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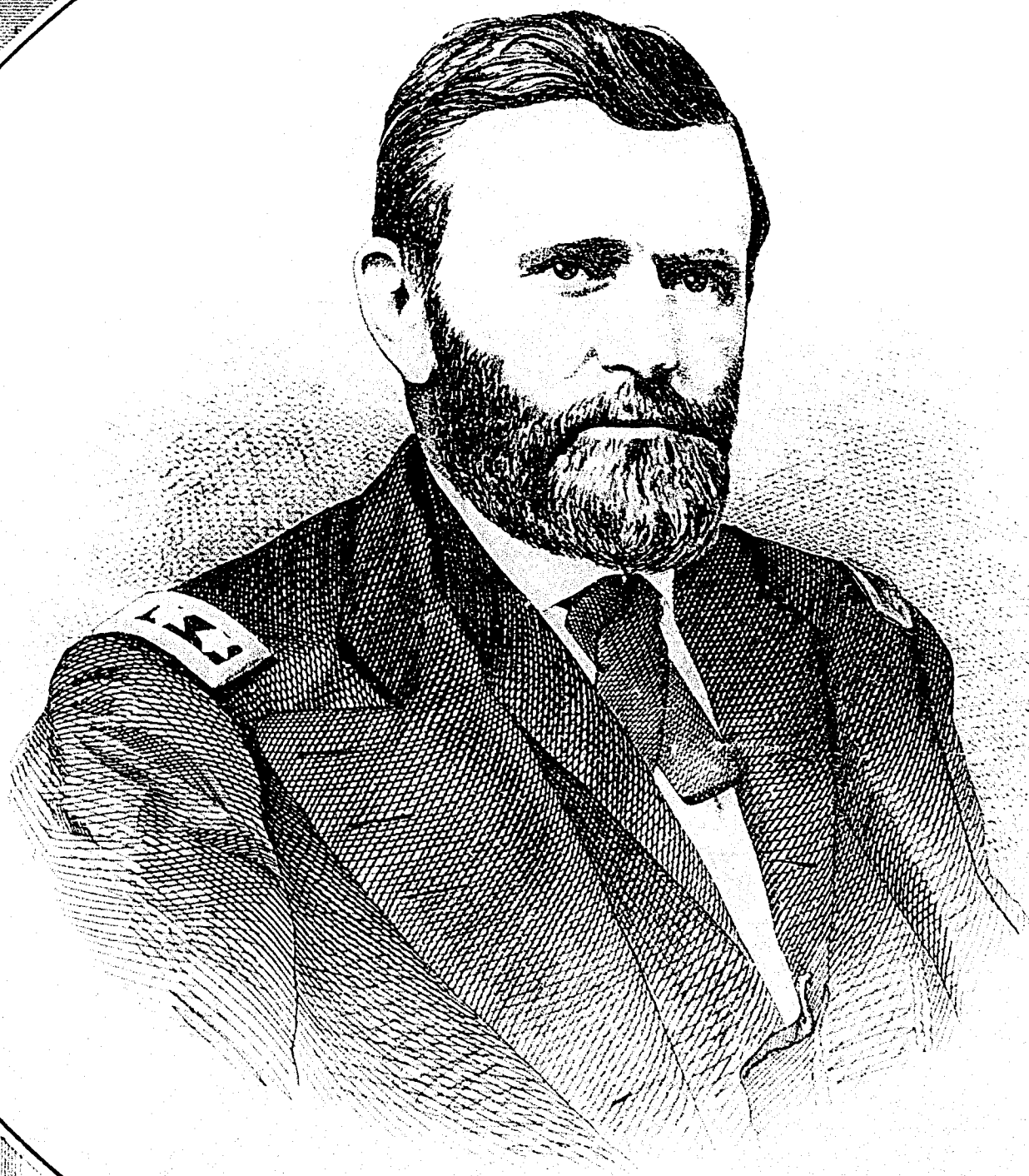
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OPENING OF THE E. & N. A. RAILWAY—GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—SEE PAGE 230.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 90.—THE LATE JUDGE AYLWIN.

On the 14th of last month the honourable Justice Aylwin departed this life in the 58th year of his age, having been born in the City of Quebec, on the 5th January, 1806. He was during his lifetime a man of marked distinction as a barrister, a politician, and a judge. On his father's side he was of Welsh extraction, and his mother was an Irish lady of the name of Connolly. He was educated in his native city at the school kept by the Rev. Dr. Wilkie, a Presbyterian clergyman, and among his school companions were many who, like himself, subsequently rose to high position in the State and on the Bench. He was also, for a short time, at Harvard College, Cambridge, when about the age of 14. He displayed remarkable ability in his studies, and was looked upon as a genius by his school-fellows. At the age of 16, he devoted himself to the study of the law, and especially of criminal law. He entered the office of Mr. Moquin, a distinguished lawyer, and afterwards that of the late Judge Thompson, of Gaspé. When only sixteen years old he acted as interpreter in the Criminal Court at Quebec. In 1828 he was called to the bar of Lower Canada, and speedily earned the reputation of a very clever advocate. He was especially noted among his brother practitioners for his skill in detecting a flaw in an opponent's case, and his sagacity in this respect gained him many a forensic victory when the cause appeared well nigh hopeless. For some time he was a law partner of the late Judge Short, of Sherbrooke.

During the troublous times of '37-'38, Mr. Aylwin espoused the popular side, and as a contributor to the press, wrote many a vigorous article in opposition to the Government of the day. On the consummation of the Union, in 1841, he entered Parliament. The first constituency which he represented was the County of Portneuf. In the following year he became a member of the Executive Council as Solicitor General for Lower Canada, an office which he filled from the 26th September, 1842, until December, 1843. He then resigned along with the other members of the Baldwin-Lafontaine Ministry, when Sir Charles Metcalfe refused to comply with their views as to the distribution of the Crown patronage. His parliamentary career lasted until the month of April, 1848, during which he was twice elected for Portneuf and three times for the City of Quebec. For a considerable portion of this time he was ranged on the side of the Opposition, and by his abilities as a debater rendered great service to the Liberal party. Kaye, in his life of Lord Metcalfe, says of him:—"Mr. Aylwin bore the reputation of the best debater in the Assembly—a man of infinite adroitness and lawyer-like sagacity, skilled in making the worse appear the better reason, and exposing the weakness of an adversary's case. He had rendered essential service to the French Canadians in the time of their utmost need, and had been brought into the Council through the influence of that party. But there was, in reality, little in common between them, and it was said that the connection gave no great satisfaction to the old clients of the Solicitor General." On the 4th March, 1848, he again entered the Government as Solicitor General for Lower Canada, but within two months was elevated to the Bench, having been appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench for his native Province. In the following year a re-organization of the Judiciary took place, and what is now called the Superior Court was invested with the jurisdiction of the old Court of Queen's Bench, and the new Court of Queen's Bench was invested with appellate jurisdiction. Judge Aylwin was translated to the newly constituted Court of Queen's Bench, and removed to Montreal in 1850. His colleagues on the Bench were Sir James Stuart, Mr. Justice Rolland, and Mr. Justice Panet. From that date up to 1867, Mr. Justice Aylwin continued to discharge the important duties of his position. The *Montreal Gazette* truly remarked, in its obituary notice of the late Judge:

"His career as a judge was singularly brilliant. Not only in his judgments in civil cases was he pre-eminent for eloquence of expression and conclusiveness of argument, but in the presidency of the Crown side of the Court he gained a wide celebrity. The writer well remembers how a dozen years ago, when the judge's fame was at its zenith, law students and young advocates eagerly pressed into the Court at Montreal, to listen to his masterly charges. It was his fortune to preside at many of the most important and protracted criminal trials which have taken place in this city, and hundreds who read these lines will recall the close and unwearied attention which he gave to the evidence, and the admirable clearness and precision with which he summed up in both languages, forgetting no fact of the slightest importance, and brushing away in a few pithy and conclusive sentences all the skillfully woven sophistries of the defence. Many of his charges were remarkable specimens of forensic eloquence, and were delivered in both the English and French languages with equal fluency and perspicuity. In some of the more important murder trials, that of Beauregard, for instance, the charge and the reading of the evidence lasted seven or eight hours, the judge displaying wonderful energy and endurance. In Court he was remarkable for maintaining decorum and order. You might hear a pin drop in the Court-room while the presidency was in his charge. When in the full enjoyment of his faculties, he invariably impressed his hearers with the belief that they were in the presence of a man of no ordinary powers. One of his distinguishing characteristics was the rapidity with which he made up his mind. It seemed impossible for him to be undecided for a moment, and having formed his opinion, apparently without the slightest hesitation, he adhered to it with

the greatest tenacity, and supported it by the most admirable logic."

Some ten years ago Judge Aylwin was attacked by a severe stroke of paralysis, from which he speedily rallied, but never fully recovered his former brilliancy of intellect. A few years afterwards he obtained a year's leave of absence, after which he resumed his duties on the bench, but speedily sent in his resignation to the Government. That resignation was not accepted for nearly a year, until a pension having become vacant it was assigned to Judge Aylwin, who then retired from the bench, and has up to the time of his death lived in strict seclusion. He was a man of a generous and genial nature, as remarkable for his easy manners off the bench as for his punctilious severity when upon it. We close our notice of this eminent Canadian with the following extract from the *Lower Canada Law Journal* of July, 1867:—

"It would be faint praise to speak of this learned judge as one of the ablest on the Canadian Bench, for it would be difficult, if not impossible, to name any one so highly gifted with the qualities which make a great judge. Clear and forcible in his statement of facts, powerful and convincing in his reasoning, and singularly pleasing and impressive in his delivery, he never failed to give the hearer the idea that he was listening to a great man. The vigour and ability with which he presided over the Crown side sittings of the Queen's Bench made his name a household word throughout Lower Canada, and gained for that court an unwonted prestige. Perhaps somewhat of the impression of ability he inspired was due to the capability with which he arrived at his conclusions. It seemed as though it were impossible for him to be in doubt. At all events, he seldom or never betrayed the slightest hesitation or uncertainty in the delivery of his decisions."

No. 91.—THE LATE ALFRED BOOKER.

On the 27th Sept., Mr. Alfred Booker, auctioneer and commission merchant, died in this city, after some eight or ten weeks of acute suffering. To his friends he always appeared, before he was laid up, to be in excellent health, and even during his illness he preserved to the last his healthful expression of countenance. His death, at the early age of forty-seven, has been matter for deep regret, not only in Montreal but throughout Ontario, and especially in Hamilton, where Mr. Booker, from a long residence and honourable business career, was very widely known, and equally widely respected. He was born in Nottingham, England, in 1824, and came to Canada with his family in 1842. His father was a Baptist clergyman, who settled in Hamilton, and ministered to one of the congregations of that communion, whose place of worship was, we believe, on Park Street. He unfortunately met his death suddenly at the terrible Desjardins accident, where Alderman Stuart, Samuel Zimmerman, and so many other men of note perished by the falling of a bridge on the line of the Great Western Railway within the limits of the City of Hamilton, on the 12th March, 1857. Mr. Alfred Booker commenced the auctioneer and commission business in Hamilton, and soon attracted the confidence and patronage of the commercial men of Canada, forming a very close connection with several Montreal houses, which probably induced him some four years ago to remove to this city, where, in the pursuit of the same avocations, he carried on extensive transactions.

It is, however, as a devotee to the promotion of the Volunteer movement that he deserves special public recognition. We doubt if any other man did as much. We certainly think no man did more to evoke the military spirit of the young men of the old "Gore" district, than did Col. Booker. If we are not mistaken he organized the first battery of Volunteer Artillery in that part of the country, as early as 1853, and at his own expense procured two field-pieces with carriages and limbers, uniforms, side-arms, and accoutrements for gunners and drivers. Of course, for many years, this company remained as a mere body of holiday soldiers, but their devotion to drill, inspired and mainly directed by the late Mr. Booker, gave them a precision of action and soldierly bearing which were the pride of the Hamiltonians on every gala-day. Two years later he organized Field Battery B under the new Militia Act of that year, and was specially complimented therefor by the late Col. DeRottenburg in his report to Parliament. Other well-earned official compliments followed in succeeding years, and on the 8th of June, 1858, he was gazetted Lieut.-Col., commanding the whole of the active force of the city of Hamilton. He was in command of a field battery at Niagara Falls during the visit of the Prince of Wales, and was specially thanked by His Royal Highness, as also by the Duke of Newcastle and in a General Order by His Excellency the Governor-General. Succeeding years brought additional military distinctions, and in 1864, Colonel Booker, having paid a visit to his native land, was very cordially received by the British military authorities, and had the distinguished honour of being presented to the Queen through His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. In the following year, there being some fears of a Fenian raid in the spring of '65, Colonel Booker commanded the 2nd battalion on the Niagara frontier from 7th of April to 24th of July, and was highly complimented by Gen. Napier for the zeal and soldier-like qualities he had displayed.

It was during the Fenian invasion of June, 1866, however, when Colonel Booker's fame was transformed by ignorance or malice into unpleasant notoriety. That he did his duty fully at Ridgeway on the 2nd of June has since, we believe, been fully admitted by those who at one time were his ac-

cusers, and certain it is that after that engagement the Fenians made a very hasty retreat. Had the regulars supported Colonel Booker as he was led to believe they would have done, it is probable every Fenian rascal would have been bagged; as it was we got far more of them than we turned to good account. Of the Ridgeway affair, in so far as Col. Booker was concerned, it is to be said that he acted gallantly and promptly, according to instructions; whereas Col. Peacocke, according to the statements published, failed to support him. Indeed the Canadian volunteers who took part in the Ridgeway affair deserve credit for everything save care of their own persons. They went forward at the very word of command, without waiting to see whether they had cavalry and artillery supports—without even considering whether they had provisions. The regulars, under Col. Peacocke, waited for all these commodious accessories, and comfortably avoided the enemy, whom the Canadians met and repelled. The remarks made upon the Ridgeway engagement led Col. Booker to demand a court of enquiry, the verdict of which was that his action and conduct were approved. Shortly after this official vindication, Col. Booker resigned his position among the volunteers, and was allowed to retire—retaining his rank. His services deserved, and should have received, much higher consideration; and we think, had he lived, the militia department, so well conversant with his merits and his devoted services in former days to extend and improve the force, would certainly have sent in his name for some of those honours now so freely granted to deserving colonists.

Since Col. Booker's removal to Montreal, about four years ago, he devoted his whole attention to business, and had formed a very valuable connection. His health, however, began to give way, and in spite of a seemingly robust constitution, and the best attendance available, he died at a period of life when he ought not to have been beyond his prime. He possessed many excellent qualities, which made his society valued in social life; and among commercial men his business standing was without reproach.

OPENING OF THE EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY.

In the present issue we give several illustrations of this event, important not merely from the commercial character of the work, but also from its tendency to cement those ties of friendship between the United States and the Canadian Provinces, so conducive to the prosperity of both. The formal opening of the road took place on the 18th of October, and the celebration was participated in by President Grant and Lord Lisgar, thus sustaining the international character of the enterprise.

The road has a history extending back more than twenty years, though its formal completion has been so recently celebrated. In the Convention of 1850, at Portland, called by the late Hon. John A. Poor, and attended by many distinguished gentlemen from the Eastern States as well as the Provinces, the project was determined on as a means of shortening the distance of travel between America and Europe. We need scarcely add that by its completion it places St. John, N.B., (and will very soon, Halifax) in direct railway communication with Montreal by the Portland branch of the Grand Trunk. The road has therefore especial value to Canada as furnishing more direct and quicker means of travel between its Eastern and Western Provinces. In August of the same year a charter was obtained from the Legislature of the State of Maine for a company to build from Waterville, then a terminus of a branch of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence road, to the boundary line of New Brunswick, to connect with the portion to be built in the Provinces, which it was proposed to run to Halifax. Charters were immediately granted by the Governments of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which granted facilities to the corporators, and in the latter part of 1850 and in 1851, Mr. A. C. Morton of New York, who died during the past summer, made a survey of the whole route for the State of Maine, and at its expense.

Then, in 1852, the companies in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, together with the Governments of those Provinces, made a contract with Jackson, Peto, Betts & Co., of England, to build their portion of the road, and the first sod was turned in St. John in 1853, Robert Jardine being President of the New Brunswick Company. They continued work until 1855, but made little progress, and during the financial difficulties of that year, caused by the Crimean war, they suspended entirely.

