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Whistling News

VOL. V.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1872.

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



A PIPER AND A PAIR OF NUT-CRACKERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY SIR EDW. LANDSEER.—SEE PAGE 39.

THE MONTREAL AND ST. JEROME COLONIZATION RAILWAY.

A PROJECT has been started for the building of a railway from this city to St. Jerome, a distance of thirty-four miles. The provisional directors are: Eion. Henry Starnes, M. L. C., President; Messrs. George Stephens, A. W. Ogilvie, Alex. McGibbon, John Atkinson, M. Cuvillier, and J. F. Sincennes. These are all men of high character and strong financial ability; and the object they set before themselves—that of removing the grievance under which Montreal so frequently suffers, a short supply of firewood—is one which surely ought to command the sympathy of the whole community, as well as engage the interests of the people of the municipalities through which it would pass. Though glad to receive municipal aid the company intend to seek none. They rely upon their own capital and the Government subsidy to which their road would be entitled. They further compute that as the cost of the road would be half a million of dollars they could pay a dividend of eight per cent. out of the net earnings. Instead of investing capital in rolling stock they purpose renting the latter from an Equipment Company, a system that has recently been adopted in the United States with very great advantage. Messrs. Bond Bros. are receiving subscriptions for stock.

To our view the project seems a feasible one, which would undoubtedly prove beneficial to the city. But our good friends of St. Jerome do not appear to like it, as the following resolutions passed at a special meeting of the Village Council will show:

"That having taken communication of a certain prospectus published at Montreal on Saturday, the 10th instant, for the establishment of a new company for the construction of a railway between Montreal and St. Jerome, with the following gentlemen as Provisional Directors of the new Company: The Hon. H. Starnes, President; A. W. Ogilvie, Alexander McGibbon, John Atkinson, M. Cuvillier, J. F. Sincennes, Geo. Stevens, and Chas. P. Davidson, Secretary, *pro tem.*, and Messrs. Bond and Brothers, Brokers;

"Be it resolved that in view of the circumstances under which this prospectus is presented to the public, and in spite of apparently favourable advantages offered by it, this Council is of opinion that the prospectus has been prepared and presented to the public, rather with the object of injuring the enterprise and preventing the citizens of Montreal from voting the promised assistance to it, than with the intention of really affording railway facilities to the people of the north.

"That one of the great omissions of this prospectus is the failure to mention the main line which will be the Northern Grand Trunk, and which should establish commercial relations between Montreal and the West by the north shore of the river Ottawa, a line to which the people of St. Jerome are not only not indifferent, but for the success of which they have worked with all their energy.

"That the Council has no reason to withdraw its confidence from the President and Directors of the Montreal Northern Colonization Railway Company as at present constituted; on the contrary it seizes with satisfaction the opportunity to declare to the Company that it expresses the feeling of the people of this municipality in saying that they are ready to assist the Company as at present constituted with a subscription to its capital as liberal as they can prudently make."

We are not sufficiently familiar with the question as between the Montreal Northern Colonization Railway Company and the new company to pronounce an opinion between them. But we can point to Toronto and other Western cities as an example to Montreal for the encouragement of railway building. Of course if private enterprise can do the work with such Government aid as the Quebec Legislature has wisely provided there is no necessity for taxing the Municipalities; but it would be better that these should contribute handsomely than that the northern and north-western part of the Province should continue to be deprived of railway connection with the commercial capital of the Dominion.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 101.—HON. ARCHIBALD MCKELLAR,
COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS, ONT.

Mr. McKellar is one of the many Scotsmen who have distinguished themselves in Canada by that indomitable perseverance which, though not altogether a monopoly of his countrymen, is yet one of their most striking characteristics when they are away from their native country. He was born, as we learn from Morgan's Parliamentary Companion, at Inverary, Argyleshire, February, 1816, and came with his parents to Canada early enough to receive his education in this country. His father settled in the Township of Raleigh, County of Kent, U. C., in which the subject of our notice followed the pursuits of farming, milling, &c., until he transferred his residence to the Town of Chatham. He was Reeve of Raleigh for three years when quite a young man, being first elected at the age of thirty, and subsequently, on his removal to the Town of Chatham, he held the same office until 1857. He made an unsuccessful struggle for the representation of Kent in the Legislative Assembly in 1854, and again offered as a candidate at the general election in 1857, when he was successful and continued for ten years to represent that county. His politics were then, and, we suppose, are now, pure Clear Grit. Throughout the exciting sessions of '58, '59 and '60, he was a steadfast follower of the

Honourable George Brown; and on the temporary retirement of that gentleman because of his defeat in 1861, Mr. McKellar gave his support to the Reform party, then led by Messrs. Macdougall and Foley. The Reform Government of the Hon. J. S. Macdonald received his steady support during its nearly two years of existence, and when a few months after its fall the Coalition was formed Mr. McKellar gave his hearty adhesion to the policy of the mixed government. After Mr. Brown's retirement from the Cabinet, he, like the Hon. Mr. McKenzie, could no longer be counted a supporter of the Government; for in the following session he distinguished himself as being one of the two joints in Mr. Brown's "tail" on the Rectory question—Messrs. Brown, McKenzie, and McKellar being the only members whose names were recorded among the yeas.

When the old Parliament was abolished by the coming into force of Confederation, Mr. McKellar was among the number of those who advocated a return to old party lines. He was, however, defeated in his own county by a young gentleman, Mr. Rufus Stephenson, Editor of the *Chatham Planet*, and was fain to content himself with a seat in the Local Assembly for the new Riding of Bothwell, formed out of a portion of his own old constituency and of that of the neighbouring county of Lambton, which is now called Bothwell. In the Ontario Assembly, Mr. McKellar soon took a prominent position in the Opposition ranks, and was for a time recognised as the leader of the party. He, however, resigned that position in favour of Mr. Blake, but without giving up any of the practical good sense and intelligence which he had the good fortune to possess. There are no doubts of Mr. McKellar's administrative capacity. He is a shrewd man, if not a brilliant orator, and we believe that from the ranks of his party Mr. Blake could not have chosen a minister more competent to fill the position formerly occupied by the Hon. Mr. Carling.

SHEDIAC BAY OYSTER FISHERIES.

Shediac is a small but thriving town on the East or Gulf Coast of New Brunswick. It is the terminus of the European & North American Railway and point of call for steamers trading to and from Quebec, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. The surrounding country is extremely fertile, but rather poorly farmed; its population is chiefly composed of French Acadians, who lead a quiet, simple and contented life. The Bay of Shediac is famous for its oyster fishery. It gives employment to many families during the winter months. Smelt fishing is likewise prosecuted to some extent, and tons of this delicious little fish are shipped in a frozen state to ports in the United States every season.

As I was anxious to see the operation of oyster raking "mine host" of the Kirk Hotel consented to drive me to where I could gratify my curiosity. So buckling on our armour we sallied forth one drizzling afternoon during last month behind a very fair specimen of fast horseflesh in quest of the oyster fisheries of the Bay of Shediac. We bounded over the ice in fine style, skirting Indian Island, and some spots with a danger signal in the shape of a green bush stuck thereon. These thin places are caused by currents passing over the oyster beds below. The fisheries extend about four miles in length, with a breadth of about one-and-a-half miles. They cover nearly the whole of the bay, and are recklessly scraped by any one who chooses to do so almost at all seasons. The "Porrier" is the noted bed; the fish are here caught singly, and in deeper water, consequently they are fatter, larger, and of better shape. "Here we are," remarked the driver as he pulled up short in front of some bushes in the middle of the bay.

The picture before us, a small thicket of spruce planted in the ice to break the keen north, north-east and north-west winds of the Gulf, a long hole cut in the ice about fifteen feet with a width of two, and a half-frozen *habitant* groping with an iron rake for those delicious bivalves fathoms down. He used the same instrument his forefathers had done for generations back and seemed quite contented with the job in hand, although we came to the conclusion after patiently waiting that a feed fresh from the bed could not be had for some hours, that 25 cents per dozen on the shell would be extremely dear, if we had to wait till they made their appearance on the surface. This is not always the case; frequent hauls are made when the fortunate fishermen "happens" on a new bed. The dredge used on the coast of England for deep water fishing, is not esteemed on this coast,—the fishing is confined to shallow water and raking. If dredges were employed we are of opinion that the finest oysters would be captured in large quantities in the deep water. Thousands of small unmerchantable oysters are left on the ice to perish, which the law ought to compel these ignorant people to throw back into their native element. These valuable beds, by indiscriminate fishing and reckless waste, will finally be extinguished, if the authorities do not find or make a law to bear upon the case. With a little management the Bay of Shediac would become a great source of wealth to the country, without any exhaustion.

We leave the solitary scraper and drive over to another clump. There are two men here armed with bag nets, which they dip below the ice, and in a short time haul up with hundreds of wriggling smelts therein; dippings are continued during the rising of the tide.

The net in use is a bag, attached to an oblong framework, to which is fastened a long handle. When the net is thrust below the ice it expands with the force of the water, the fish unsuspectingly rush in and are captured at the rate sometimes of two barrels at a haul. They are a very perishable article to export, becoming a gelatinous mass if allowed to thaw—all smelt freights are paid in advance. The freezing drizzle to which we had been subjected had completely covered sleigh, men and horse with a beautiful transparent sheet of crystal. Such days were never intended for out-door courtship or sleigh riding, even with most agreeable companions. So we turn about for home, perfectly satisfied with our explorations. Ahead were two loaded sleds, the proprietors evidently "rakers," with molasses for market. Now for fun, remarked

our host, as he attempted to dash by the foremost. The oyster merchant did not like resigning the honour of the road without a struggle. With a lash and a yell he urged forward his ungainly-looking "scrub," and the owner of the "blood" found he had caught a tartar. Away we dashed, a hard, steady trot on one hand, a tremendous scattering of legs, hoofs and snow and ice on the other. The Frenchman grinned most provokingly, and yelled and grinned again, and as we nodded approvingly and praised the metal of his infamous-looking screw, he remarked, very truly but inelegantly: "He no trot, but he is ze beggar to go." We passed him finally after a hard fight. The Acadian who brought up the rear with his half-starved bobtail apologized for not entering the struggle by assuring us that "ze breech vos too tight." This little episode helped to relieve the somewhat uncomfortable journey over the oyster beds of Shediac Bay.

