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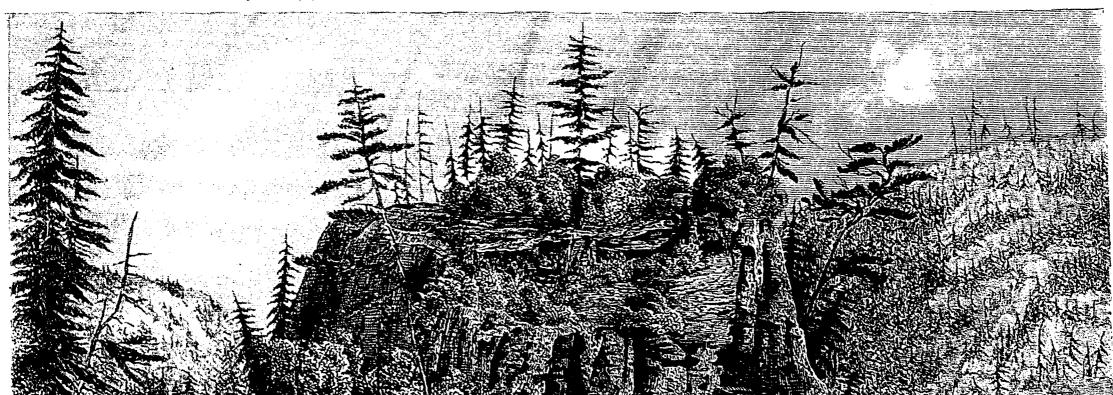
GOVERNMENT AND TO RAILWAYS.

Tur question of how best to aid in the construction of milways, or, in other words, to get the largest possible share of public benefit for the smallest amount of cost, has certainly not yet been practically solved in Canada. Nearly all the known modes have been tested, but not one of them appears to have been adopted as a settled policy. It is, however, generally conceiled that to guarantee the bonds of a company is about the worst course which a government can adopt, for in the end there is great danger of its having to pay them off and convert | per mile, to be given on the completion of the work, or what was intended as a loan of credit into a loan of cash. Loans of money from the Government are somewhat better, as the transaction is thereby simplified, and all that. go enument requires to do in the matter is to see that in Canada in which, whether the money or the credit the security for repayment is ample. But the latter is the difficulty; government aid, when wanted at all, is come a bonus; and these gifts have been very prowanted to give a substantial beginning to the work, and ditable to Canada. For the twenty millions or so which it turns out that while as a matter of course the govern the old Province invested in railways, the public invested ment loan is not sufficient to complete it, yet the about a hundred millions: and while this vast sum has

fact of government's having the first lien on the company's property is quite sufficient to discredit its bonds in the money market. We have seen cases not unlike this, in which the best thing for the country, and the only thing to save the company, was to surrender the lien or put it behind all other claims, thus virtually making a bonus of what was meant to be a loan.

When the aid is to be in the shape of credit or money, the bonus system is, both for the country and the company, undoubtedly the best. Even a small cash bonus as it progresses, will do more to establish the credit of the company than a very large guarantee, or a large money loan. There are very few instances was advanced, the obligation did not virtually be-

added to the actual value of the property of the country perhaps more than treble its amount, it has returned to its owners very little in the shape of interest. The country made a good bargain, therefore, though it acted blindly and more from necessity than policy or system. The experience of the past ought to be sufficient to suggest a more statesmanlike course for the future. It has been placed beyond cavil. that all the public money in aid of railways, in whatever way given, either through the Municipalities or directly by the Government, has brought a handsome return to the country: and as there is still great necessity for increased railway facilities, it is well to consider how they may most economically be produced. We dismise at once the loan system as calculated to lead or drive the Company into complications with the Government, which would ultimately end with the country's being saddled with the debt. Guarantees, as already remarked, are still more objectionable, in that they start on a pretence of costing the country nothing, and generally end with compelling it to pay its



NEEPIGON, NO. 7.-HIGH ROUK PORTAGE. FROM & SKRTON BY W. ABMSTRONG.

whole endorsement, with interest and expenses added. If, then, the policy of a money bonus cannot be frankly adopted on certain general conditions, there should be an effort made to utilise our wild lands, by appropriating a portion of them at the rate of so many acres per mile for every new mile of railway built; and as the whole country has had to pay for the aid heretofore accorded to railways, though the benefit has been in great part local, it will be seen at a glance that no injustice is being done to the old settled portions through which the roads already pass, by helping the newer parts of the country to secure the like accommodation.

It is whispered abroad that Ontario, which has already done so much in the way of material progress, is again about to set the example by supporting a vigorous railroad policy and by giving either of the public lands or the public money to assist in their construction. We should be glad indeed to believe that this were true; but the system, suggested in some quarters, of loaning money to new railway schemes, is radically wrong. Let the Local Government collect the seven or eight millions due on the Municipal Loan Fund, and the six or seven millions in arrears for Crown Lands, before going into the lending business; or rather let Ministers make an equitable settlement as between the hopelessly indebted Municipalities and those which drew nothing from the fund; and let them adjust their claims against the settlers so as to bring their holdings within the range of their purchasing power. The two questions referred to no doubt present difficulties; in the enforcement of the claims unjustifiable hardships, and in their remission seeming partiality. But it is for Ministers to find out the mean between these two extremes, and with the balance in their hands to do justice between the different sections of the Province and encourage progress in all. Certainly the example of Ontario would be followed in other Provinces, only that already Quebec has gone ahead of its Western sister in the forwarding of local railway enterprise, so that, in this particular, so far as the Government is concerned, Ontario must be content to follow.

The plan adopted by the local Government of Quebec is, in many respects, an excellent one. By guaranteeing a very small rate of interest-3 per cent.-on a certain moderate outlay per mile, it places the investors in the road beyond the risk of absolute loss or utter depreciation of their stock, and at the same time involves the country in but a comparatively small annual charge, for which the daily running of the railway is at least fair compensation. Several countries in Europe have adopted a similar system, guaranteeing rates of interest as high as six per cent. for a stipulated number of years, and they have profited largely by their liberality in the general prosperity which the construction of railways has brought. In Canada, if the local Governments cannot be prevailed upon to give land grants-and in this country there is a terror of land monopolies-the next best thing is to guarantee a small annual percentage on the capital for a certain number of years to every railway company whose line is located to the satisfaction of the Public Works Department of each Province. It would thus become the interest, as it is now the duty of the Government and Legislature to guard against the creation of too many competing lines; and the spirit of local enterprise would be strong enough, when backed by the guarantee, to speedily supply the country with such a network of railways as is essential to the full development of its immense and varied resources.

THE NORTH-WEST TEBRITORY. No. 14 .- BRITISH COLUMBIA .- FISHERIES, &o. By the Rev. Æn. McD. Dawson, Ottawa. (Continued.)

A no less useful, although not, quite so beautiful a fish of the tribe of Salmonidæ, is the OREGON BROOK TROUT, Fario Stellatus. It is about the same size as the Salmo spectabilis, and varies in weight from eight ounces to three pounds. Its whole length is four and a-half times that of the head. The back is of a bright olive green colour. The sides are yellow, tinged with pink, the belly white, and speckled all over with small black spots. There is no river or lake of British Columbia where this trout is not found. It abounds in the waters of Vancouver's Island. It is met with in the rivers which flow westwards from the Cascade Mountains, as well as in the waters of their eastern declivities. It is a denizen of all the rivers descending from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, delighting even in waters that are no less than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is very voracious, and so affords excellent sport. Butterflies, dragon flies, and mock flies and insects of the least artistic description, prove a sufficiently tempting lure to this greedy little fish. Mr. Lord relates an incident of his angling experience which is abundantly illustrative of this statement. When enjoying the pleasures of woodland life, one day, sitting on the bank of a stream that rippled gaily on its rocky course, down the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, he was suddenly seized with fish, and, with a powerful effort, brings it to the surface,

the determination to become possessed of one of these fine speckled trout. And, indeed, the creature, by its proceedings in the water near him, awakened his cupidity. First of all, by a sudden splash, it disturbed the solemn stillness of the scene and broke his reverie. With no less celerity it devotred a large grey fly upon which it had pounced, under the very banks on which the learned naturalist sat, as the insect, unconscious of danger, had touched the water with its gauzy wings. "Very well, master trout, you may, perhaps, be as easily duped as your more cautious confrères; so setting to work I overhauled my 'possible sack,' found a few coarse hooks, a bit of gut and some thread.

Among other materials wherewith to make a fly, feathers were indispensable. Shouldering my gun, I strode off to look for a 'white flesher,' alias ruffed grouse; soon stirred one up, bagged him, hauled out his glossy bottle-green frill; selected some feathers which I thought would turn a decent hackle, picked out a couple of brighter ones for wings, some red wool from my blanket for cribbing, and with these materials I tied a fly. Not the slightest resemblance, fancied or real, did it bear to anything ever created, but still it was a fly, and, as I flattered myself, a great achievement. A line was made from some ends of cord; then, cutting a young larch, I made my tackle fast to the end, and thus equipped sallied to the stream.

My first attempt in the swift scow was a lamentable failure. Warily I threw my newly-created monster well across the stream, and, according to the most approved method, let it slowly wash towards me, conveying to the rod and line a delicate and tempting tremble. Not a rise, not a nibble; my hopes wavered, and I began to think these trout wiser than I had given them credit for. I tried the pool as a last chance So, leaning over the rock, I let my tempter drop into the water. It made a splash like throwing in a stone. But imagine my delight, ye lovers of the gentle art, when a tremendous jerk told me I had one hooked and struggling to get free! Depending on the strength of my tackle, I flung him out on the bank ; and, admitting all that may be said against me as being barbarous and cruel, I confess to standing over the dying fish and admiring his brilliant colour, handsome shape, fair proportion-and last, though not least, contemplated eating him ! I pitied him not as, flapping and struggling on the grass, his life ebbed away, but thought only of the skill I had displayed in duping him, and the feat in store for me on returning to camp." Our naturalist turned the secret he had discovered to good account. That very day he played havoc among the trout, returning to quarters with as many as he could carry, strung on branches cut with a crook at the end. These trout are by no means fastidious. They can be tempted and taken with almost every conceivable kind of bait. Grasshoppers, fragments of grasshoppers, pieces of white meat from the tail of the river crayfish, they seize quite ravenously.

There is a still more wonderful kind of salmon trout in the waters of British Columbia-one which affords to the uncivilised native light as well as food. It can be eaten as a dinner or used as a candle, and hence its name, CANDLEFISH. It is also called EULACHON, Salmo (mallotus) Pacificus and Thaleichthys Pacificus. This little fish, which supplies so many wants, is not larger than a smelt. But it is as pretty, perhaps, as any of the salmonidæ. The mouth is rather large for so small a fish, the head is cone-shaped, the eye small, with a dark spot nearly black over each orbit. Its colour generally is white, tinged with a dingy yellow; the back is something approaching to olive green. The chief peculiarity of this little fish is its extraordinary fatness. Blubber-bearing whales and seals and porpoises are not the only fish which contain the fat of the seas. All along the shores of British Columbia, Vancouver's Island, Alaska, and the adjacent islands, the diminutive Eulachon furnishes an inconceivably great supply of fatty matter for maintaining the warmth of the body as well as for lighting the homes of the Aboriginal tribes. At certain seasons it is the chief business of these tribes to trap, and cure and store up for winter use, a fish that supplies so many wants. They commence operations by erecting lodges near the bays and inlets where it abounds. This once accomplished, they carry on their labours by the light of the moon. In fine weather, just as the moon begins to cast her rays down the mountain slopes on the bright, green waters, the Indians launch their light canoes, and glide along noiselessly towards the immense shoals of Eulachon that are seen glittering over the sea like pearly nacre. Pity that, in catching them, they should use such a horrid instrument,--a monter comb or rake armed with huge teeth, four inchs long and an inch apart. These teeth are, for the most part, made of bone, although the Indians prefer iron when it can be had, and beat it into sharp-pointed nails. The comb itself consists of a piece of pinewood from six to eight feet in length, which is rounded at one end for a handle, the rest being shaped flat, thick at the back and thinner towards the edge in which the teeth are inserted. In the stern of each canoe sits an Indian, paddle in hand, for the purpose of impelling the tiny craft and keeping it in convenient proximity to a shoal of Candlefish. Another holds the rounded part of the rake firmly in both hands, with its teeth pointing sternwards, whilst he himself looks towards the bow. As soon as he is near enough, he sweeps his terrible weapon through the glittering mass of

teeth upwards. There is almost always, at least one, but often three or four fish impaled on each tooth. The rake is now brought into the canoe. A rap on the back knocks off the fish, and the process of raking recommences. A canoe is very quickly filled by this rude way of fishing. What a spectacle must not a whole fleet of such vessels present, whilst the dusky forms of the savages are seen in the moonlight, bending over the water, and, with their brawny arms, sweeping their toothed sickles through the silvery shoals. Stroke rapidly follows stroke, till the canoes are completely loaded. They are then paddled to land, drawn upon the shelving beach, and overturned, (this being the quickest mode of discharging) and at once re-launched for the purpose of raking up another cargo This work is continued until the moon sets behind the mountain peaks, when the fish disappear. It appears to be the peculiar habit of this fish to come to the surface only in the night The squaws now commence their labours. Their business is to cure, dry the fish, and make oil. They do not clean the fish or remove the entrails, but at once pass through their eyes long, smooth twigs or sticks, skewering on each stick as many as it will hold. Next comes the process of drying. This is soon accomplished by suspending the skewered fish in the thick smoke at the top of the sheds. In drying, they acquire a flavour of wood smoke, which also aids in preserving them. They are then packed in bales for winter use. No salt is used in curing these fish any more than in any of the other Indian systems of fish curing. These fat little members of the tribe of Salmonidæ, thus preserved, constitute the best of Arctic winter food. They are also used in lighting the lodges of the natives. A piece of rush pith, or strip from the inner bark of the cypress tree (Fujia gigantea) is drawn through the fish when dried, by means of a long, round needle made of the hardest When lighted, it burns, like the most artistically wood. manufactured candle, till consumed. One can read comforttably by its light, with no other candlestick than a piece of wood split at one end, and thus simply adapted to receive and hold the light-giving fish. By the application of a little heat and pressure this admirable taper may be changed to a liquid state. The Indian then drinks it, and so, throughout the long, cold and dreary winter of the more elevated regions, feeds abundantly the flame of life, which, but for this wonderful resource which Nature supplies in such bounteous profusion, would be utterly extinguished. All the fish that are not required for winter food and light, the Indians convert into oil immediately after they are taken. They who wish to learn the process by which this oil is made, have only to consult the writings of learned naturalists. Let it suffice to observe that Nature has supplied the place of art, in providing a ready-made bottle in which this valuable oil is preserved. The hollow stalk of the sea-wrack, which, on the coast of the North Pacific, grows to an immense size, forming submarine forests, expands at the root end, so as to constitute a complete flask. These hollow stalks are cut about three feet from the root, and, with the bulb at the end, are preserved in a moist state, until required for use. Each of these vessels contains about three pints, and the oil, as soon as it is manufactured, is stored in them

THE EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER MAGAZINE AT LAON.

The town of Laon, although not fortified, was a point the possession of which became of the utmost importance to the. Prussians on their march to Paris. As the centre of no less than four railways, and the starting-point of numerous roads leading to the capital, it was to be expected that the Prussians would not neglect to possess themselves of the place, the more so as they expected little or no resistance from the small garrison occupying the citadel at the north end of town. This garrison was composed of 2,000 Gardes Mobiles, and about a regiment of infantry, who had escaped with Gen. Vinoy from Sedan previous to the capitulation of that place. The whole were under the orders of General Ternin de Hame, the commandant.

On the 8th September a company of Uhlans belonging to the 15th regiment made their appearance before the city, and finding the gates closed-for Laon possesses old ramparts that are hardly worth the title of fortifications, having been partially destroyed by the Prussians in 1814—summoned the place to surrender. The commander begged for time to consider and was granted until 4 o'clock that afternoon. Subsequent events tend to show that the delay was asked solely with a view to communicating with the Government as to the advisability of surrendering. However, the Uhlan commander immediately communicated with the General of the division, Duke William of Mecklenburg, who sent an attaché, Col. Alvensleben, with a ready drawn-up agreement for the surrender. The Colonel was admitted to the citadel, his eyes having been pre-viously bandaged, and was conducted into the presence of Gen. Ternin, and the Prefect of the arrondissement, M. Ferrand. The former, having received the message of the Prussian commander, raised new objections, evidently with the purpose of delaying the arrangements until he should hear from Paris. However, Col. Alvensleben succeeded better in another quarter, and concluded arrangements with Mayor Vinchon for the capitulation. During the night the commandant received a despatch from head-quarters desiring him to surrender the town, as it could be of no value as a fortified place, and would be unable to sustain bombardment In consequence of these orders Gen. Ternin despatched two Mobile officers into the Prussian camp, who concluded arrangements for the capitulation of the town and the citadel, together with the garrison and all materials of var. The capitulation was to take place the next day, the 9th September, at half-past eleven in the morning.

