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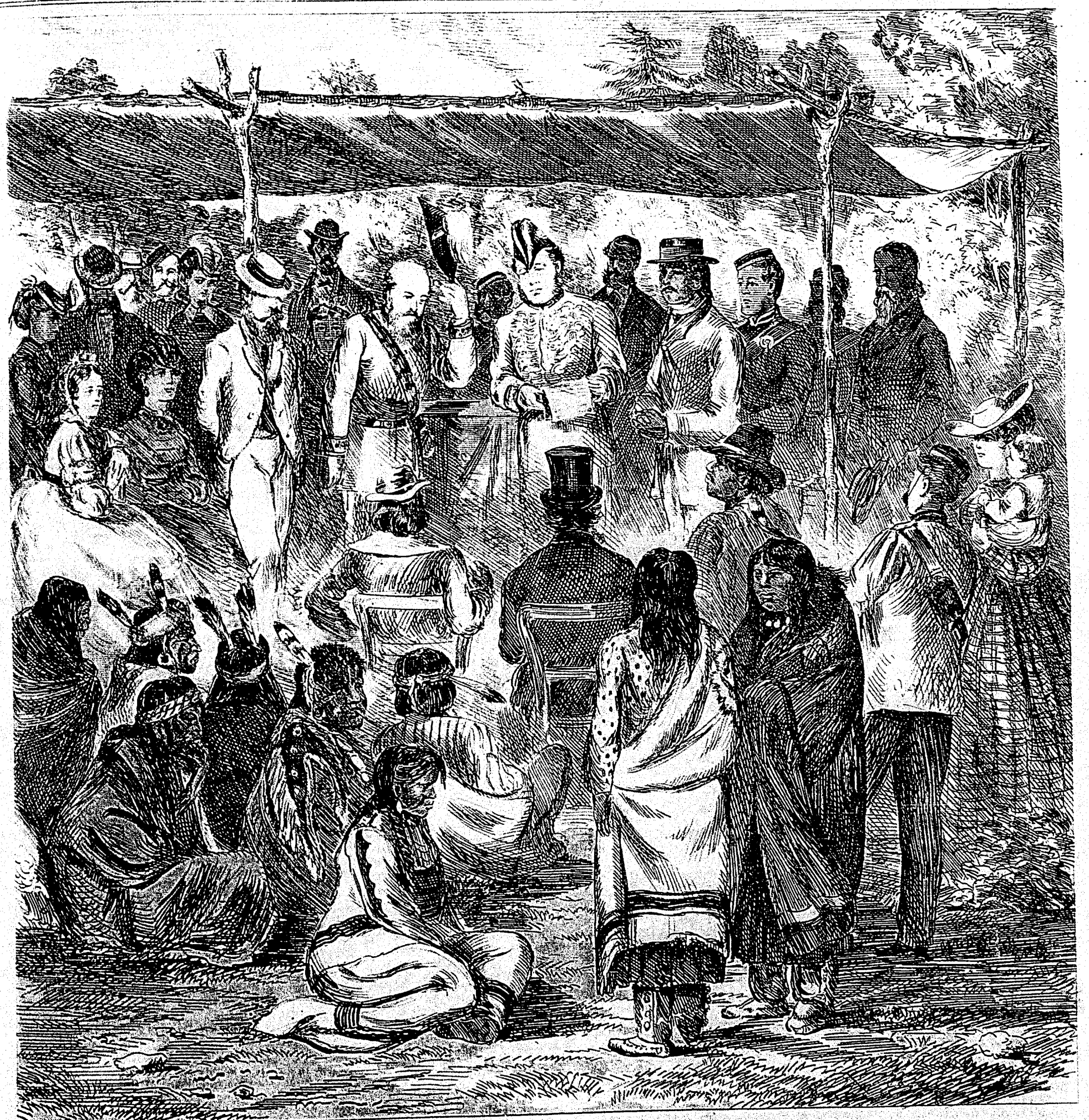
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THE MANITOBA INDIAN TREATY.—CONFERENCE WITH THE CHIEFS.—SEE PAGE 162.

THE MANITOBA INDIAN TREATY.

The making of a treaty with the Indians of Manitoba marks an era in the history of the settlement of that Province. But for the peaceful arrangement of the Indian claims the progress of settlement might have been interrupted by such scenes between the Indians and the Whites as have disgraced the Western States of the American Republic, and Canada would have forfeited the good name it had previously acquired for dealing fairly, and even generously, with the Red Man. The terms of the treaty are liberal enough. Three dollars a year per head in perpetuity to every Indian, man, woman and child; a hundred and sixty acres of land to every family; and to every one of the reserves set apart for each tribe some ploughs and harrows, and a pair of oxen to enable the Indians to cultivate the soil. An extra present of three dollars each was also made for this year, so that the Indians who at first were most extravagant in their demands, but who receded as they found the Commissioner unyielding, at length left the Lower Fort for their homes in excellent humour with themselves and the Government. The result is of much importance, for though it involves another reservation of land in the little Province it effectually puts an end to all danger of trouble with the Indians. Some four or five reserves will be made for them, and they will settle down there according to their own shiftless habits of life; but it is just barely possible that with the presents of oxen and agricultural implements they are about to receive, some of the more intelligent of them may turn their attention to farming, and thus cease to be a burthen on the country, beyond the sum due to them by treaty.

The negotiations conducted by Mr. Simpson as Commissioner on behalf of the Canadian Government, were formally commenced on the 25th July and terminated on the 3rd of August. Our correspondent who furnishes us with the sketches says:

"The speeches, on the side of the white man, were given under an awning near the Indian camp ground. A kind of return match was held in the grounds of the Stone Fort itself, where the Indian braves delivered their harangues and had their innings. The costumes, or in some cases, want of costumes, of these last gave the assembly an appearance unique and picturesque enough, the intervals being relieved from dullness by the execrable music of tomtoms, and the grotesque dances of the Aborigines.

"It was interesting to wander at evening among the wigwams and study Indian proclivities in their simple home-life. Some of the squaws possess chevolures of raven locks which a modern belle might envy; but here all comparison ceases, for of their further attractions the less said the better. Some of the small children are by no means ugly, however, and have a quaint little old-fashioned grace of their own which is very taking."

Mr. Simpson, M. P. for Algoma, who acted as Commissioner, is well acquainted with the Indians of the North-West, and managed the negotiations in a manner very creditable to himself. Of the several "pow wows" reaching over seven days we need not speak. The last day's proceedings as reported in the *Manitoba* of the 12th ult., will give our readers a sufficient idea of the result.

LOWER FORT GARRY, Thursday, Aug 3.

"All the Indians met His Excellency and the Commissioner to-day in better humour. The Commissioner said he understood they were disposed to sign the treaty, and in consideration of their doing so, he would, in addition to what was stated in the treaty, give them a present, but for this year only, of \$3 per head, a pair of oxen for each reserve, and buggies for each of the chiefs.

"This gave general satisfaction, and the treaty was soon signed, sealed and delivered, with all due formality. The ceremony was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators."

The proceedings were conducted at Lower Fort Garry, and it is stated by the *Manitoba* that at some of the meetings, which extended over seven days, there were as many as one thousand persons present. In the report of the third day's proceedings the *Manitoba* gives the following account of the Indian representatives:

"Yellow Quill, a chief from the Portage, first presented himself. He said his band numbered 1,000; present 326.

"Ka-kee-ga-by-ness ('Everlasting Bird') came next. He said there were 241 belonging to his band; present 20.

"Kee-we-ty-ash ('Driven Round by the Wind') followed. There were, he said, 600 in his band; present 125.

"Wa-Kooish ('Night Hawk') also represented half this band, belonging to the Roseaux River country.

"George Kasias said that after having met His Excellency last time, the census was taken, when the total number of the band he belonged to was found to be 500.

"Na-sa-kee-by-ness ('Flying Down Bird')—the Indian name of 'Grands Ombres'—said that his band numbered 500; present 300. This was the band Kasias alluded to.

"Mr. Henry Prince appeared as chief of the Christian Salteaux."

On the part of the Canadian Government, in addition to Mr. Simpson, the Commissioner, His Honour Lieut.-Governor Archibald and the Hon. Mr. Mackay took an active part in making the treaty. As the event is one of considerable historical importance we are glad to have the opportunity of laying before our readers two spirited sketches in connection with it, which appear in this No.

The sympathy for Mr. Renforth's widow is being expressed in a very substantial manner. The officers and men of two British men-of-war lying in Halifax harbour generously subscribed the handsome sum of four hundred and forty-seven pounds sterling for transmission to Mrs. Renforth, and a few young men from Pictou raised \$168 for the same charitable object.

WATERING PLACES OF THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

(Continued.)

I had in my last communication bade adieu to Tadoussac, but I will, with the reader's permission, make one or two remarks upon Lake Tadoussac, which I had unfortunately omitted. The lake is situated on the left-hand side of the road leading from the wharf to the hotel. It is a dreary looking sheet of water and of a very uninviting aspect. A day or two previous to my arrival at Tadoussac, a poor little boy met his death in its waters by drowning. It appears that he had got on a log which was in the lake and from which he fell into the water, and no assistance being at hand he was drowned. His body was afterwards found at the bottom of the lake only a few feet from the log.

On leaving Tadoussac I took this time the steamer "Union" to ascend the River Saguenay. We left about midnight and arrived in Ha! Ha! Bay about seven next morning. Scarcely had we touched the wharf when the boat was invaded by scores of children selling strawberries. The fruit, however, was stale and scarcely eatable, and therefore did not procure a very ready sale.

As usual there were any number of importunate cabmen at the wharf soliciting patronage.

What gave rise to the name Ha! Ha! Bay has been the subject of considerable controversy. The common story is, however, that the early navigators on ascending the Saguenay, instead of turning up to the right, the present route to Chicoutimi, proceeded straight on, when finding that the apparent continuity of the river had resolved itself into a large bay, they gave vent to the exclamation Ha! Ha! Some persons say, however, that the cause of the exclamation was the great depth of water which was found in the bay.

The early settlement of Ha! Ha! Bay was effected, I believe, by Mr. Price, who built mills here and settled his men upon the spot. The bay has a great depth of water, and, according to Captain Hampton's account, the greatest depth is about one hundred and sixty fathoms. Besides the mills owned by Mr. Price there are those of Mr. Blair, which would well repay a visit by the tourist. The bay is in the form of a semicircle, and I am informed its borders towards the village consist of the richest clay. Wheat is raised here with great success, and Mr. Price is in the custom of selling his wheat for seed to the Ontario farmers by whom it is much prized. The great drawback to the settlement of these parts of the country is the great severity and length of the winter.

Into Ha! Ha! Bay fall several streams, the largest of which is the River Onabouchagana. It is by means of these streams that the lumber is brought down to the mills. The average current at Ha! Ha! Bay is about three and a half knots an hour.

Taking a calèche and bidding farewell to the steamer "Union" I drove up the river as far as Chicoutimi, which is situated on the south side of the Saguenay and distant about seventy-five miles from Tadoussac. This is one of the most promising villages of Lower Canada, and although not very long settled contains about eleven hundred inhabitants.

The great business in Chicoutimi is that of lumbering. Here, as at Ha! Ha! Bay, Mr. Price possesses saw mills, but on a much larger scale. Chicoutimi was formerly one of the Hudson Bay posts, and when Mr. Price first erected a mill here he met with considerable opposition from the old North-West Company, who feared that his men would strike up a trade with the Indians and thereby destroy their own. A great many small scrimmages took place in consequence, but the Company, finding at last that the men had quite enough to do at the mills and up at the lumbering field without carrying on a trade with the Indians, gave up the contest. Gradually the place became more settled, and the Company was therefore forced to follow the Indians who were driven further back by the encroachments of the white men. There are some Indians, however, settled not very far from the village, but they are an idle and worthless lot, good for nothing except eating, drinking and sleeping. Of the first I don't suppose they do much, but of the two latter, every opportunity to indulge in them is taken advantage of.

At Chicoutimi the navigation of the Saguenay ceases, as there are rapids but a little way above the village.

The land around Lake St. John, still further up, is said to be as good as any in Canada and the shores of the Lake are well settled and the farms well laid out.

Remaining in Chicoutimi all night I took the steamer "Clyde," on my return home. This steamer is not so large as those of the Canadian Navigation Company, but is more designed as a freight than a passenger boat.

The land between Chicoutimi and Ha! Ha! Bay on either bank is much lower than that between Ha! Ha! Bay and Tadoussac. Here and there along the river are little settlements, with their pretty whitewashed cottages.

As we swept into Ha! Ha! Bay we passed the steamer "Magnet" which had just left the wharf. After stopping a little while in the Bay, putting off freight, we started again on our route. From Ha! Ha! Bay downwards the shores of the river are high, and in some places very precipitous. From the accounts furnished by guide-books we would suppose that the Saguenay was something very extraordinary, that the scenery was magnificent, &c., &c., &c., but what a cruel blow does the imagination receive when a personal visit is made by any tourist. The trip is exceedingly monotonous. When you have passed, say, twenty miles down the river, and have expended your curiosity and your patience the journey is in enjoyment completely over. With the exception of Capes Trinity and Eternity the Saguenay is seen in the first five miles. Bold, gloomy and desolated are the hills which rise one over the other in endless succession. Not a sound of any kind is heard throughout the whole length of the stream.

We arrived at Cape Trinity about one o'clock, when the steamer was turned into the bay, between the two points Eternity and Trinity. Small boys and big boys amused themselves by throwing stones at the apparently close shore, and were apparently much chagrined in finding that all efforts were useless, as the stones fell some twenty yards short.

Trinity Rock is indeed a splendid sight. To look up at the dizzy height pains the head and neck, while upon its summit grow in wild profusion the hardy pine, some tottering as it were over the very brink, and others standing out almost

at right angles to the perpendicular well. It derives its name Trinity from its three peaks. The base of the rock is covered with paintings of General O'Neil and the steamer "Magnet" &c., but they do not reflect much credit on the artist whoever he may be. Cape Eternity is directly opposite on the same side of the river, and although of greater height is not of such an abrupt outline.

PAUL DE KOCK.

Charles Paul de Kock, the popular French novelist, is dead. He was the son of a Dutch banker who perished on the scaffold during the Revolution. He was born at Passy in 1794 and received a plain education, and at the age of 15 was placed with a commercial firm. But his passionate taste for literature impelled him in a few years to abandon commercial pursuits and try his fortune as an author. No publisher, however, would accept his first romance, *l'Enfant de ma femme*, and he had in 1812 to issue it at his own expense. This juvenile effort was received with indifference, and he promptly prepared five melodramas of an extravagant character. He next essayed vaudevilles and comic operas, and by his 30th year had produced over 13 pieces, and acquired moderate success. About 1825 he abandoned for a time the drama, and applied himself to writing the romances which have rendered his name a household word in France, and secured him an enduring place in the popular literature of that country. He observed that the fashionable novel represented society in an artificial and exaggerated form, and rigidly excluded the many romantic incidents existing in the annals of the poor. M. de Kock, who was intimately acquainted with the different phases of French life, resolved to deviate from the style of his predecessors in this respect, convinced that in the common walks of life, in ordinary character and manners, an inexhaustible mine of delineation might be worked, and that true and real pictures of society would be more attractive than overcharged and fabulous portraiture. The result verified the correctness of his opinion. All his works are of a homely character, but abounding in humour and displaying a graphic power of description. They are unequalled in merit, but all are marked by an animated, natural style of composition, and occupy in France pretty nearly the position of those of Dickens in Great Britain. Many of his romances, however, are wanting in the pure morality of the British novelist. The romances are over 50 in number, and have appeared at intervals from 1820 to 1867.

About 1844 M. de Kock recommenced contributing to the theatres, and during the succeeding 30 years he prepared, with some assistance, about 100 vaudevilles, many of which are founded upon incidents in his romances. Five collected editions of his works have been published. Henri de Kock, son of the deceased novelist, began writing at an early age, and rivals his father in the fertility of his genius in romantic and dramatic literature.

They tell a story of two men down on Cape Cod, who recently obtained from the Supreme Court a perpetual injunction restraining the executors and trustees of a will from distributing or conveying any portion of the estate, and then learned, to their profound disgust, that the executors had already paid out all the legacies and distributive shares, except those falling to them. The effect of the injunction, therefore, is only to debar these plaintiffs from getting their share of the estate.

The way to quarrel with a wife is to wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up with the remark that you never knew but one woman who had common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You will, with a sigh, reply: "Ah, never mind." Wife will ask you why did you not marry her. You say abstractly, "Ah! why indeed?" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

THE KILKENNY CATS.—An Irish gentleman in the poetic line has given the following version of the Kilkenny cats in Greek. Translated it reads thus:—

There wast two cats at Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many;
So they quarrelled and fit,
They scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails,
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there wast one!

AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.—Rogers, the poet, related the following story:—My old friend Maltby, the brother of the bishop, was a very absent man. One day at Paris, in the Louvre, we were looking at the pictures, when a lady entered who spoke to me and kept me some minutes in conversation. On rejoining Maltby I said, "That was Mrs. —." We have not met so long she had almost forgotten me, and asked me if my name was Rogers." Maltby, still looking at the pictures, said, "And was it?"

We dined at Barham's (February 4th, 1842), a very cheerful, agreeable party, but not marked by any peculiar circumstances worth entry, except that Barham, speaking of going to see the illumination on the night of the Prince of Wales' christening, said, on seeing "A. E." at almost every window, some one remarked, "Ah, he'll make acquaintance with the other three vowels before he comes of age."—*Recollections of John Adolphus.*

An amusing story is told of a Glasgow merchant. He had gone one Sabbath to hear a candidate in one of the city churches, of which the town council holds the presentation. Next day he was speaking with high commendation of the sermon, when some one happened to ask, "What was the text?" The merchant, whose knowledge of Scripture was rather hazy, and who had probably been dozing the greater part of the time, was taken a little aback. "The text?" he said, "the text? What was it again? It began with 'Now—' now is —' 'now is the—' ay, that's it! 'now's the day and now's the hour.'"

A Chicago paper says the surest way of preventing hydrophobia in dogs is to supply them with water, and the safest way to insure them an abundance of this indispensable fluid is to anchor them in about seven feet of water, so that their heads will be from eighteen to twenty-five inches below the surface.