E. J. R.

VICTORIA, B. C.

The town of Victoria, in Vancouver Island, is likely to become the Canadian Halifax on the Pacific Coast. Until the union of the island with British Columbia it was the Capital of the Colony. It is situated on the north side of the straits of San Juan del Fuca, and on the south-east end of Vancouver Island. It is destined to become a shipping port of great importance, and many have been found to advocate the policy of making it a "free port"—that is, abolishing customs dues within a certain circuit, in order that the trade of the Pacific might be attracted there. The wisdom of such a policy will be determined by the location of the Pacific terminus of the Canadian trans-continental railway and the capacity of the Dominion to give such a premium for the world's trade as the "free port" would imply. Victoria is quite a lively city, and has a population of about eight or ten thousand. Its trade, except with the mainland, is mostly carried on *via* San Francisco.

THE OLD HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS STREET.

We give in this No. a sketch of the old house in St. Louis street, Quebec, in which the body of the revolutionary General Montgomery was laid after his tragic end on the night of the 31st of December, 1775, when he, with twelve of the attacking party, were killed by the fire from the Citadel of Quebec. Montgomery was an Irishman of good family who served in the British army under Wolfe, and distinguished himself for bravery and daring at the capture of Quebec. After the peace he married an American lady, and when the revolt took place he warmly espoused the American cause. History records his partially successful expedition into Canada; the esteem in which even his enemies held him for his noble personal qualities, as well as his sudden end, while attempting the daring deed of capturing the Citadel of Quebec. His force consisted of five hundred men, and those opposed to him were a small body of Canadian militia, assisted by eight or nine seamen, under the command of Captain Barnsair. But the guns and the position were in favour of the besieged, and Montgomery, with twelve of his followers, were tumbled into the snow at the first volley, the rest of the American force immediately retreating.

A STREET SCENE IN THE SUBURBS OF QUEBEC.

Our frequent contributor, W. O. C., exhibits in this sketch a scene not unfamiliar to those who are acquainted with the ways and customs that prevail in the suburbs of the ancient capital. The snow gets very high on the narrow streets of Quebec, and the little water carts on their daily rounds are perched far above the level of the pedestrian in the usually narrow pavement.

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS INTO THE BODIES OF DOGS.

A disciple of Pythagoras in the last century thus expressed his creed upon this subject:—

"The souls of deceased Bailiffs and common Constables are in the bodies of Setting dogs and Pointers; the Terriers are inhabited by trading Justices; the Bloodhounds were formerly a set of informers, thief-takers, and false evidences; the Spaniels were heretofore Courtiers, hangers-on of administration, and *hack* journal writers, all of whom preserve their primitive qualities of fawning on their feeders, licking their hands, and snarling and snapping at all who offer to offend their masters. A former train of Gamblers and Blacklegs are now embodied in that species of dogs called Lurchers; Bulldogs and Mastiffs were once Butchers and Drivers; Greyhounds and Hounds owe their animation to country Squires and Fox-hunters; little whiffing, useless Lap-dogs draw their existence from the quondam Beau, Macaronies, and Gentlemen of the *Tippy*, still being the playthings of ladies, and used for their diversion. There also are a set of *sad dogs*, derived from Attornies, and Puppies who were in past time attornies' clerks, shopmen to retail haberdashers, men-milliners, etc., etc. Turnspits are animated by old Aldermen, who still enjoy the smell of the roast meat; that droning, snarling species, stiled (*sic*) Dutch Pugs, have been Fellows of Colleges; and that faithful, useful tribe of Shepherds' dogs were in days of yore members of Parliament, who guarded the flock and protected the Sheep from Wolves and Thieves, although, indeed, of late some have turned sheep-biters and worried those they ought to have defended."

It is worthy of note that this Pythagorean makes thus no provision for the psychical future of the professions of the army, the navy, the bar, the church, authors, the House of Lords, or the fourth estate. Are we to assume from this that he considers that their souls migrate into the bodies of animals other than canine, or that they have no souls to be saved at all?

Gratiano says to Shylock—

Thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, which, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And while thou laigest in thine unhallowed dam
Infused itself in thee, for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

This may provide for the Jews, usurers, and sixty-percenters of the metropolis, but what of the rest? Will any Pythagorean of the day enlighten us?

THE VILLAGE TROUBADOUR.

In this life-like little sketch our readers will recognise the facile pencil of Mr. Bohuslav Kroupa, of Hellmuth College, London, Ont., whose productions in our pages have already attracted some attention by their peculiar *genre*. The sketch is one which interprets itself.

EDMUNSTON, OR, LITTLE FALLS, N. B.

Edmunston is a flourishing little village of about four hundred inhabitants on the banks of the river St. John, in the parish of Madawaska, Victoria Co., New Brunswick. It is a "border town," being separated from the State of Maine by the river named. The population is chiefly employed in lumbering operations. A large majority of the inhabitants are French Canadians, and they have erected a very handsome Roman Catholic church, which is the chief architectural adornment of the village. It is about 240 miles from St. John, and 68 miles from Rivière du Loup. The proposed new railway to connect the New Brunswick system with the Grand Trunk, *via* Woodstock, is expected to pass through, or near, Edmunston.

"A PIPER AND A PAIR OF NUT-CRACKERS."

This animated little scene, one of the most popular of Sir Edwin Landseer's many popular pictures of animal life, is too well known to need any description. It is to be seen in every print-shop, and in almost every home. The original was first exhibited at the Royal Academy about the middle of the last decade.

Sir Edwin Landseer, whose wonderful aptitude for the delineation of animal life has won for him his title, is the third and youngest son of the late John Landseer, A. R. A. and F. S. A. He was born in London in 1802, and at an early age displayed unusual talent for painting animals. In 1816 he became a student at the Academy, and a few months after, when only fourteen years of age, he began to exhibit, his productions attracting much attention and giving great promise of future excellence. On the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, in 1866, Sir Edwin was elected President of the Royal Academy. He refused however to accept the honour, which was offered to Mr. Maclise, and on that gentleman's refusal, Sir Francis Grant was elected.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

His Grace, Martin John Spalding, Primate of the Catholic Church in the United States, and Archbishop of Baltimore, died on the 7th. He suffered from a long illness. The Archbishop was sixty-two years of age, a learned man and a zealous church-man. His theological and other writings enjoy a widespread circulation, with marked effect in aid of the cause which he advocated, as well as in support of the great clerical corporation of which he was so distinguished a minister. He was a builder of churches and worker at all seasons in the vineyard of the Lord. Archbishop Spalding attended the Roman Catholic Council some years since in New-York, and his name was accepted favourably by the Sacred College in Rome as a nominee for the hat of an American Cardinal in connection with that of the Archbishop of New-York, the Vatican inclining slightly in favour of the prelate just now deceased. Among the later efforts of Archbishop Spalding were a sermon on the Catholic convention delivered in 1866; an eloquent reply to a diocesan address on his return from Rome; his speech on the occasion of his formal reception in Baltimore; a sermon on the Italian occupation of Rome. Archbishop Spalding was a prominent member of the late Vatican Council. During the early sessions he objected to the declaration of the dogma of Infallibility, and at one moment uttered a specific dissent from its adoption. Finally, however, he signed the paper with the view of preserving the apostolic claim to unity and indivisibility of the Faith.

CROSSING SWEEPERS.

"If that sweeper touch his hat to me this morning, I'll give him sixpence!" The sweeper *did* touch his hat, and received, with undisguised surprise, the proffered gratuity. "It is twelve years to-day," explained our friend, "since first I passed over this crossing, on my way to the City, and that man has never failed to salute me, though I never gave him a farthing before." Our first impression was that the sweeper had earned his sixpence rather hardly; but, on consideration, that gave way to one of mitigated admiration at the generosity of the giver. The streets are open, we argued (excepting those in the aristocratic neighbourhood of Russell-square,) why should man, woman, or cripple—the boys and girls have some how of late disappeared—be permitted to levy black mail upon lawful travellers under any pretence? As for the touch of the hat, Beau Brummell, the real *arbitrator elegantiarum* his august master desired to be, who, though a coxcomb, was no fool, settled the question long ago. To touch your hat, he declared, in return for a sweeper's salutation, if you give him ought is superfluous, if not, a mockery! The filthy state of the roadway, however, suggested an answer to the previous question, and we sighed for the coming day when public streets, like private pathways, will be periodically swept and cleaned. Meanwhile we are, to some extent, dependent upon these volunteers for our comfort; and whether, daily, weekly, yearly, or once in twelve years, are morally bound to pay them. It becomes, therefore, a matter of importance they should be regulated and placed under control. We doubt the legal right of "Jack Rag" to "shut up shop" when he retires from business for the night; that is, "to sweep the dirt over again." We protest against a protruded grimy hand, or a hoarse ginnified voice, distracting our attention as we step "in doubt and dread" across the crowded street, and would have our public paths made clean by a humble class of public servants. We have no wish to interfere with vested interests. There are crossing sweepers who have acquired, from long occupancy, a good "holding title" to their property. The sturdy, pimple-faced sailor, for instance, who, having lost both his "blessed pins" in some long-forgotten naval engagement, stumps along on two wooden substitutes, and sweeps the crossing from Clarendon-place to the opposite Park entrance—we have known that worthy, personally, for thirty years, and respect him as a man of property. We have reason to believe he has an interest in the British Funds, and contributes to the Income-tax. The black man, who was so particular about his rumpsteaks in Bond-street, is gone, as is

that poor hectic personification of famine and decayed gentility in the Edgeware-road; but there is the cripple at one corner of Portman-square. We know him also many years since, when, as a boy, he crept up and down Southampton-row, twisting his head from side to side in a grotesque manner, making hideous faces, and affecting to sell lucifer matches. There is a ruffianly-looking fellow, better, we trust, than his appearance would lead a physiognomist to suppose, near Portland-place, and two Irish ladies by Montagu-square, whose wondrous repertory of blessings, poured out on the smallest provocation, suggest the capability of producing a very different vocabulary on requirement. We repeat, we would not meddle with these, or such as these, they are old abuses, and should be tolerated, so long as they individually last: but why should not a "Sweeper Brigade" be founded on the principle of the Shoeblack Brigade? We throw out the hint for the consideration of the benevolent. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lads now earn a fair amount as shoeblacks, or in the still more humble capacity of minor street scavengers, who, a few years since, would have earned their living as thieves and pickpockets; but there are hundreds and thousands still ready and willing to work for the smallest wage. It would be a work of public utility, as well as Christian charity, to organise such a gang, clothe them in a livery of coloured flannel, endow them with a broom each, instal them in such unoccupied crossings as are sufficiently frequented to give a fair chance of remunerative wages, and place a well-secured iron box handy, into which the coppers might be dropped by such liberal and thoughtful persons, and there are many such, as believe that, however humble the employment, "It is better to work than live idle; better to *swep* than *thieve*."—R" in *Land and Water*.