Two years after the Government of New Brunswick took up the portion between St. John and Shediac, as a Government work, and completed it in 1860, Mr. Jardine then being commissioner, the original name being preserved for this portion. During the same period the Nova Scotia Government built the portion between Halifax and Truro, on the same basis, calling it the Nova Scotia Railway. These two portions are now owned by the Dominion of Canada, and the portion between Moncton and Truro is being constructed by our Government as a part of the Intercolonial Railway. Matters progressed but slowly with the enterprise for several years. New Brunswick built a portion of the road as a public work, and operations were continued with more or less zeal in the State of Maine. In 1867 and from that time much energy has been displayed in prosecuting the work, much of which is due to an enterprising New Brunswicker, Mr. Burpee, who had surveyed the road in 1864, and subsequently became contractor for ninety miles of the road from St. John to Vanceboro' on the border line. It is a curious commentary on this road that its construction destroyed the usefulness of the oldest railway in Maine, the Bangor, Oldtown, and Milford, which was built and running more than thirty-five years ago. The E. and N. A. Railway Company acted fairly by this institution by buying its property and turning over as much of its rolling stock, iron, &c., as could be conveniently utilised. The cost of construction has been about \$40,000 per mile, not a large rate; and the portion in Canada is public property.

As remarked before, the formal opening took place on the 18th ult., and excited much interest among the citizens of Maine and the people of New Brunswick. Our talented artist E. J. R., has given us several beautiful sketches, the illustrations from which will doubtless interest our readers. Where the pencil has so faithfully reproduced scenes of much international concern, it is hardly requisite that we should do more than simply refer to the newspaper reports of the opening ceremonies which were participated in by many of the public men of Canada, by the President of the United States and the Governor General of this Dominion, and by many of the local celebrities along the line. The work is one of great importance, and though in future years Montreal may find a shorter railway route to the ocean, yet Montreal, and the whole of Canada, must remember that New Brunswick and New England enterprises have given us this new and rapid mode of communication with our eastern limits and with the Atlantic Ocean. The kindly words of fraternal greeting exchanged by President Grant and Lord Lisgar on the occasion of the opening ceremonies will not, we are sure, be without their good effects on both sides of the dividing line.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

In connection with our illustrations of the opening of the E. & N. A. Railway, we have taken the occasion to present our readers with the portrait of the President, who, with our own Governor-General, was the guest of the people of Bangor at the time of celebration.

LIEUT.-GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT, born at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822, entered West Point in 1839, graduated in 1843, received his commission in 1845, and served in the Mexican campaign under Generals Taylor and Scott. In 1852 he was ordered to Oregon, and in Aug. 1853, became full captain. He resigned his commission in July, 1854, and soon after settled in Galena, Illinois. From this privacy he was drawn out by the civil war, and having acted first as aide-de-camp to the Governor of Illinois in 1861, and afterwards as Colonel of the 21st Illinois Volunteers, was appointed a Brigadier-General in 1861. While in command in Cairo, he secured Paducah, and with it Kentucky. In Nov., 1861, he fought the battle of Belmont, and in Jan., 1862, conducted a reconnaissance to the rear of Columbus. Fort Henry fell Feb. 6, and ten days after Fort Donelson surrendered to him unconditionally, and this was followed by the evacuation of Columbus and Bowling Green. He was made Commander of the district of West Tennessee, and his forces advanced up that river to Pittsburg Landing, and fought, April 6 and 7, the battle of Shiloh, at which the Confederate general Johnston lost his life. He was second in command to General Halleck during the siege of Corinth, and when the latter was ordered to Washington, Grant was appointed to take command of the department of Tennessee. He captured Vicksburg and Fort Hudson. Upon the defeat of Gen. Rosecranz at Chickamauga, Grant was sent to repair the disaster, and he defeated Gen. Bragg. A few months afterwards President Lincoln appointed him Lieut.-Gen., a rank equivalent in the United States to that of commander-in-chief. Invested with this authority, and having organized a large army, he determined to try, after the failure of so many other Federal generals, to capture the Confederate capital, Richmond. But he met his match in Gen. Robert Lee, who not only repulsed him in three desperate battles, but baffled all his strategic movements with the loss altogether, it has been computed, of 100,000 men. Finding his original plan of campaign rendered abortive, Gen. Grant adopted that of his predecessor, McClellan, by crossing the James River, and investing Petersburg, a town some twenty miles to the south of Richmond; but here again Lee anticipated him. Several desperate engagements resulted from this alteration of strategy. In the course of these operations, Gen. Grant mined and blew up a fort before the town, with the view of taking the latter by assault. The attempt signally failed, the Federal army being driven back with the loss of 6,000. Gen. Lee determined to assume the offensive, and on the night of March 27, 1865, he massed three divisions of his troops in front of Fort Steadman, and on Grant's right, and by a sudden rush at daybreak on the following morning, succeeded in surprising and capturing the strong position. Before noon of the same day it was re-taken, with all its guns and 1,800 Confederate troops. At this time a battle, which continued until evening, was raging at Hatcher's Run. Three corps were massed under Sheridan below Petersburg, and Sunday morning, April 2, flanked the Confederates at Big Five Forks, capturing their intrenchments with 6,000 men. The attack then commenced along the whole line under Grant's direction, and the assault was so successful that, on the same night, his forces held the Confederate intrenchments from the Appomattox above Petersburg, to the river below. At three o'clock that afternoon Gen. Lee telegraphed to President Davis that he had been driven from his intrenchments, and that Petersburg and Richmond must be abandoned, which operation was performed that night, and on Monday, April 3, 1865, the army entered Petersburg, and Weitzel occupied Richmond. By rapid movements, Gen. Grant, cutting off Gen. Lee's retreat to Lynchburg and Danville, came up with him at Appomattox Court House, and demanded his immediate surrender. The two chiefs met and arranged the details, and Sunday, April 9, the army of Northern Virginia capitulated. The whole of Gen. Lee's army, officers and men, were paroled, with permission at once to return to their homes. The former were granted the privilege of retaining their side-arms, and each of the field officers one horse. All other property belonging to the Confederate Government within the department was surrendered to the United States. Gen. Johnston's surrender to Gen. Sherman, on the same terms as those accorded to Gen. Lee, speedily followed. In 1866 Gen. Grant was promoted to the rank of General, that honour being created specially for him.

On the expiration of President Johnson's term of office he was succeeded by Gen. Grant, who had been elected to that office by the Republican party, to whose ranks he was a seceder from those of the Democrats. His career since has been mainly remarkable for the fidelity with which he has followed the dictates of the national will as expressed by Congress, for his frankly attempting to settle outstanding disputes with Britain, and for the earnest efforts of his Government recently commenced to put down the crime of polygamy in Utah. If his Presidential career has not been as brilliant as his military career, it bids fair at least to be useful.

THE FENIAN EXCITEMENT IN MANITOBA.

The late attempt of a parcel of Fenians, under the leadership of Gen. O'Neil, to invade the Province of Manitoba has been the subject of two excellent sketches by a correspondent which appear in this week's issue. Particulars of the attempt are thus described by a gentleman doing business at Fort Garry, and who was stopping overnight at the Hudson Bay Post captured by the invaders:

About seven o'clock on the morning of the 5th ultimo, the early risers of the Hudson Bay Post discovered a squad of armed men approaching the Post in military array. At their head marched General O'Neil, supported by The O'Donoghue, Col. Donnelly, and Col. Carley. The force amounted to some thirty men, all armed with breech-loading Springfield rifles.

At the Post there were three men and two women, who quietly submitted to a superior force, and made no resistance. At the Custom House the writer was stopping over night with a friend. Their morning slumbers were rudely broken, and they were informed that they were prisoners.

Everything was done peaceably and in order, and shortly after taking possession the "army of invasion" proceeded to take breakfast. Sentinels were stationed around the Post, and the opening scene of a bloodless war was ended. The general commanding called a council of war. Future conquests were under contemplation, when about noon one of the sentinels appeared in breathless haste with the information that a large force of United States troops was within a short distance and rapidly approaching. This startling intelligence caused consternation among the victorious warriors composing the "army of invasion." A fear of panic seized them, and not one stood upon the order of his going, but all fled in hot haste. Gen. O'Neil forgot his sword, and the O'Donoghue left his rifle and other accoutrements behind.

Col. Wheaton and his party of fifty men pursued and succeeded in capturing Gen. O'Neil, Col. Donnelly, Col. Carley, and ten others, all of whom were taken over to Fort Pembina and placed under guard. The O'Donoghue had stripped for the race, and succeeded in making his escape, but he was afterwards captured by some half-breeds and brought over to Pembina, and now keeps company with Gen. O'Neil in gaol at St. Paul, awaiting trial.

The writer of the account, together with the half-dozen others who had been held prisoners for some five hours, were left without a guard, and each one went about his or her business as though nothing had happened. So far as his observation extended, there was nobody hurt, and no damage was done, and the only thing the invading party carried away with them was a hearty breakfast, for which they left a number of guns and other accoutrements behind as payment.

Two days before the "invasion," news reached Winnipeg that a number of well-known Fenians were assembled at St. Paul, and that a raid might be expected at any moment. Governor Archibald immediately issued a proclamation, calling upon the inhabitants to arm and enrol themselves for the defence of the Province. The call was loyally responded to by all, and several companies, including the regular militia, the Hudson's Bay corps, and the Winnipeg Home Guard, were mustered in readiness for action. Three days passed by without further developments, but finally tidings arrived on Friday, the 6th, that the Fenians had captured the H. B. Co.'s Fort. Orders were then given to start, and the whole of the available troops, with the exception of the Home Guard, were quickly under way for the frontier, just in time to learn that O'Neil had been captured by the American authorities, and that the raid had, as usual, terminated in a complete fizzle.

FORT PEMBINA, MANITOBA.

The illustration in this No. is a correct reproduction of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post at Fort Pembina, occupied last January by No. 1 (Capt. Cook's) Company 1st Ontario Rifles. The fort, as shewn in the drawing, is situated on the banks of the Red River, and is distant about 135 miles by water and 65 miles by land from Fort Garry. The river route to Fort Garry is exceedingly circuitous, as the Red River turns and winds through the wooded banks of the prairie land in many directions before reaching the fort, whereas that across the prairie is almost in a direct line through the open country from Fort Pembina, and this will account for the great difference in distance between the land and water route. Fort Pembina has been in existence some twenty years, and is one of the Hudson's Bay Company's ordinary trading posts. It was originally removed from Pembina (a distance of about two and a-half miles) to the site it now occupies. It was then supposed to be placed within the limits of the British American line of territory, but in consequence of the late dispute as to the correctness of the boundary line between the United States and Great Britain the fort is now supposed to stand on disputed ground. A high stockade surrounds the fort, which may be briefly described as follows:—The building on the left of the entrance gateway is the Hudson's Bay Company's store; that on the right a store now converted into barracks for the use of the volunteers; the house fronting the gate is the agent's residence and officer's quarters, and the square tower facing the bleak northern prairie forms the guard-room of the Company. An average good business is done at the trading post, principally among the Indians and half-breeds, who live in its vicinity.

THE BLOODHOUND—Is not a very interesting or valuable species of canines. Its origin was probably the Talbot hound—produced by selection and care in breeding. The bloodhound is tall, strong—but if pure, never exceeds twenty-eight inches in height at the shoulder; ears long and pendulous; colour, if pure, tan, or black and tan; any white indicates impurity; jowl deep; air majestic and solemn; vertex of the head portuberant, and the portuberance indicates high breeding.

Richardson says that this hound does not injure the object of his pursuit, but traces him to his hiding-place, and then by his loud baying indicates his position. Wonderful stories are told of the acuteness of his scent, even when the object of search has entered the town and traversed streets that hundreds of other persons have more recently trodden; and it is asserted that the only means of escaping his unerring scent is by crossing water or spilling blood on the track. The latter practice destroys the discriminating fineness of the scent. We have also heard persons who have tried it assert that smearing the shoes with onion juice also distracted them.

VARIETIES.

A Hartforded advised a slender friend to chalk his head and go to a masquerade ball as a billiard cue.

A Western paper accuses a contemporary of "dirty meanness," and remarks: "We want him to understand that two can play at that game."

A considerate organ-grinder played "Hear me, Norma" before the Hartford Deaf and Dumb Asylum during a whole afternoon.

Washington Irving once said of a pompous American diplomatist—"Ah! he is a great man, and in his own estimation a very great man—a man of great weight. When he goes to the west, the east tips up."

At a recent auction sale of books an elderly lady ventured timidly to offer "two and a half, just to start them." After "once, twice, gone," from the auctioneer, the lady found herself the owner of forty-two volumes of Patent Office Reports, at a cost of \$105.

A committee was recently appointed to investigate the excessive chastisement of a pupil in a Michigan public school, and reported that the punishment was not actuated by malice, but occasioned by an "undue appreciation of the thickness of the boy's pantaloons."

Two little boys sat listening eagerly while their grandmother was telling them the Bible story of Elijah going to heaven in a whirlwind with a chariot of fire, when little Willie interrupted her with, "Oh, Sammy! wouldn't you have been afraid?" Sammy hesitated a moment, and then replied, "No, not if I had the Lord to drive."

The Peoria (Illinois) Review says: "We are getting disgusted with the Illinois River. A stranger in this country can't find it until he wets his feet by stepping in it. If this sort of thing keeps on, they will have to station a policeman at the bridge, or else, the first thing we know, some thirsty cow will come along and drink the raging Illinois up."

The Columbus (Ohio) State Journal says:—"A deformed chicken of common breed, the deformity resulting from a broken back, was entered at the Muskingum County Fair as a Hungarian cock of the 'Slavi Magyar breed,' just imported, and the sapient judges, after gravely inspecting it, awarded it the first premium over one of the finest shows ever seen in the county."

A citizen of Jamesville, Wis., on a recent trip to St. Louis, took a sleeping-car berth on a through express train. In the night he got up, and, clad only in his sleeping garments, went out on the platform of the car to look at the moon. The door closed with a spring lock, and the porter of the car was asleep. He says he never enjoyed a fifty-mile ride as he did that one.

"Our major," says an old American soldier, "had very long feet, and also a horse that threw every one but the major. One evening the major's servant was out on the parade ground with the horse, and as usual got thrown off, when one of the boys spoke up and said, 'I know why the horse don't throw the major!' 'Why?' was asked by a dozen or more. 'Well, you see, the major's got such long feet that the horse thinks he is in shafts.'"

Civility (a correspondent says) is about the dearest commodity to be purchased in Scotland from waiters, guards, coachmen, and all that ilk. A friend of mine declared that once, after having rung the bell several times at an hotel in Glasgow, a waiter at last put his shock head outside the door, screamed out, "Wha rung that bell?" and, on my friend pleading guilty, shrieked, "Then don't do it again!" slammed the door, and disappeared from view.

A fruit-grower in Jersey being much annoyed by depredators, obtained a human leg from a hospital, and putting it in a large steel trap in his graperies, began to make inquiries in a disturbed and melancholy manner for the owner of the limb. The neighbours flocked in to see it; the cunning man was rated for his cruelty; reports were circulated that the "horrid wretch" had filled his grounds with traps, and his fruit was no more stolen.

A Chicago man lived in a three-story house up town, where the owner had decided to build a block of stores. At the owner's request the family remained in the house while it was being moved some four miles. They were over two weeks on the road. Nothing was displaced, their friends visited them during the time in their carriages (many of them for the fun of it,) their landlord had men bring water, and they said it was not half the trouble it would have been to have moved in the regular way.

