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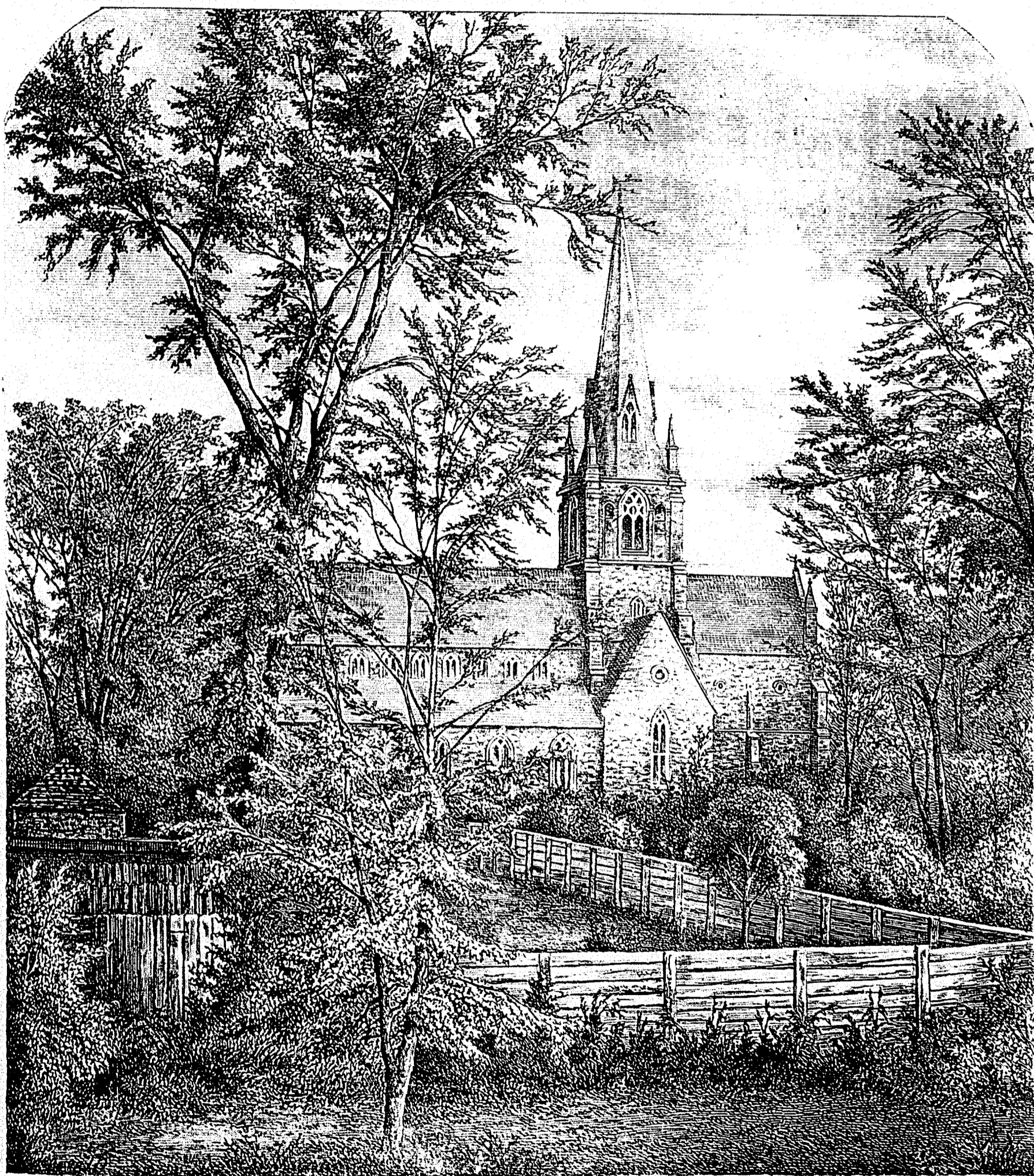
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VIEWS ON THE PROPOSED ROUTE OF THE FREDERICTON AND RIVER DU LOUP RAILWAY.—No. 1. CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, FREDERICTON.—SEE PAGE 313.

## OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 92.—HON. JOHN HENRY POPE.

MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

On the 25th of last month a ministerial change took place, the like of which has been frequent in Canadian administrations. The Hon. Mr. Dunkin, a clever lawyer, and especially respected for his thorough knowledge of Canadian (or French) as well as British practice, was chosen from among the ministers to fill a place on the Bench, rendered vacant by the death of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Short. The Hon. C. Dunkin was accordingly appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Quebec for the district of Bedford, thereby rendering vacant the Ministry of Agriculture and Statistics. No one will question the competency of Mr. Dunkin to ably discharge the new and responsible duties which will devolve upon him in the high position to which he has been elevated, and to the occupation of which we believe his talents and erudition have well entitled him; but our present purpose is to give a brief notice of his successor in the Government, whose portrait appears in to-day's issue.

Hon. John Henry Pope is, we believe, a Canadian by birth, and descended from the old U. E. Loyalist stock. He is at least a man who entertains very warm feelings of attachment to the Crown of England, and to the autonomy of Canada as established by the Act of Confederation, sympathising with no changes save those which will place the central government in complete control of the whole country between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, subject, of course, to the safeguards of local administration provided by the Union Act. He is not beyond the period of middle life, and being a man of active habits is likely to prove a good working minister.

Since 1857, nearly fifteen years ago, Mr. Pope has been in Parliament, and as a representative man of the Lower Canada British population he soon gained, and has since honourably held, high rank. He is not a Cicero in debate, and perhaps for that very reason he sooner won his way to general esteem, for whatever Mr. Pope has to say in Parliament, or out of it, he says with a terse vigour and conciseness of language that make a mockery of ornate phrases. He brings to the Government a high personal character, a capacity and a disposition for work, an intelligent appreciation of the wants of the country, and a well-studied Parliamentary experience of nearly half an average lifetime. These are not qualifications essential to what is called a brilliant minister; but they are ample guarantees that the work of his department will be well and thoroughly done. He is not likely from excess of scrupulosity of conscience to fritter his time and his health away, as did his predecessor, in doing mere clerical work, but will rather bend his intellect to the general working and efficient organization of the different branches of the public service over which he is now about to preside. We may remark, *en passant*, that the reproaches cast upon Mr. Dunkin because of his personal devotion to detail are, we think, among the highest compliments that he has ever received. But the duty of a minister ought in nearly all cases to be to supervise subordinates as to matters of detail, and to be prompt with general outlines of policy. Indeed, the department over which Mr. Pope now presides has not languished under Mr. Dunkin's administration, yet we rejoice that Mr. Dunkin has been placed in a sphere which we think even more honourable than that which he has left, especially as it is one which his highly trained mind is peculiarly fitted to adorn. In Mr. Pope he has a worthy successor, one who, as a representative man of the Lower Canada British population, will do credit to his constituency. We have reason to know that Mr. Pope is held, personally, in high esteem among the members of the House of Commons, and, politically, he has never, during his public career, diverged from the straight line of Liberal-Conservative policy. Since 1857, when Mr. Pope first entered Parliament, he has represented the County of Compton, and at the last general election was returned by acclamation.

## SKETCHES OF CANADIAN SCENERY—PAGE 316.

## MOUTH OF THE LAVAL RIVER, QUEBEC.

Our special artist, W. O. C., has furnished us with a sketch of the mouth of the Laval River, where it enters Laval Bay. Just at the mouth of the river there are two huge rocks with precipices about five hundred feet high. The Laval is a narrow, very rapid stream. It swarms with trout, and therefore furnishes excellent sport for the angler, whose efforts are not unfrequently rewarded with a large fish weighing not less than six pounds. Fine plump trout of lesser weight are exceedingly abundant. The country through which the river runs is well wooded and hilly. Along the banks of the stream, and in the country round about, beavers and bears are plentiful, and, in their season, black flies and mosquitoes are "too numerous to mention" or even to endure with any degree of comfort.

## WAUBASHENE.

Waubashene—a picture of which appears in this week's issue, is a neat little village situated between Sturgeon and Matchedach Bays—portions of the great Georgian Bay, Lake Huron. Our sketch represents a scene of great beauty. The manufacture of lumber for the Canadian and American markets is the principal business of the place. Very extensive saw-mills have been erected by W. Hall, Esquire, an English gentleman of great energy, large views, and generous impulses; qualifications which enable a man to gather around him a large com-

munity, even in that northern wilderness. In the centre stand the mills; to the right, a few yards from the magnificent bay, is the Catholic Church, which adds beauty to the already exquisite scene, and being in a central position for the surrounding population, the people may, with facility, assemble either by land or water, to unite in praise and worship to the Lord of all. For this convenient locality, both the pastor, the Rev. J. P. Kennedy, and his people are much indebted to the liberality and kindness of Mr. Hall.

## SCENES ON BURLINGTON BAY, ONT.

We present to our readers some views on Burlington Bay at the western extremity of Lake Ontario. No doubt many who have been in the city of Hamilton in summer time will look with pleasure on an illustration which cannot but awaken in the mind many pleasant reminiscences of the happy hours spent in boating on the deep blue waters of this magnificent bay.

The illustrations represent the principal boat-house. The banks here are high and broken and without foliage, yet the scene, although formal in appearance, is very beautiful and interesting. In the afternoons and evenings during the boating season it is specially lively when boats of all kinds and sizes are starting out laden with their gay freight of pleasure-takers; some bound to the pleasure-grounds on the opposite shore, and others to fish, or for rowing or sailing exercise.

The bay is everywhere navigable for lake-going vessels to within a few yards of the shore, and the water is always clear and in colour resembles the water of Lake Ontario.

On the opposite shore is Carroll's Point, at which there are excellent bathing and swimming grounds. Farther east is Rock Bay, at which there are a wharf and landing place for small boats, and also steps leading up to the pleasure grounds at the top of the bank. Here pleasure-seekers collect to hold pic-nics, and dancing parties assemble "to chase the glowing hours with flying feet." For these purposes every facility is afforded of the most satisfactory description.

Still farther east there are the pleasure grounds of Oaklands, comprising several acres of lawn, woodland, hill and hollow. These grounds are very much larger than those of Rock Bay, and are a favourite resort for the city people and all those who delight in fresh air, green grass, and shady groves. There is also a large ball-room here, which is extensively patronized during the warm weather.

During the boating season two and frequently more small steamers ply at regular intervals each day around the bay, touching at the beach, Brown's wharf, Oaklands, and Rock Bay, completing the circuit of the bay, and making a trip of about twelve miles long for a trifling sum, thus enabling hundreds of persons every day to enjoy a trip of about two hours' duration on the cool water out of the dust and heat of the city.

On the eastern or lake side of the bay is the bar which separates the two waters. The communication between the bay and the lake is by means of a short canal through which vessels and steamers pass. The position of this canal is marked by means of two light-houses which are (as is also the canal) maintained by the Government. The beach on the lake side of the bar is formed of fine sand, and slopes very gradually, thus furnishing excellent swimming and bathing grounds, and also affording every facility for fishing with nets, which latter is extensively carried on. The beach is also a favourite place of resort during the hot weather, as there is always to be found a cool and invigorating breeze either from the bay or lake. There are also pleasure-gardens here, and a large hall for the accommodation of holding parties, and a large hotel is now in the course of construction. The grounds here differ very materially from Oaklands and Rock Bay, owing to the scarcity of grass; but there are throughout the whole length of the bay large shade trees. Many citizens with their families arrive here by the early morning boat, remain all day, and return to the city by the last steamer in the evening; and so on from day to day during the hot weather with most beneficial effects, especially on the health of the children. The sources of amusement are limited. The attractions are the pleasant and invigorating breeze always to be met with: fishing, bathing, and watching the white crested waves roll in and break upon the shore, and also the passing through the canal of the vessels and steamers.

## MANITOBA, A SKETCH IN CAMP.

The rumour of an approaching Fenian raid created no small excitement in Manitoba. Recruits, numbering 62 file, were drawn up in line before the Upper Fort on the afternoon of the 4th Oct., and addressed by the Commanding Officer—responding by three hearty cheers.

About dusk on the evening of the 6th Oct., a force composed in part of the two service companies at Fort Garry, and in part of Volunteer Militia, and numbering 208 officers and men, left Fort Garry and set their faces towards the Southern frontier. A drizzling rain was falling and the roads were deep in mud—Manitoban mud. Soon it became pitch dark, and the soldiers, encumbered with heavy field kits, staggered and tumbled against and upon each other, and through the muddy ditches which sometimes lined the way.

After about four and a half miles of this kind of progress we came in view of the camp fires which the Advance Guard had lit; and we were soon sleeping as well as the severe cold and the damp ground would permit.

The next morning proved fair, but the road was still in a very greasy state—ugly enough for the bony screws that drew the baggage and ammunition waggons. In the forenoon we arrived at Stinking River, where we lighted fires and cooked rations. Here a man drove down to camp ground with milk, butter, and vegetables: and I am afraid some of his customers "went through him" to a considerable extent, which he took with great good humour,—and when a sack filled with cabbages, etc., was deftly tilted out of the cart and emptied on the grass, he was well satisfied to receive the bare sack back again, going quietly from the camp ground with the assurance that, did we stay till morning, he would visit us with fresh wares.

The same evening we proceeded about a mile and a half further and pitched tents for the night.

Next morning before leaving our camp ground our Commanding Officer addressed us—cautioning us that possibly we might be in action before twenty-four hours were over our heads—that we must be cool under fire, and not be unsteady if a volley should knock over a few of us, etc. Then we went forward, arriving in the afternoon at LeRoe's Farm, where we camped, remaining till the afternoon of the next day.

Here we had a great battle with small potatoes, and here it was that the soup-kettle redoubt sustained a determined assault, while one of the defenders clove many of the whizzing missiles with a sharp bowie-knife held aloft in the air; but the soup was prepared, cooked, and drunk, although the business of its preparation allowed but a desultory fire to be kept up by the besieged party.

And this proved the only fight that fortune allowed us to partake of.

Early in the afternoon we were ordered to fall in, and then our faces were turned homewards! This cast a gloom over the men, and though a few songs were attempted they soon died away, and a grumpy silence settled upon the column, which after awhile gave place to an eager desire to press forward on the homeward path, which showed itself in the rapid step, accompanied by a lively whistle, which brought us again and again upon the heels of our Advance Guard.

To-night we camped on the same ground on which we had passed the last night but one, and in the forenoon of the next day were again within the walls of the Fort, where the Governor addressed a few words to our Major, to the citizens, and to the troops, to which our Commanding Officer responded with a short acknowledgment, and after a few words to the citizen-volunteers, who returned their arms into the Armoury, we were dismissed, and all was over.

NED. P. MAH.

## STANISLAS SOREL.

With characteristic modesty, Sir Walter Scott, when at the zenith of his literary fame, distinctly assigned to literature a lower place than that occupied by science. He once wrote to Joanna Baillie that "men like Watt, or whose genius strongly tends to invent and execute those wonderful combinations which extend in such an incalculable degree the human force and command over the physical world, do not come within ordinary rules."

One of these men passed away from earth on the 18th of last March, the very day the Communist insurrection began to rage in Paris. His name was Stanislas Sorel; and few men have more completely filled the terms of Scott's definition, as quoted above, than he. His inventions for saving life, for simplifying and facilitating labour, and, in fine, for "extending the human force and command over the physical world," have given him an honourable place among the world's benefactors.

Stanislas Sorel, the son of a poor clock maker at Putanges, in the department of Orne, France, was born in 1803. He received no education, but at an early age began to toil at the paternal trade. Under the discouragements of ignorance and the indifference to intellectual and material progress which characterized the community of which he was a member, his native genius asserted itself, and he early won a local fame as an ingenious and skilful artisan. He married, at the age of twenty-one, a young woman of his native town, and assiduously laboured at his bench until 1829, when, no longer able to endure the restraints of his seclusion, he boldly set out for Paris.

Friendless and almost penniless he entered the great city, and for several years endured such hardships as only the strongest natures are able to survive. Obligated, in order to gain a bare subsistence for his family—a wife and two children—to toil steadily at his trade, he yet found opportunities of gathering knowledge, and of unconsciously fitting himself for his grand career. He attended lectures on scientific subjects, experimented as he could, and finally produced some inventions which may be said to have foreshadowed his subsequent achievements. Among the most important were the solar lamp and thermostatic siphon.

In 1838, he discovered and perfected in detail the process of galvanizing iron, and his invention was cordially recognized by the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, which awarded him a gold medal. From this success his advance was rapid and brilliant. Not a year passed in which he did not produce some original discovery or some important improvement in practical science.

He invented the alarm whistle attached to the safety apparatus of steam boilers; improvement in the manufacture of oxide of zinc, now generally adopted; the waterproofing of woven fabrics; the oxychloride of zinc cement, the cheap filling for teeth now used by dentists under various names, and which for general purposes was superseded by his last, and, as M. Sorel always claimed, greatest discovery, the oxychloride of magnesium cement. And it was upon the multitudinous applications of this new and wonderful compound that he was engaged when overtaken by death.

