corners and illuminations lit up every window, and called the crowd to order, and the General, mounting a chair, said: "Fellow-citizens of San Francisco, after 25 years of absence I am glad to meet you and assure you of my cordial thanks for the kind greeting you have given me. I shall stay in



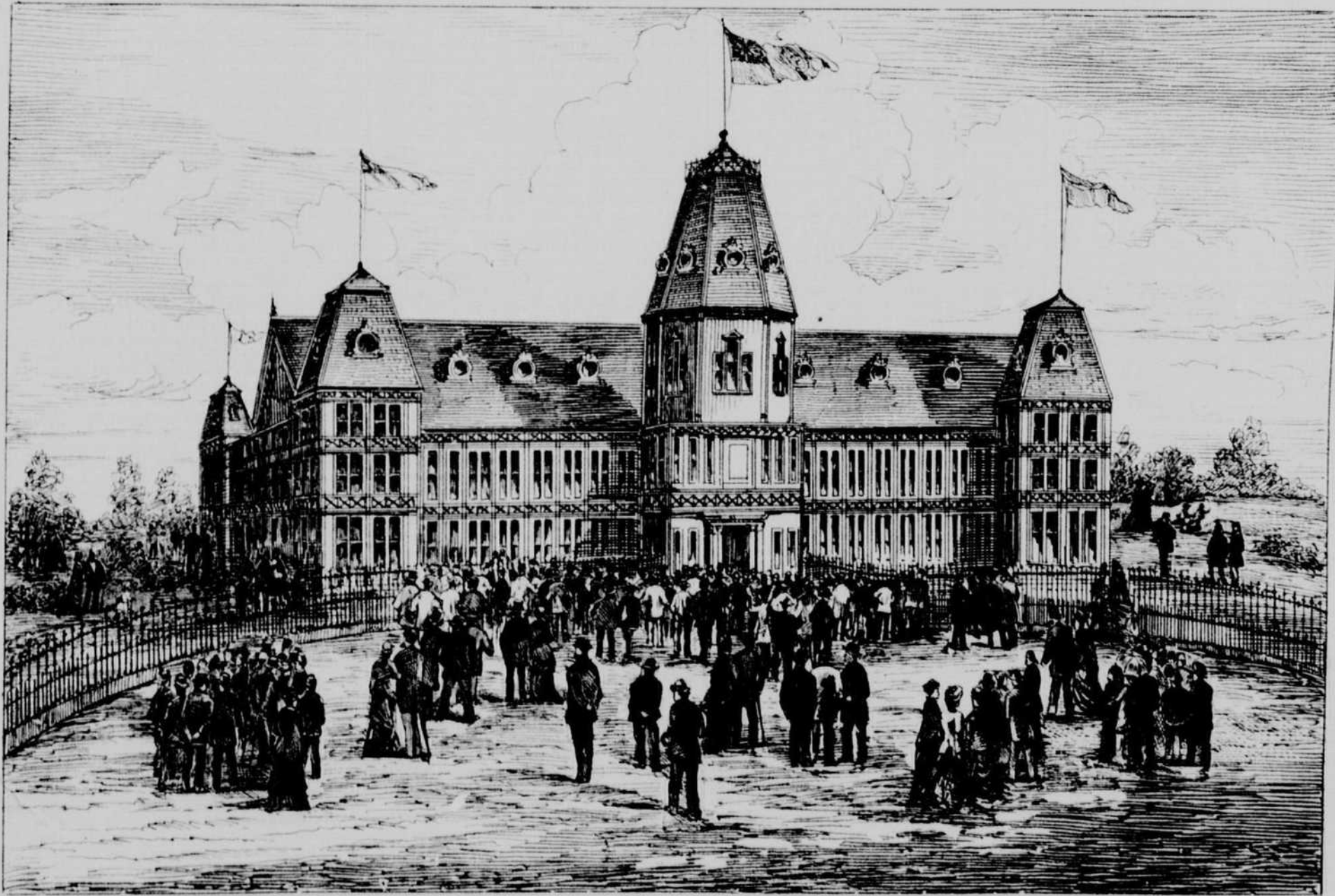
WOLFEVILLE, N.S.—THE NEW BUILDING OF WOLFEVILLE COLLEGE.



WINDSOR, N.S.—COMMENCEMENT DAY AT KING'S COLLEGE, N.S.



MONTREAL.—H.M.S. TOURMALINE MOORED AT HOHELAGA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. R. TURNER.



HALIFAX.—THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. E. TWING.

your city long enough to greet you more fully." He then withdrew amid prolonged cheering, and the crowd dispersed.

#### IV. THE DOMINION.

The Dominion Exhibition at Ottawa, sketches of which will appear in our next number, opened on Monday, with every prospect of great success. The Secretary says the entries will number over 10,000. The list, as far as completed at the present writing, is follows:—horses, 460; cattle, 603; pigs, 359; poultry, 628; agricultural implements, 499; agricultural productions, field grains, &c., 500; horticultural department, 2,508; small seeds, &c., 225; field roots, 365; dairy produce, 402; honey, sugar, &c., 166; domestic wines, 51; musical instruments, 55; building materials, 85; cabinet ware, 92; carriages, sleighs, &c., 168; machinery, &c., 172; sewing machines, 20; mechanical metal works, &c., 150; stoves, castings, &c., 220.—There is no change in the Quebec deadlock. After a series of meetings at Granby, St. Johns, St. Césaire and St. Hyacinthe, the Ministerial leaders held a final one at Quebec on Sunday afternoon, when Mr. Joly said he had taken the opinion of the province on the Legislative Council, and that being overwhelmingly in his favor, he promised his friends that on the 28th of October he would meet the House with the same Government as was now in power. He said nothing about filling up the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Chauveau. Mr. Mercier stated that if supplies were not voted by the 28th of October, a dissolution would be asked for.—A notice is published given the permission of the Commander-in-Chief of the British army to subscriptions being taken up in military circles for a testimonial to the memory of the late Prince Imperial of France. The Canadian militia have been invited to subscribe. A committee has, therefore, been formed at headquarters composed of: President, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Selby Smyth, K. C. M. G.; members, Col. Walker Powell, Adj.-General, and Lieut.-Colonel Jackson, Deputy Adj.-General, Military District No. 4. Sub-committees will be composed of the Deputy Adjutant-General and the Brigadier Majors of each of the military districts, who will be kind enough to receive subscriptions and cause them to be transmitted to the Secretary, Mr. Wright.

### ELSIE MORRICE.

In the neighbourhood of the pleasant village of—, on the east coast of Scotland, lived Janet Morrice and her granddaughter Elsie. A small cottage overlaid with woodbine on the exterior, and neat and clean in the interior, contained this couple; and a small farm attached to it served to supply all their humble desires. The place was no doubt agreeable to look on; but it was a pair of bright blue eyes, some light brown locks, and a sweet and modest face, that drew all the male visitors to the house of Janet Morrice. Elsie Morrice, her grandchild, had been left a young orphan to her charge. She was the only child of an only son, and thus came with a double coil on the feelings of her old grandmother. Dearly was she loved by her, and well did she deserve it; for a better and kinder girl was not in all the country round. Out of the many young men that paid their attentions to Elsie, it was soon evident that her favourite was William Gordon. In his person he had nothing particular to recommend him above his companions; but there was in him that respectful demeanour, that eagerness to please, and that happiness in serving the object of his affections, which the eyes of a young woman can so soon perceive, and her heart so readily appreciate. In their dispositions, though not similar, they were drawn to each other. She was timid, loving, enthusiastic—in every respect a woman. He was gifted with those firmer qualities which bespeak a manly mind, but he had a heart that could love deeply and feel acutely;

And, if sometimes, a sigh should intervene,  
Or down his cheek a tear of pity roll,  
A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wished not to control.

There was also some resemblance in their situations; for William's mother was dead, and though he still had a father, yet this parent had never seen him, and took no concern about him; so that he was entirely dependent upon his maternal uncle. To his uncle's farm he was to succeed; and William Gordon and Elsie Morrice were considered by all the neighbours as soon to be man and wife.

William was seated one evening in the public-house of the village, reading the newspaper, when a party of sailors entered, and calling for some drink, casually asked if there were any seamen in the village. The landlady civilly replied in the negative; but Willie looking up, remarked, without noticing the winks of the landlady, that he had seen Tom Sangster arrive that morning.

"And where lives Tom Sangster, my hearty cook?" said the principal of the party, slapping him on the back, while the rest got betwixt the landlady and the door. He immediately informed them, and drinking off their liquor quickly they left the house.

"Willie," cried the landlady, "what hae ye done? It's the press-gang, and Tam Sangster'll be torn frae his wife and bairns!"

In a moment William was past her, and running with full speed by a nearer cut he arrived before the gang at the house. He had just time to unke the sailor strip his jacket, and put on his coat, and jump out at the back window

when the gang entered. William, without turning round, knocked out the lamp, when a struggle ensued, which he contrived to keep up so long as that Tom Sangster might be out of the way. He was at last overpowered and carried aboard the tender, when they discovered they had lost the regular sailor; but the one they had got was too likely a young man to be suffered to depart. The consciousness of having remedied an error he had committed, even though in ignorance, partly consoled William for parting with his beloved Elsie for a little. It was the time when the news of the glorious victory of the Nile had arrived, and many a young and aspiring bosom burned to be under the command of so gallant an admiral. William's father belonged to the navy; he knew that he fought under Nelson; and the thought that he might be able to combat by his side, and under the eye of the hero who was his country's boast, somewhat palliated the idea of leaving his love. Besides, he would soon return laden with honours and riches, and Elsie would share both.

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow  
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.

And thus he consoled himself with a flattering vision in circumstances that he could not alter. As for poor Elsie, her timid mind had never contemplated blood-hed and war. She loved, fervently loved, and her life had been one scene of pleasure. She was a dreamer that all the night long had quaffed the brimful cup of happiness, and in the morning waked to wretchedness. To lamentations, however, succeeded some consultations for a remedy; and she was advised by her sorrowing neighbours to apply to the laird for his interest. Loose, unprincipled, and broken down in fortune, he had returned from the fashionable life he could no longer support, to live on his estate; and he was not beloved by his tenants. But when a woman loves, and the object of her affection is in danger, where is the obstacle that can oppose her? Elsie exerted herself to call on him.

The poet has beautifully said:—

Ah, too convincing, dangerously dear,  
In woman's eye th' unanswerable tear,  
The weapon of her weakness she can wield  
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.

But there are some men who can look on woman's grief, and yet coolly calculate on turning it to their own purposes; and so it was in the present case. Elsie Morrice was lovely, and that was enough for him. He promised everything, and her heart overflowed with gratitude. He not only promised this, but he requested her grandmother's lease to draw it out anew in her name. Elsie ran home; and in a few minutes, without consulting her grandmother, the lease was in his hands; for who could doubt the intentions of him who had pledged his word that William Gordon should be put ashore? This was no sooner done than came the sneer at her lover, the information that His Majesty's navy must be manned, the hint at the injury to the landlord in old leases, and the proposal of the remedy that was to remove all these evils. The colour fled from Elsie's face. She stood the picture of complete despair, and for a little time reason had to dispute for her sovereignty in her mind. She rushed from his presence, and in her way back to Sunnybrae, saw, without sliding one tear, the vessel that contained her lover spread her broad sails to the wind and depart. Janet Morrice reproached her not when she told her what she had done, but, taking her in her arms, said, "Come, my Elsie, we mauna bide to be putten out. I've sitten here, and my father's afore me, an' I'm wae to leave it; but age and innocence will find a shelter somewhere else." Next day they removed to a cottage on a neighbouring estate. A verbal message was all that William could send her; but it was the assurance he would be soon back to her. Elsie seemed now to live in another state of existence. She toiled in the fields, and seemed anxious to make up to her grandmother the effects of her imprudence. Time passed on, and no letter arrived from William, and Elsie grew sorrowful and melancholy. Grief and labour bore down a constitution naturally delicate, and she drooped.

There is something to my mind particularly holy and heavenly in the death-bed of a lovely woman. When I look upon the pale cheek, which now and then regains more than its former colour in some feverish flush—on the sunk eye which occasionally beams with a short and transient hope—on the pale lips which utter low sounds of comfort to those around—and, more especially, on the whole countenance and appearance which bespeak patient resignation and a trust in that Word which has said there is another and a better world—I cannot help thinking that the being, even in her mortality, is already a deserving inmate of that place where all is immortality. I have stood at the grave while some of my earliest friends have been lowered into the ground, and I have wept to think that the bright hopes of youth were for ever fled—that the fair promises of youthful genius were wrapped within the clay-cold tomb—and that all the anticipations of the world's applause had ended in the one formal bow of a few friends over mouldering ashes; but I confess I have sorrowed more at the grave of a young and lovely woman who had nothing to excite my compassion but her beauty and her helplessness; and often have the lines of that poet, who could be pathetic as well as sublime, come to my lips:—

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corpse corrupts in earth's dark womb,  
Or that thy beauties lie in woe's bed,  
Kid from the world in a low-delved tomb.

