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THE BEACH AT MURRAY BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 98.

MURRAY BAY, THE BEACH AND THE VILLAGE.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

First impressions, they say, are generally the most enduring; and with what a mixture of disgust and loathing was I filled when I first landed on the wharf at Murray Bay. That these feelings did not long continue I feel it my duty to confess, for of all watering-places that I have visited, and they are not a few, none have such an attraction for me as this little Murray Bay.

On first landing I was scrambled for by at least a dozen of *habitant* carters who shrieked *caliche* in my ears till I was high distracted. The hubbub was, however, soon silenced by my choice of a vehicle, when they all left me to look after other prey. All who have visited this place cannot but be struck by the rapid manner in which the native cabbies drive their vehicles. After a rush up and a rush down hill, and a rush along a level road for about a quarter of a mile, I was landed safely at a hotel kept by one Xavier Warren. It was an plain square building with two galleries running round it, and on the whole very well got-up.

THE VILLAGE AND BATHING PLACES.

Murray Bay is a village situated at the mouth of the Murray River, which falls into the St. Lawrence in a beautiful bend of the North Shore, ninety miles below Quebec. It contains about three thousand inhabitants, a great number of whom are of Scotch extraction, as the names McLean, Blackburn, McNichol, Warren, and Hervy will readily testify. These persons have all lost their language, not being able at present to speak a word of English. But they have not lost the general features peculiar to the Scotch, and their descent is marked in every expression of the face. These persons are the descendants of some of the 78th Highlanders who settled here, in 1762, three years after the conquest, under Captain Fraser. Running out on either side from the village are two points or stretches of land between which lies a considerable expanse of water, into which the Murray River discharges itself. This forms the Bay. The points of land are respectively called Cap à l'Aigle and Point au Pic, and are the places patronised by the sea-bathing public. The village itself is not patronised by visitors, as it is situated more upon the banks of the river than upon the borders of the Bay.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATION.

Point au Pic seems to enjoy the preference as a bathing-place among visitors. This is perhaps on account of its being near to the wharf, Cap à l'Aigle being some four miles distant. The latter place is said to be admirably adapted for invalids, but in this respect I think it is inferior to Cacouna. The air at Cap à l'Aigle is a little too cold, while that of Cacouna is more temperate. Point au Pic is well supplied with hotels, of which there are no less than four, and also several private boarding-houses. There are besides a great many private dwellings, some of which are owned by the visitors themselves, and others rented at a small amount from the French inhabitants. All the dwellings were not occupied this season, probably on account of the cold weather that we have had; but last year every house was full, and as I was informed was the busiest season that Murray Bay has ever seen. The falling off this year may be due, therefore, not only to the prevailing cold weather, but also to the usual reaction which follows a busy season.

FISHING AND SHOOTING.

The meals and accommodation at the hotels are everything that can be desired, and from personal experience I would recommend mine host Warren, as one who is ever indefatigable in his efforts to make his guests feel comfortable. As a rule everybody finds some way of passing time to his satisfaction. In the morning the bowling alley at Duberger's is liberally patronised, as well as the billiard table. For these luxuries, however, a fee is exacted which to the economical person is a loss of half the pleasure. For the gentlemen there are special attractions in the way of fishing and shooting. The vicinity of Murray Bay teems with lakes. Every mountain has its little lake, and all these are full of trout of very fair size and weight. Although a great many of these have been regularly and very largely fished during succeeding summers, they still appear to be inexhaustible. Among the number of these lakes may be mentioned Lake Gravel, about thirteen miles distant, four miles of which have to be made on foot; Grand Lake eleven, Little Lake, nine, Long Lake, eighteen, Lake Boily, fourteen. Lake Gravel is the one which is most frequented by fishermen. There is another lake, six miles beyond this, called Lac à Marins, which is the best of all; but it is not very often visited as the road to it from Lake Gravel is of the roughest and most difficult description. The woods between these two lakes are well filled with partridge and are often visited by sporting gentlemen, and Indian large game are also found in the vicinity, such as caribou and bears. Gentlemen frequently drive down from Quebec in winter, to spend a few days in hunting the former, and on such occasions are generally accompanied by Indians who act as guides, or what Mark Twain terms "Fergusons," and also to do the work necessary about the camp. The bears are not very often troubled; but last summer three were shot by different gentlemen, not many miles away from the village. From the descriptions I have had from the Indians of these several expeditions, I must say that they are tame in the extreme. Poor brin attacks no one, on the contrary he flees and hides himself on the first signs of danger. The only excitement or pleasure to be obtained from the sport is the approaching within shooting distance. The Indians say that windy days are the only times at which you can approach them, when the sounds of the elements are greater than those caused by passing through the underbrush. The first of the three bear hunts was undertaken by some English officers who were desirous of taking home to England some token of the many and dangerous hunts in which they had engaged while in the backwoods of Canada. Having procured two Indians from the encampment here and also provided themselves with a canoe and haycart in which to carry it they started off for the Murray River Portage, twenty-two miles distant. Here they dismissed the haycart and encamped in the woods close by. After poking about in the neighbouring hills for several days without discovering any signs of Mr. Bear, they were about to move their quarters when a crackling of branches in the bush accompanied by a sound as of the passage of some heavy body through the thick brush told of the vicinity of game. They had not long to wait. The bear advanced into the more open woods and rearing himself upon his hind legs, raised his head

in the air and sniffed about him in all directions. A fairer shot could not have afforded itself, and one of the gentlemen advanced and fired at him. The shot missed, and the gentleman, fearful of pursuit, turned and fled to a neighbouring tree for refuge. The bear, alarmed by the noise of the rifle, was about to run also, when a bullet from the Indian went crashing through his brain and laid him dead upon the ground.

The second hunt was by a civilian, and was in all respects nearly a repetition of the first, as regards its tameness and lack of real manly sport. I pass from fishing and shooting to other subjects, and before doing so I would advise all those who visit Murray Bay to try the former. I feel convinced that they will go away pleased, and not return to their homes with a half stifled anathema upon their lips for those who had persuaded them to try the sport.

PIC-NICS.

Nature has indeed blessed Murray Bay in the number of beautiful spots to which quiet pic-nic parties may carry their lightsome gaiety. Surrounded by the beauty and grandeur of Nature, and with the gifts of civilization spread out upon the grass before them, they can spend a few pleasant and happy hours away from the noise and din of every-day life. There is a sort of awe-inspiring solitude in the American wood. Everything seems to be hushed and still except the rippling brooks and the lively chirrup of the little squirrel. When the forest is thick, not a bird is to be found. The "Iron," the most frequented of these beautiful pic-nic places, is about nine miles distant from the hotel. It is called "Iron" or "Hole" because it is situated in a little valley between high mountains. Down this little valley a considerable stream of water bounds from rock to rock, now spreading out into a thin fine sheet of clear blue water, and now dashing through a narrow channel over an abrupt rock.

"But the stranger still gazes with wondering eye

On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high;

Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,

Where the torrent leaps headlong embosomed in foam."

At the foot of the "Iron" a little pond is formed, where those having a fancy for trout fishing may whip a fly. I was about to use Mr. Walton's name in connection with this little item; but as the newspapers have made pretty free use of it lately, I am inclined to steer clear and give the gentleman's name and ghost a wide berth. Not far from this pond an enterprising and money-loving *habitant* has erected a wooden shed especially for the accommodation of "little parties," and for the use of which he exacts a small fee. I, however, must mention another frequenter of this shed, the wasp. Greatly to my cost do I remember a pic-nic which I attended here. When the cutables were placed upon the table they were set upon by a perfect swarm of these most obnoxious insects. They settled upon veal-pies, hams, tongues, and in fact everything that was put out on the table was black with them. Moreover, they settled on several of the persons sitting round the table. I was one of these, and never shall I forget the pain that horrid insect was the cause of.

But the "Iron" is not the only place to which pleasure parties may resort. There are also the Fraser Falls and the Petit Ruisseau. The former is a very pretty spot, and would well repay the trouble of a visit. The roads which lead to these places are one series of up-and-down hills, and are very disagreeable to drive over, especially on a wet day. The hills are sometimes very high, and at the foot of these the occupants have generally to alight, so as to afford the poor beast in the vehicle every chance of mounting the rude steep slope. These little animals are well used to this work, and display no small amount of pluck in this almost daily work. But the *habitant* has very little mercy on his horse, and will urge him to his topmost speed, even for the pleasure of passing another vehicle which he may overtake. It is not unusual for several *caboches* to get abreast on the road and race with one another, to the great danger of a collision, throwing out the occupants and probably killing some of them.

BOATING.

I have been so often asked whether there was any boating in Murray Bay, that I must say a few words on this subject before going any further. Boating of course depends upon the possession of both water and boats; without the one the other is useless. In Murray Bay there is plenty of water, but boats are very scarce; in fact there are no row boats of any description. Canoes may be obtained from the Indians in consideration of a reasonable sum of money, but it is not every one who would care about getting into a bark canoe. They are so cranky that in unskilful hands they would probably turn bottom upwards and throw their passengers out into the water. Last summer two young sports hired a canoe from Michel, one of the Indians of the encampment, for the purpose of taking a small turn about the wharf just about the time of the arrival of the Canadian Navigation Company's steamer. Having stepped into the canoe they took their seats upon the bottom and paddled about seemingly much pleased. They, however, thought that it would lend greater *clat* to their fun if they stood up as they had frequently seen the Indians do. One managed to get on his feet safely and then steadied himself with his hands on each side of the canoe, but the other when attempting to do the same lost his balance and, falling out, upset the canoe. After floundering about in the water for a short time they caught hold of the canoe and supported themselves on it till assistance arrived, when they were taken to shore wetter, if not much wiser, young men.

The only boats which may be hired are what are called pilot boats—big, clumsy tubs. They possess one virtue, if virtue it might be called, and that is they are safe. They are very seldom used except by excursion parties, who may be going to Kamouraska or Petit Ruisseau. This year some of the *habitants* have a yacht which seems to run very nicely; but still it is not much in use. Ladies, I find, do not care about venturing out in sail boats without the comfort, consolation, and protection which is afforded to them by those of the stronger sex, and these latter are exceedingly scarce in Murray Bay. There are not over a dozen of gentlemen in the whole place, and of ladies you might count them by the score.

BATHING.

Bathing may be said to be the most common of amusements, as it is at all sea-side resorts. Murray Bay has a most beautiful beach, stretching from the point almost to the village. I have found, however, that the water in the bay is not so salt as that round the point by the wharf. This is due to

the presence of the fresh water from the Murray River; but I have found again that the water of the bay is much warmer. When the tide is full and the water has covered the previously naked beach, the whole shore is literally alive with the forms of bathers clad in all sorts of bathing garments, whose colours are as many as those of Joseph's coat, while the woods resound their merry peals of laughter. The fantastic motions of some of the ladies while bathing are most curious and sometimes even laughable. Every person has their own way of wetting themselves; but frequently a number of bathers collect together and form a ring, and dancing up and down in the water splash both themselves and their neighbours with the water in splendid style. The bath being over and the costume changed, the bathers either direct their steps homeward or take their seats upon the rocks which are scattered over the shore, where they either engage in conversation or bury themselves in the classical literature of the day. The gentlemen, during all this time, are supposed to be also going through their ablutions on another part of the shore, usually that part which cannot, by any possible means, be taken up by the ladies. It is generally a rough and rocky spot, and situated close to deep water. It is strictly forbidden, under pain of incurring the displeasure of the ladies, to approach their consecrated bathing ground, and any gentleman who would dare to invade such territory would be considered impious, and, unless a very great favourite, be promptly excommunicated from social village-ship.

It is greatly to be regretted that the ladies and gentlemen do not bathe together upon the same beach, as is the custom at the fashionable watering-places of the States. If such were the case, ladies would stand a good chance of learning to swim, an accomplishment in which every person should become a proficient. If all would learn to swim, how many valuable lives would be saved instead of the number that are annually lost, even within a short distance of shore or assistance.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

In one point above all others does Murray Bay surpass all other watering-places—sociality. There is no stiff formality present here, such as you see at Cacouna. There is less fashionable dressing too. In Cacouna a person might stay at the hotel and know just as many people at the end of a month as when he first arrived. I do not mean to say, it must be remembered, that introductions to strangers are not exceedingly desirable as a guard as to whose acquaintance you are making, but when a person is well known both by name and in society, surely there can be no harm in speaking to him without an introduction. There are some people who may roll up their eyes and hold their breath at the bare thought of such a state of things. Well, to them I would say go, by all means, to Cacouna; but to others, and I am sure they are in the majority, I would say, if you really wish to enjoy a pleasant summer retreat, go to Murray Bay. There is something so beautiful in the wild scenery of the mountains. To describe it would be an impossibility. Comparisons diminish it, and figures of speech only confuse the mind. The words "grand," "awful," "sublime," have been frequently employed to describe scenery so far inferior to that which here meets your eye in any direction, that they would be rejected as weak and expressionless were there any others that could be employed.

SCENERY.

To see the mountains here to advantage you must gaze upon them during the brilliant sunsets, or when Nature has put on her angriest aspect. When the lightning plays along their summits, and the thunder, increased in power by a thousand echoes, grumbles over the sky. As far as the eye can reach the mountains are to be seen, topping one over the other in strange disorder.

"The hills, the everlasting hills,
How peerlessly they rise,
Like earth's gigantic sentinels
Discoursing in the skies."

Who can possibly describe a sunset as it appears over the Laurentian Range of Mountains on the north shore of the St. Lawrence? I have never in the course of my travels met anything that can, in my opinion, possibly compare in glory and sublimity with the descent of the sun. It is by comparing objects which excite emotion in the more familiar and greater things that we conceive the extent of their beauty. But this sunset has nothing beyond it in sublimity. It stands unsurpassed in glory. It alone can illustrate itself. The changing colours and the richness of the tint as the sun gradually sinks below the tops of the mountains, is something which it is impossible to conceive the grandeur of.

Once more must I have recourse to Byron's description of the Alps.

"Day dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away. The last still
Then all is o'er, and all is grey." [Lovedest.]

There is but one Niagara; but it may change and sink into an inconsiderable rapid in the lapse of time, so there is but one sunset, but which no lapse of time can alter or affect. How must our forefathers have been enraptured by such a glorious sight, and how can we be surprised that the simple savage should connect the idea of his God with this most magnificent and useful of luminaries!

THE CHURCH.

Murray Bay possesses one Protestant church, which is used by both the English and Presbyterian denominations. It is very comfortable, well seated and lighted, and is kept most scrupulously clean. The building is of wood, nicely varnished or painted.

COMMUNICATION WITH THE WEST.

There is one great drawback to the growth of Murray Bay as a watering-place, and that is the want of daily communication with the west. If the Montreal Telegraph Company were to open an office here, I think that it would do a great deal towards advancing the place. But at present it is extremely awkward for business people to live here, as they know not the hour they are required home, and there are no means by which they can ascertain this knowledge. A railway is of course out of the question, the mountains forming a great obstacle to its construction. The Navigation Company's steamers touch at the wharf four times a week on the down-

ward trip, and the same number of times on their upward trip. These steamers carry a mail, but there is a great difficulty in getting letters when sent to you, through the bungling and inefficiency of those who may be in charge of the Post Office. The mail is sent direct to the village from the steamer, where it is sorted, the matter belonging to the village remaining there, and the letters, papers, &c., which belong to residents of the Cap à l'Aigle, or Point au Pic, being forwarded to accommodation Post-offices in these different places. The accommodation Post-office at Point au Pic has been most signally mis-managed this year. The person in charge of the Post-office is a simple little French girl, very pretty she is I must confess, but quite unable to read a word of English. The writing, moreover, proves a great bulk, and many letters are left undelivered in the office although asked for time and again. Last year the office was presided over by a young gentleman from Montreal, whose presence in the office, although unrewarded in a pecuniary point of view, proved a great boon to the visitors. Postage stamps are very scarce, and I would advise all those who intend to visit this place to bring a full supply with them.

