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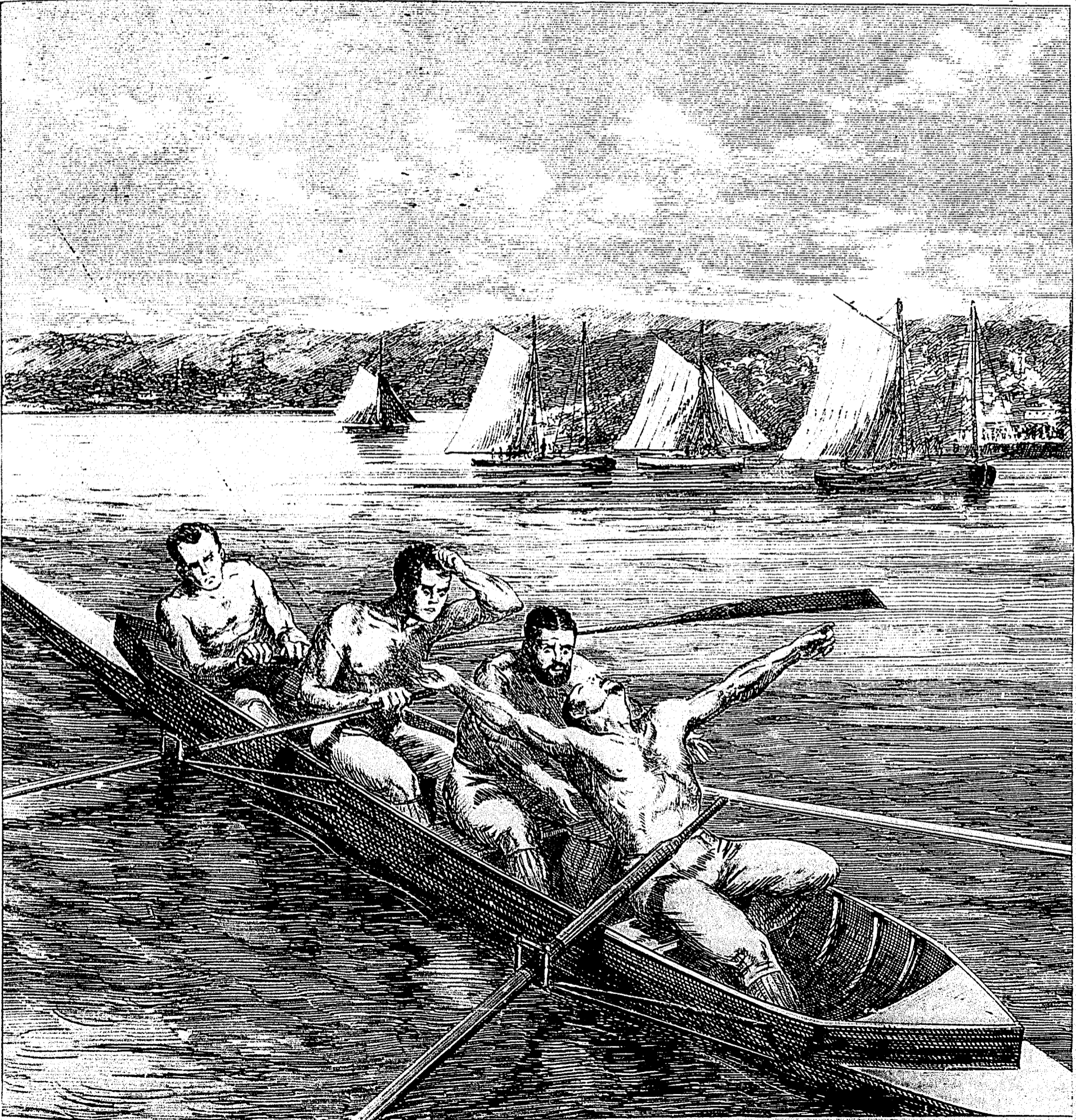
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THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE AT ST. JOHN, N. B.—RENFORTH FALLING BACK INTO KELLY'S ARMS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 146.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE.

THE DEATH OF RENFORTH.

The great return match between the St. John, or Paris, and the Tyne crews, rowed on the Kennebecassis, near St. John, N. B., on the 23rd of last month, had a most tragical termination. Deep was the interest felt in the result of the contest between the famous Paris four and the new Tyne crew got up by Renforth. It was looked upon as a possibility that the St. John men might win back the laurels of which they were stripped at Lachine last year, and expectation was high among their friends. But they have only achieved a technical victory, for death ruthlessly stepped into the boat of their opponents and ended the contest at the first three quarters of a mile upon the course, when the lithe and sturdy oarsmen were only beginning, or should have been beginning to show their mettle. The sad incident which drove the Tyne boat shoreward is made the subject of our illustration on another page, and though most of our readers have doubtless already read in the newspapers the account of the circumstances attending the melancholy event, we shall briefly recapitulate them as set forth in the testimony given at the Coroner's inquest on the body.

Renforth and his three companions, Kelly, Chambers and Percy, were up betimes on the morning of Wednesday, the 23rd of August, and breakfasted between half-past four and five o'clock at their headquarters, the Claremont House. Mr. Walton, of the Newcastle "Morning Chronicle," testified to having gone to Claremont House on the morning of the race, and to having gone in company with the deceased until twenty-five minutes past six, when Renforth went off by himself to take a walk, Walton warning him to be careful. Renforth was then in very high spirits, as was usual with him just before a race. He was absent only some twenty minutes when he returned to his room and there met Kelly, who also testified, as did the other members of the crew, that before going into the boat he was cheerful and full of confidence. The crew went to the boat, and all being in readiness, both sides responded to the word "Go," and pulled out bravely. Percy, of the Tyne crew, said in his evidence:

"We did not start as quickly as I have seen us start. I never saw Renforth looking better than he did at this time. We lost a little at the start, but when we rowed about two hundred yards we got up to them and a little bit ahead of them. We were pulling easily and not a bit out of the way. When we had pulled about half a mile we felt the boat running tremendously to the shore. I am bow boat oar, and had to steer soon after the start. I had to put the helm in Renforth's favour to fetch the boat away from shore. The helm was generally kept against Renforth, as he and No. 2 oar were stronger than the bow oars. I saw the Paris crew coming up, and heard Kelly say, "Give us a dozen, Jim." There was no response, and we began to think from this and the boat keeping running to shore, that something was wrong. Renforth seemed to be putting no weight on his oar. We had gone three quarters of a mile when I saw Renforth fall back into Kelly's arms. Kelly then said, "Row ashore," and we did so. When in the cab Renforth said to me, "Oh, Jim, this is a bad job." I said, "Never mind, we cannot stand against an accident." Renforth kept saying, "Jim, don't let them come near me," and kept rubbing his stomach. I did not think he was dangerously ill, but only in one of his fits."

It was stated that Renforth though regular in his habits of life had been subject to fits—one witness saying he knew him to have had five in five years. He had one after the Lachine race. Kelly said:—

"The first quarter of a mile, I think we were leading. During that distance I said to Renforth, "It's all over," meaning the race was in our hands. We were then not going nearly as fast as we are in the habit of going; it was no racing pace. I then saw the Paris crew gradually gaining on us. I then called upon Renforth for a dozen, meaning a succession of quick strokes, but there was no response to my call. We rowed then, I think, for another quarter of a mile even, when Renforth put his head backwards over his shoulders and said, looking at me, "Harry, Harry, I've had something!" He then doubled up, and fell forwards. I said, "Sit up, Jim," when he raised himself, and fell back into my arms. I then said to Percy and Chambers, "Row ashore as quick as you can."

Renforth was taken in a cab to his hotel frequently repeating that he had "had something," that it was "no fit," but that he would "tell them afterwards." Among his last words were, "What will they think of it in England" and, in allusion to his wife, "Oh! Annie!" He foamed very much at the mouth, apparently suffering great agony, and despite the medical aid called in died in an hour and a quarter after he was brought to the hotel. An inquest was opened the following morning at half past ten o'clock in the Court Room, St. John, Coroner Earle presiding. Much of the evidence taken was irrelevant to the question, being mainly as to the race and the rate of speed, most of the witnesses agreeing that the St. John boat was one or two lengths ahead when Renforth fell.

A *post mortem* examination was held, but the Coroner did not receive the medical testimony, as the heart and stomach had been sent to Boston for analysis on account of a suspicion that Renforth might have been tampered with. Mr. Walton, however, stated that the physicians had satisfied themselves that the state of his lungs was such as to have caused his death. Nevertheless, the Coroner acted wisely in adjourning the inquest, as the medical and analytical evidence will thus be taken together, and the last vestige of doubt as to the poor man's sudden death will thus in all probability be removed. The inquest stood adjourned from the 25th until Tuesday last.

We give below a brief account of the life of the deceased:—

JAMES RENFORTH.

James Renforth, the late champion oarsman of England, was born about the year 1843, at Rapid Banks, Gateshead, near Newcastle. His father, a very athletic man, was by profession a ferryman, engaged in the works of Messrs. Hawks & Crawshaw. While quite a young man Renforth entered the Hon. East India Company's service, and was drafted into the Madras Fusiliers. With this regiment he remained until the dissolution of the company and the transfer of the forces to the Home Government, when he, like many others, obtained his discharge and returned to England. Soon after he appeared in public athletic sports, in which he particularly distinguished himself as a swimmer. It was not until 1863 that he appeared in any public boat race, on which occasion he was matched to row the brothers, Robert and James Boyd, for £50 each, and won both matches easily. During the summer of the same year he was taken to London and took part in the Thames regatta, where, to everybody's surprise, he beat Percy, who was considered Harry Kelly's only rival. He had extraordinary strength. He would sit down low in his boat, take the water with a quick, firm stroke, and round instead of squaring his back as he bent forward. He was a formidable antagonist, and the sight of his broad shoulders, splendidly developed muscles and easy, confident air, generally told in his favour.

His first race of any note was his decisive contest with Harry Kelly, the then champion sculler of England, for £200 a side and the championship of the Tyne, the Thames and the world, which took place at Mortlake, on the Thames, November 17, 1868. A great deal depended on this race. A difficulty had arisen between Sadler and Kelly respecting the decision of the referee on their race of the previous year, which resulted in the matter being taken into the courts. A feeling of distrust among boating men was the consequence, and all looked forward to this new contest to remove the unpleasant feeling caused by the results of the last. It was a splendid race; fairly contested, fairly won, and without an attempt being made to appeal from the decision of the referee. The course was from Putney to Mortlake, Renforth winning the toss and choosing the Middlesex side. After the start the racers rowed so fast that the referee's steamer could not keep up with them, but Renforth was ahead the whole distance, never giving Kelly the least chance of winning. Renforth rowing within himself, and reserving his strength for a final dash if necessary, won with the utmost ease, in the extraordinary time of twenty-two minutes and forty seconds. At his fastest his strokes reached the almost unparalleled number of fifty to the minute.

The next great match in which Renforth was engaged was the champion four-oared race from Mansion House to Scotswood on the Tyne, November 18, 1869, between the London crew, coxwained by Kelly, and the Tyne crew led by himself. The Thames crew took the lead by a quarter of a length, but Renforth calling on his men off Red Heughbridge, they made a spurt and won easily by three lengths. The race was for £200 a side and the championship, both of which fell to Renforth's men.

Just about a year ago Renforth, accompanied by Winship, Taylor and Martin, came out to Canada to row an international match with the St. John crew for the sum of \$5,000 and the championship of the world. The race, as our readers will remember, came off at Lachine on the 15th of September, and was won by Renforth's men by six lengths in 41:10, the course being six miles.

This race, however, was the means of sowing the seeds of dissension between Renforth and his crew, despite the signal triumph they had achieved. Prior to their starting from Newcastle for the St. Lawrence, two boats were selected from which they might choose one to row in against the St. John crew, the Dunstan-on-Tyne and the Jarrow-on-Tyne. Renforth insisted that the former was his choice by right, while Taylor as strongly insisted on having a trial of the other. Renforth carried his point, and they rowed and won in the Dunstan; but it was the germ of great bitterness with Taylor, who, it is said, strongly denounced it as a piece of ill-nature and overbearing on the part of their captain. The quarrel was not developed, however, until after they had returned to England, where, after about three weeks, a general disruption of the crew took place. Following upon this, and in consequence of certain reports which had come to his ears, Renforth issued a challenge offering, with another man whom he should find, to row any pair in the world. This challenge, though couched in general terms, was really directed against Taylor and Winship, and it was at once taken up by one of their backers, a Mr. Blakely, who asked Renforth to name his partner. At that moment he was unable to name a partner, but shortly afterwards he ventured on Harry Kelly, not knowing whether he would confirm the arrangement or not. The ex-champion, however, came forward, with much manliness, and at once signified his readiness to take part in the contest. The articles of agreement stipulated that the race should be for £200 a side, and the course to be from the High Level Bridge to Scotswood Suspension Bridge on the Tyne, on the 16th of January, 1871.

On the day last named Taylor and Winship appeared in their new boat at the appointed spot, and Renforth and Kelly also came up, amid storms of wind and rain. The pairs started shortly after ten o'clock in the morning, and by the superior address of Kelly and Renforth they got off first, and maintained the lead the entire distance of four miles, passing the winning post two hundred yards in front, and performing the distance in twenty-six minutes and twenty-two seconds. As they were returning to the home stake-boat an accident occurred which not only nearly cost them the race, but their lives also. Arriving just opposite some gas works at Red Heughbridge, they came in contact with a mass of floating ice that stretched right across the stream, and they came against the sharp masses with such violence that for a time there was great danger of their frail bark being sunk. As it was it turned completely round. The accident enabled Taylor and Winship to get close up to them, but fortunately, in the nick of time, they discovered an opening in the ice and shot through, though they subsequently came to grief through the steering.

Immediately after the race had been decided, a challenge was received from the St. John crew to again test the strength in Canadian waters for £1,000 a side, and the championship of the world.

With the unfortunate results of this match our readers are already acquainted.

THE ST. JOHN (PARIS) CREW.

In vol. 2, No. 12 of the News (Sept. 17, 1870,) we gave a sketch of the Paris crew. Since the Lachine race on the 15th Sept. last, the crew has not taken part in any important contests. The challenge which led to the contest on the Kennebecassis was given immediately after the Lachine defeat, and, after considerable correspondence, was accepted by Renforth, who, however, from the subsequent breaking up of his crew, had to find three new companions to row with him. The return match was, therefore, spoiled of much of its interest, and now, from the death of poor Renforth, it has lost its whole character. The Paris crew, having trained well for the struggle, are reported to have been in splendid condition for the pull on the 23rd ult.; and they made exceedingly good time on their solitary pull over the course, having rowed the whole distance in 39 minutes and 20 3-5 seconds. Whether this time could have been beaten by the Tynesiders, with Renforth in his full vigour, can never now be known. The victory is legally with the Paris Crew; though many non-folks think it would have been fairer to have "drawn" the race.

Two of the St. John men are natives of New Brunswick, and were born in, or in the neighbourhood of St. John; one was born in Ireland, the other in Nova Scotia.

ROBERT FULTON, Stroke Oar, was born in the city and is now 27 years of age. About nine years ago he distinguished himself as an oarsman; and in the old *Harding* with trusty associates he won many victories in his own Province, and some in the United States. The great victories of the *Harding* were, however, won on the Seine in 1867, where picked crews from England, France and Germany were beaten by the St. John men, from which time they took the title of "Paris Crew." Of the contest here last year we need not speak, and since that date Fulton and his associates have been preparing for the contest of the 23rd ult.

GEORGE PRICE, the bow oar, who also rowed at the Seine Regatta in 1867, is the oldest of the crew, and now in his 33rd year. He has had 13 years of experience in match rowing, and has won many contests. He is five feet ten inches in height, and his rowing weight is 145 lbs.

SAMUEL HUTTON, No. 2 oar of the St. John crew, is a native of Coleraine, Ireland, and when about three years old came to New Brunswick with his family. He is now twenty-six years of age, with a boating record of about eight. He was No. 2 oarsman at the Seine Regatta in 1867, and had been a winner in many local contests previous to that date. He is about the same height as Price, but weighs five pounds more.

ELIJAH ROSS was born in Parrsboro, Nova Scotia, and is now twenty-six years of age. He is a light-house keeper at the Bay Beacon in St. John harbour. He commenced as an oarsman nine years ago, and holds the same position that he did at Paris, i. e., No. 3 oar. He is five feet eleven inches in height, and his racing weight 154 lbs.

THE TYNE CREW.

In our issue of Sept. 17, 1867, we also gave a sketch of the Tyne Crew as then constituted. But they were all, except Renforth, new men who rowed on the Kennebecassis. Renforth and his crew had a dispute about their boat at Lachine last year; and though Renforth carried his point at the race the dispute broke out afresh on their return to Newcastle, and Martin, Taylor and Winship parted company with Renforth, the latter forming a new crew with his recent associates Kelly, Chambers and Percy. Renforth has had several contests on the Tyne during the present year, in all of which he was successful.

HENRY KELLY was the first to join Renforth after the disruption of the old crew. He occupied seat No. 3 in the late race, and received his dying chief in his arms. He is a native of Fulham, England, about forty years old, and a waterman by trade. Nearly twenty years ago he won the coat and badge of freedom of the Thames in the apprentices' race. In 1857 he won the championship of the Thames, which two years later was won from him by Chambers, his present companion. Again in 1865 Kelly won back the championship, with a heavy stake, from Chambers. In many other contests he was victorious and ranks among the foremost scullers in England.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, who pulled No. 2 in the late race, was born at Wallsend, on the Tyne, and is about 27 years of age. He was stroke oar of the Tyne Champion Crew, which carried off the prize at the Thames National Regatta in 1868. He was succeeded in this crew by Renforth, after which he devoted much of his time to training, and on the earnest invitation of Renforth joined that gentleman for the recent matches on this side of the Atlantic.

