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Whitbread's News

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THE WIFE OF A PAWNEE CHIEFTAIN.—SEE PAGE 135

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN URGENT SANITARY REQUIREMENT.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

SIR,—A gradual advance seems to be in progress in dealing with those subtle and invisible influences which convey to a population the seeds of infectious disorder, and we can hardly be too grateful for the patient and laborious efforts on the part of men of science in old and to some extent also in new countries, by which certain fixed results have at last come to be eliminated as the result of years of steady and indefatigable research, but one would suppose that when influences most hurtful to human life lie on the surface, and are visible to the most cursory observer that they would be dealt with with promptness and with a firm and unsparing hand; but this we find is very far from being the case. There is a sad hiatus between the action of the scientists and of the public and governments.

The condition of our steam boilers, our drainage, our ventilation and heating, the want of open spaces for health and the freedom of harmless recreation, with other matters quite as urgent, are all evils of a palpable and evident character that have long been urged upon our notice as a people, but hitherto without results. On some of these there are differences of opinion, on others a pretty general agreement as to principles, and only parties and coteries to be placated. We have been educated in all the feebleness of will, rather than of mind, which attached to the old colonial relation—and the development of our national life must now be a work of time and patience. If we possess less spirit and energy than our neighbours across the border, which we need not be too ready to admit, we have certainly fewer corruptions to battle with, and can afford to hope much from the present aspect of our political future.

Our chymists have not been wanting in affording us a vast amount of information in regard to such matters affecting, as they do, the comfort and the very continuity of our daily lives, but the public who lean upon governments and organizations for everything in the shape of action, go on very much as before in all that relates to what they eat and drink and imbibe through the pores, and the temperature and ventilation of their dwellings and places of assembly. There is a sad paradox here—an apparent avidity for instruction from the professors of natural science—and an utter apathy when the time comes for following it out to practical results. In fact until we get the necessary organization and laws into actual working, we shall go on as we have done for the past twenty years, reading our newspapers, sometimes with shuddering and pain, but for all practical action, helpless as ever. The mischief we may believe to arise in a great measure from our people never having been grounded in the school and the lecture-room in those first principles of the science of physics which are truly and indispensably necessary for the government of their daily lives. Would that the preceptors of youth would take thought a little of those vital requirements as well as of the claims of modern languages, classics and pure mathematics for the growing population they have to educate into men and women. Languages and calculations are useful enough in their proper sphere, but they form after all but the means by which more useful and practical truths may be attained. In the absence of correct moral and physical ideas, they are as nothing. It is our earnest hope then, to see this important and life-giving knowledge a great deal more general than it is at present, and I feel sure that many of our best citizens would be delighted if government would interpose not only for providing such instruction, but also for the direct saving of the lives of the people from destructive influences. Now, I do not wish to inflict a long discussion upon first principles upon your readers, but desire to-day simply to try to call their attention to an evil which, though it has been occasionally noticed, is as far as ever from meeting with a remedy. I refer to the chemical horror and nuisance of green wall-papers upon the surface of the rooms in which we live or transact our daily business. Wall papers generally are the better no doubt, as regards the health of cities, for being frequently changed, but it is one particular colour that is now chiefly imperilling the lives of our families, although almost all the green tints, having more or less of copper in their composition, are bad. The colour I refer to is the Emerald or Paris Green, composed of copper and arsenic in chymical combination.

What a madness, it will strike all who stop to think about the matter, to allow the dust of one of the most deleterious substances in the whole range of matter to mingle with the air we are breathing, to cling to our clothes, and to be constantly imbibed along with all that comes within our lips! Though I have called it madness, the strange neglect will be found more strictly to arise from inadvertence—from the idea of the noxiousness of this dreadful destroyer not being impressed through the needful chymical knowledge upon the minds of the people. They are told the thing is poisonous, but they do not believe it. Were they possessed of those rudiments of chymistry and physiology we are speaking of they would believe it. When the Colorado Beetle has to be driven from our potato crops, some genius at once thinks of the horrid stuff he sees upon his own parlour walls, and says, "Let us try the Paris Green!" and it is found to answer perfectly, over whole acres of the pest, and that in a very diluted form. What a practical lesson we have here! Whether he is wise in allowing it to come near the fields that produce his food is quite another question. The startling paragraphs I have extracted below are from a newspaper published some time since, and I adduce them to show what the Emerald Green really is in its ascertained effects upon the human subject. The narrative is headed "Another Victim to Artificial Flower Making," and before examining it, it may be well to mention that no real artist has any greater love for the detestable colour than has the physiologist in its relation to the life of human beings. It is a crude vulgar colour that harmonizes with no other. Only a strong gas-light makes it tolerable. The following is the extract:—

"An inquest has been held at the Silver Cup, Gray's Inn Road, on Matilda Scheurer, a good-looking girl of 19 years of

age, an artificial flower maker, who was deprived of life by the deadly effects of poison imbibed into the system during her engagement in the manufacture of artificial flower leaves. It appeared that Emerald Green, chymically termed *Arsenite of Copper*, was used in the manufacture, and that death was produced by the inhalation of that poison while at work, producing acute inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach. The employer stated that he had ninety-eight girls in his establishment, and for the purpose of their preservation he had suggested the wearing of masks, but it was objected to by them as producing excessive heat. They however wore muslin over their mouths. Deceased had been ill before from the same cause. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that death was caused by 'Arsenite of Copper.'"

This poor Matilda Scheurer, a girl nineteen years of age, living with her widowed mother, was seized with illness about a fortnight before while following her occupation as an artificial flower maker. She complained of pain in the side and intense thirst, and symptoms of arsenical poisoning were soon afterwards manifested. On the following day a doctor saw the girl, and told the mother that she was "again" suffering from the effects of poison. Within a period of eighteen months he had attended her four times under similar circumstances, and during nearly the whole of this time she had complained of severe pains. She kept to her work, of making "green leaves," and at last became so impregnated with poison that her death must have been almost inevitable. She "was in the greatest pain until she became insensible," and in this state she remained until her death. A *post mortem* examination "proved beyond the possibility of doubt that she had been poisoned by arsenic used in colouring the green leaves." Her body "was of a greenish yellow colour; the nails were very green;" arsenite of copper was found in the lungs, and, in short, the entire frame was charged with the deadly poison. The unhappy mother had previously lost another daughter through the same cause. The green leaves—emblems, when seen in bonnets, of untimely and cruel deaths occasioned by woman's vanity—were first moulded out of wax, and then "emerald-green powder," full of arsenic, was sprinkled over them. The medical man who attended poor Miss Scheurer states that the "emerald-green" was as light as magnesia, and as easily blown about. He has had many cases of poisoning by its means, the usual indications being eruptions on the face and neck.—And this is artificial flower-making! This is the trade we see advertised as "lucrative and easy."—The trade which thousands of respectable girls, with but slender means of subsistence, "or with no means at all," are invited to enter, and are glad to follow! There is a fate yet more deplorable than that of slow poisoning by arsenic, and these luckless girls have no alternative but to accept the one or the other."

I do not offer this as a very recent instance,—but that matters little. The sad facts are for all time. It is a fearful story, and one that reflects sadly enough upon the pitiful littleness, to say no more, of our modern civilization. For a mere toy we are constantly allowing lives to be destroyed. As to the wall-papers we are looking upon every day, the influences of the poison are not so acute—but the doses are far from homœopathic—are positive enough—are imbuing carpets and furniture covers with the subtle poison, which, mingled with the dust of the room, will be present everywhere, and will exhibit its effects in a painful delicacy of health—in the young especially. The nuisance should cease. We must for once in our history act with promptness, and in addition to removing the abomination from our walls, and discarding fancy articles containing it, which foolish people in Europe are continually foisting upon us,—we should certainly obtain from our able Finance Minister, Sir Francis Hincks, a promise or a hope that the colour, as to all articles containing it, will be made contraband in the Tariff List of 1872.

If any one knows of any other remedy likely to prove effectual, let him advance it. The plan I advocate would be in all respects righteous and proper, and would greatly conserve Canadian life.

The assistance of your powerful journal in bringing it under the notice of the Queen's loyal subjects in this Dominion will be highly appreciated by,

Yours faithfully,

X.

17th Feb., 1872.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC IN 1759.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

SIR,—Mr. W. Wymond Walkem has now published in your columns his promised explanation. Its tone and spirit are such, that if I were simply personally concerned, I would be most unwilling to occupy your space with any reply; but I feel it due to you to state how I came to forward the communication I did.

During last winter, I was introduced to Mr. Walkem, senr., who took occasion to say to me that he had seen on the table of his chief (Col. Hamilton, R.E.), a paper by me on the *Military Operations at Quebec in 1760*; that he had been so interested in it that he had gone to Middleton & Dawson's book-store to procure a copy, but had failed. I gave him one. Some short time thereafter he called on me, and stated that he had just discovered, among the papers in the Royal Engineers' office, an old and interesting manuscript on the capture of Quebec. I expressed my pleasure, and said I hoped he would read it to the Literary and Historical Society, then in session; he hesitated, but expressed a wish that I would call at the office next day and inspect the document. I did so, and had not read through the first page when I at once pronounced it to be a copy of Mr. James Thompson's journal, the original of which was then in my possession; but I added, "That will make no difference, Mr. Walkem; the Society has not seen the manuscript; you can still read it, and we will have it published." He replied he would think of it. A few days after this, he asked me if I could show him Mr. T.'s journal, and next day I took it down to his office and compared it with the manuscript in his possession, when I pronounced them as nearly as possible *verbatim et literatim*, and not, as Mr. Walkem

makes me say, *verbatim et literatim*. Again, Mr. Walkem called on me and asked me if I would permit him to take home the Thompson manuscript that he might copy the concluding remarks. I gave him the manuscript. When he returned it he had in his hand another manuscript, which he held out to me, saying, "not having much to do, I have copied the *Moncrief* manuscript, as I find it is not in every respect similar to the other." I asked him to shew me in what respect, when he did point out a few discrepancies, and I endeavoured to explain that such discrepancies occurred every day in copying manuscripts, especially when they were not properly *verified*; and I took occasion to show him where he himself, in copying this very document, substituted a word *entirely inappropriate* for one it contained. Some short time after this, having occasion to call at Mr. Walkem's, he introduced the subject, and at once expressed the opinion that the Thompsons were *humbugs*, using pretty much the language which his son has used, I think with very questionable taste. He, on this occasion, for the first time, hinted that he considered Mr. Thompson, jr., fearing exposure, had erased the memorandum or certificate which I have since published—or, to use the modest language of his son, "But *Dr. Anderson* has very carefully concealed the fact that *Jas. Thompson, sr.*, displayed unusual common-sense in erasing the foot-note in red ink." I pointed out to Mr. Walkem, senr., as I subsequently did to his son, that the note was not erased, but merely crossed with a few red lines, leaving every word as distinct as when it was first written; and I ventured to state my impression that I thought it would be better, instead of supposing that Mr. Jas. Thompson, jr., had in the first place committed a literary forgery of which he afterwards became ashamed and afraid, and had made a bungling attempt to conceal it,—that it would be better to believe that when, at a subsequent date, he had added the two pages, he had simply crossed his note with red ink, as an intimation that his narrative was not there ended.

Mr. Walkem has directed my attention to the erasure of the word *Engineer* and the writing above it of the word *Volunteer*. This he wished me to take as an additional evidence of Mr. Thompson's dishonesty. I preferred to view it as arising from his desire to be exact and strictly truthful. His father was not an Engineer of the expedition, but simply a *Volunteer*; and though he was in 1775 called upon, and was then the only one in Quebec competent to discharge the duty of an Engineer, he was at the date he wrote his rough notes a volunteer in the 78th Highlanders. After this interview I carefully eschewed any conversation with Mr. Walkem on the subject of the manuscript.

But it seems Mr. Thompson, jr., has not only committed a literary forgery, but he has deliberately lied in writing over his signature that his father had been offered and declined the appointments of Town-Major and Barrackmaster, preferring that of Superintendent of Military Works, conferred upon him by General Murray in 1761. Mr. Wymond Walkem writes: "It is a common failing amongst most people, to make out, in regard to their ancestors, a most favourable, and, I will say, sometimes romantic account of their position; and this brings me to that claimed for his father in the Engineers by the younger Thompson. He held no such rank as Superintendent of Military Works, as the son would wish the reader to believe." This is written by a young man, just of age, who was a sojourner for a few months with his father in Quebec. This youth, who really knows nothing of the matter, also writes: "I really cannot imagine how the senior Thompson was capable of keeping a daily journal, for which, from his position as an ordinary soldier, and his education, he was unfitted. How was it possible for him to become acquainted with all the minute information detailed in the manuscript, unless he occupied some important command in the expeditionary force?"

The last part of this extract I shall answer first, because it is the language which was used to me by Mr. Walkem, senr. I on that occasion replied to him, that during the Crimean war we were indebted to volunteers and common soldiers for some of the best accounts ever given of what then occurred. But I shall now ask, did this Major *Moncrief* occupy any "important command?" We know that Major *McKellar* was the commanding engineer of the expedition of 1759-60, and that when he was incapacitated by being wounded, Captain Holland was placed in command; but I can find no mention anywhere of any officer of the name of *Moncrief*, though I certainly shall not venture to say that there was no such officer occupying an inferior post; but for all the evidence Mr. Walkem was able to produce to me, Major *Moncrief* may have been cousin-german to the celebrated *Mrs. Harris*.

In reference to Mr. Thompson's position in life, there will be found in the *Quebec Star*, of 8th Sept., 1830, an interesting memoir of Mr. Thompson, then just dead. The *Star* was under the control of Dr. Wilkie, Mr. Andrew Stuart, and one other gentleman of equally high position, whose name I am not sure of; but I know the present Rector of the High School, though then very young, was on the staff; and it is to him I am indebted, many months ago, for having directed my attention to the memoir. In that memoir we are told that Mr. Thompson volunteered to accompany to America his cousin, *Captain Baillie*, of the 78th, to whom he was very much attached; that on his cousin being killed in one of the boats, at the landing at Louisbourg, having been recommended to the patronage of Col. Fraser, he remained with the regiment, and served with it at the siege of Quebec and the capitulation of Montreal, and after its disbandment was "attached to the Royal Engineer Department as *overseer of Works*, in which he continued until the year 1828, being a total period of service of seventy-one years." The memoir then alludes to General Murray's offer of the Barrack-mastership and the Town-majorship, and adds, "Mr. Thompson's services were eminently conspicuous on the invasion of Canada by the American army in 1775, there having been no commissioned officer of Engineers present at the time."

I may here mention that Mr. Thompson, senior, generally signed his name thus: "James Thompson, *Overseer of Works*." There can be no doubt, if we accept the *ipse-dixit* of Mr. W. W. Walkem, that Mr. Thompson, junior, has lied on more than one occasion; but we ought not to be surprised at this, for it was an amiable weakness which he inherited from his illiterate father. This man has had the audacity to write, and his friends to publish, as follows:—"Holding the situation of *Overseer of Works in the Royal Engineers' Department, Quebec*, I had the superintendence of the defences to be erected through the place, which brought to my notice almost every incident connected with the military operations of the blockade of 1775; and from the part I had performed in the affair generally, I considered I had some right to withhold the Gene-

ral's sword, particularly as it had been obtained on the battle-ground."

This is pretty well for an ignorant common soldier. Mr. W. W. Walkem has written:—"Dr. Anderson would be very much surprised, perhaps, were I to produce another MS. agreeing with the one handed in by me, and dated much earlier than the so-called but spurious original." Dr. Anderson would not be surprised; on the contrary, he has reason to know that there are a good many copies of Mr. Thompson's journal similar to the one initialled "P. M." For fifty years the journal now in my possession has been circulated among his friends by Mr. Thompson, with the following notification:—"Requested to be returned, after perusal, to James Thompson." I have no doubt more than one copy has been taken. How did Mr. Walkem, senior, come to copy the manuscript initialled "P. M."? What was his object? But what conclusion would Mr. W. W. Walkem wish me to draw from the question he has put? How could any manuscript bear an earlier date than that of Mr. Thompson's *Journal*, which commences in April, 1759, and terminates with the surrender and occupation of Quebec?

Mr. Editor, you will please to bear in mind that in my communications to you I made no allusion to either of the Walkems, but gave a simple narration of what I have reason to believe are facts. Mr. Walkem, junior, has thought proper to use very unbecoming language in reference to myself. I might retaliate very effectually; but no good could result from it: these are matters which can best be settled between him and myself. I am not aware that I have used any "pathetic allusions to the late Mr. Thompson" which were "irrelative" to my subject, and "should not have been brought in;" but this I can also fairly leave to your readers. But I take occasion to say that my recollection of the examination of the "P. M." manuscript is entirely different from that of Mr. W., sen., and he never showed me any evidence of there having been an original in the R. E. Office "bearing on the title-page the name of Major Moncrief, an engineer of the expedition, as the author of the narrative."

I may safely leave to you and your readers to decide whether you shall believe the statements of the Messrs. Walkem in reference to these worthy men, the Thompsons. For myself, I prefer to follow in the faith which I have never heard doubted by any but these two; and I fully concur in the notice which appeared in the *Chronicle* of 8th December, 1869, of the death of Mr. Thompson, junior:—"Mr. Thompson served long in the Commissariat, and on his retirement settled in Quebec, where he has been known and respected by a large circle of friends. He has died full of years, being, we believe, the senior of Quebec, and full of honour, if honour consists in a life spent in unblemished integrity."

I remain very faithfully,

WM. JAS. ANDERSON.

Quebec, Grand Allée, Feb. 16, 1872.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

MONTREAL, 20th Feb., 1872.

SIR.—In reading Saturday's edition of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, I see W. Wymond Walkem writes thus: "I really cannot imagine how Thompson senior was capable of keeping a daily journal, for which, from his position as a common soldier and his education, he was unfitted." Now, Sir, I wish W. W. would be kind enough to state what he means by a *common soldier*, for I have been in the army myself, and was obliged to enlist as a private soldier, and I never heard the word "common" made use of, only by some stuck-up snob or dandy, who thought those below him in position as dirt. And whenever I see or hear the word made use of I cannot help asking the question, "what is a common soldier?" If he means a private soldier, why does he not say so, and leave out the other detestable word? because I for one do not like to see or hear it mentioned. And the writer, I presume, would be greatly shocked if any person were to tell him that his father at one time was nothing but a common soldier, or that he himself was only the son of a common soldier. I question if it would not touch his dignity. And as for education, there are thousands of private soldiers capable of keeping a daily journal. Also a good round number who have studied for the medical profession, and are gentlemen in every sense of the word. By inserting the above, Sir, you will perhaps get an explanation from the three W.'s, and greatly oblige

AN EX-PRIVATE SOLDIER,
J. W.

