

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Illustrated News

VOL. IV.—No. 16.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

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

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

"What is everybody's business is nobody's business." So at least goes the old saw, and, practically, it seems to be true. The sanitary condition of the lanes, alleys, and crowded streets of large cities, both in the old world and the new, is left, year after year, in the same epidemic-breeding condition, despite the reports of Health Officers and the warnings from time to time addressed by the advocates of sanitary reform to the authorities and the public. It is only when the finger of death is raised and smites its victim that the true emphasis of these warnings can be appreciated. Because the cholera is on its west-

ward march, from its lurking dens in Asia where it ever revels in the heat and miasma of the climate, and the filth and ignorance of the people, we learn that in London and Liverpool, and in several cities on the continent of Europe, which the dread disease has not yet reached, active preparations are being made to prevent its introduction, or to ameliorate the consequences of its presence, should its total exclusion prove impossible.

While the central governments have very properly reserved to themselves the right of acting in extraordinary circumstances, yet it is usual that the municipal bodies incorporated by the State for the civic affairs in cities,

towns, &c., are endowed with ample powers to enforce a due observance of approved sanitary regulations within their jurisdiction. Is this actually done? Very seldom, we fear. Almost everywhere the complaint goes forth that the back yards, alleys and narrow streets are filthy beyond the measure of olfactory endurance, to say nothing of health; and the winter is speedily coming upon us, when the frost and the snow will bind up, and temporarily deodorise the filth and garbage for a few months, only to let their *effluvia* out in the spring, heightened by their winter's rest, and quickened by their higher capacity for speedy putrefaction. Is it thus that the municipal go-



J. Hobin J. Morton J. P. Curran, Pres. T. Brennan. M. Burke.
J. R. Flannery. P. McKeown. A. Moffatt. E. Giroux. P. Burns.
H. O'Rourke. J. Hyland. M. O'Connell, Fid. Capt.

THE SHAMROCK LACROSSE CLUB, MONTREAL, CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PARKS.—SEE PAGE 242.

vernments prepare to make the next season agreeable for the cholera, should that chief among modern epidemics deign to visit us? Perhaps the cool, breezy and bracing days of the autumn might be profitably employed in atoning for the neglects of last spring. Let the snow fall upon clean back yards and well swept alleys; let no dirt heaps be left to ferment under the snow and deal out death vapours when the spring rains fall upon them, warmed by the sun. The work would be easier done now, and "spring cleaning" rendered a comparatively light task.

Other things there are in which municipal governments are notably remiss. Where is the city which has not its "rowdy" quarter? Its dark street? Or, in some shape, its "dangerous" neighbourhood? The existence of these is an evidence of inefficient administration; and unfortunately the best citizens, equally with the worst, are occasionally made to suffer from defects in the administration of municipal affairs. A case in point has but recently occurred in this city under painful circumstances; but nevertheless forming a worthy text for reproof to the civic administration of Montreal. At an inquest held on Monday last on the body of a gentleman who accidentally lost his life when standing upon Craig Street, presumably looking for the street cars, the jury, in their finding, called attention to the insufficiency of the lighting of that part of the city, and also to the extraordinary fact that, though twenty minutes had elapsed between the occurrence of the accident and the dispersion of the crowd which the sad casualty had attracted, yet no policeman had appeared on the scene. The jury in question was composed exclusively of gentlemen of intelligence, the majority, we believe, were members of the press; and their desire evidently was, while expressing their convictions according to the facts elicited in evidence, to avoid even the appearance of censoriousness when pointing out two very serious defects existing in a much frequented part of the city—deficiency of light, and insufficiency of police service. Juries may well advert, on every proper occasion, to the short-comings of municipal, or other incorporated bodies, as their remonstrances carry with them the solemnity of a judicial sentence, though it be left to the force of public opinion, or the will of the corporation, to carry them into effect.

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Sept. 28, 1871.

THE TREES, SHRUBS AND EVERGREENS OF TERRA NOVA.

It is remarkable that the plants met with, along the eastern coast of Newfoundland, between 45° and 50° N. lat.,—or the same parallel as those of Northern France,—should be similar to those of Norway and Lapland, in the north-west of Europe, under the Arctic circle. This is accounted for by the chilling results of the great Arctic current which sets out of Baffin's Bay, bearing on its bosom the icebergs and drifting ice-fields formed along the Greenland coast. This current washes the eastern shores of Newfoundland, and being ice-laden in spring and early summer, chills the atmosphere, and gives us a vegetation similar to that within the Arctic circle. But for this we should be growing the vine, and possibly cultivating the silk worm. As it is, the trees immediately at the coast are principally firs, and, for the most part, of stunted growth, although, at some distance from the sea, they attain a respectable size. Of the spruces, the Canada balsam spruce is abundant, and sometimes reaches the height of thirty feet. The black spruce is small, and chiefly used for fences. From its boughs or sprays we make our favourite beverage—spruce beer. The process is very simple, consisting of nothing more than boiling the sprays and smaller branches, adding molasses and yeast, and letting the whole ferment for a day or two. To persons living so much on salt fish, as our farmers and fishermen do, spruce beer is highly salutary. It costs but little, as ten gallons of the beverage may be made for half a dollar. The white spruce is very abundant and grows to a good size on the western coast, and also on the eastern at a dozen miles from the sea. Shingles, staves for fish and oil barrels, clap-boards, &c., are manufactured from the white spruce. But the most common use to which we put all the spruces is the construction of "fish-flakes" or stages for drying codfish. Nature has denied this iron-bound shore beaches, and as a substitute we construct platforms or stages along the steep descents of the hills on the edges of harbours, by using upright stakes of great length and attaching others from the hill-side horizontally to them, and then covering the platform, thus formed in ribs, longitudinally with spruce branches. On these "flakes" the cod-fish are spread out to dry, after being salted. Red pine is indigenous in Newfoundland, and on the west and north-east coasts grows to the height of 30 feet. It is supposed that ten different species of American pines are found in Newfoundland. The black and red larch, both called tamarac and tamarac, are the most useful of our forest trees. The timber of the black larch is very solid, strong and lasting, and is used in ship-building. Shipwrights here call it juniper, but it has no affinity to juniper, which in its tree state is the red cedar of America. We have no oaks, beeches or elms. The mountain ash is very common, and so are birches, black, white and red, balsam poplars, trembling or aspen-leaf, and willows of various kinds. The Canadian yew, a recumbent shrub, is mixed here with the recumbent juniper, which it much resembles. The *Shepherdia Canadensis*, a spreading shrub, is found here as well as on the Labrador coast. O

roses, the small scrubby Hudson's Bay variety, with its slender, purple-red branches, cover the vicinity of streams; and the *rosa parviflora*, or little rose, with its armed yellow branches, resembles the dog-rose of England, and enamels the open places in summer. Of ever-greens, the most celebrated is the Labrador tea-plant, which sometimes grows three feet in height, and is used by Indians and hunters, at times instead of tea, but it is a very indifferent substitute. The ground laurel and the Kalmia family are abundant in marshy places, the beautiful rose-coloured flowers of the latter strike the eye of the observer almost everywhere, in his country walks. Our berry-bearing shrubs present a vast variety and cover the ground in desert places. Partridge-berries, marsh-berries, the whortle-berry family, chief of them being the huckle-berry, or, as it is here called, "hurts," cranberry, maiden-hair, bake-apple, dew-berry, pigeon-berry, and a host of others, flourish here, and furnish delicious preserves. In the neighbourhood of all our settlements trees have been cut down remorselessly for fuel, and fires in the woods have been terribly destructive, so that the country in these localities presents a very naked aspect. Last summer we had a succession of fires in the woods which devastated whole regions once covered with trees. Day after day columns of dense smoke of a sickly yellow hue filled the air; a trailing column of smoke hung over St. John's, on its slow progress to the ocean, while the sun peered through the vast pall with a bloody and threatening hue, shorn of all its beams. This summer there has not been a single fire in the neighbourhood of the capital, the fuel probably being exhausted. Under the shade of the forest the soil is light, dry, and of a yellow-brown colour, covered with a beautiful thick carpet of green moss. As we have very few deciduous, or leaf-shedding trees, decay of foliage adds little or nothing to anchorate or enrich the soil, and the velvet-like covering remains unsoftened by fallen leaves. In summer the heat in the woods is most oppressive, and the mosquitoes and sand flies very blood-thirsty.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

The first of September is an important day with our sportsmen, a day that date partridge-shooting begins. Our ptarmigan, or partridge, are quite equal to the Scotch grouse, and, indeed, resemble them so closely, that it is difficult to make out any specific difference between the red grouse, grouse or moorcock of Scotland and those of Newfoundland. On the table they are a most delicious article of food, whether roasted, stewed, or in white soups. All visitors to our shores admit that the flavour of a plump partridge, well cooked, is unsurpassed in richness and delicacy. They are also of respectable proportions, a brace of them in season weighing from three pounds to three pounds and a half. At this time of year, when the sporting season opens, they are in splendid condition, after feeding on the wild-berries. In certain localities they are very abundant; and to the sportsman there can be nothing finer than a day's partridge shooting over our breezy "barrens" and dales, during our delicious autumn weather. The balmy air now cool and temperate; the bright skies; the wild, but charming scenery varied by countless lakes, or "ponds," as we call them; the low, rounded hills covered to the summit with the dark-green firs; the bold headlands along the coast, through whose summits glimpses of the restless Atlantic are obtained; the scent of the wild-flowers from the marshes; the lark's bright with the white and yellow water-lilies—all these, with the excitement of the sport, furnish to the lover of nature a day of rapturous enjoyment. It is a thrilling moment to the genuine sportsman when, gun in hand and dog at foot, he finds himself among the partridge covers. His faithful "Bever" scents the game; every nerve in his frame quivers as step by step he thoughtfully and cautiously advances towards the unseen cover, then suddenly pauses, the right fore-paw balanced lightly, and every limb and muscle rigid as a statue, the beautiful animal is at once transformed into a marble model. Presently a "whirr" is heard, and with a loud "ca, ca, ca," a magnificent old cock rises on the wing; crack goes the gun, and down tumbles the great bird, the scarlet tips over its eyes glittering like rubies, as with a "thud" that gladdens the sportsman's heart he strikes the earth. Or perhaps a whole cover, father, mother, and children, rises at once, and the double barrels "bang" at them right and left, bringing down two or three brace. At times a late cover is raised, the chickens of which are only two or three weeks old, just able to run smartly along the ground. It is a touching sight then to see the cock fearlessly exposing his life to save the lives of his offspring. He tumbles along the ground a few yards in advance of the dogs, rolling there in order to decoy the sportsman from the brood which the hen is eagerly calling into the thicket. No more touching instance of paternal affection could be witnessed—no more wonderful proof of self-sacrifice prompted by love. The poor bird would almost attack dogs and men in his efforts to save his children. No true sportsman would harm a bird under such circumstances—only a brute would fire upon it. The dogs are called off, and father and mother ptarmigan are soon rejoicing over their rescued family.

PLUMAGE OF THE PTARMIGAN.

After a day's sport over the hills, a supper of roast ptarmigan with wild strawberry tart as an accompaniment, and trimmings composed of our sweet garden vegetables is "a feast fit for the gods." Our ptarmigan have in summer a plumage brownish ash-grey in colour, mottled and barred with dusky spots. This colour, when the frost sets in, gradually disappears, as in the Alpine hare, and at length, when the snow falls, it is almost pure white. These remarkable changes, effected, as in the northern hare, without loss of substance, fit it admirably for its situation, as the sportsman, if he have not a dog used to the game, may almost walk over the bird without putting it up. It is feathered and haired down the legs and between the toes, and may be distinguished at a considerable distance by the red about the eye. These birds are widely diffused over the island, and it is no uncommon thing for a sportsman to bag in a day from a dozen to twenty brace.

CURRENT EVENTS—DANCING MANIA.

Our usually sober and quiet community has recently been seized with a dancing mania. The immediate cause of the attack was a succession of visitors, in the shape of naval officers. First of all our Governor disappeared "on leave of absence to visit the Lower Provinces." He returned bringing a handsome young bride with him. He is very popular among us, and deservedly so; accordingly a public ball was held in the Victoria Rink in celebration of the happy event, to which

he and his lady were invited. Just at that time the United States war steamer "Congress" arrived from Greenland, and two British men-of-war, the "Lapwing" and "Danac," also dropped anchor in our harbour. A succession of entertainments and an unusual outbreak of gaiety followed. Ball followed ball; and then the officers of the various ships must needs give return-entertainments and "bonnet-hops." Dancing became epidemic and threatened at one time to invade the ranks of the clergy. The bench and bar succumbed to it at once, and went into the work heavily, led on by the Chief Justice. Solid fathers of families, who were understood to be rheumatic, and whose dancing days were supposed to be over; old ladies who were believed to have renounced all the vanities of the world—strict "professors" whose principles sternly prohibited the "light fantastic"—all yielded to the prevailing epidemic. At it they went—

"Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Stroking beards and pulling whiskers,—
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Families of tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Followed the fiddler for their lives."

Happily the attack did not last long. The naval warriors departed, and we got back to our codfish, rather ashamed of the wild outbreak. It is not often that we are carried off our feet in such a fashion.

THE FISHERIES.

Our fishermen have a most successful fishery on Labrador, the best for ten years. The shore fishery is also excellent. The price of fish is high—four dollars per quintal; provisions are moderate in price; crops unusually good, and as yet we have no potato disease. All these favourable circumstances, together with the uncommonly fine weather, which will enable the fisherman to store his fish in prime condition, will make the present an unusually prosperous year in Newfoundland. The fall shop-trade will be good, as the fishermen have plenty of money and do not spare it when it is in hand. The mackerel have reappeared on our shores. Once they were as numerous as codfish, but until last year hardly a mackerel was seen for the last forty years. It would add immensely to our sea-treasures should this fine fish return to its old haunts, as there is reason to hope it is doing.

DEUX RIVIERES PORTAGE.

Among the numerous portages on the route to the Red River country of Fort William few present more difficulties to the traveller than that sketched in the present issue. To pass it and Pine Portage by land travel involves the construction of two miles of road which would lead to the navigable waters of Sturgeon Lake and river—a water reach of twenty-seven miles. In crossing this portage, the troops of the Red River expedition had to cut down large pine trees and notch them to receive cross bearers, along which the boats were hauled. The labour, it may be readily supposed, was of the hardest kind.

SHAMROCK LACROSSE CLUB.

CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD.

