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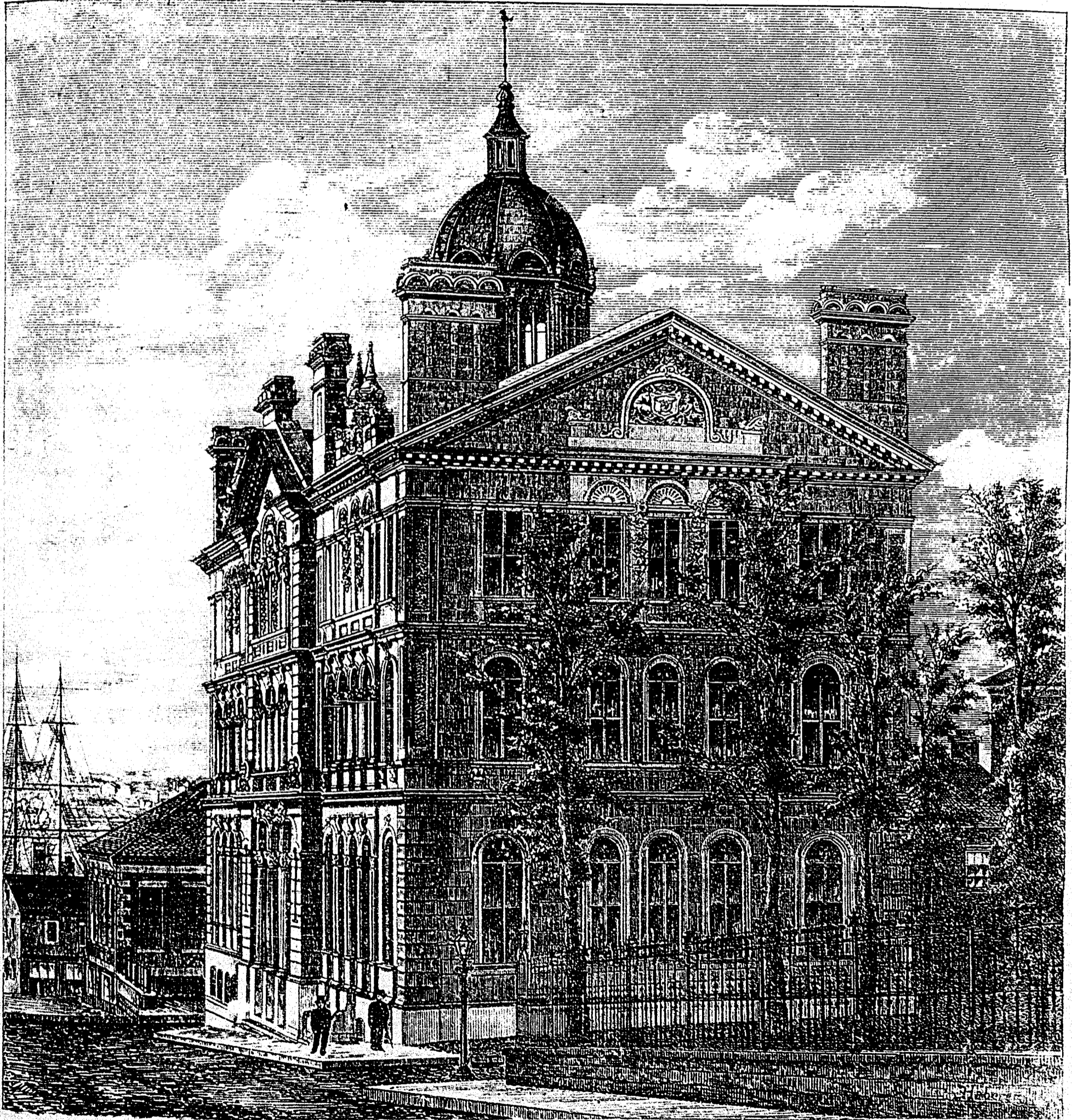
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Wholesale News

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THE NEW POST OFFICE (PROVINCIAL BUILDING), HALIFAX, N. S.—SEE PAGE 354.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 94.—THE LATE EDWARD BURROUGHS, OF QUEBEC.

The career of Mr. Burroughs, well-known in Quebec as one of the oldest prothonotaries in the Province, was throughout a striking example of the truth of the old saw, that "God helps those who help themselves." Beginning life in a humble and dependent position, he started with a firm resolution to do his duty thoroughly and earnestly and to win for himself, if not a fortune, at least an untarnished name and an honest livelihood. With such principles as these to guide him in his course the success with which he met is not wondered at. In his old age he found himself a "successful man," occupying a high position in society, honoured and respected by his fellow-citizens, and with no one to thank but God, and his own endeavours.

Edward Burroughs was a native of the State of Massachusetts, where he was born in the year 1790. At the age of eleven he removed to Stanstead, in Lower Canada, and devoted himself to mercantile pursuits. His stay in Stanstead was, however, not long. The narrow scope offered in that country town was not sufficient for the full play of his energy and talents, and he accordingly removed to Quebec, where he commenced the study of the law, and in 1816 entered the office of Messrs. Perrault & Ross, Prothonotaries to the Court of Common Pleas. In this new sphere he displayed so much tact and such rare aptitude for the duties of his office that he was soon placed at the head of the department, managing the affairs of the Superior Court, and in this position introduced many salutary reforms in the mode of transacting business. On the death of Mr. Ross, the junior Prothonotary, he was appointed to the vacant place, and for many years acted in conjunction with Mr. Perrault. It was under his supervision that the present Lieut.-Governor of this Province, Sir Narcisse Belleau, commenced his legal studies. For forty-five years Mr. Burroughs held a position in the registry office, and in 1861 was succeeded by his son. He did not, however, entirely relinquish the duties of his office. For some time after his retirement, for a period of nearly eight years, it was his custom to attend the office daily. On the 4th February, 1869, he met with an accident occasioned by a fall on the ice, which for a long time confined him to his bed and seriously impaired his health.

THE FATHER OF LITHOGRAPHY.

Johann Aloys Senefelder, the inventor of the lithographic art, was born in Prague on the 6th of November, 1771. His father was an actor, and appears to have transmitted to his son his Bohemian predilections. Young Senefelder at an early age turned his attention to the stage, and after the death of his father joined a company of strolling actors with whom he remained for a considerable length of time, living, as the phrase goes, from hand to mouth. At the age of twenty-five, after two years of a miserable, shiftless life, Senefelder became disgusted with the profession he had embraced with so much ardour, and flung aside the buskin to take up the pen. This was the turning point in his fortunes. As an author he achieved considerable success, and several of his plays obtained a reception which, if not absolutely enthusiastic, was sufficiently favourable to warrant the writer's desire to print them. Unfortunately printing was expensive work, and Senefelder was in anything but good circumstances. But with men like him, possessing immense energy and an inventive genius rich in resources, obstacles frequently act as fresh incentives to persevere. It was so in his case. He determined his works should be printed; he had no money to pay for the printing; the printer would not work for nothing;—well! he would print them himself, and be independent alike of type and printer. His first attempt was at etching on a copper plate, but though the experiment was perfectly successful, the cost of production was far too great to leave any room for hopes of profit. Tin was substituted for the more costly copper, but was not found to answer. Several further experiments were barren of results, but finally success came in a manner that the despairing inventor little expected. At that time the stone now used for lithographic purposes was quarried for domestic uses alone. Under the name of Kelheimer stone it was extensively employed for flooring kitchens, as well as for tiling for stoves. One day Senefelder, who was in all probability in a *fer niente* mood, took up one of these Kelheimer tiles that had fallen from its place and scribbled a few lines upon it with an ink of his own composition. When he came to wash out the inscription he found that the ink resisted, and then it occurred to him to etch the stone. *Eureka*, the experiment succeeded. The acid ate away the surface of the stone, leaving the inked surface untouched, and the letters standing out in bold relief. The art was invented, but now to work it. Capital was wanting, but success had added to the inventor's energy. In consideration of a *donneur* of two hundred florins he became a "substitute," taking the place in the artillery corps of some unwelcome youth who had drawn a "bad number" in the conscription. But Fortune smiled not yet. The day after his entry in the corps he was ejected as a foreigner. (This happened in Bavaria, the adopted country of Senefelder, who was himself an Austrian, or rather a Bohemian.) With the uniform went the two hundred florins. Still he did not give up. He now made an application to a friend, Gleissner, one of the court musicians, who proved a friend indeed by advancing sufficient money to allow of operations being commenced. Senefelder set to work instantly, and soon (1798) turned out his first piece of work, which, in compliment and gratitude to his friend in need, was one of Gleissner's compositions, the "Jaegermarsch der Kurpfalzbaierischen Truppen." Other pieces followed and each proved a perfect success. The new art was established. Still Senefelder was not satisfied. In the following year he invented a lithographic press, of which the main feature was the "sharp scraper" in use at the present day. The first lithographic printing house was then established; future lithographers entered service with Senefelder to learn the art, and among them the father of the pre-

sent head of the lithographic department of the *Canadian Illustrated News*.

One invention was speedily followed by another. In 1798 Senefelder discovered the principle of chemical printing, and invented the arts of transferring from copper to stone and printing therefrom, and of engraving upon stone; in 1799 came the invention of chalk-drawing on stone; in 1807 tint-printing by lithography, and in 1808 chromo-lithography in as many as twenty colours. In 1809 an improvement was made in the engraving on stone for embossing purposes. In 1818 Senefelder made his crowning invention—the Steinsurrogat, or substitute for lithographic stone. Unfortunately the secret of the composition of this substitute was never divulged by the inventor. We know, certainly, that it consisted of a zinc plate smeared over half an inch thick with a preparation into the composition of which entered paper, paste, chalk and linseed oil, but what other ingredients were employed, and how the whole mass was made sufficiently hard, must remain mysteries.

So long is the list of Senefelder's inventions that we shall content ourselves merely with naming them. They may be classified as follows:

1. A chemical ink for writing on stone.
2. The first lithographic printing press.
3. The following methods of printing from lithographic stones:—
 - A. Raised work:
 1. Pen and brush work executed in lines and dots.
 2. Chalk drawing, from one or more stones.
 3. The preparation of a tracing for transferring direct to stone, from which impressions may be taken.
 4. Imitation of wood engraving.
 5. Two methods of using the brush on stone, either as a full or half tone.
 6. The production by the splashing process of rough backgrounds intended to bring out fine work.
 7. Imitation of Indian Ink drawing.
 8. Colour-printing from one or more stones.
 9. Leaf metal and bronze printing.
 - B. Incised work, as opposed to raised work:
 10. Engraving upon stone as upon steel or copper.
 11. Etching upon stone.
 12. Drawing with reserve ink.
 13. Imitation of Aquatint.
 14. Combination of Aquatint and chalk-drawing.
 15. Chalk-drawing by the acid process.
 16. The production of tints by lines, lemon-juice serving as counter-preparation.
 - C. Methods layed down in A. and B. combined:
 17. Pen-drawing with engraved tint.
 18. Engraved drawing with raised tint.
 19. Engraved and raised work from several stones.
 20. Black producing white, and *vice versa*.
 - D. Specialities:
 21. Printing with water and oil colours by a single process.
 22. Printing two colours simultaneously from a single stone—chemico-mechanical process.
 23. Calico-printing by the brush process.
 24. Colour-printing by dusting.
 25. Oil-colour-printing, with transparent tints.
 - E. Chemical Printing from copper and zinc.
 - F. Mosaic Printing.
 - G. The Steinsurrogat before mentioned.

Senefelder died suddenly in the year 1837, at the age of 66. There is a curious story told in connection with his death that is worth repeating. Senefelder had lived a third of a century and had never had his portrait taken. Hanfstaeugl, the great Bavarian painter, had frequently asked him to sit, but he invariably refused, adding, half-laughingly, that his mother had had a superstition, which he almost shared, that he would not live long after having sat for his portrait. One day Hanfstaeugl took the opportunity, while Senefelder was teaching his process at the School of Art, to sketch the inventor's features on stone. He afterwards showed the sketch (from which our portrait is taken) to Senefelder, and begged him to give him one sitting that he might complete the picture. Senefelder, seeing there was no help for it, reluctantly consented. The portrait was completed, but—six days after, Senefelder was carried to his long home.

THE NEW POST OFFICE, HALIFAX.

The new Post Office (known as the Provincial Building) erected in the principal business centre of Halifax, occupies a space of 125 feet on Cheapside and George Streets respectively, by 55 feet on Bedford Row and Hollis Streets. The foundation and basement are built of granite from the Queen's Quarries, North West Arm; the upper part of the structure, consisting of three lofty stories, is of freestone from the Wallace quarries. The principal staircase, including balustrades, are of the same material, ornamented with massive pillars in the Corinthian style. The whole interior arrangements are carried out with due regard to elegance of detail; but at the same time most substantially both in workmanship and material.

Accommodations were fitted up for Post Office, Customs, Revenue Department, Gold Commissioners, Land Department, Railway Offices, and Museum. The whole building is heated on the most approved principle by steam, and supplied with gas and water. An unfortunate delay, of over two years, regarding some formalities between the Dominion and Local Governments, has prevented this splendid and judiciously located building, from being applied to the uses for which it was intended. The matter has now been amicably settled, however, and the Dominion authorities have possession of the building, having satisfied the Nova Scotia Government in regard to the matter of liability for the expenditure upon its construction. Fuller information will be found concerning this structure on reference to page 12 of the first issue of the *C. I. News*, (Oct. 30, 1869.)

We hear from Russia that a commission, empowered especially for the consideration of the subject, has recommended the adoption of a narrow gauge on the system of railroads about to be constructed between Orenburg and the Caucasus.

SKETCHES ON THE E. & N. A. RR.

SOUTH BAY AND BOOMS.

The New Brunswick portion of the above line of railway is particularly interesting and attractive to the lover of fine scenery. A run of five minutes from the Carleton terminus and you are free from the smoke and din of city life, and running smoothly along the top of a plateau overlooking the green waters of the Bay of Fundy. Your lungs taking in the fresh sea breeze, and your eyes the vast expanse of waters, and the numerous vessels, mere specks upon its bosom—occasionally the grey outline of the coast of Nova Scotia may be seen forty miles away. Like the dissolving views of a magic lantern the Bay of Fundy disappears, and in its place the beautiful meadows of Lancaster stretch out like an English Park. Before you have time to realize the full splendour of the scene, you pop into the first stopping place, Fairville by name. Onward is the cry, and ere you can take a good look over your right shoulder at Indian Town, and its many mills, steamboats and woodboats, you glide into the village of South Bay, and here a most magnificent panorama presents itself. South Bay, with its countless logs waiting patiently their turn to be doomed to torture at no distant date. The booms are owned by a company. In the distance are the headlands of the Bear's Head and Green Head, guardians of the Narrows of the St. John River. The mills in the foreground were burnt down three days after the photograph was taken from which this sketch is copied, and as the new establishment is not yet complete, we allow our old friends to remain where they were—probably the oldest water mills in the Province, having withstood the battle and the breeze for thirty years. The splendid property is owned by E. Sutton & Co.

THE TROOPS LEAVING QUEBEC.

In the present issue we give two views of the troops leaving Quebec. One represents the 60th (Royal Rifles) marching out of the Citadel for the last time, under the command of Major Robertson, on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 11. The other gives a view of the Royal Artillery as they left the Palace Gate Barracks on their homeward trip by H.M.S. "Orontes," on the same day. The battery was under command of Captain Cardew, the other officers being Captain Graham and Lieut. Crookenden and Carlisle. Colonel Goran, R.A., commanded the District, which, as our readers are aware, is now in the occupation of the Canadian Battery B, under command of Lieut.-Col. Montizambert. And thus we are bidding with national existence!

WHAT MEN HAVE DIED FOR.—Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Colonel Ramsey in one about a servant; Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about an acre of anchovies; one officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy the second goblet; and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff; General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at dinner on a steamboat, although the General had pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon shooters. In 1777 a duel occurred in New York city, between Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh, of the 76th, and Captain McPherson, of the 42nd British regiment, in regard to the manner of eating a ear of corn, one contending that the best eating was from the cob and the other that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb dreadfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. Graham, Major Nod's assistant editor on the *National Advocate*, lost his life in 1827, at the duelling ground at Hoboken, with Barton, the son-in-law of Edward Livingston, in a simple dispute about "what was trumps" in a game of cards.

A correspondent of the *Jewish Chronicle* calls attention to the fact that the original of Shakespeare's Shylock was a Christian and not a Jew. He quotes from the 11th book of Gregorio Leti's Biography of Sixtus V., in proof of this. A Roman merchant, named Sechi, heard that Admiral Francis Blake had conquered St. Domingo, and communicated the news to a Jewish merchant, named Ceneda. The latter was so confident in the falseness of the news that, after repeated protestations, he said, "I bet a pound of my flesh that the report is untrue." "And I lay a thousand scudi against it," rejoined the Christian, who caused a bond to be drawn up to the effect that in case the report should prove untrue then the Christian merchant, Signor Paul M. Sechi, is bound to pay the Jewish merchant the sum of 1,000 scudi; and on the other hand, if the truth of the news be confirmed, the Christian merchant, Signor Paul M. Sechi, is justified and empowered to cut with his own hand, with a well-sharpened knife, a pound of the Jew's fair flesh, of that part of the body it might please him. When the news proved true, the Christian insisted on his bond; but the Governor, having got wind of the affair, reported it to the Pope, who condemned both Jew and Christian to the galleys, from which they could only be ransomed by paying a fine of 2,000 scudi to the Hospital of the Sixtine Bridge.