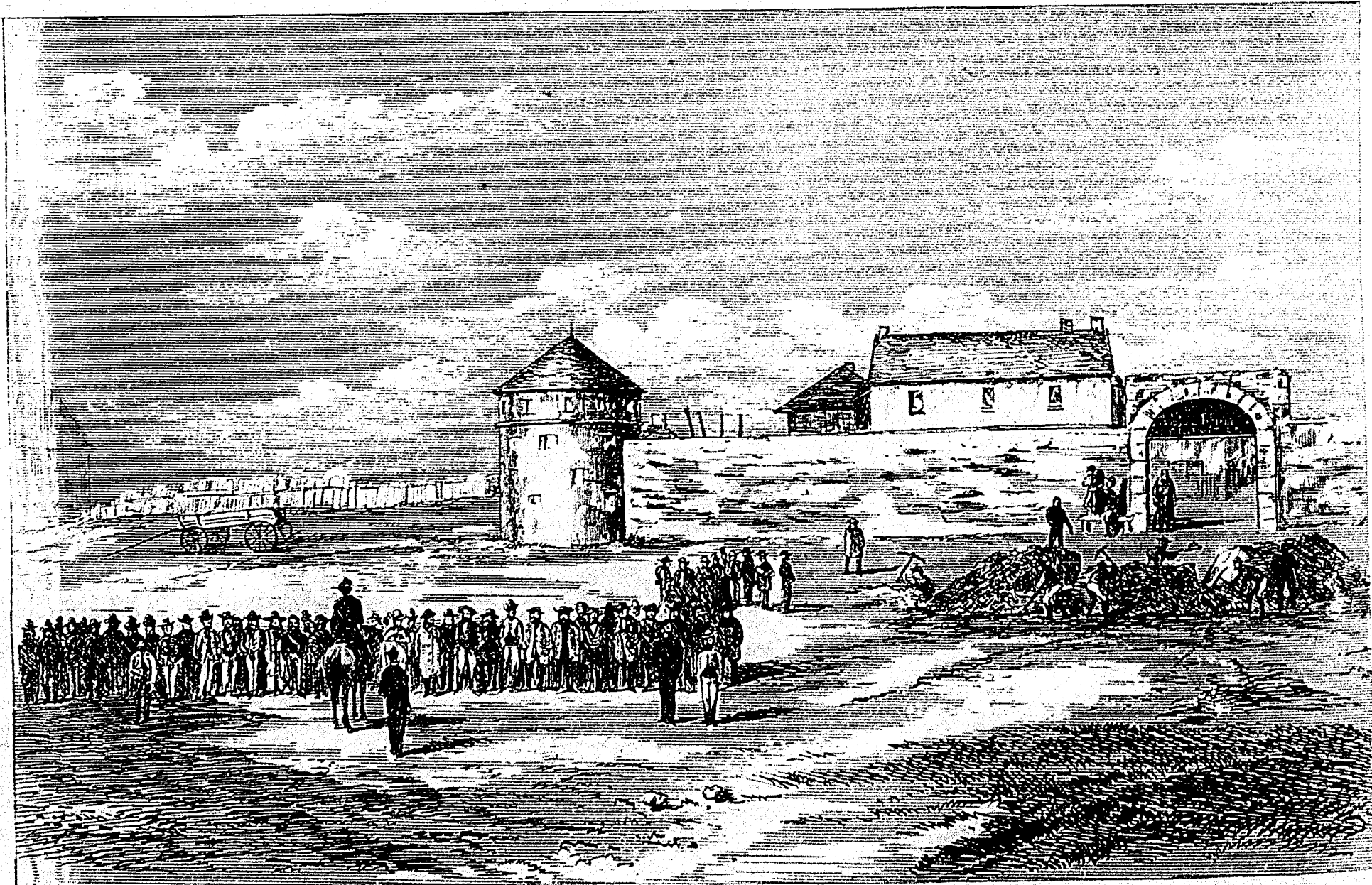
The Tennessee Press Association recently visited Louisville, and its members were permitted to pay their own hotel bills. In revenge one of them writes thus of the town: "Louisville is an old, dilapidated town, celebrated for its riots, when it had a population to justify, a long ditch to keep the water in the Ohio from stagnating in front of the village, an artesian well, a skating rink, and a very muchly-pressed hospitality. Her people principally drink low wines that never paid the tax, and feed on dried apples, blackberries, catfish, and Cincinnati cracklings, and are happy."

A St. Mary's paper says:—An Embro pastor preaching a dry sermon last Sunday, most of his congregation fell asleep. In vain he tried to arouse them from their somnolence till in a sudden inspiration, he cried: "Hi! Hi! wheat's a dollar and a half a bushel!" The effect was magical. Everybody was wide awake, and ears pricked forward with quivering delight. He then proceeded to explain that he had better news than that to tell; and therefore made a fervent and eloquent appeal in behalf of his Divine Master.

Blarney, (apropos of the habit of exaggerated compliment) an Irish contemporary, says:—"Wanted, in any part of Ireland, a station-master who is not courteous and attentive; an audience who is not large and fashionable; a barrister who is not eloquent and persuasive; a judge who is not learned and distinguished; a manufacturer who is not liberal and enterprising; a workman who is not sober and attentive; a woman who is not chaste and beautiful; a policeman who is not active and efficient; a doctor who is not humane and skilful; an undertaker who does not please his customers; an entertainment which is not amusing and instructive; a book which should not be on the table of every household; but, above all, a man of any age, weight, size, or colour, who is not ready to perish on the altar of his country."



THE LATE JUDGE AYLWIN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 290.



THE FENIAN EXCITEMENT IN MANITOBA.—THE COMMANDANT ADDRESSING THE RECRUITS AT FORT GARRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. G.—SEE PAGE 201.



THE LATE LT.-COL. BOOKER.—SEE PAGE 290.



MANITOBA.—VOLUNTEERS GOING TO THE FRONT.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. G.—SEE PAGE 291.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY. NOV 11, 1871.

Table with 2 columns: Day and Date, and Description of events. Includes SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY with various historical and religious events.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 31st October, 1871, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 7 columns: Day, Max., Min., Mean, S.A.M., P.M., and 6 P.M. showing temperature and barometer data for the week ending Tuesday, 31st October, 1871.

THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

With the number of the Canadian Illustrated News for Saturday, November 11th, will be issued gratis a Supplement containing a double page illustration showing the Portraits of the Members of the

FIRST ONTARIO PARLIAMENT.

News-dealers and others requiring an extra supply are desired to send in their orders early to secure prompt fulfillment.

"C. I. NEWS OFFICE," Montreal, October 28th, 1871.

NOTICE.

In the interest of our subscribers we are making arrangements with a News-dealer in each city and town to deliver the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS and the HEARTHSTONE at their residences. This will ensure the delivery of every paper in good order.

We are sure our subscribers will be delighted with this arrangement, and we trust they will assist us and the local agents in extending the circulation of the NEWS.

The subscriptions will be collected by the News-dealers who undertake the delivery; and for the convenience of book-keeping, we have made the current accounts end, as far as possible, with the present year.

After the 31st December next, the subscription to the NEWS will be \$4.00 per annum, if paid in advance, or within the first three months, after which it will be \$5.00. For six months the price will be in proportion.

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

- List of agents and their locations: Darie & Son, Ottawa, Ont.; Israel Landry, St. John, N. B.; R. M. Ballantine, Hamilton, Ont.; E. M. Stacey, Kingston, Ont.; Henry & Bro., Napanee, Ont.; T. B. Meacham, Dundas, Ont.; H. B. Slaven, Orillia, Ont.; Henry Kirkland, Elera, Ont.; A. J. Wiley, Bothwell, Ont.; F. A. Barnes, Kincairdine, Ont.; McCaw & Bros., Port Perry, Ont.; D. C. Woodman, Fenelon Falls, Ont.; P. Byrne, Prescott, Ont.; John Hart, Peith, Ont.; J. A. Gibson, Oshawa, Ont.; N. Reynolds, Petrolia, Ont.; J. C. Reynolds, Cobourg, Ont.; A. More, Collingwood, Ont.; Jno. Kelso, Paisley, Ont.; A. Hudson, Brantford, Ont.; W. L. Copeland & Co., St. Catharines, Ont.; S. E. Mitchell, Pembroke, Ont.; N. B. Goble, Goble's Corners, Ont.; W. S. Law, Tilsburg, Ont.; Perry & Munroe, Fergus, Ont.; Yelloweas & Quick, Bowmanville, Ont.; R. A. Woodcock, Ingersoll, Ont.; Theo. J. Moorehouse, Goderich, Ont.; Wm. Bryce, London, Ont.; F. L. Kincaid, Brockville, Ont.; J. Bolla, Sherbrooke, Quebec; W. F. Barclay, Wardsville, Ont.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1871.

THE 60TH ROYAL RIFLES.

It is a strange coincidence that two of the British Regiments, which were present and distinguished themselves at the conquest of Nouvelle France, should both be in the Dominion of Canada at the present time, when preparations are nearly completed for its evacuation by British troops and the transference of its garrisons to the authorities of the Dominion.

Before we bid good-by to our old friends, we propose to give a brief review of their services on this continent.

In the distribution of the forces for service in America in 1758, the 2nd Batt. of the 60th Royal Americans, as the regiment was then called, under the command of Col. Monckton, and the 3rd Battalion, commanded by Col. Lawrence, formed part of the army under Amherst, destined for the conquest of Louisbourg. The 2nd Battalion numbered 925, and the 3rd Battalion 814 men.

In May, 1759, when it was decided to send the expedition up the St. Lawrence, under the command of Wolfe, the ten regiments allotted for the service, were divided into three brigades respectively commanded by Monckton, Townshend, and Murray,—and Monckton's 60th was brigaded with Townshend, and Lawrence's Battalion with Murray.

The 60th were engaged at the disastrous attack on Montcalm's entrenchment at Beauport on 31st July, and after the withdrawal of the British troops, some of their wounded were unfortunately left on the beach, where they were exposed to the cruelties practised by the Indians of Montcalm's army. "And it was on this occasion," writes Knox, "that Lieut. Henry Peyton, of the Royal Americans, displayed so much gallantry, for he being at the same time badly wounded, raised himself up, and, with his double-barrelled fusil, killed two of the barbarians, one after the other, before they could execute their inhuman practice; and must then have fallen a sacrifice to others, but that Providence, willing to reward so much merit, threw an honest Highlander in his way, who happily took him up and laid him in the bow of one of the boats then ready to put off."

Both battalions of the 60th were present at the Battle of the Plains on the 13th September, and formed part of the second line under Townshend. There were of the 2nd battalion 322, and of the 3rd 540 officers, rank and file.

The 60th formed, of course, part of the garrison of Quebec under Murray, during the winter of 1759-60, and they lost by death, from 18th Sept., 1759, to 24th April, 1760, one hundred and nineteen men; and on the last mentioned date there were unfit for duty in hospital no less than three hundred and seventy-eight men, leaving 490 fit for duty. At the battle of Sillery, on the 28th April, the 2nd Battalion, numbering 237, formed part of the right brigade under Col. Burton, and the 3rd Battalion, 253 strong, was placed with the reserve. They lost proportionally with others engaged in that severe fight.

When the army embarked on its advance to Montreal, each battalion of the 60th furnished one hundred and forty-seven men, with nine officers and non-commissioned officers. The fleet weighed on the morning of the 15th July, and after performing efficient service at various points in their passage up the river, General Murray posted his army on the north-east side of the city, on the forenoon of the 8th Sept., and on that day Montreal capitulated to General Amherst, when the 60th came in for their share of commendations bestowed by the Commander-in-chief on General Murray and his army. "I should not do justice to Governor Murray and Colonel Haviland, if I did not assure you they have executed the orders I gave them, to the utmost of my wishes."

We have thus shown that the 60th had their full share in the conquest, but we have now to point out that it was among the last regiments which occupied a post within what is now the frontier of the United States.

Preliminaries of peace between Great Britain and the United States were signed on 30th November, 1782, but several years elapsed before all the details were settled, and it was only in the spring of 1796 that the last post was evacuated. On the 4th April of that year, the following order was issued from the head-quarters, Quebec, by Adjutant-General George Beckwith:—

"The 5th, 24th, and detachments of the 60th Regiment will hold themselves in readiness to return to Lower Canada soon after the evacuation of the upper posts beyond our frontier."

In 1861 the people of Quebec were startled by the unwelcome and unexpected intelligence, that the steamer "Trent" had been brought to on the open sea on her passage from the West Indies homeward to England, and two passengers, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, agents of the Confederate Government, forcibly taken from her by an American cruiser. Almost immediately after the telegraph informed us that the British Government were acting with great vigour, and that the 47th Regiment had been despatched in the "Golden Fleece," and the 60th Rifles and a battery of Horse Artillery in the "Great Eastern," both of which had instantly started for Quebec. On Saturday morning the "Great Eastern" was telegraphed in the river and came to anchor off Quebec at 7 P. M. The "Golden Fleece" had arrived with the 47th on the morning of the 2nd.

The first battalion of the 60th, which came out in the "Great Eastern," landed next day, under the command of Col. Hawley. Fortunately the "Trent" affair was settled satisfactorily by the delivering up of Messrs. Mason and Slidell on board a British steamer, and no collision took place between the two countries, which at one time appeared so imminent, and the 60th were only to distinguish themselves in Quebec by their elegant and liberal hospitalities.

torily by the delivering up of Messrs. Mason and Slidell on board a British steamer, and no collision took place between the two countries, which at one time appeared so imminent, and the 60th were only to distinguish themselves in Quebec by their elegant and liberal hospitalities. By-and-bye Canada was again excited by the Fenian raid, but both on the first and last invasion the British regiments on the spot, though "ready," were not brought into action.

The last active service performed in Canada by the 60th was its share in the expedition to Red River in 1870, when 26 officers and 351 non-commissioned officers and men formed part of the expeditionary force sent there to quell the insurrection. We have three accounts furnished by three different officers; the first in Blackwood, reputed to have been written by Col. Wolseley; the second by Lieut. Riddell of the 60th, read by him before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on his return from the expedition; and the third by Capt. Hayshe of the Rifle Brigade, A.D.C. to Col. Wolseley. The expedition, though fortunately bloodless, has been so described by the three gentlemen mentioned as to leave an impression on all who have read their accounts that the troops engaged in it showed every soldierly quality. "You have," says Colonel Wolseley in his "Field Force Morning Order," "endured excessive fatigue in the performance of a service that for its arduous nature will bear comparison with any previous military expedition." Lieut.-General Lindsay personally inspected the 60th Rifles and militia at Toronto, and on the 21st of May the first detachment left for Collingwood. On the 29th of August the object of the expedition having been accomplished, the first detachment turned its face homeward, and by the 16th of October the whole body of the 60th was safe and sound again in Montreal.

The 60th has conducted itself with such propriety during its service in Canada that its departure is looked forward to with more than usual regret, as it is generally supposed that it is the last British regiment which will occupy the garrison of Quebec or any other station in Canada proper. Should a change in the Imperial policy take place, or should necessity (which God forbid) demand again the presence of British troops in our midst, we could wish for no better than the 60th Royal Rifles; and in now bidding them adieu, we express, we are sure, but the general wish in regard to both officers and men, that wherever duty may henceforth call them, the services required of them may be rendered as pleasant as the chances of war will permit, and that at the close of their career (for come it must) its associations and memories may be as pleasant as those which we hope and trust they will carry away with them from Old Quebec.

ANOTHER SIDE TO THE TOBACCO QUESTION.

There is much to be said for and against tobacco, and as to arrive at truth on any important question requires an examination of both sides, we here with present views of the Dental Office and Laboratory which are decidedly opposed to those of the Food Journal, published in our issue of the 21st October. These views relate more especially to the effect of tobacco upon the teeth and mouth, and are as follows:

If we subject this tobacco question to the experimental crucis of figures, we will arrive at conclusions which will astonish us. Let us consult our arithmetic:

A habitual "chewer" will consume four ounces per week of hard tobacco. This is two hundred and eight ounces—seventeen and one half pounds per year! In twenty-five years more than five hundred pounds—more than a hoghead will hold—of "hard stuff," mingled with sand, coppers, stems, impure molasses, olive oil, chips, and filth; the sweat from men's hands, the impurities from their bodies, saliva, and all the concentrated dirt and refuse of all kinds.

One of the speakers at the State Dental Society spoke well when he said that the destructive effects of tobacco upon the teeth were to be attributed to mechanical action, but he spoke better who said that tobacco destroyed the teeth by both mechanical and chemical action.

A word as to its mechanical attrition upon teeth. What force would be required to comminute and reduce to fineness five hundred pounds of the black mixture of sand and poisons sold under the name of chewing tobacco? Why, one steady force of many thousand pounds, continuously applied for months. The buried millstone, the most elaborately finished and finely tempered graver's tool, would wear out in the process. What, then, must be the effect of so much grinding upon the finely arranged cusps and delicate enamel of the human teeth?

It is not necessary to detail the effects of tobacco upon the general health. The habitual smoker looks as if he had just stepped out of his coffin to take a little walk, and was anxious for somebody to carry him back. Who ever knew a heavy chewer or inveterate smoker whose teeth were not cracked and split into blackened fragments, and whose breath did not remind one of—something which does not smell as sweet as perfumes from "Araby the Blest?"

Returns from Guy's and St. Bartholomew's hospitals tell us that, in all cases of cancer of the mouth, the patient had been using a pipe.

Nervousness, loss of appetite, bad dreams, vertigo, indigestion, consumption, sterility, and all the other ills which affect the nervous system, may be traced to tobacco.

A lady once said to us, when we found her husband in dressing gown and slippers, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and surrounded with all the confusion of a disordered house, "Oh, doctor, do not disturb my husband at his smoke. I am fond of the martial cigar. The smoke covers the ugly scenes in the field of battle." Poor lady, she was willing to endure the fumes of the "fragrant Havana" for present peace; but we lived to see the bad effects of the vile habit upon the gentleman. Let the profession set their faces steadily against this vile habit. Tobacco is the twin brother of rum, and they are usually found together at last.

HORSE SHOING.

(From the British Workman.)

