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Illustrated News

L. VIII.—No. 20.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873.

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THE HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE, THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873.

A remarkable feature about the Ministerial crisis which has just occurred is the perfect calm with which it has been received throughout the country. Judging from the fierceness and acrimony of the contest, up to the last moment, one would have expected scenes of desperation on the part of the vanquished and demonstrations of enthusiastic joy on the part of the conquerors. Nothing of the kind has happened. The change has been accepted almost as a matter of course; by the Conservatives with manly resignation, by the Reformers with a modest reserve. We augur well from this disposition of the public mind. It points to a healthy recognition of the superiority of principles over men. There is another subject for congratulation. The new Ministry enter upon office under favorable circumstances. They find the country in a prosperous condition. The constitutional system, inaugurated seven years ago, has had time to work fully and produce results of substantial benefit. All the departments of the public service have been well managed and the fruits of their operations are manifest on all sides. The late Ministry have this satisfaction—that they have displayed ability and conscientious industry. It is to be hoped that the new Cabinet will take up the work just where they find it and make it their endeavour to rival the intelligent zeal of their predecessors. Of the composition of the new Government we had say little. It is confessedly only transitional, and important changes may be expected. Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake are, beyond cavil, equal to the important responsibilities they have assumed, and while reserving an opinion on their future policy, we may safely record our conviction that the Government of the country is such in their hands. The other Ontario Members of the Cabinet are unimportant. We had expected a stronger representation from Quebec. With all proper respect for the character and ability of Mr. Dorion, we have already said, and we repeat, that his days of political usefulness are gone. His career has been almost synchronous with that of Sir John, and where the latter must be allowed to have succeeded, the former must be judged to have failed. Indeed, Messrs. Dorion and Holton, as leaders of the Lower Canadian Rouge party, are failures and cannot be resuscitated. It was a good idea of Mr. Mackenzie's to introduce a Prince Edward Island Member into his Cabinet. The pity is that he could not extend the same favour to Manitoba and British Columbia. With the growth of the country and the admission of new provinces, the present distribution of seats will have to be altered. So long as the ratio is preserved, Ontario can be as well represented in the Privy Council by two members, as by five. So far as we have had leisure to look over our exchanges, we find that the new Ministry have been received in a spirit of fairness by their adversaries. Indeed, the whole tone of the press has improved within the past fortnight. One or two Reform papers continue to abuse the fallen administration, but that was to be expected. As a rule, the journals of the present Opposition have set a good example of moderation. Most of them promise to give the Government a full trial, pending which they will offer no unnecessary opposition. This is a most creditable example. Several papers have seized the occasion to proclaim their independence. The present is certainly a favourable opportunity to cast off the old trammels of party allegiance. Let the dead past bury its dead. Before us we have a body of men, who have been out of office for twenty years, and who may therefore be regarded as really new. They are beginning life, as it were. They open a second volume in the history of Confederate Canada. Let us forget their record as oppositionists, and regard them merely in the altered light of rulers. The opportunity is a splendid one to judge them purely on their merits. If they do well, let all independent papers strengthen their hands by kind word and genial counsel. If they blunder, more especially if they drift into the faults with which they so violently charged their adversaries—and, unfortunately, this is the bent of human nature—let the press show spirit enough to oppose and denounce them.

The news from Manitoba and the North West is of a stirring and withal gratifying character. The Legislature of the Prairie Province have revised and enlarged the basis of representation and taken preliminary steps towards widening their territory. Ample provision is made for the enforcement of the claims of new settlers, and while the rights of the Metis will be scrupulously maintained, the ever increasing white population will have its rights secured for and enforced. From the North West proper the latest intelligence is that Lieutenant-Governor Morris has concluded a treaty with the Indian Chief Manitobasis, whereby 4,000 Red Men, bringing with them 55,000 square miles of land, are incorporated into the Dominion. The terms of the treaty are most liberal. Lands as reserves, not exceeding in all a square mile for every family, are to be given. Schools are to be established whenever any band asks for them. Twelve dollars are to be given for this year to every man, woman and child of the population, and five dollars per annum for ever afterwards. To the chief men, not exceeding two to each band, twenty dollars a year for ever. When a band settles down and actually commences to farm on their land they are to receive two horses,

one spade, one scythe, and one axe for every family actually settled; one plough for every ten families; five harrows for every twenty families; and a yoke of oxen, a bull and four cows for every band, and enough barley, wheat and oats to plant the land they have actually broken up. Canada has enjoyed for centuries—first under French rule and later, under British domination—an enviable reputation for the consideration and kindness it has displayed towards the Aborigines resident within her limits. The settlements of Lorette, Caughnawaga and Two Mountains, in the Province of Quebec; the colonies of Brantford and Manitowlin Island, in that of Ontario, testify to the humanity of our laws towards the poor Indian. We have no desire to institute invidious comparisons, but certainly the United States might learn a lesson from Canada in this respect. It is a source of gratification to find that the same policy of conciliation is being pursued in the immense territory of the North West. The good example cited above will tell with most beneficial effect in the wigwams along the margin of the Saskatchewan where there are thousands of tribes roaming up and down, and the kind words of Governor Morris will be repeated from mouth to mouth at the camp fires of the Black Feet, under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, as well as among the Crows and the Flat Heads, of the Columbia.

We have not attached much importance to the comments of the English press on late Canadian affairs. It is not that we contest its superiority in general information and the tone of high principle which usually characterize its letter-press. But in the present instance we are disposed to question its minute knowledge of the accessories of our late unhappy transactions, holding that, without such knowledge, it is impossible to pronounce a correct opinion on the issues at stake. An English writer may judge a Canadian question on general principles of constitutional law or parliamentary practice, but he is not so competent to formulate a verdict on a point which is involved in the complexities of Canadian social habits. As a rule, Canadian editors are better able to write on English questions, than English editors are on Canadian matters, for the reason that many of our leading journalists are English born, and all of them take a filial interest in whatever occupies the British mind. And yet what importance would a Canadian's comments on a point of English polity be allowed to possess? The Pacific Scandal was so interwoven with our free and easy modes of conducting elections, it was so intimately connected with the public and private characters of the men who figured in it, that, to appreciate it properly, a full knowledge of these details was absolutely required. This knowledge no Englishman, however clever, could have. It is remarkable that none of our American neighbours had it, and the consequence was that we did not read a single exhaustive article on the subject from an American pen. No doubt the English papers had to take cognizance of our troubles. No doubt, too, they had to write as if they knew all about them. The *Times*, in especial, which puts in a claim to omniscience and arrogates to itself the right of posing as a master on every possible subject of domestic and foreign policy, had to put on its grand airs and lay down the law to us in formal, dogmatic phrases. We paid no heed to its harmless thunder all along, but when, in a late article, it intimates that unless the Canadian Parliament takes action in the Pacific business, it will be a question whether the Imperial authorities should not interfere, we thought it had more than ever forfeited its claim to our respectful consideration. That the Canadian people and Parliament are well able to take care of themselves, their action on the memorable 5th of November abundantly proves. But even if they had sustained Sir John A. Macdonald, it would have been nobody's concern except our own, and we are confident the able men who preside over the Colonial Office would have recognized our perfect fitness to decide the matter. That certain Canadian papers, in the blind heat of partisan warfare, should have cited the *Times* and other British journals, in double-headed display headings, is natural enough, but the importance they attached to them is evinced from the scorn they manifested whenever these same papers uttered a word contrary to their preconceived views.

The financial condition of the United States at the present moment is fraught with important lessons for political economists in the Dominion. The approach of winter which, it is conceded on all sides, will weigh with dread severity upon the poor of the large cities and the thousands dependent for their sustenance on the mills, mines and manufactures of the Eastern and Middle States, gives to this topic an importance which might be overlooked at a more favourable season. The Government of the United States owes \$2,000,000,000, on which it is paying, as interest, an average of rising six per cent in currency. At least three-fourths of that amount is due to foreign capitalists. Furthermore, every State of the Union has debts amounting in the aggregate to \$490,000,000. Every county, city and town of every State owes debts amounting in the aggregate to about one-half as much as the debts of the States. American railroads owe a bonded debt of \$600,000,000. The interest on the national debt being \$120,000,000, this amount has to be paid annually abroad and to this the product of the gold and silver mines of the

United States contribute only \$50,000. The rest must be paid from the products of the soil exported abroad. What adds to the difficulty is that American imports exceed American exports. To meet this balance is precisely the heart of the problem. That the American people cannot go on borrowing and increasing their indebtedness, without a reasonable prospect of paying in the near future, is evident from the fearful crash which lately took place in New York. That catastrophe has revealed the lamentable ignorance of the people as to the real condition of their financial affairs. When the first failure took place, we were assured that it would affect only the brokers of Broad and Wall streets. But subsequent events show that the industry of the whole country has been shaken and that some of the strongest houses in the East and West have had to go under. At the present writing, the depression is very great and the prospect on the eve of winter is decidedly gloomy. Congress is about to meet. Naturally the people look to it for relief and it is to be feared that the pressure will be so overwhelming as to force the Finance Committee into some new measure of inflation. The reason given, and it is a plausible one, will be that a large issue of paper is necessary for the immediate relief of the New York banking firms, who will use their funds for the moving of the Western crops. Secretary Richardson is supposed to be hostile to this movement, and it is to be hoped that he will prevail in refusing a remedy which will only aggravate the disease. It is surely a pity that the poor should suffer during the inclement season, but it is likewise necessary, for the pointing of the lesson, that the class of adventurers and speculators should be pinched also and forced into habits of moderation, for only thus can a reform be expected in the management of American finances.

Another steamboat horror is reported, this time in Canadian waters. On Wednesday week the "Bavarian," a new steamer of the Canadian Navigation Company's Line was burnt on Lake Ontario, fifteen miles off Oswego. Fortunately the number of passengers on board was small or the loss of life must have been very great. As it is twelve to fourteen persons, including the captain, are missing. The accident is attributed by the Superintendent of the Company to the breaking of the walking-beam, the forward part of which, being in connection with the connecting-rod of the engines, was thrown forward, breaking through the front of the saloon on to the main-deck, where were stored some twenty-five barrels of spirits. The beam, being of great weight, smashed in the barrels, causing the spirit to run into the fire-hole, where it ignited. If this theory be correct the accident was to all appearance unavoidable. But even admitting it to have been so there can be no doubt that had there been the least attempt at discipline on board the horrors of the disaster might have been very considerably mitigated. When the fire was discovered all was thrown into confusion. It was a general *sauvage-qui-peut*. Two boats were launched, in one of which the pilot and eight seamen shoved off to the shore, and in the other the mate, purser and eleven others escaped. There appears to have been no attempt at no thought even, of saving the passengers, five of whom perished miserably. Three of these were ladies. The very captain was allowed to perish, although, it is stated, the mate's boat grazed the plank to which he was clinging. This latter statement is utterly incomprehensible, as is that that it was found impossible to save the women. On the one hand it is said that they were seen on the bow of the burning vessel shrieking for help; on the other the purser avers that he heard no shrieks or screams. Whence then comes the report that they were seen crying for assistance? Some one must have seen them. Of the conduct of the pilot and the eight men who escaped with him no words can describe the blackness. Not only did they leave their fellow-creatures to die, but they actually deprived the perishing mortals of the means to save their lives. The boat in which these nine escaped was capable of holding sixteen souls more, two over the number of the lost. Yet without a thought for anything or anybody but their own worthless selves, when they were in no actual danger they deliberately abandoned their fellow-creatures to their fate and pushed off for shore. In the sight of heaven, if not before a human tribunal, these nine are surely guilty of manslaughter. Another question that presents itself is with regard to the means of saving life available on such occasions as this. We all know that the lake and river steamers are compelled by law to carry, and do carry the necessary apparatus. It is hardly possible that in the case of the "Bavarian" the fire made such rapid progress as to allow of no time to employ the usual means. Surely there were life-preservers enough on board. The whole sad affair is at present wrapped in a fog of mystery which we fear will never be satisfactorily cleared away. We trust, however, that a thorough investigation will be made, and that the pilot and his eight companions whose insubordination in the first place, and whose cowardice and selfishness in the next, contributed in great measure to the death of the fourteen missing individuals will meet with the heavy punishment they deserve. Men of this kind are not to be kept to their duty by any ordinary rules, and perhaps it is a pity that some one was not found strong enough and bold enough at the outbreak of the fire to compel them perforce to remain at their posts.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)
A SCHOOL-MARM.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

OTTAWA, Oct. 10, 1873.

I am often surprised that more people don't study physiology. There are such wonders in our own frames only waiting to be discovered! Why, the silent polar regions with the flashing electric lights has no more wonders than the pulse beat in my wrist. That little throb working night and day, in hunger and cold, in happiness and sorrow, through the term of my existence, till the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken, is a great mystery. The blood welling from the heart, coursing along its appointed channels, flowing back to the central reservoir, purifying, strengthening, giving life is a theme that some clergymen might be more eloquent over and spend time more profitably in teaching than in wearying us with dry-as-dust discourses about the heresies of the Gnostics or the infidelity of modern science.

Did you make a remark, *ma belle*? You complain that I have entrapped you, that seeing the heading to this paper you expected something else than a lecture on physiology and you ask me with a pretty little impatient *moue* what has all this got to say to a school marm. *Je n'en puis mais*. I had no intention of entrapping you; besides, *mon amie*, I am coming to the point; but I must approach it in my own way. There is a relevancy as we shall see by and by.

Revenons à nos moutons. Our blood, my dear, as perhaps you are aware, is coloured by little red specks floating in it called corpuscles. According to Dr. Bird, the blood of the Bengalee contains far fewer red corpuscles than that of the European, and to this deficiency the doctor ascribes the apathy of the Bengalee and his consequent subjection to the more sanguine European. Throughout the animal kingdom the presence of these globules in greater or less proportions indicate a higher or lower organization. They are absent from the blood of the mollusks, but appear in increasing numbers at every upward stage in the scale of vitality. Do I weary you, my little dears, for it is for you that I am speaking, and would you exclaim, if you know Latin *Durum*? I would add *ut terribis sit patientia*. Have a little patience, I am almost arrived at the point. Mark this. The number of red corpuscles in woman's blood is less than in man's. Do you see the relevancy? Hence her humble position, hence she takes the drudgery and labours after her lord. I throw out the hint to the Sisterhood. Let them see to it. What they want is more red corpuscles!

I cannot join in the sneer that is sometimes flung at the school-marm. She is doing a great work. She is training the young, and on her influence depends the knowledge and goodness, to a large extent, of those who in fifteen or twenty years will be heads of a new generation. There is nothing more sacred than education and those girls and women are the priestesses of Minerva. I take off my hat with reverence in the presence of a school-marm, she is a sacred person. I have known a couple of them in my life and they live in my memory gratefully. Their calling requires them to exercise their brains. Their conversation is less frivolous than many of their sisters, who turn up their noses at the schoolroom drudges. They can talk about something else than dress and marriage. Their calling does not unsex them and they can be clever and independent, and yet women. But they must not remain too long at this work. It is apt to sour them. It is a capital preparatory school for higher walks; but I pity the poor woman who commences perhaps at fifteen or sixteen and works on into middle or old age at the dreary toil. She rears her pupils growing up and flourishing, getting wealthy and prosperous; becoming married and having children of their own about them, while she labours on.