It was on a lovely morning in the month of May that a sad and sorrowful company assembled to accompany the remains of poor Elsie Morrice to her last sold dwelling-place. According to that old-fashioned and most becoming custom, she was borne on the bier, and carried, as is the practice in that part of the country, for some way by the young maidens dressed in white. No mother had she to weep for her, no relation to bear her head to the grave; but her old grandmother followed her corpse to the door—farther she could not; and, when it was placed on the bier, she attempted not to speak or to moan, but she leaned her palsied hands on her staff, and followed the coffin with her eyes, while down her furrowed cheeks rolled two big tears that told too well her inward grief. Elsie's young companion, May Leslie, who was to have been her best-maid at the marriage, who had promised to assist at her marriage dress, and make her marriage bed, had, in sorrow and in grief, fashioned that last dress in which beauty is offered, not to the arms of a lover, but to the crawling worm, now supported her head for a few steps to that bed from which there is no rising till the last dread trumpet shall sound. The females then gave the corpse to the young men, and I could perceive, as they returned, that many a handkerchief was soaked in briny tears, and many a head turned to take a last look at the departure of her who had been their companion and their pride. We moved on, and after an hour's walking, arrived at the old churchyard of— It is situated on the front of a bleak and barren hill, with neither tree nor shrub for some way around it; and a few moss-covered tombstones alone told us that it was a resting-place for the dead. The church had been rebuilt in a more convenient place; but, like the sojourner in distant lands, who sighs for his native soil, however barren, there are some that still cling to the spot which is the grave of their fathers. Though it may betray some weakness in reason, still I hope it is an excusable failing, in feeling minds, that they desire to mingle in their ashes with their friends. Here we deposited the remains of Elsie Morrice, and, when the grave had been closed over, the company departed in groups, chiefly engaged in talking over her unfortunate love.

The heather soils had long become fast, and the hare-bell had blossomed and withered for some summers on the grave of Elsie Morrice, when one day a seaman, singing a merry song to himself, tripped up the pathway leading to Sunnybrae. It was William Gordon. The joy he had felt on again entering amongst scenes so well known to him, sent itself forth in a song; but, as he approached the house, it died away, and gave place to far different feelings. He had never heard from Elsie; but, while aboard of ship, he had hushed any fears that arose, by ascribing this to the letters miscarrying from the ever changing station of a sailor. Still he was not well at ease; and as he came in front of the house, and saw the woodbine torn from the walls, the windows here and there broken and covered with paper, and the pretty flower-garden of Elsie turned into a kill-yard, the most fearful forebodings arose in his breast, and with a trembling and hurried hand he lifted the latch. He started back on perceiving some children playing on the floor, but again advanced when he saw a middle-aged woman nursing a child, and asked, in the best way he was able, if she could tell him where Janet Morrice lived? She gave him a direction, and, without taking one other look at the cottage he had so often visited, he made his way to the new dwelling, and on entering addressed her in the usual salutation, "How are you, Granny, and how is Elsie?"

The old woman was seated with her face to the hearth, and perceived not his entrance; but on hearing his voice, without starting or moving, she immediately answered back, "An' ye're come back, Willie Gordon; an' sae ye're come back! I kent a' this. I kent, when the house and the ha' o' the stranger would be closed against ye, ye would come back to your ain country. I saw her yestreen, as I hae seen her ilka night, and she tauld me ye would come. But this fire's out," continued she, stirring about the embers with her stick; "I tried to blaw that peat, but I wassa able to raise the glow; an' when she comes and seats herself on that stool, it'll be sae cauld, an' she winna complain o't, but her bonny face'll be sae wan, and her braw white gown'll be sae damp and dewy. Ye'll see her, Willie; ye'll see her wi' the bonny new mutch on that May Leslie made wi' her ain hand. An' I'll shiver and tremble in my cauld bed, and she winna lie down wi' me, but she'll sit by the fire an' aye deck herself wi' the black kerchief that Willie Gordon tied round her neck lang afore he gaed awa."

William, who had stood riveted to the earth all this time, now exerted himself, and, seizing her arm, asked loudly, "Where is Elsie Morrice?"

"Whaur is Elsie Morrice!—and wha spiers that question? They took her awa frae me lang ago, dressed in white, like a bride, and mony ane gaed wi' her, but I wassa able, though they dressed me fine in my braw Sunday claes."

"Granny, ye knew me already," said he; "for God's sake, tell me what has become of Elsie?"

"There were twa bonny voices ca'd me granny, and I liket to hear them; but the little feathered flock picks the craw-berries, an' the bee sooks the honey frae the heather on the grave o' the aye, and the ither is a faithless love, and broke the heart o' the leal young bairn that lay in my bosom."

William now knew the worst. He threw him-

self in agor on the dais, and wept and cursed his hard fate. Elsie Morrice was dead, and dead, as appeared, through his neglect. When his grief had found some vent, he again asked the old woman if they had received no letters from him.

She raised her shaking hand, and tracing every feature of his face, said, "Though I canna see sae weel that face, I ken ye're Willie Gordon; but, oh, Willie, Willie, ye hae come when the flame ye should hae nourished has been quenched. We never got ony letters, or else Elsie would hae tried to live."

It was with great exertion that he was able to gather from her disjointed sentences that the laird had turned them out of Sunnybrae, and continued to annoy them, and that Elsie had broken her heart when he left them and sent no letters. Many a kind letter had William sent, but they were directed, for security's sake, to the care of the laird, and the mystery of his never receiving any answer was now cleared away. "But the laird shall answer for this," said he, stepping to the door. "Na, Willie Gordon," said she, taking hold of him; "the mauna answer for't to you. There is Anither that will judge him for abusing the widow and the orphan. Ay, he is already cursed for it," continued she, stretching out her lean and shrivelled arm, and raising herself like a Sybil; "his lang list o' ancestors is at an end in him. He walks the would the last of his proud race. A few years, and you lordly house will be the dwelling of the hoodie-craw and the rook; an' the present proud man will be lying in his leaden coffin, wi' the worms o' his ain body devouring him, and the winds o' heaven will dash his lie-telling tombstone to pieces, an' the beasts will tread on his grave, an' the rains level it, and none will repair it, for his name shall be forgotten for ever. But whist, Willie, I canna greet wi' you. Ye'll see her when the hen has been lang on the roost, an' the tod has left his hole to worry the pair beast, an' we'll get May Leslie, an' we'll hae a blazing fire, an' we'll be merry again in Sunnybrae." A shrill and unearthly laugh followed, and she sank again into her former querulous muttering.

William suddenly left the house and was never more seen; but some weeks after the grave of Elsie Morrice was found finely dressed, and a stone, with her name and age carved on it by the hand of no regular sculptor, at the head of it. And every spring the greedy moss was found cleaned away from the stone and the stone and the grave trimmed. While Janet Morrice lived her garden was delfed, and money deposited on her table, by the same invisible hand. No one knew what became of William Gordon, but occasionally, in the gray of a May morning, as the shepherd was merrily driving his flocks with the sun to the pasture, he saw the dark figure of a man chiselling at the stone, or stretched on the grave of Elsie Morrice. About three years ago a shepherd's dog, one day, prowling about the old churchyard, returned, and, by his howling, urged his master to the spot, where he found the dead body of a seaman. The letters W. G. and an anchor on his forehead, and W. S. and E. M., with a heart between them, and the Saviour on the cross above, on his left breast, done with China ink or gunpowder, after that fashion which sailors have, in order that their bodies may be known, if picked up after shipwreck, told too well who had chosen this place for his death-bed. Sufficient money was found on him to pay the expense of his burial, and he was laid in the grave he had died upon. Last summer I visited the spot. The grave was running into wildness; but in a state of mind pleasing yet sad, I spent half a day in dressing the resting place of this unfortunate pair.

### MARY ANDERSON.

The welcome given to Mary Anderson on her second visit to Montreal must have been, to say the least, gratifying. Many an older head than hers has momentarily well nigh lost its balance amid such showers of applause and flowers that greeted this young artist at the close of each act of the several plays in which she took part. To say that I was not pleased, nay delighted with her acting, would be to conceal the feeling that was shared by all alike, from the daintily gloved occupants of the stage boxes and stalls, to the most unlettered and juvenile deity above, and yet with all this I confess to a feeling of disappointment. Perhaps I had not a fair chance of judging. Perhaps I am not qualified to judge should the opportunity offer, nevertheless, I must state my reasons for differing with the popular verdict on the acting of Miss Anderson. I have seen her twice in the same plays, and at a time of her life when but the lapse of a few months must, or should, make more difference on her acting than years could effect for an older artist. She has a stereotyped mode of acting each phase character. When you have studied her acting of one or two of the parts she plays, you could have no difficulty, did you know the coming lines in any play, of describing how she would speak and act them. Mary Anderson attained her highest perfection the first night she placed her foot upon the stage. She must have acted naturally then, her native genius must have been shaken, but time, which improves the untalented actress, only serves to make her more stogy, and to wear away that delightful freshness which was and is still, to a very great degree, hers. This is not meant as a criticism in the hostile sense of the word, but intended to promote the advancement of decidedly the most promising dramatic talent on the American stage. X.

DREAMS.

I.

Life's hour-glass has no moments marked for dreams.  
There is the healthy slumber of the mind  
Fatigued with honest toil, when Fancy streams  
Her witching rays, as through the latticed blind  
The summer moon-beams slip to kiss the lids  
Of eyes as luminous. Fetters cannot bind  
Her immaterial being; naught forbids  
The unchecked freedom of a form designed  
By heaven, impalpable to baser sort  
Who with their sensual arms a form entwine,  
They cherish Fancy, but whose face distort  
And flushed with dalliance and with feverish wine,  
Proclaims her wanton; while true Fancy's brow  
Yields but to lips that seal the purest vow.

II.

Is there no hour for dreams? then must life's sand,  
That ever swift and noiseless speeds away,  
Bear little of the gold that must defray  
The cost of our souls' transport to that land  
That lies so distant, yet so near at hand.  
Of life's pure gold, deeds that do not decay  
With their trail of sorrow, what a poor display  
We boast! The bleakest ocean strand  
Is not more barren than our wasted years,  
That are but dreams and sudden wakings up  
To broken promises, and hopes decayed.  
And friendship withered for the want of tears  
That rain the heavier in sorrow's cup,  
For that they are so stubbornly delayed.

III.

'Tis not the dream of slumber that defowers  
The brain, and leaves it but an echoing cell;  
Where aimless gusts of thought a moment dwell;  
But vain vagaries of our waking hours,  
That fright our reason, till it flees or cowers  
Before the wild, delicious troop that swell  
In numbers ever, dowered with fatal powers,  
Like some strange grape as sweet as muscadell,  
That, too, ferments and drugs the hapless mind,  
Till, reeling, lost in a dardanian maze,  
It seeks for trifles that it cannot find,  
Or found, but gratifies a moment's gaze;  
Then slip the memory, as from weary hands  
The gathered shells re-seek their native sands.

Montreal, Sept. 29. BARRY DANE.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE AT SEASIDE HOTEL, RUSTICO BEACH, P. E. ISLAND.

