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Wholesale News

Vol. V.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1872.

(SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.)

THE DOMINION RIFLE CUP.

The Ontario Riflemen who went to England last summer to compete at the annual Wimbledon meeting acquitted themselves in a manner which attracted very general and favourable notice from all who take an interest in Rifle matches. But their crowning success was the winning by Capt. McLennaghan of the Cup presented by Sir Peter Tait. We give on this page an illustration of the Cup and copy the following description of it from the *London Review*:

"Sir Peter Tait, M.P., has forwarded to the Hon. Sir G. E. Cartier, Bart., Minister of Militia and Defence, a magnificent silver vase as a prize for rifle competition. It is in shape something like the celebrated Warwick Vase, and stands on a pedestal of polished ebony mounted with silver. The plinth of the pedestal is square; the column having the corners cut off is octagonal, presenting four large and four small faces; the foot of the vase is circular, and the handles, which are highly chased, spring from rams' heads. Wreaths of roses, thistles, shamrocks, and maple leaves in low relief adorn the sides, leaving two large spaces, on one of which is the following inscription: "In commemoration of the visit of Lieut.-Col. Skinner and his Team to Wimbledon, 1871. Presented by Sir Peter Tait, D. L., to the Militia of the Dominion of Canada. To be shot for annually by ten members from any corps of Militia in the Dominion at 200, 500, and 600 yards; 7 shots at each range, and to remain in the custody of the Lieut.-Governor of the Province of the winning corps for the time being. The competition each year to be at the Provincial Match of the Province holding the Cup."

"On each of the four larger faces of the pedestal are silver shields, one bearing the Arms of the Dominion of Canada, another having the following inscription: "Won by Capt. Alex. McLennaghan, 22nd Battalion, Oxford Rifles, at the meeting of the National Rifle Association held at Wimbledon, 1871." The other two are vacant, but the future winners names will be inscribed thereon. Opposite the smaller faces on a prolongation of the plinth of the pedestal are four figures in bronze of riflemen at "attention," and the lid or cover of the vase is surmounted by a beaver. There is also a spare lid which was used in England: it is a large acorn in silver, surrounded by oak leaves and a cluster of smaller acorns. The whole stands two feet nine inches in height, of which the pedestal measures nine inches. The vase is nine inches in width and one foot nine inches across the handles."

By the terms on which the cup is to be competed for, it will be seen that it is destined in future to occupy an important position in the prize lists of the annual Rifle Meetings. Ontario has the honour of bringing the prize to Canada, and will also have the honour of the first competition for it. But it is open to all the Provinces, and we hope, therefore, that the competition will not be practically confined to one. To be able to assist in



VASE PRESENTED BY SIR PETER TAIT TO THE CANADIAN MILITIA FOR COMPETITION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

making the Lieut.-Governor of one's Province custodian of such a valuable gift as that presented by Sir Peter Tait to the Militia of Canada, ought to be an object of ambition among the best shots throughout the Dominion. The Cup was only received by Sir George E. Cartier in the early part of last month, which accounts for the long time between the dates of the two following letters in reference to it:—

SOUTHWARK ST., LONDON, 1,
2nd Nov., 1871.

Sir.—Having reference to the recent visit of the Team of Ontario Riflemen to this country, to take part in the Annual Competition at Wimbledon, it affords me pleasure to acquaint you that the Canadians were successful in winning many prizes; and by their good conduct and soldierly bearing made a most favourable impression while in England.

One of the prizes, a Cup of one hundred guineas presented by me, and won by the Team, I have now the pleasure to transmit to you by the hands of Colonel Skinner, and shall feel obliged if you will kindly retain custody of the Cup until a short period prior to the next Annual Matches of the Ontario Rifle Association, and then hand it over to the Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Ontario, so that the same may be again competed for at these Matches in terms of the conditions engraved on the Cup.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant
(Signed) PETER TAIT.

Hon. Sir G. E. Cartier, Bart.,
Minister of Militia and Defence,
Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF MILITIA AND
DEFENCE,
OTTAWA, January 5th, 1871.

Sir,—I am directed by the Honourable the Minister of Militia and Defence to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2nd Nov. last, and to assure you that he is highly pleased to learn that during the visit of the team of Ontario Riflemen to England to take part in the Annual Competition at Wimbledon, the Canadians were successful in winning many Prizes, and that by their good conduct and soldierly bearing they made a favourable impression while there.

The magnificent Cup presented by you and won by the team, has also been received by him through the hands of Col. Skinner. He desires me to tender to you his best thanks for your munificent present, and to assure you that he highly appreciates the deep interest taken by you in the Riflemen of Canada. He will have much pleasure in taking charge of it, and in retaining it in his custody until a short period previous to the Annual Matches of the Ontario Rifle Association, when he will hand it over to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario, to be competed for in terms of the conditions engraved on it.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
(Signed) Geo. FURVOR,
Dept.-Min. of Militia and Defence,
Sir Peter Tait,
London, England.

The Cup is very much admired

by all who have seen it. Shortly after its arrival at Ottawa it was, by request of His Excellency the Governor-General, conveyed to Rideau Hall where it was viewed by Lady Lisgar, who warmly expressed her admiration of its beauty of design and excellence of finish. The Cup was taken to the Hall by Cols. Powell and Macpherson and Major Futvoye.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC, 1759.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for giving insertion to my communication of 16th ult. Will you now permit me to say, that though the narration by Mr. Thompson is both authentic and unexaggerated as you have termed it, its chief value at the present day is, that it is independent testimony strongly corroborative of the well-known Journal of Captain John Knox, published immediately after the events, in two volumes quarto, and of the equally authentic and interesting journal of Col. Malcolm Fraser, also of a Journal by another officer also an eye-witness, both of which will be found among the manuscripts published by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. There are two points in the Thompson Journal especially worthy of attention; he is more clear than any other writer, on the course taken by the French army on its retreat after the battle of the Plains, and it gives the fullest account of the action at the Fords on the 26th July, which was a more serious affair than many suppose. As you have published the Thompson Journal so far, I send you the two concluding pages, which are not contained in the copy in the Royal Engineers' office. I think they add to the completeness and value of the narrative.

I remain faithfully yours,

WM. JAS. ANDERSON.

Quebec, Grande Allée,
5th February, 1872.

FRENCH FORCE.

The Quebec Brigade commanded by Colonel de St. Ours, on the right	- - - - -	3,500 men.
The Brigade of Three Rivers, commanded by M. de Borne, on the right	- - - - -	900 "
The centre, to be composed of regular troops, commanded by M. de Senezarque	- - - - -	2,000 "
The Montreal Militia on the left, commanded by M. Prudhomme	- - - - -	1,100 "
The Brigade of the Island of Montreal, commanded by M. Herbin	- - - - -	2,300 "
The Cavalry, chiefly regulars	- - - - -	350 "
Light troops, chiefly Canadians and Acadians	- - - - -	1,400 "
Indians, exclusive of the scouting and scalping parties	- - - - -	450 "
Total	- - - - -	12,000 "

This force was ranged in order of battle from the Bridge of the River St. Charles, to the Falls of Montmorenci, to oppose the landing of the British in that quarter.

The garrison of Quebec was defended by the Militia and a few regulars, under the command of De Ramsay.

The battle was more remarkable for display of courage, than for scientific manœuvre, and was chiefly decided by the bayonet and broadsword, the agile Highlanders serving in a manner to supply the want of Cavalry, while the steadiness of the English Fusiliers rendered the want of Artillery less felt; General Wolfe bestowed his whole attention upon the steady advance of his right division (right to the St. Lawrence) injudiciously exposing himself in the front of the line. He was repeatedly wounded (one of the wounds being through the sword-arm), and at length mortally, at the moment the French were giving way, and were pursued by the Highlanders, who, for the purpose of indulging in their national mode of attack with the less constraint, had thrown away their fuses, and the broadsword soon told a dreadful account of slaughter that took place on the view taken of the ground after the confusion of the retreat had somewhat subsided. The pursuit of the Highlanders was across the slope in a direction towards the General Hospital, but a great part of the retreat was through the town, by St. John's and St. Louis' Gates, and out again through P. Jace Gate, along the Beach towards the ferry at St. Charles river.

The two Thompsons, father and son, occupied successively, for more than a century, a large space in the public eye in Quebec, where they were known and respected for their integrity, intelligence, and veracity. And being links connecting the present with the most important points in past Canadian history, they were generally sent for, consulted, and patronised by the successive Governors of the Province. Mr. Thompson, senior, made his last public appearance at the laying of the Wolfe and Montcalm monument on 15th November, 1827. He was then in his 95th year, and was present at the special request of Lord Dalhousie, who, turning to him, said: "Mr. Thompson, we honour you here as the companion-in-arms and a venerable living witness of the fall of Wolfe, do us also the favour to bear witness on this occasion by the mallet in your hand." Lord Dalhousie had the highest respect for Mr. Thompson, and finding that he was living in a confined house, on 25th June 1821, addressed the following note to Lieut.-Col. Durnford, then commanding Royal Engineers.

"SIR—In consideration of the very long and faithful services of Mr. James Thompson in the Cheque office of the Royal Engineer Department, and as a mark of respect to one of the only surviving companions of the immortal Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, the Commander of the Forces has sanctioned, and I am to desire by his Lordship's command, that you will cause to be executed in the course of the summer, certain repairs to the house he now occupies, and which appears to his Lordship in a dangerous state.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A. C. DARLING,
Military Secretary."

A palace like Aladdin's did not immediately arise, but

before the advent of winter, by this wonderful lamp, Mr. Thompson's uncomfortable, one storied cottage was converted into a commodious house of two stories, in which he spent the remainder of a cheerful and green old age.

W. J. ANDERSON.

ST. PETER'S R. C. CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

There is usually a wonderful substantiality about the fanes devoted to Roman Catholic worship. Their projectors appear to have in most instances planned them to fight against time if not to last for all time. The old Cathedrals of Europe are amongst the most interesting objects to the traveller of æsthetic taste, and their associations make a whole volume of history. Montreal, for a modern city, is not destitute of handsome and solid architecture, but the building now being erected as a Roman Catholic Cathedral will, no doubt, when finished, take the foremost rank among the architectural adornments of the city.

The following very full and accurate description of the Canadian St. Peter's, which we copy with a few alterations, appeared in the Montreal Gazette some time ago:—

"Few cities on this continent can boast of as handsome and substantial buildings as Montreal. The Church of Notre Dame has long been the admiration of travellers from all parts of the world; Christ's Church Cathedral is, perhaps, one of the purest, as well as the most beautiful types of Gothic architecture on the continent; of more recent date, the Church of the Gesu attracts much attention for the beauty and magnificence of its interior; while St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's, St. George's, and a host of others, add much to the attractiveness of our good city. All, however, are destined to be thrown into the shade by the superior magnificence of the new cathedral now in course of construction by the R. C. Bishop of Montreal at the corner of Cemetery and Dorchester Streets. It is now about nineteen years since the old Bishop's Cathedral and Palace on St. Denis Street were burned down, in the terrible conflagration of 1852; and during that time, a new edifice, a Parish Church, has been erected on the same site. The Bishop, however, removed his See-house and Cathedral to their present situation in Cemetery Street. Scarcely had the old church been destroyed, before Monseigneur Bourget conceived the idea of erecting a cathedral which should be worthy of the city of Montreal. His Lordship decided to reproduce, though on a smaller scale, as far as the climate would permit, a model of St. Peter's at Rome, and he intrusted Messrs Bourgeault and Leprohon to make the plans after those of that far-famed Basilica. In 1857 the subscription for the building was begun, but not till 1869 was the actual work of building commenced. Our illustration of the Montreal St. Peter's as it is to be, is copied from a model in wood made by Mr. Michaud of the congregation of St. Viateur. The model, which is now in the possession of the Bishop, is in itself a work of art. Every detail possible, including the most trivial ornaments, both outside and inside, is worked out with a minuteness perfectly marvellous, and it would be impossible more exactly to represent the glorious Cathedral.

"Having acquired the necessary information, the Bishop at once began the work of building, and it is now but a few days more than a year ago since the first foundation stone was laid one Sunday afternoon, in the presence of a vast multitude. And now, a year having passed, some idea may be formed of the greatness and the form which the building is to take. The main building, from the entrance to the farthest extremity, is 300 feet long; the greatest breadth, which is at the transept, is 225 feet, while the average width is about 180 feet. To be added to the length, however, is the portico, which gives 30 feet more. The building is cruciform in shape, the arms of the cross being represented by three rounded expansions, or, as they are denominated in French, *ronde points*, two of which give the great width at the transept, the third springing from the rear wall, midway from each end. The average height of the walls will be 28 feet from the bottom course; at the transept and at the basis of the minor domes they will be 50 feet in height, while the apex of the main roof will reach a height of 80 feet. And here it may be as well to remark that it has been impossible to copy, in this edifice, exactly the style of St. Peter's. There the climate permits of a flat roof; here it has been necessary to adopt the pointed one. The main dome, the most magnificent feature in the structure, will rise from the transept, being supported on four oblong columns, 30 feet thick, and will, when completed with lantern, ball and cross, reach a height of 250 feet. This dome will be the only one of the kind on this continent. Its diameter on the inside will be 70 feet, and outside 98 feet. It will, except in size, be an exact copy of St. Peter's. Just above its junction with the roof, it will be surrounded with sixteen sets of Corinthian pillars about 24 feet in height, surmounted by pilasters, the spaces between the pillars being occupied by large windows, with highly ornamented sills and cornices. Above this the dome gradually bends to its apex, from which rises the large open lantern. Like the dome the lantern is surrounded with pillars, though of lesser magnitude. Above the lantern is the great ball, and at last the gilt cross 12 feet in height. About half way in the descent to earth will be four smaller domes, surrounding the great one in the centre. These will be in everything but size almost exact copies of the one just described. A fair idea of their size may be gained from the domes on the City Hall and Hôtel Dieu. A portion of the building as yet unmentioned is the portico. This will not be finished, nor will it probably be begun for several years to come. It will extend 30 feet beyond the main walls, and will rise to the height very nearly of the main roof, or about 75 feet; its length will be in the neighbourhood of 210 feet. Unlike the church proper, the walls of which are exceedingly plain, being built of uncut limestone and devoid of the slightest ornament, the facade of the portico will be of cut-stone, and finished in that rich, composite order of architecture, which allows of a very great variety of ornamentation. There are to be five entrances to the vestibule, which is to be about 200 feet long, from 18 to 20 wide, and 40 to 45 feet high. The walls of the main building are, at their base, about 10 feet thick, and will vary at the top from 4 to 6 feet. On entering the church there is an unobstructed view down the nave, which is 40 feet wide, to the grand altar, situated under the great dome. On either hand are large pillars supporting the roof, and dividing the aisles from the nave; at each pillar, two chapels will be placed, so that, in the church, there will be, besides the grand altar, about twenty chapels. The immense pillars (four in number)

which are to support the dome, will rise from the transept, their shape will be rather oblong than square, and their greatest diameter 30 feet. A good idea of their size may be formed when it is stated that at each pillar will be two altars. Light will be furnished exclusively by the five domes and six lanterns placed in the roof. To make up for the lack of ornament outside, the work of beautifying inside will be done with a lavish hand, for besides the ordinary architectural ornaments the walls will be further embellished with frescoes. The interior is designed to be an exact copy of the interior of St. Peter's at Rome. As to the exterior the plan presents two different sides, one resembling St. Peter's at Rome, the other as it will be constructed to suit the climate.