I know a sprightly school-marm. She is clever and lively. Her conversation is a cordial after the rapid nothings we hear from so many of her sex. She carries her money teaching, she keeps herself and adds to the household receipts. I like to hear her musical laugh rippling from her lips; but I dread to look into the future. Must she wither at her post; must the bud come to the flower and the flower turn to fruit; must the fruit fall to the ground and then the stalk, lean and wrinkled, perish and be trodden into the clods? Will young men steer and pass by and marry dolls, because they are ladies and haven't to work for their living and leave this girl, who is worth a hundred fashionable pupils, to fade, fade away into nothingness. Come, young men, consider; *tout de bon* is it better to have a butterfly or a sensible young woman for your partner. Will the mere fact of your wife having been brought up unable to help herself guarantee your happiness? One thing, unless you have some brains don't marry a school-marm. She is apt—from custom no doubt—to estimate the mental capacity of people with whom she comes in contact and you know, gentlemen, if your wife feels that she is cleverer than you, good-bay to domestic happiness. Women must look up to their husbands and not look down on them. So after all, my poor narrow-minded young men, who have no thoughts beyond your desk or your counter, who have no wider sympathy than what is bounded by your banker's book, who have no aspirations higher than the accumulation of dollars, I think you had better pass the school-marm by and take a doll.

My little dears, do you still exclaim that you can see no connection between the red corpuscles I was talking about and the school-marm? Listen, can you tell me, *mes petites*, why the teacher is apt to grow sour and discontented and wither instead of bearing fruit perennially? I will tell you. Her red corpuscles decrease. The blood of an old teacher is nearly white. The close poisonous air of the school-room, the anxiety, year after year, deoxygenises the blood, just the same as the miasma from the swamps whitens the vital fluid of the Bengalee. Therefore the little dears must not be kept too long at their work. Just enough to brace the mind, just long enough to show them the value of thought and independence, and then let them be married and I will come and osculate them in a grand fatherly way and the fair young ladies shall have my blessing.

Why did I not marry a school-marm? *Hi! hi!* why bother an old woman? Has the young man the wisdom of age, has the old man the opportunities of youth?

BOOKS, &c., RECEIVED.

From Osgood & Co., Boston: Howells's *Chance Acquaintance*; *Murjorie Daw*; *Sex in Education*; *Protty's Wedding Tour*; *South Sea Idylls*.
From B. Bentley & Co., Montreal: *The Young Men's Christian Association*.
From Chisholm & Co., Montreal: *The International Railway and Steamboat Guide*.

I had just the time to append to my last letter the issue of the debate on the Address, the resignation of the Macdonald Government and the formation of a Ministry by Mr. Mackenzie. There remains only, therefore, to bring this correspondence to a premature close, that I should add a few lines on the complexion of the new Cabinet. There are two or three points in connection with this matter which deserve attention. The first is that Mr. Mackenzie took office very willingly. "He snapped at it, sir," as a disgusted Tory said, suiting the gesture to the word. Those who know the member for Lambton will admit that there is some truth in this. He is a very ambitious man. The Premiership has been his day-dream and his night-dream for years. No one pretends that he is not fitted for it, and there are social qualities in his nature which force even his adversaries to wish him well in it.

Another point which has created comment is this new-fangled mode of seats in the Privy Council without portfolio. Even the Ministerialists do not like it. They all admit the ability of Mr. Blake, but they do not consider that this can excuse his singularity. It is introducing a bad precedent. It leads to invidious distinctions and it will be sure to engender jealousies. Besides, it has the crowning defect of inconsistency. The present party in power denounced thirteen as too numerous a Ministry. Now they create fifteen. Be sure there will be more about this matter before many months are over.

A third thing worthy of note is the fact of prorogation. It is argued that as Mr. Mackenzie came to Ottawa sure of victory, he should have come with a policy. He knew that the session was to replace the Spring session, and that the yearly estimates had been made up for that purpose. Yet not only did he take two days to make up a ministry, but he asked a prorogation, because he had no line of policy to present to the House. The prorogation will cost the country \$100,000.

It was also remarked as odd, if not discourteous, that Mr. Mackenzie was absent from the House at prorogation and had his Cabinet announced by Mr. Holton.

There is no real enthusiasm among Ministerialists. It is a period of transition for them, and they do not pretend to read the future. Conservatives express the hope, that now Sir John has been defeated and abused unto death, there will be a popular reaction in his favour. They further console themselves by saying that he was not beaten on a question of policy. I think that very fact should deprive them of comfort. If he had been defeated on a line of policy, he might recuperate on some other, but as he was defeated on a charge of corrupt management, I fear the wound is mortal.

CHAUDIERE.

HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.

We present in this issue a new portrait of this honourable gentleman, such as he appears to-day, on assuming the important change of the Premiership. The face is in repose. It is indicative of energy, not unminged with gentility in the expression of the eyes. Speaking generally, however, Mr. Mackenzie's physiognomy is not a reflex of his great abilities or character. Alexander Mackenzie was born at Dunkeld, Perthshire, in 1822, and though his early years were spent in his native land, has been long enough in Canada to make his way in the country and to become a thorough Canadian. Rising by his own energy and genius to a position of influence in the locality in which he settled, he was first elected to Parliament in 1861, for the County of Lambton, as an ardent Clear Grit, and has since continued to sit for that constituency, the efforts to defeat him at the last general election having proved utterly ineffectual, though backed by the strongest influences his opponents could bring against him. His parliamentary career involves few particulars that need be noted. He was a devoted oppositionist, except during the time when the McDonald-Sicotte-Dorion Cabinet was in office until the Coalition of 1864, when he gave the Government a hearty support up to the time the Hon. George Brown resigned the Presidency of the Council. He was then (January 1866) offered a seat in the Cabinet but declined to accept it, and he has now the exceptional distinction of being the only politician of ability who has adhered, through good and evil fortune, to the leadership of the Hon. George Brown. Though generally acting in opposition to the Ministry, after the retirement of his chief, Mr. Mackenzie always gave a cordial support to any legislative measures necessary to the perfecting of Confederation; and he, in obedience to his honest convictions, in direct antagonism to several of the members of his own party on the important subject of "protection to native industry." Mr. Mackenzie does not believe in protection through the operation of a high tariff and he is of a character likely to follow his own convictions on every question of policy that may come up. He has been a useful hard-working Member of Parliament; to him the country owes the excellent Act for providing speedy egress from public buildings, and he and his fast friend Mr. McKellar were mainly responsible for the crude and ill-digested Municipal and Assessment Acts (Upper Canada) of 1866, for some of the errors of which, however, it would be quite unfair to hold either of those gentlemen accountable. He was for a long time Chairman of the Printing Committee of the House and has always taken an active part in parliamentary affairs. Though no orator, and in spite of the disadvantage of a somewhat harsh unpleasant voice, he is an effective, logical and instructive speaker; he masters almost every subject with which he deals, and deals with almost every subject that comes before parliament.

Having obtained a seat in the Provincial Legislature of Ontario, he was chiefly instrumental, along with Mr. Blake, in securing the overthrow of the Sandfield McDonald Administration and succeeded Hon. A. B. Wood, as Treasurer of the Province. He soon resigned the office and devoted himself entirely to his duties as Leader of the Opposition in the Federal Legislature. It was he who moved the resolution which led to the resignation of Sir John A. Macdonald, and, according to constitutional practice, he was called upon to form a new Government.

Winter at last! As I write the snow is falling fast, and already lies thick on the ground. The sleighs are out in full force, and coming out this morning I witnessed the, to me, first tumble of the season. I know of no situation in which a man looks so ridiculous, unless, perhaps, when his hat blows off in a high gale of wind, as when he falls on a slippery sidewalk. Ten to one he is walking along with a jaunty air—somehow or other people who are in a violent hurry do not slip nearly so often as they should according to all the rules of proverbial philosophy—when his foot lights on a treacherous spot, slides beneath him, and with a wild flourish of his arms that somehow always reminds me of a school boy hooraying at getting a holiday, down he goes. Before rising he invariably casts a glance around to see that nobody is laughing at him, then slowly devotes his energies to the task of picking himself up, whisks off the snow from his coat, and goes his way crestfallen. That is what my man did this morning, what I shall do perhaps to-morrow, and some other wayfarer the day after.

Who does not like the winter, notwithstanding its drawbacks of falls by the wayside, delayed mails, and increased wood-merchants' bills? There is something so exhilarating in a ten mile walk in the pure bracing air, with a pleasant companion to chat with. And at night, when the snow begins to fall and the groaning woods bend beneath its increasing weight, what more delightful than to heap the wood with liberal hand upon the glowing hearth and bring out the old wine in its Sabine jar? Alas, now-a-days the single-handled demijohn has taken the place of the old two-handled *diota*, and the Cæcuban is replaced too frequently by a liquor of which fusil oil is one of the principal ingredients.

Who does not like the winter? Too many among us have cause enough to dislike it! While you and I are trudging along in the cold air, snugly wrapped up in fur, or lazily enjoying the grateful warmth of our own, or our own land-lady's fireside, there are thousands to whom the winter means want, misery, perhaps starvation. The piercing air we face so merrily on the highway and which we exclude so carefully from our comfortable homes, penetrates through their thin garments into their very bones, dries the flimsy fastenings of their poor abodes, and lays up for them a cruel store of present suffering and future sickness. Do not be afraid that I am going to preach about gratitude for present mercies. That is out of my line. When you want that kind of talk you turn to the pulpit, not to the paper.

"Wrecked in Port." There are few people who can appreciate the full significance of the saying. Perhaps the following little story out of real life will serve to bring home its true, sad meaning. Not many days ago a young man left England to join his parents, who had settled in the township of London, Ont. The voyage out was safely accomplished, also the journey to his destination. But at the very station where the young immigrant was to have met his friends, he fell from the cars, was run over by a passing engine, and within a few hours died from the injuries received. That was indeed a shipwreck within sight of the desired haven.

One hears so much about hard-hearted tradesmen that it is pleasant to read of one of the class who is exempt from a malady which, to believe some people, would seem to be extremely prevalent among store-keepers. The case in point occurred at Wilmington, Del. A man was detected hurrying away from a butcher's stall with a steak which he had stolen under his coat. A policeman followed him to his home, and peeping through the window, saw him give the steak to his children, who devoured it raw. Upon report of this being made to the butcher, his bosom so glowed with benevolent sympathy that, instead of prosecuting, he sent the starving family a large basket of meat and a little cash to buy wood to cook it.

If the ghost of Philippe de Comines ever revisits the earth it must be extremely astonished at the little show of respect that is practically vouchsafed to its former owner's maxim. Readers of Victor Hugo's "Bell Ringer of Notre Dame" will remember, on the authority of Dom Claude, that that excellent knight and veracious historian wore embroidered on his horse's housings the motto, "*Qui non laborat non manducet*." He may not eat who labours not. At the present day it is generally those who labour the least who eat of the best. But this is not the point to which I desire to call attention. The *in*verse is equally true, and those who labour the hardest frequently fare the worst. The Rev. J. F. Walker, of the Calvary Episcopal Church, Chicago, would appear to belong to the latter-unfortunate class. One Sunday not very long ago the reverend gentleman was noticed by his congregation to be in apparently ill-health and to read service in the morning with an unusual feebleness. When, however, he came to the sermon he broke down completely, and in a few startling sentences announced the reason. He had not dined the day before, he said, as he had no money wherewith to go marketing, and all that he had eaten on Saturday and Sunday was bread and butter and tea. When he went home on Sunday he was not sure that he should even find that. The congregation rose and departed without any further sermon, and for that day Mr. Walker had invitations to more dinners than he could have eaten in a month. SALATHIEL.

The wrongs which the British railway traveller undergoes at the hands of the keepers of refreshment saloons, and which Dickens so humorously describes in his story of the "Boy of Mugby," appears to have finally exasperated the long-suffering travellers beyond endurance. The other day an excursion party was temporarily set down by a railway train at Galashiels. The confident waiters anticipated their usual pleasure in starving and oppressing their visitors, but they were sadly disappointed. The party did not pause to eat stale sandwiches and drink costly beer at the counter, but coolly carried off, not only the provisions, but every particle of crockery and plate on the premises. With this booty they returned to their train, and went on their way rejoicing.

For years passengers by street cars have suffered tortures, not quite so great as those which the law does not permit to be inflicted upon animals with impunity—not equal in enormity to those occasioned by bull-baiting, dog-fighting, gander-pulling, but still offensive to various senses, including the sense of dignity. The lack of manners in conductors has been keenly felt, but the lack of a seat more so. In Cincinnati it is proposed to provide by law that every passenger by a street car who rides standing shall ride gratis. No seat, no pay! If pay be extorted then the conductor shall pay a fine of \$10 and costs.



OTTAWA.—THE RECENT STABBING CASE ON SUSSEX STREET.



FRANCE—THE BAZAINE TRIAL. STAMPEDE OF REPORTERS AT THE CLOSE OF A SITTING.



THE DUKE D'AUMALE,
President of the Court.



GENERAL DE LA MOTTEROUGE.



GENERAL BARON DE CHABAUD-LATOUE.



GENERAL TRIPIER.



GENERAL PRINCETEAU.



GENERAL MARTINAU-DESCHENEZ.



GENERAL RESSAYRE.



GENERAL GUION.



GENERAL LALLEMAND.



GENERAL DE SUSSEAU DE MALROY.



GENERAL POURCET,
Special Commissioner of the Government.



GENERAL DE COLOMB,
Deputy Special Commissioner.



COMMANDANT MARTIN,
Government Commissioner in Ordinary.



CAPTAIN AVON,
General Pource's Aide-de-Camp.



MAITRE LACHAUD (PERE),
for the Defence.



MAITRE LACHAUD (FILS),
for the Defence.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)
THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

(From the original of Arnold.)

What is the German's Fatherland?
Is it Prussianland? Is it Suabianland?
Is it where Rhenish vineyards bloom?
Is it where sea-gulls skim the foam?
O, nay! O, nay! nay verily!
This Fatherland must mightier be!

What is the German's Fatherland?
Is it Munichland? Is it Styrianland?
Is it where Marsians slay their kins?
Is it where Markmen work the mine?
O, nay! O, nay! nay verily!
This Fatherland must mightier be!

What is the German's Fatherland?
Is it Pommernland? Westphalianland?
Is it where the sand of the white dune blows?
Is it where boisterous Danube flows?
O, nay! O, nay! nay verily!
This Fatherland must mightier be!

What is the German's Fatherland?
O, name to me that mighty land!
Ah! yes, it is the Austrian plain,
Foremost in honour and glory's train!
O, nay! O, nay! nay verily!
This Fatherland must mightier be!

What is the German's Fatherland?
O, name to me that mighty land!
Is it Switzer peak or Pyrolian dell?
That land and people please me well,
But nay, but nay, nay verily!
This Fatherland must mightier be!

What is the German's Fatherland?
O, name, at last, that mighty land!
Wie'st du die German language rings,
And to our God land with me sings,
That let it be! that let it be!
That, stalwart German, is the land for thee!

That is the German's Fatherland,
Where truth is pledged by clasp of hand,
Where pure fidelity beams from the eye,
Where warm affections heart-deep lie,
That let it be! that let it be!
That, stalwart German, is the land for thee!

That is the Fatherland for us all!
O, God! from Heaven hear our call!
O! may we German valor prize,
And may we live there true and wise,
That let it be! that let it be!
That is the Fatherland all for thee!