A guest at a western hotel, finding a long hair in the butter, ordered the waiter to bring him some "bald-headed butter."

VIEW OF COLLINGWOOD HARBOUR.

We present our readers this week with a view of Collingwood Harbour, Ont. The little yacht, "Meta," in full sail is the same who with her Captain (Collins) rescued two crews near the Lighthouse about a year ago. This harbour gathers much additional importance from the increased trade now springing up with the North-West, consequent upon the acquisition of that territory by Canada, and the establishment of the Province of Manitoba. From it emigrants to the new Province embark on their Lake voyage to Fort William, and from the same point will doubtless be shipped much of the heavy freight to the North-Western Settlements in future years. This will give a great impetus to the trade of Collingwood, and especially to its ship-building enterprise, for the profitable prosecution of which it offers very great facilities.

SACKVILLE, N.B.

The greatness of Sackville lies in the future. Close upon the dividing line between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia it has had to endure the exceptional trials while enjoying the special advantages peculiar to border towns. Confederation has, however, in all commercial and some other matters obliterated the ancient land marks, and Sackville rejoices in being about to become a station of the Intercolonial railway, with strong hopes of having the outlet of the *Bas de la Pêche* canal—should it ever be built—in its immediate neighbourhood. It already has the distinction of being the seat of the repeating office between the Montreal and Western Union Telegraph Companies; and although its population is small, less perhaps than two thousand, it gives strong promise of rapid growth in the future. It possesses a good harbour, has ample facilities for shipbuilding, besides several mills, a foundry, &c. The Mount Allison Wesleyan College is its most prominent educational institution. Sackville is situated in the Township of the same name, County Westmoreland, N.B. at the head of the Bay of Fundy, nine miles distant from Amherst, N.S.

THE NEW GRAIN ELEVATOR OF THE N. B. C., AT COLLINGWOOD

The new Elevator now nearly completed in Collingwood is another instance of the energy and progressive character of the Manager of the Northern Railway, F. Cumberland, Esq., M.P.P. It is an imposing and at the same time quite an ornamental building. It is entirely cased with iron, and will add very materially to the facilities for business of the Northern Railway Company. The constant and rapid increase of agricultural production on the South Shore of the Georgian Bay, embracing the important Counties of Simcoe, Grey, &c., rendered necessary this new provision for the quick and economical transfer of the grain from the Lake craft to the Railway in order that it may reach Toronto or some more Eastern Market with the least possible expense. The Northern Railroad has exercised a very great and beneficial influence on the prosperity of Collingwood, a town which some seventeen or eighteen years ago was little better than a wilderness, and now numbers between four and five thousand inhabitants.

Rather an amusing story is related by our Naples contemporary, *Il Piccolo*, of an incident which took place during the visit of the King to Naples. His Majesty is always fond of a circus performance, and when he is in a city where there is one, never misses an opportunity of going thither. Instead of therefore going to see the illuminations of the Villa on Friday evening he went to M. Guillaume's circus. When there he pulled out his cigar case, and was about to "light up," when a very ominous-looking placard caught his eye.—*E peccabato di fumare!* Here then was a dilemma. The cigar was returned to its case with a look of disappointment, when an officer about the Court went to the proprietor of the circus to inform him of the fact. M. Guillaume repaired at once to the Royal box, and with a bow informed His Majesty that he was quite at liberty to smoke. The King, however, replied that he, above all others, could not violate an order: he could not think of smoking while those placards remained there. "Very well," said the obliging impresario, "they shall be taken down." This was no sooner said than done, and His Majesty lighted his Royal cigar. But no sooner had he done so than everybody in the theatre followed suit, and from hundreds of mouths such a cloud of smoke was blown as has seldom been seen in a place of public entertainment before.

Amongst the many testimonials of loyalty and affection presented to the Sovereign Pontiff on the assembling of the Vatican Council, there was one that attracted particular observation, and was distinguished beyond them all by the originality of its conception and the magnificence of its execution. It was the gift of a generous Irishman, Mr. P. J. Oliver, of San Francisco, California, and consists of a single bar of the purest silver, weighing 345 lb. It was cast in the California authorized Mint, bears its official stamp, and is the largest single block of silver ever manufactured. Mr. Oliver was himself the bearer of it to the Vatican Palace, and presented it himself, at a special audience, to the Holy Father. His Holiness resolved that the precious gift should be linked, *in rei memoriam*, with the great event that formed the crowning glory of his reign. Accordingly, he gave directions that the silver bar should be melted down, and recast into medals commemorative of the Vatican Council. One of these medals was given to each member of the Episcopacy who was present at the Council. The medal weighs close on seven ounces, and bears on one side of it a beautifully curved bust of the illustrious Pontiff, and on the other side an equally beautifully carved representation of the delivery of the keys by Our Lord to St. Peter. Above this group are the words "Tibi dabo claves regni caelorum," and beneath it the memorial inscription, "Concilio Oeum. Vaticano feliciter cepto, vi. Id. Decembr. A. MDCCCLXIX."

THE LORD JUSTICE-CLERK AND THE TURNIPS.—The late Lord Justice-Clerk Hope was down shooting in Ayrshire, and happened to trespass on the field of a very plain-spoken farmer, and he was walking among the honest man's turnips, whereupon the farmer called upon him to turn out of that as he had no right to be there. "Right here?" said the Justice-Clerk. "Do you know, sir, who I am?" "No," was the reply, "and what's more, I don't care." "I am, sir," said the judge, "the Lord Justice-Clerk." "Ye may be anybody's clerk ye like," was the retort, "but ye mauna get among my neeps!"

VARIETIES.

A Brooklyn mother advised her daughter to oil her hair, and fainted flat away when that candid damsel replied, "Oh, no, ma, it spoils the gentlemen's vests!"

A young gentleman of Ottawa fell in love with a hotel waiter girl, but love fled from that once fond heart when he found the "sweet little thing" cutting her toe-nails with a butter knife in the kitchen.

The *Rochester Union* tells us that "Olive Logan says she is about thirty-two years old." "Yes, that is about her age. We remember hearing her say so in 1827," says another editor.

Christiansburg, Va., has a venerable turkey gobbler who has built himself a nest, and is now gravely sitting upon four apples. It is presumed that the action is intended as a grave satire upon the woman's rights business.

An Irish way of showing respect for a stranger is thus given by a morning contemporary:—"On Thursday morning, a body of men went to the residence of Mr. Howe, of Richmond, near Nenagh, and fired five shots. Mrs. Howe is a stranger, and much respected."

A letter was posted at a village post-office that had no postage-stamp on it, but in place of the stamp had the following written on one corner of the envelope: "Mr. Post-master, don't charge no postage on this; the stamp wouldn't stick, so I tore the thing up."

AN ILLUSTRATION.—A striking illustration of the saying? "The pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript," was that of a young lady who, having gone out to India, and writing home to her friends, concluded with the following words: "P.S.—You will see by my signature that I am married."

"A devoted little wife," in Lafayette, seeing her husband blowing in the muzzle of a gun while holding back the hammer with his foot, tripped down to ask a milliner about the cost of mourning, and whether it would be becoming to her complexion.

A young man in Missouri espied a flock of wild turkeys but as they were too far off to shoot, he secreted himself in the bushes and "called" them. Another hunter coming along, heard the call, and concluding it was a turkey secreted in the bushes, fired and killed him.

The most national speech made during the Royal visit to Dublin is considered to be the following by an elderly lady, who addressed the Prince of Wales as he was leaving the ground:—"Long life to you, Mr. Prince: will you throw me the price of a drink?" The Prince laughed heartily, but that was all.

A thief in Foad du Lac, Wis., undertook to steal honey the other night from a beehive, but the bees attacking him, tore off his shirt collar, put a mansard roof with a cupola over his eyes, and divided his raiment among them. The dooryard looked like the shop of a rag carpet weaver.

The last dog story is of two dogs who fell to fighting in a saw mill. In the course of the tussle one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instanter. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued the fight, and whipped the other dog.

A Brooklyn politician, in writing a letter of condolence to a widow of a county member who had been his friend, says: "I am pained to hear that Harry has gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

A Massachusetts girl announces through the advertising columns of the local paper that she "takes this method of informing a certain young man, that the next time he desires to gaze upon her forty-five mortal minutes, without winking his eyes, that she will consider herself highly favoured if he will close his mouth, and not sit there like a young robin awaiting the parent bird."

Out in Oregon the editorial fraternity find fault with and abuse each other on the slightest provocation. The editor of the *R. coal* shot at the editor of the *Statesman*, the other day, and the latter seizes the fact as a pretext for abuse, saying that any editor who will shoot at a man four times, and only kill a Chinaman on the other side of the street, should be made to dig roots for his living the rest of his days.

The last thing out in newspaper obituary notices we find in the Philadelphia *Ledger* of a few days since, where the parents of a three year old boy lament that

All within this home is lonely,
Every one is sad to-day,
For our darling little toady
Has forever passed away.

"Darling little toady" is new and good.

A man who was driving a cow through the streets of Waupun, Wis., was so much flustered by a sudden bow from a lady that, in return, he made a bow to the cow and threw a stone at the lady.

It is said that a reckless potato bug having gone through the State of Rhode Island, was last seen mounted on a windmill by the seaside, wiping his eyes on the sails, and weeping because there were no fresh worlds to conquer.

A traveller confesses to have ridden forty miles with the sweet and interesting Mrs. Grimes, whom, notwithstanding his fastidiousness, he would have kissed, but for three reasons, which he thus gives:—First, I am such a good husband I wouldn't even be guilty of the appearance of disloyalty to my sweet wife; second, I was afraid our fellow-passengers would see me and tell tales; third, I do not think Mrs. Grimes would let me.

A pleasant piece of poetic justice is reported from a town in Oregon. One morning a young man called upon the editor of the only paper in the county, and asked permission to look at the files of the paper for 1869. It was granted. While the editor was in bed, waiting till his wife could wash his shirt, that young man carried away the file, nor was it ever seen again until his lawyer offered it in evidence during the trial of an action for \$5,000 damages for an alleged libel, which the young man brought against the editor. It is gratifying to learn that the plaintiff recovered 6½ cents damages, and was arrested by the editor on a charge of stealing books, convicted and sent to the penitentiary for seven years.

HOW TO GET A BERTH IN A SLEEPING CAR.

BY DON PIATT.

I never left a depot yet that somebody was not put in my care. I don't know why this is; I suppose it is something in my countenance; if I knew what I would have it extracted. I don't like having unprotected females and school boys and girls turned over to me. It's a little hard on a man. And what is the good of it? Nobody needs protection; if any one does, it is a benevolent, good looking, innocent sort of a man—such as the writer of this.

I was reminded of this by an adventure that happened to me the other night in New York. I was about leaving on the nine o'clock train for Washington when a man who was in search of me approached. I knew he was in search of me. He was in search of some respectable, benevolent individual to put a woman under his care. And he did. She happened to be rather good looking, and I didn't object in a violent way, but I was neither very graceful nor gracious over the compliment. When I came to secure a section in the sleeping car, I found that a delegation of pious people was going to Washington on some charitable business and had taken nearly all the berths. I secured two—at least I thought I had—and marched my female with her two carpet sacks, strap satchel, a mocking bird, and a silk umbrella, with a waterproof and two shawls done up in straps, into 191. When we arrived inside, I learned for the first time that my unprotected female could not abide the sleeping cars. She said she felt like suffocating; and I secretly wished she would suffocate, but when we came to occupy our berths I made two disagreeable discoveries. The first was that the two tickets called for the same berth; the other, that this berth was an upper one. My female friend said positively that she could not get into that berth. I informed her that it was her only chance to sleep, and she told me that she would rather sit up. I then gave her the further information that that was all very well, but in a sleeping car there was no place to sit except on a wash basin, and that I thought would be rather inconvenient. At last, with the aid of a stepladder, the steward, and two pious old Poms, my unprotected female was boosted into her roost and the curtains closed over her for the night.

Then came the question as to what would become of the undersigned. I consulted the conductor and the steward, and had the satisfaction of hearing the fact stated that if I had told them earlier the blunder might have been remedied. But as it was, the pious delegation had retired for the night, and all the berths were occupied. The conductor, however, told me that he would try and make some arrangements, and then went off about his business.

A drunken man had been captured on the platform as we started, where he was found addressing the stars in a vociferous way, the sleeping-car ticket fished out of his pocket, and the inebriate fellow chucked into an upper berth. I was leaning against the washstand of the car in a very melancholy way some time after, when this intoxicated fellow stuck his head out and addressing me, said:

"I would like to have a drink."

"Water?" said I.

"No, darn water! I want some whiskey: I am dry as a chip."

"Well," I responded, "I am sorry to say that I have none about me."

"Ain't you the conductor?"

"No," I responded, "I don't believe I am."

"Nor do I. If you were the conductor you would have something to drink. Where is the conductor?"

I told him that he was in the next car.

"Well," said he, "I have a great mind to get up and hustle round till I get a drink."

"My christian friend," I said, "there is nothing in the constitution nor in the sixteen amendments that prohibits you from getting up and hunting a drink if you want it."

Whereupon the inebriated individual rolled out of his berth. He rolled into several others and was promptly ejected, and at last, getting his legs, disappeared at the further end of the car.

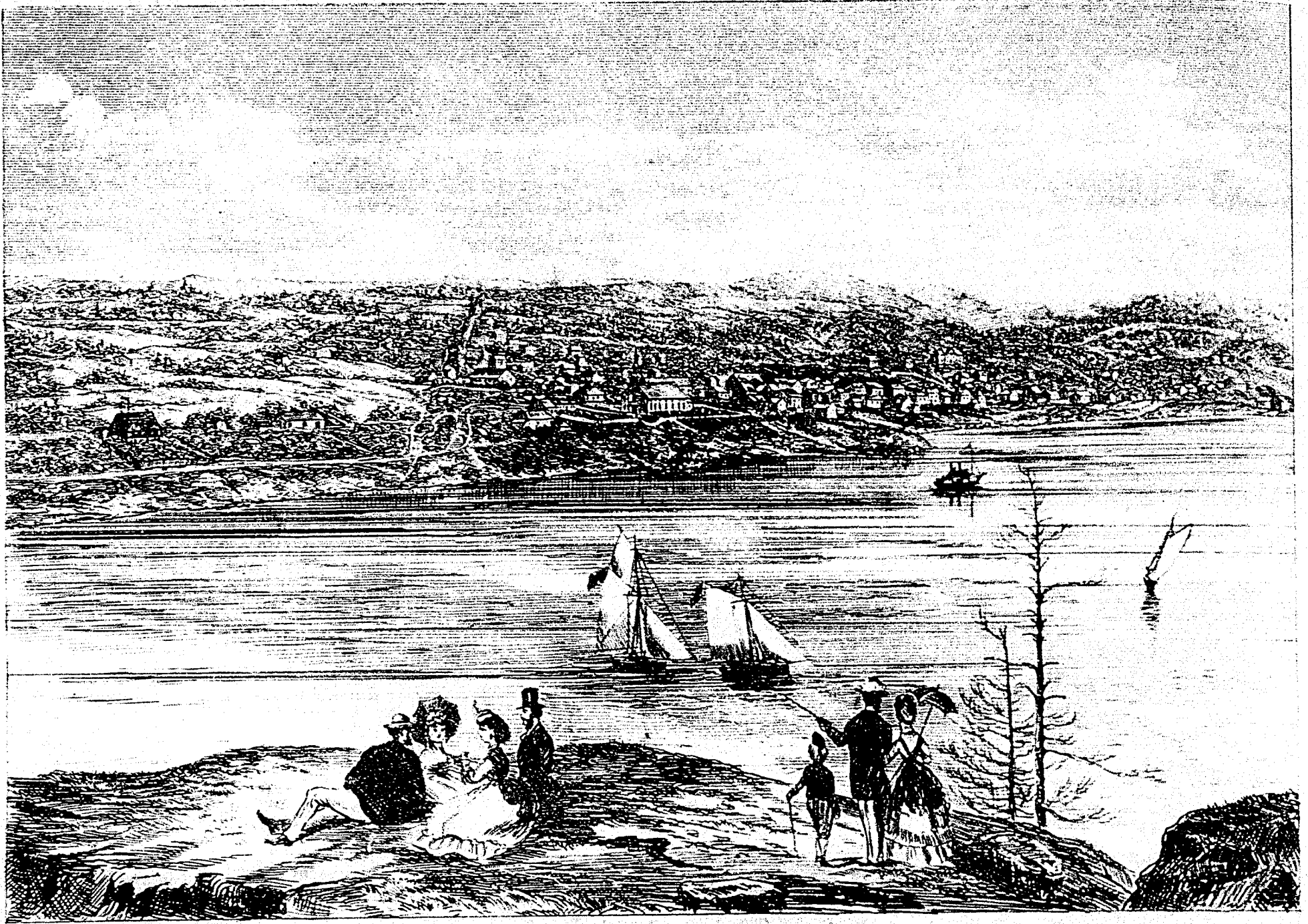
I took in the situation at a glance. Here was a berth vacated. Above it was a white hat. I immediately removed that white hat. I carried it further along and put it over a Christian Association, who was lost in the sleep of innocence and peace, and then returning I ensconced myself in a berth vacated by a man who had a constitutional right to drink. I was dropping into a slumber, for I always sleep on a car devoted to that business, and invented by Mr. Pullman; the motion has the same effect upon my brain that rocking has upon a child, and I not only sleep easily but profoundly. In a few seconds I should have been beyond all disturbances, but it happened that I was awakened out of my first wink by a row in an adjoining section. There seemed to be a pitched battle going on between one of the delegates and a gentleman, who claimed the berth to be the one he had just vacated. I heard him say, "Now get out of that;" and he called the good man the offspring of a female dog, adding thereto some very profane language. The conductor came to the rescue of the weary delegate, and when the man called attention to the fact of the white hat, he puzzled him sorely by showing him two or three white hats further along in the same car. At this the inebriated passenger desisted, but as soon as the conductor's back was turned renewed the fight with the next white hat, insisting just as positively that that was his berth, and with the same profane and violent language and scuffle. He was repulsed only to begin again, and he kept fighting those good Christian gentlemen who were so unfortunate as to have white hats, until I fell asleep and dreamed till morning of my earlier youth—of the church, not round the corner, but in the glen, where the forest trees brushed against the windows, and the sunlight came down as if in response to the prayers of the beautiful maidens, dignified matrons and snowy-headed fathers of the land. I only awoke when entering the sinful city of Washington.

