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# Illustrated News

VOL. IV.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871.

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## OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 85.—HON. MR. TRUTCH,  
 CHIEF GOVERNOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The new addition, to the Dominion, of the Province of British Columbia, completes the chain of Canadian Confederation westward to the Pacific Ocean, adds new dignity to the country and imposes fresh and most serious responsibilities upon its rulers. With this consummation the long talked of Canadian Pacific Railway passes from the region of vague speculation to that of positive necessity; and from that again it is soon doomed to advance to the further stage of actual accomplishment. The dreams that the future presents are not, however, to be realized in a day. Ten years have been allowed for the completion of this great undertaking, without which the greater part of the country must be regarded as a body without a spine, and therefore incapable of self exertion. But though these ten years may be exceeded, the fact of the work's progress will add to the prosperity of the old Provinces, and do very much towards the settlement of the North West and the increase of the population of British Columbia. The expenditure will be but an addition to the wealth of the country, for the increase both of productiveness and of consumption caused thereby will repay the Dominion tenfold for its outlay. It is in this light that the local hearings of the new enterprise consequent upon the admission of British Columbia into the Confederation may be viewed. But higher and nobler ends occur to the mind of the patriot as he views—in prospect—a cordon of thriving British Provinces, each administering its own internal affairs, and all regulated by the Central Government, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, backing against the frozen North, and bordering only upon the kindred people of the United States. In that family of States he sees the future home of "Britain in America," the dream of some old world patriots, but we might say the future actuality to many of the best students of political science in these Colonies, where, though theorists are scarce—

happily so, we think—practical administrators can readily be found to meet the present and prepare for the future with a sagacity which one is tempted to believe can hardly at this day be found in the Imperial Cabinet. The great scheme of British American Union was not a sudden thought. The seed had been sown more than half a

century ago, and it is more than forty years since Imperial sagacity, then unafflicted with political dilettantism, discovered, and prepared for, the then future capital by constructing the Rideau Canal from Kingston to Bytown.



HON. MR. TRUTCH, LT.-GOV. OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.  
 FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

These old thoughts are gradually emerging into the domain of reality. The senseless sectional quarrel between Upper and Lower Canada gave the occasion to the Crown for fixing the Capital at Ottawa; and a happy but strange inspiration subsequently led our quarrelsome

politicians to unite for the sake of confederating the Provinces. It seems odd that scarcely seven years have elapsed since even the "smaller Confederation" was regarded by many as a vain dream; and that to-day, with the trifling insular exceptions on the Atlantic Coast, the "larger Confederation" is in its fullest sense a fixed fact. With the extent, resources, climatology, &c., of British Columbia, we need not at present deal, as they have already been very fully discussed in our columns in the able papers written by the Rev. Father Dawson, of Ottawa. Nor need the railway question be specially treated on now, as the indefatigable Mr. Waddington has thrown much light upon it by the second edition of his pamphlet recently issued, and the Government surveyors are already at work to determine its route. But the political difficulties in the way of the Union of British Columbia with the other Provinces were enormous, and in many cases altogether exceptional. San Francisco was virtually the "Montreal" of our Pacific brethren, and as a consequence the commercial interest had a temptation towards annexation to the United States. The same feeling was fostered by two other causes—the presence of a considerable proportion of Americans in the population, and the belief—whether well or ill-founded—that the Colonial Office was really neglecting the interests of British Columbia. Under these circumstances the agitation for Union with Canada was carried on under exceptional difficulties. Distance in this case really disenchanted the view, making the Canadians apathetic and the Columbian distrustful. But the battle for Union was ably carried on. In spite of some of the members of the oligarchical Council by which the Colony was mainly governed, and through which of course official patronage had to flow, matters were at length brought to such a pass that definite terms of Union were approved by the people and Government of British Columbia; assented to with slight modifications by the Parliament; approved by the Legislature of the Colony, and finally given effect to by the Queen's Proclamation, making British Columbia

"one of us," and extending our Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In all these agitations and negotiations the Hon. Mr. Trutch bore a most conspicuous part. He debated the question before the people of his Province, and also in the Legislature, of which he was a member, as well as of the local Cabinet; and twice visited Ottawa in the same cause. A sturdy Englishman in the prime and vigour of life, twelve years a resident British Columbian, a keen and most intelligent participator in all its public affairs during that time, he brought to the discussion of the Union question a degree of local knowledge which, added to his familiarity with the patriotic aims of those who sought to link all these Colonies together in the interest of their inhabitants by securing them the blessings of free constitutional government, made him a most powerful advocate of Union. Doubtless it was much in his favour that he had the Colonial Governor, supported by the Colonial Office, on his side. But, on the other hand, he had to encounter the apathy engendered by a sense of neglect, the active hostility of the annexationists, and the exorbitant exactions of those who wanted to make "a good thing" of it. That he overcame these difficulties is indeed very much to his credit, and every friend of Confederation must applaud him for earnest and successful advocacy. But the statesmanlike speech which he made at the dinner given him in Ottawa leaves no room for surprise that he should have been the foremost politician of his Province. In fact, during his stay at Ottawa last spring while Parliament was in session, and the British Columbia bill *in transitu*, Mr. Trutch was the "lion" of the Capital, and we understand thoroughly won the confidence and esteem of the public men then assembled there from the various Provinces.

Under these circumstances, it was fitting that he should have been called upon to fill the highest office in his Province, and we have much pleasure in introducing him to our readers as the first Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of British Columbia in the Dominion of Canada.

SIR WALTER SCOTT,

Born, Aug. 15, 1771. Died, Sept. 21st, 1832.

"The last of all the bards was he  
Who sung of border chivalry."

BY JOHN READE.

We take a pleasure, in which sorrow is mingled with pride, in dwelling on the lives and labours, "the wit, the words, the worth," of the great master-spirits of former ages whom fame has handed down to us. Often we regard them with feelings which partake as well of friendship as of admiration; not satisfied with the mere knowledge of their existence, we wish to become acquainted with every circumstance in their career and to seek the causes of their exaltation above their fellows.

This disposition to regard with loving veneration the "simple, great ones" of the past, has been found in every age and clime. When alive, they may have been basely neglected, unjustly traduced, attacked by the shafts of detracting envy, or allowed to starve unassisted, but when they are dead and beyond the reach of either praise or blame, honours are heaped on their ashes with an extravagance only equalled by the slights, misconstructions and persecutions which were their lot in life.

Socrates, Galileo, Dante, Milton, and many others of the most illustrious prophets and teachers which the ages have produced, only won their earthly reward when, after enduring neglect and scorn and hatred, their voices were hushed in death. And a still greater number of those who now wear, in the minds of men, "the round and top of sovereignty," were regarded with but little favour by their ignorant, jealous or bigoted contemporaries. *Sic itur ad astra!* So steep and arduous is the ascent to fame!

There are some few, however, who have been fortunate enough to enjoy in their lifetime the appreciation of the world and the rewards of their distinguished merit. Of these have been some of whom death has but lately deprived us.

But, probably, no great man ever lived whose genius was more heartily and thoroughly recognized by his contemporaries, than his whose centenary we this week celebrate. Of none has the posthumous fame been more congruous with the living reputation. Peer and peasant alike awarded him his meed of praise. King and people were equally delighted to honour him. From other lands as well as his own he won the homage due to his genius and industry. And now, a hundred years since he first saw the light of day, his name is still a cherished "household word" wherever beauty of thought and style is valued and the magic of poetry has any power.

Although it is not likely that any of our readers are unacquainted with the biography and productions of this eminent man. We may, nevertheless, be excused, if, at this period when an admiring world proudly recalls his birthday, we dwell, for a brief space, on his life and character and writings.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771—just a hundred years ago. His father was a lawyer in

good professional standing and social position. His mother, whose maiden name was Rutherford, was a lady of excellent disposition and not without ability. We are told that she was very fond of poetry and works of imagination.

Walter, the third son of six children who survived, enjoyed just such advantages of education and society as might be expected from the circumstances of his parents. His earliest recollections—which he has himself recorded—are not, however, of Edinburgh, but of Sandy Knowe, the residence of his grandfather, Robert Scott. He had been sent thither to recover, if possible, from a lameness in his right leg, the result of a fever. Here he became acquainted with those habits and incidents of border life, and those Jacobite traditions, which were afterwards to be embodied in his romances with such wonderful success. But while his mind was being thus informed and prepared for his future work, he also came to the painful knowledge that he would be lame for life. But this physical misfortune, while it did not disqualify him for boyish exercises in moderation, gave him, for a time, at least, leisure for the prosecution of his favourite studies, of which he took ample advantage. Even at this early age he was an omnivorous reader and was described by those who had opportunities of conversing with him, as a boy of extraordinary genius.

In 1788 he entered the High School of Edinburgh, at which he remained for about five years. But his zeal for study—at least for the scholastic routine—was not remarkable. He gave little attention—to his great subsequent regret—(so he tells us himself) to the literature of Greece and Rome. But through the domain of imaginative literature, which he was destined so widely and so gloriously to extend, he ranged with indefatigable ardour and never-abated delight. And we have reason to believe that the indolence with which Scott so frequently charges himself in his autobiography may be ascribed to his characteristic modesty. He had, in boyhood as in manhood, a strong capacity for work—such work especially as his genius inclined him to. Nature was gently training and directing his thoughts in the way marked out for them, and, on this account, he may have been, to a great extent, unconscious of the efforts which he was making. *Nihil durum amanti*. A lady who knew him well at that time says that he used to delight and interest his playmates, of whom she was one, by describing to them the visions he had when he was lying alone. The career of the poet and romancer had already begun. Speaking of this period of his life, he says himself: "The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind rested upon and associated themselves with the grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents or traditional legends connected with many of them gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom."

It was about the close of his attendance at the University (1783-1786), that the passion, which, though it ended in disappointment, gave a colour to all his after life, took possession of his heart.

In 1786 he was bound apprentice for four years, and in 1792 he entered on the profession of the law as an advocate. The higher society of Edinburgh at this time was most brilliant, and within its circle Scott fully enjoyed himself. But, strange as it may appear, after his romantic dreams, his passionate love of nature, his early attachment, and his knowledge of his country's wild traditional lore, Walter Scott was slow in discovering his true vocation. And we find him in 1797, at the age of 26, dividing the strength of his wonderful mind between party politics and a troop of volunteer cavalry! But this desire for excitement, political or warlike, is not without its excuse. In the previous year his dream of youthful love had been broken; and in such circumstances, by a natural reaction, the mind is driven to seek relief in active employment. But his genius was not long to stray from its natural path. In a few years he rose and shone a new star in the literary galaxy of his time—before many more he was the brightest star in the northern sky.

In December, 1797, Mr. Scott married Mlle. Charpentier, daughter of a French Loyalist lady, whom he met at a watering-place in Cumberland—afterwards immortalized in his novel of "St. Ronan's Well." He soon after his marriage took a house in the city and a cottage in Lasswade, where began his friendship with the chief of his clan—the Duke of Buccleuch. His marriage, or, perhaps, the rarity of his briefs, seems to have stimulated his literary ambition. In 1799 he published "Goetz," and in 1802, having in the interval won some notice in the world of letters, he reached a crisis in his life by the publication of the "Border Minstrelsy." It will be worth remembering that this book was printed by a young man named James Ballantyne. In 1805 author and printer were partners in business. Soon after a younger brother, John Ballantyne, was added to the company, and the firm became a publishing as well as a printing establishment.

Having obtained, first, the sheriff-deputeship of Selkirkshire, and subsequently a clerkship of session, he was enabled to enter on his literary career with something like independence. But his partnership with the Ballantynes and the result of his own publications soon reduced to insignificance the income which he derived from his professional office.

In 1804, two years before he obtained the clerkship of session, he moved to Ashiestiel, on the Tweed, near its junction with the Yarrow—a place which, though "not equal in

picturesque beauty to the banks of the Clyde, was so sequestered, so simple, so solitary, that it seemed just to have beauty enough to delight its inhabitants."

The first fruits of his imagination were given to the public soon after in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Its success was almost unprecedented, and from the reviewers of the time it received most favourable notice. Writing in the *Edinburgh*, Jeffrey said of it: "He has produced a very beautiful and entertaining poem, in a style which may fairly be considered as original; and which will be allowed to afford satisfactory evidence of the genius of the author, even though he should not succeed in converting the public to his own opinion as to the interest or dignity of the subject." Whatever may be the coincidence between the latter part of this criticism and contemporary opinion, there can be no doubt that now, after the lapse of nearly three-quarters of a century, the former portion of it is abundantly confirmed. "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Don Roderick," "The Bridal of Triermain," "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," and "Harold," followed at comparatively brief intervals, the last making its appearance in 1817. But long before that period he had attained a splendid celebrity. In 1810 Jeffrey, at the beginning of his review of "The Lady of the Lake," thus recorded the impression which his poetical genius had produced: "Mr. Scott, though living in an age unusually prolific of original poetry, has manifestly outstripped all his competitors in the race of popularity, and stands already upon a height to which no other writer has attained in the memory of any one now alive." How little did the writer know when he penned these words that the subject of them had not as yet discovered in what department of literature his real strength lay. The day was coming when Scott's fame should be overshadowed by the towering wonders of Byron's genius. But he emerged from his comparative obscurity into a loftier region of light where he reigned unrivalled. Though Scott had to share his poetical popularity with his younger brethren, in the domain of romantic fiction he found none to contend with him for the mastery.

It is hardly credible that "Waverley" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" were contemporaries in composition. Yet the novel was begun before the poem was published. But it was not given to the world till the year 1814. As is well-known, it was published anonymously. The name of the author was not announced till 1827. But between these years Sir Walter Scott had worked a revolution in the literature of his country. "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Pirate," "St. Ronan's Well," were issued in wondrously quick succession during this interval of thirteen years. Persons now living will remember the rapture and the mystery with which they were received and read. In the present day, when romance-writing has become a common trade, and when the public can scarcely keep its balance for the daily rush and raid of the great horde of every rate of "fictionists," we can hardly conceive the effect which must have been produced by each fresh delight which issued forth, like perfume from unseen flowers, from the grand retirement of the "Author of Waverley." And when the incoherencies and absurdities and nightmare enormities of the modern sensational school has fluttered into one common nameless grave, the works of the great master shall continue to flourish in all their fresh interest of beauty and of power. Well has Keats said that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

It was a small reward, and yet it was a reward which he highly valued, when Walter Scott was made a baronet in 1820. In that year he may be said to have reached, or to be not very far from, the zenith of his earthly happiness. "Fortune," as Carlyle says, "seemed to pour on him her whole cornucopia of wealth, honour, and worldly good—the favourite of princes and peasants, and of all intermediate men."

He had been tried by prosperity and was not found wanting. No wealth, no renown, no desire accomplished, had succeeded in spoiling him. He still worked as assiduously, as regularly as ever. Through his whole unparalleled career of success he was still, as Byron characterized him, "of all men the most open, the most honourable, the most amiable." But he was now to be tried by adversity, and his conduct, after the catastrophe of 1826, when he lost everything by the bankruptcy of the Ballantyne firm, is the brightest laurel in his crown. He proved himself then, as when Fortune smiled her brightest on him, "a man for a' that." We need not tell the story. How he wrought and struggled and endured with a courage and a fortitude that well entitle him to be called a hero, is known to all the world which honours him to-day. Such a fall would have crushed a man of even more than ordinary spirit, and yet, though it shortened Scott's days, it did not subdue him—or rather it did, in the highest sense, subdue him—to bear with resignation what he considered to be the will of Heaven.

As we honour him now, a hundred years after the little infant face brought the light of gladness into a house in which bereavement was not unknown; as we think of the clever child startling his elders by the wonderful vividness of his imagination; as we think of him in the glow of youthful pride laughing at his lameness, and searching o'er hill and dale for the legendary lore which he was afterwards to trans-



form and vivify; as we behold him wearing with unaffected simplicity the laureate crown, which he had won by the acclamation of his compatriots, let us not forget the noblest picture of all—that which is presented towards the close of the life-drama—that of the patient, cheerful, solitary toiler, working to remove debts which he had unconsciously contracted, and to ward off misery from those who had been affectionate sharers in his happiness. It is a companion picture with Blind Milton in his meek glory, holding converse with his God.

The days of adversity were shortened. Nature could not long bear the burden which was laid upon her, and in 1830 paralysis gave warning to desist from labour. In the following year the attack was renewed with greater severity. Yet still he wrought and wrought on. Towards the end of the latter year Scott and Wordsworth were together for the last time on earth. The great Lake poet has recorded the scene and the feelings suggested by it in his *Farrow Revisited*. When they parted, Scott sailed for the Mediterranean in a vessel which Government had provided for him. But the time was passed when he could enjoy the pleasures of travel, or delight in the scenery and associations of classic lands. While abroad he heard of Goethe's death. It seemed to give him a premonition of his own, and he hastened home. When he reached London it was thought that the end was come, and persons of all ranks anxiously awaited the solemn moment. But he lingered on till he was again at Abbotsford, and for some time after his arrival. He died on the 21st of September, 1832. His last words were characteristic:—"No, do not disturb them, poor souls; I know they were up all night. God bless you all!"—when it was proposed to bring his daughter to his bedside. So he died; but it will be a long, long time before he is forgotten.

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., August 1, 1871.

COD LIVER OIL—THE WAY TO CURE CONSUMPTION.