J. L.

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TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

There sat Mrs. Standen in her accustomed seat, with Miss Rochdale at her side, both dressed with that extreme correctness which is apt to irritate the temper of less happy females who are conscious of various imperfections in their attire. Mrs. Standen's rich silk dress, Maltese lace shawl, and white bonnet with spotless plumage, were provokingly new and neat looking. Her Honiton collar was adjusted to perfection, her pale lavender gloves had not a wrinkle, even her prayer book looked as if it had just come from the binder's hands. And Miss Rochdale's costume had the same vexatious neatness. The fresh looking white and mauve muslin, the fashionable sash, the dainty little white tulle bonnet with mauve pannels. Sylvia locked her lips with that resolute look of hers as she thought how she would quench the modest light of these provincial toilets when she was mistress of Perriam.

"It is worth while breaking my heart to be revenged upon them all," she said to herself, as a little choking sensation came into her throat at sight of Edmund's empty place.

She was sitting by the open window after church, listlessly turning the leaves of "Werther," and thinking how Edmund had told her that his love for her was as sudden and as strong as the passion of that unfortunate young German, when she heard the rustle of a silk gown and the click of the garden gate. She started up from her seat, feeling that something was going to happen, and with a shrewd guess as to what that something was. She had been paler than usual all that morning, but she grew paler still at the thought of what was coming.

Yes, she had not been mistaken. It was Mrs. Standen who had opened the garden gate. She was sailing up the little path, in her spreading silk dress, followed by Esther Rochdale.

Sylvia fancied there was a condescending air in their very walk. They looked like a queen and princess who had come to visit a peasant girl. Her face, a-hy pale just now, flamed crimson as the door opened and Mrs. Standen and she stood face to face.

"I saw you at the window, Miss Carew, so I didn't knock," said Edmund's mother, in a tone that had a certain stately kindness.

Esther went to the girl and took her hand, and would have kissed her had there been the faintest encouragement in Sylvia's face. But there was none. The blush died away, and left the face pale once more. Sylvia drew a chair forward for Mrs. Standen, but uttered no word of welcome.

"I thought you would like to hear our latest news of my son," said Mrs. Standen, looking keenly at that alabaster face, "but perhaps you have had a letter by the same post that brought me one, from Southampton. We can hear no more till we hear from St. Thomas. Edmund will write from there before he goes on to Demarais in the inter-colonial steamer."

Mrs. Standen was not displeased by that pale look in the girl's face. She had deep feeling at any rate. And Mrs. Standen reproached herself, remembering how she had condemned this girl as shallow and frivolous.

"Yes," said Sylvia, "I had a letter from Southampton."

Dear letter! Her first love-letter! She had shed the happy tears over its pages. And already she had betrayed the writer. A deep sense of guilt and shame came upon her as she stood before these two—her judges, perhaps.

"Pray sit down," said Mrs. Standen, with lofty kindness, "I came on purpose to have a little talk with you. I promised Edmund that I would come and see you while he was away."

"You are too good," replied Sylvia, sitting down, and picking up "Werther," which had fallen to the ground just now.

"You were reading when we came in," said Esther, who felt the conversation was coming to a dead-lock.

"Yes."

"I hope you have some nice Sunday books," remarked Mrs. Standen, directing a suspicious glance at "Werther," who had not a Sabbatarian aspect.

"I hate Sunday books," replied Sylvia, frankly, "or at least most of them. I rather liked "Ecco Homo." Edmund lent it to me a little while ago."

Mrs. Standen cast a horrified look at Esther. They had both heard of that book, and read paragraphs about it in the newspapers; and were dimly aware that it was not orthodox. And that Edmund should have lent an unorthodox book to his betrothed was enough to curdle their blood.

"I am sorry my son reads books of that kind, still more sorry that he should lend them to you," said Mrs. Standen. "I will send you some nice books to-morrow. Is that a novel in your hand?"

"It is a story," replied Sylvia, "a German story."

"Oh," said Mrs. Standen, concluding that a German story must be some harmless tale of the hobgoblin species. "That is hardly a nice book for Sunday. Edmund ought to have been more careful in providing you with really nice books."

"I had finished my education before I had the honour to make Mr. Standen's acquaintance," said Sylvia, with scornful lip. She was not going to be lectured like one of the school-children. She, the future Lady Perriam! How she could crush this domineering woman by the simple announcement of her engagement to Sir Aubrey. But she felt that any statement of that fact to-day would be premature. She had to retire from the old engagement with dignity before she acknowledged the new one.

"It is a common error for young people to think they have finished their education when they have acquired a smattering of a few subjects," Mrs. Standen said severely. "In my time education was more solid. We learned slowly, but we learned well."

Sylvia gave a little impatient sigh. Had they come here to catechise her?

"However, I did not come to talk about education," continued Mrs. Standen, as if divining the meaning of that sigh, "I came for a little really friendly talk. I have no doubt you are aware, Miss Carew, that I have been strongly opposed to this engagement between you and Edmund."

"Yes," Mr. Standen told me so."

"A time has come, however, when I feel that further opposition would be both unkind and futile. I do not say that I revoke my decision as to the disposal of his father's fortune."

Sylvia's heart gave a sudden flutter. What was coming now?

"But," continued Mrs. Standen, "I wish to feel as kindly as possible towards the girl my son has chosen for his wife. And if Time should show me that I have been altogether wrong in my ideas, I shall not be too proud to change my mind, and to make a fair division of the estate which I now think of bequeathing entirely to my daughter."

"A fair division," thought Sylvia, with supreme scorn. "That means seven hundred a year. Granted beggary as compared with Sir Aubrey's income. And that only on condition that I give satisfaction to Mrs. Standen—and suffer myself to be dictated to by Mrs. Standen, for the next twenty years of my life."

Sylvia's ideas of a competence had expanded since she had thought fifteen hundred a year a noble fortune.

Mr. Standen's mother thought she had made a great concession by this speech. She looked for some token of gratitude from Sylvia, but there was none. The girl sat silent for a few moments, thinking deeply. It seemed to her that the time had come in which she could creditably withdraw from an engagement which had now become embarrassing. It is rather an awkward thing to be engaged to two gentlemen at once; and even Sylvia's well-balanced mind was hardly equal to the situation.

"You are very good, Mrs. Standen," she said, with wonderful self-possession, "and I am glad to find you can act more generously than I had supposed you capable of acting—after what your son told me. But do not you think that an engagement which can never give more than partial satisfaction to you—which interferes with your former plans," with a brief glance at Esther—and which begins in loss to Edmund, had much better be broken off?"

"What?" cried Mrs. Standen, with an incredulous look. But Sylvia went on calmly.

"While Edmund was here his influence was strong enough to govern all my ideas—I could only see things as he saw them. But since he has been gone, I have had time to think dispassionately. I told him more than once that our engagement was an unlucky one for both of us. I am very sure of it now. And so, Mrs. Standen, with many thanks for the hope which you are good enough to hold out of future clemency, I return you your son's freedom."

"Do you mean this, Miss Carew?" asked Mrs. Standen, now as pale as the girl herself. She was as angry with Sylvia for this readiness to give up her lover as for her capture of him.

"No, she does not mean it," cried Esther impulsively. "She would not break Edmund's heart, and it is bound up in her. She loves him as he deserves to be loved. It is false pride, or mistaken generosity that urges her to surrender him. She cannot help loving him, when he loves her so dearly. You are too hard with her, auntie. Speak the truth, Sylvia. Confess that you love him."

"I do," answered the girl, with passionate emphasis; "but I will never marry him. I will not enter a family that despises me."

"No one despises you. Auntie, tell her that you don't despise her."

"I should despise her if she were false to my son," said the mother sternly. All thought of her own prejudice, her own instinct, was for the moment banished. She thought only of Edmund, and the wrong done to him.

"I will not enter a family that would receive me on sufferance. I will not be the means of impoverishing the man I love."

"You will not marry an impoverished man," said Mrs.

Standen. "You had better state the case correctly, Miss Carew."

"You have always chosen to think badly of me, Mrs. Standen," returned Sylvia, without flinching; "you will, no doubt, continue to do so, even though the decision I have arrived at is one that must cause you satisfaction. You have opposed this engagement with all your might. I now release your son from it. What more can you wish?"

"I could wish you a better heart, Miss Carew."

"Have I a bad heart because I refuse to accept your son's sacrifice?"

"If you loved him as you would think only of his happiness; which is, most unfortunately, dependent upon your caprice."

"There is no caprice in what I am doing. Poverty is a hard master, and has taught me to know the world better than your son. I am wise enough to know that he would repent his self-sacrifice by-and-by, when it would be too late. My father refused his consent to our marriage the day Edmund left. I thought him cruel and unjust then; I know better now."

"And pray what has brought you so much wisdom, Miss Carew?" said Mrs. Standen, who had risen, and drawn near the door, and stood there in a haughty attitude, ready to depart. Esther lingered by Sylvia, with a friendly hand stretched out to her now and then, as if to restrain the rash impulse that might destroy all her hopes.

"Reflection," answered Sylvia without a blush. "And am I to write and tell my son your heroic decision. Am I to tell him that you have chosen the very moment in which I had reconciled myself to this union for your renunciation of him?"

"You need tell him nothing," answered Sylvia, with a strangled sob, "I will write to him myself."

"Then I have nothing more to do than to wish you good-morning. My first and last visit to you is ended."

"Sylvia," cried Esther, entreatingly, "you do not mean this; you are acting from passion—from false, foolish pride. You do not know how good and true Mrs. Standen is, how well her love is worth winning, even if it must be slowly won. For your own sake—for Edmund's—unsay your rash words. You own that you love him."

"With all my heart," said Sylvia, white to the lips.

"Then you *cannot* mean to give him up?"

"I do mean it. It is best and wisest for us both. I do mean it."

"Then I have done with you," said Esther, with more passion than was common to that gentle nature. "I have you to be happy in your own way."

They left her and Sylvia sat like a statue, staring blankly at the ground, and with those last words sounding in her ears.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SIR AUBREY'S LAND STEWARD.

Once having taken the desperate leap which a few days ago he would have hardly believed it possible for him to take, Sir Aubrey was like a man caught in the web of some mystic enchantment. He was in feverish haste to make his bondage secure. The inward conviction that all the world—or all in world, which comes to the same thing—could secretly disprove his new scheme of life, goaded him on to the completion of that act begun in a weak moment of bewilderment. Upon the path which he had taken, delay seemed impossible.

"If I give these Heddinghams and Markhampton people time to talk about me, they will torment me to death," he said to himself. "The only plan is to be beforehand with them. My marriage cannot take place too soon."

Sir Aubrey's world was a very small one, almost as small as Sylvia Carew's. Yet, there were some people in that small world about whose opinion he concerned himself not a little, notwithstanding that they were creatures of an inferior rank, whose approval or disapproval ought to have weighed lightly with him.

The two people of whom he thought most at this important crisis of his life were people whose very lives were, in a manner, dependent upon the light of his countenance. One was Snodgrass Bain, his solicitor and land steward. The other was Jean Chapelain, his valet.

Half a century ago the family solicitors of the house of Perriam had been an old-established firm in Lincoln's Inn, men who ranked among the aristocracy of the legal profession, who did every thing in a grand, slow way, kept the title-deeds, wills, and marriage settlements of their clients in large iron safes that seemed inaccessible to man, so reluctantly were they opened, and who were altogether polished and respectable. Half a century ago, therefore, the lord of Perriam would have been outraged by the idea of employing a local solicitor. He had his land steward or bailiff, a gentleman by birth and education, but not a lawyer; and all leases and contracts of whatever kind connected with the Perriam estate, were drawn up and executed in their own tardy style by Messrs. Ferret & Tape, of Lincoln's Inn. Sir Andrew Perriam, however, Sir Aubrey's father, had brought about a change in these things. He was a gentleman of close, and even miserly disposition, and soon after inheriting the property had discovered that the keenest pleasure he could derive from its possession would be found in its extension. He added a slip of woodland here, a field or two there, and, as the years crept by and his last map showed a widening boundary line to the lands of Perriam, felt that he had not lived in vain.

Sir Andrew speedily discovered that the gentleman land-steward, who hunted three days a week in the season, and kept a pony carriage for his wife and daughters, was a mistake. He was not half sharp enough with the tenants, was much too ready to dip his hand into his employer's pocket for repairs and improvements, instead of squeezing every thing out of the lessees; in fact, demoralised by his own easy life, he had become perniciously indulgent, and criminally indifferent to the interests of his employers. His salary was liberal, and he had thus an assured income, which underwent no diminution on account of a tenantless farm, or a bankrupt tenant. This, Sir Andrew argued, was a radical error in the relations of master and steward. He had also a house rent free, and that the Perriam dower-house, a roomy old mansion of the Elizabethian order, which, with its ample gardens, orchards, and meadows, might have been let for two hundred a year. This, thought Sir Andrew, was a still greater mistake.

Having discovered this weakness in his business arrangements, Sir Andrew cast about him for a remedy, and was not slow to find one. The gentleman-steward was dismissed

without a quarter's notice; the Dower House was let to a retired Monkhampton grocer; and Sir Andrew entrusted the collection of his rents and the drawing up of leases and agreements to Mr. Bain, an attorney at Monkhampton. This gentleman, shrewd, active, conciliating, and indefatigable, speedily contrived to establish a powerful influence over his employer. The Lincoln's Inn lawyers were ousted from their hold on the Perriam estate,—the title-deeds, leases, and covenants wrested from their unwilling hands, and all the business that Sir Andrew had to give was given to Mr. Bain. When Sir Andrew made his will, it was Mr. Bain who drew up that document, Mr. Bain's clerk who witnessed its signature.

The uneventful years went by, and Sir Andrew slept the sleep of his forefathers, very well satisfied to his last hour with Mr. Bain's administration of the estate. Ten years after the death of his patron—the man who, in Monkhampton parlance, had made him—Mr. Bain was again gathered to his fathers, in their unpretending resting place in the cemetery at Monkhampton. His son, a man of thirty, succeeded to the Perriam stewardship, and Sir Aubrey who, with something of his father's love of money, had not inherited his father's business capacity, was glad to put his trust in an administrator whose management seemed always profitable to his employer. Shadrack Bain, the son, was if anything, a better administrator than his father; for, from the time he left the Monkhampton Grammar School, at fourteen years of age, the Perriam estate had been the one all-absorbing thought of his mind. He knew it was the chief heritage to which he was to succeed. He knew that whatever his father might have saved out of his income had to be divided among a family of five, two sons and three daughters, while the Perriam stewardship was to descend, intact, to him the eldest. There could be no division of that stewardship. Peter, the younger son, had been educated at a local college for Baptist preachers, was an advanced Baptist, and aspired to the honourable position of minister in the little chapel in Water lane, one of the bye streets of Monkhampton. The Bains had been Baptists almost from the establishment of that sect.

Shadrack Bain knew every rood of ground within the boundary of Sir Aubrey's land. From the summit of a distant hill he could point with his whip-handle to every bush, or knoll, or bank, or poplar that indicated the dividing line between the property of Sir Aubrey and his neighbouring landowners. "My father negotiated the purchase of yonder fallow," he would say proudly; "sixteen acres two roods and three perches, and bought it uncommonly cheap. You see the three poplars at the corner? That's our boundary. Nothing like poplars to mark your line—grow quick and cast very little shadow."

He was a good farmer, Mr. Bain, though his direct and personal experience of agriculture was confined to the cultivation of a neat kitchen garden, orchard, and meadow in the rear of his square, substantial dwelling house in High street of Monkhampton. But he had read all the best books upon agriculture; before he was twenty he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with every improvement in agricultural implements; he had surveyed every farm within a day's journey of Monkhampton; had gone the round of the Perriam estate with his father as often as opportunity permitted; and, in keenness of vision, and clearness of comprehension and knowledge of the subject, was as good a farmer as he was a lawyer.

