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THE GRAND TRUNK SNOW-SHOE CLUB RACES.—THE JUDGES' STAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 114.

MONTREAL NORTHERN COLONIZATION RAILWAY.

In our issue of last week we noticed the prospectus of the Montreal and St. Jerome Colonization Railway Company. Since that article was written, we have had placed in our hands a report by Mr. Legge, Chief Engineer of the Montreal Northern Colonization Railway, bearing date the 19th ult. The report leaves little to be desired in respect of practical information concerning the probable cost and anticipated traffic of the proposed line between Montreal and Ottawa city. It defines the Government land grant which, on the average of the whole road, would be 10,000 acres per mile, which, valued at a dollar per acre, is indeed a handsome subsidy when we remember that railways are now a days put in a complete running order for sums averaging from twice to three times that amount. But in addition to this, the Northern Colonization Railway Company anticipate Municipal aid to the extent of one million of dollars from the city of Montreal, and half a million from the Municipalities intervening between this city and Ottawa. Thus it will be seen that the Company would start with a capital equivalent to cash of ten thousand dollars per mile from the Government, and twelve thousand five hundred dollars from the Municipalities; in other words, if the road is constructed on the plan proposed, twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars per mile would be contributed by the public, while the shareholders will acquire a proprietorship in one hundred and twenty miles of railway, which is estimated to cost \$3,000,000, or thirty thousand dollars per mile, at a charge to themselves of nine hundred thousand dollars, or seven thousand five hundred dollars per mile. The naked figures, creating a property to be acquired for twenty-five per cent. of its cost, need some substantial considerations to make them acceptable to the public.

There are, however, many reasons of a public character for supporting the scheme as presented by the Northern Colonization Railway Company. The advantage of direct railway connection with the capital is too obvious to require comment. The commercial advantages to this city from such a road would undoubtedly be very great, even with the present railway connection which Ottawa affords; and in prospect of a Pacific line it can hardly be estimated to what extent the trade of Montreal might be advanced by possessing a direct railway connection with it through the projected Northern railway. But the difficulty is, that while trade derives the direct advantage from such enterprises, property has to pay in great part for their construction and to trust to incidental increase of value for a return. The gain to property is, however, no less certain than to trade, for the value of the former fluctuates according to the condition of the latter, and hence the assumption of a considerable railway debt by the tax-payers of the city might be made advantageous to all classes, if expended in opening a road that would improve the trade of the city, while at the same time promoting the settlement of the country. In the single item of wood alone, the projected railway, when in operation, will accomplish a saving, according to Mr. Legge's estimate, of \$300,000 per annum to the citizens of Montreal. Surely a million of dollars would be well invested for such a return! Even were Mr. Legge's estimate fifty per cent too high—though we verily believe it is rather too low—the city would still have made one of the most profitable investments for the benefit of the tax-payer. Our reasons for believing that Mr. Legge errs on the safe side in his estimate regarding the wood supply are: 1st, That his assumption of the price of wood being doubled to the farmers is not likely to be realized at once. It will not double suddenly, nor for many years. The farmers in the country to be traversed by the railway willingly sell their wood for the bare cost of removing it, because they trust to the land for yielding a profit when the wood is off it. Now, for a generation to come, the same facility for the supply of wood, and the same ambition to get it off the ground will operate nearly as strongly as they do to day, so that competition among the farmers will probably prevent an advance in price of more than fifty per cent, whereas Mr. Legge calculates on an increase of one hundred. The intelligent farmer knows that an acre of land, bearing from thirty to forty cords of merchantable firewood, may be cleared at once with more profit to himself when he can sell the product at even a dollar a cord, which simply pays for the labour, than it can be left idle from year to year waiting for a rise in the value of timber. We mean this under present circumstances; but a day may come when by the exhaustion of the Canadian forests the case would be different. However, as Mr. Legge, without calculating upon the reproduction of a tree crop, has shown that the district to be drained by the Northern road has a full wood supply for Montreal for about two hundred and thirty years to come, there should be no fear on the part of Montreal tax-payers that they cannot recover their million of dollars with such

enormous interest as would tickle the heart of a Jew, long before the exhaustion of the cheap wood supply. The second reason for our belief in the extreme lowness of the estimate which Mr. Legge makes concerning the advantages to be gained by the cheap wood supply is that while he estimates but half the city consumption as coming in by the Northern road, he forgets to take into account the very important fact that the price of the wood brought from all other sources must be regulated by the price of that coming by the railway, so that upon the basis of his own figures we estimate the profit to the citizens to be just twice the amount at which he places it.

There are other points in the report deserving of notice, but space forbids us from enlarging upon them in this issue. Our readers may, however, without disadvantage, reflect upon Sir Allan Macnab's laconic and jocular definition of political faith—*My politics are railways!* If Montreal misses the opportunity now presented of pushing forward these enterprises affecting the development of the Northern and Western portions of this Province, and also connecting with the rail route of the Great North-West and Pacific trades, a mistake will have been made that will not only do a positive injury to the property and trade of Montreal, but will also damage the commercial greatness of the whole Dominion for all time to come.

THE GRAND TRUNK SNOW-SHOE RACES.

We give on pages 113 and 116 two sketches taken during the G. T. R. Snow-Shoe Races, which took place on the 19th inst., on the grounds of the Montreal Lacrosse Club.

The following are the names of the officers under whose auspices the races were run:

PRESIDENT.—C. J. Brydges, Esq.
VICE PRESIDENT.—J. Hickson, Esq.
STEWARDS.—Messrs. E. P. Hammarford, W. S. Spicer, H. Shackell, T. B. Hawson, J. Y. Lloyd, R. Eaton, H. Bailey, F. C. Stratton, J. Taylor, F. H. Brydges.
COMMITTEE.—Messrs. W. Wainwright, H. K. Ritchie, A. J. Reid, F. B. Grey, L. Munroe, S. H. Wallis, Herbert Wallis, F. W. Bradford, Randolph Clark, Robert Steinhouse.
STARTER.—Mr. J. C. James.
R. Wright, Treasurer; T. W. Elliot, Secretary.

The *Gazette* of the 12th inst. gives the following account of the races:

The Annual Snow-shoe Races of the Grand Trunk Railway took place on Saturday on the grounds of the Montreal Lacrosse Club, Sherbrooke Street, and the afternoon being very fine, there was a large attendance of spectators at the grounds, amongst them quite a number of the fair sex.

On the arrival of the judges, C. J. Brydges, Esq., and J. Hickson, Esq., at 2.30 p. m., the proceedings commenced.

The first race on the programme was for two miles, open to all. Keronianwe took the lead at starting, closely followed by Dibeau Thawenrate, which position he held to within a few yards of the finish, when Dibeau made a magnificent rush, and succeeded in making a dead heat, the remaining Indians following at straggling intervals.

The first white man was Foy, who ran a very plucky race throughout, winning the prize for first white man, Farmer coming in a good second.

The judges decided that the dead heat between Keronianwe and Dibeau Thawenrate should be run over a quarter mile, which race Keronianwe won easily in 1 minute and 12 seconds.

No. 2.—Hurdle race over four hurdles, in heats, two in three, open to all; prize, \$8.

This race was well contested, Beckett finally taking the prize.

No. 3.—One mile, open to all white men in the Dominion. Prize, Silver Cup; value, \$40. This proved the best race of the day. Out of ten entries only five came to the post. Newell led round the first lap, when he was passed by Boyle, who maintained the lead up to the last turn home, closely followed by Mudge, who then made a magnificent spurt, proving himself the better man by a few feet, and took the Cup. Time, 5 minutes, 34 seconds.

No. 4.—Boys under 15 years; quarter mile. 1st prize, \$7; 2nd prize, \$3; 3rd prize, \$2. After two or three false starts, the boys got fairly off, Farmer or taking first prize, Auld second, and Scott third. Time, 1.12.

No. 5.—One hundred yards, in heats; prize, \$8. The first heat was won by Beckett, Foy taking the next two heats and the prize.

No. 6.—Quarter mile (open to all) in heats. Prize, Gold Medal. Out of eight entries only six started for this race. First heat was won by Bowls, the second by Roy, the third and last by Bowie, thereby taking the gold medal. We were disappointed that this race was not better contested.

No. 7.—Quarter mile (open only to G. T. R. Volunteers in uniform). 1st prize, \$7; 2nd prize, \$5; 3rd prize, \$2.

This was "the race" of the day, creating much merriment among the spectators. There only being one entry, it was proposed that the members of the G. T. R. Band, who were present, and added much to the enjoyment of the proceedings, by their enlivening strains, should run it without snow-shoes. Some six or eight of the bandmen accordingly started, and it was most "gamely" contested, several of the men coming to grief, creating roars of laughter, and towards the finish, their "wind" having already been sorely tried in their successful efforts to discourse music, many of them after falling down had fairly to be assisted up and regularly pushed up to the goal. May, the best man, justly earned the first prize, Jackson coming in second, and Gremer third. Time, 1.56.

No. 8.—Consolation Race, quarter mile; 1st prize, \$8; 2nd prize, \$5; 3rd prize, \$2.—Eight men started. Newell took first prize; Cullens second. Time, 1.25.

The manner in which these races were got up reflect much credit even to this old club, and its active Secretary, Mr. T. W. Elliott. For the punctuality in starting the races after their commencement, and the expeditious manner in which they

were gone through, praise must be given to Mr. J. C. James, the starter. Amidst the cheering of the friends of the several winners, the prizes were distributed by the President, C. J. Brydges, Esq., thus terminating a very interesting and enjoyable afternoon's amusement.

THE "ARM," HALIFAX, N. S.

The "Arm" is an inlet of the sea, washing the west and north-west suburb of the City of Halifax. It flows inland about 8 miles. The hills on either side rise with an easy grade to some height above the water. The west shore remains comparatively uncultivated. It is, however, nearly all taken up by speculators for building purposes, who contemplate raising marine villas, and other improvements at no distant date. The hay of the land is particularly well adapted for such purposes, judging from the many beautiful residences and their elegant surroundings that grace the eastern slopes. Some of these are quite palatial in their proportions. Our view is taken from the rear of an old earth wall near the mouth of the "Arm" which, it is stated, once guarded an iron chain that swung across the inlet to prevent the ingress of hostile fleets. This spot is about three miles from the city, and is a place of great resort in the summer season. Numerous were the well-appointed "turn-outs" that came and went on the fine autumn afternoon that found the writer for the first, and we hope not the last, time stretched out with pencil and sketch book on its soft green turf. Little bands of happy children came bounding into the arena before him and then disappeared down the hillside to the shore, their merry voices mingling with the music of the wavelets on the beach. One little sturdy fellow remarked to his companion, as he pointed to those old earth mounds, "That is where the English gained the day." Near them stood one of the Garrison Artillery, quietly contemplating the beautiful panorama. Let us hope that those old earthworks may never be again disturbed, save by music such as we heard that afternoon, and that artillerymen may only tread the historic ground in peaceful promenades.

SCENES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

We reproduce in this issue two more illustrations of the scenery of the youngest member of the Confederation, and the one which perhaps possesses within itself the greatest powers of commercial and industrial development. The tide of population is constantly flowing westward and even in British America will be carried by the new Pacific Railway across the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia. Then the Valley of the Thompson River will be sought by the agriculturist as one of the most fertile spots on the mainland for the pursuit of his calling. The Thompson has two branches, a north and a south, both of which rise in the Rocky Mountains. They join their waters without exactly mingling them a short distance above Fort Kamloop, a Hudson's Bay Company's post, and seven miles below the fort they expand into a lake, bearing the same name as the fort. From this lake the main Thompson flows through a fertile country until it joins Fraser River at Litton. Further particulars concerning the Thompson River and the country through which it flows may be found in one of the Rev. Wm. Dawson's interesting papers printed on page 59 of the second volume of the *News*. One of our scenes is from a photograph by Notman who makes the whole Dominion tributary to his art; the other is copied from an etching (after a photograph) by the well known artist, Mr. Edson of this city.

"A MAGDALEN."

This fine picture of one of the favorite subjects of the old masters, is after a beautiful engraving by Strange, of Guido Reni's painting. It is, we are told by the title, handsomely inscribed "to Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales," and is "from the Original Painting of Guido Reni in the Collection of Roger Harene, Esq." The print is dated 1753, and bears as titular inscription the text—*Margareta, Dux, secularium magnam misericordiam tuam.*

LATEST ENGLISH FASHIONS.

(From the *Queen's Brighton Correspondence*.)

Hats are more worn than formerly, both in the morning and afternoon. Everybody you meet has either a fur jacket or one trimmed with fur, a quilted satin petticoat, and over it a bunch-dog tunic. There is always a prevailing fashion at Brighton, and this year it is rather less *prosaic* than usual, save and except in the matter of petticoats, which are of the brightest hues—red, pink, blue, and amber. The hats are nearly all felt, with very high crowns, which differ in form, some being high and pointed, others very much broader at the top, and others dented in at the top, so that they have, as it were, a double crown. They have very little trimming. The most stylish are merely bound with galoon or corded ribbon, with a broad band of the same round, exactly the shade of the hat. At the side is a stiff wing or heron's tail, with double tips turning reverse ways; these are sometimes attached with a silver Scotch brooch. It seems a *surprise* that such hats must have a tuft at the side of some kind, and that they must spring from a bow or a brooch, the flatter the bow the better, and sometimes it is merely a triple plait of ribbon. Paradoxically speaking, the more gentlemanly the hat, the more ladylike. Myrtle green, black, and brown are the favourite shades. A light stone colour is also well worn, bound with black velvet, with a broad band of the same round the crown, and a tuft at the side, the crowns of all of them being considerably higher than last year. This is the general and prevailing fashion; you still, however, see several straw hats with birds of paradise and velvet toques. I will describe the latter. The crown is high, soft, and plaited; round the plaits are alternate cross-way folds of satin and velvet, reaching to a narrow brim, a long curling feather going from the front to the back, and very long ribbon streamers falling over the shoulders. The veils worn with these hats are large and broad, having a fully gathered frill of lace round them. They are not straight strips, but are shaped very deep in the middle, the ends narrow and square, and just long enough to meet on the chignon at the back, where they are fastened with jet pins. Round the throat narrow silk scarfs, with fringed ends, are worn; they are tied in a bow, and are just long enough for the fringed ends to appear below the loops, so that they do not fly about in the wind untidily. It is really quite comical to see how everybody wears jackets trimmed with

beaver, otter, or golden seal. For the last year or two the fashion for sealskin jackets was rather on the wane, but it has now revived in full force; only they must be trimmed with this light-coloured fur, by no means an extravagant plan, as it makes an old jacket worn at the edges almost equal to new. To be quite *à la mode*, however, they ought to be tight-fitting, or semi-tight fitting (some fitting in the back, and not in the front), and these mostly have revers of the fur, which is about ten inches wide. Unless they are well arranged, they are exceedingly unbecoming, making the neck look too short, and the figure lumpy and ungraceful. Some also have fur buttons. These jackets are often worn on horse-back over the habits, for, in proportion, the equestrians muster in still greater force than the pedestrians. Velvet and cloth jackets are also trimmed with this light-coloured fur, the only exceptions seeming to be in favour of black katze, lynx, and sable. The quilted petticoats are generally simply quilted, but many of them have cross-cut flounces between the rows of quilting, or rows of flounces arranged horizontally about a quarter of a yard apart, graduated as to length, and arranged in a semi-circle. Black velvet and velveteens are very much worn; these are mostly trimmed with gathered flounces of the same on the skirt and wide white lace round the tunics, black silk being trimmed with black velvet or straw-coloured lace. Black cashmere for tunics has been popularly worn, trimmed with cross-cut bands of velvet and silk fringe. They are made much deeper than heretofore, and are very generally reefed up at the back with nine strings, three in the middle, and three at both sides, and have large handsome bows at each side of the front breadth. A very stylish polonaise of rich corded silk was made as follows: The body and skirt were cut in one, the former being quite tight-fitting, having a frill at the neck, *en cœur*, and wide hanging sleeves, with coat sleeves underneath; these were bound, as was the bottom of the tunic, with a black piece of velvet cut on the cross, the binding being not more than half an inch wide when complete, and going round scollops about two inches wide, and four deep; these were lined with stiff muslin, and though the binding was carried up four inches, the scollops were not cut up so far, but merely at the edge. It was buttoned with velvet buttons all down the front, and the back very much buttoned up.

The bonnets, which are only worn in the afternoon drive by most people, are nearly all turban shape, and very high over the face. I will describe one of the prettiest by way of example. Immediately in front, across the face, was a wide crescent-shaped bandeau of black velvet; above this alternate-cross-cut folds of black and white silk; resting on this, and springing from it, was a black ostrich feather falling over the back, a white ostrich tip curling towards the front, and an aigrette intermixed with black blonde. At the back was a black velvet bow resting on the black velvet; the former had one long end cut on the cross, and attached to it was another about a quarter of a yard wide of black-spotted net, edged with black lace; this was actually tucked the whole length of the velvet end, so that they fell gracefully over the chin— a capital contrivance; the net being wide, the facing was imperceptible, and it quite prevented their being blown over the front or out of place, as it happens so often when driving or walking in the wind.

Long dresses were fashionably worn at the afternoon parties. One of the prettiest of hostesses appeared the other day in an amber and black satinette; round the skirt was a deep, straight-cut flounce of amber silk, ravelled at the edge, and gathered at the top with a heading, under a narrow row of black velvet, from which fell some black lace half the width of the silk flounce. There was no tunic or panier, but the bodice had a basque half a yard deep, having the same straight-cut flounce of amber silk, frayed at the edge and half covered with black lace; the basque was in four pieces, cut up on each hip and in the middle of the back. The body was made as follows: it had very deep black velvet revers, edged with the amber silk and black lace flouncing, going round the neck and down to the waist on each side. The front was a plain piece of amber satin to simulate a waistcoat, the sleeves large and hanging. With it was worn a tiny Dolly Varden cap of white lace, black lace, and amber ribbon.