In almost every little fishing village around our shores there are three or four small establishments devoted to the manufacture of the far-famed Cod Liver Oil. They are generally little wooden shanties, low-roofed, smoke-begrimed, the floors slippery with oil everything and everybody smelling strongly of fish, and indescribably greasy. On entering one of these you see, in the centre of the largest apartment, a good-sized iron boiler, with a wide open mouth, full of water, a glowing coal fire in a brick furnace beneath it, keeping the water at a high temperature. A man is at work about the furnace whose clothes are polished to a wonderful degree of brightness with the oleaginous deposits of many years. His healthy, ruddy complexion proclaims that his is a wholesome occupation; and he assures you that he does not know what sickness is, and that consumption, among those engaged in the manufacture of the oil, is utterly unknown. His opinion is that the right way to cure consumption, even when far advanced, is to employ the patient in the manufacture of cod liver oil, so that he may absorb it by the pores of the skin, the lungs and the stomach, and so get his whole system, inside and out, saturated with the oil. He declares he has known some desperate cases cured in this way; and that the men who handle it get quite a liking for it and half subsist on the fluid which, in his enthusiasm, he pronounces to be "mate, drink, washin' and lodgin'." In proof of this he dips a tumbler into the tank of oil, and swallows half a pint of it, smacking his lips delightedly. Then he helps a little dog that is running about the premises to a quantity, and it is lapped eagerly. The dog is a walking advertisement of the virtues of the oil, as he is uncommonly sleek and plump. In the second apartment are a range of small tanks, the oil being dipped from the one to the other when in the process of manufacture, and then finally barrelled.

COOKING THE LIVERS.

After careful inquiry from the greasy director of the establishment, I ascertained that the following is the mode of manufacturing the purest cod liver oil:—When the fisherman opens the cod he has, by his side, a wooden vessel into which he drops the livers. These he sells to the manufacturer of the oil at the rate of twenty-four cents a gallon. The livers are first carefully washed, and must be "cooked" at once while fresh, for if not the oil from them will be more or less rancid. After having undergone the cleansing process, the livers are put into a large tin boiler having a large open mouth, and this is plunged into the iron boiler I have described which is nearly full of hot water. The water, however, is not allowed to touch the livers, which are gently steamed till a quantity of oil is floating on the surface. This is at once dipped out and filtered, first through thin blanketing, and twice afterwards through bags of moleskin. From the last filtration it comes out of a beautiful crystalline transparency, and without any unpleasant smell or taste. The oil is now poured into 60-gallon casks, and forwarded to the exporting merchant. The refuse is placed under screw presses, and the remainder of the oil extracted. This is not refined, but sold as common cod oil, and is used largely on railways and for lubricating machinery. The refined cod liver oil has gone up in price lately, owing to the immense demand for it in Europe for medicinal purposes; and now it is sold to the merchant at the rate of \$1.30 a gallon. The average exportation of it is 350 tons a year, the value being about \$260 per ton. Of the common cod oil, unrefined, 4,600 tons per annum are exported, the value being \$144 per ton. The medicinal virtues of the refined cod liver oil are well known, especially in consumption and all forms of scrofulous disease. In the great hospital in London for the cure of consumption, cod liver oil is largely used, and it is found that seventy per cent of the patients improve under its use, and many are permanently benefited. When the catch of cod is good, and the livers in good condition, one of these little factories will turn out 2,000 or 3,000 gallons in a season.

THE SECRET OF MAKING GOOD OIL.

The essential matter in manufacturing the oil is to apply the right degree of heat—too much or too little seriously injuring the quality of the oil. Great attention to cleanliness is also necessary, the filtering bags requiring to be washed thoroughly every day, and the troughs scrubbed out with great care, and every particle of blood and other matter removed from the livers before "cooking." The rancid oil that is frequently met with, is the produce of manufacturers who are careless about these matters. The process itself is very simple. The best oil is made in the way I have described; and all the pretence of quacks about refining it and making it palatable, are mere moonshine, and are either covers for adulteration, or such as, in trying to remove the fishy odour, deprive the oil of its iodine and other medicinal properties. There is no doubt an enormous amount of adulteration practised by the retailers of cod liver oil, but it is not done in this country. The greater part of the oil goes to London, and there it is "doctored" and bottled. It is not an uncommon practise in the trade to take the common cod oil, fit only for machinery, and filter it through charcoal and then bottle it as the best refined oil. This description of oil is utterly worthless, as in passing through the process of putrefaction, all its medicinal properties are destroyed. It is to be regretted that no means are taken here to guard against the tricks of trade by appointing an inspector and affixing a mark or label, so as to warrant the quality. I am satisfied that were a person with skill and capital to embark in the manufacture here, on an extensive scale, and bottle the oil on the spot for the retailers, guarding it by a label or other securities, and thus guaranteeing a pure article of the best quality, his oil would speedily take the lead in the market. When life is at stake, the importance to both physician and patient of procuring the "genuine article" is paramount. The profits to retailers of cod liver oil must be at present enormous; as in England a small bottle is sold for three shillings and sixpence sterling, while perhaps not half of this is genuine oil.

SPEECH OF THE FISHER FOLK.

It is curious enough to remark how the sea-faring habits of our people tinge their speech. Servant men and servant girls among us are said to "ship," when they hire for a month or six months. A fine, stout "outport" lass will ring at your door, and enquire whether you want to "ship a girl." When a young couple are engaged they are said to be "shipped." A congregation will talk of "shipping a new clergyman;" a mercantile firm of "shipping" a clerk, a young lass of "shipping" a sweetheart. The master of the house, whatever his calling, is invariably "the skipper." Even persons are "skippers" of the church, and at their homes are enquired for under this familiar designation. The best society is called "merchanteable"—that being the term for fish of the first quality; while the lowest stratum is "seruff," or "dun." Flags are in universal request. Every merchant has his own flag at his store-house or wharf; a vast number of private houses have such a flag-staff; and on holidays, or occasions of rejoicings the flags are hoisted. When the school-master wishes to indicate that the hour for opening is at hand, he elevates his flag—hauling it down half-mast when five minutes remain, in order to quicken the steps of loitering youths who are reluctantly trading the flowery paths of knowledge. When in other lands, "holy bells would knoll to church," the "beadle" here raises on a staff in the church-yard a standard on which is emblazoned the mitre and cross. On the hill that overlooks the harbour of St. John's, masts and yards are erected, and on these the movements of approaching vessels are signalled by flags. At times these yards look like a linen draper's shop—from the quantity of bunting hanging in the wind. A very useful purpose is thus served. The merchant is made aware that his vessel is in sight, and the whole town learns in a moment that the Halifax mail packet, or one of Allan's steamers is approaching.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE FISHERMEN.

Like all other fishermen, ours are capable of making violent efforts, and enduring an immense amount of fatigue for a time, when the sea-harvest is being gathered; but they love to enjoy afterwards a period of entire relaxation from toil. Steady, plodding industry they are not in love with. When fish are plentiful, it is no uncommon thing for an industrious fisherman to work sixteen hours out of the twenty-four for weeks together, his occupation, too, being of the most exhausting character. Then, when the season is ended comes the delightful, lazy lolling in the sun, or basking by the blazing hearth, enjoying the fruits of the summer's toil. Their favourite recreation, in winter, is dancing, of which they are passionately fond; and the vigour and energy with which they keep up their dances for a whole night—"wetting the floor" as they phrase it, with the rapid movements of heel and toe—would make an ordinary mortal sweat to look at. The "Irish Jig" is the favourite dance, with at times others of Saxon origin. To the music of some wretched violin, or when that cannot be had, the shrill notes of an ear-splitting fife, they will delightfully spend a whole night in dancing, though it would be rather a misnomer to call it "tripping it on the light fantastic toe." It is no uninteresting sight, when our rosy lasses and strapping stalwart "boys" meet for an evening's amusement; the bright eyes and graceful forms and fresh complexions of the one, and the well-built frames of the other developed into strength and amplitude in wrestling with ocean's billows form a picture with which fashionable drawing-rooms cannot compare.

THE COD FISHERY.

The fishery of this summer promises to be highly successful. The news from Labrador, where a fourth of our entire catch is taken, was very good at the latest dates. All along the shore, the cod seines are taking large quantities of cod, and the quality is excellent. The price in foreign markets is well sustained. There is at present every reason to hope that this will be a good season in Newfoundland. The crops of all descriptions are very fine, specially the hay, which is considerably above the average.

The U. S. war steamer "Congress" arrived on the 1st inst. on her way to Greenland with additional stores for the "Polaris." After coaling she took her departure on the 3rd.

A (H.) Stamp is a clerk in the post-office, Mr. Plant buries folks, Mr. Plugg sells tobacco, and Bacchus dispenses beer. All in Washington. And a Mr. Mugg sells lager in Brooklyn.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN.

While the whole of America was in commotion over the terrible riots of the 12th of July in New York, the little kingdom of Wurtemberg, one-sixth the size of the Province of Ontario, with a population of some two millions, was engaged in rejoicings over which neither the losses occasioned by the recent war, nor the dreadful tidings from across the ocean could cast a gloom. The cause of these rejoicings was the celebration of the silver-wedding of the King Carl and his Russian Queen, Olga, to which a further *zelar* had been added by the arrival at Stuttgart of the Emperor of all the Russias, accompanied by the Empress and a brilliant train of Princes and Potentates. Of course the eager Stuttgarters looked forward to a grand time, and they were therefore not a little disappointed when the King expressed his wish to celebrate the event in seclusion; but being good loyal folk they put up with the disappointment and celebrated the day after his own fashion. Meanwhile the royal and imperial parties posted down to Friedrichshafen, and spent the time of rejoicing in the Royal Schloss that overlooks the still waters of Lake Constance. A scene on the balcony, with the snow-covered Alps in the distance, forms the subject of our sketch.

THE GODERICH CAMP.

The Camp of Instruction for the Western District of Ontario—comprising the counties of Middlesex, Wellington, Waterloo, Perth, Bruce, and Huron—was opened at Goderich in the middle of June, a little in advance of those in the more easterly districts, which in turn were held earlier than the Quebec camps in order to allow time for a reasonable inspection of each division by the Adjutant-General. The camping-ground was situated to the north-east of the town, on the right bank of the Maitland River, about a mile and a half from the court-house in the centre of the town. The ground selected was a fine plateau, below which lay the flats, with the river winding its way in the distance, and in the back-ground the town perched upon a precipitous hill. The camp itself took the form of a right-angle, of which one arm faced the river and the other ran back into the bush. The staff tents occupied an admirable position in front of the camp, and included those of the Adjutant-General: Deputy Adjutant-General Taylor; Brigade-Major Service; the Camp Quarter-Master, Captain Smith; the Musketry Instructor, Lieut.-Col. Moffatt; the District Paymaster, Major Leys; and the Supply Officer, Lieut.-Col. Atwood. The tents of the various companies ranged in the following order from the right:—The first on entering the enclosure, which is estimated as being of about 400 acres in extent, was that of the 7th Battalion, the London Light Infantry, a fine body of men, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Lewis; the next was the 28th Battalion, Perth; then the 29th Battalion, Waterloo, Lieut.-Col. McMillen; the 30th Battalion, Wellington, Col. Clarke, M.P.P.; the Goderich Garrison Batteries, Capt. Thompson; the 32nd Battalion, Bruce, Lieut.-Col. Sprout, M.P.; and the 33rd Battalion, Huron, Lieut.-Col. Ross, on the extreme left; the London Field Batteries being in the rear for the purpose of enabling them to picket their horses in the adjoining bush.

The following is the official statement of the troops on the ground:—  
28th Battalion, Perth, 18 officers, 266 non-commissioned officers and men, with two horses; total, 284.  
7th Battalion, London, 25 officers, 375 non-commissioned officers and men, with nine horses; total, 400.  
32nd Battalion, Bruce, 20 officers, 322 non-commissioned officers and men, with four horses; total, 342.  
33rd Battalion, Huron, 33 officers, 437 non-commissioned officers and men, with five horses; total, 470.  
29th Battalion, Waterloo, 16 officers, 239 non-commissioned officers and men, with four horses; total, 255.  
30th Battalion, Wellington, 35 officers, 505 non-commissioned officers and men, with five horses; total, 540.  
7th London Field Battery, 3 officers, 76 non-commissioned officers and men, with 56 horses; total, 79.  
The total force on the ground is consequently 2,367 men, exclusive of staff.

Of the duties that fell upon the men while in camp it is needless to speak, as these are the same the world over. The great attraction of the camp was the review held on the 22nd, under the eyes of Gen. Doyle and the Adjutant-General. The *Globe* gives the following description of the affair:

It having been announced that the 22nd was to be a great day, the whole county for twenty-five miles poured into Goderich, and Adjutant-General Ross arranged to have the battalions withdrawn from firing at the ranges, so that the largest possible number of men might appear on parade. Orderlies and servants were ordered into the ranks. The gunboat was called to co-operate, and the whole review took place in the flats, in which, from the surrounding heights, twelve thousand well-dressed and orderly spectators looked down upon the scene. The attack commenced by a foe in the woods, supported by the gunboat. Colonel Shanley gallantly dashed through the river, and bravely held the ground, but after a gallant and determined resistance was compelled to retire, which he did in the most orderly manner. In the meantime, the 33rd, who had been sent out as skirmishers, were, after the most heroic efforts, driven in, as were their supports, the 28th and 29th Regiments, then all fell back upon the main force. Here the iron men of the 30th, bravely supported by the Berea 7th and 32nd, met the enemy. The foe melted before the fierce fusillade, and the whole line advanced at the charge, bearing down the enemy before them, while the miserable remnants were torn to pieces by the shell from Shanley's battery, which returned to take part in the fight. The separate battalions afterwards marched past the saluting point in columns. The conquerors then returned to the encampment led by the music of their excellent bands. After the proceedings of the day, the district staff, the colonels of regiments, and the chaplain of the 30th, were invited to dine at the mess of the 7th Battalion to meet Gen. Doyle and Col. Ross.

After the regulation sixteen days of camp life the various battalions returned home on the 1st July.

Our illustration shows the scene on the practice ground.

It is the fashionable and friendly thing in Chicago to tell a blushing bride who has been married by Dr. Cheney, that you have heard the best legal authority say that a marriage ceremony performed by him is illegal, and that you think it is a put-up-job of her husband's.

### THE TUG "WALES," AND ITS CAPTAIN.

This fine vessel, the appearance of which will be familiar to all who know the western lakes, was built some three years ago in Kingston. She was first intended for the trade of the lower lakes, but being found too large for that purpose, she was offered for sale, and became the property of Messrs Hotchkiss, Hughson & Co., (now Dodge, Hughson & Co.) who at once transferred her to the Georgian Bay, to be used in connection with their extensive lumbering business. The dimensions of the vessel are 110 ft. length, 20 ft. beam, and 11 ft. hull. Her engines are 100 horse power, and with these she averages a speed of 14 miles an hour. On the lakes she has the reputation of being one of the staunchest craft afloat. The principal business in which she is employed is that of towing barges from Muskoka to Buffalo or Collingwood. On these trips she usually takes 1,500,000 ft. of lumber at a single tow. She has also been used to some extent as a wrecker, for which she is admirably adapted.

Captain Tripp, the master of the "Wales," is no less well known than his craft. He is a Canadian by birth, with no small knowledge of the lake trade and lake navigation, to which is added such experience of salt water as three trips to Europe may give. Already at the age of twenty-one, Mr. Tripp was acting as Captain and in the nine years that have since elapsed, he has given such substantial proofs of sound seamanship and intimate acquaintance with his business, as to win the confidence of all connected with him.

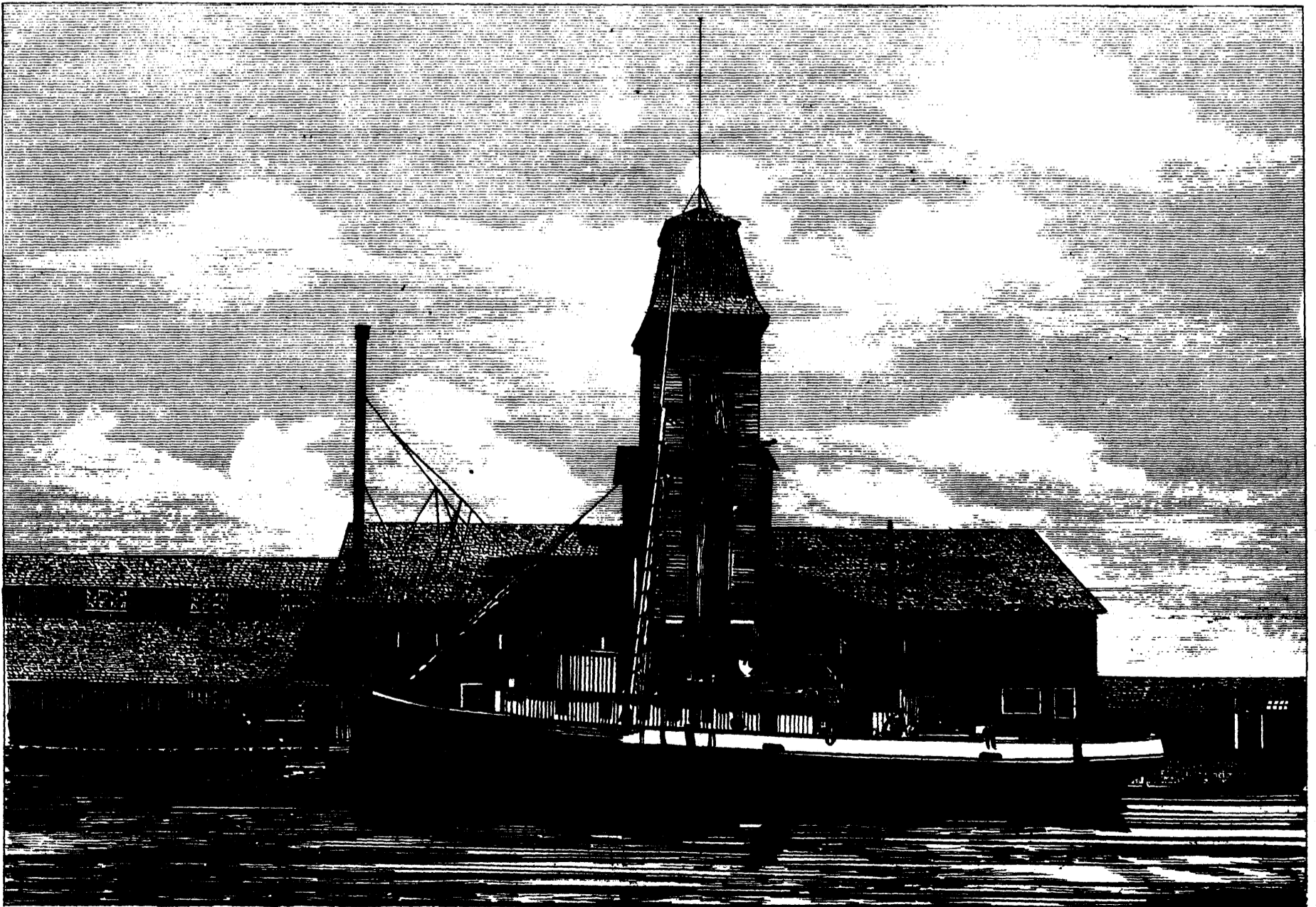
### GODERICH VIEWS.

