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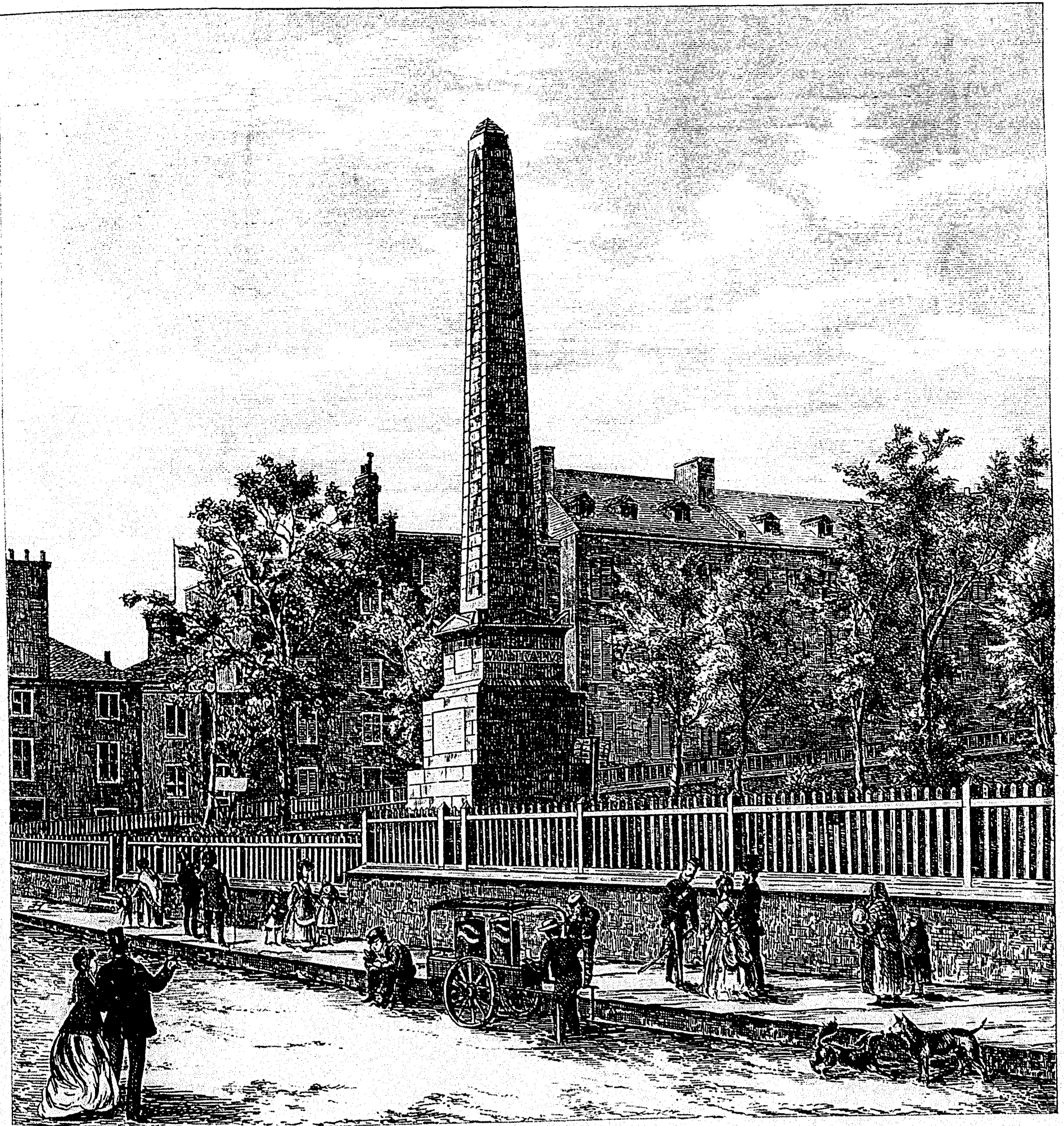
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THE GAZETTE Illustrated News

Vol. IV.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1871.

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



THE WOLFE AND MONTCALM MONUMENT, QUEBEC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGGO & CO.—SEE PAGE 211.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, August 30.

The British Parliament of Science, as it is proudly styled, held its session this year in the city of Edinburgh (the "Modern Athens,") and, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of the "Blue Belles of Scotland," performed its usual routine of reports, papers, lectures, conversaciones, dinners, complimentary speeches, and flirtations, winding up with several glorious excursions to the bonnie Highlands, and the verdant islands of the Frith of Forth.

The week's doings, although crowned by the Centenary Festival of that Scott of Scots—the great Sir Walter—have not altogether satisfied the fastidious expectations of the London press, whose privilege it is to animadvert with smartness upon persons and proceedings, somewhat eccentric to the ordinary sphere of their observation. If the work of the British Association was limited to an annual display of a week's bunting, and to have no further record of its transactions than the memory of crowded section rooms, sententious paper-mongers and virulent debates, followed by eager social lion-hunting and a final flourish of trumpets, then we might agree that the critics have some reason to pronounce the meeting at Edinburgh wanting in some of those sensational attractions which have surrounded many of its previous sessions.

No ROYAL PRINCE filled the chair with exemplary grace. No LIVINGSTONE became the cynosure of all eyes. No OWEN carried with him the enraptured attention of an enthusiastic audience. The glories of TYNDALL'S dust and the gorgeousness of ROSCOE'S rainbows were not eclipsed or equalled. The courtly MURCHISON, the gallant PHILLIPS, the piquant SEDGWICK, the speculative DARWIN, and the philosophic AIRY, were conspicuous by their absence. Whilst, alas! the names of Brougham, Herschell, Brewster, Faraday, Edward Forbes, George Wilson, and William Allan Miller, do but recall the memory of princes of science now levelled in the dust.

Be it remembered, however, that the success of the British Association is not to be gauged by the transient brilliancy of its gala days, or by the influence of its annual gatherings upon the outside world. This is but a small portion of its work, and merely a popular mode of raising from the public a large voluntary subscription, most scrupulously devoted to the advancement of science by money grants for original research and associated investigation; for testing the value of inventions, and for solving large social problems requiring prolonged and combined scientific investigation.

Admitting, therefore, that there may be some ground for the animadversions of the press upon some of the prominent and popular features of the late meeting—granted that we have in former years listened to presidential addresses of a more philosophical and less metaphysical character, granting that vague speculations, and loose generalisations, and bitter semi-theological discussions, diverging into materialism on the one hand, and spiritualism on the other, give the sub-section of Biology an unscientific aspect; granting that, notwithstanding the unphilosophical and inconclusive reasonings of the captious debaters, the itching ears of a curious public delight to listen to these wranglings, and pressed in such crowds as to require quadrupled accommodation in which to applaud, to laugh, or to cheer and hiss the orators. Granted that the exact sciences of Chemistry and Astronomy are degraded by the association of the names of CROCKES and HUGGINS with the mystical and bat-like performances of the spiritualist "HOME."

Granting, we say, that much of this is "philosophy—falsely so called"—yet this is not THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION nor ITS WORK PROPER. Nor are the Committees altogether responsible for the introduction of such topics, for their popularity or for the license of the discussions. It is a phase in British and American social history, and the constitution of civilized society demands that such "yeast" should come to the surface, receive both discussion and criticism, and finally disappear before the test of public opinion. This phase of its experience does not grace the proceedings of the British Association, and although it challenges an undue share of public attention it will pass away as a transient confervoid growth of which no record will appear in the published volume of transactions, upon which no committee will be appointed to report, and no money grant voted for its further investigation.

Nor were the social questions in regard to woman's rights and responsibilities, brought forward by Miss Becker, in any better keeping with the proper work of the Association. The Social Science Association is the proper and legitimate arena for such topics, and it is by unfair though successful stratagem that such questions are slid into the section devoted to political economy and statistics. The members, however, crowded in not so much to listen to the argument as to see and hear the lady.

Of the solid scientific work done by the Association, such items as the report of the Kew Committee, the report of the Committees on Luminous Meteors, on Deep Sea Dredging, on Geological Explorations, and on the Utilization of Town Sewage, tell of a large amount of patient labour done and valuable facts accumulated for the benefit of science—some £2,000 having been thus expended during the past year, and a similar sum being placed at the disposal of committees for the present year in the sections of Meteorology, Mathematics and Physics, Chemistry, Geology, Biology, Geography, Economic Science and Mechanics.

It has indeed been matter of solicitous consideration amongst the leaders in science whether the scientific character of the Association might not be raised by continued meetings during the winter for the more thorough discussion and sifting of papers before publication.

Against this it is forcibly urged that the great object of the Association is to bring together on a common arena men engaged in scientific pursuits in different parts of the country and surrounded by the diverse influences of a purely scholastic or commercial neighbourhood.

This can only be done during vacation and by a peripatetic society. It can never be made to centre in a London society, for the teachers of science are actively

engaged in their own localities throughout the winter. So far also as the opinion of the leaders of science is concerned, this is generally obtained through the leading scientific societies of London, and the Royal, the Linnean, the Chemical, the Geological, the Astronomical, and the Geographical societies afford a sufficient arena for London audiences. It is a special object of the British Association to bring the members of these societies into contact with equally devoted, though less known science workers in country districts.

As an instance of the class of papers elicited by the Association was a most valuable and interesting one read by Mr. Henry Deacon, J. P., of Widnes, near Liverpool, a well-known chemical manufacturer, who gave the results of 12 months' experiments on the large scale of a new process for the manufacture of bleaching powder.

Following out a suggestion made by Dr. Lyon Playfair, Mr. Deacon has devised, with great labour and ingenuity, a new method of evolving free chlorine from hydrochloric acid, which promises to revolutionize the manufacture of bleaching powder, producing a better article at a less cost and with far greater comfort and health to the workmen. This process involves the use of a condensing tower containing about 400 tons of clay marbles, the good old-fashioned marbles of our boyhood, saturated with sulphate of copper! Through this tower hydrochloric acid gas and atmospheric air, are drawn, which, by a continuous process are converted into chlorine gas and water. The process, both theoretically and mechanically, is a beautiful and perfect one, and is highly suggestive as probably leading to a similar cheap production of oxygen, which would be one of the most valuable discoveries possible for chemical manufacturers, from aqueous vapour. Great preparations are being made for next year's total eclipse of the sun, when it is expected that valuable observations will be made and registered.

The greatest treat of the meeting to visitors was the inspection at the Industrial Museum of a magnificent collection of science and art, now a proud rival to its elder sister at South Kensington. Under the indefatigable energy and industry of Professor T. C. Archer, formerly of Queen's College, Liverpool, this grand temple of applied science stands unrivalled, containing, as it does, the famous museum of the University added to the very large collections of home and foreign industries, which are well represented and admirably displayed. Scotland may well be proud of such a glorious institution, which would do credit to the metropolis of any nation, and which looked gay indeed at the "reception" given by this hospitable city to the members of THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE MONTREAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION, MONTREAL.

The twenty-sixth exhibition of the Montreal Agricultural and Horticultural Association was opened at the Victoria Skating Rink on Tuesday, the 19th inst. The rink was decorated for the occasion, and the scene on entering was in every way a charming one. The show this year, though a fair one, was very far below the average, owing, no doubt, to the advanced time of the season.

Half-way down the rink from the entrance-way ran six tables, which were divided from eight tables at the other end by the large fountain. On entering the rink and turning to the table at the extreme right, and which may be called No. 1, was a collection of dried grasses, followed by a collection of beautiful dahlias. Next was a collection of phlox perennials, followed by a large display of brilliant immortelles; a good display of phlox annuals, and a collection of dazzling verbenas, side by side with which was a batch of double zennias, mixed with them and conspicuous being a number of handsome gladiolus.

On the second table was a small collection of handsome bouquets, wreaths, and flower designs. Next was a collection of annuals of all the colours of the rainbow, followed by collections of biennials, stricks, petunias and pansies, the latter being particularly good. This table was furnished with a blaze of glory in the shape of a large collection of asters, double, single, and of every sort.

The third table was mainly devoted to fuschias, geraniums, roses and green-house plants generally, and was followed by a table entirely covered with scarlet geraniums. The fifth and sixth tables were set aside for grapes and apples. Of the latter fruit ninety-six varieties were exhibited, embracing all sizes from the giant "Emperor Alexander" to the humble crab. The grapes were in great variety, and offered some remarkably good specimens. In this respect they made a good contrast to the pears and peaches, of which the collection was small and contained nothing of special importance. The collection of poultry, at the first of the upper eight tables, was also unimportant.

On the second, third and fifth upper tables were the vegetables of different kinds, all of them very fine. On table five was a magnificent specimen of the egg plant, as fine as the judges had ever witnessed. Tables six and seven were also devoted to vegetables, and table eight bore samples of grain and miscellaneous articles. On the whole the collection of vegetables made up the best part of the show. Among the miscellaneous articles were shown some very fine fresh butter, and honey in small quantity.

Table four, among the eight at the upper end of the rink, was devoted to stove plants and a very fine collection of ferns. On this table was a large collection of flowers exhibited by one hundred and eighty-three different contributors, from among the members of the Russell Hall Sunday School Scholars. This exhibition was very pretty and interesting. Our sketch shows the *tout ensemble* while the exhibition was being held.

OPEN WINDOWS AT NIGHT.

Very much has been written on this subject, and written unwisely; the facts are, that whoever sleeps uncomfortably cool will get sick. To hoist a window sky high when the mercury is at zero is an absurdity.

The colder a sleeping apartment is, the more unhealthy does it become, because cold condenses the carbonic acid formed by the breathing of sleepers. It settles near the floor and is re-breathed, and if in a very condensed form, he will die before the morning. Hence we must be governed by circumstances; the first thing is, you must be comfortably warm during sleep, otherwise you are not refreshed, and inflammation of the lungs may be engendered, and life destroyed within a few days.

An open door and an open fire-place are sufficient for ordinary purposes in cold weather. When outer windows are

opened, it is well to have them down at the top two or three inches, and up at the bottom for the same space.

In miasmatic localities—and these are along water-courses, beside mill-ponds, marshes, bayous, river bottoms, flat lands, and the like—it is most important from the first of August until several severe frosts have been noticed, to sleep with all external doors and windows closed, because the cool air of sunset causes the condensation of the poisonous emanations which were caused by the heat of the noonday sun to rise far above the earth; the condensation makes the air "heavy" at sundown, made heavy by the greater solidification of the emanations by cold; and resting on the surface of the earth in their more concentrated and malignant form, they are breathed into the lungs, and swallowed into the stomach, corrupting and poisoning the blood with great rapidity.

By daylight these condensations are made so compact by the protracted coolness of the night, that they are too near the surface of the earth to be breathed into the system; but as the sun begins to ascend, these heavy condensations, miasms, begin to rise again to the height of several feet above the ground, and are taken into the system by every breath and swallow; hence the hours of sunrise and sunset are the most unhealthful of all the hours of the twenty-four in the localities named; and noontide, when the sun is hottest, is the most healthy portion of the day, because the miasm is so much rarified that it ascends rapidly to the upper regions.

The general lessons are, First—Avoid exposure to the outdoor air in miasmatic localities for the hours including sunrise and sunset. Second—Have a blazing fire on the hearth of the family room at those hours, to rarify and send the miasm upwards. Third—Take breakfast before going out, and tea before sundown; then being out after night is not injurious.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

AMBERGRIS.

The use made by mankind of scents derived from the animal kingdom would form an interesting chapter in the history of our species. The use of scents is of very high antiquity, and it would be interesting to know how, when, and where the various scents were discovered. The principal scents derived from animals are musk, civet, ambergris. Musk is a scent that nature seems to have used in profusion, and it seems strange that we should find musk perfume present in such very different things as a little Chinese Deer—a plant very common in our garden—and the crocodile of the Nile. The most interesting, I think, of all scents is ambergris. My friend Mr. Ponder, has been good enough to transmit to me, through Mr. Herbert Dalton, of 12 Little Tower Street, (to whom thanks) a very interesting sample of ambergris. The true origin of ambergris (*Succinum griseum*) was a matter of great dispute in former times, it is found floating in the sea, or cast up on the sea-shore in the neighbourhood of Madagascar, Jamaica, Bermudas, Maldives, Brazil, Molucca, Japan, China, coast of Africa, and it is said to also have been found on the west coast of Ireland, the coast of Norfolk, and the Orkneys. The greatest supply now coming into the market (Mr. Dalton informs me) is from the Bahamas and outside Morocco. Formerly several theories as to its nature existed. The inhabitants of Madagascar said it was a kind of bird guano; secondly, it was said to be bitumen from springs; thirdly, a sea mushroom; fourthly, a vegetable wax or gum. The real fact, however, is, that it is simply a secretion from the intestine of the sperm whale (*Physeter macrocephalus*). I find a very good account of it in the "Natural History of the Cetacea," by Dewhurst, 1834. It is generally met with floating in the sea, but it is also met with in the intestines of sperm whales—healthy whales do not carry it, but it is generally found in dead or sickly whales. It is always in one place inside the whale—namely, at from two to seven feet from the termination of the intestinal canal. Mr. Dewhurst, therefore, thinks that it is a secretion which collects in the cæcum of the whale, and from the fact that it is found only in dead or dying whales, he conjectures that it may be possibly the cause of the death of the whale.

There can, however, be no doubt whatever but that ambergris is the refuse of the whale's food collected in a morbid form. On looking at it very closely I find that it is deposited in regular layers. In the specimen now before me there are three layers, first a layer very much the colour of brown sugar, then a layer of a much darker hue, almost black, then a layer of the light-coloured material; the finest ambergris is always in layers. The formation, in fact, reminds me very much of the intestinal calculi so common in horses. By delicate manipulation I find the ambergris will split off in layers as one splits up the pasteboard cover of an old book.

The theory of its being a formation analogous to a calculus is confirmed from the fact that frequently hard, shining, black, horn-like substances are found embedded in the body of the ambergris. These are the beaks of cuttle-fish, which form a great part of the food of sperm whales; these cuttle-fish beaks, however, are not perfect. Mr. Dalton has been kind enough to pick out for me specimens of cuttle-fish beaks; they are more or less comminuted or broken; but one specimen still remains *in situ*, firmly embedded in the ambergris, like the bone of an Ichthyosaurus in Lias limestone. When the whale swallows the cuttle-fish, the soft parts are digested, but the hard beaks remain intact. That the beaks of cuttle-fish are hard to digest is evident from the fact that a few months ago, whilst dissecting a monk-fish, I found a collection of fifteen or twenty of the beaks in the stomach. I also found a lens of a cuttle-fish eye. It may be possible, therefore, that these cuttle-fish beaks act as nuclei for the formation of a diseased mass, which, to use Mr. Dewhurst's own words, "produces an obstipation, which ends either in an abscess, as has been frequently observed, or terminates the life of the animal."