We learn that Alexander Wilson, Esq., P. L. S., the Engineer sent up by the Canada Company to make the necessary surveys for the draining of Lakes Burwell and Smith, in the township of Bonanquet, has made a discovery which may turn out to be of vast importance not only to the Company, but to the township and to the G. T. R. Co. Both these lakes overlie an immense bed of peat. Specimens of the peat have been sent down to Toronto for analysis. Should it turn out to be rich in heat-producing qualities it would supersede the use of wood on the G. T. R., as it can be furnished more cheaply than the best hard wood, while late trials have proved that the same bulk of peat can produce nearly twice as much steam. The manufacture of peat employs a large number of hands; and should the Canada Company conclude to enter upon the work or lease their peat-bearing territory to a Company for development, Widder Station and Port Franks will become important business places—the latter would be used as the shipping port by water, and the former as a shipping place by rail.—*Sarnia Canadian*.

A bust of the late Mr. Grote, the celebrated historian, is to be placed in the Post Office Corner, Westminster Abbey.

THE FIRE IN LONDON, ONT., NOV. 6TH.

On the evening of Monday, Nov. 6th, the city of London, Ont., was visited with a most disastrous fire, consuming property to the value of about \$100,000. The alarm was given about eight o'clock, when it was found that Moorhead's extensive furniture works on King street were in flames. The fire originated in the engine-room, and had there been a good supply of water, it is probable that the prompt action of the London firemen would have confined the destruction to that part of the building. From the situation of the seat of the fire some difficulty was found in getting the two fire engines properly placed; but when that had been got over the firemen worked gallantly, and as it was believed at length subdued the flames. The London papers state that many people went home in the belief that the fire had been subdued, though the smoke was still rising thick and black from the engine-room and machine shop. Unfortunately the fire was still raging within, and just when the firemen were about withdrawing their engines it burst forth again with renewed fury. When the firemen resumed the contest with the devouring element they found that the supply of water had given out. "At this point of the fire's progress," says the *Free Press*:

"The insurance agents, who up to this time kept the front entrance in hopes that the building would be saved, now opened the doors, and called upon the people to assist in clearing the ware-rooms. In an instant hundreds of men rushed in, and returned again and again loaded with furniture of various descriptions, until most of that on the lower flats was rescued. The disorder, however, was anything but conducive to safety, and many collisions occurred, which were not only damaging to the furniture, but in several cases severely injurious to the person. The cuts and contusions sustained were numerous and painful. We regret to have to record that Mr. T. Winnett, while actively bestirring himself in front of the premises, was most seriously hurt by a 'hook' which was borne at a headlong pace down the street by some of the firemen. He was knocked down, rendered insensible, and removed to his house on a stretcher. It was reported that several of his ribs were broken. A young man whose name we did not learn, sustained a deep and severe cut on the eye, by coming in contact in his haste with a piece of furniture in the hands of some one else. With so many willing hands, and sturdy spirits actively at work, it was not long before the opposite side of the street was lined with furniture removed from the warehouse. Both east and west of the immediate scene of the fire, the way was blocked up with it, but in course of time it was removed to places of greater security by friendly draymen and waggons. The fire had by this time advanced to the front part of the building, which it in turn destroyed with merciless hand. Great tongues of flame flickered over the uppermost walls, and threatened to seize hold of the large two-storey frame building opposite belonging to Messrs. J. & O. McClary. Once during an intense blast of heat, the bearding boiler and smoked, but just then a stream of water was directed upon the front, which prevented an actual conflagration."

The fire spread and caught Mr. Bennett's new machine shop in the next yard, which was also destroyed. Mr. Bennett's loss is stated to be about five thousand dollars, and he had no insurance. Several other buildings in the neighbourhood of the fire were also very much damaged or pulled down to prevent the spread of the flames, and much furniture and household articles were carried out to the streets, the Londoners fearing their city was doomed to the fate of Chicago. Happily, however, the firemen and citizens, with such supplies as the water carts brought them, were enabled to prevent the further spread of the fire, which was completely got under by eleven o'clock—lasting in all about three hours. Mr. Moorhead's loss is stated at \$80,000; insurance \$35,000. By this disastrous fire about one hundred workmen are temporarily thrown out of employment.

THE PENNSYLVANIA OIL REGION.

The existence of the Pennsylvania oil-springs, or wells, has been known for over two centuries. In the seventeenth century the Indians showed the first Jesuit missionaries the oil swimming on the water, and explained to them its character and virtues. Among the Senecas it was highly prized for its medicinal properties, and was extensively used by the French and English troops garrisoned along the Alleghany as a purgative. Later on, during the War of Independence, the American soldiers discovered that the oil was an excellent specific for rheumatism, and as such it was sold, under the name of "the Senecas' Oil," by certain Quaker physicians, who made an uncommonly good thing out of the little speculation. It was not until 1854 that the petroleum was used as an illuminating material. In that year two New-Yorkers acquired a property at the upper end of Oil Creek, Penn., and started a company to work the claim. Three years after, the agent of a Connecticut company started boring in the neighbourhood of Titusville, and in April, 1858, he "struck oil" at a depth of 71 feet, and soon after the well was in good working order, producing from ten to twenty-five barrels a day. Since that time the business has gone on steadily increasing, and is now one of the greatest sources of wealth on this continent. Of the mode of producing the oil we have already fully treated while speaking of our own Canadian oil region at Petrolia.

The illustration shows the method of transporting the oil in vogue at Oil Creek.

A FUNERAL PROCESSION IN NAPLES.

In no other country in the world are the ceremonies of the Catholic Church conducted with so much pomp and splendour as in Italy. In this respect Rome, where of course the highest degree of ceremonial prevails, is equalled in almost every way by its sister city Naples. The Neapolitans are passionately fond of show. They omit no possible occasion of making a display. Weddings, christenings, and even burials, are accompanied with an amount of show and scenic effect that would astonish, perhaps disgust, our more matter of fact minds.

Such a scene as that reproduced on another page is no uncommon one in the streets of Naples. A young girl, the daughter of a noble house, has died, and the sorrowing parents are compelled by the uses and traditions of the place to bury her with all the splendour becoming her position. The sketch, of which our picture is a reproduction, was made at

the funeral cortège was entering the church of Santa Lucia, where the last rites of the church were to be performed over the corpse. A long line of priests and monks, preceded by a cross-bearer, and chanting the litany for the dead, headed the procession. Then came four *beccani*, or professional bearers of the dead, habited in their characteristic costume, and bearing a catafalque, gorgeously decorated, on which lay the corpse. No coffin enclosed the remains, which lay on a couch, exposed to the gaze of every by-stander. On either side of the catafalque walked chorister-boys bearing huge wax tapers, and children were strewing flowers on the road. Then came a long line of mourners, gradually increased by such sympathizing passers-by as had the time or the inclination to assist at the sad ceremony.

THE SENSATION OF ABSENT LIMBS.—It has long been known to surgeons that when a limb has been cut off the sufferer does not lose the consciousness of its existence. This has been found to be true in nearly every such case. Only about five per cent of the men who have suffered amputation never have feeling of the part as being still present. Of the rest, there are a few who in time come to forget the missing member, while the remainder seem to retain a sense of its existence so vivid as to be more definite and intrusive than is that of its truly living fellow-member.

A person in this condition is haunted, as it were, by a constant or inconstant fractional phantom of so much of himself as has been lopped away—an unseen ghost of the lost part, and sometimes a presence made sorely inconvenient by the fact that while but faintly felt at times, it is at others acutely called to his attention by the pains or irritations which it appears to suffer from a blow on the stump or a change in the weather.

There is something almost tragical, something ghastly, in the notion of these thousands of spirit limbs haunting as many good soldiers, and every now and then tormenting them with the disappointments which arise when, the memory being off guard for a moment, the keen sense of the limb's presence betrays the man into some effort, the failure of which of a sudden reminds him of his loss.

Many persons feel the lost limb as existing the moment they awaken from the moribund stupor of the ether given to destroy the torments of the knife; others come slowly to this consciousness in days or weeks, and when the wound has healed; but, as a rule, the more sound and serviceable the stump, especially if an artificial limb be worn, the more likely is the man to feel faintly the presence of his shorn member. Sometimes a blow on the stump will reawaken such consciousness, or, as happened in one case, a reamputation higher up the limb will summon it anew into seeming existence.

In many, the limb may be recalled to the man by irritating the nerves in its stump. Every doctor knows that when any part of a nerve is excited by a pinch, a tap, or by electricity—which is an altogether harmless means—the pain, if it be a nerve of feeling, is felt as if it were really caused in the part to which the nerve finally passes. A familiar illustration is met with when we hurt the "crazy-bone" behind the elbow. This crazy-bone is merely the ulnar nerve, which gives sensation to the third and fourth fingers, and in which latter parts we feel the numbing pain of a blow on the main nerve. If we were to divide this nerve below the elbow, the pain would still seem to be in the fingers, nor would it alter the case were the arm cut off. When, therefore, the current of a battery is turned upon the nerves of an arm-stump the irritation caused in the divided nerves is carried to the brain, and there referred at once to all the regions of the lost limb from which, when entire, these nerves brought those impressions of touch or pain which the brain converts into sensations. As the electric current disturbs the nerves, the limb is sometimes called back to sensory being with startling reality.

On one occasion the shoulder was thus electrized three inches above the point where the arm had been cut off. For two years the man had ceased to be conscious of the limb. As the current passed, although ignorant of its possible effects, he started up, crying aloud, "Oh, the hand, the hand!" and tried to seize it with the living grasp of the sound fingers. No resurrection of the dead, no answer of a summoned spirit, could have been more startling. As the current was broken, the lost part faded again, only to be recalled by the same means. This man had ceased to feel his limb. With others it is a presence never absent save in sleep. "If," says one man, "I should say I am more sure of the leg which ain't than of the one that are, I guess I should be about correct."—*Lippincott's Magazine*

DISKASED HARES.—A Belfast correspondent writes:—"It may not be generally known that the foot-and-mouth disease in cattle, which just now is prevalent in the counties of Meath and Louth, has during the last fortnight extended also to the sheep—a further and a most serious calamity to stock-breeders, farmers, &c. No person, however, would take it into his head that the hares would be smitten with the distemper. This has been ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt; and it has also been discovered within five or six days past that hares are the medium of conveying the disease from one place to another. This has been shown in one instance where cattle were attacked in an isolated district, and where some hares were found incapable of locomotion. In the early part of the present week I was informed by gamekeepers and others that there is little difficulty in capturing a hare with the hand when it has run any distance."

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

CYANO-PANCREATINE.—We copy the following from the *Canada Lancet*, of September, a monthly Journal of Medical and Surgical Science:

"We beg leave to call the attention of the profession to this new remedy, a sample of which we have received through the kindness of its proprietors. It has been found very efficacious in the treatment of indigestion in all its various forms, Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh, Consumption, or Debility from whatsoever cause. It has the sanction of some of the most eminent Physicians in Canada, and we have no doubt it will be found very serviceable in the treatment of those diseases for which it has been so highly recommended."

The flattering character of the certificates would be an inducement to have them printed here, but their number and want of space prevent us from reproducing these eulogistic testimonies received from the most distinguished physicians.

VARIETIES.

Charles Kingsley says "history is largely a lie." Hear! hear!

Great powers and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessors so much as they bring duties.

The "Odorless Rubber Company" has been incorporated. The title suggests that it is destitute of (O)s cents.

A Georgia laundress of colour wept because some paper collars which she tried to renovate "done wash all to blinders, for true."

A negro insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he had heard the preacher read about how "Nigger Demus wanted to be born over again."

If half the pains were taken by some people to perform the labour allotted them that are taken by them to avoid it, we should hear much less said about the troubles of life, and see much more actually completed.

A French authoress says: "A kiss gives more pleasure than anything else in the world." To this an editor responds: "That child evidently never experienced the childish rapture of descending the stairs by sliding down the banisters."

A Swiss geologist lately met his death in a singular way, while geologizing over the Alps. He stopped to pat a tame kid, which bounded off, and as he stooped to resume his work, dislodged a pile of rocks upon him from a ledge above, killing him instantly.

The following characteristic funeral item is from the *Kansas City (Mo.) Times* of the 10th:—"The funeral of Mike Williams, shot by Wild Bill, at Abilene, took place in this city on Sunday. Wild Bill paid the expenses of the funeral." The *Chattanooga Times* adds: "Mr. Williams, we have no doubt, deeply regrets his inability to thank Wild Bill for his liberality."

The *Mt. Pleasant Press* tells this:—"A certain gentleman, who, involved in domestic troubles, met with a genuine 'Job's comforter' the other morning. Meeting an old friend who was a widower, he related his trouble to him, and told him he expected to be broken up, as his wife had commenced suit against him for the sum of three thousand alimony. 'Well,' said the widower, 'I'll wait and see how she comes out, and if she succeeds, I'll go for her.'"

Some time ago an occasional contributor to the *Independence Belge*, the leading paper of Belgium, conceived and executed a clever plan of commending himself to the administration of that journal. He inserted a paragraph to the effect that a Mr. Du Bois had died, leaving an enormous fortune to be divided among persons of the name of Du Bois who could claim kinship with him; and further stated that full particulars about the fortune would be given from time to time in the *Independence*. Now, the Du Bois are about as numerous as the Smiths. Hundreds of the more affluent instantly became subscribers of the paper, and in consequence the hoaxer was put upon the regular staff.

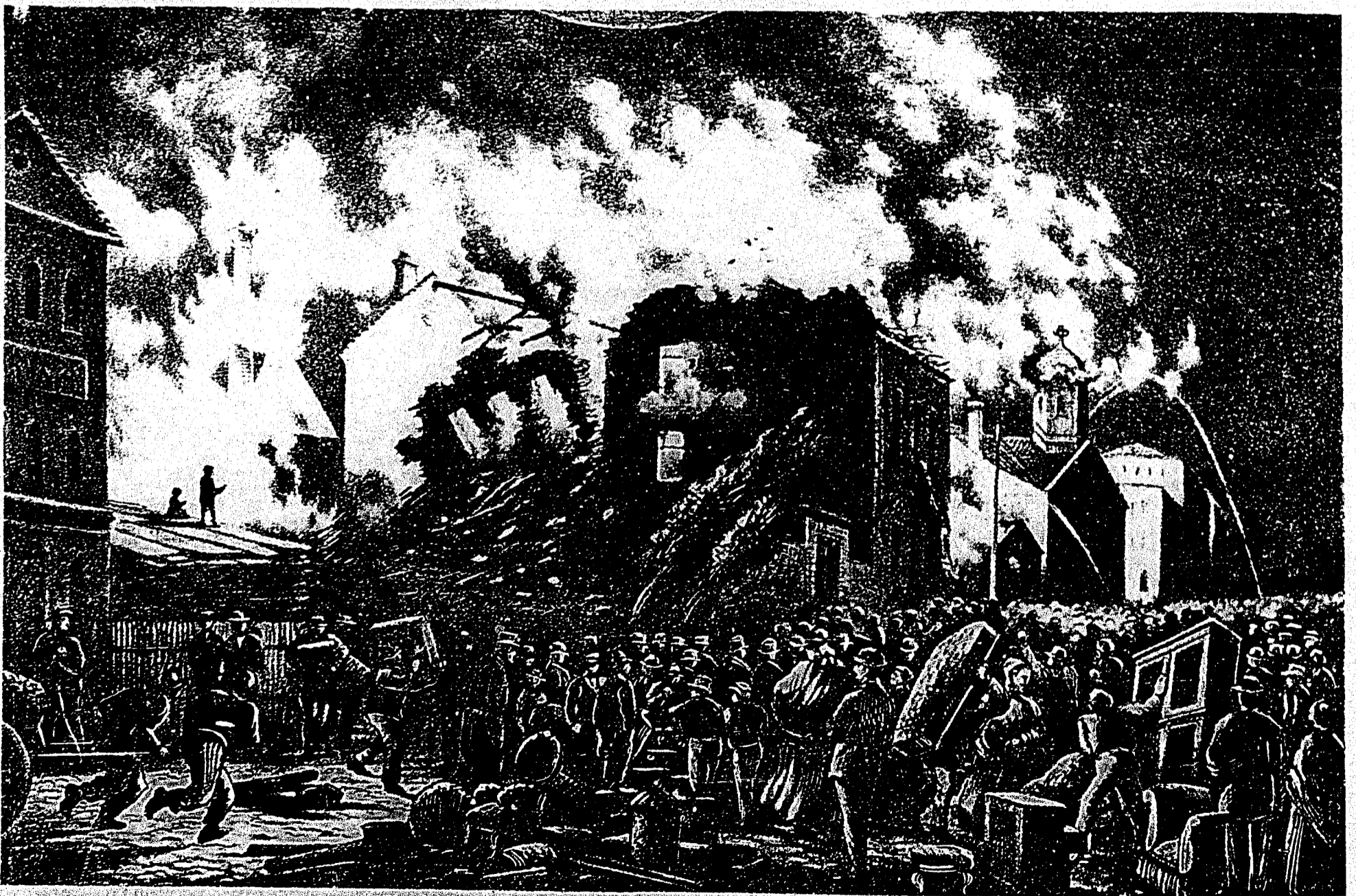
The following is the salutatory of an Oregon editress:—"We have served a regular apprenticeship at working—at washing, scrubbing, patching, darning, ironing, plain sewing, raising babies, milking, churning, and poultry raising.—We have kept boarders, taught school, taught music, written for the newspapers, made speeches, and carried on an extensive millinery and dress-making business. We can prove by the public that this work has been well done. Now, having reached the age of thirty-six, and having brought up a family of boys to set type, and a daughter to run the millinery store, we propose to edit and publish a newspaper, and we intend to establish it as one of the permanent institutions of the country."

