

# Illustrated News

Vol. XX.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

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



THE BEACONSFIELD VINEYARD.

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**PROSPECTUS OF VOL. XX.**

We have the pleasure to announce to all our friends and patrons that this is the XXth Volume of THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and in it we introduce a number of improvements tending to make it still more worthy of public encouragement. We have engaged the services of a talented Superintendent of the Art Department, competent to infuse new energy and excellence in our illustrations; and to show what we intend to accomplish in the Literary Department, we have only to publish the names of the following Canadian writers of note who have kindly consented to be occasional contributors to our columns:

- J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa.
- Rev. A. J. BRAY, Montreal.
- DR. CAMPBELL, London, Ont.
- S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.
- F. M. DEROME, Esq., Rimouski.
- F. L. DIXON, Esq., Ottawa.
- N. F. DAVIN, Esq., Toronto.
- GEORGE M. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.
- BARRY DANE, Montreal.
- MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, Esq., Ottawa.
- JAMES HARPER, Esq., Montreal.
- J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.D., Toronto.
- W. D. LESCEUR, Esq., Ottawa.
- J. M. LEMOINE, Esq., Quebec.
- CHAS. LINDSEY, Esq., Toronto.
- Mrs. LEPROHON, Montreal.
- H. H. MILES, LL.D., Quebec.
- HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq., Ottawa.
- Hon. E. G. PENNY, Senator, Montreal.
- Rev. JAMES ROY, M.A., Montreal.
- JOHN READE, M.A., Montreal.
- Mrs. ALEXANDER ROSS, Montreal.
- LINDSAY RUSSELL, Esq., Ottawa.
- GEORGE STEWART, Jr., Esq., Quebec.
- F. C. SUMICHRIST, Esq., Halifax.
- FENNINGS TAYLOR, Esq., Ottawa.
- THOMAS WHITE, Esq., M.P.
- Rev. S. W. YOUNG, M.A., Toronto.
- COMTE DE PREMIO REAL, Spanish Consul at Quebec.

In addition to these attractions we beg to call attention to the following special features of the News:

- I. It is the only illustrated paper in the Dominion; the only purely literary weekly, and in every respect a family paper.
- II. It contains the only Canadian Portrait Gallery in existence, numbering already over 306, and containing the picture and biography of all the leading men of the Dominion in every department of life. This collection is invaluable for reference, can be found nowhere else, and ours is the only paper that can publish it.
- III. It gives views and sketches of all important events at home and abroad, as they transpire every week.
- IV. It has been publishing, and will continue to publish, illustrations of the principal towns, manufactures and industries of the country, which, when collected in a volume, will constitute the most complete pictorial gazetteer ever printed.
- V. Its original and selected matter is varied and of that literary quality which is calculated to improve the public taste.
- VI. It studiously eschews all partisanship in politics, and all sectarianism in religion.
- The expenditure of an illustrated journal is double that of any ordinary paper, and to meet that we earnestly request the support of all those who believe that Canada should possess such a periodical as ours. The more we are encouraged the better will be our paper, and we promise to spare no effort to make it worthy of universal acceptance. A great step will be made if, with the new volume, all our friends help us to the extent of procuring for us an additional subscriber each.

**OUR NEW STORY.**

In this number we continue the publication of our original serial story, entitled—

**MY CREOLES:**

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

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

This story will run through several months, and we bespeak for it the favour which was accorded to "The Bastonnais," originally published in these columns two years ago. The subject is new and interesting. The book will deal, *inter alia*, with the mysteries of Voudonism, and touch delicately upon several of those social questions which have so thoroughly agitated the North and South since the war. Begin your subscriptions with the opening of this story.

**NOTICES.**

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

Subscribers removing to the country or the sea-side during the summer months, are respectfully requested to send their new addresses to our office, 5 and 7 Bloor Street, and the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be duly sent to them.

**TEMPERATURE.**

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

**THE WEEK'S EXPOSÉ**

August 3rd, 1879.			Corresponding week, 1878.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Tues.	Mean.
83.5	62.5	72.5	73.2	63.2	68.2
83.5	62.5	74.2	72.5	65.2	71.5
85.5	67.5	76.5	77.2	68.2	71.5
78.5	60.5	70.5	71.2	63.2	66.5
81.5	70.5	80.5	76.5	64.2	70.5
87.5	71.5	80.5	80.2	69.2	74.5
85.5	73.5	79.5	80.5	69.2	74.5

**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.**

Montreal, Saturday, August 9, 1879.

**A LAST WORD ON THE LETELLIER CASE.**

The dismissal of M. LETELLIER did not create the sensation which everybody expected and many feared. The reasons? First, because it was the final solution of a problem kept so long before the public that all were sick of it, and actually relieved when it was got rid of. Secondly, because there was really nothing to build an excitement upon. Spite of all that has been said and written, the mass of the Liberals were not confident of the wisdom of M. LETELLIER's act, and for our part, after conversation with scores of our Liberal friends, both English and French, we found not a solitary one that defended it, while several admitted, *sotto voce*, that it was a mistake. On the other hand, the Conservatives instinctively felt that they had strained a point far enough in procuring the dismissal, without forcing it still further by any public rejoicing. Thus the episode passed off quietly enough, and a veil may now be drawn over it.

One last word, however, before dismissing it altogether. When we analyze the action of the Federal Government in regard to the case, this singular repetition of events—a *circulus in circulo*—is found. Thus—

- I. M. LETELLIER dismissed his Ministers.
- The Federal Government dismissed M. LETELLIER.
- If M. LETELLIER had the right to dismiss his Ministers.
- The Federal Government had a right to dismiss M. LETELLIER.
- III. M. LETELLIER dismissed his Ministers for cause (as it appeared to him).
- The Federal Government dismissed M. LETELLIER for cause (as it appeared to them.)

It is not more complex than that. You cannot get out of it. The same chain of reasoning which defends the one, defends the other, and *vice versa*.

For ourselves, while we always held that M. LETELLIER was unwise in acting as he did, doing his party more harm than good, we have believed that the Federal Government committed a political error in dismissing him. With their overpowering majority, they might have shown themselves more generous, being content with a vote of censure, which would have served all practical purposes, at the same time that it would have conciliated many of the moderate Liberals. This we think was also the personal view of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. But when the supreme act was resolved upon, we were of the few who altogether approved a reference of the case to England. We think that the result has justified us. The reference to England has removed all doubts about the constitutionality of the dismissal, thus taking away every pretext for any agitation on that score. For it must be remembered that our Constitution—embodied in the British North America Act of 1867—is a free grant to us by the Imperial authorities, bearing the august signature of VICTORIA R. It is part of the Imperial function, as represented by the Colonial Office, to see that that Constitution is preserved intact. If, therefore, the Colonial Office refused to interfere in the case, it was because it recognized no violation of the Constitution. This is elementary. But there is more. We have the best of reasons for believing that, owing to the peculiar relations of the Marquis of LORNE to the Royal Family, more than ordinary attention was devoted to the matter, and fuller instructions were sent back than the Imperial Government would have taken the trouble to indite for the sake of helping any other Governor General. Thus the whole business has dwindled down to a mere political question, to be incorporated with other political questions and to be debated on a thousand hustings in the next year or two to come. Our belief is that, in the presence of other weightier topics that will soon arise, the question will have little or no effect on either party six months hence. And this were only a butive justice, for if there is any one matter that has kept the country in a turmoil for over a year, and actually hampered the Federal Government in the prosecution of those wider designs for which they were more especially elected, it has been this unfortunate LETELLIER business.