A special correspondent, in making a highly complimentary allusion to the views recently given in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of the arches erected in Charlottetown on the occasion of the late visit of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess to Prince Edward Island, sends us some notes of an excursion taken by His Excellency during that visit to Seaside Hotel, Rustico Beach. This well-known summer resort, a sketch of which appeared in this journal in June last, lies 18 miles north from Charlottetown, and is much frequented by families and tourists from both Canada and the United States. A sight of the register showed the names of, among others, Sir Alexander Galt, Hon. Judge Torrance, Rev. Professor Jones, Hon. Judge Burton, G. B. Burland, Esq., Thos. Swinyard, Esq., Misses Stairs of Halifax, W. J. Buchanan, Esq., Mrs. Dow, Bishop Binney, of Nova Scotia; Rev. Chancellor Hill, LL.D., Rev. Gavin Lang, Rev. J. D. Cayley, Rt. Hon. Mr. Childers, M.P., the late ex-Governor Wilmot, J. B. Cartwright, Esq., Henry Lyman, Esq., Hon. W. Mackenzie-Bowell, Minister of Customs, J. M. LeMoine, Esq., &c., &c. The hotel, which is capable of holding 80 to 100 guests, is beautifully situated, surrounded by groves of pine-wood abounding with ferns and flowers of all kinds, and in front a substantial pier with a variety of boats and the sea rolling beyond. His Excellency having expressed a wish to see something of the interior of the Island, the Government, of which the Hon. W. W. Sullivan is Premier, selected Seaside Hotel as, on the whole, the most suitable place to which to take the Vice-Regal party. The time for preparation was very limited, but Mr. John Newson, the worthy and enterprising proprietor, was equal to the emergency. Within a few days the grounds were converted into a kind of fairy-land by the rearing of arches at the different entrances, the display of evergreens and bunting, the construction of additional walks, and not least by the erection of a handsome pavilion in which, besides tables, seats for sixty guests were provided. Mottoes of welcome and containing loyal sentiment greeted the eye everywhere, one bearing "God bless our Princess" being especially conspicuous over the entrance to the hotel. It ought to be mentioned that the skilled labourers and material necessary to effect these improvements had to be brought all the way from Charlottetown. The decorations for the pavilion were supplied by a number of those staying at the hotel, among whom were three American ladies from Nyack, N.Y., viz., Mrs. and Miss Morford and Mrs. Van Houten, who could not have been more earnest or interested though they had been doing honour to the President of the United States himself. Running through the centre of the roof from end to end, were festoons of maple leaves and ferns; at right angles to them were four festoons of immortelles and pigeon berries; and running diagonally, from each point where the others met, were festoons of ground juniper with berries. Inside the hotel, the drawing-rooms and other apartments for the illustrious visitors were specially renovated and fitted up; the "Governor's Room," generally reserved for occupation by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of the Island, who has been in the habit of paying an annual visit to the "Seaside," being almost entirely re-furnished for Her Royal Highness' use. At length, the eventful 16th August came, and, with it, much pleasurable excitement

at the Seaside Hotel. Taking special train at Charlottetown, the Marquis of Lorne, attended by Major DeWinton and suite, reached Hunter River station, a distance of upwards of twenty miles, in about 45 minutes. The drive from that point to the "Seaside," about eight miles, was through a lovely country, and splendid arches at Hunter River, New Glasgow and Rustico Village. Great disappointment was felt all along the road at the absence of the Princess, who was prevented from accompanying the Governor-General by indisposition. But, notwithstanding, the enthusiasm was unbounded when the Vice-Regal carriage drove under the arch and the Marquis alighted in the midst of enthusiastic cheers from an immense multitude that had gathered from New London, Cavendish, and other surrounding settlements. His Excellency, immediately on alighting, recognized and shook hands with the Rev. Gavin Lang, of Montreal, with whom he several times during the day entered freely into conversation. Having been conducted by the Hon. Mr. Ferguson, Minister of Public Works, and R. R. Fitzgerald, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, he passed into the hotel, from which, however, he soon emerged. At this stage (the little incident having been arranged by the guests at the hotel), Master Alexander Mathieson Lang, a little two-year-old son of the Rev. Gavin Lang, led by Mr. Fitzgerald, came forward and presented him with a bouquet, instructing him in childish accents that it was to be handed over to the Princess Louise. The Marquis took the little fellow up in his arms, kissed him, and promised to faithfully convey the bouquet to its destination. Shortly after, the Marquis and a number of invited guests sat down to luncheon in the pavilion, which had been so situated that it commanded a beautiful view of the harbor, dotted with the white sails of the fishing boats. The repast was under the superintendence of Mr. Wagstaff, of the old Rankin House, Charlottetown—one of the best hotels in that city—who, during the season, takes charge of the table in Seaside Hotel. It was in his best style and thoroughly enjoyed by all who partook. Luncheon being over, the Marquis, in company with Lieut.-Governor Haviland, Admiral Sir E. Inglefield, Hon. J. C. Pope, R. R. Fitzgerald, Esq., and several others, was rowed over to the Island, opposite the hotel, where they visited Mr. H. M. Churchill's fishing establishment. The Marquis was much interested in an account given by Mr. Churchill of the methods of catching and curing fish. From the Island the Marquis also viewed a Regatta which took place in the bay. Upon returning, His Excellency signed the Hotel Register, and, on Mr. Newson being presented, was pleased to say, "This is a beautiful place, and I am not at all surprised at its popularity—everything is so tasteful and clean." Altogether, the Governor-General's affability, and his repeated assurances that he had spent a very enjoyable day left a most pleasing impression upon the minds of all present. As His Excellency drove off, the hearty cheers given for him and Her Royal Highness must have convinced him that, not only Her Majesty whom he represents, but also himself had a firm hold upon the hearts of the people of Prince Edward Island. Mr. Newson may well be congratulated on the perfect success of all his efforts to make the Vice-Regal visit of the happiest possible kind, and, as His Excellency re-passed through the arch at New Glasgow, he must have realized the sincerity, as well as the appropriateness of the wish and hope which met his eye in the return motto there inscribed, "Will ye no come back again?"

FIRE IRONS.

A FEW RECENT DISCOVERIES ABOUT THEM BY JOSH. M'KOSH.

When once we have admitted the well understood maxim that all household furniture, the use of which custom has rendered necessary to our existence, is made expressly for our discomfort instead of, as we expected, for our greater comfort, it will not be much to concede, that of all refractory and temper-trying household utensils, fire irons are the worst. Fire irons have a social individuality which nothing else in the house seems to possess. Their repeated attacks upon our good nature are, therefore, all the more difficult to bear. As a family group they consist of three members: Mr. Tongs, Mrs. Shovel, and a personage of lesser importance, whose position in the family is not, as yet, clearly defined, viz., Mr. Poker. Each member of the family has a special temper of its own, which must be studied separately and carefully, and must be humored by the person who hopes to live in peace and comfort in a house where the Fire Iron family have taken up their abode. For instance, if we were suddenly called away while in the act of putting down the tongs, our hurry and anxiety would at once become known to the tongs which would, therefore, refuse to stand upright on any consideration, but would persistently put one of its long legs on a lump of coal at the bottom of the stand. Impatiently we turn it round to avoid the lump, but it as deliberately puts its other leg on the same lump, and then as we release our hold, quickly prepares to fall down. We seize it indignantly, throw away the cause of its discomfort, and settle it again; but while we are doing so, it trips up the unoffending poker, which has to be mollified before it will stand still again. All the while we have been called by some one in the house, and told "for

goodness sake" to "let the *Arse* alone, and not to stay there all day." The fire irons hear that, and are satisfied.

The tongs is the only one of the family who has a visible pair of legs, but they all have invisible ones; and it is doubtful whether after a set of fire irons have attained maturity they do not possess invisible wings as well. You discover on some cold winter afternoon that the fire is nearly out; your first impulse is to put on some coal, but the tongs have either walked or flown away. You look in vain in the coal-scuttle, there is nothing in it but enormous lumps, which you dare not attack with the shovel, for you have had a little experience with that refractory implement. With a few heartfelt wishes for the future of the confounded tongs, you seize the lump of coal with your hand and hurl it into the grate. Of course you wipe your forefinger and thumb on your coat, and immediately discover that you have on a light-colored suit. Feeling ruffled, you sit down, but not in peace, for the lump you threw on, though it begins to burn, needs to be broken. You therefore attack it vigorously with the poker, and the result is so far very satisfactory; the lump gives way splendidly before the repeated thrusts of the poker, and the fire burns brightly; but just as you finish with a poke, stronger than any of the others, a blazing fire rushes out on the hearth rug. Instantly you kick it towards the hearthstone, but not before it has had time to singe the rug. Putting the poker out of our hand with as much care as you can, you take up the shovel. Mr. Poker immediately falls flat on his face. You leave him there and endeavour to get the coal on the shovel by trying to insinuate it gently under the piece, but the shovel objects to that, and only jams it under the fender. Now nothing will release it but the tongs. But where are those tongs! You ring, and softly enquire "What in the name of wonder has become of the tongs?" The household does not know; of course not. The coal under the fender all this time continues to smoke vigorously, and the smoke, carefully avoiding the chimney, fills the room. With tears in your eyes you hear the maid say she thinks the tongs might possibly be in the parlor. How on earth did it get there! She does not know; she never knows anything. You rush to the parlor for the much desired tongs, but are stopped as you get to the door, by seeing two or three ladies calling on your wife. You have the unutterable satisfaction of seeing through the crack of the door two pairs of tongs nestling side by side over the parlor fire, in the greatest good humor possible. You return to the scene of your trials quite desperate, you batter the smoking piece of coal to bits under the fender, using the shovel and poker alternately. You lift out the fender, and throw the ashes about, and black your hands, but succeed in demolishing the smoking lump. All this time flakes of dust and smut settle on your face and nose, which take considerable brushing to get satisfactorily off. You give yourself several additional whisks and eye brows, or "beauty spots" in so doing, but never mind that, you have conquered at last. Only your wife, on coming in, mistakes your victory for something else, and wants to know what *have* you been doing, and what is the matter, and is the house on fire! Your reflection is that it is really very annoying to be left without any one or all of the fire irons in time of need.

The fire, too, seems to understand perfectly what ones are away, and is always certain to take advantage of it. Some day you discover that a lot of large cinders have fallen down and are burning quietly underneath the grate to its greater damage. You naturally wish to put them back on the fire again, you think too how economical you will be this winter, as coal is getting dear, you must therefore burn all the cinders. But the shovel is not there. Your wife thinks you left it out in the yard when you carried that clinker from the hall stove this morning; but that is all nonsense, for you *know* you brought it back. It walked away of its own sweet will. Your belief in its walking powers is confirmed by finding it leaning up against the fence near the back gate, although you had not left it there in the morning. In time, however, you get the cinders disposed of.

Of the whole fire iron family, the poker is the only one which escapes most of the maladies which afflict the other two. Frequently the tongs get an attack of palsy which loosens its joints and prevents him from grasping the coal tightly, but it never affects his invisible legs; they seem to be perfectly exempt from all such attacks, and are often more vigorous, in comparison as the visible ones grow weak. The shovel is often similarly affected, and its loose joints cause it to spill the ashes and cinders about.

It is probable that all this arises from a feeling of revenge, caused by the way they are used in the household. As everybody thinks himself capable of lifting a poker and using it judiciously, so everybody thinks he can make up a fire on thoroughly scientific principles; nevertheless everyone of these people makes up a fire in a different way; our only conclusion is, that dealing with a fire is the most *inexact* science yet known, or else that science is only in its infancy, and will require cycles and cycles of time, and ages and ages of patient study to even begin to understand it. Can we in fairness to the fire irons expect that they should entertain proper feelings toward the *genus homo* when they are made the instruments for carrying into effect the tangled theories and vague ideas of their

several masters! Mr. Sharp desires to get the greatest heat out of the fire, he therefore piles the coal up like a pyramid. Mr. Harp, with the same end in view, flattens out his Mr. Carp keeps his grate empty. Tharp keeps his full. Larp puts on coal lightly, leaving large spaces between. Parp hammers his down as tightly as possible, while Darp, Marp, Narp and Quarp pile up theirs in all conceivable and unconceivable ways, as different as day is from night, all in order, and disorder, to produce the same effect.

Fire irons as a rule get on very smoothly among themselves, but they sometimes fall out very seriously. For instance, after dinner, just as you have finished poking up the fire, (which you alone in the house can do properly,) in laying down the poker, it very clumsily contrives to step on one of the toes belonging to the tongs, which makes the tongs spin round on the foot which escaped, and lean anywhere and everywhere in silent agony. In the meantime you get back to your easy-chair, pour yourself out a glass of port, and throw a silk handkerchief over your head, and prepare to *think*, (you don't sleep after dinner as it doesn't agree with you!) you will be only able to pass the first few stations on the road of quiet repose and deep thought, when the tongs recovers sufficiently to look about it for revenge. It swings back to its former position and makes a rush for the poker, which of course catching at anything as it goes, pulls down the shovel and its tormenter, the poker, in its fall. You wake with a start and wish all the fire irons in the world in Hades.

From all we can learn on this subject, there seems to be a great want felt by the whole civilized race, and that is that while we are, as yet, but imperfectly acquainted with the proper method of making fires, the want of some competent inventor is seriously felt, to design some solitary confinement, perpetual, vice-holding stand, which would put a stop to all internal squabbles among the irons, and destroy their invisible means of locomotion, which now enables them to exercise such tyranny in every household in which they are inmates.

Toronto.

H.

THE GLEANER.

An account is given of an interesting race of two post cards sent by a gentleman in Sweden round the world. The one was sent east via Madras and San Francisco, the other west via San Francisco and Madras. It is a remarkable proof of the regularity of the postal service that the cards got back within a day of each other, the one taking 116 days, the other 117 days. When it is considered that the cards sent have to be detained at various places on the road to catch steamers and other connections, the punctuality with which each made the circle is surprising.

That there are many curious associations of which the world knows little is no new statement, but the second annual meeting of a society with so strange a name took place recently in London that it is worth recording. This society calls itself the "Conditional Immortality Association." The meeting was not held in an aristocratic neighbourhood, as its trysting place was a chapel in Islington. As a large number of delegates were present from the provinces, from Scotland and Ireland, it is to be supposed that the Conditional Immortalityites are a strong if not a prominent body. Beyond the fact that there appears to be some connection between the millenium and conditional immortality, there is no clue to the notions held by this peculiarly named sect.

A CARD.

