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WEST-COAST NEWS

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AN EPISODE OF THE CHICAGO FIRE, FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.—SEE PAGE 395.

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Nov. 25, 1871.

A CURIOSITY OF NATURAL HISTORY.—A GAWKY FAMILY.—THE GREAT AUK.

When this island was first discovered, and for two hundred years afterwards, the numerous low, rocky islands off the eastern coast were the haunts of that remarkable oceanic bird, the Great Auk, which is now believed to be extinct. The Wadham Islands, the Funk Islands, and the countless islets which stud the bosom of Trinity, Bonavista and Notre Dame Bays, were the favourite resorts of the Great Auk, where they were to be found in incredible numbers. From these islands, which were their breeding-grounds, they spread over neighbouring seas, so as to be a sure sea-mark to the mariners, on the edge of and inside the banks, when they were drawing near the shores of Newfoundland. When the sailors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries fell in with the flocks of the Great Auk, they knew that they had reached soundings on the banks, and the sight of these great birds, larger than a goose, paddling rapidly with their wings over the surface of the ocean, or diving after their prey, was very welcome to the weather-beaten tars of those days. They were accustomed to depend on the Auks for a supply of fresh provisions, their flesh being savoury and wholesome, while their capture was a very simple matter. Not only were the crews of the fishing vessels in the habit of consuming vast numbers of these birds fresh, but they were accustomed to salt down many tons of them for future use. Landing on the islands where they bred, the sailors also took off whole boat-loads of their eggs. On land the poor helpless Auks patiently waited to be slaughtered one after another, being unable to make any effort to escape, their wings being useless for flight and only of service as paddles in the water. Armed only with sticks, the sailors landed and in a short time filled their boats with these plump unwieldy birds, who quietly awaited their turn to be knocked on the head. Nay, so accommodating were they, that even on their proper element, where, by using their short wings as paddles, they could move about with astonishing rapidity, they allowed themselves to be captured in any quantity. Not only so, but it seems they were obliging enough to "walk the plank" into a boat from the sea, when the sailors pushed out a gangway for them. This fact is attested by honest Captain Whitbourne, who, in the reign of James I., published a book on Newfoundland, a copy of which was sent by that monarch to each parish in the kingdom, in order to induce Englishmen to emigrate to "The New-Found-Land." The following is the passage in which Whitbourne refers to the Auks, or "Penguins," as he named them: "These Penguins are as bigge as Geese, and flye not, for they have but a little, short wing, and they multiply so infinitely upon a certain flat lland, that men drive them from thence upon a board into their boats by hundreds at a time, as if God had made the innocency of so poore a creature to become such an admirable instrument for the sustentation of man." Thus quaintly does old Whitbourne moralise upon the "innocency" of the Auk, and thus satisfactorily does he account for the "final cause" of its want of common sense, which speedily brought about its extermination.

DOOM OF THE INNOCENTS.

It is evident that in "the battle of life" such a bird as the Great Auk had but a poor chance. In a world where competition for the available provisions is so keen, where "the struggle for existence" is so terrible, and where the weakest go to the wall, and only "the fittest survive," such a simpleton as the Great Auk must sooner or later be gobbled up. When the fat innocent actually walked into the mouth of its foe—Great Gawk that it was—it's doom must be annihilation. Such proved to be the case. The reckless sailors ate it, fresh and salted, feasted on its eggs, burned its fat body for fuel, in order to warm water to pick off the feathers which were of much value; and after slaughtering the gawky birds till they were weary, they shut up huge flocks in low stone enclosures in order to be ready when wanted. The merchants of Bonavista, during the winter season, used to sell these birds to poor people, by the hundred weight, instead of pork. Year after year, this war of extermination went on, and their numbers were vastly thinned. The Penguin Islands, on the northern coast, which were little frequented, afforded them a refuge for a time, but at length they disappeared entirely, and for the last seventy years not a single Auk has ever been seen, where once the very ocean was alive with them. It is the opinion of the best naturalists that the Great Auk, like the Dodo, is now extinct. "The last known breeding-places of the bird are two isolated rocks, extremely difficult of access, off the south coast of Iceland; and at long intervals, sometimes of ten or fifteen years, a few individuals have been obtained thence, up to the year 1844. In that year a pair of birds, male and female, were shot at their nest, on a little islet near to one of the former breeding-places; and since that time, notwithstanding that the most careful search has everywhere been made for it, the Great Auk has nowhere been seen alive." ("Links in the Chain.")

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE GREAT AUK.

It must have been a singular sight, two hundred years ago, to behold these wild, lonely islands literally covered with the strange figures of these birds, as they waddled slowly about, in an erect position, with their broad, webbed feet and short wings, resembling the flippers of a seal. In fact they were the connecting link between the fish and the bird, partaking of the characteristics of both. In these sea-girt isles, uninhabited by man, they were the sole occupants, generation after generation. The *English Pilot* for 1794 thus refers to them: "They never go beyond the bank as others do, for they are always on it or within it, several of them together, sometimes more, sometimes less, but never less than two together. They are large fowls, about the size of a goose, a coal-black head and back, with a white belly, and a milk-white spot under one of their eyes, which nature has ordered to be under their right eye—an extraordinary mark. These birds never fly, for their wings are very short, and most like the fins of fish, having nothing upon them but a sort of down and short

feathers." This description of the Auk is pretty accurate. Its wings were not constructed for flight, but were most efficient as paddles in the water, and with their aid it could plough its way with amazing rapidity. The legs were extremely short but powerful, and placed so much posteriorly that, in resting on the rocks, the birds assumed an upright attitude, the whole of the leg and toes being applied to the surface. The toes were three in number and fully webbed, the hind toe being but rudimentary. The bill was compressed laterally and grooved at the sides. The Auks are natives of the northern hemisphere; the Penguins take their place in the southern. They bred on the ledges of sea-cliffs, in holes, caverns and rocky places. The female laid but a single egg, as large as that of a swan. Their food was crustacea and fishes. It measured nearly three feet in length. The upper part of the plumage was black, the under plumage white; bill and legs dull black. It was once common on the coasts of Norway, Iceland, Greenland and Spitzbergen, as well on the shores of Newfoundland. The Guillemots and Puffins belong to the same family as the Auks.

THE LITTLE AUK—THE RAZOR-BILL—AND THE PUFFIN.

It is consolatory to know that, though the Great Auk has gone for ever, and the place that knew it once knows it no more, the Little Auk survives, and is still abundant around our shores, as well as the Razor-bill Auk, another member of the family. These varieties owe their prolonged existence to the circumstance that their wings are so far developed as to serve for organs of flight, but only for short distances; in the water they are used as oars. They are thus better equipped for the battle of life than the elder branch of the family. The Little Auk or ice-bird is also called "the Sea-dove," from its very strange head and more bird-like look. The Razor-bill abounds on our northern shores and along the coast of Labrador, during the summer months. When the breeding-season is over the Razor-bills and the Puffins migrate southward, and are believed to winter on the coasts of South America, or of the Southern States of North America, revisiting their breeding-places in spring. Thousands of them are killed in Labrador for the sake of the breast feathers, and vast numbers of eggs are collected. The razor-bill is about fifteen inches in length. The head, neck, and upper part of the plumage are black; the under parts white; bill black with a white streak down the sides of each mandible. The Puffin, which may be called the Sea-owl, from its extraordinary head and wise look, frequents in myriads the islands about Bonavista Bay. Its bill is short, nearly as deep as long, and much compressed, the ridge of the upper mandible being thin and sharp. The nostrils are slits on the border of the upper mandible, near the base; the sides of the bill are marked by oblique ridges and furrows, and a loose puckering skin surrounds the corners of the mouth. Two horny appendages are placed on the eyelids, the smaller one above the eye, the larger beneath. The contour generally is thick and rounded. The loose cheeks and the horny fittings around the eyes impart to the Puffin an air of solemnity and profound wisdom, which, with its short round body, produce a rather ludicrous appearance. One of our leading politicians here used to be known by the *soubriquet* of "The Puffin," from his supposed resemblance to the "Sea-owl," in aspect. The epithet tickled the popular imagination, and sticks to the gentleman to this day.

THE GUILLEMOT.

The Guillemot, another of the Auk family, is plentiful on our shores, and is called by the fishermen "The Merr." Along the whole coast of Newfoundland, Labrador and Hudson's Bay, the Guillemots are common. They are also met with in Spitzbergen, the White and Icy Seas, as far as Kamschatka. In Britain, the Orkney Islands, the Bass Rock and the Fern Islands are their favourite resorts. This bird seems specially fitted for existence in the Arctic and even Polar regions, and revels amid the ice and storm of the chilliest seas. In the short but bright summer that gilds its extreme northern haunts, it lays a single egg on the bare rock, without wasting the precious days in making a nest. It is a curious sight to see these birds, where they abound, sitting upon their eggs on the rocky shelves, often in a line, and so close that they nearly touch each other. When hatched, the young guillemot is fed, on the rock, by its parents, with the young of the herring and herring-sprats, and as soon as it is able to bear the shock, it is tumbled from its hard nursery into the ocean, where an abundant table is provided for it. Here it is thoroughly at home, plying its way with wings and feet beneath the waves, and even beneath the ice, and preying upon fish and crustaceans. Its flight is short and rapid and generally directed just above the surface of the sea. The species most common here is the "Foolish Guillemot," so called because of the family failing of waiting patiently to be killed or captured, rather than quit the cliff which it has chosen for its breeding-ground. It is subject to a double moult, and the winter and summer plumage differ in many respects. Its length, from the bill to the claws, is rather more than 15 or 16 inches.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

REMINISCENCES OF BERMUDA.

DISCOVERY AND DESCRIPTION.

By Capt. E. M., R. E.

(Continued.)

GEOLOGY OF THE ISLANDS.

Passing to the geological formation, the Bermudas are calcareous rocks of an oolitic formation, derived from comminuted shells, and vary from hard crystalline limestone, capable of taking a good polish, to a loose sand. The stone is divided into two classes, the hard and soft. The hard is a compact limestone, often tinged with red, (owing to the presence of a minute quantity of oxide of iron) weighing 157 lbs. per cubic foot. It is so durable that it is greatly used for ashlar work and paving, and many of the government buildings are constructed of it. The best cut "Bermudian marble" resembles Parian in texture and general appearance, and is often worked into chimney-pieces and ornaments. The "soft" stone is a calcareous sandstone, exhibiting stratification, the particles being held together by carbonate of lime. It weighs about 100 lbs. per cubic foot, but by reason of its porosity and softness, is ill adapted for building purposes. Both varieties calcined, make capital lime.

EFFECT OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

The late American Civil War brought about great and sudden changes in Bermuda. Numbers of clipper steamers were fitted out at Liverpool, Glasgow, &c., to run the blockade. At the commencement of hostilities, the steamers performed the exploit between Charlestown in South Carolina, and Nassau in the Bahamas, carrying artillery, ammunition, and clothing, and bringing on the return voyage cotton and turpentine to Bermuda. This cargo was then transferred to the warehouses and subsequently shipped to England. As the war progressed, and the Federals so closely besieged Charlestown, the trade was removed to Wilmington in North Carolina, and then the blockade, until the fall of Wilmington, was run between that port and Bermuda, with long low steamers, painted a sea grey colour, and having very short, or no masts. In St. George's there have been from 15 to 20 of these steamers at a time, and twice that number of large colliers and other ships. Hamilton, somehow, was not such a favourite harbour.

A few months before the fall of Wilmington, the blockade-running received a check, as no less than 12 steamers were captured in the course of three months, and their captains and crews made prisoners of war by the Federal Government, instead of being set free as they formerly were. The trade has, however, entirely ended. It will, probably, be well for the colony at large, for although some few individuals accumulated vast sums of money, Bermuda was in reality much injured by the traffic. The crews of the various steamers were very disorderly and turbulent, and the galls full of offenders, while the police establishment was necessarily increased. Such enormous wages were given to labourers at St. George's for their hurried and night work in repairing, lading, and unloading, &c., that farming was everywhere deserted, and the fields and gardens that used to be planted with potatoes, arrow root, onions, &c., were left uncultivated, and became over-run with sage bush (*Lantana sabrifolia*) and weeds. In spite of the high wages, the labourers do not appear to have reaped any permanent benefit from that new state of affairs, for they were so imprudent that they squandered their money almost as soon as they received it, and left their families badly off.

FINANCES, &c.

The Bermuda treasury has reserved a surplus revenue from the duties paid into it upon the liquor, &c., consumed by the increased, though ever varying population. The colony is also, I believe, the only one which taxes Her Majesty's officers for the wine and beer drunk at their mess-table, and for which it imposes the exorbitant tax of 20 per cent! Many of the agents for Liverpool houses, for the southern cotton planters, and of the late Confederate Government, lived at St. George's, a good thing for the house owners, as it increased the rents greatly. Very ordinary houses rented from £100 to £150 a year, a rate which pressed heavily upon the married officers quartered in the colony.

Most providentially an enormous hotel was built a few years ago by the Corporation at Hamilton,—even that was filled to overflowing with the wives and children of Southern gentlemen, who had sent them to Bermuda for safety. A young gentleman—not a Southerner—once caused an excitement among them. Obtaining a short leave from the head of his firm, he started for Dixie land to see how they actually carried on war, taking his passage in one of the blockade-running steamers. As ill-luck would have it, she was captured by the Federals, and he was made a prisoner of war; but finding he was not an American and only a passenger, they let him go. Going to New York he engaged his passage in one of the common trading vessels for Bermuda. At the last moment, as the vessel was quitting the docks, the military police appeared and closely examined the persons of the passengers and their baggage. Amongst his (it was said) were found some letters addressed to Confederate families in Bermuda. At all events he was marched off in custody, and transferred to some fort—of his ultimate fate we have not heard—nor of the feelings of his principal when he did not return to time.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

Bermuda is happily free from that dreadful phenomenon—earthquakes; but, on the night of the 2nd March, 1858, a slight shock was felt, and continued for several seconds. A lengthened description was given in the Bermuda *Royal Gazette*, from which we glean the following:—"We have heard several West Indians say that they have seldom felt a more decided or more prolonged shock." The direction in which the earthquake travelled seemed to be from south-west to north-east, or from south to north. The water in Hamilton harbour was much and peculiarly agitated, vessels strained hard at their anchors, and persons afloat were a good deal tossed about. The shock was far more severely felt by those who were lying down, than by those who were walking or sitting. Children jumped out of bed in great alarm, and even the uninitiated at once exclaimed, "it's an earthquake!" The noise which accompanied, or as some say, preceded the shock, was a hollow, rolling sound, not unlike distant rattling thunder, but longer and more regular in tone. One gentleman felt the shock so much that he said he was unwell for several hours afterwards, and several people stated that they suffered nausea for some time.

A ship, the "Ocean Bird," was at sea about thirty miles off the Bermuda light-house, bearing at the time, (10.30 P.M.) NW., and the Captain reported "that at that hour an alarming shock was felt which made them at first suppose there was an error in their reckoning, and that they had struck upon a rock. The following day the sea appeared to be very muddy. The shock was more severely felt, as far as we can learn, in houses built on solid rock, than in those having their foundations in soft stone or soil. When we remember how many noble cities have been made ruinous heaps; how in 1797, the earthquake of Riobamba not only destroyed the town, but cast the bodies of many of the inhabitants on an adjacent hill, several hundred feet high; how Lisbon, with 60,000 inhabitants, was destroyed in six minutes; and Garaccas in fifty-three seconds was made desolate, and ten thousand of its people killed,—the colony can hardly fail to acknowledge the goodness of God in sparing Bermuda from the dreaded evil. The words of Humboldt may well find place here. "From early childhood," said that great man, "we are habituated to the contrast between the mobile element water, and the immobility of the soil on which we stand. All the evidences of our senses have confirmed this belief. But when suddenly the ground begins to rock beneath us, the feeling of an unknown mysterious

power in nature coming into action, and shaking the solid globe, arises in the mind. The illusion of the whole of our earlier life is annihilated in an instant; we are undeceived as to the repose of nature; we feel ourselves transported to the realm, and made subject to the empire of destructive unknown powers."