[The following remarks, from one of the highest veterinary authorities, will, we hope, have the thoughtful perusal of all who have to do with that noble and useful animal, the horse.]

The horse's foot is a most wonderful piece of mechanism, and excites far more surprise and admiration than the feet of all other creatures. So wonderful, indeed, is it, that any one who had not closely studied its structure and functions would scarcely believe the hard, insensible hoof could contain such a multiplicity of beautiful arrangements, all adapted to serve most important purposes, and to render this noble animal so useful to mankind. The bones are constructed and placed with a view to speed, lightness, and strength; ligaments of marvellous tenacity bind them together so firmly that disunion is all but impossible, while they are so ingeniously disposed as not to hinder, in the slightest degree, the remarkably swift and easy movements of the bones upon each other; elastic pads and cartilages are situated in those parts of the foot where they are most required to protect it from jar, and serve to compensate for the absence of the toes which are seen on the feet of all other creatures except the horse species. All these parts are covered by a living membrane, which envelopes them like a sock, and is exquisitely sensitive, in addition to being everywhere covered by fine networks of blood-vessels in the greatest profusion. This membrane endows the foot with the sense of touch, without which the horse could not be so sure-footed, nor run with such astonishing speed, and it also furnishes the blood from which the hoof is formed. The hoof itself, so rough, insensible, and to all appearance scarcely worthy of observation, reveals a world of wonders after we have exhausted those to be found in its interior. It is made of fibres, all growing in one direction—towards the ground, and that direction the most favourable for sustaining strain. These fibres are extremely fine, and they are hardest and most resisting on the outer surface; each is a tube, composed of thousands of minute cells, so arranged as to confer strength and durability, while the tubular form of the fibre ensures lightness. Each part of the hoof has its own share of responsibility in protecting the living parts it contains. The wall is the portion we see when the horse is standing firmly on the ground. It grows from the upper part of the foot, the coronary, and this growth is always going on to counterbalance the wear that is taking place at its lower border. Its outer surface is beautifully dense and smooth in the natural state; and altogether the wall is perfectly adapted to meet the wear that occurs when the horse is running at liberty in an unshod state. This is also the part on which the shoe rests, and through which the farrier drives the nails that attach it.

When the foot is lifted up backwards, we see the sole and the frog. The sole is the part that lies within the wall; it is slightly hollow in a good foot, and is thick, strong, and covered with flakes of loose horn in one which has not been pared by the farrier's knife. The frog is a soft triangular piece of horn in the middle of the sole, towards the heels. It is very elastic, and serves a most important purpose, as it acts as a cushion to prevent concussion, and also hinders the horse from slipping. The sole, frog, and lower border of the wall have all to come in contact with the ground and loose stones; therefore nature has furnished them with an abundance of horn to make them strong enough to bear the horse's weight, withstand wear, and keep the delicate parts inside from injury.

So long as the horse is not compelled to work on hard roads, its hoofs are well suited to all that is required of them; but our civilization demands that we should have paved and macadamized streets, and on these the hoofs would quickly be worn away, especially if the horse had to draw or carry heavy loads; consequently lameness would ensue. It is therefore absolutely necessary to prevent this mishap by shoeing the hoofs with iron, as we shoe carriage wheels with tires, the ends of walking-sticks with brass, &c. This shoeing has been a great boon to mankind, as it has rendered the horse a hundredfold more useful than it would otherwise be, and has made it independent of the kind of roads over which it has to travel.

The primitive idea of shoeing was to protect the lower border of the hoof from undue wear; and, no doubt, for many ages this idea was adhered to, and a shoe was only applied when the horn had been worn away so much as to endanger the horse's utility. In time, however, the farrier began to improve upon nature, as he thought. Cutting instruments were brought into free use; the horn that was so well adapted as a protection was cut away from the sole and frog to such a degree that the poor animal, if it chanced to put its foot suddenly upon a stone, either came down with a crash, or limped along from the pain caused by the injury to the sensitive parts, which had now been almost completely exposed. In addition to this, and to compensate for robbing the foot of its horn, heavy, wide-surfaced shoes were put on to cover the mutilated sole and frog; these required a large number of big nails to attach them securely, and these nails split the hoof and pressed upon the quick; so that what between the painfully tender sole and frog, the unwieldy, leg-tiring, clumsy shoes, and the numerous large nails that squeezed in upon the sensitive parts, we cannot wonder that the unfortunate horse suffered an amount of torture that makes one's flesh creep to think of, and which soon crippled him, and prematurely ended his days.

In addition to this barbarous treatment, in order to make fine work, the outer surface of the wall—composed of the dense smooth fibres—was rasped unmercifully away as high almost as the hair roots, and this exposed the soft immature fibres within; these shrivelled up and broke, and being unable to sustain the nails, the shoes frequently came off, and not only was the foot still more damaged, but the "cast," or "lost shoe," was a source of inconvenience and annoyance. Nay, the lives of individuals, or the fate of kingdoms, may at times have been at stake through such an apparently trivial misfortune as a shoe coming off owing to this improper treatment.

We all remember how Benjamin Franklin earnestly solicited of impressing upon us the great value of attending to the smallest details of everyday life, in order sometimes to avoid great calamities, makes poor Richard say—"A little neglect may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail."

These evils of farriery are as prevalent and destructive today as they were fifty years ago. The number of horses tor-

tured and ruined by this unreasonable paring and rasping, in addition to the heavy shoes, too small for the feet, and badly formed, is beyond computation. The frog and sole should never be pared; they flake off gradually when they have reached a certain and proper thickness; and as they have to come in contact with the inequalities of the ground, and with the loose, sharp stones so frequently on its surface, is it not reasonable to urge that they should be allowed to retain their natural condition? Whoever pares, or causes to be pared, a horse's sole or frogs, is guilty of cruelty to the horse whose feet are so mutilated.

The front of the wall should never be rasped. It destroys it, and makes it thin and brittle. It ought to be allowed to retain its close, glossy, tough surface, so well adapted for resisting the weather and holding the nails. As the wall is always growing, and as the shoe prevents its being worn down to a natural length, when the old shoe is taken off in the operation of shoeing the lower end only of this part of the hoof should be rasped down until the excess of length has been removed; nothing more.

The shoes should be as light as possible, and fastened on with as small a number of nails as will retain them. They ought to be the full size of the circumference of the hoof, and the hoof should never be made to fit the shoe, but the shoe to fit the hoof.

A proper and rational method of shoeing is a boon to the horse and its owner; an improper method, which destroys the integrity of the hoof and wears the limbs, is a curse and a torture to the one, and loss and annoyance to the other.

When horses go to be shod at a forge, care should be taken that they are not ill-treated or frightened, particularly young horses. By bad treatment, or unskilfulness in handling their legs and feet, they are frequently made so timid and vicious, that severe measures have to be resorted to, in order to ensure safety to the farrier while he is shoeing them. A few kind words, a few pats on the neck, a few gentle strokings of the limbs, and a little persuasive coaxing, will prove a thousand times more effectual in inducing horses to be patient in shoeing than all the harsh, loud-pitched words, hard knocks, twitches on nose, and other unmeaning and unhorse-manlike proceedings can do.

Sir Edwin Landseer, who, by his beautiful and everlasting conceptions—so truthfully and exquisitely portrayed—has done so much to foster among us a love for animals, shows, in the accompanying illustration, how much may be done by tact and kindness. The horse that is being shod stands as quietly, without restraint of any kind, as if it knew that the worthy old farrier was its dearest friend, and was performing for it one of the most necessary offices possible. Even its companion, the happy-looking ass, looks as if it wished its turn had come, so that it might submit its limbs and hoofs to the soft manipulation and protected efforts of the village Wayland Smith. And we may be sure that the hound always welcomes the day on which it accompanies its two companions to the smithy. (We might even fancy that it wonders why its feet are not shod in a similar manner when they become sore through long runs over hard ground.)

A humane and intelligent farrier is a boon to every community; but one who is harsh, inobedient, and pays no attention to perfecting his most useful art, is a torturer of animals and a destroyer of property.

Farriers, of all men who have to do with horses, can confer upon these good creatures the greatest amount of relief and comfort, by attending to the simple indications of nature, and using their own common sense and judgment, instead of adhering to stupid and blind routine, which never improves, but, on the contrary, retrogrades. Every lover of the horse should see that its beauty is not deformed, nor its utility marred, by a farriery system which is as outrageous to the meanest comprehension as it is disgraceful to the eye we live in. The more we understand the Great Creator's merciful intentions, the less likely are we to thwart them.

G. FLEMING, Royal Engineer, Chatham

THE SUNBEAM.—The greatest of physical paradoxes is the sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves itself like the gentlest and most accommodating. Nothing can fall more softly or more silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary—not even the fatherly flakes of snow, which thread their way through the atmosphere as if they were too filmy to yield to the demands of gravity, like grosser things. The most delicate slip of gold-leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest breath would set it into tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs—the apple of the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, and blesses the useful light. Yet a few of those rays, insinuating themselves into a mass of iron, like the Britannia Tubular Bridge, will compel the closely-knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would stir a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snows upon the hills, or in fattening showers upon the plains. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one place than another, and out of it springs the tempest or the hurricane which desolates a whole region in its lunatic wrath. The marvel is that a power which is capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful, and so unpretentious a guise.—Boston Journal of Chemistry.

MONUMENT TO CARDINAL WISEMAN.—A monument in white marble has been placed over the grave of Cardinal Wiseman in the Roman Catholic cemetery at Kensal-green. As it might be injured by exposure to the weather, it is covered by a frame of wood and glass, and will, it is said, be placed hereafter in the new Roman Catholic cathedral of the diocese. The work has been executed by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley, of Westminster-road, from designs by Mr. Pugin. Above the tomb is a recumbent figure of the cardinal in ecclesiastical vestments, and on the sides are sculptured several scenes in his life. One represents a meeting of the bishops; another the Pope giving the brief of the restoration of the hierarchy to the cardinal; another the death of his Eminence. There are many ecclesiastical devices, and an inscription in which, in addition to the dates of birth and death, the cardinal is described as "Omnia pro Christo in vita agens, omnia per Christum in morte sperans."

TO MAKE COURT PLASTER.—Soak isinglass in a little warm water for twenty-four hours; then evaporate nearly all the water by a gentle heat, dissolve the residue in a little proof spirits of wine, and strain the whole through a piece of open linen. The strained mass should be a stiff jelly when cool. Now, extend a piece of silk on a wooden frame and fix it tight with tacks and packthread. Melt the jelly, and apply it to the silk thinly and evenly with a hair brush. A second coating must be applied when the first has dried. When both are dry, cover the whole surface with two or three coatings of Balsam of Peru, applied in the same way. Plaster thus made is very pliable, and never breaks.

CHESS.

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

A lively skirmish in the Montreal Chess Club.

ALLCAIER GAMBRI.

- White. Mr. Walker. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. P. to K. B. 4th. 3. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 4. P. to K. R. 4th. 5. Kt. to Kt. 5th. 6. Kt. takes B. P. 7. Q. takes P. 8. B. ch. 9. B. takes P. ch. 10. Q. takes B. ch. 11. B. takes Q. ch. 12. P. to Q. 4th. 13. B. to Q. B. 3rd. 14. B. takes P. 15. Kt. to Q. 2nd. 16. Kt. to Q. B. 4th. 17. Kt. takes P. (a). 18. Cast. (Q. R.) (b). 19. K. R. to K. sq. 20. P. to K. Kt. 4th. 21. P. to Kt. 5th. 22. P. takes P. 23. P. ch. 24. Q. takes Kt. 25. P. ch. 26. R. ch. 27. Q. R. to Q. 2nd. 28. K. to Kt. 2nd. 29. R. takes Kt. (c). 30. P. to Q. 3rd. 31. P. to Kt. 6th. 32. P. to Kt. 7th. 33. R. to K. B. 5th. 34. R. to K. 5th. 35. K. to B. 7th.
- Black. Mr. H. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. P. takes P. 3. P. to Kt. 4th. 4. P. to K. B. 3rd. 5. K. takes Kt. 6. P. to K. B. 3rd. 7. P. to Q. 4th. 8. P. to K. 3rd. 9. Q. takes Q. 10. K. takes B. 11. B. ch. 12. K. to R. 4th. 13. K. to K. B. 3rd. 14. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. 15. P. to Kt. 3rd. 16. P. takes Kt. 17. Kt. takes P. 18. Kt. takes P. 19. Kt. to K. B. 3rd. 20. K. to Q. 4th. 21. P. takes P. 22. Kt. to Kt. 5th. 23. K. takes P. 24. Kt. to B. 7th. 25. K. to Q. Kt. 4th. 26. K. to R. 3rd. 27. R. ch. 28. Kt. ch. 29. R. takes R. 30. K. to Q. sq. 31. Q. R. takes P. (d). 32. R. to Q. sq. 33. Q. R. to K. Kt. sq. 34. K. R. to Kt. 5th (e).

The game was continued for several moves, resulting in a drawn battle.

(a) The attack has now the advantage.

(b) Questionable if this was the best move; the defence now breaks up his opponent's centre.

(c) Over-ambitious in the strength of his pawns, White gives up the exchange he might apparently have played K. to R. 3rd here with safety; it will be found, however, on examination, that owing to the awkward position of his bishop, it would have been difficult to have won while the adverse Knight remained in play.

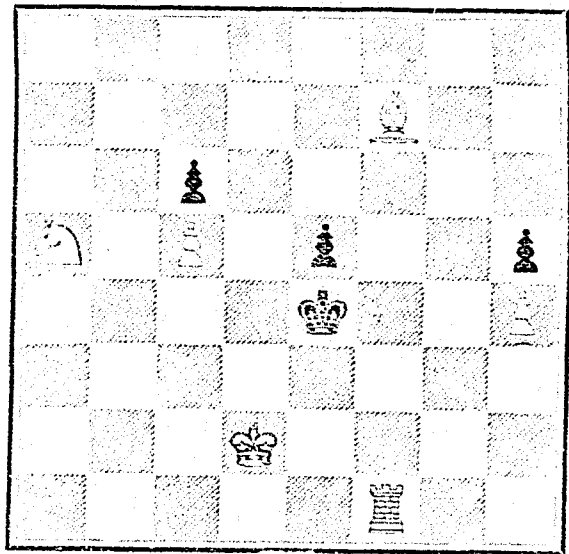
(d) Better to have taken with the other Rook.

(e) Black has now rather the best position; White is enabled to draw only by having command of the seventh file with his Rook.

PROBLEM No. 35.

By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 11.

- White. 1. Q. to K. R. 8th. 2. Kt. mates.
- Black. B. takes Q. or B.

VARIATIONS.

- 1. Q. to K. R. sq. mate. K. P. moves.

If Black play B. to B. 2nd or K. 3rd, Q. to Q. R. 8th mates. If R. P. moves, Kt. mates at Kt. 4th. The answers to two other lines of defence are obvious.

