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MONTREAL.—MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE CANADIAN PRESS TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE GEO. SPAIGHT AND C. E. F. LODGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGGO & Co.

A FORGOTTEN WORTHY OF TERRA NOVA—CAPTAIN RICHARD WHITBOURNE.

(By our Newfoundland Correspondent.)

In this paper I have to bring before the readers of the *Canadian Illustrated News* the name of one far inferior in renown to the two illustrious characters already treated of—namely, Sebastian Cabot and Sir Humphrey Gilbert; but the name of one to whom Newfoundland is deeply indebted, and who though in a rather humble rank of life did her incalculable service. Captain Richard Whitbourne, mariner, of Exmouth, Devonshire, is one of England's forgotten worthies. He belonged to that bold race of seamen who in the days of Elizabeth and James laid the foundation of England's maritime supremacy, and discovered those distant lands which are now homes of industrious and thriving millions. For forty years Captain Whitbourne traded to Newfoundland, and so that he acquired an accurate acquaintance with the country and people, and formed almost a romantic affection for the Island and all connected with it. Having done what he could, during the active part of his life, to promote its interests, he returned to England in his advanced years; and the brave old sailor, to whom the use of the pen must have been rather irksome, sat down and wrote an account of this country, with the view of promoting its colonization by Englishmen. Captain Whitbourne's book on Newfoundland is an honest and truthful one; and making due allowance for the state of knowledge in those days, and the small inaccuracies into which such plain simple men might naturally fall, it may be affirmed to contain nothing regarding this Island which has not been fully borne out by after experience. The shrewdness, honesty and good sense of the writer are apparent on every page. A brave man was Captain Whitbourne; one who could fight in extremity as well as write a book, and sail a ship. When the Spanish Armada was approaching the shores of England, he fitted out a ship at his own cost, for the defence of his native land, and when the invader appeared off Berry Head, he was one of Elizabeth's gallant pack of Devon Captains, who dashed out of Torbay into the very thick of the Spanish galleons, undismayed by their size and numbers, and harassed and kept the foe at bay till the London fleet came up, and Britain's Salamis was fought and won. No wonder that Elizabeth called the men of Devon "her right hand;" and among these patriotic worthies was our stout-hearted Captain Whitbourne. He was present in St. John's, he tells us in his book, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of the Island, and his voice helped to cheer down by the beach, when the flag of England was first unfurled. He was the first to say a favourable word for Newfoundland, and to make known to Englishmen the great natural capabilities of the country.

Captain Richard Whitbourne's book made a great impression, and must have given a strong impulse in favour of settling the Island and working its fisheries. So highly did King James think of the volume that he ordered a copy to be sent to every parish in the Kingdom; and the Archbishops of Canterbury and York issued a letter recommending it, with the view of promoting emigration to these shores. Thus, two hundred and fifty years ago, Newfoundland was a name on the lips of most Englishmen. The Island then loomed large and important in the eyes of statesmen, and was much more generally known than at the present day. Whitbourne, in his little book, told the people very truly that the soil of Newfoundland would grow abundantly "corn, cabbage, carrots, turnips, lettuce, and such like," when duly cultivated, and that it yielded spontaneously "fair strawberries and raspberries," and multitudes of bilberries which are by some called whortles; (whence our modern corruption "hurts") "and many other delicious berries, which I cannot name, in great abundance." He told them too of the hares, foxes, beavers, deer, bears and wolves, and among wild fowl enumerated our plump "partridges, hawks, ravens; crows and thrushes, but above all the penguin, as big as a goose." This was the great auk, then abundant on all the islands round the coast, but which has been exterminated by the reckless cupidity of man, so that for the last seventy years not a single specimen of it has been seen. Of the abundance and excellence of the fish Whitbourne wrote in rapturous terms. Then, waxing enthusiastic and eloquent, he exclaims, "what can the world yield to the sustentation of man which is not to be gotten here? Desire you wholesome air, the very food of life? It is there. Shall any land pour in abundant heaps of nourishments and necessities before you? There you have them. What seas so abundant with fish! What shores so replenished with fresh and sweet waters! How much is Spain, France, Portugal, Italy and other places beholding to this noble part of the world for fish and other commodities! Let the Dutch report what sweetness they have sucked from thence by trade! The voices of them are as trumpets loud enough to make England fall more and more in love with such a sister-land. I am loath to weary thee, good reader, in acquainting thee of those famous, fair and profitable rivers; and likewise those delightful, large and inestimable woods, and also with those fruitful and enticing hills and delightful valleys, there to hawk and hunt, where is neither savage people nor ravenous beasts to hinder their sports."

It is only of late that we are getting to understand how true are these representations of the shrewd, observant old captain in regard to our soil, given to the world two hundred and fifty years ago. We are actually beginning of late to find out that there are fertile valleys and splendid coal-fields in the western portion of the island. Alexander Murray, Esq., F.G.S., our able Geological Surveyor, in the course of last summer, may be truly said to have discovered for us the noble valley of Exploits, seventy miles in length and from two to ten miles in breadth, almost free from swamps and boulders, the soil in many places equal to the best in Lower Canada, and the pine, birch and fir of the best quality and the largest size. Here is a single valley in which 70,000 inhabitants might find a comfortable home, and it is still uninhabited and till recently all but unknown.

With such facts before us we must not laugh at good old Richard Whitbourne's enthusiasm. Perhaps in his love for the country he went a little too far at times. So tender was his regard for Newfoundland that he tried hard to apologize even for our blood-thirsty mosquitoes, representing them as a kind of police-force, very serviceable in driving lazy loiterers to their work. Here is what the delightful old skipper wrote

of our mosquitoes:—"Neither are there any snakes, toads, serpents, or any other venomous worms that were ever known to hurt any man in that country; but only a very little, nimble fly (the least of all flies) which is called a miskieto. Those flies seem to have great power and authority over all loitering and idle people that come to Newfoundland; for they have this property, that when they find any such lying lazily, or sleeping in the woods, they will presently be more nimble to seize on them than any sergeant will be to arrest a man for debt. Neither will they leave stinging or sucking out the blood of such sluggards until, like a beadle, they bring him to his master, where he should labour, in which time of loitering those flies will so brand such idle persons in their faces that they may be known from others, as the Turks do their slaves." This fine old sea-rover must have had a quaint, dry humour of his own. It is very clear from his exposition why mosquitoes are so "rough" on all who go trouting. They regard such intruders into their domains as idle scamps who are trying to shirk their work, and they send them home branded on the face as "lazy loiterers."

Our dear old captain was not afraid of the devil or of Spaniards, but he had a sailor's dread of mermaids, especially after a narrow escape he had from being carried off by one in the harbour of St. John's. He has left to posterity, in his book, a full and faithful account of his interview with one of these bold, unscrupulous sea-nymphs, who in the exercise of "woman's rights," evidently designed to hurry him off to her sea-caves, there to make a merman of our stout Devonshire captain, leaving Mrs. Whitbourne a disconsolate widow. The event, he tells us, took place at River Head, where, in the grey dawn of the morning, the captain chanced to be meandering along the beach. Suddenly he beheld "a strange creature swimming swiftly towards him, looking cheerfully into his face, as it had been a woman," and very beautiful and graceful in face, neck and forehead. The soft-hearted sailor could not but admire the fair proportions and well-rounded bust and shoulders of this fascinating female of the deep. But when he saw that she did not pause for an introduction, but came straight towards him, evidently intending to spring ashore to him, he did the very wisest thing he could have done under the circumstances, and, Joseph-like, turned and ran for it. How was he to know whether her intentions were honourable or otherwise, or whether she meant to claim him as her "affinity?" When at a safe distance, he turned and saw her gambolling in the water, showing her white shoulders in a decidedly coquettish way, and throwing reproachful glances at him for his want of gallantry from her soft, brown eyes. In these degenerate, sceptical days, when William Tell and the shooting of the apple on his son's head, and poor dog Gellert of our early days are scoffed at as myths even by youngsters, I am afraid few will be got to believe that Captain Richard Whitbourne, mariner, of Exmouth, Devon, actually "interviewed" a living mermaid in the harbour of St. John's, N. F. An unbelieving generation will heartlessly take all the poetry and romance out of the adventure, by saying that the simple captain merely saw a large seal sporting in the harbour, and that his excited imagination filled up the picture. All true lovers of the marvellous and mysterious will, however, scout such a theory with indignation, and stand up stoutly for the mermaid.

Our brave captain had, however, dangers more real than mermaids to encounter. He tells us that in the year 1612, being again on his favourite coast, he fell in with "that famous arch-pirate, Peter Easton, who had with him ten sail of good ships, well furnished and very rich,"—an arch-pirate, indeed! Peter appears to have treated our captain very kindly. He had realised a handsome fortune by piracy, and wished now to retire honourably from the profession. After keeping Whitbourne a prisoner for eleven weeks, the prudent Peter despatched him to England with a message to the authorities to the effect that he was open to accept a pardon. It shows what the spirit of the times was in those days when we find that a pardon was at once sent to this bold pirate. Before it reached him, however, Easton got weary of waiting and "sailed for the straits of Gibraltar, and was afterwards entertained by the Duke of Savoy, under whom he lived rich." Wealth in those days, as in our own, covered a multitude of sins, and when a pirate became rich, and had ten good ships and stores of gold, arms and fighting men, even sovereign princes took him by the hand.

In 1615, Whitbourne sailed for Newfoundland on official business, carrying with him a commission under the seal of the High Court of Admiralty, authorising him to empanel juries and reform disorders on the coast. He did his work well, but got only "barren honour" as his reward. In the following year his ship of 100 tons, laden from Newfoundland to Lisbon, was riddled by a Rochelle pirate, whereby he suffered loss to the extent of £800—a large sum in those days. Once more he made the attempt to colonise the country, and sailed for Newfoundland in a ship of his own, victualled by a joint-stock company. Again he fell into the hands of pirates and his project came to nothing. Then it was that finding his individual efforts futile, he sat down, in his declining years, and penned the appeal referred to above, addressed to the King and people, urging earnestly the settlement of the island, and this for the curious reason, among others, that it would afford an outlet for the superabundant population. "Considering how your Majesty's kingdom do abound and overglow with people." If this reason held good in the days of James the First, as a justification, how much more would it apply in our days!

In the conclusion of his quaint book, Whitbourne thanks God that although he had often suffered great losses by pirates and sea-rovers, no casualty had ever happened to any ship in which he himself sailed; and he takes this comfort that if, after more than forty years of naval life, he had reaped little other than the peace of a good conscience, he has at least the knowledge that he had ever been a loyal subject to his prince, whilst he has enjoyed the comfort of never yet, in all his time, having been "beholding to any doctor's counsel or apothecaries' drugs" for the preservation of his health. After all the buffetings of fortune, he enjoyed an honourable and tranquil old age in the land of his birth, and was "gathered to his fathers" in peace. "Light be the turf on thy breast," brave, honest Richard Whitbourne! All true Newfoundlanders must ever revere thy memory.

We are glad to hear that Mr. William Law Gano, of 85 Gracechurch Street, London, son of Mr. Gano of Ottawa, is appointed Commissioner for taking oaths and affidavits in England in all matters pertaining to the Canadian Courts.

FIELD AND FLOOD.

The Guelph races took place on the 26th inst.

The Toronto Rowing Club intend having a sailing regatta this day (Saturday.)

John Mann, in the "Star of the North," won the scull-race for the championship of Halifax Harbour.

The Montreal Foot Ball Club is making arrangements for a series of matches to be played during the season.

The "Silver Star" base ball club of Port Hope defeated the "Beaver" club of Newcastle last week by 65 to 26 in eight innings.

A grand yacht race is to be held at Kingston on or about the 10th inst. The yachts "Gorilla" and "Ina" will compete.

A yacht race of forty miles between the "Meta," "Vision," and "Grace" took place last week at Sandy Hook, and was won by the "Meta" in 6h. 55m.

The "Excelsior" base ball club of Woodstock, junior champions of Canada, defeated the "Young Victorias" of Ingersoll last week by a score of 7 to 5.

The Quebec regatta on Saturday was a great success. The race of most interest was the four-oared race, which was won by the "Lady Dufferin," the "Hibernian" second.

The sixth championship game of the series between the Athletics of Philadelphia and the Baltimores of Baltimore was won last week by the former with a score of 11 to 6.

A match was played on Saturday between the smokers and non-smokers of the Montreal Lacrosse Club, and was won by the latter, who took the first, second, and fifth games.

The State Fair at Sacramento closed with a race between "Goldsmith Maid" and "Lucy," mile heats, best three in five, for \$1,000. "Goldsmith Maid" won in three straight heats.

Mr. Douglas, of the "Sappho," has issued a challenge to sail any schooner in England from the Nab to Cherbourg and back three races: the winner of two out of three to take the prize, say a 50 or 100 guinea cup.

A cricket match was played at the Toronto Cricket Ground on Thursday of last week, between the Yorkville Cricket Club and the Whitley Club, which resulted in a victory for the Yorkville, by 114 to 85.

A match game of base-ball was played last week between the "Silver Star" club of Port Hope and the "Beaver" club of Newcastle, resulting in favour of the former by a score of 65 to 25, decided in eight innings.

A cricket match was played at Toronto on the 24th and 25th ult. between the Toronto club and an eleven selected from gentlemen residing north of Toronto, resulting in a victory for the former, winning by 256 runs.

One hundred and ten miles in eleven and three-quarter hours was accomplished the other day on an Ariel bicycle by a young gentleman residing in the vicinity of Norwich. Starting from the Great Ryburgh Station at 4.45 am, he reached Ware, in Hertfordshire, at 4.30 p.m., having accomplished a distance but little short of 110 miles in 11h. 45m., including stoppages.

The Montreal Hunt Club has resolved upon holding two days' steeple-chasing on the 17th and 19th inst. On the first day there are to be races for horses owned by members of the Hunt that have never won a hurdle race or steeple chase or open race, and a race for half-bred horses. On the second day a race for a cup presented by members of the Hunt, open to qualified horses; and last a handicap.

On Saturday afternoon a match was played on the grounds of the Montreal Cricket Club, between an eleven of the Montreal Club and an eleven of residents of Lachine. Play began at half-past one o'clock and the Lachine men winning the toss, went first to the bat and played a fair innings for 55. The Montrealers went in at a late hour, and when it became too dark to play longer they had run up a score of forty-eight with three wickets down.

Speaking of the English cricketers who lately visited Canada, *Land and Water* says:—"There, as at home, Mr. Grace sustains his pre-eminence. His last performance of 110 against a 22 must have been a great one, although we are somewhat surprised that seven other wickets should succumb for 100 runs. Our friends across the water must bowl and field fairly, or men like Mr. Lubbock, Mr. Hornby, Mr. Hadow, and Mr. Ottaway, would have scored more than the present totals show that they have done."

The annual race, under the auspices of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, took place at Toronto on the 23rd inst. Four yachts started. The "Orion," schooner, 95 tons; "Geraldine," schooner, 25 tons; "Gorilla," sloop, 33 tons; and "Brunette," sloop, 22 tons. The race was taken by the "Gorilla" in 3h. 51m., 25s.; "Orion" second, 3h., 52m.; and "Brunette" third, 4h., 2m., 10s. A silver cup, given by the club in connection with this race for second yacht in, was won by "Brunette," the "Orion" having to give her half a minute per ten time, barring protest.

The cricket match between the English gentlemen and 22 of Boston and vicinity, came off on the 25th ult. The crowd of spectators was large. The 22 went first to the bat, and scored 51, when the Englishmen followed, and had barely tied them when the last wicket fell, Mr. Grace making 260—the highest single score. In the second innings the 22 made 43, and then the Englishmen went again to the wickets, and when the stumps were drawn they had scored 22 with the loss of 6 wickets, including Mr. Grace, who was caught after making 5. No further play took place in Boston as the Englishmen left for Quebec the following day. On Saturday last the Eleven sailed for England in the "Prussian."

We have received from Mr. E. C. Barber, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Ottawa Turf Club, and a gentleman by pedigree and performance well qualified to be "all that," the programme of the Ottawa Fall Races, to be held on the 8th and 9th October. The purses amount to \$1,800. No *Trotting*. There are several races confined to horses in the city or county, a step well calculated to encourage accessions to the turf and to inspire local interest. There is a steeple-chase, \$300, over three miles of hunting country, for which some of our Toronto nags ought to be entered. Entries close on 5th October. Our reminiscences of the Spring Meeting at the Capital are so pleasant, that we cordially wish our Ottawa friends the success they deserve.—*Toronto Mail*.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN MEMORIAM.

The sad death by drowning of Mr. George Spaight and Mr. C. E. F. Lodge, of the editorial staff of the *Montreal Gazette*, on the 24th May, 1871, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. Both had been valued contributors to these columns, and were through their writings well known to the patrons of the *CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS*. After their death, a meeting was held of a number of their friends of the Press, at the city office of this paper, at which, in addition to resolutions of sympathy and condolence, it was resolved, as a tribute of respect to their memories, to erect, by subscription, a monument over their graves. The practical carrying out of this work was left to a committee under the presidency of Mr. Thos. White. Circulars were issued to such members of the press as had been personally acquainted with the deceased, and the result was the erection in Mount Royal Cemetery of the very chaste and beautiful monument, the illustration of which will be found in this week's paper. The design and work were by Mr. Mariotti, sculptor of this city. This little episode in the journalistic history of Canada is exceedingly creditable to the profession.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT HALIFAX.

Our artist at Halifax has sent us a very interesting sketch—which is reproduced on page 212—of a theatrical performance given by the Officers of the Garrison, assisted by lady amateurs, to inaugurate the reopening of the new Soldiers' Institute, after considerable alterations and improvements. He informs us that no trouble or expense had been spared to render the proceedings worthy of the occasion. The stage, with its parterre of flowers over the orchestra, was simply lovely; and the scenery, which was all new, neat, and appropriate, was deservedly praised. Capt. Haly, A. D. C., had painted a drop, representing a scene in Venice, which from its delicate finish and execution reflected great credit upon his talent as a painter. The performance commenced with the comediatta, "Dearest Mamma," in which all the characters were well sustained. We would specially mention Mr. Anson's clever rendering of Uncle Brown; the spirited acting of this gentleman repeatedly drew forth loud plaudits from the audience. Mrs. Daly as Dearest Mamma, and Miss Mary Kenny as Edith Clinton were also deserving of great praise. "The Lady of Lyons" Burlesque, a scene from which forms the subject of our artist's sketch, was a decided success. Miss Henry's quiet and ladylike rendering of Pauline, Mr. Rowe's clever impersonation of the love-lorn widow, and Capt. Goodeve as the gay and festive Beausant received from the audience a well-deserved applause. Mr. Mitchell Innes as Claude Melnotte played with the ease and grace of a finished actor. It is the intention of the Garrison Dramatic Club to give frequent performances during the autumn and winter months, and judging from the crowded attendance at its first performance there is no fear of lack of audiences. Mr. Haggarty ably accompanied the various songs at the pianoforte. Much praise is due to Mr. Biddell, of the both Bibles, who, as General Manager, gave universal satisfaction.