**AS OTHERS SEE US.**

As bearing on the gloomy prospects of the agriculturists in England in view of the current depression, we showed in these columns, last week, that it was possible to put down a bushel of Manitoba wheat at the docks in Liverpool for 80 cents. We have since received the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and in it we find a very striking and confirmatory article on the same subject by M. T. T. VENOUS SMITH, under the heading of "Our Wheat Fields in the North-West." The statements and the conclusions in this article are so remarkable that Englishmen will probably hesitate about receiving them. In as far, however, as they are accepted, they will assist the Canadian Ministers who are now in England in floating their Pacific Railway scheme. On this subject we may remark that so disinterested a witness as the Editor of the *New York World* took pains some days ago to inform his readers that the product of wheat on the prairies of Minnesota and Dakota is now nearly double that of the States of New York and Pennsylvania; while on the prairies still further north, in British territory, the product per acre is still greater; while the average available is to be counted by hundreds of millions. The *New York* editor further fore-hadlow that there might be such a thing as the shifting of the seat of power, not only of the Continent, but of the globe. The article of Mr. VENOUS SMITH may be taken as a sup-

plement to this. He tells us that the rush which is now going forward to these new wheat fields, from other parts of North America, and which is also beginning to set in from Europe, is something which is quite unprecedented. He states that in 1876, which is not very long ago, the total sales of land to 807 settlers in Manitoba were 153,335 acres. In 1877 the sales were 1,392,368 and 8,648 applicants, while in the month of April of 1878, the Emerson Land Office alone had disposed of 52,960 acres, and in the first week of May, of 30,400. Mr. SMITH expresses surprise at this "rush of immigration," and contends that when the railway communication is complete it will be "something beyond all previous experience." He next goes on to show that according to the actual operations in Minnesota, "wheat can be got into the railway elevators at a cost of from \$7½ to \$8½ (say under £2 sterling) per acre, including fall ploughing, seed sowing, harvesting, threshing, hauling to the railway, depreciation of land and machinery "wear and tear, and interest on the capital employed." Our author finds this fact quite as remarkable as the "rush of immigration" and the vast areas of land available; and he comes to this conclusion: "thus 30 bushels to the acre of the first crop clears all the outlay up to that time, returns the capital invested and leaves a first-rate fenced farm in a high state of cultivation for succeeding agricultural employment." This conclusion would be correct if 30 bushels per acre could be counted upon for the crop; but our information, which we believe to be reliable, is to the effect that only about 16 bushels to the acre can be relied upon for the average of the first crop, and that it requires very good land indeed to give an average of 26 bushels for subsequent crops. It is true, however, that not only 30, but 40 bushels of wheat have been obtained, in favorable circumstances, from an acre in Manitoba. But it is better, in writing estimates of this kind, to keep within moderate figures, especially when those moderate figures are in themselves sufficiently striking and something which it is quite out of the power of the English agriculturalist to compete with. Our space will not permit that we follow Mr. VENOUS SMITH through the whole of his figures, but we may notice he tells the people of England that the last acquisition of Canada in the North-West comprises a territory of 2,984,000 square miles, whilst the whole of the United States south of the boundary contains 2,933,600 square miles; further that the united length of the waters in this great North-West territory, which in Europe would be styled as first-class rivers, is not less than 10,000 miles, of which 4,000 are available for steamboat navigation. He cites from the *London Times*, Lord DUFFERIN and the late American Statesman, Mr. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, to the effect that people have not yet begun sufficiently to appreciate the vastness of the forces which go to make a great state waiting for development in the immediate future. The American statesman wrote: "I have thought Canada a mere strip lying "North of the United States. I have dropped the opinion as a national conceit. I see in British North America, stretching as it does across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in its wheat fields of the West, its invaluable fisheries and its mineral wealth, a region grand enough for the seat of a great empire." As the minister of the civil war between the North and the South in the United States, under Mr. President LINCOLN, Mr. SEWARD was an American of Americans, and quite too bitter against England to be regarded as anything but an impartial witness, in this quiet reflection which he made in the later years of his life. We shall only make one further remark, that however imperfect may be the knowledge of what is lying, as it were, at our own doors, the actual existence of great physical facts, which are available for satisfying the greed and enterprise of man, will not long remain unknown.

SIR A. T. GALT'S MISSION.

The mission of Sir A. T. GALT to Europe appears to have excited interest, and our contemporaries do not feel quite sure as to what will be the scope of his mission. It is certain that he goes to try to make some commercial treaties; and if Canada, under the National Policy, is to develop her manufactures, it is better that she should have as many outlets for trade as possible. Perhaps no better man could have been selected to negotiate for their opening. Sir ALEXANDER was not altogether successful as a party politician, but he is a man of acute mind; he is well up on commercial subjects; and has the gift of great and persuasive clearness of expression. We notice, too, it has been whispered that it is within the range of possibilities that he may remain as the representative of this Dominion in London. We should not be surprised at this; although we do not pretend to make any announcement. But we are certain that Canada has not hitherto been very fortunate in her agency in London. Her financial agency has at least been very expensive. It may, *per contra*, have been moderately successful; but there was enough of reason for that in the great and, despite some recent clamours, lightly taxed resources of the country. Mr. MACKENZIE tried to establish an Agency General; but he dropped it rather suddenly after not quite two years' trial, for the reason apparently that, although Mr. EDWARD JENKINS, M.P., is a man of undoubted ability, he did not, while in office, exhibit quite sufficient of that "practical sagacity" and "moderation" which Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH told the Australians was necessary for success. Mr. MACKENZIE, therefore, adopted the device of abolishing the Agency-General and establishing a simple Emigration Agency, from which Mr. JENKINS, in disgust, retired. The Hon. WILLIAM ANNAND, the late Premier of Nova Scotia during the late anti-Confederation agitation, accepted the new and more modest office created. We have not heard any complaints of him except that he is not very active or demonstrative. We doubt if there is any reason for his removal simply; but if the Government of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD were to decide that it is advisable to abolish the office in the form in which it now exists, and to establish an agency on an altogether wider and more extended scale, Mr. ANNAND would probably have less reason to complain if he were not selected to fill that larger office, than Mr. JENKINS had, at that alteration of policy, of Mr. MACKENZIE, by which he (Mr. ANNAND) was placed in office. We must not forget either in this little recital, that after the resignation of Mr. JENKINS, Sir JOHN ROSE, as appeared from several Parliamentary returns, has acted as a sort of Superior Agent under the Governments of both Mr. MACKENZIE and Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. We have not seen that he has been paid any regular salary for his services; but he appears to have had incidental advantages, and this *per se* is not a sound principle. Sir ALEXANDER GALT is a man who, in addition to the gift of speech and considerable political attainments, is also versed in financial and commercial matters, and has had experience as a director of the leading banking institution in the Dominion, which has also an office in London. It may be remarked, too, that his services in the Fisheries' Arbitration would help to make him known in London. We should not, therefore, be surprised, and we judge simply from the facts as they lie on the surface of the situation, if Sir ALEX. GALT were made Agent-General of the Dominion in London, the scope of his office extending to financial matters. We do not know of any man likely to fill such an office better. But it is one of great difficulty; and he might not after all be successful. It is in a measure Ministerial, without having Ministerial responsibility.

MIDDLE, NELSONS is paid 200 guineas, gold, at the end of each performance during her engagement at Her Majesty's, London.

LEGISLATIVE WASTE.

It is becoming a serious matter. Six weeks have elapsed since the opening of the present session of the Quebec Legislature, and yet, with the doubtful exception of the debate on the Budget, nothing of actual legislative importance has been enacted. The time, instead, has been occupied in personal explanations and recriminations, with several intervals of adjournment extending, in two cases, over three or four days. Surely this is an abuse, and we are certain that a large proportion of the honourable members themselves will agree with us that it ought to be peremptorily abolished.

We are not of those who would lower the Provincial legislatures to the level of municipal assemblies, but we do insist that their local attributions limit them to a sphere whose circumference should not be widened without extreme necessity. And this is not a matter of mere sentiment. If it were, it might be conveniently passed over, in consideration of our French Canadian population. It is a harsh matter of dollars and cents which may not any longer be overlooked. There is no use blinding our eyes to the fact that our Provincial Governments have become very expensive machines whose operations must be curtailed if we would stop short of direct taxation in the near future, with the grim prospect of a dilemma between bankruptcy and repudiation within this very generation. It may be admissible enough for our friends at Quebec to amuse themselves with almost any question, but the finances are a stern reality which must be treated in a high spirit of patriotism far above the behests of party. The time has come when a Provincial Treasurer may not present a budget, so fancifully and fantastically manipulated, as to leave an impression of false security for the benefit of the Government, and the chief of his opponents must criticize that budget purely on its merits, not with a view of exonerating those of his party who previously held the exchequer. For all practical purposes, a Government is a bank with the Premier as President, the Treasurer as Cashier, and the other Ministers as Directors. In giving their annual report they must put forth a clear and intelligible balance sheet, which shall not confuse, much less deceive the public. If they pursue another course, we shall have repeated the experience of banks in this very Province, and within only the past few weeks, which have been obliged to succumb with a crash, after paying their shareholders with false hopes and promises for several years previous. Parliament may trifle away its time on other topics, but not on the public monies, at the risk of a crisis. We almost fear that this crisis has been reached in the Province of Quebec, and hence we adjure our legislators of all shades of opinion not to adjourn before insisting on a thoroughly reliable statement of the finances, and a most rigorous overhauling of the estimates, no matter what the result may be so far as party lines are concerned.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE YACHT DISASTER AT POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES.—This is a view of the terrible yacht disaster which, by capsizing in a small, caused the death of seven prominent persons of Pointe-aux-Trembles, near Quebec, a fortnight ago.