THE STATUES OF MEMNON AT THE GREAT TEMPLE OF THEBES.

For the intelligent traveller and lover of the Classics few places, if we except Greece and the neighbouring isles, possess such intense interest as the once great city of Thebes, the Megale Diospolis, the great city of Love, Homer's City of the Hundred Gates. Long before King Solomon ruled in splendour in Jerusalem Thebes had attained a pitch of prosperity unparalleled in the history of Egyptian cities. The very date of its foundation is unknown, so far back into the dim past do its records go. Now the city is no more and nothing remains to mark its site but a few broken statues and mutilated monoliths. Among these ruins are, on the city side, the well-known temples of Karnak and Luxor, and on the other side of the Nile, in the quarter Memnonia, the palace-temple of Memnonium or Ramesium. Of this latter hardly a vestige remains. Even its site would be matter for doubt were it not determined by the presence of the two gigantic statues illustrated on page 125, which, Strabo tells us, stood behind the temple, their faces turned towards the rising sun. To the modern Arabs these colossal figures are known as Schama and Tama, names of two evil spirits whose machinations are much dreaded by the less civilized classes of Mohammedans. To us they are better known as the statues of Memnon, though there can be little doubt that they have no connection with the Memnon of the Trojan war, the Memnon of whom Homer sings, "the youthful son of rosy Eos and Tithonus, surpassing even Eurypylus in beauty; he who went with his Ethiopianians to the Trojan war and met his death at Achilles' hands; whose grave was yearly honoured by an airy strife of Ethiopian birds; for whose early-faded beauty his mother Eos still ever steeps the earth in her dewy tears, and whose cold statue, when struck by the first morning kiss of his goddess-mother, penetrated with blissful pain, resounds in tune at the rising light." There can be little question that these statues existed at least six centuries before the date usually assigned for the Trojan war (i.e. 1184), for at that time, a. c. 1600, Thebes was the great centre for the worship of Amun, for which the temple of Memnonium was doubtless used. But be this as it may, tradition points at the northernmost of the two statues as the true Vocal Memnon, which when struck by the first rays of the rising sun, was said to give forth a sound like the snapping of a cord. The explanation given

of this phenomenon—if it ever did really exist—is that the sound was produced by expansion of the stone resulting from the heat of the morning sun. As to the statue being a representation of any Memnon whatever the story is extremely doubtful, and it is now generally conceded that it represents in reality the king Amenophis III, who ruled over Egypt in the fifteenth century before the Christian era. According even to this account the antiquity of the statue would date back at least two hundred and fifty years before the usual date assigned for the Trojan war.

ON NAMING OUR CHILDREN.—But our present question is, "What are we to call baby?" Sometimes the mother, in her hour of joy and thankfulness, as a mark of affection for her husband, says, "We'll leave it with father." Sometimes the father declines the privilege. In other households it is the custom for the father to name the boys, and for the mother to name the girls. In others, the elder children are consulted, or the sponsors, or some rich relations, or some valued friend. So that, it often happens, that much time is spent, and many opinions are advanced, and many suggestions offered, before the decision is made. And when the decision is come to, it is not always the best. People's tastes differ widely on the matter of names. What is very sweet and suitable to old folks, may be very unbecoming and harsh to the juveniles. "Mary" is music itself to many persons; it is plain and common to others. For my part, give me "Mary" before all other names for our gentle sisters. "Mary" is a perfect name. It is never out of place, or out of season, either in the Royal palace, or in the labourer's cot. It becomes a servant as much as a Queen. Parents can never be wrong in calling one of their girls "Mary." She will never be ashamed of it. Only, if your bright little girl is to be baptised, "Mary," do not add "Ann" to it, unless your taste be different from mine. It stands best alone, as the queen of names, requiring no additional grace. Then, if the consultation be concerning a boy, is there no name for him equal in fitness and excellence to Mary? I think there is. But it is not Jonathan, or Isaac, or Timothy, or Nicodemus. In their places these names are good. In the Bible they sound neither strange nor inappropriate. Take them out of the Bible, and immediately they seem to lose their fitness. I would be very careful and sparing in using Scripture names. Some are never undesirable, but many are. We never mention some, in connection with living persons, but with a smile or a shudder. Why it is so, we cannot easily explain. There is no particular reason for it, perhaps, but I cannot become reconciled to the indiscriminate use of Moses, Abraham, Solomon, Ezekiel, and Titus. When one sees in the street, a drunken, blaspheming man, bearing the name of Aaron, or a ragged, dirty urchin just come out of gaol, called Jacob or Paul, we cannot fail to notice an incongruity and a combination which ought never to have existed. Let parents, then, exercise a little discretion in adopting Biblical names. Your infants, when brought to the font, are entirely in your hands; they are unconscious of what is passing. Do not give them names of which they may live to be ashamed. Do not put a stigma upon them, which they can never throw off. Remember that their fathers may be in a measure atoned by their very names. It may hinder their advance, or it may promote their welfare. I once knew a family in which almost every member had a Bible name. The family is chiefly remarkable for this fact. Who ever a fresh baby saw the light, the father, who took the business of naming entirely into his own hands, invariably opened the family Bible, and searched its pages until he had hit upon a name to his taste. The result of these frequent studies was, that the sons were called Lot, Eran, Jehoshaphat, Amos, Lazarus, and Titus. The way to be pitied, poor fellows. As for Lazarus (who is not a beggar covered with sores,) he would give half he possessed to get rid of his name. He always tried to disguise it under the abbreviation of "Lazzy," and, if contractions of this kind were ever legitimate and laudable, there surely never was a case so urgent as this. As I have said before, some of the sacred names are most suitable in this day. We never grow tired of John, James, Thomas, Sarah, Elizabeth, Samuel, Mary, and Ruth. But we cannot say this of others.—*Our Own Friends.*

A CHANNEL TUNNEL.—A company has been registered at the Joint Stock Company's Registration Office, called the Channel Tunnel Company (Limited), for commencing the work of making a tunnel from near Dover to a point near Calais. The capital of the company is £2,000,000, which is being privately subscribed, with the immediate object of making a tidal shaft and driving a driftway on the English side, about two miles beyond low-water mark, with the view of proving the practicability of tunnelling under the channel. The completion of this work will furnish data for calculating the cost of continuing the driftway from each shore to a junction in mid-Channel, and capital will then be subscribed for that purpose, or for enlarging it to the size of an ordinary railway tunnel, as the engineers may deem most expedient. The committee of management are Lord Richard Grosvenor, chairman; Captain Beaumont, M.P.; Sir E. Buckley, M.P.; Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P.; Admiral George Elliot; Messrs. Blewett (Paris), Budgeon, Hawes, Michel Chevalier, and Paulin Talbot. The engineers are Messrs. John Hawkshaw, Thome de Gamond, James Brunel, and William Low. The tunnel will be made through the lower or grey chalk chiefly, if not entirely, and by the adoption of machinery, of which the promoters of this company have recently made practical trials, it is expected the passage can be opened from shore to shore within three years from the time of commencing the work, and at a cost very considerably less than any previous estimates.—*The Era.*

SIXING MICE.—A correspondent of *Science Gossip* says:—"I have been told the noise which the mouse makes is caused through a diseased liver. Such is not the case with a little animal in my possession, for when most comfortable he sings without ceasing. When first taken he was uncommonly tame, fed well, cleaned himself, and seemed as though he had been there all his life-time, and this peculiar tenacity was exhibited whilst in the mouse-trap; but after being in the trap some hours he began to feel cold, and then he discontinued his song. A cage having been procured, the chorister was transferred to warm quarters, and treated to some sop-bread and milk. He was again in full song, thereby proving that it was not disease which causes him to make his peculiar noise. The editor of *Routledge's Natural History* mentions mice imitating the song of several different birds; so, upon the strength of his remarks, I have hung mine near a woodlark-linnet."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO CLASSICAL READERS.

The following lines, although *incerti auctoris*, are thought to have had their origin in the ingenuity and piety of some mediæval monk. They have puzzled some of the foremost scholars in England. All the greater, then, will be the honour of the Canadian scholar who can furnish a correct translation:

Vita cruce[m] ut vivas hominem si noscere velles,
Quis, quid, cur, cujus, passus amore fuit.

R.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. P. GRELFH.—Tells us that in describing the cup presented by Sir P. Tait, to the Canadian militia, we should have said that the volunteers (in bronze) are standing "at ease," instead of "at attention." He may be right for we have not been at "drill" for some time.

A SUBSCRIBER, MONTREAL.—We are glad to know that you go to our advertising pages for literature; but would suggest that before you turn critic, you should learn how to spell. Thanks for your hint nevertheless; we mean that the *News* shall be all that your fancy has painted.

J. G. F. G.—The "Parlour Play" is received, and, if approved, will be printed in time to be put in practice for the Easter holidays.

CHESS.

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

A well-contested game played lately in the Montreal Chess Club.

SICILIAN OPENING.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>Black.</i>
(Attacks.)</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P. to K. 4th 2. P. to Q. 4th 3. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 4. P. to Q. 5th 5. P. takes P. 6. B. to K. 3rd 7. Kt. takes Kt. 8. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd 9. B. to K. 2nd 10. Q. to Q. 3rd 11. P. to K. B. 4th 12. Castles. 13. P. to K. B. 3rd 14. Kt. to K. 4th 15. B. takes Kt. on 16. B. to B. 3rd 17. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd 18. P. to Q. B. 4th 19. Q. B. to Q. 2nd 20. P. to Q. B. 3rd 21. P. takes P. 22. Q. B. to Q. Kt. sq. 23. K. B. to K. sq. 24. R. takes B. 25. R. to K. Kt. sq. 26. R. takes R. 27. K. to B. 2nd 28. P. to K. Kt. 4th 29. B. takes P. 30. P. to K. B. 4th 31. Q. to K. Kt. 3rd 32. Q. to K. 3rd 33. K. takes Q. 34. B. to K. sq. 35. B. to Q. B. 2nd 36. B. to Kt. 3rd 37. K. to Q. 2nd 38. K. to Q. B. 3rd 39. K. to Q. B. 4th 40. B. to Q. B. 2nd 41. K. to Q. B. 2nd 42. K. takes B. 43. K. to K. 2nd 44. B. to R. 2nd 45. P. to K. B. 4th 46. B. takes P. wins. | <p><i>White.</i>
(Defence.)</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P. to Q. B. 4th 2. P. to K. 3rd 3. Kt. to B. 3rd 4. P. to B. 3rd 5. P. takes P. 6. Q. to B. 2nd sq. 7. Kt. to K. 4th 8. Q. takes Kt. 9. Kt. to K. B. 3rd 10. B. to Q. 3rd 11. Castles. 12. Q. to K. 3rd 13. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd 14. Kt. takes Kt. 15. P. to K. B. 4th 16. Q. to K. B. 3rd 17. Q. B. to Q. Kt. sq. 18. P. to Q. Kt. 5th 19. Q. to Q. Kt. 2nd 20. P. to Q. B. 4th 21. P. takes P. 22. K. B. to K. sq. 23. R. takes R. ch. 24. R. to Q. B. sq. 25. P. to K. B. 3rd 26. Q. takes R. ch. 27. P. to K. Kt. 3rd 28. P. takes P. 29. B. to B. sq. 30. Q. to K. B. 3rd 31. Q. to K. 5th 32. Q. takes Q. 33. R. to K. 2nd 34. P. to Q. 3rd 35. K. to Kt. 2nd 36. B. to K. B. 3rd 37. B. to Q. B. 4th ch. 38. K. to B. 3rd 39. B. to K. B. 4th 40. P. takes B. ch. 41. K. to B. 4th 42. K. to Kt. 5th 43. K. takes P. ch. 44. P. takes P. |
|---|---|

It is obvious that 13-15, Q. takes Kt. White would have exchanged Queens, and then played—R. to K. sq.

This was a weak point in Black's game, and the exchange of pawns was a mistake.

Hazards, apparently.

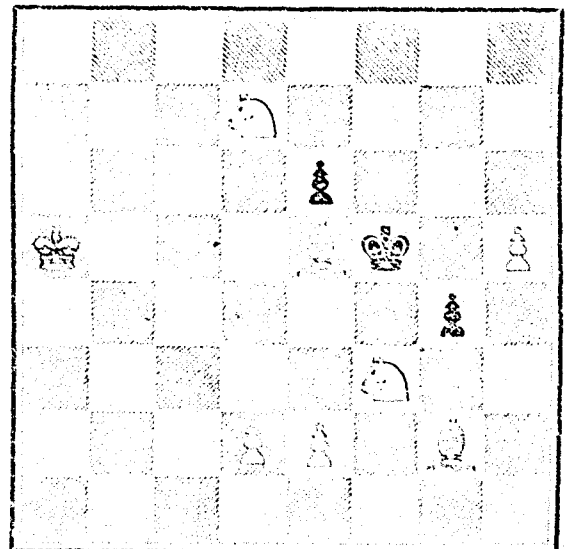
This allows White at once to free his game:—5. B. to R. 3rd, which has been the correct play here.

The succeeding position affords a striking example of the extreme care of play required in endings of a similar description. In such a case, White should have played—41. K. to R. 4th, and after 42. B. to K. B. 3rd, with a winning game.

PROBLEM No. 40.

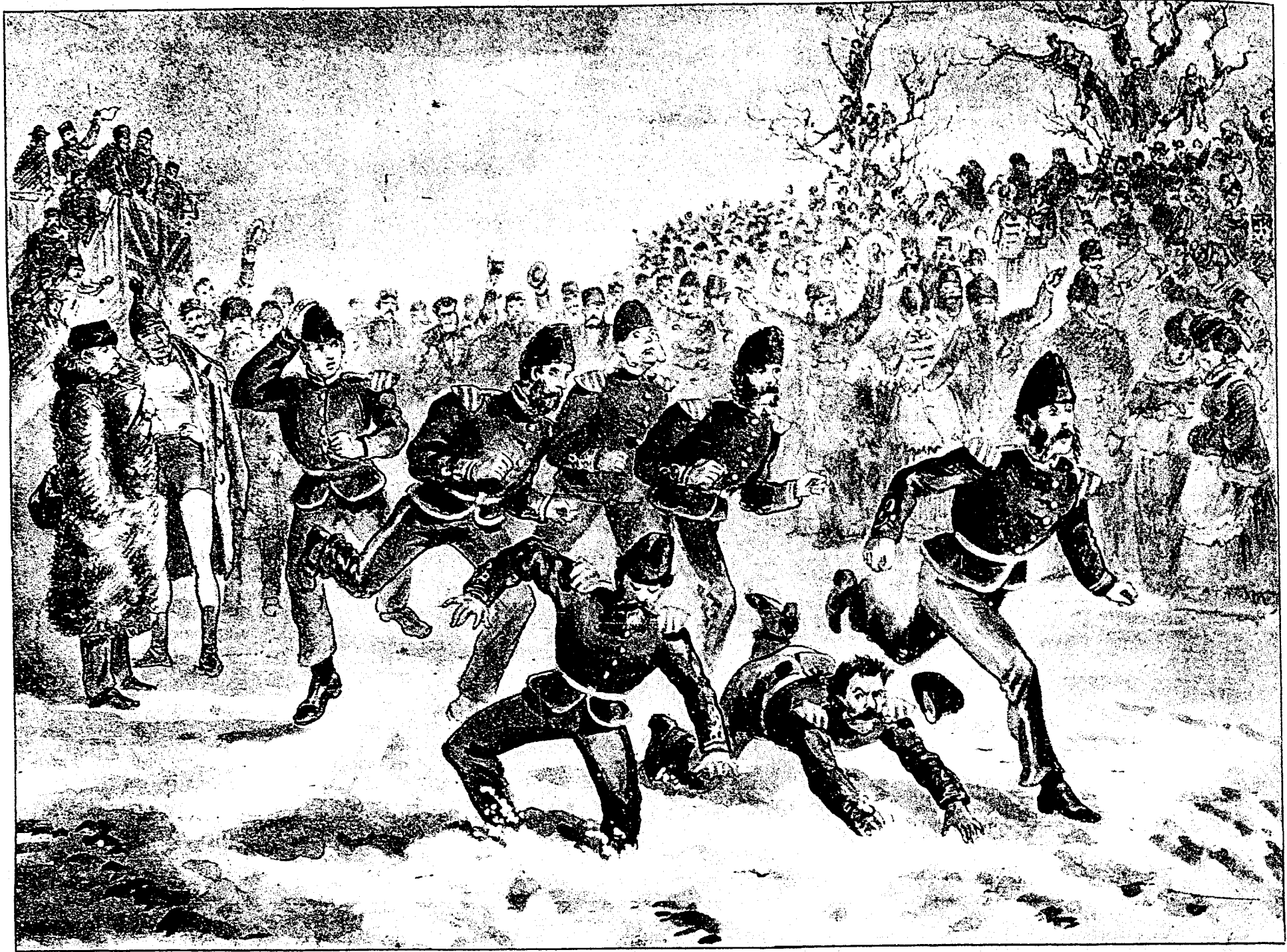
By J. W.

BLACK.