VIEW OF ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

This view of St. John's from the road leading to O'Brien's Bridge, is a companion picture to the view of the city from Quidi Vidi Lake, which appeared in the News three or four weeks ago. The churches and public buildings forming the principal features in the picture, having been already described, will be easily recognized by the reader.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

Hamilton has this year been the favoured city selected for the holding of the twenty-seventh annual Exhibition of the Province of Ontario. For some little time previous to the opening day the city, and more especially that part of the city lying between the railway depot and the fair grounds, was in a state of unusual turmoil and confusion. The Exhibition was thrown open on Monday, the 23rd ult., and remained open until the following Friday. Our limited space will not allow of our entering into details, so we shall content ourselves in this and the following number with alluding especially to the subjects illustrated by the pencil of our special artist at the Fair. We merely pause to remark that this year's Exhibition has been the most successful yet held, both as regards the number of entries, the excellence of the articles and stock exhibited, and the number of visitors.

Our artist has selected as subjects for illustration in this issue the exhibition of the Hamilton Horticultural Society's fruits, and a scene in the Cattle Ring. The collection of fruits exhibited by the Hamilton Horticultural Society was the finest and most varied on the ground, and took the first prize, as it well deserved to do. It included no less than 147 varieties of apples, from the gigantic Gloria Mundi—one specimen of which measured fifteen inches in circumference—to the most diminutive kind. The collection of pears numbered 67 varieties, ranging from the early Dearborn Seedling to the late Flemish Beauty, Beurree Dief, Duchess d'Angouleme, Beurree Clairgeau, Beurree Rose, &c. There were also some good specimens of the Bartlett and the Siekle. Twelve varieties of crab apples were exhibited, ranging from the little currant crab to the Heaslop and Transcendent. Fine varieties of Quevel were also on the table. In grapes there were 31 varieties of the hardy open air, including the very best varieties grown in Canada. Sixteen varieties of peaches were exhibited, among them being the noble California peach. There were good specimens, 20 in number, grown under glass. Thirty-one varieties of plums were included in this collection. Throughout the whole of this large and fine show, every fruit was correctly named. The Hamilton Horticultural Club and the Galloway Club of the County of Lincoln also exhibited fine collections.

The Hamilton Horticultural Club shows 84 varieties of apples, including 14 varieties of excellent crab apples. In the exhibition of pears there were 44 varieties, and three of quinces. The varieties of plums were 26 in number, and 14 varieties of peaches, and also 37 varieties of grapes. This collection took the second prize.

The Galloway Club of the County of Lincoln exhibited 58 varieties of apples of the leading varieties, and 32 varieties of apples of the leading varieties, and 32 varieties of pears. A very large collection of grapes were exhibited by this club, including every description but two grown in Canada. They

show only 9 bunches of plums and 7 bunches of crab apples. 21 samples of peaches graced this table.

THE STADACONA HUNT CLUB MEET.

The first meet of the Stadacona Hunt Club took place on Thursday, the 19th ult., at No. 2 Fort, Levis, and was attended by a goodly assemblage of the hardest riders of Quebec, among whom was His Excellency the Governor General, with the members of his staff, and several ladies. The Countess of Dufferin was also present in her carriage, with Lady Harriet Fletcher. About half-past twelve, says the *Mercury*, Major Turnbull trotted up, and getting the hunt together proceeded about a quarter of a mile towards No. 3 Fort, when catching sight of the "trail," turned his mare sharp round to the right, and with a ringing "tallyho" cleared the fence and away across the first field, a smooth piece of pasture land. Then began the usual rushing for first over by the forward riders, the "after you, Sir" and "woa hoings" of the less ambitious, but quietly away in front we noticed Lord Dufferin sailing away on a clever little bay mare, taking everything in a way that shewed how little he would make of a really stiff country; next we noticed Colonels Fletcher and Strange closely followed by the ladies, and then the bulk of the field, further behind appeared a long tailed bay horse with an empty saddle, he and his rider having evidently come to bad terms. The "trail" then bore away down to some low meadows with but little jumping, and then leading up to the right, took the hunt round to No. 2 Fort, over a pretty little timber jump—there they came to a check for a few minutes, but Colonel Strange making a scientific cast through the "Spiney," hit off the scent, and with a cheery "tallyho" led off over the post and rails into the road, here some of the Field got away on a wrong trail, when someone on a chestnut mare hit it off, and away they went over the brow of the hill, and were lost to sight. The Countess of Dufferin's carriage, accompanied by the other ladies and gentlemen in carriages, then left their post at No. 2 Fort, from whence they had had a view of the whole run, and drove down the hill to No. 1 Fort, when they again caught sight of the hunt skirting round the old 78th camp, then on by a clump of trees over the fence and ditch into the road, and over the next fence they came, sending their horses along at a racing pace, round by the butte, across the brook at the bottom, sharp to the left over a stiff post and rails, and then with as pretty a finish as one could wish, the field all well together, over a stout 4 feet 5 inch hurdle, landed into the Engineers' croquet ground, where they ran into their fox, Mr. Heigham. The brush, won by Major Montizambert, was then presented to His Excellency. Luncheon was then served at the Engineer Headquarters Mess Room, after which a preliminary meeting was held for the appointment of officers, His Excellency accepting the Presidency of the Club.

A correspondent gives us the following account of the DANCE OF THE PATIENTS AT THE ROCKWOOD LUNATIC ASYLUM, KINGSTON.

of which an illustration appears on another page. This dance was given by Dr. Dickson (with his usual kindness and consideration, to the patients under his care) on the occasion of a German band staying a few days in Kingston. The afternoon was fine, and a large number of the patients assembled underneath the trees in front of the asylum to dance to the inspiring music, or if not so inclined, to watch their more lively companions. Everything was conducted with the greatest propriety, and save for the dancing, (which was now and then rather vigorous) one might almost have fancied oneself in the company of sane people. Coffee and cakes were handed round between the dances. The most conspicuous female dancer calls herself Queen Susan, and decks herself out in a style suited to her supposed sovereignty. It seemed as much as she could do to control herself, and not laugh at the absurd antics of her fierce-looking partner who danced opposite to her. Another dancer worthy of mention, who answers to the name of Jimmy, is seen in the background; he is in his favourite position, for he does not seem to think his dance is perfect unless he begins by hitting himself a resounding blow on the top of his hat. There were a number of ladies and gentlemen present as spectators. The dancing was kept up with great spirit the whole afternoon, and at its close the patients dispersed, and returned to the asylum highly gratified with their afternoon's amusement, as were also the visitors who had been kindly permitted to witness their pleasure.

THE FIRM OF GATES & CO., TORONTO.

Sewing Machine Manufacturers, is one of the most enterprising in the Dominion of Canada, not only for the large amount of business done, but also for the style of workmanship, ingenuity, and finish displayed in the manufacture of their goods. They are now making three kinds of machines, viz: The Family Machine for general purposes, No. 2 Machine for manufacturing purposes, and a Hand Shuttle Machine, being portable and convenient to carry, for travelling. All the above machines are in great demand, both in this country as well as Europe, large shipments being made to the Continent and sold in England, Ireland and Scotland, Germany, and also Australia and South America. They employ the best mechanical skill possible to obtain, determined by producing a first class article to surmount all obstacle, and eventually all opposition, and win a foremost place in the market for their goods, which work on the same principle as the Singer, Howe and other first class machines, and make the Lock or Shuttle Stitch, which is considered the best for all purposes. As a proof of the estimation in which their goods are held, they were awarded the highest Prize Medal at the Workmen's International Exhibition, held in London, England, in 1871, over all competitors. They have also taken prizes at the Provincial Fairs, held at Kingston, Hamilton, London and Toronto, so that their reputation is beyond dispute. Many try the manufacture of Sewing Machines, but few succeed in making an article that will do all the work required of it on all fabrics. In our sketches we give views of a part of their work-rooms. 1st. The Turning Room, in which the various pieces of the machines are prepared. 2nd. The Setting up Room, where certain parts of the machines are put together. 3rd. The Ornamenting, where they are ornamented. 4th. Adjusting Room, in which they are finally arranged and adjusted. Besides these there are large Store Rooms for casting, &c., Stock Room and Plating Room. In addition to the Factory their Show Room on King street, East, is one of the handsomest in the city.

CANADIAN PROGRESS.

The harbour of Dover, Ont., is to be deepened. The branch of the Canada Central to Renfrew village is to be completed by the 15th inst.

The rails have been successfully laid along the Canada Air Line railroad from Canfield Station to Cayuga, a distance of six miles.

The Welland Canal works are being pushed rapidly forward towards completion, under the supervision of Mr. Thomas Monroe.

The culture of the sugar-beet has been suggested as a highly advantageous crop for the lands formed by the delta of Fraser River, B. C.

Application will be made at the next session of the Ontario Legislature for a charter to build a railway from Dresden to Oil Springs.

The Kingston and Pembroke Railway is being pushed forward with the greatest dispatch. Large gangs of labourers are at work.

A company is to be formed in East Zorra, County of Oxford, for the manufacture of cheese and butter. It will be known as the East Zorra and Blandford Cheese Manufacturing Co.; capital, \$4,000.

Application is to be made to the Legislature of Ontario at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Joint Stock Company, to construct a Street Railway in the City of London and adjoining Municipalities.

The contract for the extension of the Intercolonial Railway into Halifax was awarded to Mr. O'Brien, of Halifax. The Intercolonial Railway will be opened for traffic through from St. John to Halifax by the end of the month.

La Minerve states that M. E. Bonnemant, a French agriculturist and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, has been to Longueuil for the purpose of finding an eligible site for a beet sugar factory. It is expected he will establish one in the village.

A company has been formed in Pictou under the name of the "Pictou Shipbuilding Company," for the purpose of building, purchasing, selling, and sailing vessels. The stock list is being rapidly filled up, and in a very short time active operations will be commenced.

The first issue of Canada Car Company's stock—\$250,000—has been subscribed. It is understood that an arrangement has been made with the Ontario Government for the employment of convict labour for a term of seven and a half years. Employment will be given to 600 men.

Speaking of the Canada Southern Railroad the *Toledo Blade* says:—The work of opening and grading the road-bed between this city and the mouth of the Detroit River is progressing rapidly. The contractors have nearly reached the State line, and at the rate at which they are now moving will reach the city limits within a few days. After entering the city limits the line will be run a short distance south of the new Lake Shore round house, continuing in a southerly direction until it intersects the Toledo, Watash & Western Railway, a short distance above the town. Several bridges on the line, including the one over the River Raisin, at Monroe, which will be the largest between this city and the Detroit River, are in process of construction.

One of the finest vineyards in Canada is said to be that of the Reesor Brothers, of Markham, although, as yet, it is young. They have about six acres of vines in bearing on lot 10, in the 7th con. of Markham. They are all of the best varieties that fully ripen in this climate. There are about 4,000 vines of Delaware, 1,000 Concord, 500 of Hartford Prolific, and other varieties. This is the first year in which the vines are all in bearing; some are already ripe, and during the ensuing two weeks they will all be ready to pick. The *Markham Economist* says to see the rich loads of fruit would well repay a drive of some distance. We are pleased with the success of this enterprise, because it supplies an article that people used to think could only be purchased in the United States, and while it is a most delicious fruit, it is by far the most wholesome in use.

CHESS.

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

We are happy to be able to announce the complete success of the first Canadian Chess Congress which met on the 24th ultimo in the City Hall, Hamilton, Ont., in response to a circular previously sent far and wide throughout the Dominion.

Veterans, whose only previous acquaintance had been through the post, by telegraph, with mysterious initials of the press which headed their games or problems, had now an opportunity, for the first time, of meeting over the board in friendly rivalry, and fighting their battles over again.

Formalities were, for the most part, dispensed with: the freemasonry which characterizes the lovers of the royal game making introduction easy.

The meeting was opened by J. Taylor, Esq., moving, seconded by F. T. Jones, that T. M. Taylor, Esq., President of the Hamilton Chess Club, take the chair, and that Dr. Ryall act as Secretary.

The chairman with a few appropriate remarks welcomed the visitors to the city, and urged the unity of action in forming laws and regulations for an association.

In the discussion which followed the following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers:

- Prof. CHERRIMAN, of Toronto, President.
- Prof. H. A. HOWE, of Montreal, 1st Vice-President.
- Prof. JAS. DE MILLE, of Halifax, N.S., 2nd Vice-President.
- DR. ALLEN M. KING, of St. John, N.B., 3rd Vice-President.
- DR. RYALL, of Hamilton, Secretary-Treasurer.

Two committees were then chosen, the one to frame a constitution, and to be a permanent committee of the association; the other to draw up rules for the government of games by telegraph: the former consisting of Messrs. F. T. Jones, of Toronto, R. H. Ramsay, Cobourg, J. Henderson, St. Catharines, P. Q., Jas. Taylor, Belleville, F. C. N. Robertson, Hamilton, and John White, of Montreal; for the latter the following were named: Messrs. J. A. Russell, Dr. Ryall, W. Mackay, J. Young, and D. J. Wallace.

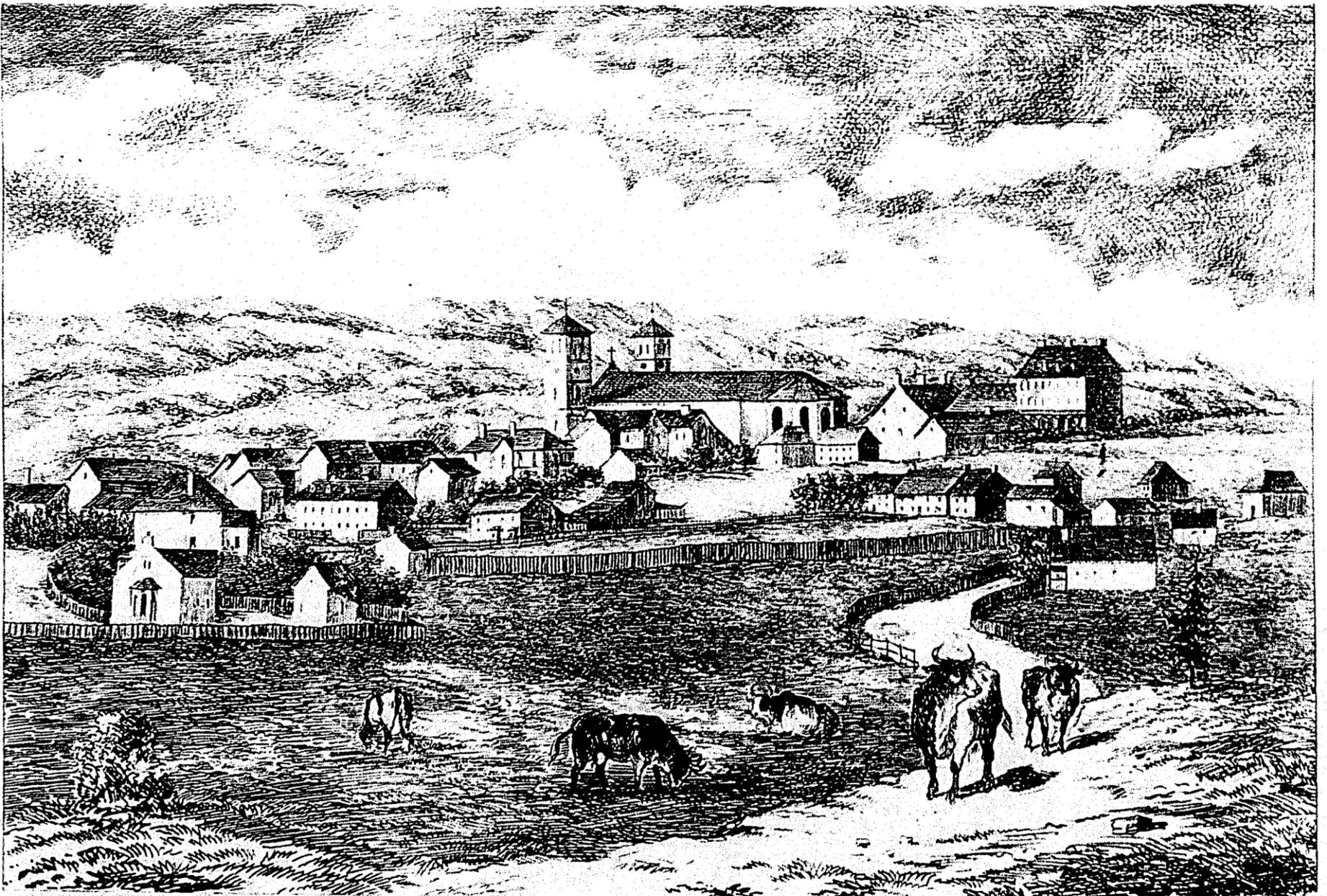
It was decided to send a pamphlet containing the laws so framed to the principal clubs and players, and as the assemblage seemed nearly unanimous in all its decisions, they will, no doubt, be generally recognized.

We shall endeavour to give some further particulars and incidents of this very agreeable meeting in a future issue.

The next Congress is called for the second Tuesday in May, 1873, in the city of Toronto.