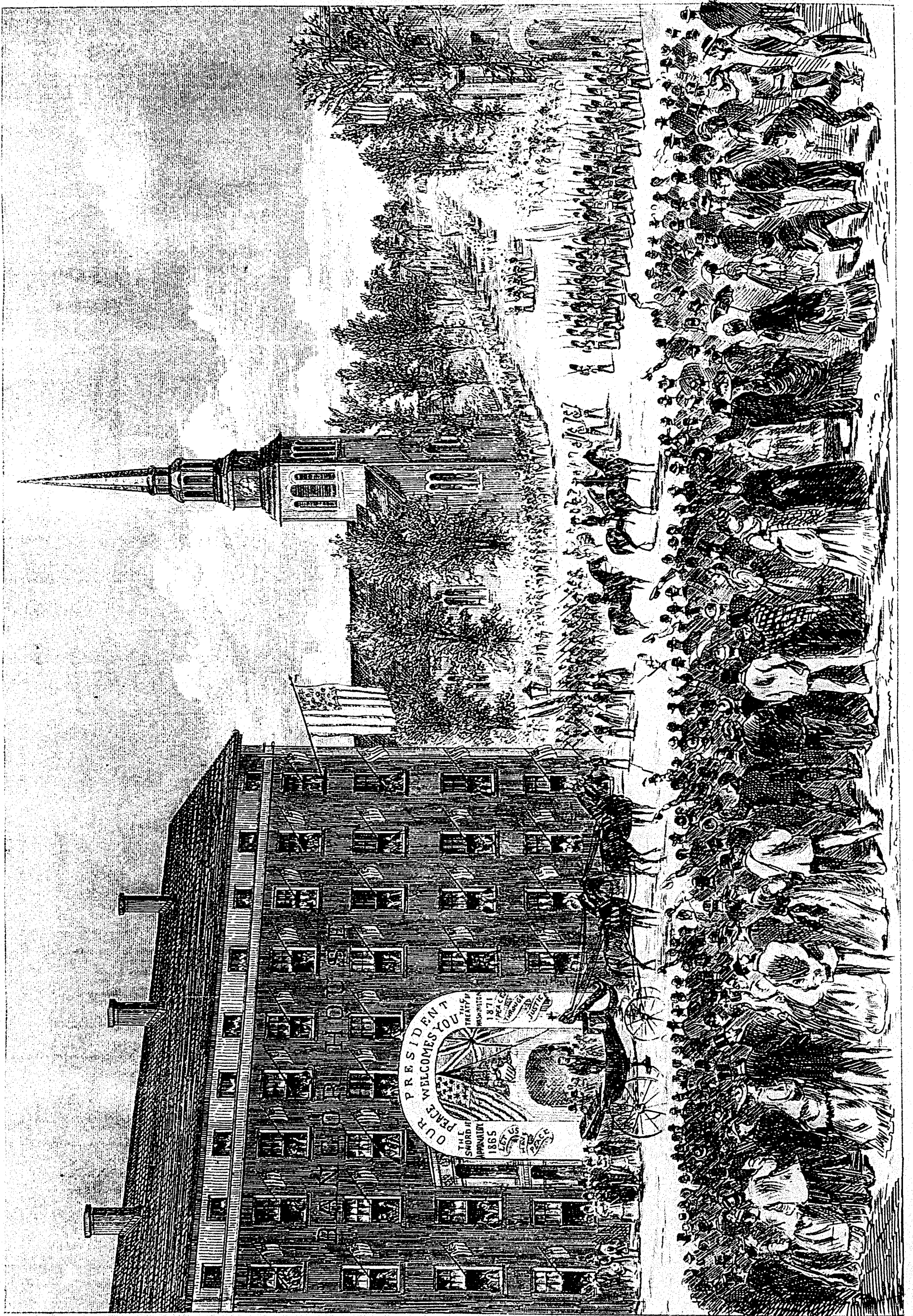
CHARADES, &c.

REBUS, No. 23.

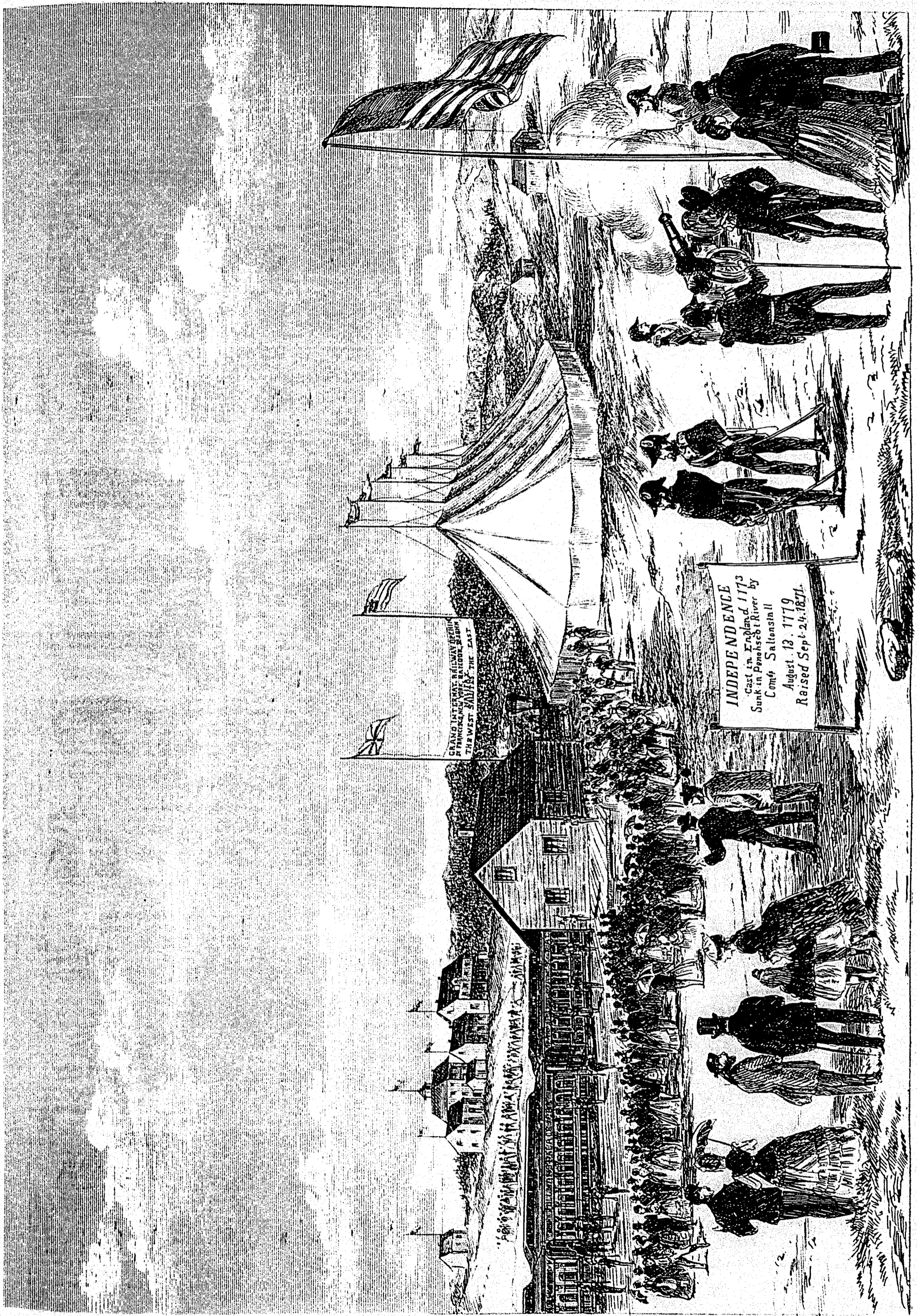
- 1. A standard author on the study of words.
- 2. An important event in the life of Mahomet.
- 3. A linear measurement.
- 4. A deadly poison used by the Indians in hunting.
- 5. A preposition of two letters.
- 6. One of the nine orders of mammals.
- 7. One of the respiratory organs.
- 8. One of the largest ships in the British Navy.
- 9. A signal defeat of the Austrians in 1859.
- 10. A manufacturing town in the centre of Russia.
- 11. The capital of a British Colony.
- 12. One of the present sovereigns of Europe.
- 13. A geographical term.
- 14. One of Shakspeare's characters.
- 15. An English victory over the French in 1415.
- 16. One of the most famous volcanoes in the world.
- 17. An island famous in the history of Napoleon I.

The initials and finals will give respectively the name and place of one of the most interesting and exciting events of this summer in America.

X. X.



OPENING OF THE E. & N. A. RAILWAY.—PRESIDENT GRANT LEAVING THE BANGOR HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 290.



OPENING OF THE E. & N. A. RAILWAY.—ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT GRANT AND LORD LISGAR AT VANCHORO.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 290.

A STARTLING STORY.

THE SOCIÉTÉ INTERNATIONALE SAID TO HAVE FIRED CHICAGO.

[We give the following extraordinary story for what our readers may think it worth. If not true, it is certainly a well concocted romance, and the numerous instances of incendiarism discovered during the terrible fire, give it an air of probability that does credit to the ingenuity of its author.—Ed. C. I. N.]

(From Chicago Times, October 23.)

The following document is given without the expression of any opinion as to its authenticity. Though it appears at the first thought to be utterly romantic and improbable, there are not wanting confirmatory circumstances. For example, the original explanation of the origin of the fire has been denied by two persons on oath, which is sufficient to disprove the statement in a court of justice. Then it can be attested by every one who listened to Train at Farewell Hall, on the night of the fire, that he used the language recited below, predicting the destruction of the building in which he spoke, and saying that a great calamity was about to overtake the city. Finally, there is abundant evidence going to show that the fire was set in more than one place. Thus, a well-known lady, who resides in the vicinity of the Franklin school, on Division street, states positively that while the fire was progressing north in the north division from the river, she saw a man walk up to the side of a primary school, a frame building, in the rear of the Franklin school, turn out a lot of shavings from a bag, and immediately after the man had turned his back upon them saw the shavings flaming up. With these observations the alleged confession is given in the precise language that it was received, as follows:

I am a member of the Société Internationale. The headquarters of the organization are in Paris, and its ramifications extend all over the world. There are branches in London, Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Naples, Florence, Vienna, and other cities in Great Britain and on the continent, and in New York, Boston, Washington, New Orleans, Baltimore, and Chicago, in this country. Its members are bound by a fearful oath never to divulge any of the plans or operations of the society, and were it known that I was about to relate the story I have commenced, I should never live to finish it, while if the author of this ever becomes known I will die a death more horrible than that which met any of the victims of the inquisition. It is, therefore, with fear and trembling that I sit down to write the true story of the origin of the Chicago fire, and nothing but the sternest sense of duty and a desire to clear my conscience of a load that is too heavy for endurance would induce me to pen these lines. I fancy the sneer of incredulity with which some will greet my announcement that the destruction of Chicago was accomplished by the International Society or Commune, but when I have unfolded the details of the plot and the motives that prompted its conception, incredulity will give place to astonishment that human beings could be found so blinded by fanaticism as to become parties to so great and overwhelming a crime. The events of the past two weeks have awakened me from a dream so wild and improbable that, were it not for the dreary evidences of its reality that I see about me, I could scarce believe, and still more reluctantly can I believe, that in the terrible tragedy that has been enacted I was one of the principal actors; that, though blinded by a fanaticism more fearful than the worst form of lunacy, I permitted myself to become the cause of so much misery and woe. To begin at the beginning I must revert to the organization of the Société Internationale, its extent, its objects, and its plans. The society was organized during the troublous times that preceded the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of France. A Commune, in which the poor should be equal with the rich and the rich equal with the poor, was much talked of at that time, and this organization was formed with that object in view. The election of Napoleon to the Presidency and his subsequent *coup d'état* by which he seated himself upon the throne for a time defeated the plans of the socialists. Notwithstanding the fact, however, the organization was not abandoned, but was rather more closely cemented and more widely diffused. The evils of the reign of the third Napoleon seemed to add fuel to the fire that was smouldering in France, and the society drew into its ranks all the element of discontent throughout the empire. The result of the late war between France and Germany was to incorporate a more dangerous element into the society, and it was determined to seize upon the opportunity offered by the withdrawal of the Prussians from Paris for putting the principles of the society into execution. The reign of the Reds in Paris is too fresh in the mind of every reader to need recapitulation at my hands. Its horrors are painted on every mind in colours that can never be effaced. It will never be forgotten how, in their blind fury, the communists destroyed not only every vestige of monarchy, but everything that served as a reminder of the old distinctions between the rich and the poor. Neither palaces, nor works of art, nor cathedrals escaped the mad fury of the mob that held high carnival in the beautiful capital of the world, where war and famine wrought such sad devastation. The defeat of the Commune, through the perfidy of some of its members, did not serve to discourage it in the endeavour to secure the ascendancy of the principles of socialism, but it was reorganized on a basis more enduring than before. The society in France was thoroughly cemented, and to-day it is stronger numerically than ever before.

Emissaries were despatched to all the commercial capitals of the world, and, together with those who had fled from the Versailles government, formed branches in all the leading cities, not only in Europe but in America. There was not lacking those who were so deeply imbued with an insane desire for the triumph of communistic principles that they were willing to undertake any desperate plan that gave promise of success, even though attended with infinite misery and suffering. The long existing conflict between capital and labour had prepared thousands of persons in every large city, and especially in manufacturing districts, for any desperate work that would avenge the real or fancied wrongs they had received at the hands of the moneyed aristocracy of the land. In this field the emissaries of the Commune laboured with a zeal that would have done credit to a better cause. The utmost care was exercised to prevent any disclosure of the plans of the organization, and only a few were admitted to its councils, although these are the men who, in case of an emergency, could sway the mob by the eloquence of their daring. It is but justice to the labouring men to say, however, that they were not true representatives of the class, but those who, by prating upon the wrongs of the labouring men, secured for themselves a competency out of the hard-earned

wages of their dupes. Throughout Great Britain and the United States, agents of the Commune were in every labour union, and are to-day among the most implicitly trusted members not only of those organizations, but permeate every department of the State, municipal and national governments.

In England much was expected from the society, and much has been accomplished. The labour strikes at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the immense demonstrations at Hyde Park, at Dublin, and in the manufacturing districts, were all incited and upheld by the Internationals. So insidious and so secret are their plans of operation that not one in a thousand of those who are themselves participants in the outbreaks know from whence their inspiration comes. Thus far the great cities of Great Britain have escaped the ordeal of fire through which Paris and Chicago have passed, but perhaps before this recital reaches the eye of the reader, some of the greatest capitals of the world may be, as Chicago is to-day, a mass of smouldering and desolate ruins, inhabitable only by the foul birds of the night. During a short residence in Paris, in 1867, I was thrown much into the society of leading members of the Commune. Being an American, it was supposed that I would favour anything that would tend to bring about an absolute equality between all men. At first I laughed at all such notions, regarding them as not only utterly impracticable, but as tending to overthrow all law and order. But as expedient after expedient was suggested, some of them seeming to be feasible, I caught the infection that animated my associates, and soon became a blind enthusiast in the cause of socialism. While there I became a member of the Société Internationale, and it is not surprising, therefore, that on its first organization in Chicago, some eight months ago, I was selected as one of the prime movers. Since I had returned from France I had been in correspondence with some of those prominent in the movement there, among whom were M. Henri Martin, who was among the first to fall a victim to the Versailles troops at the capture of the city; M. Assi, whose tragic fate is so fresh in the minds of all, and M. Julius Garadine, from whom I learned the progress the society was making, and many of its future plans. The organization in Chicago was formed under the direction of two communists who had fled from Paris, and myself. As elsewhere, none but the most daring and trustworthy were admitted. The avowed purposes of the society were harmless in themselves. They were to endeavour to elevate the working-men to the level of the rich; to promote communistic sentiments among the masses, and, as soon as possible, to inaugurate the reign of socialism, when everybody should enjoy equal benefits, and poverty and want should be unknown. To these declarations there was a codicil binding the members, if it were found impossible to secure the results by peaceable means, to resort to whatever measures should be deemed advisable by the directors of the organization. The first two months of the existence of the society were consumed in fruitless attempts to stir up strife between the mechanics of the city and their employers. But the disastrous consequences of the eight-hour strikes in 1867 were yet fresh in remembrance, and for once the labour unions refused to do the bidding of their prompters. This was a discouraging blow, but the members of the society were determined. In no city of the Union was more to be feared to communism from a continuance of the existing condition of affairs, for colossal fortunes were being amassed in an incredible short space of time, and an aristocracy of wealth was springing up that threatened to become so strong as to defy overthrow. Plan after plan was suggested, and abandoned as impracticable.

Finally, the burning of the business portion of the city was suggested. Appalled by the thought of working such desolation in the fairest city on the continent, I at first shrank from participation in the transaction. I protested that instead of promoting the objects of the society it would only retard them. But all the others were firm, and, weakly, I yielded. Gradually the insanity produced by being a promoter of a calamity that would shake the world to its centre took possession of me. Sleeping or waking, my thoughts were filled with the plan. To mature the details of the plot required the utmost caution. The project of raising a mob by means of some popular excitement and to burn and pillage the city was debated at length, but at last abandoned because of its hazar-dousness and the inevitable loss of life that it would involve, for to take life was not our object—it was only to humble the men who had waxed rich at the expense of the poor. The incendiary's torch was finally fixed upon, and on the 9th day of August preparations were actively begun to carry it into execution. Several times a day was fixed for the awful tragedy, but as often abandoned.

The co-operation of the elements was needed. The torch was first applied to the warehouse on the corner of State and Sixteenth streets on the gusty morning of the 20th of September. It was hoped that the high south wind then prevailing would carry the flames to the row of frame buildings to the northward, but a sudden change in the wind defeated the project by enabling the fire department to quench the flames. Again on the Saturday night preceding the catastrophe a match was applied on Canal street, and for a few hours all seemed to be working well, and but for the failure of one of the petroleum mines to ignite Sabbath morning would have seen Chicago in ashes. But the doom that was overhanging the city was delayed but a day, and that day came near proving fatal to our plans, for then and only then were we in danger of betrayal. George Francis Train, a member of the Société Internationale, lectured in Farwell Hall on the evening of the fated Sunday. In the course of his address his manner changed for a moment while he made use of these words:

"This is the last public address that will be delivered within these walls. A terrible calamity is impending over the city of Chicago. More I cannot say; more I dare not utter!"

