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Western News

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TORONTO.—RECEPTION OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—TRIUMPHAL ARCH ON THE CORNER OF KING AND YONGE STREETS.

FROM A SKETCH BY M. MATHEWS, AND A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN A. FRASER.

A VISIT IN SEASON.

The all-important subject in the mind of paterfamilias at this season of the year, when the maples are shedding their leaves and the autumn frosts begin to give notice of their appearance, is Stoves. As he goes to his business in the morning, fresh and ready for the day's work, his thoughts run on Stoves. As he returns at night, wearied and jaded, he still meditates on Stoves. Waking and sleeping, until he has made all his arrangements to exclude King Frost satisfactorily to himself and to materfamilias, he is continually pre-occupied about Stoves. As this is, just now, such a universal topic of domestic economy, we may be pardoned if we too have a word to say about Stoves. Not about the price of these indispensable articles, however, albeit the cry against high prices is loud and bitter. Nor have we any remarks to offer on that very interesting household ceremony, the putting up of Stoves, for in this matter no two authorities were ever known to agree, except in anathematizing the whole business. No, we make at once for primary causes, and confine our attention to the manufacture of Stoves as carried on in one of our large Montreal foundries.

Leaving the St. Ann's Market behind, we—for reader and writer are making this trip together—make our way along William street; past the Old Nunnery, past the four royal streets, Duke, Prince, Queen and King; past the Hay Market, until we arrive opposite a large red brick building, resonant with the clink of many hammers. This is our destination, Clendinning's Foundry, known, in connection with Stoves, in many a household from Niagara to Quebec, aye, and in the neighbouring States too. Passing under the archway we find ourselves in a gritty yard, ankle deep in mud this wet weather. Here are heaped on every side tons on tons of coal, loads of broken scrap iron, symmetrical piles of pig iron, and numberless queer-looking boxes, the use of which we cannot for the life of us imagine. Turning to the right we enter a low, square room, in which four men are busily at work moulding "cores" out of sand. This is not the Stove Department, true, but it is interesting enough to make us linger. And here we learn that, in addition to Stoves, the Foundry turns out yearly an immense quantity of machinery, builders' and other heavy iron-work, bedsteads, railings, etc., etc. The manufacture of cores is really—however anomalous the statement may appear—the manufacture of nothing, of space of holes! They (the cores) are moulds, first carefully cast in sand and then baked, which are used in the casting of locomotive cylinders, and other work of the same class, where within the mass of metal a hollow space is required to allow of the attachment or working of other parts of the machinery. This open space is formed by the core, around which, in the casting, the molten metal cleaves, allowing of its removal when the mass is cold.

But to return to our muttons—our Stoves. Immediately outside the core room, and standing at the entrance of a large, well-lighted room in which some thirty or forty men and boys are at work, stand two immense furnaces, one in full blast, vomiting a stream of red-hot metal; the other crammed to the throat with pig iron and scrap, ready for firing up and commencing operations. From the spout of the first the molten metal flows into a capacious ladle—large enough to make a very decent cauldron for Macbeth's witches—throwing on all sides as it falls a shower of miniature rockets. Suddenly the attendant genius, a Canadian in a grimy blouse, and with smoke-begrimed face and hands, turns off the golden flow. The ladle is full, and three men take it up by its two long wooden handles and carry it off, Ran-dan fashion, across the room into another larger still, where perhaps eighty hands are at work. Following them, ankle deep in sand, we see that both rooms are laid out in mimic streets and lanes, the blocks being formed by boxes like those piled in the yard, but which now look marvellously like forcing frames, with the glass knocked out, and its place filled with dirty brown paper. These are the moulds, and the dirty brown paper is the moulding sand, yellow when first brought from the pile up in the corner, but blackened by the action of the heat. As we pass along we stop to observe a man and a boy working together at some of these moulds. While the man is engaged in finishing off an elaborate bit of work in sand, the boy takes a thick board cut so as to fit exactly a certain pattern—a cooking stove door it is in this case—places thereon the iron pattern, which pins into the board to keep it firm, fits a square frame round the board, fills it with sand, which he rams tightly down, and then turns the whole over. The board is then removed, and the reverse of the pattern laid bare. Over this another frame is placed, more sand rammed down, a hole being left for the introduction of the metal. The top frame is then lifted up and the pattern removed. If the mould thus made is perfect it is dusted with black-lead, coal-dust, or soap-stone; the upper frame is replaced and the mould is ready for the reception of the metal. Rejoining our friends with the ladle we find them occupied in filling the moulds, and, to tell the truth, spilling a good deal of the bright red metal in doing so. At last the ladle is empty and they return to the furnace for more.

After witnessing these operations three or four times, especially the making of the moulds, which is excessively delicate work, we retrace our steps, cross the yard, and enter the finishing shop, where the various pieces of work are finished off. Beyond this is the fitting shop, where the different stoves are built. On racks arranged at one side of the room, through which we pass as between two precipices, are arranged the parts of twenty different kinds of stoves. Floors, walls, tops, legs, doors, dampers, blowers, grates, sifters, they are all here; all old friends, though some of them are rather difficult to recognize in their state of single blessedness. In the middle of the room a Morning Glory is just being completed, and at the far end a young man is hard at work on one of the new cooking stoves, in which there is so much labour-saving apparatus that each stove consists of something over sixty pieces. Imagine the labour involved, and yet the average of stoves turned out in this room is between twenty and twenty-five a day. Just now it is thirty, for the winter is hard at hand and the demand is great.

By this time, having seen the stove from its embryo up, we have become quite interested in the business, and request to be shown more. So we are again taken across the gritty yard, to see a cylinder cast, where our old friend the core, to whom we have taken a great fancy—whether on account of the singular appropriateness of its name, or the peculiarity of its

functions we are unable to decide—is called into requisition. A car wheel is cast next. Then we were taken upstairs through room after room, seeing men torturing iron and steel into all kinds of shapes; into the paint room, where iron bedsteads are receiving the regulation green coat, and dainty little swinging cribs are being tastefully ornamented with chocolate and gold; into the store-room, where we pass what seem to be miles and miles of stoves, bedsteads, railings, umbrella-stands, garden-seats, and weather-cocks, until at last we emerge into the men's quiet reading room to recover from our bewilderment and fatigue. The reading-room is a clean, airy apartment, in the front of the building, furnished with a long table, chairs and benches. It is provided by the proprietor, Mr. Clendinning, with plenty of wholesome literature. Strewed upon the table we notice Bibles in both English and French, the leading city daily papers, the *Scientific American*, and a well-thumbed copy of the latest number of the *CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS*. In this retreat we first find time to ask a few questions, for we have seen so much, learnt so much that was new, that we could only listen to our host's explanations. Here we are informed that from 180 to 200 hands are employed in the Foundry, whose wages amount to a total of over \$1,500 a week. Some of the employees have been connected with the establishment for over twenty years. As to the amount of work turned out we can best form an idea of that when we know that 70 tons of metal are used a week; (in the yards below there are 1,300 tons in stock). In addition to the stoves already mentioned, some 1500 bedsteads are sold in the year, besides a large amount of architectural iron-work, girders, etc., etc.

By this time we feel sufficiently rested, so thanking our entertainer we turn our steps homewards to renew with increased pleasure our acquaintance with our own particular and favourite stoves.

THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The man is dead who said, "Let me make the songs of a country, and I care not who makes the laws." Had he lived now he would assuredly have thought we were in a bad way. There is plenty of law. Over-legislation is gradually eating away those "glorious charters," to the key-note of which so many of our national songs were pitched. We are all in danger of falling into gross hypocrisy and a condition of immorality—the usual result of strenuous efforts to make mankind virtuous by Act of Parliament. And our songs? It is best to say, at once, that we have none that take the place of what were once known as ballads. If we once acknowledge that there is anything to take their place, we should bow our heads in shame before the window of almost any music-publisher's shop in London. There still remain on the barrels of a few street-organs primitive tunes, which suggest to some of us words which, if their rhythm was faulty, still had a patriotic dash; or, if their poetry was defective, at least, expressed a tender sentiment. They have been superseded by utter vulgar inanity, where there is not the slightest effort to observe more than even the poorest semblance of rhyme, while the meaning is confuted to a jargon of slang—intended only to give verbal expression to the grin, the stare, the swagger, and the skip of the "great comique," who is their author, or for whom they are written, and who, every evening, drives in his brougham to three or four music-halls, where he repeats his degrading performance. These miserable jingles can be furnished in any quantity, and are published, with the extra attraction of a coloured portrait of the comique himself, either "in character," or looking like an elaborate prize-fighter in a white tie. If we turn to the current fictional literature of the circulating libraries, we find conditions not altogether dissimilar. There has lately been a little abatement in the enormous publication of three-volume novels, intended only to run through a single small edition, to supply the increasing demand of languid readers for a new sensation. Scarcely a copy of any ordinary modern novel is bought by private persons. The libraries in town and country subscribe for a certain number; and their demand—if the book becomes moderately popular, or contains certain elements sufficiently strong for the public taste—runs out the edition. The supply is almost boundless. Idle women, who hear of great successes, and think they have some faculty or story-telling, are suddenly touched with ambition to make a reputation. They have stored their minds with most of the previous romances of bigamy, adultery, cruelty, and secret murder, which are likely to furnish hints for a new plot (which means bigamy, adultery, cruelty, and secret murder, in rather different relations), and straightway they dash into volume the first, with a determination not to stand particular about composition, or to trouble themselves unduly with parts of speech. If the authoress belongs to "the superior class," or is a lady by right, she often affects a story about her humbler fellow-creatures, and revels in depicting scenes of low-life, of which she is as ignorant as she is of the domestic economy of Timbuctoo. Should she belong to the middle-class, or to that section of the middle-class which is on the edge of "society," and always appears painfully anxious to shuffle a little further into the enchanted ground—she will have nothing to do (except incidentally) with any character below a curate, but gives us a picture of the aristocracy of this country, in all its enviable infamy. There are shoals of such books published every year.

Amidst such a stupendous issue of trash, it cannot be wondered at that sound and healthy fiction, the result of patient work and conscientious study, is often unnoticed. All depends upon the accidental companionship of a new book. Some of our few good modern novels have fallen almost dead, blighted by the feverish demand for a story of the foul or fleshly school of fiction which has been issued at the same time, or for the subtle animalism which distinguishes the books of certain popular authoresses, of whom it is most charitable to think that they are unable, even faintly, to realise the full meaning of their licentious suggestions and their bold indulgence in the language of lust. There is no need to specify even the latest examples of this "fleshy school," which is more dangerous, because more insidious, than the coarser animalism and more obvious vice-painting of the novels of the Georgian era. Every family in London which indiscriminately sends to the library for a batch of new novels, must have had several volumes which any decently sensitive father would be shocked to place in his daughter's hand—which any delicately-minded husband would send out of the reach of a young and modest wife—which no gentleman should suffer to contaminate a lady in whose mental purity he thoroughly believed. The truth is, that the father of the family seldom reads the books at all. He probably characterizes them all as "trash," and

shrugs his shoulders with the reflection that women like occasionally to amuse themselves with rubbish of this kind. If he would take the trouble to sit down some afternoon and quietly go through a volume here and there, he would become a wiser if not a better man, and perhaps his subscription to the library would be stopped, except under more stringent conditions. Time was when certain books were regarded as being tabooed to the daughters of a household, while even the sons were not avowedly permitted to read them until they had left school. "Don Juan," "Roderick Random," "Tom Jones"—how innocent they are, not even excepting "Don Juan," beside the half-concealed carnality pretending to be inevitable sentiment, which characterizes the modern novel. Yet respectable middle-aged censors still regard these books as the only volumes necessarily expurgated from the family catalogue, even though they may themselves delight in the wit, the graphic power, and even the moral purpose that the works of Fielding display—qualities not altogether absent either from the stories of Smollett, coarse as they are. The only hope is that a large number of the readers of the books of the carnalities do not fully understand the language of depravity; but a perusal of the most modern examples, especially of those written by women, so greatly diminishes even this excuse for indifference that the only effectual remedy will be to exclude them from the family.

There is a great opportunity for Mr. Bruce and the legislative meddlers of our Government who are so fond of virtuous legislation. Why should not a bill be brought in next session giving a police committee power and authority to brand the covers of every novel offensive to good morals, and to summon before a magistrate every householder who is detected in admitting noxious literature into any family where the members thereof are women, or girls of less than thirty, or lads of less than twenty-one years of age?—*City Press*.

FIELD AND FLOOD.

The Port Rowan Bachelors and Benedicts have had a match at cricket which resulted in the defeat of the latter in one innings and 69 runs to spare.

Mr. Robert Bonner drove Dexter over the Fleetwood Park course, a few days since, to his top waggon, a half-mile in one minute and twelve seconds.

A base ball match played on the 8th between the Unions, of Guelph, and the Unions, of Preston, resulted in a victory for Guelph by a score of 41 to 20.

The "Goldsmith Maid" has been trotting "Occident," at Sacramento, Cal., best 3 in 5 for \$10,000, and won it 3 straight heats. Time, 2 20, 2 17, 2 23. The third heat to waggon was 2 23, which was announced to be the fastest time ever made to waggon.

The return cricket match between Brantford and Paris was played at Paris on the 9th, and again resulted in a victory for Paris by 45 runs. Although Brantford had their best team and did some pretty playing they were obliged to succumb after a hard fight.

The Paris Papers announce the arrival of Mr. Johnson, the swimmer, who failed in his attempt to cross the Channel. It is said he has waded a hundred pounds that he will swim from Paris to Maison-Lafitte without stopping. The distance is great, owing to the innumerable bends of the river.

Matches at both cricket and football between members of different trades and professions have been very much in vogue lately. In Montreal the medical defeated the arts students by seven wickets. In Halifax the May Flower cricket club, composed chiefly of mechanics, defeated the non-commissioned officers of the 60th Rifles, and in Toronto a match at football took place recently between twenty law students and a like number of bank clerks; but after two hours play the game, as far as score is concerned, stood where it began.

The horse "Caractacus" has been sold by his English owner, Mr. Saewing, to the Russian Government for \$2,700, and the London *Sportsman* remarks:—"The victory of 'Caractacus' in the Derby will not readily be forgotten, and it is something for Mr. Saewing to boast of, that with a horse trained on a common near London, stabled at the back of a public-house, and ridden by an ordinary stable lad, he should have won the great prize that Lord Derby and Lord Glasgow had, for nearly half a century, vainly endeavoured to secure, after spending fortunes in the attempt."

An exciting match of Lacrosse took place at Toronto on the 9th inst., between the Ontarios and the Six Nation Indians under the patronage of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Dufferin. The first game was won by the Indians in 35 m., and the second in 25 m. The Ontarios took the third game in 40 m. The Indians being obliged to leave the match was declared drawn. During the progress of the match His Excellency the Governor-General expressed a wish to become a member of the Ontario Club, and was elected Honorary President, and presented by Major Arthurs with a handsome badge and gold pen.

The Toronto Rowing Club's Regatta came off on the 5th inst., but owing to the facts of the yachts not having gone over the course within the time prescribed by the rules of the club, it was repeated on Monday, the 7th, when the "Ina" took the race, beating the "Standly"—allowing for tonnage by 7m. 7s. Apropos of the "Ina" we are sorry to hear that this beautiful little yacht met with an accident on Friday last. While on her way from Toronto to Kingston she capsized three miles off Whitby harbour. The crew, three in number, were picked up by a boat from the harbour, none the worse, only badly frightened. The cause of the accident was that some of the rigging gave way, and the mainsail fell and dragged in the water.

The Ottawa Races took place on the 9th, 10th and 11th inst., and were well attended throughout. The following is a synopsis of the races. The first race, a hurdle-race, was won by Mr. Newton's "Medley"; the second race, a hurdle-race, by Mr. Champro's "Jack"; the Hotel-keeper's purse (\$300), by "Kelso"; and the Ottawa Valley stakes (\$150), by Mr. Coleman's "Prescott Boy." The second day's racing consisted of the Stewards' Plate, (\$200), won by Mr. Ford's "Clare." Proprietors' purse, (\$350), won by "Kelso." Flash stakes, (\$200), won by Mr. Fitzsimmons' "Lady May." On the 11th the first race was a steeple chase, (\$300), won by Mr. Coleman's "Raven"; Secretary's gift, (\$100), won by Mr. Ford's "Clare"; one extra prize of \$150, won by Mr. Hyland's "Tradewind"; Consolation Stakes won by "Storm."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE VISIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL TO TORONTO.

The reception accorded to His Excellency on the occasion of his visit to Toronto offered a strange contrast to the somewhat tame and inadequate reception given him by the corporation of Hamilton. While in the latter city the civic fathers refused to spend any money for the purpose of decorations, etc., the corporation of Toronto was most lavish in its efforts to secure a fitting reception for the representative of Her Majesty, and the whole people, imbued with the same spirit, left nothing undone to express their hearty satisfaction at the visit of the Governor who has endeared himself to all Canadians. Those who were present at the reception of H. R. H. Prince Arthur in Toronto will be able, even without the aid of our illustration, to picture to themselves the scene on the line of march on the 27th ult.