"So far, the work of building has progressed pretty rapidly. The walls are, most of them, up to quite, perhaps more than, half the height which they are intended to reach; and already about \$25,000 have been expended. Next season the collections will be devoted to the construction of the pillars inside the church, on which so much depends, that it is necessary to allow them to settle with the main building. The money raised in the year following, it is anticipated, will all be required for the purchase of the wood that may be necessary. It will, therefore, be nearly five years before the roof is put on, and some two or three years longer before the Cathedral will be entirely completed, as the bishop intends to complete the work without getting a copper into debt."

ROCKPORT, N. B., AND THE GRINDSTONE TRADE.

The grindstones are procured by manual labour from the reefs at Cape Meranguin, Westmoreland County, N. B., and shipped from Rockport by Read, Stevenson & Co., to the amount of 1,200 tons annually in schooners owned in this place. The stone is quarried out of the reefs near low water mark, and then a stone boat is hauled on to the great junk, which is secured by chains to a pole laid across the boat, the rising tide then lifts the boat and the pendent mass, which is thus floated to a convenient place for making the stone; the pole is then cut away, and the boat springs sometimes clear out of the water, when relieved of its load. It is curious to see the empty boat sunk almost to the gunwale in the water. In the illustrations, a pole may be seen standing in the eye of a grindstone,—this is to mark the place where the stone is to be dropped, as seen in the sketch of floating. The stonemakers are generally comfortably housed, but the men live in slab camps at the Cape during the season, which lasts from May to November; they return home (about 3 miles) on Saturday evening, in time to attend "Clear Grit" Lodge of British Templars. The manufacture of the stone has to be carried on while the tide is out. Two men working together will make about three large stones or about 20 tons per week, and one of these will be used up in one of the edge-tool factories in about 10 days. The least flaw condemns the stone, as human life depends on mounting perfect pieces. In the picture may be seen the Lower Cove Steam Grindstone and Scythe Hone Works on the opposite shore of Cumberland, N. S., and to the right the Joggins coal mines; between these places is seen one of the most remarkable geological exposures of the coal measures in the world; the perpendicular cliff of over 100 feet shows the dip of the strata, cross-marked by almost perpendicular ridges, rich in curious fossils. The fishing boats seen drifting down the bay indicate another profitable industry—the shad fishery, which is here of considerable importance, keeping the coopers constantly busy. Rockport and Cape Meranguin lie between Cumberland Basin and Shepody Bay at the head of Chignecto Bay in the Bay of Fundy, 16 miles from Sackville and 12 from Dorchester.

"CHOICE SPIRITS."

Our artist, impressed with the beauty of the two groups of Angels that recently appeared in our pages, copied from engravings of the celebrated paintings by Correggio, took a fancy, last week, to get up another group, which we reproduce in this issue. They may not probably be "Angels" according to Correggio's ideal; but we will back them against the great Italian master's conception for life-like expression characteristic of some of the types of that important link in the chain of creation which we are told by high authority was made "a little lower than the Angels." There is no irreverence in occasionally looking at the comic side of human character or physiognomy, and we think our group of "Choice Spirits" is calculated to give a little pleasant study and amusement. The characters speak for themselves; any explanation of them would but spoil the reader's relish for the picture.

MINERAL COTTON.—At the last meeting of the Franklin Institute, says the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, Mr. Coleman Sellers exhibited a sample of a material which is now for the first time to be manufactured and applied to useful purposes in the arts.

The product possesses a general resemblance to cotton, for which it may doubtless in certain cases be substituted with advantage, but on closer examination seems more like spun glass, which in reality it is. It is formed by allowing a jet of steam to escape through a stream of liquid slag, by which it is blown into the finest threads, sometimes two or three feet in length. These threads, though somewhat elastic, readily break up into much smaller ones, and, the colour of the substance being white, the appearance of a compacted mass of it makes the name under which it has been described a very appropriate one. The admirable non-conducting property of the material for heat, as well as that of the great quantity of air which it retains in its interstices, would seem to fit it very well for a non-conducting casing to steamboilers and pipes, an application for which it is at present being tested.

The secrets of the war are oozing out one by one in Paris, at the rate of a dozen per diem. The last is that relating to the preparations actually going forward at the time of the Emperor's downfall, in view of the coronation on which he had set his heart. This ceremony, for which designs had been already executed by more than one great artist, was to have taken place at Notre Dame. The Pope was to have officiated, and after the ceremony of crowning the Emperor and Empress, the Prince Imperial was to have been anointed as Co-Regnant of the Empire.

LONDON NEWSBOYS.

This illustration represents a scene to be witnessed any afternoon in the week in the leading thoroughfares of the business portion of London the great, where the newsboys ply their noisy trade. To those acquainted with the great metropolis will at once admit the fidelity which the artist has displayed in his sketch.

SISTERS OF MERCY.

Our readers are all too well acquainted with the virtues of the noble band of Sisters of Mercy to require any explanation of our illustration. In every corner of the world these heroic daughters of St. Vincent de Paul are known and respected alike by Protestant and Catholic.

JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES.

(From the *New York Herald*.)

The enterprise of the *Herald* has been so frequently demonstrated here, and been admitted by the press of our land, that it cannot now be questioned. The English press have also conceded the fact, and it stands unchallenged. The independence of the *Herald* enables it also to treat all parties, sects, creeds and classes alike, and to show fairness and impartiality towards all. We have now another evidence and acknowledgment of our independence and enterprise, coming all the way from the border line of Western Russia, where, at the office of the leading Hebrew paper of Europe, the *Hamagid* (Narrator), the *Herald* is regularly received and duly translated into the biblical language, to be thence transmitted to the remotest borders of Russia, China, India, Turkey, and Africa, and wherever a scion of the "House of Israel" is found speaking or reading that language.

The *Hamagid* has English speaking editors and correspondents, who show their shrewdness by seeking the best news from the best sources. Among its American correspondents may be named the eloquent rabbi of the Thirty-fourth Street synagogue, in this city, Dr. Vidaver. The doctor writes Hebrew and reads it with the pen and the eye of a critic. He is also more or less familiar with Russian, Arabic, German, Polish, and other European and Asiatic languages, and speaks English almost as correctly as a native. This will show the character of the correspondence of the *Hamagid*, which paper, as will be seen by an article in yesterday's *Herald*, has done much toward the amelioration of the condition of the Jews in the great Russian empire. And it has done it under the inspiration of the *Herald*. This paper is doing more to elevate the race and to spread pure democracy in the nations of the earth than all of our contemporaries combined.

(From the *New York Tribune*.)

The dear old *Blatherskite* informs us that at the office of a Hebrew paper in Western Russia "The *Blatherskite* is regularly received and duly translated into the biblical language." The gentleman who performs this valuable work has a heavy job on hand; how he must wrestle, for instance, with the advertisements of Dr. Acher and Madame Restell, and the scientific articles on typhoons and auroras, and the celebrated back-action earthquake bounce! But if *The Blatherskite* is to be put into biblical language at all, why can it not be done at home? The same article from which we quote assures us that there is in this city a gentleman who understands "Russian, Arabic, German, Polish and other European and Asiatic languages," and who "reads Hebrew with the pen and eye of a critic." It would be worth ten dollars a week to hire him to read *The Blatherskite* in manuscript with the pen of a critic, and if it cannot be turned into standard English, to translate it at least into German or Polish, or some other of those "Asiatic languages," in which it would be comparatively harmless.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO SWEEP A RAG CARPET.—In sweeping a rag carpet be careful to brush from width.

FROZEN POTATOES, says the *Scientific Press*, if not permitted to thaw before being cooked, can be baked so as to be as good as though never frozen. They can not be boiled, however, or even baked if submitted to the usual cleansing process of washing.

CLEANING TINWARE.—An experienced house-keeper says the best thing for cleaning tinware is common soda. She gives the following directions:—Dampen a cloth and dip it in soda and rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry. Any blackened ware can thus be made to look as good as new.

MAKING PAPER STICK TO WHITWASHED WALLS.—A writer says: "Make a sizing of common glue and water, of the consistency of linseed oil, and apply with a whitewash or other brush to the wall, taking care to go over every part, and especially top and bottom. Apply the paper in the ordinary way.

TAKING CARE OF BROOMS.—Have a screw with an eye or ring on its end; this can be screwed into the end of each successive new broom. It is handier to hang up by than a string, though the latter will do if always used. It is bad for a broom to leave it standing upon the brush. If not hung up, always set it away with the stick end down.

TO PRESERVE PEGGED BOOTS AND SHOES.—It is said that if pegged boots are occasionally dressed with petroleum between the soles and upper leather, they will not rip. If the soles of boots and shoes are dressed with petroleum, they will resist wet and wear well. The pegs, it is said, are not affected by dryness after being well saturated with the liquid.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—One cupful of butter, two of sugar; beat a white foam; add four eggs, beaten quite stiff, one cupful of corn starch, one cupful of milk, two cupfuls of prepared flour, and flavour with one tea-spoonful of bitter almonds. If you have no prepared flour, sift one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar with the flour, and add half a tea-spoonful of soda, dissolved in a tea-spoonful of milk, the last thing; beat thoroughly after the soda is added, and bake immediately.

A RIVAL TO TEA AND COFFEE.—Tea and coffee are threatened with a Brazilian rival, called guarana. Guarana consists of the seeds of a tree known to botanists as the *Paulina sorbilis*, which is very abundant. The tree produces a fruit about the size of a walnut, containing five or six seeds. The seeds are roasted, mixed with water, and dried. Before being used they require grinding, when they fall into a kind of powder. The active principle is an alkaloid, identical with that found in tea and coffee, but there is twice as much of it in guarana as there is in tea. The effects are similar to those of tea and coffee.

FRENCH MODE OF FRYING POTATOES.—Cut them in whatever shape you wish, above a bowl of cold water, so they will drop into it. Then drain and wipe them dry. This must be done quickly, so as not to allow the potatoes to become reddish. Have a coarse towel ready, then turn the potatoes into a colander, sprinkle salt on them, and serve hot. If you wish them light or swelled, leave the potatoes in the colander only about half a minute, then put them back in the pan while very hot, stir for about a minute, and put them again in the colander. If the fat is very hot, when dropped into it for the second time, they will swell.

HOW TO EXTRACT COFFEE.—A scientific paper says:—"If coffee, after roasting, were made as fine as flour by pounding in a mortar, it could be extracted so much better as to require no more than two-fifths as much as if it were only coarsely ground. An equally strong extract can be made by allowing water to stand on the grounds, as by giving it a boil or by filtering through it. The latter method is the true one for retaining all the aroma. When coffee beans are roasted, an empyreumatic oil is produced, which, being very volatile, is expelled if the coffee extract be boiled. It is better to make the grounds as fine as flour, and to extract by filtration, and never to boil.

HOW TO CURE HAM.—Here is J. Howard McHenry's recipe: The meat, after being cut, must be rubbed, piece by piece, with very finely powdered saltpetre on the flesh side, and where the leg is cut off, a tea-spoonful (not heaped) to each ham, a dessert-spoonful to each shoulder, and about half that quantity to each middling and jowl; this must be rubbed in. Then salt it by packing a thin coating of salt on the flesh side of each piece, say one-half inch thick, pack the pieces on a scaffolding, or on a floor with strips of plank laid a few inches apart all over it (that is under the meat); the pieces must be placed skin side down, in the following order:—First layer, hams; second, shoulder; third, jowls; fourth, middleings—take the spare-ribs out of the middleings. The meat must lie in this wise: Six weeks if the weather is mild, eight if very cold—the brine being allowed to run off freely.

GALL SOAP.—Gall soap, for the washing of fine silken cloths and ribbons, is prepared in the following manner:—In a vessel of copper one pound of cocoa-nut oil is heated to 60° Fah., whereupon half-a-pound of caustic soda is added, with constant stirring. In another vessel, half-a-pound of white Venetian turpentine is heated, and when quite hot, stirred into the copper kettle. This kettle is then covered and left for four hours, being gently heated, after which the fire is increased until the contents are perfectly clear, whereupon one pound of ox-gall is added. After this, enough good, perfectly dry Castile soap is stirred into the mixture to cause the whole to yield but little under the pressure of the finger; for which purpose, from one to two pounds of soap are required for the above quality. After cooling, the soap is cut into pieces. It is excellent, and will not injure the finest colours. —*Engineering and Mining Journal*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A New York chiropodist points with pride to a harvest of 20,000 corns. He may be decidedly called a *pains-taking* man.

Before Cæsar permitted himself to be interviewed he always asked:—"Who is it in the press that calls on me?"—*Julius Cæsar*, Act I., Scene 2.

The other day a gentleman, for being in very high spirits, (of wine) was sent to prison. "Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a mutual friend. "Bail him out!" exclaimed the other; "why you could not pump him out."

An English farmer's wife, who, some time ago, found that a party of Baptists had performed the inaugural ceremony of their sect on her premises, exclaimed indignantly, "Drat the creatures! I'll teach them to leave all their nasty sins in my pond."

What we believe to be the most laconic "address to the Jury" on record, was delivered by Mr. Montague Bere, Q.C., at Bristol, on Wednesday. The Recorder summed up the case in the following words:—"Gentlemen of the Jury, which of the parties have spoken the truth?"

The postal authorities have now under their consideration an invention by which the hand-writing of persons telegraphing a message will be transmitted by the telegraph. It is very probable that the post-office will introduce this ingenious application of electricity into the public service.

The School Boards of Penmaenmawr, Llanelgny, and Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, in Wales, are getting along as well as they can under the circumstances. A supply of vowels is evidently much wanted in the latter place for the use of the lower schools. The words in this locality seem usually as if they had tumbled down stairs and dislocated themselves.

An ingenious Frenchman advertises as follows:—"An honourable merchant, aged forty years, bachelor, having suffered heavy losses during the last eighteen months, is insolvent for the sum of 60,000f., which he cannot pay. He engages himself, on his honour, to serve all his life, for his board and lodging only, the person who will pay this amount for him." This is a delicate hint at matrimony; he should have added clothes, and enough money to get his hair cut.

No less than 200 fatal street accidents occurred in London during the past year, being an increase on either of the two preceding years, even allowing for the increased population. The Registrar-General remarks on this, "Some decisive steps must be taken to put a stop to this open slaughter of people in the streets." But what steps? The most sensible thing

would seem to be light iron foot-bridges over the most dangerous crossings.

The illness of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will be a national blessing if it causes a reform of our house drainage. But it won't. There is probably too much truth in what the landlord—and builder—of a house said to a lady the other day. As an intending tenant, she was very particular in her inquiries as to the sanitary arrangements. She asked had this and that been done? The landlord confessed that the suggested precautions had not been taken. "But," he added, "you need not be afraid, ma'am; it's only the illness of the Prince of Wales that has caused people to be so particular. It will soon blow over."