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Jan. 24, 1872.

OUR TOILERS OF THE SEA "AT HOME."

For the most part, the business of working the silvery quarries of the sea is suspended here during the winter months. Excepting in a few sheltered spots, in some of the bays, or on some peculiarly favoured ledges near the coast, no cod is taken from November to May. In St. John's, during these months, we never see a fresh cod, unless a few should be brought, in a frozen state, from Halifax, or in a fishing-boat from a western harbour. In the Bay of Islands, St. George's Bay and Bonne Bay, herring of the finest quality are taken during the winter months by cutting holes in the ice, through which nets are sunk. The cod-fishers, however, are entirely idle. Their boats are drawn ashore, turned bottom up and protected with spruce-boughs or some other covering. The fishermen employ themselves in cutting and hauling fuel, having sometimes to go four or five miles to reach the woods; or they build new boats, repair the old ones, and overhaul their nets and fishing-gear. This is their season of rest and enjoyment—of sweet-heating, marrying and giving in marriage. Their great farm, the sea, now lies fallow. The "voiceless dwellers in the deep" are no longer vexed with the destructive net and seine, the murderous "bultow," and the

treacherous "hook and line." Round the blazing ingle, the fisher-folk now bask in tranquil enjoyment, and in the long winter nights have their homely joys and amusements—their merry dances, in which vigour in "wetting the floor," with heel and toe, is more appreciated than grace,—their cozy tea-parties, social and domestic, at which the usual amount of feminine gossip is heard, and the character and doings of friends and neighbours, the progress of various flirtations and approaching matrimonial ventures are all discussed, and receive a pretty "free handling." What would life be worth if we could not remark with freedom on the doings and misdoings, fortunes and misfortunes of our neighbours? Half its zest would be gone. It is no use railing against "gossip." It began around Eve's first fire, and will be heard as long as there are women and hearthstones. The old fishermen draw together on the winter nights and talk over their fishing adventures, the price of cod and the character of the "supplies" issued by the "marchants," and mourn over the "old times" when the fish were far more abundant, and the supplies more generous. Their short and simple annals have often a tinge of melancholy—there is a "skeleton in every closet." This decrepit, old weather-beaten fisherman, on whose seamed face many a storm has left its traces, has his tale of woe to tell—how his two fine "boys," returning from Labrador, were caught in the great gale of October, '57, and were swallowed up in the pitiless sea, leaving him and the "old woman" to battle along unhelped in their old age. Annals of storm and wrecks and chronicles of death and disaster form a large portion of their talk; for there is hardly a household but has to mourn the loss at sea of a father, son or relative. Many of the fishermen's cottages are snug and tidy; and when the wife is thrifty and industrious, they look clean and cosy, and show that the fishwife's chief delight is to secure the comfort of her "skipper" on his return from labour on the wild and dangerous deep. All good Newfoundland housewives pride themselves in having a well-furnished "dresser." It stands generally opposite the door, and the array of plates, bowls, cups and saucers is wonderful. The more glowing the colours the better; and the favourite pattern is fish with their fins spread out and painted on the crockery-ware in all attitudes. The logs of wood crackle and blaze on the "dog-irons" in a huge open chimney, up which a coach and pair might be driven, so far as width is concerned. In many of the cottages cooking stoves are now introduced; and the huge chimneys are closed in. The result is increased warmth and a saving of fuel, but when the apartment is small a close, unwholesome atmosphere is created; which is far less favourable to health than the cheerful log-fire. All round the walls of the cottage hang the paraphernalia of the fisherman—his "properties," as an actor would call them—his nets, lines, oilskin coat and unmentionables—blue stockings and sou' wester. In small lockers underneath the settle which is close to the fire are stowed away many of the domestic necessaries. Here the bread is kept to preserve it from being frozen at night. It is said that in some of the more uncivilized settlements, where the cottages are badly built, and far north where the cold is very intense, the housewife takes the loaf to bed with her and carefully rolls it in the blankets, otherwise in the morning she would find it hard as iron. A squeamish stomach might object to this, but use is everything. Winter is the time for the children to enjoy themselves. Sliding, skating, performing the "Russian Mountain," driving the "catamaran," drawn by dogs—hauling fuel—thus the youngsters amuse themselves when not under the eye of the schoolmaster, and thus they grow up hardy and robust, to hunt the seal on the ice-fields, and capture the cod and salmon along our iron-bound shores, and on "the bleak coast of savage Labrador." Quaint and peculiar are the people who gather in the sea-harvest, and they and their industries and history form a most curious and interesting study. In their little fishing hamlets, cut off from intercourse with the outside world, only hearing of what is passing elsewhere at long intervals, and then in garbled and exaggerated rumours, they grow up in a narrow circle of ideas, and are content with their simple unvarying round of labours and pleasures. The distribution of happiness is wonderfully equalized. Perhaps these simple fisher-folk who

"Think the rustic cackle of their bourg
The murmur of the world."

and who, to one accustomed to the luxuries and refinements of life, seem to lead a wretched existence, have, after all, more real happiness than the sons and daughters of wealth. With all their privations, their condition is far preferable to that of the urban labouring class, shut up in filthy lanes and alleys, to be decimated by typhus and cholera, and to leave behind them a stunted degenerate offspring. Rosy women and children and stalwart men, robust and healthy, are the dwellers in our quaint, picturesque fishing hamlets. Their descendants will emerge out of their condition of poverty; obtain education; and, in many instances, will be the energetic, strong-brained merchants, lawyers, statesmen, divines, and doctors who will carry off the prizes in the public arena. In this hardy, healthy mode of existence, the iron passes into their blood, their nerves are steel and their muscles whipcord. Add only brain-culture and you have the victors in the battle of life. It is noted already that when Newfoundlanders settle in other countries, as many of them do, from want of home-industries, they frequently take a distinguished place in the mercantile, professional and literary walks of life. When this is the case, even with the meagre education parents can command here for their children, what will it be when we obtain educational establishments in which a higher culture shall be imparted. It is not generally known that one of the most distinguished naturalists of England, whose writings have attained an immense popularity, is a Newfoundlander. I refer to Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., a native of this country, who took his first lessons in Natural History when rambling around these shores; and, in his charming books, introduces frequently his early experiences in the land of his birth.

WHERE ARE THE COD IN WINTER?

But while our fishermen are taking their ease at home during winter, what has become of "their best friends," the codfish? They, too, have gone into their winter quarters. No longer are they swarming along the shores, and in the bays and inlets, as in summer. They would be sought for in vain now on the fishing-grounds which are their usual haunts. When the water is chilled by the blasts of winter they retire

into the "dark, unfathomed caves of ocean," at some distance from the shore, where the temperature is higher; but where their winter habitation lies "no man knoweth." Moved by that universal instinct—that law of sympathy between the sexes which pervades all animal existence, and secures the continuation of each species, they leave their winter abode in spring, when the warm breath of summer re-kindles their dormant energies; and they approach the shores in order to deposit their spawn in shallower waters, where the sun's rays can reach and vivify it. Doubtless, too, they are attracted by the presence of the caplin and other bait, which they greedily devour. Thus are they brought within reach of our fishermen's hooks and nets. In the deeper waters they could not reach the cod. How simple in essence, but how prolific in their results are Nature's great laws! It is the very same instinct that in its lowest manifestations draws the vast shoals of cod from the depths of the ocean, so as to bring them within man's reach, which develops into the great passions of love and maternity in the human species, forming the sacred and affectionate family relationships, and furnishing an imperishable foundation for human society.

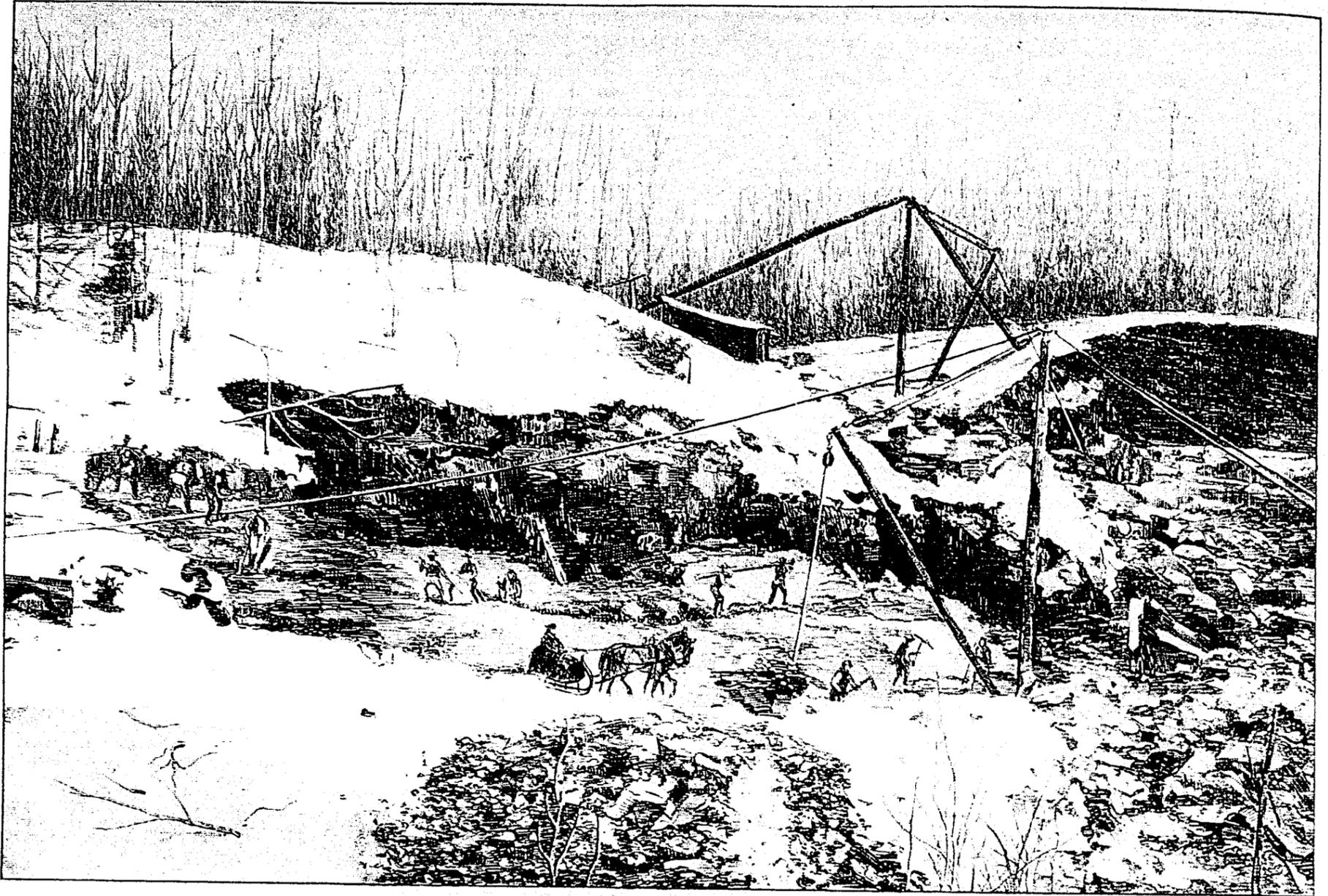
MIGRATIONS OF THE COD.—POETRY OF THE FISH-WORLD.

It is not at all probable that the migrations of the cod are of any great extent; and they are confined to their movements from the deeper to the shallower waters. It was once a universal theory among naturalists, that all fishes were endowed with a migratory instinct, which afflicted them with perpetual motion and made them ceaseless wanderers from sea to sea, and from shore to shore. More accurate and extended observation of fishes has entirely exploded this theory; and the best naturalists have now arrived at the conclusion that the migratory instinct in fish is very limited, and that the generality of the different species merely move from their feeding-ground to their spawning-ground,—from deep to shallow water. In the case of the herring, it was once believed that they came periodically, in one enormous shoal, from the Arctic regions, and divided themselves into grand battalions, each of which was destined to visit a certain locality. It is now agreed that the herring, like all others, is a local fish; and, like the cod, is confined to certain seas, moving in on the shore to spawn; each kind having its own locality and never visiting any other. In the case of our cod the same holds good. All around our shores are those enormous submarine elevations called "Banks"—with their corresponding depressions or valleys. Here vast colonies of cod find a home; and, just as on the land, there are great seats of population at certain spots, so are there great cod-centres, where colonies form and are stationary, having, comparatively, each but a limited range of water in which to live and die. The cod keep to their own colony; and when spawning time arrives, they invariably seek the same spot on the shore, and that the place of their birth. Hence it is that each locality has its own kind of cod which are quite distinguishable. Those taken in the southern and western bays differ from those which frequent the great northern inlets, as much as a South-down sheep from a Cheviot, or a Loch Fyne herring from a Yarmouth bloater. A fisherman can tell, at a glance, where any particular cod has been taken. No doubt there are cases in which individual fish are found wandering from home. Fish from the Great Bank are sometimes taken in—those having French hooks in their jaws, which had been snapped off the "bultows" of the French "Bankers." But these are rare exceptions. These are the wild prodigals of the colony who "seldom live at home," and wanting to see a little "life" turn their backs on the paternal residence, and, like all prodigals, come to no good. Or, perhaps some of them have been banished the colony for some serious misconduct, and, Cain-like, are compelled to wander about. But all respectable, well-conducted cod return to their own waters, just as the salmon finds its way from the ocean to its procreant cradle, hundreds of miles inland.

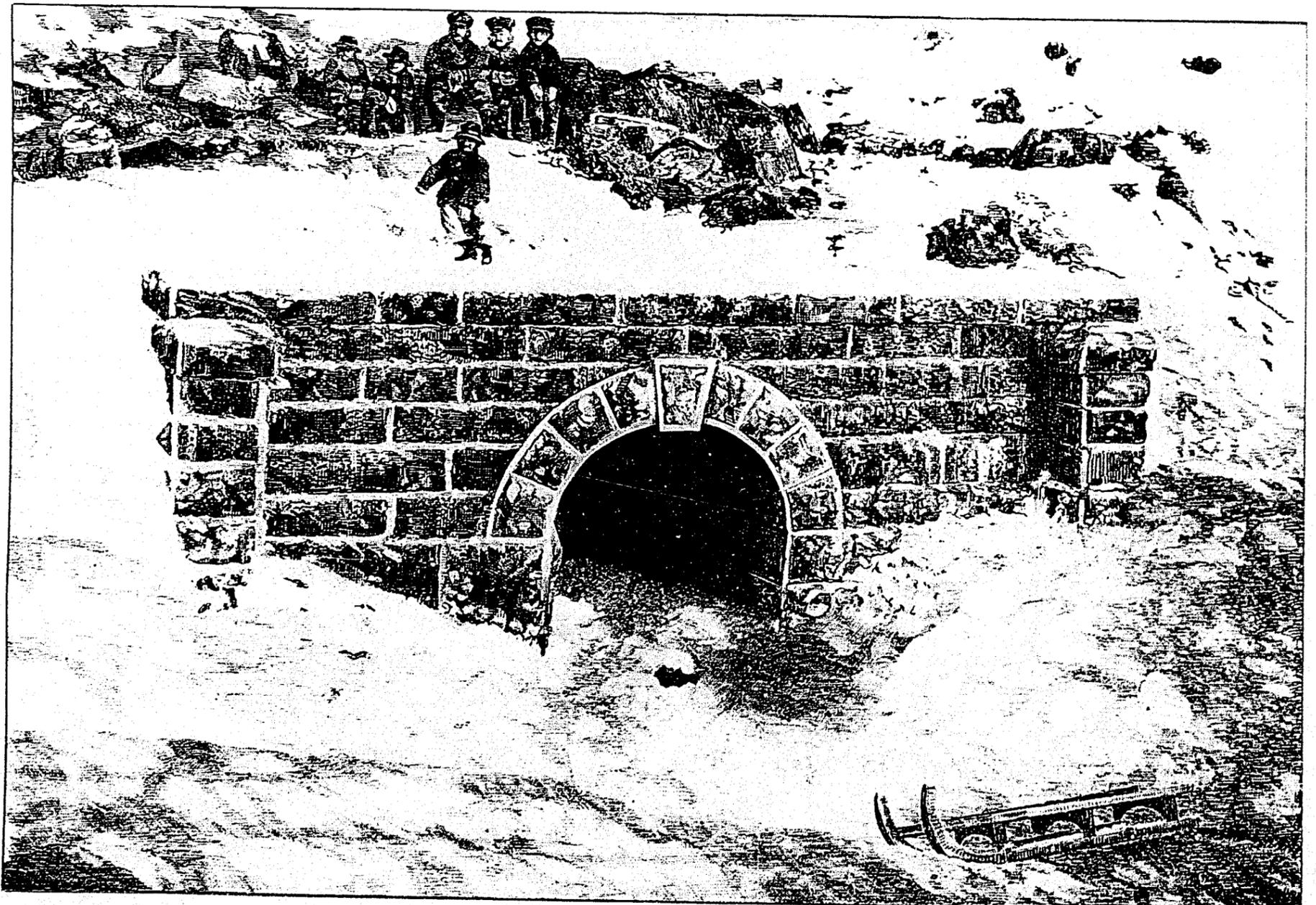
MYSTERIES OF THE OCEAN.

It is marvellous to think of the myriads of millions of cod that must be dwelling amid our submarine hills and valleys. Perhaps two hundred millions of them are captured every year; but on these "Banks" no "run" seems to make any impression,—draft after draft honoured and the coffers are full as ever. Very probably the winter habitat of all our cod is confined to the recesses of the shelving bases of these "Banks," or submarine elevations; and thus they never venture very far from the shore. Certain it is that they do not dwell in the great ocean-depths. Under a continually increasing pressure, in proportion to the depth of the superior cumbeant column of water, life must, at a given point, reach the limit where eternal darkness renders the organs of sight unavailing, and consequently the power of obtaining or avoiding prey impossible. It seems certain, then, that fish must live many atmospheres of water above this region of darkness, and possibly not far below one hundred fathoms. At such depths perhaps our cod are to be found, in their winter retreats, grovelling in inaction, or torpid equilibrium, till the summer-heat recommences their period of activity.