While dissecting out the beak of the cuttle fish I found that the ambergris became softened in my hand. I therefore put some of the dust under the microscope, and find that it consists of a wax-like material that seems to be deposited in a coarse kind of structure like a wax-candle broken across. The black layer looks like the wrinkled skin of an elephant, and there appear projecting out of it and in lines across the blackened folds very minute spicule or hairs, reminding me of the appearance of the nettle. I have not the slightest idea what these crystals are. They may, however, possibly be "amberin;" this is a peculiar substance obtained by chemical analysis of ambergris, when ambergris is heated with boiling alcohol until it is saturated, amberin is grouped in small colourless crystals. By the analysis of John, ambergris appears to be composed of amberin 0.85 (more than four-fifths) an extractive matter soluble in alcohol, and probably contain-

ing benzoic acid 0.025; watery extract with benzoic acid and common salt 0.015; with 0.11 not accounted for. Upon placing a piece of ambergris in my mouth, I find it has no taste whatever, and when crushed between the teeth it is exactly like wax honeycomb. Having placed a small quantity upon the end of a spatula, and applied a light, I find it melts instantly, and gives out a strong perfume which some would call disagreeable. It reminds me strongly of burning gum benzoin. When melted and placed upon a glass, it is the colour and consistency of light glue. Ambergris is much used in perfumery, and also for burning purposes. M. Dewhurst says, a "great quantity of it is constantly bought by the pilgrims who travel to Mecca, who probably offer it there for the purpose of incense, in the same way that frankincense is used by the clergy in the performance of the sacred ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church." I understand from Dr. Piesse that the tincture is not often used as a scent by itself, but when a tincture of it is added to any other scent it increases the perfume to a most extraordinary degree. Dr. Piesse showed me a remarkable fact about this tincture of ambergris. When held up to the light, lovely bands and shades of a beautiful green are seen in the fluid. This is a sure test for the presence of ambergris. Ambergris is a valuable product. The technologist gives its value at £32 a pound, but the price varies from 10s. to 50s. per ounce. Dewhurst says that it is found in lumps varying from one pound to twenty or thirty pounds in weight, so, taking the average of 30s. the ounce, a good size lump of ambergris would be a considerable haul to the lucky finder. Dr. Piesse tells me the present price is 26s. per ounce, and that it is getting more and more scarce every year. He thinks the reason is that the sperm whales are being killed down too much.—*Frank Buckland, in Land and Water.*

THE WOLFE AND MONTCALM MONUMENT.

Canada is singularly rich in historical monuments considering its comparatively brief record under the regime of civilization. But nothing can be more exceptional than its tributes to the conqueror and the conquered—to Wolfe and Montcalm—the heroes of the two races who so gallantly settled the question of governmental supremacy in the bloody battle of the Plains of Abraham, on the ever memorable thirteenth of September, 1759. The anniversary has but recently passed, and we did not notice that any special attention was paid to it, for the great majority of the Canadian people—French and English, native and adopted—do not indulge in the celebration of days consecrated to "bitter memories" by their neighbours. The facts of history are permitted to take their appropriate place, as a matter of course, but the heroes of history, on whichever side they may have made their names distinguished, are held in honour, and their memory perpetuated, by Canadians.

Nothing can give a more complete illustration of this than the respect in which the memories of Wolfe and Montcalm are held. Associated as they were, though antagonistic, in the great battle that decided the political future of the country; both falling in the same contest, and each laying down his life for the cause he believed to be just, it was fitting that the people who sprung from the two races of which these men were noble representatives, should perpetuate their memory by a common tribute. Many of our readers will, doubtless, remember the celebration which took place on the Plains of Abraham on the 13th Sept., 1859, the centenary anniversary of the battle. At that celebration the present Premier of Quebec delivered a most eloquent oration, in which ample justice, if not very high panegyric, was impartially meted out to both; and as another anniversary of the same event has but recently passed, we place among our illustrations this week a picture of the obelisk which stands in front of what is familiarly known as the "Governor's Garden," in the city of Quebec. The names of the two heroes were affixed to the sarcophagus on which the obelisk rests, on the 13th Sept., 1834, the monument having been previously erected during the Government of the Earl of Dalhousie. This is the first and most imposing tribute to the memory of the contending Generals, though Lord Aylmer caused an inscription to be placed in the Ursuline Convent in memory of Montcalm; and, in 1835, just before his departure for England, he also had erected a monument on the Plains of Abraham to mark the very spot where Wolfe died. Montcalm was buried in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, and the remains of Wolfe were carried to England and deposited in the family vault at Greenwich.

THE SINGLE SCULL RACE AT HALIFAX.

The closing incident of the Aquatic Carnival at Halifax, which was of general interest to the public, was the single scull race rowed on the 1st Sept., in which Sadler of the Taylor-Winship crew, was the winner, and thus became possessor of the title of champion sculler of the world, in which he succeeds the late James Renforth. We copy the following account of the race:

The sun shone forth brightly over the surface of the waters in the harbour, as they lay calm and unruffled, with scarcely a breath of wind stirring. The course for the champion single scull race was from the stake-boats used as turning points in the great four-oared contest, up to and ending at the stake-boats opposite to the Yacht Club's house, a distance of three nautical miles, and the prize to be awarded to the winner was five hundred dollars. About half past eight o'clock the several competitors made their appearance at the starting point, and formed in the positions which had been drawn by lot for them by their representatives, taking a line from the city side of the course. Harry Kelly of the Renforth crew was No. 1, and pulled in his scull the "James Renforth;" J. H. Sadler of the Taylor-Winship crew, in the "Duke of Beaufort" No. 2; George Brown of the Pryor crew, in a paper scull, No. 3; George Lovett, in the "Shoo Fly" tin scull, No. 4; Robert Bagnall of the Taylor-Winship crew, in "Onsebury" No. 5; and Henry Coulter of the Biglin crew, No. 6. Having all announced themselves ready, the signal was given, and at fifty-five minutes, five seconds past nine, A. M., the boats were off.

A finer start was never before seen, all the men being in perfect line. Coulter was the first to get the advantage, and led slightly, closely followed by Bagnall. Brown was well up to the latter, leading Lovett, while Sadler capped Brown, Kelly being in the run. By the time George's Island was passed, Bagnall was leading, with Sadler in the second position, and Coulter third. Kelly then began to crawl up on

Brown, who was fourth. Dashing along in grand style were the six boats, stretching all across the harbour, with oars throwing aside the spray and flashing in the river, forming such a sight as one is seldom permitted to witness.

When within one mile from the goal Sadler, Brown, Kelly, and Bagnall were having a severe struggle, while Lovett and Coulter were out of the race, the latter being unwell. As they approached nearer and nearer some beautiful action was exhibited. At twenty minutes, eight seconds past ten Sadler crossed the line, having accomplished the distance in twenty-five minutes, three seconds. Brown came in second at 10 20. 13, and Kelly third at 10 20. 45; Bagnall being fourth. The spectators were wild with enthusiasm, declaring it the finest scull race ever rowed in the world. The members of the Yacht Club were frantic in their joy at seeing Brown, a Nova Scotian oarsman, only beaten one length and a half by the Champion of the World, and he and his boat were carried shoulder high amid a storm of applause. On being presented to the Secretary Brown entered a protest against Sadler, contending that he had repeatedly crossed his course thereby giving him his back-wash to contend against, and always steering so as to keep directly in front of him, causing him to row in a zig-zag direction; further, that Taylor had stood upon a passing steamer and directed Sadler by motions of a broom which he held in his hand. The Committee met in the afternoon, and as Brown had appeared before them and decided not to urge his claims, they declared in favour of Sadler.

The following resolution was afterwards adopted:—"The umpires deprecate the system of back-washing and bowing, as being contrary to the system of boat-racing hitherto practised in Halifax harbour, and in a race for the championship of the world such a system should be more particularly condemned."

In the illustration of this race, and other Halifax sketches, our artist has been much assisted by photographs taken by Mr. W. Chase, of that city.

THE BARTON CREW.

The following sketch, from the Halifax Express, is all the information we have of the Barton Crew, who carried off the prize at Longueuil on the 14th instant, and who somewhat hurriedly left Quebec before the competition took place:

"The Barton Crew commenced training about the 1st of April, a month earlier than the Pryor Crew. They first practised at Tangier, to which place they belong; but some six weeks ago they came to Halifax and went into quarters next to the Boston Hotel on Water street, keeping their boats at the Queen's Wharf. Their names, weights, and stations are as follows:

- Edward Monk, bow, 170 lbs.
- Leonard Young, No. 2, 176 lbs.
- Ezra Weeks, No. 3, 170 lbs.
- Edward Tracey, stroke, 164 lbs.
- Average weight, 170 lbs.

"Tracey is a cooper by trade, and has figured several times in the annual contests for the championship of our harbour. The others of the crew are fishermen, Mr. Andrew McG. Barton, formerly of Halifax, but latterly engaged in gold mining at Tangier, has had the management of this crew, hence the name, though it is sometimes called the Tangier Crew. Their boat is named the "Tangier," and was built by Mr. E. B. Elliott, the celebrated New York builder. She is of cedar, 40 feet in length, and beautifully modelled."

A GAMBLING DEN AT WIESBADEN.

Of all the German watering-places that boast the double attraction of mineral springs and gambling dens, Wiesbaden stands first on the list. Baden-Baden is better known to us English-speaking peoples, for it is the favourite resort of the upper classes of French and English society, while Wiesbaden, on the other hand, finds more favour with Germans and Russians. But to Wiesbaden, year after year, flows a tide of visitors such as is not to be seen at any other place of fashionable resort, even during the height of the season. Its popularity is due to more causes than one. Its waters, and the mildness of the climate, the latter of which has gained for it the name of the German Nice, are great inducements to the invalid, while the attractions of the roulette and trente et quatre tables, have great weight in deciding the programme of summer tour with the members of that nondescript class, always to be met with at the German spas. Hence it is that Wiesbaden is generally full from the opening of the season on the 1st April until the last day of its close. The two-page illustration produced in this number gives a correct idea of the scenes to be witnessed in the Wiesbaden gambling dens, and of the classes who frequent them, who have been so admirably described by the pens of Thackeray and Bulwer.

IVORY FROM INDIA-RUBBER.

By means of a simple and ingenious process, a beautiful description of artificial ivory is now produced from india-rubber. In the first place two pounds of pure rubber are dissolved in thirty-two pounds of chloroform, and the solution is then saturated with a current of ammonia gas. When the rubber has been completely bleached, the admission of the gas interrupted, the mass is transferred to a vessel provided with a stirrer, in which it is washed with hot water until the bleaching agent has been entirely removed. During this operation the temperature may be increased to 185 degrees Fahrenheit, in order to evaporate the chloroform, which, by conducting it in an apparatus of condensation, may again be made use of. The remaining product forms a kind of froth, which, being pressed out, dried and again treated with a small quantity of chloroform, is finally obtained as a consistent paste. This paste is now mixed with a sufficient quantity of finely pulverized phosphate of lime or carbonate of zinc, until it assumes the appearance of moist flour. In this condition it is pressed in hot moulds, which it leaves sufficiently hard to be turned, planed, filed, or bored. In order to imitate corals, pearls, enamels, hard woods, &c., it is only necessary to mix the paste with the desired colours previously to its being compressed.

A skit in the manner of the *Battle of Dorking* has hit the mark. It is called the *Battle of Berlin*. The dénouement shows us the captivity of the Emperor of Germany in England and the triumphant return of the auxiliary corps that helped to win fame and victory for England in Germany; to wit, "The Australian Contingent." As a *jeu d'esprit* it is equal to the best.

MISCELLANEA.

A private marine belonging to H. M. ship "Bristol," at the Cape of Good Hope, has picked up a diamond upon the bench. It was attached to some spar, and he took it to break off the neck of a bottle. Finding that it cut the glass, he took it to a jeweller, and has been offered £250 for his "prize," but would not part with his good fortune.

RENAMING PLACES IN LORRAINE.—The alteration of the names of places on the Moselle is being carried on in Berlin, and especially for giving German names to the military works about Metz. The forts, barracks, bastions, &c., are receiving names adapted to their new fortune. Fort St. Julien, for example, will be named Fort Molke. One bastion bears a plate with this inscription:—"Commenced under Emperor Napoleon III. in 1867." Under this will be placed in German—"To menace Prussia, and completed by Germany in 1867, for her own glory and her own safety."

The French have a story that Sir Walter Scott once offered his youngest daughter her choice between a dowry of 100,000 francs or "Quentin Durward." She asked to read the MS., took it surreptitiously to a publisher, found that he would give her 120,000 francs, and dutifully and meekly told her father that she would rather have the MS. than the money. Sir Walter was deeply touched by this mark of filial devotion. The Paris journal which tells the story says that a French girl would never have done such a thing as that. She would simply have taken the 100,000 francs, and—she would have found some way to get possession of the romance also.

BISMARCK'S DESIGNS AGAINST ENGLAND.—A pamphlet has been published in Paris, entitled *Prussia in the East*. It endeavours to demonstrate that England is threatened with more complete ruin than that which France has been subjected to by Germany. This catastrophe, according to the author of the pamphlet, is the necessary realization of Prince Bismarck's plan, who must needs always fear an Anglo-French alliance. France will never be overthrown so long as England remains powerful. The pamphlet seeks to show that Prince Bismarck, in alliance with Russia, would obtain possession of Trieste and Antwerp, while Russia would occupy Hindostan. It is added that a treaty to that effect has been signed between Russia and Germany.

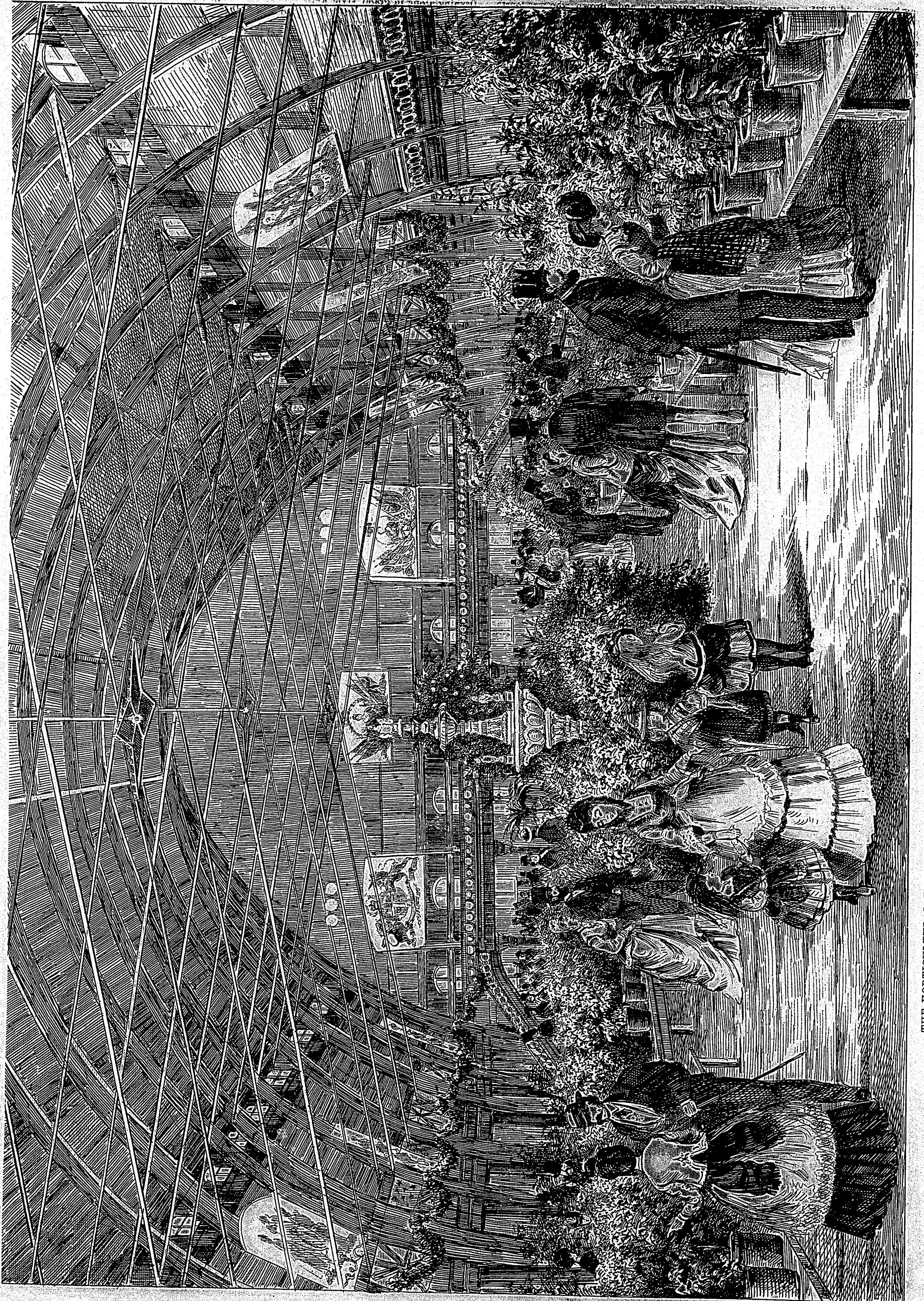
In Indianapolis the question is being discussed whether a court has the right to order chloroform to be administered to a witness in order to get at the truth of evidence given. A woman testified in the police court that she had been assaulted by her husband, who had broken her arm. A physician was called to testify as to the extent of her injuries, but when he attempted to examine her arm she began to yell like a Co-manche. Thereupon the Judge ordered chloroform to be administered, and it was found that the woman had lied, and that her arm was not broken at all. And now the Judge is objugated for his cruelty.

A Cambridge student, in being examined for his degree, was called upon to give an account of the death of Jezebel. He evidently felt sure of his ground, for he prefaced his account by a remark about the importance of adhering as closely as possible to Scripture language. He then proceeded as follows:—"And as he passed through the gate of the city, there looked out upon him two persons appointed for the purpose. And he said unto them, 'Throw her down.' So they threw her down. And he said 'Do it a second time.' And they did it a second time. And he said, 'Do it a third time.' And they did it a third time: and they did it unto seven times; yea, unto seventy times seven. Last of all the woman died also. And they took up of the fragments that were left, seven baskets full."