This man was now, for all practical purposes, master of the Perriam Manor.

Sir Aubrey knew about as much of farming or the capabilities of the estate, as he knew of the buried relics of Troja. So long as there was no fluctuation or falling off in his income, he was tolerably satisfied. His eye was pleased with the neat and picturesque appearance of the estate, as he rode his brown cob Splinter between the green banks of those sheltered lanes which intersected his domain. In one thing only did he and Mr. Bain differ. Sir Aubrey forbade the cutting down of a single tree, while Shadrack was, in his heart of hearts, for the stabbing up system, and grumbled sorely at those fine old oaks and spreading beeches which made the beauty of the landscape, and soiled the land beneath their dense leafage.

Things had gone well with Shadrack Bain. He had married young, and eminent to his own advantage; though the Bain family affected to consider that Shadrack had condescended somewhat when he married Miss Dawker, eldest daughter of William Dawker, the Monkhampton grocer and provision dealer, who supplied all the surrounding unions and public institutions, and whose trade was altogether rather wholesale than retail.

Mr. Dawker had died shortly after his daughter's marriage, and Mrs. Bain inherited her portion of six thousand pounds sterling; which, judiciously invested in cottage property, produced five hundred a year. Shadrack was, therefore, in some measure, an independent man, and Monkhampton esteemed him accordingly. His house was one of the best in the town; his garden a pattern of neatness; his dog-cart fresh and bright as if newly come from the coachbuilder's, his horses—he never drove the same two days running—were well groomed and cared for. His servants stayed with him year after year; his children were well dressed, in a plain, substantial style, but with small regard to the mutations of fashion. His family pew in the Water Lane Chapel presented a picture of which Monkhampton Baptists were proud.

Now, when Sir Aubrey Perriam thought of Shadrack Bain, with his hard, common-place method of coming at things, his rooted objection to the Ornamental, his utter indifference to the Beautiful, and thought how such a man would receive the tidings of an intended marriage between a gentleman of fifty-seven years of age and a young lady of nineteen, whose sole distinction, for vulgar minds, was her lovely face, his heart sank within him, and he felt that he would have a disagreeable business to go through when he announced to Mr. Bain the fact of his engagement with Sylvia Carew.

Yet, it would be necessary to acquaint his steward and solicitor with that fact before the marriage took place. Some kind of settlement there must be, though Sylvia was penniless. Mr. Bain was the person to draw up that settlement.

Jean Chapelain, the valet, was another individual who exercised a stronger influence over the mind of his master than Sir Aubrey would have cared to admit. An elderly bachelor, who keeps very little company, and passes some months of every year in the close quarters of a Parisian *entresol*, is apt to make his body-servant something of a companion. Chapelain's education was in advance of his position. He had read a good deal, in a desultory way, took a warm interest in European politics, and was, on the whole, a good deal better informed than his master. If Sir Aubrey wanted to talk he could hardly

talk to any one better worthy to be honoured with his conversation than the valet.

Thus, for the last twenty years, Jean Chapelain and his master had lived in close companionship. Into Jean's sympathetic ears Sir Aubrey had poured the elderly bachelor's philosophical reflections upon life and humanity. To Jean he had declared not once, but many times, that he valued the privileges of a single man far too well to barter them for the unknown joys of married life. Jean and he had laughed together at the folly of elderly Benedicts, the cynical laugh of men who had both drawn their views of life from that deep well of worldly wit and worldly wisdom, the writings of the most brilliant worlding the light ever shone upon, Voltaire.

To confess to Jean Chapelain that he had fallen in love and was going to marry the object of his affection, would be more humiliating even than to make the same confession to Shadrack Bain.

But happily, reflected Sir Aubrey, Chapelain need know nothing of the marriage till it was an accomplished fact. He could hardly grumble much then.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SERIOUS CONVERSATION.

Not a word did Sylvia say to her father all through that Sunday. He was at church almost all day with the school, so the two saw very little of each other in private. Indeed, under the pretext of a severe headache, Sylvia escaped the usual Sunday-school teaching, and afternoon and evening church, and contrived to spend the greater part of the day in the solitude of her own bedroom. There she could think in quiet; think, perhaps, very much as Judas may have thought before he went and hanged himself.

It is a kind of fate in some natures to betray. Falsehood is written in the stars that rule their destiny.

Sylvia thought of Mrs. Standen's indignation, and was angry with the lady for a conduct which certainly appeared inconsistent.

"She ought to have thanked me for her son's release, instead of turning upon me like that," the girl said to herself, as she meditated upon that unpleasant scene with the lady who was to have been her mother-in-law.

After all, it was something to have got the interview over—to have cleared the ground for her new engagement. Who could tell how soon Hedingham might know of that wondrous change in her position? It would be her desire to keep the affair a secret as long as possible. But would Sir Aubrey or her father be likely to indulge this fancy of hers?

There remained the letter to be written to Edmund—the cruel, treacherous letter, in which, masking self-interest under an affectation of generosity, she was to give him up. His first letter to her had breathed only deepest trust and purest love. Her first letter to him would deal a death-blow to his dearest hopes.

Even though she was born to betray, it pained her to write that letter.

The composition was a work of art. It would have been difficult to read between the lines that told only of womanly forethought, and self-abnegation, and to discover the mercenary spirit which prompted that renunciation. The letter seemed almost heroic. And here, truth assisted falsehood. The pangs with which Sylvia surrendered her lover were real enough. She did not forsake him without bitterest pain, harder to bear than the sorrow of an unselfish soul, which out of pure magnanimity, forgoes its dearest joy.

The letter was written, and it was a relief to think that some time must elapse ere it reached Edmund Standen's hands. The mail would only leave Southampton two days hence. The passage of the letter to Demerara would take three weeks. There was breathing time therefore.

"Perhaps, being so entirely separated from me, and having leisure for reflection, he may have begun to regret his folly; and my letter may come to him almost as a relief," thought Sylvia, self-excusingly.

On Monday evening, the schoolmaster smoked his pipe in his favourite seat in the doorway—a narrow bench inside the latticed porch. The day had been rainy, and the garden breathed the freshness and perfume that follow summer rain—sweet as incense rising from old Greek altars, when man knew no higher Giver of Good than Zeus and Demeter.

Sylvia had left her chair by the window, and had come, work in hand, to the doorway. She stood there, looking at her father curiously, as if doubtful whether to speak or be silent.

"Papa," she said at last, "you don't wish me to marry Mr. Standen?"

"Wish you to marry him!" exclaimed Mr. Carew, impatiently; "why you know that I have set my face against such a marriage, and that so far as a father can forbid anything in these days of infatigable indifference to a father's wishes, I forbid you to marry Edmund Standen."

"Even if Mrs. Standen were inclined to relent, Papa, and to give a reluctant consent to the marriage, and leave Edmund half her fortune?"

"Is she inclined to do that?"

"Yes, Papa. She called here yesterday, and told me so."

Mr. Carew grew thoughtful.

"That might have altered the case considerably a week ago," he said; "but it only adds a perplexing element to the business now. I see a much more brilliant chance before you—if—if—the prospect is not delusive."

"So do I, Papa, looking at things from a worldly point of view."

"From what other point of view need you look at things? We don't live in the stars!"

"Sir Aubrey Perriam has asked me to be his wife, Papa."

Mr. Carew started up from the little bench in the porch, and, for the first time within Sylvia's memory, dropped his pipe. It was a small meerschaum, coloured by himself, and he regarded it with an affection which he did not often bestow upon sentient things. He picked it up carefully, looked to see if he had chipped the bowl, and then stood staring at his daughter in silent amazement for some moments.

"Sir Aubrey asked you to marry him?" he said at last. "In serious, sober earnest? It wasn't one of those senseless speeches which elderly gentlemen make to young ladies—mere old-fashioned gallantry—eh, Sylvia?"

"No, indeed, papa. I think Sir Aubrey was very much in earnest. His hand trembled a little when he took mine."

"And you accepted him?" said the father, sharply.

To be Continued.

NEW BOOKS.

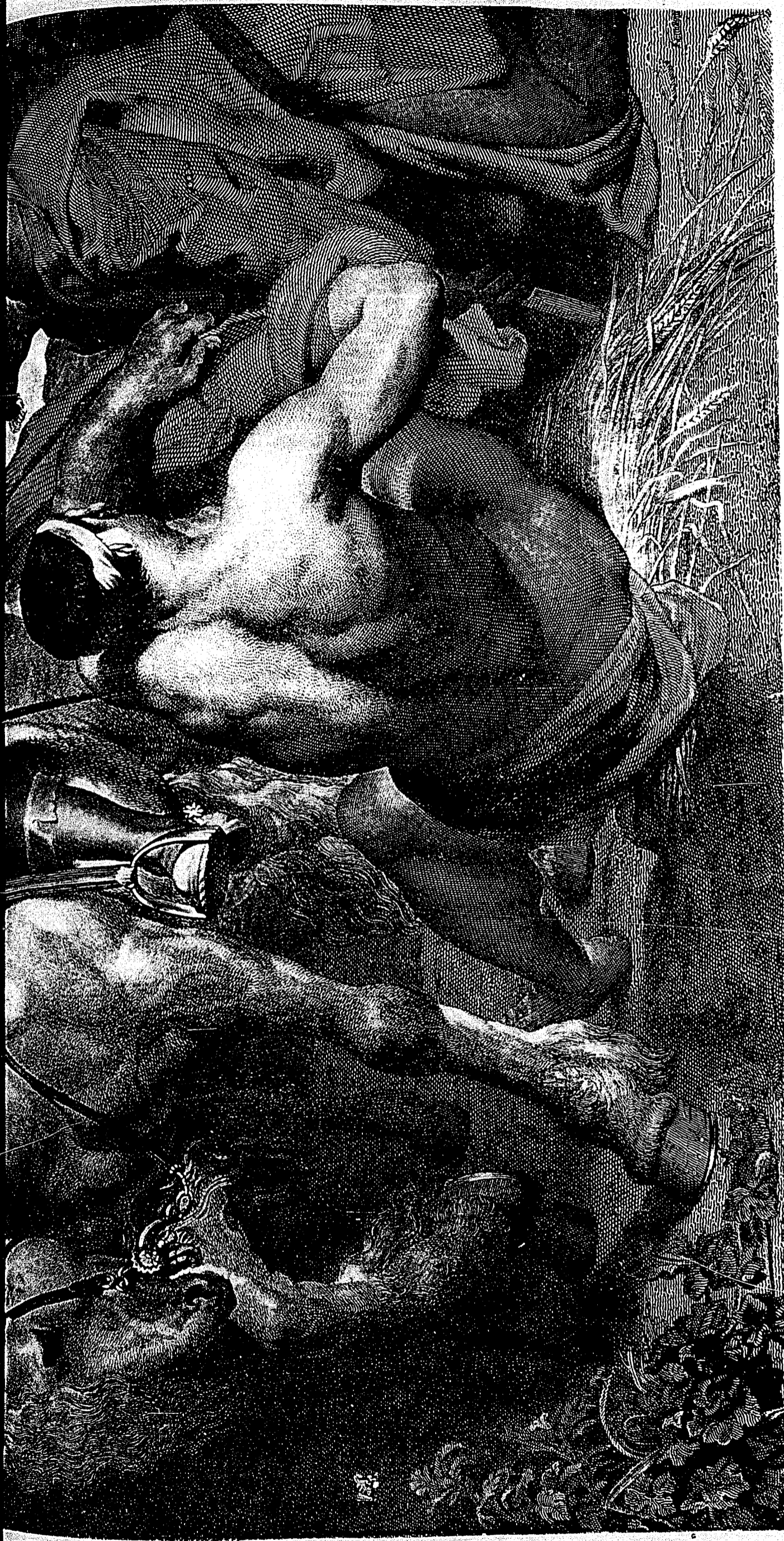
THE STOLEN MASK. By Wilkie Collins. SISTER ROSE. By Wilkie Collins. THE YELLOW MASK. By Wilkie Collins. 25 cents each. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

The above form the fifth, sixth, and seventh volumes of Messrs. Peterson's new and cheap edition of Wilkie Collins' works. Each volume is printed in clear bold type, and is complete in itself. Of the works themselves we have nothing to say, the author is too favourably known to need encomia from any quarter. But this edition is certainly deserving of notice. The cheapness of the volumes, which are excellently got up—marvellously so for the price—place them within reach of the humblest class of readers; and as we have reason to believe that this series is but little known in the Dominion we take great pleasure in introducing it to the Canadian public. It is particularly adapted for lending libraries, as a travelling companion, and when neatly bound would form a desirable addition to a private collection. The visit of the great novelist to this continent will undoubtedly cause a great demand for his works, and purchasers with whom cheapness as well as neatness is a desirability, cannot do better than address themselves to Messrs. Peterson.

AHN'S METHOD OF LEARNING THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. Revised by Gustavus Fischer. 12mo. Half Roan. pp. 257. Price, \$1 00. AHN'S NEW PRACTICAL AND EASY METHOD OF LEARNING THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. With pronunciation by J. C. Oehlschlager. Large 12mo. Half Roan. pp. 245. Price, \$1 25. AHN'S GERMAN HANDWRITING. 12mo. Boards, pp. 62. Price, 40 cents. AHN'S MANUAL OF GERMAN CONVERSATION. Revised by W. Grauert. 12mo. Cloth, pp. 295. Price, \$1 00. AHN'S FIRST AND SECOND GERMAN READERS. With notes by W. Grauert. 12mo. Half Roan. pp. 295. Price, \$1 20. AHN'S GERMAN READING CHARTS. By Dr. P. Henn. New York: E. Steiger.