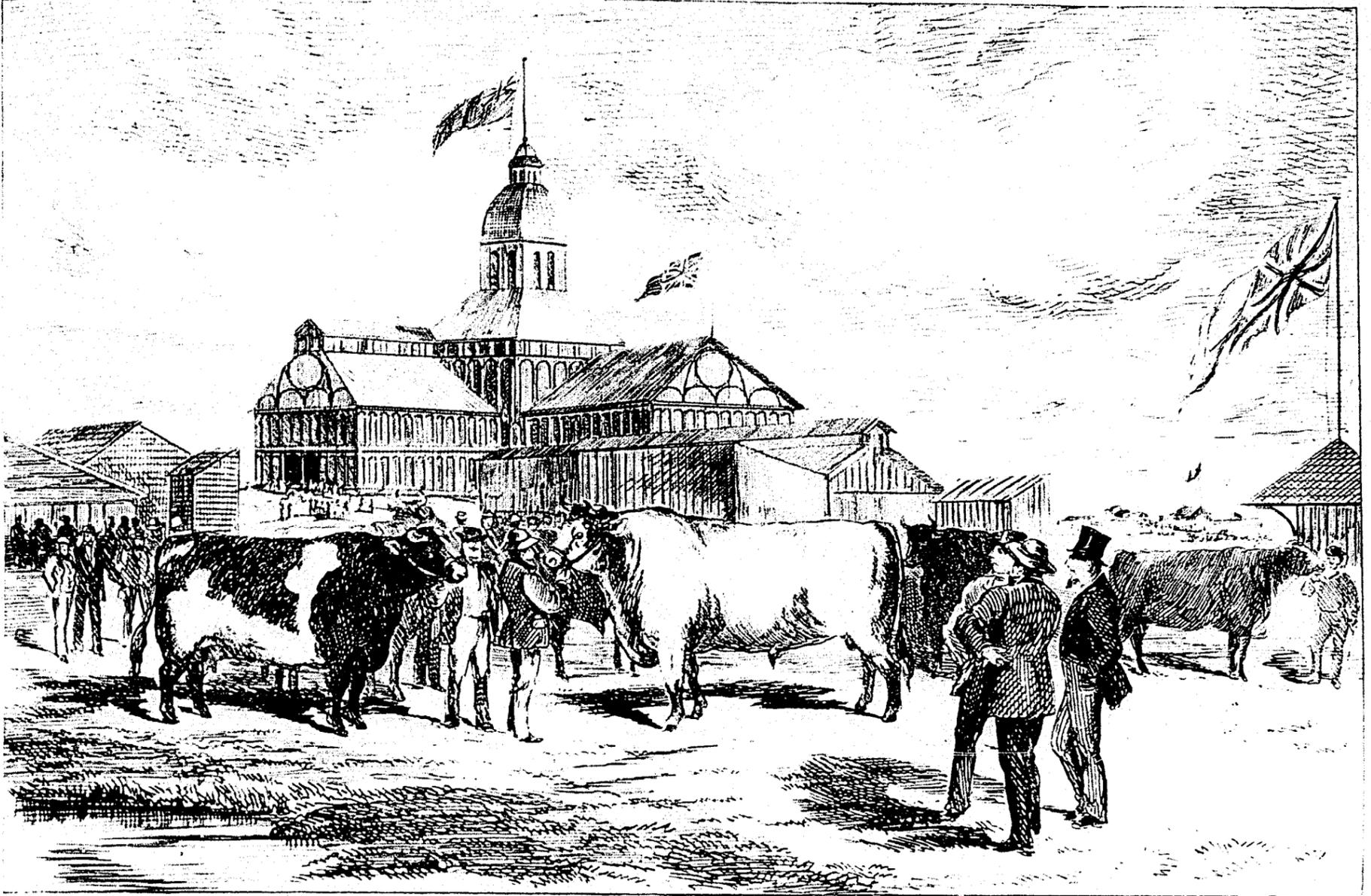


HALIFAX.—GARRISON AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

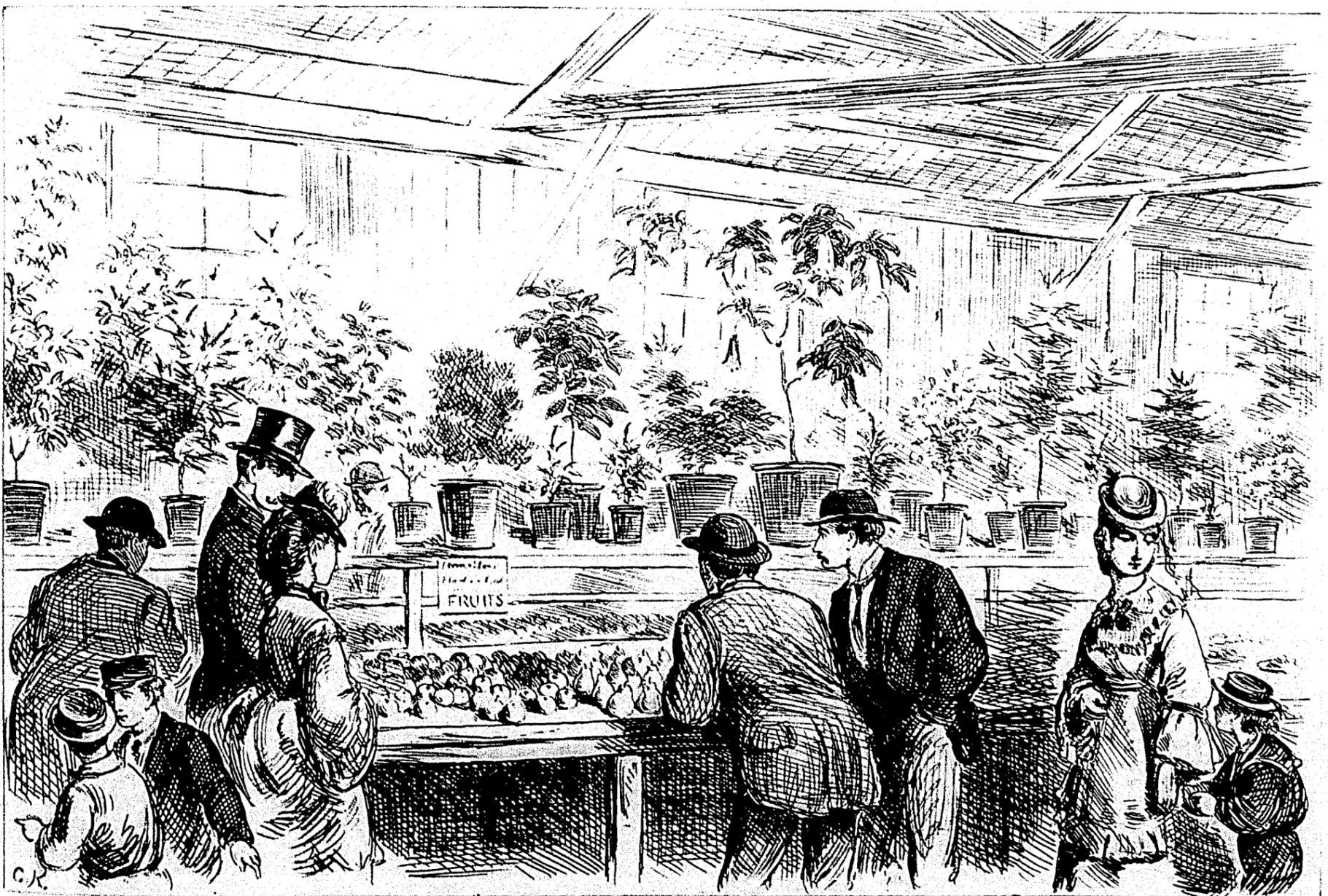


NEWFOUNDLAND.—VIEW FROM THE ROAD LEADING TO O'BRIEN'S BRIDGE, LOOKING SOUTH TOWARDS ST. JOHN'S.

HAMILTON.—THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—FROM SKETCHES BY F. M. BELL SMITH.



THE CATTLE RING.—JUDGING THE ANIMALS.



THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S COLLECTION OF FRUIT.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 6.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity. St. Faith.
MONDAY,	7.—Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748. Protest against Union, 1822.
TUESDAY,	8.—Rienzi assassinated, 1354. Admiral Phipps defeated at Quebec, 1690. Great Fire at Chicago, 1871.
WEDNESDAY,	9.—St. Denis, B. de M. Battle of Savannah, 1737.
THURSDAY,	10.—M. de Vaudreuil died, 1725. Intercolonial Conference met at Quebec, 1804.
FRIDAY,	11.—Last Commission to Jacques Cartier, 1540. Guy Carleton, Governor of Canada, 1774.
SATURDAY,	12.—America discovered by Columbus, 1492. Gen. Lee died, 1870.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 25 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Sept. 29th, 1872.

Sept.	Mean Temp. A. M., P. M.	Max. Temp. of Day.	Min. Temp. of Night.	Mean Rel. Hum. A. M., P. M.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
1	59	64	55	67	30.32	NNE	Rain.
2	58	63	54	67	30.21	NNE	Rain.
3	58	63	54	67	30.15	NNE	Rain.
4	58	63	54	67	30.01	WSW	Rain.
5	58	63	54	67	29.96	WSW	Clear.
6	58	63	54	67	29.96	WSW	Clear.
7	58	63	54	67	29.97	E	Cloudy.
8	58	63	54	67	29.97	E	Rain.
MEAN	58.3	63.1	54.0	67.5	30.10		

Extreme Range of Temperature, 33.5; of Humidity, 45.7; of Barometer, 0.15 inches.

Whole amount of rain during the week, 1.925 inches, equivalent to 43.483 gallons of water per acre.

The undersigned has much pleasure in acquainting the public that he has entered into arrangements with Mr. Johnston, C.E., of Montreal, for the early publication of his large "Map of the whole Dominion, from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island, with the Northern and Western States."

This Map is approved and recommended by the highest Geographical Authorities in Canada as being the most accurate, comprehensive and useful Map yet made. It will be the special care and aim of the undersigned to place this valuable work before the Canadian public in a style commensurate with its great merits, early in the ensuing year.

(Signed) GEO. E. DESBARATS.

[See Prospectus.]

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1872.

It was a doctrine fearlessly held and persistently inculcated by the late Professor Faraday that, in the education of youth, too much prominence is given to the classics, and too little account is taken of Natural Science as a particular and important branch of learning. In several of his popular lectures he took occasion to advance the claims of Science as a study particularly fitted for exercising and developing the human mind, and more than once he drew the attention of his audiences to the fact that the grossest ignorance of scientific matters is generally displayed by men who have passed through long courses of study, and who are, otherwise, very highly educated. In one of his Friday evening discourses he said: "The development of the applications of physical science in modern times has become so large and so essential to the well-being of men that it may justly be used as illustrating the true character of pure science as a department of knowledge, and the claims it may have for consideration by Governments, universities, and all bodies to whom is confided the fostering care and direction of learning. As a branch of learning, men are beginning to recognize the right of science to its own particular place; for, though flowing in channels utterly different in their course and end from those of literature, it conduces not less, as a means of instruction, to the discipline of the mind, while it ministers more or less to the wants, comforts, and proper pleasures, both mental and bodily, of every individual of every class in life. Until of late years, the education for, and recognition of it by the bodies which may be considered as governing the general course of all education, have been chiefly directed to it only as it could serve professional services, viz., those which are remunerated by society; but now the fitness of university degrees in science is under consideration, and many are taking a high view of it, as distinguished from literature, and think that it may well be studied for its own sake, i.e., as a proper exercise of human intelligence, able to bring into action and development all the powers of the mind."

Several years have passed since Faraday spoke thus, and as yet, though much has been done to popularize science, the importance of the study of natural science, as a branch of the ordinary school and university education, has never yet been fully recognized. In some few schools it has been introduced, though hardly in the manner or with the object advocated by the great philosopher. And in nearly all the educational institutions its importance as a whetstone to the mind, keeping the intelligence ever sharp and bright, has been overlooked. Even now, though perhaps not to such an extent as when Faraday wrote, the *pas* is given to the classics. True, schools

of practical science have been of late years established, but the object of these is merely to prepare students for professional work. In this they have done an immense deal of good by increasing the amount of scientific knowledge afloat in the world. But it is in the public schools, both preparatory and finishing, that we should like to see the study of physical science introduced as a part of the regular educational curriculum, and as a most necessary adjunct to the study of literature. Faraday's idea was to commence a boy's education in natural science at a pretty early age and in all cases carry it up to a certain point. Not less than one-fifth of the pupil's time should be set aside for scientific instruction. In the case of a boy of eleven years of age and of ordinary intelligence, he would have him instructed, before commencing the classics, in mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, acoustics, and optics.

This, will, no doubt, sound very dreadful to many a parent's ears. But it should be borne in mind that the extent to which these studies would be carried in the case of a boy of eleven would not be very great: that, again, the study of natural science possesses more or less attraction for every boy; and, finally, that the labour expended in acquiring this preliminary knowledge would be more than compensated by the facility with which the mind would be enabled to enter upon other studies. In fact this primary instruction would prepare the mind for the easier reception and retention of the learning to be subsequently acquired. As the boy advanced in his other studies he would take another step in his scientific instruction, and thus the two, science and literature, would go hand in hand, until the pupil had completed the curriculum. The benefits of such a system of instruction are obvious. Instead of being crammed to repletion with indigestible and too often dry-as-dust facts and figures, the intellect of the pupil would be so wholesomely exercised as to enable him to grasp more readily the facts presented and to retain them and use them at will.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Magazines this month are unusually good. Indeed it is difficult to pick out the best where all are worthy of more than ordinary praise.

Wood's Household Magazine is essentially a periodical for the home circle. The class of literature is not of the higher and more serious order usually to be found in the larger magazines published in the States, but, nevertheless, or rather, perhaps, on that very account it is a frequent and welcome visitor at the fireside. The name of Gail Hamilton on its editorial list should be a *pro-partour* to every circle, and a guarantee of the soundness and real value of the stories and papers published in its pages.

The Atlantic Monthly for October contains some really excellent papers, notably that on "Jefferson, American Minister to France," the "History of Hawthorne's Last Romance," and "The Chauvinism of the French." Fiction is represented by the first instalment of a new story in two parts, entitled "Guest's Confession," which promises well; and a chapter of Professor De Mille's "Comedy of Terrors." Mrs. Leonowens again contributes a story of Siamese life, "L'Oré, the Slave of a Siamese Queen," which will be read with interest and much sympathy for the wrongs of the poor slave. In the poetical line this number is unusually rich. "Thoralf and Synnov," a Norse Idyll, has the true Scandinavian ring. "Penn Calvin" is a verse picture by Bayard Taylor; and Lucy Larcom, Marian Douglas, and Constance Fenimore Woolson contribute some excellent pieces. In "The Post at the Breakfast-Table" Dr. Holmes is as happy as ever. A couple of readable articles—"The Hassler Glacier in the Straits of Magellan," and "A Modern Religious Painter," treating of Flaudrin's wonderful frescoes in the church of St. Germain des Prés in Paris—complete, with the Art, Literary, Musical and Scientific Gossip, one of the best numbers yet issued of a standard and favourite periodical.

Scribner's Monthly for October is a remarkable number for the variety of its articles and the profuseness of its illustrations. It opens with a pretty little poem by Mrs. Bradley, with a graceful illustration by Miss Hallock; this is followed by a ballad by Col. Hay, entitled "Ernst of Edelsheim." Then come some admirable illustrations of "Tobacco Culture in the South," with accompanying descriptive article and another lively illustrated paper on Paris by Edward King. Mr. Tuckerman, formerly U. S. Minister to Greece, furnishes a very entertaining sketch of Modern Athens, with a view of the city from a late photograph. Another illustrated article is Mr. Cooke's account of a day's hunting on the Prairies. There is a very suggestive essay by Dr. T. M. Coan, of *The Independent*, under the title of "Broad Views," and the shorter articles are all readable—"Loitering about a French Château," by Albert Rhodes; "A Visit to the Grange," by Kate Hillard; "Mr. Beecher as a Social Foree," by A. McElroy Wylie; "A Village Ball in the Harz," by G. Haven Putnam; and "Letter to a Young Journalist." A long and interesting instalment of Mrs. Oliphant's "At His Gates," is given; there is a clever story of "My School at Fern City," by Miss Kate Putnam Osgood; a charming sketch, "The Queen of the Bees," from the French of "Eckmann-Chatrian," somewhat indifferently translated, however, with additional poems by Miss Bushnell and Charlotte F. Bates. In the coming number of this popular monthly we are promised a most appetizing menu. Dr. Holland's new serial, "Arthur Bonnicastle," will commence with the first number (November), and will continue through the year. It will be beautifully illustrated by Miss Hallock. Bret Harte will have a story running through two numbers:

there will be some capital stories by Saxe Holm, Noah Brooks, Fannie E. Hodgson, and others of the best Cis-Atlantic story-writers; Mr. R. H. Stoddard, the poet, will furnish a delightful series of papers about authors; Mr. Clarence Cooke promises a series of practical essays on Furniture and Home Decoration, and there will be a series of portraits of some of the Younger American Authors.

Lippincott's opens with a highly interesting, and well illustrated, article descriptive of the route from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, which will be traversed by the line of the Northern Pacific Railway. "Something about Eton" is a capital sketch of English Public School life. "Drawing-room Tactics," a contribution from the pen of one of the queens of New York society, is a very sprightly and amusing piece of writing, dealing in a discursive but pointed manner with the salient features of fashionable intercourse in America. Fiction is fairly represented in the present issue. Besides Mr. Black's serial novel "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," there are several short stories, pleasing in style and varied in character, which offer conjointly some very agreeable reading for leisure hours. There are two poems in this number, "C'est l'Amour," by Mary Stewart Doubleday, and "The Laureate Singer," by Mary B. Dodge. Both are attractive productions. "Parisine," by Edward De Leon, is an analysis of a book with that title, descriptive of social life in the French metropolis, by the most celebrated of Parisian fops, Nestor Roqueplan. The distinguishing features of the work and the most notable peculiarities of its author are touched upon with much skill and pungency. "Conversations at Casa Tonti," by Edward Howland, deals in a colloquial manner with some prominent social questions, affording many useful and sensible suggestions. "My Portrait Gallery," by the Lady Blanche Murphy, is a collection of able sketches of the private life of some of the most celebrated European characters of the times, and abounds in curious and interesting anecdote. These sketches are eminently fresh and entertaining. "Our Monthly Gossip" contains the usual amount of amusing and instructive matter.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We understand that a new work on Canada, from the pen of one who is thoroughly competent to speak of the Dominion, will shortly be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, London. The book will be entitled "Recollections of Canada," and will be ready for Christmas. The author is Lt.-Col. Martindale, C. B., who, we are sure, will be able to produce some graphic pen and ink sketches of Canadian life and scenery. The book will be profusely illustrated, this department coming under the care of Lieut. C. Rife, B. A., whose frequent contributions to the News have already gained him a reputation as a careful and observant artist.

HOPE DEFERRED. By Eliza F. Pollard. Paper; pp. 121. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

French *marriages de convenance* are the theme of this book, the writer of which has evidently set to work with the intention of disgusting her readers with the French match-making system and its too-often pernicious results. Bad as that system is, candour compels us to admit that the picture drawn by the authoress of "Hope Deferred" is overdrawn. She would have us believe that hardly a happy marriage is consummated in France from the beginning of the year to the end. It must, however, be borne in mind that the time of the story is laid during the years preceding the Crimean War, when *Anglophobie* and base morals were more the mode than they are now. Of late years *on a change tout est différent*—in some measure at least; and unhappy marriages are far more uncommon than they were twenty years ago. The book itself, making due allowance for the date of the story, gives the reader a very fair insight into French home-life in the Provinces, with here and there a sketch of Parisian *mœurs*. The story of poor Jeanne's love troubles, of the temptation and fall of one of her lovers, and the unwearied fidelity of the other, is well and touchingly told. The characters, notably those of Madame de la Croix, and the beautiful but cruel Marietta, are powerfully depicted. The interest is well sustained, and, on the whole, we have no doubt that "Hope Deferred" will be welcome to many a novel-reader.