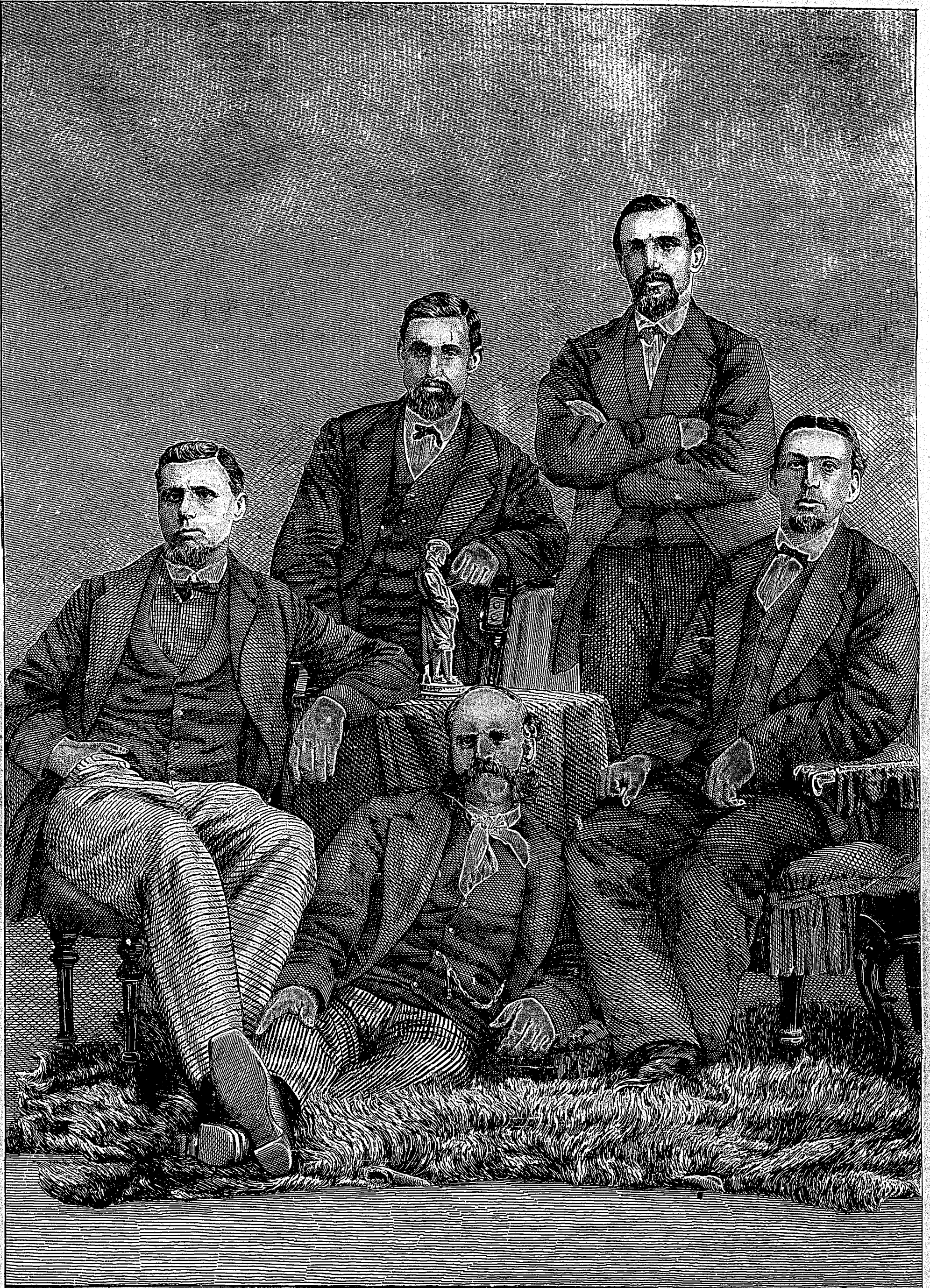
"HOBSON'S CHOICE."—The meaning of this saying is correctly understood as "This or none;" but we believe its origin is not so widely known. Hobson kept an inn in London called the Bull, situated on Bishopsgate street. He let out horses to hire, and any person applying for one was obliged to take the animal next to the stable door, or go away without one. Hobson was widely known for benevolence, particularly for his kindness to animals. He always put the horse nearest to the door which had rested longest, and thus managed to have their hours of rest according to their labour. He would lose a customer before he would break his rule. So the saying went abroad "Hobson's choice," instead of this or none.

Sacred drama in Barrow is a very grave mistake. They have been imitating the German nonsense that has been over-written about the Barrow amateurs got up "Joseph and his brethren." The amateur actors turned the whole affair into a burlesque, which tickled the auditors immensely, and actually elicited roars of laughter. Through all this the unconscious amateurs gravely and painfully plodded along, until the house was brought down with a ringing cheer and intense merriment at what ought to have been a climax of thrilling solemnity—the meeting of Joseph and his aged father. In truth the ludicrous antics of "Joseph" were too much for human nature to bear, and the sight of the house at this time was something extraordinary. The spectacle of all the motley "brethren," each with his bran-new staff and his house-wife's meal-bag over his shoulder, slowly passing in Indian file before a lively bit of Italian scenery, and dimly chanting "There's no place like home," was truly a sight to remember.

The accounts from all parts of England of the progress of the harvest and the condition of the crops, point to the conclusion that the year 1871 will, on the whole, prove a bountiful year to the farmers. The only crop which is not satisfactory is that of wheat, which, owing to the excessive rain, and the absence of bright sunshine until very late in the season, will be about eight bushels per acre under the yield of last year. Barley is by far the best of the cereal crops, and the yield is estimated at nearly 25 per cent. over the average. This is owing to the favourable seed-bed which it had. The soil was not only baked, by summer droughts, but also pulverised by the winter frosts. The oat crop, taken as a whole, is a good average. The bean crop is most prolific, being nearly equal to the crops of the last three years combined. It is thickly planted, strong and lengthy in stem, and closely podded. The pea crop also is very bulky, and considering the almost total failure of seeds last year, and the large breadth of peas sown, it is probable that a larger crop was never produced in England. The potato crop, too, has been promising, but disease has caused some damage in low and sheltered fields. The turnip crop is everywhere remarkable for luxuriance.



THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN THE VICTORIA SKATING RINK, MONTREAL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGGO & Co — SEE PAGE 210.



EDWARD MONK, (bow).

A. M. G. BARTON.
EZRA WEEKS.

RONARD YOUNG.

EDWARD TRACEY, (stroke).

THE BARTON CREW.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 211.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
OCT. 7, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 1.—	Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity. St. Remigius, Bp. Cornille died, 1684.
MONDAY,	" 2.—	Channing died, 1842. Roman plebiscitum on annexation to Italy, 1870.
TUESDAY,	" 3.—	Battle of Wurttemberg, 1813. Treaty of Vienna, 1866.
WEDNESDAY,	" 4.—	Rennie died, 1821. Topmost stone of Toronto University laid, 1858.
THURSDAY,	" 5.—	First English Bible printed, 1536. Horace Walpole born, 1717. The headquarters of the King of Prussia advanced to Versailles.
FRIDAY,	" 6.—	St. Faith, P. & M. Great Fire at Miramichi, N. B., 1825.
SATURDAY,	" 7.—	Archbishop Laud born, 1573. Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Cape Breton ceded to France, 1748. Execution of Riego, 1823.

NOTICE.

In the interest of our subscribers we are making arrangements with a News-dealer in each city and town to deliver the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS and the HEARTHSTONE at their residences. This will ensure the delivery of every paper in good order. Instead of being folded and creased, the papers will be delivered in folio form, so that the fine steel engravings, published from time to time, will not be spoiled, and the premium plates and other extra publications issued to subscribers, will be delivered as from the press.

We are sure our subscribers will be delighted with this arrangement, and we trust they will assist us and the local agents in extending the circulation of the News.

The subscriptions will be collected by the News-dealers who undertake the delivery; and for the convenience of book-keeping, we have made the current accounts end, as far as possible, with the present year. We beg that subscribers will pay as early as possible, and renew their subscriptions for next year at the same time.

After the 31st December next, the subscription to the News will be \$4.00 per annum, if paid in advance, or within the first three months, after which it will be \$5.00. For six months the price will be in proportion. The postage, at the rate of 20 cents per annum, will be collected by the delivering agent to cover his express and delivery charges.

Next week we will publish the names and places of residence of agents who have, so far, accepted the proposed arrangement. This list will be published weekly until complete.

Montreal, Sept 30, 1871.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1871.

THERE has been a conference at Ottawa on the subject of immigration. It took place last week, and if not absolutely surrounded with red tape, was at least thoroughly official, the members present being confined to representatives of the Dominion, and of the several local Governments. An extraordinary statement is made in connection with this meeting, viz.: that the agreement arrived at must be submitted to the several Governments—"of course!"—"and be approved of by them "before publicity can be given" to it. We can thus see how absurdly vulgar and common-place are the Governments of France and Prussia, of England and the United States, compared with those of the Canadian Provinces. The treaty of Versailles, and the treaty of Washington were both communicated to the world before they had received formal sanction; yet a simple "agreement" in Canada must remain a profound secret until Messrs. of Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia have severally pronounced upon it, and then—if the verdict be favourable—the public will be taken into their confidence.

Really this reads like a joke, and we are half inclined to believe that the remark quoted was intended merely to poke fun at the conference. Do the Governments of the Provinces act in accord with, or in defiance of, public opinion? Can any agreement entered into for the promotion of immigration be too soon promulgated? Rather ought not the representatives of Canada in Europe be made aware at once of the new measures adopted to induce an increase of immigration? Might not the people of the several Provinces be taken into the confidence of their respective governments, seeing that immigration as well as emigration must ever, in a free country, be mainly dependent on private enterprise or personal choice?

It is, on the other hand, represented that the conference did little or nothing for the promotion of immigration; but that, instead, the several Provinces made a demand for the *pro rata* division amongst them of the Dominion moneys appropriated to immigration purposes. If this be true, we have no hesitation in saying that this fresh Provincial exaction should be firmly resisted by the Government at Ottawa. The Provinces already receive

enough from the Dominion Treasury. Most of them maintain an unnecessarily expensive system of local legislation, and possibly also of local administration; while none of them, save Ontario, has shewn very much zeal for the promotion of immigration. To divide the Dominion appropriation between the five Provinces would simply be to fritter it away. The local governments would far better promote the object professedly aimed at by slightly supplementing the very meagre salaries of the Dominion agents, and liberally supplying them with printed information concerning the special attractions offered by their Province. In this way, and at a small cost to each Province, the Dominion officers might be rendered doubly useful without increasing the cost of the central department. The Province of Quebec might with advantage at the present time make a special effort to secure a fresh influx of a kindred people from the conquered or war-wasted Provinces of France; but as regards the others the same machinery which the Dominion has already organized could be made to serve their purpose at a very small additional expense.

After the diffusion of full and correct information concerning the wants and capabilities of the country, immigration must be mainly allowed to take care of itself. To have agents in the old world to advise the emigrant as to his destination; to have agents in Canada to direct him, and comfortable houses to shelter him, on his arrival; to have registers of lands for sale or free occupation, and of places where employment may be had, are measures of the highest importance for the encouragement of a healthy immigration. But beyond these, it is questionable if Canada, or any of the Provinces, can go with advantage. The transition from Canada to the United States, or *vice versa*, is so easy that any plan of assisted immigration is liable to abuse on both sides. The Americans, in addition to the increased attractive force of their larger population, and the *éclat* which their successful revolt gave them in the eyes of the world, have very greatly contributed to the promotion of immigration by their liberal land laws and still more liberal land grants to railway companies. The eminent English politician, the late Richard Cobden, probably did more for the settlement of the State of Illinois than ever did any twelve English gentlemen for Canada; and the reason was not improbably, because of his large investment in Illinois Central Railway bonds. Throughout England many capitalists are interested in American securities, and to the extent of that interest are they promoters of emigration, while in Canada we have not always been without writers on the press who have upheld the attractions of the Western States as superior to those of this country. But these are simply some items in the bill which our free system costs us; and we have been amply compensated for them by the numerous additions to our population of generally very respectable and almost always enterprising Americans. The fact is that the ebb and flow of population are affected by the proportionate reward which different localities offer to industry, and as intelligence and knowledge increase, this influence will be more and more apparent. Our Government has but to push forward the construction of the Pacific railway, the *Baie Verte* canal, and other necessary public works, east and west, to secure a large and permanent addition to the population. This would be wiser and more effective than giving additional subsidies to the Provinces, under whatever plea they may be claimed.

A correspondent writes to us to say that in speaking last week of St. Catharines, we inserted the name of Dr. Hill instead of "Dr. Mack, a gentleman who at a great expense has established 'Spring Bank,' a magnificent building, with Turkish, Russian, Vapour, and other baths. His establishment, over which he himself presides, is said to be the first and most perfect in Canada. For twenty five or thirty years he has made the mineral waters of St. Catharines the subject of diligent study, to the successful application of which thousands in Canada and the United States can testify."

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF THE "SARMATIAN"

(Continued.)

And amidst the rolling of the sea, and the noise of many waters, a still small voice, mightier than the created waves, calls for a human spirit, and the soul of an infant (the only child and companion of its sick mother) answers the Almighty summons, and enwrapped in its country's flag the little body is committed to that angry deep, amidst the dirges and the wail of the mournful wind. A calmer day ensues, as if the sea were satisfied; but anon the tempest gathers; the night grows thick and dark; headwinds and seas drive their fury on to the panting but buoyant vessel.

Here rises a pendant wave some forty feet above the deck, down goes the prow of the gallant ship to meet it—not engulfed therein, she rises on its bosom and "walks the waters like a thing of life." Now again the storm subsides, and rain beats heavily upon deck, and the joyful cry is made of Land Ho! Who does not venture out on deck, to see, to peer on solid land once more? Yes and to-morrow is Sunday, and

although we are still "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," we can lay ourselves "down in peace to sleep." The morning dawns; we offer praise and prayer, and raise grateful songs for deliverance from the perils of the deep. Soon after luncheon a new trouble arises. We are fairly within the straits of Belle Isle, and the engineer announces we have but twenty-four hours' supply of coal. How to make coal in twenty-four hours? That is the question; we have been consuming in this bad weather about ninety tons per day, whilst seventy tons was considered an extra calculation for our furnaces. Four of our ten boilers are at once extinguished, and we steam slowly on and hold councils of war; shall we make Gaspe, or run for Pictou? Had we known earlier we might have called at St. John's or made Halifax. Onward we go slowly.

All that day
Make bad way
In the straits of Belle Isle Oh!

A certain small group of passengers, however, care little for weather, but play cards and smoke from morning to night. With gambling, and drinking, they made their nightly revels in the smoking-saloon. They praised themselves and swore at each other, and disturbed their fellow-passengers as they rolled into their berths toward morning.

Favourably contrasting with this abuse of liberty and luxury, are the provisions made by the foresight and experience for the comfort and amusement of the cabin passengers, and of which the majority gladly availed themselves. The library is well chosen and varied, and the popularity of Dickens was evinced by the demand for his works by the first comers, and the retention of them throughout the voyage by the fortunate holders. Why not duplicate these popular works?

The ample supply of Bibles, prayer-books and religious works, show the high aims of those who have their selection, but it would add to the comfort and pleasure of a very large number of passengers to have added to these Monk's selection of Hymns Ancient and Modern. Also, the periodicals—*Good Words*, *Sunday at Home*, and *Leisure Hour*, in volume and in parts, would be very acceptable.

In the musical selection much taste and judgment have been displayed. Modern music, both secular and sacred, is well represented, and the only addition to be cared for is a few of those old national glees and melodies which stir up the hearts of old countrymen, such as Dibden's sea songs, and the standard English, Irish and Scotch national melodies.

With such a musical genius as "the Doctor," however, nothing could go wrong or come short—all were invited to assist, and each felt disposed to do his best. An abundant supply of music was forthcoming from private stores, and thus two lively concerts were given on board, with handsome results to the Liverpool Sailors' Orphan Institution—(perhaps the Montreal General Hospital might sometimes be remembered with advantage.)

Again the flag is lowered and another little body is committed to the deep,—the solemn service is well attended, and many a mother's heart aches as she clasps her own little one to her bosom and sheds a sympathetic tear for her who is left, childless and alone to seek her husband in the Far West.

Fairer weather sets in and our spirits rise to the occasion. We near Father Point and write our telegrams. Electric sparks of love to those anxiously awaiting our arrival. To the owners we cry "send us coal, ere our fires go out." Ah! those fires! To go down over those slippery and greasy iron ladders to the engine-rooms below—and down, down, down to those roaring and blazing furnaces in the depths, reminds one of PANDEMONIUM ITSELF. Yes, the coal is out; but *en* such furious and blazing furnaces have been kept going night and day since we first embarked?—It seems incredible! Ten such yawning gulphs look as if they could swallow up a coal-mine in a night! But hark, as we return from those blazing fires, and from that whirling, champing, churning machinery, which makes our head go round and round again, music is heard—a sound of "Home, Sweet Home." It is our last night, and the ladies are in voice, and from the pen of an accomplished eddress from the Far West, we have an original song, in praise of our gallant ship—the first piece in our last night's programme. Listen:

TUNE.—"ANNIE LISLE."

I.

From our weary sea-sick couches, where we've tossed so long,
On the spacious deck we gather, lured by mirth and song,
While the names of home and kindred dwell on every lip,
Ought we not to sing the praises of our gallant ship.

CHORUS.

Hail to thee! thou brave "Sarmatian!" Allan's boast and pride,
Be it thine to bear us safely o'er the Ocean wide.

II.

On the Clyde for her were moulded stoutest ribs of steel,
Sturdy beams and solid rafters—massive iron keel,
Fearless may she ride the billows, proudly may she sail,
For more perfect ship hath never faced th' Atlantic gale.

III.

When the fiercest seas have struck her, like a thing of life,
She has staggered, reeled, then risen—victor in the strife,
Thro' the wildest midnight tempest, mindful of their part,
Still have throbb'd the mighty pulses of her iron heart.

IV.

Countless be thy trips, good steamship!—this for thee we crave,
Be thy Captain's ever faithful, cautious Wylie, brave,
May thy crews be strong and fearless, prompt to dare and do,
And thy travellers be they ever—worthy ship so true.