Seldom has a prophecy been more exactly fulfilled than is that uttered forty years ago by the distinguished topographer, Col. Bouchette, when speaking of Goderich. After relating the natural advantages possessed by the place, he adds: "Thus circumstanced, it is impossible not to contemplate an early period at which



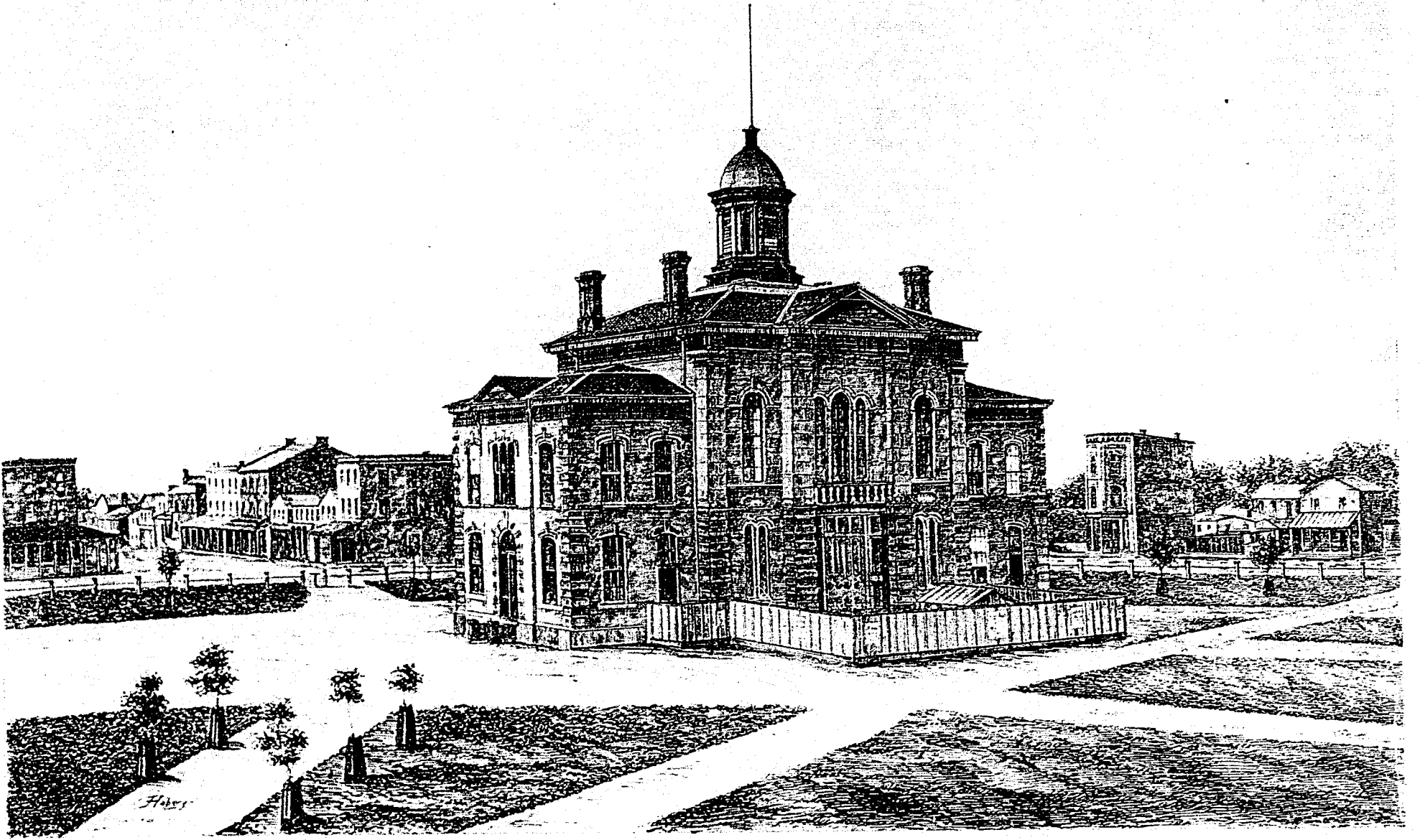
CAPT. B. TRIPP, OF THE TUG "WALES."  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. DAVIS, COLLINGWOOD.

Goderich must acquire a considerable degree of commercial consequence. . . . When, at no very remote date, the interior of the Huron tract will be thickly inhabited—and it is capable of sustaining a population of eighty thousand souls and upwards—its produce will naturally find its way to Goderich, as the focus of that section of country; whilst the manufactured supplies of the settlements would, from the advantages of the navigation to that town, be constantly forwarded to the interior through the same quarter." At the time when these words were written the town, which had not yet been two years in existence, contained upwards of three hundred inhabitants. It could boast a tavern and a saw-mill, and a grist-mill in progress; and in the height of its ambition to distance its rival sister, Guelph, it was seriously contemplating the erection of a brewery and distillery. Forty years have now elapsed, and if we turn to the latest published records of the town we find how literally the prophecy has been fulfilled. The three hundred inhabitants have increased to 4,500; the town is doing a thriving business in exporting wheat, and has added to her riches by her fisheries and by the discovery—still recent—of valuable salt-wells. Of these wells eight are now in operation, which yielded last year nearly 70,000 lbs. of salt. Thirty boats are employed in prosecuting the fisheries, and each of these brings in an average of fifty pounds of fish daily. Nor is the town of less importance as a shipping port than as a manufacturing centre. Its situation is admirable. Placed on the very shore of Lake Huron, with the river Maitland to the north of it, forming a splendid harbour at its point of junction with the lake, it possesses every advantage that could be desired for a rising port. A great portion of the Lake Superior and Far West traffic passes through the town, and during the summer a large elevator is constantly in use for the shipping. Daily communication by steamboats exists during summer with Sarnia and Detroit, and steamers leave at intervals for Kincardine, and other ports further north on the same shore. Communi-

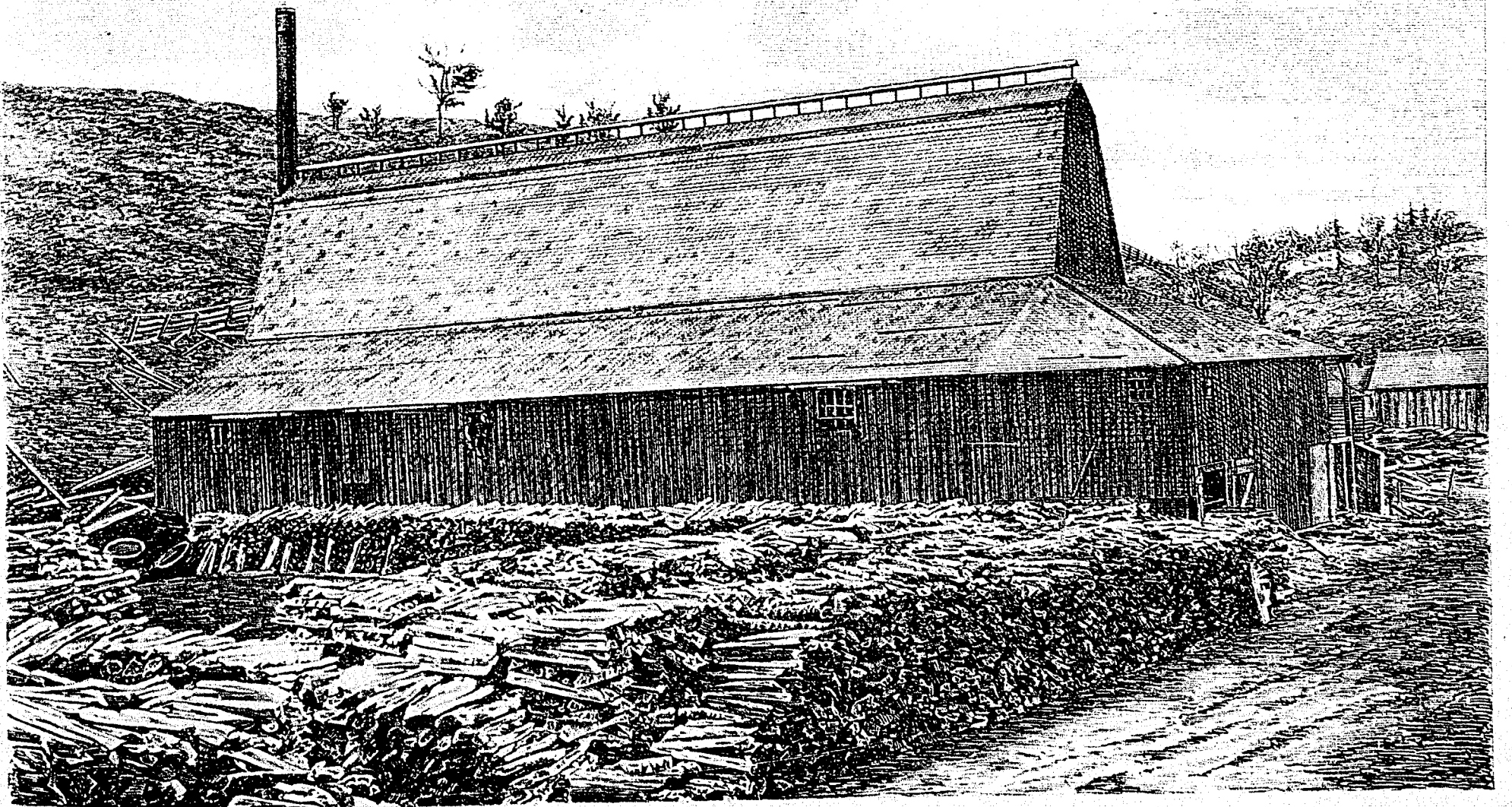


THE TUG "WALES"—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. DAVIS, COLLINGWOOD.





THE COURT HOUSE, GODERICH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. CAMPBELL



SALT BLOCK, GODERICH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. CAMPBELL

cations with the interior are carried on by the Buffalo and Goderich branch of the Grand Trunk Railway.

In public buildings Goderich is not so rich as some of its neighbours. This may be the result of the devotion of the inhabitants to business matters, to the neglect of art. No doubt, immersed in the cares of salt-boring, wheat-growing and fishing, they have learned to prefer the *utile* to the *dulce*, and the consequence is that the only public building of any note is the Court House, of which a view appears in these pages. This building stands in the centre of the town, and is surrounded by a small park-like enclosure which at first glance brings to mind the Court House and Champ de Mars in Montreal. With commendable taste the town fathers have planted the park with maple-trees, thereby converting what might have been an unsightly spot into a pleasant, shady summer resort, adding much to the beauty of the town and improving not a little the appearance of the Court House. A second illustration shows the Salt Block.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, 12th August, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

Sun.	Aug.	Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.								
		9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.			
	6.	68°	78°	72°	84°	56°	70°	30.05	30.05	30.06
	7.	74°	82°	76°	85°	58°	71°5	30.27	30.28	30.21
	8.	77°	85°	79°	82°	70°	79°	29.95	29.86	29.81
	9.	70°	73°	68°	74°	58°	66°	30.05	30.03	30.12
	10.	71°	73°	75°	79°	53°	66°	30.22	30.21	30.19
	11.	73°	81°	77°	82°	55°	68°5	30.20	29.17	30.11
	12.	68°	72°	73°	73°	55°	64°	30.34	30.33	30.33

#### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUG. 26, 1871.

SUNDAY,	AUG. 20.	Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. Herrick born, 1591. Duke of Richmond, Governor, died, 1819. The Châlons camp abandoned by the French, 1870.
MONDAY,	" 21.	Lady Wortley Montague died, 1762. Prince of Wales landed at Quebec, 1860.
TUESDAY,	" 22.	Warren Hastings died, 1818. George Stephenson died, 1848.
WEDNESDAY,	" 23.	Sir Astley Cooper born, 1768. Cuvier born, 1769. Treaty of Prague, 1866.
THURSDAY,	" 24.	St. Bartholomew, A. & M. Count de Paris born, 1838. Victoria Bridge opened by the Prince of Wales, 1860.
FRIDAY,	" 25.	F. Gore, Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada, 1806. Watt died, 1819. Faraday died, 1867.
SATURDAY,	" 26.	Prince Albert born, 1819. Louis Philippe died, 1850. Attempt of Bazaine to break out of Metz, 1870.

### THE TYNE CREW.

#### ST. JOHN, N. B., AND HALIFAX REGATTAS.

Our readers are advised that the great yachting contests, coming off at St. John, N. B., and Halifax, N. S., will be attended, on behalf of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

by Mr. E. J. Russell, artist of St. John, who is without a rival as a

MARINE DRAUGHTSMAN,

either in Canada or the United States. The patrons of the

#### "NEWS"

may therefore depend upon accurate and life-like sketches of these interesting aquatic contests. Our illustrations will be produced with the

#### UTMOST PROMPTITUDE

consistent with exact execution and fidelity to the actual scenes.

News agents are advised to send in their orders early, to ensure a full supply for their customers, where extra copies may be wanted.

New literary attractions of absorbing interest are now in preparation for the letterpress columns of the *News*.

C. I. News Office,  
Montreal, Aug. 12, 1871.

## POOR MISS FINCH!

THE NEW STORY BY  
WILKIE COLLINS,

Will appear in the *HEARTHSTONE* simultaneously with its publication in London.

The Proprietor of the *Hearthstone* having secured the exclusive right of its publication in serial form in this country, all parties encroaching on his rights by publishing or vending other periodicals containing the same, will be promptly prosecuted.

This notice is especially intended to warn

Canadian Newsdealers,

that they expose themselves to severe penalties by selling or distributing United States publications containing this Story.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871.

The vote in the House of Lords, carried by a majority of eighty, censuring the Government for having advised Her Majesty to exercise the Royal Prerogative in abolishing the Army Purchase system, is one of unusual significance. Is it a fresh faggot to the fire of democracy now blazing not only throughout England, but throughout Europe? Or, is it a wise exercise of an acknowledged power on the part of the Peers to assert their Parliamentary rights?

Unfortunately for Mr. Gladstone's Government, the answer in either case would be equally damnatory. If the "popular" cause is to be helped by Ministerial policy, it can only be at the expense of those institutions which have heretofore given strength to the British Constitution.

On the other hand, if the censure of the Lords was just, then the action of the Government must have been wrong. In either case the Crown has been placed in a false position, and the Constitution, though not violated, strained to a degree which fearfully endangers its capacity for tension against future assaults. Almost every Peer of note, not personally connected with the Government, supported the censure; and that list includes most of the men who have been popular statesmen during the last thirty years and are not still sitting in the Commons, or called to their long account. To what desperate shifts will not Mr. Gladstone reduce his Ministry? Rather to what dangerous risks does he bring the very Constitution itself?

There is no question as to the technical legality of the step taken by the Crown on the responsibility of its advisers. But the power of the Crown in the case was analogous to that of the right of veto as against any act of Parliament. Its exercise, however, was even more arbitrary than in the case of veto which is now-a-days almost unheard of, because by abolishing the Purchase system, under Royal Warrant, a privilege was actually taken away, whereas in the case of veto there is simply something disallowed which Parliament had promised to give. The veto destroys no vested interests, the Royal Warrant abolishing Purchase does; and in this respect we venture to say the act is unprecedented during the Parliamentary history of the Empire since the supremacy of the Legislative body was fully acknowledged. Logically what the Crown permits, or concedes, may be taken away by the Crown. But when vested rights grow up under recognised practice then the power, whether Crown or Parliament, is bound in simple justice to make compensation. Here, however, we have the Crown arbitrarily destroying interests for which it had no means of making restitution. In this sense the ministry were clearly wrong in advising the issue of the Royal Warrant, inasmuch as they assumed—that the Warrant could not enforce—that Parliament would make good the deficiency. That, as a matter of fact, the House of Commons did endorse the plan of compensation proposed by the Government does not, in reason affect the question. Indeed, were the contrary principle admitted, all law would be practically nullified, save that which might be regarded as expedient for the time being. Virtually the Crown is compelled to ask the Legislature to condone its own act—a very humiliating position for the Crown—or it is necessitated to implore the interposition of the Legislature to complete what it had initiated, and thereby to proclaim its own impotence. On either horn of the dilemma we fail to see that the Government has done otherwise than degraded the dignity of the monarchical power.