The train bearing His Excellency and suite arrived at about three o'clock in the afternoon at the Yonge Street station, the neighbourhood of which was filled with an enthusiastic crowd. A perfect canopy of scarlet, white, and blue cloth hung from side to side of the street, while the prancing of the horses in the procession which was in waiting, the gay uniforms of the York cavalry, who were drawn up in line at the foot of the street, and the glimpse of the magnificent corporation arch in the distance, made up a picture of rare occurrence and singular beauty. The train entered the station amid deafening cheers, and His Excellency, on leaving the car, was received by his Worship the Mayor and the Reception Committee of the city council; while a detachment of the Grand Trunk Artillery presented arms, and the band of the brigade played "The Lass of Kildare." The Governor-General, conducted by the Mayor, and accompanied by Lady Dufferin, Sir Hastings Doyle, Mr. Howland, Col. Fletcher, and the staff, then inspected the Volunteers. He complimented the guard of honour, and especially the members of the Grand Trunk Brigade, on their neat, soldierlike aspect. He was then conducted to his seat in the carriage provided for him, in which were also Lady Dufferin, the Mayor and Col. Fletcher. The Grand Trunk Brigade band took up a position at the head of the procession. Next came a detachment of the firemen of the city, followed by their four engines and eight horse-carts. A string of 35 carriages came next, containing the Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Howland and Capt. Curtis, A. D. C., Sir C. Hastings Doyle and the Hon. W. McMaster, and the members of the City Council, Board of Trade, St. George's, St. Andrew's, Caledonia, and Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, and other prominent citizens, in order. The procession was closed by the carriage containing the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, the Mayor and Col. Fletcher; a portion of the cavalry riding before, and a portion after it, in the capacity of a body-guard. Along Yonge street, King street, Church street and Front street, the cortege slowly wended its way to the City Hall, the thoroughfares being crowded, and the windows along the line of route filled with gaily dressed ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs with fully as much enthusiasm as the sterner sex whirled their hats about and shouted themselves hoarse. The flags were innumerable, the drapery unending, and the whole scene one of the gayest that Toronto has witnessed for many years.

Up Yonge street, under the arch shown in the illustration, the procession made its way amid the vehement cheering of the immense multitude. Along the whole route it was one display of bunting, red, white and blue festoons, and gay devices. At the corner of King and Yonge streets was the Corporation arch alluded to—eight arches covered with evergreens and so erected as to form but one structure. To King street west were three arches, one being across the carriage way, and one over each of the foot walks. Above the central arch were the Royal Arms, and the words, "God save the Queen" in red letters, on a white ground, the whole being surmounted by the British ensign, Union Jack, and Canadian ensign. Considerable artistic taste was shown in disposing of shields representing a variety of heraldry, and at intervals little Royal standards and Union Jacks fluttered amongst the green branches covering the wooden frame-work of the structure. The centre arch facing South Yonge street was surmounted by the Dufferin arms and the words "Welcome to Ontario," while the other arches had flags upon which were the words, "Industry" and "Integrity." Shields with monograms, and bannerets were here and there displayed with good effect. The North Yonge street side was evidently intended to represent the Irish portion of the inhabitants. Over the centre arch the Royal Arms were displayed, with the motto "Defence not Defiance," and above was a green flag with the Union Jack in the corner. Over one of the side arches were the words "Erin go Bragh," in green letters on a white ground, and over the other the words "Lord Dufferin." There were also shields, flags with harps, and other decorations. The arch facing East King street was surmounted by the City Arms, with the motto "Industry, Integrity, Intelligence," with a display of British ensigns, Union Jacks, tricolours, shields, small flags, etc., as in the other sides, while in the immediate centre of the whole, a quantity of red, white, and blue bunting hung suspended by lines of evergreens depending from the corners of the respective arches, forming a remarkably pleasing and artistic *coup d'œil*.

Entering the City Hall, the front of which was decorated in the gayest manner with flags and streamers, His Excellency was conducted to the Council Room, and provided with a seat at the right of the Mayor, Lady Dufferin taking her place on the left of the dais. His Worship receiving the address from the City Clerk, descended to the foot of the dais and read it. His Excellency replied, expressing his deep sense of the hospitality and loyalty he everywhere met with, thanking them for their kind wishes, and assuring them of his sympathy with the noble aspirations of the country. The Mayor then presented the Aldermen present, and the City Clerk, Chamberlain, and Engineer, to the Governor-General. An address was then presented by the members of the Board of Trade, to which a suitable answer was returned.

In the evening the city was illuminated in honour of the distinguished visitor. The devices were many and beautiful; the list would be too long for our columns, but we cannot resist to quote the *Globe's* description of the illumination of the Lieut.-Governor's residence—a really fairy sight—which forms the subject of one of our artist's illustrations. The first object that attracts attention is a beautifully brilliant star, representing, we should say, the star of the order of Knighthood to which His Excellency belongs. The three arches of the main

entrance are surrounded with single rows of white lights, and in each of the arches was a word, the whole forming the appropriate sentences, "Welcome, Lord Dufferin." Round the base of the second storey was a serried row of gas jets, over the centre of which "V. R." with the star to which we have already referred, was placed. On the third basement another row of lights, covered with glass globes, was surmounted by a star of gas jets, and the arched windows were also filled with white lights. Over the eastern entrance, and around the entire front, was a continuance of the lights displayed on the south side, but variegated in colour. The verandah was surmounted by a crown in white light, with the word "Welcome" displayed from the sides and looking north and south, also in white jets. Round the basement of the third storey, on this side, there were also coloured lights, with a maple leaf in the centre, encircled with a variegated border. On the tower were the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, surmounted by a crown and "V. R." in colours. The grounds surrounding the residence were thrown open to the public during the evening.

THE MANITOBA RIOTS.

The following extract from an extra issued at the *Manitoba* office, and dated the 21st ult., will give the best idea of the riots which took place on the occasion of the recent elections in that part of the Dominion, which terminated in the wrecking of the *Manitoba* and *Metis* offices:—

"The violent proceedings which culminated in the sacking of our office and that of the *Metis* newspaper and printing establishment, commenced on Thursday afternoon, 19th inst., when a number of persons, most of whom claimed to be recently arrived from Ontario, crossed the Red River armed with waggon-load of spears, and went to the house of Mr. Roger Golet, where the electors of St. Boniface, East and West, were voting.

"At the time some eighty-five votes had been polled by the French half-breeds for the Hon. Donald A. Smith, and only one for the other candidate, Mr. Wilson, and the proceedings were being conducted in the most orderly, regular manner.

"Soon after the arrival of these armed men at the poll, they provoked a fight by one of the party attempting to seize the poll books, and then a general engagement commenced in which the French people and the invaders joined. Not anticipating a disturbance, the French were unarmed, save with some pieces of wood which they snatched up when attacked in this wanton and unprovoked manner, and were unable finally to repel the rioters, who took possession of the polling book, seized and tore the books and decamped.

"At this time rumours in town came thick and fast that the rioters were coming to seize the poll books in Winnipeg also; and about three o'clock p.m. the armed crowd made their appearance, marching to the Police Station, where the polls were. All the day the voting here had been conducted in a manner the most peaceable and regular, and all of those who had votes and desired to record them seemed to have done so by two o'clock or thereabouts, when the poll stood thus:

For Hon. Mr. Smith,.....	113
For Mr. Wilson,	45

Majority for Mr. Smith,..... 68

"For an hour or so before the arrival of the mob, scarcely a vote was tendered, and the utmost harmony prevailed among those assembled."

Now, however, a disturbance began to brew, and the attitude of the mob became so threatening that the military were sent for, and halted at a good distance from the polls. Mr. Frank Cornish, a gentleman who is said to have gained an unenviable notoriety in Western Canada as a thorough, unprincipled demagogue, addressed the crowd in a most inflammatory speech, in which he took occasion to blackguard in a shameful manner the principal men in the Province. He was followed by Captain Mulvey, a militia officer, whose incendiary language will no doubt attract the attention of the Minister of Militia.

"Fighting was then resumed by the mob, the Chief of Police and some of his men were badly beaten, and altogether a most disgraceful scene was enacted, almost solely by men not one of whom had a vote here.

"Towards evening rumours were circulated that an attack would be made on the *Metis* office, but not credited, the supposition being that the mob would be heartily ashamed of the day's outrages.

"About half-past seven p.m., however, some fifty men who had been in front of the Davis Hotel slipped round to the *Manitoba* office, shattered the large windows in front, broke open one of the doors, scattered the type about the floor, upset the ink, and made a frightful wreck.

"Then they went to the *Metis* printing establishment, and completely destroyed the presses, type, and everything in the office, even to throwing some of the type out of the window. The outfit in this office was large and valuable, and the loss accruing to the proprietors must be very serious indeed.

"Not satisfied with what they had done, the vagabonds returned to the *Manitoba* office a second time, about 100 strong, and with picks, axes, stones, a maul, and beams, completed the entire destruction of that establishment, leaving it in a state which those who have not seen it, could scarcely credit.

"Ink and type and oil cover the floors of both offices in most inextricable confusion; and propositions are said to have been made among the gang to fire the two offices as a fitting *finale* to the night's atrocities. In the case of the *Manitoba* this appears to have been overruled; but later in the night two or three attempts were made to set fire to the *Metis* office, but the flames, fortunately, did not spread.

"The Police were powerless to interfere; but the military, under command of Major Irvine, were brought into town from the Fort with promptitude, and the rioters slunk away. When the military came in sight the mob was in front of the Land office (Mr. Micken's), and making threatening demonstrations. But the first glimpse they got of the troops sent the mob on a scamper home.

"A large body of special constables armed, patrolled the town until an early hour in the morning, and Major Irvine stationed military guards in front of the newspaper office until all appearance of further danger had vanished."

Of the completeness of the wreck made by the mob of the *Manitoba* office our readers may judge from our illustrations, which are reproduced from photographs taken on the spot.

To accompany our illustrations of the scenes connected with the Manitoba riots, we supplement an illustration of

THE PROVISIONAL BATTALION, a body of fine men who were called on duty on the night of the riots to protect the newspaper offices, and of

THE CAMP OF THE BATTALION

on the Assiniboine River near Winnipeg. To the right of the latter picture is seen the Officers' Mess; a little to the left is the guard tent; and on the extreme left stands the private residence of the Hon. James McKay. The background is filled in by the woods on the south bank of the river. The arrangements in this camp were highly praised last summer by the Adjutant-General, who said that he considered it the model camp of the Dominion.

The view of

THE RUINS OF ST. PATRICK'S HALL

needs no explanation. In our last number an account accompanied the illustration of the fire which consumed one of the noblest-looking buildings in Montreal; the present illustration gives a view of the ruins—gaunt and blackened, even on the sunniest day, and cold-looking and weird in the moonlight—which stand, even now, dangerously unsteady at the corner of the Victoria Square.

FISH SPEARING ON LAKE ST. FRANCIS.

This is a sketch taken on board one of the Montreal and Quebec vessels while passing through Lake St. Francis on a moonlight night. The calm sheet of water is studded with canoes—each with a bright fire of pine-knots in a cresset at the bows—manned generally by three Indians, two paddling, while at the bows the third, armed with a long spear, kept on the look-out for trout and salmon. Of the *modus operandi* in which the spearing was conducted it is unnecessary to speak. It has been described time and time again since Sir Walter Scott wrote his account of the Salmon Leistering at Dandy Dinmont's.

THE PICTURE GALLERY, HAMILTON EXHIBITION.

This is one more of the series of illustrations of the Ontario Provincial Exhibition. The exhibition of Fine Arts was one of the greatest favourites in the place, being constantly crowded though indifferently managed. The collection showed much that was good, but the *Mail* critic complains that while Sculpture could hardly be said to be represented, there was nothing whatever of the idealism and poetry of painting to be found in the picture gallery; no attempt at historical or imaginative subjects; nothing but copies, of more or less excellence, of what is; groups of flowers, fruit and sketches from nature—the best mistress if faithfully followed—but nothing of humanity. Let us hope this will be remedied next year.

THE RUN ON THE MONTREAL CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.

During the latter part of the week before last and the early part of last week a most absurd and unreasonable run was made upon the City and District Savings Bank of Montreal. The movement commenced on Friday the 4th ult., and finally closed on the following Wednesday, when the panic-stricken depositors became finally convinced that there was no ground for their apprehensions, and that the Bank was perfectly able to meet any and all calls that might be made. The rumours of the instability of the Bank are thought to have been raised by some interested parties who hoped to have been able to turn to account the moneys withdrawn from the bank. In this, however, their amiable intentions were completely frustrated. During the early part of last week a number of the depositors called upon the Rev. Father Dowd, and requested him to examine the affairs of the bank, and at a meeting subsequently held in the offices, the reverend gentleman succeeded in convincing his hearers that their savings were perfectly safe, and that the Bank stood upon as firm a basis as ever. His Worship the Mayor, who also addressed the meeting, stated that the Bank was prevented by law from incurring greater liabilities than it would be able to meet, and that were it called upon to meet the full amount of its liabilities, it would yet have a reserve fund of \$300,000. This statement had the desired effect, and the depositors who had drawn their funds are now rather ashamed of their over-haste. As to the Bank, though the run caused great trouble, and loss of both time and interest, its credit is now more firmly established than ever.

CANADIAN PROGRESS.

A company will probably be formed in England to work the iron mines at East River, Nova Scotia.

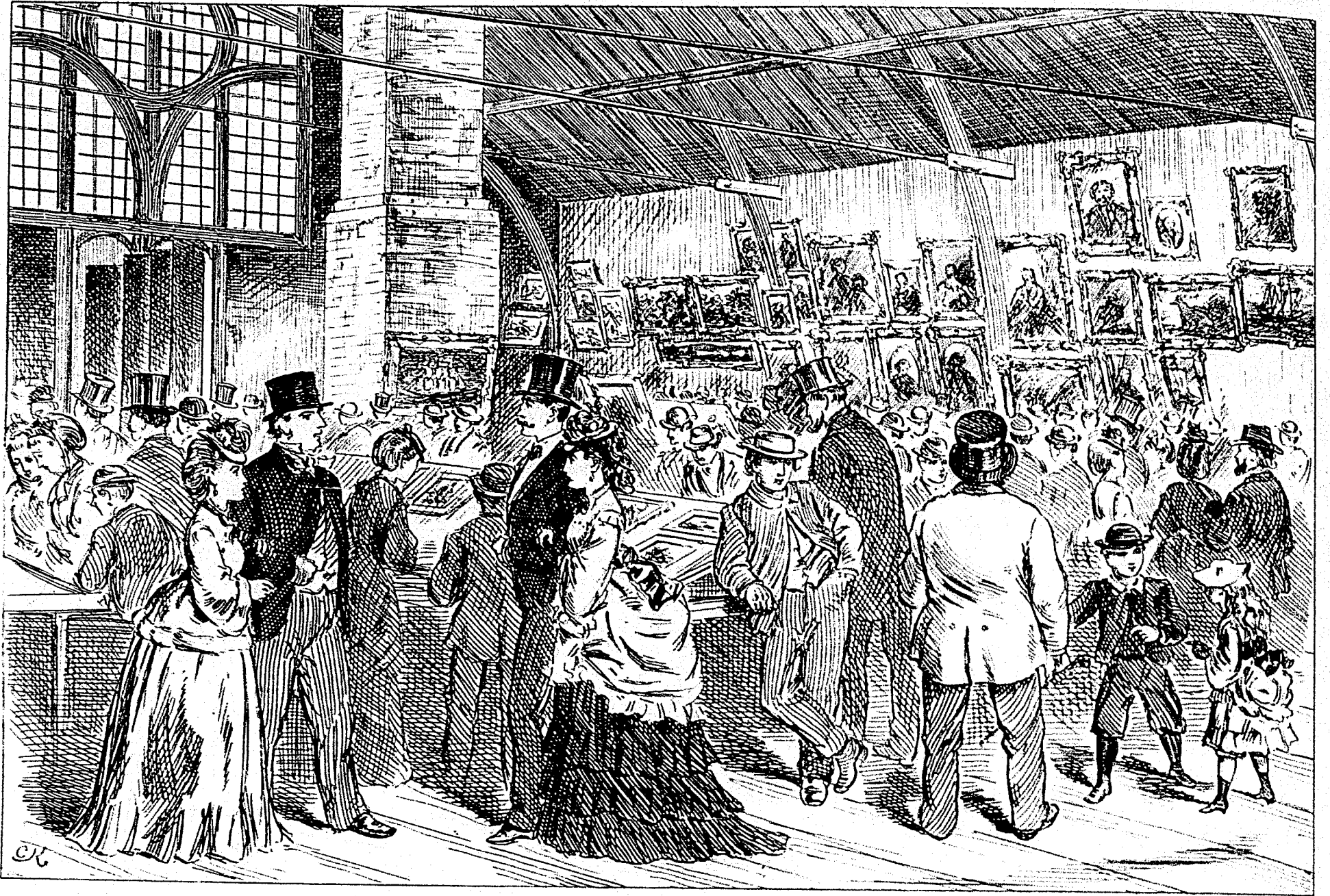
The townships of Bathurst and Drummond have voted bonuses—the former \$15,000 and the latter \$10,000—in aid of the Ontario and Quebec Railroad.

An effort is being made at Kent, N.B., to get such a feeling among the people as will lead to the building of a branch railway from the Intercolonial to Richibucto.