V.

This our life is like an ocean—dark its waves and deep,
Fierce the storm that breaks above us—rough the winds that sweep,
Oh! may He who calmed the billows on Tiberias' sea,
Guide our life-barks safely homewards—friends, for you and me.

CHORUS.

And to thee, thou brave "Sarmatian!" Allan's boast and pride,
May He grant His ceaseless watchword o'er the Atlantic wide.

After the concert, complimentary speeches were made by Col. Cumberland, M. P., and Mr. Groer, in acknowledgment of the indefatigable care and attention of Captain Wylie and his officers, to the safety of the ship, and to Dr. Ollerbrad, for his successful exertions to promote the comfort and amusement of the passengers.

All retired in good spirits—but, as the darkest hour precedes the day's dawn—so the good ship stopped about midnight and confessed herself done up—exhausted—out of breath—out of coal—the anchor is just heaved and ready to let go, when the bonny blink of the steam-tender's light is seen just ahead—the whistle sounds—the reply is heard, she

comes alongside—we coal up once more, and away we go. At 10 A. M. on the 13th day we salute the old Citadel and sing on deck "Auld Lang Syne," and "God Save the Queen," as though we had only just been out for the day's pleasure-trip. But let us look around our "crack" ship, and see if she has suffered by the gales; no, she has not lost a spar or a rope's end; her gangway bars are not strained the 1-16th of an inch, and she proved herself, under trying weather, to be "a good ship and true." May she well repay her owners, and never again be short of coal.

J. B. E.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Miss Ada Harland has been starring during the week, having taken her benefit last (Friday) night. She has been very well received. On Monday last Mr. Gleason, who has been for some time acting as treasurer, was the recipient of a very flattering present, in the shape of a handsome gold-headed cane. The presentation was made the occasion of some happy interchanges of sentiment between Mr. Gleason and his co-laborers. We understand that he leaves the city in a brief space with the intention of returning next season. New attractions are offered for next week.

THE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD TESTIMONIAL.—At a meeting of the Executive Committee of this Testimonial, held during the present week, it was reported that over \$64,000 have been collected and placed on deposit, in two Building Societies, at 6 per cent.

This is an exceedingly handsome sum; but it does not represent all the subscriptions to the Testimonial. There yet remain throughout the country a large number of subscribed sums which have not been collected. The executive Committee, at its recent meeting, requested the Secretary, Mr. Angus Morrison, to communicate with the various secretaries of local committees, with a view to the early realization of all the amounts subscribed.

The resolve of the Executive Committee affords us what we trust will be the last opportunity to urge an immediate winding up of the Testimonial Fund. It has been taken hold of, and warmly assisted in all parts of the country, with as much eagerness as the most enthusiastic of Sir John Macdonald's friends ever contemplated. It only remains now to gather in what has been subscribed. We trust that our friends throughout the country will make one last effort to realize this end, as it is proposed to present the Testimonial to the Premier, who has so worthily earned it by a life of devotion to the public service, at an early day.—Toronto Leader.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY NARROW GAUGE ENGINE.

The Great Western Railway of Canada, stretching from Clifton to Windsor, forms a most important connecting link between the New York and Western (United States) railway systems. The change of gauge carried out within the past two years was effected under the sanction of an Act of the Legislature, and for the express purpose of rendering the line uniform with its American connections at either extremity. As the trains from New York to San Francisco, and much of the freight from West to East, and vice versa, pass over the Great Western, the change of gauge was a prudent step dictated by the wisest commercial policy. The Great Western possesses a magnificent road-bed, one of the very best in America; its traffic is immense for the length of the line—221 miles—and its appointments are all of first class order. The change, therefore, from a five feet six to a four feet eight gauge has made no sensible diminution in the comfort of passengers, or in the road's capacity for freight, while it has very much improved its facilities for through business. It is to be remarked, however, that the Great Western, in conforming to the ordinary American, instead of the English, gauge, proves nothing in favour of what is called the narrow gauge railway system, for the Festiniog Railway in Wales, of two feet eleven inches gauge, and some of the narrow gauge lines in the north of Europe, quoted as instances of the success of Sir Charles Fox's pet plan when backed, or rather driven, by the Fairlie Engine, bear no comparison to the American gauge which the Great Western has adopted. In this issue we give an illustration of the first engine placed upon the line after the change was made. It is from a photograph by Cooper, of London, Ont.

SCIENTIFIC.

Among the curiosities of recent discovery may be instanced that made by M. Bertsch, and turned to practical account by M. Kuhlmann, the celebrated chemist. M. Bertsch has found that Epsom salts, or sulphate of magnesia, dissolved in beer, together with a small quantity of dextrine, or artificial gum, applied to a pane of glass with a brush, will, on crystallizing, produce the identical designs formed on glass by frost in cold weather, with this improvement, that the liquid may receive any colour whatever at the option of the operator. M. Kuhlmann, however, conceived the idea of going a step further, and transferring those fairy-like creations to stuffs and paper. For this purpose he first got the crystallizations on sheets of iron, on which he afterwards laid one of lead. By means of a powerful hydraulic press the minutest details of the figures in question were duly imprinted on the soft metal, and a copy of them in relief was then obtained by galvanoplastics. But, in the impression of cotton stuffs, the pattern must be continuous, whereas in M. Kuhlmann's plates the lines at one end would fail to coincide with those at the other, causing disagreeable interruptions in the printed designs. To overcome this he ingeniously effected the crystallization on the cylindrical surface of a roller. A slight rotatory motion imparted to it prevents the liquid from accumulating at any particular point before it has evaporated.

[Except that gum arabic, instead of dextrine, was generally used twenty-five or more years ago, we believe that at that time, and how long before we cannot say, every apothecary's apprentice was "up" with the so-called discovery of M. Bertsch. Surely it is more than a generation since "frosting" with Epsom salts was familiar, even to non-scientific people. But M. Kuhlmann's discovery does appear to have something of novelty in it, even if destitute of much practical value. It may, however, give the ladies some new patterns in dress.—Ed. C. I. N.]

THE TRUTH AFTER THOMSON.

(As Versed by a Modern Athenian.)

More blest than ancient, modern Athens see Beneath a *douche* of wisdom, playing free. Imbibe philosophy, drawn cool and mild. And quaff from wells of science undefiled.

But let me haste to range in order fair Our gains—and first, the wisdom from the chair.

The sun's a slowly-cooling liquid mass. Like that which reams within my toddy-glass. But, unlike that, hot liquid doth contain 'Twill take earth's draughts millions of years to drain. Ah, happy earth, thou, unlike thirsty Scot, Undrunk, canst quaff for ages, hot and hot!

Comets are groups of meteoric stones, That rattle round our globe in crossing zones; The light from their bright heads to earth arriving, Due to collisions from unskillful driving; Their tails, the outer portions of the train. By sunlight and perspective's laws made plain, As in the cloud round my churchwarden curled, Less and less dense the outer wreaths are whirled. Thus heavenly space, like earth, to science shines. All scored with meteoric railway lines— And as earth's rails with wreck too oft are strown, Smashes on heavenly tracks are not unknown.

Life only can give life. There is a chasm No words can bridge . . . germ-cells nor protoplasm . . . Betwixt dead matter, in its dreamless sleep, And lowest forms where life's faint pulses creep. So wisdom's last word with her first doth fit, Both verdict give, *ex nihilo nihil fit*. And stamp this truth, above schools and their strife, "Life from life comes, and comes from nought but life."

"But how did life on this our globe begin?" O who truth's Grail in that dark quest shall win? Perchance among the meteor hosts that play At criss-cross round our earth, two on their way Encountered, as might two excursion trains. And, as these scatter travellers' bones and brains. Down to our blank and lifeless planet hurled The moss-grown fragments of some earlier world, Which in their bosom might have borne the sperme Of other skies to be earth's primal germs; So that its earliest life our planet gains From the lost luggage of smashed meteor trains. Far-fetched such an hypothesis may seem, But science (*teste* Thomson) holds no dream. Though sure a Scotch professor's bound to doubt What so leaves *Genesis* and *Moses* out.

But say, whence in those meteors life began, From whose collision came the germs of man? Still hangs the veil across the searcher's track. We have but thrust the mystery one stage back. Below the earth the elephant we've found. Below him of the tortoise touched the ground: But what the tortoise bears? Dig as we will, Beneath us lies a deep unbounded still: Sink with Darwin, with Argyll aspire. Betwixt angelic or ascidian sire, Though ne'er so high we soar, or deep we go. The infinite's above us, and below Beyond the creeds and fancies of the hour: Looms, fixed and awful, a creative power. And, science traversed, wise men hold him fool That owns not, o'er all, God's mysterious rule.

Such the great sum of truth from Thomson's chair, For more than modern Athens seed to bear.—Punch.

A SWISS ROMANCE.—A letter from Vaud states that a young lieutenant, wounded in the late war between France and Germany, was sent to a quiet village in that canton, early in the month of October last, to recruit his strength. There he made the acquaintance of a young lady, whose parents resided in the same village, and the couple became engaged. Owing to the mildness of the climate, and the interesting circumstances in which he found himself placed, the hero soon regained his health, and before very long an order arrived from head-quarters desiring him to report himself within a week at Berlin, where the depot of his regiment was then stationed. The grief of the lovers, when the time came to part, may be imagined, but with many vows of constancy, the lieutenant at last tore himself away, and in due time arrived at Berlin. At first his letters were filled with protestations of the enduring nature of his love, but gradually, as time wore on, they became less frequent and much colder in tone. Six weeks had elapsed since he had last written, when, instead of a letter full of reproaches, the lieutenant received a telegram from his "dear Marie," in the following words:—"Dear Fritz,—I have just received a letter, informing me that my uncle, who was a millionaire at Frankbur in the East Indies, is dead, and that I am his sole heiress." The lieutenant lost no time. He set out for the village. The young lady was overwhelmed with joy on seeing her lover once more, but reproached him for his long silence. "Don't let us talk of it, dear Marie," he replied. "There is now no obstacle to our union. The unexpected good fortune which Providence has sent us has removed the objections of my parents to our marriage—for a fortune so great, so colossal—" At these words Marie looked at him with a puzzled smile and somewhat pained expression, and, taking his hand, said, "Fritz, do not make fun of me." The lover drew out of his pocket the telegram he had received, asking her whether she had not written the words, "My uncle has just died a millionaire at Frankbur." Utterly astounded, Marie dropped his hand, and when she recovered the use of her tongue, said sadly, her eyes filled with tears, "Dear Fritz, there is a mistake in the telegram. What I wrote was, 'My uncle has just died a *missionnaire* in the East Indies,' and the amount he has left me is just 196fr. 45c." The lieutenant returned to Berlin a sadder and a wiser man.

GOLD AND GEOLOGY.—That theory may sometimes prove only a blind guide, and that a joker may sometimes have the laugh turned against himself, is the double "moral" of the following good story, told by a writer in *Lippincott's Magazine*: In the earliest days of gold mining we established certain auriferous geological laws. It was legitimate that gold should be found only in certain locations, on the river bank, in the bed, in gulches or flats, on riffles and bars. But gold was no respecter of these laws. There is near Columbia, Tuolumne county, a very large flat, over a mile in diameter, and perhaps four in circumference. It has been immensely rich. It is surrounded on all sides by hills. One day, some nineteen or twenty years ago, a negro walked over the flat. He had just arrived in the country; he had come to dig for gold. He approached a party of miners at work, and asked them where he had better dig. These were geological miners. They held that gold should be found only in flats and low places. They were also white miners. White miners, some nineteen years ago, felt themselves at full liberty to expend their rough humour over a solitary inquiring negro; so they told him that good diggings might be found up on yonder hill, pointing to

one of the highest in the neighbourhood, as yet untouched by pick or shovel. It was a good joke thus to send Ethiopia up the barren hill that hot summer's day, the mercury standing at one hundred in the shade. Ethiopia confidently went, dug, perspired, and opened one of the richest claims in Tuolumne. Caucasia heard of it. The grin faded from her features. She dropped her picks and shovels, ran from the plain, ran up that hill, and in twenty-four hours it was entirely staked out in claims. Ethiopia had some trouble in preserving the integrity of his own legitimate mining boundaries. Caucasia ever after that was careful how she joked with inquiring negroes as to the locality of "diggings." She also lost confidence in her geology.

NEW KIND OF PAPER HANGINGS.—A Liverpool paper thus describes a new kind of paper hangings, recently introduced there from Switzerland. The effect must be very fine. "The general character of the design may be styled Florentine; the ground-work is white satin; the walls are divided into compartments by styles of a rich gold colour, representing, with great accuracy, carved wood of intricate design; the panels are niches with drawings of deer, lions, swans, &c., each forming a complete picture in gorgeous borders of gilded ornaments and flowers, partaking somewhat of the Louis Quatorze style; the alternate panels comprise a species of filigree work, varied with drawings of flowers and gems, in which gilding is most tastefully and sparingly introduced, the whole being of the most exquisite design and execution. An exceedingly rich border runs round the top of the room, and one of corresponding design round the bottom part. From the judicious employment of French grays and other cool colours, the effect is not in the least gaudy, but at once rich and chaste. The introduction of this paper may be regarded as a new era in decoration, and will do much to relieve us from the sameness and insipidity which pervade even our best houses."

The *Chignecto Post* reports that the Albert Coal Mines in New Brunswick, are again on fire.

The Duchesse du Pleissis d'Aremcey, noted during the First Empire, and prominent in the reign of Louis Philippe, has just died at Vitry-le-Francais, in her 100th year.

MARRIED.

On the 26th inst., at the Cathedral, Montreal, by the Rev. Canon Leblanc, THEODORE DOUCET, Esq., to MARY JESSIE ANNIE, eldest daughter of the late GEORGE DESBARATS, Esq.

CHESS.

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

An interesting game, played some years ago, between the renowned Russian masters Petroff and Jaenisch; the former giving the odds of "Pawn and two moves."

REMOVE BLACK'S K. B. P.

- White, Jaenisch. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. P. to Q. 4th. 3. P. to K. 5th. 4. K. B. to Q. 3rd. 5. P. to K. R. 4th. 6. B. takes Kt. P. ch. 7. Q. takes Kt. 8. P. to K. Kt. 4th (b). 9. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 10. Q. to Q. 2nd (c). 11. Q. takes B. 12. Q. takes K. Kt. P. ch. 13. Q. B. to K. B. 4th. 14. Castles, ch. 15. Q. to Q. 3rd. 16. Q. to Q. 7th ch. 17. Q. to K. 6th ch. 18. P. takes P. 19. K. to Kt. sq. 20. K. to R. sq. 21. Kt. to K. 2nd. 22. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd (e). 23. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd (f). 24. K. to Q. Kt. sq. 25. Kt. takes Kt. P. 26. Q. to Q. R. 3rd ch. 27. Kt. to Q. 4th dis. ch. and wins. Black, Petroff. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. P. to Q. 4th. P. to K. Kt. 3rd. K. takes Q. P. (a). P. takes B. Q. B. to K. B. 4th. P. to Q. B. 4th. P. to Q. 5th. P. takes Kt. K. to Q. 2nd. Q. to Q. R. 4th (d). K. to B. 2nd. Q. to Q. Kt. 5th. K. to Kt. 3rd. K. to B. 4th. Q. takes P. ch. Q. to Kt. 5th ch. Q. takes B. Q. takes K. B. P. B. to Kt. 2nd. P. to Q. 3rd. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. Q. R. to Q. Kt. sq. K. to Kt. 3rd.

(a) If this pawn had been taken before the advance of K. Kt. P. Black would have remained, after the exchanges, with a weak doubled pawn on his King's side, which would have seriously cramped his game.

(b) Any attempt to save the Q. B. P. would have allowed his opponent to develop his forces with a superior position; the opening is very lively and brilliant for those odds.

(c) White cannot prudently take either of the offered pawns.

(d) Black's King is very much exposed; otherwise, this formidable coup would have left him with the advantage.

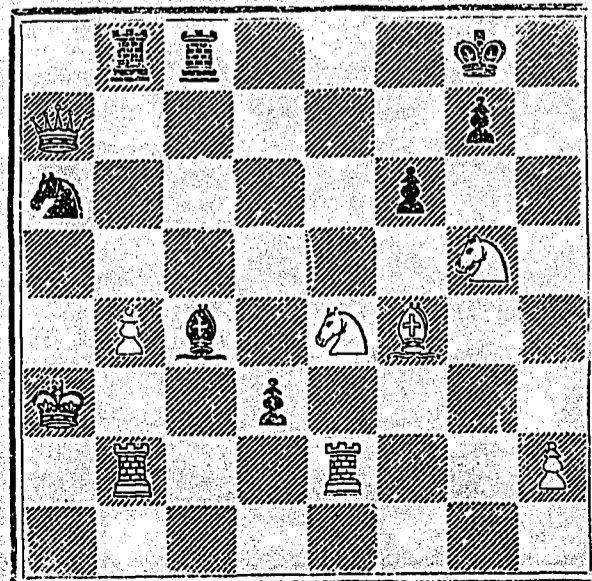
(e) R. to R. 3rd here, as suggested by Walker, leaves his adversary without resource.

(f) An oversight again; 23. R. to Q. Kt. sq. would have been unanswerable; for if Black play—23. P. to Q. R. 3rd, White mates with—24. Q. to Q. Kt. 6th.

PROBLEM No. 34.