This Club, now the undisputed possessors of the proud title of Champions, was organized in 1866, and though still comparatively a young club, has by its steady perseverance succeeded in reaching the summit of Lacrosse fame, defeating the best clubs in the Dominion, the most notable of whom are the Montreal Club, the Caughnawaga Indians, and last, but not the least, the celebrated Toronto twelve, champions of Ontario. Montrealers, as well as the Lacrosse players throughout the Dominion, have watched with the deepest interest the long and severe struggles between the Montreal Club (the former champions) and the Shamrocks for the coveted honour. During three years five matches were played, the Montreal winning two, the Shamrocks two, and one being drawn. The Shamrocks having won the last two matches were declared the champions. Since that time (1870) they have played and won fifteen matches—a feat that has never been equalled by any other club in Canada. The following is a list of the matches they have played since their organization:

1867.			
Shamrocks 2nd twelve vs.	Montreal 2nd	Drawn.
" 1st	" Indians 1st	Shamrocks.
1868.			
Shamrocks 2nd twelve vs.	Crescent 1st	Crescent.
" 1st	" Montreal 1st	Drawn.
" "	" Y. Mechanics 1st	Shamrocks.
" "	" Caughnawaga 1st	"
" "	" Indians 1st	Indians.
" "	" Unions 1st	Shamrocks.
" 2nd	" Montreal 1st	Montreal.
" "	" Caughnawaga 2nd	Caughnawaga.
1869.			
Shamrocks 2nd twelve vs.	Caughnawaga 2nd	Shamrocks.
" 1st	" Prescott 1st	Crescent.
" "	" St. Regis Indians	Indians.
" "	" Caughnawaga Indians	Shamrocks.
" "	" Montreal	Montreal.
" "	" St. Regis Indians	Shamrocks.
" "	" Caughnawaga Indians	"
1870.			
Shamrocks 1st twelve vs.	Montreal 1st	Shamrocks.
" "	" Caughnawaga 1st	"
" "	" Cornwall 1st	"
" "	" Caughnawaga 1st	"
" "	" Caughnawaga Indians 1st	"
" "	" Montreal 1st	"
" "	" Cornwall 1st	"
" "	" Dominion 1st	"
" 2nd	" Caughnawaga Indians	"
1871.			
Shamrocks 1st twelve vs.	Saratoga 1st	Shamrocks.
" "	" Caughnawaga Indians	"
" "	" at Saratoga.	"
" "	" at Troy.	"
" "	" at New York.	"
" "	vs. Toronto.	"

It will be noticed from the above that the Shamrocks have been acquiring strength from their first match, and though beaten were always ready to try conclusions again with the victors. This summer they made a trip through the United States, taking the Caughnawagas with them, playing at Saratoga, Troy, and New York, and winning every match. On their return a match was arranged with the Toronto Club, who were anxious to obtain the championship, and very

pluckily came down to Montreal, hoping to take it with them to Toronto. This match created as much interest as any that ever took place in Montreal on account of the well-known powers of the two clubs who were to play. The match came off on the Montreal Lacrosse grounds on Saturday afternoon, the 23rd ult., and was witnessed by an immense crowd, estimated by some at as many as eight thousand persons. The first game was commenced at 26 minutes past three o'clock, when the ball was sent into the field, being faced for by T. Hughes, of Toronto, and Moffatt, of the Shamrocks. The latter appears to have gained the advantage, as the ball was sent down the field, towards the Toronto goal. It was quickly captured however, and in a moment was thrown up when the Shamrocks' goals were vigorously attacked, and as vigorously defended. Down again it went, and the play soon became pretty equally matched. It would be impossible to follow the course of so long a game as this one proved to be, and it will therefore be sufficient to say that for the first half hour the chances of the game seemed pretty nearly equal, the defence of both sides was splendid, and their attack very strong, neither side, however, fielded very successfully. As the play went on the Shamrocks appeared to gain a slight advantage; the Torontonians were driven more and more into their goals. Rallying occasionally the ball was sent afield, where for a considerable time it remained, and often the Shamrocks' goal was attacked, without, however, that vigour which had characterized the commencement of the game. At last, after 50 min. play the Shamrock men claimed to have won. The Torontonians disputed the claim on account of a foul, and their protest was maintained by the referee, Dr. Allan, of Cornwall. Play was ordered to go on again, where it left off at the Toronto goals. For eleven minutes longer, the ball was kept afoot, but the advantage was even more evidently than before with the Shamrocks, who eventually won, after sixty-one minutes play. The ball was swiped through by Moffatt, while in front of the flags.

After rest of fifteen minutes the second game was commenced, when the Torontonians determined to fight to the last, doing all they could to retrieve their falling fortunes. But it was soon evident that Ontario must be worsted. The superior skill and endurance of the Shamrocks was momentarily becoming more apparent, Hooban, Flannery, Giroux and Brennan, were invincible; McKeown, Moffatt and Hyland seemed to gain fresh strength and vigour as the game proceeded, whilst the home men, O'Rourke, Burke and Moreton kept the ball continually near their adversaries' goal, until at last it was put through Toronto's flags after twenty minutes of very excellent and exciting play.

The third game was also won by the Shamrocks, the time being ten minutes. In the evening the clubs dined together at the St. Lawrence Hall, Mr. Curran, President of the Shamrocks, proposing the health of the Toronto club in very flattering terms, to which Mr. Otter responded, acknowledging that the best men had won. The Shamrocks accompanied the Toronto players to the railway station, and gave them a friendly farewell. The victorious twelve who confirmed the Shamrocks in their title to the championship, are all young men. With the exception of Brennan, who was born in Ireland, they are all natives of Montreal, and with the exception of Giroux, whose name indicates his French extraction, they are all Irish-Canadians. Patrick Burns (goal) is 21 years of age, weighs 147 lbs., and is five feet eight inches in height. J. Hooban, (point) 25 years, weighs 150 lbs., and is five feet eight inches, being the stoutest for his height in the team. J. R. Flannery, (cover point) 22 years, weighs 151 lbs., and is within an inch of six feet. The fielders were J. Noud, 21, weight 165 lbs., height 6 feet 1 inch; T. Brennan, 21, weight 150 lbs., height 5 feet 8 inches; P. McKeown, 21, weight 149 lbs., height 5 feet 8 inches; A. Moffatt, 24, weight 145 lbs., height 5 feet 9 inches; E. Giroux, 21, weight 143 lbs., height 5 feet 9 inches; J. Hyland, 20, weight 140 lbs., height 5 feet 8 inches. The home men in the game were M. Burke, 19, weight 135 lbs., height 5 feet 7 inches; H. O'Rourke, 20, weight 149 lbs., height 5 feet 6 inches; and J. Morton, 18, 25 lbs., and 5 feet 4 inches. It will thus be seen that none of them are over-weighted for their inches. The field captain was Morgan O'Connell, aged 27, who weighs 140 lbs., and is close upon five feet seven inches in height. They make a powerful team, and will probably long wear the championship which they have so gallantly earned.

THE PUTNAM PHALANX,
OF HARTFORD, CT.

The Putnam Phalanx, so called in compliment to the memory of General Putnam of revolutionary fame, was formed many years ago in Hartford, Connecticut, on the occasion of the return of Governor Seymour, a native of that town, from St. Petersburg, where he had for years worthily filled the post of U. S. Minister to Russia. The uniform adopted by the Phalanx was exceedingly unique, being similar to that worn during the revolutionary war. They were not mustered into service as a regiment during the late civil war, being an entirely independent organization, but many of them fought for their country in other regiments. Among the "institutions" of the Putnam Phalanx is that of an annual excursion in full regimentals, on which occasions they are usually accompanied by a number of ladies and friends. At the meeting held to decide upon the important question of route for this year it was resolved to come to Montreal, and accordingly Quarter-Master Strong visited this city about the beginning of September to make arrangements for the reception of the party. The battalion or Phalanx is composed of two companies, numbering altogether 125 men. The following are the names of the staff and officers commanding the companies:

Major Henry Kennedy, Commanding.
Staff—Adjutant Horace Ensworth; Quarter-Master Oliver Elsworth; Commissary A. J. Munyan; Paymaster S. V. Woodruff; Judge Advocate W. E. Merrill; Surgeon J. H. Johnson; Chaplain C. H. Webster; Engineer E. E. Roberts; Sergeant-Major Gen. E. L. Baldwin; Assistant Surgeon G. T. Hawley; Assistant Commissary Joseph Pratt; Quarter-Master Sergeant H. L. Welch; Assistant Paymaster O. H. Blanchford; Assistant Surgeon D. L. Hayden; Standard-bearer Wm. Cogswell; Secretary O. F. Wing.

Commissioned Officers—1st Company: Capt. Elisha Smith; 1st Lieutenant Thos. Dowd; 2nd Lieutenant N. Rice; Ensign F. G. Comstock. 2nd Company: Capt. J. S. Hussey; 1st Lieutenant E. M. Roberts; 2nd Lieutenant W. F. Whitteberry; Ensign Edmund Dart.

On Monday evening, Sept. 26th, the Phalanx in full force,

and accompanied by ex-Governor Hawley and a large number of ladies, left Hartford on their excursion. They took the sleeping cars at Springfield, and arrived at the Bonaventure station here about one o'clock on Tuesday. On the platform they found two companies of the Grand Trunk Artillery, under command of Capt. Haddell, Lieut. Radford, and Capt. Atkinson, as well as the Grand Trunk band, drawn up to receive them. Among the volunteer officers present were Lieut.-Col. Smith, D. A. G., who attended in order to offer, in the name of the Militia Department, the use of the Drill Shed; Lieut. Col. Bacon, B.M., Capt. Muir, cavalry, Captain McCormick, P. W. R., Lieut.-Col. Bethune, Major Handyside, Lieut. Hatton, V. V. R., Major Labranche, Captain Battersby, Captain Chagnon, Lieut. Chagnon, Mount Royals, and several others. The city was represented by His Worship the Mayor. As the members of the Phalanx left the train they took up position on the platform, and many of the officers were introduced to His Worship, Col. Smith, and the other military gentlemen. After the usual military compliments, presenting arms, &c., had been exchanged, His Worship the Mayor, on behalf of the citizens, spoke as follows to the officers and gentlemen of the Putnam Phalanx—"It is with much pleasure that I tender to you, on behalf of the citizens of Montreal, a cordial welcome to the metropolitan city of the Dominion; and it is to be hoped that your stay here may prove as pleasurable to you as the visit is to them. The Putnam Phalanx is not entirely unknown to the people of this city, for few can have read the records of previous excursions without being fully acquainted with the practical intelligence and sound education of its members, representing as it does almost every profession, the mercantile and manufacturing interests, and nearly every branch of industry composing the talent, energy, and wealth of your beautiful city. Your fame and reputation have preceded you, and I trust that you will enjoy your visit, and that, when you do leave, you will leave us with a favourable impression. I deeply regret the unfavourable state of the weather, which renders your first impression of Montreal somewhat less pleasant than it might otherwise have been. It is with great pleasure that I welcome the ladies who accompany you, and trust that their stay amongst us may be a pleasurable and enjoyable one to them."

Major Kennedy and Governor Hawley responded in suitable terms to His Worship's welcome, after which the Phalanx was formed into company column, and marched down St. Bonaventure street to St. James, along St. James to Place d'Armes, and thence by Notre Dame and Gosford streets to the Drill Shed. Here they piled arms, and on returning to the St. Lawrence Hall they were soon provided with comfortable quarters. As they marched through the streets, flags were displayed on all the principal buildings, and a salute was fired from Victoria Square by Colonel Stephenson's battery. Notwithstanding the torrents of rain which fell without ceasing, the footpaths on either side were lined by crowds of people, eager to welcome the visitors from across the borders, and attracted, perhaps, by the unique appearance which they presented, habited as they were in a garb which the present generation has never seen, except perhaps on the stage or in old prints. The uniform consists of a blue tunic, faced with buff, buttoned over the chest, but open above to display a large shirt frill. Below, it is cut away to the hips, and the skirts are faced with buff. A long waistcoat of the same material as the facings is shown below the opening of the tunic. On the head is worn the old beaver hat, such as every child has been made familiar with by portraits of General Washington. The breeches are close fitting, reaching just below the knee, where they meet long black stockings. The boots worn are Wellingtons, with tops like those worn by hunting men. The only accoutrements worn are two cross belts which support a large flat cartridge box slung on the right hip, and a bayonet on the left. The rank and file carry the old pattern Springfield rifle.

On the morning of the following day the greater number of them visited Lachine and ran the rapids. At one o'clock they lunched at the St. Lawrence Hall, having as guests, the Mayor, Col. Dyde, Lt.-Col. Stephenson, Hon. L. S. Huntington, and a few other gentlemen of the city. After the repeat Major Kennedy proposed the health of the Mayor and Corporation, to which His Worship replied and concluded by proposing the health of the Putnam Phalanx.

Ex-Governor Hawley, in response, said they were an exploring party. They had heard of Montreal before they came here, and they had heard particularly of the live man they had for Mayor. He went on to speak of the country. He also alluded to the largeness of the territories of both Canada, and the United States, and said that in the latter as in the former there was room for an intelligent and prosperous people. Under these circumstances it certainly became us to be friends and neighbours and not enemies. Here on this continent we knew no differences of caste or sect. We all sat down to the same table together—Catholics and Episcopalians and Unitarians. At the same time, little as we knew of each other, it was possible that we in Canada were not entirely acquainted with the greatness of our own country and resources. He spoke of a journey he himself had taken through the Winnipeg and Red River country, and said of it that it was a fit home for millions of people. There was a fine country for hundreds of miles north of the American boundary. The agricultural qualities of the land were as good and the climate was as favourable as that in the more Southern States. The best witness of this was the buffalo who went away north for the winter for hundreds of miles. He spoke of the classes of people who were up there making a commencement in that country. He also spoke of the great water communication between it and the outside world. He concluded by thanking the Mayor for his good wishes.

Speeches were also made by Hon. L. S. Huntington, Judge Advocate Merrill and Mrs. Webster, wife of the Chaplain of the Phalanx. Mrs. Webster concluded by reading a poem suitable to the occasion.

The principal men of the party having retired to one of the drawing-rooms, Judge Merrill, on behalf of the Phalanx, presented the Mayor with a handsome Roper fowling-piece, in a few brief and suitable remarks, to which His Worship suitably responded. The Mayor then presented Major Kennedy, for the Phalanx, with two Dominion flags, which were flatteringly acknowledged. The Phalanx shortly proceeded to the drill shed, where they formed up, took their rifles, and marched out on to the pavement. Here they were formed into line, and a photograph was taken of them by one of our operators, from which is copied the illustration that appears in the present number. Later in the evening a fire alarm was given to show

the Hartford men the efficiency of our Fire Department, and our visitors expressed themselves as very highly pleased with the many attentions they had received. Later on, the Victoria Rifles returning from the railway station, halted in front of the St. Lawrence Hall, and their band serenaded their American brethren in arms. The members of the Phalanx returned the compliment by giving three hearty cheers, which were as heartily responded to by the Victorias. On the morning of the 29th the Putnam Phalanx left the city to return home via Burlington, Rutland and Springfield, having expressed themselves much pleased with the courtesies which the Montrealers were gratified to have the opportunity of showing them.

ECONOMY FALLS, N. S.

Nova Scotia is rich in natural scenery. Its bays and headlands furnish infinite variety for the pencil of the artist; and some of its inland views are exceedingly picturesque. In the present issue we give a view of what are called "Economy Falls," situated about five miles from the village of Economy in the county of Colchester. The water rushes over a precipice about ninety-five feet in height, and, as will be seen by reference to the illustration, the scene is a very pretty one.

VALIN RIVER FALLS.

The river Valin, one of the numerous tributaries of the Saguenay, rises in Lake St. Clair the extreme northern border of the surveyed portion of the county and, running south through the Township of Tremblay, debouches into the Saguenay on the north side near the point where the tidal influence terminates. It is comparatively an insignificant stream, about the size of the St. Charles, but the scenery around it is very picturesque, its banks being bold and rocky. It is also famous for its trout fishing, at least among those disciples of Isak Walton who have tried it. The Falls, which we illustrate, embrace three cascades, the height in all being between eighty and a hundred feet. They are situated about a mile and a half from the mouth of the river, and might be turned to account in driving machinery. Lumbering operations are carried on to a considerable extent in that district, and the river Valin is freely used in floating saw-logs, large quantities of which are sent down every spring.