BUTTER IN SACKS.

The dairymen of Washington Territory, for want of tubs and jars, have adopted a method of putting up and keeping butter which, though novel, presents some features that are worthy the attention of those having butter packed for family use or for the retail trade. The packing is thus described:—

All butter is packed in muslin sacks, made in such form that the package, when complete, is a cylinder three or four inches in diameter, and from half a foot to a foot in length. The butter goes from the churn, as soon as worked over, into the cylindrical bags, made of fine bleached muslin. The packages are then put into large casks containing strong brine with a slight admixture of saltpetre, and by means of weights kept always below the surface. The cloth integument always protects the butter from any impurities that chance to come in contact with the package, and being always buried in brine, that protects it from the action of the air, and it has been ascertained by trial that butter put up in this way will keep sweet longer than in any other way.

Besides, it is found easier and cheaper for the manufacturer than to pack either in jars or firkins. And for the retailer, there is no telling the advantage on the score of safety and convenience. These rolls of butter can lie upon his counter as safe from injury, from dust or other contact, as bars of lead, can be rolled up for his customer in a sheet of paper with as much propriety as a bundle of matches. If the consumer, when he gets home, discovers specks of dust upon the outside of the sack, he can throw it into a pail of pure cold water and take it out clean and white. As he uses the butter from day to day, with a sharp knife he cuts it off from the end of the roll in slices of thickness suited to his want, and peels the cloth from the end of the slice, leaving it in a tidy form to place upon the table.

VARIETIES.

The census of Rome, just completed, shows a total population of 240,000.

Valparaiso has a Rev. Mr. Beer. It is not stated whether he ever gets at lager-heads with his congregation.

"Who is that foreign lady with the low-cut dress?" asked a bystander at a party. "That is Mrs. Chemisoff, a Russian lady."

Why is a young lady just from a boarding-school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

A Connecticut obituary read: "Passed to the home of the angels from Hartford, Conn., — only surviving daughter of —"

They have a club of lively old gentlemen called the "Harem-scarem Club," in Louisville, who have their annual picnic on Goose Island."

It is said that the wind blows with such force in Colorado that when a man loses his hat he has to telegraph to the next station for some one to stop it.

A Western editor speaks of his rival as "mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog?" The rival retorts by saying, "He knows he lies; I never stole his swill!"

A minister asked a tipsy fellow, leaning up against a fence, where he expected to go when he died. "If I can't get along any better than I do now," he said, "I shan't go anywhere."

An aged colored man made application for food at Washington, claimed it as a constitutional privilege. "Why," said he, "I understand' dars' provisions in de Constitution for the colored folks, and I haven't had de fust crumb."

The Chinese have a custom at their weddings which we protest is no improvement upon our own practice on those blissful occasions. Instead of kissing the bride the bridegroom and guests slap her gently on the mouth with their sandals. It is dangerous to be "highly spoken of" in Cincinnati. A baby was left at a rich man's door, the other night, with a note saying, "Having heard you very highly spoken of, and also that you are extravagantly fond of babies, I have brought you this treasure."

SERIOUS AFFAIR.—A most determined act of self-inflicted torture has recently caused a considerable sensation in a fashionable quarter of Town. A lady, young, lovely, and accomplished, with troops of friends, and all that makes life enjoyable at her command, was detected deliberately "screwing up" her face!—*Punch*.

Two little girls, an eight and ten-years-old, were gravely discussing the question of wearing earrings. One thought it wicked. The other was sure it could not be, for so many good people wear them. The other replied, "Well, I don't care, if it wasn't wicked God would have made holes in our ears."

A lady's husband being away from home, died while absent. One of the neighbors being requested to inform her of her husband's death, found her at dinner, and when he informed her of the death, she requested the neighbour to wait until she had finished her dinner, when he could hear some howling.

A remarkable illustration of the benefits of having the small-pox is reported from Troy. A man who had been insane for over two years caught the contagion, and, after the usual run of the disease, recovered not only his health, but his senses, and is to-day both physically and mentally a well man. He is a carpenter by trade, and is about to resume his work.

An act of female heroism is reported to the *Levant Times*. During a recent southerly gale, a child passing along the quay of Narli-Cappu, on its way to school, was caught by the wind and was carried into the sea, which was beating furiously against the quay. A young Armenian lady, Miss Agavni Sarkissian, who was sitting at her window, saw the accident, and at once bravely plunged into the sea and brought the child ashore.

A Yankee paper says:—"During the Grand Duke's visit to this city, he called at the *Courier* office and renewed his father's subscription. The Czar is one of our oldest subscribers (he always pays in advance), and the Duke expressed himself as highly pleased with the account of the Revere House banquet published in our columns, remarking that the report of his speech was in gratifying contrast to the culpably garbled version which appeared in the columns of a contemporary."

—The following *bonâ fide* advertisement is from a Kent paper:—"Notice.—In consequence of —, the practical teetotal bootmaker of —, being very ill in consequence of his having caught a severe cold through attending Divine service on that cold damp night, New Year's Eve, in the large room connected with Ebenezer Chapel —, he therefore begs that all the Christian ministers who are personally acquainted with him will offer up prayers to Almighty God for his safe recovery to perfect health at the many churches and Christian dissenting chapel in many large towns that he has very much frequented in his younger days, as hundreds of the poor in — and the surrounding villages are waiting for him to supply them with more cheap strong boots and shoes from his establishment, —, which has been established for more than three years."

We "owe Michigan one" for an illustration of practical Darwinism. Monkeys are in that region, but they are very sharp. A Detroit saddler owns one which usually sits on the counter, and is no doubt a genuine attraction. A countryman came in one day, while the proprietor was in the back room, and seeing a saddle that suited him asked the price. Monkey said nothing. Customer said, "I'll give twenty dollars for it," laying down the money, which monkey shoved into the drawer. The man then took the saddle but monkey mounted him, tore his hair, scratched his face, and made the frightened rustic scream for dear life. Proprietor rushed in and wanted to know what the fuss was. "Fuss!" said the customer, "fuss! I bought a saddle of your son, sitting there, and when I went to take it he would not let me have it." The saddler apologized for the monkey but denied the relationship.

REVOLUTION IN PARIS.—"The Trois Freres Provencaux has closed in consequence of the expiration of the lease." This announcement will cause more emotion among epicures than the destruction of a hundred palaces. Any one would have imagined that the Trois Freres was more durable than brass, and if it is through any fault of the landlord that the admirable institution has been closed, let his name be handed down to infamy. The famous restaurant was an institution of Paris, and has survived many revolutions. The humblest little Cockney that ever took passage to Paris, kept a sacred sovereign to be devoted to the mysteries of superlative *cuisine*, and returned to his native country to prate in unintelligible language of the *bisque*, the cutlets *a la Provencale*, and the *croûte aux ananas*. What pleasant visions arise to the mind of the Anglo-Parisian, as he recalls that savoury corner of the Palais Royal. How a thousand memories crowd upon him, as he recalls the hospitable, albeit extravagant attention of those three brothers, whose fame will be as imperishable as that of the Horatii, for having equally deserved well of their country. If the Republic has not destroyed that world-wide resort, at least it perished under its rule.

CHESS.

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

A. P., Levis.—Your solutions of Problems No. 38 and 39 were quite correct.

ENIGMA No. 20.

White.—K. at K. Kt. 4th, Q. at K. 2nd, R. at K. R. 4th, B. at K. 3rd.
Black.—K. at Q. Kt. sq., B. at K. B. 8th, Kt. at K. B. 6th, Ps. at Q. Kt. 2nd, K. B. 3rd, and K. R. 6th.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 19.

White. Black.
1. R. to Q. Kt. 2nd K. to Q. B. 6th (a)
2. R. to Q. B. 7th, dle. ch. and mate.
(a) It is obvious that the same reply will mate if the King move to either Q. B. 4th or 5th.

VARIATION.