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

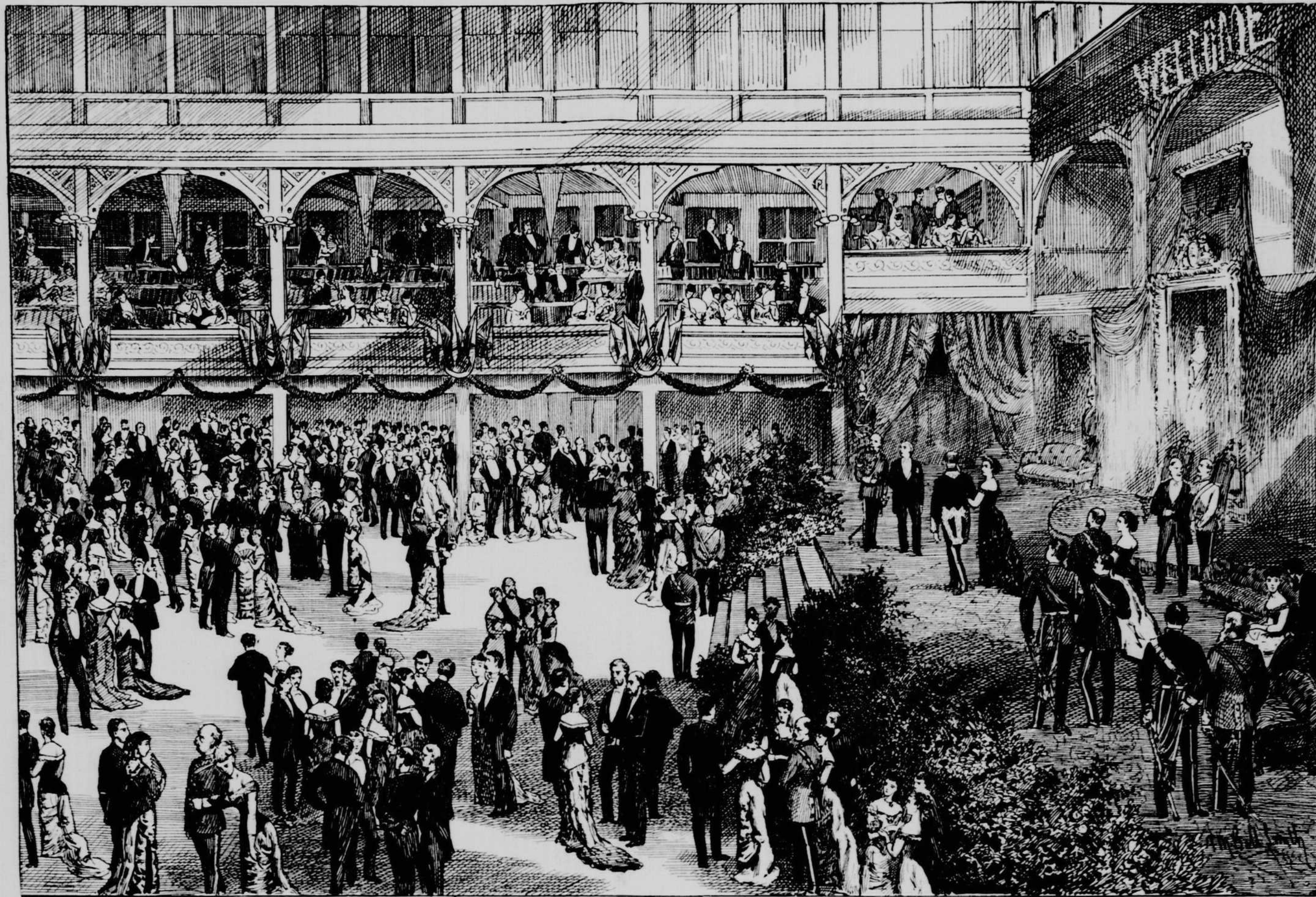
SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pimply eruptions on the face, so annoying to the young and baffling to medical skill, can be completely cured by ACNE PILLS. They contain no arsenic, potash, or any injurious drug; nor, except the disease, do they affect the system in any way, save as a tonic. Box containing 120 pills, with full directions, mailed to any part of Canada for one dollar. Sample boxes of one dozen 10 cents in stamps. Address W. HEARN, Chemist, Ottawa.

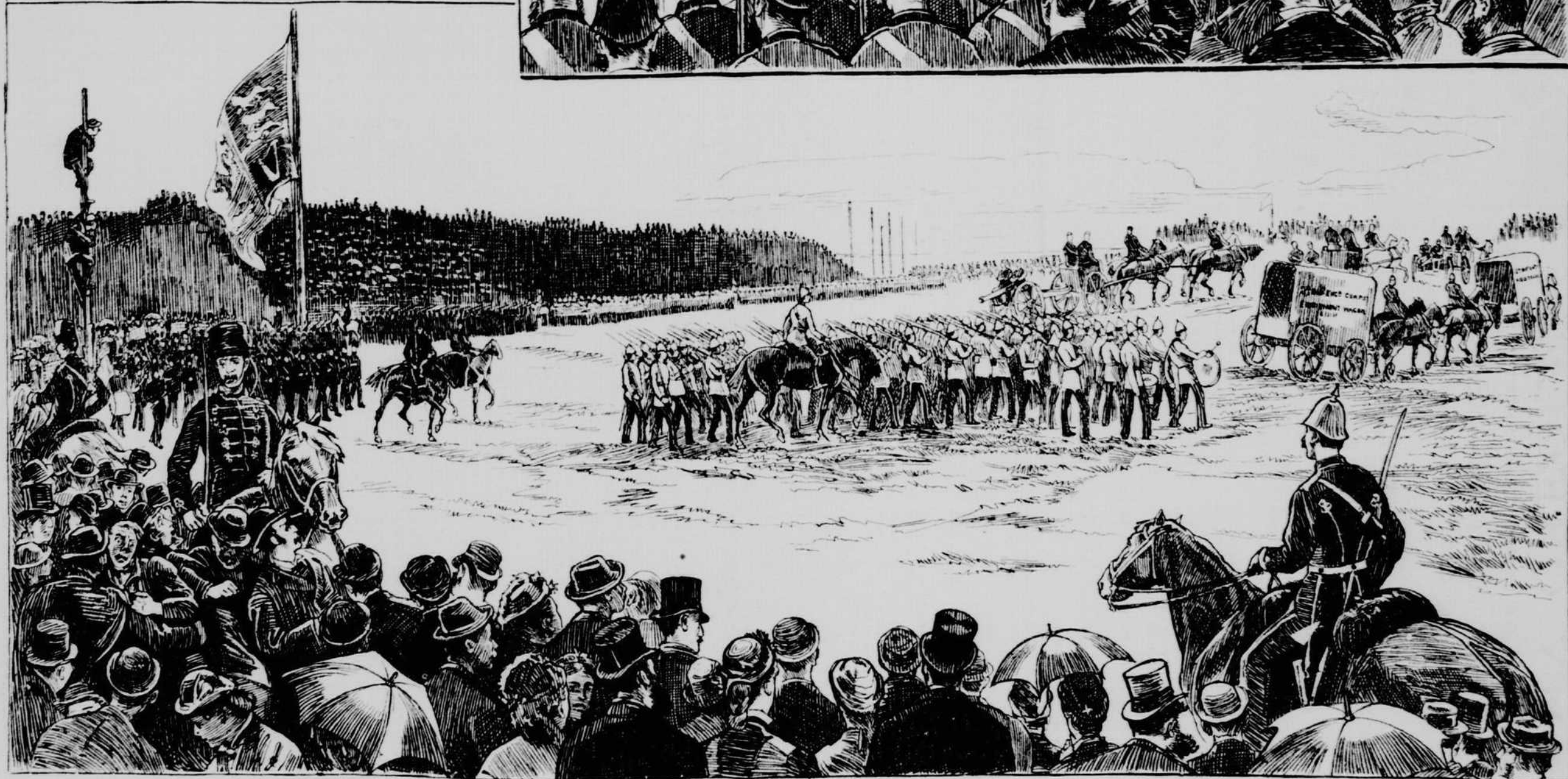
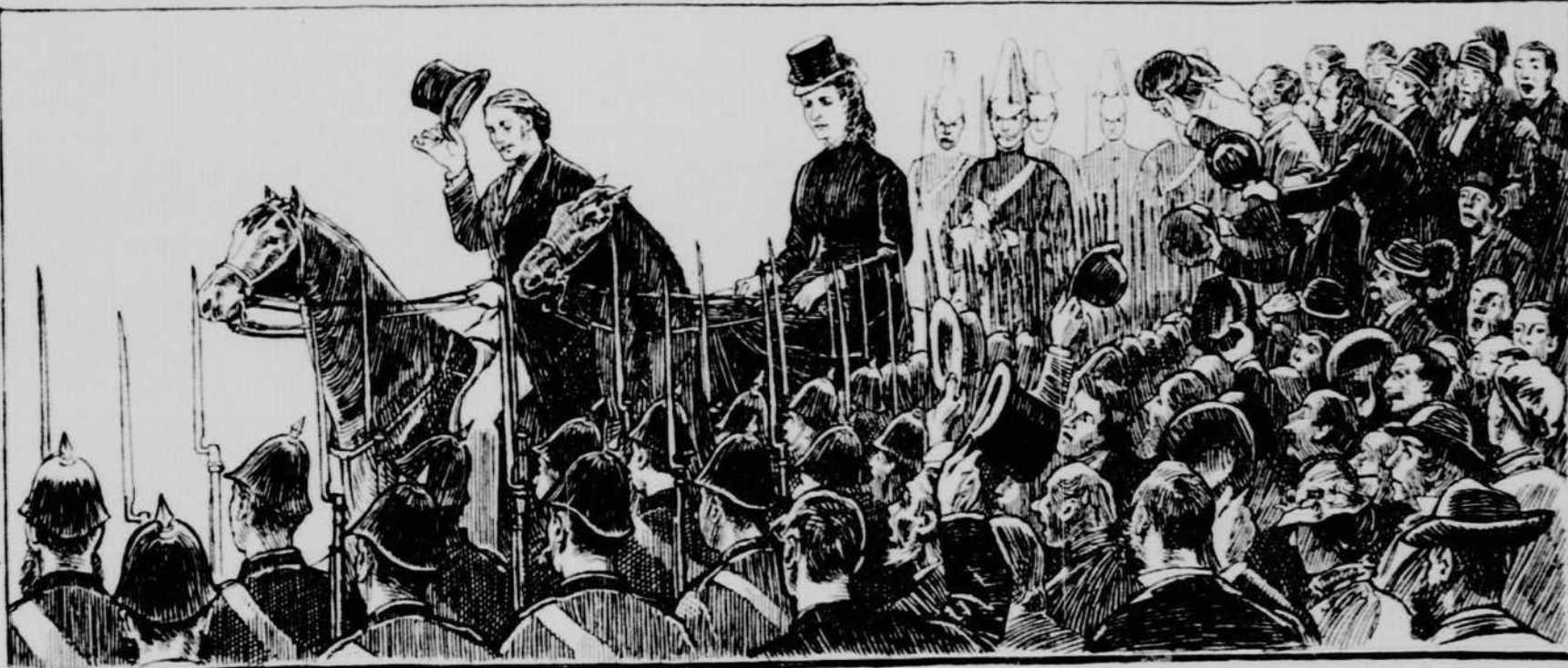
CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

a-o-w.



THE CITIZENS' BALL.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH  
THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO TORONTO.



THE MILITARY REVIEW.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. CRUICKSHANK.  
THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO TORONTO.

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# MY CREOLES:

▲ MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

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

Book IV.

## THE DREAD ALTERNATIVE.

VII.

### WHAT A SCALPED MAN LOOKS LIKE.

M. Paladine and I went into the garden, while Ory remained in the house. We had gone through two or three alleys and were stopped before a superb lot of tuberoses, the merits of which my host was enthusiastically describing, apparently forgetful of all else beside, when my attention was distracted by a light foot-fall on the sand. My heart told me it was Ory, and when I looked up I saw that she was accompanied by an elegantly-dressed young man.

"Ah!" said M. Paladine, turning. "Here is my son."

And forthwith Ory introduced me to her brother.

As our hands joined, we looked at each other very keenly. Young Paladine was the first to speak.

"If I am not mistaken," said he, "I saw Mr. Gilbert yesterday at the boat."

Ory and her father looked surprised.

"Yes," I replied, smiling. "I now recognize you."

I then related to M. Paladine and Ory what had occurred on the levee the day before, and expressed my pleasure on finding that the identity of the stranger and Bonair was now established.

The matter then dropped and we continued our round of the garden. Between occasional scraps of conversation with the new-comer, some listless answers to the botanical observations of the old gentleman and a few delicious whisperings with Ory, I managed to get through the promenade pleasantly enough, though I rejoiced when it was over.

On returning to the study we found a little table spread with glasses, a bottle and a plate of crackers. M. Paladine looked at his watch, and on a sign of approbation from Ory, said:

"It is just a quarter to dinner. The traditional time for a *verre d'appetit*."

And saying this, he placed the four wine-glasses in a row, filled them with golden-colored brandy, took a lighted taper from Ory's hand and ignited the liquid. Blue and yellow flames flickered for a moment over the brim of each glass, filling the room with perfume.

"Now, let us drink. We can do so with safe consciences. This is real cognac," exclaimed M. Paladine, raising his glass.