JAMES PERCY, the bow of the Tyne Crew, is the son of a ship captain, and twenty-eight years of age. In sporting circles he first distinguished himself in racing, having won several matches in succession. Next as a swimmer, and then as a rower he achieved some distinction. Having now to race on the Tyne he was matched against Taylor of the old Tyne Crew and defeated by the latter. In 1867 he regained his laurels by defeating Taylor in a four mile race, and fully established his reputation as an oarsman. Again last year the same two had another match and this time Taylor was the winner. He has a good *physique* and weighs about 150 lbs.

Since Renforth's death the spare man of the Crew, John Bright, has been duly enrolled, and the Crew were to have tried their luck at Halifax during the carnival, their pecuniary gains going to the benefit of Renforth's widow. The intention at least was praiseworthy and deserved success. Bright is quite a young man; he was born near Newcastle, and is a waterman by trade. He was matched against Kelly in 1868 but the latter had an easy victory over him; nevertheless Renforth thought him of sufficient promise to select him as "spare man" in case of accidents.

SLEEP TALKERS.

An additional element of interest is presented in those cases in which speaking is concerned, the somnambulist either talking or hearing what is said to others. Many writers mention the instance of a naval officer, who was signal lieutenant to Lord Hood, when the British fleet was watching Toulon. He sometimes remained on deck eighteen or twenty hours at a time, watching for signals from the other ships; he would then retire to his cabin, and fall into a sleep so profound that no ordinary voice could wake him; but if the word "signal" was even whispered in his ear, he was roused instantly. Dr. James Gregory cites the case of a young military officer, going

with his regiment in a troop ship to a foreign station in 1758, who, when asleep, was peculiarly sensitive to the voice of his familiar acquaintances, and powerfully influenced by anything they said to him.

VARIETIES.

When a Chicago girl quarrels with her lover she communicates the fact to her friends in the remark that she "isn't on squeezing terms with that fraud no more."

A very agreeable girl, about twenty, having during a country visit run out of powder to whiten her face, has tried pounded sugar with the best results: she says it tastes nice when she is kissed.

An Indianapolis gentleman's claim for divorce is based on the ground that when he married, four weeks ago, his wife's hair was black, but now it is red enough to entitle her to the front rank in a torch light procession.

An enthusiastic Yale student gazed long and earnestly through a telescope at the movements of Saturn, and afterward discovered that he had been watching the receding headlight of the New York steamboat.

A country newspaper, which recently spoke of "battered thunder," and was asked by a contemporary if that had any affinity to "greased lightning," manifested some anger in explaining that muttered thunder was what was intended.

There may be something in a name, for the very polite Boston papers call their Foundling Asylum a "Refuge for Anonymous Infants," while Chicago, with the most finished etiquette, announces a "Ranche for babies born on the European plan."

A school teacher asked a new boy, "Who made the glorious universe?" but the boy couldn't tell. So the teacher got a rawhide and told the boy if he didn't tell he would whip him.

A Norwich man bought an Indian rubber air bed. His wife didn't believe it was healthy to sleep on a mattress that was not ventilated, and so, during his absence, punched about fifty holes in it. He is mad about it for some reason.

A Kentuckian has killed himself at the early age of 30 by drinking a pint of whiskey daily for the brief period of 30 years, and the temperance press points to his untimely end as an illustration of how swiftly retribution follows a vicious course.

A man in Illinois committed suicide by drowning, lately, in six inches of water. He couldn't have done it alone, but his wife, with that self-sacrificing devotion and helpfulness so characteristic of the sex, sat on his head.

A testimonial to the skill of a chiropodist, in a contemporary, testifies that "four or five years ago he successfully extracted several corns from my feet without pain, as also members of my family, and they have not returned since that time."

A fond father recently wrote: "It generally takes 20 years of training to eradicate that word 'nice' from a woman's vocabulary. The Falls of Niagara, the Psalms of David, and the progress of the human race were all 'nice' to my eldest daughter till she got married."

At Lawrence, Kansas, a few Sundays ago, while a minister was holding forth in a church, a crowd got up a cock-fight in the yard. The people who had congregated in the church went out to put a stop to the fight, but waited till it was over before objecting.

A story is told of a soldier, who, about one hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he made was, "It is ex—" He then froze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1860 some French physicians found him after having lain frozen for one hundred and fifty years.

A Kansas "Billiard Saloon" uses a home-made table,—a large goods box, on which was laid a waggon load of sand stone, covered with eight yards blue jean. For pockets they use old hoots, about No. 10; for cues, broken hoe handles; boiled eggs for balls; and to count this lovely game they use dried apples on a clothes line.

A hopeful youth of Fort Wayne, after gratefully accepting a Bible from his aunt, walked off and exchanged it for a copy of Bret Harte's poems.

She was a tender-hearted woman who said to a friend, who announced the sudden death of her husband while she was at dinner: "You just wait till I get through eating, and then you'll hear some bawling that will do you good to listen to."

A curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the plaintiff's and defendant's lawyer put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is the client, and not the lawyer, who puts his foot in it.

The "Would you be surprised to hear?" phrase is having an extensive application. Of a scarf advertised it is remarked, "Would you be surprised to hear that this scarf is worn by every man of taste in the kingdom?"

Mr. J. H. McMurdy used to be a Sunday-school teacher in this city, and a promising lawyer. He went to Lafayette, and came near being killed by a livery-stable keeper with a stick of cordwood. Then he went to Georgetown, Col., and had a dispute with a man, and they administered lead to each other through tubes.

A Colorado saloon keeper said of a rough crowd: "I couldn't get their whiskey strong enough for them, so after trying every way I at last made a mixture of poison oak and butter-nut. That fet-ched them. I called it the sheep herders' delight and it was a popular drink. The first Pike I tried it on yelled with delight: the next one took two drinks and turned a double somersault in the road before the house. A pedlar came along and after he took several drinks of my sheep herders' delight he went off and stole his own pack and hid it in the woods."

Long ago, at a dinner-table in Massachusetts, a gentleman remarked that A—, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Judge Hoar, "he has reached the superlative of life. He began by seeking to get on; then he sought to get honour, and now he is trying to get honest."

Near Warren, Conn., is posted on a meadow fence the following: "Nottis—Know kows is aloud in these medders, eny man ore women letten thare kows run the rode wat gits inter my medders aforesed shal have his tale cut off by me, Obadiah Rogers."

A FLYING MACHINE FAILURE.—Mr. Fulger, of Detroit, Mich., made himself two spacious wings of rattan, cork and oilskin, summoned his friends and the newspaper reporters, repaired to the roof of a one story house and promised just before he commenced to flap that he would telegraph back from Grand Rapids. He flapped but instead of being wafted upward and cleaving the blue air he landed among some weeds on his stomach. He explained that somehow he had lost the centre of gravity, and the audience took that view of it.

It takes all sorts of people to make up the world, and one of the queerest looking sorts may be found near Mount Pleasant, Ohio. The traveller in that vicinity will see at work in the hay-fields a number of men, whose attire consists of a shirt and a skirt very closely resembling a woman's petticoat. If his curiosity leads him to stop and ask questions, he will learn that they wear this costume because Christ and his disciples did, because they find it cool and easy, and because the notion that it is shameful for men to dress like women is all bosh. They anticipate a time when both men and women will dress as they please.

An amusing circumstance occurred on the visit of Prince Arthur to the Wimbledon Camp one Monday. His Royal Highness, who was expected at the Putney entrance, drove to that near Wimbledon, and was met at the gateway by a demand for 7s. 6d. "Don't you make any reduction for a Royal carriage?" said the Prince. "I knows nothing about reductions," was the reply of the gatekeeper; "all I knows is carriages pay 7s. 6d." The Prince paid the money with great glee.

HADN'T ANY FEELING.—The worst joke that was ever perpetrated on scientific men took place recently at Louisiana, Mo. A man was sick with rheumatism, or something, and a fellow went around to the doctors and professors and things, and told them that it was the queerest case on record. He said the man had no feeling. You could stick pins in his body all over, and he paid no attention to them at all. He was perfectly numb. So the doctors got together, and called on the sick man to experiment. All arrived with pins and needles and bodkins. The man was asleep, and they all got around him, and each one stuck his pin into the patient. The man rolled over and looked at the crowd, and thought they had come to dissect him, so he took a chair in one hand and a bed-post in the other, and drove the crowd thence. They are around with their hands tied up, looking for the man who said that the sick man had no feeling.

Mr. Gray, an ingenious gentleman in Sussex County, Delaware, invented a new non-explosive burning fluid, and invited a few friends to come and witness a test of its qualities. He gathered a select circle around a barrel of the fluid in a garret, and to prove how non-explosive it was, he stirred it with a red hot poker. In six seconds the inventor and his friends were seen to emerge from the roof, with trap doors, and shingles and things on their heads, and to scud away to the north-west toward the river, while enjoying a fine bird's-eye view of the State of Delaware, at an elevation of thirty thousand feet or more above the level of the sea. Mr. Gray observed to the friend nearest him that he thought he had made a mistake in mixing so much benzine in the fluid. Mr. Gray did not wait to hear his friend's reply, because he apparently had an engagement higher up, and he seemed in a hurry to go. His widow will sell the patent for the non-explosive fluid very cheap; and she needs the money badly, because Mr. Gray scattered so much about Sussex County when he came down, that she had to bury him gradually during the next three weeks.

An Illinois woman committed suicide by hanging herself to an apple tree. At the funeral a neighbour, noticing the sad appearance of the husband, consoled him by saying that he had met with a terrible loss. "Yes," said the husband, heaving a sigh, "she must have kicked awfully to shake off six bushels of apples that would have been worth a dollar a bushel when they got ripe."

The thorns of conquest are beginning to prick. Bismarck's solitude is rendered unendurable by telegrams, each one bearing with it the conviction that the task he has undertaken will be anything but easy to fulfil. The last telegram awoke him in the middle of the night at Varzin. It came from the Governor of Strasburg, announcing that the inhabitants of that place were determined on revolt—"What is to be done? They will not believe they are conquered." Bismarck's reply was short and pithy, a simple imitation of his idol, Cromwell—"Then make 'em."

CHESS.

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

The game presented this week will be interesting as giving a specimen of the play of Capt. Evans, the inventor of the celebrated gambit which bears his name, and is still a favourite attack with many amateurs.

(From Lewis' Fifty Games.) EVANS' GAMBIT DECLINED.

- White. Capt. Evans. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. K. B. to Q. B. 4th. 4. Castles. 5. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. 6. P. to Q. R. 4th. 7. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 8. P. to Q. 3rd. 9. K. to R. sq. 10. K. Kt. to Kt. 5th. 11. P. to K. B. 4th. 12. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 13. P. to K. R. 3rd. 14. P. to K. B. 5th. 15. P. to K. Kt. 4th. 16. P. takes B. 17. Q. to Q. sq. (d) 18. R. takes Kt. 19. Q. to K. R. 5th. 20. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 21. K. B. to Q. 5th. 22. K. to Kt. 2nd. 23. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th. 24. Q. B. takes R. P. 25. Q. to K. Kt. 5th. 26. Mates in two moves.

(a) Opinions vary as to the soundness of this sacrifice: the second player must, however, remain with a very cramped game by retreating: we much prefer risking the onslaught which soon follows its capture.

(b) Either P. to K. R. 3rd. or B. to K. Kt. 5th. seems preferable here: White has evidently moved his King with the intention of advancing K. B. P. presently.

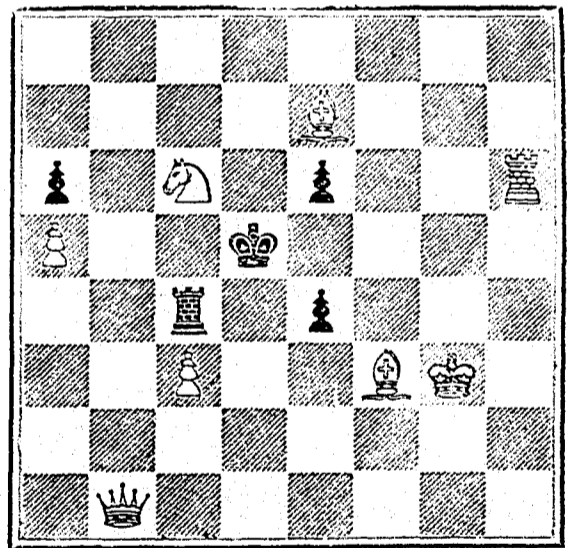
(c) This loses a piece for two trouble-one pawns, but promises an attack in return.

(d) Preparatory to an attack on the other side.

(e) Q. to K. B. 3rd. seems to us the move here: P. to Q. B. 3rd. would also have been stronger.

PROBLEM No. 3.

By J. W. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 11.

By H. R. A., of West Point, U. S.

White.—K. at his B. 5th. R. at Q. Kt. 5th. B. at Q. 3rd. Kt. at Q. Kt. 5th. Ps. at K. B. 3rd. R. Kt. 4th. Q. 4th. Q. 5th. and Q. R. 2nd.

Black.—K. at Q. Kt. 5th. Q. at K. 5th. Ps. at K. Kt. 4th. K. B. 5th. Q. 3rd. Q. R. 4th. and Q. R. 6th.

White to play, and force Black to give checkmate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 12.

By H. R. A., of West Point, U. S.

White.—K. at Q. B. 5th. R. at Q. B. sq. Kt. at Q. R. sq. Ps. at Q. B. 4th. Q. Kt. 2nd. and Q. R. 3rd.

Black.—K. at Q. 4th. Ps. at Q. B. 3rd. Q. R. 2nd. and Q. R. 5th.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

CHARADES, &c.

SHAKESPERIAN CHARADE. No. 25.

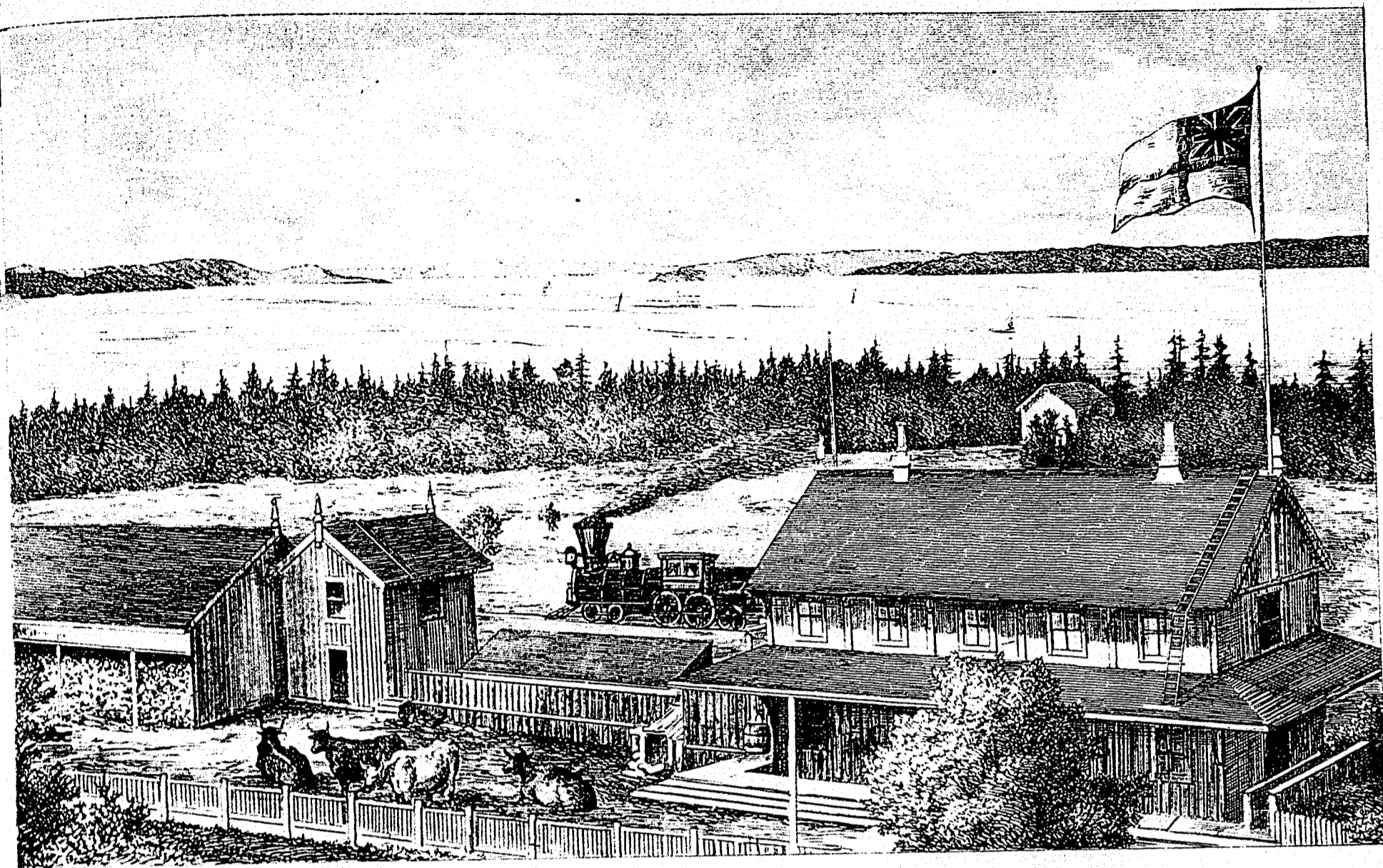
Composed of 18 letters.