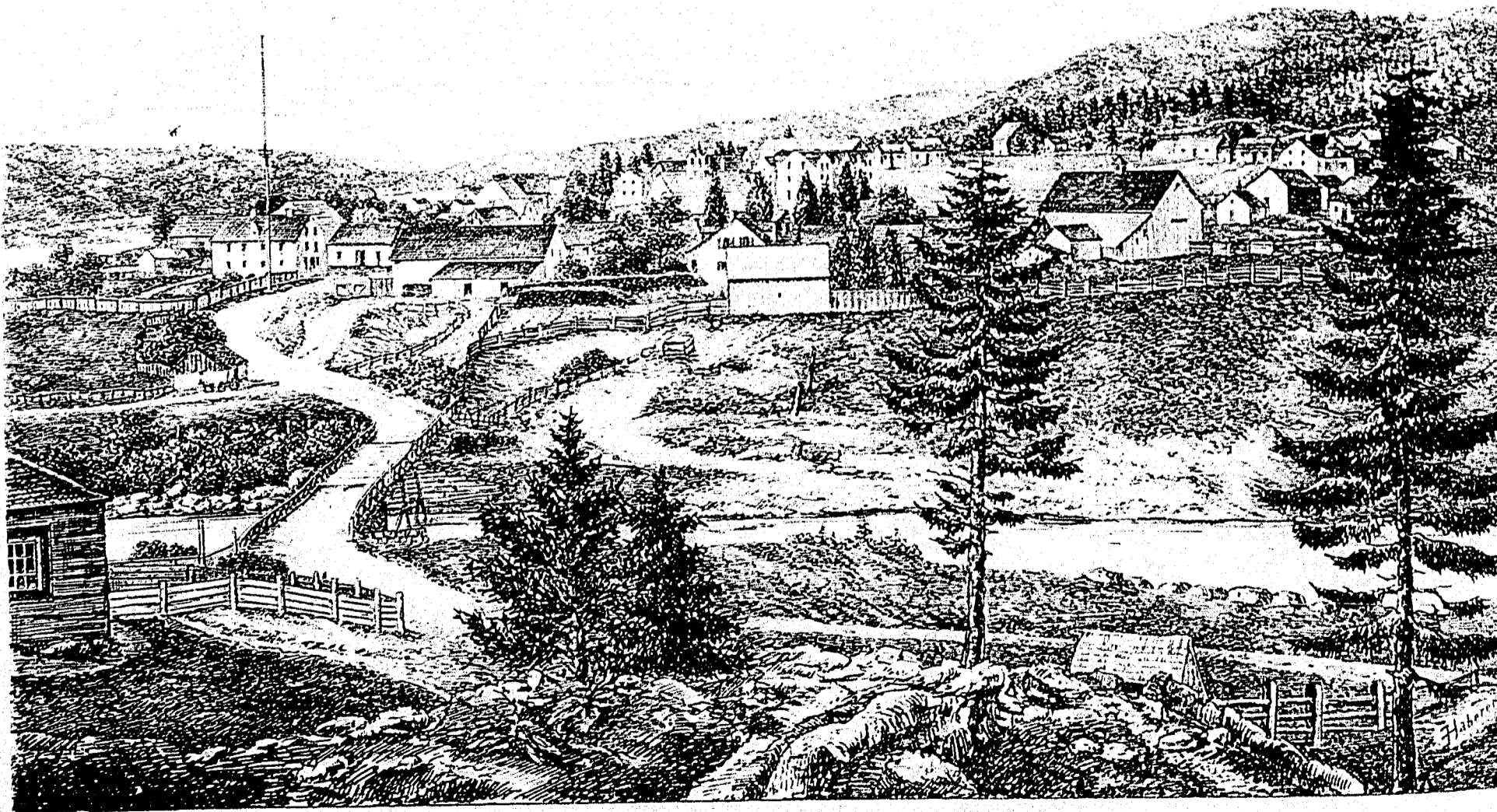
White. Black.
1. R. to K. 7th, mate. K. to K. 6th

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 39.

White. Black.
1. Kt. to K. sq. K. moves.
2. B. to K. 4th K. takes B.
3. Q. to K. 6th, mate.



HON. ARCHIBALD MCKELLAR
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN J. FRASER, TORONTO — SEE PAGE 98



EDMUNDSTON, OR LITTLE FALLS VILLAGE, N. B. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. T. TAYLOR — SEE PAGE 99.

THE OTTAWA TESTIMONIAL TO MR. PERRY.

Mr. Alfred Perry, whose name is so familiarly and favourably known in connection with the suppression of conflagrations, has been the recipient of a very flattering but well-deserved testimonial from the people of Ottawa and neighbourhood. This testimonial was given in recognition of the signal services rendered by Mr. Perry to the sufferers by the great fire in the Ottawa district, which reached its maximum destructive power on 17th Aug., 1870, a day long to be remembered by the people of the Ottawa country, either for the losses they themselves sustained, or for those they saw inflicted on their neighbours. The presentation took place at the Russell House, Ottawa, on the 31st ult., on which occasion Mr. Perry was entertained at a banquet by the leading citizens of Ottawa and the contiguous counties. The testimonial consisted of a handsome silver water pitcher, goblet and bowl. On the pitcher was the following inscription:

"Presented to Alfred Perry, Esquire, by a number of the citizens of Ottawa and vicinity, in recognition of his efforts on behalf of those who suffered by the great conflagration of the 17th August, 1870, and as an acknowledgment to those citizens of Montreal who contributed so liberally on that occasion."

The idea of the presentation originated with the Ottawa Fire Relief Committee, who felt grateful to Mr. Perry, not merely for his personal services and very valuable advice in fighting the fire fiend, but also for the great energy and success with which he exerted himself in getting up the very liberal contributions in money, or its equivalent, which were sent from this city. Under the zealous management of the Secretary of the Committee, James Fraser, Esq., ample funds were soon raised for procuring the testimonial, and also a very handsome balance in cash, which was turned into gold and placed in a pocket-book, which was deposited in the pitcher, and bore the following inscription:

"Alfred Perry, Esq., from a few of his Ottawa Valley friends."

In the absence of J. M. Currier, Esq., M. P., the Mayor presided at the banquet. After the customary complement of loyal and patriotic toasts,



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED BY THE CITIZENS OF OTTAWA, TO ALFRED PERRY, ESQ.

His Worship made the presentation accompanied with a written address and concluded a eulogistic speech by proposing Mr. Perry's health. Mr. Perry, in his response referring to the special circumstances connected with his visit to Ottawa at the time of the fire, said:

"The smoke and the ashes from the burning district seemed to obscure the sun. He was returning, with his Fire Brigade from Vaudreuil where they had been combating fires. 'I need that was the third day they had been fighting fires; and had taken no rest for three or four nights. He instantly telegraphed to Mr. Brydges, who, with his usual promptitude and generosity, at once placed an engine and cars at his disposal, and they came to Ottawa quicker than any mortals had ever come before. Mr. Reynolds was equally prompt; and also gave him the means of reaching Ottawa from Prescott without a moment's delay. A debt of gratitude was owing to those gentlemen for their noble conduct."

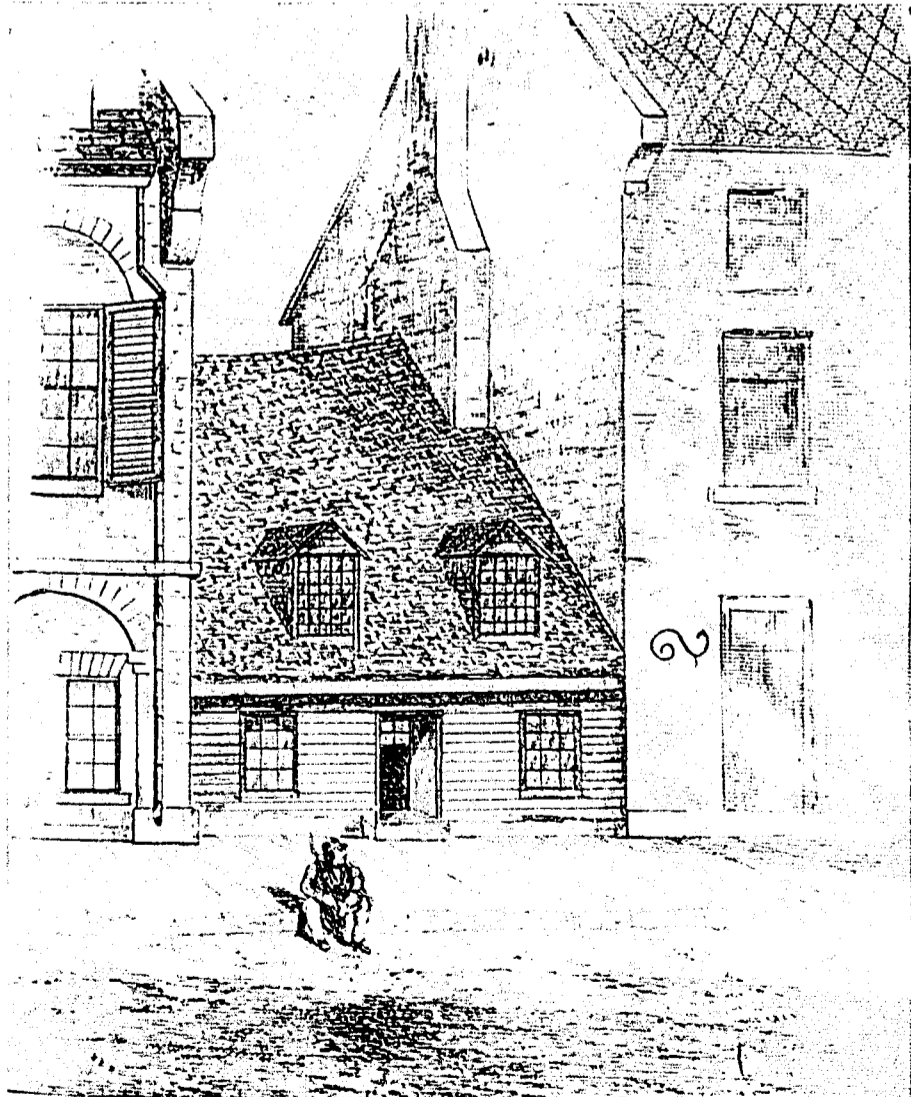
We may add that the testimonial of which we give an illustration on this page is equally creditable to Mr. Perry's zeal, and to the gratitude of the people of Ottawa who are ever ready to repay with interest any service rendered them.

On the coast of Scotland marriages fluctuate with the catch of herrings—no herrings, no weddings, and vice versa.

An Irish doctor advertises that all persons afflicted with deafness may hear of him at his house, where also blind persons may see him daily from ten to twelve o'clock.

A Boston woman refuses to permit her husband to go on a fishing excursion, "because he was very apt to get drowned when he went upon the water; and, moreover, he did not know how to swim any more than a goose."

Mount Vesuvius is now in eruption, although not very actively. A correspondent of the *Athenaeum*, who, in company with some friends, visited the neighbourhood of the great crater not long since, relates a noteworthy fact in regard to the large blocks of stone which are hurled into the air at intervals. They ascend without any rotary motion whatever, so that their shapes can be clearly perceived; while, on the other hand, they rotate rapidly in descending, and their motion is then accompanied by a hissing sound.



OLD HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS ST., QUEBEC, WHERE THE BODY OF GEN. MONTGOMERY LAY ON 31ST DEC., 1775.