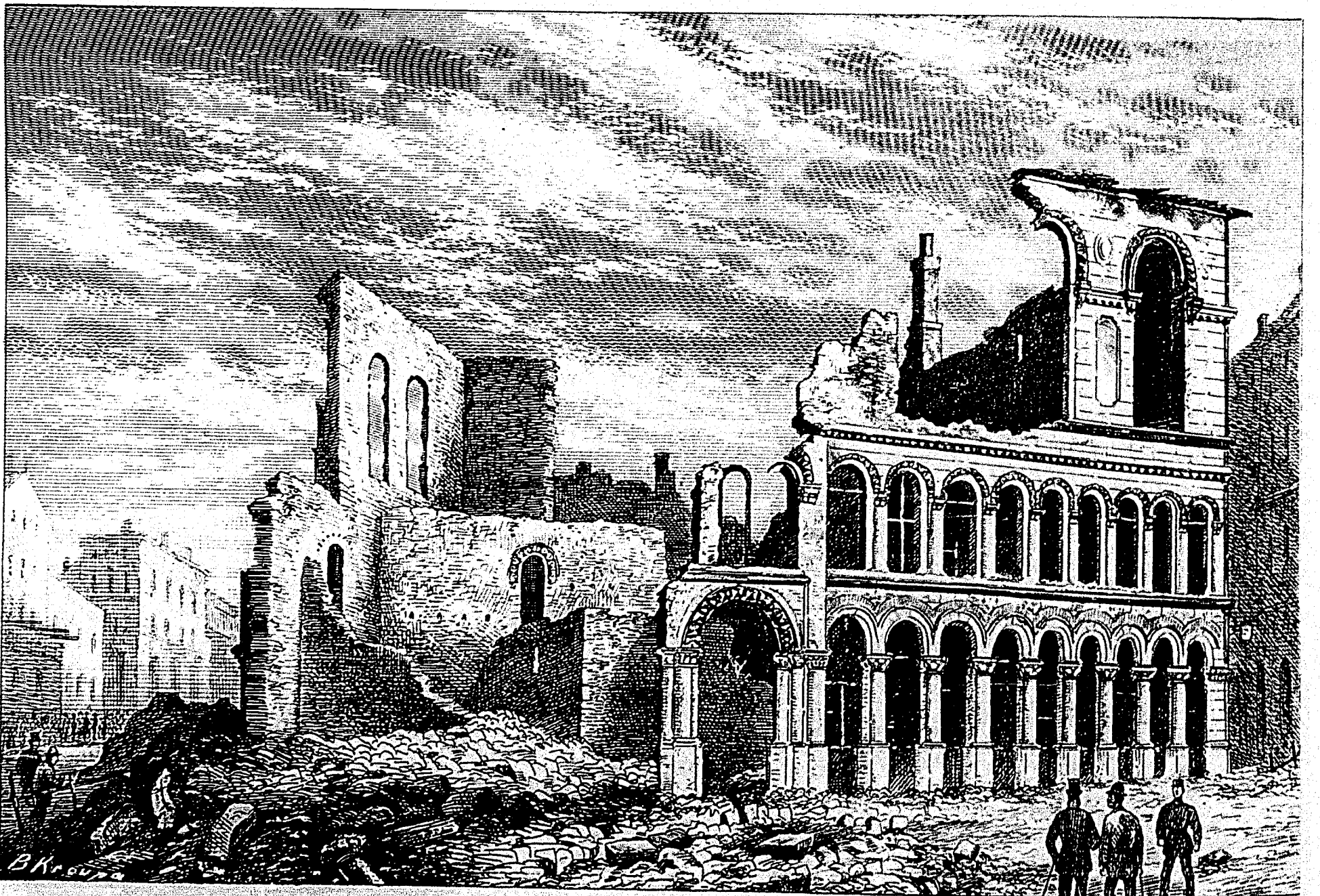
The grading upon the Muskoka Railway is now completed as far as Washago, fourteen miles from Orillia. The contractors, Messrs. J. Ginty & Co., have made a further contract with the company for the extension of the road to Gravenhurst, fifteen miles farther.

Messrs. John A. Converse & Son, of Montreal, have purchased the immense deposit of gypsum at the mouth of the Mahon River, Inverness County. They have arranged for the construction of a road for quarrying and shipping purposes, and, if the opening of the harbour proves a success, will drive a large business.

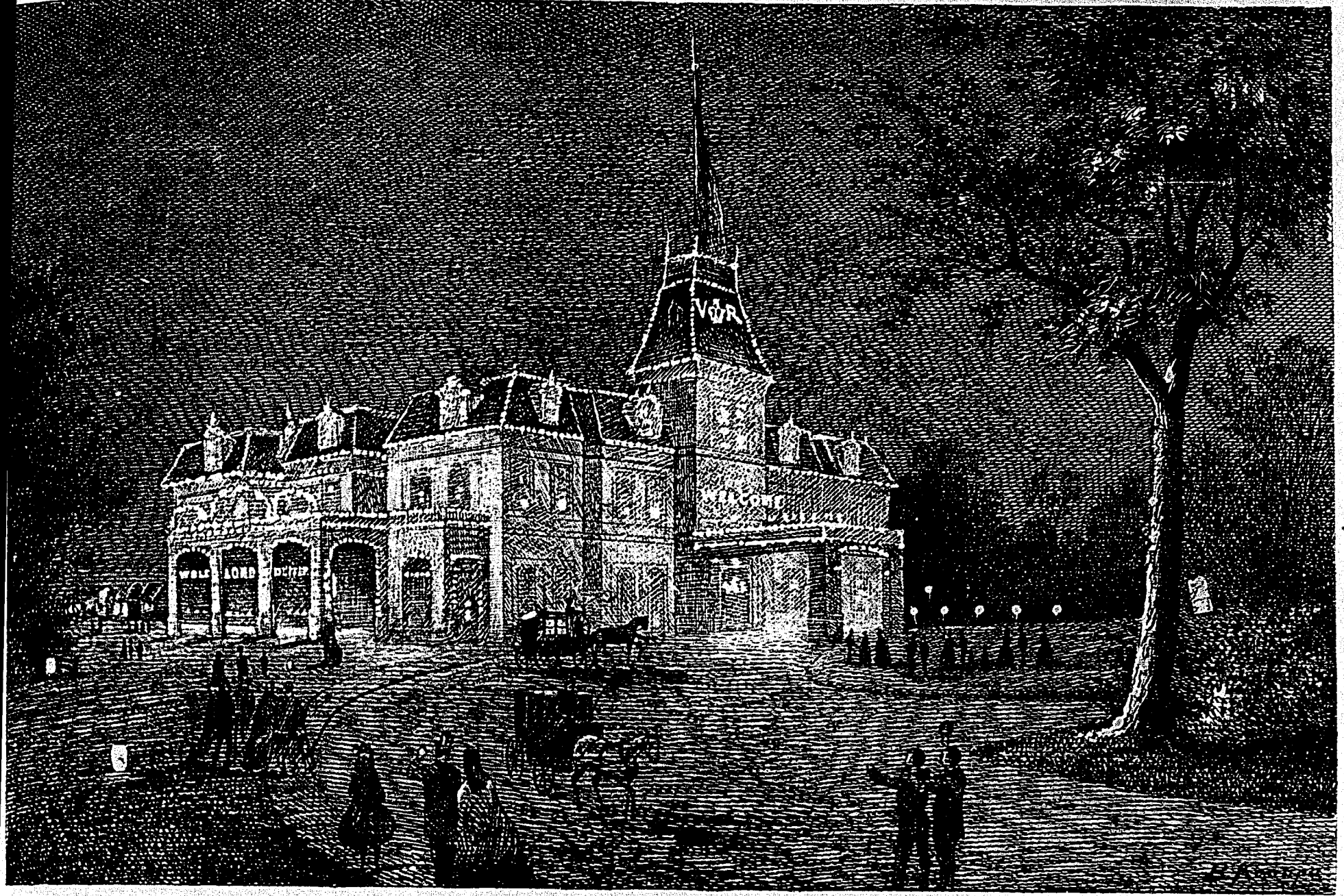
The Fredericton *Head Quarters* speaks in encouraging terms of the progress of the work on the Rivière-du-Loup Railway. It says:—"Great progress continues to be made on the wharf and station grounds of the Rivière-du-Loup Railway. The whole place is undergoing such a transformation as even now to give it a very imposing appearance. The lumber is on hand for the machine shop, engine houses, &c., and the erection of these buildings will be commenced immediately. A locomotive has been shipped from England by steamer, and when it arrives a construction train will be put in motion, and the work on the line prosecuted with all possible activity. An abundant supply of water has been found about half a mile in the rear, which will be conveyed through wooden pipes to the works. The spring rises about twenty-five feet above the level of the station ground. The Railway offices on St. John Street are neatly and conveniently arranged and fitted up. They are now occupied by the Company's staff of Engineers.



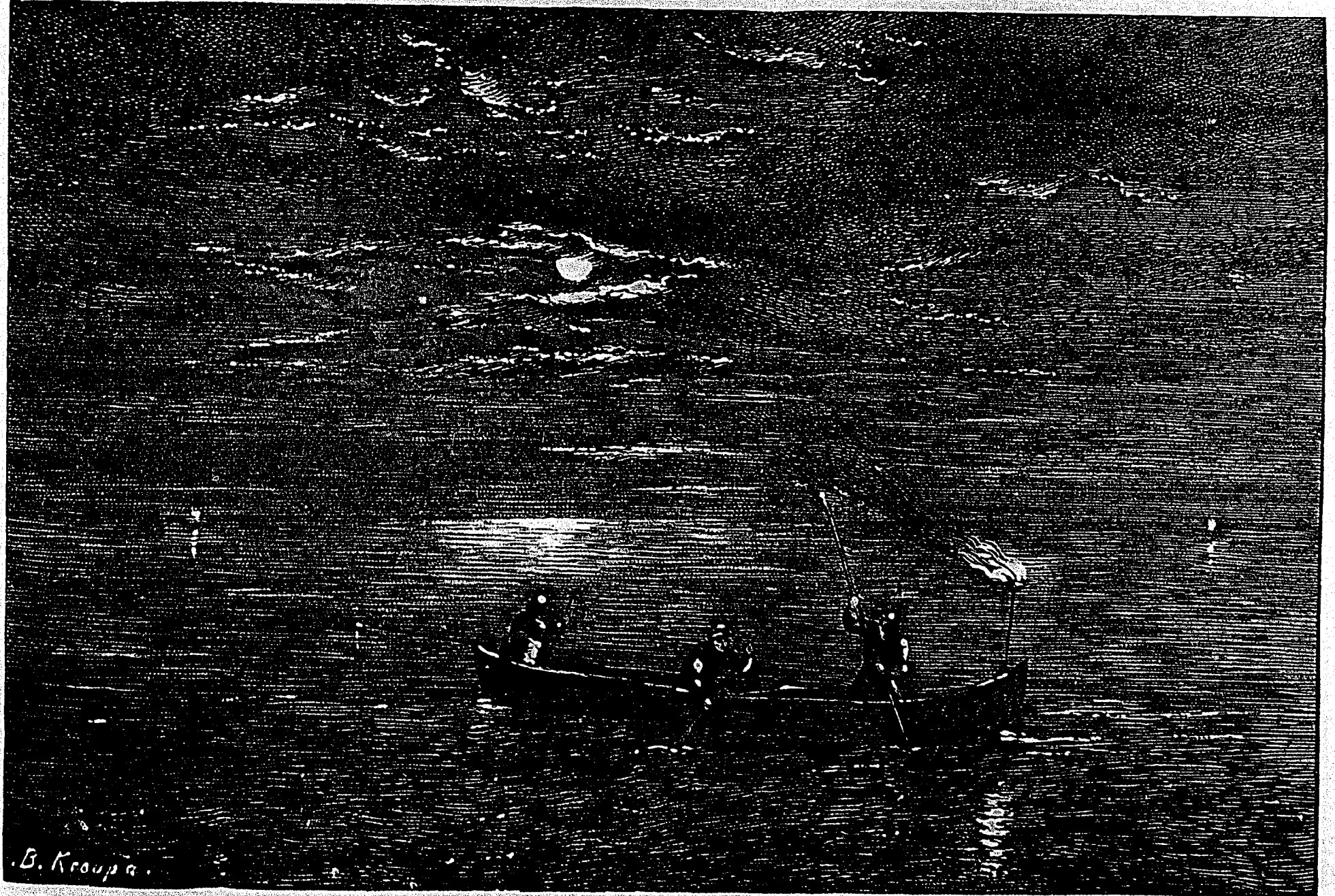
HAMILTON.—THE PICTURE GALLERY, PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.



MONTREAL.—RUINS OF ST. PATRICK'S HALL.—FROM A SKETCH BY BOHUSLAV KROUPA.



TORONTO.—VISIT OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—ILLUMINATION OF THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY M. MATHEWS.



B. Kroupa

INDIANS SPEARING FISH BY TORCHLIGHT ON LAKE ST. FRANCIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
OCTOBER 26, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 20.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. Earthquake shocks throughout Canada, 1870.
MONDAY,	" 21.—Ursuline Convent, Quebec, burnt, 1686. Lord Nelson killed at Trafalgar, 1805.
TUESDAY,	" 22.—Revocation of Edict of Nantes, 1685. Amnesty to political offenders proclaimed, 1838.
WEDNESDAY,	" 23.—Lord Monck arrived at Quebec, 1861. Lord Derby died, 1869.
THURSDAY,	" 24.—Ethan Allen landed on the Island of Montreal, 1775. Daniel Webster died, 1852. Battle of Balaklava, 1854.
FRIDAY,	" 25.—St. Crispin. Chaucer died, 1400. Corner Stone New Toronto Jail laid, 1859.
SATURDAY,	" 26.—Battle of Chateaugay, 1813.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 26 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Oct. 13th, 1872.

	Mean Temp. 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.	Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. previous night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
Oct. 7	56	60	50	96	29.95	Var.	Rain.
8	52	56	49	79	30.11	NE	Overcast
9	53	54	43	68	30.04	NW to W	Clear.
10	47	52	51	84	29.85	Var.	Rain.
11	39	48	36	64	30.13	NW	Cloudy.
12	42	52	32	60	30.15	Var.	Cloudy.
13	45	49	39	78	29.83	SE	Rain.
MEAN	47.7	54.3	44.1	75.6	30.02		

Extreme Range of Temperature, 31.7; of Humidity, 53.5; of Barometer, 0.40 inches.

Whole amount of rain during the week, 2.137 inches, equivalent to 48.301 gallons of water per acre.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

The next number of the
"ILLUSTRATED NEWS"
 will contain sketches illustrative of
THE VISIT OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL
 TO
LONDON AND PETROLIA,
 and illustrations of
THE QUELPH EXHIBITION.

Country dealers should send in their orders at once to secure early attention.

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

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

Geo. E. Desbarats.

[See Prospectus.]

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

We notice with much satisfaction that an effort has recently been made in the Toronto City Council to put down street profanity. At a meeting held last week Alderman Thompson, seconded by Alderman Turner, moved a resolution setting forth that it is not only desirable, but necessary to put a stop to street profanity; and that anyone being heard upon the public thoroughfares uttering oaths and other horrid imprecations or using language of an obscene character, ought to be taken into custody and punished to the fullest extent; and that in view of this a request be made to the Police Commissioners to take the matter into consideration and adopt such stringent measures as will effectually put down this great and growing evil. The resolution, it is almost needless to say, was adopted, and further, the Mayor stated that he had already communicated on the subject with the Police Magistrate, who had expressed his willingness to co-operate to the full extent of his power. Thus a movement has been inaugurated which we trust to see spread over the whole country with all possible success and with the most beneficent results. It is only a subject for wonder that a matter of social morality possessing such deep interest for all good citizens should have been allowed to slumber so long.

Toronto has the honour of having opened the crusade. When will the other cities follow the good example? That not one of them—not one even of the towns and villages of Canada—is free from this curse is evident to every reader of the daily and country prints. In this matter Montreal is, perhaps, above all her sisters, afflicted. At night, and on Sunday night especially, it is impossible to pass through the principal streets without hearing on every side torrents of hideous blasphemy and abominably foul language. And yet, when a vigorous measure would at once put a stop to the evil, nothing is done. A feeble protest is made, a policeman is put on

duty at the point complained of—as though a single official could put under restraint the foul tongues of a score of godless rowdies—and there the matter ends until another lady is insulted and another complaint is preferred at the Police Office. The apathy of the citizens in a matter of such vital importance is truly astonishing. We are in the habit of boasting of our Christian privileges, of our civilization, of our humanity, and yet in the face of our boasting we allow this vile practice, abominable alike to God and man, to be carried on with impunity on our very highways. We provide salutary laws for the punishment of crime and drunkenness, but blasphemy and filthy language we allow to go scot free. On the thief and the drunkard we inflict heavy penalties, but on the low-lived blackguard who assails us—often at the very threshold of his Maker's house—with blasphemous imprecations and pestilent language we cast merely an indignant glance and go our way, utterly careless of the seeds his vile example is perhaps sowing in the innocent minds of our children.

What is true of Montreal is true of every other city and town of Canada. In every quarter of the country complaints are made that rowdism and street profanity are becoming daily more and more prevalent. It is impossible to take up a village paper without finding remarks on the abominable conduct of a parcel of young ruffians who seem to make it their business, on Sunday night especially, to insult their decent neighbours with foul oaths and obscene language. The evil has spread throughout the whole country, and it is high time to put a stop to it. We have delayed long enough. If we have any respect for our reputation as Christians and as civilized beings we should delay no longer. For rowdism there is but one remedy—the same as that used in England with such success upon garroters. A free use of the cat upon the backs of the reprobates who—to our shame be it said—rule our streets after nightfall, is the only remedy for this evil. Were this kind of discipline put into force we should soon see an improvement. Profane and obscene language would soon cease to be heard at the corners of our streets, and respectable people would then be able to attend the services of their churches with their families without fear of being insulted with profanity and ribaldry.