My 3, 17, 2, 16, 18, 9 is a character from the Tempest. My 12, 3, 15, 3, 5, 16, 9, 13 is a character from Love's Labour Lost. My 13, 7, 11, 18, 5, 6, 14 is a character from Romeo and Juliet. My 10, 3, 12, 11, 8, 15 is a character from the Winter's Tale. My 1, 12, 18, 9, 4, 3 is a character from Taming the Shrew. And my whole is one of Shakespeare's plays.

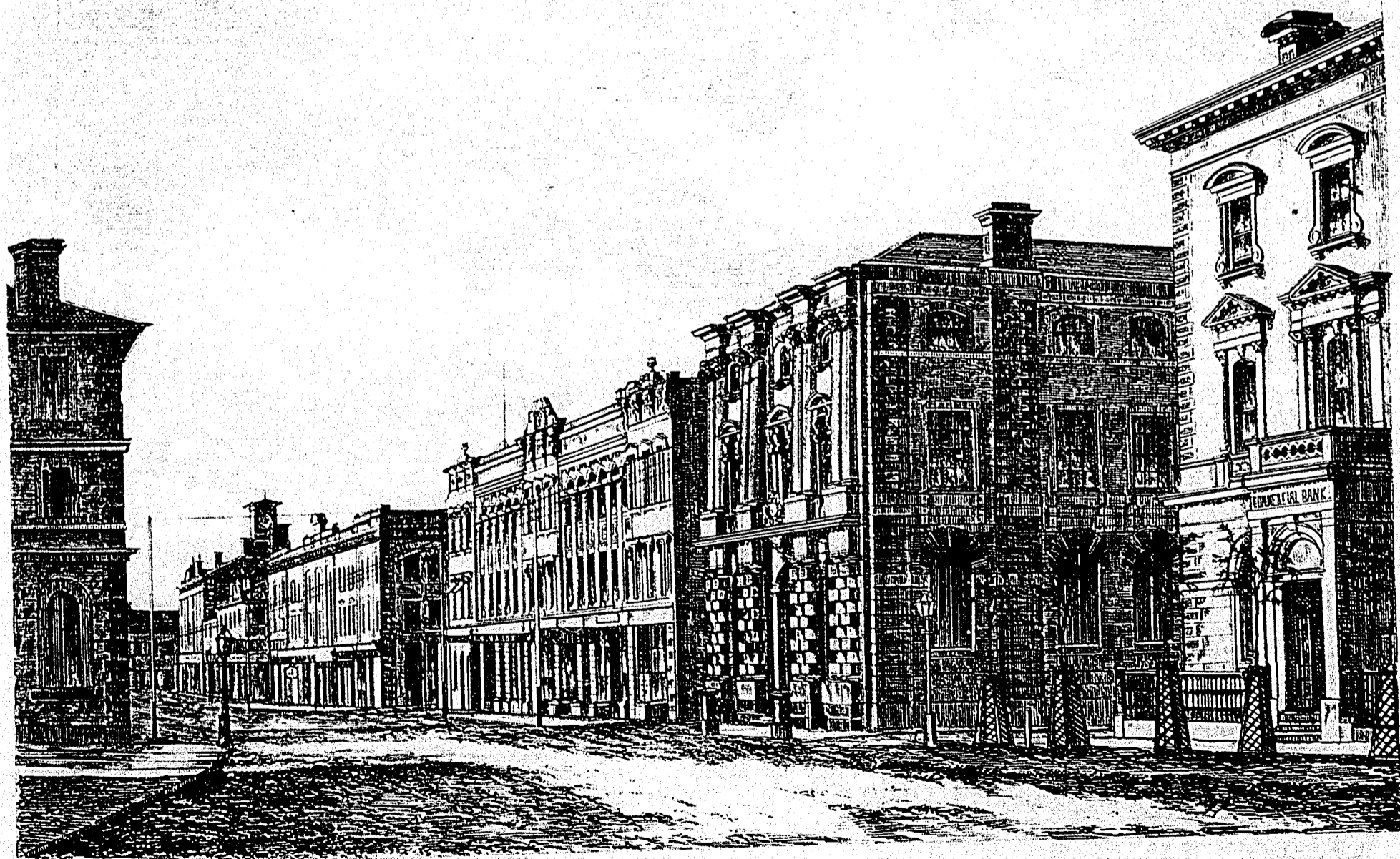
JOHN UNDERHILL.



MARRIED BLISS.



ROTHESAY STATION, ON THE E. & N. A. R. R., LOOKING TOWARDS GRAND BAY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. J. RUSSELL.



THE POST OFFICE AND BANK BUILDINGS, RICHMOND ST., LONDON, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. COOPER.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
SEPT. 9, 1871.

SUNDAY.	Sept. 3.	Thirtieth Sunday after Trinity. Sir Edward Coke died, 1634. Oliver Cromwell died, 1658.
MONDAY.	" 4.	River Hudson discovered, 1609. The French Republic proclaimed at Paris, 1870.
TUESDAY.	" 5.	First U. S. Congress, 1774. Lord Metcalfe died, 1846. The King of Prussia entered Rheims, 1870.
WEDNESDAY.	" 6.	Sir A. T. Galt born, 1817. Hannah More died, 1833. Arrival of the Prince Imperial in England, 1870.
THURSDAY.	" 7.	St. Eusebius, Bp., Buffon born, 1707. Dr. Johnson born, 1709. H. M. S. "Captain" foundered in the Bay of Biscay, 1870.
FRIDAY.	" 8.	Notificity of the B. V. M. Montreal capitulated, 1760. Arrival of the Empress Eugenie in England, 1870.
SATURDAY.	" 9.	Fall of Table Rock, N. Falls, 1853. Sebastopol taken, 1855. Bishop Fulford died, 1868. Capitulation of Laon, 1870.

TEN VOLUMES FOR ONE DOLLAR!

FROM THE FOLLOWING PENS:

CHARLES READE.
MISS BRADDON.
WILKIE COLLINS.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.
EDMUND YATES.
REV. DR. KEATINGE.
PERCY B. ST. JOHN.
LEOPOLD WRAY.
LOUISA ALLCOTT.
JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
Address—"HEARTHSTONE OFFICE,"
1 PLACE D'ARMES HILL.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

THE COMING GENERATION OF CRIMINALS.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—is a sacred and time-honoured maxim. Unhappily there are many exceptions to the rule, but experience has endorsed it, notwithstanding, as generally true. No one doubts that children in every social grade need training. It is far more necessary to them than to plants and animals of an inferior order. The natural inference is, that if they do not receive this training, they will be turned aside from the primal bent of their nature, and wrongly employ their intellectual endowments. Society ought to reflect on this, apropos of the waifs of our streets. What would be thought of the skill and tact of that agriculturist, who should sedulously uproot every weed in one part of his farm, but in another allow thistles, the most prolific of all weeds, to flourish, disseminating themselves in every passing breeze. And yet society is guilty of this stupid anachronism. It builds costly Jails and Penitentiaries for the dangerous classes, but utterly ignores the coming generation of criminals which is growing up in our midst,—a generation far exceeding the present in acute methods of evading law and infringing order, and therefore more dangerous to the community. The coming of the cholera makes us careful to eradicate the sources of zymotic disease,—*dirt and foul air*. A pestilential drain like the creek at Point St. Charles, of which such constant complaints have been made lately in our contemporaries, cannot be permitted to exist with safety to the community. How about those springs of moral contagion, the dwellings of the extreme poor? Society sedulously pinches its nose as it passes by them anxious not to inhale their exhalations. It gathers up its skirts, lest they be defiled with its mud. It strives to shut its eyes and ears to sights and scenes of violence, blasphemy and savagery. And then,—it lifts up! the white of its sanctimonious eyes, whenever these seeds of hell germinate and produce their NATURAL results.

It makes one shudder for the future to become even ever so slightly acquainted with these scenes.

We once heard a terrible reproof administered by a small ragged boy to a corpulent policeman, red with recent exertion at dinner. The boy was flattening his nose against a cook-shop window behind which numerous tempting viands were displayed. He could just get a faint odour now and then from the opening door, and like the *Ancient Mariner*, he devoured the feast with his eyes. The look of hungry longing, of *wolfish* craving, was a terrible spectacle. Suddenly he heard a stern voice exclaim, close to his ear: "*Move on!*" The boy turned round, surveyed the fat guardian of the law contemptuously, and replied reproachfully, "*You grudge a cove a snell!*" To give that hungry child a six-penny plate of roast meat and potatoes, did us more good than our own dinner. It is not much to assert that to children of this class, the highest idea of heaven is a *full stomach*. The Sunday school teacher who had been describing Paradise in the usual meaningless platitudes, was shocked at being asked, "*shall we have plenty of grub, and play marbles?*" Very coarse, no doubt. But what is the *significance* of such a question? It means that there is constantly preparing in our midst a class ready to re-

cruit the prison and the gallows, whose stern tutors are *Famine* and *Vice*. Just listen to the casual conversation of newsboys, who are no worse than other pariahs of our hybrid civilization. It is full of blasphemy, filth, and cursing. Visit their home—see in what foul dens they sleep, inhaling a pestilential atmosphere, pregnant with small-pox and fever. Look at their food—Why, *your dog*, my dear Sir, is better fed. They are taught like the Belouin to regard theft and cheating as marks of cleverness. To excel in all that characterises the full grown debauchee is looked on as *knowing* and manly. Many a boy dares not go home at night, unless he has raised a certain sum, from fear of brutal blows from the parents that spend his hard earnings in whiskey. Do you expect that such an one will grow up other than he has been trained? He may develop into an industrious man, but ten to one, he will become a thief or worse. The case of the *girls* is still worse. Montreal glories in its assumed morality, but those who have lived in it all their lives pronounce it a *whited sepulchre*. A respectable detective in half an hour's chat imparted to us a picture of crime and depravity most startling. Here, then, is work for the willing—*save the children!* Not by giving them a useless tract, nor by five dollars at an offertory, but stretch out loving hands to rescue them by persevering labour. Is it not a shame that this city boasts no public baths and wash-houses? The first step to reformation is a good wash. If no active organization is set on foot to succour our city arabs, let us not wonder that crime is on the increase, and the air rife with fell disease.

It is wholly unfair to expect that private beneficence, or the exertions of Religious Societies can cope with this evil in its present state. It has become too mighty for anything but an united, concentrated effort. The Government must spend money on Refuges, training schools, Reformatories, Model Farms, &c., ere any permanent result can be maintained. We can only suggest one, as immediately practical. The organization of a newsboys corps on the model of that founded by the Earl of Shaftesbury, in London, years ago. It has proven the salvation of hundreds of street waifs who else would have grown up confirmed thieves and vagabonds. It of course necessitates the outlay of money to clothe the boys in a decent uniform, and house them in a suitable building where they may be taught in the evenings and on Sundays. But the Report of the Field Lane establishment, in London, shows that the receipts quite equal the expenditure, while the good effected is incalculable. Surely, if no other reasons suggest the propriety of immediate action, *mere self-defence* should. It is no exaggeration to say that, out of the waifs of our streets, four-fifths are confirmed vagrants, while the majority are growing up in ignorance of everything, but the depravity which is gleaned from city slums. All of them are being pushed by the relentless force of untoward circumstances into the criminal practices in which many have become adepts in the dawn of their blighted lives. The major portion are boys rapidly preparing for the alm-houses, prisons and gallows, but hundreds are girls who have before them the darker horrors of prostitution, walking scoundrels, ambulating masses of contagion.

These facts plainly stated may sound ugly to ears polite, but what must the *facts* be whose bare mention is shocking? The coming generation of criminals rearing in our midst is a *Uras tree* casting a baleful and deadly shade over our finest cities, and most pleasant prospects.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Several notices which have been omitted this week for want of space, will appear in our next.

THEATRE ROYAL.—During the past few days Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the celebrated tragedian, has been playing at the Theatre, drawing immense crowds by his vivid impersonations of character. On Monday and Tuesday nights he appeared in the *role* of James Harebell, in "The Man O'Airle," a domestic drama brought out by Mr. Vining at the Princess' Theatre, in London, in 1867. On Friday, his benefit night, Mr. Barrett appears in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." On Saturday night Mr. Albaugh takes his benefit, making his last appearance. Mr. Albaugh has rendered himself so deservedly popular during his too brief term of management by his untiring endeavours to cater to the public taste, that we feel no doubt that the theatre-going portion of the citizens of Montreal will testify their gratitude to him for the many pleasant evenings they have enjoyed, by greeting him with an overflowing house. On Monday commences the engagement of the talented young actress, Miss Lillie Eldridge, with the new and original drama "Alma," in which she will be supported by a numerous and efficient company.

VIEW ON RICHMOND STREET, LONDON, ONT.

The view of a street in London the *less*, which appears on page 149, will probably astonish many of our readers in the Province of Quebec, who may have imagined that in Canada

handsome street architecture is confined to the provincial capitals alone. In this respect London, the chief city of Western Ontario, is wonderfully rich, and may well compare with its wealthier and larger sisters, Hamilton and Toronto. The handsome row of public buildings on Richmond Street, consisting of the Post Office, and sundry banking institutions, presents an appearance as handsome, if not quite as imposing, as that of any block in Montreal, which is further improved by the width of the streets—a quality in which some of the thoroughfares of the commercial metropolis are sadly deficient. In a city little over forty years old the possession of streets and buildings such as one sees in London, is the best proof of the industry and enterprise of the inhabitants. The Londoners anticipate that the census will show for their "Forest City," as they delight to call it, a very large percentage of increase both in wealth and population; and indeed this would not surprise us, for the enterprising people of the surrounding country having "struck it" as well as learned how to farm, London has become the seat of many thriving industries.

KENNEBECASSIS BAY AND ROTHESAY STATION,
E. & N. A. R. R.

The illustrations which we give in the present issue of Kennebecassis Bay, the scene of the boat race between the Tyne and St. John crews, form a fitting introductory to the other which are to follow, from the pencil of our special artist and correspondent, Mr. E. J. Russell. This bay is a branch or arm of the Grand Bay of the river St. John, and is a magnificent sheet of water. A more extensive view of it and its surroundings will be given in the sketch of the race to appear in our next issue.

Opposite the point of land jutting out on the right, as shown in the illustration of the bay, the turning boat was anchored, and our view of Rothesay Station, which is near that point, looks down the bay towards the starting point, which is opposite Riverside Station on the same railway, six miles from the City of St. John. Doubtless the race brought a large harvest of fares to the European and North American Railway, as the line runs within five hundred yards of the bay for the whole course.

GLOVES.

(Continued from page 87.)

As the North of Europe gives us the best furs, so does it also give us some of the best kid for gloves, as the binder, for instance, the kid of which is acknowledged to be excellent for glove manufacture. Russian leather has another peculiarity besides its particular colour, which is, that both sides are alike, which is not the case with others. But the kid at present most in vogue for gloves is the Hungarian, the French, and the Danish; the latter, however, although exquisite in colour and odour, is scarcely sufficiently elastic for ladies' gloves. It was about the 17th century that kid gloves became generally known; till then only thick leather, wooden, and linen gloves had been used. It is said that it was the Huguenots who, having fled from France, first introduced the use of kid gloves into the several countries in which they sought refuge; thus it seems that revolution, emigration, and other political changes have ever been the means of introducing fresh customs, fashions, manufactures, and arts into the commerce of nations; and thus it was that one of the most bloody religious wars in the world brought our present gloves into usage. It was also in the name of religion that the iron glove was invented, and used as the symbol of God's justice—such it was heated in holy fire by the servants of the Lord, and, when red hot, was thrust on the hand of the accused, to only who could withdraw his hand from the burning iron glove being pronounced innocent.

In reference once more to the manufacture of gloves, the first we read of in any period are those which Rebecca made for her son Jacob wherewith to deceive Isaac; thus, in reality, gloves were first used as means of deception, and Rebecca was their founder. Modern gloves, however, are not intended as mere cheats, but rather as protectors for the hand, and, consequently, should be made with that object in view. They should be soft and elastic so as to allow free movement to the hand and fingers, and not too tight. Many ladies who amuse themselves by doing a little amateur gardening and cooking wear their *old* kid gloves during the operation; that is a mistake—usual kid gloves are not thick enough to protect the hand against thorns and nettles whilst gardening, nor against the heat of the fire whilst cooking. Gardening and cooking gloves should be of leather, thick enough to shield the hand against any burn or scratch.

By the same rule priests' gloves, in ancient times, were made so as to cover only the upper part of the hand, leaving the inner part free for the performance of their priestly functions. These gloves were fastened to the fingers by straps or lacings inside, which only reached to the first finger joint, thus leaving the palm of the hand entirely free for prophecy. Bishops at confirmation should not wear gloves; hands, not gloves, should rest on the confirmand's head; nor, indeed, should confirmands wear either caps or veils, as the bishop's hands should rest upon their heads, not upon their veils. But, to return to gloves; a gloved hand ought never to be offered to receive a kiss—it would be as natural to kiss a masked cheek as to kiss a gloved hand. The custom of offering the hand to a lady is of all times and countries; and to be allowed to kiss a lady's hand has always been considered as a special sign of favour. Shakespeare, who knew the manners of countries more than any other man, makes Cleopatra give her hand to kiss as a reward for a service which she considered above the price of gold or jewellery; which shows that even in those times it was thought the highest honour to kiss the hand, but not the gloves; and this reminds me of a curious anecdote I was reading some little time since respecting a German monarch, who was returning home after the Seven Years' War. His subjects, elated with the proclamation of peace and success, flew to meet him, surrounded his carriage, and clamoured to kiss his hand. The warrior, however, apparently demurred at having his hand pulled *ad libitum* by the shouting crowd, yet knew not how to pacify them, when one of his ministers bethought himself of the expedient of holding out the monarch's *glove* on a cane through the carriage window, which trick answered perfectly well, for the people were too mad with joy to think. They seized the glove, covered it with rapturous kisses, and were happy. I may add that the inventor of the subterfuge was allowed, ever after, to bear a silver glove on a blue background upon his shield.

