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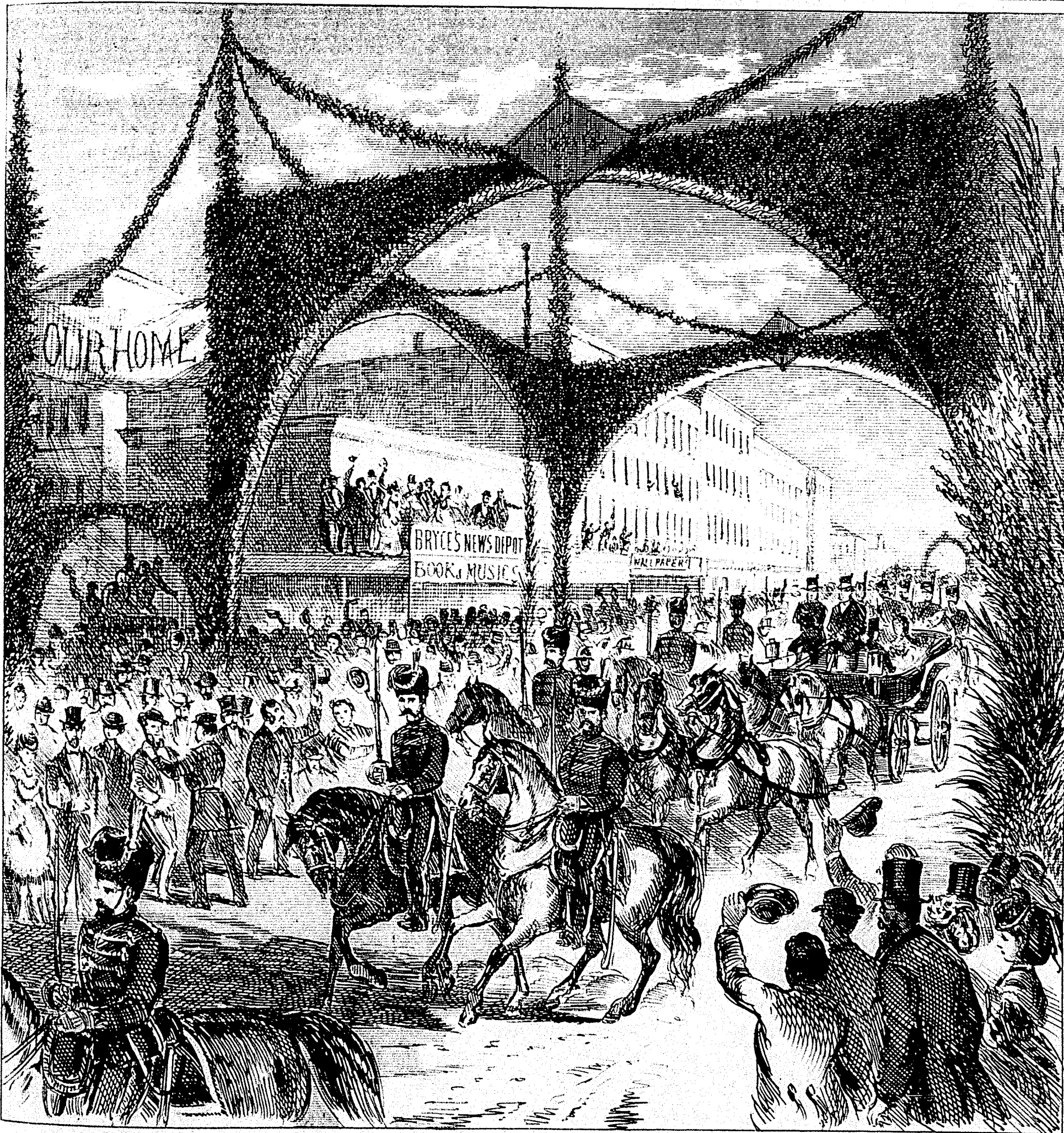
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LONDON, ONT.—RECEPTION OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—THE PROCESSION IN RICHMOND STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.

THE ORIGINAL OF DICKENS'S "JARNDYCE V. JARNDYCE."

The famous lawsuit in "Bleak House" is said to be founded on the story of the Jennings's property, respecting which the following interesting communication has lately been addressed to the editor of the London Standard:—

"William Jennings, of Acton Hall, a magnificent mansion near Sudbury, in Suffolk, died in 1798, at the age nearly of one hundred, having been born in 1702. William III. was his godfather; a cradle of solid silver, emblazoned with the Royal arms, was presented at his baptism. His father was Robert Jennings, aide-de-camp to his relative the Duke of Marlborough. Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, as also (strangely enough) her rival, the famous Mrs. Masham (her cousin), belonged to the Jennings family. William Jennings died intestate, having no heir, and he was considered at the time of his death to be of fabulous wealth, the estimated amount being, according to the 'Annual Register' of 1798, from £4,000,000 to £7,000,000 sterling. For twenty years William Jennings is said to have permitted no woman to enter his house. He resided in the basement story of his almost princely mansion at Acton, the extent and the opulence of which may be judged from the fact that in it was a ball-room constructed by his father at an expense of £30,000, and that there was stabling in the park—one of the largest in England—for forty horses. The history of this strange man reads more like a romance than sober, every day fact. William Jennings's house in London (now pulled down) was No. 10 (now obliterated) in Grosvenor Square. Two houses now occupy the same space in the square, Nos. 9 and 11. William Jennings died possessed of estates in eleven counties in England. A third of the town of Birmingham is stated to stand upon ground belonging to one of the Warwickshire estates, for there were several even in that county alone. Gosport Hall, in Leicestershire, the seat of Earl Howe, belonged originally to Charles Jennings, the original of Sheridan's 'Charles Surface,' and the first introducer of oratorios in England. Litigation still goes on in relation to the heirship of this prodigious property. There are eleven different ways of spelling the name; but they are all derived from the same original—'Jernibinghs,' now 'Jennings,' (see Burke, Weever, Gwilim, and the old heralds and genealogists), who was one of the favourite leaders of (the first) Sweyn, King of Denmark and afterwards of Canute, King of England, who settled the predecessors of the Jennings first in Essex, then at Harwich, and afterwards in Suffolk generally."

THE GENEVA TRIBUNAL—CHIEF-JUSTICE COCKBURN'S DISSENT.

The following is a synopsis of the reasons assigned by Chief-Justice Cockburn for differing from his colleagues on the Geneva Arbitration:—

With reference to the charge of unfriendliness the Lord Chief-Justice points out that the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1819, by which our Government was guided, and which the American counsel complains was grossly inadequate to the occasion, was based upon the United States Act of 1818, only that ours was a little more stringent. He denounces the suggestion that if our Government found itself not in the possession of sufficient power to seize the "Alabama" it ought to have assumed such power, saying that to recommend such an arbitrary, tyrannical and despotic act is wholly unworthy of a free and enlightened Republic. He narrates the various instances in which the United States fell short, not only of the standard of neutrality which it now seeks to enforce, but of its own Foreign Enlistment Act; how it openly gave assistance to the Canadian insurgents in 1838, to the expeditions of Lopez against Cuba in 1850 and 1851, to Walker's filibustering expedition against Mexico and Central America in 1853, 1855, 1857 and 1858; to the Fenian raids on Canada in 1866 and 1870; and to the expedition in aid of the Cuban insurrection in 1869 and 1870. Then comparing our conduct with that of other neutrals during the war, he shows that they all agreed with us in recognizing the belligerency of the Confederate States, and that this recognition was in strict accordance with the rule which compels the recognition of all de facto governments. As to the charge that British ports were made the "navy yards of the insurgent States" he shows, by reference to the circumstances connected with each ship, its utter groundlessness. With respect to the "Florida," he points out with much clearness that even the American authorities in this country, watchful and suspicious though they were, never discovered, nor even suspected, the ruse by which that vessel got away unarméd from Liverpool, taking her armament from Hartlepool. As regards the "Shenandoah," whatever negligence there was was not ours, but that of the colonial authorities at Melbourne, and they can hardly be accused of negligence, in the sense of undue negligence, since they were assured, on the honour of the commander of the ship, as an American officer and gentleman, that he had no intention to enlist men for his vessel. He violated his word, men were smuggled off to the ship in the night, and when this breach of faith was discovered all hospitality was refused to the ship's crew. In Sir Alexander's submission to a verdict against us with respect to the "Alabama" he takes the opportunity of bringing into forcible prominence the effect of the New Rules, urging with great energy that according to the principles of International Law received at the time, "as a matter of neutral obligation" the United States could not claim of Great Britain to prevent the equipment of the "Alabama," provided she did not make our shores the base of her hostile operations. He admits that, by the Treaty of Washington, this presumption of law has been altered, and as we have so agreed to acknowledge, ex post facto, an accountability which did not exist at the time, and as Sir Alexander considers that, as a matter of fact, the officers of our Customs did display negligence in respect to the "Alabama," he holds us liable for the escape of that ship. But he protests against both the allowance of interest and the amount of it, arguing that the men who inflicted the harm are now the subjects of the Government demanding compensation, that no claim could have been maintained had not England consented to give a retrospective effect to new rules of law, and as on two occasions arbitration was rejected by the United States, if interest be paid at all, it ought not to be paid for the period subsequent to the failure of the Clarendon-Johnson Treaty, nor ought the rate to be higher than the lowest rate current in the United States.

Miscellaneous.

A daring ascent of Mont Blanc was recently made by three young English ladies, aged respectively 21, 17, and 14 years.

The vintage in Champagne will this year be small in quantity, but of fine quality. The sales which have lately been made in the vineyards have attained prices rarely heard of.]

The private claims of the King of Hanover are in the course of settlement, and His Majesty is in treaty for the purchase of a considerable estate in England, where he will probably reside henceforth. He will retain the titular rank of King during his life, but the Crown Prince will only succeed to his title of Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale.

Anthony Barclay, former English consul at Savannah, Ga., has brought a suit against the United States for the sum of \$200,000 for the destruction, by Sherman's army, of his residence, near Savannah. The suit comes up before the mixed American and British claims commission in a few days, and is looked upon as vastly important as being the first of that class of claims to be considered.

Speaking of the meeting of the sovereigns at Berlin the Official North German Gazette remarks that if the Queen of England did not join the meeting it was simply because she did not wish to do so. It is inexact, the Gazette says, to speak of the exclusion of England. The hope is subsequently expressed that the English press will return to a more amicable disposition towards Germany, such as prevails there toward England.

Rome, or at least a portion of Rome, is to be modernized. It would appear that the antiquities and the religious ceremonies have lost much of their favour, and some thing must be done to attract visitors, and keep them once they are captured. So a whole quartier is to be built in the grandest style of architecture, and two canals are to be cut to bring the salt waters of the Mediterranean to the city, so that there may be sea-baths; and a race-course is also to be established.

The Ottawa Citizen expresses a hope that the study of German may be added to the High School curriculum, and dwells upon the advantages that would accrue from such a step. "The number of Germans," it says, "now in our section of the Province, and the still greater number likely to arrive every year, renders the study of the language necessary. Interpreters are now frequently required at the emigration and other offices, and great inconvenience has been often experienced at lawyers' offices when applications have been made by Germans recently arrived to send powers of attorney and other legal documents to Germany to give their friends power to dispose of the property of those who have arrived. We would strongly advise all law students and young mercantile men to acquire a knowledge of the language."

A disagreeable kind of steamer has, according to the Indian Daily News, been lately turned out by the Government steam factory at Kidderpore to do special duty at the Andamans. The engine-room space, which takes off considerably from the cargo-carrying capacity of a steamer, has in this instance, by a simple but ingenious arrangement of the boiler, been reduced to a minimum. By another novel contrivance the jet of hot water rejected by the boilers and jerked out at short intervals from the sides of all screw steamers can in the case of this vessel be utilized for the purpose of giving a warm reception to any wild men or desperate convicts who might be tempted to visit her unannounced. The charge of this new piece of ordnance is, of course, scalding hot, and a continuous shower can be kept up ad libitum, calculated to tell severely on any suspicious bare back or bald pate that may have the misfortune to be near enough to come within its range. "Had the 'Cashmere,'" reflects the Indian Daily News, "that was recently attacked by the Arab pirates, been armed with two or three of these hot-water mitrailleurs—one on the break of the poop, for instance—the breaking open of the quarter hatch, &c., would not have been proceeded with as coolly as it appears to have been." Even when the rascals were "shoving off" with their plunder, a liberal and well-directed charge from a gun of this description would at least have made their subsequent identification a very simple matter indeed.

A writer on Pets in a late number of the Graphic gives an account of a pet goose domiciled at the shop of a Mr. Saunders, a butcher and poulterer in Gilbert's Passage, which connects Portugal Street and Clare market. He is now more than a year old, having arrived for some time past at goosehood. His history is a touching one. Late last autumn he was won in a raff: by a police-sergeant, who sent him to Mr. Saunders to fatten, having predestined him for the spit at Christmas. He seems at once to have conceived an affection for Mr. Saunders, and like the ewe lamb, soon "became to him as a daughter." He made himself quite at home, ran in and out of the shop at his own sweet will, sat by the domestic hearth, took his food from the hands of Mr. Saunders and his children, in fact became one and was "treated as one of the family." He became fat also; but when the time for his immolation arrived, Mr. Saunders, whose hands had been so often imbrued in blood, could not find it in his heart to use his knife on him. He therefore bought a fat goose already killed, presented it to the sergeant, and our friend became thoroughly established as a domestic pet. Who shall say, after this, that butchers have no feelings? "Jack" is the name of this novel pet, and he answers to it as readily as a dog does, following his master just like the intelligent quadruped. He knows the rattle, too, of his master's cart when it comes into Portugal Street, and will half fly and half run to meet it at some distance off. He is well known to all the children in and about the passage, and delights in playing with them, tugging at their ragged clothes, and pretending to bite them. Sometimes, also, when teased he shows his intelligence by biting in earnest, and more than one young urchin has been floored in anger by a flap of his wing. When tickled he evinces a lively satisfaction by uttering a strange anserine sound between a hiss and a cackle; in fact, he dearly loves a romp. We should like to give our readers an engraving of "Jack," but in outward appearance and expression he is so like his brethren on a hundred commons, that we fear the likeness, through striking, would not be particularly interesting. We feel sure, however, that they will join in our wishes that "Jack" may enjoy the 29th in "the bosom of his family," and live with increasing intelligence to spend many happy Michaelmas and still more happy Christmases, without fear of the knife, the spit, apple-sauce, and sage and onions.

Field and Flood.

The yacht "Dreadnaught" won the ocean race of 240 miles in 25 h. 5 m., heading the yacht "Palmer."

The Toronto Athletic Sports, under the patronage of H. E. the Governor-General take place to-day (Saturday.)

The autumn steeple chases of the Montreal Hunt Club, on Thursday and Saturday of last week were a great success.

The race for the Czarewitch stakes, a free handicap, was run on the 8th and won by "Salvanos," "Sylva" 2nd, "Enfield" 3rd.

A base ball match between the Volunteer Club of Cape Vincent and the Athletic Club of Kingston, both juniors, was played last week at the latter place, resulting in a victory for the Athletics. Score: 49 to 31. The Kingston boys have been very successful this season, having lost only one game.

An absurd rumour has been going the rounds of the Press of the Lower Provinces to the effect that Lieut. Henley, of the 60th Rifles, who, it will be remembered played with the Canadian team at Montreal and elsewhere against the English Eleven, lost his leg by amputation, in consequence of receiving an injury from a cricket ball. We are happy to be able to state that this report is wholly unfounded. Lieut. Henley has, it is true, been suffering from a severe attack of erysipelas, but is now rapidly recovering.

The visit of the English Eleven to America has stirred up the Canadian cricketers to renewed exertions, while it has to a degree exercised some influence on the other side of the line, where cricket-matches are becoming of far more frequent occurrence than they ever were before. The latest match of which intelligence has been received was played at Philadelphia between an English eleven of America, and an eleven of born Americans. The game had unfortunately to be discontinued when the Englishmen had only 14 to make, and were sure of their score.

The following list of the scores made by the Boston Base Ball Club and their opponents during their trip of the past season will be acceptable by all who take an interest in the game:

Table with columns: Date, Team, Boston Runs, Opp. Runs, Boston Innings, Opp. Innings.

A cricket match between Upper Canada and Hellmuth Colleges was played in London on the 12th, resulting in what must be considered a drawn game, Hellmuth having a slight advantage in the first innings. Score: Upper Canada, 1st innings, 81; second, 70; Hellmuth, one innings, 81. One feature in the game was the batting of a Hellmuth College master, Mr. Greenfield, lately imported from England, whose batting," said an authority, "was as superior to that of the rest of the side as was the fielding of the Upper Canada college to that of the Hellmuth." This gentleman batted in an exceedingly finished manner, and, it is said, is mentioned in Lilly-white as first-class. He made 32 runs.

The Calcutta correspondent of the Times informs us that another of those foolhardy small-boat voyages which some individuals anxious for notoriety occasionally attempt, is being talked off. This time the line is from Calcutta to London, off the Canal, and the voyager a Mr. Inman. He has been sailing some of the India rivers—which we are not told—in a small schooner rigged boat of two-and-a-half tons, which, to add to the excitement of the thing, had been condemned as useless when Mr. Inman bought her. This fact certainly introduces a new element of danger. The voyages before made have been in seaworthy craft; to perform one in an unsafe boat is more dangerous and consequently more sensational; whether it is more prudent we forbear to say. As to the success of the undertaking, it is likely enough. The mere distance adds more to the imaginary than the real danger. Several such voyages have been made before; some time back two Cornish fishermen sailed one of their luggers to Australia, and everybody has heard of the recent voyages across the Atlantic. The Cornishmen went to Australia in their lugger simply because it seemed to them the readiest and cheapest way of getting there, but as for Mr. Inman's voyage of 9,000 miles in a crank craft, it seems on the face of it a silly piece of foolhardiness and nothing else.—Land and Water.

Grief, excessive anxiety, or prolonged study, will produce infirmity in the nervous system, in proportion as the strength of that system is expended upon the mind in troubled thought, so are the organs of digestion, assimilation and nutrition, rendered inactive and sluggish in proportion as the system becomes infirm. Every individual has some one organ weaker than the rest, and this is always the first to suffer during nervous prostration; for example, afflicting news sometimes causes total suspension of the muscular action of the heart, when the patient is debilitated, producing sudden hemorrhage and death. No doubt any longer remains of the practicability of restoring the nervous system, and through the nerves the muscles of the impaired organs. Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites has been proved to possess such power in numerous instances. It will impart strength to overcome trouble and affliction. Persons who are accustomed to look upon the dark side, and who see no pleasure in living, on using this Syrup soon learn to value and enjoy life, and those who study deeply or during long hours, will find in the Syrup a promoter of the power of endurance in the brain.