THE CLIMATE, &c.

The islands, however, are occasionally swept by hurricanes. There was a mighty one in 1780, which destroyed many of the trees and houses; another on 20th July, 1813, when most of the shipping in St. George harbour was driven ashore, and a third in 1839. In this latter year, a much respected gentleman, now in Bermuda, attempted to walk from his house to his place of business—a short distance; but he had scarcely left his door, before the gusts of wind swept him off his legs, and he was rolled along the streets in a very undignified manner like—shall we say—a potatoe. Of the method and time of his return history is silent. The writer remembers one day in 1859, when the force of the wind was 30 lbs. to the square foot.

The temperature of Bermuda has been tolerably well ascertained in figures, by a series of meteorological observations taken for upwards of ten years by the Royal Engineers at their observatory at St. George, situated 122 64 feet above the level of the sea. We say figures, because we are thoroughly convinced by a five years' residence that the enervating nature of the climate in summer is far greater than in many places nearer the equator. There is a total absence of the land and sea breezes so common in the West India islands, and the south-west wind which is very prevalent in Bermuda, saturates the atmosphere to a most uncomfortable degree. Many of the summer nights are also nearly as hot as the day. We give here a few maxima, minima and mean readings for the month of August, 1857, which month fairly represents the summer temperature. They are deduced from an average of four daily observations taken at 9 30 A.M. and P.M., and 3 30 A.M. and P.M. The Barometer is corrected and reduced to a temperature of 32° Fahrenheit, and the dew point, elastic force of vapour, and the humidity of the atmosphere, are calculated from the readings of the dry and wet bulb thermometers. The other thermometers were self-registering.

Mean Barometer	29.956
Maximum do.	30.186
Minimum do.	29.853
Mean Thermometer (dry)	79.9
Do do (wet)	75.6
Do Dew point	73.5
Do Elastic force of vapour	812
Do Humidity	81.2
Maximum Thermometer (in air)	87.7
Minimum do. (in air)	73.5
Maximum do. (in sun's rays)	106.6
Minimum do. do. do.	82.0

CULTIVATION OF ARROW-ROOT.

Bermuda made a goodly show in the International Exhibition of 1862, the Palmetto baskets and jars, and we think, the arrow-root, obtaining prizes. There were several models of boats exhibited, specimens of the wood of every tree that grows in the islands, and a vast variety of shells, sea-weeds, sea-fans, sea-roids, brain stone, coral, &c. The far-famed arrow-root is still cultivated, but the annual produce is small—partly caused by the difficulty of, and attention required in, the cultivation, and not being so profitable as potatoes, which had a ready market in the United States. A resident of Bermuda has thus remarked upon the cultivation and manufacture of arrow-root:

"This plant, as tradition informs us, was brought here from Charleston, South Carolina, and from its name (Indian Arrow-root), must, I think, have been called so from the resemblance of the end of the root to the arrow used by the native tribes. The root or stick is seldom over an inch and a half in diameter at the biggest or lower end, and as many as 20 roots or sticks grow from one stem, which varies from two to four feet in height. There is much trouble in digging the plant, which process takes place from January to March. The root at each joint is covered with a skin, which is of a thick substance, and as the root ripens, resembles a bit of gauze, and when quite ripe, comes off almost as soon as exposed to the sun; consequently the buyer is benefited by purchasing the stick late in the season, for then he buys root instead of shoot or skin. The arrow-root is grated to powder by a rude crushing machine, and afterwards mixed with a quantity of water, and allowed to settle. The powder, or sediment, is then passed through sieves of various thickness of mesh, until all of it has been removed from the water. After being heavily pressed to free it as much as possible from the moisture, it is usually put upon the roof of a house and left to dry in the sun. In 1851 arrow-root to the value of about £5,000 was exported from Bermuda.

WATER SUPPLY.

The entire absence of springs in the rocky group causes a peculiarity in house building—the poorest house having a tank built under or close to it, to catch the water from the roof. The better class of residences have two tanks; this allows one to be occasionally cleaned out without placing the family on a limited allowance of water. Large tanks have within the last few years been built at St. George and Ireland to ensure the Army and Navy a plentiful supply at all seasons. There is a spot off the north shore of Hamilton—the Naval Wells—from which many tons, even in times of great drought, can be obtained, but the water there is merely the drainings from the adjacent uplands, and though fresh rises and falls with the flow and ebb of the sea. The salt water doubtless penetrates the compressed sand or porous bed of underlying strata, and the fresh water being lighter than the salt, swims on its surface instead of commingling with it. The writer was told by a naval gentleman long resident in Bermuda, that after a few hours' pumping the fresh water in the wells would become exhausted, and that you would find the salt water flowing below it. At Kneeling Island, in the Indian ocean, there are also wells of fresh water that rise and fall with the ocean tide.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The population of the islands is about eleven thousand; half of this number being coloured people. Slavery in an extremely mild form existed in Bermuda until 1834, the slaves being most kindly treated, and well

taken care of. In the present day many of the coloured people idle about the streets; they are great thieves—a propensity which is, however, tolerably well held in check by the magistrates, as by the law of Bermuda they can, we believe, flog such offenders for the offence. At all events "Sambo" is kept in tolerable order in Bermuda, and has a wholesome dread of the "cat," which contributes in a considerable degree to keep the gaols empty, and to lighten the rates. One of the resident gentlemen some time ago proposed that when Mr. "Sambo" was convicted of an offence for which he could be flogged, he should be sentenced to come and be flogged in a month's time, but in the meanwhile be set free. If he did not appear at the expiration of the month, he was to be looked for, and if discovered in Bermuda he was to receive two floggings—one being his former sentence, the other for not having surrendered.

The practical effect of this rule, which was unfortunately not adopted, would doubtless have been that the bad negroes would have quitted Bermuda, and sought their fortune in the Far West, while only the respectable ones would have remained.

A friend of the writer's, who discovered his choice melons were fast disappearing at night, adopted another plan, which for some time secured immunity for the contents of his gardens. He saturated a choice melon with some "nasty doctor's stuff." We will allow our readers to imagine the rest, as the melon was stolen on the following night.

Printing did not come into fashion until 1784, but now several newspapers appear, among which the most noted are the *Royal Gazette*, the *Bermudian*, and the *Hamilton Mirror*—a ladies' paper. St. George has also a newspaper for itself.

For a number of years there was a convict establishment at Bay Island, and the convicts were employed upon several public works. Bermuda, however, ought not to be regarded as a penal settlement, as convicts were not let loose there. When the time for discharging them drew near, they were shipped to England. The establishment was broken up in 1863, a fortunate circumstance for the pockets of that very excellent gentleman known by the sobriquet of John Bull, or to borrow the language of a friend of the writer's—"poor John."

The Government is administered by a Governor—generally an officer of the Royal Engineers—a council of ten members—all gentlemen of the island—the officer who commands the troops is also a member, and in the absence of the Governor takes his place. There is also a House of Assembly consisting of thirty-six members. Each member is paid two dollars a day during the session, and as the House generally sits nearly half a year, the members draw a nice little income from the revenue. There are about nine hundred electors, qualified as such by the possession of a freehold of not less than £99 value. In short, the form of government in Bermuda appears to be much the same as that which has worked so ill in Jamaica.

Bermuda is included in the diocese of Newfoundland, whose worthy bishop periodically visits the islands. The Church of England, we need hardly perhaps remark, is the Church of Bermuda. There are nine parish churches, and several churches and chapels belonging to other denominations.

Boating is a favourite amusement. The most pleasant sort of boat for harbour work is one about twelve or thirteen feet long, because by a little management and fastening the principal ropes aft, the owner can manage it himself, and dispense with the services of a "nigger," who is an expensive luxury, and an unpleasant passenger, unless his owner be disposed to supply him with "ottar of roses."

Bermuda boats beat admirably, as they sail very close to the wind. The mast is close to the bow, and "rakes" considerably aft, and the boat lies deep in the sea, which gives it a good hold in the water. A large mainsail, which goes nearly to the top of the mast, and a jib, are all the sails absolutely necessary.

In very fine weather a gaff topsail and flying jib may be carried, and in "running" a huge square sail, but heavy squalls come on so suddenly, and are so dangerous, that carrying these sails is attended with some risk. Some idea may be formed of the quantity of canvas carried by the boats when we tell that our own little yacht of twelve feet long, with a beam and depth of three feet, had a mast about twenty-one feet long, and her mainsail went to within a foot of the top, and by the aid of a boom extended two feet behind the rudder. Larger boats carried canvas in proportion, and all carry an immense quantity of ballast.

EPIDEMICS.

So far as we can now ascertain, the earliest epidemic of yellow fever visited the colony in 1699. The islands then enjoyed immunity for nearly one hundred years, and in 1780 yellow jack (the slang term for yellow fever) again broke out. A third epidemic occurred in 1796, and a fourth in 1812. Then came the terrible fever of 1818-19, which was succeeded by eighteen healthy years. The Bermudians fondly hoped they had seen the last of this fearful scourge, but their wishes were not fulfilled, for there was another outbreak in 1843. Next followed the fatal fever of 1853, and we find it recorded in the report of Surgeon Barrow that, exclusive of the civil population, 15 officers, 297 soldiers, 29 women, and 39 children died. This was followed by the appalling fever of 1864, which carried off 14 officers, 173 soldiers, 5 women, and 4 children. The civil population also suffered terribly. Dr. Barrow's first impression of Bermuda, we will venture to say, will never be effaced. He tells the world that "on account of the rapid and sudden influx of sick, I found the general hospital to be exceedingly overcrowded; there were 70 men in the building, which could not properly accommodate 35. The sick were not only lying around the wards, but may be said to have covered the entire floor. This required remedying without delay. I do not know any sight more appalling than the wards of an hospital crowded with yellow fever patients; it is as ghastly a spectacle as a field hospital after a sanguinary engagement. The totally altered expression of countenance is remarkable in many cases; anxious in some, bloated in others; the suffused eyes, yellowness of the skin, the oozing of their black blood from the gums, or from the nostrils or ears; or in conjunction, give a peculiarly hideous appearance to the sufferers. Here, a strong man is seen in violent convulsions, rapidly followed by black vomit and death; there, may be seen one lying in a state of calm and utter indifference to everything around him; a sudden turn of the head, followed by a forcible ejection of the inked vomit, too surely indicate

• Statistical, Sanitary, and Medical Reports for 1863. Published in 1866 by Harrison & Sons, and presented to both Houses of Parliament.

his approaching end. Delirious mutterings are heard on all sides."

Our readers will agree that this is a fearful picture, a thrilling description, and all the more horrible because it is true. It fairly surpasses any sensational novel. July, August, and September are the deadly months, fatal cases do not often occur later than October. This has given rise to a quaint Bermuda saying, "September, remember," "October, recover," "November, all over."

In 1866 and 1867, lines of telegraph were laid, running the whole length of the islands, and Bermuda will probably before long be connected by telegraph with either Halifax or New York.

The 19th September, 1871, was the occasion of an important public ceremonial—the far famed cau-way, bridging the channels that separate the two principal islands, was opened—and thus the old and new capitals, St. George and Hamilton, are linked together; as His Excellency the Governor happily observed in his reply to the Mayor and Corporation, "In the golden link of brotherhood, stronger than ancient jealousy and physical obstacles, and thenceforth pledged to no other rivalry than that of civil improvement and commercial enterprise."

TREES.

Enough of yellow fever, telegraphs, &c., let us pass to a more genial topic, and pay a passing tribute to the excellence of the delicious Bermuda oranges—alas, now so much diminished, for some years ago a blight came upon the fair orange and lemon trees, and many died. Others, especially in Mr. Perot's garden, near Hamilton, have survived, their stem and branches having been scrubbed every morning while the blight lasted with soap and water, so that in a few more years we may hope for a better supply of "Mudian" oranges. A variety of tropical fruits grow on the Somer's Isles—though not in great abundance. There is the Shaddock, a large juicy fruit, three or four times the size of an orange, a few cocoa nut trees, and the delicious Avocado pear (*Persea gratissima*) better known by its West Indian sobriquet of "sub-altern's butter," a sub being too poor to purchase the genuine article, and using the pear instead. Then we had the peaches, not so large or so well flavoured as those from our English hot-houses, but very sweet and grateful for all that. The pomegranate occasionally appeared on the table at dessert, the sugar cane grows in gardens, and the banana (*Musa sapientum*) abounds. The inhabitants generally eat it in its native condition, first removing the outside rind, but English people prefer it stewed. The purple fig (*Ficus Virens*) the plantain, (*Musa paradisiatica*) the round leaved sea side grape, (*Coccolabia unifera*) and the papaw (*Carica papaya*) are found in great perfection. The mango is also there—from young trees rescued from the French frigate "Hermione," wrecked off Bermuda many years since. Trees, however, of all sizes and varieties flourish in Bermuda. The cedar (*Juniperus Bermudiana*) is the tree, but it is seldom permitted to reach old age, the crooked trees being eagerly bought up by the shipwrights to form the ribs of the ships and boats, and the straight trees being purchased by the Government and by private individuals for the wood-work necessary in house building.

The wood when burnt emits a pleasant perfume, but a cedar cabinet 50 years old, the property of a friend of the writer, continually exudes a resinous juice which stains indelibly books or papers left there any length of time. The scenery would indeed be poor if it were not for the dark green cedar trees which cover the rocky hillocks and girt the rough shore, flourishing apparently as well in a poor as in a rich soil. The Pride of India (*Melia azedarack*) is at once an ornamental and shady, and a cool looking tree; we find it in many of the gardens, where are also clumps of bamboo. (*Arundo bambou.*) Palmetto trees are plentiful; from their leaves plait for hats and bonnets is worked, and some elegant baskets of the same material were sent to the London National Exhibition of 1862.

FLOWERS.

In conclusion we ask our readers, if not yet weary, to listen to a passing notice of the flowers. The hedges, instead of being decked in summer like our English ones with their mantle of green, are a brilliant rose colour, being chiefly formed of the Oleander (*Nerium oleander*) better known as the South Sea rose. Wild scarlet geraniums thickly bestrew the grave yards, and we find the prickly pear (*Cactus oprenta*)—perhaps more a fruit than a flower—on the tops of walls and fences—a substitute for nails, broken glass, &c.; and, indeed, an excellent guard against the uninvited visits of mischievous bipeds. The road sides are bordered with the scarlet flowered sage, (*Sabrina cocanea*) the common sage bush abounds, forming the natural underwood of the islands. Sage bushes are supposed to attract the sun's heat, and the only instance we know of a black man receiving a sun stroke, occurred when he was working among sage bushes. The elegant azure convolvulus adorns most gardens, also that glorious white bell-shaped flower Spanish bayonet, (*Yucca gloriosa*) and the sweet scented Jessamine. Had we space we could descant upon many others, and say a few words about the sea-weeds and shells, but our paper has extended to its utmost limits, and if the reader is pleased, the writer is well content.

A PREDICTION.—A correspondent writes as follows to the *San Francisco Scientific Press*:—Allow me to call your attention to a fact—a little out of the way in mining—but one in which many have been deeply interested on both sides. It is a prediction in relation to the late "unpleasantness" between France and Prussia, made years ago by Sir Walter Scott.