Orators have known the value of a hand and its expression, for a fine hand has more than once come to the help of an indifferent speaker; whereas a glove, especially an ill-fitting one, might destroy the effect of the best of speeches.

I now come to my last paragraph, namely, glove fastenings. Since the time, about a hundred years ago, when an Englishman first invented clasps to fasten gloves to the arm, there have been many and various changes in the mode of fastening, but with very little improvement. Buttons, which are seldom properly sewn on to the glove, generally come off at the first attempt to button, as every lady knows to her annoyance. Then, again, elastics draw the hand and cause it to swell, so they are of no material service, hence we are still in want of something better than buttons, clasps, hooks, or elastics wherewith to fasten our gloves without pinching, pressing, coming off, or causing our veins to swell; and gloves will not be perfect till a comfortable and safe fastening be invented.

Apropos, there is a new way of buttoning boots (an American invention, I think), which, with a little alteration, might perhaps be available for gloves as well as boots; this is to have buttons each side of the boot (or glove), and to run a lace round one button on one side, and then round one on the other, and so on, till all are laced; then draw together according to pleasure, and tie. This process answers admirably for boots, why should it not, with amendment, answer for gloves?—*Correspondence in Land and Water.*

SCIENTIFIC.

Dr. Prestel, a German naturalist, attributes the cold weather in Europe, during the late spring, to the frequency of aurora borealis and spots on the sun. He says that the same kind of weather, and a frequent occurrence of those phenomena, were observed in 1838, 1840, and 1866, in intervals, therefore, of eleven years, and prophesies a comparatively cool summer and cool fall for Europe.

R. D. Munson is a persistent Yankee, a native of Williston, Vermont, who has devoted ten of his fourscore years to the achievement of making a clock that is more complicatedly ingenious than the Strasbourg time-piece, and is vastly more serviceable. It runs eight days, and the dial marks the second, minute, hour, and day of the week, month, and year; a thermometer rests against its pendulum, giving the state of temperature; the ball of the pendulum contains a miniature time-piece, which derives its motive power solely from its vibrating position, and keeps accurate time; with this there is a delightful musical apparatus, which plays an air at the end of each hour, and it is piously preconcerted so as to play only sacred tunes on Sunday, beginning and ending with the "Doxology." On national holidays the airs are diversified patriotically with "Yankee Doodle," &c. This wonderful time-piece presents a black-walnut front ten feet deep, and is embellished with profuse scroll-work and national designs.

PREPARATION FOR GUN COTTON.—Mix in any convenient glass vessel one and a half ounce (by measure) of nitric acid, of the specific gravity from 1.45 to 1.5, with an equal quantity of sulphuric acid, specific gravity 1.8; when the mixture has cooled, place 100 grains of fine cotton wool in a Wedgewood mortar, pour the acid over it, and with a glass rod saturate the cotton as quickly as possible. Then pour out the acid, and squeeze the cotton with the pestle. Then wash it in water several times, or let the tap flow upon it until the acid is washed out, and no acid is perceived. Then squeeze it and dry it in warm air, and it is all ready.

ANATOMY OF A PIANO FORTE.—The actual materials used in a pianoforte may be worth stating. In every instrument, there are 15 kinds of wood, viz.: pine, maple, spruce, cherry, walnut, whitewood, apple, basswood and birch, all of which are indigenous; and mahogany, ebony, holly, cedar, beech and rosewood, from Honduras, Ceylon, England, South America and Germany. In this combination elasticity, strength, pliability, toughness, resonance, lightness, durability and beauty are individual qualities, and the general result is voice. There are also used of the metals, iron, steel, brass, white metal, gun metal and lead. There are in the same instrument of seven and a half octaves, when completed, 214 strings, making a total length of 787 feet of steel wire, and 500 feet of white (covering) wire. Such a piano will weigh from 900 to 1,000 pounds, and will last with constant use (not abuse) fifteen or twenty years. The total manufacture of pianos in New York alone averages 15,000 per annum.

COTTON BILLIARD BALLS.—We have in this city, says the Albany *Argus*, a manufactory of billiard balls, which, after some trials, has turned out a perfect success. The balls are made of cotton fibre or Asiatic hemp, which, when submitted to hydraulic pressure, becomes as solid as stone and as elastic as metal. The ivory ball is liable to warp, and so becomes uncertain in its movements. When this happens it has to be turned, and is thus reduced in size. The colour, too, is only surface deep. The new patent gives a ball of standard weight and equal thickness, of absolute hardness, and of a colour that permeates the whole enamelling. It is received with great favour by players, and finds a market in the Pacific States, the Mississippi Valley, New Orleans and Texas. Nearer home it is not yet in general use—but the few defects that attended the first experiment are now amended, and it is destined to supplant the ivory ball everywhere, for it costs only half the price of the latter.

The French are a gay-souled people. Now that the Prussians are gone from the neighbourhood of Paris they are pronounced to have been *des bons diables* after all. At Sardou's place at La Jonchère not an article has been carried off, and so pleased is the dramatist with the order and cleanliness the enemy has left behind that he declares his bold intention of introducing a Prussian into his new piece, and giving him a good rôle. It is evident that the dramatist must be appreciated at Berlin, for the only trace of the passage of the German hosts at La Jonchère was found in the shape of a written card affixed to the bedroom chimney:—"Monsieur Sardou,—Your chimney must have troubled you, for it smoked confoundedly. It has been rectified, and will smoke no more. To think of a man of your talent being condemned to endure such a nuisance! We had but to make it a chimney *à la Prussienne*, and it was cured instantly. Could not the hint be taken for many other things in France?"

MISCELLANEOUS

In the Bourse at Cologne a box is fixed to receive contributions towards the completion of the cathedral. After a lapse of three years it has just been opened, and found to contain 10 gros. (1s.)

A QUEER SECT—NO CHURCH ON SUNDAY.—The following advertisement appeared in a Swindon paper last week:—"Free Christian Church, New Swindon, Sunday, July 2nd, 1871.—In consequence of this being what is called 'Trip Sunday' at New Swindon, this church will be closed for the whole day." "Rest awhile." (6 Mark, 31 v.)

The French officers, while prisoners of war in Germany, returned the compliment of Prussia by inspecting the weakness of the country and its resources for the purposes of invasion, just as the Prussian spies spied out the weakness and resources of France when war was being meditated. It is said the information is very valuable.

Nottingham builders must have faith in their works, for they seem to fancy that a Wesleyan chapel recently built there will stand for more than a thousand years. They have enclosed in the foundation-stone of that edifice some information addressed "To Macanlay's New Zealander, or any other person it may interest, in or about A.D. 2960."

The following lines, the authorship of which is unknown, give in a few words the history of the "Tichborne case" so far as it has been already unravelled:—

The firm of Baxter, Rose, and Norton,
Deny the claimant's Arthur Orton,
But can't deny, what's more important,
That he has done what Arthur oughtn't,

The Right Rev. Dr. Goss, when he expressed the solemn belief that a "birch rod was the handiest and handsomest article of domestic furniture," forgot to add that it should be placed in the hands of a "handy" and determined person. An individual who must meet all the special requirements advertises thus in the *Guardian* newspaper:—"Barrister's daughter (thirty-five), healthy, good-tempered, and cheerful, desires a matrimony. Is experienced in applying the birch-rod. Address, &c."

There is something very amusing in the idea of what may be called the "fitness of things" in regard to snuff-taking, which occurred to an honest Highlander, a genuine lover of "sneeshin." At the door of the Blair Athol Hotel he observed standing a magnificent man in full tartans, and noticed with much admiration the wide dimensions of his nostrils in a fine turned-up nose. He accosted him, and, as his most complimentary act, offered him his mull for a pinch. The stranger drew up, and rather haughtily said, "I never take snuff." "Oh," said the other, "that's a peety, for there's grand accommodation!"

ELECTIONEERING BRIBERY.—An English attorney remarks that nothing is easier to carry out than bribery, if common prudence be only observed. He tells of a case in which he was professionally employed to supply *sub rosa* £2,000 to an important electioneering agent. He was desired to be looking in at a print-shop window in the Strand precisely at twelve o'clock, when a party behind would tap him on the shoulder, and repeat a line of Shakspeare; that at five minutes past twelve he would receive another tap, and have a second line from the same illustrious author repeated in his ear; that a further interval of five minutes would ensue—his watch to be consulted—when the immortal Shakspeare, already made a *particeps criminis*, was again to be a subsidiary—to what vile uses do we come at least!—and a third line from his divine page administered with the indispensable tap on the shoulder. "Then to some foul corrupting hand, their craving lusts with fatal bounty fed, they fall a willing, undefended prize." After this, the learned gentleman handed from his pocket to his poetical but mythical friend behind, a packet containing the bank-notes. When the disputed election came to be investigated before a Parliamentary committee, he was able to swear that the person produced was one whom he had never seen in his life.

It is clear that, when the Prussians come to add up their losses for the last year, they will have to establish a separate column for the unfortunate Werthers of the army who have perished since the cessation of hostilities. It is not long ago that a good-looking Prussian officer blew out his brains on being rejected by a buxom widow at Amiens, though he had broken ground and made his approaches in a manner worthy of a favourite disciple of General von Moltke. Another German officer fell romantically in love with a girl of sweet seventeen, and though he was successful at first, was finally defeated. The fact was that the marriage day was named, when the news arrived that the brother of the betrothed had been beaten to death at Spandau, at which fort he was a prisoner. Officer No. 2, on being repulsed, refused his rations, and finally died of starvation. The fate of another amorous hero is for the moment undecided. He appears to have met with considerable success at the commencement of his campaign, but towards the end of the operations the young lady of Metz to whose heart he was laying storm demanded as the price of her surrender the exorbitant sum of five millions. Nothing more has been heard of this officer, who is supposed to have perished in the waves of the Moselle. It is clear that if the Prussian troops remain much longer in France they will do well to establish a Lover's Leap, in imitation of the famous rock at the Cape of Leucade, where a special office may be created for the purpose of keeping a register of the names and woes of these interesting youths, and furnishing matter for a true chronicle of Rejected Addresses.

MISTAKEN JEALOUSY.—A very amusing incident occurred at the corner of a certain well-known business street in London. A lady, about entering an omnibus, saw, as she supposed, her husband taking tender leave of another woman at the point in question. With a rather hasty judgment, she rapidly regained the street and approached the lady, who, standing at the corner, was still looking after the gentleman, who had gone into a shop. "You seem to be very well acquainted with that gentleman," was her sudden and unexpected salutation. "Madam!" was the surprised rejoinder, accompanied by a look which clearly denoted her suspicions of the questioner's sanity. "I say you appear to be acquainted with that gentleman." "Well, yes—I think I ought to be." "How long have you known him?" "A number of years. He's my husband." "Indeed! He's mine too." "What do you mean?" cried the lady, evidently greatly excited. "Just what I say. He's my husband!" The lady darted into the shop, and the next

moment re-appeared with the unfortunate benedict. "William, this lady says you are her husband!" One glance, however, was sufficient; the lady saw her mistake, and crying with vexation and shame, frankly confessed her error.

If tourists in Wales are very sharp, they may detect to the left of Trevor Hall, some curiously shaped fields in the valley below them. It is said—and the story has the merit of being true—that a London tailor, "a member of the tillocracy," as Jerrold would have called him, once purchased the property with money saved in the exercise of his art, and in remembrance of his success he hedged certain fields so as to make them resemble the various parts of a dress-coat ready "cut out" for his subordinates to put together.

NOVEL SUBSTITUTE FOR GUTTA PERCHA.—A singular marine plant is washed up on the shores in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, which has come into considerable use as a substitute for gutta percha and similar substances, in the manufacture of fancy articles, such as canes, picture frames, inlaid work, etc. It is of a dark colour, and, when fresh, it is thick and fleshy; but when it is dried it becomes compact, and its surface looks like a beautifully grained deer's horn. After it becomes dry and hard, it can be rendered soft again by steeping in water, and in this condition may be stretched and formed into various shapes. It can also be reduced, when dry, to powder, then made plastic by soaking in water, and in this condition it may be stuck into almost any shape in a die press—coming out of the mould like articles formed of gutta percha. The plant is prepared for its industrial uses by cleaning it first with weak caustic alkali, and then with diluted sulphuric acid, after which it is washed, and before it is quite dry it may be pressed into sheets or any other form. It then may be rendered very hard by steeping it in a hot solution of alum, after which it is removed to a hot room where it is dried, and retains its shape afterward. Reduced to powder, it may also be mixed with various substances, like india rubber, and moulded into a great variety of articles.—*Coll. Courant.*

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Kerosene applied with a cloth to stoves will keep them from rusting during the summer. It is also an excellent material to apply to all iron utensils used about a farm.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—Salt, sprinkled upon the carpet before sweeping, will make it look bright and clean. This is also a good preventive against moths.

Mildewed linen may be restored by soaping the spots, and, while wet, covering them with fine chalk scraped to powder, and well rubbed in.

To drain land in level places, sink a well down to the first porous stratum. The water from the upper soil will flow readily into the well, especially if drain pipes or tiles be laid in its direction.

WASHING FLANNELS.—A correspondent writes to the editor of the *Household* as follows:—"I notice among the hints to housekeepers that flannels should always be washed in hot water and scalded to prevent shrinking. This is exactly contrary to my method, and my flannels never shrink, but grow thinner until worn out. I always wash them in lukewarm water, rubbing on as much soap as is necessary, then rinse in cold water."

WET CLOTHES.—Handle a wet hat as lightly as possible. Wipe it as dry as you can with a silk handkerchief; and when nearly dry, use a soft brush. If the fur should stick together in any part, damp it lightly with a sponge dipped in beer or vinegar, and then brush it till dry. Put the stick or stretcher into a damp hat, to keep it in proper shape. When a coat gets wet, wipe it down the way of the nap with a sponge or silk handkerchief. Do not put wet boots or shoes near the fire.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Crush the berries with a wooden pestle in a wooden tub or bucket; draw off all the juice, and add to it an equal quantity of water, and two pounds of refined sugar for each gallon of the mixture. Keep it in jars till the fermentation is complete, and then bottle and cork it up. A second fermentation will take place in the ensuing spring, during which another pound of sugar should be added to each gallon. The wine thus prepared will keep well, and improve by age.

TANNING LEATHER.—The following recipe for tanning leather may prove useful to any farmer who is not already acquainted with it. Soak the hide eight or nine days in water, then put it in lime; take it out, and remove the hair by rubbing it, and soak the hide in clear water until the lime is entirely out. Put one pound of alum to three of salt, dissolve in a vessel, containing water, sufficiently large to hold the hide; soak the hide in it three or four days, then take it out, let it get half dry, and then beat or rub it until it becomes pliable. Leather prepared by this process will not do very well for shoes, but answers well enough for ham strings, back bands, and various other purposes on the farm.

FIVE WAYS TO DESTROY ANTS.—1. Pour copiously hot water as near the boiling point as possible, down their burrows and over their hills, and repeat the operation several times.

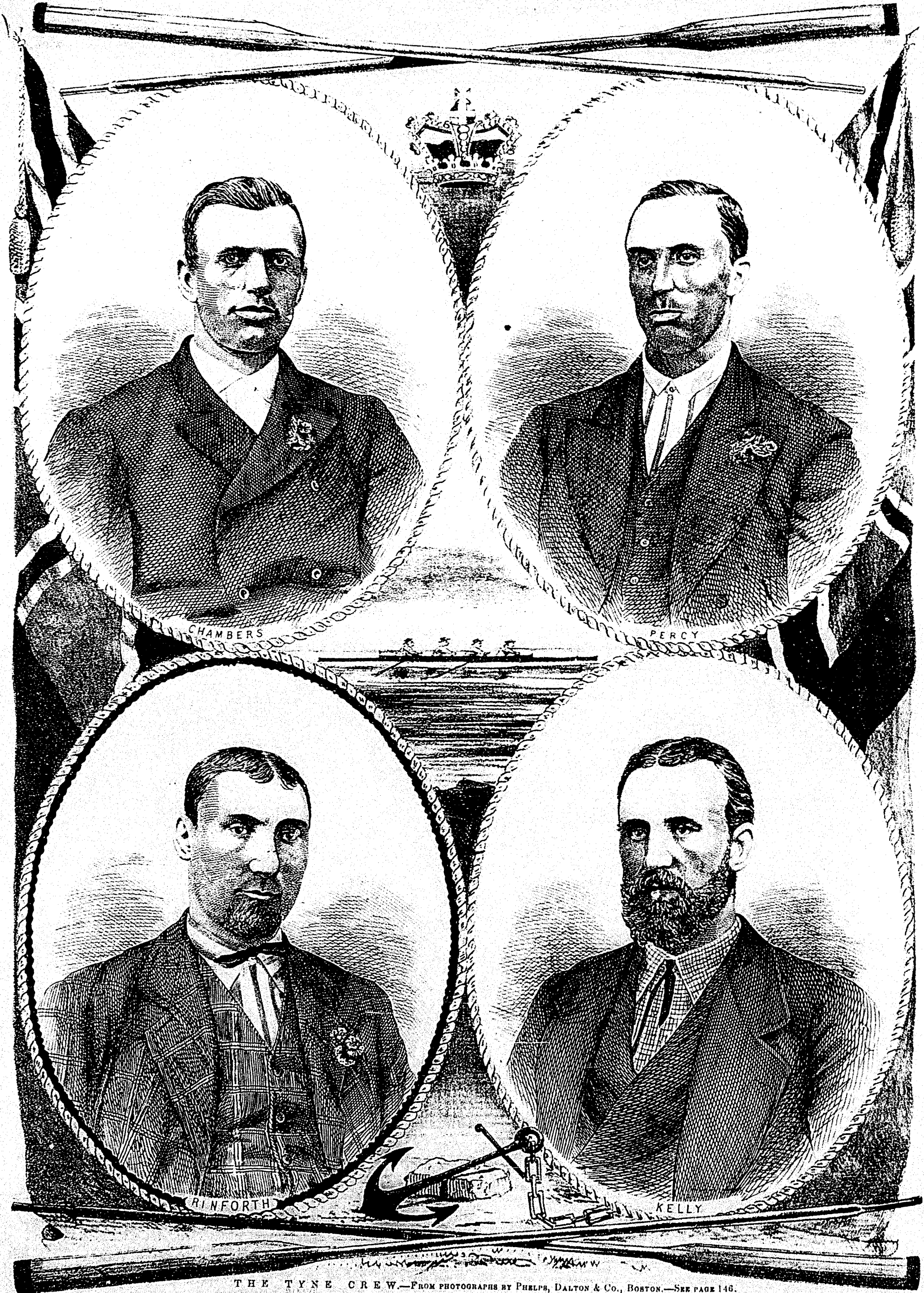
2. Entrap the ants by means of narrow sheets of stiff paper or strips of board, covered with some sweet, sticky substance. The ants are attracted by the sweet, and sticking fast, can be destroyed as often as a sufficient number are entrapped.