With mutual bows and good wishes we drank to each other. Ory took her glass in hand, clinked with me, but merely put her lips to it and set it down. It was either that the brandy was so good or that my love was heated by it, but I would have given much to sip from her glass where her lips had touched it.

The dinner passed without any notable incident. There was no boisterous enjoyment but I amused myself very much, and I think the others did the same. Although Ory—bless her dear little soul—tried her best to distribute her favors impartially, I yet had the vanity to imagine that she contrived to get more of my company than of her father's or brother's. In consequence of this, M. Paladine and his son had long intervals of conversation together. Often, however, in spite of our occupation, Bonair and I glanced furtively and inquisitorially at each other.

The same thought was doubtless running through our heads—had we not met before, and if so, when and where? On my part there were no salient traces to go by. Bonair's face was an ordinary one, with no striking feature except perhaps the mouth, which was somewhat hard and firm. He had not his father's high forehead, nor his sister's wonderful eyes. In fact he bore no resemblance whatever to either his father or sister. One peculiarity about him, which I was positive I had not seen before in so young a man, was that his temples near the ears had no traces of short, downy hair and that similarly there were no short hairs at the base of his head near the neck. This led me to believe that he wore a wig.

Probably he was equally busy gathering together the threads of his memory in regard to me. Whether he had as much difficulty as I had in finding distinctive traits, I of course do not know, but at any rate it took him till dessert to come to a decision. When at length, however, he did find a clue, he was emphatic enough in declaring it. The table had been cleared of all except the wine and cake, and M. Paladine was making some remarks to me, while I was equally engaged in cracking pecans for Ory, when suddenly we were startled by Bonair bringing his hand down violently on the table, and like Aquinas at the board of the French King, exclaiming:

"I have found it at last!"

And as he said the words, he looked steadily

at me with a countenance made beautiful by the light of a new and welcome intelligence.

"Excuse me, sir," said he to me with perfect politeness, "but would you mind answering a few questions of mine?"

"I will do so with pleasure," I replied.

"If I ask it is because I believe I am on the track of an agreeable discovery. You are acquainted with the Manchester road, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"You have travelled it?"

"Often; every summer for years."

"You passed over it in June last year?"

"Yes."

"You know the Rock Bridge House?"

"I do."

"And the hollow just beyond it?"

"Yes."

"Is that spot associated in your memory with any event more or less remarkable?"

"It is, sir; in June of last year I remember meeting there a weary, broken-down traveller."

"Whom you roused from his lethargy and caused to be conveyed to the city, thereby, most probably, saving his life."

"Stop!" I exclaimed, rising from my seat and bending over to the table; "you are—no, it cannot be." My memory had a sudden illumination; then as suddenly found itself darkened again.

"Let me see—the man I refer to was dressed in soldier's clothes."

Bonair sat back in his chair and smiled.

"And he had a military pass."

Bonair's smile expanded into a laugh.

"And his name—I remember it distinctly—"

was—

"Gustave Dablon!"

I began to understand now; but in my excitement was not entirely convinced.

"The man I refer to had been scalped by the Indians."

"Here!" shouted Bonair, starting to his feet. "Look here!" and he tore off his wig.

Oh! the horrid, pitiful sight. Now I knew him. But what a change from a moment ago!

The upper portions of the forehead bore marks of scarification, and the whole convexity of the head from the frontal bone to the extreme base of the occiput was stripped of its hairy covering.

What replaced this was a grayish film, seeming as fragile as tissue paper, though by a physiological mercy, it had the consistency of gutta percha. Through it, however, the play of the brain and cerebral could be fairly discovered.

Baldness often makes a monkey of a man, but scalping transforms him into a monster. It gives a preternatural broadness to the face; takes all shadow from the eyes; brings the ears into undue prominence; breaks the seal of intelligence which God has stamped upon the brow. It changes the smile into a grin and casts a ghastliness over the whole face.

The scene which followed this action of Bonair's was deeply moving indeed. M. Paladine and his daughter both rose from their seats. The old man uttered some exclamations of surprise and pain. Ory turned to me with suppliant eyes and then hid her head upon my shoulder.

Bonair stood looking at me for some minutes. There was a wild excitement in his eyes and his nostrils dilated.

"Do you know me now, Mr. Gilbert?" he said. "Am I not the same man you succored fourteen months ago? Yes, I am. I am Gustave Dablon. I am that soldier. I have been scalped."

At these words, he looked at his wig with an expression of despair, then replaced it on his head.

There was a pause during which we all took our seats one after the other. M. Paladine was the first to speak, offering me his thanks in the most affecting words, for the service I had done to his son. Ory followed in the same strain. She said that her brother had informed them at the time of the kindness he had received from a young stranger, but as he did not know his name and could not learn it from the farmer lad who had driven him to town, they had never been able to discover their benefactor. She thanked God that she and all her household lay under this further obligation to me. There was a providence in all this, she said, and it was only a part of that mysterious train of events which had brought us together. I immediately seized upon this view. I stated the presentiment I had had at the time that my meeting with the wounded and spent soldier was not a fortuitous one, and that we were destined, sooner or later, to cross each other again.

"When I saw you yesterday at the boat," said Bonair, in his turn, "I was struck with your appearance. I had the same feeling on meeting you in the garden, awhile ago. But it was only here at table, that, catching a peculiar smile of yours as you were speaking to Ory, I was at once brought back to the precisely similar smile which you gave me when the

farmer boy whipped up from the tavern and you bade me good-bye. I have not thanked God for much in my wild life, but I humbly and fervently thank Him now that He has allowed me to discover my benefactor."

VIII.

### ROWING FOR THE WAIF.

Toward the close of the afternoon, at a moment when M. Paladine and Bonair appeared to be engaged in serious conversation, Ory proposed to me a ramble to the water's edge. I assented all the more readily that she manifested particular earnestness about it. We passed rapidly through the garden and thence along a portion of the grounds, till we reached the semi-circular basin where the family boat was moored. There it lay in the shadow of a large willow, its beautiful lines half hidden by ferns and rushes. Approaching nearer, I observed on the hind seat the white leaves of a book which the wind had blown open.

"Your father has forgotten one of his books," said I.

"No," she replied, "that is my book, forgotten last evening."

"What author has the honor of being your favorite, the companion of your solitary hours?"

"Lamartine is one of my favorites, and this is a work of his."

"Lamartine!" I repeated. "Are you fond of his verse?"

"His verse, Carey? His poetry, you mean."

He is one of the new voices of our century, fresh, juvenile, simple, yet potent withal to stir the deepest recesses of the heart. He is the poet of woman, though that I fear is no compliment."

"It is the greatest of compliments; for woman, being the most keenly sensitive and the most imaginative, is, therefore, the most poetic being that God has made. A professor of mine—a good authority, because he was a priest, and, as such, not susceptible of any undue partiality for the sex—laid it down among his literary canons, that a book which was popular among cultivated women could not be a common book, and, in many cases, it would be found an uncommon one. You see, Ory, I continued, smiling, "that I have been brought up in a good school. I know nothing of Lamartine except from hearsay, but on your recommendation I will read him."

"Do so, Carey. Read his *Meditations* and his *Harmonies*, especially. I know them by heart. The work, however, which you see in the boat is not one of his poems, but a fragment of his *Confidences*, just received from Paris."

"Prose or poetry?"

"Prose. But it is a divine poem all the same, a sea-pastoral, iridescent with the loves of life's morning, fresh with the adorable beauty of that Italian nature which so intoxicates the poetic mind. Lamartine wrote it with a stubbed pencil in a blank book balanced on his knees as he lay under a lemon-tree in the island of Ischia. Graziella is the name of the simple fisherman's daughter, whose lonely life and innocent love form the subject of this volume. I know not why, Carey, but I have likened myself to this poor waif of the sea of Naples. Her solitude and isolation on the terrace of Procida have been as mine in my cavern of the quarry; her sorrows have been my sorrows; her disappointments my disappointments, and I only pray, though I scarce dare hope, that my end may not be like hers, darkened by false promises and darkened by that worst of all horrors—desertion. Read 'Graziella,' Carey, and then tell me what you think of it."

She stepped into the boat, took up the book and presented it to me. Then stepping out again she invited me to walk on.

"Let us go up the bank," said she; "the afternoon is advancing."

On the way I questioned her about her boating tastes, remarking that a person so delicate as she seemed to be, and of so meditative a turn of mind, could hardly take pleasure in that rude exercise, especially in such a headlong river as the Mississippi. She informed me that she had taken to boating, not so much through any fancy for the exercise itself, as because it afforded her some outlet for her cramped energies, some recreation in her loneliness, some companionship during the enforced seclusion in which she occasionally pined. The boat ushered her into the glad, rushing waters, which sang her a song of freedom that she liked to hear; it opened new bits of sky, unbounded save by the lines of water and of prairie, and under these skies she breathed a new life; it led her, on both sides of the river, into quite little bays and basins, full of beautiful surprises in the way of scenery, sights of flowers and animal life, holy quietude and solemn shadow. Through these sheltered nooks, following the languid windings of the current, under the overhanging branches, she loved to drift in her boat, while her mind floated gently along another current—that of imagination or memory.

At other times she would choose these occasions to read a favourite volume, from which she averred that she received higher inspirations and experienced keener emotions than she would have done if the reading had been made in her room. It was in her boat and in one of the shady bays on the Illinois shore that she had read *Graziella*.

These explanations gave me an insight into Ory's character for which I was not prepared. I knew that her nature must be pensive, but I

did not know that it was so recondite, so concentrated, so introspective. There is the simple field-flower with pale colors and faint perfume. It is always beautiful but it looks pale. And there is the double flower, a marvellous reproduction of itself, a growth of its own substance, with deeper combined hues and a richer fragrance.

Hitherto I had taken Ory for a mere ingenuous girl. Now, I discovered she was a reflective woman.

"But you do not go alone, Ory," I said.

"You could never stem the current."

"Sometimes I have a companion, but it is rare. Papa used to like to come out with me, but he seldom does so now. As to the current, it is not such an obstacle as it appears. I have learned an art of tacking which helps me wonderfully, though I do not know whether it is according to approved rules or not. By inching up sideways I find three or four miles against the stream a not very exhausting task, and I never venture further down than that."

"Would you mind taking a turn with me? I know little of rowing professionally, but I have strength enough to do some good pulling, and you could help me at the rudder."

"I intended to ask you," answered Ory; "that is why I invited you down, but before that I wanted you to walk up the beach a little to reconnoitre."

"To reconnoitre what, Ory?"

"You will see presently. Nay, you will see at once, for, don't you notice a thin smoke rising over the river, yonder?"

"Yes; that is a steamboat which has just pushed out from the levee. She is now in mid-stream."

"The steam is still compressed; her paddles describe only half circles. She is slowly turning on her own length. Presently her bow will be pointing southward; her engines will exert their full power; her boilers will glow like furnaces; she will dip the flag as a parting salute to the city and then she will take the water at the rate of fifteen miles an hour."

"She must be doing that already," I exclaimed, pointing to the north, "for see how the two columns of black smoke are rising upward and then suddenly sheering off in long trails behind, swept by the wind."

"Ah! there she comes, there she comes!" said Ory, with excitement. "Look, she is just rounding the point yonder. How like a thing of life she seems. Is she not graceful? I think our Western boats are so much handsomer than the big propellers on the Potomac and the Hudson, which are only ugly compounds of the ocean steamer and the river boat."

"You are an enthusiast about steamboats, Ory," I said.

"I am acquainted with every boat that plies between St. Louis and the Ohio and Lower Mississippi. I stand here for hours nearly every day watching them come and go. I know their names, their destination, their speed, the number of their trips, the accidents which each has encountered. Some of them have such pretty names. Their captains must be poets. This, for instance, which is now coming down on us, is the 'Prairie Bird,' and don't she look like a bird skimming the water? See! She is fast approaching; I think it is time we should go for our boat."

"Remain here," I said, hastening away; "I will fetch it. I will be back in two minutes."

I had no trouble whatever in unfastening the boat, finding the oars, setting them in their locks and making my way out of the basin. When I reached the river the steamer was nearly opposite the spot where Ory stood, and she was intently gazing upon it. Her attention was indeed so fixed that she took not the slightest notice of me as I stopped the boat at her feet. Her features expressed something more than curiosity; sorrow and anxious sympathy were imprinted upon them. Suddenly she gave a little cry, drew out her handkerchief and waved it violently. The movement was so singular that I, too, looked in the direction of the steamer. It was now gliding along the Illinois bank, and consequently at a considerable distance from us, but still I distinguished a dark figure which detached itself from the white surface of the hurricane deck. It also was agitating a white handkerchief.

"Who is that, Ory?" I asked, not moving from my seat.

"Look!" said she, and she produced an ivory-mounted binocular, which she handed down to me.

I held up the glasses. No; it was not possible. It must be an optic delusion. I looked again. Yes; there could be no mistake. It was the lady in black.

I glanced at Ory for an explanation.

"Ah! yes," she replied, "it is she, it is my poor Gai-so."