In a former number we expressed our opinion, after a careful examination of the elementary volumes of the series of German educational works now being brought out by Mr. E. Steiger, of New York. We have since received the above mentioned works, which complete the series, and are happy to be able to speak of them as favourably as of their predecessors. The system upon which they are based has long been well known on both continents as the best in use. In this system, however, there were many inaccuracies and much that is calculated to be fog the student. In the volumes before us we find Ahn's system practically reproduced, but with many corrections and emendations that will materially assist the scholar in his interpretation of the grammarian's meaning. Another feature in this edition, in so far as the Method is concerned, is that the editors have abandoned the beaten track of elementary words to which Ahn so persistently confined his followers, and by increasing the stock of words employed in the exercises greatly enlarge the pupil's vocabulary. This, as we pointed out on another occasion is always desirable; due moderation, of course, being observed at the outset. Furthermore new rules have been added which were not to be found in the original and the whole has been thoroughly revised and adapted to the mode of instruction pursued in the country. Between the two methods before us we are extremely unwilling to judge, as each one has its own merits. Thus, while Oehlschlager offers the advantage of pronunciation, Fischer is the most desirable as regards the first, or practical, course, especially for beginners. The explanations and directions given by the latter are at greater length than are those by Oehlschlager, who is almost laconic in the manner in which he conveys his instructions. On the other hand Oehlschlager gives by far the larger stock of words, and a more comprehensive Reader. There are of course many minor differences, not to say discrepancies, between the two works, but we merely signalize the more salient features of each. Perhaps the best way would be to put the pupil through Fischer first, and then, when he has thoroughly mastered the difficulties of the grammar, to place Oehlschlager in his hands, and allow him to extend his vocabulary and increase his reading-practice. In a case of private study without the aid of a teacher, however, Oehlschlager's aid to pronunciation would be extremely useful. Either of these works are admirably adapted to the purpose they are intended to serve, but employed together, in the manner we have suggested, they will be found invaluable. Of the Reading Charts we have already had occasion to speak. The volume of German Handwriting forms an indispensable companion to the grammars and methods. It contains nearly sixty pages of exercises in neat German script, commencing with simple fables and narrations and gradually progressing up to the higher styles of correspondence, extracts from Humboldt, &c., the whole elucidated, where necessary, by brief notes and explanations. The course set down in this volume is not only important as giving exercise in German penmanship, but further in that it accustoms the eyes to the small German text. The Conversation Book—a most essential unit in the series—we have found wonderfully correct and as near as a book of its kind and size can be, complete. It is divided into two parts, the first of which gives, under appropriate headings, the names of common objects of daily life, followed first by easy conversational phrases, and then by familiar conversations. The second part contains a long list of idiomatic phrases—a feature one seldom finds satisfactorily brought out in the mass of manuals of the German language, (than which there is hardly a European tongue containing more idioms)—a number of proverbs and proverbial phrases, and finally, forms of invitory cards, bills of exchange, and promissory notes. For the narrow compass of the book the field it covers, in a manner that leaves little or nothing to be desired, is something remarkable. The volume of German Readers contains a wide selection of graduated exercises in prose and verse, with occasional tests in script. In the preface the editor states that any student of German who has gone through its pages diligently and thoroughly, will be competent to read any classical author, so as to enjoy the rich treasures of German Literature. We cannot give a better expression of our estimate of the merit of the book than by heartily endorsing this opinion. The amount of poetry in the volume might perhaps be increased with advantage to the scholar, but with this exception we do not see that the book is capable of improvement. The whole of Mr. Steiger's series is excellent, deserving of all praise. By its aid any diligent student may obtain an all but perfect knowledge of the German language. The way may at times be rough and the progress slow, notwithstanding all that has been done to lighten the obstacles to be overcome, but the goal once reached he will confess that the field of beauties that lies before him will well repay the trouble he has taken.





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, NOVEMBER 15, 1873.

FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DYCK.

SAINT MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH A BEGGAR.

BEAUTIFUL LEAVES.

Fading beneath our passing feet,
Strewn upon lawn and lane and street,
Beautiful leaves!
Dyed with the hues of the sunset sky,
Falling in glory so silently,
Beautiful leaves!

Never to freshen another spring,
Never to know what the summer may bring,
Beautiful leaves!
Withered beneath the frost and cold,
Soon to decay in the common mould,
Beautiful leaves!

So will the years that change your tint
Mark upon us their autumnal print,
Beautiful leaves!
So shall we fall from the tree of time,
Fade as ye fade in a wintry clime,
Beautiful leaves!

But when the harvest of life is past,
And we wake in eternal spring at last,
Beautiful leaves!
May He who paints your brilliant hue
Form of our lives a chaplet new
Of beautiful leaves!

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

SUPER FLUMINA.

I.

Some twenty years ago the American Fur Company was one of the principal institutions of my native city. It was the centre of a great trade, especially in the summer months when the mountain boats went up with provisions and came down loaded with Indian goods and curiosities. In that locality were seen piles of pictured buffalo robes, huge elk horns, beavers in large tin boxes, grizzly bears chained in the yard, heaps of delicious buffalo tongue and chipped meat to be dished with the small-grained Indian corn. All descriptions of queer people haunted the spot, speaking every variety of lingo. There were Creoles from Portage des Sioux and Cape Girardeau—bright-eyed, agile fellows and very garrulous; Canadian *coureurs des bois*—dark, thick-set, great trappers, and forever smoking; Mexican trappers, in leathern suits—copper-coloured, mustachioed, good marksmen, marvelous riders, treacherous and vindictive; Western hunters of the Daniel Boone or David Crockett type, chiefly from Kentucky and Missouri—tall, lank, great story-tellers, hard swearers, indefatigable tobacco chewers, lynxes in vision and invaluable guides. Those were the men employed by the company in their excursions among the Indians of the Missouri and Yellow Stone.

The old warehouse was the last place in the world where one would look for scenes in the poetry and philosophy of life. Yet such were found there. When only a youngster I used to spend many an hour within its walls, listening to the stories and adventures of these singular men, and on reviewing my mental history I find that my imagination is still tinged with the hues of the romances heard there in my boyish days, from the lips of sallow-faced, dark-browed trappers.

To-night, as I rehearse these bygone things, I call to mind one narrative especially, recited in my hearing by an old *royageur* from the north, between two pipes of Perique and with the accompaniment of several horns of Bourbon. The story was told in French and in grotesque fashion, but I give the substance in my own words, with a distinct reliance on the accuracy of my memory.

II.

Vidal, (such was the narrator's name without any prefix that I knew), had received a good education and was destined by his parents for a professional life. But he was a wild fellow and preferred shifting for himself. He engaged in the service of a trader, at the headwaters of the Ottawa. There he remained several years, till a new field of activity opened before him. His employer having undertaken to carry on the commerce of furs, in addition to his lumber trade, chose Vidal as his agent and representative to visit the land of the mink, the otter and the marten. The youth had two objects in undertaking the adventurous journey. The first was to please his patron and thereby advance his own interests, and the second was the hope of obtaining the hand of his patron's daughter, on his return.

Ascending the Ottawa as far as the Matawan rapids, he crossed to Lake Nipissing, on which he embarked in a birch canoe, propelled by two Indians. He went down French river into Lake Huron, thence passed onward to Lake Superior. After leaving it, through marsh and morass, through immense stretches of pine forests, the three advanced rapidly, carrying their canoe on their shoulders, or shooting into every little stream that would bear them on, till they reached the settlement of Assiniboia in the Red River region. There, after a few days' halt they laced on their snow-shoes and pushed forward to the great valley of the Saskatchewan.

Vidal's instructions did not require him to go beyond this point, but as he was ahead of the time allotted him, his adventurous spirit prompted him to move still farther north along the line of the Athabaska—McKenzie. For this part of his journey he furnished himself with a tobogan drawn by two polar dogs. His Indian guides followed on snow-shoes. When they were weary with their tramp, they each took a turn in the single seat of the parchment sleigh. The buoyant heart of young Vidal exulted in the rapid drive through the frozen landscape. The sharp blast exhilarated his blood and his enthusiasm would often burst out in shouts of encouragement to the harnessed dogs. Thus for a fortnight the three advanced due north until they reached the furthest outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here they would have stopped if Vidal had not learned that there was a missionary station still higher along the McKenzie. He resolved to penetrate that far. On the evening of the second day out, he came up to a huge cross planted on the river bank and around which were clustered a few Indian huts. He was benumbed with cold and fatigue, but the sight of the holy man coming forth to meet him, revived his courage. The sound of his native tongue, which the stranger spoke, was unusually pleasant to his ear, and it was with overflowing thanks that he accepted an invitation to the missionary's cabin. The boreal night came on apace. The sky was of a bronze hue, and the dazzling whiteness of the snow-banks was brought into weird contrast with it, clothing trees, rocks, and all outlying objects in a covering of ghastly sheen. Vidal soon felt overpowered with fatigue. In spite of him, his eyes closed and slumber gained upon him. After sharing with him the scant and

coarse refreshments of his hut, the good missionary persuaded him to throw himself on the buffalo robes before the fire.

III.

He was soon buried in deep sleep and remained in that state for a considerable time, but towards the middle of the night, he suddenly awoke. His feelings on finding himself in that strange place may be imagined. The cabin where he lay was pitch dark, except such portions as were dimly lighted by the flickering flames of the spacious hearth. Directly before his eyes, above the chimney piece, was a crucifix of dark wood, laying against the rude wall, all begrimed with smoke. Over his head, on the rough hewn rafters, he could faintly discern quarters of cariboo and antlers of wild deer, while opposite, he spied the dusk form of the missionary, crouched on a low seat, in a corner of the fire place. The solitary man was probably saying his matins, for he held in his hand a large breviary with horn clasps, one finger being inserted between the pages, while he meditated on the sense of the biblical words. Vidal gazed at the lonely watcher as he sat with his dilated eyes fixed on the fading embers, when suddenly amid the universal stillness, he pronounced in a deep, hollow voice, the pathetic words: *Super flumina Babylonis*. "On the waters of Babylon we sat and wept, when we remembered Zion."

Vidal was startled by the aptness of the citation. The exile of the Hebrews on the inhospitable banks of the Euphrates struck him as singularly illustrative of his own forlorn condition, snow-bound on the margin of the great river of the North and far away from home. He remembered also, that the missionary had told him he was a native of Marseilles and had toiled for nearly ten years among the Esquimaux and the wild denizens of the Polar Sea. He, too, on repeating the dirge of the Israelites might recall with regret the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, where dwelt in tropic warmth and comfort the dear ones whom he had loved. No wonder he paused and meditated on the funeral song. No wonder that his voice was hoarse and his pale cheeks were wet with tears.

O, memories of home! Wherever we may wander, through whatever scenes of life we may pass, they haunt us like a grace, sweetening our regrets, comforting our solitude and nerving our resolution against despondency. On the tops of inclement mountains, or in the exuberant grassy valleys; in the depths of untravelled forests, or on billowy prairies stretching to the setting sun; under the dreamy palms of Southern latitudes where the murmur of summer seas lulls to gentle slumber, or in arctic climates where the sough of boreal blasts exhilarates the thin blood with a keen vitality, everywhere the thoughts of home accompany and console the traveller, the wanderer and the exile.

Suddenly, Vidal experienced a feeling of suffocation. It seemed that the chill cabin had grown intolerably warm and that he must have fresh air. He arose and sought the door. The movement awoke the missionary from his reverie.

"Where are you going, my friend?" he said.

"To breathe the outside air, father."

"It is deadly cold to-night. Do not venture out."

Vidal insisted and explained his reason. The missionary said nothing and let him go.

IV.

On issuing from the cabin, Vidal felt instantly relieved and his mind was at once absorbed in the sublimity of the spectacle which greeted his eyes. The heavens were illuminated by the mysterious rays of the aurora borealis. More than one half of the Northern portion of the sky was resplendent like a plate of burnished steel. Midway between the zenith and the horizon, there stretched a belt of leaden hue, similar in colour to a storm cloud and looking as though it were charged with rain drops. Out of this murky zone, streamed forth columns of silver light, struggling up to the high heavens or sinking into the bosom of the polar sea, whose spectral glaciers, on nights like these, are said to be phosphorescent with electric fires. Vidal had scarcely taken in the grandeur of this scene when his material vision seemed to be completely blinded and his mind wrapped up in the contemplation of a purely spiritual object. It was a waking dream. Right in the midst of the circumambient glory, full in the glittering reflection of the elemental light, he saw his own Geneviève, gliding towards him with open arms and eyes brimful of love. The countenance was not only beautiful, with the beauty and softness of youth, but it wore an expression of serenity and peace which made it angelically fair. She seemed no longer to belong to earth, but to be passing thence to higher spheres and stopping a moment to greet him on her way. He was transported at the sight, not through fear, but through enthusiasm. He longed to throw himself into her arms and with all the power of his soul, he cried out: "Geneviève!"

The missionary doubtless overheard him, for Vidal felt the former's hand laid softly on his shoulder.

"Friend," said the priest. "What ails you? Come in." At these words, the young man's emotion collapsed. The bright vision faded away, the brilliant light had vanished from the sky and all was dark.

On re-entering the cabin, the heat sent a thrill through his whole person. He felt reanimated and restored to full consciousness.

The missionary made him sit down by the fireside.

"Why did you call out just now?" said he.

"Did I call, father?"

"Yes, the name of Geneviève."

Vidal started as the memory of the vision returned to him for a brief instant.

"If I called Geneviève, good father, I was naming one who is the fondest object of my affection on this earth?"

And he went on to narrate the circumstance of the apparition. The missionary manifested the deepest interest.

"Is it right?" asked Vidal, at the conclusion of his narrative, "is it right to believe in the visitation of spirits?"

"Why not?" was the ready reply. "For my part, I have no hesitation to believe in apparitions. A lonely missionary like me, far away from all the solaces of life, would die of mental inanition or exhaustion, had he not the spiritual world to commune with. Often, often have the comforts and blessings of Providence come to me in the mystical revelations of my beloved."

"It is only the dead who can thus appear," said Vidal sadly.

"But the living can appear in dreams."

"Yes, father, but I was not dreaming. I was certainly awake and this is no mere phantom of the imagination."

The priest shook his head, dropped his eyes and said nothing. This confirmed the youth in his opinion. He could doubt it no longer. Geneviève was dead.

It was a case of presentiment. Psychologists may wrangle as they like, but there are many such in life.

After a long pause, the two resumed their conversation, the missionary endeavoring to comfort the young man with hopes which he evidently did not entertain. He then proposed that they should retire to rest.

On the morrow Vidal assisted at the orisons which the missionary offered for his flock in his rude chapel. After that ceremony, he returned to the cabin where he partook of a copious breakfast of fat moose.

The missionary would have wished to detain him a few days, but Vidal decided to turn his steps homeward at once. The two then embraced for the last time.

"You go and I stay," said the priest mournfully. Vidal looked at him with compassion, but did not answer.

"God speed you, my son, and may his angels guide you!"

The traveller felt that he had indeed an angel to guide him in Geneviève.

On the outskirts of the Indian village, he turned and waved a last farewell to the missionary, who was watching him in the distance.

Losing sight of him thus alone on the banks of the McKenzie, the youth was painfully reminded of his doleful words: "*Super flumina Babylonis*." He then understood what heroism is capable of enduring.

He encountered more dangers and delays on his return than he met on his outward journey, and instead of reaching the settlement, at the time pointed out by his employer, it was eighteen months before he arrived there.

"And Geneviève?" I remember having asked him, as I sat by listening with the keenest interest.

"Geneviève," answered the old voyageur in a husky voice, "Geneviève was dead! She died on the precise day and at the precise hour that I saw her on the McKenzie."

I remember as if it was only yesterday, how the announcement struck my imagination.

"And you have wandered ever since?" I said timidly.

"You guess rightly, my boy. What else could I do? I have wandered on and on, but my race is now nearly run. I have the confidence that I shall meet her there," pointing to heaven.

How children will remember things! Long years have passed since then, but while I write, my memory goes back to the dusky office of the American Fur Company, on that dull bleak October afternoon, and I see, as if it were before me, the shaggy, weather-beaten, but not ignoble face of the old voyageur. He has just finished his story, he holds his pipe listlessly in his fingers, his eyes gaze sadly into the firelight and he murmurs, with heartfelt appropriateness, the sepulchral words—I hear them distinctly:—*Super flumina Babylonis, illic sedimus et flevimus dum recorderemur Sion!*

J. L.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

PRESENCE OF MIND.

"Yes, my boy, but I'll tell you what's better still—"absence of body." We all felt very much relieved.

We were a party of three assembled in the rooms of my friend Chessington, and we had been debating the subject of the title of this article. Now, I need scarcely say that it is impossible for a party of intelligent Englishmen to discuss this topic without one of the number perpetrating the time-honored joke above recorded.

We had all shrunk from the responsibility until Maloney, who, I have reason to believe has Irish blood in his veins, and who possesses considerable native cheek, relieved our minds as aforesaid, and we resumed the topic with renewed vigour.

It appeared, that without exception, we were all persons of remarkable self-control in extremely trying circumstances, and numerous anecdotes were related to prove the possession of this desirable qualification.