THE FRENCH FRIGATE AT QUEBEC.—The French frigate *La Galissoniere* arrived at Quebec on Saturday morning, August 1, from Halifax, and anchored off the Queen's wharf. The *Galissoniere* is the flagship of the French West India squadron, and is commanded by Rear Admiral A. Peyron. She is an ironclad of 2,900 tons, and of very powerful armour; constructed in 1868 at Brest, carrying twelve guns; her dimensions are 240 feet in length and 45 feet in width, and she has 23 feet draught. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired by the frigate and replied to from the Citadel. The Admiral went ashore about one o'clock, a salute being fired as he landed. He visited the Citadel in the afternoon, and was received by a guard of honour, and a salute was fired.

STRANDING OF THE "CITY OF TORONTO."—The steamer *City of Toronto*, which left her dock, foot of Yonge street, Toronto, at two o'clock on the afternoon of July 25, for Niagara,

with about two hundred passengers, unfortunately went ashore upon entering the mouth of the Niagara river. Nothing unusual occurred till the steamer was within about four miles of the Niagara shore, when she encountered a dense fog which swept across her track from east to west. The whistle was blown, and very soon responded to by a locomotive of the Canada Southern Railway, which was on the track beside the dock at Niagara. The vessel at this time was moving very slowly. The whistle was frequently blown, and as frequently replied to by the locomotive, and also by a cannon at the American fort, which was fired twice. After the lapse of some time the order to reverse was given, and at the same moment the vessel struck broadside on the beach, about one hundred yards from the shore on a shoal known as Missisquoi point. When the steamer struck, the passengers, most of whom had suffered from sea-sickness, became very much alarmed for their safety, as the vessel began to spring up in the middle from stem to stern, and many feared she would go to pieces. Their fears, however, were soon allayed by the assurances of the officers that they would be taken there in safety. Captain Melloy at once ordered that two of the boats should be lowered and taken to the after-gangway on the lee side; and by means of these all the passengers were taken through the surf and landed near the old fort, and about half a mile to the westward of the Queen's Royal Hotel.

FROM THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

THE LETELLIER DISMISSAL—THE NEW INCUMBENT—PERSONAL—THE GOWAN CASE—FRENCH HANSARD.

August 1st, 1870.

"Le roi est mort, vive le roi" was never better exemplified than on the occasion of the dismissal of M. Letellier. No sooner had the fact gone forth and the new Lieutenant-Governor been sworn in than all excitement ceased. Members of the press here can testify as to the number of messages received from all parts of Canada asking for news to allay the excitement which existed everywhere but in Quebec. Everybody expected that the dismissal of M. Letellier would be the signal for an uprising of indignant citizens in defence of him whom they styled the liberator of the Province of Quebec; then, too, it was expected Mr. Joly would make the announcement in the House, but to the surprise of all nothing was done, nothing was said, everything went on just the same as though nothing had happened.

Of course M. Letellier found plenty of people to console with him. For two or three days following the dismissal the ex-Lieut.-Governor held a regular levee at Spencer Wood, hundreds of people were on there on the Sunday especially, but on the Monday they went to the Government House and paid their respects to the new Lieutenant-Governor. So it was with an immense deputation from St. Hyacinthe, Chambly and Rouville who came down here on a pilgrimage to La Bonne Ste. Anne, but on reaching Quebec they made a pilgrimage to Spencer Wood instead. It was an imposing procession of 57 carriages led by the Solicitor-General; but no sooner had they left Spencer Wood than they went to Government House and presented their respects to Lieut.-Governor Robitaille.

During the past week we have had another breeze in the House and once more Mr. Tarte is the hero. This time it was the Provincial Treasurer who was attacked for the manner in which, while he was Commissioner of Crown Lands, he dealt with the transfer of a certain lot of asbestos land in the County of Megantic. In the course of his remarks he insinuated that the Hon. Mr. Irvine had been interested in getting the settlement of the lot in favor of his contractor, because Mr. Irvine afterwards became proprietor of part of the lot. This was said in the absence of Mr. Irvine, but later in the evening that gentleman happened to enter the House and having heard what Mr. Tarte had said, he waited a little while during which Mr. Tarte went home. As soon as possible he rose and declaring first of all that Mr. Tarte's statement was false, then stated if Mr. Tarte would put the same statement in his paper *Le Canadien*, he (Mr. Irvine) would immediately give him an opportunity of proving it. In the absence of Mr. Tarte, Mr. Chapleau made a few remarks in explanation of what had taken place in the absence of Mr. Irvine, and in the course of his remarks an altercation arose between Hon. Mr. Macd., and himself, which brought out full explanation of what is known as the Lachine Canal job. The discussion was a very hot one while it lasted, and was a pitiable exhibition of waste of time. It is a pity to see so much of this sort of personal discussion going on in the House, especially after there has been more than enough of it during the first five weeks of the session. We are now concluding our sixth week and yet not a week has passed without a personal altercation. We are told by constitutionalists that we have no right to bring politics into the Provincial Legislatures, but I venture to state political feeling runs higher and fiercer in this Quebec Legislature than in any other in the Dominion. While on this question I venture to quote from a newspaper published in Robert Town, Van Diemen's Land, which is very pertinent to our own position in Canada.

The quotation which was written in 1875 is as follows:—

"Tasmania, like most of the other colonies, enjoys responsible government, with its parliamentary institutions in imitation of Queen, Lords, and Commons, which we sometimes seek to follow so closely as to verge on caricature. Of course it is impossible but, in such circumstances, we should have two parties; and as Whiggism and Toryism, Liberalism and Conservatism would be too palpably out of place here, we are content with the more vague, but sufficiently special designations of Ministerialists and Opposition; the Ministerialists being those who are paid for their services; the Opposition, generally those who would like to be paid, and who look to being sooner or later Ministerialists. Such is Party in the Colonies; and as "principles" do not often offer a tempting cause of war where Parliament more resembles a parish vestry, or town council, than its prototype, party is not frequently hard pressed for a cry; and, following up the simile we have used we shall not be considered as using very derogatory language in saying that Parliament's most important duties are to raise money to meet a certain expenditure, and so to distribute that expenditure as not to offend supporters in the selection of works to be done, and their local. Yet occasionally a discussion on matters of principle does crop up; but, as a rule, the question involved simply affects the integrity with which the public business is carried on."

It is not likely Mr. Tarte will attack Mr. Irvine in *Le Canadien*, because that gentleman is known to take legal proceedings against any and every paper which publishes any accusation against him.

The House has proceeded with its routine work during the past week by passing Bills, discussing and throwing out others, discussing the estimates in Committee of Supply and by working hard in the different standing special committees. In the Gowan's Land Committee all the evidence has been taken, but the scandal exists not. The informants of Mr. Tarte talked with more freedom in giving him information than they did when examined on oath. The result is that the evidence shows the whole transaction to be a perfectly honest and fair one, and that every precaution had been taken to prevent even a suspicion of nepotism.

A new departure in the way of a private speculation has been undertaken by Mr. Alphonse Desjardins, one of the assistant editors of *Le Canadien*, in the way of a French Hansard. The first few numbers have been printed and make an excellent appearance. The *Hansard* is after the pattern of that published at Ottawa, and all the speeches are revised by the members making them before they appear. He expects to recoup himself for the venture by means of private subscriptions to the work, which must be of great value to future Legislatures. Mr. Desjardins reports the speeches himself from the Press Gallery of the House, of which he has been an active, hard-working member for many years.

The important Government measures have commenced to appear. Of course it was necessary the Budget speech should be made before they were brought down as they affected the revenue of the Province and were overshadowed by the Treasurer in his financial report. Since that event we have the Treasurer's License Resolutions which create a new rate for licenses, they being put at 50 per cent. of the rental in Quebec and Montreal. Yesterday Mr. Joly brought down his resolutions approving of the arrangements made by the Government with the various municipalities, and also ratifying the administrative acts of the past twelve months. On this latter measure the debate has but commenced, while the latter have not yet been discussed.

Those License Resolutions led to a little scene the other day when the Treasurer moved the House into Committee of the Whole. The Speaker left the chair and the House was in Committee, when Mr. Robertson asked for the message from the Lieutenant-Governor.

Hon. Mr. Laugel.—I have not one. I have only the verbal answer.

Hon. Mr. Robertson.—Of the new Lieutenant-Governor.