Coroner's inquest—a concession to public indignation.

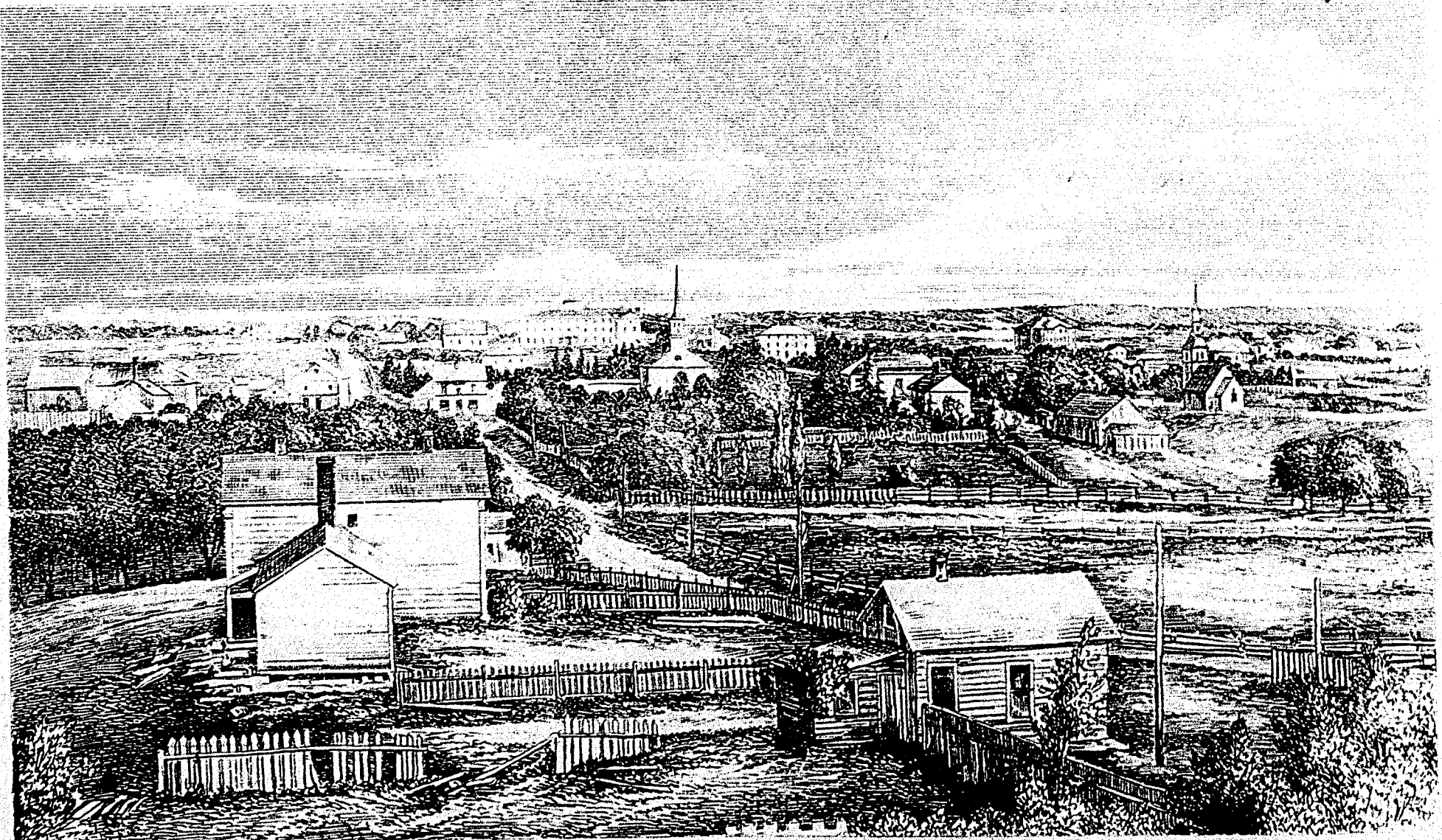
The Spaniards are trying to extract the Cube—an root of the difficulty.

The nobby young men of Georgia have taken to wearing shoe buckles in order to be revolutionary patriots.

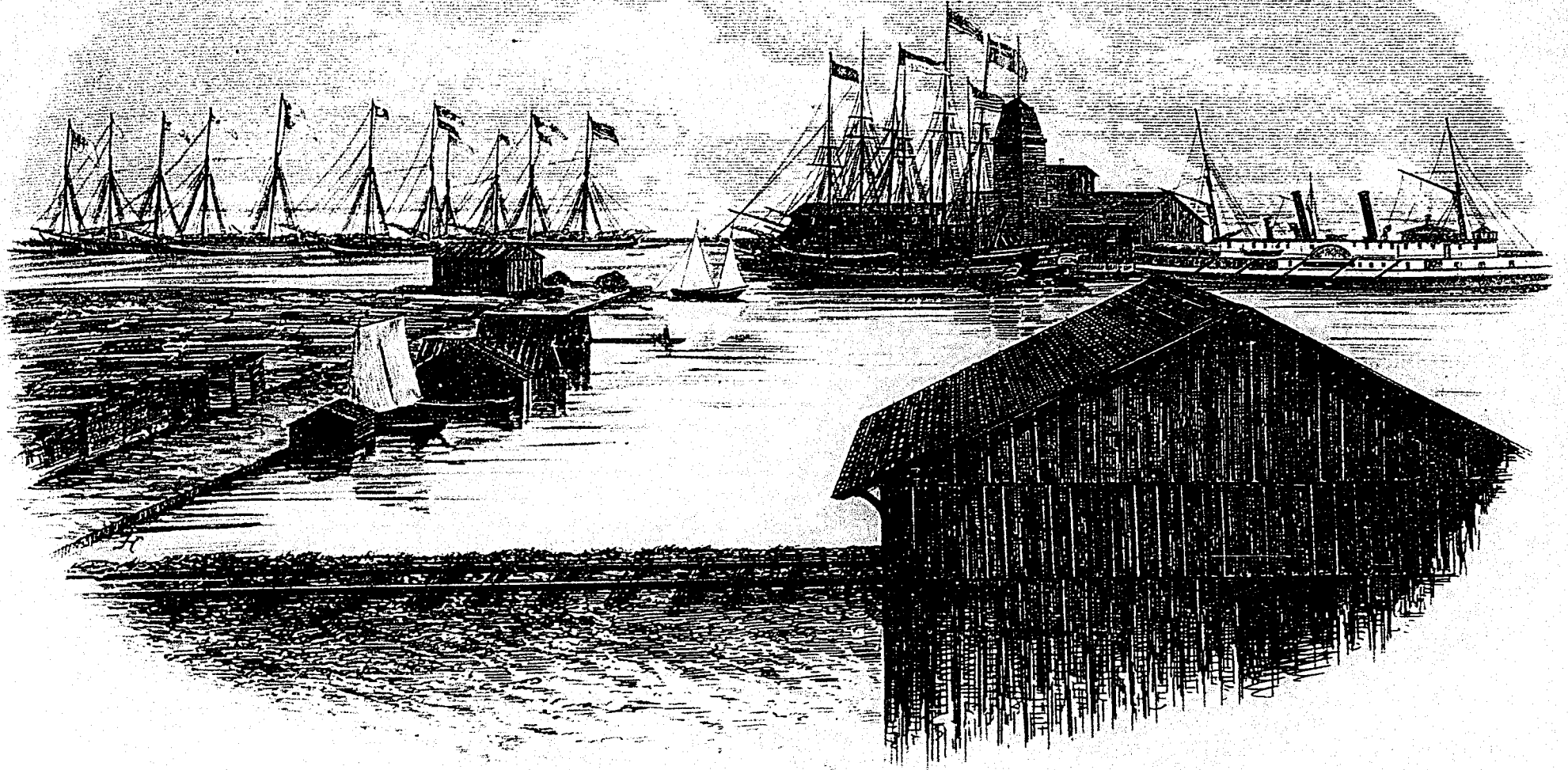
Several young ladies have become materially enriched by recent fortunate wagers laid by them on the Saratoga races.



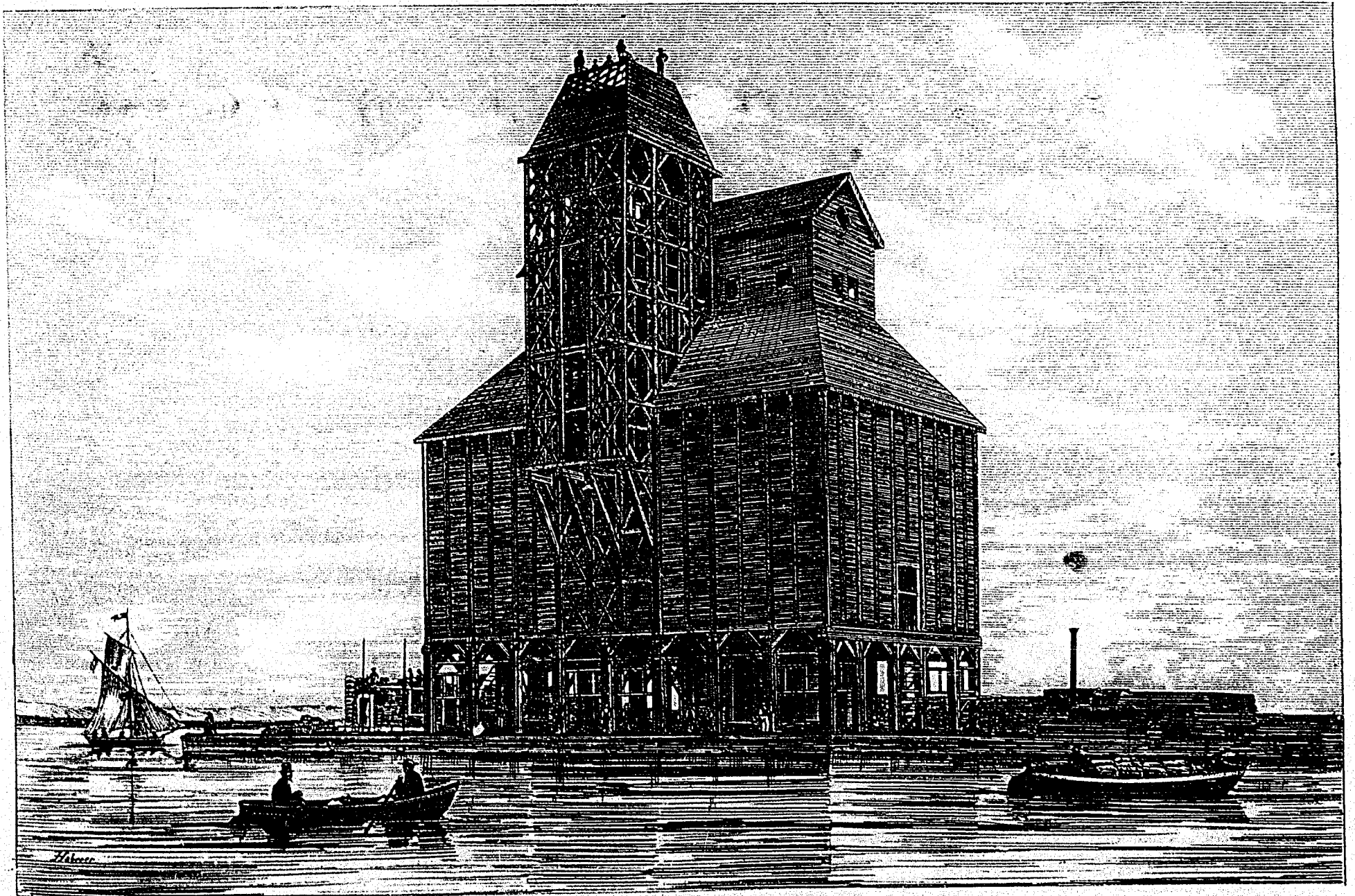
CHICOUTIMI, ON THE SAGUENAY.—SEE PAGE 162.



SACKVILLE, N. B.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 163



COLLINGWOOD HARBOUR.—SEE PAGE 163.



N. R. Co.'s NEW GRAIN ELEVATOR AT COLLINGWOOD.—SEE PAGE 163.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Sept. 10.—	Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity. Mungo Park born, 1788. Canadian Militia Officers receive commissions, 1778.
MONDAY,	" 11.—	Battle of Malplaquet, 1709. Battle of Plattsburg, 1814. The King of Italy orders his troops to enter Papal territory, 1870.
TUESDAY,	" 12.—	Sieur de Frontenac, Governor of Canada, 1672. Blucher died, 1819.
WEDNESDAY,	" 13.—	Capture of Quebec and death of General Wolfe, 1759. Charles J. Fox died, 1806.
THURSDAY,	" 14.—	Exaltation of the Cross. St. Cyprian, Bp. & M. Jacques Cartier arrived at Quebec, 1535. Humboldt born, 1769. Moscow burnt, 1812. Duke of Wellington died, 1852.
FRIDAY,	" 15.—	New York taken, 1776. Huskisson killed, 1830. I. K. Brunel died, 1859. Captain Speke died, 1864. The Tyne Crew win the International Boat Race at Montreal, 1870. Inauguration of the Canada Central R. R., 1870.
SATURDAY,	" 16.—	George I. landed in England, 1714. Fahrenheit died, 1736. Atlantic Telegraph opened and messages exchanged, 1858. The Italian troops enter Civita Vecchia, 1870.

PORTRAITS

OF THE

ENGLISH (Taylor-Winship), HALIFAX (Pryor), and AMERICAN (Coulter-Biglin)

CREWS,

With Illustrations of the Races at St. John and Halifax, will appear in

NEXT WEEK'S NEWS.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871.

TORONTO is bidding fair to force the narrow gauge railway system upon the attention of the Canadian public. Already that City has started a couple of enterprises upon this plan, both of which are likely to prove successful, and now there is another movement, this time in favour of what is called the "Credit Valley" road, intended, we understand, to establish a bee line, as near as may be, between Galt and Toronto, the former place being fixed upon for the present as the western terminus of the line. It is not at all improbable that this new line may be built. Its track would be through the garden of Western Canada. No more wealthy farmers, no more enterprising manufacturers, no more energetic merchants can be found anywhere in Ontario than those on the route of the projected line. We judge from our knowledge of the country that the engineering difficulties will not be serious, and therefore conclude that the "Credit Valley" road is pretty certain to be built.

The incident is not an unimportant one. It is suggestive of the ceaseless "push" of our Western neighbours, of their determination to overcome natural obstacles by artificial means, and of their one ruling idea to make of Toronto the business emporium of the Canadian West. We already know that the Toronto and Nipissing road was planned, and is being constructed with the express purpose of tapping the great road to the Pacific at the most convenient point to suit Toronto interests; that the Toronto, Grey and Bruce road, now far on towards completion, is an audacious endeavour to set aside the laws of geography by bringing business to Toronto which, *ceteris paribus*, ought certainly to go to Hamilton; and it may now be added that the Credit Valley scheme is another effort for the concentration of the business of Ontario at the Western Capital.

These facts are worthy of repetition, as shewing the patient, never-tiring energy of the Western men in opening up the avenues of trade. And Hamilton, though having a less successful, has even a more glorious record than Toronto. It spent £125,000 upon one important road and £50,000 upon another, seven hundred thousand dollars in all upon roads that were well planned, but unfortunately never thoroughly completed. At the same time it pushed through an admirable system of water works, and though crippled in its energies by these enormous outlays, some of which were utterly unproductive, the "Ambitious City" only held its breath until it could gather fresh strength, and then with better tact and equal energy it went to work again to extend its railway connection by building the Wellington, Grey and Bruce line, which will probably touch the Lake Huron shore next year. London is also aiming at a road to extend from that city through the North West peninsula. These cities are aiming not merely at the trade of the North-Western districts of Ontario; but also at the future trade of the further North-West, of Manitoba and the new Provinces yet to be formed, and of that which will be poured across this continent from the Pacific coast. The valley of the St. Lawrence is the natural outlet for all trade with Europe, that the

future settlement of the North-West will develope. It is also a competitor with the Mississippi and Erie routes for much of the Western American produce that has to find a market either in the Eastern States or in Europe, so that those cities of Ontario which are doing so much towards opening up new channels for that trade are enriching the country at the same time that they are improving the means that contribute to their own prosperity.

And what, all this time, is Montreal doing? Even Kingston has gone to work with energy, and is bidding high for railway connection with the interior of the country, and aiming also at a possible connection with the North-West road that is to be. But our commercial metropolis sleeps the sleep of the infatuated. Several railway schemes are on the tapis to improve its connections with the outside world. Some champagne lunches have even been discussed by Corporation magnates and others with the especial object, of course (!) of assisting these railway projects; but as yet Montreal in its municipal entity, is silent as the grave. It does seem to us that the example of Toronto, not to speak of Hamilton, ought to impress the people of this city with the necessity of putting forth a joint effort in favour of some approved public works, if only to maintain their reputation. Whether our railways should be broad or narrow gauge may be a debateable question, but it cannot be doubted that some one of the projects for giving this city more direct railway communication with the Ottawa country, and thence, in time, with the North West, ought to be encouraged and pushed forward without delay.

The Longueuil Regatta comes off on the 13th and 14th instant—Wednesday and Thursday next—when we have no doubt that even a greater crowd will assemble to witness it than there was at Lachine last year. The programme will be found in our advertising columns.

THEATRE ROYAL.—This popular place of amusement continues to draw crowded houses. Miss Eldridge took her benefit on Friday night, and to-night (Saturday) Mr. Dominick Murray, the well-known comedian, commences an engagement. His parts are announced elsewhere up till Wednesday.