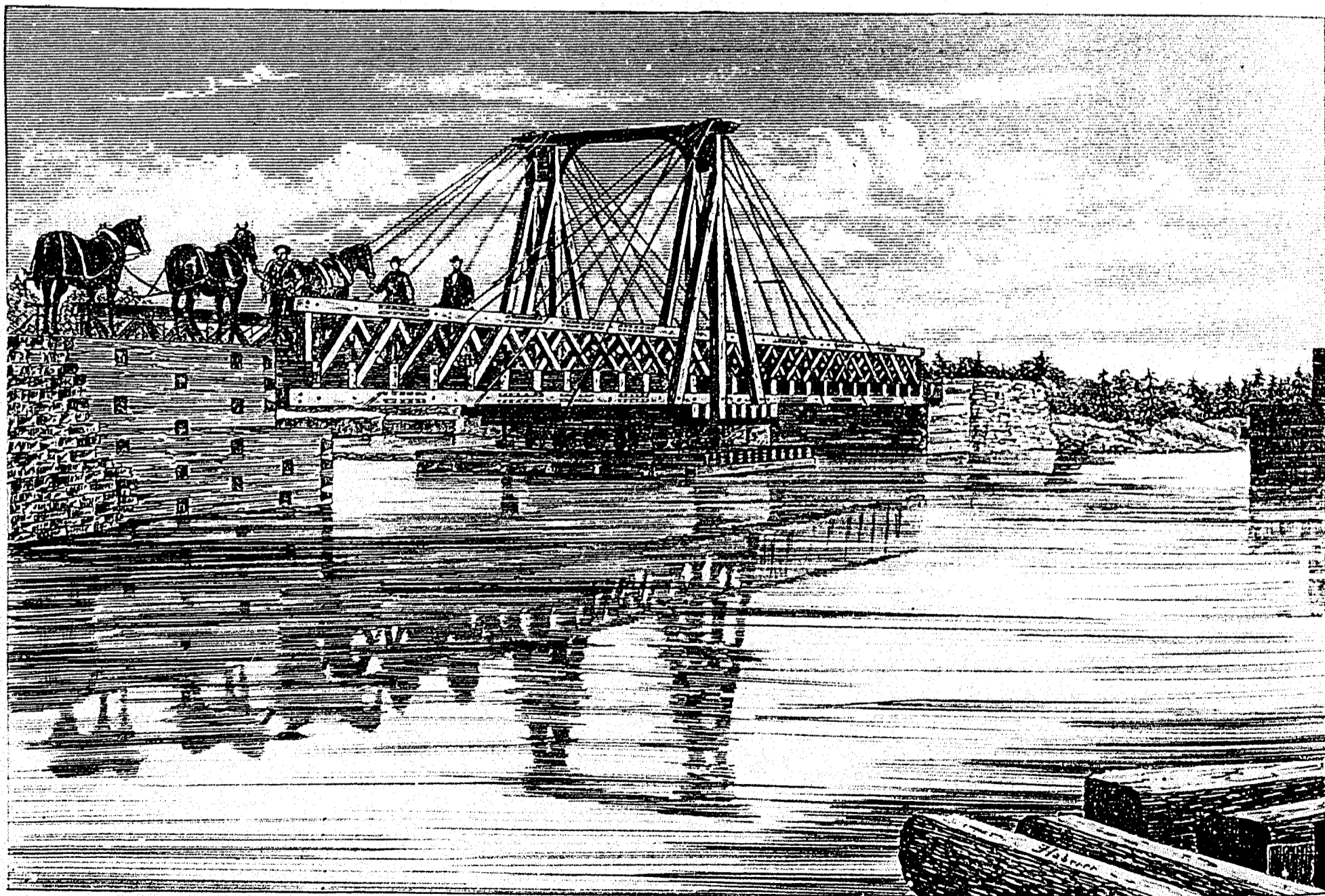
"In his 'Marmion,' introduction to Canto Third, 3rd verse, he speaks of the old hero, the star of Brandenburg, 'Brunswick,' and of his untimely fall; of Prussia overthrown at Jena; of the wrongs and woes of Germany in consequence of defeat; and concludes by saying:

"And when revolves, in time's sure change,
The hour of Germany's Revenge;
When, breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake;
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
To whet his sword on Brunswick's tomb."

As this prophecy has not made its appearance in any of the periodicals of the day, allow me to call your attention to it.



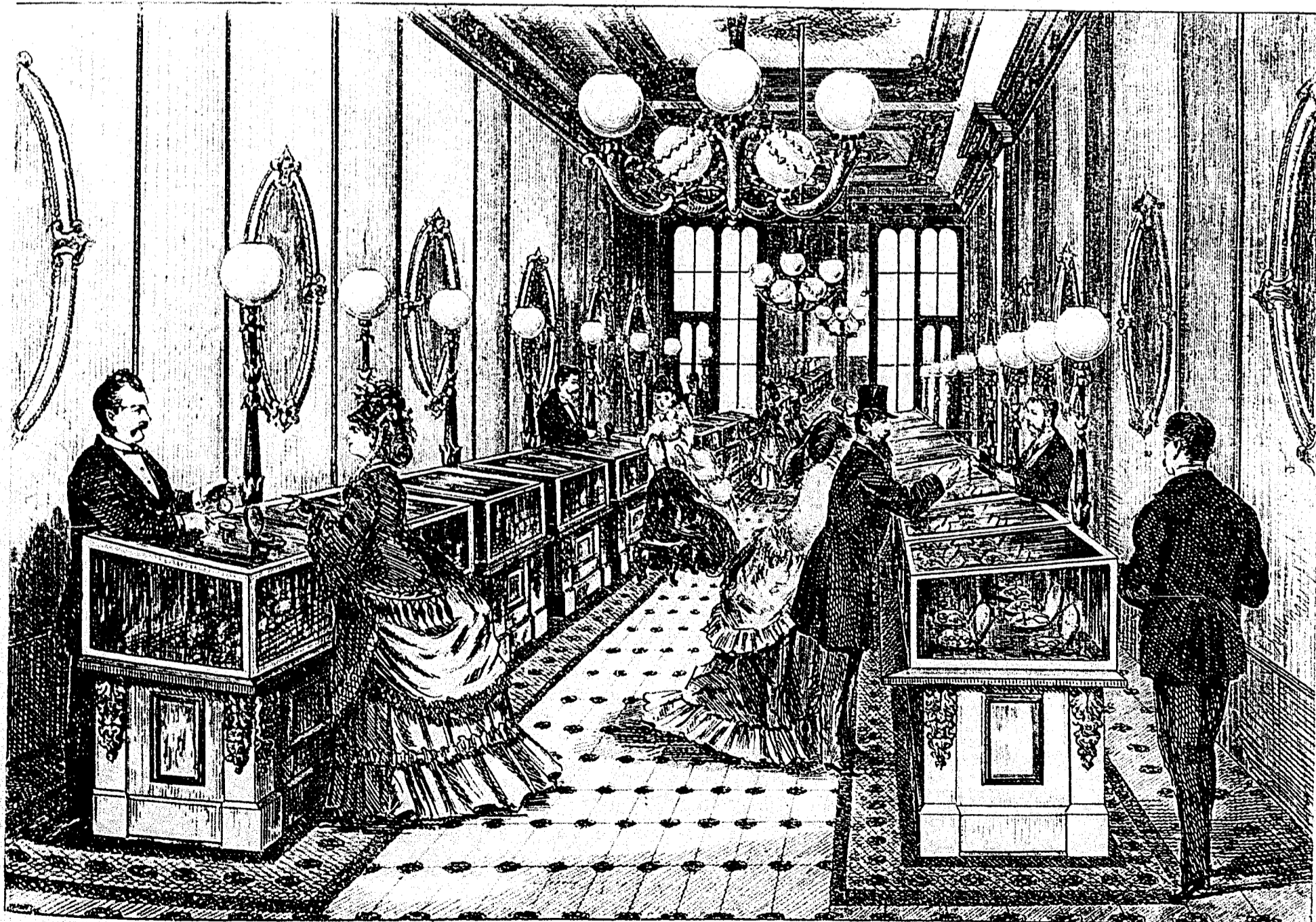
KARL MARX, CHIEF OF THE "INTERNATIONAL."—SEE PAGE 395.



SWING BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIDEAU CANAL, ON THE CHAUDIERE EXTENSION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE AND OTTAWA RAILWAY.—SEE PAGE 391.



JAMES I. FELLOWS, ST. JOHN, N. B.
INVENTOR OF THE COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.—SEE PAGE 391



INTERIOR VIEW OF E. G. MELLOR'S JEWELLERY STORE, No. 285, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.—SEE PAGE 391

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1871.

Table with 2 columns: Day and Date. Rows include Sunday (Dec. 17), Monday (18), Tuesday (19), Wednesday (20), Thursday (21), Friday (22), and Saturday (23). Each row contains a brief historical or biographical note.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 12th December, 1871, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 7 columns: Day, Date, Max., Min., Mean, 8 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. Rows show temperature data for each day from Sunday to Tuesday.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

(DEC. 23.)

Will be issued with a supplement of eight pages beautifully illustrated, and will contain several seasonable pictures of high merit. Among which will be the following:

"PRAISE YE THE LORD!"

A Double-page Steel Engraving, showing two beautiful girls performing sacred music.

"DISTURB NOT HIS SLUMBERS!"

A Steel Engraving, representing the Saviour in His cradle, and His mother gazing on Him.

"CHRISTMAS AT THE COURT OF KING ALFRED!"

by JOHN GILBERT.

"THE GHOST STORY!"

A Fire-side Scene by THOMAS.

"THE OLD BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS DINNER!"

Depicting forcibly the misery of single blessedness.

"GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD!"

A Steel Engraving after KAULBACH.

"THE ORIGIN OF THE WASSAIL BOWL."

"THE SLEIGH RIDE TO GRAN'PA'S FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER!"

Several beautiful illustrations of Milton's "Ode on the Nativity." &c., &c., &c., &c.

Forming altogether a most attractive and interesting number.

The price will be as usual, 10 cents.

Persons having friends abroad could scarcely choose a more pleasing memento to send at this season of kind remembrance and good wishes. Orders for extra copies should be sent in early to secure prompt attention.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS sending in their names and \$4.00 from this date until the end of the year, will be entitled to the Illustrated News for 1872, complete, and to the numbers of the present year still to be published after the date of their subscription, including the Premium Plate now being printed.

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

These Agents will also collect the subscription and the postage. In most cases, not to interfere with existing postage contracts, the arrangement will take effect only after the 1st January next.

After the 31st December next, the subscription to the News will be \$4.00 per annum, if paid in advance, or within the first three months, after which it will be Five Dollars.

- List of agents and their locations: Almonte, Bothwell, Bowmanville, Brantford, Brockville, Cobourg, Collingwood, Dundas, Elora, Fenelon Falls, Fergus, Goble's Corners, Goderich, Halifax, Hamilton, Ingersoll, Kincairdine, Kingston, London, Meaford, Napanee, Orillia, Oshawa, Ottawa, Paisley, Pembroke, Perth, Petrolia, Prescott, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. Catharines, Tilsonburg, Wardsville.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1871.

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A PROFOUND sensation has been caused throughout the British Empire by the alarming, if not fatal, attack of typhoid fever of which the Prince of Wales has been the victim. For days his life was despaired of; on Tuesday last a faint gleam of hope for his recovery was flashed

across the cable, but only to be dissipated by Wednesday's noon despatch, (the latest to hand before going to press) which indicated that the poor Prince was still at the very door of death, with little or no prospect of being able to recede from it. On every sea, and in every quarter and division of the globe, his birth was heralded by the hoarse throats of British cannon; the mourners for his early doom, should it now come, will be equally wide-spread, and no doubt equally sincere in the expression of their feeling—which, at the closing of the year 1841, was one of joy that a Prince was born; and, at the end of 1871, would be one of sorrow that he had not been spared to fill the high estate of which his birth gave promise.

THE meeting of the U. S. National Board of Trade, though an annual occurrence, is not without its influence on the tendency of American commercial feeling. This year its importance was enhanced because of the assemblage having been held in St. Louis, "the great city of the future;" and also because delegates from Canada had been invited, and they went and took part in the proceedings, in so far as they were qualified by their position to do so. In respect of increased social intimacy, the visit of the Canadian delegation was an undoubted success; as regards commercial affairs it only enabled the people of the two countries to see how far their views diverged from each other, and how little chance there is, under present circumstances, for a new Reciprocity Treaty that would prove mutually satisfactory. Much that the Americans cared to have has already been surrendered, conditionally, by the Treaty of Washington, hence the incentive, on their part, to make concessions has either been in great part taken away, or left in abeyance, awaiting the action of the Canadian Parliament on the reserved clauses referring to the fisheries. It is not surprising, therefore, that the proposals of the United States National Board of Trade should have been utterly distasteful to one of the parties to the "International Conference," and, as a consequence, we read that the spokesmen of the Canadian Board of Trade gave no hope to their American brethren that the terms proposed would be acceptable to this country. For our part, we certainly think they do not deserve acceptance; not even serious consideration, for the reason that they practically propose to denationalize the Dominion and make it an appanage of the Republic, with its whole commercial and fiscal legislation dictated from Washington. This cannot be.

The Convention met on the 6th inst., and sat for four days. The Canadian representatives were most cordially received, and, so far, their presence cannot have failed to improve the social relations between the two peoples. But when one reads the report of the special committee appointed to consider the trade relations with the Dominion, he cannot remain unconscious of the fact that they are indeed two peoples; they could not say to each other "thy ways shall be my ways." The report was brought in on the last day of the meeting, the 9th, or what may be properly called the "International Conference" day. The following is a summary of its recommendations:

1st. Reciprocal admission of all natural and manufactured products of either country into the other, duty free.

2nd. Uniform laws to be passed by both countries imposing like rates of import and internal revenue dues, the receipts to be put in a common treasury and divided per capita, or by some other approved method.

3rd. The admission of Canadian built vessels to American registration, with all its accruing advantages.

4th. The Dominion to enlarge its canals and improve the St. Lawrence navigation; to assist in the construction of International public works and concede to American citizens the same privileges on all such canals, railways, &c., as those enjoyed by its own citizens; the like privileges being conceded to Canadians by the United States and the several States of the Union, and the necessary legislation to give effect to this part of the Treaty to be enacted by the governments respectively concerned.

In the preamble to these recommendations, it was stated that commissioners should be appointed by the United States and the Dominion of Canada, to negotiate a basis for a treaty between Great Britain and the United States for the furthering of commercial relations between the United States and the Dominion of Canada upon the "broad and comprehensive basis" summarised above, or upon "some other," equally broad and comprehensive. The report was adopted unanimously by the American National Board, after an ineffectual attempt to include Cuba and the West Indies in the proposed scheme of commercial and fiscal annexation.

The President having made some remarks complimentary to the Canadian guests of the National Board, the Hon. John Young, of Montreal, in making his acknowledgment, stated that if the American Government should appoint commissioners the Canadian Government would do the same. In this opinion we fully concur. Canada has nothing to shrink from in the discussion of trade relations with her nearest neighbour, and not half so much to lose by their present seemingly unsatisfactory condition as many people imagine. Mr. Howland, of Toronto, is reported to have been more outspoken regarding the sentiment in Canada. He told the American National Board of Trade that the basis recommended would be entirely unacceptable to Canada; that it would involve disruption with the Mother Country, for which Canadians were not prepared: that it would involve the handing over to a foreign government the management of the finances of the Dominion, to which Canadians would never submit. Mr. Howland said several other very sensible things, and concluded by assuring the Americans that though Canadians were willing to meet them more than half way in the establishment of closer commercial relations, they were still prepared to pursue their own policy independently, at the same time maintaining the most friendly social intercourse with their American neighbours.

By the report it appears that the "wet blanket" thrown by Mr. Howland upon the new basis of reciprocal trade closed the proceedings so far as the Canadian delegates were concerned. But we need not assume, therefore, that their visit to St. Louis has been without its good effects. On the contrary, the very frank, and, as we think, correct expression of Canadian sentiment which Mr. Howland is reported to have given in the presence of the leading commercial men of the United States will have a most salutary effect in making them understand what the Canadian feeling really is. It is somewhat hard for Americans, who have no personal knowledge of Canada and Canadians, to believe that our people can be otherwise than anxious to get within the ample folds of the stars and stripes. They forget that we are cultivating pride in a flag of our own; that our climatic disadvantages, such as they are, are in great part compensated by a geographical position destined to command the chief carrying trade of the world; and that our institutions, with more elasticity than their parchment constitution can confer, combine the freedom of the best Republic with the stability of the most solid Monarchy. In debt and taxes we are alike out of par with them; and even were there no better reason against the contemplated Zollverein than that it would compel Canadians to pay more taxes than their governmental requirements actually demand, that reason should be enough to condemn the project. But we cannot, as part of the Empire, discriminate against British and in favour of American manufactures; we should act unwisely to discriminate against any country which sent us cheap goods, in favour of any other country that could only supply articles of equal value at higher rates. Political allegiance, common sense, and our faith in the future of our country alike point to the rejection of the St. Louis propositions. They are entirely too sweeping in their scope; in fact they involve the surrender of our commercial freedom to the control of the American Government; and, following close upon that, would be the destruction of our political independence; for who would entertain the notion of maintaining a Canadian Government at Ottawa with the strong box under the lock and key of the Treasury at Washington?