Canadian Progress.

Our Illustrations.

A Belgian company has opened a starch, glue, and vinegar factory at Quebec.

A mountain of anthracite has been discovered in the hills back of Cowichan, B. C., by a party of prospectors from Victoria.

The first sod of the Albert County (N. B.) Railway was turned the week before last, near Salisbury, by the Lieut.-Governor.

Tremendous excitement exists on the Lower Fraser, B. C., owing to the recent discovery of silver in large quantities on the Cascade Range.

A discovery of gold is reported on Lost Creek, B. C., which exceeds in richness any alluvial diggings ever before discovered on the Pacific.

The Ottawa and Coteau Landing Railway Company have four hundred men at work on their line, and expect to have it completed as far as Alexandria this fall.

The grading along the entire line of the Orangeville and Owen Sound extension of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway is now nearly completed. The track-laying is being pushed on from both ends of the section.

The town of Sherbrooke and Bay St. Paul, in the Province of Quebec, have been erected into outposts of entry. Peterboro', that has before been an outpost under the survey of Port Hope, has also been erected into a port of entry for all purposes under the provisions of the Act respecting customs.

As a prominent instance of enterprise, it may be mentioned that the village of Renfrew, the rateable property of which is valued at only \$128,000, will in a few weeks vote on a by-law granting a bonus of \$30,000 to the Canada Central Railway Co., to be raised on debentures payable in 20 years.

The following new Post Offices were established in Canada in September, 1872:—Allan's Mills, Lanark, S.R., O.; Factory Dale, W.O., King's, N.S.; Reedsdale, Megantic, Q.; Seely, Victoria, N.R., O.; Spence, District of Nipissing; Uphill, Victoria, N.R., O. Offices closed:—Felton, Co. Russell, O.; La Tortue, Co. Laprairie, Q.

Application is to be made at the next session of the Ontario Parliament for an Act to incorporate the Lake Simcoe and Stouffville Junction Railway Company, with power to construct a Narrow Gauge Railway from some point on the Toronto and Nipissing Railway, near the village of Stouffville, to some point on the south shore of Lake Simcoe, near the village of Sutton.

The projected harbour improvements at Kingston, for the carrying out of which an appropriation of \$10,000 was made last session, are to be commenced at once. Mr. C. F. Douglas, C. E., of the Public Works, has proceeded to Kingston to superintend the works. The same officer will also visit Picton shortly to report on the nature of the obstructions to the navigation of that harbour.

The report of Mr. Seymour, engineer-in-chief of the North Shore Railway, has appeared, and contains some interesting information respecting the line. The total length is one hundred and fifty-eight and one-fifth miles. It is the intention of the contractors to commence the laying of the track at Quebec as early next spring as the rails can be received, and to open the road to Three Rivers as early next season as practicable.

Reports from the mines, Lake Superior, speak favourably of the progress of the works of the Silver Lake Company and state that the shaft has now reached a depth of 150 feet, and the ore is as rich as ever, yielding about \$1,800 to the ton. The total amount smelted up to the present time is over \$1,100,000. The coal-strike round the lake cost \$200,000. A dividend sheet has been declared by the company to shareholders amounting to 200 per cent.

The number of post offices now in operation in British Columbia is 37. The aggregate length of all the mail routes exclusive of the routes to Olympia and San Francisco, is 2,290 miles, of which 1,419 miles are land, and 871 water service. The annual travel of the mail over these routes is 125,768 miles—77,842 being traversed by land, and 47,926 by water. Returns are now being kept at all the offices with the object of estimating the number of letters, papers, books and parcels delivered in a year.

Mr. Samuel Keefer, C. E., has just returned from the Maritime Provinces, where he has been making arrangements in connection with the Bay Verte Canal. He has, under the authority of the Government, put on a staff of engineers for the purpose of making a thorough examination of the line which he has recommended for the canal. Mr. Stark, an energetic and able engineer, has charge of the survey, under Mr. Keefer's directions. The examination so far has been very satisfactory, and quite carries out the views which he and Mr. Gzowski have expressed before the Canal Commissioners.

An exchange says:—A correspondent informs us it is reported a party of Americans have discovered gold mines in the township of Fitzroy, and that they are taking out large quantities of the precious metal. Now, if Pembroke was a Californian town, before twenty-four hours after the issue of this paper with the above meagre rumour, a party of "prospectors" would be on their way to the "new diggings" with spades and picks, a few bread-pans to "rock" the "pay-dirt" in, and a pack-mule carrying kettles and pans and a week's provisions—full of the most credulous anticipations of the speedy realization of large fortunes. The faith a Californian miner has in fortune is remarkable.

OUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—The result of much scientific research and experiment has within the last few years enabled the medical profession to supply to the human system, where impaired or inactive, the power which assimilates our food. This is now known as "Morson's Pepsine," and is prescribed as wine, globules, and lozenges, with full directions. The careful and regular use of this valuable medicine restores the natural functions of the stomach, giving once more strength to the body. There are many imitations, but Morson and Son, the original manufacturers, are practical chemists, and the "Pepsine" prepared by them is warranted, and bears their labels and trade-mark. It is sold by all chemists in bottles 3s., and boxes from 2s. 6d., but purchasers should see the name

THE PHOENIX BLOCK, TORONTO.

This building is erected on the site formerly occupied by the Iron Block, destroyed by fire on the 14th February last; and, like that, was designed by the firm of Smith & Gemmill, architects, King Street West. Externally the new building does not present quite so handsome an appearance as the old one, but internally it is far superior in the accommodation afforded, all the floors being the full length of the block, which was not case in the old one, we believe, one or two of the upper flats only extending 90 feet back. The frontage is 160 feet, depth 160 feet, and height 60 feet. There are four stores, including the basement, which is very little below the level of the sidewalk, and they are said to be the longest stories in any block in the Dominion. The whole is fitted with skylights and wells, thus giving a full light in every part of the building. It is owned in part by Messrs. Thomson & Burns, wholesale hardware merchants, Front Street, and Mr. W. Myles, coal merchant, Yonge Street, Nos. 9 and 11 belonging to the former gentlemen, and Nos. 13, 15, 17 and 19 to the latter. Although scarcely finished, possession was taken by most of the tenants on 14th August, among them we have great pleasure in noticing, first in No. 9, Messrs. Dobbie & Carrie, wholesale importers of British and foreign staple and fancy goods, and who were among the sufferers from the late fire. The basement of this store is used for grey cottons, blankets, &c., and the receiving and entering department; the first floor for woollens, prints, flannels, white cottons, &c., and the usual assortment of goods found in the staple department; the second floor contains all kinds of staple and fancy goods, haberdashery, hosiery and gloves; the 3rd floor is given up to dress goods, silks, shawls, coubours, fancy wools, damasks, carpetings, &c., altogether a very fine stock of well-selected goods. This is a first-class firm, and does a very extensive business.

No. 11 is occupied by Messrs. Jennings & Brandon, wholesale dry goods merchants, who, also undaunted by the late catastrophe, have re-entered the block with an extensive stock of British and foreign staple and fancy dry goods for the fall and winter trade, which make a most imposing appearance. This store, like all the others, is nicely furnished with tables and shelving, on which the goods are tastefully arranged. The arrangement for the reception and delivery of goods in this, as also in all the other warehouses, is unsurpassed in any city.

In No. 13 are Messrs. Wyld & Darling (formerly of Hamilton), wholesale dealers in imported and Canadian woollens, tailors' trimmings, gentlemen's furnishings, &c., who confine themselves exclusively to goods for men's wear. The extent and excellence of their assortment this season, including some of the finest productions of the Scotch and West of England looms, hitherto never imported by the wholesale trade here, is a matter of notoriety among the merchant tailors of Ontario. We are pleased to learn their business has largely increased since their removal here, being the legitimate result of a thorough knowledge of, and unremitting attention on the part of the principals to the requirements of this important branch of dry goods.

No. 15 is occupied by Messrs. Walker, Evans & Co., formerly Barclay, Evans & Co., manufacturers, importers and wholesale dealers in boots and shoes, who were also among the old tenants at the time of the fire, but, also undismayed, have returned to their old place, and are carrying on as extensive a business as ever. This firm consists of gentlemen of large experience, and for the class of goods they manufacture, and the style of workmanship employed by them, have earned for themselves a reputation all over the Dominion, and do a large, first-class and increasing business in every part. The ground floor of No. 15 has been occupied by Mr. S. S. Campbell, manufacturer of patent stretched, cemented, and rivetted leather, belting, fire-engine hose, lace, leather, &c. This firm is connected with L. J. Campbell & Co., 594 St. Joseph Street, Montreal, and is considered one of, if not, the leading house in the business in the Dominion. Their leather is tanned in, and imported from England, being the very best English oak tanned that the market produces, and is manufactured by steam. All their goods are warranted. Messrs. L. J. Campbell & Co., Montreal, are now building a large manufactory, which when finished will be the largest in the country.

No. 17 is tenanted by Messrs. Brayley, Ash & McKinnon, importers of millinery, mantles, laces, silks, shawls and dress goods, of which they show probably, from appearances, as large and varied an assortment as can be found in Canada. On the first floor we find ladies' hats and bonnets of all descriptions, shapes and patterns, and of the latest fashions; also black, coloured and fancy silks, dress and mantle goods, velvets, &c.; on the 2nd floor millinery goods and materials such as flowers, ribbons, and a very extensive stock of real laces, also a splendid collection of mantles in cloth, beaver and real seal, as high as \$75 00 each. Ladies' ermine and grebe sets, with a large and varied display of trimmings, buttons, &c.

No. 19, Messrs. Livingston & Johnston, wholesale clothiers, who were also among those doing business here at the time of the fire, have returned to their old stand. This firm occupies two floors of this store, and confine themselves solely to the wholesale clothing business, in which they have a large and first-class connection. These gentlemen have a thorough knowledge of the business, and show a large stock of first-class goods. We are glad to learn their business has not suffered much from their late accident, but is rapidly increasing and extending to all parts of the country. Upstairs of this store (No. 19) is occupied by Messrs. J. Meyer & Co., importers of foreign dry goods, and agents for continental manufacturers. This is a branch of the New York and Montreal firms, and do largely in silks, velvets, gloves, laces, cloths, cloakings, and other lines too numerous to detail. This branch is under the management of Mr. E. Morris, who has had a large amount of business experience and is well calculated to push the business to its fullest extent.

With these remarks, &c., we close our description of the Phoenix Block, hoping, as its name denotes, it has risen out of the fire, to long remain an ornament to the city, and to a more fortunate and prosperous future.

H. E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN LONDON.

On Thursday, the 11th ult., His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin paid a visit to London, Ont., where the Western Fair was then being held. The special train in which their Excellencies travelled from Toronto arrived at half-past one at the Great Western Station, where the Mayor and members of the Corporation, the mem-

bers of the Board of Trade and the School Board were assembled to receive the distinguished visitors. The reception took place on a dais erected at the west end of the station platform, which was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flags. On alighting their Excellencies were conducted to the centre of the dais, where Lord Dufferin received the Corporation and Board of Trade addresses of welcome, to which he returned suitable replies. In replying to the latter his lordship took occasion to say that he considered it a remarkable and spirited thing that the people of London and its vicinity should, without extraneous assistance, have organized such an exhibition as the Western Fair. When he heard that upwards of £2,000 had been subscribed as a prize fund, he considered it a convincing proof of the prosperity and enterprise of this section of the country. The reception ceremony over the visitors entered the carriages provided, which were driven in procession to the fair-ground, headed by the band of the 7th Battalion. The first carriage, which was surrounded by a cavalry escort, contained Lord and Lady Dufferin, the Mayor, and the Hon. John Carling. In the second were Col. and Lady Fletcher and Col. Taylor. The procession moved along Richmond Street, under the four triumphal arches, straight to the fair-ground. As the party neared their destination a salute of 17 rounds was fired by the London Field Battery, and the bells of St. Paul's Cathedral rang out merrily. Arrived at the grounds the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin, whose appearance was greeted with hearty cheers, were conducted to the Judges' Stand, and presented with an address from the Fair Directors. They then made the tour of the grounds, after which they visited Hellmuth College. In the evening His Excellency held a levee in the Council Chamber. A ball was also given in the City Hall, and the city was brilliantly illuminated in honour of the visit. Our illustration shows the *corde* passing under the grand arch, situated at the corner of Richmond and Dundas Streets, which was beautifully ornamented with flags, streamers, and mottoes; among the latter—"Welcome to Our Forest City," "Cordis Mille Falthea," "Canada Our Home."

A correspondent sends a sketch, reproduced in this issue, of a

VIEW OF THE LOWER TOWN, PARIS, ONT.

The town of Paris, one of the prettiest in Western Ontario, is picturesquely situated at the confluence of the river Nith with the Grand River. As a manufacturing place it is of no mean importance, boasting large numbers of foundries, grist, flour, and plaster mills, (the latter fed from the extensive beds of gypsum lying in the immediate vicinity of the town); knitting factories, and an oil refinery. The population is in the neighbourhood of 4,000.

THE WAIF.

Herr Max's picture tells its own tale—a sad tale indeed, with hunger, suffering, and death for its subjects. The scene is the interior of a flourishing hospital kept by the Merciful Sisters, as the Germans so very happily designate the Sisters of Charity. The little waif whom the good Sister in trying to comfort was found, a few hours ago, at the portal of the institution; not derelict, but lying in the arms of its dead mother, whose place the young Sister is endeavouring to fill.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Another German picture. This time with a thoroughly English subject. Old Jack Falstaf being covered with the foul linen, before being carried off in the back-basket to Datchet-mead. The treatment of the subject is capital, and the figures, if we except the heavier female, are perfect. Both Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page were beyond beauties no doubt, and very different to the German *Haugens* in holiday apparel who does duty for one of the merry wives. Falstaf is capital. The painter has thoroughly entered into Shakespeare's conception, and gives us a portrait of the fat knight that is perfect, according to present ideas.

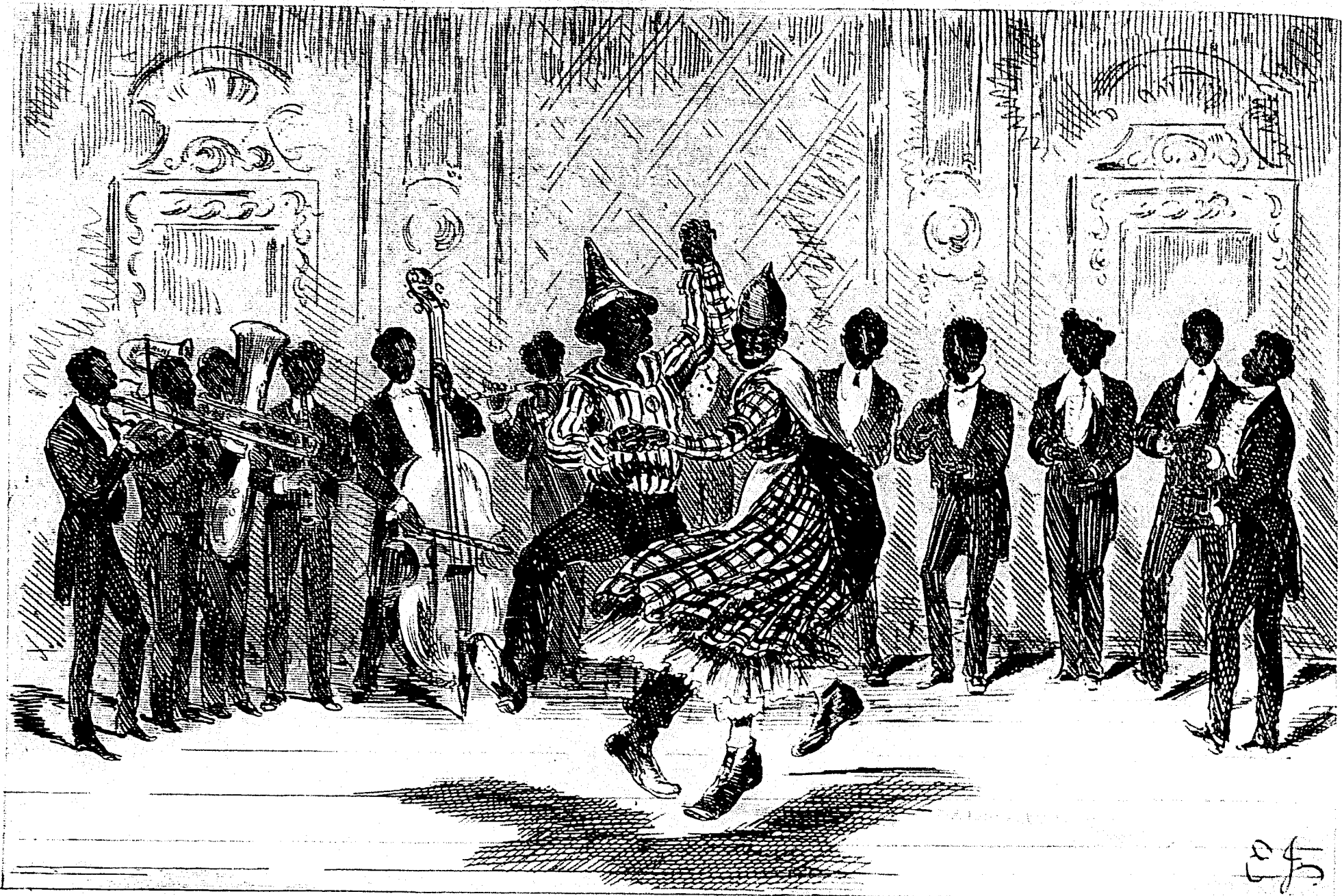
THE BURNT CORN FRATERNITY.