For these inventions and discoveries he received a score of prizes, gold and silver medals, the Montyon prize twice, the decoration of the Legion of Honour, and the "Marquis of Argen-teuil Prize" of 12,000 francs, or \$2,400 in gold, which prize is given by the Academy of Sciences for discoveries only of the greatest value, and which had been awarded to but two persons before, Messrs. Vicat and Chevreul.

The names of these discoveries will suffice to indicate to the intelligent reader the extent and value of his services to the world.

So numerous and varied are the articles made from galvanized iron that it has ceased to be a novelty. Doubtless in a few years the same will be true of magnesium cement, to which we called attention in connection with the articles made by the Union Stone Company, of Boston, in the *Scientific American* of October 22, 1870, and April 29, 1871.

M. Sorel, dying amid the distractions of a terrible civil war, lacked those grateful tributes of honour which in happier times his great services to science and humanity would have elicited; but it is not too late for America, who, in common with France, has shared his benefactions, to revive and freshen the memory of his genius and his works.—*Scientific American*.

During the Prussian siege of Paris a sum of fifteen millions of francs was sent off in a balloon for the purchase of arms in the provinces. The balloon fell at Verdun, almost in the midst of the enemy, and the aeronaut immediately deposited the money with the Abbe Thirion. Half an hour after the Prussians arrived at the presbytery, and searched everywhere, but fortunately did not light upon the treasure. As soon as the siege of Verdun was ended, the abbé repaired to Brussels, when the fifteen millions were placed in the hands of the French representative. The journals announce that the money has just been restored to the state officers. A very pretty story, if true, which will deeply interest the Prussians.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY STATION, LONDON, ONT.

Among the railways which connect at the "Forest City" the Great Western is one of the most important, and was the first to bring the "iron horse" into London. In the present issue we give an illustration of the London station of that road, which is now, as it has always been, one of the most prosperous of Canadian railways.

THE RUINS OF THE HOTEL-DE-VILLE.

If there was one public building in Paris that one might have expected the men of the Commune to have spared, it was the Hotel-de-Ville—now the ghastliest mass of ruins in the whole of the shattered capital. Not only as an ancient landmark of the past, and as a wonderful specimen of the beauty of the art of the Renaissance, but far more as a building the history of which is intimately bound up with the history of revolutions—one which has, so to speak, been the sanctuary of revolt for centuries, had it a title to recommend it to the tender mercies of the Reds. From time immemorial it has been the headquarters of the more factious spirits of the French revolutionary mobs at the moment of their triumph. Through its gates, in the early part of the 17th century, poured the turbulent crowds of *Foudeurs*, in the memorable days of the Mazarinades, to meet with disgrace and defeat at the hands of the Royal troops. Later on they were followed by the *sans-culottes* of 1789, rebelling from the capture of the Bastille. From the balcony above the principal entrance has been three times proclaimed "the Republic, one and indivisible,"—the last time but little over a year ago. Yet all these revolutionary associations were insufficient to avert the destruction that has overtaken the Hotel-de-Ville. Shattered and shorn of many of its beauties by the Prussian shell in the first bombardment, its ruin was completed by the order of the Commune, on the day preceding the entrance of the Versailles into Paris.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The name of President Young, the Chief Prophet and Primate of the Twelve Apostles of the Mormon revelation, is at last threatened with obloquy, if not with the enervation of oblivion. Brigham is now a fugitive from Mormondom, he having, with other leading Latter Day Saints, been indicted by the Federal courts in Utah for low conduct, or polygamy, as also with others having instigated murder. It has long been very generally understood that the Mormons gave practical effect to the very dangerous doctrine that "the end justifies the means," hence "Danites" or obnoxious members of their community were summarily made away with in a manner which, in one particular instance at least, the United States authorities have designated *murder*; and several of the "Twelve Apostles," together with their Chief and his son, Joseph A. Young, are now under indictment, and either arrested and on trial or fugitives from justice. Brigham, at the present writing, is among the best-named class, though it is to be presumed he will soon be placed in custody, as the United States authorities have at length abandoned their temporising policy regarding the Mormon scandal, and have gone to work as if determined to blot it out. Our portrait of the Mormon Prophet is copied from a photograph which was taken on the 1st of June of this year, that day being his seventieth birthday. For a man of his years and many trials, public and domestic, he exhibits wonderful vigour of physique, as well as all the outward signs of strong mental calibre. Indeed his history has shown him to be possessed of both to a remarkable degree, and it can hardly be expected yet that he will quietly abandon his exalted position among the believers in "the New Revelation" without a sturdy resistance.

Leaving to the telegraphic and other channels of news to give our readers a record of the progress of the repressive measures so tardily entered upon by the Washington Government against one of the most offensive delusions of the age, and leaving aside also the troublesome question as to the line of toleration to be extended in a "free country" to every formula of religious belief and all ordinance of religious practice, we shall give a brief sketch of President Young, who has been the leading spirit of the new sect since the death of its founder and first Prophet, Joseph Smith.

Brigham Young, President of the Mormons, was born in the State of Ohio, and was for some time a member of the Methodist connexion. Having been converted to the faith of the then comparatively new sect of Latter Day Saints, he rapidly rose to high position among them, and in 1844 became "President of the Twelve Apostles." Seeing that the people of Illinois were hostile to the Mormon cause, he planned and carried through the great exodus which placed the Rocky Mountains between the Mormons and all other forms of Christian civilization. It was certainly a daring act to venture on the formation of a settlement on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, but Brigham Young carried it out successfully, and has perhaps unwittingly been the instrument of extending a civilization to some of whose cardinal principles he is undoubtedly opposed. For many years the Mormons under his sway had it all their own way in Utah, and a community, prosperous in material affairs, having its recruits from many countries in Europe as well as from many Eastern States of the American Republic—from almost every place but Ireland—sprung up which has been looked upon as an anachronism and the social anomaly of the century. Probably the population which acknowledges Brigham Young's Presidency is not less than one hundred and fifty thousand souls; but in the conflict with law, through the influence of the railway and by the advancing tide of emigration, the delusion of which he is the chief pillar, is doomed to speedy extinction. It cannot be denied, however, that the Mormon system puts to severe test the modern doctrines of "liberty," and the career of the great Brigham Young rightfully becomes the property of the history of the century in which he lives, just as his deeds have challenged the propriety of its political ethics. By the way, though it be proof of our own want of discrimination, we may mention as a curious fact that an esteemed clerical friend, recently arrived in this country from Dublin, on seeing the portrait (the name being concealed) said unhesitatingly, "that man is about sixty-eight, but he bears his age well." We had thought him apparently younger, and still think he may live to see the collapse of the huge delusion of which, for the lifetime of a generation, he has been the main-stay. It is now said that the rising generation of Mormondom are tired of the system,

and would gladly allow it to perish. We hope this may be true, and that Brigham may go down to history as one of the odd characters whose feet have virtually obliterated their own imprints.

MISCELLANEA.

A certain journalist informed loyal Englishmen a few days ago that the fullest details respecting the movements and manners of our own Court were to be obtained from the Viennese newspapers. Parisian papers have no less the *specialité* for anecdotic sketches of the Royal Family of England. A reactionary organ of the *Figaro* type recounts the adventure of a French photographer at Balmoral, which is certainly not known to readers of the *Court Circular*, perhaps not even to the personages whose names occupy the foremost places in its columns. According to this print, in spite of her indisposition, the Queen had summoned from London, through the means of Lady S—, a French photographer of talent and ability. He was to take a copy of a portrait of the Prince Consort. The operator, who is discreetly called X—, arrived at Balmoral two hours before the time indicated. He carried with him not only his apparatus, but a change of linen folded in a silk handkerchief, fearing that the dust and smoke would necessitate a slight renovation of the outer man. He inquired of the porter for Lady S—, and was referred to the *chef* as the only official who could speak French! M. X— told the *cordon bleu* that he wished to change his linen, but was pool-poohed, and informed that Her Majesty did not like *des Jaçons*. M. X— would not, however, be persuaded, but was clamouring to be shown to a dressing-room, when Lady S— arrived and forthwith introduced him to the White Drawing-room. On his reiterating his request, he was told that he was sufficiently presentable without any further decoration. Left alone, the photographer was the prey of terrible anxiety. To appear before the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland without having changed his linen—and he a Frenchman and a photographer—such a catastrophe was not to be borne. M. X— precipitated himself behind a screen, and having divested himself of his upper clothing, was extricating himself from the Alpha of male attire when the Queen entered. With his head enveloped in seedy white, the end of a rubicund nose protruding at the aperture of the collar, the photographer elicited a hearty laugh from Her Majesty. His plight was as that of the hunted chamois. Search was made for him, but he has never since been seen at Balmoral.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

An ambitious project has been founded by a small knot of rabbis in Frankfort, &c., no less than to lead the scattered children of Israel back to Palestine, and to establish a Jewish kingdom there once more. Invitations to join the project have been printed in great numbers, and are by this time circulating among the numerous members of the ancient race throughout Germany; and, if we may credit the report of newspapers friendly to Judaism, influential moneyed men in the old imperial capital—the headquarters of German Jews—have given it their substantial support. The originators endeavour to prove that the undertaking is by no means as impracticable as it at first sight seems, and remind their fellow-creedsmen that it is what they pray for—if they pray at all—three or four times every day—viz. in the "Shemoneh Esrech," in their noon and evening, and, in fact, in every prayer sanctioned by their law. Moreover, they interpret the Bible passage, "Return to me and I will return to you," as meaning literally that on the Jews returning to Jerusalem the Lord, and with Him power and prosperity, will return to them.

At Tarragona, when out in the bay in a falnah, after visiting the man-of-war the King of Spain requested to be rowed out further to sea, and when at a considerable distance from land, he rose and proceeded to divest himself of his outer clothing. General Balagua, who was with him, much troubled, ventured to ask what His Majesty proposed doing. "I am going to have a swim," was the laughing reply of the young gentleman at seeing the consternation depicted on the countenances around. "But for Heaven's sake!" remonstrated the General, "consider the immense responsibility devolving upon me if anything should happen to your Majesty." "You may take every precaution you think proper," was the reply, as Royalty plunged into the blue waves of the Mediterranean. There was no help for it but to hurriedly order two stout oarsmen, notable swimmers, to dive in the water after the King, who, after disporting himself to his heart's content, scrambled up the side of the boat, shaking off the water like a Newfoundland pup, evidently in high glee at his brief escapade from the cares and joys of monarchy.

It is a matter of astonishment to the literary student that Bismarck's expression of making the Parisians "cook in their own gravy" should have created so much discussion and controversy. The invention is none of Bismarck's. "Cuire dans son jus" is a common saying, a *ditton*, as the French call it, in use in everyday discourse, conveying a threat of making the sufferer weary himself with rage and vexation. The idea must be ancient enough, for we find it in Chaucer, where the Wife of Bath is made to say—

"In his own grousse I made him drie,  
With anger, rage, and jealousy."

Just before Lafayette's last visit to America, Webster was one of a fishing party in Massachusetts Bay. He had been selected to deliver the welcoming speech to the great Frenchman on his approaching visit, and during the piscatory occupation he seemed very abstracted. A gentleman who was fishing next to him addressed him several times without receiving so much as a nod in answer. By-and-bye Webster began pulling in his line, hand over hand, with an effort which plainly signified that a large fish had been hooked; but upon his face there was not a single gleam of that eager joy which usually accompanies such an event. At length the fish was seen approaching the surface, gleaming through the green water like burnished silver; still Webster's face gave not a sign of pride or gratification; but just as the fish left the water he burst out in tones of solemn rapture: "Venerable man! Sage, patriot, and soldier! Representative of two hemispheres! Welcome to our shores once more!" And down dropped a monster cod upon the deck.

M. Roscio, recently nominated painter to His Majesty the King of Spain, has been requested to paint the inauguration of the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

A SIBB FULL OF BUDS.—They tell a rather good story at the Curragh concerning the Colonel of a gallant regiment about to proceed to India immediately. As usual when a regiment proceeds to that great dependency, there is marrying and giving in marriage. Women "on the strength" and married "with leave" receive rations, pay, &c., and an allowance for every child. A sergeant can save with ease three shillings per day and live most comfortably. The Colonel of the regiment referred to gave the usual privilege to the well-conducted men to marry, provided the ladies chosen bore good characters, were strong and healthy, and over twenty years of age. *On dit* that the pleasant Colonel never imagined that his men in three weeks' time could flirt, court, and marry to any wonderful extent. But he knew not the ways of woman-kind, for half the regiment has succeeded in wooing and winning laughing brides. In the parish church of the Curragh the mornings are devoted to tying people together for life, and we learn that the ladies, who are chiefly neat, trim English girls, enjoy beyond measure the Colonel's misconception. But the War Office shows its teeth, and attacks the brides remorselessly. The London authorities have ordered that each woman shall be allowed to have "only one box, which must not be higher than fourteen inches!" How on earth could they stow panniers, and chignons, and the infinite multitude of female wearables in a box 14 inches high? But if the War Office imagined they could circumvent the ladies they are woefully mistaken. For these say, and very truly, that the War Office has not fixed a limit to length or breadth, and wonderful are the shapes of the boxes hammered up by Kildare carpenters. If the genial Colonel made a mess of it, the War Office has plunged up to the neck in it. Better far if the latter had permitted the brides to bring with them any number of handboxes than chests, which seem to be a cross between piano cases and coffins. Between the Colonel and the Horse Guards the girls have a merry time of it.

SLEEPING CARRIAGES ON RAILWAYS.—It has often been remarked that in point of providing for the comfort of night passengers on railways the Americans have made far greater advances than we. For years past they have had sleeping carriages; but, so far as we know, no one has yet ventured to suggest such a thing for any line in England. Any one, therefore, making a long journey at night has to content himself by sleeping in what posture he may, which is too often one full of discomfort. There is now, however, in the course of construction at the Saltley Carriage Works a carriage intended to change all this. The length of the carriage is 32 feet by 8 in breadth, and is thus somewhat larger than the carriage in ordinary use on our lines. During the day it will not differ in appearance, and it is so arranged that the passengers can themselves alter it when they decide upon going to bed. This is accomplished by taking down a padded shelf in a recess in the partition of the carriage, and turning up the arms of the seats. By this means six sleeping berths are provided in each compartment of either a first or a second-class carriage. The inventor and patentee of the carriage is Mr. James Hewison, of Glasgow.

TEA AND MILK.—The Chinese have always despised European tea drinkers for disguising the fragrance of the sacred herb by the admixture of milk, and the Celestial nation would appear to have reason on their side, for, it is asserted, that on mixture the albumen of the milk unites with the tannin of the tea, and forms minute flakes of that material which is, or ought to be, the main constituent of a pair of boots. There may be nothing like leather, but a leather lining to one's stomach is hardly a specimen of the eternal fitness of things. When we, ourselves, so vitiate the cheering cup, we can hardly wonder that the "Heathen Chinese" considers the leavings of his own decoctions quite good enough for us, and we can have no reason to complain of shipments of re-fired leaves, but it is another matter when the process goes a step further, and takes the form of "Maloo" mixture, a delicate euphuism for willow leaves and maggots, iron filings, and plumbago.—*London Milk Journal*.

LEAD FOIL FOR BANDAGES.—Doctor Burggraeve, of Geneva, recommends thin lead foil bandages, in cases of wounds and broken limbs. The sheets of lead are kept in place by adhesive plaster, and are said to offer the following advantages: 1. The lead remains soft and cool in contact with the wounds. 2. It enables the physician to dispense with lint, which is the constant occasion of heat and infection. 3. The sulphur compounds which form prevent the decomposition of the parts and growth of organisms. 4. After the bandage is made, the wound can be washed and refreshed with cold water without removing it. It would be well to have a supply of this foil on hand in machine shops where large numbers of workmen are employed.

Dr. Lisle says that he has cured twenty-one cases of cholera out of twenty-six by administering a solution of five parts sulphate of copper to 100 parts distilled water, about thirty drops, to which add ten drops of Sydenham's laudanum and 4 oz. of sugar and water. Dr. Drouet advocates a solution of castor-oil in collodion being applied with a brush to the abdomen. The mixture forms a waterproof film which prevents perspiration, and vomiting and cramps are instantly arrested.