MICHAEL FARADAY. By J. H. Gladstone, Ph. D., F. R. S. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 216, with Portrait. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

We venture to prophesy a great success for this little work—a success, we trust, as great as its object. The lives of great men always form pleasant studies, and Professor Gladstone deserves our heartiest thanks for the exceedingly pleasant manner in which he relates the life story of one of the greatest and truest men who ever graced this earth. As an untiring student of Nature, a devoted lover of philosophy, an energetic, conscientious worker, a true Christian, and a noble man, Faraday stands outshone by none even of the brightest stars in the firmament of human worth. The biography of such a man cannot fail to be interesting, especially when told by an eye-witness of most of the facts related, and a steady admirer of the man whose talents and child-like simplicity formed a theme for the wonder and admiration of the civilized world. Professor Gladstone's book is not a scientific work, it is merely a record of the life of the greatest "scientist" of the century, told in a plain, simple manner that cannot fail to please even the most cursory reader. The descriptions of the great chemist's lectures, of his peculiarly attractive manner, his graceful ease, and his at-home manner with his audience will possess particular interest for those who have had the good fortune to be present on the celebrated Friday evenings in Albemarle Street. To those who have not had this good fortune we recommend Dr. Gladstone's work as not only interesting, but as giving a trustworthy, a living portrait of one of the greatest and best men of the century.

RECEIVED.

THE WESTERN LIVERPOOL. *Republican Printing House*, Des Moines, Iowa.
NOTRE DAME DES CANADIENS ET LES CANADIENS AUX ETATS UNIS, par l'Abbé T. A. Chandonnet. Montreal: George E. Desbarats.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The English musical critics have been bitterly complaining that Nilsson is spoiled by the fétting and adulation she received in America, and American musical magazines are re-echoing the cries of the discontented across the Atlantic. The *Queen* says:—"What is generally complained of by her most ardent admirers is the almost defiant aspect she assumes, as if the composer of the opera were a nonentity, and the conductor a mere cipher. Mlle. Nilsson is not musician enough to dictate to M. Gounod or to Sir Michael Costa. The score of the former must be adhered to; the beat of the latter must be equally observed. The tempi are in the published score; Mlle. Nilsson has no right to prolong them or to hurry them. No prima donna, even if seconded by a Capoul, is justified in ruining one of the most intensely pathetic duos, as in that with which Gounod has been inspired in the garden scene between Faust and Marguerite." While sincerely bewailing the result of too much flattery upon so charming a *prima donna* as Madame Nilsson-Rouzeaud we cannot repress a wish that the Canadian public were a little more given to "spoiling"—in the way of ample applause and substantial encouragement—the artists who from time to time visit us. In Montreal especially a little development of æsthetic tastes would do no harm.

It is the privilege of the Briton to grumble—cause or no cause. It is also his privilege—and one in which he frequently indulges, especially he of the old school—to declare his firm belief that England is not what it was, that, in fact, the country is going to the mischief. In the face of such dire predictions it is pleasant to find that the alarmist's opinions are not entertained by outsiders; that, on the contrary, even our old foes are ready to admit that England still holds as high a place as ever among the nations. Speaking of the probable effects of the discoveries of Livingstone in Central Africa, the *Moscow Gazette* declares that the enterprise of the English scarcely needs any spur, but a footing in Central Africa might have political as well as commercial advantages. It would render the Suez canal doubly important to England, as the road not only to India, but to her newly-acquired possession as well, and political necessity will compel her to make that route her own. However isolated the position of England may appear in Europe, her policy will always possess great weight in the European community of nations; and this influence has always, up to the present time, been conditional on the interests of England in India, and the preservation of her supremacy in the Mediterranean. What changes the acquirement of a new Empire in Africa would effect on English policy, and what influence it would exercise on the political system of Europe, these are questions of the future. But perhaps ten years will not elapse before we find steamers conveying travellers along the tracks marked out by Livingstone to Ujiji, Unyanyembe, Tanganyika, and to the other centres, the names of which are still unknown to the civilised world.

The question of the inadequate payment of ministers has been frequently ventilated, but seldom to so much point as in a communication from the Rev. Robert Collyer recently published in the *Chicago Tribune*. Alluding to a paragraph he had come across in that paper respecting an English clergyman who has to feed and clothe a family of ten on an income of £150 a year, Dr. Collyer says he is reminded of a talk he had with the Rev. Charles Voysey in the summer of 1871. "He was then," the Doctor goes on to say, "a clergyman in the Church of England and was rector of a church which gave him a very fair living; but, before this, he had been a curate in London, with a very large family (as ministers generally have), and an income of less than a hundred pounds a year,—not more than eighty, if my memory serves me. It was desperate work, he said, to make ends meet,—so desperate that there came a time when there was not a penny or a crust left in the house, or a pint of milk for the bairns. 'Then,' he said, 'I sat down to think what I should do; and, when I had made up my mind about the course I must take, I went up to my wife,—as noble and true a woman as ever this world heard of,—and said, My dear, we have done our very best, and this is the end. Now, I will tell you what we must do. We are citizens of London, have paid our rates and taxes right along, and are entitled to all the help there is. We will go to the poor-house to-morrow morning, and ask them to take us in. We have a perfect right to go there, and we will go.' She said, 'That is right,' and began at once to get ready to go to the poor-house; but that day I got a letter from some one, enclosing five pounds. There was no signature; I don't know to this day who sent it, but that five pounds saved us from taking that step, and tided us over to quarter-day.' I could not help wishing, when I heard the tale from the mouth of the poor, brave, earnest man,—a true gentleman as he is, a hard worker, a scholar, and, in all respects, fitted for his great office,—that he had been compelled to go to the poor-house of his parish, because I think it would have been like a stroke of lightning in its power to split open the secret of the suffering such men have to bear, and take something from the gorged channels through which the wealth of the English Episcopal Church drifts into the pockets and stomachs of a few of the most favoured, who can, for many reasons, get hold of public or private patronage, and give a fair share of it to those who have to do the hard work."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE DOMINION.

More crimping at Quebec.
The Hamilton Exhibition was closed on Friday last.
The American Peace Society is holding a meeting at Halifax.
A Canadian Chess Association was formed at Hamilton last week.
There was a most uncalled-for run on the Ontario Bank at Ottawa last week.
A convict named Graham escaped from Kingston Penitentiary on Saturday last.
Sir George E. Cartier left for England by the steamship "Prussian" on Saturday.
The extradition warrant in the case of the prisoner Dennehy,

accused of the murder of Favor at Providence, R. I., has been issued.

During the storm at Quebec last week a young girl was killed and a ropewalk burnt.

The Provincial Exhibition at Hamilton is said to be the finest ever held in the Dominion.

The Intercolonial Railway will be open between St. John and Halifax by the end of the month.

The sailors in the port of Kingston are on strike for higher wages. They demand \$2.50 a day in gold.

It is reported that Mr. John Ferris, M.P. for Queen's County, N.B., will be called to the Senate in the place of Hon. Mr. Mitchell.

A terrible accident was averted on the Intercolonial near Amherst last week by the courage and *any froid* of a brakeman.

A detachment of the B Battalion of Canadian Artillery and some volunteers, to the number of 49, left Quebec last week for Fort Garry.

The Directors of the Bank of Montreal propose to increase the capital stock of the bank to \$12,000,000. With the new stock at twenty-five per cent premium this increase would absorb \$5,000,000.

UNITED STATES.

The Chicago carpenters have struck.

Edmund Yates lectured on Saturday in New York.

The Sioux Indians are growing troublesome in Montana.

A case of ballot-stuffing has been discovered in New York. General Grant has returned to Washington from Long Branch.

A fire at Cleveland last week destroyed \$100,000 worth of property.

A massacre of negroes by white men took place last week in New Jersey.

The Mississippi is very low at New Orleans, and a drought is much feared in Louisiana.

A furious storm set in on Saturday night in the neighbourhood of Detroit, causing much damage to shipping.

The Straight-out Democrats of Milwaukee held a convention last week and decided to put an electoral ticket in the field.

Suit has been begun by the Erie Railroad for the recovery of the Grand Opera House from Jay Gould and Mrs. Fisk.

The Straight-out Democrats of Kansas have issued a call for a State Convention, to nominate a State and electoral ticket.

The jury in the case of Mrs. Laura Fair, on her second trial, for the murder of A. P. Crittenden, have rendered a verdict of "Not guilty."

A fight among the militia-men of the third regiment in New York last week, resulted in the death of two men. Some 25 or 30 were wounded.

Snow fell along the line of the Union Pacific Railway last week. Immense embankments are being constructed along the line to protect it from snow.

Stanley has written a letter to the *New York Herald* denying the stories related of him by Noe, and asserting that he has put neither pen nor pencil to Livingstone's letters.

A collision took place in New York last week between a freight car on the Newhaveron Railroad and a street car on the Grand Street line. Two persons were injured, one fatally.

A passenger in the steerage of an Ocean steamship gives in a *New York paper* a detailed account of the horrors of overcrowding, bad food, and outrages suffered on a recent voyage.

A terrible storm visited the neighbourhood of Milwaukee last week. The streets and cellars were flooded and considerable damage done. In the country several barns were struck by lightning.

The official report of the investigation in the "Metis" disaster results in revoking the licenses of the captain and first mate. The report states the responsibility of the disaster rests upon Captain Burton and the two pilots, and some blame is attached to Deone, the first mate.

The Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum at Newbury, Ohio, caught fire last week. The main, or old portion of the building, was entirely destroyed. There were about six hundred inmates in the building at the time of the fire, all of whom are said to be safe. A number of these have escaped and are now at large. The loss is unknown, but it will probably amount to about \$350,000, on which it is said there is no insurance.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The Jesuits have been expelled from Strasburg.

Garibaldi denounces Thiers' policy towards Italy.

The Chinese rice crop is very abundant this year.

The health of the ex-Empress Carlotta is improving.

The report of Lord Hatherley's resignation is confirmed.

The Princess Hohenlohe, half-sister of Her Majesty, is dead.

Bancroft Davis sailed from Liverpool on Thursday of last week.

Gambetta demands the dissolution of the National Assembly.

Emigration from Alsace and Lorraine is said to be on the increase.

Small-pox prevails on the coast between Valparaiso and Panama.

Sir Sydney Waterlow has been elected Lord Mayor of London.

The elections in Brazil have resulted in favour of the Government.

The Rinderpest has appeared among the cattle in Lincolnshire.

Belize, the capital of British Honduras, has been attacked by Indians.

Metz has lost one third of her population by emigration since the war.

Professor Tyndall sailed for New York by the "Russia" on Saturday last.

The English hop crop has been gathered in and gives an abundant yield.

The foundries at Lisbon have been closed owing to a strike of the workmen.

Miss Emily Faithful sailed for New York in the "Oceanic" on Thursday last.

The Vice-President of the Republic of San Salvador has been assassinated.

It is stated that the Mexican revolutionary generals have laid down their arms.

A storm in Eastern Bengal is reported to have done much damage to the jute crops.

The Evangelical Congress sitting at Geneva has issued an address to the Old Catholics.

The International Peace Congress, in session last week at Lugano, adjourned on Friday.

It is stated that Sir Roundell Palmer will succeed Lord Hatherley as Lord Chancellor.

The Right Hon. Mr. Lowe has been presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow.

The late King of Sweden was buried at Stockholm with great pomp on Wednesday week.

Negotiations between the Holy See and the Russian Government are proceeding satisfactorily.

Garibaldi has, in a letter to the Peace Congress, expressed his approval of the Geneva Arbitration.

The Austrian Archduke Albrecht, whose death was recently reported, is rapidly recovering from illness.

The damage caused at Martinique by the recent hurricane is estimated at from 1,200,000 to 1,500,000 francs.

The German troops will commence to evacuate the departments of Marne and Haute Marne on the 15th inst.

M. Thiers has under consideration the question of a Vice-Presidency, an Upper Chamber, and a new electoral law.

A Commissioner is coming over from Constantinople, to receive rifled guns ordered in the United States for Turkey.

Rivero has been elected President of the Cortes by a vote of 176 to 30. The Senate elected Figuerola President by 53 to 3.

On Monday the Pope, for the first time since the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops, went out of the Vatican precincts.

It is reported that Lord John Russell is preparing a review of the proceedings and award of the Geneva Board of Arbitrators.

The Berlin authorities have stopped the transmission by telegraph of a cipher despatch of four hundred words signed by Napoleon.

Djemil Mohammed Pacha, the Turkish ambassador to France, died in a railway train while going from Paris to Leimborg, Austria.

Very tempestuous weather prevailed throughout England during the early part of last week. Some damage was done to the shipping on the coast.

A despatch from Madrid states that the Spanish Budget proposes to meet the excess of expenditures over receipts by withholding the subsidies of the clergy.

At a recent meeting between the Czar and the late Djemil Pacha, the former expressed a desire to render the relations between Russia and Turkey more friendly.

At a recent meeting of Roman Catholic Bishops at Maynooth, although Archbishop Cullen opposed the principle of Home Rule, the majority of the Bishops voted in favour of it.

The Aide-de-camp of the Sultan has been despatched as special messenger to Egypt to present to the Viceroy a firman sanctioning his title of Khedive and making it hereditary.

Berlin advices report that the recent meeting of the three Emperors was in the interest of peace, all three being very desirous of establishing amicable relations with one another.

The advance in the price of coal has caused an increase in expenses of running the Lancashire mills to such an extent that it has been decided to reduce the number of hours of labour.

The opinion of Sir Alexander Cockburn, disagreeing with the decision of his colleagues on the Geneva Tribunal, has been published. It makes a pamphlet of two hundred and fifty pages.

The Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, severely condemns Sir Alexander Cockburn for his dissent from the verdict of his colleagues on the Geneva Board of Arbitration.

A large meeting of railroad men was held on Sunday in Hyde Park, London, favourable to emigration to the United States, where better wages and shorter hours are believed to be obtainable.

The German authorities are determined to wage the great battle of church and state to the very end. The Bishop of Ermeland, the champion of the Roman Catholic Church policy, is to be prosecuted.

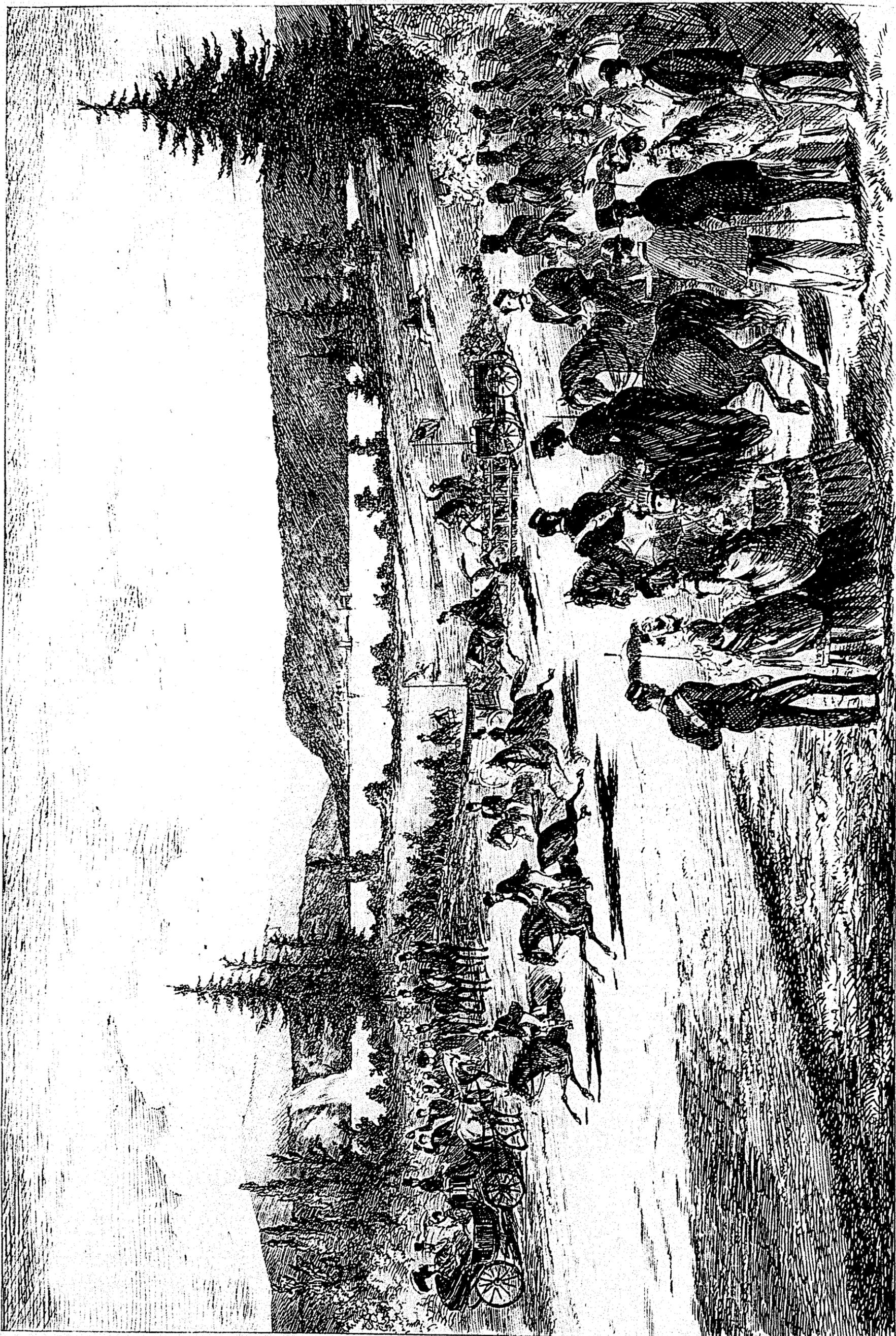
King Johannes, of Abyssinnia, has sent a messenger to England with letters for the Queen, asking the intervention of England against Egypt. The same messenger has letters for France, Russia, and Germany.

It is said that efforts are being made which have not yet assumed any official form, to require the Messrs. Laird, the constructors of the privateer Alabama, to pay a portion of the sum awarded to the United States by the Geneva tribunal.