Ever since the memorable first appearance of W. D. Rice as a negro minstrel at the Pittsburg theatre in 1830, this peculiar class of entertainment has taken a firm hold of the affections of the people, and wherever a *troupe* of these sable—or burnt corked performers make their appearance they are pretty sure to draw a large and thoroughly appreciative crowd. Not that all these *troupes* are worth the attention they create. Very far from it. A really good negro minstrel *troupe* is like the black swan, a rare bird on this earth. Such a rare bird is now visiting the principal places in Canada. Messrs. Harro & Mudge, whose performances created quite a *raucore* in Montreal and Quebec, have made arrangements for an extended tour through the country, and will, no doubt, meet with very flattering receptions. The two sketches on the following page illustrate two anti-climaxes in negro minstrel life—the height of absurdity, the full swing of song, dance, and fun, as in "The Apple of my Eye," and the return to common life, which requires that the soot should be washed off and that the prevailing costume should be something a little less loud than a zebra-patterned red and blue suit.

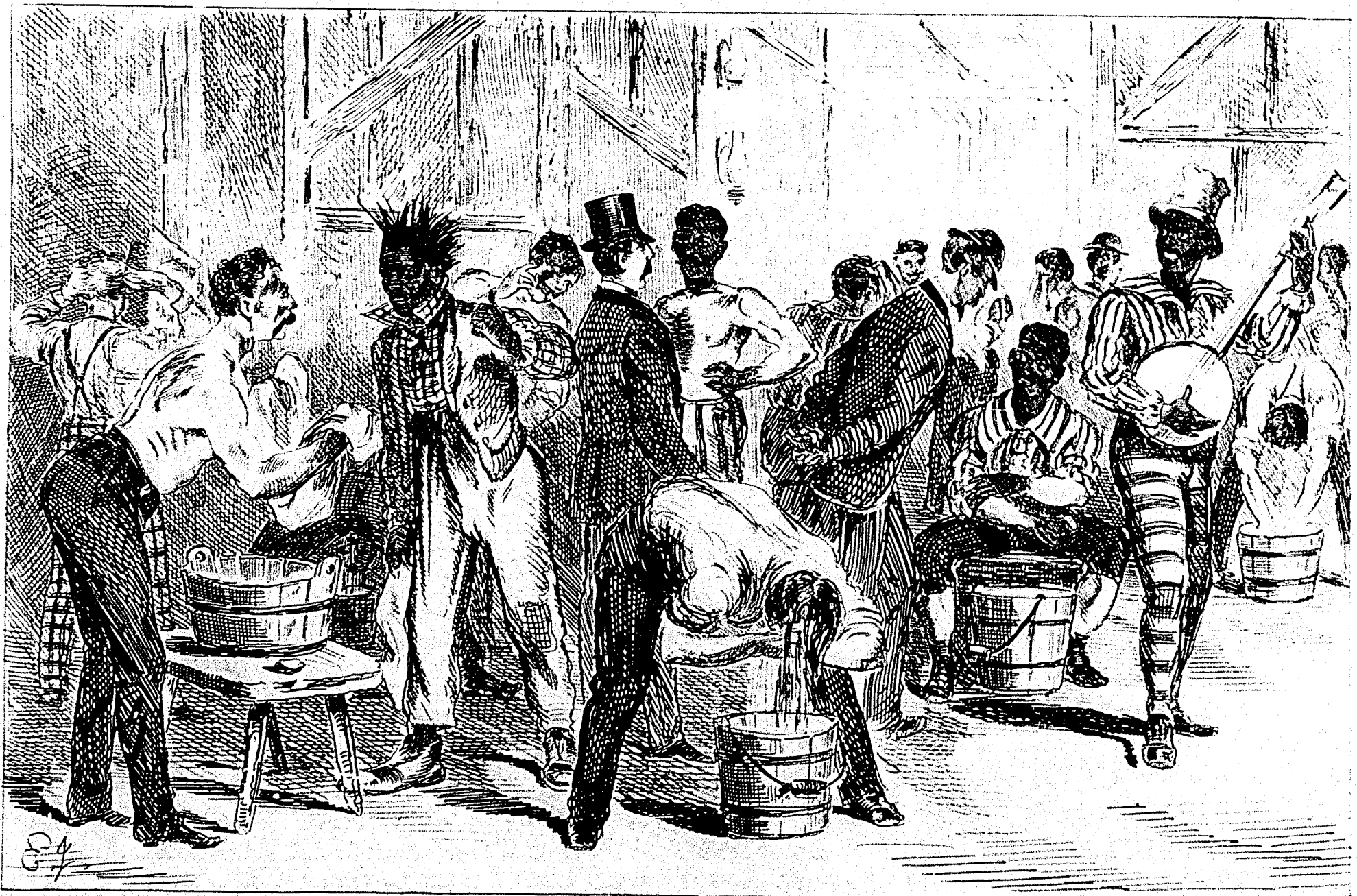
THE HORSE EPIDEMIC

which has visited a great part of the country during the last few weeks has furnished our artist with a subject for a series of very suggestive illustrations. The cause of the disease, which is known to veterinary surgeons as Epizootic Indulenza, is generally exposure to wet and cold. Happily it is not necessarily fatal; if properly treated at its beginning it seldom causes death. It is characterized by sore throat, slight swelling of the glands, loss of appetite, severe hacking cough with a discharge of brownish yellow matter from the nostrils, quick pulse, quickened respiration, great feebleness and yellowness of the eyes and mucous membrane, the latter giving indication of implication of the liver. The respiratory organs, however, are the principal parts affected, but the disease being a blood poison, any animal having had previous disease by which any organs or systems of organs have become weakened will at once show symptoms indicating derangement of these organs. With the medicine given by advice of a veterinary surgeon, the following treatment will hardly fail to effect a cure or prevent the progress of the disease, or the taking of it. The horses quite well or slightly affected should not be taken out in wet weather, and if they have to be so, should be warmly covered. Afflicted animals should be kept in a well ventilated stable and fed upon hot soft food easily digested, such as linseed tea, oatmeal gruel, and boiled oats or barley. The appetite of invalids should be tempted by carrots, apples, or any other delicacy our sick quadruped friend is known to have a falling for. In all stables a carbolic disinfectant should be liberally used.

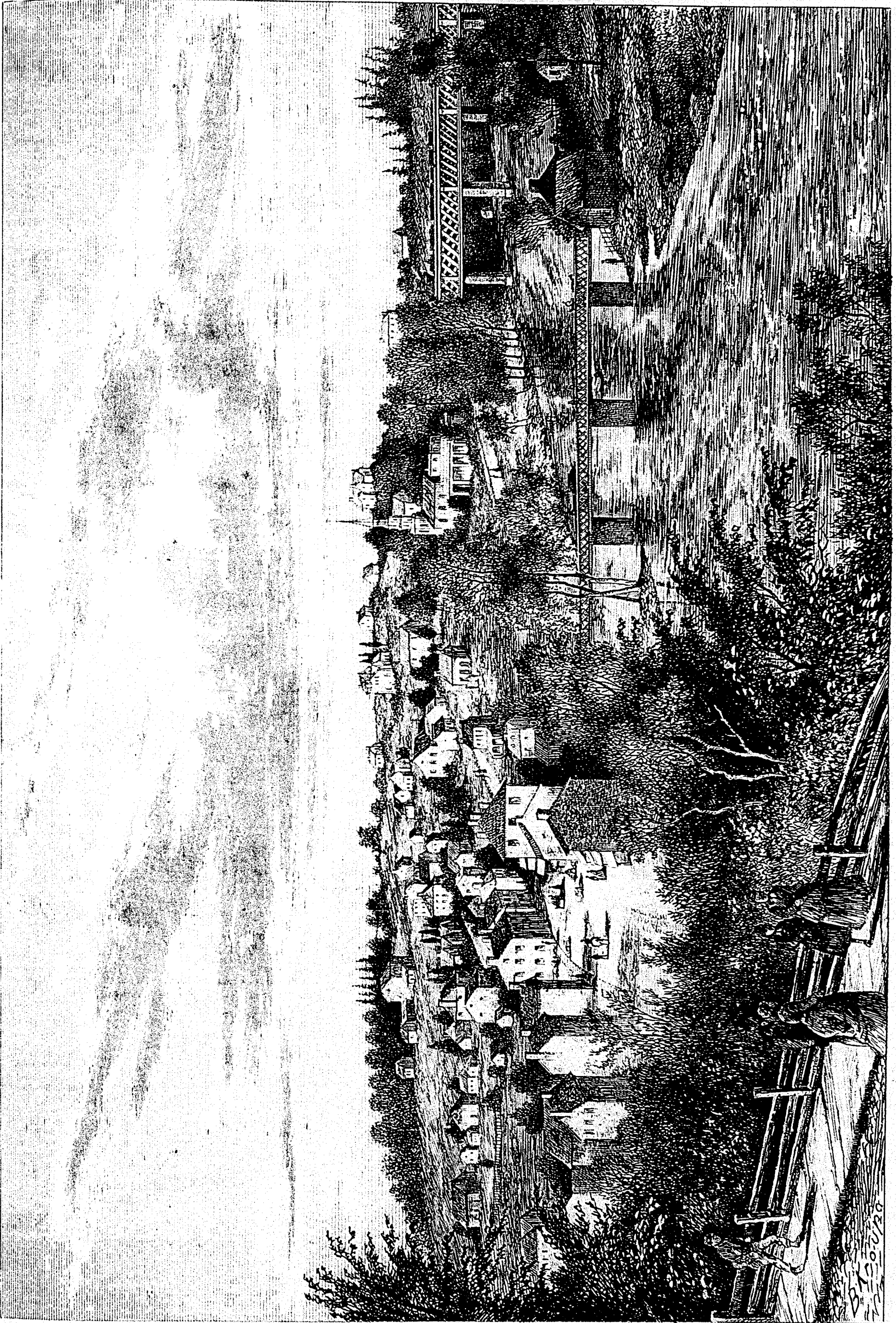
THE BURNT CORK FRATERNITY.—HOGAN & MUDGE'S MINSTRELS IN THEIR COMICALITIES.



"THE APPLE OF MY EYE."—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.



WASHING UP.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.



PARIS, ONT.—VIEW OF THE LOWER TOWN.—FROM A SKETCH BY THE REV. M. A. F.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
NOVEMBER 2nd, 1872.

SUNDAY.	Oct. 27.— <i>Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.</i> G. T. R. Montreal to Toronto opened. 1856.
MONDAY.	" 28.— <i>St. Simon and Jude, App. & M.M.</i>
TUESDAY.	" 29.—Keats born, 1795. Battle of Fort Erie, 1813.
WEDNESDAY.	" 30.—Lord Dundonald died, 1809. Governor Macdougall stopped by Riel at Pembina, 1869.
THURSDAY.	" 31.— <i>Hallowe'en.</i> Commencement of Reformation by Luther, 1517. Russia repudiated the Treaty of Paris, 1870.
FRIDAY.	Nov. 1.— <i>All Saints.</i> Russia declared war against Turkey, 1853.
SATURDAY.	" 2.—Insurrection in Lower Canada, 1838. Lord Monck appointed Governor, 1861.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at St. Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Oct. 25th, 1872.

Date.	Mean Temp.		Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. previous night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 9 P. M.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
	A. M.	P. M.						
Oct. 14	39	42	45	35	99	29.51	Var.	Rain.
15	40	43	45	35	94	29.79	W	Cloudy.
16	40	44	45	38	90	29.65	SSW	Rain.
17	44	53	53	32	74	29.27	Var.	Clear a. m. Rain p. m.
18	48	51	51	45	84	29.97	W	Rain.
19	49	55	55	38	79	29.93	Var.	Cloudy.
20	49	51	54	34	67	29.12	W b N	Clear.
MEAN	45.6	47.1	46.7	39.1	80.8			

Extreme Range of Temperature, 21.0; of Humidity, 41.8; of Barometer, .08 inches.

Whole amount of rain during the week, 0.208 inches, equivalent to 2.85 millions of water per acre.

OUR NEXT NUMBER

The next number of the

"ILLUSTRATED NEWS"

will contain sketches illustrative of

THE VISIT OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL
IN LONDON,

THE WESTERN FAIR AT CUELPH,

and a double-page illustration of

"HALLOWE'EN."

The undersigned has much pleasure in acquainting the public that he has entered into arrangements with Mr. Johnson, C. E., of Montreal, for the early publication of his large "Map of the whole Dominion, from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island, with the Northern and Western States."

This Map is approved and recommended by the highest Geographical Authorities in Canada as being the most accurate, comprehensive and useful Map yet made. It will be the special care and aim of the undersigned to place this valuable work before the Canadian public in a style commensurate with its great merits, early in the ensuing year.

GEO. E. DESBARATS.

[See Prospectus.]

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1872.

A house divided against itself, we are told in Scripture, must fall. Applying the maxim to the International Society of Workingmen, it would appear that the days of this celebrated organization are pretty well numbered. If ever there was a house divided against itself it is the great house in which the malecontents and demagogues of all nations, and perhaps some few well-meaning, conscientious, but near-sighted individuals have gathered to array themselves in battle for the "regeneration of Society." The object of the congress held last month at the Hague was to heal the divisions existing in the ranks of the organization, and in this it succeeded at the best but indifferently. In fact the last state of disorder in which the Society found itself after the decision of the congress, was, on the whole, rather worse than the first. At the time of the meeting of the convention the delegates representing all the different federations but the Italian, which had separated some time before from the General Council, were divided into two distinct and antagonistic parties—the Karl Marx section and the Bakunine section. Of these the former—the members of which belonged chiefly to the northern States of Europe—held to the code as laid down at the London congress. Their doctrine was implicit obedience and subjection to the decrees of the General Council. They were known as the Centralists. Their opponents, the Federalists, hailing from the southern European States, entirely rejected the General Council, and demanded the formation of a Federal Council, composed of representatives from the different sections, to be elected yearly. Another source of division was the question of the political organization of the proletariat, upheld by the Centralists, who by this means hoped to bring about the destruction of the bourgeoisie, and thus, finally, the

abolition of the State and the establishment of the Commune. The Federalists, on the other hand, opposed the idea of any political organization, declaring that the questions of labour and social economy were the only ones with which the proletariat need meddle. On these points each party won a victory, and finding themselves no farther than when they began separated with mutual disgust. On the first point the congress decided in favour of the Centralists, maintaining the General Council from which Karl Marx withdrew, but limiting its powers and transferring its seat from London to New York. The question of political organization was, after a hot discussion and a scene that would have done honour to the last session of the French Assembly, decided against the Centralists, who immediately left the Hague and returned to London. Such was the termination of the great congress which was to have done so much for the consolidation of the Association. The Federalists, who remained masters of the field, were thoroughly discontented at the decision of the congress respecting the General Council. The Centralists, on the other hand, were disconcerted at the withdrawal of Karl Marx from the General Council, and the transfer of the seat of the Council to New York, and furious at having failed in the matter of the political organization of the proletariat. Thus the only result of the congress was to confirm each section in its own views and to widen the breach already existing between the two parties. On the whole it was pretty much of a fiasco.

The North Sleswick question is exciting a great deal of attention in Denmark. The press is becoming almost defiant in its utterances, while the people, to a man, are loud in their execrations of German faithlessness. In a recent issue the *Dagbladet* explains the stand taken by Denmark on this question. "We assert," says the writer, "that even without the Treaty of Prague Denmark has a moral right to that part of Sleswick which is Danish, and that in virtue of the national principles on which Germany builds its future we Danes may claim to be reunited to the Sleswickers, who speak and think as we do. We consider that this right has been sanctioned by a treaty whose validity has not been impaired by any subsequent events, and which can only be abolished with the concurrence of the Danish Government. We admit that, as Germany did not fulfil her obligations, we rested our hopes on France, and that our sympathies, having been rejected by Germany, were given to her adversaries in the late war. Her decisive victories, however, have essentially altered the political situation of Europe, and we understand that it is our interest to be on good terms with Germany; but at the same time we believe that, small as we are, it is a matter of some importance to her to be reconciled with Denmark and the Scandinavian countries generally, and to have friends on that side of her frontier. We are ready to enter on a new policy towards Germany; we do not wish for peoples or lands which are German, but at the same time we cannot change our long antipathy for friendship unless North Sleswick is restored to us in accordance with the stipulations of the Treaty of Prague. If this is not done, we shall be compelled to look upon Germany as our enemy, and to hail as a friend any Power which may draw the sword to break up German unity, for by so doing it would also be the champion of our cause against the lawless violence of our neighbours. In this feeling all Danes are united; all parties are convinced that such would be our true policy. Though weak, we are united, and we hope, in spite of all the sophistical arguments of our opponents, that we shall have our rights some day (under God's direction, if not under that of the Government which is now withholding them from us.)"

AMUSEMENTS.

THE PALAIS MUSICAL—According to promise this place of entertainment was opened on Saturday last under the direction of Mr. Hartley Neville. The *troupe* is made up of very fair artistes, of whose abilities it is, however, impossible to pronounce so soon. The programme was a good one and well carried out, and the interest of the audience well sustained throughout the evening. Altogether the manager's venture bids fair to meet with the success it deserves.

NEW ROYAL LYCEUM, TORONTO.—The performances last week at this theatre were, with one exception, very fair. "She Stoops to Conquer," the exception alluded to, would have been much better were it not for the many hitches that were only too apparent. On Monday last Mr. Den Thompson, whose fame is great among Toronto theatre-goers, commenced an engagement for six nights, with the "Colleen Bawn," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "The Octoroon" on the bills. We understand that the manager of the Lyceum is now in New York, making arrangements for a succession of novelties to appear shortly.

THE MAGAZINES.

Dexter Smith's Paper for October contains, in addition to a large amount of musical intelligence, Strauss' world-renowned "Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes," and Catlin's famous song, "Darling Minnie Lee." This choice music would cost over a dollar at the music stores, but is furnished in this publication for the small sum of ten cents.

The current number of *Church's Musical Visitor* is an excellent one. Its contents embrace a beautiful original poem, a continuation of the serial "Side by Side," "Robert Schumann's Rules for Young Musicians," correspondence from the principal American musical centres, a biographical sketch of the wonderful young pianiste, Middle Teresa Careno, besides numerous musical, art, and dramatic notes, and nine pages of good new music, "Going to Sleep," song and chorus, by H. R. Palmer, the continuation of the "Extract of Opera," by P. W. Root, and a beautiful instrumental piece, entitled "Bolero."

