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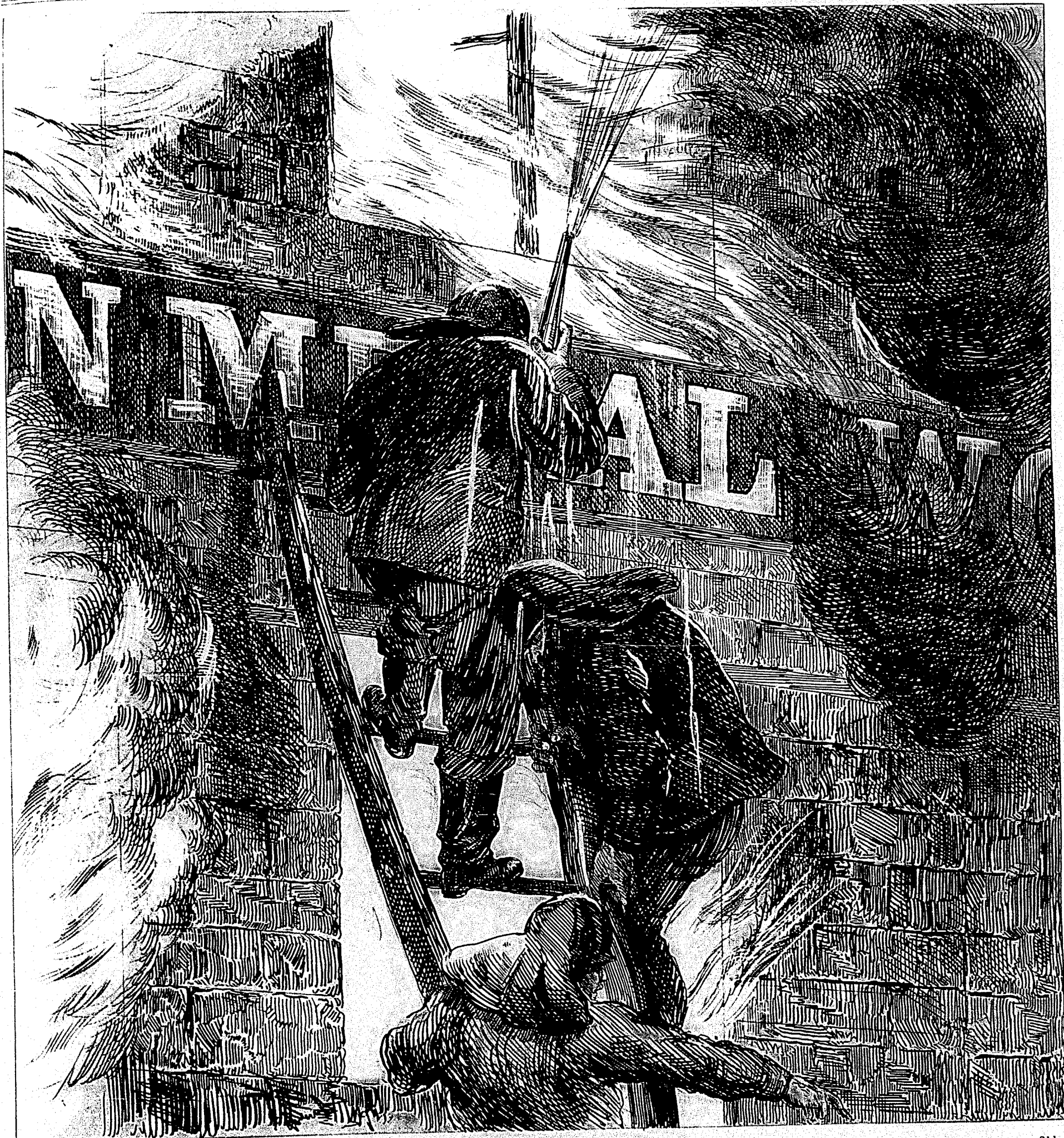
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Wholesale News

Vol. V.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872.

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OUR BRAVE FIREMEN.—SCENE AT THE BURNING OF GARTH'S METAL WORKS, MONTREAL, ON THE 27TH MARCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 211.

TRADES, UNIONS AND STRIKES.

The movement in Toronto in favour of the nine hours system which led to the printers' strike, has evoked a legal opinion from R. A. Harrison, Q. C., which it would be well for working-men's unions to ponder over before taking hasty action either to coerce their fellow-workmen or their employers. In so far as the strike in Toronto among the printers is concerned, it may be considered a "draw" between the masters and the men, except that the former firmly refuse to concede the privileges claimed by the Union of dictating the hours of labour, or, in fact, in any way directing the internal economy of the establishments in which they are employed. The masters meet the "nine hours" demand with the promise that men working on time be paid by the hour, leaving it optional with the workman as to whether he shall work nine or ten hours a day. The *minimum* of this offer is twenty cents per week more than was formerly paid for sixty hours' work; but under it the man who works but nine hours a day will earn only \$9.18 per week for his 54 hours of work, instead of the ten dollars he received for sixty hours. The offer of the masters is a fair one, as men of delicate health can work according to their powers of endurance, substituting eight or nine for ten hours if they please. But it strikes a vital blow at the aim of the National Labour League of the United States in so far as Canada is concerned, for that aim was to compel the universal system of nine hours as the computation of a day's work; and the master printers of Toronto will doubtless be supported by employers generally throughout the country. In fact we venture to say that many printers, especially those who have families to support, would much prefer an occasional opportunity of working a few hours extra, rather than be tied down to the fruits of nine hours' earnings a day.

The most important result of the strike, to those not actively engaged in it is, however, the opinion of Mr. Harrison, to which we have referred, and in which he gives an exhaustive *résumé* of the state of the law in Canada upon Trades' Unions and strikes. He points out the difference between English law as it now exists and the law of Canada in relation to these matters, and finally sums up as follows:

- "I can only come to the conclusion that combinations of workmen in Canada for the following purposes are illegal—
1. To lessen or alter the hours for labour.
 2. To obtain an advance of wages.
 3. To fix the rate of wages.
 4. To decrease the quantity of work.
 5. To induce others to depart from their service before the expiration of their time.
 6. To quit work before their work is finished.
 7. To refuse to enter into work or employment.
 8. To persuade others not to enter into employment."

It would be well for the workmen's societies in view of the state of the law as above presented, to act in all matters affecting their relation with employers with moderation and circumspection. But it is also to be noted that it is only the "combination" that is illegal; and it is justly illegal and deserves punishment as a crime against the liberty of the subject. Every man is free to make his own terms for his own work, but not to coerce others in disposing of theirs.

AUSTRALIAN AFFAIRS.

The Australian colonies had scarcely recovered from the profound sensation created by the murder of Bishop Patterson when news arrived from Fiji giving particulars of numerous fresh outrages of an equally atrocious nature committed by the natives. There is a general and loud call for revenge throughout the whole of the colony. This burst of righteous indignation, however, is not levelled against the immediate perpetrators of the recent murders. These untutored savages can hardly be held responsible for their acts of barbarity as long as the people upon whom they are perpetrated are allowed to treat them in an equally brutal manner. The horrors of the South Sea labour trade still continue to furnish the Fijians with a plausible excuse, and it is only to be regretted that they are unfortunate as to the choice of their victims; and that these acts of retribution do not fall upon the labour-traders themselves. A large public meeting of both sexes assembled in Melbourne "to consider the desirability of memorialising Her Majesty the Queen on the subject of the labour traffic in the Pacific, to which are attributable the violent deaths of Bishop Patterson and others." A long correspondence on this subject between the Home and the Colonial Governments is published in the local press, from which it appears that it is in contemplation to introduce this session into the Imperial Parliament a bill enacting that the exportation of natives without their consent is to be visited as felony on all parties concerned in the transaction. The bill also affords the colonial Government additional facility in apprehending and convicting such offenders. The Secretary of State, however, suggests that the matter is one in which Australia is mainly interested; that the South Sea trade is mainly an Australian trade, that the offenders are for the most part Australians, and that the trials will be held before Australian courts. He therefore desires to know whether the local government is prepared to incur the expenses of such prosecutions.

Sir James Martin, the Attorney-General and Premier of New South Wales, in his reply, however, without mentioning any plausible objection, declines to give a general promise to comply with this most reasonable demand of the Home Govern-

ment, and declares that the British Government must either annex Fiji, or recognise King Thakombau as an independent sovereign, with whom extradition treaties may be made, and to whom the rules of international law will apply. As this subject is one of the most vital importance to this colony and all nations engaged in trading in the Pacific, Sir James Martin will incur much blame should the negotiations with the British Government terminate unsatisfactorily.

A new and serious disease has broken out among the cattle in Geelong, and Little River in Queensland: the hind quarters of the animal become paralysed, and it is unable to rise; in other cases it is seized with a stiffness in the limbs which rapidly develops itself until prostration ensues. The disease is spreading fast on the Yon Yongs, where the cattle are particularly well provided for, and beasts in prime condition are attacked with equal severity. Various causes are assigned, but it is most generally attributed to some ingredient in the water.

A well-known and popular Australian sportsman appeals through the medium of the press to his brethren, to spare the laughing jackass, magpie, and hawk, on account of their utility in destroying a dangerous snake by which that colony is infested. In passing through Domain he observed a laughing jackass bending some object against a branch upon which the bird was perched. Upon examination he found it to be a black snake some fifteen inches long. Whilst on a visit near the Elephant-bridge township, he saw several magpies making an attack upon a black snake between five and six feet in length. The same year, in another part of the country, his attention was attracted by a peculiar noise in the air, and on looking up he perceived a laughing jackass rising with what appeared to be a piece of rope. Presently, however, it fell from a tremendous height, cut into three pieces, which being put together formed a black snake measuring fifty-four inches. He has had opportunities of observing different birds, and declares that hawks are also in the habit of destroying snakes in a similar manner. He believes the existing game-laws call for considerable alteration, and warmly advocates the proposed gun-tax. "Whatever the tax may be, it should be made obligatory on the holder of the license to carry it with his gun, and under a heavy penalty be obliged to produce it for the inspection of any person demanding the same." This would at all events be a check upon the devastations committed by overgrown boys and larrikins during the breeding period.

A remarkable incident is related as having happened to the claimant of the Tichborne estates whilst angling near Wagga-Wagga for cod. "Sir Roger" was bringing one out when a very much larger one seized the captive, and holding on with voracious tenacity, was with difficulty, owing to his weight, brought to grass, but let go the hold of his anticipated prey the moment before touching the bank, and within a few inches only of deep water. The eager fisherman threw himself upon his game and made good his capture at the risk of falling into the river. The first fish weighed three pounds, and his combal companion over eighteen pounds.

In the neighbourhood of Burrumatt Creek there is a loud outcry against poachers who infest that part of the country. Through the energetic exertions of Dr. King, several scores of English perch had been placed in the creek, and several cod and bream had been successfully reared. Fishing had been prohibited for some time. But the united efforts of several acclimatization societies could not keep pace with the work of this miserable crowd of poachers, who literally drag the fish out in bucketsful.

RE-VACCINATION.

(Issued by the Medical Department of the Privy Council, England.)

By vaccination in infancy, if thoroughly well performed and successful, most people are completely insured, for their whole life-time, against an attack of small-pox; and in the proportionately few cases where the protection is less complete, small-pox, if it be caught, will, in consequence of the vaccination, generally be so mild a disease as not to threaten death or disfigurement. If, however, the vaccination in early life has been imperfectly performed, or has, from any other cause, been but imperfectly successful, the protection against small-pox is much less satisfactory; neither lasting so long, nor while it lasts being so complete, as the protection which first-rate vaccination gives. Hitherto, unfortunately, there has always been a very large quantity of imperfect vaccination; and, in consequence, the population always contains very many persons who, though nominally vaccinated, and believing themselves to be protected against small-pox, are really liable to infection, and may in some cases contract as severe forms of small-pox as if they had never been vaccinated. Partly because of the existence of this large number of imperfectly vaccinated persons, and partly because also even the best infantine vaccination sometimes in process of time loses more or less of its effect, it is advisable that all persons who have been vaccinated in infancy, should, as they approach adult life, undergo re-vaccination. Generally speaking, the best time of life for re-vaccination, is about the time when growth is completing itself, say from 15 to 18 years of age; and persons in that period of life ought not to delay their re-vaccination till times when there shall be special alarms of small-pox. In proportion, however, as there is prevalence of small-pox in any neighbourhood, or as individuals are, from personal circumstances, likely to meet chances of infection, the age of 15 needs not to be waited for; especially not by young persons whose marks of previous vaccination are unsatisfactory. In circumstances of special danger, every one past childhood, on whom re-vaccination has not before been successfully performed, ought without delay to be re-vaccinated.

Re-vaccination, once properly and successfully performed, does not appear ever to require repetition. The nurses and other servants of the small-pox hospital, when they enter the service (unless it be certain that they have already had small-pox) are invariably submitted to vaccination, which, in their case, is generally re-vaccination, and is never afterwards repeated; and so perfect is the protection, that though the nurses live in the closest and most constant attendance on small-pox patients, and though also the other servants are in various ways exposed to special chances of infection, the resident surgeon of the hospital, during his thirty-four years of office there, has never known small-pox to affect any one of these nurses or servants.

Hobart Pasha endeavours to show, in a letter to the *Levant Herald*, how mistaken people are in the notion that, in the event of a war with England, America would have it all her own way. In the first place, he says, the declaration of war must come from America, and within three weeks of such declaration every port in America would be closed by the English blockading squadron. America has no seagoing fleet, excepting a few small-sized wooden ships which are used for the purpose of showing her flag abroad. She has monitors to defend her ports, and no doubt with them and the newly invented torpedoes, she would give plenty of annoyance to the English blockading fleets; but as long as war lasted with England no American flag would be seen on the high seas in a ship of war. Next, as to privateers, which America retains the right to use in the event of war, it is difficult to see where they are to come from, supposing the sea-ports in America are closed, unless they were fitted out in foreign ports, in which case the nation in whose port they were equipped would lay itself open to "Alabama claims" from England. Admitting, however, that America succeeds in fitting out a number of privateers to prey on English trade, it must be remembered that privateering in these days can in no way be compared to what it used to be before steam was introduced. Then the low, rakish, fast-sailing schooner, armed with a long gun, crept alongside the fat Indianman by superiority of sailing, and made her an easy prize. Now as the merchant in war time would send his goods in fast steamers, and the privateer steamer, which must always be cruising under full steam, frequently chasing vessels that in the end turn out to be neutrals riding out gales of wind, &c., thus using coal to no purpose, would be often in want of coal, and where is she to procure the necessary article? International law prevents vessels carrying belligerent flags from coaling in neutral ports, excepting under very special circumstances, and to go back to the American blockaded ports would be out of the question. It is said that English trade would be paralyzed—granted; but what becomes of the American market for her own produce? England would have the world open to her, America would be shut up to all intents and purposes. But people say Canada would be England's weak point. Even there much misconception exists. Canada is thickly peopled by most loyal people, who hate the idea of American rule. The American army is at present maintained on a very small scale, and experience has shown how difficult it is to make an army efficient for foreign service out of raw recruits. Such are Hobart Pasha's opinions of the prospects of America in the event of an "unpleasantness" between the two most enlightened nations on earth.

A letter from Athens in the *Magdeburg Gazette* says that the Greek capital is now almost blockaded by brigands. No one dares to go a thousand paces out of the town without an escort, and even then the undertaking is a very dangerous one, for the brigands are concealed behind rocks and in bushes, so that the whole of the escort might be shot down before their hiding-places could be discovered. The chief of these brigands is a man named Spanos, who has been notorious for his daring deeds during the last thirty years, and it may be said that he holds the destinies of Greece in his hands, for no progress is possible so long as the present state of things exists. The insecurity of property prevents the development of agriculture. No one dares to invest capital in land whose produce is sure to be annexed by the brigands. Nearly every day bands of peasants are brought into Athens who have been compelled by the brigands to furnish them with provisions, &c.; and as the lives of these unfortunate people are threatened when they do not comply with such requisitions, the Government only punishes them if they neglect to give information to the authorities. Half of the Greek army has been in pursuit of Spanos for months; but he and his band, which consists of only seven men, are still close to Athens, and it is even rumoured that he has on several occasions entered the city with the object of capturing some high personage, whom he would afterwards liberate only on the condition of his being given a large ransom and a free pardon. The nature of the territory, and proximity of the Turkish frontier, cause great difficulties to the troops, and they frequently pass hidden caverns and the short thick bushes which over the mountains without guessing that the brigands are in their immediate vicinity. . . . The shepherds and the peasants are obliged for their own security to warn the brigands of the approach of the troops on such occasions. This is done according to a well-developed plan; they either throw stones with hieroglyphics upon them in places agreed upon beforehand, or lay down sticks on which they cut certain marks. If a military detachment enters a village to make inquiries about the brigands, the peasants take their sticks and begin cutting marks upon them in the first place to record the subject of the conversation, and next to enable the brigands—some of whom are generally posted on a hill in the vicinity with excellent field-glasses—to observe what is going on.

The Calcutta correspondence of the *Times* warns the public that another Southal insurrection may be approaching. The tribesmen, who, in 1855, rose to avenge themselves upon the money-lenders, have fallen under their power again, and have a new quarrel with the Zemindars, who, they say, charge them too much for their lands, and will not allow them anything for their betterments. They have consequently been holding meetings, and have announced that they will wait two months for redress, and will then redress themselves—that is, will "axe" all the money-dealers and landlords they can catch, and any Europeans who interfere. As it is nearly certain that Government will not draw a wet sponge over their debts, or advance them money at 5 per cent., they will probably keep their threat, and officials and share-holders in the East Indian Railway may have a bad quarter of an hour. The railway makes it easy to send troops, but Europeans cost too much to be wasted in those jungles, and the Sepoys do not like the Southals at all. They are not quite certain that they are human beings.

The Queen has given instructions for the preparation of a volume, in which the proceedings of Thanksgiving Day, as described by the various journals, will be posted.

There is a whisper, says the *Court Journal*, that one of the purposes of the Queen's visit to Baden-Baden is to make a match. An Austrian Archduchess is the lady mentioned.