Of the merits of the issue it is hardly necessary to speak. Purchase had its advantages, and it had its drawbacks. It was doomed, however, let us admit, by the will of the nation. Now, the practical question which Mr. Gladstone has raised comes to this: Can the action of the Sovereign, advised by the Ministry of the day, anticipate the judgment of Parliament? If so, what becomes of the independence of our legislative system? Granted that the Sovereign may not upset a statutory law; yet if the Sovereign may extinguish privileges having an actual money value without compensation, where is the limit to be set to the Royal Prerogative? Let us imagine that Mr. Gladstone, in these days of agrarian reform, were to take it into his head to restore the abbey, church and other lands confiscated and regranted by former Sovereigns, of their own Royal will and pleasure, where is the Act of Parliament to prevent him from carrying out his design? Nor do we think it either British law, or just doctrine, that a right or privilege once fairly acquired, can be destroyed even by the *ipse dixit* of the Sovereign without compensation.

But the worst feature of the case is in this that the act was a menace to the House of Lords, the very owner and conservator of Privilege. The Commons had passed the abolition of purchase in the army bill. The Lords, it was discovered, were recalcitrant, and so down came the Government with its thunderbolt of kingly power, thus setting the Crown and the Commons in antagonism with the House of Peers. How the Bradlaughs and Odgers must have rejoiced to see such a stab inflicted on the credit of the most venerable of hereditary legislative assemblies in Christendom? But we doubt if Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet has gained much by the move, made, as it was, at a time to create the unseemly antagonism referred to. Why did not the Government advise the issue of the Royal Warrant before the introduction of the army bill? In that case Lords and Commons would have been treated alike,—but now it seems as if the Crown is the servant of the Commons while it is still master of the Lords. It is not surprising that such men as Derby, Russell and Cairns should condemn the Ministerial conduct

in the Chamber of Peers, or that their Lordships should resent the indignity put upon them by the large majority of eighty; but when such liberal thinkers and men so well skilled in constitutional law as Mr. Vernon Harcourt denounce the act; and when the Attorney-General has to confess, as he did in the House of Commons on Tuesday last, that the Queen had "practically" promised that she "wouldn't do it again," (boo hoo!), we are in great doubt whether it is really true that

"Britons never, never shall be slaves;"

or rather it appears that between the snobocrats and mobocrats the Britons are very nearly enslaved already. Let us hope that healthier ideas of Government will long prevail on this side of the ocean.

#### "THE WATER WE DRINK."

We have had occasion to record from time to time the capture of small fish in the pipes yielding the water supply and the presence of living organisms of a more or less obnoxious character therein. It follows that if the Montreal Reservoir is a breeding pond and a stock pond for fish, crustacea and worms, whose name is legion, it is also the watery grave of the large proportion which die therein. Not to mention to ears polite the indecent practices which have been made, when discovered, the subject of penalties before the Recorder, and the large amount of decaying vegetable matter introduced, every fall, by the drifting of fallen leaves, there remains a horrible source of contamination from the possibility of suicide or infanticide, against which the public require protection. That such an abuse is beyond the range of probability is set at rest by the following account of a suicide in Wales, which we quote from an English newspaper, and which fully supports our view that the Montreal Water Supply, to be wholesome and innocuous to the public, should be filtered through gravel and sand beds, and that the reservoirs should be so fenced in, and either wholly or partially covered, so as to protect them from many of their present sources of pollution. We commend the subject to the attentive consideration of the City Council, now that they are about to make an additional reservoir, and when arrangements for filtration and protection can be easily adopted. We trust that the example of the infatuated Welshman will suffice to establish these precautionary measures, and that we shall not have in the future to record the fishing out of the remains of human beings from any Canadian reservoir:—

"The town of Pontypridd, Glamorganshire, was thrown into an unwonted state of consternation on Saturday, in consequence of the discovery, in the great reservoir from which the inhabitants derive their supply of drinking water, of the dead body of a man in such an advanced state of decomposition as to render it impossible but that the water must have become seriously contaminated. A little inquiry led to the identification of the body as that of a young man about thirty years old, named David Evans, a native of Breconshire, and a carter in the service of a contractor named Wiltshire. He was first missed about a fortnight ago, and it was feared at the time that he had gone away from his residence with the intention of destroying himself. As soon as the discovery was made, great alarm was produced amongst the townspeople, who had, of course, been using the water for cooking, tea-making, and other domestic purposes. A general meeting of the inhabitants was forthwith called, to consider what steps it would be best to take under circumstances so unusual and alarming. It was felt that at all hazards the reservoir ought to be completely drained of its contents, and a resolution to that effect was proposed and carried. It was also resolved that such steps ought to be taken as would guard the town from all chances of another such occurrence, and a resolution was come to for surrounding the reservoir with an iron fence at least seven feet high."

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ALBION, An International Journal, New York, P. Wilson.—The *Albion* is one of the few American newspapers that possess an interest for the Canadian reader. Indeed it is less of a newspaper than a review, partaking to some extent of the nature and style of the *Saturday Review*. In its pages will be found, week after week, a collection of readable articles on general subjects, for, unlike the generality of American organs, it does not confine itself to matters of little interest outside the territory of the United States, but embraces, in one comprehensive grasp, questions of universal interest. Each number contains, in addition to these, an admirably compiled summary of the topics of the day, with explanatory comments, to which is added a fair amount of light literature of a high class. The *Albion* is now in the fiftieth year of its existence, and is, from the nature and tone of its articles, *par excellence* a paper for Canadians.

ANNUAIRE DE L'UNIVERSITE LAVAL POUR L'ANNEE ACADEMIQUE, 1871-2, p.p. 159. Quebec: Augustin Côté et Cie.—The calendar of Laval University for the current year contains a large amount of interesting information relative to the institution, together with lists of its officers, professors and students. Sixty-four pages are devoted to a biography of the late Archbishop Baillargeon, from the pen of Mr. C. E. Legaré.

THE ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY OF CANADA, by the Rev. J. D. Borthwick; Montreal, J. B. Rolland & Fils.—This little work answers all the purposes for which it was intended. It is eminently a child's text-book, in which the information is



given in the simplest language. Each chapter is a plain collection of facts and figures, and is followed by a list of questions on the subject-matter thereof.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN, Vol. I., No. 1, Montreal, H. D. Jardine. —Mr. Jardine's venture is one that will commend itself to all right-thinking, educated Canadians. We have often had cause to lament the lack of home magazine literature, the more so as the existence of a desire for such a supply is sufficiently demonstrated by the large circulation of British and American magazines in this country. For a share in this circulation the magazine before us makes a bid, and we cannot but express a hope that it will meet with the success it deserves. It is admirably edited, and perfectly printed. Its outside appearance is sober, but handsome and attractive; while its pages are filled with well-written articles, which cannot fail to please. The leading papers in the present number (that for August) are—"Imperial Defence," by the Editor; "Grote, the Historian," and "Sir John A. Macdonald and the Treaty." The lighter department contains—"The Spider-Crab," by M. M. Eckmann-Chartrain, "A Montrealer Abroad," (who certainly made a mistake, or at least forgot to open his window-blinds as he dressed by gas-light in *June* in order to catch a six o'clock a.m. train at the Bonaventure station,) "My Adventures at Niagara," the opening instalment of "Beatrice Silvani," by F. W. Robinson, and the first two chapters of a new serial, entitled "Good-bye, Sweetheart," by Rhoda Broughton, author of "Red as a Rose is She." The remainder of the matter consists of poetry, notes on the topics of the day, scientific notes, etc., etc.

THEATRE ROYAL.—The Holiday Troupe closed their engagement here on Saturday last, the burlesques selected for Friday being "Orpheus aux Enfers." Miss Sallie Holman as Eurydice and Miss Julia as Cupid were exceedingly good in their respective parts. Signor Brandisi as Orpheus was in capital voice. Pluto, by Mr. Barton, was a very clever piece of acting, keeping up roars of laughter by his quaint and comic style. The other parts were well filled, and "Orpheus aux Enfers" was undoubtedly only one more success of this really popular troupe. On Saturday was produced "La Sonnambula" and the "Child of the Regiment." Both these pieces were well received, but would have been more pleasing had they not been so hurried. The costumes and effects belonging to this troupe are entirely new this season, and by their elegance and costliness greatly enhance the beauty and splendour of the burlesques. The troupe will shortly re-appear in the city under a new management with several leading performers.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION ANNUAL PIC-NIC.—Mr. Howley has deserved well of the citizens of Montreal by throwing open to all classes his splendid grounds at the head of St. Antoine street; but he certainly never made a better hit than that of giving them to the typesetters, a class of the community whose power is oftener felt than appreciated. The printers deserve well of the world: they work hard; they are poorly paid, and they certainly do as good service for the public at large as any other class of craftsmen. Those of Montreal are no exception to this general definition. Mr. Howley has given them his grounds: will the public give them their patronage on Saturday next, the 26th instant? We think so, for surely they well deserve it. We hope to see a splendid turn-out, and a due acknowledgment of the merits of those who keep alive "the art preservative of all arts." Let the printers' holiday be shared in by all classes, as some acknowledgment for the daily and nightly toil they expend for the public enlightenment.

Major McLennaghan, of the Woodstock (Ont.) Troop, writes a letter strongly condemning Col. Skinner's treatment of the "Ontario team" to Wimbledon. As both gentlemen are pretty well-known in the West, outsiders would do well to suspend judgment until the result of the investigation, which their respective positions under the Militia Department would seem to render necessary, may be made public. It is not at all improbable that the captain may have a clean record. At least we do not join in his condemnation on such *ex-parte* evidence.

LAWLOR'S SEWING MACHINES.—Principal office, 365 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

HOSPICE ST. JOSEPH, MONTREAL,  
August 5th, 1871.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR:

SIR,—On former occasions our Sisters gave their testimonials in favour of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, but having recently tested the working qualities of the "Family Singer," manufactured by you, we feel justified in stating that yours is superior for both family and manufacturing purposes.

SISTER GAUTRIER.

MONTREAL, April 23, 1871.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR:

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your enquiry about the working qualities of your Family Singer Sewing Machine, which we have in constant operation on shirts, we beg to say that they are, in every respect, perfectly satisfactory, and we consider them superior to any American Machine, and consequently take much pleasure in recommending them as the most perfect, useful and durable Machines now offered to the public.

Most respectfully,

J. R. MEAD & CO.

Shirt Manufacturers,  
381, Notre Dame St.

### CHARLES READE ON THE IRRATIONAL AND THE RATIONAL ROOF.

Mr. Charles Reade sends the following letter on the subject of housebuilding to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

The shoe pinches all men more or less: but, on a calm survey, I think it pinches the householder hardest.

A house is as much a necessary of life as a loaf; yet this article of necessity has been lately raised to a fancy price by the trade conspiracies of the building operatives—not so much by their legitimate strikes for high wages as by their conspiring never to do for any amount of wages an honest day's work—and the fancy price thus created strikes the householder first in the form of rent. But this excessive rent, although it is an outgoing, is taxed as income: its figure is made the basis of all the imperial and parochial exactions that crush the householder. One of these is singularly unfair; I mean "the inhabited house duty." What is this but the property tax rebaptized and levied over again, but from the wrong person? The property tax is a percentage on the rent, levied in good faith, from the person whom the rent enables to pay that percentage; but the inhabited house-duty is a similar percentage on the rent, levied, under the disguise of another name, from him whom the rent disables.

In London the householder constantly builds and improves the freehold: instantly parochial spies raise his rates. He has employed labour, and so far counterbalanced pauperism; at the end of his lease the house will bear a heavier burden; but these heartless extortioners cannot wait the end of the lease; they bleed the poor wretch directly for improving parochial property at his own expense. At the end of his lease the rent is raised by the landlord on account of these taxed improvements, and the tenant turned out with a heavier grievance than the Irish farmer; yet he does not tumble his landlord, nor even a brace of vestrymen. The improving tenant, while awaiting the punishment of virtue, spends twenty times as much money in pipes as the water companies do, yet he has to pay them for water a price so enormous that they ought to bring it into his cisterns, and indeed into his mouth for the money.

He pays through the nose for gas.

He bleeds for the vices of the working classes: since in our wealthy cities, nine-tenths of the pauperism is simply waste and inebrity. He often pays temporary relief to an improvident workman, whose annual income exceeds his own, but who will never put by a shilling for a slack time.

In short, the respectable householder of moderate means is so ground down and oppressed that, to my knowledge, he is on the road to despondency and ripening for a revolution.

Now, I can hold him out no hope of relief from existing taxation; but his intolerable burden can be lightened by other means; the simplest is to keep down his bill for repairs and decorations, which at present is made monstrous by original misconstruction.

The irrational house is *an animal with its mouth always open*.

This need not be. It arises from causes most of which are removable: viz: 1st, from unscientific construction; 2nd, plaster ceilings; 3rd, the want of provision for partial wear; 4th, the abuse of paint; 5th, hidden work.

Under all these heads I have already given examples. I will add another under head 3. The dado or skirting board is to keep furniture from marking the wall; but it is laid down only one inch thick, whereas the top of a modern chair overlaps the bottom an inch and a half. This the builders do not, or will not, observe, and so every year in London fifty thousand rooms are spoiled by the marks of chair-backs on the walls, and the owners driven to the expense of painting or papering sixty square yards, to clean a space that is less than a square foot, but fatal to the appearance of the room.

Under head 4 let me observe that God's woods are all very beautiful; that *ONLY FOOLS ARE WISER THAN GOD ALMIGHTY*; that varnish shows up the beauty of those woods, and adds a gloss; and that house-paint hides their beauty. Paint holds dirt, and does not wash well; varnish does. Paint can only be mixed by a workman. Varnish is sold fit to put on. Paint soon requires revival, and the old paint must be rubbed off at a great expense, and two new coats put on. Varnish stands good for years, and when it requires revival, little more is necessary than simple cleaning, and one fresh coat, which a servant or anybody can lay on. 5. Hidden work is sure to be bad work, and so need repairs, especially in a roof, that sore tried part; and the repairs are the more expensive that the weak place has to be groped for.

I have now, I trust, said enough to awaken a few householders from the lethargy of despair, and to set them thinking a little and organizing a defence against the extraordinary mixture of stupidity and low instinctive trade cunning of which they are the victims: for a gentleman's blunders hurt himself, but a tradesman's blunders always hurt his customer; and this is singularly true of builders' blunders; they all tend one way—to compel the householder to be always sending for the builder, to grope for his hidden work, or botch his bad work, or clean his unscientific windows, or whitewash his idiotic ceilings, or rub his nasty unguents off God's beautiful wood, and then put some more nasty odiferous unguents on, or put cows on his ill-cleaned chimneys; or, in short, to repair his own countless blunders at the expense of his customer.

Independently of the murderous and constant expense, the bare entrance into a modest household of that loose, lazy, drunken, dishonest personage, who has the impudence to call himself "the British workman," though he never did half a day's real work at a stretch in all his life, is a serious calamity, to be averted by every lawful means.

It is a sure sign that a man is not an artist, if, instead of repairing his defects, he calls an intellectual superior to counteract them. The fire-escape is creditable to its inventor, but disgraceful to the builders. They construct a fire-trap without an escape; and so their fellow-citizens are to cudgel their brains and supply the builders' want of intelligence and humanity by an invention working from the street. The fire-escape can after all save but a few of the builders' victims. The only universal fire-escape is—*THE RATIONAL ROOF*.

To be constructed thus: Light iron staircases from the third floor to top floor and rational roof. Flat roof, or roofs, metal covered, with scarcely perceptible fall from centre, open joists and iron girders, the latter sufficiently numerous to keep the roof from falling in, even though fire should gut the edifice. An iron-lined door, surmounted by a skylight; iron staircase up to this door, which opens rationally on to

the rational roof. Large cistern or tank on roof with a force-pump to irrigate the roof in fire or summer heats. Round the roof iron rails set firm in balcony, made too hard for bairns to climb, and surmounted by spikes. Between every two houses a partition gate with two locks and keys complete. Bell under cover to call neighbour in fire or other emergency.