At the hour appointed the German troops, consisting of two batteries of artillery, two brigades of cavalry and a battalion of Jagers, entered the town, and occupied the principal posi-

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tions. The Duke of Mecklenburg, at the head of his staff and of a battalion of infantry, proceeded immediately to the citadel, where the troops forming the garrison were drawn up in the court-yard. Gen. Ternin then advanced and presented the Duke with the keys of the fortress. The officers of the garrison and the Gardes Mobiles were allowed to go free after giving their parole, but the troops of the line were marched out of the town under escort, en route for Spandau and Ehrenbreitstein. The Mobiles then left the citadel, but as the last of them defiled through the gateway a tremendous explosion took place. The air was literally darkened with débris, and a thick shower of shells, cartridge, stones and masonry fell all around. The powder-magazine, situated close to the courtyard of the citadel, had, whether by accident or design, exploded, creating fearful destruction. At the noise of the explosion the troops occupying the town poured into the citadel, where a strange and sad sight awaited them. On every side, amidst ther ruins of the magazine, lay the mangled bodies of their comrades and of French Mobiles. Tattered uniforms, shattered guns, shells, mangled remains lay strewn over the courtyard, that now presented a scene of the direst destruction. It was found on examination that one hundred Mobiles aud fifty Jagers were killed by the explosion, while four hundred more, including the Duke of Mecklenburg and the commandant of the garrison, were more or less severely wounded. Nor were the destructive effects of the explosion confined to

Nor were the destructive effects of the explosion commed to the citadel alone. Throughout the whole of the town more or less injury was done to life and property. In the immediate neighbourhood of the citadel, several houses were completely destroyed, while very many lost their roofs or were otherwise injured. No less than one hundred of the citizens were killed or wounded by the falling ruins.

Now that and ing the strict enquiry instituted by the Prussian authorities into the cause of the catastrophe, it still remains doubtful whether it was the result of a premeditated plot, or of pure accident. Circumstances rather point to the former as the most probable. Setting aside the suspicious coincidence that the explosion occurred at the exact moment when the last of the French troops were leaving the citadel, there remains another fact that makes the affair appear to have been the result of a pre-conceived arrangement. Shortly before the capitulation the keys of the magazine had been entrusted to an artilleryman, named Henriot, a man who had hitherto distinguished himself by his uniform good conduct and steadiness, and who had received the cross of the Legion of Honour for service in the Crimea. Lately, however, since the outbreak of the war, Henriot's character had considerably changed. His mild disposition seemed to have been entirely lost. He became headstrong and violent, and attracted notice by his intense Germanophobia—venting his dislike in threats which, when now recalled, point to him as the suspected author of the catastrophe. The suspicion is heightened by the fact that after the explosion he was nowhere to be found. It is in any case to be regretted, whether the explosion of the powder-magazine at Laon were the effect of accident or of design, that the French press should have allowed itself to treat the matter as it has, styling as an act of devoted bravery and self-sacrificing patriotism, what could only be looked upon as a piece of unparallelled treachery, contrary to all the rules of civilised warfare and repugnant to the feelings of humanity.

BREAKING UP SHELLS AT ST. HELEN'S.

In this sketch, shewing the manner in which the otherwise destructive shell is rendered fit only for old iron, the reader will perceive the artillery at work on St. Helen's Island destroying some three hundred thousand shells! The modus operand is simple. A steel wedge is inserted in the fuse hole of the shell and struck smartly with a sledge hammer, when, after three or four blows, the shell opens and splits into several pieces. These are gathered up and disposed of as old metal. It may be presumed they were not worth carrying across the Atlantic, or the British authorities would certainly have taken them home instead of ordering their being knocked into "smithereens" in Canada.

BREAKING TRUNNIONS OFF OLD GUNS AT ST. HELEN'S

In addition to the destruction of shells there were some four or five hundred old guns rendered unserviceable by smashing off the trunnions with a 68-pounder shot. This is effected by a single blow. The guns on the Island were mostly 24pounders, a calibre which modern progress in the art of destruction has rendered almost obsolete. When new, they cost £100 sterling; but they have been sold at an average of about \$50 each to an enterprising American, who received them as fast as they were rendered unserviceable, and doubtlesss took the first opportunity of turning them into stove metal, or some other equally practical purpose. It may be noted that a large quantity of the military stores, including ordnance, were entirely antiquated, and would have been utterly unfit for service at the present day. What was really good was either transferred to England, lodged in Quebec for Imperial account, or handed over to Canada. The useless trash only has reverted to other purposes for which it may still be made serviceable.

THE FASHION PLATE. EVENING CAPS.

No. 1.—Black tulle cap with lace trimming. On the front of the foundation, which should be of black tulle, is a strip of lace two inches and a half wide, arranged in folds, with a sprig of leaves and berries, and black velvet bows. The back is formed of a three-cornered piece of tulle, edged with lace. Two corners, forming long ends, fall one on either side of the head, while the third falls, *en fanchon*, over the back of the head.

No. 2.—Cap of black figured tulle. The foundation should be of black net or muslin, covered with a long and narrow *scharpe* of black figured tulle, which falls on either side of the head, fastening on the left side as shown in the cut. Behind a *fanchon* of figured tulle, and in front an arrangement of black ribbon in folds, and a red rose with buds and flowers.

MORNING CAPS.

No. 3 —Net morning cap with lace trimming. The foundation is of double net. From this depends a *fanchon* of net, with lace insertion and edging, falling in folds over the back of the head. Above this, and reaching half-way down the

back of the head, is another of the same pattern, which is attached to the *écharpe* in front.

No. 4.—Cap of black figured tulle with velvet ribbon. In front is a coronet-shaped arrangement of black lace and narrow velvet bows; at the back a rounded *fanchon* of black figured tulle, trimmed with a strip of narrow black velvet and lace edging; and on the top of the head a rosette of narrow velvet ribbon. The lappets correspond exactly with the *fanchon*.

PANIERS.

No. 5.—Panier of black Grosgrain with velvet trimmings, for out-door wear. No. 6.—Panier of brown grenadine, with brown velvet and brown fringe trimming.

WINTER BONNET.

No. 7.—Velvet winter bonnet with flowers and lace trimming. The bonnet shape should be covered with black velvet, with a black velvet *ruche* and lace trimming around the front edge, as shown in the engraving. Within the shape, above the head, is a black velvet puffing. The bonnet is confined at the throat by a black rep bow, and lappets of the same falling over the chignon. A sprig of red roses, trailing over the right side of the head, completes the garniture.

PELERINE.

No. 8.-Bachelik pelerine of black cashmere.

FICHU.

No. 9.—Fichu of figured tulle, with capote. This fichu is intended for evening wear, being especially suited for the theatre, the opera, or concerts. The capote, arranged upon the head as shown in the illustration, has an exceedingly graceful effect. The material is black figured tulle, with lace trimmings and black ribbons.

KID GLOVES.

A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser says: I hope that some of your readers availed themselves of an intimation contained in a recent letter, that, owing to the disturbance to French industry, the price of kid gloves would probably advance. On the 8th ladies' gloves with one button were advanced one dollar per dozen, and on the 19th, another dollar; and so in proportion for other styles. The largest manufacturer for this country is Alexandré, who supplies one house in New York with between sixty and seventy thousand dozen pairs of kid gloves per annum. As his principal factory for cutting is in Paris, his shipments have stopped, and his house states that the resumption will depend on the contingencies of the war. Mr. Muller, who stamps his given name of Alexandre upon

Mr. Muller, who stamps his given name of Alexandre upon the gloves, when first known to Mr. Stewart was in humble circumstances, needing capital to enlarge his industry; but his merit being discovered, the want was supplied, and an enormous establishment is the result. Mr. Muller owns an hotel in Paris for a winter residence, and possesses La Grange, with its sixty bedrooms and fifteen hundred acres of land, distinguished in former years as the home of Lafayette. His hospitalify corresponds with these important dwellings. He manufactures his own champagne, claret, and brandy, each of a fine quality.

On a visit to me some years ago he gave me the history of this manufacture. The opinion was then quite common that rat skins were used, which he disposed of very summarily. Besides other objections, said he, it is enough to mention that they would be much too short for the hand. In order to purchase kid skins he sends out his agents as early as February to Italy, and they follow the mountain ranges, keeping pace with the opening of spring, until they reach to the plains of the Baltic. Fields which will carry sheep are not used for the goat in flocks. The goat is driven up to nearly the snow line of mountains to feed on the tender branches of shrubs and trees, and they are tended and milked by a class which is not seen in this country.

In walking up the Alps I have found these interesting flocks. The horns of the animal supply handles for knives, its hair is used for cloth, its milk for cheese, its flesh for food that of the young kid being excellent—and the skin is displayed on fair hands in all civilized countries. It will be years before this entire industry will be introduced into the United States. I should not be surprised if Prussia, availing herself of the opportunity which the disturbed industry of France offers, should become distinguished in this manufacture.

The compensation for sewing is too small to enlist the regular and permanent industry of women, and it is resorted to somewhat as knitting by hand is among us, at intervals in ordinary labor. The movement of the needle is guided by the notches of a steel cramp held by the sewer, who presently arrives at the experience which permits the work to be done while conversation is engaging part of the attention, and indeed while the eye is directed to a different quarter. It is owing to this facility that a slight reward for the labour is exacted. The sewers are distributed all over France, and receive the material, cut out with precision, and put up in bundles of a dozen pairs.

bundles of a dozen pairs. In order to conduct the distribution of the gloves here with advantage, their form, colour, and shade are fixed upon here. Colours which were in demand a year ago are rejected now, and others have taken their place. The closest attention to the probable variations in the public taste must be observed. You would be surprised to see the sample-book shades furnished for the purpose of preparing orders. They represent every tint which our knowledge of nature and art supplies.

No one is competent to say when this branch of industry in Paris will be fully resumed. The vicissitudes of war will not reach it to the extent of damaging the consumer, so far as the manufacture of Alexandré is concerned, for his gloves are not used at home It may therefore be rapidly restored on the cessation of hostilities. English gloves have not advanced.

The chair in which Napoleon sat while arranging (or rather assenting to) the terms of capitulation with King William at Sedan is likely to become a historical relic. He had no sooner risen from it than a Berlin police-officer, on duty at the Prussian head-quarters, laid hands upon it, at the same time giving the servant who had charge of the room a twenty franc piece. It may yet sell for its weight in gold, as it is probably the most interesting Sedan chair in existence.

VARIETIES.

The French Crown jewels still remain in the galleries of the Louvre

Weep for love, but never for anger; a cold rain will never bring flowers When you are angry don't write. Words when spoken are

air, but when written are things. Hair by hair, heads get bald. Straw by straw, the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes in the chamber.

The day of death is scarcely more momentous than every day. Both alike close another door on the past, and open a new one for the future.

Mrs. Lincoln, widow of the late President, has been in Dundee, on a visit to Mr Smith, the American Consul, and pastor to the late President.

Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes is about to issue a new volume of Essays, in the old and attractive vein of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

The citizens of New Albany, Indiana, are frequently "Knocked out of time" by audacious pigeons roosting on the hands of the clock.

There are rumours of the invention of a new style of hairpin which "screws into the head" and so makes the chignon perfectly immovable.

The use of impressed stamps on newspapers has been discontinued in England, the use of the new halfpenny stamp being now enforced by law.

Recalling a pleasant day spent with some of the choicest spirits of the literary world, Carlyle said : "We agreed about everything except opinions."

It is said that the American sculptress, Vinnie Ream, is "on her last bust" before leaving Rome. Let us hope that Vinnie is now permanently reformed.

A Nottingham firm have brought out a new glove with a pocket on the inside of the palm, to suit the habit indulged in by the fair sex of carrying money in that position.

When "Buccleuch and Queensberry" (the Duke) wrote from Dalkeith to order wire fencing, the manufacturer addressed his unrecognised Grace as "Messrs. Buccleuch and Queensberry, Dalkeith."

According to the extracts from the papers found at the Tuileries, 26,642 persons have been arrested in France for political offences since December 2, 1851, and 14,118 have been transported, exiled, or detained in prison.

The present census will show that the United States has fifteen cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants. There are but two countries that exceed this—the East Indies with twenty-one cities and Great Britain with sixteen.

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like little mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste.

The boys and girls of England have contributed, to the number of 1,700, to a monument to the memory of Daniel Defoe, the author of "Bobinson Crusoe." The memorial has been erected over the lately discovered grave of the author in Bunhill Fields, in London.

Lothair has been translated into Dutch by Mr. A. M. Verster. Translations have also recently been made in Holland of "Robinson Crusse," "Pendennis," Garibaldi's "Rule of the Monk," "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "Midshipman Easy," the "Faces in the Fire," Light through the Gloom," and some less known English tales.

One of the census enumerators in Providence, R. I., put down in his list twins opposite the names of two children, and against the first he designated Providence as the birthplace. The officials in Washington sent the list back to have the deficiency accounted for. What they wanted to know was where the other twin was born.

Dr. O. Rapin, of Grandson, in Switzerland, says that he has found that the nauses and vomiting produced by swinging and sea sickness can be arrested by applying to the epigastrium a layer of wadding dipped in collodion. It should extend from the xiphoid cartilage to the umbilicus, and be left until it falls off. If the adhesion be perfect, the application should be renewed. Several persons, he says, have tried this plan with benefit. The explanation which he gives of it is, that the action of the peripheral nerves is interrupted, just in the same way as the pain of calculi in the bile-passages or ureters is sometimes mitigated by the application of castor oil and collodion.

The literature of Advertisements grows and grows. Moses & Son, the London merchant "tailors," keep a poet, whose merit may be seen from the following "missing stanza from 'Don Juan:'"—

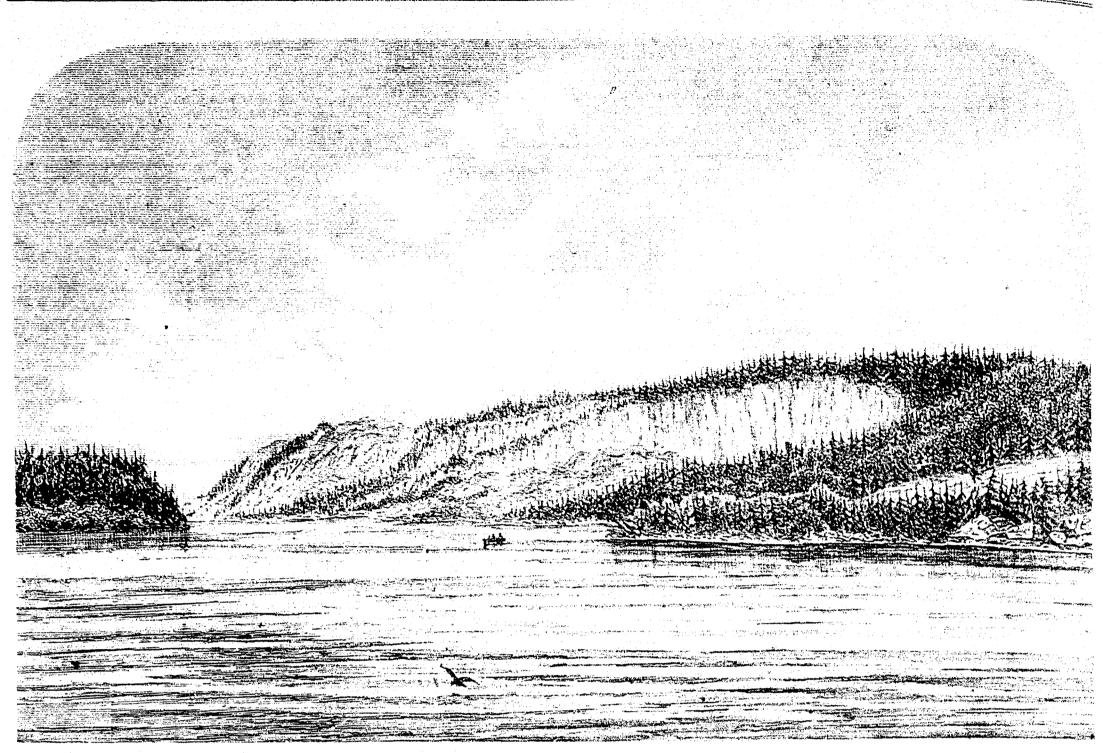
Oh, he was nobly clad, past calculation ;

Perfect he was, if one can perfect be; He'd had the very choicest education,

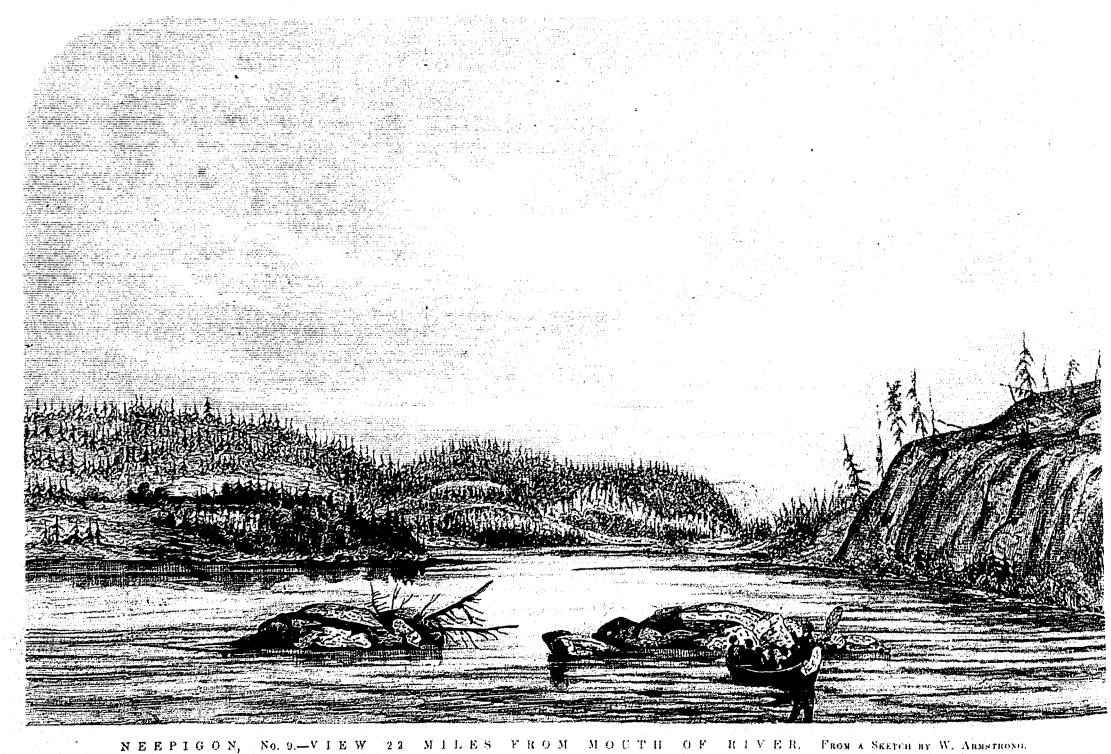
And look'd, when dress'd for Court, quite exquisitely.