It was well for him he closed as he did, for there were half a score of hands grasping half a score of pistols that would have checked any further utterance forever. It is with much hesitancy that I approach a recital of the scenes of that horrible night.

All day long we had been in secret conclave where no mortal could spy our doings. Petroleum mines had been laid in a score of places, and trusty men were stationed at each of them to apply the match at the proper moment. The plot had been so arranged that all should appear as accident, our part being mainly to assist the progress of the flames, for we knew that once beyond a certain limit no agency could stay them. The place above all others in the city which promised the great measure of success was in the barn on De Koven

street. No "old Irish hag" was milking her cow at the time, as the reporters of the city press are determined to have it. A human being of a different sex was there, however, but had disappeared, as if by magic, before any mortal eye had remarked his presence. Before the arrival of the jaded firemen at the scene of the conflagration, half-a-dozen mines had been touched off, and their efforts to subdue the flames were as futile as the effort of a child to stem the raging cataract of Niagara. When the flames had reached the river, work began on the south side. Simultaneously a mine was sprung at the gas-works, and another near Van Buren street bridge, and two whole blocks were a seething hell of flame in less time than it takes my unaccustomed pen to tell it. From thence onward the fire was assisted by a mine, set on Wells street, near Monroe, another block and-a-half further east, and still another in Farwell Hall. Little did those who listened to citizen Train on that eventful Sunday night suspect that they were sitting over a magazine that needed but the touch of a match to involve them in a perfect hell of flame. From that point the destruction of the south side, with its massive granite piles and well stored warehouses, was assured. Onward sped the flames, and wherever they appeared likely to skip a new magazine was fired, and ruin with its fearful front involved the fair city. I had been delegated to explode the powder magazine on South Water street.

Our only fear of want of success was that the authorities, failing to stay the mad current of fire by ordinary means, would resort to the last and only hope—lay a few blocks in ruins by means of gunpowder. To guard against this a train had been laid communicating with the magazine, and required but a spark to destroy it. When the work had been so fully inaugurated I hastened to the point to which I had been assigned, and with a frenzy more terrible than any I had ever before experienced, I reached the spot where the match should have been applied. A coal lay within a few feet of it; a slight kick from my foot would have placed it over the hidden fuse, but the streets were thronged with people, and I shrank from committing the act that would have plunged hundreds of human beings into eternity.

That moment's hesitation was their salvation. The powder brigade arrived almost upon the instant, and the explosive was removed from the building. Among the first barrels removed were these with which the train communicated, and although a stray spark afterward fired the fuse no explosion followed. Hardly had I recovered from the momentary flash of humane feeling that overcame me than I was placed in imminent peril of my life. The flames had advanced northward on both sides of where I stood, and were rushing toward me with fearful rapidity. Dazed by the various conflicting emotions that had filled my breast I had not noticed this, and when I awoke from my trance the most horrible of deaths stared me in the face. Hemmed in on every side in a crucible of fire, I for a moment gave way to despair. But despair gave me strength, and, breaking down a heavy door, I rushed through a store to the river and plunged into its waters. A boat moored at the dock assisted me to cross, although I did not waste time in getting into it, but pushed it before me as I swam. Reaching the north side I ran with all my speed through the streets towards the city limits, seeking to escape from the terrible scenes my eyes had beheld. In the meantime, my co-workers in crime had not been idle. As the current of fire passed northward from Van Buren street it appeared that a large tract bounded on the north of Madison street, and on the west by Dearborn street, including a valuable section of the city, would escape the terrible destruction that had visited the remainder of the city. The flames had proceeded along Harrison and Van Buren streets to Fourth Avenue, and here seemed to have spent their force. It was a terrible moment for millions were trembling in the balance. A few brave men battled with the demon, and but for the omnipresence of the Internationals would have stayed its progress. But a man rushed into a house that had been abandoned by its occupants, ostensibly for the purpose of saving some household utensils that had been left, and returned laden with goods; but a moment afterwards the rear of the building became a mass of flame, and a gust of wind carried it eastward to the lake and northward over the district that had thus been spared, thus completing the universal ruin. On the north side it had been intended to destroy but few buildings and these the business headquarters and residences of the affluent. As during the progress of the fire on the south side mines were sprung in various localities as the flames advanced, but only where the natural course of the flames was likely to leave the work but imperfectly done. The fire progressed too slowly. The water works were in full blast, and there was danger that through their agency some of the buildings doomed to demolition would be saved. The works had been prepared for destruction, but the time had not arrived, as the fire was several blocks away. But notwithstanding this fact the match was applied, and the workmen were obliged to fly for their lives. In their flight the man who had fired the mine was overthrown and badly injured, and as the fire advanced he fell a victim to its fury. Thus ended the work of the incendiaries of the Société Internationale. The elements completed the destruction, and the loveliest portion of Chicago is now a waste, drear ruin, inhabitable only by ghouls and the ill-omened birds of the night. The results are more than had been anticipated, but are yet not satisfactory. Many buildings that had been doomed by the Internationale escaped the fiery ordeal, while a large tract that it had been determined to spare is now a ruin.

Retribution is not long in following the perpetrators of great crimes. Two of the original founders of the organization in Chicago met death in the terrible conflagration they had instigated, and I alone am spared to suffer worse than a thousand deaths from the stings of conscience. Seven of the men delegated to assist the fire in its progress also perished miserably in the hell they had conjured up, while two others are probably maimed for life. As for myself, I have little hope of escaping the vengeance of the internationals.

The oath to which I subscribed carries with it the penalty of a death in a form more horrible than any that has been visited upon mortal since the sun first rose over chaos. The organization is omnipresent, permeating every circle of society, each member being bound to mete out the penalty of the oath to any one who may divulge its secrets. This, its greatest of secrets, has been written under the load of a guilty conscience. Life has lost all its attractions for me, and I scarcely care to live, save to see the damage caused partly through my instrumentality repaired. But if it shall appear that I cannot escape from those who have already involved me in so much misery I will yet not die at their hands, but will prefer to lie in accursed ground.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

"That would be no reason, even if it were a fact, which it is not. You believe it, or rather, choose to think you believe it, because you've been told it. Sooner than pretend to teach what I had never learned, and be looked up to as a pattern of godliness, I would list in the ranks. There, at least, a man might earn an honest living."

"By Jove! You do make a fellow feel uncomfortable!" repeated Home. "You've got such a—such an uncompromising way of saying things—to use a mild expression!"

"I think it's a sneaking thing to do, and unworthy of a gentleman."

"I don't see what right you've got to bully me in that way," said Home, getting angry.

"It was time to interfere. Charley is so afraid of being dishonest, Home," I said, "that he is rude. You are rude now, Charley."

"I beg your pardon, Home," exclaimed Charley at once.

"Oh, never mind!" returned Home with gloomy good nature.

"You ought to make allowance, Charley," I pursued. "When a man has been accustomed all his life to hear things spoken of in a certain way, he cannot help having certain notions to start with."

"If I thought as Osborne does," said Home, "I would sooner list than go into the church."

"I confess," I rejoined, "I do not see how any one can take orders, except he not only loves God with all his heart, but receives the story of the New Testament as a revelation of him, precious beyond utterance. To the man who accepts it so, the calling is the noblest in the world."

The others were silent, and the conversation turned away. From whatever cause, Home did not go into the church, but died fighting in India.

He soon left us—Charley remaining behind.

"What a hypocrite I am!" he exclaimed; "—following a profession in which I must often, if I have any practice at all, defend what I know to be wrong, and seek to turn justice from its natural course."

"But you can't always know that your judgment is right, even if it should be against your client. I heard an eminent barrister say once, that he had come out of the court convinced by the arguments of the opposite counsel."

"And having gained the case?"

"That I don't know."

"He went in believing his own side any how, and that made it all right for him."

"I don't know that either. His private judgment was altered, but whether it was for or against his client, I do not remember. The fact however shows that one might do a great wrong by refusing a client whom he judged in the wrong."

"On the contrary, to refuse a brief on such grounds, would be best for all concerned. Not believing in it, you could not do your best, and might be preventing one who would believe in it from taking it up."

"The man might not get anybody to take it up."

"Then there would be little reason to expect that a jury charged under ordinary circumstances would give a verdict in his favour."

"But it would be for the barristers to constitute themselves the judges."

"Yes—of their own conduct—only that. There I am again! The finest ideas about the right thing—and going on all the same, with open eyes running my head straight into the noose! Wilfrid, I'm one of the weakest animals in creation. What if you found at last that I had been deceiving you? What would you say?"

"Nothing, Charley—to any one else."

"What would you say to yourself then?"

"I don't know. I know what I should do."

"What?"

"Try to account for it, and find as many reasons as I could to justify you. That is, I would do just as you do for every one but yourself."

He was silent—plainly from emotion, which I attributed to his pleasure at the assurance of the strength of my friendship.

"Suppose you could find none?" he said, recovering himself a little.

"I should still believe there were such. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*, you know."

He brightened at this.

"You are a friend, Wilfrid! What a strange condition mine is—for ever feeling I could do this and that difficult thing, were it to fall in my way, and yet constantly failing in the simplest duties—even to that of common politeness. I behaved like a brute to Home. He's a fine fellow, and only wants to see a thing to do it. I see it well enough, and

don't do it. Wilfrid, I shall come to a bad end. When it comes, mind I told you so, and blame nobody but myself. I mean what I say."

"Nonsense, Charley! It's only that you haven't active work enough, and get morbid with brooding over the germs of things."

"Oh, Wilfrid, how beautiful a life might be! Just look at that one in the New Testament! Why shouldn't I be like that? I don't know why. I feel as if I could. But I'm not, you see—and never shall be. I'm selfish, and ill-tempered, and—"

"Charley! Charley! There never was a less selfish or better-tempered fellow in the world."

"Don't make me believe that, Wilfrid, or I shall hate the world as well as myself. It's all my hypocrisy makes you think so. Because I am ashamed of what I am, and manage to hide it pretty well, you think me a saint. That is heaping damnation on me."

"Take a pipe, Charley, and shut up. That's rubbish!" I said. I doubt much if it was what I ought to have said, but I was alarmed for the consequences of such brooding. "I

dividing space. The grass was like my own grass at home, and I went wandering over it in all the joy of the new spring, which comes every year to our hearts as well as to their picture outside. The workmen were at that time busy about the unfinished botanical gardens, and I wandered thitherward, lingering about, and pondering and inventing, until the sun was long withdrawn, and the shades of night had grown very brown. I was at length sauntering slowly home to put a few finishing touches to a paper I had been at work upon all day, when something about a young couple in front of me attracted my attention. They were walking arm in arm, talking eagerly, but so low that I heard only a murmur. I did not quicken my pace, yet was gradually gaining upon them, when suddenly the conviction started up in my mind that the gentleman was Charley. I could not mistake his back, or the stoop of his shoulders as he bent towards his companion. I was so certain of him that I turned at once from the road, and wandered away across the grass: if he did not choose to tell me about the lady, I had no right to know. But I confess to a strange trouble that he had

always felt that Charley depended on me—that I had rather to take care of him, than to look for counsel from him.

The weary miles rolled away. Early in the morning, we reached Minstercombe. There I got a carriage, and at once continued my journey.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHANGES.

I MET no one at the house-door, or in the kitchen, and walked straight up the stair to my uncle's room. The blinds were down, and the curtains were drawn, and I could but just see the figure of my aunt seated beside the bed. She rose, and without a word of greeting, made way for me to approach the form which lay upon it stretched out straight and motionless. The conviction that I was in the presence of death seized me; but instead of the wretchedness of heart and soul which I had expected to follow the loss of my uncle, a something deeper than any will of my own asserted itself; and, as it were, took the matter from me. It was as if my soul avoided the separation by breaking with the world of material things, asserting the shadowy nature of all the visible, and choosing its part with the something which had passed away. It was as if my deeper self said to my outer consciousness: "I too am of the dead—one with them, whether they live or are no more. For a little while I am shut out from them, and surrounded with things that seem; let me gaze on the picture while it lasts; dream or no dream, let me live in it according to its laws, and await what will come next; if an awaking, it is well; if only a perfect because dreamless sleep, I shall not be able to lament the endless separation—but while I know myself, I will hope for something better." Like this, at least, was the blossom into which, under my after brooding, the bud of that feeling broke.

I laid my hand upon my uncle's forehead. It was icy cold, just like my grannie's when my aunt had made me touch it. And I knew that my uncle was gone, that the slow tide of the eternal ocean had risen while he lay motionless within the wash of its waves, and had floated him away from the shore of our world. I took the hand of my aunt, who stood like a statue behind me, and led her from the room.

"He is gone, aunt," I said, as calmly as I could.

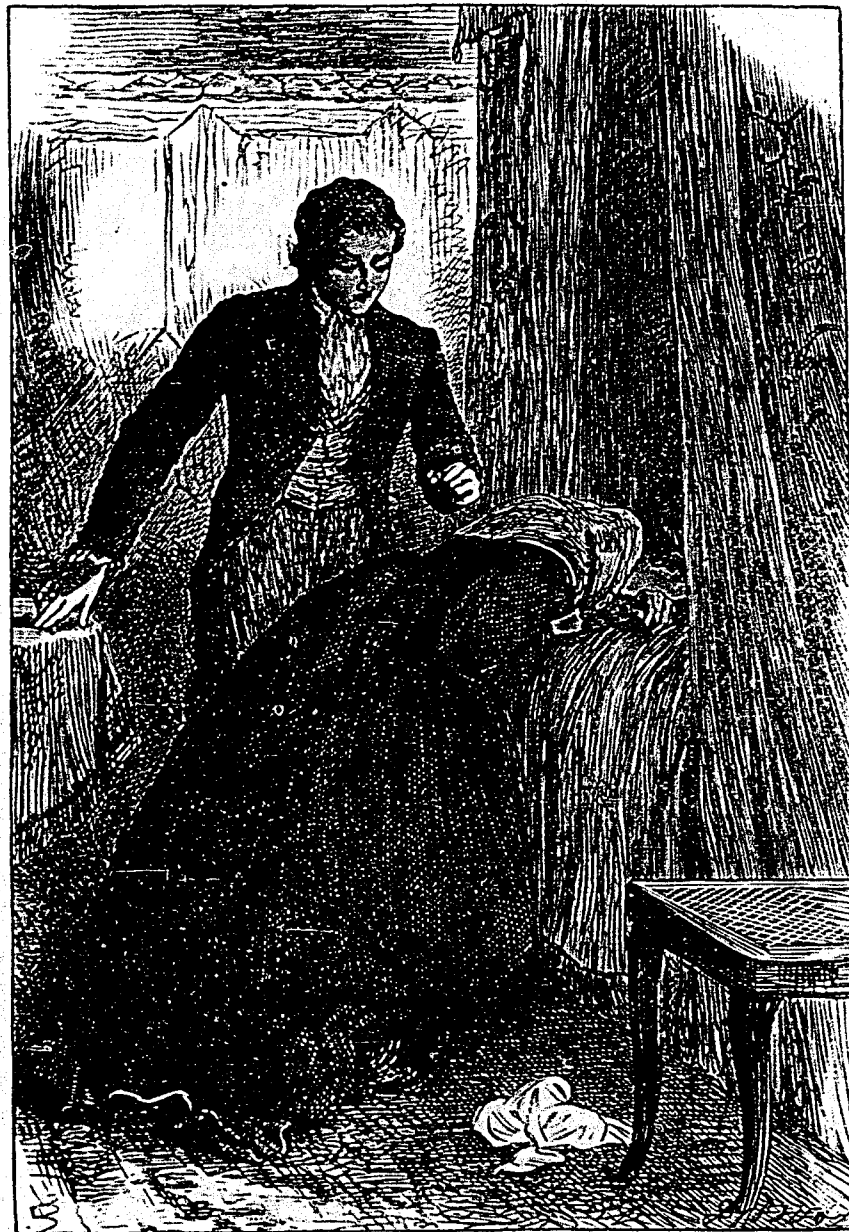
She made no reply, but gently withdrew her hand from mine, and returned into the chamber. I stood a few moments irresolute, but reverence for her sorrow prevailed, and I went down the stair, and seated myself by the fire. There the servant told me that my uncle had never moved since they laid him in his bed. Soon after, the doctor arrived, and went up-stairs; but returned in a few minutes, only to affirm the fact. I went again to the room, and found my aunt lying with her face on the bosom of the dead man. She allowed me to draw her away, but when I would have led her down, she turned aside, and sought her own chamber, where she remained for the rest of the day.