Hon. Mr. Laugel.—No! of the late.

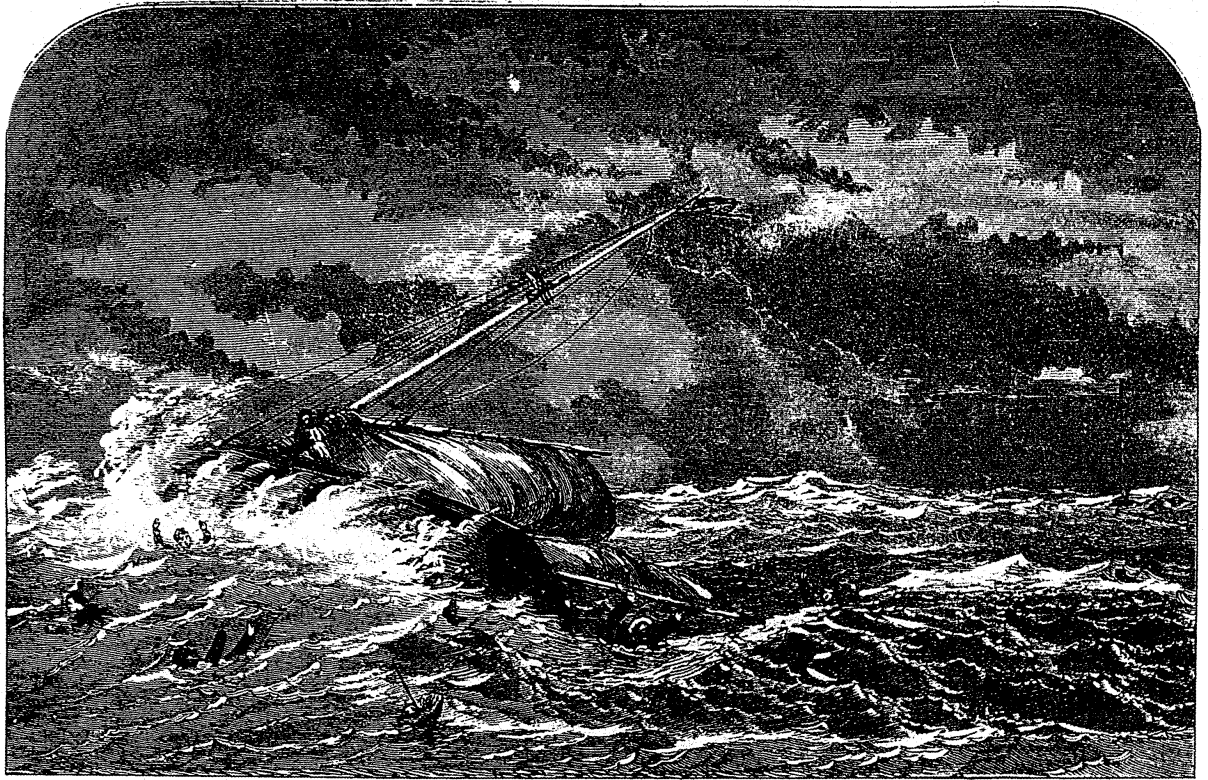
Hon. Mr. Robertson.—Then we cannot go on without a written message signed by the new Lieutenant-Governor.

And the Committee did adjourn and the resolutions have not since been called for.

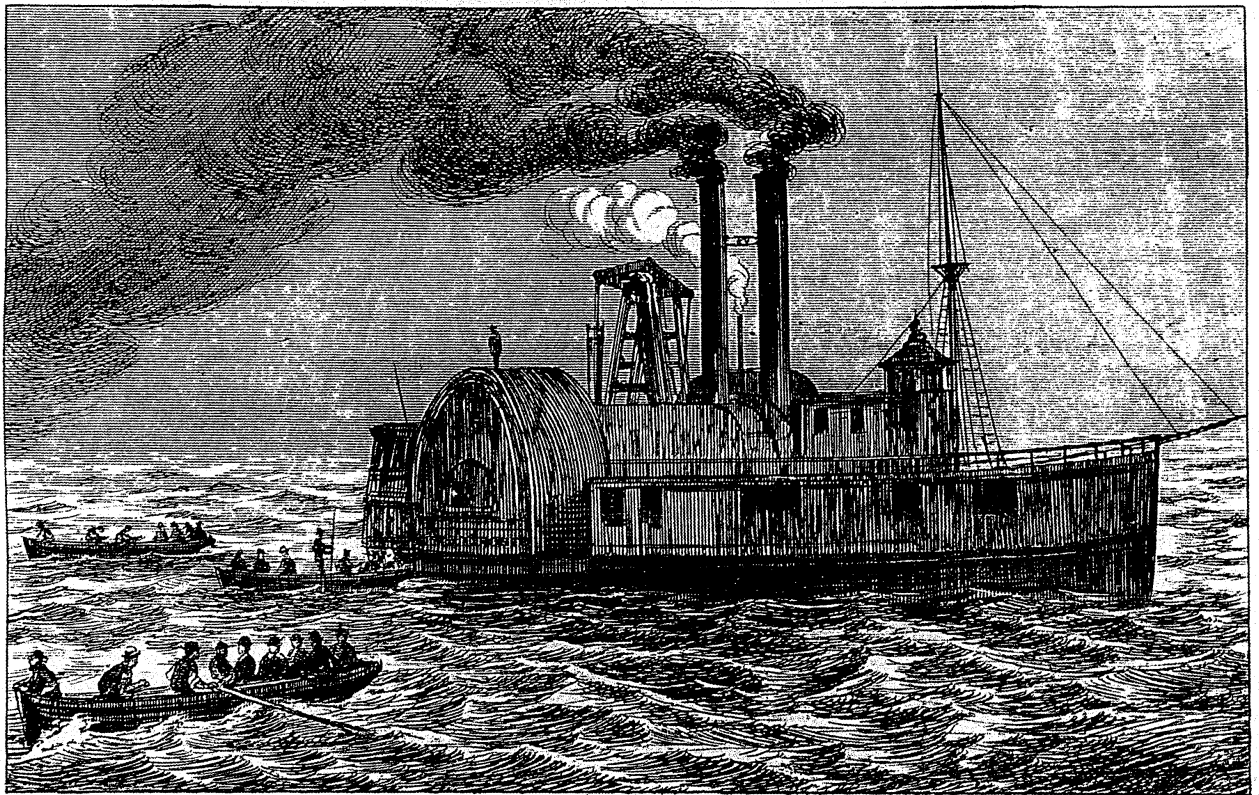
It is pretty well understood now that the Government will not bring down their measure to lease the railway because they know they will be defeated on it; they will not try and pass the Lake St. John Railway Resolutions because Mr. Joly does not approve of them, and their Public Instruction Bill, which we were told was to work such miracles, will also be dropped because the House will not agree to abolish School Inspectors.

What the Government will pass remains to be seen; but it is safe to say that one-half of the measures foreshadowed in the Speech from the Throne will either not come before the House, and even if they do will be withdrawn.