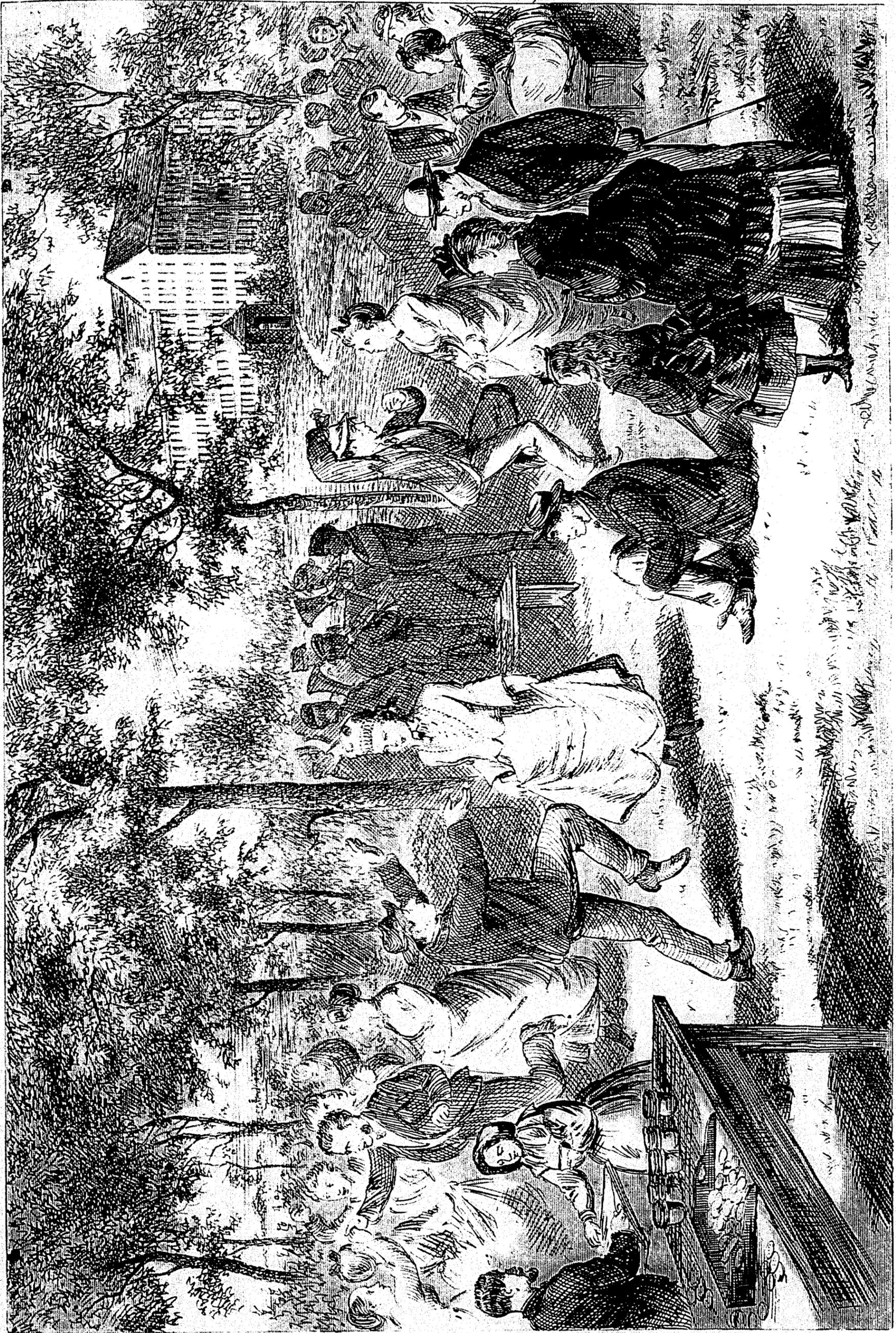
Eighteen thousand Communists are yet held in confinement by the French Government. It is the intention, however, to immediately release one-half this number. Only those accused of assassination, arson, and thieving will be prosecuted.

Chambers of Commerce in several of the leading cities of England have adopted resolves congratulating Her Majesty's Government on the happy termination of the Alabama Arbitration, and copies of the resolves have been forwarded to the United States.

It is reported that the Spanish Government has resolved to submit to the other European powers the question of the justice of its claims against the Government of the United States for damages sustained by filibustering expeditions from American ports for Cuba.



THE FIRST MEET OF THE SIADACSA HUNT CLUB. BY A. S. B. ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. B.



KINGSTON.—RECREATION OF THE INMATES OF ROCKWOOD ASYLUM.

SCIENTIFIC.

Among the patent contrivances designed to stop runaway horses is a pair of blinders, by which the driver, on pulling a cord, instantly and effectually blindfolds the animal.

Prof. Tyndall has perfected a new respirator for firemen, in which the solid particles of the densest smoke are arrested by films of cotton wool wetted with glycerine, and the most pungent gas by layers of charcoal. By this simple means firemen can remain within burning buildings for upwards of an hour at a time with safety and comfort, so far as their respiration is concerned.

The new musket of M. Lebaron's (the Caen gunmaker) invention has been tried at Trouville, and stands a good chance of superseding the Chassepot, at least gradually. The cartridges, which are metallic, can be made on the field of battle. The experiments are being continued. Instead of pure metallic blanks, M. Hantrive, of Lille, makes a tin-metallized thimble, said to be as good and durable, and cheaper and lighter than copper ones.

The estimates lately voted by the British House of Commons embrace the sum of \$480,000 for the various objects connected with the British Museum for the coming year. In addition to this there was a special vote of \$60,000 for purchases for the museum; \$15,000 is to be expended in completing the excavations of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; \$50,000 for the purchase of coins and medals, etc. The Science and Art Department at South Kensington receives \$580,000.

ABYSSINIAN GOLD.—A new metallic compound, which bears the somewhat fanciful name of Abyssinian or Talmi gold, has lately been manufactured in large quantities in Germany for the purpose of fabricating imitation gold jewellery and other objects. This is a brass composed of about 91 parts of copper and 8 of zinc. The appearance of gold is obtained by causing a very thin sheet of gold to adhere by passing it through rollers. This gilded sheet is then cut and formed into ornamental articles by means of ingeniously-constructed steel instruments.

Every regiment of the old North German army has already been fully supplied with the converted or "adapted" needle-gun—the "apitrite zundnadelgewehr." This so-called "new" arm is the old one, considerably modified. The barrel has been shortened, and is now bronzed on the outside. The bayonet is also bronzed. The "adapted" musket is lighter than the old one, and admits of a more correct aim, a longer range, and more rapid firing. Its shots, at the rate of ten a minute, are said to be effective at a distance of 1,200 metres—just double the range of the old "zundnadelgewehr." In spite of these advantages, the "adapted needle-gun" is only to be retained provisionally, and at the earliest possible moment will be replaced by the Mauser rifle, of which the highest opinion is entertained.

A correspondent at St. Petersburg gives an interesting account of the launch of the strongest man-of-war afloat. The ship is very appropriately named "Peter the Great." It is 329 feet 8 inches in length. Her greatest outside breadth is 63 feet. The builder's measurement is 5,352 tons, and the displacement with coals, stores, and water in boilers will be 9,035 tons, at a mean draught of 23 feet 9 inches. The plates on the ship's sides and raised building amidships vary from 12 to 14 inches, and the armour-plate protects the ship to a depth of six feet below the water-line. The vessel has no spur, but the upright stem is heavily plated, and of enormous strength. The ship has two large turrets, which are plated with sixteen inches of iron, in two thicknesses of fourteen and two inches. She has no masts, but depends entirely upon her engines, of 700 horse-power each. There are twelve boilers, which will require at full speed 132 tons of coal in 24 hours, at which rate of consumption the engines will work at 10,000 horse-power effective, and the ship will be driven at fourteen and a half knots speed per hour.

TRANSFERRING PENCIL DRAWINGS ON PAPER TO OTHER PAPER.—Any kind of reasonably fine paper, either thick or thin, serves to receive the copy. Simply lay it upon the drawing board, then upon the face of the drawing paper lay the transfer paper, and upon the top of the lot lay the drawing, pencil marks upwards, fasten the whole three sheets together and to the board by four drawing pins, one at each corner, then proceed to run over the pencil marks with a fine but dull pointed instrument. Use for the purpose a stocking darning needle with a handle and the point ground off; run over the marks in the same way as with a transparent slate. If the drawing is not too thick and the carbon paper is good, a good copy may be obtained, with care and practice. Copies are also taken by first perforating the picture with small holes along the marked lines with a needle, then afterwards laying it on the face of another sheet of paper, and rubbing it over with powdered black lead; the black lead goes through the holes and leaves a dotted outline beneath. A pencil is afterwards run over the marks, and a fair copy is produced, which can be quickly multiplied.

DWELLING HOUSES AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

The following article from *Engineering* will be read with much interest by architects and builders, as well as by those who take an interest in the social welfare and comfort of workingmen. The remarks relating to the workingmen's dwellings in London apply in almost every particular to the case of the poorer classes in Canada. We trust to see Canada fully represented at Vienna next year.

Amongst the novel features to be included in next year's Universal Exhibition at Vienna, is a collection of examples of private dwelling houses, represented by models, drawings, and full-sized examples of thoroughly furnished apartments. The object specially held in view in making this collection is, we understand, not to give examples of how dwellings are now constructed and fitted up in various countries; but rather to illustrate how such dwellings ought to be arranged and constructed, and thus full scope will be given for the illustration of many really valuable schemes for improving our domestic comforts which are at present but little known. The apartments will include kitchens with cooking ranges and other fittings, cellars, &c., and various housekeeping appliances, and in fact everything will be done to give a thoroughly practical character to the exhibition.

The architectural features of the various habitations will also receive proper attention, and full opportunity for illustrat-

ting them will be afforded by the drawings and models, while constructive details will also be shown.

An important feature in the collection of which we are speaking, will be the examples of dwellings for the working classes. It is of no use denying the fact, that the huge barracks which have been erected as workingmen's dwellings in London and in other large towns, are not generally liked. They are, to a certain extent, accepted as a necessity, but they are far from satisfying the requirements of the working man. The truth is, that somehow or other, the "flat" system is not liked in this country. Where it has been tried for high-class houses, as, for instance, in the neighbourhood of Victoria Street, it has met with a very indifferent amount of success; and where it has been adopted for a lower class of dwellings, it has, as we have said, been accepted only as matter of necessity. This being the case, the section of the Vienna Exhibition devoted to examples of workingmen's houses will deserve especial attention, and we hope that the authorities will be cordially seconded by architects of all nations in their endeavour to introduce really material improvements in this class of dwelling.

The special attention of the manufacturers of iron houses should be drawn to the fact that such houses are almost unknown in Austria, and that rents are enormously high, while there exists no suitable accommodation for the poorer classes, who are compelled to live under very disadvantageous conditions in the city, or occupy dwellings far out in the suburbs. Moreover, ordinary building materials are extremely dear (bricks cost from 50s. to 60s. per 1000), and there appears no inclination to construct artisans' dwellings for the benefit of that numerous class.

Under these circumstances it is probable that, not only would English manufacturers be doing a good service to Austria by sending for exhibition a number of good types of iron buildings, but that they would also create for themselves a large and lucrative trade in the export of such buildings; for, on account of the price of material, iron would compete easily with brick or stone structures. Moreover, there exists at present a deficiency of house accommodation in Vienna, and without doubt a great difficulty will be found during the time of the Exhibition in providing for the crowds of visitors who will be attracted thither. If, therefore, there were erected a number of iron houses previous to the opening of the Exhibition, the rents that could be collected from them would more than cover the first outlay, while Austrian capitalists and building societies would be thoroughly convinced of the suitability of such buildings for dwelling houses.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the structures chiefly required are not large, but small buildings with two or four rooms, adapted to the requirements of the artisan, which will be easily transportable, and afford a better and cheaper accommodation than the Austrian workman is now able to command.

POSITIVISM.

There is no question more frequently asked in the present day than "What is the Positive Philosophy? What does Positivism mean?" and the answers to these inquiries are in general unsatisfactory, because vague. I shall endeavour to explain briefly the meaning of these expressions, and also to show in what particular the philosophy of Comte—the author of Positivism—failed, and what was needed in order to make his speculations acceptable, wholesome, and complete. The end which Auguste Comte had in view was undoubtedly laudable and grand. He sought to co-ordinate all that man can know—from the sciences abstract and concrete—and to evolve from them, systematically arranged according to their dependence on each other, and according to their increasing speciality and complexity, a new and Positive, or Scientific Philosophy. The result of his labour was what Mr. John Stuart Mill calls, "that wonderful systematization of the philosophy of all the sciences, from mathematics to physiology, which, if he had done nothing else, would have stamped him in all minds competent to appreciate it, as one of the principal thinkers of the age." But the term Philosophy has been used in so many different senses, and the ideas attached to it are generally so indefinite, that it is heedful to say precisely in what sense it is here employed. Philosophy, then, as I understand it, is the rationale of science. It coordinates the truths of science and of religion into a body of doctrine. It shows the dependence which the facts they reveal have on one another, and deduces from them general laws. This is clearly its meaning in such phrases as Philosophy of Religion, of Science, of History, or of Art. The term Positive in the writings of Comte has special reference to a leading feature in his philosophical system. The feature is the law of the three stages. The human mind, he maintains, has passed through three stages of thought and investigation; the first was the Theological stage, in which supernatural agents were supposed to produce external phenomena; the second was the Metaphysical stage, in which the idea of supernatural beings was more or less dispelled, and Nature, Providence, Harmony, and such like abstract ideas, were substituted as causes; the third was the Positive stage, and in this—the modern age—both the foregoing ideas are exploded for all scientific purposes, and the mind grasps the notion of movement in nature according to certain laws and uniform sequences to be ascertained by observation and induction. Now there cannot be the slightest doubt that, for all ordinary purposes, the positive, or scientific, method of study is the only right one. It seeks and finds natural causes for natural effects, and makes induction—laborious, and as far as possible, complete induction—the instrument for arriving at correct conclusions in any and every matter of human inquiry. Comte carried this method much further than it had been carried before his time, and extended it far beyond the domain of Astronomy, Chemistry and Physics. He boldly applied it to Biology, Psychology, History, Politics and Morals, believing that each of these may be, and ought to be, treated as a science. His procedure, in this respect more than any other, differed from previous philosophers, and the result of his extending the scientific method to all inquiries was, that he formed, or intended to form, a homogeneous doctrine out of all science instead of out of one science or one group.—*The Hawthorne.*

H. C. Caswell, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, February, 1872, in a letter, says:—Fellows' Hypophosphites is doing good work here, and we have already disposed of a large quantity. It stands the test, and every day people express their praise of its virtues. Our physicians are prescribing it, and we have good accounts from Michigan and Illinois.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A machine reproducing speech with the rapidity of thought has been invented by a Genoese *savant*.

M. Delsol, a French traveller, has gone to Central Africa to follow up Dr. Livingstone's explorations.

The water expended in extinguishing fires in London during the past year amounted to 16,394,517 gallons.

Fifteen hundred pairs of spectacles have been given to the workhouse poor of Manchester by a firm of opticians.

A good example has been set by the Governors of the Bank of England, who, in consideration of the present high price of provisions, have added a gratuity of 5 per cent. to the salary of every officer, clerk, and porter in the establishment.

The Paris Jardin de Plantes is expecting a magnificent Euphrasia tree, which has been shipped from Madagascar. At present there is no specimen of this tree in France, and a grass plot in a prominent position is being prepared for its reception.

Tooth-picks have become an important article of trade. One tooth-pick factory in Canton, Maine, furnishes more work than all other business in town. Over 100 cords of poplar has been hauled for its use this season, and converted into tooth-picks.

A little vital statistics; there are 1,450 hunchbacks in Paris; 1,100 persons with only one arm; 1,200 with only one leg; 150 legless, or moving along in a sort of bowl on wheels; 4,800 blind—or one unfortunate for every 260 "perfect" citizens.

REPEATING THE HUMILIATION.—Sham manoeuvres, unparalleled in military annals, are taking place in Eastern France. The young German soldiers in training are being shown how the French were routed from Worth to Styring, and from Arzonne to Sedan, and the French authorities received a list of the towns and villages to be occupied during the operations.

BURNING OUT.—According to the *Figaro*, the compilers of French almanacs for next year have been warned that they are absolutely forbidden to mention, under any pretext whatever, anything about the Prussians or the Commune. They are also prohibited from publishing portraits of the Emperor of Germany, Prince Bismarck, Count Moltke, Napoleon III., the Prince Imperial, the Count de Chambord, the Orleans Princes, or the Pope.

The following magnificent opportunity is offered in a London paper:—"Wanted, a Christian young lady to take the charge of five young children, to whom she will be expected to devote the whole of her time, and whom she will have to instruct in English, the rudiments of French, music, drawing, the elements of natural science, and catechisms. To a person of high Christian character this will be found a most desirable home. Salary £15 a year, and washing. Address," &c.

The acting manager of the Brighton Aquarium thus describes the birth of a cuttle-fish:—"While watching, about mid-day, a cluster of the grape-like eggs, a young one literally rushed into existence, so sudden was its exit from the egg, and, as if to announce its safe deliverance, the baby cuttle instantly fired a sepia salute. The little one is a miniature counterpart of its parent, and it is amusing to see with what rapidity it darts about when touched or in any way annoyed."

The Princess Salm-salm, well remembered on the continent for her devotion to "poor Carlotta," has become a convert to Catholicism, and, weary of fashionable life and the world's people, has entered a convent at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol. By birth she is an American. Her name was Agnes Fisher, and her life has been a romance. At one time she was a circus rider. She saved her husband's life in Mexico, and got him restored to his military rank in Germany. He was killed at Gravelotte at the head of his regiment.

Rossini compounded a recipe for preparing macaroni which was simply exquisite. He inserted in the paste-tubes, with a glass syringe, a liquid mixture of *port de vin*, pigeon and partridge gravy, and other dainty ingredients, and superintended the manufacture himself. When his guests were unable to come to dinner they sent their servants for their portion of the divine macaroni, and Rossini never refused it. He was as proud of his recipe as of *Guillem's Bill*. Some people went so far as to prefer the macaroni.

The St. Petersburg *Gazette* tells a story which illustrates the stringency of Russian passport regulations. The village of Volotshik, on the Galician frontier, was a week or two ago surprised by a fire. Of course there was no engine in the place. Prompted by a feeling of neighbourly charity, the Austrian town of Brody despatched its corps of firemen with all speed to the assistance of the distressed village. They made for the frontier at a brisk gallop, but on arriving there they were stopped by the douane soldiers, and gruffly reminded of their omission to provide themselves with passports for the nocturnal trip. They could not, therefore, be permitted to cross the frontier, but had to return to Brody, their way home being lighted up by the flames which they had set out to quench.

A lady in Edinburgh has, according to the *Edinburgh Courier*, in her possession a copy of a prediction by the Bishop of Arles delivered at Paris in the year 513. The original document remained about twelve centuries among the ancient records of France, and was found in the royal library at Paris in the reign of Louis XV. A lady from Dumfries, who resided some time in France, got a copy of it, which she brought to Scotland in 1764. At her death in 1783 her niece found it among her papers. A French abbe who was then in Edinburgh also had a copy of it in Latin. It is not a cheerful document, as will be seen by the following translation:—"The administration of this kingdom (France) shall leave it without defenders, the hand of God shall extend itself over them and over the rich. All the nobles shall be deprived of their estates and dignities. Division shall spring up in the Church of God, and there shall be two husbands in the State, the one true and the other adulterous; the legitimate husband shall be put to flight. There shall be great carnage, and as great effusion of blood as in the time of the Gentiles. The Universal Church and the whole world deplore it. The holy virgins outraged shall fly from their monasteries. The Church shall be stripped of all her temporal good, but at last the Black Eagle and Lion shall be hovering from far countries. Misery to thee, O city of opulence! (Paris.) Thou shalt at first rejoice, but thy end shall come. Misery to thee, O city of philosophers! thou shalt be subjected. A captive king humbled even to confusion shall at last receive his crown and shall destroy the children—the children of Brutus."

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

DEAD LILIAN.

My Lillian, of the deep dove-eyes,
 'Tis sad to watch alone
 The low gold sunset leave the skies,
 And hear the night breeze moan;
 To think that like some distant land
 Our dear past lonely lies,
 To miss the touch of lips or hand,
 Dead Lillian, of the deep dove-eyes!