I started at the word. Where had I heard that name before? What dreadful scene was it that it recalled?

"Gai-so!" I cried, "Gai-so!"

"Yes, that is her name. Did you not know it?"

"I never heard her even mention her name. For me she was always *La Dame Noire*," I answered.

Here Ory waved her handkerchief for the last time, exclaiming:

"Farewell, poor, dear Gai-so. Think of me. I will never forget you. We shall meet again. Farewell," and she wiped the tears from her cheeks.

My heart had reflected with the lightning rapidity of passion and excitement, and discovered

when and where I had heard that singular name before.

"But, Ory," said I, "there is a Gaisso who is queen of the Voudous."

"It is she," was the calm reply.

"That is impossible. It is Gaisso, your friend. The handsome, lady-like companion of your solitude is not an —" I hesitated to pronounce the word.

"You may finish your sentence, Carey. Yes, my Gaisso is an Octoroon."

I was astounded. This woman—she whom I had seen in such peculiar circumstances of pathos and tenderness in the cave of the quarry—was the same whom I had heard invoked in the hollow to fire the vengeance of the Voudous against me. And, now I thought of it, was not the name of Bonair roared in my very ear on that same terrible night, when the black assassin had me down and was aiming the dagger at my heart? Those two names, associated then, had they not some connection now? Bonair had come home. Gaisso was going away. And why all this mystery about her going? How did Ory know the precise steamer on which she went, and why did she thus come down to see her pass, ostentatiously choosing a moment when her brother was deeply engaged with her father?

All these thoughts flashed through my brain like lurid gleams. I would have pressed the theme further, but a wave struck the side of my boat, heaving it up on the shingle.

"Come," said Ory. "I like to be rocked in the swash of the great steamer. There is just peril enough in the exercise to make it agreeable. Get ready; bend to your oars; I will steer crosswise direct for the vessel."

I made sorry work of it with the oars, much to the amusement of my fair pilot. As we were constantly up and down, and I could not calculate the breadth of each wave, I struck the blades in the air when we sank into the trough of the water, and buried them in the volumes of the rising surge when I should have feathered. The consequence was that we were rudely knocked about, and that several times the boat was within an inch of upsetting. If we had been going from mid-stream to the bank, driven by ever decreasing waves, there could have been no danger, but as every ridge we met was higher than its predecessor, I had serious fears that we might come at last to be swamped for our pains. I took good care of course not to impart my anxiety to Ory, who seemed quite unconscious of peril. It was already enough that I was red in the face and out of breath with rowing. To have betrayed any apprehension would have robbed me of all my prestige with the brave girl, and perhaps even tended to make me ridiculous in her eyes. At length a tremendous wave, the great-grandfather of all the others, struck our bows with an echoing thud, raising it high in air and drenching me with spray.

"Ah!" said I, "that must surely be the last. We shall now glide to the other side of the gulf made by the steambot."

And so it proved. But Ory seemed to take no heed. Though her hand remained firm on the tiller, her eyes were more keenly attached than ever to the receding vessel. Something unusual must be going on there, but I could not tell what it was, as my back was turned.

Suddenly she gave a wrench to the bar, and beckoned me to turn.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Gaisso has been signalling something which I could not understand. But now I see what it is. She has thrown something into the water and she wants us to make after it. Quick!—we must overtake and pick it up."

I rested a moment on my oars to make sure of the new direction which I had to take. The steamer was fast vanishing in the distance, and the sun, which had withdrawn behind the trees, left the broad river in shadow. Ory improved the opportunity of my pause to sweep the liquid expanse with her glasses.

"I see," she said, "a small dark object lying in the wake of the vessel. It rises and falls like a cork. That must be it. Let us hurry."

It was smoother water now and I did better pulling. We had a splendid run of about a mile before either of us spoke. At length Ory cried out:

"It is being washed to the starboard shore. If no counter-current diverts it, we shall get it without having to run much further down. Give us a dozen more, Carey, and I think that will do."

I presumed that she wanted me to make a spurt, and I did so with a will. The boat whizzed through the water, but after it, the breath was nearly all gone out of my body and the muscles of my arms were as flaccid as india-rubber.

"Well, Ory," I said, gasping, "we cannot be far from that waf now, unless it turns out to be a will-o'-the-wisp."

"It is too bad," she replied, after a moment's pause. "I fear we are going to lose it after all. It has been caught in a current which will prevent it from reaching the shore. And now that it has ceased drifting shoreward, it will go down stream much faster than ever. We will have to give up following it. It would be trying your strength and your kindness too far. And besides, darkness is coming on. Before we get back to the boat-house it will be quite dusk."

While Ory was speaking I happened to cast my eyes on the bank, and thought I saw a figure running behind the trees which lined the water's edge. I took no notice of it further than to observe that its flight was southward, as ours had been.

"And still," continued my companion, "I

would have so much liked to gather up this last token of poor Gaisso. Who knows? Perhaps it contained her last wishes, some important message which she had forgotten when we parted. Alas! I felt so sure we should overtake it. My only hope now is that some one will pick it up between this and the Delta, before it loses itself in the Gulf of Mexico, and deliver it to whom it is addressed. Who knows, again? Perhaps it is addressed to you, Carey."

These last words struck me. It might be that the fugitive—for such I now considered Gaisso to be—on seeing me with Ory, had bethought her of something intended solely for me, which she hastily committed to paper and intrusted to the waves. This supposition inspired me with a new resolve. I proposed to Ory that I should land her at the nearest point, whence she could safely return home while it was yet daylight, and that I alone would pursue the floating object. I had no doubt that I could catch up with it, and, of course, it would make no matter at what late hour I got back. If the distance were too great, I could go ashore anywhere, hire a conveyance and ride to The Quarries with the boat.

I had hardly made the proposal when Ory, who had been following the waf with her glasses, exclaimed:

"Oh! dear me, what does that mean! A black something has just leaped into the water opposite the point where the object is floating. It has disappeared completely under the water. But no. There it is again. I see its head. It is a black man. He stretches his hand to it. He has seized it. Yes, he has it; he has it. He is turning now, and making ready to swim back. Look, Carey; tell me what it means. It is very singular."

I directed the lenses to the place indicated and distinctly saw a lusty black figure swimming in to the bank.

"Don't you know who it is?" said I to Ory, returning the glasses.

"Surely not," she replied. "Who can it be?"

"It is Nain!" I said, with a smile.

Her eyes opened wide with wonder and her face grew very pale.

"Let us row home at once, then," she murmured.

IX.

GAISSO'S MISSIVE.

We were at a considerable distance from our starting point, but, strange to tell, I felt little or no fatigue in the continuous rowing upstream. I had acquired a great deal of skill, too, in my afternoon's practice, so that we reached the boat-house in good time.

Ory had stepped out under the willows while I was engaged in putting away the paddles. She had been thoughtful and silent all the way up, and was still under the influence of some painful feeling, for she no sooner heard a slight rustling in the bushes behind her than she exclaimed, in a trembling voice:

"Who is there?"

"It is I, missus Ory," answered a voice which I distinctly recognized to be Nain's.

"What do you want?" she demanded in a slightly altered tone, betraying resentment.

"Would you please step back this way for a moment?"

Ory hesitated an instant, but looking at me as if to reassure herself, retired behind the hedge without saying a word.

I remained where I was, neither advancing nor retreating. I thought it my duty to stand ready for any emergency, though, of course, I did not anticipate that my services would be required. From my place I could hear all that was said between the young mistress and the slave.

The negro spoke first.

"Here, missus," said he, "is a little bottle I just picked up in the river. It was thrown overboard by Gaisso."

"I know," replied Ory, curtly.

"I judge," continued the negro, "that it is intended for you, as it is one of your perfumery bottles."

"Break it open," said Ory, "and show me what is in it."

I then heard the crackling of glass on a stone.

"There are two papers," remarked Ory. "One is addressed to me; the other to Mr. Gilbert. Here, Nain, while I read mine, bring this to Mr. Gilbert, whom I left in the neighborhood of the boat-house."

"Oh! missus," exclaimed the slave, "spare me that, I entreat you. I dare not face Mr. Gilbert."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the young mistress, "I did not reflect. I will give him the paper myself. You may go now, Nain, and beware of whispering a word of this to any one."

"Ah! Missus Ory, there is no fear of that—after all you have done for Gaisso and for all of us; I would be the last to put any obstacle in the way of the good you still meditate for the poor girl."

The language itself, and the soft, modulated tone in which it was uttered, were such that if a stranger had been there to listen he would have attributed them to a high-toned gentleman, instead of a negro slave.

Ory immediately afterward made her appearance, handed me the paper without a word of comment, and then walked away in the direction of the house, in order to give me an opportunity of reading my missive unobserved and at leisure.

The note was written on the fly-leaf of a book,

and with a lead pencil. The writing itself was very hurried, so that I could not fairly judge from it of the writer's education. The spelling, however, was correct throughout. The following were the contents of the paper:

To MR. GILBERT:

RESPECTED SIR—The sight of you in company of Ory has given me an inspiration. It is to write to you a request, which I would not have dared to address to you by word of mouth. You know now who I am. Ory must have told you, as I made her promise to do, the first time she saw you after my departure. Yes, I am queen of the Voudous. It is primarily for me, only secondarily for Ory, that you were hunted, attacked, and nearly assassinated. I did all I could to save you through her. I gave her the black cross, which she afterward presented to you. Though I have suffered (several words illegible here) . . . more now. I am banished. I will never return. Don't tell Ory. Tell him I love him still; am always his slave, but will give him up if he says I must. But then I die. The queen of the Voudous will then become their victim.

Your wretched, humble serv't.,  
GAISSO.

It took me some time to make out the meaning of this letter—to discover the precise message which was alluded to in the last lines. But at length I understood that there was a question of a lover, to whom she was attached even to slavery, from whom she was banished, whom she was required to give up, and whom she could renounce only at the peril of her life. This fact she wished me to make known to her lover. For this one request the whole letter was written. Voudou influence was at work here too. Even she, the queen, must fall a victim to it, if she presumed to run counter to it in any way.

(To be continued.)

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE VICE-REGAL PROGRESS IN ONTARIO.

We continue in the present number our sketches of the Vice-Regal progress through Western Ontario, full particulars of which have already appeared. The Citizens' Ball at Toronto was one of the most enthusiastic demonstrations that ever took place in the Queen City, while the military review took first place as an event in all Ontario. In the Ambitious City nothing was left undone to keep up the spirit of loyalty, and our two illustrations—that of the reception at the Great Western Railway, and the procession to the Gore,—show that the whole population had turned out for the festive occasion. Their Excellencies visited London, Guelph, Berlin, Cobourg and several other important points along the lines of railway, everywhere receiving the same cordial welcome. A novel feature connected with these festivities and the great Toronto exhibition, was the special kiosk set up in the exhibition grounds by the *Mail* newspaper, a sketch of which we publish to-day. The energy and success of our contemporary were displayed on that occasion, as on many others. The improvements, material and literary, which have lately been introduced in the *Mail*, are the subject of congratulatory comment everywhere. It was met that the Ministerial party should have an organ of the first-class in Ontario, and the *Mail* is supplying the want in the most efficient manner, being now second to no other journal in the Dominion. The friendly rivalry in newspaper success is one in which we most heartily join, and our *congratulations* on the *Mail* are entitled to the praise which they have earned.

II.

N. M. S. TOURMALINE.

We present our readers to-day with two views of this beautiful vessel—one representing the gun drill on board and the other, from a photograph by Mr. E. R. Turner, of Beaver Hall Hill, showing her as she lies moored at Hochelaga, opposite St. Helen's Island. The *Tourmaline* was built at Middleburgh-on-Tees, and launched in October, 1875. She is of the "Gem" class of ships, Tourmaline being a precious stone. Her total cost with alterations was £100,000; her extreme length is 282 ft.; between perpendiculars 220 ft.; breadth, 41 ft. 2 in.; depth in hold, 13 ft. 6 in.; displacement in tons, 2,162. On full speed trial, 26th June, 1876, she made 13½ knots; with screw raised, under sail, she has proved herself a very fleet vessel. The *Tourmaline* has seen considerable service. She was first commanded by Commodore Sullivan, C.B.A.D.C., on the 25th Oct., 1876, and served on the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa Stations, until July 28th, 1877. She left England again under Captain C. R. F. Boxer on 31st January, 1878, and remained in the West Indies until the remainder of the year. On the 30th August, 1878, Capt. Dennistown replaced Capt. Boxer, and with his vessel has been stationed at Bermuda and Halifax during the present year. On one occasion the *Tourmaline* saved the crew of the Royal Mail steamer *Tasmanian*, wrecked at Ponce. She was at Santa Cruz at the time of the revolt, when the colored people rose and burned the town of Frederickstad, and her presence had the effect of quieting the disturbance and protecting the town. Her crew comprises 228 men. The officers and crew are delighted with their sojourn in Montreal, where they will remain until about the 18th October.

III.

THE ENCENIA AT KING'S COLLEGE, N. S.