A species of telegram-card has been proposed, which would prove a boon to the general public. On the one side it bears an impressed shilling stamp, with printed directions—as in the case of a post-card—that the address of the person for whom the message is intended should be written on that side. On the other there is a space for the name and address of the sender, and five lines ruled for four words each, which are to constitute the message of twenty words. An order for an immense number of these cards has been issued, and they are at this moment being printed, and will shortly be for sale. A card may be dropped into the nearest pillar-box, and one of the regulations in connection with this new system will be that immediately on receipt of the message at the post-office to which it is taken it shall be "wired."

At a recent ordination one of the candidates for deacon's orders was so slow in his theological attainments that he was very near being "plucked." As, however, he had been strongly recommended for his piety and zeal, his lordship consented to ordain him; but warned him that he must study very diligently before he came up to the next examination, urging him especially to familiarise himself with that well-known theological work, *Butler's Analogy*. When the young man departed, his lordship accompanied him to the door. He seated himself in the omnibus, to proceed to the railway station. The bishop went up to him kindly, shook hands with him, and, as a parting reminder about the "Analogy," exclaimed, "Good-bye, Mr. —; don't forget 'Butler.'" "Oh, no, my lord," replied Mr. —, "I've just given him five shillings!"

Earl Spencer, when presiding at a dinner party, said a good thing about Lablache. "It has often been said (he remarked) that different nations show their peculiar appreciation of music in a different way. I remember having heard of a distinguished musician—I believe Lablache—putting in a way not, perhaps, very complimentary to some, but, I think, very truly, the manner in which various nations appreciate music. He said it in French, but I won't venture on that, I will give it shortly in English. He said that the Italians loved music, the Germans understood it, the French talked it, and the English paid for it. I am afraid it is not very complimentary to one of the parties, but I believe it is true. I will venture to go further into detail, and speaking of Ireland, I will say that the Irish feel music."

Eventually the King of Italy is to occupy that portion of the Quirinal Palace at the eastern extremity of the Swiss corridor, completed by Pope Innocent XIII. in 1722 for the accommodation of the Pontifical household. Restorations and improvements are now being carried on to adapt this building to the limited requirements of the King of Italy. The purchase of Duke Grazioli's estate of Castel Porziano for his Majesty has been effected for four and a half millions of lire. The King has also bought a little villa from the Marquis Potenziani, outside the Porta Salara; but it is a very small affair, only worth 30,000 francs, it will be a mere shooting-box for his keepers and sporting dogs to live in. The King has sold the Rufinella Villa, charmingly situated on the lofty ascent from Frascati to Tusculum, with its surrounding property, to Prince Lancellotti, son of Prince Massimo, for 350,000 francs. As Prince Lancellotti married a daughter of Prince Aldobrandini, whose beautiful villa and estates adjoin the Villa Rufinella, the property has been agreeably rounded by this addition.

"CONSIDER ME SMITH."

A good story is told of Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina:—

The doctor was a small man, and lean, but as hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

He looked as though he might be tough, but he did not seem strong. Nevertheless he was, among the knowing ones, reputed to be agile "as a cat;" and, in addition, was by no means deficient in knowledge of the "manly art." Well, in a freshman class of a certain year, there was a burly beef mountaineer of 18 or 19. This genius conceived a great contempt for old Bolus' physical dimensions, and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potential in his role.

Poor Jones—that's what we'll call him—had no idea of moral force. At any rate he was not inclined to knock under and be controlled despotically by a man he imagined he could tie or whip. At length he determined to give the old gentleman a gentle, private thrashing some night in the College Campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student. Shortly after, on a dark rainy night, Jones met the doctor crossing the Campus. Walking up to him abruptly:

"Hallo, Smith! you rascal!—is this you?"

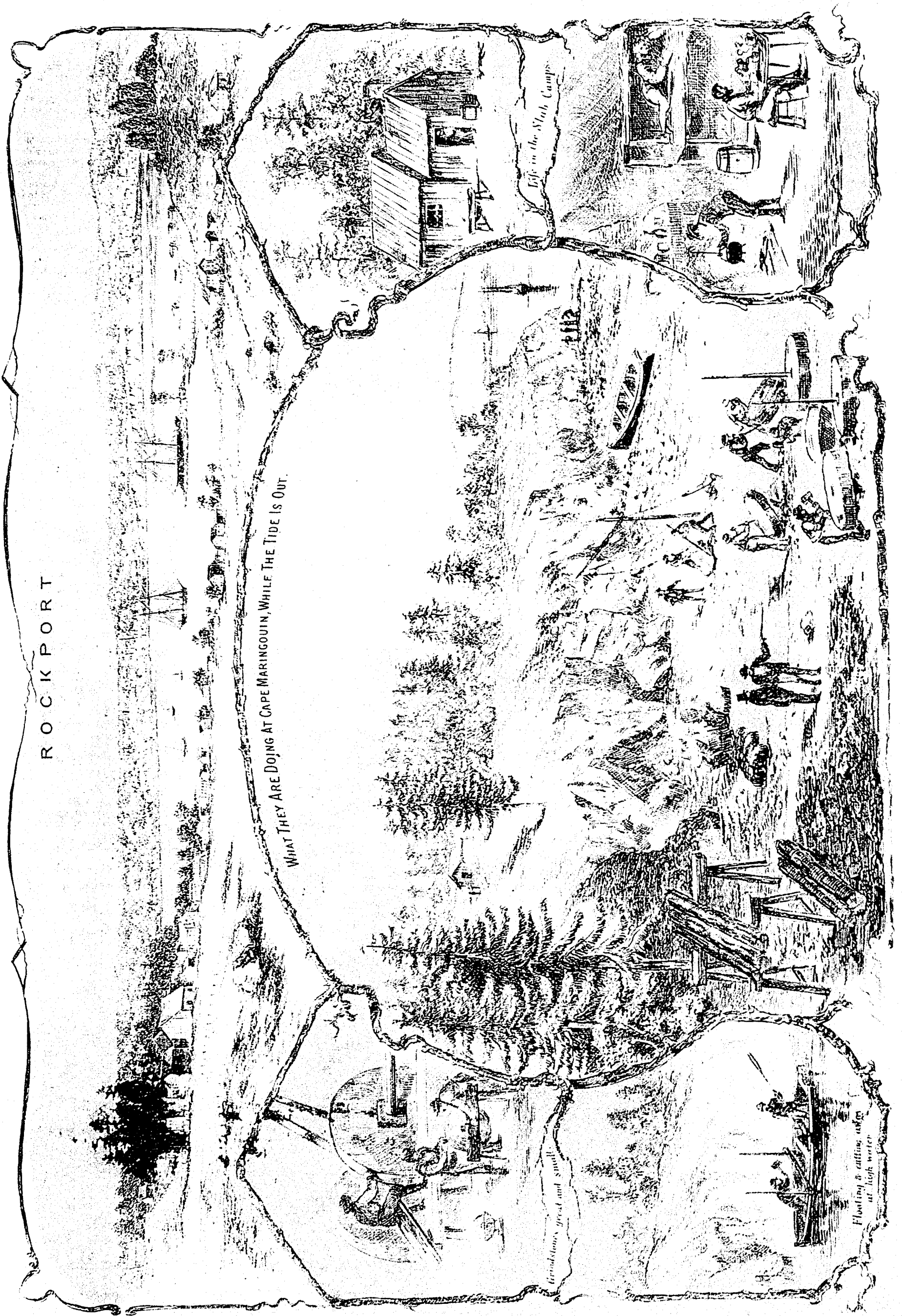
And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the face that nearly felled him.

Old Bolus said nothing, but squared himself, and at it they went. Jones' youth, weight and muscle made him an ugly customer, but after a round or two the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his antagonist down, and was a-straddle of his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of his head.

"Ah! I beg pardon, Doctor, Doctor Caldwell—a mistake—for Heaven's sake, Doctor!" he groaned. "I really thought it was Smith!"

The doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately: "It makes no difference; for all present purposes consider me Smith."

And it is said that old Bolus gave Jones such a pounding that he never made another mistake as to personal identity.



ROCKPORT

WHAT THEY ARE DOING AT CAPE MARINGOUIN, WHILE THE TIDE IS OUT.

Life in the Stab Camps

Griststones, great and small

Floating & cutting logs at high water



NEWS-VENDORS IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.—SEE PAGE 82.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
FEB. 17, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Feb. 11.—	<i>Quinquagesima Sunday.</i> Cadmon died, 680. Descartes died, 1650. Shenstone died, 1763. Abraham Lincoln born, 1807. Lord Sydenham Governor of Ontario, 1840.
MONDAY,	" 12.—	Kant died, 1804. Toronto and Nipissing R.R. incorporated, 1868.
TUESDAY,	" 13.—	<i>Shrove Tuesday.</i> Benvenuto Cellini died, 1570. Massacre of Glencoe, 1691. Vicar-General Tschereau appointed Archbishop of Quebec, 1871.
WEDNESDAY,	" 14.—	<i>Ash Wednesday.</i> St. Valentine, B.p. & M. Capt. Cook killed, 1779.
THURSDAY,	" 15.—	Cardinal Wiseman died, 1865. Fourth Session of First Dominion Parliament opened, 1871.
FRIDAY,	" 16.—	Melancthon born, 1497. Dr. Kane died, 1857.
SATURDAY,	" 17.—	Galileo born, 1564. Michael Angelo died, 1564. Moliere died, 1673. Partition of Poland, 1772. Canadian Pontifical Zouaves left for Rome, 1838.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The arrangements for transferring to local agents the total charge of our subscribers, so far as renewing and collecting subscriptions and distributing papers are concerned, not having met with general approval on the part of subscribers; and the agents having in many cases declined the responsibility, or neglected our interests, theirs, and that of our subscribers, we are obliged to revert to the former mode of distribution through Post. This need not disturb arrangements already made between any subscriber and any local news-dealer. We hope to see the sales effected by news agents increase rapidly, and desire that as much of our business as possible may be transacted through them. But we cannot overlook the complaints now made, and henceforth our subscribers will receive their papers, as formerly, through the Post. Any one who has missed any numbers since 1st of January can have them *gratis* on application.

Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the NEWS is \$4.00 per annum, payable in advance; if unpaid in three months it will be charged at the rate of Five Dollars.

All OLD subscribers whose subscriptions are unpaid on 1st July next, will be struck off the list.

All NEW subscriptions received henceforward, MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1872.

We sympathise very strongly with Earl Derby's doctrine that the Government should let the people alone, wherever it is possible. The true function of the Civil Government is simply to make provision against one man doing injustice to another. For the rest, or as the Americans put it, "the higher law," governments have no authority to teach or enact. But there are many things seemingly appertaining to individual right that actually affect the whole community, and concerning these the State is remiss in its duty if it fails to deal with them. In the two last numbers of the *Canada Medical Journal* able articles have appeared from the pen of the editor, advocating the establishment of a Central Board of Health with ample powers to restrain the spread of contagious or infectious diseases. Several authorities are quoted in support of the view at which we think the *Journal* has rightly arrived; but some of them appear to us to prove too much. As an instance take the assertion of the late Sir J. Y. Simpson that "we would no more expect this known species of disease or poison (small-pox) to originate *de novo* at the present day, under any combination of circumstances, than we would expect a known species of animal or plant—as a dog or a hawthorn—to spring up *de novo*, and without antecedent parentage." Whence then the small pox? Does Sir James mean to teach us that it was created, like the dog or the hawthorn, and must of necessity be propagated by its seed?

We believe that contagious, like other diseases, have their primary origin either in vice or ignorance; and that these two, "under present circumstances," may be as powerful to-day as they were when the loathsome disease of small-pox first attacked the human race. For this reason we strongly approve of the measure of Sanitary Reform, suggested by the *Medical Journal*, of creating a Dominion Board of Health, with ample powers to enforce sanitary regulations both in town and country. It has been the misfortune heretofore that all laws relating to the public health, have mainly applied to the cities and towns; while, in fact, the rural parts stood even more in need of them. What is the average of country dwellings? Without drainage: with a dark hole for a cellar; with a dirty hole for a well; with frozen walls in winter; wet walls in spring, and stinking walls in sum-

mer, can we wonder that typhoid and scarlatina are common inmates in houses where there are large families of children? In spite of Thompson's very reverent assertion that,

"God made the country, but man made the town,"

we are unaware of any fact to prove that such diseases as small-pox and fevers prevail more, in proportion to population, in the cities than in the rural districts. But that they do prevail anywhere, and endanger the lives of those who are living in accordance with civil and natural laws, ought to be accounted not merely a warranty for State interference for their prevention, but should be recognised as imposing an obligation upon the State, the disregard of which is a dereliction of duty on the part of its officers. Having started with the proposition that Governments ought, wherever possible, to let their subjects alone; or, to vary the phrase, that the people who are governed the best are governed the least—in the civil order we mean—we should add that the first duty of the State is to provide against one subject doing injury to another. Now, there can be nothing plainer than that the propagation of contagious disease is a crime against society, and, therefore, the suggestion of the *Medical Journal* that there should be a Central Board of Health constituted by the Dominion Legislature, is one that deserves immediate and, we think, favourable consideration. At the present time the Local Boards of Health, depending as they are upon the Municipalities, cannot possibly effect concerted action throughout the country; yet without that there is no guarantee against the importation of epidemic diseases. It is not by any means impossible that cholera will be among the afflictions of next summer. Typhoid, scarlatina, and small-pox are its usual precursors; and though these diseases have not prevailed to an extent that should be the cause of general alarm, the cases have been sufficiently numerous to warn those that are in authority that the public health requires better security for its protection. At Ottawa it was seriously debated whether the public schools should not be closed; at Montreal we had the question of new hospitals—extra-mural, if the term may be applied where there are no walls—for small-pox patients; in the up-country regions we know from private sources that the scarlet fever raged with unusual virulence, while in the cities the small-pox has been disagreeably prevalent.

Our space will not permit us to reproduce the instances quoted in the *Medical Journal* of contagious diseases having been spread through cities or large country districts from the want of proper precautions in the care and treatment of infected persons, but so many facts of the kind are known to the public that a recital of fresh instances would be, otherwise than to the medical student, superfluous. Having had the audacity to differ from the opinion of so great a man as the late Sir J. Y. Simpson, we trust that the learned editors of the *Medical Journal* will not quarrel with us for objecting to what they recommend, the establishment, outside the city, of hospitals for patients suffering from contagious diseases. Such hospitals under the charge of a Board of Health with powers that would be very likely claimed for it, might be made the agency for much domestic agony by separating those who from family ties and personal feeling would rather be together in sickness as in health, and even unto death. It is right that we should all try to live, but not to suppose that the accomplishment of the mere act of physical existence ought to be our chief aim. At the same time we see good and urgent reason for State interference to protect the public from the consequences of the inconsiderate acts of those who spread a dangerous malady by their presence. If they have none to care for them let them be isolated by all means; but where the family ties exist, where the pieces which they bind would rather be together, even in danger, let them be.