ENGRAVING BY ELECTRICITY.—The efforts which have been made from time to time, with but poor encouragement, to engrave on metals by means of electricity, seem at last to have resulted in the attainment of practical results. An ingenious French mechanic has produced an invention by which a metal plate, upon which a design is drawn with a chemical ink of some kind, is slowly rotated with its face vertical, and several other similar plates, graded in size, are also slowly rotated by appropriate mechanism. The object of the invention is to engrave on the smaller plates the design traced upon the largest, on different scales of magnitude, which is accomplished by applying a cutting point to the face of each plate, and which is pressed against it by means of an electric current whenever a blunt point, applied to the large plate, encounters the ink in which the design is traced.—The cutting points being at other times withdrawn. The point presented to the first plate is merely a "feeler," which determines by electrical agency whether the ink is beneath it or not. If it is, the points are pressed into the surface of the other plates; if not, they are withdrawn and prevented from cutting. The feeler and the bruisers must, of course, all follow a spiral track. This is crude, and can be made applicable to the reproduction of certain kinds of designs only, but it is considered a long step in the direction of practical success.



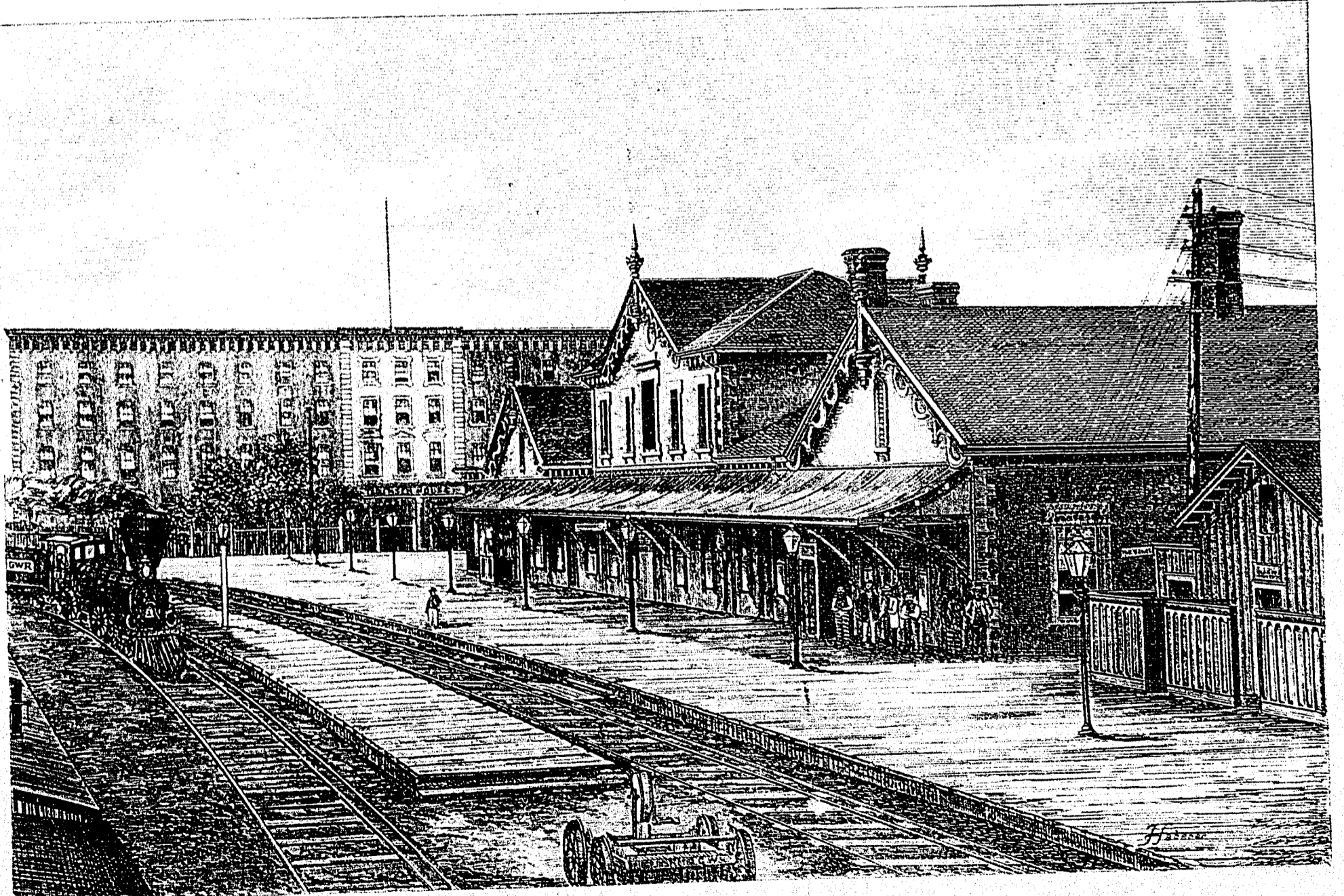
HON. J. H. POPE, NEW MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 306.



MANITOBA.—A SCENE IN CAMP.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J.



BRIGHAM YOUNG.



THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY STATION AT LONDON, ONT. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. COOPER — SEE PAGE 307.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY. NOV 18, 1871.

Table with columns for day of the week and date, listing historical events such as 'Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity' and 'St. Brigid, Bp. Kepler died, 1630.'

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 1st November, 1871, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

Table with columns for day of the week, time of day (Max, Min, Mean, S.A.M., P.M., 6 P.M.), and temperature readings.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS sending in their names and \$4.00 from this date until the end of the year, will be entitled to the Illustrated News for 1872, complete, and to the numbers of the present year still to be published after the date of their subscription, including the Premium Plate now being printed.

Arrangements have been made to have the Canadian Illustrated News and the Hearthstone delivered in folio form to subscribers in the following places, by the Agents whose names are annexed.

These Agents will also collect the subscription and the postage. In most cases, not to interfere with existing postage contracts, the arrangement will take effect only after the 1st January next.

After the 31st December next, the subscription to the News will be \$4.00 per annum, if paid in advance, or within the first three months, after which it will be Five Dollars.

Table listing agents for the Canadian Illustrated News across various Ontario locations, such as Bothwell, Bowmanville, Brantford, Brockville, Cobourg, Collingwood, Dundas, Elora, Fenelon Falls, Fergus, Goble's Corners, Goderich, Halifax, Hamilton, Ingersoll, Kincaid, Kingston, London, Napanee, Orillia, Oshawa, Ottawa, Paisley, Perth, Pembroke, Petrolia, Port Perry, Prescott, St. Catharines, St. John, Sherbrooke, Tisonburg, and Wardsville.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1871.

Journalism is an institution sui generis. When we buy a coat or a pair of boots, it is seldom, indeed, that we think of the principles or the politics of the maker; but in subscribing for a newspaper we take account generally of both, in so far at least as they relate to those who have control over the matter published in the paper.

Clearly it is the interest of every country to have its press in the hands of thoughtful men, who discuss

principles without a blind allegiance to party; and though in this country we can, happily as yet, trust to the corrective force of public sentiment to keep journalism within its legitimate sphere. It is but too true that in many places the press has been turned to very vicious account: even well-disposed people, for the mere sake of excitement, and perhaps from a latent love of scandal, have encouraged the circulation of low publications, and thereby assisted to deteriorate serial publications to a level far below their own sense of propriety.

Now the trouble is that irresponsible men too frequently control this press. By "irresponsible" we mean not men without substance, but men without conscience, who regard no obligations beyond those imposed by the mere conventionalities of life. These are the men who strike at private character, who dress vice in an attractive form, who paint the world a little worse than it is, just for the fun of the thing, and to get their paper a "run."

National sentiment will receive far less encouragement for growth from a muffling up of divergent opinions than from a hearty and friendly disputation over matters upon which differences exist. There is no avoiding the conflict of opinion; but there is a way of turning that conflict to good account, and we believe that JOURNALISM has been specially commissioned for the task.

THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF ONTARIO.

We present our subscribers this week with a supplement containing a double page illustration of the group so excellently arranged and admirably photographed by Messrs. Notman & Fraser, of the first Parliament of the Province of Ontario.

names of the constituencies which the several honourable gentlemen represented.

The first Legislative Assembly of Ontario deserves especial commemoration in Canadian history. The sole Legislative body in the Province (saving the delegated Royal sanction) accomplished an amount of practical legislation hitherto unexampled in the country, and pursued a close-fisted system of economy which must even have been pleasing to the manes of the late Joseph Hume, who, were he alive to-day, would have to compete for the honour of champion economist of the world with the Ontario Premier, whose not over portly figure rightly occupies a prominent position in the foreground of the picture.

KEY TO NOTMAN & FRASER'S PICTURE OF FIRST PARLIAMENT OF ONTARIO.—1870.

Table with columns for REPRESENTATIVES and CONSTITUENCIES, listing 82 members and their respective constituencies such as Addington, Peterborough, W. R., Huron, S. R., Perth, N. R., etc.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS.—A new mode of preserving flowers, fruit, and botanical specimens generally, has been suggested by Dr. Piesse, which we think will be appreciated by those who wish to preserve specimens gathered by departed friends, or to retain the form of flowers for botanical teaching.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

A DREAM.

Beware, beware; in my sleep last night I dream'd a dream of thee. And the hazel light of thine eye was bright With an elf's own witchery. I saw thy curls in shining fold, In glowing ripple and wave, The priceless gold of a wealth untold That the hand of beauty gave. Thou wert a princess, dwelling alone In a castle by the sea, But the moon that shone on its stately stone Seemed not more odd to me. And the sparkling waves where tempest slept In the sunlight's silver sheen, And the winds that swept where the sea-kelp wept Were not more cruel, I ween. And many the princes that sailed the sea To woo and to win for their own, But a smile from thee was never to be: They crossed the wide waters alone. And the rocks grew grimmer along the shore And grimmer grew the sea, And each tide bore one suitor more To win a smile from thee. And each tide bore one suitor away, For the princess would not wed, And the waves' wild sway had a sound of woe In the sating words it said. . . . But now thy lips have paler grown, Thy cheek hath lost its light, For though the veil of misty sail Has met thy startled sight. Black blooms the sad and black the mast And black the company, And gloom fast the ship doth cast Black shadows on the sea. A siren knock'd at the castle gate: "The princess, who is she?" My bark doth wait and my oars are Fate, Proud maid, unbear to me. Slowly the death ship sailed away, And slowly back the sea; But the sound to-day of its waves' wild sway Falls mocking, mockingly!

Edwin Everett

Printed in Chester, N. Y.

SHALL WE SEND OUR CHILDREN AWAY FROM HOME TO BE EDUCATED.

The *College Question* published at New Haven says on the above subject:—The notion is quite prevalent that it is a good thing for children to go away from home while acquiring their education, so that they may see the world and learn new other folks live. There is doubtless much to be learned in seeing the world, and we would, by no means, deprecate the enlargement of mind which comes by travel; but the natural place for children is home, and their best society that of their parents and brothers and sisters. The teacher of a boarding school has the double office of teacher and parent, and, however well he may fill the former, it is impossible for him to fill the latter to the perfection which the parent can, and often does attain. The child almost knows instinctively that the love of a parent is disinterested, that his advice is without any selfish motive, and that his command must be obeyed. He therefore trusts his parent with a confidence, and obeys him with a good will, which he is not ready to yield to a stranger. It is the duty, therefore, of parents to keep their sons and daughters together at home till their minds are well disciplined by study, their principles well established, and their habits formed, and then they can safely see the world, and profit by the lessons it teaches. The high school enables us thus to do. The young men and women graduating from our high schools find the same incentive to action in society that they found in the school, and do not have behind them the forces which thus far have impelled them. There is no such violent change as must occur when one graduates from a school exclusively devoted to one sex.

EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS IN A DURHAM CHAPEL.

The Durham (Eng.) *Chronicle* is responsible for the following narrative of certain extraordinary proceedings at the Jubilee Chapel:—The singular manifestations, which have caused no end of talk in the city and neighbourhood, may still be witnessed at the above place of worship, especially during week night services. On Saturday evenings, a service is held known as a "Band meeting," and young persons may be seen walking about the chapel, and others falling to the ground. These prostrations even extend to some of the lay preachers, for on Sunday morning week the preacher—a person from Framelgate Moor—while conducting the service at the Jubilee Chapel, fell in the rostrum, and the service remained at a stand-still till he recovered. Other preachers have fallen in the pulpit at several chapels in the circuit. The attendance at the Jubilee Chapel has lately increased, and now on Sabbath evenings large congregations worship within its walls. The number of enrolled members has increased to a surprising extent, and the society is now in a very prosperous state. At Shirecliffe Colliery, Gilesgate Moor, Framelgate Moor, and other chapels in the circuit, the same scenes as mentioned above have occasionally taken place; but the climax was reached on Sunday evening at Carville. Mrs. Thompson preached morning and evening, and in the afternoon a lovefeast was held, at which many persons testified to the happy change that had taken place in their lives, and related with questionable minuteness their particular vices before conversion. The lovefeast passed off very pleasantly. Before evening service commenced the chapel was crowded to the doors. The service had scarcely begun before a shrieking and a stamping of feet made it evident that the "manifestations" had commenced. Young men and women walked about the chapel with eyes closed and arms extended. Some nervous people at first were seriously alarmed, and evidently considered the outside of the chapel preferable to the interior, but egress was difficult owing to the crowd of persons. A perfect tumult ensued. One young man moved about the

chapel at a rapid rate, and when seized by parties who wished to calm him, dashed them from him as if they were so many children, upsetting several forms in his travels. Something like order was at length restored, when Mrs. Thompson told the congregation not to be alarmed, as "it was the Lord's doing." After the ordinary service a prayer meeting was held, when the prostrations and walking about were resumed on an unlimited scale. Two girls attempted to force their way to the rostrum, but were kept back by a worthy brother, who apparently had an objection to allowing them to occupy such an exalted position. One of the girls, finding her attempts fruitless, at last made a vigorous onslaught on the man, and dealt him a severe blow, in pugilistic fashion, on his nasal organ. The unfortunate brother put his hand to his face to see if there were any signs of blood. The girl had her eyes shut during the time, and appeared to be ignorant of what she had done. At times the noise was very loud, praying, singing, stamping, and falling being beautifully intermixed. Two girls sang a hymn very sweetly while stretched on the floor of the chapel. Mr. Jos. Snowden, of Gilesgate Moor, was of great assistance in "keeping the fire burning" during the meetings. On Saturday and Monday, ten meetings were held in the chapel at Carville, and were well attended. The last service in which Mrs. Thompson officiated at this place was prematurely brought to a close, in consequence of the disgraceful conduct of several young men, who were present for the purpose of annoying the congregation.

A SIEGE COOK BOOK.

A French woman has published a book on the art of living in a time of siege, which contains a number of recipes not found in the usual works of this character. The Paris *Press* copies a number of choice specimens. The ass—*Pâ*—by the tenderness of its meat, is admirably adapted for service at the most epicurean feast. Ass meat is, according to the author, "far more tender than beef, and, like mule flesh, deserves to remain in permanent use, as it bears cooking in every style." She says of the cat: "This domestic animal, the ornament and consolation of the attic, and the spoilt fondling of the parlour, is one of the most highly prized and consequently rare dishes of famine times. The meat is white, fine, and tender, only it must, before use, be kept at least forty eight hours. It can then be served up the same as hare, as a ragout or as a roast. Horse flesh looks and tastes exactly like beef, and not only can with difficulty be distinguished from it, but is in fact preferable to it. It is better, however, the same as cat meat, to put it in pickle for thirty-six hours." Here follows a list of horse dishes—horse *p-tan-jen*, boiled horse meat, *cheval à la P. à la sauce*, *cheval à la mode*, horse hash, horse steak, horse brains, etc. Dog meat, when properly prepared, resembles mutton and even deer. Dog *cotelettes* and dog *filet* are prepared. Finally, the rat is not forgotten, but, in consequence of the danger from the *trichina* worm, cannot be recommended. The object of the author was to enrich our kitchen *repertoire* by a number of dishes learned from cruel necessity; and, even if she fails in this, her book must remain a literary curiosity.

ICE FLEAS.

During a recent rumble upon the Morteratsch Glacier, I turned over some of the isolated stones which lie upon its surface, partially imbedded in the ice, under many of them I found hundreds of a minute jet black insect, which jumped many times its own length at a single spring, in a manner somewhat resembling the performance of a common flea. The ice flea is about one-twelfth of an inch long. Viewed through a pocket lens, it was seen to have six legs, supporting a body obscurely jointed like that of a bee, and furnished with two jointed antennae. The total length of the insect appeared to be about six times its thickness, the antennae being about one-fourth as long as the body. The insects were not found under every stone; they generally occurred under flatish fragments of rock, presenting a surface of about a square foot, and having a thickness of from two to four inches. Stones of this size are sufficiently warmed by the sun's rays to melt the ice beneath them more rapidly than it is liquefied by the direct solar beams. A surface of rock absorbs luminous thermal rays better than does a surface of comparatively white ice, and it transmits these rays to the ice beneath it, partly by conduction and partly by radiation from its under surface. The stone thus melts its way an inch or two deep into the ice, forming for itself a kind of basin. Sometimes these cavities are watertight, and then any space between the stone and the walls of its basin is filled with water derived from the melting ice. Under such conditions I have never found any fleas beneath the stone. But occasionally the ice basin was drained, and it was under stones resting in such comparatively dry basins that the insects were found. In all cases, nearly the whole of the fleas were found upon the ice, very few being attached to the stones. They were grouped together in shoals, so that probably forty or fifty of them frequently rested upon a single square inch of ice. On removing the stones, the insects were very lively, but this might be owing to their sudden transition from comparative darkness to direct sunlight.