STREET SCENE IN THE SUBURBS OF QUEBEC—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
FEB. 24, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Feb. 18.—	First Sunday in Lent.	Martin Luther died, 1546.
MONDAY,	" 19.—	Fleet for Canada left Portsmouth, 1758.	Bread Riots in Liverpool, 1855.
TUESDAY,	" 20.—	Voltaire born, 1694.	American Independence acknowledged, 1783. Joseph Hume died, 1855. Herring died, 1871.
WEDNESDAY,	" 21.—	Ember Day.	Rev. J. H. Newman born, 1801.
THURSDAY,	" 22.—	Washington born, 1732.	Sydney Smith died, 1845. Schneider died, 1871.
FRIDAY,	" 23.—	Ember Day.	
SATURDAY,	" 24.—	St. Matthias, Ap. & M. Ember Day.	Handel born, 1684. Louis Philippe abdicated, 1848.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 6th February, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
W., Jan. 31.	18°	12°	15°	30.30	30.20	30.20
Th., Feb. 1.	19°	5°	12°	30.18	30.15	30.15
Fri., " 2.	23°	15°	19°	30.40	30.55	30.53
Sat., " 3.	20°	2°	11°	30.40	30.39	30.30
Su., " 4.	32°	15°	23° 5	29.90	29.70	29.80
Mo., " 5.	36° 5	24°	30° 2	30.05	30.10	30.25
Tu., " 6.	32°	19°	25° 5	30.10	30.01	30.04

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The arrangements for transferring to local agents the total charge of our subscribers, so far as renewing and collecting subscriptions and distributing papers are concerned, not having met with general approval on the part of subscribers; and the agents having in many cases declined the responsibility, or neglected our interests, theirs, and that of our subscribers, we are obliged to revert to the former mode of distribution through Post. This need not disturb arrangements already made between any subscriber and any local news-dealer. We hope to see the sales effected by news agents increase rapidly, and desire that as much of our business as possible may be transacted through them. But we cannot overlook the complaints now made, and henceforth our subscribers will receive their papers, as formerly, through the Post. Any one who has missed any numbers since 1st of January can have them gratis on application.

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

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

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

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1872.

We send this number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to all our old subscribers, including several who lately have not been receiving the paper from the local News-dealers. We are anxious to keep them all on our list, and unless this number be returned to us, we will continue sending them the paper, and will consider them subscribers for 1872. We will supply the back numbers of this year, without extra charge, to any who may not have them. We venture to say that our efforts deserve the support of all Canadians, and we even hope before long to raise the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to the first rank among the pictorial papers of the world. Let your patronage therefore continue to encourage our arduous undertaking, and let all our friends do their utmost to send us new subscribers.

The paper will henceforth be mailed directly to each subscriber, unless positively ordered otherwise.

The subscription is now invariably payable in advance, but our old subscribers have some latitude in this respect, for the present, for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne."

Montreal, 15th February, 1872.

THE utter want of confidence in the correctness of the Government census manifested by the public had some justification in the result of the enumeration made in the little town of St. John's, E. T., where it was found that the official count was less by more than sixteen per cent. of the actual number of people living in the town. The Montreal Corporation has also ordered a census which we believe is now being taken, and which will in all probability show a still greater difference between the Government and the Corporation figures than did St. John's. Of course it would be utterly unfair to assume that the local census is correct and the Government census wrong; but it cannot be unfair to assume that,

whether right or wrong, the public have little or no faith in the official figures published or to be published in connection with the census returns.

It was a mistake to attempt at one effort to get so much information as the Government schedules required. It was little short of a crime to devise a scheme whereby the population of Quebec should be misrepresented, because upon the population of this Province, confined to sixty-five members in the House of Commons, no matter what its number, depends relatively the representation of all the other Provinces. Were we to take St. John's as an example, and further assume that the census in the other Provinces had been correctly taken, we would necessarily arrive at the conclusion that the political influence of this Province had been weakened according to the percentage of error in the St. John's census. We are rather disposed to believe, however, that the census as taken under Government instructions, if a bungle, was a pretty even one, and that the errors made in one place were pretty fairly balanced by those made in another, except in the instances previously pointed out by us wherein we shewed good presumptive grounds for the belief that the population of both Quebec and Ontario were greatly under-estimated, especially that of Quebec.

Having last week commended the proposition to establish a Dominion Board of Health, we may now call the attention of the Minister under whose department the management of the census has been placed to the fact that the public have little or no confidence in its results; and that the time has come for the organization of a Bureau of Statistics, upon a thorough and comprehensive basis, whose reports would command the public credence. The pamphlets occasionally issued from the Finance Department in relation to the Municipalities are incomplete and too old for practical purposes. The annual report of the Minister of Agriculture has heretofore had little value, except to the printer; and the same remark may be with equal truth applied to many official publications—as witness the Bank returns in the *Official Gazette*, for a sample.

It has been suggested that the Banks should make weekly, instead of monthly, reports, and that these should be promptly published. But this is a question on which we do not at present intend to enter. The obvious need of Canada is a systematic and regular publication of statistics relating to the trade, property and population of the country, published in a form appreciable by the people, and prepared under circumstances that will command their confidence. In the matter of Municipal returns it is well-known that they are very inexact. Farms that have from sixty to eighty acres cleared are frequently entered on the assessment rolls for little more than half the amount, and in the matter of values the returns are still more erroneous, for it has sometimes happened that an unscrupulous assessor has entered a farm at a few dollars under the amount which would entitle its owner to a vote, although it was worth more than double the sum. The number of assessments at one hundred and ninety dollars, when it required two hundred to qualify the owner as a voter, used to be surprisingly large in Upper Canada. In fact, all statements of property which are originally made as a basis for taxation are generally unreliable.

It is obviously the duty of the Central Government to organise a Department of Statistics on a much more efficient plan than has ever heretofore prevailed in Canada. The decennial census, having a political as well as a statistical value, ought not to be encumbered with questions of acreage, horses, cows and pigs. It should be strictly confined to a numbering of the people where they are, and not where they might have been, had they been at home. Records of births, marriages, and deaths should be accurately kept, and annually published for the whole Dominion. If the new Minister who presides over the Statistical Department at Ottawa will reorganise it so as to render it efficient, and coax the Minister of Finance to stop the publication of the stupid pamphlets which appear generally two years behind time, under the title of *Statistics*, he will have rendered the country a good service. The whole matter should be managed under one departmental officer, and the figures ought to appear soon enough to have more than a mere historical value.

The Perry testimonial presented by the Citizens of Ottawa, which we illustrate on another page, is itself illustrative of the fact that misfortunes sometimes bring out the better feelings of human nature. For a period of about twenty years Mr. Perry has been Inspector for the Royal Insurance Company, and has been closely identified with almost every effort of the Montreal Fire Brigade in extinguishing fires. The citizens of Montreal will kindly appreciate the action of the people of the Ottawa country in conferring upon Mr. Perry the compliment they have given him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC, 1759.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

DEAR SIR,—As the contributor of the *Moncrief Manuscript*, I consider it my duty to answer the communication of Dr. Anderson, President of the Literary and Historical Society, Quebec, who, it would appear, denies that the manuscript so published in your columns was written by Major Moncrief; but, on the other hand, asserts in a surprisingly confident manner, that it is, to use the doctor's own words, "simply a copy of the journal of the well-known James Thompson, senr., of Quebec, who died in 1830." All the pathetic allusions to the late Mr. Thompson I will pass over, as they are irrelevant to the issue.

What proof has Dr. Anderson brought forward in support of his claim? A foot-note which is placed between the end of the journal as handed in for publication by me and the addition which Dr. Anderson furnished in your last issue. The note which I allude to is this: "Transcribed from rough memoranda by James Thompson, junr.," and "The foregoing is not in the usual mode of my father's recitation, but is not the less authentic." But Dr. Anderson has not told that James Thompson had the good sense to erase the foot-note in red ink.

A note is therefore quoted in support of this claim which has really no existence. Supposing, however, that it is not erased, does it not prove that the journal is ended at that point, and that the additional information has not been written by the senior Thompson? There is no doubt of it. Again, the senior Thompson held no such rank as Superintendent of Military Works, as the son would lead one to believe; and on this point Dr. Anderson has most innocently brought forward very direct proof. I refer to the letter of the Military Secretary ordering some repairs to Mr. Thompson's house. Why? In consideration of his services in the *Cheque* office. A very high-sounding appointment—Superintendent of Military Works—but the Military Secretary's letter resolves it into the position of an ordinary timekeeper in the Royal Engineer Department. Dr. Anderson's assertion that the manuscript published is a copy of the one in his possession, I most earnestly and emphatically deny. The *Moncrief* and the Thompson manuscripts are widely different. The former is written in the old style of English, of the year 1759, whereas the latter is written in the modern style.

Since the publication of Dr. Anderson's letter, I have written to my father in Quebec, who has charge at present of the Royal Engineer's copy of the real (*Moncrief*) manuscript, and who, in the course of his answer, has written thus: "The manuscript in the Department is a copy of the original, bearing on the title page the name of Major Moncrief, 'an Engineer on the Expedition,' as the author of the narrative, and also his initials 'P. M.,' at the end of it, and moreover dated Quebec, 30th September, 1759. There is also a plan attached and referred to in the narrative [Dr. Anderson ought to claim this also as Thompson's! W. W. W.] which the President of the Literary and Historical Society saw in my charge. The narrative is copied from an office record in the R. E. office, Quebec, by a gentleman of strict honour and sterling integrity, and altogether incapable of committing any fraud, or falsifying any document which was to be kept as an office record. I refer to Mr. Pilkington, son of a former Inspector-General of Fortifications, and senior Draftsman in the R. E. Department, and in charge of the records. [This gentleman's certificate of its being a true copy is on the back of the document, and, I am happy to say, is not erased. W. W. W.] On the other hand, there is much doubt and uncertainty about the validity of the claim by James Thompson. Strictly speaking, there is nothing clear or well-defined about this Thompson document which was kindly lent me by the President of the Society. I compared both manuscripts carefully at my leisure, and find that the *Moncrief* manuscript is by no means a literal copy. There are in the Thompson manuscript over twelve hundred words additional, omitted or changed. When I have time I shall go more into detail.