The closing exercises at this well-known and popular seat of learning were of unusual brilliancy this year. After calling them sitting to order, the President briefly explained the leading features of the progress of the institution during the past year. He said that the educational outfit of the College as respects philosophical apparatus, was equal, if not superior, to any similar institution in the Dominion of Canada. Since last meeting of the convocation four members have died—Dr. McCauley, Dr. Stiefel-hagen, Mr. Fred. Allison, and a student from P. E. Island. He paid warm tributes to the memory of those "dead upon the field of honor," dwelling particularly on the loss the College had experienced in the death of Dr. McCauley and Mr. Frederick Allison. He announced that the governors had instituted during the year a system of local examinations after the example of the great English Universities. After the distribution of prizes, the recital of a Latin poem by Mr. Vroom and the delivery of the valedictory by Mr. Watson, the President proceeded to confer on Admiral Edward Augustus Inglefield, the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, according to the forms and ceremonies of the University. He also conferred on Rev. Heber Bullock the degree of D. C. L.; and on Rev. Mr. Partridge the degree of B. D. The graduating class, consisting of three gentlemen, Messrs. Thomas Fraser Draper, Charles Whidden Brown, and Francis Gordon Forbes, were then introduced and received the degree of B. A. The degree of Bachelor of Engineering was conferred on Mr. Robert Fitzgerald Uniacke. His Excellency Dr. Inglefield then delivered a very appropriate address. After speeches by Sir William Young, Rev. Dr. Hill and His Lordship Bishop Benning, the proceedings were closed by the singing of the National Anthem. Accompanying this sketch, we publish also an exterior view of the celebrated Wolfeville College building which replaces that destroyed by fire in 1877.

IV.

EXHIBITIONS.

We give a view of the Exhibition Building at Halifax received from Mr. Twining, but the particulars of the show did not reach us. With regard to the splendid display of the Montreal Horticultural Association we reserve an account of it for next week in connection with a review of their annual report.

EPHEMERIDES.

The celebrated French humorist, M. Charla Monselet, has made a curious collection of what he terms landscape in politics. What he applies to French public men may, *mutatis nominibus*, be applied to our own statesmen. In the first place we have the *political horizon*, a famous stereotype. Then come the *sunburst of progress*, the *dawn of our liberties*, the *noontide of prosperity*. Descending from heaven to earth, we next have: *The field of conjecture*, the *area of free trade*, the *burning sun of polemics*. Monarchy is a tree with an *elder* and a *younger branch*. It is exposed to the *wind of revolutions*. Joe Rymal is an *inexhaustible fountain of fun*. Sir John has risen on the *current of public opinion*. The Ministry have embarked on the *stormy sea of protection*. The Legislative Council breast the *popular tide*. The *Parliamentary tempest* is not over at Quebec. The Government are assailed by a *deluge of applications*. The *torrent of passion* carries off most of our politicians. *Clouds are gathering* in the political firmament of Great Britain.

I had the imprudence to ask for information, a fortnight ago, about the Montreal Bicycle Club and my indiscretion went so far as to apply directly to Mr. Horace S. Tibbs, the Secretary and Treasurer of the same. I have received from that gentleman more than I bargained for in the following communication:

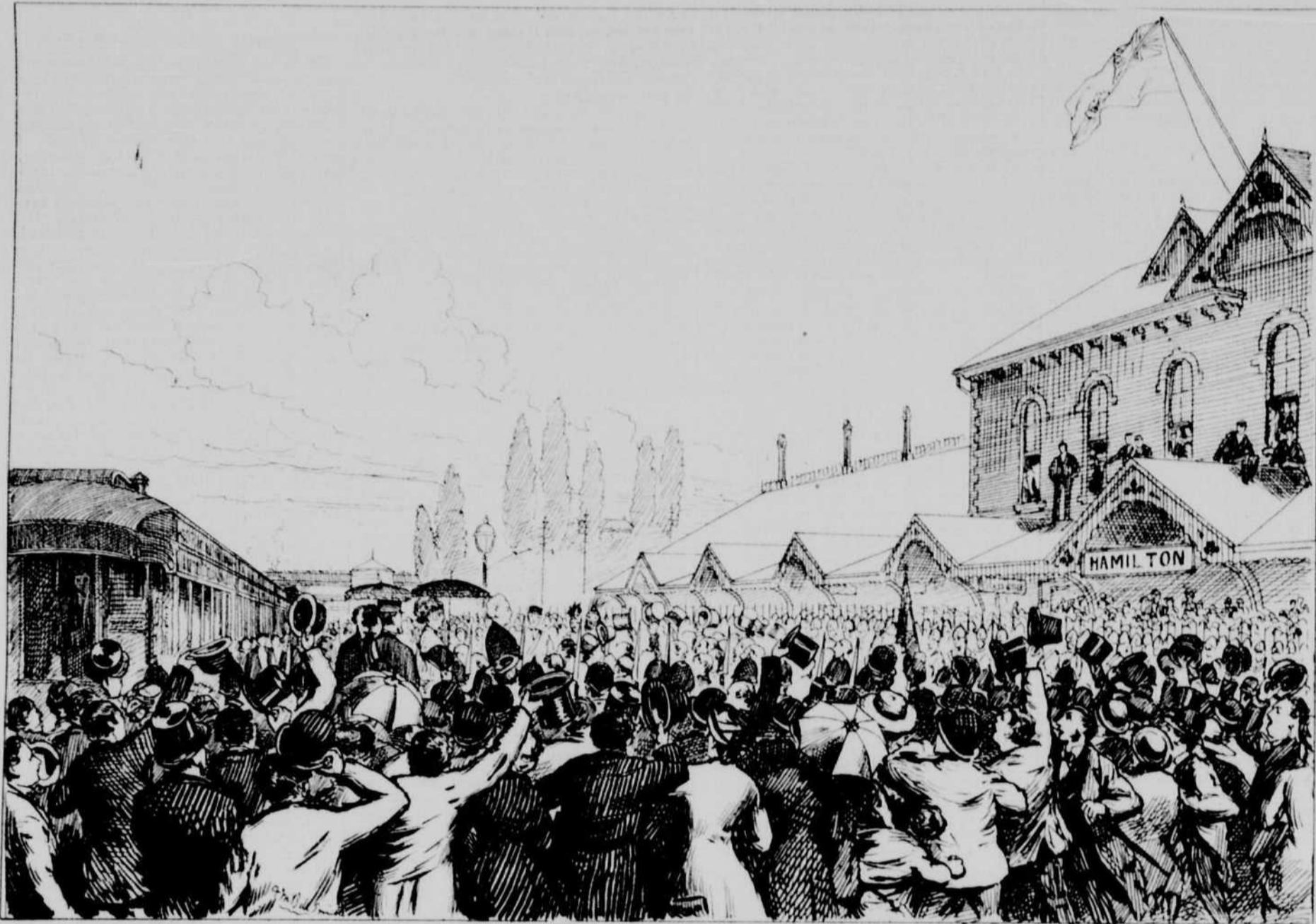
"The Montreal Bicycle Club was formed by the present Captain and Secretary on 2nd Dec., 1878, which fact was announced at considerable length in the *Herald* of the 9th idem. and in other journals. The first annual meeting was duly advertised and held in the Montreal Gymnasium on the 29th May this year.

"The Montreal Lacrosse Club presented a gold medal for competition at their spring games on 9th June. The undersigned and several other members habitually ride down to business; and on every fine morning or Saturday afternoon our roads are always sure to be travelled by several riders of the "Double-Wheel." Hoping that this will satisfy the doubts and fears of "A Steele Penn," whose circle of athletic acquaintance must be small, I am, Sir,

Yours, &c., &c.

The last paragraph of this letter, cruelly reflecting upon the smallness of the circle of my athletic acquaintance, must have been an after-thought, but I have let it stand because I regard it as decidedly the best part of the epistle. I have much more information about the Montreal Bicycle Club, but shall take good care not to print it, as it would still further prove the "smallness of the circle," &c. Indeed, every other man I have met vouchsafed information, until it seemed as if I were really the only man in the city who did not know of the existence and public exercise of the Montreal Bicycle Club.

A STEELE PENN.

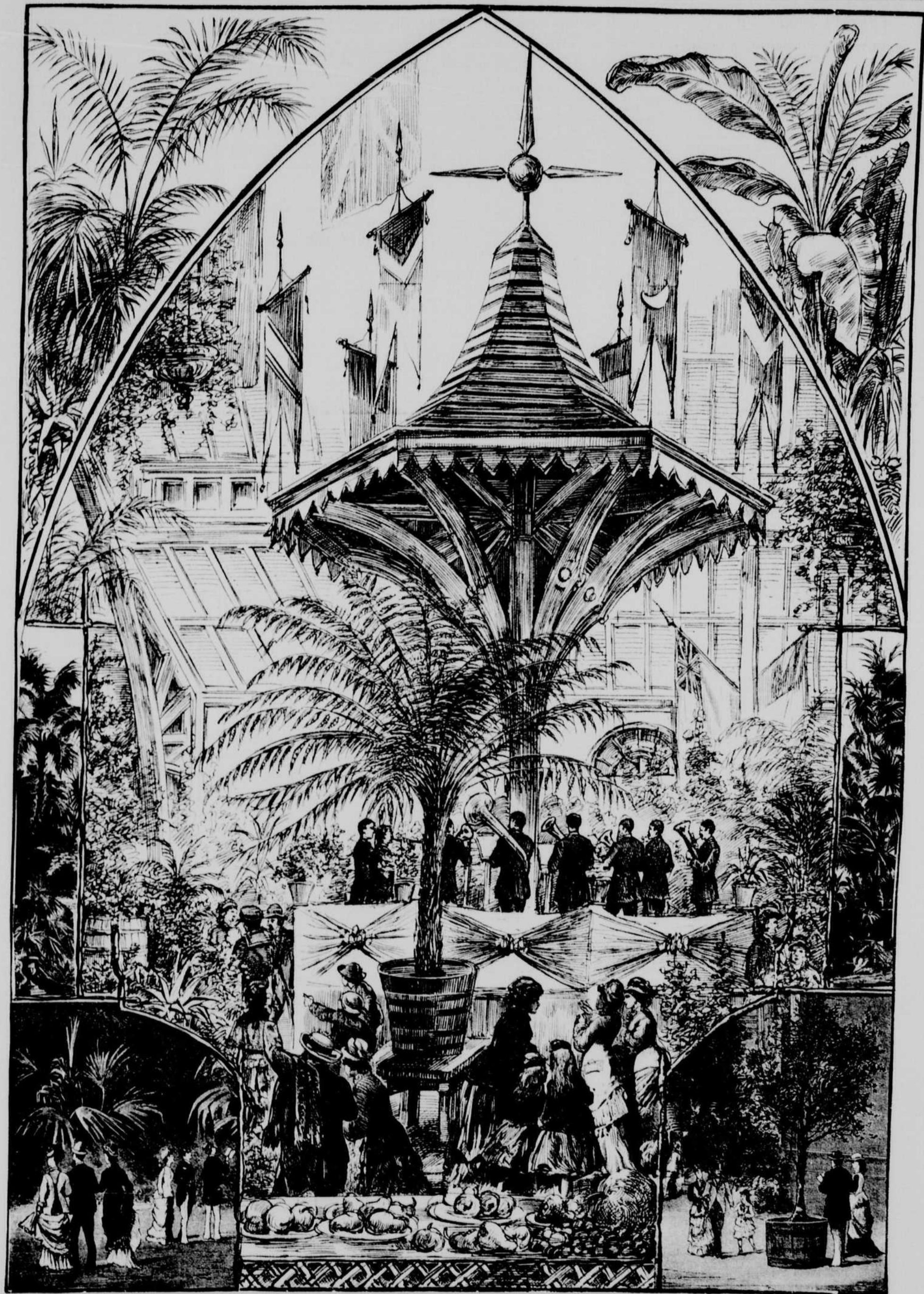


RECEPTION AT THE GREAT WESTERN STATION.



TURNING INTO THE GORE OF KING STREET FROM JAMES STREET.  
THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO HAMILTON.

FROM SKETCHES BY F. M. BELL SMITH.



MONTREAL — EXHIBITION OF THE HORTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

A MEMORY OF MURRAY BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE."

Let us tarry here in sweet seclusion, safe from the hated intrusion of city dust—city noises—far away from the disturbing influence of business and the disquieting effects of decaying bank shares and stock quotations.

To-morrow morning at 9 o'clock precise, a caravan of hay carts will take us nine miles to Ste. Agnes, beyond the yawning depths of the "Grand Ruisseau," of all the Laurentian hills the mightiest. The Ste. Agnes picnic, remember, is an annual one, on no account to be omitted by every well-born Canadian, whether of Saxon or Gallic blood.

Our sturdy ponies have drawn us up the mighty precipice of the "Grand Ruisseau." The feast is over. Home again. To-morrow at peep of dawn, through the courtesy of the proprietors, we shall go and throw a cast for salmon in the river Murray; drive the ladies to the Grand Lac the day after, and make up a select, a very select party, as to anglers, for the moist banks of Lake Grand. Lo! and behold! watch for our return from this picturesque, though uncertain elysium of lake trout!