Advantages offered by "the RATIONAL ROOF:"—

1. High chimney stacks not needed.
2. Nine smoking chimneys cured out of ten. There are always people at hand to make the householder believe his chimney smokes by some fault of construction, and so they gull him into expenses, and his chimney smokes on—because it is not thoroughly swept. Send a faithful servant on to the rational roof, let him see the chimney-sweep's brush at the top of every chimney before you pay a shilling, and good-bye smoking chimneys. Sweeps are rogues, and the irrational roof is their shield and buckler.
3. The rail-painted chocolate and the spikes gilt would mightily improve our gloomy streets.
4. Stretch clothes' lines from spike to spike, and there is a drying-ground for the poor, or for such substantial people as are sick of the washerwomen and their villainy. These heartless knives are now rotting fine cambric and lace with soda and chloride of lime, though borax is nearly as detergent and injures nothing.
5. A playground in a purer air for children that cannot get to the parks. There is no ceiling to crack below.
6. In summer heats a blest retreat. Irrigate and cool from the cistern; then set four converging poles, stretch over these from spike to spike a few breadths of awning; and there is a delightful tent and perhaps a country view. If the Star and Garter at Richmond had possessed such a roof, they would have made at least two thousand a year upon it, and perhaps have saved their manager from a terrible death.
7. On each roof a little flagstaff and streamer to light the gloom with sparks of colour, and tell the world is the master at home or not. This would be of little use now; but, when once the rational roof becomes common, many a friend could learn from his own roof whether a friend was at home, and so men's eyes might save their legs.
8. In case of fire the young and old would walk out by a rational door on to a rational roof, and ring at a rational gate. Then their neighbour lets them on to his rational roof, and they are safe. Meantime, the adult males, if any, have time to throw wet blankets on the skylight and turn the water on to the roof. The rational roof, after saving the family which its predecessor would have destroyed, now proceeds to combat the fire. It operates as an obstinate cowl over the fire; and, if there are engines on the spot, the victory is certain. Compare this with the whole conduct of the irrational roof. First it murdered the inmates; then it fed the fire; then it collapsed and fell on the ground floor, destroying more property, and endangering the firemen.

I am, yours very truly,

CHARLES READE

### LITERATURE AND ART

Earl Russell, it is announced, is about to publish an historical essay on "The Foreign Policy of England, from 1570 to 1870."

General Faidherbe is about to publish a work on the campaign of the Army of the North in 1870. It is to be dedicated to M. Gambetta.

The "Battle of Dorking," about the authorship of which there has been so much speculation, was written by Colonel George Chesney, the author of "Indian Polity."

When France declared war against Germany, M. Gustave Doré is said to have commenced a picture illustrative of the victory of his countrymen. His countrymen gained the victory, for M. Doré, being a native of Strasbourg, where he was born in 1832, is now a German!

The popularity of photography has stimulated many trades and rendered the demand for gold, silver, glass, cards, &c., immense. In 1860-62, 3,500,000 cartes of Her Majesty were sold alone. Few people have any idea of the value of the copyrights. £35,000 have been paid for cartes of the Royal Family.

The University of Berlin has suffered another great loss in the field of historic teaching. The famous Leopold v. Ranke, Historiographer of Prussia, and Chancellor of the civil class of the order *pour le mérite*, who has been Professor of History at the University of Berlin since 1825, has just been dispensed from the performance of his duties. He is now in his seventy-sixth year, and requires rest after his long and active career.

A somewhat remarkable work has, says the *Levant Herald*, just appeared in Constantinople in the form of a photographic reproduction of a very beautiful Koran, copied in the year 1094 of the Hegira, by a celebrated Mussulman penman, Haaz Osman, from the manuscript of one of the lights of the ecclesiastical lore of Islam, Ali Al Kari. This work is due to the taste and perseverance of M. Fanton, a French barrister, and Kemal-Bey, who intended it as the first of a series of publications for spreading instruction among the Mussulmen. Many difficulties stood in their way. The existing system of photography would not suffice; but after many trials a process was perfected in England by which a perfect reproduction was effected, including the actual colour of the old letters, the paper used being of the precise texture and hue of the original manuscript. The mechanical and artistic part of their difficulties overcome, there still remained the old prohibition against the importation of Korans into Turkey from Europe. But the Grand Vizier and several of the Ministers having interested themselves in the matter, the necessary firman was granted, and the new Korans were passed through the Custom House. It is proposed to establish premises and apparatus in Stamboul for the preparation of a number of educational works on a similar plan.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

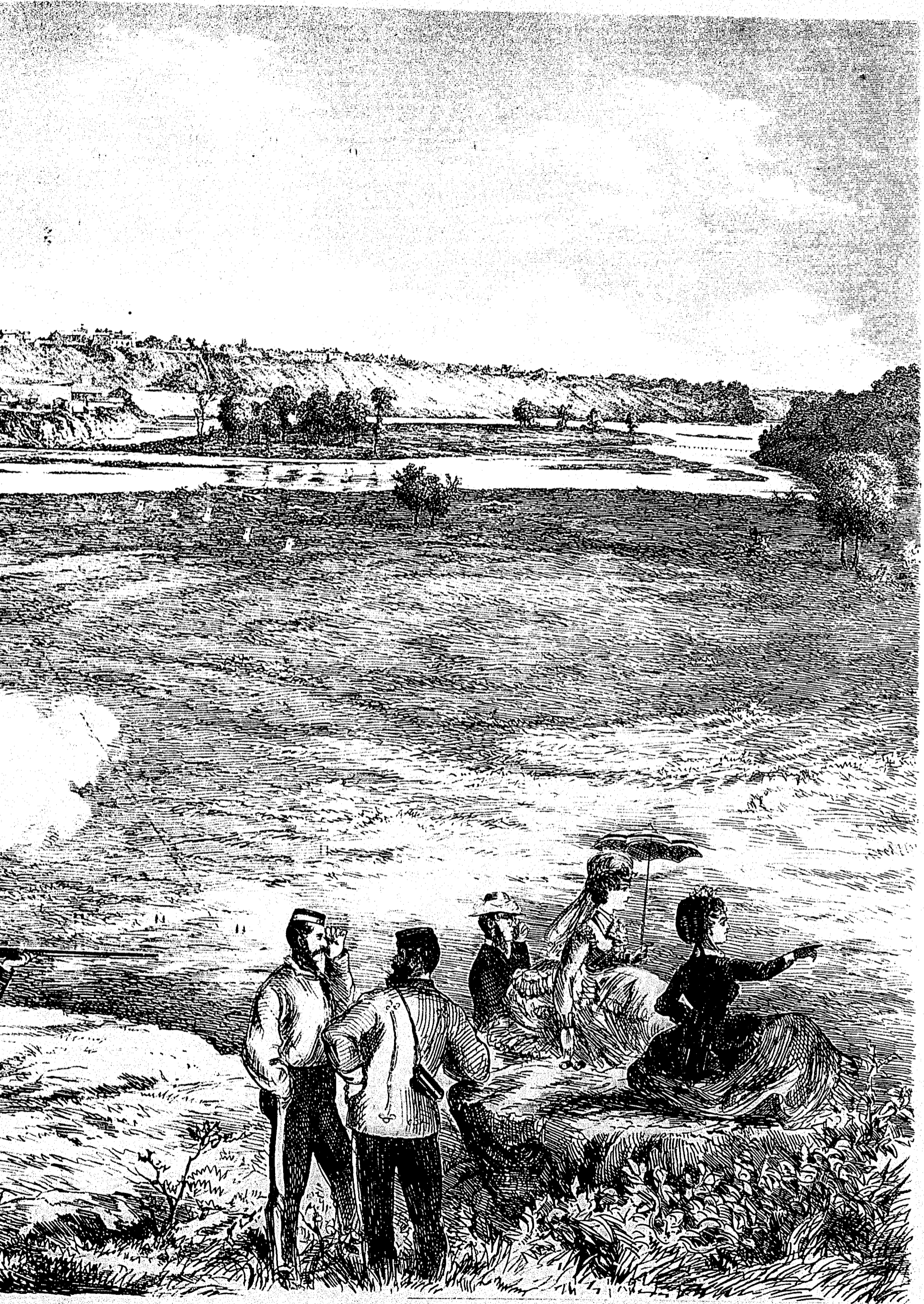
J. B., Kingston.—Is your letter of the 11th inst. intended for publication? If not, you should have known better, seeing your capacity for criticism, than to have addressed it to the Editor.





RIFLE PRACTICE AT GODERICH CAMP, GODERICH





AND MAITLAND IN THE DISTANCE

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Born, Aug. 15th, 1771. Died, Sept. 21st, 1832.

By JOHN READE.

I.  
Tis sweet to dream of converse with the dead  
Whom we have loved: to fill our vacant chairs  
With well-known forms: to hear the old words said  
In the old cadence: mingle friendship's prayers:  
Tell o'er together joys and hopes and cares  
With tears and smiles and laughter as of yore:  
To join our voices in remembered airs:  
To be again what we have been before—  
What we have been, alas! but shall be nevermore!

II.

And there are some whom we have never seen,  
Yet whom we know and love. A sacred tie  
Binds us to the great spirits that have been,  
Who e living thoughts are ours—which cannot die.  
Though Time, with ruthless swiftness, hurry by,  
And sweep away the races of the past,  
There still are some he darest not come nigh,  
Whose fame, as long as Time endures, shall last.  
Like rocks against whose strength in vain the waves  
(are cast).

III.

From who didst soar of border chivalry,  
Time takes no glory from thine honoured name,  
But centuries to centuries reply,  
Chanting thy virtues and thy well-earned fame.  
Thy genius to the present is the same  
As to the ages past: thy magic power  
Still gains for thee the loving, loud acclaim  
Of grateful thousands: castle, cot and bower  
Hail with one voice thy glad, returning hour.

IV.

"Time speeds his ceaseless course." A hundred  
Have passed since, in "Auld Scotia's" capital,  
A father's sorrow and a mother's tear,  
Were turned to joy, and rain of love did fall.  
In answer to a new-born infant's call.  
Upon a tiny face: and light divine  
Screamed on his eyes whose genius magical  
Made of his native land a glorious shrine  
Where men might worship Eld. This genius, Scott,  
[was thine!]

V.

Thou didst endure with life the mouldering walls  
Of abbey, keep and tower and holy lane:  
Thou didst arouse the warlike trumpet calls  
Of ancient chivalry: didst wake again  
The dust of Norman Knight and Saxon thane:  
Didst crowd the lists with faces fair and bright  
Of noble dames: didst raise the proud refrain  
Of warrior priests, who, from the heathen's might  
To save the Land of Christ, of old did bravely fight.

VI.

But chiefly thou didst tell the wondrous tale,  
Changeful, heroic, of thine own loved land:  
The generous valour of the chieftain Gael:  
The trusty leady of his kindred band—  
Proud to obey as he was to command.  
The gathering of the clans, the stern array,  
The plough's wall among the mountains grand:  
The march, the battle cry, the bloody fray—  
And all the glories of a time long past away.

VII.

And thou thy poet's power didst nobly prove  
In mingling love's sweet voice with war's alarms.  
For who, like thee, has sung the lays of love?  
Or who, like thee, has painted beauty's charms—  
As skilled in lady's bower as warrior's arms?  
Rowena, Isabelle,—the peerless throng  
Whom valour shielded from unnumbered harms—  
Shall live while woman's worth inspires a song.  
While goodness is beloved and hatred follows wrong.

VIII.

But not for this alone we honour thee,  
Although thy genius claims our highest praise:  
But that thou hadst thyself the chivalry—  
The manhood, brave and leal, which, in thy lays,  
Thou gavest to the heroes of old days.  
Nor friend nor foe could ever say that thou  
Wert false or mean to either friend or foe—  
Thou wert a man—it is for this we bow  
With reverence to thy memory. Lying low  
In death, thou art a king. None greater do we  
[know.]

\*Several of the children born previous to Walter had died in infancy.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.

## WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

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

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

I obeyed, and followed her into a long, low-ceiled room, wainscotted all over in panels, with a square moulding at the top, which served for a cornice. The ceiling was ornamented with plaster-reliefs. The windows looked out, on one side into the court, on the other upon the park. The floor was black and polished like a mirror, with bits of carpet here and there, and a rug before the curious, old-fashioned grate, where a little fire was burning and a small kettle boiling fiercely on the top of it. The tea-tray was already on the table. She got another cup and saucer, added a pot of jam to the preparations, and said:

"Sit down and have some bread and butter, while I make the tea."

She cut me a great piece of bread, and then a great piece of butter, and I lost no time in discovering that the quality was worthy of the quantity. Mrs. Wilson kept a grave silence for a good while. At last, as she was pouring out the second cup, she looked at me over the tea-pot, and said:

"You don't remember your mother, I suppose, Master Cumbermede?"

"No, ma'am, I never saw my mother."

"Within your recollection, you mean? But you must have seen her, for you were two years old when she died."

"Did you know my mother, then, ma'am?" I asked, but without any great surprise, for the events of the day had been so much out of the ordinary, that I had for the time almost lost the faculty of wonder.

She compressed her thin lips, and a perpendicular wrinkle appeared in the middle of her forehead, as she answered—

"Yes; I knew your mother."

"She was very good, wasn't she, ma'am?" I said, with my mouth full of bread and butter.

"Yes; who told you that?"

"I was sure of it. Nobody ever told me."

"Did they never talk to you about her?"

"No, ma'am."

"So you are at Mr. Elder's, are you?" she said, after another long pause, during which I was not idle, for my trouble being gone I could now be hungry.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How did you come here, then?"

"I walked with the rest of the boys; but they are gone home without me."

Thanks to the kindness of Sir Giles, my fault had already withdrawn so far into the past, that I wished to turn my back on it altogether. I saw no need for confessing it to Mrs. Wilson; and there was none.

"Did you lose your way?"

"No, ma'am."

"What brought you here, then? I suppose you wanted to see the place?"

"The woman at the lodge told us the nearest way was through the park."

I quite expected she would go on cross-questioning me, and then all the truth would have had to come out. But, to my great relief, she went no further, only kept eyeing me in a manner so oppressive as to compel me to eat bread and butter and strawberry jam with self-defensive eagerness. I presume she trusted to find out the truth by-and-by. She contented herself in the meantime with asking questions about my uncle and aunt, the farm, the school, and Mr. and Mrs. Elder, all in a cold, stately, refraining manner, with two spots of red in her face—one on each cheek-bone, and a thin, rather peevish, nose dividing them. But her forehead was good, and when she smiled, which was not often, her eyes shone. Still, even I, with my small knowledge of woman-kind, was dimly aware that she was feeling her way with me, and I did not like her much.

"Have you nearly done?" she asked at length.

"Yes, quite, thank you," I answered.

"Are you going back to school to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am; of course."

"How are you going?"

"If you will tell me the way——"

"Do you know how far you are from Aldwick?"

"No, ma'am."

"Eight miles," she answered; "and it's getting rather late."

I was seated opposite the windows to the park, and, looking up, saw with dismay that the air was getting dusky. I rose at once, saying—

"I must make haste. They will think I am lost."

"But you can never walk so far, Master Cumbermede."

"Oh, but I must! I can't help it. I must get back as fast as possible."

"You never can walk such a distance. Take another bit of cake while I go and see what can be done."

Another piece of cake being within the bounds of possibility, I might at least wait and see what Mrs. Wilson's design was. She left the room, and I turned to the cake. In a little while she came back, sat down, and went on talking. I was beginning to get quite uneasy, when a maid put her head in at the door and said—

"Please, Mrs. Wilson, the dog-cart's ready, ma'am."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Wilson, and turning to me, said—more kindly than she had yet spoken—

"Now, Master Cumbermede, you must come and see me again. I'm too busy to spare much time when the family is at home; but they are all going away the week after next, and if you will come and see me then, I shall be glad to show you over the house."

As she spoke she rose and led the way from the room, and out of the court by another gate from that by which I had entered. At the bottom of a steep descent, a groom was waiting with the dog-cart.

"Here, James," said Mrs. Wilson, "take good care of the young gentleman, and put him down safe at Mr. Elder's. Master Wilfrid, you'll find a hamper of apples underneath. You had better not eat them all yourself, you know. Here are two or three for you to eat by the way."

"Thank you, Mrs. Wilson. No; I'm not quite so greedy as that," I answered gaily, for my spirits were high at the notion of a ride in the dog-cart instead of a long and dreary walk.

When I was fairly in, she shook hands with me, reminding me that I was to visit her soon, and away went the dog-cart behind a high-stepping horse. I had never before been in an open vehicle of any higher description than a cart, and the ride was a great delight.

We went a different road from that which my companions had taken. It lay through trees all the way till we were out of the park.

"That's the land-steward's house," said James.

"Oh, is it?" I returned, not much interested. "What great trees all about it!"

"Yes, they're the finest elms in all the country, those," he answered. "Old Coningham knew what he was about when he got the last baronet to let him build his nest there. Here we are at the gate."

We came out upon a country road, which ran between the wall of the park and a wooden fence along a field of grass. I offered James one of my apples, which he accepted.

"There, now!" he said, "there's a field!—A right good bit o' grass that! Our people has wanted to throw it into the park for hundreds of years. But they won't part with it for love or money. It ought by rights to be ours, you see, by the lie of the country. It's all one grass with the park. But I suppose them as owns it ain't of the same mind.—Cur'ous old box!" he added, pointing with his whip a long way off. "You can just see the roof of it."

I looked in the direction he pointed. A rise in the ground hid all but an ancient, high-peaked roof. What was my astonishment to discover in it the roof of my own home! I was certain it could be no other. It caused a strange sensation, to come upon it thus from the outside, as it were, when I thought myself miles and miles away from it. I fell a pondering over the matter; and as I reflected, I became convinced that the trees from which we had just emerged were the same which used to churn the wind for my childish fancies. I did not feel inclined to share my feelings with my new acquaintance; but presently he put his whip in the socket and fell to eating his apple. There was nothing more in the conversation he afterwards resumed deserving of record. He pulled up at the gate of the school, where I bade him good night and rang the bell.

There was great rejoicing over me when I entered, for the boys had arrived without me a little while before, having searched all about the place where we had parted company, and come at length to the conclusion that I had played them a trick in order to get home without them, there having been some fun on the road concerning my local stupidity. Mr. Elder, however, took me to his own room, and read me a lecture on the necessity of not abusing my privileges. I told him the whole affair from beginning to end, and thought he behaved very oddly. He turned away every now and then, blew his nose, took off his spectacles, wiped them carefully, and replaced them before turning again to me.