We believe that Earl Derby has struck the right chord in his new revelation of political doctrine. It is one which in regard to the civil government we have always maintained: Let the people alone. But when setting the example of letting alone, see that each individual so behaves towards the other that he encroaches not upon his rights. If, however, one should be found distributing cholera or small-pox poison, it is very clear that he has become an enemy to the whole community, either through his misfortune or his fault. Let us have then, as recommended by the *Medical Journal*, a Dominion Board of Health, with ample but not excessive powers. We trust that at the approaching meeting of the Legislature the Government will have a measure to submit to Parliament on the subject. In close connection with the same question we suggest that an authoritative system of analysis be established whereby adulterators of food or drink could be duly punished. Where the individual cannot protect himself, it is the duty of the Government to protect him.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

It is gratifying to find that at last both the Government and people of England have been roused from their contemptible truckling to American pretensions. The following cable despatches have more than the usual significance, and deserve to be put on record for future reference:—

LONDON, Feb. 6.

The session of Parliament was opened shortly after noon. When the members of the House had assembled in the Chamber of Peers, the Queen's speech was delivered. The Royal speech begins with thanks to God for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, and gratitude for the sympathy of the people. The relations with foreign powers are friendly, and in all respects satisfactory. A bill will be presented to check the slave trade in Polynesia, which is severely denounced. The efforts to secure a continuance of the commercial treaty with France have, so far, not succeeded, but negotiations are still pending. The following reference is made with regard to the Alabama claims: "The arbitrators appointed pursuant to the Treaty of Washington, for the purpose of amicably settling the 'Alabama' claims, held their first meeting at Geneva. Cases were laid before the arbitrators on behalf of each party to the Treaty. In the case so submitted by America, large claims were included which were understood, on my part, not to be within the province of the arbitrators on this subject. I have caused a friendly communication to be made to the Government of the United States." Nothing further is said in regard to the "Alabama" claims, but in regard to the other provisions of the Treaty of Washington, it is said that the Emperor of Germany has accepted the arbitrators' view of the dispute in regard to the San Juan boundary, and cases are now preparing for presentation. The Mixed Commission appointed under the Treaty is also in session. One portion of the Treaty yet requires the consent of the Canadian Parliament.

The condition of Ireland is improving morally and materially. Crime and pauperism in Great Britain are decreasing. The estimates will soon be laid before the Commons. The speech enumerates measures to be submitted for parliamentary action, among them bills for education in Scotland, established licenses and procedures providing for voting by ballot, and preventing and extinguishing bribery.

After referring to various other subjects of future legislation, the Speech closes with an expression of confidence that the people and Parliament will sustain the Crown in upholding the rights and honour of the Empire.

MR. DISRAELI ON THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Disraeli called attention to a paragraph of the Royal speech in reference to the arbitration of the Alabama claims. He adverted at some length upon the Treaty for the faults of which he blamed the Foreign Secretary, Earl Granville, and Mr. Gladstone, in view of the developments which had been made by the assemblage of arbitrators at Geneva. He wanted to know why Government was exultant over it. The edification it had given Parliament on the subject of the Royal speech was signally unsatisfactory, and showed, in his opinion, that Government still lacked a proper appreciation of the question at issue between Great Britain and the United States. The American claims were greater than those which would follow total conquest; they were preposterous and impracticable, and if admitted would be fatal to the power and honour of England. Yet, said Mr. Disraeli sneeringly, the whole subject is disposed of in one brief paragraph of the Royal speech.

REPLY OF MR. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone, in reply, said the Treaty of Washington itself shows that England is ready to make every restitution short of national power to establish friendly relations and set an example to other nations for henceforth. The Government, said the Premier, is ready to explain everything in connection with the treaty, but he said he admitted it has unwittingly made a mistake. The paragraph in the speech is only a fair and unmistakable interpretation of the treaty. He could, if he desired, refer to the preposterous character of the American demands, which, of itself, proved their absurdity, for they were such as no people in the last extremity of war, or in the lowest depths of national misfortune, with the spirit of the people of England in their hearts, would ever submit to. (Cheers.) Mr. Gladstone concluded by saying the Government would maintain the position it had taken firmly, though in a friendly way.

A WANT SUPPLIED.—Much inconvenience has been felt by ladies and gentlemen during their temporary visits "down town" for the want of a place to which they could go for some refreshment, without submitting to the formality of a hotel luncheon. Messrs. Freeman & Co. have fitted up a splendid apartment adjoining their saloon on St. James Street wherein ladies may refresh themselves without the annoyance caused by the risk of mixing in promiscuous company. Gentlemen will only be admitted when accompanied by ladies, and we need hardly add that the firm will see that the restaurant receives none but respectable visitors. We defer a description of the room for the present, as we shall probably illustrate it in a future number.

THE CHALMERS-SPENCE PATENT NON-CONDUCTOR.—This is the name of a composition for covering boilers now being introduced in this country by Messrs. Chalmers & Co., of Point St. Charles. It is composed of the best non-conducting materials, and is the safest and most perfect caloric insulator known. In this office it has given the greatest satisfaction. It effects great economy in fuel, and has the additional advantage of being perfectly non-combustible. Testimonials as to its efficacy have been received by the patentees from the Admiralty, the Cunard Line Office, the Departments at Ottawa, the Richelieu and G. T. R. Companies, and a host of leading firms and companies both on this continent and in England.

LITERARY NOTICES.

OUR FIRESIDE FRIEND. Chicago, Ill.: Waters, Eberts & Co.

This is a new weekly intended to supply the Western community with such sensational literature as has heretofore been mostly manufactured in the Eastern cities of the United States.

LETTS'S POCKET DIARY, 1872. Letts, Son & Co., London, (England.)

The valuable diaries issued by the Messrs. Letts have already earned a world-wide reputation, and that issued for 1872 is certainly equal, if not superior to any of its predecessors.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC.—Mr. W. Walkem, medical student of McGill University, has informed us that he will answer the letter of Dr. Anderson, President of the Literary and Historical Society, Quebec, in our next issue.

BURMESE COURTSHIP.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

The Burmese are Buddhists, and Buddhism has nothing to do with marriage. In other words, marriage is contrary to the principles of the Buddhist religion.

A Burmese damsel is demure, laughter-loving, and self-reliant. Her manner is graceful and pleasing. She wears a bright silk petticoat, a white jacket, a gold necklace, and has glossy black hair decked with flowers.

Here some explanation is necessary. The Burmese evening is divided into three watches—namely, children's bed-time, old folks' bed-time, and young folks' bed-time.

When the hour of courting approaches the young lady trims her little lamp, so that it gleams through the window, and takes her seat upon a mat on the floor.

These evening gatherings are generally very innocent, and the marriages which follow them are generally very happy, although sanctified by no priest, and only held together by the ties of mutual affection or the obligations of civil law.

on which they may be reposing, and then there is a regular Burmese row, terminating very seriously sometimes.

This courting time in Burmah is nothing more than a relic of the old Hindoo institution known as the swayamvara, or choice of a husband by a maiden.

THE TALKING MACHINE.

(From the Boston Post.)

The talking machine which is daily exhibited to respectable assemblages of persons at the Horticultural Hall, can hardly be said to realize the expectations of the spectators.

"HOW MOTHER DID IT."

If we were to suggest one which, above all other things combined, would most contribute to the happiness of the young house-keeper, it would be to learn how to cook as a husband's mother cooked.

"I found fault some time ago with Maria Ann's custard pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard pie. Maria made the pie after my recipe.

"Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making those cakes, and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter out of the pitcher one evening, and set the cakes myself.

bed. In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I didn't. The yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet.

CHESS.

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

The match by telegraph, Toronto v. Montreal, is expected to take place next week.

Two interesting games recently contested in the Montreal Chess Club.

ALLGAIER GAMBIT.

- White. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. P. to K. B. 4th 3. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 4. P. to K. R. 4th 5. Kt. to Kt. 5th 6. B. to B. 4th 7. P. to Q. 4th 8. Q. B. takes P. 9. P. takes P. 10. Q. to Q. 3rd 11. P. to K. 5th 12. Q. to K. Kt. 6th, ch. 13. Castles. (a) 14. B. takes P., wins.

(a) B. to K. Kt. 5th would have won; for if—Q. ch. in reply—the Kt. interposes.

KIRSERITZKI GAMBIT.

- Black. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. P. to K. B. 4th 3. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 4. P. to K. R. 4th 5. Kt. to K. 5th 6. B. to B. 4th 7. P. to Q. 4th 8. P. takes P. 9. Kt. takes K. B. P. (a) 10. R. to Kt. sq. 11. K. to K. 2nd 12. B. to K. 3rd 13. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd 14. Q. to Q. 2nd 15. Kt. to R. 6th 16. B. takes Kt. 17. B. takes B. 18. Q. to K. 3rd 19. Kt. to Q. sq. 20. Kt. to K. B. 2nd 21. Kt. takes B. 22. B. to K. 6th (d) 23. B. to B. 5th 24. P. takes R. 25. Q. to K. B. 4th 26. K. to B. 2nd 27. Q. R. to K. sq. 28. R. takes Kt. P. 29. Q. takes Q. 30. R. to K. 7th, wins.

(a) Should have played; —9. B. takes P. ch. (b) This was an ill-considered move: the bishop is badly posted; P. to Q. Kt. 4th instead seems very much better. (c) Relying, apparently, upon an attack on the adverse K. B. P. (d) This, and the subsequent move of Black, secure him the better game.

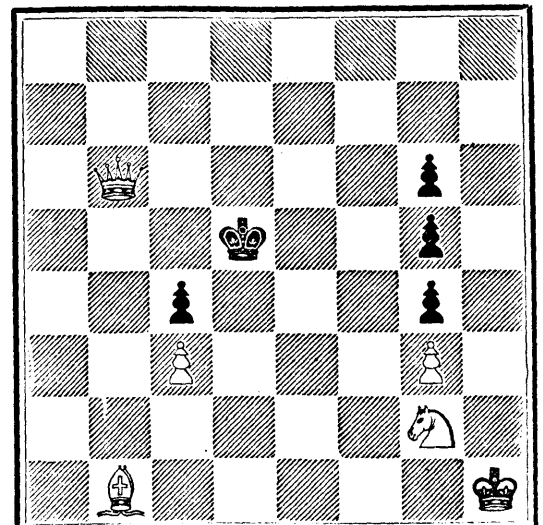
ENIGMA No. 19.

(From Bell's Life in London.)

White.—K. at K. Kt. 3rd, Rs. at K. Kt. 7th, and Q. B. 2nd; Bs. at K. R. 8th, and Q. Kt. sq. Black.—K. at Q. 5th, Ps. at K. Kt. 5th, Q. 4th, and Q. 3rd. White to play, and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 39.

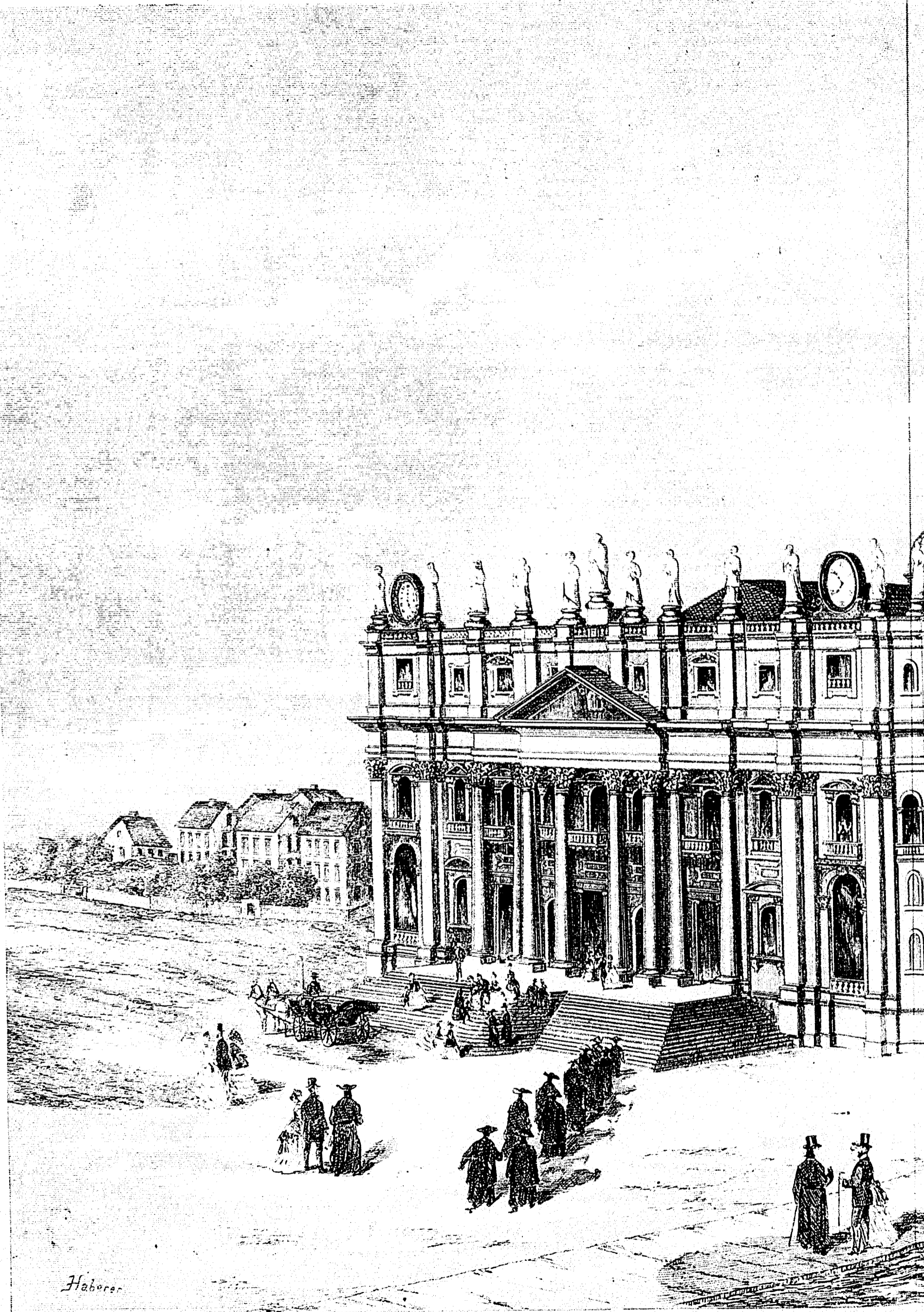
By J. W. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