SOLDIERS' RECREATION AND SMOKING ROOMS, HALIFAX.

The Soldiers' Club, or as it is now called, Recreation Rooms, was instituted in 1863, in a building at the junction of Goring and Cogswell Streets and midway between the Royal Artillery and Engineer Barracks, Citadel and Wellington Barracks. This Building had been formerly used as public offices, which were vacated for a house more convenient to headquarters. The patrons were the Earl of Mulgrave, Lieut.-Governor, and Major-Gen. H. Doyle, who took a warm interest in carrying out the working of the institute.

The management is carried on by a committee of officers, consisting of a Field Officer President (at present Lieut.-Col. Smith, R.E.), and one officer from each corps as members. Capt. Nagle, Town Major, is at present Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. Huggins, late of the Royal Artillery, Manager, assisted by three men from the regiments in garrison, who reside on the premises.

The first secretary, Major Evans, 16th Regiment, before submitting the present Rules for the sanction of the Major-General, had got copies of Rules then in use in institutes at Woolwich, Gibraltar, Isle of Wight, &c., from which he selected such as were most applicable, together with those suggested by the managing committee, which are now those in use as per blue book. They have worked well and are quite a success, having been framed to suit the tastes and requirements of both soldiers and sailors. The refreshments consist of tea, coffee, lemonade, ginger beer, ginger ale, and Bass's pale ale and stout, Keith's ale and porter, light sherry and port wines in wood, biscuit, cheese, bread, butter, &c., all at nearly cost price. The subscription from all ranks is 4d per month; each member has a card signed by the secretary, and by returning his card becomes a non-subscriber. The number of subscribers at present is 800, and the credits last quarter were nearly \$1,200, after defraying all expenses. Each member receives note paper, &c., free, and there is a writing room on the premises coupled with the reading room, where all the leading gazettes and papers are taken in, together with the *Canadian Illustrated News* and local papers. The games consist of bowling alleys (2) and skittle alley (English), Bagatelle table, Cirri (Mississippi) table, chess, draughts, dominoes, cribbage, whist, &c. Playing for money is strictly forbidden. Attached to the institute is a spacious gymnasium and theatre with apparatus and scenery complete,—built by the aid of subscription and profits of the institute. This the men of the garrison take a great delight in. Every part of the building is well lighted with gas. There is an instructor (staff sergeant) in gymnastics, paid by the Imperial Government, with two assistants in the winter, to put squads through the course, furnished from the regiments in garrison. The institute is open for regiments—week days from 10 a. m. to 10.30 p. m., and on Sundays from 4 p. m. to 10.30 p. m. It is a well-known fact that for the small garrison, comparatively speaking, it is about the most flourishing of any that have been established for the welfare of the soldier. The gymnasium also affords spacious room for quadrille parties, one of which we have every week, given by the Royal Artillery, and one from each regiment; also reading, music, singing, &c., by the 60th Rifles every Tuesday evening.

THE FIRE AT GARTH'S METAL WORKS, MONTREAL.

Between one and two o'clock on the morning of Wednesday week a fire broke out in Garth's metal works, in Craig Street, which at one time bid fair to have the most disastrous results, owing to the deficient supply of water. On the previous day the water, which for some days had been alarmingly low in the reservoir, was still lower, and in order to save the little that remained, at an early hour in the evening it was completely shut off from the lower levels of the city. It was when the water was so shut off that the fire was discovered, and before the water could reach the main in Craig street, the ten or fifteen minutes so precious to the experienced fireman had elapsed, and the flames, which could easily have been put out at their birth, raged unchecked. The alarm was struck at about twenty-five minutes to two, and although the engines turned out immediately nothing could be done for fully twenty minutes, and even then the pressure was too weak to allow of their doing much to stay the progress of the flames. Even when the full force of water was felt, so little of the precious fluid was there in the reservoir that the pressure did not exceed 43 lbs. to the square inch, instead of the usual 80 lbs. With such streams as they had the men dashed into the building from every side, and the fire was quickly got under and quickly extinguished. To say that the men worked well is to convey but a faint idea of the gallant manner in which they attacked their foe as soon as they had the means of doing so. In one case the men of the stations had got so far into the interior of the second storey, extinguishing the fire as they went, that it was not until the cracking of the beams above their heads gave them warning that something was coming down, when they backed out, and had hardly reached the ladder at the window when the roof fell in with a terrific crash, bringing with it the flooring and heavy machinery of the third and fourth flats. Another company who were on the roof and another on the third flat, had a similar narrow escape. Our illustration, from a sketch taken on the spot, shows a party of these intrepid men at work on a ladder in front of a window on the top story.

In connection with this subject it may not be out of place to quote the testimony of the Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia to the courage and intrepid daring of Canadian firemen. Sir Hastings Doyle writes to the firemen of Halifax handing them a supply of books as a contribution to their library. In his letter he says: "For many years after my first arrival here, when the troops were frequently called upon to assist in extinguishing the fires in the city, I always accompanied them, and had many opportunities of witnessing the acts 'of pluck' and daring that the men of the Fire Brigade exhibited in the performance of their arduous and frequently very dangerous duties, which has always caused me to entertain a very high opinion of them; and I had very great pleasure in making known these sentiments to Prince Arthur, who expressed himself in terms of high admiration of so fine a body of men, when they paraded before Government House to do honour to His Royal Highness during the period of his visit to me. The firemen of Montreal emulate their brethren of Halifax; and we hope the latter are never compelled to work with as short supply of water as those of Montreal have been this winter.

GUERCINO'S "SEMIRAMIS."

"Semiramide risponde al nunzio: 'La mia bellezza calmera la seduzione;'" Semiramis replied to the messenger (who came, breathless and frightened, to announce to his royal mistress an uprising of her subjects): "The sight of my beauty will quell the riot." Taking these words of the old historian as his subject, Guercino produced a picture which, even in the seventeenth century, the Golden Age of painters, was no small credit to his genius, and would compare not unfavourably with the best productions of such masters in art as Domenichino and Guido Reni, Velasquez and Murillo, and Rubens and Van Dyck. The original of this picture is one of the gems of the Dresden gallery. The treatment of the subject is admirable. The bold, haughty air and proud carriage of the principal figure, the beautiful Queen of Assyria, offers a fine contrast to the scared look of the messenger, who, in his semi-shrinking attitude, seems to offer an almost unconscious tribute of respect and admiration to the courage of the queen. The attendant, who has been interrupted while engaged with her lady's toilette, seems to be animated with a spark of the same courage that inspires the queen, and though the suddenness of the news astonishes her, she is not a whit disconcerted.

Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, better known as Guercino da Cento (the latter being the name of his birth-place) was the immediate successor of Guido Reni in the Bolognese school, of which he was almost the last representative. He died in the year 1666.

THE WATER-CARRIER OF MAJORCA.

"The Water-Carrier," or aqua-vendor, of Majorca, is a peasant woman of most distinctly marked Moorish descent, as is apparent from her jet black hair, peculiarly oval visage, strongly emphasised brow, and pallid complexion—the latter circumstance possibly owing to the women of her race utilising the ample folds of their linen head-dresses as veils or sun shades, something as their progenitors of Moslem faith used it for purposes of concealment. It will be remembered that on the subjugation of the Moors in Spain, a large number of them were permitted to remain in the southern portions of the kingdom, where there were certain territories allotted to them. Phillip II., however, in defiance of treaties, commenced a war of extermination against them: multitudes fell by the sword, others went through the form of conversion to the creed of the conqueror, while the remainder sought refuge either on the continent of Africa or in the islands on the coast; numbers settled in Majorca, where they, amongst other industries, established the famous potteries whence issued the originals of what afterwards became so famous in Italy under the name of Majolica ware. After a time, conforming to the Christian creed, they were allowed to remain on the island without molestation, and at the present day they afford to the artist the truest type of the old Hispano-Moorish character that is to be found in Europe.

SCIENCE AND THE CLASSICS.

It is becoming more and more a question, even with cultivated people, whether the old-fashioned college course, with its regular round of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, is the best course of education for a boy of ordinary abilities. The majority of parents cannot afford to bring up a son for elegant and cultivated leisure, but only hope to render him, in his mental training, so much of a complete man as to be able to make his way wherever he is, and to be the happier and more useful from his culture. If a lad start with only average capacities, it becomes a serious consideration whether it is worth while to harness him to a heavy course of Latin and Greek classics for four or six years. He leaves his college, not proficient in any of his studies, and he plunges into practical life, his only implement being a sort of general polite culture he has unconsciously acquired, with perhaps a degree of linguistic accuracy and nicety, which is everywhere useful. He starts at a disadvantage with his compeers trained in the outside world, as he has been cosseted and taken care of for a number of years, while they have had to work their own way. The competition in every branch of American life is now terrible, and the cultivated young man from the colleges, with no "speciality" learned, and only a general education, and the self-indulgent and careless habits of years of student-life, is soon left behind by his more specially trained and vigorous competitors, and at last falls into that miserable position held now by so many college-men in this country—of a waiter on chances and a dawdler in a world of activity.

If such a young man inherit wealth, or can step into an important business already made to hand for him by older and more vigorous brains, his nice culture and elegant tastes and scraps of education are of use to him. He soon leads in public efforts to promote taste or learning, and his education gives him a wider social influence, while the real work of the business house is done by more matter-of-fact partners, or by those invaluable possessions of business men—old confidential clerks.

On the other hand, if a boy is a natural student, or has the writing and speaking gift, there can be no question that the usual college course is just what will best fit him for any intellectual pursuit; and his long drilling in the grammar and literature of ancient languages, and in a moderate course of mathematics, and in all kinds of essay and other writing, and college debating, qualify him for editor, lawyer, preacher, professor, author, savant, or politician, as his mental bent may incline. But comparatively few lads are "natural students." What shall a father do with a son who shows no marked ability or taste for any pursuit?

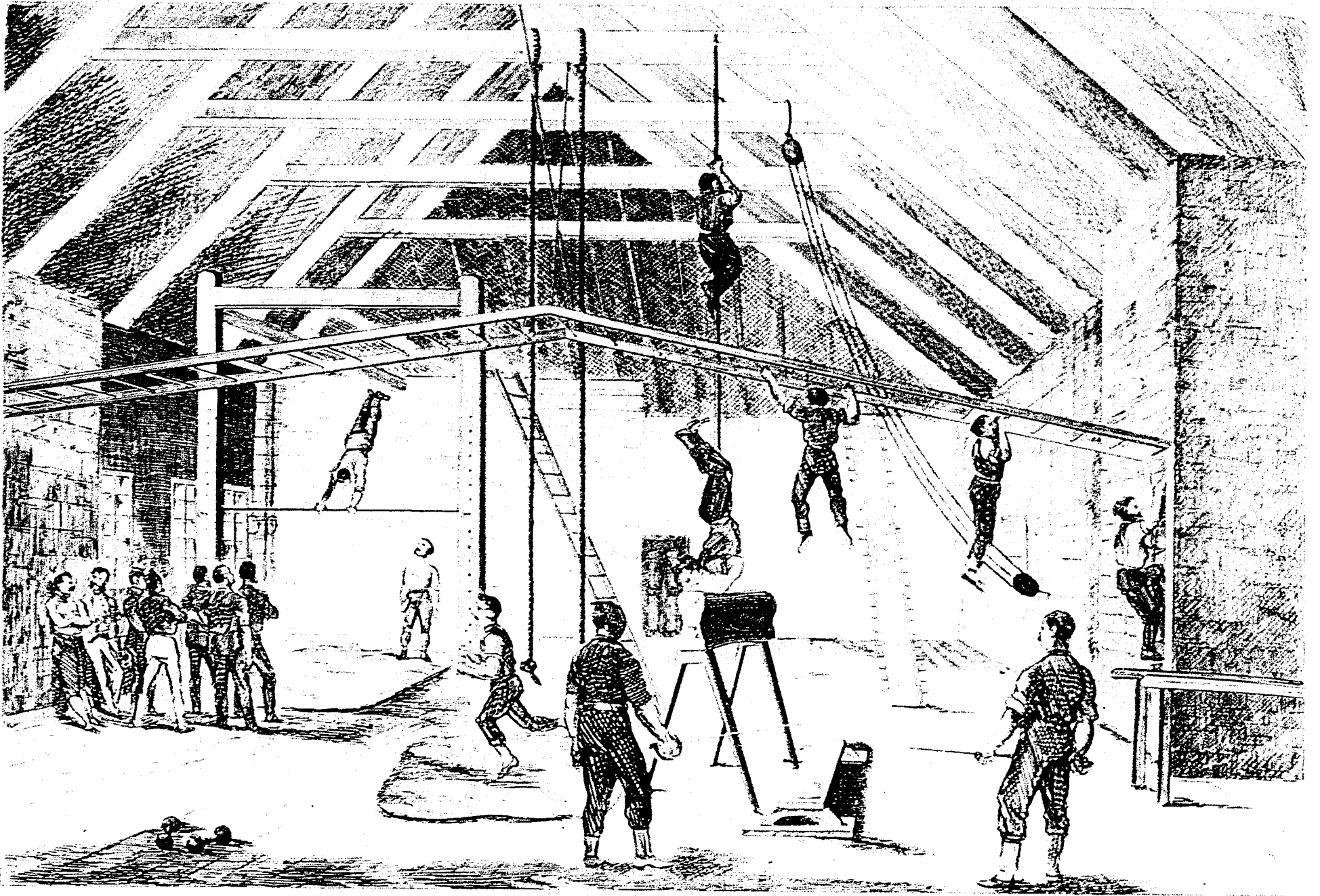
Every generous parent who can afford it is inclined to give his boy all the culture which the lad can appreciate. He desires too—if he has had himself the four pleasantest years of life, the college years—to grant that pleasure to his son, and to give him the advantage of intimate associations with the best young men of the country during the freshest period of his youth. But he may well doubt the wisdom of the old college course. For such persons—and there are thousands of men—modern education offers a new choice. The "Scientific School," or the "Technological School," present a curriculum which affords at once mental training, culture, and practical preparation for distinct branches of business. Instead of long courses in the classics, the student is trained in French and the modern languages—never so good abstract educators as the ancient, but of more immediate use. The higher mathematics are let alone, unless they bear on a particular field.

Science in different branches takes the place of linguistic or literary culture. The student begins at once on one or more branches in natural history or natural science; as he goes on he chooses some favourite pursuit—such as botany, or mining, or chemistry, or palaeontology, or geology, or engineering. When he finishes his three years, he has an outfit which at once prepares him for practical life. He can enter soon on chemical work for manufactories, or on mining superintendence, or engineering, or exploring, or as an assistant in laboratories, or as a teacher of science, or on practical geology or botanical labour.

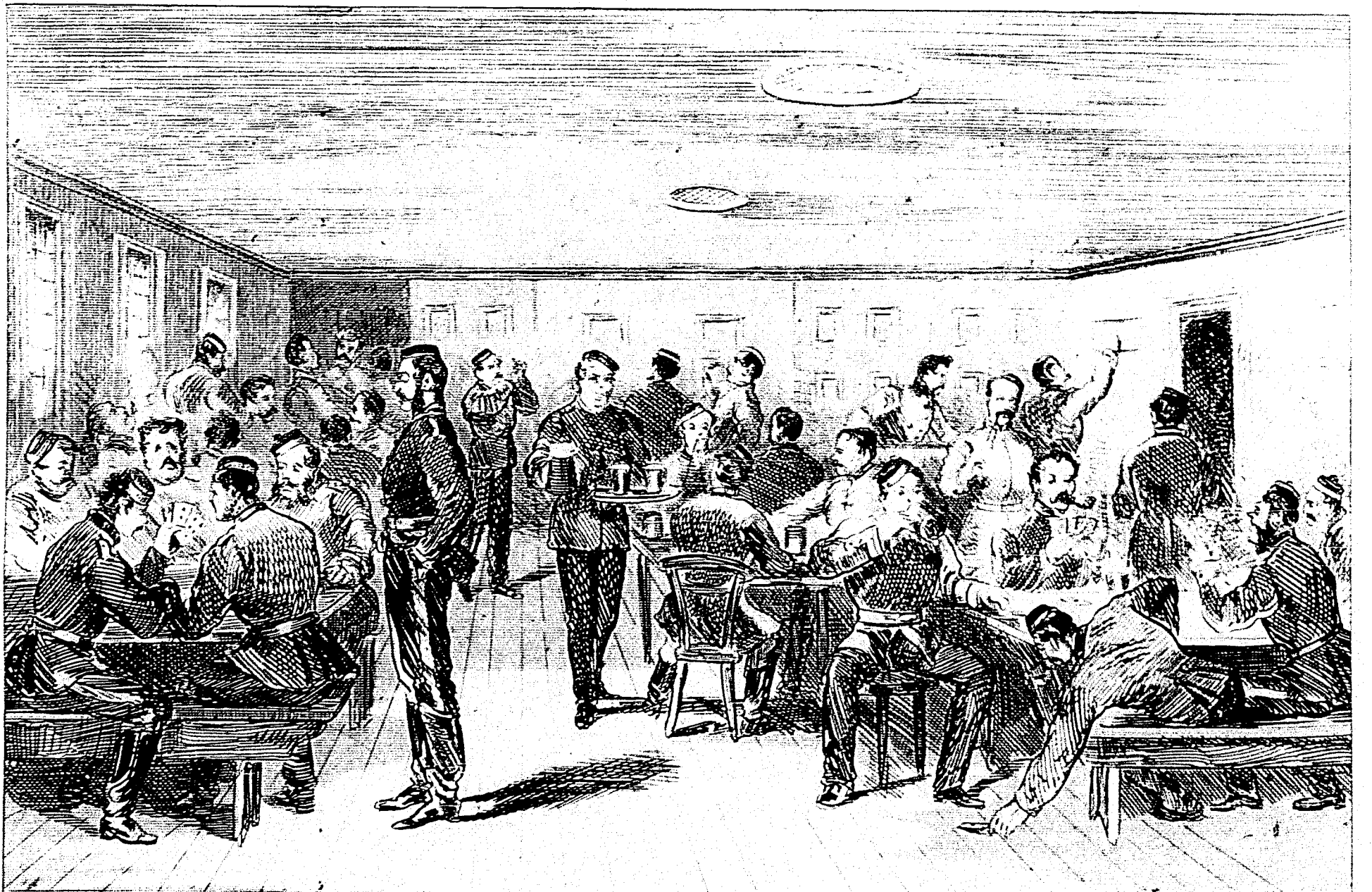
At the London Royal Institution Mr. Moncure D. Conway began a course of four lectures on Demonology, lately, with remarks to the effect that, in studying the personifications of evil, we should, as far as possible, translate our senses into that primitive and Oriental phase of our own humanity under which such conceptions originated, regarding the phenomena of nature as the results of arbitrary wills, not as the expression of normal forces. The most ancient records of human worship show that men's minds were kindled to adoration by the splendour of the heavens and the power of the elements. That the earliest worship began with things low, such as trees, serpents, and stones, and gradually ascended to the adoration of celestial phenomena, Mr. Conway said, is only in apparent accord with our ideas of evolution. The real progress was from the far to the near, from the great to the small. Plants, reptiles, beetles, and the like were probably not at first worshipped at all, their intrinsic sanctity beginning only after their symbolical character had been forgotten, and the superstitions regarding them still bear traces of the source of this sanctity. Witches drew the zodiacal circles and herbalists gathered their simples under supposed celestial influences; thus showing the influence of the ancient star worship. Fear gradually suggested the idea of demons, and thus broke up the primitive pantheism, and divided the visible and moral universe into two hostile camps. For a long period the demons were not generalised or personified in one centre or orb of darkness. It required an advanced stage of the moral sentiment to produce the conception of an evil principle. The forms and names it would assume were decided by various circumstances, climatic, ethnical, or political, the chief determining force being the collisions of races, and the consequent rivalries of their religions and opposing priesthoods. Sometimes fusion ensued, but generally the stronger religion prevailed. The antagonistic deity was invested with the attributes of evil and transformed into a devil, and nearly all the great devils of antiquity appear to have been originally deities. Our word "devil" is the Hindu "Deva," the shining one; "bogie" is the Slavonic "bog;" and "demon" in Plato's time was an angel; Lucifer, light-bringing, was the angel of the morning star; Belial and Beelzebub are word-caricatures of Baal, the Sun; the Mohammedan Eblis is probably "Diabolus" Arabised; and Satan in the book of Job is described as coming with the sons of God. Mr. Conway, among other illustrations, alluded to the widespread belief in the devil's lameness as traceable to his fall from heaven, and referred to Vulcan. The degradation of Pagan deities into Britain Mr. Conway described as historical. The saints and apostles were carved in beauty in churches beside horrible monsters, really carved imprecations. "What ideals our ancestors really worshipped and associated with the holly and the rose can best be gathered by studying the forms in which they linger—the fairies. That goddess whom the zealous missionary might depict as a hag riding through the air on a broomstick was to the early believer Hertha, giving the name for the hearth and its holiest associations—a kind mother, who, distaff in hand, aided the poor in their toil, hovering near the cottage, there, perhaps, to find some weeping Cinderella, and give her beauty for ashes."