With regard to the trip down, I think it will be generally conceded that the kindness and attention of the officers of the Canadian Navigation Company's steamers, and the beautiful scenery of the North Shore, make this trip one of the most pleasant of any to be had anywhere in America. It was with very sorrowful feelings that I hired my calèche to carry my traps to the steamer, en route for Cacoua, after a very pleasant stay in Murray Bay of three days. To those kind friends who made it so pleasant and attractive I feel myself deeply and sincerely indebted. The remembrance of that stay will be for ever engraven on my memory, as I feel happy to confess it is upon my heart.

TOURIST.

FALLS AT ALMONTE, ONT.

The illustration of Almonte Falls and "Woollen Mills," from a photograph by Mr. M. L. Kilborn, shows the falls on a branch of the Mississippi River at the village of Almonte, Ont. This branch leaves the main stream below the first fall, about a quarter of a mile above where it returns to it, and forms the island on which is situated, amongst other buildings, the fine woollen factory seen in the centre of the picture, the property of Messrs. B. & W. Rosamond & Co. The houses seen in the left of the background are in the northern extremity of Almonte, and immediately in front of them, along the face of the hill, runs the line of the Brockville and Ottawa Railway. The formation here is rather remarkable, the river falling sideways into its new channel, which runs in the same direction as its old course. Owing to this peculiarity in the river the beauty of the falls is greatly enhanced, and in old times, when the bush about them was uncut, they appeared to gush out of the middle of the woods. The Mississippi falls more than forty feet at Almonte, and thereby forms very fine water-power, which is being rapidly turned to account, as the numerous factories and mills on its banks attest. After the building of the Brockville and Ottawa Railway the water-power attracted attention, and since then the village has rapidly increased to its present size, (some two thousand inhabitants), and this year the signs of progress are more marked than ever before.

COBOURG FIRE-MEN'S PIC-NIC.

The third annual picnic of the Cobourg fire-men, held last month, was an event of more than ordinary importance, visitors being present from Port Hope, Oshawa, Napanee, Rochester, N. Y., &c. The Rochester, Napanee, Belleville, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope and Lindsay Fire Brigades were well represented, and, with their bands, made, when in procession, a most brilliant display. After marching through the principal streets of the town, the procession halted in the grounds adjoining Northumberland House, where refreshments in ample supply were provided. Dancing and other amusements followed, and of course addresses of welcome and friendly acknowledgment were not wanting to fill up the time. In the evening a Ball took place in Victoria Hall, which was largely attended, the Rochester and Belleville firemen remaining over for the purpose.

During the day there was a keen competition for the several prizes offered to the winners of the athletic games advertised in the programme; and the speeches delivered at intervals were brimful of flattery to the people of Cobourg who had so ably exerted themselves to make the picnic an enjoyable affair. Prominent among the decorations for the occasion was an arch in front of Victoria Hall, planned by Mr. J. A. Polkinghorne, merchant, which attracted very much attention. The span of the main arch was thirty-five feet, height twenty-three feet; height of columns twenty-six feet; extreme height thirty-five feet six inches. The smaller arches had a span of ten feet. On one was a pedestal draped with a British Ensign surmounted with the Bible and the Crown; on the other a pedestal draped with the Stars and Stripes surmounted by an Eagle—the two designed to represent Great Britain and the United States. But the representation did not stop here, for on the platform of the northern column of the main arch sat a young lady representing Britannia with shield, trident, &c., and on the southern, another young lady representing Columbia. It is scarcely necessary to add that these formed the chief attractions, even in such a splendid arch as that which we this week illustrate. The celebration was in every way successful, and much credit is due to Mr. J. A. Polkinghorne for the taste he displayed in erecting and decorating the arch. The Rochester fire-men, as did those from neighbouring Canadian towns, expressed themselves highly gratified with the kind treatment they had received during the day.

EVENING AT THE WIMBLEDON CAMP.

More than usual interest has been felt in Canada this year in the proceedings and the result of the annual Rifle Meeting at Wimbledon, in consequence of the presence at the competitions for the various prizes of the Canadian team under Col. Skinner. Hitherto our men have been singularly fortunate, and, although none of them have had the good fortune to figure among the sixty competitors for the Queen's Prize, yet they have far surpassed their own hopes and the expectations of the home volunteers. It is to be hoped that next year they may do even better, and that the Queen's Prize at the thirteenth annual meeting may be carried off for the first time by a colonist. We can form an idea of the interest created in camp by our men from the fact that on the day of the arrival

of the Belgian volunteers the quarters of the Canadians were not a whit less crowded by visitors than at the time of their first appearance, while as to the estimation in which they are held as marksmen it is needless to say more than that one of them, ex-Mayor Murison, of Hamilton, was claimed by a Scottish regiment as a Scotsman, and put into the Scotch eight for the Elcho Challenge Shield.

Of the appearance of the camp a very graphic description is given by an American gentleman, as follows:

"Canvas town," as it is called, is divided into streets and roads, the foremost being 'Windmill street,' which is undoubtedly the Broadway of the tabernacle. The name of the corps and the inhabitants of the tents are indicated on printed or written boards. The ingenuity and facetiousness of the inhabitants are also made apparent by the names and signs which they have bestowed upon their various domiciles. Among the quieter nomenclatures we notice 'Corner Cottage,' 'West London Retreat,' 'The Hermitage,' &c., but these are not the names that attract attention. Presently we come opposite a tent that has a blue sign-board with white letters. The name instantly fixes our attention, and we stand wrapt before it. The proprietor is sitting on his threshold beaming with proud delight as he sees our puzzled countenances. 'Now, then, here's a challenge for you,' he cries, 'a glass of grog to the man that reads that name correctly.' Having fragile jaws we decline to accept the challenge, but in case any of your readers should feel inclined to come over and accept it I copied out the name, 'Kaadoogonaroooh Bungalow.' Further on we notice 'Tichborne Villa,' with a likeness of the obese individual claiming that title—(without the 'villa,' of course.) We should not be surprised, nor are we, to see that next door rejoices in the possession of a similar portrait, but is denominated 'Arthur Orton Lodge.' We can easily imagine what a lively argument goes on between the several occupants of these two domiciles. Here is 'The Roost,' and there 'The Den,' 'The Prison,' 'The Wigwag,' &c., &c. One or two tents are decorated with the portraits of the occupants, and one I noticed with a most elaborate sign. It consisted of a well executed drawing of four calves in various positions, each having a human head representing the owners of the tent. The picture was surmounted with the legend: 'The Essex Calves,' and very good-looking calves they were if the picture flattered them not. In the bar of the refreshment room I happened, in speaking to a volunteer, to ask him if he thought *real* campaigning was anything like this. A German, who had been in the French *feldzug*, overheard our conversation, and, anxious to show his vast superiority, put in: 'Bah, you call this camping out. Why when I was with Prince Frederick Karl we never got a wash for three days at a time.' And his appearance, far from belying his words, would lead one to suppose that he had found that style of living so agreeable as never to have altered it since. Whilst inspecting the camp itself we are constantly kept alive as to the real business of the day by the constant ping-ping that goes on from eight in the morning until six in the evening in the front. Once with his 'Snider' in hand, the British volunteer is a match for any one. Here he is ahead of the world, as the numerous international rifle contests have amply proved. The wonderful feats that are achieved at 600, 800, or even 1,000 yards deserve to be chronicled by a more competent pen. The general weapon in use is the Snider Enfield, but in many of the matches any arm is allowed, and then the Martini-Henry is a great favourite. In conclusion I may observe that although I saw nothing to alter my opinion as to the soldierly bearing of the volunteers, I was convinced that as far as marksmanship was concerned they were not playing at soldiers."

On another page is an illustration of a scene in camp at evening, after the business of the day is concluded, and the men devote themselves to the entertainment of their fair visitors. Later on still the scene again changes. Says the *Daily News* correspondent:—"A peregrination through the camp when darkness has fallen, and when the hour is advancing towards 'lights out,' is full of interest and amusement. From the camp of the London Irish echoes the wild plaintive strains of 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' or a ricketty ditty recounting the exploits of a wonderful gentleman who, fortified with a sprig of shillelagh, betook himself to that frantic carnival, the Limerick races. Next door live our worthy and trusty allies of Belgium. Their mess tent, where a continuous luncheon has been on foot from early morn till dewy eve, is resonant with the chirpy sounds of 'Eep Eep Euraye,' which may be considered the Belgian synonym for the British 'Hip Hip Hurray!' To the accumulated distraction of the atmosphere, the 37th Middlesex contribute the twang of the banjo, the rattle of the bones, and a vociferous celebration of the praises of a certain avuncular relative of the name of Ned, who, it would appear, has departed in the direction pursued by all deserving gentlemen of colour. From the London Scottish camp comes on the light night wind the skirt of the pipes, accentuated by the wild 'Heugh's' with which the Scotch signalize the climax of their salutary exploits, alternated by the measured 'thud,' 'thud' of the footsteps of some dhinnewassle deftly threading the difficult maze of Gillie Callum or the sword dance. The shoeblack brigade, their labours over for the day, their brush-arms at rest, and their blacking-pots coveted in for the night, have thrown open the front of their tent, and are treating such as choose to listen to an amateur concert of an artless and simple character. The shoe-blacks have pleasant fresh voices, and understand part-singing, but they exhibit a tendency to run chronically into an ignoble chorus with 'humtidy-um' as its burden, which is scarcely worthy of members of the profession who have advanced to the dignity of uniform. In the Pavilion tent two separate 'free and easies' are in full swing. The chairman of one is a rugged-faced man with a bright red beard—a stalwart extraction from the regions where the wild heather blooms and the red deer roams. His role lies in such strains of the mountains as the 'Macgregors' Gathering,' and the 'March of the Cameron Men,' and around his table, seated and standing, are grouped a large proportion of the many Scots now in camp. Everybody seems to know everybody's Christian name, and from the prevalence of 'Jocks,' 'Wullies,' and 'Sandies,' there would seem to be a curtailed range of baptismal appellations in the territory north of the Tweed. At another table international fraternisation is flowing gushingly. Britons and Belgians sit alternately round the festive board, and the conversation is of the patchwork order, diversified with pantomime. In one of the Cis Glen Alyn camps somebody is playing on the piano, and in the Guards' camp a hairy soldier, seated in the mouth of a tent, is rivalling 'Old Rosin the Bow,' in his performances on the viol. But regulations step in to stay the festivities and the conviviality. Gun-fire stays

the song and arrests the progress of the revel, and 'lie down follows with a promptitude which must take by surprise those who are given to procrastination in 'feeling.' Soon after a procession sets forth from the camp—not a picquet of armed men, not a patrol of caped policemen, but a procession on wheels consisting of three waggonettes, containing the deft damsels, thirty-and-three in number, who, from seven till gun-fire, perform with nimble civility the duties of the refreshment bar. For their accommodation the Warren Farm, a sequestered home some two miles away from the camp, has been taken and fitted up, and thither every night they are conveyed, as has been said, in waggonettes, under the escort of a couple of policemen, to secure them from molestation, and brought back in the morning in the same manner."

POOR MISS FINCH!

MISCELLANEA.

It is well known that icebergs cool the water around them to a very considerable distance. An American has made this fact the foundation of an invention to protect vessels against collision with icebergs. He proposes to place on the bottom of steamers or other vessels an apparatus so arranged as to sound an alarm on the instant a ship's keel enters a stratum of cold water. On board the steamers it is customary to take the temperature of the water every time the log is cast.

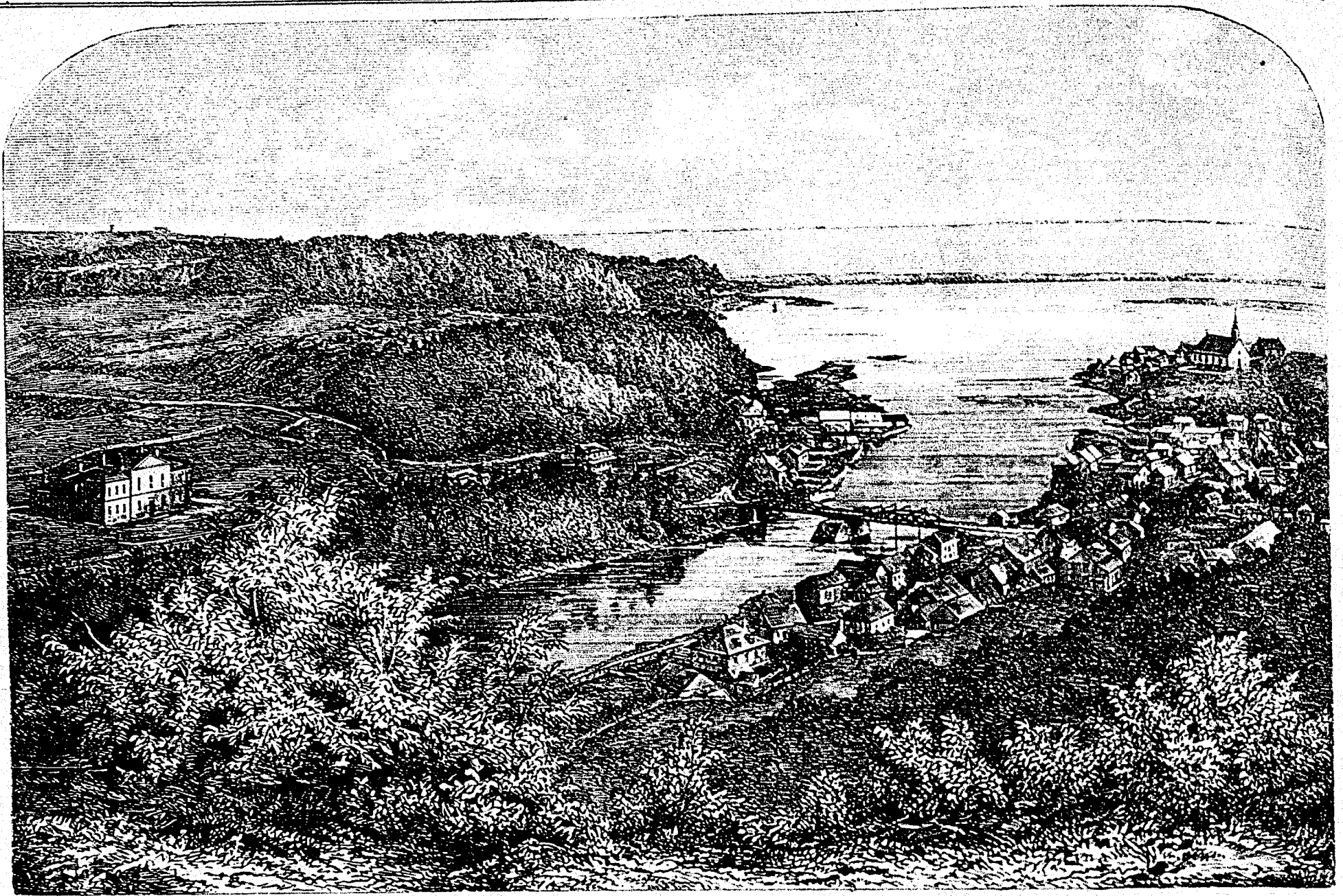
STRANGE VICISSITUDE.—Ben Montgomery, the favourite slave of Jefferson Davis, now owns Mr. Davis's old Mississippi plantation, known as Briarfield. Ben is black and educated. He gave \$300,000 in 1866, payable in ten years at six per cent. interest. He made last year 2,500 bales of cotton, and corn in plenty. Mr. Davis dined lately with Ben, who waited on his old master affectionately. Ben has bought an adjoining estate, which will add 1,000 more bales to his crop. This reads like a romance, yet it is true.—*Farmer and Artisan.*

A most wonderful microscopic machine is the micro-pantograph, constructed by a London inventor. The lower end of the lower lever carries a pencil or tracer connected with it by two equal and parallel links, which is passed by the operator's hand over the design or writing to be copied. The upper end of the upper levers carries the piece of glass for the reception of the diminished copy. Over the glass is mounted a diamond, pointed downward, which remains stationary while the glass moves under it, the usual process of writing being here reversed. Mechanism is connected with the diamond, by means of which it can be raised or lowered, and also pressed with greater or less force upon the glass, and thus the thick and thin strokes of ordinary writing can be faithfully transferred to the minute copy on the glass.

