

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Sept. 10.— <i>Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i> Mungo Park born, 1788. Canadian Militia Officers receive commissions, 1778.
MONDAY,	" 11.—Battle of Malplaquet, 1709. Battle of Plattsburg, 1814. The King of Italy orders his troops to enter Papal territory, 1870.
TUESDAY,	" 12.—Sieur de Frontenac, Governor of Canada, 1672. Blucher died, 1819.
WEDNESDAY,	" 13.—Capture of Quebec and death of General Wolfe, 1759. Charles J. Fox died, 1806.
THURSDAY,	" 14.— <i>Exaltation of the Cross.</i> St. Cyprian, Bp. & M. Jacques Cartier arrived at Quebec, 1535. Humboldt born, 1769. Moscow burnt, 1812. Duke of Wellington died, 1852.
FRIDAY,	" 15.—New York taken, 1776. Huskisson killed, 1830. I. K. Brunel died, 1859. Captain Speke died, 1864. The Tyne Crew win the International Boat Race at Montreal, 1870. Inauguration of the Canada Central R. R., 1870.
SATURDAY,	" 16.—George I. landed in England, 1714. Fahrenheit died, 1736. Atlantic Telegraph opened and messages exchanged, 1858. The Italian troops enter Civita Vecchia, 1870.

PORTTRAITS

OF THE

ENGLISH (Taylor-Winship), HALIFAX (Pryor), and AMERICAN (Coulter-Biglin)

CREWS,

With Illustrations of the Races at St. John and Halifax, will appear in

NEXT WEEK'S NEWS.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871.

TORONTO is bidding fair to force the narrow gauge railway system upon the attention of the Canadian public. Already that City has started a couple of enterprises upon this plan, both of which are likely to prove successful, and now there is another movement, this time in favour of what is called the "Credit Valley" road, intended, we understand, to establish a bee line, as near as may be, between Galt and Toronto, the former place being fixed upon for the present as the western terminus of the line. It is not at all improbable that this new line may be built. Its track would be through the garden of Western Canada. No more wealthy farmers, no more enterprising manufacturers, no more energetic merchants can be found anywhere in Ontario than those on the route of the projected line. We judge from our knowledge of the country that the engineering difficulties will not be serious, and therefore conclude that the "Credit Valley" road is pretty certain to be built.

The incident is not an unimportant one. It is suggestive of the ceaseless "push" of our Western neighbours, of their determination to overcome natural obstacles by artificial means, and of their one ruling idea to make of Toronto the business emporium of the Canadian West. We already know that the Toronto and Nipissing road was planned, and is being constructed with the express purpose of tapping the great road to the Pacific at the most convenient point to suit Toronto interests; that the Toronto, Grey and Bruce road, now far on towards completion, is an audacious endeavour to set aside the laws of geography by bringing business to Toronto which, *ceteris paribus*, ought certainly to go to Hamilton; and it may now be added that the Credit Valley scheme is another effort for the concentration of the business of Ontario at the Western Capital.

These facts are worthy of repetition, as shewing the patient, never-tiring energy of the Western men in opening up the avenues of trade. And Hamilton, though having a less successful, has even a more glorious record than Toronto. It spent £125,000 upon one important road and £50,000 upon another, seven hundred thousand dollars in all upon roads that were well planned, but unfortunately never thoroughly completed. At the same time it pushed through an admirable system of water works, and though crippled in its energies by these enormous outlays, some of which were utterly unproductive, the "Ambitious City" only held its breath until it could gather fresh strength, and then with better tact and equal energy it went to work again to extend its railway connection by building the Wellington, Grey and Bruce line, which will probably touch the Lake Huron shore next year. London is also aiming at a road to extend from that city through the North West peninsula. These cities are aiming not merely at the trade of the North-Western districts of Ontario; but also at the future trade of the further North-West, of Manitoba and the new Provinces yet to be formed, and of that which will be poured across this continent from the Pacific coast. The valley of the St. Lawrence is the natural outlet for all trade with Europe, that the

future settlement of the North-West will develope. It is also a competitor with the Mississippi and Erie routes for much of the Western American produce that has to find a market either in the Eastern States or in Europe, so that those cities of Ontario which are doing so much towards opening up new channels for that trade are enriching the country at the same time that they are improving the means that contribute to their own prosperity.