The record of attempted assassinations goes to show that it is rarely successful when even skilled men attempt the lives of great personages. In 1857 Pianori, who was subsequently guillotined, actually seized the bridle of the Emperor's horse in the Champs Elysees, in spite of innumerable police agents in private clothes who constantly accompanied him in his peregrinations, and fired a pistol *a bout portant* in his face. The muzzle was so close that the shot burned the moustache, but missed its aim, and yet Pianori was reputed one of the best shots in Italy and France, and had practised constantly for two years. Orsini's bombs were hurled at the Emperor's carriage before the Opera at a distance of four paces, and produced no effect, except that of killing several persons who were standing at a considerable distance from the carriage. The Pole Berezowski's attempt on the life of the Emperor of Russia, which took place in 1866, during the Paris Exhibition, was made under equally favourable circumstances. Berezowski fired almost from under the wheels of the Imperial carriage with a six-barrelled revolver; but an equerry-in-ordinary, M. Raimbault, perceiving the danger, made his horse rear, and the bullet intended for the Emperor Alexander struck the animal in the chest. Even then the pistol was misdirected, and would have done no harm. Another striking instance to the same effect was presented by young Blind's attempt on the life of Prince Bismarck. Blind was a first-rate marksman—he had won the Wimbledon Cup—and although he discharged the six chambers of his revolver while grappling with the German Chancellor, none of them took effect. There are many more instances of attempted political assassination, admirably contrived, and executed by fearless persons, which have one and all failed on account of momentary emotion when the deed was being attempted.

On the borders of Lake Leman, almost opposite Nyon, there has recently been discovered a lacustrine station, which appears to be very rich in curiosities of the pre-historic times. This station is situated in the Gulf of Condée, near Thonon; the piles cover a considerable space, and the importance of this lake settlement seems to have equalled that of Morges, which faces it on the Vaudois shore. In the course of one morning's investigations there have been collected seven hatchets, two knives, two sickles, one lance, five bracelets, and a large number of pins, all in bronze. The waters being low at this season remarkably facilitate researches of this nature. Accordingly, these anglers of antiquities have taken good hauls of late at Eaux-Vives, at Hermance, Vernier, Versoix, and Nyon. In this last locality they found, last week, a bronze harpoon of an admirable configuration. This object is probably without an equal in lacustrine collections.



THE SOLDIERS RECREATION ROOM, HALIFAX.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.—SEE PAGE 211.



THE SOLDIERS' SMOKING ROOM.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.—SEE PAGE 211.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON, ONTARIO.

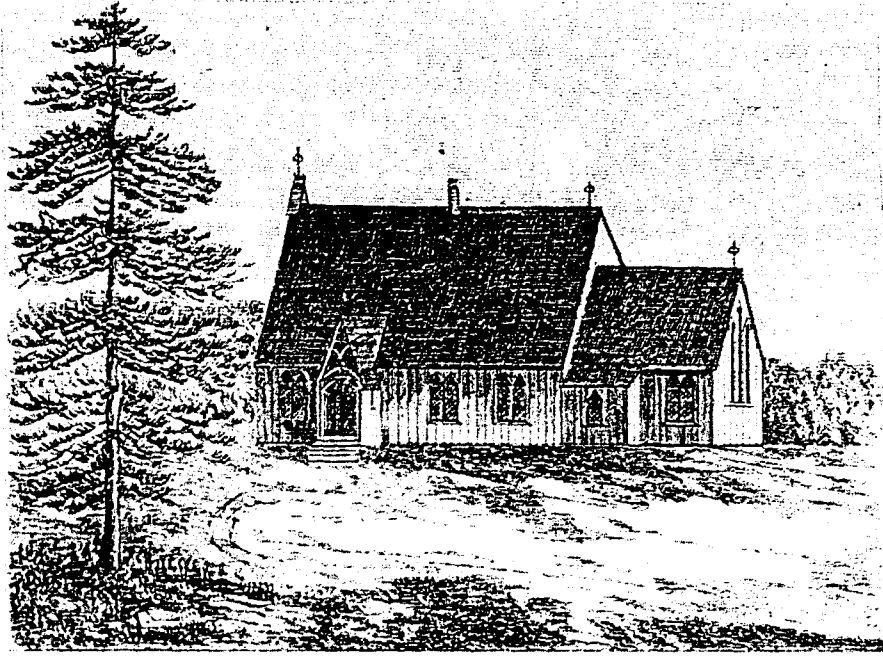
St. Paul's church, Southampton, in the county of Bruce, (of which we give a sketch in this issue) was built in the year 1861, during the incumbency of the Rev. J. P. Curran. The cost of its erection was about \$1,600, which was obtained partly by local subscriptions, and partly by donations from parishes in the older settlements. The building is of wood, in the Gothic style, with the usual chancel organ chamber and vestry, and will accommodate two hundred and fifty persons. The roof is open to the top, showing the wood-work. The plans and specifications were furnished gratuitously by W. Hay, Esq., Architect, late of Toronto.

Not here the stately temple rears
Its walls of quarried stone;
Not ours to boast, "It years on years
Shall stand when we are gone."

Seeks not the bee his choicest store
Wild on the barren heath?
Than garden rose he prizes more
The way-side clover's breath.

Lord, when Heaven's messenger divine
Thy censur fills, may he,
From this our lonely, far-off shrine,
Bring incense sweet to Thee!

S. T.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON, ONT.

THE LUMBER TRADE OF CANADA.—Few persons among us have any adequate idea of the enormous proportions of the lumber trade of the Dominion. Take, for instance, the trade of the valley of the St. Lawrence and the tributary valleys. The Ottawa valley provided during the past season 100,000,000 feet of sawn deals, 285,000,000 feet of sawn boards; and the St. Lawrence valley provided 225,000,000 feet of sawn deals, and 150,000,000 feet of sawn boards. In the Ottawa valley the product got out of logs was 3,209,000, and in the St. Lawrence 2,350,000. The exports for the year 1870-71 show a favourable condition of affairs, and tend still further to impress upon the magnitude of the lumber interest of the Dominion.—*Quebec Mercury.*

A movement is said to be on foot among the principal American railroads to conduct, control, and manage the package express business on their roads, and thus derive the benefit of the profits on this class of traffic themselves, instead of the express companies.

GUELPH MILLS, ONTARIO.

The ceremony of cutting the first forest tree, where now stands the flourishing town of Guelph, is described by John Galt, the Scottish novelist. He says:—"A large maple tree was chosen; on which, taking an axe from one of the wood-

men, I struck the first stroke. To me, at least, the moment was impressive; and the silence of the woods that echoed to the sound was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever." The western abutment of the imposing tubular viaduct of the Grand Trunk Railway now marks the spot where, forty-five years ago, St. George's day, 1827, this interesting ceremony transpired. About ten rods eastward stands the building of which we furnish an engraving, being a portion of the present Guelph Mills. The original mill, which was constructed of wood and erected by the Canada Company, passed into the hands of the late William Allan, in 1833. It is now wholly removed. Extensive buildings of stone-work have been added year by year, and

moving smut and other impurities. Only the finest qualities of the "Guelph Mills" and "River Speed" flour leave the mills. Two substantial tramway bridges connect the mills with the distillery on the opposite bank of the river. The distillery is of large capacity; the duty on spirits manufactured amounting to over \$100,000 yearly. Adjoining is the rectifying house, four storeys in height, recently fitted up with every appliance for the production of the purest quality of spirits. In connection with the distillery there is also a malt house, and extensive sheds for feeding cattle. The building formerly occupied as a carding mill is now used as a carpenter's and millwright's shop, and contains two wood-planing machines, lathes for wood and iron, &c. There is also a commodious blacksmith's shop adjoining. The several departments are kept in active operation, requiring the motive power of three water wheels and two steam engines, and furnish constant employment to over thirty persons; and it is worthy of remark that one-third of their number have been in the employment of Mr. Allan for over a period of twenty years.

A YOUNG GIRL'S THOUGHTS.

Parepa Rosa was singing *Casta Diva* in one of the western cities. Folding her white hands on her bosom, and raising her tender eyes, she commenced her *Æolian* notes, the melody swelling and breaking into a gush of plaintive, supplicating harmony, that vibrated through every chord of the heart. I glanced at my friend at my side, radiant in her dress and halo of golden hair, and there was a sweet, pensive look on her downcast face. The music ceased, and the audience, wild with enthusiasm, was demanding an encore when my beautiful companion raised her large, serene eyes to mine; and said: "Isn't it sad?"

"Yes," replied I quickly, sharing her feeling; "although so glorious, it touches a melancholy chord."

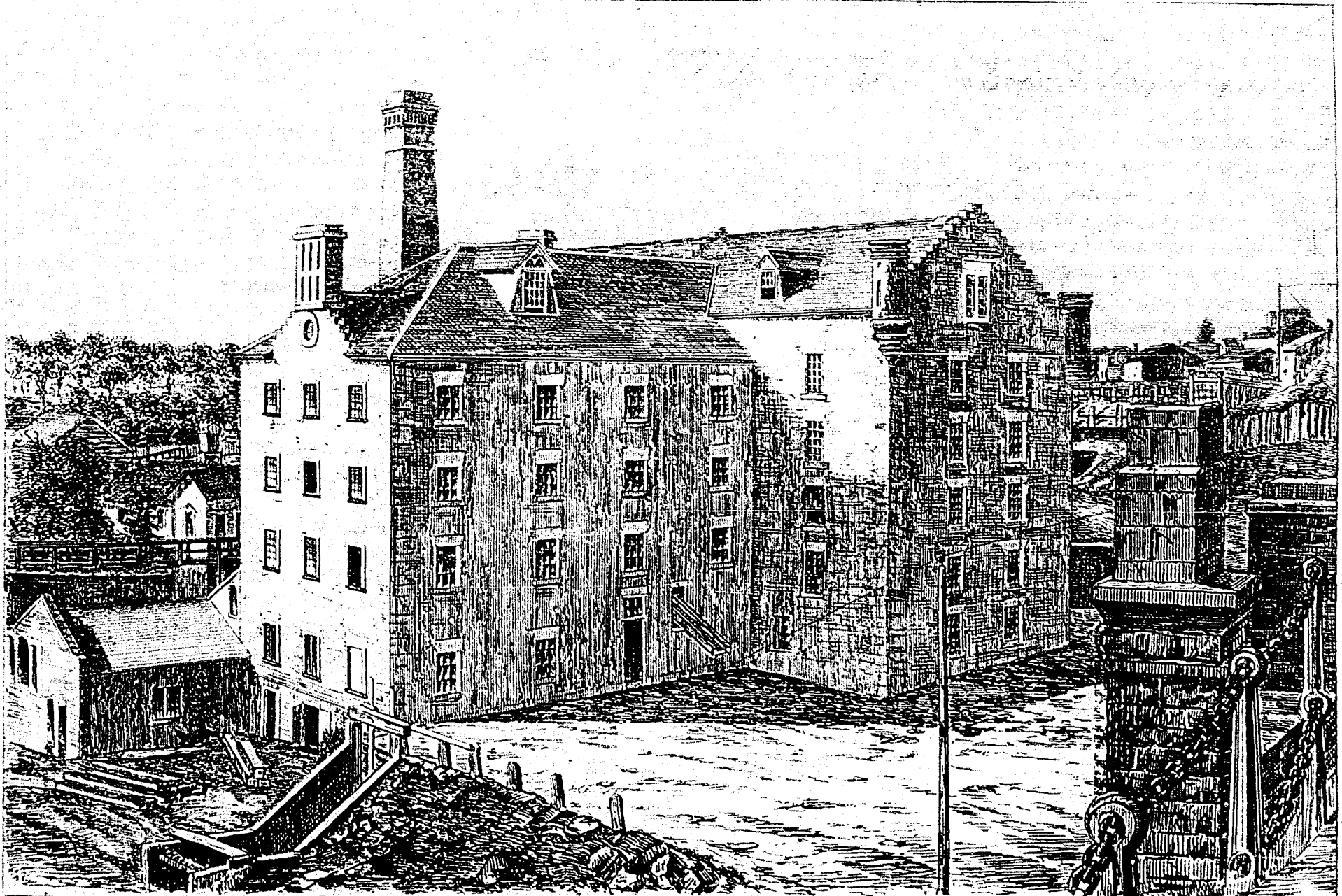
"O, nonsense!" she exclaimed, "I don't mean that!" You know very well that I don't pretend to appreciate this kind of musical jargon. I mean isn't it sad to see so many young men baldheaded? I wonder if it is dissipation, or the climate, or what? Do you know that I have been picking out bald-

heads down in the parquette, and would you believe it, I actually counted twenty-nine."

An American editor says he once partook of a beverage so very strong that he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession that was going down his throat.

There is a great scarcity of labour at Ottawa. Men are being hired now for spring lumbering operations at \$39 per month with board.

The surplus of receipts over expenditure in Nova Scotia for the past year is nearly \$25,000.



GUELPH MILLS, THE PROPERTY OF D. ALLAN, Esq., GUELPH, ONT.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
APRIL 13, 1872.

SUNDAY,	April 7.—	Low Sunday. Raffaele died, 1570. Chantry born, 1782. Establishment of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, 1815. Toronto Cathedral burnt, 1847. Admiral Tegethoff died, 1871.
MONDAY,	" 8.—	Lorenzo de Medici died, 1492. Hudson's Bay Co. established, 1692.
TUESDAY,	" 9.—	Lord Bacon died, 1626. Necker died, 1804. Col. Joseph Bouchette died, 1841. Gen. Lee surrendered, 1865.
WEDNESDAY,	" 10.—	Prince Eugène died, 1736. Chartist Demonstration, 1848. U. C. Clergy Reserves Bill passed, 1853.
THURSDAY,	" 11.—	Peace of Utrecht, 1713. Great Fire in Montreal, 1768. Canning died, 1770. Napoleon signed his first abdication, 1814. Papal Jubilee at Rome, 1869.
FRIDAY,	" 12.—	Bossuet died, 1704. Sir Guy Carleton, Governor, 1788. Bishop Strachan born, 1778.
SATURDAY,	" 13.—	Handel died, 1759. Magdala stormed, 1868.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 2nd April, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
W.,	Mar. 27.	39°	30°	34°5	30.20	30.14	30.10
Th.,	" 28.	35°	24°	29°5	30.20	30.20	30.10
Fri.,	" 29.	38°	20°	29°	29.97	30.00	30.05
Sat.,	" 30.	36°	20°	28°	30.15	30.25	30.24
Sun.,	" 31.	27°	22°	24°5	29.95	29.80	29.40
M.,	April 1.	37°	27°	32°	29.40	29.45	29.67
Tu.,	" 2.	37°	29°	32°5	29.97	30.05	30.10

Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the NEWS is \$4.00 per annum, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All unpaid subscribers will be struck off the list on the 1st July next, and their accounts [at the rate of \$5.00 per annum] placed in our attorneys' hands for collection.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872.