I will not linger over that miserable time. Greatly as I revered my uncle, I was not prepared to find how much he had been respected, and was astonished at the number of faces I had never seen which followed to the churchyard. Amongst them were the Coninghams, father and son; but except by a friendly grasp of the hand, and a few words of condolence, neither interrupted the calm depression rather than grief in which I found myself. When I returned home, there was with my aunt a married sister, whom I had never seen before. Up to this time, she had shown an arid despair, and been regardless of everything about her; but now she was in tears. I left them together, and wandered for hours up and down the lonely playground of my childhood, thinking of many things—most of all, how strange it was that, if there were a hereafter for us, we should know positively nothing concerning it; that not a whisper should cross the invisible line; that the something which had looked from its windows so lovingly, should have in a moment withdrawn, by some back way unknown either to itself or us, into a region of which all we can tell is that thence no prayers and no tears will entice it, to lift for an instant again the fallen curtain, and look out once more. Why should not God, I thought, if a God there be, permit one single return to each, that so the friends left behind in the dark might be sure that death was not the end, and so live in the world as not of the world?

When I re-entered, I found my aunt looking a little cheerful. She was even having something to eat with her sister—an elderly country-looking woman, the wife of a farmer in a distant shire. Their talk had led them back to old times, to their parents and the friends of their childhood; and the memory of the long dead had comforted her a little over the recent loss; for all true hearts death is a uniting, not a dividing power.

"I suppose you will be going back to London, Wilfrid?" said my aunt, who had already been persuaded to pay her sister a visit.

"I think I had better," I answered. "When



"I found my aunt lying with her face on the bosom of the dead man."

wonder what the world would be like if every one considered himself acting up to his own ideal!"

"If he was acting so, then it would do the world no harm that he knew it."

"But his ideal must then be a low one, and that would do himself and everybody the worst kind of harm. The greatest men have always thought the least of themselves."

"Yes, but that was because they were the greatest. A man may think little of himself just for the reason that he is little, and can't help knowing it."

"Then it's a mercy he does know it! for most small people think much of themselves."

"But to know it—and to feel all the time you ought to be and could be something very different, and yet never get a step nearer it! That is to be miserable. Still it is a mercy to know it. There is always a last help."

I mistook what he meant, and thought it well to say no more. After smoking a pipe or two, he was quieter, and left me with a merry remark.

"One lovely evening in spring, I looked from my bed-room window, and saw the red sunset burning in the thin branches of the solitary poplar that graced the few feet of garden behind the house. It drew me out to the park, where the trees were all in young leaf, each with its shadow stretching away from its foot, like its longing to reach its kind across

left me out. I comforted myself, however, with the thought that perhaps when we next met, he would explain, or at least break the silence.

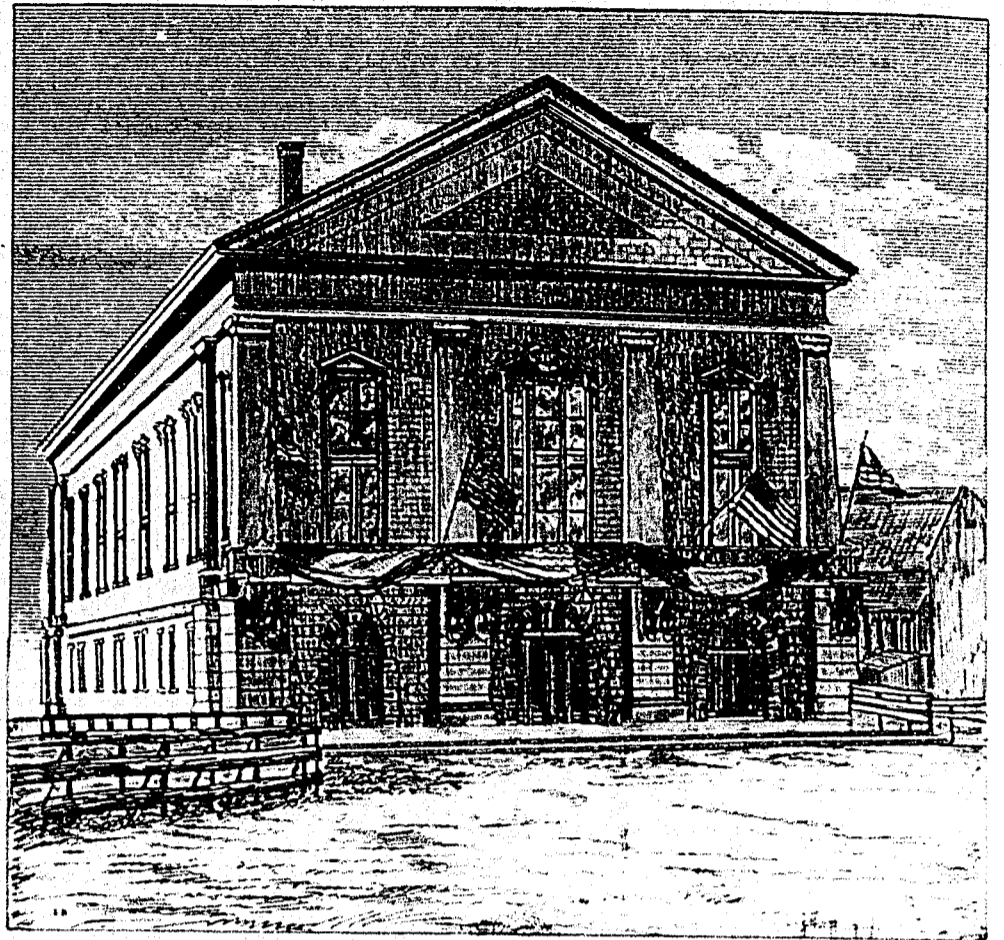
After about an hour, he entered, in an excited mood, merry but uncomfortable. I tried to behave as if I knew nothing, but could not help feeling much disappointed when he left me without a word of his having had a second reason for being in the neighbourhood.

What effect the occurrence might have had, whether the cobweb veil of which I was now aware between us would have thickened to opacity or not, I cannot tell. I dare not imagine that it might. I rather hope that by degrees my love would have got the victory, and melted it away. But now came a cloud which swallowed every other in my firmament. The next morning brought a letter from my aunt, telling me that my uncle had had a stroke, as she called it, and at that moment was lying insensible. I put my affairs in order at once, and Charley saw me away by the afternoon coach.

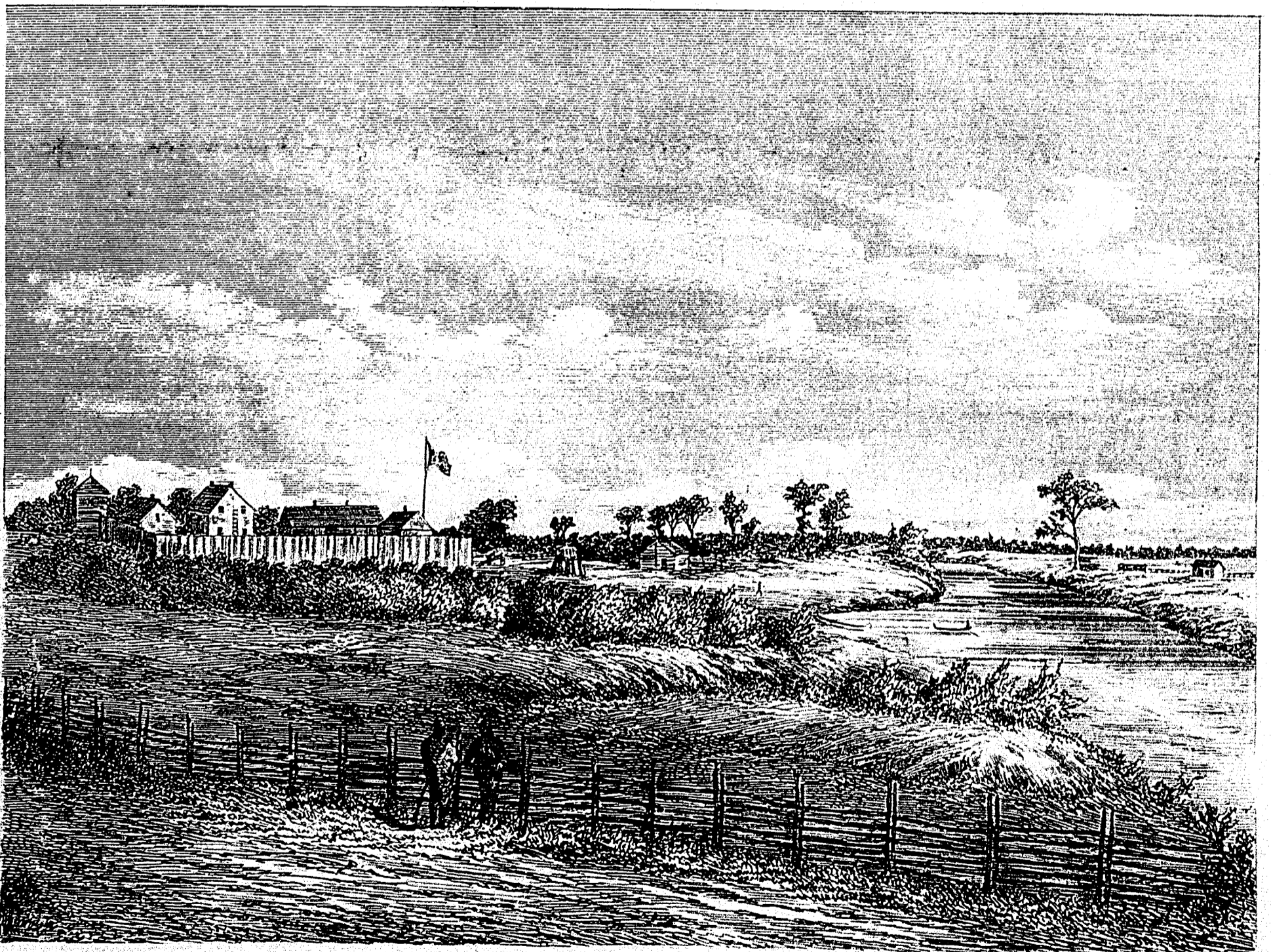
It was a dreary journey. I loved my uncle with perfect confidence and profound veneration, a result of the faithful and open simplicity with which he had always behaved towards me. If he were taken away, and already he might be gone, I should be lonely indeed, for on whom besides could I depend with anything like the trust which I reposed in him? For, conceitedly or not, I had



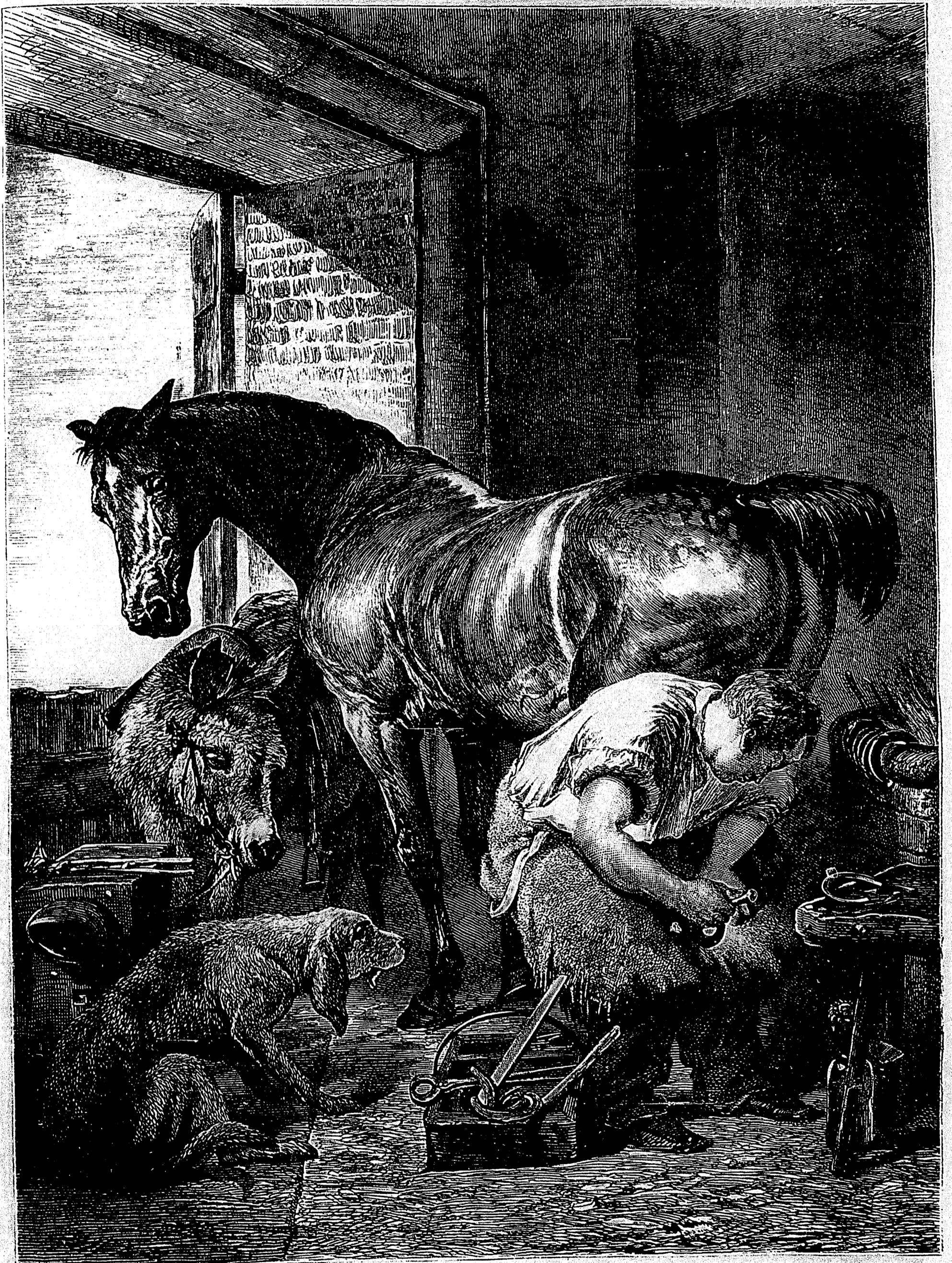
THE MALL, BROADWAY, BANGOR.



NOROMBEGA HALL, BANGOR.—SEE PAGE 290.



HUDSON BAY CO.'S FORT AT PEMBINA.



THE SHOEING FORGE.
FROM A PAINTING BY SIR E. LANDSEER.

I have a chance of publishing a book, I should like to come and write it, or at least finish it here, if you will let me."

"The place is your own, Wilfrid. Of course I shall be very glad to have you here."

"The place is yours as much as mine, aunt," I replied. "I can't bear to think that my uncle has no right over it still. I believe he has, and, therefore, it is yours just the same—not to mention my own wishes in the matter."

She made no reply, and I saw that both she and her sister were shocked either at my mentioning the dead man, or at my supposing he had any earthly rights left. The next day they set out together, leaving in the house the wife of the head man at the farm to attend to me until I should return to town. I had purposed to set out the following morning, but I found myself enjoying so much the undisturbed possession of the place, that I remained there for ten days; and when I went, it was with the intention of making it my home as soon as I might; I had grown enamoured of the solitude so congenial to labour. Before I left I arranged my uncle's papers, and in doing so, found several early sketches which satisfied me that he might have distinguished himself in literature if his fate had led him thitherward.

Having given the house in charge to my aunt's deputy, Mrs Herbert, I at length returned to my lodging in Camden Town. There I found two letters waiting me, the one announcing the serious illness of my aunt, and the other her death. The latter was two days old. I wrote to express my sorrow, and excuse my apparent neglect, and having made a long journey to see her also laid in the earth, I returned to my old home in order to make fresh arrangements.

CHAPTER XXX.

PROPOSALS.

Mrs. Herbert attended me during the forenoon, but left me after my early dinner. I made my tea for myself, and a tankard filled from a barrel of ale of my uncle's brewing, with a piece of bread and cheese, was my unvarying supper. The first night I felt very lonely, almost, indeed, what the Scotch call eerie. The place, though inseparably interwoven with my earliest recollections, drew back and stood apart from me—a thing to be thought about; and, in the ancient house, amidst the lonely field, I felt like a ghost condemned to return and live the vanished time over again. I had had a fire lighted in my own room; for, although the air was warm outside, the thick stone walls seemed to retain the chilly breath of last winter. The silent rooms that filled the house forced the sense of their presence upon me. I seemed to see the forsaken things in them staring at each other, hopeless and useless, across the dividing space, as if saying to themselves: "We belong to the dead, are mouldering to the dust after them, and in the dust alone we meet." From the vacant rooms my soul seemed to float out beyond, searching still—to find nothing but loneliness and emptiness betwixt me and the stars; and beyond the stars more loneliness and more emptiness still—no rest for the sole of the foot of the wandering Psyche—save—one mighty saving—an exception which, if true, must be the one all-absorbing rule. "But," I was saying to myself, "love unknown is not even equal to love lost," when my reverie was broken by the dull noise of a horse's hoofs upon the sward. I rose and went to the window. As I crossed the room, my brain, rather than myself, suddenly recalled the night when my pendulum drew from the churning trees the unwelcome genius of the storms. The moment I reached the window—there through the dim summer twilight, once more from the trees, now as still as sleep, came the same figure.