We insert in this issue a "protest" from Miss Braddon against the imposition to which she and the public are subjected by certain American publishers. It is needless to remark that many copies of American serials containing such stories as that to which Miss Braddon alludes find their way into Canada, and it is very desirable that our people should be warned of the imposture so glaringly attempted to be practiced upon them. In the *Canadian Illustrated News* and the *Hearthstone* will be found stories actually written by English authors of mark whose names are printed at their head.

THE DOLLAR STORE.—Mr. D. A. Harper, whose advertisement will be found elsewhere, has adopted the simple system of one price for his goods, his establishment being known as the original dollar store. For one dollar any article, or set, as put up, may be purchased. The arrangement is certainly convenient for buyers, and ought to facilitate the transactions of the store keeper.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Frederick Boscovitz, the eminent pianist, (a Hungarian by birth) is now in the city, and, we understand, intends passing the winter here.

"HAGAR AND ISHMAEL."

Herr Koehler's picture of this touching episode in early Biblical History is sure to attract the admiration of our readers. The artist has evidently studied his subject well, and has worked with the love of a true painter for his productions. Not a touch that might have added to the interest or completeness of the picture has been omitted. The centre figure in a wild desert scene, the homeless mother sits upon a jagged rock, clasping in her arms her only son, too soon, she fears, to be taken from her. With a look of mingled hope and despair she raises her eyes to the Heaven from which alone she can now expect help, little dreaming how soon her agonizing prayer will be heard.

Under such a picture as this we might fitly place Keble's beautiful lines:—

* * * * * "many a languid prayer
Has reached Thee from the wild
Since the lorn mother, wandering there,
Cast down her fainting child,
Then stole apart to weep and die,
Nor knew an Angel form was nigh,
To shew soft waters gushing by
And dewy shadows mild."

The *Acadian Recorder* gets off the following, under the title of "The Battle and the Breeze," in revenge for the withdrawal of the St. John Crew from the four-oared race at Halifax:—

"St. John's brave oarsmen loud defiance hurled,
And grandly dubbed themselves the Champions of the
[World;
But, lo! a zephyr rippled on Chebucto Bay,
The Champions saw, and trembling ran away.

MEMORY.

Music, but I miss thy voice;
Smiles, they beam not from thine eyes;
Gentle words, thou sayest them not;
Beauty, only thine I sought;
Memory, this alone I prize;
For in memory I rejoice.
Seeing thee, love, seeing thee,—
This is dearest joy to me.

Music, thine is in my heart;
Smiles, thine cheer my loneliness;
Gentle words, thine still I hear.
Beauty,—thou art ever near
And, in memory, art no less
Than, my love, thou really art.

JOHN READE.

A PROTEST.

LONDON: Warwick House, Paternoster Row, August 15, 1871.

I shall feel greatly obliged if you will allow me space to protest against a literary fraud of which I am the victim, and which I cannot but feel must do a serious injury to whatever reputation my devotion to literature may have won for me in America. For years past certain publishers and newspaper proprietors in that country have been in the habit of foisting on the American public almost any rubbish they could procure as written by me, issuing the same as having been written exclusively for them, or as published from "advanced sheets," supplied by me or with my approval. None of this matter so ostentatiously given to the world have I either written or seen in any shape whatever until my attention has been called to it when published abroad. I have protested time after time against the imposition, but without effect. The worst offender in the fabrication of this spurious literature is the proprietor of the *New York Sunday Mercury*, who in the issue of that journal for July 30, commences something entitled "Leighton Grange; or, Who killed Edith Woodville?" by Miss M. E. Braddon, and who, in the body of the same paper, publishes a short editorial article in the following terms:—"Our New Story.—No one should fail to read the opening chapters of the new and thrilling story, by Miss M. E. Braddon, entitled 'Leighton Grange,' which appears on our first page to-day. The tale abounds in romantic interest, and is full of wonderful incidents of love and peril. It is the finest production that has yet emanated from the pen of the gifted authoress."

Until I saw this *New York Sunday Mercury* for July 30, I never saw this new story commenced therein. I know nothing whatever about it or its author. I am as much perplexed by its being attributed to me as I am perplexed by the persistence of this newspaper in giving to the world, time after time, stories falsely attributed to me that I have not written. This occurs, too, in the face of reiterated protests against the practice, both from myself and from others in my name. I cannot help thinking, that if a "mart" English publisher were to imitate this peculiar mode of manufacture, and produce books or serial stories which he attributed to an American author of some repute in England, knowing all the while that such literature was not written by such author, a sharp outcry would quickly arise for an international copyright to arrest such monstrously dishonest practices. Let us hope that American authors and statesmen will anticipate this evil day by initiating some measure of registration which shall protect reputations against the recklessness to which I now invoke attention.

M. E. BRADDON.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"M." of Russelltown sends us the following explanation of an Oxford latinity which appeared in a late number of the *News*:—

"'Scinde baculum!' 'Cut your stick.'—The temptation to have it suspended in large letters in your office is not confined to you. Who would not gladly and gratuitously apply the quotation to Duns, Drones and Drivellers?" and we may say that echo answers nobody!

HOW THINGS ARE MANAGED IN CHEYENNE.

Cheyenne is not a place where much formalism would be looked for, but the following burlesque seems to indicate that prompt action in an emergency is not regarded as one of its striking attributes:

In Cheyenne, when anything happens, the people consider that a religious duty devolves upon them to hold a meeting and to pass resolutions upon it, and so strong has this habit become that some citizens of that place, whenever a breakfast-bell rings, call a meeting of the family, elect officers, and resolve to go down stairs and eat the meal. The other day a woman fell into Crow Creek and sank. A large crowd of men were standing upon the bank at the time, and they instantly proceeded to organize a meeting for the purpose of devising means for rescuing the woman. After a spirited debate, M. A. Arnold was elected chairman; and on taking his seat Mr. Arnold not only thanked the meeting very warmly for the compliment offered him, but he made a long speech, in which he discussed the tariff, the coal product for 1871, and the Alabama claims. A series of resolutions were then offered, and after a prolonged discussion, and the acceptance of several amendments, they were passed. They embraced a protest against the depth of Crow Creek; regretted that all women were not taught to swim, and resolved to rescue the particular woman who had fallen overboard. A committee of one was appointed to dive for her. He dived and brought the woman to the surface by the hair. Just then it occurred to him that he had not been ordered to bring her to the shore, so he let her sink again, and swam to the bank to report progress, and ask for further instructions. Action was taken on the report, and after an exciting discussion, he was directed to land the woman immediately. He dived again and dragged her out. None of the women of Cheyenne can hold their breath more than an hour at the time, so when this one was recovered she was dead. The meeting said it was sorry, but it was vastly more important that things should be done decently and in order, and according to rule, than that the life of a woman should be saved.

"Rarer than the Phoenix," says De Quincy, "is the virtuous man who will consent to lose a good anecdote because it is a lie."

PAUL PICARD HONDA8ONHOUT AND HIS WIFE LASINONKIE.

On the 15th of August last died at Jeune-Lorette a man, who, though little known outside of the Province in which he lived, had played an important part in the history of his race.

Paul Picard Honda8onhout, one of the chiefs of the tribe, was born in 1788, and was in consequence 83 years of age at the time of his death.

HORTICULTURE.—THE MUSHROOM.

This delicious esculent is highly valued by nearly every one, be he rich or poor, and amongst cottagers in particular they are looked upon as a luxury of the highest order.

In commencing to grow mushrooms there are a few points which require care and consideration, but once these rudiments are understood, nothing can be more easily managed.

GOOD AT SPRING.—"There is not a lieutenant in the German navy," said a naval officer to the Daily News writer, "who could not take a ship into Plymouth in the night time!"

this treatment than when the spawn is forced too rapidly. About six weeks or two months after the bed is made it will require another watering; this should be rain water, and about the same temperature as that of the bed itself.

MISCELLANEA.

Two commissioners appointed to investigate the sanitary state of Liverpool made their report August 11, in which they said that hardly one-fifth of the population lived with decency.

A Cheese Fair, under the auspices of the Canadian Dairy-men's Association, will be held at Ingersoll on the 21st and 22nd of September. The following is the list of prizes for the best six factory cheeses for exportation; over 50 lbs. each:—First, \$100; Second, \$60; Third, \$35; Fourth, \$20; Fifth, \$10; Sixth, \$10.

Mr. Edward Jesse relates, in his last edition of "Gleanings in Natural History," that a gentleman of his acquaintance, who fed his own pointers, observed through a hole in the door a number of rats running about the kennel, some of them eating from the rough trough with the dogs, who made no attempt to molest them, or indicate that their presence was unwelcome.

A STRONG DENIAL.—Dr. F— was the head master of a school, who professed to be very grammatical in the use of his language, and therefore expected the pupils to be likewise.

GOOD AT SPRING.—"There is not a lieutenant in the German navy," said a naval officer to the Daily News writer, "who could not take a ship into Plymouth in the night time!"

THE PREPARATION OF FANCY SOAPS.—Fancy soaps, which are made in great variety for the toilet, are usually scented with some aromatic oils. For this branch of the trade the ordinary commercial soaps are used, after undergoing a process of refinement; or a soap is specially made for the purpose from almond oil, or the like.

THE EDITOR'S GUEST.

William M. Carleton, the author of "Betsey and I are out," read an admirable poem, entitled, "The Editor's Guests," at the late meeting of the Michigan Publishers' Association.

But lo! on the rickety stairs, another reliable tread. And enter another old farmer, and these are the words that he said: "Good morning, Sir, Mr. Editor, how is the folks to-day!"

CHESS.

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

A game played last season in a match by telegraph between Toronto and Seaforth.

FRENCH OPENING.

Table with columns for White (Toronto) and Black (Seaforth) moves, listing chess pieces and their positions on the board.

And the game was drawn by mutual consent.

- (a) This seems premature. (b) We should have preferred P. to Q. B. 3rd. (c) Kt. to Q. 2nd would have been better.

ENIGMA No. 13.

White.—K. at K. Kt. 5th. Q. at K. Kt. 7th. R. at K. Kt. sq. B. at K. Kt. 2nd. Black.—K. at K. Kt. 4th. Rs. at K. R. 5th. and K. B. 5th. Ps. at K. R. 3rd. K. Kt. 3rd. and K. B. 3rd.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 33.

White. 1. Q. takes P. ch. 2. Kt. to K. 5th. 3. R. mates. Black. R. takes Q. K. takes Kt.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 11.

White. 1. Kt. to R. 4th. dis. ch. 2. B. to B. 2nd. ch. 3. K. to K. 4th. Black. K. takes Kt. Q. to Kt. 5th. Q. takes B. mate.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 12.

White. 1. R. to Q. sq. 2. Kt. to Kt. 3rd. ch. 3. P. to R. 4th. 4. R. mates. Black. P. moves. (best.) or P. takes Kt. K. takes P.

(a) If King moves, White may play R. to Q. 7th. and mate next move.

CHARADES, &c.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE No. 25.

Troilus and Cressida. Thus:—Adrian. Rosaline. Escalus. Doreas. Traulo.

BIRTH.

At Sous-les-Bois, Ottawa, on the 23rd Aug. Mrs. R. S. M. Bochette had a son.





FROM A PAINTING BY CHR. KOHLER, ENGRAVED BY J. PERINO.

CASADIAS ILLUSTRATED NEWS, SEPTEMBER 4, 1871.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LEADS.

The moment Mrs. Wilson was gone, I expected to see Clara peep out from behind the tapestry in the corner; but as she did not appear I lifted it, and looked in. There was nothing behind but a closet almost filled with books, not upon shelves but heaped up from floor to ceiling. There had been just room and no more for Clara to stand between the tapestry and the books. It was of no use attempting to look for her—at least I said so to myself, for as yet the attraction of an old book was equal to that of a young girl. Besides, I always enjoyed waiting—up to a certain point. Therefore, I resumed my place on the floor, with the *Seven Champions* in one hand, and my chamber-candlestick in the other.

I had for the moment forgotten Clara in the adventures of St. Andrew of Scotland, when the *silk* of her frock aroused me. She was at my side.

"Well, you've had your dinner? Did she give you any dessert?"

"This is my dessert," I said, holding up the book. "It's for more than —"

"Far more than your desert," she pursued, "if you prefer it to me."

"I looked for you first," I said, defensively.

"Where?"

"In the closet there."

"You didn't think I was going to wait there, did you? Why, the very spiders are hanging dead in their own webs in there. But here's some dessert for you—if you're as fond of apples as most boys," she added, taking a rosy-cheeked beauty from her pocket.

I accepted it, but somehow did not quite relish being lumped with boys in that fashion. As I ate it, which I should have felt bound to do even had it been less acceptable in itself, she resumed—

"Wouldn't you like to see the company arrive? That's what I came for. I wasn't going to ask Goody Wilson."

"Yes, I should," I answered; "but Mrs. Wilson told me to keep here, and not get in their way."

"Oh! I'll take care of that. We shan't go near them. I know every corner of the place—a good deal better than Mrs. Wilson. Come along, Wilfrid—that's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. Am I to call you Clara?"

"Yes, if you are good—that is if you like. I don't care what you call me. Come along."

I followed. She led me into the armoury. A great clang of the bell in the paved court fell upon our ears.

"Make haste," she said, and darted to the door at the foot of the little stair. "Mind how you go," she went on. "The steps are very much worn. Keep your right shoulder foremost."

I obeyed her directions, and followed her up the stair. We passed the door of a room over the armoury, and ascended still, to creep out at last through a very low door on to the leads of the little square tower. Here we could, on the one side, look into every corner of the paved court, and on the other, across the roof of the hall, could see about half of the high court as they call it, into which the carriages drove; and from this post of vantage, we watched the arrival of a good many parties. I thought the ladies tripping across the paved court, with their gay dresses lighting up the spring twilight, and their sweet voices rippling its almost pensive silence, suited the time and the place much better than the carriages dashing into the other court, fine as they looked with their well-kept horses and their servants in gay liveries. The sun was down, and the moon was rising—near the full, but there was too much light in the sky to let her make much of herself yet. It was one of those spring evenings which you could not tell from an autumn one except for a certain something in the air appealing to an undefined sense—rather that of smell than any other. There were green buds and not withering leaves in it—life and not death; and the voices of the gathering guests were of the season, and pleasant to the soul. Of course Nature did not then affect me so definitely as to make me give forms of thought to her influences. It is now first that I turn them into shapes and words.

As we stood, I discovered that I had been a little mistaken about the position of the Hall. I saw that, although from some points in front it seemed to stand on an isolated rock, the ground rose behind it, terrace upon terrace, the uppermost of which terraces was crowned with rows of trees. Over them, the moon was now gathering her strength.

"It is rather cold; I think we had better go in," said Clara, after we had remained there for some minutes without seeing any fresh arrivals.

"Very well," I answered. "What shall we do? Shall you go home?"

"No, certainly not. We must see a good deal more fun first."

"How will you manage that? You will go to the ball-room, I suppose. You can go where you please, of course."

"Oh, no! I'm not grand enough to be invited. Oh, dear no! At least I am not old enough."

"But you will be some day."

"I don't know. Perhaps. We'll see. Meantime we must make the best of it. What are you going to do?"

"I shall go back to the library."

"Then I'll go with you—till the music begins; and then I'll take you where you can see a little of the dancing. It's great fun."

"But how will you manage that?"

"You leave that to me."

We descended at once to the armoury, where I had left my candle; and thence we returned to the library.

"Would you like me to read to you?" I asked.

"I don't mind—if it's anything worth hearing."

"Don't you hear the music?" she said, half indignantly.

"I hear it now," I answered; "but why —?"

"Come along," she interrupted eagerly.

"We shall just be in time to see them go across from the drawing-room to the ball-room. Come, come. Leave your candle."

I put down my book with some reluctance. She led me into the armoury, and from the armoury out on the gallery half-encompassing the great hall, which was lighted up, and full of servants. Opening another door in the gallery, she conducted me down a stair which led almost into the hall, but, ascending again behind it, landed us in a little lobby, on one side of which was the drawing-room, and on the other the ball-room, on another level, reached by a few high semi-circular steps.

"Quick! quick!" said Clara, and turning sharply round, she opened another door, disclosing a square-built stone staircase. She pushed the door carefully against the wall, ran up a few steps, I following in some trepidation, turned abruptly and sat down. I did as she did, questioning nothing: I had committed myself to her superior knowledge.

oblige me, Mr. Mollet, by shutting that door? Sir Giles will not allow me to have it built up. I am sure there are plenty of ways to the leads besides that."

"This door, my lady?" asked Mr. Mollet.

I trembled lest he should see us.

"Yes. Just throw it to. There's a spring lock on it. I can't think —"

The slam and echoing bang of the closing door cut off the end of the sentence. Even Clara was a little frightened, for her hand stole into mine for a moment before she burst out laughing.

"Hush! hush!" I said. "They will hear you."

"I almost wish they would," she said. "What a goose I was to be frightened, and not speak! Do you know where we are?"

"No," I answered; "how should I? Where are we?"

My fancy of knowing the place had vanished utterly by this time. All my mental charts of it had got thoroughly confused, and I do not believe I could have even found my way back to the library.

"Shut out on the leads," she answered.

"Come along. We may as well go to meet our fate."

I confess to a little palpitation of the heart as she spoke, for I was not yet old enough to feel that Clara's companionship made the doom a light one. Up the stair we went—here no twisting corkscrew, but a broad flight enough, with square turnings. At the top was a door, fastened only with a bolt inside—against no worse housebreakers than the winds and rains. When we emerged, we found ourselves in the open night.

"Here we are in the moon's drawing-room!" said Clara.

The scene was lovely. The sky was all new—the earth only a background or pedestal for the heavens. The river, far below, shone here and there in answer to the moon, while the meadows and fields lay as in the oblivion of sleep, and the wooded hills were only dark formless masses. But the sky was the dwelling-place of the moon, before whose radiance, penetratingly still, the stars shrank as if they would hide in the flowing skirts of her garments. There was scarce a cloud to be seen, and the whiteness of the moon made the bluish. I could hardly believe in what I saw. It was as if I had come awake without getting out of the dream.

We were on the roof of the ball-room. We felt the rhythmic motion of the dancing feet shake the building in time to the music. "A low melodious thunder" buried beneath—above the eternal silence of the white moon!