THE question of popular education is at the present day engaging a large share of public attention in England, Ireland and Scotland. From diversities of creed and other causes for differences of opinion, it seems hardly possible that a satisfactory arrangement can be made, though doubtless the contemplated alterations as well as those that have lately been put in force in England, will do much towards elevating the general intelligence of the people. It came out in the debate on the Scotch education bill in the House of Commons, that one of the large towns in the North of Scotland had some fifty thousand children "utterly destitute educationally," and yet this in a country which can fairly rank with Belgium and Switzerland as having the best educated peasants and artisans of any country in the world. In the large towns throughout Scotland, as in the large towns throughout other parts of the world, it is unfortunately true that many parents fall behind in the race of life and become lost to all the social and political movements going on around them; who merely vegetate on the doles they pick up from the benevolent, or upon the very inferior wages they receive for the usually very inferior work they perform when hunger compels them to go to work at all. From the offspring of such parents are recruited the "gutter children" and "street Arabs" of whom we have heard so much of late. Death or the hand of benevolence occasionally cuts short the erratic career of many of these unfortunates before they rise to manhood; but not a few of them reach to sufficiently mature years to become the pests of society or the inmates of jails, prisons and penitentiaries.

Would it be right that the respectable poor man who maintains himself and his family by his own industry, should be forced to send his child to school, to herd with the "street Arabs" and "gutter children"? Surely not. The mere intellectual training, with a spice of morals for seasoning, proposed to be imparted in the national system now advocated by many parties in Great Britain would but make the vicious still more expert in crime, while the association of children, knowing nothing beyond the quiet influences of home, with those who are already deep in the mysteries of iniquity, would have a tendency to corrupt the former, and destroy in them their sense of moral rectitude to a degree that would neither compensate them nor the State for the increase of intellectual strength and the additions to their knowledge which they might acquire in the school-room. Let us imagine, for instance, the London waifs or "street Arabs," upwards of three hundred thousand in number, skilled as they are in all "the ways that are dark, and the tricks that are vain," distributed in the schools among twice or thrice their number of the children of honest and industrious parents: would not such a "leaven leaven the whole lump?"

The State can only rightfully assume the responsibility

of standing *in loco parentis*, when the parent's or guardian's responsibility lapses, through incapacity or want of will to fulfil the duties of the position. A wide margin may therefore be given to the Government in its endeavour to bring neglected children up into good habits, instead of having, in after life, to punish them for bad ones. If schools for the poor can be made to diminish the cost of the criminal courts and all the institutions requisite for dealing properly with criminals, there would be economy as well as philanthropy in providing such schools, at which all should attend whose circumstances do not permit of their obtaining tuition in another way. But the education of the children of destitute parents ought not to be conducted as part and parcel of a national system. It should be under a separate organization, and with a distinct purpose of reforming as well as educating the unfortunates. It is quite possible, and we think highly probable, that a well organized system of training for the "gutter children" on the part of the Government would well repay the outlay; for all that private benevolence can do, and it is very active in England, is to occasionally abstract a "drop from the bucket;" it cannot even stop, though it may diminish, the augmentation of the inflow. It is the want of distinction between those who maintain themselves and support the State, and those who do not support themselves but are supported by the State, that leads to much of the absurd doctrinism as to the right and the duty of the State to impose this, that, and the other obligation upon individuals. As regards the class first named—those who support themselves and the State also—the duty of the State is simply to protect them in their persons and property, and to labour in their interest for the general progress of the country. With respect to the latter class, a compulsory system may be admitted as necessary whether as regards education, residence, or the mode of receiving relief. Much has been done by the "Ragged School" system and kindred charities to rescue poor children from misery and vice, but their number is nevertheless rapidly on the increase. This state of affairs has already alarmed many benevolent persons and excited their sympathies to a very high degree, frequent instances of which we have seen in the noble efforts of Miss Rye, Miss Macpherson, and those who have generously assisted them. However, all such private movements, though they do a great deal of good, cannot stop the evil; and hence many turn their eyes to a compulsory State system of secular education. We think a more effective remedy, one at least that could not be productive of evil, would be for the State to assume the real duties of the parent towards those who, from whatever cause, are destitute of parental care; to feed, clothe, and educate them, and not permit them to be cast upon the world until they are capable of providing for themselves by their own labour. A sweeping measure of this kind, with a little more "letting alone" to those who do not require the interference of the State, would be well worth trying for a few years if only as an experiment. But this phase of the "education question," which ought to be considered the most important, attracts little attention at present.

CHANGE IN THE GOVERNOR-GENERALSHIP.

It is announced that the Imperial Government has acceded to Lord Lisgar's desire, and given him permission to retire from the Governor-Generalship of Canada in June next. His Lordship doubtless desires to spend the evening of his life in his native country, and all Canadians will sincerely wish that it may be a long and happy one.

It is said that he will be succeeded by Lord Dufferin, who is a man of acknowledged ability and no little experience in public affairs.

HONOUR TO A JOURNALIST.

Mr. Douglas Brymner, for many years connected with the press of Montreal, has just removed to Ottawa, and on Monday last he was presented by a number of his friends with a very flattering address and a purse of five hundred dollars. The subscribers to the testimonial include, besides the names of many of the leading members of the Church of Scotland, the following: His Worship the Mayor, Hon. L. H. Holton, Hon. A. B. Foster, Thos. Workman, M.P., Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, B. Devlin, Esq., Chas. Legge, Esq., John McLennan, Esq., F. B. Matthews, Esq., and many others. Such a tribute of respect has been well earned by Mr. Brymner, who, as a laborious, hard-working journalist, can scarcely be excelled. At a meeting of the Montreal Journalists' Club held on Saturday evening last, the following resolutions were carried by acclamation:—

Moved by Mr. Robertson, of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, seconded by Mr. G. S. Barnum, of the *Gazette*, and unanimously—

Resolved,—That the members of this Club bear with regret of the withdrawal of Mr. D. Brymner, of the *Herald*, from the Press of Montreal, and desire to express their high appreciation of his qualities as a journalist, a gentleman, and as a

companion; and their hope that in his future career he may be as successful and even happier than hitherto.

Resolved, also, that the Secretary be instructed to transmit a copy of foregoing resolution to Mr. Brymner, and to publish it in the city papers.

Mr. Brymner has already many friends at Ottawa, so that he goes not forth to dwell in the land of the stranger. We heartily wish him success in his new sphere.

MONTREAL PROVIDENT FUEL ASSOCIATION.—The experience of this winter ought surely to warn the people of Montreal to make provision in future against a fuel famine. The "Provident" offers its stock-holders and others an excellent means of contributing largely to this end. Its object and intended plan of operation are fully explained in the prospectus, which will be found in another column. The Directors are all business men of high character and standing, so that the public may have the fullest confidence in the management of the Association.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SCRIBNER'S FOR APRIL.—A half-dozen illustrated articles, an unusual number of short stories, several bright essays and sketches, two or three papers of special interest to scholars, and some excellent poems, make the April number of *Scribner's* not only popularly attractive, but really valuable. The leading article, beautifully illustrated, is descriptive of the great United States Navy Yard at Mare Island, California. "Curiosities of Plant Life" is an entertaining paper on Natural History, with a number of striking illustrations. Prof. Schele de Vere write sketchily, and with the aid of pictures, of the earth's "Hidden Treasures;" and Amos G. Draper, himself an inmate of the institution, describes "The Silent College at Washington." Apropos of Easter, we find a graphic account, by Eugene Schuyler, of the Russian observance of the feast; also a thoughtful and characteristic poem by Mrs. A. D. Whitney. "Awakened Japan" is the title of a brief and timely paper by Noah Brooks, a writer unusually well informed on Japanese matters. The three short stories are especially readable. They are "The Mullenville Mystery," by young Hawthorne: "With the False Prophet: A Mormon Wife's Story," by Mrs. Raffensperger; and "The Haunted Closet," by Mrs. Weiss. There is a suggestive and touching little paper on "The Boy John." Warner's "Back-Log Studies—IV." are juicy and delicious as usual. These papers have attracted wide attention, and constitute one of the most attractive features of the *Monthly*. "Shall we Say 'Is Being Built'?" is a spirited and scholarly essay in the field of grammatical controversy, by Fitzedward Hall, of Oxford University; and in an able and eloquent paper Dr. Taylor Lewis defends the belief in "The One Human Race," in opposition to the theories of a race before Adam. Among the poems Margaret J. Preston's "Hero of the Commune" should not be overlooked.

In the Editorial Departments Dr. Holland expresses some decided opinions on "A Heresy of Art," "Hepworth and Heterodoxy," "The Illinois Temperance Law," and "The General and his Friends." In the "Old Cabinet" there is a talk about "The Smut of 'Real Work,'" "Our Friend's Portfolio," "Playing with the Passions," "Studies," and "The Sculptor and the Statuette." In the departments of "Home and Society," and "Culture and Progress Abroad" and "At Home" are papers on "The Art Museum," musical matters, and new books. The etchings show how Peter Green emulated the Grand Duke's career in the Buffalo Hunt.

THE PITCHER PLANT.—We cordially recommend everybody who, next autumn, shall be regretfully searching amid nature's treasure-house for the wherewithal to cheer and enliven a long city winter, to do as we did last November, and fill a large pot with the common pitcher plant. Who does not know it, standing ankle-deep in cool yellow mosses, and holding up to the sun its amphora-shaped leaves of maroon and green, each with its tiny reservoir of pellucid water? Who ever watched it without picturing Scarlet Tanager, or swamp black-bird, with orange-slashed velvet coat, lighting to drink, curving a glossy neck over the edge of the verdurous fountain, and making a picture vivid and fascinating? And the blossom—what is its charm? Is it a leaf in romantic mood seeking to be flower, or a flower of sedate disposition, longing for the prose and repose of leaf-dom? Who knows—but who does not seek to guess? It was with doubts and misgivings that we essayed the experiment of transplanting the free forester. "It can but perish if it go," we said, and we took its life in our hands and turned cityward. But soon we found that it had no idea of dying; in fact, and the testimony of others confirms the observation, it is the most satisfactory of wood-plants to bring to a fire and gas atmosphere. Water it demands and must have; water at the roots, standing water in its saucer, and a spoonful daily renewed in each cup, but, given that, it is content. Nothing can be prettier or more interesting than to watch the unfolding of the new leaves, from the tiny shoot to the slender spikes of bright green, and finally the full pitcher, with its streaks and mottlings of claret red. In some favoured hands it has even been known to blossom! to blossom in early spring, three months before its time! And if that is not doing handsomely and as a vegetable should, we would like to know what is? To live is much. It is a favour which many a pet geranium, a beloved ivy, has refused us, turning its face to the wall and perishing in our very sight. To grow—to actually bring out leaves for us—is more, and earns a gratitude which no watering-pot, or syringing, or smoking with tobacco, or subsoil-ploughing with the blade of a paper-knife can fitly express. But when it comes to blos-

soming—to an absolute flower, fetched from nowhere, and given to ourselves personally by the parent plant, language fails! We can only lay our hands upon our heart in silent gratitude, and redouble attention, lest green fly or insidious scale creep in to harm or vex our benefactors—"Home and Society," Scribner's for April.

DUMAS AND HIS SON.—There are few characterizations more witty and comprehensive than that which Alexandre Dumas, père, gave of his son. "He came into the world at that hour when it has ceased to be day and it is not yet night, and the assemblage of antitheses which make up his strange individuality are, like the hour of his birth, a mingling of light and darkness. He is lazy, he is industrious; he is a gourmand, he is abstemious; he is lavish, he is economical; he is suspicious, he is credulous; he is blasé, and he is innocent; he is indifferent, and he is ardent; he is slow in speech and rapid in action; he ridicules me with all the brilliant wit of which he is master, and yet he loves me with all his heart. He is always ready to fleece me out of all my money like Valère, or to fight for me like the Cid. His imagination is the most vivid and the most sustained that I have ever known in a young man of 21 years. It bears me away like a torrent; it shines like a half-hidden flame; it reveals itself in reverie as in excitement, in quiet as in danger, in smiles as in tears. From time to time we quarrel with each other, and, like the prodigal son, he takes his portion and quits the paternal mansion. On that day I buy a calf and begin to fatten it, sure that before a month he will return to get his part of it. It is true that evil-minded people say that it is for the sake of the calf that he comes back, and not for mine; but I am not more than half inclined to believe that."

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(From the Correspondence of the Queen.)

The reception at the Academy on Thursday last was a very gay affair. M. Duvergier de Hauranne was received by M. Cavillier Fleury, who was deputed to pronounce the eulogium of the Duke de Broglie. It will be readily understood that the assemblage was Orleansist rather than Republican. The Broglie family was represented by some ladies in graceful although somewhat sombre toilettes.

The Orleans Princesses and Princesses were to be seen seated amid the general public. The Countess de Paris entered first, and was soon followed by the Duchess de Montpensier. The Countess de Paris is a tall, slender, fair woman, with the true Bourbon profile—a long nose inclining to the aquiline; but the severity of features in this case is relieved by the youthful and gay expression of countenance. The Countess wears her hair in the latest fashion, with small rings on the forehead—a sort of tiny curls, which are adopted more especially with the hair parted at the side. The back hair was plaited and looped up so as to fall somewhat low on the nape of the neck. The Countess wore a rich black faille short skirt with tunic to match, and a close-fitting claret velvet *casaque*, trimmed with sable; a claret bonnet composed of mixture of faille and velvet, matching exactly, a faille and velvet bow at the top. The Count de Paris is very German in appearance, with his hair and beard; he reminds me strongly of his mother, the Duchess of Orleans. The Duke d'Anjou entered last, and was accompanied by his son, the Duke de Guise, a fair, small youth of fifteen.

Some of the velvet toilettes were very stylish. The Marchioness de C., an *élegante*, wore a black velvet skirt, trimmed with a deep flounce, scalloped at the edge, but not falling to the bottom of the skirt; the tunic to match, trimmed with black guipure insertion, which insertion was *à jour*, that is to say, there was no velvet nor lining of any sort beneath it. The guipure arranged thus is newer than *passémenterie*. The tunic was ornamented with black silk stars and fringe. A Buckingham mantle or double pelérine of velvet, with the open guipure stars and fringe; a black lace bonnet, with loops and long ends of blue ribbon, and a long black lace scarf completed the toilette. Another black velvet skirt was worn with a Hungarian jacket of chambray-coloured Sicilienne, bordered with iron-grey feather trimming; the bonnet was arranged to correspond with the jacket. Several black lace bonnets were worn at the Academy, and most of them had long scarves at the back. Others reminded me of Spanish mantillas, as they had long lace lappets fastening on the chest; at the top there was a round wreath of some spring flowers. The forms of bonnets vary to infinity, but the new ones are all considerably larger than those fashionable at this period last year. A great novelty for straw bonnets will be bands of embroidered straw; the embroidery is worked in satin stitch with silk, and the flowers that are used for trimming correspond with the design on the band. For faille and black lace bonnets large jet leaves and begonia leaves of all shades are in vogue.

Velvet petticoats, with either light cloth or cashmere costumes, are still worn, and are exceedingly fashionable. The new spring costumes are made of either *mousseline de laine* or linen, and are trimmed with worsted guipure of the same colour, a fringe being woven to the lower edge of the guipure. Some very elegant tunics for *demi-saison* wear are made of velvet stripes used alternately with guipure embroidered with jet. These have been worn for evening demi-toilette with light-coloured silk skirts.

I inspected a few days ago at the Maison Roger some exquisite toilettes prepared for an evening reception at the President's, and also some for a reception at the Duke d'Anjou's. Several spring novelties were likewise exhibited at the same time.

Polonaises were more general than any other outdoor garments. For carriage wear, the *Magnat* is exceedingly stylish. It is made of the silky, rich material called the Sicilienne, and is embroidered all over. The sleeves can be slipped on or not, according to pleasure; they are very wide, and if the mantle is thrown over the shoulders, the arms can be slipped in afterwards. A handsome fringe, narrow rather than broad, forms a border to the *Magnat*, and sometimes there is a border of curled feathers.

For visiting toilettes, the Louis XVI *polonaises*, such as Marie Antoinette wore, with *revers* at the back, are likely to be popular. The prettiest model I have seen was ornamented with Louis XVI. buttons in cut steel; at the back there were *flats of gros grain* ribbon. Cords mixed with jet, and tassels to correspond are sometimes used for looping up the *retrousses*. A costume of this style is made as follows: A grey faille petticoat, with ornaments in ruby silk; ruby flounce, headed

with three crossbands of the same; ruby waistcoat; grey *polonaise*, with ruby cords and ribbons.

As a costume *de fantaisie*, the following may be cited as very elegant in style. Faille petticoat of the colour known as Florentino bronze, which is brown, tinted with dark green; it is trimmed in front with three flounces, ravelled out at each edge, and lined with the shade known as *jambe de nymphe*—a pale salmon colour. Independent train, bordered with the double ravelled-out flounces, one bronze, the other salmon; this train is fastened at the back with three large salmon-coloured bows. Bronze bodice, with salmon waistcoat and ravelled-out fringe all round. A small paletot, entirely bronze colour, is added to this costume; a narrow *ruche* of the lighter silk is all that is used of the salmon trimming.

Among the evening toilettes, let me describe one of salmon faille, made with a train, which is trimmed with three flounces of pale blue China *crêpe*, festooned at the edge with white silk; the third flounce reaches scarcely so high as the knee. A blue China *crêpe* scarf is tied at the side half-way down the skirt, and falling over the flounces. Small *crêpe fichu* festooned with white, tied at the back, and fastened in front with a rose the pale shade of the dress.

For dinner dress there was a white faille toilette, with pinked-out flounces, the edges resting on a band of claret velvet. *Polonaise* of white Bagdad, an Eastern silken material, striped like Algérienne, but with wider lines and of thicker substance. The *polonaise*, which is looped up in *paniers*, is edged with white silk guipure and white fringe. Claret velvet sash at the side. Low square bodice, with tulle folds beneath; ruby velvet bow at the side. The velvet sash is lined with white faille. Sashes that are made of velvet are now all lined with faille of a different colour; for example, grey is lined with blue, violet with black, prune with pink, &c. It is a charming fashion, but a costly one.

VARIETIES.

A fashion article in a Wisconsin paper describes the suit of an Indian boy five years old. It consists of a garter tied around the left leg.

Active preparations are being made for holding a national Art exhibition in Madrid in 1873. Space will be allotted to foreign exhibitors.