My Lillian, of the deep dove-eyes,
 How shall I live through years
 In ceaseless anguish that don't
 Peace to the soul it ceases?
 The fall-bud burzons on the bough,
 Soft spring to summer dies;
 'Tis always winter with me now,
 Dead Lillian, of the deep dove-eyes!

My Lillian, of the deep dove eyes!
 One only hope remains,
 One priceless comfort that defies
 The worst of sorrow's pains.
 At last, please God, it may be given,
 When death shall still my sight,
 To know your faultless face in Heaven,
 Dead Lillian, of those deep dove-eyes!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

The captain shrugged his shoulders. The surgeon persisted.

"Surely you ought to know?" he said. "I know that we are in possession of the village for the present," retorted Captain Arnault, "and I know no more. Here are the papers of the enemy." He held them up, and shook them impatiently as he spoke. "They give me no information that I can rely on. For all I can tell to the contrary, the main body of the Germans, outnumbering us ten to one, may be nearer this cottage than the main body of the French. Draw your own conclusions. I have nothing more to say."

Having answered in these discouraging terms, Captain Arnault got on his feet, drew the hood of his great coat over his head, and lit a cigar at the candle.

"Where are you going?" asked the surgeon.

"To visit the outposts."

"Do you want this room for a little while?"

"Not for some hours to come. Are you thinking of moving any of your wounded men in here?"

"I was thinking of the English lady," answered the surgeon. "The kitchen is not quite the place for her. She would be more comfortable here; and the English nurse might keep her company."

Captain Arnault smiled, not very pleasantly. "They are two fine women," he said, "and Surgeon Surville is a ladies' man. Let them come in, if they are rash enough to trust themselves here with you." He checked himself on the point of going out, and looked back distrustfully at the lighted candle. "Caution the women," he said, "to limit the exercise of their curiosity to the inside of this room."

"What do you mean?"

The captain's fore-finger pointed significantly to the closed window-shutter.

"Did you ever know a woman who could resist looking out of window?" he asked.

"Dark as it is, sooner or later these ladies of yours will feel tempted to open that shutter. Tell them I don't want the light of the candle to betray my headquarters to the German scouts. How is the weather? Still raining?"

"Pouring."

"So much the better. The Germans won't see us." With that consolatory remark he unlocked the door leading into the yard, and walked out.

The surgeon lifted the canvas screen, and called into the kitchen: "Miss Merrick, have you time to take a little rest?"

"Plenty of time," answered a soft voice, with an underlying melancholy in it, plainly distinguishable though it had only spoken three words.

"Come in then," continued the surgeon, "and bring the English lady with you. Here is a quiet room, all to yourselves."

He held back the canvas, and the two women appeared.

The nurse led the way—tall, lithe, and graceful—attire in her uniform dress of neat black stuff, with plain linen collar and cuffs, and with the scarlet cross of the Geneva Convention embroidered on her left shoulder. Pale and sad, her expression and her manner both eloquently suggestive of suppressed suffering and sorrow, there was an innate nobility in the carriage of this woman's head, an innate grandeur in the gaze of her large grey eyes and in the lines of her finely-proportioned face, which made her irresistibly striking and beautiful, seen under any circumstances and clad in any dress. Her companion, darker in complexion and smaller in stature, possessed attractions which were quite marked enough to account for the surgeon's polite anxiety to shelter her in the captain's room. The common consent of mankind would have declared her to be an unusually pretty woman. She wore the large grey cloak that covered her from head to foot, with a grace that lent its own attractions to a plain and even a shabby article of dress. The languor in her movements, and the uncertainty of tone in her voice as she thanked the surgeon, suggested that she was suffering from fatigue. Her dark eyes searched the dimly-lighted room timidly, and she held fast by the nurse's arm with the air of a woman whose nerves had been shaken by some recent alarm.

"You have one thing to remember, ladies," said the surgeon. "Beware of opening the shutter, for fear of the light being seen through the window. For the rest, we are free to make ourselves as comfortable here as we can. Compose yourself, dear madam, and rely on the protection of a Frenchman who is devoted to you!" He gallantly emphasised his last words by raising the hand of the English lady to his lips. At the moment when he kissed it the canvas screen was again drawn aside. A person in the service of the ambulance appeared; announcing that a bandage had slipped, and that one of the wounded men was to all appearance bleeding to death. The surgeon, submitting to destiny with the worst possible grace, dropped the charming Englishwoman's hand, and returned to his duties in the kitchen. The two ladies were left together in the room.

"Will you take a chair, madam?" asked the nurse.

"Don't call me 'madam,'" returned the

young lady cordially. "My name is Grace Roseberry. What is your name?"

The nurse hesitated. "Not a pretty name like yours," she said, and hesitated again. "Call me 'Mercy Merrick,'" she added, after a moment's consideration.

Had she given an assumed name? Was there some unhappy celebrity attached to her own name? Miss Roseberry did not wait to ask herself those questions. "How can I thank you," she exclaimed, gratefully, "for your sisterly kindness to a stranger like me?"

"I have only done my duty," said Mercy Merrick, a little coldly. "Don't speak of it."

"I must speak of it. What a situation you found me in when the French soldiers had driven the Germans away! My travelling carriage stopped; the horses seized; I myself in a strange country at nightfall, robbed of my money and my luggage, and drenched to the skin by the pouring rain! I am indebted to you for shelter in this place—I am wearing your clothes—I should have died of the fright and the exposure but for you. What return can I make for such services as these?"

Mercy placed a chair for her guest near the captain's table, and seated herself, at some little distance, on an old chest in a corner of the room. "May I ask you a question?" she said, abruptly.

"A hundred questions," cried Grace, "if you like." She looked at the expiring fire, and at the dimly visible figure of her companion seated in the obscurest corner of the room. "That wretched candle hardly gives any light," she said impatiently. "It won't last much longer. Can't we make the place more cheerful? Come out of your corner. Call for more wood and more lights."

Mercy remained in her corner and shook her head. "Candles and wood are scarce things here," she answered. "We must be patient, even if we are left in the dark. Tell me," she went on, raising her quiet voice a little, "how came you to risk crossing the frontier in war time?"

Grace's voice dropped when she answered the question. Grace's momentary gaiety of manner suddenly left her.

"I had urgent reasons," she said, "for returning to England."

"Alone?" rejoined the other. "Without any one to protect you?"

Grace's head sank on her bosom. "I have left my only protector—my father—in the English burial-ground at Rome," she answered simply. "My mother died, years since, in Canada."

The shadowy figure of the nurse suddenly changed its position on the chest. She had started at the last word passed Miss Roseberry's lips.

"Do you know Canada?" asked Grace.

"Well," was the brief answer—reluctantly given, short as it was.

"Were you ever near Port Logan?"

"I once lived within a few miles of Port Logan?"

"When?"

"Some time since." With those words Mercy Merrick shrank back into her corner and changed the subject. "Your relatives in England must be very anxious about you," she said.

Grace sighed. "I have no relatives in England. You can hardly imagine a person more friendless than I am. We went away from Canada, when my father's health failed, to try the climate of Italy by the doctor's advice. His death has left me not only friendless but poor." She paused, and took a leather letter-case from the pocket of the large grey cloak which the nurse had lent to her. "My prospects in life," she resumed, "are all contained in this little case. Here is the one treasure I contrived to conceal when I was robbed of my other things."

Mercy could just see the letter-case as Grace held it up in the deepening obscurity of the room. "Have you got money in it?" she asked.

"No; only a few family papers, and a letter from my father, introducing me to an elderly lady in England—a connection of his by marriage, whom I have never seen. The lady has consented to receive me as her companion and reader. If I don't return to England soon some other person may get the place."

"Have you no other resource?"

"None. My education has been neglected—we led a wild life in the far West. I am quite unfit to go out as a governess. I am absolutely dependent on this stranger who receives me for my father's sake." She put the letter-case back in the pocket of her cloak, and ended her little narrative as unaffectedly as she had begun it. "Mine is a sad story, is it not?" she said.

The voice of the nurse answered her suddenly and bitterly in these strange words:

"There are sadder stories than yours. There are thousands of miserable women who would ask for no greater blessing than to change places with you."

Grace started. "What can there possibly be to envy in such a lot as mine?"

"Your unblemished character, and your prospect of being established honourably in a respectable house."

Grace turned in her chair, and looked wonderingly into the dim corner of the room.

"How strangely you say that!" she exclaimed. There was no answer; the shadowy figure on the chest never moved. Grace rose impulsively, and drawing her chair after her, approached the nurse. "Is there some romance in your life?" she asked. "Why have you sacrificed yourself to the terrible duties which I find you performing here? You interest me indescribably. Give me your hand."

Mercy shrank back, and refused the offered hand.

"Are we not friends?" Grace asked, in astonishment.

"We can never be friends."

"Why not?"

The nurse was dumb. Grace called to mind the hesitation that she had shown when she had mentioned her name, and drew a new conclusion from it. "Should I be guessing right," she asked eagerly, "if I guessed you to be some great lady in disguise?"

Mercy laughed to herself—low and bitterly. "I a great lady!" she said contemptuously. "For heaven's sake, let us talk of something else!"

"Grace's curiosity was thoroughly roused. She persisted. "Once more," she whispered persuasively. "Let us be friends." She gently laid her hand as she spoke on Mercy's shoulder. Mercy roughly shook it off. There was a rudeness in the action which would have offended the most patient woman living. Grace drew back indignantly. "Ah!" she cried, "you are cruel."

"I am kind," answered the nurse, speaking more sternly than ever.

"Is it kind to keep me at a distance? I have told you my story."

The nurse's voice rose excitedly. "Don't tempt me to speak out," she said; "you will regret it."

Grace declined to accept the warning. "I have placed confidence in you," she went on. "It is ungenerous to lay me under an obligation, and then to shut me out of your confidence in return."

"You will have it?" said Mercy Merrick. "You shall have it! Sit down again."

Grace's heart began to quicken its beat in expectation of the disclosure that was to come. She drew her chair closer to the chest on which the nurse was sitting. With a firm hand Mercy put the chair back to a distance from her. "Not so near me!" she said harshly.

"Why not?"

"Not so near," repeated the sternly resolute voice. "Wait till you have heard what I have to say."

Grace obeyed without a word more. There was a momentary silence. A faint flash of light leapt up from the expiring candle, and showed Mercy crouching on the chest, with her elbows on her knees, and her face hidden in her hands. The next instant the room was buried in obscurity. As the darkness fell on the two women the nurse spoke.

To be continued.

If your food distresses you, take a half teaspoonful of Jacob's Rheumatic Liquid in the morning.

Madame Adelina Patti has consented to sing in Paris, at the request of Madame Thiers, once in the "Huguenots," for the benefit of the sufferers from the war. She will sing at Hombourg for a few nights, prior to her engagement at St. Petersburg, and from there will go to Vienna, to play during the first two months of the Exhibition, and will be in London in May 1873, for Covent Garden, where she has renewed her engagement for two years at £200 per night, reserving her own repertoire. At the end of the season of 1873 Madame Patti will make a tour in this country under the direction of her brother-in-law, Herr Maurice Strakosch.

Shakespeare at length appears in a new character—that of a printer. He had previously had to sustain the character of a schoolmaster, lawyer, soldier, sailor, farmer, surgeon, and a dozen of other trades and professions, and has been proved—satisfactorily to the minds of many writers—to have been well versed in alchemy, botany, music and all the ologies; but it has remained for Mr. Blades, the eminent Caxtonian, to prove that Shakespeare was one of his own craft—a printer. In the volume just issued by Messrs. Trubner, it is clearly shown that Shakespeare, when he first arrived in London, called upon his fellow-townsmen Field, who had married the daughter of Vautrollier, a printer, and had succeeded him in his business. Here, then, Shakespeare, as press-reader or a shopman, or as both, remained for four years, and became master of the terms reprints, title-pages, preface, typo, nonpareil, broadside, locking-up, register, and printer's devil, all of which are to be found in his works. It is quite refreshing to have these four years of Shakespeare's life accounted for in so satisfactory a manner, and still more gratifying to think that he may have picked up his knowledge while picking up type, so that henceforth he may be held up as a model to all young typos.

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THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

FIRST SERIES.—The Cottage on the Frontier.

PREAMBLE.

The place is France. The time is autumn, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy—the year of the war between France and Germany.

The persons are: Captain Arnault, of the French army; Surgeon Surville, of the French ambulance; Surgeon Wetzell, of the German army; Mercy Merrick, attached as nurse to the French ambulance; and Grace Roseberry, a travelling lady on her way to England.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO WOMEN.

It was a dark night. The rain was pouring in torrents.

Late in the evening a skirmishing party of the French and a skirmishing party of the Germans had met, by accident, near the little village of Lagrange, close to the German frontier. In the struggle that followed, the French had (for once) got the better of the enemy. For the time, at least, a few hundreds out of the host of invaders had been sent back over the frontier. It was a trifling affair, occurring not long after the great German victory at Weissenburg, and the newspapers took little or no notice of it.

Captain Arnault, commanding on the French side, sat alone in one of the cottages of the village, inhabited by the miller of the district. The captain was reading, by the light of a solitary tallow candle, some intercepted despatches taken from the Germans. He had suffered the wood fire, scattered over the large open grate, to burn low; the red embers only faintly illuminated a part of the room. On the floor behind him lay some of the miller's empty sacks. In a corner opposite to him was the miller's solid walnut-wood bed. On the walls all round him were the miller's coloured prints, representing a happy mixture of devotional and domestic subjects. A door of communication leading into the kitchen of the cottage had been torn from its hinges, and used to carry the men wounded in the skirmish from the field. They were now comfortably laid at rest in the kitchen, under the care of the French surgeon and the English nurse attached to the ambulance. A piece of coarse canvas screened the opening between the two rooms, in place of the door. A second door, leading from the bedchamber into the yard, was locked; and the wooden shutter protecting the one window of the room was carefully barred. Sentinels, doubled in number, were placed at all the outposts. The French commander had neglected no precaution which could reasonably insure for himself and for his men a quiet and comfortable night.

Still absorbed in his perusal of the despatches, and now and then making notes of what he read by the help of writing materials placed at his side, Captain Arnault was interrupted by the appearance of an intruder in the room. Surgeon Surville, entering from the kitchen, drew aside the canvas screen, and approached the little round table at which his superior officer was sitting.

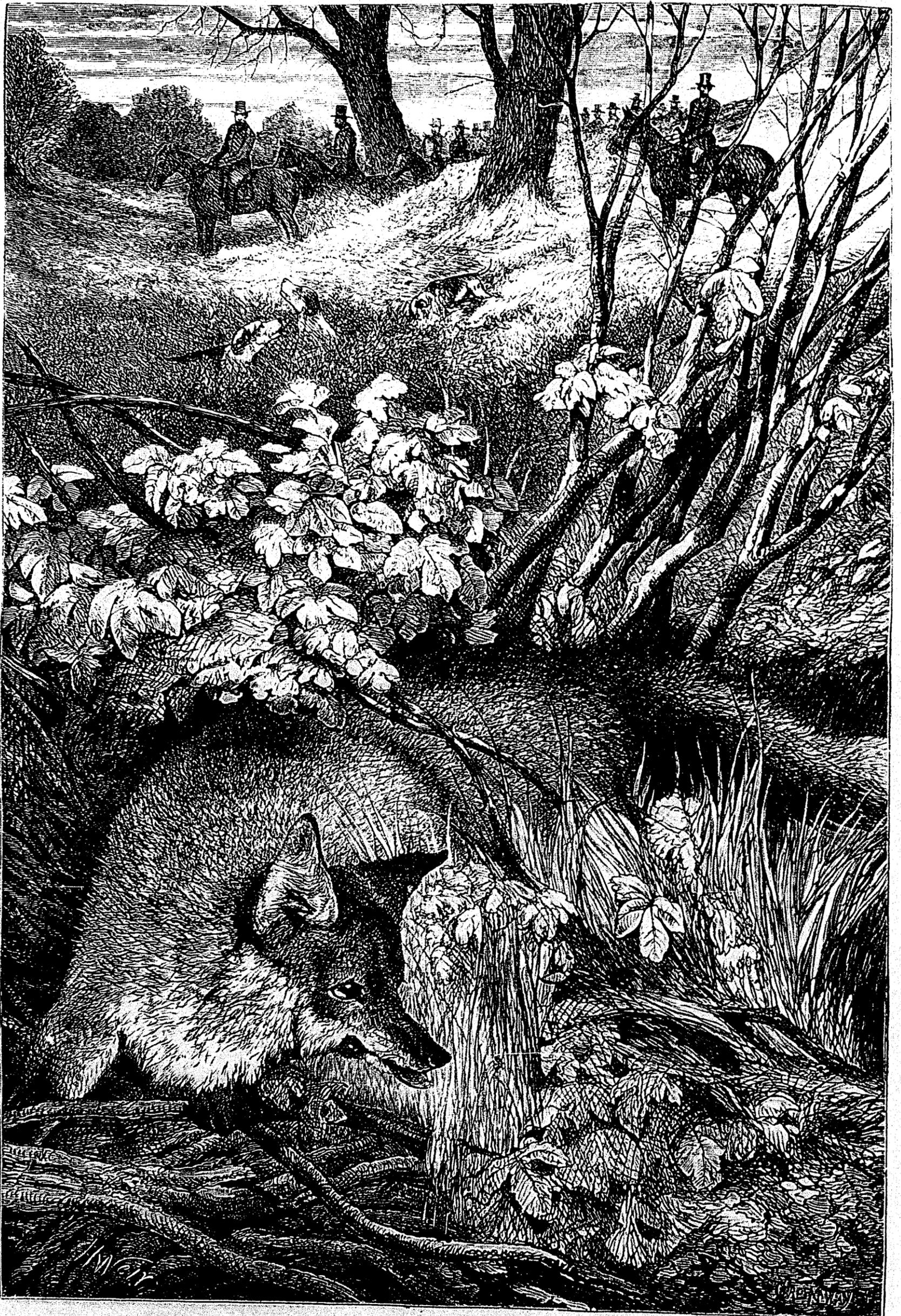
"What is it?" said the captain, sharply.

"A question to ask," replied the surgeon.

"Are we safe for the night?"