The number of lives which Chessington has saved by the display of his singular coolness in times of danger would, I imagine, if the accomplishment were more general, make a considerable difference in the labour market, and make the much vexed subject of emigration quite a secondary consideration; but as his readiness of resource is accompanied by much hesitation of speech, the point of his anecdotes was rather marred by Maloney cutting in prematurely and spoiling his climaxes.

My Irish friend gave one practical illustration of presence of mind which I confess did not impress me favourably. I am naturally very abstemious, but talking, with me, always induces extreme thirst, and I was just stretching out my hand to replenish my tumbler when Maloney, with what he chose to call presence of mind but which I beg to designate as abominable selfishness, emptied the remains of the whiskey into his own glass.

Maloney also related an anecdote illustrative of his self-possession, which at the time I thought rather amusing, but which since the episode of the whiskey I regard as emblematical of a want of moral principle in a man no doubt otherwise estimable.

It appears that in his youthful and impecunious days, when debts were many and coins were few, he had reason to believe that a writ was out against him at the suit of an indignant and long-suffering tailor, and he kept a sharp look out for suspicious-looking characters, meditating a retirement into the country as soon as funds were available. I will let him tell his story in his own words:

"Ye see, me boys, I had been at the berryin' of poor Macdermot, who ye'll recollect was on the staff of the *Morain' News*, and I had just got back to the house to change me mournin' garments when I saw at the door an ugly looking customer who had just rung the bell. Says I to myself 'Ye look mighty like a bailiff,' so I steps up to him and I said, 'Who is it ye'll be wantin', sir?' Says he, 'Does Mr. Maloney live here?' 'Is it live here?' says I. 'Why, haven't ye heard about the poor fellow? I've jist come from the funeral, and if ye're a friend of his, perhaps ye'd like to put your name down to a small subscription I'm gettin' up for his family,' and I pulls out a red covered memorandum book—more by token it was old Molasses the grocer's book, and a devil of a score there was in it too. By jabers the fellow took himself off like a shot, and never waited to ask another question, and next day I was off to the country. There's presence of mind for ye, me boys."

I felt very much inclined to say something cutting about absence of principle, but I refrained—somehow I always get the worst when I say any thing sharp to Maloney—and after a

Miscellaneous.

little more conversation on the same topic, the whiskey being all finished and Chessington showing no signs of any intention to produce a fresh bottle, we all retired to bed.

I had just dropped off to sleep when I was suddenly aroused by a brilliant glare in my bed-room and shouts of fire from the street. Hurriedly throwing on some clothes, I ran into the passage and came into violent collision with Chessington, who had just emerged from his room and was vigorously giving the alarm. We soon discovered that the fire was in a neighbouring block, and our fears for our own immediate safety being consequently allayed, I had leisure to congratulate Chessington on the coolness and presence of mind he had displayed in the arrangement of his attire, his nether habiliments being tied round his waist by the legs after the manner of a kilt, a purpose which they very inadequately answered, while he carried in his hand a small satchel, into which he had stuffed his night-gown, hardly the most valuable portion of his wardrobe. He retorted by a pointed allusion to the state of my own garments, which were certainly not arranged in a manner contemplated by the artist who constructed them; and after the exchange of a few more compliments we adjusted our apparel and sallied out to the scene of the disaster.

Our mode of dealing with fires in our city is peculiar, but can scarcely be called effective. The first proceeding is to ring violently sundry hideously discordant bells, which are intended to call the firemen to their duty; then the streets immediately become pervaded by bands of youthful loafers who rush frantically along every quiet thoroughfare frightening timid people into fits by horrid shrieks and yells. Soon after a rattling old fire engine makes its appearance, and is dragged by men and boys, also yelling, to the scene of action. Should there happen to be no pumps or wells available, as is too frequently the case, we calmly contemplate the progress of the devouring element until a barrel of water on wheels is brought to the spot and emptied by two or three vigorous squirts of the engine.

Another interval of waiting, and the same performance is repeated *ad libitum*. It may therefore be easily imagined that our fires are extinguished more from lack of material to feed upon than by any efforts of ours.

On our arrival we found the fire had originated in a nest of wooden shanties and stables, and fanned by a brisk wind, was threatening a terrace of houses of a superior class immediately adjacent. The terrified inhabitants were hurriedly removing their household gods, and there was no lack of notable examples of the peculiar presence of mind usually called forth by these calamities.

Things most common and worthless seemed to be regarded by their owners as their most inestimable treasures; old stove-pipes especially were objects of the most idolatrous affection, and we saw at least a dozen persons hugging affectionately to their bosoms very rusty and dilapidated specimens as if their whole future welfare depended on the preservation of these not very combustible articles. Chipped and damaged glass and crockery, battered old metal teapots and coal oil lamps, flower pots containing very seedy looking floral specimens, were carefully carried out by the excited owners and deposited in places of safety with a tenderness worthy a better cause; while valuable articles of furniture were rudely dragged from the doorways or hurled from the windows in the very wantonness of destruction.

I noticed one elderly gentleman fully attired carrying a small wooden box filled with papers carefully in his arms, and I pointed him out to Chessington as an example of at least one person who had retained his coolness and presence of mind. A few moments afterwards we saw this self-possessed old party throw box and contents into the road with an air of disgust, and our curiosity leading us to examine the contents, we found it filled with old newspapers.

As we moved about from point to point, watching the progress of the flames, we were accosted by an old Irishwoman, who earnestly besought our aid in moving the furniture from her little shanty, to which the flames were just approaching. As she seemed to have no one to assist her, we turned to with a will and in a very short time had all the old lady's furniture safely deposited in the street, and none too soon, as the roof was then beginning to blaze.

"Is this all?" we enquired, as we carried the last table out of the kitchen; "I think that's all, *except the childer!*" said the old dame coolly. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Chessington, "you don't mean to say there are children in the house?" "Sure there's two of them upstairs," responded the affectionate relation. We ran up the steep ladder and found two little arches quietly asleep in an old cot in the garret, the room being even then tolerably filled with smoke. We carried them down stairs and asked the old lady what we should do with them.

"Devil a one of me knows," she quietly responded, and walked off to look after her furniture.

"Well that *is* cool," exclaimed Chessington, as he curiously regarded the little two year old in his arms. He is contemplating matrimony, and naturally takes an interest in these productions of nature.

"Do all babies smell like this?" he enquired, sniffing suspiciously.

"I can't say," I replied, "but I fancy these are unusually high-flavoured specimens; any how, we had better see about getting rid of them unless you want to adopt them."

So we started off, and after some difficulty succeeded in depositing our charges in a neighbouring house, and then showed our own presence of mind by going quietly home, taking a stiff glass of toddy, and turning into bed.

W. H. F.

Perhaps it is the highest test of good breeding to be able to accept and bear an unusual load of obligation without allowing the friend who confers the favour to think you feel over-burdened. Well-bred people, who are ill-at-ease in their company manners, generally meet all proffered courtesies at first as though they could on no account think of accepting them. Thus, when the gentleman who carves the chicken asks you which bit you prefer, believe that he asks because he would be pleased to know, and tell him, instead of saying what is obviously a what-d'ye-call-it, that it makes not the slightest difference; and when the lady at the other end of the table proffers you a second piece of pie, if you want it say so. It is the least compliment you can pay her for giving you a seat at her table. Don't keep on, in the old New England fashion, of saying "No," with a tone and glance which convey the unmistakable gloss, "Yes, but I want a little urging."

Purify the blood by using Dr. Colby's Pills.

A Novel Exhibition.

London is to have, when the exhibition of Oriental curiosities closes, a show of all the articles connected with babydom, such as cradles and perambulators, feeding-bottles and feet-jars, lollypops and toys, squills and night lights, soothing syrups and clothing. Literature will not be neglected; from A B C's up to *Cinderella, Jack and the Bean Stalk*, and kindred infantile classics, will find a local habitation.

Accident and Misfortune.

Speaking of Prince Napoleon, a Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes:—The late Emperor knew his relative well, as the following answer to his son proves:—"What," asked the Prince Imperial, then not more than six years old, "What is the difference between an accident and a misfortune?" "If," replied the Emperor, "your cousin fell into the Seine, that would be an accident; if any one pulled him out, it would be a misfortune."

A Tree that Needed Transplanting.

M. Paul Doussel, an inconsolable widower in Paris, was recently found by his friends stationed in a large flower-pot, and vigorously refreshing himself with a watering-pot. In reply to kind inquiries, he stated that his better half had carried off a portion of his soul. "I have only sufficient remaining for a plant," continued he, "and have been changed into a cypress tree. Now transplant me to a cemetery." It is needless to say that M. Doussel was "transplanted," though not to the garden he had selected.

Cultivation of Fish in Ditches and Ponds.

Much attention is now being paid in Germany to the cultivation of fish in ponds and ditches, and it has been found, contrary to the generally received opinion in reference to such localities, that they are more favourable for the purpose than other large bodies of water, apparently fresh and pure in their character. This is doubtless owing to the great abundance of animal life, as well as to the more decided concentration of vegetable substances in the form of living plants of different kinds, including the algae. This produces a constant evolution of oxygen needed for the respiration of the fish, and allows a larger mass of life to be crowded together in a given space. The reproduction of the species is also unusually rapid, and the young grow very quickly.

A Railroad Ghost.

There is a new kind of ghost on the New York Central Railroad, who is occupied just at present in harassing engineers. He frequently appears at night-time with a red signal lantern, and by vigorously waving it stops the express train, only to vanish without assigning any reason for his conduct. At other times, he leaves his armor or legs, detached from his body, by the side of the track, or throws himself under the locomotive while it is under full headway. The engineer who stops to pick up the supposed bits of macerated passenger, of course finds nothing to reward his search, and is compelled to believe that he has run over nothing more substantial than a ghost. The only explanation that can be given of the affair is that the ghost was formerly a railway director, and is now undergoing punishment for the murders and mutilations to which he was accessory in the flesh.

Bismarck and His Employees.

Dr. Krummacker of Brandenburg, in an address delivered at the Evangelical Conference at New York related the following anecdote of Prince Bismarck:—Hearing one day that the workmen of his estates were in the habit of working on Sundays, he immediately ordered that they should not do so any longer. The steward said that the workmen, who were busily employed during the whole week for the landlord, required the Sunday to till their little fields and gardens. To which the then Count replied:—"I will not allow God to be bereft of what in His own estate, therefore things must be arranged otherwise. If my workmen want to till their own field, or if their corn is ripe, they must have the preference, not I. Sunday labour ends with this day." Ere long the steward notified that the new order was followed with profitable economical results.

"Caved in" or "Caved In."

Mr. Edward Pencock, of Botesford Manor, Brigg, Lincolnshire, England, writes to *Notes and Queries* the following as to a certain word much in use in this republic: "John Wesley was born in Lincolnshire, and like a wise man, as he was, did not disdain the folk-speech of his childhood. In this part of the world we all say *caved in*, never *caved in*. I remember well the first time I ever heard the word. I was a little boy, and spoke our vernacular much more fluently than I did book-English; but this word was unknown to me, when one day I was walking with my father to look at some 'bankers' who were engaged in widening a drain. Suddenly three of them jumped out of the cutting, shouting out, 'Tak' heed, lads, there's a *cavil* a-comin'!" I, in my simplicity, looked around for the calf, which, as I imagined, had escaped from the fold-yard."

A new Boat for the Raging Canal.

A canal boat to run by air has been invented in Maine. The machinery consists of a small upright engine of about six-horse power, a fan, and two cylindrical air compressors. The engine runs the fan, and also works the valves of the air compressors, from which the air is forced through a pipe to the bottom of the boat by the admission of steam at the top. The bottom of the boat under the stern has an inclination of about thirty-five degrees, the inclination beginning twenty-five feet from the stern. The air is let out at the bottom of the boat, at the base of this incline, through a valve which keeps the water from coming in, and, as it naturally seeks the surface in a straight line, it rushes along up this incline, and thus pushes the boat ahead, or really the boat slides along on the air. The force thus obtained is equal to twenty-six horse power, and is calculated to propel a loaded canal boat along at the rate of five or six miles an hour.

Cleanliness vs. Godliness.

As a rule, the British railway stoker does not attend church, even when he is not required to work on Sundays. Similarly, his wife habitually absents herself from church. No matter how pious a married couple may be, if the husband becomes a stoker they never afterwards attend church. Recently, according to a writer in *Good Words*, a clergyman undertook to investigate this matter, and, on asking the wife of one of his stoking parishioners the reason that she and her husband absented themselves from church, he was astonished to find that she was occupied during the whole of Sunday in scouring her husband. That unhappy man, having had no time to wash during the week, was necessarily excessively black by the time Sunday came round; and his wife, after devoting the whole day to scouring him with a scrubbing brush, was satisfied if she could bring him to a light brown color by night. With what poetic pathos would Dr. Watts have described the laborious Sundays of the stoker's wife had he lived in the day of railroads.

Rudeness and Royalty.

An amusing instance is related of the *bonhomie* of the King of the Belgians. He was recently at Ostend, attired in a simple *bourgeois* costume, wearing a felt hat, and without gloves, sitting on a bench on the public parade, his only attendant being the Count d'Oultremont, who was also *en bourgeois*. The King strolled into the Kursaal and sat down, placing his feet on another chair. Presently some one came in with a lady, and coolly, without

saying a word, took the chair from under his Majesty's feet. Another was at once brought to the King, but this the new-comer took for himself, and sat down in front of the King. Presently, finding himself annoyed by the sun, he pushed his chair back, and the King had to push back out of his way. This continued till the King had been pushed up to the wall, when some one told the person in front who was behind him, amidst the laughter of every one in the Kursaal, including his Majesty himself. The consternation of the rude visitor, who at once rose and hastened from the Kursaal, may be imagined.

The Height of Meanness.

Boston rejoices in the last piece of dirty villainy. A young man had just returned from a five years' whaling voyage, with his earnings, about \$100, in his pocket, and also a watch he had bought in San Francisco. He hoped to return to his parents, and commence life upon land with his little fortune. When he reached New Bedford, he heard that both father and mother were dead, and grief-stricken, he started for his home in Maine to look upon their graves. While passing through Tremont Street, Boston, he was accosted by two young men, who recognised in him a brother sailor, and who told him they were almost starving. With the remark, "I won't see any body hungry," he took them into a Holly-Tree eating-house, paid for a dinner for them, gave each forty cents, shook hands, and took leave of them with their most earnest thanks. Two minutes after they had gone the generous but credulous young sailor felt in his pocket, and found his earnings all gone, with the watch. A meaner deed can scarcely be conceived. We trust Boston detectives will not suffer the criminals to escape punishment.

A Dangerous Impromptu.

It is said that the poet Moore, while stopping one day at an inn in Scotland, was continually troubled by the landlady with the request that he should write her epitaph. Therefore at night he gave an impromptu as follows,

"Good Susan Blake, in royal state,
Arrived at last at heaven's gate—"

and stopped, promising to finish it in the morning.

The good lady was in a transport at this inscription, and treated Mr. Moore with every possible attention. In the morning he was about leaving, when the landlady reminded him that he had not finished the epitaph. "That is so," said he, and immediately added,

"But Peter met her with a club,
And knocked her back to Beelzebub."

It is said that Mr. Moore's horses were in motion just as he had finished the last line.