THE MONTREAL WATER (PLUS FISH AND MICE) SUPPLY.

People should not imagine that their water pipes are always frozen when the tap ceases to run. Dead mice and little fishes are frequently supplied by the Montreal Water Works, and the want of capacity of the ordinary house pipes to pass these highly alimentary substances makes a temporary obstruction in the flow of water a necessary result. Household holders need not be alarmed, however, as these creatures soon decay and may thus be swallowed with the water in almost imperceptible fragments. Of course nobody ever imagined that a Board of Health, or any other sanitary organization, would molest a Corporation for poisoning the citizens with noxious water; but the consumers might surely insist that if the mice and the fishes must occasionally be mixed with the house supply they should at least be chopped sufficiently fine to prevent them from blocking up the water pipes.

It has frequently been suggested that these admixtures to the water should be discontinued altogether, and as frequently insisted that a general system of filtration would secure that object and give the people the rare treat of a constant supply of pure water. In the meantime we suggest that none but the very smallest of mice and the "littlest" of little fishes should be allowed to pass from the main distributing pipes into those which supply the household, for we are quite sure

that every consumer would prefer his fish (and mice) fresh, especially when mixed with his water. The Corporation officials have but to consult the people generally throughout the city to satisfy themselves that our representation of the public taste is correct. We, however, hold that the Corporation ought not to supply either fish or mice with the water. If they are to be supplied by the city they should be dished up separately.

When will idle talk about the public health give place to practical effort in the cause of its maintenance, or at the least to the adoption of effective means to prevent public bodies from poisoning it? We do not ask the managers of the city water supply even to clear it of the animalculæ and organic matters it contains; these may either be caught and disposed of by the family filter, or consumed by those who have ordinarily good digestive powers; but to suffer young mice and fishes, some of the latter measuring several inches, to invest (and sometimes rot in) the water pipes should be a punishable offence.

"A PICTORIAL REPRESENTATION OF THE BETTER TERMS COMMISSIONERS."

Under the above heading the St. John (N. B.) *Daily Telegraph* has the following, and as our respected contemporary evidently thinks that we did not do New Brunswick full justice in our brief comments upon the "better terms" claim, we make amends by copying his remarks:

The *Canadian Illustrated News* has rendered us a service by publishing the photographs of the Better Terms Commissioners, in a prominent manner, in its columns, and devoting a short article to the subject. The group is quite an imposing one. The Provincial Secretary, or Premier, as they call him in the Upper Provinces, is seated in a luxurious chair. His legs are crossed, his hands clasped, and he is engaged in deep thought, but he feels quite at home, and quite himself. The Surveyor-General is also seated, in a pensive mood, and holds a pen in his hand, ready to write down the deliverance of the Premier of Canada. The "Hon." William Wedderburn is the central figure. He is standing, and holds a scroll in his hand, supposed to be the New Brunswick Bill of Rights. While he has not the venerable aspect of Mr. Hatheway, and is inferior in physique to Mr. Stevenson, he will be admitted to bear off the palm for good looks, and if we were to say that he appears the least bit conscious of the fact, the truth of the remark might excuse us for making an invidious comparison. Upon the whole, we hope this excellent pictorial illustration of the Better Terms Commissioners will have a good effect in the Upper Provinces. These men are evidently conscious that they have a good cause, and while they are very loyal, orderly and peaceable gentlemen, backed up as they are by public sentiment here and elsewhere, they will not readily take no for an answer in a just cause.

In its article on the Better Terms Commissioners, our illustrated contemporary says:

"The second Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick, under Confederation (elected in February of the present year), had hardly been well seated around their Speaker when they began to discuss the desirability of making a strong effort to obtain "Better Terms," under the Union Act, or in fact to secure a larger subsidy from the Dominion Government. The question had been debated through the press and in the election campaign. It need hardly be said that everybody was in favour of the movement; nor shall we discuss the question whether or not the demands put forth were reasonable. But it is doubtless true that the agitation arose from the fact that the basis of the financial terms of the British North America Act had been changed to an extent representing a capital of two millions of dollars."

We would rather our contemporary had affirmed the justness of our claim directly, as was done in very plain terms the other day by the *Ottawa Free Press*, and has frequently been done by Ministerial papers. The lines, which we have marked in italics, do not convey the whole force of the case. It was, no doubt, a serious matter to a Province in the financial circumstances of New Brunswick, to have to assume its portion of the additional burden of Two Millions of Dollars, to say nothing of the large sums since added to it on account of the sums allowed or to be allowed for the Nova Scotia Provincial Buildings, and when the hour of relief comes, the portion of these sums saddled on New Brunswick, as well as the time that New Brunswick had been deprived of a similar sum of Two Millions of Dollars, justly due to her, and greatly needed by her, must be taken into account. But it is not solely because the Nova Scotia claim was conceded, but because of the intrinsic merits of the New Brunswick claim, that the latter Province has taken action on the subject. This is a feature of our case that should not be overlooked in the Upper Provinces. Of course the fact mentioned by the *Illustrated News* is an important one in support of our claim. Happily the Upper Provinces have no need to make a similar claim.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 95.—JAMES I. FELLOWS, CHEMIST, ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

We are told that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, is a benefactor to his race. How much more then must he be esteemed who, by his talent, discovers a new remedy to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-beings, and even arrest the progress of, and restore the waste caused by, the many ills that flesh is heir to? Mr. Fellows, of St. John, N. B., the inventor and proprietor of the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, which goes by his name, and is now very much in use, not only in his own Province, but throughout the Dominion and in the United States, has received so many flattering commendations from those whose standing and experience approve them qualified to pass an opinion, that we should say his preparation was a valuable addition to the long list of remedial compounds now scientifically prepared and so frequently prescribed by the profession.

He had been himself the victim of pulmonary consumption; and though in what is called the "second stage," was enabled by his own studies and experiments to compound a preparation which cured him; and after his restoration to health he, with the approval of many members of the Medical Faculty, commenced its manufacture and sale for the use of the public. We have been assured by dealers in Montreal that there is a large and increasing demand for his "Syrup of Hypophosphites."

Mr. Fellows is, we believe, about forty-five years of age, a native of New Brunswick, and for many years carried on business as chemist and druggist in the city of St. John, but now devotes his whole attention to the preparation of the syrup.

The Grand Duke Alexis was expected to arrive in Montreal yesterday, but on account of the alarming illness of the Prince of Wales—an illness that might prove fatal at any moment—the Grand Duke determined that his visit to Canada should be strictly *incognito*. All will regret the fact, and still more regret the cause of it, at the same time that they must commend the propriety of the Grand Duke's decision.

VIEW ON THE TRENT NEAR HASTINGS.

The village of Hastings is not situated in the county of that name, but occupies portions of the townships of Asphodel and Percy, in the counties of Peterborough and Northumberland, Ontario, on the borders of the river Trent. Near this village there are some rapids on the Trent which give the opportunity of utilising the water power at the village, and as a consequence there are large cotton, woollen, and flouring mills established there. Hastings is twenty-four miles distant from the town of Peterborough, and twenty-six miles from the Colborne station of the Grand Trunk Railway. It is, like most other Western villages, progressing rapidly.

MR. E. G. MELLOR'S JEWELLERY STORE.

On another page we give a view of the extensive jewellery store of Mr. E. G. Mellor, No. 285 Notre Dame street. It is one of the largest in Canada which makes a speciality of dealing in genuine gold jewellery. The stock on hand is immense, and its arrangement most attractive, so that the establishment is well worthy a visit from all who have a fondness for the artistic fashionings of metals and precious gems.

THE LONDON (ONT.) COURT HOUSE.

We have from time to time given many views of scenes or buildings in and about the Forest City, whose enterprise is remarkable for pushing ahead in the way of commercial progress. We need only remark that being capital of the large and wealthy county of Middlesex it is also adorned with Court House and jail; which of course bring their concomitants in the shape of county judge, court officers, lawyers, and—well! perhaps we need not name the occupants of the last-mentioned department. Though the moral atmosphere of the county of Middlesex is generally pure, there have been a few remarkably dark cases disposed of in the London Court House. The building is situated on Ridout street, where are also the offices of most of the resident members of the legal profession, so that law and justice are within easy reach.

SCHOONERS CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

Our artist has sketched a scene witnessed on the recent "taking" of the ice in the Montreal harbour and Lachine Canal. A large number of schooners, wood barges, &c., were suddenly impaled by Jack Frost towards the latter end of November. As a consequence wood and coal rose suddenly in price, to the severe loss of the poorer part of the population; ship-owners began to see that they would be heavy losers were their vessels not cut out; and hence efforts at cutting and sinking were made, and an appeal to Government for assistance was at least spoken of. However, the frost became so severe that every effort was in some cases unavailing, and the owners of the unfortunate craft have now but the prospect of seeing their utter demolition. At the beginning of the present month eleven barges and three schooners were frozen in and about the Commissariat Wharf and Market Basin. A barge was fast frozen at the wharf of the London steamers, and over eleven schooners were frozen at the upper wharves. In the Canal Basin there were also several barges and two of the Harbour Commissioners' scows frozen tight and fast. On the 4th instant a few of the barges were cut out, and the Longueuil steamer also managed to escape and safely reach her winter quarters at Boucherville. On the evening of Wednesday the 6th the river had risen, and so had the barges, to the level of the wharves. On Saturday night last two of the barges at the Commissariat wharf were lifted by the ice on to the wharf, and were gradually carried towards the revetment wall, where their destruction would be certain. The other schooners were all together towards the mouth of the canal basin, and were rising with the ice. The fine weather during autumn, and the sudden change to a most severe frost before any considerable fall of snow has, this year, unfortunately thrown lake and river skippers somewhat out of their calculations, and serious loss to some parties must inevitably follow.

R. R. SWING BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIDEAU CANAL.

In our last number we gave an illustration of the bridge across the Rideau River, built for the accommodation of the Chaudière branch of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway; and (at page 379) some account of that important, though short track which is calculated to be of so much benefit to the lumber trade of Ottawa. In the present issue we give an illustration of the bridge across the canal, situated very near to the one which spans the river, and both are connected by a small embankment. The bridge across the canal has of necessity been made a swing bridge, so that in its season navigation may not be interrupted. But as both the railway

and the canal are mainly used for traffic, there is exceedingly little danger that travellers will be often delayed on account of this bridge, either on car or boat. Besides, as the canal freezes pretty early in the fall, and thaws out but slowly in the spring, it is quite probable that during the period when the bridge will be in most frequent use by the railway, it will not have to be opened at all.

COURT HOUSE, WALKERTON, ONT.

The Court House at Walkerton, the County Town of Bruce, is a plain stone structure, with little or no claim to architectural beauty. It stands on slightly elevated ground on the west side of the River Saugeen. The ground floor contains the Registry Office, offices of County Treasurer, County Court Clerk, the Sheriff and County Attorney. Above are the Court room—a fine lofty apartment—the Judges' room and Jury rooms. The Village of Walkerton is nestled in a beautiful little glen on the banks of the South Saugeen. It had a very hard struggle with several of the rival villages in the County for the County Township of Bruce; and it was not until 1845 that legislation was closed on the vexed County Town question, and even later before Walkerton was fully confirmed in its honours.

COLONIAL BUILDING, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

The Colonial Building at St. John's, N. F., is a handsome structure, and creditable to the colony. It contains the two chambers in which the Legislative Council and House of Assembly meet, the Savings Bank, and the various Government offices. It is, we are assured, quite equal to the present wants of the Colony.

THE SALT WORKS, SEAFORTH, ONT.

As petroleum has enriched some of the counties bordering on Lake Erie, so the shores of Lake Huron promise in some localities to give an equally remunerative yield of salt. Goderich, on the shores of Lake Huron, has long been noted for its salt wells, but those of Seaforth, some twenty-one miles distant, on the Buffalo and Lake Huron branch of the Grand Trunk Railway, are perhaps among the most noted on the continent. At the Seaforth well the brine is pumped by steam-power from a depth of eleven hundred and thirty feet. The brine is remarkably pure being obtained from a stratum of rock salt ninety-five feet in thickness and of great extent. When pumped up the brine is conveyed to two large tanks which hold a sufficient quantity for forty-eight hours' boiling. Thence it is conducted by pipes laid under ground to the pans in the boiling-houses or "blocks." These are the largest in the Province, being capable of making three hundred barrels every twenty-four hours; and are constantly at work, so that upwards of a hundred thousand barrels are turned out yearly. The local importance of the Seaforth Salt Works may best be estimated in that they consume from six to eight thousand cords of wood yearly, thus distributing directly among the neighbouring farmers about twice that number of dollars and thereby both helping and stimulating them to clear their land and prepare the soil for other productive crops. Their advantage to the Village of Seaforth is that they give steady employment to about sixty men. We hope the proprietors, Messrs. Coleman and Gowinlock, make their profits without too severely "salting" their customers. The Works are situated close to the Grand Trunk Railway (B. and L. H. branch), thereby affording ample facilities for shipping.

MISCELLANEA.

A South Carolina Presbyterian thinks that Grant's "Let us have peace," must have referred to that "peace which passeth all understanding."

The sale of the Household Edition of Mr. Dickens' works is said to be above 150,000 copies per number.

Mr. J. A. Froude and Mr. Wilkie Collins are stated to contemplate visiting the United States in the capacity of public lecturers.

The "proud cathartic State," is what her loving sons call the Commonwealth of Kansas. It all comes from the cultivation of castor beans.

A man up in Portsmouth, N. H., named his two children Ebenezer and Flora, and always spoke of them as "Ebb" and "Flo."

It is computed that a Milwaukee sewing society can blast a person's reputation in seven minutes.

Mr. Kinglake is said to be deferring the publication of the concluding volume of his "History of the Crimean War" until the interest in last year's war has subsided.