And what, all this time, is Montreal doing? Even Kingston has gone to work with energy, and is bidding high for railway connection with the interior of the country, and aiming also at a possible connection with the North-West road that is to be. But our commercial metropolis sleeps the sleep of the infatuated. Several railway schemes are on the *tapis* to improve its connections with the outside world. Some champagne lunches have even been discussed by Corporation magnates and others with the especial object, of course (!) of assisting these railway projects; but as yet Montreal in its municipal entity, is silent as the grave. It does seem to us that the example of Toronto, not to speak of Hamilton, ought to impress the people of this city with the necessity of putting forth a joint effort in favour of some approved public works, if only to maintain their reputation. Whether our railways should be broad or narrow gauge may be a debateable question, but it cannot be doubted that some one of the projects for giving this city more direct railway communication with the Ottawa country, and thence, in time, with the North West, ought to be encouraged and pushed forward without delay.

The Longueuil Regatta comes off on the 13th and 14th instant—Wednesday and Thursday next—when we have no doubt that even a greater crowd will assemble to witness it than there was at Lachine last year. The programme will be found in our advertising columns.

THEATRE ROYAL.—This popular place of amusement continues to draw crowded houses. Miss Eldridge took her benefit on Friday night, and to-night (Saturday) Mr. Dominick Murray, the well-known comedian, commences an engagement. His parts are announced elsewhere up till Wednesday.

We insert in this issue a "protest" from Miss Braddon against the imposition to which she and the public are subjected by certain American publishers. It is needless to remark that many copies of American serials containing such stories as that to which Miss Braddon alludes find their way into Canada, and it is very desirable that our people should be warned of the imposture so glaringly attempted to be practiced upon them. In the *Canadian Illustrated News* and the *Hearthstone* will be found stories actually written by English authors of mark whose names are printed at their head.

THE DOLLAR STORE.—Mr. D. A. Harper, whose advertisement will be found elsewhere, has adopted the simple system of one price for his goods, his establishment being known as the original dollar store. For one dollar any article, or set, as put up, may be purchased. The arrangement is certainly convenient for buyers, and ought to facilitate the transactions of the store keeper.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Frederick Boscovitz, the eminent pianist, (a Hungarian by birth) is now in the city, and, we understand, intends passing the winter here.

"HAGAR AND ISHMAEL."

Herr Koehler's picture of this touching episode in early Biblical History is sure to attract the admiration of our readers. The artist has evidently studied his subject well, and has worked with the love of a true painter for his productions. Not a touch that might have added to the interest or completeness of the picture has been omitted. The centre figure in a wild desert scene, the homeless mother sits upon a jagged rock, clasping in her arms her only son, too soon, she fears, to be taken from her. With a look of mingled hope and despair she raises her eyes to the Heaven from which alone she can now expect help, little dreaming how soon her agonizing prayer will be heard.

Under such a picture as this we might fitly place Keble's beautiful lines:—

* * * * *
"many a languid prayer
Has reached Thee from the wild
Since the lorn mother, wandering there,
Cast down her fainting child,
Then stole apart to weep and die,
Nor knew an Angel form was nigh,
To shew soft waters gushing by
And dewy shadows mild."

The *Acadian Recorder* gets off the following, under the title of "The Battle and the Breeze," in revenge for the withdrawal of the St. John Crew from the four-oared race at Halifax:—

"St. John's brave oarsmen loud defiance hurled,
And grandly dubbed themselves the Champions of the
[World;
But, lo! a zephyr rippled on Chebucto Bay,
The Champions saw, and trembling ran away."

MEMORY.

Music, but I miss thy voice;
Smiles, they beam not from thine eyes;
Gentle words, thou sayest them not;
Beauty, only thine I sought;
Memory, this alone I prize;
For in memory I rejoice.
Seeing thee, love, seeing thee,—
This is dearest joy to me.

Music, thine is in my heart;
Smiles, thine cheer my loneliness;
Gentle words, thine still I hear.
Beauty,—thou art ever near
And, in memory, art no less
Than, my love, thou really art.

JOHN READE.

A PROTEST.

LONDON: Warwick House, Paternoster Row,
August 15, 1871.