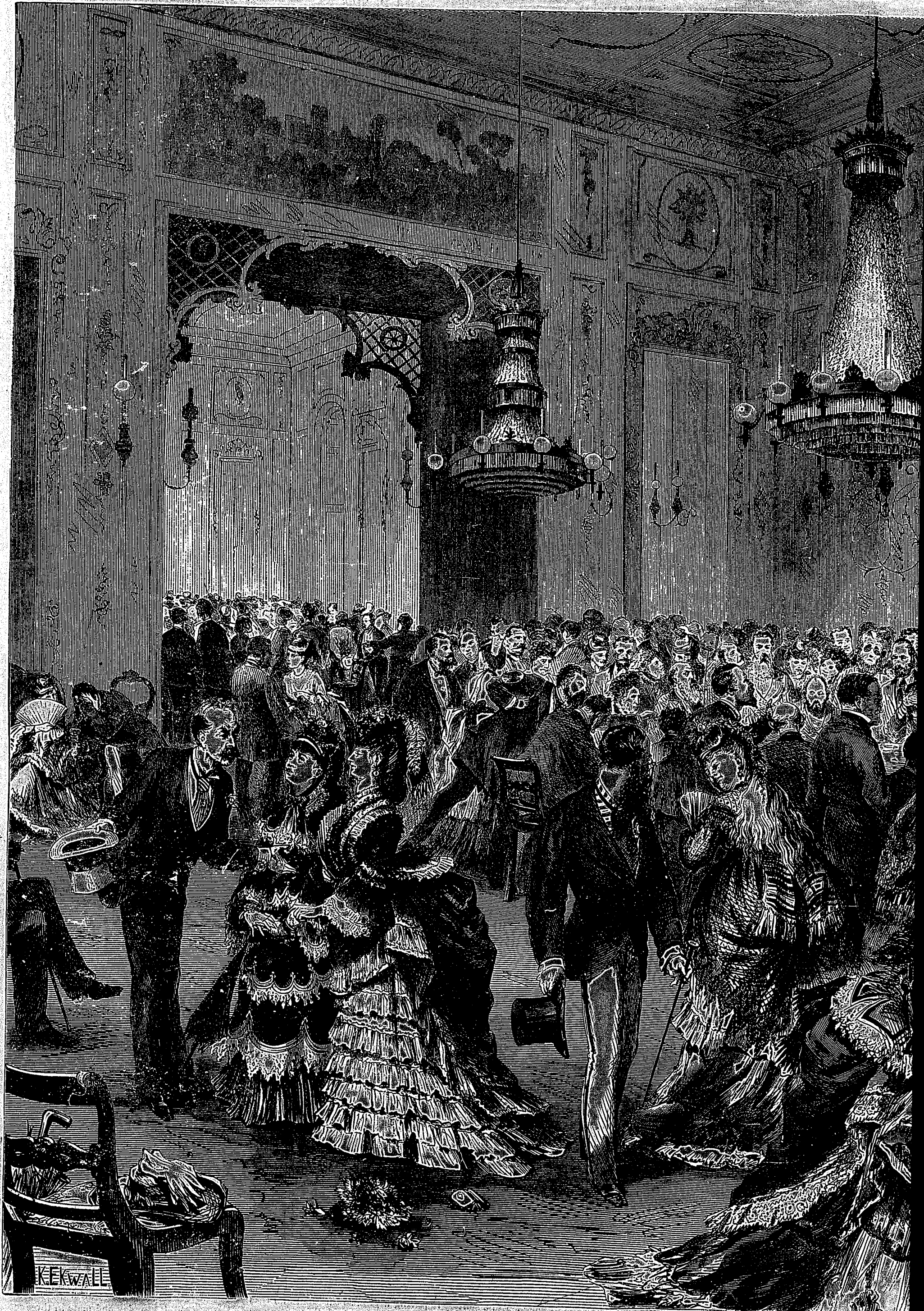
By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.



THE GAMING TABLES AT T



THE WIESBADEN KURHAUS.—SEE PAGE 211.

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

AGAIN THE ICE-CAVE.

The next morning he begged a holiday for me and Charley, of whose family he knew something although he was not acquainted with them. I was a little disappointed at Charley's being included in the request, not in the least from jealousy, but because I had set my heart on taking Clara to the cave in the ice, which I knew Charley would not like. But I thought we could easily arrange to leave him somewhere near until we returned. I spoke to Mr. Coningham about it, who entered into my small scheme with the greatest kindness. Charley confided to me afterwards that he did not take to him—he was too like an ape, he said. But the impression of his ugliness had with me quite worn off; and for his part, if I had been a favourite nephew, he could not have been more complaisant and hearty.

I felt very stiff when we set out, and altogether not quite myself; but the discomfort wore off as we went. Charley had Mr. Coningham's horse, and I walked by the side of Clara's, eager after any occasion, if but a pretence, of being useful to her. She was quite familiar with me, but seemed shy of Charley. He looked much more of a man than I; for not only, as I have said, had he grown much during his illness, but there was an air of troubled thoughtfulness about him which made him look considerably older than he really was; while his delicate complexion and large blue eyes had a kind of mystery about them that must have been very attractive.

When we reached the village, I told Charley that we wanted to go on foot to the cave, and hoped he would not mind waiting our return. But he refused to be left, declaring he should not mind going in the least; that he was quite well now, and ashamed of his behaviour on the former occasion; that, in fact, it must have been his approaching illness that caused it. I could not insist, and we set out. The footpath led us through fields of corn, with a bright sun overhead, and a sweet wind blowing. It was a glorious day of golden corn, gentle wind, and blue sky—with great masses of white snow, whiter than any cloud, held up in it.

We descended the steep bank; we crossed the wooden bridge over the little river; we crunched under our feet the hail-like crystals lying rough on the surface of the glacier; we reached the cave, and entered the blue abyss. I went first into the delicious, yet dangerous-looking blue. The cave had several sharp angles in it. When I reached the furthest corner I turned to look behind me. I was alone. I walked back and peeped round the last corner. Between that and the one beyond it stood Clara and Charley—staring at each other with faces of ghastly horror.

Clara's look certainly could not have been the result of any excess of imagination. But many women respond easily to influences they could not have originated. My conjecture is that the same horror had again seized upon Charley when he saw Clara; that it made his face, already deathlike, tenfold more fearful; that Clara took fright at his fear, her imagination opening like a crystal to the polarized light of reflected feeling; and thus they stood in the paralysis of a dismay which ever multiplied itself in the opposed mirrors of their countenances.

I too was in terror—for Charley, and certainly wasted no time in speculation. I went forward instantly, and put an arm round each. They woke up, as it were, and tried to laugh. But the laugh was worse than the stare. I hurried them out of the place.

We came upon Mr. Coningham round the next corner, amusing himself with the talk of the half-silly guide.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Out again," I answered. "The air is oppressive."

"Nonsense," he said merrily. "The air is as pure as it is cold. Come, Clara; I want to explore the penetralia of this temple of Isis."

I believe he intended a pun.

Clara turned with him; Charley and I went out into the sunshine.

"You should not have gone, Charley. You have caught a chill again," I said.

"No, nothing of the sort," he answered. "Only it was too dreadful. That lovely face! To see it like that—and know that is what it is coming to!"

"You looked as horrid yourself," I returned.

"I don't doubt it. We all did. But why?"

"Why, just because of the blueness," I answered.

"Yes—the blueness, no doubt. That was all. But there it was, you know."

Clara came out smiling. All her horror had vanished. I was looking into the hole as she turned the last corner. When she first appeared, her face was "like one that hath been seven days drowned;" but as she advanced, the decay thinned, and the life grew, until at last she stepped from the mouth of the sepulchre in all the glow of her merry youth. It was a dumb show of the resurrection.

As we went back to the inn, Clara, who was walking in front with her father, turned her head and addressed me suddenly.

"You see it was all a sham, Wilfrid!" she said.

"What was a sham? I don't know what you mean," I rejoined.

"Why that," she returned, pointing with her hand. Then addressing her father, "Isn't that the Eiger," she asked—"the same we rode under yesterday?"

"To be sure it is," he answered.

She turned again to me. "You see it is all a sham! Last night it pretended to be on the very edge of the road and hanging over our heads at an awful height. Now it has gone a long way back, is not so very high, and certainly does not hang over. I ought not to have been satisfied with that precipice. It took me in."

I did not reply at once. Clara's words appeared to me quite irreverent, and I recoiled from the very thought that there could be any sham in nature; but what to answer her I did not know. I almost began to dislike her; for it is often incapacity for defending the faith they love which turns men into persecutors.

Seeing me foiled, Charley advanced with the doubtful aid of a sophism to help me.

"Which is the sham, Miss Clara?" he asked.

"That Eiger mountain there."

"Ah! so I thought."

"Then you are of my opinion, Mr. Osborne?"

"You mean the mountain is shamming, don't you—looking far off when really it is near?"

"Not at all. When it looked last night as if it hung right over our heads, it was shamming. See it now—far away there!"

"But which then is the sham, and which is the true? It looked near yesterday and now it looks far away. Which is which?"

"It must have been a sham yesterday; for although it looked near, it was very dull and dim, and you could only see the sharp outline of it."

"Just so I argue on the other side: The mountain must be shamming now, for although it looks so far off, it yet shows a most contradictory clearness—not only of outline but of surface."

"Aha!" thought I, "Miss Clara has found her match. They both know he is talking nonsense, yet she can't answer him. What she was saying was nonsense too, but I can't answer it either—not yet."

I felt proud of both of them, but of Charley in especial, for I had had no idea he could be so quick.

"What ever put such an answer in your head, Charley?" I exclaimed.

"Oh! it's not quite original," he returned. "I believe it was suggested by two or three lines I read in a review just before we left home. They took a hold of me rather."

He repeated half of the now well-known little poem of Shelley, headed *Passage of the Apennines*. He had forgotten the name of the writer, and it was many years before I fell in with them myself.

"The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,
Which between the earth and sky doth lay;
But when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the

[storm.]

In the middle of it I saw Clara begin to titter, but she did not interrupt him. When he had finished, she said with a grave face, too grave for seriousness:

"Will you repeat the third line—I think it was, Mr. Osborne?"

He did so.

"What kind of eggs did the Apennine lay, Mr. Osborne?" she asked, still perfectly serious.

Charley was abashed to find she could take advantage of probably a provincialism to turn into ridicule such fine verses. Before he could recover himself, she had planted another blow or two.

"And where is its nest? Between the earth and the sky is vague. But then to be sure it must want a good deal of room. And after all, a mountain is a strange fowl, and who knows where it might lay? Between earth and sky is quite definite enough? Besides, the bird-nesting boys might be dangerous if they knew where it was. It would be such a find for them!"

My champion was defeated. Without attempting a word in reply, he hung back and dropped behind. Mr. Coningham must have heard the whole, but he offered no remark. I saw that Charley's sensitive nature was hurt, and my heart was sore for him.

"That's too bad of you, Clara," I said.

"What's too bad of me, Wilfrid?" she returned.

I hesitated a moment, then answered—

"To make game of such verses. Any one with half a soul must see they were fine."

"Very wrong of you, indeed, my dear," said Mr. Coningham from behind, in a voice that sounded as if he were smothering a laugh; but when I looked round, his face was grave.

"Then I suppose that half soul I haven't got," returned Clara.

"Oh! I didn't mean that," I said, lamely enough. "But there's no logic in that kind of thing, you know."

"You see, papa," said Clara, "what you are accountable for. Why didn't you make them teach me logic?"

Her father smiled a pleased smile. His daughter's naivete would, in his eyes, make up for any lack of logic.

"Mr. Osborne," continued Clara, turning back, "I beg your pardon. I am a woman, and you men don't allow us to learn logic. But at the same time you must confess you were making a bad use of yours. You know it was all nonsense you were trying to pass off on me for wisdom."

He was by her side the instant she spoke to him. A smile grew upon his face: I could see it growing, just as you see the sun growing behind a cloud. In a moment it broke out in radiance.

"I confess," he said. "I thought you were too hard on Wilfrid; and he hadn't anything at hand to say for himself."

"And you were too hard upon me, weren't you? Two to one is not fair play—is it now?"

"No; certainly not."

"And that justified a little false play on my part?"

"No, it did not," said Charley, almost fiercely. "Nothing justifies false play."

"Not even yours, Mr. Osborne?" replied Clara, with a stately coldness quite marvellous in one so young; and leaving him, she came again to my side. I peeped at Mr. Coningham, curious to see how he regarded all this wrangling with his daughter. He appeared at once amused and satisfied. Clara's face was in a glow, clearly of anger at the discourteous manner in which Charley had spoken.

"You mustn't be angry with Charley, Clara," I said.

"He is very rude," she replied, indignantly.

"What he said was rude, I allow, but Charley himself is anything but rude. I haven't looked at him, but I am certain he is miserable about it already."

"So he ought to be. To speak like that to a lady, when her very friendliness put her off her guard! I never was treated so in all my life."

She spoke so loud that she must have meant Charley to hear her. But when I looked back, I saw that he had fallen a long way behind, and was coming on very slowly, with dejected look and his eyes on the ground. Mr. Coningham did not interfere by word or sign.

When we reached the inn he ordered some refreshment, and behaved to us both as if we were grown men. Just a touch of familiarity was the sole indication that we were not grown men. Boys are especially grateful for respect from their superiors, for it helps them to respect themselves; but Charley sat silent and gloomy. As he would not ride back, and Mr. Coningham preferred walking too, I got into the saddle and rode by Clara's side.

As we approached the house, Charley crept up to the other side of Clara's horse, and laid his hand on his mane. When he spoke, Clara started, for she was looking the other way and had not observed his approach.

"Miss Clara," he said, "I am very sorry I was so rude. Will you forgive me?"

Instead of being hard to reconcile, as I had feared from her outburst of indignation, she leaned forward and laid her hand on his. He looked up in her face, his own suffused with a colour I had never seen in it before. His great blue eyes lightened with thankfulness, and began to fill with tears. How she looked, I could not see. She withdrew her hand, and Charley dropped behind again. In a little while he came up to my side, and began talking. He soon got quite merry, but Clara in her turn was silent.

I doubt if anything would be worth telling but for what comes after. History itself would be worthless but for what it cannot tell, namely, its own future. Upon this ground my reader must excuse the apparent triviality of the things I am now relating.

When we were alone in our room that night—for ever since Charley's illness we two had had a room to ourselves—Charley said,

"I behaved like a brute this morning, Wilfrid."

"No, Charley; you were only a little rude from being over eager. If she had been seriously advocating dishonesty, you would have been quite right to take it up so; and you thought she was."

"Yes; but it was very silly of me. I dare say it was because I had been so dishonest myself just before. How dreadful it is that I am always taking my own side, even when I do what I am ashamed of in another. I sup-

pose I think I have got my horse by the head, and the other has not."

"I don't know. That may be it," I answered. "I'm afraid I can't think about it to-night, for I don't feel well. What if it should be your turn to nurse me now, Charley?"

He turned quite pale, his eyes opened wide, and he looked at me anxiously.

Before morning I was aching all over: I had rheumatic fever.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHARLEY NURSES ME.

I saw no more of Clara. Mr. Coningham came to bid me good-bye, and spoke very kindly. Mr. Forest would have got a nurse for me, but Charley begged so earnestly to be allowed to return the service I had done for him, that he yielded.

I was in great pain for more than a week. Charley's attentions were unremitting. In fact he nursed me more like a woman than a boy; and made me think with some contrition how poor my ministrations had been. Even after the worst was over, if I but moved, he was at my bedside in a moment. Certainly no nurse could have surpassed him. I could bear no one to touch me but him; from any one else I dreaded torture; and my medicine was administered to the very moment by my own old watch, which had been brought to do its duty at least respectably.

One afternoon, finding me tolerably comfortable, he said:

"Shall I read something to you, Wilfrid?"

He never called me Willie, as most of my friends did.

"I should like it," I answered.

"What shall I read?" he asked.

"Hadn't you something in your head," I rejoined, "when you proposed it?"

"Well, I had; but I don't know if you would like it."

"What did you think of, then?"

"I thought of a chapter in the New Testament."

"How could you think I should not like that?"

"Because I never saw you say your prayers."

"That is quite true. But you don't think I never say my prayers although you never see me do it?"

"The fact was, my uncle, amongst his other peculiarities, did not approve of teaching children to say their prayers. But he did not therefore leave me without instruction in the matter of praying—either the idlest or the most availing of human actions. He would say: 'When you want anything, ask for it, Willie; and if it is worth your having, you will have it. But don't fancy you are doing God any service by praying to him. He likes you to pray to him because he loves you, and wants you to love him. And whatever you do, don't go saying a lot of words you don't mean. If you think you ought to pray, say your Lord's Prayer, and have done with it.' I had no theory myself on the matter; but when I was in misery on the wild mountains, I had indeed prayed to God; and had even gone so far as to hope, when I got what I prayed for, that he had heard my prayer.

Charley made no reply.

"It seems to me better that sort of thing shouldn't be seen, Charley," I persisted.

"Perhaps, Wilfrid; but I was taught to say my prayers regularly."

"I don't think much of that either," I answered. "But I've said a good many prayers since I've been here, Charley. I can't say I'm sure it's any use, but I can't help trying after something—I don't know what—something I want, and don't know how to get."

"But it's only the prayer of faith that's heard. Do you believe, Wilfrid?"

"I don't know. I daren't say I don't. I wish I could say I do. But I daresay things will be considered."

"Wouldn't it be grand if it was true, Wilfrid?"

"What, Charley?"

"That God actually let his creatures see him—and—all that came of it, you know."

"It would be grand indeed! But supposing it true, how could we be expected to believe it like them that saw him with their own eyes? I couldn't be required to believe just as if I could have no doubt about it. It wouldn't be fair. Only—perhaps we haven't got the clew by the right end."

"Perhaps not. But sometimes I hate the whole thing. And then again I feel as if I must read all about it; not that I care for it exactly, but because a body must do something—because—I don't know how to say it—because of the misery, you know."

"I don't know that I do know—quite. But now you have started the subject, I thought that was great nonsense Mr. Forest was talking about the authority of the church the other day."

"Well, I thought so, too. I don't see what right they have to say so and so, if they didn't hear him speak. As to what he meant, they may be right or they may be wrong. If they have the gift of the Spirit, as they say—how am I to tell they have? All imposters claim

it as well as the true men. If I had ever so little of the same gift myself, I suppose I could tell; but they say no one has till he believes—so they may be all humbugs for anything I can possibly tell; or they may be all true men and yet I may fancy them all humbugs, and can't help it."

I was quite as much astonished to hear Charley talk in this style, as some readers will be doubtful whether a boy could have talked such good sense. I said nothing, and a silence followed.

"Would you like me to read to you, then?" he asked.

"Yes, I should; for, do you know, after all, I don't think there's anything like the New Testament."

"Anything like it!" he repeated. "I should think not! Only I wish I did know what it all meant. I wish I could talk to my father as I would to Jesus Christ if I saw him. But if I could talk to my father, he would not understand me. He would speak to me as if I were the very scum of the universe for daring to have a doubt of what he told me."

"But he doesn't mean himself," I said.

"Well, who told him?"

"The Bible."

"And who told the Bible?"

"God, of course."

"But how am I to know that? I only know they say so. Do you know, Wilfrid—I don't believe my father is quite sure himself, and that is what makes him in such a rage with anybody who doesn't think as he does. He's afraid it mayn't be true after all."

I had never had a father to talk to, but I thought something must be wrong when a boy couldn't talk to his father. My uncle was a better father than that came to.