Mr. Coningham saw me at the fire-lighted window, and halted.

"May I be admitted?" he asked, ceremoniously.

I made a sign to him to ride round to the door, for I could not speak aloud; it would have been rude to the memories that haunted the silent house.

"May I come in for a few minutes, Mr. Cumbermede?" he asked again, already at the door by the time I had opened it.

"By all means, Mr Coningham," I replied. "Only you must tie your horse to this ring, for we—I—have no stable here."

"I've done this before," he answered, as he made the animal fast. "I know the ways of the place well enough. But surely you're not here in absolute solitude?"

"Yes, I am. I prefer being alone at present."

"Very unhealthy, I must say. You will grow hypochondriacal if you mope in this fashion," he returned, following me up the stairs to my room.

"A day or two of solitude now and then, would, I suspect, do most people more good than harm," I answered. "But you must not think I intend leading a hermit's life. Have you heard that my aunt—?"

"Yes, yes. You are left alone in the world."

But relations are not a man's only friends—and certainly not always his best friends."

I made no reply, thinking of my uncle.

"I did not know you were down," he resumed. "I was calling at my father's, and seeing your light across the park, thought it possible you might be here, and rode over to see. May I take the liberty of asking what your plans are?" he added, seating himself by the fire.

"I have hardly had time to form new ones; but I mean to stick to my work anyhow."

"You mean your profession?"

"Yes, if you will allow me to call it such. I have had success enough already to justify me in going on."

"I am more pleased than surprised to hear it," he answered. "But what will you do with the old nest?"

"Let the old nest wait for the old bird, Mr. Coningham—keep it to die in."

"I don't like to hear a young fellow talking that way," he remonstrated. "You've got a long life to live yet—at least I hope so. But if you leave the house untenanted till the period to which you allude, it will be quite unfit by that time even for the small service you propose to require of it. Why not let it—for a term of years? I could find you a tenant, I make no doubt."

"I won't let it. I shall meet the world all the better if I have a place of my own to take refuge in."

"Well, I can't say but there's good in that fancy. To have any spot of your own, however small—freehold, I mean—must be a comfort. At the same time, what's the world for, if you're to meet it in that half-hearted way? I don't mean that every young man—there are exceptions—must sow just so many bushels of *av ni futua*. There are plenty of enjoyments to be got without leading a wild life—which I should be the last to recommend to any young man of principle. Take my advice and let the place. But pray don't do me the injustice to fancy I came to look after a job. I shall be most happy to serve you."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you," I answered. "If you could let the farm for me for the rest of the lease, of which there are but a few years to run, that would be of great consequence to me. Herbert, my uncle's foreman, who has the management now, is a very good fellow, but I doubt if he will do more than make both ends meet without my aunt, and the accounts would bother me endlessly."

"I shall find out whether Lord Inglewood would be inclined to resume the fag-end. In such case, as the lease has been a long one, and land has risen much, he would doubtless pay a part of the difference. Then there's the stock—worth a good deal, I should think. I'll see what can be done. And then there's the stray bit of park?"

"What do you mean by that?" I asked. "We have been in the way of calling it the park, though why, I never could tell. I confess it does look like a bit of Sir Giles's that had wandered beyond the gates."

"There is some old story or other about it, I believe. The possessors of the Moldwarp estate have, from time immemorial, regarded it as properly theirs. I know that."

"I am much obliged to them, certainly. I have been in the habit of thinking differently."

"Of course, of course," he rejoined, laughing. "But there may have been some—mistake somewhere. I know Sir Giles would give five times its value for it."

"He should not have it if he offered the Moldwarp estate in exchange," I cried indignantly; and the thought dashed across me that this temptation was what my uncle had feared from the acquaintance of Mr. Coningham.

"Your sincerity will not be put to so great a test as that," he returned, laughing quite merrily. "But I am glad you have such a respect for real property. At the same time—how many acres are there of it?"

"I don't know," I answered, curtly and truly.

"It's of no consequence. Only if you don't want to be tempted, don't let Sir Giles or my father broach the subject. You needn't look at me. I am not Sir Giles's agent. Neither do my father and I run in double harness. He hinted, however, this very day, that he believed the old fool wouldn't stick at £500 an acre for this bit of grass—if he couldn't get it for less."

"If that is what you have come about, Mr. Coningham," I rejoined, haughtily I dare say, for something I could not well define made me feel as if the dignity of a thousand ancestors were perilled in my own, "I beg you will not say another word on the subject, for sell this land I will not!"

(To be continued.)

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Dealers in Books, Periodicals, and Special Proprietary Articles, Patent Medicines, etc. Atention given to the sales of Books and Serial Publications on commission. We keep on hand the Canadian Illustrated News, the Hearthstone, etc. Address No. 136, HOLLIS STREET, 4-18 in HALIFAX, N.S.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

For the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, and for restoring the tone of the vocal organs.

Persons who are troubled with huskiness and a slight hacking cough, consequent upon changes of temperature, should try this preparation of Red Spruce Gum. It has a specific effect in such cases. For sale at all drug stores. Price, 25 cents.

The following recommendation from John Andrew, Esq., Professor of Elocution, speaks for itself, and others from influential men will shortly appear:—

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"DEAR SIR.—I have pleasure in recommending your Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. It has frequently been of essential service to myself, and I have on several occasions induced public singers to use it, who have invariably expressed themselves delighted with its effect upon the voice. It has an agreeable taste, imparts a pleasant colour to the breath, and does not produce the dryness of the mouth complained of by those who have used Bronchial Troches."

Yours truly,

JOHN ANDREW.

BE SURE AND ASK FOR GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. 4-44-1f



The St. Lawrence & Ottawa Railway Co. FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL.

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

ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

Winter Arrangement, 1871-72.

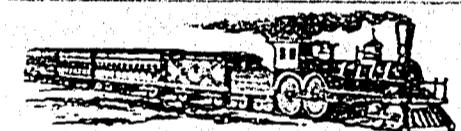
On and after MONDAY the 30th OCTOBER, inst., four Passenger Trains will run daily on this Line, making CERTAIN CONNECTIONS with those on the GRAND TRUNK, the VERMONT CENTRAL, and the ROME and WATERTOWN RAILWAYS, for all points East, West, and South.

COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS. On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night Express by which Passengers leaving Montreal in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 6.15 the following morning. Charge for Berths 50 cents each.

CONNECTION WITH THE GRAND TRUNK TRAINS AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION CERTAIN, AS THIS COMPANY'S TRAINS WAIT THEIR ARRIVAL WHEN LATE.

THOS. REYNOLDS, Managing Director.

R. LUTTRELL, Superintendent, Prescott, Ottawa, 29th Oct., 1871. 4-44-1



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

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

- Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.00 a. m.
Day Mail Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations, at 2.00 p. m.
Night Mail Train for Quebec, Island Pond, Portland, and Boston, at 10.30 p. m.
Express for Boston via Vermont Central, at 9.00 a. m.
Mail Train for St. John and Rouse's Point, connecting with trains on the Standard, Sheffield and Chambly, and South-Eastern Counties Junction Railways, and with Steamboats on Lake Champlain, at 3.00 p. m.
Express train for Boston, New York, &c., via Vermont Central, at 3.30 p. m.
Day Express for Toronto and intermediate stations, at 8.00 a. m.
Night Express do. do. at 8.00 p. m.
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Montreal, October 26. 3-24-1f

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HOSPICE ST. JOSEPH, Montreal, Aug. 5th, 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR:

SIR.—On former occasions our Sisters gave their testimonials in favour of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine; but having recently tested the working qualities of the "Family Singer" manufactured by you, we feel justified in stating that yours is superior for both family and manufacturing purposes.

SOKER GAUTHIER.

VILLA MARIA, Montreal, Sept. 7th, 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR:

SIR.—Having thoroughly tested the qualities of the "Family Singer" Sewing Machine manufactured by you, we beg to inform you that it is, in our estimation, superior to either the Wheeler & Wilson or any other Sewing Machine we have ever tried, for the use of families and manufacturers.

Respectfully, THE DIRECTRESS OF VILLA MARIA.

HOTEL DIEU DE ST. HYACINTHE, 11th September, 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR, Montreal:

SIR.—Among the different Sewing Machines in use in this Institution, we have a "Singer Family" of your manufacture, which we recommend with pleasure as superior for family use to any of the others, and perfectly satisfactory in every respect.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF L'HOTEL DIEU, ST. HYACINTHE, 4-15 c

THE Canadian Illustrated News PORTFOLIO, (FOR 1872.)

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

ILLUSTRATED DOMINION GUIDE

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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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

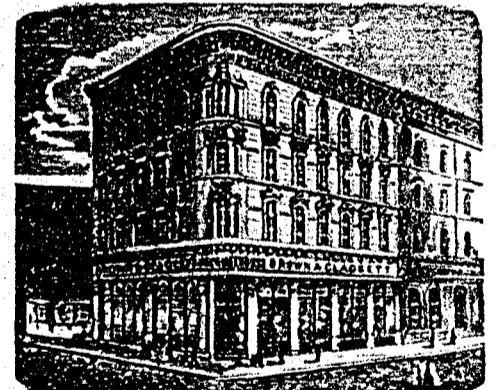
It will also be placed in the Saloons of the Ocean Steamers on the Allan Line, the Cunard Line, the Inman Line, the White Star Line, the Gull Line, and the Anchor Line running to Liverpool and Glasgow, and will be found at the Principal Hotels, Watering-Places, and Public Libraries of Great Britain.

Each page will be divided lengthwise into three sections, the central one being occupied by the DESCRIPTIVE AND ILLUSTRATED GUIDE, and the sides arranged in squares of Ten Superficial inches for Advertisements. The charge for each square will be \$5 for one year, payable on demand after publication of the Work.

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GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT S. GOLTMAN AND CO.'S, 132, ST. JAMES STREET, N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

TO THE TRADE.



PLAYING CARDS.

NOW on hand and about to arrive large supplies of GOODALL'S PLAYING CARDS, FOREIGN PLAYING CARDS, GOODALL'S ROYAL GAME OF BEZIQUE. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 82, St. Peter Street, MONTREAL. 4-15 d

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Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively circulated among many of the principal mercantile firms of this city in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' notices to customers, &c. We supply them printed at from \$11.50 to 12.50 per thousand, according to quantity.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, enclosed "Tender for River St. Pierre," will be received at this office until noon of Saturday, the 25th October instant, for the improvement of a portion of the Channel of River St. Pierre. Plans and specifications can be seen at this Office, or at the Machine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Monday, the 16th instant, where forms of tender and other information can also be obtained. The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 13th Oct., 1871. 4-17-c



4-15-tf

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

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 whatever 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.) R. REINHOLD. 4-3-tf

THE DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, 89 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, P.Q. GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

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

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

The rapid development and usefulness of the Electric Telegraph, and the consequent ever-increasing demand for First-Class Operators renders the opening of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity.

Telegraphic Superintendents view this movement as one made in the right direction. Commercial Colleges have, to some extent, assumed the responsibility of teaching in this, as well as in other branches of business education. The knowledge of Telegraphy gained in this manner has always been looked upon as being second rate. So much so that the Colleges in Chicago, Milwaukee, Buffalo, New York, &c., have discontinued the practice of Teaching, and recommend the Telegraph Institute as the proper place to acquire this highly interesting, scientific and profitable art.

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. Graduates leaving the Institute are presented with a diploma of proficiency, which will enable them to net 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 \$20 to \$30 a month can be commanded; while in the United States from \$30 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 5 to 30 words a minute.

THE DUTIES OF AN OPERATOR.

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

The terms for the full course of instruction is Thirty Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all necessary materials, instruments, &c., are furnished to each student.

A line has been constructed on which students of this Institute will have actual practice, when sufficiently advanced. In case of a broken communication, the repairs will be conducted by a Professor of Telegraphy, under the eyes of the students; so that a really practical knowledge may be attained in every branch of the Science of Telegraphic Communication. GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor. Montreal, June, 1871.

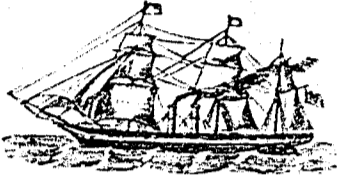
TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS, WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS, OUR STOCK OF MEDICAL, PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS, Is now very complete. GREAT VARIETY, BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, and all at very moderate prices. Liberal Discount to large dealers. Orders can be promptly sent by Parcel Post to all parts of the Dominion.

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Table with columns: Rates of Passage from Quebec, Cabin, Steerage.

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE

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Table with columns: Fares from Quebec, Cabin, Intermediate, Steerage.

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths 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 J. L. FARMER, RAE & 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. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & McCORM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORNE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20-tf

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CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. OTTAWA, 27th Oct., 1871. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 11 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

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THE FENIAN INVASION OF MANITOBA, IN TWELVE TABLEAUX.



The invading army.



The unsuspecting garrison.



The advance guard.



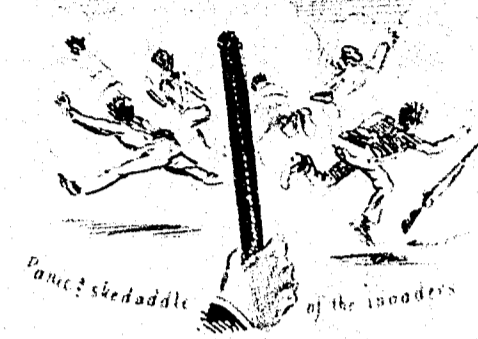
The attack.



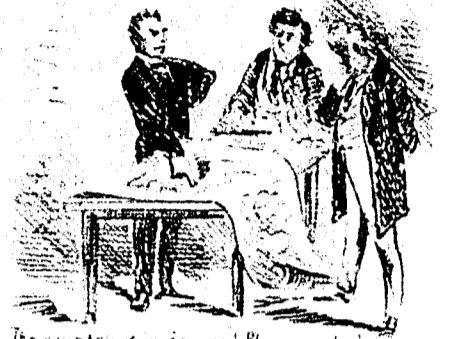
The surrender.



The allied forces marching to the rescue.



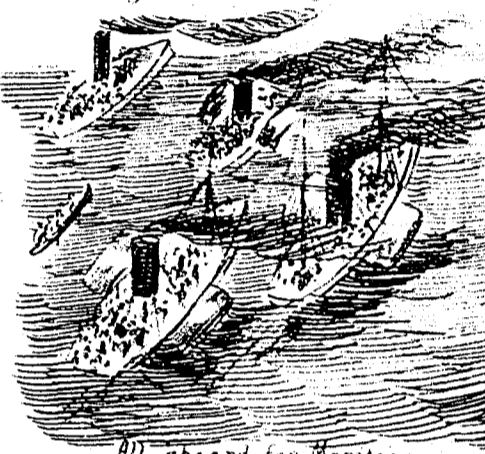
Panic & shedding of the Fenians.



The country is in danger! Planning its defense.



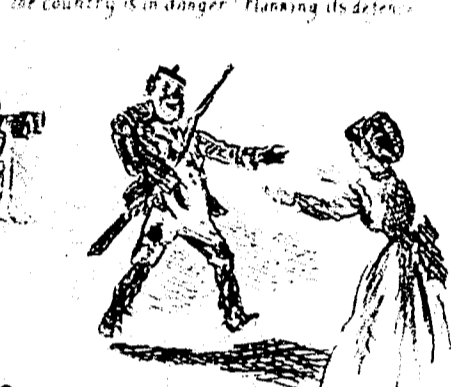
Volunteers to the front.



All aboard for Manitoba.



Arrival at Fort Barry. A view of the Fenians.



Return of the Fenian army carried off by the allied forces.

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, Heartstone and L'Opinion Publique, No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill. 4-11f

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GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, SEPT. 25, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:— LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

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

LOCAL TRAIN at 1:40 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 4:10 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, and arriving at Ottawa at 8:10 P.M., and at Sand Point 9:00 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

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

MAIL TRAIN at 5:20 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT at 1:30 P.M., 7:15 P.M., and 9:00 P.M.

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

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

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

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

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Branch: 363, St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

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SODA WATER, cold as ice, combined with pure Syrups, drawn from the Arctic Fountain.

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Branch: 363, St. CATHERINE STREET. 4-12f

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4-13-m 57 WELLINGTON STREET.

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PREPARED BY HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing Chemist, MONTREAL.

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