3. Lay fresh bones around their haunts. They will leave everthing else to attack these, and when thus accumulated, dip them in hot water.

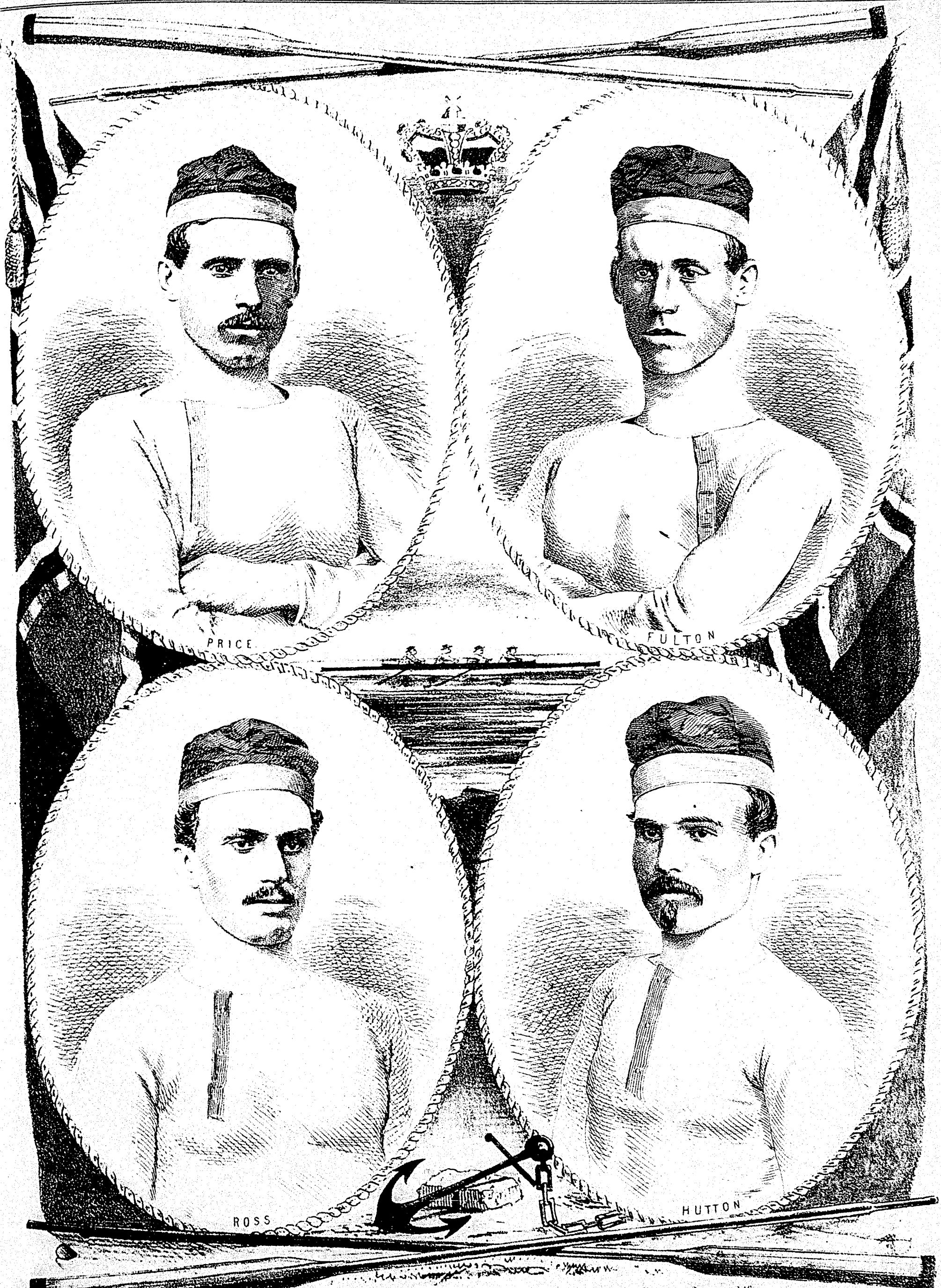
4. Pour two or three spoonfuls of coal oil into their holes, and they will abandon the nest.

5. Bury a few slices of onions in their nests, and they will abandon them.

WATERING PLANTS WITH HOT WATER.—It has lately been shown, by careful experiment, that sickly potted plants, even some that have almost died out, can be greatly benefited, and sometimes, indeed, entirely restored to vigour, by applying warm water to them instead of cold. In certain cases, oleanders which had never bloomed, or did so only imperfectly, after being treated with luke-warm water, increasing the temperature gradually from 140° up to 170° F, produced the most magnificent luxuriance of bloom. Similar results occurred with an old plant of Hoya, and also with an India rubber tree which had nearly withered away. In all these cases the application of water heated to about 110° F, without any other precaution, caused a new and flourishing growth.



THE TYNE CREW.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHELPS, DALTON & CO., BOSTON.—SEE PAGE 146.



PRICE

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HUTTON

THE ST. JOHN CREW.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHELPS, DALTON & Co., BOSTON.—SEE PAGE 146.

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,
Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOUSE-STEWARD.

My uncle had had the watch cleaned and repaired for me, so that notwithstanding its great age, it was yet capable of a doubtful sort of service. Its caprices were almost human, but they never impaired the credit of its possession in the eyes of my school-fellows; rather they added to the interest of the little machine, inasmuch as no one could foretell its behaviour under any circumstances. We were far offener late now, when we went out for a ramble. Heretofore we had used our faculties and consulted the sky—now we trusted to the watch, and indeed acted as if it could regulate the time to our convenience, and carry us home afterwards. We regarded it, in respect of time, very much as some people regard the Bible in respect of eternity. And the consequences were similar. We made an idol of it, and the idol played as the usual idol-pranks.

But I think the possession of the sword, in my own eyes a far grander thing than the watch, raised me yet higher in the regard of my companions. We could not be on such intimate terms with the sword, for one thing, as with the watch. It was in more senses than one beyond our sphere—a thing to be regarded with awe and reverence. Mr. Elder had most wisely made no objection to my having it in our bed-room; but he drove two nails into the wall and hung it high above my reach, saying the time had not come for my handling it. I believe the good man respected the ancient weapon, and wished to preserve it from such usage as it might have met with from boys. It was the more a constant stimulus to my imagination, and I believe insensibly to my moral nature as well, connecting me in a kind of dim consciousness with foregone ancestors who had, I took it for granted, done well on the battle-field. I had the sense of an inherited character to sustain in the new order of things. But there was more in its influence which I can hardly define—the inheritance of it even gave birth to a certain sense of personal dignity.

Although I never thought of visiting Moldwarp Hall again without an invitation, I took my companions more than once into the woods which lay about it: thus far I used the right of my acquaintance with the housekeeper. One day in spring, I had gone with them to the old narrow bridge. I was particularly fond of visiting it. We lingered a long time about Queen Elizabeth's oak; and by climbing up on each other's shoulders, and so gaining some stumps of vanished boughs, had succeeded in clambering, one after another, into the wilderness of its branches, where the young buds were now pushing away the withered leaves before them, as the young generations of men push the older into the grave. When my turn came, I climbed and climbed until I had reached a great height in its top. Then I sat down, holding by the branch over my head, and began to look about me. Below was an entangled net, as it seemed—a labyrinth of boughs, branches, twigs, and shoots. If I had fallen I could hardly have reached the earth. Through this envolving mass of lines, I caught glimpses of the country around—green fields, swelling into hills, where the fresh foliage was bursting from the trees; and below, the little stream ever pursuing its busy way, by a devious but certain path to its unknown future. Then my eyes turned to the tree-clad ascent on the opposite side: through the topmost of its trees shone a golden spark, a glimmer of yellow fire. It was the vane on the highest tower of the Hall. A great desire seized me to look on the lordly pile once more. I descended in haste, and proposed to my companions that we should climb through the woods, and have a peep at the house. The eldest, who was in a measure in charge of us—his name was Bardsley, for Fox was gone—proposed to consult my watch first. Had we known that the faithless thing had stopped for an hour and a half, and then resumed its onward course as if nothing had happened, we should not have delayed our return. As it was, off we scampered for the pack-horse bridge, which we left behind us only after many frog-leaps over the obstructing stones at the ends. Then up through the wood we went like wild creatures, abstaining however from all shouting and mischief, aware that we were on sufferance only. At length we stood on the verge of the descent, when to our surprise we saw the sun getting low in the horizon. Clouds were gathering overhead, and a wailful wind made one moaning sweep through the trees behind us in the hollow. The sun had hidden his shape but not his splendour in the skirts of the white clouds which were closing in around him. Spring as it was, I thought I smelled snow in the air. But the same which had drawn me shone brilliant against a darkening cloud, like a golden bird in the sky. We looked at each other, not in dismay exactly,

but with a common feeling that the elements were gathering against us. The wise way would of course have been to turn at once and make for home; but the watch had to be considered. Was the watch right, or was the watch wrong? Its health and conduct were of the greatest interest to the commonweal. That question must be answered. We looked from the watch to the sun, and back from the sun to the watch. Steady to all appearance as the descending sun itself, the hands were trotting and crawling along their appointed way, with a look of unconscious innocence, in the midst of their diamond coronet. I volunteered to settle the question: I would run to the Hall, ring the bell, and ask leave to go as far into the court as to see the clock on the central tower. The proposition was applauded. I ran, rang, and being recognized by the portress, was at once admitted. In a moment I had satisfied myself of the treachery of my bosom-friend, and was turning to leave the court, when a lattice opened, and I heard a voice calling my name. It was Mrs. Wilson's. She beckoned me. I went up under the window.

"Why don't you come and see me, Master Cumbermede?" she said.

"You didn't ask me, Mrs. Wilson. I should have liked to come very much."

"Come in, then, and have tea with me now."

"No, thank you," I answered. "My schoolfellows are waiting for me, and we are too late already. I only came to see the clock."

"Well, you must come soon, then."

"I will, Mrs. Wilson. Good night," I answered, and away I ran, opened the wicket for myself, set my foot in the deep shoe-mould, then rushed down the rough steps and across the grass to my companions.

When they heard what time it was, they turned without a word, and in less than a minute, we were at the bottom of the hill and over the bridge. The wood followed us with a moan which was gathering to a roar. Down in the meadow it was growing dark. Before we reached the lodge, it had begun to rain, and the wind, when we got out upon the road, was blowing a gale. We were seven miles from home. Happily the wind was in our back, and, wet to the skin, but not so weary because of the aid of the wind, we at length reached Aldwick. The sole punishment we had for being so late—and that was more a precaution than a punishment—was that we had to go to bed immediately after a hurried tea. To face and fight the elements is, however, an invaluable lesson in childhood, and I do not think those parents do well who are over careful to preserve all their children from all inclemencies of weather or season.

When the next holiday drew near, I once more requested and obtained permission to visit Moldwarp Hall. I am now puzzled to understand why my uncle had not interdicted it, but certainly he had laid no injunctions upon me in regard thereto. Possibly he had communicated with Mrs. Wilson: I do not know. If he had requested Mr. Elder to prevent me, I could not have gone. So far however must this have been from being the case, that on the eve of the holiday, Mr. Elder said to me: "If Mrs. Wilson should ask you to stay all night, you may."

I suspect he knew more about some things than I did. The notion of staying all night seemed to me, however, out of the question. Mrs. Wilson could not be expected to entertain me to that extent. I fancy, though, that she had written to make the request. My schoolfellows accompanied me as far as the bridge, and there left me. Mrs. Wilson received me with notable warmth, and did propose that I should stay all night, to which I gladly agreed, more, it must be confessed, from the attraction of the old house than the love I bore to Mrs. Wilson.

"But what is that you are carrying?" she asked.

"It was my sword. This requires a little explanation."

It was natural enough that on the eve of a second visit, as I hoped, to the armoury, I should, on going up to bed, lift my eyes with longing look to my own sword. The thought followed—what a pleasure it would be to compare it with the other swords in the armoury. If I could only get it down and smuggle it away with me! It was my own. I believed Mr. Elder would not approve of this, but at the same time he had never told me not to take it down: he had only hung it too high for any of us to reach it—almost close to the ceiling in fact. But a want of enterprise was not then a fault of mine, and the temptation was great. So when my chum was asleep, I rose, and by the remnant of a fading moon, got together the furniture—no easy undertaking when the least noise would have betrayed me. Fortunately there was a chest of drawers not far from under the object of my ambition, and I managed by half inches to move it the few feet necessary. On the top of this I hoisted the small dressing-table, which being only of deal, was very light. The chest of drawers was large enough to hold my small box beside the table. I got on the drawers by means of a chair, then by means of the box I got on the table, and so succeeded in getting down the sword. Having replaced the furniture, I laid

the weapon under my bolster, and was soon fast asleep. The moment I woke, I got up, and before the house was stirring, had deposited the sword in an outbuilding whence I could easily get it off the premises. Of course my companions knew, and I told them all my design. Moberly hinted that I ought to have asked Mr. Elder, but his was the sole remark in that direction.

"It is my sword, Mrs. Wilson," I answered. "How do you come to have a sword?" she asked. "It is hardly a fit plaything for you."

I told her how it had been in the house since long before I was born, and that I had brought it to compare with some of the swords in the armoury.

"Very well," she answered. "I daresay we can manage it; but when Mr. Close is at home, it is not very easy to get into the armoury. He's so jealous of any one touching his swords and guns!"

"Who is Mr. Close, then?"

"Mr. Close is the house-steward."

"But they're not his, then, are they?"

"It's quite enough that he thinks so. He has a fancy for that sort of thing. I'm sure I don't see anything so precious in the rusty old rubbish."

I suspected that, as the saying is, there was no love lost between Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Close. I learned afterwards that he had been chaplain to a regiment of foot, which, according to rumour, he had had to leave for misconduct. This was in the time of the previous owner of Moldwarp Hall, and nobody now knew the circumstances under which he had become house-steward—a position in which Sir Giles, when he came to the property, had retained his services.

"We are going to have company, and a dance, this evening," continued Mrs. Wilson. "I hardly know what to do with you, my hands are so full."

This was not very consistent with her inviting me to stay all night, and confirms my suspicion that she had made a request to that purport of Mr. Elder, for otherwise, surely, she would have sent me home.

"Oh! never mind me, Mrs. Wilson," I said. "If you will let me wander about the place, I shall be perfectly comfortable."

"Yes; but you might get in the way of the family, or the visitors," she said.

"I'll take good care of that," I returned. "Surely there is room in this huge place without running against any one."

"There ought to be," she answered.

After a few minutes' silence, she resumed: "We shall have a good many of them staying all night, but there will be room for you, I daresay. What would you like to do with yourself till they begin to come?"

"I should like to go to the library," I answered, thinking, I confess, of the adjacent armoury as well. "Should I be in the way there?"

"No; I don't think you would," she replied thoughtfully. "It's not often any one goes there."

"Who takes charge of the books?" I asked.

"Oh! books don't want much taking care of," she replied. "I have thought of having them down and dusting the place out, but it would be such a job! and the dust don't signify upon old books. They ain't of much count in this house. Nobody heeds them."

"I wish Sir Giles would let me come and put them in order in the holidays," I said, little knowing how altogether unfit I yet was for such an undertaking.

"Ah well! we'll see. Who knows?"

"You don't think he would?" I exclaimed.

"I don't know. Perhaps he might. But I thought you were going abroad soon."

I had not said anything to her on the subject. I had never had an opportunity.

"Who told you that, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Never your mind. A little bird. Now you had better go to the library. I daresay you won't hurt anything, for Sir Giles, although he never looks at the books, would be dreadfully angry if he thought anything were happening to them."

"I'll take as good care of them as if they were my uncle's. He used to let me handle his as much as I liked. I used to mend them up for him. I'm quite accustomed to books, I assure you, Mrs. Wilson."

"Come then; I will show you the way," she said.

"I think I know the way," I answered. For I had pondered so much over the place, and had, I presume, filled so many gaps of recollection with creations of fancy, that I quite believed I knew my way all about the house.