I saw no indications of food of any kind beneath the stones, but we have not to search far for a possible source of food. The cold of the glacier benumbs and kills thousands of insects which alight upon its surface, and bees, wasps, flies, and moths are frequently seen dead upon the ice. Then there is the so-called "red snow," and other allied organisms of similar habits, which may perhaps minister to the wants of this singular insect. Is the ice flea, like its irritating cousin, a nocturnal predatory insect, and does it issue from its abode at nightfall in search of frozen bees and butterflies?—E. Frankland, in *Nature*.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND LETTERS OF CREDIT.—In consequence of the numerous frauds committed by forged checks, some of the Vienna bankers have adopted the custom of sending, with their letter of advice, a photograph of the person in whose favour the credit has been issued, and to stop payment when the person who presents himself at the bank does not resemble the picture. If this practice were to become universal, some of our large banking houses would soon have a portrait gallery of no trifling interest, and the object of preventing fraud could be well attained.

Mr. Darwin, we (*Athenaeum*) hear, is engaged on a work in which the facial expression of animals will be one of the chief topics discussed.

VARIETIES.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance as to discover knowledge.

It is pleasant to know upon the authority of a veteran statistician that in 1850 the population of the United States will be 175,000,000.

Some young men are a little partial to blue-eyed maidens. Others like dark-eyed lasses. But the mon-eyed girls have the most admirers.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has asked all the clergy of his diocese to have themselves photographed at his expense. To each clergyman he gives two copies of the sitter's likeness, and also one of his (the archbishop's) own. It is a rather funny idea.

A gentleman praising the charms of a very plain woman before a sarcastic flirt, the latter whispered him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the gentleman. "Every right, by the law of nations, as the first discoverer."

There are more ways than one of resenting an insult. Several Prussian officers in full uniform were present at a concert in Amsterdam, not long ago. The musicians struck up "Die Wacht am Rhein," when the audience took it into their heads to hiss. The band, in order to allay the tumult, glided into the Dutch national air. At the first strains the Prussian officers uncovered their heads, rose and stood during the remainder of the piece.

An advertisement is going the round of the German papers, stating that a German firm in England has been established since 1853 for marrying foreigners to English "parties." Indeed, it is stated that the firm has "rich parties" always on hand from all parts of Europe ready to be married. Discretion and delicacy are guaranteed, and unexceptionable references are offered. Among the latter is the Emperor of Germany himself.

The *Cherwell* tells the story of a Roman manager whose ignorance of dramatic literature is touching. Having to correct the proof of a play—fill in which "*Alceste*" was underlined, he was heard to mutter, "Here's a stupid printer's blunder. A tiber called Adrienne—how absurd!" And seizing his pen, he made the correction and addition thus—

ADRIEN LE COUVREUR

A play dedicated to the *Week-end* Club.

It is reported that Horace Greeley got into a muss with a Texas editor. It appears that in an agricultural essay on Tobacco, Mr. Greeley asserts that fine-cut will not ripen well unless the tinfol is stripped from the growing buds early in the spring, and that plug tobacco ought to be knocked off the trees with clubs instead of being picked by hand. This the Texas editor said was nonsense, and Mr. Greeley challenged him.

On a certain occasion Henry Ward Beecher preached a sermon on the injustice of obliging men to work on Sunday. The next day, while riding down to Fulton Ferry, he entered into conversation with a car-driver, and asked him if he did not think some plan might be adopted to dispense with the need of running the cars all day on Sundays. The driver, in ignorance of the name of his interrogating friend, made a frank reply—"Yes, sir, I think there might. But there's no hope of it so long as they keep that Beecher Theatre open in Brooklyn. The cars have to run to accommodate that."

An eminent judge used to say that, in his opinion, the very best thing ever said by a witness to a counsel was the reply given to Missing, the barrister, at the time leader of his circuit. He was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey. The prosecutor had left the animal tied up to a gate, and when he returned it was gone. Missing was very severe in his examination of the witness—"Do you mean to say, witness, the donkey was stolen from that gate?" "I mean to say, sir," giving the judge and then the jury a sly look at the same time pointing to the counsel, "the ass was Missing."

Chicago is itself again. Hear what the *Post* of that city has to say of its recuperation:—Had Noah been a resident of Chicago, and had there been a fire instead of a flood, he would have never budged from his fire-proof ark till the dove of good omen, in the form of a newsboy, had borne him tidings of the first divorce suit as a proof that the flaming flood had abated from off the face of the earth. It is like the blowing of old breezes and the ringing of old bells to hear again that we are being given in marriage and divorced, as we used to be in the consulship of Plancus, when yet the fire had not abolished matinees, restaurants, and deliciously dangerous flirtations with kerchief and fine eyes, through the plate glass on the avenues or the parlor-dear at the hotels. The first divorce suit has been entered and we are once more a city. The names of Amanda B. Chaffee, plaintiff, and John B. Chaffee, defendant, will hereafter shine in our records, conspicuous as those of the First Mayor and the Original Settler. They are written here with reverence, and the Table-Talker, with rare generosity, forbears to observe that the defendant's husbandry appears to have been imperfect, and that the chaff he most affected was the product of a crop of wild oats.

CHESS.

Get solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

ENIGMA No. 15.

By AN AMATEUR.

White—K. at K. 8th, Q. at K. 5th, Ps. at Q. R. 2nd, K. R. 4th, and K. R. 5th. Black—K. at K. 8th, Q. at Q. R. 3rd, B. at K. B. 2nd, Kt. at K. 4th, P. at K. 2nd, K. 4th, K. Kt. 3rd, K. R. 4th, and Q. R. 5th.

The position above, occurring in actual play: White, having the move, can draw the game: how is it effected?

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 35.

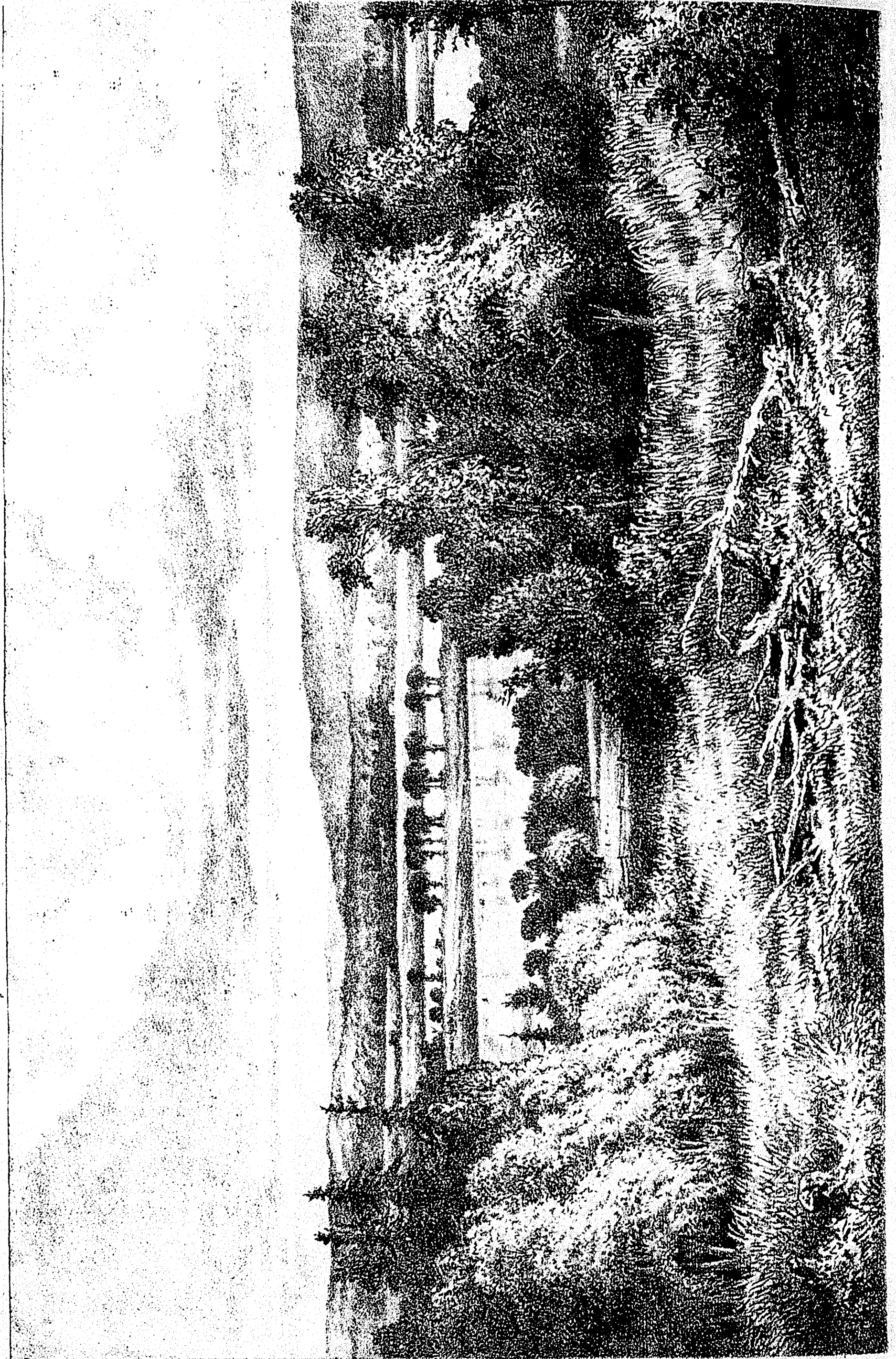
White.

- 1. B. to Kt. 5th. 2. Kt. to Kt. 5th, ch. 3. R. to B. 7th. 4. R. to B. 4th, dis. ch. and mate.

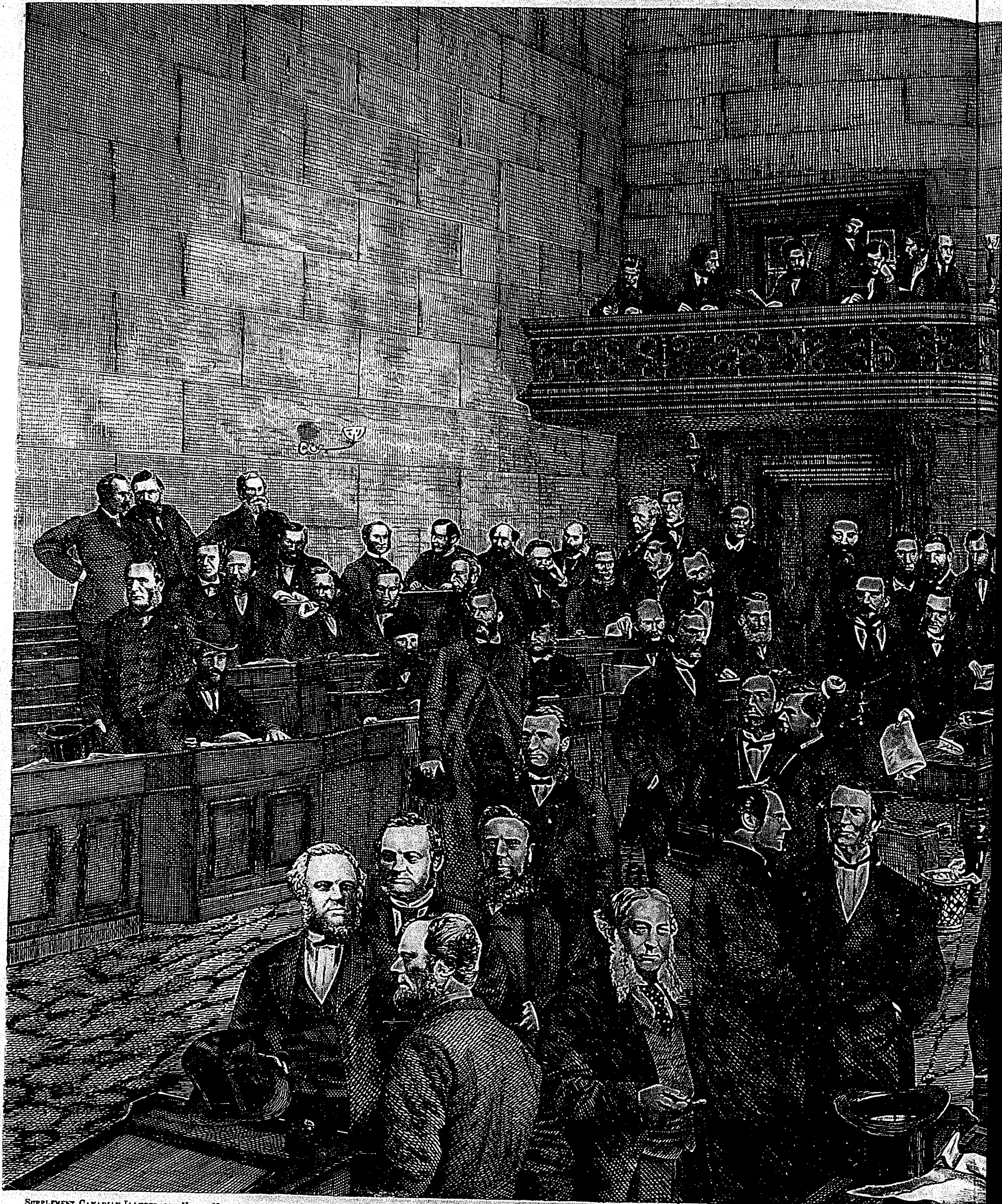
Black.

- K. to Q. 5th. K. to K. 5th. K. to Q. 4th.





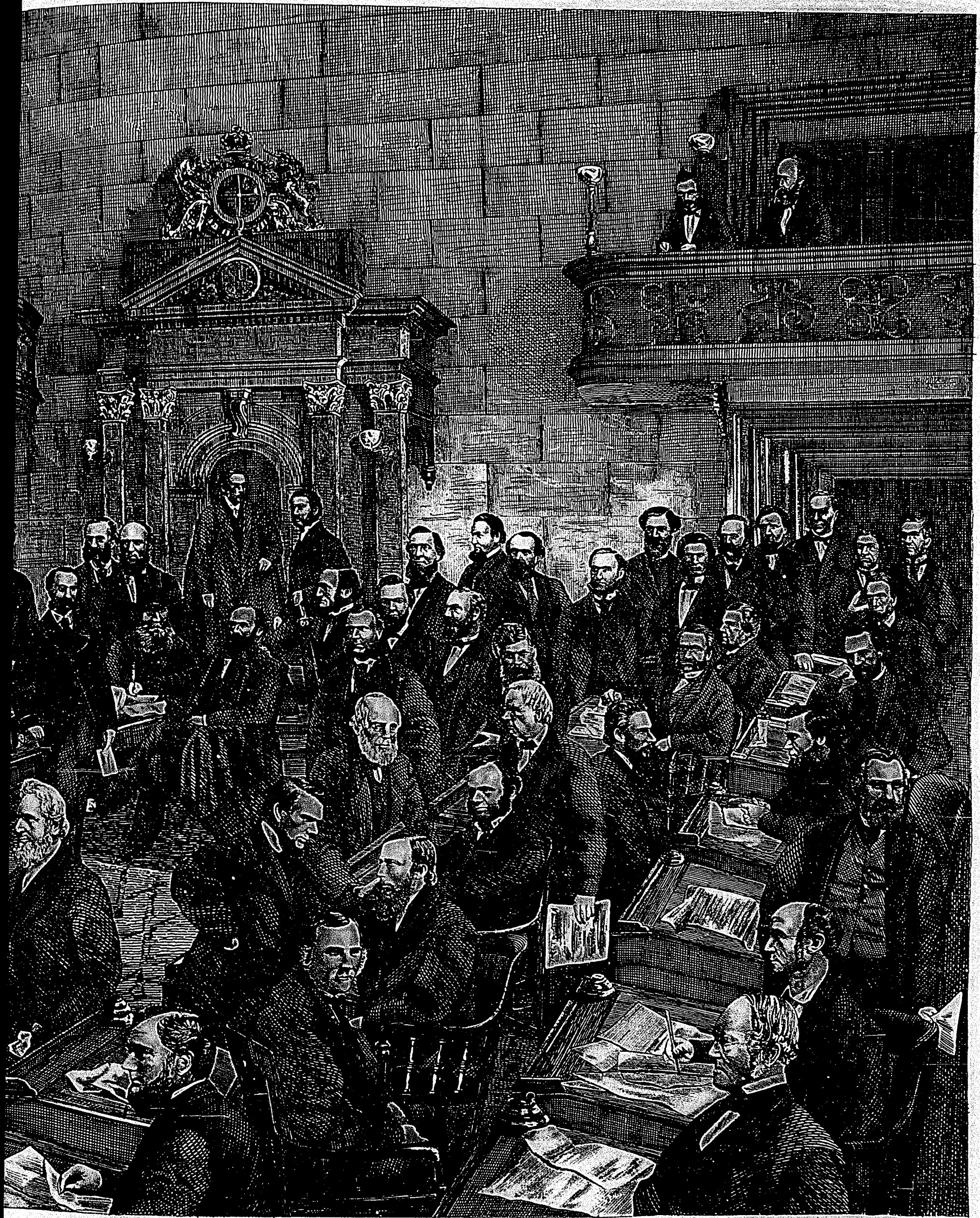
VIEWS ON THE PROPOSED ROUTE OF THE FREDERICTON AND RIVER DU LOUP RAILWAY - No. 2 KINGSCLEAR. - FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. T. TAYLOR. - SEE PAGE 313.