A keeper who was taking two convicts to the State prison last week, when the train stopped at Sing Sing, called out: "Step out, gentlemen; fifteen years for refreshments."

Naturalists are free to doubt that bears sustain themselves in winter quarters by sucking their paws; but we know for a fact that unlicked young cubs, when they are hard up, bleed their paws.—*Fan.*

"What shall we do with Our Girls," asks one of the suffrage-shriekers in her lecture. The Chicago *Times* replies:—"If her girls are likely to resemble their mother much, she had better drown them."

The Waterloo *Chronicle* regrets to learn that the fall wheat suffered severely from the thaws during the mild days and the heavy frosts during the nights of the past weeks. It is feared that very much of it is "winter-killed."

SCENE IN A STREET CAR.—Car stops, and smiling young lady enters. Every seat full. Old gentleman at the further end rises. "Oh! sir, don't rise; I can just as well stand." Old gentleman: "I don't care whether you sit or stand; I'm going to get out."

When Madame Schneider was engaged for an *opéra bouffe* season recently, the manager demurred to her exorbitant terms, remarking that her income would be higher than that of a marshal of France. "Well, then," said she, "let a marshal of France sing for you."

A rather grand and dramatic style of expression came to a sudden collapse in court the other day. An indignant witness exclaimed—"The first time that I ever did such a dishonourable act I would blow out my brains, sir." "Very good," said Q.C.; "and what would you do the second time?"

In one of the courts, a jurymen being called and not answering the usual notice that he would be fined was pronounced against him: upon which a person who stood by said to the judge, "You may fine him as much as you please, but I don't think that you will recover the fine, for I saw him buried about a week ago."

At the Manchester Philosophical Society, Mr. J. Barrow read a paper on *Tetraphyton Toussourans*, which, it seems, is another name for that unpleasant disease known as ring-worm. The disease is a vegetable parasite which burrows in the skin. It cannot live without light and air; therefore to kill it apply a thick coating of varnish, and exclude the air. The cure is simple.

The *Swiss Times* states that an extraordinary person was recently buried at Mootathal, fourscore years of age. This man, named J. L. Heizer, had lived for more than sixty years a solitary life in a goat stable, far removed from every human habitation. His demitury was carpeted with goatskins, the litter of these small cattle served him for a bed, and his nutriment consisted almost entirely of bread and goat's milk. He refused as superfluous the conveniences of life which were offered to him on all sides in his advanced old age, and up to his last breath he enjoyed his reasoning faculties.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. K. B. says "Please publish in *C. I. News* a simple and efficient method of fixing pencil drawings to prevent erasure or injury in transmission by mail." We answer—Dip them in milk and allow them to dry thoroughly before they are despatched.

P. M., Ottawa.—The subject referred to will be reported on as soon as possible. Our space is, for the nonce, pre-occupied.

MARRIED

On the twelfth March, in Strasburg, by the Chief Rabbi Aaron, Mr. Moise Schweb, of Schwob Brothers, Montreal, to Miss Blanche Woog, of Fontainebleau, France. The bride and bridegroom arrived per last steamer.

CHESS.

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

HALIFAX, N. S., March 29, 1872.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

SIR.—Noticing part of your paper devoted to the interests of the game of Chess, I have been tempted to inquire through you of some of your correspondents their opinion with reference to the following, taken from one of Routledge, Warne & Routledge's publications, edited by G. F. Pardon, and entitled *Boyle's Games Modernized*:

"Queening a Pawn.—When you are able to advance a pawn to the eighth square of the file, you can exchange it for a Queen or any other piece. Thus you may have two or more Queens, three or more Bishops or Knights, on the board at the same time. This peculiarity belongs to the modern game of Chess."

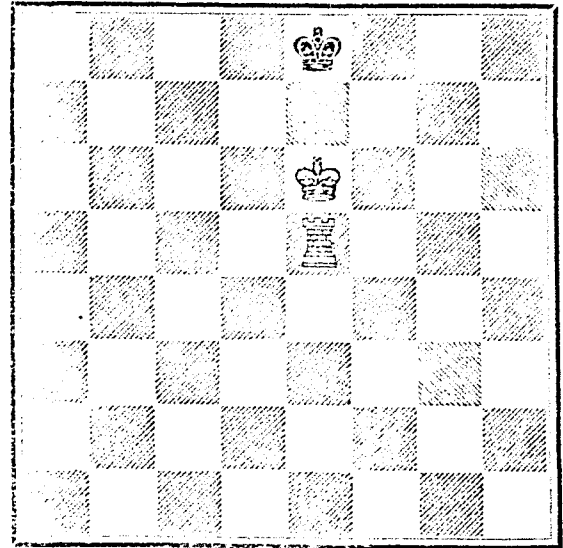
If the above publication is not considered authoritative, I would be much obliged by being informed to whom a young beginner may with confidence look for the proper laws of the game.

I submit a problem, found also in the above-named work, and which I do not find it possible to solve, perhaps your correspondents will be able to furnish a solution.

I am, S. R. yours, T. W. J.

PROBLEM No. 45

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

TORONTO: E. SEAFORTH.

The two consultation games, by telegraph, were both won by Toronto; the players in the game, which we give below, were: Dr. Vercoe, Dr. Coleman, and Mr. G. Jackson, for Seaforth; and Professor Cherriman, Mr. F. T. Jones, and Mr. James Brown, for Toronto.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

White.

- Seaforth. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. B. to Q. B. 4th 4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd 6. Castles. 7. P. to Q. 4th 8. P. takes P. 9. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd (c) 10. B. to Q. 2nd 11. Kt. to K. 2nd (b) 12. P. takes B. 13. P. to K. B. 4th 14. R. to K. 3rd 15. K. to R. 16. P. to B. 5th 17. Q. to Q. R. 4th 18. P. to K. 5th 19. R. to K. Kt. 4th 20. B. to Kt. 3rd 21. Kt. to Kt. 22. P. to B. 6th 23. B. takes Kt. (c) 24. Kt. to K. 2nd 25. K. to Kt. 26. Resigns.

Black.

- Toronto. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. B. to Q. B. 4th 4. B. takes Kt. P. 5. R. to K. 4th 6. P. to Q. 3rd 7. P. takes P. 8. P. to Kt. 3rd 9. Kt. to Q. B. 4th 10. B. to K. Kt. 5th 11. R. takes Kt. 12. Q. to K. B. 3rd 13. Castles. 14. Kt. to K. 2nd 15. P. to K. Kt. 4th 16. Kt. to B. 3rd (c) 17. P. to Q. 4th 18. Q. to K. B. 3rd 19. K. to R. 4th 20. K. R. to Kt. 21. P. to Kt. 5th 22. Kt. to K. 5th 23. Q. takes B. 24. Q. to K. 5th, ch. 25. Kt. takes K. P. (c)

(a) P. to Q. 5th is frequently played here, followed up by B. to Q. Kt. 2nd.

(b) Kt. to Q. 5th might, perhaps, have been better, giving White a freer game, and greater choice in attack.

(c) This Kt. now promises to take a more active part in the game. (d) Kt. to Kt. 3rd seems to us the correct play here; if Black reply with Q. to R. 5th, White may advance P. to K. B. 4th.

(e) Taking the Kt. releases the Queen from her cramped position, and loses the game in a few moves; even at this point, it seems to us that White has an excellent resource in Q. to K. 2nd, sacrificing the exchange, and threatening a formidable coup in return—suppose, instead of taking the Kt.:

White.

- 23. Kt. to K. 2nd 24. B. P. takes Kt. 25. Kt. to B. 4th 26. Kt. takes Q. P. 27. Kt. takes B. ch. Ac.

Black.

- Kt. takes R. ch. 24. B. takes Q. P. 25. Q. to R. 3rd 26. Q. to R. 5th

Black may vary their 24th move, but cannot escape from the dangerous, if not winning attack, which their opponents obtain by—Kt. to B. 4th. It might have been better to have at once played—Kt. to K. 2nd instead of—P. to B. 6th.

(f) The winning move, play as Black will;—if Kt. takes Kt. White reply with P. to Q. B. 4th.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 44.

White.

- 1. Q. to Q. B. 2nd 2. Q. to Q. B. 5th, ch. 3. Kt. to Kt. 4th, dle. ch. 4. Q. to Q. B. 2nd, mate.

Black.

- Kt. to K. 2nd 2. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. Kt. to B. 4th

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 23.

White.

- 1. R. to K. 5th, ch. 2. R. to K. Kt. 3. B. takes R., mate.

Black.

- R. in B. moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 24.

White.

- 1. R. to Q. Kt. 5th, ch. 2. B. to K. Kt. 2nd 3. R. mates.

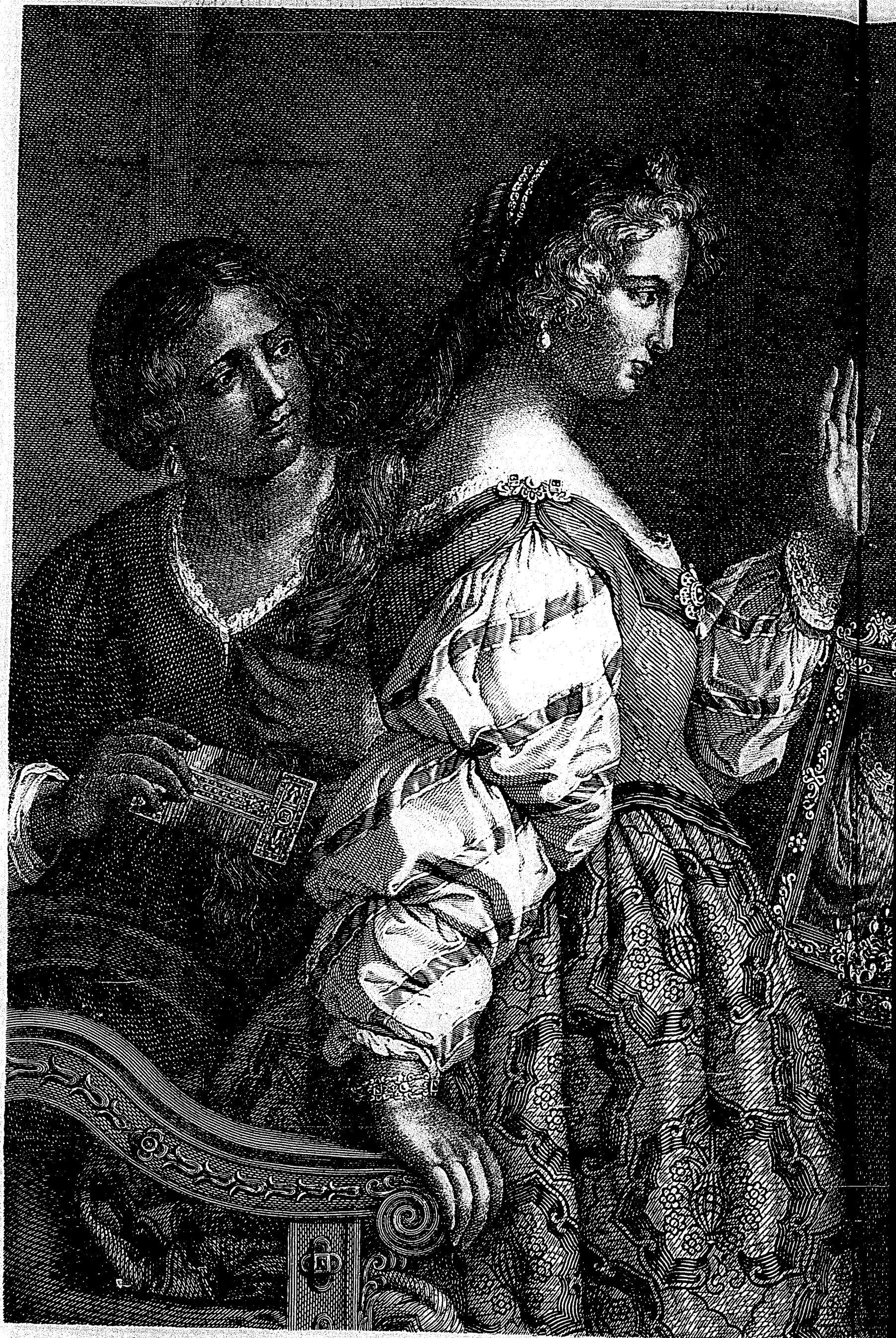
Black.

- K. takes R. B. moves.

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

PROBLEM No. 41.—F. W. Jubien.

PROBLEM No. 43.—Britannia.



SEMIRAMIS: FROM THE PAINTING



CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, APRIL 6, 1872.

ING BY GUERCINO DA CENTO.

LINES

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

"Why things should be we cannot see,
We only know that it is so."—Proverb.

I.

Not far apart, as distance counts
By time and space;
And oftentimes they look upon
Each other's face.

II.

Not far apart: they often meet
As friend meets friend,
And seasons of communion sweet
Together spend.

III.

For they are friends: And when they meet,
Through all his speech
Run tones of deepest tenderness
Her heart to reach.

IV.

Her lovely quiet home, the haunt
Of bird and bee,
Where Nature's melody resounds
From every tree

V.

Hath brightened with his presence, till
Each shady nook
Is a memory-haunted shrine
Whence he doth look.

VI.

Here hushing from the locust trees
They breathed the balm;
Their hearts to silence filled, their souls
Divinely calm.

VII.

And here he plucked for her a dower,
A violet;
Poor dower, it withered soon: and still:
She keeps it yet.

VIII.

It goes, where the path through clover blooms
Slopes to the brook,
Hand clasped in hand, in June's bright morn'
Farewell they took.

IX.

Not far apart: they'll meet, they say,
Perchance again,
As they have met, with joy's wild thrill,
To part in pain.

X.

Alas! Alas, divided far
As though death's deep
Between their severed life-paths rolled
With sullen sweep.

XI.

O Heliest! whose hand hath set
Them distant here:
See in thy happy Heav'n above
Shall they be near?

EROL GERVAISE.

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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XII.

It became necessary as George Voss sat at supper with his father and Madame Voss that he should fix the time of his return to Colmar, and he did so for the early morning of the next day but one. He had told Madame Faragon that he expected to stay at Granpere but one night. He felt however after his arrival that it might be difficult for him to get away on the following day, and therefore he told them that he would sleep two nights at the Lion d'Or, and then start early so as to reach the Colmar inn by mid-day.

"I suppose you find the old lady rather fidgety, George," said Michel Voss in high good humour.

George found it easier to talk about Madame Faragon and the hotel at Colmar than he did of things at Granpere, and therefore became communicative as to his own affairs. Michel too preferred the subject of the new doings at the house on the other side of the Vosges. His wife had given him a slight hint, doing her best like a good wife and discreet manager, to prevent ill-humour and hard words.

"He feels a little sore, you know. I was always sure there was something—But it was wise of him to come and see her, and it will go off in this way."

Michel swore that George had no right to be sore, and that if his son did not take pride in such a family arrangement as this, he should no longer be son of his. But he allowed himself to be counselled by his wife, and soon talked himself into a pleasant mood, discussing Madame Faragon, and the horses belonging to the Hôtel de la Poste, and Colmar affairs in general. There was a certain important ground for satisfaction between them. Everybody agreed that George Voss had shown himself to be a steady man of business in the affairs of the inn at Colmar.

Marie Bromar in the meanwhile went on with her usual occupation round the room, but now and again came and stood at her uncle's elbow, joining in the conversation, and asking a question or two about Madame Faragon. There was, perhaps, something of the guile of the serpent joined to her dove-like softness. She asked questions and listened to answers,—not that in her present state of mind she could bring herself to take a deep interest in the affairs of Madame Faragon's hotel, but because it suited her that there should be some subject of easy conversation between her and George. It was absolutely necessary now that George should be nothing more to her than a cousin and an acquaintance; but it was well that he should be that and not an enemy. It would be well too that he should know, that he should think that he knew, that she was disturbed by no remembrance of those words which had once passed between them. At last she trusted herself to a remark which perhaps she would not have made had the serpent's guile been more perfect of its kind.

"Surely you must get a wife, George, as soon as the house is your own."

"Of course he will get a wife," said the father.

"I hope he will get a good one," said Madame Voss after a short pause,—which, however, had been long enough to make her feel it necessary to say nothing.

George said never a word, but lifted his glass and finished his wine. Marie at once perceived that the subject was one on which she must not venture to touch again. Indeed she saw further than that, and became aware, that it would be inexpedient for her to fall into any special or minute conversation with her cousin during his short stay at Granpere.

"You'll go up to the woods with me to-morrow;—eh, George?" said the father.

The son of course assented. It was hardly possible that he should not assent. The whole day, moreover, would not be wanted for that purpose of throwing his thunderbolt; and if he could get it thrown it would be well that he should be as far away from Marie as possible for the remainder of his visit.

"We'll start early, Marie, and have a bit of breakfast before we go. Will six be too early for you, George, with your town ways?"

George said that six would not be too early, and as he made the engagement for the morning he resolved that he would if possible throw his thunderbolt that night.

"Marie will get us a cup of coffee and a sausage. Marie is always up by that time."

Marie smiled and promised that they should not be compelled to start upon their walk with empty stomachs from any fault of hers. If a hot breakfast at six o'clock in the morning could put her cousin into a good humour it certainly should not be wanting.

In two hours after supper George was with his father. Michel was so full of happiness and so confidential that the son found it very difficult to keep solemn about his own sorrow. Had it not been that with a half obedience to his wife's hints Michel said little about Adrian, there must have been an explosion. He endeavoured to conform himself to George's prospects, as to which he expressed himself thoroughly pleased.

"You see," said he, "I am so strong of my years, that if you wished for my shoes, there is no knowing how long you might be kept waiting."

"It couldn't have been too long," said George.

"Ah, well, I don't believe you would have been impatient to put the old fellow under the sod. But I should have been impatient, I should have been unhappy. You might have had the woods to be sure; but it's hardly enough of a business alone. Besides a young man is always more his own master away from his father. I can understand that. The only thing is, George,—take a drive over, and see us sometimes."

This was all very well, but it was not quite so well when he began to speak of Marie.

"It's a terrible loss her going, you know, George; I shall feel it sadly."

"I can understand that," said George.