A very disagreeable prophecy is mentioned by an Indian paper, the *Udu Akbar*, as having been uttered by Maulvi Muhammed Salimuz-Yaman, the famous astronomer of Rampore, whose deductions have generally turned out right. This gentleman predicts that in the coming year a blaze of light resembling a shooting star, the like of which no mortal has yet seen, will be visible in the sky. "It will dazzle the eyes of the people of particular places with lustre, and after remaining for a *ghat* (i.e. twenty-four minutes) will vanish. The direction in which it will make its appearance will be the north pole, accordingly the people of northern countries will see it distinctly. Probably the natives of China and Persia will likewise have a sight of it. The effect of this meteor will be that the extent of the globe over which its light will fall will be visited by famine during the year, and a large number of the people inhabiting it will be destroyed, while vegetation will also be scanty." This news will make British housekeepers intensely nervous, more especially as there are already predictions among farmers that in the course of the next twelve-month mutton will cost eighteen-pence the pound. The wisest course they can pursue is to keep a sharp look out for the appearance of the star, and in the meantime to lay in a good stock of Australian preserved meat.

AN UNFAIR USE OF A PHOTOGRAPH.—A correspondent of the *Times* some days ago wrote to complain that his wife having presented him with a baby, he began to be pestered with circulars. He adds:—"But what I objected to especially was an enclosure, at the same time of a photograph, said to be executed by a 'poor cripple,' of the births in the *Times*, and containing, of course, my announcement." A few days afterwards the photographer, Mr. A. W. Wilson, thus unceremoniously styled a "poor cripple" to excite pity, writes to the *Times*, and sends the following explanation and protest:—"I am a photographer, having a large connection in one of the suburbs of London, and some time since a clergyman of the Church of England (whom I looked upon in the light of a friend) came to me and requested, as a particular favour, that I would make the photograph he required. I did this for him at the height of the busy season, and at great inconvenience to myself, at exactly cost price. I now find that, as I have the misfortune to be lame, he has issued his begging letter in the hope of obtaining money for his cause by exciting sympathy through my infirmity. Unfortunately, I never saw the letter 'Nemo' received, the letter shown to me not being the one issued with the photographs. I never participate in any profits gained by the rev. gentleman, merely receiving a fair price for my work; and write this to say that any subsequent photographs that may appear, the 'poor cripple' will have nothing to do with."



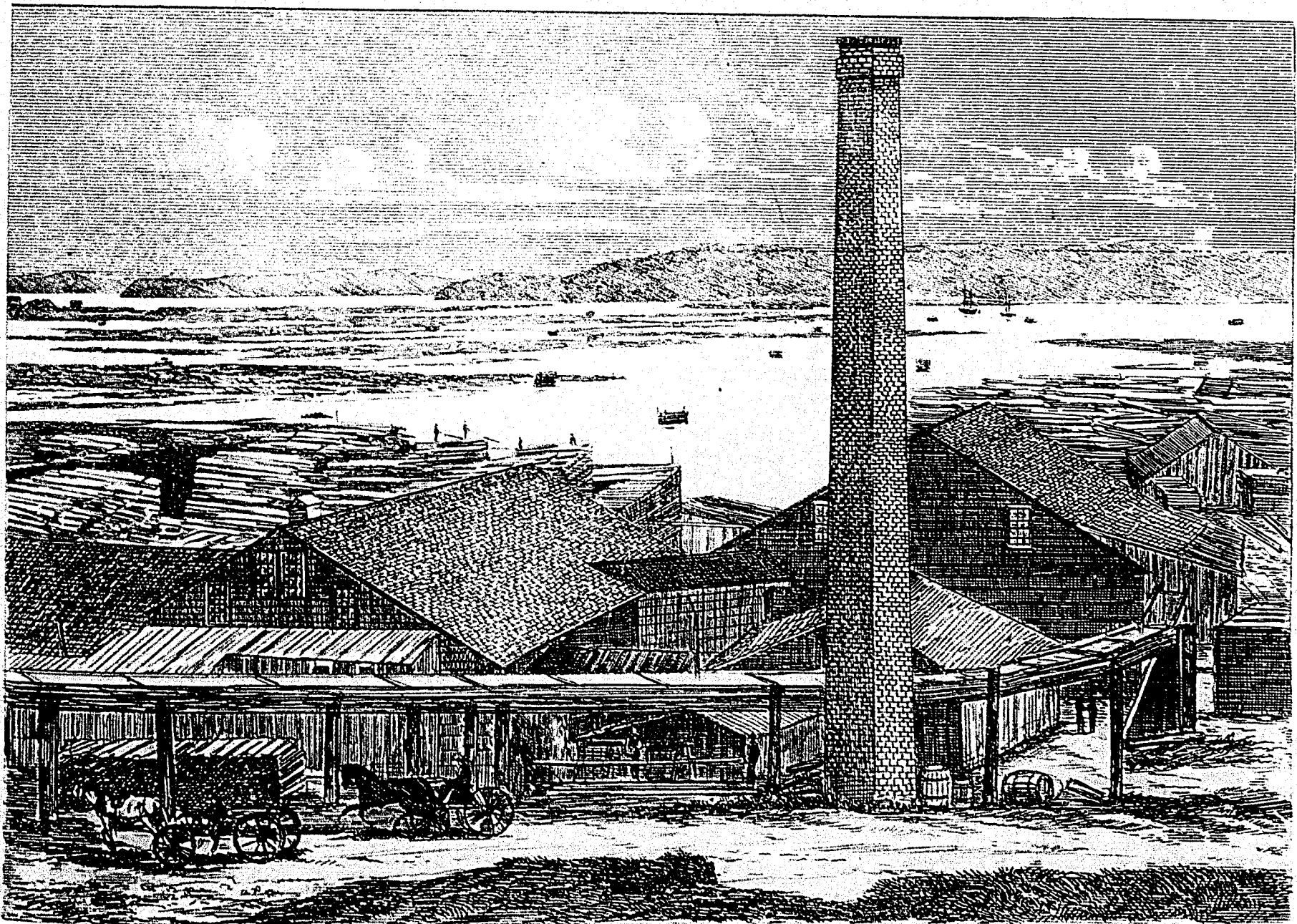
ALOYS SENEFELDER, THE FATHER OF LITHOGRAPHY.—SEE PAGE 354.



THE FIRE IN LONDON, ONT., NOV. 6.—FROM A SKETCH BY BOHURLAV KHOUFA, LONDON.—SEE PAGE 355.



THE LATE EDWARD BURROUGHS, OF QUEBEC.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLISSON & CO.—SEE PAGE 354.



SKETCHES ON THE E. & N. A. R. R.—SOUTH BAY AND BOOMS—SEE PAGE 354.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1871.

Table with 2 columns: Day and Date. Rows include Sunday (Dec. 3), Monday (4), Tuesday (5), Wednesday (6), Thursday (7), Friday (8), and Saturday (9). Each row lists historical events such as 'First Sunday in Advent', 'Last Session of the Council of Trent', and 'Milton born'.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 28th November, 1871, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 8 columns: Day, Max., Min., Mean, S.A.M., P.M., G.P.M. Rows list days from Wednesday to Tuesday with corresponding temperature and barometer readings.

The following note from HEARN & Co's. Temperature Register will show the present visit of cold weather to be unusually early. The first zero register in the year— 1865 was on the 8th of December. 1866 " " 20th " 1867 " " 1st " 1868 " " 10th " 1869 " " 6th " 1870 " " 29th " 1871 " " 2nd November.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

New subscribers sending in their names and \$4.00 from this date until the end of the year, will be entitled to the Illustrated News for 1872 complete, and to the numbers of the present year still to be published after the date of their subscription, including the Premium Plate now being printed. Arrangements have been made to have the Canadian Illustrated News and the Hearthstone delivered in one form to subscribers in the following places by the Agents whose names are annexed.

- List of agents and their locations: A. J. Wiley, Bowmanville, Ont.; A. Harbison, Brantford, Ont.; F. L. McLeod, Brockville, Ont.; J. B. Macdonald, Dundas, Ont.; Henry Kerland, Elora, Ont.; D. C. Woodman, Fenelon Falls, Ont.; Theo. J. Messerhouse, Goderich, Ont.; R. M. Ballantyne, Hamilton, Ont.; R. A. Woodcock, Ingersoll, Ont.; E. A. Burgess, Kinrossville, Ont.; E. M. Steacy, Kingston, Ont.; Wm. Bryce, London, Ont.; Henry & Bro., Napanee, Ont.; H. B. Slaven, Orillia, Ont.; McCaw & Bros., Port Perry, Ont.; W. L. Copeland, St. Catharines, Ont.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

We do not suppose that more than usual interest will attach to the proceedings of the Annual Convention of the Protestant School Teachers of Quebec, to be held at Richmond on the 26th and 27th inst. Such assemblies are ordinarily of much importance in the eyes of those who take part in them, and just as ordinarily treated with the utmost indifference by the public. But these meetings ought to command some attention from the people since the questions discussed thereat, and which may soon become the leading social questions of the day, affect the deepest interests of society. Several classes in the body politic have hardly yet received, or, we should rather say, achieved a well defined status. Among these the prominent unfortunates are pedagogues and journalists. Their place is determined, not by the profession but by the person, and perhaps society in its rude way of administering justice is right. Nor should we conclude hastily, because a man is engaged in teaching or writing, that therefore he is wise beyond his fellows, and able to teach them how to go. The journalist is, however, an independent character. The State gives him nothing for the education he imparts to its subjects. He is a sort of free lancer, who strikes where he listeth, and usually relies with a good deal of confidence upon the correctness of his own judgment, whatever his readers may think of it. As an educator of the people the State has no control over him, and, despite the important part he plays in the dissemination of intelligence and the propagation of principles, good, bad, or indifferent, he is a free agent, subject only to the laws that reach all men.

The school-master is in a different position. He is the paid servant of the State. His duties are prescribed by a State constituted authority. He teaches "by the book," according to the selection made by the Department of Public Instruction. He is, in the fullest sense of the term, (we mean as to public schools) a mere agent of the

Government. Now at the approaching Convention this official purposes discussing, *inter alia*, the propriety of compulsory education. If the Convention resolves affirmatively, will it not look as if the members were merely seeking grist for their own mills? Without passing judgment on the question, whether teachers are more likely than other men of intelligence to righteously decide whether compulsory education ought or ought not to have a place among the institutions of the country, we may fairly say that their position would challenge criticism as to the impartiality of their decision. The State does a great many things for the sake of expediency, and it may be, on the prompting of a Minister, for even meaner motives. But the British Constitution does not ordinarily sacrifice the subject to the State; rather it teaches that the State was instituted for the protection of the subject. "The Englishman's house is his castle." But of what avail is the stronghold to him, if the stronger arm of the law may enter and even take possession, not alone of the bodies, but also of the very intellects, of his children? Here is the great objection to the compulsory system. If the State says the child must be educated, the transition is easy for it to say also how it shall be educated, or what it shall be taught. Under this system, no matter whether the Government be autocratic, monarchical, or Republican, it is Caesarism in its worst form—the State claiming the ownership of its citizens, as distinguished from the citizens having the ownership of the State. The latter condition is the better—at least the more British one; namely, that the State should be governed by the will of the people, and not that the people should be compelled to live by the will of the State. The tendency in all governments is towards bureaucracy; even that of Canada, which we regard as one of the best yet devised, is not altogether free from this tendency, and it behoves the people to resist by every proper means the undue increase of executive power, the excessive development of which invariably leads, first, to tyranny and executive injustice, next to anarchy, and finally to revolution, followed by such excesses as history has had but too often to record within a single century. The right of a man to the headship of his own house ought not to be lightly called in question.

Were not our people what is called a self governing people, we might then, indeed, throw up our cap in favour of compulsory education. But the notion of individual rights—of the utter impotence of the State to unjustly disturb the privacy of the household—is so strong within us that we must repudiate the doctrine that compulsory education harmonises with British institutions. Take an example: The State rightfully holds that every man should know the law, and it punishes him for its violation without the least regard to the actual fact of whether he did really know it or not; and all this without the slightest attempt on its part to teach it to him until he hears it from the lips of the Judge, not addressed to him, but to the jury before whom he is being tried. If the State claimed the right to compel everybody within its jurisdiction to take reasonable measures for acquiring a knowledge of its laws, it would, at the least, have a show of logic on its side, because it undoubtedly has the right to exact obedience to them. But whether I, or you, or the next person, may be familiar with the contents of the particular series of school-books that at present finds favour with the Board of Public Instruction is surely another question.

If the State is to be placed *in loco parentis*; to furnish us with religion as well as learning; or if it is competent to tell us that no religion is required beyond faith in and obedience to the Government of the day; if it is prepared to give us bread when we are hungry and work when we are idle, then by all means let it also impose upon us a system of compulsory State education, for then it would be but completing the duties implied by the paternal charge it had assumed. But when the State professes to give every individual within its jurisdiction full enjoyment of its privileges according to his claims as defined by the law; when it professes to leave every man free within his own circle so long as he encroaches not on the rights and privileges of others; when the very boast of the country is the privilege of free thought (which cannot be prevented anywhere) and of free speech, (which in some quarters brings dire punishment) then we think a system of compulsory education would be an anomaly. To our view it is an offshoot of the aggrandisement of the power of the State at the expense of the rights which belong to the family and the individual. There are, however, many arguments that may be put forth in its favour, but space will not permit us to consider them at present.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Miss Kate Ranoe's season closed on Monday evening last. As a matter of course her last appearance was honoured with a crowded house, and the bill of fare was very warmly appreciated.

LITERARY NOTICES.

VERK FOSTER'S DRAWING COPY BOOK. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

This excellent series, which has already been adopted by the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, is about being introduced to Canada, and has, we understand, met the fullest approbation of the teachers who have seen it. There are twenty-one divisions in the series, and the number of books in each varies from one to eight. Each book contains sixteen pages, and each page has a picture with a blank space for copying it. These books are sold at the remarkably low price of five cents.

CANADA MEDICAL JOURNAL, October, 1871. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This publication is conducted strictly in accordance with the object implied in its title, and deserves the patronage of the Medical Faculty throughout the Dominion. The number before us opens with an interesting paper on a case of contraction of the knee joints by Dr. Grant, M.P., of Ottawa. The editors of the Journal are Drs. Fenwick and F. W. Campbell, of this city.

SAINT LOUIS, THE FUTURE GREAT CITY OF THE WORLD. By L. U. Rervis. 3rd Edition, 1871.

We have to thank Mr. B. Giroux, of St. Louis, for a copy of this interesting pamphlet, which sets forth the past progress, present condition, and prospects which the author believes to be in store for St. Louis. Montrealers might well reflect on the fact that the "future great city" of North America will undoubtedly be on the Mississippi or on the St. Lawrence. This prospect gives the pamphlet mentioned something of interest for men of large enterprise and far-seeing judgment, who devote much of their intellectual force to studying how best to advance the greatness of their country.

RECEIVED.—From Messrs. Dawson Bros.: "The Diamond on the Hearth," Messrs. Appleton, New York, publishers; "Barn-ton Abbey," a novel by T. A. Trollope, Harper & Bros., publishers. Notices will appear in future issue.

We have received the Report of the Seventh Annual Convention of the Protestant Teachers of the Province of Quebec, together with a circular announcing that the Eighth Convention will be held at Richmond on Wednesday and Thursday, the 27th and 28th December.

It is understood that the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, now on a tour in the United States, will visit Montreal on the 14th and Ottawa on the 15th of December. At the latter place he will be the guest of His Excellency Lord Lisgar.

PROFESSOR GILBERT.—On the evening of Tuesday next, the 5th instant, this gentleman will give at the Mechanics' Hall a Soirée Artistique, on which occasion the entertainment is promised to be both amusing and instructive.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHIC ENGRAVING.

Wonderful as is the art of photography, it has its weak points. One of these is the liability of photographic paper prints to fade, and another is the time required to make any quantity of prints from one negative. These drawbacks are not of recent discovery, however. Ever since Fox Talbot gave us his invaluable process it has been a matter of much experiment on the part of photographers and chemists to overcome them. As a result, we have a large number of processes, some successful in a measure only, and some quite satisfactory. There seemed to be little trouble to reproduce engravings, etc., where the original was executed in line. But when subjects from nature were attacked—subjects possessing half tones—or anything of a stippled or mezzotint effect, failure was, until within four or five years past, the usual result.

This trouble has been overcome, and tolerably good work secured by transferring the photographic film to the lithographic stone, and then pulling the prints from the same as in the ordinary lithographic process. The next step was to obtain something by means of photography that would render it possible to secure all the detail of the photograph by printing on the ordinary printing press together with type.

This is accomplished successfully at last, Messrs. Geo. E. Desbarats and W. A. Leggo, of Montreal, Canada, being among the first to effect it. We have before us two pictorial newspapers published by the former, the *Canada Illustrated News* and *L'Opinion Publique*, both of which are illustrated by the aid of photography in a very handsome manner. For instance, we have in the current number of the *Illustrated News* a 13 x 17 reproduction of Gustave Biot's exquisite line engraving of Camak's painting, "Look at Baby in the Glass," as perfect in line and light and shade as the original; a number of portraits from life; landscape views from nature and from drawings, with a fine large reproduction of a mezzotint drawing, and a map of Chicago. The photographic lens was employed in each instance, and not a square inch of box-wood, or one stroke of the graver was needed. All were printed with the letter press beside them, in a steam lithographic press, now used for convenience sake, instead of the ordinary power printing press.—*American Newspaper Reporter*.

Dr. Robert Christison, Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh, has had the honour of a Baronetcy conferred upon him. This gracious act is due to the initiative of Mr. Gladstone. Prof. Christison is not a Liberal in politics, and that the honour of a Baronetcy should be conferred upon him is due to his distinguished service to the University, to medicine, and to science.