The *Atlantic Monthly* is always a welcome guest. The number for November opens with an instalment of "The Post at the Breakfast Table," fresh and pleasant as ever. "A Dinner Party," is a story of a most consummate rascal and accomplished thief, who actually managed to make his way into New York society, where he delighted the *l'arvans* with his learning, until his real character was brought out by the miscarriage of a skilful robbery. James Parton gives us in this number another of his interesting sketches of Jefferson, followed by the second and concluding part of "Guest's Confession." John Fiske's paper on "The Primeval Ghost World," will be read with much attention, his subject is one possessing much interest for all classes and ages, and is handled in an admirable manner. Prof. de Mille's "Comedy of Terrors" is continued this month, and with a pleasant sketch of life in Tahiti, the usual literary and art notes, and several very fair poems, completes a very attractive and readable number.

NEW BOOKS.

BOSTON ILLUSTRATED. Boston: Osgood & Co. Montreal: F. E. Grafton, pp. 124

This is not so much a guide-book as a history and description of the city of Boston, in which all the monuments of public interest, the churches, schools, colleges, banks, hotels, and other places of interest in and around the city are illustrated and described. Annexed to it is a guide intended for the use of visitors, containing all the information necessary to strangers. The first part of the book, which gives an account of the settlement and of the early history of Boston and the vicinity, will be found especially interesting. The work is neatly printed and the illustrations, of which there is one on almost every page, are very carefully got up.

SAUNTERINGS. By Charles Dudley Warner, pp. 285. Boston: Osgood & Co. Montreal: F. E. Grafton.

"Saunterings" is not by any means a bad name for this book. Indeed it would have been difficult to give it a better. The writer, accompanied by his willing reader—willing, for he finds himself in such good company that for the sake of it he is ready to go anywhere—strolls through some of the principal cities of the continent, without following any previously arranged route, but flitting from one to the other as fancy suggests, noticing queer customs, queer people, and quaint buildings. Thus we are taken in this deliciously unbusiness-like manner from London and Paris through the Low Countries and the pleasant Rhine-land, on to Switzerland, off at a tangent to Munich, south again to Naples, back to Ravenna, then to Rome in time for Holy Week, Naples again and Vesuvius, and across the bay to Sorrento, where our guide disappears to our deep but unavailing regret. The subjects Mr. Warner treats of have been described time and time again, but under his hands they acquire new freshness. After a pretty heavy course of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," and Dickens' Italy, we accompanied Mr. Warner over the old familiar ground with unweary interest.

SONG LIFE FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, ETC. Illustrating in Song the Journey of Christians and Her Children to the Celestial City. By Philip Phillips, Author of "Singing Pilgrim," etc. Illustrated by C. Gray Parker. pp. 176, 50c. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The musical works of the author of the "Song Life" are already sufficiently known to ensure the success of this, his last production. In these pages he has done something more than given us a mere collection of hymns, he gives a collection of sacred songs—many of them old Sunday-School favourites—so classified as to illustrate the second part of Bunyan's great book. Most of the tunes in this book are new, though in the cases of some of the older and better known hymns which can be with difficulty disconnected in the mind with certain familiar, old-fashioned tunes, we doubt the entire wisdom of this step. The work is illustrated with a number of small vignettes, illustrative of the journey of Christians, each of which is accompanied by the corresponding text from Bunyan, and two or three appropriate hymns with music. "Song Life" is a fitting accompaniment to the "Singing Pilgrim," and will be found useful by ministers, Sunday-School teachers, readers, and members of Christian Associations generally.

APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. H. Cochrane, of Compton, the celebrated agriculturist and cattle-breeder, is to be Senator in the place of the Hon. Mr. Sanborn. A well-deserved compliment.

Judge Johnson has been transferred from Bedford to Montreal, and the Hon. J. S. Sanborn, late Senator, made Judge of the Superior Court at Sherbrooke.

The Honorable James Charles McKeagney, of the town of Sydney, in the Province of Nova Scotia, Queen's Counsel, is gazetted a Puisné Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench for the Province of Manitoba.

Notes and Comments.

News of the Week.

People who are in the habit of making themselves obnoxious at public entertainments are so very common and are so seldom molested in their somewhat selfish method of seeking pleasure...

The United States Bureau of Statistics reports that 315,000 lbs. of prepared opium were imported into the country during the year 1871.

The English "Dissenters" are hard at work attempting to bring about the disendowment and disestablishment of the Church of England.

We have not here in Canada so many Meccenas as they can afford to overlook any act of generosity in the direction of literature or education.

The London Examiner complains as follows of an English innovation:—"A process of selection, whether natural or not we decline to determine, is gradually eliminating Z from its old place in the formation of words belonging to the English language."

A New York Herald correspondent is loud in his praises of our new Governor-General—praises which, everyone will admit, are no more than His Excellency's due.

The late unreasonable weather, with its heavy rains and early frosts, has been the cause of much dire complaint among all classes.

THE DOMINION.

The Immigrant Sheds at Fort Garry have been completed. H. E. the Governor-General will return to Ottawa on Monday.

A new Reporters' Gallery is to be erected in the House of Commons.

The Ottawa High School has been erected by Order in Council into a Collegiate Institute.

The 25th annual dinner of the Loyal Canadian Society came off on Monday week at Grimsby, Ont.

The site of the new Eastern Normal School has been awarded by the Ontario Government to Ottawa.

Yesterday (Friday) was the day fixed for His Excellency the Governor-General's ball at Toronto.

Lieut.-Governor Archibald is on a visit at Ottawa. Chief Justice Morris administers in his absence.

Several clerks have been dismissed from the Customs Bureau at Ottawa for inattention to their duties.

Sanford Fleming is on his way back to Ottawa, after having been over the entire line of the proposed Canada Pacific Railroad.

At the Ottawa Irish Catholic Bazaar last week, the prize offered to the most popular member of Parliament was won by Hon. Mr. Langevin.

Orders have been given by the English War Office to have the names of the Canadian militia staff and officers of the active force of Canada entered in the British army list hereafter with the military of the mother country.

On and after the 1st ult., the postage rates between Canada and Newfoundland will be, on letters 6 c. per 1/2 oz.; on newspapers from office of publication the ordinary commuted rates; on other newspapers 2 c. each; books and printed matter, 1 c. per oz.

A despatch from Halifax says that the local election returns are all in. Dr. Campbell, Opposition, is elected for Inverness by 190 majority; McKay, Opposition, for Pictou, 729 majority; Ryerson, Government, for Yarmouth, majority of one over Flint, the temperance candidate.

UNITED STATES.

Frost has killed the vegetation in Georgia.

Miss Nellie Grant has returned from Europe.

Coal is being exported from Maryland to England.

A new postal treaty is being arranged with France.

The Apaches are again on the rampage in Arizona Territory.

The Rt. Rev. Michael O'Connor, formerly Bishop of Pittsburgh, died last week.

Three persons were killed and several injured by an accident on the Central Pacific last week.

There was great excitement on Wall Street on Saturday, owing to manipulations in Pacific R. R. stock.

It is reported that a new indictment has been found against Ingersoll for fresh rascallities to the amount of \$20,000.

The closing of the saloons in Chicago on Sunday has materially diminished the amount of drunkenness on the streets.

Charles Lane, of the firm of Lane & Co., wood dealers, Boston, was shot in the abdomen while answering his door-bell last week.

The Saratoga County Bank at Waterford, N.Y., has been robbed of over \$30,000 by a gang of desperadoes disguised in Ku-Klux uniforms.

The propeller "La Labelle," of the Engemann Transportation Co., went down in Lake Michigan last week, heavily laden with flour, grain and pork. Several lives were lost.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

President Thiers returned to Paris on Saturday.

Cholera is committing fearful ravages in Poland.

The Rev. Mr. Purchas, the Brighton ritualist, is dead.

Sir Roundell Palmer has been sworn in as a Privy Councillor.

Five thousand labourers in the Liverpool docks are on strike.

The appointment of Sir Roundell Palmer as Lord Chancellor is gazetted.

The submarine cable between Panama and Jamaica is in working order.

Prince Frederick Henry Albert, brother of Kaiser William, died last week.

The Khedive's son will soon start on a three years' tour round the world.

Heavy rains have caused an overflow of the rivers Rhone, Saone, and Loire.

Twenty-one new books have been added to the Roman Index Expurgatorius.

A great meeting of Internationals is to be held in Hyde Park on the 30th prox.

Mdlle. Albani has been winning golden opinions at the Norwich Musical Festival.

The tolls on the Waterloo and other bridges across the Thames are to be removed.

Despatches from Japan state that a railway between Yokohama and Yeddo has been opened.

The Spanish Cortes have voted the reply to the address from the Throne by 205 against 68.

The bulk of the German force in the departments of Marne and Haute Marne is being withdrawn.

The streets of Belfast are crowded with emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine on their way to Canada.

The German Bishops have protested to the Pope against the molestation of the Prussian Government.

A new English paper is to be started in Rome by Mr. A. M. Daniels, brother to the former American Minister.

A bill has been introduced in the Spanish Cortes abolishing

the penalty of death for political offences, and has passed its first reading.

President Thiers has received information that the released Communists now in Paris have in their possession 2,000 Orsini bombs.

Sir Roundell Palmer is to receive thirty thousand pounds of compensation for his services as Counsel for Great Britain before the Geneva Tribunal.

The Spanish Prime Minister declares that no reforms can be introduced in Cuba so long as a single man remains in arms against the Government.

The Count de Chambord has written a letter protesting against the establishment of a Republic in France. He asserts that the Monarchy alone can save the country.

At the suggestion of an American inventor, the Director of the Vienna Exhibition has proposed to his Government an International Congress for forming International treaties on trade marks and inventions.

The suit brought against Mr. Thomas H. Dudley, U. S. Consul at Liverpool, by a man named Alcott, who enlisted as seaman on the privateer "Alabama," for compensation for his detention at Liverpool as a witness, by order of Dudley, at the time the "Alabama" sailed, has just been brought to a conclusion, and resulted adversely to plaintiff.

CHESS.

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

The members of the Montreal Chess Club meet every Tuesday and Saturday evenings in the Gymnasium, Mansfield Street. Chess-players can also have a quiet game in the fine rooms of the Mercantile Library Association, St. Catherine Street, opposite the Cathedral.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. G.—Will reply in our next. A. L. Palatka, Fla.—quite correct about No. 53. There is a mate in two moves as you suggest.

F. P. B., Kingston—Accept thanks for your Knight's Tour: it will appear soon. See next No.

J. R. M. B., Hamilton.—Your P. C. of 15th instant received—happy to hear from you again.

F. P. B., Toronto.—Solution to Problem No. 62, received correct.

Another game in the recent Tourney at Hamilton. BOOTH GAME.

White. Mr. W. H. J. (Hamilton.) 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. P. to Q. 4th 4. Kt. takes P. 5. Kt. takes Kt. 6. B. to Q. 3rd 7. P. to Q. K. 3rd 8. Castles 9. P. to Q. B. 3rd (b) 10. P. to Q. Kt. 4th 11. P. to K. B. 4th 12. B. takes P. 13. R. to K. B. 2nd (c) 14. Q. to K. B. 3rd 15. K. takes B. 16. P. to Kt. 3rd 17. Q. to Kt. 2nd 18. K. takes Q. 19. B. takes P. 20. K. to B. 3rd 21. P. to Kt. 5th (d) 22. B. takes B. 23. B. to Q. 2nd 24. Kt. takes R. 25. P. to R. 4th 26. Kt. to Q. Kt. 27. B. to Q. 3rd 28. R. to K. 4th 29. Kt. to Q. 1st 30. Kt. takes P. 31. P. to B. 5th. Black. Mr. F. T. J. (Toronto.) P. to K. 4th Q. Kt. to B. 3rd P. takes P. B. to Q. B. 4th Kt. takes Kt. (a) Kt. to K. 2nd Castles Kt. to Kt. 3rd P. to Q. 4th B. to Q. 3rd P. takes P. B. to Q. B. 3rd B. to Q. B. 4th B. takes K. ch. Q. to R. 5th ch. Q. takes R. P. ch. Q. takes P. ch. K. R. to K. 4th K. to K. 3rd ch. Q. R. to Q. B. takes P. R. to K. 5th R. takes B. R. takes R. R. to Q. 4th R. to Kt. 4th P. to Q. B. 4th P. to Q. B. 5th R. takes P. Kt. to K. 2nd Kt. takes P. wins.

(a) This seems preferable in some respects to the usual move of Q. to K. B. 3rd, as it allows of the Q. B.'s being advantageously posted at R. 3rd as in the present game.

(b) The attack seems to lose time hereabouts; better to have developed his pieces.

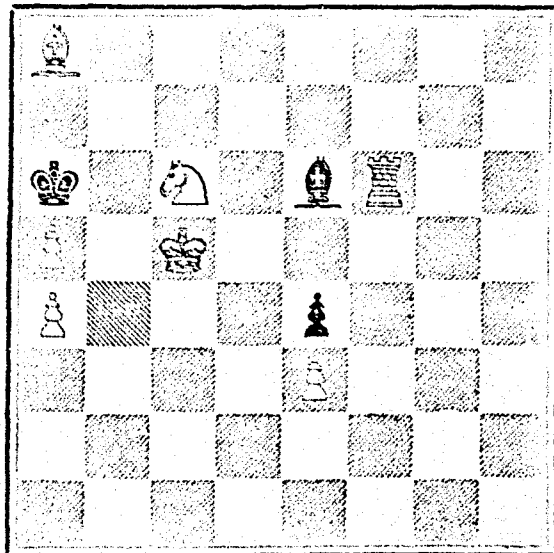
(c) This loses the exchange, but it is difficult to suggest a satisfactory defence for White at this point.

(d) Black has now a forced win game, on account of the crowded position of White's forces.

(e) A move which seems to arrest the assault for a time, but so strong is Black's game that the piece lost is soon regained with a winning position.

PROBLEM No. 63

By P. S. McGregor, Milton, Ont. BLACK.



White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 63.

White. Black. 1. Q. to Q. R. 5th B. takes Q. 2. R. to R. 6th B. to Q. 4th or K. 5th 3. Kt. or R. mates accordingly.

VARIATION.

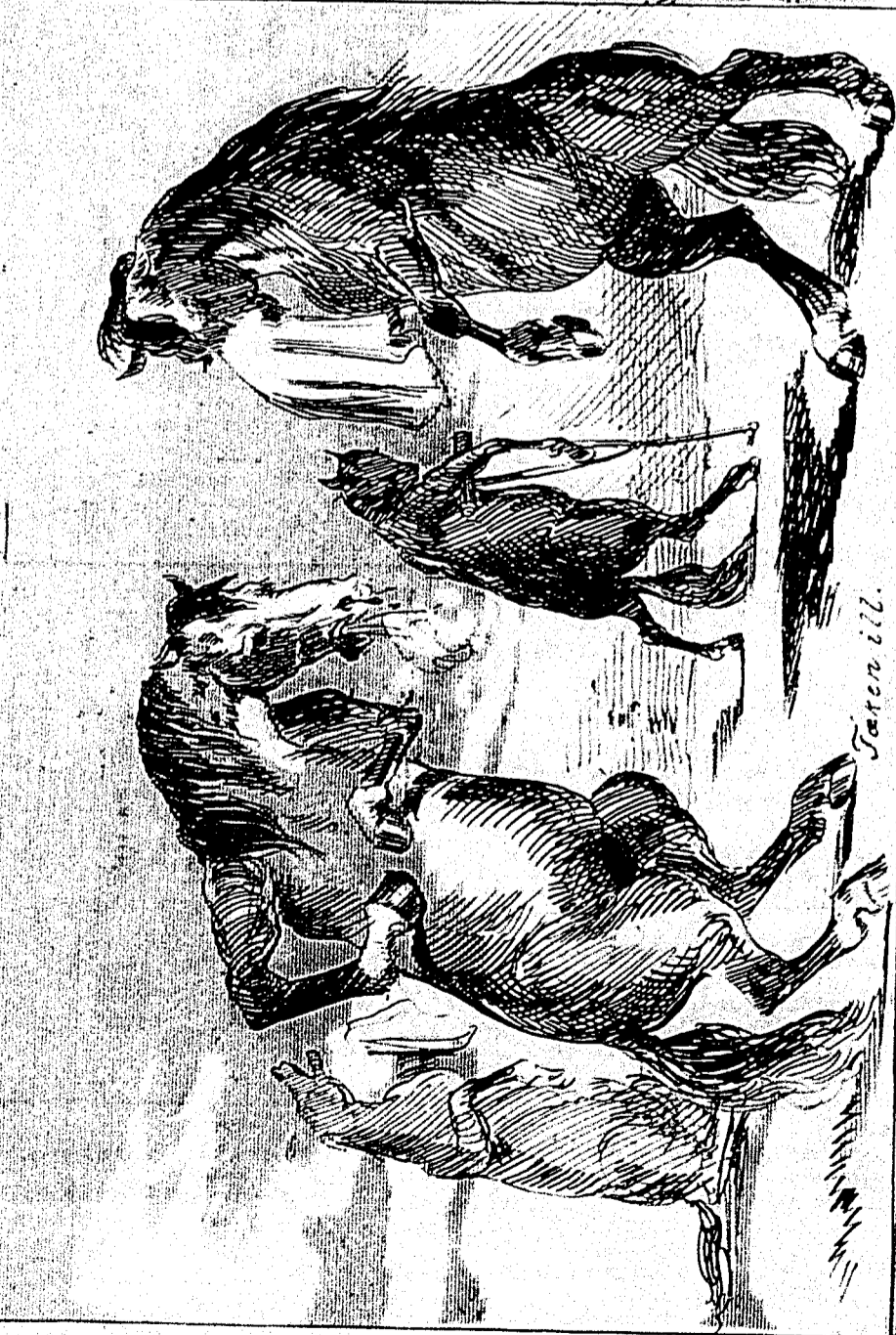
1. Q. takes B. B. ch. 2. Q. mates. Any move.