SUPPLEMENT CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, NOVEMBER 11, 1871.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31  
78 77 80 76 75 70 72 73 81 74 32 20 33

# THE FIRST ONTARIO



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER, TORONTO.—SEE KEY, p. 310.

34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 48 49 50 51 52 53 54  
70 82 85 89 90 92 96 97 98 99 59 68 67 60 61 55 58

# ONTARIO PARLIAMENT.

TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO THE OFFICERS OF THE 69TH REGIMENT BY THE CITIZENS OF QUEBEC.

This testimonial is intended to commemorate the high esteem in which the officers and regiment were held during their stay in Quebec by all the inhabitants, and especially the friendly feeling between the regiment and the volunteers during the frontier service at the time of the attempted Fenian invasion in the latter part of May and beginning of June. These ideas have been illustrated in the handsome prize of plate, manufactured by Elkington & Co., of Liverpool, under instruction of the testimonial committee—Messrs. Henry Fry, T. Beckett, and E. J. Price. The design consists of a silver centre-piece, formed by a Grecian column supported on a polished ebony and silver base, and draped with flags. From the acanthus leaves, forming the capital of the column, spring four elegant foliated arms, and a tripod support for a richly engraved glass bowl for fruit or flowers.

At the base of the column is an emblematical group representing an officer of the 69th regiment in full dress uniform, and a Quebec volunteer private in the act of stretching his arm over a pedestal supporting the royal crown, thus figuratively showing the readiness of volunteers and regulars to unite in defending their country. On the ebony base, on each side, are placed beavers in frosted silver, and on the front, also in frosted silver, a bas-relief representing an inspection of volunteers by an officer in the Queen's service. At the back is the plate bearing the inscription, of which the following is a copy:—

Presented by the citizens of Quebec to Lieut.-Col. George Bagot and officers of the 69th regiment, in acknowledgment of the high estimation by the whole community of their valuable and gallant co-operation in the frontier service, and the gentlemanly tone, that invariably pervaded their intercourse with the inhabitants while the regiment was in garrison at Quebec, November, 1870." The workmanship is exceedingly creditable to the manufacturers, while the design is chaste and appropriate. Our illustration is copied from a photograph.

VIEWS ON THE PROPOSED ROUTE OF THE FREDERICTON AND RIVER DU LOUP RAILWAY.

No 1.—CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, FREDERICTON.

The city of Fredericton, the political capital of New Brunswick, stands on a plain protruding into the St. John river. It is backed by a chain of hills rising in regular gradation, on which stand the University of New Brunswick, and many fine private residences, peeping from out the parks and groves that adorn these beautiful wooded heights.

Fredericton, formerly called St. Anns, was constituted the head-quarters of the Province in 1785 by Sir Guy Carleton. It is 85 miles by the river, and 65 miles by railway from the city of St. John, and is accessible to the largest class of river steamers, and small sailing vessels trade regularly between this city and ports in the United States.

Christ Church Cathedral is the first object of interest that attracts the eye on approaching the city by the river, and is one of the finest Gothic churches in the Dominion. The University, Methodist Church, and Town Hall are very fine buildings, and will be treated separately in future numbers. At the present time the public mind of the city and surrounding country is greatly agitated over the proposed River du Loup railway to connect Fredericton with the Grand Trunk railway by the St. John river route. If a splendid farming country, cultivated to some extent, and capable of high cultivation, and heavily timbered along the whole of the proposed route, is any attraction for capitalists, then the projectors of the proposed railway are highly favoured by the choice they have made. In addition to the valuable and beautiful timber and farming lands mentioned, there are many well defined beds of valuable minerals; copper, antimony, and the finest of iron ores have been worked successfully, and only wait easy transportation to the sea to render them profitable. The company has met with some discouragement, but hopes to succeed with the project, which certainly cannot fail to prove a great benefit to such a splendid country, through which it must pass, and finally a source of profit to those who invest in the enterprise.

Fredericton contains a population of about 6,000. Its situation on the western bank of the river, which winds its way past its streets and numerous handsome edifices, and ornamented towards the west by the residence of the Lieut.-Governor, is the most beautiful in the Province of New Brunswick, and cannot fail to be attractive to the tourist and settler. The booms of the Fredericton company are about six miles below the city. Numerous milling establishments do a large business in the manufacture of lumber in its immediate vicinity. Fruits, vegetables, and all kinds of farm produce are raised in great abundance, and exported from the surrounding country. The Provincial Hall of Mechanics' Arts and Agriculture is

perhaps the largest of its kind in America, and capable of holding 12,000 people. It stands at the back of the city, near the race course.

No. 2—KINGSCLEAR.

That portion of the parish of Kingsclear that borders the river St. John can scarcely be surpassed by the most beautiful park lands of England for arborescent beauty. Hills and valleys, farms and groves, wooded with choice old specimens of the elm, ash, maple, and butternut, form fresh surprises at every turn. Many valuable islands divide the stream of the river, and enrich the farmer with their wonderful crops of hay. These islands owe their productiveness to their being submerged during freshest season.

FILTERS AND FILTERING.

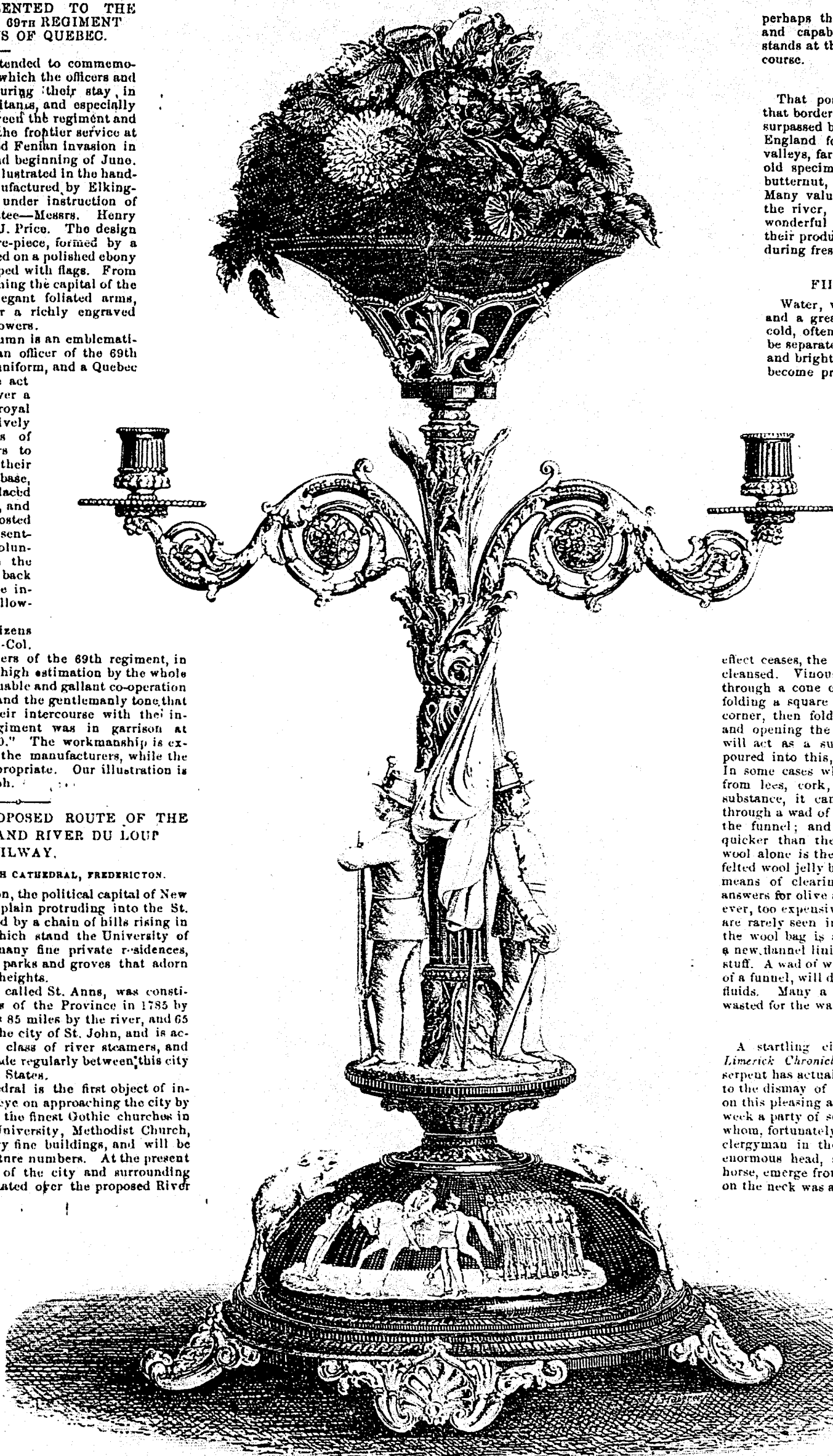
Water, wine, spirit, jelly, syrup, tinctures, and a great variety of other fluids, hot and cold, often contain substances which should be separated, in order to render the fluid clear and bright. As regards water filtering, it has become pretty general; but in domestic life

there are fluids, such as wine, liquid jelly, syrup, &c., which are required to be made "clear" before they are put on the table. There are three kinds of filters—sponge for watery liquids, cotton for spirituous fluids, and wool for gelatinous fluids and oils. In every well appointed kitchen, there are tin or porcelain funnels. For filtering watery fluids it is only necessary to insert, in the choke of the funnel, a V-shaped piece of fine sponge. All such liquids, on being put into the funnel, will pass through the sponge, and become quite clear. When this

effect ceases, the sponge must be removed and well cleansed. Vinous fluids are best cleared by filtering through a cone of white blotting paper, shaped by folding a square piece of the paper from corner to corner, then folding the triangle into half its size, and opening the folds; it will fit any funnel, which will act as a support to the paper. Wines, &c., poured into this, will run through perfectly bright. In some cases where the wine is only a little thick from lees, cork, or other mechanically suspended substance, it can be made quite clear by filtering through a wad of white cotton put in the choke of the funnel; and when this answers, it is much quicker than the paper filter. For jelly and oil, wool alone is the proper medium for filtering. The felted wool jelly bag is pretty well known as the best means of clearing calves' foot jelly, and it also answers for olive and other oil. These bags are, however, too expensive to be generally used; hence they are rarely seen in kitchens. A good substitute for the wool bag is a colander, on the inside of which a new tunnel lining should be fitted, made of double stuff. A wad of white knitting wool, put in the choke of a funnel, will do to filter any small portion of such fluids. Many a good glass of port wine has been wasted for the want of a penny paper filter.

A startling circumstance has, according to the *Limerick Chronicle*, occurred at Kilkee. The sea-serpent has actually appeared at that watering-place, to the dismay of the visitors, who had not reckoned on this pleasing addition to their little society. Last week a party of several ladies and gentlemen, one of whom, fortunately for the serpent, is a "well-known clergyman in the north of Ireland," observed an enormous head, shaped somewhat like that of a horse, emerge from the water. Behind the head and on the neck was a kind of chignon, or, as the *Chronicle* describes it, "a huge mane of seaweed-looking hair, which rose and fell with the motion of the water." It may well be imagined that when the head fixed its glassy eyes on the group it excited for the moment feelings the reverse of comfortable. "One lady nearly fainted at the sight, and all had their nerves considerably upset by the dreadful appearance of this extraordinary creature." The well-known clergyman, however, in the north of Ireland preserved his presence of mind

and was equal to the occasion, for he minutely inspected the interesting stranger, steadfastly returning its gaze, until to the relief of all present in a few minutes the gigantic head ducked and disappeared beneath the surface of the water. There can be little doubt that the sea-serpent, who has been too modest to disclose himself except to mariners on the lonely sea, has turned over a new leaf, and will in future make himself at home at various seaside places; nor can anything be more injudicious than to turn a cold shoulder upon him, or annoy him, on the other hand, by



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED BY THE CITIZENS OF QUEBEC TO THE OFFICERS OF THE 69TH REGIMENT. MESSRS. ELKINGTON & CO., OF LIVERPOOL, MANUFACTURERS.

vulgar curiosity. He is evidently a most determined beast, of gigantic strength and stature, and it would be well, now that he shows a social tendency, to meet him respectfully but with self-possession. His appearance, it is true, is against him, but, for aught we know, his disposition may be good; and so far from there being any reason for ladies to faint away when he puts his head out of the water, there is, it is to be feared, far more reason to expect that the serpent himself will be overcome by faintness at some of the sights to be witnessed at many of the watering-places on our coast.—*All Mall Gazette.*

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**WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.**

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

He was looking at me strangely: his eyes glittered with what, under other circumstances, I might have taken for satisfaction; but he turned his face away and rose, saying, with a curiously altered tone, as he took up his hat.

"I'm very sorry to have offended you, Mr. Cumbermede. I sincerely beg your pardon. I thought our old—friendship may I not call it?—would have justified me in merely reporting what I had heard. I see now that I was wrong. I ought to have shown more regard for your feelings at this trying time. But again I assure you I was only reporting, and had not the slightest intention of making myself a go-between in the matter. One word more: I have no doubt I could let the field for you—at good grazing rental. That I think you can hardly object to."

"I should be much obliged to you," I replied—"for a term of not more than seven years—but without the house, and with the stipulation expressly made that I have right of way in every direction through it."

"Reasonable enough," he answered.

"One thing more," I said: "all these affairs must be pure matters of business between us."

"As you please," he returned, with, I fancied, a shadow of disappointment if not of displeasure on his countenance. "I should have been more gratified if you had accepted a friendly office; but I will do my best for you, notwithstanding."

"I had no intention of being unfriendly, Mr. Coningham," I said. "But when I think of it, I fear I may have been rude, for the bare proposal of selling this Naboth's vineyard of mine would go far to make me rude to any man alive. It sounds like an invitation to dishonour myself in the eyes of my ancestors."

"Ah! you do care about your ancestors?" he said, half musingly, and looking into his hat.

"Of course I do! Who is there does not?"

"Only some ninety-nine hundredths of the English nation."

"I cannot well forget," I returned, "what my ancestors have done for me."

"Whereas most people only remember that their ancestors can do no more for them. I declare I am almost glad I offended you. It does one good to hear a young man speak like that in these degenerate days, when a buck would rather be the son of a rich brewer than a decayed gentleman. I will call again about the end of the week—that is if you will be here—and report progress."

His manner, as he took his leave, was at once more friendly and more respectful than it had yet been—a change which I attributed to his having discovered in me more firmness than he had expected, in regard, if not of my rights, at least of my social position.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ARRANGEMENTS.

My custom at this time, and for long after I had finally settled down in the country, was to rise early in the morning—often, as I used when a child, before sunrise, in order to see the first least of the sun upon the new-born world. I believed then, as I believe still, that lovely as the sunset is, the sunrise is more full of mystery, poetry, and even, I had almost said, pathos. But often ere he was well up I had begun to imagine what the evening would be like, and with what softly mingled, all but imperceptible gradations it would steal into night. Then when the night came, I would wander about my little field, vainly endeavouring to picture the glory with which the next day's sun would rise upon me. Hence the morning and evening became well known to me; and yet I shrink from saying it, for each is endless in the variety of its change. And the longer I was alone, I became the more enamoured of solitude, with the labour to which, in my case, it was so helpful; and began indeed to be in some danger of losing

sight of my relation to "a world of men," for with that world my imagination and my love for Charley were now my sole recognizable links.

In the fore-part of the day, I read and wrote; and in the after-part found both employment and pleasure in arranging my uncle's books, amongst which I came upon a good many treasures whereof I was now able in some measure to appreciate the value—thinking often, amidst their ancient dust and odours, with something like indignant pity, of the splendid collection, as I was sure it must be, mouldering away in utter neglect at the neighbouring Hall.