- He was a model of a well-dressed nation, And many from him pattern took; and why?
- Because, as well my errant muse supposes,
- He bought his coat and pantaloons of Moses

A common house fly almost invariably rests with its head downward, and however it may alight, works its way round until this direction is assumed. The biting flies, on the contrary, as universally rest with the head pointing upward, acting in this precisely like the equally blood thirsty mosquito. The brother of an eminent Russian entomologist, now residing in the United States, observed a peasant in his own country killing some of the flies on a wall of his hut without disturbing others, who, on being questioned, gave as a reason that those with the heads up were "biters," and the others were not. A careful examination of the facts by the entomologist himself proved the accuracy of the generalisation thus made by an ignorant but observant man.

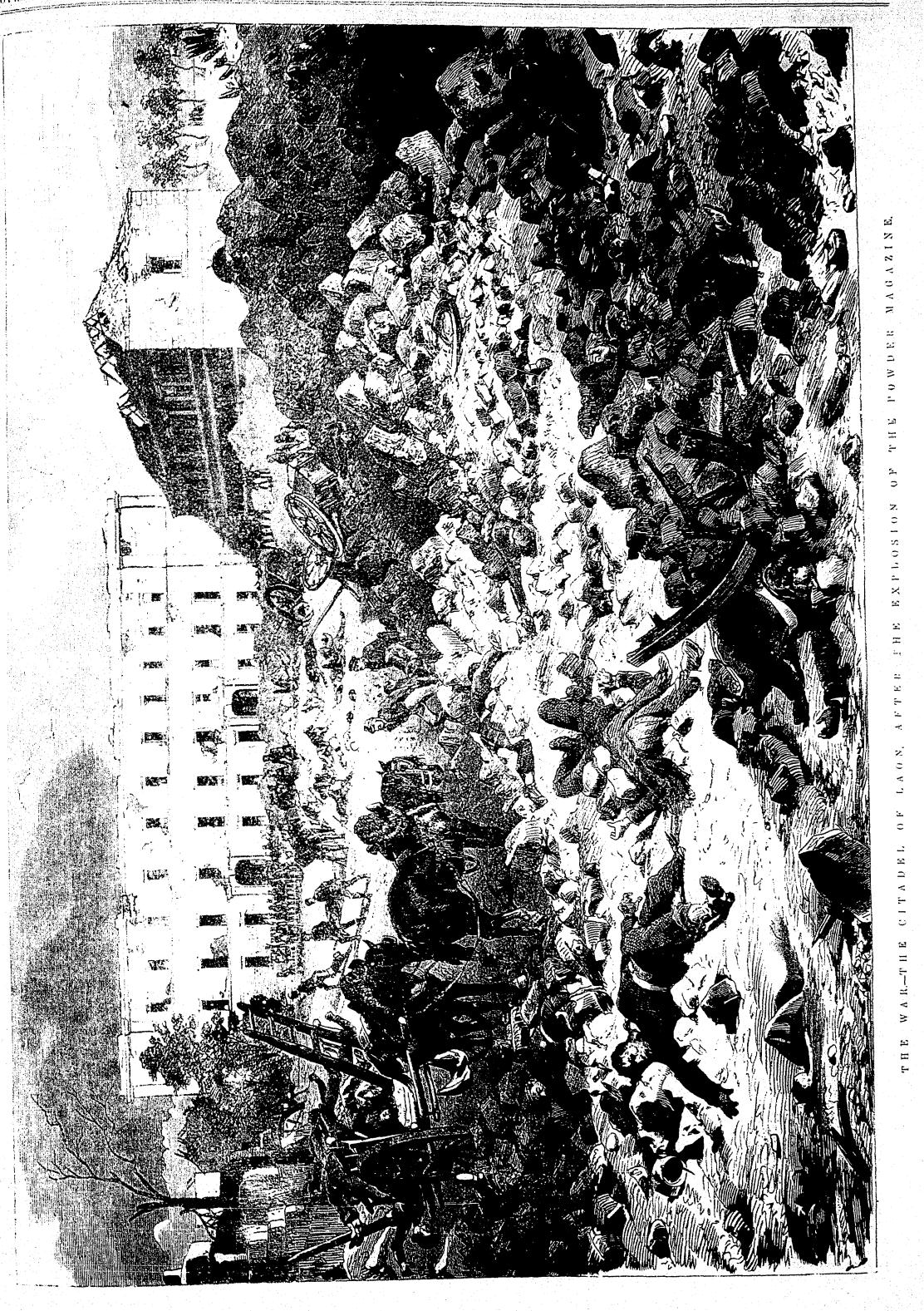


NEEPIGON, No. 8.-VIEW 21 MILES FROM MOUTO OF RIVER NEEPHONN FROM A SECONDA W ADDRESS



NEEPIGON, NO. 9-VIEW 22 MILES FROM MOUTH OF RIVER. FROM & SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Nov.	13.— Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity. St. Britius. Battle of Windmill Point, 1838.
Monday,		14.—Leibnitz died, 1716. Emmett died, 1827.
TUBSDAY,		15.—St. Machutus. Earl of Chatham born, 1708.
WEDNESDAY		16.—Rubens born, 1577. Battle of Lutzen, 1632.
THURSDAY,	"	17 —St. Hugh, Bp. Montreal and Brock- ville section, G. T. R., opened, 1855.
Friday,	"	 Cardinal Wolsey died, 1530. Cortez sailed for Mexico, 1578 Napoleon I. dis- interred, 1840.
SATURDAY,	"	19.—The Man with the Iron Mask died, 1763. Montreal taken, 1775.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY. NOVEMBER 12 1870

It has been frequently remarked that the operations of the census taker generally result in proving that populous cities are not after all quite so populous as they were said to have been. Many aspiring places in Canada suffered no little agony from the census revelations of 1861, just as this year some of the great cities of the neighbouring Republic have discovered that they were modestly over estimating their populations by numbers ranging from one hundred thousand to upwards of a quarter of a million. Many people, especially if interested in suburban real estate, will maintain that the census is wrong; because the assessor counted the houses and tenements, and the City Clerk multiplied the number by five, and five is the average to a family, therefore the census taker (who counted the people) is wrong, and the civic enumeration (in which the people were not numbered) must be correct! Unfortunately there are some temptations to commit errors in the census. There is the dread, among silly and ignorant mothers, that by withholding the names and ages of their sons, the latter may be saved from being drafted as soldiers. Equally silly and ignorant farmers fear that behind this scheme of enumerating everything-horses, cattle, and all other live stock; crops, cleared acres and bushland-there is another, having in view the imposition of a tax upon his property and he "lies at every pore," in order, as he thinks, to make his burthen as light as possible when it comes. Another class, shrewder than the foregoing, but equally dishonest; perhaps a land speculator, too, will exaggerate the general yield of the land to secure, if possible, for his township or his county, the credit of raising the largest crops.

Then, as in the case of municipal' assessments, there are certain political consequences or representative privileges following upon the result of the census, not merely as between Provinces, but as between Counties and localities in the same Province. It is no mystery that there have been assessors who would value the estate of a political opponent at ten dollars below the franchise rate, while his political friend, with no more valuable property, would be carefully placed at the figure which would ensure his name being placed on the voters' list. Population has also an appreciable influence in regulating representation; and the man who could conscientiously recognize political partizanship as an element in the valuation of real estate, might be equally able to see halfa-dozen members in a family where there were only four. Another temptation to swell the census rolls beyond their accurate dimensions is the payment of the enumerator pro rata; yet no other mode of payment would be fair, and any other mode would give rise to the suspicion that the work had been imperfectly done. Against these abuses the only precaution that can be taken is to secure the most competent men available as enumerators, and to give the public every reasonable facility for examining their work after it is done. We believe that most municipalities would willingly pay for copies of the rolls as sent in from the enumerators to the commissioners, and these rolls might be open to the public inspection, while the commissioner was preparing his return to the Census Bureau. Formerly the public have had no means of examining the rolls, when months, or perhaps years, after the information is tabulated and laid before the public, errors are discovered which might have been corrected had the plan which we have suggested been followed.

It is especially important that the census to be taken next summer should be complete and accurate, not only because of the increased political importance attached to the distribution of the population as the basis of representation in the House of Commons, and for other reasons affecting the administration of public affairs, but because Canada, at the present time, engages a large share of public attention throughout Great Britain, and the interest in its capabilities and its resources is likely to increase rather than diminish, for some years to come. The census, when completed, and an abstract thereof laid before the public, will give reliable data on many points which are now, especially in England, appreciated in a very vague way. The rate of the country's progress in agriculture, manufactures, mining, and every other branch of industry; its increase in wealth and population, can then be demonstrated in a manner which will defy contradiction and if, as is likely, its rate of growth in every particular affecting national advancement can be shewn to be greater than that even of the United States, the advocate of emigration to Canada will be armed with a new and powerful argument. Already the facts brought out by the last census have lost a great portion of their value, except for the purpose of contrast with those to be established by the census of 1871, and the latter will be an excellent test of the actual growth of the country under circumstances by no means exceptionally favourable. There is, therefore, much interest already manifested in the arrangements now being made by the Minister of Agriculture for the purpose of securing a correct return. The comprehensive Act, which he introduced, and which was passed at the last session of Parliament, was framed with the view to embrace the best features of the American and English census laws, along with the practical lessons learned from Canadian experience. The machinery created by the Act is considered to be as complete as it was possible to make it, and as the twelve officers-four each for Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces-who superintend the commissioners are already appointed, and, we believe, at work, there will be ample time to select efficient commissioners and enumerators, prepare schedules, frame instructions, &c., before the day comes for taking the census. We have every reason to hope, therefore, that the census to be taken next summer will be accurate and complete.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—This well-known company announces through our advertising columns that on the 15th of the present month the eighth division of profits is to be made among the participating policy-holders; and that all who assure before that date, under the profit scheme, will be sharers. This is a substantial advantage which intending assurers ought not to over-look. The "Standard" undoubtedly ranks with the best of British companies doing business in Canada, a character which has been well earned by its careful management and extraordinary success. It has upwards of twenty millions of invested funds, and an annual income of three millions; and as it has been in operation since 1825, its strength and prudent management must by this time have been thoroughly tested.

THE WAR NEWS.

Since the beginning of the month hopes have been entertained of a speedy cessation of hostilities, to be followed by the conclusion of peace. These hopes, however, though warranted by the tone of the negotiations pending between the King of Prussia and the French Provisional Government, destroyed at the very moment when they seemed most likely to attain fulfilment. An armistice was to have been concluded, based on proposals made by the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in order to allow of the elections for a Constituent Assembly being proceeded with. The great obstacle to the conclusion of peace which hitherto existed, was the unwillingness of Prussia to make terms with the temporary Government of France, which might not be recognised by its successor. To remove this difficulty it was decided, upon the representations of Lord Granville, to enter on nego-tiations for an armistice, which should allow time for the holding of elections throughout the whole of France, and the formation of a permanent Government, which should be authorised to conclude a peace with Prussia, and which, at the same time, should be in a position to enforce the due performance of the terms agreed upon. The armistice was to have lasted for 25 days, from the 4th inst. until the 28th inclusive. Thiers was entrusted with the arrangement of the terms, and after some delay, occasioned by the difficulty of obtaining passes to and from Paris, negotiations commenced at the close of the month. After some days spent in arranging terms, during which it was invariably reported that the negotiations were proceeding favourably, it was suddenly announced that they had been broken off, as the two parties could not come to terms. There appear to have been two difficulties in the way of the conclusion of the armistice. On the one hand Prussia insisted upon the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, together with the payment to Germany of eighty billions indemnity and the retention of all the captured war material. On the other hand the Provisional Government demanded that during the armistice the revictualling of the capital should be permitted, At first the French Government seemed inclined to ac cept the arrangement, but when the conditions were made known to the people, a general uprising took place, and the Government was compelled to refuse the proposi-tions of the Prussian Chancellor. As to the demand of the French Government for the revictualling of Paris, Bismarck, as might have been expected, returned for answer a decided "No!" Moreover the Provisional Government desired that Alsace and Lorraine should take part in the elections, which the Prussians, looking upon these provinces as conquered territory, and as territory which by the very terms of the armistice was to be ceded to them, emphatically refused. Consequently the negotiations were broken off and hostilities recommenced. It is said that the Prussians were desirous of effecting an armistice with a view to peace—it is even stated that the King was unwilling to commence the bombardment of Paris, but from what we know of the character of the head of the Germanic Confederation, we are unwilling to assign any motives of humanity as the cause of his unwonted unwillingness to have recourse to extreme measures—the more so when we hear of his refusal to permit the women and children to leave the city before the opening of the bombardment. The real motive seems more likely to be the impression—now rapidly gaining ground in the Prussian camp—that Paris is in a far better position to resist than was at first supposed, coupled with the fears entertained of the dangers and diffi-

culties of a winter campaign in the heart of a hostile country. The seeming willingness of the French Government to accept the conditions offered by Prussia was the cause of violent outbreaks both in Paris and at Tours. At the latter place the populace rose, captured the members of the Government, and proclaimed a committee of safety. The riot was, however, speedily quelled by the National Guard, who released the Ministers after seizing upon the newly appointed officers. In Paris the disturbance was more serious, though partaking of the same nature. When it was understood that the pro-posals for an armistice were to be accepted, that ingrained malcontent, Gustave Flourens, called upon the people to rise, and the mob, with its proverbial flickleness, marched upon the Hotel d. Ville, proclaimed a Committee of Public Safety, and detained the members of the Government for which it had so enthusiastically declared but a few weeks before. Even Trochu, the favourite of the Parisians, shared the lot of his colleagues. At last the National Guard interfered and the rioters were dispersed. In consequence of these events the Government resolved to consult the people of Paris as to the maintenance of the authority conferred upon it. An election was accordingly held, the result of which was an overwhelming vote sustaining the powers of the Government. An address was then issued to the people setting forth the refusal of the Ministers to consent to the armistice, and peace was thus once more restored in the capital. The Government, however, evidently do not yet feel safe, and energetic measures have been taken to prevent the occurrence of a second uprising. The general impression among the people appears to he that Prussia has only sought to gain time by seeming to admit the probability of an armistice, and in effect it is not unlikely that such is the case. To gain time was Prussia's great object, as she would thereby be enabled to bring down the troops recently engaged before Metz, and to distribute them at various points around the capital, without molestation from the rapidly advancing army of the Loire. On the whole it seems not unreasonable to believe that the armistice was a ruse originating with the wily Bismarck, and a ruse which, it must be confessed, has not altogether failed.