"But of course I had my duty to do to the girl. I had to see that she should be well settled, and she will be well settled. There's a comfort in that;—isn't there, George?"

But George could not bring himself to reply to this with good-humoured zeal, and there came for a moment a cloud between the father and son. But Michel was wise and swallowed his wrath, and in a minute or two returned to Colmar and Madame Faragon.

At about half-past nine George escaped from his father and returned to the house. They had been sitting in the balcony which runs round the billiard room on the side of the court opposite to the front door. He returned to the house, and caught Marie in one of the passages up-stairs, as she was completing her work for the day. He caught her close to the door of his own room and asked her to come in that he might speak a word to her. English readers will perhaps remember that among the Vosges mountains there is less of a sense of privacy attached to bedrooms than is the case with us here in England. Marie knew immediately then that her cousin had not come to Granpere for nothing,—had not come with the innocent intention of simply pleasing his father,—had not come to say an ordinary word of farewell to her before her marriage. There was to be something of a scene, though she could not tell of what nature the scene might be. She knew, however, that her own conduct had been right; and therefore, though she would have avoided the scene, had it been possible, she would not fear it. She went into his room; and when he closed the door, she smiled, and did not as yet tremble.

"Marie," he said, "I have come here on purpose to say a word or two to you."

There was no smile on his face as he spoke now. The intention to be savage was written there, as plainly as any purpose was ever written on a man's countenance. And Marie read the writing without missing a letter. She was to be rebuked and sternly rebuked;—rebuked by the man who had taken her heart, and then left her;—rebuked by the man who had crushed her hopes and made it absolutely necessary for her to give up all the sweet poetry of her life, to forget her dreams, to abandon every wish-for prettiness of existence, and confine herself to duties and to things material! He who had so sinned against her, was about to rid himself of the burden of his sin by endeavouring to cast it upon her. So much she understood; but yet she did not understand all that was to come. She would hear the rebuke as quietly as she might. In the interest of others she would do so. But she would not fear him,—and she would say a quiet word in defence of her own sex if there should be need. Such was the purport of her mind as she stood opposite to him in his room.

"I hope they will be kind words," she said. "As we are to part so soon, there should be none unkind spoken."

"I do not know much about kindness," he replied. Then he paused and tried to think how best the thunderbolt might be hurled.

"There is hardly room for kindness where there was once so much more than kindness: where there was so much more,—or the pretence of it."

Then he waited again, as though he expected that she should speak. But she would not speak at all. If he had ought to say let him say it.

"Perhaps, Marie, you have in truth forgotten all the promises you once made me?"

Though this was a direct question, she would not answer it. Her words to him should be as few as possible, and the time for such words had not come as yet.

"It suits you no doubt to forget them now, but I cannot

forget them. You have been false to me, and have broken my heart. You have been false to me, when my only joy on earth was in believing in your truth. Your vow was for ever and ever, and within one short year you are betrothed to another man! And why?—because they tell you that he is rich and has got a house full of furniture! You may prove to be a blessing to his house. Who can say? On mine, you and your memory will be a curse—lasting all my life-time." And so the thunderbolt had been hurled.

And it fell as a thunderbolt. What she had expected had not been at all like this. She had known that he would rebuke her; but, feeling strong in her own innocence and her own purity, knowing, or thinking that she knew, that the fault had all been his, not believing—having got rid of all belief—that he still loved her, she had fancied that his rebuke would be unjust, cruel, but bearable. Nay; she had thought that she could almost triumph over him with a short word of reply. She had expected from him reproach, but not love. There was reproach indeed, but it came with an expression of passion of which she had not known him to be capable. He stood before her telling her that she had broken his heart, and, as he told her so, his words were half choked by sobs. He reminded her of her promises, declaring that his own to her had ever remained in full force. And he told her that she, she to whom he had looked for all his joy, had become a curse to him and a blight upon his life. There were thoughts and feelings, too, beyond all these that crowded themselves upon her heart and upon her mind at the moment. It had been possible for her to accept the hand of Adrian Urmand because she had become assured that George Voss no longer regarded her as his promised bride. She would have stood firm against her uncle and her aunt, she would have stood against all the world, had it not seemed to her that the evidence of her cousin's indifference was complete. Had not that evidence been complete at all points it would have been impossible to her to think of becoming the wife of another man. Now the evidence on that matter which had seemed to her to be sufficient was all blown to the winds.

It is true that had all her feelings been guided by reason only, she might have been as strong as ever. In truth she had not sinned against him. In truth she had not sinned at all. She had not done that which she herself had desired. She had not been anxious for wealth, or ease, or position; but had, after painful thought, endeavoured to shape her conduct by the wishes of others, and by her ideas of duty, as duty had been taught her. Oh, how willingly would she have remained as servant to her uncle, and have allowed M. Urmand to carry the rich gift of his linen chest to the feet of some other damsel, had she believed herself free to choose! Had there been no passion in her heart she would now have known herself to be strong in duty, and would have been able to have answered and to have borne the rebuke of her old lover. But passion was there, hot within her, aiding every word as he spoke it, giving strength to his complaints, telling her of all she had lost, telling her of all she had taken from him. She forgot to remember now that he had been silent for a year. She forgot now to think of the tone in which he had asked about her marriage when no such marriage was in her mind. But she remembered well the promise she had made, and the words of it. "Your vow was for ever and ever." When she heard those words repeated from his lips, her heart too was broken. All idea of holding herself before him as one injured, but ready to forgive, was gone from her. If, by falling at his feet, and owning herself to be vile and mansworn, she might get his pardon, she was ready now to lie there on the ground before him.

"Oh, George!" she said; "Oh! George!"

"What is the use of that now?" he replied, turning away from her. He had thrown his thunderbolt and he had nothing more to say. He had seen that he had not thrown it quite in vain, and he would have been contented to be away and back at Colmar. What more was there to be said?

She came to him very gently, very humbly, and just touched his arm with her hand.

"Do you mean, George, that you have continued to care for me—always?"

"Care for you? I know not what you call caring. Did I not swear to you that I would love you for ever and ever, and that you should be my own? Did I not leave this house and go away—till I could earn for you one that should be fit for you—because I loved you? Why should I have broken my word? I do not believe that you thought that it was broken."

"By my God that knows me, I did."

As she said this she burst into tears and fell on her knees at his feet.

"Marie," he said, "Marie—there is no use in this. Stand up."

"Not till you tell me that you forgive me. By the name of the good Jesus who knows all our hearts, I thought that you had forgotten me. Oh, George, if you could know all! If you could know how I have loved you; how I have sorrowed from day to day because I was forgotten! How I have struggled to bear it, telling myself that you were away, with all the world to interest you, and not like me, a poor girl in a village, with nothing to think of but my lover! How I have striven to do my duty by my uncle, and have obeyed him, because—because—because, there was nothing left. If you could know it all!"

Then she clasped her arms round his legs, and hid her face upon his feet.

"And whom do you love now?" he asked.

She continued to sob, but did not answer him a word. Then he stooped down and raised her to her feet, and she stood beside him, very near to him with her face averted.

"And whom do you love now?" he asked again. "Is it me, or is it Adrian Urmand?"

But she could not answer him, though she had said enough in her passionate sorrow to make any answer to such a question unnecessary, as far as knowledge on the subject might be required. It might suit his views that she should confess the truth in so many words, but for other purposes her answer had been full enough.

"This is very sad," he said; "sad indeed, but I thought that you would have been firmer."

"Do not chide me again, George."

"No; it is to no purpose."

"You said that I was—a curse to you?"

"Oh, Marie, I had hoped—I had so hoped that you would have been my blessing."

"Say that I am not a curse to you, George."

But he would make no answer to this appeal, no immedi-

ate answer; but stood silent and stern while she stood still touching his arm, waiting in patience for some word at any rate of forgiveness. He was using all the powers of his mind to see if there might even yet be any way to escape this great shipwreck. She had not answered his question. She had not told him in so many words that her heart was still his, though she had promised her hand to the Basle merchant. But he could not doubt that it was so. As he stood there silent, with that dark look upon his brow, which he had inherited from his father, and that angry fire in his eye, his heart was in truth once more becoming soft and tender towards her. He was beginning to understand how it had been with her. He had told her, just now, that he did not believe her, when she assured him that she had thought that she was forgotten. Now he did believe her. And there arose in his breast a feeling that it was due to her that he should explain this change in his mind.

"I suppose you did think it," he said suddenly.

"Think what, George?"

"That I was a vain, empty, false-tongued fellow, whose word was worth no reliance."

"I thought no evil of you, George—except that you were changed to me. When you came you said nothing to me. Do you not remember?"

"I came because I was told that you were to be married to this man. I asked you the question, and you would not deny it. Then I said to myself that I would wait and see." When he had spoken she had nothing further to say to him. The charges which he had made against her were all true. They seemed at least to be true to her, then in her present mood—in that mood in which all that she now desired was his forgiveness. The wish to defend herself, and to stand before him as one justified, had gone from her. She felt that having still possessed his love, having still been the owner of the one thing she valued, she had ruined herself by her own doubts; and she could not forgive herself the fatal blunder.

"It is of no use to think of it any more," he said at last. "You have to become this man's wife now, and I suppose you must go through with it."

"I suppose I must," she said, "unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Nothing, George. Of course I will marry him. He has my word. And I have promised my uncle also. But, George, you will say that you forgive me?"

"Yes; I will forgive you."

But still there was the same black cloud upon his face, the same look of pain, the same glance of anger in his eye.

"Oh, George, I am so unhappy! There can be no comfort for me now, unless you will say that you will be contented."

"I cannot say that, Marie."

"You will have your house, and your business, and so many things to interest you. And in time,—after a little time——"

"No, Marie, after no time at all. You told me at supper to-night that I had better get a wife for myself. But I will get no wife. I could not bring myself to marry another girl. I could not take a woman home as my wife if I did not love her. If she were not the person of all persons most dear to me, I should loathe her."

He was speaking daggers to her, and he must have known how sharp were his words. He was speaking daggers to her, and she must have felt that he knew how he was wounding her. But yet she did not resent his usage, even by a motion of her lip. Could she have brought herself to do so, her agony would have been less sharp. "I suppose," she said at last, "that a woman is weaker than a man. But you say that you will forgive me?"

"I have forgiven you."

Then very gently she put out her hand to him, and he took it and held it for a minute. She looked up at him as though for a moment she had thought that there might be something else,—that there might be some other token of true forgiveness, and then she withdrew her hand. "I had better go now," she said. "Good night, George."

"Good night, Marie." And then she was gone.

As soon as he was alone he sat himself down on the bed-side and began to think of it. Everything was changed to him since he had called her into the room, determining that he would crush her with his thunderbolt. Let things go as they may with a man in an affair of love, let him be as far as possible from the attainment of his wishes, there will always be consolation to him, if he knows that he is loved. To be preferred to all others, even though that preference may lead to no fruition, is in itself a thing enjoyable. He had believed that Marie had forgotten him,—that she had been captivated either by the effeminate prettiness of his rival, or by his wealth and standing in the world. He believed all this no more. He knew now how it was with her and with him, and, let his countenance say what it might to the contrary, he could bring himself to forgive her in his heart. She had not forgotten him! She had not ceased to love him! There was merit in that which went far with him in excuse of her perfidy.

But what should he do now? She was not as yet married to Adrian Urmand. Might there not still be hope;—hope for her sake as well as for his own? He perfectly understood that in his country,—nay, for aught he knew to the contrary, in all countries,—a formal betrothal was half a marriage. It was half the ceremony in the eyes of all those concerned; but yet, in regard to that indissoluble bond which would indeed have divided Marie from him beyond the reach of any hope to the contrary, such betrothal was of no effect whatever. This man whom she did not love was not yet Marie's husband;—need never become so if Marie could only be sufficiently firm in resisting the influence of all her friends. No priest could marry her without her own consent. He, George, he himself would have to face the enmity of all those with whom he was connected. He was sure that his father, having been a party to the betrothal, would never consent to a breach of his promise to Urmand. Madame Voss, Madame Faragon, the priest, and their Protestant pastor would all be against them. They would be as it were outcasts from their own family. But George Voss, sitting there on his bed-side, thought that he could go through it all, if only he could induce Marie Bromar to bear the brunt of the world's displeasure with him. As he got into bed he determined that he would begin upon the matter to his father during the morning's walk. His father would be full of wrath;—but the wrath would have to be endured sooner or later.

(To be continued.)

A PAGE OF FUTURE HISTORY.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

In one of the murkiest streets of Paris their lives a soothsayer who is descended from the great Nostradamus who predicted such strange things to Catherine of Medici; nay, if one were to believe his neighbours, he is perhaps that famous wizard in person. For a fee which is not excessive this mysterious man will kindly allow one a glimpse of things that will be written when we shall all of us be underground. We have laid a stress on the word *written*, for M. Nostradamus's power does not extend to things to be said or done, it is simply the gift of being able to read in the books and newspapers of the future. Thus, when he desires to know what will have become of England in a hundred years hence, he evokes the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 20th or 25th of February, 1972; when he feels curious as to the fate of France, he calls for the *Journal des Débats* of the same dates. A few nights ago three eminent Frenchmen, feeling concerned about the unsettled condition of their country's affairs, and having heard of M. Nostradamus's seer-craft, resolved to pay him a visit, and as ten o'clock struck at the church adjoining M. Nostradamus's residence, the three gentlemen knocked at his door. They were—a very famous statesman, a General no less famous, especially with his pen; and a veteran journalist, who has publicly prided himself upon having an idea a day, though he has omitted to say whether these ideas are always good ones. The soothsayer, not expecting visitors at that late hour, opened to the party himself; but being a man of courtly ways, notwithstanding his wisdom, he no sooner heard the errand on which the callers were bent than he bowed gravely and requested them to walk in. They followed him, and were introduced into a chamber plainly furnished, and with nothing remarkable about it save a glass cage on the table containing a toad. This toad was very remarkable, being five times the size of ordinary members of his race. The proceedings having commenced with the payment of fees, "I must premise," said M. Nostradamus, "that the power I wield is not mine but that toad's. He is a toad who sojourned during two thousand three hundred years, at the smallest computation, in a stone of the lesser Pyramid. Such as you see him, he was extricated from his confinement by a soldier of Bonaparte's army in 1799, and sold for a large sum of money to Mlle. Lenormand, prophetess to the Empress Joséphine, from whom I had him after he had predicted, with striking accuracy, the defeat of Waterloo, which he had read in M. Victor Hugo's 'Misérables' fifty years before publication." "And can he read everything?" asked the eminent journalist, much interested. "Everything," answered the soothsayer; and saying this, he opened the cage's door, upon which the toad hopped out and stationed himself on a clean ream of foolscap close to a miniature inkstand and a small bundle of crowquills. "The toad's way," proceeded the soothsayer, "is to read in the books of the future which are invisible to us, and to make copies of the extracts required of him with one of those crowquills. He writes an excellent hand." And as he spoke the toad drew one of the quills from the bundle, and tried the nib of it on the table cloth; then he displayed himself sprawling-wise on the foolscap in a convenient attitude for writing, and croaked to intimate that he was ready. "Excuse me—one moment," interposed the journalist at this juncture; "do you know who we are?" "I have that honour," answered the soothsayer, bowing. "Well, then," replied the journalist, "I hope you—that is, Monsieur the Toad—will see the necessity of reading in none but very trustworthy histories. We wish to hear the relation of this year's events treated by the best historian of fifty years hence; but, mind, he must be the very best." "Certainly," rejoined the soothsayer, "but I may say in a general manner that the historians of the future will be more accurate than those of our day. The bitter experience we have gained by following the counsels of writers who have studied only to flatter our national vanity at the expense of truth——" But here he stopped, for the eminent statesman, growing very red, was making a violent use of his pocket-handkerchief; seeing which, the soothsayer coloured at his own *lapsus lingue*, and called hastily upon the toad to do his duty. For the next half-hour nothing was heard but the rhythmical crackle of the crowquill on the foolscap, with occasional interruptions when the toad dipped his pen in the inkstand or paused to make a comma or a full stop; for he was very particular in his punctuation. When he had reached the end of the page he laid down his pen and hopped back into his cage. The soothsayer took up the paper, and one might have heard a gnat fly as he cleared his throat and began:—