We passed to the roof of the drawing-room. From it, upon one side, we could peep into the great gothic window of the hall which rose high above it. We could see the servants passing and repassing, with dishes for the supper which was being held in the dining-room under the drawing-room, for the hall was never used for entertainment now, except on such great occasions as a coming of age, or an election-feast, when all classes met.

"We mustn't stop here," said Clara. "We shall get our deaths of cold."

"What shall we do then?" I asked.

"There are plenty of doors," she answered—"only Mrs. Wilson has a foolish fancy for keeping them all bolted. We must try, though."

Over roof after roof we went; now descending, now ascending a few steps; now walking along narrow gutters, between battlement and sloping roof; now crossing awkward junctions—trying doors many in tower and turret—all in vain! Every one was bolted on the inside. We had grown quite silent, for the case looked serious.

"This is the last door," said Clara—"the last we can reach. There are more in the towers, but they are higher up. What shall we do? Except we go down a chimney, I don't know what's to be done."

Still her voice did not falter, and my courage did not give way. She stood for a few moments, silent. I stood regarding her, as one might listen for a doubtful oracle.

"Yes, I've got it!" she said at length.

"Have you a good head, Wilfrid?"

"I don't quite know what you mean," I answered.

"Do you mind being on a narrow place, without much to hold by?"

"High up?" I asked with a shiver.

"Yes."

For a moment I did not answer. It was a special weakness of my physical nature, one which my imagination had increased tenfold—the absolute horror I had of such a transit as she was evidently about to propose. My worst dreams—from which I would wake with my heart going like a fire-engine, were of adventures of the kind. But before a woman, how could I draw back? I would rather lie broken at the bottom of the wall. And if the fear should come to the worst, I could at least throw myself down and end it so.

"Well?" I said, as if I had only been waiting for her exposition of the case.

"Well!" she returned. "Come along, then."

I did go along—like a man to the gallows; only I would not have turned back to save my life. But I should have hailed the slightest



"GIVE ME A KISS BEFORE I GO."

"Well, I'll read you a bit of the book I was reading when you came in."

"What! that musty old book! No, thank you. It's enough to give one the horrors.—The very sight of it is enough. How can you like such frumpy old things?"

"Oh! you mustn't mind the look of it," I said. "It's very nice inside!"

"I know where there is a nice one," she returned. "Give me the candle."

I followed her to another of the rooms, where she searched for some time. At length—"There it is!" she said, and put into my hand *The Castle of Otranto*. The name promised well. She next led the way to a lovely little bay window, forming almost a closet, which looked out upon the park, whence, without seeing the moon, we could see her light on the landscape, and the great deep shadows cast over the park from the towers of the Hall. There we sat on the broad window sill, and I began to read. It was delightful.—Does it indicate loss of power, that the grown man cannot enjoy the book in which the boy delighted? Or is it that the realities of the book, as perceived by his keener eyes, refuse to blend with what imagination would supply if it might?

No sooner, however, did the first notes of the distant violins enter the ear of my companion, than she started to her feet.

"What's the matter?" I asked, looking up from the book.

The quick ear of my companion had caught the first sounds of the tuning of the instruments, and here we were, before the invitation to dance, a customary observance at Moldwarp Hall, had begun to play. In a few minutes thereafter, the door of the drawing-room opened; when, pair after pair, the company, to the number of over a hundred and fifty, I should guess, walked past the foot of the stair on which we were seated, and ascended the steps into the ball-room. The lobby was dimly lighted, except from the two open doors, and there was little danger of our being seen.

I interrupt my narrative to mention the odd fact, that so fully was my mind possessed with the antiquity of the place, which it had been the pride of generation after generation to keep up, that now when I recall the scene, the guests always appear dressed not as they were then, but in a far more antique style with which after knowledge supplied my inner vision.

Last of all came Lady Brotherton, Sir Giles's wife, a pale, delicately-looking woman, leaning on the arm of a tall, long-necked, would-be-stately, yet insignificant-looking man. She gave a shiver as, up the steps from the warm drawing-room, she came at once opposite our open door.

"What a draught there is here!" she said, adjusting her rose-coloured scarf about her shoulders. "It feels quite wintry. Will you

change of purpose in her, with such pleasure as Daniel must have felt when he found the lions would rather not eat him. She retraced our steps a long way—until we reached the middle of the line of building which divided the two courts.

"There!" she said, pointing to the top of the square tower over the entrance to the hall, from which we had watched the arrival of the guests: it rose about nine feet only above where we now stood in the gutter—"I know I left the door open when we came down. I did it on purpose. I hate Goody Wilson. Lucky, you see!—that is if you have a head. And if you haven't, it's all the same: I have."

So saying, she pointed to a sort of flying buttress which sprung sideways, with a wide span, across the angle the tower made with the hall, from an embrasure of the battlement of the hall to the outer corner of the tower, itself more solidly buttressed. I think it must have been made to resist the outward pressure of the roof of the hall; but it was one of those puzzling points which often occur—and oftenest in domestic architecture—where additions and consequent alterations have been made from time to time. Such will occasion sometimes as much conjecture towards their explanation, as a disputed passage in Shakspeare or Æschylus.

Could she mean me to cross that hair-like bridge? The mere thought was a terror. But I would not blench. Fear I confess—cowardice if you will—poltroonery, not.

"I see," I answered. "I will try. If I fall, don't blame me. I will do my best."

"You don't think," she returned, "I'm going to let you go alone! I should have to wait hours before you found a door to let me down—except indeed you went and told Goody Wilson, and I had rather die where I am. No, no. Come along. I'll show you how."

With a rush and a scramble, she was up over the round back of the buttress before I had time to understand that she meant as usual to take the lead. If she could but have sent me back a portion of her skill, or lightness, or nerve, or whatever it was, just to set me off with a rush like that! But I stood preparing at once and hesitating. She turned and looked over the battlements of the tower.

"Never mind, Wilfrid," she said; "I'll fetch you presently."

"No, no," I cried. "Wait for me. I'm coming."

I got astride of the buttress, and painfully forced my way up. It was like a dream of leap-frog, prolonged under painfully recurring difficulties. I shut my eyes, and persuaded myself that all I had to do was to go on leap-frogging. At length, after more trepidation and brain-turning than I care to dwell upon, lest even now it should bring back a too keen realization of itself, I reached the battlement, seizing which with one shaking hand, and finding the other grasped by Clara, I tumbled on the leads of the tower.

"Come along!" she said. "You see, when the girls like, they can beat the boys—even at their own games. We're all right now."

"I did my best," I returned, mightily relieved. "I'm not an angel, you know. I can't fly like you."

She seemed to appreciate the compliment. "Never mind. I've done it before. It was game of you to follow."

Her praise elated me. And it was well.

"Come along," she added.

She seemed to be always saying *Come along*. I obeyed, full of gratitude and relief. She skipped to the tiny turret which rose above our heads, and lifted the door-latch. But, instead of disappearing within, she turned and looked at me in white dismay. The door was bolted. Her look roused what there was of manhood in me. I felt that, as it had now come to the last gasp, it was mine to comfort her.

"We are no worse than we were," I said. "Never mind."

"I don't know that," she answered mysteriously.—"Can you go back as you came? I can't."

I looked over the edge of the battlement where I stood. There was the buttress crossing the angle of moonlight, with its shadow lying far down on the wall. I shuddered at the thought of renewing my unspeakable dismay. But what must be must. Besides, Clara had praised me for creeping where she could fly: now I might show her that I could creep where she could not fly.

"I will try," I returned, putting one leg through an embrasure, and holding on by the adjoining battlement.

"Do take care, Wilfrid," she cried, stretching out her hands, as if to keep me from falling.

A sudden pulse of life rushed through me. All at once I became not only bold, but ambitious.

"Give me a kiss," I said, "before I go."

"Do you make so much of it?" she returned, stepping back a pace.—"How much a woman she was even then!"

Her words roused something in me which to this day I have not been able quite to understand. A sense of wrong had its share in the feeling; but what else I can hardly venture to say. At all events, an inroad of careless courage was the consequence. I stepped at once upon the buttress, and stood for a

moment looking at her—no doubt with reproach. She sprang towards me.

"I beg your pardon," she said.

The end of the buttress was a foot or two below the level of the leads, where Clara stood. She bent over the battlement, stooped her face towards me, and kissed me on the mouth. My only answer was to turn and walk down the buttress, erect; a walk which, as the arch of the buttress became steeper, ended in a run and a leap on to the gutter of the hall. There I turned, and saw her stand like a lady in a ballad leaning after me in the moonlight. I lifted my cap and sped away, not knowing whither, but fancying that out of her sight I could make up my mind better. Nor was I mistaken. The moment I sat down, my brains began to go about, and in another moment I saw what might be attempted.

In going from roof to roof, I had seen the little gallery along which I had passed with Mrs. Wilson on my way to the library. It crossed what might be called an open shaft in the building. I thought I could manage, roofed as it was, to get in by the open side. It was some time before I could find it again; but when I did come upon it at last, I saw that it might be done. By the help of a projecting gargoye, curiously carved in the days when the wall to which it clung had formed part of the front of the building, I got my feet upon the wooden rail of the gallery, caught hold of one of the small pillars which supported the roof, and *slewed* myself in. I was almost as glad as when I had crossed the buttress, for below me was a paved bottom, between high walls, without any door, like a dry well in the midst of the building.

My recollection of the way to the armoury, I found, however, almost obliterated. I knew that I must pass through a bed room at the end of the gallery, and that was all I remembered. I opened the door, and found myself face to face with a young girl with wide eyes. She stood staring and astonished, but not frightened. She was younger than Clara, and not so pretty. Her eyes were dark, and so was the hair she had been brushing. Her face would have been quite pale, but for the rosy tinge of surprise. She made no exclamation, only stared with her brush in her hand, and questions in her eyes. I felt far enough from comfortable; but with a great effort I spoke.

"I beg your pardon. I had to get off the roof, and this was the only way. Please do not tell Mrs. Wilson."

"No," she said at once, very quietly; "but you must go away."

"If I could only find the library!" I said. "I am so afraid of going into more rooms where I have no business."

"I will show you the way," she returned with a smile; and laying down her brush, took up a candle and led me from the room.

In a few moments I was safe. My conductor vanished at once. The glimmer of my own candle in a further room, guided me, and I was soon at the top of the corkscrew staircase. I found the door very slightly fastened: Clara must herself have unwittingly moved the bolt when she shut it. I found her standing all eagerness, waiting me. We hurried back to the library, and there I told her how I had effected an entrance, and met with a guide.

"It must have been little Polly Osborne," she said. "Her mother is going to stay all night, I suppose. She's a good-natured little goose, and won't tell.—Now come along. We'll have a peep from the picture-gallery into the ball-room. That door is sure to be open."

"If you don't mind, Clara, I would rather stay where I am. I oughtn't to be wandering over the house when Mrs. Wilson thinks I am here."

"Oh, you little coward!" said Clara.

I thought I hardly deserved the word, and it did not make me more inclined to accompany her.

"You can go alone," I said. "You did not expect to find me when you came."

"Of course I can. Of course not. It's quite as well, too. You won't get me into any more scrapes."

"Did I get you into the scrape, Clara?"

"Yes, you did," she answered laughing, and walked away.

I felt a good deal hurt, but comforted myself by saying she could not mean it, and sat down again to the *Seven Champions*.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GHOST.

I SAW no more of Clara, but sat and read until I grew cold and tired, and wished very much that Mrs. Wilson would come. I thought she might have forgot me in the hurry, and there I should have to stay all night. After my recent escape, however, from a danger so much worse, I could regard the prospect with some composure. A full hour more must have passed; I was getting sleepy, and my candle had burned low, when at length Mrs. Wilson did make her appearance, and I accompanied her gladly.

"I am sure you want your tea, poor boy!" she said.

"Tea! Mrs. Wilson," I rejoined. "It's bed I want. But when I think of it, I am rather hungry."

"You shall have tea and bed both," she answered kindly. "I'm sorry you've had such a dull evening, but I could not help it."

"Indeed, I've not been dull at all," I answered—"till just the last hour or so."

I longed to tell her all I had been about, for I felt guilty; but I would not betray Clara.

"Well, here we are!" she said, opening the door of her own room. "I hope I shall have peace enough to see you make a good meal."

I did make a good meal. When I had done, Mrs. Wilson took a rush-light, and led the way. I took my sword and followed her. Into what quarter of the house she conducted me, I could not tell. There was a nice fire burning in the room, and my night-apparel was airing before it. She set the light on the floor, and left me with a kind good-night. I was soon undressed and in bed, with my sword beside me on the coverlid of silk patchwork.

But, from whatever cause, sleepy as I had been a little while before, I lay wide awake now, staring about the room. Like many others in this house, it was hung with tapestry, which was a good deal worn and patched—notably in one place, where limbs of warriors and horses came to an untimely end on all sides of a certain square piece quite different from the rest in colour and design. I know now that it was a piece of *Gobel us*, in the midst of ancient needlework. It looked the brighter of the two, but its colours were about three, with a good deal of white: whereas that which surrounded it had had many and brilliant colours, which, faded and dull and sombre, yet kept their harmony. The guard of the rush-light cast deeper and queerer shadows, as the fire sank lower. Its holes gave eyes of light to some of the figures in the tapestry, and as the light wavered, the eyes wandered about in a ghostly manner, and the shadows changed and flickered and heaved uncomfortably.

How long I had lain thus I do not know; but at last I found myself watching the rectangular patch of newer tapestry. Could it be that it moved? It could be only the effect of the wavering shadows. And yet I could not convince myself that it did not move. It *did* move. It came forward. One side of it did certainly come forward. A kind of universal cramp seized me—a contraction of every fibre of my body. The patch opened like a door—wider and wider; and from behind came a great helmet, peeping. It was all one terror, but my nerves held out so far that I lay like a watching dog—watching for what horror would come next. The door opened wider. A mailed hand and arm appeared, and at length a figure, armed cap-a-pie, stepped slowly down, stood for a moment peering about, and then began to walk through the room, as if searching for something. It came nearer and nearer to the bed. I wonder now, when I think of it, that the cold horror did not reach my heart. I cannot have been much of a coward, surely, after all! But I suspect it was only that general paralysis prevented the extreme of terror, just as a man in the clutch of a wild beast is hardly aware of suffering. At last the figure stooped over my bed, and stretched out a long arm. I remember nothing more.

I woke in the grey of the morning. Could a faint have passed into a sleep? or was it all a dream? I lay for some time before I could recall what made me so miserable. At length my memory awoke, and I gazed fearful about the room. The white ashes of the burnt-out fire were lying in the grate; the stand of the rush-light was on the floor; the wall with its tapestry was just as it had been; the cold gray light had annihilated the fancied visions; I had been dreaming, and was now awake. But I could not lie longer in bed. I must go out. The morning air would give me life: I felt worn and weak. Vision or dream, the room was hateful to me. With a great effort I sat up, for I still feared to move, lest I should catch a glimpse of the armed figure. Terrible as it had been in the night, it would be more terrible now. I peered into every corner. Each was vacant. Then first I remembered that I had been reading the *Castle of Otranto* and the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, the night before. I jumped out of bed and dressed myself, growing braver and braver as the light of the lovely spring morning swelled in the room. Having dipped my head in cold water, I was myself again. I opened the lattice and looked out. The first breath of air was a denial to the whole thing. I laughed at myself. Earth and sky were alive with spring. The wind was the breath of the coming summer: there were flakes of sunshine and shadow in it. Before me lay a green bank with a few trees on its top. It was crowded with primroses growing through the grass. The dew was lying all about, shining and sparkling in the first rays of the level sun, which itself I could not see. The tide of life rose in my heart and rushed through my limbs. I would take my sword, and go for a ramble through the park. I went to my bed-side, and stretched across to find it by the wall. It must have slipped down at the back of the bed. No. Where could it be? In a word, I searched everywhere, but my loved weapon had vanished. The visions of the night returned, and for a moment I believed them all. The night once again closed around me, darkened yet more with the despair of an

irreparable loss. I rushed from the room and through a long passage, with the blind desire to get out. The stare of an unwashed maid, already busy with her pail and brush, brought me to my senses.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I want to get out."

(To be Continued.)

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

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CONFLICT.—RUNNING A NATION BY ONE MAN POWER.

Within a private chamber, conducting a nation's business in midst of convulsion, Peter Seadeep sat at a central table.

By aid of two pages, a boy and girl, who carried scraps of paper between himself and two secretary operators sitting at telegraph instruments, Peter was then concentrating an army nine hundred miles away, from points two hundred and fifty miles apart to stations of railway and river arrival within a radius of ten miles.

Within the ten miles he exchanged thoughts with three generals about positions to be taken for an impending battle.

And he was then concentrating a fleet of gunboats, and instructing an Admiral two thousand miles away.

He was directing the several divisions of another army, forty to eighty miles from his chair, to change base.

He was directing a naval commander at two hundred miles off, and another at the distance of seven hundred miles, what orders to send by steam cruisers to the squadrons blockading the ports of the South. And suggesting what measures they might devise to entrap the scourge of the Atlantic, the Corsair ship, "El Abra."

He was directing two navy yards, respectively, what arms of war to send South, and what iron-clads to build.

He perused telegrams of editorials which had appeared that morning in different journals, hostile to national interests, and was ordering arrests of editors.

He ordered the arrest of the Donna Euryntia at the Rappahannock river, and her removal to Washington under suspension of Habeas Corpus.

He ordered the arrest of two Englishwomen, Agnes Schoolar and Isa Antry, suspected spies, then hovering on skirts of the army of the West.

He ordered that the adroitly courageous and audacious young corporal of the Redbolt Infantry—Simon Lud, should be appointed captain to Number One Company of Mounted Redbolts, then forming for special service.

He ordered the authorities at Detroit to be alert against plots of El Abra or his incendiary agencies, to burn frontier cities, capture river steamers, and make wreck of railway trains.

He ordered that the New York ——— of next day, should bid defiance to the London ——— of January 21 recently brought under notice; and that all travel between the States and Canada should henceforth be subject to stringent passport restrictions.

Because of that astounding declaration of January 21, Canadians in the States to be under constant surveillance.

He ordered that the Hon. Mrs. Pensyldine and her daughter, Sylva, be arrested at Philadelphia, under suspension of Habeas Corpus. Probably in reprisal for the London ——— of January 21.

