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FRIDAY Whistler's News

Vol. V.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

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PHARAOH'S HORSES.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. F. HERRING.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

LONDON, January 9th, 1872.

The city of Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, is doing good service for Canada. A new Home was opened a few days ago by the Edinburgh branch of the "Canadian Homes for Homeless Children," in 7 Carlung Place, in that city. On the ground floor there is the school-room to the front, and the kitchen and matron's apartment at the back; the dormitories, lavatories, &c., are on the first and second floors. In the meantime, it is intended to admit a dozen children, but the number of the inmates can be increased to thirty, according to the funds at the disposal of the society. A matron has been appointed, and it is expected that a dozen girls will be admitted to the Home to-day. Mr. A. B. Fleming, the honorary secretary and treasurer, has been indefatigable in his efforts to promote the success of the undertaking. I understand it is in contemplation to secure premises, sufficient to accommodate from 100 to 150 girls, in the neighbourhood of Lauriston, near Edinburgh. At a further meeting held of the committee, on Saturday, the arrangements were made for the reception of children.

Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. Burns, and Mr. A. B. Fleming have been appointed to take special charge of the admission of children into the Home, and to make enquiry into the circumstances of each of the applicants. Miss Hallett, an English lady, who has had considerable experience in such work, has been appointed matron of the institution, and it is expected that a number of children will be admitted to-day. Girls between the ages of five and fourteen are eligible for admission, but the committee prefer those who are under twelve. In the institution they will receive a course of general training for a few months, and then they will be sent out, under proper guardianship, to Canada West. On reaching their destination, the girls will be placed in Homes already established, where their training will be continued until they can be transferred to suitable homes in families which may adopt them, or as domestic servants in the houses of respectable tradesmen or farmers. It is very encouraging to know that a very large percentage of the young emigrants from this country to Canada have been adopted, many of them into families of wealth and distinction.

I am very confident of the success of the Home, and the following names of patrons will be sufficient to command success:—

Right Hon. Lord Polwarth; Sir Francis Outram, Bart; Rev. W. Robertson, D.D.; Capt. Makgill, Kemback; Jas. Balfour, Esq., W.S.; Rev. T. Guthrie, D.D.; Rev. W. G. Blaikie, D.D.; D. Jenkinson, Esq.; Rev. J. MacGregor, D.D.; Rev. W. Scott-Moncrieff; Chas. Cowan, Esq.; Rev. H. Bonar, D.D.; David Harris, Esq.; Rev. J. H. Wilson; Lieut. Keith Murray, R.N.; the Hon. Lady Ruthven, Dowager Lady Grant, Lady Outram, Lady Noel Paton, Mrs. Blaikie, 9 Palmerston Road; Mrs. Balfour, Eton Terrace; Mrs. Stewart, 7 Grosvenor Street; Miss Douglas, Chester Street; Mrs. Burns, Bruntsfield Place; Mrs. Strahan, Lauder Road; Mrs. Eddington, Doune Terrace; Miss Bonar, Palmerston Road; Mrs. Constable, Kirkland Lodge; Miss Mackenzie, Moray Place; Mrs. Miller, Millerfield House; Mrs. Thomas, Trinity.

I am given to understand that if the Biglin crew will not come to the Tyne to row the Winship crew, the latter will go to America rather than lose the chance.

Sir W. G. Armstrong has left here for Egypt to carry out some extensive hydraulic works in Upper Egypt for the Viceroy.

The strike which terminated in Newcastle a few months ago, is again about to be resumed, which will completely paralyse trade.

A meeting of agricultural labourers has lately been held at Brampton Bryan, Herefordshire, with Mr. George Dixon, M.P. for Birmingham, in the chair. The following is a summary of the proceedings of this novel meeting:—

The first speaker was attired in a cleanly-washed smock-frock, and during his statement twirled in his fingers a not very modern Jim Crow hat. He said the wages in the district (part of North Hereford and South Shropshire) were 9s., 10s., or 11s. per week, and the men wanted 15s. He combated the idea that the farm labourer was better off now than 20 years ago; if wages were higher, provisions were higher also. Other speakers pointed out that out of the 10s. per week, 1s. had to go for rent, and where there was a family it took 5s. or 6s. for bread, leaving only three or four shillings for all the other necessities of life. Flesh meat, the men declared, they seldom if ever taste, and one man said he had only had three pounds of butter in his house in 12 months. The masters, it was declared, did not, as a rule, give their men milk for their families. At present the cottages are all in the hands of the farmer, who rents them to his labourers, and when the labourer leaves his "job" he has to leave his cottage also. The men all argued strongly in favour of being allowed "a little bit of land to keep a cow." One or two of the men had grievances of another character; earning 10s. a week, and having a family to support, they had "to pay a shilling a week to the Union to support their poor old parents, which they didn't care to do if the poor old folks got the benefit of it, but they didn't. This, one man declared, "was enough to make a fellow give up altogether, and not try to pay his way no more." Another was "puzzled how he got on at all, and when he went to bed at night he often wished he should wake up in the morning in America, or somewhere where a man who liked to work hard could pay his way, and put something up for a rainy day." In default of any improvement at home, emigration seemed to be thought the natural remedy, and letters were read from emigrants who left the district a few years ago, and who are now in comparatively prosperous circumstances.

Having heard the different speakers, the chairman said he could not help thinking it would not only be kind, generous, and just, but wise also, on the part of the farmers and landlords, if they were to take the condition of the men into their consideration and try to improve it. He thought they had

made out a strong case for increased wages, and for sufficient land to keep a pig and a cow. He believed the real cause of all their grievances was the fact that there were too many of them upon the ground, and he agreed with them that the great remedy was emigration. Mr. John Bright, who had been looked upon as a very dangerous Radical, but who was now looked upon by the Conservative party as a very safe man, said if the farmers and landlords of England only knew what their true interests were, they would take care that the condition of the labourer was so much improved that he would not be tempted away by the pleasant prospects held out to him in America and our colonies. In that remark he thoroughly agreed. He did not for a moment hesitate to say that the farm labourers ought to be discontented. They would not be worthy of the name of Englishmen if they were not. He thought it was a disgrace to our civilization that there should be such habitations in the country as those in which some labouring men lived. There was wealth enough in the country to provide decent and healthy cottages for all, and he wondered that any one could enjoy that wealth while he saw the condition in which some of the labouring classes were placed. In responding to a vote of thanks, Mr. Dixon promised liberal aid to a fund which it is proposed to raise to enable some of the men to emigrate.

R. E.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 99.—HON. R. W. SCOTT, Q. C., COMMISSIONER OF CROWN LANDS, ONT.

The recent change of Ministry in the Province of Ontario has brought several public men into more than their former prominence. Among these is R. W. Scott, whose portrait we give in the present issue. Mr. Scott is Commissioner of Crown Lands in the Blake administration, and being the only Conservative in the Government, has been the recipient of no little attention from journalists and others, since his accession to power. Apparently, however, his old political associates have fully endorsed his course; and indeed we know that from the commencement of the Confederation it has been the aim of the Conservatives to deprive as much as possible the local governments of a political character, so that the best men of both parties might be induced to work together for the management of the simply Municipal matters that pertain to the jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislatures. Ontario has been exceptionally successful in this direction. The first government, composed of three Reformers and two Conservatives, was facetiously designated by the Premier a "Patent Combination." We have not heard that Mr. Blake has yet patented his "Combination," but its composition is certainly a compliment to the wisdom of the late Premier, in that it recognises the expediency of Conservatives and Reformers uniting for the administration of Provincial affairs.

The Hon. Richard William Scott is now about forty-three years of age. He was born at Prescott, where his father, W. J. Scott, Esq., M.D., practised as a physician. Having completed his education at Upper Canada College, he devoted himself to the study of the law, and was admitted at the Easter term in 1848. In 1867 he was created Queen's Counsel. In addition to the extensive law practice of the firm at Ottawa, of which he is the senior partner, Mr. Scott has given much attention to public affairs. He began, like many other of our public men, by taking a share in the administration of municipal affairs, and for some time held the position of Mayor of Ottawa. In 1857 he was elected to represent the City of Ottawa in the Legislative Assembly after a pretty keen contest. At the general election in 1861 he was returned by acclamation, but in 1863 he was defeated by a small majority, when the present member, Mr. Currier, supplanted him. Hon. Mr. Scott's career in the Legislature of the old Province has been made memorable by his piloting through the R. C. Separate School bill, under the J. S. Macdonald-Sicotte administration. It is not improbable that his opposition to that Reform Government, despite the support it had given his School bill, had much to do with precipitating political changes, for which the Provinces were hardly ready. At all events, we understand that his active opposition to some Government candidates in the neighbourhood of Ottawa, led to a most energetic movement on the part of the Ministerialists to defeat him; and they succeeded. From 1863 to 1867 Mr. Scott was out of Parliamentary life. In the latter year there was a strong desire on the part of the citizens of the Capital to bring him forward as the Conservative candidate for the House of Commons. Events, however, which are certainly not worth a place in history, prevented this, and Mr. Scott was elected by a very large majority over the late Mayor Friel to represent the city in the Local Legislature.

The policy of the late Ontario Government touching Crown lands and timber limits, made it hard for Mr. Scott to give that support to the Sandfield Macdonald Cabinet to which he had pledged himself, and, accordingly, at the last general election for the Province, he came out as an independent candidate unpledged to any party. His Parliamentary experience, however, made him well qualified for the Speakership, and Ministerialists and Oppositionists united in his election to that office when the Legislature assembled in December last. On the defeat of the late government, Mr. Scott was invited by the new Premier, Mr. Blake, to take the Commissionership of Crown Lands; and as Ottawa interests were so largely affected through the administration

of that department, and Mr. Blake and himself agreeing upon local questions generally, he resigned the Speakership and took the portfolio. The citizens of Ottawa shewed their appreciation of his course in re-electing him by acclamation.

No. 100.—HON. PETER GOW, PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, ONT.

Mr. Gow has had but a brief parliamentary career, having been first elected to the Legislative Assembly at the general election of 1867, when he distanced the Conservative candidate by about seventy votes. His business talents soon gave him a good position in the Committees, and hence he has been promoted in the ranks of his party to a position which can hardly be said to have been earned by experience. He is a leather merchant and carries on an extensive business in the thriving town of Guelph in the County of Wellington, the South Riding of which he represents in the Assembly. Mr. Gow is a native of Scotland and is now in his 54th year. He holds the office of Provincial Secretary in Mr. Blake's administration.

OUR ART ILLUSTRATIONS.

We publish this week two splendid specimens of art engraving, which cannot fail to meet with the approval of all connoisseurs. The first of these, Pharaoh's Horses, is a magnificent study in animal life. The artist, it is hardly necessary to say, is the celebrated animal painter Herring, whose productions are as well known and as highly prized as those of his distinguished confrère Sir Edward Landseer. The double page illustration of Angels is, like that produced last week, after a painting by Correggio in the old church of St. John the Evangelist at Parma.

THE BARK WORKS ON CHRISTIE'S LAKE.

A company for the purpose of manufacturing tannin some time ago erected extensive "Bark Works" on the edge of Christie's Lake, in the township of Bathurst, near the town of Perth, Co. Lanark, Ont.; but, unfortunately for the immediate success of the enterprise, a fire occurred on the 11th of November last and completely consumed the whole premises, with the machinery, tools, &c., causing a loss of about \$25,000, only \$6,000 of which was covered by insurance. Though the building and its contents were entirely destroyed, a large quantity of hemlock bark, about twenty thousand dollars' worth, which was stored in the neighbourhood, was fortunately saved. This bark had been purchased from the farmers throughout the surrounding country, who found in the establishment of the works a new source of income. The company owning the works is chartered as the "Cooke Extract Company," and the works were under the management of Mr. J. Cooke, who is a severe loser by their destruction. Our illustration is from a photograph by Blackburn, of Perth.

THE FALLING IN OF THE DRILL SHED ROOF, MONTREAL.

On another page will be found illustrations of the Drill Shed as it appeared after the accident which occurred on the night of the 23rd ult. The *Gazette* of the 24th gives the following account of the falling in of the roof:

About ten minutes to nine o'clock last night the wide roof of the Drill Shed came with a crash to the ground. Five minutes previous to the time mentioned, a man was descending St. Gabriel Street hill into Craig Street. When opposite the Champ de Mars, he heard a sharp report, similar to that of a large revolver, quickly followed by another. He stopped for a couple of minutes and heard another sharp report. Unable to account for the unusual sound, he went on his way, but had not proceeded many yards when a succession of still sharper reports arrested his progress, and looking towards the Drill Shed, he saw the great expanse of roofing slowly crumble and disappear with a crash from his gaze into the interior of the building. He immediately ran to find a policeman, but meanwhile other passers-by had noticed the occurrence, and the intelligence was rapidly circulated. Crowds of persons hurried to the spot, and shivered and gazed on the front walls and turrets of the building as they stood shining in the bright moonlight. A posse of police from the Central Station quickly arrived on the ground, and took charge of the building, and the rapidly increasing number of spectators were ordered off to a respectable distance from the front and rear walls, which showed decided symptoms of finding their level. The roof of the building, with the exception of a small portion at the north-east end, and another resting on the Vitre Street end of the west wing, had fallen in. Fortunately, the wings of the structure, in which are situated the armories of the different volunteer regiments, have escaped injury, and no damage has been done to the immense number of rifles, accoutrements, and other Government property stowed in them. In the interior of the building is to be seen nothing but one wide expanse of broken timber, twisted iron, and masses of snow and ice.

According to usual custom, the band of the Prince of Wales Rifle Regiment had assembled on their regular practice night in their band-room, on the west side of the building, at eight o'clock, and were playing with might and main the martial tune of the "British Grenadiers," when they were disturbed by several loud reports, accompanied by the *entrée* of numerous stones into the room through the window. Under the impression that they were attacked by a mob of rowdies, they continued playing the tune louder and louder, until another volley of stones, accompanied by the appearance of a man at the window, so aroused their ire that, with one accord, they dropped their instruments and ran out to meet the supposed attacking party, but only to find the calm moonlight shining peacefully on an unshapen mass of ruins, where was once the hard trodden floor of the Drill Shed.

Comprehending the situation at a glance, the men remained quietly in the body of the shed until the rear door was broken open by some persons outside, and so they made their escape. Of course the sounds first heard by them were the same as heard by the person descending St. Gabriel Street, and the

stones were sent through the windows by individuals outside to warn them of their perilous position. So great, however, was the noise made by the fifes and drums of the band that the roof had crashed in, and all danger had passed, and yet not one of the bandsmen had heard any sound but that made by the instruments in their hands.

The Drill Shed was completed and handed over to the civil authorities in the Fall of 1868, at a cost of nearly \$70,000. It covers an extent of over two acres of ground, and was roofed with what is called segmental girders, with tie-rods, the whole resting on iron shoes securely fastened to the stone wall.

What was the cause of the accident it is hard to say. There was a considerable quantity of snow on the roof, but not nearly the quantity there was on it this time last year. By many it is said that the sudden change from mild to severe weather, which took place yesterday afternoon, had so contracted the iron girders of the roof that they snapped, and so left no support for the rafters, which at once gave.

It has recently been proposed to convert the building, after having removed the debris, into an open market for the convenience of the habitants, the side offices serving as butchers' stalls.

As physicians and surgeons are liable to prosecution for malpractice, we think it would be only fair that architects and builders should be held equally responsible. Will the Corporation try the case in respect of the Drill Shed?

THE WOOD FAMINE.

It was a sad misfortune for the poor of Montreal, and for many other people besides, that the ice should have taken in the canal and the river before the full supply of wood for winter had reached the city. Immediately on the close of navigation the wood merchants sent up their prices some two or three dollars per cord, though of course the freezing of the river had not added a cent to the cost of the wood they had on hand. The Corporation, started into something like feeling by the freezing of the two children previously mentioned, made a large purchase of wood at Acton, which, by arrangement with the Grand Trunk Railway, was delivered in small quantities to the poor, at the rate of \$1.50 per cord. In addition to this, as we have already mentioned, Mr. A. B. Foster gave a hundred cords free, and the generous farmers of the parish of St. Jerome, under the leadership of the good Father Labelle, brought in to town a great number of loads of wood to be given free to the poor under the direction of the several charitable organizations in the city. It will be seen, by one of the vignettes in the illustration by our artist, that to the distribution "satan came also," as he used to do of old in the land of Uz when the goodly men assembled. We have reason to believe, however, that few if any frauds have been perpetrated in regard to the distribution of the wood. But why should a commercial city like Montreal have wood at twelve dollars a cord in January which can be bought for half the price in July? Another winter's experience like that of the present will assuredly lead to the formation of a Co-operative Society for the supply of cheap fuel.

CHAIN GATE AND PRESCOTT GATE, QUEBEC.

As the ancient capital is beginning to put off its antique appearance and become modernised its ancient landmarks acquire special interest. The "Chain Gate," illustrated on another page, which is intended to assist in guarding the Citadel from the approach by St. Louis Road, is not however among the doomed relics of an exploded system. But Prescott Gate has shared the fate of St. Louis, having been demolished for the convenience of travel.

THE GUT OF CANSO.