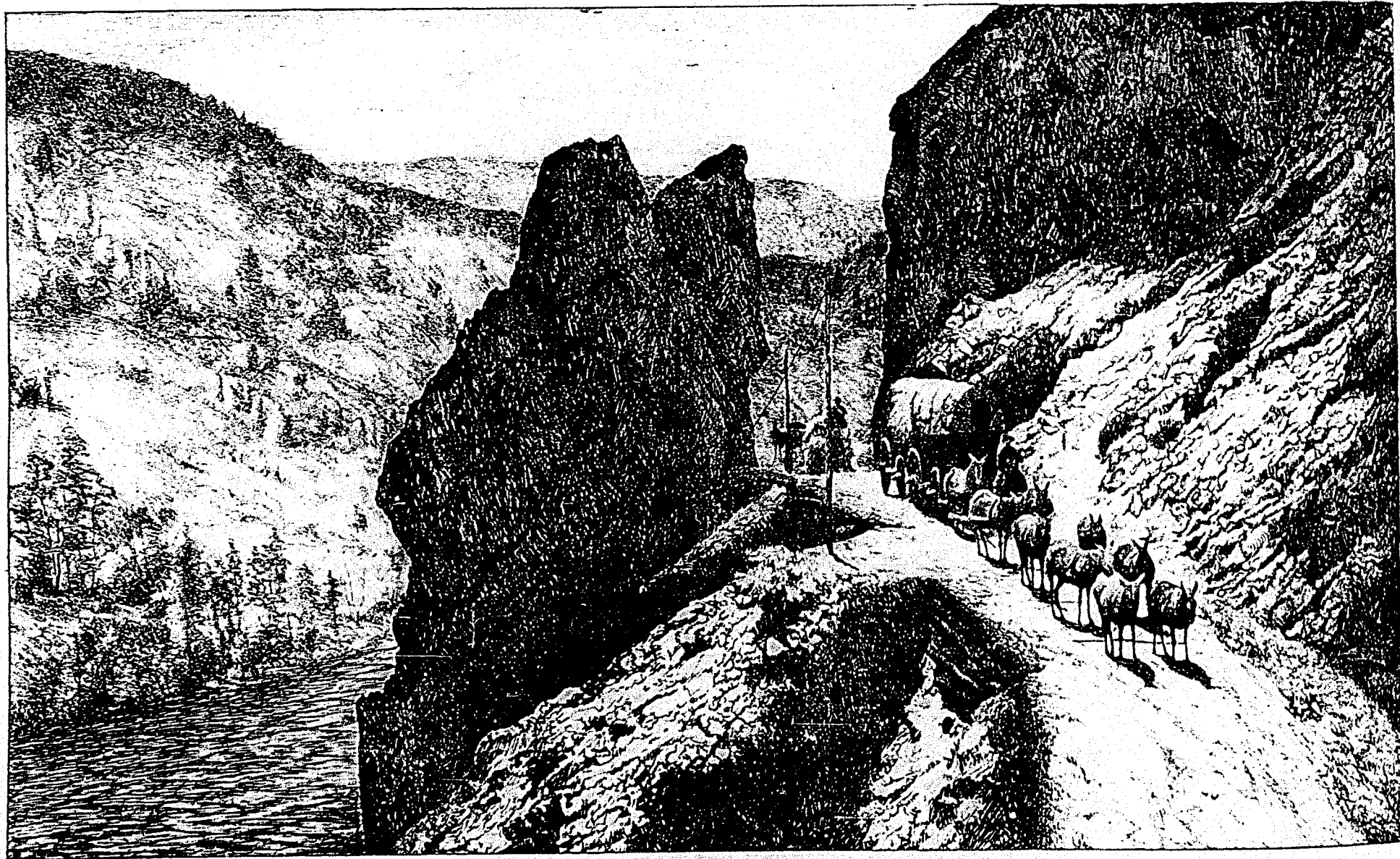


WHITE.

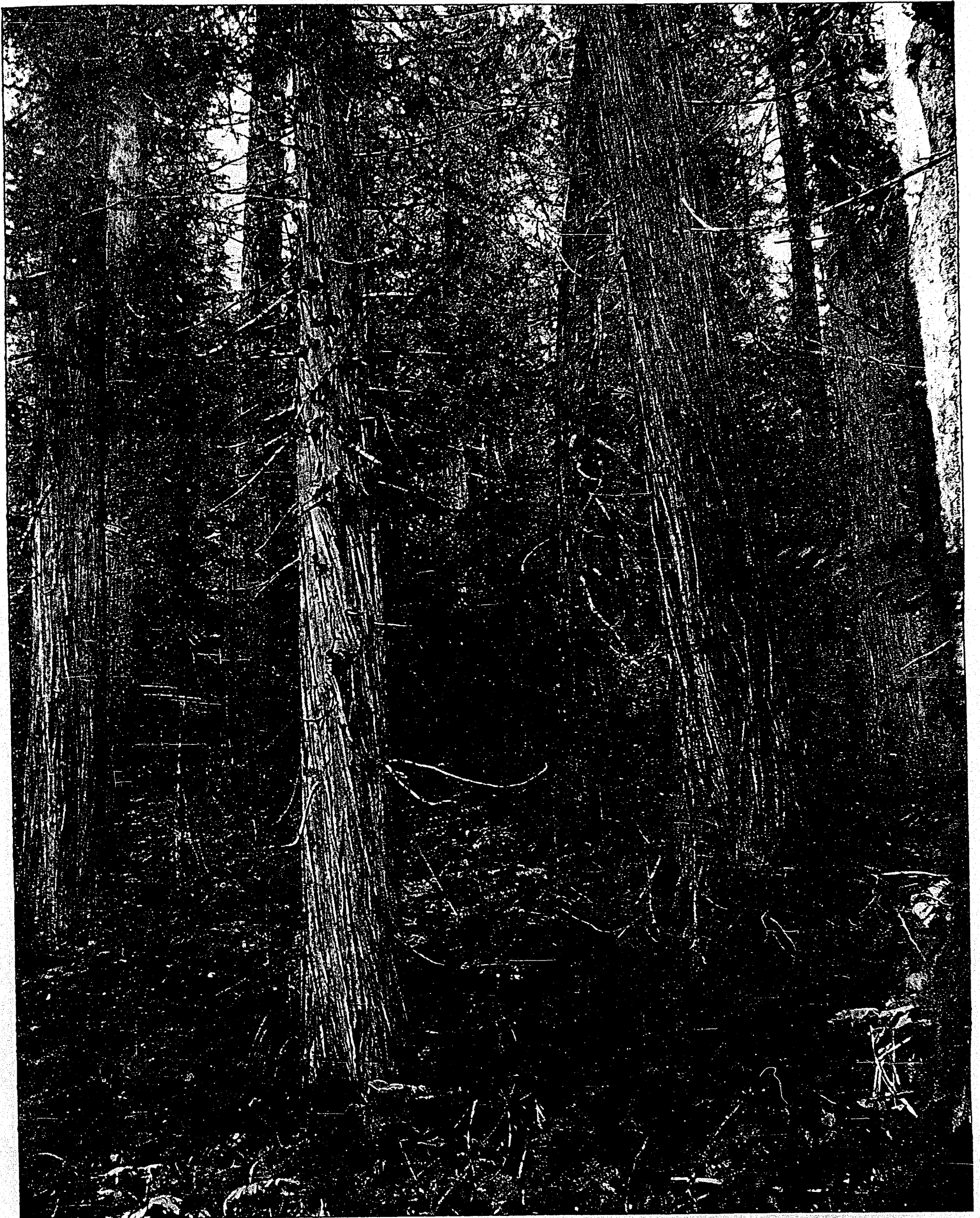
White to play and mate in three moves.



THE GRAND TRUNK SNOW-SHOE CLUB RACES —THE RACE OF THE DAY, (BANDSMEN WITHOUT SNOW-SHOES). — FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST — SEE PAGE 114.



THE GREAT BLUFF ON THE THOMPSON RIVER. B. C.—ETCHED BY ALLAN EDSON



FOREST SCENE ON THE NORTH THOMPSON, B. C., 165 MILES ABOVE KAMLOOP.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 114.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
MARCH 2, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Feb. 25.—	Second Sunday in Lent. Sir Christopher Wren died, 1723.
MONDAY,	" 26.—	Napoleon escape from Elba, 1815. Kemble died, 1823. Preliminaries of peace signed at Versailles, 1871.
TUESDAY,	" 27.—	Evelyn died, 1706. Sir John Colborne, Administrator, 1838. First meeting of the Joint High Commission, 1871.
WEDNESDAY,	" 28.—	George Buchanan died, 1582. Order of St. Patrick instituted, 1783.
THURSDAY,	" 29.—	St. Oswald, Abp. Archbishop Whitgift died, 1604.
FRIDAY,	Mar. 1.—	St. David, Bp. First number of the Spectator published, 1781. The Germans enter Paris, 1871.
SATURDAY,	" 2.—	St. Chad, Bp. Horace Walpole died 1797. Toronto, Grey & Bruce R. R. incorporated, 1868.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 13th February, 1872, observed by Hearn, Harrison & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
W., Feb. 7.	22°	10°	16°	30.52	30.60	30.60
Th., " 8.	24°	5°	14°5	30.40	30.34	30.34
Fri., " 9.	21°	6°	10°5	30.45	30.42	30.25
Sat., " 10.	25°	3°	14°	30.26	30.25	30.23
Su., " 11.	27°	7°	17°	30.10	30.05	30.02
M., " 12.	37°	21°	29°	30.12	30.20	30.22
Tu., " 13.	35°	12°	23°5	30.05	29.25	29.85

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

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

A double-page illustration of the Grand Carnival at the Skating Rink, St. John, N. B., held on Tuesday, the 13th inst., will appear in our next issue, from a sketch made by our special artist, E. J. Russell, Esq.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1872.

PARLIAMENT is summoned to meet for the despatch of business on the 11th of April. There are some obvious reasons for this delay. It was desirable that Canada should have the fullest opportunity of hearing both English and American opinion regarding the Washington Treaty, before its Legislature should be called upon to act regarding the fisheries clause. The long distances to which some of our Legislators have to travel render it desirable that the session should be held at a time when it would not be broken by the Easter holidays. Except with respect to the Supreme Court, the Pacific Railway, and the Treaty, if action upon it be necessary this year, there are few important questions requiring legislative attention, and the session will probably be short. It will be the last of the first Parliament of the Dominion.

THERE is the Treaty, and there is said to be the Secret Treaty. Both have excited a considerable amount of attention within the past few weeks. But we may safely say that the excitement concerning the first-named has considerably abated on both sides of the Atlantic, and with reference to the second it may as safely be said that it has never created any excitement at all.

The Treaty, that is, the Washington Treaty, found its new-made interest in the fact that the United States presented to the Geneva Conference a fabulous sum for what are called "consequential damages." In other words, they claim that England should pay for the cost of the war from the time that, as the Americans believe, it would have ended, had not the British-built privateers taken to the high seas; that England should also pay for all the injuries to American commerce, increase of insurance, &c., incident to such prolongation of the war, and all this quite independently of the actual cases of damage which may be proved as having occurred from the overt acts committed by the cruisers. This claim in its entirety amounts to much more than Prussia exacted from France after a war that was almost a conquest of

the country; and it is such that even Mr. Gladstone, chicken-hearted as he is in his dealings with foreign powers, declared that "no people in the last extremity of war, in the lowest depths of national misfortune, would submit to." Such a declaration on the part of the Prime Minister, made as it was in Parliament, and in response to the assaults of the Opposition, should be taken at its full significance. It means that England will not submit to the consideration of consequential or inferential damages; that her statesmen, including those who negotiated the Treaty, do not accept it as authorising the presentation of such claims; and we infer further that it means that if the Conference does not reject these claims *in toto* England will withdraw from the Treaty altogether and trust to the future for a solution of the questions at issue. It is believed on both sides of the Atlantic that the lapse of the Treaty would be a great misfortune; but that still it would only leave the work to be done over again. It would simply confirm the *status quo*, minus the agreement upon a basis of settlement, which agreement had been thrown aside, because not understood in the same sense by the high contracting parties. Public opinion in America as represented by the leading journals is not much excited on the subject. The two thousand millions claimed for the cost of war, injury to commerce, &c., are regarded as having been thrown in for buncombe. If not, it is readily seen that it would be cheaper to fight than be neutral; that in fact nations at peace should pay the expenses of those at war. A pettifogging attorney trumps up every imaginable plea, when he goes into Court, in the hope that some of them may be admitted by the jury; but when two great nations agree to submit their differences to the arbitration of independent powers it ought to be expected that neither would claim more than was honestly believed to be due. We regret, for the reputation of American Statesmanship, that the Sumner theory should have ever gone beyond the Senate Chamber or Faneuil Hall. Assuredly European diplomatists will scout it as utterly inadmissible, and for this reason England has no need to take abrupt action in receding from the Treaty. If the Conference should refuse to consider these claims, England has but to exact from the American Government a declaration that the judgment of the Conference is accepted as final concerning them, and the arbitration may, as we think it will, come to a satisfactory conclusion. Meantime the extraordinary demands put forward by the Washington Government may be made to do yeoman's service at the next Presidential election.

As to the "Secret Treaty," it exists only in the heated imaginations of those whose wish is father to the thought. It is filched bodily from Lord Bury's book entitled the "Exodus of the Western Nations," published in 1865, we believe, when that frisky young hope of the house of Albemarle had returned from Canada after spending some years as private Secretary to the Governor-General. The vaticinations of his Lordship deserve no credit as the revelations of the Government policy of Canada or the Mother Country; they are merely illustrative of the views of certain doctrinaires who imagine that by a paper agreement Canada can be made impervious to war. Lord Bury framed the form of a treaty which he thought it would be wise for Canada and the Mother Country to adopt, to go into force, after one year's notice, just as soon as circumstances would make it desirable. The Halifax *Chronicle* takes this fancy sketch and calls it a reality—says that it is already made and, in view of present complications, may go into force at any day. The ostensible object of this Treaty is said to be to free Canada from the consequences of a quarrel between England and the United States, but the absurdity of this plea is apparent on the face of it. For Britain to confer independence upon Canada, or for Canada to assert it on her own behalf, at a time when England and America have an account in dispute between them, would be the very way to provoke annexation, because England would no longer be bound to defend Canada, while the United States would be justified in regarding the Provinces as British property, put out of the way to prevent capture. Any such movement on the part of Canada and England would be worse than pusillanimous: but we are sure it will not be entered on, under present circumstances.

The *American Newspaper Reporter* says:—

"A few weeks ago we were talking with a Rhode Island editor about the Woonsocket *Patriot*, known as having the largest circulation of any paper in that State. Expression was given to an opinion that the paper in question would this year find its business less encouraging than formerly. On inquiring the reason for this opinion, we were surprised to learn that it was based upon the fact that the *Patriot* had changed from the old four-page form and adopted the quarto or eight-page sheet.

"Did our informant here express an opinion having any reasonable foundation? Dozens of papers have adopted the eight-page form and finally gone back to the old four-page

style. What is the reason? Will not those who know give the benefit of their experience to those who want to know?"

We can tell the *Reporter* the whole secret in very few words: *people do not want to be bothered*. If an eight or sixteen-page paper were stitched and edge-trimmed the case would be altogether reversed. Literary and illustrated papers in eight or sixteen-page form are more popular than if in broadsheet shape, for the reason that people desire not merely to read, but to keep them.

ABSURDITY OF THE AMERICAN DEMANDS FOR INDIRECT DAMAGES.—The *Chicago Tribune*, which we always find taking an independent and common sense view of the questions of the day, says:—"The demand, however, for indirect damages, to be fixed by the Court, is absurd upon the very face of it. At the lowest figures, the sum would exceed even the enormous German indemnity, and would be simply ruinous to any Government which had to pay it. Its extent could only be limited by the imagination of the arithmetician who should set himself at work to compute it, and would run into the regions of the fabulous and require the resources of the Genii to satisfy it. It would be simply impossible to make any accurate statement of indirect damages from the Government ledger, and we do not believe that either the people or the Government expect or desire such a claim to be pressed. The people neither want a precedent fixed for extortionate taxation in future, nor a war, which would, in all probability, be a naval war, for which this Government is not prepared, however mortifying the confession may be.

FIRST USE OF A MINERAL MEDICINE.—Legend has it that this was the oxide of iron. Melampus, who lived about two centuries before the fall of Troy, holding an augury to discover a cure for impotence, was directed to seek for a certain knife which had lain for a long time in a tree, where it had been stuck after it was used for sacrifice. The rust scraped off this, and given to his patient for ten days in wine, was warranted by a sapient old vulture to effect a cure. So says Le Clerc in his "History of Physic," Book i., Chapter 19. He further adds, that Dioscorides employed it for a directly contrary purpose. "The rust of iron," says he, "hinders women from conceiving." But then Le Clerc points out that it was Melampus's patient who took it, and not the patient's wife.

MISCELLANEOUS.

£5,000 have been subscribed to start an expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone.

The Franco-German Postal Convention has been signed by the respective Government parties thereto.

Despatches from Teheran state that the famine in Persia continues with unabated fury, and many persons are dying daily.

An earthquake occurred at Lisbon on Monday night. The shock, however, was slight, and no serious damage was done.

It is said the Pope will soon issue an encyclical letter on the subject of public instruction, and its relation with Church and State.

The Spanish Government invites tenders for the construction and laying of a telegraph cable between Spain and the Canary Islands, to be extended to some Spanish possession in America.

It is reported throughout London that the reply of the American Government to Earl Granville's note in reference to the claim for indirect damages reached the United States Minister last week.

Mr. Denison, late Speaker of the House of Commons, is gazetted as Viscount Ossington. He appeared in the House of Lords on Tuesday evening, and the oath having been administered, took his seat as a Peer.

Telegrams from Bombay say that the assassination of Earl Mayo has caused intense excitement throughout India. In Calcutta and Bombay the murder is the universal theme of conversation, and all business is suspended.

A little five-year old was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," &c., were only little oaths, and but little better than other profanities. In fact, she said he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths. "Well then, grandmother," said the little hopeful, "is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the newspapers, swearing?" "No," said the lady, "that's only lying."