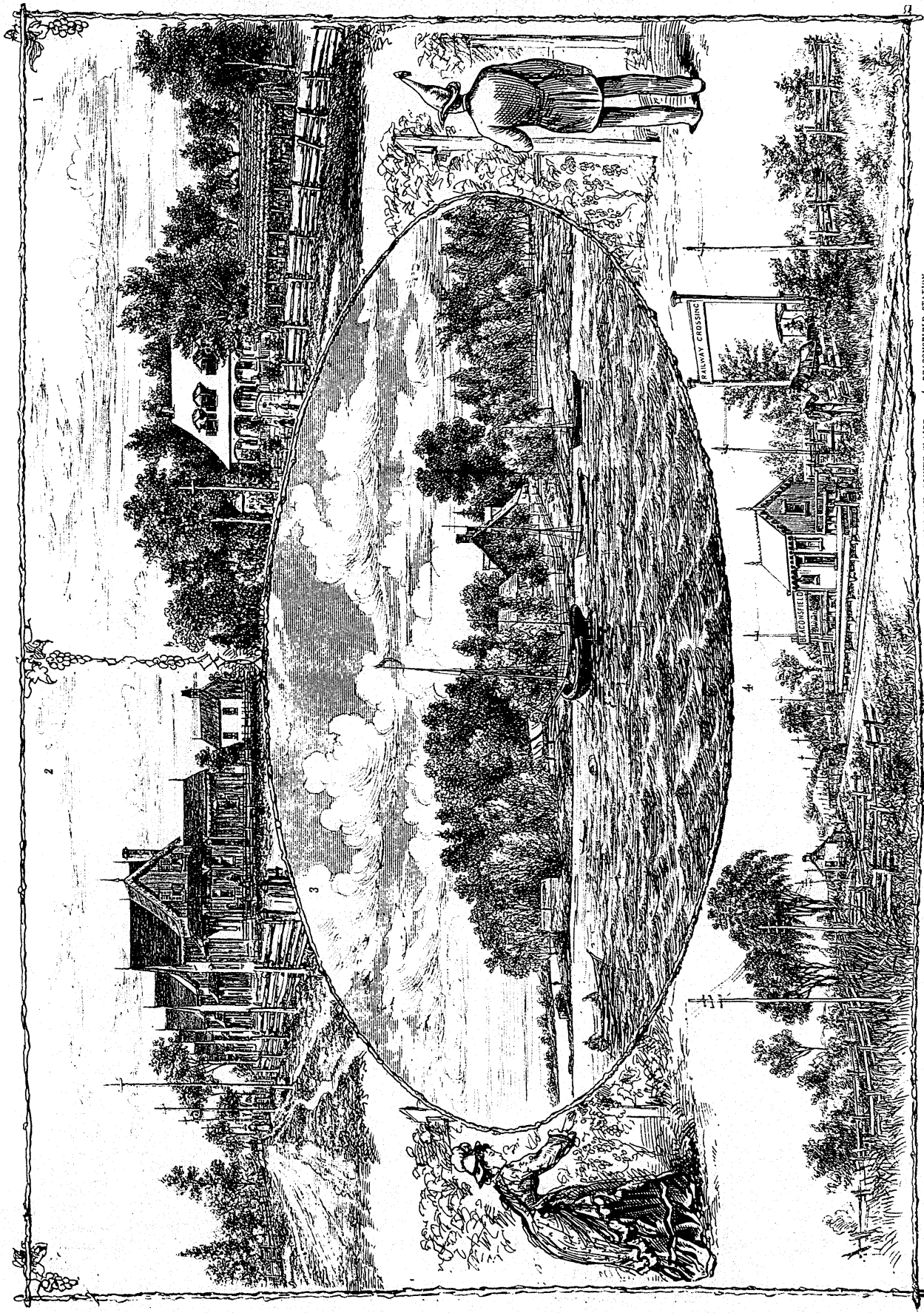
The session will last about a fortnight or three weeks longer and will sit on Saturdays. One Saturday, however, is to be devoted to a Parliamentary picnic on the Government road to Three Rivers and then by steamer up the St. Lawrence River. Your correspondent will be there—it it ever takes place—it has been postponed twice, once to allow the Opposition to bid farewell to Sir John A. Macd., and now again to allow the Government members to bid farewell to the ex-Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. Mr. Letellier.



THE YACHT DISASTER AT POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES.



STRANDING OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.

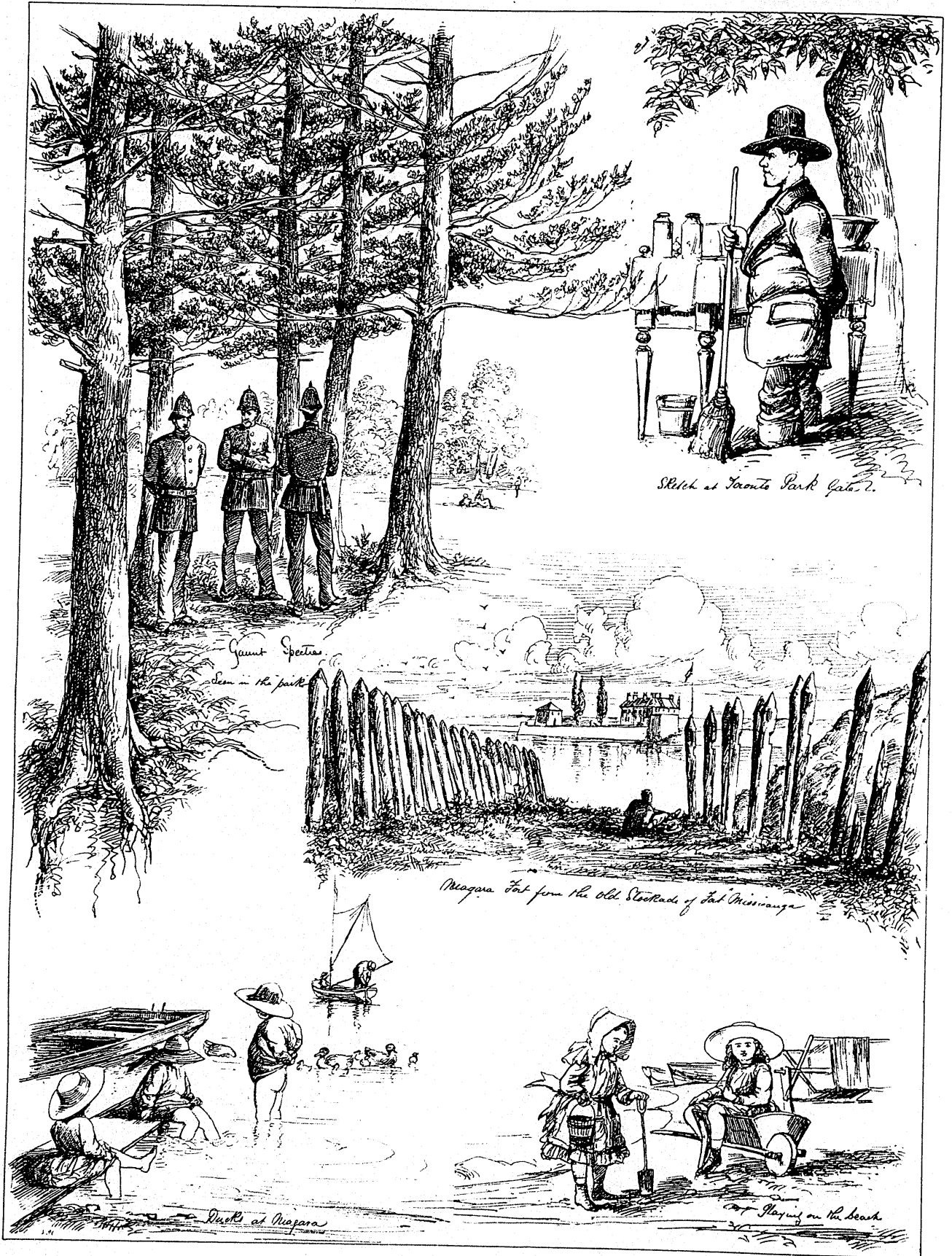


1. VIEW OF THE VINEYARD. 2. VILLAS ON THE FARM. 3. VIEW OF THE VINEYARD FROM THE BAY, POINTE CLAIRE. 4. BEACONSFIELD STATION.

THE BEACONSFIELD VINEYARD.







JOTTINGS IN TORONTO AND NIAGARA.



**THE LATE BISHOP O'BRIEN.**

This venerable prelate was found dead at the St. Louis Hotel, Quebec, on the morning of August 1st. The Lieutenant-Governor, Dr. Robitaille, and Dr. Church, M.P.P., who were both in the same flat, were summoned at once and found that he had been dead some time. Artificial respiration was tried, but unsuccessfully. An inquest was held and a verdict of "death from cerebral apoplexy" was returned. The Right Rev. John O'Brien was born at Loughborough, Ont., on the 19th February, 1832. He studied for the priesthood in the Seminary, Quebec, and graduated at Laval University in 1854. He was parish priest of Brockville for five years and Director of Regiopolis College, Kingston, for ten years. He succeeded Monseigneur Moran as Bishop of Kingston, and was consecrated on the 18th of April, 1875. His death is all the sadder from his never before having gone so far from his Diocese, except on ecclesiastical business. He was a man of fine physique, and though florid in complexion, was, to all appearance, in the best of health. From a biographical sketch of him in the *Harper* of November last we make the following extracts:—

"His contemporaries of thirty-five years ago speak to-day of his assiduity, his high moral qualities, and that intellectual force which put him in the first place in the village schools. When the young scholar had exhausted the modest curriculum of the country academy, his good parents—people of industry, irreplicable character and sterling worth—wisely determined to give him every opportunity for distinguishing himself in the career of learning for which he had already manifested so great a taste. Moreover, they had detected in their son's grave, amiable and religious character, certain marks which pointed towards the sanctuary. Hence, whatever sacrifice a higher course of education involved was cheerfully made by those good parents, who hoped one day to see him offer the adorable sacrifice of the mass for the living and the dead."