The view which we give in this issue, from the pencil of our special artist, W. O. C., shows the entrance to the Gut of Canso from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Gut of Canso is pretty familiar to seafaring folk, but the landsman may be informed that it divides Cape Breton from Nova Scotia; that it is about seventeen miles in length, and, on an average, two and a half in breadth. There are numerous bays on it, and a hardy population of fishermen surround its shores.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

The Government House of Newfoundland is a plain, substantial building, of considerable dimensions, with an interior very commodiously laid out. It commands a splendid view over the city of St. John's and of Signal Hill and the Narrows. The entrance is on the northern side; the opposite side has a frontage of a handsome shrubbery looking down Cochrane street, which is ninety feet wide. It was erected in 1825, during the administration of Sir Thomas Cochrane, at a cost of £30,000 sterling, which was defrayed out of the Imperial Treasury. This heavy expense arose from the circumstance that most of the cut stone required was imported from Britain, as well as the workmen who were employed in erecting it. It is generally allowed that it is too large for the income attached to the Government, and is, in other respects, inconvenient. A much larger salary than that allowed the Governor would be required to sustain a state accordant with a mansion of such capacities.

The most important business in Congress for the week ending December 16, was the passage of the Apportionment bill by the House of Representatives, which fixes the number of members at 283, distributed as follows:

Table with 2 columns: State and Number of Representatives. Includes Maine (5), New Hampshire (2), Vermont (2), Massachusetts (11), Rhode Island (2), Connecticut (4), New York (32), New Jersey (7), Pennsylvania (26), Delaware (1), Maryland (6), Virginia (9), North Carolina (8), South Carolina (5), Georgia (9), Alabama (7), Mississippi (6), Louisiana (5), Ohio (20), Kentucky (10), Tennessee (9), Indiana (12), Illinois (19), Missouri (13), Arkansas (4), Michigan (9), Florida (1), Texas (6), Iowa (9), Wisconsin (8), California (4), Minnesota (3), Oregon (1), Kansas (3), West Virginia (3), Nevada (1), Nebraska (1).

VARIETIES.

Maori notions on the subject of matrimony are somewhat loose, "Rapai Horomona" (very good Solomon) being the usual expression of Maori approval on learning that the wise king of Israel had a thousand wives.

Mr. St. Swithen Williams, of Oxford, has written to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, stating that it is his deliberate intention not to pay the income-tax. "In a humble way," he says, "I shall do what Hampden did about the ship-money: I shall take care not to break your laws, but within the limits of your laws I shall withstand you to the utmost."

New York seems determined to put an end to the reign of King Bogus. A bill was last week introduced into the Legislature of that State prohibiting the manufacture of any jewellery of a grade below fourteen carats, or of silverware of less than nine hundred parts of silver to one hundred of baser metal, under a penalty of fifty dollars for every article so manufactured. The bill also provides a similar penalty for affixing a false stamp to any article of jewellery.

The gentlemen connected with the Liverpool press have been made the subject of a hoax. An advertisement appeared in the local papers a few days ago, announcing a lecture in the Concert Hall on a subject of great interest. The name of the chairman was given, and cards of invitation were sent to the different newspaper offices in Liverpool. The reporters and the chairman were the only gentlemen present; and the latter, having waited for some time, stated that he was afraid a hoax had been perpetrated, as the subject to be lectured upon was "The Reclamation of the Desert of Sahara."

A story is told in connection with the presentation of a loyal address to Prince Frederick Charles, by the German residents at St. Petersburg. The orator was in the midst of a florid compliment to the Prince as "having entered France with the resolution to conquer or to die," when the Prince interrupted him with a quiet request to "name his authority for that statement, it being wholly untrue"—which so disturbed the patriotic speaker that he broke down altogether. Those who read this anecdote will doubtless remark as usual, "Si non è vero, è bene trovato;" but we should judge that the informant (who himself formed one of the loyalist deputations) possesses neither the inclination nor the intellect to invent such a libel upon his countrymen.

FRENCH GAME.—A gentleman was staying at a little French country inn, and there was a melancholy looking owl, which hopped about the garden, and had only got one leg. Two or three days after his arrival he had some *gambes* for dinner. The "game" was very small, but he enjoyed it immensely, and the next day he missed the owl from the garden. "Where has the owl gone to?" he inquired of the landlord. "Monsieur had a little dish of *gambes* yesterday," was the answer, to the consternation of the traveller. "Why, did you kill the owl for my dinner?" he next asked. "I kill owl, monsieur! no; he die himself."

During the Franco-Prussian war a great deal of fun was poked at the New Jersey editor who read in the cable dispatches that "Bazine has moved twenty kilometers out of Metz." He thereupon sat down and wrote an editorial, in which he said he was delighted to hear that all the kilometers had been removed, and that the innocent people of Metz were no longer endangered by the presence of those devilish engines of war—sleeping upon a volcano, as it were. And then he went on to describe some experiments made with kilometers in the Crimea, in which one of them exploded and blew a frigate out of the water.

A LOST ITEM.—The amusing ignorance displayed by English papers, even the best informed, of matters appertaining to America, and especially Canada, is aptly illustrated by the annexed paragraph which we clip from an editorial in a recent number of *Bell's Life in London*.

"It will be remembered that they (Mace and Coburn) met at Ottawa, Canada, to fight for 2,000 dollars and the American Championship, on May 11, when most respectable proceedings took place, and eventually the authorities put their veto on the affair before a blow had been struck, although the man had occupied the ring for a considerable time."

This is an item of news to the people of the Capital, who will be duly thankful therefor to our English sporting contemporary.

FISK'S FIRST MISTAKE.—Fisk used to often tell about his first mistake in life. Said the Colonel, "When I was a little boy on the Vermont farm, my father took me up to the stable one day, where a row of cows stood in the stable. Said he 'James, the stable window is pretty high for a boy, but do you think you could take this shovel and clean out this stable?' 'I don't know, Pop,' said James, 'I never have done it.' 'Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning I'll give you a bright silver dollar,' said his father, patting him on the head, while he held the silver dollar before his eyes. 'Good,' says James, 'I'll try,' and away he went to work. He tugged, and pulled, and lifted, and puffed, and, finally, it was done, and his father gave him a bright silver dollar, saying, 'That's right, James; you did it splendidly, and now I find you can do it so nicely, I shall have you do it every morning, all winter!'

Everybody has heard of the chemist's apprentice who, during the performance of the last scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, became so excited by the apparent reality of the stage business that he jumped from his seat, dashed his hat over his forehead, and shouting, "Hold him up, Juliet, while I run for the stomach-pump," rushed out of the theatre. But this story is equalled by an anecdote fresh from the Portsmouth Theatre. An amateur performance of the *Lady of Lyons*, the male parts being taken by sergeants of a regiment quartered in the adjacent barracks, had proceeded as far as the end of the garden scene, when the feelings of a raw-boned Fusilier, who had been unduly excited by the villainy of Beausant, the scoundrel of the piece, found a somewhat unexpected vent, greatly to the amusement of the pit and gallery, and to the manifest embarrassment of the patrons in the dress circle. Beausant had just developed the plot he had planned for the humiliation of Pauline, and having exclaimed, "And then I think the haughty beauty will prefer even these arms to those of the gardener's son," when the Fusilier loudly exclaimed from his place in the side-boxes, "What a — scoundrel you must be!"

A TALL HOUSE.—A Down-Easter arrived in New York, and took lodgings at one of the high houses. Telling the waiter he wished to be called in the morning for the boat, both of them proceeded on their winding way upward, till, having arrived at the eighth flight of stairs, Jonathan caught the arm of his guide, and accosted him thus, "Look here, stranger, if you intend to call me at six o'clock in the morning, you might as well do it now, as 'twill be that time before I can get down again."

The *Printer's Register* lately mentioned the Emperor William among the members of the "gentle and noble" craft of typography. This is an error, in so far as the Emperor is concerned. The exalted typographer, who may really and truly be claimed as a member of the craft, is the Crown Prince of the German Empire, who began his practical studies as a compositor in the year 1845, after a visit to Hanel's printing office in Berlin, when the Prince took a strong and lasting fancy to the business.

THE REBUILDING OF PARIS.—The destination resolved on for the great buildings of Paris, burned under the Commune, is as follows:—The Hotel de Ville will be rebuilt by the city; the Tuileries and Palais Royal by the State; the Palace of the Legion of Honour by subscription; the Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations by the society itself. The Cour des Comptes, the Grenier d'Abondance, and the Ministry of Finance, being totally destroyed, will be razed to the ground and the sites sold. M. Thiers is particularly anxious for the restoration of the Tuileries, and will, himself, shortly present a proposal on that subject. The pavilion by the side of the river will alone be preserved in its present state. The two others and the connecting walls will be pulled down, as they are so damaged as to be useless.

The most curious stories of great men are not those which are recorded in history. Floating rumours are sometimes more indicative of character than the best summary made by the historian. One of these tells us that during the negotiations at Frankfort, when Poyer-Quertier and Jules Favre were invited to dinner by Bismarck, the latter was growing sulky at Jules Favre's lengthy speeches, and gave a portentous yawn, always a bad sign with him. Just then Poyer-Quertier whispered to Favre, "Stop, I have an argument more effective than all your rhetoric." Then turning to the Chancellor he said, innocently, "Does your Excellency object to beer and cigars?" Bismarck's face brightened up on the instant. This was just what he was wanting; and when the beer and cigars were produced he entered at once upon business in a jovial manner, and Poyer-Quertier succeeded in his demands.

Not long ago an official letter came from Rome to a monastery near Florence, informing a certain monk that he had been nominated to a bishopric. The good father was so terrified that he instantly began a novena to the Blessed Virgin to save him from the intended honour, and sent a written reply to the Pope, humbly but firmly declining the appointment. The reply was an order to repair immediately to the Vatican. The monk besought the intervention of the bishop, but in vain; he went to Rome, and, throwing himself at the feet of the Holy Father, implored to be excused from a burthen beyond his strength. The Pope told him that he was the best judge of his strength. The monk then pleaded that he laboured under a defective memory. "Well," replied the Pontiff, "I do not want to make you a professor of memories. The worst that can happen is that when you die they cannot speak of you officially as 'of happy memory,' 'felix memoria,' or 'recolationis.' Thus," added his Holiness, "you will find but a slight inconvenience."

Some friends visited La Fontaine one evening and found him asleep. While talking with his wife, La Fontaine entered in his nightcap, without shoes or stockings, just as he had risen from his bed. His eyes were half open, but he evidently saw no object; he crossed the dining-room where the party were sitting, went into a little closet or cabinet that served him as a study, and shut himself up in the dark. Some time after, he came out, rubbing his hands, and testifying much satisfaction, but still asleep; he then went through the dining-room, quite unconscious of the presence of any one, and retired to bed. His wife and friends were very curious to know what he had been about in the dark. They all went into his study, and found there a fable newly written, the ink being still wet, which brought convictions that he had written and composed it during his dream. The admirers of this most original author may wish to know which fable was composed under these extraordinary circumstances. It is one that is replete with the most natural and touching language—it is that which unites the utmost grace of expression language is capable of—in a word, it is the celebrated fable of *The Two Pigeons*. We are sure that many writers of our day write when they are asleep.

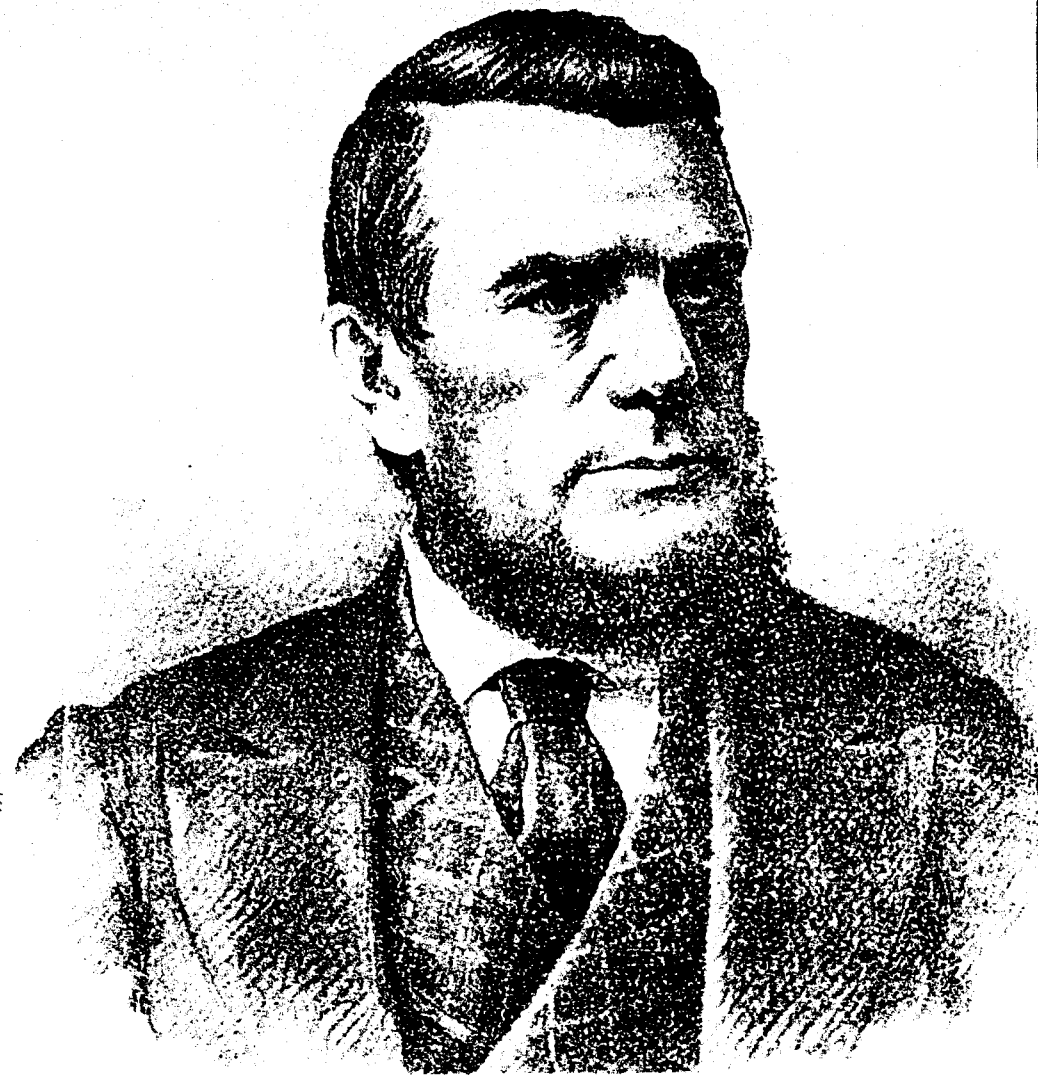
A daily penny paper has been started in San Francisco. It is published in the afternoon and is called the *Post*. It is a small sheet, about 24 inches by 18, with five columns each page, and contains a fair variety of news of all kinds. At the head of the first column on every page a line of blackface type reads: "Price 1 cent. Change given by the newsboys." This seems singular to one acquainted with the customs of California. The smallest piece of change in common use in that State, hitherto, has been a ten-cent coin. This is familiarly known as a *bit*. In case you buy an orange for four cents, you pay a *bit* and receive no change. If you buy an article for twelve cents, you are still expected to pay only a *bit*. If your bill amounts to twenty-two cents you pay a two-*bit* piece, which is not twenty, but twenty-five cents. At the post-offices this system has not been in use, the precise change there being demanded and given. The daily papers of California have hitherto been sold in accordance with the prevailing custom—a single copy for a *bit*. A general attack on this system is now taking place in California; cents are coming into every-day use, and the *Post* is one of the fruits of this revival of exact dealings in trade. The era of cheap newspapers does not come until a community is well settled in its social and commercial life. The success of the *Post* will demonstrate, therefore, not only the ability of its managers, but a real change in California society.

BIRTH.

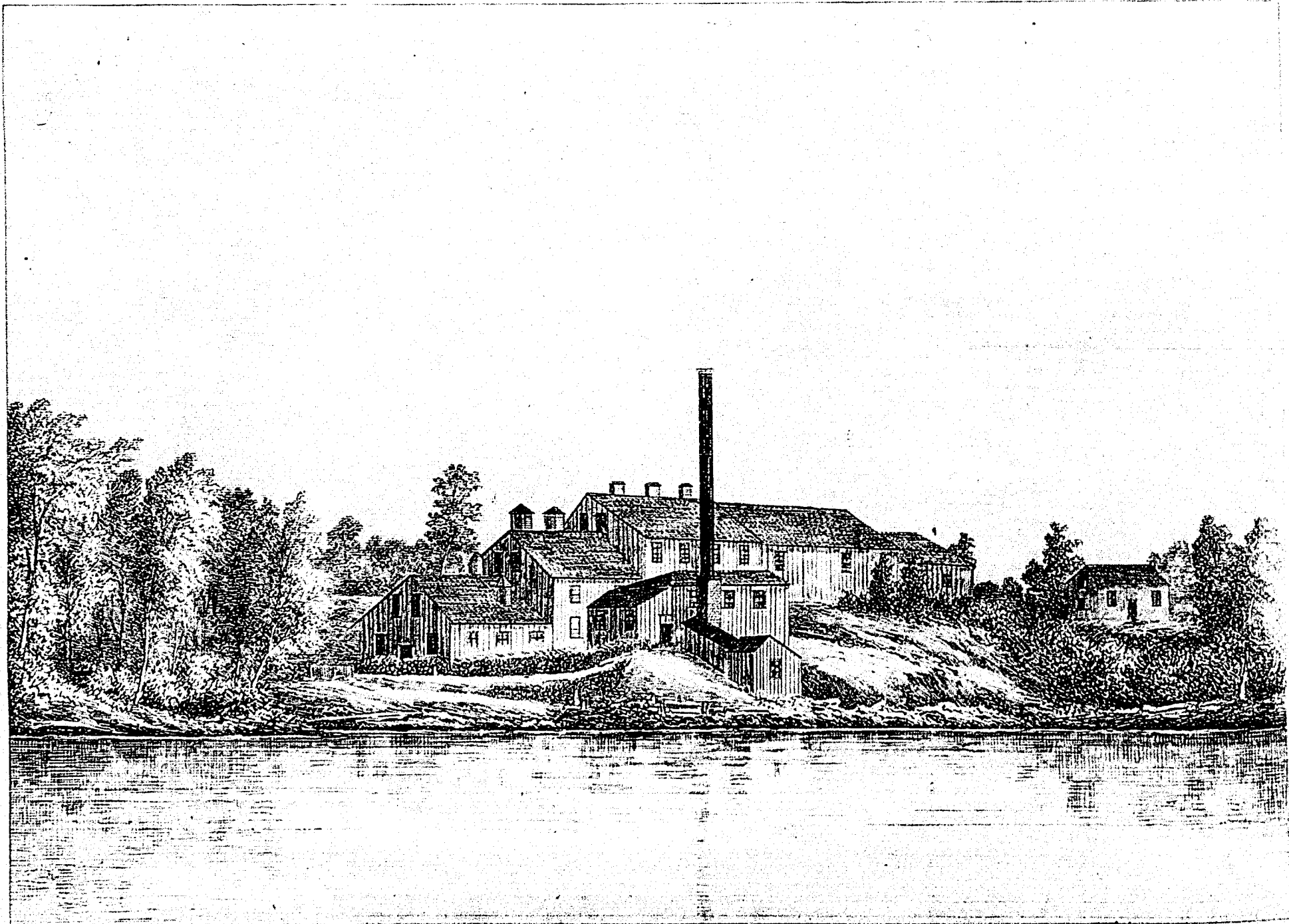
In this city on the 17th of January, the wife of Walter J. Kestin of a daughter.