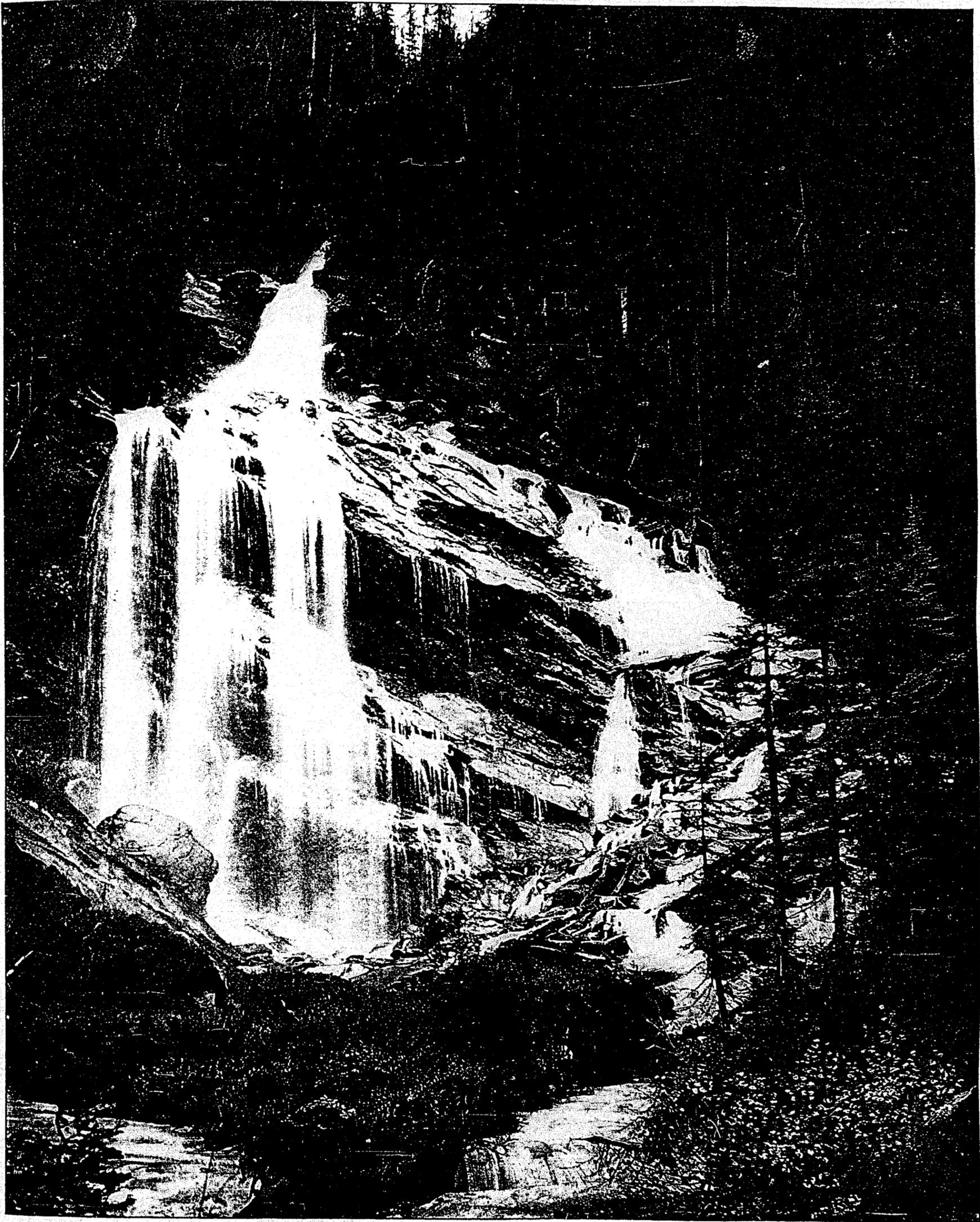
Three Frenchmen, a father and two sons, were lately indicted for robbery with violence at the assizes of Rouen. It appeared from the evidence that these most unpatriotic individuals had managed to procure Prussian uniforms from one of the battle-fields, and, disguised in these, broke open unprotected farmhouses at night, and demanded money, watches, or jewellery, with threats of murder if refused. The whole district was in terror for some time, which was kept up by the pretended Prussians firing shots at night as they passed along the roads, and sometimes sending a stray bullet into an exposed window. At last, a farmer whose house they were breaking into found courage enough to fire at them and put them to flight, wounding the foremost, one of the sons. The miscreant was deserted by his father and brother in their haste to escape, and, being taken by the pursuers, his identification led to the discovery of the means by which the whole neighbourhood had been laid under contribution by three of its own residents, and to the trial of the culprits, who were justly sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. This whole story was first furnished to a Dresden journal by its local correspondent, and has naturally been largely copied in Germany. But the inference drawn by the German papers that such acts were common in the occupied districts, and that the stories of Teutonic exaction may thus be all explained into a new edition of Gallic rapacity, seems to be beyond reason. Such crimes it would be far more natural to suppose were first suggested by the impunity which the petty violences of the foreign garrison enjoyed.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.



QUARRY ON SECTION 10 OF THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY, NEWCASTLE, N. B.



CULVERT ON SECTION 10 OF THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY, NEWCASTLE, N. B.—SEE PAGE 125.



LOWER FALLS OF GARNET RIVER CASCADE, NEAR MOUNT CHADLE, B. C.—SEE PAGE 135.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
MARCH 9, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Mar. 3.—	Third Sunday in Lent. Battle of Point au Pelée, 1838. Emancipation of the Serfs in Russia, 1861. The Germans evacuated Paris, 1871.
MONDAY,	" 4.—	First American Congress opened, 1798. Abraham Lincoln assumed the Presidency, 1861. Thomas Scott murdered at Fort Garry, 1870.
TUESDAY,	" 5.—	Correggio died, 1534. Provincial Exhibition at Montreal, 1855. Covent Garden Theatre burnt, 1856. Volta died, 1857.
WEDNESDAY,	" 6.—	Michael Angelo Buonarrotti born, 1474. York changed to Toronto, 1834. Catholic Ecclesiastical Council at Quebec, 168.
THURSDAY,	" 7.—	St. Perpetua, V. & M. DeMonts sailed for Canada, 1604.
FRIDAY,	" 8.—	William III. died, 1702.
SATURDAY,	" 9.—	Americus Vesputius born, 1451. Great Indian Council at Montreal, 1690. Battle of Laon, 1814. Engagement between the "Merrimac" and "Monitor," 1814.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 20th February, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
W., Feb. 14.	36°	20°	28°	29.45	29.42	29.45
Th., " 15.	28°	10°	19°	29.62	29.62	29.67
Fri., " 16.	25°	12°	18°5	29.75	29.70	29.80
Sat., " 17.	25°	10°	17°5	30.10	30.10	30.15
Sun., " 18.	21°	3°5	12°2	30.15	30.15	30.17
M., " 19.	25°	5°	15°	30.20	30.20	30.16
Tu., " 20.	29°	7°	19°	30.07	30.00	29.85

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The arrangements for transferring to local agents the total charge of our subscribers, so far as renewing and collecting subscriptions and distributing papers are concerned, not having met with general approval on the part of subscribers; and the agents having in many cases declined the responsibility, or neglected our interests, theirs, and that of our subscribers, we are obliged to revert to the former mode of distribution through Post. This need not disturb arrangements already made between any subscriber and any local news-dealer. We hope to see the sales effected by news agents increase rapidly, and desire that as much of our business as possible may be transacted through them. But we cannot overlook the complaints now made, and henceforth our subscribers will receive their papers, as formerly, through the Post. Any one who has missed any numbers since 1st of January can have them gratis on application.

Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the NEWS is \$4.00 per annum, payable in advance; if unpaid in three months it will be charged at the rate of Five Dollars.

All OLD subscribers whose subscriptions are unpaid on 1st July next, will be struck off the list.

All NEW subscriptions received henceforward, MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1872.

THERE is a movement among the working-men, so called, in favour of confining the day's work to nine hours instead of ten. Whether the human frame can sustain ten hours out of the twenty-four, of mechanical labour, with the same advantage as if employed only for nine, would depend, we should think, mainly on the character of the work and the energy with which it was prosecuted. The demand of the working-men is not very likely to meet with general approval just at present. The interference of the law to compel a shortening of the hours of labour is certainly not a new thing, for the time has been that in some countries the law fixed the day's wages, and even the price of boots.

Nowadays, however, we trust in individuals to make their private arrangements between themselves, merely invoking the law to compel their fulfilment, should one of the parties fail to comply with the conditions to which he had agreed. There cannot be a shadow of doubt as to the wisdom of this plan. To compel the labourer to desist after nine hours' work, or to ask his employer to pay him for over-time for the next hour, would naturally cause a disturbance in the cost of manufacture in which he was engaged. The problem to be solved is simply this: Can the labourer do as much work in nine, as he can in ten hours? In many cases, we believe he can, and in some cases perhaps he would. But there are instances in which the human labour is merely supplementary to the work done by machinery, and in these instances the loss to the employer would be actually much more than the one hour out of ten represents, because the same expense of starting furnaces, &c., and the same waste at leaving off would be involved, while ten per cent. of labour would be lost. Mechanics and workmen should consider whether they act wisely in forcing their employers into conditions that

would give them no margin of profit, and so drive them out of business. The aim of the workman should be to become skilled in his particular branch of labour and then pursue it with such industry as would put a day's work into nine hours, when we think he should rightfully claim his freedom for the remainder of the day. But in employments where the stated amount of labour can only be done by the hour, where the main portions are done by machinery, and the manual labour chiefly consists in tending the machines, it is manifest that the loss to the employer would be so considerable as to involve the necessity of a reduction of wages by at least ten per cent. This would be a serious item to many a poor man, more probably than the gain he would derive from the extra hour of relaxation.

Wherever "piece work" can be done it is the fairest mode both for work and remuneration. It cheats nobody either as to time or quantity when fairly measured and accounted for, so that a man may work any number of hours he chooses or at any rate of speed within the range of his capacity and get paid exactly according to his services. In many instances this mode of computing the value of labour cannot be followed, as the nature of the employment confines it to a question of time. It is in such instances that the nine hours' movement, if successful, would undoubtedly prove injurious to the working classes. The manufacturers would be compelled to pay lower wages, or continue business at a disadvantage. They cannot, in many instances, force the public to pay a higher price for their goods, for the reason that the imported article comes into such close competition with that made in the country; and hence an advance in the cost of labour, such as the adoption of the nine hours' system without a reduction of wages would involve, might be disastrous to many important industries.

This nine hours' movement has excited great attention at Hamilton and other places in Ontario, and a vigorous attempt is being made to get the working classes of this city to take it up. We hope they will be cautious in their action. The manufacturers of Hamilton have declared that to accede to the demand "would be most disastrous," alike to employers and employees by retarding manufacturing and commercial advancement, and giving competitors in other parts of the Dominion an advantage over "Hamilton, &c." The waste of productive capacity is the great difficulty. The manufacturers of Hamilton profess that they cannot pay the same price for labour if ten per cent. of it is to be withheld; and we fancy that the manufacturers in Montreal will take similar ground. These labour agitations ought not to be lightly entered upon, especially in Canada, where labour can so readily accumulate capital. Were the working-men to get up a well-devised and well-managed co-operative society, they would find more substantial advantage from one year of its operations, than they would from a dozen years' enforcement of the nine hours' movement. Were everybody compelled to work, we believe that the goodly King Alfred's division of time would still be ample—eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work, and eight hours for devotion or recreation. But those who possess *realised work* in the shape of capital, make others work for them, and as by the cultivation of our tastes we multiply our wants, so also must we expect to have to work the harder in order to supply them.

OBITUARY.

We sincerely regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Alfred Waddington, which took place at Ottawa, on the 26th ult., he having fallen a victim to that loathsome disease, the small-pox. Mr. Waddington was an Englishman, a native of Yorkshire, we believe, and had spent many years in British Columbia. He had reached the venerable age of seventy-two, and, except for slight indications of rheumatic gout, was hale and hearty. His hobby was a railway from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and he spent some nine years of his life, and many hundreds of pounds of his money, in forwarding the exploration of his favourite scheme. The pamphlets he has written on this subject furnish the data for many of the articles we see in the press in reference to the Pacific railway. It is said he was the discoverer of the Leatherhead Pass through the Rocky Mountains, the lowest yet known. He advocated the construction of the railway through this pass and its terminus at Bute Inlet. The British Columbia Government, in recognition of his services, gave him a town site of three hundred and twenty acres, on the border of Bute Inlet; but however it may compensate his heirs, it was certainly no adequate reward for him who spent so much money on what ought to have been a Government work. Three or four years ago he visited Ottawa, on his way to England, to press forward his favourite scheme; and has, we believe, spent the last five or six months at Ottawa, occasionally visiting Montreal. Canada will, at least, do justice to his hopes by carrying out a railway scheme in accordance with his long cherished expectations.

PROTESTANT INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES.—We have received from this Institution a pamphlet of some forty pages, containing the Reports of the Managers and Principal for the year ending 30th June, 1871, to which is appended much interesting matter relative to the working of the Institution and the habits of its inmates, together with a brief, but very complete, history, from the pen of the Principal, of the Instruction of Deaf-Mutes. It appears that during the past year fifteen pupils have been admitted to the Institution, of whom seven are free. The remainder pay either part or full fees. It is expected that during the coming year the number of inmates will be, relatively, largely increased, and to meet this new demand, extensive alterations have been made for the reception of ten additional pupils. As, however, the building now occupied is by far too small for the requirements of an Institution of this character, it is proposed to enlarge it by adding a wing. This additional accommodation would allow of the establishment of work-shops, where printing and other trades would be taught. To purchase the necessary property and erect the wing a sum of \$12,000 would be required. At present the amount of the Endowment Fund reaches \$1,450. To this may be added \$3,250, a sum due the Fund in the shape of promised donations, making a total of \$4,700. Thus a further sum of \$7,300 is urgently needed to allow the Board to proceed with their contemplated improvements. The object in view should sufficiently commend itself to those who are blessed with the means of doing good, and we trust that, considering the amount of good already done through the instrumentality of this Institution, and the large sphere still open before it, the appeal of the Board will be heartily and generously responded to.

"ORIGINAL SKETCHES."

Frank Leslie is famous for enterprise; but we suspect that he can be imposed upon occasionally. In his illustrated paper appear two *fac similes* of Notman's "Hunting Scenes," under the title of "Original Sketches of Camping in the Adirondacks," and the original sketcher is dubbed S. S. Jameson. We cannot decide whether Mr. Jameson has imposed upon the publisher of Leslie's paper, or whether the imposture has some other origin; but the plagiarism is so glaring that it ought to be generally exposed and denounced. It would be cheaper for Leslie to take Notman's photographs and have his work done from them, than to pay an artist for doing them over again.

We have received the Provincial Statutes of Quebec, passed at the last session of the Legislature. The Queen's Printer for the Province appears to have done his work well, and with a promptitude that is very creditable and worthy of imitation in other quarters.

FASHIONABLE HAIRDRESSING.

A short time since, says the *Queen*, we attended "a grand *soirée* of hairdressing," held for a charitable object, in the hope of gleaningsome useful hints for the information of our readers as to the prevailing fashions for the adornment of the head. "A *soirée* of hairdressing" is a title which requires some explanation. At first blush it might appear that it would indicate an entertainment at which a gentleman advancing to a lady, the colour or quantity of whose locks struck his fancy, might politely request her, instead of giving him the honour of her hand in the dance, to allow him to arrange her hair *à la Pompadour*. A *soirée de coiffure*, however, is not arranged in this haphazard and light-minded manner.

A suitable hall being engaged, a space is set apart for the lookers-on. Twelve tables with looking-glass, brush, and all necessary aids to the noble art of hairdressing are provided; twelve ladies are placed before these glasses, and twelve *artistes* proceed to construct each the coiffure in which he specially excels with extraordinary deftness and celerity. When the *magnum opus* is completed, the ladies are inspected by a critical and appreciative body of skilled inspectors. The operators on the occasion to which we refer were exclusively French, and certainly well upheld the incontestable and long-proved superiority of their nation in the *art de coiffure*. Amongst their number we noticed the well-known names of Cohn, Laurent, Gaubert, and Eugène. The art of hairdressing, properly so called, has undergone a revival during these last few years; the prevalent inclination to dressing the hair in high rolls and over cushions, and the variety of curls, plaits, and bows, now universally seen in all fashionable assemblages, give play to the exercise of taste and fancy in the arrangement of the head-dress. Considerable importance also attaches to the placing of the ornamental appendages of the coiffure, whether wreath, flowers, or ribbons; and it is specially in this point that the French artists excel, placing the ornament *quelconque* with an indescribable grace and lightness. Amongst the most remarkable of the coiffures erected on the evening we were present may be named the Pompadour, in which the hair is rolled back from the forehead like the portraits of Marie Antoinette; the Louis Quinze, an effective *poudré* style; and the Maintenon, graceful and flowing; and very effectively sprinkled with diamond dust. One coiffure, termed a *coiffure de bal*, we remarked as being very elegant; the thick curls hanging from it were most graceful, and the effect of the whole was enhanced by being sprinkled with some glittering kind of powder. We cannot give our fair readers any practical details by which to reproduce these gorgeous "head tires." That can only be done by the hand of a very skilful coiffeur, with the aid of masses of false hair and unlimited frizzettes. We only saw artistic developments of what we have already observed: the testimony to hairdressing in the styles of the Regency and Reynolds periods.

On the east shore of Lake Michigan a fruit grower has undertaken the cultivation of figs, having 300 trees of that fruit in fine growing condition. He heels them up each winter for protection from the frosts, and owing to his care and judgment has had two crops from them each season for the past two years. Thus far he has made the fig crop a source of considerable profit.

THE GRAND CARNIVAL AT THE VICTORIA RINK, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Skating Carnivals, or Skating Rink Masquerades, are likely to become a leading feature in the winter amusements of the Dominion, if we may judge from the increased interest manifested by the general public in such affairs. The two last held in that glorious skating temple, the Victoria of St. John, in February, justify this conclusion. They were largely attended by masquers and spectators. The promenade on both occasions was completely jammed, not less than 2,000 being present.

The St. John Rink is by far the handsomest and most complete building of the kind in the world. That of Montreal, we believe, has rather more skating area, but St. John more than makes up for this deficiency in its circular form, while its architectural beauty and general "get up" and appointments are vastly superior. The Rink on Shrove Tuesday evening presented a gorgeous spectacle; upward of 300 masquers glided over the crystal surface of that magnificent arena, kings, queens, princes and nobles arrayed in robes of dazzling splendour. No end of bewitching flower girls and Dolly Vardens; coquettish "Filles du Regiment" and "Cantinières" displayed their charms to the bag-breeched Zouave and soldiers of every nation, clime and age, casting glances from eyes of brilliant blue, that unmistakably said "j'aime la Militaire." Harlequins, clowns and Columbins; unwieldy fat boys of the Pickwickian school, with a regiment of intelligent contrabands armed with bones, tambourines and banjos put in an appearance; a band of grimy scapegraces, calling themselves the Nova Scotia Navy, assisted with their horns, scrapers, brooms and other warlike implements and pantomimic tricks to keep up the fun. The band of the 62nd Volunteers displayed their usual skill in matters musical, and that requires to be of no mean order to suit the tastes of a critical St. John audience.