SCIENTIFIC.

TRANSPARENT VARNISHES.—The aniline colours are particularly well adapted for the manufacture of transparent lacs, which possess great intensity even in very thin films, and are hence very suitable for colouring glass or mica.

The process recommended by F. Springmuhl is to prepare separately an alcoholic solution of bleached shellac or sandarach and a concentrated alcoholic solution of the colouring matter, which last is added to the lac before using it, the glass or mica to be coated being slightly warmed. Coloured films of great beauty may also be obtained, according to the author, from coloured solutions of gun cotton in ether, the colouring matter being here dissolved in alcohol and ether.

The collodion film has its elasticity greatly increased by the addition of some turpentine oil; and when applied cold, can be removed entire. The coloured films may now be cut into any pattern, and again attached to transparent objects.

CHAMELON BAROMETER.—M. Lenoir, of Paris, an inventor as fertile as ingenious, and who is especially known by the gas engine that bears his name, and by a system of autographic telegraphy, has just introduced a kind of barometer which at least has the merit of ingenuity. It is composed of a dial, in the centre of which is traced a circle, the diameter of which is almost half that of the dial. The annular space comprised between the two circumferences is divided into four sections; on the lower one is inscribed the name of the inventor and that of the apparatus, "barometre chamelon;" the compartment to the left is pink, and bears the inscription "much rain," the top one is gray, with the word "variable," and that on the right greenish blue, with the words "set fair."

The paper in the centre circle changes colour according to the state of the atmosphere, conforming to the tint of one or other of the three coloured compartments, according as it may be very damp, tolerably dry, or extremely dry. The apparatus is, in fact, more a hygrometer than a barometer. The change of colour in the central paper is produced by atmospheric humidity. This sensitive paper is prepared with a mixture of chlorine of cobalt and of marine salts, added to glycerine to attract the humidity. Salts of cobalt, nickel, copper, etc., are largely employed in the production of sympathetic inks, with which writing or drawings can be made, invisible at ordinary temperatures, but which are made visible under a slight heat, and which disappear when the temperature falls.

CHILLS AND FEVER.—Half's Journal of Health, for November, has the following seasonable article on the above subject. Chills and fever and bilious fevers have prevailed to an unusual extent in the vicinity of New York this season, as well as in many other parts of the country.

Dr. Hall says: It very generally prevails in the fall of the year over large sections of country. Scattering cases are liable to occur anywhere. These arise from individual indiscretions; but where large numbers of persons in communities are attacked, there some general cause must prevail. This cause has been attributed for ages to "miasm," an emanation from the earth so subtle in its character, that for more than a century the greatest skill of the ablest chemists was not able to detect its nature or define its quality. A bottle of air taken from the most deadly localities was submitted to the most careful and searching analysis without the detection of anything solid, gaseous, or liquid; nothing could be found in the bottle but air, thin air. But the microscope has come to the aid of the alchemist, and has discovered in this, the miasmatic air, multitudes of living things. When bottles of this air were taken from the banks of a Southern bay, and placed in the chamber of a man in Chicago by Dr. Salisbury, he was taken with chills and fever in a few days, and these living things were found on his tongue and within his mouth; while not a single one was to be found all over the city, except in that one man's mouth, in his chamber, and in the bottles. Whether this life is animal or vegetable, is a matter of dispute, yet it seems capable of producing chills and fever; but whether animal or vegetable, the laws which regulate the action of miasm on the human system remain the same, and the mode of production, or the causes of the generation of this miasm, remain unchanged; and these laws have been determined and described with wonderful accuracy. This miasm results from warmth, moisture, and vegetation combined; if one is absent, miasm is not formed; vegetable matter will not decay unless there is moisture, it will dry up; it will remain under water a thousand years without decay, as witness the wooden piers of ancient bridges, as sound to-day as when they were driven by Adam's grandson, or somebody else who lived a long time ago. The heat must act on the moisture before miasm becomes a product. This miasm, to be injurious, must be taken into the system by breathing into the lungs, or by swallowing into the stomach. But cold, as the "first frosts" which are everywhere known to make it innocuous, condenses this miasm, makes it so heavy that it falls to the surface of the earth, and can be neither breathed nor swallowed; on the other hand, heat so rarifies the air in which this miasm is contained, that it carries it up towards the clouds, where it is no more breathed than if it laid immediately on the surface of the earth. Hence heat and cold are antagonistic to the disease-producing effects of miasm on the human body. To freeze it out is expensive, but to antagonize it by heat is possible, is everywhere practicable.

From an hour after sundown to an hour before sunrise, the cold causes it to settle on the surface of the earth. An hour after sunrise and until an hour before sunset, as a general rule, it is too high above our heads to injure us, in consequence of the heat of the weather.

As the heat must be over eighty degrees for several days to generate miasm, it follows that the time during which we are required to battle with it, is at sunrise and sunset during the spring and fall months. But to make it safe from the first blade of grass in spring until the killing frosts of autumn, dress by a cheerful blazing fire, and take breakfast before going outside of the door; come home before sundown, take your supper before its setting, by the same cheerful blazing hearth, then go and do what you please. You may sleep under a tree, or on a swinging limb, and defy fever and ague for a century, if you only keep warm, abundantly warm.

The shipping trade between the Clyde and East Indian ports, as the returns for the last nine months show, has been above the average of the past few years. Steamers have been dispatched almost monthly for Calcutta and Bombay, and latterly to Rangoon and Java.

MISCELLANEA.

Blackwood completes in the November number the novel of "Fair to See," written by Lieutenant Lockhart (a nephew of John Gibson Lockhart, the biographer of Sir Walter Scott), and commences a series of sketches of "French Home Life," the first being devoted to servants.

Two courses of scientific lectures are to be delivered to ladies this winter in Edinburgh. The one course, on physiology, will be delivered in the University by Professor Hughes Bennett, and the other course, on chemistry, will be given elsewhere by Dr. Stevenson Macadam. All ladies are invited to enter their names as students for either course at a fee of about three guineas.

A curious experiment was tried in Russia with some murderers. They were placed, without knowing it, in four beds where four persons had died of the cholera. They did not take the disease. They were then told that they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera, but the beds were in fact new, and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, three of them died of the disease within four hours.

The gypsies have a "parliament" which meets once in every seven years, with delegates from all the countries in Europe. There are no real gypsies in this country; but in Spain there are 40,000; in England 18,000; in Austria 97,000, and in Moldavia and Wallacia 200,000. The next parliament convenes soon at Cronstadt, Germany, and the inhabitants are already taking precautions for the protection of their spoons and other light valuables.

A REMARKABLE BOY MECHANIC.—The Scientific American says: "We have on our table a complete working model of a horizontal steam engine with tubular boiler of the locomotive type, separate from the boiler, the workmanship of which would do credit to an experienced mechanic. Every part is stated to have been made by Master C. T. Mason, (at the age of fourteen years) of Sumter, S. C. Nothing is omitted, even a miniature steam gauge being supplied. Master Mason will, if he continues to progress, be a master mechanic at an age when boys in general have scarcely an idea beyond tops and marbles. He will please accept our thanks for sending his engine for our inspection and our predictions that, if he lives, he will occupy a distinguished place among the engineers of this country."

The London Telegraph says that the chief cause of Mr Gladstone's superiority over other men is his industry. Like many light and sinewy men, Mr. Gladstone has known fewer hours of illness than almost any man of his age in England. In the days of his youth he loved to describe himself as "one who was good any day for a forty mile walk;" and in his University days he thought no more of walking from Oxford to London than the clergyman's son who, some two or three years ago, accomplished the feat without an effort. Sir James Graham once said of Mr. Gladstone, "He can do in four hours what it takes any other man sixteen to do, and he works for sixteen hours every day." Secondly, the great success which has crowned the Premier's unrelenting labours would never have been obtained had he not remembered Sir Robert Walpole's maxim, "that the man who works with system will do more in a week than a hard working sloven can achieve in a month." He has so systematized the arrangement of his papers that he can lay his hands without delay upon any letter he has ever received.

JOHNSONIANA.

(ONLY RECENTLY COLLECTED.)

(From Fun.)

Johnson, taking a walk with Boswell down Fleet Street, was overtaken by one of the sudden storms peculiar to that and other districts during wet and tempestuous seasons, and compelled to put up in a court or passage, when the following conversation took place:—

BOSWELL. It is very wet.

JOHNSON. I am dry enough.

BOSWELL (to see what he would say). That is a pleasant turn upon the word.

JOHNSON (who was full of his fun that day, and equal to the emergency). Let us turn in, then, somewhere, if you have the price of a pint about you.

Here Boswell confesses that he thought it best to change the subject.

When Goldsmith first showed the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Johnson, the latter chanced to hold the manuscript upside down. Goldsmith pointed this out to his friend, after some time had elapsed. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "your remark reminds me of the old woman who went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie of. 'What! no soap?' said the barber. 'If you make any more of your confounded remarks about your book, I won't read it at all.'" Oliver, feeling the justice of the reproof, took snuff, and shed tears.

One evening, at Mrs. Thrale's, Boswell, to draw Johnson out, said he had been told that a new key had been invented, which was proof against the attacks of swindlers. "Sir," said Johnson, "that cannot be a don-key." Boswell did not like this very much, feeling that, to some extent, it was almost personal.

One day Boswell said to Johnson, pointing to the reflection of the latter in a mirror over a tavern mantelpiece, "That is a glass."—"And you are an ass!" replied Johnson, with great readiness. This is only one among several instances of the Doctor's poetical powers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. ADMASTON.—We do not accept enigmas unless accompanied by the appropriate solution.

D. O'S., MONTREAL.—The lines "In Memoriam" are scarcely suited to our columns, the interest in their subject being personal and local, not general.

CHESS.

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

An interesting game played lately in the Montreal Chess Club. SCOTCH GAMBIT.

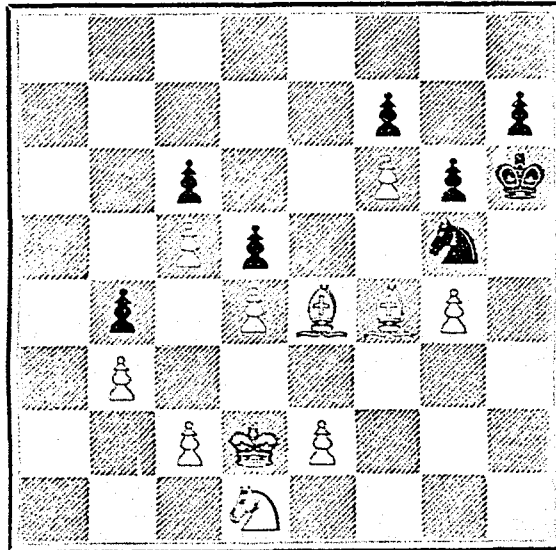
- Black, Mr. "Walker." 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. P. to Q. 4th 4. B. to B. 4th 5. Kt. takes P. 6. Q. takes Kt. 7. Castles. 8. Q. to Q. 3rd 9. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd 10. Q. B. to K. B. 4th 11. Q. takes Kt. 12. P. to K. 5th (b) 13. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd 14. Q. to Q. 3rd 15. Q. to K. Kt. 6th 16. B. takes P. 17. Q. R. to K. sq. 18. Q. takes R. P. ch. 19. Q. to Q. 2nd (c) 20. B. to K. Kt. 3rd 21. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd 22. Kt. to K. 4th 23. Kt. to K. Kt. 5th 24. P. to K. R. 4th (e) 25. P. to Q. B. 4th 26. K. takes R. 27. R. to K. sq. 28. Q. to K. 2nd 29. Q. to K. B. 3rd 30. Q. to Q. 5th. ch. 31. Kt. ch. 32. Q. takes R. 33. Q. takes Q. 34. B. to B. 4th. wins.

- White, Mr. H.— 1. P. to K. 4th 2. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. P. takes P. 4. P. to K. R. 3rd (a) 5. Kt. takes Kt. 6. Kt. to K. 2nd 7. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd 8. Kt. to K. 4th 9. B. to Q. B. 4th 10. Kt. takes B. 11. B. to Kt. 3rd 12. Castles. 13. K. to R. sq. 14. P. to K. B. 3rd 15. P. takes P. 16. Q. to K. 2nd 17. Q. to K. B. 2nd 18. P. to Q. 3rd 19. B. to K. 3rd (d) 20. B. to Q. 2nd 21. Q. R. to K. sq. 22. Q. to K. B. 4th 23. B. to Kt. 4th 24. B. to B. 3rd 25. B. takes K. 26. R. to K. B. sq. 27. R. to Q. 2nd 28. Q. to Q. B. 7th (f) 29. K. to R. sq. 30. K. takes Kt. 31. Q. to K. B. 4th 32. B. takes Q.

- (a) Many prefer abandoning the pawn at once, as the attempt to sustain it, if only for a time, leads to embarrassing positions. (b) This prevents the advance of the adverse Q. P.; the black Bishop is now admirably posted. (c) The attack has won a pawn, and still maintains the best position (d) B. to Q. 2nd seems preferable. (e) Sustaining the Kt. in a threatening attitude, and allowing the Queen to remove presently. (f) An error, apparently; there seems to be a much better chance of a draw by simply exchanging Queens.

PROBLEM No. 36 By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

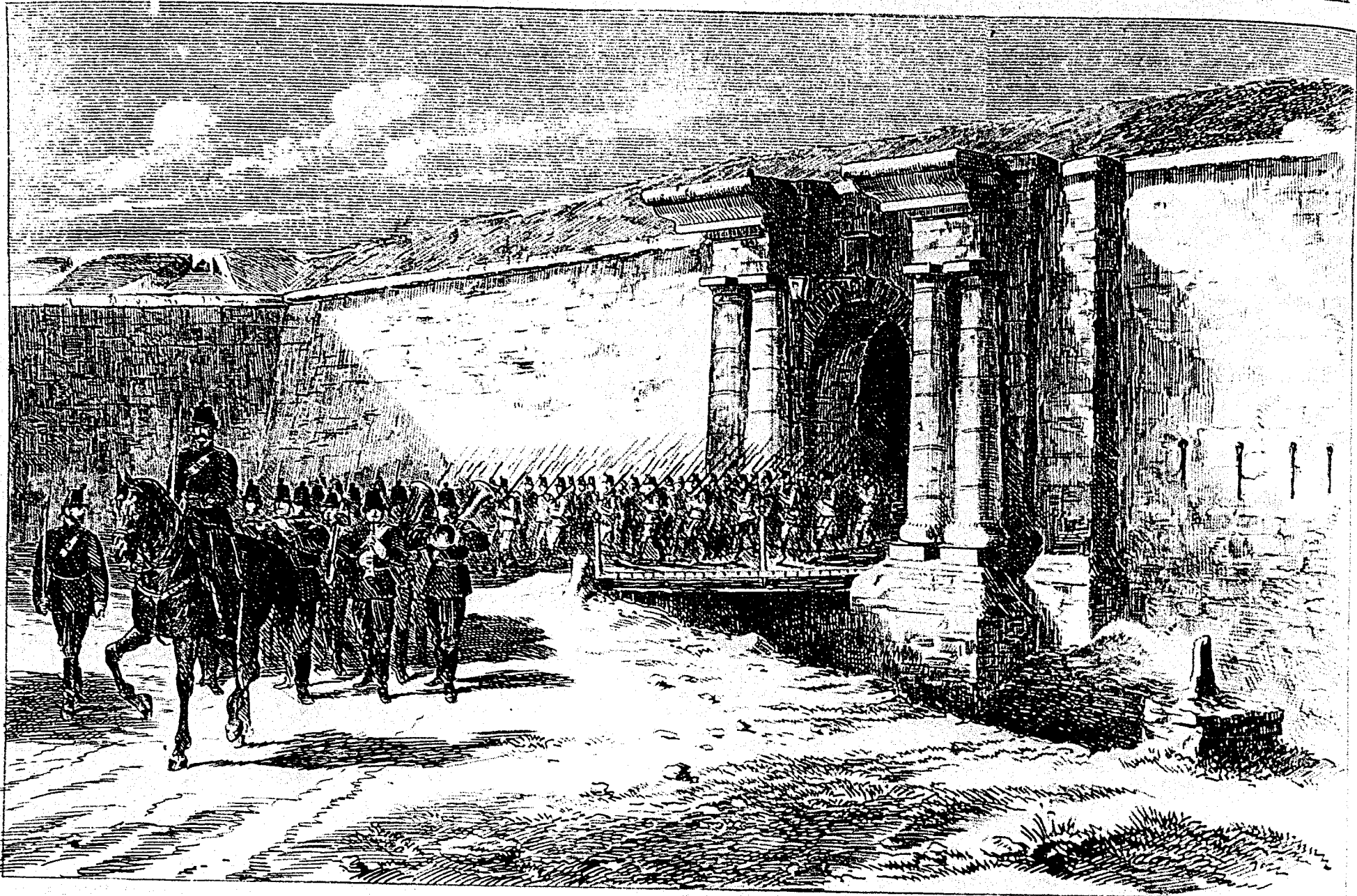
FOR

- JEWELLERY, FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, ALBUMS, CONCERTINAS, WORK-BOXES, LADIES' and GENTS' SATCHELS, VASES, TOILET BOTTLES, —AND— TOYS.