As for the class of gentlemen (!) revellers who frequently make night hideous with their songs and oaths, and wake up at the police-station to a very indistinct recollection of what has taken place the previous evening, they would be found to be easier subjects to deal with. In their case a little of the old style of English law might be found extremely efficacious, as it was in the case of Mr. Robert Smithers, of "Making A Night of It" celebrity, whose tendency to the use of profane language was very considerably diminished on finding himself fined at the Police Court, in addition to the ordinary penalty for drunkenness, for "nearly forty pounds' worth of oaths, at five shillings an oath."

APPOINTMENTS, ETC.

Detective O'Neill has been appointed to the Government Police.

It is said that Col. Lowrie will be appointed Deputy-Adjutant-General for Nova Scotia, vice Sinclair, deceased.

Mr. James McKeagney, late M.P. for Cape Breton, has been appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Manitoba.

Mr. F. A. Wise has been appointed Superintendent of the Rideau Canal, vice Slater, resigned.

The Government have appointed the following officials as a Board for the superintendence of the Dominion public buildings in Halifax:—B. W. Cochran, Postmaster; F. M. McDonald, Collector of Customs; Archibald Patterson, Inland Revenue Inspector; C. E. Hatchford, Paymaster; Sydenham Howe, Auditor; Mr. Cochran is Chairman, and Mr. Howe, Secretary.

RECEIVED.

SAUNTERINGS. Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Osgood & Co. Montreal: Grafton.

KALOOLOH. W. S. Mayo. New York: Putnam & Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN. Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Osgood & Co. Montreal: Grafton.

AT THE ALTAR. E. Werner. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

CALIFORNIA. Charles Nordhoff. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

THE INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE for October. Montreal: Chisholm & Bros.

RAILWAY AND STEAMBOAT GUIDE AND TOURISTS' GUIDE for Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Halifax: Inglis Harrington.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. T. G., Clarendon Centre.—It is our intention to open a department of Notes and Queries as soon as we are sure of a sufficient amount of correspondence.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SAM LAWSON'S OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Illustrated. pp. 216. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co. Montreal: F. E. Grafton.

Sam Lawson makes his appearance just in the nick of time to secure a large audience. He is a lazy, good-natured fellow, with a wonderful knack for story-telling, and he will no doubt be as heartily welcome during the lengthening evenings at many a Canadian fireside as he was at Oldtown in the early days of Massachusetts. He is full of quaint, dry wit, entirely free from anything approaching offensiveness, and with this character we recommend him to our readers as a genial fireside companion who will be found infallible in his remedies for charming away *ennui*, or dissipating a fit of the blues.

HOW TO EDUCATE YOURSELF: With or Without Masters. By George Cary Eggleston. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros. pp. 151. Cloth. 75c.

We took up this little work with a great deal of curiosity, and some expectation. Curiosity as to the manner in which the very comprehensive subject set forth in the title would be treated. Expectation, for the name appended to the title—that of the Editor of *Hearth and Home*—is a hall-mark guaranteeing the purity of gold. It is no small thing to put forward in a little volume of a hundred and fifty pages a practical and successful system of self-education, and yet, we acknowledge it with surprise, Mr. Eggleston has accomplished this feat. His book is not, as he himself gives his reader to understand at the outset, a royal road to learning. Its sole purpose is to make the road somewhat smoother, and to lighten the traveller of the many useless incumbrances with which guides on this road are too fond of hampering those placed under their conduct. It is especially intended for the guidance and instruction of those who, for lack of time, or for other reasons, are unable to follow a regular educational course, and to such we recommend it, without fear of misleading, as a most valuable and trustworthy vademecum. The book is divided into nine chapters, in which the various classes of study are examined in turn as to their nature, their value, their peculiar advantages, the difficulties in the way of their pursuit, and the best methods of grappling with and overcoming these difficulties. Advice is also given as to the best course of reading to be pursued, together with many hints and suggestions which will be found of the greatest value to the student. In fact the book stands in the place of a teacher—an untiring, patient instructor, under whose guidance no really diligent pupil, if he follow out the rules herein laid down for his guidance, can fail to store up an amount of valuable learning and to acquire an infinite deal of true culture. In giving a list of the contents of the various chapters we do so with a view to show more clearly than could otherwise be done in so brief a space the system pursued by the author and the manner in which he treats his subject. The first chapter is devoted to the consideration of the question so frequently asked, and so seldom satisfactorily answered, "What shall I study?" The second and third chapters treat of Common School and Collegiate Studies, and in this connection some very wholesome facts are broached, well worthy of the consideration of parents and teachers. With the fourth chapter commences the various courses of study, the first taken up being that of language. The author recommends to these desirous of devoting their attention to this branch of learning the systems of M. Marcel and Prof. Robertson, the former of which, when thoroughly and conscientiously carried out, has never been known to fail in its object. It is not our intention to describe this method. Those who wish to test its merits will find it very fully explained in this work. From languages we pass to mathematics, for the correct study of which the author gives us his peculiar system, based on the simple rule of thoroughly understanding each principle laid down before endeavouring to operate thereon. Physical, Moral and Intellectual Science are treated much in the same manner, and the last two chapters are devoted to general reading, the manner of reading, and the matter to be read with the greatest advantage. The subject matter of the book is most comprehensively treated, and even from the brief *résumé* here given the student will at once perceive the immense practical utility of the work. What particularly pleases us are the author's very sensible remarks on Learning and Culture. In our schools the former is for ever held before the eyes of the pupils, nine out of ten of whom would be at a loss, if asked, to give even a definition of the latter. In conclusion we have no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Eggleston's little work to be one of the most valuable handbooks ever issued from the press in any country.

ROYAL LYCEUM, TORONTO.—Last week's programme was a highly successful one. During the latter end of the week in "Intrigue, or The Love Knot," Messrs. Garrison and Spackman and Mrs. Bradshaw sustained their parts in an easy and effective manner. The performances each evening concluded with the farce of "The Widow's Dream," in which Mr. Tannehill, Mr. Alfred Hudson, and Miss Nellie Vernon kept the house in continual roars of laughter. This week "Divorce," "All that Glitters is Not Gold," "She Stoops To Conquer," and "The Streets of New York."

We have received from Messrs. Notman and Fraser of Toronto an excellent cameo-vignette of His Excellency the Governor-General taken during his recent visit to the Ontario capital. The portrait, which is of the cabinet size, and in Messrs. Notman's happiest style, will without doubt meet with a large demand. As a sample of Canadian photography it is a great credit to the artist.

Despatches from England bring very gratifying intelligence respecting the health of Sir George E. Cartier. The medical men whom he has consulted hold out strong hopes of his complete and speedy recovery. We are sure our readers will join with us in rejoicing at this welcome news, and in wishing the gallant baronet renewed health, and many years to enjoy it.

THE HISTORY AND ART OF ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION.

The great French philanthropist and agriculturist, Olivier de Serres, was fully alive to the value of such an art, and he prosecuted many experiments upon it, which were fully described by him in his lectures at the Théâtre d'Agriculture, but he summed up his remarks by saying, that "as an art it was more curious than useful."

A other claimant for favour in the art soon after started in France, M. Copincau, and he appeared self-confident upon the question, and in a pamphlet he published, entitled "L'Homme Rival de la Nature," he endeavoured to persuade the public that he had found the great secret.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE DOMINION.

There was ice an inch thick at Victoria on the 24th ult. A daring attempt at incendiarism was made at Hamilton last week. The Quebec Legislature meet for the despatch of business on Thursday, the 7th prox.

UNITED STATES.

Fanny Fern is dead. Mrs. Greeley is seriously ill. Small-pox is on the increase in New York. Two fatal shooting affrays have occurred at Baltimore.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The Panama cable has been recovered. Quiet is restored in Mexico—once more. The Queen of Holland is to visit England. The price of coal has again advanced in England.

A fight took place last week at Stamboul between Turks and Persians. The troops were called out to suppress the riot and fired into the Persian party, killing three and wounding thirty.

King Amadeo, while walking in the Plaza del Oriente, Madrid, a few days ago, was assailed by two men who threw stones at him, fortunately without injuring him.

An official statement of the result of the "option" in Alsace and Lorraine shows that of the natives of these two provinces 164,633 have declared in favour of retaining French citizenship.

CHESS.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

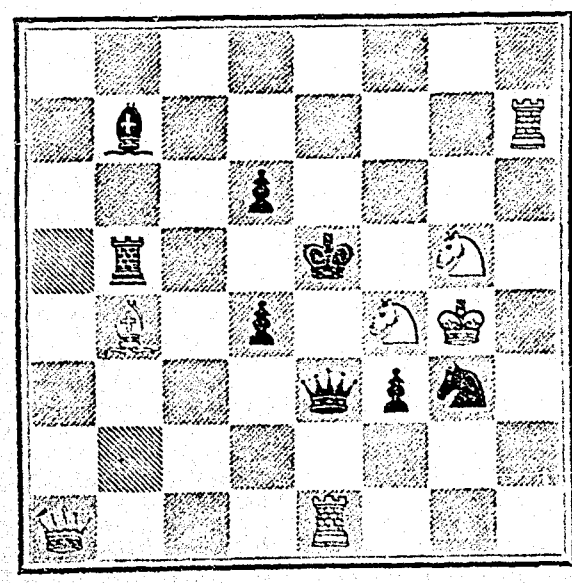
P. S. McG., Milton, Ont.—Your Problem will appear soon; it seems to us quite correct. J. H. G., St. John, N. B.—Your Problem is under examination; have written.

A well-contested game in the late Tourney at Hamilton. SCOTCH GAMBIT.

- White. Mr. W. T. Taylor, Hamilton. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. P. to Q. 4th. 4. K. B. to Q. B. 4th.

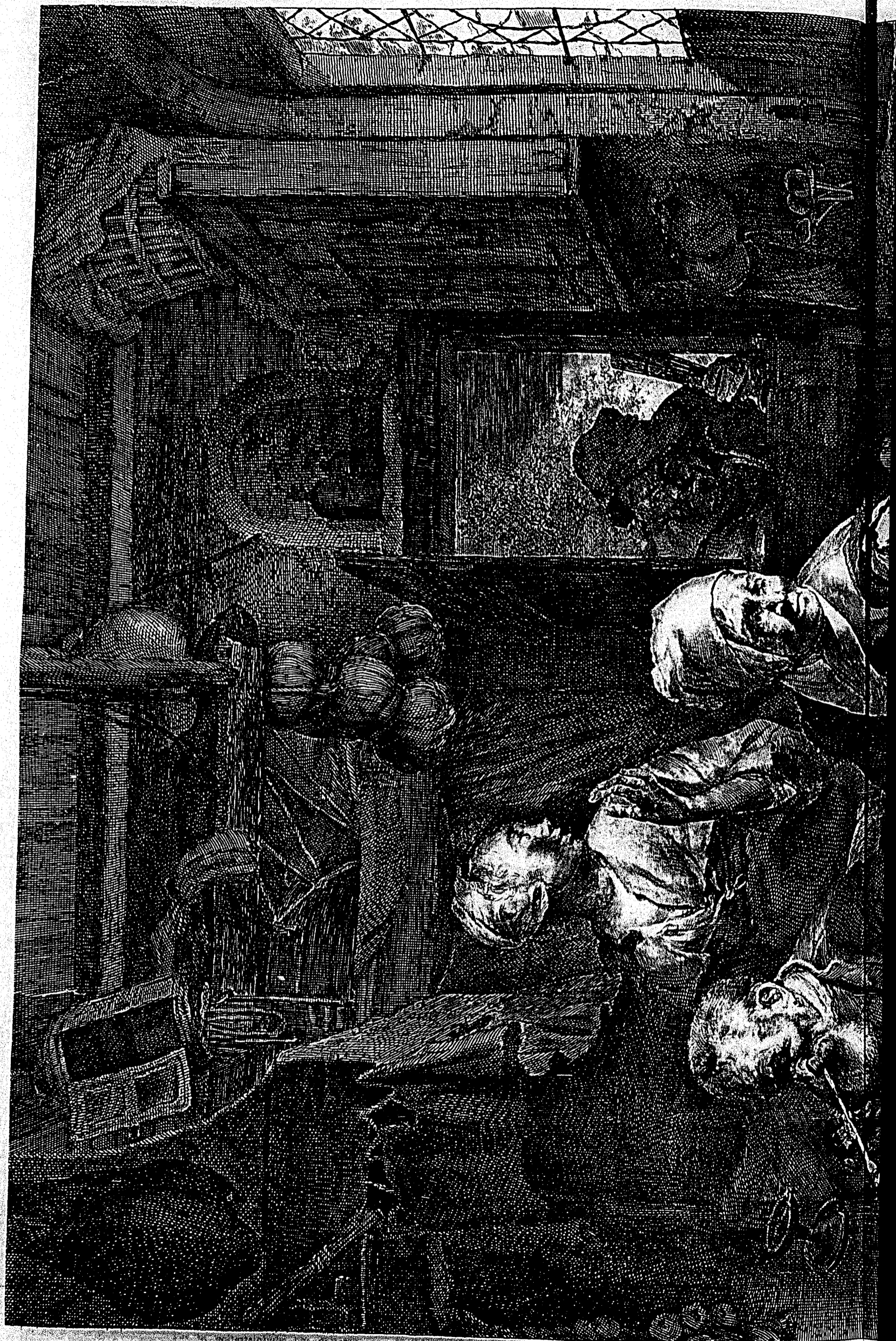
(a) Instead of this, the attack might have been continued as follows:— S. B. takes P. ch. B. takes Kt. &c. (b) Overlooking, apparently, the awkward check which prevents castling, and gives him a constrained position.

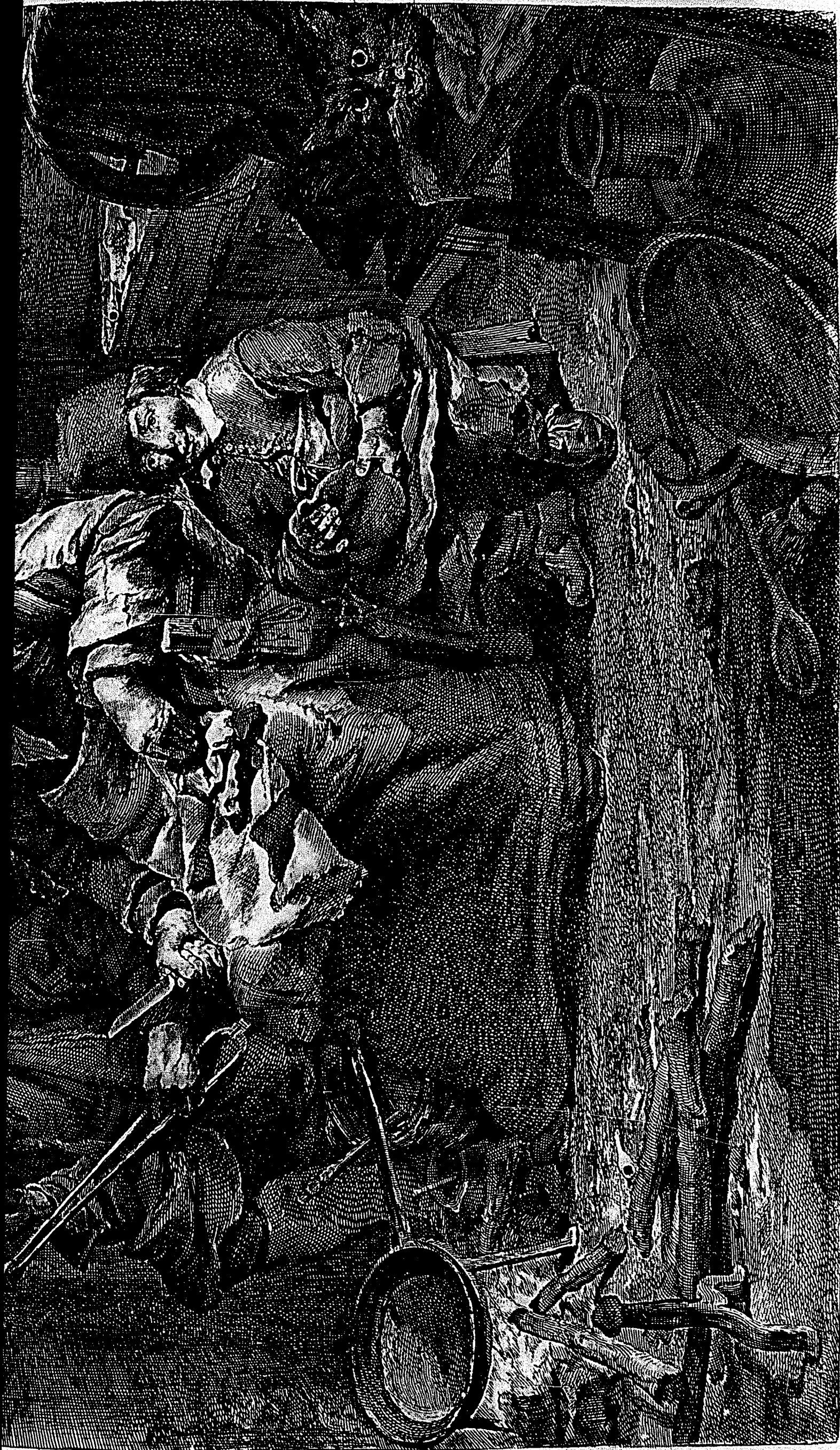
PROBLEM No. 63 By J. Henderson, (of St. Liboire, P. Q.)