The Prussians are still making preparations for an attack on the forts around the capital, but though several skirmishes have occurred, nothing important is announced. It would appear that it is daily becoming more difficult for the besigged to make sorties, as the Prussians have established an effectual system of sharpshooting, and their line of field works is very complete along the whole chain of investment. The firing from the French forts has been continually kept up to prevent the erection of Prussian batteries. The Prussians, however, have been content to remain within their entrenchments, in pursuance of the starvation policy they have hitherto followed. They claim, adducing letters taken from captured balloons as their authority, that the capital suffers much from the existing reign of terror, that provisions are beginning to fail, and that great misery exists among the poor who are unable to pay the high prices demanded for provisions. Should this be true, we may hear, and that very shortly, of a second and far more formidable uprising in Paris, followed by the deposition of the Government and the surrender of the city by a starving mob.

But while comparative quictness and inaction have prevailed around Paris, the Prussians have been vigorously pushing their operations in the provinces. In the eastern departments Verdun and Schelestadt have capitulated; Fort Mortier, an important outwork of New Breisach, has been captured, Mezières, Thionville and Belfort have been invested, the bombardment of the two former places having already commenced, and Servance, an important pass on the Vosges, the key of the Haute Saône, has been occupied. The Prussians have defeated the French at Montbéliard, and it has even been reported that Besançon had been surrounded and that Garibaldi was a prisoner. Another report states that in an encounter near Besançon the Italian general captured over a thousand prisoners. A serious engagement took place on the 5th between Dijon and St. Jean de Losne, but the result is not accurately known, the report, which comes from French ources, merely stating that the enemy gained no ground. Nuits, betweeen Dijon and Beaune, has been entered by the Germans, and it is said that they are marching upon Chagny in Sabne-et-Loire, threatening Lyons on the one side, and Bourges on the other. All communication with the first named place has been cut off, and the citizens are making active preparations for a vigourous defence. On Sunday the Prussians experienced a slight reverse near Volnay, 64 prison ers being taken.

In the west and north nothing of importance has transpired. Rouen despatches report French successes at several points. General Manteuffel, with the First Army Corps, is marching northwards to occupy Normandy, Picardy, and Brittany, maintaining connection with the Fourth Army under the Crown Prince. There is absolutely no news in the west. It is reported from the north that the French fleet is again making for the mouth of the Elbe. In the south the Prussians have for the past few days been concentrating around Orleans. It is even reported that a great battle took place in that neighbourhood on Tuesday, but no details have yet been received.

THE NEEPIGON REGION.

No. 4 .- VIEWS ON THE NEEPIGON RIVER .- Continued.

Our first page illustration (Neepigon No. 7) shows the northern view at High Rock portage on Neepigon river, about twelve miles south of the lake. No. 8 represents a scene three miles further north, being twenty-one miles from the mouth of the river. No. 9. is one mile further up, or twenty-two miles from the river's mouth, and both 8 and 9 represent the river towards the north. The third and fourth rapids on the river are between the views 8 and 9, and the fifth or Pechaunigum rapids are in the vicinity of the locality represented by view No. 9, or about a mile below the little straggling bifurcated lake into which the river runs a few miles from its rise. Either at this point, or near Neepigon Bay, Mr. Alfred Waddington, who has given so much attention to the project, believes that the Canadian Pacific railway should pass. Mr. Waddington has devoted about two years of his time in Canada and England towards the encouragement of this great railway enterprise; but beyond good wishes and the educa-tion of the public opinion up to a belief in its practicability, we are not aware that he has made substantial progress. He has, however, done better, for he has deserved it. He returned from England to Canada in the early part of the summer to urge upon the Government the importance of assisting in the prosecution of the work. Having himself determined a prac-ticable route through British Columbia to the Rocky Mountains, and finding from common testimony that no engineering difficulties had to be encountered in the North-West, Mr. Waddington urged upon the Government at Ottawa the desirability of making a thorough exploration of the country north of Lake Superior, that is, of the Neepigon region. We believe that his views were so far complied with that Mr. Russell, Junr., and Mr. Austin, Government surveyors, were both sent out last summer, Mr. Russell to proceed along the west shore of Lake Neepigon to Gull river, thence up that river to the height of land between Lakes Neepigon and Winnipeg; and Mr. Austin to ascend the Neepigon river to the lake, to make a chart of the river and take the altitude of the lake. In the meantime, Mr. Waddington himself visited that part of the country, and during the month of September ascended the river as far as the lake, and examined the intervening country between the lake and the bay, with especial reference to the accomplishment of his great object, the construction of the Canada Pacific railway. The result of his ob-servations confirmed the opinion that no unusual engineering difficulties would have to be encountered; but that for greater facilities in crossing the river the line should be run either near the bay or near the lake; that is in the neighbourhood of the Red Rock post of the Hudson's Bay Company, or in that of the scenes illustrated in the present number.

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

No true lover of art will fail to congratulate himself on the escape of Strasburg Cathedral from the dangers by which it was menaced during the bombardment of the city. It would have been unfortunate indeed if the noble edifice that Erwin Von Steinbach projected and that Jean Hueltz completed, had suffered from German shells. Besides it was sufficient that Strasburg should have lost her magnificent library, and she could ill afford to lose the grand old minster that for nearly four centuries made her the wonder and the envy of Europe. Fortunately the church has escaped with but slight injuries. The roof of the nave has been burnt, some few of the carved stalls in the choir are ruined, the top of the organ has been destroyed, and the cross on the spire is slightly bent—but this is all. The arch over the main entrance, with its beautiful carvings of Biblical scenes, the glorious rose window with its delicate traceries and its richly-hued panes, the magnificent spire that towers up above the country to a height twice that of the great towers of our Note Dame, and that wonderful clock, that has not yet found its equal--none of these are harmed. The work of Steinbach, and of his son Johann, the beautiful group by his daughter Sabine, which stands over the Laurentius door, and the many magnificent monuments with which the hands of a long line of zealous and loving artists have enriched this marvel of ecclesiastical architecture, still stand unhurt to delight the eyes and the æsthetic tastes of coming generations. Fortunate, above all, is it for Strasburg that the clock is uninjured. Without its clock the Minster finds a rival in the Cathedral at Cologne; but it is its clock that ensures it the supremacy among the ecclesiastical monuments of the Rhine. The story of this clock is a sad renowned Minster was completed (so runs the old tale), that the chief magistrate of the city entertained a desire to enrich the lofty tower with a beautiful clock. For a long time it was impossible to find an artist who would undertake its construction, but at last a stranger, one Isaac Habrich, an old man of great skill in the art of clock-making, offered, for a stated sum, to construct in the tower of the cathedral a clock such as the world had not yet seen. His offer was joyfully accep-ted, and the artist began his labours. After years of unweary-ing toil, willingly lavished by the artist upon his work, the clock was completed, and all who looked upon its confessed that Habrich had fulfilled his word, and that the world had never beheld such a clock. And indeed it was a masterpiece of art and mechanical skill. Not only did it indicate the hour, the day of the month, and the year, but on a huge globe were shown the hours of the rising and setting of the sun, and the eclipses of the sun and the moon. On one side of this stood a figure of Mercury, holding in his right hand a wand, with which he pointed out the more store is the hold. which he pointed out the movements of the heavenly bodies. The signs of the Zodiac were also shown, each one being indi-cated as it came into domination. Nor was this all; near the bells that struck the hours stood on the one side the figure of Death, which advanced before the striking of each quarter, and attempted to seize the hammer of the bell, while from the other side there advanced the figure of the Redeemer, who drove back the grim skeleton. Only the hours were struck by Death

With such a triumph of art in their town no wonder the Strasburgers were proud. But gradually their pride became tinged with jealousy, and they began to fear that the hands which had worked this marvel for them might do as much, or more, for other cities. So they determined that the aged artist who had worked so long and so faithfully for them should be rendered unable to work for others; that instead of receiving the stipulated price of his labours he should lose his sight. It seemed hard that an old man, with but a few more years of life before him, should meet with such treatment at the hands of those whom he had benefited, and that for no fault or crime of his, but simply lest he should do as much for others. However, as it was judged imprudent to condemn him unconvicted of any misdemeanour, the magistrates set to work to draw up a charge against him. In those "good old times," the mediæval ages, when the authorities desired to get rid of a man it was easy enough to trump up a charge against him which should bring down upon him the full measure of the punishments of the law. Bacon and Faustus already knew, and Galileo had yet to learn to what imputations the student of science and the skilful mechanic laid themselves open. Habrich was arraigned on a charge of holding communications with Satan, and of having constructed by the aid of the arch-fiend the marvellous work of which his accusers and his judges were alike so proud. In vain he

protested his innocence. He was thrown into prison, where he was made to undergo the most horrible tortures, until the unhappy man, driven almost to madness by confinement and torture, in a moment of weakness made the desired confession which sealed his doom. It was a dangerous thing in those times to be either a man of thought and research or a man of skill; jealousy was a prevailing vice, and when one man surpassed the multitude in ability, his good gilts were declared to be the grants of the devil, and his condemnation was sure. Habrich was declared guilty and sentenced to lose his eyes. But the astute magistrates who thus condemned an innocent man for leaguing himself with the fiend, never once thought of destroying the work that was the result of the co-partnership. What was done was done, and there was no help for it, but they took care that no more work of the kind should be accomplished. In vain the unfortunate clock-maker pleaded for his sight His judges were inexorable. Strasburg had acquired a treasure that was unique, and they were determined that its should remain so. However a just retribution followed them, and, wily as they were, they were outdone by their victim. Under pretence that he had to give a last touch to the clockwork he was allowed once more to look upon his cherished handiwork that had wrought him so much harm. And then he was brought down to undergo his sentence. The fearful punishment was inflicted; but on the same day that Isaac Habrich lost his sight, his clockwork ceased to go. It was now a mere collection of cogs and wheels, with statues and astronomical figures; and the only man who could set the machinery in motion was blind. The remorse and regret of the citizens was great, but unavailing. What would they have given now to be able to recall the sight of him whom they had so wantonly maltreated. But regrets were useless. Habrich had his revenge. For many, many years that broken clock stood overlooking the market-place, a monument of the cruelty, the selfishness, and the bigotry of the people of those days; until at length another cunning horologer was found who was able to set its works again in motion.

Further particulars concerning the Cathedral, of which we give an illustration this week, may be found in our issue of the 1st ultimo.

NAPOLEON'S CRITICISMS.

A correspondent of the Liberté, writing from Cassel, says lity enough to conduct a discussion with the Minister of King William. He will wind him round his finger. I have been quite duped by him. I to whom everybody agrees in attri-buting penetration and taciturnity. How, then, will it fare with M. Favre, whose strength lies in his too great fluency of speech? All these words will be turned against him in the form of an agreement with his pacific intentions. M. Bismarck will throw the responsibility of a refusal on his august Mawill brow the responsibility of a relusal on its august ma-jesty. The talent of this diplomatist consists in his knowing how to throw on others the responsibility of resolutions that have been taken. I was without this talent when at the Tuileries, and I paid dearly for this defect. The Chancellor of the North is bent on making all Europe think that it was the Furth north who amanded the war whereas in reality the French people who demanded the war, whereas, in reality, it was he and I who alike wished it. If I had been able to persuade the French that they urged me to this war I should still be at Paris, or I could have returned without fear. The contrary occurred, and my fall and the capitulation of Sedan are the consequences of that failure." Shortly afterwards, ister of Louis Philippe, who had promised me his assistance, but only to drag me into the net. I troubled him in England. He attracted me to Boulogne in order to confine me at Ham." Of Oount Bismarck, the ex-Emperor said in conclusion :----"He is an able man, but it is his audacity that makes him so. This is what distinguishes him from Cavour, the greatest politician I have ever met. If Cavour had been the Minister of King William, the German Empire would have been completed, and that without a shot."

ROTHSCHILD AND BISMARCK.

A correspondent of the Cologne Gazette, writing by mail from Versailles, says :---

"The commissariat department at head-quarters is not so difficult to provide as at La Ferrieres, where Baron Rothschild, although Consul for North Germany, did not exhibit his wonted hospitality. All eatables and drinkables were carefully hidden away, and, although everything was to be paid for, nothing good could be found or obtained by any of the servants of the Baron. At last Count Bismarck lost all patience and explained himself in a most comprehensible manner to the steward of the ex-Consul General, and, wonder upon wonder, eggs were produced, as also milk, coffee, meat, poultry, vegetables—in short, everything that could contribute to the comforts and requirements of daily life, and the noble chatelain condescended in a most shameless manner to sell these articles to the royal personage and his staff."

TEA CULTIVATION IN INDIA .- The cultivation of tea in Eastern India commenced about 40 years ago, and originated in the discovery of the indigenous plant in Assam in 1830. Then it was introduced into Cachar and Darjeeling, and so on into the west, wnere th first crop 1843 in Kumaon was so successful as to lead to further extension of the Government plantations. When Lord Dalhousie visited Kangra in 1852 he authorized the establishment of an extensive plantation at Holton, which in 1860 produced 29,3121b. tea that yielded an average of 2s. per pound when sold by public auction, and 3s. 44d. by private sale. This plantation has now passed into private hands, seedlings having been given from it gratuitously year by year. All the chief planta-tions now flourishing are situated in the lower slopes of the snowy range of Chumba, at elevations of from 2,500 feet to 5,000 ft. above the sea. They are 19 in number, the area of the largest being 8,708 acres, the area actually under tea cultivation, 2,635 acres. The gross aggregate produce in the season of 1868 was 241,382lb of tea, the average produce being 91.6 per acre, and the average price realized by sale 2s. 2d. per lb. The cost of production and manufacture on a plantation which produces about 1901b. or 2001b. per acre may be set down at Is per 10. The small area actually under cultivation is said Monday, to be a healthy sign, for the last official report remarks that Tuesday,

SPORTING.

tea in India having been now fully accomplished.

BILLIARDS.—A match of unusual interest was played on Wednesday night in Chadwick's Billiard Hall, St. James Street, Montreal, the contestants being Alphonse Derome and Frank Dion. After a close game, lasting about five hours, victory declared herself for Alphonse, whose largest runs were 75, 129, 60, 63, 54, and 111. Frank Dion's best were 57, 54, 63, 51, and 96. Dion had perhaps the advantage in science, but his opponent was a trifle too much for him in point of pluck. The number of spectators was very large, and the game was watched throughout with intense interest, the partizans of each player greeting every good shot made by their respective champions with hearty applause The winner's average was about 16²/₃.

SNOW-SHOEING.—The annual meeting of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club took place on Wednesday evening in the Mechanic's Hall. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the Secretary presented the 28th annual Report, from which it appears that for the past year the affairs of the club have been in an extremely prosperous condition, the list of paid members having been steadily on the increase, and at present reaching 131. After the adoption of the report the following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year :—President, N. Hughes, Esq.; Vice-President, Mr. C. Radiger; Second do, Mr. A. Grant; Secretary, Mr. W. H. White; Treasurer, Mr. H. Becket, Committee—Messrs. Maltby, Campbell, McDonald, Tate, Vanbuskirk, Anderson and Austin.

CHESS.

ENIGMA NO. 5.

White.---K. at Q. 2nd.; Rs. at K. B. 5th., and Q. R. 4th.; Bs. at K. Kt. 2nd., and Q. Kt. 6th.; Kt. at K. B. 7th.; Ps. at K. R. 6th., K. Kt. 4th., K. 6th, and Q. B. 3rd

Black.—K. at Q. B. 3rd.: B. at K. Kt. 3rd ; Kts. at Q. Kt. 2nd., and Q. 4th.; Ps. at K. B. 2nd., K. 2nd., Q. 3rd., and Q. B. 5th.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 20.

White.	Black.
1. Q. to K. 8th. (ch.)	Q. takes Q. (best.)
2. R. checks.	P. takes R. "
3. B. "	Kt. to B. 5th.
4. Kt to Q. 5th., mate.	

There is a fine mediæval flavour about the practice of medicine in certain parts of the West. Thus a little girl in Jackson, Ind., afflicted with a painful disease, was advised to wear a charm about her neck for fifteen days, after which her father was to take it and ride bareback as hard as his horse could go to the Maumec river, a distance of twelve miles, throw the bag into the water, and then return, being careful to be just half-way home by sunrise.

Never look for your ancestors or your titles in the imperfect records of antiquity; look into your own virtues and the history of those who loved to be benefactors to society.

True and pure love is never selfish. It has for its aim the happiness of its object, and life seems to be valuable in a degree as it permits one continuous striving to effect it.