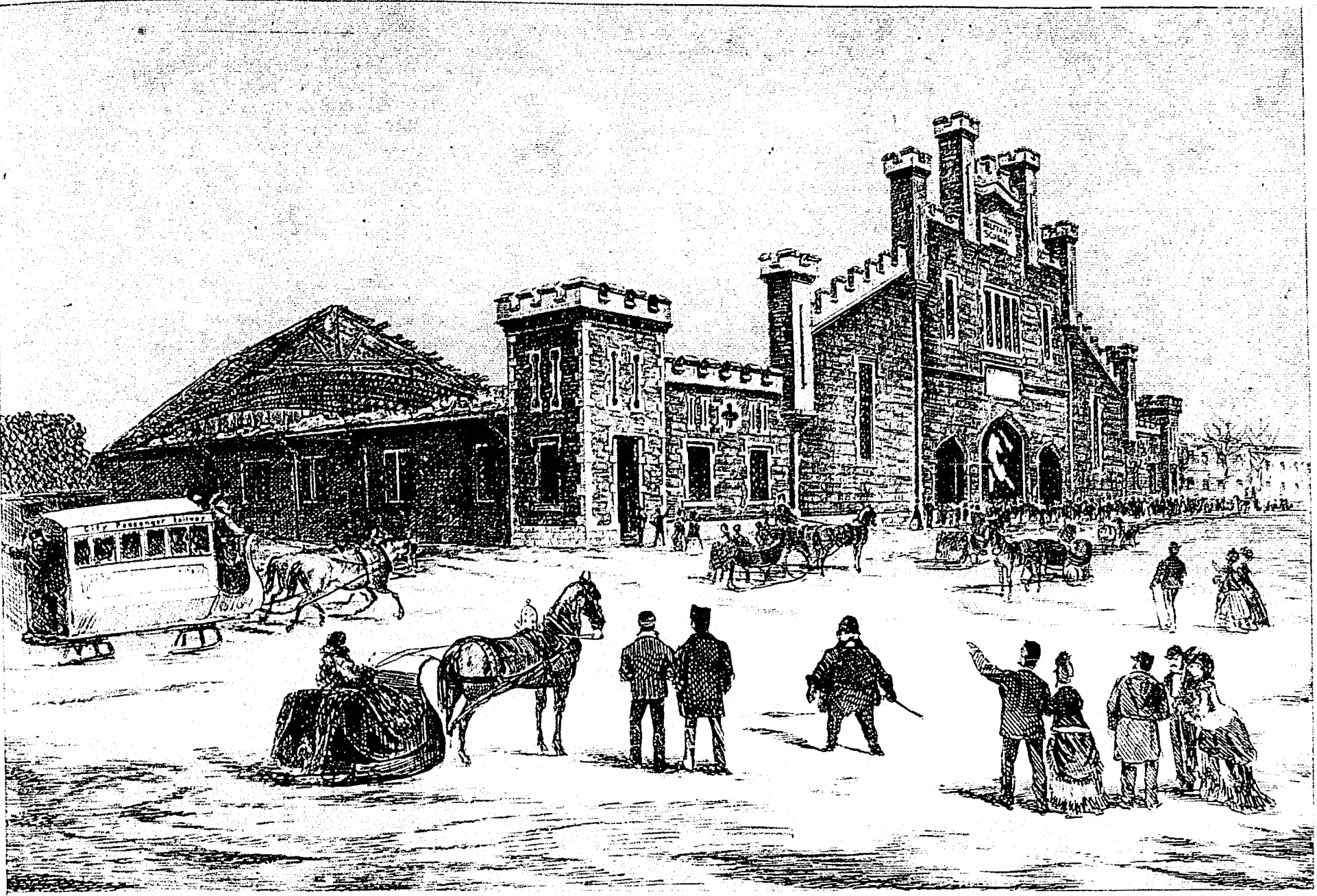
HON. R. W. SCOTT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.—SEE PAGE 66.



HON. P. GOW.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.—SEE PAGE 66.



CHRISTIE'S LAKE AND THE CANADIAN BARK WORKS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. BLACKBURN.—SEE PAGE 66.



DRILL SHED ON CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.—SEE PAGE 66.
OUTSIDE VIEW.



DRILL SHED ON CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.—SEE PAGE 66.
INSIDE VIEW.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEB. 10, 1872.

Table with 2 columns: Day and Date. Rows include Sunday (Feb. 4), Monday (Feb. 5), Tuesday (Feb. 6), Wednesday (Feb. 7), Thursday (Feb. 8), Friday (Feb. 9), and Saturday (Feb. 10). Each row contains a historical event or anniversary.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 30th January, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 7 columns: Location, Max, Min, Mean, S.A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. Rows list various locations like W., Ph., Fri., Sat., Sun., M., and T.

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

In the present issue we commence the publication of the above-named Story, by the distinguished Author.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Our readers will please note that no paper in Canada, save the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

has the right to publish this Story in serial form. Simultaneously with its appearance in the News, it is being published in the English periodical, Good Words, edited by the celebrated Dr. Norman McLeod.

C. I. NEWS OFFICE, 1 February 3, 1872.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Arrangements have been made to have the Canadian Illustrated News and the Heart's Content delivered in folio form to subscribers in the following places, by the Agents whose names are annexed.

These Agents will also collect the subscription and the postage.

Table listing agents for various locations: Almonte, Belknap, Bowmanville, Brantford, Brockton, Brockville, Cobourg, Collingwood, Dundas, Elora, Fenelon Falls, Fergus, Fredericton, Goble's Corners, Guelph, Hamilton, Ingersoll, Kinrossville, Kingston, London, Meaford, Napawan, Orillia, Oshawa, Paisley, Pembroke, Perth, Petrolia, Prescott, Sherbrooke, St. Catharines, St. John, N. B., Tilsonburg, Wapleville, Wellington Square.

Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the NEWS is \$4.00 per annum, payable in advance; if unpaid in three months it will be charged at the rate of Five Dollars.

All OLD subscribers whose subscriptions are unpaid on 1st July next, will be struck off the list.

All NEW subscriptions received henceforward, MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

THERE is a delicate and difficult obligation resting upon the shoulders of Canadian statesmen, in the discharge of which they should have the hearty good will of the whole country to support them. Much discussion is at present going on in relation to the Geneva Conference, and we all know that the separate existence of Canada may possibly hinge upon its decision.

adverse to the preconceived notion of the rights of neutrals, thereby mulcting Great Britain in heavy fine, would not be a bad precedent, for the reason that anything that tends to increase the penalties, and by consequence, lessen the profits of war, either to participants or onlookers, should be regarded as a sound step in the interests of peace.

But in the case between Great Britain and the United States, we almost fear there is a peculiar issue. Great Britain has the argument—the whole force of international law—on its side, and the American Government has the whole people under its control resolved, beforehand, not to accept any decision that will not square, measurably at least, with their preconceived convictions. The settlement of a dispute under such conditions would be very perplexing indeed, but for two considerations, from one of which a third may be deduced. In the first place, we may fairly assume that the parties chosen to decide the issues will conform their judgments to International law, in which case Great Britain will suffer only the penalties for which her proved delinquencies have made her liable.

Our deduction from the terms of the Treaty is this: That if Great Britain had, as has been well maintained by many able writers, fully discharged her international obligations during the war, and if it shall be so decided by those to whom the question has been referred, then the people of the United States, enjoying, as they do, recognition among the nations of the world, would have too much self respect to refuse submission to the verdict of a Court constituted with their own consent. Indeed the Washington Treaty, should it be happily carried out, will be one of the greatest triumphs of modern diplomacy, and we cannot believe that our American cousins would for a moment think of going back upon its provisions.

The position of Canada in regard to the Treaty is peculiar. The very clauses of it which directly affect this country, and the ratification of which has been relegated to the Canadian Parliament, have been seriously challenged in the United States, and the American fishermen, who would like to get into our waters, are afraid to allow the Canadian fishermen into the American markets. The anxiety amongst our own people, coupled with the recent action of the American fishing population, renders the duty of our Government one of extreme delicacy in shaping their policy in relation to the Treaty, and we should rejoice to see that, for once, mere partyism should be sunk in order that the best conclusion should be arrived at. Our greatest steps towards further development in Canada have all been made through the union of men holding divergent party views.

reject the Treaty so far as its fishery clauses are concerned, we certainly shall not mourn the fact; but if, as it now seems, the gulf fishermen and the tradesmen on the coast would rather have the American fishermen admitted, so long as the American market is open to the Canadians, then we hold that it is not for the people of the West to raise an objection. In any case, the question should be treated as one of purely national import, and without reference to political or party divisions. We have confidence that our public men have patriotism enough to approach the consideration of the Treaty in this spirit, and surely public opinion will sustain them.

ADDRESS AND TESTIMONIAL TO REV. DR. DE SOLA

On Saturday evening of the week before last the Trustees and a large number of the members of Dr. De Sola's congregation waited on the reverend gentleman at his residence for the purpose of presenting him with an Address and Testimonial on the occasion of his attaining the twenty-fifth year of his ministry among them, and which he celebrated that day. The Address, which was most beautifully engrossed, illuminated in gold on vellum and framed, was read by the President of the Congregation, Dr. David, who made some appropriate introductory remarks, in which he informed Dr. De Sola that a very large amount had been subscribed for a testimonial, which he regretted however was not ready for presentation to him that evening, but would be on an early occasion.

Dr. De Sola, in an earnest and feeling manner, made an extempore reply, which was very effective, and received with much attention and applause. Refreshments followed, and some very eloquent addresses were made by Messrs. Ascher, Lesser, Gutman, Rev. Mr. Myers of the German congregation, Dr. De Sola, and others. The company separated after having spent a very delightful evening.

We congratulate Dr. De Sola on the happy event and the privilege he has recently enjoyed of being the first foreigner who has opened the United States Congress with prayer.

The trial of Tranchemontaigne for the killing of the late George H. Mowbray, under an indictment which the Grand Jury politely changed from murder to manslaughter, has resulted in the Petit Jury as politely reducing that charge to a verdict of common assault. In Scotland they speak of "jud-dart justice," which means hang and then try, in Ottawa county the fashion seems to be to try but not to hang.

NEW YEAR'S NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following "note" from Punch to its correspondents is amusing and—we hope—instructive:—

Mr. Punch, in spite of his emphatic and repeated Notices and Explanations, being still copiously afflicted with Communications from Persons whom he has not invited to take the liberty of addressing him, issues the following Note, and advises such persons to study it closely.

He calls them "Correspondents," but does so only for convenience. A Correspondent means a person who not only writes, but to whom the recipient of the letter also writes. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who address Mr. Punch are, and will be, unanswered, except by this Note.

Let all understand that he is answerable for the real or supposed value of No literary or artistic matter which may be sent him, unasked. This is law. Let all understand that at the earliest possible moment after his discovery that such matter is useless to him, it is destroyed. This is fact.

Notice also that stamped and directed envelopes, for the return of such matters, will not operate to the fracture of his rule.

After this notice, "Correspondents" will have no one but themselves to thank for the Snub Mr. Punch's silence implies.

But is he unwise enough to believe that the plague of foolish Correspondence will thus be stayed? Verily, no.

He expects to continue to receive—

- 1. Jests that have appeared in his own pages, but which are warranted to have been invented, or heard, "the other day."
2. The jest of the day, one that has been heard a million times.
3. Profane, and even lower jests, sent by creatures who pretend to be readers of Punch.
4. Idiomatic jests, usually laid upon the shoulders of "my little boy," or "my youngest girl."
5. Sketches, to be used in his next without fail, or, if rejected, to be instantly returned.
6. Things, literary or artistic, that have been "dashed off."
7. Compositions, poor in themselves, whose insertion is prayed because the authors are poor also.
8. Aged jokes, possibly recently heard for the first time by the Stupid Sender, but more probably copied from print.
9. Post-Cards, or communications with the Halfpenny Stamp.
10. Absolute Stupidities.

Let them come. And when a Sender getteth no answer, let him take counsel with himself, and consider to which of the above Ten Categories his work belongs. One will certainly fit it. To this Table Mr. Punch will make reference when he may please to do so. Let intending Contributors learn it by heart.

THE ART OF SKATING.

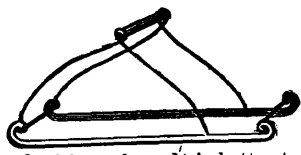
(CONTINUED.)

(From *Land and Water*.)

There is as much difference between simple skating and the art of cutting figures as there is between riding along a high road and following the hounds. The man who has once learned to keep on his legs upon the ice may be not inaptly compared to him who is able to keep his seat on horseback; and just as there are a hundred lessons that the former must learn before he can call himself a first-rate rider, so there are a hundred steps that separate the latter from the really finished skater. In each case the beginner must get much (and should get most) of his instruction from example and from the regular "coaching" of his friends. But there are many lessons, and these the most important too, that may be learnt as well from a written book as they can be from verbal instructions. In all arts it is as important to know what is to be avoided as to know what is to be attempted, and the faults to which a skater is most liable are much more easily pointed out than that which beset a would-be Nimrod. If the reader of these chapters will only give himself the trouble to keep continually in mind the hints which we shall give in the early figures as to what is to be avoided, he will have learnt more than is learnt in all their lives by many of those who think themselves good skaters. The disadvantage of written instruction is that the advice given must be given once for all, whereas a preceptor can go on dinning into the ears of his pupil the lessons which he needs the most, and reiterating his warnings as to bent legs or stooping shoulders, or whatever fault requires the most correction. These chapters if they are to be of any use will be so chiefly to those who, living at a distance from London, or from any place where they can see good skating, are compelled to resort to written instructions to learn what they want to learn. To such readers we must beg to observe that the few several injunctions which we give as to the elementary figures are intended to apply to the whole of the succeeding series. It is only by constantly remembering these injunctions, by applying them at all and every time, and carefully noticing his own defects, that a beginner who wishes to profit by the following hints can hope to make good use of them. Our remarks on the early figures will be a little encumbered by these general instructions; but when we have once got beyond the elements we shall go on to more elaborate details, and hope to set before the more scientific skaters of England a tolerably complete series of the prettiest and most complicated figures, both single and combined.

The first step to be learnt after the beginner is able to keep fairly on his feet, and has got, so to speak, his "ice-legs," is the outside edge forward. As this is the first, so it is by far the most difficult step to be learnt. It is the first lesson in the theory of balance, the first *fait accompli* in the real art of skating. A skater may be justly as proud when he can do his "outside forward" in good form as a rider when he has taken his first fence well. The whole difficulty of this movement lies in the secret that in order to execute it the body must be in a manner "off its balance," in other words, the centre of gravity is displaced so that it is over the outside of the feet, and the body is thrown into such a position that if it were not in motion it would fall. Then why does it not fall? Simply because it is in motion, and the curve which the skater must describe involves a centrifugal action which is just sufficient to counterbalance in his body the tendency to fall. The theory is easily understood; it is by no means so simple a thing to put it in practice. The attitude is unnatural, and it requires a great effort of faith and courage to throw the body boldly into it. Of the thousand and one methods of overcoming the natural feeling of repulsion and dread which has to be mastered we need not speak in detail, only it is essential that none of them should be employed which throw the skater into a wrong attitude. Thus one of the most favourite is that of crossing the legs as soon as possible after each stroke commences. Such a plan would inevitably give the skater a fault which is one of the worst possible, and which it must take an immense time to get rid of—that of keeping the "off" leg in front of the "skating" leg. The grand thing to remember in learning this, as in everything else in skating, is that a lesson learnt badly is worse than if it were not learnt at all. It is consoling to know that the learning of a thing in the proper way is, in fact, also the easiest and quickest way of learning it.