As a *tout ensemble* we pronounce it a "spectacle" that would please and excite the most *blasé* sight-seer to be found among the dilettanti of London or Paris—in homely phraseology it was complete; and what is most to be admired it contained in its management all the elements of innocent pleasure, with healthful and invigorating qualities combined.

We say success to Skating Masquerades, and hope they may become an institution in the land. The use of the pencil is more apt to congeal the blood than the use of a pair of skates on such an occasion. We were invited by that very agreeable and genial personage, the Secretary, W. Bunting, Esq., into the gentlemen's dressing-room to warm up. Here we met one of St. John's most venerable and respected citizens and former mayors seeking heat and shelter like ourselves. In the course of conversation he remarked that in the valley in which now stands the Rink many beautiful churches, numerous manufactories, the railway terminus and splendid private residences, he forty years ago shot over, bagging his jack snipe and other water-fowl.

LAKE NICOLET.

This lake lies chiefly in South Ham, county of Wolfe, Quebec, but is partly bordered on its north-west side by the township of North Ham. It is about four miles and a half long. It is the source of the River Nicolet, which flows from its south-western end. But though it thus gives rise to a considerable river, no streams have been discovered to enter it, except one tiny streamlet, about two feet wide, and an inch or two deep, so that it must be supplied by copious springs in the bottom of the lake. It is said, too, that if the water of the lake be raised only five feet above its ordinary level, as has happened occasionally in times of flood, the water will flow away from its north-east end, in a direction opposite to that of its usual outlet, the river Nicolet. The surplus water finds its way through the valley seen at the foot of the high hill on the left side of the drawing, into Lake Aylmer, and so to the River St. Francis. The view is taken from the rising ground at the north-east end of the lake near the road from Bury and Dudswell to Quebec. The mountain seen in the distance is Ham Mountain. It is eight or nine miles probably from the head of the lake. In front of it is seen a bold bluff which rises abruptly to a height of perhaps 500 feet, from the southern shore of the lake. The path which is seen crossing the field in the foreground leads to an antimony mine, which, however, was not being worked in September last, when this view was taken. By the roadside, a short distance from the lake towards South Ham, is a hole from which chromic iron has been taken, but this mine, like the other, is deserted at present. The rocks by the lake side, and in the road, which skirts it for some distance on the east, seem to consist, in part, at least, of serpentine.

THE TAMBOURINE.

This is the work of a young foreign artist, whose nationality may be described as Franco-Belgian. Pierre de Coninck was born at Meteren, a village near Baillèul, a few miles from the frontier of Belgium, and in the Flemish quarter of the *Département du Nord* of France. He commenced the study of painting at Ypres, in Belgium, in the Art-academy of that ancient town, under the direction of Professors de Bruck and Francis Bohen, and greatly distinguished himself there by carrying off all the principal prizes; but owing to the fact of having been born in France, he could not avail himself of the pension usually awarded to successful Belgians, which, otherwise, would have enabled him to continue his studies either in Antwerp or Brussels.

Another channel of instruction was, however, opened up: an artistic competition having been arranged at Lille, de Coninck entered the lists, and won the departmental pension, which secured him a course of study in Paris. There he entered the atelier of M. Leon Coignet; and, in the course of his first year, competed, though unsuccessfully, for the *Grand Prix de Rome*. Better fortune attended him soon afterwards, and he went to Italy with the reputation of having obtained the second grand prize. In 1860 he sent to Paris a work he had then executed in Rome, 'A Peasant of the Danube,' which was spoken of in our Journal at the time by our Paris correspondent, as "an academic figure of great power."

Returning to Paris, his first appearance as an exhibitor was in 1864: in each of the years 1866 and 1868 he won the gold medal.

With the exception of the picture here engraved, we must

plead ignorance of the works of M. de Coninck; but a friend of ours, who has been long resident in Paris, and is well acquainted with the productions of the French school, and has visited the studio of this painter, says:—"I have seen several of his pictures, which are essentially distinguished by very sweet expression; in this, he is something Greuze-like. In colouring, he as yet ranks rather with the *suave* and delicate than with the forcible. He is, in drawing, quite worthy of the French *élite*; in a word, de Coninck is an accomplished and highly prepossessing artist."

The qualities pointed out in these remarks are certainly evident in this young Tambourine-girl, the expression of whose face is peculiarly pleasing in its pensiveness, while her eyes are beaming with light and intelligence. She rests with folded hands on her tinkling instrument as if somewhat weary with travel and performance; the attitude seems constrained, but is far from common-place from an artistic point of view, and on this ground, if not on any other, is to be commended as showing freshness of idea. The costume of the figure is picturesque, and the composition throughout is characterised by taste and judgment. The accuracy of drawing is quite worthy of note, and fully justifies our friend's eulogium. The picture is in the possession of a gentleman who is forming a small gallery of British and foreign works of undeniable merit. Those he has already acquired show that his selections do credit to his judgment and discrimination.—*Art Journal*.

LOWER FALLS OF GARNET RIVER CASCADE, NEAR MOUNT CHEADLE, B. C.

The illustration reproduced on page 133 is another of the series of views of British Columbian scenery lately published by Messrs. Notman. The situation of these falls is about 175 miles from Kamloops, on the Garnet River, a small stream, tributary to the north branch of the Thompson River, into which it runs in a south-easterly direction. The Falls, which are of the "Veil," or "Rideau" kind, are about 100 feet high. To the rear of them rises Mount Chedale, named after Viscount Milton's companion in his exploratory tour.

VIEWS ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

The progress of the work on the Intercolonial Railway is perhaps not quite so rapid as some people might desire, but it is substantial and indicative of the completion of the road at no very distant day. Among the sections abandoned by the first contractor, and subsequently re-let, is that of section ten, Newcastle, N.B. It is twenty miles in length, and was first let to Messrs. McBean & Robinson, who failed to prosecute the work. It was then re-let to Mr. Duncan Macdonald, of Montreal, in November, 1870. This date being about the close of navigation, it was found impossible to procure and transport men and supplies to the scene of operations. It was not, therefore, until the summer of 1871 that work was vigorously prosecuted. Then Mr. Macdonald put on about four hundred men and one hundred horses, and the section is rapidly approaching completion, being likely to be finished before any other section in that district.

THE WIFE OF A PAWNEE CHIEFTAIN.

Our illustration represents a squaw of the Pawnee tribe in what may be termed "Court Dress." Very gorgeous does she appear in her feather headdress and ornaments, but she does not come up to that ideal Indian squaw, Laughing Water, daughter of the "Ancient Arrowmaker" of the Dakotas, of whom Longfellow so sweetly sings,

"Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical as laughter;
And he named her from the river,
From the water-fall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water."

Nevertheless our squaw is a very fine specimen of Indian beauty.

The *New York Albion* says:—"A curious case of misplaced confidence was recently tried in England, the result of which will be of great moment in the bibulous world. Messrs. Spiers & Pond, the great railway caterers, were summoned before the magistrates for retailing beer on short measure. It was proved that their half-pint glass was a sixth under the standard, and as there was as much again lost in froth, their customers only got two-thirds of the beverage they paid for. If, as has been stated, these caterers retailed 60,000 glasses of ale a day, the profits in this short measure must have been enormous, although they maintained that they did not feel themselves bound to adhere to the legal standards as regards the size of their glasses. They were fined forty shillings for the offence. It is a pity that some such rule is not observed here. The size of the ale and lager beer glass grows beautifully less every day, and if these exactions continue much longer the Publicans will gain as unenviable repute as the Pharisee of old."

REPLANTING A TOOTH.—When the tooth is somewhat loose, and painful to bite on, with swelling at the gum, and supuration, the tooth is taken out; all the diseased parts are scraped from the roots, and it is washed and disinfected in carbolic acid, but those portions of mucous membrane which are commonly attached to the neck of a tooth, and appear healthy, are not scraped away. The socket from which the tooth was drawn is also properly cleaned, and the tooth is put back in its former place, and in a number of cases takes root, and fixes itself firmly in the course of a fortnight, and then becomes as serviceable as the other teeth. This is a remarkable instance of vital force. By the small portion of living tissue left adherent to the tooth, attachment to the jaw is renewed; and though failures occur, there is reason to believe that, as in other surgical operations, they will become fewer as the operators acquire experience. The teeth are so important to life and health, that whatever tends to preserve them should be encouraged.

A lady doctor who has resigned the profession gives the result of her experience to the *N. Y. Evening Mail*: "If the girls were to know my experience," she says, "not one in ten thousand of them would ever attempt to 'be a doctor,'" for I have studied medicine and some branches of surgery, graduated with honour seven years ago, practised for five years and was successful, so far as restoring my patients and building up a large practice may be considered success; but as for collecting bills and getting fees proportionate to the time and services rendered, I was no more successful than most young practitioners. And though I am now healthy and strong, I could not compete with young men in the medical profession because of inability to bear over-work, and exposure to bad weather, night air, etc. Men who take reasonable care of their health are always well enough to visit a patient; but this is not true of women until they are nearly fifty years old, and never will be true of them, at an earlier stage, while the human race continues. Having almost killed myself, and known two other lady physicians to quite kill themselves by attending to a large medical practice, I have already given up the profession two years since, and will never resume it." The writer thinks even the forlorn hope of authorship preferable to the lancet.

At the date of the last English papers received, the Attorney-General was continuing his speech in the Tichborne case. The *Graphic* says:—"An industrious calculator has ascertained that down to the close of last week, the speech had already filled columns of print more than equal to a couple of ordinary novels; and if, as now appears probable, it should extend to the close of next week, it follows that any publisher venturing to reprint it must prepare for a quantity of matter equal to some twelve of those octavo volumes of fiction which occupy so much space on Mr. Mudie's shelves."

On Saturday evening a Brooklynite was walking along Atlantic avenue, when he was jostled and passed by a stranger. Soon afterward, discovering that his watch was gone, he hurried after the stranger, presented a revolver at his head and grimly said, "Give me that watch." The stranger "forked over" at once. On reaching home the gentleman began telling the story of his adventure to his wife, when she interrupted him by saying, "Why, John, you left your watch on the bureau this morning, and I have been wearing it all day."

SICH LANGUAGE.—The *San Francisco News Letter* is put out of benevolence by a little fun at its expense, and says:—"We regard the atrocious correspondent as an infernal fiend, a false-tongued midnight monster, a red-handed assassin, a thief, a school-marm, a fraud, a ghost, and an unpleasant person! We esteem him a pea-green demon of the steaming pit, with a cottonwood tail, eyes in his sides, and a cork neck studded with hot door-knobs! If there is anything worse than this we think him that."

Recently a gentleman at a penny reading, who has the usual high opinion of his powers that all those exhibiting individuals seem to have, was evidently unaware that a cold distracted somewhat from the delivery of poetry, and was, in consequence, thus facetiously reported by a local paper:—"O, bud this is dice! How we love widder—add the beautiful sdown—the rigging the berry bells—the log icigles on the cordices—add, as "Jacked" so fidely eggzpresses id, "The frozd upod the widder pade," all cobble to redder this, the widder seasod, the bost charbig, lovely, and beaudiful of all the seasodt."

A Boston girl, who was formerly a pupil in Dio Lewis' school at Lexington, has rid herself of an importunate lover by taking him to Weston-like walks, which resulted in the heart disease and death of the unfortunate one. The lady is delighted with the success of the experiment, and has resolved to treat all her troublesome admirers in the same way. She has been known to walk forty-five miles without making a single stop. So that virtuous bachelors have much more reason to beware of this Boston prodigy than ever the elder Mr. Weller had of widows.

An industrious writer has discovered that the 28th day of the month is a very inauspicious date for France. Thus:—
28th July, 1870.—Departure of the Emperor for Metz.
28th September.—Surrender of Strasburg.
28th October.—Capitulation of Metz.
28th November.—Occupation of Amiens.
28th December.—Retreat of the French from the outwork of Avron.
28th January, 1871.—Capitulation of Paris.
28th February.—Treaty of Peace voted by the Assembly.

CHESS.

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

Correct solution of Enigma No. 20 (four variations) received from A. P., Levis.

ENIGMA No. 21.

White.—K. at Q. 8th, Q. at K. 2nd, R. at Q. B., B. at K. 4th, Kts. at K. 3rd, and Q. 7th; B. at K. R. 2nd, Q. 5th, and Q. R. 6th.
Black.—K. at Q. 3rd, R. at Q. Kt. 5th, B. at Q. B. 6th, Kt. at K. R. 5th.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 40.

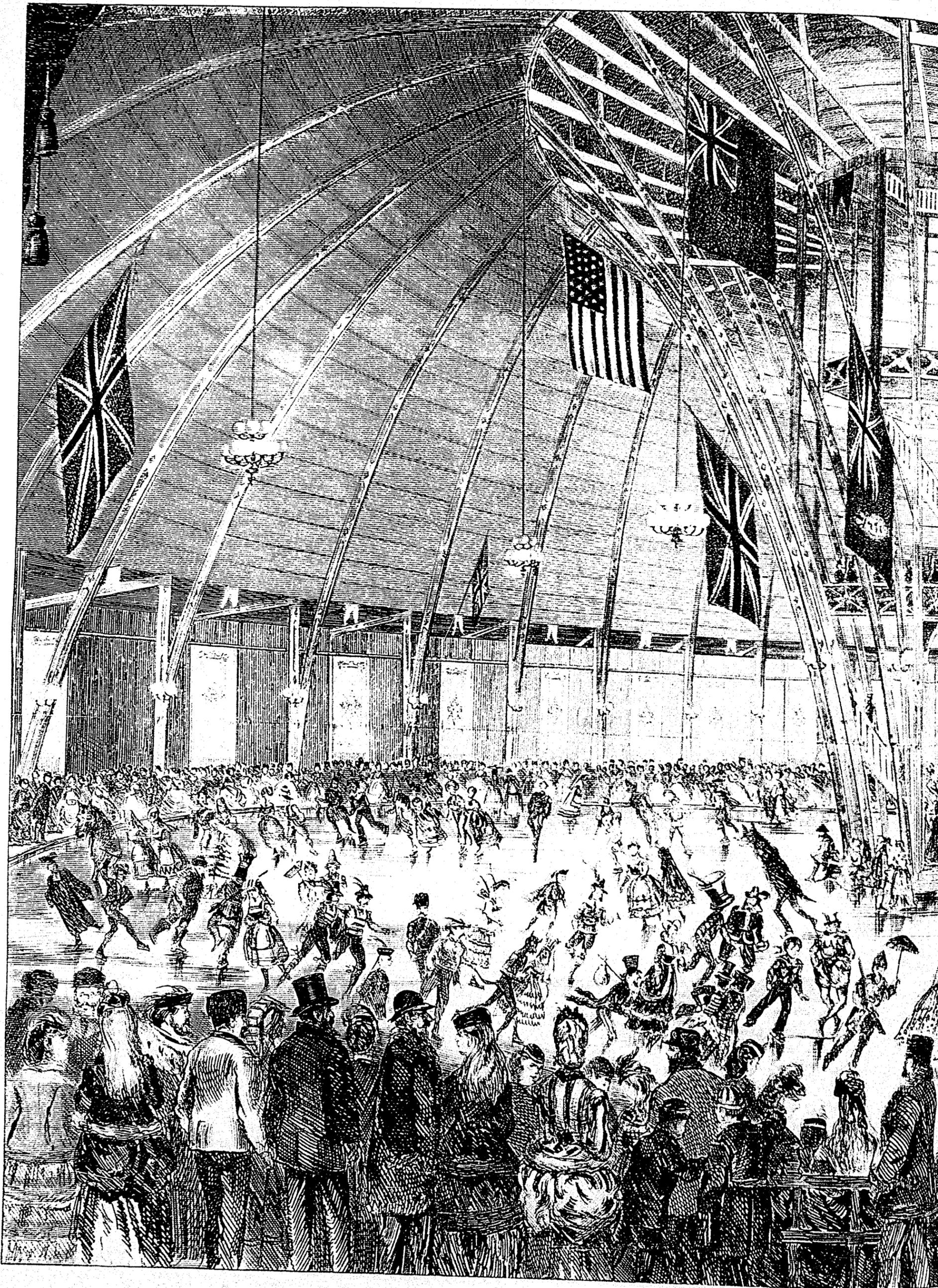
White.	Black.
1. B. to R. 3rd.	P. takes B.
2. Kt. to K. B. 6th	P. moves.
3. P. to K. 4th, mate.	

VARIATION.

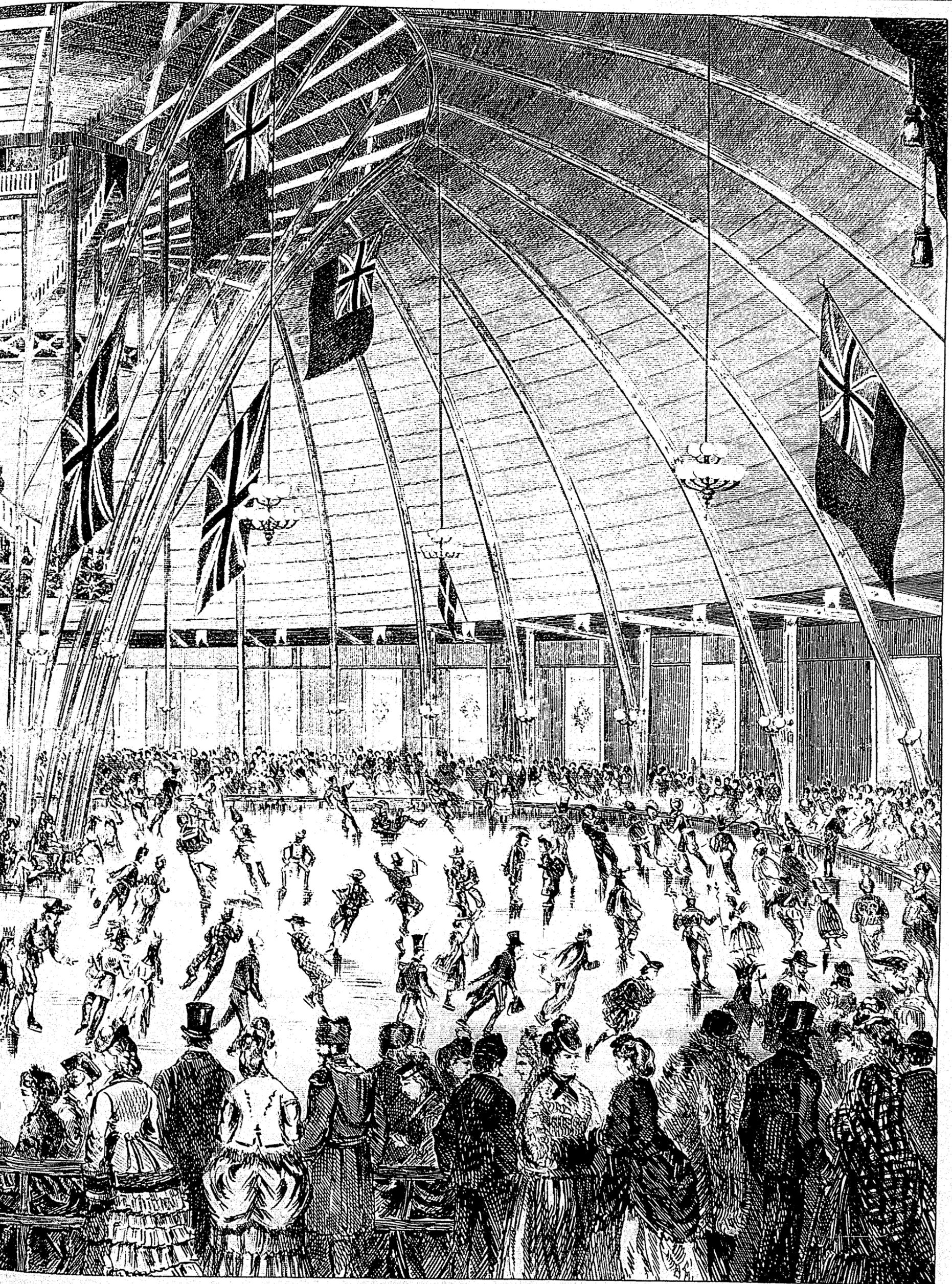
White.	Black.
1.	K. moves.
2. Kt. to B. 6th, ch.	K. to B. 4th.
3. P. mates.	