A wife's love is the golden chain which unites her to her husband. It has a thousand delicate links, forged by sympathy, self-respect and mutual confidence; sever but one of them, and the chain is as completely broken as though a hundred were destroyed.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the
week ending Tuesday, Nov. 8, 1870, observed by John
Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill
University, 299 Notre Dame Street

				9 A. M.	l р. м .	6 P. M.	
	We'nsday,	Nov.	2	42 °	570	, 52 9	
I	Thursday,	"	3	57 °	52 °	480	
1	Friday,	`	4	'36°,	42 0	410	
	Saturday,	"	5	42 0	51 0	42 0	
	Sunday,	"	6	28 °	32 •	28 🗢	
	Monday,	**	7	33 0	38 🗢	38 🗢	
1	Tuesday,	u	8	38 0	38 °	36 0	
				MAX.	MIN.	MBAN.	
	We'nsday,	Nov.	2	44 0	32 0	38 🗢	
	Thursday,	"	3		42 0	48 0	
ł	Friday,	"	4	46 9	290	37 9 5	
	Saturday,	` u	5	52 0	32 0	42 0	
	Sunday,	"	6	340	220	28 0	
	Monday,	"	7	40 0	250	32 ° 5	
	Tuesday,	"	8	40 0	30 0	35 🗢	
	Ane	roid Barometer compensated and corrected.					
				9 A. M.	1 р. м .	6 P. M	
	We'nsday,	Nov.	2	. 30 03	29.96	29.82	
:	Thursday,	44	3		29.72	29.81	
	Friday,	**	4	. 30.08	30.26	30,14	
L	Saturday,	u	5	. 30.14	30.19	30.42	
5	Sunday,	"	6	. 30.70	30.65	30.58	
	30 3		-				

7..... 30.38

8..... 30.30

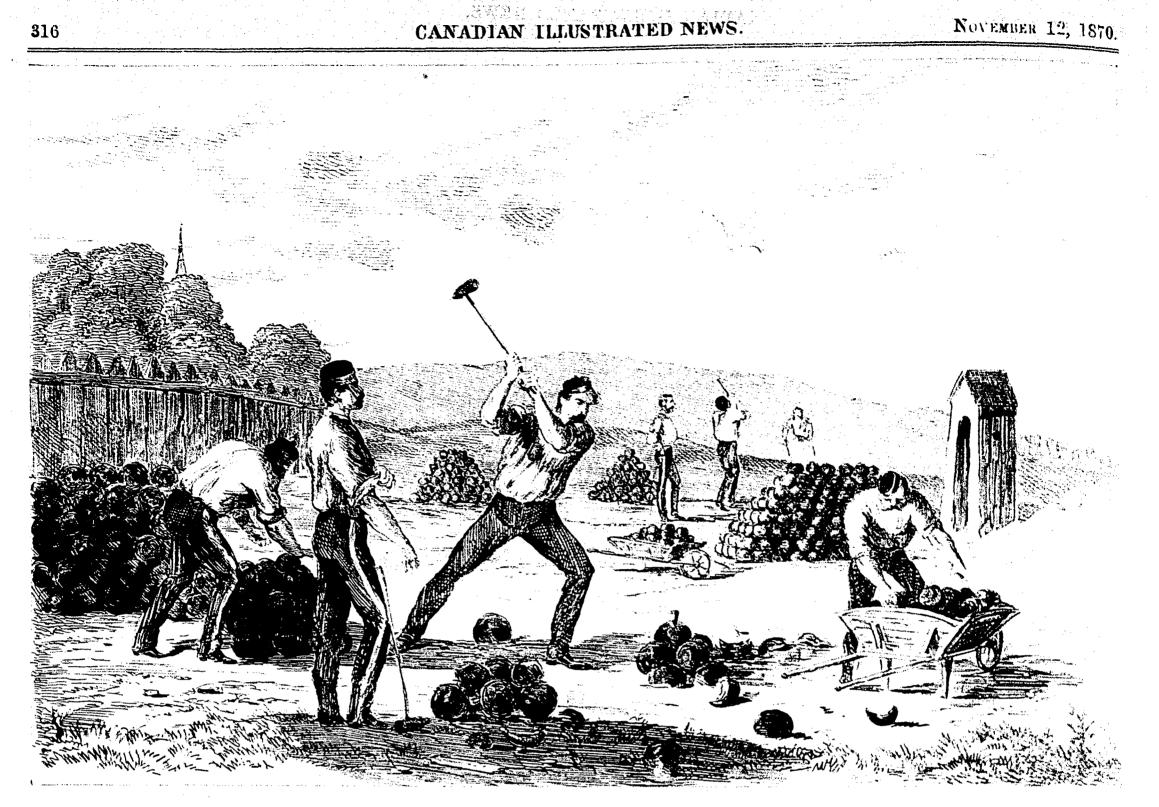
30.46

30.19

30.50

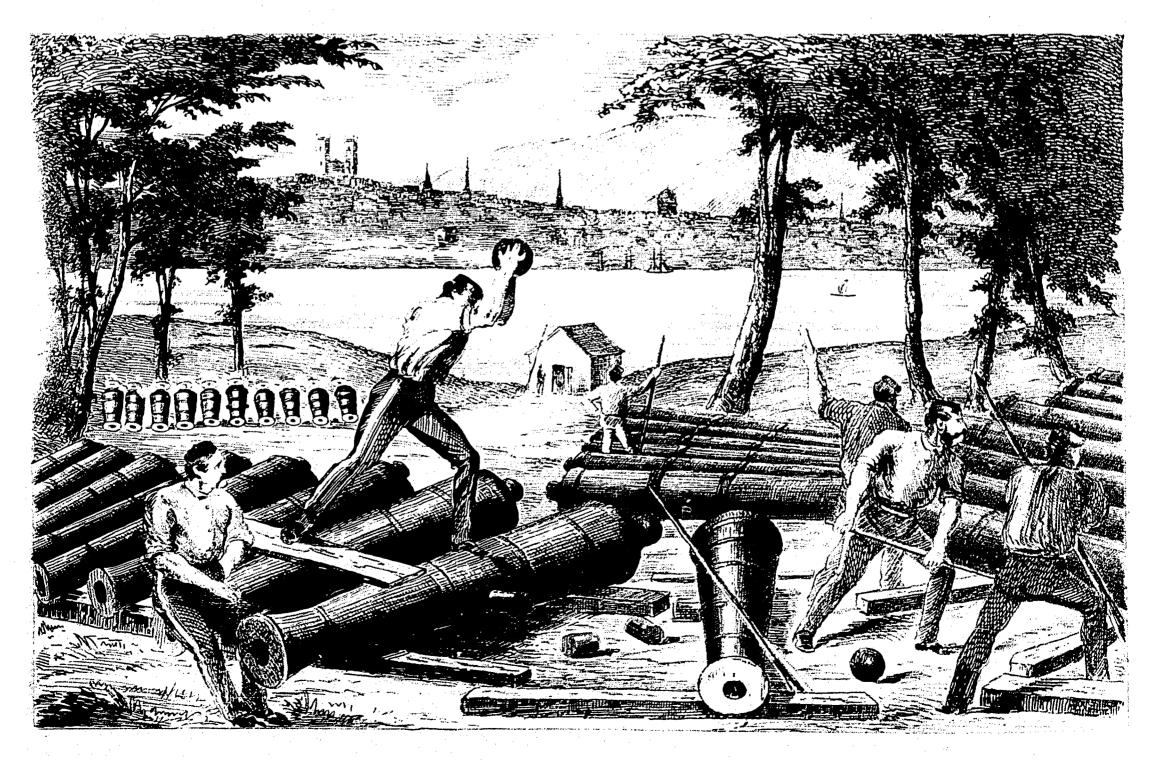
80.03

"

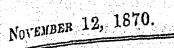


이는 것에 집에 들어 가슴을 만들었는 것이 같아요. 물건물을 통했다.

BREAKING UP SHELLS ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, MONTREAL. FROM & SKETCH BY W. O. C.



BREAKING TRUNSTONS OFF OLD GUNS ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, MONTHEAL FROM & SERVER BY W. O. C.



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REVERIE. BY ACBERT.

SO MUCH OF LIFE BEHIND ME LIES.

- So much of life behind me lies, My heart grows faint with sorrow, That each to-day the swifter flies, And sooner comes each morrow.
- I marvel much that once I deemed Time's azure wings were leaden ; And on life's boundless other seemed Youth's ecstasies to deaden.
- While now my precious days glide on, Than all flect symbols faster ; With fortune gay, searce quicker gone, Than glooming with disaster.
- It is not that my life has brought Of its young dreams fruition; Its warp, alas! is thick inwrought With crossings of ambition.

Not that my days have all been good-I mourn them few and fleeting ; Meagre, I own, their gains that would Be worth their poor repeating.

And this a double worth bestows On hours as yet unsquandered :

- Priceless to him the sunset grows, Who the long day has wandered.
- A wanderer and a loiterer I.
- For whom life's shadows lengthen; Above me shine the summits high, Around me fetters strengthen.

I cannot reach their golden crests, The while I strive receding ;

My soul, impatient while it rests, Weeps o'er each moment speeding.

So much to do, so far to climb, So little learned at fifty ! Ab! youth is prodigal of time, Age only makes us thrifty.

The silver cleams that in our locks

Are sunset's pale foreglances, Teach us that deeds, not beating clocks, Mark fifty Time's advances.

What's then to do, since Time will run, And graves end earth's ambitions? This first, this only, is well done-To live for Heaven's fruitions.

A CALIFORNIAN GAMBLING-HOUSE.

THE Plaza Grande of the city of San Francisco is alive with busy crowds, passing and repassing in all directions; some chaffering and bargaining, others looking on in idle curiosity : merchants and brokers gravely discussing prices, seeking customers, or cheapening newly arrived wares ; weather-beaten gold-diggers, their stalwart frames encased in soiled worn garments, lounging carelessly along with their well-filled leathern money-bag in their girdle; new-comers, just landed from the shipping in the bay, confused and bewildered by the novel sights and sounds around them ; Californian Spaniards, in their gay serapes, and heavy, ringing spurs; long-tailed Chinese, with loose blue jackets and bare throats, independent of cravats and neck ties: swarms of smart trim seamen from the to San Francisco. There were, at the time of which we speak, American men-of-war riding at anchor off the port; French, Americans, Germans, English, Argentines, Spaniards, Southsea Islanders, negroes, and mulattoes, all intent upon their various objects of business or pleasure; gold the magnet of attraction; gold the aim and end for which all, of every hue to be playing very high here, and every one presses as close as and of every clime, have left their distant homes.

The first wild excitement, however, was past, in which numbers had madly rushed to the mountains, to see and to dig for themselves; most had already been there, and had returned completely satisfied, having altogether failed to find gold, whilst they had spent the little they took with them; and little sharp graveyes, while involuntarily continuing to shuffle. having now arrived at the conviction that there are other ways and means of making money in California, less laborious and uncertain than gold-digging.

Numbers had now settled in the was as merchants or

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

toil; while the Spanish cloak hides both their well-filled money-bag, and the six-barrelled revolver and sharp bowieknife, ready for attack or defence, as occasion may require.

We have not now, however, to do with the diggings; we we are standing in the Plaza of San Francisco, and the twilight has suddenly spread its veil over the landscape, though the sun has scarcely disappeared behind the low coast range, and sunk into the sea to rise upon India's distant shores. But what are these large buildings, dividing Kearney Street from the Plaza, in which all seems suddenly alive and bustling? The mighty folding-doors are thrown wide open, and the brilliant light of a multitude of astral lamps dazzles the eyes of the crowds who are flowing into the halls. To the right and left, lie similar buildings, all built of brick, with iron balconies and window-shutters, to set at defiance the frequent conflagrations, which have three times already reduced this row of houses to ashes.

From each there issues a stream of light; from each proceeds wild noisy music; all are thronged with eager multitudes; and the spectator hesitates which to choose as the scene of his observations. The largest and most splendid, however, is this one, over whose entrance the name of El Dorado sparkles in bright gold letters; and though still half undecided whether to venture into the lion's den, our foot once over the threshold, curiosity overpowers our scruples, and the next minute we find ourselves in the middle of the room, astonished and almost bewildered by all we see around us.

We are in a vast saloon, the ceiling of which is supported by two rows of white lackered columns. A profusion of lamps render it almost as light as day The wall are adorned with voluptuous pictures, designed, together with the noisy music, to attract loungers and sight-seers, who, once tempted within the doors, are pretty sure eventually to yield to the seductions of the gaming-tables. These tables are scattered about the room, with ample space between each to allow a number of twice pulled the trigger; one ball smashed the shade of an men to sit and stand about them, and yet leave space for those astral lamp, the fragments of which fell on the heads of those who would walk up and down; the crowds who are still pressing in at the doors not being, generally, attracted to the tables until they have fully gratified their curiosity by gazing at all there is to see, and listening to all there is to hear.

To the right of the saloon, behind a long counter, stands a girl, a real, living, pretty, modest-looking young girl, in a close-ntting black silk dress, her slender ingers adorned with about the youth, who was struggling desperately with those rings, supplying her many customers with tea, coffee, and chocolate, cakes, preserves, and confectionary of all sorts; whilst packet of gold out of his blouse, and set it on the card nearest at the opposite corner of the hall, a man is stationed at a similar counter furnished with wine and spirits.

Lounging upon the tea-table are four or five tall uncouth young men, fixed in profound admiration of the young lady on (the other side ; swallowing one cup of tea after another, at a quarter dollar apiece, by way of excuse for remaining there; and, for the same reason, munching up a most unwholesome quantity of sweet-cakes and pastry.

A few steps behind them stands a group of backwoodsmen, enjoying, at a cheaper rate, the pleasure of gazing upon the pretty damsel who presides over the good things ; and determinedly resisting all attempts to dislodge them from their post of observation.

The pretty tea-maker becomes by degrees the centre of attraction to the whole room ; all who have once seen her return a second time, and few turn away without leaving behind at least their quarter-dollar for something eatable or uncatable, were it only for the pleasure of listening to the few words she must speak in telling them the price of her wares. And wherefore is this? The maiden has certainly a very pretty pleasing face and neat figure, but is by no means a perfect beauty, and we might, in other towns, meet three or four equally pretty, or prettier girls in walking along a single street; but here it is not so. At home they have seen many such, as neat, and fair, and attractive, but not since they came very few respectable women to be found there, and these few rarely, if ever, appeared in the streets.

But hold: what is this? What is going on at this table, attracting such crowds of gamblers and idlers? They seem possible, the hindmost standing on their toes to get a glimbse over their neighbour's shoulders. At the table, amongst the professional gamblers and their accomplices, stands a young lad slowly shuffling a pack of cards by way of occupation until the game begins, and then eagerly watching it with his

The game bears some resemblance to that of "lansquenet;" the card thrown on the left side is for the banker, that on the to above and two below, thus giving each player opportunity to stake on two at once. The boy, in whom we have begun to take an interest, is at most sixteen years old; he is tall and slender, yet his features would have something of a childlike homes? No, to return to the diggings ; for, as they said, they innocent expression, were it not for the glittering sunken eye and sternly compressed lip. He has thrown down his pack of cards; his felt hat is pushed up from his high pale forehead, his left hand is thrust into his bosom, his right hand is clenched and resting on the table, in the centre of which piles larger lumps of gold and stamped bars of the same precious metal are laid on the top, but more for show than for use. His stake, perhaps twenty or five-and-twenty half "eagles" (five dollars), lies upon the horseman (or queen), and his eyes are fixed in feverish excitement on the hands of the dealer. This latter, and an American, sits cool and collected beside him, with the card that is to be taken off already in his grasp, and examines once more the stakes laid down-if all is in order. The uppermost cards are the ace and the queen. The boy has won, and a smile of triumph plays upon his lip. "I shall pay you back to-night what you lent me, Robertson," he says in a hoarse and trembling voice.

left hand, as he fixed a searching look upon the Californian. "Quien sabe?" replies the other with indifference, but-his card has won.

The young gambler muttered a curse between his closed teeth, and with a trembling hand he hastily felt in his pockets for more gold-in vain-not in this, not in that, "Gonestolen !" he murmured to himself, and his glaring eye wandered suspiciously from one to another of those who pressed round him. Their countenances expressed nothing but indifference or ridicule.

"Come, stranger; if you do not play any more, make way for others," said a long-bearded fellow clad in a dirty ragged blouse and superannuated felt hat stuck sideways on his tangled locks. " It seems to me you're done."

"I shall stay here as long as I like," answered Lovell shortly.

"Pray, sir, make room, if you do not play any more," echoed the gambler who sat next him. "Our table, you see, is quite crowded."

"I have been robbed !" cries the young man, throwing an angry glance on the wearer of the smock-frock-" meanly, shamefully robbed."

"Well, don't stare that way at me, my boy, if you please," says smock-frock coolly.

"I stare at whom I like," replied the boy in great excitement ; " and if he can't stand it, he may look another way,"

" Make room there will ye ?" said the miner to those who stood by; and seizing the young gambler with the gripe of a giant, he lifted him up and threw him behind him.

"Have a care-have a care!' should several voices the next moment; and two or three hands were raised to throw up the revolver, which the exasperated youth, regardless of consequences, was pointing at the head of his aggressor. Before they could wrest the weapon from him, however, he had below, scattering them, laughing and swearing, in all directions ; whilst the other harmlessly struck the ceiling, bringing down only a little plaster. The mark it made was not the only one of the kind to be seen there.