Rejuvenated, restored, ruddy with health plucked from the crest of thy living billows, sweet cottage-crowned bay! let us now say adieu to thy rocky heights, to thy Alpine gorges! May thy rural, hilly rides, thy luscious sardines, thy silvery smelts, thy appetizing fresh herrings, continue to restore vigor to the frames of thy gay tourists, and to bring back to the cheek of the budding belles their wonted roses and carnations!

Pointe-à-Pic, Aug. 1, 1879.

A STEP IN RIGHT SPELLING.

The movement to remedy the gross defects of the present system—if system is the proper term for such a chaos—of spelling the English language is making very gratifying advance, especially in the West. Chicago has for some time been a focus of discussion, and, in true Western style, it proceeds without ado to put its newly accepted principles into practice.

General James Murray granted Murray Bay, in 1782, to two favourite companions in arms—Major Nairne and Col. M. Fraser. The boundary between both states was the River Murray. These matters exist to this day. The Cape-à-Pic end was styled Mount Murray.

how much more will the poets grieve when they find that the bright creatures of their thought are mere "faints," and that a little "fonetic" wand suffices to turn in an instant the vast pageantry of visible things into a simple "fantasmagoria." Truly the "fonetic" is a great leveller. Under his sway the wisest of mortals takes his place in the same rank with the most unwise. He is robbed of his venerable digraph, and henceforth "flosifer" becomes as simple as fool.

Of the remaining changes made by the Tribune one or two, it seems to us, are not well considered. The use of a double consonant to indicate a short vowel preceding is an excellent one, and is shared by English partially with other cultivated languages. It cannot be discarded advantageously until we have distinct signs for the long and the short vowel sounds.

The Utica Herald, one of the chief papers of the State, outside of New York, and a score of other luminaries throughout the country, have veered their orbits to a greater or less degree into the same path of reform. This fact, taken in connection with the authority of an imposing array of scholars and authors, who commend these changes and adopt them in their own writing, goes a good way toward meeting the demand of the canon of good usage.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Martura, or Un mariage civil.—by Theodore Vibert. Paris, Auguste Ghio, publisher.

This is a charming poem full of vigor in style and in thought. Its author—a philosopher and a christian—has applied himself to demonstrate the absurdity of the purely civil marriage in principle and in its results. What distinguishes Mr. Vibert's works, is not as much the magic of the style and the harmony of the rhythm, as the force of the idea. He sketches his work on a broad canvass, throws on his colors somewhat carelessly, yet with boldness, and handles his energetic brush in a manner a little harsh at times, but always with a striking effect of ensemble.

Martura is on a par with the previous productions of the poet, and apart from a few slight defects of detail, it truly breathes with fine and wholesome poetry.

L. H. F.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

HISTORY says that Eve first tempted Adam, but we have never heard her story.

THE maiden with the new parasol always regrets that she can't keep it up in church.

WOMEN should always avoid exhibiting bad temper. None of them care to show their rage.

"This is the rock of ages," said the father, after rocking two hours and the baby still awake.

THE only time in life when woman seems to be truly happy is when she calmly sits down and attempts to trim a new bonnet with old trimmings. She seems to be truly happy, but what a Vesuvius is at work in her heart!

WHEN you see a lady running after a horse-car shaking her parasol like mad and crying out frantically, "Here, here!" the thought comes that all this trouble and vexation of spirit might have been prevented had she been taught to whistle on her fingers. But her gloves? Ah, yes; we hadn't thought of that. Perhaps it is as well as it is.

Soft as silk with golden hair, Bright as stars were her eyes of blue.

Truly I loved my lady fair; Truly my lady loved me, too.

Did it break my heart when my love lay dead? Why, bless your heart, she didn't die.

Time wrought changes as she did not; She loves another—so do I.

We have just heard of a pretty, gentle little girl who spent a week by invitation last summer in our neighbourhood. Both her father and mother were drunkards, and her home was purgatory. She died this spring, and to her Sunday-school teacher, who was with her near the last, she talked of "that time when she lived in the country." She said: "It is the only happy week I remember in all my life." She is dead, but I think that hospitality was not wasted. Who can say how often some little incident of that memorable time has come back to remind her that life is not all violence and meanness? And how often the thought that she was reinvited for this summer has tided her over some moment of child-

ish despair! Such an event in such a life was not a trifle; it was the setting of a saving influence about a soul in dangerous surroundings; it was the unseen but far larger part of the blessing which any good man or woman may confer on any child whom they merely invite to a week of fresh air in the country.

HUMOROUS.

A CHASM that often separates friends—SARCASM.

MRS. PARTINGTON, speaking of the rapid manner in which evil deeds were perpetrated, said that it only required two seconds to fight a duel.

AN Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad, I don't know; I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

A SPRINGFIELD, MASS., man has named his four boys Ara, Era, Ira and Ora, and they are "all alive and mischievous as if nothing had happened."

THE son of a coffee and spice dealer was asked at school where coffee came from, and the reply was: "Father said I musn't tell, and he'll lick me if I do."

WHEN a paragrapher gets up something too stupid to go in the funny column he gives it to the literary editor, who puts it in a column headed "Pearls of Thought."

THERE is something passing strange about human nature. If a man had to support his family by playing billiards at \$2 a day he'd complain he had to work awful hard for a living.

A PENNSYLVANIA boy made a gun of a section of gas-pipe. He was a very ingenious little fellow, and but for his untimely death might have accomplished perpetual motion some day.

FRENCH mother to her only boy, after the annual school examination:—"And why didn't you, too, obtain a prize—a floral crown?" Jules: "Mother, that is against my republican principles."

ALL the spelling reforms of all the men in all the world will not succeed in lessening the intensity of the school-boy's affection, who scrawls on his slate with a broken pencil: "i luv yu," and hands it across the aisle, with a big apple, to a pretty little blue-eyed girl who reads in the Second Reader.

MR. GALLAGHER had been to the beach and was watching some boys bathe, when one of them called out that he was drowning. Mr. Gallagher was equal to the emergency. Shouting to the lad to keep up for 14 seconds, he hastily took off his clothes, splitting up his shirt the whole length of the back in his effort to divest himself of it. He then made a desperate effort to get his stockings off, without removing his shoes, but he had to abandon the project, and was about to plunge in to rescue the boy, when he suddenly thought that it would do no good, as he couldn't swim. But it made no difference, as the boy had been got ashore some time before.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and papers to hand. Thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 231.

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 229.

At a numerously attended meeting of the chess-players of the city of Montreal, held at the Club Room (Montreal Gymnasium), on the 13th inst., the Montreal Chess Club was re-organized and the following officers elected:—

President—H. A. Howe, Esq., LL.D. Vice-Presidents—Thomas Workman, Esq., Principal Hicks.

Secretary—Treasurer—John Henderson, St. Hypolite Street.

Council, including other officers—H. Von Bokum, Esq., John Barry, Esq., J. G. Aascher, Esq. Club evenings for play—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Chess Editor CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Dear Sir,—If you could afford the space necessary for the foregoing and say a word in favor of "Our Old Right Royal Game," you would confer a favor as we are desirous of getting up a club worthy of the city.

Yours truly, J. HENDERSON, Sec. Treas. Montreal Chess Club Rooms } 15th September, 1879. }

In calling attention to the foregoing notice and letter, we must say that it gives us much pleasure to find that a meeting has been held in Montreal for the purpose of re-organizing the Chess Club, and we feel sure that the newly appointed Secretary, assisted by an able Council, will let no opportunity pass to secure the prosperity of the Club, and the consequent advancement of the noble game in our city.

We have shown before that the game of Chess is at the present time gaining favour in all progressive communities, as is evident from the rapid increase of clubs in the large cities on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as in provincial towns, and the appearance almost every week of fresh means in the shape of magazines and chess columns for the conveyance of chess information testifies in the same manner to an interest in the game which is as pleasing as it is instructive.

We say instructive, for it shows that the rapid progress which education has made among the masses has evoked a love of intellectual pursuits even to the extent of reaching the amusements of the people so that the smallest towns of England and the United States can boast of flourishing clubs for the royal game, and its practice is no longer confined to the dwellings of the learned and rich, as was the case not many years ago.

Under such circumstances, that Montreal should not have a Chess Club fitting its standing among the cities of the Dominion would, indeed, be a subject deeply to be regretted.

The meeting which was held the other night at the Gymnasium is, we hope, the earnest of a prosperous future for the club, but at the same time what has been done by it in past years should not be entirely overlooked. Very nearly thirty years, we believe, have elapsed since the Montreal Chess Club was established, and we can on our part testify to the fact that during nearly the whole of that time there has not been wanting a room prepared for the pursuit of the game, or for the reception of visitors to the city who might be desirous of meeting with antagonists.

The members of the club have on many occasions used their influence to induce young persons to join their ranks, and only recently an advertisement was inserted in the city papers for that very purpose. It should also be known that during the last three or four years effective measures have been taken to create an interest in the game in the city, and also to improve the play of the club, by inviting to Montreal two of the most distinguished players of the day, and the results, we can safely state, have been of a beneficial nature.

Something could be said, also, as regards the past, to local tourneys, telegraphic matches with distant cities and other means, the whole of which had their uses in extending the influence of the game.

So much for the years gone by of the old club, and now that a reorganization has taken place, we call upon all who love the noble game to lend a helping hand. We have shown that something has been done in the past, let us anticipate success for the future.

We say again, then, that Montreal from her position among the cities of the Dominion ought to have a Chess Club in numbers and skill which would bear fair comparison with any similar association on this continent. It is to the young players of the day that we must look for co-operation in this matter, and we earnestly hope we may not be disappointed.

(Montreal Gazette.)

Many of our readers who are devoted to the "old right royal game" of chess, will be glad to learn that the Montreal Chess Club has been re-constructed on a promising basis. By referring to our city news columns our readers will recognize among the recently appointed officers, names well known and honored in chess circles. It is to be hoped that the club will soon receive such support and encouragement as will render it worthy of what is the commercial and what ought to be the intellectual capital of the Dominion.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

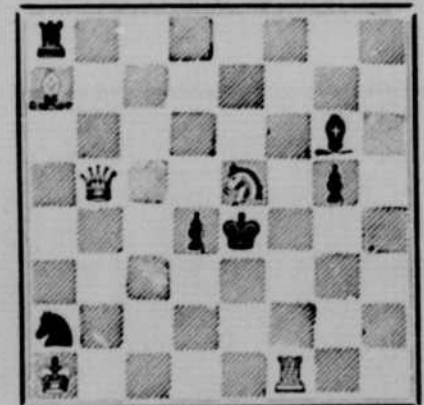
The annual meeting will take place at Ottawa on Tuesday, the 23rd inst., and the Tourney will commence on the same day and terminate on the 3rd of October. We are led to hope that there will be a numerous gathering of amateurs. Quebec will send some of its best players and Montreal will well be represented.

Important subjects bearing upon chess matters will be discussed, and altogether, the meeting, we have no doubt, will be both pleasant and profitable.

PROBLEM No. 243.

By M. J. SEEBERGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 388TH.

One of twenty games, all played at the same time by Mr. Blackburne at the Manchester Chess Club.

WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.) BLACK.—(Mr. V.)

- 1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. Kt to K B3 2. Kt to Q B3
3. B to B4 3. B to B4
4. P to Q Kt4 4. B takes Kt P
5. P to B3 5. B to B4
6. Castles 6. P to Q3
7. P to Q4 7. P takes P
8. P takes P 8. B to Kt3
9. Kt to B3 9. B to Kt5
10. B to Q Kt5 10. B to Q2
11. P to K5 11. P takes P
12. P to Q5 12. Q Kt to K2
13. B takes B (ch) 13. Q takes B
14. Kt takes P 14. Q to B4
15. Q to R4 (ch) 15. K to Q sq
16. B to B4 16. P to K R4
17. Q R to Q sq 17. Kt to Kt3
18. B to Kt5 (ch) 18. K Kt to K2
19. P to Q6 19. P takes P
20. R takes P (ch) 20. K to B2
21. Q to B4 (ch) 21. K takes R
22. Kt to Kt5 (ch) 22. K takes Kt
23. R to K sq (ch) Resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 41.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to QR2 1. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 229.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Q2 1. P moves
2. R to Q4 2. Any move
3. Mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 240.

The following from the Cincinnati Commercial is a position occurring in actual play. It is a very easy but a useful example of an end game. In moving out of check, White made a mistake, and the game was drawn.

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at K B6 K at QR8
Pawn at K Kt7 R at KR3

White to play and win.

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A map of the locality, together with plans and specification of the works to be done, can be seen at this office and at the Resident Engineer's office at St. Anne, on and after SATURDAY, the 27th DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at either of which places printed plans of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfillment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money, to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the contract, of which the sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part.

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This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 29th August, 1879.

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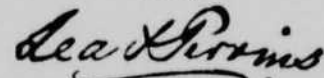


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