"We shall see," she returned with a smile. "I will take you the nearest way, and you shall tell me on your honour if you remember it."

She led the way, and I followed. Passing down the stone stair and through several rooms, mostly plain bedrooms, we arrived at a wooden staircase of which there were few in the place. We ascended a little way, crossed one or two rooms more, came out on a small gallery open to the air, a sort of covered bridge across a gulf in the building, re-entered, and after crossing other rooms, tapestried, and

to my eyes richly furnished, arrived at the first of those occupied by the library.

"Now did you know the way, Wilfrid?"

"Not in the least," I answered. "I cannot think how I could have forgotten it so entirely. I am ashamed of myself."

"You have no occasion," she returned. "You never went that way at all."

"Oh, dear me!" I said; "what a place it is! I might lose myself in it for a week."

"You would come out somewhere, if you went on long enough, I daresay. But you must not leave the library till I come and fetch you. You will want some dinner before long."

"What time do you dine?" I asked, putting my hand to my watch-pocket.

"Ah! you've got a watch—have you? But indeed on a day like this, I dine when I can. You needn't fear. I will take care of you."

"Mayn't I go into the armoury?"

"If you don't mind the risk of meeting Mr. Close. But he's not likely to be there to-day."

She left me with fresh injunctions not to stir till she came for me. But I now felt the place to be so like a rabbit-warren, that I dared not leave the library, if not for the fear of being lost, then for the fear of intruding upon some of the family. I soon nestled in a corner, with books behind, books before, and books all around me. After trying several spots, like a miner searching for live lodes, and finding nothing auriferous to my limited capacities and tastes, I had at length struck upon a rich vein, had instantly dropped on the floor, and, with my back against the shelves, was now immersed in "The Seven Champions of Christendom." As I read, a ray of light which had been creeping along the shelves behind me leaped upon my page. I looked up. I had not yet seen the room so light. Nor had I perceived before in what confusion and with what disrespect the books were heaped upon the shelves. A dim feeling awoke in me that to restore such a world to order would be like a work of creation; but I sunk again forthwith in the delights of a feast provided for an imagination which had in general to feed itself. I had here all the delight of invention without any of its effort.

At length I became aware of some weariness. The sunbeam had vanished, not only from the page, but from the room. I began to stretch my arms. As the tension of their muscles relaxed, my hand fell upon the sword which I had carried with me and laid on the floor by my side. It awoke another mental nerve. I would go and see the armoury.

I rose, and wandered slowly through room after room of the library, dragging my sword after me. When I reached the last, there, in the corner next the outer wall of the house, rose the three stone steps, leading to the little door that communicated with the treasury of ancient strife. I stood at the foot of the steps, irresolute for a moment, fearful lest my black man, Mr. Close, should be within, polishing his weapons perhaps, and fearful in his wrath I ascended the steps, listened at the door, heard nothing, lifted the old, quaintly-formed latch, peeped in, and entered. There was the whole collection, abandoned to my eager gaze and eager hands! How long I stood, taking down weapon after weapon, examining each like an old book, speculating upon modes of use, and intention of varieties in form, pointing over adornment and mounting, I cannot tell. Historically the whole was a sealed book; individually I made a thorough acquaintance with not a few, noting the differences and resemblances between them and my own, and instead of losing conceit of the latter, finding more and more reasons for holding it dear and honourable. I was poising in one hand, with the blade upright in the air—for otherwise I could scarcely have held it in both—a huge two-handed, double-bladed sword with serrated double edge, when I heard a step approaching, and before I had well replaced the sword, a little door in a corner which I had scarcely noticed—the third door to the room—opened, and down the last steps of the narrowest of winding stairs, a little man in black screwed himself into the armoury. I was startled but not altogether frightened. I felt myself grasping my own sword somewhat nervously in my left hand, as I abandoned the great one, and let it fall back with a clang into its corner.

"By the powers!" exclaimed Mr. Close, revealing himself an Irishman at once in the surprise of my presence. "and who have we here?"

"I felt my voice tremble a little as I replied."

"Mrs. Wilson allowed me to come, sir. I assure you I have not been hurting anything."

"Who's to tell that? Mrs. Wilson has no business to let any one come here. This is my quarters. There—you've got one in your hand now! You've left finger-marks on the blade, I'll be bound. Give it me!"

"This one is mine," I said.

"Ho, ho, young gentleman! So you're a collector—are you? Already too! Nothing like beginning in time! Let me look at the thing though."

He was a little man, as I have said, dressed in black, with a frock coat and a deep white

neckcloth. His face would have been vulgar, especially as his nose was a traitor to his mouth, revealing in its hue the proclivities of its owner, but for a certain look of the connoisseur which went far to redeem it. The hand which he stretched out to take my weapon was small and delicate—like a woman's indeed. His speech was that of a gentleman. I handed him the sword at once.

He had scarcely glanced at it, when a strange look passed over his countenance. He tried to draw it, failed, and looking all along the sheath, saw its condition. Then his eyes flashed. He turned from me abruptly, and went up the stair he had descended. I waited anxiously for what seemed to me half an hour; I daresay it was not more than ten minutes. At last I heard him revolving on his axis down the corkscrew staircase. He entered and handed me my sword, saying:

"There! I can't get it out of the sheath. It's in a horrid state of rust. Where did you fall in with it?"

I told him all I knew about it. If he did not seem exactly interested, he certainly behaved with some oddity. When I told him what my grandmother had said about some battle in which an ancestor had worn it, his arm rose with a jerk, and the motions of his face, especially of his mouth, which appeared to be eating its own teeth, were for a moment grotesque. When I had finished, he said, with indifferent tone, but eager face:

"Well, it's a rusty old thing, but I like old weapons. I'll give you a brand new officer's sword, as bright as a mirror, for it—I will. There now! Is it a bargain?"

"I could not part with it, sir—not for the best sword in the country," I answered.

"You see it has been so long in our family."

"Hm! hm! You're quite right, my boy. I wouldn't if I were you. But as I see you know how to set a right value on such a weapon, you may stay and look at mine as long as you like. Only if you take any of them from their sheaths, you must be very careful how you put them in again. Don't use any force. If there is anyone you can't manage easily, just lay it on the window-sill, and I will attend to it. Mind you don't handle—I mean touch the blades at all. There would be no end of rust-spots before morning."

I was full of gratitude for the confidence he placed in me.

"I can't stop now to tell you about them all, but I will—some day."

So saying he disappeared once more up the little staircase, leaving me like Aladdin in the jewel-forest. I had not been alone more than half an hour or so, however, when he returned, and taking down a dagger, said abruptly:

"There, that is the dagger with which Lord Harry Rolleston—I think that was the name, but knowing nothing of the family or its history, I could not keep the names separate—stabbed his brother Gilbert. And there is—"

He took down one after another, and with every one he associated some fact—or fancy, perhaps, for I suspect now that he invented not a few of his incidents.

"They have always been fond of weapons in this house," he said. "There, now, is one with the strangest story! It's in print—I can show it you in print in the library there. It had the reputation of being a magic sword—"

"Like King Arthur's Excalibur?" I asked, for I had read a good deal of the history of Prince Arthur.

"Just so," said Mr. Close. "Well, that sword had been in the family for many years—I may say centuries. One day it disappeared, and there was a great outcry. A lackey had been discharged for some cause or other, and it was believed he had taken it. But before they found him, the sword was in its place upon the wall. Afterwards the man confessed that he had taken it, out of revenge, for he knew how it was prized. But in the middle of the next night, as he slept in a roadside inn, a figure dressed in ancient armour had entered the room, taken up the sword, and gone away with it. I daresay it was all nonsense. His heart had failed him when he found he was followed, and he had contrived, by the help of some fellow-servant, to restore it. But there are some very queer stories about old weapons—swords in particular. I must go now," he continued, "for we have company to-night, and I have a good many things to see to."

So saying, he left me. I remained a long time in the armoury, and then returned to the library, where I seated myself in the same corner as before, and went on with my reading—lost in pleasure.

All at once I became aware that the light was thickening, and that I was very hungry. At the same moment I heard a slight rustle in the room, and looked round, expecting to see Mr. Wilson come to fetch me. But there stood Miss Clara—not now in white, however, but in a black silk frock. She had grown since I saw her last, and was prettier than ever. She started when she saw me.

"You here!" she exclaimed, as if we had known each other all our lives. "What are you doing here?"

"Reading," I answered, and rose from the

floor, replacing the book as I rose. "I thought you were Mrs. Wilson come to fetch me."

"Is she coming here?"

"Yes. She told me not to leave the library till she came for me."

"Then I must go out of the way."

"Why so, Miss Clara?" I asked.

"I don't mean her to know I am here. If you tell, I shall think you the meanest—"

"Don't trouble yourself to find your punishment before you've found your crime," I said, thinking of my own processes of invention. What a little prig I must have been!

"Very well, I will trust you," she returned, holding out her hand.

"I didn't give it you to keep, though," she added, finding that, with more of country manners than tenderness, I fear, I retained it in my boyish grasp.

I felt awkward at once, and let it go.

"Thank you," she said. "Now, when do you expect Mrs. Wilson?"

"I don't know at all. She said she would fetch me for dinner. There she comes, I do believe."

Clara turned her head like a startled forest creature that wants to listen but does not know in what direction, and moved her feet as if she were about to fly.

"Come back after dinner," she said; "you had better!" and darting to the other side of the room, lifted a piece of hanging tapestry, and vanished just in time, for Mrs. Wilson's first words crossed her bust.

"My dear boy—Master Cumbermede, I should say. I am sorry I have not been able to get to you sooner. One thing after another has kept me on my legs till I'm ready to drop. The cook is as tiresome as cooks only can be. But come along; I've got a mouthful of dinner for you at last, and a few minutes to eat my share of it with you, I hope."

I followed without a word, feeling a little guilty, but only towards Mrs. Wilson, not towards myself, if my reader will acknowledge the difference—for I did not feel that I ought to betray Miss Clara. We returned as we came; and certainly whatever temper the cook might be in, there was nothing amiss with the dinner. Had there been, however, I was far too hungry to find fault with it.

"Well, how have you enjoyed yourself, Master Wilfrid? Not very much, I'm afraid. But really I could not help it," said Mrs. Wilson.

"I couldn't have enjoyed myself more," I answered. "If you will allow me, I'll go back to the library as soon as I've done my dinner."

"But it's almost dark there now."

"You wouldn't mind letting me have a candle, Mrs. Wilson?"

"A candle, child! It would be of no use. The place wouldn't light up with twenty candles."

"But I don't want it lighted up. I could read by one candle as well as by twenty."

"Very well. You shall do as you like. Only be careful, for the old house is as dry as tinder, and if you were to set fire to anything, we should be all in a blaze in a moment."

"I will be careful, Mrs. Wilson. You may trust me. Indeed you may."

She hurried me a little over my dinner. The bell in the count rang loudly.

"There's some of them already! That must be the Simmonses. They're always early, and they always come to that gate—I suppose because they haven't a carriage of their own, and don't like to drive into the high court in a chaise from the George and Pudding."

"I've quite done, ma'am; may I go now?"

"Wait till I get you a candle."

She took one from a press in the room, lighted it, led me once more to the library, and there left me with a fresh injunction not to be peeping out and getting in the way of the visitors.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

"I have no use for money. Rhoda Renshaw, who has made the mistake about my identity, causing new misfortunes in endless succession, is nevertheless worthy of my esteem. She has a hand in various works of real beneficence, like other good women we hear of; let her have the hundred dollars of bounty. Renshaw, her husband, is a good honest fellow, though brusque in manner, and too impetuous in asserting me to be heir of Lillymere."

This was spoken to Kensbrig as Simon Lud the recruit procured a bank order at Windsor, in Canada, remitting his bounty, paid by the State of Michigan, to Mrs. Renshaw, of Conway, formerly Rhoda Lud of Irdale, England.

"Let us cross the river to Camp Lyon," said Kensbrig; "I expect to see friends there. After which I drive to Fort Wayne, six miles; and deliver you to service as promised."

Camp Lyon, on northern side of Detroit City, was a field enclosed within a high board fence. Ranges of sheds serving as stables and stores, military quarters and offices filled the sides. In the centre horses for many regiments had been gathered; and were then in process of inspection, and of preliminary training. In groups they went to water at the river, half a mile away. Colts ridden by young dragoons, both full of fiery life and frolic.

Visitors were admitted, without question; but attempting to come away, not one of any age or of either sex was permitted to pass out until examined by the Provost-Marshal, and by him certified to the officer of the guard and sentries.

"This infantry recruit," said Kensbrig, "is in my charge, on leave from Fort Wayne. I'm bound to return him to the Fort by sundown."

"Who are you, Sir, presuming to have a Soldier of the United States in charge?" demanded the Provost. "Guess you are a prisoner in Camp Lyon until the Commandant releases you."

Addressing Simon Lud:

"Your pass, Sir? Who gave you this pass? What were you doing in Canada? Who is this man your companion? The pass is forged, or may be forged; it is informal, you are both detained. Sergeant of the guard, conduct these men to prison. Make a charge: Desertion, and procuring a false pass."

"I like this," said Kensbrig as they were conducted away by two cavalry recruits wearing dark-blue slup clothes; one with an infantry bayonet, but no belts; the other with a naked sword without scabbard. It is just what I should have done with strangers, had I been officer on duty. Promises well for efficiency of service. Just what I'd have done myself; or what any soldier of the British army should have done, knowing his duty."

"Shut up, you old idiot!" cried the man with the unsheathed sword; "What has your stupid British army to do with the United States? Guess you're a rebel. Soon the boys'll lynch you if they smell a reb, or Britisher; best keep quiet."

"That's so," said the other.

"You are mistaken, young men," interposed Kensbrig. "We are as good and true friends of the American Government as any in the Camp."

The two guards looked hard at each other, but said nothing; they placed the prisoners, with others, in a cattle shed open at front, except one rail breast high.

"Come beyond that, you'll be cut down or shot," said the sentinel on duty there.

"I like this," resumed Eyden Kensbrig; "just what I'd have done myself with strangers; just what we'd have done in the British army."

"You're two rebels, I'll swear," said this sentry, speaking in manner of the two, who still remained gazing on the several prisoners.

"Precious lot of rebs, and reb sympathisers in that cattle pen," he continued; "I'd shoot every Canadian cuss as comes this side the river. The States would have no war now, but for fugitive slaves running to Canada."

"That is so," responded the man of fewest words.

When the two from the main guard were gone, and the prison sentinel had sat down on a log fifty yards off, notching a piece of wood with his sword as with a hatchet, a man lying on straw and smoking in a corner, made signal to Kensbrig to sit beside him.

"No, Sir; if you have anything to say, rise; or shout it out, if you cannot rise; or remain silent, as you prefer."

The man rose and ceased smoking. He was of middle stature, thirty or forty years old. His countenance dull at first sight, and eyes sleepy; but anon electric and glaring. In a low voice, not louder than a murmur, but of a strangely fascinating, penetrative power on the listener's ear, he spoke:

"What are you doing here with young Lillymere?"

"Who are you, Sir?" demanded Kensbrig.

"One with whom you may converse confidentially. You know the Donna Euryntia?"

"First, who are you? The Sentinel said this cattle pen contained rebel sympathizers. I have no confidences with persons unknown. We are watched already, don't you see?"

"The Sentinel has retired to that distance to permit confidential talk. He knows me very well."

"But I don't; and must know unreservedly who you are if I'm to listen to you further."

"De Peri, the detective. I'm here on business of the Duke of Sheerness, in the interest of young Lillymere."

"How promote that business, lying here a prisoner?"

"A prisoner! Yes, I am a captive in a certain sense. When did you see the Donna Euryntia?"

"The Donna, Sir, is far from here. I'm not privileged to speak of that lady's movements."

"You are conducting Lillymere, under name of Simon Lud, to Fort Wayne as a private soldier, knowing the youth is to be received at head-quarters of his regiment by the Donna."

"Simon Lud is uninformed of any such purpose; and you speak from conjecture."

"She loves, and will marry him, when the war is over, or sooner, is not that so?"

"You presume too much, De Peri. I decline to speak of that estimable lady in such flippant terms."

"Kensbrig, let us be confidential. I know the unlimited trust reposed in you by the Donna. I know that doubt of his identity, of his legitimacy, and uncertainty of his fortunes, have reduced Lillymere to despondency. I know why he is a soldier in the ranks, and how he is to be exalted in the army, and in light of the Donna's love. The lady is, in this war, passionately American and national. The legal proofs of Lillymere's legitimacy are secretly held by one who is fervently rebellious and Southern as Euryntia is patriotic. I am bound to obtain those legal documents, and other material proofs. I wait for emissaries of their custodian."

"For whom, De Peri? The documents you refer to, and the trinkets found with the infant, I have heard, are in possession of El Abra; the reputed magician quack doctor, and financier formerly; now the ubiquitous, notorious guerilla chief, at present scourging the national army outposts. He cannot be here?"

"I'm waiting for him."

"For El Abra! A thousand dollars are offered for his head."

"He will not soon lose his head. El Abra may pass through by Detroit undetected. He is likely to be next heard of in Canada, if missed by me in this city. Be confidential, Kensbrig, as I am with you."

"Proceed, De Peri; what is El Abra to do in Canada? After a little more of your confidence, I may indulge in mine. What is the guerilla to do in the British Provinces?"

"He may intend to organize raids against the States. But violation of international law will not be permitted by the Government of Canada. Every possible precaution is taken to prevent it. I am but one of numerous special detectives engaged on this delicate service; to discover and prevent intended violations of Canadian neutrality. Except a few inconsiderable persons, our people and Government sympathize with the United States in this terrible conflict into which the States are drawn to conserve American nationality. But the few exceptional persons have use of a printing press. El Abra thinking them formidable in number may presume on impunity. I promise him a reception other than friendly if he sets foot on soil of British Empire."