I was on my knees in the midst of a pile which I had drawn from a cupboard under the shelves, when Mrs. Herbert showed Mr. Coningham in. I was annoyed, for my uncle's room was sacred; but as I was about to take him to my own, I saw such a look of interest upon his face that it turned me aside, and I asked him to take a seat.

"If you do not mind the dust," I added.

"Mind the dust!" he exclaimed, "—of old books! I count it almost sacred. I am glad

nodes of thinking were. The end was, that, after finishing the work I had on hand, I collected my few belongings, gave up my lodging, bade Charley good-bye, receiving from him a promise to visit me at my own house if possible, and took my farewell of London for a season, determined not to return until I had produced a work which my now more enlarged judgment might consider fit to see the light. I had laid out all my spare money upon books, with which in a few heavy trunks I now went back to my solitary dwelling. I had no care upon my mind, for my small fortune along with the rent of my field was more than sufficient for my maintenance in the almost anchoritic seclusion in which I intended to live, and hence I had every advantage for the more definite projection and prosecution of a work which had been gradually shaping itself in my mind for months past.

Before leaving for London, I had already spoken to a handy lad employed upon the farm, and he had kept himself free to enter my service when I should require him. He was the more necessary to me that I still had my mare Lilith, from which nothing but fate

have been useless to go searching in the formless mass for this or that volume, but, unable to grant Sir Giles the desire of his heart in respect of my poor field, I did not care to ask of him the comparatively small favour of being allowed to burrow in his dust-heap of literature.

I was sitting, one hot noon, almost in despair over a certain little point concerning which I could find no definite information, when Mr. Coningham called. After some business matters had been discussed, I mentioned, merely for the sake of talk, the difficulty I was in—the sole disadvantage of a residence in the country as compared with London, where the British Museum was the unailing resort of all who required such aid as I was in want of.

"But there is the library at Moldwarp Hall," he said.

"Yes, there it is; but there is not here."

"I have no doubt Sir Giles would make you welcome to borrow what books you wanted. He is a good-natured man, Sir Giles."

I explained my reason for not troubling him.

"Besides," I added, "the library is in such absolute chaos that I might with less loss of time run up to London, and find any volume I happened to want among the old-book-shops. You have no idea what a mess Sir Giles' books are in—scarcely two volumes of the same book to be found even in proximity. It is one of the most painful sights I ever saw."

He said little more, but from what followed I suspect either he or his father spoke to Sir Giles on the subject; for, one day, as I was walking past the park-gates, which I had seldom entered since my return, I saw him just within, talking to old Mr. Coningham. I saluted him in passing, and he not only returned the salutation in a friendly manner, but made a step towards me as if he wished to speak to me. I turned and approached him. He came out, and shook hands with me.

"I know who you are, Mr. Cumbermede, although I have never had the pleasure of speaking to you before," he said frankly.

"There you are mistaken, Sir Giles," I returned; "but you could hardly be expected to remember the little boy who, many years ago, having stolen one of your apples, came to you to comfort him."

He laughed heartily.

"I remember the circumstance well," he said. "And you were that unhappy culprit? Ha! ha! ha! To tell the truth, I have thought of it many times. It was a remarkably fine thing to do."

"What! steal the apple, Sir Giles?"

"Make the instant reparation you did."

"There was no reparation in asking you to box my ears."

"It was all you could do, though."

"To ease my own conscience, it was. There is always a satisfaction, I suppose, in suffering for your sins. But I have thought a thousand times of your kindness in shaking hands with me instead. You treated me as the angels treat the repentant sinner, Sir Giles."

"Well, I certainly never thought of it in that light," he said; then, as if wishing to change the subject,—“Don't you find it lonely now your uncle is gone?” he asked.

"I miss him more than I can tell."

"A very worthy man he was—too good for this world by all accounts."

"He's not the worse off for that now, Sir Giles, I trust."

"No; of course not," he returned quickly, with the usual shrinking from slightest allusion to what is called the other world. "Is there anything I can do for you? You are a literary man, they tell me. There are a good many books of one sort and another lying at the Hall. Some of them might be of use to you. They are at your service. I am sure you are to be trusted even with mouldy books, which from what I hear must be a greater temptation to you now than red-checked apples," he added with another merry laugh.

"I will tell you what, Sir Giles," I answered. "It has often grieved me to think of the state of your library. It would be scarcely possible for me to find a book in it now. But if you would trust me, I should be delighted, in my spare hours, of which I can command a good many, to put the whole in order for you."

"I should be under the greatest obligation I have always intended having some capable man down from London to arrange it. I am no great reader myself, but I have the highest respect for a good library. It ought never to have got into the condition in which I found it."

"The books are fast going to ruin, I fear."

"Are they indeed?" he exclaimed, with some consternation. "I was not in the least aware of that. I thought so long as I let no one meddle with them, they were safe enough."

"The law of the moth and rust holds with books as well as other unused things," I answered.

"Then, pray, my dear sir, undertake the thing at once," he said, in a tone to which the unceremoniousness of self-reproach gave a touch of imperiousness. "But really," he added, "it seems trespassing on your goodness much too



"To my astonishment she drew it half way."

you know how to value them."

What right had he to be glad? How did he know I valued them? How could I but value them? I rebuked my offence, however, and after a little talk about them, in which he revealed much more knowledge than I should have expected, it vanished. He then informed me of an arrangement he and Lord Ingleswood's factor had been talking over in respect of the farm; also of an offer he had had for my field. I considered both sufficiently advantageous in my circumstances, and the result was that I closed with both.

A few days after this arrangement, I returned to London, intending to remain for some time. I had a warm welcome from Charley, but could not help fancying an unacknowledged something dividing us. He appeared, notwithstanding, less oppressed, and, in a word, more like other people. I proceeded at once to finish two or three papers and stories, which late events had interrupted. But within a week London had grown to me stifling and unendurable, and I longed unspeakably for the free air of my field, and the loneliness of my small castle. If my reader regard me as already a hypochondriac, the sole disproof I have to offer is, that I was then diligently writing what some years afterwards obtained a hearty reception from the better class of the reading public. Whether my habits were healthy or not, whether my love of solitude was natural or not, I cannot but hope from this that my

should ever part me. I had no difficulty in arranging with the new tenant for her continued accommodation at the farm; while, as Herbert still managed its affairs, the services of his wife were available as often as I required them. But my man soon made himself capable of doing everything for me, and proved himself perfectly trustworthy.

I must find a name for my place—for its own I will not write; let me call it The Meot; there were signs, plain enough to me after my return from Oxford, that there had once been a moat about it, of which the hollow I have mentioned as the spot where I used to lie and watch for the sun's first rays, had evidently been a part. But the remains of the moat lay at a considerable distance from the house, suggesting a large area of building at some former period, proof of which, however, had entirely vanished, the house bearing every sign of a narrow completeness.

The work I had undertaken required a constantly recurring reference to books of the sixteenth century; and although I had provided as many as I thought I should need, I soon found them insufficient. My uncle's library was very large for a man in his position, but it was not by any means equally developed; and my necessities made me think often of the old library at the Hall, which might contain somewhere in its ruins every book I wanted. Not only, however, would it

far. Your time is valuable. Would it be a long job?"

"It would doubtless take some months; but the pleasure of seeing order dawn from confusion would itself repay me. And I might come upon certain books of which I am greatly in want. You will have to allow me a carpenter though, for the shelves are not half sufficient to hold the books; and I have no doubt those there are standing in need of repair."

"I have a carpenter amongst my people. Old houses want constant attention. I shall put him under your orders with pleasure. Come and dine with me to-morrow, and we'll talk it all over."

"You are very kind," I said. "Is Mr. Brotherton at home?"

"I am sorry to say he is not."

"I heard the other day that he had sold his commission."

"Yes—six months ago. His regiment was ordered to India, and—and—his mother— But he does not give us much of his company," added the old man. "I am sorry he is not at home, for he would have been glad to meet you."

Instead of responding, I merely made haste to accept Sir Giles' invitation. I confess I did not altogether relish having anything to do with the future property of Geoffrey Brotherton; but the attraction of the books was great, and in any case I should be under no obligation to him: neither was the nature of the service I was about to render him such as would awaken any sense of obligation in a mind like his.

I could not help recalling the sarcastic criticisms of Clara when I entered the drawing-room of Moldwarp Hall—a long, low-ceiled room, with its walls and stools and chairs covered with tapestry, some of it the work of the needle, other some of the Gobelin loom; but although I found Lady Brotherton a common enough old lady, who showed little of the dignity of which she evidently thought much, and was more condescending to her younger neighbour than was agreeable, I did not at once discover ground for the severity of those remarks. Miss Brotherton, the eldest of the family, a long-necked lady, the flower of whose youth was beginning to curl at the edges, I found well-read, but whether in books or the reviews of them, I had to leave an open question as yet. Nor was I sufficiently taken with her not to feel considerably dismayed when she proffered me her assistance in arranging the library. I made no objection at the time, only hinting that the drawing up of a catalogue afterwards might be a fitter employment for her fair fingers; but I resolved to create such a fearful pothole at the very beginning, that her first visit should be her last. And so I doubt not it would have fallen out, but for something else. The only other person who dined with us was a Miss Pense—at least so I will call her—who, although the law of her existence appeared to be fetching and carrying for Lady Brotherton, was yet in virtue of a poor-relationship, allowed an uneasy seat at the table. Her obedience was mechanically perfect. One wondered how the mere nerves of volition could act so instantaneously upon the slightest hint. I saw her more than once or twice withdraw her fork when almost at her lips, and, almost before she had had it down, rise from her seat to obey some half-whispered half-nodded behest. But her look was one of injured meekness and self-humbled submission. Sir Giles now and then gave her a kind or merry word, but she would reply to it with almost abject humility. Her face was gray and pinched, her eyes were very cold, and she ate as if she did not know one thing from another.

Over our wine, Sir Giles introduced business. I professed myself ready, with a household and carpenter at my orders when I should want them, to commence operations the following afternoon. He begged me to ask for whatever I might want, and after a little friendly chat, I took my leave, elated with the prospect of the work before me. About three o'clock the next afternoon, I took my way to the Hall to assume the temporary office of creative librarian.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## PREPARATIONS.

It was a lovely afternoon, the air hot, and the shadows of the trees dark upon the green grass. The clear sun was shining sideways on the little oriel window of one of the rooms in which my labour awaited me. Never have I seen a picture of more stately repose than the huge pile of building presented, while the curious vane on the central square tower glittered like the outburning flame of its hidden life. The only objection I could find to it was that it stood isolated from its own park, although the portion next it was kept as trim as the smoothest lawn. There was not a door anywhere to be seen except the two gateway entrances, and not a window upon the ground floor. All the doors and low windows were either within the courts, or opened on the garden, which, with its terraced walks and avenues and one tiny lawn, surrounded the two further sides of the house, and was itself enclosed by walls.

I knew the readiest way to the library well enough; once admitted at the outer gate, I had no occasion to trouble the servants. The rooms containing the books were amongst the bedrooms, and after crossing the great hall, I had to turn my back on the stair which led to the ball-room and drawing-room, and ascend another to the left, so that I could come and go with little chance of meeting any of the family.

The rooms, I have said, were six, none of them of any great size, and all ill-fitted for the purpose. In fact, there was such a sense of confinement about the whole arrangement as gave me the feeling that any difficult book read there would be unintelligible. Order, however, is only another kind of light, and would do much to destroy the impression. Having with practical interest surveyed the situation, I saw there was no space for action. I must have at least the temporary use of another room.

Observing that the last of the suite of book-rooms farthest from the armoury had still a door into the room beyond, I proceeded to try it, thinking to know at a glance whether it would suit me, and whether it was likely to be yielded for my purpose. It opened, and, to my dismay, there stood Clara Coningham, fastening her collar. She looked sharply round, and made a half-indignant step towards me.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times, Miss Coningham," I exclaimed. "Will you allow me to explain, or must I retreat unheard?"

I was vexed indeed, for, notwithstanding a certain flutter at the heart, I had no wish to renew my acquaintance with her.

"There must be some fatality about the place, Mr. Cumbermede!" she said, almost with her old merry laugh. "It frightens me."

"Precisely my own feelings, Miss Coningham. I had no idea you were in the neighbourhood."

"I cannot say so much as that: for I had heard you were at The Moat; but I had no expectation of seeing you—least of all in this house. I suppose you are on the scent of some musty old book or other," she added, approaching the door where I stood with the handle in my hand.

"My object is an invasion rather than a hunt," I said, drawing back that she might enter.

"Just as it was, the last time you and I were here!" she went on, with scarcely a pause, and as easily as if there had never been any misunderstanding between us.

I had thought myself beyond any further influence from her fascinations, but when I looked in her beautiful face, and heard her allude to the past with so much friendliness, and such apparent unconsciousness of any reason for forgetting it, a tremor ran through me from head to foot. I mastered myself sufficiently to reply, however.

"It is the last time you will see it so," I said: "for here stands the Hercules of the stable—about to restore it to cleanliness, and what is of far more consequence in a library—to order!"

"You don't mean it!" she exclaimed with genuine surprise. "I'm so glad I'm here."

"Are you on a visit, then?"

"Indeed I am; though how it came about I don't know. I daresay my father does. Lady Brotherton has invited me, stiffly of course, to spend a few weeks during their stay. Sir Giles must be in it; I believe I am rather a favourite with the old man. But I have another fancy: my grandfather is getting old; I suspect my father has been making himself useful, and this invitation is an acknowledgment. Men always buttress their ill-built dignities by keeping poor women in the dark; by which means you drive us to infinite conjecture. That is how we come to be so much cleverer than you at putting two and two together, and making five."

"But," I ventured to remark, "under such circumstances, you will hardly enjoy your visit."

"Oh! shan't I! I shall get ten enough out of it for that. They are—all but Sir Giles—they are great fun. Of course they don't treat me as an equal, but I take it out in amusement. You will find you have to do the same."

"Not I. I have nothing to do with them. I am here as a skilled workman—one whose work is his sufficient reward. There is nothing degrading in that—is there? If I thought there was, of course, I shouldn't come."

"You never did anything you felt degraded in?"

"No."

"Happy mortal!" she said, with a sigh—whether humorous or real, I could not tell.

"I have had no occasion," I returned.

"And yet, as I hear, you have made your mark in literature?"

"Who says that? I should not."

"Never mind," she rejoined, with, as I fancied, the look of having said more than she ought. "But," she added, "I wish you would tell me in what periodicals you write."

"You must excuse me. I do not wish to be first known in connection with fugitive things. When first I publish a book, you may be assured my name will be on the title-

page. Meantime, I must fulfil the conditions of my *entrée*."

"And I must go and pay my respects to Lady Brotherton. I have only just arrived."

"Won't you find it dull? There's nobody of mankind at home but Sir Giles."

"You are unjust. If Mr. Brotherton had been here, I shouldn't have come. I find him troublesome."

I thought she blushed, notwithstanding the air of freedom with which she spoke.

"If he should come into the property to-morrow," she went on, "I fear you would have little chance of completing your work."

"If he came into the property this day six months, I fear he would find it unfinished. Certainly what was to do should remain undone."

"Don't be too sure of that. He might win you over. He can talk."

"I should not be so readily pleased as another might."

She bent towards me, and said in an almost hissing whisper.

"Wilfrid, I hate him."

I started. She looked what she said. The blood shot to my heart, and again rushed to my face. But suddenly she retreated into her own room, and noiselessly closed the door. The same moment I heard that of a further room open, and presently Miss Brotherton peeped in.

"How do you do, Mr. Cumbermede?" she said. "You are already hard at work, I see."

I was in fact, doing nothing. I explained that I could not make a commencement without the use of another room.

"I will send the housekeeper, and you can arrange with her," she said, and left me.

In a few minutes Mrs. Wilson entered. Her manner was more stiff and formal than ever. We shook hands in a rather limp fashion.

"You've got your will at last, Mr. Cumbermede," she said. "I suppose the thing's to be done."

"It is, Mrs. Wilson, I am happy to say. Sir Giles kindly offered me the use of the library, and I took the liberty of representing to him that there was no library until the books were arranged."

"Why couldn't you take a book away with you and read it in comfort at home?"

"How could I take the book home if I couldn't find it?"

"You could find something worth reading, if that were all you wanted."

"But that is not all. I have plenty of reading."

"Then I don't see what's the good of it."

"Books are very much like people, Mrs. Wilson. There are not so many you want to know all about; but most could tell you things you don't know. I want certain books in order to question them about certain things."

"Well, all I know is, it'll be more than it's worth."

"I am afraid it will—to you, Mrs. Wilson; but though I am taking a thousand times your trouble, I expect to be well repaid for it."