Keep therefore always in mind these first principles of the art—1, Keep the knees straight; 2, keep the head and body upright; 3, keep the off leg always *behind* the leg upon the ice; and, 4, keep the arms still and quiet; and, withal, study any easy and quiet attitude. Ease and grace are as important to the skater as they are to a fencer, and that ease and grace should be attempted and can be attained in the very earliest lessons. Do not let any figure be considered learnt until it is executed with correctness and without fear. It is better to spend days over the simplest figure and learn it to perfection, than to learn half-a-dozen in an inferior style. This is a rough sketch of the light iron machine I recommended for beginners in my last letter, Dec. 23rd.



A LITTLE STORY.

It is now in order to recount anecdotes of the early life of the late James Fisk, jr.; and the *Table-Talker*, ever ready to contribute to the literature of the country, proceeds to relate the following reminiscence of the Prince's sunny hours of boyhood:—

When Fisk was about ten years of age, he kept a small market stall at Bennington, Vt. One day the eminent steam-boat man, Daniel Drew, came to the market with his basket on his arm. He asked young Fisk if his eggs were fresh. "You bet," replied the ingenuous boy, "pop pulled them off the vines this morning." "Give me a dozen, sonny," replied Mr. Drew. The next stall was kept by Eliphalet Buckram. "Is this pumpkin good, my son?" asked the venerable stock-broker. "It is a good enough Morgan," answered the truthful child, "but, sir, if you will examine that portion concealed from too scrutinizing view, by contact with the boards forming the counter of the stall, you will see that there is a bad spot in it." "Does not that seem unbusinesslike, my child,

to cry down your own wares?" asked the kind-hearted millionaire. "My sainted mother told me I must never tell a lie with my little hatchet," replied Eliphalet Buckram. The rich man was moved to tears; he took out his purse and gave Eliphalet Buckram a pat on the head and said he was a good boy. When he had gone, Eliphalet Buckram said to little James, "O James, what made you tell such a fib? You know those eggs were laid three weeks ago. You will see that I have gained a customer and you have lost one." Well, when Eliphalet went home, his stepmother came to the door and said, "Here you are, you lazy little sneak, and you haven't sold that punkin yet!" And she took him in her stepmotherly arms and fanned him with an ox-goad until he said that he would prefer taking his meals off the mantelpiece for the next few consecutive days to sitting down with the rest of the family. And next day Daniel Drew came into the market ("a rearin' and a tearin'," as old inhabitants say,) and said: "Where is the boy that sold those eggs, eh?" and Jim Fisk pointed to Eliphalet and said: "There he is, sir," and Daniel Drew reinforced that boy's stepmother's ox-goad with his cane so effectually that—but never mind. So Daniel bought all his garden-sass of Jim Fisk. In after-life Eliphalet Buckram set up a grocery store, and gave trust to all the poor people, and never sanded his sugar, and wouldn't qualify his rum with water; so he burst up and the sheriff sold him out, and he went to the poor-house. But Daniel Drew kept his eye on Jim Fisk, and by-and-bye he gave him a partnership in the Erie firm, and Jim beat him out of \$4,000,000. This is not a story for good little boys. We fear it is too near the truth.

PUSS, THE BLIND MAN'S DOG.

Frank Buckland, in *Land and Water*, gives the following interesting account of a blind man and his dog:

A few evenings ago, after several hours of writing at my office, No 4, Old Palace Yard, I found on turning out that the weather had become bitterly cold, blowing half a gale of wind, with sleet. Running along the not particularly well-lighted pavement I nearly stumbled against a man standing at the corner of the street by St. Margaret's Church; luckily the glitter of metal on his cap caught my eye, and looking at this I saw that it was a brass plate with the word "Blind" engraved on it. The poor man was tapping his stick against the curb, etc., evidently wanting to cross over the street; so I waited quietly to see what would happen. He had with him a little dog tied to a string; the dog was in the roadway pulling at the string, while the man kept tapping the edge of the pavement, and evidently intently listening for the sound of wheels. At last he said "Go," in an instant the little dog ran across the street, pulling, with open mouth and extruded tongue, at the string like a greyhound in slips. I was pleased to see that the pair of them arrived quite safe at the other side. I at once entered into conversation with the blind man, and wishing to obtain his history, I told him to call the next evening at my office as he went to his usual stand.

I now give the story of this poor man as he told it me:—"My name is James Stock. I am twenty-eight years of age; and I live at No. 10, Romney Street, Westminster. I have been blind with both eyes (the poor fellow is also otherwise terribly disfigured) three years next April. I lost the left eye first with a blight (he must have had ulceration of the cornea, as the eyeball was nearly empty), and shortly afterwards a cataract came in the right eye. I cannot see light from darkness. The middle of the night is just the same to me as the middle of the day, and the middle of the day the same as the middle of the night. I used to get work sweeping mud in the streets for Mr. Ferguson. My sight went very gradually, and latterly I worked in great fear, as I could not afford to leave off. At last I was knocked down by a hansom cab, and one day, at the top of Rochester-row, a break with two horses came along, and I was struck down by the pole, and somehow I got in between the two horses, which began to jump about fearful. I was so much hurt that I was frightened to work in the streets any more.—The accident was no fault of the young man as drove the horses."

"Well, my man," said I, "how long have you had your little dog?"

"Well, sir," he said, "my dog is as good to me as a pair of eyes. I call her 'Puss.' She is two years and a-half old, and I gave two shillings for her off a stranger. A blind man told the stranger to bring her to me, as he knew I wanted a 'guide dog.' I had to train her myself. I took her to the safest place I knew, that is by the side of a long blank wall. At first she would only get lagging behind me, but I took her out for half-an-hour every day, and in two or three weeks she learnt to lead me quite well. It took me longer to trust to the dog than it did for the dog to learn to lead me along, and now I can go anywhere with the dog. She knows her way as well as I do, and I have never been run over since I have had my puss. I feeds her on cat's-meat, and I gives her an extra halfpennyworth whenever I can afford it. I cannot afford anything better than cat's-meat for her, but she will eat cakes, sweetstuff, apples, pears, and almost anything that the children give her in the streets. She will also eat any sort of pudding, and she had several pieces of plum-pudding given to her this Christmas time. I comes out with her every morning from twelve to three, and at night from six to ten, and I stands on the other side of Westminster-bridge by St. Thomas's Hospital, selling cigar-lights, and sometimes the people gives me a few halfpence. It's mostly the poorer sort as gives me. I don't often get a bit of silver. I am obliged to go out in all weathers, or I should have nothing to eat; whether it's blowing, wet, or cold, I has to go. When it's very cold I carries a little chair in a bag at my back, for Puss to set down upon to keep her off the damp cold stones. I also ties on her a little bit of carpet in cold weather, as I feels more for my little dog than I do for myself as she sits there a shiverin'. I always carries a little water for her in a bottle in my pocket. I gives it her in a penny tin mug, and, Lor bless you, the little dog knows her bottle and tin mug when I pulls 'em out of my pocket as well as sighted people (it appears that blind people call those who, happily, are not so afflicted, sighted people) do a cup and saucer. As I stands at my post by St. Thomas's Hospital, Puss sits by the side of me as quiet as possible. When she sees anybody a looking at me she stands up on her two hind legs, wags her tail, and asks for something for me. I think she knows them again as have ever spoken to me once. I can't keep her down; just you try her now, sir, and see if she will do it," so I rose from my seat, and went towards the poor

blind man. In an instant, Puss, who had been curled up at her master's feet, was upon her hind legs begging for him, while every now and then she gave a sharp yap, as much as to say "Do give us something; we are both very poor."

Puss is a very ordinary-looking, half-bred little Scotch terrier. She is white, with liver-coloured spots. Her master keeps her very clean. She has a long bushy tail, which she keeps incessantly wagging, and when engaged in her daily occupation of begging, wriggles and jumps about with that peculiar pleased manner which is the language of dogs when they wished to be noticed. The face of this little Puss is perfectly beautiful. Her eyes are jet black, and an almost human intelligence beams from them. She has long fox-like ears, which, at the least sound or motion, assume an attitude of intelligent listening. Would that some painter would take the portrait of this humble but intelligent useful little blind man's "guide dog."

"There is one thing," the poor blind man continued, "that as you are a real gentleman, I should like to call your attention to—it's the dog tax. I has to pay five shillings a year for my Puss. I've got to pay it, for if they takes my dog away it would be as good as taking my sight away again. Last year a gentleman gave me five shillings to pay the amount of the license. I got one last year, but I am sorry to say it expired on Sunday last, and now I shall have to begin to save to get a license for this year; I likes to make it safe, as I have heard I might get locked up if I had not got one." Surely this a case which should be brought before the attention of the Government, as I feel sure the Legislature never intended that the tax should apply to the dogs of poor blind men, and I intend taking action upon the matter myself. The man then continued, "The parish allows me a shilling a week and two loaves of bread, when I goes for my money I can't take my dog and I feels the miss of her very much. The other night I had an accident, at the end of Tufton Street, for I hit my head against the tail of a furniture van that was projecting across the street, there was nobody to mind the van and nobody to stop me running against it. When I am without my dog I has to go tapping along the edge of the curb with my stick to find out the lamp posteses, I sometimes knocks my head very hard against them posteses if I have not got my Puss. But them pillar posteses for letters is very bad for blind men, there is no telling where they are, and they seems to come up suddenly anywheres in the streets. They stick 'em up about a foot and a half inside the curb. When the blind man goes along he keeps feeling the curb with his stick, but the pillar posteses is just in the line of the blind man's walk, and just measures him in the face when he knocks up against it. Lamp posteses is bad enough, but them pillar posteses is wuss, but when I has my dog I goes along quite safe like. The other day a blind man fell down into an open cellar flap of a public-house. Puss saved me once from a cellar flap; she ran me in amongst the barrels—that was at the 'Jolly Millers,' in Westminster. Cellar flaps is regular traps for blind men. I always comes up the same road every night, along Church Street, Wood Street, College Street, and then I passes your door, sir, in Old Palace Yard; my dog is sure to stop there now as she has once been in; then I stops by the corner at St. Margaret's Church where you first saw me. It's not a very difficult crossing to Westminster Hall, but it's very bad to get across them two roads, which the cabs uses, as they come out and into the New Palace Yard. Them two gateways is most dangerous, the cabs keep a coming in and going out, and don't mind where they are a going. Puss always goes over them very quick, but when the Houses of Parliament are sitting, I am obliged to ask somebody to take me over, as then I cannot altogether trust to the dog, there are so many carriages about. One day when I was crossing a cab came up suddenly, Puss jumps behind me and barks as much as to say there was danger, and to tell me to stop. I believe she saved my life that time.

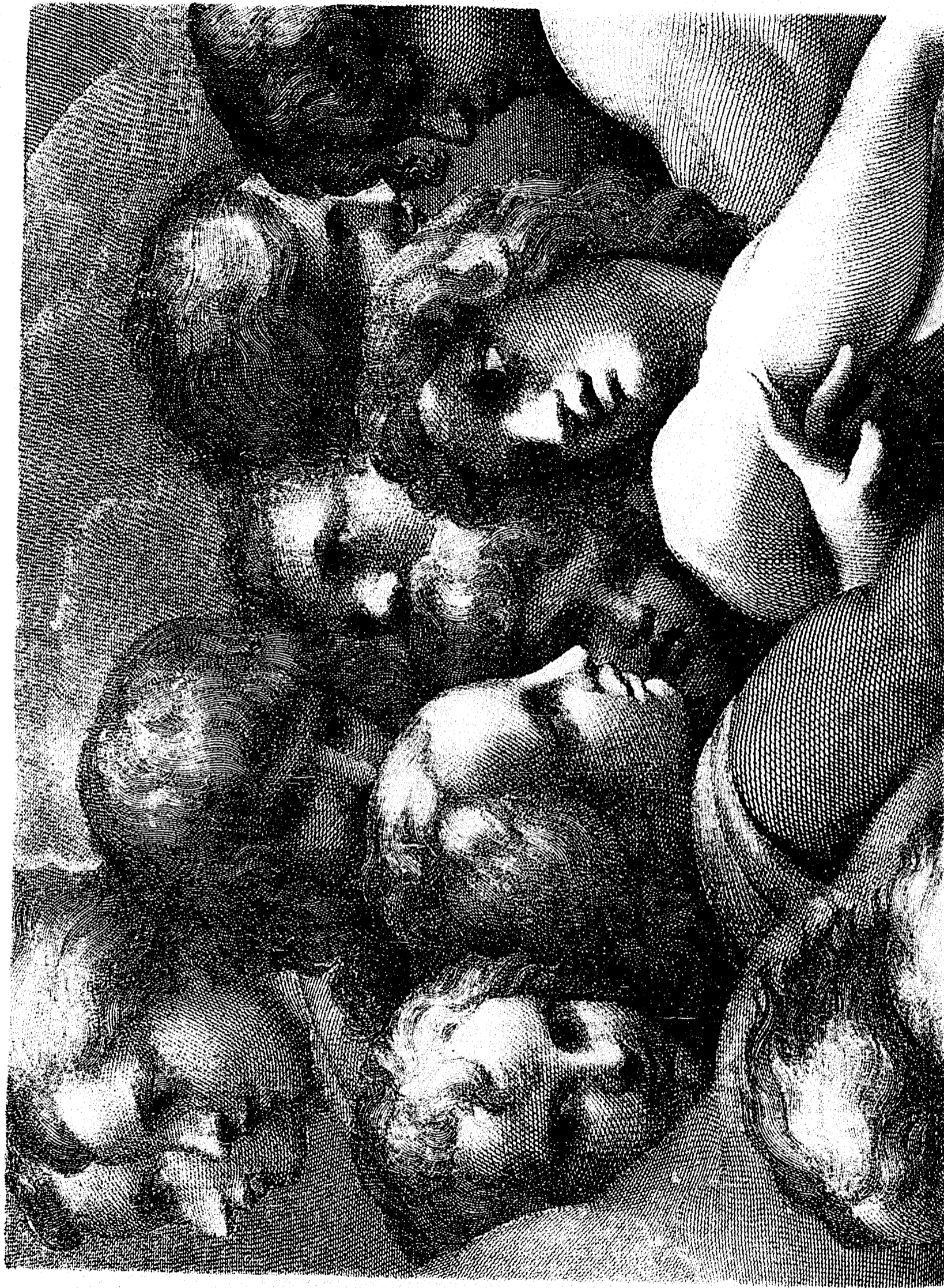
"She once saved me from being hurt by a perambulator. I heard it a coming smart along the pavement in a narrow street, but I could not get out of the way though I taps loud with my stick, what does Puss do but she runs me right out on to the road, and comes round again right behind the perambulator? If anybody had told me a dog would have done this, I could not have believed them, but I knows for a fact. I don't know who was with the perambulator. I trusts much to the brass plate on my cap. It says 'blind,' don't it, sir? but my little dog takes me along as well, and as safe as I could see to go if I had got my eyesight.

"The only fault Puss has is cats. She won't pass a cat. If she sees a cat sitting up again the railings she stops directly, and then runs me right up to the cat, and I must go where she takes me. One day a cat flew out at her, and scratched her nose. I was afraid she might hurt my dog's eyes, and I had a hard job to drive that 'ere cat away. It's no use, Puss won't pass a cat if she sees one in the street or sitting on the area-railing. She gets on very well with the kitten at home. The two of 'em sleeps together in a half-bushel basket. The kitten often takes a bit of meat out of the dog's mouth. I always knows when the kitten robs the dog and has got the meat, as she growls awful, but if the dog is hungry she will defend her food then.

"I goes to a blind man's club once a week in Westminster. There are some forty or fifty blind men and women there. We all sits down and a 'sighted man' reads out loud to us. I never takes the dog there. They gives each man and woman threepence for somebody to bring them there. That is what we calls guide-money."

I trust my readers will be interested with this little history of the poor blind man and his dog Puss. Should any person who reads the above feel inclined to send him a trifle towards paying the tax for poor little Puss, and give her an extra bit of meat, as well as buying the poor man some warm clothes and new shoes, I shall gladly pass it on to him, and I shall not regret that I happened to meet with this poor blind wanderer and his faithful little dog in the streets of our vast metropolis on a cold Christmas evening.

A Michigan newspaper complaining of the appointment of relatives to office, by the President, says:—"The President has appointed to the office of Postmaster in Michigan a man who is second cousin to a woman whose first husband was uncle to the next door neighbour of the sister-in-law of the washerwoman who ironed Lieutenant Grant's society shirt when he was one of the officers stationed at the fort in this city. These facts can be proved by indisputable testimony, and anybody who doubts has our permission to prove them. Can nepotism go further?"





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

GROUP OF ANGELS

PAINTED BY CORREGGIO IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, AT PARMA.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

BY J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

The kindly words that rise within the heart,
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own.
The kindly word, unspoken, is a sin—
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so: Another heart may thirst
For that kind word—as Hagar, in the wild—
Poor banished Hagar prayed a well might burst
From out the sand, to save the parching child.
And loving eyes, that cannot see the mind,
Will watch th' expected movement of the lip;
Ah! can ye let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart, and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,
Are valueless until we give them birth;
Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine,
Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.
How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute;
But, oh! what pain, when at God's own command
A heartstring thrills with kindness, but is mute.

Then hide it not, the music of the soul—
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice;
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh, let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak,
And He will bless you! He who struck these chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I.