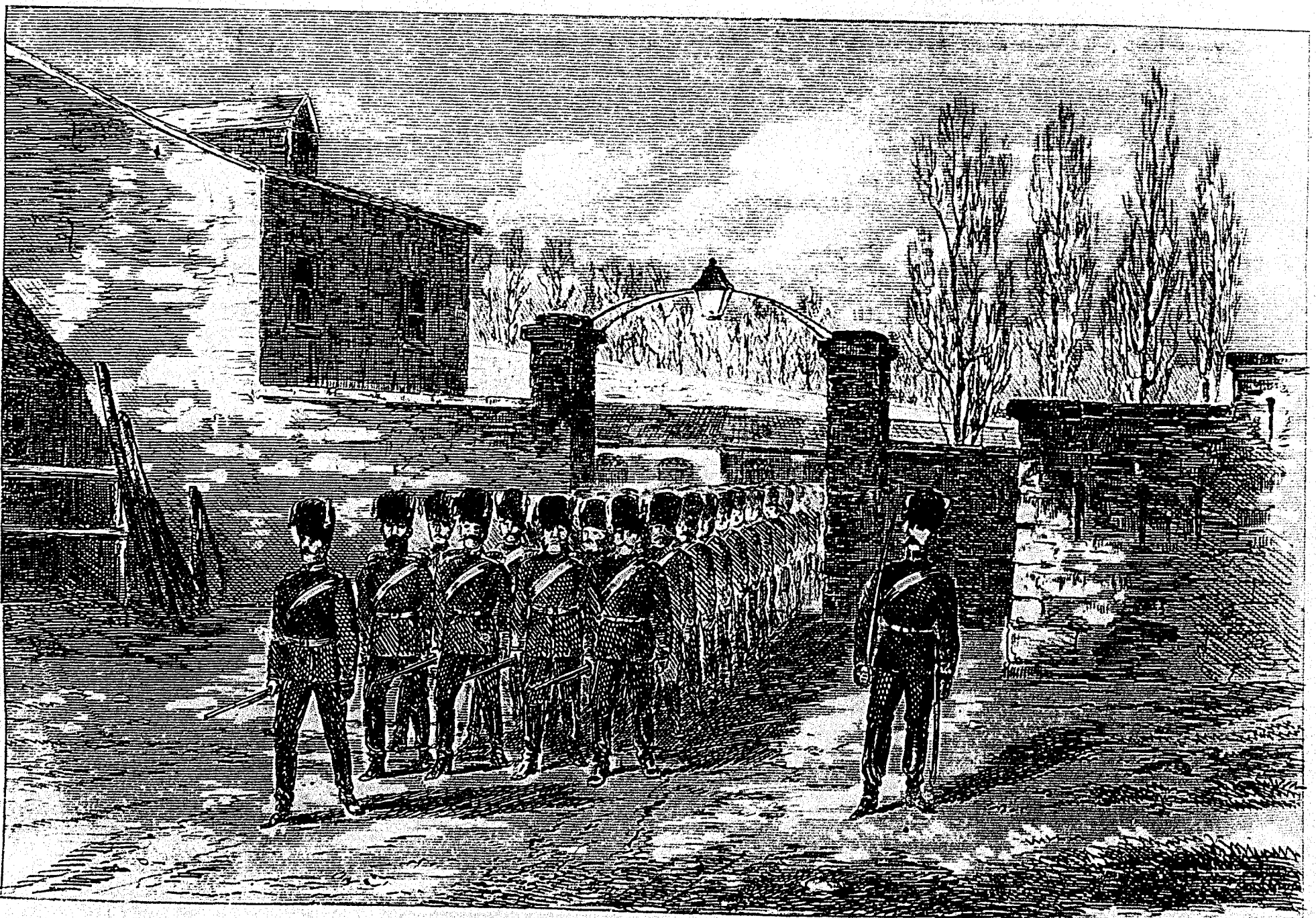
There is no spot in the city so cheap as the West End 50 cents, and One Dollar Store, opposite Recollet House.

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

S. R. PARSONS, FURNITURE WAREHOUSE, 603 and 605, CRAIG STREET, in rear of St. LAWRENCE HALL, MONTREAL. A large Assortment of FURNITURE in all its varieties and of the Latest Styles. MATTRESSES, PILLOWS, FANCY BRACKETS, &c., &c. 4-31h



THE 60th REGIMENT LEAVING THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.—SEE PAGE 354.



THE ROYAL ARTILLERY LEAVING THEIR BARRACKS, QUEBEC.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.



THE INFANT COLUMBUS.
AFTER PAUL DELAROCHE.

MONTE TESTACCIO.*

Why! surely this is Arcady? Not so.
Or Andalusian dance-enamored home?
Not so. Or festival beneath the glow
Of old Vesuvius? Pilgrim, this is Rome!
But surely these are Bacchus' antique vaults,
His chariot caverns and his leopard stalls,
About whose doors his thirsty retinue halts?
Stand by! The rout begins! His clarion calls!

Out of the gates a-drip, as it had dashed
Through sudden showers of old Falerian juice,
Rings the red car; the mellow air is flashed
With music: song and merriment let loose
Their fluttering reins, and follow round the hill
With flying hair like ancient charioteers
When Nero led the circuit! Hark! he still
Just at the turn where Caius Cestius rears
His marble peak, they halt their furious race,
And pass demurely, voiceless, with bent heads.
Sighing, they pass with melancholy pace
Where Keats and Shelley lie in flowery beds.
The lowest deity of classic Greece,
Here, like the highest, bows the willing knee:
The last of her anointed bards were these,
Though born in exile, where the northern sea
Climbs the white cliffs, and blind with his own looks,
Chants to the land Homeric tales of war;
Or like pale Sappho, on the summer rocks
Breathes of Ionian isles that woo from far.

Under cathedral branches, tall and dark,
Or flowery shrubs and ivy clad retreats,
Here swells the requiem of Shelley's lark,
Here, hush-like, chants the nightingale of Keats.
Though far from England's shrine, they sleep apart,
Their "Master Abbot" is the world's great dome—
Their "Poet's Corner" is its mighty heart,
While tear-fed blossoms write their epitaphs in Rome!

T. B. READ.

* Monte Testaccio, or "hill of broken crockery," rising as it does to the height of one hundred and sixty-five feet, out of what was formerly a swamp, is one of the enigmas of Rome which have baffled the antiquary. Its height commands a fine view of the city and surrounding country. It is about forty-five hundred feet in circumference at the base. That it is composed of one mass of broken earthenware is well attested by the wine-vaults which perforate it on all sides, some to a great depth. It is supposed by some antiquaries—and with great reason—to have been built of the refuse of the ancient potteries established in this vicinity by Tarquinus Priscus. Others pronounce it to be the debris collected from the streets of Rome in later centuries. That this curious mountain has not been added to, and that it has been used as a wine-magazine for hundreds of years, is proved by the most ancient charts and maps of Rome. It is near the gate leading to St. Paul's Church and to Ostia. The Pyramid of Caius Cestius and the Protestant Cemetery lie between. In this latter are the tombs of Shelley and Keats. Monte Testaccio and its vicinity are especially gay with music, dancing, and merry-making generally during the vintage season. The costumes of the peasants, the brilliant trappings of the wine-carts and horses, make the scene attractive, not only to the artist, but to all lovers of the picturesque.

THE LATEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

From Land and Water.

In spite of dismal soothsayers, always ready to read the future through funeral crape, and in spite of taunts and evil prognostics, Paris is really filling, and we are promised a brilliant winter. Already we have had a few *fêtes* and entertainments, which serve as preludes to those which we may expect later. Several ambassadors, also, have recommenced their weekly receptions; and some of our aristocratic *salons* are preparing for the ensuing season. We have not a Court, it is true, but the Orleans Princes and Princesses are coming forward to do the honours for France; and, lastly, though the reverse of lastly, the Princess Metternich has returned, and with her come life and fashion, as of course you know; so that we may expect soon to be in a vortex of gaieties, and our note-book, which has lately been but a series of blank pages, will now scarcely be large enough to contain all the little items which I hope to inscribe therein for your pleasure.

Already I have seen some exquisite toilettes, which I will describe by-and-by, though I must here warn you not to expect anything very strikingly new. The general appearance of dress, taking it as a whole, is much the same as it was before the war. (When shall we finish using that detestable word? It seems as if we were to date everything from that unlucky period, and as if a wall had suddenly sprung up dividing us from the past, and forming a new era in our annals.) Pardon, mesdames, for the digression caused by an "unhappy thought." I was saying, then, that there was little "noticeable" change in fashion; still there is a change, and a change in favour of "severity," if I may use the expression respecting anything so light and fanciful as a lady's toilette. Long dresses and tunics made perfectly plain, without loopings of any kind, have quite replaced the Watteau shepherdesses of a year ago, and there is a tendency to have everything large, the larger the better. It is said that it is the heavy materials, which are now so much worn, which have brought about the re-introduction of long, tight dresses, which in France are called "Princesse," and in England "Beatrix." With this style of dress flounces and tucks are quite *à trop* and out of place. A "Princesse" or "Beatrix" dress can only be embroidered or braided. They are trains, of course, but can be looped up for walking, as already often described in these columns. It is also certain that we shall have the long, straight paletot for out-of-doors, like that which was worn some years ago. It will not be looped up at all. Black and dark colours will be exclusively worn for out-of-doors, lighter shades being reserved for "at homes" and evening receptions. And here let me fulfil my promise of describing a charming dress, which created quite a sensation at a dinner a few days ago. It was a rose-colored satin, made with a long train, and perfectly plain. Over this was worn a black velvet "Princesse" tunic, with low, square body and square hanging Greek sleeves. The body and sleeves were bordered with a band of rose-coloured satin, and the skirt of the tunic was also bordered with rose-colored satin and a rich fringe; a rose-coloured bow in the air and rose-coloured "Metternich" shoes. No ornaments whatever. Now if this "Princesse" tunic were bordered with jet and edged with black ball-fringe, it would be quite as elegant, and would, moreover, be a very economical garment, as it could be worn over any coloured skirt, and thus serve to revive many a *passé* dress, otherwise unwearable perhaps. *Nota bene*, that the body and tunic are made in one piece, and consequently a *sash* is not admissible.

There is a new style of dress called the "Alsacien," in honour of the late province of Alsace. I do not think, however, that it will have much success; but I will describe it, that you may judge for yourselves. The model I saw was composed of blue and black. Black skirt, with five rows of blue cashmere tucks; blue cashmere tunic, crossed and fastened at the side and bound with black velvet; high blue body and

sleeves to elbow, with black frills; black velvet spencer, with basques but no sleeves; blue ribbon round the neck, and a huge blue bow and ends in the front of the forehead, in imitation of the picturesque coiffure worn by the peasant women in Alsace. The only part of the dress likely to become popular is the spencer, and this promises to be very greatly worn, both with or without sleeves, and with almost every kind of skirt from a dark merino to a light muslin.

Although at the risk of being monotonous, I must still repeat that braiding, embroidering, and *passementerie* have entirely superseded every other kind of trimming, and flounces must have a rest for a time, for they have done duty long enough. Coloured flowers of silk embroidery, cut out and each flower separately *appliqué* on a white or black silk dress, have a very stylish appearance. Ball dresses entirely embroidered with coloured flowers will be considered the *à plus ultra* of elegance. I have already in previous letters alluded to the present mania for jet and coloured beads, but especially for jet. It is jet on everything, and jet everywhere. Jet combs, jet stars for the hair, jet ear-rings, jet brooches, jet bracelets and jet necklets of rows and rows of beads. Apropos of ear-rings, I have to record a little change. For some years we have had every exaggerated form of ear-ring, from the long "fisher-woman" shape to the round "Indian." Now, however, a single button is the only correct thing for the ears.

But I must hasten to add a few words on out-door mantles, the latest shape of which is the "Mobile." But it can scarcely be said to be becoming, for being full and gathered in at the waist with a belt, it shortens and widens the figure too much. The "Garrick" is much prettier, as it is also long and full, but flowing, and its long hanging sleeves and double pelerine give it a graceful appearance, which the "mobile" has not. The "Macfarlane" is another very becoming shape, and its cape, which reaches to the waist, forms sleeves in front. It is not unlike a gentleman's "Raglan." In velvet, however, it looks remarkably stylish, and is much favoured by our *élégantes*. All mantles, however, have one or more pelerines, and long pelerines, in form of a *camail*, are worn over dresses, even without mantles to accompany them.

Hats are much more worn than bonnets this year, bonnets being exclusively reserved for church and visits of etiquette. In fact, fashion was never known to be less exacting. All it orders now is for woman to be as pretty as possible; and to be pretty requires a certain talent, for it is not necessary to be handsome to be pretty. Many plain women can make themselves pretty by dressing with taste, for the art of good dressing consists in hiding imperfections and bringing out the natural advantages with which nature has endowed you. Thus, a short woman should never wear dresses too short or tight, long flowing draperies which better adapted to her. Consequently the "Beatrix" dress and tunic, now so generally adopted, should have the addition of a Watteau plait or pelerine when worn by a stout person, as this hides a portion of the figure and gives height. Long train skirts are also particularly suitable to ladies of embonpoint; but tall, thin figures may patronise flounces and looped-up draperies so long as fashion allows them to be worn.

The hair is still worn very low down the back, and will be so worn for some time to come, no doubt. But I hope ere long to give you a long and full *résumé* of every style of coiffure now, and to be worn for the whole season. Till then, *au revoir*.

CHESS AS A STUDY AND RELAXATION.

From Land and Water.

Chess has from the most remote ages up to the present time been held in such esteem amongst all civilized nations, not only by the powerful but also by the humbler classes, that it may not unreasonably be a source of surprise that its value as an element in general education has not received sufficient attention. This may perhaps be accounted for by the circumstance that there are many who doubt whether amusement can ever go hand-in-hand with discipline. Their argument can be at once refuted by regarding those serious subjects with which an educational system, according to their view, only can have relations. It is notorious that a great mathematician finds the highest pleasure in his abstruse studies. It may be laid down as an infallible rule that what is discipline to one mind is simply amusement to another. As an illustration, there are volunteers who never feel fatigue in the exercise of their manoeuvres, whilst to others constant drill is the greatest possible annoyance. What is true of the physical powers is far more true of the mental. The merit of chess consists in the fact that it affords real gratification to both classes, whilst to those who wisely make use of its advantages, it will be the highest discipline. What has been overlooked is this, that it is not to be desired that every person who indulges in the pastime should aim at becoming a player of the first rank, but that he should practise chess so far as he finds it not inconsistent with his ordinary avocations. There are, indeed, instances where a man has been able to gain the highest honours in chess, at the same time that he has been eminent in Church and State. Take but one example: we may be sure that Ruy Lopez would never have been made Bishop of Segovia by so severe a judge of ecclesiastical propriety as Philip the Second of Spain, had his wish to become a first-rate chess player stood in the way of his legitimate duties. Others, like Napoleon, were content with being indifferent chess players, but were never so foolish as to deny the merit of the game. Perhaps, as Napoleon was one of the greatest generals the world has ever produced, it may be thought that he only regarded it as the best mental recreation for military purposes. Let us, then, come nearer home. No one can deny that Sir William Jones and Dr. Duncan Forbes, the historian of chess, were profound oriental scholars. But it is not with such great names that we wish to deal; we mean to apply the same reasoning in a more extended form to minds of far humbler capacity—in other words, to the generality of men whom we meet every day. We recommend chess as an element of education for the young mind, not for the purpose of obtaining excellence in one pursuit, but in almost every branch of knowledge. Apply this discipline of mind first to that profession, which is of the most intrinsic importance in the present age—that of engineering. An engineer, however considerable his natural ability, will find himself outstripped by inferior rivals, if he is without correctness of sight; and this valuable gift is materially assisted by the practice of chess, provided it be, though humbly, correctly studied. Just as the engineer wants correctness of sight, so the merchant, the banker, and, indeed,

every one engaged in mercantile affairs, are in need of accurate calculation, and without that quality no one can play even a moderate, far less a great, game of chess. Proceeding to what are thought the native regions of intellectual supremacy, the result will be found to be analogous. Not to be tedious, the forensic, the parliamentary, orator cannot be injured in their career by having conveyed to them in their early life, through the vehicle of mental diversion, the principles of order and proper arrangement of ideas, whether they are leading or are in opposition. Though not in the same manner, all men of mind derive benefit from this ancient game. The poet has not his imagination killed by playing chess, he is simply strengthened in accuracy, whilst his fire is by no means extinguished. The philosopher, whose tendency, through his confined and solitary life, is to believe in no other conclusions than his own, will perceive through the medium of taking part in an occasional game of chess that others possess reasoning powers equal to his own. But we are not arguing so much for grown-up men as for children. Happy indeed had it been for themselves had some of those, whose lives were melancholy instances of genius preying upon itself, learnt self-discipline, not through harsh control or entire neglect, but through having had their interest aroused by a sport which would have satisfied, without fatiguing, a mind already too much predisposed to intellectual isolation. We are not upholding chess as a universal mental remedy, but are pointing out its claims as an element in rudimentary education. A child, tired with writing verse or prose, or studying mathematics, may wish to have recourse to something of an entirely different character, provided that that be a symbol of mental power brought agreeably before his eyes. It may be argued that the student may transfer his attention from ancient authors, mathematics, or technical science, to modern languages; but this is not fair reasoning. We will venture to say that there will be a strong inclination merely to exchange the difficulties of one language for those of another, especially on the instant. Homer may be very good at one time, and Dante at another, but it must be remembered that both these authors form a part of school work, and are, therefore, not a change of a legitimate description. Reasoning of quite an opposite nature may be dismissed summarily. It is not every boy that would choose violent exercise as his sport, though it would be absurd to gainsay the advantages accruing from a healthy use of gymnastics, cricket, or any other good old English amusement. But one maxim, we think, ought to be adhered to by all masters of schools. If a boy does his work in school in a proper and satisfactory manner, he ought to be allowed to employ his spare time after his own inclination, with the limitations that the object of his choice be in itself innocent, and that it be not injurious to health. Experience teaches us full well that the boy is sure to take to his sport without being asked, and should any one be fatally disposed to neglect physical training, he will rapidly discover that without a sound body he will never be able to play good chess. Boys should not be forced in their play-hours to contest friendly games of chess any more than they should be to row on the river, but neither class ought to be debarred from their favourite pursuit. It must not be forgotten that no form of elementary education should ever terminate in itself; the end must never be mistaken for the means. Chess is recommended as a pleasant process towards obtaining a result which will have full development in after life. Mathematics cannot say more for itself. The majority of those who study mathematics in their youth do not become great lawyers; nevertheless it is well known that mathematicians, though they do not study law at an early age, have afterwards become the greatest ornaments of the judicial bench. Again there is many a classical scholar, whose elegance of taste is completely lost to the world, but then when it is not so, how well it is set as a gem in the coronet of a successful statesman. We have said nothing respecting the value of chess as a moral element in an educational system. Nothing, perhaps, more than this game requires a strict command of temper, while it also inculcates the duty of obedience. Without the first of these a player, however extraordinary his skill, must be vanquished, and the other is absolutely enforced upon him by the very names given to the pieces which act in the mimic warfare. Surely it is not a bad lesson to be reconveyed to the youthful mind that no one is fit to command who cannot obey, whatever may turn out to be his occupation in the more advanced stages of life.

WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS.

From Punch.

Everybody knows the story of Androcles and the Lion.
Everybody knows the composition of sulphuretted hydrogen.
Everybody knows the plays of Shakspeare.
Everybody knows the meaning of the Balance of Power.
Everybody knows the old English ballads.
Everybody knows where Hogarth, Dryden, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson lived in London.
Everybody knows how the electric telegraph is worked.
Everybody knows where black pepper comes from.
Everybody knows the topography of Asia Minor.
Everybody knows what the Silurian System is.
Everybody knows all about our glorious British Constitution.
Everybody knows the difference between an acid and an alkali.
Everybody knows the derivation of "biscuit," "saunterer," "currant," "Jerusalem artichoke," "desultory," and "cambric."
Everybody knows the History of England.
Everybody knows who was Prime Minister when the Queen came to the throne.
Everybody knows *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Fairy Queen*.
Everybody knows the changes a butterfly goes through.
Everybody knows the construction of a watch.
Everybody knows the course of the Danube.
Everybody knows the Rule of Three.
Everybody knows French.
Everybody knows that Napoleon entered Berlin in 1806.
Everybody knows what is going to happen when the Bank of England raises the rate of discount

("Ha! have we touched anybody nearly?")

Hepworth Dixon has sued the *Pall Mall Gazette* for libel. The *Gazette*, in a review of his "spiritual wives," accuses him of obscenity. Hence the action. Damages are laid at £10,000.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

A TALK ABOUT SUICIDE.

In the same excited mood, but repressing it with all the energy I could gather, I returned to the Hall, and made my way to the library. There Charley soon joined me.

"Why didn't you come to breakfast?" he asked.

"I've been home, and changed my clothes," I answered. "I couldn't well appear in a tail-coat. It's bad enough to have to wear such an ugly thing by candle-light."

"What's the matter with you?" he asked again, after an interval of silence, which I judge from the question must have been rather a long one.

"What is the matter with me, Charley?" "I can't tell. You don't seem yourself, somehow."

I do not know what answer I gave him, but I knew myself what was the matter with me well enough. The form and face of the maiden of my dream, the Athanasia lost that she might be found, blending with the face and form of Mary Osborne, filled my imagination so that I could think of nothing else. Gladly would I have been rid of even Charley's company, that, while my hands were busy with the books, my heart might brood at will now upon the lovely dream, now upon the lovely vision to which I awoke from it, and which, had it not glided into the forms of the foregone dream and possessed it with itself, would have banished it altogether. At length I was aware of light steps and sweet voices in the next room, and Mary and Clara presently entered.

How came it that the face of the one had lost the half of its radiance, and the face of the other had gathered all that the former had lost. Mary's countenance was as still as ever; there was not in it a single ray of light beyond its usual expression; but I had become more capable of reading it, for the coalescence of the face of my dream with her dreaming face had given me its key; and I was now so far from indifferent, that I was afraid to look for fear of betraying the attraction I now found it exercise over me. Seldom surely has a man been so long familiar with and careless of any countenance to find it all at once an object of absorbing interest! The very fact of its want of revelation added immensely to its power over me now—for was I not in its secret? Did I not know what a lovely soul hid behind that unexpressive countenance? Did I not know that it was as the veil of the holy of holies, at times reflecting only the light of the seven golden lamps in the holy place; at others almost melted away in the rush of the radiance unspeakable from the hidden and holier side—the region whence come the revelations. To draw through it if but once the feeblest glimmer of the light I had but once beheld, seemed an ambition worthy of a life. Knowing her power of reticence, however, and of withdrawing from the outer courts into the penetralia of her sanctuary, guessing also at something of the aspect in which she regarded me, I dared not now make any such attempt. But I resolved to seize what opportunity might offer of convincing her that I was not so far out of sympathy with her as to be unworthy of holding closer converse; and I now began to feel distressed at what had given me little trouble before, namely, that she should suppose me the misleader of her brother, while I knew that, however far I might be from an absolute belief in things which she seemed never to have doubted, I was yet in some measure the means of keeping him from clinging aside the last cords which held him to the faith of his fathers. But I would not lead in any such direction, partly from the fear of hypocrisy, partly from horror at the idea of making capital of what little faith I had. But Charley himself afforded me an opportunity which I could not, whatever my scrupulosity, well avoid.

"Have you ever looked into that little book, Charley?" I said, finding in my hands an early edition of the *Christian Morals* of Sir Thomas Browne. "I wanted to say something, that I might not appear distraught."

"No," he answered, with indifference, as he glanced at the title page. "Is it anything particular?"

"Everything he writes, however whimsical in parts, is well worth more than mere reading," I answered. "It is a strangely latinized style, but has its charm notwithstanding."

He was turning over the leaves as he spoke. Receiving no response, I looked up. He seemed to have come upon something which had attracted him.

"What have you found?" I asked. "Here's a chapter on the easiest way of putting a stop to it all," he answered.

"What do you mean?"

"He was a medical man—wasn't he? I'm ashamed to say I know nothing about him."

"Yes, certainly he was."

"Then he knew what he was about."

"As well probably as any man of his profession at the time."

"He recommends drowning," said Charley, without raising his eyes from the book.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean for suicide."

"Nonsense. He was the last man to favour that. You must make a mistake. He was a thoroughly Christian man."

"I know nothing about that. Hear this."

He read the following passages from the beginning of the thirteenth section of the second part.

"With what shift and pains we come into the world, we remember not; but 'tis commonly found no easy matter to get out of it. Many have studied to exasperate the ways of death, but fewer hours have been spent to soften that necessity."—"Ovid, the old heroes, and the Stoicks, who were so afraid of drowning, as dreading thereby the extinction of their soul, which they conceived to be a fire,

By this time, either attracted by the stately flow of Sir Thomas's speech, or by the tone of our disputation, the two girls had drawn nearer, and were listening.

"What do you mean, Charley?" I said, perceiving, however, the hold I had by my further quotation given him.

"First of all, he tells you the easiest way of dying, and then informs you that it ends all your troubles. He is too cunning to say in so many words that there is no hereafter, but what else can he wish you to understand when he says that in dying we have the advantage over the evil spirits who cannot by death get rid of their sufferings? I will read this book," he added, closing it, and putting it in his pocket.

"I wish you would," I said; "for although I confess you are logically right in your conclusions, I know Sir Thomas did not mean anything of the sort. He was only misled by his love of antithesis into a hasty and illogical remark. The whole tone of his book is against such a conclusion. Besides, I do not doubt he was thinking only of good people, for whom he believed all suffering over at their death."

argument's sake, but what he said could not but be shocking to her upon any supposition.

I was not ready with an answer. Clara was the first to speak.

"It's a cowardly thing, anyhow," she said.

"How do you make that out, Miss Clara?" asked Charley. "I'm aware it's the general opinion, but I don't see it myself."

"It's surely cowardly to run away in that fashion."

"For my part," returned Charley, "I feel that it requires more courage than I've got, and hence it comes, I suppose, that I admire any one who has the pluck."

"What vulgar words you use, Mr. Charles!" said Clara.

"Besides," he went on, heedless of her remark, "a man may want to escape—not from his duties—he mayn't know what they are—but from his own weakness and shame."

"But Charley, dear," said Mary, with a great light in her eyes, and the rest of her face as still as a sunless pond, "you don't think of the sin of it. I know you are only talking, but some things oughtn't to be talked of lightly."

"What makes it a sin? It's not mentioned in the ten commandments," said Charley.

"Surely it's against the will of God, Charley, dear."

"He hasn't said anything about it, anyhow. And why should I have a thing forced upon me whether I will or no, and then be pulled up for throwing it away when I found it troublesome?"

"Surely I don't quite understand you, Charley."

"Well, if I must be more explicit—I was never asked whether I chose to be or not. I never had the conditions laid before me. Here I am, and I can't help myself—so far, I mean, as that here I am."

"But life is a good thing," said Mary, evidently struggling with an almost overpowering horror.

"I don't know that. My impression is that if I had been asked—"

"But that couldn't be, you know."

"Then it wasn't fair. But why couldn't I be made for a moment or two, long enough to have the thing laid before me, and be asked whether I would accept it or not? My impression is that I would have said—No, thank you;—that is if it was fairly put."

I hastened to offer a remark, in the hope of softening the pain such flippancy must cause her.

"And my impression is, Charley," I said, "that if such had been possible—"

"Of course," he interrupted, "the God you believe in could have made me for a minute or two. He can, I suppose, unmake me now when he likes."

"Yes; but could he have made you all at once capable of understanding his plans, and your own future? Perhaps that is what he is doing now—making you, by all you are going through, capable of understanding them. Certainly the question could not have been put to you before you were able to comprehend it, and this may be the only way to make you able. Surely a being who could make you had a right to risk the chance, if I may be allowed such an expression, of your being satisfied in the end with what he saw to be good—so good indeed that, if we accept the New Testament story, he would have been willing to go through the same troubles himself for the same end."

"No, no; not the same troubles," he objected. "According to the story to which you refer, Jesus Christ was free from all that alone makes life unendurable—the bad inside you, that will come outside whether you will or no."

"I admit your objection. As to the evil coming out, I suspect it is better it should come out, so long as it is there. But the end is not yet; and still I insist the probability is, that if you could know it all now, you would say with submission, if not with hearty concurrence—'Thy will be done.'"

"I have known people who could say that without knowing it all now, Mr. Cumbermede," said Mary.

I had often called her by her Christian name, but she had never accepted the familiarity.

"No doubt," said Charley, "but I'm not one of those."

"If you would but give in," said his sister, "you would—in the end, I mean—say, 'It is well.' I am sure of that."

"Yes—perhaps I might—after all the suffering had been forced upon me, and was over at last—when I had been thoroughly exhausted and cowed, that is."

"Which wouldn't satisfy any thinking soul, Charley—much less God," I said. "But if there be a God at all—"

Mary gave a slight inarticulate cry.

"Dear Miss Osborne," I said, "I beg you will not misunderstand me. I cannot be sure about it as you are—I wish I could—but I am not disputing it in the least; I am only trying to make my argument as strong as I can. I was going to say to Charley—not to you—that if there be a God, he would not have compelled us to that, except with the absolute foreknowledge that when we knew all about it, we would certainly declare ourselves



My hand trembled more than here as I put it on the third finger.

stood probably in fear of an easier way of death; wherein the water, entering the possessions of air, makes a temperate suffocation, and kills, as it were, without a fever. Surely many, who have had the spirit to destroy themselves, have not been ingenious in the contrivance thereof."—"Cato is much to be pitied, who mangled himself with poniards; and Hannibal seems more subtle, who carried his deliverer, not in the point but the pommel of his sword."

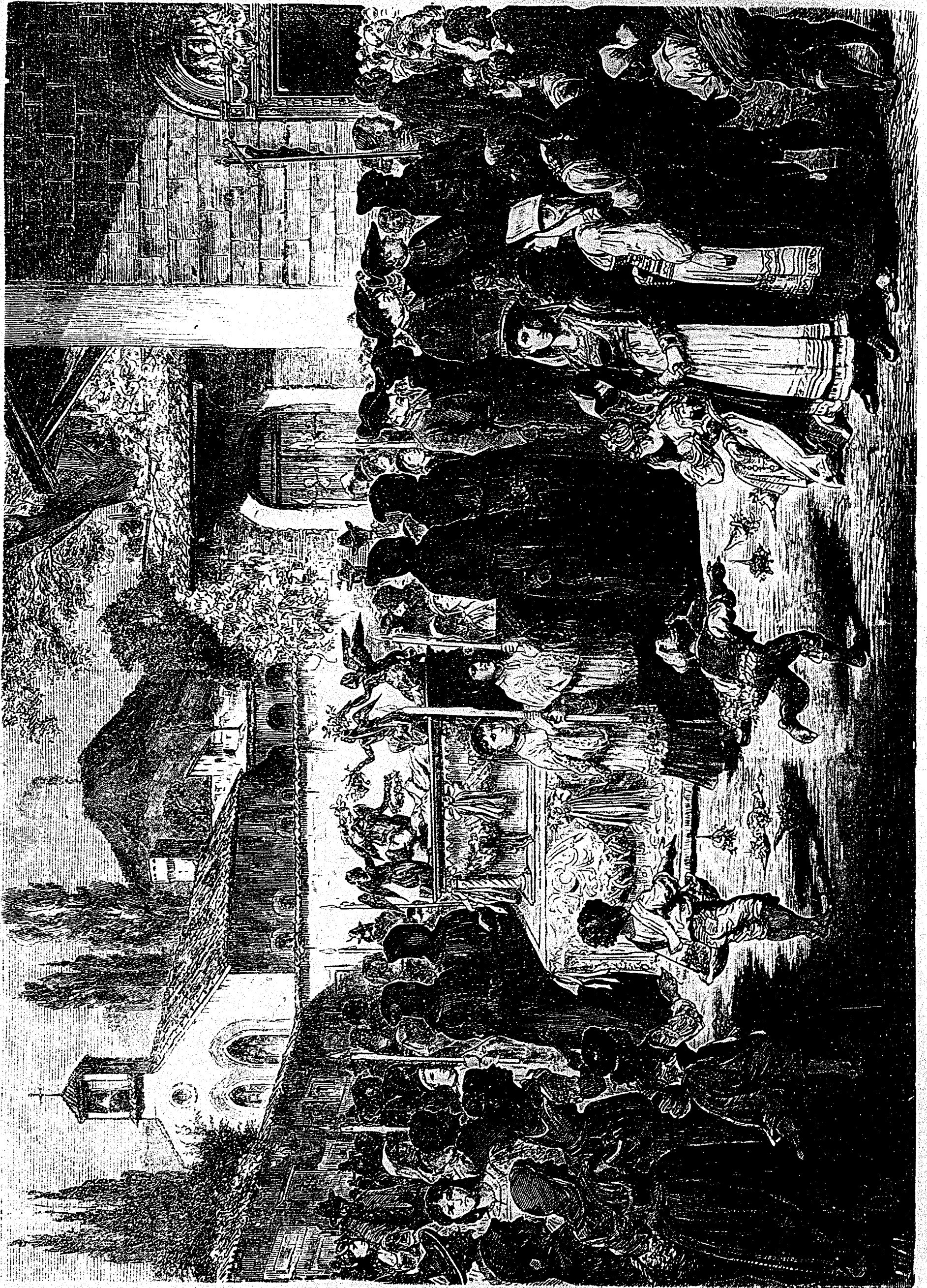
"Poison, I suppose," he said, as he ended the extract.

"Yes, that's the story, if you remember," I answered; "but I don't see that Sir Thomas is favouring suicide. Not at all. What he writes there is merely a speculation on the comparative ease of different modes of dying. Let me see it."