"Bishop O'Brien made his theological course at the grand seminary of Quebec, and showed remarkable versatility and love of classic literature. His knowledge of the Fathers of the church was very great. He was director of Regiopolis College for many years.

**OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 314.**

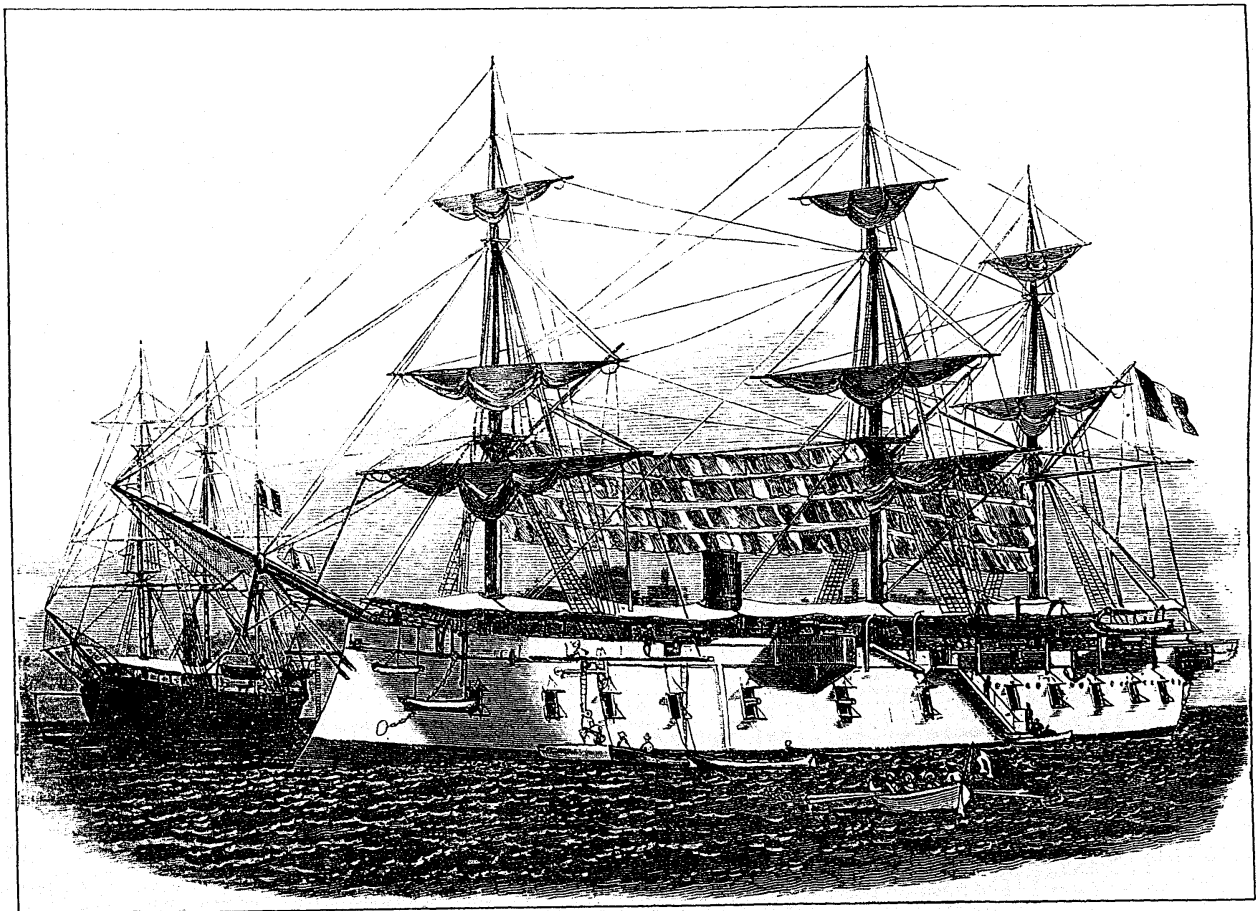


THE LATE BISHOP O'BRIEN.

As a preacher, Bishop O'Brien was logical, profound, well-ordered, not over imaginative, nor passionate, but very telling and forcible. His statement of a dogmatic question was admirable. He never indulged in flights of fancy, but used occasionally as much metaphor as illustrated without highly coloring his discourse. As to his manner, it was calm and judicial, never displaying that hurried excitement and nervousness which detract so much from the effect of some good speakers. His voice was good and well under control. In a word, he was one of those rare speakers whose longest sermons are considered too short by the most intelligent hearers, and this is the most favorable of all criticisms."

**THE ROYAL INITIAL.**—The partiality of the royal family to the letter A as a name initial is curious and worthy of a note. Her Majesty Queen Victoria is Alexandra, and the late Prince Consort was Francis Albert Augustus. Their eldest daughter is Victoria Adelaide, and their eldest son is Albert Edward. This Prince married Alexandra of Denmark, and among their children we find—1, Albert Victor; 2, George Frederick Ernest Albert; 3, Louise Victoria Alexandra; and 4, Victoria Alexandra. The last, Maude, has no A. The third child of the Queen is the lamented Princess Alice, and the fourth, Alfred. This Prince married Marie Alexandrowna, and their first two children are, Alfred Alexander Ernest Albert, and Mary Alexandra Victoria. The Queen's fifth child is Helena Augusta Victoria; her sixth, Louisa Caroline Alberta; the seventh, Arthur William Patrick Albert; and the eighth, Leopold George Duncan Albert. With the last, which is Beatrice, we come to the letter B, none of her names beginning with A.

This peculiarity extends to other branches of the royal family. The Duke of Cumberland has Alexander and Augustus among his names. The Duke of Cambridge is Adolphus Frederick; while his wife is Augusta Wilhelmina, and their children are George Frederick, who has no A, Augusta Carolina, and Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. Hanover is represented by Frederick Alexander Charles Ernest Augustus, and his consort Alexandrina Mary, while their children are Ernest Augustus William Adolphus, Frederica Sophia Mary Henrietta Amelia, and Mary Alexandra.



THE FRENCH FRIGATE LA GALISSONIERE JUST ARRIVED AT QUEBEC.

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# MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

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

Book II.

## VOUDOUS AND VOUDOUISM.

I.

OLD DADA.

It was summer again and I thought of Valmont. This was the time of the long vacation, but alas! my school-days were now over and the term had no real meaning for me. It was not any more two months of wild, thoughtless recreation, to be followed by the harsh yet sweet seclusion of the class-room for the remainder of the year. Ah! no. This bright summer was a great wave to lapse and bear me into the ocean of life. My horizon was now unbounded. The world was open before me. What schoolboy has not felt the burden of this dread responsibility, if only for a moment? And this freedom, long sighed after, and now come at length, how has it appeared to many of us in the light of a vague, undefined danger!

Still to Valmont I must go. I was entitled to a few weeks of rest, and where could I so well enjoy them as at the old place? So I repaired thither as usual, and as usual I was received with open arms.

"I had feared you would not come, my dear," said Aunt Aureole, as she spread out a lunch for me. "That would have been too bad, after so many years."

"So it would. But this is my last vacation, all the same, aunty, and I may never be able to come again."

"Don't say so, Carey."

"Indeed, aunty, I have got to begin life now, and it will be rougher work than tumbling in the grass at Valmont or playing in the hay-field. But in the meantime I intend to amuse myself as well as I can."

"That is right, *mon cher*; think of nothing else while you are here."

I followed this good advice. For a fortnight I enjoyed myself amazingly, forgetful of all my troubles and my danger. And I should probably have continued my idleness for some weeks longer had I not been unexpectedly recalled to a sense of my situation.

At the end of the period just mentioned, one of my foster-sisters came out to Valmont with her infant and old Dada, the nurse. Old Dada was a type of the domestic servant common enough twenty-five years ago, but now almost entirely gone. There was nothing aesthetic about slavery save this, that in its mildest forms and in certain privileged natures it developed a peculiar kind of love and fidelity impossible of growth in other social conditions. Dada was born on the family plantation, had grown there on the good things of the house, and always associated with the other children. She was not so much of a slave as a companion. The proof of this was that she was allowed to *tutoyer* us, a liberty not generally tolerated. What her family name was I do not know to this day. The highest and loveliest of this world have one spirit of union—the Christian name. The English queen is called Victoria, the Creole slave was called Pélégie. But to the children of another generation that name was changed to Dada, one of those meaningless terms of endearment which children invent. She had assisted at our birth, had nursed us, had watched over us, had accompanied us in all our walks and excursions. In fact she had been a kind of second mother to the youngest of us. And we loved her accordingly. When we wanted anything, we applied to her; when we came home after an absence, among our first inquiries were after her. We were not ashamed to kiss that olive cheek. And how she fondled us! Even when we were grown she would still raise us to her knees, and caress us as in the days of childhood.