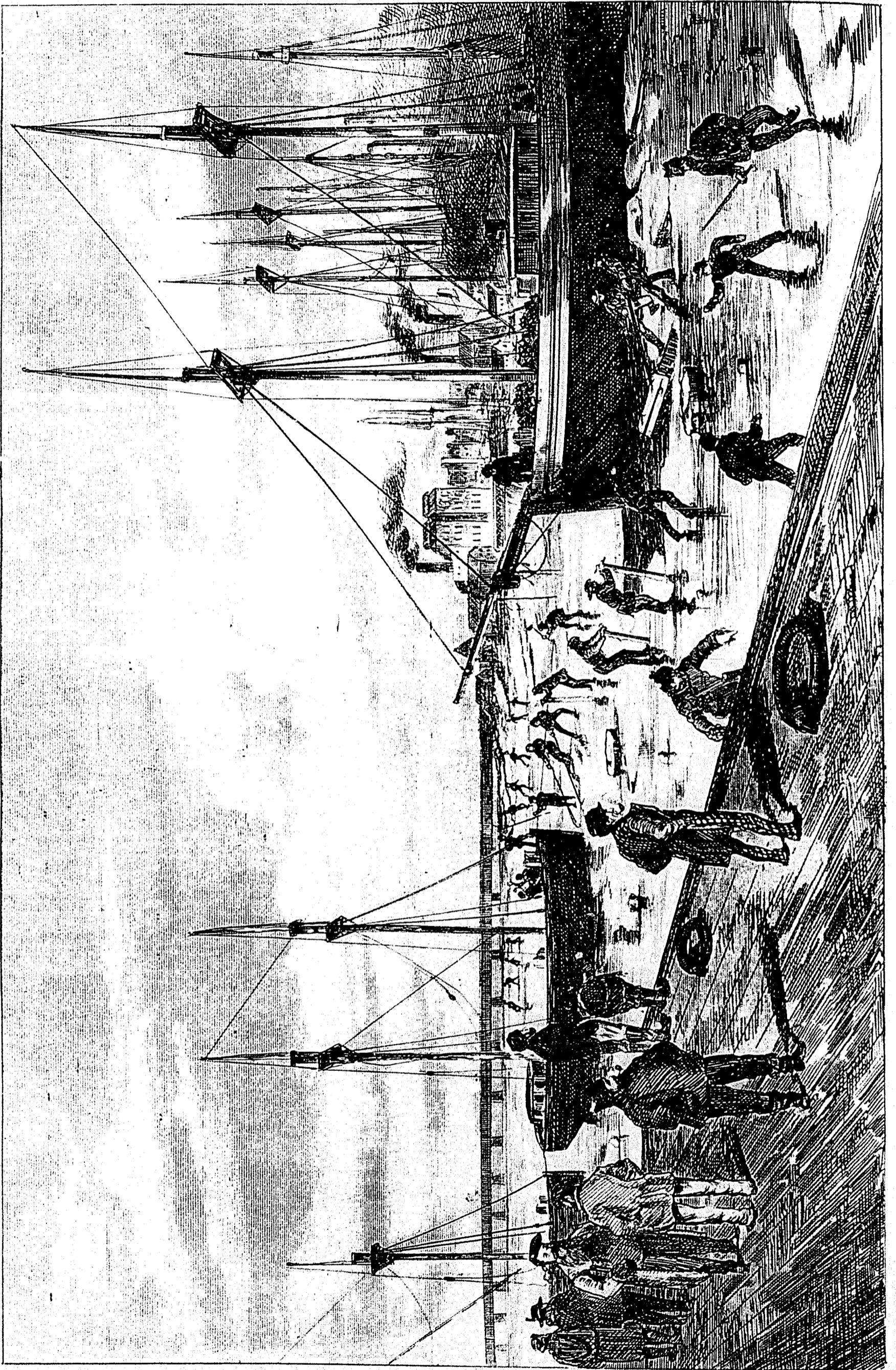
Quinine biscuits have lately been introduced by London bakers. They are small, extremely well made, and have a pleasant and delicately bitter flavour. Each biscuit is estimated to contain one-fourth of a grain of quinine.

A western doctor has expended his ingenuity on the manufacture of a "tape-worm trap." The trap is a little gold capsule, made in two parts, with teeth. When the patient has been starved long enough to make the worm hungry, the trap is baited, fastened to a silk thread, and swallowed. Upon a bite being made, the trap goes off, catches the worm and is hauled up. Every man his own angler this, and no mistake.

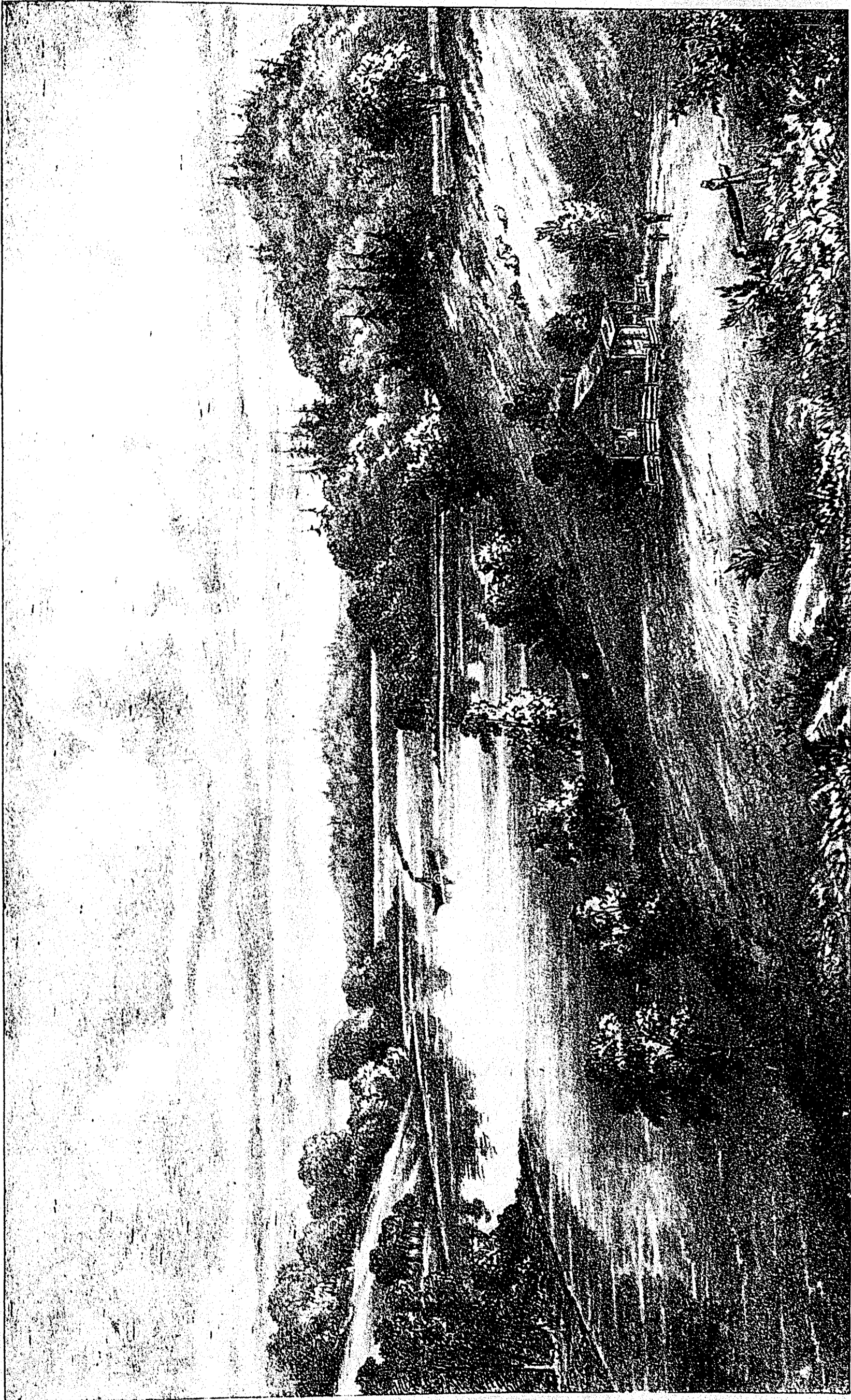
The following advertisement, from the *Port Jarvis Gazette*, is certainly something new:

JOHN STRADER wants four shirts made. Is willing to pay a reasonable price. Mrs. Strader has two in family besides herself, and says she has got no time to make them. Address JOHN STRADER. PORT JARVIS, Nov. 21, 1871.

Sheridan's solicitor calling one day found his wife alone, and walking about in a state of violent excitement. He asked what was the matter. Her only reply was "that her husband was a villain." After some time she added, with some hesitation, "Why, I have discovered that all the love letters he sent me were the very same as those he sent to his first wife."



SCUBBERS IN THE ICE IN MONTREAL HARBOUR.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 397.



ON THE TRENT, NEAR HASTINGS, ONT.—FROM A SKETCH BY REV. M. A. F.—SEE PAGE 391.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

SONNET.

THE DEATH-ANGEL.

He smiles but once, and never smiles in vain.
Whose blow, though lightly, on our household fell.
And stilled her life in silence, without pain,
Who loved us all and was beloved so well.

O Angel of the gloomy brows, and wings
Close-folded, and the many-changing form!
Thou comest to the maiden as she sings,
Thou comest to the sailor in the storm.

To some thou comest from the cannon's mouth—
Some quickly die, some linger out in pain—
Softly to some as breezes from the South,
As on the folded lilies falls the rain.
As creep the shadows from the temple vanes,
As strike the sublimos on the window panes.

M. J. GRIFFIN.

Halifax, Dec., 1871.

ADALBERT OF THE RED HAIR.

THE STORY OF THE EXCURSION WHICH DID NOT COME OFF.

(From the German.)

"ADALBERT! How charming, how select! It is impossible that any one called Adalbert should be a common fellow, and no one can ever reproach him on account of his name. How delightfully, too, it would sound from fair lips—Dear Adalbert! What music is in it! Thanks to my parents for this, at least, that they gave me so fair a name." This is what the young man would sometimes say to himself when he was alone in his garret; and then he would chuckle; but looking round fearfully, lest anybody should hear him besides the pigeons who were pecking about among the chimney tops. He was, on the whole, a well-made young fellow; not tall, but neat in figure; a barber by calling, or, as he rather liked to call himself, an assistant doctor, and adroit in either profession. Only one thing troubled him—he had fiery red hair, and was on that account confined much to his employer's house, being rarely sent out to customers, and still more rarely to persons of gentility; while from those he did wait upon—as, for instance, from the masons and bricklayers who were building the barracks close by, and whose chimneys he shaved every Saturday night—he had to put up with many a rude joke.

It is said that a small trouble will sharpen a man's wits. It may be that his fiery red hair had a similar effect upon our hero Adalbert; at any rate, the prejudices of others made him in a great degree unprejudiced and liberal. "Perhaps," he said sometimes to himself, "when all Europe is a red republic, folks will tolerate even red hair." Having no parents or protectors—for he had been brought up in an orphan-house—he had to bear both the scorn of superiors and the gibes of his comrades as he best could. He was now five-and-twenty; he had learned to regard the prejudice against red hair as a superstition, and as he could not put it down, he compensated himself by despising in his heart the fools who were slaves to it.

Adalbert was economical and temperate, and was careful to maintain a line of conduct that should not dishonour his noble name. He secretly wished that he had a right to be called doctor; and when it happened that he was sent for by poor people to bleed them or dress their cuts and bruises, and they called him "doctor," you might have detected a peculiar glance from his grey eyes.

During one whole winter Adalbert put by every penny he could spare, for he had resolved when next Whitsuntide came he would join in the excursion trip of which he had heard so much talk through the preceding summer. A large company of many hundred persons went by an extra train to Stettin, and from there on board a steambot to the island of Rugen, where they had all sorts of adventures, and sang and danced and feasted and enjoyed themselves merrily. Adalbert had made up his mind to do the same, and that was why he spared and hoarded every penny.

The new year had just begun when Adalbert made the acquaintance of a neighbour, a man well-to-do in the world. He was an apothecary who had no children, and had retired from business to enjoy in old age as much repose as his wife would accord him. In his retirement he made all sorts of experiments with new inventions; and Adalbert was so fortunate as to be allowed to assist in them.

One day in the early spring the apothecary said to the young man, "You are a smart fellow, and clever enough; I wonder you don't care to cure a mere defect of nature that spoils your appearance; there is no question but that you can if you choose turn your red hair into a beautiful permanent brown."

"Can I though?" said Adalbert.

"Of a certainty—and I tell you what: I have discovered the means, and if you choose to make trial on yourself, you shall share the secret, and we will divide the gains it will bring us."

Adalbert was now of opinion that it is ridiculous to attempt to convert the world from a prejudice when you can put an end to the occasion of it. They made an experiment first upon an old grey wig; it succeeded to perfection, and now Adalbert, confident of the result, was all impatience to try it upon himself.

The excursion trip was to be taken in company with the apothecary and his wife. They bought tickets for all three, Adalbert had obtained leave of absence, and on the evening preceding the holiday the mysterious process which would change his red hair to brown was to be accomplished.

Adalbert's head was rubbed all over with the tincture. In order to make sure of the effect, he had to wear a cap formed of a large bladder, containing small pieces of ice. He passed the night at the apothecary's, whom he now began to regard as his future partner in business. He had bought a brand-new suit of clothes—cap, surtout, vest, and pantaloons—all of the same colour, and of course the colour most in fashion; ready upon the table lay a handsome plaid rolled up and strapped, with a handsome buckle, and in the plaid a small case of surgical instruments and a couple of fine shirts. During the night he slept very little, but his waking dreams were worth all the sleep in the world. All sorts of pleasant adventures came in his mind; there was an alarm, a momentary panic, in the midway train, or better still, on board the steamboat; a beautiful lady in blue and white-striped silk, with charming blonde hair, and exquisite hat and feather, fainted away with fright. In a moment Adalbert whips out his lancet, pricks a vein with the tenderest touch imaginable, she opens her eyes,

falls upon his neck, and is his for ever; and happy she may deem herself, united to so handsome a man with such glorious brown hair. But if she should have parents, and they should object? No, she is a young widow, rich and independent; he will no longer be under the necessity of following any profession, he feels that he is born to be a gentleman, and her fortune will be abundant. And why should not all this come to pass? Do we not often hear of such relations occurring suddenly? Why should not fortune be as propitious to him as to others?

The dun dawn of morning broke in upon his dream. Adalbert, naturally impatient, ventured to remove the cap from his head; but the light was so dull he could not distinguish in the glass what colour his hair was; it seemed plain enough, however, that it was no longer red. Fearing to break the charm, he clapped on the ice-cap again, and waited patiently until the apothecary should come. By-and-by the man came in with his wife at his heels. The cap was taken off.

"It serves you right—it serves you quite right!" screamed the old woman. "You've got it now!"

The apothecary stood aghast. Adalbert rushed to the glass, he could see nothing; he wiped his eyes, but he could certainly not see aright. "What horrid vision is that? Can that be hair?" He thrust both hands into the mass of it.

Then he sank down into a chair, as helpless as the fair young widow of his dream, whom he had recalled to life so cleverly.

But again he started up and rushed to the glass. It was true—his hair was green as grass. With a look which said more than language could express, he turned to the apothecary; but the old fellow had by this time recovered his self-possession.

"I have examined the knot," he said, "by which the cap was tied to your head; that is not my knot. It is plain you have taken off the cap in the night, and by so doing you have interrupted the mysterious process of nature. It is the beauty of my invention that it works exactly as nature works—first it produces green, which, if undisturbed, deepens into brown. You have just reaped the fruits of your intermeddling."

And Adalbert had to accept reproof instead of finding sympathy.

The excursion train would start in an hour. What was to be done? The old woman suggested that Adalbert should go home, as she intended to shut up their dwelling; but he wept, and declared that rather than go out such a figure he would ascend to the roof and throw himself off. There was no time for debating the question, and it was at once decided that he should remain in his chamber, and that the wife of the house-porter should wait upon him until they came back.

Adalbert was passive in their hands, and felt like a man who had been condemned to death. He had hardly heard the clatter of the people going off to the train, or the words of the apothecary, who promised to sell his ticket for him for as good a price as it would fetch. The poor fellow had thrown himself in despair on the bed, where, having passed a sleepless night, it is no marvel that he soon slumbered.

It was mid-day as Adalbert awoke—a glorious sunshiny day of spring, the air fragrant with scent of lilacs, and joyous with the sound of bells.

"Ah, they have reached Stettin by this time," he said, bitterly, to himself; "and now they have gone on board, and the music is playing, and the sea-gulls are dancing in the air for sheer gladness, and the lasses on deck are laughing and joking: how delightful it would be to pick out the fairest among them, as I would have done but for this horrible—!" Then a sudden thought struck him, and he got out his bran-new suit and put it on, even to the patent leather boots, and strutted up and down the room as though it was the deck of the steamer, and even now he would have enjoyed himself but for the frightful bladder-cap on his head and the more terrible production which it covered.

The house-porter's wife brought him some food. He said he was in a sad way, which was true. When she was gone he put off his new suit, for he saw that the grass-green drops were falling on it. "Filthy green!" he exclaimed, "I wish there was no such colour in the world. Green hair! was such a thing ever heard of?"

He began to ponder what he should do, but could think of nothing to the purpose; he would remain quiet until the apothecary came back. It was he who had got him into the scrape, and he must get him out of it.