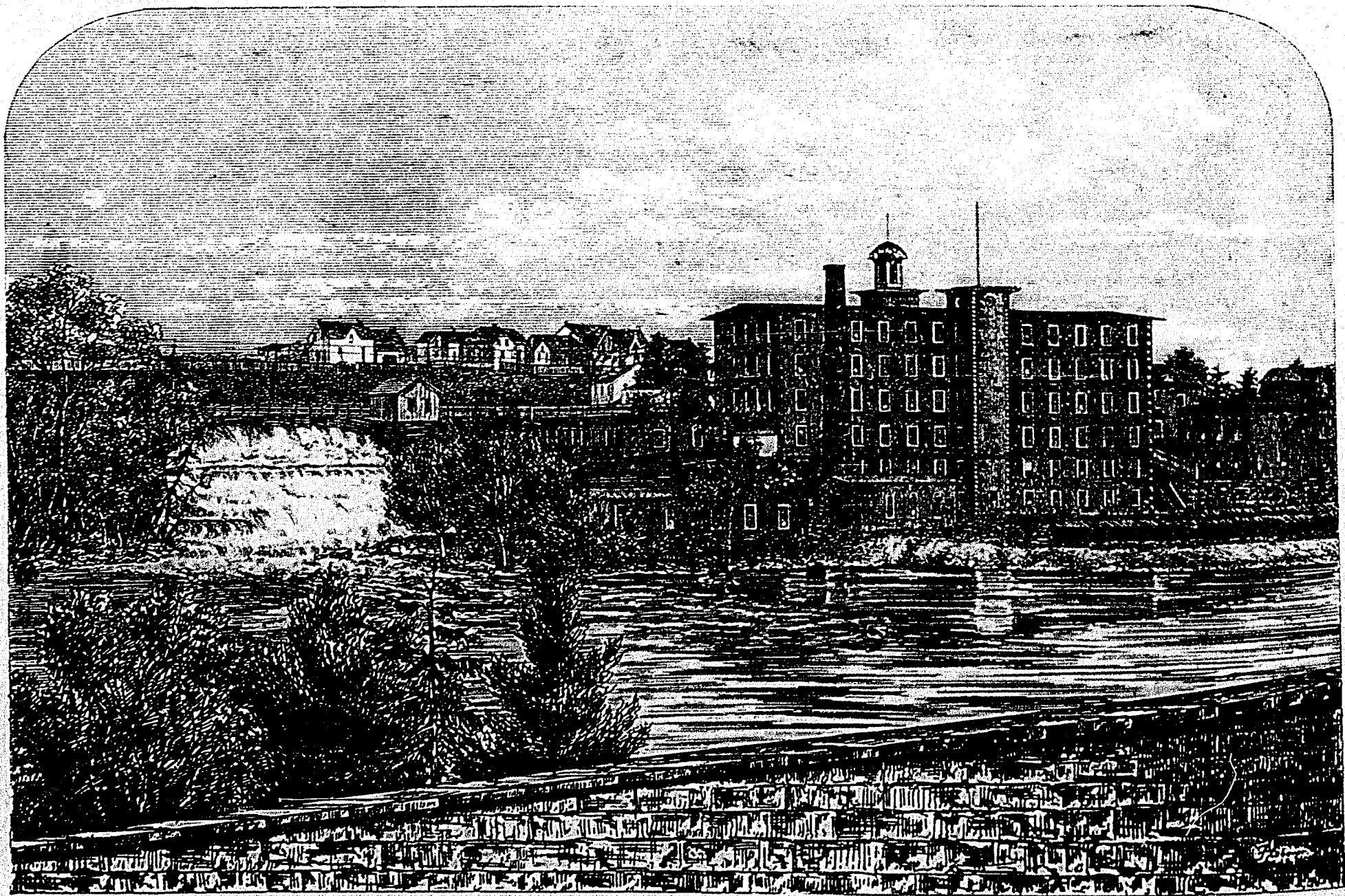
THE COMMUNE.—The London *Economist*, a journal wholly impartial, speaks as follows of the man who was the Communist Minister of Finance during the revolution in Paris, M. Jourde:—"After what has taken place, it is not easy even to be just to the Commune men; but let us record that this Jourde had the handling of large sums of money in a time of unexampled confusion, and that he presented his accounts with greater promptitude and greater clearness than were ever before witnessed in France on any occasion, or on any matter whatsoever. Assuming that the accounts were exact, and that he had vouchers for each item, they do him credit, and will form a curiosity of the financial history of the revolution. In the discussion of the Commune, too, this man displayed common sense which distinguished him from his fellows, showing, in a few words, the financial impracticability or inopportunities of certain socialist projects, and the necessity of modifying others."

At Philadelphia Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, has begun work on a painting, the subject of which is—"The Signing of the Joint High Commission Treaty of Washington." The picture will be four and a half by seven and a quarter feet in size, and the figures will be about half life-size. The room in the State Department at Washington in which the Treaty was signed will, of course, be represented with its long table, and the commissioners engaged in deliberation. The central group will be composed of Secretary Fish, in the immediate foreground, holding a section of the treaty, and painted in profile; Earl de Grey sitting opposite to him, and both listening intently to Sir Edward Thornton, who stands pointing to a passage in a book of reference. General Schenck sits at Secretary Fish's right, Judge Nelson at his left, his gray hair coming out in strong relief against a secondary group consisting of Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir John A. Macdonald, and Lord Tenterden. Judge Hoar sits at General Schenck's right, opposite to Professor Barnard. Senator Williams is at the extreme right end of the table, facing Bancroft Davis, Lord Tenterden, and two secretaries at the extreme left.

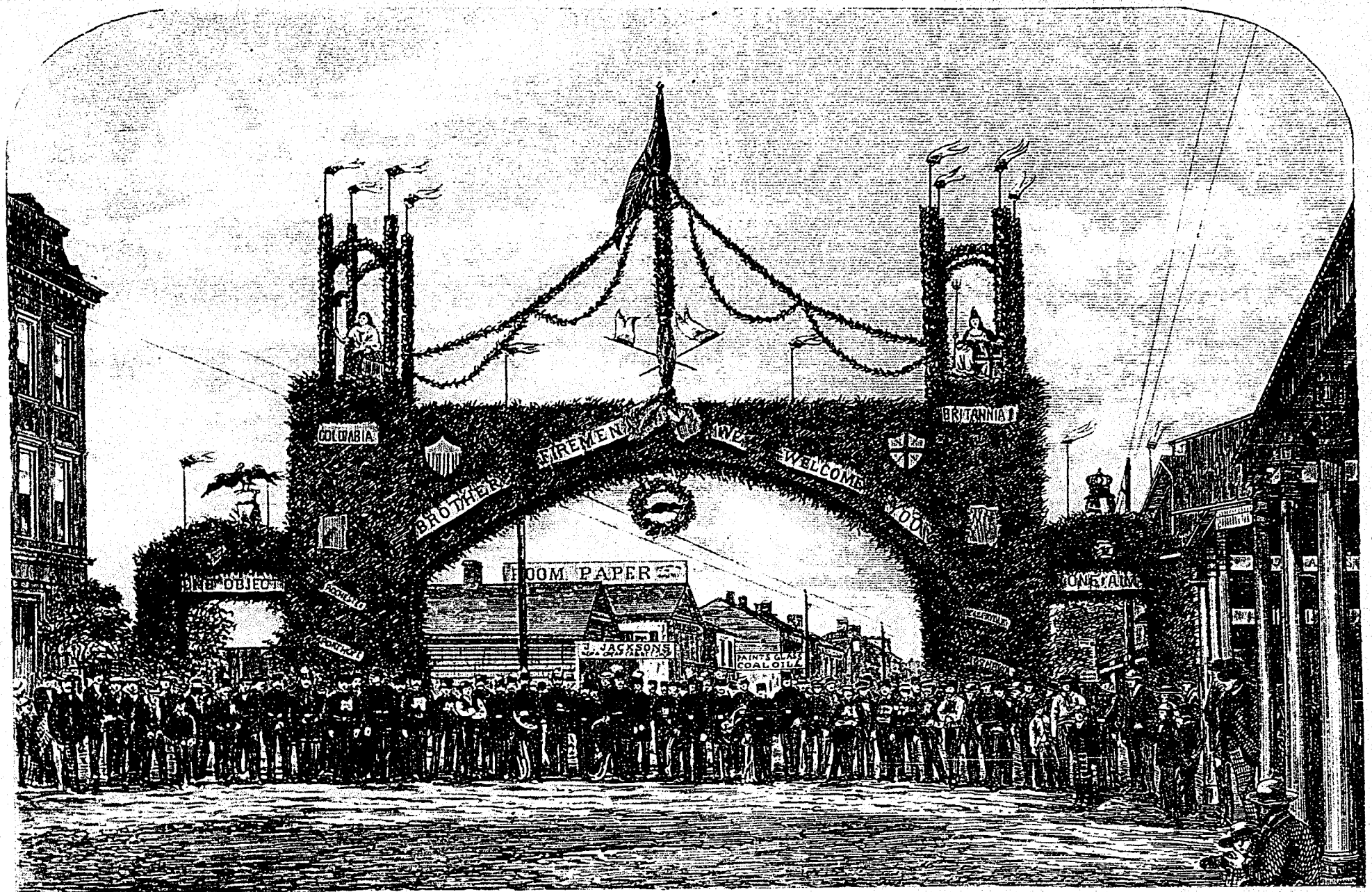
The Planet Jupiter has been experiencing lately some changes of visage which are puzzling the astronomers. The surface of the disk is variegated with coloured bands, the nature of which has been long a subject of study. The colours and forms are now changing in an unusual way, showing that there are some movements of a grand character, perhaps somewhat similar to those that have been attracting so much attention in the sun. This new phase of Jovial existence may help astronomers to solve the constitution of that great planet. In the *Journal of Science*, of New Haven, Miss Mitchell, of Vassar College, gives a record of some observations made by her in the winter of 1870-71, which are interesting in this connection. At that time, she says, the rosy tint of the equatorial belt was less marked than in the preceding year, the dark spots were less decided, and the white spots more numerous. She says that in watching the changes of Jupiter's bright, cloudy belts, or its dark bands, one is continually reminded of the changes in the sun's photosphere. The variations are less, and yet an interval of half an hour shows differing relations. The first satellite she has never seen to enter upon or leave the disk of Jupiter other than as a white, circular object; yet in the centre she has "either lost it or it has changed in shape or colour, becoming elongated toward the polar regions and assuming a reddish-brown hue. The impression made on the observer is that of the interposition of some medium through which it is seen dim and distorted." In other words, this would seem to be some sort of atmosphere of the planet within which it passes, or some exterior envelope behind which it is obscured.



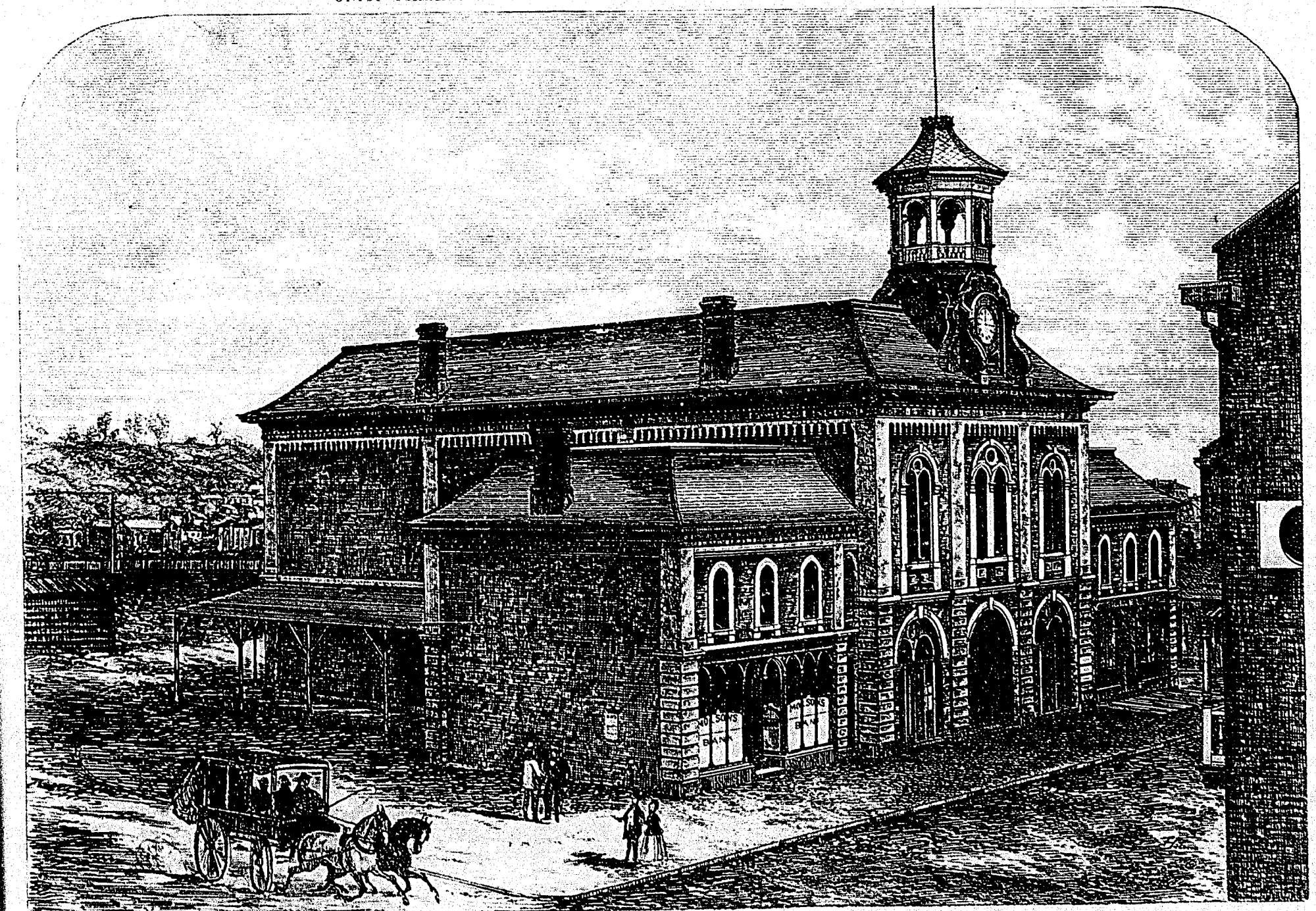
MURRAY BAY VILLAGE.—SEE PAGE 98.



FALLS, AND WOOLLEN MILLS, AT ALMONTE, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. L. KILBORNE.—SEE PAGE 99.



UNION FIREMEN'S PIC-NIC AT COBOURG.—THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.—SEE PAGE 99.