White to play and mate in three moves.

- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 62. White. 1. B. to K. Kt. 6th. ch. 2. Q. to K. R. 5th. ch. 3. K. to K. 7th. ch. (dis.) 4. R. takes P. mate.





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 19TH OCTOBER, 1872.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

WIRE ROPE TOWAGE ON THE DANUBE.

(Continued from Page 252.)

placing it into the pulleys 20 minutes. By employing stronger and more suitable blocks for lifting and handling the rope the time for these operations could still be greatly reduced.

"The three barges which had to be towed were all of the same construction, being flat-bottomed iron vessels, 180 ft. long, 21 ft. beam, and 8 ft. 4 in. depth of hold.

	decim.	ft. in.
The draft was in boat A ..	15	= 4 11
" " B ..	15½	= 5 0
" " C ..	14½	= 4 9

"This indicated, according to the official gauging, the following cargoes:

	cwt.
For boat A	5220
" B	5132
" C	4997
Total,	15349 (German) = 752 tons 2 cwt. (English.)

"The invoices of the cargoes indicated a total of 16,256 cwt. (German) = 793 tons (English) of coals and wood. But it was ascertained that several hundred cwt. of coal had been taken out of the boats previous to the trial.

"The length of the course laid down for the trial was 2,824 Austrian, or 13.30 English miles. The time of running over this course was found to be 2 hours 42 minutes 55 seconds. Thus the speed of the boat amounted to 1.040 Austrian miles, or 4.898 English miles per hour.

"The current of the river was measured in two different ways; first on September 2nd by floats, and then on September 3rd by the difference of speed of the steamer "Jstvan," whilst going up or down stream, over the whole course. The result of these experiments was to place the speed of the river at 1.275 metre per second, or .605 Austrian, or 2.85 English miles per hour.

"During the trial the coal was carefully weighed. At the end of the trip the steam pressure, the water in the boiler, and the fire on the grate was as much as possible in the same condition as at starting. The amount consumed per hour was found to be 837.3 lb. German, or 922.7 lb. (English.) The coal consumed per Austrian mile was 805 lb. The coal consumed per (German) cwt. moved one mile (Austrian) was, therefore, according to invoice 0.0494 lb.; according to measurement 0.0524 lb. This is equivalent per English mile and ton, according to invoice, to 0.214 lb. of coal; according to measurement to 0.222 lb.

"The steam gauges indicated, throughout the trip, a pressure of from 66 to 75 lb.; the permissible boiler pressure being 80 lb."

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

Professor Plantamour, who recently threatened the world with destruction by a comet on the 12th of August last, now declares, says the Paris Figaro, that the solar heat is sensibly decreasing, and calculates that we shall be frozen to death by the 21st of October, 2011.

"Gogo" is the name of a sort of natural soap which has been imported into New York from Manila. It is in reality the inner bark of a tree, and is not only well adapted for cleansing purposes, but is a natural curiosity. It is thought that it may be made useful for other purposes.

Alcohol—30,000 gallons of it—was put to a very good use by Professor Agassiz and his party in preserving the 20,000 specimens of fishes they collected on their recent expedition. The old-fashioned method of drying them would have rendered them nearly useless. Now they will afford material for years of scientific labour.

Two corvettes of the Alabama principle—the "Ariadne" and the "Louisa"—are now being built by the German Government; and two more, the "Freya" and "Thunselda," are to be begun immediately. In three years at the latest the German fleet will thus possess four Alabamas, armed with heavy guns, and so swift that they would be capable of sustaining a contest even against iron-clads covered with 8-inch plates.

SEAMARINE PHOTOGRAPHY.—According to the correspondence of the New York Herald, an ingenious plan has been adopted by Prof. Agassiz's expedition for determining how far the submarine regions are pervious to light. A plate prepared for photographic purposes is inclosed in a case so contrived as to be covered by a revolving lid in the space of forty minutes. The apparatus is sunk to the required depth, and at the expiration of the period stated is drawn up and developed in the ordinary way. It is said that evidence has thus been obtained of the operation of the actinic rays at much greater depths than hitherto supposed possible.

The offer of a premium of \$100,000 by the State of New York for the successful application of some motive power other than horses to canal boats on the Erie Canal, has set busy brains working from Maine to California, and various devices have been proposed; but a boat has just been completed at Fishkill Landing designed to compete for the prize. This boat, which will be propelled by steam, is 90 feet long, 17 feet beam, 9 feet hold, and has a carrying capacity of 7,000 bushels, or 210 tons of wheat. With full cargo her draught of water is about six feet. The engine is located in the stern of the boat and is a compound one having two cylinders, the high-pressure cylinder being seven inches in diameter and twelve-inch stroke, and the low pressure twelve inches in diameter and twelve-inch stroke. The steam is generated by a vertical tubular boiler of peculiar construction, to which the cylinders are attached on either side, the whole forming the most compact and economical power about ever seen. The power is applied by means of two screw propellers in the stern of the boat, four feet six inches in diameter and four feet pitch, attached to the crank and shaft, each driven by one of the cylinders and geared together at half stroke to secure uniformity of motion, and to prevent the possibility of getting fast on the centre. The horse canal boats now in use run about a mile and a half an hour, and the towage costs from thirty-five to fifty cents, while by this new process three miles will be accomplished in an hour at less expense, and four miles can be effected by extra effort. About two hundred other boats will be in competition, and the slow dragging service of the canals might run out of so many chances to choose to be superseded by something better.—New York Albion.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN RAILROADS COMPARED.

A correspondent of the Railroad Gazette says: The first thing that an American notices in the European railroads is the greater solidity of the track. This massiveness is, perhaps, more noticeable in England than anywhere else. The bed is an elaborate piece of work, and not merely a temporary embankment thrown up. Bridges are very numerous, because there are very few level crossings. Even farm roads are carried over or under the track. These bridges and tunnels, as well as their approaches, are of the most substantial stone or brick masonry. The rails, as a general thing, are heavier than with us. The best lines have a complete system of drainage by means of tiles laid under ground along the bed. Wherever the cuttings are deep or the fillings high, the whole surface is turfed over or covered with grass. The grassy slopes add very much to the comfort of the traveller by softening the glare, and by diminishing the dust and reverberation.

The European cars, not even excepting those of Southern Germany and Switzerland, are lighter than ours. This may be one of the reasons why broken axles, heated boxes and broken rails are almost unknown there. The passenger coaches are about 25 feet long, not any wider than ours, and much lower, not above seven feet in the centre. There are three compartments or sections to each car. First class in the middle, second class at each end, third class generally by themselves. In Germany there is sometimes a fourth class. The English and Continental second class compartments are upholstered with plush (third class with morocco or oilcloth) and carpeted, and the seats, of which there are only six in each compartment, placed face to face, have arms dividing them. The Irish second class have seats for eight in each compartment; and the Continental third class, for ten. The class arrangement has its advantages; there is more room generally; many a mile I had a whole compartment to myself, and still more frequently divided between myself and friend. It is pleasant for companies and acquaintances. But it is a very expensive arrangement for the railroad companies. It leads to very long trains and these hardly half filled; so that, though their cars are much lighter than ours, it is very doubtful whether they carry any less dead weight than we do. On the Continent the system is run more economically, because there the officials see that as many places as possible are filled. An English "guard" shares the exclusiveness of his countrymen and respects it; but on the Continent sociability is more spontaneous, and travellers are herded more. The compartment system gives a close and confined air to the car. It lacks room and light. The middle seats are not comfortable for seeing or reading; and sitting vis à vis is as unpleasant under some circumstances as it is pleasant under others. With us you can choose your vis à vis company; in England, you can't refuse it. It must be a positive comfort to many passengers that they are compelled to ride backwards. The smoker is well provided for on all the roads, and the smoking compartments are generally well filled. In the Continental cars, there are ash boxes provided. Spittoons there are none; chewing is not a reputable or recognized habit, and spitting and putting up one's feet on the opposite seat are peculiarly American. There is no water or water closet on the train, and, of course, there are no stoves. Every traveller carries a knee blanket, and, in very cold weather, a bag of warmed sand is furnished on some of the Continental lines. It is a continual wonder to an American how the claims of decency, health and comfort should have been so long overlooked.

Except on some of the German and Swiss railroads, there is no cab for the engineman. He stands in an open box, with an iron or board partition between him and the smoke-stack. This barrier has in it two bull's eyes 8 or 10 inches in diameter and glazed. Sometimes this partition is bent back a foot or so at the top, and that is all the protection he and the stoker (fireman) have.

There is a hundredfold less whistling (or, as the Evening Post has it, "diabolical screaming") on these roads than on ours, and of course a hundredfold more ear comfort. Starting signals in Europe are a bell or a low whistle by the engineer, in answer to the boatswain whistle of "the guard," or the word "right" in England, or fertig (ready) in Germany and Switzerland. As there are no cows on their tracks, so there are no cow catchers on their engines, and no whistling them off. Every level crossing is guarded by a gate and a watchman. The telegraph is in constant use on the Continent for starting and running trains. Every precaution is taken for the safety of the train and its passengers; but much less care is had for the comfort of either the passengers or the employees than is taken with us.

There is no bell-rope or other readily accessible means for communicating with the engineer, should it be necessary. After the passenger is shut in at the station and the key turned on him, he must generally wait till the train stops before he sees the conductor—except on the Prussian lines, when occasionally, while the train is in motion, the guard creeps along on the outside and can be communicated with. On some of the English roads there is a cord that is in communication with the engineer, but the directions for using it and the penalties for abusing it make such a complicated notice that I doubt whether one in fifty of the passengers would know how to proceed if he wished to call the engineer.

On the Belgium express train from Cologne to Paris, I found the following arrangement: In each compartment there is a signal bell enclosed with glass, which, if occasion demand (in the words of the notice to travellers, "is to be broken with the elbow, the string pulled, and the arms to be agitated through the right hand window."

Consumption, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Feeble, Irregular Action of the Heart, and a long list of kindred diseases, are attributed to a low state of the nervous system. Owing to its bracing effects on those centers we may ascribe to Fellows' Compound Hypophosphites the prompt and decided benefit received by patients labouring under these diseases.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

There is a scheme for a society of Italian ladies, who are to unite in serious resistance to the slavery of foreign fashions in dress, under which Italy still lies.

An Australian correspondent states that the freezing process of preserving meat has been perfected. This will enable exporters to send joints out whole, instead of boneless boiled meat in tins.

A Grand Rapids manufacturing firm obtains its motive power from a water wheel a quarter of a mile distant, by means of half a mile of cable wire stretched on pulleys across the Grand River.

Grousset, the Communist, who will be remembered as principally instrumental in the pulling down of the Vendôme Column, has been trapped at last; he has entered the monastery of La Trappe, near Besançon.

Smokers who buy meerschaum pipes ready coloured should be cautious in their purchases. From a recent report published in Paris, it appears that the most noxious pigments are frequently employed to give the clay the cherished hue. Hence various stomachic and often very serious complaints.

Canon Trevor, writing in the Record on the controversy between the Archbishop of Canterbury and "the heathen," says—I learn from Professor Garcin de Tassy's "Revue Annuelle" of Hindustan Literature for 1871, that there is actually a subscription on foot in Bombay to build a pagoda in London for the worship of Vishnu and Siva.

The latest and most novel temperance movement is by an ingenious Frenchman, who proposes to remove the taste of his countrymen for drink by the propagation of a worm which destroys the vine! After he has spoiled the grapes he will be forced to devote his energies to absinthe, rye, barley, corn, sugar-cane, and a variety of other articles. That man has a great work before him.

In China the following notice has been issued:—"Notice is respectfully given that a learned man, aged eighty, and celebrated for his good deeds, died in Peking three days ago. He is now risen again, and relates that, having been admitted to the presence of the Goddess of Graces, this divinity has assured him that the harvest of 1872 will be abundant. She has also told him that on the 5th of May the God of Destruction would descend upon the earth and put at least half the men now living to death. If any one doubts this, let him wait till the 9th of May." If he doesn't doubt, the conclusion is that he need not wait, but depart in peace.

A TUNE FOR A TUNE.—On Saturday afternoon, whilst Dr. Otto Richter, a celebrated German pianist, was playing one of Thalberg's brilliant fantasias in Marquis Chisholm's music depot in Greenock, one of a little group of listeners outside the door was a poor itinerant street musician. The shower of melody within seems to have been too much for the wanderer out in the rain, who went in, and standing motionless till the pianist ceased, said—"You're a splendid player, sir. I never heard such music. I hope you do not think me bold. All I can give you is a tune for a tune." And taking a broken concertina from under his arm, he played a simple Scotch melody, made his exit, and was next seen plying his weary occupation at the corner of the street. Some one ought to have caught the youngster: there is more in him than in a million of regular plodders on the gamut road.

Mr. J. B. Barnett, a Hebrew scholar, writing in the Jewish Chronicle, contends that the Prophet Jeremiah with the remnant of the tribe of Judah migrated to Ireland, and was no other than the celebrated Irish reformer and law-giver Ollam Fola. According to his wonderful theory the prophet brought with him the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, which was subsequently conveyed by an Irish prince to Scotland for coronation purposes, and centuries afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey by King Edward the Third, since which times all the Kings and Queens of England down to Victoria have been crowned upon it. This stone, Mr. Barnett says, was that which was originally kept in the sanctuary of the first temple at Jerusalem, and was known as "Jacob's Stone," being none other than the stone directly apostrophised by King David as "the stone which the builders rejected," but which was destined for peculiar honours.

"The most romantic of all numbers," says a writer in Chamber's Journal, is the figure nine, because it won't be multiplied away or got rid of any how. Whatever you do, it is as sure to turn up again as was the body of Eugene Aram's victim. One remarkable property of this figure (said to have been discovered by W. Green, who died in 1794,) is, that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by what you like and it gives the same result. Begin with twice nine, 18; add the digits together, and 1 and 8 make 9. Three times 9 are 27; and 2 and 7 make nine. So it goes on, up to eleven times nine, which gives 99. Very good; add the digits; 9 and 9 are 18, and 8 and 1 are 9. Going on to any extent, it is impossible to get rid of the figure nine. Take a couple of instances at random. Three hundred and thirty-nine times nine are 3,051; add up the digits and they give 9. Five thousand and seventy-one times nine are 45,360; the sum of these digits is 27, and 2 and 7 are 9. M. de Malvan found out another queer thing about this number, namely, that if you take any row of figures, and, reversing their order to make a subtraction sum of it, the total is sure to be 9. For example:

Take 5,081
Reverse digits 1,805

3, 276—18, and 1 and 8 are 9.

The Englishman must joke; his spirits are usually high, but when he bursts on to the Continent for his summer holiday he solders the escape-valve down and goes it at high pressure. Nothing delights him so much as to play his pranks in the hotel-book, in which *de rigueur* he is obliged to insert his name. The longevity of some of the tourists is remarkable—102, 109, and 99. Equally curious are the residences—Iso of Sky-Parlour, Thames Tunnel, and Blackfriars Bridge among them. And so with the professions: quill-driver, retired dustman, Lord Mayor of Stoke Pogis, and cigar-end merchant are a few. One gentleman got ten years younger in travelling from Boulogne to Amiens, and another stated that he came from Don't-know-where and was going to Jericho. These books come under the official inspection of Frenchmen who must know that the English delight in making a mockery of the system.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

OCTOBER.

BY

W. H. WITHROW, M.A., NIAGARA.

I.

Still stand the trees in the soft hazy light,
Bathing their branches in the ambient air;
The hush of beauty breatheth everywhere;
In crimson robes the forests all are dight:

Autumn flings forth his banner in the field,
Blazoned with heraldry of gules and gold;
In dyes of blood his garments all are rolled,
The gory stain of war is on his shield.

Like some frail fading girl, her death anour,
On whose fair cheek blooms bright the hectic rose,
So burns the wan cheek of the dying year
With beauty brighter than the summer knows:
And, like a martyr mid ensanguined fires,
Enwrapped in robe of flame he now expires.

II.

Like gallant courtiers, the forest trees
Flaunt in their crimson robes with 'brothered
And like a king in royal purple's fold,
The oak flings largess to the beggar breeze.

For ever burning, ever unconsumed,
Like the strange portent of the prophet's bush,
The autumn flames amid a sacred hush:
The forest glory never brighter blushed.

Upon the lulled and drowsy atmosphere
Fall faint and low the far-off muffled stroke
Of woodman's axe, the school-boy's ringing cheer.
The watch-dog's bay, the crash of falling oak:
And gleam the apples 'mid the orchard trees
Like golden fruit of the Hesperides.

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THE DAVENANTS.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

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

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Madame St. Hilaire said you were to be careful to send the powders prescribed by the New York physician," resumed Georgina. "Is aconite one of the medicines he prescribed for Louise?" and she looked so archingly at him.