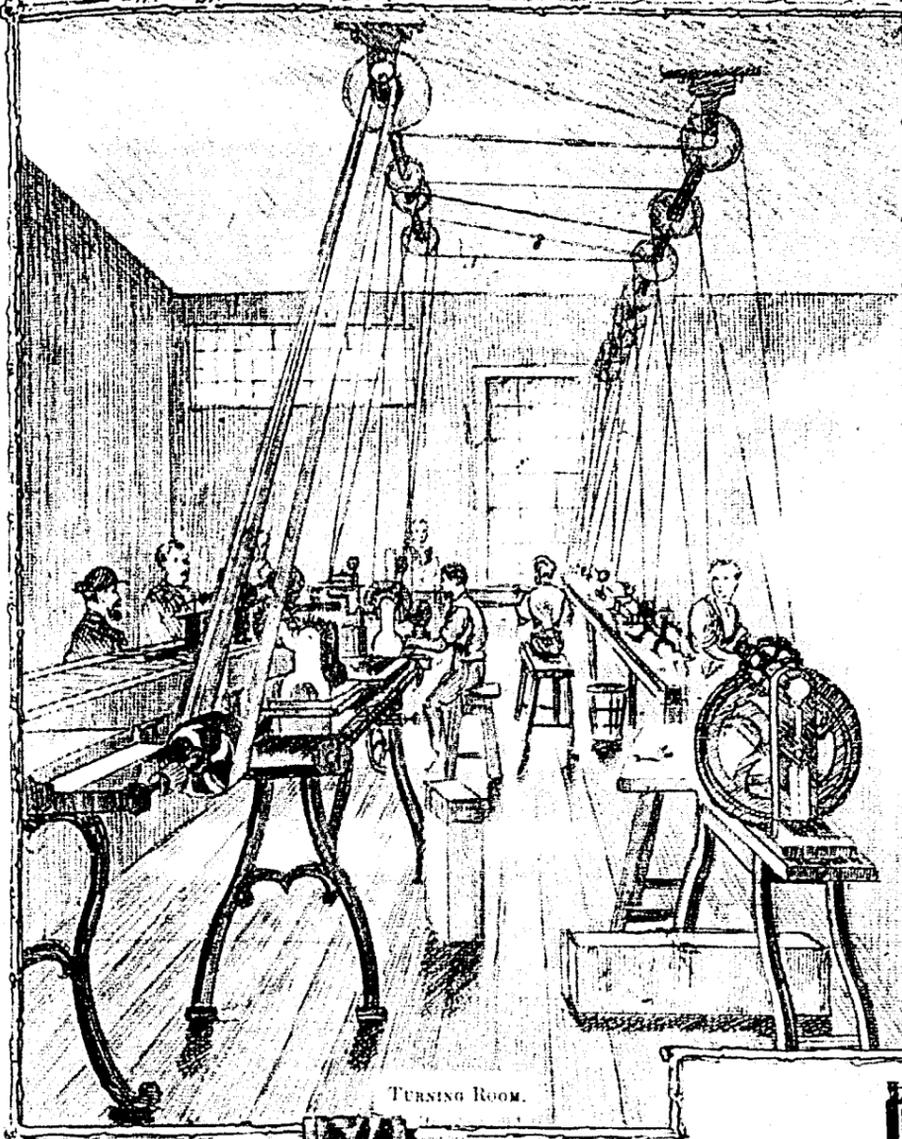
"Why do you want to know?" inquired the captain, suspiciously.

The surgeon pointed to the kitchen—now the hospital devoted to the wounded men. "The poor fellows are anxious about the next few hours," he replied. "They dread a surprise; and they ask me if there is any reasonable hope of their having one night's rest. What do you think of the chances?"

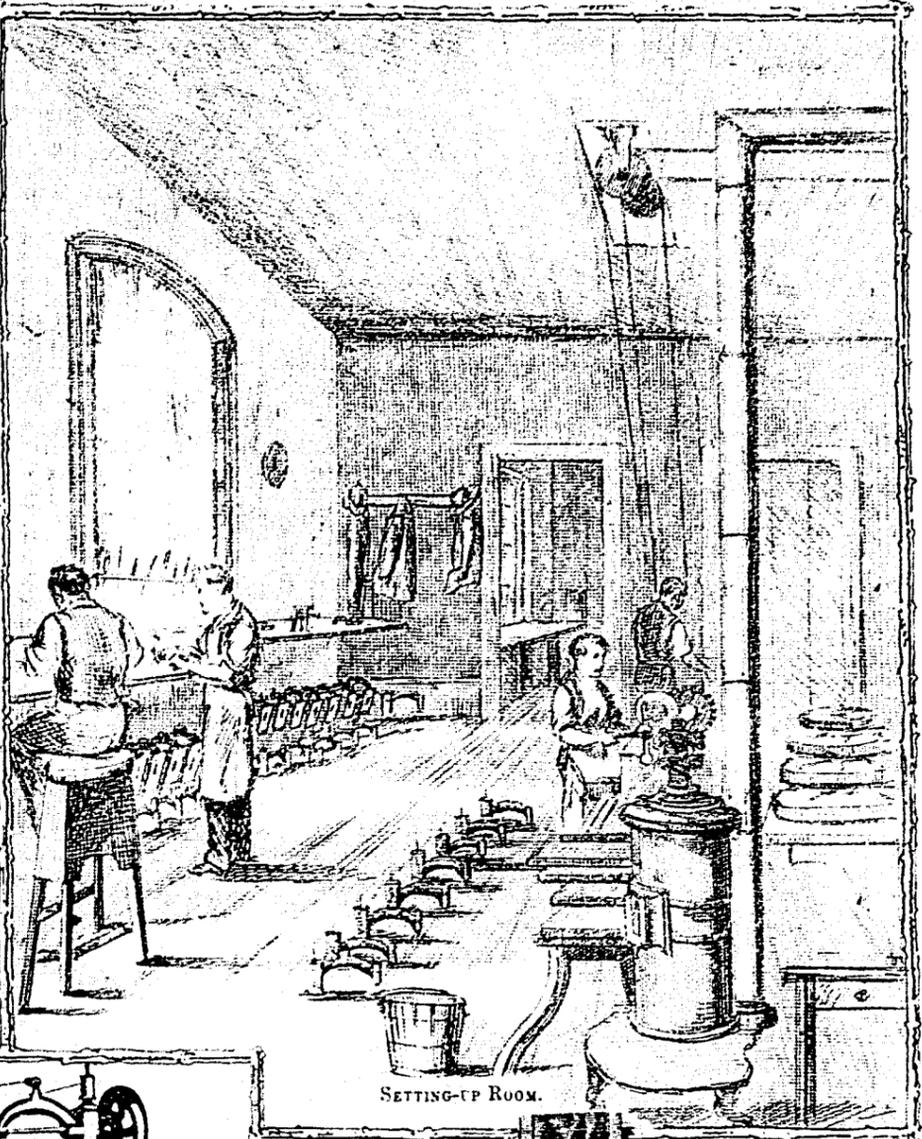


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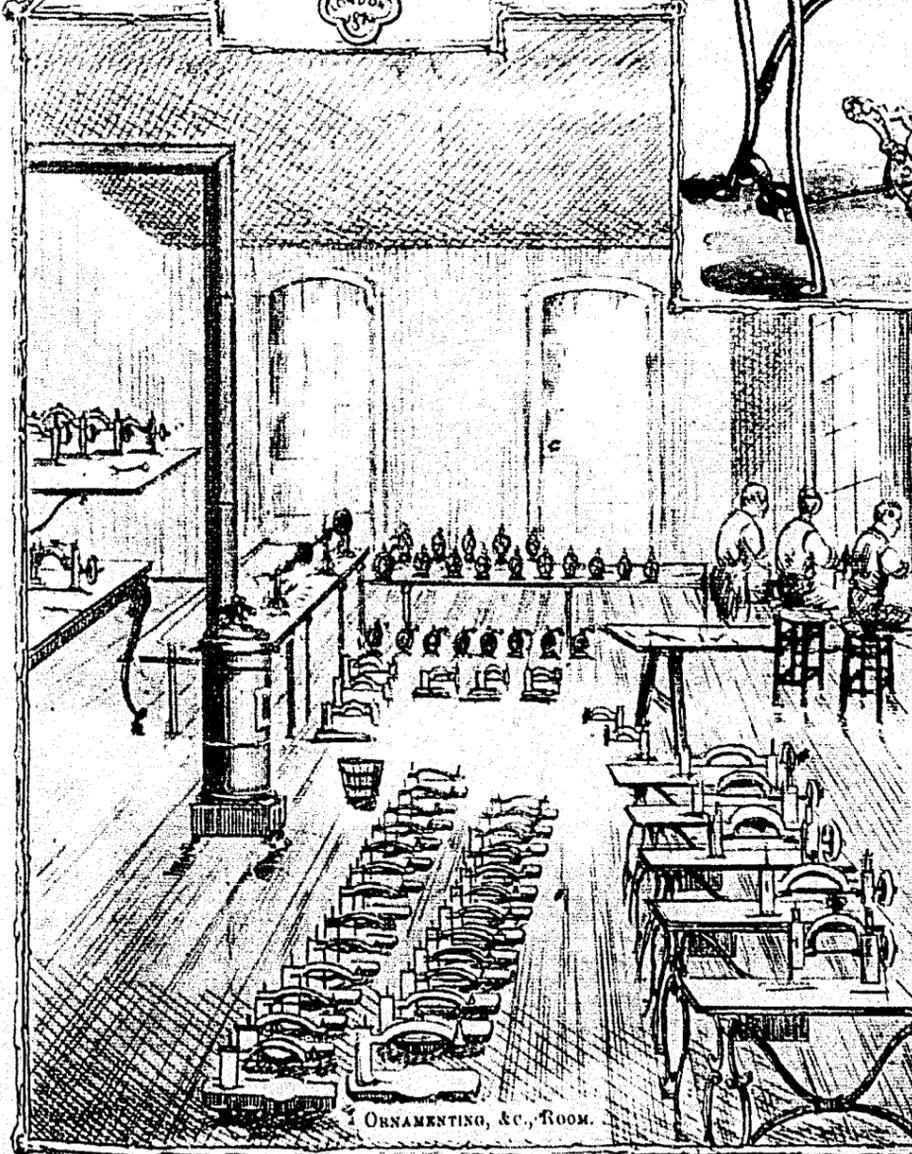
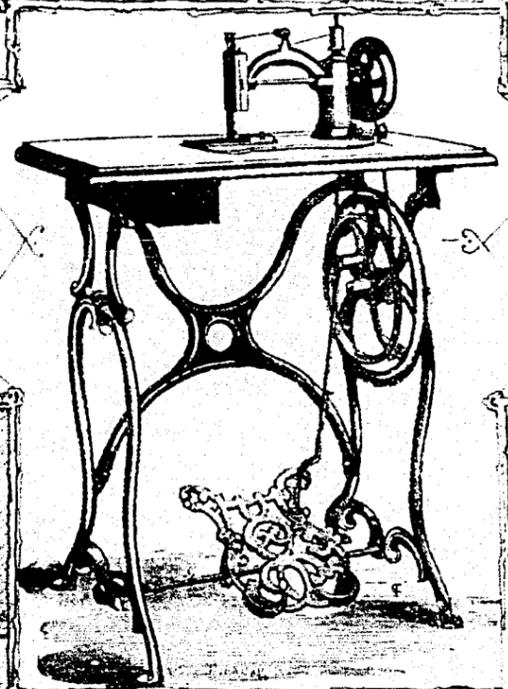
TORONTO.—THE GATES SEWING MACHINE FACTORY.



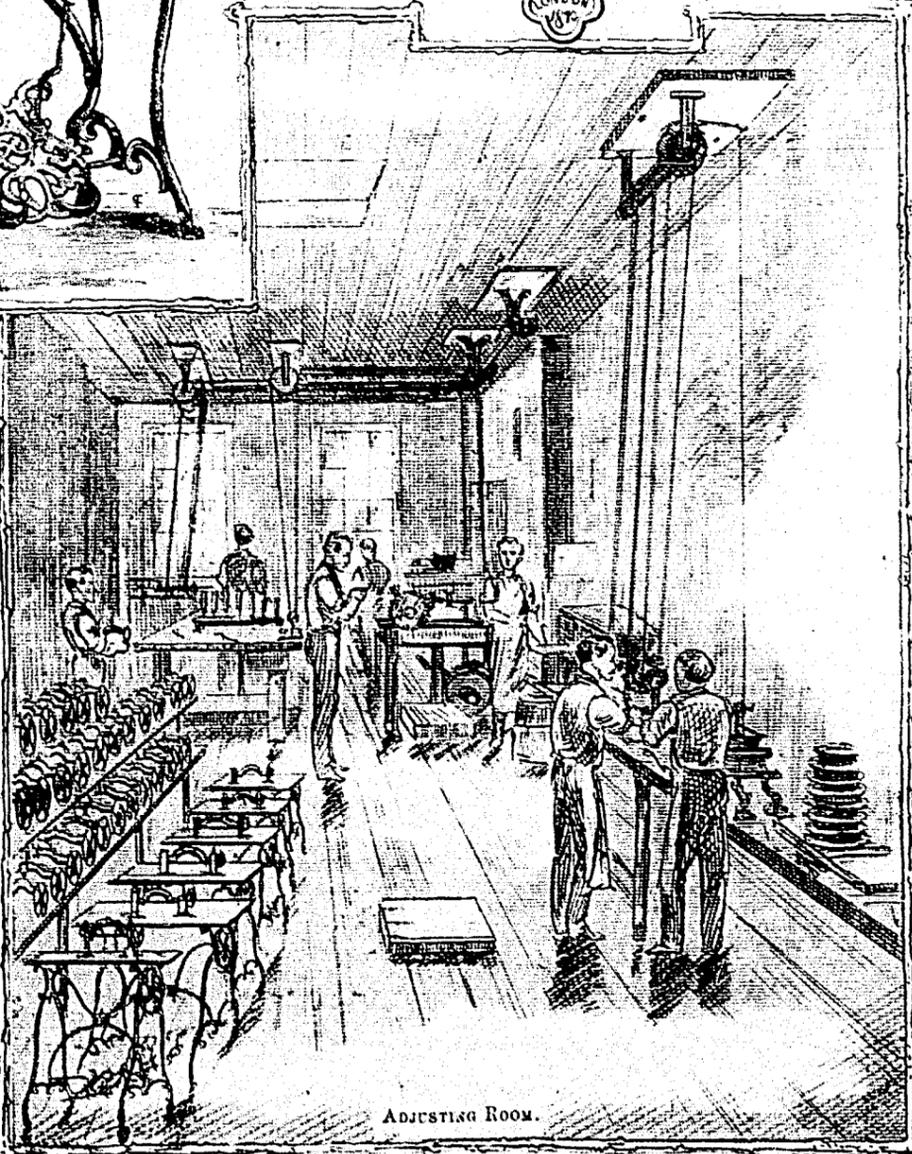
TURNING ROOM.



SETTING-UP ROOM.



ORNAMENTING, &c., ROOM.



ADJUSTING ROOM.

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THE DAVENANTS.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

Author of "Hilda: or, The Merchant's Secret;" "The Abbey of Rathmore," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

DR. DELAMARE AT HOME.

In the evening Georgina again joined the family at tea.

"Are you fond of boating, Miss Davenant?" asked Louise as she entered the dining-room. "Henri has just been saying he would be happy to take you and Stephanie for a row on the river."

"I am too nervous to enjoy boating. I never was accustomed to it in England."

"There is not the slightest cause for feeling nervous on the Richelieu," broke in Delamare eagerly. "Look how calm the water is! and the evening is delightful."

"I think you would like it," rejoined Louise. "I wish I could enjoy again the pleasure of boating, but that, like every other, is denied me," she added mournfully.

Georgina knew she should enjoy a row on the river with Henri exceedingly, but that would not be carrying out her determination to avoid him as much as possible, and in spite of his beseeching glance and the wishes of her own heart, she declined accepting his polite offer on the plea of timidity.

"I am afraid you will find it very dull, living here, Miss Davenant," Delamare remarked carelessly; "it is so much pleasanter in Montreal."

"Yes," rejoined Louise, "our daily life is so monotonous."

"I do not care for gaiety," replied Georgina. "I had enough of that last winter. I think I shall like living at the chateau, residing in the country is pleasant this time of the year. However, I shall regret your leaving us," she added, addressing Louise.

"I do not see any necessity for my going to Saratoga," she said, "and yet it might be of use, Dr. A—— advises it; for my own part I have little hope of ever getting well. What do you think, Henri?"

"Whilst there is life there is hope," he answered sincerely. "However, I cannot see what good this intended visit to Saratoga can do you."

"You do not wish to go, I see," and an unpleasant suspicion awoke in the mind of Madame Delamare as she glanced uneasily at the beautiful stranger sitting opposite her handsome husband. Could she be the cause of his evident reluctance to leave the chateau?

Delamare detected the shadow of the green-eyed monster hovering near his wife, and he hastily remarked with assumed interest that it was merely on her account he was unwilling to undertake this journey to Saratoga, because he feared it would tax her strength too much.

"Dr. A—— thinks differently," was Madame St. Hilaire's abrupt observation, with an angry glance at her son-in-law.

"Then I submit to his superior judgment," he rejoined somewhat sarcastically, "and shall hold myself in readiness to depart as soon as it suits your convenience." He then rose from the tea-table and passed out into the garden to conceal the irritation he felt at being again baffled in his attempts to prevent this unwished-for journey to the States. How intensely provoking to be separated from Georgina so soon after their unexpected reunion! If he only had Louise to deal with he could have it all his own way, but Madame was unmanageable. He must be cautious too for Georgina's sake, lest he should arouse their suspicion.

"You seem to enjoy perfect health, Miss Davenant," observed Louise as they withdrew to the drawing-room after tea, and she sighed deeply as she thought of the contrast between them.

"I do. Illness must be a severe trial," replied Georgina sympathizingly.

"It is, but there are other trials even harder to bear—the loss of friends and of love. You can never suffer from the latter cause. Beauty like yours must always retain affection."

"How sentimental you are to-night, Louise!" The remark came from Dr. Delamare as he stepped in through the French window opening on the veranda. "I thought the age of sentiment with you was past," he added, seating himself on the couch beside her, managing, however, to sit so that he could look at Georgina without being observed.

His sneering tones sent a momentary flush to the invalid's wan face.

"I do not think sentiment ever dies in the heart of women. It would be well for them if it did," she observed, with touching significance, looking reproachfully at him.

"Are you fond of music, Mrs. Delamare?" asked Georgina, wishing to change the conversation.

"Yes, extremely fond, but I never hear any. Henri used at one time to sing and

play for me, but he is too lazy or too indifferent to do so now. He is an accomplished musician, Miss Davenant."

Miss Davenant knew that well. How often had she listened to his melodious voice as they were crossing the Atlantic. Those happy hours spent on deck as the vessel sailed buoyantly over the moonlit waters, and those rich cadences of passionate love-songs now came back with painful remembrance, carrying with them regret to the mind of Georgina. Then the love and happiness which filled her heart were innocent, and could be indulged without self-condemnation. She was ignorant that the man who professed such love for her was the husband of another. Delamare willingly complied with his wife's request to favour them with some music, but not to gratify her; he meant to please other ears. Seating himself at the piano he played some waltzes and quadrilles in a brilliant style; then selecting the song, "I love but thee," he sang with thrilling pathos, pouring out the words of the song with impassioned meaning.

"Has he not a magnificent voice?" asked the fond wife, listening enraptured to the volume of sweet sounds filling the apartment. "I think it was his voice which captivated me," she whispered with her sweet smile, making her pale face radiant for the moment.