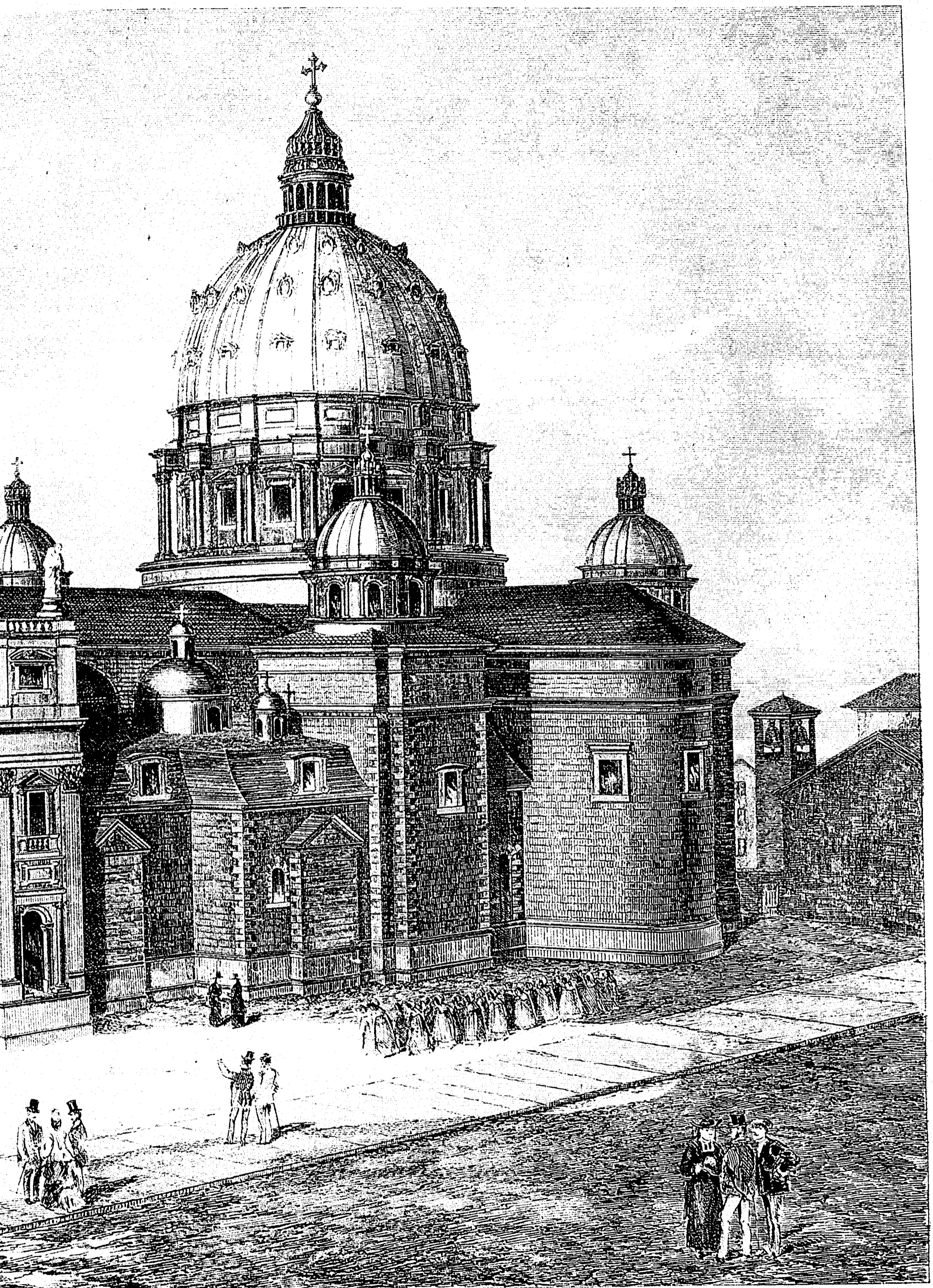
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 39.

- White. 1. P. to Q. 5th 2. Q. to Q. 4th 3. Q. to R. 8th, mate.



Haberer

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF MONTREAL



MONTREAL, UNDER CONSTRUCTION. See page 82.

I WONDER WHAT THEY MEAN?

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

I

The world is full of wonders!
As we all have often heard.
And the more I see, the more I find
My sense of wonder stirred.
Even in this thriving town of ours,
Where I some years have been,
The ways of men, oft me impel—
To wonder what they mean?

II

Last week the Drill Shed tumbled down—
A most astounding smash!
I'm very glad that no poor souls
Have perished in the crash;
That no one is to blame
Of course will soon be said:
But when the Council pass such plans,
I wonder what they mean?

III

Just now a loathsome pestilence
Is raging far and near,
And vaccination, one would think,
Should not be made too dear:
But when Corporation Doctors,
For their profits far too keen,
Charge a poor workman fifty cents!
I wonder what they mean?

IV

I always have supposed that Gas
Should give a decent light:
But really since the last few months,
I've doubted if I'm right.
Monopolies are seldom good,
As now is plainly seen,
But seeing how their interest lies,
I wonder what they mean?

V

Our street (refrigerating) cars
A great convenience are;
But in the way of comfort, sure
They don't go very far.
Fresh air no doubt's a wholesome thing,
But when the weather's keen,
They really might put on some doors,
I wonder what they mean?

VI

'Tis sad to see 'twixt race and race
A bitter feeling rise;
Such of late within our midst
We've noticed with surprise:
But sadder still it is to see,
As I with pain have seen,
Religious papers fan the flame,
I wonder what they mean?

VII

That local enterprise should be
Encouraged, all admit;
And sure our "Illustrated News"
For patronage is fit!
So when its canvasser goes round
Let it be always seen,
That to subscribe none will refuse,
Or, I'll wonder what they mean?

W. H. F.

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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER II.

EXACTLY at eight o'clock every evening a loud bell was sounded in the hotel of the Lion d'Or at Granpere, and all within the house sat down together to supper. The supper was spread on a long table in the saloon up-stairs, and the room was lighted with camphine lamps,—for as yet gas had not found its way to Granpere. At this meal assembled not only the guests in the house and the members of the family of the landlord,—but also many persons living in the village whom it suited to take, at a certain price per month, the chief meal of the day, at the house of the innkeeper, instead of eating in their own houses a more costly, a less dainty, and probably a lonely supper. Therefore when the bell was heard there came together some dozen residents of Granpere, mostly young men engaged in the linen trade, from their different lodgings, and each took his accustomed seat down the sides of the long board, at which, tied in a knot, was placed his own napkin. At the top of the table was the place of Madame Voss, which she never failed to fill exactly three minutes after the bell had been rung. At her right hand was the chair of the master of the house,—never occupied by any one else;—but it would often happen that some business would keep him away. Since George had left him he had taken the timber into his own hands, and was accustomed to think and sometimes to say that the necessity was cruel on him. Below his chair and on the other side of Madame Voss there would generally be two or three places kept for guests who might be specially looked upon as the intimate friends of the mistress of the house; and at the farther end of the table, close to the window, was the space allotted to travellers. Here the napkins were not tied in knots, but were always clean. And, though the little plates of radishes, cakes, and dried fruits were continued from one of the tables to the other, the long-necked thin bottles of common wine came to an end before they reached the strangers' portion of the board; for it had been found that strangers would take at that hour either tea or a better kind of wine than that which Michael Voss gave to his accustomed guests without any special charge. When, however, the stranger should please to take the common wine, he was by no means thereby prejudiced in the eyes of Madame Voss or her husband. Michael Voss liked a profit, but he liked the habits of his country almost as well.

One evening in September, about twelve months after the departure of George, Madame Voss took her seat at the table, and the young men of the place who had been waiting round the door of the hotel for a few minutes, followed her into the room. And there was M. Goudin, the Curé, with another young clergyman, his friend. On Sundays the Curé always dined at the hotel at half-past twelve o'clock, as the friend of the family; but for his supper he paid, as did the other guests. I rather fancy that on week days he had no particular dinner; and indeed there was no such formal meal given

in the house of Michael Voss on week days. There was something put on the table about noon in the little room between the kitchen and the public window; but except on Sundays it could hardly be called a dinner. On Sundays a real dinner was served in the room up-stairs, with soup, and removes, and entrées and the rôti, all in the right place,—which showed that they knew what a dinner was at the Lion d'Or;—but, throughout the week, supper was the meal of the day. After M. Goudin, on this occasion, there came two maiden ladies from Epinal who were lodging at Granpere for change of air. They seated themselves near to Madame Voss, but still leaving a place or two vacant. And presently at the bottom of the table there came an Englishman and his wife, who were travelling through the country; and so the table was made up. A lad of about fifteen who was known in Granpere as the waiter at the Lion d'Or looked after the two strangers and the young men, and Marie Bromar, who herself had arranged the board, stood at the top of the room, by a second table, and dispensed the soup. It was pleasant to watch her eyes, as she marked the moment when the dispensing should begin, and counted her guests, thoughtful as to the sufficiency of the dishes to come; and noticed that Edmond Greisse had sat down with such dirty hands that she must bid her uncle to warn the lad; and observed that the more elderly of the two ladies from Epinal had bread too hard to suit her,—which should be changed as soon as the soup had been dispensed. She looked round, and even while dispensing saw everything. It was suggested in the last chapter that another house might have been built in Granpere, and that Gorge Voss might have gone there, taking Marie as his bride; but the Lion d'Or would sorely have missed those quick and careful eyes.

Then, when that dispensing of the soup was concluded, Michel entered the room bringing with him a young man. The young man had evidently been expected; for, when he took the place close at the left hand of Madame Voss, she simply bowed to him, saying some word of courtesy as Michel took his place on the other side. Then Marie dispensed two more portions of soup, and leaving one on the farther table for the boy to serve, though she could well have brought the two, waited herself upon her uncle. "And is Urmand to have no soup?" said Michel Voss, as he took his niece lovingly by the hand. "Peter is bringing it," said Marie. And in a moment or two Peter the waiter did bring the young man his soup.

"And will not Mademoiselle Marie sit down with us?" said the young man.

"If you can make her, you have more influence than I," said Michel. "Marie never sits, and never eats, and never drinks."

She was standing now close behind her uncle with both her hands upon his head, and she would often stand so after the supper was commenced, only moving to attend upon him, or to supplement the services of Peter and the maid-servant when she perceived that they were becoming for a time inadequate to their duties. She answered her uncle now by gently pulling his ears, but she said nothing.

"Sit down with us, Marie, to oblige me," said Madame Voss.

"I had rather not, aunt. It is foolish to sit at supper and not eat. I have taken my supper already." Then she moved away and hovered round the two strangers at the end of the room.

After supper Michel Voss and the young man—Adrian Urmand by name—lit their cigars and seated themselves on a bench outside the front door. "Have you never said a word to her?" said Michel.

"Well;—a word; yes."

"But you have not asked her —; you know what I mean;—asked her whether she could love you."

"Well,—yes. I have said as much as that, but I have never got an answer. And when I did ask her, she merely left me. She is not much given to talking."

"She will not make the worse wife, my friend, because she is not much given to such talking as that. When she is out with me on a Sunday afternoon she has chat enough. By St. James, she'll talk for two hours without stopping when I'm so out of breath with the hill that I haven't a word."

"I don't doubt she can talk."

"That she can;—and manage a house better than any girl I ever saw. You ask her aunt."

"I know what her aunt thinks of her. Madame Voss says that neither you nor she can afford to part with her."

Michel Voss was silent for a moment. It was dusk, and no one could see him as he brushed a tear from each eye with the back of his hand. "I'll tell you what, Urmand,—it will break my heart to lose her. Do you see how she comes to me and comforts me? But if it broke my heart, and broke the house too, I would not keep her here. It isn't fit. If you like her, and she can like you, it will be a good match for her. You have my leave to ask her. She brought nothing here, but she has been a good girl, a very good girl, and she shall not leave the house empty handed."

Adrian Urmand was a linen buyer from Basle, and was known to have a good share in a good business. He was a handsome young man too, though rather small, and perhaps a little too apt to wear rings on his fingers and to show jewelry on his shirt front and about his waistcoat. So at least said some of the young people of Granpere, where rings and gold studs are not so common as they are at Basle. But he was one who understood his business and did not neglect it; he had money too; and was therefore such a young man that Michel Voss felt that he might give his niece to him without danger, if he and she could manage to like each other sufficiently. As to Urmand's liking there was no doubt. Urmand was ready enough.

"I will see if she will speak to me just now," said Urmand after a pause.

"Shall her aunt try it, or shall I do it?" said Michel.

But Adrian Urmand thought that part of the pleasure of love lay in the making of it himself. So he declined the innkeeper's offer, at any rate for the present occasion. "Perhaps," said he, "Madame Voss will say a word for me after I have spoken for myself."

"So let it be," said the landlord. And then they finished their cigars in silence.

It was in vain that Adrian Urmand tried that night to obtain audience from Marie. Marie, as though she well knew what was wanted of her and was determined to thwart her lover, would not allow herself to be found alone for a moment. When Adrian presented himself at the window of her little bar he found that Peter was with her, and she managed to keep Peter with her till Adrian was gone. And again when

he hoped to find her alone for a few moments after the work of the day was over in the small parlour where she was accustomed to sit for some half hour before she would go up to her room, he was again disappointed. She was already up-stairs with her aunt and the children, and all Michel Voss's good nature in keeping out of the way was of no avail.

But Urmand was determined not to be beaten. He intended to return to Basle on the next day but one, and desired to put this matter a little in forwardness before he took his departure. On the following morning he had various appointments to keep with countrymen and their wives who sold linen to him, but he was quick over his business and managed to get back to the inn early in the afternoon. From six till eight he well knew that Marie would allow nothing to impede her in her grand work of preparing for supper; but at four o'clock she would certainly be sitting somewhere about the house with her needle in hand. At four o'clock he found her, not with her needle in her hand, but, better still, perfectly idle. She was standing at an open window, looking out upon the garden as he came behind her, standing motionless with both hands on the sill of the window, thinking deeply of something that filled her mind. It might be that she was thinking of him.

"I have done with my customers now, and I shall be off to Basle to-morrow," said he, as soon as she had looked round at the sound of his footsteps and perceived that he was close to her.

"I hope you have bought your goods well, Mr. Urmand."

"Ah! for the matter of that the time for buying things well is clean gone. One used to be able to buy well; but there is not an old woman now in Alsace who doesn't know as well as I do, or better, what linen is worth in Basle and Paris. They expect to get nearly as much for it here at Granpere."

"They work hard, M. Urmand, and things are dearer than they were. It is well that they should get a price for their labour."

"A price, yes;—but how is a man to buy without a profit? They think that I come here for their sakes,—merely to bring the market to their doors." Then he began to remember that he had no special object in discussing the circumstances of his trade with Marie Bromar, and that he had a special object in another direction. But how to turn the subject was now a difficulty.

"I am sure you do not buy without a profit," said Marie Bromar, when she found that he was silent. "And then, the poor people who have to pay so dear for everything!" She was making a violent attempt to keep him on the ground of his customers and his purchases.

"There was another thing that I wanted to say to you, Marie," he began at last abruptly.

"Another thing!" said Marie, knowing that the hour had come.

"Yes;—another thing. I dare say you know what it is. I need not tell you now that I love you, need I, Marie? You know as well as I do what I think of you."

"No, I don't," said Marie, not intending to encourage him to tell her, but simply saying that which came easiest to her at the moment.

"I think this,—that if you will consent to be my wife, I shall be a very happy man. That is all. Everybody knows how pretty you are, and how good, and how clever; but I do not think that anybody loves you better than I do. Can you say that you will love me, Marie? Your uncle approves of it, —and your aunt." He had now come quite close to her, and having placed his hand behind her back, was winding his arm round her waist.

"I will not have you do that, M. Urmand," she said, escaping from his embrace.

"But that is no answer. Can you love me, Marie?"

"No," she said, hardly whispering the word between her teeth.

"And is that to be all?"

"What more can I say?"

"But your uncle wishes it, and your aunt. Dear Marie, can you not try to love me?"