Dada was a mulatto, and had been handsome. At the time of which I write she had grown very repulsive, but spite of a defect in her left eye and certain traces of age, her good-humoured face was still pleasant to look at. Her nature had often been imposed upon, which was one of the deplorable curses of slavery, but still she was a virtuous woman. Under that voluminous bosom beat a generous heart, and the brow shaded by its turban of red and white calico bore the stamp of a simple, honest purpose to do no deliberate wrong. Women of her condition were usually nothing more than human mammahs, but she had finer sensibilities and much of that delicacy of feeling which is supposed to be the result only of cultivation.

The evening of her arrival at Valmont, seeing Dada sitting alone in the garden with the baby, I walked up to speak to her. On approaching I noticed that she hastily wiped her eyes with the edge of her apron and tried to compose herself.

"What's the matter, Dada?" said I, "you ain't crying!"

"Oh, it's nothing. Nothing, I mean, that you care about, Carey," she answered, in French, which she spoke rather better than most Creole negroes.

"You don't regret coming out to Valmont, do you?"

"Dear, no. I'm better away from home just now."

"Why, Dada?"

"I persisted in my inquiry because I saw the tears standing in her eyes again."

"Poor Gaston gone, Hiacinte has no other but me to come to, and I can't bear to see her carry on so."

"Hiacinte, Gaston; what does that mean?"

"You haven't heard, of course. What do white folks care about us poor niggers! Gaston was my sister Hiacinte's only boy, and now they've gone and sold him."

"Sold him, Dada?"

"Yes, to that devil, Hobbes. You must know him, Carey. Keeps on Locust street. Big brass plate on his door. They say 'nigger trader' is marked on it. He's a little man with a big belly, and eyes deep down in his head. He's club-footed, too. Gaston's master comes to him, and says he, 'Want to buy a young nigger, eight or ten years old, for cash, he says Hobbes. Gaston is brought down right away. Trader has him stripped naked and set on a stool. Then, with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth, walks around him slow, looking cross-ways at him; next feels of his legs and his arms and thumps him on the chest. When he got through, says he, 'That'll do. Put your clothes on.' Then the master got up and he says, 'Sound, ain't he?' 'Sound,' says Hobbes, 'why, yes, he is sound. A regular young bullock. What do you ask for him?' The master, he looked at Gaston a minute, and he says, 'What will you give me?' Then the nigger-trader he looked at poor Gaston, too, a bit, and next down on the floor, where he was scratching something or other with that club foot of his. After a while he says, 'Wal, I'll give you eight hundred dollars for him. If I was buying for myself I'd give you a thousand, for he is worth it, but I'm buying a lot for another man just now, and he wants a close bargain. Eight hundred dollars cash, he says. 'Take him,' said the master. Then the trader pulled out a big leather pocket-book and counted out eight hundred dollars in bills. Think of it, Carey. For a handful of dirty paper that poor boy was sold like an animal. And my poor sister! He was her only child. Oh my, oh my, why do we miserable negro women ever allow ourselves to have children? We ought to live and die like barren trees."

As she uttered these words, Dada burst out afresh into a storm of sorrow that was pitiful to witness.

I ventured a few words of comfort, but she stopped with her hand on my arm, and musing her grief, continued:

"That ain't all. Let me tell you the rest, Carey. When the master, after he got his money, went away, he said to the trader: 'Watch him well. He is a hard customer.' The trader, he bit hard into his cigar and said, giving a short laugh: 'Where he is going to, they have the way of curing back on the case, he is my member, if he don't mind. They'll break him never you fear.' Then the trader took Gaston by the arm and ran him out into a big open yard behind his office, where there was a lot of niggers waiting to be shipped like himself. There they was all huddled up together—men, women and children—most of them half naked and half starved. There was some pretty girls among them! There Gaston stayed the rest of the afternoon, and all he saw was another young boy whom the master had sent down with a bundle of clothes for him. He never saw his mother, nor me, nor any of his kin. He told all that had happened to this boy, who came and told it over to me. He sent a message to his mother and me, telling us that he was going forever and that we must try and forget him. Forget him, the poor boy! How could we ever! Oh, it is too bad, too bad!"

And she burst out again into a torrent of tears.

After a pause, I said to her gently:

"Yes, it is too bad, Dada. It is cruel, horrid. But what could Gaston have done?"

"Done, Carey, done? Why, he always was a good boy, though he is as black as night and hasn't a drop of white blood in his body. He was so honest and faithful that his master made him his boy-servant. Done! I don't know. They said all of a sudden that he had betrayed his master, whatever that is."

"Betrayed his master?"

"Yes. Something or other about a letter that his master hadn't written. For that he was sold, and the same evening that I was telling you about, he and the rest of the sold negroes were stowed away in the hold of a steamboat like a parcel of swine, and sent off to Orleans."

I hardly heard the conclusion of Dada's sentence, my mind being seized with the idea of the letter to which she so vaguely referred. It could not be possible that his going to find my father involved in the heartless sale of this negro boy. The bare suspicion was so overwhelming that I resolved immediately on seeking further information, though almost certain that I would find myself mistaken.

"Who was Gaston's master, Dada?"

"Why, don't you know? 'Twas Squire Pauley, 'nurse, 'nurse, 'nurse, that lives in the fine big house on Convent street."

There was no use resisting the evidence of this simple answer. I had not one word to say. I mused a brief moment, and then, without offering any observation, walked off, leaving old Dada to her tears.

II.

GASTON.

I reproached myself now with not calling on Mr. Pauley, as he had invited me to do. If I had been less thoughtless and less selfish in my judgment, I should have gone to him before setting out for Valmont. But the fact was that I had been only too anxious to forget my troubles, and put off further investigation till later.

The next morning, borrowing a horse from Uncle Louis, I rode into the city and went direct to the residence of Mr. Pauley. My first inquiry was about Gaston, and my host immediately confirmed Dada's story. Incidentally expressing his surprise that I had hitherto failed to visit him on the subject, he informed me that he had not been able to find a plausible clue to the authorship of the forged letter. His servant Gaston had confessed having brought a letter to the college, but he denied knowledge of its being attributed to his master. Everything was tried to wrench this important confession from him, but neither promises nor threats nor half a hundred stripes on his bare back could avail.

"All this was bad enough," continued Mr. Pauley, "but the master would have rested there, at least for the present, had I not learned for a certainty that my slave Gaston was a Voudou. This at once explained his bearing a letter without my permission; this explained his stubborn reticence, and this, too, convinced me that there was something serious at the bottom of the affair. Whether it was I that they sought to compromise by the forged letter to whether you were the person directly attacked in it, of course, do not know and cannot even suspect. I had a partial remedy in my hands and that was to get rid of the boy. I did so. I am so far from regretting it that I think I have perhaps done you and others an important service."

He had naturally very little to reply to all this, and anything in the shape of remonstrance was, of course, out of the question. The cool, unconcerned manner in which Mr. Pauley narrated the circumstances of Gaston's sale contrasted painfully, I thought, with the reputation for sanctimony which Father Wye had given his friend, but I gathered this grain of comfort from the fact that it was the principal object of my visit to ascertain—that I was in no way responsible for the iniquitous act. Gaston had deliberately made himself the bearer of a forged letter, and even if I had pleaded for him, I should have obtained no respite.

"You say that Gaston is a Voudou?"

"Yes, and as such I was bound to get rid of him."

"But do you not fear, the vengeance of the rest of them?"

"That depends. If I am the victim aimed at by the letter, this will inflame their hatred against me still more. But if you are the victim, my young friend, then you had better take precaution."

This was uncomfortable. Perhaps when Mr. Pauley considered the trouble to which he was exposing me, he might have dispensed with the luxury of selling Gaston. And I ventured to hint as much to him.

"Impossible," was his reply. "These fellows are like the lepers of old. You must remove them far away from all contact with others. To do this effectually, the only way in my case was to sell Gaston and have him transported to Louisiana. Down there he can join the Voudous again, if he chooses, but at least neither you nor I will be exposed to his tricks."