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 20.

White.	Black.
1. B. to Q. Kt. 6th	Kt. to Q. 4th (best.)
2. Q. takes Kt. ch	Any move.
3. Q. or R. mates.	



GRAND FANCY BALL AT THE SKATING RINK, ST



JOHN, N. B.—From a sketch by E. J. Russell.— See page 135

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE MIDNIGHT WINDS.

I.

Why wail ye, midnight winds? Because the light
Of clear-voiced morning and the noon-day bright,
And the sweet glow of eventide—all, all are lost in night.

II.

Why wail ye, midnight winds? For hearts forlorn,
Who miss their eldest or their latest born,
For those who sorrow o'er the dead who blessed them yester-
[morn.]

III.

Why wail ye, midnight winds? Because our breath
Gathers from all the world the scent of death,
And, soon or late, all that is fairest, strongest, withereth?

JOHN READE.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Michel Voss himself said little or nothing to his niece at this time. She had yielded to him, making him a promise that she would endeavour to accede to his wishes, and he felt that he was bound in honour not to trouble her further, unless she should show herself to be disobedient when the moment of trial came. He was not himself at ease, he was not comfortable at heart, because he knew that Marie was avoiding him. Though she would still stand behind his chair at supper,—when for a moment she would be still,—she did not put her hands upon his head, nor did she speak to him more than the nature of her service required. Twice he tried to induce her to sit with them at table, as though to show that her position was altered now that she was about to become a bride; but he was altogether powerless to effect any such change as this. No words that could have been spoken would have induced Marie to seat herself at the table, so well did she understand all that such a change in her habits would have seemed to imply. There was now hardly one person in the supper room of the hotel who did not instinctively understand the reason which made Michel Voss anxious that his niece should sit down, and that other reason which made her sternly refuse to comply with his request. So day followed day, and there was but little said between the uncle and the niece though heretofore—up to a time still within a fortnight of the present day—the whole business of the house had been managed by little whispered conferences between them. "I think we'll do so and so, uncle," or, "Just you manage it yourself, Marie." Such and such like words had passed every morning and evening, with an understanding between them full and complete. Now each was afraid of the other, and everything was astray.

But Marie was still gentle with the children: when she could be with them for half an hour, she would sit with them on her lap, or clustering round, kissing them and saying soft words to them,—even softer in her affection than had been her wont. They understood as well as everybody else that something was wrong,—that there was to be some change as to Marie which perhaps would not be a change for the better; that there was cause for melancholy, for close kissing as though such kissing were in preparation for parting, and for soft strokings with their little hands as though Marie were to be pitied for that which was about to come upon her. "Isn't somebody coming to take you away?" little Michel asked her, when they were quite alone. Marie had not known how to answer him. She had therefore embraced him closely, and a tear fell upon his face. "Ah," he said, "I know somebody is coming to take you away. Will not papa help you?" She had not spoken; but for the moment she had taken courage, and had resolved that she would help herself.

At length the day was there on which Adrian Urmand was to come. It was his purpose to travel by Mulhouse and Remiremont, and Michel Voss drove over to the latter town to fetch him. It was felt by every one—it could not be but felt—that there was something special in his coming. His arrival now was not like the arrival of any one else. Marie, with all her resolution that it should be like usual arrivals at the inn, could not avoid the making of some difference herself. A better supper was prepared than usual; and, at the last moment, she herself assisted in preparing it. The young men clustered round the door of the hotel earlier than usual to welcome the newcomer. M. le Curé was there with a clean white collar, and with his best hat. Madame Voss had changed her gown, and appeared in her own little room before her husband returned almost in her Sunday apparel. She had said a doubtful word to Marie, suggesting a clean ribbon, or an altered frill. Marie had replied only by a look. She would not have changed a pin for Urmand's coming, had all Granpere come round her to tell her that it was needful. If the man wanted more to eat than was customary, let him have it. It was not for her to measure her uncle's hospitality. But her ribbons and her pins were her own.

The carriage was driving up to the door, and Michel with his young friend descended among the circle of expectant admirers. Urmand was rich, always well dressed, and now he was to be successful in love. He had about him a look as of a successful prosperous lover, as he jumped out of the little carriage with his portmanteau in his hand, and his greatcoat with its silk linings open at the breast. There was a consciousness in him and in every one there that he had not come to buy linen. He made his way into the little room where Madame Voss was standing up, waiting for him, and was taken by the hand by her. Michel Voss soon followed them. "And where is Marie?" Michel asked. An answer came from some one that Marie was up-stairs. Supper would soon be ready and Marie was busy. Then Michel sent up an order by Peter that Marie should come down. But Marie did not come down. "She had gone to her own room," Peter said. Then there came a frown on Michel's brow. Marie had promised to try, and this was not trying. He said no more till they went up to supper. There was Marie standing as usual at the soup tureen. Urmand walked up to her, and they touched each other's hand; but Marie said never a word. The frown on Michel's brow was very black, but Marie went on dispensing her soup.

CHAPTER VII.

ADRIAN URMAND, in spite of his white hands and his well-combed locks and the silk lining to his coat, had so much of the spirit of a man that he was minded to hold his head well up before the girl whom he wished to make his wife. Michel during that drive from Remiremont had told him that he might probably prevail. Michel had said a thousand things in favour of his niece and not a word to her prejudice; but he had so spoken, or had endeavoured so to speak, as to make Urmand understand that Marie could only be won with difficulty, and that she was perhaps unaccountably averse to the idea of matrimony. "She is like a young filly, you know, that starts and plunges when she is touched," he had said. "You think there is nobody else?" Urmand had asked. Then Michel Voss had answered with confidence, "I am sure there is nobody else." Urmand had listened and said very little; but when at supper he saw that the uncle was ruffled in his temper and sat silent with a black brow, that Madame Voss was troubled in spirit, and that Marie dispensed her soup without vouchsafing a look to any one, he felt that it behoved him to do his best, and he did it. He talked freely to Madame Voss, telling her the news from Basle,—how at length he thought the French trade was reviving, and how all the Swiss authorities were still opposed to the German occupation of Alsace; and how flax was likely to be dearer than ever he had seen it; and how the travelling English were fewer this year than usual, to the great detriment of the innkeepers. Every now and then he would say a word to Marie herself, as she passed near him, speaking in a cheery tone and striving his best to dispel a black silence which on the present occasion would have been specially lugubrious. Upon the whole he did his work well, and Michel Voss was aware of it; but Marie Bromar entertained no gentle thought respecting him. He was not wanted there, and he ought not to have come. She had given him an answer, and he ought to have taken it. Nothing, she declared to herself, was meaner than a man who would go to a girl's parents or guardians for support, when the girl herself had told him that she wished to have nothing to do with him. Marie had promised that she would try, but every feeling of her heart was against the struggle.

After supper Michel with his young friend sat some time at the table, for the innkeeper had brought forth a bottle of his best Burgundy in honour of the occasion. When they had eaten their fruit, Madame Voss left the room, and Michel and Adrian were soon alone together.

"Say nothing to her till to-morrow," said Michel, in a low voice.

"I will not," said Adrian. "I do not wonder that she should be put out of face if she knows why I have come."

"Of course she knows. Give her to-night and to-morrow and we will see how it is to be."

At this time Marie was up-stairs with the children, resolute that nothing should induce her to go down till she should be sure that their visitor had gone to his chamber. There were many things about the house which it was her custom to see in their place before she went to her rest, and nobody should say that she neglected her work because of this dressed-up doll; but she would wait till she was sure of him—till she was sure of her uncle also. In her present frame of mind she could not have spoken to the doll with ordinary courtesy. What she feared was that her uncle should seek her up-stairs.

But Michel had some idea that her part in the play was not an easy one, and was minded to spare her for that night. But she had promised to try, and she must be reminded of her promise. Hitherto she certainly had not tried. Hitherto she had been ill-tempered, petulant, and almost rude. He would not see her himself this evening, but he would send a message to her by his wife.

"Tell her from me that I shall expect to see smiles on her face to-morrow," said Michel Voss. And as he spoke there certainly were no smiles on his own.

"I suppose she is flurried," said Madame Voss.

"Ah, flurried! That may do for to-night. I have been very good to her. Had she been my own I could not have been kinder. I have loved her just as if she were my own. Of course I look now for the obedience of a child."

"She does not mean to be undutiful, Michel."

"I do not know about meaning. I like reality, and I will have it too. I consulted myself, and was more forbearing than most fathers would be. I talked to her about it, and she promised me that she would do her best to entertain the man. Now she receives him and me with an old frock and a sulky face. Who pays for her clothes? She has everything she wants—just as a daughter, and she would not take the trouble to change her dress to grace my friend—as you did, as any daughter would! I am angry with her."

"Do not be angry with her. I think I can understand why she did not put on another frock."

"So can I understand. I can understand well enough. I am not a fool. What is it she wants, I wonder? What is it she expects? Does she think some Count from Paris is to come and fetch her?"

"Nay, Michel, I think she expects nothing of that sort."

"Then let her behave like any other young woman, and do as she is bid. He is not old or ugly, or a sot, or a gambler. Upon my word and honour I can't conceive what it is that she wants. I can't indeed."

It was perhaps the fault of Michel Voss that he could not understand that a young woman should live in the same house with him, and have a want which he did not conceive. Poor Marie! All that she wanted now, at this moment, was to be let alone!

Madame Voss, in obedience to her husband's commands, went up to Marie and found her sitting in the children's room, leaning with her head on her hand and her elbow on the table, while the children were asleep around her. She was waiting till the house should be quiet, so that she could go down and complete her work.

"Oh, is it you, Aunt Josey?" she said. "I am waiting till uncle and M. Urmand are gone, that I may go down and put away the wine and the fruit."

"Never mind that to-night, Marie."

"Oh yes, I will go down presently. I should not be happy if the things were not put straight. Everything is about the house everywhere. We need not, I suppose, become like pigs because M. Urmand has come from Basle."

"No; we need not be like pigs," said Madame Voss. "Come into my room a moment, Marie. I want to speak to you. Your uncle won't be up yet." Then she led the way and

Marie followed her. "Your uncle is becoming angry, Marie, because —"

"Because why? Have I done anything to make him angry?"

"Why are you so cross to this young man?"

"I am not cross, Aunt Josey. I went on just the same as I always do. If Uncle Michel wants anything else, that is his fault—not mine."

"Of course you know what he wants, and I must say that you ought to obey him. You gave him a sort of a promise, and now he thinks that you are breaking it."

"I gave him no promise," said Marie, stoutly.

"He says that you told him that you would at any rate be civil to M. Urmand."

"And I have been civil," said Marie.

"You did not speak to him."

"I never do speak to anybody," said Marie. "I have got something to think of instead of talking to the people. How would the things go, if I took to talking to the people, and left everything to that little goose, Peter? Uncle Michel is unreasonable—and unkind."

"He means to do the best by you in his power. He wants to treat you just as though you were his daughter."

"Then let him leave me alone. I don't want anything to be done. If I were his daughter he would not grudge me permission to stop at home in his house. I don't want anything else. I never complained."

"But, my dear, it is time that you were settled in the world."

"I am settled. I don't want any other settlement—if they will only let me alone."

"Marie," said Madame Voss, after a short pause, "I sometimes think that you still have got George Voss in your head."

"Is it that, Aunt Josey, that makes my uncle go on like this?" asked Marie.

"You do not answer me, child."

"I do not know what answer you want. When George was here I hardly spoke to him. If Uncle Michel is afraid of me, I will give him my solemn promise never to marry any one without his permission."

"George Voss will never come back for you," said Madame Voss.

"He will come when I ask him," said Marie, flashing round upon her aunt with all the fire of her bright eyes. "Does any one say that I have done anything to bring him to me? If so, it is false, whoever says it. I have done nothing. He has gone away, and let him stay. I shall not send for him. Uncle Michel need not be afraid of me, because of George."

By this time Marie was speaking almost in a fury of passion, and her aunt was almost subdued by her.

"Nobody is afraid of you, Marie," she said.

"Nobody need be. If they will let me alone, I will do no harm to any one."

"But, Marie, you would wish to be married some day."

"Why should I wish to be married? If I liked him I would take him, but I don't. Oh, Aunt Josey, I thought you would be my friend!"

"I cannot be your friend, Marie, if you oppose your uncle. He has done everything for you, and he must know best what is good for you. There can be no reason against M. Urmand, and if you persist in being so unruly, he will only think that it is because you want George to come back for you."

"I care nothing for George," said Marie, as she left the room; "nothing at all—nothing."

About half an hour afterwards, listening at her own door, she heard the sound of her uncle's feet as he went to his room, and knew that the house was quiet. Then she crept forth, and went about her business. Nobody should say that she neglected anything because of her unhappiness. She brushed the crumbs from the long table, and smoothed the cloth for the next morning's breakfast; she put away bottles and dishes, and she locked up cupboards, and saw that the windows and the doors were fastened. Then she went down to her books in the little office below stairs. In the performance of her daily duty there were entries to be made and figures to be adjusted, which would have been done in the course of the evening, had it not been that she had been driven up-stairs by fear of her lover and her uncle. But by the time that she took herself up to bed, nothing had been omitted. And after the book was closed she sat there, trying to resolve what she would do. Nothing had, perhaps, given her so sharp a pang as her aunt's assurance that George Voss would not come back to her, as her aunt's suspicion that she was looking for his return. It was not that she had been deserted, but that others should be able to taunt her with her desolation. She had never whispered the name of George to any one since he had left Granpere, and she thought that she might have been spared this indignity.

"If he fancies I want to interfere with him," she said to herself, thinking of her uncle, and of her uncle's plans in reference to his son, "he will find that he is mistaken." Then it occurred to her that she would be driven to accept Adrian Urmand to prove that she was heart-whole in regard to George Voss.

She sat there, thinking of it till the night was half-spent, and when she crept up cold to bed, she had almost made up her mind that it would be best for her to do as her uncle wished. As for loving the man, that was out of the question. But then would it not be better to do without love altogether.

(To be continued.)

A NEW FIBROUS PLANT AND IRON PAPER-MAKING.—A correspondent of the *Stationer* announces a new fibrous plant for paper-making purposes, the *Cineraria maritima*, or sea ragwort. Several very satisfactory results have been received from various paper-makers as to its great utility for trade purposes, and there is every reason to believe, if proper attention is paid to its cultivation, it will in time become a staple article of commerce amongst manufacturers. The seed, at present, is imported from France and the south of Europe, but preparations are being made for growing it on a large scale in this country. The same journal, in an article on "Iron Paper-making," gives a history of the manufacture of the thinnest sheet of iron ever rolled, manufactured by Messrs. W. Hallam & Co., of the Upper Forest Tin Works, near Swansea. The sheet in question is 10 in. by 5½ in., or 55 in. in surface, and weighs but 20 grains, which, being brought to a standard of 8 in. by 5½ in., or 44 surface inches, is but 16 grains, or 30 per cent. less than any previous effort, and requires at least 4,800 to make 1 in. in thickness.

A GOOD JOKE.

The author of some recollections of "Artemus Ward," tells the following story :

In the spring of 1859 I accepted a proffered editorial position on the *Cleveland National Democrat*, and renewed my acquaintance with "Artemus."

On the first evening of my arrival he volunteered to show me around—a very desirable achievement, as I was to fill the position of city editor. He "showed me around" so successfully, that about two o'clock in the morning I began to feel almost as much at home as though I had lived there all my days, to say nothing of my nights. "Artemus" invited me to share his bed with him for the remainder of the night, and I accepted.

Adjoining his room lodged a young professor of elocution, who was endeavouring to establish a school in Cleveland. He was just starting out in business, and was naturally anxious to propitiate the press.

"Let's get the professor up," said Artemus, "and have him recite for us."

I remonstrated with him, reminded him of the lateness of the hour; that I wasn't acquainted with the professor, and all that; but to no purpose.

"He is a public man," said Ward, "and public men are glad to meet members of the press, as restaurants are supposed to get up warm meals at all hours."

He gave a thundering rap on the door as he shouted :
"Professor-r-r!"

"Who's there? What do you want?" cried a muffled voice, evidently from beneath the bed-clothes, for it was a bitter cold night in February.

"It is I—Brown, of the *Plaindealer*," said Artemus, and nudging me gently in the ribs, he whispered: "That'll fetch him. The power of the press is invincible. It is the Archimedian lever which—"

His remarks were interrupted by the opening of the door, and I could just discover the dim outline of a shirted form shivering in the doorway.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, professor," said Artemus, in his blandest manner, "but I am anxious to introduce my friend here, the new 'local' of the *Democrat*. He has heard much of you, and declares positively he can't go to bed until he hears you elocute."

"Hears me what?" asked the professor, between his chattering teeth.

"Hears you elocute—recite—declaim—understand?—specimen of your elocution."