Another pause followed, during which Charley searched for a chapter to fit the mood. I will not say what chapter he found, for, after all, I doubt if we had any real notion of what it meant. I know, however, that there were words in it which found their way to my conscience; and, let men of science or philosophy say what they will, the rousing of a man's conscience is the greatest event in his existence. In such a matter, the consciousness of the man himself is the sole witness. A Chinese can expose many of the absurdities and inconsistencies of the English; it is their own Shakespeare who must bear witness to their sins and faults, as well as their truths and characteristics.

After this we had many conversations about such things, one of which I shall attempt to report by-and-by. Of course in any such attempt, all that can be done is to put the effect into fresh conversational form. What I have just written must at least be more orderly than what passed between us; but the spirit is much the same; and mere fact is of consequence only as it affects truth.

CHAPTER XX.

A DREAM.

The best immediate result of my illness was, that I learned to love Charley Osborne more dearly. We renewed an affection resembling from afar that of Shakespeare for his nameless friend; we anticipated that informing *In Memoriam*. Lest I be accused of infinite arrogance, let me remind my reader that the sun is reflected in a dewdrop as in the ocean.

One night I had a strange dream, which is perhaps worth telling for the involution of its consciousness.

I thought I was awake in my bed, and Charley asleep in his. I lay looking into the room. It began to waver and change. The night-light enlarged and receded; and the walls trembled and waved about. The light had got behind them, and shone through them.

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; for I was frightened.

I heard him move; but before he reached me, I was lying on a lawn, surrounded by trees, with the moon shining through them. The next moment Charley was by my side.

"Isn't it prime?" he said. "It's all over!"

"What do you mean, Charley?" I asked.

"I mean that we're both dead now. It's not so very bad—is it?"

"Nonsense, Charley!" I returned; I'm not dead. I'm as wide alive as ever I was. Look here."

So saying, I sprang to my feet, and drew myself up before him.

"Where's your worst pain?" said Charley, with a curious expression in his tone.

"Here," I answered. "No; it's not; it's in my back. No, it isn't. It's nowhere. I haven't got any pain."

Charley laughed a low laugh, which sounded as sweet as strange. It was to the laughter of the world "as moonlight is to sunlight," but not "as water is to wine," for what it had lost in sound it had gained in smile.

"Tell me now you're not dead!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"But," I insisted, "don't you see I'm alive? You may be dead, for anything I know, but I am not—I know that."

"You're just as dead as I am," he said. "Look here."

A little way off, in an open plot by itself, stood a little white rose-tree, half mingled

with the moonlight. Charley went up to it, stepped on the topmost twig, and stood: the bush did not even bend under him.

"Very well," I answered. "You are dead, I confess. But now, look you here."

I went to a red rose-bush which stood at some distance, blanched in the moon, set my foot on the top of it, and made as if I would ascend, expecting to crush it, roses and all, to the ground. But behold! I was standing on my red rose opposite Charley on his white.

"I told you so," he cried, across the moonlight, and his voice sounded as if it came from the moon far away.

"Oh, Charley!" I cried. "I'm so frightened!"

"What are you frightened at?"

"At you. You're dead, you know."

"It is a good thing, Wilfrid," he rejoined, in a tone of some reproach, "that I am not frightened at you for the same reason; for what would happen then?"

"I don't know. I suppose you would go away and leave me alone in this ghostly light."

"If I were frightened at you as you are at me, we should not be able to see each other at all. If you take courage, the light will grow."

"Don't leave me, Charley," I cried, and flung myself from my tree towards his. I found myself floating, half reclined on the air. We met midway each in the other's arms.

"I don't know where I am, Charley."

"That is my father's rectory."

He pointed to the house, which I had not yet observed. It lay quite dark in the moonlight, for not a window shone from within.

"Don't leave me, Charley."

"Leave you! I should think not, Wilfrid. I have been long enough without you already."

"Have you been long dead, then, Charley?"

"Not very long. Yes, a long time. But indeed I don't know. We don't count time as we used to count it. I want to go and see my father. It is long since I saw him, anyhow. Will you come?"

"If you think I might—if you wish it," I said, for I had no great desire to see Mr. Osborne. "Perhaps he won't care to see me."

"Perhaps not," said Charley, with another low silvery laugh. "Come along."

We glided over the grass. A window stood a little open on the second floor. We floated up, entered, and stood by the bedside of Charley's father. He lay in a sound sleep.

"Father! father!" said Charley, whispering in his ear as he lay—"it's all right. You need not be troubled about me any more."

Mr. Osborne turned on his pillow.

"He's dreaming about us now," said Charley. "He sees us both standing by his bed."

But the next moment, Mr. Osborne sat up, stretched out his arms towards us with the open palms outwards, as if pushing us away from him, and cried:

"Depart from me, all evil-doers. O Lord! do I not hate them that hate thee?"

He followed with other yet more awful words which I never could recall. I only remember the feeling of horror and amazement they left behind. I turned to Charley. He had disappeared, and I found myself lying in the bed beside Mr. Osborne. I gave a great cry of dismay—when there was Charley again beside me, saying:

"What's the matter, Wilfrid? Wake up. My father's not here."

I did wake, but until I had felt in the bed could not satisfy myself that Mr. Osborne was indeed not there.

"You've been talking in your sleep. I could hardly get you waked," said Charley, who stood there in his shirt.

"Oh Charley!" I cried, "I've had such a dream!"

"What was it, Wilfrid?"

"Oh! I can't talk about it yet," I answered.

I never did tell him that dream; for even then I was often uneasy about him—he was so sensitive. The affections of my friend were as hoops of steel; his feelings a breath would ripple. Oh my Charley! if ever we meet in that land so vaguely shadowed in my dream, will you not know that I loved you heartily well? Shall I not hasten to lay bare my heart before you—the priest of its confession? Oh Charley! when the truth is known, the false will fly asunder as the autumn leaves in the wind; but the true, whatever their faults, will only draw together the more tenderly that they have sinned against each other.

To be continued.

A NOVEL CARRIAGE.—On the night of the ball given by the Duchess of Argyll at Inverary, owing to the great demand for carriages, resource was had in one instance to a novel expedient. A daughter of Mr. Richardson, of the yacht "Selene," and another young lady were conveyed ashore in the dingy, or large punt, belonging to the yacht, which was provided with an awing, protecting above and around the sides, from the rain. The crew of the yacht then carried the punt with the young ladies to and from the pavilion.

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[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES
OF THE
LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

"Order hither my saddle and valise. That is well. The valise has already been rummaged for rebel papers, as you'd term them; that is not so well. But the old soiled packet remains. Now it is opened, read. On this child's coral is your full name, Eustace De Lacy Lillymere, with date of birth. And this locket, worn by Essel Bell, the girl stranger from America, then with you at Ogleburn Castle in Scotland; (time of your mother's absence to find your father on a battle-field.) This locket bears the name of Essel Bell, now the Donna Eurydia, who so madly loves young Lillymere—you, Captain. That coral and locket were attached to the dress of the babe when stolen from Essel. That babe was you, Captain. Are you satisfied?"

"No, I'm not satisfied."

"Not likely you should be. For, though personal identity be found, the misfortune of illegitimacy might still be yours. The mother who gave you birth might have been—"

"Villain! What have you to say of that mother? Weigh well the words before you defame her. I have seen no mother but in dreams; but she was a pure being, and now a saint, living or not living. Say on; say on; you distract me."

"I meant to convey to you that though identity be proved by things, marks, and testimony of persons, the question of legitimacy remains. Other claimants, with whom I've been concerned with a view to learn what they allege, say you are illegitimate."

"Oh, mother! pure being, whom I never saw but in dreams, this is not so. Mother, come from the dead and tell it is not so!"

"Patience, Captain. Here is a document, rising from the dead as it were, proving you legitimate. I may say rising from the dead, seeing I'm to be shot by twelve, or lynched by one. This is the certificate of the marriage of Colonel Lillymere, your father, with Edith Ogleburn, your mother, dated a year before you were born, and witnessed on the day of the marriage by those present; of whom were Rosa Myther, your mother's own maid, now my housekeeper. With her own hands Rosa Myther stitched that certificate in your mother's blue satin corset with four thousand pounds sterling, on the lady going abroad to a field of war. With her own hands Rosa Myther unstitched the marriage-paper and the four thousand pounds from the satin corset, found old and soiled in a bale of rags at a paper-mill in Canada. Its subsequent vicissitudes I need not now relate. But Rosa lives to identify it, and prove the marriage."

The Redbolt paced the confined space of the tent uneasily, the Guerilla gazing on him with unwinking eye. He stooped, and confronting the prisoner, demanded:

"El Abra, you think to reduce me to feeble compliance with your designs. The magnetic power which has served so well in the profession of magician, universal doctor, financier, conspirator, and all the rest of your marvellous doings is directed on me, I feel and acknowledge. But I resist the magnetic influence which your unexpected disclosures have artfully prepared my sensitive nature to yield to."

The Guerilla smiled, and continued to gaze silently, the Redbolt again pacing in hurried, broken steps. Smiling his own breast, he cried:

"No, El Abra. You'd have me desert this command, escape to Canada, and so facilitate your ulterior designs on frontier of the Northern States? Do I judge that terrible will arise?"

"You judge truly. That is the will of El Abra."

"You have broken the spell, magician. Spoken, when the art of deception required silence."

"I address your reason rather than constrain you by will of magnetic magic."

"Left to the freedom of my own will I resent the affront to reason."

"Yet some who are highly esteemed by you sympathize with the South."

"They may admire the martial spirit of the South, so do I. They may by anticipation deplore the ruined fortunes of the fallen, but they are poor in sagacity who, in Canada or in Great Britain, take side with rebellions anywhere; least of all this rebellion in the United States."

"Forgo the public policy of the question, Captain; and reach private interests. Don't you perceive in the proofs of identity and legitimacy just disclosed that you are within a step of the estates and peerage of your father's ancestors?"

"What would you have me do?"

"Accept the honours and fortune lying at your feet. Marry this charming young Amazon, Miss Schoolar, your prisoner; or the older, but not less charming, Donna Essel Bell Eurydia. Or go first to England in person, acquire your rights, then marry—yes, I'd prefer Miss Schoolar. But for her superb riding, audacious courage, vehement small hand, you'd be now lying stark and stiff, dead."

"You'd have me be traitor to the cause and country I serve? Betray my trust on this farthest out-post of the army of the United States?"

"Why not? The cause isn't yours. The country isn't yours."

"El Abra, conscience is mine. Honour is mine. Retain the packet of alleged proofs relating to Lillymere. I'm Simon Lud until this war is over."

"Perchance you think they'll be yours anyway, when I'm court-martialed to-morrow and shot at twelve, or, failing that, lynched by your men at one?"

"No, sir; I'll go beg your life."

One of the Deputy-Provost-Marshal's entered the tent. He held a written paper, and looking fiercely at the prisoner, said:

"So this is the sanguinary rebel El Abra? Make short work with him. He is to be hung at day-break. Not to be honoured with martial death, the cut-throat assassin, but hanged. If the Provost Guard be otherwise engaged at that hour, this is your written instruction, Captain Lud. That fellow, El Abra, is to be hung dead, at 5 a. m."

Conversation ended suddenly. Field batteries of the nation moving to new positions in deal of the night; battalions moving to places in brigades; brigades to their divisions in army corps; all essaying to occupy positions unseen by the enemy, came in collision without intention, mingling with moving columns of the insurgent hosts.

They grappled in close combat, capturing portions of each other's field trains, ambulance, commissariat. In the unintended concussion a few of the batteries in hands of men exasperated, thundered and flashed in the darkness.

At the sound both armies sprang to arms and would have joined in common battle only for not knowing whom they might slay; man in blue or man in grey.

The smaller rattling of rifly and louder resounding of artillery came out of the woods across a plain, and into other woods to the camp of the Redbolts. Striking into ears of the alert, suggestively of vigilance. Striking on hearts of the timid; on nerves of the sick and newly wounded; on disturbed expectancy; on distracted uncertainty; giving premonitory intimation of events about to occur, sanguinary, terrible.

And stoutest hearts and heads, the profoundest in sagacity, discerned dread events in the inhuman impetuosity of the midnight commotion.

Old sin, mother of death, in throes giving birth to the appalling progeny of the morn.

Nature in travail giving birth to a morning to be ever memorable in the anniversaries of heroes.

Beauteous young America, inheritress of physical and moral splendours illimitable; daughter nation nursed in liberty of thought at the bosom of British Empire; illustrious bride of accidents, in the crisis of divorce from an alliance with old iniquity, not of her choosing when accepted in the days that were.

The echoes of the night combat called the Redbolt Captain outside the tent to listen with Tass Cass, estimating the probable distance and locality of the cannonade. Said the Captain:

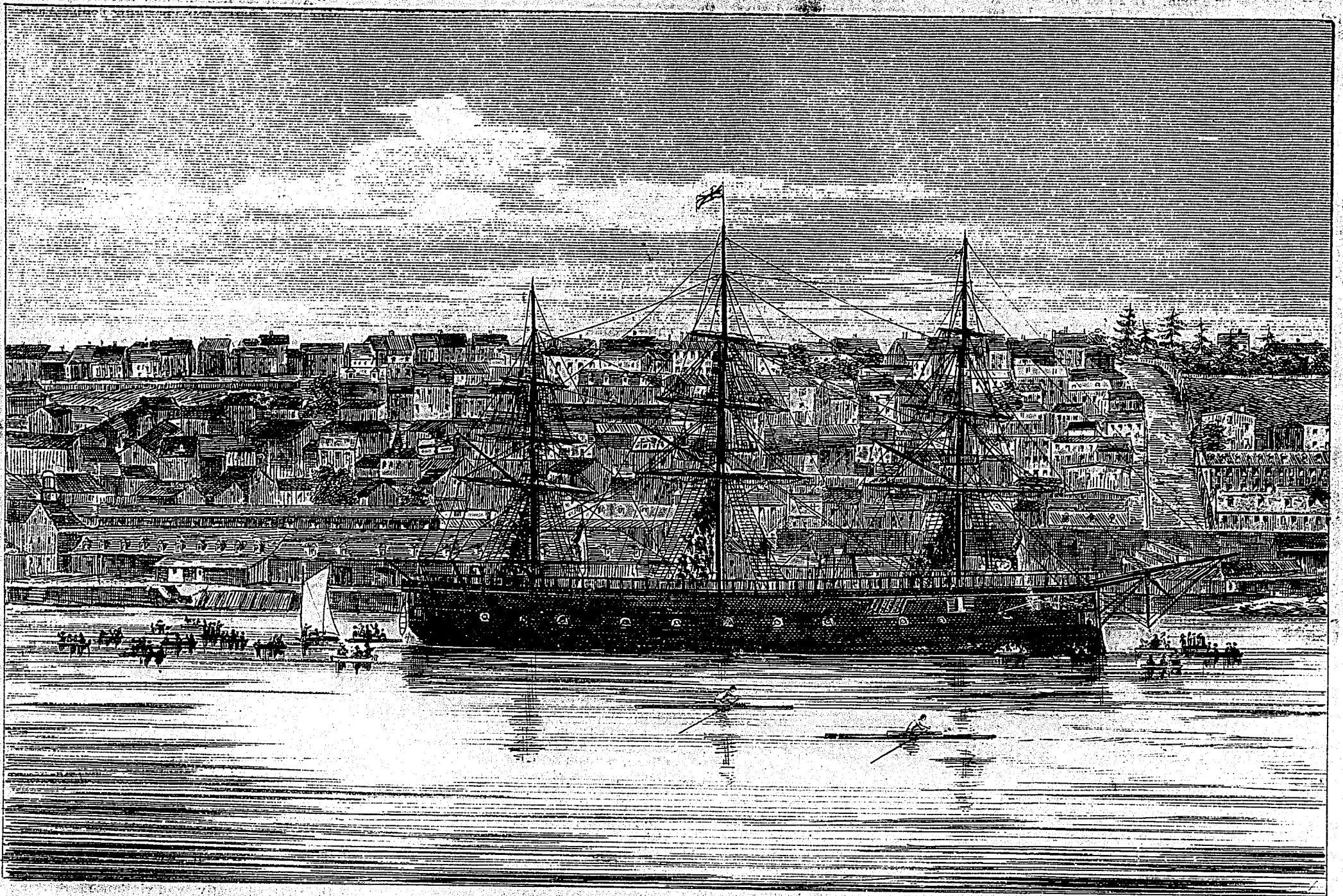
"In this emergency, Sergeant, I appoint you lieutenant provisionally, in place of Mr. Hiram Orde, killed in action. If this firing continues half an hour, or within that time comes nearer, sound the company to boot and saddle. I go to consult with the General of division on duties of urgency, if he can be found. If I'm detained and no order arrive to the contrary, you will fall in the whole at four-thirty, a. m. Tell off a fatigue party to dig a grave for El Abra's body—the Guerilla prisoner now within this tent. You are at five a. m. to hang him dead on the limb of this tree. When he is dead decapitate the body. His leonine head with mane and beard uncut is to be preserved."