A Michigan Journalist declared in his paper that a rival editor had seven toes. The rival editor thereupon came out in a double-leaded article, in which he denounced the statement as untruthful, and declared that the "author of it was a liar and a scoundrel." The first journalist replied that he did not for a moment wish to have it understood that all seven of these toes were on one foot. And now the rival editor asks his readers, "Are these subjects which ought to be discussed in organs whose duty it is to mould public opinion?"

Antipodian newspaper publishers have a hard time. A letter from the editor of an Australian paper, published in Victoria, mourns over the dull times and the scarcity of the circulating medium. An idea may be formed of their desperate strait by the following extract from the letter of our far-off cotemporary:

"We look for better times when the thirty thousand convicts arrive from Paris. You may judge of our wretched condition when I inform you that we have only had one murder in our town for the last two years, and not a robbery worth anything for nearly eighteen months. I sent our young men out to collect news over an area of twenty square miles, and back they come with a paltry accident or a contemptible petty larceny. The suicide of some unfortunate wretch is quite a God-send to us."

Australia is evidently becoming too virtuous for newspaper editors, and they don't seem to understand imaginative writing. They had better import a half-dozen New York reporters, who would supply as many "dreadful calamities" as the lovers of the dreadful could desire, and more too.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TENNYSON.

BY JAMES MCLACHLAN.

Serenely throned on high, the bard his lays
Pours forth to music's sweetest flow;—
O, Tennyson! well do the glossy bays
Become thy placid brow.

O large of soul! Nature looks in and sees
Her image full reflected there;
And not all dark or bright, but with degrees
Of light and shadow, fair

As some pure lake,—whose waters, calm and clear,
No ruffling gale or tempest sweeps,—
Shows imaged true the various scenes that peer
Adown its glassy deeps:—

The stately ranks of "living green" that stand
To shade and shield the sweeping surge;
The light-dimmed heavens above, that wide expand
In concave rounding lance;

And every cloudlet that fits changeful by,—
Thin, silvery-fringed or deep with gloom;
Light-robed and glad, ray-dancing round the sky,
Or big with gathering doom;

Skies of the pure, white day, when stealing down
From far spreads heaven's enlivening beam;
Skies of the silent night, with stars thick strewn,
Of ever varying gleam.

So thou, thrice happy bard, from depths of calm,
Sheltered in virtue's peaceful clime,
Where none forever sings her healing psalm,
Dost shadow forth sublime

The changeful phases of this outer world
Of Nature and of human life,
And inner play of human passion, hurled
In wild, chaotic strife:

The gladness and the grief, the light and gloom,
The calm and storm that life play
Around the dim horizon big with doom
That bounds life's narrow way.

But all at rest, while sweeps this wild unrest
Before thy gaze, naught moves thy soul:
Like god Olympic, in Elysium blest,
While thunders shake the pole.

For large of view thy soul, and largely made,
By genial Love's blest alchemy,
Sentient to faintest speck of good displayed
In hills of deepest dye,

Catches and true reflects the finest beam
Of heaven's far diffusive light,
That steals, unmarked by vulgar sense, with gleam
Of hope through thickest night:

With promise that its path shall steadfast grow,
And onward stretch to portent day;
Till evil shadows, at the far-spread glow,
Break up and haste away.

Even so, no life may prove one empty night
Of weariness and dull despair;
No fate so dark, nor soul so foul, but light
Of heaven may enter there.

For not to darkness given the sovereign sway:
Light triumphs over its own throne,
Sets wicket at watch of night; and claims the day
Unchallenged for its own.

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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Edmond Grisse was back at Granpere he well remembered his message, but he had some doubt as to the expediency of delivering it. He had to reflect in the first place whether he was quite sure that matters were arranged between Marie and Adrian Urmand. The story had been told to him as being certainly true by Peter, the waiter. And he had discussed the matter with other young men, his associates in the place, among all of whom it was believed that Urmand was certainly about to carry away the young woman with whom they were all more or less in love. But when, on his return to Granpere, he had asked a few more questions, and had found that even Peter was now in doubt on a point as to which he had before been so sure, he began to think that there would be some difficulty in giving his message. He was not without some little fear of Marie, and hesitated to tell her that he had spread the report about her marriage. So he contented himself with simply announcing to her that George Voss intended to visit his old home.

"Does my uncle know?" Marie asked.
"No;—you are to tell him," said Grisse.
"I am to tell him! Why should I tell him? You can tell him."

"But George said that I was to let you know, and that you would tell your uncle."

This was quite unintelligible to Marie; but it was clear to her that she could make no such announcement, after the conversation which she had had with her uncle. It was quite out of the question that she should be the first to announce George's return, when she had been twice warned on that Sunday afternoon not to think of him.

"You had better let my uncle know yourself," she said, as she walked away.

But young Grisse, knowing that he was already in trouble, and feeling that he might very probably make it worse, held his peace. When therefore one morning George Voss showed himself at the door of the inn, neither his father nor Madame Voss expected him.

But his father was kind to him, and his mother-in-law hovered round him with demonstrations of love and gratitude, as though much were due to him for coming back at all.

"But you expected me," said George.

"No, indeed," said his father. "We did not expect you now any more than on any other day since you left us."

"I sent word by Edmond Grisse," said George. Edmond was interrogated, and declared that he had forgotten to give the message. George was too clever to pursue the matter any further, and when he first met Marie Bromar, there was not a word said between them beyond what might have been said between any young persons so related, after an absence of twelve months. George Voss was very careful to make no demonstration of affection for a girl who had forgotten him, and who was now, as he believed, betrothed to another man; and Marie was determined that certainly no sign of the old

love should first be shown by her. He had come back,—perhaps just in time. He had returned just at the moment in which something must be decided. She had felt how much there was in the little word which she had spoken to her uncle. When a girl says that she will try to reconcile herself to a man's overtures, she has almost yielded. The word had escaped her without any such meaning on her part,—had been spoken because she had feared to continue to contradict her uncle in the full completeness of a positive refusal. She had regretted it as soon as it had been spoken, but she could not recall it. She had seen in her uncle's eye and had heard in the tone of his voice for how much that word had been taken;—but it had gone forth from her mouth, and she could not now rob it of its meaning. Adrian Urmand was to be back at Granpere in a few days—in ten days Michel Voss had said; and there were those ten days for her in which to resolve what she would do. Now, as though sent from heaven, George had returned, in this very interval of time. Might it not be that he would help her out of her difficulty? If he would only tell her to remain single for his sake, she would certainly turn her back upon her Swiss lover, let her uncle say what he might. She would make no engagement with George unless with her uncle's sanction; but a word, a look of love, would fortify her against that other marriage.

George, she thought, had come back a man more to be worshipped than ever, as far as appearance went. What woman could doubt for a moment between two such men? Adrian Urmand was no doubt a pretty man, with black hair, of which he was very careful, with white hands, with bright small dark eyes which were very close together, with a thin regular nose, a small mouth, and a black moustache which he was always pointing with his fingers. It was impossible to deny that he was good-looking after a fashion; but Marie despised him in her heart. She was almost bigger than he was, certainly stronger, and had no aptitude for the city niceness and *point-de-vue* fastidiousness of such a lover. George Voss had come back, not taller than when he had left them, but broader in the shoulders, and more of a man. And then he had in his eye, and in his beaked nose, and his large mouth, and well-developed chin, that look of command, which was the peculiar character of his father's face, and which women, who judge of men by their feelings rather than their thoughts, always love to see. Marie, if she would consent to marry Adrian Urmand, might probably have her own way in the house in everything; whereas it was certain enough that George Voss, wherever he might be, would desire to have his way. But yet there needed not a moment, in Marie's estimation, to choose between the two. George Voss was a real man; whereas Adrian Urmand, tried by such a comparison, was in her estimation simply a rich trader in want of a wife.

In a day or two the fatted calf was killed, and all went happily between George and his father. They walked together up into the mountains, and looked after the wood-cutting, and discussed the prospects of the inn at Colmar. Michel was disposed to think that George had better remain at Colmar, and accept Madame Faragon's offer. "If you think that the house is worth anything, I will give you a few thousand francs to set it in order; and then you had better agree to allow her so much a year for her life." He probably felt himself to be nearly as young a man as his son, and then remember too that he had other sons coming up who would be able to carry on the house at Granpere when he should be past his work. Michel was a loving, generous-hearted man, and all feeling of anger with his son was over before they had been together two days. "You can't do better, George," he said. "You need not always stay away from us for twelve months, and I might take a turn over the mountain, and get a lesson as to how you do things at Colmar. If ten thousand francs will help you, you shall have them. Will that make things go straight with you?" George Voss thought the sum named would make things go very straight; but as the reader knows, he had another matter near to his heart. He thanked his father; but not in the joyous, thoroughly contented tone that Michel had expected. "Is there anything wrong about it?" Michel said in that sharp tone which he used when something had suddenly displeased him.

"There is nothing wrong; nothing wrong at all," said George slowly. "The money is much more than I could have expected. Indeed I did not expect any."

"What is it then?"
"I was thinking of something else. Tell me, father; is it true that Marie is going to be married to Adrian Urmand?"

"What makes you ask?"
"I heard a report of it," said George. "Is it true?"

The father reflected a moment what answer he should give. It did not seem to him that George spoke of such a marriage as though the rumour of it had made him unhappy. The question had been asked almost with indifference. And then the young man's manner to Marie, and Marie's manner to him, during the last two days had made him certain that he had been right in supposing that they had both forgotten the little tenderness of a year ago. And Michel had thoroughly made up his mind that it would be well that Marie should marry Adrian. He believed that he had already vanquished Marie's scruples. She had promised to try to think better of it, before George's return; and therefore was he not justified in regarding the matter as almost settled? "I think that they will be married," said he to his son.

"Then there is something in it?"
"Oh yes; there is a great deal in it. Urmand is very eager for it, and has asked me and her aunt, and we have consented."

"But has he asked her?"
"Yes; he has done that too," said Michel.

"And what answer did he get?"
"Well;—I don't know that it would be fair to tell that."

Marie is not a girl likely to jump into a man's arms at the first word. But I think there is no doubt that they will be betrothed before Sunday week. He is to be here again on Wednesday."

"She likes him, then?"
"Oh, yes; of course she likes him." Michel Voss had not intended to say a word that was false. He was anxious to do the best in his power for both his son and his niece. He thoroughly understood that it was his duty as a father and a guardian to start them well in the world, to do all that he could for their prosperity, to feed their wants with his money, as a pelican feeds her young with blood from her bosom. Had he known the hearts of each of them, could he have understood Marie's constancy, or the obstinate silent strength of his son's disposition, he would have let Adrian Urmand, with his business and his house at Basle, have sought a wife in

any other quarter when he listed, and would have joined together the hands of these two whom he loved, with a paternal blessing. But he did not understand. He thought that he saw everything, when he saw nothing;—and now he was deceiving his son; for it was untrue that Marie had any such "liking" for Adrian Urmand as that of which George had spoken.

"It is as good as settled, then?" said George, not showing by any tone of his voice the anxiety with which the question was asked.

"I think it is as good as settled," Michel answered. Before they got back to the inn, George had thanked his father for his liberal offer, had declared that he would accede to Madame Faragon's proposition, and made his father understand that he must return to Colmar on the next Monday,—two days before that on which Urmand was expected at Granpere.

The Monday came, and hitherto there had been no word of explanation between George and Marie. Every one in the house knew that he was about to return to Colmar, and every one in the house knew that he had been entirely reconciled to his father. Madame Voss had asked some question about him and Marie, and had been assured by her husband that there was nothing in that suspicion.

"I told you from the beginning," said he, "that there was nothing of that sort. I only wish that George would think of marrying some one, now that he is to have a large house of his own over his head."

George had determined a dozen times that he would, and a dozen times that he would not, speak to Marie about her coming marriage, changing his mind as often as it was formed. Of what use was it to speak to her, he would say to himself? Then again he would resolve that he would scorch her false heart by one withering word before he went. Chance at last arranged it for him. Before he started he found himself alone with her for a moment, and it was almost impossible that he should not say something. Then he did speak. "They tell me you are going to be married, Marie. I hope you will be happy and prosperous."

"Who tells you so?"
"It is true at any rate, I suppose."

"Not that I know of. If my uncle and aunt chose to dispose of me, I cannot help it."

"It is well for girls to be disposed of sometimes. It saves them a world of trouble."

"I don't know what you mean by that, George;—whether it is intended to be ill-natured."

"No, indeed. Why should I be ill-natured to you? I heartily wish you to be well and happy. I dare say M. Urmand will make you a good husband. Good-bye, Marie. I shall be off in a few minutes. Will you not say farewell to me?"

"Farewell, George."
"We used to be friends, Marie."

"Yes;—we used to be friends."

"And I have never forgotten the old days. I will not promise to come to your marriage, because it would not make either of us happy, but I shall wish you well. God bless you, Marie." Then he put his arm round her and kissed her, as he might have done to a sister,—as it was natural that he should do to Marie Bromar, regarding her as a cousin. She did not speak a word more, and then he was gone!

She had been quite unable to tell him the truth. The manner in which he had first addressed her made it impossible for her to tell him that she was not engaged to marry Adrian Urmand,—that she was determined if possible to avoid the marriage, and that she had no love for Adrian Urmand. Had she done so, she would in so doing have asked him to come back to her. That she should do this was impossible. And yet as he left her, some suspicion of the truth, some half-formed idea of the real state of the man's mind in reference to her, flashed across her own. She seemed to feel that she was specially unfortunate, but she felt at the same time that there was no means within her reach of setting things right. And she was as convinced as ever she had been, that her uncle would never give his consent to a marriage between her and George Voss. As for George himself, he left her with an assured conviction that she was the promised bride of Adrian Urmand.

CHAPTER VI.

THE world seemed very hard to Marie Bromar when she was left alone. Though there were many who loved her, of whose real affection she had no doubt, there was no one to whom she could go for assistance. Her uncle in this matter was her enemy, and her aunt was completely under her uncle's guidance. Madame Voss spoke to her often in these days of the coming of Adrian Urmand, but the manner of her speaking was such that no comfort could be taken from it. Madame Voss would risk an opinion as to the room which the young man ought to occupy, and the manner in which he should be fed and entertained. For it was thoroughly understood that he was coming on this occasion as a lover and not as a trader, and that he was coming as the guest of Michel Voss, and not as a customer to the inn.

"I suppose he can take his supper like the other people," Marie said to her aunt. And again, when the question of wine was mooted, she was almost saucy.

"If he's thirsty," she said, "what did for him last week, will do for him next week; and if he's not thirsty, he had better leave it alone." But girls are always allowed to be saucy about their lovers, and Madame Voss did not count this for much.

Marie was always thinking of those last words which had been spoken between her and George,—and of the kiss that he had given her. "We used to be friends," he had said, and then he had declared that he had never forgotten old days. Marie was quick, intelligent, and ready to perceive at half a glance,—to understand at half a word, as is the way with clever women. A thrill had gone through her as she heard the tone of the young man's voice, and she had half told herself all the truth. He had not quite ceased to think of her. Then he went, without saying the other one word that would have been needful, without even looking the truth into her face. He had gone and had plainly given her to understand that he acceded to this marriage with Adrian Urmand. How was she to read it at all? Was there more than one way in which a wounded woman, so sore at heart, could read it? He had told her that though he loved her still, it did not suit him to trouble himself with her as a wife; and that he would throw upon her head the guilt of having been false to their old vows. Though she loved him better than all the world,





Guides When Pier'd Home

Miserere mei Deus, secundum
magnam Misericordiam tuam.

Robertus Strange delinavit et Sculptor Londini.

To Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales, this Plate is humbly inscribed,
By Her Royal Highness's much obliged, and most obedient humble servant (Robt. Strange)

VARIETIES.

she despised him for his thoughtful treachery. In her eyes it was treachery. He must have known the truth. What right had he to suppose that she would be false to him,—he, who had never known her to lie to him? And was it not his business as a man, to speak some word, to ask some question, by which, if he doubted, the truth might be made known to him? She, a woman, could ask no question. She could speak no word. She could not renew her assurances to him, till he should have asked her to renew them. He was either false, or a traitor, or a coward. She was very angry with him;—so angry that she was almost driven by her anger to throw herself into Adrian's arms. She was the more angry because she was full sure that he had not forgotten his old love,—that his heart was not altogether changed. Had it appeared to her that the sweet words of former days had vanished from his memory, though they had clung to hers,—that he had in truth learned to look upon his Grandpere experiences as the simple doings of his boyhood,—her pride would have been hurt, but she would have been angry with herself rather than with him. But it had not been so. The respectful silence of his sojourn in the house had told her that it was not so. The tremor in his voice as he reminded her that they once had been friends, had plainly told her that it was not so. He had acknowledged that they had been betrothed, and that the plight between them was still strong; but, wishing to be quit of it, he had thrown the burthen of breaking it upon her.

She was very wretched, but she did not go about the house with downcast eyes or humble looks, or sit idle in a corner with her hands before her. She was quick and eager in the performance of her work, speaking sharply to those who came in contact with her. Peter Veque, her chief minister, had but a poor time of it in these days; and she spoke an angry word or two to Edmond Greisse. She had, in truth, spoken no words to Edmond Greisse that were not angry since that ill-starred communication of which he had only given her the half. To her aunt she was brusque, and almost ill-mannered.

"What is the matter with you, Marie?" Madame Voss said to her one morning, when she had been snubbed rather rudely by her niece. Marie in answer shook her head and shrugged her shoulders. "If you cannot put on a better look before M. Urmand comes, I think he will hardly hold to his bargain," said Madame Voss, who was angry.