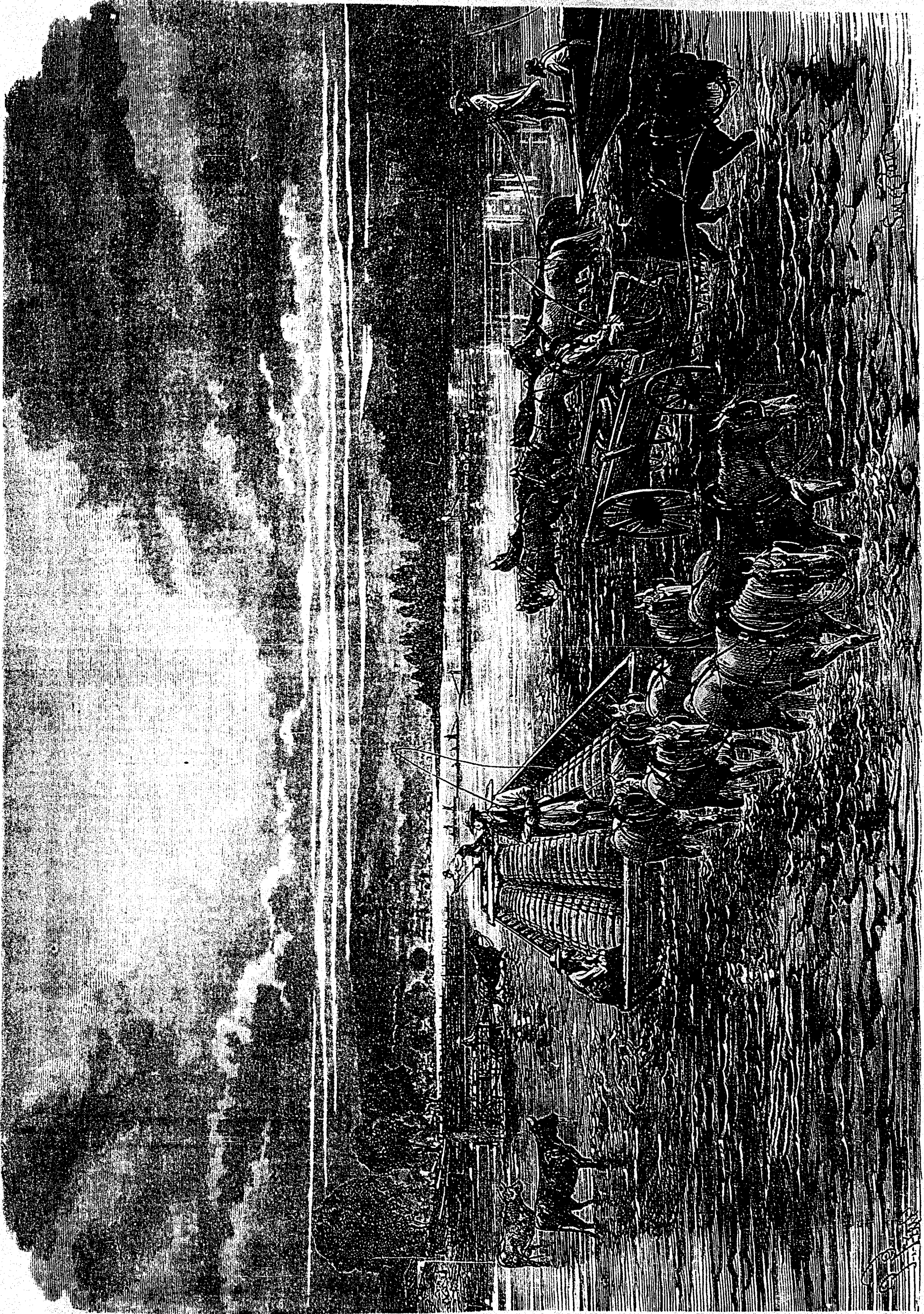
I took the book from his hands, and, glancing over the essay, read the closing passage.

"But to learn to die is better than to study the ways of dying. Death will find some way to untie or cut the most Gordian knots of life, and make men's miseries as mortal as themselves: whereas evil spirits, as undying substances, are inseparable from their calamities; and, therefore, they everlastingly struggle under their angustias, and bound up with immortality can never get out of themselves."

"There! I told you so!" cried Charley. "Don't you see? He is the most cunning arguer—beats Despair in the 'Fairy Queen' hollow!"



A FUNERAL PROCESSION IN NAPLES.



TRANSPORTATION OF OIL, ON OIL CREEK, PENN.—SEE PAGE 365.

ready to go through it all again if need should be, in order to attain the known end of his high calling."

"But isn't it very presumptuous to assert anything about God which he has not revealed in his word?" said Mary, in a gentle, subdued voice, and looking at me with a sweet doubtfulness in her eyes.

"I am only insisting on the perfection of God—as far as I can understand perfection," I answered.

"But may not the perfection of God be something very different from anything we can understand?"

"I will go farther," I returned. "It must be something that we cannot understand—but different from what we can understand by being greater, not by being less."

"Mayn't it be such that we can't understand it at all?" she insisted.

"Then how should we worship him? How should we ever rejoice in him? Surely it is because you see God to be good—"

"Or fancy you do," interposed Charley.

"Or fancy you do," I assented, "that you love him—not merely because you are told he is good. The Feejee islander might assert his God to be good, but would that make you love him? If you heard that a great power, away somewhere, who had nothing to do with you at all, was very good, would that make you able to love him?"

"Yes, it would," said Mary, decidedly. "It is only a good man who would see that God was good."

"There you argue entirely on my side. It must be because you supposed his goodness, what you call goodness—not something else—that you could love him on testimony. But even then, your love could be of that mighty absorbing kind which alone you would think fit between you and your God. It would not be loving him with all your heart, and soul, and strength, and mind—would it? It would be loving him second-hand—not because of himself, seen and known by yourself."

"But Charley does not even love God second-hand," she said, with a despairing mournfulness.

"Perhaps because he is very anxious to love him first-hand, and what you tell him about God does not seem to him to be good. Surely neither man nor woman can love because of what seems not good! I confess one may love in spite of what is bad, but it must be because of other things that are good."

She was silent.

"However goodness may change in forms," I went on, "it must still be goodness; only if we are to adore it, we must see something of what it is—of itself. And the goodness we cannot see, the eternal goodness, high above us as the heavens are above the earth, must still be a goodness that includes, absorbs, elevates, purifies all our goodness, not tramples upon it and calls it wickedness. For if not such, then we have nothing in common with God, and what we call goodness is not of God. He has not even ordered it; or, if he has, he has ordered it only to order the contrary afterwards; and there is, in reality, no real goodness—at least in him; and, if not in him, of whom we spring—where then?—and what becomes of ours, poor as it is?"

My reader will see that I had already thought much about these things; although, I suspect, I have now not only expressed them far better than I could have expressed them in conversation, but with a degree of clearness which must be owing to the further continuance of the habit of reflecting on these and cognate subjects. Deep in my mind, however, something like this lay; and in some manner like this I tried to express it.

Finding she continued silent, and that Charley did not appear inclined to renew the contest, anxious also to leave no embarrassing silence to choke the channel now open between us—I mean Mary and myself—I returned to the original question.

"It seems to me, Charley—and it follows from all we have been saying—that the sin of suicide lies just in this, that it is an utter want of faith in God. I confess I do not see any other ground on which to condemn it—provided always that the man has no others dependent upon him, none for whom he ought to live and work."

"But does a man owe nothing to himself?" said Clara.

"Nothing that I know of," I replied. "I am under no obligation to myself. How can I divide myself, and say that the one-half of me is indebted to the other? To my mind, it is a mere fiction of speech."

"But whence then should such a fiction arise?" objected Charley, willing, perhaps, to defend Clara.

"From the dim sense of a real obligation, I suspect—the object of which is mistaken. I suspect it really springs from our relation to the unknown God, so vaguely felt that a false form is readily accepted for its embodiment by a being who, in ignorance of its nature, is yet aware of its presence. I mean that what seems an obligation to self is in reality a dimly apprehended duty—an obligation to the unknown God, and not to self, in which lies no causing, therefore no obligating power."

"But why say the unknown God, Mr. Cumberland?" asked Mary.

"Because I do not believe that any one

who knew him could possibly attribute to himself what belonged to him—could, I mean, talk of an obligation to himself, when that obligation was to God."

How far Mary Osborne followed the argument or agreed with it I cannot tell, but she gave me a look of something like gratitude, and my heart felt too big for its closed chamber.

At this moment, the housemaid who had along with the carpenter assisted me in the library, entered the room. She was rather a forward girl, and I suppose presumed on our acquaintance to communicate directly with myself instead of going to the housekeeper. Seeing her approach as if she wanted to speak to me, I went to meet her. She handed me a small ring, saying, in a low voice:

"I found this in your room, sir, and thought it better to bring it to you."

"Thank you," I said, putting it at once on my little finger; "I am glad you found it."

Charley and Clara had begun talking. I believe Clara was trying to make Charley give her the book he had pocketed, imagining it really of the character he had, half in sport, professed to believe it. But Mary had caught sight of the ring, and with a bewildered expression on her countenance, was making a step towards me. I put a finger to my lips, and gave her a look by which I succeeded in arresting her. Utterly perplexed, I believe, she turned away towards the bookshelves behind her. I went into the next room, and called Charley.

"I think we had better not go on with this talk," I said. "You are very imprudent indeed, Charley, to be always bringing up subjects that tend to widen the gulf between you and your sister. When I have a chance, I do what I can to make her doubt whether you are so far wrong as they think you, but you must give her time. All your kind of thought is so new to her that your words cannot possibly convey to her what is in your mind. If only she were not so afraid of me! But I think she begins to trust me a little."

"It's no use," he returned. "Her head is so full of rubbish!"

"But her heart is so full of goodness!"

"I wish you could make anything of her! But she looks up to my father with such a blind adoration that it isn't of the slightest use attempting to put an atom of sense into her."

"I should indeed despair if I might only set about it after your fashion. You always seem to shut your eyes to the mental condition of those that differ from you. Instead of trying to understand them first, which gives the sole possible chance of your ever making them understand what you mean, you care only to present your opinions; and that you do in such a fashion that they must appear to them false. You even make yourself seem to hold these for very love of their untruth; and thus make it all but impossible for them to shake off their fetters: every truth in advance of what they have already learned, will henceforth come to them associated with your presumed backsliding and impotence."

"Goodness! where did you learn their slang?" cried Charley. "But impotence, if you like,—not backsliding. I never made any profession. After all, however, their opinions don't seem to hurt them—I mean my mother and sister."

"They must hurt them, if only by hindering their growth. In time, of course, the angels of the heart will expel the demons of the brain; but it is a pity the process should be retarded by your behaviour."

"I know I am a brute, Wilfrid. I will try to hold my tongue."

"Depend upon it," I went on, "whatever such hearts can believe, is, as believed by them, to be treated with respect. It is because of the truth in it, not because of the falsehood, that they hold it; and when you speak against the false in it, you appear to them to speak against the true; for the dogma seems to them an unanalysable unit. You assail the false with the recklessness of falsehood itself, careless of the injury you may inflict on the true."

I was interrupted by the entrance of Clara.

"If you gentlemen don't want us any more, we had better go," she said.

I left Charley to answer her, and went back into the next room. Mary stood where I had left her, mechanically shifting and arranging the volumes on a shelf at the height of her eyes.

"I think this is your ring, Miss Osborne," I said, in a low and hurried tone, offering it.

Her expression at first was only of questioning surprise, when suddenly something seemed to cross her mind; she turned pale as death, and put her hand on the bookshelves as if to support her; as suddenly flushed crimson for a moment, and again turned deadly pale—all before I could speak.

"Don't ask me any questions, dear Miss Osborne," I said. "And, please, trust me this far: don't mention the loss of your ring to any one—except it be your mother. Allow me to put it on your finger."

She gave me a glance I cannot and would not describe. It lies treasured—for ever, God grant it!—in the secret jewel-house of my heart. She lifted a trembling left hand, and doubtfully held—half held it towards me. To this day I know nothing of the stones of that

ring—not even their colour; but I know I should know it at once if I saw it. My hand trembled more than hers as I put it on the third finger.

What followed, I do not know. I think I left her there and went into the other room. When I returned a little after, I know she was gone. From that hour, not one word has ever passed between us in reference to the matter. The best of my conjectures remains but a conjecture; I know how the sword got there—nothing more.

I did not see her again that day, and did not seem to want to see her, but worked on amongst the books in a quiet exaltation. My being seemed tenfold awake and alive. My thoughts dwelt on the rarely revealed loveliness of my *Athanasia*; and, although I should have scorned unspcakably to take the smallest advantage of having come to share a secret with her, I could not help rejoicing in the sense of nearness to and *aliveness* with her which the possession of that secret gave me; while one of the most precious results of the new love which had thus all at once laid hold upon me, was the feeling—almost a conviction—that the dream was not a web self-wove in the loom of my brain, but that from somewhere, beyond my soul even, an influence had mingled with its longings to form the vision of that night—to be as it were a creative soul to what would otherwise have been but loose, chaotic, and shapeless vagaries of the unguided imagination. The events of that night were as the sudden opening of a door through which I caught a glimpse of that region of the supernatural in which, whatever might be her theories concerning her experiences therein, Mary Osborne certainly lived, if ever any one lived. The degree of God's presence with a creature is not to be measured by that creature's interpretation of the manner in which he is revealed. The great question is whether he is revealed or no; and a strong truth can carry many parasitical errors.

I felt that now I could talk freely to her of what most perplexed me—not so much, I confess, with any hope that she might cast light on my difficulties, as in the assurance that she would not only influence me to think purely and nobly, but would urge me in the search after God. In such a relation of love to religion the vulgar mind will ever imagine ground for ridicule; but those who have most regarded human nature know well enough that the two have constantly manifested themselves in the closest relation; while even the poorest love is the enemy of selfishness unto the death; for the one or the other must give up the ghost. Not only must God be in all that is human, but of it he must be the root.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SWORD IN THE SCALE.

The next morning Charley and I went as usual to the library, where later in the day we were joined by the two ladies. It was long before our eyes once met, but when at last they did, Mary allowed hers to rest on mine for just one moment with an expression of dove-like beseeching, which I dared to interpret as meaning—"Be just to me." If she read mine, surely she read there that she was safe with my thoughts as with those of her mother.

Charley and I worked late in the afternoon, and went away in the last of the twilight. As we approached the gate of the park, however, I remembered I had left behind me a book I had intended to carry home for comparison with a copy in my possession of which the title-page was gone. I asked Charley, therefore, to walk on and give my man some directions about Lillith, seeing I had it in my mind to propose a ride on the morrow, while I went back to fetch it.

Finding the door at the foot of the stair leading to the open gallery ajar, and knowing that none of the rooms at either end of it were occupied, I went the nearest way, and thus entered the library at the point farthest from the more public parts of the house. The book I sought was, however, at the other end of the suite, for I had laid it on the window-sill of the room next the armoury.

As I entered that room, and while I crossed it towards the glimmering window, I heard voices in the armoury, and soon distinguished Clara's. It never entered my mind that possibly I ought not to hear what might be said. Just as I reached the window, I was arrested, and stood stock-still: the other voice was that of Geoffrey Brotherton. Before my self-possession returned, I had heard what follows:

"I am certain he took it," said Clara. "I didn't see him, of course; but if you call at the Moat to-morrow, ten to one you will find it hanging on the wall."

"I knew him for a sneak, but never took him for a thief. I would have lost anything out of the house rather than that sword!"

"Don't you mention my name in it. If you do, I shall think you—well, I will never speak to you again."

"And if I don't, what then?"

Before I heard her answer, I had come to myself. I had no time for indignation yet. I must meet Geoffrey at once. I would not, however, have him know I had overheard any

of their talk. It would have been more straightforward to allow the fact to be understood, but I shrank from giving him occasion for accusing me of an eavesdropping of which I was innocent. Besides I had no wish to encounter Clara before I understood her game, which I need not say was a mystery to me. What end could she have in such duplicity? I had had unpleasant suspicions of the truth of her nature before, but could never have suspected her of baseness.

I stepped quietly into the further room, whence I returned, making a noise with the door-handle, and saying,

"Are you there, Miss Coningham? Could you help me to find a book I left here?"

There was silence; but after the briefest pause I heard the sound of her dress as she swept hurriedly out into the gallery. I advanced. On the top of the steps, filling the doorway of the armoury in the faint light from the window, appeared the dim form of Brotherton.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I heard a lady's voice, and thought it was Miss Coningham's."

"I cannot compliment your ear," he answered. "It was one of the maids. I had just rung for a light. I presume you are Mr. Cumberland?"

"Yes," I answered. "I returned to fetch a book I forgot to take with me. I suppose you have heard what we've been about in the library here?"

"I have been partially informed of it," he answered, stiffly. "But I have heard also that you contemplate a raid upon the armoury. I beg you will let weapons alone."

I had said something of the sort to Clara that very morning.

"I have a special regard for them," he went on; "and I don't want them meddled with. It's not every one knows how to handle them. Some amongst them I would not have injured for their weight in diamonds. One in particular I should like to give you the history of—just to show you that I am right in being careful over them.—Here comes the light!"

I presume it had been hurriedly arranged between them as Clara left him that she should send one of the maids, who in consequence now made her appearance with a candle. Brotherton took it from her and approached the wall.

"Why! What the devil! Some one has been meddling already, I find! The very sword I speak of is gone! There's the sheath hanging empty! What can it mean? Do you know anything of this, Mr. Cumberland?"

"I do, Mr. Brotherton. The sword to which that sheath belongs is mine. I have it."

"Yours!" he shouted; then restraining himself, added in a tone of utter contempt—"This is rather too much. Pray, sir, on what grounds do you lay claim to the smallest atom of property within these walls? My father ought to have known what he was about when he let you have the run of the house! And the old books too! By heaven, it's too much! I always thought——"

"It matters little to me what you think. Mr. Brotherton—so little that I do not care to take any notice of your insolence——"

"Insolence!" he roared, striding towards me, as if he would have knocked me down.

I was not his match in strength, for he was at least two inches taller than I, and of a coarse-built, powerful frame. I caught a light rapier from the wall, and stood on my defence.

"Coward!" he cried.

"There are more where this came from," I answered, pointing to the wall.

He made no move towards arming himself, but stood glaring at me in a white rage.

"I am prepared to prove," I answered as calmly as I could, "that the sword to which you allude, is mine. But I will give you no explanation. If you will oblige me by asking your father to join us, I will tell him the whole story."

"I will have a warrant out against you."

"As you please. I am obliged to you for mentioning it. I shall be ready. I have the sword, and intend to keep it. And by the way, I had better secure the scabbard as well," I added, as with a sudden spring I caught it also from the wall, and again stood prepared.

He ground his teeth with rage. He was one of those who, trusting to their superior strength, are not much afraid of a rox, but cannot face cold steel: soldier as he had been, it made him nervous.

"Insulted in my own house!" he snarled from between his teeth.

"Your father's house," I corrected. "Call him, and I will give explanations."

"Damn your explanations! Get out of the house, you puppy; or I'll have the servants up and have you ducked in the horse-pond!"

"Bah!" I said. "There's not one of them would lay hands on me at your bidding. Call your father, I say, or I will go and find him myself."