"Much obliged," said the miner in the smock-frock coolly to the bystanders; and without troubling hims if further who held him, and actually foaming with race, he took a to him.

As it was feared that the enraged boy might have other weapons about him, he was taken in charge by some sturdy Irishmen, who volunteered their services for the purpose, and dragged him to the door, where he was made over to two policemen, who had hastened up on hearing the shots, and who led him safely away.

The idlers lounging about the saloon had all, meanwhile, throughd engerly round the spot whence the shots proceeded, to see as much as possible of the fight they supposed to be going on ; and the gamblers at the nearest tables found it necessary for a few minutes to use actual force in keeping back the crowd : even the tea-table was for the time forsaken.

There was, however, too much that was new and interesting on every side, to allow the spectators to fix their eyes long on any one point. From another part of the room there now arose astmultuous noise of altercation and laughter. What had happened there? "Bravo! Capitally done! Hurrah!" cheered the throng, and one indignant voice, vehemently protesting against something, was again and again drowned in the general shout of approval. A singular incident had occurred here, leading to a strife in which the crowd immediately took upon itself the office of judge and jury, decided promptly, and enforced the decision.

A man tidily and respectably dressed in a black frock-coat and dark trousers, had come regularly for some eveningsthis was the seventh-always at the same time and to the same table ; had for awhile looked on at the game, and at last drawn a linen bag out of his breast-pocket and staked it on a card. On the first evening the card had won; and he shook the bag out upon the table to count the money. There were twenty-eight Spanish dollars, upon which the banker quietly counted out to him the same sum, and the gentleman walked off with his gains without venturing on a second cast.

On the second evening, he came again, staked as before, and lost. Quite coolly, however, without even a look of discontent, he opened the bag, shook it out-it contained exactly right for the player; and the stake is doubled if he throws | the same sum as on the last occasion-then rolled it together, and thrusting it into his pocket, left the saloon. On the third, fourth, and lifth evenings the same thing occurred. The gamblers had got used to the man, and amused themselves with his odd ways. Again he lost, and behaved exactly as before, always taking the bag away with him. On the sixth evening-and so exactly had he kept his time that the gamblers said, laughing to each other ; "It can't be eight o'clock yet; the eight-and-twenty dollar man is not come." He appeared again, staked as usual, and once more lost. The bar-keeper, who dispensed his wines and spirits just opposite to this table, could not forbear laughing aloud as the stranger shook out the money in his cool businesslike way, as if paying a regular debt for some employer, rather than gambling and throwing away his own money. The seventh evening came-it was a full minute past eight o'clock, and one of the gamblers said laughing to the other : "We have used him too badly; we have frightened him away;" when his comrade pointed over his shoulder, and there was the man in the black frock-coat making his way to his customary place, where some who had happened to meet him there before, readily made room for him, and where he quietly took his sent, paying no sort of attention to the whispered jokes and laughter around him. Until precisely a quarter to nine, he gravely watched the play, and then brought out the well-known linen bag, setting it upon the dence which was that moment turned up. Two cards were drawn, without the dence appearing-now the ace fell on the left; and on the Here and there are similar sums laid or altered, and again lips—the dence. The stranger turned pale as death; but without uttering a word upon his change of luck, he stretched out his hand for his linen bag, and was untying it, as usual, to out of his pocket a little sack of gold-dust, at which the count the dollars, when the gambler said laughing : "Let it banker does not even drigh to look. The sack might hold be; I know how much there is in it. Eight-and-twenty. Am

tors, labourers or artisans, boatmen, porters, policemen, pedlers, cooks, clerks; in short, anything and everything by which to make money rapidly, and then-to go back to their "had not known how to set about it on their first attempt."

Of all who resorted to California, there was but one class of men whose object was neither to work nor to trade, neither to buy nor to sell. They came furnished with playing-cards from the United States, where entire manufactories are em-) of dollars form a wall round a heap of nuggets and gold-pieces, ployed in preparing such articles, punctured, which their and little stitched-up bags of gold-dust; while three or four owners can distinguish by the touch, without turning them larger lumps of gold and stamped bars of the same precious up. These men did nothing from the moment they stepped on shore, aye, nor on board the ship that brought them over, but handle their cards and count or weigh gold.

These were, and are, the licensed gamblers, whose central force is found in San Francisco, but whose ramifications extend to the diggings around in all directions-men who, with deceit and fraud for the foundation of their business, enter California in the firm determination of amassing wealth by all means and at all risks, and not be turned aside though robbery and murder lie in their path

England is reproached for sending her criminals to Australia; but they are saints compared with these dregs of the American people, amongst whom it is remarkable that there is scarcely one Englishman or Irishman. The most reprobate of these gamblers, and, indeed, the only ones who are a match for the quick-eyed Spaniard, so peculiarly cool and self-possessed in games of hazard, are the Americans.

From the splendid saloons of San Francisco, with their gaudy pictures and decorations, and hundreds of tables laden with gold, down to the miserable tent in the most distant mountain, where the serape, or blanket-cloak, thrown over a iew boards roughly nailed together, serves as a gaming-table through the night, and at morning dawn does duty as bed and coverlet; wherever there is gold, these men are to be found,

"It seems likely enough," replies the gambler, with an ambiguous smile. You are in luck to-night, Lovell; you must follow it well up."

"I will leave that upon the queen, and put this upon the dence," says Lovell.

the cards are thrown-both stakes are lost.

"Confound it !" mutters the poor boy half inaudibly, pulling about two pounds; and the Spaniard who stands opposite to I not right?" him, now throws a couple of ounces on the other card.

im, now threas a couple of ounces on the other card. "No," said the man quietly, and shook out the silver upon "You mistrust that gentleman's luck, senor, do you !" said the table, shook the bag again, and after the silver came a roll be banker with a smille holding the card. ready to rob the poor miner of the hardly earned reward of his the banker with a smile, holding the cards composedly in his of closely-wrapped bank-notes and a folded paper.

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"What is this?" cried the startled gamblers, and the by-"What is the full of surprise and curiosity. standers crowded up full of surprise and curiosity. "It is my stake," said the man with scenning indifference,

and untied the ribbon that held the bunk-notes together,

and united the front that first the outerhouse together, "Hold i That won't do," exclaimed the gambler, throwing down his cards. "That is false play. You have counted out down and twenty dollars the other evenings !"

"False play !" repeated the man, with a threatening frown. a prove it to be false play. Did I not place the bag, just as it a Prove it to be mind party. And did you make any objection lies there, upon that card? And did you make any objection to taking it unopened ?"

"No, no. It is all right-it is all fair," cried the by standers, always ready and enger to take part against the prostanders, and they feel quite convinced do not play fairly, although they cannot resist the fascination of the gamingfairly, attroage and again and again to be cheated of their money, table, but return again and again to be cheated of their money, as long as they have any to squander there.

"He has staked and won it, and he must have it," they said, " he has summer money. How much is it ?" said the gambler, who had whispered a few hasty words to his comrade. "How much is it?"

"Firstly, eight-and-twenty dollars in silver," he replied slowly, and the others laughed ; " then there is bank-notesone, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight hundred dollars; and then, here"-

" What ! more ?"

"A small bill of exchange upon Smith and Penneken, as good as gold, accepted and all, the money only needs fetching _for three thousand."

"Three thousand I" shouted the gambler, starting up from his chair, "Are you mad? That is altogether near four thousand dollars. I shall not pay that !"

"Shall you not ?" said the stranger, indignantly. " Would you not have taken it, if I had lost it ?"

"To be sure he would !" " Of course !" "Would he take it? Ay, all they can get, they take; and a little more l' exclaimed a number of voices. "He must pay; there is no help for it."

"Gentlemen," protested the gambler, in the vain hope of obtaining a vote in his favour-" gentlemen, every evening in the last week that gentleman has staked "-

"And every time lost," interrupted one of his hearers, "I have been present several times, and have heard it from there lies his old scrape still." others also; and he has never made the least objection to paying.

" But that was only twenty-eight dollars."

"And if it were as many thousands !"

and-twenty dollars that he shook out upon the table, and the papers he held back. Three times already have I won the same sum from him."

"Prove that I had a cent more than the eight-and-twenty dollars in the lag," said the stranger, contemptuously. " Such excuses as that won't serve your turn."

"Why did you not keep the bag, companero?" laughed a Spaniard who steed by ; " we keep all that is set on the card."

"If he had lost again, nothing more would have come out of that confounded linen bag than the trumpery dollars," said the other, savagely,

"That's possible; but you cannot prove it," returned the lookers on. "You must pay."

" I'll be hanged if I do?" said the gambler, furiously striking his clenched fist on the table. " It is a new sort of rascally trick that they want to come over me with ; but they have get hold of the wrong man ! I won't pay."

"You have won a hundred dollars from me in the last half-hour," exclaimed a tall Kentuckian, pressing forward over the shoulders of the others, " and I had to pay up to the last cent; if you refuse to pay him, you must fork that out again."

"And mine too !" "And mine !" "And mine !" cried many relies together. "I too have lost." "And L" "I lost ten dollars? "I lost fifty." "I lost five-and-twenty." "I a pound of gold : out with it if you won't pay."

A brother-gambler new came up from a neighbouring table, and spoke in a whisper to his unlucky comrade, whilst the jumuit was increasing around them. The other contended earnestly in the same tone for some minutes, but yielded at length to his persuasions, and they both took the money to count over again ; carefully examining the bank-notes as well as the bill, which was drawn on one of the first bankinghouses in the city.

There was nothing to be said against either the one or the dher: and whilst f equanimity, sat quietly looking on, as if the hubbub was no concern of his, the gamblers counted out to him the money be had won, almost stripping the table of the heaps so ostentationsly piled up. Part of the payment consisted of several packets of gold-dust, which the stranger, before accepting, cut open, examined carefully, and then weighed at the counter just opposite, where he also took a glass of brandy. He found all correct, and disposing of the gold in his various pockets, he shook what remained into the mysterious linen bag, put the papers and bank-notes into his breast-pocket, and courleously thanking his zealous supporters, who returned his greeting with a thundering cheer, he left the saloon. His quondam friends laughed and talked over the occurrence for a while. Of all present there was scarcely one, probably, who did not feel pretty sure that he had played falsethat he had had his bank-notes and bill in the bag on each preceding evening, ready to be produced if he should win ; but this they did not call dishonest-it was a clever trick. The gamblers themselves seized upon every advantage, fair or unfair, that came in their way; and every one who had his wits about him would look out for himself. Such is the morality of the gambling-house ! Through the whole night the gambling goes on, until two or three o'clock ; yes, frequently until the keen morning breeze drives home the wearied inmates of the chilly saloons, to dream of cards and dice, and in feverish excitement to follow a visionary game. It was three o'clock ; nearly all the gamblers had gathered up and carried off their gold, to lay it beside them as they slept, guarded with loaded weapons. The lights were mostly extinguished; the orchestra had long been empty; and only at one of the tables had the gamblers lingered a while for the chance of attracting a fow stragglers coming out of the other | they became bright-eyed and very happy, and conversed with gambling-houses, and fleecing them, perhaps, of the winnings they had got claewhere. This was by no means a rare occur-they began to talk of sounds being heard like those of a cot-they began to talk of sounds being heard like those of a cot-housest German "Frau" instead of the French "Madame."

One of the owners of the table was standing by it; his money, packed in a strong leathern bag, lay near him; the other man was gone a few steps to take or fetch something, when a Mexican, a little brown-faced fellow, who had stood some time looking in at the door, walked in, took his old torn scrape from his shoulders, laid it down, and then walked slowly up the room. The gamblers at first eyed him attentively, but the man had not the appearance of one who had money to spend ; what else he wanted there was no matter to them. The Mexican came up the narrow passage that led to the table, and swerved a little, as if to go by. At this mo-ment, the gambler turned his back to the table, to take up his clouk, and the Mexican, seizing his opportunity, darted to the table, caught up the bag, and was off with it in an instant.

"Thieves, thieves P should the other gambler, who saw with horror what was going on, being quite unable to come to the rescue, on account of the tables and chairs in his way. "Thieves!" but the Mexican was already at the door, and once out in the dark and empty street, pursuit would be all but hopeless.

The man behind the table turned quickly round at his comrade's voice; his eye first sought the gold-it was gone; but he, too, was hemmed in by chairs and benches, and without spending time in shouting or pursuit, he snatched the everready revolver from his breast-pocket, took steady aim at the flying Mexican, and pulled the trigger.

No second shot was needed; almost at the same moment with the crack of the pistol, the heavy bag dropped upon the floor, and with a cry and a bound, the thief vanished through the door, his steps resounding in the distance as he fled along the street.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the gambler, leaping over the table and stooping to pick up his bag ; "the shot was just in time."

" Did you hit him, Bill ?" cried the other.

"Don't know. I hope I did. I took good aim."

"Let us look if there is any blood."

" Pooh, what does it signify ?" said the first, carelessly. " If he has got it they will find him in the street as soon as it is light. Have you the key, Jem ?"

"Yes, here. It was monstrously impudent of the fellow

"Throw it out; that's right, and now come along. Everybody tries his chance in his own way. If he had done it, he would have been a clever fellow ; as it was, he was a fool."

And the gamblers, the last in the saloon, closed and barred " only let me speak," remonstrated the gambler, who had the doors, and climbed slowly up to their bedroom, to win a turned deadly pale, and trembled all over. " It was but eight- few hours' sleep from the unprofitable daylight, and recruit their strength for the labours of the next evening.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE OF PECULIAR NAMES-MANNERS AND CUSTOMS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

APPENDIX.

"BULLY."-In answer to your correspondent who suggests 'boullayes' as the origin of the English term "bully," and to your remark, "that it is an ingenious suggestion," asking also if there is any trace of the word in French usage, I beg to inform you that there existed formerly a French verb (now obsolete), "bouller," which signified "to cozen," also "to box." This was pronounced " boolay." which is still the pro-nounciation of the word bully in England, although pro-nounced in Ireland, and I believe in Scotland. " bully," the u as in "gully." The French word was significative of the occupation of a "bully," which is that of "cozening," or cheating and defrauding, and even hoxing, if his services are required. The term "bully" is at the present day known in France by a slang word, "maquereau." I think I am right in asserting that the English word "bully" was derived from the obsolete French verb " bouller," "to cozen," "to box." "Boullayes" was evidently derived from "boulay" (old French), a noun, signifying a birch-tree—"boulcau" (in modern French). The birch, we know, is still a terror to schoolboys. The "sergens-de-ville," or police of those days, were probably armed with a species of cat-o'-nine-tails, the handle of which was made of birch, and the thougs of white leather, with which instrument, they kept, back the crowd, as related by Victor Hugo in "Notre Dame de Paris." I shall men translated into French as follows :-- " Le Seigneur dechébe happy if my suggestion clears up the point in question .--H. BASCHET, to Notes and Queries.

"BULLY" boy is probably derived from the old Saxon and modern German Buhle (pronounced Bally)-a lover, a jolly fellow, an enormous fellow.

ton mill; these grew louder and louder; a moment more and then came a crash. All had dropped insensible on the floor. On awakening, Dr. Simpson's first perception was mental. "This is far stronger and better than either," he said to himself. His second was to note that he was prostrate on the floor, and that his friends were confused and alarmed. Hearing a noise, he turned around and saw his assistant, Dr. Duncan, beneath a chair, his jaw dropped, his eyes staring, and his head half bent under him, quite unconscious, and snoring in a determined and alarming manner. In another direction was more noise still, and much motion. And then his eyes overtook Dr. Keith's feet and legs, making valorous efforts to overturn the table, or more probably to annihilate everything that was upon it. All speedily regained their senses, and from that day-or rather from the middle of that night-dates the discovery of the marvellous properties of chloroform.

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"FOOLSCAP."-Everybody knows what " foolscap " paper is; but they would be puzzled to tell how it came to bear that cognomen. When Charles I. found his revenues short, he granted certain privileges, amounting to monopolies; and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich, and enriched the Government at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time all English paper bore in water-marks the Royal arms. The Parliament under Crom-well made jests of this law in every conceivable manner; and, among other indignities to the memory of Charles, it was ordered that the Royal arms be removed from the paper, and the fool's cap and bells be substituted. These were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued ; but paper of the size of the Parliament's journals still bears the name of "foolscap."- From Notes and Queries.

FRENCH CALENDAR.-I believe I am able to give your correspondent "June" the information he requires in your publication of July 26, about the parody upon the French Calendar of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The names given to the months were after the seasons to which they belonged ; and as the Republican year began with autumn, the first three belonged to that season, and were called: Vendemiaire, Brumaire, Frimaire; the three next, belonging to winter, were termed-Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose: the three next, to spring -Germinal, Floreal, Prairial ; and the three last to summer-Messidor, Thermidor, Fructidor. And they were thus parodied (some say by Porson, while others attribute the travestie to Sheridan or Gifford)—Breczy, Freezy, Sneezy; Snowy, Flowy, Blowy; Showery, Flowery, Bowery; Heaty, Wheaty, Sweaty. -VERAX.