"I know they wish it. It is easy enough for a girl to see when such things are wished or when they are forbidden. Of course I know that uncle wishes it. And he is very good;—and so are you,—I dare say. And I'm sure I ought to be very proud, because you are so much above me."

"I am not a bit above you. If you knew what I think you wouldn't say so."

"But —"

"Well, Marie. Think a moment, dearest, before you shall give me an answer that shall make me either happy or miserable."

"I have thought. I would almost burn myself in the fire if uncle wished it."

"And he does wish this."

"But I cannot do this even because he wishes it."

"Why not, Marie?"

"I prefer being as I am. I do not wish to leave the hotel, or to be married at all."

"Nay, Marie, you will certainly be married some day."

"No; there is no such certainty. Some girls never get married. I am of use here, and I am happy here."

"Ah; it is because you cannot love me."

"I don't suppose I shall ever love any one, not in that way. I must go away now, M. Urmand, because I am wanted below."

She did go, and Adrian Urmand spoke no further word of love to her on that occasion.

"I will speak to her about it myself," said Michel Voss, when he heard his young friend's story that evening, seated again upon the bench outside the door, and smoking another cigar.

"It will be of no use," said Adrian.

"One never knows," said Michel. "Young women are queer cattle to take to market. One can never be quite certain which way they want to go. After you are off to-morrow, I will have a few words with her. She does not quite understand as yet that she must make her hay while the sun shines. Some of 'em are all in a hurry to get married, and some of 'em again are all for hanging back, when their friends wish it. It's natural, I believe, that they should be contrary. But Marie is as good as the best of them, and when I speak to her she'll hear reason."

Adrian Urmand had no alternative but to assent to the innkeeper's proposition. The idea of making love second-hand was not pleasant to him; but he could not hinder the cure from speaking his mind to the niece. One little suggestion

he did make before he took his departure. "It can't be, I suppose, that there is any one else that she likes better?" To this Michel Voss made no answer in words, but shook his head in a fashion that made Adrian feel assured that there was no danger on that head.

But Michel Voss, though he had shaken his head in a manner so satisfactory, had feared that there was such danger. He had considered himself justified in shaking his head, but would not be so false as to give in words the assurance which Adrian had asked. That night he discussed the matter with his wife, declaring it as his purpose that Marie Bromar should marry Adrian Urmand. "It is impossible that she should do better," said Michel.

"It would be very well," said Madame Voss.

"Very well! Why he is worth thirty thousand francs, and is as steady at his business as his father was before him."

"He is a dandy."

"Psha! That is nothing," said Michel.

"And he is too fond of money."

"It is a fault on the right side," said Michel. "His wife and children will not come to want."

Madame Voss paused a moment before she made her last and grand objection to the match.

"It is my belief," said she, "that Marie is always thinking of George."

"Then she had better cease to think of him," said Michel, "for George is not thinking of her." He said nothing further, but resolved to speak his own mind freely to Marie Bromar.

CHAPTER III.

THE old-fashioned inn at Colmar, at which George Voss was acting as assistant and chief manager to his father's distant cousin Madame Faragon, was a house very different in all its belongings from the Lion d'Or at Granpere. It was very much larger, and had much higher pretensions. It assumed to itself the character of a first-class hotel;—and when Colmar was without a railway, and was a great posting station on the high road from Strasbourg to Lyons, there was some real business at the Hotel de la Poste in that town. At present, though Colmar may probably have been benefited by the railway, the inn has faded, and is in its yellow leaf. Travellers who desire to see the statue which a grateful city has erected to the memory of its most illustrious citizen, General Rapp, are not sufficient in number to keep a first-class hotel in the glories of fresh paint and smart waiters; and when you have done with General Rapp, there is not much to interest you in Colmar. But there is the hotel; and poor, fat, unwieldy Madame Faragon, though she grumbles much, and declares that there is not a sou to be made, still keeps it up, and bears, with as much bravery as she can, the buffets of a world which seems to her to be becoming less prosperous and less comfortable and more exacting every day. In her younger days a posting house in such a town was a posting house; and when M. Faragon married her, the heiress of the then owner of the business, he was supposed to have done uncommonly well for himself. Madame Faragon is now a childless widow, and sometimes declares that she will shut the house up and have done with it. Why maintain a business without a profit, simply that there may be an Hotel de la Poste at Colmar? But there are old servants whom she has not the heart to send away; and she has at any rate a roof of her own over her head; and, though she herself is unconscious that it is so, she has many ties to the old business; and now, since her young cousin George Voss has been with her, things go a little better. She is not robbed so much, and the people of the town, finding they can get a fair bottle of wine and a good supper, come to the inn; and at length an omnibus has been established, and there is a little glimmer of returning prosperity.

It is a large rambling house, built round an irregularly shaped court, with another court behind it; and in both courts the stables and coach-houses seem to be so mixed with the kitchens and entrances, that one hardly knows what part of the building is equine and what part human. Judging from the smell which pervades the lower quarters, and, alas! also too frequently the upper rooms, one would be inclined to say that the horses had the best of it. The defect had been pointed out to Madame Faragon more than once; but that lady, though in most of the affairs of life her temper is gentle and kindly, cannot hear with equanimity an insinuation that any portion of her house is either dirty or unswet. Complaints have reached her that the beds were—well, inhabited, but no servant now dares to hint at anything wrong in this particular. If this traveller or that says a word to her personally in complaint, she looks as sour as death, and declines to open her mouth in reply; but when the traveller's back is turned, the things that Madame Faragon can say about the upstart coxcombry of the wretch, and as to the want of all real comforts which she is sure prevails in the home quarters of that ill-starred, complaining traveller, are proof to those who hear them that the old landlady has not as yet lost all her energy. It need not be doubted that she herself religiously believes that no foul perfume has ever pervaded the sanctity of her chambers, and that no living thing has ever been seen inside the sheets of her beds except those guests whom she has allocated to the different rooms.

Matters had not gone very easily with George Voss in all the changes he had made during the last year. Some things he was obliged to do without consulting Madame Faragon at all. Then she would discover what was going on, and there would be a "few words." At other times he would consult her, and carry his purpose only after much perseverance. Twice or thrice he had told her that he must go away, and then with many groans she had acceded to his propositions. It had been necessary to expend two thousand francs in establishing the omnibus, and in that affair the appearance of things had been at one time quite hopeless. And then when George had declared that the altered habits of the people required that the hour of the morning *table d'hôte* should be changed from noon to one, she had sworn that she would not give way. She would never lend her assent to such vile idleness. It was already robbing the business portion of the day of an hour. She would wrap her colours round her and die upon the ground sooner than yield. "Then they won't come," said George, "and it's no use you having the table then. They will all go to the *Hôtel de l'Impératrice*." This was a new house, the very mention of which was a dagger thrust into the bosom of Madame Faragon. "Then they will be poisoned," she said. "And let them! It is what they are fit

for." But the change was made, and for the three first days she wouldn't come out of her room. When the bell was rung at the obnoxious hour, she stopped her ears with her two hands.

But though there had been these contests, Madame Faragon had made more than one effort to induce George Voss to become her partner and successor in the house. If he would only bring in a small sum of money,—a sum which must be easily within his father's reach,—he should have half the business now, and all of it when Madame Faragon had gone to her rest. Or if he would prefer to give Madame Faragon a pension,—a moderate pension,—she would give up the house at once. At these tender moments she used to say that he probably would not begrudge her a room in which to die. But George Voss would always say that he had no money, that he could not ask his father for money, and that he had not made up his mind to settle at Colmar. Madame Faragon, who was naturally much interested in the matter, and was moreover not without curiosity, could never quite learn how matters stood at Granpere. A word or two she had heard in a circuitous way of Marie Bromar, but from George himself she could never learn anything of his affairs at home. She had asked him once or twice whether it would not be well that he should marry, but he had always replied that he did not think of such a thing,—at any rate as yet. He was a steady young man, given more to work than to play, and apparently not inclined to amuse himself with the girls of the neighbourhood.

One day Edmond Greisse was over at Colmar—Edmond Greisse, the lad whose untidy appearance at the supper-table at the Lion d'Or had called down the rebuke of Marie Bromar. He had been sent over on some business by his employer, and had come to get his supper and bed at Madame Faragon's hotel. He was a modest, unassuming lad, and had been hardly more than a boy when George Voss had left Granpere. From time to time George had seen some friend from the village, and had thus heard tidings from home. Once, as has been said, Madame Voss had made a pilgrimage to Madame Faragon's establishment to visit him; but letters between the houses had not been frequent. Though postage in France—or shall we say Germany?—is now almost as low as in England, these people of Alsace have not yet fallen into the way of writing to each other when it occurs to any of them that a word may be said. Young Greisse had seen the landlady, who now never went up-stairs among her guests, and had had his chamber allotted to him, and was seated at the supper-table, before he met George Voss. It was from Madame Faragon that George heard of his arrival.

"There is a neighbour of yours from Granpere in the house," said she.

"From Granpere? And who is he?"

"I forget the lad's name; but he says that your father is well, and Madame Voss. He goes back early to-morrow with the roulage and some goods that his people have bought. I think he is at supper now."

The place of honour at the top of the table at the Colmar inn was not in these days assumed by Madame Faragon. She had, alas! become too stout to do so with either grace or comfort, and always took her meals, as she always lived, in the little room down-stairs, from which she could see, through the apertures of two doors, all who came in and all who went out by the chief entrance of the hotel. Nor had George usurped the place. It had now happened at Colmar, as it has come to pass at most hotels, that the public table is no longer the *table d'hôte*. The end chair was occupied by a stout, dark man, with a bald head and black beard, who was proudly filling a place different from that of his neighbours, and who would probably have gone over to the *Hôtel de l'Impératrice* had anybody disturbed him. On the present occasion George seated himself next to the lad, and they were soon discussing all the news from Granpere.

"And how is Marie Bromar?" George asked at last.

"You have heard about her, of course," said Edmond Greisse.

"Heard what?"

"She is going to be married."

"Minnie Bromar to be married? And to whom?"

Edmond at once understood that his news was regarded as being important, and made the most of it.

"Oh, dear yes. It was settled last week when he was there."

"But who is he?"

"Adrian Urmand, the linen-buyer from Basle."

"Marie to be married to Adrian Urmand!"

Urmand's journeys to Granpere had been commenced before George Voss had left the place, and therefore the two young men had known each other.

"They say he's very rich," said Edmond.

"I thought he cared for nobody but himself. And are you sure? Who told you?"

"I am quite sure, but I do not know who told me. They are all talking about it."

"Did my father ever tell you?"

"No, he never told me."

"Or Marie herself?"

"No, she did not tell me. Girls never tell those sort of things of themselves."

"Nor Madame Voss?" asked George.

"She never talks much about anything. But you may be sure it's true. I'll tell you who told me first, and he is sure to know, because he lives in the house. It was Peter Veque."

"Peter Veque, indeed! And who do you think would tell him?"

"But isn't it quite likely? She has grown to be such a beauty. Everybody gives it to her that she is the prettiest girl round Granpere. And why shouldn't he marry her? If I had a lot of money, I'd only look to get the prettiest girl I could find anywhere."

After this George said nothing further to the young man as to the marriage. If it was talked about as Edmond said, it was probably true. And why should it not be true? Even though it were true, no one would have cared to tell him. She might have been married twice over, and no one in Granpere would have sent him word. So he declared to himself. And yet Marie Bromar had once sworn to him that she loved him, and would be his for ever and ever; and, though he had left her in dudgeon, with black looks, without a kind word of farewell, yet he had believed her. Through all his sojourn at Colmar he had told himself that she would be true to him. He believed it, though he was hardly sure of himself—had hardly resolved that he would ever go back to Granpere to

seek her. His father had turned him out of the house, and Marie had told him as he went that she would never marry him if her uncle disapproved it. Slight as her word had been on that morning of his departure, it had rankled in his bosom, and made him angry with her through a whole twelvemonth. And yet he had believed that she would be true to him!

He went out in the evening when it was dusk and walked round and round the public garden of Colmar, thinking of the news which he had heard—the public garden, in which stands the statue of General Rapp. It was a terrible blow to him. Though he had remained a whole year in Colmar without seeing Marie, or hearing of her, without hardly ever having had her name upon his lips, without even having once assured himself during the whole time that the happiness of his life would depend on the girl's constancy to him—now that he heard that she was to be married to another man, he was torn to pieces by anger and regret. He had sworn to love her, and had never even spoken a word of tenderness to another girl. She had given him her plighted troth, and now she was prepared to break it with the first man who asked her! As he thought of this, his brow became black with anger. But his regrets were as violent. What a fool he had been to leave her there, open to persuasion from any man who came in the way, open to persuasion from his father, who would, of course, be his enemy. How, indeed, could he expect that she should be true to him? The year had been long enough to him, but it must have been doubly long to her. He had expected that his father would send for him, would write to him, would at least transmit to him some word that would make him know that his presence was again desired at Granpere. But his father had been as proud as he was, and had not sent any such message. Or rather, perhaps, the father being older and less impatient, had thought that a temporary absence from Granpere might be good for his son.

It was late at night when George Voss went to bed, but he was up in the morning early to see Edmond Greisse before the roulage should start for Munster on its road to Granpere. Early times in that part of the world are very early, and the roulage was ready in the back court of the inn at half-past four in the morning.

"What? you up at this hour?" said Edmond.

"Why not? It is not every day we have a friend here from Granpere, so I thought I would see you off."

"That is kind of you."

"Give my love to them at the old house, Edmond. To father, and Madame Voss, and the children, and to Marie."

"All right."

"Tell Marie that you have told me of her marriage."

"I don't know whether she'll like to talk about that to me."

"Never mind; you tell her. She won't bite you. Tell her also that I shall be over at Granpere soon to see her and the rest of them. I'll be over—as soon as ever I can get away."

"Shall I tell your father that?"

"No. Tell Marie, and let her tell my father."

"And when will you come? We shall all be so glad to see you."

"Never you mind that. You just give my message. Come in for a moment to the kitchen. There's a cup of coffee for you and a slice of ham. We are not going to let an old friend like you go away without breaking his fast."

As Greisse had already paid his modest bill, amounting altogether to little more than three francs, this was kind of the young landlord, and while he was eating his bread and ham he promised faithfully that he would give the message just as George had given it to him.

It was on the third day after the departure of Edmond Greisse that George told Madame Faragon that he was going home.

"Going where?" said Madame Faragon, leaning forward on the table before her, and looking like a picture of despair.

"To Granpere, Madame Faragon."

"To Granpere! and why? and when? and how? Oh dear! Why did you not tell me before, child?"

"I told you as soon as I knew."

"But you are not going yet?"

"On Monday."

"Oh dear. So soon as that! Lord bless me. We can't do anything before Monday. And when will you be back?"

"I cannot say with certainty. I shall not be long, I dare say."

"And have they sent for you?"

"No, they have not sent for me, but I want to see them once again. And I must make up my mind what to do for the future."

"Don't leave me, George; pray do not leave me!" exclaimed Madame Faragon. "You shall have the business now if you choose to take it—only pray don't leave me!" George explained that at any rate he would not desert her now at once; and on the Monday named he started for Granpere. He had not been very quick in his action, for a week had passed since he had given Edmond Greisse his breakfast in the hotel kitchen.