NEW TOWN HALL, OWEN SOUND.—SEE PAGE 103.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, 5th August, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.								
		9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Su.,	July 30.	70°	76°	72°	78°	60°	69°	30.30	30.22	30.16
M.,	" 31.	70°	69°	67°	74°	62°	68°	30.19	30.19	30.17
Tu.,	Aug. 1.	70°	75°	71°	76°	50°	63°	30.22	30.24	30.21
W.,	" 2.	72°	83°	74°	85°	53°	69°	30.29	30.29	30.25
Th.,	" 3.	70°	80°	78°	84°	57°	70°	30.23	30.18	30.14
Fri.,	" 4.	75°	81°	78°	85°	64°	74°	30.00	29.97	29.90
Sat.,	" 5.	78°	82°	73°	84°	66°	75°	29.81	29.83	29.93

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUG. 13, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Aug. 13.—	Tenth Sunday after Trinity. Jeremy Taylor died, 1687. Queen Adelaide born, 1792. Sir P. Maitland, Lieut.-Governor, 1818.
MONDAY,	" 14.—	Battle of Fort Erie, 1814. Riots on the occasion of Queen Caroline's funeral, 1821. Lord Clyde died, 1863. Retreat of the Emperor Napoleon from Metz, 1870.
TUESDAY,	" 15.—	Assumption of the B. V. M. Napoleon Bonaparte born, 1769. Sir Walter Scott born, 1771. Battle of Novi, 1799. Gas first used in the British metropolis, 1807.
WEDNESDAY,	" 16.—	Battle of Detroit, 1812. Battle of the Tchernaya, 1855. Admiral Farragut died, 1870. Battle of Mars-la-Tour, Bazaine's retreat stopped, 1870.
THURSDAY,	" 17.—	Frederick the Great died, 1786. General Hunter, Lieut.-Governor, 1799.
FRIDAY,	" 18.—	Beattie died, 1803. Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, born, 1830. Lieut. Bellot lost in the Arctic regions, 1853. Battle of Gravelotte, 1870.
SATURDAY,	" 19.—	River St. Lawrence discovered, 1535. Pascal died, 1662. Earl Russell born, 1792. Steamboat shot the Lachine Rapids for the first time, 1840. Bombardment of Strasburg commenced, 1840. Committee of defence for Paris appointed, 1870.

POOR MISS FINCH!

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

MR. ARTHUR MAUGER, late Special Correspondent of this paper in Western Ontario, having resigned his position, the Public will please take notice that until further order, CAPTAIN T. O. BRIDGEWATER, our General Agent in Western Ontario, is alone authorised to take orders for subscriptions and advertisements for the *Canadian Illustrated News*.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

July 27, 1871.

THE TYNE CREW.

ST. JOHN, N. B., AND HALIFAX REGATTAS.

Our readers are advised that the great yachting contests, coming off at St. John, N. B., and Halifax, N. S., will be attended, on behalf of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

by Mr. E. J. Russell, artist of St. John, who is without a rival as a

MARINE DRAUGHTSMAN,

either in Canada or the United States. The patrons of the

"NEWS"

may therefore depend upon accurate and life-like sketches of these interesting aquatic contests. Our illustrations will be produced with the

UTMOST PROMPTITUDE

consistent with exact execution and fidelity to the actual scenes.

News agents are advised to send in their orders early, to ensure a full supply for their customers, where extra copies may be wanted.

New literary attractions of absorbing interest are now in preparation for the letterpress columns of the *News*.

C. J. News Office,
Montreal, Aug. 12, 1871.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1871.

The Metropolitan City of Canada is doubtless as well behaved and quiet a city as can be found in the Dominion. But in point of fact rowdyism exists in it to a large extent. To the south of St. Antoine Street west of Victoria Square, one can scarcely call his head his own after ten o'clock at night! And even north of that unhappily favoured region we have heard of plundered gardens and desecrated households in the still solemn hours when every honest man who is not on the watch ought to be asleep.

The facts we mention are not strange to any city in Canada. Perhaps not one of them has less of rowdyism in proportion to its population than Montreal. But we invite public attention to the subject for the sole purpose of commending to our legislators the revival of an ancient institution that has within the past two generations fallen into undeserved desuetude. The "peculiar institution" we wish to see revived is the whipping post. If our progenitors were wise in anything it was in the infliction of corporal punishment for every crime against the person. Now-a-days if a man breaks open your trunk

and takes perhaps a couple of dollars' worth, the chances are ten to one that he will get from six months to two years in the penitentiary. But should he break into your own proper "trunk," that is to say, violently assault you, blacken your eyes, or break your ribs, then it is ninety to one that he will only be punished by a small fine or a few weeks of imprisonment.

The magistrates are hardly to be condemned for this state of affairs. The law itself is lame and ought to be amended. Last session a member of the Senate put in the form of a motion a censure on the law of the land for permitting a raggamuffin to be whipped for the crime of rape. The motion attracted little sympathy in the House, still the notion it conveyed has no doubt many sympathisers in the country. There is a natural reluctance on the part of every humane person to witness, or be a party to, the severe punishment of any other. But we hold that every crime against the person should be punished directly by personal infliction—that is, in fact, that all cases of assault should be condoned for at the whipping post. Canada is very far from being a rowdy country like that on the other side of the line; but, nevertheless, scenes of violence are sufficiently frequent to show that some more efficient means than at present exist might well be adopted for their repression. Punishment by confinement in jail is, in nine cases out of ten, no punishment at all; in the tenth case, it is a crime against the innocent by depriving the wife or the family of their natural support. The whipping-post offers none of these drawbacks. The criminal can be punished in an hour; if he has any employment he may return to it on the following day, and thus cease to be a burthen on the community. A good flogging seems to be the only rational punishment for the many acts of street rowdyism brought to the notice of the magistrates, and we think that the criminal laws of the Dominion, which already permit corporal punishment for certain offences, should be made obligatory upon magistrates in respect of all crimes against the person. It may be said that corporal punishment is a "relic of barbarism." But then society should preserve these relics so long at least as the crimes to which they are fairly applicable are committed in its midst.

Very much is said and done now-a-days for the criminal population. It would be well that philanthropy should sometimes turn its attention to the poor, honest, industrious worker. Is it not notorious that the scoundrels in our goals and penitentiaries fare better than the family of many a hard working labourer? Surely it would be a wise policy to make the profession of the criminal an uncomfortable one. Time and again a certain class of almost every city population seek to commit an overt act for the sole purpose of being sent to jail. And why? Because from their habits of life they have become pensioners on the public; they find no place so comfortable as the public institution in which they get comparatively well fed and comfortably housed. All this imposes an enormous tax upon the industrious and well disposed. Not merely in the maintenance of goals, reformatories and penitentiaries, but also in the immense army of officials which these institutions necessarily involve. From our Dominion Board of Penitentiary Directors down to policeman X—from the costliest establishment at Kingston down to the meanest calaboose in a country village, honesty has to pay for scoundrelism, and it appears that the time has come for agitating the question whether a plan cannot be devised whereby criminals may be more effectively punished at much less cost than at present to honest people. It should not be tolerated that the vicious are better cared for at the public expense than the virtuous in their own homes; that the industry of scoundrels in the penitentiary should accrue into injurious competition with the labour of honest men who obey the laws, pay taxes, and honourably support the State. We have seen so much of maudlin twaddle about criminals, or rather the "unfortunate," as they are very mildly termed, that we think there is now some excuse for inserting a word edgeways in favour of that common-place creature, the honest man. The latter ought to be relieved as much as possible of the burthen of the former, and we see no more direct way towards the desired end than by shortening the usual terms of imprisonment, and enlivening the dullness of legal punishment by a more general application of the lash. Instead of the oftentimes welcome "two months," if the common street nuisance heard "twenty lashes" from the lips of the magistrate, the patrons of our police courts, and frequenters of our goals would be far less numerous, and we do not see that a maudlin sentimentality should stand in the way of this wholesome discipline, especially in a country where all may be prosperous, provided all are willing to be industrious.

Holman Troupe at the Theatre this week.

CAMP ROSS, FREDERICTON, N. B.

About the same time when the Ontario and Quebec volunteers were putting in their annual drill at the camps formed at Niagara, Goderich, Kingston, Laprairie and Levis, the New Brunswickers were called out to open-air quarters and military life in the Trotting Park at Fredericton. Few sites could be found in the neighbourhood of the capital of New Brunswick more suitable for the purpose for which the volunteers had assembled. Under the noble elms of the Park were pitched the tents of the infantry, immediately facing the city, with the parade-ground in front and a richly-wooded ridge at the rear. The cavalry, under Col. Saunders, found accommodation in the Agricultural Society's Show Yard, their horses being ranged round the enclosure in stalls prepared by the Society. The large building in the centre of the yard was used as a store-room for forage, which was issued by the contractors every morning and evening. Behind this were the officers' tents, and nearer the Skating Rink lay the tents of the men. Too much cannot be said in praise of Col. Saunders, to whose untiring energy is due the efficiency displayed by this fine body of men.

Standing out conspicuous in front of the infantry camp was the tent of the Commandant, Lieut.-Col. Maunsell, surmounted by a tall flagstaff from which hung the Union Jack. Next came the tents of the Staff, eight in number, the Brigade tent, the Staff marquee, or "dining saloon," and then the Staff tents of the 71st, with those of the 67th and 74th on the right and left. The men of each regiment were encamped behind their respective officers. In front of the Commandant's Quarters were drawn up two six-pounders, which punctually at five every morning belched forth a double report that was wonderfully efficient in rousing the drowsiest in camp. The day's routine was generally the same as at another camp. Company drill occupied the time from 6 to 7; from 10 to 12 battalion drill; and from 3 to 5 Brigade movements. The Brigade was always commanded by Col. Maunsell in person, the men seldom failing to elicit his approbation by their soldierly appearance and well-performed manoeuvres. Owing to the unfortunate indisposition of Brigade Major Otty, the whole of his duties fell upon Brigade Major Inches, who, notwithstanding the double work thus entailed upon him, acquitted himself in the most creditable manner.

On Dominion Day the whole Brigade was drawn up in line to receive the Lieut.-Governor, who arrived punctually at 12 o'clock. A salute of 21 guns was fired from the 6 pounders, and a *feu de joie* ran along the ranks from the Sniders after every seventh round from the big guns, the band of the 71st playing the National Anthem during the pauses. On the following Monday there was a grand review on the flats, when the men performed a number of evolutions.

On Monday, the 10th of July, a grand sham fight took place on the high grounds outside the city, on what is commonly called the Hanwell Road. The *Reporter*, of Fredericton, gives the following account of the affair:—

"Col. Hewitson with the 71st Regiment and two Troops of Cavalry were directed to take up a position on the heights and defend Fredericton from a force advancing by the Calais or Spring Hill Roads. This force consisted of the 67th, Col. Upton; the 74th, Col. Beer; and six Troops of Cavalry under Col. Saunders. Col. Maunsell himself planned the attack, assisted by Brigade-Major Inches; the programme arranging that the enemy, composed of vastly superior numbers, should carry the heights, Col. Hewitson retiring upon Fredericton, and that when the opposing forces came within 200 yards the bugle was to sound cease firing. At 12 o'clock Col. Hewitson marched his men out to the battle-field and took up his position, throwing up earth-works, erecting barricades, and strengthening his defences. Sentinels were posted at various points to signal the approach of the enemy, and scouting parties were sent out in all directions to bring intelligence of their manoeuvres. In the meanwhile the enemy had marched out on the Old Road, as it is commonly called, until arriving at the residence of Gen. Killner they took the Cross Road leading up to the Hanwell. Directly the first line of skirmishers appeared in view, Col. Hewitson made all ready to receive them, taking charge of the right wing himself, and leaving the left wing in charge of Major Morris. Two companies were stationed slightly to right of main body, where in case of emergency they were to act as skirmishers. The two troops of cavalry were placed one with the right and one with the left wing, to charge down upon the enemy at a given signal from the commander. From the instructions received it was generally understood by Col. Hewitson and his officers that his position was to be attacked, and that his instructions were to defend that certain point. The enemy, however, who had the advantage of the presence of the Deputy Adjutant-General, instead of attacking this position made a long detour to the left with the object of outflanking the defence and thus gaining possession of the main road leading to Fredericton. This departure from the supposed programme of the day caused a moment's surprise to the defending party, but as there was no time for delay the right wing of Col. Hewitson forces were hurried off on the double; two companies were thrown out to support the skirmishers, who were already hotly engaged with the enemy, while the left wing was ordered to hold itself in readiness to come up at a moment's notice. By this time the main body of the enemy was in sight, and now the battle became general. On came the foe steadily advancing to the foot of the hill, when the left wing of the defence coming up on the double met them with a shower of musketry; the cavalry charged down upon them, and for the next ten minutes it was almost a hand to hand encounter. The men became excited, and as the enemy charged up the hill cheering as they came, they were answered by a counter cheer which had a ring of defiance showing that blood was up, and programme or no programme they would never yield an inch. It was only when the Deputy Adjutant-General rode up on horseback and dashed between the opposing force that the firing ceased and anything like order was restored."

On the 11th the Adjutant-General arrived, accompanied by Cols. Wiley and French, and the next day a grand inspection, followed by a sham fight, was held, the Adjutant-General expressing himself well pleased with the appearance and condition of the men, as well as with their manoeuvres and tactics during the engagement. After another review on Thursday the men were addressed by Col. Ross, who told them that since June last he had inspected not less than twenty thousand men, but nowhere had he seen men of finer physique, or men giving evidence of greater efficiency should their country require their services in the field. He also gave the men some very serviceable advice in regard to camp life, telling them

that if they were to be the defence of the country, they must make up their minds to certain privations incident to military life, and reminding them that the Dominion wanted no "feather bed" soldiers. At the close of his remarks three hearty cheers were given for the Queen, the Adjutant-General and Col. Maunsell. During the afternoon the prizes won at the Rifle range were presented to the winners by Col. Ross. On the same afternoon took place the presentation of the colours given to the 67th Carleton County Light Infantry by the Hon. Chas. Connell, M.P. for the county. The following day the camp broke up.

We subjoin a list of the regiments in camp, with their respective commanding officers:—Brigade Staff, 9, Lieut.-Col. G. J. Maunsell, D.A.G.; N. B. R. Y. Cavalry, 299, Lieut.-Col. J. Saunders; 67th Battalion, 323, Lieut.-Col. C. R. Epton; 71st Battalion, 353, Lieut.-Col. J. Hewitson; 74th Battalion, 308, Lieut.-Col. C. B. Beer; St. Stephen Infantry Company, 52, Capt. H. Hutton; Deer Island Infantry Company, 27, Capt. A. Lloyd; Gagetown Infantry Company, 49, Capt. C. Simpson. Total number of men in camp, 1,411.

"THE PATIENT."

The picture by M. P. Edouard Frère, which we have engraved from the International Exhibition, is a good average example of the extensive series of representations of child-life among the French peasantry for which the artist is so justly esteemed in this country. This is, doubtless, one of the cottage interiors at the village of Ecoten, near Paris, where the artist has long lived and worked. It is said that M. Frère successively converts these humble dwellings into his atelier for the time being, and by so doing he is enabled to reproduce their quaint structure and modest belongings with that scrupulous fidelity to which all his works bear witness. While the adult owners of each cottage are away during the day at their field labour, the little ones of the family are left at home, and thus the artist has also opportunities for familiarising himself with the ways of children, with which he evidently feels great sympathy and which he turns to good account. The example before us amply testifies to the painter's habits, both as regards the interior, with its contents, and the incident depicted—which, no doubt, came under his immediate observation. He had certainly arrived at a footing of perfect intimacy with his little friends here before he painted this picture. We suppose that he had been quietly engaged at his easel till they had entirely forgotten his presence; otherwise they could hardly have enacted their parts with such utter unconsciousness and complete composure. What has happened to the doll that it should require medical treatment we are unable to say. Perhaps, in the "tubbing" to which it has possibly been subjected in the bucket of the foreground, it has lost some of the ruddy hues of health from its cheeks and lips. Be this as it may, these little rogues are now, doubtless, imitating the mother's administration of medicine to themselves or a younger babe. What the particular remedy may be in the bottle which the boy holds the artist does not intimate; but the contents of the small basket on the floor, whether cruet-frame or medicine-case, appear to have been emptied in the vain attempt to discover a restorative. Mothers and fathers all the world over will be at no loss to recall the discovery of some such pranks as this having been played, in their absence, with the family pharmacopœia or stock of condiments; and everybody observant of the mimetic tricks of children will find no exaggeration in the representation of this little nurse dosing her sick *pompe*. It is, however, given to few artists to render subjects of this kind with such perfect naturalness, with such unaffected sympathy, and with such a complete and tasteful subordination of the technical mode of expression to the simplicity of the theme.—*Illustrated London News*.