JEW'S HARP OR TRUMP.-This instrument is of very ancient origin. There appears to be some allusion in the name to the inhabitants of Judea : in the plate, however, of Jewish musical instruments, in Calmet's Dictionary, nothing of this kind occurs; so that perhaps there is a corruption here of the word Jeu trompe, a plaything, or play trump, as it is now only used by boys for that purpose; or it may be a corruption of Jew's Harp, from the circumstance of its being played when placed between the teeth .-- Pennant

"Kisg's Evil."-Edward the Confessor was so called for his great attention to religion. This Prince, the last of the Saxon line, was the son of Ethelred and Emma. Though he had no great abilities as a Sovereign, his reign was peaceable and fortunate, and he was remarkable for exercising and promoting the strict administration of justice The character of this Prince was so great for sanctity, that his people superstitionsly believed his touch would cure the Scrotula, called, for this reason, the King's Evil.

"To KICK THE BUCKET ."- The slang expression for dying, "to kick the bucket," originated from the mode of self-destruction adopted by a suicide who 'stood with his neck in a halter on a bucket inverted, and then, kicking the article from him, remained sus. per. coll. The phrase "as fine as fivepence" seems to be used without any particular meaning, for the sake of the alliteration only .- E. M. H., Bristol.

WIGS .- The luxurious Japygians in Southern Italy invented them. The Louvian theologians who published a French version of the Bible affected to discover the first mention of perukes in a passage in the 4th of Isaiah. The Vulgate has these words, " Decalvabit Dominus verticem filiarum Sion, et Dominus crinem carum nudabit." This the Louvian gentlevelera les têtes des filles de Sion, et le Seigneur découvira leurs perruques;" which translated into English implies that, "The Lord will pluck the hair from the heads of the daughters of Sion and will expose their periwigs."

"CHAFTER AND VERSE,"- According to the celebrated D'Israeli, it originated just before the civil wars of Charles L., from the frequent use of appealing to the Bible by those whom South called "Those mighty men at chapter and verse."

CHrss .- An Indian, named Sessa, having invented the game of Chess, shewed it to his king, who, being highly pleased with it, bid him ask what he would for the reward of his ingenuity; Sessa, with great modesty, asked that for the first little square of the chess-board he might have one grain of wheat given him, for the second two, and so on doubling continually according to the number of squares on the board, which were 64; the king, who intended giving him a noble reward, was displeased that he asked, what he thought, such a trifle; but Sessa declaring he would be contented with it, it was ordered to be given him; the king was astonished when he found that this would raise so vast a quantity, that the world could not produce it.

CHLOROFORM .- Dr. Simpson, with two assistants, sat down late one night after an arduous day's toil, and when most physicians as well as patients were wrapped in sleep, began to inhale various substances which had been collected. A small

hottle of chloroform had been raked out of some obscure corner, and was to take its turn with the rest. Each experimenter having provided himself with a tumbler or finger-glass, a portion of each selected fluid was poured into the bottom of

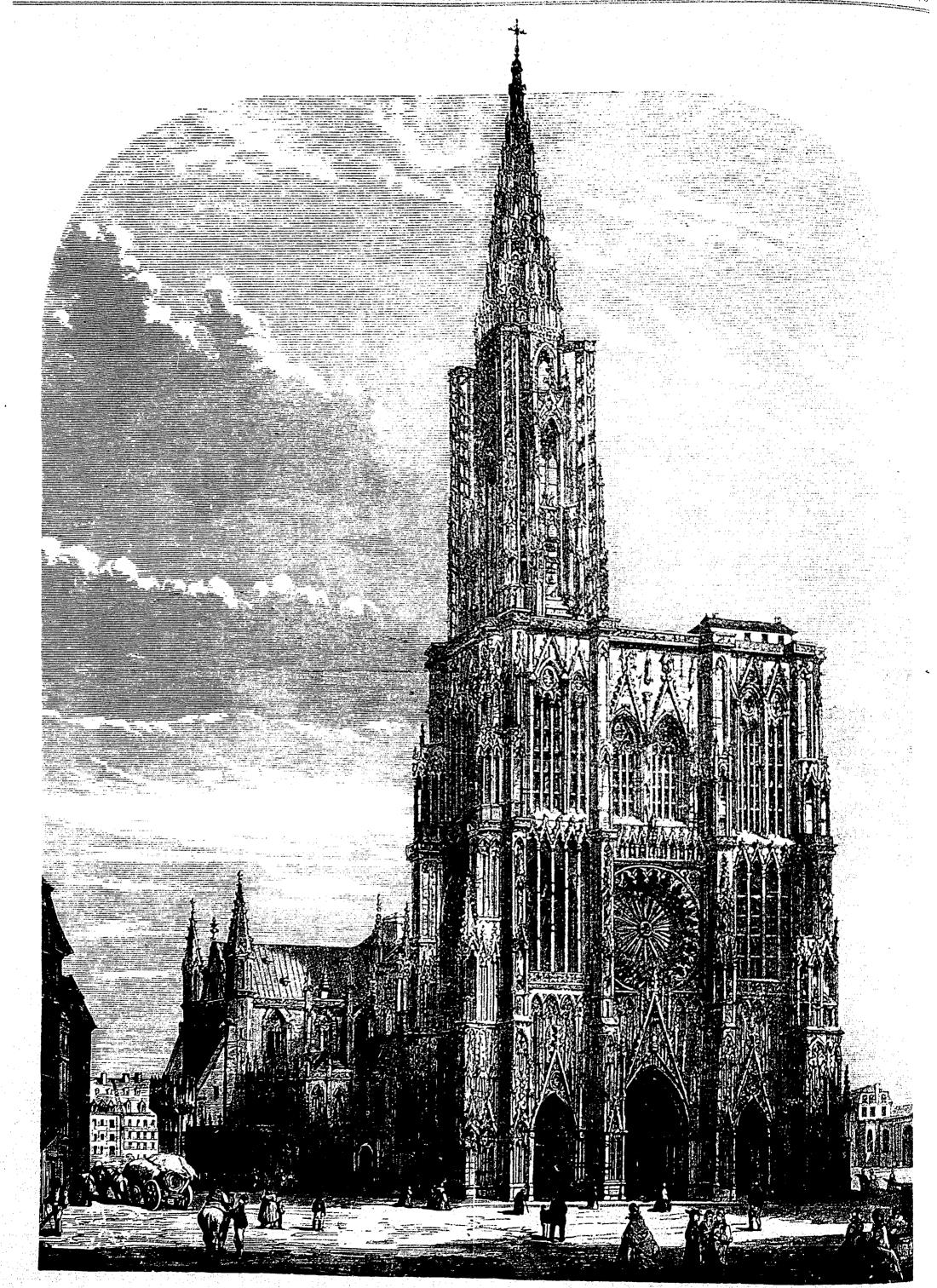
it, and the glass was placed over warm water to favour the evolution of vapour. Holding the mouth and nostrils over the vessels, these votaries of science courageously explored this terra incognita by inhaling one vapour after another. At last each charged his tumbler from the small bottle of chloroform, when immediately an unwonted hilarity seized the party :

A bank check for \$500, which has had a curious history, was sent to the Treasury Department at Washington, a short time since. It was taken from the body of a murdered Texan cattle-drover, several years ago, by Indians, who in consequence of the variety of colours in the rich engravings, attached some special importance to it, and cut the paper into several pieces, dividing them among the tribe. A Peace Commissioner finally persuaded the gentle savages to give up the pieces, and he pasted them together, and forwarded the check-now complete-to Washington.

Science has been invoked to intensify the horrors of the present war. A week ago we were told of a new means of destruction, denominated "Satan's Fusce" too terrible to be employed except in the most extreme cases. We now hear from Paris of a new death-dealing apparatus, which is to be used against the Prussians on their entering Paris. It is a woman's weapon, and consists of a little india-rubber thimble, and at the end of it is a small sharp tube containing prussic acid. The Prussian approaches; you hold out your hand; you prick him, he is dead. If several Prussians approach, she who has the prussic finger pricks them one by one, and remains tranquil and pure, having round her a circle of corpses.

French has long been the language of polite society in all the countries of the Continent; but in Germany many vigorous efforts are now making to abolish this custom, and in so doing honour the mother tongue. Certain ladies of Berlin have formed a society, which meets for the purpose of making lint, and they have instituted a custom of fining every member who uses French phrases at the rate of three cents a word, the amount collected being turned over to the benefit of the wounded. At the very first meeting three thalers in fines

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STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

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HILDA; OR, THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOBL.

Author of the "Abbey of Rathmore," "Passion and Principle," "The Secret of Stanley Hall," "The Cross of Pride," &c.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER XX.-Continued.

"Will you tell me, my good woman, the name of the gentleman in whose house I am?" Dudley asked, without answering her question.

"Is it the masther's name you want to now? Well, then, it's Kurnel Godfrey, and know? a betther name one needn't wish to have. He is one of the ould stock-the rale ginthry, I tell you."

"Has he any family?"

"Of coorse he has. There is Masther Roger who is dead, he died in Injy ten years ago this Christmas; then there's Lady Mili-cent, and Masther Cecil, and Miss Godfrey." "Are there no young ladies besides the

Colonel's own family?"

"Yes, one, Miss Clifford." "Miss Clifford! Are you sure her name is Clifford?"

" Of coorse I am; what else would it be? But whisht now, and ate yere supper; it's starving intirely ye are."

"Oh, thank you, I will eat presently. just want to ask a few more questions. No offence, I hope."

"Och, none in life!" Eveleen spoke in the blandest of tones, but there was a dark scowl on her wrinkled face, which was care-

fully averted from Dudley. " "This Miss Clifford, has she been long here?"

"Not to say very long." "What does she look like?"

"Just the picthur of an Alabasther doll, if ye ever saw one in a shop window." "She is very handsome, then, with dark

hair and eyes." "Och, ye're quite mistaken, her hair is the colour of goold."

"Then it was not her who was in this room?"

"In this room! man alive ye're dhraming! arrah, do ye think Miss Clifford would come into this room where you are?"

There was an overwhelming scorn in Eveleen's tones.

"Some one did come. I saw them with my own eyes," asserted Dudley, bluntly. "Bedad! that's quare, now. And what did

she look like?" "She was very beautiful, with black hair and eyes, and a face white as a corpse."

" The Saints defind us!" exclaimed Eveleen, crossing herself in terror. "It's the ghost you saw !?

"The ghost?" repeated Dudley, incredu

lously. "Yes, the Banshee. It follows the Godfreys, and always is seen when some misfortune is going to happen. Arrah, what was she doing? Tell me all about it," continued she doing? Tell me all about it," continued the nurse, with well-assumed interest, again devoutly crossing herself.

"She was standing beside the bed looking down at me." There was an expression of perplexity in

Dudley's face. Like most sailors he was inclined to be superstitious.

"Holy Biddy!" it's a wondher ye didn't faint; but no doubt it was the bottle of holy wather hanging at the head of the bed that kept the brave heart in ye. You see I always keep it near me to defind me from the fairies and the Banshee hersel, for she's mighty cross, they say, if ye vex her. Whist! and don't let us say any more about her, she does not like to be meddled with."

A short silence ensued, Dudley was lost in thought, and Eveleen was busy rekindling the fire which had burnt very low on the large, old-fashioned hearth at one end of the apartment. The more Dudley thought about the vision which had disturbed his sleep, the less was his reason convinced that it could be suabout the Bansl pernatural. The stor well enough; he had heard of such things before; but the likeness which it bore to his lost wife was so strange he could not understand it at all. And yet, how could it be Hilds who had appeared to him? How could she be here in this gentleman's family? uniess-the thought startled him by the light it seemed to throw suddenly upon the subject -as governess to his children Again he interrogated the old woman.

"Are there any children in the house?" "Sorra one, they are all grown up long

sago." "Then there is no governess?"

"Of coorse not, what would she be doing shere, when there's no children to tache? Why, what's come over the man!" muttered Eve-

not to say impident questions ! The angry reproof which was intended to put a stop to Dudley's interrogations had the desired effect. He was silent but not convinced. The mystery was not cleared up. He tried to believe his visitant might be the Ban-shee, as the old woman affirmed it was, but the likeness to Hilda in that death-like face which he saw bending over him with such an agonized expression haunted his thoughts.

The following morning he left Innismoyne, to the great relief of Hilds and the nurse, but he still continued in the neighbourhood, residing in the little town of Ballyveichmahon, in order to recover a considerable part of the cargo of his vessel which had been washed on shore.

CHAPTER XXI.

DUDLEY VISITS THE CHURCH IN THE GLEN.

CECIL GODFREY'S birth-day, calm and un-clouded, rose brightly after the gloom of the storm on the day preceding it. The tenantry on the Innismoyne estate were feasted and enjoyed the usual amount of pleasure and excitement on such occasions. The birth-day ball was well attended, the officers from a garrison-town, some miles distant, graced it with their presence, enlivening the scene by their gay uniform. Although it was Hilda's first ball it afforded her no enjoyment; how could it when her mind was filled with such deep anxiety? when the dread of Dudley's discovering her was never absent from her thoughts? Gladly would she have absented herself from the festive scene, if she could have done so without creating remarks. A though suffer-ing mentally she could not plead illness as an excuse, therefore, with an intense feeling of wretchedness which it cost her an effort to conceal, she mingled in the gay throng, count-ing the hours as they sped, glad when the departure of the guests at length allowed her to retire to her own room, there, unobserved, to indulge the misery and anxiety which oppressed her.

Some days passed away, Dudley did not again make his appearance at Innismoyne, and Hilda hoped he had left the neighbourhood. She was ignorant of the fact that he was still lingering at Ballyveichmahon, waiting for the approaching Sunday when he expected to see Colonel Godfrey's family and visitors at church. There he thought he would have a good opportunity of recognizing the person who had disturbed his slumbers the night he spent at Innismovne. He could not get rid of the suspicion that Eveleen had deceived him,-that the story of the Banshee was a mere fabrication. The more his thoughts dwelt upon the subject the less credulous he was.

At an early hour on Sunday morning Dudley wended his way along the wild mountain-road leading to the little church so picturesquely situated in the glen. For nearly two hours he waited for the assembling of the congregation, stretched beneath one of the yew-trees already mentioned, its dense gloomy foliage sheltering him from the mid-day sun. It was a place well suited for meditation, the solemn stillness of the mountain solitude being unbroken, save by the monotonous sound of the waves as they dashed in ceaseless succession upon the neighbouring beach. But the unhappy Dudley was in no mood for pious meditation,—the thoughts that occupied his mind were unsuited to the holy day. Earthly anxieties, passionate yearnings for the loved one he had lost, usurped the place of holier desires, of higher aspirations. Anxiously did he watch the road leading from Innismoyne, and carefully did he scan each person that approached the church from that direction

The service had commenced as the party from Innismoyne made their appearance. Hilda came first, escorted by Sir Gervase Montague. She knew that they were late and she was hurrying on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, her eye, therefore, did not notice Dudley's reclining figure, nor his wondering gaze which was fixed upon her as if she possessed the power of the basilisk. What a tumult of emotion did she excite in the bewildered mind of the poor skipper. How wonderfully like his lost wife she was, this noble looking Irish lady! The figure, the face, were so very similar! And yet she could was absurd ; not possibly be Hilda, the idea then came the recollection of the same face bending over him as he slept, and his perplexity increased. Like one in a dream, feeling as if everything was unreal, he followed aristocratic party into the church, and seating himself in a pew near the door, continued to watch Hilda, without for a moment removing his eves from her. The magnetism of his eye at length attracted hers; their eyes me', but only for a moment,-fortunately for Hilda's self-possession, it occurred just as she was bending her knees in prayer. Whether there was any change of countenance or not, Dudley could not tell, for she quickly bowed head was instantly hidden between the small gloved hands. The crimson colour that flooded her face in that moment of painful surprise was unnoticed as well as the deathlike pallor that succeeded, as the blood retreated suddenly to the wildly-throbbing heart. But during the prayers Hilds had time to master her emotion, and when she rose from

leen, in no pleasant voice, "asking such quare, her kneeling attitude she had recovered her self-possession, and Dudley's eager eye rested again on the same calm, imperturbable countenance. During the rest of the service Hilda carefully avoided looking towards him. How glad she was when it was concluded and the congregation rose to depart! On leaving the church Dudley did not retire with the rest of the worshippers. He lingered near the door in order to have some conversation with the clergyman; he wished to ask him a few quesrelative to Colonel Godfrey's family and tions the lady who reminded him so powerfully of his wife. That she was Hilda he did not now believe, for surely she never could have looked so unmoved after she had seen him and known he was so near her! So thought the simpleminded skipper.

The Rev. Mr. Tyndall had noticed the sailor in church, and also observed his want of devotion. He was glad of an opportunity to speak to him about the shipwreck, and taking advantage of it, he tried by a few pointed remarks to impress upon his mind the necessity for gratitude to the Merciful Being who had spared his life.