I am, &c.,

CHARLES WALKER, R. E. D."

Dr. Anderson's assertion, therefore, that the two are the same *verbatim et literatim* falls to the ground.

In conclusion, I claim that James Thompson, from his connection with the Royal Engineer Department had many opportunities of seeing the *Moncrief* manuscript, and most probably made a copy of it in his spare moments. His son copied it and placed the note at the end of the manuscript declaring it to be his father's, but on discovering his mistake erased it. I really cannot imagine how Thompson senior was capable of keeping a daily journal, for which, from his position as a common soldier and his education, he was unfitted. How was it possible for him to become acquainted with all the minute information detailed in the manuscript, unless he occupied some important command in the expedition force? In order to make the journal tally to some degree with the account of the son, the word "engineer" on the expedition, in the opening part of the journal, has been erased in the manuscript of Thompson, and the word "volunteer" substituted. Again, the difference in dates ought to set the whole difficulty at rest. "The *Moncrief* manuscript is a certified copy of an original, bearing date 30th September, 1759, and the Thompson manuscript that of 1821." Dr. Anderson would be very much surprised, perhaps, were I to tell him that I could produce another manuscript in strict agreement with the one published and dated much earlier than his so-called original. The fact of Mr. Harrower having given the manuscript to Dr. Anderson does not make his case one whit the better.

Before again calling into question the authenticity of any document, I hope Dr. Anderson will have a better foundation for his attack than the quotation of *erased* addenda.

Apologizing for the necessary length of this communication, and the encroachment upon your valuable space,

I am, Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

W. WYMOND WALKER,
Medical Student,
McGill Coll. Univ.

Montreal, 12th Feb. 1872.

TEACHERS AMONG THEMSELVES.

(Paper read by Mr. F. Hicks before the Teachers' Association.)

The subjects which have principally occupied the attention of this Association during the present session have been almost, if not entirely, connected with the direct work of the teacher as an instructor. Such peculiar attention must necessarily be the case in all associations of men—whatever their occupation. Even when men in some particular line of life band themselves together for ANY purpose, whether of amusement or otherwise, one may safely estimate that at least one-half of their intercourse and conversation will have reference to their daily work in life.

This being the case, it would be no matter of wonder if our Association confined itself exclusively to the consideration of modes of teaching and other matters bearing directly upon the school-room.

It will be my endeavour, this evening, first to shew that these relations are not few nor unimportant—that their cultivation or neglect has, in many ways, a powerful effect on us teachers, and, indirectly, through us, on our schools. Nor this alone, but, also, that the direct influence of such action on our schools cannot be lightly reckoned.

The most careless reader of the history of our present civilization cannot fail to have remarked the tendency of men engaged in some common pursuit to unite themselves into associations. These associations have, naturally, for their object, the preservation of the interests and the furtherance of the projects of the members, individually and as a class. The immense influence that these associations have exerted on the governments of the countries in which they exist, and the share they have contributed to the bringing about of our present condition of enlightenment and civilization, appear from the mere mention of the names of a few of these combinations and their results.

The Association which was formed expressly to gain and did gain the Englishman's charter of liberty.

The immense associations of the various churches now existing. (Of course I do not mean to ascribe the power of these all to the combination—but the associations are, at any rate, the means.)

The association of merchants which founded the vast Eastern Empire of Great Britain.

The Association, which, secret from necessity, has been so influential in liberating Italy within the last few years, and the result of whose endeavours will long continue to exert a beneficial influence at least on Southern Europe. To come closer to ourselves—the English Educational League and the various teachers' associations in England. No country in the world is, probably, just now making greater progress in primary education than England, and any one who has read the recent educational periodicals of that country cannot fail to perceive the influence exerted by the teachers' associations—from the College of Preceptors downwards.

Examples of this nature might be multiplied, but I will conclude with the statement that this is an *age of associations*—ours is a civilization of associations.

This, then, being the case; and we, having formed ourselves into an association, the question naturally arises—“Have we secured such results to the community and to ourselves as might be expected? and are we securing such results as may be expected from an association of men like us, who from our education should know our power and how to use it? Do our schools feel a fresh impulse after the second Friday in each month? Are we rising, as a body and individually?”

The first of these latter questions may, I think, be safely answered in the affirmative. And this I reckon a proudly distinctive feature of our association. We are not bound together like commercial guilds merely to advance our personal interests, but we almost ignore them to consult on the best methods of perfecting ourselves for the work we have in hand, and to consider how best to perform that work. On the other hand I think it is a fair subject of consideration, whether, in thus ignoring our other relations, we are acting for the best for our schools, for the community and for ourselves.

But it may be asked—What are these relations? The answer is simple. They are the same as those between men who compose any other association.

1. The relation between men and women who are engaged in the same pursuit for the same ends.

2. The relation between men and women who, to a great extent, take from the shoulders of the people upon their own one of the most important duties of the people.

3. The relation between men and women who are acting together, and with the Government of the country in what is now recognized as the most vitally important labour of the community.

The consideration of these three relations will, I fancy, occupy as much of your valuable time as you will be willing to concede me this evening. We will proceed at once, then, to the consideration of the first relation.

“That between us as men and women who are engaged in the same pursuit for the same ends.”

That this is a relation of considerable moment to us, and that important results may be expected from a healthy condition of it, may be argued from the fact before alluded to—the benefits which have occurred to the community from associations formed to cultivate this relation alone.

The enumeration of all the means by which this relation is or is not now drawn close, and the enumeration of some of those by which it might be strengthened, and the probable effects of all such means would alone be beyond the limits of this paper—and we have yet other subjects to discuss. But a few of these means may not inappropriately be considered here. The first and most obvious of these means is the cultivation among teachers of mutual respect. Far be it from me to assert here that we have not this respect for one another to a certain extent. But I candidly ask you—Are you satisfied with the position in the community occupied by teachers? Do you think the class and the individuals are as highly rated in the scale of our general civilized society as they should be?

Compare our education and training; compare the necessity to the community and the influence upon it of our labours with those of the priest and of the lawyer; compare these and then account for the fact that the two latter not only manage their own affairs, but ours also.

This condition of things certainly exists, and may not some of it be traced to a laxness of this first bond among us?

I will not mince the matter further, but will state the case

in the words of a teacher writing to the last number I have received, Dec. '71, of the most widely circulated English Educational Periodical.

He says:—“Our enemies tell us that the characteristics of our profession are jealousy of one another and the selfish view we take of our own personal interests.”

This, be it remembered, is the view of our enemies. But *licet et ab inimicis doceri*—let us learn a lesson even from them. They, doubtless, are just as jealous of each other as we are, and it would be a pity if we did not hold as tightly as possible to the few personal interests they allow us.

There must be, among us human beings, whether priests, lawyers, or teachers, the constant working of those feelings of which we are, as it were, bundles. But it is a well-known fact that rarely or never has a clergyman been heard to speak or hint, in the most remote manner, anything to the detriment of another clergyman.

Indeed this has become a characteristic of the profession so marked as to distinguish them from all other classes of men in this one respect. As a teacher it would be invidious for me to charge our body with indifference to this law of self-preservation; but, when we compare the fact just adduced with the charge of our enemies there certainly seems to be room for drawing our first bond a little closer.

I do not myself believe that we are more jealous of one another than are men and women in other professions. Nay, I believe that we are less so than some. But by our human mental and moral constitution there must always be among us a possibility of increased mutual respect and diminished jealousy.

The consideration of this first bond (first in order merely) is a delicate subject and one not easy to be handled by a teacher; but I rejoice in the opportunity it has afforded me of uttering my poor denial of the aspersions of our enemies.

I will now draw your attention to the second of the relations proposed to be considered.

“The relation existing between men and women who, to a great extent, take from the shoulders of the community upon their own one of the most important duties of the community.”

That these duties may be performed to the satisfaction of both parties concerned—that the teacher may work with confidence and a quiet mind, and that the parent's mind may not be disturbed by doubts as to the improvement and development of that which he holds most dear of all—that this may be the case, it is absolutely necessary for the teacher to command the respect and perfect confidence of the people.

One of the means of securing this respect and confidence has already been alluded to.

The consequence of a good, healthy condition of this relation between the teachers among themselves and the people, I cannot better illustrate than by the following testimony of Mr. Shuttleworth, as to the education, social position and professional standing of primary school teachers in Prussia. He says:

“During my travels in different provinces of Prussia I was in daily communication with the teachers. I had every opportunity of observing the spirit which animated the whole body, and of hearing the opinions of the poor respecting them. I found a great body of educated, courteous, refined, moral, and learned professors, labouring with real enthusiasm among the poorest classes of their countrymen. I found them wholly devoted to their duties, proud of their profession, united together by a strong feeling of brotherhood, and holding continual conferences together for the purpose of debating all kinds of questions relating to the management of their schools. The teachers in Prussia are men respected by the whole community, men to whom all classes owe the first rudiments of their education, and men in whose welfare, good character and high respectability both the Government and the people feel themselves deeply interested. I cannot but feel how grand an institution this great body of more than 28,000 teachers was, and how much it was capable of effecting.”

He goes on to say that—

“As the character of every nation depends mainly upon the training of the children,—how essential it is then, to the moral welfare and therefore to the political greatness of a nation that the profession of the teachers should be one insuring the perfect satisfaction of its members, and commanding the respect of the country?”

A foot-note adds—

“Since these remarks were written the course of public events in Prussia has given a very remarkable proof of their correctness. To the National Assembly, which met in Berlin, in May, 1848, the people of the provinces elected no fewer than eight teachers as representatives, giving this striking proof of their respect for the ability and high character of the profession.”

Mr. Kay Shuttleworth goes on to say that the Prussian Government found it necessary to protect teachers in their relations with the general public. A law was passed that no teacher who had been once elected, whether by a parochial committee, or by trustees, or by private patrons, should be dismissed except by permission of the country magistrates. This protected the teacher from the effects of the mere personal prejudice of those in immediate connection with them.

Now, we teachers in Canada are almost defenceless in this respect,—and a glance at the position here will shew what must be the effect of this condition on us individually and as a class. There are throughout this Province very able teachers who are engaged in carrying on some of the most important schools in the country,—and what are the terms of their engagement.