"Go on, go on, my boy. I'm listening," he would say.

I cannot tell whether he was laughing or crying. I suspect both. When I had finished, he said, very solemnly—

"Wilfrid, you have had a narrow escape. I need not tell you how wrong you were about the apple, for you know that as well as I do. But you did the right thing when your eyes were opened. I am greatly pleased with you, and greatly obliged to Sir Giles. I will write and thank him this very night."

"Please sir, ought I to tell the boys?" I would rather not.

"No. I do not think it necessary."

He rose and rang the bell.

"Ask Master Fox to step this way."

Fox was the oldest boy, and was on the point of leaving.

"Fox," said Mr. Elder, "Cumbermede has quite satisfied me. Will you oblige me by asking him no questions. I am quite aware such a request must seem strange, but I have good reasons for making it."

"Very well, sir," said Fox, glancing at me.

"Take him with you, then, and tell the rest. It is as a favour to myself that I put it, Fox."

Fox took me to Mrs. Elder, and had a talk with the rest before I saw them. Some twenty years after, Fox and I had it out. I gave him a full explanation, for by that time I could smile over the affair. But what does the object matter?—an apple or a thousand pounds? It is but the peg on which the act hangs. The act is everything.

To the honour of my school-fellows I record that not one of them ever let fall a hint in the direction of the mystery. Neither did Mr. or Mrs. Elder once allude to it. If possible, they were kinder than before.

### CHAPTER X.

#### I BUILD CASTLES.

My companions had soon found out, and I think the discovery had something to do with the kindness they always showed me, that I was a good hand spinning a yarn: the nautical phrase had got naturalized in the school. We had no chance, if we would have taken it, of spending any part of school-hours in such a pastime; but it formed an unobtrusive amusement when weather or humour interfered with bodily exercises. Nor were we debarr'd from the pleasure after we had retired for the night, only as we were parted in three rooms, I could not have a large audience then. I will

remember, however, one occasion on which it was otherwise. The report of a super-excellent invention having gone abroad, one by one they came creeping into my room, after I and my companion were in bed, until we lay three in each bed, all being present but Fox. At the very heart of the climax, when a spectre was appearing and disappearing momentarily with the drawing in and sending out of his breath, so that you could not tell the one moment where he might show himself the next, Mr. Elder walked into the room with his chamber-candle in his hand, straightway illuminating six countenances pale with terror—for I took my full share of whatever emotion I roused in the rest. But instead of laying a general interdict on the custom, he only said,

"Come, come, boys! it's time you were asleep. Go to your rooms directly."

"Please, sir," faltered one—Moberly by name—the dullest and most honourable boy, to my thinking, amongst us, "mayn't I stay where I am? Cumbermede has put me all in a shiver."

Mr. Elder laughed, and turning to me asked with his usual good humour,

"How long will your story take, Cumbermede?"

"As long as you please, sir," I answered.

"I can't let you keep them awake all night, you know."

"There's no fear of that, sir," I replied.

"Moberly would have been asleep long ago if it hadn't been a ghost. Nothing keeps him awake but ghosts."

"Well, is the ghost nearly done with?"

"Not quite, sir. The worst is to come yet."

"Please, sir," interposed Moberly, "if you'll let me stay where I am, I'll turn round on my deaf ear, and won't listen to a word more of it. It's awful, I do assure you, sir."

Mr. Elder laughed again.

"No, no," he said. "Make haste and finish your story, Cumbermede, and let them go to sleep. You, Moberly, may stay where you are for the night, but I can't have this made a practice of."

"No, no, sir," said several at once.

"But why don't you tell your stories by daylight, Cumbermede? I'm sure you have time enough for them then."

"Oh, but he's got one going for the day and another for the night."

"Then do you often lie three in a bed?" asked Mr. Elder with some concern.

"Oh no, sir. Only this is an extra good one, you see."

Mr. Elder laughed again, bade us good night, and left us. The horror, however, was broken. I could not call up one shiver more, and in a few minutes Moberly, as well as his two companions, had slipped away to roomier quarters.

The material of the tales I told my companions was in part supplied from some of my uncle's old books, for in his little library there were more than the *Arctics* of the same sort. But these had not merely afforded me the stuff to remodel and imitate; their spirit had wrought upon my spirit, and armour and war-horses and mighty swords were only the instruments with which faithful knights wrought honourable deeds.

I had a tolerably clear perception that such deeds could not be done in our days; that there were no more dragons lying in the woods; and that ladies did not now fall into the hands of giants. But I had the witness of an eternal impulse in myself that noble deeds had yet to be done, and therefore might be done, although I knew not how. Hence a feeling of the dignity of ancient descent as involving association with great men and great actions of old, and therefore rendering such more attainable in the future, took deep root in my mind. Aware of the humbleness of my birth, and unrestrained by pride in my parents—I had lost them so early—I would indulge in many a day-dream of what I would gladly have been. I would ponder over the delights of having a history, and how grand it would be to find I was descended from some far-away knight who had done deeds of high emprise. In such moods the recollection of the old sword that had vanished from the wall would return: indeed the impression it had made upon me may have been at the root of it all. How I longed to know the story of it! But it had gone to the grave with grannie. If my uncle or aunt knew it, I had no hope of getting it from either of them; for I was certain they had no sympathy with any such fancies as mine. My favourite invention, one for which my audience was sure to call when I professed incompetence, and which I enlarged and varied every time I returned to it, was of a youth in humble life who found at length he was of far other origin than he had supposed. I did not know then that the fancy, not uncommon with boys, has its roots in the deepest instincts of our human nature. I need not add that I had not yet read Jean Paul's *Titan*, or *Hesperus*, or *Comet*.

This tendency of thought received a fresh impulse from my visit to Moldwarp Hall, as I choose to name the great house whither my repentance had led me. It was the first I had ever seen to wake the sense of the mighty antique. My home was, no doubt, older than some parts of the hall; but the house we are born in never looks older than the last gene-



ration until we begin to compare it with others. By this time, what I had learned of the history of my country, and the general growth of the allied forces of my intellect, had rendered me capable of feeling the hoary old of the great Hall. Henceforth it had a part in every invention of my boyish imagination.

I was therefore not undesirous of keeping the half-engagement I had made with Mrs. Wilson; but it was not she that drew me. With all her kindness, she had not attracted me; for cupboard-love is not the sole, or always the most powerful operant on the childish mind: it is in general stronger in men than in either children or women. I would rather not see Mrs. Wilson again—she had fed my body, she had not warmed my heart. It was the grand old house that attracted me. True, it was associated with shame, but rather with the recovery from it than with the fall itself; and what memorials of ancient grandeur and knightly ways must lie within those walls, to harmonize with my many dreams!

On the next holiday, Mr. Elder gave me a ready permission to revisit Moldwarp Hall. I had made myself acquainted with the nearest way by crossroads and footpaths, and full of expectation, set out with my companions. They accompanied me the greater part of the distance, and left me at a certain gate, the same by which they had come out of the park on the day of my first. I was glad when they were gone, for I could then indulge my excited fancy at will. I heard their voices draw away into the distance. I was alone on a little footpath which led through a wood. All about me were strangely tall and slender oaks; but as I advanced into the wood, the trees grew more various, and in some of the open spaces, great old oaks, short and big-headed stretched out their huge shadow-filled arms in oak-fashion. The ground was uneven, and the path led up and down over hollow and hillocks, now crossing a swampy bottom, now climbing the ridge of a rocky eminence. It was a lovely forenoon, with gray-blue sky and white clouds. The sun shone plentifully into the wood, for the leaves were thin. They hung like clouds of gold and royal purple above my head, layer over layer, with the blue sky and the snowy clouds shining through on the ground it was a world of shadows and sunny streaks, kept ever in interludic motion by such a wind as John Skelton describes:

There blew in that gardenage a soft pplyng cold  
Embreying of Zepherus with his pleasant wynde.

I went merrily along. The birds were not singing, but my heart did not need them. It was spring-time there whatever it might be in the world. The heaven of my childhood wanted no bark to make it gay. Had the trees been bare and the frost shining on the ground, it would have been all the same. The sunlight was enough.

I was standing on the roof of a great beech-tree, gazing up into the gulf of its foliage, and watching the broken lights playing about in the leaves and leaping from twig to branch, like birds yet more golden than the leaves, when a voice startled me.

"You're not looking for apples in a beech-tree, hey?" it said.

I turned instantly, with my heart in a flutter. To my great relief I saw that the speaker was not Sir Giles, and that probably no allusion was intended. But my first apprehension made way only for another pang, for, although I did not know the man, a strange dismay shot through me at sight of him. His countenance was associated with an undefined but painful fact that lay crouching in a dusky hollow of my memory. I had no time now to entice it into the light of recollection. I took heart and spoke.

"No," I answered; "I was only watching the sun on the leaves."

"Very pretty, ain't it? Ah, it's lovely! It's quite beautiful—ain't it now? You like good timber, don't you?—Trees, I mean," he explained, aware, I suppose, of some perplexity on my countenance.

"Yes," I answered. "I like big old ones best."

"Yes, yes," he returned, with an energy that sounded strange and jarring to my mood; "big old ones, that have stood for ages—the monarchs of the forest. Saplings ain't bad things either, though. But old ones are best. Just come here, and I'll show you one worth looking at. It wasn't planted yesterday, I can tell you."

I followed him along the path, until we came out of the wood. Beyond us the ground rose steep and high, and was covered with trees; but here in the hollow it was open. A stream ran along between us and the height. On this side of the stream stood a mighty tree, towards which my companion led me. It was an oak with such a bushy head and such great roots rising in serpent rolls and heaves above the ground, that the stem looked stunted between them.

"There!" said my companion; "there's a tree! there's something like a tree! How a man must feel to call a tree like that his own! That's Queen Elizabeth's oak. It is indeed. England is dotted with what be Queen Eliza-

beth's oaks; but there is the very oak which she admired so much that she ordered luncheon to be served under it. Ah! she knew the value of timber—did good Queen Bess. That's now—now—let me see—the year after the Armada—nine from fifteen—ah well, somewhere about two hundred and thirty years ago."

"How lumpy and hard it looks," I remarked.

"That's the breed and the age of it," he returned. "The wonder to me is they don't turn to stone and last for ever, those trees. Ah! there's something to live for now."

He had turned away to resume his walk, but as he finished the sentence he turned again towards the tree, and shook his finger at it, as if reproaching it for belonging to somebody else than himself.

"Where are you going now?" he asked, wheeling round upon me sharply, with a keen look in his magpie-eyes, as the French would call them, which hardly corresponded with the bluntness of his address.

"I'm going to the Hall," I answered, turning away.

"You'll never get there that way. How are you to cross the river?"

"I don't know. I've never been this way before."

"You've been to the Hall before, then? Who do you know there?"

"Mrs. Wilson," I answered.

"Hm! Ah! You know Mrs. Wilson, do you? Nice woman, Mrs. Wilson."

He said this as if he meant the opposite.

"Here," he went on—"come with me. I'll show you the way."

I obeyed and followed him along the bank of the stream.

"What a curious bridge!" I exclaimed, as we came in sight of an ancient structure lifted high in the middle on the point of a Gothic arch.

"Yes, ain't it?" he said. Curious? I should think so. And well it may be. It's as old as the oak there at least. There's a bridge now for a man like Sir Giles to call his own."

"He can't keep it, though," I said, moralizing; for, in carrying on the threads of my stories, I had come to see that no climax could last for ever.

"Can't keep it? He could carry off every stone of it if he liked."

"Then it wouldn't be the bridge any longer."

"You're a sharp one," he said.

"I don't know," I answered, truly enough. I seemed to myself to be talking sense, that was all.

"Well, I do. What do you mean by saying he couldn't keep it?"

"It's been a good many people's already, and it'll be somebody else's some day," I replied.

He did not seem to relish the suggestion, for he gave a kind of grunt, which gradually broke into a laugh as he answered—

"Likely enough; likely enough."

We had now come round to the end of the bridge, and I saw that it was far more curious than I had perceived before.

"Why is it so narrow?" I asked wonderingly, for it was not three feet wide, and had a parapet of stone about three feet high on each side of it.

"Ah," he replied; "that's it, you see. As old as the hills. It was built, *this* bridge was, before ever a carriage was made—yes, before ever a carrier's cart went along a road. They carried everything then upon horses' backs. They call this the pack-horse bridge. You see there's room for the horses' legs, and their loads could stick out over the parapets. That's the way they carried everything to the Hall then. That was a few years before you were born, young gentleman."

"But they couldn't get their legs—the horses, I mean—couldn't get their legs through this narrow opening," I objected; for a flat stone almost blocked up each end.

"No; that's true enough. But those stones have been up only a hundred years or so. They didn't want it for pack-horses any more then, and the stones were put up to keep the cattle, with which at some time or other I suppose some thrifty owner had stocked the park, from crossing to this meadow. That would be before those trees were planted up there."

When we crossed the stream, he stopped at the other end of the bridge and said:

"Now, you go that way—up the hill. There's a kind of a path if you can find it, but it doesn't much matter. Good morning."

He walked away down the bank of the stream, while I struck into the wood.

When I reached the top, and emerged from the trees that skirted the ridge, there stood the lordly Hall before me, shining in autumnal sun-light, with gilded vanes, and diamond-paned windows, as if it were a rock against which the gentle waves of the sea of light rippled and broke in dashes. When you looked at its foundation, which seemed to have torn its way up through the clinging sword, you'd not tell where the building began and the rock ended. In some parts, indeed, the rock was wrought into the walls of the house; while in others it was faced up with stone and mortar. My heart beat high with

vague rejoicing. Grand as the aged oak had looked, here was a grander growth—a growth older than the oak, and inclosing within it a thousand histories.

I approached the gate by which Mrs. Wilson had dismissed me. A flight of rude steps cut in the rock led to the portcullis which still hung, now fixed in its place, in front of the gate; for though the Hall had no external defences, it had been well fitted for the half-sieges of troublesome times. A modern mansion stands, with its broad sweep up to the wide door, like its hospitable owner in full dress and broad-bosomed shirt on his own hearth-rug; this ancient house stood with its back to the world, like one of its ancient owners, ready to ride, in morion, breast-plate, and jack-boots—yet not armed *cap-à-pie*, not like a walled castle, that is.

I ascended the steps, and stood before the arch—filled with a great iron-studded oaken gate—which led through a square tower into the court. I stood gazing for some minutes before I rang the bell. Two things in particular I noticed. The first was—over the arch of the doorway, amongst others—one device very like the animal's head upon the watch and the seal which my great-grandmother had given me. I could not be sure it was the same, for the shape—both in the stone and in my memory—was considerably worn. The other interested me far more. In the great gate was a small wicket, so small that there was hardly room for me to pass without stooping. A thick stone threshold lay before it; the spot where the right foot must fall in stepping out of the wicket was worn into the shape of a shoe, to the depth of between three and four inches I should judge, vertically into the stone. The deep foot-mould conveyed to me a sense of the coming and going of generations, such as I could not gather from the age-worn walls of the building.

A great bell-handle at the end of a jointed iron-rod hung down by the side of the wicket. I rang. An old woman opened the wicket, and allowed me to enter. I thought I remembered the way to Mrs. Wilson's door well enough, but when I had ascended the few broad steps, curved to the shape of the corner in which the entrance stood, and found myself in the flagged court, I was bewildered, and had to follow the retreating portress for directions. A word set me right, and I was soon in Mrs. Wilson's presence. She received me kindly, and expressed her satisfaction that I had kept what she was pleased to consider my engagement.

After some refreshment and a little talk, Mrs. Wilson said:

"Now, Master Cumbermede, would you like to go and see the gardens, or take a walk in the park and look at the deer?"

"Please, Mrs. Wilson," I returned, "you promised to show me the house."

"You would like that, would you?"

"Yes," I answered,—"better than anything."

"Come, then," she said, and took a bunch of keys from the wall. "Some of the rooms I lock up when the family's away."

It was a vast place. Roughly it may be described as a large oblong which the great hall, with the kitchen and its offices, divided into two square courts—the one flagged, the other gravelled. A passage dividing the hall from the kitchen led through from the one court to the other. We entered this central portion through a small tower; and, after a peep at the hall, ascended to a room above the entrance, accessible from an open gallery which ran along two sides of the hall. The room was square, occupying the area-space of the little entrance tower. To my joyous amazement, its walls were crowded with swords, daggers—weapons in endless variety, mingled with guns and pistols, for which I cared less. Some which had hilts curiously carved and even jewelled, seemed of foreign make; their character was different from that of the rest; but most were evidently of the same family with the one sword I knew. Mrs. Wilson could tell me nothing about them. All she knew was that this was the armoury, and that Sir Giles had a book with something written in it about every one of the weapons. They were no chance collection; each had a history. I gazed in wonder and delight. Above the weapons hung many pieces of armour—no entire suits, however; of those there were several in the hall below. Finding that Mrs. Wilson did not object to my handling the weapons within my reach, I was soon so much absorbed in the examination of them that I started when she spoke.

"You shall come again, Master Cumbermede," she said. "We must go now."

(To be Continued.)

Almost every journal in the country has republished the item about that man at Findley, Ohio, who bravely rushed into a burning grocery and brought out three kegs of gunpowder, the explosion of which would have destroyed much property. It looked like a heroic deed, and was so considered; but, alas! there is another side to the story. It is now asserted that he rushed into the flames through mistake. Some one told him that three kegs of brandy were being destroyed.