UP among the Vosges mountains in Lorraine, but just outside the old half-German province of Alsace, about thirty miles distant from the new and thoroughly French baths of Plombières there lies the village of Granpere. Whatever may be said or thought in England of the late imperial rule in France, it must at any rate be admitted that good roads were made under the Empire. Alsace, which twenty years ago seems to have been somewhat behindhand in this respect, received her full share of Napoleon's attention, and Granpere is now placed on an excellent road which runs from the town of Remiremont on one line of railway, to Colmar on another. The inhabitants of the Alsatian Ballon hills and the open valleys among them, seem to think that the civilisation of great cities has been brought near enough to them, as there is already a diligence running daily from Granpere to Remiremont;—and at Remiremont you are on the railway, and, of course, in the middle of everything.

And indeed an observant traveller will be led to think that a great deal of what may most truly be called civilisation, has found its way in among the Ballons, whether it travelled thither by the new-fangled railways and imperial routes, or found its passage along the valley streams before imperial favours had been showered upon the district. We are told that when Pastor Oberlin was appointed to his cure as Protestant clergyman in the Ban de la Roche a little more than one hundred years ago,—that was, in 1767,—this region was densely dark and far behind in the world's running as regards all progress. The people were ignorant, poor, half starved, almost savage, destitute of communication, and unable to produce from their own soil enough food for their own sustenance. Of manufacturing enterprise they understood nothing, and were only just far enough advanced in knowledge for the Protestants to hate the Catholics, and the Catholics to hate the Protestants. Then came that wonderful clergyman, Pastor Oberlin,—he was indeed a wonderful clergyman—and made a great change. Since that there have been the two empires, and Alsace has looked up in the world. Whether the thanks of the people are more honestly due to Oberlin or to the late Emperor, the author of this little story will not pretend to say; but he will venture to express his opinion that at present the rural Alsatians are a happy, prosperous people, with the burden on their shoulders of but few paupers, and fewer gentlemen,—apparently a contented people, not ambitious, given but little to politics. Protestants and Catholics mingled with ut hatred or fanaticism, educated though not learned, industrious though not energetic, quiet and peaceful, making linen and cheese, growing potatoes, importing corn, coming into the world, marrying, begetting children, and dying in the wholesome homespun fashion which is so sweet to us in that mood of philosophy which teaches us to love the country and to despise the town. Whether it be better for a people to achieve an even level of prosperity, which is shared by all, but which makes none eminent, or to encounter those rough, ambitious, competitive struggles which produce both palaces and poorhouses, shall not be matter of argument here; but the teller of this story is disposed to think that the chance traveller, as long as he tarries at Granpere, will insensibly and perhaps unconsciously become an advocate of the former doctrine; he will be struck by the comfort which he sees around him, and for a while will dispense with wealth, luxury, scholarships, and fashion. Whether the inhabitants of these hills and valleys will advance to further progress now that they are again to become German, is another question, which the writer will not attempt to answer here.

Granpere in itself is a very pleasing village. Though the amount of population and number of houses do not suffice to make it more than a village, it covers so large a space of ground as almost to give it a claim to town honours. It is perhaps a full mile in length; and though it has but one street, there are buildings standing here and there, back from the line, which make it seem to stretch beyond the narrow confines of a single thoroughfare. In most French villages some of the houses are high and spacious, but here they seem almost all to be so. And many of them have been constructed after that independent fashion which always gives to a house in a street a character and importance of its own. They do not stand in a simple line, each supported by the strength of its neighbour, but occupy their own ground, facing this way or that as each may please, presenting here a corner to the main

street, and there an end. There are little gardens, and big stables, and commodious barns; and periodical paint with annual whitewash is not wanting. The unstinted slates shine copiously under the sun, and over almost every other door there is a large lettered board which indicates that the resident within is a dealer in the linen which is produced throughout the country. All these things together give to Granpere an air of prosperity and comfort which is not at all checked by the fact that there is in the place no mansion which we Englishmen would call the gentleman's house, nothing approaching to the ascendancy of a parish squire, no baron's castle, no manorial hall,—not even a chateau to overshadow the modest roofs of the dealers in the linen of the Vosges.

And the scenery round Granpere is very pleasant, though the neighbouring hills never rise to the magnificence of mountains or produce that grandeur which tourists desire when they travel in search of the beauties of Nature. It is a spot to love if you know it well, rather than to visit with hopes raised high, and to leave with vivid impressions. There is water in abundance;—a pretty lake lying at the feet of sloping hills, rivulets running down from the high upper lands and turning many a modest wheel in their course, a waterfall or two here and there, and a so-called mountain summit within an easy distance, from whence the sun may be seen to rise among the Swiss mountains;—and distant perhaps three miles from the village the main river which runs down the valley makes for itself a wild ravine, just where the bridge on the new road to Munster crosses the water, and helps to excite the people of Granpere for claiming for themselves a great object of natural attraction. The bridge and the river and the ravine are very pretty, and perhaps justify all that the villagers say of them when they sing to travellers the praises of their country.

Whether it be the sale of linen that has produced the large inn at Granpere, or the delicious air of the place, or the ravine and the bridge, matters little to our story; but the fact of the inn matters very much. There it is,—a roomy, commodious building, not easily intelligible to a stranger, with its widely distributed parts, standing like an inverted V, with its open side towards the main road. On the ground-floor on one side are the large stables and coach-house, with a billiard-room and *café* over them, and a long balcony which runs round the building; and on the other side there are kitchens and drinking-rooms, and over these the chamber for meals and the bedrooms. All large, airy, and clean, though, perhaps, not excellently well finished in their construction, and furnished with but little pretence to French luxury. And behind the inn there are gardens, by no means trim, and a dusty summer-house, which serves, however, for the smoking of a cigar; and there is generally space and plenty and good-will. Either the linen, or the air, or the ravine, or, as is more probable, the three combined, have produced a business, so that the landlord of the Lion d'Or at Granpere is a thriving man.

The reader shall at once be introduced to the landlord, and informed at the same time that, in so far as he may be interested in this story, he will have to take up his abode at the Lion d'Or till it be concluded; not as a guest staying loosely at his inn, but as one who is concerned with all the innermost affairs of the household. He will not simply eat his plate of soup, and drink his glass of wine, and pass on, knowing and caring more for the servant than for the servant's master, but he must content himself to sit at the landlord's table, to converse very frequently with the landlord's wife, to become very intimate with the landlord's son,—whether on loving or on unloving terms shall be left entirely to himself—and to throw himself, with the sympathy of old friendship, into all the troubles and all the joys of the landlord's niece. If the reader be one who cannot take such a journey, and pass a month or two without the society of persons whom he would define as ladies and gentlemen, he had better be warned at once, and move on, not setting foot within the Lion d'Or at Granpere.

Michel Voss, the landlord, in person was at this time a tall, stout, active, and very handsome man, about fifty years of age. As his son was already twenty-five,—and was known to be so throughout the commune,—people were sure that Michel Voss was fifty or thereabouts; but there was very little in his appearance to indicate so many years. He was fat and burly to be sure; but then he was not fat to lethargy, or burly with any sign of slowness. There was still the spring of youth in his footstep, and when there was some weight to be lifted, some heavy timber to be thrust here or there, some huge lumbering vehicle to be hoisted in or out, there was no arm about the place so strong as that of the master. His short, dark, curly hair,—that was always kept clipped round his head,—was beginning to show a tinge of grey, but the huge moustache on his upper lip was still of a thorough brown, as was also the small morsel of beard which he wore upon his chin. He had bright sharp brown eyes, a nose slightly beaked, and a large mouth. He was on the whole a man of good temper, just withal, and one who loved those who belonged to him; but he chose to be master in his own house, and was apt to think that his superior years enabled him to know what younger people wanted better than they would know themselves. He was loved in his house and respected in his village; but there was something in the beak of his nose and the brightness of his eye which was apt to make those around him afraid of him. And indeed Michel Voss could lose his temper and become an angry man.

Our landlord had been twice married. By his first wife he had now living a single son, George Voss, who at the time of our tale had already reached his twenty-fifth year. George, however, did not at this time live under his father's roof, having taken service for a time with the landlady of another inn at Colmar. George Voss was known to be a clever young man; many in those parts declared that he was much more so than his father; and when he became clerk at the Poste in Colmar, and after a year or two had taken into his hands almost the entire management of that house,—so that people began to say that old-fashioned and wretched as it was, money might still be made there,—people began to say also that Michel Voss had been wrong to allow his son to leave Granpere. But in truth there had been a few words between the father and the son; and the two were so like each other that the father found it difficult to rule, and the son found it difficult to be ruled.

George Voss was very like his father, with this difference, as he was often told by the old folk about Granpere, that he would never fill his father's shoes. He was a smaller man, less tall by a couple of inches, less broad in proportion across

the shoulders, whose arm would never be so strong, whose leg would never grace a tight stocking with so full a development. But he had the same eye, bright and brown and very quick, the same mouth, the same aquiline nose, the same broad forehead and well-shaped chin, and the same look in his face which made men know as by instinct that he would sooner command than obey. So there had come to be a few words, and George Voss had gone away to the house of a cousin of his mother's, and had taken to commanding there.

Not that there had been any quarrel between the father and the son; nor indeed that George was aware that he had been in the least disobedient to his parent. There was no recognised ambition for rule in the breasts of either of them. It was simply this, that their tempers were alike; and when on an occasion Michel told his son that he would not allow a certain piece of folly which the son was, as he thought, likely to commit, George declared that he would soon set that matter right by leaving Granpere. Accordingly he did leave Granpere, and became the right hand, and indeed the head, and back-bone, and best leg of his old cousin Madame Faragon of the Poste at Colmar. Now the matter on which these few words occurred was a question of love,—whether George Voss should fall in love with and marry his step-mother's niece Marie Bromar. But before anything further can be said of these few words, Madame Voss and her niece must be introduced to the reader.

Madame Voss was nearly twenty years younger than her husband, and had now been a wife some five or six years. She had been brought from Epinal, where she had lived with a married sister, a widow, much older than herself,—in parting from whom on her marriage there had been much tribulation. "Should anything happen to Marie," she had said to Michel Voss, before she gave him her troth, "you will let Minnie Bromar come to me?" Michel Voss, who was then hotly in love with his hoped-for bride,—hotly in love in spite of his four-and-forty years,—gave the required promise. The said "something" which had been suspected had happened. Madame Bromar had died, and Minnie Bromar her daughter, —or Marie as she was always afterwards called,—had at once been taken into the house at Granpere. Michel never thought twice about it when he was reminded of his promise. "If I hadn't promised at all, she should come the same," he said. "The house is big enough for a dozen more yet." In saying this he perhaps alluded to a little baby that then lay in a cradle in his wife's room, by means of which at that time Madame Voss was able to make her big husband do pretty nearly anything that she pleased. So Marie Bromar, then just fifteen years of age, was brought over from Epinal to Granpere, and the house certainly was not felt to be too small because she was there. Marie soon learned the ways and wishes of her burly, soft-hearted uncle;—would fill his pipe for him, and hand him his soup, and bring his slippers, and put her soft arm round his neck, and became a favourite. She was only a child when she came, and Michel thought that it was very pleasant; but in five years' time she was a woman, and Michel was forced to reflect that it would not be well that there should be another marriage and another family in the house while he was so young himself. There was at this time a third baby in the cradle,—and then Marie Bromar had not a franc of *dot*. Marie was the sweetest eldest daughter in the world, but he could not think it right that his son should marry a wife before he had done a stroke for himself in the world. Prudence made it absolutely necessary that he should say a word to his son.

Madame Voss was certainly nearly twenty years younger than her husband, and yet the pair did not look to be ill-sorted. Michel was so handsome, strong, and hale; and Madame Voss, though she was a comely woman,—though when she was brought home a bride to Granpere the neighbours had all declared that she was very handsome,—carried with her a look of more years than she really possessed. She had borne many of a woman's cares, and had known much of woman's sorrows before she had become wife to Michel Voss; and then when the babes came, and she had settled down as mistress of that large household, and taught herself to regard George Voss and Marie Bromar almost as her own children, all idea that she was much younger than her husband departed from her. She was a woman who desired to excel her husband in nothing,—if only she might be considered to be in some things his equal. There was no feeling in the village that Michel Voss had brought home a young wife and had made a fool of himself. He was a man entitled to have a wife much younger than himself. Madame Voss in those days always wore a white cap, and a dark stuff gown which was changed on Sundays for one of black silk, and brown mittens on her hands, and she went about the house in soft carpet shoes. She was a conscientious, useful, but not an enterprising woman; loving her husband much and fearing him somewhat; liking to have her own way in certain small matters, but willing to be led in other things so long as those were surrendered to her; careful with her children, the care of whom seemed to deprive her of the power of caring for the business of the inn; kind to her niece, good-humoured in her house, and satisfied with the world at large as long as she might always be allowed to entertain M. le Curé at dinner on Sundays. Michel Voss, Protestant though he was, had not the slightest objection to giving M. le Curé his Sunday dinner, on condition that M. le Curé on these occasions would confine his conversation to open subjects. M. le Curé was quite willing to eat his dinner and give no offence.

A word too must be said of Marie Bromar before we begin our story. Marie Bromar is the heroine of this little tale; and the reader must be made to have some idea of her as she would have appeared before him had he seen her standing near her uncle in the long room up-stairs of the hotel at Granpere. Marie had been fifteen when she was brought from Epinal to Granpere, and had then been a child; but she had now reached her twentieth birthday, and was a woman. She was not above the middle height, and might seem to be less indeed in that respect because her aunt and her uncle were tall; but she was well made, and very active. She was strong and would use her strength, and was very keen about all the work of the house. During the five years of her residence at Granpere she had thoroughly learned the mysteries of her uncle's trade. She knew good wine from bad by the perfume; she knew whether bread was the full weight by the touch; with a glance of her eye she could tell whether the cheese and butter were what they ought to be; in a matter of poultry no woman in all the commune could take her in; she was great in judging eggs; knew well the quality of

linen; and was even able to calculate how long the hay should last, and what should be the consumption of corn in the stables. Michel Voss was well aware before Marie had been a year beneath his roof that she well earned the morsel she cut and the drop she drank; and when she had been there five years he was ready to swear that she was the cleverest girl in Lorraine and Alsace. And she was very pretty, with rich brown hair that would not allow itself to be brushed out of its crisp half curls in front, and which she always wore cut short behind, curling round her straight, well-formed neck. Her eyes were grey, with a strong shade indeed of green, but were very bright and pleasant, full of intelligence, telling stories by their glances of her whole inward disposition, of her activity, quickness, and desire to have a hand in everything that was being done. Her father Jean Bromar had come from the same stock with Michel Voss, and she, too, had something of that aquiline nose which gave to the inn-keeper and his son the look which made men dislike to contradict them. Her mouth was large, but her teeth were very white and perfect, and her smile was the sweetest thing that ever was seen. Marie Bromar was a pretty girl, and George Voss, had he lived so near to her and not have fallen in love with her, must have been cold indeed.

At the end of these five years Marie had become a woman and was known by all around her to be a woman much stronger, both in person and in purpose, than her aunt; but she maintained, almost unconsciously, many of the ways in the house which she had assumed when she first entered it. Then she had always been on foot, to be everybody's messenger,—and so she was now. When her uncle and aunt were at their meals she was always up and about,—attending them, attending the public guests, attending the whole house. And it seemed as though she herself never sat down to eat or drink. Indeed, it was rare enough to find her seated at all. She would have a cup of coffee standing up at the little desk near the public window when she kept her books, or would take a morsel of meat as she helped to remove the dishes. She would stand sometimes for a minute leaning on the back of her uncle's chair as he sat at his supper, and would say, when he bade her to take her chair and eat with them, that she preferred picking and stealing. In all things she worshipped her uncle, observing his movements, caring for his wants, and carrying out his plans. She did not worship her aunt, but she so served Madame Voss that had she been withdrawn from the household Madame Voss would have found herself altogether unable to provide for its wants. Thus Marie Bromar had become the guardian angel of the Lion d'or at Granpere.

There must be a word or two more said of the difference between George Voss and his father which had ended in sending George to Colmar; a word or two about that, and a word also of what occurred between George and Marie. Then we shall be able to commence our story without further reference to things past. As Michel Voss was a just, affectionate, and intelligent man, he would not probably have objected to a marriage between the two young people, had the proposition for such a marriage been first submitted to him, with a proper amount of attention to his judgment and controlling power. But the idea was introduced to him in a manner which taught him to think that there was to be a hand-stone love affair. To him George was still a boy, and Marie not much more than a child, and,—without much thinking,—he felt that the thing was improper.

"I won't have it, George," he had said.
 "Won't have what, father?"
 "Never mind. You know. If you can't get over it in any other way, you had better go away. You must do something for yourself before you can think of marrying."

"I am not thinking of marrying."
 "Then what were you thinking of when I saw you with Marie? I won't have it for her sake, and I won't have it for mine, and I won't have it for your own. You had better go away for a while."

"I'll go away to-morrow if you wish it, father." Michel had turned away, not saying another word; and on the following day George did go away, hardly waiting an hour to set in order his part of his father's business. For it must be known that George had not been an idler in his father's establishment. There was a trade of wood-cutting upon the mountain-side, with a saw-mill turned by water beneath, over which George had presided almost since he had left the school of the commune. When his father told him that he was bound to do something before he got married, he could not have intended to accuse him of having been hitherto idle. Of the wood-cutting and the saw-mill George knew as much as Marie did of the poultry and the linen. Michel was wrong, probably, in his attempt to separate them. The house was large enough, or if not, there was still room for another house to be built in Granpere. They would have done well as man and wife. But then the head of a household naturally objects to seeing the boys and girls belonging to him making love under his nose without any reference to his opinion. "Things were not made so easy for me," he says to himself, and feels it to be a sort of duty to take care that the course of love shall not run altogether smooth. George, no doubt, was too abrupt with his father; or perhaps it might be the case that he was not sorry to take an opportunity of leaving for a while Granpere and Marie Bromar. It might be well to see the world; and though Marie Bromar was bright and pretty, it might be that there were others abroad brighter and prettier.