He looked out of the window. Below was the wide courtyard of the large city house, quite deserted on this Whitsuntide afternoon. On the roof, near the leaden gutter, some starlings were flying about, and on a wall below a tom cat, with his whiskers in the air, stalked up and down, and then vanished through a trap-door. Dreary and dead-alive it all looked, with no sign of life save the ringing of bells afar. Poor Adalbert began to wish that he and his green hair were laid quietly within the green earth. But see—there is a sign of life in the house. In the farthest room of the first-floor a blind is drawn up, and it is like a vision of dreamland to the youth when he sees the fair and cheery face of a young maiden, her bright brown hair charmingly arrayed. He watches her as she opens the window. What a lovely hand she has—and see, she seats herself at the window and reads. She must surely have caught a glimpse of Adalbert, for with one upward glance she quits the open window.

"I will on no account disturb you," cried Adalbert down into the empty courtyard. Did she hear his voice as she was shutting the window? He could not tell.

He drew back from the window, and from the rear of his room he could see that the window below was again opened, that the maiden brought some needlework and sat down to sew, singing softly as she worked. He could almost hear the words she sung. "She is a servant, then," he said to himself, "for she sings at her work; people of quality never sing at work, only for the entertainment of company, or as professionals."

As evening drew on, Adalbert thought, "Who knows—fate and fortune play old tricks—perhaps this nice-looking lass is the helpmate destined for me."

She sneezes, and Adalbert calls down from his perch, "Good health to you!" To omit that salutation on hearing even a stranger sneeze is thought rudeness, and almost impiety, among many people. She nodded in return, and he could see by the rising and sinking of the shoulders that she was laughing.

As the twilight grew grey, and the air silent, he could hear her singing more plainly. When she had finished he asked, modestly,—

"Is it permitted to speak with you?"

"What do you want?"

"Oh, nothing."

"You are welcome to as much as you like of that."

Then she left the window, the blind was drawn down, and he was left in darkness and solitude.

When the porter's wife came with his supper Adalbert asked her who was that young lady in the first-floor. She replied that she didn't know. The countess who lived there had gone to the seaside, and had left the house to the care of that young chit; the woman was evidently annoyed that the charge had not been entrusted to her. In her turn, she asked the young man what was the matter with his head, that he kept it tied up in that fashion; he only gave her an evasive answer.

During the night Adalbert was studying the best way of improving his acquaintance with the fair unknown on the morrow. He was on the watch when she opened the window looking so charming in a white morning dress. Before he could say a word she looked up at him, and cried, "Good morning, neighbour."

The words he would have spoken stuck in Adalbert's throat. At last he got out, "Thanks! thank you very much!"

He heard a light laugh. But now the landlord's coachman came into the yard, brought two horses out of the stable, and proceeded to put on their harness. Both Adalbert and the unknown withdrew while this operation was going on, she only returned when the coach drove out of the yard.

"Are you not going to the flower-show?" said the fair apparition.

"I should like to, but I cannot."

"Are you ill?"

"No—yes—that is, not very well."

The maiden again withdrew, and Adalbert saw her a few minutes later walking with the porter's wife in the courtyard. She had a book in her hand, and he imagined that she glanced from behind it up at him, just for an instant, but he was sure.

The imagination of the young fellow now began to run riot in a strange manner. He was here in his solitary chamber—he was away yonder in the Isle of Rugen, along with the excursion party, who were all exceedingly merry together. He read the programme in which the entertainment of every hour were set down. The manager of all was a friend of his, and he had physicked him for nothing two days ago on the express condition that he was to abstain from joking on the subject of red hair. Then he was sitting in church by the side of the fair apparition below. Then he cautiously closed both door and window, ventured once more to take off the frightful cap, and to look again into the mirror.

"Grass-head!" he almost shrieked, as he turned from the terrible sight. Ah, he was very unfortunate.

At midday the pretty lass was again at the window in her handsome blue and white-striped dress. When the porter wife brought Adalbert's dinner she told him she was going into the country, and should not be back again until late in the evening, and asked him to open the door should any of the inmates come home while she was absent, which he promised to do. When the woman was gone he looked out, and there sat the maiden at the window below, reading.

"Do you know," he said, "that we are alone in this gloomy house?"

She did not answer him.

"Does my speaking annoy you?" he asked, hesitatingly.

She looked up from her book and shook her head.

"I should so like to keep company with you if it were not disagreeable to you. I am an assistant doctor."

"I am not ill, and don't want a doctor."

"Perhaps you would lend me a book? I am fond of reading."

"If you will promise to leave me at rest, I will throw down into the court the first volume of the tale I finished yesterday, and you can run down and fetch it."

"You will surely allow me to receive it from your own friendly hand?"

He did not wait for an answer, but scampered down the stairs and rang the first-floor bell. No notice was taken of it. He rang again, this time a gentle appealing tinkle, which seemed to signify that the applicant was sighing sorely for admission. The door was fastened within by a chain, so that it would only open for a space. It opened slowly as far as the chain would allow.

"Here is the book," said she, "and now, I hope, you will be satisfied."

Adalbert sought in his memory for the gentlest and kindest words of courtesy and persuasion, and at last he said, "You know we two form at this moment quite a romance?"

"A romance? we two?"

"Yes. Are we not as though in an enchanted city? I people to whom these houses, and all they contain, below are gone away and have left everything to us; and so let us guard them they are ours, for there is nobody to dispossess our possession."

The maiden laughed, and, as she played with the chain, said, "You have curious fancies in your head."

"In my head," mused Adalbert; "your little guess how goes with my head." And again he urged his pressing quest to be admitted.

The chain slipped noiselessly out of the ring, and the door swung open. "Why do you say," said the maiden, as she led the way down the long gallery—"why do you say: are an assistant doctor when you are only a cook?"

"I a cook?"

"Yes, or why do you wear a cook's cap?"

Adalbert explained that he had had a mishap with his head—that he was really assistant doctor, had passed second examination, and had his certificate to show.

He sat with the lass as she worked at her needle. She was not indeed so fair as she had appeared at a distance, and rather short; but she was really comely and well-figured.

Adalbert related to her his history. He had been brought up in an orphan-house, and he! strange to think of—she had been also brought up in an orphan-house, though several years after him, and in the same institution. They talked together of the teachers and managers, and agreed pretty much in their opinions regarding them; and then they told each other their names, and the maiden's name was no less so than Adalbert's, for she was called Adelaide. She told that she was a hair-dresser, that she had a very good connection, and that the countess, whose dwelling she was now charge of, was her chief patroness.

Hours passed away, they hardly knew how, as they talked of their past lives.

Adelaide said at length it was time for him to go.

thanked him that he had justified the good opinion she had formed of him, in behaving so discreetly and politely. "Do not think me indiscreet," he said, "if I beseech you earnestly that we may meet again." "No; I hope we may meet again when you have recovered from your wound." "Ah, but I am not wounded!" "No? Then what ails you?" "You would not care for me if you knew; you would never speak to me again—you would think me hateful—for—Adelaide—forgive my calling you so—I—I have red hair, fiery red hair!" "And is that all that makes you so miserable?" said she, laughing, and then in a playful humour she suddenly snatched the cap from his head. But she stood aghast. "What is that? Are you bewitched? Who are you? What do you want here? Go away! Go away, I tell you!" Adelaide begged and prayed piteously that she would not drive him away; and as she grew calm he told her all his trouble.

"Grass-green hair!" she ejaculated—"was such a thing ever heard of?" She looked terrified, as if she saw a monster, and turned away from the sight. He besought her pathetically not to cast him out of her presence, but rather to advise and help him. "I will help you," she said at length, while a curious expression stole over her face; "come, I will help you by the exercise of my profession." She made him sit down in a chair; she brought a comb and pair of scissors, and cut off all his hair close to the roots; she laughed heartily during the operation, and, collecting the green hair in a bag, presented him with it for a keepsake. As it was now night they went out into the city together, and returned shortly after with a capital brown peruke, with which Adelaide made off to his own chamber.

Our story has a pleasant ending after all. In one of the principal streets of the city, and near the Grand Hotel, there is a prosperous hairdresser's shop, where our friend Adalbert attends upon his customers. He is the only *friseur* in the capital who sternly discourages the use of hair-dyes. Adelaide has also a good connection among the ladies. Three sons, the fruits of this happy marriage, are now grown up, but only one of them, who is an engineer, has red hair. The eldest born, who has entered the church, preached his first sermon on Whit-Sunday last, and no one was so much impressed under it as good Father Adalbert with the now grizzled locks. As he came out of church with his wife and sons, he said to her, "My dear, it is five-and-twenty years this Whitsuntide since I met my good fortune through not going with the excursion train."

KARL MARX.

(Condensed from the Paris Illustration.)

For some time past much has been heard of the International Society, and of its leader and founder, Karl Marx. The information given in this article respecting that mysterious personage is the result of well directed research, and may be received as authentic.

There exist at the present time in the Revolutionary party two distinct and separate schools—the doctrinal and the scientific school. The first of these counts in its ranks all those who attach themselves to the old revolutionary tradition, and who receive their watchwords from the men of 1789, '92, or '93. The second school refuses to acknowledge the past; it seeks the secret of the future condition of society in experiment alone; it is based scientifically upon the study of the human constitution, upon anatomy, sociology and anthropology. It aims at formulating individual law upon the examination of individual organs, and public and international laws after the characters of the human races. The heads of the doctrinal school are such men as Cabot, Proudhon, Stuart Mill, and Louis Blanc. The second school takes as its starting point the works of Buckner, Darwin, and others of the same stamp, together with the discoveries of medical philosophy. To this latter class belongs Doctor Karl Marx.

After a troubled existence of over fifty years, Dr. Marx now has his headquarters in Camden Town, a northern suburb of London the great. In appearance he is a gentle, kindly-looking man, with an immense forehead, overhung with venerable grey locks—anything but the sanguinary ruffian that he has been depicted.

Karl Marx was born in the year 1818. He studied law first at the University of Bonn, and subsequently at Berlin. Later on he abandoned his legal studies and devoted himself to history and philosophy, of both of which faculties he occupied the chair at Bonn. On the death of William III. in 1841, and the outbreak of the political movement he threw aside his professor's gown, and embraced the journalist's career. The chiefs of the liberal movement had just established at Cologne an organ of their peculiar doctrines, the *Rheinische Zeitung*, of which Marx assumed the editorship. In this capacity he distinguished himself by his bitter attacks upon the Government, the effect of which was to bring down upon the proprietors of the paper the vengeance of the authorities.

In 1843 the *Zeitung* was suspended and Marx, driven from his own country, was compelled to seek refuge in Paris. Here, in conjunction with other leading liberals he published several works in defence of the tenets of liberalism. In 1846, in consequence of the representations of the Prussian Government, he was compelled to leave France. He now made his home at Brussels, and there continued his work of political agitation. In 1848 he published his celebrated "Manifesto of the Communistic Party," which had been adopted by an International Congress of Workingmen held in London the year before. On the appearance of this work he received notice to quit Belgium, and once more sought refuge in France.

On the breaking out of the revolution in Germany in 1848, Marx returned to Cologne, where he founded the *New Rheinische Zeitung*, or New Rhenish Gazette, in the columns of which he supported the cause of insurrection. In the autumn of 1848, when the Prussian Government made the celebrated *coup-d'état*, and suspended the National Assembly, Marx made an appeal to the people to organise a general repudiation of the taxes and to repulse force by force. The result was that Cologne was declared in a state of siege, the *New Gazette* was suspended, and the editor was politely "invited" to relieve German territory of his presence. But Marx was not to be discouraged.

Immediately after the city was declared to be no longer in a state of siege, he recommenced the struggle. A new weapon was then employed. One indictment after another was filed against him—in vain, the juries invariably pronounced his acquittal. Finally he was formally expelled from Prussia in the spring of 1849, and for the third time fixed his home in Paris.

In Paris, however, he was not allowed to remain in peace. A few weeks after the insurrection of June, 1849, the French Government, in consequence of a representation made by the Prussian Ambassador, offered him the alternative of leaving France, or remaining interned in the department of Morbihan under surveillance. Marx thereupon left the country, and went to London, where he has remained ever since. During the first years spent in the English capital Marx kept himself entirely aloof from politics. At that time he was English correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, to which he contributed, in addition to his ordinary correspondence, several leading articles on the democratic movement in Europe and Asia.

On the 28th of September, 1864, was founded, at a meeting held at the St. James' Hall in London, the International Workingmen's Association. Marx, who had already on two occasions endeavoured to form a similar association, was elected a member of the Provisional Council, and was entrusted with the work of drawing up the inaugural address and the General Statutes adopted by the Geneva Congress of 1866.

The doctrine taught by Karl Marx differs from the system of other socialistic leaders in two principal points. In the first place he rejects all doctrinal conceptions and deductions, and endeavours to demonstrate that Society, in its actual condition, possesses in itself the germs of a new state of society; that this new state is being daily worked out by means of the struggles between the classes; and that these classes, after having, in accordance with the laws of historical fatality, passed under the temporary dictature of the working-classes, will be finally merged in one great association of free producers, based on the system of collective proprietorship of land and of working tools and material. In the second place he teaches the international character of this struggle of the classes and of the social transformation it will bring about. It is in fact no new doctrine, but rather a new edition of Fourierism, with the addition of the Darwinian theory applied to politics.

As an author Marx has achieved considerable success. His works are extremely numerous, and all written in the cause of the doctrine of which their author is the champion.

In 1844, in conjunction with Dr. Ruge, he published in Paris the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*, (Franco-German Annals), the sale of which was prohibited in Germany; and the following year, with Engels, he printed the *Heilige Familie*, or Holy Family. The object of the Annals was to effect a combination of the two movements taking place simultaneously in France and Germany. The other work was a satire upon German Idealism, for which Marx proposed to substitute what he calls "Historical Realism." In 1846 he published at Brussels a Discourse on Free Trade, the Misery of Philosophy, an Answer to Proudhon's Philosophy of Misery—all in French; and, in German, the Communistic Manifesto already mentioned. After the *coup-d'état* of December, 1851, Marx published at Boston, in German, Louis Napoleon's 18th of Brumaire, which was reprinted in Germany a few weeks before the breaking out of the last war. In 1853 appeared some Revelations respecting the Trial of the Communists at Cologne, a philippic against the Prussian Government and the German commonalty. In 1859 he published at Berlin the *Zur Kritik der Politischen Ökonomie*—Contributions to the Criticism of Political Economy; and in 1860, in London, *Herr Vogt*, a work in which he ridicules the imperialist pseudo-democracy, and accuses Professor Vogt, the great German anthropologist, and his confrères of the German press, of having sold themselves to the "Man of December" at the time of the Italian war. His last work, of which only the first volume has as yet appeared, is *Das Kapital. Kritik der Politischen Ökonomie*—Capital, a Critique on Political Economy.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.

This illustration, which speaks sufficiently for itself, is after a sketch made on the spot by a gentleman who was an eye-witness of many of the dreadful scenes in the terrible calamity that laid low the metropolis of the west.