He broke out in a succession of oaths, using language I had heard in the streets of London, but nowhere else. I stood perfectly still, and watchful. All at once, he turned and went into the gallery, over the balustrade of which he shouted,

"Martin! Go and tell my father to come

here—to the armoury—at once. Tell him here's a fellow here out of his mind."

I remained quiet, with my scabbard in one hand, and the rapier in the other—a dangerous weapon enough, for it was, though slight, as sharp as a needle, and I knew it for a bit of excellent temper. Brotherton stood outside waiting for his father. In a few moments, I heard the voice of the old man.

"Boys! boys!" he cried; "What is all this to-do?" "Why, sir," answered Geoffrey, trying to be calm, "here's that fellow, Cumberland, confessing to having stolen the most valuable of the swords out of the armoury—one that's been in the family for two hundred years, and says he means to keep it."

"I just caught the word liar ere it escaped my lips: I would spare the son in his father's presence."

"Tut! tut!" said Sir Giles. "What does it all mean? You're at your old quarrelsome tricks, my boy! Really you ought to be wiser by this time!"

As he spoke, he entered pausing, and with the rubicund glow beginning to return upon a face from which the message had evidently banished it.

"Tut! tut!" he said again, half starting back as he caught sight of me with the weapon in my hand—"What is it all about, Mr. Cumberland?" I thought you had more sense!"

"Sir Giles," I said, "I have not confessed to having stolen the sword—only to having taken it."

"A very different thing," he returned, trying to laugh. "But come now; tell me all about it. We can't have quarrelling like this, you know. We can't have pot-house work here."

"That is just why I sent for you, Sir Giles," I answered, replacing the rapier on the wall. "I want to tell you the whole story."

"Let's have it, then."

"Mind I don't believe a word of it," said Geoffrey.

"Hold your tongue, sir," said his father, sharply.

"Mr. Brotherton," I said, "I offered to tell the story to Sir Giles—not to you."

"You offered!" he sneered. "You may be compelled—under different circumstances by and by. If you don't mind what you're about!"

"Come now—no more of this!" said Sir Giles.

Thereupon I began at the beginning, and told him the story of the sword, as I have already given it my reader. He fidgeted a little, but Geoffrey kept himself stock-still during the whole of the narrative. As soon as I had ended Sir Giles said,

"And you think poor old Close actually carried off your sword—Well, he was an odd creature, and a passion for everything that could kill. The poor little atomy used to carry a pointed in the breast-pocket of his black coat—as if anybody would ever have thought of attacking his small carcass! Ha! ha! ha! He was simply a monomaniac in regard to swords and daggers. There, Geoffrey! The sword is plainly his. He is the wronged party in the matter, and we owe him an apology."

"I believe the whole to be a pure invention," said Geoffrey, who now appeared perfectly calm.

"Mr Brotherton!" I began, but Sir Giles interposed.

"Hush! hush!" he said, and turned to his son. "My boy, you insult your father's guest!"

"I will at once prove to you, sir, how unworthy he is of any forbearance, not to say protection from you. Excuse me for one moment."

(To be Continued.)



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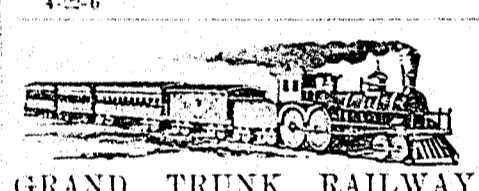
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ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, the 23rd instant, Trains will leave Montreal as follows: Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.00 a. m. Day Mail Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations, at 2.00 p. m. Night Mail Train for Quebec, Island Pond, Portland, and Boston, at 10.30 p. m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central, at 9.00 a. m. Mail Train for St. John and Rouse's Point, connecting with trains on the Stansfield, Shefford and Chambly, and South-Eastern Counties Junction Railways, and with Steamboats on Lake Champlain, at 3.00 p. m. Express train for Boston, New York, &c., via Vermont Central, at 3.30 p. m. Day Express for Toronto and intermediate stations, at 8.00 a. m. Night Express do. do. at 8.00 p. m. Local Train for Brockville and intermediate stations, at 4.00 p. m. Accommodation train for Kingston and intermediate stations, at 6.00 a. m.

Pullman's Palace Parlour and Sleeping Cars on all day and night trains. Baggage checked through. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, October 26. 3-24-1f

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

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GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

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

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

The rapid development and usefulness of the Electric Telegraph, and the consequent ever-increasing demand for First-Class Operators renders the opening of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity.

Telegraphic Superintendents view this movement as one made in the right direction. Commercial Colleges have, to some extent, assumed the responsibility of teaching in this, as well as in other branches of business education. The knowledge of Telegraphy gained in this manner has always been looked upon as being second rate. So much so that the Colleges in Chicago, Milwaukee, Buffalo, New York, &c., have discontinued the practice of Teaching, and recommend the Telegraph Institute as the proper place to acquire this highly interesting, scientific and profitable art.

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. Graduates on leaving the Institute are presented with a diploma of proficiency, which will enable them to act immediately as vacancies occur throughout the Dominion of Canada and the United States. At first salaries of \$30 a month may be secured; after two years' experience on the lines, from \$50 to \$70 a month can be commanded; while in the United States from \$100 to \$120 per month are paid.

The possession of a knowledge of Telegraphy is especially open to Ladies; in fact, they are the favorites as operators both in England and America, commanding higher wages, as compared with other employments, than men, while they have the natural facility of acquiring the system sooner. A fair knowledge of reading and writing are the only qualifications necessary, and any person of ordinary ability can become a competent operator. This has been proved by graduates who, with a very slight education and no idea of the modus operandi of Telegraphy on entering, have become good operators in a few months. Students have also an opportunity of learning rapid writing. Some of our students who could but hardly write their names now take down a message at the rate of from 25 to 30 words a minute.

THE DUTIES OF AN OPERATOR.

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

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

A line has been constructed on which students of this Institute will have actual practice, when sufficiently advanced. In case of a broken communication, the repairs will be conducted by a Professor of Telegraphy, under the eyes of the students; so that a really practical knowledge may be attained in every branch of the Science of Telegraphic Communication. GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor. Montreal, June, 1871.

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT S. GOLTMAN AND CO.'S, 132, ST. JAMES STREET. N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

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DYERS AND SCOURERS. FIRST PRIZE Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill, Montreal. 3-6-22

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c. RAMSAY & SON, Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain. 37, 39, and 41 Recollet Street. 161f

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HATTERS AND FURRIERS. JOHN HENDERSON & CO., 283 Notre Dame Street. 2-23-22

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INSURANCES. THE Imperial, of London, (established 1803), Rintoul Bros., General Agents, 24, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal. 3-6-22

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS. JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER, 160 and 162 St. James Street, 111f MONTREAL.

MERCHANT TAILOR. SAMUEL GOLTMAN, 226 St. James Street. 3-3-22

PHOTOGRAPHER. O. DESMARAIS, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Main Streets. All sizes of Photographs taken and neatly framed at reasonable prices. Particular attention paid to Copying. 4-6-2m

SHOW CARDS. SEND for Catalogue of HICK'S New Show CARDS, 154, St. James Street, Montreal. 3-6-22

TURKISH BATH. DR. MACBEAN'S IMPROVED TURKISH BATH, 140 St. Monique Street, near Crystal Palace, Montreal. Gentlemen's hours (with the exception of Monday morning) 6 to 9 a.m. and 3 to 9 p.m. 4-1-22

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS. LULHAM BROS., DIAMOND and ETRUSCAN Jewellers, 5, PLACE D'ARMES, next the Canadian Illustrated News. 3-10-22

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO., 271 Notre Dame Street. 2-23-22

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

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. 3-24-1f

"The Canadian Illustrated News," A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement. Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats.

Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an. Single Numbers, 10 cents. Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices. CLUBS: Every Club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address. Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher. Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. OTTAWA, 10th Nov., 1871. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice : 10 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. 4-24f



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

To the Ladies and Gentlemen of Montreal:

THE UNDERSIGNED, impressed with the want in this city of a pleasant Refreshment Room where no liquors are sold and where palatable meals at reasonable rates may be had, has fitted up at above address two Oyster and Chop Dining Rooms. The rooms are neatly furnished and front immediately on St. James Street, the promenade of the City; polite attention will be given all comers, especially Ladies.

As the undersigned is the largest Importer and packer of Oysters in the Dominion, receiving fresh supplies daily, the quality of the Oysters can be particularly recommended. Dining Room opened from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
4-21 d JOHN B. BUSS.

D. NAGY,

380 & 387, NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL,

MANUFACTURER OF
LADIES' MISSES' and GENTS'
FURS,

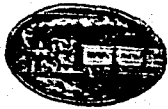
SLEIGH and WAGGON ROBES, &c.

I have on hand a fine assortment of all the leading styles of Fur Goods, for Ladies' Wear, in Sable, Mink, Seal, Astrachan, etc. Also a great variety of Bear, Fox, Wolf, and other Robes, which I offer at the lowest price at which it is possible to produce First-Class Goods.
Highest market price paid for raw furs. 4-23d

CANADA CENTRAL

-AND-

Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 30, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

EXPRESS at 7:30 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 12:50 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:30 P.M., connecting at Sand Point with Union Forwarding Company's Steamers.

LOCAL TRAIN at 1:40 P.M.

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

LEAVE OTTAWA.

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

MAIL TRAIN at 4:35 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

at 1:30 P.M., 7:35 P.M., and 8:15 P.M.

LEAVE SAND POINT

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

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

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

MORNING EXPRESS leaves Sand Point at 10 A.M., after arrival of Steamer from Pembroke, Portage du Fort, &c.

Freight loaded with despatch. The B. & O. & C. C. Railways being of the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through on Grand Trunk cars without transhipment.

H. ABBOTT,
Manager.
4-15 ff

Brockville, 26th Sept., 1871.

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

References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, &c., McGill College University.

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

All transactions strictly private.

RESIDENCE:—No. 315 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.
4-6ff

CADBURY'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS.

These celebrated Chocolates and Cocons took the First Prize at the Exhibition, and are guaranteed the purest and finest imported. Their well-known delicious beverage

COCOA ESSENCE,

(Registered.)
Can be had at all Grocers. Try it.
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30 LEMOINE STREET.
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Dealers in Books, Periodicals, and Special Proprietary Articles, Patent Medicines, etc. Attention given to the sales of Books and Serial Publications on commission.

We keep on hand the *Canadian Illustrated News*, the *Illustration*, etc.
Address No. 195, HOLLIS STREET.
4-18 m HALIFAX, N.S.

J BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., EAST OF MCGILL.

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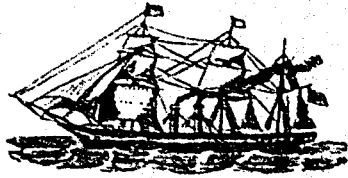
Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively circulated, among many of the principal mercantile firms of this city in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' notices to customers, &c. We supply them printed at from \$11.50 to 12.50 per thousand, according to quantity.

LEGGO & CO.,

319 ST. ANTOINE STREET,

AND

1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL.
4-16 ff



ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of

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1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871.

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

Vessels	Tonage	Commanders
POLYNESIAN	4,100 (Building.)	
SARMATIAN	3,600 (Building.)	
CIRASSIAN	3,400 (Building.)	
CASPIAN	3,300	Capt. Scott
SCANDINAVIAN	3,000	Capt. Ballantyne
PRUSSIAN	3,000	Lieut. Dutton, R.N.R.
AUSTRIAN	2,700	Capt. J. Wylie
NESTORIAN	2,700	Capt. A. Aird
MORAVIAN	2,650	Capt. Brown
PERUVIAN	2,600	L. Smith, R.N.R.
GERMANY	2,550	Capt. J. Graham
EUROPEAN	2,646	Capt. Bouchette
HIBERNIAN	2,434	Capt. R. S. Watts
NOVA SCOTIAN	2,300	Capt. Richardson
NORTH AMERICAN	1,784	Capt. Trocks
CORINTHIAN	2,400	Capt. W. Grange
OTTAWA	1,831	Lieut. Archer, R.N.R.
ST. DAVID	1,650	Capt. E. Scott
ST. ANDREW	1,432	Capt. Ritchie
ST. PATRICK	1,207	Capt. H. Wylie
NORWAY	1,100	Capt. C. N. Mylins
SWEDEN	1,150	Capt. Mackenzie

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

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

Rates of Passage from Quebec:—
Cabin..... \$70 to \$80
Steerage..... \$25

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE

(Sailing from Glasgow every TUESDAY, and from Quebec for Glasgow on or about every THURSDAY.)
Fares from Quebec:—

Cabin..... \$60
Intermediate..... 40
Steerage..... 24

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGH and ANDREW ALLAN: in Quebec to ALLAN, RAE & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AEG. SCHWITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ZOON; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORNE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20 ff

THE Canadian Illustrated News

PORTFOLIO,

(FOR 1872.)

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

ILLUSTRATED DOMINION GUIDE

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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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

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

Each page will be divided lengthwise into three sections, the central one being occupied by the **DESCRIPTIVE AND ILLUSTRATED GUIDE**, and the sides arranged in squares of Ten Superficial inches for Advertisements. The charge for each square will be \$25 for one year, payable on demand after publication of the Work.

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

GEO. E. DESBARATS,
Proprietor.

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



USE ONLY THE GLENFIELD STARCH,

EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE

ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND,

and in that of His Excellency

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 1871

SUMMER WINES!

BARTON & GUESTIER'S,

AND

NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S

CLARETS,

SAUTERNES,

BARSAAC,

&c., &c.,

OF ALL GRADES.

REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER

AT

C. J. BAIRD'S,

221 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21 ff

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!

661 THE 661
Brilliant Burning Fluid, Non-Explosive, Inodorous, and no Smoking Chimneys.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.
C. T. M. ORR,
651 Craig Street.
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"BEST IN USE."

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE.

IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15 ff

COAL! COAL!

PARTIES REQUIRING A FIRST-CLASS article, at an unusually low price, will do well to take advantage of the present opportunity and get their Coal out of the vessels now discharging the following descriptions: it can be seen unloading all along the Wharves. It is all fresh mined:
LEHIGH,
LACKAWANNA,
PITTSBON,
WELSH ANTHRACITE,
NEWCASTLE GRATE,
NEWCASTLE SMITH'S,
SCOTCH STEAM,
NOVA SCOTIA,
&c., &c.
S. W. BEARD & CO.,
Foot of McGill Street.
4-4m



JAMES FYFE,
FIRST PRIZE SCALE
MANUFACTURER.
No. 24 COLLEGE STREET,
MONTREAL.
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT
ALWAYS ON HAND. 2-23 ff

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.
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The St. Lawrence & Ottawa

Railway Co.

FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL.

The Shortest and Best Route from Montreal, and all parts east to Ottawa.

ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

Winter Arrangement, 1871-72.

On and after MONDAY the 30th OCTOBER, inst., 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 WATERBURY RAILWAYS, for all points East, West, and South.

COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS.

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

CONNECTION WITH THE GRAND TRUNK TRAINS AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION CERTAIN, AS THIS COMPANY'S TRAINS WAIT THEIR ARRIVAL WHEN LATE.

THOS. REYNOLDS,
Managing Director.

R. LUTTRELL,
Superintendent, Prescott.
Ottawa, 28th Oct., 1871. 4-44-1

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

A SOLE-FIDE 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

1851. Honorable EXHIBITIONS. Mention 1862.

FOR GOOD AND

CHEAP INSTRUMENTS.

C. H. CHADBURN & SON,

OPTICIANS and MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS

To H. R. H. the late PRINCE CONSORT.

71 & 73, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

C. H. C. & SON beg respectfully to invite those visiting Liverpool to favour them with an inspection of their Show-room, which contains the Largest Stock of Optical, Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments in England, all of the best manufacture, with the most recent improvements, and at the lowest possible prices. Spectacles, Telescopes, Opera and Field Glasses, Microscopes, Lanterns, Pocket Barometers with mountain scales, Models of every description, &c. 4-15 ff

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FOR SALE OR TO LET.

THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Thérèse Street, Montreal, now occupied by the Military Control Department as Stores. Very suitable for a Wholesale Boot and Shoe factory, or other similar purposes; also for Stores. Possession 1st of May.

Apply to
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Broker, 48, Great St. James Street

L. N. A L L A I R E,
MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT.

STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS: SAULT AU MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: CORNER OF PETER & JAMES ST., QU'EBEC. 3-15 ff

FOR SALE.

A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Verennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees, and about 15 acres of ground. Apply to
D. R. STODART,
Broker,
146, St. James Street.
4-12 ff

TO CAPITALISTS.

A N eligible opportunity is now offered to invest \$25,000 to \$50,000 in a business in this city.

A return on the amount of Capital invested, at a rate of interest to be agreed on, will be guaranteed to any one desirous of entering into a limited partnership.

Communications, which will be considered confidential on both sides, can be interchanged through
D. R. STODART,
Broker,
146, St. James Street.
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Logotypers,
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and

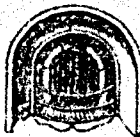
General Printers by Steam Power.

Office: No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill, Montreal.

Works: No. 319, St. Antoine Street.

Maps, Plans, Book Illustrations, Show-Cards, Labels, Commercial work of every description, executed in a superior style, at unprecedentedly low prices.

WE HAVE CONSTANTLY IN YARD—
LEHIGH COAL,—all sizes.



WELSH ANTHRACITE COAL

SCOTCH STEAM COAL.

PICTOU Do.

BLACKSMITH'S COAL

GRATE COAL.

J. & E. SHAW,

82 MCGILL STREET.

4-13 m 57 WELLINGTON STREET.

AGENTS WANTED, Male and Female, for new and useful inventions. Enclose stamp to Montreal Manufacturing Company, Box 627).
MONTREAL, P. Q.
4-8x

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