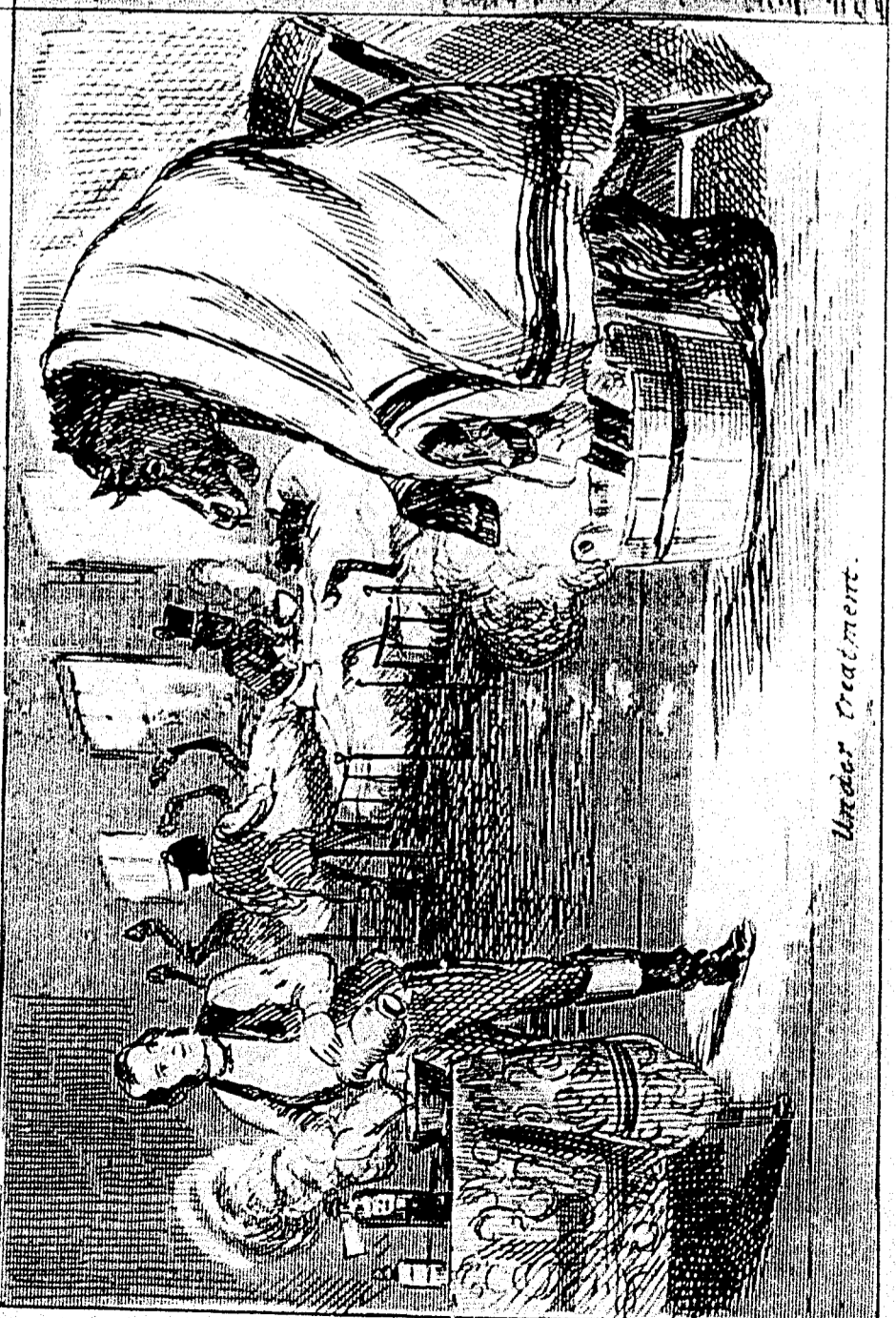
The Doctor's visit.



The poor horse.

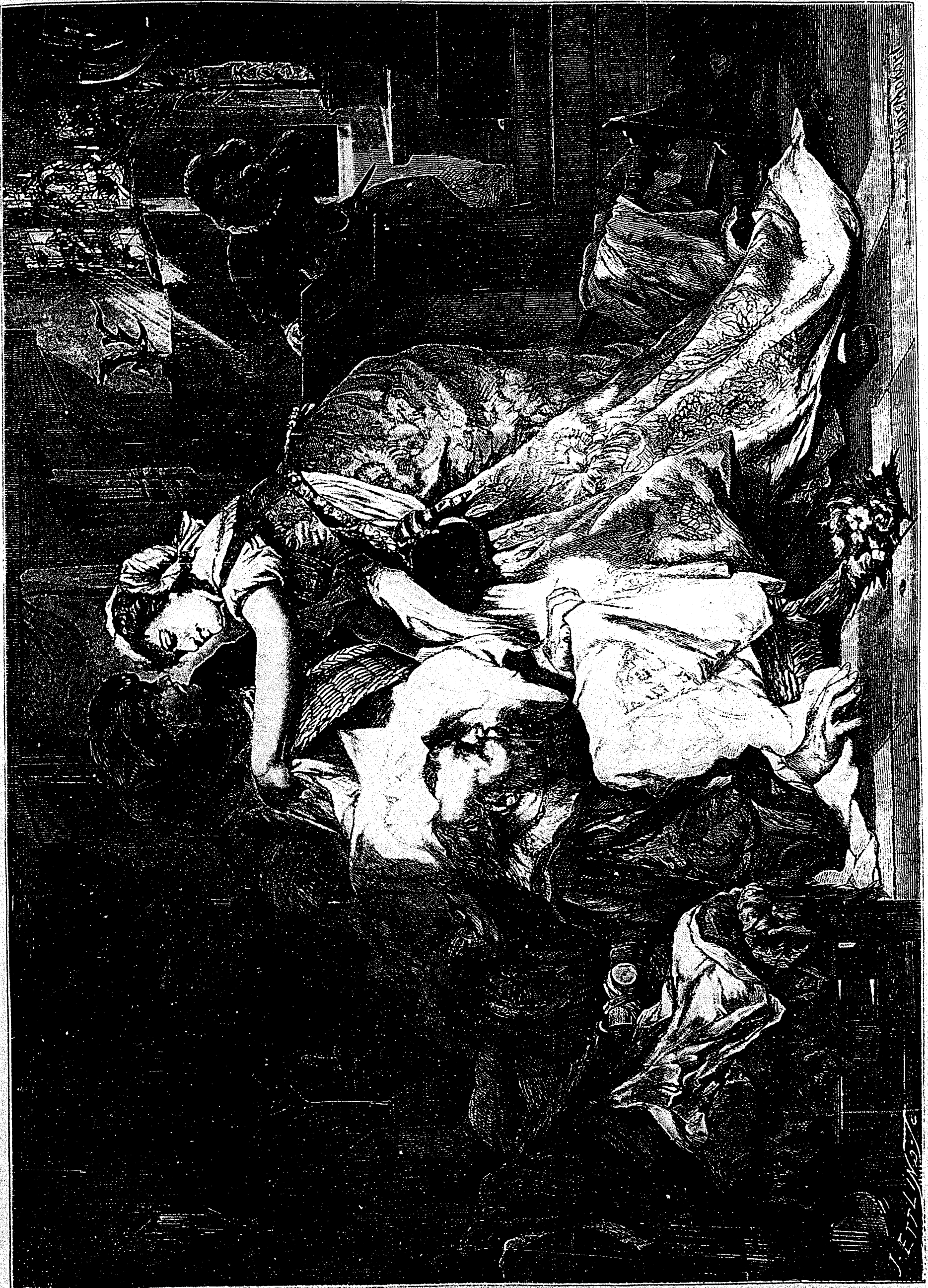


Taken ill.



Under treatment.

THE HORSE EPIDEMIC BY F. J. M.



"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

FROM A PAINTING BY HANS MAKART.

Science & Mechanics.

A cannon which can be fired thirty times in a minute was tried this week at Asnières. The results were, it is said, highly satisfactory, and a commission is about to sit on the cannon, headed by General de Cisse. The inventor is an Italian engineer named Bellotti.

The project of a railway in the colony of Natal, which has been so long discussed, has been brought to a determinate issue. The length of the line is to be 345 miles. The Colonial Government is to give a subsidy of £40,000 per annum for twenty years, and make a grant of 2½ million acres of land.

The most remarkable engineering feat now in progress is to be the crossing of the Andes by the Lima and Oroya Railroad. The mountain chain will be crossed at an altitude of 15,000 feet by a tunnel 3,000 feet in length. The grades are the steepest known on any ordinary railway. The workmen employed are Cholos Indians, the only operatives who can endure for a prolonged period the rarefied atmosphere at this great elevation.

The new bridge now in course of construction over the Frith of Tay, Scotland, will be the longest bridge in the world—longer even than the Victoria bridge, Montreal. The Victoria bridge is 9,194 feet long, while the Tay bridge will be 10,321, making a difference in favour of Tay bridge of 1,127 feet. If the Tay bridge were eighty yards longer, it would be two miles exactly, and for all intents and purposes it may therefore be called a two-mile bridge, and will have ninety piers and eighty-nine spans.

Science is making great progress in Japan, Chemistry being an especially favourite study with the young students. There are in the country at the present time four laboratories where this branch of science is taught. Three of these are presided over by Germans and the fourth by an American. The chief one is at Osaka, where there are nearly 100 students. The rest are at Kago, Shidzoka and Fukuji. A fifth will soon be opened at Yeddo. The students are said to be fairly intelligent, but their minds are at present encumbered with astrology and other kinds of spurious philosophy.

The following is worthy of the attention of the opponents of vaccination:—According to a statement made at the Statistical Congress, held this year in St. Petersburg, the total number of deaths from small pox in the German Army during the recent Franco-German war was 263. This small mortality is attributed to the system of compulsory revaccination, which every man who enters the army must undergo. On the other hand, in the French Army, where revaccination is not compulsory, the number of deaths, as stated by a French authority, was 23,469. This terrible difference, says the *Wiener Medizin Wochenschrift*, must puzzle the greatest opponents of vaccination.

Paper-hangings, with their odious concomitants, paste, vermin, and evil, unhealthy smells, are doomed. Their place is to be taken by hangings made of metal. An account of this new invention, which comes from Paris, was recently read before the Society of Arts. The metal employed is tinfoil, in sheets about sixteen feet long, and from thirty to forty inches wide. The sheets are painted, and dried at a high temperature, and are then decorated with many different patterns, such as foliage, flowers, geometrical figures, imitations of wood or landscapes. When decorated, the sheets are varnished, and again dried, and are then ready for sale. Tinfoil is in itself naturally tough, and the coats laid upon it in preparing it for the market increase the toughness. The hanging of these metallic sheets is similar to paper-hanging, except that the wall is varnished with a weak kind of varnish, and the sheet applied thereto. Thus in this way a room or a house may be newly painted, without any smell of paint to annoy or harm the inmates. Moreover the tinfoil keeps out damp; and as the varnish is a damp-resister, the protection to the room is twofold. Experience has shown also that cornices, mouldings, and irregular surfaces may be covered with the tinfoil as readily as a flat surface; hence, there is no part of a dwelling-house or public building which may not be decorated with these new sheets; and, as regards style and finish, all who saw the specimens exhibited at the reading of the paper, were made aware that the highest artistic effects could be achieved at pleasure.

An interesting case of writer's cramp—an affection of the muscles of the arm and hand peculiar to writers, accountants, and others who use the pen to any great extent—with an account of the system of treatment pursued with great success, is described by Dr. G. V. Poore in the *London Practitioner* for September. The case he describes—that of a very active accountant—was, when it came under his treatment, of nine years' standing. The right and then the left hand had been disabled for all writing, and a few weeks before Dr. Poore was applied to, the patient's right arm "had become liable to sudden

spasms even when not called upon to perform any act.... It was always jerking about, and at times would bounce out of the side pocket of his coat as he was walking in the streets." As these spasms grew doubly severe when the patient was conscious that they attracted attention, Dr. Poore found in this circumstance an analogy with stammering, and regulated his treatment accordingly. "Every stammerer," he remarks, "that I have ever met can sing. They are all capable of a rhythmical use of the voice, and every stammerer has, I believe, his cure within his own grasp, if he persevere in the orderly and rhythmical exercise of his vocal powers. I determined to apply the above principles to the treatment of the stammering right arm." This he did in connection with the galvanic current with the most gratifying success, as is shown in the fac-similes of the patient's handwriting which accompany the paper in the *Practitioner*. Dr. Poore does not hint at any other cause of the disorder than what is implied in the word "cramp." The disease has, we believe, been traced in some cases to the use of the steel pen, which would appear to have some peculiar electrical effect on the muscles. At all events a resort to quills has often been known to afford relief to persons afflicted in this manner.

The subject of the best means of ventilating railway carriages is one that owing to our variable climate must always command attention in this country. During the summer months travel by rail is excessively unpleasant, owing to the intense heat inside the cars; while during the winter, when the cars are tightly boxed up so as to retain the heat from the two stoves and to exclude any breath of the sharp atmosphere outside, the temperature within, always unpleasant, becomes positively unhealthy. Any invention which may do away with this difficulty deserves notice from railway men, so we invite their attention to the following account of a new description of ventilator affixed to the Queen's saloon carriage on the London and North Western Railway:—Outside the carriage nothing strange is noticeable beyond three little projectors on the roof right over where the lamps are generally let in. These protuberances are what are called the caps of the ventilator. The movement of the train causes them to work and keep up a thorough ventilation inside each carriage to which it is affixed. The arrangement in the interior of the roof of the carriage is nothing more than an ornamental grating. Between the grating and the cap outside there is a cavity for the lamp. The cap is so constructed that ingress to wind and rain is wholly prevented. The cap rotates without noise, and by an ingenious mechanical arrangement creates an upward current which carries away all impure gases that may be generated. This obviates the necessity of opening the windows of railway carriages in damp and cold weather—the only resource one now has to escape the offensive and deleterious atmosphere which too often pervades railway carriages. This cleverly-arranged little appliance can be fixed upon any railway carriage without disturbing present arrangements. It improves some of them, for, being placed over the lamps, the ventilator supplies them with air, so that their illuminating power is maintained whatever may be the state of the weather. This ventilator can be as easily fitted into omnibuses, holds of vessels, &c., as railway carriages.

It was deemed a great feat in England when railway carriages were lighted with gas; but now, it seems, the ocean steamers are to have the same boon. Tried in one of the great steamers which ply between Liverpool and New York, it has answered admirably, although the vessel encountered severe weather. The saloon is said to be lighted as brilliantly as any ball-room. Here is certainly good news to those who must cross the Atlantic in the winter months, when the evenings are long, and when darkness as well as cold drives the passengers below. Hitherto they have exchanged the gloom of the deck for the semi-gloom of the cabin; and what could they do by the aid of the lamps, which sent out a fitful light? To read has been impracticable, unless the book has been pushed against the scanty flame, and the experiment is seldom tried. The passengers must either eat, drink, play at whist, or go to bed, and they usually do all four things in rapid succession. Some, however, eat, and others drink all the evening, because they cannot see to read or write. But the dark ages have now passed away from the saloon, and the hours will be spent amid the full blaze of civilization. Nor need there be any more danger of fire than there is at present, for gaspipes can be made as safe as lamps, and the management of the great passenger steamers which sail from Liverpool is a model of caution. In those which ply upon the Mississippi it is deemed safe to leave uncovered lights about, despite the copious arrangements for "liquoring up," and, of course the huge structures are occasionally burned to the water's edge. But the Cunarders permit no such tampering with fire. They are governed by a beneficent despotism, which acts upon the principle that the passengers cannot safely be trusted with facilities for lighting their own pipes after certain hours.

Courier des Dames.

THE SERVANT GIRL NUISANCE—AN ENGLISH REMEDY.

An English lady, Mrs. Chilton, who resides in Surrey, has determined to start a training school for servants, and in a letter to the *Queen* gives some account of the method she intends pursuing in her hazardous venture. The subject is one possessing great interest for Canadian housekeepers, who may possibly take a valuable hint from Mrs. Chilton's communications. We see no reason why some similar institution to that proposed, with, of course, certain necessary modifications, should not be founded in this country. The following is the substance of the letter: "I have been advised by several friends to ask you to bring to the notice of your readers the enclosed prospectus of a small training school for servants, which is to be opened next month at Compton, in Surrey. It is an attempt to improve the present race of servants, and I hope it may prove useful to mistresses, and to the young girls I am anxious to train. I am obliged to ask for co-operation from those who may sympathise in the scheme, which has been found to answer well in other places; and I wish especially to beg the attention of those ladies who are interested in any promising young girls, particularly any motherless or orphan girls. The terms asked are so low that, even in a labourer's cottage, a child can scarcely be kept at the rate named. I therefore hope for annual subscriptions to enable me to make up deficiencies. I cannot for some time expect the school earnings to assist much in the yearly cost of maintenance, at the present high prices, although the utmost economy, consistent with health and comfort, will be practised." Mrs. Chilton says she has obtained the lease of a farmhouse, with a garden and an orchard, and hopes soon to start with a matron and eight or nine girls. They propose to let a portion of the building, to take in washing and needlework, to teach dairy work, baking, and plain cooking. The proposed rules are as follows: "1. That annual subscribers of £1 1s. shall have power to nominate girls who fulfil certain requirements: and that £1 1s. shall be paid for each girl on admission as entrance fee, and 2s. per week, paid quarterly in advance. 2. Girls must be over fourteen years of age, with excellent characters, and good health, and without any bodily or mental drawback to their becoming first-class servants. 3. It is intended that admission to the school should be a reward for good conduct to the best girls from national schools. 4. The right of declining any unsuitable girls, or returning them for decided misconduct, is reserved. 5. They must come well provided with suitable clothes, of which lists will be sent to each candidate. 6. The girls will be kept in the school for two years, unless in exceptional cases, or if good situations should offer before that time, in which case the quarter's payment must remain in the school funds. 7. A holiday of one fortnight will be permitted once a year if required." There is no doubt whatever about the good features of the plan, but it will occur to some, and this is one of our motives for making it public, that a scheme which appeals to the public for contributions, &c., should be under the direction of a committee, and have all proper officers as guarantees of good faith. We believe that many admirable projects collapse in consequence of want of business tact and suitable arrangements. Lastly, we must record our great anxiety lest establishments for training domestic servants should sometimes be incapable of teaching some of the departments of domestic service.

A DEFENCE OF THE SIDE-SADDLE.