(To be continued.)

In McKean Buchanan's performances in Lexington, Ky. recently, the orchestra was composed of an addle-headed veteran and a wheezy piano. Just at the time when the murder of Duncan was being meditated, the piano struck up "Yankee Doodle." The curtain rose, and Banquo stepped to the footlights. Still the piano played "Yankee Doodle." Banquo said, "Stop." The veteran at the piano was making so much noise himself that he did not hear Banquo. Then Banquo laughed, and the audience laughed and cheered uproariously. The veteran, thinking the cheers were for him, played with still more vim, "Yankee Doodle came to town." Banquo went up to the piano, and said, "Stop!" and repeated it several times, but without effect, until he fairly screamed, "Stop the music, the curtain is up!" and he gave the piano a kick. Then the truth crept into the old gentleman's head, and he left his seat amid cheers and laughter, while Banquo stood waiting to put in his speech, which he did in approved style, barring a slight grin at the absurdity of the situation.

A Milwaukee woman, whose husband had been persecuted to death by a creditor, married the creditor and persecuted him to death in less than six months. Time sets all things even.



SISTERS OF MERCY.—SEE PAGE 83.



GROUP OF CHOICE SPIRITS, 1607 BY CORREGGIO.—FROM A SERIES BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 82.

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,
Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER LVII.

ANOTHER DREAM.

THE excitement of having something to do, had helped me over the morning, and the pleasure of thinking of what I had done, helped me through half the journey; but before I reached home, I was utterly exhausted. Then I had to drive round by the farm, and knock up Mrs. Herbert and Styles.

I could not bear the thought of my own room, and ordered a fire in my grandmother's, where they soon got me into bed. All I remember of that night is the following dream.

I found myself at the entrance of the ice-cave. A burning sun beat on my head, and at my feet flowed the brook which gathered its life from the decay of the ice. I stopped to drink; but, cool to the eye and hand and lips, it yet burned me within like fire. I would seek shelter from the sun inside the cave. I entered, and knew that the cold was all around! I even felt it; but somehow it did not enter into me. My brain, my very bones burned with fire. I went in and in. The blue atmosphere closed around me, and the colour entered into my soul till it seemed dyed with the potent blue. My very being swam and floated in a blue atmosphere of its own. My intention—I can recall it perfectly—was but to walk to the end, a few yards, then turn and again brave the sun; for I had a dim feeling of forsaking my work, of playing truant, or of being cowardly in thus avoiding the heat. Something else too was wrong, but I could not clearly tell what. As I went on, I began to wonder that I had not come to the end. The gray walls yet rose about me, and ever the film of dissolution flowed along their glassy faces to the tunnel below; still before me opened the depth of blue atmosphere, deepening as I went. After many windings the path began to branch, and soon I was lost in a labyrinth of passages, of which I knew not why I should choose one rather than another. It was useless now to think of returning. Arbitrarily I chose the narrowest way, and still went on.

A discoloration of the ice attracted my attention, and as I looked it seemed to retreat into the solid mass. There was something not ice within it which grew more and more distinct as I gazed, until at last I plainly distinguished the form of my grandmother, lying then as when my aunt made me touch her face. A few yards further on, lay the body of my uncle, as I saw him in his coffin. His face was dead white in the midst of the cold clear ice, his eyes closed, and his arms straight by his side. He lay like an alabaster king upon his tomb. It was he, I thought, but he would never speak to me no more—never look at me—never more awake. There lay all that was left of him—the cold frozen memory of what he had been and would never be again. I did not weep. I only knew somehow in my dream that life was all a wandering in a frozen cave, where the faces of the living were dark with the coming corruption, and the memories of the dead, cold and clear and hopeless evermore, alone were lovely.

I walked further; for the ice might possess yet more of the past—all that was left me of life. And again I stood and gazed, for, deep within, I saw the form of Charley—at rest now, his face bloodless, but not so death-like as my uncle's. His hands were laid palm to palm over his bosom, and pointed upwards as if praying for comfort where comfort was none: here at least were no flickerings of the rainbow fancies of faith and hope and charity! I gazed in comfortless content for a time on the repose of my weary friend, and then went on, inly moved to see what further the ice of the godless region might hold. Nor had I wandered far when I saw the form of Mary, lying like the rest, only that her hands were crossed on her bosom. I stood, wondering to find myself so little moved. But when the ice drew nigh me, and would have closed around me, my heart leaped for joy; and when the heat of my lingering life repelled it, my heart sunk within me, and I said to myself: "Death will not have me. I may not join her even in the land of cold forgetfulness: I may not even be nothing with her." The tears began to flow down my face, like the thin veil of water that kept ever flowing down the face of the ice; and as I wept, the water before me flowed faster and faster, till it rippled in a sheet down the icy wall. Faster and yet faster it flowed, falling, with the sound as of many showers, into the tunnel below, which rushed splashing and gurgling away from the foot of the vanishing wall. Faster and faster it flowed, until the solid mass fell in a foaming cataract, and swept in a torrent across the cave. I followed the retreating wall, through the seething water at its foot. Thinner and thinner grew the dividing mass; nearer and nearer came the form of my

Mary. "I shall yet clasp her," I cried; "her dead form will kill me, and I too shall be enclosed in the friendly ice. I shall not be with her, alas; but neither shall I be without her, for I shall depart into the lovely nothingness." Thinner and thinner grew the dividing wall. The skirt of her shroud hung like a wet weed in the falling torrent. I knelt in the river, and crept nearer, with outstretched arms: when the vanishing ice set the dead form free, it should rest in those arms—the last gift of the life-dream—for then, surely, I must die. "Let me pass in the agony of a lonely embrace!" I cried. As I spoke she moved. I started to my feet, stung into life by the agony of a new hope. Slowly the ice released her, and gently she rose to her feet. The torrents of water ceased—they had flowed but to set her free. Her eyes were still closed, but she made one blind step towards me, and laid her left hand on my head, her right hand on my heart. Instantly, body and soul, I was cool as a summer eve after a thunder-shower. For a moment, precious as an æon, she held her hands upon me—then slowly opened her eyes. Out of them flashed the living soul of my Athanasia. She closed the lids again slowly over the lovely splendour; the water in which we stood rose around us; and on its last billow she floated away through the winding passage of the cave. I sought to follow her, but could not. I cried aloud and awoke.

But the burning heat had left me; I felt that I had passed a crisis, and had begun to recover—a conviction which would have been altogether unwelcome, but for the poor shadow of a reviving hope which accompanied it. Such a dream, come whence it might, could not but bring comfort with it. The hope grew, and was my sole medicine.

Before the evening I felt better, and, though still very feeble, managed to write to Marston, letting him know I was safe, and requesting him to forward any letters that might arrive.

The next day I rose, but was unable to work. The very thought of writing sickened me. Neither could I bear the thought of returning to London. I tried to read, but threw aside book after book, without being able to tell what one of them was about. If for a moment I seemed to enter into the subject, before I reached the bottom of the page, I found I had not an idea as to what the words meant or whither they tended. After many failures, unwilling to give myself up to idle brooding, I fortunately tried some of the mystical poetry of the seventeenth century: the difficulties of that I found rather stimulate than repel me; while, much as there was in the form to displease the taste, there was more in the matter to rouse the intellect. I found also some relief in resuming my mathematical studies: the abstraction of them acted as an anodyne. But the days dragged wearily.

As soon as I was able to get on horseback, the tone of mind and body began to return. I felt as if into me some sort of animal healing passed from Lilith; and who can tell in how many ways the lower animals may not minister to the higher?

One night I had a strange experience. I give it without argument, perfectly aware that the fact may be set down to the disordered state of my physical nature, and that without injustice.

I had not for a long time thought about one of the questions which had so much occupied Charley and myself—that of immortality. As to any communication between the parted, I had never, during his life, pondered the possibility of it, although I had always had an inclination to believe that such intercourse had in rare instances taken place: former periods of the world's history, when that blinding self-consciousness which is the bane of ours was yet undeveloped, must, I thought, have been far more favourable to its occurrence. Anyhow I was convinced that it was not to be gained by effort. I confess that, in the unthinking agony of grief after Charley's death, many a time when I woke in the middle of the night and could sleep no more, I sat up in bed and prayed him, if he heard me, to come to me, and let me tell him the truth—for my sake to let me know at least that he lived, for then I should be sure that one day all would be well. But if there was any hearing, there was no answer. Charley did not come; the prayer seemed to vanish in the darkness; and my more self-possessed meditations never justified the hope of any such being heard.

One night I was sitting in my grannie's room, which, except my uncle's, was now the only one I could bear to enter. I had been reading for some time very quietly, but had leaned back in my chair, and let my thoughts go wandering whither they would, when all at once I was possessed by the conviction that Charley was near me. I saw nothing; heard nothing; of the recognized senses of humanity not one gave me a hint of a presence; and yet my whole body was aware—so at least it seemed—of the proximity of another I. It was as if some nervous region commensurate with my frame, were now for the first time revealed by contact with an object suitable for its apprehension. Like Eliphaz, I felt the hair of my head stand up—not from terror, but simply, as it seemed, from the presence and its strangeness. Like others also of whom

I have read, who believed themselves in the presence of the disembodied, I could not speak. I tried, but as if the medium for sound had been withdrawn, and an empty gulf lay around me, no word followed, although my very soul was full of the cry—*Charley! Charley!* And alas! in a few moments, like the faint vanishing of an unrealized thought, leaving only the assurance that something half-born from out the unknown had been there, the influence faded and died. It passed from me like the shadow of a cloud, and once more I knew but my poor lonely self, returning to its candles, its open book, its burning fire.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

SUFFERING is perhaps the only preparation for suffering: still I was but poorly prepared for what followed.

Having gathered strength, and a certain quietness which I could not mistake for peace, I returned to London towards the close of the spring. I had in the interval heard nothing of Mary. The few letters Marston had sent on had been almost exclusively from my publishers. But the very hour I reached my lodgings came a note, which I opened trembling, for it was in the handwriting of Miss Pease.

"DEAR SIR,—I cannot, I think, be wrong in giving you a piece of information which will be in the newspapers to-morrow morning. Your old acquaintance, and my young relative, Mr. Brotherton, was married this morning, at St. George's, Hanover Square, to your late friend's sister, Miss Mary Osborne. They have just left for Dover on their way to Switzerland.

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"JANE PEASE."

Even at this distance of time, I should have to exhort myself to write with calmness, were it not that the utter despair of conveying my feelings, if indeed my soul had not for the time passed beyond feeling into some abyss unknown to human consciousness, renders it unnecessary. This despair of communication has two sources—the one simply the conviction of the impossibility of expressing *any* feeling, much more such feeling as mine then was—and is; the other the conviction that only to the heart of love can the sufferings of love speak. The attempt of a lover to move, by the presentation of his own suffering, the heart of her who loves him not, is as unavailing as it is unmanly. The poet who sings most wailfully of the torments of the lover's hell, is but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal in the ears of her who has at best only a general compassion to meet the song withal—possibly only an individual vanity which crowns her with his woes as with the trophies of a conquest. True, he is understood and worshipped by all the other wailful souls in the first infernal circle, as one of the great men of their order—able to put into words full of sweet torment the dire hopelessness of their misery; but for such the singer, singing only for ears eternally deaf to his song, cares nothing; or if for a moment he receive consolation from their sympathy, it is but a passing weakness which the breath of an indignant self-condemnation—even contempt, the next moment sweeps away. In God alone there must be sympathy and cure; but I had not then—have I indeed yet found what that cure is? I am at all events now able to write with calmness. If suffering destroyed itself, as some say, mine ought to have disappeared long ago; but to that I can neither pretend nor confess.

For the first time, after all I had encountered, I knew what suffering could be. It is still at moments an agony as of hell to recall this and the other thought that then stung me like a white-hot arrow: the shafts have long been drawn out, but the barbed heads are still there. I neither stormed nor maddened. I only felt a freezing hand lay hold of my heart, and gripe it closer and closer till I should have sickened, but that the pain ever stung me into fresh life; and ever since I have gone about the world with that hard lump somewhere in my bosom into which the gripping hand and the griped heart have grown and stiffened.

I fled at once back to my solitary house, looking for no relief in its solitude, only the negative comfort of escaping the eyes of men. I could not bear the sight of my fellow-creatures. To say that the world had grown black to me, is as nothing. I ceased—I will not say to believe in God, for I never dared say that mighty thing—but I ceased to hope in God. The universe had grown a negation which yet forced its presence upon me—a death that bred worms. If there were a God anywhere, this universe could be nothing more than his forsaken moth-eaten garment. He was a God who did not care. Order was all an invention of phosphorescent human brains; light itself the mocking smile of a Jupiter over his writhing sacrifices. At times I laughed at the tortures of my own heart, saying to it, "Writhe on, worm; thou deservest thy writhing in that thou writhest. Godless creature, why dost thou not laugh

with me? Am I not merry over thee and the world—in that ye are both rottenness to the core?" The next moment my heart and I would come together with a shock, and I knew it was myself that scorned myself.

Such being my mood, it will cause no surprise if I say that I too was tempted to suicide; the wonder would have been if it had been otherwise. The soft keen curves of that fatal dagger, which had not only slain Charley but all my hopes—for had he lived this horror could not have been—grew almost lovely in my eyes. Until now it had looked cruel, fiendish, hateful; but now I would lay it before me and contemplate it. In some griefs there is a wonderful power of self-contemplation, which indeed forms their only solace; the moment it can set the sorrow away from itself sufficiently to regard it, the tortured heart begins to repose; but suddenly, like a waking tiger, the sorrow leaps again into its lair, and the agony commences anew. The dagger was the type of my grief and its torture: might it not, like the brazen serpent, be the cure for the sting of its living counterpart? But alas! where was the certainty? Could I slay myself? This outer breathing form I could dismiss—but the pain was not there. I was not mad, and I knew that a deeper death than that could give, at least than I had any assurance that could give, alone could bring repose. For, impossible as I had always found it actually to believe in immortality, I now found it equally impossible to believe in annihilation. And even if annihilation should be the final result, who could tell but it might require ages of a horrible slow-decaying dream-consciousness to kill the living thing which felt itself other than its body?

Until now, I had always accepted what seemed the natural and universal repugnance to absolute dissolution, as the strongest argument on the side of immortality;—for why should a man shrink from that which belonged to his nature? But now annihilation seemed the one lovely thing, the one sole only lonely thought in which lay no blackness of burning darkness. Oh for one eternal unconscious sleep!—the nearest likeness we can cherish of that inconceivable nothingness—ever denied by the very thinking of it—by the vain attempt to realize that whose very existence is the knowing nothing of itself! Could that dagger have insured me such repose, or had there been any draught of Lethe, utter Lethe, whose blessed poison would have assuredly dissipated like a fume this conscious, self-tormenting me, I should not now be writhing anew, as in the clutches of an old grief, clasping me like a corpse, stung to stimulated life by the galvanic battery of recollection. Vivid as it seems—all I suffer as I write is but a faint phantasm of what I then endured.