In vain did the professor plead the lateness of the hour, and his fire had gone out. Artemus would accept no excuse.

"Permit me, at least," urged the professor, "to put on some clothes and light the gas."

"Not at all necessary. Elocution, my dear boy, is not dependent on gas. Here," (straightening up a chair he had just tumbled over) "get right up on this chair and give us, 'The boy stood on the burning deck,'" adding in a side whisper, "The burning deck will warm him up."

Gently, yet firmly, did Artemus roost the reluctant professor upon the chair, protest that no apologies were necessary for his appearance, and assuring him that "clothes didn't make the man," although the shivering disciple of Demosthenes and Cicero probably thought clothes would make a man more comfortable on such a night as that.

He gave us "Casabianca," with a good many quavers of the voice, as he stood quaking, in a single short, white garment; and then followed, "On Linden, when the Sun was Low," "Sword of Bunker Hill," etc., "by particular request of our friend," as Artemus Ward said, although I was too nearly suffocated with suppressed laughter to make even a last dying request had it been necessary. It was too ludicrous to depict—the professor, an indistinct white object, standing on the chair "elocuting," as Ward had it, and we sitting on the floor holding our sides, while A. W. would faintly whisper between his pangs of mirth, "Just hear him."

It wasn't in Ward's heart to have his fun at the expense of another without recompense; so next day I remember, he published a lengthy and entirely serious account of our visit to the professor's "room," spoke of his wonderful powers as an elocutionist, and expressed the satisfaction and delight with which we listened to his "unequalled recitations." The professor was overjoyed, and probably is ignorant to this day that Artemus was "playing it on him."

MARK TWAIN AS A REPORTER.

The life of a reporter was described by Mark in one of his recent Lectures at Chicago, in the following manner :

"I reported on that morning newspaper three years; and it was pretty hard work. But I enjoyed its attraction. Reporting is the best school in the world to get a knowledge of human beings, human nature and human ways. A nice, gentlemanly reporter—I make no references—is well treated by everybody. Just think of the wide range of his acquaintanceship, his experience of life and society! No other occupation brings a man into such familiar sociable relations with all grades and classes of people. The last thing at night—midnight—he goes browsing around after items among police and jail-birds, in the lock-up, questioning the prisoners; making pleasant and lasting friendship with some of the worst people in the world. (Laughter.) And the very next evening he gets himself up, regardless of expense, put on all the good clothes his friends have got. (Laughter.) Goes and takes dinner with the governor or commander-in-chief of the district, the United States Senator, and more of the upper crust of society. He is on good terms with them all, and is present at every public gathering, and has easy access to every variety of people. Why, I breakfasted almost every morning with the governor, dined with the principal clergymen, and slept in the station-house. (Laughter.) A reporter has to lie a little; or they would discharge him. That is the only drawback to the profession. That is why I left it. (Laughter.) I am different from Washington; I have a higher and grander standard of principle. Washington could not lie; I can lie, but I won't. (Prolonged laughter.)"

HOUSEKEEPING.—John and Mary Jane looked at each other during sermon time; shook hands with unusual tenderness on parting Sunday evening; and in a few days all the neighbours knew they were engaged. John began to lay aside a little money. Mary began to make a few things. All this

went on until one day there was a wedding with cake and wine.

The day after the wedding the new unity had a sudden change and unanimity of mind. Instead of boarding with either set of the old folks, they were going to get a house and keep it. They looked over the papers that evening to see how many and what houses were to let. Next day we saw them walking happily and weddingishly up and down the streets where the houses that were advertised are to be seen. The choice fell at last upon a house that looked very fresh outside and new within. The rent was not very high, and they thought they could keep the house and the house would keep them.

In about a month, John had a bad cough, and Mary was down sick with a fever. Soon there was a funeral and a widower. The widower went into consumption, and there was another funeral.—The minister of each funeral spoke about the inscrutable ways of Divine Providence. An old physician who was present had a very knowing look. After he got home he said that ministers might be enlightened a little more upon one of the ways of Divine Providence, if they knew that houses plastered directly upon stone or brick walls will neither allow people to keep them, nor keep people a great while. He knew that the dampness from the wall was the occasion of Mary's fever and John's consumption, and that is the one reason why they are not housekeeping to-day, instead of being laid away in the graveyard. And a little busy-body has reported the whole affair as a warning to all who contemplate housekeeping.

PHOTOGRAPH OF A GHOST ON A TOMBSTONE.—Mr. W. T. Tegilgas, a well-known resident of Strathalbyn, writes to the local press as follows:—"Whilst taking a walk very early one morning, through some motive I cannot account for, I was induced to visit a certain burying-ground, and coming to a grave surrounded by a wall and covered with a slab of slate, I noticed on the slate something strange. It was scarcely light enough to see it at first, but after waiting some minutes I could see it plainly, and it appeared to be a side view of a female. I could distinctly trace the head and body and skirts, apparently full size. Not being satisfied with the sight, I rubbed my hand on the form and found that that portion of the slate was perfectly dry, whilst the parts outside the form were perfectly wet with the dew that had fallen; and still not being satisfied, I walked away and came back in about fifteen or twenty minutes after, and still the form was there; so I determined to visit it again next morning, which I did, and continued doing so for a week or more. During this time I only saw the form once after the first morning; but, not being a believer in supernatural appearances, I tried to define the cause, but failed. In the course of conversation I told Mr. Morton what I had seen, and he visited the place and saw the form, although not so plain as it was when I saw it. The form was to be seen, and it has been seen since by others."—*British Journal of Photography.*

A REPENTANT HUSBAND AND A FORGIVING WIFE.—Here's a true tale of woe; all about a beautiful and abandoned wife in this city. She married a wretch who loved her money not wisely, but too well. When he got the money, he loved somebody else, and departed for the "rolling prairies of the mighty West." His earthly possessions were burnt up in the Chicago fire, and then he came back to New York without a cent in his pocket. Remorse seized him (it must have been remorse), and ascertaining the address of his lawful partner, he thus wrote her:—"I am here and penniless. Forgive the past and come to my arms again." This is what she wrote back:—"I'll come as soon as I can. Excuse delay. I've gone to have a loaded head put on the cane you left." He didn't wait! Remorse seized him again and carried him off. *Finis.*—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A PORTRAIT OF AN IMPORTANT MAN.—"Waiter!" The waiter replied, "Sir?" "Waiter, I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell, and disturbing the house; I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say, and to remember that although there are three ways of doing things, I only like one way in those who have subordinate stations and minds. In the first place, bring me a glass of brandy and water, (cold) with a little sugar, and also a teaspoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire, and sweep down the hearth; bring me in a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some wafers, and a little sealing-wax; tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, slop his feet, and let me know when he's ready to feed; order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are well aired, a clean night-cap, and a glass of water in the room; send the boots with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into the room to-night, and that I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning; ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should like a roast duck, or something of that sort; desire your master to step in, I want to ask him a few questions; he is in the interest of the Liberals, I believe, and so much the better, for I have a friend who will stand for the town at the next vacancy; send me all the directions; change this five shillings' worth of stamps into coin; none of the silver to be worn; when does the mail arrive with the letters, and what time before p.m. does the mail leave? are there any soldiers quartered in the town, and how many? just tell me what time it is by the clock on the landing, and leave the room." This portrait is from life.

BIG GUNS AND BIG BELLS.—It appears that some time ago, Mr. W. Eggers, of the *South Australian Zeitung*, on behalf of the Evangelical Lutheran Bethlehem community, forwarded to the Emperor of Germany a photographic plan of the church being erected in Flinders Street, Adelaide, at the same time requesting that, as a memento of the events Germany had lately passed through, and a remembrance of his Majesty and Empress, one or two captured French cannon might be sent for the purpose of being melted and made into two bells, to be named respectively "Wilhelm," and "Auguste." The sound of these bells from the church tower, it was said, would bring to the minds of future generations the unity which had been brought about in the dear old Fatherland during the Emperor's reign. In reply to this, Mr. Eggers received a communication from Prince Bismarck, stating that the Sovereign had acceded to the request, and that two guns, weighing about 2,600lbs., would be handed over immediately to any person deputed to receive them; so that now those heralds of death and destruction will ring out "peace and good-will" at the Antipodes.

The *New York Evening Post* relates a remarkable story about a "London lady." This unfortunate person had, it appears, an incurable attachment for other people's gloves. Perfectly honest and upright in all other respects, she could never see a pair of gloves lying about without experiencing a desire to annex them, and so clever had she become in the course of long practice that towards the end of any week during which she had occasion to "do an extensive shopping, she was accustomed to have carried home gloves sufficient to set up a small shop." The regret of the owners of the gloves was poignantly shared by the lady herself, and at length she adopted the course of formally acquainting the tradespeople with her little weakness, begging them to have her watched, and to make out after each visit a bill of delinquencies. This was done throughout a period of two years, the lady paying the accounts as they came in without a murmur. At the end of two years, "owing to a course of gymnastic treatment, a prescribed diet, and vigorous exercise," the mania was subdued, and the lady was able to go into a shop where gloves abounded and to come out with the single pair she wore when she entered. The *Evening Post* expresses surprise at the singularity of the curative measures adopted. But to us that is by far the least remarkable feature in the story. "Gymnastic treatment, a prescribed diet, and vigorous exercise," have long been familiar in this country as a remedy for the constitutional weakness of persons who cannot leave a shop without carrying away articles for which they have not paid. Only, in our matter-of-fact way, we have been accustomed to call the process "imprisonment with hard labour."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

There was a man in Mauch Chunk, Pa., a few days ago, with a patent air-brake for railroad cars for sale. He claimed that it would stop a train going at the highest rate of speed in half its own length. There was a certain railroad man up there who treated this suggestion with scorn, and said he would wager large sums that the air-brake wouldn't stop a train any quicker than any other brake. So he borrowed the contrivance, and fixed it on an open car on the Switchback Railroad, and went up to the top of Mount Pisgah to get a fair start. He let her come down the inclined plane for a while, until she began to move along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and then he suddenly placed his foot on the brake, and put it on with full power. One minute later the eye of any solitary traveller passing through those wilds might have observed a car standing perfectly still on the track, and a railroad man going down hill among the blackberry bushes and underbrush, headforemost, at the rate—say of forty-six miles an hour. He was carried home on a stretcher, and now that railroad man not only has perfect faith in the availability of the air-brake, but he is convinced that it would be a good thing if some man would invent a machine for taking the flatness and general demoralization, as it were, out of mutilated noses.

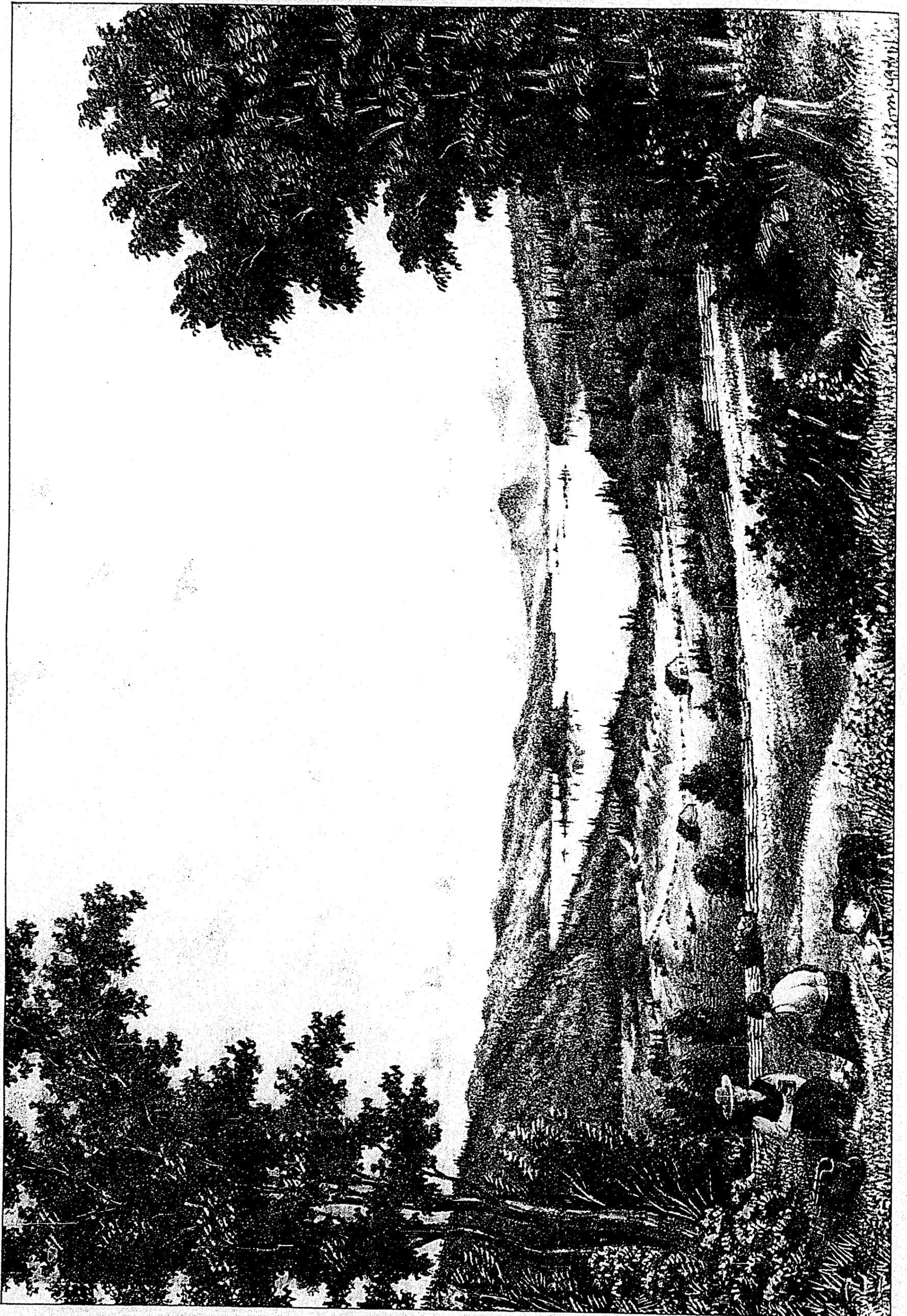
AN UNREGENERATE EDITOR.—A noted female advocate of woman's rights, whatever they may be called upon a veteran New England editor, who has a noted antipathy to whatever or whoever may bore him; and he suffered a quarter of an hour's sharp talking to, with unexampled power of endurance. His ordinary meekness gave his visitor much courage, and she abused his opinions and motives concerning "the question," with most unlimited freedom. "Madam," said the old gentleman, "you are certainly the most agreeable woman I ever met. Your person and mind are in perfect harmony—of ugliness—and your reasoning corresponds. If you were a man I should put you down stairs, but, as you are a woman, you may depart; and you must do so *quickly*—quickly, I say!" With that, old Crusty jumped to his feet, and his tormentor vanished in double quick time. "Of all the old brutes you ever see!" is her preface to what remarks she may have to make concerning him since that event.—*Boston Times.*

Footo, travelling in the West, dined one day at an inn, and when the cloth was removed the landlord asked him how he liked his fare. "I have dined as well as any man in England," said Footo. "Except Mr. Mayor," cried the landlord. "I do not except anybody whatever," said he. "But you must," bawled the host. "I won't." "You must." The strife eventuated in the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Footo before the Mayor, who observed that it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to except the Mayor, and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to the ancient custom. Upon this decision Footo paid the shilling, at the same time remarking that he thought the landlord was the greatest fool in Christendom—except Mr. Mayor.

An exchange in Northern Texas describes an individual it would be handy to have in an office. Hear him: "A fighting editor has been employed on this paper. He weighs 450 pounds. His fists are very tools of death; his hair is very short, his eyes are black; his boots are No. 13. O, he is a monster, this fighting man of ours! He goes for a man like an ant for green cheese, or a rooster for a grasshopper. He was never thrashed. Oh! he is a whale! He ate nineteen cans of oysters at our office the other night and called for more. He is the heaviest instrument of total and eternal punishment on record! Come to us ye lean and lank specimens of humanity, spit on our boots if you dare, slide down our cellar doors if you can, and if our Wallpups don't everlasting go for you, the size and belt have nothing in them."

Some idea of the tautology of the legal formula may be gathered from the following specimen, wherein if a man wishes to give another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," he must set forth his "act and deed" thus—"I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of what kind or nature so ever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

A funny man in Lafayette, Indiana, played a joke on his landlady by marking his face and pretending to have the small-pox—but when he was hustled out of the house and narrowly escaped being knocked down by his new trunk and other personal effects, as they descended to the sidewalk from the second-storey window, his enjoyment of the thing was not immoderate.



VIEW OF LAKE NICOLET, FROM THE N.-E.—DRAWS BY DR. GEO. J. BOMPAS.—SEE PAGE 135.



THE TAMBOURINE.

REGIMENTAL SOUBRIQUETS.