A GAME OF FOX AND GEES.

A quiet and a sly game is this, depicted in the illustration, a game of Fox and Geese with a vengeance, in which a half-dozen of ducklings take the place of the traditional geese, and the fox is represented in far greater force than is allowed by the rules of the popular parlour game. How the scene will terminate it is easy to divine. The odds are too great against the ducklings, who are no match for wily Mistress R. yard and the four wide-awake cubs whom she is instructing in the art of earning their own living.

THE LION AT THE BERLIN ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

If there is anything in which the true Berliner believes with all his soul it is his lion—the lion at the Zoological Gardens, in which each citizen of the royal capital rejoices as though it were his own private and personal property. It must not be understood that there is but one lion at Berlin, for in the Zoological Collection alone there are to be found no less than eight specimens of the genus *Leo*—the definite and distinctive article being applied to the subject of our illustration, as being the prince and paragon of lions in general. And he is indeed a magnificent animal, a tawny, black-maned South Africa—a very picture of courage and strength, worthy of the praises lavished upon him by the enthusiastic Berliners.

The Zoological Gardens of Berlin, though of comparatively recent date, are the longest established in Germany. Twenty-one years ago, with the exception of the Berlin Gardens and an inferior menagerie at Schonbrunn, zoological collections were entirely unknown in the country; and now such is the interest taken in natural history that they are to be found in every place of any note from the Baltic to the Adriatic.

VARIETIES.

New Jersey has published the following pathetic epitaph:
"She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her are swellin';
All empty stands her little chair,—
She died of eatin' watermelon."

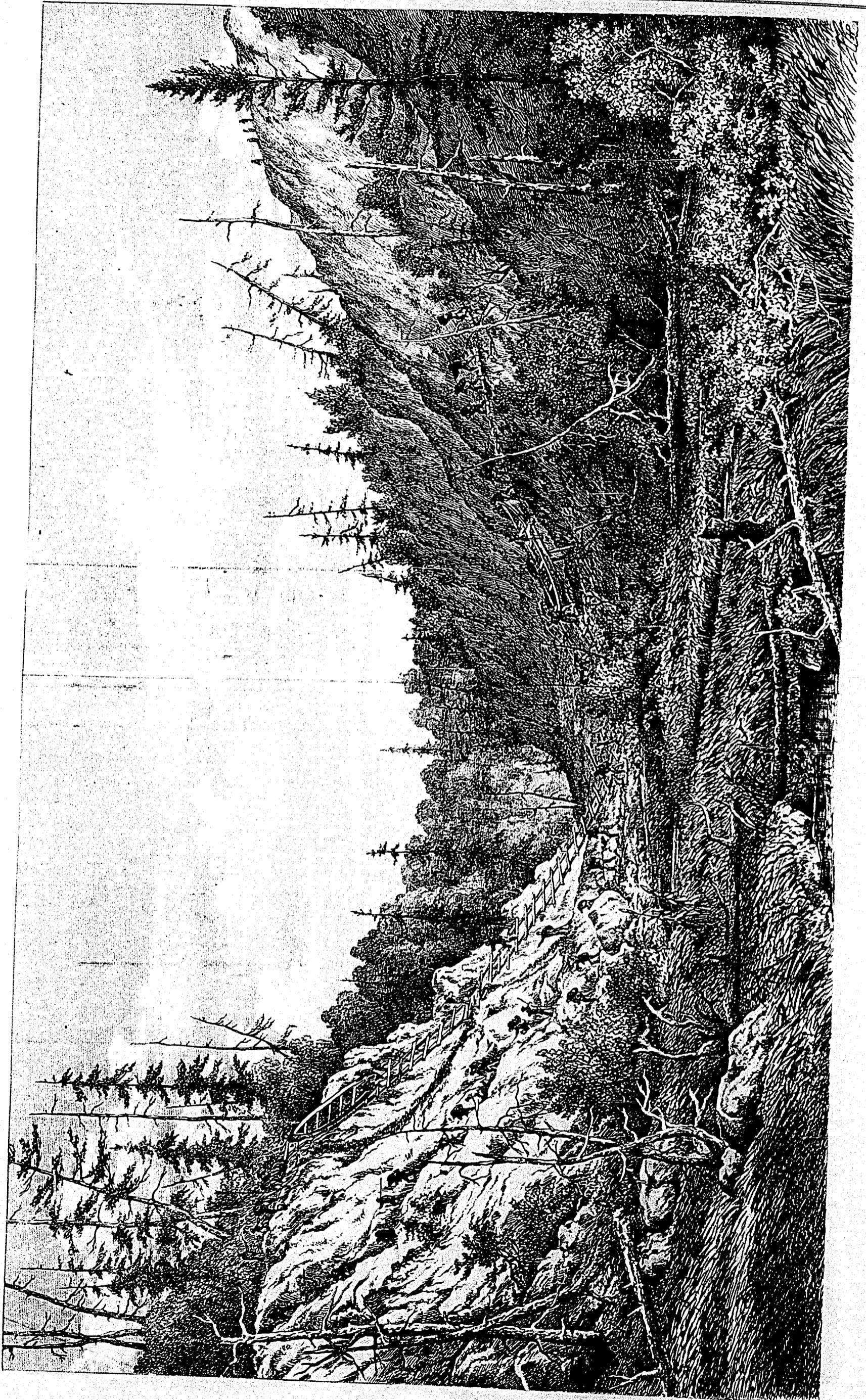
Cincinnati looking for a municipal motto, the *Enquirer* wants "something from Hamlet." And the *Chicago Post* says:—"Ham let it be;" and beneath it the tender line, "in Hog Signo Vincas."

A young lady at an Ohio camp meeting asked the prayers of the assembly, because she could not set her eyes upon a certain young man in the neighbourhood without feeling as though she must hug him to death.

A newly invented fly-paper in Titusville is covered with nitroglycerine, glue and molasses. The flies, attracted by the molasses, alight and are stuck fast by the glue. Should any get away, they proceed to rub their legs together in ecstasy, when, it is said, the friction causes the nitroglycerine to explode, blowing them to atoms.

It is the height of meanness to impale a man on his own dagger, but some people are unscrupulous. The editor of the *Hudson (N. Y.) Star* received an acrostic recently which he innocently published, not knowing that it impudently said:—"A. N. Webb is an ass." He doesn't care so much for acrostics as he did, but he is eagerly searching for "Ellen," the acrostic maker.

TAMING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.—Mr. Spillman had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding Mr. S. remarked:—"I intend, Mrs. Spillman, to enlarge my dairy." "You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Spillman. "No," quoth Mr. Spillman, "I intend to enlarge my dairy." "Say our dairy, Mr. Spillman." "No, my dairy." "Say our dairy, say our—," screamed she, seizing the poker. "My dairy! my dairy!" yelled the husband. "Our dairy! our dairy!" screamed the wife, emphasizing each word by a blow on the back of her cringing spouse. Mr. Spillman retreated under the bed, in passing under the bedclothes his hat was brushed off. He remained under cover several minutes waiting for a lull in the storm. At last his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from its shell. "What are you looking for?" exclaimed the lady. "I am looking for our hat, my dear," said he.



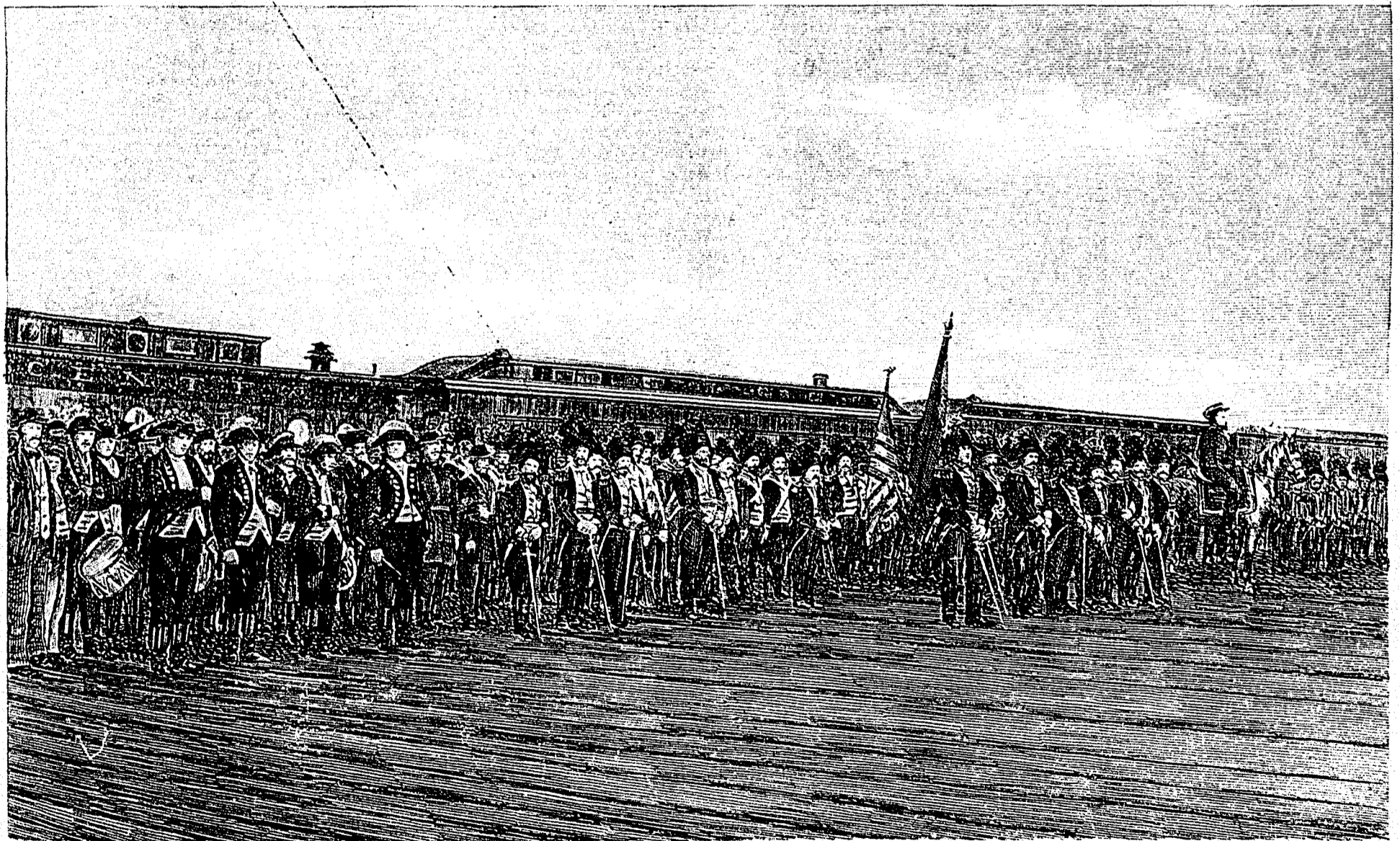
DEUX RIVIERES PORTAGE, ON THE RED RIVER ROUTE.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.—SEE PAGE 242.



THE VALIN RIVER FALLS, SAGUENAY DISTRICT.
FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. CARLISLE.—SEE PAGE 243.



ECONOMY FALLS, NOVA SCOTIA.
FROM A SKETCH BY THOS. C. ATKINSON.—SEE PAGE 243.



THE PUTNAM PHALANX OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGGO & CO.—SEE PAGE 243

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1871.

Table with 2 columns: Day and Date, and Description of historical events. Includes entries for Sunday (Oct. 15), Monday (Oct. 16), Tuesday (Oct. 17), Wednesday (Oct. 18), Thursday (Oct. 19), Friday (Oct. 20), and Saturday (Oct. 21).

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 10th October, 1871, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co. 142 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 7 columns: Day, Date, Max., Min., Mean, A.M., P.M., and P.M. (likely a typo for P.M.). Rows for Sun, Mon, Tue, Wed, Thu, Fri, Sat.

NOTICE.

In the interest of our subscribers we are making arrangements with a News dealer in each city and town to deliver the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS and the HEARTHSTONE at their residences. This will ensure the delivery of every paper in good order.

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

The subscriptions will be collected by the News dealers who undertake the delivery; and for the convenience of book keeping, we have made the current accounts end, as far as possible, with the present year.

After the 31st December next, the subscription to the NEWS will be \$4.00 per annum, if paid in advance, or within the first three months, after which it will be \$5.00. For six months the price will be in proportion.

Arrangements have been made to have the Canadian Illustrated News and the Hearthstone delivered at the residence of subscribers in the following places, by the Agents whose names are annexed.

- List of agents and their locations: Ottawa, Ont.; St. John N. B.; Ha. Alton, Ont.; Kingston, Ont.; Napawan, Ont.; Dundas, Ont.; Orillia, Ont.; Brantford, Ont.; Port Perry, Ont.; Fergus, Ont.; Perth, Ont.; Oshawa, Ont.; Peterborough, Ont.; Cobourg, Ont.; Collingwood, Ont.; Paisley, Ont.; Brantford, Ont.; St. Catharines, Ont.; Pembroke, Ont.; Gable's Corners, Ont.; Fergus, Ont.; Bowmanville, Ont.; Ingersoll, Ont.; Goderich, Ont.; London, Ont.; Brockville, Ont.; Sherbrooke, Quebec; Wardville, Ont.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

It is curious to observe how quickly a feeling of alarm for the future spreads among the English people when they are not earnestly engaged in the discussion of some great practical question of legislation. Just now there is a sense of unrest among the upper and middle classes, and a spirit of agitation among the lower; but neither of them appear to have any very distinct notions whither they are drifting, though all anticipate a change.

what resentful Premier, will find little sympathy in the heart of the nation. Such theorists as Mr. Gladstone, and doctrinaires of the Mill and Goldwin Smith stamp—perhaps the association is unfair to Mill—have done much to contribute to the uneasy feeling which is abroad, and even to break up the Reform party into fragments; or rather we should say to divide it into sections for the discussion of specialties. The worst consequence of this divided state of the Liberals is that it enables Mr. Gladstone to guide them in whatever direction he may please to lead.

The boldness with which the Odger-Bradlaugh party preach their treasonable sentiments and socialistic theories, in connection with the great advance being made towards Radicalism by the leaders of the Reform party, may cause such a reaction in public sentiment as will bring back the Conservatives to power. But there is little reason to hope that such an occurrence would stop or even retard Radical progress.

The Irish question also contributes not a little to the prevailing uneasiness. The demand for "Home Rule" is maintained with persistency, and gaining new supporters daily. Opinion in England is wavering upon the subject, and one of the London journals, the Advertiser, in a well reasoned article contends that Home Rule should be conceded to Ireland in the interests of English political morality.

The English Premier has evidently a thorny path to tread, in the face of all these causes of alarm to which the attention of the nation is now especially directed, for the want of some large practical issue to divert it.

A terrible fire has devastated a great portion of Chicago, if it has not consumed the whole city. It commenced at half-past ten o'clock on Sunday last, and, favoured by a strong gale of wind, sped with incredible fury, defying every effort to check it.

and the public sympathy will be warmly enlisted in the benevolent work of mitigating its effects.

Since the above was in type the Tribune office has also been destroyed. One fourth of the city had been destroyed up to Tuesday morning, and the flames were still raging. The loss of life has been frightful, and thousands of once wealthy men have been ruined.