John, one of the telegraphing secretaries in the corner, handed to the page at his elbow a message just received, which the child, Elfa Isador, carried to Peter. He read:

"The Donna Euryntia is arrested and now on the train to Washington; due at 6 p.m."

William, the secretary operator in the second corner, gave the boy, Julian Isador, a paper which was carried to the centre table and read:

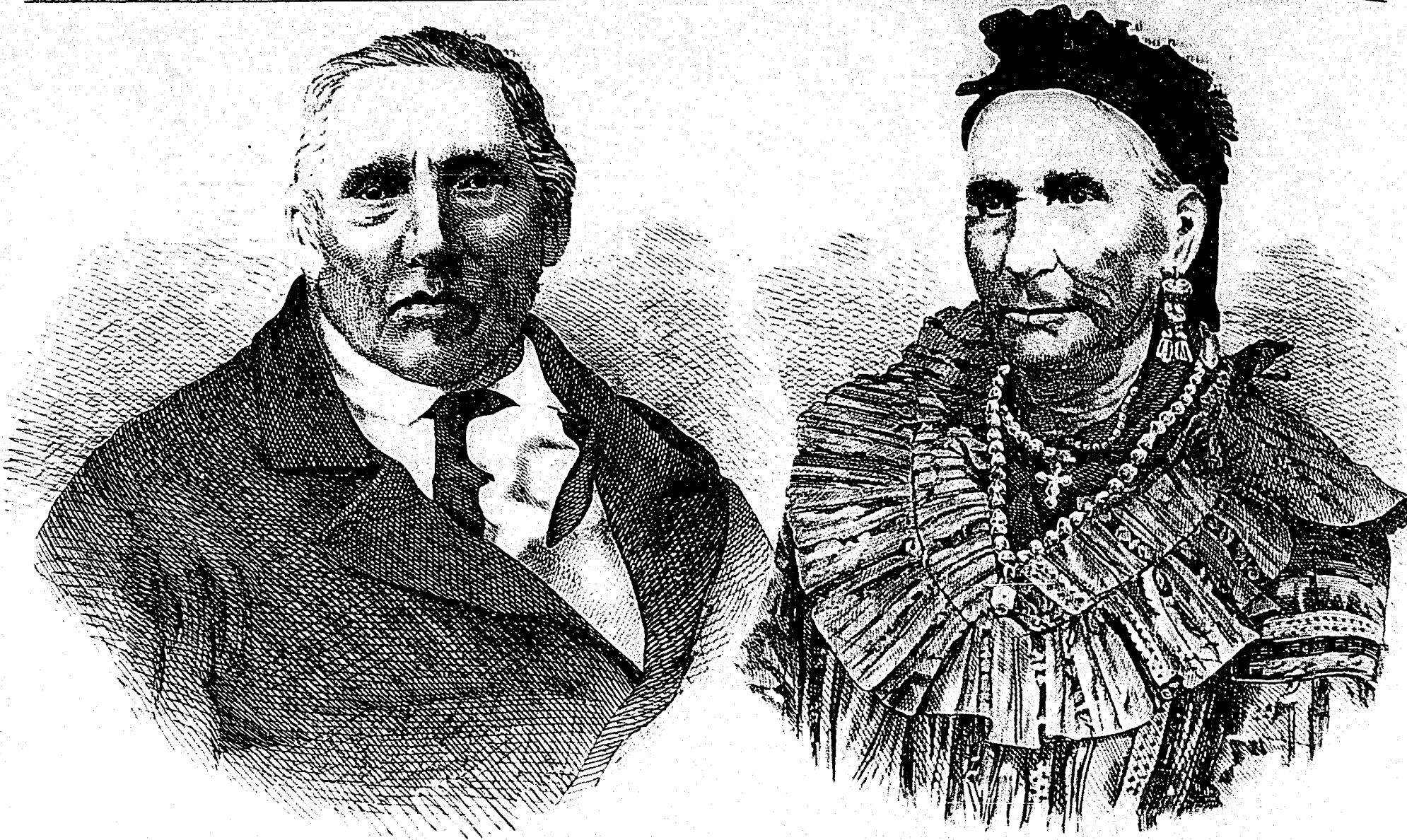
"Hon. Mrs. and Sylva Pensyldine in custody; occupying separate cells as directed. Contents of the letters they were in the act of writing forwarded. Also their English letters of yesterday."

The girl, Elfa Isador, brought a paper to Peter, who read:

"Army of the West. Headquarters, noon. Lines closing in order of battle. Enemy massing in force. Our troops in perfect order. I have no doubt of a decisive victory. Will attack at 3 p.m., if he does not advance sooner. Hurry on troops and supplies."

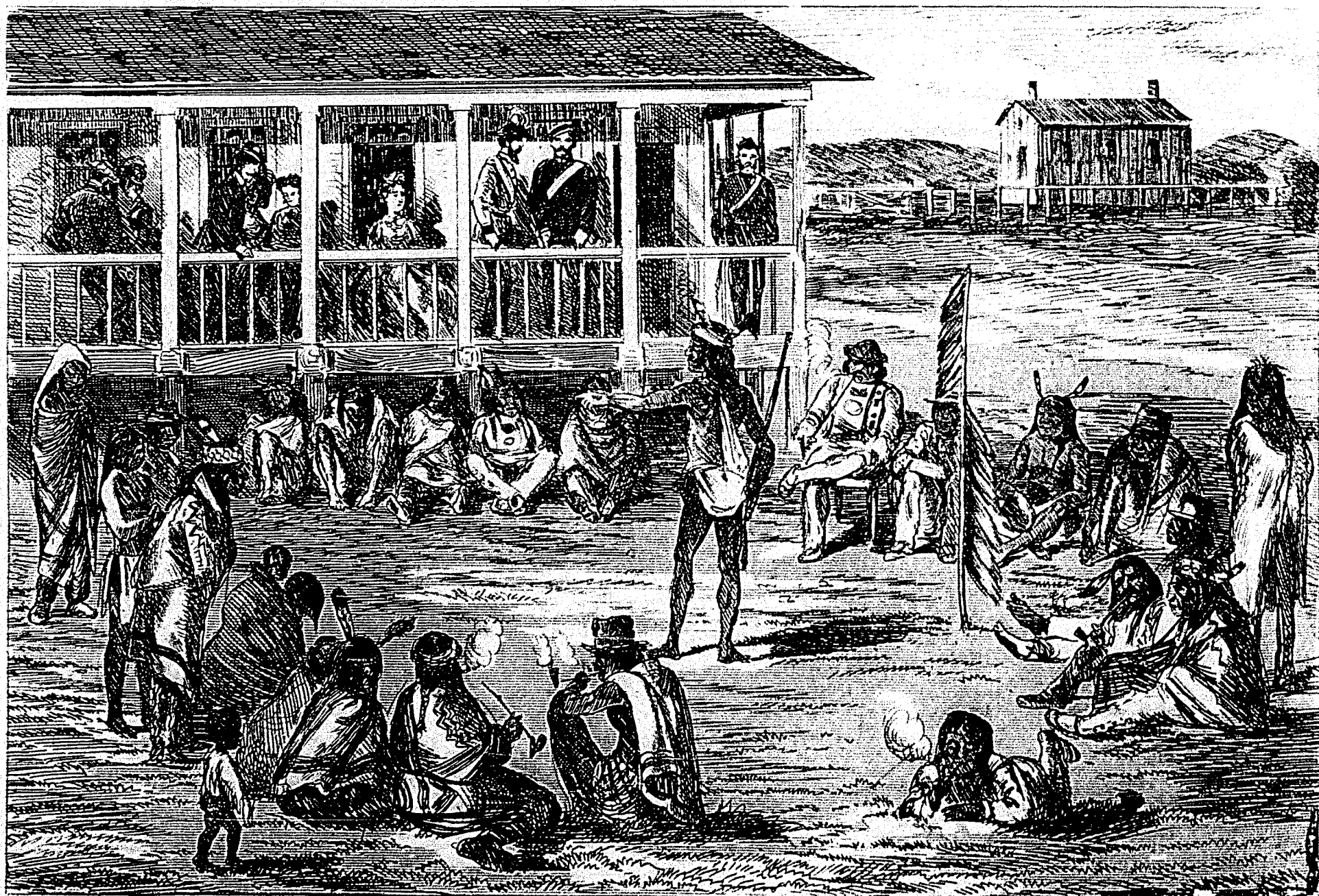
Half an hour later:

"We are attacked by infantry, on right and

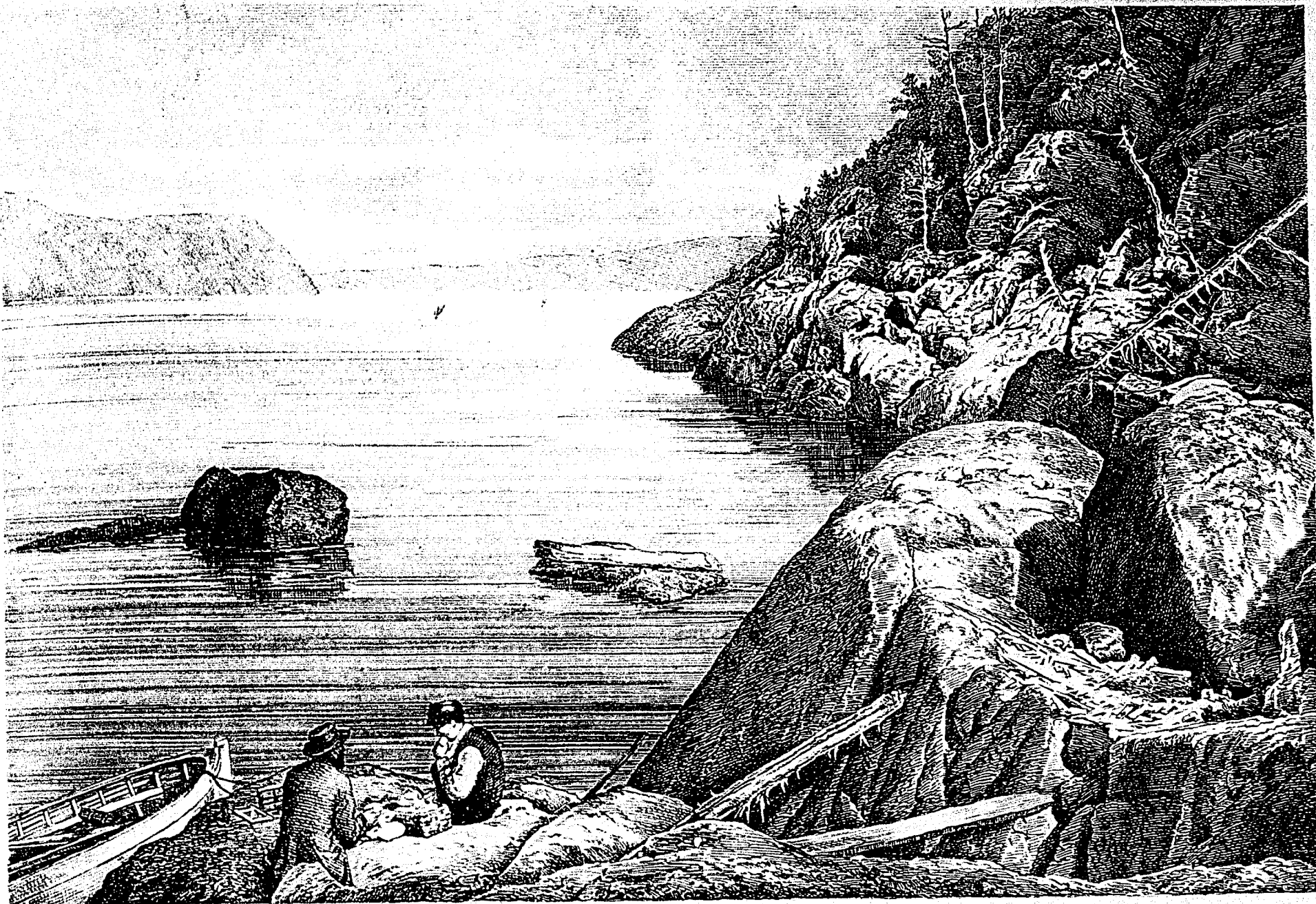


THE LATE INDIAN CHIEF HONDASONHONT.—SEE PAGE 167.

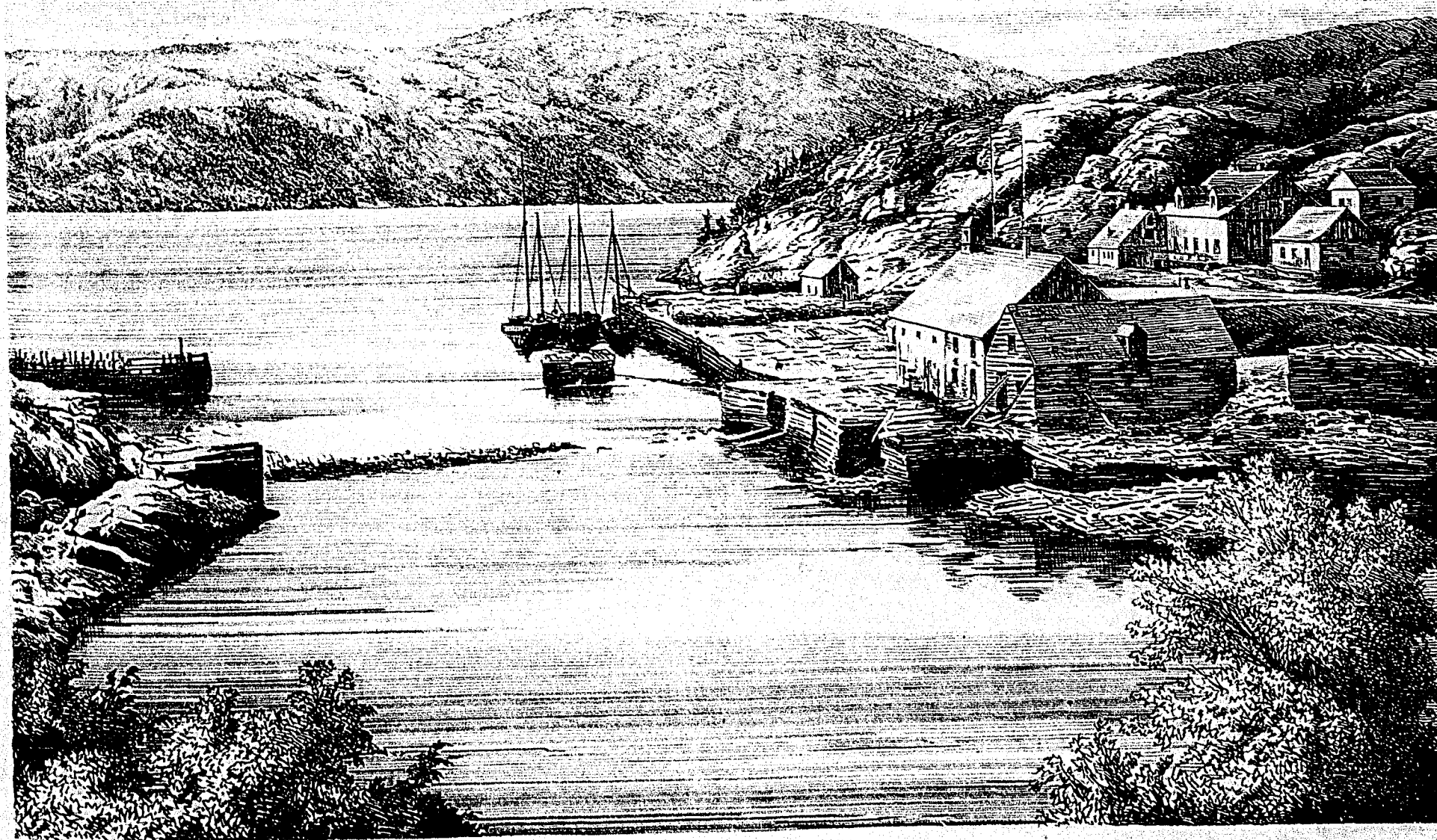
HONDASONHONT'S WIFE LASINONKIE.



THE MANITOBA INDIAN TREATY.—INDIAN CHIEF HARANGUING AT THE STONE FORT.—SEE PAGE 162.



VIEW ON THE SAGUENAY, OPPOSITE CAPE TRINITY.—SEE PAGE 162.



L'ANSE À L'EAU, ON THE SAGUENAY.

left. I advance my centre, and will cut him in two; then whip his broken corps separately."

Peter replied to this, and within ten minutes the commander in midst of battle nine hundred miles away, read:

"Attack the enemy's right. Turn his flank. Then he has you in front, with the river in his rear. Shell him. Charge on him. Drive him into the Mississippi."

Two senators sent a message requesting a brief interview on business. Said Peter to the boy:

"Go to the door, Julian Isador. Inform Senators Pensyldine and Wurtch they may have ten minutes; no more."

They entered. Senator Pensyldine spoke: "Sorry to interrupt even a minute. But the demand outside for information is so urgent we could not forbear intruding. All quiet?"

"Quiet on the Rappahannock. Quiet at New Orleans. May have news to-morrow, or next day, from the West. Everything goes well with the nation. Is all well with you, Senator?"

"Mr. Seadeep! Why inquire? What interest have I, other than the well-being and honour of my country?"

"No other, Senator; certainly not. Be seated. This reminds me of a good story of a boy stealing apples—he lived out in the same section with us—his name was—Ah! pardon one minute; keep your seats, gentlemen. This from—just received."

Peter ran his keen grey eye, and mental lens, keen as any that ever gleamed in human head, over the telegram handed by Elfa:

"Mr. Wurtch," he said; "be so good as—only a few minutes."

"Certainly, Peter, certainly," rejoined Senator Wurtch; making a slip of the tongue, accidentally, or intentionally, in saying "Peter" instead of "Your Excellency," or something equivalent. What! asked to retire while something confidential was told Pensyldine!

"This is an indignity Peter may regret," said he in thought, unspoken. But gracefully bowing Mr. Wurtch retired.