"Who wants him to hold to his bargain?" said Marie, sharply. Then feeling ill-inclined to discuss the matter with her aunt, she left the room. Madame Voss, who had been assured by her husband that Marie had no real objection to Adrian Urmand, did not understand it all.

"I am sure Marie is unhappy," she said to her husband when he came in at noon that day.

"Yes," said he. "It seems strange, but is so. I fancy, with the best of our young women. Her feeling of modesty—of bashfulness if you will—is outraged by being told that she is to admit this man as her lover. She won't make the worse wife on that account, when he gets her home." Madame Voss was not quite sure that her husband was right. She had not before observed young women to be made savage in their daily work by the outrage to their modesty of an acknowledged lover. But, as usual, she submitted to her husband. Had she not done so, there would have come that glance from the corner of his eye, and that curl in his lip, and that gentle breath from his nostril which had become to her the expression of imperious marital authority. Nothing could be kinder, more truly affectionate, than was the heart of her husband towards her niece. Therefore, Madame Voss yielded, and comforted herself by an assurance that as the best was being done for Marie, she need not subject herself to her husband's displeasure by contradiction or interference.

(To be continued.)

THE CHANNEL FERRY.

The London *Engineering* says:—Simultaneously with the independent action of the French Government in the matter of International Communication, Mr. John Fowler's scheme for a Channel Ferry is again brought before the public, and is likely this year to receive more serious consideration than it has hitherto done. It is now seven years since a practical scheme to establish a service of steamers on a grand scale for the conveyance of passengers and goods between Dover and Calais was first made, and since that time the main features of the project have remained unchanged, although details have necessarily been altered.

After going through the usual preliminary delays, the Bill for the International Communication was passed in 1870, in the face of much opposition, and had it not been for the unfortunate complications on the Continent, which suddenly put an end to protracted negotiations, patiently followed through a host of difficulties up to a successful point, the works at Dover, as well as those on the French coast, would before now have been commenced. During the continuance of the war, however, and for many months after its conclusion, nothing could be done in the matter at least without the co-operation of France, and it was therefore allowed to rest until a more favourable time.

In many respects it is well that this delay took place, because the project sanctioned in 1870 comprised a different arrangement of harbour at Dover to that originally contemplated, and now proposed. The promoters of the scheme contemplated the construction of an independent harbour, owing to the opposition of the Dover municipality, but they have so far modified their scheme that at present they propose only to extend the Admiralty pier, and to construct a new pier, 4,000 ft. in length, together with a breakwater. By carrying out this plan the cost of works will be reduced, and the time required for construction will be diminished. Moreover, the Dover Harbour Board, which was the principal opponent to the passing of the Bill in 1870, will greatly benefit by the alteration.

At a recent meeting of the Dover Town Council, Mr. Abernethy, in the absence of Mr. Fowler, stated that there were two main considerations. "First, the engineers had resolved to have no half measures, but to carry out a plan which would not require, as any half measures probably would, to be enlarged and altered hereafter, at loss of time, additional expense, and at the cost of hampering and hindering the development of the great traffic anticipated; secondly, it was desirable, in their opinion, for the commercial success of this undertaking, that provision should be made for carrying the trains across the Channel upon the steamers, so as to afford to passengers an unbroken through train communication to

Paris, and also that the same accommodation might be provided for goods."

With regard to the first of these considerations, there can exist no difference of opinion; the comparatively insignificant saving in first outlay would form no equivalent for the imperfection in the service that would necessarily follow; and the subsequent cost for the amplification or completion of the works would probably be greater in the end. Upon the second point, however, considerable misconception and difference of opinion exist, and it is upon this point that the Channel Ferry scheme is generally attacked.

While it is universally admitted that the present service falls short of the requirements of the existing traffic, and is, in fact, miserably deficient in comfort and facilities for passengers, it is urged that the proposition to effect an unbroken train communication between this country and the Continent is a useless refinement; and that the effects of motion, which it is not pretended could be entirely obviated by the adoption of the large boats, would be far more unpleasant to passengers sitting in railway carriages than to the same passengers in state-rooms. This statement is very true, but what of it? It is not proposed that the passengers should be shut up in their carriages; on the contrary, ample accommodation will be provided for them on board. The transfer of the carriages upon the vessel is an incidental advantage to the scheme, not a leading feature. The large boats Mr. Fowler has designed—450 ft. long and 57 ft. beam—are necessary for overcoming the heavy motion which the Channel seas impart to the smaller vessels, and the use of these large boats is the characteristic feature of Mr. Fowler's scheme—a feature that stamps its originality. No less are they necessary for receiving the goods wagons, which will be transferred from the railways to the rails laid in the lower part of the vessel, just as the passenger carriages are run upon its deck. Thus, to accommodate the goods traffic, and to obtain steadiness at sea for the benefit of the passengers, such vessels as the ones proposed (and to the efficiency of which Mr. Reed, Mr. Laird, Mr. Penn, and other well-known naval engineers have testified) are equally required.

Between the rows of saloons and state-rooms provided for the accommodation of passengers, there will be a wide space clear from end to end of the ferry, and it is rightly considered that this space could not be more appropriately utilised than by the passenger carriages, which will take comparatively little room, and add scarcely anything to the load of the boat. Thus the transfer of the train forms a natural part of the entire scheme, and nothing has been strained to achieve it. Had it presented any difficulties, could it only have been attained by a sacrifice of other requirements, or by a great increase in first cost, this part of the undertaking would never have been seriously considered. All travellers will fully appreciate the advantages arising from an unbroken railway communication with the Continent, and most would be willing to pay for the privilege of maintaining their carriage throughout were any charge demanded.

The inconvenience of shifting from the train to the boat at Dover, and going through the reverse operation on the French side, burdened with all the minor impediments of a journey, are too well-known and appreciated to be enlarged upon, and we think that the travelling public can have but one opinion on this point. Mr. Fowler will save all this inconvenience by transferring the train, and although neither he nor any one can altogether arrest the evils of sea-sickness, his large boats will reduce it, and the more sensitive who succumb even under the modified condition of things, will at least be spared the infliction of climbing the wet and slippery steps of the Calais jetties, and can retreat to their carriage so soon as the smooth water of the harbour gives them confidence to quit their state-rooms.

It is urged that insurmountable difficulties will be encountered during bad weather in running the trains upon the ferry, and in securing them afterwards. We think that a sufficient answer to these objections is supplied by the fact that Mr. Fowler has pronounced all the details of the undertakings to be practicable, and, indeed, easy. It is certain that experience will before many years settle these and all other points connected with the Channel Ferry, for the works connected with it cannot be much longer delayed. Public opinion becomes more and more decided against a continuance of the present unsatisfactory mode of transit, and money will be plentifully subscribed towards the completion of such a national work.

We recommend to the attention of the legislators of the country the following Standing Orders of the Imperial House of Commons, dated May 17, 1874:—

"Ordered:

"That this House shall sit every day at seven o'clock in the morning and enter into the great business at eight o'clock, and no new motions to be made after twelve. Ordered, That whosoever standeth in the entry of the House, pay 1s. presently to the serjeant. 1841. Ordered, That all the members who shall come to the House after eight o'clock shall pay 1s., and that if any member shall forbear to come for the whole day, he shall pay 5s., to be disposed of as the House shall think fit, and the serjeant is to gather in the money. 1842. Ordered, That whosoever shall not be at prayers every morning shall pay 1s. to the poor—a box to be prepared and set up at the door for this purpose, and the burgesses of Westminster are to take care that the money be duly paid. 1847. Ordered, That as soon as the clock strikes twelve Mr. Speaker do go out of the chair, and the House shall rise; and that, in going forth, no member shall stir until Mr. Speaker do go before, and then all the rest shall follow. Whosoever shall go out of the House before Mr. Speaker shall forfeit 10s., but that the reporters may go first. Ordered, That while any stranger is in the House no member to stir out of his place or to speak unto another; and if any member shall whisper, or cross the House, or read any printed book in the House, he shall pay 1s. into the poor-box. 1852. That no member do accept of any entertainment at any public-house for the carrying on any matter under the consideration of the House; and that the offers of any money or gratuity to any member for matters transacted in the House shall be deemed a high crime and misdemeanour. Ordered, That no member ought to receive or give any visit to any foreign agent or ambassador without the leave and consent of the House. Ordered, That no member have leave to go into the country without limiting a time when he is to return. 1853. Ordered, That no member of the House do presume to smoke tobacco in the gallery, or at the table of the House, sitting at committees."

Boarder—"This tea seems very weak, Mrs. Skimp." Landlady—"Well, I guess it must be the warm weather. I feel weak myself; in fact every body complains."

An exchange says fashionable young people are calling upon somebody to invent a new dance. Suppose "somebody" invents one wherein the young lady dances around the house and helps her mother do a little housework—how would that step take?

In a certain cemetery in a town in Connecticut, can be found a lot containing five graves, one in the centre, the others near by at the four points of the compass. The inscription on the latter read, respectively, after the name of the deceased: "My I. Wife," "My II. Wife," "My III. Wife," "My IV. Wife," while the centre stone bears the brief but eloquent expression, "Our Husband."

A discharged story-writer out West gathered all the characters of his story on board a frigate, steamed out fifty miles from land, set fire to the magazine, and blew hero, heroine, heavy villain, minor personages, all into eternity. Then he wrote at the bottom, "To be continued next week," drew his thirty shillings, and left the office with a sweet smile. The next incomer was a man of genius and fertile in expedients, so he sent out a yacht with a lot of new characters on board, which picked up all the persons essential to the plot after the explosion, and on went the story as merry as a marriage bell.

Hero to Day—A farm labourer attempting to drown himself, an Irish reaper who saw him go into the water leaped after him and brought him safe to shore. The fellow attempting a second time, the reaper a second time got him out; but the labourer, determining to destroy himself, watched an opportunity, and hanged himself behind the barn door. The Irishman observed him, but never offered to cut him down. Several hours afterwards the master of the farmyard asked him upon what ground he had suffered the poor fellow to hang himself.—"Faith," replied Patrick, "I don't know what you mean by ground. I know I was so good to him that I fetched him out of the water two times; and I know, too, he was wet through every rag, and I thought he hung himself up to dry."

Best Parlours.—Almost every American home possesses one of these dreadful altars, erected to what unknown goddess it is impossible to guess. It is a Bogy, before whom from time to time people burn gas in chandeliers of fearful design—to whom are dedicated fragrant carpets, impossible oil paintings, furniture, too gorgeous for common day, and shrouded therefrom in customary holland. Musty smells belong to this deity, stiffness, angles, absence of sunlight. The visitor entering sees written above the portal: "Who enters here abundant—conversation." What is there to talk about in a room as dark as the Dondaniel, except where one crack in a reluctant shutter reveals a stand of wax flowers under glass, and a dimly-described hostess who evidently waits your departure to extinguish that solitary ray? The voice instinctively hushes; the mind finds itself barren of ideas. A few dreary common-places are exchanged, then a rise, a rustle, the door is gained, and the light of the blessed sun; you glance up in passing—flap goes the blind, and inner darkness is again resumed, Bogy has it all his own way, and you thank your stars that you have done your duty by the family for at least a twelve-month.

When Stephen Kemble was manager in Newcastle, and the house was rather flat, no less a personage arrived than the Prince Annamaboo, who offered his services for a very moderate consideration.

Accordingly, the bills of the day announced that "between the acts of the play, Prince Annamaboo would give a lively representation of the scalping operation. He would likewise give the Indian war-whoop in its various tones, the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet."

The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these princely imitations.

At the end of the third act his highness walked forward with dignified step, flourishing his tomahawk, and cut the air, exclaiming—

"Ha, ha—ho, ho!"

Next entered a man with his face blackened, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum. The prince, with a large carving-knife, commenced the scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly imperial, holding up the skin in token of triumph.

Next came the war-whoop which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds. Lastly, the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw beef-steaks; these he made into rolls as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a princely and dignified manner. Having completed his cannibal repast, he flourished his tomahawk, exclaiming, "Ha, ha! ho, ho!" and made his exit.

Next day, the manager, in the middle of the market-place, espied the most puissant Prince of Annamaboo selling pen-knives, scissors, and quills, in the character of a Jew-peddler.

"What!" said Kemble, "my prince, is that you? Are you not a pretty scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner?"

Moses turned round, and with an arch look, replied—

"Prince be hanged! I vash no prince; I vash acting, like you. You vash kings, princes, emperor to-night, Stephen Kemble to-morrow. I vash humpugs, you vash humpugs, and all vash humpugs!"

NEGATIVE KNOWLEDGE.

We never knew a cabman with an eyeglass, or a chimney-sweep with spectacles.

We never knew a lady buy a bargain at a shop sale, and not afterwards regret it.

We never knew a man propose the toast of the evening, without his wishing that it had been placed in Aler hands.

We never knew a waiter in a hurry, at a chop-house, who did not say that he was "Coming, Sir!" when really he was going.

We never lost a game to a professional at billiards, without hearing him assign his triumph chiefly to his dukes.

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

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

CHAPTER LXII.

A FOOLISH TRIUMPH.

I should have now laid claim to my property, but for Mary. To turn Sir Geoffrey with his mother and sister out of it, would have caused me little compunction, for they would still be rich enough; I confess indeed it would have given me satisfaction. Nor could I say what real hurt of any kind it would occasion to Mary; and if I were writing for the public, instead of my one reader, I know how foolishly incredible it must appear that for her sake I should forego such claims. She would, however, I trust, have been able to believe it without the proofs which I intend to give her. The fact was simply this: I could not even for my own sake bear the thought of taking, in any manner or degree, a position if but apparently antagonistic to her. My enemy was her husband; he should reap the advantage of being her husband; for her sake he should for the present retain what was mine. So long as there should be no reason to fear his adopting a different policy from his father's in respect of his tenants, I felt myself at liberty to do things as they were; for Sir Giles had been a good landlord, and I knew the son was regarded with favour in the county. Were he to turn out unjust or oppressive, however, then duty on my part would come in. But I must also remind my reader that I had no love for affairs; that I had an income perfectly sufficient for my wants; that, both from my habits of thought and from my sufferings, my regard was upon life itself—was indeed so far from being confined to this chrysalid beginning of things, that I had lost all interest in this world save as the porch to the house of life. And, should I ever meet her again, in any possible future of being, how much rather would I not stand before her as one who had been even Quixotic for her sake—as one who for a hair's-breadth of other interest had felt the sacrifice of a fortune a merely natural movement of his life! She would then know not merely that I was true to her, but that I had been true in what I professed to believe when I sought her favour. And if it had been a pleasure to me—call it a weakness, and I will not oppose the impeachment—call it self-pity, and I will confess to that as having a share in it—but, if it had been a shadowy pleasure to me to fancy I suffered for her sake, my present resolution, while it did not add the weight of a feather to my suffering, did yet give me a singular vague satisfaction.

I must also confess to a certain satisfaction in feeling that I had power over my enemy—power of making him feel my power—power of vindicating my character against him as well, seeing one who could thus abstain from asserting his own rights could hardly have been one to invade the rights of another; but the enjoyment of this consciousness appeared to depend on my silence; if I broke that, the strength would depart from me; but while I held my peace, I held my foe in an invisible mesh. I had deluded myself into fancying that while I kept my power over him unexercised, I retained a sort of pledge for his conduct to Mary, of which I was more than doubtful, for a man with such antecedents as his, a man who had been capable of behaving as he had behaved to Charley, was less than likely to be true to his wife; he was less than likely to treat the sister as a lady, who to the brother had been a traitorous seducer.

I have now to confess a fault as well as an impudence—punished, I believe, in the results.

The behaviour of Mr. Coningham still rankled a little in my bosom. From Geoffrey I had never looked for anything but evil; of Mr. Coningham I had expected differently, and I began to meditate the revenge of holding him up to himself; I would punish him in a manner which, with his confidence in his business faculty, he must feel: I would simply show him how the precipitation of selfish disappointment had led him astray, and frustrated his designs. For if he had given even a decent attention to the matter, he would have found in the forgery itself hints sufficient to suggest the desirableness of further investigation.

I had not however concluded upon anything, when one day I accidentally met him, and we had a little talk about business, for he continued to look after the rent of my field. He informed me that Sir Geoffrey Brotherton had been doing all he could to get even temporary possession of the park, as we called it; and, although I said nothing of it to Mr. Coningham, my suspicion is, that had he succeeded, he would, at the risk of a law-suit in which he would certainly have been cast, have ploughed it up. He told me also that Clara was in poor health; she who had looked as if no blight could ever touch her, had broken down utterly. The shadow of her sorrow was plain enough on the face of her father,

and his confident manner had a little yielded, although he was the old man still. His father had died a little before Sir Giles. The new baronet had not offered him the succession.

I asked him to go with me yet once more to Umberden Church—for I wanted to show him something he had overlooked in the register—not, I said, that it would be of the slightest furtherance to his former hopes. He agreed at once, already a little ashamed perhaps of the way in which he had abandoned me. Before we parted we made an appointment to meet at the church.

We went at once to the vestry. I took down the volume, and laid it before him. He opened it, with a curious look at me first. But the moment he lifted the cover, its condition at once attracted and as instantly riveted his attention. He gave me one glance more, in which questions and remarks and exclamations numberless lay in embryo; then turning to the book, was presently absorbed, first in reading the genuine entry, next in comparing it with the forged one.

"Right after all!" he exclaimed at length. "In what?" I asked. "In dropping me without a word, as if I had been an impostor? In forgetting that you yourself had raised in me the hopes whose discomfiture you took as a personal injury?"

"My dear sir!" he stammered in an expostulatory tone, "you must make allowance. It was a tremendous disappointment to me."

"I cannot say I felt it quite so much myself, but at least you owe me an apology for having misled me."