On Tuesday afternoon a meeting of the Montreal Board of Trade and Corn Exchange was held for the purpose of raising a fund for the relief of the Chicago sufferers. The Mayor of Chicago was advised that he might draw for ten thousand dollars at once. That was a good beginning.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY TETU met with an accident on Thursday evening of last week, which, we exceedingly regret to say, caused his death, which sad event occurred on Saturday last about ten o'clock. On the evening of the 5th, about half-past seven o'clock, Mr. Tetu was standing on Craig st. by the street railway switch, looking, it is believed, for the coming of the St. Antoine Street car, and was either struck by the wheel of a truck then passing, or stumbled in getting out of its way, so that he fell on his back, his head striking the sharp edge of the switch track, by which the back part of his skull was fractured for several inches.

We copy the following sketch of his life from the Montreal Gazette, on the staff of which he made his reputation as a journalist:

Mr. Tetu was born in Hounslow, England, on the 25th of March, 1837, and was consequently in his thirty-fifth year. In 1859 his parents came out to Canada, and in due time young Tetu was sent to the Montreal College and afterwards to the High School, in which institutions he received a liberal education, of which, in his subsequent career, he made excellent use. In 1859 he accepted an engagement on the editorial staff of the Gazette, and soon gave evidence of those qualities which are essential to the successful journalist.

Mr. James Ross, the "Chief Justice" of Riel's Government, and one of the prime movers in the Red River insurrection died at Winnipeg, on the 20th ult. He was a native of the North-West Territory, but spent some years in Canada, employed on the editorial staff of the Globe and other journals.

THEATRE ROYAL.—This week closes Mr. DeBar's season. The lovers of the drama in Montreal have much to thank him for. Never before have they enjoyed such a succession of unexceptionable pieces unexceptionably rendered. Talent and taste have been judiciously combined by him to make the Theatre a place of healthful amusement, and he has succeeded to a degree that has very much gratified his patrons, and we trust been remunerative to himself.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE SLEEPING BEAUTIES.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

PYTHE I.

"THIS HOUSE IS DISSOLVED!" the President cried, And away with all speed the members hied.

While Dunkin blithe, His form so lithe, Is hissing in salt water;

Package with red tape, Which made blithe Dunkin gape, For 'twas his chief command.

From shooting the red mouse, From eating good fat goose, From holding grand reviews,

Upon his legs a speaker rose, And eloquently blew his nose, And tacked for nine long dreary hours

Then over all delicious dreams there stole, And each one's gaze was upwards of a hole.

PYTHE II.

Time rolled along, the world was all a stir, France, Austria, Germany at length confer,

Fidus Achates, blithe McKenzie trips Behind the sturdy Brown with compressed lips

Or legislative aspirants to fame, Luxuriated rank in all the corners;

CONCERNING BREAKFAST.

Notwithstanding the old adage, "If you sing in the morning you'll cry before night," it certainly is true that a cheerful, well-ordered breakfast makes a capital beginning for any day.

"No man, with my consent, shall marry one of my daughters," said a Londoner once in our hearing, "until I first have had frequent opportunities of seeing him at breakfast."

"As a general rule," resumes our author, "food should be eaten as soon as practicable after getting up in the morning.

"The French seldom begin the day with a hearty repast. They ordinarily content themselves with a cup or bowl of coffee and a roll of bread.

"The American practice is the reverse of the French and English. The Americans begin the day with the more solid meal, while the luncheon, if taken at all, is the mere makeshift of a wheaten biscuit, a bit of pastry, or half a dozen oysters,

late dinner shall come. A heavy American breakfast is by no means a happy institution! Though the appetite, after the long fast of the night, craves immediate satisfaction, it is astonishing how little food will give it the desired contentment.

The "son-in-law" is right. A very heavy breakfast is not desirable. Our plea is for a hearty and a happy meal, where "good digestion waits on appetite," and appetite waits on good, simple, nourishing fare; and where, above all, peaceful, cheerful spirits meet with true "good morning!" to the Giver of all and to each other.—Hearth and Home.

ONE POUND OF COAL PER HORSE-POWER.

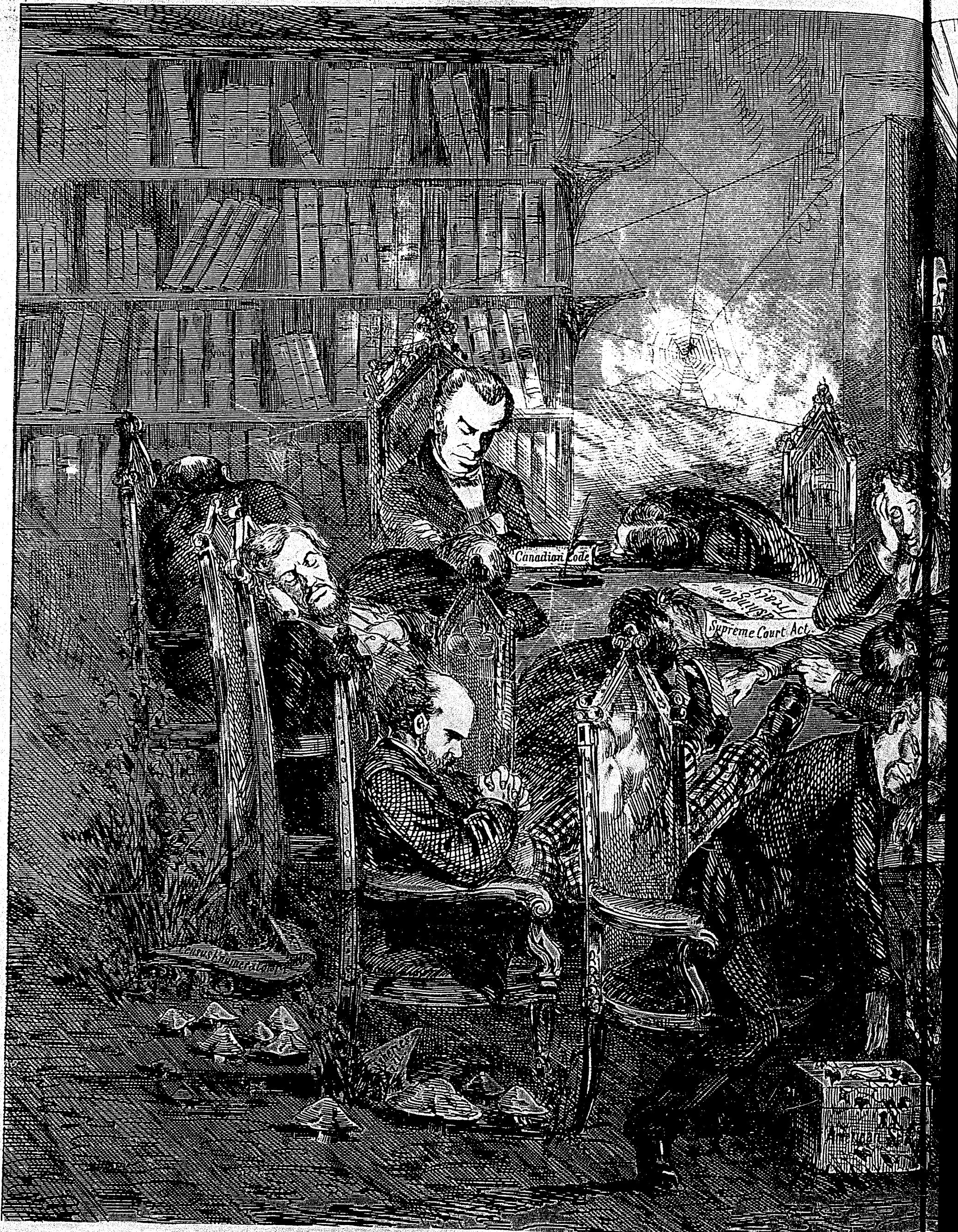
It is said that a firm in London is now constructing the most economical steam engines in the world. For their mill engines, these manufacturers guarantee a consumption of less than 2 pounds of coal per horse-power per hour; and they claim that in some cases these engines in practice have brought the figure as low as 1 pound of coal per horse-power per hour.

The Norwich Advertiser selects the following from "What I knew about farming?" "Catch your butterflies late in August. Select deep yellow ones if you would get sweet, salable butter.

Carpeaux, the sculptor, is at present engaged on a colossal work, destined for Amber's tomb, representing the composer surrounded by his chefs-d'œuvre—"La Muette," the "Domino Noir," "Fra Diavolo," and the "Ambasciadrice."

On the eastern slope of Clark mountain, Nevada, near its summit, there is a perpendicular cliff two hundred and fifty feet high. At about one hundred feet from the base of the cliff on its front are engraven the characters I. I. D.

CURIOUS APPARATUS.—Some recent letters in the Guardian, says the London Musical World, have brought to light a curious piece of apparatus used in village psalmody of the olden days. This is a gigantic tin singing trumpet, of which several specimens still exist. One at East Leake, Notts, was in use within the last twenty years for the bass singer to sing through. It measures, when drawn out (it has a slide like a telescope), seven feet six inches, with a bell mouth one foot nine inches in diameter.



THE SLEEP



ING BEAUTIES.

*"Till, overcome himself at last,
He dropp'd upon the table fast."
—See page 247.*

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHARLEY AT OXFORD

I HAVE no time in this selection and combination of the parts of my story which are more especially my history, to dwell upon that portion of it which refers to my own life at Oxford. I was so much a student of books while there, and had so little to do with any of the men except Charley, that save as it bore upon my intellect, Oxford had little special share in what life has made of me, and may, in the press of other matter, be left out. Had I time, however, to set forth what I know of my own development more particularly, I could not pass over the influence of external Oxford, the architecture and general surroundings of which I recognized as affecting me more than anything I had yet met, with the exception of the Swiss mountains, pin-woods, and rivers. It is, however, imperative to set forth the peculiar character of my relation to and intercourse with Charley, in order that what follows may be properly understood.

For no other reason than that my uncle had been there before me, I went to Corpus Christi, while Charley was at Exeter. It was some days before we met, for I had twice failed in my attempts to find him. At length, one afternoon, as I entered the quadrangle to make a third essay, there he was coming towards the gate with a companion.

When he caught sight of me, he advanced with a quick, yet hesitating step—a step with a question in it; he was not quite sure of me. He was now approaching six feet in height, and of graceful, though not exactly dignified carriage. His complexion remained as pale and his eyes as blue as before. The pallor flushed and the blue sparkled as he made a few final and long strides towards me. The grasp of the hand he gave me was powerful, but broken into sudden, almost quivering, relaxations and compressions. I could not help fancying also that he was using some little effort to keep his eyes steady upon mine. Altogether, I was not quite satisfied with our first meeting, and had a strong impression that if our friendship was to be resumed, it was but to begin a new course, not building itself exactly on the old foundations, but starting afresh. He looked almost on the way to become a man of the world. Perhaps, however, the companion he was in had something to do with this, for he was so nervously responsive, that he would unconsciously take on for the moment any appearance characterizing those about him.

His companion was a little taller, and stouter built than he; with a bearing and gait of conscious importance, not so marked as to be at once offensive. The upper part of his face was fine, the nose remarkably so, while the lower part was decidedly coarse, the chin too large, and the mouth having little form, except in the first movement of utterance, when an unpleasant curl took possession of the upper lip, which I afterwards interpreted as a doubt disguising itself in a sneer. There was also in his manner a degree of self-assertion which favoured the same conclusion. His hands were very large, a pair of merely blanchéd plebeian fists, with thumbs much turned back—and altogether ungainly. He wore very tight gloves, and never shook hands when he could help it. His feet were scarcely so bad in form; still by no pretence could they be held to indicate breeding. His manner, where he wished to conciliate, was pleasing; but to me it was overbearing and unpleasant. He was the only son of Sir Giles Brotherton of Moldwarp Hall. Charley and he did not belong to the same college, but unlike as they were, they had somehow taken to each other. I presume it was the decision of his manner that attracted the wavering nature of Charley, who with generally active impulses, was yet always in doubt when a moment requiring action arrived.

Charley having spoken to me, turned and introduced me to his friend. Geoffrey Brotherton merely nodded.

"We were at school together in Switzerland," said Charley.

"Yes," said Geoffrey, in a half-interrogatory, half-assenting tone.

"Till I found your card in my box, I never heard of your coming," said Charley.

"It was not my fault," I answered. "I did what I could to find out something about you, but all in vain."

"Paternal precaution, I believe," he said, with something that approached a grimace.

Now, although I had little special reason to love Mr. Osborne, and knew him to be a tyrant, I knew also that my old Charley could not have thus coolly uttered a disrespectful word of him; and I had, therefore, a painful though, at the same time, an undefined conviction that some degree of moral degeneracy must have taken place before he could express himself as now. To many, such a remark will

appear absurd, but I am confident that disrespect for the preceding generation, and especially for those in it nearest to ourselves, is a sure sign of relaxing dignity, and, in any extended manifestation, an equally sure symptom of national and political decadence. My reader knows, however, that there was much to be said in excuse of Charley.

His friend sauntered away, and we went on talking. My heart longed to rest with his for a moment on the past.

"I had a dreary time of it after you left, Charley," I said.

"Not so dreary as I had, Wilfrid, I am certain. You had at least the mountains to comfort you. Anywhere is better than at home, with a meal of Bible oil and vinegar twice a day for certain, and a wine-glassful of it now and then in between. Damnation's better than a spoony heaven. To be away from home is heaven enough for me."

"But your mother, Charley!" I ventured to say.

"My mother is an angel. I could almost be good for her sake. But I never could, I never can get near her. My father reads every letter she writes before it comes to me—I know that by the style of it; and I'm equally certain he reads every letter of mine before it reaches her."

"Is your sister at home?"

"No. She's at school at Clapham—being sand-papered into a saint, I suppose."

His mouth twitched and quivered. He was not pleased with himself for talking as he did.

"Your father means it for the best," I said.

"I know that. He means *his* best. If I thought it *was* the best, I should cut my throat and have done with it."

"But, Charley, couldn't we do something to find out, after all?"

"Find out what, Wilfrid?"

"The best thing, you know—what we are here for."

"I'm sick of it all, Wilfrid. I've tried till I'm sick of it. If you should find out anything, you can let me know. I am busy trying not to think. I find that quite enough. If I were to think, I should go mad."

"Oh Charley! I can't bear to hear you talk like that," I exclaimed; but there was a glitter in his eye which I did not like, and which made me anxious to change the subject.

"Don't you like being here?" I asked, in sore want of something to say.

"Yes, well enough," he replied. "But I don't see what's to come of it, for I can't work. Even if my father were a millionaire, I couldn't go on living on him. The sooner that is over, the better!"

He was looking down, and gnawing at that tremulous upper lip. I felt miserable.

"I wish we were at the same college, Charley," I said.

"It's better as it is," he rejoined. "I should do you no good. You go in for reading, I suppose?"

"Well, I do. I mean my uncle to have the worth of his money."