Our readers are probably aware that a movement has recently been got up among certain New York young ladies of good family and position, having for its object the abolition of the side-saddle and the adoption of the manly fashion of bestriding a horse. A writer in *Turf, Field and Farm* is justly indignant at the proposed innovation as indelicate and utterly uncalled for. "What," he exclaims—or is it a lady writer?—"what are the American women coming to? From long experience in fox-hunting, I can vouch for the safety and ease of a woman's seat on a well-built English side-saddle; but the saddle must be an English hunting saddle, properly fitted to the back of a well-broken, highly-bred saddle horse—if possible, an animal that has been ridden to foxhounds, and the rider must not be encumbered with a long, loose habit skirt. She must be attired for hard work in a close-fitting, comfortably-fitting cloth habit, the skirt of which should not do more than touch the ground when the wearer stands; also, the stirrup should be a plain steel one, neither lined nor padded, and fully two sizes too large for the rider's foot. If these proper precautions are taken, there is no more danger in riding on a side-saddle than there is in sitting on an ordinary chair. Where the danger now arises is that the riders have no more seats than meal-sacks, and no more hands than if nature had only supplied them with

ans. In reference to a letter signed 'Delaware,' he says his daughter's long skirt caused a horse to shy, and in shying he threw out of their carriage a gentleman and his wife and child. Why did his daughter allow her skirt to fly loose and frighten the horse? Yet to me this is far better than to kill him outright, as I imagine so susceptible a brute would be by the unlovely and novel sight of a female riding *en cavalier*. In Central Europe I have frequently seen peasant women riding astride on mules and donkeys, perched up between their market-baskets; but I never saw, and I never want to see, a woman of education and refinement riding astride, on the road, in the Park, or in the hunting field. In the British Isles, where women ride as forward as the men, there are, proportionally, far less serious accidents amongst female riders than amongst male, and this is to be accounted for mainly by the fact that, being compelled from the nature of their seat to ride chiefly by balance, they become more scientific in the handling of the reins, and less likely to bully a horse or rough handle his mouth. Fighting a horse and rushing him at his fences is just the correct way to bring him and his rider to grief."

A correspondent of the *Liege Gazette* sends to that paper from Brussels a description of the condition and manner of life of the Empress Charlotte in the chateau of Tervuren. Her physical state is represented as being as good as it ever was, and much better than it was two years ago; but there is no change for the better in her intellectual condition. She has degenerated to a sort of conscious child-likeness, but without the least tendency to violence. Of course she lives in a very retired style—it may be almost said she is alone in two rooms of the chateau, where she herself attends to all the cares of her small ménage. Her doctor is the only person to whom she seems attached, and who exercises a decisive influence over her. She receives him every morning for half-an-hour, and appears quieted after these interviews. The 29 other individuals of all ranks who compose her household are far from enjoying such favour; the Empress accepts their attentions with repugnance, and very frequently repels them altogether. She dines always alone; she lights her own fire, and does many other things usually left to attendants. She spends the greater portion of her day inditing telegraphic despatches to Napoleon III., whom she still supposes at the Tuileries, and in conversing with spirits which haunt (she says) the upper stories of the castle, and of which she alone, as she generally boasts, understands the language. She is fond also of spreading out rich toilettes on the chairs, and practises before them the ceremonial of court receptions. In her eyes these robes and chapeaux represent the ladies of France and Mexico. She hatters one, and speaks harshly to another, and thus spends portions of her time. Strange to tell, she seems to have lost all affection for her kinsfolk, even for her brother, and will not receive the Queen, much less the King or the Comte de Flandre. The fear of being poisoned has gone, for the Empress eats with excellent appetite all that is brought to a neighbouring room, where she goes to help herself. All hope of her cure has disappeared, which is still more sad as her excellent physical health promises a long life.

An excellent institution, says the *Woman's Journal*, exists in London, called the "Refuge for Deserted Mothers and their Infants." A thousand young women have passed through the home and been restored to society. Relapses never occur. The mortality among the infants put out to nurse is almost nil. The gratitude of the young women to their benefactresses is one of the most touching incidents of the system.

The following sharp hit at "strikers" appears in the form of an advertisement in an English paper: "My husband is out on a strike. He professes that to work. He ain't any use to me. I must work to keep the children and self. His ten shillings goes in beer. I'll swap my husband, while he's on strike, for a sewing machine."

Useless industry is well illustrated in the case of Miss Frank, of Wyandotte, Kansas, who has been engaged some time in embroidering a life-sized picture of St. Patrick. She has taken 1,500,000 stitches already, and it will take several weeks more to complete the picture.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, at a public dinner in England, lately, was called on to propose "the ladies," which he said he had already done in nineteen different countries, and in sixteen different languages. What a valuable man is Mr. Sala!

The *London Globe* says that the attitude in which croquet is played is utterly destructive of all healthy development. A long walk taken with open eyes is worth all the croquet with eyes glued to a lawn.

The *London Court Journal* says: "We are in a position to affirm that Mrs. Meriman, the widow to whom Father Hyacinthe is united, possesses a fortune of seventy-five thousand dollars."

(REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1868.)

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

FIRST SCENE.—The Cottage on the Frontier.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

As to Grace, in the first place. What injury was she doing to a woman who was dead? The question answered itself. No injury to the woman. No injury to her relations. Her relations were dead also.

As to Lady Janet, in the second place. If she served her new mistress faithfully; if she filled her new sphere honourably; if she was diligent under instruction and grateful for kindness—if, in one word, she was all that she might be and would be in the heavenly peace and security of that new life—what injury was she doing to Lady Janet? Once more, the question answered itself. She might, and would, give Lady Jane cause to bless the day when she first entered the house.

She snatched up Colonel Roseberry's letter and put it into the case with the other papers. The opportunity was before her; the chances were all in her favour; her conscience said nothing against trying the daring scheme. She decided then and there:

"I'll do it!"

Something jarred on her finer sense, something offended her better nature as she put the case into the pocket of her dress. She had decided, and yet she was not at ease; she was not quite sure of having fairly questioned her conscience yet. What if she laid the letter-case on the table again, and waited until her excitement had all cooled down, and then put the contemplated project soberly on its trial before her own sense of right and wrong?

She thought once—and hesitated. Before she could think twice, the distant tramp of marching footsteps and the distant clatter of horses' hoofs were wafted to her on the night air. The Germans were entering the village! In a few minutes more they would appear in the cottage; they would summon her to give an account of herself. There was no time for waiting until she was composed again. Which should it be—the new life, as Grace Roseberry? or the old life, as Mercy Merrick?

She looked for the last time at the bed. Grace's course was run; Grace's future was at her disposal. Her resolute nature, forced to a choice on the instant, held by the daring alternative. She persisted in the determination to take Grace's place.

The tramping footsteps of the Germans came nearer and nearer. The voices of the officers were audible, giving the words of command.

She seated herself at the table, waiting steadily for what was to come.

The ineradicable instinct of the sex directed her eyes to her dress, before the Germans appeared. Looking it over to see that it was in perfect order, her eyes fell upon the red cross on her left shoulder. In a moment it struck her that her nurse's costume might involve her in a needless risk. It associated her with a public position; it might lead to inquiries at a later time, and those inquiries might betray her.

She looked round. The grey cloak which she had lent to Grace attracted her attention. She took it up, and covered herself with it from head to foot.

The cloak was just arranged round her when she heard the outer door thrust open, and voices speaking in a strange tongue, and arms grounded in the room behind her. Should she wait to be discovered? or should she show herself of her own accord? It was less trying to such a nature as hers to show herself than to wait. She advanced to enter the kitchen. The canvas curtain, as she stretched out her hand to it, was suddenly drawn back from the other side, and three men confronted her in the open doorway.

CHAPTER V.

THE GERMAN SURGEON.

The youngest of the three strangers—judging by features, complexion, and manner—was apparently an Englishman. He wore a military cap and military boots, but was otherwise dressed as a civilian. Next to him stood an officer in Prussian uniform, and next to the officer was the third and the oldest of the party. He also was dressed in uniform, but his appearance was far from being suggestive of the appearance of a military man. He halted on one foot, he stooped at the shoulders, and instead of a sword at his side he carried a stick in his hand. After looking through a large pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, first at Mercy, then at the bed, then all round the room; he turned with a cynical composure of manner to the Prussian officer, and broke the silence in these words:

"A woman ill on the bed; another woman in attendance on her, and no one else in the room. Any necessity, major, for setting a guard here?"

"No necessity," answered the major. He wheeled round on his heel and returned to the kitchen. The German surgeon advanced a

little, led by his professional instinct, in the direction of the bedside. The young Englishman, whose eyes had remained riveted in admiration on Mercy, drew the canvas screen over the doorway, and respectfully addressed her in the French language.

"May I ask if I am speaking to a French lady?" he said.

"I am an Englishwoman," Mercy replied.

The surgeon heard the answer. Stopping short on his way to the bed, he pointed to the recumbent figure on it, and said to Mercy, in good English, spoken with a strong German accent—

"Can I be of any use there?"

His manner was ironically courteous, his harsh voice was pitched in one sardonic monotony of tone. Mercy took an instantaneous dislike to this hobbling, ugly old man, staring at her rudely through his great tortoise-shell spectacles.

"You can be of no use, sir," she said, shortly. "The lady was killed when your troops shelled this cottage."

The Englishman started, and looked compassionately towards the bed. The German refreshed himself with a pinch of snuff, and put another question:

"Has the body been examined by a medical man?" he asked. Mercy ungraciously limited her reply to the one necessary word "Yes."

The present surgeon was not a man to be daunted by a lady's disapproval of him. He went on with his questions.

"Who has examined the body?" he inquired next.

Mercy answered, "the doctor attached to the French ambulance."

The German granted in contemptuous disapproval of all Frenchmen and all French institutions. The Englishman seized his first opportunity of addressing himself to Mercy once more.

"Is the lady a countrywoman of ours?" he asked gently.

Mercy considered before she answered him. With the object she had in view, there might be serious reasons for speaking with extreme caution when she spoke of Grace.

"I believe so," she said. "We met here by accident. I know nothing of her."

"Not even her name?" inquired the German surgeon.

Mercy's resolution was hardly equal yet to giving her own name openly as the name of Grace. She took refuge in flat denial.

"Not even her name," she repeated obstinately.

The old man stared at her more rudely than ever—considered with himself—and took the candle from the table. He hobbled back to the bed, and examined the figure laid on it in silence. The Englishman continued the conversation, no longer concealing the interest that he felt in the beautiful woman who stood before him.

"Pardon me," he said; "you are very young to be alone in war-time, in such a place as this."

The sudden outbreak of a disturbance in the kitchen relieved Mercy from any immediate necessity for answering him. She heard the voices of the wounded men raised in feeble remonstrance, and the harsh command of the foreign officers, bidding them be silent. The generous instincts of the woman instantly prevailed over every personal consideration imposed on her by the position which she had assumed. Neckless whether she betrayed herself or not as nurse in the French ambulance, she instantly drew aside the canvas to enter the kitchen. A German sentinel barred the way to her, and announced, in his own language, that no strangers were admitted. The Englishman, politely interposing, asked if she had any special object in wishing to enter the room.

"The poor Frenchmen!" she said earnestly, her heart upbraiding her for having forgotten them. "The poor wounded Frenchmen!"

The German surgeon advanced from the bedside, and took the matter up before the Englishman could say a word more.

"You have nothing to do with the wounded Frenchmen," he croaked, in the harshest notes of his voice. "The wounded Frenchmen are my business, and not yours. They are our prisoners, and they are being moved to our ambulance. I am Ignatius Wetzel, chief of the medical staff—and I tell you this. Hold your tongue." He turned to the sentinel, and added in German: "Draw the curtain again; and if the woman persists, put her back into this room with your own hand."

Mercy attempted to remonstrate. The Englishman respectfully took her arm, and drew her out of the sentinel's reach.

"It is useless to resist," he said. "The German discipline never gives way. There is not the least need to be uneasy about the Frenchmen. The ambulance, under Surgeon Wetzel, is admirably administered. I answer for it, the men will be well treated." He saw the tears in her eyes as he spoke; his admiration for her rose higher and higher. "Kind as well as beautiful," he thought. "What a charming creature!"

"Well!" said Ignatius Wetzel, eyeing Mercy sternly through his spectacles. "Are you satisfied? And will you hold your tongue?"

She yielded; it was plainly useless to per-

sist. But for the surgeon's resistance, her devotion to the wounded men might have stopped her on the downward way that she was going. If she could only have been absorbed again, mind and body, in her good work as a nurse, the temptation might even yet have found her strong enough to resist it. The fatal severity of the German discipline had snapped asunder the last tie that bound her to her better self. Her face hardened as she walked away proudly from Surgeon Wetzel, and took a chair.

The Englishman followed her, and reverted to the question of her present situation in the cottage.

"Don't suppose that I want to alarm you," he said. "There is, I repeat, no need to be anxious about the Frenchmen, but there is serious reason for anxiety on your own account. The action will be renewed round this village by daylight; you ought really to be in a place of safety. I am an officer in the English army—my name is Horace Holmcroft. I shall be delighted to be of use to you, and I can be of use, if you will let me. May I ask if you are travelling?"

Mercy gathered the cloak which concealed her nurse's dress more closely round her, and committed herself silently to her first overt act of deception. She bowed her head in the affirmative.

"Are you on your way to England?"

"Yes."

"In that case, I can pass you through the German lines, and forward you at once on your journey."

Mercy looked at him in unconcealed surprise. His strongly-felt interest in her was restrained within the strictest limits of good breeding; he was unmistakably a gentleman. Did he really mean what he had just said?

"You can pass me through the German lines?" she repeated. "You must possess extraordinary influence, sir, to be able to do that."

Mr. Horace Holmcroft smiled.

"I possess the influence that no one can resist," he answered—"the influence of the Press. I am serving here as war-correspondent of one of our great English newspapers. If I ask him, the commanding officer will grant you a pass. He is close to this cottage. What do you say?"

She summoned her resolution—not without difficulty, even now—and took him at his word.

"I gratefully accept your offer, sir."

He advanced a step towards the kitchen, and stopped.

"It may be well to make the application as privately as possible," he said. "I shall be questioned if I pass through that room. Is there no other way out of the cottage?"

Mercy showed him the door leading into the yard. He bowed—and left her.

She looked furtively towards the German surgeon. Ignatius Wetzel was again at the bed, bending over the body, and apparently absorbed in examining the wound which had been inflicted by the shell. Mercy's instinctive aversion to the old man increased tenfold now that she was left alone with him. She withdrew uneasily to the window, and looked out at the moonlight.

Had she committed herself to the fraud? Hardly, yet. She had committed herself to returning to England—nothing more. There was no necessity, thus far, which forced her to present herself at Mablethorpe House, in Grace's place. There was still time to reconsider her resolution—still time to write the account of the accident, as she had proposed, and to send it with the letter-case to Lady Janet Roy. Suppose she finally decided on taking this course, what was to become of her when she found herself in England again? There was no alternative open, but to apply once more to her friend the Matron. There was nothing for her to do but to return to the Refuge!

The Refuge! The Matron! What past association with these two was now presenting itself uninvited, and taking the foremost place in her mind? Of whom was she now thinking, in that strange pace, and at that crisis in her life? Of the man whose words had found their way to her heart, whose influence had strengthened and comforted her, in the chapel of the Refuge. One of the finest passages in his sermon had been especially devoted by Julian Gray to warning the congregation whom he addressed against the degrading influences of falsehood and deceit. The terms in which he had appealed to the miserable women round him—terms of sympathy and encouragement never addressed to them before—came back to Mercy Merrick as if she had heard them an hour since. She turned deadly pale as they now pleaded with her once more. "Oh!" she whispered to herself, as she thought of what she had purposed and planned; "what have I done? what have I done?"

She turned from the window with some vague idea in her mind of following Mr. Holmcroft and calling him back. As she faced the bed again, she also confronted Ignatius Wetzel. He was just stepping forward to speak to her, with a white handkerchief—the handkerchief which she had lent to Grace—held up in his hand.

(To be continued.)

Art and Literature.

Gounod has written a new chorus, "The Wolf and the Lamb," for the choral society at Spa.

The Milan public, enchanted with Signor Verdi's "Aida," have presented him with a splendidly jewelled sceptre.

Kopp, the great Paris Comedian, committed suicide recently owing to legal troubles, leaving a fortune of 150,000 francs.

The unveiling and presentation to the New York Municipality of Walter Scott's monument will take place to-day (Saturday).

A daughter of Signor Arditì, the celebrated composer and conductor, will appear for the first time this season in Paris at the Italiens.

His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada has given his special patronage to the Rosa d'Erina's musical evenings in Canada.

The autograph letters, orders, memoranda, etc., of the Czar Peter the Great, including those of a private as well as of a public character, are shortly to be published under the auspices of the Russian Government.

Henri Rochefort has received \$10,000 from a London publishing-house for the English translation of his "History of the Second Empire." The principal feature of the work is a detailed biography of the ex-Empress Eugénie previous to her marriage to Napoleon III.

It is proposed to organize an art association in Ontario under the name of "The Ontario Society of Arts." It will include in its membership all who follow art as a profession, whether male or female, including painters, sculptors, architects, civil engineers, draughtsmen and engravers.

Four thousand three hundred and sixteen works were published in Germany during the first six months of the present year. It is characteristic of the country that of these the greatest number—550 were works of instruction, and the next—500, theological publications, novels numbering only 135, and theatrical and musical works 131.