FIGHT WITH A SWAN.—A correspondent of *Land and Water* gives in that paper an interesting account of an engagement with a swan. He says:—I have had a tremendous fight with a swan near my friend Mr. Woodin's estate of Bridley Manor, from which my arms are still aching and my hands smarting with the friction of a spinning-line. It came about in this way:—Mr. Baxendale, of Warpleston, desiring to arrest a deserter from his lake, and bring the fellow off a mill-head to which it had attached itself, sent two men, some boys, and a couple of strong dogs to effect its capture. When I, Mr. Woodin, and the keeper got upon the scene of action, we found the party fairly beaten, the dogs useless, and the swan still enjoying its liberty. We had intended to fish this water, but after such chivying, such stone-throwing, and such shouting, this was out of the question, and I volunteered to bring the truant swan to bank *secundum artem*. So rigging up a good-sized spinning-rod after a cast or two I got fairly into the upper part of one of the wings. Then ensued a scene I shall never forget. The bird at first treated the indignity with superb contempt, but in a few minutes feeling the insult that was offered to it, it reared up most majestically in the water and lashed the lake all around into a cream-like foam. Finding this his rage impotent, it darted off for full thirty yards, but as I kept the strain upon the one wing it could not mount up in the air, but dashed along at a furious pace, using its disengaged wing as a paddle. How that beggar pulled! No salmon ever held so concentrated a hold; and, as my standpoint was not in a boat, but between two pollard willows, I could not follow my gentleman, and knew, if I gave him more than a certain quantity of line, he would get me round something or other and give me the go-by. How the fellow did hiss! Yet there was a nobility in his rage, and even a dignity and grace in his struggles, but all to no purpose. I had him so well in hand that from the first I knew my tackle must go before he got away, and such tackle was not the stuff to play me false. Several times I had the crea-

ture within gaffing length, but our purpose was not to hurt it more than we could help, and as it was not altogether safe to intrust one's arms within striking distance of its pinions, I suggested that a running noose of wire should be improvised, and thus fastened at the end of a pole, its neck might be so secured as to render the creature captive. This was not, however, so easy a task, for, as in the case of the dogs it had outwitted (clever as the canine hunters were, and acting together as of one mind), the swan obviously anticipated the man's intention, and for some time dodged the noose by an adroit movement on one side, or ducking its head under water at the critical moment. At length, however, the fatal knot was slipped over the beautiful creature's head, when it was ignominiously dragged to land, its wings secured with gyves, the hooks cut from its lacerated wing, and after an engagement of upwards of one hour in all, was carried in triumph back to its old quarters. The fight was witnessed by many from the village who were drawn forth to the scene of action by the shouts of the men, the hollering of the boys, the barking of the dogs, and the no less exciting cheers of the gentlemen present, who could not but admire and express their admiration at the several wily tricks of the swan, who seemed to be fully equal to the occasion when rapidity of movement and any dexterous artifice was necessary to regain its liberty when capture appeared inevitable.

NILSSON'S AGED LOVER.—A New York paper says:—Justice Scott was yesterday called upon to adjudicate in a singular case, the memory of which will remain with him as long as he lives. The complainant is none other than Christina Nilsson, the renowned songstress, and the defendant one Charles Theodore Busch, a German musician of three score, whose heart had been pierced with Cupid's shafts until his aged head had turned. Mlle. Nilsson's complaint against the senile lover was preferred in low, sweet tones that thrilled the blushing justice, and filled the Essex Market court room with music.

"He annoys me much, your Honour," said the silver-voiced queen of song. "He follows me everywhere. If I walk in the street, he is at my side; if I enter a door he is with me. He foolishly believes that he loves me, and that I am essential to his happiness. Please tell him to give me peace."

While Mlle. Nilsson was thus pleading, poor love-lorn Busch's eyes followed every movement of her lips, and his ears drank in every sound of her mellifluous voice. Edging nearer and nearer to his fair enslaver he seized the corner of her fur cape, and bearing it hurriedly to his lips, kissed it repeatedly in the ecstasy of his adoration.

"He says, your Honour," continued the fair complainant, blushing, "that I must marry him." "You shall not be troubled by him again, Mademoiselle," said the justice, with a smile. "Mr. Busch, I shall require you to give bonds in \$500 to keep the peace toward this lady for six months."

It is said that the ardent Busch not only followed Mlle. Nilsson and annoyed her with silly speeches, but that on one occasion he actually stole a kiss from her rosy lips. He had previously gone so far as to introduce himself into her private apartments, from which the servants promptly ejected him. The kiss was taken yesterday morning. Mlle. Nilsson lost no time in securing the services of Officer Doran, who took Busch into custody, and carried him before the justice.

SEE THE RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE.

It possesses advantages over all others which render it a great favourite. Sold by Agents everywhere.

ALFRED BROWN, 69, SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA. Also Agent for MADAME DEMOREL'S celebrated patterns for Ladies and Children's Garments. 4-24 e ALFRED BROWN.

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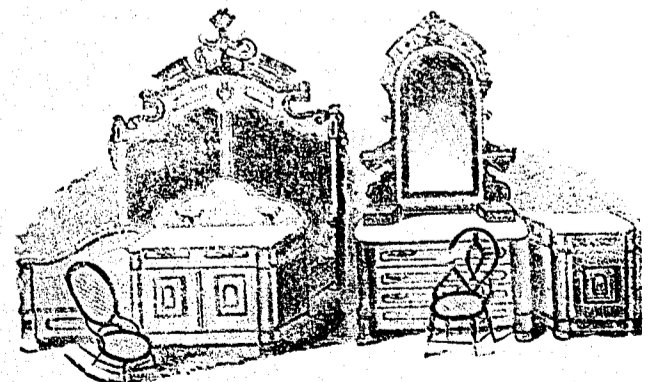
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—AND— TOYS.

There is no spot in the city so cheap as the West End 50 cents, and One Dollar Store, oppo to Redollet House.

N. B.—NEW NOVELTIES receiving Weekly for the Holidays. Come and see. 4-22 d

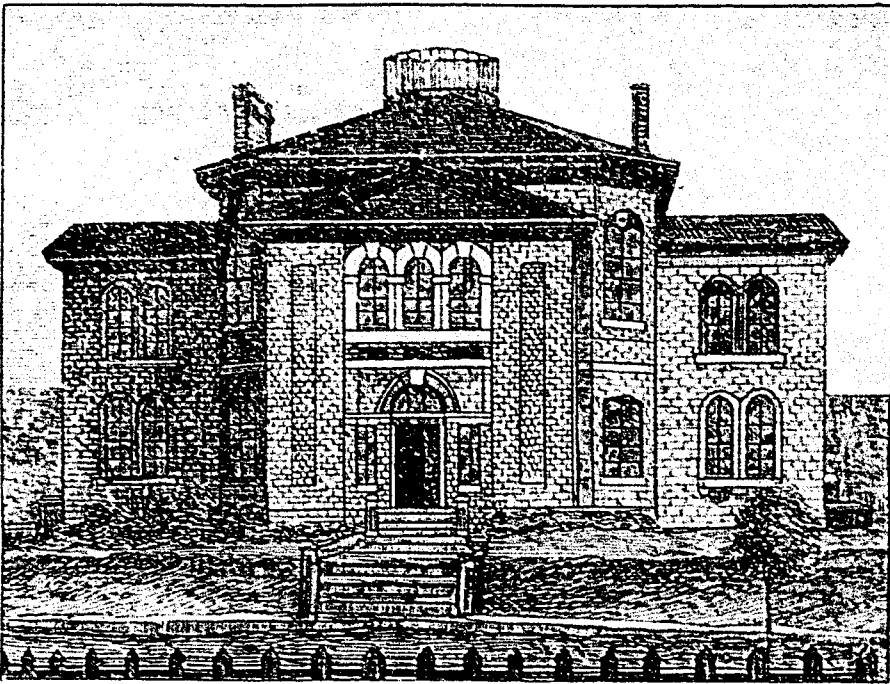
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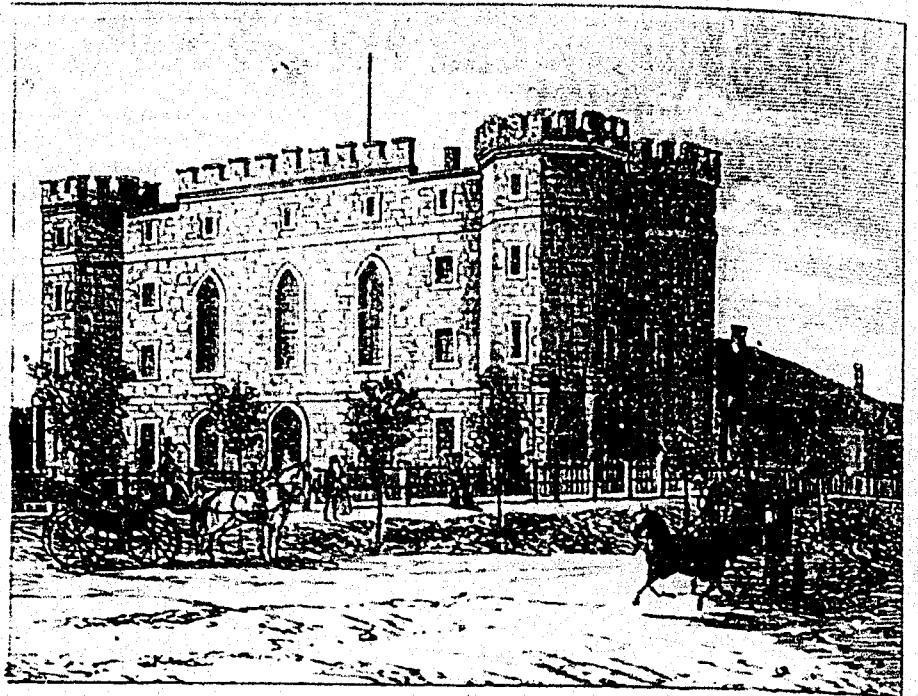
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A large Assortment of FURNITURE in all its varieties and of the Latest Styles.

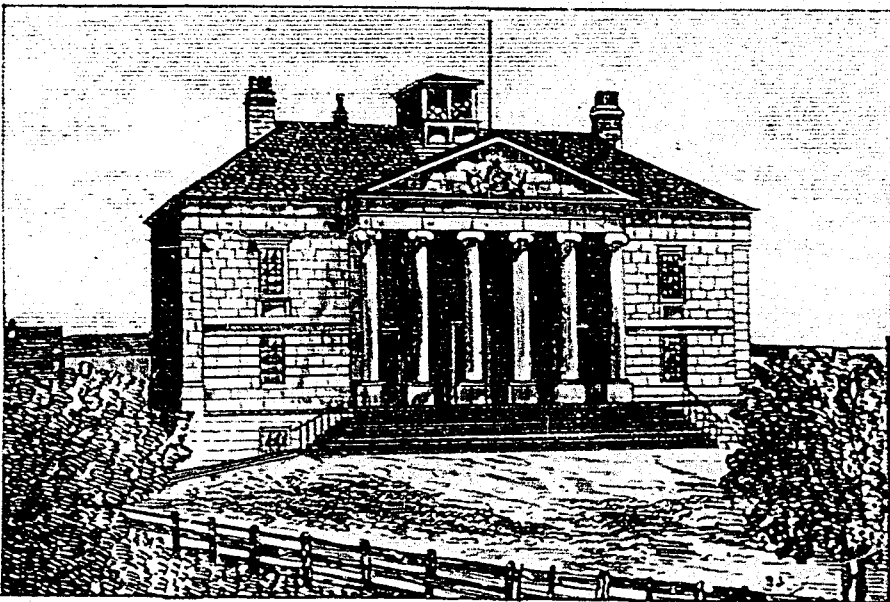
PIMATRASSES, LLOWS, FANCY BRACKETS, &c., &c. 4-3h



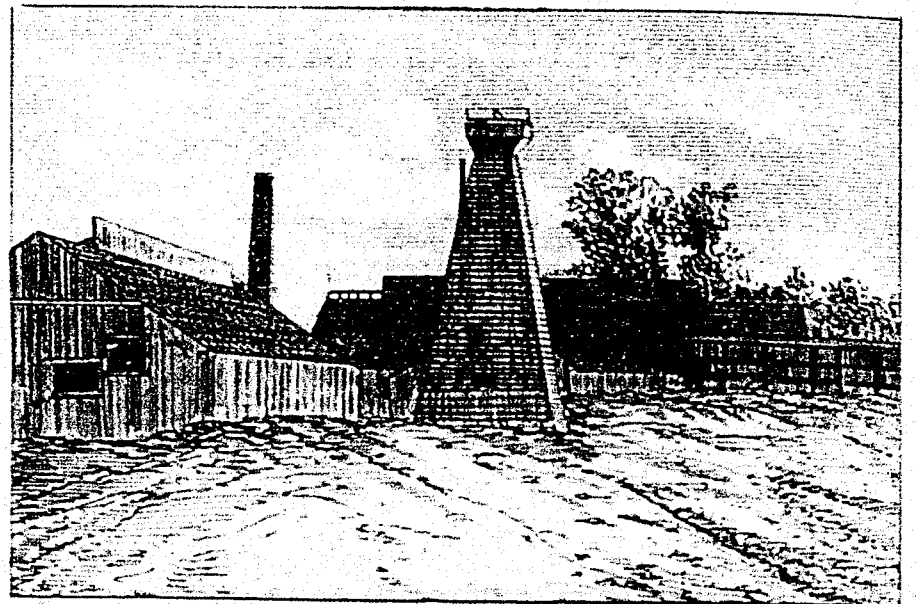
COURT HOUSE, WALKERTON, ONT.—SEE PAGE 391.



COURT HOUSE, LONDON, ONT.—SEE PAGE 391.



COLONIAL BUILDINGS, ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—SEE PAGE 391.



SALT WORKS, SEAFORTH, ONT.—SEE PAGE 391.



THE POET AND HIS AUDIENCE.



ON THE SLY!

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1858.)

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.—Continued.

When we had parted for the night, my brains began to go about, and the centre of their gyration was not Mary now, but Clara. What could have induced her to play me false? All my vanity, of which I had enough, was insufficient to persuade me that it could be out of revenge for the gradual diminution of my attentions to her. She had seen me pay none to Mary. I thought, except she had caught a glimpse from the next room of the little passage of the ring, and that I did not believe. Neither did I believe she had ever cared enough about me to be jealous of whatever attentions I might pay to another. But in all my conjectures, I had to confess myself utterly foiled. I could imagine no motive. Two possibilities alone, both equally improbable, suggested themselves—the one, that she did it for pure love of mischief, which, false as she was to me, I could not believe; the other, which likewise I rejected, that she wanted to ingratiate herself with Brotherton. I had still, however, scarcely a doubt that she had laid the sword on my bed. Trying to imagine a connection between this possible action and Mary's mistake, I built up a conjectural form of conjectural facts to this effect—that Mary had seen her go into my room; had taken it for the room she was to share with her, and had followed her either at once—in which case I supposed Clara to have gone out by the stair to the roof to avoid being seen—or afterwards, from some accident, without a light in her hand. But I do not care to set down more of my speculations, for none concerning this either were satisfactory to myself, and I remain almost as much in the dark to this day. In any case the fear remained that Clara must be ever on the borders of the discovery of Mary's secret, if indeed she did not know it already, which was a dreadful thought—more especially as I could place no confidence in her. I was glad to think, however, that they were to be parted so soon, and I had little fear of any correspondence between them.

The next morning Charley set out to way-lay them at a certain point on their homeward journey. I did not propose to accompany him. I preferred having him speak for me first, not knowing how much they might have heard to my discredit, for it was in all probability the matter had been kept from them. After he had started, however, I could not rest, and for pure restlessness sent Styles to fetch my mare. The loss of my sword was a trifle to me now, but the proximity of the place where I should henceforth be regarded as what I hardly dared to realize, was almost unendurable. As if I had actually been guilty of what was laid to my charge, I longed to hide myself in some impenetrable depth, and kept looking out impatiently for Styles' return. At length I caught sight of my Lilith's head rising white from the hollow in which the farm lay, and ran up to my room to make a little change in my attire. Just as I snatched my riding-whip from a hook by the window, I spied a horseman approaching from the direction of the park gates. Once more it was Mr. Coningham, riding hitherward from the windy trees. In no degree inclined to meet him, I hurried down the stair, and arriving at the very moment Styles drew up, sprung into the saddle, and would have galloped off in the opposite direction, confident that no horse of Mr. Coningham's could overtake my Lilith. But the moment I was in the saddle, I remembered there was a pile of books on the window-sill of my uncle's room, belonging to the library at the Hall, and I stopped a moment to give Styles the direction to take them home at once, and, having asked a word of Miss Pease, to request her, with my kind regards, to see them safely deposited amongst the rest. In consequence of this delay, just as I set off at full speed from the door, Mr. Coningham rode round the corner of the house.