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[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

### LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

The solace which suffices some natures was offered to Lillymere plentifully. But the delicate sense of honour inherited, and the moral perceptions educated in the school of his self-discipline, could not be solaced; neither by ministry of kind friends to his physical wants, nor by sympathetic paragraphing in the *Ariel*. An election being on hand in which Killiweek, the Knuckleduster candidate, opposed Steelyard, the Dredauffer candidate, even the friendly paragraphs became mixed in complexion.

And in the conflict of Conway thought about Western Knuckledusterism, and local Killiweekism, Reuben fell in the way of reproach that he—a literary philosopher of the people, seemed concerned only in advancing the fortunes of a pretended young lord, and as literary lacquey to Lady Mary Mortimer.

To leave truth on record for generations of another time it became necessary to explain, to this effect:

Born of the people, and fervent in their service, Reuben had long noted the powerful secular forces of wealth, pride of lineage, and fashion, going to waste, in so far as moral development of the working multitudes was an element indispensable to national conservatism.

The aim of his philosophic lifetime had been to throw a lasso on wealth, lineage, fashion; to capture, soothe, caress, train, and harness them to wheels of the people's progress.

One school pronounced:

"Extinguish aristocracy and capitalists in revolution; begin society afresh."

Reuben's school of public economy taught in reply:

"By logic of natural laws, revolution must of necessity result in military despotism. The treason you plot is wickedness, and to you destruction."

Another school pronounced:

"No public duty attaches to wealth when in shape of capital, other than to care for its own safety; let us alone."

To which Reuben, in reply:

"I let you alone; but invite to take counsel with you, the pleasing associates, high rank, ancient lineage, and feminine fashion. Together you are to run the wheels of the people's progress."

The inducements to this union of the higher social forces?

"Immunity from seditious plots; from possible revolution; from possible extinction; from unavoidable despotism; from national degradation. In Kingdom and Republic the danger is the same. Wealth is the target which demoralized poverty and ignorance sooner or later will shoot at. Sooner or later as populations densify in proportion to habitable territory. Sooner or later if this philosophy be neglected."

The philosophy was scorned, except by a few. But the teacher in service of nations, with reverent fidelity to his own mother land, cried again and again in impassioned fervency:

"Queen of the seas, where are we drifting?"

To one from New York, who remarked that Lady Mary, the Duke, the Earl of Underlyne, and all the English party of travellers, seemed very partial to their American friends, and might in time become partial to American institutions, Reuben rejoined:

"The theory of our respective institutions is the same; practice nearly the same; the newer, better for you; ours for us. The civilization aimed at is the same. We are one in the instincts of national conservatism. Distinct nationalities are necessary for the world's well-being. Local state governments; local colonial governments, are necessary to vigorous national development. We are satisfied with our older institutions, loving and revering them. Esteeming you not the less in your habits of thought, arising out of wilderness thinly peopled, and newer conditions."

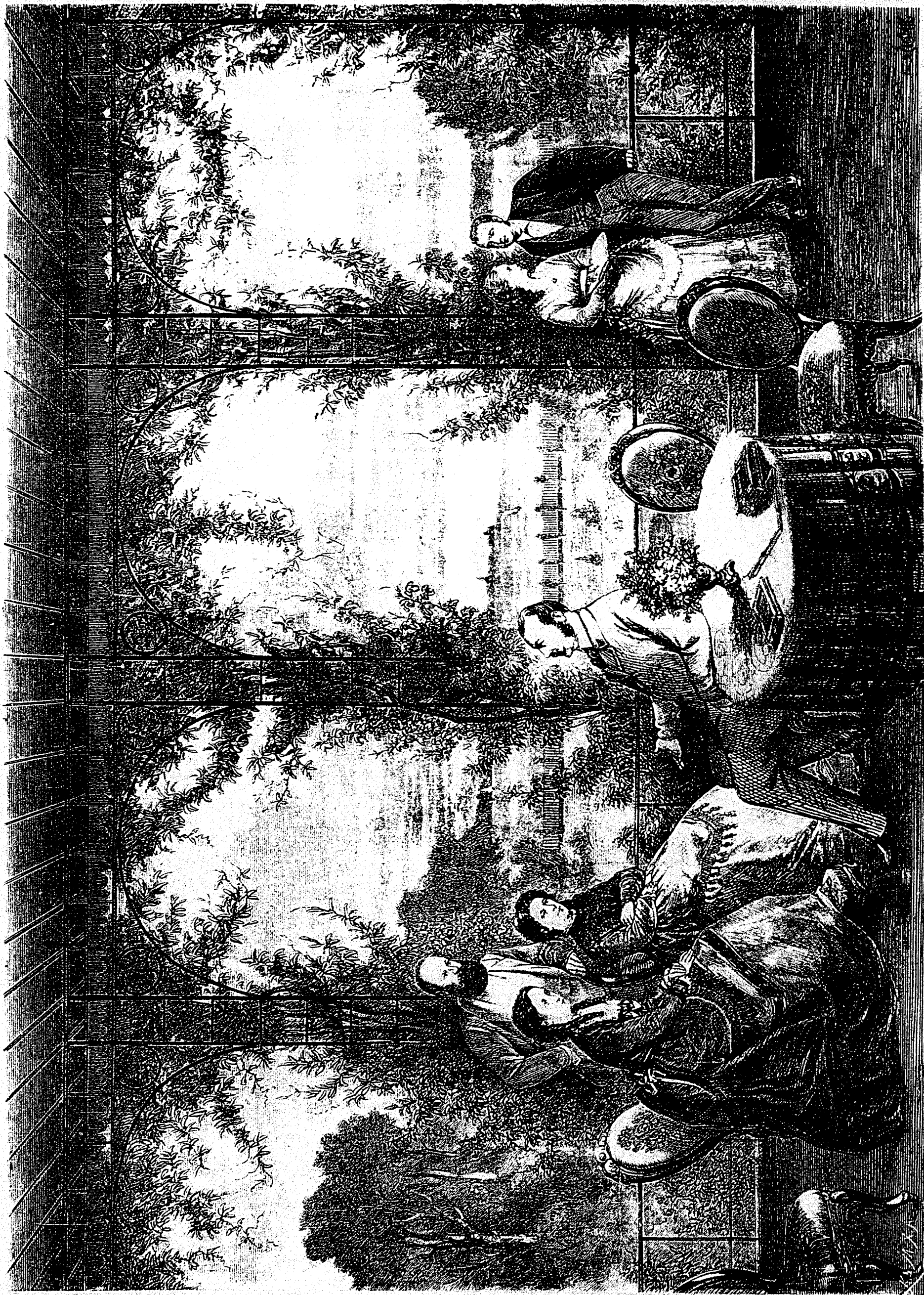
After a pause Reuben added:

"Wealth and high fashion seem as far removed from contact with poverty, crime, ignorance, in your cities as in ours."

To which the colloquiter:

"American safety valves work easier than British, don't you think?"

"They seem more exposed than British to be disturbed," the other rejoined. "But it is not for us to pick at one another's misfortunes or faults. To rear the enduring, moral superstructures of the future, leaders of progress are henceforth to hold religion in one hand



QUEEN OF DENMARK. — EMPRESS OF RUSSIA. — EMPRESS OF RUSSIA. — THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AT THE KING OF WILHELM III'S SUMMER PALACE AT FREDEBURG, SWEDEN.





MOTHERLY LOVE.

AFTER CORREGGIO.



the great secular forces natural to mankind, in the other. Fashion is now utilized in churches to obtain high revenue from pew rent; but in obtaining this revenue it excludes the multitudes of unfashion, consigning them to despair. Let us utilize the supreme of the secular forces to work out a multitudinous moral reconstruction. Lady Mary is in that field now, when at home. And the Donna Euryntia in America, I'm told: a lady I long to meet."

"Your House of Lords is out of date, don't you think?"

"The House of Lords, sir, is a Chamber of legislation grown out of mediæval times, conforming well to the expanding youthful vigour of to-day, but impossible to be duplicated to-day. The one House of legislation in the world, where demoralising agencies of lobbyism do not approach."

And he continued, some minutes later:

"Sufficiently independent of external impulse to be calmly deliberative, the House of Lords discerns between popular perturbation and public opinion. It is conservative custodian of matured national will."

"Is it probable, Mr. Secretary, that matrimonial alliances may be formed between any of your friends and ours, now travelling together?"

"I'm not privileged to know secrets. Some lovers don't know their own secrets. I think it likely. I've been in pursuit of an American woman holding my soul in her hand, for two-thirds of a lifetime. Cannot find her; yet dream she is to cross my path."

Mr. Schoolar, under warrant of permission, had the remains of his daughter placed in a metallic casket, and that in a coffin of Canadian walnut: the whole in a deal case for ocean shipment.

The anger which at first gave voice to the mourner's emotion had subsided. Grief took possession of the stricken heart, jointly with gloom. The memory of the daughter's bright childhood; of her beautiful dawn of womanhood; the dream of the calm evening of life once anticipated for her mother and for him, to be irradiated with a glowing prosperity of which Agnes and her offspring should be the lights,—that memory and dream lay now on the heart a heap of stifling ashes.

Guided by his own sense of propriety, Mr. Schoolar would have departed in privacy with his sad burden; but Killiweek, inspired by the Estate and Title Recovery Company, made the departure of the skeleton and semblance of his own professional grief, very ostentatious.

Lady Mary, though she had been cruelly insulted in the first outflow of Schoolar's anger, and lay still under squalor of his gloom, felt constrained by the innate generosity of her nature, to accompany the mourner and the coffin to the ship at Montreal.

When the Ocean steamer had left port with the old man and his sorrow on board, her ladyship prepared, rather hurriedly, to take passage for England by steamer from New York. It was desirable to communicate with Earl Royalfort in person, and soon. It was necessary to be in England to meet and qualify clamour, should any be raised on arrival of Mr. Schoolar with a story of mystery involving a charge of murder against young Lillymere.

During the intervening days all the travellers, with whom you and I are concerned—English and American, with numerous Canadian friends assembled at Montreal; most of them at the hotel of high distinction, St. Lawrence Hall.

There the Duke of Sheerness gave a magnificent public breakfast to his friends and the *élite* of the city. This was followed next day by a *fiête* on an island in the river, given by His Worship the Mayor. Two days later the Hon. Senator and Mrs. Pensylidine gave a *déjeuner* at St. Lawrence Hall, excelling in splendour the *fête* of the Duke and of the Mayor, in so far as the *élite* of society could outline what they were before, and the genius of hotel propriety could outdo the superlative of previous days.

This was followed by a review of the troops and a blank cartridge battle at Logan's Farm.

A mind's eye tracing may be offered of that portion of the Farm which is used for military exercises, and grazed by city cows.

At the eastern boundary a public thoroughfare runs from south to north. On west of this and nearly parallel you see a rugged ravine, bearing old forest trees. Here, in the sandy soil, rifle-pits are dug and a desperate defence made, if the enemy who was lodged in a parallel ravine half a mile to westward, has, in battle on the central plateau, defeated this force, driving it to the several last shifts; to shelter in the bush; to deeper shelter under brow of the hill; then to quarry holes and sand pits.

The pursuers, at a loss to know where the fugitives may be, feel the bush and finding none, crowd into the ravine. Suddenly they are fired on from the pits; destructively exposed to the carnage of the strategy of ambush.

On the plateau cavalry and artillery charge and wheel and thunder in sight of the visitors in carriages admitted within limits of the upper fences. Other carriages remain at side of the road on the east, their occupants climbing the rugged acclivities on foot.

Looking at the aid-de-camps riding at speed across lines of fire, down the slopes or up; here, yonder, out of sight in smoke; into sight from espionage of the enemy's position, you may think all this gallant hurry-scurry only a bravery of to-day under blank cartridge. But they would ride the same athwart the flight of angry bullets. I have seen them galloping out, galloping in with orders as recklessly as now; one or two dropping to earth, never to get up alive. The missiles intercepting them, thinning other riders, and levelling this unit for a time also.

Yes, sir, that brave hurry-scurry of aide-de-camps under blank, would proceed the same under ball.

The Hon. Captain Pinkerton was a splendid rider. You may remember being told that when poor Agnes Schoolar, now mourned by them all, and very deeply by him—see the black crape on his arm—when she was *belle equestrienne* on the Hyde Park Lady's Mile, Captain Pinkerton rode there also.

Towards the close of the battle exercises, Sir Kenneth Claymore, who commanded, rode up to Lady Mary's carriage, saying:

"Who has seen Captain Pinkerton? He rode into the wood at speed half an hour ago, and has not returned. Colonel Tenterbras, send an orderly, please, to find Pinkerton."

"General, Captain Pinkerton gave his horse to a groom in heat of the action, and climbed the bluff on foot to a carriage out on the Papineau Road, containing a party of ladies. Here they come at top of the plateau."

As Captain Pinkerton approached on foot, having alighted a hundred yards away, Sir Kenneth cried with a slight accent of sarcasm:

"Are you severely wounded, Captain Pinkerton?"

"Very seriously, Sir Kenneth. Hit just here."

"In the stomach?"

"In the heart, General."

"Is this a jest? Really you do seem to have met an accident; what was it?"

"Pardon, Sir Kenneth. Permit—please, the disclosure to be made to Lady Mary first. Come with me, General."

Her ladyship, apprehensive of a serious occurrence from the Captain's embarrassed manner, leant over the side of the landau, entreating in low accent:

"What has happened, Captain?"

"I have seen Agnes Schoolar, your ladyship."

"Agnes Schoolar?"

"Yes, Lady Mary."

"Alive?"

"Alive, and looking lovelier than ever, except for the shock I gave her, telling of the murder, and departure home of her father with her remains for burial in the family vault at Bolderfield. She has just arrived from the States."

"Where is Agnes?"

"In that carriage with pair of greys beside the single tree."

Addressing the Duke, Lady Mary said: "Conrad, your arm, please. Let us go to Agnes at once, and penetrate this amazing mystery."

#### CHAPTER XXX.

##### MORE DISCOVERIES.

THE explanation given by Agnes accounted sufficiently for not sooner venturing to Canada. The companionship she had been in was entirely satisfactory to Lady Mary Mortimer. She had dreaded a compulsory journey home, to be followed by a lunatic asylum or worse. The abhorred marriage with Adam Schoolar was worse.

With whom had she resided in the States those three months?

Under care of an American lady of fairest reputation. One greatly interested in finding DeLacy Lillymere. And hardly less earnest in searching for intelligence about another person, supposed to have perished on the shores of Newfoundland years ago, one Roy Reuben.

Who was this American lady?

The Donna Euryntia of Florida.

It was in private after returning to the St. Lawrence Hall, that the more detailed explanations came out.

Agnes, in anguish of sorrow for her parents, decided the instant she heard the strange story of her own death, to depart for England by earliest steamship. There was no Atlantic telegraph working then; that of 1859 having broken. Information could not therefore be sent ahead of Mr. Schoolar to meet him at Liverpool. And the bones! whose skeleton did he carry over the ocean for burial? I have known from the first whose it was. Had an inquest been held, when that young stranger died suddenly in Conway, much of this trouble about the feminine remains might have been avoided.

To show herself alive, Agnes, as I have said, decided to follow her father quickly.

"Yet they'll put me in a mad house, Lady Mary. Would that your ladyship were going?"

"I go to England also, Agnes. The Duke of Sheerness is now in conference with the authorities to have DeLacy Lillymere liberated."

"Will that young gentleman —"

Agnes hesitated. She would have said:

"Go to England with your ladyship?" Or, "Come to this city to see you, my lady?" Or, "Will you visit Conway, where DeLacy Lillymere is, before departing for England?" Agnes would have asked all or any of those questions had courage served. But having no courage for use in that direction she could only say: "Will the young gentleman —" and stop.

"No, Agnes. It is necessary I go to England and arrange Mr. Lillymere's affairs previous to his arrival there, as recognized heir of my lord. No; he will not come here at present; it is not desirable he should."

Sharp is the wit of woman. Jealous is her pride over alliances proposed or made by relative or *protégé*, though she be of most generous candour in all things else; and of truest humility and piety.

"No, Agnes. It is not desirable he should come here at present," she said. "You are here" was meant, though not spoken. "Solomon Schoolar's daughter may be not a suitable match for the heir of Lillymere;" that was also meant, though not spoken.

In like manner the Donna Euryntia, detecting what Agnes had never fully known nor confessed to her own heart, had taken the young lady on journeys not in the direction where Lillymere was most likely to be heard of. Very interesting journeys for the Donna tracking Roy Reuben, but blank of purpose to the young heart which felt secrets dwelling within its chambers which it did not understand. Nor understand why secrets came and lived there. Did not know anything of their nature to be positive, except aversion for Adam Schoolar; and, that music filled the air when Lillymere's name was spoken.

Reverent compassion for the dearly-loved parents mourning her supposed violent death, urged with the force of awe that she should forthwith hasten to England. Yet possibly to be again persecuted by, or in relation to Adam. And to go without seeing Toby, now called Lillymere,—that thought grew hour by hour from regret to pain.

And worse to bear even than that pain; the dread of being suspected of a desire to see Lillymere, knowing him to be heir to an Earldom and the affluent estates of which her father's firm had been agents. To the mind of Agnes it seemed unwomanly in the extreme to risk the imputation of being supposed capable of doing aught incompatible with her father's spotless integrity.

This induced in the previously gay, cordial, charming girl a cold proud manner.