Remember for a moment the conditions I have just read, and compare with the conditions I am about to state.

The teachers to whom I refer are employed not only in the large cities in Canada, but also in villages and rural districts, for academies, &c. They are engaged by boards of trustees, not one in a hundred of whom had the slightest experience in teaching, or is skilled ever so little in the science of pedagogy—and what are the terms of engagement. They are engaged only for one year; at the end of each year their engagement terminates and must be renewed.

I challenge anybody to instance from any department of skilled labour among our community as humiliating—as servile a condition as this! I regard the shop girl or telegraph operator—the brakeman or switchman on a railroad, all of whom hold their situations (like our judges) during good conduct—I regard them as far above these teachers in the terms of engagement they exact and in the confidence in their ability thus expressed by those who employ them.

But it may be argued that the precaution is a necessary one—the interests at issue are so great, &c., &c.

This is all very true, but our interests are at stake too, and besides this we are not the only members of the community who are entrusted with great interests—ministers of religion—judges—bank-clerks—government officers and many others have committed to their care vast interests, and they are not so open to inspection as the teacher, nor would frequent changes in their cases be more harmful. Yet none of them are compelled to take service on such degrading terms. It would be fair enough to engage a teacher for a certain period, (say 6 or 12 months) on trial and then decide. And I maintain that a teacher here, who shews to the satisfaction of a school-board by such trial, that he is in every way qualified for his post, ought to be engaged on some terms agreed on, not so humiliating as those referred to. Such terms as these in themselves argue nothing but a lack of confidence between the people and the teacher, and the longer they exist the lower will the teacher fall in the scale of society, and the more will society suffer in its turn from the fall.

Now we are not under such a Government as that of Prussia,—we are under as free a Government as any man can wish for,—many lines of life are open to us,—we ought not to wish for or need Government interference to secure us equal rights with our countrymen.

We, above all others, are responsible for this condition of affairs, and we alone can bring about a change.

That this condition may not be lightly regarded, and to strengthen what I have just said, I will read the reasons of the Prussian Government for giving as much liberty as possible to teachers, and for fettering their hands as little as possible.

1st. Because the teachers of Prussia are a very learned body and, from their long study of Pedagogy, have acquired greater ability than any persons in the art of teaching. They are, therefore, better qualified than any other persons to conduct the instruction of their children; but if those persons who have never studied pedagogy could interfere with them and say—“You shall teach in this way or in that—or else leave the parish”—the teachers would often be obliged to pursue some ridiculous, inefficient method, merely to please the whim of persons not experienced in school management, and the enlightenment of the people would thus be considerably retarded.

2nd. Because if the ministers, or parishioners or school trustees had a right to turn away a teacher, whenever he chanced to displease them, the teachers would always be liable to, and would often suffer from, foolish personal dislikes, founded on no good ground. They would thus lose their independence of character by being forced to suit their conduct to the whims of those around them, instead of being able to act faithfully and conscientiously to all, or by being exposed to the insults or impertinence of ignorant persons, who did not understand or appreciate the value or importance of their labour, or by being prevented from acting faithfully to the children from fear of offending the parents; and they would thus, generally by one or other of these ways, forfeit at least some part of the respect of the parents of their children, and would, consequently, find their lessons and advice robbed of one half their weight, and their labours of a great part of their efficiency.

These are very weighty reasons for the existence, in Prussia, of something which does not exist for many of us here now nor for many other very able teachers in this Province. And if any teacher present can shew how we are to get this thing except by our own determinate endeavours, he will undoubtedly confer a great boon on those who are now or who may in future (as any of us may) be in the humiliating position I have described.

No; I am convinced that nothing but increased mutual respect, increased determination to uphold one another, increased confidence in ourselves and in our worthiness to be regarded at least as confidential servants—nothing but these can ever raise us to such a position among our fellow-citizens of this free country as is guaranteed to Prussian teachers by a powerful government which stands and grows (so the whole world says) on the foundation built by the teacher.

The condition of the Prussian teacher naturally leads us on to the consideration of the third and last relation I have proposed to discuss this evening.

“The relation existing between men and women who are acting together and with the Government of the country in what is now recognized as the most vitally important labour of the community.”

This relation is one much easier to deal with than either of those we have been discussing. The first one, from its very nature, was delicate to handle and could not well be probed very deeply as to its existing condition.

The second relation was a special one, in which the teacher occupied a position in the community almost entirely peculiar to his own class, in some respects.

But the relation we are now to consider he occupies under exactly the same circumstances as exist for all other members of the body of the people.

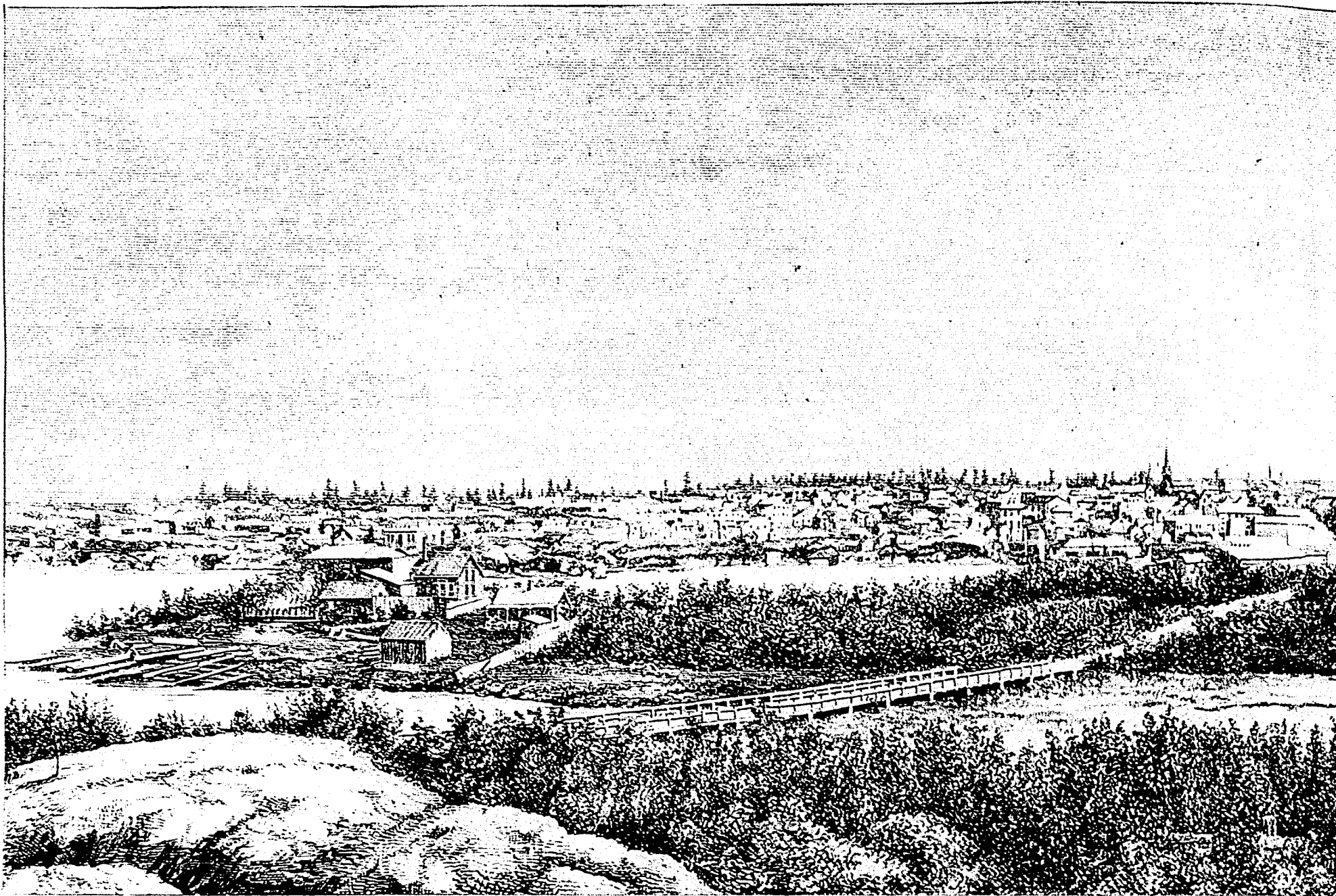
To realise this fact let us consider, for a moment, the action and relation to government of other associations which now exist in all civilized communities. Such associations as synods, boards of trade, the bar, agricultural associations and others.

These associations are similar to our teachers' associations; they are formed independent of government by merchants, lawyers, agriculturists, and are supported alone by them. If they ceased to be attended they would die, and so would our associations.

The only difference between these corporations and our own is constituted by certain privileges which have been gained from the government, and there is no reason why our corporations should not also, in time, obtain such privileges as may be deemed necessary. Corresponding to each of these associations there is, in the Executive Government, a Cabinet officer. The bar finds in the Executive its Minister of Justice, the Agricultural Society its Minister of Agriculture, the Boards of Trade their Ministers of Finance and Public Works, the Teachers' Association its Minister of Education.

Let us now look into the connection between these boards and these ministers. Are their relations close? They are so close that were these boards, especially those of trade, to cease to exist, it would be impossible to carry on the work of the government of the country as it is now carried on.