Charley looked no less miserable than I felt. I saw that his conscience was speaking, and I knew that he was the last in the world to succeed in excusing himself. But I understood him better than he understood himself, and believed that his idleness arose from the old unrest, the weariness of that never satisfied questioning which the least attempt at thought was sure to awaken. Once invaded by a question, Charley must answer it, or fail and fall into a stupor. Not an ode of Horace could be read without finding himself plunged in metaphysics. Enamoured of repose above all things, he was from every side stung to inquiry which seldom indeed afforded what seemed solution. Hence, in part at least, it came that he had begun to study not merely how to avoid the Sphinx, but by what opiates to keep her stretched supine with her lovely woman-face betwixt her fierce lion-paws. This also, no doubt, had a share in his becoming the associate of Geoffrey Brotherton, from whose company, if he had been at peace with himself, he would have recoiled upon the slightest acquaintance. I am at some loss to imagine what could have made Geoffrey take such a liking to Charley; but I presume it was the confiding air characterizing all Charley's behaviour that chiefly pleased him. He seemed to look upon him with something of the tenderness a coarse man may show for a delicate Italian greyhound, fitter to be petted by a lady.

That same evening Charley came to my rooms. His manner was constrained, and yet suggested a whole tide of pent-up friendship, which, but for some undeclared barrier, would have broken out and overflowed our intercourse. After this one evening, however, it was some time before I saw him again. When I called upon him next, he was not at home, nor did he come to see me. Again I sought him, but with like failure. After a third attempt I desisted, not a little hurt, I confess, but not in the least inclined to quarrel with him. I gave myself the more diligently to my work.

And now Oxford began to do me harm. I saw so much idleness, and so much wrong of all kinds about me, that I began to consider myself a fine exception. Because I did my

poor duty—no better than any honest lad must do it—I became conceited; and the manner in which Charley's new friend treated me, not only increased the fault, but aided in the development of certain other stems from the same root of self-partiality. He never saluted me with other than what I regarded as a supercilious nod of the head. When I met him in company with Charley, and the latter stopped to speak to me, he would walk on without the least change of step. The indignation which this conduct aroused drove me to think as I had never thought before concerning my social position. I found it impossible to define. As I pondered, however, a certainty dawned upon me rather than was arrived at by me, that there was some secret connected with my descent, upon which bore the history of the watch I carried, and of the sword I had lost. On the mere possibility of something, utterly forgetful that, if the secret existed at all, it might be of a very different nature from my hopes, I began to build castles innumerable. Perceiving of course that one of a decayed yeoman family could stand no social comparison with the heir to a rich baronetcy, I fell back upon absurd imaginings; and what with the self-satisfaction of doing my duty, what with the vanity of my baby manhood, and what with the mystery I chose to believe in and interpret according to my desires, I was fast sliding into a moral condition contemptible indeed.

But still my heart was true to Charley. When, after late hours of hard reading, I retired at last to my bed, and allowed my thoughts to wander where they would, seldom was there a night on which they did not turn as of themselves towards the memory of our past happiness. I vowed, although Charley had forsaken me, to keep his chamber in my heart ever empty, and closed against the entrance of another. If ever he pleased to return, he should find he had been waited for. I believe there was much of self-pity, and of self-approval as well, mingling with my regard for him; but the constancy was there notwithstanding, and I regard the love I thus cherished for Charley as the chief saving element in my condition at the time.

One night—I cannot now recall with certainty the time or season—I only know it was night, and I was reading alone in my room—a knock came to the door, and Charley entered. I sprang from my seat and bounded to meet him.

"At last, Charley!" I exclaimed.

But he almost pushed me aside, left me to shut the door he had opened, sat down in a chair by the fire, and began gnawing the head of his cane. I resumed my seat, moved the lamp so that I could see him, and waited for him to speak. Then first I saw that his face was unnaturally pale and worn, almost even haggard. His eyes were weary, and his whole manner as of one haunted by an evil presence of which he is ever aware.

"You are an envious fellow, Wilfrid," he said at length, with something between a groan and a laugh.

"Why do you say that, Charley?" I returned. "Why am I envious?"

"Because you can work. I hate the very sight of a book. I am afraid I shall be plucked. I see nothing else for it. And what will the old man say? I have grace enough left to be sorry for him. But he will take it out in sour looks and silences."

"There's time enough yet. I wish you were not so far ahead of me; we might have worked together."

"I can't work, I tell you. I hate it. It will console my father, I hope, to find his prophecies concerning me come true. I've heard him abuse me to my mother."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so of your father, Charley. It's not like you. I can't bear to hear it."

"It's not like what I used to be, Wilfrid. But there's none of that left. What do you take me for? Honestly now?"

He hung his head low, his eyes fixed on the hearth-rug, not on the fire, and kept gnawing at the head of his cane.

"I don't like some of your companions," I said. "To be sure I don't know much of them!"

"The less you know, the better! If there be a devil, that fellow Brotherton will hand me over to him—bodily, before long!"

"Why don't you give him up?" I said.

"It's no use trying. He's got such a hold of me. Never let a man you don't know to the marrow pay even a toll-gate for you, Wilfrid."

"I am in no danger, Charley. Such people don't take to me," I said, self-righteously. "But it can't be too late to break with him. I know my uncle would—I could manage a five-pound note now, I think."

"My dear boy, if I had borrowed— But I have let him pay for me again and again, and I don't know how to rid the obligation. But it don't signify. It's too late anyhow."

"What have you done, Charley? Nothing very wrong, I trust."

"The lost look deepened. "It's all over, Wilfrid," he said. "But it don't matter. I can take to the river when I please."

"But then you know you might happen to go right through the river, Charley."

"I know what you mean," he said, with a defiant sound like nothing I had ever heard.

"Charley!" I cried, "I can't bear to hear you. You can't have changed so much already as not to trust me. I will do all I can to help you. What have you done?"

"Oh, nothing!" he rejoined, and tried to laugh: it was a dreadful failure. "But I can't bear to think of that mother of mine! I wish I could tell you all; but I can't. How Brotherton would laugh at me now! I can't be made quite like other people, Charley! You would never have been such a fool!"

"You are more delicately made than most people, Charley,—touched to finer tissues, as Shakespeare says."

"Who told you that?"

"I think a great deal about you. That is all you have left me."

"I've been a brute, Wilfrid. But you'll forgive me, I know."

"With all my heart, if you'll only put it in my power to serve you. Come, trust me, Charley, and tell me all about it. I shall not betray you."

"I'm not afraid of that," he answered, and sank into silence once more.

I look to myself presumptuous and priggish in the memory. But I did mean truly by him. I began to question him, and by slow degrees, in broken hints, and in jets of reply, drew from him the facts. When at length he saw that I understood, he burst into tears, hid his face in his hands, and rocked himself to and fro.

"Charley! Charley! don't give in like that," I cried. "Be as sorry as you like; but don't go on as if there was no help. Who has not failed and been forgiven!—in one way or not in another."

"Who is there to forgive me? My father would not. And if he would, what difference would it make? I have done it all the same."

"But God, Charley——," I suggested, hesitating.

"What of him? If he should choose to pass a thing by and say nothing about it, that doesn't undo it. It's all nonsense. God himself can't make it that I didn't do what I did do."

But with what truthful yet reticent words can I convey the facts of Charley's case? I am perfectly aware it would be to expose both myself and him to the laughter of men of low development who behave as if no more self-possession was demanded of a man than of one of the lower animals. Such might perhaps feel a certain involuntary movement of pitifulness at the fate of a woman first awaking to the consciousness that she can no more hold up her head amongst her kind; but that a youth should experience a similar sense of degradation and loss, they would regard as a degree of silliness and obliquity below contempt if not beyond belief. But there is a sense of personal purity belonging to the man as well as to the woman; and although I dare not say that in the most refined of masculine natures it asserts itself with the awful majesty with which it makes its presence known to the heart of a woman, the man in whom it speaks with most authority is to be found amongst the worthiest; and to a youth like Charley the result of actual offence against it might be utter ruin. In his case, however, it was not merely a consciousness of personal defilement which followed; for, whether his companions had so schemed it or not, he supposed himself more than ordinarily guilty.

"I suppose I must marry the girl," said poor Charley, with a groan.

Happily I saw at once that there might be two sides to the question, and that it was desirable to know more ere I ventured a definite reply.

I had grown up, thanks to many things, with a most real although vague adoration of women; but I was not so ignorant as to be unable to fancy it possible that Charley had been the victim. Therefore, after having managed to comfort him a little, and taken him home to his rooms, I set about endeavouring to get further information.

I will not linger over the affair—as unpleasant to myself as it can be to any of my readers. It had to be mentioned, however, not merely as explaining how I got hold of Charley again, but as affording a clue to his character and so to his history. Not even yet can I think without a gush of anger and shame of my visit to Brotherton. With what stammering confusion I succeeded at last in making him understand the nature of the information I wanted, I will not attempt to describe—nor only the roar of laughter which at length burst bellowing—not from himself only, but from three or four companions as well to whom he turned and communicated the joke. The fire of jests, and proposals, and interpretations of motive which I had then to endure, seem yet to scorch my very brain at the mere recollection. From their manner and speech, I was almost convinced that they had laid a trap for Charley, whom they regarded as a simpleton, to enjoy his consequent confusion. With what I managed to find out elsewhere, I was at length satisfied, and happily succeeded in convincing Charley, that he had been the butt of his companions, and that he was far the more injured person in any possible aspect of the affair.

I shall never forget the look or the sigh of relief which proved that at last his mind had opened to the facts of the case.

"Willie," he said, "you have saved me. We shall never be parted more. See if I am ever false to you again!"

And yet it never was as it had been. I am sure of that now.

Henceforth, however, he entirely avoided his former companions. Our old friendship was renewed. Our old talks arose again. And now that he was not alone in them, the perplexities under which he had broken down when left to encounter them, by himself were not so overwhelming as to render him helpless. We read a good deal together, and Charley helped me much in the finer affairs of the classics, for his perceptions were as delicate as his feelings. He would brood over a Horatian phrase as Keats would brood over a sweet pea or a violet; the very tone in which he would repeat it would waft me from its aroma unperceived before. When it was his turn to come to my rooms, I would watch for his arrival almost as a lover for his mistress.

For two years more our friendship grew; in which time Charley had recovered habits of diligence. I presume he said nothing at home of the renewal of his intimacy with me; I shrink from questioning him. As if he had been an angel who had hurt his wing and was compelled to sejourne with me for a time, I feared to bring the least shadow over his face, and indeed fell into a restless observance of his moods. I remember we read "Comus" together. How his face would glow at the impassioned praises of virtue! and how the glow would die into a gray sadness at the recollection of the near past! I could read his face like a book.

At length the time arrived when we had to part, he to study for the bar, I to remain at Oxford another year, still looking forward to a literary life.

When I commenced writing my story, I fancied myself so far removed from it, that I could regard it as the story of another, capable of being viewed on all sides, and conjectured and speculated upon. And so I found it so long the regions of childhood and youth detained me. But as I approach the middle scene, I begin to fear the revival of the old torture; that from the dispassionate reviewer, I may become once again the suffering actor. Long ago I read a strange story of a man condemned at periods unforeseen to act again, and yet again in absolute verisimilitude each of the scenes of his former life: I have a feeling as if I too might glide from the present into the past without a sign to warn me of the coming transition.

One word more, ere I pass to the middle events, those for the sake of which the beginning is, and the end shall be recorded. It is this—that I am under endless obligation to Charley for opening my eyes at this time to my over-estimating estimate of myself. Not that he spoke—Charley could never have reproved even a child. But I could tell almost any sudden feeling that passed through him. His face betrayed it. What he felt about me I saw at once. From the signs of his mind, I often recognized the character of what was in my own; and, thus seeing myself through him, I gathered reason to be ashamed; while the refinement of his criticism, the quickness of his perception, and the novelty and force of his remarks, convinced me that I could not for a moment compare with him in mental gifts. The upper hand of influence I had over him I attribute to the greater freedom of my training, and the enlarged ideas which had led my uncle to avoid, enthralling me to his notions. He believed the truth could afford to wait until I was capable of seeing it for myself; and that the best embodiments of truth are but bonds and fetters to him who cannot accept them as such. When I could not agree with him, he would say with one of his fine smiles, "We'll drop it then, Willie. I don't believe you have caught my meaning. If I am right, you will see it some day, and there's no hurry." How could it be but Charley and I should be different, seeing we had fared so differently! But alas! my knowledge of his character is chiefly the result of afterthought.

I do not mean this manuscript to be read until after my death; and even then, although partly from habit, partly that I dare not trust myself to any other form of utterance, I write as if for publication—even then, I say, only by one. I am about to write what I should not die in peace if I thought she would never know; but which I dare not seek to tell her now for the risk of being misunderstood. I thank God for that blessed invention, Death, which of itself must set many things right; and gives a man a chance of justifying himself where he would not have been heard while alive. But lest my manuscript should fall into other hands, I have taken care that not a single name in it should contain even a side look or hint at the true one. She will be able to understand the real person by almost every one of them.

CHAPTER XXV.

MY WHITE MARE.

I passed my final examinations with credit, if not with honour. It was not yet clearly determined what I should do next. My goal

was London, but I was unwilling to go thither empty-handed. I had been thinking as well as reading a good deal; a late experience had stimulated my imagination; and at spare moments I had been writing a tale. It had grown to a considerable mass of manuscript, and I was anxious, before going, to finish it. Hence, therefore, I returned home with the intention of remaining there quietly for a few months before setting out to seek my fortune.

Whether my uncle, in his heart, quite favoured the plan, I have my doubts, but it would have been quite inconsistent with his usual grand treatment of me to oppose anything not wrong on which I had set my heart. Finding now that I took less exercise than he thought desirable, and kept myself too much to my room, he gave me a fresh proof of his unvarying kindness. He bought me a small grey mare of strength and speed. Her lineage was unknown; but her small head, broad fine chest, and clean limbs, indicated Arab blood at no great remove. Upon her I used to gallop over the fields, or saunter along the lanes, dreaming and inventing.

And now certain feelings, too deeply rooted in my nature for my memory to recognize their beginnings, began to assume colour and condensed form, as if about to burst into some kind of blossom. Thanks to my education and love of study, also to a self-respect undefined yet restraining, nothing had occurred to wrong them. In my heart of hearts I worshipped the idea of womanhood. I thank Heaven, if ever I do thank for anything, that I still worship thus. Alas! how many have put on the acolyte's robe in the same temple, who have ere long cast dirt upon the statue of their divinity, then dragged her as defiled from her lofty pedestal, and left her lying dishonoured at its foot! Instead of feeding with holy oil the lamp of the higher instinct, which would glorify and purify the lower, they feed the fire of the lower with vile fuel, which sends up its stinging smoke to becloud and blot the higher.

One lovely spring morning, the buds half out, and the wind blowing fresh and strong, the white clouds scudding across a blue gulf of sky, and the tall trees far away swinging as of old, when they charmed the wind for my childish fancy, I looked up from my book and saw it all. The gladness of nature entered into me, and my heart swelled so in my bosom that I turned with distaste from all further labour. I pushed my papers from me, and went to the window. The short grass all about was leaning away from the wind, shivering and showing its enamel. Still, as in childhood, the wind had a special power over me. In another moment I was out of the house and hastening to the farm for my mare. She neighed at the sound of my step. I saddled and bridled her, sprung on her back, and galloped across the grass in the direction of the trees.