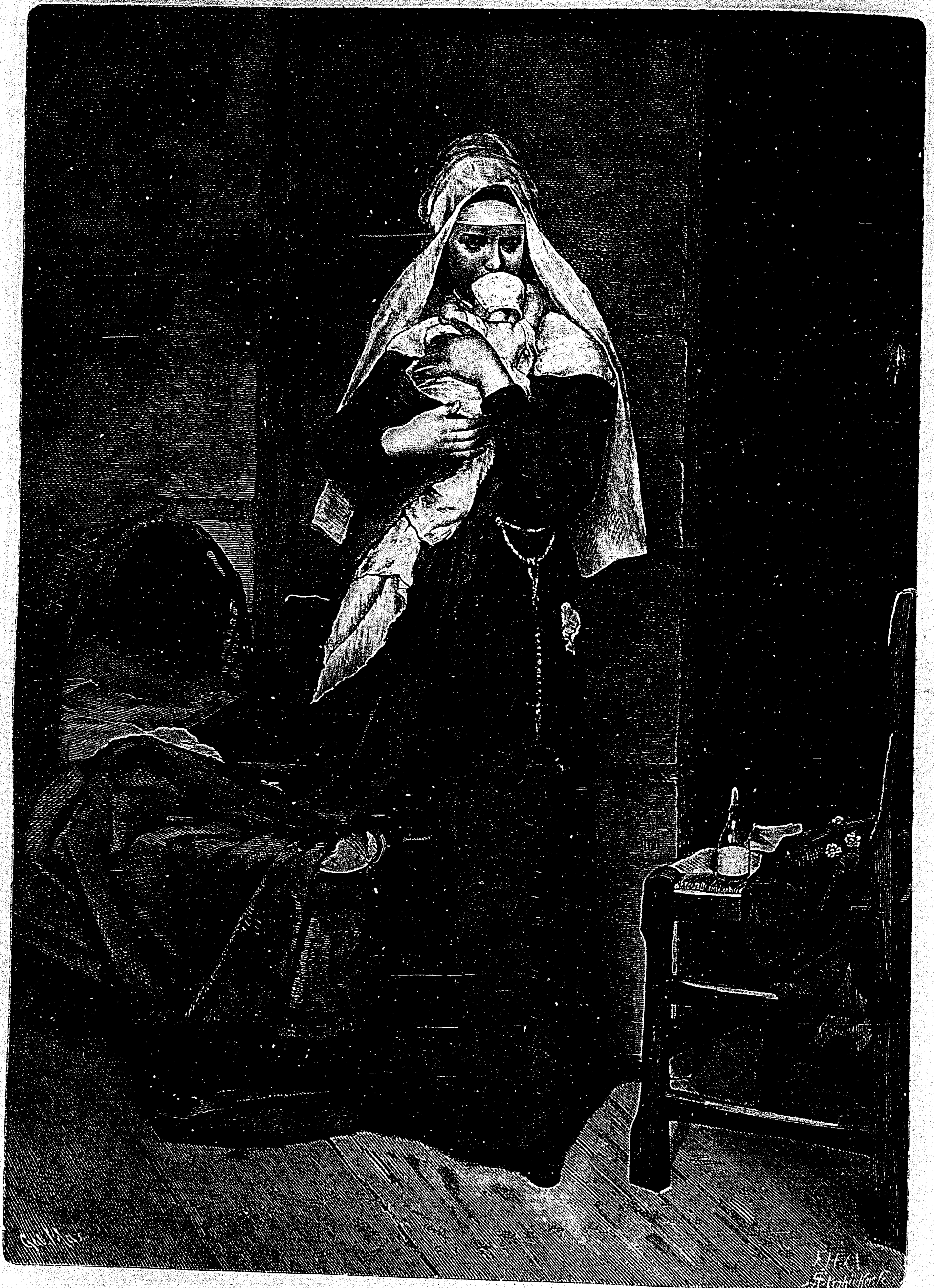
The Post-Laureate's new volume is to be published by Messrs. Strahan & Co., on the 24th of October. It will contain a new Arthurian Idyll, "Gareth," which will recount how that personage came to Court in disguise, served there, and at length, in face of scorn, approved himself a true knight. This, with "The Last Tournament," which will also be included in the new volume, completes the Arthurian series.

The exhibition of antiquities at the Hôtel de Ville, Paris, has just been enriched by a very valuable object, belonging to M. Cockey—the sceptre of Mary Stuart. It is about thirty-two inches long, and artistically carved in ivory, with portraits of the Queen and her husband, as well as the emblems, devices, and arms of Scotland, England, and Francis I. of France. It bears the date of 1553, and is composed of four pieces, mounted in brass, and adorned with medallions in silver.

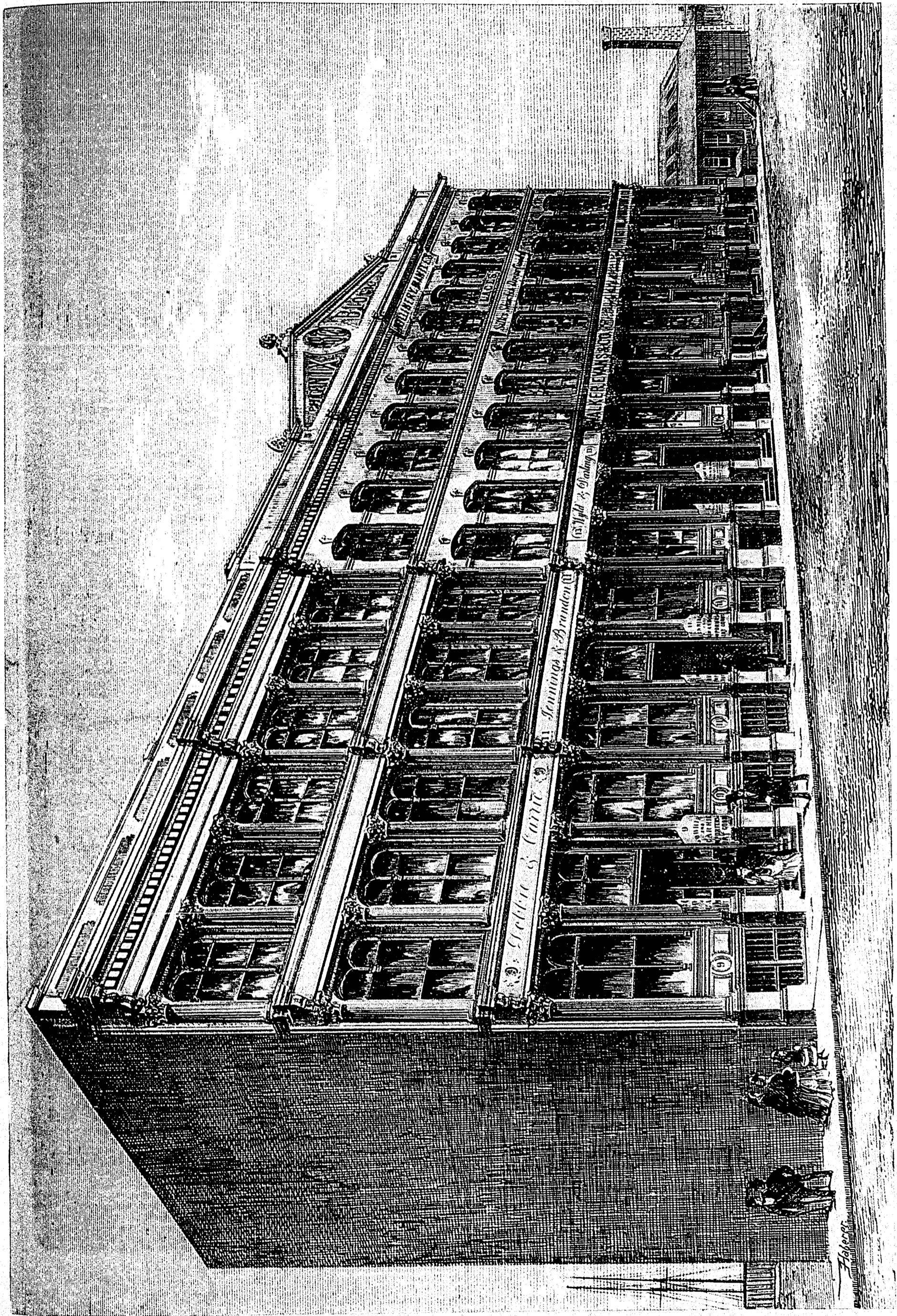
The recent fistic fizzle of that notorious bruiser, Mister James Mace, recalls a sentence written in 1864 by Charles Lever on Louis Napoleon, who was then at the pinnacle of his fame, but whom Lever always regarded and wrote of as a political charlatan. He says:—"Nothing shall persuade me that the Emperor of the French is other than a third-rate man, who might possibly have distinguished himself as a police functionary or a solicitor, but has as much claim to high statecraft as Jem Mace to be an authority on the Pentateuch."

John Walter, Esq., of the London Times, recently had all his literary and mechanical staff—over three hundred in number—at his country-seat, Bearwood Hall, and gave them a grand banquet. The only newspaper man in this country who does the same kind of thing, though on a larger scale, is Mr. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger. He takes his entire force once a year to Cape May, or some other cape, gives them a superb entertainment, makes many presents, and keeps the lives of his principal editors, cashiers, etc., well insured for the benefit of their families.

The well-known French novelist, the Vicomtesse Cisterne de Courtiras de Saint-Mars, alias the Comtesse Dash, has just died at Paris of rheumatic gout, at the age of sixty-seven. Her works were numerous, well written, and taking, although not of any striking importance, and in some cases not particularly remarkable for their morality. Her characters were principally drawn from the higher ranks of society, and her subjects frequently chosen from historical traditions, her style being in all cases especially easy and graceful. Amongst others of her writings we may mention "Madame de la Sablière," "La Princesse de Conti," "Le Nain du Diable," "La Pomme d'Eve," "Mlle. Robespierre," "La Belle aux Yeux d'Or," and "Notre Dame des Belles Fontaines." The Countess, who, by-the-by, took to literature on account of great pecuniary losses, also collaborated with the elder Dumas in some of his writings.



"THE WAIF."
FROM THE PAINTING BY GABRIEL MAX.



THE NEW PHOENIX BLOCK, TORONTO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY McQUEEN & BROS., TORONTO.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

"SURSUM CORDA."

When raising from thy bed
Thy weak and weary head,
After the watches of the sleepless night,
O thrust all care aside,
Fling back the shutters wide,
Drink in the glorious morning air and light.

Look on the grassy lawn
Resplendent in the dawn,
Its daisies and its violets softly dallying with the
The lily holding up [breeze:
Its snowy dew-kissed cup,
And the ivy lightly swinging from the trees.

List to the merry notes
Poured from the little throats
Of the blithe songsters in the rustic bower:
The swallow from the eaves,
The cushat from the leaves,
And the jay from the old ancestral tower.

Hark the pretty maiden's song,
As she early drives along
The heifers to their pastures on the plain,
And the sharp metallic ring
Which the dewy rephays bring
From the sickles that are sharpening for the grain.

O! courage in the morn,
Eradicate the thorn
Of Despondency that gnaws into thy soul,
Let Nature's smiling face
Impart to thee the grace
To be up and march bravely to thy goal.

To thy goal, though on the way
Through the chances of the day,
There be sorrows that await thee with their sting;
Advance with step elastic,
And unto thy spirit plastic
Let the cheer and hope of morning ever cling.

Kneel in thy sunlit chamber,
And let thy prayer chamber
To the Master of the noble heart and brave;
Ask that thy purpose nerve,
He may keep thee still unswerving
In thy courage and thy fealty to the grave.

JOHN LESPRANCE.

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

THE DAVENANTS.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

Author of "Hilda; or, The Merchant's
Secret," "The Abbey of Rathmore,"
&c.

CHAPTER XVI.

A LAST APPEAL.

LATE in the afternoon of that day Georgina sat alone in the turret school-room watching the waning daylight, and thinking painful thoughts. The last few hours, what a change had they brought about! That time yesterday she had sat in the deepening twilight, her heart filled with wild regret at her approaching separation from Delamare, now her love for him was dead—that love which had been the joy and misery of her life for months, and with it had fled all earthly hopes of happiness. Yet at times the unhappy girl experienced a feeling of relief at this unlooked-for deliverance from the thralldom of her unfortunate attachment—for it had been a thralldom this idolatrous love for the husband of Louise—his passionate devotion to herself only at times illumining the gloom which anxiety and disappointment and self-reproach cast upon her spirit. All that was over now, yet the bitter memory remained—the anguish and regret and horror filling her mind—and sitting beside the grave of the past she wept passionately.

The sound of a horse galloping up to the house at length roused her from her sad reverie. She looked out eagerly and perceived Dr. Delamare. He had returned, then, very unexpectedly, but she was glad for his wife's sake. It would relieve her painful anxiety on his account. As for herself she never wished to see him again; his presence could never send a thrill of joy to her heart now. It was half an hour later when a heavy step was heard in the passage outside the turret-room. Georgina's heart throbbed at that familiar sound. Was he coming to seek another interview with her, she asked herself, startled at the thought. She was not left long in doubt, for soon the door opened and Delamare stood before her. He was deeply agitated, she could see that as the light from the rising moon shone upon his face as he approached the window where she sat, trembling at the unexpected meeting. She rose with the intention of leaving the room. She dreaded the scene that would ensue, but he placed himself between her and the door.

"You cannot leave me until you decide my fate!" he said in the hoarse tones of strong emotion. "I have come back to the chateau just to ask one question, and it must be answered before we part. Is all over between us, Georgina? Have you cast me off?"

"I do not see the necessity for coming back to ask that question," she answered coldly. "After the dark hideous revelation of last night you must know we can never more be anything to each other." There was an icy sternness in her tones which told him he had little to hope.

"You cannot mean to give me up!" he cried frantically, "think how you drive me to despair! Can all love for me be dead in your heart? How can you forget so soon?"

"All love is dead in my heart. Your own horrible confession destroyed it suddenly and for ever. There is no use in continuing this painful interview, Dr. Delamare. You have my answer," and she moved towards the door, but he detained her with a burst of passionate entreaty.

"Do not fly from me thus! Let me speak to you! Great heavens, Georgina, what have I done to you to merit this treatment? Was it not my love for yourself that maddened me, causing me in moments of frenzy to yield to the temptation to get rid of Louise? Curse her! she has been the bane of my life!" he hissed through his shut teeth, stamping his foot in fury. "And now you turn from me with loathing!"

"Is it any wonder?" she interrupted, trembling at this display of passion, yet speaking with assumed calmness. "Could I be an accomplice in your wretched crime? could I listen any longer to your professions of attachment, knowing how guilty you were in the sight of Heaven? what hope of happiness could there be for us in the future if it were purchased at the expense of innocent blood? I have erred greatly in listening to your vows of affection after I found out your unprincipled deception—concealing your marriage when we first met, and the misery I have endured in discovering your unworthiness, your villainy I should say, is a punishment I well deserve." Her voice lost its calmness as she proceeded, becoming husky and tremulous with her deep feeling of contrition and self-reproach.

"Cruel and relentless!" he exclaimed, giving way to a burst of passionate grief. "Can nothing move you to pity and forgive me?"

There was no answer to this appeal, and he continued with the recklessness of despair: "I cannot endure this agony of your estrangement, Georgina. My punishment is greater than I can bear. You render me indifferent to life. I go to rejoin the band of patriots, and in the coming struggle I shall seek death to end my misery."

"Is it well to seek death? to rush with the guilt of unrepented sin upon your soul before the Judgment Throne?"

Delamare thought there was a softening in her tones, and a sudden hope sprang up in his heart that pity was taking the place of harsher emotions.

"If you would only forgive me," he pleaded piteously. "If you would hold out to me even the faintest hope of winning back your love at some future time, when——"

"I can hold out no such hope," she hastily interrupted. "The idol that I did love no longer exists; it was an ideal of my own creating, and your hand has shattered it."

She spoke with quiet decision, but there was a mournful pathos in her voice, showing the bitterness of her own disappointment and sorrow and regret.

"Then there is no hope for me!" he exclaimed with a despairing gesture, "and life without hope is intolerable. Well, be it so! in the death-strife to-morrow or next day I shall cease to suffer."

"To act thus is madness," rejoined Georgina earnestly. "Remain in your home, and by penitence and devotion to your wife endeavour to atone for the sin you intended to commit."

"Talk not to me of devotion to her," he said in accents of bitter hate; "has she not destroyed the happiness of my life?"

"No," said Georgina boldly, "she is not to blame! except," she added bitterly, "for loving you too well."

"Cruel and taunting, Georgina! have I deserved this from you?"

There was a despairing anguish in his tones which thrilled her woman's heart with pity. Her heart had at least loved with passionate ardour, she knew that well, although the time was past when the conviction could give her pleasure.

"I do not wish to add to your grief," she said more kindly; "but I would beg of you to give up this wild project of joining the insurgents. The struggle with the royal troops can only end in defeat to them, and why should you risk your life to no purpose?"

"Did I not say life was intolerable without your love," he remarked eagerly, hope again gleaming on his despair. "If I might regain that I could suffer years of penance."

"It can never be! nothing can alter my determination!" was Georgina's answer with subdued vehemence. She then moved towards the door, and this time he did not oppose her leaving him. He saw it was no use.

Hurrying along the passages she shut herself up in her own room, and woman-like relieved her excited feelings by weeping bitterly, while Delamare in a fit of desperation left the chateau and joined the insurgent force at St. Denis. Georgina heard him gallop off, and she knew that her rejection had driven him to this wild step, but she felt she had done right in breaking with him for ever, and there was no regret, for love was dead in her heart for Henri Delamare.

Some days passed away, and as Dr. Delamare was still absent Louise suffered intolerable suspense and anxiety. Madame St. Hilaire felt considerable annoyance at the active part her son-in-law was taking in the insurrection-

ary movement. Messages were sent to him repeatedly by both ladies, entreating him to return to his home, but he refused to abandon the patriot cause. The defeat of the royal troops at St. Denis gave a short triumph to the insurgents, but soon their prospects darkened, and their cause appeared so hopeless that some of the leaders abandoned it, seeking safety in flight. Suddenly Delamare returned to the chateau, hoping to remain there concealed for a day until he could effect his escape to the States. The death he had threatened to seek had not come to him, though he had exposed his life recklessly in the fight at St. Denis. His return safe and unhurt brought much relief to the mind of Louise. Owing to her late intense mental excitement, her health was again in a very precarious state, and any sudden shock might endanger her life. During his short stay at the chateau Delamare confined himself chiefly to his wife's apartment, much to the relief of Georgina. At the request of Madame St. Hilaire she and Stephanie spent the day in the turret school-room watching for the approach of an armed force which was hourly expected to arrest Delamare, as several persons had been apprehended for treason, and fear was entertained for his safety.

It was late in the afternoon when a small party of volunteer cavalry was seen approaching the chateau.

"Regardez, mademoiselle! Voilà les soldats!" exclaimed Stephanie, springing to her feet in sudden alarm. "Courrez vite! You run more fast, Oh, mon pauvre oncle will be one prisoner!"

The next moment Georgina was swiftly proceeding to the apartment of Louise. Her hasty knock brought Madame St. Hilaire and Delamare to the door in alarm. A few hurried words informed them of the threatened danger. Delamare's face changed colour, but his manner was self-possessed.

"You must conceal yourself," hastily remarked Madame St. Hilaire.

"That would be useless, for the soldiers will search every part of the house," he replied. "I cannot escape my fate. I may as well surrender myself a prisoner. It matters not!" he added in a voice intended only for Georgina's ear, "life so embittered is valueless to me."

A cry of alarm broke from the pallid lips of Louise. Her mother turned anxiously towards her.

"Calm yourself, Louise! fear not, I can save him!" she said with an encouraging smile. "There is one secret place where he cannot be discovered. Follow me, Henri," she added hastily, as she hurried to her own apartment. Georgina approached Louise and tried to calm her fears. The soldiers were now heard entering the house, and it was a moment of intense anxiety.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SECRET OF THE ORATORY.