"Under Providence I owe it to one of the gentlemen who was in church to-day, observed Dudley, anxious to lead the conversation to the topic which possessed such engrossing interest for him. "Yes, to Sir Gervase Montague. You owe

him a debt of gratitude."

"I do, one which I will never be able to re-Is he related to Colonel Godfrey? D&V. Dudley asked, after a moment's pause.

"No, merely a visitor at Innismoyne ; but," Mr. Tyndall added, smiling, "he will probably be connected with the Colonel before long; if report speaks truth, he is to marry into the family.

"Probably the young lady who walked with him to church," remarked Dudley, inquiringly.

"I really cannot tell. Miss Clifford was also at church this morning."

"The lady I mean has dark hair and eyes she wore a blue silk dress and blue bonnet with white feathers. She is tall and very handsome."

"You must have observed her very particularly. I am afraid she attracted too much of your attention during Divine Worship," observed Mr. Tyndall, gravely. "Is it her the Baronet means to marry?"

persisted Dudley. "Yes; the lady you describe will be Lady Montague."

"I suppose she is the Colonel's daughter?"

"No; only his grand-daughter; her mother was his daughter" "Her mother! then why does she bear his

name ?" was Dudley's eager question. "Bear his name! She is not called God-

frey," replied Mr. Tyndall, coldly. He could not understand the secret cause of the stranger's curiosity. "Pardon me, sir; but I beg of you to tell

me what her own name is," asked Dudley, in imploring accents.

The expression of the sailor's face struck Mr. Tyndall as being singularly anxious. "You seem very much interested in this young lady," he observed. "Have you ever

seen her before?" "I think I have, in Canada."

"Hah! very likely; her mother died in Canada; they lived there some years." "Good Heavens! And her name? what is

"Hilda Tremayne; but I must now wish you good morning," Mr. Tyndall hastily added, as he mounted a horse which the sexton led towards him. "I have to officiate at a funeral in Tralee, and it is very near the time.

He then rode off, wondering at the emotion displayed by the stranger on hearing Miss Tremayne's real name. He must have known her and her family in Canada, he thought, and probably was an admirer of the beautiful girl in the time o her poverty. The truth, how-ever, never dawned upon him, and the matter soon passed from his memory altogether.

CHAPTER XXII.

EVELSEN MEETS DUDLEY IN THE GLEN.

With his pulses wildly beating, and the blood coursing madly through his veins in his intense excitement at the revelation Mr. Tyndall had made, Dudley, on being left alone, threw himself beneath the shadow of a large rock to think over the astounding intelligence he had received

"Her own name is Tremayne, her mother died in Canada!" he repeated again and again, as if unable to assure himself that he had indeed heard aright. "Then I was not mistaken, she is my own Hilda, found at last! My own Hilda!" he repeated bitterly. "Mine no longer! Mine never more!"

There was an indescribable depth of despairing sadness in his tones as he uttered these words, and bowing his face upon his hands, he wept the burning tears of man's strong agony. Then came the recollection of what Mr. Tyndall had said, relative to Sir Gervase Montague, thrilling Dudley with anguish, and stirring within him the bitter

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with frenzied vehemence. "To lose her, to live without her, I could endure, and have lived through the wild sorrow, but to see her the wife of another would drive me mad! Oh not that! not that!" and again the head was bowed, and the strong man shivered in his fierce emotion.

"I must speak to her!" he continued after a gloomy silence, suddenly starting to his feet. "I will demand to see her, and proclaim my right even in the presence of Sir Gervase Montague himself! His wife she shall never be! I can at least prevent that!"

In his wild excitement he neither saw nor heard the approach of a pedestrian—an old woman in the picturesque garb of the Irish easant-until she stood close beside him in the narrow road, then with glad surprise he recognized Evelcen, who was just the person he wished to sec. She was returning from Ballyveichmahon, where she had been attending Mass in the Roman Catholic chapel. Seeing Dudley in the vicinity of the church, and hearing the words that burst so vehemently from him as she approached, she immediately comprehended what had occurred, and feared that concealment with regard to Hilda was no longer possible.

"Well, then, is it yereself that's in it? and I thinking ye far enough away by this time !" she observed with a seeming carelessness, as if the unexpected sight of him was pleasing instead of otherwise.

"It's glad enough you would be if I was far

away," he remarked sullenly. "Ye seem to be in no pleasant humour this blessed Sunday. Ye put the wrong foot fore-most when ye riz this morning," and with this sneering remark she was passing on when he stopped her by saying with subdued vehemence :

"I want to speak to you. ' You needn't be in such a hurry !'

"Well, then, keep a civil tongue in yere head if ye want a body to stop and speak to you. It's mighty tired I am with the long walk to chapel, this broiling day," she added, seating herself wearily on a projecting ledge of rock, "and hungry, too, into the bargin. Be quick and say what you have on yere mind, for I must be going, the dinner will be over

"You will have but little appetite for your dinner when you hear what I have got to say, my good woman," said Dudley; in a tone of suppressed anger, for he resented the imposition she had practised on him. Then, in answer to Eveleen's look of well-affected surprise, he added with a sarcastic smile :

"I have again seen the Banshee!

"Where? if a body may ax. Faix she's mighty fond of ye it seems !" There was a provoking coolness in Eveleen's

tones which irritated him. "In church. Yes, this very day in God's house I saw the beautiful, living woman that

came to me the other night, and who you falsely said was the Banshee. Now, what have you to say for yourself? Are you not ashamed, an old woman like you with one foot on the grave, to lie so boldly?

"To the divil with yereself and yere impidence," exclaimed the nurse fiercely, starting to her feet with a menacing gesture. "How dare the like of you put the lie down my throat. I tell you it was the Banshee and no one else !"

"The Banshee and Miss Tremayne are wonderfully like," and Dudley laughed derisively. "Sit down, woman," he resumed after a short pause, seeing Eveleen about to move on. "Sit down and listen to me. I know all about it now; there's no use in denying it any longer." "Know all about what? Arrah, man alive,

don't be spaking riddles."

"About Miss Godfrey. The parson told me her real name."

"May the curse of Crummel light on him for that same!" muttered Eveleen. "It's the likes of him that lets the cat out of the bag. He wouldn't tell a lie to save his ownself from the gallows. Och, wirrah! what'll be done now?" she added mentally, sitting down again in her great perplexity. "It's no use

thrying to deceive him any longer." "He told me," continued Dudley, enjoying the look of blank dismay on the old woman's wrinkled face, " that her name is not Godfrey but Tremavne. And yet that is not her real name either, by right she should be called Dudley, Mrs. Dudley, for she is my wife, and you know it, woman!"

"Well, and what if I do?" said Eveleen, doggedly. "Ye bought her for goold, and ought to be ashamed of yerselt for that same, taking a mane advantage of her poverty. Could not ye have helped her parents when they were in disthress without axing her to be yere wife? Did not ye know she could never care for the likes of you. And now if ye have the heart of a man why don't ye lave her alone the rest of her life, and not be bothering her to acknowledge you for her husband? Arrah, mortial man, do ye think she'll ever do it? ever consint to live with you?"

"No; I suppose she would rather live with Sir Gervase Montague, and be called 'my lady,' " replied Dudley with a mocking, bitter

laugh. "It would only be nathral if she did, such "It would buy to neutral it she did, out "It would buy to neutral it she did, out "It would buy to neutral it she did, out "It would buy to neutral it she did, out "It would buy to neutral it she did, out to the shell not marry him i" he exclaimed a fine, responsible-looking gintleman like him

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

that has the fortune of a princo. And, bedad, it's yeroself ought to be the last person in the world to spake a word agin him. Didn't he save your life. And the more fool he was to risk his own for the sake of such a spalpeen !"

"And now in gratitude I suppose I ought to let him marry my wife before my face and say nothing."

"He's not going to marry your wife-not that he wouldn't if he could-but she's not thinking of marrying any one, nor wont while you are in the land of the living."

"Then why does she encourage him ?" asked Dudley, fiercely. " Didn't I see her with my own eyes leaning on his arm as they walked to church together this morning. Why couldn't she walk with her cousin or with any one else but him ?"

at tell ye she doesn't encourage him," persisted Eveleen, stoutly. " To my own knowblame for that? How can a party girl hindher a man from falling in love with her?"

" Are you sure she refused him? The parson told a different story."

"By this crass I'm spaking the thruth!" and Eveleen held up reverently a small silver the King of Roosia himself? Shure she cannot marry any one while you're to the tore."

" Do you think she knew me in church today? She looked as if she did not Dudley's tones were gentler, Eveleen's as- a wonderful amount of vitality.

surances were having a softening influence. " May he not. Years change people."

the other night'

Well, and if she did, what of that ? Did you want her to inthroduce you to the company at Innismoyne as her husband ?" . There " was withering scorn in Eveleen's tone and look. The indignation she felt-at thinking that the man standing there before her, so plain, so common-looking, was indeed the her eff. " Blessed hour" she continued, with ? people and go about yere business."

tion, and Dudley turned suddenly away to fount of tenderness in his large honest heart.

"Well then prove it, aviek ! provethat you feel the rale kind of love, and do as I hid

There was no answer for some minutes. At was not yet made up to this heroic act of renunciation To give up Hilda, to prove his devotion by self-sacrifice, required more thought, greater deliberation.

"I must see her first. Could you not manage to get me a meeting with her tonight ?

" Fil thry, any how. Come to the house about dosk and ax for me -or stay-111 be on the watch for ve meself. I'm in hopes yell, come to your sinses. Shure ye must know ycresulf that it's no use torcing a woman to live wad ye agin her will. Even if the law compelled her-and it cannot-she'd find a way to chate it. They're cute enough, the craythurs-the women I mane-and no blame to them when it's the men they have to dale with."

"You have no good opinion of the sex

back love for the passionate devotion, the FINE idolatry he lavished on her. And Dudley's nature was too noble to allow him to follow the course most men would have pursued in such circumstances-to revenge himself for her descrition by proclaiming their marriage, and her faithlessness to the duties that marriage imposed upon her. Uncouth as was his appearance, unpolished his manner, still he possessed that true nobility of soul which is not confined to the handsome, the elegant, the intellectual. Shrined in the inner chamber of his heart was the image of Hilds, but that love for her was unselfish, her happiness, her comfort, her reputation, were his first consideration. Therefore, after much painful reflection, after hours of self-communion, he came to the determination to give her up, to see her but this once, and bid her adieu for ever. With feverish impatience, wishing for and at the same time dreading the interview, ledge she refused him more than onct. Of he counted each hour as it slowly pussed, and coorse she must be purlite to the guests at gladly saw at last the mantle of night descend Inulsmoyne, and if he is fond of her is she to upon the wild scenery of the mountains, among which he was wandering so restless and so unspeakably miserable.

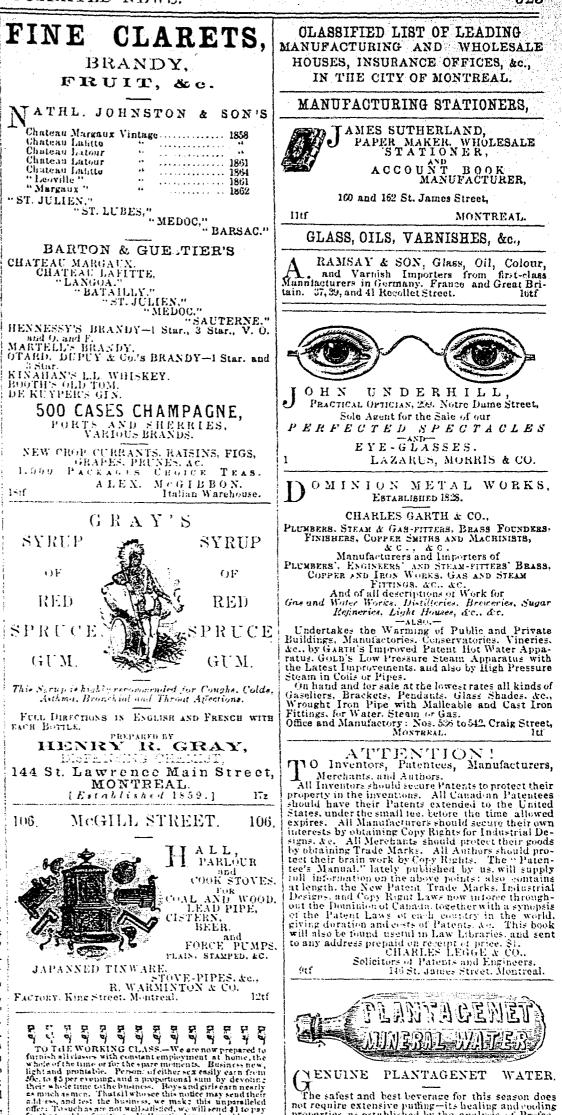
To be continued.

There is much in a name, especially in the cracifix depending from her resary. "And name of a new organization, for the establish-why would not she refuse him even if he was ment of which a movement is now on foot in Chicago. It is called the "Anglo-American and International Christian Moral Science Association." An organization which can carry all of that name and prosper must have

M. de Villemain was noted for his plain features, and unfortunately made many bitter " But she must have known me, she saw me ; enemies, who were not slow to take advantage of the fact. One writer said : "He often walks in the garden, but always with a cabbage leaf before his face; some say to keep it from the sun others to prevent the sun from seeing his face," Another represented him as saying : What villains there are in the world! There are persons even hard-hearted enough to wish to do an irreparable injury to my poor little

hashand of a thedirey-broke forth in spite of daughters-they say that they look like me." The New Orleans Picayure says : A countryangry vehemence, "what would the Kurnel man at the theatre, the other night, as the say? He'd discown her for ever and ever be scort of some ladies, retired at an intermis-And that's what you want. Aye, you love her sion and returned with a pound or two of peaso well youd min her intirely. Purty love nuts wrapped in a paper, and two huge indeed! it's not the right kind of love, if it bananas sticking from his pocket. Just then, was you'd lave her in pace with her own however, and before he had time to take his sent, one of the actresses, who had especially But I do love her ! Oh, how madly and , won his admiration, came to the footlights truly I do love you, Hilda " These words and warbled a beautiful melody. The full, were spoken in the husky voice of deep emo- rich voice, exquisite intonation, and breathing strains almost divine, completed the conquest hide the tears which welled up from the deep , of the countryman's heart, and, unable to restrain his delight, he threw on the stage his peanuts, bananas and pocket-handkerchief as a tribute to the fair enchantress. There was you," said Eveloen in cager coaxing accents. I a momentary astonishment visible upon the faces on the stage, a single interval of hesitalength it came deliberately, as if his mind tion, which was removed by the countryman's voice, full and clear, "Take 'em, gal, by jingo, vou're welcome."

> A MODERN LOVE-LETTER .- YOU say you are lonely without me, that you sigh for one glance of my eye; you're blarneying always about me-----(b)! why don't you to papa apply? You men are so very deceiving. I can't be-lieve anglet that you say; your love I will only believe in when my jointure is made out au fint. This trash about eyes, voice and glances, may dof r a miss in her teens; but he who makes advances must talk of his bank stock and means. You beg me to go galavanting, to meet you at the foot of the lane-with a kiss, too! why, man, you are ranting ! do you think that I'm wholly insane? When you woo a young lady of sense, sir, don't whine about sorrow and tears; its a matter of shillings and pence, str; no tale of romance interfer poverty's not at all funny (my style I will never conceal :) if I can't get a husband with money, then I'll live and die Norah O'Neil.



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observed Dudley, betrayed into a smile by the quaint remarks of the old woman. "Were you ever married?"

"To be shure I was | no less than three times, and I buried them all daeently too."

doubt."

fully of the dead, no matther whether I was ruined." Poor rule that won't work both or whether I wasn't. They're all gone now, and let them rest in their graves in pace. To-night at dusk I II be on the look out for ye."

The remainder of that day was spent by Dudley in the solitude of the mountains, impatiently awaiting the appointed time when Evcleen was to procure him an interview with Hilda. His motive in asking for this meeting was scarcely known to himself. To see her, to hear her voice, to be near her once more, were the carnest longings that suggested the request. The more he thought of the advice of Eveleen to leave Hilda unmolested with her aristocratic relations and go his humble way alone, the more he felt inclined to follow it. Hilda, he know, would never live with him. Painfully did he remember her repugnance to the marriage at first, and that it was only for the sake of her mother she had ever consented to the ceremony. Dudley did not resent this, his unbounded admiration for Hilda made him keenly feel his own inferiority in every respect to her, and made him sensible that he could possess no attraction in her eyes; that there was nothing in him to win!

A woman is like ivy-the more you are "And you were glad to get rid of them no ruined the closer she clings to you. A vile old bachelor adds: "Ivy is like a woman-"Well there is no use spaking disrespect- the more it clings to you the more you are wavs.

> The Louisville Courier-Journal of the 1st. has an article six columns long on the tobacco market. That paper is little more than a paper of tobacco.

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