NEW TOWN HALL, OWEN SOUND, ONT.

This is a substantial brick building, with market conveniences underneath. On the ground floor is the Town Clerk's office; in the north wing is a large store and law and insurance office, and in the south wing is Molson's Bank, with Council chamber above. It was completed in 1870 at a cost of \$12,000. The town of Owen Sound is the county seat of the rich and flourishing county of Grey, one of the largest counties and best agricultural regions of Western Ontario. It is situated on an arm of the Georgian Bay, at the mouth of the Sydenham River, and contains a population of between three and four thousand. The Sydenham affords considerable water power for milling and manufacturing purposes. To a large part of Bruce, and a still larger part of Grey, Owen Sound is the usual market town, so that a considerable business is transacted in it. Steamers ply between it and Colpoy's Bay, Meaford, Collingwood, &c., during summer, and the excellent gravel roads, innocent of tolls, afford easy access to it during all seasons of the year. It is forty-five miles west of Collingwood and eighty-four miles north-west of Guelph, which latter is over fifty miles west by north from Toronto.

One John Raddick, of Halifax, is building a tin boat which will probably be entered at the Halifax Regatta.

The Twenty-sixth Annual Exhibition of the Provincial Agricultural Association of Ontario will be held at Kingston on the 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th of September next.

The 62nd St. John battalion of infantry and the Quaco company of Rifles in Military District No. 8 have been struck off the list of the active militia of the Dominion for having failed to put in their annual term of drill at the Fredericton camp.

The first claim of a British subject upon the United States under the Washington Treaty was filed in Washington last week. It is that of James Crutehett, whose cane factory at Mount Vernon was seized by the Government for military purposes at the commencement of the late civil war.

At least six crews will enter for the four-oared race at the Aquatic Carnival in Halifax, viz.:—The Tyne Crew, composed of Benforth, Kelly, Percy, and Chambers; a second Tyne Crew, composed of Taylor, Winship, Sadler, and Bagnell; the Couller Crew, from Pittsburg, Pa.; and three Halifax crews, known as Pryor's, Barton's, and Roche's. One or two crews from New Brunswick are also expected.

EDUCATION.—The most valuable part of every man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.

THEATRE ROYAL.—The Holman Troupe is once more with us, greatly to the joy and amusement of all lovers of burlesque acting. This time bringing with them an excellent bill of fare, commencing with "La Grande Duchesse," "Barbe Blue," "La Belle Hélène," &c., &c., in which, of course, Misses Sallie and Julia Holman sustain the principal parts. The rounds of applause that greeted and welcomed these accomplished young ladies must have been extremely gratifying to them, and we have no doubt will stimulate them to even greater efforts to please their patrons. We cannot speak too highly of Miss Sallie as the "Grande Duchesse," although we have seen Madame Schneider in that famous character. Miss Julia was not a whit less happy in her impersonation of "Wanda." In "Barbe Blue," Miss Sallie Holman sang charmingly, and we think we never heard her sing to so much advantage as in the character of "Balotte." Mr. Barton, as the King, was good and funny, proving himself a great actor and an "old snake" with a rattle. The new tenor, Signor Brandisi, sang the several airs with much judgment and taste, and cannot be surpassed in his "Marseillaise." Altogether, it is with much pleasure we notice that the efforts of this company are always fully appreciated by the audience.

IRON PAPER.

In the Great Exhibition of 1851, an American specimen of iron paper was first exhibited. A lively competition in iron rolling ensued among British iron manufacturers, excited by the above challenge from America, as to the thinness to which steel could be rolled cold. Mr. Gillott rolled sheets the average thickness of which was the 1,300th part of an inch. In other words, 1,300 sheets piled upon each other would collectively measure an inch in thickness, while the thinnest tissue paper to be purchased in the stationers' shops measured the 1,200th part of an inch.

These very thin sheets are perfectly smooth and easy to write on, although porous when held up to a good light. It may not be out of place, considering the great interest that is taken by those connected with that great branch of industry, the iron trade, to give a few curious particulars as to what extent iron can be welded, and the thin sheets that can be rolled out. Brother Jonathan little thought what a hubbub would be created in the old country, when from Pittsburgh he sent that wonderful letter, written on a sheet made from iron, which took no less than 1,000 sheets to make one inch in thickness, the dimensions being eight inches by five and a half inches, or a surface of forty-four inches, and weighing sixty-nine grains. This fact had no sooner made its appearance in print than Britain's sons began to work, and soon we heard that a sheet containing the same number of surface inches, but weighing only forty-six grains, had been made at the Marshfield Iron Works, Llanelli, Caermarthenshire, being exactly one-third less in weight. But soon the Welsh leek had to give way to the rose of England, for Staffordshire was anxious to take its wonted lead. The Hope Ironworks succeeded in making a sheet of 11 surface inches, weighing but 59 grains, which, reduced to the American and Welsh standard of 44 in., gives about 33 grains; Messrs. R. Williams & Co., 59 in., 49 grains; reduced to the same standard, about 31 grains. For a time, Staffordshire wears the belt, but Wales becomes very restless, and is anxious for the honour of St. David; so further attempts must be made. Marshfield comes again into the field. They succeed in making one sheet, 8 in. by 5½ in., or a surface of 44 in., of the astounding weight of 23½ grains only, which required no less than 2,583 sheets to make one inch in thickness; another sheet, 8 in. by 6 in., or 48 surface inches, weighed 25 grains, but brought to the standard of 44 inches, gives but 23 grains, and requires 2,950 sheets to make one inch in thickness. The Pontardawe Tin-works next come into the field with a sheet 14½ by 7 5/16, or a surface of 115 17 in., weighing 60 grains; but being reduced to 44 in., is 24½ grains—a trifle heavier than the Marshfield, but Pontardawe claims 3,799 sheets to make one inch in thickness.

We now come to the climax. The mill manager of Messrs. W. Hallam & Co., of the Upper Forest Tin Works, near Swansea, has succeeded in making a sheet of the finest appearance and thinness that has even yet been seen by mortal eye. The iron from which the sheet was rolled was made on the premises. It was worked in a finery with charcoal and the usual blast; afterwards taken to the hammer, and formed into a regular flat bottom; from thence conveyed to the balling furnace, and when sufficiently heated, taken up to the rolls, lengthened, and, cut by shears into the proper lengths, piled up, and transferred to the balling furnace again; when heated, it was passed through the rolls, back again into the balling furnace, and, when duly brought to the proper pitch, was taken to the rolls, and made into a thorough good bar. Such is the history in connection with the forge department. It was then taken to the tin mills, and rolled till it was supposed to be thinner than 23 grains, afterward passed through the cold rolls to give it the necessary polish, and now it stands on record as the thinnest sheet of iron ever rolled. The sheet in question is 10 in. by 5½ in., or 55 in. in surface, and weighs but 20 grains, which, being brought to the standard of 8 in. by 5½ in., or 44 surface inches, is but 16 grains, or 30 per cent less than any previous effort, and requires at least 4,500 to make one inch in thickness.—*Ironmonger*.

EFFECTS OF CONQUEST ON THE CONQUEROR.—The following is a description in the *Volkzeitung* of the effect of the late war on German industry:—"The war has not only interrupted work, but has destroyed thousands of places of work. The four million thalers which are to be spent for the assistance of those who have suffered loss are as a drop on a hot stone, which, hissing, drops on to it, and in an instant disappears in smoke. Thousands of men of the Landwehr and Reserve return to their homes crowned with victory and covered with wreaths, but they find their dwellings destitute, their wives in want, their children neglected, their workshops destroyed, their customers dispersed, their credit shaken, and the want of their manufacture lessened. Their rent is still due, which has accumulated for a year. New tools have to be bought, which their wives in time of distress have either pawned or sold. Materials have to be laid in stock to enable them, in case of an order being given, to begin work. Repairs and clothes are necessary. The bakers, butchers, and retailers

have got to be paid. If work is not begun at once the cry of distress will soon be as distinctly heard as the echo of rejoicing. . . . All our small trades are founded on the credit allowed them by the great dealers. They never pay ready money but by a bill of exchange, which delays the payment until their goods are sold. The diminished supplies of the war year have increased the small bills to enormous sums. As long as the owners of the business were in the field the bills were prolonged. When they return home the bills have to be taken up if they wish to begin work again, and their distress becomes greater as they are obliged to begin again with renewed vigour." The same journal very properly points out that the French indemnity will not compensate the private losses of Germany. The payment of it will impoverish the customers of Germany, and German industry will gain nothing directly, because the money will be largely used in replacing munition of war, and otherwise assisting warlike operations. The German triumph is thus far from unalloyed, and as France has suffered far more it would be difficult indeed to measure the net suffering of the two belligerents.

The *Taxpayer* is responsible for the following narrative, the substantial truth of which is also endorsed by the *Birmingham Gazette*:—"A man already assessed left Nottingham and went to Birmingham, leaving £5 of income tax unpaid. He was followed to Birmingham and requested to pay up his arrears. He disregarded the notices served upon him. What is more, he stuck them up in his office and annotated them satirically. At last he was informed in red letters that if he did not pay he would be 'proceeded against.' Being a man of nerve, he took no notice of the threat. Then, in the course of a month or two, he received a huge foolscap letter—written, not lithographed—from Somerset House, asking the grounds on which he declined to pay. He replied, after a week or two, that the reason he had not paid the money was that he hadn't it. Two or three months afterwards he was told this was not a reason of which Her Majesty's Commissioners could take cognizance. He failed to see this, and Her Majesty's Commissioners spent some ten months in arguing the point—still in writing. At last Her Majesty's Commissioners became peremptory. They wrote, through their Secretary, that they declined to urge the question further; the money must be paid! The defaulter replied that he was kind, and that he should, therefore, decline to hold any further correspondence with the department. Well, the matter went on for five years, and during that time the peccant person never paid a farthing of income tax. His own answer to all applications was that he was in correspondence with the department. At last a warrant was issued and entrusted to the sheriff of the district for execution. The defaulter being in lodgings, the sheriff's officer concluded it would be of no use to distrain, so he took the defaulter's body. This was illegal. An officer has no right to take the body of an income tax defaulter until he has distrained and finds the proceeds of the distraint insufficient to meet the demands. The result was that the defaulter commenced an action for false imprisonment against the officer, and did not withdraw it till the sheriff had paid the amount due on account of the tax and costs, as well as a small douceur, which sufficed to pay the expenses incurred by the defaulter in giving a dinner to a few friends to celebrate the event."

CANCER CURE.—If, as is claimed, the plant called "cundurango" is a specific for cancer, the world has received a blessing in the discovery which will rank with the introduction of anesthesia in surgery. Where there is such room for scepticism, we may be pardoned some doubts that the new remedy is all that is claimed. If it be, however, the powerful specific alleged, it will outlive our doubts, and establish itself triumphantly. In a disease so hopeless, people will catch even at the shadows of hope, and so the new remedy will be sure to have ample trial.

The story is that an Indian woman in a province of Ecuador, attempting to poison her husband by the use of this plant, cured him of a cancer of long standing. This fact having become known to the American Consul, he obtained a sample of the plant and forwarded it to Washington to have its virtues tested. It is further said that about fifteen cases have been successfully treated with it, and that a large supply is on its way to this country. Without pretending to vouch for the truth of the above, we will say that St. Paul's advice, to prove all things and hold fast that which is good, if followed, will soon settle the merits, or want of merit, of the new cancer cure.

Vice-President Colfax states that his mother, who was at the point of death with cancer, has been restored by the use of cundurango, and is now nearly well.—*Scientific American*.

An incident worthy of notice recently took place at St. Paul's R. C. church, Dover. At the eight o'clock mass no boy able to serve came in time, whereupon a fine old gentleman, apparently eighty years of age, perceiving the want, offered to serve mass. After the mass the aged servitor was found to be the Duke of Saldanha, Commander of the Portuguese army, and late Prime Minister of Portugal, who had come to Dover to meet the Emperor and Empress of Brazil.

POOR MISS FINCH!

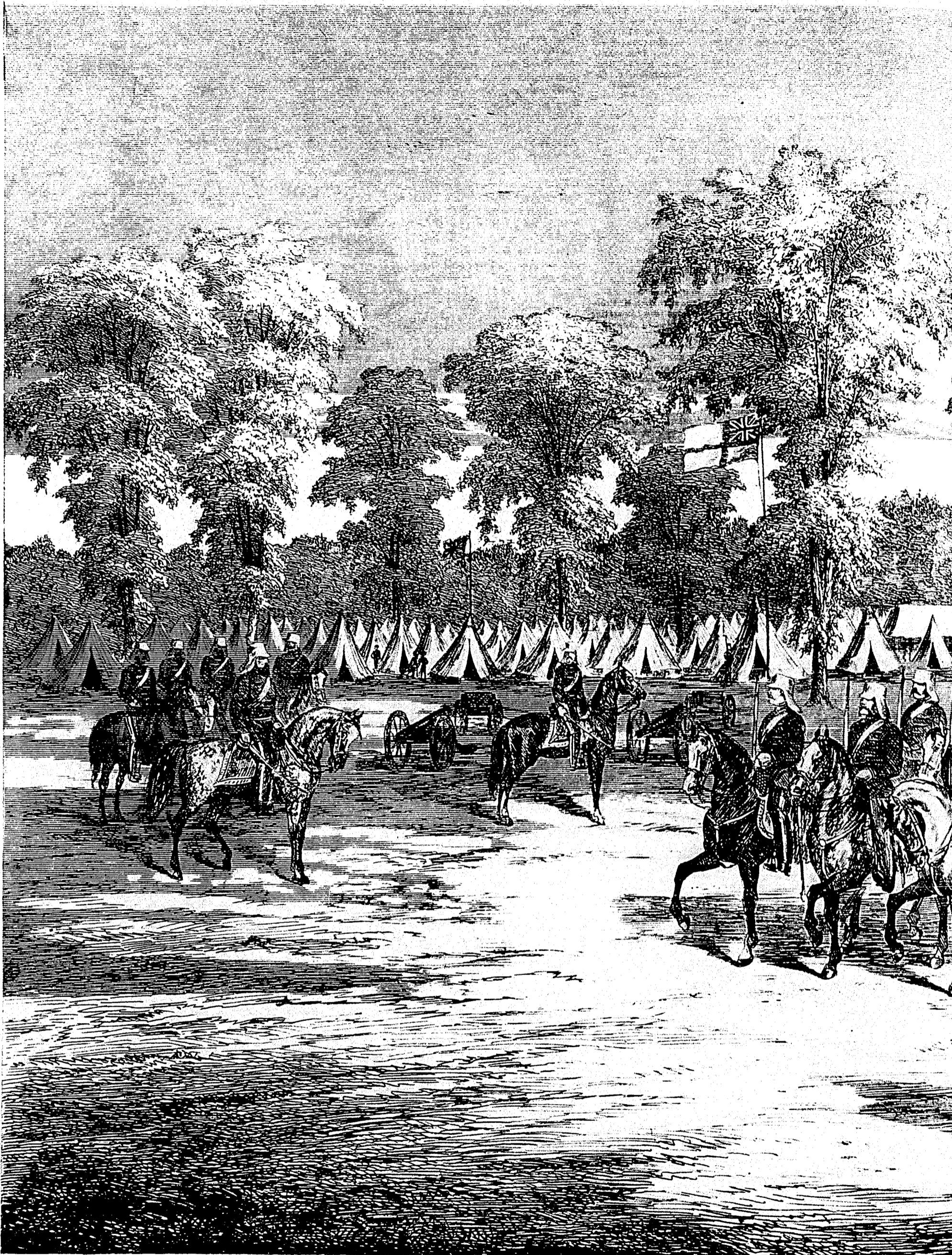
NOTES AND QUERIES.