I shall feel greatly obliged if you will allow me space to protest against a literary fraud of which I am the victim, and which I cannot but feel must do a serious injury to whatever reputation my devotion to literature may have won for me in America. For years past certain publishers and newspaper proprietors in that country have been in the habit of foisting on the American public almost any rubbish they could procure as written by me, issuing the same as having been written exclusively for them, or as published from "advanced sheets," supplied by me or with my approval. None of this matter so ostentatiously given to the world have I either written or seen in any shape whatever until my attention has been called to it when published abroad. I have protested time after time against the imposition, but without effect. The worst offender in the fabrication of this spurious literature is the proprietor of the *New York Sunday Mercury*, who in the issue of that journal for July 30, commences something entitled "Leighton Grange; or, Who killed Edith Woodville?" by Miss M. E. Braddon, and who, in the body of the same paper, publishes a short editorial article in the following terms:—"Our New Story.—No one should fail to read the opening chapters of the new and thrilling story, by Miss M. E. Braddon, entitled 'Leighton Grange,' which appears on our first page to-day. The tale abounds in romantic interest, and is full of wonderful incidents of love and peril. It is the finest production that has yet emanated from the pen of the gifted authoress."

Until I saw this *New York Sunday Mercury* for July 30, I never saw this new story commenced therein. I know nothing whatever about it or its author. I am as much perplexed by its being attributed to me as I am perplexed by the persistence of this newspaper in giving to the world, time after time, stories falsely attributed to me that I have not written. This occurs, too, in the face of reiterated protests against the practice, both from myself and from others in my name. I cannot help thinking, that if a "mart" English publisher were to imitate this peculiar mode of manufacture, and produce books or serial stories which he attributed to an American author of some repute in England, knowing all the while that such literature was not written by such author, a sharp outcry would quickly arise for an international copyright to arrest such monstrously dishonest practices. Let us hope that American authors and statesmen will anticipate this evil day by initiating some measure of registration which shall protect reputations against the recklessness to which I now invoke attention.

M. E. BRADDON.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"M." of Russelltown sends us the following explanation of an Oxford latinity which appeared in a late number of the *News*:—

"*Scinde baculum!*" "*Cut your stick!*"—The temptation to have it suspended in large letters in your office is not confined to you. Who would not gladly and gratuitously apply the quotation to Duns, Drones and Drivellers?" and we may say that echo answers nobody!

HOW THINGS ARE MANAGED IN CHEYENNE.

Cheyenne is not a place where much formalism would be looked for, but the following burlesque seems to indicate that prompt action in an emergency is not regarded as one of its striking attributes:

In Cheyenne, when anything happens, the people consider that a religious duty devolves upon them to hold a meeting and to pass resolutions upon it, and so strong has this habit become that some citizens of that place, whenever a breakfast-bell rings, call a meeting of the family, elect officers, and resolve to go down stairs and eat the meal. The other day a woman fell into Crow Creek and sank. A large crowd of men were standing upon the bank at the time, and they instantly proceeded to organize a meeting for the purpose of devising means for rescuing the woman. After a spirited debate, M. A. Arnold was elected chairman; and on taking his seat Mr. Arnold not only thanked the meeting very warmly for the compliment offered him, but he made a long speech, in which he discussed the tariff, the coal product for 1871, and the Alabama claims. A series of resolutions were then offered, and after a prolonged discussion, and the acceptance of several amendments, they were passed. They embraced a protest against the depth of Crow Creek; regretted that all women were not taught to swim, and resolved to rescue the particular woman who had fallen overboard. A committee of one was appointed to dive for her. He dived and brought the woman to the surface by the hair. Just then it occurred to him that he had not been ordered to bring her to the shore, so he let her sink again, and swam to the bank to report progress, and ask for further instructions. Action was taken on the report, and after an exciting discussion, he was directed to land the woman immediately. He dived again and dragged her out. None of the women of Cheyenne can hold their breath more than an hour at the time, so when this one was recovered she was dead. The meeting said it was sorry, but it was vastly more important that things should be done decently and in order, and according to rule, than that the life of a woman should be saved.

"Rarer than the Phoenix," says De Quincy, "is the virtuous man who will consent to lose a good anecdote because it is a lie."