"At that time France, feeling tired of being kicked about like a foot-ball between contending factions, and having had enough of the rule of superannuated statesmen, the squabbles of incompetent generals, and the inflated paradoxes of ignorant journalists, took a great resolution. It is not quite clear whence this resolution sprang, but soon the conviction flew from town to village and from village to city that the moment had come for putting an end once and for all to discussions concerning who should rule, and how he should rule." "That's what I have said long ago," interrupted the statesman. "I declared in the tribune only yesterday that if they would leave it all to me——" "Hush!" chorused the general and the journalist; and the soothsayer continued: "Instantly, and as though by magic, committees were formed in every commune to elect delegates to the towns, who in their turn nominated deputies to the cities, who in their turn appointed a National Committee of Twelve, who were empowered to award the Government of France on the sealed tender system to the pretender who should make the most satisfactory bid, and bind himself to accept all the reciprocal conditions which the National Committee should lay down. Proclamations to this effect were posted on all the dead walls of the country, heralds were despatched into the high ways to convoke all pretenders to appear in person at the Palais d'Industrie, Paris, with their sealed tenders, on a certain day; and, pending the final result, the Government was vested in the Committee itself, which was instructed to rule on liberal principles, but instantly to lock up any journalist who made objections." "I protest against that arrangement," exclaimed the eminent journalist hotly; "when the time comes I shall certainly make objections." "Pardon me," observed the soothsayer, "here follows the list of the Committee, and you are on it." "Ah, that is another matter," replied the journalist, smiling, "pray go on." And M. Nostradamus proceeded: "After a time it was found that the pretenders promised to be inconveniently numerous—a very host, in fact;

so the Committee decided that those only should be eligible who were members of a Royal or Imperial family, who had held the office of Cabinet Minister, or who had figured on the roll of a Provisional Government. On the morning of the competition all Paris was astir at an early hour to see the procession pass, for the Committee had not forbidden that the pretenders should parade with a certain pomp, and each naturally appeared with the surroundings he thought best calculated to charm the public eye. The Emperor Napoleon III. was the first to appear, and was preceded by three henchmen, the one carrying his uncle's grey topcoat, the second one his uncle's hat, and the middle one a tame eagle. Behind came semi-official journalists with proof-slips of their own articles artificially sewn to their garments, and, closing the procession, Marshal Le Bœuf with a plan of the campaign of Sedan, proving indisputably that the French ought to have won, and would have done so but for the Republicans. Not less bravely accoutred was the Count of Chambord, who rode in mediæval armour with the oriflamme of Joan of Arc to his right, the banner of Fontenoy to his left, and M. de Ville-messant, editor of the *Figaro*, stalking on ahead and crying, 'Place à mon Roi—mon Roi à moi!' The Count of Paris was less splendid, but his personal adjustments had not been devised without a view to effect; for, going on foot, he carried a gingham umbrella, and cheer upon cheer rang out from the commercial element among the spectators at sight of this familiar symbol. M. Thiers appeared on the tallest horse in all Paris, and was preceded by ten grocers' apprentices, who carried each a volume of his 'History of the Revolution,' and followed by five soldiers with wooden legs, each armed with a volume of the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' and notices on their breasts stating that it was owing to these valuable volumes they had enlisted, and had lost their legs as above said. The procession was closed by MM. Blanqui and Félix Pyat walking fraternally side by side with projects for the general decapitation and reconstruction of society under their arms. It was exactly noon as the last candidate stepped over the threshold of the Palais d'Industrie, and upon the exhibition of his credentials obtained admission. Then the twelve members of the Committee being all in their places, and the representatives of the native and foreign press in theirs, and all other spectators having been rigorously excluded, with the exception of a lady who, having somehow got in, declined to go out, on the ground that she held for women's rights—i.e., the right of women to do what they pleased—the proceedings were formally inaugurated. The President of the Committee begged leave to say a few words. 'They were all met there,' he said, 'to award the Government of France to the best bid, but it was an understood thing that the candidate whose offer was accepted would be tied down to the strict fulfilment of his contract by certain conditions which he would now specify. The conditions were simply these:—As it was essential that the selected candidate should be guaranteed against all molestation or attempts at sedition on the part of his rivals, each of the unsuccessful candidates would, on leaving that room, be instantly transported to some place of abode which he himself should designate, and there be detained at the public expense and with good food for the remainder of his natural life. Further, as the nation had been so repeatedly hoaxed by pretenders, who ascended the throne with charters in their hands, which they threw to the winds as soon as they were fairly installed, the new ruler, whoever he was, should be under the occult supervision of three cooks, who should judge his acts impartially in their kitchen, and on the day when any act of his should not tally with the promises made in the sealed tender, they would, acting at their discretion, avenge the country without fuss or trouble by seasoning his soup with prussic acid. Of course it would be arranged that the cooks should all be men with five-and-twenty years' good character, and in order that no unworthy influences might be brought to bear upon them, they should be kept confined in their kitchen on handsome wages; but, on the other hand, the ruler would be strictly forbidden to eat of anything not prepared in that kitchen. Any candidate not agreeing to the foregoing conditions might still retire if he did so within the next five minutes, but once and for all any candidate who now withdrew, and who should at any ulterior date put in a claim for the throne, would be poisoned in whatever land he might be lurking by some secret agents who would on their return to France receive a free pardon and a pension out of the public taxes.' It was five-and-twenty minutes past twelve when the President closed his statement, and by half-past twelve the hall had been vacated by all save two candidates, the Count of Paris and M. Thiers. Walking up to the dais and speaking in the President's ear, the Count pointed out that under a Constitutional Monarchy it was the Prime Minister who would be responsible, and he asked whether, in the event of anything going wrong, it was not that functionary who would eat the prussic acid. Simultaneously M. Thiers, who had overheard something of His Royal Highness's words, answered, 'No, it was the King who would eat the acid all the same.' 'But,' added he, 'your Royal Highness need not be afraid, for I sink my own claims to the supreme power, and will bide content with the post of chief of your Cabinet, and with me at hand to advise, nothing, you may be sure, will ever go wrong.'

"Well," asked the statesman, the general, and the journalist, springing up together, "what next?" "That's all the toad has copied," answered the soothsayer.

LONG REIGNS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—In tracing the rise and growth of the British Constitution, historians have not made so much as they might have done of the length of many of the reigns. This has admitted of steady if slow development, which might not have been this case with more frequent changes in the head of the Government. A change every four years, says the *Leisure Hour*, may suit the constitution of the tall American pine, but would not be so favourable for the broad British oak. The reigns of only ten Sovereigns covered more than four centuries, the aggregate of the following reigns being 403 years:—Henry I., 36; Henry II., 35; Henry III., 56; Edward I., 35; Edward III., 50; Henry VI., 39; Henry VIII., 38; Elizabeth, 45; George II., 34; George III., 60. Queen Victoria will have reigned thirty-five years at the next anniversary of her accession. Her reign already far exceeds that of the oldest Sovereigns of Europe. The Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz dates from 1842; the Duke of Saxe-Coburg from 1844; the Pope from 1846; the Emperor of Austria from 1848; and the Kings of Italy and of Holland from 1849. The reign of Victoria began in 1837.



A WATER-CARRIER OF MAJORCA.—SEE PAGE 211.



THE JOURNEY TO EMMAUS.

WITH VILLAINOUS SALTPETRE.

We had not been ten days at sea before my mind misgave me, and I began to dread an unfortunate termination to our voyage, for matters had gone wrong from the very beginning. There had been trouble with the crew, who seemed to have an idea that perennial drunkenness was the proper state of men's existence; and who, as long as a sixpence lasted, obstinately refused to go on board, in many cases having to be hauled from the wharf over the side like so much suspended animation. Then when we had been warped out into the river, and were lying awaiting the captain, we found that he had been taken suddenly and violently ill, so that a week's delay followed, ending in a fresh appointment, and the coming of a new captain—a man of a quiet genial aspect, whose presence seemed to augur a termination of our trouble, and he was welcomed accordingly.

For a merchantman outward-bound is by no means the paradise existing in the minds of ardent school-boys, bitten with a longing for life at sea. Twenty-four hours of the life on board and its discomforts, effectually sickened me; but then I had chosen my vessel for reason of economy, knowing that every five-pound note would be, perhaps, of priceless value in my new home: so I made up my mind not to be discontented, but to bear all that fell to my lot. I had taken my passage to Buenos Ayres, with the full intention of roughing it for some years to come, and therefore I argued that it would be cowardly to turn tail at the first trouble that fell to my share. But really it was trying work, in spite of the strongest determination. The sailors were soon in that pleasant state of despondent misery which succeeds a long debauch, and, as if giving the unfortunate passengers the credit of being the cause of their sufferings, lost no opportunity of visiting the said sufferers upon their heads. I said upon their heads, but the feet as frequently suffered, buckets of water being dashed upon them—of course accidentally—if we ventured on deck during holy-stoning times. We came to grief, too, over ropes, over the stowing of cargo, and in a variety of ways during those first days—our sea-going friends looking upon us as an inferior race of beings, whom, as lubbers, it was their duty to afflict. But by dint of good-temper, this was all pretty well got over, in time for the rough weather we encountered down Channel, and right away across the Bay of Biscay, sufficiently hard to confine us all, sick and well, below hatches for many a dreary day of pitching and tossing, with the ship's timbers groaning and creaking to a degree that seemed to threaten falling to pieces.

Picture to yourselves, you who have not been on shipboard, a gloomy, low-ceiled prison, with stout beams crossing every here and there, the light stealing feebly through the little windows, the air you breathe hot, foul, and stifling, the hatch above you battened down, so that, save at special times, there is no communication with the deck; and nearly every fellow-passenger either bemoaning his hard fate, or else groaning as he lies prone in the helpless misery of sea-sickness. I think that if all the miseries of a rough voyage could be foreseen, those who take trips to far-off lands would be greatly reduced in numbers.

A couple of days' respite came at last in the shape of fine weather; and in the re-action produced by the bright sunshine, and free brisk air we breathed on deck, the troubles of the passengers were forgotten. The captain still seemed all that was genial and pleasant; but there was a flushed and heavy look in his countenance that I did not like, and before long I had another opinion upon the subject; for, in conversation, I found that the second mate had been at the same school as myself; and together we went over the old days and compared notes, as I walked the deck with him far into his watch.

The weather turned foul once more, but this time, through the mate, I contrived to stay on deck, when to my surprise, I found that the greater part of the duty was shifted on the chief mate, the captain seldom showing himself on deck.

"No, I don't think it's from cowardice," said my friend to me, as we walked the deck that night, when the gale had somewhat moderated. "Of course this is in confidence."

I nodded. "Well," he continued, "I don't know what to make of him; sometimes I think he's mad, and sometimes that he is given to drinking. How he got appointed to the ship, I can't tell. Mr. Ray don't say anything, but he is one of those men who think all the more; and of course he'll be particularly careful, lest the captain should think that, as first mate, he is jealous because the command was not placed in his hands."

No more was then said; but before many days had passed we found that the man who had been entrusted with a fine vessel, a valuable cargo, and more than all, the lives of passengers and crew, was one of those unfortunate beings who not content with the enjoyment of good things of this life, are in the habit of having intemperate outbreaks, when the impulse to drink commencing, perhaps, with the stimulants taken in some time of peril, grows perfectly uncontrollable, and culminates at length in one of those horrible fits of mania known as delirium tremens.

It was enough to make any landsman nervous as to our fate, should the heavy weather continue; but there was still the satisfaction of knowing that the two mates were thorough seamen, who would, no doubt, take upon themselves the management of the ship, should there be any real danger. These feelings did not trouble me long, for the weather again brightening, hope rose, and day after day glided pleasantly by. We saw but little of the captain, and only learned that he was confined by indisposition to his cot, the cause of this indisposition being only known to a few; but I could see that the first-mate, Mr. Ray, looked more anxious than usual; and taking the opportunity of being on deck one night, I had a long talk with my friend, to learn that the captain only recovered from one fit to seek the means for bringing on another.

"Pity we did not leave him behind altogether," I said at last.

"I've thought so a dozen times," said my friend, for this sailing with a madman on board does not suit my book."

The days glided slowly by with varying weather. The latitudes were reached. There was a little horse-play as we crossed the line; then a shark was caught, and at times a dolphin or bonito; and at last, panting with the heat, we lay beneath the almost vertical sun, without a breath of wind to fill the sails as they hung from the yards, the vessel gently rolling in the swell as the sea heaved and fell without so

much as a ripple visible. Rough coverings were rigged up; but in spite of all that could be done to mitigate it, the heat was unbearable, beating down upon our heads, and reflected from the sea, which shone like a vast mirror of polished metal. Gaping seams with the tar oozing forth, rails and stanchions so heated that a hand could not be borne upon them, and the 'tween decks stifling as an oven, it was no wonder that we were constantly longing for the comparative cool of the night: but even then there was not time for the temperature to grow much lower before the sun once more rose, each day apparently hotter than the last.

We were seated one evening, watching the last glow of the setting sun, when Anderson, the second-mate, made the remark that he thought a change was coming; and then our attention was taken up by Mr. Ray passing close by us, and descending as if to the captain's cabin.

"How has he been to-day?" I said, as Mr. Ray disappeared.

"Worse than ever," was the reply. "If I were Ray, I'd make a prisoner of him, and take sole command. He'd be quite justified in so doing."

Further conversation was cut short by the re-appearance of the mate, who beckoned hastily to my companion.

"Something wrong!" he exclaimed, as he leaped to his feet; and quite as quickly I followed him to the hatchway.

"Good heavens, Anderson!" exclaimed Mr. Ray, "what's to be done? He's raving mad."

"Have you no medicines?" I said.

"Medicines? Yes; but how are we to deal with a man in his state? Just listen."

In effect, as he ceased speaking, there came from below the sound of breaking chairs, smashing glass, and a noise as of some one leaping from side to side of the cabin, followed by a tremendous battering at the door.

"I've locked him in," said Ray, "for he's not fit to come on deck. But get help, and we must secure him, and strap him into a cot."

A short consultation was held; and then it was decided to call one of the seamen, a sturdy quiet man, and to do all as quietly as possible, so as not to alarm the rest of the passengers and crew.

Anderson fetched the old sailor, who came rolling up, turning the lump of tobacco in his mouth; and from his remark it was evident he had been enlightened upon the business in hand.

"Ah," he growled, "what a thing it is as any one will go on wasting precious liquors, and turning blessings into poison? I knowed this would be the end on it."

"Don't preach, man," said Ray, angrily, "but come along. Now look here," he whispered as we descended; "as soon as I open the door, all step quietly in together. He'll dash at us the same as he did at me a while ago; but he can only tackle one man at once, so that while he is engaged the others must secure him."

We had hardly nerved ourselves for our task, and the mate was holding up his hand as a signal as he unlocked the door, when we were staggered by the sharp report of a pistol, simultaneous with which there was a dull thud close by my ear; and I started back with the knowledge that a bullet had just passed through the cabin door and whistled by my head. Then came a loud harsh laugh, followed by a couple more pistol-shots, both of which passed through the panel of the door.

I need hardly say that we beat a retreat directly; and as we stood once more on deck, the first mate wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and looked from one to the other, as much as to say: "What shall we do?"

It was indeed a trying position; and for a few moments no one spoke. Then Mr. Ray seemed to recover himself and spoke out firmly and quietly:

"We should only be casting away our lives if we were to go in now. The only plan I can suggest is, to watch him through the skylight and go in when he is asleep."

"I don't think he can do any mischief in the meantime," I said; "but we must seize him soon."

"Mischief!" said the old sailor drily. "Well, I dunno; but what if he keep on popping off that revolver thing! We shall be having a bullet in amongst the powder, and a blow-up."

"Powder?" I said.

"Yes; in the magazine."

"Is there powder on board?" I said with a strange tremor in my voice, as I turned to Anderson.

"Yes, a heavy lot of it," he said huskily; and as he spoke his eyes glanced involuntarily in the direction of the boats.

Another shot made us all start; and now passengers and crew began to collect, eagerly asking what was wrong—questions, though, which in dread of a rush at the boats, we forebore to answer.

The peril, though, was indeed great, for in one small cabin, especially strengthened for its reception, a large quantity of powder was stored; and if one bullet happened to pass through, the chances were that the heat involved in its passage would explode it all, and in a moment the whole vessel would be blown to atoms.

There were two courses open to us; to seize the boats at once, and push off; or make a bold and manly effort to subdue the madman, in whose hands our lives now seemed to hang.

The same feeling must have pervaded all our breasts as we stood and looked at one another, and then I saw the old sailor wet the palms of his hands and rub them gently together.

"We must run in on him, Master Ray," he said.

"Could we not shoot him down through the skylight?" said the chief mate; and then, as if blushing at his own proposition, he added hastily: "No, no; that would be like murder. We must dash in on him at all risks. But what's that? Look out; he's coming on deck."

As he spoke, we heard the cabin door unlocked; then the rattling of keys and the crashing of a door, when Ray cautiously peered down the hatch; and as he knelt there gazing down I could see a tremor running through his whole frame, and when at last he turned to us, his voice was so husky as to be almost inaudible, when he whispered: "He's got into the powder room!"

I shall never forget his countenance as he gazed up at us with his eyes fixed—rigid to a degree. For a few moments, horror and dread of impending death seemed to have robbed him of all power. Then he sprang up, the man once more

"Quick!" he exclaimed, "for your lives."

Then leading the way, he dashed down the cabin stairs, we

following him, but only to find our progress arrested by the closed door, which resisted all our efforts.

"Listen!" whispered Ray; and then he continued: "Good heavens, if he were to fire now!"

The next moment there was a sound which seemed to make every nerve in my body thrill, and I frankly own that had my limbs obeyed my will, I should have rushed on deck, seized a coop or grating, and leaped over the side, for plainly enough to be heard came a sharp crackling noise, and it wanted not the mate's word to enlighten us as he hissed out: "Lucifers!"

"Here, quick, for God's sake!" exclaimed Anderson. "Look here; we are forcing the wrong way at the door."

He dragged at it, but in vain, for a few minutes, till running on deck, the old sailor returned in an instant with a couple of marline-spikes, which were inserted just as we once more heard the crackle of a match.

"Quick! It's for dear life!" cried Ray; and the door crashed, gave way, and flew open, to reveal to us, standing, perfectly unmoved by our forcible entry, the captain holding a lighted splint to an iron-bound chest, which was already blackened and charred at the edge.

For a few moments, we could none of us stir. It seemed as if at the slightest motion on our part, the chest—which I afterwards learned was filled with cartridges for the supply of one of the petty armies engaged in the Paraguayan war—would explode, followed by the other chests and kegs piled around. Then came the captain's low chuckling laugh, and we heard him say: "This will drive you out, then, strong as you are."

Then, with a gesture of impatience, he threw down the burnt-out splint, took a fresh match from the box he held, and was about to strike it, when with a cry that did not sound human, Anderson leaped upon him, and with one tremendous blow struck him down, trampling on him the next moment as he applied his moist lips to the charred and smoking edge of the chest.

The captain was not stunned, though; and directly after, a fearful struggle took place amid these kegs, my part being confined to the securing of the match-box, which I tore from his hand, trembling as I did so, lest it should explode. Then came the loud panting breathing of the wretched man, as held down by four strong men, he bowed his body up again and again with a power that was almost superhuman.

But the danger was now passed; and without losing a moment, we dragged him out into his own cabin. Water was abundantly applied to the charred side of the box; and Mr. Ray's first act was to make the carpenter screw up the door in a way that restored confidence as every screw was driven in. I say his first act; for his second was to sit down on the deck and cover his face with his hands, and remain in that position for fully half an hour.