After a pause the Captain continued:

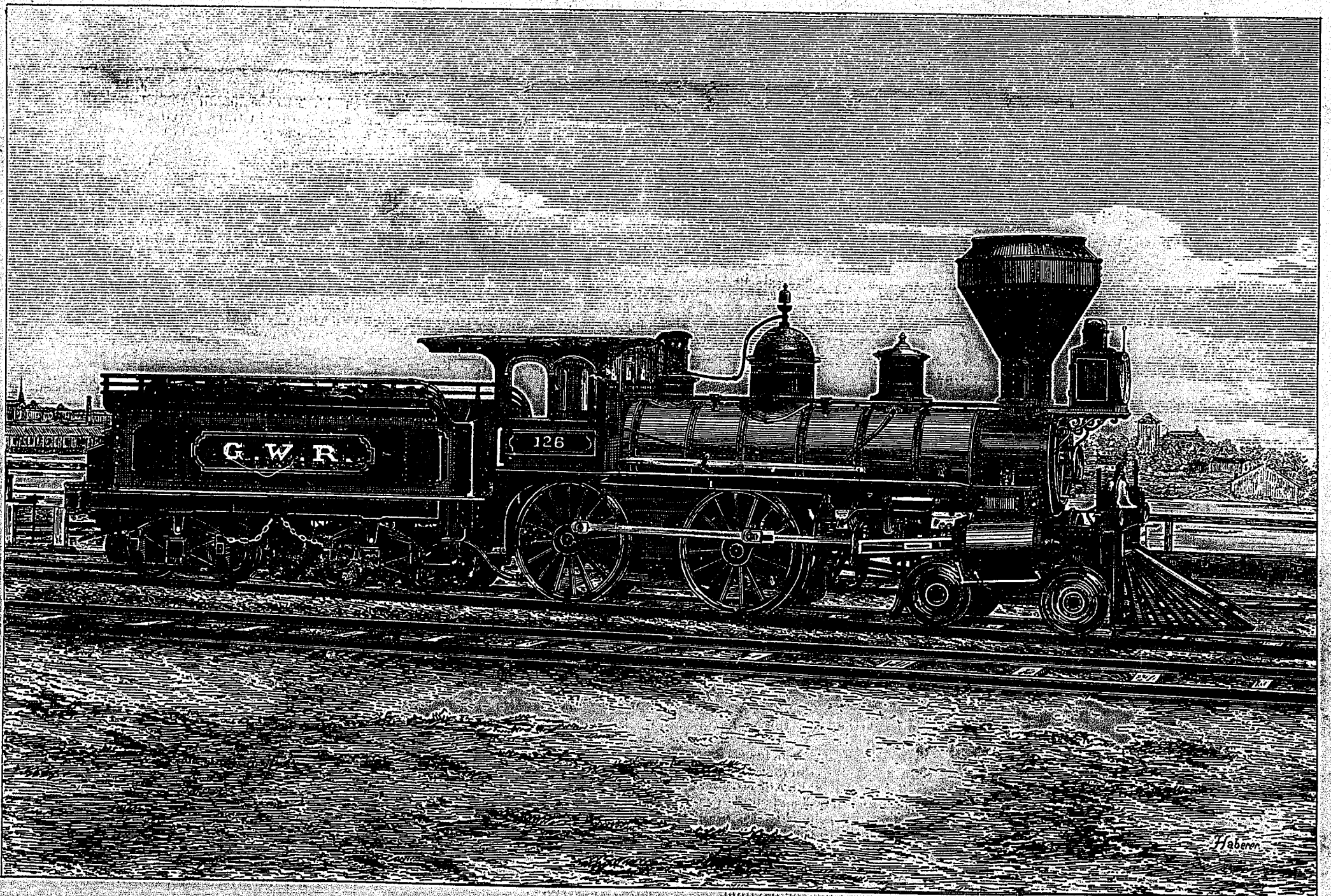
"Such the orders given me. I add this of myself which is to be truly done under your own eye, or with your own hand, Tass Cass: Take his valise with the entire contents, every article belonging him, except the saddle; throw them in the grave; bury them under the body. Let nothing fall, or be abstracted from the valise. A packet of diabolical charms of magic, not to be opened at peril of your life, you are to specially see in the grave, underneath the body; clothes to be buried also. Your promotion as lieutenant and my good-will may be secured only by doing this with scrupulous exactitude as now directed."

"All shall be well and truly done, Captain. On the honour of a Redbolt I promise."

Which said, the Captain and Tass Cass—a tall thin grim bearded man of thirty from



THE SINGLE SCULL RACE AT HALIFAX.—SEE PAGE 211.



NARROW GAUGE ENGINE, G. W. R. R.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. COOPER.—SEE PAGE 215.

FALL FASHIONS.

No. 1. *Walking Costume of Pearl-Gray Foulard.*—This costume consists of a plain, high body, over- and underskirt. The sleeves are trimmed at the wrist with a plaiting of the material of the dress, and a similar plaiting relieves the simplicity of the overskirt, which is looped up at either side. The sleeveless mantelet is of steel-blue grosgrain, with a velvet trimming and bows of grosgrain ribbon. Hat of gray *poult-de-soie*, with ribbons and leather to match.

No. 2. *Walking Costume of Woollen Material.*—Tight waist, over- and underskirt of a brown woollen material. The underskirt is quite plain. The overskirt is gathered up in a *pouf* behind, and trimmed with brown velvet, cut in festoons on its upper edge, and edged below with brown silk fringe. The waist is trimmed in a similar manner. Black horse-hair hat, set-off with flowers and feathers.

No. 3. *Walking Costume of Glacé Silk and Cachemire.*—The underskirt is of *Glacé Silk* of a light brown shade; its trimming consists of a double and single *ruching* with a broad puffing between. The overskirt and jacket are of brown *Cachemire* to match, and are both trimmed with a band of the

cerise fringe. The bodice is low, with a *Raphael guimpe* made of Valenciennes lace above. This *guimpe* is composed of perpendicular rows of lace insertion alternating with rows of purling, in and out of which narrow cerise ribbon is passed. *Raphael* sleeves, likewise entirely of lace. The bodice can be worn without this *guimpe*, and with a Valenciennes *berthe*, but the *guimpe* is the less dressy of the two.

A toilette in the "Marquise" style was another that attracted my attention at the Opera. It was striped white gauze, very diaphanous, and worn over pink silk, and three-fourths of the slip was trimmed up the front with very narrow flounces. The *polonaise* was looped up in four places, and fastened under the *paniers* with pink *grosgrain* bows having shortish ends. It was edged with a cross-cut plaiting to match, bordered with pink silk. High bodice, trimmed with a double gauze plaiting arranged fan-shaped, as lace has been worn for some time now. The dress opens in front to the waist, and a pink silk sash with long fringed ends is tied at the side. A tuft of pink *marguerites*, in the centre of a gauze plaiting, was fastened at the side. A chaplet of similar flowers in the splendid brown hair, which was arranged à la *Duchesse de Bourgogne*—the style now preferred.



No. 2.—WALKING COSTUME OF WOOLLEN MATERIAL.



No. 1.—WALKING COSTUME OF PEARL-GRAY FOULARD.



No. 3.—WALKING COSTUME OF GLACÉ SILK AND CACHEMIRE.

same headed with a cordless piping. Hat of brown *crêpe* trimmed with roses.

No. 4.—*Demi-toilette of poult-de-soie.*—Consists of under- and overskirt, with *demi-train*, and *taille* of violet *poult-de-soie*. The underskirt is trimmed with three plaitings of the same material as the dress; overskirt and *demi-train* as shown in the cut. The *taille* is cut *en cœur* and pointed in front, edged with a small *ruche*. Tight sleeves; collar and cuffs of fine linen, edged with lace.

THE LATEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Notwithstanding the almost tropical heat of the past ten days, foreigners continue to make their appearance in Paris, and very welcome they are to more than one class of the inhabitants. There are several English belonging to the upper ten thousand here, and a fair sprinkling of Russians. It is difficult to realize the fact, but, notwithstanding the heat, the Opera House has been full every night; the toilettes worn there are very pretty, although *negligé* in style. It is true that scarcely a familiar Parisian face is to be recognized in the house; but there are plenty of Americans and of visitors from the other side of the Channel. I was present at the Opera last Wednesday, and I will describe a few of the toilettes worn on the occasion. As a matter of course, white muslin was more in favour than any other material, and the following was an effective specimen:—A cerise silk skirt, bordered with a very deep white muslin plaiting, edged with Valenciennes lace; muslin tunic, forming two large pointed wings at the back, edged with deep Valenciennes; cerise silk bodice, with deep square *basques* trimmed with Valenciennes and

Among the muslin toilettes the simplest were the prettiest. There was a very clear muslin worn over white silk, the skirt covered to the waist with muslin plaitings, edged with bands of plain tulle, which trimming produced a soft, snow-like effect. But what gave piquancy to the toilette was the low bodice, which was of light green silk, with *basques*, edged with a muslin plaiting and tulle bands, and above the plaiting a garland of white *marguerites* with their foliage; a similar garland replaced the *berthe*.

Bodices different from skirts are very popular for evening wear with low dresses, and for autumn these bodices will be made of black velvet, the *basques* ornamented with *appliqués* of white lace, or white silk embroidery. If either scabious, blue, or orange velvet be used, it will be considered more dressy than the black.

The *Parabère* velvet jackets without sleeves are very popular. The most original toilet I have seen for some time was made of white silky-looking muslin, with wide gold-coloured stripes, and worn over a black velvet petticoat. The *Parabère* jacket was of black velvet, and the sleeves striped gold and white muslin.

For seaside wear, striped white and gold Algerienne skirts are more popular, and also very pretty skirts made of a soft white woollen material, with fine Indian-red stripes. These latter are made plain, without flounces or ornament of any description.—*Paris correspondence of the "Queen."*



No. 4.—DEMI-TOILETTE OF POULT-DE-SOIE.

Down East, moved farther from the tent at which their elbows had just been touching. They went to higher ground to listen and judge of the increasing cannonade. Their departure El Abra observed through a puncture in the canvas.

Then going to the side within which Agnes still remained, the Guerilla cut an aperture; and asking her to put forth her hand, said:

"Take this packet of the Lillymere fortunes, fair young lady. Preserve it in secrecy to a proper time. Should the Redbolt officer escape, whom I have just conversed with, as you may have overheard,—I mean escape with his life in the coming battle of to-day, and from this war ultimately, the contents of the packet will make him an English Earl and you his Countess. Have you secure hold of it?"

"Sir, I cannot, must not retain this thing. I overheard the conversation. Had I believed this gentleman was really whom you say he is I should not have come to America to nurse him in misfortune. I thought him nothing but the obscure clerk, Toby Oman, taken by my father from the parish workhouse. No, no, fearful El Abra, I cannot take charge of this packet. He would justly despise and hate me, were I seemingly so cunning and sordid."

"Escape with me, Mademoiselle. My own men are now watching not far distant. I heard from one, but now, a private signal, voice of a night bird. You'd be carefully protected from rudeness under care of my house-keeper, Rosa Myther, and another lady; protected from danger under my steward and household guards."

"Sir, to me the attempt is impossible. I prefer awaiting here the worst that may befall. The worst seems soon to be mine, death. Had you not declared to my unwilling ear and disappointed heart, this gentleman to be Lillymere, how enlivening might have been my hope? But now, for coming here, in supposition I haunt him as the heir of great fortunes, he can only despise and hate me. He does already hold me in contempt, and depart away without conference. Yet, though despised I must remain, and have him within range of vision, cold and distant vision, valiant young hero. Ah! repeat not the traitorous words. You would have killed him in combat, terrible El Abra. You are deceitful now, or were cruel then."

The Captain, leaving Tass Cass to watch the varying sounds of the night combat, returned to the tent. Said El Abra on seeing him enter:

"Glad you've come, Captain. My time being now short I desire to place in your hands, free and unconditionally, this packet as a gift. Its contents, interpreted by my revered mother whom you'll find at Conway, in Canada, will prove you rightful heir to the rank and fortune now vacant and awaiting you in England."

"El Abra, I decline the gift. I'd be the meanest wretch breathing to accept it, and then order your execution."

"Suppose you take the packet and omit the execution?"

"No, sir; I'm bound in duty to the nation I serve to carry out orders from superior authority."

"Reprisal, Captain; think how inconvenient will be reprisal if executing prisoners of war."

"You are a Guerilla; head of a band of assassins, not a true prisoner of war. Any way I can't make the choice you would entreat. Now, I know you to possess those proofs of my birthright, I cannot concede your life. Did I yield conscience and the world would tell me I sold the service and betrayed the cause of the United States; supremest cause a nation ever drew sword for. Its own existence and extinction of man's property in man. Sir, I spurn the rights to title and estate on such terms."

"Yet order my execution, what then? Conscience, the world, and all history written of this event, will tell that Lillymere butchered El Abra, who had preserved for him the proofs of his fortunes; was shy of the proofs of title, yet used them and ascended to his grandeur, when he had slain their faithful custodian."

"El Abra, you wring my soul. But were it wrung into the most exquisite tortments conceivable in magical diablerie, you'd not seduce me from a true man's sense of honour, and the cause I serve."

"Think you, Lillymere, I've nothing to offer sufficient to induce the omission of the order to have me hanged dead at five this a. m.?"

"The order is given."

"Or to induce your revocation of the order?"

"El Abra, I've already refused acceptance of proofs which might confer on me the great estates and title of one of England's oldest Earldoms. And the proofs of my birthright are to go to the grave with you, buried from out of sight for ever underneath your body."

"Yet, Lillymere, eminent as the English fortunes may be which you in this manner spurn, it is in my power to present or withhold from your eye a priceless allurement; for you immeasurably more precious than even the great estates and title of Earl. If I engage to give you that precious priceless

thing before the hour of morn by measure of good riding, will you consent to leave this service? It is but to ride for the highest reward earth may ever offer to mortal!"

"To ride with you?"

"Yes, ride along with me."

"Ah! You would invite me to secret arts of magic. I read the design in your glowing eyes, El Abra."

"Secrets of magic you might have also. But the rich allurement offered to ride with me is to you inexpressibly more than the whole sum of title, fortune, and knowledge of the powers of magic combined."

"And lies within your personal option to confer?"

"And lies within my option to confer."

"And the proffered inducement, inestimably more to me than title, fortune, knowledge of the powers of magic, is something of life, and concerning functions of this present life?"

"Yes, Lillymere. Consent to leave this service, and I conduct you in not many hours to her who gave you life."

"To— to— Heaven! What mean you, El Abra?"

"I'd conduct you to her who gave you life —your mother!"

"Avaunt, fiend, avaunt! Lying El Abra! I've a mind to allow the impatient Redbolts to hang you this side of twenty minutes."

"Better come with me, Lillymere, and behold with your eyes that gracious loving mother in presence face to face, whom you don't remember to have at any time seen except in dreams."

"How came you by this daring profanity, fearfully wicked El Abra?"

"Lady Mortimer brought intelligence of this gracious mother's preservation, whom you dreamt, or feared, or believed to have been murdered. She told that, distracted by the loss of her babe, Lady De Lacy Lillymere, your mother, became a Wandering Shepherdess searching through rural England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, for a lost lamb."

Seeing the listener accepting the words into his inner being in rapt amazement, El Abra, to prolong wonder, or pleasure, or pain, spoke in slowly measured sentences:

"Carrying on her bosom a lamb, and always in search of another. Followed by a select half-dozen of grown sheep, once the lambs she had carried. The family of fleecy creatures wearing garlands of flowers. Two of them, blind from old age, led by ribbons. The shepherdess riding at times on a pony, but oftener going on foot. Carrying the long-shafted crook of the sheep-fold. Attended by two or more Scottish colley dogs, protecting the little flock. Children assembling round her receiving gifts, and gathering to her hand wild-flowers, of which she wove them chaplets and garlands. The rudest of children loving and gentle at sight of her. The dreariest roads, night or day, safe for her. The boisterous and lawless man or woman respectful and sedate in presence of the Wandering Shepherdess."

"Oh, El Abra! Supreme magician! Magnetic charmer of the eye; torturer of the soul! Why hear I this for the first time?"

The Guerilla heeded not the interruption, but continued in the same measured tone, gazing with unwinking orbs on the Redbolt hero, now fascinated:

"Making garments for the poor, paid assistants working in the villages in her absence. Bestowing gifts in plenty from her inherited Ogleburn dowry. Singing hymns in presence of the setting sun in a voice of glorious compass, ravishing sweetness. Invoking the gorgeous west to warm the grave of her boy. To give life to the heart, light to the eyes of the babe, her son, her joy. The long lost Lillymere boy. The babe she bore, the loved, the lost, her hope, her joy, her boy!"

"You madden me, El Abra. If Lady Mortimer told that to any, she withheld it from me; except hinting as possible that the pure and blessed being who gave me birth might yet be found alive. Wicked El Abra, why profanely invent this story of my unknown parent to make wreck of me in this transcendent crisis in the fortunes of the great nation I serve?"

"I invite you, Captain, by this recital of the beautiful and true, to that mother; who, after searching nook and corner of Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands, and Isle of Man for her lost lamb—you, Lillymere —has come a Wandering Shepherdess to America. A lamb in arms. A lamb still looked for. Two aged blind sheep bleating at her side; led in ribbons; the Scottish colleys protecting. I left her with Rosa Myther, once her companion maid, now her companion in adventure."

"Be the story true or false that such a lady lives; that once she was mother to a babe lost; I the product of the loss and of time; and that she, mother to this sport of misfortune—me—has arrived in America, and you have seen her; she is—El Abra, I read by intuitions of nature more subtle than magnetic magic—she is the incarnation of moral purity and truth. Were I traitor to a duty involving my personal honour, as you would have it, such a mother when she found me, would recoil from a viper which had usurped the similitude of her son."

"In large phrase, Captain, you have said:

"This transcendent crisis in the fortunes of the great nation you serve! Is it not a still more transcendent crisis in the fortunes of the cause I serve?"

"The magnitude of your-rebellion, El Abra, confers on my position at this outpost, a supreme importance."

"Why estimate this post as so very important? Is it because you happen to command it?"

"Truly have you spoken, sir. It is because I happen to command it. Every post is important where I am. In the ranks of the infantry as a private, I felt myself a unit filling a place, which, if unfaithfully filled, might induce disaster to the army. My veteran tutor, Eyden Kensbrigg, in his 'Canada, a Battle-Field,' taught that philosophy. Educating the military conscience within me in light of what this tutor has taught, personal conduct drew observant eyes to the private in the ranks, as one who might fitly be a corporal. As corporal, the weight of the army's safety still devolved on me. For which fidelity to duty I was advanced to be captain of the Redbolt Cavalry, two weeks ago; the appointment confirmed by telegraph to-day. The responsibility of command is not the less that I am so unfortunate as to hold El Abra a prisoner."

To which the prisoner rejoined:

"Some feeling indicated there; with a glimmer of approaching good sense. You are a devotee to duty, Captain. Commendable, I admit. Being English, I presume you keep Wellington ever in your eye."

"El Abra, if I be the person you allege, my father was a gallant Colonel of Cavalry, Sir Eustace DeLacy Lillymere; a devotee to duty, educated in the military philosophy of the illustrious Wellington. The great Field Marshal, who, studying to avoid blunders in strategy, was not the less alert to derive instruction from mistake, or accidental mishap. My instructor, Eyden Kensbrigg, cites from Wellington in this invocation to the common sense of his country —"

El Abra, lifting a hand to admonish silence, seemed listening anxiously for a sound outside the tent. After half a minute he said:

"Go on, please. It is your ten o'clock relief, I suppose, changing sentries. Five hours still to live. Thought I heard a nearer cannonade, and shells falling."