"Yes," he answered curtly, but his eyes fell beneath that steady scrutinizing gaze. "Poisonous medicines are often made use of with great benefit to the patient," he added, after a moment's pause, and he busied himself folding up several minute paper parcels. As he did so Georgina saw that his hands trembled, and she watched him with a face as colourless as marble from the terrible suspicion which had seized upon her.

"Your wife is very ill, suffering severe pain, will this medicine relieve it?" asked Georgina, as he offered her the powders.

"Of course it will," he faltered.

"Madame St. Hilaire said the last you gave her had not the desired effect, and that there must have been some mistake on your part. Intentional she seemed to think it."

"Did she say so?" broke from him with a startled look, while his changing colour betrayed confusion.

Georgina's suspicion was becoming a certainty. She pressed one hand upon her heart as if a death-pang had seized it, and covered her white face with the other to shut out that guilty countenance. Suddenly she recollected that Madame St. Hilaire would be impatiently awaiting her return.

"I cannot take this medicine," she said, "give me something else, some anodyne to relieve my wife." Her voice was hoarse and stern, her face expressing the thoughts passing through her mind.

Delamare feared she had penetrated his guilty purpose. Without saying a word he mixed up another powder, and with a trembling hand presented it to her.

Madame St. Hilaire met her as she reached her daughter's apartment. Silently taking the medicine, with a bow of thanks she closed the door, while Georgina, quickly retracing her steps, proceeded once more to the surgery. She could not rest till she had some conversation with Delamare, till this horrible fear which had taken possession of her mind was either confirmed or removed. "He cannot be such a villain!" she kept repeating to herself.

She found him pacing the surgery in great agitation. He looked surprised as she again made her appearance, and there was a gleam of hope in the appealing look he turned on her. Her strong affection for him he thought would induce her to overlook even this evil act he was meditating, and which she unfortunately suspected.

"Oh, Henri!" I cannot bear the agony of this suspense!" she said wildly; "for heaven's sake tell me you are innocent!"

"Innocent of what?" he asked with a well-feigned surprise.

"Of trying to —" she hesitated to pronounce the dreadful word. "Oh, it is too horrible to accuse you of such a crime!" and she wrung her hands in anguish. "Surely some fiend has whispered the horrid thought to drive me frantic!"

"You suspect me of trying to get rid of Louise," he said, with an assumption of injured innocence. "On what grounds may I ask?"

and an angry frown broke like a dark cloud over his countenance.

"On these grounds," she answered, with a subdued vehemence. "Under your medical treatment she always grows worse. Madame seems to suspect foul play."

There was a guilty start at these words.

"Your own actions condemn you," Georgina resumed, with increasing excitement. "Why did you so hastily remove that jar of aconites which you were using in the preparation of her medicine?"

Delamare laughed a hard forced laugh. "How childish of you, Georgina, to suspect me of a base crime on such simple grounds! Have I not told you that poisons are used medicinally?"

"But your very looks betray your guilt. An innocent man would not start and tremble as you do!"

He turned away angrily at these words, and began again to pace the floor in gloomy silence. A few minutes passed, Georgina watching him with an expression of mingled grief and horror. A low wailing cry from her at length broke the silence.

"Oh, Henri, tell me you are innocent! say that I wrong you!" and she turned her tearful eyes on him with a piteous beseeching look.

"You would not believe me," he answered gloomily, turning and facing her with assumed calmness.

"I will! I will!" she answered eagerly, "only swear it on this sacred symbol of our faith," and she held towards him a beautiful gold cross which she wore.

He pushed it from him with an angry motion and resumed his agitated walk.

"You dare not swear it!" wailed Georgina. "Oh, it is too true! too true!"

"And what if it is true?" he asked, suddenly confronting her with a half-defiant look. "Must your happiness and mine be sacrificed without an effort to remove the obstacle to our union? I tell you," he continued with fierce vehemence, "that I can no longer endure the misery of my life! Separated from you I cannot eye it! and this improvement in Louise's health is likely to separate us for ever! Do you not then see the necessity of this act I commit, and which you condemn. Evil it is, I allow that; but it is the only means left me to snatch the felicity my soul craves, the greatest of life's blessings, which I must have at any cost! Aye," he added with frenzied excitement, "even at the expense of Heaven itself!" He stopped suddenly at perceiving the effect of his words on Georgina. She was staring at him with eyes dilated with horror, her face ghastly and convulsed, her breath coming in gasps as if she was suffocating from the weight of misery his bold confession laid upon her heart. All doubt was now removed, and the full agony of this confirmation of her worst fears rushed in upon her mind with a force that stunned her. She rose to her feet with a bewildered air and moved towards the door, staggering like one who has received a heavy blow. Delamare tried to detain her, but she pushed him from her with a look of abhorrence. He rushed before her to the door to prevent her leaving him; but startled by the wild cry she uttered he permitted her to pass fearful of an unpleasant *epoux* in her present state of horrified bewilderment. He saw the shock she had received had almost deprived her of reason. He deeply regretted the revelation he had made. He feared it would be the death-blow to all his hopes, and as Georgina passed out of the surgery fleeing from him as from the Evil One, the wretched and guilty man gave way to a wild agony of grief and despair. Already had the punishment of his meditated crime begun.

Fortunately the howling of the wind prevented that agonized cry of Georgina's from being heard through the house. Slowly, for she could scarcely support her trembling frame, she passed along the narrow passage to the hall and crept up the stairs to her own room. What an agony of woe a woman's heart can bear and break not! Grief even in its intensity seldom kills, the stricken one lives on to suffer, often with the cry for death on her lips. Through the silent hours of that night Georgina Davenant never slept. The discovery of Delamare's guilt swept in upon her heart a torrent of emotion. To find him so utterly depraved, his soul stained with the guilt of an atrocious act, was a trial of no common nature.

The veil which her attachment had thrown over his glaring defects of character was suddenly withdrawn by the hand of crime, and revealing it in its true light she started back appalled at its deformity; but this shattering of the idol she had worshipped brought with it an agony of suffering impossible to describe.

To leave the chateau now and never see Delamare again became her earnest desire, not that she any longer dreaded his power over her affections; all his interest in her heart was suddenly extinguished—her love for him crushed by the avowal of his guilt. Delamare had misjudged the erring girl when he supposed that her affection for him would palliate the evil act by which he was trying to remove the unconscious obstacle to their marriage. The love of virtue which had been planted in her heart in childhood by religious training was not dead, although it had seemed

to smoulder beneath the ashes which her passionate love for him had heaped upon it; but now, at the hideous appearance of crime, it blazed forth suddenly, showing her the precipice to which the tempter led her, and she was saved—the chain that bound her heart to the husband of Louise was severed for ever.

The sun was struggling through the cloudy atmosphere of a November morning as Georgina rose from her sleepless bed the following day. To her as well as to many the renewed light brought with it only another period of suffering which must be endured. How gladly would the stricken ones of earth close their eyes for ever on a scene of so much sin and disappointment and woe, if in doing so they might cease to be; but the dread hereafter comes up in all its terrible reality before the mind, and without the Christian's rainbow of hope to span the gloom, they feel that life, with all its trials, is preferable to the undefined suffering of the unseen world.

Whilst Georgina was listlessly engaged at the business of the toilet, caring no longer to deck herself to attract admiration, for her heart was now dead to all the little vanities of life,—Stephanie entered her room with more than her usual empressment, her face expressing alarm.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, we all have grand fear *aujourd'hui!* De habitants are to fight one great battle and *Oncle Henri* is gone, and *ma tante* est au *désespoir*. She says he will be dead."

"Has your uncle left the chateau to join the patriots," asked her governess in surprise. "Who has been telling you this news, Stephanie; it cannot be true!"

"C'est vrai! Il est parti de bonne heure, *Grand-mère* le dit."

"Stephanie you must speak English; remember it is your grandmother's injunction."

"Ah oui, Mademoiselle! But pardonnez-moi, I have such great fear I must speak de French *parce qu'il n'est pas si difficile*."

"Then we must not converse till you learn to obey me," said Georgina in a decided manner.

"Eh bien! I will speak de English *si vous voulez*, but *les soldats* are so cruel—savage! I have grand fear."

"Do you mean the habitants, Stephanie?"

"Ah no!" replied Stephanie with an impatient grimace, "*les pauvres habitants* are good, *mais les soldats* are *barbares*. Pierre says they will make one big bonfire of the chateau!"

"Nonsense, child! the royal troops will do nothing of the kind; they will respect the property of the loyal inhabitants. Your grandmother is not concerned in this revolt."

"*Mais Oncle Henri* is one big rebel and *grand-mère* say he will bring destruction to her. *Tenez! Mademoiselle*, if you want to see the rebels *les voir*," and Stephanie rushed to the window from which could be seen a large number of French Canadians passing along the road near the chateau. They were variously armed and a tricolor flag waving defiantly on the breeze was borne by one of the party. The information of Stephanie was evidently true. The revolt had at last broken out and Delamare was probably gone to take part in it, reckless, it might be, of what happened after the painful scene of last night.

Through that day Stephanie and her governess watched from the turret school-room the various bands of insurgents occasionally passing the chateau. The country was in a state of great excitement. The Lascelles had reached Montreal, but they remained there for the present so that Georgina's stay with Madame St. Hilaire was prolonged. She regretted this now, as she wished to get away and avoid another meeting with Delamare. The remembrance of last night's confession would render the very sight of him painful to her evermore.

(To be continued.)

ART AND LITERATURE.

The editor of the London *Telegraph* is to be raised to a baronetcy

M. Tain is busily engaged upon a history of the French revolution.

Rosa Bonheur's last painting, a tiger fighting a hyena, is said to be her masterpiece.

A superior edition of "The Life of the Rev. W. M. Punshon, M.A.," is now in the press.

Tyndall, the eminent scientist, who was expected to visit this country during the present autumn, will delay his visit until winter.

An English critic says that James T. Fields' account of the death and burial of Hawthorne is one of the most affecting passages in English literature.

Mark Twain, who has just gone abroad, contemplates writing a third book, it is said, devoting himself this time to the oddities and eccentricities of the English people, among whom he expects to reside for the next twelve months, in order to take their mental photographs.

Rocheport has deposited with the governor of his prison the first part of his history of the

Second Empire. It is thought the Thiers Government will gladly consent to its publication. The book will sell, of course, for the Parisians retain a sly well-wish for their pet *gamin*, who wants, besides, to provide the means to complete the education of his son—destined to be an artist.

At the recent meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association, Mr. Broughton, one of the curators, in speaking on the first edition of *Shakspeare* mentioned that 263 editions of *Shakspeare's* plays had been issued, in addition to 650 publications of portions of his works. It was not until 1623 that his works were collected together, and the first edition was issued at the price of £1. It contained 36 plays. *Pericles* was added in a third edition.

It is understood that the illustrated edition of MM. Erckman-Chatrion's "*Histoire du Plebisite*" has been suppressed by the French authorities at the instance of the Prussian Government, who considered that some of the illustrations were calculated to give an unfavourable impression of the conduct of the Prussian soldiers during the war. We are told that the suppressed edition has been purchased by an English house, and will shortly be issued in England.

Mr. Luigi Monti, United States consul at Palermo, though a Sicilian by birth, has lived principally in the States, and is a gentleman of rare intelligence. He is one of the life characters described by Longfellow in his "*Tales of a Wayside Inn*," and none other than the "young Sicilian" who tells the tale of "King Robert of Sicily." The "landlord" of the inn was Lyman Howe, of Sudbury, Massachusetts. The "youth of quiet ways" was a young man named Henry Wales. The "theologian" was Professor Treadwell, of Cambridge. The "poet" was T. W. Parsons, the translator of Dante; and the "musician" was Ole Bull.

Mr. J. B. Bouton, of New York, the well-known biblioplist, has purchased a unique copy of the Bible which a prominent print-seller in London has been engaged in illustrating for thirty years. It consists of sixty thick folio volumes, and contains upward of 30,000 prints, drawings and rare old wood cuts, and many leaves of missals on vellum. Above 3,000 of these are original. It contains most of the Black Letter Bible, known as Cranmer's Great Bible; the Bishop's Bible, Black Letter, and the Modern Kitho Bible, and many of the notes are illustrated. The etchings are by Rembrandt, the Carracci, Waterloo, Callot, &c., and there are engravings by A. Durer—both on copper and wood—M. Schonguer, and most of the little German masters, fine and brilliant examples of the Weireres, Bolswert, Pontius, Poilly, Edilenck, &c., with many fine modern engravings.

A sale of curious autographs has just now taken place in London, which indicates in an interesting manner the comparative value placed on worthies who have passed away. Many of the letters were written by the poet Cowper, and one of these brought £4. 13s. Gibbon's letter predicting the success of "Boswell's Johnson," brought £5. 7s. 6d., while a letter of the Duke of Wellington went for 3s. 6d., and one of George Canning's for 1s. An autograph of Sarah Siddons brought £5. 5s., while a letter from the "first gentleman in Europe" to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, sold for a guinea. Some letters of Mendelssohn's went for £2. 10s., and various theatrical letters, of people even lately deceased, brought high prices. It is remarkable of this sale, which was made by a first-rate London firm, and long advertised, that the letters of military heroes went cheaper than those of statesmen, those of statesmen for less than those of literary celebrities, and that the autographs of famous players and singers realized, relatively speaking, the best prices of the whole.

ARCHEOLOGY IN THE HOLY LAND.—Another alphabetic treasure has been only very recently discovered, on Mount Moriah, by M. Clermont-Ganneau. This gentleman has had the good fortune to observe, placed as a tombstone in a Mohammedan cemetery, one of the very tablets which, as we are told by Josephus, Herod the Great erected within the Mountain of the House to warn strangers from setting foot within the *Chel*, or prescribed boundary. The stone, being thus employed, could not be removed, but we have seen an excellent photograph. The letters are clearly cut, about an inch and three-quarters in height. They are perfectly square and upright, without the foot, or *serif*, which characterises the Roman capitals, but equal in every respect to the most finished form of Greek capital now used in printing. The beauty of the letters is more remarkable from its contrast with the ruder form of what is called uncial Greek, in the oldest extant MSS. The words are undivided by any spaces. The first letter, a Mu, or M, is distinguished by the outward inclination of the upright strokes. It may be said to stand a straddle. It is very remarkable that a *theta* occurs in the first word, instead of the *delta* with which it is now written—*Methena*, instead of *Medena*—no one.

Sallow Complexion rendered clear by a few doses Colby's Pills.

WIRE ROPE TOWAGE ON THE DANUBE.

We are indebted to *Engineering* for the following notes and the accompanying engraving illustrative of the system of Wire-Rope Towage recently introduced on the Danube, under the auspices of the Imperial Austrian Danube Navigation Company:—

“The application of Fowler’s well-known clip pulley, for the purpose of propelling boats by means of a fixed wire rope, is gradually extending on Continental rivers and canals. After the first experiments made at Leeds, by Baron O. de Mesnil, and a series of trials, during the following years, on the Erie, and Hudson, and Delaware canals, in America, several lines were successfully established in Belgium and France. Although some of them, owing to circumstances wholly unconnected with the mechanical problem of wire-rope navigation, have at the present moment ceased to work, the operations connected with this novel application of steam power are daily growing in extent and importance.

“As a first step for the extensive introduction of the system on the Danube, the Imperial Austrian Danube Steam Navigation Company caused the construction of a powerful tug of 50 horse power nominal, after the designs of Mr. T. Schwarz, the present managing director of the Central Towing Company, at Cologne. A general description of this vessel will recall the principal features of O. de Mesnil’s and M. Eyth’s patents.

“The “Nyitra” (see engraving on the opposite page) is a flat-bottomed iron vessel of a total length of 133 ft.; beam, 24½ ft.; and depth of hold, 7½ ft. It is provided with two false keels, and has a large rudder at the bow as well as at the stern, each rudder being separately governed by a wheel placed near the centre of the boat.

“As on most rivers with rapid currents, it is intended to use the wire rope on the Danube only for towing up stream.

THE MANITOBA RIOTS.



THE COMPOSING ROOM.

The tug is therefore provided with twin screws of 4 ft. 2 in. diameter, worked by two separate vertical engines placed near the bow, and supplied with steam by the same boilers, which also work the clip-drum machinery.

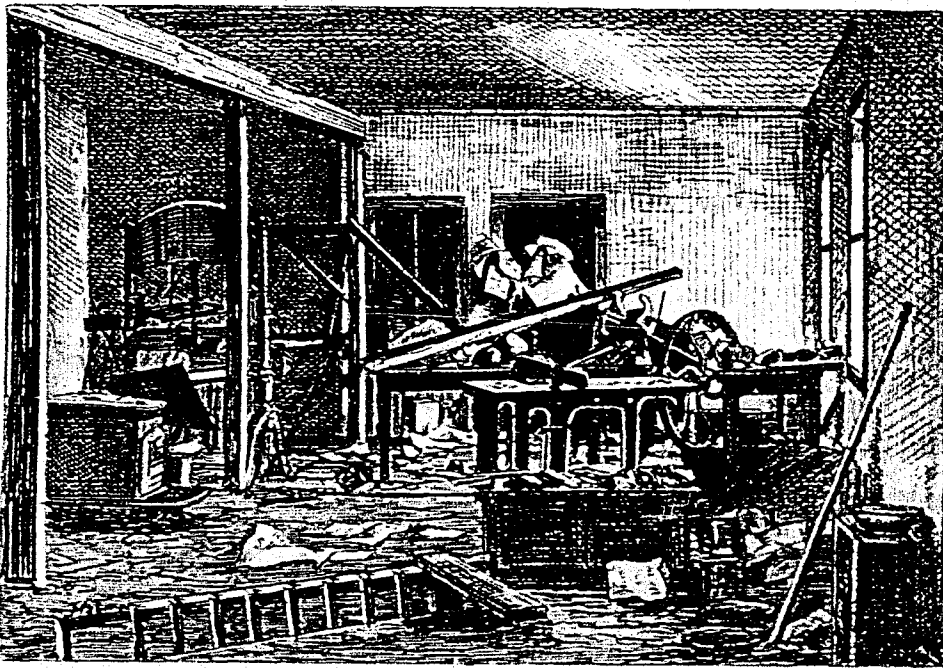
“The boilers are placed between the clip-drum engine and the screw engines. They are two in number, of a type very commonly employed on river steamers, and scarcely calling for particular description.