His father had spoken to him on one fine September afternoon, and within an hour George was with the men who were stripping bark from the great pine logs up on the side of the mountain. With them, and with two or three others who were engaged at the saw-mills, he remained till the night was dark. Then he came down and told something of his intentions to his step-mother. He was going to Colmar on the morrow with a horse and small cart, and would take with him what clothes he had ready. He did not speak to Marie that night, but he said something to his father about the timber and the mill. Gaspar Muntz, the head woodsman, knew, he said, all about the business. Gaspar could carry on the work till it would suit Michel Voss himself to see how things were going on. Michel Voss was sore and angry, but he said nothing. He sent to his son a couple of hundred francs by his wife, but said no word of explanation even to her. On the following morning George was off without seeing his father.

But Marie was up to give him his breakfast. "What is the meaning of this, George?" she said.

"Father says that I shall be better away from this,—so I am going away."

"And why will you be better away?" To this George made no answer. "It will be terrible if you quarrel with your father. Nothing can be so bad as that."

"We have not quarrelled. That is to say, I have not quarrelled with him. If he quarrelled with me, I cannot help it."

"It must be helped," said Marie, as she placed before him a mess of eggs which she had cooked for him with her own hands. "I would sooner die than see anything wrong between you two." Then there was a pause. "Is it about me, George?" she asked boldly.

"Father thinks that I love you:—so I do."

Marie paused for a few minutes before she said anything further. She was standing very near to George, who was eating his breakfast heartily in spite of the interesting nature of the conversation. As she filled his cup a second time, she spoke again. "I will never do anything, George, if I can help it, to displease my uncle."

"But why should it displease him? He wants to have his own way in everything."

"Of course he does."

"He has told me to go;—and I'll go. I've worked for him as no other man would work, and have never said a word about a share in the business;—and never would?"

"Is it not all for yourself, George?"

"And why shouldn't you and I be married if we like it?"

"I will never like it," said she solemnly, "if uncle dislikes it."

"Very well," said George. "There is the horse ready, and now I'm off."

So he went, starting just as the day was dawning, and no one saw him on that morning except Marie Bromar. As soon as he was gone she went up to her little room, and sat herself down on her bedside. She knew that she loved him, and had been told that she was beloved. She knew that she could not lose him without suffering terribly; but now she almost feared that it would be necessary that she should lose him. His manner had not been tender to her. He had indeed said that he loved her, but there had been nothing of the tenderness of love in his mode of saying so;—and then he had said no word of persistency in the teeth of his father's objection. She had declared—thoroughly purposing that her declaration should be true—that she would never become his wife in opposition to her uncle's wishes; but he, had he been in earnest, might have said something of his readiness to attempt at least to overcome his father's objection. But he had said not a word, and Marie as she sat upon her bed, made up her mind that it must be all over. But she made up her mind also that she would entertain no feeling of anger against her uncle. She owed him everything;—so she thought, making no account, as George had done, of labour given in return. She was only a girl, and what was her labour? For a while she resolved that she would give a spoken assurance to her uncle that he need fear nothing from her. It was natural enough to her that her uncle should desire a better marriage for his son. But after a while she reflected that any speech from her on such a subject would be difficult, and that it would be better that she should hold her tongue. So she held her tongue, and thought of George, and suffered;—but still was merry, at least in manner, when her uncle spoke to her, and priced the poultry, and counted the linen, and made out the visitors' bills, as though nothing evil had come upon her. She was a gallant girl, and Michael Voss, though he could not speak of it, understood her gallantry and made notes of it on the note-book of his heart.

In the meantime George Voss was thriving at Colmar,—as the Vosses did thrive wherever they settled themselves. But he sent no word to his father,—nor did his father send word to him,—though they were not more than ten leagues apart. Once Madame Voss went over to see him, and brought back word of his well-doing.

(To be continued.)

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

AN AMUSING EPISODE AT A HOTEL BREAKFAST TABLE.

(From the San Francisco Chronicle.)

Two young men, telegraph operators, board at one of our leading third-class hotels, and, being of a somewhat hilarious disposition, find great amusement in carrying on conversation with each other at the table by ticking on the plates with knife, fork, or spoon. For the information of those not acquainted with telegraphy it may be well to state that a combination of sounds or ticks constitute the telegraphic alphabet, and persons familiar with these sounds can converse thereby as intelligently as with spoken words.

The young lightning-strikers, as already stated, were in the habit of indulging in table-talk by this means whenever they desired to say anything private to each other. For instance No. 1 would pick up his knife and tick off some such remarks as this to No. 2: "Why is this butter like the offense of Hamlet's uncle?" No. 2: "I give it up." No. 1: "Because it's rank and smells to heaven." Of course the joke is not appreciated by the landlord, who sits close by, because he doesn't understand telegraphic ticks, and probably he wouldn't appreciate it much if he did; but the jokers enjoy it immensely and laugh immoderately, while the other guests wonder what can be the occasion for this merriment, and naturally conclude that operators must be idiots.

A few days ago, while those fun-loving youths were seated at breakfast a stout-built young man entered the dining-room with a handsome girl on his arm, whose blushing countenance showed her to be a bride. The couple had, in fact, been married but a day or two previously, and had come to San Francisco from their home in Oakland, or Mud Springs, or some other rural village, for the purpose of spending the honeymoon. The telegraphic tickers commenced as soon as the husband and wife had seated themselves.

No. 1 opened the discourse as follows:—"What a lovely little pigeon this is alongside of me—ain't she?"

No. 2: "Perfectly charming—looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Just married, I guess; don't you think so?"

No. 1: "Yes, I should judge she was. What luscious lips she's got! If that country bumpkin beside her was out of the road, I'd give her a kiss just for luck."

No. 2: "Suppose you try it anyhow. Give her a little nudge under the table with your knee."

There is no telling to what extent the impudent rascals might have gone but for an amazing and entirely unforeseen incident. The bridegroom's face had flushed, and a dark scowl was on his brow during the progress of the ticking conversation; but the operators were too much occupied to pay any attention to him. The reader may form some idea of the young men's consternation when the partner of the lady picked up his knife and ticked off the following terse but vigorous message:

"This lady is my wife; as soon as she gets through with her breakfast I propose to wring both your necks—you insolent whelps."

The countenances of the operators fell very suddenly when this message commenced. By the time it had ended they had lost all appetite and appreciation of jokes, and slipped out of the dining-room in a very rapid and unceremonious manner. It seems the bridegroom was a telegraph operator, and "knew how it was himself."

A SCENE IN AN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

(From the Philadelphia Dispatch.)

A week or two ago one of our reporters had occasion to refer to a certain woman, whom we will call Hannah Smith, as a denizen of the Eleventh Ward. A day or two afterwards a huge man entered the office with his brow clothed with thunder. In his hand he carried a fearful club, and at his side trotted a bull-dog whom hunger evidently had made desperate. With that quick appreciation of the situation which is creditable to the superior intelligence of educated men, the editor of this paper and the proprietors dashed to the window, climbed outside, slid down the lightning rod, and went across the street to watch the bloody fray through a spy-glass. With the fearlessness of conscious innocence we sat still, merely inserting our legs in two sections of stovepipe, to guard against misapprehension of facts on the part of the bull-dog. The man with the club approached.

"Are you the editor?" he asked, spitting on his hand and grasping his club. We told him that the editor was out; that he had gone to the North Pole with Captain Hall, and that he would not return before 1876, in time for the centennial celebration.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked the man.

We explained to him that we were not. That the proprietors were also out; that they had gone to South America for the purpose of investigating the curative powers of eundurango; and they expected to remain there for several years.

"Well, whoever you are," exclaimed the warrior, "my name is Smith!"

We told him we were glad; because, if there was one thing better than the possession of the name of Smith it was the privilege of knowing a man of that name.

"But, Smith," we said, "why this battle array? It is absurd for a man to put on the panoply of war and frisk into editors' sanctums fumbling a club and accompanied by a dishevelled bull-dog, simply because his name happens to be Smith."

He said he called in to burst the head of the man who had insulted his sister.

"It is impossible, Smith, that such a thing could have been done by any one in this office."

"Is it? but it was, though; and her name was published too—Miss Smith—Miss Hanner Smith."

"May we be permitted to enquire, Mr. Smith, what was the precise character of the affront offered to Hannah?"

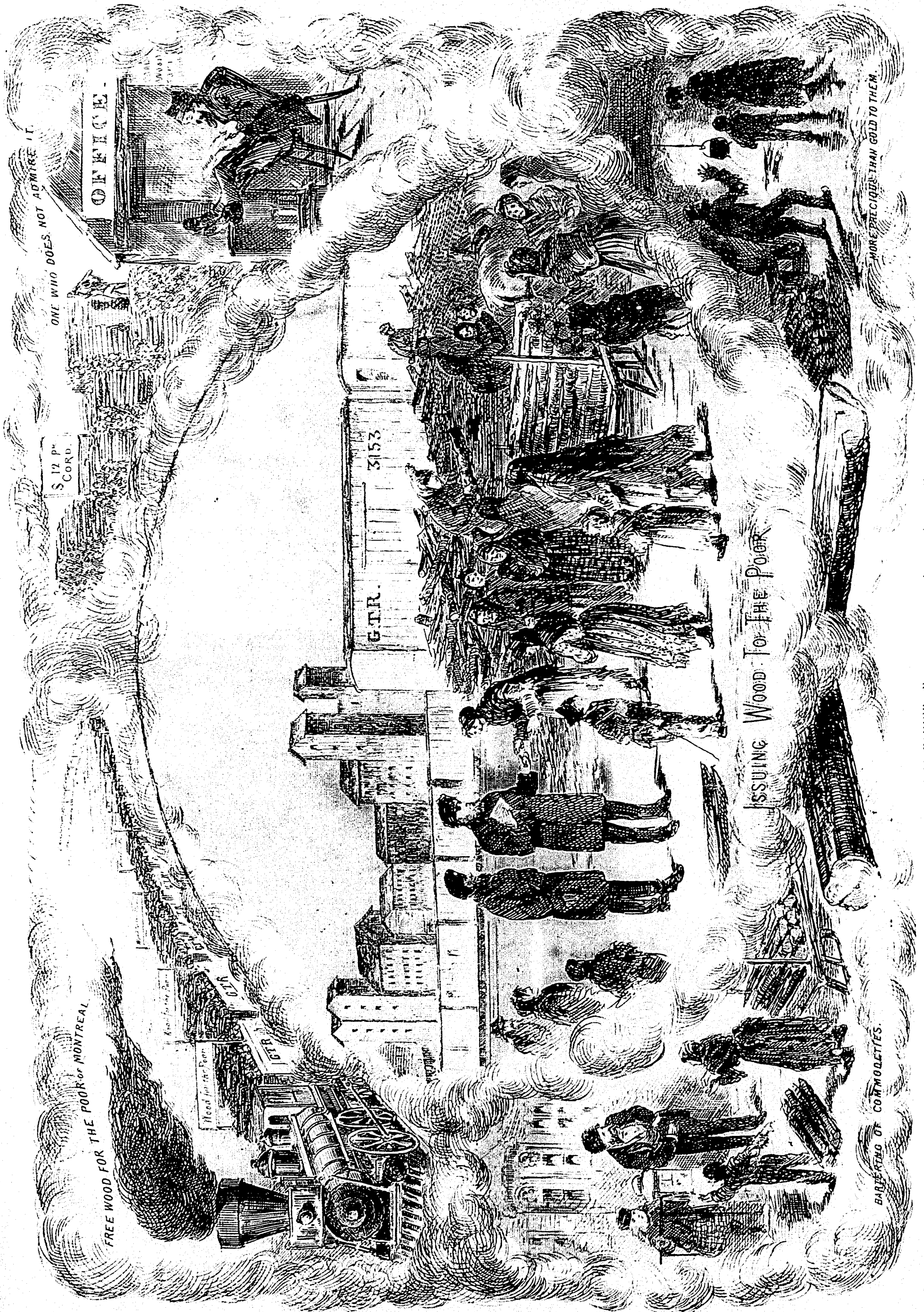
"Well, you see," said Smith, "the blackguard said she was a denizen. And I want you to understand," exclaimed Smith, becoming excited, and brandishing his club in a wild manner over our head, while the bull-dog advanced and commenced to sniff up and down our stovepipe, "I want you to understand that she is a decent young woman with a good character, and none of your denizens and such truck. The man who says she is a denizen is a blackguard and thief, and I'll smash him over the nose if I get a chance. They may say what they please about me, but the man who abuses my sister has got to suffer." And Smith struck the table in a violent manner with his club, while the bull-dog put his forelegs on the back of our chair.

We pacified Smith with a dictionary. We pointed out to that raging warrior that the Websterian definition of the word "denizen" gives such a person an unoffending character, and deprives the term of anything like reproach. Smith said he was satisfied, and he shook hands and kicked the bull-dog down stairs. The editor and proprietors, seeing that all was safe, immediately climbed the lightning rod, and soon appeared at the window, where they were introduced to Smith, with the remark that they had returned from the North Pole and the climate of the eundurango somewhat unexpectedly, in order to surprise their relations.

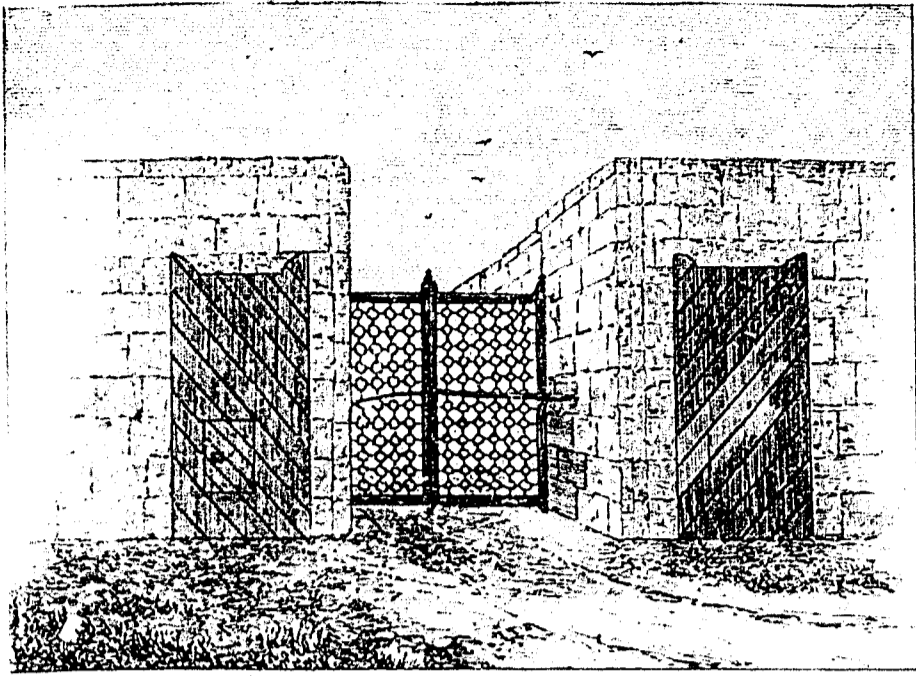
And now we suppose Smith will be mad because we have told this story about him, and he will be coming down to interview us again in war's magnificent stern array, with a fresh bull-dog. But it will be in vain. We have rented an office in the top of the shot tower, and have planted terpedoes and spring-guns all the way up the stairs. We warn this incendiary Smith to be aware.

A TURKISH BREAKFAST.

A Turkish breakfast comprises about thirty dishes. Soon after the first dish comes lamb, roasted on the spit, which must never be wanting at any Turkish banquet. Then follow dishes of solid and liquid, sour and sweet, in the order of which a certain kind of recurring change is observed, to keep the appetite alive. The pillar of boiled rice is always the concluding dish. The externals to such a feast as this are these: A great round plate of metal, with a plain edge of three feet in diameter, is placed on a low frame, and serves as a table, about which five or six people can repose on rugs. The left hand must remain invisible; it would be improper to expose it while eating. The right hand alone is permitted to be active. There are no plates, or knives, or forks. The table is decked with dishes, deep and shallow, covered and uncovered; these are continually being changed, so that little can be eaten from each. Some remain longer—as roast meat, cold milks, and gherkin, are often recurred to. Before you an attendant or slave kneels, with a metal basin in one hand, and a piece of soap on a little saucer in the other. Water is poured by him over the hands of the washer from a metal jug; over his arm hangs an elegantly embroidered napkin for drying the hands upon.