Most of the regiments of the British army possess one or more soubriquets or nicknames, the origins of which are both curious and amusing. A few of these are derived from the colour of the men's clothing or facings, occasionally combined with the name of some gentleman, once an officer in the corps. Thus, the 5th Dragoon Guards took the name of the "Green Horse," and the 7th Hussars the "Black Horse," from the dark colour of their clothing; while the Royal Horse Guards are known as the "Oxford Blues," the first part of the name originating from Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who commanded the regiment on its formation in 1661. The 4th Foot are "Barrell's Blues," after Colonel W. Barrell; and the 19th and 24th Foot, the "Green Howards," and "Howara's Greens," from the colour of their facings, combined with the names of their respective colonels—the Hon. C. Howard, and Thomas Howara. In like manner, the 34th, 36th, 39th, 53rd, 57th, and 97th Foot were, from their different facings, respectively called the "Orange Lilies," "Saucy Greens," "Green Linnets," "Brickdusts," "Lilywhites," and "Celestials"—the facings of the last corps being sky-blue. Several regiments have taken the names of their commanding officers without the addition of a colour. The 8th Hussars, or King's Royal Irish, named after Colonel R. St. George, the "St. Georges," and the 83rd Foot, or "Fitch's Grenadiers," are instances of this kind. Other regimental nicknames from puns or *bon mots* on the number or name of the regiment. Thus, the 40th Foot are "XLers" (Excellers); and the 51st the "Kolis," that word being formed of the initial letters of the words which compose their second title—King's Own Light Infantry. The badge, motto, regimental colours, and the national war-cry of the men have given soubriquets to different corps. Thus, the 77th are the "Pothooks," from the figure 7; the 78th (the regiment which performed such prodigies of valour during the Indian Mutiny), the "King's Men," from their motto, "Cludichin Rhi—Help the King;" the 17th and 65th, "The Bengal Tigers" and "Royal Tigers," from their badges—a tiger; and the 87th, or Royal Irish Fusiliers, the "Old Fogs," from their war-cry, "Fag-au-Bealach!" (pronounced *Faug-a-bollagh*.) "Clear the Way!"—this, it is said, having been the old shout in a faction-fight of the Munster and Connaught men, who furnished the ranks of the regiment. This regiment was originally known as "Keith's Highlanders, and afterwards as the "Prince of Wales's Irish." The particular district in which a regiment was raised, or the country in which it has more particularly served, has given their names to various corps. As instances of this may be mentioned the 74th, or "Assaye Regiment;" the 76th, or "Hindustan Regiment," (also known as the "Seven and Sixpennies"); the 23rd (a Welsh regiment), or "Nanny Goats" and "Royal Goats;" the 25th (King's Own Borders—raised in Scotland), or "Botherers;" the 45th, or "Sherwood Foresters," the regiment having been principally raised in Nottinghamshire; and the 47th, or "Lancashire Lads" (also known as the "Cauliflowers.") The 45th is also known as the "Old Stubborns," from its determination and pluck in the many severe actions in which it has been engaged. Some sixty years ago, the Life Guards obtained the rather unpleasant soubriquet of the "Piccadilly Butchers." In 1810, Sir Francis Burdett, member for Westminster, declared, in a letter to his constituents, that the House of Commons had exercised their powers illegally, by committing to Newgate one John Gale Jones, for being concerned in the production of a libellous pamphlet. The publication of this letter was considered a breach of privilege, and a warrant was issued for the committal of Sir Francis to the Tower. He barricaded his house in Piccadilly for two days, but ultimately, on April 9, the sergeant-at-arms, accompanied by police-officers and a military force, obtained an entrance, and succeeded in conveying him to the Tower. In the riots that ensued in consequence of his imprisonment, the military were attacked by the people, and, in defence of themselves the Life Guards charged the mob, shooting one man, and several others. From this affair they obtained the above title. Windham, in his "Diary," refers to the occurrence, and says "Found Life Guards hunted by and hunting the mob; good deal of disturbance."

A very valuable lesson may be derived from a comparison between the efficiency of the German fire in actual warfare in the field and at the practising range in time of peace. The proportion of the former to the latter is 1 to 33 for the infantry, and 1 to 28 for the artillery. The Germans are considered to be very fairly steady in action, and have certainly given proofs that they can fight well; and yet 97 per cent. of the efficiency of their infantry fire, and a little more than 96 per cent. of that of their artillery, are lost through the fatigue, heat, and excitement of the real struggle. The conclusion to be drawn from these numbers is self-evident—namely, that any system of discipline and exercise which will increase the coolness and steadiness of troops under fire will do more to raise the efficiency of an army than the most wonderful mechanical inventions, or rather that one of the most important advantages of the latter is the self-confidence which they inspire. It might be possible to accustom troops to aiming well under disadvantageous circumstances by subjecting them to annoyances and nervous excitement produced by artificial means, though, of course, without danger to life or limb. It would be strictly forbidden that any man should look behind him, under penalty of extra drill and the cancelling of his score. Nothing more could be attempted than a very distant approximation to the distractions of a battle, but some such plan might perhaps teach the men to keep their faculties cooler and more collected, so their nerves steadier when the real trial came, and that the 97 per cent. of the effects of the fire now lost would be reduced.

An officer of Inland Revenue, hearing that a number of masqueraders were to appear at the Glasgow fancy dress ball in the powdered head-dresses of by-gone centuries, obtained admittance to the ball-room when the festivity was at its height, and "took down" the names of the most conspicuous of the gallants who were footing it to stately measure in happy ignorance of the fact that "a chiel was among them takin' notes," of which good use would be made at another time. They will certainly be very much astonished when they receive their summonses to attend the Justice of the Peace Court, and answer a charge of having contravened one of the oldest statutes in existence. In the course of next week these summonses will be issued, surcharging the masqueraders with double duty for having worn powdered wigs without obtaining a licence in that behalf.

A rather curious result is obtained by comparing the effects of infantry fire during the two last wars with the numbers resting on analogous investigations before the introduction of the modern improvements. Thus in the early part of this century, when European infantry used to blaze away at each other with smooth-bore muzzle-loaders at a distance of 150 yards, the usual calculation was that one ball hit in 160, or about six per 1,000. When the worst breech-loaders were opposed to the best muzzle-loaders, as in 1866, the effects of the former rose just 150 per cent., as instead of six, the hits then became 15 per 1,000. As soon, however, as breech-loader met breech-loader, as in the Franco-German war, the hits fell back to the same point at which they had stood in the days of Brown Bess and her sisters, or six per 1,000. From this it would appear that, great as has been the revolution which the improved arms have introduced into the whole character of modern tactics, the actual amount of destruction, as far as infantry fire is concerned, is very much the same as it was 60 years ago.

Of all the sensational performances of the present day, that of the Prussian Hercules, Herr Holtum, at the Holborn Amphitheatre, is described as the most striking. There have been many performers of the gun trick, but the cannon of Herr Holtum is not a trick, but a reality. A siege gun, drawn into the arena by two horses, is loaded by an artilleryman, and in sight of the audience a cannon ball of twenty pounds weight is inserted. Then Herr Holtum walks to the opposite side, and standing face to the muzzle, gives the word of command, "Fire!" and sure enough, after a flash and a boom which shakes the building, the cannon ball is caught by the Prussian Hercules. On one occasion—either through some slight error in the management of the gun, or owing to the charge of powder being too great—the cannon ball passed over Herr Holtum's head instead of into his hands; and, as if to prove that "there was really no deception," carried away a portion of one of the pilasters.

It is said that recently a sporting clerk handed the wrong paper to the curate to announce the singing of a new anthem. The unfortunate occurrence commenced thus:—"Jerry," when, feeling annoyed at the leader of the choir for writing so briefly and irreverently, the curate added: "The words of the anthem are from the book of Jeremiah!" With another glance at the paper, he proceeded hurriedly in the manner of one wanting to get rapidly through some formal business—"3 to 1 taken—ahem! From the 2nd to the 3rd verses are taken. 'Fifth heat, 35 yards start'—ahem!" Fortunately for the reverend gentleman, at that moment the choir started with a grand burst, and he sank to his seat utterly appalled by the discovery that his unlucky clerk had handed to him a wrong paper, and instead of the words of the anthem he had been announcing to a remarkably attentive congregation several of the particulars connected with a forthcoming race, in which one of the competitors was the clerk's dog Jerry.

One night, when Carlotta Patti was in Brooklyn, she sang with Ferranti. Just as the buffo singer was leading her out the door to the platform, some one in the room behind him cried out that he had burst his coat at the seam in the back. It was too late to recede, for the audience had seen him, and the two singers advanced to the foot-lights. But the knowledge of the mishap took all the humour out of Ferranti, and the duet, which was sung in Italian, was so dolefully devoid of the usual humour that Patti noticed it before they were half through, and dropping the text of the song, she fitted the following words to it in Italian:

"What is the matter with you to-night? I don't understand your nervousness. Nobody laughs at you."

Whereupon Ferranti, in mellifluous baritone and equally mellifluous Italian, responded:

"By the virgin, I have burst my coat. Everybody will laugh when I am going off."

At this unexpected interchange of public feelings, Max Maretzek and his orchestra began to laugh immediately. Then the people in the front seats, seeing the orchestra and the artists laughing, joined themselves, and the merriment presently broke out in applause all over the house.

"Ah," said one of the Brooklyn papers, "there is always something majestic in Ferranti's singing that song. People burst into sympathetic laughter without being able to tell why."

M. Alexandre Dumas fils, in a new semi-political letter ("Deuxième lettre sur les choses du jour"), complains of the little estimation—or rather contempt—in which authors, and especially dramatic authors, are held in France. Dramatic authors are, he says, with actors and dogs, "les seuls êtres que les autres hommes se soient arrogé le droit de siffler; seulement quand on siffle les chiens c'est pour qu'ils viennent; quand on siffle les autres c'est pour qu'ils s'en aillent." "Other countries," he adds, with a modesty which will be appreciated by the whole French nation, "would perhaps treat their men of letters in the same way if they had any men of letters; but they have none. On France falls the duty of feeding the entire world with literature." This is amusing enough from an author of whose numerous dramatic works not one has ever been represented in England, and of whose novels the only one that has been translated is not to be found in the shop of any respectable publisher. The knowledge of foreign literature possessed by M. Alexandre Dumas fils seems to be on a par with the knowledge of foreign languages possessed by M. Alexandre Dumas père; who, having noticed that in the English language there were a good many words of French aspect, wrote this memorable phrase:—"English is only French badly pronounced."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

M. Leouzon-Leduc, in his "Mémoires d'Alexandre II," relates a curious incident in the life of the present Emperor of Russia. One day the late Emperor Nicolas, hearing a great noise in the room in the Winter Palace where his children were playing, went in to see what was the matter. He found Constantine holding down his brother Alexander by both knees, and pulling with all his strength at the knot of a cravat which he had tied round Alexander's throat. Alexander, who was nearly throttled, was begging for mercy, and his father only came just in time to save him. On being asked the meaning of this strange scene, Constantine explained to his father that they were re-enacting a well-known event in Russian history—the assassination of the Emperor Paul I. Constantine was put under arrest for having attempted to strangle the Czarewitch, and Alexander was sent to prison because he cried for mercy.

A DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

In the Life of a Young Lady, Aged Two.

There was a little girl,
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good,
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad, she was horrid!

She went upstairs,
While her parents, unawares,
In the kitchen were occupied at meals;
And she stood upon her head,
On her little truckle bed,
And there began hooraying with her heels!

Her mother heard the noise,
And thought it was the boys
A playin' in the back attic;
So up she creep'd,
Then in she peep'd,
Then slapped her most emphatic.

VARIETIES.

An old lady, writing to her son, warns him to beware of bilious saloons and bowel alleys.

"Ah, parson, I wish I could take my gold with me," said a dying deacon to his pastor. "It might melt," was the consoling reply.

An old lady gave this as her idea of a great man: "One who is keefer of his clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on washday without grumbling."

A candidate for constable, on the temperance ticket, in an interior city of Massachusetts, ruined his reputation for sobriety and his chances for political promotion, by attempting to step on a load of hay, which he took for a street car.

An Iowa merchant sent a dunning letter to a man, who replied by return mail: "You said you are holding my note yet. Just keep holding on to it, and if you find your hands slipping, spit on them and try it again. Yours affectionately."

A Western paper speaks of the house cleaning season as that when woman has her own way at the house while the "old man" takes his solemn repast from the top of the flour barrel and in sleeping enjoys the freedom of the interval between his bed-room and the front fence. It is a season of meditation, whitewash, and calm unimpassioned profanity.

The Paris journals are joking at Trochu with the word "sortie." One of them says the General got out of a railway carriage and was going to leave by the wrong gate, when an official respectfully remarked, "This way, General, for the sortie," upon which the distinguished soldier, horrified at the reminiscences of Paris, jumped into the carriage again and sped on his way.

An old lady, slightly blind, while engaged in a futile attempt to sew buttons on young Augustus's new jacket, remarked: "Drat these buttons! I can't find the holes, and they split to pieces every time I stick the needle into 'em." To which replied young Augustus: "Now, look 'ere, Granny! you just let my peppermint drops alone. You've split mor'n half of 'em already."

The Attorney-General, in his speech in the Tichborne case, after quoting the familiar passage in Macbeth—

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage,"

said, "I have never yet been able to make out what that adage was." A correspondent tells him that a solution of the difficulty is to be found in Staunton's "Shakespeare," vol. iii., p. 480, where the note on the passage is as follows:—"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas;" or, as it is rendered in "Heywood's Proverbs," 1566—"The cat would eate fishe, and would not wet her feete."

Samuel Harriman, of St. Croix, Wis., retired from military life with a brevet brigadiership. "Good-bye, general," were the parting words of his old comrades in the army. "How are you, colonel?" was the salutation on reaching Wisconsin. As he approached home, this began to come down to "How d'ye do, captain?" and finally, when he came among the boys at home, he was greeted with "Hallo, Sam; got back again?"

Gibbon, the historian, was short in stature, and very fat. One day, being alone with the beautiful Madame de Cronzas, he dropped on his knees before her, and made a declaration of love in the most eloquent terms. The lady rejected his suit, and requested him to rise. The abashed historian remained on his knees. "Rise, Mr. Gibbon, I beseech you rise." "Alas, madame," faltered the unlucky lover, "I cannot." He was too fat to regain his feet without assistance. Madame de Cronzas rang the bell, and said to the servant, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon."

A gentleman of something over forty years of age, by the name of Page, found a young lady's glove and handed it to her, saying:

"If from the glove you take the letter G,
The glove is love, and that I give to thee."

Her answer was:

"If from the Page you take the letter P,
Then Page is age, and that won't do for me."

A day or two since, a man not over and above familiar with the dark ways of telegraphing, went into one of the offices in this city with a dispatch, which he insisted on having sent off immediately. The operator accommodated him, and then hung the dispatch on a hook. The man hung around some time, evidently unsatisfied. At last his patience was exhausted, and he belched out: "Ain't you going to send that dispatch?" The operator politely informed him that he had sent it. "No yer aint," replied the indignant man; "there it is now on the hook."—*Commercial*, Bangor.

MRS. GAMP'S COMPLAINT AGAINST CHARLES DICKENS.

Being thus confided to the guidance of Mrs. Sairey Gamp, I proceeded, after complimenting the old lady on the wonderful vivacity she exhibited in spite of her years, and the effects of a certain freedom of living in which she had evidently indulged, to explain what had brought me down on a visit to a country in which I began to feel an intense desire to linger as long as it might be found possible that I should be permitted to stay. Finding that I had lately been in London, and was acquainted with many people who either lived, or were often to be found there, Mrs. Gamp suddenly broke in with—"Perhaps, sir, you may know a party which his name is Dickens, and his christening name is Charles?" "I have not," I said, "the honour of knowing Mr Dickens personally; but, through his works, he is known intimately to me, and to all the world besides." "Works!" said Mrs. Gamp; "yes, and you may say works, if it's books as you mean; and pretty works he makes with people as has a character to lose! Hoity-toity! I'd work him, if I ketch'd him here; and so would Betsy Prig. You may have heard, sir, how he have becalmed me and my frequent pardner Betsy, and made such an upset about a bit of a to-do we had about Mrs. Harris; which Betsy certainly did behave spiteful about that angel of a ooman, which a angel, barring pimples, she were. But I putt it to you, sir. Were it right and gentlemanny of Mr. Dickens to putt that there in a book, which we've heard for certain as he did; and becall us for a couple of dram-drinking old sluts? which I've no doubt was his Bible words, though I never seed 'em myself in print. Yes, sir, he've behaved shameful; for he've got me and Betsy a name which is well bekown throughout the whole country. And more than that, sir," continued Mrs. Gamp, her voice sinking down through the huskiness caused by her excitement to a sort of awful whisper—"more than that, sir, he've a-spiled the nussing trade out and out—quite entirely spiled it. They've got, they tell me now, sir, up yonder, a parcel of people as is regular respectable—as good as ladies; and one Miss Nightingal—who but she, indeed!—as attends sick people, and monthly too, for what I know, and takes the bread out of proper people's mouths as is deserving of it. And that's not all. When such as we do have a job—you won't believe it, in course—but we gets allowedanced—in our drop of sperrits, I mean. Yes, sir, allowedanced; when its well bekown it's a thing we can't abear, and always likes to have the bottle putt on the chimney-piece that we may help ourselves when we are so dispoqed. He've spiled the nussing trade, have that Dickens; and that you may depend." "Well, but, my good Mrs. Gamp," I argued, "I cannot but think that you have been trying the new system down here, and have found it answer well into the bargain. Why, you are as vigorous and as strong as you were thirty or forty years ago, when I first heard of you through Mr. Dickens's book. It must have been the allowancing system, surely, that has agreed with you so well." "Well, as to that," replied Mrs. Gamp, "I'll not deny that I've never been bodilly ill, and that I keep up my sperrits, and am as tough and hearty as I ever were; but for all that, I say, sir, that nussin is nussin, and that he have spiled the trade. And moreover, ourn is not the only trade he've a spiled. You may have heard, sir, of a lady, which her name is Squeers?" "Certainly," I said, "the wife of Mr. Whackford Squeers, the schoolmaster of Dotheboys Hall, near Greta-bridge." "The same, sir, I met that good lady only yesterday was a week, and she told me it was all along of Mr. Dickens and his books as her husband was sold up, and likewise two or three more schools down Yorkshire way. I say, sir, 'tis scandalous; and that there Mr. Dickens and his books, you may depend, is at the bottom of it all."—From "Kennaquhair: A Narrative of Utopian Travel." By Theophilus M'Crib, B.A.

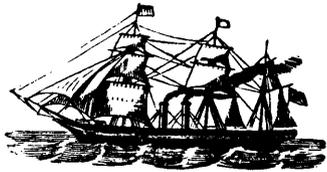
YOU NOW CAN KNOW THE REASON.—*Podophyllin* (May Apple or Mandrake) has long been known as an active purgative, and has been much used in some sections of our country, (and is now very generally administered by Physicians in the place of Calomel or Blue Pill for Liver Complaints, &c.) *Compound Extract of Colocynth* is considered by Dr. Neligan, of Edinburgh, as one of the most generally employed and safest cathartics in the whole *Materia Medica*. *Extract of Hyoscyamus* given in combination with active cathartics (such as above) corrects their gripping qualities without diminishing their activity. *Vide Neligan's Materia Medica*. All the above highly valuable remedial elements are with others largely used in the manufacture of the Shoshonees (Indian) Vegetable Restorative Pills.—No wonder they are ahead of all other Pills as a family medicine. 5-9 d

A young girl was practising "The Maiden's Prayer" on a piano in Boston on Sunday last. After she had played for two hours a burglar shot at her through the window, but, to the grief of the neighbourhood, missed.

DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA.

THERE is no diseased condition of the body in which Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya may not be used with positive benefit. Being a Chemical Food and Nutritive Tonic, it acts physiologically in the same manner as our diet. It perfects Digestion, Assimilation, and the formation of Healthy Blood. It sustains the vital forces by supplying the waste constantly going on, of nerve and muscle, as the result of mental and physical exertion, enabling mind and body to undergo great labour without fatigue. Its action in building up constitutions broken down with Wasting Chronic Diseases, by fast living and bad habits, is truly extraordinary, its effect being immediate in energizing all the organs of the body. Phosphates being absolutely essential to cell formation and the growth of tissues, must for all time be Nature's great restorative and vitalizer.