"M." of Russelltown sends us the following answer to our "classical" quotation in No. 5:—"My son William ran his head full but (t) against the mantel-piece." We believe "M." is correct as to the translation, but he does not mention the author.

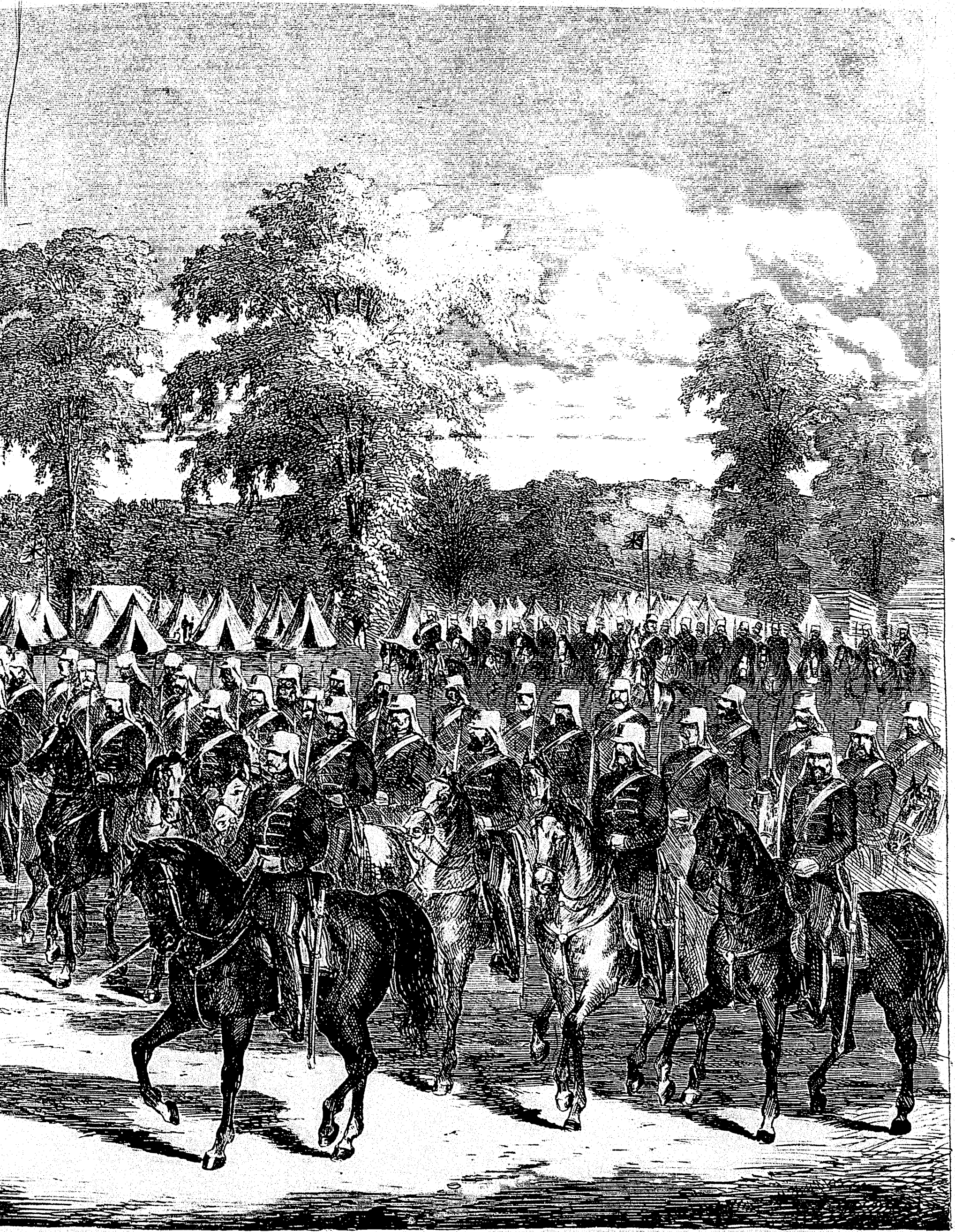
The following is doubtless familiar to many old Oxonians, and perhaps some one will send a translation. If our visitors could understand it we should sometimes be tempted to have it suspended in large letters in our office:—"Scinde baculam."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Member of the 10th Royals" is informed that if a first-class photograph is sent with appropriate description, the illustration will, no doubt, be inserted. The other matter will be set right in due course.



CAMP ROSS, FREDERICTON



N. B.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 102.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

"THE FLOWER I LOVED IS FADED."

I.

The flower I loved is faded,
And droops its little head,
And all the charms that made it
So beautiful, are fled:
'Tis withered, crushed, and colourless,
And robbed of all its loveliness.

II.

Once 'twas the gayest flower
That smiled beneath the sky,
Or bathed in summer shower,
Or courted butterfly.
But ah! its brightness could not last,
Its little life of love soon past.

III.

Yet still from its dead beauty
A lesson it doth give:
"Those who have done their duty
Even in dust shall live."
Death has not made its fragrance less
Than in its living loveliness.

IV.

So when the good man's spirit
Has left its earthly frame,
Each gentle deed of merit
Remains to bless his name,
To others is his memory given
To cheer them on their way to Heaven.

J. BLADE.

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

GO TO SCHOOL, AND GRANNIE LEAVES IT.

It is an evil thing to break up a family before the natural period of its dissolution. In the course of things, marriage, the necessities of maintenance, or the energies of labour guiding "to fresh woods and pastures new," are the ordered causes of separation.

Where the home is happy, much injury is done the children in sending them to school, except it be a day-school, whither they go in the morning as to the labours of the world, but whence they return at night as to the heaven of repose. Conflict through the day, rest at night, is the ideal. A day-school will suffice for the cultivation of the necessary public or national spirit, without which the love of the family may degenerate into a merely extended selfishness, but which is itself founded upon those family affections. At the same time, it must be confessed that boarding-schools are, in many cases, an antidote to some of the evil conditions which exist at home.

To children whose home is a happy one, the exile to a school must be bitter. Mine, however, was an unusual experience. Leaving aside the specially troubled state in which I was when carried to the village of Aldwick, I had few of the finer elements of the ideal home in mine. The love of my childish heart had never been drawn out. My grandmother had begun to do so, but her influence had been speedily arrested. I was, as they say of cats, more attached to the place than the people, and no regrets whatever interfered to quell the excitement of expectation, wonder, and curiosity which filled me on the journey. The motion of the vehicle, the sound of the horses' hoofs, the travellers we passed on the road—all seemed to partake of the exuberant life which swelled and overflowed in me. Everything was as happy, as excited, as I was.

When we entered the village, behold it was a region of glad tumult! Were there not three dogs, two carts, a maid carrying pails of water, and several groups of frolicking children in the street—not to mention live ducks, and a glimpse of grazing geese on the common? There were also two mothers at their cottage-doors, each with a baby in her arms. I knew they were babies, although I had never seen a baby before. And when we drove through the big wooden gate and stopped at the door of what had been the manor-house but was now Mr. Elder's school, the aspect of the building, half-covered with ivy, bore to me a most friendly look. Still more friendly was the face of the master's wife, who received us in a low dark parlour, with a thick soft carpet, and rich red curtains. It was a perfect paradise to my imagination. Nor did the appearance of Mr. Elder at all jar with the vision of coming happiness. His round, rosy, spectacled face bore in it no premonitory sug-

gestion of birch or rod, and, although I continued at his school for six years, I never saw him use either. It a boy required that kind of treatment, he sent him home. When my uncle left me, it was in more than contentment with my lot. Nor did anything occur to alter my feeling with regard to it. I soon became much attached to Mrs. Elder. She was just the woman for a schoolmaster's wife—as full of maternity as she could hold, but childless. By the end of the first day I thought I loved her far more than my aunt. My aunt had done her duty towards me; but how was a child to weigh that? She had taken no trouble to make me love her; she had shown none of the signs of affection, and I could not appreciate the proofs of it yet.

I soon perceived a great difference between my uncle's way of teaching and that of Mr. Elder. My uncle always appeared aware of something behind which pressed upon, perhaps hurried the fact he was making me understand. He made me feel, perhaps too much, that it was a mere step towards something beyond. Mr. Elder, on the other hand, placed every point in such a strong light that it seemed in itself of primary consequence. Both were, if my judgment after so many years be correct, admirable teachers—my uncle the greater, my schoolmaster the more immediately efficient. As I was a manageable boy to the very verge of weakness, the relations between us were entirely pleasant.

There were only six more pupils, all of them sufficiently older than myself to be ready to pet and indulge me. No one who saw me mounted on the back of the eldest, a lad of fifteen, and driving four of them in hand, while the sixth ran alongside as an outsider—

times in the summer long after that. Sometimes also on moonlit nights in winter, occasionally even when the stars and the snow gave the only light, we were allowed the same liberty until nearly bedtime. Before Christmas came, variety, exercise, and social blessedness had wrought upon me so that when I returned home, my uncle and aunt were astonished at the change in me. I had grown half a head, and the paleness, which they had considered a peculiar accident of my appearance, had given place to a rosy glow. My flitting step too had vanished; I soon became aware that I made more noise than my aunt liked, for in the old house silence was in its very temple. My uncle, however, would only smile and say—

"Don't bring the place about our ears, Willie, my boy. I should like it to last my time."

"I'm afraid," my aunt would interpose, "Mr. Elder doesn't keep very good order in his school."

Then I would fire up in defence of the master, and my uncle would sit and listen, looking both pleased and amused.

I had not been many moments in the house before I said—

"Mayn't I run up and see grannie, uncle?"

"I will go and see how she is," my aunt said, rising.

She went, and presently returning, said—

"Grannie seems a little better. You may come. She wants to see you."

I followed her. When I entered the room and looked expectantly towards her usual place, I found her chair empty. I turned to the bed. There she was, and I thought she looked much the same; but when I came

the night, began to rise. My old fear of her began to return with it. But she lifted her lids, and the terror ebbed away.

She looked at me, but did not seem to know me. I went nearer.

"Grannie," I said, close to her ear, and speaking low; "you wanted to see me at night—that was before I went to school. I'm here, grannie."

The sheet was folded back so smooth that she could hardly have turned over since it had been arranged for the night. Her hand was lying upon it. She lifted it feebly and stroked my cheek once more. Her lips murmured something which I could not hear, and then came a deep sigh, almost a groan. The terror returned when I found she could not speak to me.

"Shall I go and fetch auntie?" I whispered.

She shook her head feebly, and looked wistfully at me. Her lips moved again. I guessed that she wanted me to sit beside her. I got a chair, placed it by the bedside, and sat down. She put out her hand, as if searching for something. I laid mine in it. She closed her fingers upon it and seemed satisfied. When I looked again, she was asleep and breathing quietly. I was afraid to take my hand from hers lest I should wake her. I laid my head on the side of the bed, and was soon fast asleep also.

I was awakened by a noise in the room. It was Nannie lighting the fire. When she saw me she gave a cry of terror.

"Hush, Nannie!" I said; "you will wake grannie;" and as I spoke I rose, for I found my hand was free.

"Oh, Master Willie!" said Nannie, in a low voice; "how did you come here? You sent my heart into my mouth."

"Swallow it again, Nannie," I answered, "and don't tell auntie. I came to see grannie, and fell asleep. I'm rather cold. I'll go to bed now. Auntie's not up, is she?"

"No. It's not time for anybody to be up yet."

Nannie ought to have spent the night in grannie's room, for it was her turn to watch; but finding her nicely asleep, as she thought, she had slipped away for just an hour of comfort in bed. The hour had grown to three. When she returned the fire was out.

When I came down to breakfast, the solemn look upon my uncle's face caused me a foreboding of change.

"God has taken grannie away in the night, Willie," said he, holding the hand I had placed in his.

"Is she dead?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"Oh, then, you will let her go to her grave now, won't you?" I said—the recollection of her old grievance coming first in association with her death, and occasioning a more childish speech than belonged to my years.

"Yes. She'll get to her grave now," said my aunt, with a trembling in her voice I had never heard before.

"No," objected my uncle; "Her body will go to the grave, but her soul will go to heaven."

"Her soul?" I said, "what's that?"

"Dear me, Willie! don't you know that?" said my aunt. "Don't you know you've got a soul as well as a body?"

"I'm sure I haven't," I returned. "What was grannie's like?"

"That I can't tell you," she answered.

"Have you got one, auntie?"

"Yes."

"What is yours like then?"

"I don't know."

"But," I said, turning to my uncle, "if her body goes to the grave, and her soul to heaven, what's to become of poor grannie—without either of them you see?"

My uncle had been thinking while we talked.

"That can't be the way to represent the thing, Jane; it puzzles the child. No, Willie; grannie's body goes to the grave, but grannie herself is gone to heaven. What people call her soul is just grannie herself."

"Why don't they say so, then?"

My uncle fell a thinking again. He did not, however, answer this last question, for I suspect he found that it would not be good for me to know the real cause—namely, that people hardly believed it, and therefore did not say it. Most people believe far more in their bodies than in their souls. What my uncle did say was—

"I hardly know. But grannie's gone to heaven anyhow."

"I'm so glad!" I said. "She will be more comfortable there. She was too old, you know, uncle."



WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

Page 107, col. 4.

could have wondered that I should find school better than home. Before the first day was over, the sorrows of the lost watch and sword had vanished utterly. For what was possession to being possessed? What was a watch, even had it been going, to the movements of life? To peep from the wicket in the great gate out upon the village-street, with the well in the middle of it, and a girl in the sunshine winding up the green dripping bucket from the unknown depths of coolness, was more than a thousand watches. But this was by no means the extent of my new survey of things. One of the causes of Mr. Elder's keeping no boy who required chastisement was his own love of freedom, and his consequent desire to give the boys as much liberty out of school hours as possible. He believed in freedom. "The great end of training," he said to me many years after, when he was quite an old man, "is liberty; and the sooner you can get a boy to be a law to himself, the sooner you make a man of him. This end is impossible without freedom. Let those who have no choice, or who have not the same end in view, do the best they can with such boys as they find: I chose only such as could bear liberty. I never set up as a reformer—only as an educator. For that kind of work others were more fit than I. It was not my calling." Hence Mr. Elder no more allowed labour to intrude upon play, than play to intrude upon labour. As soon as lessons were over, we were free to go where we would and do what we would, under certain general restrictions, which had more to do with social properties than with school regulations. We roamed the country from tea-time till sundown; some-

nearer, I perceived a change in her countenance. She welcomed me feebly, stroked my hair and my cheeks, smiled sweetly, and closed her eyes. My aunt led me away.

When bedtime came, I went to my own room, and was soon fast asleep. What roused me, I do not know, but I awoke in the midst of the darkness, and the next moment I heard a groan. It thrilled me with horror. I sat up in bed and listened, but heard no more. As I sat listening, heedless of the cold, the explanation dawned upon me, for my powers of reflection and combination had been developed by my large experience of life. In our many wanderings, I had learned to choose between roads and to make conjectures from the lie of the country. I had likewise lived in a far larger house than my home. Hence it now dawned upon me, for the first time, that grannie's room must be next to mine, although approached from the other side, and that the groan must have been hers. She might be in need of help. I remembered at the same time how she had wished to have me by her in the middle of the night, that she might be able to tell me what she could not recall in the day. I got up at once, dressed myself, and stole down the one stair, across the kitchen, and up the other. I gently opened grannie's door and peeped in. A fire was burning in the room. I entered and approached the bed. I wonder how I had the courage; but children more than grown people are moved by unlikely impulses. Grannie lay breathing heavily. I stood for a moment. The faint light flickered over her white face. It was the middle of the night, and the tide of fear inseparable from

He made me no reply. My aunt's apron was covering her face, and when she took it away, I observed that those eager almost angry eyes were red with weeping. I began to feel a movement at my heart, the first fluttering physical sign of a waking love towards her.