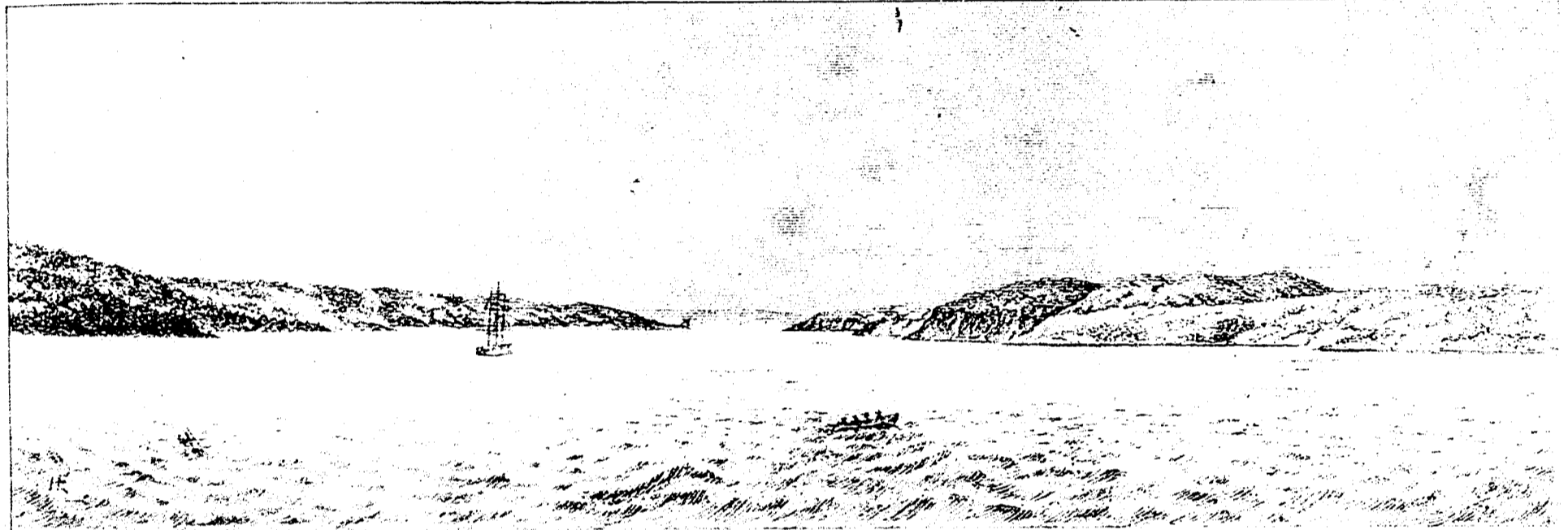
THE WOOD FAMINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 67.



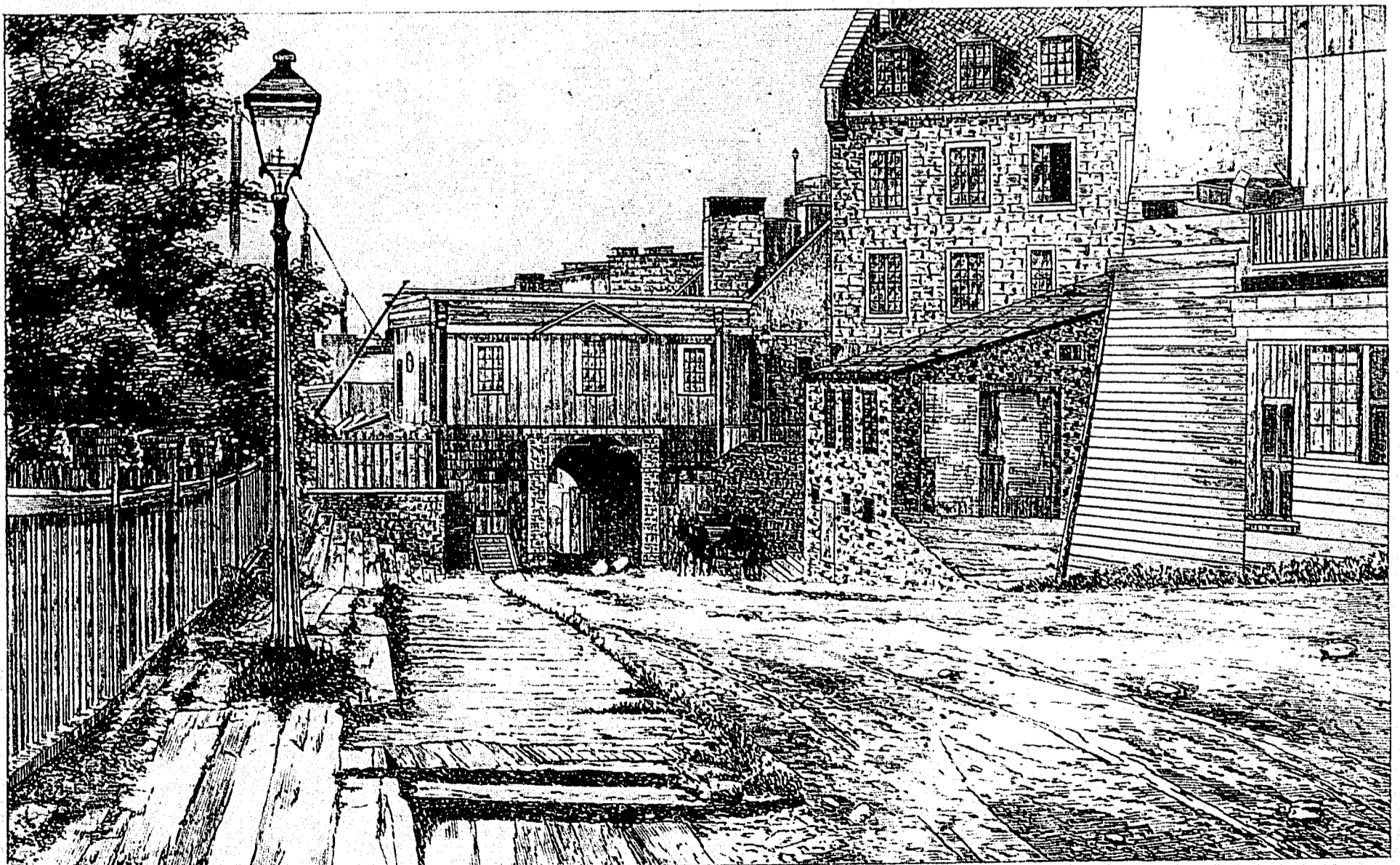
QUEEN'S GATE, QUEBEC.—SEE PAGE 67.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.—SEE PAGE 67.



VIEW IN THE GUT OF CANSO, BETWEEN CAPE BRETON AND NOVA SCOTIA—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. CARLISLE—SEE PAGE 67.



PRESCOTT GATE, QUEBEC, RECENTLY DEMOLISHED.—SEE PAGE 67.

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

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

CHAPTER LV. (Continued.)

She started, stared at me for a moment, and held out her hand.

"I didn't know you, Mr. Cumbermede. How much older you look! I beg your pardon. Have you been ill?"

She spoke hurriedly, and kept looking over her shoulder now and then as if afraid of being seen talking to me.

"I have had a good deal to make me older since we meet last, Miss Pease," I said. "I have hardly a friend left in the world but you—that is, if you will allow me to call you one."

"Certainly, certainly," she answered, but hurriedly, and with one of those uneasy glances. "Only you must allow, Mr. Cumbermede, that—that—that—"

The poor lady was evidently unprepared to meet me on the old footing, and, at the same time, equally unwilling to hurt my feelings.

"I should be sorry to make you run a risk for my sake," I said. "Please just answer me one question. Do you know what it is to be misunderstood—to be despised without deserving it?"

She smiled sadly, and nodded her head gently two or three times.

"Then have pity on me, and let me have a little talk with you."

Again she glanced apprehensively over her shoulder.

"You are afraid of being seen with me, and I don't wonder," I said.

"Mr. Godfrey came up with us," she answered. "I left him at breakfast. He will be going across the park to his club directly."

"Then come with me the other way—into Hyde Park," I said.

With evident reluctance, she yielded and accompanied me.

As soon as we got within Stanhope Gate, I spoke.

"A certain sad event, of which you have no doubt heard, Miss Pease, has shut me out from all communication with the family of my friend Charley Osborne. I am very anxious for some news of his sister. She is all that is left of him to me now. Can you tell me anything about her?"

"She has been very ill," she replied.

"I hope that means that she is better," I said.

"She is better, and, I hear, going on the continent, as soon as the season will permit. But, Mr. Cumbermede, you must be aware that I am under considerable restraint in talking to you. The position I hold in Sir Giles's family, although neither a comfortable nor a dignified one—"

"I understand you perfectly, Miss Pease," I returned, "and fully appreciate the sense of propriety which causes your embarrassment. But the request I am about to make has nothing to do with them or their affairs whatever. I only want your promise to let me know if you hear anything of Miss Osborne."

"I cannot tell—what—"

"What use I may be going to make of the information you give me. In a word, you do not trust me."

"I neither trust nor distrust you, Mr. Cumbermede. But I am afraid of being drawn into a correspondence with you."

"Then I will ask no promise. I will hope in your generosity. Here is my address. I pray you, as you would have helped him who fell among thieves, to let me know anything you hear about Mary Osborne."

She took my card, and turned at once, saying,

"Mind, I make no promise."

"I imagine none," I answered. "I will trust in your kindness."

And so we parted.

Unsatisfactory as the interview was, it yet gave me a little hope. I was glad to hear Mary was going abroad, for it must do her good. For me, I would endure and labour and hope. I gave her to God, as Shakespeare says somewhere, and set myself to my work. When her mind was quieter about Charley, somehow or other I might come near her again. I could not see how.

I took my way across the Green Park.

I do not believe we notice the half the coincidences that float past us on the stream of events. Things which would fill us with astonishment, and probably with foreboding, look us in the face and pass us by, and we know nothing of them.

As I walked along in the direction of the Mall, I became aware of a tall man coming towards me, stooping as if with age, while the length of his stride indicated a more vigorous period. He passed without lifting his head, but in the partial view of the wan and furrowed countenance I could not fail to recognize Charley's father. Such a worn unhappiness was there depicted, that the indignation which still lingered in my bosom went out in compassion. If his sufferings might but

teach him that to brand the truth of the kingdom with the private mark of opinion, must result in persecution and cruelty! He mounted the slope with strides at once eager and aimless, and I wondered whether any of the surmounting compunctions had yet begun to overshadow the complacency of his faith; whether he had yet begun to doubt if it pleased the Son of Man that a youth should be driven from the gates of truth, because he failed to recognize her image in the faces of the janitors.

Aimless, also, I turned into the Mall, and again I started at the sight of a known figure. Was it possible?—Could it be my Lilith betwixt the shafts of a public cabriolet? Fortunately it was empty. I hailed it, and jumped up, telling the driver to take me to my chambers. My poor Lilith! She was working like one who had never been loved! So far as I knew, she had never been in harness before. She was badly groomed and thin, but much of her old spirit remained. I soon entered in to negotiations with the driver, whose property she was, and made her my own once more, with a delight I could ill express in plain prose—for my friends were indeed few. I wish I could draw a picture of the lovely creature, when at length, having concluded

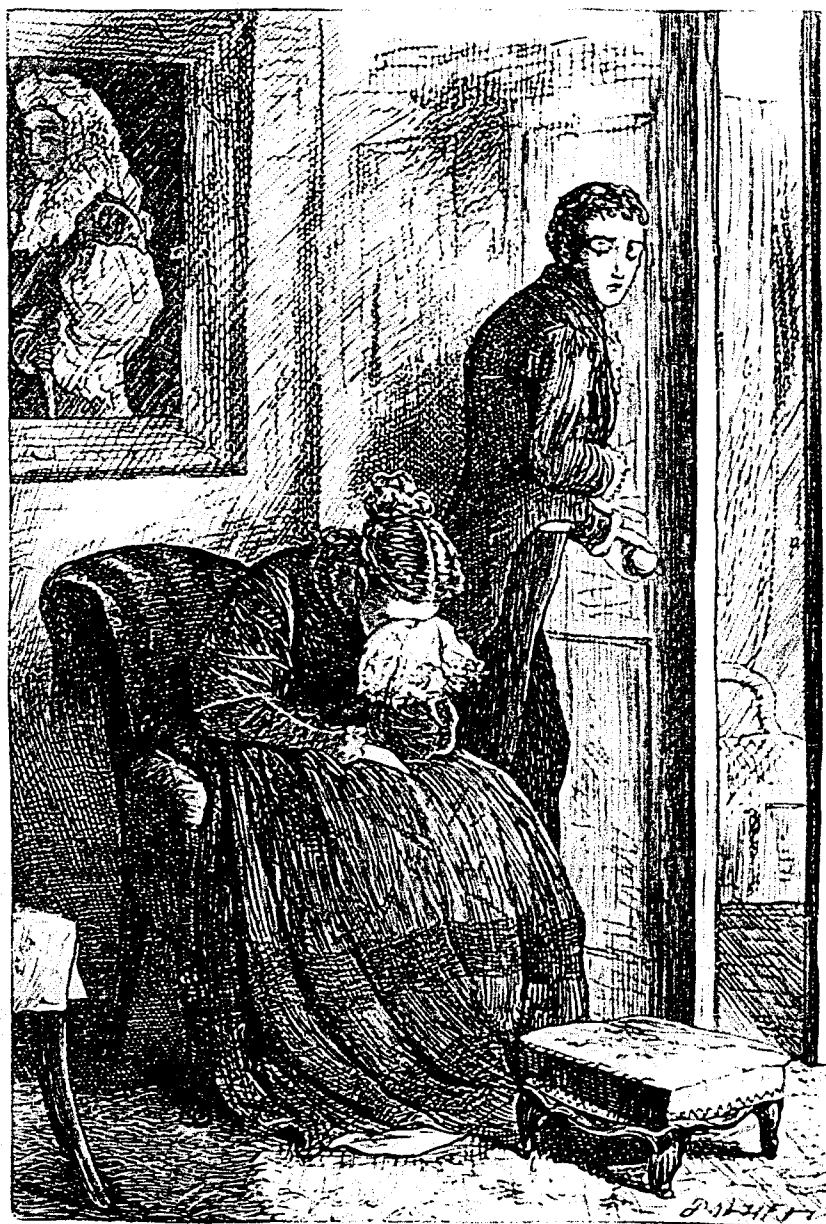
forth joys and sorrows which in a real history must walk shadowed under the veil of modesty; for the soul still less than the body, will consent to be revealed to all eyes. Hence, although most of my books have seemed true to some, they have all seemed visionary to most.

A year passed away, during which I never left London. I heard from Miss Pease—that Miss Osborne, although much better, was not going to return until after another winter. I wrote and thanked her, and heard no more. It may seem I accepted such ignorance with strange indifference; but even to the reader for whom alone I am writing, I cannot, as things are, attempt to lay open all my heart. I have not written and cannot write how I thought, projected, brooded, and dreamed—all about her; how I hoped when I wrote that she might read; how I questioned what I had written, to find whether it would look to her what I had intended it to appear.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE LAST VISION.

I HAD engaged to accompany one of Charley's barrister friends, in whose society I had found



"I will go away till you can bear the sight of me."

my bargain, I approached her, and called her by her name! She turned her head sideways towards me with a low whinny of pleasure, and when I walked a little way, walked wearily after me. I took her myself to livery stables near me, and wrote for Styles. His astonishment when he saw her was amusing. "Good Lord! Miss Lilith!" was all he could say—for some moments.

In a few days she had begun to look like herself, and I sent her home with Styles. I should hardly like to say how much the recovery of her did to restore my spirits; I could not help regarding it as a good omen.

And now, the first bitterness of my misery having died a natural death, I sought again some of the friends I had made through Charley, and experienced from them great kindness. I began also to go into society a little, for I had found that invention is ever ready to lose the forms of life if it be not kept under the ordinary pressure of its atmosphere. As it is, I doubt much if any of my books are more than partially true to those forms, for I have ever heeded them too little; but I believe I have been true to the heart of man. But that heart I have ever regarded more as the fountain of aspiration than the grave of fruition. The discomfiture of enemies and a happy marriage never seemed to me ends of sufficient value to close a history withal—I mean a fictitious history wherein one may set

considerable satisfaction, to his father's house—to spend the evening with some friends of the family. The gathering was chiefly for talk, and was a kind of thing I disliked, finding its aimlessness and flicker depressing. Indeed, partly from the peculiar circumstances of my childhood, partly from what I had suffered, I always found my spirits highest when alone. Still, the study of humanity apart, I felt that I ought not to shut myself out from my kind but endure some little irksomeness, if only for the sake of keeping alive that surface friendliness which has its value in the nourishment of the deeper affections. On this particular occasion, however, I yielded the more willingly that, in the revival of various memories of Charley, it had occurred to me that I once heard him say that his sister had a regard for one of the ladies of the family.

There were not many people in the drawing-room when we arrived, and my friend's mother alone was there to entertain them. With her I was chatting when one of her daughters entered, accompanied by a lady in mourning. For one moment I felt as if on the borders of insanity. My brain seemed to surge like the waves of a wind-tormented tide, so that I dared not make a single step forward lest my limbs should disobey me. It was indeed Mary Osborne; but oh, how changed! The rather full face had grown delicate and thin, and the fine pure com-

plexion if possible finer and purer, but certainly more ethereal and evanescent. It was as if suffering had removed some substance unapt,* and rendered her body a better fitting garment for her soul. Her face, which had before required the softening influences of sleep and dreams to give it the plasticity necessary for complete expression, was now full of a repressed expression, if I may be allowed the phrase—a latent something ever on the tremble, ever on the point of breaking forth. It was as if the nerves had grown finer, more tremulous, or, rather, more vibrative. Touched to finer issues they could never have been, but suffering had given them a more responsive thrill. In a word she was the Athanasia of my dream, not the Mary Osborne of the Moldwarp library.

Conquering myself at last, and seeing a favourable opportunity, I approached her. I think the fear lest her father should enter, gave me the final impulse; otherwise I could have been contented to gaze on her for hours in motionless silence.

"May I speak to you, Mary?" I said. She lifted her eyes and her whole face towards mine, without a smile, without a word. Her features remained perfectly still, but, like the outbreak of a fountain, the tears rushed into her eyes and overflowed in silent weeping. Not a sob, not a convulsive movement accompanied their flow.