We closed our interview with the mutual promise that whichever of us got further information respecting the letter, its author or its object, he should apprise the other of it. It was Mr. Pauley who made the proposition and I assented to it, but I had the conviction that I was the one aimed at, and I knew enough of Voudouism to be conscious that my position was now more critical than ever. If therefore I felt the necessity of giving all my attention to the matter, and it was with this resolution that I returned to Valmont.

III.

TOINETTE.

When I got back to the farm-house I found it crowded. During the day a party—all more or less my relatives—had come out for a few days of rustrication. With them my time was taken up till late in the evening, and when bed-time came I discovered that I had to make over my room to some of the girls. I did this with grace of gallantry, as was to be expected, but needing

rest all the same, I dragged a mattress to the end of the front gallery, and there established my quarters. It was a delightful summer night. Half-moon shone softly in the unclouded sky, and the air, unshaken by any zephyr, was still freshened by the neighbourhood of the great trees. I threw myself down upon the bed and was soon lost in a kind of reverie between waking and sleeping.

Presently I rather felt than saw a shadow creeping toward me, till all at once it stood before me and the moonlight, leaving my whole person in comparative darkness. Then two arms wound about my neck and a gentle kiss was impressed upon my forehead. I opened my eyes very wide. It was old Dada.

"Are you asleep, Carey?" said she.

"No; not now, Dada. What do you want?"

"Ah! my dear boy, you were in town to-day. I know what you went there for. It was just like you to go and see what you could do for poor Gaston. Tell me all about it."

I sat up and gave my old nurse a seat on the couch.

"You are right, Dada. I did go and inquire about Gaston, but I fear I have nothing agreeable to tell you about him."

"It was too late, eh, Carey?" and the tears stood in her eyes.

"Yes, it was too late; but that is not what I mean. The affair of the letter was a very ugly one, Dada. It will get somebody into trouble yet. Gaston acted very badly there."

"If the master is the one that is to get into trouble, I am glad of it. He deserves it for his cruelty."

"But it is not the master, Dada. It is some one whom you used to love and call your pet."

"What! You don't mean—? Who can it be?"

"Myself, Dada."

The dear old creature uttered a groan, and throwing her arms around my neck, drew me to her breast, rocking me to and fro and humming a low, wild melody that was full of anguish. It was some minutes before I could extricate myself from this hug, and when I did so the nurse's face was shockingly altered that I shuddered to look at it.

I thought I was bound in conscience to slip in one word of comfort.

"Perhaps, Dada, he did not know what the letter contained, and in that case he is less to blame than the one who gave him the letter."

"Who was it?" quickly asked the poor woman.

"There is the mystery. I cannot tell, as yet."

"No matter. If you are certain Gaston worked against you, I give him up. But are you certain, Carey?"

"I am certain that he delivered the letter which was intended to ruin me."

"Then his master did right to sell him," she exclaimed passionately, with the sudden revulsion of feeling to which the impulsive negroes are, of all others, so subject.

"Don't say that, Dada. It is unmanly in your mouth. I should never forgive myself if I knew that Gaston had suffered on my account. But, no; Mr. Pauley had a graver reason for selling him."

"What! Gaston done worse than working against you?"

"Yes, Dada. Gaston is a Voudou."

"A what?" she shrieked, while her person was fairly convulsed with terror.

"O, Voudou, Dada."

"O, horrible! Gaston that was baptized and reared a Christian, and made his first communion, like white folks! I know he was born out of marriage, but that was my poor sister's fault—not his, and she has been a good woman ever since, trying to make up for it. Gaston a Voudou! I don't believe it. Who told you so?"

"His master."

"His master lies. He made up that story to excuse himself."

Then lowering her voice and looking around to make sure that no one heard her, she continued:

"Voudous are devils, Carey. You know that. They kill all their enemies. Gaston was as gentle as a girl. He would not hurt a fly."

I knew I could confide unreservedly in my old nurse, and propping by the turn which the conversation had taken, could safely unfold a portion of the suspicion which I entertained with regard to the author of the letter. Perhaps she could give me a clue.

"Do you know, Dada, what company Gaston kept?"

She coloured slightly and drooped her eyes.

"You mean what girl he went with?"

"Yes."

"Well, the boy had warm blood, I must say, and he was fond of running about. I won't answer for all the girls that he followed or that followed him; but, of late, I know that he hung around a wonderful sort of girl."

"What do you mean by a wonderful sort of a girl, Dada?" I asked, half amused. "Is she pretty?"

"She is pretty; too pretty, in fact. And she is a wild girl, all fire, Carey. One of those that will wind round a man like a snake, and make him do whatever she likes. I ought not, perhaps, to say these things to you before you, my love, for you are young yet; but such is life, and when you know as much as I do—"

I was not cynical enough to smile at this touch of pudency, but rather respected the recollections of her own frailties which I knew were then flitting through my nurse's mind.





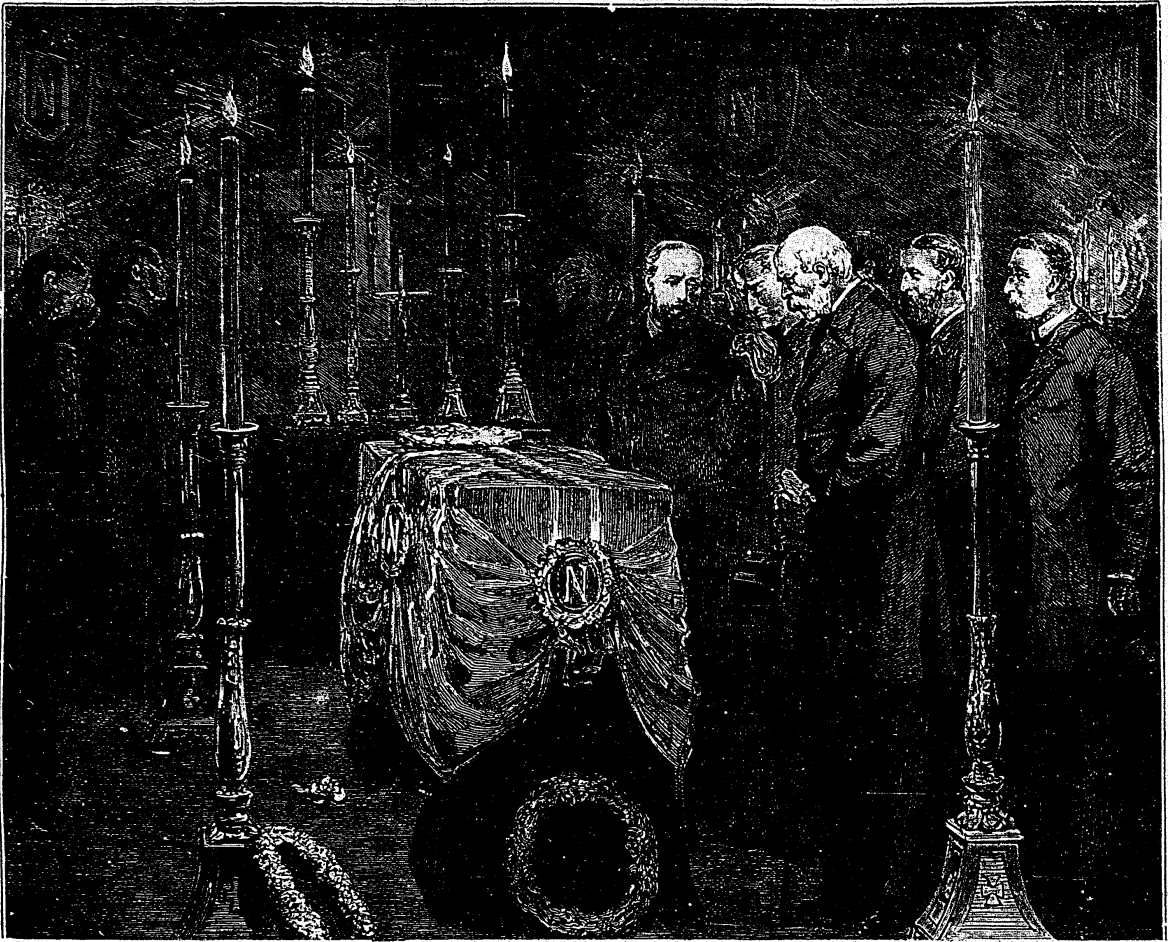
THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—AT BAY.



THE FUNERAL OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—PROCESSION ENTERING ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CHISELHURST.





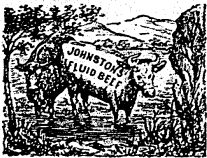


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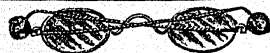
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