"Come to the window, Senator Pensyldine. I submit this telegram to you as having occasional unofficial correspondence with England, so we are informed. Well, not yourself of course, but through members of your family."

"No Sir; nor through any members of my family. This war, since the incident of the Trent, has interrupted such occasional correspondence as members of my family may have had with casual fellow travellers now in England."

"Yes? Is that so, Senator?"

"That is so."
"Well now, I'd not have expected that. Any way this nation is bound to put down the rebellion and come out of the war the most powerful people on earth. Have had no correspondence with England through members of your family lately? Is that so, Senator Pensyldine?"

"That is so."

"Well now, Senator, I'm bound to inform you, that correspondence has continued until yesterday. Letters came from England to your wife and daughter yesterday, and they wrote in reply this morning. They are arrested, and the letters received and written are in hands of Government. But this telegram, I'm happy to inform you, Senator, conveys assurance that the letters are quite harmless. Indeed highly honourable to your family and to the English Duke of Sheerness. Mrs. and Miss Pensyldine are under arrest at Philadelphia; but if you undertake, Senator, to read their foreign correspondence in future, and save Government the trouble, I may at once order their liberation. The Duke of Sheerness was as much surprised at the 'Own Correspondence' of the London —, January 21st as we. It has been officially disclaimed on the part of Canada. But the affront is not the less that such correspondence should have been published in London."

"What was it, Mr. Seadeep?"

"Presently, Senator. Excuse me now. We are in midst of a great battle. Two armies of nearly one hundred thousand each, are now engaged, and have been two hours. I was directing movements of the nation's armaments when obliged to pause and have your wife and daughter arrested and this correspondence read. Not a word of this battle to be spoken out of doors, Senator, until —"

Elfa Isador had laid three telegrams on Peter's table, while he talked at the window. They were now read in order of arrival. Being pleased at having ascertained that the Duke of Sheerness, in name of the English nation generally, had expressed marked disapproval of the — of January 21st, and willing to soothe the Senator, Peter invited him to a share of confidence in the telegrams coming in from the field of battle. He read:

"Movements determined by local circumstances before receipt of your order." Later. "S. will telegraph what you may —" (words indistinct.) "I am in the field"

Said Peter, musingly:
"One battle in progress. Three naval squadrons operating. The great army about

to advance. The draft unavoidable. Unfair criticism in the country and out of the country. Seven hundred editors. Problem: Thunderbolts may be controlled by lightning rod, but the vehm of seven hundred editors, reporters, traitors, copperhead senators, wives and daughters; what science under heaven could shield a nation with them all under lock and key? or not under lock and key?"

"Let them alone, I guess, is the only science," rejoined Senator Pensyldine.

A telegram just received was handed by the pretty little maid, Elfa Isador. Peter read, and wrote the order to go out to a city about two hundred miles West. "Arrest Hon. Jabez Postimerk, under suspension of Habeas Corpus. Seize and send on here, the letters received by him from Baltimore at 5, this p. m."

Ten minutes later, John telegraphed, by written order of Peter;

"U. S. Marshal, at Buffalo. Arrest Mrs. Eliza Sylvester, of your city. She was at Niagara Suspension Bridge at 5.30, this p. m., to get into Canada, but turned back. Has a ticket to Buffalo by the 6.05 train."

A telegram came in from the army of the West, signed Shafferblasten.

"Battle extended. Five miles, from right to left. Advancing left and left centre. Obstinate resistance at the right. Casualties heavy. I am directed to guard you against newspaper reports."

An extra, professedly giving news of the battle, was now selling on the streets. It indicated a retreat of portions of a division, which had been advancing by a wide detour, and was unexpectedly attacked from masked batteries. Soon this extra was repeated in other cities, as telegrams to William promptly told. In consultation with Peter, William telegraphed to the cities:

"Suppress false news. Place military guard in offices issuing extras. Government has intelligence of the battle. All going well."

Twenty-five minutes later, Peter read a telegram from Canada, and wrote on a paper which the page, Julian, laid before William, who telegraphed to Detroit, Michigan:

"Three fishing boats, with armed incendiaries, agents of El Abra, will leave the Canada shore at a point between Windsor and Sandwich, this p. m., at ten, to land on Michigan shore between the city and Fort Wayne. Have a force in ambush to arrest them. Consult with De Peri, the Canada detective. You will find him at 8 p. m., in Johnson's back room, foot of Woodward Avenue."

A telegram came in:
"Army of the West. Enemy making new dispositions under smoke and night. We make corresponding movements. Urge on reinforcements. He is to be whipt to-morrow, be sure of that. More surgeons and nurses wanted, casualties heavy. Returns not yet filled"

Mr. Pensyldine, who had gone out to ascertain by private telegram if his wife and daughter were liberated and in their own house, returned to the postponed conversation with Peter, William, and John. He brought with him Samson Steelyard, Esq., M. P. P., from Canada. A gentleman known to you since he was a Lancashire handloom weaver. Subsequently as farmer, manufacturer, financier, magistrate, and member of the Provincial Legislature. Also, an elderly lady, Bess of the Barn, whom you saw with Steelyard, and her husband, Humfry Horn (now no more.) The three standing upon a boulder rock at Stone Grove; books in hand, thresher's flails raised aloft by Humfry and Bess—emblems of manual labour; praying Heaven that machine-making capitalists, and mechanics who displaced handloom weavers from work, might have reason; that reason might restrain the handloom weaver insurgents, and political rebels less excusable, then marching under Abram Lud to initiate revolution in London. The time, you remember, when the Yeomanry Cavalry charged unbidden on the Blanketeers, riding some to earth; scattering whom they did not ride over; cutting with sabres whom they scattered.

Mrs. Humfry Horn had lived a widow the intervening years, in England partly; in Texas and Mexico mostly, where she had residence, as matron, with the families of the younger Luds. And came to Canada when the war began, a loyal American lady, thinking she had acumen to counteract other lady emissaries from the South; and persuasive influence to advance the interests of amity as between the British Empire and the United States.

On a day of July, 1861, a lady traveller alighted from a waggonette, which with her driver was left by the wayside, while she walked through a maple grove, attracted by glittering water seen through the branches. She beheld a man watching two of the superb palatial steamers of Canada. The Ships staggering in the rapids, snorting and blowing as they breasted the mighty current, daintily picking their steps as it were, from this island shore to that; from one reach of slack water to the next; while other steamers coming down glided gaily past.

The man was seated on a stone under shade of a maple tree, beside a shallow margin of the great river of the two nations. In his hands were note-books and manuscripts. Unobservant of the woman who stood, in antique dress with a thresher's flail—for it was Bess of the

Barn, the man read, in a loud voice, from his manuscript of 'Canada a Battle Field' this passage:

"And such a conflict. The mutual devastation of two thousand miles on one side of the boundary line, and as many miles on the other. Commercial cities, market towns, happy homesteads all a wreck! Railroads, lake and river steamers a wreck! The entire population of unpolitical women and children, now living happily on both sides of the line, wholly ignorant of the day the Exceptionals are hastening. Day of devastation, ruin, death, worse than death; unsuspecting that such a day may come."

The woman approached, scanning him narrowly as he ate of oatmeal cakes and lapped up water with his hand.

"Sir," she began, "why do you eat bread of oats in this land of wheat?"

He replied, rising and bowing:
"Madam, I eat the bread of oats from fidelity to the land I was born in. Bone, muscle, brain, soul, derive a more generous nourishment from oats than from any other food. With work in hand of gravest import to the world's well-being, I eat the food and lap the drink of the indomitable."

"Your work, sir?"

"Exploring on foot a frontier of two thousand miles by nook and crook of shores. Gathering thoughts of a scattered population. Writing 'Canada a Battle Field,' in trust I may guide to reason the people fringing the two nations, this side the river and that; who, of all on earth, have smallest cause to snap and snarl at one another."

"Sir, a godlike work. I pursue the same lofty object. Your name? Yes? Eyden Kensbrig. Never had the happiness to hear the name before. Come with me. Be Secretary to Bess of the Barn."

"I am already in the honoured employment of the Donna Eurydia," he replied.

"What! the Donna Eurydia of Florida? She is a rank copperhead traitress. Don't you know that?"

"No, Madam, and don't believe that. Farewell. Go your way. I go mine."

At the nearest railroad station he took the Grand Trunk train to Detroit, six hundred miles west. There, by appointment, he met Lillymere, who had enlisted by name of Simon Lud, as you know.

"The Donna Eurydia a traitress to the nation? Impossible," Kensbrig mused to himself. But on the subject remained silent.

Nine months passed. It was that momentous day in April, 1862, when the Army of the West encountered the Insurgents in battle. Both alike gallant. The South beginning as rebels, sprang at a leap to the rank of heroes. The worse for humanity in the future, probably.

Bess of the Barn, on business about Doctor Ocean Horn her son, and Samson Steelyard, Esq., as a friend, were introduced at a late hour of that eventful day to Peter, William, and John.

The writer of a novel would not dare invent for his modest page the astounding story of a journal then leading public impulse in Europe. It is literally transcribed at this day, on this page, that I may reiterate on behalf of beautiful Canada what Squire Steelyard urged on Peter, William, and John—that the alleged designs of the Provinces were never heard of until read in the journal of impulse.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Steelyard," said Peter. Then after conversation, during which the child pages, Elfa and Julian, were told to retire for the night, and the theme uppermost in all minds had been guardedly touched, Peter remarked:

"You fail to understand, do you, what the Hon. Mr. Seward meant in his letter read at the Cooper Institute on last anniversary of Washington's birthday." Taking a newspaper, "This is the passage:

"Disloyal citizens have seized upon this great anniversary to pervert it to a more complete organization of the conspiracy for the overthrow of the Union, of which Washington was the founder, and for the betrayal of the people of the United States back to the foreign yoke, which the hand of Washington smote and broke."

"It refers, Mr. Steelyard, to this, which a month previously was published in London, by the journal which is said to lead public opinion. It purports to have gone from 'Our Own Correspondent' in Montreal, 5th January, 1862. Listen:
"The great problem which the Northern and Eastern States have to solve is, not how to bring back the South into the Union, for there are few who believe that to be possible, but how to prevent the loss of the Western States also; and this difficulty is the key to the attempts to provoke a collision with England, and to the extraordinary virulence against Canada."

"When the United States regarded Canada as a property to which it was next heir, it viewed her growth in population, wealth and power with complacent satisfaction. But when it recognizes, as it does now, that instead of being absorbed into the Union, Canada is a formidable rival for dominion, and likely to be the nucleus around which the shattered fragments of the Republic will

eventually crystalize into a new and overshadowing Empire, it gnashes its teeth at those who have balked its destiny. So the whole pack of Federal journals is in full cry after Canada and the Canadians, and the magnitude of the disappointment is shown by the virulence of the clamour."

Steelyard exclaimed in fervour:
"Such designs are utterly unknown in Canada. Were never heard of them in the Provinces until that paper came out by mail."

Peter continued:
"Now, I read a passage from a New York journal, leading American thought, in reply to that:

"The energy of the United States in organizing an invincible army and impregnable navy; the grand results already achieved and to be achieved by the war, will demonstrate the strength of the Republic, and the stability and permanence of democratic institutions. The result in Europe, combined with the distress arising from the injury inflicted by the war on the commercial and manufacturing interests, will be to give a great impetus to the cause of democracy, and to rekindle the flames of revolution."

"Napoleon will probably save himself by riding upon the whirlwind and directing the storm. But the British oligarchy are doomed, and the people will throw off their yoke forever, as the French people long since have done with their nobility."

"The French revolution is yet to be finished in England. In that day her aristocracy will call upon the United States for help; but they will call in vain. Not only will the independence of Mexico be maintained, and Canada cut loose from the sinking old hulk of the British Empire, and every island in the West Indies which now owns British sway be set free to choose its own destiny, but the people will be disenthralled."

Steelyard ventured to suggest that the building of El Abra privateering ships was due to the commercial instincts unrestrained by moral principle, rather than to the existence of an order of persons deriving rent from property, and usually called aristocracy. Also, that American enterprise, unchecked by moral restraint, gave commanders crews and armaments to those ships. Also, that some of the ill-feeling in England may have arisen from the Trent misadventure.

"Which subjects," said Peter, "are not to be argued here. I only pointed to the N. Y. Herald of March 28th, as suggestive of what reciprocity in outrage is tending to. An English writer of note—made eminent by the great journal he writes in, with volumes of Robinson's Admiralty Reports before him, selects the decisions which bear against the United States. Strange he should not alight upon Lord Stowell's judicial dictum, supreme authority of all English jurists. This: If one power, by its citizens, or by inadvertence, commits a breach of International law, it is monstrous to plead that every other, or any other power, may commit breaches of International law. Rob. Rep., Vol. III"

Said Steelyard, mildly:
"The activity of newspaper enterprise is a fact lying out of all ordinary governmental control and logical to the fast age we live in. The Montreal letter of 5th January, 1862, seems one of that sort. I suggest that the families of aristocracy are not at fault; but rather the daring commercial instinct of our great families of Anglo Saxon people."

"Anyway," rejoined Peter, "the war is ours, not yours. The running, riding writers getting but a distant sight of the smoke of battle, then off in a hurry with the news; hurry scurry news; in the levity of inaccuracy, from field of our early uncertainty, wounding the honour of a great and proud people, to be first with a story to tell; the telling to recoil; the recoiling striking fire! Fire in the hearts of millions! Such enterprise in journalism, let me tell you, is dangerous."

A telegram from the West came in:
"Midnight. Making new dispositions of forces. The notorious guerilla, El Abra, at head of his mounted band, was encountered by cavalry Redbolts under the gallant young commander, Simon Lud. Hand to hand combats on horseback are reported; conducted partly in the dark, but occasionally in the blaze of bush fires."

Later:
"El Abra struck from his saddle by Lud, and now a prisoner. Important documents found on his person."

Later:
"El Abra escaped. Lud and the Redbolts in hot pursuit."

[To be continued.]

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THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 7, 1871. Last Night but One of the Successful Young Artists, Miss Lillie Eldridge, when will be produced the Thrilling Home Drama of DOT; or, the Cricket on the Hearth.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 8, 1871. Benefit and Last appearance of MISS LILLIE ELDRIDGE, who will appear in the great Sensation Drama of the OCTOORON.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 9, 1871. First Night of the engagement of the celebrated Comedian, MR. DOMINICK MURRAY, who will appear in the beautiful Drama of ALLEEN AROON, and laughable Farce of the HAPPY MAN.

MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 11, 1871. Boucicault's Drama of Arrah-Na-Pogue.

TUESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 12, 1871. THE COLLEEN BAWN.

WEDNESDAY, EVENING, SEPT. 13, 1871. ALLEEN AROON.

ADMISSION: Dress Circle, 50c.; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle, 75c.; Family Circle, 25c.; Pit, 25c.; Private Boxes, \$1. Seats secured at PRINCE'S MUSIC STORE. Doors open at 7; performance to begin at 8. 4-11a

MONTREAL AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the above Society will be held in the VICTORIA SKATING RINK, DRUMMOND STREET.

On the 19th, 20 and 21st days of September next, when PRIZES to the amount of ELEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS will be offered for FLOWERS.

FRUITS. VEGETABLES. AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS. POULTRY, &c., &c. Prize Lists with Rules and Regulations and all other information may be had of the undersigned. 4-10b J. E. PELL, Secy. Treas.

1871. LONGUEUIL 1871.

REGATTA.

TO TAKE PLACE AT LONGUEUIL, ON WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY.

13th and 14th SEPTEMBER. On which occasion the celebrated ENGLISH CREWS WILL ROW FOR THE \$1,000 PRIZE.

PATRONS.

CHAS. J. COORSOL, Esq., Mayor of Montreal. C. J. BRYDGES, Esq., Hon. HENRY STARRS. SIR HUGH ALLAN. WILLIAM McNAUGHTON, Esq., I. BURDEAU, Esq., Mayor, Longueuil.

PROGRAMME.

- 1. SAILING RACE, open to Boats 21 feet and under. Distance about 6 miles. Start at 9 A. M.; home by 1 P. M., or no Race. Prize - up, value \$50. Entrance \$5.00. 2. FOUR OARED OUTRIGGERS, OPEN TO THE WORLD, ABOUT 6 MILES. First Prize, \$1,000; Second, \$250. Entrance free. This Race will be started at 1 o'clock on the first day, weather permitting. 3. FIVE OARED BOATS, ROWED FROM THE GUNWALE, 4 MILES. Open to Members of recognized Clubs. \$100. Entrance \$5. 4. SAILORS' RACE, Two miles. Open to Boats from Sea-going Vessels. First Prize, \$10; Second, \$10. Entrance free. 5. DOUBLE SCULLS, ROWED FROM THE GUNWALE, 2 MILES. Open to all. Prize, \$100. Entrance, \$5. 6. SINGLE SCULL OUTRIGGERS, Championship of the St. Lawrence, 2 miles. Open to all. Prize - Cup, value \$50; presented by Mr. Notman. Entrance, \$5. 7. DOUBLE SCULL SKIFF RACE, 1 mile. Open to Boys under 15. First Prize, \$10; Second, \$5. Entrance free. 8. SINGLE SCULL SKIFF RACE, 2 miles. Open to Members of the Club. Prize - Club Cup. Entrance, \$5. 9. DOUBLE SCULL OUTRIGGERS, 3 miles. Open to all. Prize, \$100. Entrance, \$5.

TO CONCLUDE WITH A DUCK HUNT.

The whole to be rowed under the Regulations of the Club. Names of Boats and Crews and Colours worn, must be made known at time of entry. Lists close on Saturday, 9th September. Arrangements have been made for Railways and Steamboats to carry passengers to the Regatta at reduced fares. E. A. BARTON, Secy. Longueuil Boating Club, Drawer 285 P. O., Montreal. 4-10a

WANTED.—TEN RESPECTABLE YOUNG MEN and Three YOUNG LADIES, to qualify as Telegraph Operators. For particulars see advertisement of Dominion Telegraph Institute. Terms: \$30.00 for the full course, including use of instruments and line. Apply at the Dominion Telegraph Institute, 89, St. James Street, Montreal. Also, at the offices of the C. I. News, Hearthstone and L'Opinion Publique, No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill, 4-11tt

ORIGINAL.