“The total displacement of the boat, when ready for service, amounts to about 200 tons; the draught is 3 ft. 9 in., the immersed midsection 74 square feet. Besides the machinery, weighing 42 tons, boilers weighing 32 tons, and coal bunkers holding 10 tons, it contains nothing but the usual accommodations for captains, engineers, and crew, and the necessary fittings and contrivances for attaching barges, &c.

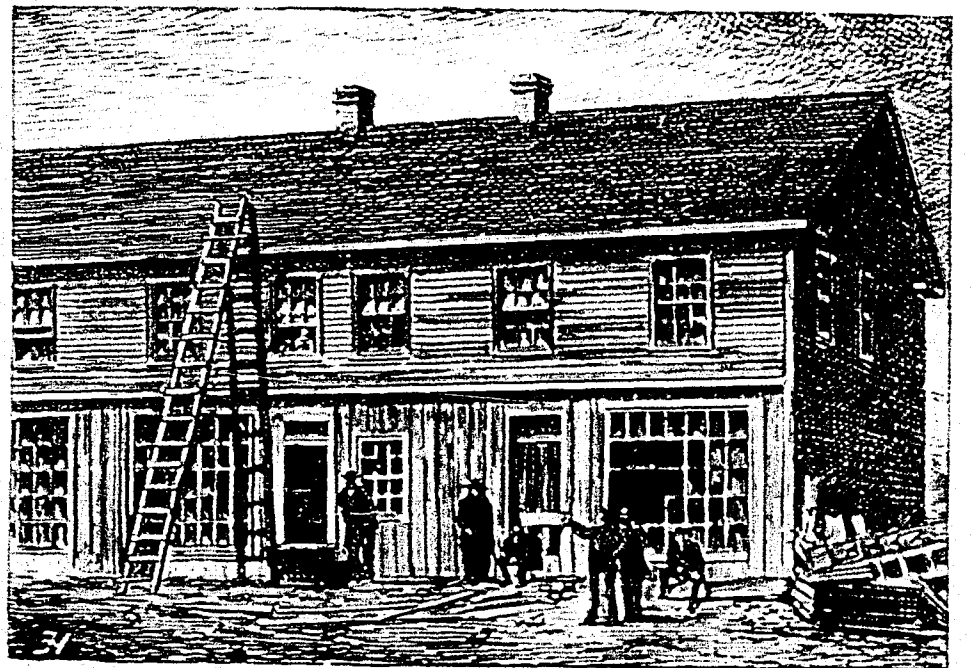
“On September 2, 1871, the “Nyitra” started from her anchorage, towing, by means of her auxiliary screws, three barges to the place where the rope, previously immersed, had to be picked up. It was caught up by a grappling anchor, and fixed to the side of the boat, an operation which lasted from 7.5 to 7.44 a.m. Six workmen were required to place it over the guide pulleys and the clip-drum, which was done in 49 minutes.

“These operations took far more than the ordinary time, in consequence of one of the buoys which marked the position of the rope having been broken loose. The tug, also, with the three barges in tow, was difficult to handle, whilst the rope, laying at the particular spot very much across the river bed, had to be pulled from underneath it. At former trials, on the 22nd of August, the same operation took only 25 minutes; on the 28th of August, 22 minutes; on the 1st of September, 15 minutes. At the trial trip on the 3rd of September, which was undertaken solely to ascertain the steering power of the vessel, the picking up of the rope took 8 minutes, and the

(See Page 250)

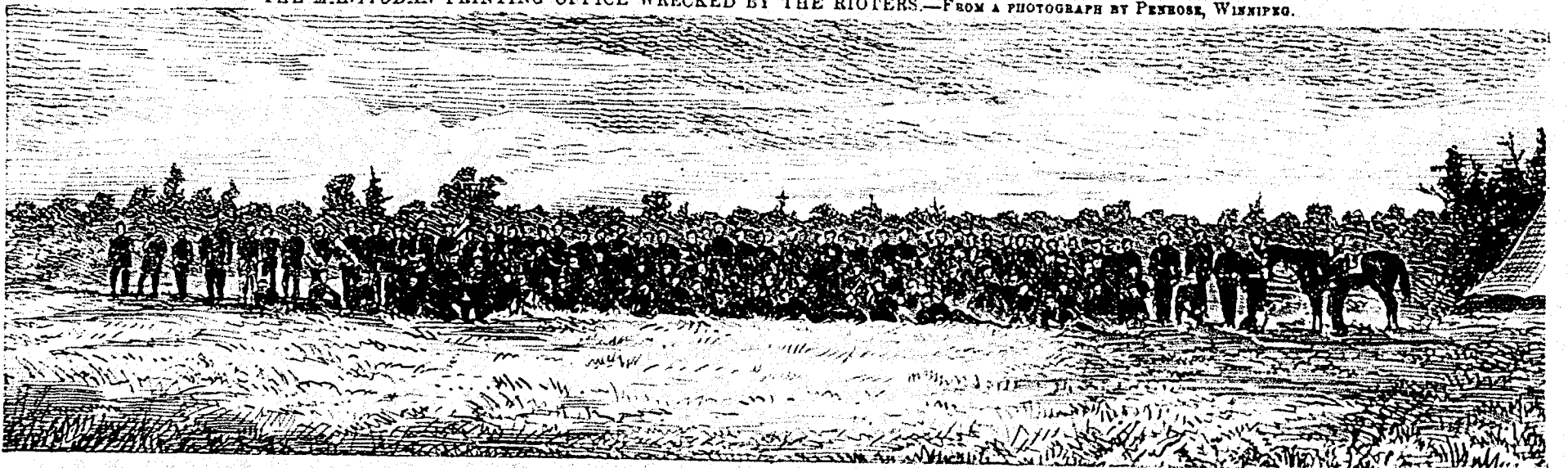


THE PRESS ROOM.

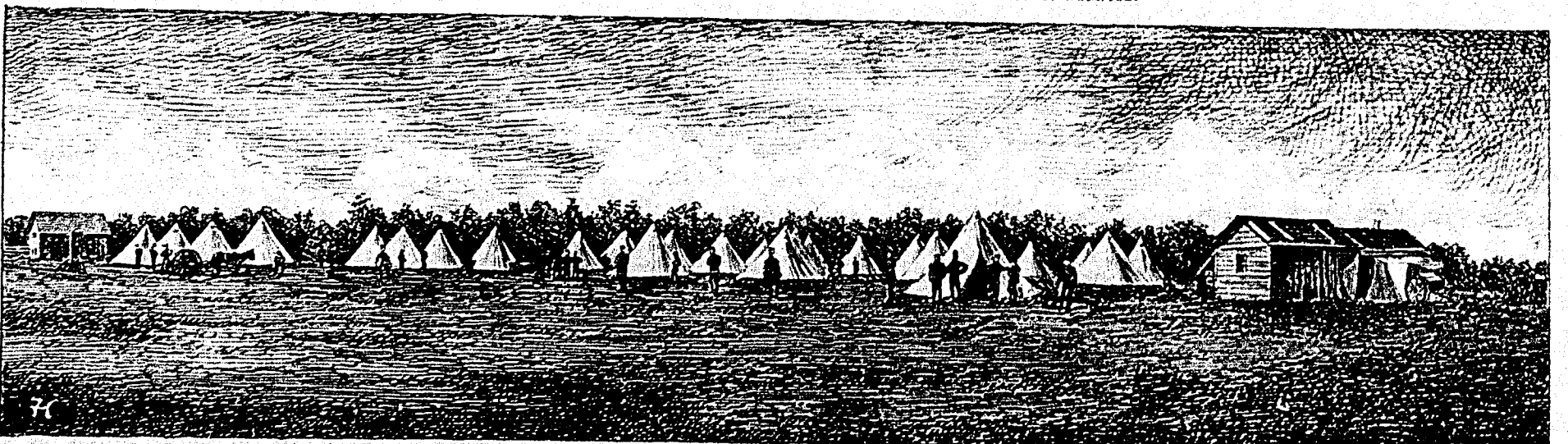


EXTERIOR VIEW.

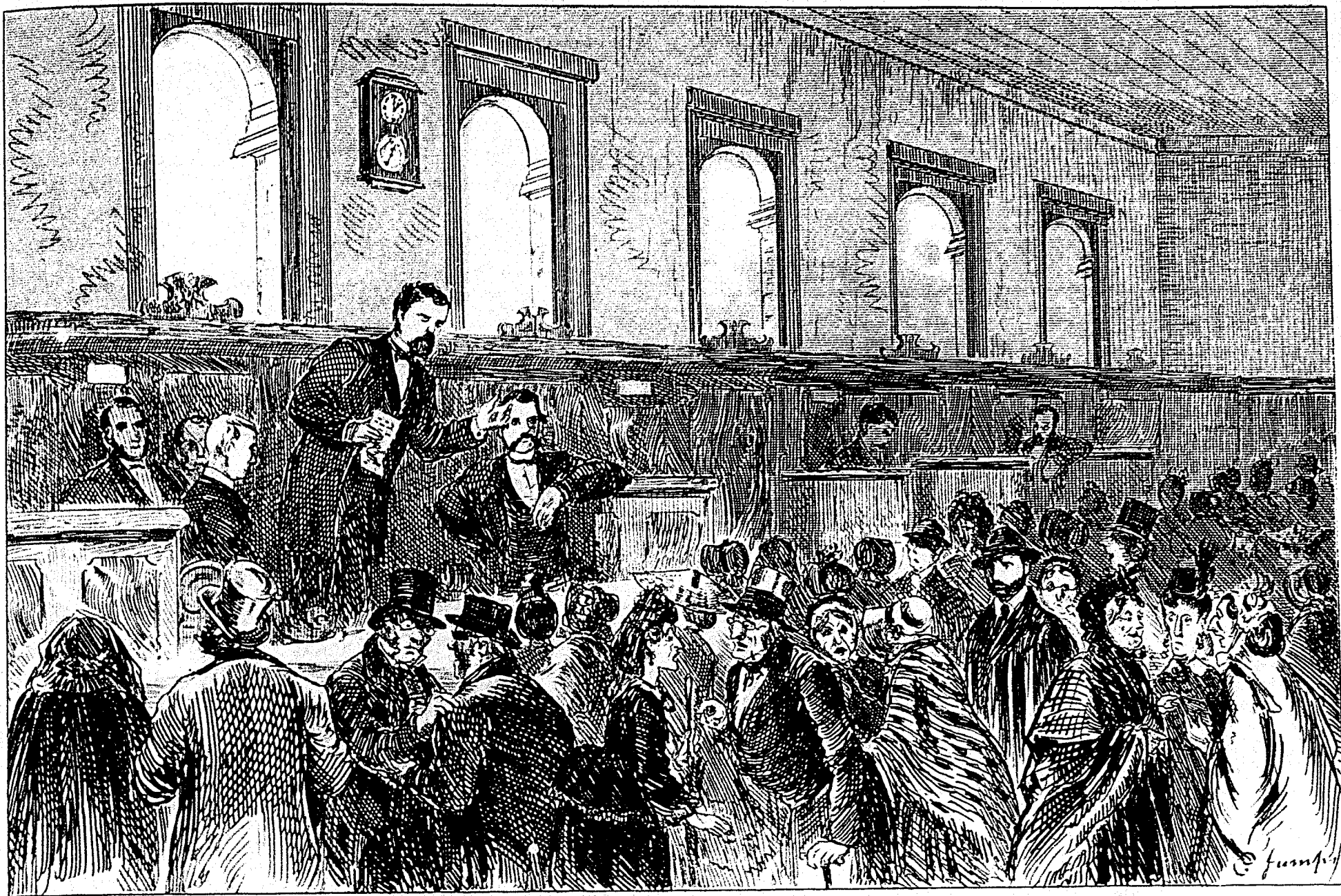
THE MANITOBA PRINTING OFFICE WRECKED BY THE RIOTERS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PENROSE, WINNIPEG.



THE PROVISIONAL BATTALION ON PARADE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PENROSE.



CAMP OF THE PROVISIONAL BATTALION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PENROSE



THE RUN ON THE MONTREAL CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK. THE MAYOR ADDRESSING THE CROWD.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.



WIRE TOWAGE ON THE DANUBE. THE STEAMER NYTRA.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1868.]

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

FIRST SCENE.—*The Cottage on the Frontier.*

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

As the canvas screen fell over him, the sharp report of the rifle-firing was suddenly and grandly dominated by the roar of cannon. The instant after, a shell exploded in the garden outside, within a few yards of the window.

Grace sank on her knees with a shriek of terror. Mercy—without losing her self-possession—advanced to the window, and looked out.

"The moon has risen," she said. "The Germans are shelling the village."

Grace rose, and ran to her for protection. "Take me away!" she cried. "We shall be killed if we stay here." She stopped, looking in astonishment at the tall black figure of the nurse, standing immovably by the window. "Are you made of iron?" she exclaimed. "Will nothing frighten you?"

Mercy smiled sadly. "Why should I be afraid of losing my life?" she answered. "I have nothing worth living for."

The roar of the cannon shook the cottage for the second time. A second shell exploded in the courtyard, on the opposite side of the building.

Bewildered by the noise, panic-stricken at the danger from the shells threatened the cottage more and more nearly, Grace threw her arms round the nurse, and clung, in the abject familiarity of terror, to the woman whose hand she had shrunk from touching, not five minutes since. "Where is it safest?" she cried. "Where can I hide myself?"

"How can I tell where the next shell will fall?" Mercy answered quietly.

The steady composure of the one woman seemed to madden the other. Releasing the nurse, Grace looked wildly round for a way of escape from the cottage. Making first for the kitchen, she was driven back by the clamour and confusion attending the removal of those among the wounded who were strong enough to be placed in the waggon. A second look round showed her the door leading into the yard. She rushed to it, with a cry of relief. She had just laid her hand on the lock when the third report of cannon burst over the place.

Starting back a step, Grace lifted her hands mechanically to her ears. At the same moment, the third shell burst through the roof of the cottage, and exploded in the room, just inside the door. Mercy sprang forward, unhurt, from her place at the window. The burning fragments of the shell were already firing the dry wooden floor, and in the midst of them, dimly seen through the smoke, lay the insensible body of her companion in the room. Even at that dreadful moment the nurse's presence of mind did not fail her. Hurrying back to the place that she had just left, near which she had already noticed the miller's empty sacks lying in a heap, she seized two of them, and, throwing them on the floor, trampled out the fire. That done, she knelt by the senseless woman, and lifted her head.

Was she wounded? or dead?

Mercy raised one helpless hand, and laid her fingers on the wrist. While she was still vainly trying to feel for the beating of the pulse, Surgeon Surville (alarmed for the ladies) hurried in to inquire if any harm had been done.

Mercy called to him to approach. "I am afraid the shell has struck her," she said, yielding her place to him. "See if she is badly hurt?"

The surgeon's anxiety for his charming patient expressed itself briefly in an oath, with a prodigious emphasis laid on one of the letters in it—the letter R.

"Take off her cloak," he cried, raising his hand to her neck. "Poor angel! She has turned in falling; the string is twisted round her throat."

Mercy removed the cloak. It dropped on the floor, as the surgeon lifted Grace in his arms.

"Get a candle," he said impatiently; "they will give you one in the kitchen." He tried to feel the pulse; his hand trembled, the noise and confusion in the kitchen bewildered him. "Just heaven!" he exclaimed, "my emotions overpower me!"

Mercy approached him with the candle. The light disclosed the frightful injury which a fragment of the shell had inflicted on the Englishwoman's head. Surgeon Surville's manner altered on the instant. The expression of anxiety left his face; its professional composure covered it suddenly like a mask. What was the object of his admiration now? An inert burden in his arms—nothing more. The change in his face was not lost on Mercy. Her large grey eyes watched him attentively. "Is the lady seriously wounded?" she asked.

"Don't trouble yourself to hold the light

any longer," was the cool reply. "It's all over—I can do nothing for her."

"Dead?"

Surgeon Surville nodded, and shook his fist in the direction of the outposts. "Accursed Germans!" he cried, and looked down at the dead face on his arm, and shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "The fortunes of war!" he said, as he lifted the body and placed it on the bed in one corner of the room. "Next time, nurse, it may be you or me. Who knows? Bah! the problem of human destiny disgusts me." He turned from the bed, and illustrated his disgust by spitting on the fragments of the exploded shell. "We must leave her there," he resumed. "She was once a charming person—she is nothing now. Come away, Miss Mercy, before it is too late."