"Why not intercept him here, and prevent violation of British Empire soil?"

"For private business, apart from violation of international law, I desire to get hold of El Abra in Canada. My hands on him there. I am in a condition to obtain the documentary proof of Lillymere's legitimacy, and the Essel Bell trinkets worn by the infant heir when stolen from Essel in Scotland, and found with the child two years later at Irdale in England. Now, Kensbrig, share with me some of your private business."

"That is but fair, De Peri. Well, Mr. Lillymere is to go through the war as a private soldier; or, he may accept promotion if forced upon him. If not slain in battle his fortunes may improve. However, should De Peri capture El Abra on British soil, and recover the things we so much require, a change of purpose may occur. But you act in the interest of this young man from the side of the Duke of Sheerness and Lady Mortimer; I from the side of my esteemed lady, the Donna Euryntia. Those interests, though Lillymere be central and main figure of both, are unhappily opposed; very much opposed, I fear."

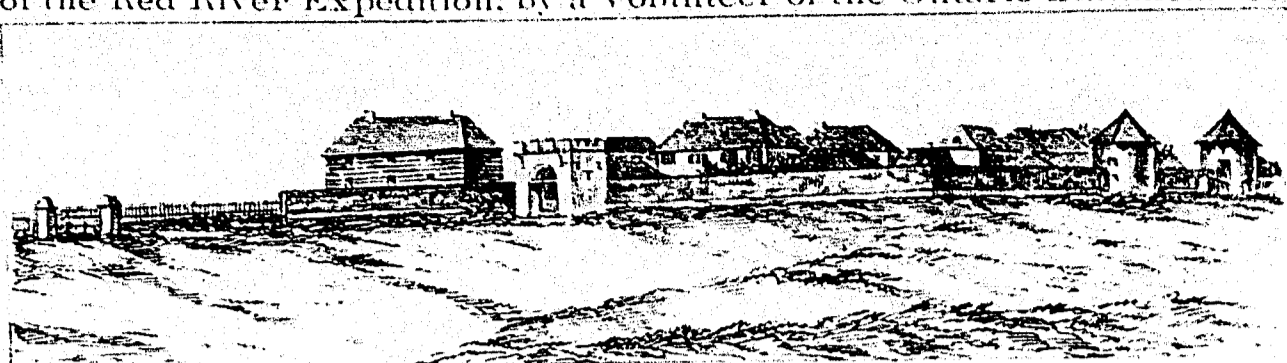
This conversation occurred out of the young man's hearing. De Peri, being in confidence of the Michigan State authorities, found it easy to have Kensbrig and Simon Lud liberated to pursue their journey to Fort Wayne.

Referring to the hundred dollars remitted as a gift to Rhoda Renshaw, Eyden Kensbrig diverted conversation from De Peri, as the two walked along, in this manner:

"In a similar humour of independence, I disposed of my bounty, when years ago under legal permission, by suspension of the British Foreign Enlistment Act, I entered the service of a continental nation for war. A civil war which was, I then fondly dreamt, a conflict between a rebel despotism of darkest intellectual night and a government of brightest constitutional freedom; a brightness to illumine, ever after, the cradle land of Don Quixote. On fire with literary ambition, to be crowned in popularity, if arriving home alive, I scorned the thought of touching bounty money for personal use. You have literary aspirations, Simon? Oh, the fervency and brilliancy of mine when young!"

"Yes, Eyden Kensbrig, I have literary aspirations, but am not likely to live through this war. Bullets go straight to their object now-a-days. And, as you have just said, when two armies meet to kill and curse in one another tongue, they are the deadliest of com-

Reminiscences of the Red River Expedition, by a Volunteer of the Ontario Battalion. See last No., p. 136.



FORT GARRY.



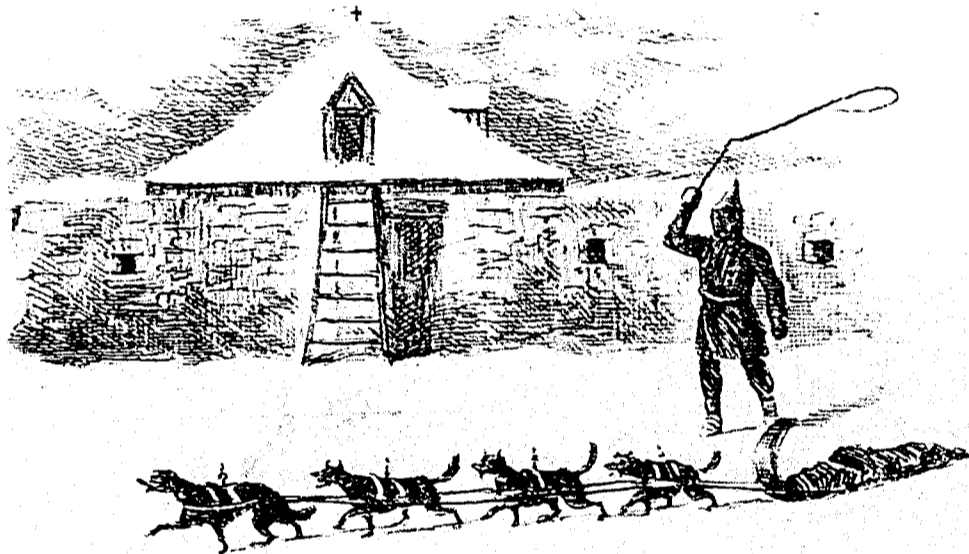
SQUATS AND NAPOONES.



THE SENTINEL'S EVENING VISITORS.



INDIAN LOAFERS.



AN INDIAN DO. TEAM.



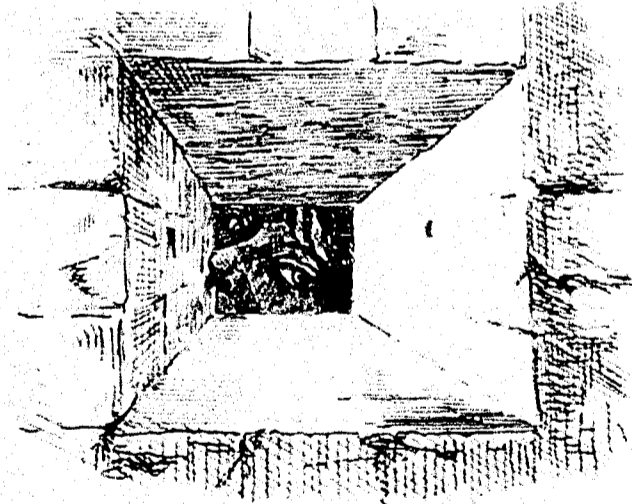
DUSKY LOUNGERS.



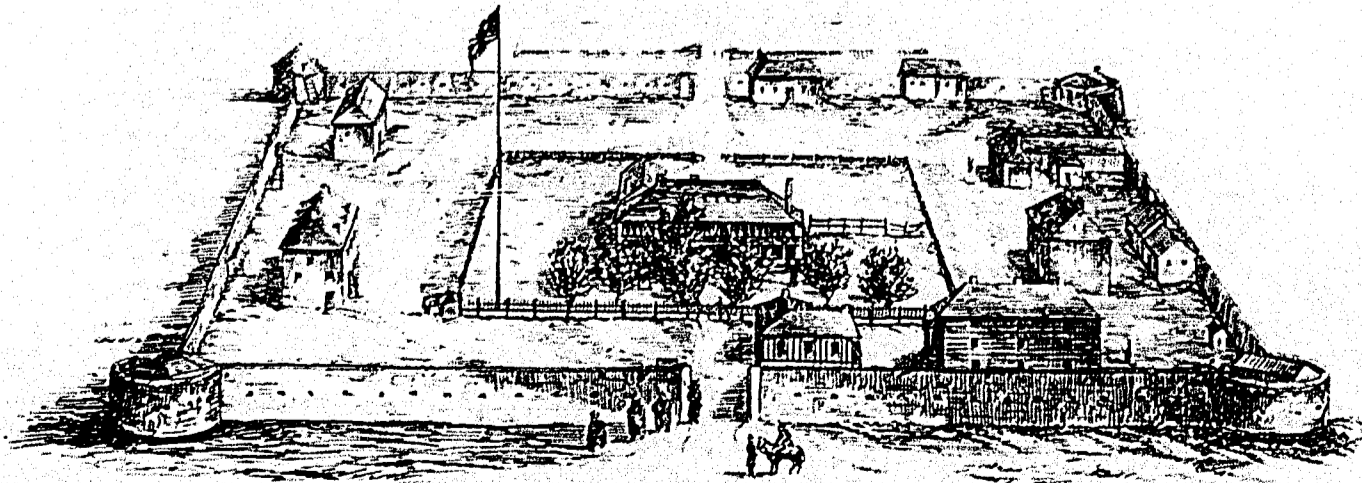
INDIAN "LOLCE FAR NIEN."



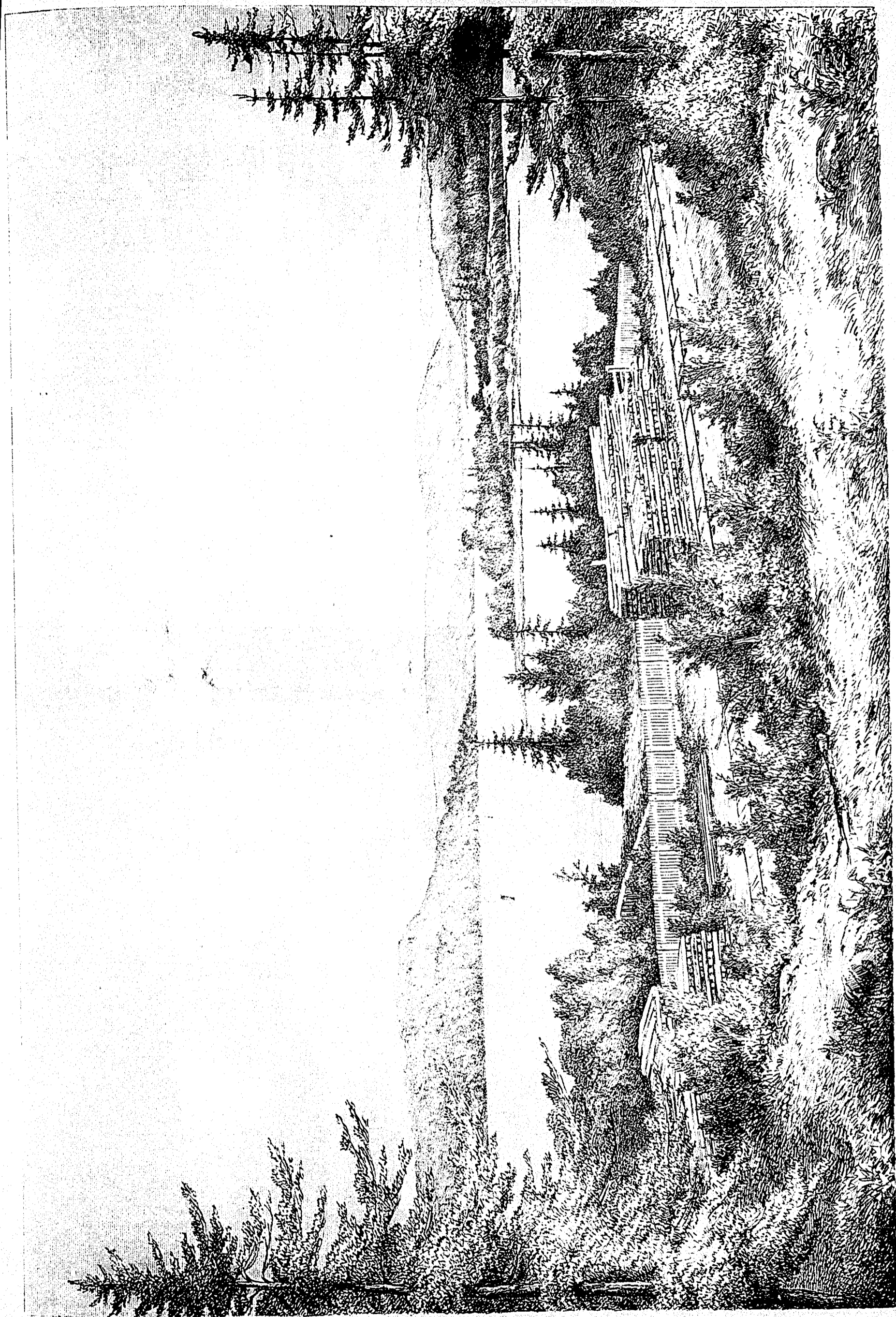
AN ABORIGINAL GENTLEMAN OCCASIONALLY PRESENT AT GUARD MOUNTING.



CASTING SHEEP'S EYES THROUGH THE PORT-HOLE.



LITTLE FORT GARRY.



THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE. KENNEBECASIS BAY AND THE DEVILS BACK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. J. RUSSELL.

batants. Americans on both sides are brave and resolute, you admit?"

"All nations are brave, Simon, but all do not come readily alike into military organization. Nor do the insidious enemies, which less or more paralyze armies, disclose their evil agencies alike at all times. Wellington's forces in the Peninsular war, Raglan's in the Crimean war, all of them heroic troops, gallantly officered, were stricken to death by frauds of civilian contractors in greater number than by bullet and sabre. And this insidious sap and mine of military and naval efficiency is already eating into the American forces. We saw it yesterday; and hear of it daily from distant places. Rigour cannot reach to punish it; dishonour fails to affect it."

To a remark from the recruit the veteran replied:

"The best soldier remains in his place, and is not distinguished. I suspect the courage of distinguished soldiers, and know the evil they do. The bravest troops are not they who rush to close quarters with the enemy. To charge with the bayonet is less courageous than to stand steady under fire."

After a pause, he continued:

"In selecting officers from the ranks of a battalion, one-half or two-thirds of the men omitted are, in natural ability, as well qualified as the few preferred. The obtrusive, the sly, the unscrupulous are the likeliest to be selected in making promotions from the ranks. Every worthy man cannot be an officer. To preserve the regimental harmony which is indispensable to efficiency, commissioned officers should, as often as practicable, be selected by the national executive from families in social life distinctly superior by financial position to the sources yielding the rank and file. Not easily done in new countries; and not so requisite as in old."

He continued:

"The popular fallacy assumes, what it terms 'merit,' to be something inconveniently scarce. Whereas capacity in sufficiency to officer a regiment at first, and merit to supply officers subsequently, so greatly exceeds requirement, that selections must be determined by extraneous circumstances; of which circumstances family and personal fortune must ever remain dominant, unless man's nature ceases to be human and social. To correct undue family and political influences in favour of individuals, the purchase of commissions has prevailed in the British army. In active service remarkable merit overleaps purchase; but purchase remains to restrain within reasonable limits the number of persons from whom promotions are to be made. Men of the ranks greatly prefer to have gentlemen of fortune for officers, rather than their own social equals."

After pausing to remark on a passing object, Kensbrig resumed:

"In operations of war commissioned officers and the rank-and-file associate more closely than in service of peace. A soldier with a manly sense of honour, advanced to a commission from the ranks without private fortune, to live on terms of equality in society of gentlemen possessing private fortune, is impossible in years of ordinary service. He would refuse the commission, when offered, as I did, or cease to be a man of refined thought, conscious of his personal dignity. The richer the country the more imperative is this natural law."

"Go into battle, Simon Lud, resolved to be firm. Conceal trepidation if you have any. Expect the coming bullet. If it don't come you will feel pleased. It is worth while going into battle for the pleasure of coming out. Prefer to be private in the ranks, but cultivate knowledge of all exercises, tactics and strategy, that you may command a guard, a company, a battalion, a brigade, a division, or army corps if need be."

"Battle becomes a normal condition after a few preliminary skirmishes. Silent messengers may be despatched between your heart and Heaven to advantage, while performing duty cheerfully, gaily, and well. Not asking victory, the other side may implore that as honestly as you. I think the most a soldier need pray for in battle has reference to his own hereafter."

Of the Michigan recruits Kensbrig made pencil notes. Thus:

"Active young fellows. True material for soldiers. Newest arrivals, still in their own clothes; others in dark blue slops until they join head-quarters. None ragged, none dirty, none tipsy. Cavalry men at Camp Lyon, lighter and less robust than the Infantry at Fort Wayne. So much the more utile. A dragoon on a horse overweighted is worthless in war. Horses mostly purchased in Canada at \$100 each; a third rejected on inspection, as too finely bred."

Kensbrig had not seen Canadian Volunteers; they being not then embodied. Had he seen them as recruits in the rough; or uniformed and organized as in later years, in camps of exercise, or on outlying duty—as I have witnessed them, he would have been constrained while doing justice to the brave men of Michigan, to say of the youths of Canada:

"Faultless in physique. Active, athletic, intelligent, audacious. Apt under instruction, docile in discipline."

Arriving at Fort Wayne, not much over time, Simon Lud went on night picket. Next day a detachment of which he was a unit, and Kensbrig a follower, proceeded by special train to the front. A battle was expected.

Squads and detachments daily arriving in seeming chaos, crystallized in rapid organization to companies, battalions, brigades. Some men not specially attached by sentiment to regiments already full, were placed in others not yet filled. Of such was Simon Lud, transferred at his own request to a corps fancifully named the Redbolts.

"I want none to come hither patronizing me for promotion," said he in self-communion.