Said Annie to Jenn, "I must have a gold ring;" Said Jenn, "I would prefer some other thing. Oh, dear! everything's so pretty; such goods I adore. We will each have a work-box in Harper's new Dollar Store."

How time passes by! Still new goods come on. Oh, ye Allan Steamers, how fast you do run! As strangers and citizens view the block'er, I solicit your call at my new Dollar Store.

Come, rush on, you Public, we won't keep you long, To the Cathedral Block the central throng; If you purchased ten times you will still wish for more. For every one's rushing for Harper's new Dollar Store. No. 267, NOTRE DAME STREET, Opposite Original Blue Store. 4-11tt

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

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

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

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. Graduates on leaving the Institute are presented with a diploma of proficiency, which will enable them to act immediately as vacancies occur throughout the Dominion of Canada and the United States. At first salaries of \$20 a month may be secured; after two years' experience on the lines, from \$30 to \$50 a month can be commanded; while in the United States from \$100 to \$120 per month are paid.

The possession of a knowledge of Telegraphy is especially open to Ladies; in fact, they are the favorites as operators both in England and America, commanding higher wages, as compared with other employments, than men, while they have the natural facility of acquiring the system 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 themselves, without either foreman or master, merely to take and dispatch messages. The usual hours of attendance required is from 10 to 12 hours per day, less the usual hours for meals. Operators are not required to work on Sundays. The Institute is fitted up in a most complete and practical manner, with all the usual fixtures, &c., of a regular Telegraph office on a large scale. Messages of every description, Train news, arrivals and departures, Market Reports and Cable messages are sent and received, as daily practised on the lines. Individual instruction is given to each pupil, according to capacity of learning the science. Neither pains nor expense are spared to qualify the students for important offices, in the shortest possible time. Students may commence their studies at any time, and continue at the College until they are proficient operators, without any further charge. There are no vacations. Hours of attendance, from 9 A.M. to noon, and from 1.30 to 6 P.M. The time occupied in learning averages fifteen weeks; but this, of course, depends principally on the capacity of the pupil for instruction. Some pupils who are now on the lines completed their course of study in from five to eight weeks.

The terms for the full course of instruction is Thirty Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all necessary materials, instruments, &c., are furnished to each student. A line has been constructed on which students of this Institute will have actual practice, when sufficiently advanced. In case of a broken communication, the repairs will be conducted by a Professor of Telegraphy, under the eyes of the students; so that a really practical knowledge may be obtained in every branch of the Science of Telegraphic Communication. GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor. Montreal, June, 1871.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND AMENDMENTS.

IN the matter of JOHN CHARLES, alias JOHN P. CHARLES, of the City and District of Montreal, MANUFACTURING JEWELLER and Trader, as well individually as having heretofore carried on business in partnership with James Harper, of Montreal aforesaid, under the name and firm of HARPER & CHARLES, Manufacturing Jewellers. An Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, ANDREW B. STEWART, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at the office of the Assignee, in the City of Montreal, on TUESDAY, the tenth day of OCTOBER next, at the hour of THREE o'clock in the afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the Affairs of the Estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend. A. B. STEWART, Assignee. 4-11b

Montreal, 5th September, 1871.

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HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT. COHEN & LOPEZ, Corner of St. James Street and Place d'Armes Square. 3-3-zz

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE. SIGN OF THE GOLDEN PADLOCK.

THE SUBSCRIBER is Agent for the Combined Flat and Fluting Iron; the STEAM MACHA COFFEE POT; the Celebrated SAPOLIO for Cleaning and Polishing; also for the AMERICAN BASE BURNER, the best HALL STOVE in the Market. L. J. A. SURVEYER, 524 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. 4-7tt

HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS. JAMES MUIR, 198 St. James Street, — Adjoining Molson's Bank. 2-26-zz

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

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS. JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER, 160 and 162 St. James Street. 11tt MONTREAL.

MERCHANT TAILOR. SAMUEL GOLTMAN, 226 St. James Street. 3-3-zz

PHOTOGRAPHER. O. DESMARAIS, Corner of CRAIG and St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREETS. All sizes of Photographs taken and neatly framed at reasonable prices. Particular attention paid to Copying. 4-6m

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

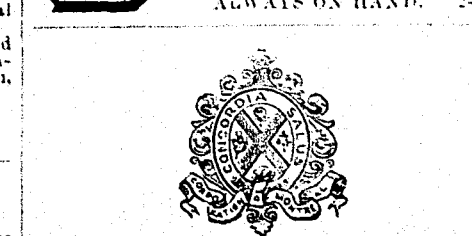
TURKISH BATH. DR. MACBEAN'S IMPROVED TURKISH BATH, 140 St. Monique Street, near Crystal Palace, Montreal. Gentlemen's hours (with the exception of Monday morning) 6 to 9 a.m. and 3 to 9 p.m. 4-6zz

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

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO., 271 Notre Dame Street. 2-23zz

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

JAMES FYFE, FIRST PRIZE SCALE MANUFACTURER, No. 24 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL. A GENERAL ASSORTMENT ALWAYS ON HAND. 2-23



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL. CITY SCHOOL TAX.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Statement of the Real Estate in this City, divided into four distinct panels according to religious denominations, in pursuance of the provisions of the Act 32 Victoria, Chapter Sixteen, to amend the law respecting Education in this Province, is now completed and deposited in the Office of the undersigned, where the said panels shall be opened for inspection during THIRTY days from this day. JAMES F. D. BLACK, City Treasurer. 4-10b

CITY HALL, Montreal, 24th Aug., 1871.


GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.
 A BONA-FIDE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM,
 For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal
 organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of re-
 markable power in pulmonary disease.
 The Red Spruce Gum has always been held in the
 highest esteem in this country for the relief and cure
 of Chest complaints. It is now offered to the public
 in the form of a delicious and scientifically
PREPARED SYRUP.

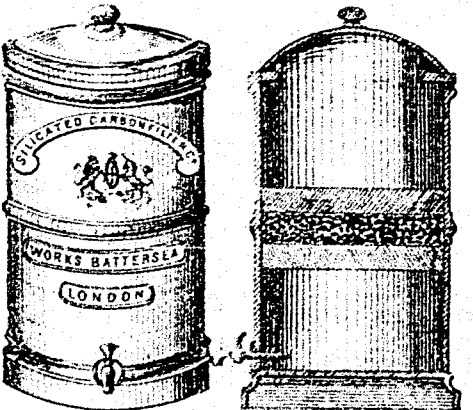
PREPARED BY
HENRY R. GRAY,
 Dispensing Chemist,
 MONTREAL.
 For sale at all Drug Stores in the Dominion.
 Price, 25 cents.
 Druggists can be supplied from any of the Wholesale
 Houses. 3-2x

MRS. CUISKELLY, 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.
 4-6x

HELLEBORE! HELLEBORE
 For the destruction of Caterpillars on Cabbage
 Plants, Gooseberry and Currant Bushes, &c., &c.
CARBOLIC ACID, SOAP, & POWDER,
 For Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes.
SODA WATER—Cold as Ice, combined with pure
 Syrups, drawn from the Arctic Fountain.
BRUSHES—Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Shaving, and
 Flesh Brushes, Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs,
 Sponges, Cologne, &c.
JAMES GOULDEN,
 175 St. Lawrence St.; Branch, 363 St. Catherine St.,
 MONTREAL. 3-24-1f

OFFICE OF THE
"CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,"
 MONTREAL, 10th July, 1871.
MY FRIENDS and the PUBLIC are
 hereby requested to take notice that although
 Mr. W. ROBERTS carries on his business under the
 name of ROBERTS, REINHOLD & CO., I have
 no connection with his firm, and have had none what-
 ever for more than two years. I take this occasion
 to state that I am in the Establishment of Messrs.
 LEGGO & CO., and I hereby solicit for their firm
 the patronage of those who, being acquainted with
 me, have confidence in my ability.
 (Signed.)
 4-31f **R. REINHOLD.**


USE ONLY
THE GLENFIELD STARCH,
 EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE
 ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND,
 and in that of His Excellency
 THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 18x
NEW ARRIVALS AT
THE MEDICAL HALL.
 FRESH CONGRESS WATER—Pints and Quarts.
 GENUINE COLOGNE—Ten Styles.
 SAARZ'S GLYCERINE PREPARATIONS.
 EVENDEN'S DIGESTIVE CANDY.
 BRAGG'S CHARCOAL BISCUITS.
 BRAGG'S PURE CHARCOAL.
 MONA BOUQUET—Genuine.
 SPONGE BAGS—All Sizes.
 RAMORNE EX. MEAT.
 AND A SPLENDID STOCK OF
BRUSHES, COMBS, PERFUMERY, SOAPS,
 and General Toilet Requisites.
THE MEDICAL HALL,
 OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, AND PHILLIP'S
 SQUARE. 4-4m



PURE AND WHOLESOME WATER.
JUST RECEIVED
 A LARGE STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED
SILICATED CARBON FILTERS,
 Besides animalcula of all kinds, these Filters extract
 Vegetable and Mineral impurities, making the
 Water wholesome and refreshing. They are acknow-
 ledged to be the most perfect WATER PURIFIER
 known.
 TO BE HAD OF MOST DRUGGISTS,
J. V. MORGAN,
 89 ST. JAMES STREET,
 Montreal, P. Q. 4-4m

PROBLEMS FOR THE WISE.



A thirsty man, with an empty pocket, oppo-
 site a fountain: Result—A hearty drink, a clear
 head, a healthy stomach, pocket as before.



A tippler, with a shilling and no thirst, oppo-
 site a bottle of whisky: Result—Stupefaction,
 fever, dyspepsia, and an empty pocket.

J. BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., East of McGill.

SUMMER WINES!
BARTON & GUESTIER'S,
 AND
NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S
CLARETS, SAUTERNES, BARSAC,
 &c., &c.,
 OF ALL GRADES.
REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER
 AT
C. J. BAIRD'S,
 221 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-1f

COAL! COAL!
PARTIES REQUIRING A FIRST-CLASS
 article, at an unusually low price, will do
 well to take advantage of the present opportunity
 and get their Coal out of the vessels now discharging
 the following descriptions: It can be seen unloading
 all along the Wharves. It is all fresh mined:
LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA, WELSH ANTHRACITE,
NEWCASTLE GRATE, NEWCASTLE SMITH'S,
SCOTCH STEAM, NOVA SCOTIA,
 &c., &c.
S. W. BEARD & CO.,
 Foot of McGill Street.
 4-6m

THE "TERRAPIN"
 No. 27 NOTRE DAME STREET.
 Now the only RESTAURANT where
 the Public can visit and, without vexatious restraint,
 EAT, DRINK, and SUP at pleasure. The entrance
 flat comprises BAR, PUBLIC LUNCH ROOMS, &c.,
 and a spacious Dining Room up Stairs, suitable for
 PUBLIC DINNERS.
 LUNCHEON from 12 to 3, comprising all the
 delicacies of the Season. FRUIT, and other LUXU-
 RIES.
JOSEPH CARLISLE,
 PROPRIETOR.
 4-2-m

THE ALBION,
 AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
Note in its Fiftieth Year.
 NEWS FROM
 ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.
 The Choicest Poetry of the English Magazines, Able
 Editorials, Book Notices, Dramatic Criticisms.
 NEWS FROM THE BRITISH PROVINCES.
 Opinions of the English and American Press,
 Financial News, and the
 CREAM OF CURRENT ENGLISH LITERATURE.
 The ALBION is published at \$5.00 per Year, pay-
 able in advance. Each subscriber is entitled to a
 Copy of two Fine Steel Engravings, of which a list
 will be sent by M. L. CARLISLE, sole Agent for the
 Province of Quebec, at his office, pro tem, at BAN-
 CROFT & SHARP'S City Express, No. 193, St. James
 Street.
 POST OFFICE BOX 885, MONTREAL.
 N. B.—Engravings delivered on receipt of Sub-
 scriptions. 4-8U

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS
 STOCK AT
S. GOLDMAN AND CO'S,
 132 ST. JAMES STREET.
 N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring
 Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 28

AN ARTIST of good judgment and taste,
 accustomed to touching up photographic nega-
 tives and prints, would find constant employment at
 this office.
Canadian Illustrated News Printing Works,
 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. 3-24-1f



ALLAN LINE.
 Under contract with the Government of Canada for
 the Conveyance of
Canadian & United States Mails,
 1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871.

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

Vessels	Tonage	Commanders
POLYNESIAN	4,100 (Building)	
SARMATIAN	3,600 (Building)	
CIRCASSIAN	3,400 (Building)	
CASPIAN	3,200	Capt. Scott.
SCANDINAVIAN	3,000	Capt. Ballantyne.
PRUSSIAN	3,000	Lieut. Dutton, R.N.R.
AUSTRIAN	2,700	Capt. J. Wylie.
NESTORIAN	2,700	Capt. A. Aird.
MORAVIAN	2,650	Capt. Brown.
PERUVIAN	2,600	L. Smith, R.N.R.
GERMAN	2,500	Capt. J. Graham.
EUROPEAN	2,500	Capt. Bouchette.
HIBERNIAN	2,400	Capt. R. S. Watts.
NOVA SCOTIAN	2,300	Capt. Richardson.
NORTH AMERICAN	1,784	Capt. Trucks.
CORINTHIAN	2,100	Capt. W. Grange.
OTTAWA	1,833	Lieut. Archer, R.N.R.
ST. DAVID	1,650	Capt. E. Scott.
ST. ANDREW	1,432	Capt. Ritchie.
ST. PATRICK	1,207	Capt. H. Wylie.
NORWAY	1,160	Capt. C. N. Mylins.
SWEDEN	1,150	Capt. Mackenzie.

THE STEAMERS OF THE
LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE,
 (Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and
 from Quebec every SATURDAY, calling at Lough
 Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Pas-
 sengers to and from Ireland and Scotland.)
 Rates of Passage from Quebec:—
 Cabin \$70 to \$80
 Steerage \$25

THE STEAMERS OF THE
GLASGOW LINE
 (Sailing from Glasgow every TUESDAY, and from
 Quebec for Glasgow on or about every THURSDAY.)
 Fares from Quebec:—
 Cabin \$60
 Intermediate 40
 Steerage 24

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel,
 Berth not secured until paid for. For Freight, or
 other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER,
 or HUGH and ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLAN,
 RAK & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai
 D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 25 Quai
 Voltaire; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMITZ & Co.; in
 Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ZOON; in Hamburg to
 W. GRISON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MA-
 COLE; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORN; in
 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX.
 ALLAN, 79 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN
 Bros., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner
 of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20-1f

THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION
 COMPANY'S Mail Steamer *Prince of Wales*
 from Lachine, on arrival of the 7 a.m. train from
 Montreal, daily.
 Steamer *Queen Victoria*, from Ottawa, at 7 a.m.
 Market Steamer *Ingmar*, from Canal Basin, Wed-
 nesdays and Saturdays at 6 a.m.
 Excursion, Return, and Single tickets to be had at
 the office, 10 Bonaventure Street. Single and Re-
 turn tickets to Ottawa can be procured at the Bona-
 venture Depot.
 4-2-m **R. W. SHEPHERD, President.**

AGENTS WANTED, Male and Female,
 for new and useful inventions. Enclose stamp
 to Montreal Manufacturing Company,
 Box 627,
 MONTREAL, P. Q. 4-8z

The St. Lawrence and Ottawa
Railway
FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL.
The Shortest and Best Route from Montreal and
all Points East to Ottawa.
ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION.
Summer Arrangement, 1871.

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

COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS
 On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night
 Expresses by which Passengers leaving Montreal and
 Toronto in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 6:50 the
 following morning. Charge for Berths 50 cents each.
 Connection with the Grand Trunk Trains at
 Prescott Junction Certain.
20 MINUTES ALLOWED FOR REFRESHMENTS
AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

FREIGHT NOTICE.
 A FLOATING ELEVATOR always in readiness
 at Prescott Wharf, where Storage for Grain, Flour,
 Pork, &c., can be had.

A CHANGE GAUGE CAR PIT
 Is provided in the Junction Freight Shed by means
 of which Freight loaded on Change Gauge Cars
 COMES THROUGH TO OTTAWA WITHOUT
 TRANSHPMENT.
THOS. REYNOLDS,
 Managing Director.

R. LUTRELL,
 Superintendent, Prescott.
 Ottawa, 1st June, 1871. 3-20m

CANADA CENTRAL
 —AND—
Brockville & Ottawa Railways.


GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE
TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY,
MARCH 6, 1871,


TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—
LEAVE BROCKVILLE.
 MAIL TRAIN at 6:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at
 11:20 A.M.
 LOCAL TRAIN at 3:00 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at
 8:35 P.M.
 THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:30 P.M., connecting
 with Grand Trunk Day Express from
 the West, and arriving at Ottawa at
 7:16 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.
 THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 9:40 A.M., arriving
 at Brockville at 1:40 P.M., and con-
 necting with Grand Trunk Day Ex-
 press going West.
 LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M.
 MAIL TRAIN at 4:45 P.M., arriving at Brockville at
 10:10 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT
 at 12:00 and 9:00 P.M.
 Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make
 certain connections with all Trains on B. and O.
 Railway.
 Freight forwarded with despatch. As the B. & O.
 & C. C. Railways are the same gauge as the Grand
 Trunk, car-loads will go through in Grand Trunk
 cars to all points without transshipment.
 Certain connections made with Grand Trunk
 Trains.
H. ARBOTT,
 Manager,
 Brockville, March, 1871. 3-11-1f

INTERCOLONIAL COAL MINING COY.
G. A. DRUMMOND, President.
H. A. BUDDEN, Vice President.
 Have on hand and for Sale—
GRATE, STEAM, and SLACK COAL.
 For full information as to Prices, &c., apply at the
 Company's Office,
 59, FRANCIS XAVIER STREET,
 H. McKay, Secretary.
 3-10-1-1m

"BEST IN USE."


BAKING POWDER
 IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.
 FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15-1f

LEGGO & Co.,
 Legkotypers,
 Electrotypers,
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 Chromo and
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 bels, Commercial work of every description, executed
 in a superior style, at unprecedently low prices.
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 Montreal.