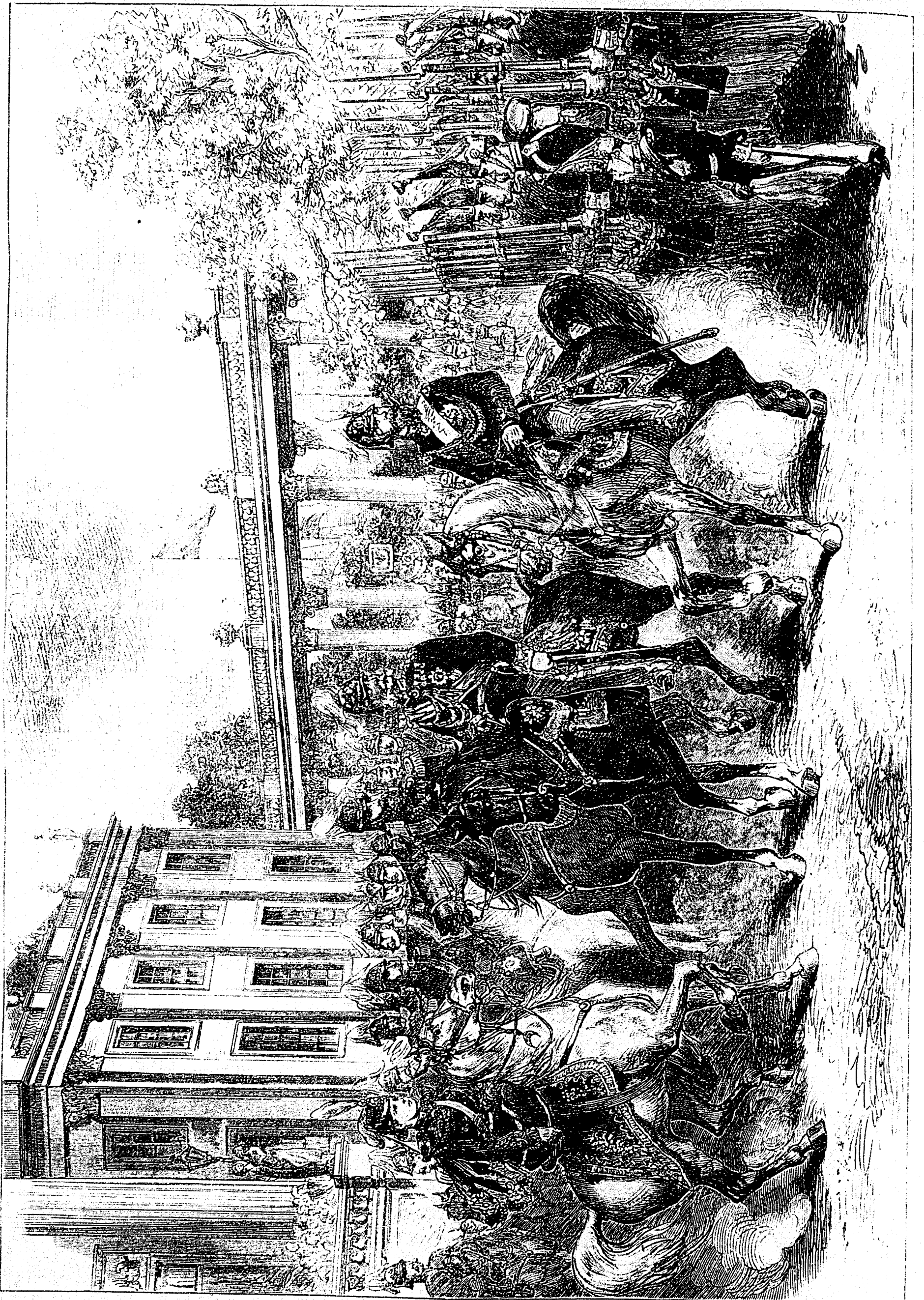
The Death-bed of Napoleon I.

The following incident from the pen of the celebrated ecclesiastical historian, Abbé Roulbacher, contradicts the irreligious stories that have been circulated in reference to the death of the great Napoleon: "When near his end, after having received the sacrament, he said to General Montholon, 'General, I am happy; I have fulfilled all my religious duties. I wish you at your death the same happiness. I had need of it. I am an Italian—a child of the rank of Corsica. The sound of the bell affects me; the sight of the priest gives me pleasure. I wished to make a mystery of all this, but that would not be right. I ought to, I will, render glory to God. I think He will not be pleased to restore me to health.—There is nothing terrible in death; it has been the companion of my pillow during the past three weeks, and now it is on the point of seizing me forever. I should have been glad to have seen my wife and son again, but the will of God be done.' On the 3rd of May he received the second time the holy *vaticum*, and after having said adieu to his generals, he pronounced these words, 'I am at peace with all mankind.' He then joined hands, saying, 'My God!' and expired on the 5th of May at six at night."

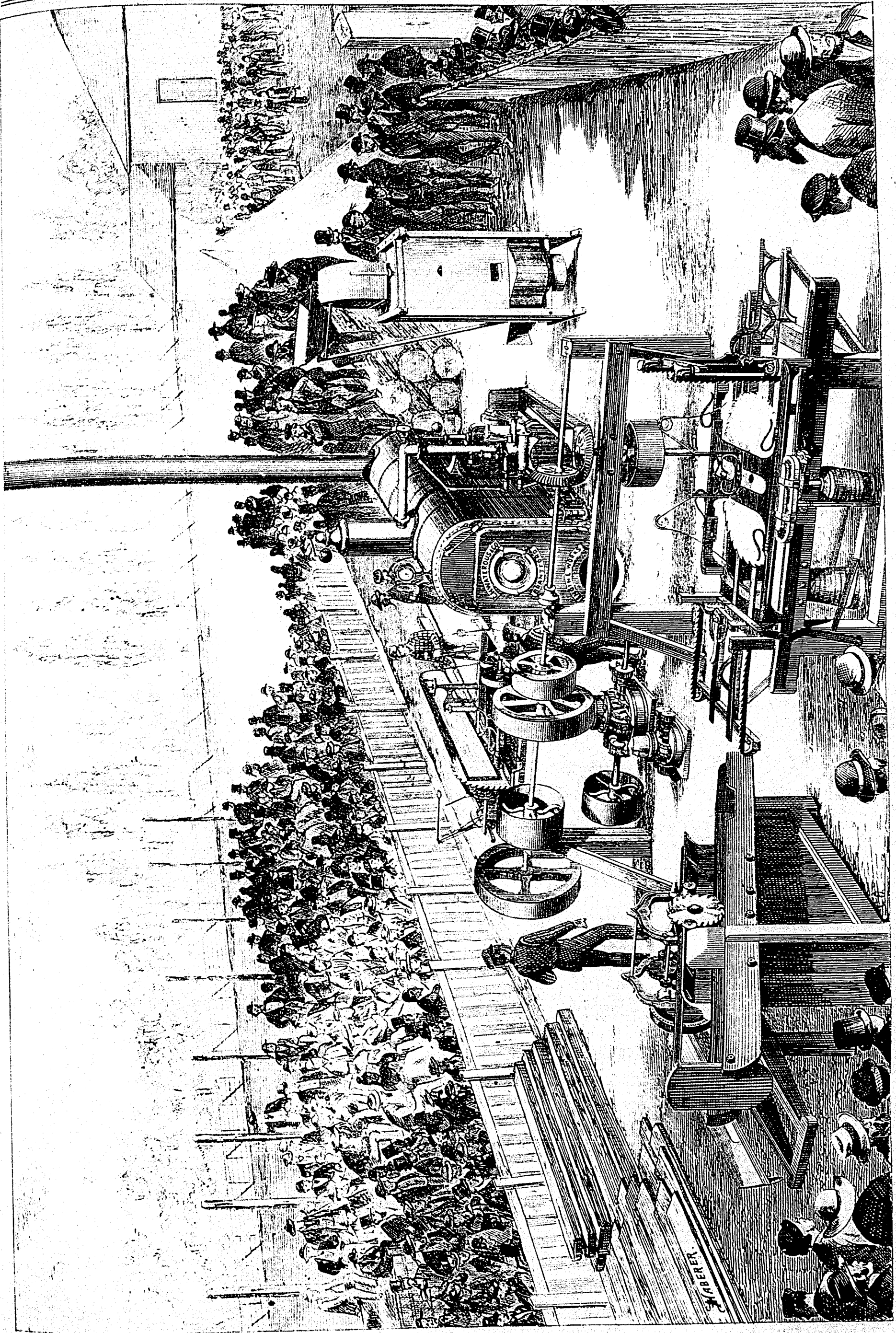
The Light of Love.

According to the *Springfield Republican*, a young man was reading the advertised letters in the Post-office rotunda recently. He held a match aloft, like a beacon, while he shaded his eyes with the other hand. Slowly he read and muttered 'She'd order writ,' but then the match was all consumed, and, with cheerful willingness to accommodate itself to circumstances, the flame gently wreathed his fingers. Undoubtedly the heat suggested the place which he instantly mentioned: then there was darkness, and then silence, out of which came, presently, the odor of brimstone and a sulphurous light—then suddenly gloom. The match had gone out. 'Darn it,' observed the youth, and tried another, while an immense shadow cast by the street lamp apparently tried to kick its own face and lift itself by one hand at the same time. 'Wonder if there don't nobody but women get letters in the town,' queried the match-holder. In a minute or two we heard him again, 'Gosh! there's the men folks up there. What a durned fool! to stand here and read the wrong ones. 'Bout out of matches, too,' he said as he lighted the tenth. He held it too near, and the unpasted edge of paper blazed up beautifully. A small boy thrust his head into the room, screeched 'Fire,' and disappeared; the hotel windows began to open, and a few belated travellers rushed in to find our hero dancing about and fanning the fire with his hat. Gently, they reassured him, another match sputtered into light, and six eager faces glowered on the burned list. It was the wrong one, dated four weeks ago. We came away then—anybody would that had any regard for personal safety; but, from the comparative security of the hotel stairs, we could hear that deceived young man scratch matches and give directions regarding the ultimate disposition of the whole human race."

The following tale, which we have never met with in English, is from the *Arnhem Courant* (Netherlands):—"Many years ago an East Indian Rajah, who was a great admirer of his English mastery, and had even learnt the language, after a fashion, frequently visited the Viceroy at Calcutta. On one of these visits he noticed a copy of the *Edinburgh Review* on the Viceroy's table, and borrowed it. Some time after he returned it, and upon the Viceroy's inquiring whether he had found anything interesting in it, he replied, 'O yes, many beautiful things, but also many disconnected articles.' How so? said the Viceroy. 'See here,' said the Rajah, 'this begins with 'Hunting the Ouring Outang,' does it not?—and now turn over the page and here you have the 'History of Mary Stuart.' The Viceroy laughed. The book was uncut, and his vassal had read it through without discovering it. He therefore took from his table an ivory paper cutter, with beautifully carved handle, and explained its use to the Rajah, who was much pleased, but could not help wondering how they contrived to print the inside of the leaves before they were cut open. This also was explained, and the Rajah departed, carrying with him the paper cutter, which the Viceroy had given him. About a year after, when the matter was almost forgotten, the Viceroy saw from his window a gallant troop entering the court, in the centre of which was the Rajah, mounted on a young elephant. As soon as the latter perceived the Viceroy he cried, 'Do you happen to have an uncut number of the *Edinburgh Review*, if so, please toss it to me.' The Viceroy threw out the book, which was caught by the elephant and placed between his tusks, which, to his surprise, the Viceroy saw had been turned into paper cutters, even to the carved handles. In a moment the intelligent beast cut open the leaves, and then handed the book to the Viceroy. The Rajah dismounted, and, pointing to the elephant, said to the Viceroy, 'He is yours. I return to you your paper cutter alive.'"



ROME.—THE KING OF ITALY REVIEWING THE GUARDS.



LONDON, ONT.—THE WATEROUS MACHINES (Messrs. C. H. WATEROUS & Co., BRANTFORD, ONT.) AT THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

SHABER.

The Magazines.

The *Galaxy* for November opens with the first three chapters of a new serial by Justin McCarthy, entitled "Linley Rochford," which gives good promise for the future. A second serial is "The Wetherell Affair," by J. W. De Forest, which has reached its forty-fourth chapter. Of short stories we have two: "One week an Editor," by Rebecca Harding Davis—a name with which all magazine readers are acquainted—and a charming English story, "Miss Gurney," written with all the pathos and delicacy of touch which characterize all the better class of English productions. In his second paper "Punishing Pundit," Mr. Richard Grant White completely demolishes the author of "Recent Exemplifications of False Philology," in a manner that leaves absolutely nothing to be desired—except perhaps that Dr. Hall should rise again, to be made once more the object of Mr. White's vigorous onslaught. "The Stage as it was," second paper, is an interesting, racy sketch of the dramatic world of the last, and the early part of this century, with anecdotes of the principal stars of the firmament of that time. Mr. Junius Henri Browne contributes a thoughtful, but amusing paper on women as Tacticians, and the Hon. Gleason Welles an article on Lincoln and Seward. "A Roman Note-book" is good in its way, but the ground it covers has been gone over so frequently that it has all but lost its charm.

"A Daughter of Bohemia" is the enticing title of a new novel by Christian Reid which commences in the October number of *Appleton's Journal*; and the story fully carries out the expectations raised by the title. In addition to a liberal instalment of this serial the last three weekly numbers of the *Journal* contain a vast amount of varied and interesting reading matter, the mere titles of which would be too long for recapitulation. We may, however, signalize one or two articles which have particularly taken our fancy. These are: among the tales, "Sylvestre's Fortune," by Kate Putnam Osgood; "The Deal Town," a sketch of the Pacific Slope; "Katy's Lantern;" and "A Story of Murillo." Also papers on the Ceramic Art (the third of a series), Gerald Massey, with a portrait, and the Dead Letter Office. These are only a few out of a large number of articles and selections covering a vast range of subjects, popular and scientific, in addition to Art, Literary, and Dramatic Notes. Than *Appleton's Journal* we know of no better literary paper in the United States.

The *Canadian Antiquarian* continues Mr. Kingsford's paper on the "Vexator Canadensis," giving an account of the administration of Sir James Craig, and of the political struggles of the day. Sir Duncan Gibb contributes a short paper giving the history of the "Frères du Canada" medal accompanied by a fac simile engraving; and Mr. T. S. Brown a short etymological notice of "Chagouamignon," the unwieldy names of a but little known passage or lane that runs between St. Paul and Capital Streets, Montreal. An admirable photograph of the late Stanley Bagg, one of the editorial committee of the *Antiquarian* forms the frontispiece to this number, and is accompanied by an editorial obituary and some notes by the deceased gentleman on colous. In addition to this latter paper and that on the Vexator we have no less than five more on numismatics, with sundry brief articles of interest to the Antiquary, and the man of letters. The *Canadian Antiquarian* is one of the most deserving publications in the Dominion, and we should like to see it receiving sufficient support to justify the Numismatic Society in issuing it as a monthly.

Our Illustrations.

On our first page we give a pen and ink portrait, by our own Artist, of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, whilom leader of Her Majesty's loyal opposition, and now Prime Minister of the Dominion. A brief biography of the new Premier will be found on the third page of this issue.

The McDonald-Innis stabbing case which recently occurred at Ottawa was the result of one of the most incomprehensible freaks that ever entered the brain of man. The victim Innis, was going down Sussex street at about half-past nine on the evening of Thursday fortnight, when McDonald, on whom he had never set eyes before, in passing put his hand on Innis's shoulder, drew a knife and stabbed him in the shoulder. McDonald was in Highland costume at the time, and, it has been stated, was on his way to a fancy dress entertainment. What induced him thus to assault a perfect stranger is a mystery.