The maiden was going to her own funeral. Not in masquerade, as it may seem, to disclose herself alive in midst of the grief, then laugh and share in a family merriment.

With her going to the funeral, buried already within her heart, were the first and only glimmerings of the dreams of young love.

With her going to the funeral, was the foreshadowing gloom of falling into the odious embrace of a condition worse than death, from which she barely escaped a few months ago.

With her going to the funeral was a vacancy in the ship, and an eye within her by which she discerned the vacancy in the ship; and at the same glance saw, far away in the west, farther away as the ship approached England, the form of young Lillymere surrounded by friends; allured to new friendships by beautiful American, or Canadian, or travelling Englishwomen. They, one or other of them, snatching from her that handsome, lovely boy—the youth she saw three years ago; snatching, taking, keeping him. This vacancy in the ship and in her soul to be filled, never, never. But to go—paradox of a soul insane in its love!—the vacuum of the ship and of her heart to go help fill the grave to which she was hastening.

Not the grave in which the unknown skeleton would be laid by her father; but her own, which would have its beginning in the mad house.

Thus went Agnes across the ocean. Lady Mary on the passage, from excess of the tenderness of her nature, which ever gushed with kindness and goodness, was attentive at all possible times to cheer and strengthen the desponding maiden.

At all possible times, but not in all possible ways; nor with all possible draughts of the nectar which refreshes the heart of a young timid being, impassioned within itself, and imprisoned within adverse circumstances. Lady Mary mentioned not the name of Lillymere.

They arrived at London only three days later than Mr. Schoolar with the skeleton. Not in time to save the mother from prostration in deepest grief; nor to save Adam from a costly show of mourning; and large measure of real sorrow arising from a passion that was once real enough. A passion, mingled now with a horrid glare of satisfaction in the dark mind, that the fate of the bride who despised him, was deserved. And with another lurid glare—rage of vengeance against the supposed assassin who had given him the horrid satisfaction!

A place in the family vault at Bolderfield-green had been prepared, and the funeral would have taken place the day before the

ladies arrived, had they not telegraphed from Liverpool:

"Lady Mary Mortimer, to Solomon Schoolar, Esq., Solicitor, Chancery Lane, London. Prepare to meet your daughter, Agnes, tomorrow. She is alive and well. We have just arrived at Liverpool."

A new vault was procured near that of the Schoolar families; and there were reverently laid, with utmost tenderness, the remains of the unknown female, over which the mourners for Agnes Schoolar had shed many tears, uttered many plaints. They piously laid the bones, in the two-fold coffin, within that vault, to await identification, should claimants, seeking a dear one lost, ever chance to come there.

I repeat, had an inquest been held on the young female stranger, who at Conway died suddenly, much of this anxiety and uncertainty would have been avoided.

The mystery of the clothes might not have been solved; for they were never connected with the skeleton until Rickaby procured them in a frolic. A trunk, lost by Agnes when travelling on some line in the States, and appropriated by the wrong person, might have been traced.

Before leaving Montreal to take steamship at New York, Lady Mary had a private interview with her secretary, who had been left to take care of Lillymere at Conway.

"Mr. Reuben," said the lady, "I'd have taken you to England on this serious occasion and left our young friend in charge of His Grace; but though you're likely to be much required by me, your own fortunes seem to demand that you remain in Canada at least until next Montreal steamer."

"My own fortunes, my lady? What fortunes can I have apart from your ladyship's literary service?"

"You were shipwrecked when a boy on the shores of Newfoundland, you and another?"

"One very dear to me then, and ever since. Not wrecked by storms of ocean, but cast ashore by man's inhumanity to man; the trouble afflicting the world this day, or out of which the world's troubles of to-day and of all times, have arisen. Witness the conflict between right and wrong everywhere, with its supreme issues emancipation and slavery, about to culminate in the States at the ensuing Presidential election. Beg pardon, my lady; when I chance to touch the thought and phrase: man's inhumanity to man, I run on. Yes, and she who, as a poor boy passenger with me, coming to her native America, was thrust out on the ice because we were hide-aways, my feet frost-bitten sorely when carrying her; she, Essel Bell, I have never again seen, though searching for her over all America, Mexico, and West Indies."

"Who is the Donna Euryntia of Florida?"

"Only a kind of myth as yet to me. A lady full of great purposes for benefit of the human race. Judging from fame of her acts, an American Lady Mary Mortimer. I once felt as if the Donna Euryntia inspired my higher thoughts in teaching a moral renovation of the world of labour; but I failed to meet her personally. She is represented as inhabiting some place of profound retirement."

"Mr. Secretary, the Donna Euryntia is now encamped in her migratory regal state, I'm told, on some of the Thousand Islands. She was once shipwrecked on the shores of Newfoundland; was carried over ice on shoulders of a boy companion, one Roy Reuben. She has looked for him in all parts of America, and lately, with Agnes Schoolar as a companion, visited Newfoundland seeking traces of that boy, whom she supposes dead. Can the Donna's Roy Reuben and my secretary be the same person?"

"That might be, your Ladyship, were it possible to believe Essel Bell and the Donna Euryntia one person; which, however, seems all but impossible."

"Essel Bell, your companion of early life, may have assumed this Floridian, Spanish name for some reason."

"Not impossible, Lady Mary. She expected to inherit much wealth in America. She was said to be rightful heiress to a secret rock of gold. The rock of gold, now I remember her frolicking tale in girlhood, was said to be guarded for her by an Indian Chief, one Oroogoggo."

"That was the name of the Indian in eagle feathers, who spoke with dignity and promptitude for Lillymere before the Conway magistrates, the other day."

"So it was, my lady; and that Oroogoggo came from Peter's Bay in the Thousand Islands, too. What a singular coincidence in names! Essel Bell, in the bright day dreams of girlhood, when I was herd boy in Ogleburn woods at Branxton, in Scotland, used to tell of her rock of gold in the Thousand Islands, guarded by Oroogoggo, and awaiting her arrival to take possession."

"It seems to me, Mr. Secretary, that in visiting the Donna Euryntia, now camped in the Thousand Islands, with a grand retinue of philosophers and attendants, you will discover she is the companion of your boyhood, Essel Bell."

"But the change of name, my lady?"

"That has reference to Lillymere. He was stolen from her by gipsies in the Ogleburn woods at Branxton, of which you speak. Her

He has been largely devoted since to his recovery. She saw and recognized him at one of her summer encampments in Michigan. In dread of an assassin he fled. The Indian girl Inawena, great-grand daughter of Orogoggo, Chief of the Rock of Gold, nursed him until he was alarmed at the idolatrous nature of her love. He fled again. You know the rest of his adventures following that flight. Euryntia, to overtake, nurse, and protect wounded Lillymere from the insane assassin, assumed in disguise costume of a Scottish Highland Chieftain, calling herself Donal Clannodal. She came to Conway and was recognized as Essel Bell, by your friend the wife of Deacon Pearly, at the Mayor of Rama's wedding.

"Mrs. Pearly told me of this recognition, but nothing of Essel being the Donna Euryntia."

"Mrs. Pearly did not know; and for sake of Lillymere, then wandering in flight from the assassin, it was undesirable that Essel Bell should disclose she was the Donna Euryntia of Florida. She hoped to find the youth, and conceal him with her people in some of the encampments until a time, when his identity as heir of Earl Royalfort could be asserted with safety."

"Your ladyship has received much information in short time. As it seems to affect my poor fortunes, now or prospectively, may I inquire from whom?"

"From Agnes; and from one of the two ladies who accompanied Agnes to the review at Logan's Farm."

"They had names, my lady?"

"One had a name."

"Gracious lady, say what the name was! say she knew Roy R. in that? Lady Mortimer's secretary. Knew she that? Cared she to know? Was she in joy at knowing?"

(To be continued.)



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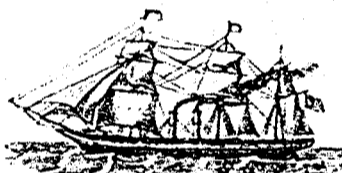
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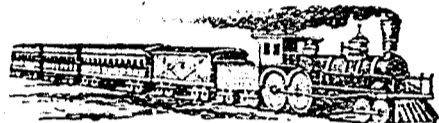
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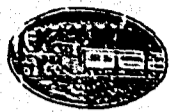
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**GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.**

**ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1871.**

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

**LEAVE BROCKVILLE.**

MAIL TRAIN at 6:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 11:20 A.M.

LOCAL TRAIN at 3:00 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 8:35 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:30 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:15 P.M.

**LEAVE OTTAWA.**

THE OLD WESTERN EXPRESS at 9:30 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:30 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West.

LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M.

MAIL TRAIN at 4:45 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 10:10 P.M.

**ARRIVE AT SAND POINT**

at 12:00 and 1:30 P.M.

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

Freight forwarded with despatch. As the B. & O. A. C. C. Railways are the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through in Grand Trunk cars to all points without transhipment.

Certain connections made with Grand Trunk Trains.

H. ABBOTT, Manager. 3-11 f

Brockville, March, 1871.

**AN ARTIST** of good judgment and taste, accustomed to touching up photographic negatives and prints, would find constant employment at this office.

Canadian Illustrated News Printing Works, 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. 3-24 f



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EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND, and in that of His Excellency THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 1st

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**THERAPEUTICS** have just been enriched by the important discovery of **SOTHERION**—a Pulmonary Anti-Asthmatic Paper.

This new remedy, long sought after, never found, for a disease considered even to this day incurable, unites all the conditions of infallibility, and renders cure certain. This singular, almost providential remedy, cannot fail soon to become universally known. During the brief period it has been in use, rapid cures in hopeless cases have been effected, and a large number of certificates attesting its efficacy have been received.

Le SOTHERION is infallible in diseases of the Respiratory organs. It cures Phthisis or Pulmonary Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Nervous Cough, Croup, Inflammation of the Lungs, Sleeplessness, Catarrh, Palpitation of the Heart, and Constitutional Weakness.

To be sold at all Drug Stores.  
General Depot for France: No. 14 Rue de Castiglione, Paris.  
For the Province of Quebec: Dr. POEYRER, Dentist, St. John Street, Quebec.  
Agent for the Dominion of Canada: Evans, MERCE & Co Montreal. 4-7-d

**MRS. CUSKELLY,** Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours.

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Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given.  
All transactions strictly private.  
RESIDENCE:—No. 315 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. 4-62z

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

**R. H. KLINE, M.D.,** ex-Clinical Lecturer and Professor of Malignant Diseases in the Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery; Physician to the University Hospital, Founder of and Principal and Proprietor of the Philadelphia Bellevue Institute, etc., will be at the Branch Offices, 84 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York, August 11th; Niagara Falls, Cataract House, " 12th; Toronto, Canada, American Hotel, " 14th; Kingston, Canada, Commercial Hotel, " 15th; Montreal, Canada, St. Lawrence Hall, " 17th.

Dr. KLINE is the originator of the course of treatment for Cancer, known as Kline's Cancer Antidotes, used with such wonderful success at the Philadelphia Bellevue Institute, and at the Branch Offices. See Circulars. All persons desirous of consulting the Doctor, should call as above, or at 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 4-65

**NEW ARRIVALS AT THE MEDICAL HALL.**  
FRESH CONGRESS WATER—Pints and Quarts.  
GENUINE COLOGNE—Ten Styles.  
SAARZ'S GLYCERINE PREPARATIONS.  
EVENDEN'S DIGESTIVE CANDY.  
BRAGG'S CHARCOAL BISCUITS.  
BRAGG'S PURE CHARCOAL.  
MONA BOUQUET—Genuine.  
SPONGE BAGS—All Sizes.  
RAMORNE EX. MEAT.

AND A SPLENDID STOCK OF BRUSHES, COMBS, PERFUMERY, SOAPS, and General Toilet Requisites.

THE MEDICAL HALL, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE AND PHILLIP'S SQUARE. 4-4m

**SUMMER WINES!**

BARTON & GUESTIER'S, AND NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S CLARETS, SAUTERNES, BARSAC.

Ac. ac. OF ALL GRADES.

REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER

AT C. J. BAIRD'S, 221 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-24 f

**GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.**

A GENUINE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM. For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease.

The Red Spruce Gum has always been held in the highest esteem in this country for the relief and cure of Chest complaints. It is now offered to the public in the form of a delicious and scientifically PREPARED SYRUP.

PREPARED BY HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing Chemist, MONTREAL.

For sale at all Drug Stores in the Dominion. Price, 25 cents. Druggists can be supplied from any of the Wholesale Houses. 3-25 f

**JOHN UNDERHILL,** OPTICIAN TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY, 299, NOTRE DAME STREET, (3 doors East of the Place d'Armes.) 25f

**PURE AND WHOLESOME WATER.** JUST RECEIVED. A LARGE STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED SILICATED CARBON FILTERS.

Besides animalcula of all kinds, these Filters extract Vegetable and Mineral impurities, making the Water wholesome and refreshing. They are acknowledged to be the most perfect WATER PURIFIER known.

TO BE HAD OF MOST DRUGGISTS. J. V. MORGAN, 89 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal, P. Q. 4-4m

**THE "TERRAPIN."** No. 287 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Now the only RESTAURANT where the Public can visit and, without vexatious restraint, EAT, DRINK, and SLEEP at pleasure. The entrance flat comprises BAR, PUBLIC LUNCH ROOMS, &c., and a spacious Dining Room up Stairs, suitable for PUBLIC DINNERS.

LUNCHEON from 12 to 3, comprising all the delicacies of the Season, FRUIT, and other LUXURIES. JOSEPH CARLISLE, PROPRIETOR. 4-2-m

**THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY'S** Mail Steamer *Primo of Wales* from Lachine, on arrival of the 7 a.m. train from Montreal, daily.

Steamer *Queen Victoria*, from Ottawa, at 7 a.m., Market Steamer *Dugmar*, from Canal Basin, Wednesday and Saturdays at 6 a.m.

Excursion, Return, and Single tickets to be had at the office, 10 Bonaventure Street. Single and Return tickets to Ottawa can be procured at the Bonaventure Depot. 4-2-m

R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

**NAPOLEON WRECKING.**—The unfortunate exile who has seen the end of his Imperial greatness, wept when he found himself so mercifully dealt with by his Antagonist and Captor, King William of Prussia. History seldom chronicles such leniency on the part of a Conqueror. Not so in Medicine, for the Great Shoshonee Remedy and Pills have no respect of any reigning disease in the human body, for this combined medicine roots out completely all acute and chronic maladies, and converts the system into a sound tabernacle for humanity to live in. 3-25-2z

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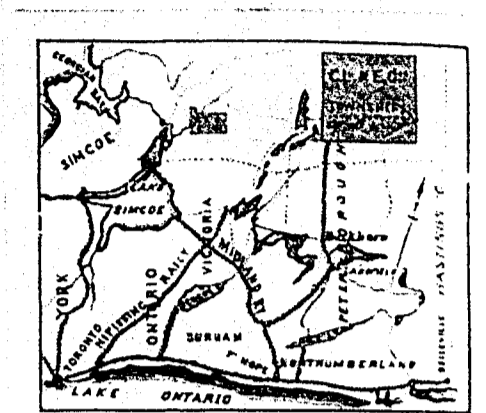
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**SODA WATER**—Cold as Ice, combined with pure Syrups, drawn from the Arctic Fountain.

**BRUSHES**—Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Shaving, and Flesh Brushes, Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs, Sponges, Cologne, &c.

JAMES GOULDEN, 175 St. Lawrence St., Branch, 383 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL. 3-24-f



**THE CANADIAN LAND AND EMIGRATION COMPANY**

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Apply to C. J. BLUMFIELD, Manager, Peterborough, or to T. W. COLLINS, Secretary, 23 Great St. Helens, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., London, Eng. 3-15-f

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

**MY FRIENDS** and the PUBLIC are hereby requested to take notice that although Mr. W. ROBERTS carries on his business under the name of ROBERTS, REINHOLD & CO., I have no connection with his firm, and have had none whatever for more than two years. I take this occasion to state that I am in the Establishment of Messrs LEGGO & CO., and I hereby solicit for their firm the patronage of those who, being acquainted with me, have confidence in my ability. (Signed.) R. REINHOLD. 4-3f

**The St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway** FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL. The Shortest and Best Route from Montreal and all Points East to Ottawa.

ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION Summer Arrangement, 1871.

ON and after MONDAY, the 5th JUNE, 1871, four Passenger Trains will run daily on this Line, making CERTAIN CONNECTIONS with those on the GRAND TRUNK, the VERMONT CENTRAL, and the ROME and WATERTOWN RAILWAYS, and with the Steamers of the ROYAL MAIL LINE, for all points East, West and South.

**COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS** On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night Expresses by which Passengers leaving Montreal and Toronto in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 6:50 the following morning. Charge for Berths 50 cents each. Connection with the Grand Trunk Trains at Prescott Junction Certain.

30 MINUTES ALLOWED FOR REFRESHMENTS AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

**FREIGHT NOTICE.** A FLOATING ELEVATOR always in readiness at Prescott Wharf, where Storage for Grain, Flour, Pork, &c., can be had.

**A CHANGE GAUGE CAR PIT** Is provided in the Junction Freight Shed by means of which Freight loaded on Change Gauge Cars COMES THROUGH TO OTTAWA WITHOUT TRANSHIPMENT. THOS. REYNOLDS, Managing Director. R. LUTTRELL, Superintendent, Prescott. Ottawa, 1st June, 1871. 3-25m

**"BEST IN USE."**

**THE COOK'S FRIEND** BAKING POWDER

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

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