He offered his arm to the nurse; the creaking of the baggage-wagon, starting on its journey, was heard outside, and the shrill roll of the drums was renewed in the distance. The retreat had begun.

Mercy drew aside the canvas, and saw the badly-wounded men left helpless at the mercy of the enemy, on their straw beds. She refused the offer of Monsieur Surville's arm.

"I have already told you that I shall stay here," she answered.

Monsieur Surville lifted his hands in polite remonstrance. Mercy held back the curtain, and pointed to the cottage door.

"Go," she said. "My mind is made up."

Even at that final moment the Frenchman asserted himself. He made his exit with unimpaired grace and dignity. "Madam," he said, "you are sublime!" With that parting compliment the man of gallantry—true to the last to the admiration of the sex—bowed, with his hand on his heart, and left the cottage.

Mercy dropped the canvas over the doorway. She was alone with the dead woman.

The last tramp of footsteps, the last rumbling of the waggon-wheels died away in the distance. No renewal of firing from the position occupied by the enemy disturbed the silence that followed. The Germans knew that the French were in retreat. A few minutes more and they would take possession of the abandoned village; the tumult of their approach would become audible at the cottage. In the meantime the stillness was terrible. Even the wounded wretches who were left in the kitchen waited their fate in silence.

Alone in the room, Mercy's first look was directed to the bed.

The two women had met in the confusion of the first skirmish at the close of twilight. Separated, on their arrival at the cottage, by the duties required of the nurse, they had only met again in the captain's room. The acquaintance between them had been a short one; and it had given no promise of ripening into friendship. But the fatal accident had roused Mercy's interest in the stranger. She took the candle, and approached the corpse of the woman who had been literally killed at her side.

She stood by the bed, looking down in the silence of the night at the stillness of the dead face.

It was a striking face—once seen (in life or in death) not to be forgotten afterwards. The forehead was unusually low and broad; the eyes unusually far apart; the mouth and chin remarkably small. With tender hands Mercy smoothed the dishevelled hair and arranged the crumpled dress. "Not five minutes since," she thought to herself, "I was longing to change place with you!" She turned from the bed with a sigh. "I wish I could change places now!"

The silence began to oppress her. She walked slowly to the other end of the room.

The cloak on the floor—her own cloak, which she had lent to Miss Roseberry—attracted her attention as she passed it. She picked it up and brushed the dust from it, and laid it across a chair. This done, she put the light back on the table, and going to the window, listened for the first sounds of the German advance. The faint passage of the wind through some trees near at hand was the only sound that caught her ears. She turned from the window, and seated herself at the table, thinking. Was there any duty still left undone that Christian charity owed to the dead? Was there any further service that pressed for performance in the interval before the Germans appeared?

Mercy recalled the conversation that had passed between her ill-fated companion and herself. Miss Roseberry had spoken of her object in returning to England. She had mentioned a lady—a connection by marriage, to whom she was personally a stranger—who was waiting to receive her. Some one capable of stating how the poor creature had met with her death ought to write to her only friend. Who was to do it? There was nobody to do it but the one witness of the catastrophe now left in the cottage—Mercy herself.

She lifted the cloak from the chair on which she had placed it, and took from the pocket the leather letter-case which Grace had shown to her. The only way of discovering the address to write to in England was to open the case and examine the papers inside. Mercy opened the case—and stopped, feeling a strange reluctance to carry the investigation any further.

A moment's consideration satisfied her that her scruples were misplaced. If she respected the case as inviolable, the Germans would certainly not hesitate to examine it, and the Germans would hardly trouble themselves to write to England. Which were the fittest eyes to inspect the papers of the deceased lady—the eyes of men and foreigners, or the eyes of her own countrywoman? Mercy's hesitation left her. She emptied the contents of the case on the table.

That trifling action decided the whole future course of her life.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMPTATION.

SOME letters, tied together with a ribbon, attracted Mercy's attention first. The ink in which the addresses were written had faded with age. The letters, directed alternately to Colonel Roseberry and to the Honourable Mrs. Roseberry, contained a correspondence between the husband and wife at a time when the Colonel's military duties had obliged him to be absent from home. Mercy tied the letters up again, and passed on to the papers that lay next in order under her hand.

These consisted of a few leaves pinned together, and headed (in a woman's handwriting), "My Journal at Rome." A brief examination showed that the journal had been written by Miss Roseberry, and that it was mainly devoted to a record of the last days of her father's life.

After replacing the journal and the correspondence in the case the one paper left on the table was a letter. The envelope—which was unsealed—bore this address: "Lady Janet Roy, Mablethorpe House, Kensington, London." Mercy took the enclosure from the open envelope. The first lines she read informed her that she had found the Colonel's letter of introduction, presenting his daughter to her protectress on her arrival in England.

Mercy read the letter through. It was described by the writer as the last effort of a dying man. Colonel Roseberry wrote affectionately of his daughter's merits, and regretfully of her neglected education—attributing the latter to the pecuniary losses which had forced him to emigrate to Canada in the character of a poor man. fervent expressions of gratitude followed, addressed to Lady Janet. "I owe it to you," the letter concluded, "that I am dying with my mind at ease about the future of my darling girl. To your generous protection I commit the one treasure I have left to me on earth. Through your long lifetime you have nobly used your high rank and your great fortune as a means of doing good. I believe it will not be counted among the least of your virtues hereafter, that you comforted the last hours of an old soldier by opening your heart and your home to his friendless child."

So the letter ended. Mercy laid it down with a heavy heart. What a chance the poor girl had lost! A woman of rank and fortune waiting to receive her—a woman so merciful and so generous that the father's mind had been easy about the daughter on his death-bed—and there the daughter lay, beyond the reach of Lady Janet's kindness, beyond the need of Lady Janet's help!

The French captain's writing materials were left on the table. Mercy turned the letter over so that she might write the news of Miss Roseberry's death on the blank page at the end. She was still considering what expressions she should use, when the sound of complaining voices from the next room caught her ear. The wounded men left behind were moaning for help—the deserted soldiers were losing their fortitude at last.

She entered the kitchen. A cry of delight welcomed her appearance—the mere sight of her composed the men. From one straw bed to another she passed with comforting words that gave them hope, with skilled and tender hands that soothed their pain. They kissed the hem of her black dress, they called her their guardian angel, as the beautiful creature moved among them, and bent over their hard pillows her gentle compassionate face. "I will be with you when the Germans come," she said, as she left them to return to her unwritten letter. "Courage, my poor fellows! you are not deserted by your nurse."

"Courage, madame!" the men replied; "and God bless you!"

If the firing had been resumed at the moment—if a shell had struck her dead in the act of succouring the afflicted, what Christian judgment would have hesitated to declare that there was a place for this woman in Heaven? But, if the war ended and left her still living, where was the place for her on earth? Where were her prospects? Where was her home?

She returned to the letter. Instead, however, of seating herself to write, she stood by the table, absently looking down at the morsel of paper.

A strange fancy had sprung to life in her mind on re-entering the room; she herself smiled faintly at the extravagance of it. What if she were to ask Lady Janet Roy to let her supply Miss Roseberry's place? She had met with Miss Roseberry under critical circumstances; and she had done for her all that one woman could do to help another. There was

in this circumstance some little claim to notice, perhaps, if Lady Janet had no other companion and reader in view. Suppose she ventured to plead her own cause—what would the noble and merciful lady do? She would write back, and say, "Send me references as to your character, and I will see what can be done." Her character! Her references! Mercy laughed bitterly, and sat down to write in the fewest words all that was needed from her—a plain statement of the facts.

No! Not a line could she put on the paper. That fancy of hers was not to be dismissed at will. Her mind was perversely busy now, with an imaginative picture of the beauty of Mablethorpe House and the comfort and elegance of the life that was led there. Once more she thought of the chance which Miss Roseberry had lost. Unhappy creature! what a home would have been open to her if the shell had only fallen on the side of the window instead of on the side of the yard!

Mercy pushed the letter away from her, and walked impatiently to and fro in the room.

The perversity in her thoughts was not to be mastered in that way. Her mind only abandoned one useless train of reflection to occupy itself with another. She was now looking by anticipation at her own future. What were her prospects (if she lived through it) when the war was over? The experience of the past delicately with pitiless fidelity the dreary scene. Go where she might, do what she might, it would end always in the same way. Curiosity and admiration excited by her beauty; inquiries made about her; the story of the past discovered; Society charitably sorry for her; Society generously subscribing for her; and still, through all the years of her life, the same result in the end—the shadow of the old disgrace surrounding her as with a pestilence; isolating her among other women; branding her, even when she had earned her pardon in the sight of God, with the mark of an indelible disgrace in the sight of man; there was the prospect! And she was only five-and-twenty last birthday, she was in the prime of her health and her strength; she might live, in the course of nature, fifty years more!

She stopped again at the bedside; she looked again at the face of the corpse.

To what end had the shell struck the woman who had some hope in her life and spared the woman who had none? The words she had herself spoken to Grace Roseberry came back to her as she thought of it. "If I only had your chance! If I only had your reputation and your prospects!" And there was the chance wasted! there were the enviable prospects thrown away! It was almost maddening to contemplate that result, feeling her own position as she felt it. In the bitter mockery of despair, she bent over the lifeless figure, and spoke to it as if it had ears to hear her. "Oh!" she said, longingly, "if you could be Mercy Merrick, and if I could be Grace Roseberry, now!"

The instant the words passed her lips, she started into an erect position. She stood by the bed, with her eyes staring wildly into empty space; with her brain in a flame; with her heart beating as if it would stifle her. "If you could be Mercy Merrick and if I could be Grace Roseberry, now!" In one breathless moment the thought assumed a new development in her mind. In one breathless moment the conviction struck her like an electric shock. *She might be Grace Roseberry if she died!* There was absolutely nothing to stop her from presenting herself to Lady Janet Roy under Grace's name and in Grace's place!

What were the risks? Where was the weak point in the scheme?

Grace had said it herself in so many words—she and Lady Janet had never seen each other. Her friends were in Canada; her relations in England were dead. Mercy knew the place in which she had lived—the place called Port Logan—as well as she had known it herself. Mercy had only to read the manuscript journal to be able to answer any questions relating to the visit to Rome and to Colonel Roseberry's death. She had no accomplished lady to personate; Grace had spoken herself—her father's letter spoke also in the plainest terms—of her neglected education. Everything, literally everything, was in the lost woman's favour. The people with whom she had been connected in the ambulance had gone, to return no more. Her own clothes were on Miss Roseberry at that moment—marked with her own name. Miss Roseberry's clothes, marked with her name, were drying, at Mercy's disposal, in the next room. The way of escape from the unendurable humiliation of her present life, lay open before her at last. What a prospect it was! A new identity, which she might own anywhere! a new name, which was beyond reproach! a new past life, into which all the world might search, and be welcome! Her colour rose, her eyes sparkled; she had never been so irresistibly beautiful as she looked at the moment when the new future disclosed itself, radiant with new hope.

She waited a minute, until she could look at her own daring project from another point of view. Where was the harm of it? What did her conscience say?

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

The following curious advertisement appears in a daily paper:—"To be Sold, an Erard grand piano, the property of a lady about to travel with carved legs." As legs are generally calved, this is perhaps after all more superfluous than incorrect.

The misery of being called upon suddenly to make a speech was got over by a mathematician, who delivered himself in this fashion:—"Gentlemen, a morbid desire for originality prevents me from saying: 'This is the proudest moment of my life,' and it does not occur to me to say anything else."

In Mobile there are twins who cannot be punished for any offence because neither can be identified. Recently one of these young ladies put to flight two dog-catchers and a policeman. In court she proved to be her sister. A policeman accompanied her home to arrest the other, but on arriving could not tell which he had brought and which was already there, and went away sorrowing without either.

Some one who read a recent yarn by S—a, thought it would open oysters. He commenced the experiment by spreading the bivalves in a circle, seating himself in the centre, and beginning the yarn—an adventure in Mexico. As he proceeded the "natives" got interested, one by one they gaped with astonishment, and as they gaped a friend whipped them out, peppered them, and swallowed them.

Fifty-seven Chinese sailors having been shipwrecked and eaten by cannibals off the coast of Formosa, near the point inhabited by cannibals, the Emperor of China has issued the following high-flown mandate:—"Let the sufferers be rewarded according to the will of the memorialist. Let the civil and military officers make speed to examine and punish the cannibals, that it may be seen that we cherish the people in our bosom." Those who have eaten the Chinese, however, cherished them much more in their bosoms; indeed, also, if not so poetic, cherished them in their stomachs.

During the late visit of the Queen to Edinburgh advantage was taken of the excitement by a travelling circus company, who perambulated in costume the route Her Majesty was expected to take. Among the crowd which collected at Brandon Street was a Newhaven fishwife, who was all anxiety to see the Queen. This magnificent cavalcade, with its glittering display of theatrical grandeur, turned the corner, and when Maggie caught sight of the gorgeously apparelled lady who rode at the head of it, she sprang forward, seized the tinsel riding skirt and exclaimed: "Eh! yer Majesty, my dawtie, turn round and lets see yer tonny face: it's no often we get the chance o' seeing it." When loud laughter apprised her of her mistake she indignantly inquired, "Hoo she could be expected to ken the Queen, when she had never seen her, and that onybody wad expect a queen to come dressed in gold and silver."

A certain Dr. T—, of a town north of the Clyde, was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady-love was as strong and decided a Baptist. They were sitting together one evening, talking of their approaching nuptials, when the doctor remarked: "I am thinking, my dear, of two events which I shall number among the happiest in my life." "And pray what may they be, doctor?" remarked the lady. "One is the hour when I shall call you my wife, for the first time." "And the other?" "It is when we shall present our first bairn for baptism." "What! sprinkled?" "Yes, my dear, sprinkled." "Never shall a bairn of mine be sprinkled, Dr. T—." "Every bairn of mine, Miss MacD—, shall be sprinkled." "They shall be, hey?" "Yes, my love." "Well, sir, I can tell you, then, that your lairns won't be my bairns. So good night, sir." The lady left the room, and the doctor left the house. The sequel was no marriage, no bairns, which was the most logical way of settling matters.

We see that Josh Billings has been answered by a rival "jokist." Billings having given to the world some of his philosophy, it appears to have "riled" the rival. Josh Billings wrote—"I won't swap dogs with no man, unless I can swap two for one." The rival answered—"What is this, Bosh? two men for one dog, or do you give two dogs for one dog? If so step this way." Josh continues—"No man shall beat me in politeness, not so long as politeness continues to be as cheap as it is now." His critic says—"In what land do they beat for politeness, and what sort of a stick have they used on thee, old Bosh?" Billings continues—"If a man kills me a phool, I won't ask him to prove it." The rival replies—"Needless—it stands to reason." Josh's last effort is—"If ennybody loozes even a goose I will weep with him, for it is a tuff bizness to looze a goose." The rival's last reply is—"Not so tough as you think, Bosh, for we say farewell without a pang."

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid sells faster where introduced than any other Liniment.

FAIRBANK'S SCALES.

THE rapidly increasing demand for FAIRBANK'S SCALES has led these progressive manufacturers to open a Warehouse in this City at 403, ST. PAUL STREET, where FAIRBANK'S Weighing Machines can now be found in full assortment. They have also opened a Warehouse in London on King William Street, London Bridge. We presume they will soon be compelled to have Branch Warehouses in Paris, Calcutta, and Hong Kong. Their invention has revolutionized the weighing of the world, and their enterprise in extending their business connections will be appreciated wherever the quality of their Scales is known. 3-16 a



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

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

The works are to be let in sections of a length suited to circumstances and the locality. The location surveys are now in progress, and at some places sufficiently advanced to admit of contractors examining the ground before winter sets in. When plans, specifications, and other documents are prepared, due notice will be given. Contractors will then have an opportunity of examining them, and be furnished with blank forms of Tender, at this office; or at the offices of the respective resident Engineers on the works.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 4th October, 1872. 6-15c

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

TUESDAY, 16th Day of September, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31 Vict., cap. 6, intitled: "An Act representing the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Out-Port of Peterboro', heretofore under the survey of the Port of Port Hope, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into a Port of Entry for all the purposes of the said Act.

W. A. HIMSWORTH, Clerk, Privy Council.

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PROSPECTUS

OF A NEW, GENERAL, AND DETAIL MAP OF THE WHOLE DOMINION OF CANADA, FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO VANCOUVER ISLAND.

WITH THE Northern and Western States, BY J. JOHNSTON, C.E., MONTREAL.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE EARLY PART OF 1873

BY GEO. E. DESBARATS.

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

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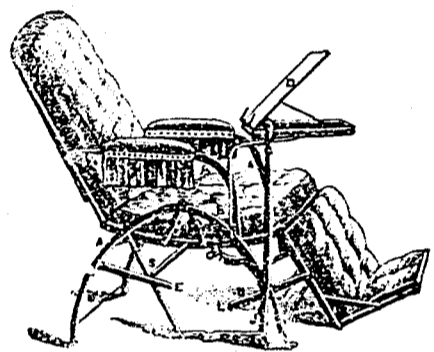
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LEAVE OTTAWA.

THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:30 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.

BOAT EXPRESS at 4:20 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 9:35 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:10 P.M.

EXPRESS at 6:20 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.

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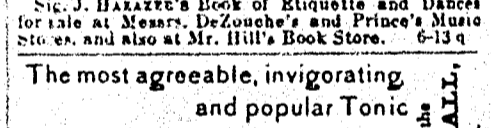
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