M. Blake addressing the House forms a companion picture to that of the Hon. Mr. Tupper in the NEWS of last week.

THE WATEROUS MACHINES AT THE LONDON PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—One of the most attractive portions of the fair ground, to judge from the immense crowd continually surrounding it, was the enclosure containing the display of Brantford Engine Works Machinery. C. H. Waterous & Co., the enterprising manufacturers at Brantford, are the only firm in the Dominion who build mills sufficiently portable for exhibition and operation at a Provincial Fair. For twelve years, with two or three exceptions, their Portable Saw Mill has formed one of the chief attractions at the annual exhibition. This year, they exhibited in operation a 20 H. P. Portable Saw Mill with 52 inch planer toothed saw, and sawed some thirty-five large logs into lumber.

This Saw Mill is one of the most efficient, and at the same time the most portable mill built in the Dominion. It consists of the Patent Combined Portable and Stationary Engine, attached by direct action to the Patent Pony Iron frame Saw Mill, using a fifty-two (52) inch saw.

They have obtained, as the result of a great many experiments, the maximum of efficiency, simplicity and durability, with the minimum of weight.

The engine and boiler are so constructed, and of such a weight that they can be readily loaded on trucks, when changing the position of the mill from one part of the pinery to another, and without disconnecting either; so that it does not require a skillful machinist to put the engine in operation again. The saw-mandrel, feed and gig works, &c., &c., are arranged in a very compact form, and are placed in an iron frame, which can also be loaded and moved without taking apart; so that when resetting the mill, all that is necessary, is to frame the foundation timbers, previously used in the ground, set the mill on them—coupling the engine shaft and saw mandrel; lay the track; place carriage on it, and the mill is then ready to start; the whole operation not taking more than from one to two days. The mill is so conveniently arranged that three men can successfully work it.

The boiler is supplied with saw-dust grates, by means of which it will make plenty of steam, burning pine saw-dust alone. It is also covered with hair felting, and lagged with wood, which keeps the heat from radiating, and supplies the place of brick-work. This mill will cut practically from six to ten thousand feet of lumber per day, or one thousand feet of one-inch pine lumber in a single hour. Shipping weight of mill, 6½ tons.

This mill was specially designed for the Lower Provinces, where the timber is small, or for pinerys from which the large timber has been culled, leaving the small timber so scattered that it will not pay to erect a large stationary mill, but in which a small portable mill, that can be easily moved from place to

place, is a good investment. We need hardly say it has more than fulfilled its inventor's (Mr. Waterous) greatest expectations. So great has the demand become, that they cannot fill it promptly, though turning out a mill every week. They trust, however, with the greater facilities afforded by their new premises, to be able to fill all orders as the demands increase.

They send these mills to all parts of the Dominion. Nearly 50 being in operation in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, several in Manitoba, and a few weeks ago they shipped one to H. You-hall, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, where their millwright is now erecting it. One of the secrets of their unbounded success in saw mills is their determination to do nothing but first-class work, not sacrificing, as is too often the case, quality to price. Every mill is also erected by their own millwrights and left in perfect working order, so that it is an easy matter for purchaser when it is once right to keep it so.

They had also in operation Malcolm's Patent Double Block Shingle Mill, first prize.

It is a double block machine, self-setting and self-feeding. The saw, a 40 inch, runs horizontally and blocks feed to it alternately. Either carriage can be stopped, and a new block inserted without stopping the other. It will cut 30,000 to 40,000 shingles per day.

It has the following advantages over all other Shingle Machines:—

1. It saws the most perfect shingles made. The blocks are dogged, solid and set to the saw, and the networks are so arranged that there can be no variation in setting the shingle, no matter how loose the joints may become by wear or otherwise.
2. It is the only fast-sawing Shingle Mill that can be relied on for cutting even shingles.
3. It saws two blocks at once, one cutting while the other is receding from the saw; thus not only securing great rapidity, but avoiding that concussion and jar common to all self-acting Shingle Machines, and so detrimental to the nice running of the saw.
4. It being self-acting, it does not depend so much on the rapidity and skill of the operator for the quantity and quality of the work performed.
5. The feed can be varied without stopping or hindering the motion of the carriages, so that the operator has as perfect control of the feed as if operating by hand, and can increase the feed to utmost capacity of saw without any extra exertion.
6. The feed is so arranged that no chip, saw dust or other obstruction, can tilt, block and spoil the shingle, as there is nothing under the block to retain these particles, it being dogged at the end and hangs perfectly clear. Imperfect shingles from above cause condemn many double and single side cutting machines.

Also their No. 4 Rotary Fire Pump which is a favourite size for Fire Protection, and is fast being used in all parts of the country. Will throw from 300 to 500 gallons per minute, according to power or speed driven at, forcing water through a one and a half inch nozzle from 150 to 200 feet. One has been known to throw four streams at a time over 150 feet high. It is run at 240 to 350 revolutions per minute. Suction 4 inch. Made with coupling fitted ready for counter-shaft. This size and No. 5 have achieved for themselves a splendid reputation as Fire Pumps, and are to be found in mills and buildings throughout the country.

Beveled Lath Cutter, (patent applied for). They have improved their Lath Mill, of many years' standing, by making it saw beveled lath, which can be nailed on to the solid wall, and will then hold mortar better than common lath put on in usual way. The mortar forms a perfect key, so that no jar or shake can force it off, and as no mortar is needed on the back side to form a clench, a great quantity is saved. This machine is made with one, two or three saws. It is a very simple machine, easily worked, and warranted to make as many lath as a square-edged machine.

Another advantage is that it only requires bolts one inch thick, being cut on a bevel gives a full width lath, therefore board edgings require no bolting. With slabs it will make as many lath with no more expense than a square lath machine.

They also call attention to the fact that the feeding rollers are drawn by cut gearing, instead of belts and cast gearing as heretofore. There is therefore no slip to feed roller, or trouble in belts slipping off driving pulleys. The gearing being cut out of solid turned wheels, runs perfectly true, free from noise or jar.

Also a No. 1 Trimmer's Grain Scourer which as a smutmill cannot be excelled and as a scourer has no equal. They manufacture four sizes—No. 1, 2, 3, 4, suitable for mills of all capacities. We learn that prominent merchant millers who have them in operation state it improves their flour from ten to twenty-five cents per barrel. This firm also had a very large and fine assortment of saws on exhibition in the Crystal Palace, consisting of, planer tooth, flange tooth, and original inserted tooth saws, solid, perforated and ready gummed. Also an assortment of saw gummers, saw swages, and general assortment of saw mill furnishings.

Over three-score reporters from all parts of Europe are in attendance at the Bazaar trial. The competition between the members of this formidable brigade is of course very great, and at times some very ludicrous scenes take place. The stampede of these gentlemen of the pen on the close of a day's session is something once seen never to be forgotten.

The two middle pages are taken up with a reproduction of a steel engraving of Van Dyck's celebrated "St. Martin," representing the Saint in the act of dividing his mantle with the naked beggar at the gate of Tours.

During his visit to Berlin in September last Victor Emmanuel had an opportunity of witnessing the splendid drill and perfect manoeuvres of the Prussian troops. A special review of the Guards—the old Guard in which Frederick the Man Stealer took such pride, took place in his honour at Potsdam, and the effect of the scene may be judged by the *coup d'œil* given in our illustration.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. E. C., Montreal.—In our last number you will find the correct solution of Enigma No. 32.
J. W. B., Toronto.—Your last Problem will appear in due course. We shall be most happy to publish any problem you may send us.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 33.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|--|----------------|
| Black. | | White. |
| 1. R. to K. R. 8th ch. | | 1. K. takes R. |
| 2. Q. to Q. 5th ch. | | 2. K. moves. |
| 3. Q. to Q. 3rd ch. | | 3. K. moves. |
| 4. Q. takes R. and wins. | | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 104.

(First Stipulation.)

- | | | |
|-------------------------|--|------------------|
| White. | | Black. |
| 1. Kt. to R. 4th ch. | | 1. K. to Kt. 5th |
| 2. R. to K. Kt. sq. ch. | | 2. K. takes Kt. |
| 3. R. to Kt. 4th ch. | | 3. K. takes R. |
| Stale mate. | | |

(Second Stipulation.)

- | | | |
|-------------------------|--|------------------|
| 1. Kt. to Q. 4th ch. | | 1. K. to Kt. 5th |
| 2. R. to K. Kt. sq. ch. | | 2. K. to R. 5th. |
| 3. Kt. to B. 3rd mate. | | |

Art and Literature.

James Parton has written a brief memoir of Fanny Fern, which will be published.

The story of the Christmas number of the *Graphic* will be from the pen of Mr. Anthony Trollope.

A weekly newspaper called the *Free Speaker*, with some novel and special features, is shortly to be published.

Mrs. Pender Cudlip has arranged to write a novel in *All the Year Round*, and will afterwards republish it in America.

Theresa Yelverton, who styles herself the Countess of Avonmore, is about to publish a book of her travels around the world.

The collection of antiquities made by Mr. George Smith during his late expedition to Assyria has been presented to the nation by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Gustave Doré has set himself the task of illustrating Shakespeare. The plays in which he makes a commencement are to be the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Macbeth."

An earnest appeal has been published for the erection of a slab, monument, or memorial of some sort, over the still unmarked resting place of Father Prout, in Shandon Churchyard.

Thomas Powers James, the Brattleboro spiritualist, through whom Charles Dickens was to complete his "Mystery of Edwin Drood," announces its completion. He says he had been offered \$2,000 for it.

There is a proposal on foot to erect a memorial to the late Sir Edwin Landseer. There is also a proposition that a memorial should be placed in St. Paul's to the memory of all the great artists who have been buried there.

A most interesting discovery has recently been made in Paris, viz., an unfinished manuscript by De Foe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. It is entitled *Six Months in the Air*, and describes the supposed wanderings and experience of a soul after its separation from the body. The narrative is said to be in the most graphic style of the celebrated author, and has been purchased by a wealthy American for \$2,000.

It is stated that a picture entitled "Martillo Fallero," by Eugene Delacroix, which he tried in vain to sell for one thousand francs on its finish, was sold ten years after for twelve thousand francs. After passing through two other hands it was ultimately bought by Sir Richard Wallace for eighty thousand francs, or eighty times the price originally asked. This is cited as the most remarkable rise in the value of a picture thus far recorded.

Mrs. Henry Wood's new book, "The Master of Greylands," is in press and will be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, from the author's manuscript and advanced proof-sheets, purchased by them from Mrs. Wood, and will be in uniform style with "Done Hollow," "Bessy Rans," "Roland York," "The Channings," "Within the Maze," and all the previous works by this favourite and popular author. For some months past, a new serial, entitled "The Master of Greylands," has been published in *The Argosy*, a London magazine, edited by Mrs. Wood. It will be completed for English readers in the December number; but, in consequence of a special arrangement with the authoress, who has supplied the Petersons with her manuscript in advance, they will publish the whole story complete in one large octavo volume long before its publication in England. The plot is entirely original, and is said to be equal if not superior in interest to her other famous books. It will be issued in a large octavo volume, and sold by all book-sellers at the low price of \$1.75 in cloth, or \$1.00 in paper cover; or copies will be sent by mail, to any place, post-paid, by the Publishers, on receipt of the price.

Music and the Drama.

Aimée has gone to Havana.

Wachtel next year—Carl Rosa, manager.

Patti is adding Gounod's "Mireille" to her repertoire.

Miss Braddon is writing three plays for as many theatres. A burlesque on "Tannhauser" was the latest Viennese event. Carlotta LeClereq has been playing an engagement in California.

Edwin Booth has added the rôle of "King John" to his repertoire for this winter.

A new "History of Music," by Mr. William Chappell, is said to appear in London.

A new drama by Miss Braddon is about to be brought out at the Princess's, London.

The Grand Opera House, New York, goes under the hammer on a foreclosed mortgage.

Lydia Thompson announces her intention of retiring from the stage at the close of the present season.

Richard Wagner says in a circular to his friends, that his great theatre at Bayreuth will open early in 1879.

Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, the well-known composer, has in the press a work on Mendelssohn, entitled "Recollections and Letters."

Gevaert intends making his "Quentin Durward" a grand opera by adding recitatives. It will be performed with these additions in Brussels and in Paris.

A version of "Orphée aux Enfers," which has been brought out at the National Theatre, Holborn, is a most curious mixture of excerpts from the opera bouffe and even from "Ernani."

The Imperial Italian Opera at St. Petersburg, opened for the season on the 16th inst. with Meyerbeer's "L'Africain." The singers were Mdle. Urbain and Mdle. Selid; Signors Gazarte, Baggiolo, Capponi, and Cotogni.

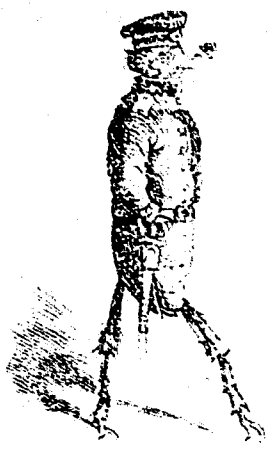
Other items of musical and dramatic gossip from the Continent are as follows: A new prima donna—Mdle. Bolocca—has appeared at the Italian Opera, Paris, as Rosina, in the "Barber of Seville," with decided success. She belongs, it is stated, to a family of high consideration enjoying an income of over £1,000 a year, and her father is one of the most distinguished savants in the empire.

M. Strakoski and M. Merelli have, it is reported, entered into an important partnership. At present the two managers wait together the opera houses of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and the Paris Italians. The San Carlo, Naples, is shortly to be added to their list of houses, and others will follow. They propose to absorb the principal opera-houses of the Continent, in order, by coalition, to do away with the high salaries now demanded by *prime donne*.

The Bristol Musical Festival has been held the week ending October 14. It commenced on Tuesday with Haydn's "Creation," on Wednesday, Elijah was given, and on Thursday Macfarren's new oratorio "John the Baptist." In the evening concerts of secular music have been given, at which, among other pieces, Beethoven's Symphony in C minor and one of Mozart's symphonies have been performed. The principal vocalists were Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdme. Otto Aylesleben, Miss Julia Wigton, Mdme. Patey, and Miss Enriquez; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Stanley and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Mr. A. Stone was choral-master, and Mr. Charles Hallé conductor. The festival closed to-day (Friday) with a performance of the "Messiah."



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Scar. Expl. Bi-Striatus Corporal.



Scar. Expl. Emeritus Sergeant.



Scar. Expl. Anniculus One Year Volunteer.



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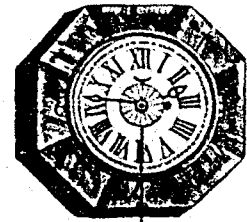
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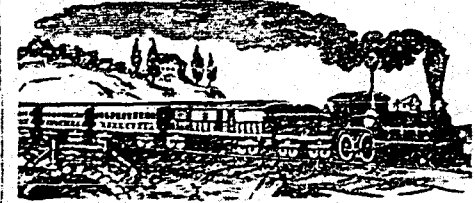
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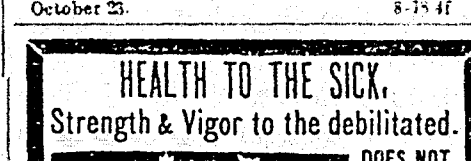
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