"I had not misled you," he retorted angrily, pointing to the register—"There!"

"You left me to find that out though. You took no further pains in the matter."

"How did you find it out?" he asked, clutching at a change in the tone of the conversation.

"I said nothing of my dream, but I told him everything else concerning the discovery. When I had finished—"

"It's all plain sailing now," he cried. "There is not an obstacle in the way. I will set the thing in motion the instant I get home. It will be a victory worth achieving!" he added, rubbing his hands.

"Mr. Coningham, I have not the slightest intention of moving in the matter," I said.

His face fell.

"You do not mean—when you hold them in your very hands—to throw away every advantage of birth and fortune, and be a nobody in the world?"

"Infinite advantages of the kind, you mean, Mr. Coningham, could make me not one more whit than I am; they *ought* make me less."

"Come, come," he expostulated; "you must not allow disappointment to upset your judgment of things."

"My judgment of things lies deeper than any disappointment I have yet had," I replied.

"My uncle's teaching has at last begun to bear fruit in me!"

"Your uncle was a fool!" he exclaimed.

"But for my uncle's sake, I would knock you down for having to couple such a word with *fool*."

He turned on me with a sneer. His eyes had needed in his head, and in his rage he grinned. The old appearance, which had lurked in my memory ever since the time I first saw him, came out so plainly that I started; the child had read his too-early! the following judgment of the man had been wrong! the child's fear had not imprinted a false idolon upon the growing brain.

"What right had you," he said, "to bring me all this way for such comfortery?"

"I told you it would not further your wishes. But who brought me here for nothing first?" I added, most foolishly.

"I was myself deceived. I did not intend to deceive you."

"I know that. God forbid I should be unjust to you. But you have proved to me that your friendship was all a pretence; that your private ends were all your object. When you discovered that I could not serve those, you dropped me like a bit of glass you had taken for a diamond. Have you any right to grumble if I give you the discipline of a passing shame?"

"Mr. Cumbermede," he said, through his teeth, "you will repent this."

I gave him no answer, and he left the church in haste. Having replaced the register, I was following at my leisure, when I heard sounds that made me hurry to the door. Lillith was plunging and rearing and pulling at the bridle which I had thrown over one of the spiked bars of the gate. Another moment and she must have broken loose, or dragged the gate upon her—more likely the latter, for the bridle was a new one with broad reins—when some frightful injury would in all probability have been the consequence to herself. But a word from me quieted her, and she stood till I came up. Every inch of her was trembling. I suspected at once, and in a moment discovered plainly that Mr. Coningham had struck her with his whip; there was a big welt on the fine skin of her hip and across her croup. She shrieked like a hurt child when my hand approached the injured part, but moved neither hoof nor head.

Having patted and petted and consoled her a little, I mounted and rode after Mr. Coningham. Nor was it difficult to overtake him, for he was going a footpace. He was stooping in his saddle, and when I drew near, I saw that he was looking very pale. I did not, however, suspect that he was in pain.

"It was a cowardly thing to strike the poor dumb animal," I cried.

"You would have struck her yourself," he answered with a curse, "if she had broken your leg."

I rode nearer. I knew well enough that she would not have kicked him if he had not struck her first; and I could see that his leg was not broken; but evidently he was in great suffering.

"I am very sorry," I said. "Can I help you?"

"Go to the devil," he growled.

I am ashamed to say the answer made me so angry that I spoke the truth.

"Don't suppose you deceive me," I said. "I knew well enough my mare did not kick you before you struck her. Then she lashed out of course."

I waited for no reply, but turned and rode back to the church, the door of which, in my haste, I had left open. I locked it, replaced the key, and then rode quietly home.

But as I went, I began to feel that I had done wrong. No doubt, Mr. Coningham deserved it, but the law was not in my hands. No man has a right to punish another. Vengeance belongs to a higher region, and the vengeance of God is a very different thing from the vengeance of man. However it may be softened with the name of retribution, revenge runs into all our notions of justice; and until we love purely, so it must ever be.

All I had gained was self-rebuke, and another enemy. Having reached home, I read the Manual of Epictetus right through before I laid it down, and if it did not teach me to love my enemies, it taught me at least to be ashamed of myself. Then I wrote to Mr. Coningham, saying I was sorry I had spoken to him as I did and begging him to let bygones be bygones; assuring him that if ever I moved in the matter of our difference, he should be the first to whom I applied for assistance.

He returned me no answer.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A COLLISION.

AND now came a dreary time of reaction. There seemed nothing left for me to do, and I felt listless and weary. Something kept urging me to get away and hide myself, and I soon made up my mind to yield to the impulse and go abroad. My intention was to avoid cities, and, wandering from village to village, lay my soul bare to the healing influences of nature. As to any healing in the power of Time, I despised the old bald-pate as a quack who performed his seeming cures at the expense of the whole body. The better cures attributed to him are not his at all, but produced by the operative causes whose servant he is. A thousand holy balms require his services for their full action, but they, and not he, are the saving powers. Along with Time I ranked, and with absolute hatred shrunk from—all those means which offered to cure me by making me forget. From a child, I had a horror of forgetting; it always seemed to me like a loss of being, like a hollow scooped out of my very existence—almost like the loss of identity. At times I even shrunk from going to sleep, so much did it seem like yielding to an absolute death—a death so deep that the visible death is but a picture or type of it. If I could have been sure of dreaming, it would have been different, but in the uncertainty it seemed like consenting to nothingness. That one who thus felt should ever have been tempted to suicide, will reveal how painful if not valueless his thoughts and feelings—his conscious life—must have grown to him; and that the only thing which withheld him from it should be the fear that no death, but a more intense life might be the result, will reveal it yet more clearly. That in that sleep I might at least dream—there was the rub.

All such relief, in a word, as might come of a lowering of my life, either physically, morally, or spiritually, I hated, detested, despised. The man who finds solace for a wounded heart in self-indulgence may indeed be capable of angelic virtues, but in the meantime his conduct is that of the devils who went into the swine rather than be bodiless. The man who can thus be consoled for the loss of a woman, could never have been worthy of her, possibly would not have remained true to her beyond the first delights of possession. The relief to which I could open my door, must be such alone as would operate through the enlarging and elevating of what I recognize as myself. Whatever would make me greater, so that my torture, intensified it might well be, should yet have room to dash itself hither and thither without injuring the walls of my being, would be welcome. If I might become so great that, my grief yet stinging me to agony, the infinite I of me should remain pure and calm, God-loving and man-cherishing, then I should be saved. God might be able to do more for me—I could not tell; I looked

for no more. I would myself be such as to inclose my pain in a mighty sphere of out-spacing life, in relation to which even such sorrow as mine should be but a little thing. Such deliverance alone, I say, could I consent with myself to accept, and such alone, I believed, would God offer me—for such alone seemed worthy of him, and such alone seemed not unworthy of me.

The help that Nature could give me, I judged to be of this ennobling kind. For either Nature was nature in virtue of having being born (*nata*) of God, or she was but a phantasm of my own brain—against which supposition the nature in me protested with the agony of a tortured man. To Nature then I would go. Like the hurt child who folds himself in the skirt of his mother's velvet garment, I would fold myself in the robe of Deity.

But to give honour and gratitude where both are due, I must here confess obligation with a willing and thankful heart. The Excursion of Wordsworth was published ere I was born, but only since I left college had I made acquaintance with it: so long does it take for the light of a new star to reach a distant world! To this book I owe so much that to me it would alone justify the conviction that Wordsworth will never be forgotten. That he is no longer the fashion, militates nothing against his reputation. We, the old ones, hold fast by him for no sentimental reminiscence of the fashion of our youth, but simply because his humanity has come into contact with ours. The men of the new generation have their new loves and worships; it remains to be seen to whom the worthy amongst them will turn long ere the frosts of age begin to gather and the winds of the human autumn to blow. Wordsworth will recede through the gliding ages until with the greater Chaucer, and the greater Shakspeare, and the greater Milton, he is yet a star in the constellated crown of England.

Before I was able to leave home, however, a new event occurred.

I received an anonymous letter, in a handwriting I did not recognize. Its contents were as follows:

"SIR,—Treachery is intended you. If you have anything worth watching, watch it."

For one moment—so few were the places in which through my possessions I was vulnerable—I fancied the warning might point to Lillith, but I soon dismissed the idea. I could make no enquiries, for it had been left an hour before my return from a stroll by an unknown messenger. I could think of nothing besides but the register, and if this was what my correspondent aimed at, I had less reason to be anxious concerning it, because of the attested copy, that my informant probably knew. Still its safety was far from being a matter of indifference to me. I resolved to ride over to Umberden Church and see if it was as I had left it.

The twilight was fast thickening into darkness when I entered the gloomy building. There was light enough, however, to guide my hand to the right volume, and by carrying it to the door I was able to satisfy myself that it was as I had left it.

Thinking over the matter once more as I stood, I could not help wishing that the book were out of danger just for the present; but there was hardly a place in the bare church where it was possible to conceal it. At last I thought of one—half groped my way to the pulpit, ascended its creaking stair, lifted the cushion of the seat, and laid the book, which was thin, open in the middle, and sat on its face, under it. I then locked the door, mounted, and rode off.

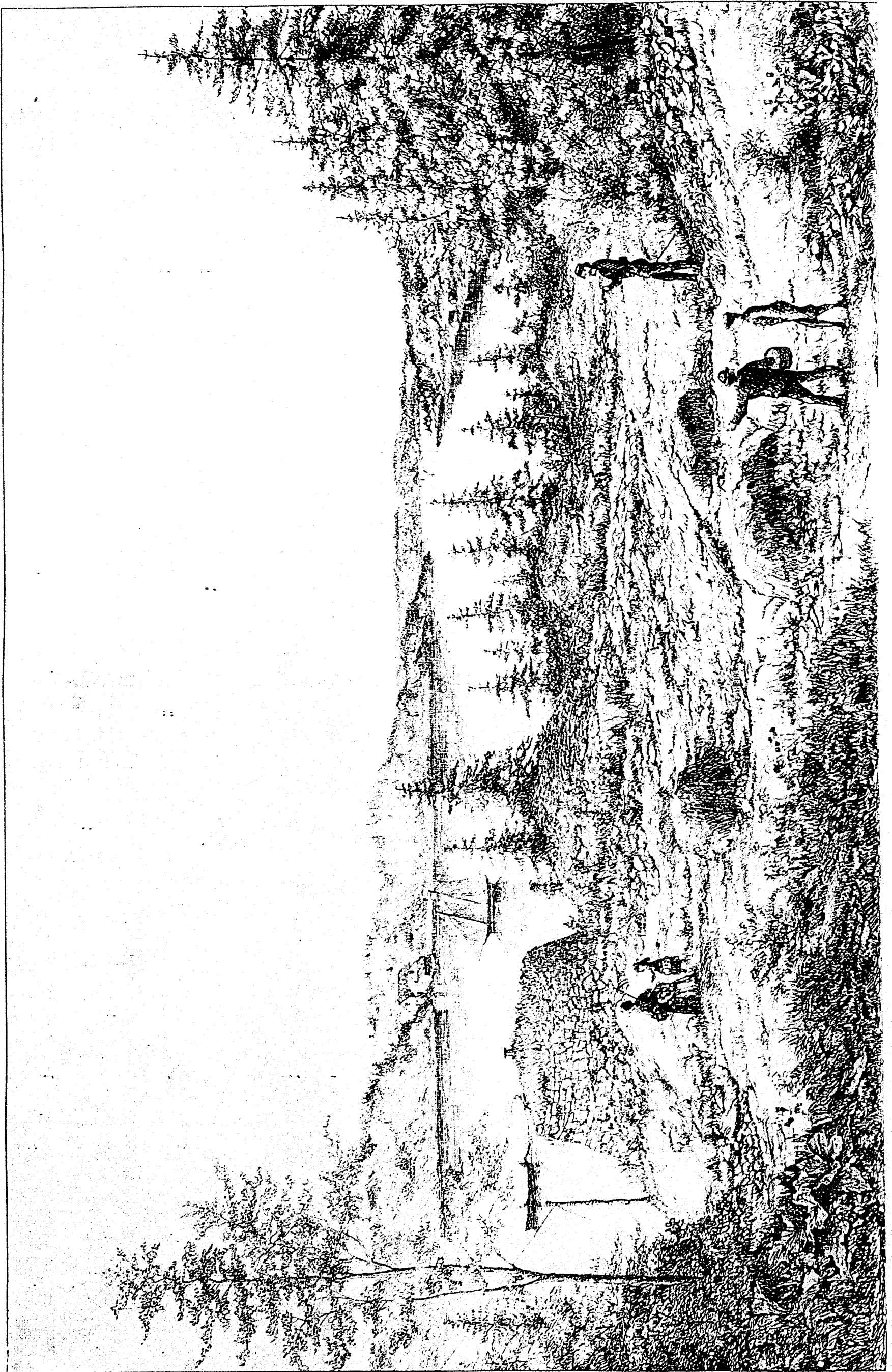
It was now more than dusk. Lillith was frolicsome, and rejoicing in the grass under her feet, broke into a quick canter along the noiseless, winding lane. Suddenly there was a great shock, and I lay senseless.

I came to myself under the stinging blows of a whip, only afterwards recognized as such however. I sprang staggering to my feet, and rushed at the dim form of an assailant, with such a sudden and I suppose unexpected assault that he fell under me. Had he not fallen I should have had little chance with him, for, as I now learned by his voice, it was Sir Geoffrey Brotherton.

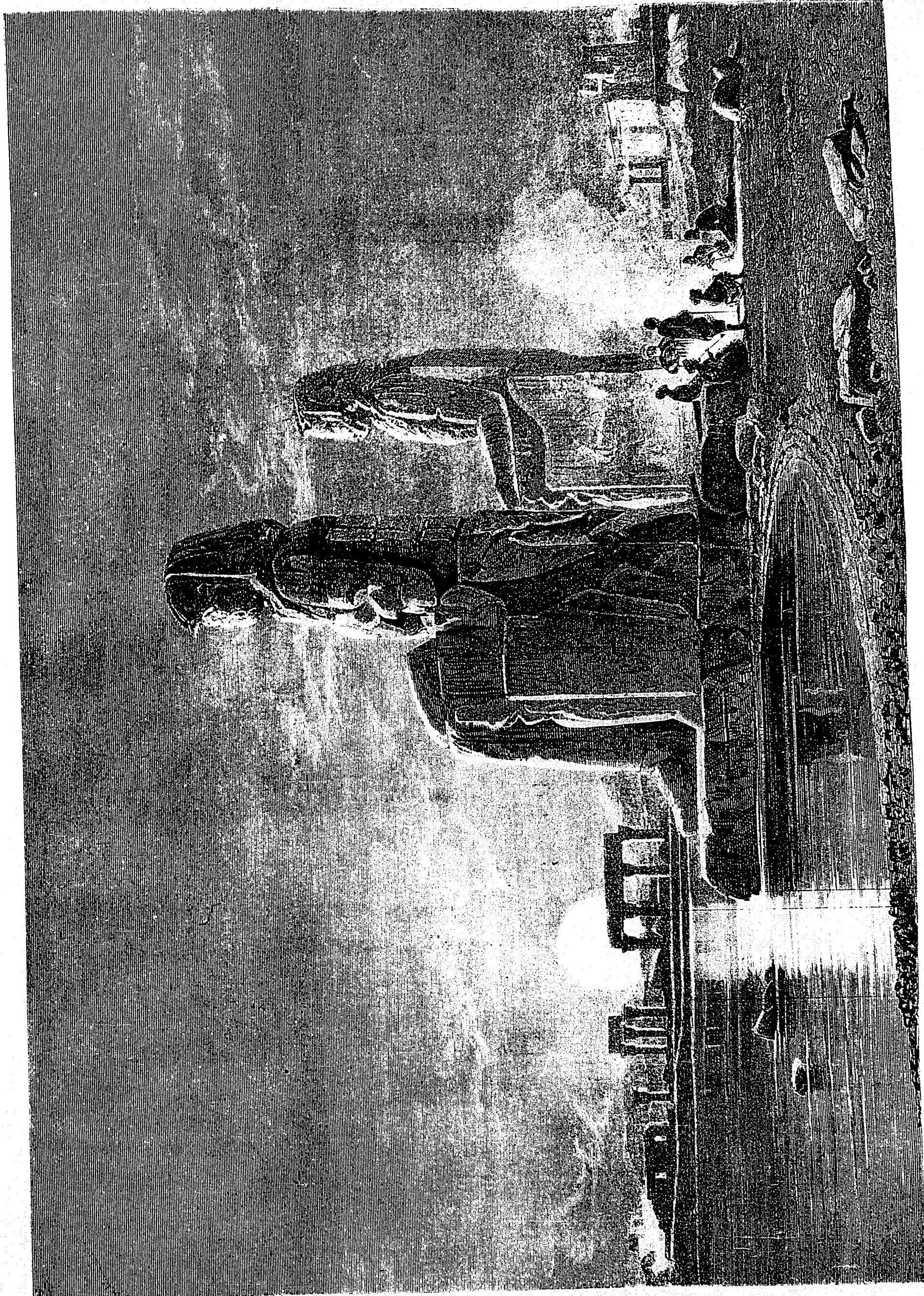
"Thief! Swindler! Sneak!" he cried, making a last harmless blow at me as he fell.

All the wild beast in my nature was roused. I had no weapon—not even a whip, for Lillith never needed one. It was well, for what I might have done in the first rush of blood to my reviving brain, I dare hardly imagine. I seized him by the throat with such fury that, though far the stronger, he had no chance as he lay. I knelt on his chest. He struggled furiously, but could not force my gripe from his throat. I soon perceived that I was strangling him, and tightened my grasp.