"I have no doubt of that. Sir Giles is a liberal gentleman."

"You don't suppose he is going to pay me, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Who else should?"

"Why, the books themselves, of course."

Evidently she thought I was making game of her, for she was silent.

"Will you show me which room I can have?" I said. "It must be as near this one as possible. Is the next particularly wanted?" I asked, pointing to the door which led into Clara's room.

She went to it quickly, and opened it far enough to put her hand in and take the key from the other side, which she then inserted on my side, turned in the lock, drew out, and put in her pocket.

"That room is otherwise engaged," she said.

"You must be content with one across the corridor."

"Very well—if it is not far. I should make slow work of it, if I had to carry the books a long way."

"You can have one of the footmen to help you," she said, apparently relenting.

"No, thank you," I answered. "I will have no one touch the books but myself."

"I will show you one which I think will suit your purpose," she said, leading the way.

It was nearly opposite—a bedroom, sparsely furnished.

"Thank you. This will do—if you will order all the things to be piled in that corner."

She stood silent for a few moments, evidently annoyed, then turned and left the room, saying,

"I will see to it, Mr. Cumbermede."

Returning to the books and pulling off my coat, I had soon compelled such a cloud of very ancient and smouldering dust, that when Miss Brotherton again made her appearance, her figure showed dim through the thick air, as she stood—dismayed I hoped—in the doorway. I pretended to be unaware of her presence, and went on beating and blowing, causing yet thicker volumes of solid vapour to clothe my presence. She withdrew without even an attempt at parody.

Having heaped several great piles near the

door, each composed of books of nearly the same size, the first rudimentary approach to arrangement, I crossed to the other room to see what progress had been made. To my surprise and annoyance, I found nothing had been done. Determined not to have my work impeded by the remissness of the servants, and seeing I must place myself at once on a proper footing in the house, I went to the drawing-room to ascertain, if possible, where Sir Giles was. I had of course put on my coat, but having no means of ablution at hand, I must have presented a very unrepresentable appearance when I entered. Lady Brotherton half rose, in evident surprise at my intrusion, but at once resumed her seat, saying, as she turned her chair half towards the window where the other two ladies sat.

"The housekeeper will attend to you, Mr. Cumbermede—or the butler."

I could see that Clara was making inward merriment over my appearance and reception.

"Could you tell me, Lady Brotherton," I said, "where I should be likely to find Sir Giles?"

"I can give you no information on that point," she answered, with consummate stiffness.

"I know where he is," said Clara, rising. "I will take you to him. He is in the study."

She took no heed of the glance broadly thrown at her, but approached the door.

I opened it, and followed her out of the room. As soon as we were beyond hearing, she burst out laughing.

"How dared you show your workman's face in that drawing-room?" she said. "I am afraid you have much offended her ladyship."

"I hope it is for the last time. When I am properly attended to, I shall have no occasion to trouble her."

She led me to Sir Giles' study. Except newspapers and reports of companies, there was in it nothing printed. He rose when we entered, and came towards us.

"Looking like your work already, Mr. Cumbermede!" he said, holding out his hand.

"I must not shake hands with you this time, Sir Giles," I returned. "But I am compelled to trouble you. I can't get on for want of attendance. I must have a little help."

I told him how things were. His rosy face grew rosier, and he rang the bell angrily. The butler answered it.

"Send Mrs. Wilson here. And I beg, Hurst, you will see that Mr. Cumbermede has every attention."

Mrs. Wilson presently made her appearance, and stood with a flushed face before her master.

"Let Mr. Cumbermede's orders be attended to at once, Mrs. Wilson."

"Yes, Sir Giles," she answered, and waited.

"I am greatly obliged to you for letting me know," he added, turning to me. "Pray insist upon proper attention."

"Thank you, Sir Giles. I shall not scruple."

"That will do, Mrs. Wilson. You must not let Mr. Cumbermede be hampered in his kind labours for my benefit by the idleness of my servants."

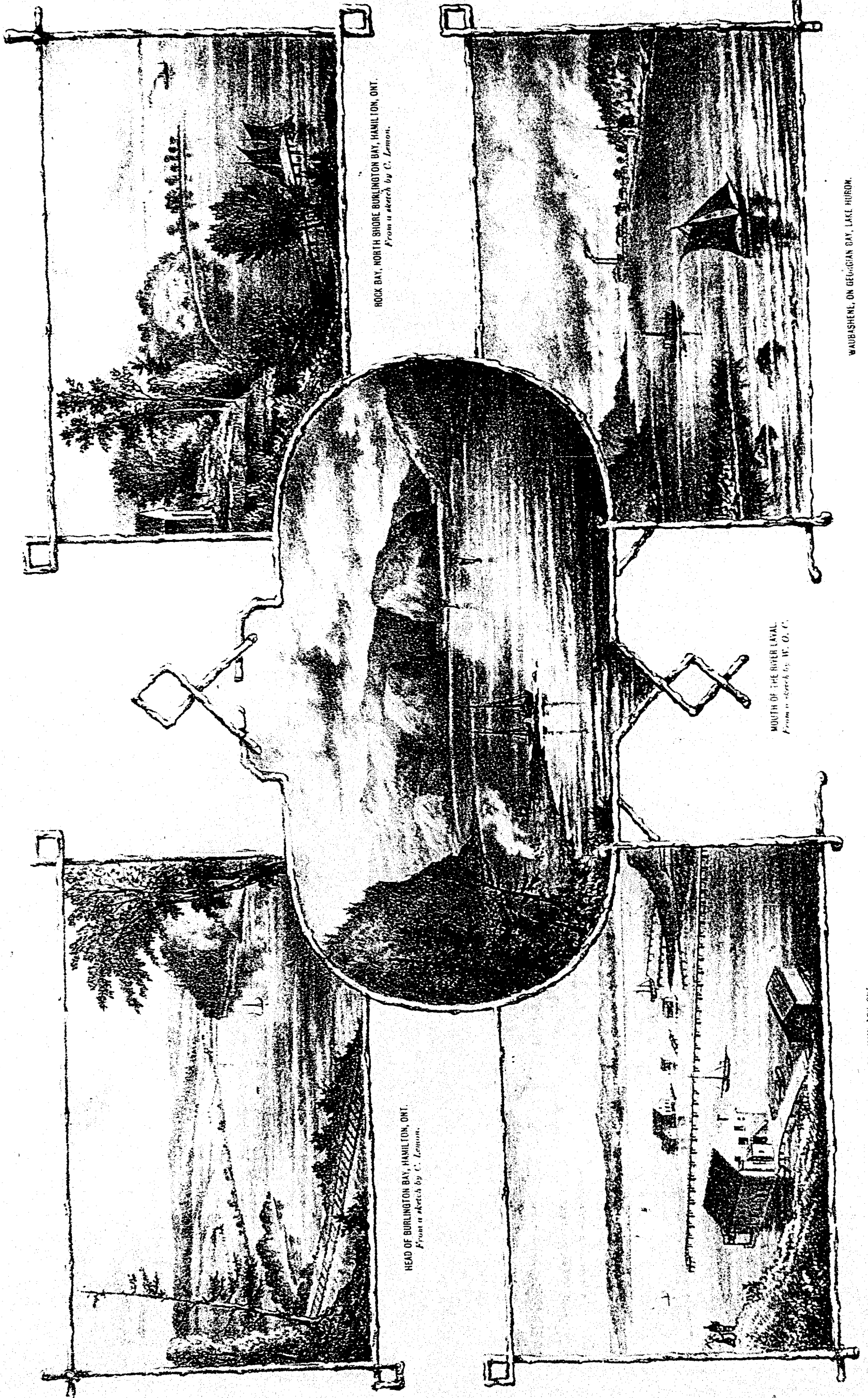
The housekeeper left the room, and after a little chat with Sir Giles, I went back to the books. Clara had followed Mrs. Wilson, partly, I suspect, for the sake of enjoying her confusion.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## ASSISTANCE.

I RETURNED to my solitary house as soon as the evening began to grow too dark for my work, which, from the lowness of the windows and the age of the glass, was early. All the way as I went, I was thinking of Clara. Not only had time somewhat obliterated the last impression she had made upon me, but I had, partly from the infection of Charles's manner, long ago stumbled upon various excuses for her conduct. Now I said to myself that she had certainly a look of greater sedateness than before. But her expression of dislike to Geoffrey Brotherton had more effect upon me than anything else, inasmuch as there Vanity found room for the soles of both her absurdly small feet; and that evening, when I went wandering, after my custom, with a volume of Dante in my hand, the book remained unopened, and from the form of Clara flowed influences mingling with and gathering fresh power from those of Nature, whose feminine front now brooded over me half-withdrawn in the dim, starry night. I remember that night so well! I can recall it now with a calmness equal to its own. Indeed in my memory it seems to belong to my mind as much as to the outer world; or rather the night filled both, forming the space in which my thoughts moved, as well as the space in which the brilliant thread of the sun-lighted crescent hung clasping the earth-lighted bulk of the moon. I wandered in the grass until midnight was long by, feeling as quietly and peacefully at home as if my head had been on the pillow and my soul out in a lovely dream of cool delight. We lose much even by the good habits

SKETCHES OF CANADIAN SCENERY.



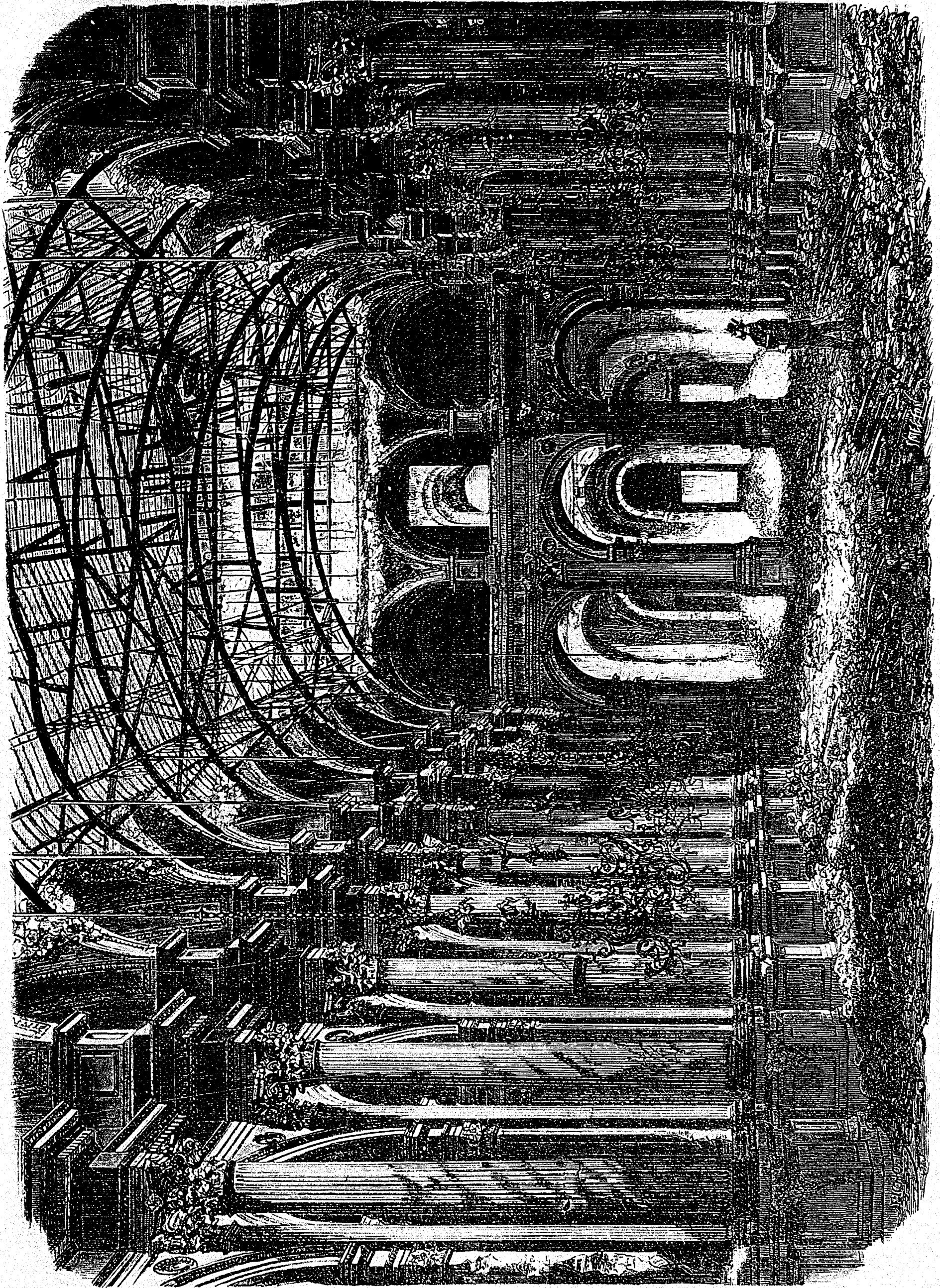
ROCK BAY, NORTH SHORE BURLINGTON BAY, HAMILTON, ONT.  
From a sketch by C. Lemon.

WAUBESHEW, ON GEORGIAN BAY, LAKE HURON.

MOUTH OF THE RIVER LAVAL.  
From a sketch by W. O. C.

HEAD OF BURLINGTON BAY, HAMILTON, ONT.  
From a sketch by C. Lemon.

BASTIEN'S BOAT HOUSE, BURLINGTON BAY, HAMILTON, ONT.  
From a sketch by C. Lemon.



THE RUINS OF PARIS.—THE BALL ROOM IN THE HOTEL DE VILLE.



we form What tender and glorious changes pass over our sleeping heads unseen! What moons rise and set in rippled seas of cloud or behind hills of stormy vapour while we are blind! What storms roll thundering across the airy vault, with no eyes for their keen lightnings to dazzle, while we dream of the dead who will not speak to us! But ah! I little thought to what a dungeon of gloom this lovely night was the jasmine grown porch!

The next morning I was glad to think that there was no wolf at my door, howling *work-work!* Moldwarp Hall drew me with redoubled attraction; and instead of waiting for the afternoon, which alone I had intended to occupy with my new undertaking, I set out to cross the park the moment I had finished my late breakfast. Nor could I conceal from myself that it was quite as much for the chance of seeing Clara now and then as from pleasure in the prospect of an ordered library that I repaired thus early to the Hall. In the morning light, however, I began to suspect as I walked that, although Clara's frankness was flattering, it was rather a sign that she was heartwhole towards me than that she was careless of Brotherton. I began to doubt also whether, after our first meeting, which she had carried off so well—cool even to kindness, she would care to remember that I was in the house, or derive from it any satisfaction beyond what came of the increased chances of studying the Brothertons from a humorous point of view. Then, after all, why was she there?—and apparently on such familiar terms with a family socially so far superior to her own? The result of my cogitations was the resolution to take care of myself. But it had vanished utterly before the day was two hours older. A youth's wise talk to himself will not make him a wise man, any more than the experience of the father will serve the son's need.

I was hard at work in my shirt-sleeves, carrying an armful of books across the corridor, and thinking whether I had not better bring my servant with me in the afternoon, when Clara came out of her room.

"Here already, Wilrid!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you have some of the servants to help you? You're doing what any one might as well do for you."

"If these were handsomely bound," I answered, "I should not so much mind; but being old and tattered, no one ought to touch them who does not love them."

"Then, I suppose, you wouldn't trust me with them either, for I cannot pretend to anything beyond a second-hand respect for them."

"What do you mean by a second-hand respect?" I asked.

"I mean such respect as comes from seeing that a scholar like you respects them."

"Then I think I could accord you a second-hand sort of trust—under my own eye, that is," I answered, laughing. "But you can scarcely leave your hostess to help me."

"I will ask Miss Brotherton to come too. She will pretend all the respect you desire."

"I made three times the necessary dust in order to frighten her away yesterday."

"Ah! that's a pity. But I shall manage to overrule her objections—that is, if you would really like two tolerably educated housemaids to help you."

"I will gladly endure one of them for the sake of the other," I replied.

"No compliments, please," she returned, and left the room.

In about half an hour she reappeared, accompanied by Miss Brotherton. They were in white wrappers, with their dresses shortened a little, and their hair tucked under mob caps. Miss Brotherton looked like a lady's maid, Clara like a lady acting a lady's maid. I assumed the command at once, pointing out to what heaps in the other room those I had grouped in this were to be added, and giving strict injunction as to carrying only a few at once, and laying them down with care in regularly ordered piles. Clara obeyed with a mock submission, Miss Brotherton with a reserve which heightened the impression of her dress. I was instinctively careful how I spoke to Clara, fearing to compromise her, but she seemed all at once to change her rôle, and began to propose, object, and even insist upon her own way, drawing from me the threat of immediate dismissal from my service, at which her companion laughed with an awkwardness showing she regarded the pleasantry as a presumption. Before one o'clock, the first room was almost empty. Then the great bell rang, and Clara, coming from the auxiliary chamber put her head in at the door.