The Guerilla dissembled. He thought his ear detected a private signal. The Captain of Redbolts resumed:

"Says the military instructor whom I follow in this brochure—one of a series—'Canada a Battle Field,' page 43: 'Listen to the voice of Wellington; the mighty dead speaking in history through the Despatches, and Napier's 'Peninsular War'; that for want of some trusses of fodder for mules, the mules were lost, and the siege train, then waited for at Burgos, did not arrive. And after five ineffectual attempts to carry Burgos by assault, October and November, 1812, Wellington failed for want of the siege train, and was compelled to retreat with a partially disorganized army two hundred miles."

"The application, Captain? I may infer what it implies in the feeding of your cavalry horses or mine. But to what is it directed in Canada?"

"The veteran means that the new generation which reads no deeper than the journals of the day, content to remain uninstructed by history, attribute present difficulties in the States to military incapacity. Whereas they are common to all countries and armies in the earlier campaigns of war. He continues: 'Read in Wellington's Despatches how fraudulent contractors furnished useless entrenching tools (as in Spain 1810-12, so in the Crimea 1854-55). How Wellington wrote to the Secretary of State for War that shoes for the troops wore out in a few days; the army bare-footed at end of a week from arrival of the last shoes from England. The fraud reducing his plans of campaign and the indomitable courage of his troops to a nullity. And yet," says my instructor, page 43:

"Writers in the Provinces, unread in history, rail at the United States; aggravating them against Canada by asserting suspension of cash payments to be American repudiation, though Great Britain suspended cash payments from 1797 to 1820. Asserting every misadventure in the war; dishonesty in army and navy contractors as peculiar to the American people. We know from sad experience that, as in Spain under Wellington, so in the Crimea; some thousands of men, finest troops ever in the field, perished in the inclement winter through fraudulent sample bales of flannels imposed on the inspecting officers in London."

"Making an enemy," says my tutor, "while yet no adequate defensive preparation is made to guard the frontier."

"That amuses me hugely," cried El Abra; "sorry you can't accompany me to Canada, Captain. Glad to learn they are unprepared. Glad to learn the British Provincials exasperate their neighbours. I have work to do on that side the frontier. Come, Lillymere; accept a high command in the Emissaries of Mystery, other side of the lakes."

"You may forget, Sir, being deluded through reliance on magic, that the time of the day-break execution draws nigh. But should you

escape the hour and the doom appointed this night, and get to Canada to operate at head of the Emissaries of Mystery, you'll discover to your cost that the British Provincials are not unprepared for vagrant guerillas. They have vigilant look-out men all along the frontier. Though not at present martially organized, they are a people by every instinct of nature and position heroic. They'll defend to the death. Hark! There is a cannonade nearer than before."

Going outside the tent, and perceiving the sentries apparently vigilant, the Captain directed two to stand near the entrance, with the interior and El Abra under their eye. And lest they might have occasion to shoot him, and so endanger the lady prisoner's life in the compartment of the tent beyond, he would himself conduct her to the Provost Guard for safety. Where also she would avoid witnessing by eye or ear the Guerilla's execution if hanged. Where also she would have the society of her companion, Isa Antry, who was to have been conducted to the Redbolt Camp, but for some reason unknown did not come.

Soon the lady and Captain were both mounted for this journey of three miles. They and an escort had gone but a short distance, when the Redbolt trumpet sounded 'boot and saddle.' Tass Cass in command had discovered scouts prowling near.

"It is to prepare for the execution of that lawless Guerilla—lying El Abra," said the Captain to Agnes. "I would his execution did not devolve upon us. I wish an order might be had where I now go to spare his life."

"Have you not power to save him, dear Toby? I mean—pardon, Sir, I meant to say Captain Lillymere."

"I am Captain Simon Lud, Madam, until some better authority than El Abra informs me of the fitting name. You may have overheard, Miss Schoolar, in your division of the tent, what the Guerilla told, as if from Lady Mortimer, of a pretended mother imagined for me."

"Captain Lud, I was beside her ladyship two years ago, when the story of the wandering shepherdess was told by Mrs. Bella Burly, of Saark Toll Bar, Gretna Green. Lady Mary deemed it best to come in search of you—I suppose you—or, if not you, the lost boy of the house of Lillymere, before seeking an interview with the shepherdess. For which reason I also omitted seeing Lady Lillymere, your mother. That is—beg pardon, Toby, some young gentleman's mother."

"Not my mother, you then thought?"

"I became faint with thought of another trouble; was apprehensive of a compulsory marriage. I did not suppose Toby was Lady Lillymere's son. I did not wish to think; but it shot at me, into me; wouldn't go away."

"What wouldn't go away, Miss Schoolar?"

"The thought: which was ever coming through me, that Toby Oman, once our clerk, might not have been Toby."

"Would it please you now, Miss Schoolar, to discover that the Toby of your father's office was not Toby?"

"At present, sir, he is Captain Simon Lud; a gallant and brave gentleman, but I'd rather he were Toby."

"Why, madam?"

"That I might be of humble service to him?"

"Be of service to Captain Simon Lud. You were some hours ago."

"Captain Lud is too proud."

"Would you watch my personal safety, Miss Schoolar, were I DeLacy Lillymere?"

"I'd not dare presume. I'd not have come to this field of war, had I been assured you were what they say you are."

"Miss Schoolar, on the day I first beheld you crossing at the Horse Guards, when my hand touched the otherwise unapproachable gloved fingers, to save you from stumbling in front of a fast coming carriage. I accused myself of presumption. Saying in my heart, the young lady would despise me did she know the tips of her glove thrilled to my brain. Saying in my heart I ought to be despised; yet, going down the street with the bag of law briefs I carried so proudly, that I trode on air. I did not then know you to be Miss Schoolar."

"But I knew you to be Toby; and thanked you in the afternoon; turning out of the Lady's Mile, when riding, to thank you, Toby; don't you remember?"

"I do remember, and never forgot. But it was the poor clerk, Toby, you thanked."

"It was my father's poor clerk, Toby, I came to watch and serve in this war."

"With the vision of DeLacy Lillymere, behind the poor clerk?"

"It is cruel to insinuate that. Toby would not have done so."

"Think you he was more generous than Captain Simon Lud?"

"Heroic deeds make a man haughty and cruel. A lady has neither power nor privilege to be haughty or cruel, if she make but a step of condescension towards him. Alas! I have made four thousand miles of humiliation."

"Perhaps Captain Lud may, in time, have a truer perception of Miss Schoolar's motives, in travelling thus far."

"That will be after he has sounded the depths of the passion of the Donna Eurynia, who so madly loves him?"
 "The idle lie of El Abra, madam. My ear never heard a whisper of the Donna's love until you heard, in the tent, the Guerilla's story. He suspected you overheard; and spoke, it may have been to trouble you."
 "I never did aught to his hurt; why should El Abra seek the troubling of me, a feeble, defenceless lady stranger?"
 "You rode into the fight at speed, with the precision and valour of chivalrous romance; giving Simon Lud his own life, with possession of El Abra as prisoner."
 (To be Continued.)

The *Monde* states that since the French Revolution—that is, 80 years ago—there have been 160 laws regarding the Press—one every six months, on an average—and the series does not appear to have come to an end yet.



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens of the City of Montreal, will apply to Parliament, at its next Session, for an Act to amend the several Acts for the Incorporation of the City of Montreal, with a view to extend the authority and powers conferred by the said several Acts on the Corporation of the said City of Montreal, and to grant new and additional authority and powers to the said Corporation; and especially that the said Corporation may, among other things, be authorized to change the mode of voting by electors in cases of grants or loans to railways, &c.; to amend the provisions of the law in reference to the Park; to extend the City Limits; to further regulate steam-engines and boilers, and the erection of buildings; to repeal the provisions of the law which require the City Treasurer to keep separate books and accounts for the Water Works; to reduce the time for the election of Members of the City Council, &c.

By Order,
CHAS. GLACKMEYER,
 City Clerk.

CITY HALL,
 Montreal, 25th Sept., 1871. } 4-14a

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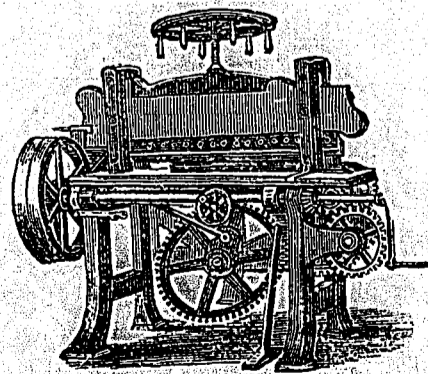
The signatures of two solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become surety for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender.

The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order, **F. BRAUN,**

Secretary.
 Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, 16th Sept., 1871. 4-14-c

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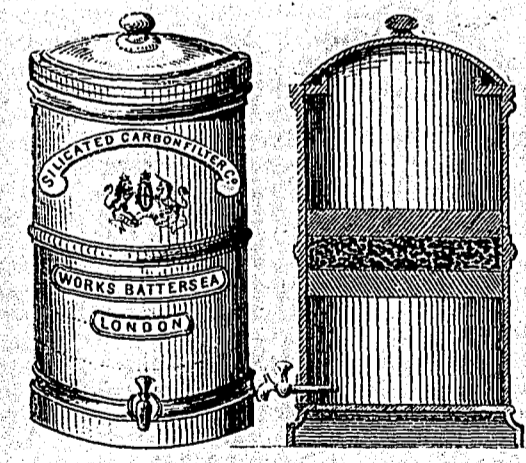
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"BEST IN USE." THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15-tf

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. A BONA-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. 3-25z



PURE AND WHOLESOME WATER. JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED SILICATED CARBON FILTERS, Besides animalcula of all kinds, these Filters extract Vegetable and Mineral impurities, making the Water wholesome and refreshing. They are acknowledged to be the most perfect WATER PURIFIER known. TO BE HAD OF MOST DRUGGISTS, J. V. MORGAN, 89 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal, P. Q. 4-4m

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

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

CANADA CENTRAL AND Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:— LEAVE BROCKVILLE. MAIL TRAIN at 6:00 A.M. arriving at Ottawa at 11:20 A.M. LOCAL TRAIN at 3:00 P.M. arriving at Ottawa at 8:35 P.M. THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:30 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:16 P.M. LEAVE OTTAWA. THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 9:40 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:40 P.M. and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West. LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M. MAIL TRAIN at 4:45 P.M. arriving at Brockville at 10:10 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT at 12:00 and 9:00 P.M. Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway. Freight forwarded with despatch. As the B. & O. & C. C. Railways are the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through in Grand Trunk cars to all points without transshipment. Certain connections made with Grand Trunk Trains. H. ABBOTT, Manager. Brockville, March, 1871. 3-11 tf

THE "TERRAPIN." No. 287 NOTRE DAME STREET. II Now the only RESTAURANT where the Public can visit and, without vexatious restraint, EAT, DRINK, and SUP at pleasure. The entrance flat comprises BAR, PUBLIC LUNCH ROOMS, &c., and a spacious Dining Room up Stairs, suitable for PUBLIC DINNERS. LUNCHEON from 12 to 3, comprising all the delicacies of the Season, FRUIT, and other LUXURIES. JOSEPH CARLISLE, PROPRIETOR. 4-2-m



ALLAN LINE. Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of Canadian & United States Mails, 1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871. This Company's Lines are composed of the underrated First-class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double-Engine, Iron Steamships: Vessels Tonnage Commanders. POLYNESIAN.....4,100 (Building.) SARMATIAN.....3,600 (Building.) CIRCASSIAN.....3,400 (Building.) CASPIAN.....3,200 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. GERMAN.....3,250 Capt. J. Graham. EUROPEAN.....2,616 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.) Rates from Quebec:— Cabin.....\$60 Intermediate.....40 Steerage.....24

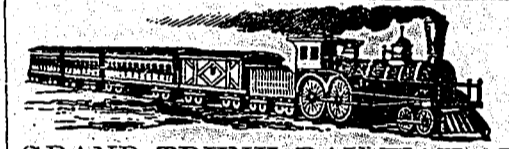
An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGG and ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLANS, RAE & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ZON; 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 tf

TRUSSES! TRUSSES! One of the best Assortment of TRUSSES in the Dominion, all kinds and sizes, suitable for the largest adult or smallest child, of the best English and American manufacture. Also, Abdominal Supporters, Umbilical Bands, Suspensory Bandages, Chest Expanders, Eye Shades, Silk Stockings. A Selection of Surgical Instruments. JAMES GOULDEN, DRUGGIST, 175, St. Lawrence Main Street. Branch: 363, St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

BED BUGS! BED BUGS!! Use Harry Lewis' Bug Exterminating Soap. Certain death to all insects, &c. Only 25c. a box. For sale at all Drug Stores, and wholesale and retail at the SOLE AGENT, JAMES GOULDEN, 175, St. Lawrence and 363, St. Catherine Streets, Montreal.

CARBOLIC ACID SOAP and POWDER, for Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes. SODA WATER, cold as ice, combined with pure Syrups, drawn from the Arctic Fountain. BRUSHES—Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Shaving and Flesh Brushes, Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs, Sponges, Cologne, &c. J. GOULDEN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, 175, ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. 4-12tf Branch: 363, ST. CATHERINE STREET.

OFFICE OF THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS," MONTREAL, 10th July, 1871. MY FRIENDS and the PUBLIC are hereby requested to take notice that although Mr. W. ROBERTS carries on his business under the name of ROBERTS, REINHOLD & CO., I have no connection with his firm, and have had none whatever for more than two years. I take this occasion to state that I am in the Establishment of MRS. LEGGO & CO., and I hereby solicit for their firm the patronage of those who, being acquainted with me, have confidence in my ability. (Signed,) R. REINHOLD. 4-3tf



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Improved Service of Trains for the Summer of 1871. GREAT ACCELERATION OF SPEED.

NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS. TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:— GOING WEST. Day Express for Ogdenburgh, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at..... 9.00 a. m. Night do. do., at..... 9.00 p. m. Mail Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations..... 6.00 a. m. Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at..... 5.00 p. m. Mixed do. do., at..... 11.00 a. m. Trains for Lachine at 7.00 a. m., 9.00 a. m., 12 noon, 3.00 p. m., 5.00 p. m., and 6.15 p. m. The 3.00 p. m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST. Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at..... 7.00 a. m. Express Train for Richmond, Quebec, and Riviere au Loup, at..... 8.30 a. m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central at..... 3.45 p. m. Express for New York, via Rouse's Point and Lake Champlain Steamers, at..... 4.00 p. m. Mail Train for Island Pond, Portland and Boston, at..... 2.00 p. m. Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham, and Portland, and the Lower Provinces, stopping between Montreal and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Upton, Acton, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Coaticook, and Norton Mills, only, at 10.30 p. m.

Pullman's Palace Parlour and Sleeping Cars on all day and night trains. Baggage checked through. As the punctuality of the Trains depends on connections with other Lines, the Company will not be responsible for Trains not arriving or leaving any station at the hours named. The Steamers "Carlotta" or "Chase" will leave Portland for Halifax, N. S., every Saturday afternoon at 4.00 p. m. They have excellent accommodations for Passengers and Freight. The Steamer "Linda" leaves Portland for Yarmouth, N. S., every Saturday, at 6 p. m. The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6.00 p. m., for St. John, N. B., &c. Tickets issued through at the Company's principal stations. For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket office, Bonaventure Station, or at No. 39 Great St. James Street. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-24-tf

USE ONLY THE GLENFIELD STARCH, EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND, and in that of His Excellency THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 18t

NEW ARRIVALS AT THE MEDICAL HALL. FRESH CONGRESS WATER—Pints and Quarts. GENUINE COLOGNE—Ten Styles. SAARZ'S GLYCERINE PREPARATIONS. EVENDEN'S DIGESTIVE CANDY. BRAGG'S CHARCOAL BISCUITS. BRAGG'S PURE CHARCOAL. MONA BOUQUET—Genuine. SPONGE BAGS—All Sizes. RAMORNE EX. MEAT. AND A SPLENDID STOCK OF BRUSHES, COMBS, PERFUMERY, SOAPS, and General Toilet Requisites.

THE MEDICAL HALL, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE AND PHILLIP'S SQUARE. 4-4m THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY'S Mail Steamer Prince of Wales from Lachine, on arrival of the 7 a.m. train from Montreal, daily. Steamer Queen Victoria, from Ottawa, at 7 a.m. Market Steamer Dagmar, from Canal Basin, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8 a.m. Excursion, Return, and Single tickets to be had at the office, 10 Bonaventure Street. Single and Return tickets to Ottawa can be procured at the Bonaventure Depot. 4-2-m R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

ORIGINAL. Said Annie to Jean, "I must have a gold ring;" Said Jean, "I would prefer some other thing." Oh, dear! everything's so pretty; such goods I adore. We will each have a work-box in Harper's new Dollar Store. How time passes by! Still new goods come on. Oh, ye Allan Steamers, how fast you do run! As strangers and citizens view the block o'er, I solicit your call at my new Dollar Store. Come; rush on, ye Public, we won't keep you long. To the Cathedral Block the central throng: If you purchased ten times you will still wish for more. For every one's rushing for Harper's new Dollar Store, No. 267, NOTRE DAME STREET, Opposite Original Blue Store. 4-11tf

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

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

FOR SALE OR TO LET. THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Therese 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 D. R. STODART, Broker, 48, Great St. James Street 14

WANTED.—TEN RESPECTABLE YOUNG MEN and Three YOUNG LADIES, to qualify as Telegraph Operators. For particulars see advertisement of Dominion Telegraph Institute. Terms: \$30.00 for the full course, including use of instruments and line. Apply at the Dominion Telegraph Institute, 89, St. James Street, Montreal. Also, at the offices of the C. J. News, Hearthstone and Opinion Publique, No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill. 4-11tf

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND AMENDMENTS THERETO.

IN the matter of HENRI VIDAL and EMILE LEFORT, both of the City and District of Montreal, carrying on trade and business there as Jewellers and Watchmakers, under the name, style, and firm of VIDAL & LEFORT. Insolvents. I, the undersigned, ANDREW B. STEWART, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month; and are hereby notified to meet at my office, Merchant's Exchange, St. Sacrament Street, in the City of Montreal, on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-fifth day of OCTOBER next, A. D. 1871, at the hour of THREE o'clock in the afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the Affairs of the Estate generally. The Insolvents are hereby notified to attend. A. B. STEWART, Assignee. 4-13-b Montreal, 19th September, 1871.

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. Printed and published by GEORGE E. DESBARATS, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 819, St. Antoine street Montreal.