"Is your father here?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"I thought you were abroad somewhere—I did not know where."

Again she shook her head. She dared not speak, knowing that if she made the attempt she must break down.

"I will go away till you can bear the sight of me," I said.

She half-stretched out a thin white hand, but whether to detain me or bid me farewell I do not know, for it dropped again on her knee.

The rooms rapidly filled, and in a few minutes I could not see the corner where I had left her. I endured everything for a while, and then made my way back to it; but she was gone, and I could find her nowhere. A lady began to sing. When the applause which followed her performance was over, my friend, who happened to be near me, turned abruptly and said,

"Now, Cumbermede, sing!"

The truth was, that since I had loved Mary Osborne, I had attempted to cultivate a certain small gift of song which I thought I possessed. I dared not touch any existent music, for I was certain I should break down, but having a faculty—some what thin, I fear—for writing songs, and finding that a shadowy air always accompanied the birth of the words, I had presumed to study music a little, in the hope of becoming able to fix the melody—the twin sister of the song. I had made some progress, and had grown able to write down a simple thought. There was little presumption then, venturing my voice, limited as was its scope, upon a trifle of my own. Tempted by the opportunity of realizing hopes consciously wild, I obeyed my friend, and, sitting down to the instrument in some trepidation, sang the following verses:—

I dreamed that I woke from a dream,
And the house was full of light;
At the window two angel Sorrows
Held back the curtains of night.

The door was wide, and the house
Was full of the morning wind;
At the door two armed warders
Stood silent, with faces blind.

I ran to the open door,
For the wind of the world was sweet;
The warders with crossing weapons
Turned back my issuing feet.

I ran to the shining windows—
There the winged Sorrows stood;
Silent they held the curtains,
And the light fell through in a flood.

I clomb to the highest window—
Ah! there, with shadowed brow,
Stood one lonely radiant Sorrow,
And that, my love, was thou.

I could not have sung this in public but that no one would suspect it was my own, or was in the least likely to understand a word of it—except her for whose ears and heart it was intended.

As soon as I had finished, I rose and once more went searching for Mary. But as I looked, sadly fearing she was gone, I heard her voice close behind me.

"Are those verses your own, Mr. Cumbermede?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

I turned trembling. Her lovely face was looking up at me.

"Yes," I answered.—"as much my own as that I believe they are not to be found anywhere. But they were given to me rather than made by me."

"Would you let me have them? I am not sure that I understand them."

"I am not sure that I understand them my-

* Spencer's "Hymns in Honour of Beattie."

self. They are for the heart rather than the mind. Of course you shall have them. They were written for you. All I have, all I am is yours."

Her face flushed and grew pale again instantly.

"You must not talk so," she said. "Remember."

"I can never forget. I do not know why you say remember."

"On second thoughts, I must not have the verses. I beg your pardon."

"Mary, you bewilder me. I have no right to ask you to explain, except that you speak as if I must understand. What have they been telling you about me?"

"Nothing—at least nothing that—"

She paused.

"I try to live innocently, and were it only for your sake, shall never stop searching for the thread of life in its ravell'd skein."

"Do not say for my sake, Mr. Cumberland. That means nothing. Say for your own sake if not for God's."

"If you are going to turn away from me, I don't mind how soon I follow Charley."

All this was said in a half whisper, I bending towards her where she sat, a little sheltered by one of a pair of folding doors. My heart was like to break—or rather it seemed to have vanished out of me altogether, lost in a gulf of emptiness. Was this all? Was this the end of my dreaming? To be thus pushed aside by the angel of resurrection?

"Hush! hush!" she said kindly. "You must have many friends. But—"

"But you will be my friend no more? Is that it, Mary? Oh, if you knew all! And you are never to know it!"

Her still face was once more streaming with tears. I choked mine back, terrified at the thought of being observed, and without even offering my hand, left her and made my way through the crowd to the stair. On the landing I met Geoffrey Brotherton. We stared each other in the face, and passed.

I did not sleep much that night, and when I did sleep, woke from one wretched dream after another, low crying aloud, and now weeping. What could I have done? or rather what could any have told her I had done to make her believe thus to me? She did not look angry—or even displeas'd—only sorrowful, very sorrowful; and she seemed to take it for granted I knew what it meant. When at length I finally woke after an hour of less troubled sleep, I found some difficulty in convincing myself that the real occurrences of the night before had not been one of the many troubled dreams that had scared my repose. Even after the dreams had all vanished, and the facts remained, they still appeared more like a dim dream of the dead—the vision of Mary was wan and hopeless, memory alone looking out from her worn countenance. There had been no warmth in her greeting, no resentment in her aspect, we met as if we had parted but an hour before, only that an open grave was between us, across which we talked in the voices of dreamers. She had sought to raise no barrier between us, just because we could not meet, save as one of the dead and one of the living. What could it mean? But with the growing day awoke a little courage. I would at least try to find out what it meant. Surely all my dreams were not to vanish like the mist of the morning! To lose my dreams would be far worse than to lose the so-called realities of life. What were those to me? What value lay in such reality? Even God was as yet so dim and far off as to seem rather in the region of dreams—of those true dreams, I hoped, that shew forth the real—than in the actual visible present. "Still," I said to myself, "she had not cast me off; she did not refuse to know me; she did ask for my song, and I will send it."

I wrote it out, adding a stanza to the verses:—

I bowed my head before her,
And stood trembling in the light;
She dropped the heavy curtain,
And the house was full of night.

I then sought my friend's chambers.

"I was not aware you knew the Osbornes," I said. "I wonder you never told me, seeing Charley and you were such friends."

"I never saw one of them till last night. My sister and she knew each other some time ago, and have met again of late. What a lovely creature she is! But what became of you last night? You must have left before any one else."

"I didn't feel well."

"You don't look the thing."

"I confess meeting Miss Osborne rather upset me."

"It had the same effect on her. She was quite ill, my sister said this morning. No wonder! Poor Charley! I always had a painful feeling that he would come to grief somehow."

"Let's hope he's come to something else by this time, Marston," I said.

"Amen," he returned.

"Is her father or mother with her?"

"No. They are to fetch her away—next week, I think it is."

I had now no fear of my communication fall-

ing into other hands, and therefore sent the song by post, with a note, in which I begged her to let me know if I had done anything to offend her. Next morning I received the following reply:

"No, Wilfrid—for Charley's sake I must call you by your name—you have done nothing to offend me. Thank you for the song. I did not want you to send it, but I will keep it. You must not write to me again. Do not forget what we used to write about. God's ways are not ours. Your friend, Mary Osborne."

I rose and went out, not knowing whither. Half-stunned, I roused the streets. I ate nothing that day, and when towards night I found myself near my chambers, I walked in as I had come out, having no intent, no future. I felt sick, and threw myself on my bed. There I passed the night, half in sleep, half in a helpless prostration. When I look back, it seems as if some spiritual narcotic must have been given me, else how should the terrible time have passed and left me alive? When I came to myself, I found I was ill, and I longed to hide my head in the nest of my childhood. I had always looked on the Mount as my refuge at the last; now it seemed the only desirable thing—a lonely nook, in which to lie down and end the dream there begun—either, as it now seemed, in an eternal sleep, or the inburst of a dreary light. After the last refuge it could afford me it must pass from my hold; but I was yet able to determine whither. I rose and went to Marston.

"Marston," I said, "I want to make my will."

"All right!" he returned; "but you look as if you meant to register it as well. You've got a feverish cold; I see it in your eyes. Come along. I'll go home with you, and fetch a friend of mine who will give you something to do you good."

"I can't rest till I have made my will," I persisted.

"Well, there's no harm in that," he rejoined. "It won't take long, I dare say."

"It needn't anyhow. I only want to leave the small real property I have to Miss Osborne, and the still smaller personal property to yourself."

He laughed.

"All right, old boy! I haven't the slightest objection to your willing your traps to me, but every objection in the world to your leaving them. To be sure, every man, with anything to leave, ought to make his will betimes—so fire away."

In a little while the draught was finished.

"I shall have it ready for your signature by to-morrow," he said.

I insisted it should be done at once. I was going home, I said. He yielded. The will was engrossed, signed, and witnessed, that same morning; and in the afternoon I set out, the first part of the journey by rail, for the Mount.

(To be continued.)

TRIE OF THE SHOESHORES V. R. PILLS.— This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels, and for elderly people or where an occasional aperient is required nothing can be better adapted. Persons of a Full Habit who are subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use. For females these pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent with that sex, depression of spirits, dullness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples and sallowness of the skin, and give a healthy juvenile bloom to the complexion. 5-5 d

L. N. ALLAIRE, MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT. STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS: SAULT AU MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: Corner of PETER & JAMES ST. QUEBEC. 3-15-72

WANTED.—TEN RESPECTABLE YOUNG MEN and Three YOUNG LADIES, to qualify as Telegraph Operators. For particulars see advertisement of Dominion Telegraph Institute. Terms: \$200 for the full course, including use of instruments and line. Apply at the Dominion Telegraph Institute, 89, St. James Street, Montreal. Also, at the offices of the C. I. News, Hearsthouse and L'Opinion Public, No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill. 4-110

POSTAL CARDS. Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively circulated among many of the principal mercantile firms of this city in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' notices to customers, &c. We supply them printed at from \$11.50 to 12.50 per thousand, according to quantity. LEGGO & CO., 319 ST. ANTOINE STREET, AND 1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL. 4-16-72

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LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE & FISHERIES, OTTAWA, 8th January, 1872.

Sealed Tenders will be received at this Department, up to Noon of Friday, the 3rd day of February next, for the supply, in bond, of the undermentioned quantities of the best quality of standard white refined Petroleum Oil.

The Oil is required to be non-explosive at a vapor test of 100° Fahrenheit, must burn brilliantly without smoking, until entirely consumed, and not crust the wick, and must be free from all deleterious substances. It is also required to have a specific gravity of 44° Beaume, at a temperature of 68° Fahrenheit. A sample of a quart to accompany each Tender.

The Oil is to be delivered in good order, in iron bound casks, containing from 35 to 42 gallons each. Casks to have staves and heads of white oak, and to be properly prepared inside with liquid glue, and to be painted outside so as to prevent the oil from permeating the wood and evaporating from the surface.

The casks to be furnished by the contractor, and their cost included in the price of the oil. Inspector's fees of Inland Revenue Department and Gauge's fees must be paid by the contractor.

The cartage of the oil from the Railway Station Oil Depot or Vessel, to the Wharf or place where the oil is required to be deposited, must be paid by the contractor.

The Oil to be subject before acceptance to an inspection, test and approval of a person appointed by this Department, and to be delivered at the risk and expense of the contractor, in the locality designated by this Department or its Agent, at the following times and places:

- From 25,000 to 25,000 gallons at Halifax, N.S., one half on 25th May, 1872, and balance 10th July. do 6,000 to 8,000 gallons at St. John, N.B., 10th June, 1872. do 18,000 to 20,000 gallons at Quebec, 8th July. do 10,000 to 12,000 gallons at Montreal, 1st July. do 3,000 to 4,000 gallons at Hamilton, 8th July. do 4,000 to 5,000 gallons at Sarnia, 12th July.

Tenders will be received for the whole quantity, or for any of the lots above specified, for one year, or for a term not exceeding three years, at the option of the Department. Parties tendering who may not wish to contract for more than one year's supply, will please state so in their Tenders.

STEAM VESSEL.

Tenders will also be received, as above stated, for the charter of a suitable Steam Vessel, for the delivery of oil and supplies to the Lighthouses above Montreal, the charter to commence at Noon on 2nd July next, at such part of the Laclaire Canal, Montreal, as may be designated by this Department. The name, size, age, horse power and description of the vessel to be specified in the Tender. A bulk sum should be named for the performance of the service, or the rate at which the vessel is offered per month at the option of the Department.

P MITCHELL, 5-5 b Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

CITY AUCTION MART. DUFOUR, FISHER & CO., Auctioneers, 25 St. James Street, Montreal. 4-22-71

DYERS AND SCOURERS. FIRST PRIZE Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill, Montreal. 3-5-72

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c. RAMSAY & SON, Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain. 37, 39, and 41 Reellet Street. 1st

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT. COHEN & LOPEZ, Corner of St. James Street and Place d'Armes Square. 3-3-72

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE. SIGN OF THE GOLDEN PADLOCK. CORNICES, CORNICE POLES, PICTURE AND STAIR RODS, at reduced prices BEFORE STOCK TAKING. L. J. A. SURVEYER. 3-10-72 524 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

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WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS. LULHAM BROS., DIAMOND and ETRUSCAN Jewellers, 5, PLACE D'ARMES, next the Canadian Illustrated News. 3-10-72

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. Ottawa, 26th January, 1872. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 5 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. 11

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS. WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS, OUR STOCK OF MEDICAL PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS.

Is now very complete. GREAT VARIETY, BEAUTIFUL DESIGN, and all at very moderate prices. Liberal Discount to large Dealers. Orders can be promptly sent by Parcel Post to all parts of the Dominion. LEGGO & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS, &c., 30 ST. ANTOINE STREET, AND 1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL. 4-16-71

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THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.



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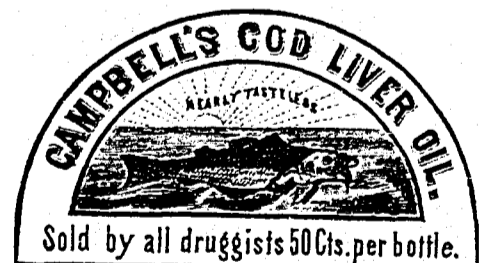
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THIS CELEBRATED CONDIMENT is composed of health-giving seeds, herbs and roots. Its great success and unlimited demand has proved its efficacy. By using it 20 per cent. is saved in the cost of feeding, and the Cattle are in better condition.

It converts coarse grain and chopped hay into rich aromatic provender. It costs only one cent per feed. It is used in the Royal Stables and Model farms. All the principal Prize Cattle at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, Xmas, '68, '69, and '70, were fed on the NUTRITIOUS CONDIMENT. Several Testimonials have been received from some of the most valuable horse owners in Montreal, and may be had on application. Manufactured by the North British Cattle Feed Co., at London and Glasgow. Branch Depot in Montreal at 431, Commissioners Street; Toronto, 6, Palace Street and 22 St. Peter Street, Quebec. From either of these Depots, 200 feeds as sample will be sent, carriage paid, to any part of Canada for \$3 00. 5-21

AGENTS WANTED, Male and Female, for new and useful inventions. Enclose stamp to Montreal Manufacturing Company. Box 677. MONTREAL, P. Q. 4-82



1851. Honorable EXHIBITIONS. Mention 1862. FOR GOOD AND CHEAP INSTRUMENTS. C. H. CHADBURN & SON, OPTICIANS and MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS. To H. R. H. the late PRINCE CONSORT, 71 & 73, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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



4-154f

CANADA CENTRAL AND Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 30, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

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

LOCAL TRAIN at 1:40 P.M.

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

LEAVE OTTAWA.

THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:20 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.

MAIL TRAIN at 4:35 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

at 1:30 P.M., 7:25 P.M., and 8:15 P.M.

LEAVE SAND POINT

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

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

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

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

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

H. ABBOTT, Manager. 4-15 if

Brockville, 26th Sept., 1871.

MRS. CUSKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours. References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, &c., McGill College University. Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given. All transactions strictly private. Residence—No. 318 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. 4-141

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1,000 NEWSPAPERS RECOMMEND THE WAVERLEY, OWL, PICKWICK, AND PHAETON PENS.

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CYANO-PANCREATINE THIS MEDICINE, prepared by the Sisters of the General Hospital of Montreal, is a NUTRIMENT, contains no ingredient which can in any way injure the system. As a compound, it is entitled to rank amongst the most beneficial of all special remedies, principally in the following cases: 1st. Ingestion or derangement of the digestive faculties, where it produces astonishing effects throughout all the stages of the disease, provided there be no organic lesion, in which case the Medicament can only impart a temporary relief. Its nutritive properties have been already tested in a great number of the above mentioned cases, thus leaving no doubt of its efficacy. 2dly. In Bronchitis or Pulmonary Catarrh, it acts most soothingly, facilitates expectoration, relieves the cough, and brings the malady to a prompt termination. 3dly. In Colds, tending to Consumption, it exerts a visible change for the better, renders expectoration easy, and assists the stomach to dispose of those other remedies suited to the peculiar nature of the case, thus tending not only to alleviate suffering, but also to prolong life. Wholesale Agents.—EVANS, Mercer & Co., Montreal. For sale in retail by all respectable Druggists and Medicine Vendors. 4-22211m

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ANY ONE who suffers from Dyspepsia undergoes slow starvation, for it matters not how much food is taken, nor how good it may be, if it is not completely digested and assimilated, depriving nutrition and impoverishing blood, with degeneration of the tissues, will result. It is this condition of insufficient nourishment that excites hereditary influences, and develops in the system that class of Chronic Wasting Diseases of the Consumptive and Scrofulous type, Tubercle of the Lungs, Enlargement of the Glands of the Neck, Eruptions of the Skin, Spinal Disease, Torpid Liver, Irritation of the Kidneys and Bladder, and Constipation, with headaches and nervous irritability, all have their origin in the one common cause—Indigestion. Any remedy that radically cures these diseases must reach their primary source—the Stomach. DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA was especially devised to cure Dyspepsia, improve Nutrition, and promote the formation of healthy blood. No remedy in existence acts so promptly and so permanently in invigorating all the organs of the body. 5-4 if

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