"What a devil of a hurry you are in, Mr. Cumbermede!" he cried. "I was just coming to see you. Can't you spare me a word?"

I was forced to pull up, and reply as civilly as might be.

"I am only going for a ride," I said, "and will go part of your way with you if you like."

"Thank you. That will suit me admirably. I am going Gastford way. Have you ever been there?"

"No," I answered. "I have only just heard the name of the village."

"It is a pretty place. But there's the oddest old church you ever saw, within a couple of miles of it—alone in the middle of a forest—or at least it was a forest not long ago. It is mostly young trees now. There isn't a house within a mile of it, and the nearest stands as lonely as the church—quite a place to suit the fancy of a poet like you! Come along and

see it. You may as well go one way as another, if you only want a ride."

"How far is it?" I asked.

"Only seven or eight miles across country; I can take you all the way through lanes and fields."

Perplexed or angry I was always disinclined for speech; and it was only after things had arranged themselves in my mind, or I had mastered my indignation, that I would begin to feel communicative. But something prudential inside warned me that I could not afford to lose any friend I had; and although I was not prepared to confide my wrongs to Mr. Coningham, I felt I might some day be glad of his counsel.

CHAPTER XLV.

CUMBERDEN CHURCH.

My companion chatted away, lauded my mare, asked if I had seen Clara lately, and how the library was going on. I answered him carelessly, without even a hint at my troubles.



"He put his hand beneath it, and drew out a great rusty key."

"You seem out of spirits, Mr. Cumbermede. You've been taking too little exercise. Let's have a canter. It will do you good. Here's a nice bit of sward."

I was only too ready to embrace the excuse for dropping a conversation towards which I was unable to contribute my share.

Having reached a small roadside inn, we gave our horses a little refreshment; after which, crossing a field or two by jumping the stiles, we entered the loveliest lane I had ever seen. It was so narrow that there was just room for horses to pass each other, and covered with the greenest sward rarely trodden. It ran through the midst of a wilderness of tall hazels. They stood up on both sides of it, straight and trim as walls, high above our heads as we sat on our horses; and the lane was so serpentine, that we could never see further than a few yards ahead; while, towards the end, it kept turning so much in one direction that we seemed to be following the circumference of a little circle. It ceased at length at a small double-leaved gate of iron, to which we tied our horses before entering the churchyard. But instead of a neat burial place, which the whole approach would have given us to expect, we found a desert. The grass was of extraordinary coarseness, and mingled with quantities of vile-looking weeds. Several of the graves had not even a spot of green upon them, but were mere heaps of yellow earth in huge lumps, mixed with large stones. There was not above a score of graves

in the whole place, two or three of which only had gravestones on them. One lay open with the rough yellow lumps all about it, and completed the desolation. The church was nearly square—small, and shapeless, with but four latticed windows, two on one side, one on the other, and the fourth in the east end. It was built partly of bricks and partly of flint stones, the walls bowed and bent, and the roof waved and broken. Its old age had gathered none of the graces of age to soften its natural ugliness, or elevate its insignificance. Except a few lichens, there was not a mark of vegetation about it. Not a single ivy leaf grew on its spotted and wasted walls. It gave a hopeless, pagan expression to the whole landscape—for it stood on a rising ground from which we had an extensive prospect of height and hollow, cornfield and pasture and wood, away to the dim blue horizon.

"You don't find it enlivening, do you—eh?" said my companion.

"I never saw such a frightfully desolate spot," I said, "to have yet the appearance of a place of Christian worship. It looks as if there were a curse upon it. Are all those the

"It answered for a bait, at all events. You've had a good long ride, which was the best thing for you. Look what a wretched little vestry that is!"

It was but a corner of the east end, divided off by a faded red curtain.

"I suppose they keep a parish register here," he said. "Let's have a look."

Behind the curtain hung a dirty surplice and a gown. In the corner stood a desk like the schoolmaster's in a village school. There was a shelf with a few vellum-bound books on it, and nothing else, not even a chair, in the place.

"Yes; there they are!" he said, as he looked down one of the volumes from the shelf. "This one comes to a close in the middle of the last century. I dare say there is something in this now that would be interesting enough to somebody. Who knows how many properties it might make change hands?"

"Not many, I should think. Those matters are pretty well seen to now."

"By some one or other—not always the rightful heirs. Life is full of the strangest facts, Mr. Cumbermede. If I were a novelist now, like you, my experience would make me dare a good deal more in the way of invention than any novelist I happen to have read. Look there, for instance!"

He pointed to the top of the last page, or, rather, the last half of the cover. I read as follows:—

"MARRIAGES, 1748.

"Mr. Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll, of the Parish of ———, second son of Sir Richard Daryll, of Moldwarp Hall, in the County of ———, and Mistress Elizabeth Woodruffe were married by a license, Jan. 15."

"I don't know the name of Daryll," I said.

"It was your own great-grandfather's name," he returned. "I happen to know that much."

"You knew this was here, Mr. Coningham," I said. "That is why you brought me."

"You are right. I did know it. Was I wrong in thinking it would interest you?"

"Certainly not. I am obliged to you. But why this mystery? Why not have told me what you wanted me to go for?"

"I will why you in turn. Why should I have wanted to show you now more than any other time what I have known for as many years almost as you have lived? You spoke of a ride—why shouldn't I give a direction to it that might pay you for your trouble? And why shouldn't I have a little amusement out of it if I pleased? Why shouldn't I enjoy your surprise at finding in a place you had hardly heard of and would certainly count most uninteresting, the record of a fact that concerned your own existence so nearly? There!"

"I confess it interests me more than you will easily think—inasmuch as it seems to offer to account for things that have greatly puzzled me for some time. I have of late met with several hints of a connection at one time or other between the Moat and the Hall, but these hints were so isolated that I could weave no theory to connect them. Now I dare say they will clear themselves up."

"Not a doubt of that, if you set about it in earnest."

"How did he come to drop his surname?"

"That has to be accounted for."

"It follows—does it not—that I am of the same blood as the present possessors of Moldwarp Hall?"

"You are—but the relation is not a close one," said Mr. Coningham. "Sir Giles was but distantly related to the stock of which you come."

"Then—but I must turn it over in my mind. I am rather in a maze."

"You have got some papers at the Moat?" he said—interrogatively.

"Yes; my friend Osborne has been looking over them. He found out this much—that there was some connection between the Moat and the Hall, but at a far earlier date than this points to, or any of the hints to which I just now referred. The other day when I dined at Sir Giles's, Mr. Alderforge said that Cumbermede was a name belonging to Sir Giles's ancestry—or something to that effect; but that again could have nothing to do with these papers, or with the Moat at all."

Here I stopped, for I could not bring myself to refer to the sword. It was not merely that the subject was too painful; of all things, I did not want to be cross-questioned by my lawyer-companion.

"It is not amongst those you will find anything of importance, I suspect. Did your great-grandmother—the same, no doubt, whose marriage is here registered—have no letters or papers behind her?"

"I've come upon a few letters. I don't know if there is anything more."

"You haven't read them, apparently."

"I have not. I've been always going to read them, but I haven't opened one of them yet."

"Then I recommend you—that is, if you care for an interesting piece of family history—to read those letters carefully, that is constructively."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—putting two and two together, and seeing what comes of it; trying to make everything fit into one, you know."

"Yes. I understand you. But how do you happen to know that those letters contain a history, or that it will prove interesting when I have found it?"

"All family history ought to be interesting—at least to the last of his race," he returned, replying only to the latter half of my question. It must, for one thing, make him feel his duty to his ancestors more strongly."

"His duty to marry, I suppose you mean?" I said, with some inward bitterness. "But to tell the truth, I don't think the inheritance worth it in my case."

"It might be better," he said, with an expression which seemed odd beside the simplicity of the words.

"Ah! you think then to urge me to make money; and for the sake of my dead ancestors increase the inheritance of those that may come after me? But I believe I am already as diligent as is good for me—that is in the main, for I have been losing time of late."

"I meant no such thing, Mr. Cumberland. I should be very doubtful whether any amount of success in literature would enable you to restore the fortunes of your family."

"Were they so very ponderous, do you think? But in truth I have little ambition of that sort. All I will readily confess to is a strong desire not to shirk what work falls to my share in the world."

"Yes," he said, in a thoughtful manner—"if one only knew what his share of the work was."

The remark was unexpected, and I began to feel a little more interest in him.

"Hadn't you better take a copy of that entry?" he said.

"Yes—perhaps I had. But I have no materials."

It did not strike me that attorneys do not usually, like excisemen, carry about an ink-bottle, when he drew one from the breast-pocket of his coat, along with a folded sheet of writing-paper, which he opened and spread out on the desk. I took the pen he offered me, and copied the entry.

When I had finished, he said—"Leave room under it for the attestation of the parson. We can get that another time, if necessary. Then write, 'Copied by me'—and then your name and the date. It may be useful some time. Take it home and lay it with your grandmother's papers."

"There can be no harm in that," I said, as I folded it up, and put it in my pocket. "I am greatly obliged to you for bringing me here, Mr. Coningham. Though I am not ambitious of restoring the family to a grandeur of which every record has departed, I am quite sufficiently interested in its history, and shall consequently take care of this document."

"Mind you read your grandmother's papers, though," he said.

"I will," I answered. He replaced the volume on the shelf, and we left the church; he locked the door and replaced the key under the gravestone; we mounted our horses, and after riding with me about half the way to the Moat, he took his leave at a point where our roads diverged. I resolved to devote that very evening, partly in the hope of distracting my thoughts, to the reading of my grandmother's letters.

(To be Continued.)



NOTICE. CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

OTTAWA, 6th November, 1871.

NOTICE is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor-General, by an Order in Council, bearing date the 30th of October last, and under the authority vested in him by the 3rd Section of the 34th Victoria, Cap. 10, has been pleased to order and direct that the following article be transferred to the list of goods which may be imported into Canada free of duty, viz.: "Unmanufactured Ivory."

By Command, R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

IN the matter of JOHN MORRIS, the younger, of the City and District of Montreal, Publishing Agent and Trader, carrying on business as such, alone, there, under the name and style of "M. W. Avery & Company," as well individually as having been a partner with Myron W. Avery, trading together in Montreal aforesaid, as Advertising Agents, under the said name and firm of M. W. Avery & Company,

The Insolvent has made an Assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the place of business of the Insolvent, No. 243 St. James Street, in the city of Montreal, on Tuesday the twenty-sixth day of December instant, at three o'clock in the afternoon, to receive statements of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee.

A. B. STEWART, Interim Assignee. 4-25-b



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

MONDAY, 6th day of November, 1871.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Honourable the Minister of Customs and under the authority of the Act 31 Vic., Cap. 6, Sec. 4, entitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that from and after the date thereof, the following articles when imported into Canada, or taken out of Warehouses for consumption therein—that is to say: Spirits and Strong Waters mixed with any ingredient or ingredients, and although thereby coming under the denomination of Proprietary Medicines, Tinctures, Essences, Extracts, or any other denomination, shall be, and they are hereby declared to be chargeable with the duty imposed by the 3rd section of the Act 33 Vic., cap. 9, and with no other Customs duty.

4-25-c W. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

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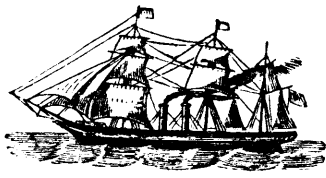
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ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of

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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 with columns: Vessels, Tonnage, Commanders. Lists ships like POLYNESIAN, SARMATIAN, CIRCASSIAN, etc.

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.

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are intended to sail between the Clyde and Portland at intervals during the season of winter navigation.

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THE DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE,

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

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

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

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. Graduates on leaving the Institute are presented with a diploma of proficiency, which will enable them to act immediately as vacancies occur throughout the Dominion of Canada and the United States. At first salaries of \$30 a month may be secured; after two years' experience on the lines, from \$50 to \$80 a month can be commanded; while in the United States from \$100 to \$120 per month are paid.

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

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

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

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

Montreal, June, 1871.

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"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, by Geo. E. Desbarats.

Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an., Single Numbers, 10 cents. Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices.

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254, ST. JAMES STREET,
Two doors West Ottawa Hotel,
MONTREAL, Nov. 19th, 1871.

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JOHN B. BUSS.

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See name on Label 4-15 frv

CANADA CENTRAL

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 1:49 P.M.

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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 5:20 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.

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Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given.

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RESIDENCE:—No. 315 St. Lawrence Main Street.
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4-15 m

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OFFICE OF THE
"CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,"
MONTREAL, 10th July, 1871.

MY FRIENDS and the **PUBLIC** are hereby requested to take notice that although Mr. W. ROBERTS carries on his business under the name of ROBERTS, REINHOLD & CO., I have no connection with his firm, and have had none whatever for more than two years. I take this occasion to state that I am in the Establishment of MESSRS. LEGGO & CO., and I hereby solicit for their firm the patronage of those who, being acquainted with me, have confidence in my ability.
(Signed.)
4-21 R. REINHOLD.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
OTTAWA, 10th Nov., 1871.
Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 10 per cent.
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.



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

Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at.....	7:00 a. m.
Day Mail Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations, at.....	2:00 p. m.
Night Mail Train for Quebec, Island Pond, Portland, and Boston, at.....	10:30 p. m.
Express for Boston via Vermont Central, at 9:00 a. m.	
Mail Train for St. John and Rouse's Point, connecting with trains on the Stanstead, Shefford and Chambly, and South-Eastern Counties Junction Railways, and with Steamboats on Lake Champlain, at.....	3:00 p. m.
Express train for Boston, New York, &c., via Vermont Central, at.....	3:30 p. m.
Day Express for Toronto and intermediate stations, at.....	8:00 a. m.
Night Express do., do., at 8:00 p. m.	
Local Train for Brockville and intermediate stations, at.....	4:00 p. m.
Accommodation train for Kingston and intermediate stations, at.....	6:00 a. m.

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C. J. BRYDGES,
Managing Director.
Montreal, October 26. 3-24-tf

THE Canadian Illustrated News PORTFOLIO, (FOR 1872.)

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

ILLUSTRATED DOMINION GUIDE

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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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

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

Each page will be divided lengthwise into three sections, the central one being occupied by the **DESCRIPTIVE AND ILLUSTRATED GUIDE**, and the sides arranged in squares of Ten Superficial inches for Advertisements. The charge for each square will be \$2 for one year, payable on demand after publication of the Work.

Advertisers will secure a large amount of publicity, as each advertisement will be kept before the eyes of the really wealthy American, Canadian and British Travelling Public for a period of Twelve Months. Advertisements must be sent in not later than Nov. 15th if illustrated, or Dec. 1st if in plain type, as the work will be issued early in January. For spaces apply to

GEO. E. DESBARATS,
Proprietor.

OFFICE OF THE
Canadian Illustrated News,
Montreal, Canada. 4-18 tf



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EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE
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and in that of His Excellency
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 1871

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BARTON & GUESTIER'S,
AND
NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S
CLARETS,
SAUTERNES, BARSAC,
&c., &c.,
OF ALL GRADES.
REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER
AT
C. J. BAIRD'S,
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LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!

GO! THE GO!
Brilliant Burning Fluid, Non-Explosive, Inodorous, and so Smelling Chimneys.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.
G. T. M. ORR,
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THE COOK'S FRIEND

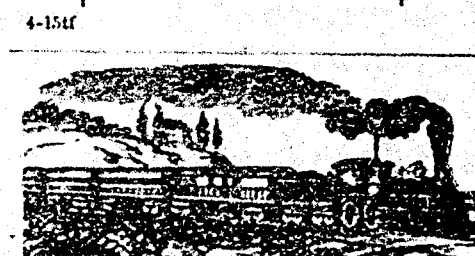
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FIRST PRIZE SCALE MANUFACTURER.
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ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

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

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R. LUTTRELL,
Superintendent, Prescott,
Ottawa, 26th Oct., 1871. 4-41-1

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BLACKSMITH'S COAL.
GRATE COAL.
J. & E. SHAW,
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4-13-m
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