"He sings charmingly," was Georgina's answer, and she sighed to think how little of that display of musical power was meant to please her ear. It pained her to see Louise so devoted to her faithless husband. If she only would pay back his coldness with indifference it would have relieved Georgina's heart of some of the guilt that oppressed it.

"You sing, I presume, Miss Davenant. Allow me to resign my seat at the piano to you."

"What an adept in deception is that man!" thought Georgina, "and what a little drama we both are acting before the eyes of poor Louise." And now she really did feel glad at their intended departure. It would be a relief to her to get rid of them for a time. This hypocrisy was humiliating; she would rather not see Delamare again until he was free.

Georgina played well with taste and execution; her voice, too, was fine, its tones rich and powerful.

"What a charming little concert we are having!" exclaimed Louise, her face animated with pleasing excitement. "It is such a pleasant break in the dull monotony of my life—so joyless you know!"

"I am glad to afford you pleasure, but will you not contribute your part to the evening's amusement? Stephanie says you sing delightfully."

"Ah, Stephanie is a flatterer! But if you wish it I will try a duet with Henri."

"Nonsense, Louise! it is absurd for you to sing after Miss Davenant!"

The contemptuous tones of Delamare's voice sent a sharp pain to the heart of the gentle wife, and the flush of wounded feeling tinged her pale cheek.

"You know," he added, hastily changing his tone as he met the reproving glance of Georgina, "that owing to ill health your voice has lost much of its power. It is not what it has been."

This implied compliment soothed the little irritation of Louise, but her countenance lost its animated expression, the gleam of happiness was soon clouded. Was it not as well that the light of life with her was waning? What had she to live for now, when the love that her heart craved was hers no longer? Happily she was ignorant that it had been given to another.

It was late when Georgina retired for the night, but the excitement of her feelings prevented her feeling sleepy. Seating herself near the open window to enjoy the cool summer night air, which fanned her feverish brow—feverish from excitement—she indulged in a long reverie. Each event of the day passed before her, every word and look of Delamare was recalled and dwelt upon. The certainty of his entire devotion to her failed, however, to carry its former thrill of happiness to her heart. Her love to him was still powerful, but its indulgence pained her, and she was beginning to realize its sinfulness, and as the sad, haggard face of Louise rose up before her she deeply regretted the wrong she had unconsciously done the suffering woman. The defects in Delamare's character, too, were standing out in strong light. His conduct in the domestic circle did not impress her favourably. Henri Delamare at home and Henri Delamare in society seemed two different men. She was beginning to see that the fascinating man to whom she had given the homage of her heart was a clay idol after all. Yet her fond heart soon relented as she indulged these hard thoughts of him, and her strong affection stood up boldly for his defence, excusing all his short-comings, self-love aiding to throw a veil over his imperfections, for was it not his passionate attachment to herself that caused his indifference and unkindness to his wife. It is the nature of a woman to palliate the faults of him she loves. This is the reason we see so many clinging to unworthy objects, pouring out a wealth of love on men wholly undeserving.

The clock in the hall below was striking twelve when a light suddenly gleamed in the

upper room of the north turret, the one Stephanie said was Madame St. Hilaire's oratory. It must then be the shadow of her tall figure that fell upon the white drapery of the narrow casement. Madame was, Georgina supposed, about to engage in midnight orisons. Her grandchild said she spent much time in prayer, but why was that oratory always shut up? why was every one else excluded from it? These were questions Georgina could not answer, although the circumstance excited her curiosity, and she kept her eye steadily fixed upon that turret window, wishing to penetrate beyond its white curtains and see how the stern-looking mistress of the chateau was engaged. For an hour the light continued to shine like a star in that turret chamber. It then suddenly disappeared, and Georgina retired to bed to dream of Delamare, and fancy that his mother-in-law, having discovered the secret of his attachment, was shutting him up in the north turret.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of August when one of those large steamers that navigate the broad waters of the Hudson was seen to leave the city of New York on its upward trip to Albany. It was crowded with passengers, most of whom were on deck enjoying the romantic scenery along the shore as they steamed rapidly up the majestic river. In the stern of the boat, outside the door of the ladies' saloon, a small group was seated who are not strangers to the reader. They were Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles, Mr. Davenant and Clara, returning to Canada, Mr. Davenant's health being much improved. They had chosen this quiet nook to avoid the crowd on deck, and to be able to admire undisturbed the celebrated scenery of the Hudson. The Palisades attracted much of their attention, the precipitous range of cliffs extending for miles seeming to rise abruptly from the water, in whose calm depths they were so clearly shadowed. As the steamer entered the Tappan Sea the sun was nearing the horizon, tingling over the magnificent masses of pearly clouds in its vicinity a flood of golden radiance, and glittering on the foaming wake which the boat traced behind as it swiftly cut the quiet waters.

Onward sped the floating pile, freighted with human life, and now another steamer, which had left New York some twenty minutes later, was seen rapidly gaining on the "Washington," evidently intent on passing it. A race seemed unavoidable, and, reckless of the safety of the many persons on board, the captain and crew used every possible means to distance their approaching rival. Every available inflammable substance was thrown into the roaring furnace, and the quickened motion of the boat was fearful. The contest did not last many miles, the "Washington" proved its superiority and shot far ahead, while a prolonged shout from the exulting passengers on deck proclaimed their victory.

The exciting scene was full of alarming interest to our Canadian travellers, and interrupted their quiet enjoyment of the beauties of nature. Sunset was giving its gorgeous colouring to the scene as they approached Caldwell's Landing. They were detained there a little time, so that twilight was wrapping the picturesque shore in its sombre mantle when they once more moved with velocity on their way. And now through the deepening twilight gleamed the lofty beacon-light near the landing they had left. Emily was thoughtfully watching the streak of trembling light it cast upon the river when the loud ringing of the tea-bell broke with startling abruptness on the silence of the hour. Clara rose quickly, giving Mr. Davenant her hand to lead her to the dining-saloon, for the evening air had given the child an appetite, and they proceeded thither, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles.

The saloon was much crowded as they entered, the long table lined with hungry travellers, judging by the eagerness with which they seated themselves and prepared to enjoy the good things before them. One countenance among the many human faces caught and fixed the gaze of Emily Lascelles. Her eyes dilated with a great surprise, her heart stood still with overwhelming emotion, and a faint cry of amazement issued from her white lips—a cry which was unheeded in the noise around. Eugene felt the hand that rested on his arm press heavily, he looked at his wife and noticed her marble paleness. With anxious tenderness he supported her trembling form from the saloon into the night air, which soon recalled her fleeting senses. She faintly expressed a wish to retire to her state-room. There she importuned him to leave her alone, assuring him that an hour's rest would quite restore her. He obeyed, wondering at the cause of this sudden illness. Emily's health was always so good, what had caused this strange faintness? Mr. Davenant guessed the reason, but forbore enlightening Lascelles on the painful subject, for he too had recognized the face at the tea-table which had occasioned Mrs. Lascelles such overwhelming emotion. Alone in her state-room she yielded to the agitation she had repressed. For a time she

seemed to lose all control over herself, subdued by the tempest of passionate vain regret. Her bowed form quivered with the intensity of her sufferings, her look was wild, her eye tearless.

"Oh Walter! Walter!" she wailed, "have you come back from the dead to find me the wife of another! to think that you still live and that by my own act we are separated for ever! Oh what an agony has rushed in upon my heart! Father in Heaven! sustain me or I sink in this unexpected trial!"

Long she remained wrestling with this terrible grief, and it was no small trial which produced such a tumult in her well-regulated mind, for the face she had seen in the saloon was the one which had impressed itself years before on her heart—that of her betrothed—for whom it had poured out all its innocent deep affection. What a stunning shock it then was to see him, Walter Avenell, among the passengers at the table! How could she endure this severest of all earthly trials! After a while the voice of her husband was heard outside the door of her state-room, anxiously inquiring if she felt better. Steadily her voice, she calmly answered in the affirmative, but the door remained locked between them; she could not let him see the wildness of her grief, and he went away again, wondering and wretched. A wild excitement in the steamer at last interrupted the indulgence of her anguish and roused her to a sense of some impending danger, the nature of which was soon revealed. A column of vivid light shot up into the darkened sky, filling her state-room with sudden brightness. The steamer was on fire; the machinery, intensely heated during the race, had ignited the wood surrounding it and now it burst forth into one fierce mass of flame. The greatest confusion prevailed. Fortunately the steamer was not far from shore, and it was run towards it with the hope of saving the passengers. This sudden danger gave a new turn to Emily's thoughts, and she hastily left her state-room with the intention of rejoining her family, but this she found was impossible. Her state-room was near the prow of the boat, and as the fire had broken out in the centre a sheet of flame cut off all communication with the stern, where the saloon was situated. She went on deck, hoping to find Eugene somewhere, but there the fire burned more fiercely and the heat and smoke were intolerable. Faint with terror at the dreadful fate which threatened her and the dear ones from whom she was separated, she tried in vain to extricate herself from the pressure of the crowd, who in their wild alarm exhibited the selfishness natural to men in the hour of peril. She was sinking on the deck, half insensible, when a loving arm encircled her and the well-known voice of Avenell pronounced her name in accents of joyful surprise. The delight that flashed over his face as he folded her in a passionate embrace, and the deep tenderness of his voice revealed to Emily that she was still the object of his earnest affection. Better it would be, she thought, if he had learned to forget her; that would have spared him the anguish he must soon feel on learning that she had given herself to another.

"Are you alone, Emily?" was the first question his lips uttered when he had recovered a little from the intense joy at their meeting.

"No, papa and Clara are with me, but I have unfortunately got separated from them. She did not add the name of her travelling companion. Her lips refused to pronounce the words which would be the death-knell of hope to the heart of Walter Avenell.

"I must look to your safety first, dearest," he said fondly. "You must trust yourself in the water with me. I can save you. The steamer is fast approaching the shore."

"Try and find papa and Clara," she pleaded.

"Leave me here and save them, Walter!"

"No, no!" he answered with decision. "I must place you in safety first. I cannot run the risk of losing you," he added with an impassioned look.

How those words thrilled with wild regret the heart of Emily. How could she ever tell him of her marriage with Lascelles and yet it must be revealed, but not just yet. Let him enjoy a few minutes longer his present happiness. The crushing blow would come soon enough.

The steamer now struck on some low rocks about a hundred yards from the shore, and Walter, supporting Emily, passed through the throng of excited passengers towards the part nearest the land. He then sprang with her into the water and struck out for the shore, she clinging to his shoulder as he directed. Many persons were struggling in the quiet waters, some floating with life preservers or any other article caught up in their terrible emergency, others who could not swim—mostly women and children were sinking in—the cold embrace of death. Some boats had put off from the shore and were picking up many of these, bearing them to the land where a humane crowd was gathered eager to afford assistance, but too often vainly trying to bring back life. Walter and Emily gained the shore in safety, he then swam back to the steamer in search of Mr. Davenant and Clara.

(To be continued.)

ART AND LITERATURE.

Prince Bismarck has been writing his autobiography.

Mr. Disraeli is said to be engaged on another novel.

Herr Johann Strauss has just completed a new operetta.

M. Sardou is writing a grand piece Americaine for the Paris Vaudeville.

Mr. Robert Grave, R.A., the eminent line engraver, is seriously ill.

Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" has been published at Venice, in Armenian.

The State Board of Agriculture of Kansas offers prizes for the best conducted newspapers.

September 23rd, Anton Rubinstein made his first appearance in New York at the Academy.

Lord Lytton's new work, "Kenelm Chillingly: His Adventures and Opinions," will shortly be published.

Hiram Powers is now Sir Hiram, having been made by the Emperor of Brazil a Knight of the Order of the Rose.

Rubinstein's opera "Feramors," produced in the opening of this year, will be given in Weimar this Autumn.

M. Eickmann, one of the twin brothers Erkmann-Chatrion, is about to be married to an Alsatian lady, Midle, Schwartz.

Miss Kellogg is said to have respectfully declined the large heart, the honest hand, and the very long purse of an eminent Russian count.

The son of Frederic Lemaitre, said to be an actor of some talent, is announced to appear at the Theatre Cluay, in a drama by A. Dumas.

A new journal, conducted by M. Charles Vernet, the ex-Communist, and professing somewhat advanced opinions, appeared last Saturday in London.

Mario has appeared on the stage in 935 performances: in operas by Donizetti, 225 times; Meyerbeer, 170; Rossini, 143; Verdi, 112; Bellini, 82; Gounod, 70; Mozart, 68; Flotow, 50; Cimarosa, 12; Auber, 12; Costa, 5; Halévy, 4; Ricci, 1; Mer-sadante, 1.

Lord Houghton has sent to the Chicago Library a number of volumes, including his own works, on the first volume of which is written, "This first edition (privately printed) of 'The Poems of Richard Monckton Milnes, Baron Houghton, part owner of the parishes of Bawley, Austerfield, and Scoresby, in the county of Yorkshire, England—from which the most eminent of the Pilgrim Fathers went forth to make the New World—is presented to the Chicago New Library, with the deepest sentiments of national kinship and private regard." July 23, 1872.

VARIETIES.

A thief at Pulaski, Mich., lately dropped a watch from his pocket while stealing water-melons, and the owner of the melons found it. Retributive Justice!

"How have you been able to escape all the catastrophes of the Commune?" said the Russian ambassador to Baron Rothschild. "Because we Israelites have the privilege of crossing the Red Sea with dry feet."

It was a model coroner's jury that was satisfied with the following verdict, at Pittsburgh, last week: "We find that this unknown man, supposed to be Thomas Thacker, came to his death by being found in Sparis' orchard, in the Twelfth Ward, on the morning of August 14, 1872."

An enthusiastic young produce dealer, a few evenings ago, in a serenade to his innamorata, thus recorded his high resolves: "I'll chase the antelope over the plain, and the wild spring chicken I'll bind with a chain; and the cauliflower, so fierce and neat, I'll give thee for a nosogay sweet."

A poor young man apologized the other evening while making a call, for the muddiness of his boots, saying he had not taken a carriage, but had "walked up with commendable economy." He was grieved when the lovely being whom he adores inquired why he didn't "ask Mr. Economy in."

In a volume comprised in the collection of a public librarian at Bourne-mouth, England, a country commentator has pencilled out the word "altar" from one of the pages, and added as a note, "The Church of England has no altar only a communion-table." Under this a holiday critic has written, "This 'communion' needs to be alter-ed."

A Detroitier lost a pocket-book with seven cents in it and went daily to the police station for a week to learn if any tidings had come of it. Finally the sergeant, tired of his questionings, gave him seven cents, which he received thankfully, remarking, "I tell you it made me feel bad, as I saw the poor-house looming up before me!"

We were amused at a story told upon himself by a gentleman who is notorious as a long

talker. Said he "Seeing my friend B— being bored by a man, who had him button-holed, and was talking him blind, I called to him that I wanted to see him at once, on particular business. He came to me, when I explained to him that I had no business, but was merely calling him away to save his being talked to death. 'Very much obliged,' said B—; 'but (looking very anxiously about him), who on earth shall I find to save me from you?'"

Indigestion permanently cured by Dr. Colby's Pills.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW, GENERAL, AND DETAIL MAP OF THE WHOLE DOMINION OF CANADA, FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO VANCOUVER ISLAND, WITH THE Northern and Western States, BY J. JOHNSTON, C.E., MONTREAL. TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE EARLY PART OF 1873, BY GEO. E. DESBARATS.

Size of Map, about 7 ft. x 5 ft. Extending (East and West) from Newfoundland to Manitoba and (North and South) from Hudson's Bay to latitude of New York, drawn on a scale of 25 miles to the inch, and compiled from the latest Astronomical Observations, Official Surveys, and Reports of the Departments of Crown Lands, as well as from County Maps, Local and Railway Surveys. From Manitoba to Vancouver Island will be delineated on a scale of 25 miles to the inch. This arrangement of the map admits of the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being mapped on a scale large enough to show accurately all boundary lines. The Great N. W. Territory and British Columbia—where comparatively little has been done in the way of actual survey—a smaller scale answers every purpose. The whole Map is thus kept within the dimensions best adapted for general office use.

The following are some of the most important details which have been collected with great care from the latest Official Plans and Reports—Recent Explorations and Surveys in the "N. W. Territory"; New Boundary Lines; Electoral Districts and Divisions; New Townships and Mining Locations; all New Railways; Canals and Colonization Roads; the "Free Grant Lands" and New Settlements; Elevation of the Island Waters and mountainous regions above the sea—marked in feet—and the correct delineation of all prominent Topographical features.

In connection with the General and Detail Map, there will be TWO SUPPLEMENTARY OR COMMERCIAL MAPS exhibiting the relative geographical position of the Dominion and other countries, showing the great Routes of Travel, both by Land and Water; shortest lines of communication; Telegraph lines in operation and projected; distances, &c., &c., with much other new and valuable information.

The explored route for the Canadian Pacific Railway with its connections—East and West—with accompanying Profile, will be accurately laid down from data supplied by the Government Engineer, also the route of the Northern Pacific Railway (United States), of which a correct plan of the actual location, specially prepared for this Map, has been sent to Mr. Johnston by the Chief Engineer.

ALL ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS WILL BE MADE TO DATE OF PUBLICATION.

Mr. Johnston has been engaged on the compilation and drawing, unremittingly, for a period of nearly four years. Neither labour nor expense has been economised in the endeavour to gain for this great Geographical and Topographical work the merit of being the STANDARD MAP OF CANADA for many years to come.

The manuscript has been submitted to the following eminent authorities, receiving their unqualified approval and recommendation—

- ANDREW RUSSELL, Esq., Geographer to the Dominion Government.
LESLIE COL. DENNIS, Surveyor-General.
THOS. DEVLIN, Esq., F.R.G.S., Surveyor-in-Chief, Ontario.
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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. Further Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and marked "Tender, Montreal Post-Office," will be received at this office until Saturday, the 5th day of OCTOBER next, at NOON, for the excavation, masonry, cut stone, brick work, carpenter, roofing, and iron columns and girders, of Post-Office to be erected in the city of Montreal. Plans and Specifications can be seen on and after Monday the 30th instant, at the office of H. M. Perreault, Esq., Architect, Montreal, where forms of Tender can be obtained. The Tenders to be submitted separately for each trade in one bulk sum. The names of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender. By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 23d Sept., 1872. 6-14 a

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA. TUESDAY, 10th Day of September, 1872. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31 Viet., cap. 6, intitled: "An Act representing the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Out-Port of Peterboro', heretofore under the survey of the Port of Port Hope, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into a Port of Entry for all the purposes of the said Act. W. A. HIMSWORTH, Clerk, Privy Council. 6-14c

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office, Ottawa," will be received at this Office until SATURDAY, the 5th Day of OCTOBER next, at Noon, for the erection and completion of a new Post Office, at Ottawa. Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Office of Walter Chesterton, Esq., Architect, Ottawa, on and after Wednesday, the 18th instant. The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender. By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 12th Sept., 1872. 6-12c

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CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PRACY AND IMITATIONS. Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See Times, 13th July, 1864.

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