Constant watching, binding, and the use of potent drugs, placed the captain out of the reach of means to place us again in peril. But though a breeze sprang up next day, and our well-managed ship prosperously finished her voyage, I never laid down to sleep the rest of the time without a shudder, and never once dropped off without waking with a start from a horrible dream of seeing the captain, match-box in hand, applying a light to the edge of the cartridge chest.—*Chambers' Journal.*

ONE OF MR. LINCOLN'S MERCIFUL ACTS.—Col. Forney tells the following in the Washington *Sunday Chronicle*, among his interesting "Anecdotes of Public Men:—" While I was Secretary of the Senate, there was scarcely an hour during any day that I was not called upon to help somebody who had friends or kindred in the army, or had business in the departments, or was anxious to get some poor fellow out of the Old Capitol Prison. These constant appeals were incessant demands upon the time of a very busy man, but the labour was a labour of love, and I am glad to remember that I never undertook it reluctantly. One day a very energetic lady called on me to take her to the President and aid her to get a private soldier pardoned who had been sentenced to death for desertion, and was to be shot the very next morning. We were much pressed in the Senate, and she had to wait a long time before I could accompany her to the White House. It was late in the afternoon when we got there, and yet the Cabinet was still in session. I sent my name in for Mr. Lincoln, and he came out evidently in profound thought and full of some great subject. I stated the object of our call, and leaving the lady in one of the ante-chambers, returned to the Senate, which had not yet adjourned. The case made a deep impression on me, but I forgot it in the excitement of the debate and the work of my office, until, perhaps, near ten o'clock that night, when my female friend came rushing into my room, radiant with delight, with the pardon in her hand. "I have been up there ever since," she said. "The Cabinet adjourned, and I sat waiting for the President to come out and tell me the fate of my poor soldier, whose case I placed in his hands after you left; but I waited in vain—there was no Mr. Lincoln. So I thought I would go up to the door of his Cabinet chamber and knock. I did so, and, as there was no answer, I opened it and passed in, and there was the worn President asleep, and his head on the table resting on his arms, and my boy's pardon signed at his side. I quietly waked him, blessed him for his good deed, and came here to tell you the glorious news. You have helped me to save a human life." This is the material, if not for solemn history, at least for those better lessons which speak to us from the lives of the just and the pure.

FOXES AS SHEEP-HERDERS.—The Stockton (California) *Republican* vouches for the following story: "People often wonder at the remarkable instinct displayed by well-trained shepherd dogs, but what will they say when we tell them of a band of sheep that is guarded by foxes alone. The story seems improbable, but of its truth we have the most undoubted proof. On Whiskey Hill, four miles from Milton, may be seen, almost any day, a large flock of sheep herded by foxes. These guardians of the little lambs are three in number—one gray fox and the other two of the species known as the red fox. In point of intelligence, these novel shepherds are said to greatly surpass the best trained shepherd dogs. They perform their work well, and from morning to night are on the alert. The gray one seems to control, and in a great measure to direct, the actions of the other two. A gentleman informs us that he saw the gray fox pursue and attack a hog that had seized a lamb and was making off with it. The contest was short and sharp, and resulted in the hog dropping the lamb and beating a hasty retreat. The fox picked up the apparently uninjured lamb and carried it back to the flock."

THE MYSTERIOUS ABDICATION.

The literary sensation of the hour in Germany is a revelation regarding the "mysterious abdication" of Ferdinand the Fifth, in Austria, during the revolutionary troubles of 1848.

The Emperor than bade the Minister of State lay before him the necessary documents for signature and ratification by witnesses, after which the youthful successor approached his uncle and knelt before him, in such a state of mental agitation that he could not command his words of gratitude.

A GENEROUS BUTCHER.—In a journal published in the canton of Geneva we read: "We advise the butchers of Geneva to imitate the following example that we take from the Journal et Feuille d'Avis d'Yverdon."

THE GOOD-WILL, INSTRUMENTS, FURNITURE, &c., of the DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, 89 St. James Street, Montreal.

THE GOOD-WILL, INSTRUMENTS, FURNITURE, &c., of the DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, 89 St. James Street, Montreal.

SOMETHING ABOUT MORGAN.—The man who drove the stage in which Morgan, the man who "exposed" Masonry, was carried off, lives

near Ridgeway Station, in this State, as we learn upon good authority, and expect everybody to believe. His name is Charles Davis.

QUITE CORRECT.—The Indian Medicine known as the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills will be found to be the most reliable curative and blood purifier when spring after a long and inclement winter re-opens the pores of the skin and an alternative is required to transfer impurities from the body through these natural outlets.

NEW CATHEDRAL BLOCK, COR. ST. CATHERINE & UNIVERSITY STS.

CHARLES ALEXANDER & SON, Confectioners,

RESPECTFULLY INTIMATE to their Customers, and the Public generally, that they have OPENED THEIR NEW PREMISES,

CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON. April 2. 5-14a

DESMARTEAU & BOND'S NEW SHIRT AND COLLAR STORE.

BUY YOUR WHITE DRESS SHIRTS, BUY YOUR REGATTA SHIRTS, BUY YOUR OXFORD SHIRTS, BUY YOUR GLOVES & COLLARS, BUY YOUR SCARFS & TIES, BUY YOUR HOSIERY & UNDER-CLOTHING,

BUY ALL YOUR HABERDASHERY, AT THE NEW STORE, 415 NOTRE DAME STREET, Corner of St. Peter Street.

A CHEMICAL FOOD AND NUTRITIVE TONIC.

ALL the Organs and Tissues of the body are constructed and nourished by the Blood which holds in solution the material of which are made bone, muscle and nerve, and distributes to each its proper proportion.

NOTICE.

DOMINION METAL WORKS.

WE beg to inform our customers that we have made arrangements which will enable us (notwithstanding the fire which occurred on our premises this day), to execute all orders as usual.

TO TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

FOR SALE.

THE GOOD-WILL, INSTRUMENTS, FURNITURE, &c., of the DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, 89 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Canadian Illustrated News, MONTREAL.

20th March, 1872. 5-12 tf

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

CALT, ONT. COMMERCIAL HOTEL, HENDERSON DIXON, Proprietor.

MONTREAL. ST. LAWRENCE HALL, H. HOGAN. ST. JAMES HOTEL, H. HOGAN.

OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE, JAMES GOUIN.

QUEBEC. ST. LOUIS HOTEL, WILLIS RUSSELL & SON. THE CLARENDON, WILLIS RUSSELL & SON.

SOUTHAMPTON, ONT., MASONIC ARMS, W. BUSBY, Proprietor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., VICTORIA HOTEL, B. T. CROGAN.

TORONTO. THE ROSSIN HOUSE, G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, CAPT. THOS. DICK.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 9th February, 1872. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 9 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

LACHINE CANAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that the water will be drawn out of the "Lachine Canal" on the tenth instant, or as soon after as the repairs can be proceeded with, and will remain out until the necessary repairs have been completed.

By order, (Signed) JOHN G. SIPPELL, Resident Engineer.

MONTREAL PROVIDENT FUEL ASSOCIATION.

Provisional Directors: F. W. HENSHAW, Esq. ALEXANDER MCGIBBON, Esq. A. W. OGLIVIE, Esq. W. E. PHILLIPS, Esq. RICHARD WHITE, Esq. (of T. & R. WHITE.)

PROSPECTUS.

THE INCREASED COST OF FUEL IS yearly becoming a matter of the most serious importance to the Citizens of Montreal. In a climate so rigorous as ours, this question becomes, next to food, a vital one.

The sufferings experienced by the poorer classes during the winter from an insufficient supply of fuel can hardly be over-estimated, while the cost has been gradually increasing, almost putting it without the power of many to keep themselves and their children from perishing.

To counteract, in some degree at least, the amount of suffering which exists in this city every winter, it is proposed to form a Joint-Stock Company, for the purpose of selling fuel at such a price, which, while returning to the Shareholders a good remuneration for their investments, will at the same time furnish the public with an opportunity of supplying themselves with Wood and Coal of the best qualities, and guaranteed both as regards measure and weight, at a moderate advance on the cost.

ESTIMATED REVENUE.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes annual consumption of wood, coal, and management expenses.

It will thus be seen that three objects of considerable importance will be obtained by the organization of this Company.

1st. Fuel will be supplied at the lowest possible rate, and with guaranteed weights and measure. 2nd. A large class of our fellow-citizens will be benefited by the means proposed, which will enable them more easily to provide themselves with their winter's supply of fuel by a system of gradual payments.

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

PHOTOGRAPHER.

J. B. MURRAY, PHOTOGRAPHER, BROCKVILLE, ONT. has refitted his rooms and is now prepared to take all kinds of Photographs.

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c. RAMSAY & SON, Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain.

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS. JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER.

TURKISH BATH. D. R. MACBAIN'S IMPROVED TURKISH BATH, 140 St. Monique Street, near Crystal Palace, Montreal.

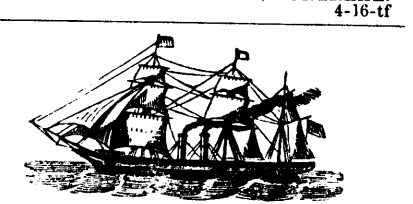
TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS, WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS, MEDICAL, PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS.

LEGGO & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS, &c., 319 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL.

ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of Canadian & United States Mails 1871-72.—Winter Arrangements.—1871-72.



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

Table listing ships, tonnage, and commanders for the Allan Line.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

(Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Portland every SATURDAY, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland) are intended to be despatched from Portland.

Rates of Passage from Portland: Cabin \$70 to \$80, Steerage \$25.

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE.

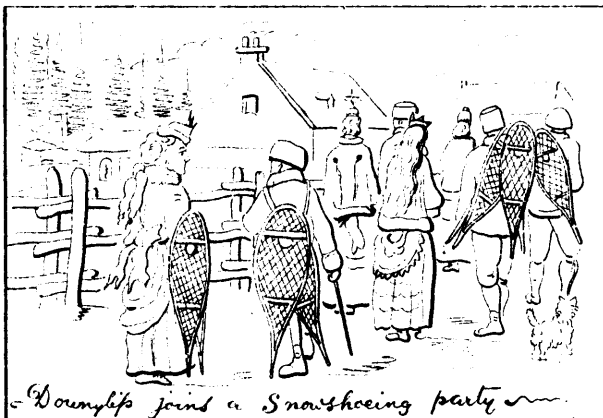
are intended to sail between the Clyde and Portland at intervals during the season of winter navigation. An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for.

The Canadian Illustrated News.

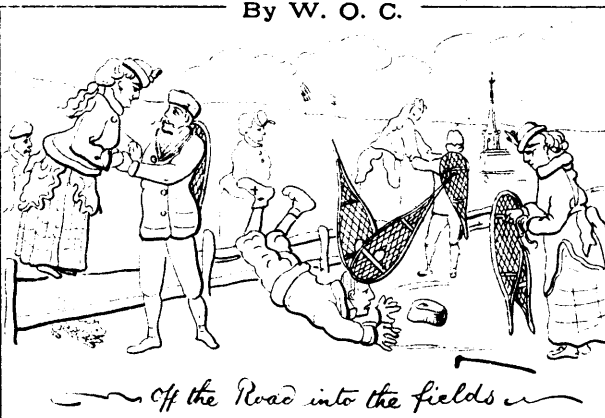
A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement. Published every Saturday at Montreal, Canada.

Young Downytip's First Visit to Canada.—A Snow-shoeing Party.

By W. O. C.



Downytip joins a Snowshoeing party



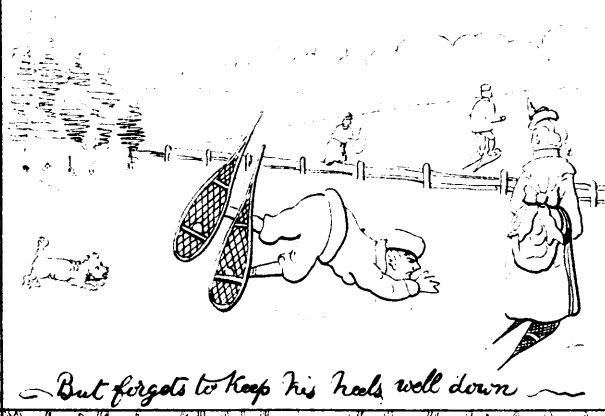
Off the Road into the fields



Downytip is puzzled at the different methods of tying on Snowshoes



He doesn't think Snowshoeing so difficult after all



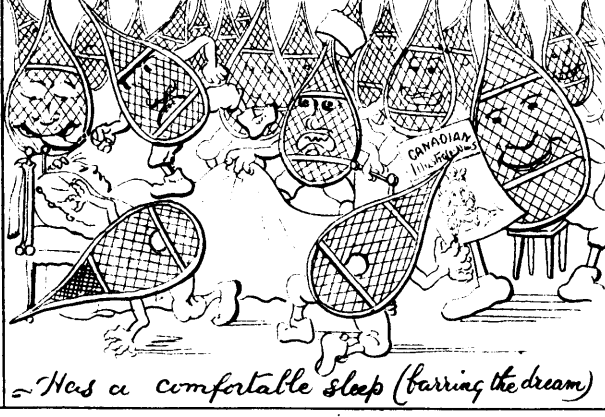
But forgot to keep his heels well down



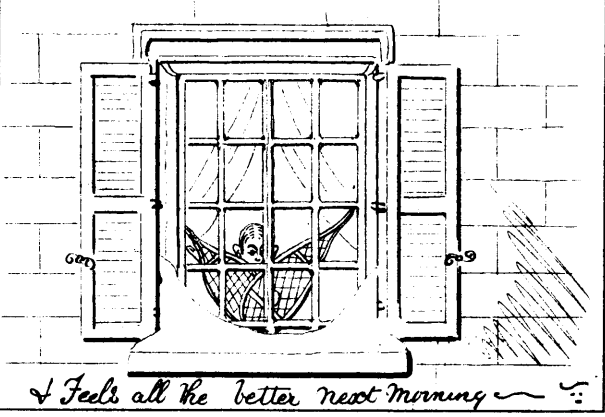
A voice in the distance "Hold hard"



Which they do for more than half an hour



Has a comfortable sleep (barring the dream)



Feels all the better next morning

CANADA CENTRAL
—AND—
Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 30, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.
Express at 7:30 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 12:50 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:30 P.M., connecting at Sand Point with Union Forwarding Company's Steamers.
LOCAL TRAIN at 1:40 P.M.
THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:25 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:25 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:15 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.
THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.
MAIL TRAIN at 4:35 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT
at 1:30 P.M., 7:35 P.M., and 8:15 P.M.

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

Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.
Certain connections made with Grand Trunk trains, Mail Line, and Union Forwarding Company's Steamers.
MORNING EXPRESS leaves Sand Point at 10 A.M., after arrival of Steamer from Pembroke. Portage du Fort, &c.
Freight loaded with despatch. The B. & O. & C. C. Railways being of the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through on Grand Trunk cars without transhipment.

H. ABBOTT,
Manager.
4-15 tf
Brockville, 26th Sept., 1871.

"BEST IN USE."

THE COOK'S FRIEND

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

IMPORTANT TO PARTIES OWNING OR USING MACHINERY.

STOCK'S CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thicken in cold weather.
From the JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa: I consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon than Olive Oil at 50 cents. Yours respectfully,
F. W. GLEN, President.

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

WULFF & CO., 370 ST. PAUL, CORNER SUIPICE STREET, offers for Sale:
Anilin Dyes, and other Dyestuffs; Quinine, Glycerine, Santonine, Tannin, Chloroform, Chloral Hydrate, Sulphuric Ether, Oil of Cognac, Tartaric Acid, Bromide of Potass, Bichromate of Potash, Gum Arabic, Gum Tragacanth, East India Gum, Glucose. All kinds of Glues, Sundries for Lithographers and Bookbinders. Gold Leaf. All kinds of Bronzes; Mirror Glass, Haircloth, Cornices and Curtain Bands; Wove Wire, Annealed Wire, Halter Chains, Cow Ties, A. W. Faber's Lead Pencils, Slate Pencils, Marbles, Wax Beads. The following brands of Champagne—Heidsieck & Co.'s Grand-Vin Royal, Dautz and Geldermann's Ay; Green Seal, Sparkling Moselle; Hungarian Wines. German Cigars and Manila Cheroots, &c., &c.
March 20. 5-13 a

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next Session for an Act to amend the Act of Incorporation of "The Managers of the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland," by allowing the said Corporation to purchase and hold property not to exceed in yearly value the sum of Five Thousand Pounds Currency.
J. S. HUNTER,
Secretary.
Montreal, 19th February, 1872. 5-8 h

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

INDIGESTION.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION of Great Britain adopt
MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPSEINE
as the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,
THOMAS MORSON & SON,
124, Southampton-row, W. C. London.
See name on Label. 4-15 tfvv

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Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively circulated among many of the principal mercantile firms of this city in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' notices to customers, &c. We supply them printed at from \$11.50 to 12.50 per thousand, according to quantity.
LEGGO & CO.,
319 ST. ANTOINE STREET,
AND
1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL. 4-16 tf

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Leggotypers, Electrotypers, Stereotypers, Engraver
Chromo and Photo-Lithographers, Photographers, and General Printers by Steam Power.
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Works: No. 319, St. Antoine Street, Montreal.
Maps, Plans, Book Illustrations, Show-Cards, Labels, Commercial work of every description, executed in a superior style, at unprecedentedly low prices.


FOR SALE.
A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to
D. R. STODART,
Broker,
4-12tf 146, ST. JAMES STREET.

L. N. ALLAIRE,
MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT.
STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS: SAULT AU MATHLOT STREET. OFFICE: Corner of PETER & JAMES ST., QUEBEC. 3-15 ms

GRAY'S
Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.
Prepared from Canadian Red Spruce Gum.
BALSAMIC, SOOTHING, EXPECTORANT ANTISPASMODIC AND TONIC.
(Delicious flavor.)
A sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat affections generally.
For sale at all Druggists. 25 Cents per bottle.
Sole manufacturer, **HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 5-4 s MONTREAL.**



HAWKSWORTH, EYRE & CO., Silver-smiths, Platers, and Electro-Platers, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.
Manufacturers of "Testimonials," Hunt, Racing, Regatta and Curling Clubs Cups; and Plate, Bridal Gifts, &c., finished in the Highest Style of Art, and of most Classic Designs.
JOSEPH WALKER & CO., Agents.
SHOW ROOMS:
16, ST. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL. 5-10 ms



CAMPBELL'S GOD LIVER OIL.
Sold by all druggists 50 Cts. per bottle.

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

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STEEL PENS.
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