I learned therefore that to some minds the argument for immortality drawn from the apparently universal shrinking from annihilation must be ineffectual, seeing they themselves do not shrink from it. Convince a man that there is no God—or, for I doubt if that be altogether possible—make it, I will say, impossible for him to hope in God—and it cannot be that annihilation should seem an evil. If there is no God, annihilation is the one thing to be longed for with all that might of longing which is the mainspring of human action. In a word, it is not immortality the human heart cries out after, but that immortal eternal thought whose life is its life, whose wisdom is its wisdom, whose ways and whose thoughts shall—must one day—become its ways and its thoughts. Dissociate immortality from the living Immortality and it is not a thing to be desired—not a thing that can on those terms, or even on the fancy of those terms, be desired.

But such thoughts as these were far enough from me then. I lived because I despaired of death. I ate by a sort of blind animal instinct, and so lived. The time had been I would despise myself for being able to eat in the midst of emotion; but now I cared so little for the emotion even, that eating or not eating had nothing to do with the matter. I ate because meat was set before me; I slept because sleep came upon me. It was a horrible time. My life seemed only a vermiculate one, a crawling about of half-thoughts—half-feelings through the corpse of a decaying existence. The heart of being was withdrawn from me, and my life was but the vacant pericardium in which it had once throbbled out and sucked in the red fountains of life and gladness.

I would not be thought to have fallen to this all but bottomless depth only because I had lost Mary. Still less was it because of the fact that in her, around whom had gathered all the devotion with which the man in me could regard woman, I had lost all woman-kind. It was the loss of Mary, as I then judged it, not, I repeat, the fact that I had lost her. It was that she had lost herself. Thence it was, I say, that I lost my hope in God. For, if there were a God, how could he let purity be clasped in the arms of defilement? How could he marry my Athanasia—not to a corpse, but to a plague? Here was the man who had done more to ruin her brother than any but her father, and God had given her to

him! I had had—with the commonest of men—some notion of womanly purity—how was it that hers had not instinctively shuddered and shrunk? How was it that the life of it had not taken refuge with death to shun bare contact with the coarse impurity of such a nature as that of Geoffrey Brotherton? My dreams had been dreams indeed! Was my Athanasia dead, or had she never been? In my thought, she had said to corruption, "Thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister." Who should henceforth say of any woman that she was impure? She might love him—true; but what was she then who was able to love such a man? It was this that stormed the citadel of my hope, and drove me from even thinking of a God.

Gladly would I now have welcomed any bodily suffering that could hide me from myself; but no illness came. I was a living pain, a conscious ill-being. In a thousand forms those questions would ever recur, but without hope of answer. When I fell asleep from exhaustion, hideous visions of her with Geoffrey would start me up with a great cry, sometimes with a curse on my lips. Nor were they the most horrible of those dreams in which she would help him to mock me. Once, and only once, I found myself dreaming the dream of that night, and I knew that I had dreamed it before. Through palace and chapel and charnel-house, I followed her, even with a dim sense of awful result; and when at last she lifted the shining veil, instead of the face of Athanasia, the bare teeth of a skull grinned at me from under a spotted shroud, through which the sunlight shone from behind, revealing all its horrors. I was not mad—my reason had not given way; how remains a marvel.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE DAWN.

ALL places were alike to me now—for the universe was but one dreary chasm whence I could not escape. One evening I sat by the open window of my chamber, which looked towards those trees and that fatal Moldwarp Hall. My suffering had now grown dull by its own excess, and I had moments of listless vacuity, the nearest approach to peace I had yet experienced. It was a fair evening of early summer—but I was utterly careless of Nature as of all beyond it. The sky was nothing to me—and the earth was all unlovely. There I sat, heavy, but free from torture; a kind of quiet had stolen over me. I was roused by the tiniest breath of wind on my cheek, as if the passing wing of some butterfly had fanned me; and on that faintest motion came a scent as from long-forgotten fields, a scent like as of sweet peas or wild roses, but of neither; flowers were none nearer me than the gardens of the Hall. I started with a cry. It was the scent of the garments of my Athanasia, as I had dreamed it in my dream! Whence that wind had borne it, who could tell? But in the hush that had overgrown my being it had found a cranny, and through that cranny, with the scent, Nature entered. I looked up to the blue sky, wept, and for the first time fell on my knees. "O God!" I cried, and that was all. But what are the prayers of the whole universe more than expansions of that one cry? It is not what God can give us but God that we want. Call the whole thing fancy if you will; it was at least no fancy that the next feeling of which I was conscious was compassion; from that moment I began to search heaven and earth, and the soul of man and woman for excuses wherewith to clothe the idea of Mary Osborne. For weeks and weeks I pondered, and by degrees the following conclusions wrought themselves out in my brain:—

That she had never seen life as a whole; that her religious theories had ever been eating away and absorbing her life, so preventing her religion from interpenetrating and glorifying it; that in regard to certain facts and consequences she had been left to an ignorance which her innocence rendered profound; that, attracted by the worldly splendour of the offer, her father and mother had urged her compliance, and, broken in spirit by the fate of Charley, and having always been taught that self-denial was in itself a virtue, she had taken the worldly desires of her parents for the will of God, and blindly yielded; that Brotherton was capable, for his ends, of representing himself as possessed of religion enough to satisfy the scruples of her parents, and, such being satisfied, she had resisted her own as evil things.

Whether his hatred of me had had any share in his desire to possess her, I hardly thought of inquiring.

Of course I did not for a single moment believe that Mary had had the slightest notion of the bitterness, the torture, the temptation of Satan it would be to me. Doubtless the feeling of her father concerning the death of Charley had seemed to hollow an impassable gulf between us. Worn and weak, not knowing what she did, my dearest friend had yielded herself to the embrace of my deadliest foe. If he was such as I had too good reason for believing him, she was far more to be pitied than I. Lonely she must be—lonely

as I—for who was there to understand and love her? Bitterly too by this time she must have suffered, for the dove can never be at peace in the bosom of the vulture, or cease to hate the carrion of which he must ever carry about with him at least the disgusting memorials. Alas! I too had been her enemy, and had cried out against her; but now I would love her more and better than ever! Oh! if I knew but something I could do for her, some service which, on the bended knees of my spirit, I might offer her! I clomb the heights of my grief, and looked abroad, but alas! I was such a poor creature! A dabbler in the ways of the world, a writer of tales which even those who cared to read them counted fantastic and Utopian, who was I to weave a single silken thread into the web of her life? How could I bear her one poorest service? Never in this world could I approach her near enough to touch yet once again the hem of her garment. All I could do was to love her. No—I could and did suffer for her. Alas! that suffering was only for myself, and could do nothing for her! It was indeed some consolation to me that my misery came from her hand; but if she knew it, it would but add to her pain. In my heart I could only pray her pardon for my wicked and selfish thoughts concerning her, and vow again and ever to regard her as my Athanasia. But yes! there was one thing I could do for her; I would be a true man for her sake; she should have some satisfaction in me; I would once more arise and go to my Father.

The instant the thought arose in my mind, I fell down before the possible God in an agony of weeping. All complaint of my own doom had vanished, now that I began to do her the justice of love. Why should I be blessed—here and now at least—according to my notions of blessedness? Let the great heart of the universe do with me as it pleased. Let the Supreme take his own time to justify himself to the heart that sought to love him! I gave up myself, was willing to suffer, to be a living pain, so long as he pleased; and the moment I yielded, half the pain was gone; I gave my Athanasia yet again to God, and all might yet, in some high, far-off, better-world-way, be well. I could wait and endure. If only God was, and was God, then it was, or would be, well with Mary—well with me!

(To be continued.)

TRUE OF THE SHOSHONEES V. R. PILLS.—This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels, and for elderly people or where an occasional aperient is required nothing can be better adapted. Persons of a Full Habit who are subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use. For females these pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent with that sex, depression of spirits, dullness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples and sallowness of the skin, and give a healthy juvenile bloom to the complexion. 5-5 d

ANY ONE who suffers from Dyspepsia undergoes slow starvation, for it matters not how much food is taken, nor how good it may be, if it is not completely digested and assimilated. Depraved nutrition and impoverished blood, with degeneration of the tissues, will result. It is this condition of insufficient nourishment that excites hereditary influences, and develops in the system that class of Chronic Wasting Diseases of the Consumptive and Scrofulous type, Tubercle of the Lungs, Enlargement of the Glands of the Neck, Eruptions of the Skin, Spinal Disease, Torpid Liver, Irritation of the Kidneys and Bladder, and Constipation, with headaches and nervous irritability, all have their origin in the one common cause—Indigestion. Any remedy that radically cures these diseases must reach their primary source—the Stomach. DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA was especially devised to cure Dyspepsia, improve Nutrition, and promote the formation of healthy blood. No remedy in existence acts so promptly and so permanently in invigorating all the organs of the body. 4-2zzz

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LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE & FISHERIES, }
OTTAWA, 8th January, 1872. }

Sealed Tenders will be received at this Department, up to Noon of Friday, the 9th day of February next, for the supply, in bond, of the undermentioned quantities of the best quality of standard white refined Petroleum Oil.

The Oil is required to be non-explosive at a vapor test of 110° Fahrenheit, must burn brilliantly, without smoking, until entirely consumed, and not crust the wick, and must be free from all deleterious substances. It is also required to have a specific gravity of 44° Beaume, at a temperature of 68° Fahrenheit. A sample of a quart to accompany each Tender.

The Oil is to be delivered in good order, in iron bound casks, containing from 35 to 42 gallons each. Casks to have staves and heads of white oak, and to be properly prepared inside with liquid glue, and to be painted outside so as to prevent the oil from permeating the wood, and evaporating from the surface.

The casks to be furnished by the contractor, and their cost included in the price of the oil. Inspector's fees of Inland Revenue Department and Gauger's fees must be paid by the contractor.

The cartage of the oil from the Railway Station, Oil Depot or Vessel, to the Wharf or place where the oil is required to be deposited, must be paid by the contractor.

The Oil to be subject before acceptance to an inspection, test and approval of a person appointed by this Department, and to be delivered at the risk and expense of the contractor, in the locality designated by this Department or its Agent, at the following times and places:

- From 20,000 to 25,000 gallons at Halifax, N.S., one half on 25th May, 1872, and balance 10th July.
- do 6,000 to 8,000 gallons at St. John, N.B., 10th June, 1872.
- do 18,000 to 20,000 gallons at Quebec, 5th July.
- do 10,000 to 12,000 gallons at Montreal, 1st July.
- do 3,000 to 4,000 gallons at Hamilton, 8th July.
- do 4,000 to 5,000 gallons at Sarnia, 12th July.

Tenders will be received for the whole quantity; or for any of the lots above specified, for one year, or for a term not exceeding three years, at the option of the Department. Parties tendering who may not wish to contract for more than one year's supply, will please state so in their Tenders.

STEAM VESSEL.

Tenders will also be received, as above stated, for the charter of a suitable Steam Vessel, for the delivery of oil and supplies to the Lighthouses above Montreal, the charter to commence at Noon on 2nd July next, at such part of the Lachine Canal, Montreal, as may be designated by this Department. The name, size, age, horse power and description of the vessel to be specified in the Tender. A bulk sum should be named for the performance of the service, or the rate at which the vessel is offered per month at the option of the Department.

P MITCHELL,

5-5 b Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

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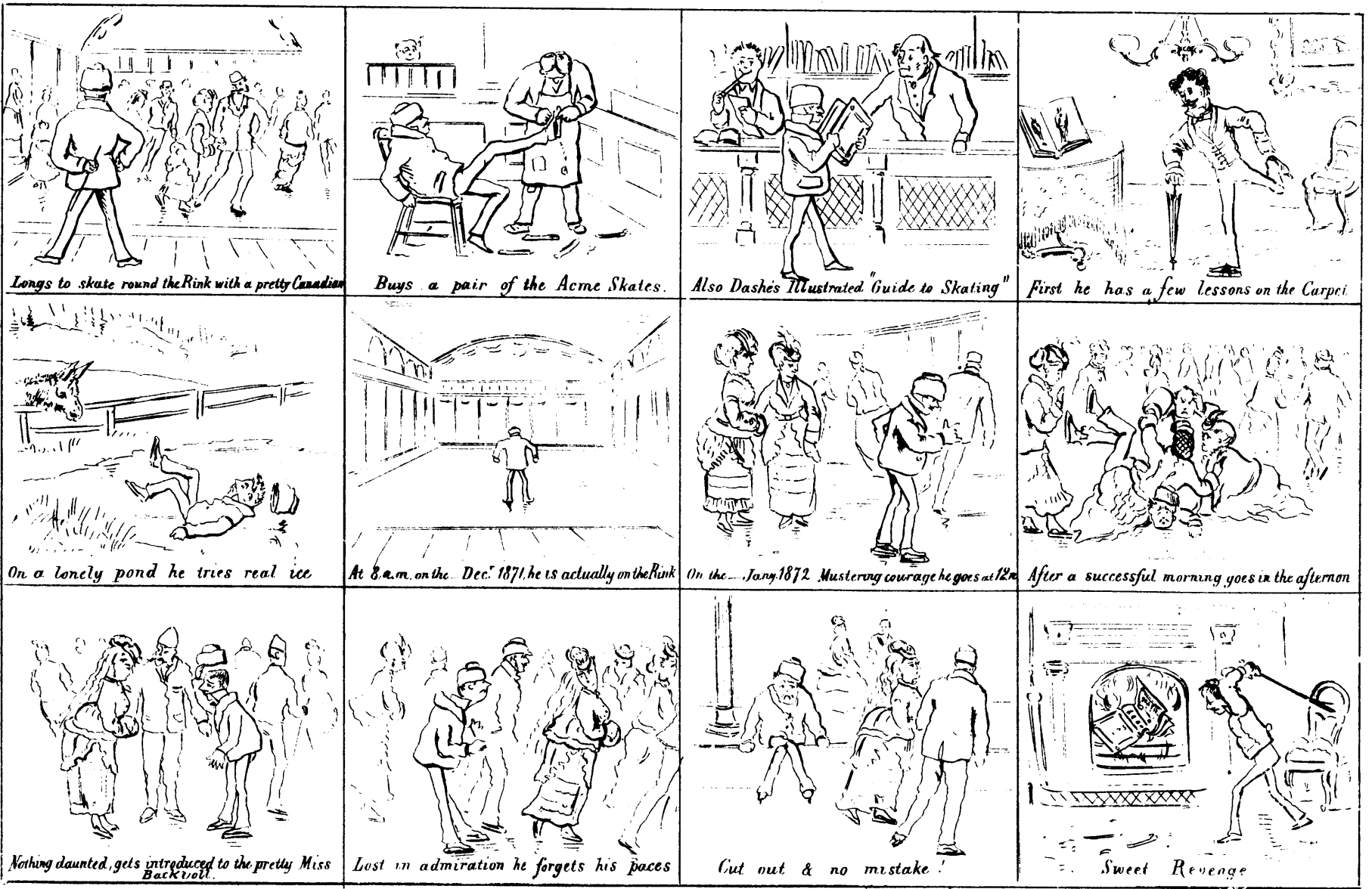
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LOCAL TRAIN at 1:40 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:25 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:25 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:15 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

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

MAIL TRAIN at 4:35 P.M.

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

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

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

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

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

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