"Don't cry, auntie," I said. "I don't see anything to cry about. Grannie has got what she wanted."

She made me no answer, and I sat down to my breakfast. I don't know how it was, but I could not eat it. I rose and took my way to the hollow in the field. I felt a strange excitement, not sorrow. Grannie was actually dead at last. I did not quite know what it meant. I had never seen a dead body. Neither did I know that she had died while I slept with my hand in hers. Nannie had found her quite cold. Had we been a talking family, I might have been uneasy until I had told the story of my last interview with her; but I never thought of saying a word about it. I cannot help thinking now that I was waked up and sent to the old woman, my great grandmother, in the middle of the night, to help her to die in comfort. Who knows? What we can neither prove nor comprehend forms, I suspect, the infinitely larger part of our being.

When I was taken to see what remained of grannie, I experienced nothing of the dismay which some children feel at the sight of death. It was as if she had seen something just in time to leave the look of it behind her there, and so the final expression was a revelation. For a while there seems to remain this one link between some dead bodies and their living spirits. But my aunt, with a common superstition, would have me touch the face. That, I confess, made me shudder; the cold of death is so unlike any other cold! I seemed to feel it in my hand all the rest of the day.

I saw what *seemed* grannie—I am too near death myself to consent to call a dead body the man or the woman—had in the grave for which she had longed, and returned home with a sense that somehow there was a barrier broken down between me and my uncle and aunt. I felt as near my uncle now as I had ever been. That evening he did not go to his own room, but sat with my aunt and me in the kitchen-hall. We pulled the great high-backed baken settle before the fire, and my aunt made a great blaze, for it was very cold. They sat one in each corner, and I sat between them, and told them many things concerning the school. They asked me questions and encouraged my prattle, seeming well pleased that the old silence should be broken. I fancy I brought them a little nearer to each other that night. It was after a funeral, and yet they both looked happier than I had ever seen them before.

CHAPTER IX.

SIN AND REPENT.

The Christmas holidays went by more rapidly than I had expected. I took myself with enlarged faculty to my book-reading, and more than ever enjoyed making my uncle's old volumes tidy. When I returned to school, it was with real sorrow at parting from uncle; and even towards my aunt I now felt a growing attraction.

I shall not dwell upon my school history. That would be to spin out my narrative unnecessarily. I shall only relate such occurrences as are guide-posts in the direction of those main events which properly constitute my history.

I had been about two years with Mr. Elder. The usual holidays had intervened, upon which occasions I found the pleasures of home so multiplied by increase of liberty and the enlarged confidence of my uncle, who took me about with him everywhere, that they were now almost capable of rivalling those of school. But before I relate an incident which occurred in the second autumn, I must say a few words about my character at this time.

My reader will please to remember that I had never been driven, or oppressed in any way. The affair of the watch was quite an isolated instance, and so immediately followed by the change and fresh life of school, that it had not left a mark behind. Nothing had occurred to generate in me any fear before the face of man. I had been vaguely uneasy in relation to my grandmother, but that uneasiness had almost vanished before her death. Hence the faith natural to childhood had received no check. My aunt was at worst cold; she had never been harsh; while over Nannie I was absolute ruler. The only time that evil had threatened me, I had been faithfully defended by my guardian uncle. At school, while I found myself more under law, I yet found myself possessed of greater freedom. Every one was friendly and more than kind. From all this the result was that my nature was unusually trusting.

We had a whole holiday, and, all seven, set out to enjoy ourselves. It was a delicious morning in autumn, clear and cool, with a great light in the east, and the west nowhere. Neither the autumnal tints, nor the sharpening wind had any sadness in those young years which we call the old years afterwards. How strange it seems to have—all of us—to say with the Jewish poet: I have been young and

now an old! A wood in the distance, rising up the slope of a hill, was our goal, for we were after hazel-nuts. Frolicking, scampering, leaping over stiles, we felt the road vanish under our feet. When we gained the wood, although we failed in our quest, we found plenty of amusement; that grew everywhere. At length it was time to return, and we resolved on going home by another road—one we did not know.

After walking a good distance, we arrived at a gate and lodge, where we stopped to inquire the way. A kind-faced woman informed us that we should shorten it much by going through the park, which, as we seemed respectable boys, she would allow us to do. We thanked her, entered, and went walking along a smooth road, through open sward, clumps of trees, and an occasional piece of artful neglect in the shape of rough hillocks covered with wild shrubs, such as briar and broom. It was very delightful, and we walked along merrily. I can yet recall the individual shapes of certain hawthorn trees we passed, whose extreme age had found expression in a wild grotesqueness, which would have been ridiculous, but for a dim, painful resemblance to the distortion of old age in the human family.

After walking some distance, we began to doubt whether we might not have missed the way to the gate of which the woman had spoken. For a wall appeared, which, to judge from the tree-tops visible over it, must surround a kitchen garden or orchard; and from this we feared we had come too nigh the house. We had not gone much farther before a branch, projecting over the wall, from whose tip, as if the tempter had gone back to his old tricks, hung a rosy-checked apple, drew our eyes and arrested our steps. There are grown people who cannot, without an effort of the imagination, figure to themselves the attraction between a boy and an apple; but I suspect there are others the memories of whose boyish freaks will render it yet more difficult for them to understand a single moment's contemplation of such an object without the endeavour to appropriate it. To them the boy seems made for the apple, and the apple for the boy. Rosy, round-faced, spectacled Mr. Elder, however, had such a fine sense of honour in himself that he had been to a rare degree successful in developing a similar sense in his boys, and I do believe that not one of us would, under any circumstances, except possibly those of terrifying compulsion, have pulled that apple. We stood in rapt contemplation for a few moments, and then walked away. But although there are no degrees in Virtue, who will still demand her uttermost farthing, there are degrees in the virtuousness of human beings.

As we walked away, I was the last, and was just passing from under the branch when something struck the ground at my heel. I turned. An apple must fall some time, and for this apple that some time was then. It lay at my feet. I lifted it and stood gazing at it—I need not say with admiration. My mind fell a working. The adversary was there and the angel too. The apple had dropped at my feet; I had not pulled it. There it would lie wasting, if some one with less right than I—said the prince of special pleaders—was not the second to find it. Besides, what fell in the road was public property. Only this was not a public road, the angel reminded me. My will fluttered from side to side, now turning its ear to my conscience, now turning away and hearkening to my impulse. At last, weary of the strife, I determined to settle it by a just contempt of trifles—and, half in desperation, bit into the ruddy cheek.

The moment I saw the wound my teeth had made, I knew what I had done, and my heart died within me. I was self-condemned. It was a new and an awful sensation—a sensation that could not be for a moment endured. The misery was too intense to leave room for repentance even. With a sudden resolve born of despair, I shoved the type of the broken law into my pocket and followed my companions. But I kept at some distance behind them, for as yet I dared not hold further communication with respectable people. I did not, and do now believe, that there was one amongst them who would have done as I had done. Probably also none of them would have thought of my way of deliverance from unendurable self-contempt. The curse had passed upon me, but I saw a way of escape.

A few yards further, they found the road we thought we had missed. It struck off into a hollow, the sides of which were covered with trees. As they turned into it they looked back and called me to come on. I ran as if I wanted to overtake them, but the moment they were out of sight, left the road for the grass, and set off at full speed in the same direction as before. I had not gone far before I was in the midst of trees, overflowing the hollow in which my companions had disappeared, and spreading themselves over the level above. As I entered their shadow, my old awe of the trees returned upon me—an awe I had nearly forgotten, but revived by my crime. I pressed along, however, for to turn back would have been more dreadful than any fear. At length, with a sudden turn, the road left the trees behind, and what a scene opened before me! I stood on the verge of a large space of greensward, smooth and

well-kept as a lawn, but somewhat irregular in surface. From all sides it rose towards the centre. There a broad, low rock seemed to grow out of it, and upon the rock stood the lordliest house my childish eyes had ever beheld. Take situation and all, and I have scarcely yet beheld one to equal it. Half castle, yet old English country seat, it covered the rock with a huge square of building, from various parts of which rose towers, mostly square also, of different heights. I stood for one brief moment entranced with awful delight. A building which has grown for ages, the outcome of the life of powerful generations, has about it a majesty which, in certain moods, is overpowering. For one brief moment I forgot my sin and its sorrow. But memory awoke with a fresh pang. To this lordly place I, poor miserable sinner, was a debtor by wrong and shame. Let no one laugh at me because my sin was small; it was enough for me, being that of one who had stolen for the first time, and that without previous declension, and searing of the conscience. I hurried towards the building, anxiously looking for some entrance.

I had approached so near that, seated on its rock, it seemed to shoot its towers into the zenith, when, rounding a corner, I came to a part where the height sank from the foundation of the house to the level by a grassy slope, and at the foot of the slope, espied an elderly gentleman, in a white hat, who stood with his hands in his breeches-pockets, looking about him. He was tall and stout, and carried himself in what seemed to me a stately manner. As I drew near him I felt somewhat encouraged by a glimpse of his face, which was rubeund and, I thought, good-natured; but, approaching him rather from behind, I could not see it well. When I addressed him, he started.

"Please, sir," I said, "is this your house?"

"Yes, my man; it is my house," he answered, looking down on me with bent neck, his hands still in his pockets.

"Please, sir," I said, but here my voice began to tremble, and he grew dim and large through the veil of my gathering tears. I hesitated.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked, in a tone half-jocular, half-kind.

I made a great effort and recovered my self-possession.

"Please, sir," I repeated, "I want you to box my ears."

"Well, you are a funny fellow! What should I box your ears for, pray?"

"Because I have been very wicked," I answered; and, putting my hand in my pocket, I extracted the bitten apple, and held it up to him.

"Ho! ho!" he said, beginning to guess what I must mean, but hardly the less bewildered for that: "is that one of my apples?"

"Yes, sir; it fell down from a branch that hung over the wall. I took it up, and—and—I took a bite of it, and—and—I'm so sorry!"

Here I burst into a fit of crying, which I choked as much as I could. I remember quite well how, as I stood holding out the apple, my arm would shake with the violence of my sobs.

"I'm not fond of bitten apples," he said. "You had better eat it up now."

This brought me to myself. If he had shown me sympathy, I should have gone on crying.

"I would rather not. Please box my ears." "I don't want to box your ears. You're welcome to the apple. Only don't take what is not your own another time."

"But, please, sir, I'm so miserable!"

"Home with you! and eat your apple as you go," was his unconsoling response.

"I can't eat it; I'm so ashamed of myself!"

"When people do wrong, I suppose they must be ashamed of themselves. That's all right, isn't it?"

"Why won't you box my ears, then," I persisted.

It was my sole but unavailing prayer. He turned away towards the house. My trouble rose to agony. I made some wild motion of despair, and threw myself on the grass. He turned, looked at me for a moment in silence, and then said in a changed tone:

"My boy, I am sorry for you. I beg you will not trouble yourself any more. The affair is not worth it. Such a trifle! What can I do for you?"

I got up. A new thought of possible relief had crossed my mind.

"Please, sir, if you won't box my ears, will you shake hands with me?"

"To be sure I will," he answered, holding out his hand, and giving mine a very kindly shake. "Where do you live?"

"I am at school at Aldwick, at Mr. Elder's."

"You're a long way from home!"

"Am I, sir? Will you tell me how to go? But it's of no consequence. I don't mind anything now you've forgiven me. I shall soon run home."

"Come with me first. You must have something to eat."

I wanted nothing to eat, but how could I oppose anything he said? I followed him at once, drying my eyes as I went. He led me to a great gate which I had passed before,

and opening a wicket, took me across a court, and through another building where I saw many servants going about; then across a second court which was paved with large flags, and so to a door which he opened calling—

"Mrs. Wilson! Mrs. Wilson! I want you a moment."

"Yes, Sir Giles," answered a tall, stiff-looking, elderly woman, who presently appeared descending, with upright spine, a corkscrew staircase of stone.

"Here is a young gentleman, Mrs. Wilson, who seems to have lost his way. He is one of Mr. Elder's pupils at Aldwick. Will you get him something to eat and drink, and then send him home?"

"I will, Sir Giles."

"Good-bye, my man," said Sir Giles, again shaking hands with me. Then turning anew to the housekeeper, for such I found she was, he added:

"Couldn't you find a bag for him, and fill it with some of those brown pippins? They're good eating, ain't they?"

"With pleasure, Sir Giles."

Thereupon Sir Giles withdrew, closing the door behind him, and leaving me with the sense of life from the dead.

"What's your name, young gentleman?" asked Mrs. Wilson, with, I thought, some degree of sternness.

"Wilfrid Cumbermede," I answered.

She stared at me a little, with a stare which would have been a start in most women. I was by this time calm enough to take a quiet look at her. She was dressed in black silk, with a white neckerchief crossing in front, and black mittens on her hands. After gazing at me fixedly for a moment or two, she turned away and ascended the stair, which went up straight from the door, saying—

"Come with me, Master Cumbermede. You must have some tea before you go."

To be continued.

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[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES

OF THE

LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EVENTS CULMINATE.

The Duke of Sheerness, addressing Mr. Reuben, told what had passed with De Feri, junr., remarking, in conclusion, on young Canada similarly as quoted. To which the secretary rejoined:

"Sharpness and shallowness, your Grace, come of the exhilarating atmosphere."

"This youth isn't shallow, Mr. Secretary. Mentally, the boy is a man, and expert. What was the meaning of his 'officially annexing' a document from El Abra?"

"In his professional avocations he stole it. To abstract 'officially' for benefit of a third party, and private gain of the thief, is to annex."

"Can't we treat with El Abra?"

"That wealthy personage, your Grace, wouldn't be likely to treat with us."

"Not for money, I admit; but have we no other influences to bear on him?"

"Some of your Grace's American friends might reach him, were his possession of the Lillymere document not part of a conspiracy intended to be developed hereafter. Against British society and institutions El Abra cherishes a mania."

"That is a sentiment very exceptional in Americans, don't you think?"

"El Abra, like Jubal, is not a native American. He is the product of events."

"The proprietor of the Jubal House, do you mean, who draws so remarkably? Senator Pensyldine addressed him, and he in reply styled himself American."

"He is a foreigner naturalized. The native born citizen of education and social culture, as your Grace may daily observe, doesn't draw and snivel."

"Is Jubal Canadian?"

"Jubal and Zena are products of events. They were settlers in Canada until the woman was taken with desire to become the mother of a President of the United States. Then they moved to the other side, and became citizens in order that the son expected might be in manhood eligible for highest offices. No child came. Zena is at present confidential mistress of two or more women married on this side the line, who dwell beyond it occasionally on chance of giving birth to Presidents. Your Grace spoke to one of them two days since, while she was on flight to her nest on one of the Thousand Islands, in St. Lawrence river."

"Who was she, Mr. Secretary? Don't remember meeting any insane woman two days ago."



EVENING AT WIMBLETON CAMP.—SEE PAGE 103.



"THE PATIENT." BY P. E. FRERE, IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—SEE PAGE 103.

"It was the wife of the Mayor of Rama; sister of your Grace's veteran and favourite captain."

"Does Captain Hayvern connive at this folly?"

"On the contrary. Indeed the uxorious husband fears to enforce restraint lest Clapper Hayvern, discovering his sister's continental ambition, should become inconveniently impetuous. The island she inhabits was purchased as probably containing precious minerals; the husband not then suspecting his wife's object in urging its acquisition. But next week when the steam yacht is out on your Grace's excursion, the lady of Rama is to be conducted on board the 'Susan' and unwittingly brought away by her husband; so I've just learned. The spectators previously informed, may then have an opportunity to study new idiosyncrasies in human nature."

"We are likely to be occupied with other and more serious affairs, Mr. Secretary."