In a few moments, I was within the lodge gates, walking my mare along the gravelled drive, and with the reins on the white curved neck before me, looking up at those lofty pines, whose lonely heads were swinging in the air like floating but fettered islands. My head had begun to feel dizzy with the ever-iterated, slow, half-circular sweep, when just opposite the lawn stretching from a low wire fence up to the door of the steward's house, my mare shied, darted to the other side of the road, and flew across the grass. Caught thus lounging on my saddle, I was almost unseated. As soon as I had pulled her up, I turned to see what had startled her, for the impression of a white flash remained upon my mental sensorium. There, leaning on the little gate, looking much diverted, stood the loveliest creature, in a morning-dress of white, which the wind was blowing about her like a cloud. She had no hat on, and her hair, as if eager to join in the merriment of the day, was flying like the ribbons of a tattered sail. A humanized Dryad!—one that had been caught young, but in whom the forest-sap still asserted itself in wild affinities with the wind and the swaying branches, and the white clouds careering across! Could it be Clara? How could it be any other than Clara? I rode back.

I was a little short-sighted, and had to get pretty near before I could be certain; but she knew me, and waited my approach. When I came near enough to see them, I could not mistake those violet eyes.

I was now in my twentieth year, and had never been in love. Whether I now fell in love or not, I leave to my reader. Clara was even more beautiful than her girlish loveliness had promised. "An exceeding fair forehead," to quote Sir Philip Sidney; eyes of which I have said enough; a nose more delicate than symmetrical; a mouth rather thin-lipped, but well curved; a chin rather small I confess; but did any one ever from the most elaborated description acquire even an approximate idea of the face intended? Her person was lithe and graceful; she had good hands and feet; and the fairness of her skin gave her brown hair a dusky look than belonged to itself.

Before I was yet near enough to be certain of her, I lifted my hat, and she returned the salutation with an almost familiar nod and smile.

"I am very sorry," she said, speaking first

—in her old half-mocking way, "that I so nearly cost you your seat."

"It was my own carelessness," I returned. "Surely I am right in taking you for the lady who allowed me, in old times, to call her Clara. How I could ever have had the presumption I cannot imagine."

"Of course that is a familiarity not to be thought of between full-grown people like us, Mr. Cumberland," she rejoined, and her smile became a laugh.

"Ah, you do recognize me, then?" I said, thinking her cool, but forgetting the thought the next moment.

"I guess at you. If you had been dressed as on one occasion, I should not have got so far as that."

Pleased at this merry reference to our meeting on the Wengern Alp, I was yet embarrassed to find that nothing more suggested itself to be said. But while I was quieting my mare, which happily afforded me some pretext at the moment, another voice fell on my ear—hoarse but breezy and pleasant.

"So, Clara, you are no sooner back to old quarters than you give a rendezvous at the garden-gate—eh, girl?"

"Rather an ill-chosen spot for the purpose, papa," she returned, laughing, "especially as the gentleman has too much to do with his horse to get off and talk to me."

"Ah! our old friend, Mr. Cumberland, I declare!—Only rather more of him!" he added, laughing, as he opened the little gate in the wire fence, and coming up to me shook hands heartily. "Delighted to see you, Mr. Cumberland. Have you left Oxford for good?"

"Yes," I answered—"some time ago."

"And may I ask what you're turning your attention to now?"

"Well, I hardly like to confess it, but I mean to have a try at—something in the literary way."

"Plucky enough! The paths of literature are not certainly the paths of pleasantness or of peace even—so far as ever I heard. Somebody said you were going in for the law."

"I thought there were too many lawyers already. One so often hears of barristers with nothing to do, and glad to take to the pen, that I thought it might be better to begin with what I should most probably come to at last."

(To be continued.)

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.
The Whistler of the Plough.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

"Toby! Yes, that was the name given with the poor wail, when in his infancy confided to me at Irdale in England. Miss Schoolar by accompanying me you may advance his fortunes and your own. Death awaits both if remaining here. Yes, consult with him in this room; call him in. But conceal from all else that I am here."

The consultation was had. The outburst of the great battle at daybreak, as told two chapters back, left to the Redbolts no alternative but to decamp from Byner Clyne homestead. The Captain urged Agnes to accompany Mrs. Renshaw to Canada, promising to send Isa Antry after them. And thus they reluctantly parted.

Six months after the great battle, other actions intervening, when Lud had become Colonel of a cavalry regiment, he met the directress of the Ocean Horn ambulance by chance one day, and discovered to his great surprise Lady Mary Mortimer. He told what he had seen of Agnes, dilating on her daring courage in the perilous crisis, but withholding the declaration of love. He told what had occurred with El Abra and his mother. Upon which her ladyship, the hospitals being then fully organized, American ladies of all social ranks flocking to the fields of conflict to give help, and her own domestic territory in vicinity of Haberlacey in England, being in deep distress caused by failure of cotton supply through this war,—all those circumstances decided her ladyship to return home.

Colonel Lud—her Lillymere—was entreated to go also; or to follow soon, to assert his birthright, and assume title and estate, but he was immovable in resolution not to leave the army of the United States until the war closed. He recommended that Lady Mary should take Agnes Schoolar and Mrs. Renshaw to England, with such collaterals relating to the Lillymere claim as Dame Rhoda Renshaw possessed. About his own mother, travelling the continent in habit of a Wandering Shepherdess in search of him, he doubted El Abra's story. Lately nothing had been known of the Guerilla's operations; nor where he was in person. Some alleged him to be at sea in the Corsair ship bearing his name, paid for, equip-

ped and manned out of his fortune. Others alleged him to be organizing on the upper lakes a secret expedition to operate in marauding enterprises against the States from shores of the British Provinces.

A month later Lady Mortimer, being joined by El Abra's mother, Agnes Schoolar, the Hon. Mrs. Pensyldine and two daughters, the Duke of Sheerness who had come out to meet them, with Reuben, her ladyship's Secretary, and others, took ship at an eastern port for England.

Of the others were two Southern agents who embarked in disguise; lately engaged in Canada and now fleeing. Byner Clyne, Esq., previously to the war a banker in a Southern State, and his daughter Hestra.

The ship, "Azure Dove," was not one of the regular ocean steamers. Most of those had ceased running. But one supposed to be very fast, and going to Europe on a special passage; there to change name and owners.

When the "Azure Dove" was fairly at sea and Byner Clyne had taken estimate of the passengers, perceiving also that some knew him, he put aside disguise, for which indeed he was ill fitted, and resumed his natural character; that of a gentleman refined in culture, warm in Southern thought, unwillingly rebellious.

Mr. Clyne was of stately presence, aged forty-six, a widower, formerly wealthy; but now reduced to a narrow fortune by losses in the war, and expenditure outside of his own country, endeavouring to purchase sympathy and assistance for the South.

Hestra was a lady, aged twenty-two, of regular features, flashing dark eyes, glossy black hair, proud of her Southern blood; with rebel in her conversation, her heart, her Grecian head, and all through to the small haughty foot. They had not seen their rural home the last two years. Nor did Hestra know that she was in a ship with a young lady of England holding American national sympathies with a Redbolt thought, the mordant of the American sympathy, who had some months before occupied her own charming bed-chamber in the deserted family residence. As the ship rose and descended on the rolling Atlantic billows in play of the November gales, Hestra recalled the Byner Clyne homestead mournfully, and bethought her of the old house-keeper, Henny Rinky, longing to see the benign mistress enter the state room and minister to a sea-sick head, and the worse than sea-sick mind.

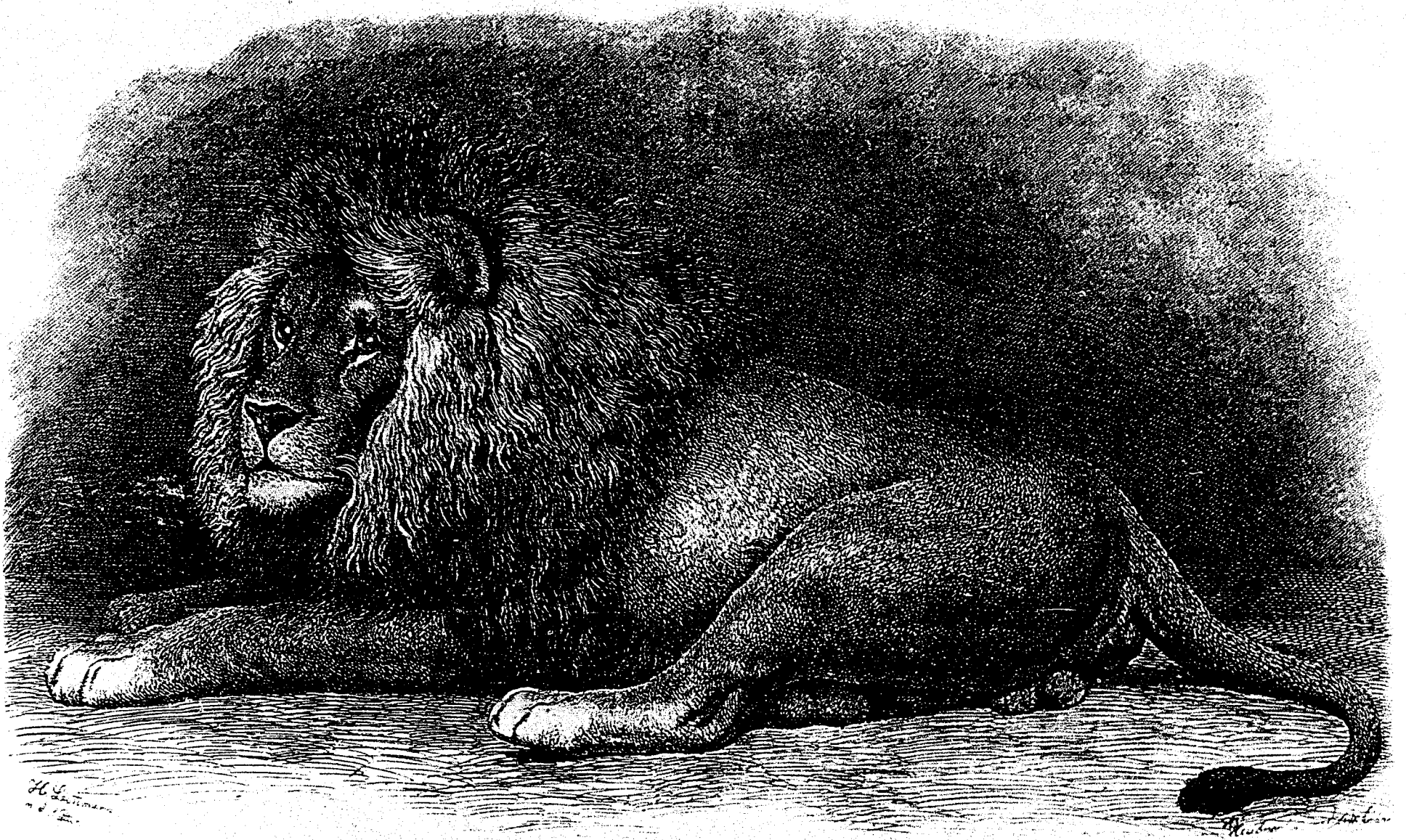
The younger Byner Clyne, her brother, had already fallen in the war, killed in fight with Simon Lud's cavalry, himself one of El Abra's most approved officers. And another young hero was reported to have fallen in the battle of Corinth, under Beauregard, Amos De Troisier, whose memory had a sepulchre in Hestra Clyne's heart.

Both father and daughter were occupied with sad thoughts. They were going to Europe to operate for the South on funds supplied by El Abra. And first to contract for two or more steam corsairs. About which, however, doubts arose, the builders of such craft having been notified by the British Government in terms of peremptory warning; so they learned in Canada. Nor was Mr. Clyne much in favour of the corsair ships scouring the seas only to destroy unarmed merchantmen. This did not strengthen the South though it might annoy the North.

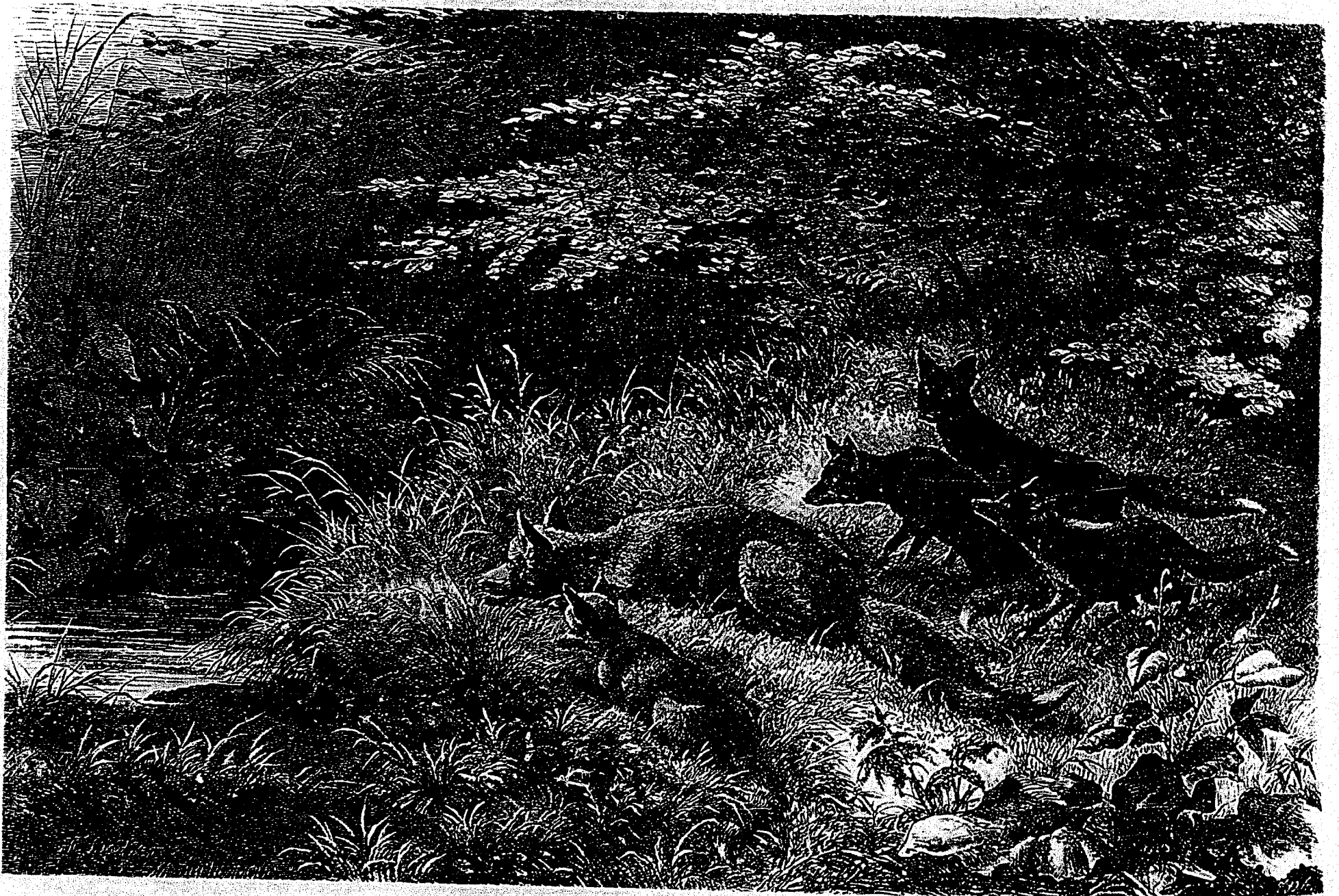
Hestra Clyne did not share that opinion with her father. News of trading vessels carrying the American flag, one after another, two in a day at times, being fired on with scant ceremony and sunk—some with all on board, gave that live, lovely young rebel gushes of gladness; or some gratifying sensation as welcome as real gladness in absence of the higher joys befitting feminine nature. Of which last in all their purity, Hestra was susceptible, had not the dark occurrences of war eclipsed the brightness of her hope.