Sold by all Druggists at \$1. 4-26 zz



ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of

Canadian & United States Mails

1871-72.—Winter Arrangements.—1871-72.

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-noted First-class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double-Engine, Iron Steamships:

Vessels	Ton'ge	Commanders.
POLYNESIAN.....	4,100 (Building.)	
CIRCASSIAN.....	3,400 (Building.)	
SARMATIAN.....	3,600	Capt. J. Wylie.
SCANDINAVIAN.....	3,000	Capt. Ballantyne.
PRUSSIAN.....	3,000	Lieut. Dutton, R.N.R.
AUSTRIAN.....	2,700	Capt. Brown.
NESTORIAN.....	2,700	Capt. A. Aird.
MORAVIAN.....	2,650	Capt. Graham.
PERUVIAN.....	2,600	Lt. Smith, R.N.R.
GERMANY.....	3,250	Capt. Brooks.
CASPIAN.....	3,200	Capt. Ritchie.
HIBERNIAN.....	3,434	Capt. R. S. Watts.
NOVA SCOTIAN.....	2,300	Capt. Richardson.
NORTH AMERICAN.....	1,784	Capt. Miller.
CORINTHIAN.....	2,400	Capt. J. Scott.
OTTAWA.....	1,831	Lieut. Archer, R.N.R.
ST. DAVID.....	1,650	Capt. E. Scott.
ST. ANDREW.....	1,432	Capt. H. Wylie.
ST. PATRICK.....	1,207	Capt. Stephen.
NORWAY.....	1,100	Capt. C. N. Mylins.
SWEDEN.....	1,150	Capt. Mackenzie.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.
(Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Portland every SATURDAY, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland) are intended to be despatched from Portland.

Rates of Passage from Portland:—
Cabin.....\$70 to \$80
Steerage.....\$25

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE
are intended to sail between the Clyde and Portland at intervals during the season of winter navigation. An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGH AND ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLAN, RAE & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ZOON; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MACCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORNE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20 tf

TODD'S PATENT DENTIFRICE,
Composed of MAGNESIA and SILICA.

THE surpassing excellence of this Compound for cleansing and whitening the Teeth without injuring them has been pronounced by all who have tried it to be the best they have ever used. Sold by all Druggists in the Dominion. Price, 25 Cents per Bottle. 5-8 d

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next Session for an Act to amend the Act of Incorporation of "The Managers of the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland," by allowing the said Corporation to purchase and hold property not to exceed in yearly value the sum of Five Thousand Pounds Currency.
J. S. HUNTER,
Secretary.
Montreal, 19th February, 1872. 5-8 h

FOR SALE.

A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to
D. R. STODART,
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L. N. ALLAIRE,
MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT.
STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS: SAULT AU MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: Corner of PETER & JAMES ST., QUEBEC. 3-15 zz

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List.

- CALT, ONT.**
COMMERCIAL HOTEL,..... HENDERSON DIXON, Proprietor.
- HAMILTON.**
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ST. JAMES HOTEL..... }
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THE RUSSELL HOUSE..... JAMES GOVIN.
- QUEBEC.**
ST. LOUIS HOTEL..... } WILLIS RUSSELL & SON.
THE CLARENDON..... }
- SOUTHAMPTON, ONT.,**
MASONIC ARMS..... W. BUSBY, Proprietor.
- ST. JOHN, N. B.,**
VICTORIA HOTEL..... B. T. CREGEN.
- TORONTO.**
THE ROSSIN HOUSE..... G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager.
THE QUEEN'S HOTEL..... CAPT. THOS. DICK.

THE DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE,
89 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, P. Q.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

Established for the purpose of qualifying Operators for the new Telegraph Lines now building throughout the Dominion and the United States.

This Institution having been established three years, may now be considered a permanent College. Its rapid growth and prosperity are due to the demands of the Telegraph community, and the great success which has attended the Proprietor is due simply to the able manner in which the system has been conveyed to the Pupils by the Professors attached to the Institute.

The rapid development and usefulness of the Electric Telegraph, and the consequent ever-increasing demand for First-Class Operators render the opening of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity. Telegraphic Superintendents view this movement as one made in the right direction. Commercial Colleges have, to some extent, assumed the responsibility of teaching in this, as well as in other branches of business education. The knowledge of Telegraphy gained in this manner has always been looked upon as being second rate. So much so that the Colleges in Chicago, Milwaukee, Buffalo, New York, &c., have discontinued the practice of Teaching Telegraphy, and recommend the Telegraph Institute as the proper place to acquire this highly interesting, scientific and profitable art.

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment, to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. At first salaries of \$30 a month may be secured; after two years' experience on the lines, from \$50 to \$60 a month can be commanded; while in the United States from \$100 to \$120 per month are paid. The possession of a knowledge of Telegraphy is especially open to Ladies; in fact, they are the favorites as operators both in England and America, commanding higher wages, as compared with other employments, than men, while they have the natural facility for acquiring the system sooner. A fair knowledge of reading and writing are the only qualifications necessary, and any person of ordinary ability can become a competent operator. This has been proved by graduates who, with a very slight education and no idea of the *modus operandi* of Telegraphy on entering, have become good operators in a few months. Students have also an opportunity of learning rapid writing. Some of our students who could but hardly write their names now take down a message at the rate of from 25 to 30 words a minute.

THE DUTIES OF AN OPERATOR.

There is no trade or profession which requires so small an amount of labour, and at the same time where the employee has the same amount of freedom and independence, being at all times master of the instrument over which he presides, generally in an office by himself, without either foreman or master, merely to take and despatch messages. The usual hours of attendance required are from 10 to 12 hours per day, less the usual hours for meals. Operators are not required to work on Sundays. The Institute is fitted up in a most complete and practical manner, with all the usual fixtures, &c., of a regular Telegraph office on a large scale. Messages of every description, Train news, arrivals and departures, Market Reports and Cable messages are sent and received, as daily practised on the lines. Individual instruction is given to each pupil, according to his capacity of learning the science. Neither pains nor expense is spared to qualify the students for important offices, in the shortest possible time. Students may commence their studies at any time, and continue at the College until they are proficient operators, without any further charge. There are no vacations. Hours of attendance, from 9 a.m. to noon, and from 1.30 to 6 p.m. The time occupied in learning averages fifteen weeks; but this, of course, depends principally on the capacity of the pupil for instruction. Some pupils who are now on the lines completed their course of study in from five to eight weeks.

The terms for the full course of instruction are Thirty Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all necessary materials, instruments, &c., are furnished to each student. In cases of broken communication, the repairs will be conducted by a Professor of Telegraphy, under the eyes of the Students: so that a really practical knowledge may be attained in every branch of the Science of Telegraphic Communication. The above Institute is the only one in Canada where Telegraphy alone is taught, and is also the only one connected with an out door circuit—a City Line having been expressly built for the use of its students. Properly qualified students on leaving the Institute are furnished with a Diploma, and are provided with situations to fill the first vacancies that occur on the regular service. An "Evening class" has been especially opened for students who cannot attend during the day. Ladies have the opportunity of studying in a separate class. **GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.**
Montreal, February, 1872.

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

DYERS AND SCOURERS.
FIRST PRIZE Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill, Montreal. 3-6zz

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.
RAMSAY & SON, Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain. 37, 39, and 41 Recollet Street. 16tf

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SAPOLIO cleans knives without a board.

SAPOLIO cleans brass, tin and white metal better than anything known.

SAPOLIO cleans windows without wetting the carpet. For sale by mostly every Grocer and Hardware Merchant; Wholesale by the agent. L. J. A. SURVEYER, 3-10zz 524 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

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SEND for Catalogue of HICK'S NEW SHOW CARDS, 154, St. James Street, Montreal. 3-6zz

TURKISH BATH.
DR. MACBEAN'S IMPROVED TURKISH BATH, 140 St. Monique Street, near Crystal Palace, Montreal. Gentlemen's hours (with the exception of Monday morning) 6 to 9 a.m. and 3 to 9 p.m. 4-6zz

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.
LULHAM BROS., DIAMOND and ETRUSCAN Jewellers, 5, PLACE D'ARMES, next the Canadian Illustrated News. 3-10-zz

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
OTTAWA, 9th February, 1872. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 9 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. tf

IMPORTANT TO PARTIES OWNING OR USING MACHINERY.

STOCK'S CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.
THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thicken in cold weather. From the JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa: I consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon than Olive Oil at 50 cents. Yours respectfully, F. W. GLEN, President. Sold in quantities to suit purchasers at MESSRS. LYMAN, CLARE & CO., 382, 384, & 386, St. Paul Street, Montreal, where the testimonials of the principal consumers of Oil in Ontario can be seen. 5-8 tf

INDIGESTION.

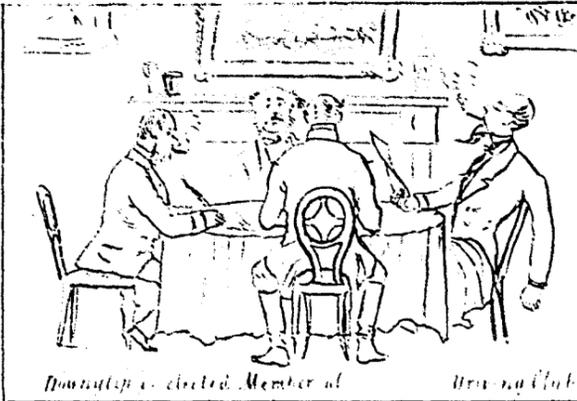
THE MEDICAL PROFESSION of Great Britain adopt MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPSINE as the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers, THOMAS MORSON & SON, 124, Southampton-row, W.C., London. See name on Label. 4-15 tfvv

CYANO-PANCREATINE.

THIS MEDICINE, prepared by the Sisters of the General Hospital of Montreal, (Grey Nunnery), contains no ingredient which can in any way injure the system. As a compound, it is entitled to rank amongst the most beneficial of all special remedies, principally in the following cases: 1st. *Dyspepsia* or derangement of the digestive faculties, where it produces astonishing effects throughout all the stages of the disease, provided there be no organic lesion, in which case the Medicament can only impart a temporary relief. Its curative properties have been already tested in a great number of the above mentioned cases, thus leaving no doubt of its efficacy. 2ndly. In *Bronchitis* or *Pulmonary Catarrh*, it acts most soothingly, facilitates expectoration, relieves the cough, and brings the malady to a prompt solution. 3rdly. In *Colds* tending to Consumption, it causes a visible change for the better, renders expectoration easy, and assists the stomach to dispose of those other remedies suited to the peculiar nature of the case, thus tending not only to alleviate suffering, but also to prolong life. WHOLESALE AGENTS.—Evans, Mercer & Co., Montreal. For sale in retail by all respectable Druggists and Medicine Vendors. 4-23zzf-1m

Young Downytip's first visit to Canada.—His Tandem Experience.

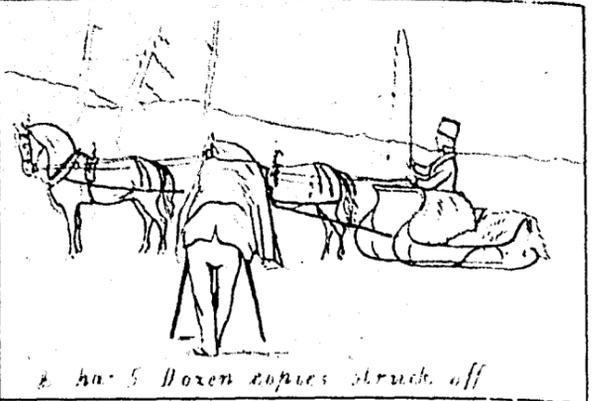
By W. O. C.



Downytip elected Member of the Hall



He looks after a sleigh & a pair of horses



He has 5 boxes copies struck off



He persuades Korah to drive with him



The Start



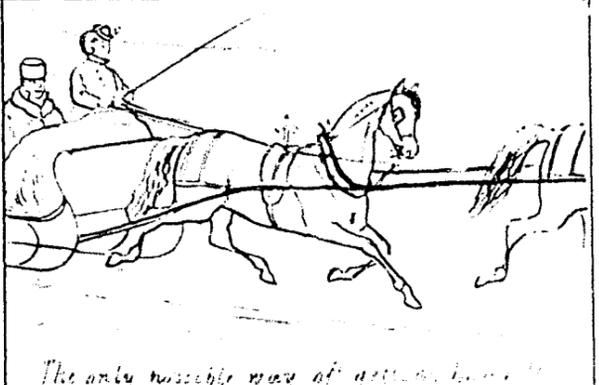
It looks very well in the distance



On the race course Downytip is usually in the lead



But if he is trying to win the race



The only possible way of winning the race



THIS CELEBRATED CONDIMENT is composed of health-giving seeds, herbs and roots. Its great success and unlimited demand has proved its efficacy. By using it 30 per cent. is saved in the cost of feeding, and the Cattle are in better condition. It converts coarse grain and chopped hay into rich aromatic provender. It costs only one cent per feed. It is used in the Royal Stables and Model farms. All the principal Prize Cattle at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, Xmas '68, '69, and '70, were fed on the NUTRITIOUS CONDIMENT. Several Testimonials have been received from some of the most valuable horse owners in Montreal, and may be had on application. Manufactured by the North British Cattle Food Co., at London and Glasgow. Branch Depot in Montreal at 451, Commissioners Street; Toronto, 5, Palace Street and 22 St. Peter Street, Quebec. From either of these Depots, 200 feeds as sample will be sent, carriage paid, to any part of Canada for \$3.00. 5-21

AGENTS WANTED, Male and Female, for new and useful inventions. Enclose stamp to Montreal Manufacturing Company Box 6271. 4-82 MONTREAL P. Q.



CAMPBELL'S COD LIVER OIL. Sold by all druggists 50 Cts. per bottle.

1851. Honorable EXHIBITIONS. Mention 1862. FOR GOOD AND CHEAP INSTRUMENTS. **C. H. CHADBURN & SON.** OPTICIANS and MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS. To H. R. H. the late PRINCE CONSORT, & 73, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL. C. H. C. & SON beg respectfully to invite those visiting Liverpool to favour them with an inspection of their Show-room, which contains the Largest Stock of Optical, Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments in England, all of the best manufacture, with the most recent improvements, and at the lowest possible prices. Spectacles, Telescopes, Opera and Field Glasses, Microscopes, Lanterns, Pocket Barometers with mountain scales, Models of every description, &c. 4-15 tf



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS. Sold by all Dealers throughout the World. 4-15tf

CANADA CENTRAL AND BROCKVILLE & OTTAWA RAILWAYS.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 30, 1871. TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE. EXPRESS at 7:30 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 12:50 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:30 P.M., connecting at Sand Point with Union Forwarding Company's Steamers. LOCAL TRAIN at 1:40 P.M. THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:25 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:25 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:15 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA. THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West. MAIL TRAIN at 4:35 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT at 1:30 P.M., 7:35 P.M., and 8:15 P.M.

LEAVE SAND POINT at 5:30 A.M., 9:10 A.M., and 3:45 P.M. Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway. Certain connections made with Grand Trunk trains, Mail Line, and Union Forwarding Company's Steamers. MORNING EXPRESS leaves Sand Point at 10 A.M., after arrival of Steamer from Pembroke, Portage du Fort, &c. Freight loaded with despatch. The B. & O. & C. C. Railways being of the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through on Grand Trunk cars without transhipment. H. ABBOTT, Manager. 4-15 tf Brockville, 26th Sept., 1871.

MRS. GUISKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours. References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, &c., McGill College University. Mrs. G. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given. All transactions strictly private. RESIDENCE:—No. 315 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. 4-722

"BEST IN USE."



THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15H

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT **S. GOLTMAN AND CO'S,** 132, ST. JAMES STREET. N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

1,000 NEWSPAPERS RECOMMEND THE **WAVERLEY, OWL, PICKWICK, AND PHAETON PENS.**

For their names see GRAPHIC, 16th September, 1871. They come as a boon and a blessing to men. The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.

Oxford University Herald says:—These pens have been aptly termed by a contemporary the "WONDER OF THE AGE." The Standard says:—"The Waverley is a treasure." Somerset County Gazette says:—"These pens are a luxury for the million." The Sun says:—"The Phaeton pens create both wonder and delight."

SOLD EVERYWHERE, 1s. PER BOX. BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS. SHIPPERS SUPPLIED by the PATENTERS, MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33, Blair Street, Edinburgh. 5-4 tf

LASH & COMPANY, successors to J. G. JOSEPH & Co.'s Retail Business, KING STREET, TORONTO. 3-2222

GRAY'S Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. Prepared from Canadian Red Spruce Gum. BALSAMIC, SOOTHING, EXPECTORANT, ANTISPASMODIC AND TONIC. (Delicious Flavor.) A sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat affections generally. For sale at all Druggists. 25 Cents per bottle. Sole manufacturer, HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist. 5-41 MONTREAL.

THE Canadian Illustrated News PORTFOLIO, (FOR 1872.) Which is about to be largely circulated both on the American Continent and in Great Britain, will contain an ILLUSTRATED DOMINION GUIDE Descriptive of Canada, its Cities, Public Works, and Scenery, its Industries, Resources, and Commerce, and also a GUIDE to the Principal Cities, Watering-Places, and Tourists' Resorts of Great Britain, together with the Weekly Current Numbers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. This PORTFOLIO, of substantial and elegant character, will be placed before the Subscribers to that Periodical on the American Continent, in the Reading-Rooms of Hotels in the Principal Cities of America, Canada, and Great Britain; on the Pullman's Drawing-Room Railway Cars, and the Steamboats throughout the Dominion of Canada. It will also be placed in the Saloons of the Ocean Steamers on the Allan Line, the Cunard Line, the Inman Line, the White Star Line, the Guion Line, and the Anchor Line running to Liverpool and Glasgow, and will be found at the Principal Hotels, Watering-Places, and Public Libraries of Great Britain. Each page will be divided lengthwise into three sections, the central one being occupied by the DESCRIPTIVE AND ILLUSTRATED GUIDE, and the sides arranged in square of Ten Superficial inches for Advertisements. The charge for each square will be \$25 for one year, payable on demand after publication of the Work. Advertisers will secure a large amount of publicity, as each advertisement will be kept before the eyes of the really wealthy American, Canadian and British Travelling Public for a period of twelve Months. Advertisements must be sent in not later than Nov. 15th if illustrated, or Dec. 1st if in plain type, as the work will be issued early in January. For spaces apply to OEO. E. DESBARATS, Proprietor. OFFICE OF THE Canadian Illustrated News, } Montreal, Canada. 4-12 tf

Printed and published by GEORGE E. DESBARATS, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.