Young Inkle and Lillymere met; the latter not then knowing of Schoolar's arrival. Their conversation after ten minutes took this turn:—

"So your reason, Mr. Lillymere, for not accepting the invitation to dine was my inferior moral nature!"

"If you insist on giving the few words just spoken that meaning, be it so; but 'habits of thought leading down to a lower moral nature' was the phrase used. I meant the aptitude to accept as ethnological science the speculations of Lord Monboddo, that your progenitors wore claws and tails. And with that proclivity to downward thought, a tendency to welcome any crude pretensions to science, if seeming to weaken the authority of religion."

"Is it not clear, Mr. Lillymere, that science and religion are irreconcilably at variance?"

"No. Every one of the exact sciences now established, strengthens religious aspirations. Philosophical research exalts the moral feelings of the thinker, while confirming his perceptions of divine communion with Heaven. A mind seeking knowledge of the sciences accepts new and true developments of the physical laws of nature as additional feathers in the wing of faith. Such mind desires to rise to higher enjoyments in a purer moral atmosphere. It accomplishes the desire."

"Why am I subjected to this lecture?"

"Mr. Inkle, I followed the ideas your words suggested; that acceptance of the Monboddo doctrine of a monkey ancestry relieved you of responsibility to any higher law than personal desires, limited by a Police constabulary."

"Have you done?"

"I was done before you imposed on me the task of explaining and enlarging."

"Lillymere, you expect to be an English Earl, don't you?"

"Never expected to be; don't think I shall be; and am not trying."

"You are trying, Simon Lud, but will not succeed. I tell it to your deceitful face—you'll not succeed."

"Inkle, you're impertinent."

"Lud, you're an imposter."

"Mr. Inkle, you instinctively selected your true ancestry. Farewell."

Arriving home, Tom went straight to his mother's "Book of the Peerage," and looked for "Lord Monboddo;" no such title. To an "Extinct Peerage;" no such title. To Satterby, the cashier, who knew everything:—

"Mr. Satterby, was there at any time in British history a Lord Monboddo?"

"In last century Lord Monboddo was a Scottish judge."

"Was he remarkable for anything?"

"For a daughter whose loveliness and brilliant mind inspired the genius of Scotland's poet. And for a whimsical philosophy, resuscitated in 'Vestiges of Creation,' and in a later work; that the progenitors of man wore tails."

"D'ye believe they wore tails, Satterby?"

"I'm accountable to Mr. Inkle for my cash and books; to none on earth for aught else. Business, Mr. Thomas, business. The gold is coming in; attend to business, please."

Mr. Schoolar having retained Killiweek, the local barrister, that gentleman applied to the magistrates for warrants to arrest certain suspected persons, as principals or accomplices in the abduction and murder of Agnes Schoolar.

Deeming the allegations insufficient the local authorities refused to issue warrants.

The Crown Attorney took the case in deliberation; concluding that the sudden death of the young woman described as well educated and apparently refined in manners, was more probably the result of natural causes, as medically certified, than murder; of which there was no evidence other than letters to Mr. Schoolar from persons in the States.

"Produce your correspondents as witnesses," said this officer of the Crown, "and warrants may issue. As yet Government cannot interfere."

"They are my daughter's clothes," cried the old man pitifully, "and small doubt the skeleton is all that now remains of my child; poor Agnes; poor Agnes!"

"Could we act, Mr. Schoolar, Government

would promptly aid you. We may only individually compassionate you. We tender our deepest sympathy, and shall direct vigilance on the part of the police to discover every farther trace, if any. And no obstacle is likely to be officially raised to removal of the remains for interment in England as you desire."

A case of this magnitude with Mr. Killiweek concerned was not to be dropt softly and soon. A warrant for Lillymere's arrest must be had. If that one female immigrant had died from natural causes, Agnes Schoolar's death by violence was to be looked for elsewhere.

The proceedings had to this point been conducted in privacy, so close that only few persons heard of them; reporters being carefully excluded.

Lillymere was not yet informed of Mr. Schoolar's arrival, nor that any rumour of the death of Agnes had arisen; far less that he was accused of an appalling crime. Lady Mary and the Duke directed that the secretary should engage the young gentleman on literary tasks, and prevent his emergence to society, or to knowledge of the conspiracy forming against him as long as possible.

"Mr. Grynd," said Killiweek, "I'm now in possession of the requisite affidavits, and place in your hands the warrant on which to arrest DeLacy Lillymere; charged as accessory to the death of a certain young lady named in the warrant. Lillymere is a violent and dangerous fellow, Mr. Schoolar states, and may be armed to resist capture. He is in partial hiding with the man Reuben, who follows the woman calling herself Lady Mary Mortimer, previously known as a loiterer of the street by name of Mary Ester. If Lillymere resist knock him down. In any case put him in irons. I, on behalf of my client, Mr. Schoolar, the murdered lady's parent, bear you scathless, even to the breaking of the young rowdy's bones. Arrest him to-night. Fail not at your peril."

Reuben and Lillymere, though differing in appearance resembled one another in temperament and tenderness of thought. In a garden they saw only flowers; no worms. They believed in the good that is in everybody.

Reuben often essayed to construct novels, but broke down with his villains. Knowing none in real life he invented rogues so ridiculous, that he looked on them as a child may on the absurd man it makes of mud.

Lillymere attempted literary creations, but ran much to leafy and flowery imagery. Seated in the Poet Corner parlour of the sumptuous Canada Hall, overlooking the garden terraces and fountains, an hour before sunset, he read passages of a descriptive sketch of lake and river travel he had written in imitation of Reuben's style; the Secretary being one of the travellers. Thus:

"All the way and everywhere Reuben added glad thoughts to gladness. Charming visions came unsought. On the magnificent promenade beside the St. Louis Hotel at Quebec. On the croquet lawn at Cacoua—beautiful Cacoua. On board the palaces of steam navigation. In the railway drawing-room coaches the tourists came, wave upon wave of fashion. Flowers of American youth and beauty, European and Canadian."

"Charming invasion of Canada! They dazzled Reuben's eyes, lodged in his brain, refused him privilege of sleep. They clothed the ships in silks, muslins, laces. Enriched the decks by feet of exquisite grace. Airy, fairy feet of lovely women, and yet lovelier children. Hark! What voice is that? Thought I heard my name!"

"Nothing. People passing in the corridor. You said, 'Lovely women of America, and yet lovelier children.' Whom else?"

"Bearded men of America, rich at the banks doubtless, no return, aristocratic, superlatively proud, mingled with the beautiful, prettily talking, laughing gentlewomen, their wives, sisters, daughters. Rich men in the States probably, and mostly silent, but reasonable when they did speak. So reasonable as to confess that a run into Canada refreshed them; that the Saguenay was a sight to travel a thousand miles to look upon—"

"Stop, DeLacy; there is a loud voice."

"And my name is spoken. All my names, and more than ever heard of: Lud, Oman, Lillymere, outcast, wanderer, traitor, murderer? It is Killiweek's voice. Let me to the door—"

"Stay, DeLacy. I'll go. Now, do stay where you are, pray. It is a matter concerning me as Lady Mary's Secretary."

"It is Killiweek."

"Well, you remain quiet. I'll go."

Reuben suspected that the allegation of guilt against his young friend, in respect of Agnes, was the topic which had ripened to action a lawyer and constabulary. He was embarrassed, as sensitive literary persons are peculiarly liable to be. And disturbed the more as not a breath of rumour had yet reached DeLacy of the name of Schoolar, father or daughter, being known in Onway.

The Secretary going out closed the door; but Killiweek opened it, stepped back and bade the constables enter. Mr. Schoolar, accompanying Chief Grynd, pointed to Lillymere, saying:

"That is Simon Lud, the person you are to arrest."

"His name is not Simon Lud," interposed the Secretary.

Killiweek read the warrant, with emphasis on the changing names, Lud, Oman, Lillymere; adding:

"The criminal is dangerous, Mr. Grynd; and fleet of foot, Alleroo; best iron him, lest he escape, or do you harm."

"Mr. Schoolar!" Lillymere began in stammering astonishment, "you have had letters explaining all matters known to me; letters sent by every mail even to last week; what does this mean? I've not seen Miss Schoolar since leaving your office in London, three years ago."

"Mr. Killiweek," said the London solicitor, addressing the local barrister, "the case is in your hands. I have pointed to the murderer and can do no more. To look on him is loathsome. To have speech with the traitorous assassin, impossible. I go to England by next steamer, and leave the case with you and the authorities."

"Mr. Schoolar," interposed the Secretary, "it is due to yourself, as well as to her ladyship's friend, DeLacy Lillymere, that you listen to what the wrongfully accused gentleman desires to say. But whether Earl Royalfort's late business agent listens or not to my lord's heir at law, justice will be done, be sure of that."

Killiweek, observing his client's emotion and efforts to speak; and gathering from broken words that Mr. Schoolar had no desire to prosecute, and that Canadian law might let Lud go, if escape of a criminal were preferred to justice, interposed with energy:

"Chief Grynd, at peril of your office, do the duty it imposes. It is not for you to hesitate over a warrant. Knowing as we do your prisoner to be a dangerous man, familiar with desperadoes now in town, we demand that he be at once hand-locked and leg-bolted to ensure his safe conveyance to gaol. Do your duty."

Chief Grynd did his duty, but not by placing his prisoner in manacles.

There was a formal charge before the magistrate in the Town Hall. A crowd of spectators. An accusatory speech from Killiweek. Three several hearings. Committal for trial. Bail offered by Samson Steelyard, Esq., M. P., and another, but refused.

The accusation was embittered by the prosecuting counsel imputing to the prisoner a general course of disreputable conduct: "familiarity even with a wretched Red Indian girl, Inawena by name."

At this angered Indian chief, in official eagle feathers, rose in the Court; Inawena, his young kinswoman, rising also. In proud disdain the Chief looked to the accuser; then to the Justices. He spoke:

"Orogoggo, servant of Victoria, Mother of the British nation, denies in presence of the Great Spirit, now looking, now listening, that offence was at any time offered this spotless dew of the morning, Inawena, daughter of Chiefs. White Flower Lilly, now accused, is Grand Chief, good, true. He do no hurt to Inawena, daughter of snow."

"That is not a question the Bench can listen to," interposed the magistrate; "sit down, Orogoggo; you cannot be heard in this case."

Killiweek continued:

"And there was familiarity with outcasts of a lower grade even than Indians. A negro—Bertha Merly by name; she may be in Court also watching this Lothario of the human race."

Merly, father of the woman of colour whom DeLacy had seen baptised in the lake at Hamilton, stood up, pleading to be heard a moment:

"I'm worth forty thousand dollars; more'n buy Mr. Killiweek to talk all his life, were he old as Mathusal. My daughter is honoured by equality of seats in Heaven. She was a saint on earth. She is in eternity. Let her alone, Killiweek. You may disturb me here; but you'll never be within hearing of Bertha Merly, to disturb that congregation, be sure!"

After this the prosecuting counsel, on behalf of his client nominally, but instructed to prosecute for the Estate and Title Recovery Company, taunted the prisoner with the kind life he must have led to be thus promptly favoured; Peter Bay Indians and Negroes voluntarily testifying in his favour.

"I'm not a nigger, Mr. Killiweek. I'm two parts white, and with whiter heart than your'n; and worth forty thousand dollars; money as you'd not earn if as old as Mathusal. So best shut up on me, I tell you; and on Bertha Merly, too. She is where they'd be like to shut you out."

"You must be silent, Mr. Merly," said one of the Justices.

"I'm worth forty thousand dollars, sir, and claim a right to speak in defence of the daughter gone to eternity, where Killiweek ain't like to be."

"You are fined five dollars for contempt of Court, Ezekial Merly."

"Guess I can pay it too, or any other money as I may owe. What right had Killiweek to slander Bertha as is where they'll be like to shut him out, if he don't repent mighty soon."

"I'll repent, Mr. Merly; I repent now, and


am sorry your daughter was referred to; and I pray the court to remit the fine for contempt."

"Well, so be as you repent, Killiweek, you may be forgiven. But I'm worth forty thousand dollars any how, and can pay a fine or two, you bet."

The fine was remitted; Mr. Killiweek again apologizing.

[To be continued.]

NAPOLEON WEDDING. The unfortunate exile who has seen the end of his Imperial greatness, went when he found himself so mercifully dealt with by his Autocrat and Captor, King William of Prussia. History seldom chronicles such leniency on the part of a Conqueror. Not so in Medicine, for the Great Shoshonee Remedy and Pills have no respect of any reigning diseases in the human body, for this combined medicine roots out completely all acute and chronic maladies, and converts the system into a sound tabernacle for humanity to live in.



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MISS SALLIE HOLMAN'S
ENGLISH
OPERA BOUFFE TROUPE.

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LA SOMNAMBULA.


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BENEFIT OF MISS SALLIE HOLMAN.
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 AND A
GLORIOUS AFTERPEICE.

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POSITIVELY LAST NIGHT.
A GREAT BILL.

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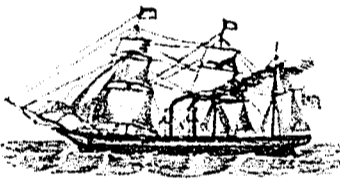
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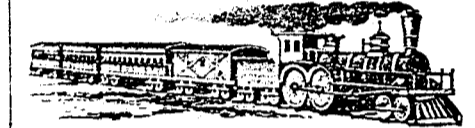
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Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-24-71

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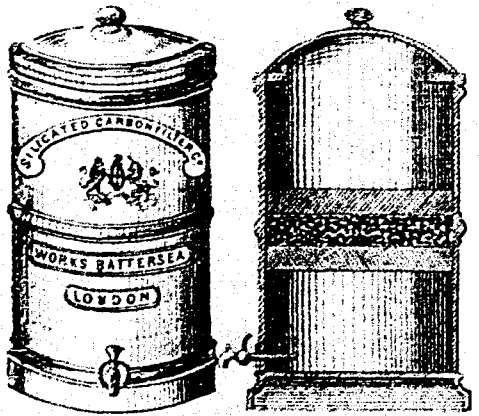


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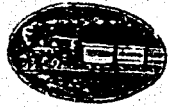
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 THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 9:40 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:40 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West.
 LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M.
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 Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.
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 H. ABBOTT, Manager.
 Brockville, March, 1871. 3-11-1f

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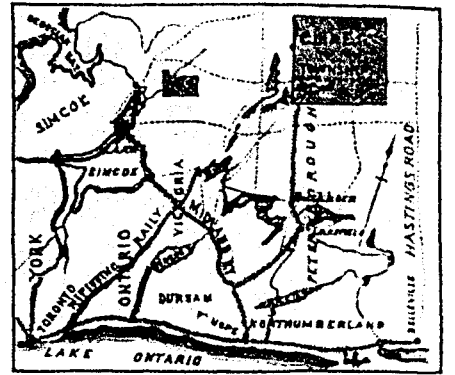
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OFFICE OF THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, MONTREAL, 10th July, 1871.

MY FRIENDS and the PUBLIC are hereby requested to take notice that although Mr. W. ROBERTS carries on his business under the name of ROBERTS, REINHOLD & CO., I have no connection with his firm, and have had none whatever for more than two years. I take this occasion to state that I am in the Establishment of Messrs. LEGGO & CO., and I hereby solicit for their firm the patronage of those who, being acquainted with me, have confidence in my ability.
 (Signed.) R. REINHOLD. 4-30f

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The Shortest and Best Route from Montreal and all Points East to Ottawa.
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 On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night Expresses by which Passengers leaving Montreal and Toronto in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 6:50 the following morning. Charge for Berths 50 cents each. Connection with the Grand Trunk Trains at Prescott Junction Certain.
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 Is provided in the Junction Freight Shed by means of which Freight loaded on Change Gauge Cars COMES THROUGH TO OTTAWA WITHOUT TRANSHIPMENT.
THOS. REYNOLDS, Managing Director.
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