Father and daughter had come from Canada, mortified by ill success. City society in some of its sections had been gracious; but Government repelled them, when they put off the humility of refugees and disclosed themselves as emissaries. They had thought to purchase the press, misled by the recriminatory accusations of rival journalists. But in the practical effort Hestra discovered that though her beauty and wit and blandishments might attract editors in white vests and glazed pumps at evening parties, the same men when they had ink on their fingers in the offices, and the working looks on, coldly turned away from bank cheques. Spurred the offered purchase money and kept on their course. A course of journalism as clear and pure as the Canadian sky, disturbed only by transitory influences of local character.

And yet one or two or three well reputed journals were eminently pro-Southern. Though usually termed Conservative they took a course in sympathy with rebellion against the legitimate government of a great nation; a course the most unconservative which eccentricity ever diverged to; perilous to the integrity of British Colonial Empire and peace of the world. But they were not drawn into that mistake by purchase. They followed old party traditions in the first instance. Then fed their error on admiration of Southern gallantry; and pity for the ruined in fortune.



THE LION IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BERLIN.—SEE PAGE 243.



A GAME OF FOX AND GESE.



**LA BELLA
VISCONTI**

AFTER RAFFAELLE.

They were of small number and exceptional to the Government and people of Canada.

Said Byner Clyne one morning when pacing the "Azure Dove's" deck with Reuben soon after dawn, the sun not yet on the horizon:

"You take side with the North, preferring the strongest, eh?"

"Preferring the right side, sir. The lady I'm associated with as Secretary is of the highest aristocracy in England; thinks and acts and speaks as I have done. The conservation of nationality in the United States in amity with England, advances all social well-being. What are they looking at? The captain and first officer on the cross trees with their telescopes, the Duke of Sheerness and second officer in the shrouds with theirs. Let us inquire. Here comes our fellow-passenger who has been up the rigging with his glass, Captain Clapper Hayvern. Good-morning, captain; something low in the water out yonder?"

"Well, you see the dog watch report a long low steamer which crossed the "Dove's" bows, came astern, and getting alongside again hailed. On being answered sheered off. Then, as Captain Stardark calculates, shot ahead again, and got out yonder."

"What steamer do you suppose it to be?"

"If that be the same as scudded around the "Azure Dove" in the night, there can be small doubt of the name. Only one craft afloat could, or would have been fitting as a bird of prey around this here "Dove"—the pirate, El Abra."

Most of the female passengers had from first day of the voyage until now remained in their berths. The venerable lady in long white curling hair and antique cap, El Abra's mother, had not been seen by any passenger except Agnes Schoolar and Isa Antry; nor did the Clynes know she was on board. Probably they were unaware of her existence, as she seldom visited her son, and never among Southern grandees. Mother and son were affectionately attached, and he supplied her with all money she chose to accept; but he disliked Renshaw, her second husband, even to hatred. And Renshaw, as you may remember, appreciated the animosity; saying any son would dislike a man who married his mother; he would have himself behaved bad to such a man.

Rhoda Renshaw, that was her name now, had given Abram Lud the secret of making the Lancashire Witch pills in the first instance; which becoming popular in the South enabled him to assume the designation of Doctor El Abra. His magnificent leonine head and mane; powerfully magnetic eyes; aptitude and boundless success in financial speculations, and luxurious tastes, gave him a place in society eminently beyond dispute.

Rhoda, from the Irish blood of the O'Loneys, had an impulsive and generous nature, which her son partly inherited with the wondrous flowing hair. She had a continuous succession of orphans, outcasts and other waifs around her as a family. And now she was proceeding to England with Agnes Schoolar on Lillymere's affairs, the waifs and orphans were left in charge of Renshaw and servants at Conway in Canada.

The "Azure Dove" soon reached out to the suspicious craft lying on her track. Captain Stardark ran up the British Ensign, as well as the American. Byner Clyne and Hestra waved the Palmetto.

They only aggravated the captain of El Abra. His long guns sent the "Azure Dove" to the bottom, the passengers struggling with the ocean in the ship's boats.

The corsair steamed away when he had damaged his victim so much that signals of distress were followed by launching of boats. Whether any of the passengers went down with the "Azure Dove" was unknown at the time. Captain Stardark and five of his crew perished with the ship; having remained at posts of duty saving the passengers until too late to escape. With them remained Clapper Hayvern, who leapt into the sea, barely eluding the vortex. By strong swimming Clapper got on board the second officer's boat, which contained Agnes Schoolar, the Clynes, and some passengers, whose names I have failed to ascertain.

One boat, containing seven of the ship's crew, pulled away without any passenger. These men called to companions at duty on deck to look to their own safety, which admonition the brave fellows at duty disregarded. Reuben made a remark on this to Lady Mortimer, whom, and the three female Pensyldines, with four maids, he, the Duke of Sheerness, and ship's first officer had succeeded in saving into one boat. The remark having a politico-economic tendency, was suffered to pass almost unanswered.

Where was El Abra's mother? Except Agnes Schoolar, none in the ship had known that Rhoda Renshaw was mother of the Guerilla-corsair.

Rhoda was afloat on a hen-coop on the cold, wide ocean, alone, unseen of any. Who knows but she was that night dreamt of by men and women, now of prosperous life, in Canada some, in the States some, whom, as waifs of misery, she had gathered and fed and clothed; put to learn trades, and started in business? Who knows what sustained her? The hen-coop and a satisfied conscience had

to do with her buoyancy; but there may have been more.

She floated all day and ensuing night in the cold November fog; up on ridge of the billows, down in the trough of the sea. Her feet, fortunately, entangled in a coil of rope underhanging the slim ark, which carried drowned fowls within, and herself without. Her arms stretched through the top spars and clutching a centre rod going along the coop lengthways.

The venerable white hair, thickly curling and flowing, drenched in the spray, or wafted in the wind, was the sail her ship carried. Exhausted in strength, and all but lost in mind and sense, the aged woman and the hen-coop were drawn by grappling irons on board a passing ship, when she had been thirty hours in the water.

It was the American barque "Eaglefeather." There the old lady was tenderly cared for and nourished; warmly clothed and rendered comfortable. When strong enough, she examined her wallet and found the Lillymere packet of birthright proofs safe, though the contents were soaked with sea water.

The "Eaglefeather," last from Bordeaux, was bound west for New York. The third day after the rescue a steamer hove in sight. As it approached, the officers of the barque remarked the long, low outline of hull and rakish spars. After using telescopes ten minutes, they whispered the fearful name—El Abra. And soon the corsair proved himself. He summoned the crew to put what passengers they had, if any, in the ship's boats, and he would pick them up.

Captain Bryster of the "Eaglefeather" placed Rhoda Renshaw in the barque's gig, having no other passenger, and lowered the boat with two sailors, intending to go himself on board the corsair to consult on terms of his ship's release. But as soon as the boat touched water, a voice through a sea-trumpet ordered the two sailors to return to the barque's deck, and the captain to remain where he was. One of the sailors obeyed this command, the other did not, but stayed with the passenger.

Whereupon the corsair opened fire and sank the "Eaglefeather" and all hands; the small boat escaping narrowly by vigour of the one man's oar stroke. He rowed for the ship of doom, but it steamed away, leaving him and the lone woman of the hen-coop, whom he had aided to rescue, to voyage together without food or water in the solitude of the broad ocean.

This sailor's name was Haystan. With nothing to look at but far distant ships, open sea, and his fellow-passenger, Haystan fixed eyes of curiosity on Rhoda's abundant white hair, with occasional glances at her countenance, which seemed to bear resemblance to something in his memory. But when their eyes met steadily, hers became to him fearful. He had seen a portrait of El Abra, at a European port, where, as Chief of rebel Guerillas, he was popular with such as made ventures in secesh bonds, or built corsair ships. He purchased an El Abra handkerchief containing a portrait of the man from whom the dread scourge of the ocean was named, and now took it from his neck, unfolded the portrait, and swore.

He swore at the woman for a sea-witch. That she was either the mother of the Evil One, or mother of El Abra.

He would have risen and slain her, or leapt overboard and drowned himself in frenzy, had not the magnetic eyes—mother eyes of the wondrous orbs of El Abra, constrained him to remain still.

Haystan quivered in every nerve, perspired and grew cold by turns. And so passed one day.

In the night he thought she winked, and he might creep forward and fell her dead. But when he had lifted the oar to give the blow, he beheld her eyes gleaming and sparkling as the ocean foam sparkled in darkness. His arms shook, he let fall the paddle in the sea, and sank down benumbed in every muscle of the limbs.

All this while, in the day and in the night, not a word did Rhoda utter. She retained the one position, holding in paralysis the insane sailor; who else would have slain her, or destroyed himself.

On the second day they drifted alongside two of the boats now lashed stem and stern, which five days before had come away from the sinking "Azure Dove." The first officer's party comprising Lady Mortimer, the Duke, the Pensyldines, four maids, and Reuben, all famishing. And the second officer's boat containing Agnes Schoolar, the Byner Clynes—father and daughter, Clapper Hayvern, and the persons whose names I have failed to ascertain; they also famishing.

Some hours later a ship of war came, and picking them up, carried all into Hudson waters.

Haystan continued to rave that the old woman had enchanted him, and was either mother of El Abra, or of the other once named to be named no more. Had the officers of naval war believed the old lady to be El Abra's mother, she might have fared ill in personal liberty. But, attributing the accusation to the man's mental imbecility, and learning from Lady Mortimer and the Duke of Sheer-

nes, that Mrs. Rhoda Renshaw was wife of a respected Canadian official servant, no heed was given to the sailor. For here, I may repeat, none except Agnes Schoolar knew Rhoda's relationship to the Guerilla, whose fame now filled the world.

Byner Clyne and Hestra soon found friends and concealment. Some of the part owners of the corsair which had consigned them, unwittingly, to destruction, took care of them; and entered into counsel about the other rovers of the ocean which Clyne, as their agent, had gone out to purchase and equip.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN THE CONFLICT STILL, THOUGH OUT OF BATTLE.

Mr. Thomas Inkle, the banker, had the morning mail-bag emptied on his private table, the letters opened and read, and sat mute and thoughtful when Mrs. Inkle entered, asking a question of deep family import:

"Owt?"

Which the banker replied to:

"Nowt."

She departed without farther remark, returning when the afternoon mail had been read, again inquiring anxiously:

"Owt?"

To which Mr. Inkle answered:

"Nowt."

Day after day the question was the same:

"Owt?"

And the reply:

"Nowt."

They conversed at other times in the chambers of retirement, but Mr. Inkle forbade waste of time in banking hours. Yet Tilda having, like himself, a weighty uncertainty on the parental affections, could not refrain from interrupting business a little, just a little, when the mails arrived.

Household discussion came up one evening when they retired within the curtains of repose, thus:

"Will it injure the bank, Thomas, if the report go out that he has been with the Southerners?"

"Nothing can injure the bank, Tilda, while I live. A country progressive in solid prosperity as this is, year by year a wider and a better tillage; year by year new developments of the natural resources, must ever yield revenue on well secured advances as mine are. No, Tilda; Tom's misfortune will not injure the Bank of Inkle, but it may kill the banker; if it come true he is hung. After that the institution might cry, and—there now, Tilda, don't cry, you are provided for against all mishaps to the bank. Dunnot thee greit, laas."

"It is not the wretched gold hoards I cry for, but my son, my son. That a son of ours should be hung! What is the use of all our gold if it could not save his life?"

"It was his head-strong will that would not be controlled. I told him to have nowt to do with the reb. loan. After he would, unknown to me, have a hand in it, I told him he had better risk losing than go in person to negotiate for cotton. But he went, and, through all the disguises he assumed, was recognized and taken as a spy, and, they say, hung. But even that is not the worst of it; not by a long sight."

"Inkle! What could be worse?"

"This is worse, Tilda; as I've heard to-day from one of my agents. Tom was taken by cavalry scouts, called Redbolts, commanded by that young fellow, De Lacy Lillymere, who wanted to marry our daughter, Emily. He was executed by Lillymere's order."

(To be Continued.)

CADBURY'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS.

These celebrated Chocolates and Cocons took the First Prize at the Exhibition, and are guaranteed the purest and finest imported. Their well-known delicious beverage.

COCOA ESSENCE,
(Registered.)
Can be had at all Grocers. Try it.
E. LUSHER,
30 LEMOINE STREET,
Wholesale Agent for Canada. 4-16-m

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS, WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS,

OUR STOCK OF
**MEDICAL, PERFUME,
AND
LIQUOR LABELS,**

Is now very complete. GREAT VARIETY, BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, and all at very moderate prices. Liberal Discount to large dealers. Orders can be promptly sent by Parcel Post to all parts of the Dominion.

LEGGO & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS, & CO.,
319 ST. ANTOINE STREET,
AND
1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL.
4-16-1f

POSTAL CARDS.

Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively circulated among many of the principal mercantile firms of this city in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' notices to customers, &c. We supply them printed at from \$11.50 to 12.50 per thousand, according to quality.

LEGGO & CO.,
319 ST. ANTOINE STREET,
AND
1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL.
4-16-1f



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL.

WATER WORKS DEPARTMENT.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, on account of the low state of the water in the Aqueduct, the water of all the Fountains in the Public Squares will be stopped until further order; and, as there is strong reason to apprehend that a considerable quantity of water is daily lost through the careless way in which the water is used in many tenements, the Water Tenants are hereby notified that any person who shall misuse or unnecessarily waste the water shall be prosecuted, in pursuance of the By-Law in such case made and provided. Water Tenants are further notified that they must keep the distribution pipes within their premises in good repair, and protected from frost, at their own expense; and that they shall be liable for all damage which may result from their failure to do so.

By Order,

LOUIS LESAGE,
Sup't. of W. W.

CITY HALL,
Montreal, 4th Oct., 1871. }

4-16a

TO THE PAPER TRADES.

R. HORSFALL,

8, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal,

WOULD call the attention of

PAPER MAKERS,

PRINTERS,

LITHOGRAPHERS

AND

BOOK-BINDERS,

to his list of

MACHINERY

suitable to these trades, which comprises some of the best and latest patents in existence, whilst the prices are those of the manufacturers.

Amongst others the following may be noticed:

The **WHARFEDALE**

Printing Machine, which is admitted to be one of the best fast Presses in existence, and is daily gaining in favour.

The **"EXPRESS" LITHOGRAPHIC** Printing Machine is capable of producing the finest qualities of work, and has the advantages of

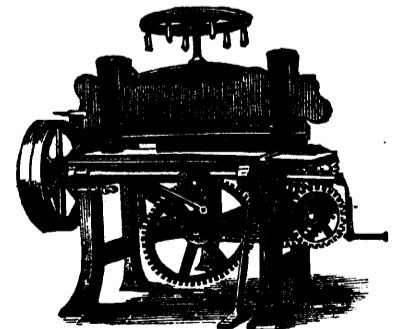
PERFECT REGISTER,

SELF-ACTING DAMPING,

AND

INCREASED SPEED.

THE "EXPRESS" QUILLotine CUTTING MACHINE



Cannot be surpassed for speed and power, whilst its price is lower than any other first-class Machine.