His efforts were already growing feebler, when I became aware of a soft touch apparently trying to take hold of my hair. Glancing up without relaxing my hold, I saw the white head of Lillith close to mine. Was it the whiteness—was it the calmness of the creature—I cannot pretend to account for the fact, but the same instant before my mind's eye rose the vision of one standing speechless



THE AUMI HALIFAX, N. S. — FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. BIRSKILL. — SEE PAGE 111.



THE RUINS OF MEMNON ON THE NILE, BY MOONLIGHT.—SEE PAGE 115.

before his accusers, bearing on his form the marks of ruthless blows. I did not then remember that just before I came out I had been gazing, as I often gazed, upon an Ecce Homo of Albert Durer's that hung in my room. Immediately my heart awoke within me. My whole being still trembling with passionate struggle and gratified hate, a rush of human pity swept across it. I took my hand from my enemy's throat, rose, withdrew some paces, and burst into tears. I could have embraced him, but I dared not even minister to him, for the insult it would appear. He did not at once rise, and when he did, he stood for a few moments half-unconscious, I think, staring at me. Coming to himself, he felt for and found his whip—I thought with the intention of attacking me again, but he moved towards his horse, which was quietly eating the grass now wet with dew. Gathering its bridle from around its leg, he mounted, and rode back the way he had come.

I lingered for a while utterly exhausted. I was trembling in every limb. The moon rose and began to shed her low yellow light over the hazel copse, filling the lane with brightness and shadow. Lillith, seeming in her whiteness to gather a tenfold share of the light upon herself, was now feeding as gently as if she had known nothing of the strife, and I congratulated myself that the fall had not injured her. But as she took a step forward in her feeding, I discovered to my dismay that she was quite lame. For my own part I was now feeling the ache of numerous and severe bruises. When I took Lillith by the bridle to lead her away, I found that neither of us could manage more than two miles an hour. I was very uneasy about her. There was nothing for it however but make the best of our way to Gastford. It was no little satisfaction to think as we hobbled along, that the accident had happened through no carelessness of mine beyond that of cantering in the dark, for I was on my own side of the road. Had Geoffrey been on his, narrow as the lane was, we might have passed without injury.

It was so late when we reached Gastford, that we had to rouse the ostler before I could get Lillith attended to. I bathed the injured leg, of which the shoulder seemed wrenched; and having fed her, but less plentifully than usual, I left her to her repose. In the morning she was considerably better, but I resolved to leave her where she was, and, sending a messenger for Styles to come and attend to her, I hired a gig, and went to call on my new friend the rector of Umberden.

I told him all that had happened, and where I had left the volume. He said he would have a chest made in which to secure the whole register, and, meanwhile, would himself go to the church and bring that volume home with him. It is safe enough now, as any one may find who wishes to see it—though the old man has long passed away.

Lillith remained at Gastford a week before I judged it safe for her to come home. The injury however turned out to be a not very serious one.

Why should I write of my poor mare—but that she was once hers all for whose hoped perusal I am writing this? No, there is even a better reason: I shall never, to all my eternity, forget, even if I should never see her again, which I do not for a moment believe, what she did for me that evening. Surely she deserves to appear in her own place in my story!

Of course I was exercised in my mind as to who had sent me the warning. There could be no more doubt that I had hit what it intended, and had possibly preserved the register from being once more tampered with. I could think only of one. I have never had an opportunity of inquiring, and for her sake I should never have asked the question, but I have little doubt it was Clara. Who else could have had a chance of making the discovery, and at the same time would have cared to let me know it? Also she would have cogent reason for keeping such a part in the affair a secret. Probably she had heard her father informing Geoffrey; but he might have done so with no worse intention than had informed his previous policy.

CHAPTER LXIV.

YET ONCE.

I AM drawing my story to a close. Almost all that followed bears so exclusively upon my internal history, that I will write but one incident more of it. I have roamed the world, and reaped many harvests. In the deepest agony I have never refused the consolations of Nature or of Truth. I have never knowingly accepted any founded in falsehood, in forgetfulness, or in distraction. Let such as have no hope in God drink of what Lethe they can find; to me it is a river of Hell and altogether abominable. I could not be content even to forget my sins. There can be but one deliverance from them, namely, that God and they should come together in my soul. In his presence I shall serenely face them. Without him I dare not think of them. With God a man can confront anything; without God, he is but the withered straw which the sickle of the reaper has left standing on a wintry field. But to forget them would be to

cease and begin anew, which to one aware of his immortality is a horror.

If comfort profound as the ocean has not yet overtaken and unfolded me, I see how such may come—perhaps will come. It must be by the enlarging of my whole being in truth, in God, so as to give room for the storm to rage yet not destroy; for the sorrow to brood yet not kill; for the sunshine of love to return after the east wind and black frost of bitterest disappointment; for the heart to feel the uttermost tenderness while the arms go not forth to embrace; for a mighty heaven of the unknown, crowded with the stars of endless possibilities, to dawn when the sun of love has vanished, and the moon of its memory is too ghastly to give any light; it is comfort such and thence that I think will one day possess me. Already has not its aurora brightened the tops of my snow-covered mountains? And if yet my valleys lie gloomy and forlorn, is not light on the loneliest peak a sure promise of the coming day?

Only once again have I looked in Mary's face. I will record the occasion, and then drop my pen.

About five years after I left home, I happened in my wanderings to be in one of my favourite Swiss valleys—high, and yet sheltered. I rejoiced to be far up in the mountains, yet behold the inaccessible peaks above me—mine, though not to be trodden by foot of mine—my heart's own, though never to yield me a moment's outlook from their lofty brows; for I was never strong enough to reach one mighty summit. It was enough for me that they sent me down the glad streams from the cold bosoms of their glaciers—the offspring of the sun and the snow; that I too beheld the stars to which they were nearer than I.

One lovely morning, I had wandered a good way from the village—a place little frequented by visitors, where I had a lodging, in the house of the syndic—when I was overtaken by one of the sudden fogs which so frequently render those upper regions dangerous. There was no path to guide me back to my temporary home, but, a hundred yards or so beneath where I had been sitting, lay that which led down to one of the best known villages of the canton, where I could easily find shelter. I made haste to descend.

After a couple of hours' walking, during which the fog kept following me, as if hunting me from its lair, I at length arrived at the level of the valley, and was soon in one of those large hotels which, in the summer, are crowded as bee-hives, and in the winter forsaken as a ruin. The season for travellers was drawing to a close, and the house was full of homeward-bound guests.

For the mountains will endure but a season of intrusion. If travellers linger too long within their hospitable gates, their humour changes, and, with fierce winds and snow and bitter sleet, they will drive them forth, preserving their winter privacy for the bosom friends of their mistress, Nature. Many is the winter since those of my boyhood which I have spent amongst the Alps; and in such solitude I have ever found the negation of all solitude, the one absolute Presence. David communed with his own heart on his bed and was still—there finding God; communing with my heart in the winter-valleys of Switzerland I found at least what made me cry out: "Surely this is the house of God; this is the gate of heaven!" I would not be supposed to fancy that God is in mountains and not in plains—that God is in the solitude and not in the city; in any region harmonious with its conditions and necessities, it is easier for the heart to be still, and in its stillness to hear the still small voice.

Dinner was going on at the *table d'hôte*. It was full, but a place was found for me in a bay window. Turning to the one side, I belonged to the great world, represented by the Germans, Americans, and English, with a Frenchman and Italian here and there, filling the long table; turning to the other, I knew myself in a temple of the Most High, so huge that it seemed empty of men. The great altar of a mighty mountain rose, massy as a world, and ethereal as a thought, into the upturned gulf of the twilight air—its snowy peak, ever as I turned to look, mounting up and up to its repose. I had been playing with my own soul, spinning it between the sun and the moon as it were, and watching now the golden and now the silvery side, as I glanced from the mountain to the table, and again from the table to the mountain, when all at once I discovered that I was searching the mountain for something—I did not know what. Whether any tones had reached me, I cannot tell;—a man's mind may, even through his senses, be marvellously moved without knowing whence the influence comes;—but there I was searching the face of the mountain for something, with a want which had not begun to explain itself. From base to peak my eyes went flitting and resting and wandering again upwards. At last they reached the snowy crown, from which they fell into the infinite blue beyond. Then, suddenly, the unknown something I wanted was clear. The same moment, I turned to the table. Almost opposite was a face—pallid, with parted lips and fixed eyes—gazing at me. Then I knew those eyes had been gazing at me all the time I had been searching the face of the mountain. For

one moment they met mine and rested; for one moment I felt as if I must throw myself at her feet, and clasp them to my heart; but she turned her eyes away, and I rose and left the house.

The mist was gone, and the moon was rising. I walked up the mountain path towards my village. But long ere I reached it, the sun was rising; with his first arrow of slenderest light, the tossing waves of my spirit began to lose their white tops, and sink again towards a distant calm; and ere I saw the village from the first point of vision, I had made the following verses. They are the last I will set down.

I know that I cannot move thee
To an echo of my pain,
Or a thrill of the storming trouble
That racks my soul and brain;

That our hearts through all the ages
Shall never sound in tune:
That they meet no more in their cycles
Than the parted sun and moon.

But if ever a spirit flashes
Itself on another soul,
One day, in thy stillness, a vapour
Shall round about thee roll;

And the lifting of the vapour
Shall reveal a world of pain,
Of frosted suns, and moons that wander
Through misty mountains of rain.

Thou shalt know me for one live instant—
Thou shalt know me—and yet not love;
I would not have thee troubled,
My cold, white-feathered dove.

I would only come near thee—
Myself, and not my form;
Then away in the distance wander,
A slow-dissolving storm.

The vision should pass in vapour,
That melt in ether again;
Only a something linger—
Not pain, but the shadow of pain.

And I should know that thy spirit
On mine one look had sent;
And glide away from thy knowledge,
And try to be half-content.

CHAPTER LXV.

CONCLUSION.

The ebbing tide that leaves bare the shore, swells the heaps of the central sea. The tide of life ebbs from this body of mine, soon to lie on the shore of life like a stranded wreck; but the murmur of the waters that break upon no strand is in my ears; to join the waters of the infinite life, mine is ebbing away.

Whatever has been his will is well—grandly well—well even for that in me which feared, and in those very respects in which it feared that it might not be well. The whole being of me, past and present, shall say: it is infinitely well, and I would not have it otherwise. Rather than it should not be as it is, I would go back to the world and this body of which I grew weary, and encounter yet again all that met me on my journey. Yes—final submission of my will to the All-will—I would meet it, *knowing what was coming*. Lord of me, Father of Jesus Christ, will this suffice? Is my faith enough yet? I say it, not having beheld what thou hast in store—not knowing what I shall be—not even absolutely certain that thou art—confident only that, if thou be, such thou must be.

The last struggle is before me. But I have passed already through so many valleys of death itself, where the darkness was not only palpable, but choking and stinging, that I cannot greatly fear that which holds but the shadow of death. For what men call death, is but its shadow. Death never comes near us, it lies behind the back of God; he is between it and us. If he were to turn his back upon us, the death which no imagination can shadow forth, would lap itself around us, and we should be—we should not know what.

At night I lie wondering how it will feel; and, but that God will be with me, I would rather be slain suddenly, than lie still by long agony; the alienation from things about me, while I am yet amidst them; the slow rending of the bonds which make this body a home, so that it turns half alien, while yet bonds unsevered hold the live thing fluttering in its worm-eaten cage—but God knows me and my house, and I need not speculate or forebode. When it comes, death will prove as natural as birth. Bethink thee, Lord—nay, thou never forgettest. It is because thou thinkest and feelest that I think and feel; it is on thy deeper consciousness that mine ever floats; thou knowest my frame, and rememberest that I am dust; do with me as thou wilt. Let me take centuries to die if so thou wiltest, for thou wilt be with me. Only if an hour should come when thou must seem to forsake me, watch me all the time, lest self-pity should awake, and I should cry that thou wast dealing hardly with me. For when thou hidest thy face, the world is a corpse, and I am a live soul fainting within it.

Thus far had I written, and was about to close with certain words of Job which are to me like the trumpet of the resurrection, when the news reached me that Sir Geoffrey Brotherton was dead. He leaves no children, and the property is expected to pass to a distant

branch of the family. Mary will have to leave Moldwarp Hall.

I have been up to London to my friend Marston—for it is years since Mr. Coningham died. I have laid everything before him, and left the affair in his hands. He is so confident in my cause, that he offers, in case my means should fail me, to find what is necessary himself; but he is almost as confident of a speedy settlement.

And now, for the first time in my life, I am about—shall I say, to court society? At least I am going to London, about to give and receive invitations, and cultivate the acquaintance of those whose appearance and conversation attract me.

I have not a single relative, to my knowledge, in the world, and I am free, beyond question, to leave whatever property I have or may have to whomsoever I please.

My design is this: if I succeed in my suit, I will offer Moldwarp to Mary for her lifetime. She is greatly beloved in the county, and has done much for the labourers, nor upon her own lands only. If she had the full power she would do yet better. But of course it is very doubtful whether she will accept it. Should she decline it, I shall try to manage it myself—leaving it to her, with reversion to the man, whoever he may be, whom I shall choose to succeed her.

What sort of man I shall endeavour to find, I think my reader will understand. I will not describe him, beyond saying that he must be above all things be just, generous, and free from the petty prejudices of the country gentleman. He must understand that property involves service to every human soul that lives or labours upon it—the service of the elder brother to his less burdened yet more enduring and more helpless brothers and sisters; that for the lives of all such he has in his degree to render account. For surely God never meant to uplift any man *at the expense of his fellows*; but to uplift him that he might be strong to minister, as a wise friend and ruler, to their highest and best needs—first of all by giving them the justice which will be recognized as such by him before whom a man is his brother's keeper, and becomes a Cain in denying it.

Lest Lady Brotherton, however, should like to have something to give away, I leave my former will as it was. It is in Marston's hands.

Would I marry her now, if I might? I cannot tell. The thought rouses no passionate flood with me. Mighty spaces of endless possibility and endless result open before me. Death is knocking at my door.—

No—no; I will be honest, and lay it to no half reasons, however wise.—I would rather meet her then first, when she is clothed in that new garment called by St. Paul the spiritual body. That, Geoffrey has never touched; over that he has no claim.

But if the loveliness of her character should have purified his, and drawn and bound his soul to hers?

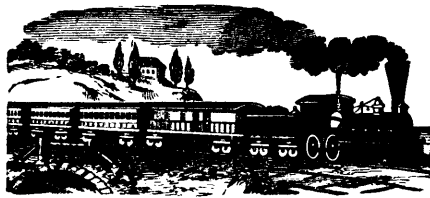
Father, fold me in thyself. The storm so long still, awakes; once more it flutters its fierce pinions. Let it not swing itself aloft in the air of my spirit. I dare not think, not merely lest thought should kindle into agony, but lest I should fail to rejoice over the lost and found. But my heart is in thy hand. Need I school myself to bow to an imagined decree of thine? Is it not enough that, when I shall know a thing for thy will, I shall then be able to say: Thy will be done? It is not enough; I need more. School thou my heart so to love thy will, that in all calmness I leave to think what may or may not be its holy self.

She has sent for me. I go to her. I will not think beforehand what I shall say.

Something within tells me that a word from her would explain all that sometimes even now seems so inexplicable as hers. Will she speak that word? Shall I pray her for that word? I know nothing. The pure Will be done!

THE END.

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 MESSRS. BOND BROTHERS, Montreal, Brokers.

It is proposed to organize a Company, to build a Railway from the City of Montreal to St. Jerome, and application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, for a Charter, unless arrangements can, in the meantime, be made with those who hold the Charter already granted for the construction of a Railway in this District.

The promoters of the scheme are desirous of meeting a want which has been severely felt in the City of Montreal during the present winter, viz.: A short supply of Firewood, and they therefore propose to build a Railway, having for its principal objects the conveyance of Cordwood and Agricultural Produce, and the opening out of the country between Montreal and St. Jerome.

An Act to Incorporate the Northern Colonization Railway was passed in 1869, and estimates made showed that a Railway for Colonization purposes to St. Jerome could be constructed for \$490,000. The promoters of that scheme seem to have occupied themselves principally in efforts to obtain large subsidies from the City of Montreal and the Districts through which the Railway would run, for although three years have elapsed since the passing of the Act, no practical steps,—beyond the obtaining of a preliminary Report and some estimates of the cost of the line,—have been taken towards its construction. The control of the organization seems now to have passed into other hands, the programme of the parties who obtained the Charter originally to be entirely departed from, and the scheme mixed up with other projects so widely different in their character, that there seems little hope of the Railway being constructed, and even should the objects of those who now have the control of that Company succeed, it is evident that it must be years before any part of the Railway can be built, and whenever it is constructed on their plan it must be at a ruinous cost to the citizens of Montreal.

The promoters of the present enterprise propose to construct a Railway upon merely commercial principles. They estimate that a cheap, yet substantial line, from the City of Montreal—connecting in the East end with either the Grand Trunk or a City Junction Railway,—to St. Jerome, 34 miles, can be constructed for about \$15,000 per mile,—or, say, \$500,000.

The equipment to work the Railway, when built, can be obtained on reasonable terms through one of the Equipment Companies, without the expenditure of any capital sum, for this object.

Although the promoters intend building a cheap Railway they propose making it sufficiently substantial to convey a large traffic over it with regularity and safety, as they believe that that course will best promote the interests of the Company, and of the territory through which the line will run.

Out of the estimated cost of \$500,000 the Company would be entitled to receive Government aid, as a Colonization Railway Company, at least to the extent of three per cent. on the cost of its bridges, and on \$5,000 per mile on the length of Railway constructed, equal in all to a subsidy of three per cent. on probably \$300,000.