"It was hinted as probable by good natured Kensbrig. I desire to discover, without the help of any, what I'm made of. Unknown I change service into the Redbolts, and remain in privacy there. If favourably esteemed by any woman, whether of strong or feeble mind, it will be time enough to learn when the war is over."

"Should events prove me other than a mere son of misfortune, and I succeed to title and estate in England, and to a seat in the purest House of Legislature in the world, as Reuben affirms the Lords to be, I shall possess the satisfaction of having assisted, as far as a unit in a million may, in establishing order and law on a wider basis of human rights, in the Vanguard Nation of change. Mighty America, which to be long disordered, would be the shaking of the world."

After this speech with himself, Simon Lud went West, and into the war; neither Kensbrig, nor the Donna Eurynia knowing whither he had gone, nor in what regiment serving. Reuben was in England with Lady Mortimer.

The Donna in her office rang the bell. Doctor Ocean Horn entered.

"Doctor, delay your departure for the West with the corps of Anna Liffey nurses until the day after to-morrow. Consult with Mrs. Ocean Horn, who will remain in the West when you return, about a person I'm sending out. She is an English lady, now in Canada and on way hither to become attached to the Eurynia Ambulance. It is not desirable that she go to the army of the Potomac. I have personal reasons, thus far confided to you, Doctor, why this woman should go to the West."

"Her name is Agnes Schoolar. One would think she might have found scope for a fashionable girl's humanity nearer home. But I accept her services, rather than have her roaming at large with the various army corps. I desire you keep her in the west."

"Your desire, gracious Donna, is to me command. Mrs. Ocean Horn will be duly instructed to retain Agnes Schoolar in the corps of the Anna Liffeyes."

When alone the Donna moaned:

"Am I more in fortitude than other women, as some do flatter, or less? Heaven! How the long suppressed natural woman in this being disturbs the dominion I had given to philosophy."

"Lillymere is in that battalion from Michigan just gone to the Potomac Lines."

"War has scattered the professors of the Eurynia Casa of science."

"Tender care for the life of a friendless youth in the war, is scattering the discretion heretofore enfolding the heart of Eurynia."

"Is it love? It is illusion. It is aberration. It is madness of grief at the convulsion of America, and impending crash of nations. It may be love, if it be not madness."

"Love! In midst of a nation in agony, has high philosophy given way to dreams of a handsome boy?"

"Dare I? Dare one so full of generous aims as I give form of speech to miser thought?"

"I dare. I utter the imperious words: Agnes Schoolar shall not ensnare and carry away my Lillymere."

"He has gone to the Potomac Lines. Thither I go also."

"Let Agnes be sent to the West. Ha! Ha! Let that over-presumptuous, beautiful English girl go spread her lures far from the feet of Lillymere."

"What is love, if this be love? Despot passion of all the emotions. Wide and generous as the Universe; narrow as the taper of the sting of the wasp."

Eurynia ceased, and went to business. Agnes Schoolar came to Quebec from England by the 'Anglo-Saxon,' attended by her maid, Isa Antry. She had a letter, and fed on its words in the ship. The precious scrap of paper had been carried over the ocean by Reuben. It contained these words:

"The young man whom Miss Schoolar once knew as a clerk in her father's office, by name of Tobias Oman, has been more than gratified to learn that he is an object of interest to Miss S."

"Lady Mortimer, the Duke of Sheerness and others, have lately persisted in addressing him as DeLacy Lillymere; a name implying rights which Miss Schoolar's father denies him."

"Whatever, or whosoever he be, Tobias Oman, *alias* Lud, *alias* Lillymere, discovers that the interest felt for him personally, by Miss S, is very pleasant. Long ago her image came to abide within him uninvited, refusing to leave."

"This is all. The friend who hands to her who alone is entitled to read these faint lines

—too presumptuous in their tremulous whisper, may add a verbal continuation Farewell. Toby goes to the war, and is not likely to come out alive."

Roy Reuben added a verbal continuation, inspired, in some degree, by a suspicion that Lillymere was too near the Donna Eurynia.

Upon which Agnes Schoolar, with her maid, promptly departed from London to become nurses in America.

To be continued.

Both physical strength and scientific skill seem to have become necessary for the settlements betwixt landlord and tenant in Paris. Few of the English—former inhabitants of the place—gone over to dispose of their furniture—have as yet returned to tell the tale of the disastrous defeat they, for the most part, have undergone. But the exceptional cases have told us sad stories of the greed of the proprietors. With 40,000 *procédures* against absentee tenants on hand the lawyers have enough to do; but in no case is leniency shown towards the occupant of the apartment. The Chamber of Deputies being composed of proprietors the law is of course in their favour. An instance, however, is recorded of the triumph of a young Englishman in the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, who having paid up the rent and taxes, imagined himself free to take away his furniture. But the vexatious landlord arriving as usual at the eleventh hour with a list of damages done to marble mantelpieces and gold beading, &c., opposed the departure of the goods, which were already in the cart. One sofa alone remained to be removed. It stood on the pavement outside the door. The landlord, a little man, wiry and wordy like Thiers, clung in desperation to this last piece of furniture, swearing with all his might that it should never leave the premises till the *déjàts* were paid, flinging himself upon the cushions in rage and despair, defying the Englishman to tear it from his grasp, to which defiance the Englishman replied that he had "no wish to." Thereupon, winking at the porters to give him a helping hand, he hoisted sofa, landlord, cushions, and all into the cart, and bidding the driver move on, left his tormentor to kick and scream inside the van, to the intense delight of the *voyous* who followed, hooting the captive landlord and cheering the Englishman all the way to the storing rooms of the railway station.

Quinine biscuits have lately been introduced by London bakers. They are small, extremely well made, and have a pleasant and delicately bitter flavour. Each biscuit is estimated to contain one-fourth of a grain of quinine.


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CORPORATION OF MONTREAL.

CITY SCHOOL TAX.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Statement of the Real Estate in this City, divided into four distinct panels according to religious denominations, in pursuance of the provisions of the Act 32 Victoria, Chapter Sixteen, to amend the law respecting Education in this Province, is now completed and deposited in the Office of the undersigned, where the said panels shall be opened for inspection during THIRTY DAYS from this day.

JAMES F. D. BLACK,
City Treasurer.

CITY HALL,
Montreal, 24th Aug., 1871. } 4-10b

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Thérèse Street, Montreal, now occupied by the Military Control Department as Stores. Very suitable for a Wholesale Boot and Shoe factory, or other similar purposes; also for Stores. Possession 1st of May.

Apply to
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14

TO THE PAPER TRADES.

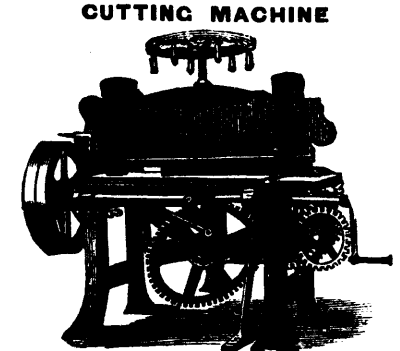
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5, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal,

WOULD call the attention of
PAPER MAKERS,
PRINTERS,
LITHOGRAPHERS
AND
BOOK-BINDERS,
to his list of
MACHINERY
suitable to these trades, which comprises some of the best and latest patents in existence, whilst the prices are those of the manufacturers.

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Cannot be surpassed for speed and power, whilst its price is lower than any other first-class Machine.

PACING MACHINES, with raising table,
PERFORATING MACHINES,
BOOK-BINDERS' ROLLING MACHINES,
and every other description of Machinery for the use of the trade. Prices on application.

All Goods furnished at Manufacturers' price, and no Commission charged to the purchaser. 4-10a

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's due diligence in the 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 renders 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, and recommended 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. Graduates on leaving the Institute are presented with a diploma of proficiency, which will enable them to act immediately as vacancies occur throughout the Dominion of Canada and the United States. At first salaries of \$30 a month may be secured; after two years' experience on the line, from \$50 to \$80 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 of acquiring the system easier. 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 nature of the system 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 themselves, without either foreman or master, merely to take and despatch messages. The usual hours of attendance required is 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 capacity of learning the science. Neither pains nor expense are 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 is Thirty Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all necessary materials, instruments, &c., are furnished to each student.

A line has been constructed on which students of this Institute will have actual practice, when sufficiently advanced. In case of a 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.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

Montreal, June, 1871.

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POST OFFICE BOX 885, MONTREAL.

N. B.—Engravings delivered on receipt of Subscriptions. 4-811

THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY'S Mail Steamer Prince of Wales from Lachine, on arrival of the 7 a.m. train from Montreal, daily.

Steamer Queen Victoria, from Ottawa, at 7 a.m. Market Steamer Dagmar, from Canal Basin, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 a.m.

Excursion, Return, and Single tickets to be had at the office, 10 Bonaventure Street. Single and Return tickets to Ottawa can be procured at the Bonaventure Depot. 4-2-m R. W. SHEPHERD, President.



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL. NEW CITY HALL.

TO BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, will be received at the CITY HALL, until NOON on MONDAY, the SECOND of OCTOBER next, for the several Artificers' Works required in the erection of a

NEW CITY HALL,

according to Plans and Specifications prepared by the Architects, H. M. Perrault and A. C. Hutchison, Esquires, and to be seen at the office of the latter, Merchants' Hall, Great St. James Street, from and after the 15th August instant.

Particulars of the Works to be tendered for may be obtained on application to the above named Architects.

Securities will be required, in each case, for the due fulfilment of the Contract.

The Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest, or any of the Tenders.

(By Order.)

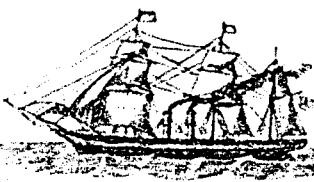
CHAS. GLACKMEYER, City Clerk.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, } CITY HALL, } Montreal, 14th Aug., 1871. } 4-8c

COAL! COAL!

PARTIES REQUIRING A FIRST-CLASS article, at an unusually low price, will do well to take advantage of the present opportunity and get their Coal out of the vessels now discharging the following descriptions: it can be seen unloading all along the Wharves. It is all fresh mined

- LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA, PITTSBURGH, WELSH ANTHRACITE, NEWCASTLE GRATE, NEWCASTLE SMITH'S, SCOTCH STEAM, NOVA SCOTIA, S. W. BEARD & CO., Foot of McGill Street.



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Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of

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1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871.

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Table with columns: Vessel, Tonnage, Commanders. Lists ships like POLYNESIAN, SARMATIAN, CIRCASSIAN, CASPIAN, SCANDINAVIAN, PRUSSIAN, AUSTRIAN, NESTORIAN, MORAVIAN, PERUVIAN, GERMANIAN, EUROPEAN, HIBERNIAN, NOVA SCOTIAN, NORTH AMERICAN, CORINTHIAN, OTTAWA, ST. DAVID, ST. ANDREW, ST. PATRICK, NORWAY, SWEDEN.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

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Trains for Lachine at 7.00 a. m., 9.00 a. m., 12 noon, 3.00 p. m., 5.00 p. m., and 6.15 p. m. The 3.00 p. m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST. Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.00 a. m.

Express Train for Richmond, Quebec, and Riviere du Loup, at 8.30 p. m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m.

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As the punctuality of the Trains depends on connections with other Lines, the Company will not be responsible for Trains not arriving or leaving any station at the hours named.

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The Steamer "Linda" leaves Portland for Yarmouth, N.S., every Saturday, at 6 p. m.

The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6.00 p. m., for St. John, N. B., &c.

Tickets issued through at the Company's principal stations. For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket office, Bonaventure Street, or at No. 39 Great St. James Street.

C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director.

Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-24-1f

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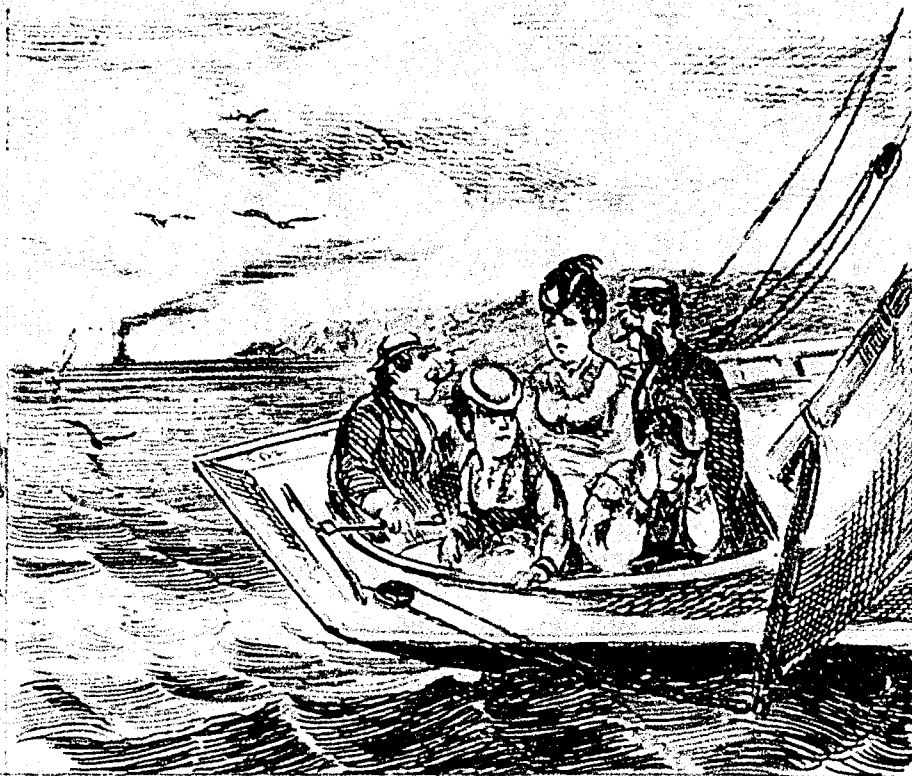
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CHORUS.—"What a lovely day! How nice to be in that yacht."



AFLOAT.

CHORUS.—"George, do take us back. How I wish I had never come out."

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A BONA-FIDE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM. For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease.

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References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, McGill College University.

Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given.

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CARBOLIC ACID, SOAP, & POWDER, For Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes.

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OFFICE OF THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS," MONTREAL, 10th July, 1871.

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(Signed.) R. REINHOLD. 4-31f



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CANADA CENTRAL AND Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE. MAIL TRAIN at 6:30 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 11:30 A.M.

LOCAL TRAIN at 3:00 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 8:35 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:30 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:16 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA. THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 9:40 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:40 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West.

LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M. MAIL TRAIN at 4:45 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 10:10 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT at 12:00 and 9:00 P.M.

Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.

Freight forwarded with despatch. As the B. & O. & C. C. Railways are the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through in Grand Trunk cars to all points without transhipment.

Certain connections made with Grand Trunk Trains. H. ABBOTT, Manager. 3-11 1f

Brockville, March, 1871.

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AND A SPLENDID STOCK OF BRUSHES, COMBS, PERFUMERY, SOAPS, and General Toilet Requisites.

THE MEDICAL HALL, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, AND PHILLIP'S SQUARE. 4-4m

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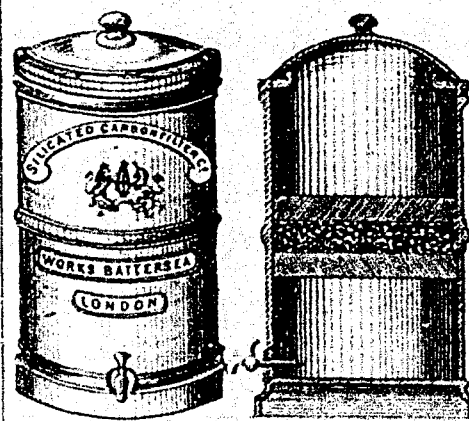
LUNCHEON from 12 to 3, comprising all the delicacies of the Season, FRUIT, and other LUXURIES. JOSEPH CARLISLE, PROPRIETOR.

4-2-m

SUMMER WINES!

BARTON & GUESTIER'S, AND NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S CLARETS, SAUTERNES, BARSAC, &c., &c., OF ALL GRADES.

REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER AT C. J. BAIRD'S, 221 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-41-1f



PURE AND WHOLESOME WATER. JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED SILICATED CARBON FILTERS.

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TO BE HAD OF MOST DRUGGISTS, J. V. MORGAN, 29 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal, P. Q. 4-4m

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This new remedy, long sought after, never found, for a disease considered even to this day incurable, unites all the conditions of infallibility, and renders cure certain. This singular, almost providential remedy, cannot fail soon to become universally known. During the brief period it has been in use, rapid cures in hopeless cases have been effected, and a large number of certificates attesting its efficacy have been received.

Le SOTHERION is infallible in diseases of the Respiratory organs. It cures Phthisis or Pulmonary Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Nervous Cough, Croup, Inflammation of the Lungs, Sleeplessness, Catarrh, Palpitation of the Heart, and Constitutional Weakness. To be sold at all Drug Stores.

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ON and after MONDAY, the 5th JUNE, 1871, four Passenger Trains will run daily on this Line, making CERTAIN CONNECTIONS with those on the GRAND TRUNK, the VERMONT CENTRAL, and the ROME and WATERTOWN RAILWAYS, and with the Steamers of the ROYAL MAIL LINE, for all points East, West and South.

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On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night Expresses by which Passengers leaving Montreal and Toronto in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 6:50 the following morning. Charge for Berths 50 cents each. Connection with the Grand Trunk Trains at Prescott Junction Certain.

20 MINUTES ALLOWED FOR REFRESHMENTS AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

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THOS. REYNOLDS, Managing Director. R. LUTTRELL, Superintendent, Prescott. Ottawa, 1st June, 1871. 3-23m

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