PAGING MACHINES, with raising table,
PERFORMING MACHINES,
BOOK-BINDERS' ROLLING MACHINES,

and every other description of Machinery for the use of the trade. Prices on application.

All Goods furnished at Manufacturers' price, and no Commission charged to the purchaser. 4-10a



THEATRE ROYAL

Lessee and Manager... BEN DE BAR. Stage Manager... ALEX. FITZGERALD. Treasurer... Mr. P. GLEASON.

LAST THREE NIGHTS OF THE SEASON.

IMMENSE SUCCESS of the Wonderful, Musical and Dramatic Productions, the COLEMAN CHILDREN.

THURSDAY EVENING, Oct. 12, will be presented the beautiful drama entitled the

GROSS OF GOLD.

The performance will conclude with the laughable farce of

NAN, THE GOOD FOR NOTHING,

In which the COLEMAN CHILDREN will introduce their GRAND MUSICAL CARNIVAL.

FRIDAY EVENING, October, 13, Benefit of the COLEMAN CHILDREN.

SATURDAY EVENING, Oct. 14.—Last night of the season, and last appearance of the COLEMAN CHILDREN, when they will appear in all their specialties.

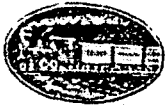
NOTICE.

All parties having claims against the Management are requested to send in their bills at once.

ADMISSION: Dress Circle, 50c.; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle, 75c.; Family Circle, 50c.; Pit, 25c.; Private Boxes, \$1. Seats secured at PRINCE'S MUSIC STORE. Doors open at 7:15; performance to begin at 8:15.

CANADA CENTRAL

Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, SEPT. 25, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:— LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

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

LOCAL TRAIN at 1:40 P.M. THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 4:10 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, and arriving at Ottawa at 8:30 P.M., and at Sand Point 9:10 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:30 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.

MAIL TRAIN at 5:20 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

at 1:30 P.M., 7:15 P.M., and 9:10 P.M. LEAVE SAND POINT

at 5:20 A.M., 9:10 A.M., and 1:30 P.M.

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

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

MORNING EXPRESS leaves Sand Point at 9:10 A.M., after arrival of Steamer from Pembroke, Portage du Fort, &c.

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

H. ABBOTT, Manager. 4-15 tf

1851. Honorable EXHIBITIONS. Mention 1862.

CHEAP INSTRUMENTS.

C. H. CHADBURN & SON.

OPTICIANS and MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS

To H. R. H. the late PRINCE CONSORT.

71 & 73, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

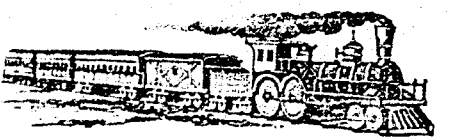
C. H. C. & SON beg respectfully to invite those visiting Liverpool to favour them with an inspection of their Show-room, which contains the largest Stock of Optical, Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments in England, all of the best manufacture, with the most recent improvements, and at the lowest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



JOSEPH GILLETT'S STEEL PENS. Sold by all Dealers throughout the World. 4-15 tf

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.

R. REINHOLD. 4-3rf



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Improved Service of Trains for the Summer of 1871.

GREAT ACCELERATION OF SPEED.

NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:—

GOING WEST.

Day Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at 9:00 a. m. Night do. do. at 9:00 p. m. Mail Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at 6:00 a. m. Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at 5:00 p. m. Mixed do. do. at 11:50 a. m. Trains for Lachine at 7:00 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 12 noon, 3:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m., and 6:15 p. m. The 3:00 p. m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7:00 a. m. Express Train for Richmond, Quebec, and Riviere du Loup, at 8:30 a. m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9:00 a. m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central at 3:45 p. m. Express for New York, via Boston's Point and Lake Champlain Steamers, at 4:00 p. m. Mail Train for Island Pond, Portland and Boston, at 2:30 p. m. Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gouham, and Portland, and the Lower Provinces, stopping between Montreal and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Upton, Acton, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Castlereagh, and Norton Mills, only, at 10:30 p. m.

Pullman's Palace Parlour and Sleeping Cars on all day and night trains. Baggage checked through.

As the punctuality of the Trains depends on connections with other Lines, the Company will not be responsible for Trains not arriving or leaving any station at the hours named.

The Steamers "Carlotte" or "Chase" will leave Portland for Halifax, N. S., every Saturday afternoon at 4:00 p. m. They have excellent accommodations for Passengers and Freight.

The Steamer "Linda" leaves Portland for Yarmouth, N. S., every Saturday, at 6 p. m.

The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6:00 p. m., for St. John, N. B., &c.

Tickets issued through at the Company's principal stations.

For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket office, Bonaventure Station, or at No. 39 Great St. James Street, C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director.

Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-24 tf



JAMES F. F. Y. E., FIRST PRIZE SCALE MANUFACTURER. No. 24 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL. A GENERAL ASSORTMENT ALWAYS ON HAND. 2-23f

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!

GO! THE GO!

BRILLIANT BURNING FLUID,

NON-EXPLOSIVE, INODOROUS.

AND NO SMOKING CHIMNIES.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

C. T. M. ORR.

601 Craig Street. 4-15 f

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List.

HAMILTON. ROYAL HOTEL..... H. E. IRVING.

MONTREAL. ST. LAWRENCE HALL..... H. HOGAN. ST. JAMES HOTEL.....

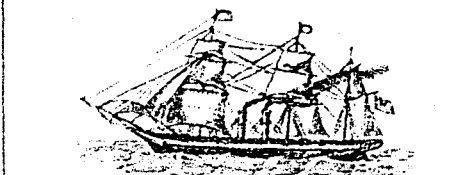
OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE..... JAMES GOVIN.

PORT ELGIN, ONT. NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL..... WM. ALLEN, Proprietor.

QUEBEC. ST. LOUIS HOTEL..... WILLIS RUSSELL & SON. THE CLARENCE.....

ST. JOHN, N. B. VICTORIA HOTEL..... B. T. CROGAN.

TORONTO. THE ROSSIN HOUSE..... G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL..... CAPT. THOS. DICK.



ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of Canadian & United States Mails

1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871.

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-noted First-class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double-Engine, Iron Steamships:

Table listing ships and routes: POLYNESIAN, SARMATIAN, CIRCASSIAN, CASPIAN, SCANDINAVIAN, PRUSSIAN, AUSTRIAN, NESTORIAN, MORAVIAN, GERMANIAN, EUROPEAN, HIBERNIAN, NOVA SCOTIAN, NORTH AMERICAN, CORINTHIAN, OTTAWA, ST. DAVID, ST. ANDREW, ST. PATRICK, NORWAY, SWEDEN.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

(Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland.)

Rates of Passage from Quebec: Cabin \$70 to \$80, Steerage \$20.

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE.

(Sailing from Glasgow every TUESDAY, and from Quebec for Glasgow on or about every THURSDAY.)

Fares from Quebec: Cabin \$60, Intermediate \$40, Steerage \$24.

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or Hugh and Andrew ALLAN; in Quebec to J. ALLAN, R. & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANO, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AG. SCHMIDT & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ZOON; in Hamburg to W. GINSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLES & MATHEW; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENBORNE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20 tf

SUMMER WINES!

BARTON & GUESTIER'S AND NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S CLARETS, SAUTERNES, BARSAC.

OF ALL GRADES. REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER AT C. J. BAIRD'S.

221 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-1f

MRS. CUSKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal.

City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours. References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, &c., McGill College University. Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given. All transactions strictly private. RESIDENCE:—No. 315 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. 4-62z

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

MEAT AND PORK BUTCHERS.

MEAT DEPARTMENT—W. S. BROWN. PORK DEPARTMENT—A. REINHARDT. 98, St. CATHERINE STREET WEST. Opposite English Cathedral. 4-14f

DYERS AND SCOURERS.

FIRST PRIZE Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill, Montreal. 3-62z

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain. 37, 39, and 41 Recollet Street. 161f

HABERDASHERS.

G. A. GAGNON, 300 Notre Dame Street. 2-26-2z

HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

JOHN HENDERSON & CO., 283 Notre Dame Street. 2-27z

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT.

COHEN & LOPEZ, Corner of St. James Street and Place d'Armes Square. 3-3-2z

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN PADLOCK.

THE SUBSCRIBER is Agent for the Combined Flat and Fluting Iron; the STEAM MOCHA COFFEE POT; the Celebrated SAPHIRO for Cleaning and Polishing; also for the AMERICAN BASE BURNER, the best HALL STOVE in the Market.

L. J. A. SURVEYER, 524 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS.

JAMES MUIR, 198 St. James Street,—Adjoining Molson's Bank. 2-26-2z

INSURANCES.

THE Imperial, of London, (established 1802), Rintoul Bros., General Agents, 21, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal. 3-6-2z

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER. 160 and 162 St. James Street. 111f MONTREAL.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

SAMUEL GOLTSMAN, 226 St. James Street. 3-3-2z

PHOTOGRAPHER.

O. DESMARAIS, Corner of CRAIG and St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREETS. All sizes of Photographs taken and neatly framed at reasonable prices. Particular attention paid to Copying. 4-62z

SHOW CARDS.

SEND for Catalogue of HICK'S New Show CARDS, 154, St. James Street, Montreal. 3-62z

TURKISH BATH.

DR. MACBEAN'S IMPROVED TURKISH BATH, 149 St. Monique Street, near Crystal Palace, Montreal. Gentlemen's hours (with the exception of Monday morning) 9 to 11 a.m. and 3 to 5 p.m. 4-62z

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

L. L. HAM BROS., DIAMOND and ETRUSCAN Jewellers, 5, PLACE D'ARMS, next the Canadian Illustrated News. 3-10-2z

S. SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO., 271 Notre Dame Street. 2-232z

L. LASH & COMPANY, successors to J. G. JOSEPH & Co.'s Retail Business, KING STREET, TORONTO. 3-222z

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

OTTAWA, 20th Sept., 1871. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 13 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT

S. GOLTSMAN AND CO.'S, 132, St. JAMES STREET. N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Linea Spring Overcoats in all shades always on hand. 28

AN ARTIST of good judgment and taste, accustomed to touching up photographic negatives and prints, would find constant employment at this office. Canadian Illustrated News Printing Works, 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. 3-21-1f

COAL! COAL!

PARTIES REQUIRING A FIRST-CLASS article, at an unusually low price, will do well to take advantage of the present opportunity and get their Coal out of the vessels now discharging the following descriptions: it can be seen unloading all along the Wharves. It is all fresh mined: LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA, WELSH ANTHRACITE, SCOTCH STEAM, NOVA SCOTIA. S. W. BEARD & CO., Foot of McGill Street. 4-62z

THE UBIQUITOUS AND IRREPRESSIBLE REPORTER.



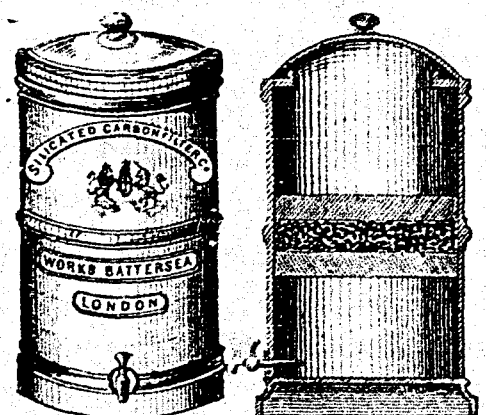
1. He starts on his rounds. 2. Overhears an interesting couple and begins to take notes. 3. Is discovered and rewarded accordingly. 4. Gets under one of the tables in the dining room of the Hotel and makes a rich harvest of gossip.



5. He next enters the office of the Hon. Mr. — but instead of gaining the desired information he is shewn out by the Messenger. 6. He tries another expedient but is unsuccessful. 7. Ditto, Ditto. 8. Ditto, Ditto, again. 9. If he has succeeded this time, the fact will be duly chronicled.

WANTED.—TEN RESPECTABLE YOUNG MEN and Three YOUNG LADIES. to qualify as Telegraph Operators. For particulars see advertisement of Dominion Telegraph Institute. Terms: \$300.00 for the full course, including use of Instruments and Line. Apply at the Dominion Telegraph Institute, 89, St. James Street, Montreal. Also, at the offices of the C. J. News, Hearsthouse and L'Opinion Publique, No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill. 4-11f

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.
A BONA-FIDE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM, For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease. The Red Spruce Gum has always been held in the highest esteem in this country for the relief and cure of Chest complaints. It is now offered to the public in the form of a delicious and scientifically PREPARED SYRUP.
PREPARED BY HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing Chemist, MONTREAL. For sale at all Drug Stores in the Dominion. Price, 25 cents. Druggists can be supplied from any of the Wholesale Houses. 3-25x



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

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

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

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

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

HELLEBORE! HELLEBORE
For the destruction of Caterpillars on Cabbage Plants, Gooseberry and Currant Bushes, &c. &c. **CARBOLIC ACID, SOAP, & POWDER,** For Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes. **SODA WATER—Cold as Ice,** combined with pure Syrups, drawn from the Arctic Fountain. **BRUSHES—Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Shaving, and Flesh Brushes, Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs, Sponges, Cologne, &c.** JAMES GOULDEN, 175 St. Lawrence St.; Branch, 363 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL. 3-24-1f

J. BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c.—NOTRE DAME ST., EAST OF MCGILL.
TO CAPITALISTS.
A N eligible opportunity is now offered to invest \$20,000 to \$30,000 in a business in this city. A return on the amount of Capital invested, at a rate of interest to be agreed on, will be guaranteed to any one desirous of entering into a limited partnership. Communications, which will be considered confidential on both sides, can be interchanged through D. R. STODART, Broker, 146, St. JAMES STREET. 4-14f

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tenders, Welland Canal" will be received at this Office until Noon of Wednesday, the 25th day of October next, for the execution of the following mentioned works on the WELLAND CANAL:
1st.—Construction of a Mooring Wharf, and Deepening the Harbour of Port Dalhousie.
2nd.—Lightening the East Bank of the "Deep Cut" between Allanburgh and Port Robinson.
3rd.—Deepening and Enlarging the Harbour at Port Colborne.
Plans and Specifications can be seen at this Office, and at the Welland Canal Office, St. Catharines, (where Forms of Tender may also be obtained) on and after Tuesday, the 10th day of October next. The signatures of two solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become surety for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender. The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.
By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 16th Sept., 1871. 4-14-c

L. N. ALLAIRE, MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT. STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS: SAULT AU MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: Corner of PETER & JAMES ST., QUEBEC. 3-15-24

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

"BEST IN USE."
THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER
IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15-11

FOR SALE OR TO LET. THAT LARGE FOUR-STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Therese Street, Montreal, now occupied by the Military Control Department as Stores. Very suitable for a Wholesale Boot and Shoe factory, or other similar purposes; also for Stores. Possession 1st of May. Apply to D. R. STODART, Broker, 48, Great St. James Street 14

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

THE MEDICAL HALL, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, AND PHILLIP'S SQUARE. 4-4m
WE HAVE CONSTANTLY IN YARD—LEHIGH COAL—all sizes. WELSH ANTHRACITE COAL. SCOTCH STEAM COAL. PICTOU Do. BLACKSMITH'S COAL. GRATE COAL. J. & E. SHAW, 82 MCGILL STREET. 4-13-m 57 WELLINGTON STREET.
Printed and published by GEORGE E. DESBARATS, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.