The promoters believe that the Railway can be constructed without any aid from the City of Montreal, or the municipalities through which the line will pass, although of course a moderate sum from them would be of great assistance. Sufficient support to make the road can, it is believed, be obtained from private individuals interested in its construction.

The promoters of the original Northern Colonization Railway estimated that they would secure a traffic between Montreal and St. Jerome equal to an annual revenue of \$140,000.

A substantial Railway, built on the plan now proposed, would be likely to earn a larger revenue, and would undoubtedly be worked at a lower percentage of working expenses.

If the revenue—which the promoters see no reason to doubt—should reach the sum of \$160,000, worked at a percentage of 75 of the gross receipts, the net revenue would be \$40,000, which would be equal to a dividend of 8 per cent. on the total capital proposed to be raised, not taking into account the Government aid, which would amount to not less than \$9,000 per annum.

Subscription Books have been opened at the Office of MESSRS. BOND BROTHERS, Brokers, No. 7 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal, where copies of this Prospectus and further information may be obtained.

By order of the Promoters,

C. P. DAVIDSON,
Secretary pro tem.

5-8 a

TODD'S PATENT DENTIFRICE,

Composed of MAGNESIA and SILICA.

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

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

J. S. HUNTER,
Secretary. 5-8 h

Montreal, 19th February, 1872.

Railway Advertising Company,

Offices: 243 St. James St., Montreal.

THIS COMPANY have the exclusive right of placing advertisements in the Cars and Stations of the Principal Canadian Railways for a term of years.

This method of advertising in the Cars and Stations upon Railways, has become a popular one in England and upon the Continent, and is only in its infancy in America, but we hope, by doing the advertising well and attractively, to make it a permanent institution of the Dominion, and give to the Public who may patronize us a valuable consideration for their money.

The Advertising in the Stations will be done handsomely and attractively in large Frames, containing from 3 to 12 Cards each. The Frames will be of Black Walnut and Gold, and each Card to be glazed separately, with a gold moulding between.

The Advertising in the Cars will be done in small Gilt Frames, containing from one to four Cards each, and placed conspicuously in the Passenger Cars on the different Sections, or either Section, as may be desired by the Advertiser.

We are also prepared to place Advertisements furnished us by the parties desiring to furnish their own Advertising Cards, in the Stations on the line of the Roads represented by us, at Reasonable Rates.

We are preparing and placing in the Depot, at Montreal, large painted signs upon boards, and will put them up in other Stations on the line of the Road, if desired.

Advertisements will be also inserted in any other medium in the Dominion of Canada on favourable terms.

For rates, &c., apply at Office, 243 St. James Street, Montreal.

T. E. FOSTER & Co.,

5-8 a

Proprietors.

IMPORTANT TO PARTIES OWNING OR USING MACHINERY.

STOCK'S CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thicken in cold weather.

From the JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa: I consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon than Olive Oil at 80 cents. Yours respectfully, F. W. GLEN, President.

Sold in quantities to suit purchasers at MESSRS. LYMAN, CLARE & CO., 382, 384, & 386, St. Paul Street, Montreal, where the testimonials of the principal consumers of Oil in Ontario can be seen. 5-8 tf

FOR SALE.

A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to

D. R. STODART,
Broker,
146, ST. JAMES STREET.

4-12tf

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

CALT, ONT.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,.... HENDERSON DIXON, Proprietor.

HAMILTON.

ROYAL HOTEL..... H. E. IRVING.

MONTREAL.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL,..... } B. HOGAN.
ST. JAMES HOTEL,..... }

OTTAWA.

THE RUSSELL HOUSE..... JAMES GOUIN.

QUEBEC.

ST. LOUIS HOTEL... } WILLIS RUSSELL & SON.
THE CLARENDON... }

ST. JOHN, N.B.,

VICTORIA HOTEL..... B. T. CREGAN.

TORONTO.

THE ROSSIN HOUSE,..... G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,..... CAPT. THOS. DICK.

THE DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE,

89 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, P. Q.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

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

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

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

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment, to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. At first salaries of \$30 a month may be secured; after two years' experience on the lines, from \$50 to \$60 a month can be commanded; while in the United States from \$100 to \$120 per month are paid.

The possession of a knowledge of Telegraphy is especially open to Ladies; in fact, they are the favorites as operators both in England and America, commanding higher wages, as compared with other employments, than men, while they have the natural facility for acquiring the system sooner. A fair knowledge of reading and writing are the only qualifications necessary, and any person of ordinary ability can become a competent operator. This has been proved by graduates who, with a very slight education and no idea of the *modus operandi* of Telegraphy on entering, have become good operators in a few months. Students have also an opportunity of learning rapid writing. Some of our students who could but hardly write their names now take down a message at the rate of from 25 to 30 words a minute.

THE DUTIES OF AN OPERATOR.

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

The terms for the full course of instruction are Thirty Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all necessary materials, instruments, &c., are furnished to each student. In cases of broken communication, the repairs will be conducted by a Professor of Telegraphy, under the eyes of the Students; so that a really practical knowledge may be attained in every branch of the Science of Telegraphic Communication.

The above Institute is the only one in Canada where Telegraphy alone is taught, and is also the only one connected with an out door circuit—a City Line having been expressly built for the use of its students.

Properly qualified students on leaving the Institute are furnished with a Diploma, and are provided with situations to fill the first vacancies that occur on the regular service.

An "Evening class" has been especially opened for students who cannot attend during the day.

Ladies have the opportunity of studying in a separate class.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

Montreal, February, 1872.

L. N. ALLAIRE,

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT.

STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS: SAULT AU MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: Corner of PETER & JAMES ST., QUEBEC. 3-15 ss

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

CITY AUCTION MART.

DUFOR, FISHER & CO., Auctioneers, 235 St. James Street, Montreal. 4-22-1

DYERS AND SCOURERS.

FIRST PRIZE Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill, Montreal. 3-6ss

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.

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

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN PADLOCK.

CORNICES,

CORNICE POLES,

PICTURE AND STAIR RODS,

at reduced prices

BEFORE STOCK TAKING.

L. J. A. SURVEYER,

3-10zz

524 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

INSURANCES.

THE Imperial, of London, (established 1803), Rintoul Bros., General Agents, 24, St. Sacramento Street, Montreal. 3-6-ss

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER,

160 and 162 St. James Street,

11tf

MONTREAL.

SHOW CARDS.

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

TURKISH BATH.

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

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

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

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 9th February, 1872.

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 9 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. tf



PUBLIC NOTICE.

Concerning the Cadastration

OF THE

PARISH OF MONTREAL.

IN order to facilitate the correction of any errors which may have occurred in performing the CADASTRATION of the following Municipalities, viz.: the incorporated Villages of Hochelaga, La Côte La Visitation, La Côte St. Louis, St. Jean Baptiste, and La Côte des Neiges, previously to the Legal Examination, which should take place at the REGISTRAR'S OFFICE during the eighteen months following the date of the Proclamation of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor of this Province. Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that the Plans and Books of Reference of the above Municipalities are now completed, and that these documents will remain in the Cadastre Office, No. 3 Place d'Armes Hill, for one month, open to the inspection of all who may wish to verify there, the correctness of the description of their properties.

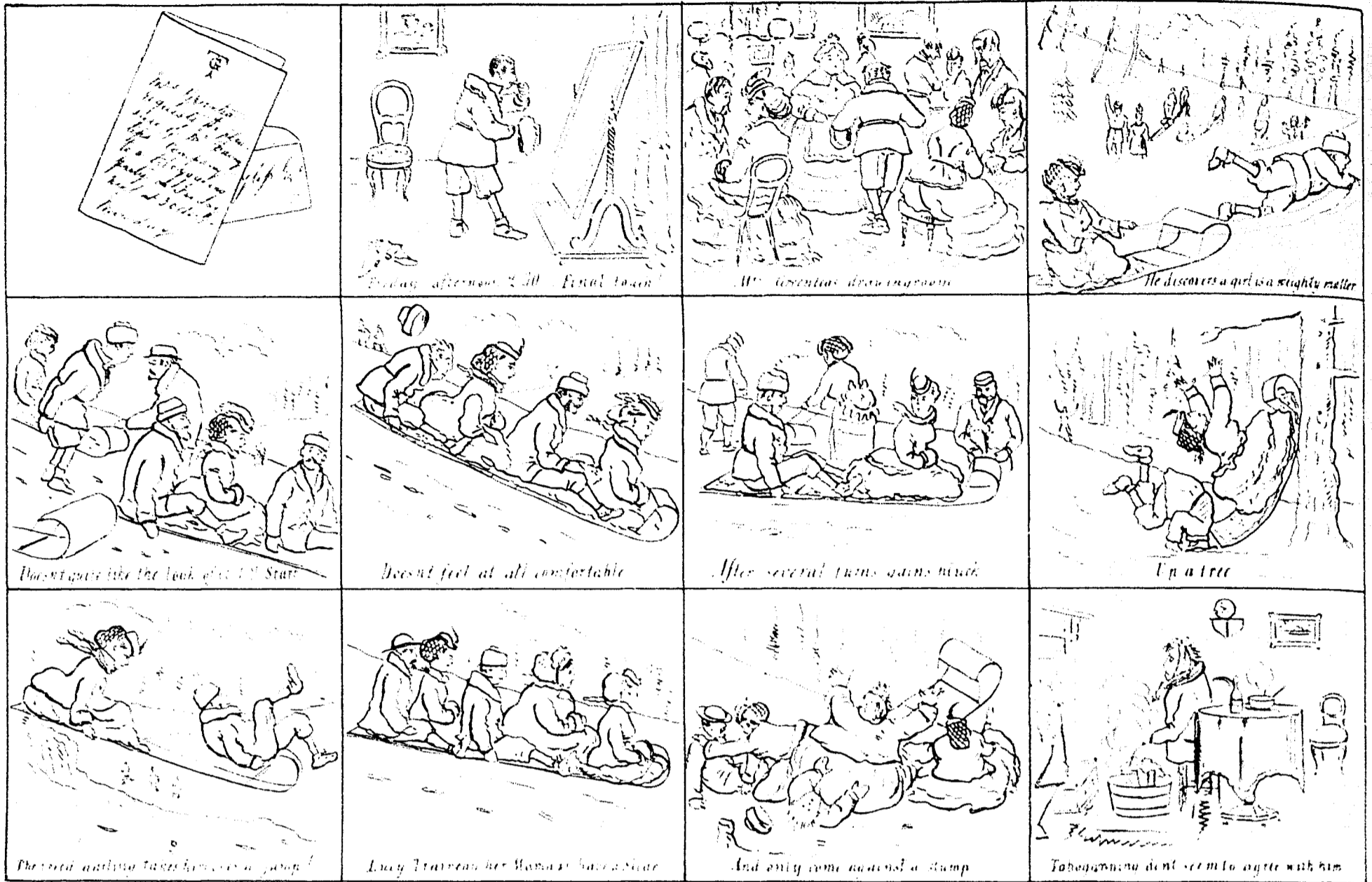
J. O. BEAUBIEN, Commissioner.

Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, 19th February, 1872. 5-8 a

ANYONE who suffers from Dyspepsia undergoes slow starvation, for it matters not how much food is taken, nor how good it may be, if it is not completely digested and assimilated, depraved nutrition and impoverished blood, with degeneration of the tissues, will result. It is this condition of insufficient nourishment that excites hereditary influences, and develops in the system that class of Chronic Wasting Diseases of the Consumptive and Scrofulous type, Tubercle of the Lungs, Enlargement of the Glands of the Neck, Eruptions of the Skin, Spinal Disease, Torpid Liver, Irritation of the Kidneys and Bladder, and Constipation, with headaches and nervous irritability, all have their origin in the one common cause—Indigestion. Any remedy that radically cures these diseases must reach their primary source—the Stomach. DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA was especially devised to cure Dyspepsia, improve Nutrition, and promote the formation of healthy blood. No remedy in existence acts so promptly and so permanently in invigorating all the organs of the body. 4-26ss

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

By W. O. C.



THIS CELEBRATED CONDIMENT is composed of health-giving seeds, herbs and roots. Its great success and unlimited demand has proved its efficacy. By using it 30 per cent. is saved in the cost of feeding, and the Cattle are in better condition.

It converts coarse grain and chopped hay into rich aromatic provender. It costs only one cent per feed. It is used in the Royal Stables and Model farms. All the principal Prize Cattle at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, 1868, '69, and '70, were fed on the NUTRITIOUS CONDIMENT. Several Testimonials have been received from some of the most valuable horse owners in Montreal, and may be had on application. Manufactured by the North British Cattle Food Co., at London and Glasgow. Branch Depot in Montreal at 451 Commissioners Street; Toronto, 6, Palace Street and 22 St. Peter Street, Quebec. From either of these Depots, 50 feeds as sample will be sent, carriage paid, to any part of Canada for \$3.00.

AGENTS WANTED, Male and Female, for new and useful inventions. Enclose stamp to Montreal Manufacturing Company, Box 5271, MONTREAL, P. Q.



1851. Honorable EXHIBITIONS. Mention 1862. FOR GOOD AND CHEAP INSTRUMENTS. **C. H. CHADBURN & SON,** OPTICIANS and MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS. To H. R. H. the late PRINCE CONSORT, & 73, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

C. H. C. & SON beg respectfully to invite those visiting Liverpool to favour them with an inspection of their Show-room, which contains the Largest Stock of Optical, Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments in England, all of the best manufacture, with the most recent improvements, and at the lowest possible prices. Spectacles, Telescopes, Opera and Field Glasses, Microscopes, Lanterns, Pocket Barometers with mountain scales, Models of every description, &c.



4-15tf

CANADA CENTRAL
—AND—
Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 30, 1871,

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

EXPRESS at 7:30 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 12:50 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:30 P.M., connecting at Sand Point with Union Forwarding Company's Steamers.

LOCAL TRAIN at 1:40 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:25 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:25 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:15 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

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

MAIL TRAIN at 4:35 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

at 1:30 P.M., 7:35 P.M., and 8:15 P.M.

LEAVE SAND POINT

at 5:30 A.M., 9:10 A.M., and 3:45 P.M.

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

Certain connections made with Grand Trunk trains, Mail Line, and Union Forwarding Company's Steamers.

MORNING EXPRESS leaves Sand Point at 10 A.M., after arrival of Steamer from Pembroke. Portage du Fort, &c.

Freight loaded with despatch. The B. & O. & C. C. Railways being of the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through on Grand Trunk cars without transhipment.

H. ABBOTT, Manager. 4-15 tf

Brockville, 26th Sept., 1871.

MRS. CUSKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours. References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, &c., McGill College University. Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given. All transactions strictly private. RESIDENCE:—No. 315 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. 4-6as

"BEST IN USE."



BAKING POWDER

IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15H

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT

S. GOLTMAN AND CO'S, 132, ST. JAMES STREET.

N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand.

1,000 NEWSPAPERS RECOMMEND THE

WAVERLEY, OWL, PICKWICK, AND PHAETON PENS.

For their names see GRAPHIC, 16th September, 1871.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men, The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

Oxford University Herald says:—"These pens have been aptly termed by a contemporary the

'WONDER OF THE AGE.'

The Standard says:—"The Waverley is a treasure."

Somerset County Gazette says:—"These pens are a luxury for the million."

The Sun says:—"The Phaeton pens create both wonder and delight."

SOLD EVERYWHERE, 1s. PER P. 1.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

SUPPLERS SUPPLIED by the PATENTEES,

MACNIVEN & CAMERON,

23 to 33, Blair Street, Edinburgh.

5-4 tf

LASH & COMPANY, successors to J. G. JOSEPH & Co.'s Retail Business, KING STREET, TORONTO. 3-22as

GRAY'S Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.

Prepared from Canadian Red Spruce Gum.

BALSAMIC, SOOTHING, EXPECTORANT ANTISPASMODIC AND TONIC. (Delicious flavor.)

A sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat affections generally.

For sale at all Druggists, 25 Cents per bottle. Sole manufacturer, HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 5-42 MONTREAL.

THE Canadian Illustrated News

PORTFOLIO, (FOR 1872.)

Which is about to be largely circulated both on the American Continent and in Great Britain, will contain an

ILLUSTRATED DOMINION GUIDE

Descriptive of Canada, its Cities, Public Works, and Scenery, its Industries, Resources, and Commerce, and also a GUIDE to the Principal Cities, Watering-Places, and Tourists' Resorts of Great Britain, together with the Weekly Current Numbers of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

This PORTFOLIO, of substantial and elegant character, will be placed before the Subscribers to that Periodical on the American Continent, in the Reading-Rooms of Hotels in the Principal Cities of America, Canada, and Great Britain; on the Pullman's Drawing-Room Railway Cars, and the Steamboats throughout the Dominion of Canada.

It will also be placed in the Saloons of the Ocean Steamers on the Allan Line, the Cunard Line, the Inman Line, the White Star Line, the Guion Line, and the Anchor Line running to Liverpool and Glasgow, and will be found at the Principal Hotels, Watering-Places, and Public Libraries of Great Britain.

Each page will be divided lengthwise into three sections, the central one being occupied by the **DESCRIPTIVE AND ILLUSTRATED GUIDE**, and the sides arranged in squares of Ten Superficial inches for Advertisements. The charge for each square will be \$25 for one year, payable on demand after publication of the Work.

Advertisers will secure a large amount of publicity, as each advertisement will be kept before the eyes of the really wealthy American, Canadian and British Travelling Public for a period of Twelve Months. Advertisements must be sent in not later than Nov. 15th if illustrated, or Dec. 1st if in plain type, as the work will be issued early in January. For spaces apply to

GEO. E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

OFFICE OF THE Canadian Illustrated News, Montreal, Canada. 4-13 tf

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