"Won't you come to luncheon?" she said, with a sly archness, looking none the less bewitching for a smudge or two on her lovely face, or the blackness of the delicate hands which she held up like two paws for my admiration.

"In the servants' hall?—Workmen don't sit down with ladies and gentlemen. Did Miss Brotherton send you to ask me?"

She shook her head.

"Then you had better come and lunch with me."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I hope you will some day honour my little

fragment of a house. It is a curious old place," I said.

"I don't like musty old places," she replied.

"But I have heard you speak with no little admiration of the Hall: some parts of it are older than my sentry-box."

"I can't say I admire it at all as a place to live in," she answered curtly.

"But I was not asking you to live in mine," I said—foolishly arguing.

She looked annoyed, whether with herself or me I could not tell, but instantly answered,

"Some day—when I can without——. But I must go and make myself tidy, or Miss Brotherton will be fancying I have been talking to you!"

"And what have you been doing then?"

"Only asking you to come to lunch."

"Will you tell her that?"

"Yes—if she says anything."

"Then you had better make haste and be asked no questions."

She glided away. I threw on my coat, and re-crossed the park.

But I was so eager to see again the fair face in the mob cap, that, although not at all certain of its reappearance, I told my man to go at once and bring the mare. He made haste, and by the time I had finished my dinner, she was at the door. I gave her the rein, and two or three minutes brought me back to the Hall, where, having stabled her, I was at my post again, I believe, before they had finished luncheon. I had a great heap of books ready in the second room to carry into the first, and had almost concluded they would not come, when I heard their voices,—and presently they entered, but not in their mob caps.

"What an unmerciful master you are!" said Clara, looking at the heap. "I thought you had gone home to lunch."

"I went home to dinner," I said. "I get more out of the day dining early."

"How is that, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked Miss Brotherton, with a nearer approach to cordiality than she had yet shown.

"I think the evening the best part of the day—too good to spend in eating and drinking."

"But," said Clara, quite gravely, "are not those the chief ends of existence?"

"Your friend is satirical, Miss Brotherton," I remarked.

"At least, you are not of her opinion, to judge by the time you have taken," she returned.

"I have been back nearly an hour," I said.

"Workmen don't take long over their meals."

"Well, I suppose you don't want any more of us now," said Clara. "You will arrange the books you bring from the next room upon these empty shelves, I presume."

"No, not yet. I must not begin that until I have cleared the very last, got it thoroughly cleaned, the shelves seen to, and put up."

"What a tremendous labour you have undertaken, Mr. Cumbermede!" said Miss Brotherton. "I am quite ashamed you should do so much for us."

"I, on the contrary, am delighted to be of any service to Sir Giles."

"But you don't expect us to slave all day as we did in the morning?" said Clara.

"Certainly not, Miss Coningham. I am too grateful to be exacting."

"Thank you for that pretty speech. Come, then, Miss Brotherton, we must have a walk. We haven't been out of doors to-day."

"Really, Miss Coningham, I think the least we can do is to help Mr. Cumbermede to our small ability."

"Nonsense!"—(Miss Brotherton positively started at the word.) "Any two of the maids or men would serve his purpose better, if he did not affect fastidiousness. We shan't be allowed to come to-morrow if we overdo it to-day."

Miss Brotherton was evidently on the point of saying something indignant, but yielded notwithstanding, and I was left alone once more. Again I laboured until the shadows grew thick around the gloomy walls. As I galloped home, I caught sight of my late companions coming across the park; and I trust I shall not be hardly judged if I confess that I did sit straighter in my saddle, and mind my seat better. Thus ended my second day's work at the library of Moldwarp Hall.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### AN EXPOSTULATION.

NEITHER of the ladies came to me the next morning. As far as my work was concerned, I was in considerably less need of their assistance, for it lay only between two rooms opening into each other. Nor did I feel any great disappointment, for so long as a man has something to do, expectation is pleasure enough, and will continue such for long time. It is those who are unemployed to whom expectation becomes an agony. I went home to my solitary dinner almost resolved to return to my original plan of going only in the afternoons.

I was not thoroughly in love with Clara; but it was certainly the hope of seeing her, and not the pleasure of handling the dusty books that drew me back to the library that afternoon. I had got rather tired of the whole

affair in the morning. It was very hot, and the dust was choking, and of the volumes I opened as they passed through my hands, not one was of the slightest interest to me. But for the chance of seeing Clara I should have lain in the grass instead.

No one came. I grew weary, and for a change retreated into the armoury. Evidently, not the slightest heed was paid to the weapons now and I was thinking with myself that when I had got the books in order, I might give a few days to refurbishing and oiling them, when the door from the gallery opened, and Clara entered.

"What! a truant?" she said.

"You take accusation at least by the forelock, Clara. Who is the real truant now—if I may suggest a mistake?"

"I never undertook anything. How many guesses have you made as to the cause of your desertion to-day?"

"Well, three or four."

"Have you made one as to the cause of Miss Brotherton's graciousness to you yesterday?"

"At least I remarked the change."

"I will tell you. There was a short notice of some of your writings in a certain magazine which I contrived should fall in her way."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "I have never put my name to anything."

"But you have put the same name to all your contributions."

"How should the reviewer know it meant me?"

"Your own name was never mentioned."

I thought she looked a little confused as she said this.

"Then how should Miss Brotherton know it meant me?"

She hesitated a moment—then answered: "Perhaps from internal evidence.—I suppose I must confess I told her."

"Then, how did you know?"

"I have been one of your readers for a long time."

"But how did you come to know my work?"

"That has oozed out."

"Some one must have told you," I said.

"That is my secret," she replied, with the air of making it a mystery in order to tease me.

"It must be all a mistake," I said. "Show me the magazine."

"As you won't take my word for it, I won't."

"Well, I shall find out. There is but one who could have done it. It is very kind of him, no doubt; but I don't like it. That kind of thing should come of itself—not through friends."

"Who do you fancy has done it?"

"If you have a secret, so have I."

My answer seemed to relieve her, though I could not tell what gave me the impression.

"You are welcome to yours, and I will keep mine," she said. "I only wanted to explain Miss Brotherton's condescension yesterday."

"I thought you had been going to explain why you didn't come to-day."

"That is only a reaction. I have no doubt she thinks she went too far yesterday."

"That is absurd. She was civil; that was all."

"In reading your thermometer, you must know its zero first," she replied sententiously.—"Is the sword you call yours there still?"

"Yes, and I call it mine still."

"Why don't you take it, then? I should have carried it off long ago."

"To steal my own would be to prejudice my right," I returned. "But I have often thought of telling Sir Giles about it."

"Why don't you, then?"

"I hardly know. My head has been full of other things, and any time will do. But I should like to see it in its own place once more."

I had taken it from the wall, and now handed it to her.

"Is this it?" she said, carelessly.

"It is—just as it was carried off my bed that night."

"What room were you in?" she asked, trying to draw it from the sheath.

"I can't tell. I've never been in it since."

"You don't seem to me to have the curiosity natural to a—"

"To a woman—no," I said.

"To a man of spirit," she retorted, with an appearance of indignation. "I don't believe you can tell even how it came into your possession!"

"Why shouldn't it have been in the family from time immemorial?"

"So!—And you don't care either to recover it, or to find out how you lost it?"

"How can I? Where is Mr. Close?"

"Why, dead—years and years ago!"

"So I understood. I can't well apply to him then,—and I am certain no one else knows."

"Don't be too sure of that. Perhaps Sir Giles—"

"I am positive Sir Giles knows nothing about it."

"I have reason to think the story is not altogether unknown in the family."

"Have you told it, then?"

"No. But I have heard it alluded to."

"By Sir Giles?"

"No."

"By whom, then?"

"I will answer no more questions."

"Geoffrey, I suppose?"

"You are not polite. Do you suppose I am bound to tell you all I know?"

"Not by any means. Only, you ought to pique a curiosity you don't mean to satisfy."

"But if I'm not at liberty to say more?—All I meant to say was, that if I were you, I would get back that sword."

"You hint at a secret, and yet suppose I could carry off its object as I might a rusty nail which any passer-by would be made welcome to!"

"You might take it first, and mention the thing to Sir Giles afterwards."

"Why not mention it first?"

"Only on the supposition you had not the courage to claim it."

"In that case I certainly shouldn't have the courage to avow the deed afterwards. I don't understand you, Clara."

She laughed.

"That is always your way," she said. "You take everything so seriously! Why couldn't I make a proposition without being supposed to mean it?"

I was not satisfied. There was something short of uprightness in the whole tone of her attempted persuasion—which indeed I could hardly believe to have been so lightly intended as she now suggested. The effect on my feelings for her was that of a slight frost on the spring blossoms.

She had been examining the hilt with a look of interest, and was now for the third time trying to draw the blade from the sheath.

"It's no use, Clara," I said. "It has been too many years glued to the scabbard."

"Glued!" she echoed. "What do you mean?"

I did not reply. An expression almost of horror shadowed her face, and at the same moment, to my astonishment, she drew it half-way.

"Why! you enchantress!" I exclaimed. "I never saw so much of it before. It is wonderfully bright—when one thinks of the years it has been shut in darkness."

She handed it to me as it was, saying—

"If that weapon was mine, I should never rest until I had found out everything concerning it."

"That is easily said, Clara; but how can I? My uncle knew nothing about it. My grandmother did, no doubt, but almost all I can remember her saying was something about my great grandfather and Sir Marmaduke."

As I spoke, I tried to draw it entirely, but it would yield no farther. I then sought to replace it, but it would not move. That it had yielded to Clara's touch gave it a fresh interest and value.

"I was sure it had a history," said Clara. "Have you no family papers? Your house you say is nearly as old as this: are there no papers of any kind in it?"

"Yes, a few," I answered—"the lease of the farm—and—"

"O! rubbish!" she said. "Isn't the house your own?"

"Yes."

"And have you ever thoroughly searched it?"

"I haven't had time yet."

"Not had time!" she repeated, in a tone of something so like the uttermost contempt that I was bewildered.

(To be continued.)

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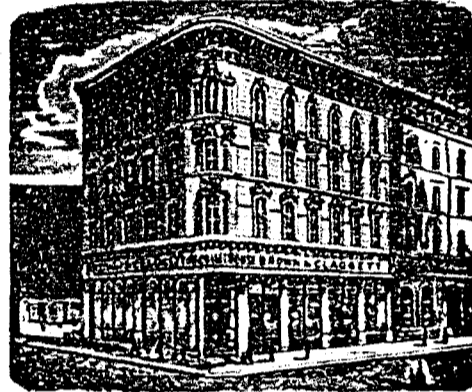
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Lessee and Manageress—Miss KATE RANOE. Stage Manager—A. R. PHELPS.

THURSDAY, 9th Nov.,

The Grand Scotch Military Drama of JESSIE BROWN;

Or, The Relief of Lucknow.

Jessie Brown—KATE RANOE.

ADMISSION: Dress Circle, 50c.; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle, 75c.; Family Circle, 35c.; Pit, 25c.; Private Boxes, \$1. Seats secured at PRINCE'S MUSIC STORE. Doors open at 7; performance to begin at 8. 4-a20



The St. Lawrence & Ottawa

Railway Co.

FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL.

The Shortest and Best Route from Montreal and all parts east to Ottawa.

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Winter Arrangement, 1871-72.

On and after MONDAY the 9th OCTOBER, inst., 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 WATERLOO RAILWAYS, for all points East, West, and South.

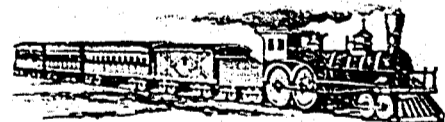
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THOS. REYNOLDS, Managing Director.

R. LUTHELL, Superintendent, Prescott, Ottawa, 26th Oct., 1871. 4-14-1



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, the 30th instant, Trains will leave Montreal as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Accommodation Train for Island Pond, Day Mail Train for Island Pond, Night Mail Train for Quebec, Express for Boston via Vermont Central, Mail Train for St. John and Rouse's Point, Express train for Boston, New York, etc., Day Express for Toronto, Night Express, Local Train for Brockville, and Accommodation train for Kingston.

Pullman's Palace Parlour and Sleeping Cars on all day and night trains. Baggage checked through. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, October 26. 2-24-tf

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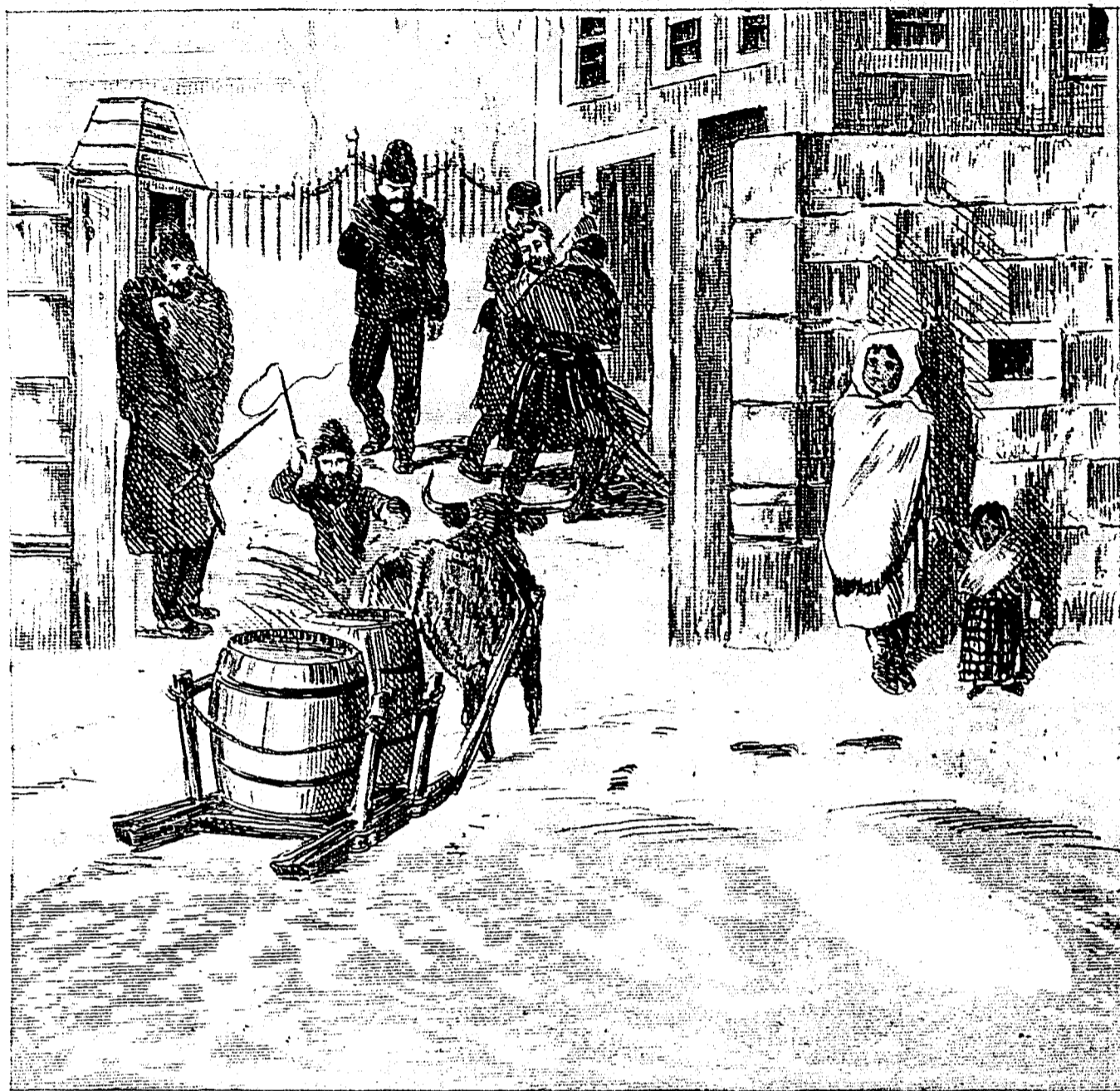
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CANADA CENTRAL  
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SEPT. 25, 1871,

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at 5:30 A.M., 9:10 A.M., and 4:30 P.M.

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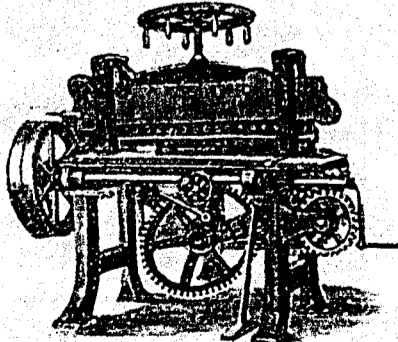
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