ON reaching her room, Madame St. Hilaire unlocked a door opening into the north turret and ascended a narrow stairs, leading to its upper chamber. Delamare was aware there was some mystery connected with this turret room, and he well knew that nothing but Madame's fears for her daughter's life would induce her to allow him to enter this, her private apartment. Fears for his own safety were almost forgotten in the curiosity he felt as he followed his mother-in-law up the narrow stairs. This turret chamber as well as the school-room in the opposite wing was lighted by three narrow casements, and commanded a magnificent view of the river and the mountains beyond. At one end was an altar, above which hung a crucifix, exquisitely sculptured in ivory. A beautiful painting of the Madonna and Child, and one of The Magdalene, decorated the walls. Furniture there was none; the floor was bare and in various places stained, evidently with blood. Delamare looked around this empty apartment with some surprise, perceiving no place for concealment. Suddenly a door, hid in the wainscot, flew open as Madame St. Hilaire touched a secret spring, and a small closet in the wall met his view. She motioned him to enter; he approached, but started back in astonishment at perceiving a skeleton in one corner. He turned an eager inquiring look at Madame.

"That is the skeleton of a dear friend who was murdered," she remarked, with some embarrassment. "Do you hesitate to place yourself beside it for a short time to save your worthless life?" she asked scornfully. "For years I have contemplated it daily. Quick or you are lost!" she added, as the tread of armed men was heard in her apartment below.

A moment afterwards Delamare stood beside the skeleton and the door of the secret closet slid into its place. When the soldiers entered the oratory they found Madame St. Hilaire alone, kneeling in prayer before the altar. One glance around the room convinced the men that Delamare was not there, and respecting the devotion of the mistress of the chateau, they withdrew, in order to continue their search in other parts of the dwelling.

While they are thus occupied, and while Madame St. Hilaire is keeping watch for her unhappy son-in-law, inwardly chafing at being compelled for her daughter's sake to hide him

from his pursuers instead of giving him up, as she would have gladly done,—we will say a few words explaining the mystery of the north turret. The ghastly skeleton was all that remained of the lover of her youth—the noble-looking Frenchman who had suddenly disappeared from the neighbourhood nearly forty years before. He had been murdered by her husband in that turret-room and hidden in the secret closet. The turret was then shut up, and the door of communication between it and the rest of the building constantly locked. After that deed the wretched murderer never knew a moment's peace, and to escape the hideous hauntings of remorse, he at last committed suicide.

After her husband's death, the north turret was again entered by Madame St. Hilaire, and fitted up as an oratory, and for years it witnessed the secret agony and remorse of the erring but repentant wife. At stated hours of the day and night she would kneel on that blood-stained floor, supplicating pardon for the murderer and repose for the soul of both—for her faith taught her the efficacy of prayers for the dead—and she well knew that the murderer as well as his victim had gone before God's tribunal unpardoned and unrepenting, cut off suddenly, unprepared to meet their Judge. To no one had she revealed this dark sorrow of her life, and she drew from Delamare a solemn promise that the secret of the skeleton closet would be inviolably kept by him. After a fruitless search the soldiers left the chateau, and he ventured to leave his place of concealment. Two hours afterwards as the gloom of a starless night descended upon the now dreary scenery of the Richelieu, he was riding with headlong speed in the direction of the American frontier. He was not, however, destined to escape from the scene of danger. He had not proceeded far, when, hearing that a party of the royal troops was advancing along the road he was pursuing, he fled towards St. Charles, the stronghold of the insurgents, wretched and reckless what became of him. The next day a detachment of military reached St. Charles and attacked the fortifications erected for defence. The troops met with an obstinate resistance, but were finally successful, and the patriots were slain. The slaughter on their side was great. Delamare was found among the slain when the contest was over, and conveyed to the chateau. The first intimation of his death was carried to his family by the appearance of the little procession bearing his remains. Georgina was descending the stairs as the lifeless form was carried through the entrance hall. As she gazed upon the marble features covered with gore, and distorted in the death agony, a cry of horror burst from her. With trembling steps she regained her own room to sink into insensibility, overwhelmed by the sudden dreadful shock.

She awoke to consciousness to find Stephanie trying to revive her, and weeping bitterly.

"N'est-ce pas horrible! Sa mort est attendue. Ous chère tante est morte!—killed!" she exclaimed, while sobs choked her utterance.

Rousing herself as if from a dream, Georgina gazed vacantly at her.

"Aunt Louise is killed!" repeated the agitated Stephanie.

"Killed! child! you mistake, it is your uncle Henri you mean," said her governess faintly shivering at the recollection of that blood-stained corpse.

"Ah oui! he is killed too, et ma tante aussi! The grief mad! her be dead!"

It was but too true. The shock of her husband's death, suddenly revealed to her by the horror-stricken, thoughtless Stephanie, was too great for the feeble Louise. The agony of grief killed her instantly, and her pure spirit followed Delamare's sin-stained soul into the unseen world.

Madame St. Hilaire was overwhelmed by this bereavement. That night the wail of the old chateau resounded with weeping, lamentation, and woe.

The husband and wife, so ill-matched in life, in death were not separated. They were buried in the same grave, left to slumber side by side till the Resurrection morning.

The Lascelles returned to their home near St. John's, and Georgina Davenant left the chateau—the scene of so much suffering to her—and took up her abode with them, a changed and sorrowing woman. The meeting of the sisters was painful, for both had endured a life-time of anguish during their separation. The storm that sweeps over the human heart may last but a brief period, yet its blighting effects may remain for ever.

Emily scarcely recognized her sister in the altered melancholy woman before her. All her youth seemed to have gone out of her face with the light of happiness. Both sisters had known sorrow in its depth, but with Georgina's suffering was mixed the agony of remorse. It was this constant self-reproach that gave the keenest sting to the dark memories that haunted her. She looked upon herself not only as the destroyer of Louise's domestic happiness, but as the cause of her death and also of Delamare's. If she had crushed her love for him when she first heard he was married. If she had not encouraged his attachment afterwards by the hope of winning

her when his wife was no more, then the wish to get rid of Louise would never have tempted him to sin, neither would he have been driven to desperation by her rejection of his love upon that terrible revelation of his intended crime.

Who can tell, upon first yielding to temptation, where the evil way he is pursuing may lead. Certainly Georgina did not expect the path she had entered upon would lead to sin and death!

She ever brings its own punishment even in this life. Our minor offences too, our misdoings, are hardly dealt with by Him who hateth the very appearance of evil, and Georgina's after-life was clouded and embittered by the haunting, torturing memories of the past.

As time passed on it brought some of its soothing influence to her troubled mind, but the sunshine never returned to her life. Her chief solace was in doing good, devoting the remnant of her days a sacrifice to God. She died young, for the seeds of consumption were early developed, but she closed her eyes gladly on this earthly scene, passing to the unseen spiritual world full of penitence and hope.

And now Emily is left, the last of the Davenants, her kindred gone "the way of all flesh," and he who was dearer than kindred separated from her for ever. Yet Emily is not unhappy. She has many blessings left, a devoted husband's love and wealth enabling her to relieve the wants of the poor—that deep source of pleasure to the benevolent. And she knows that life is not a scene of enjoyment or rest or content, although gleams of happiness do occasionally brighten its dreariness; she therefore receives its good things with thankfulness and its evils with patient resignation, waiting for the end, when will dawn on the gloom of times the glories of eternity. And yet, though she knew it not, there was reserved for Emily even on this side the grave a period of happiness such as she had never yet enjoyed.

Life's changes are many, no one therefore need despair in hours of gloom and disappointment, for suddenly the light breaks and there is joy!

It was a beautiful afternoon late in the Fall of the year 1845; a rich warm haze filled the atmosphere, veiling the sun's rays. In the tasteful parterre in front of Mrs. Lascelles' pleasant home some autumnal flowers were still blooming, their bright varied colours pleasing the eye. Emily, habited in deep mourning, was standing at the drawing-room window watching with changing colour a carriage driving up to the house. Its occupants were Dr. and Mrs. Seymour and Walter Avenell, whose grave intellectual face lighted up with intense pleasure when his eye caught sight of Mrs. Lascelles. Her husband has been dead some months, and the notice of it in the public papers reaching Liverpool was the cause of Avenell's present visit to Canada. Eugene Lascelles had informed Dr. Seymour of the painful fact that the gentleman who rescued Emily from the burning steamer, was her affianced husband suddenly come back to claim her hand, and the Doctor recognised in Walter Avenell a near relative of his own. He wrote to him, sympathising in his grief, and from that time a friendly communication was kept up between them by letters and the exchange of newspapers. Leaving Avenell to assist Mrs. Seymour to alight from the carriage, the Doctor entered the drawing-room alone.

"You must pardon my bringing Walter uninvited, Emily," he said deprecatingly. "but the poor fellow longed so much to see you, and he enlisted Hermine's sympathy on his behalf, so that she could not refuse his request to be allowed to accompany us in this visit. I suppose it is not quite proper to bring a lover to see you so soon after poor Eugene's death, but this is a particular case. Really Walter's constancy deserves commendation. Hermine declares it is wonderful in a man; they are generally so inconstant and forget so soon, which is not flattering to my sex you must allow, but it is the truth, nevertheless, I regret to say. But here comes the miracle of constancy, and I will leave him to plead his own cause," added the Doctor laughing as he hurried out of the room as Avenell entered. Mrs. Seymour had purposely remained in the garden to allow Emily to meet him alone. That visit was a time of happiness to her and Walter such as they had not experienced for years. Emily was once more free; the barrier to their union was removed, and opening before them in the future was a vista of wedded happiness which would make amends for all their previous suffering. That bright vision was realized a year later, when Emily became the wife of Walter Avenell.

THE END.

WHAT IT CLAIMS TO BE AND TO DO.—The Great Shoshonee Remedy claims to be purely vegetable. It claims to contain greater curing and healing properties than any other Remedy or Compound ever discovered. It claims to have performed more Radical, Permanent and Astonishing Cures where it has been in use than all other medicines and compounds combined. It claims to be used by regular physicians, and to have been shipped hundreds of miles to them. It claims a most supreme power in Radically and Permanently Purifying and Enriching the Blood. It claims to restore the Lungs from the First and Second Stages of Bronchitis and Consumption to Perfect Health, etc., etc., and to you who Try it.

Varieties.

FRENCH TRANSLATION.—Medio tutissimus Ibis.
The Ibis is safest in the meadow.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* speaks of a well-known newspaper man as assistant idiot on the ———

Here is a St. Joseph new advertisement: "If you want a hoopskirt, go to the ant, thou sluggard, and B. Weiz."

Two Cincinnati newspapers are quarrelling because they look alike, and buyers often purchase one for the other.

A printer recently made "Be Ye Therefore Steadfast," the text of a minister's sermon, "Be Ye There for Breakfast."

This is a Western item: "Kemp's brewery, with \$35,000 of prospective lager, went up in a fiery chariot at Dubuque last week."

Two newspaper editors in Montana Territory have bet their offices, good will and all, on the Congressional election in a certain district

A North Carolina paper gravely remarks that "three-cent water-melons have brought the colic within the reach of the poorest family in Wilmington."

Oregon papers inform us that the Flathead Indians are to be conducted to a new reservation on the Jocko River. There is a Darwinian fitness in the selection of the place.

The young lady who loudly warbles "Ten Thousand Miles Away" after ten o'clock at night, thereby disturbing her neighbours, should go where her song would indicate.

A subscriber wrote to the editor of a Newark paper to ask the meaning of the phrase *mors omnibus communis*. The editor said it was a French sentence, intended to explain something about Morse's omnibus being of service to the community.

MANAGER V. MILLINER.—Amusing letters have lately passed between the acting managers respectively of an eminent West End theatre and an eminent West End millinery.

"Sir,—If you are now issuing any complimentary orders for your theatre, may I ask you to circulate a few through me for the ladies and gentlemen of our house? By doing so you may rely upon them being used by fashionable and well-dressed persons. I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken by writing to you, and, trusting the suggestion may meet with your approbation, I am, Sir, yours obediently, ———"

The following answer was forwarded by return of post:—

"Sir,—If you are now issuing any complimentary black silk dresses, may I ask you to circulate a few through me for the ladies of this theatre? By doing so you may rely on their being made up fashionably and worn by ladies of good appearance and figure. I hope you will pardon the liberty, but, trusting the suggestion may meet with your approval, I am, Sir, yours obediently, ———"

One of those rare but telling and characteristic episodes that prove how completely the mimic passion and strong situations of the stage arouse a ready sympathy in the popular heart, occurred recently in New York, during the presentation of "Ben McCullough." Byron, as Ben, had just entered the drawing room of his vindictive mother-in-law, returned from his vagrant wanderings, and stood face to face with the authoress of his miseries, though unknown to her. With streaming white locks and shaggy beard, glistening with snow flakes from the raging storm without, his tall, gaunt figure trembling with fatigue, with features pinched and worn with exposure and starvation, he replies to the proffers of refreshment: "Have ye got a chaw of tobacco, old woman? I'd give a thousand dollars for a chaw of tobacco." The tremulous and pathetic tone of the request carried a ready sympathy to one heart at least, and, quick as lightning, a youthful voice from the crammed gallery squeaked out: "There's a chaw for yer, mister!" and a large roll of "sweet tooth" fell at the feet of forlorn Ben. The effect can be better imagined than described, but the "point" was irresistible, and the humor of the event will not soon be forgotten by the large auditory that witnessed it.

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**PROSPECTUS
OF A
NEW, GENERAL, AND DETAIL MAP
OF THE
WHOLE DOMINION OF CANADA,
FROM
NEWFOUNDLAND
TO
VANCOUVER ISLAND.
WITH THE
Northern and Western States,
BY
J. JOHNSTON, C.E., MONTREAL.
TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE EARLY PART OF 1873
BY
GEO. E. DESBARATS.**

Size of Map, about 7 ft. x 5 ft. Extending (East and West) from Newfoundland to Manitoba and (North and South) from Hudson's Bay to latitude of New York, drawn on a scale of 25 miles to the inch, and compiled from the latest Astronomical Observations, Official Surveys, and Records of the Departments of Crown Lands, as well as from County Maps, Local and Railway Surveys. From Manitoba to Vancouver Island will be delineated on a scale of 50 miles to the inch. This arrangement of the Map admits of the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being mapped on a scale large enough to show accurately all *bona fide* surveys. The Great N. W. Territory and British Columbia—where comparatively little has been done in the way of actual survey—a smaller scale answers every purpose. The whole Map is thus kept within the dimensions best adapted for general office use.

The following are some of the most important details, which have been collected with great care, from the latest Official Plans and Reports:—Recent Explorations and Surveys in the "N. W. Territory;" New Boundary Lines; Electoral Districts and Divisions; New Townships and Mining Locations; all New Railways; Canals and Colonization Roads; the "Free Grant Lands" and New Settlements; Elevations of the Inland Waters and Mountainous regions above the Sea—marked in feet—and the correct delineation of all prominent Topographical features. In connection with the General and Detail Map, there will be two SUPPLEMENTARY OR COMMERCIAL MAPS exhibiting the relative geographical position of the Dominion and other countries, showing the great Routes of Travel both by Land and Water; shortest lines of communication; Telegraph lines in operation and projected; distances, &c. &c., with much other new and valuable information.

The explored route for the Canadian Pacific Railway with its connections—East and West—with accompanying Profile, will be accurately laid down from data supplied by the Government Engineer; also, the Route of the Northern Pacific Railway (United States), of which a correct plan of the actual location, specially prepared for this Map, has been sent to Mr. Johnston by the Chief Engineer.

ALL ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS WILL BE MADE TO DATE OF PUBLICATION.

Mr. Johnston has been engaged on the compilation and drawing, unremotely, for a period of nearly four years. Neither labour nor expense has been economised in the endeavour to gain for this great Geographical and Topographical work the merit of being the STANDARD MAP OF CANADA for many years to come.

The manuscript has been submitted to the following eminent authorities, receiving their unqualified approval and recommendation:—

ANDREW KESSELL, Esq., Geographer to the Dominion Government.
LICHT. COL. DENNIS, Surveyor-General.
THOS. DEVINE, Esq., F.R.G.S., Surveyor-in-Chief, Ontario.
SANDFORD FLEMING, Esq., Government Engineer-in-Chief.

The Map will be coloured, in Counties, Districts, and Provinces, mounted on cloth, varnished, set on rollers, and furnished in the best style. Delivered to Agents and Subscribers complete in every particular, and ready to hang up.

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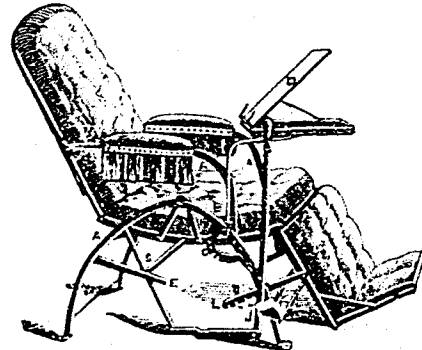
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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Intending Contractors are hereby informed that in December next, Tenders will be received for the execution and completion of certain portions of the works connected with the enlargement of the Welland Canal, between Port Colborne and Thorold; also for parts of the new line to the eastwards of the present canal, from what is called Marlatt's Pond through the valley of the Ten Mile Creek to Brown's Cement Kilns, thence via the Thorold and St. Catharines Cemeteries to near Port Dalhousie.

The works are to be let in sections of a length suited to circumstances and the locality.

The location surveys are now in progress, and at some places sufficiently advanced to admit of contractors examining the ground before winter sets in.

When plans, specifications, and other documents are prepared, due notice will be given. Contractors will then have an opportunity of examining them, and be furnished with blank forms of Tender, at this office: or at the offices of the respective resident Engineers on the works.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 4th October, 1872. 6-15 1/2

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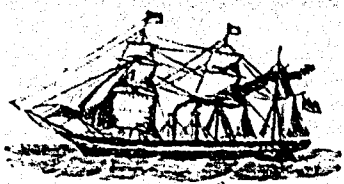
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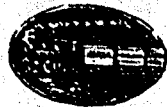
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at 6:00 A.M., 11:40 A.M., and 3:30 P.M.

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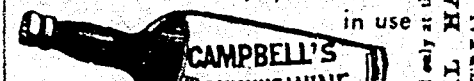
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