To illustrate this I may refer to the late meeting of the Board of Trade at Ottawa. There were discussed there many projects, most of which were such as could only be carried

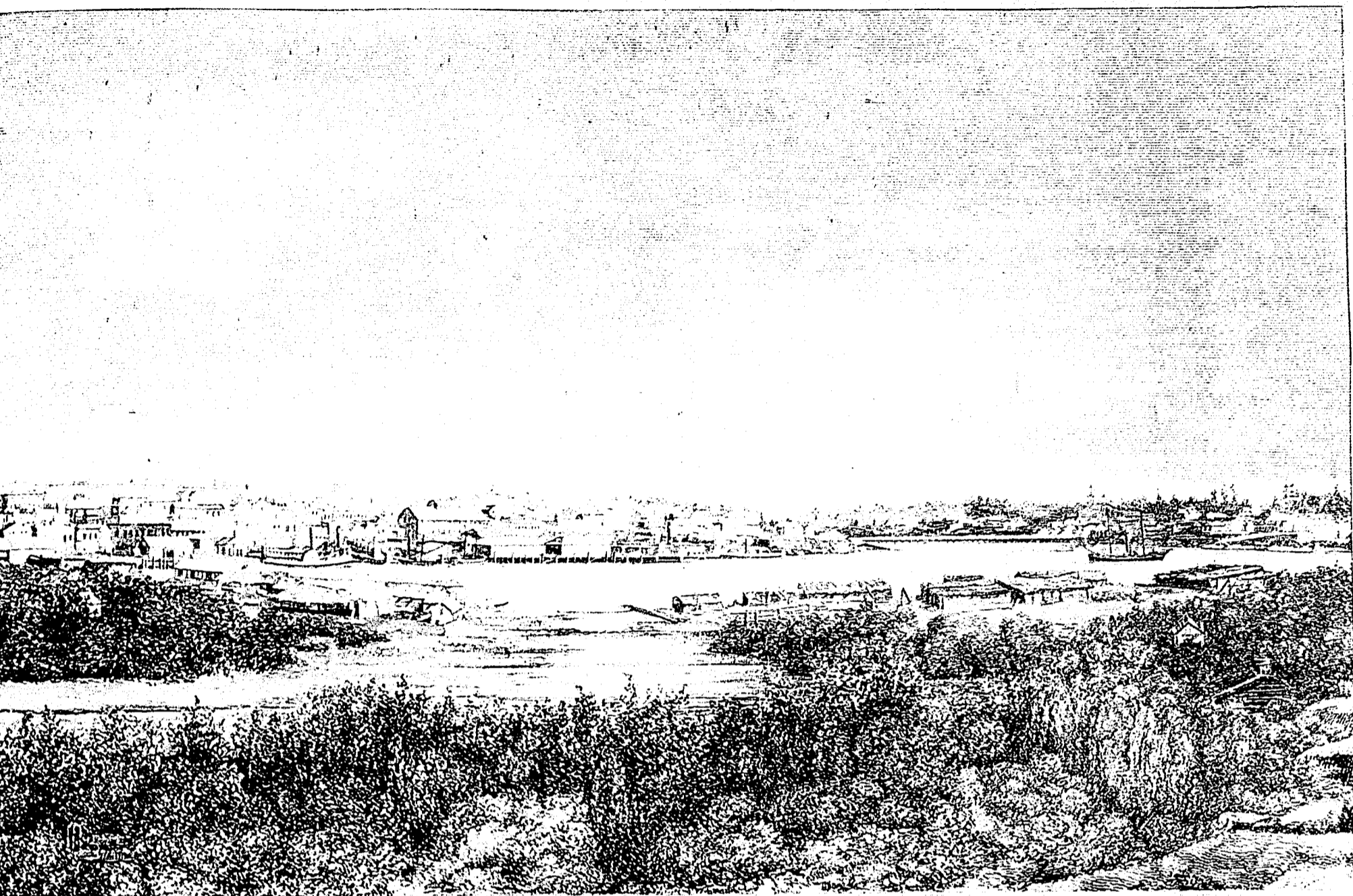


VICTORIA



OYSTER RAKER, AND HIS PILE OF UNMERCHANTABLE.

NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT
FROM SKETCHES BY



C.—SEE PAGE 98.



BUT A GOOD ONE TO GO.
REBELL.—SEE PAGE 98.

FISHING FOR SMELT IN SHEDIAC BAY.

out by the Government. These projects were not only first broached there, but their advisability discussed, the best means of perfecting them argued, and with what result? Where must we look for the results? Why at the bills submitted to Parliament.

There will in all probability be a bill to provide for the deepening of the St. Lawrence; another concerning various duties; another concerning the fisheries, and many others. These bills are framed by these associations and carried through Parliament by their influence, aided by the recognition by the representatives of the people of the wisdom and energy displayed by such associations.

Could any government do all this work? Work in commerce? work in law? work in agriculture? Could any government do all this alone? Impossible! Much must be prepared for them or they must remain in ignorance of some of the most crying wants of the public. And much is done for them in all branches, except in that of education. We have associations, we have representatives at Parliament, we have a Minister of Public Instruction, and a Government willing to listen to the just demands of all classes, and I have yet to hear of the first instance of action among teachers such as is daily taking place among those classes of the community.

It is then, I consider, a fair question—Why this difference? Is it because we have no hope of gaining from Government what we desire? That is no reason, because we have never tried. Is it because it is difficult to approach the Government? We have representatives and a minister; the road to them may well be difficult, and rough for us who do not care to keep it open and travel it frequently. Is it because we have no demands—no suggestions to make? Certainly not. We have plenty, and if only once we can begin to draw a little closer this bond between ourselves and a branch of the Government created expressly to listen to such suggestions as our representatives may submit to it from us, if we can once begin to do this the benefit to the Government, to our class and to the community will be difficult to estimate.

At the last meeting of this Association we unanimously agreed that it would be very beneficial to the cause of education if our Government would concede to us a privilege enjoyed by teachers in Ontario, that of spending five days in each year in visiting one another's schools. Now, how are we to gain this privilege? There is a chance that the Government may think of it. If it did think of it it would be almost certain to grant it. Why then should we not in a constitutional manner, through our representatives or by memorializing the department, ask for something which the Government would almost certainly grant immediately, with feelings of respect for teachers who shewed themselves no less interested than the Government itself in the general improvement of education? The road being thus once opened, the bond drawn closer, some arrangement concerning the present humiliating conditions of engagement might be made; and the teachers and the department once acting in concert, we teachers in free Canada might expect to occupy a higher position than teachers in Prussia, by so much as we, a sovereign people, are higher than they—the subjects of an empire swaying powerful rule. This last bond between us drawn closer, the others would also be drawn closer too. We should respect ourselves and one another more highly, and the people, whose dearest interests are entrusted to us, would respect us and have confidence in those who shewed confidence in themselves.

Before concluding I must ask you to remember that these relations I have presented for your consideration this evening are only some of the relations which exist between us,—that they are also relations which exist between ourselves, and have only indirect connection with the school-room. I am perfectly aware that the grand mission of the teacher lies in the school-room, and that his direct relations with it are paramount, but that is not his only sphere of action. He is also a man—a member of a class or profession and a member of the community in which he lives and works.

In conclusion I beg to ask your kind indulgence for this paper. Considering the immense importance to us and to the community of the relations I have endeavoured to lay before you, it will at once appear no easy task to treat of them as might be wished in a paper of the length suitable to our meeting. But I have long pondered over these subjects and on them with others, and could not refrain from bringing them before your notice at the earliest opportunity.

Many, if not all of us, have doubtless considered these matters, and in thus urging their claims upon us for more than mere consideration I claim to myself no credit further than that of one who embraces an opportunity of uttering and keeping in the ears of his fellowmen what he and they both know to be true,—remembering always that truths to produce effect must be proclaimed and published, not suffered to remain in silence.

A San Francisco paper says: It is with deep and universal regret that we announce the death of our esteemed fellow citizen, Dr. Livingstone. This melancholy event has come upon the country like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Had the doctor borne a charmed life his death would not have provoked greater astonishment and vexation. Up to yesterday noon the village physician at Ijiji was perfectly confident that he would recover, although the pestilential climate of Soudan had considerably worried him, and had proved fatal to his faithful and attached hippopotamus. At about 1 o'clock, however, he began to fail rapidly, and by 5, there was nothing left of him at Ijiji, though he was still prevalent in several regions to the southward, and the vicinity of Oebel-el-Cumri was prevailed with him in considerable quantity; but by 7, advices came from Dahomey that he was dead in that section, by 8 he had perished along the Upper Nile; by 9 had faded and gone from Beled-el-Jared; and before daylight this morning the returns were all in, and Dr. Livingstone, the great African explorer, was no more forever! The obsequies will take place at Borlopoola Gha, as soon as all the remains can be concentrated at that point. In her deep affliction science has our heartfelt sympathy, and we cheerfully condole with everybody.

A railroad official at Albany had on his mantelpiece a portrait of Fisk, given him by the Colonel himself. On the day of Fisk's shooting, it fell to the floor, at almost the very moment that Stokes fired the fatal shot. It was picked up and placed in a safer position, but at the hour of Fisk's death next day, it dropped again and was broken to pieces.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

I F.

I.

It it must be; if in this life
We never more shall meet,
If one be taken, one be left,
The blank page to complete.

II.

If, for the full deep joy
Of wedded love serene,
The perfect trust, the bliss,
The service that hath been—

III.

Only a grave new-dug
Beneath the winter snow,
Only an "It hath been,"
From the still dust below

IV.

Remain. What then? Can joy
Spring like the flowers again,
Quickened by melting snows,
And soft, warm, summer rain?

V.

Ah can it be! God knoweth best;
Yet love for me,
Only one hope is left—
To rest with thee.

Feb. 1872.

C. B. B. E.

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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER IV.

ADRIAN URMAND had been three days gone from Granpere before Michel Voss found a fitting opportunity for talking to his niece. It was not a matter, as he thought, in which there was any need for hurry, but there was need for much consideration. Once again he spoke on the subject to his wife. "If she's thinking about George, she has kept it very much to herself," he remarked.

"Girls do keep it to themselves," said Madame Voss. "I'm not so sure of that. They generally show it somehow. Marie never looks love-lorn. I don't believe a bit of it; and as for him, all the time he has been away he has never so much as sent a word of a message to one of us."

"He sent his love to you, when I saw him, quite dutifully," said Madame Voss.

"Why don't he come and see us if he cares for us? It isn't of him that Marie is thinking."

"It isn't of anybody else, then," said Madame Voss. "I never see her speak a word to any of the young men, nor one of them ever speaking a word to her."

Pondering over all this, Michel Voss resolved that he would have it all out with his niece on the following Sunday.

On the Sunday he engaged Marie to start with him after dinner to the place on the hillside where they were cutting wood. It was a beautiful autumn afternoon, in that pleasantest of all months in the year, when the sun is not too hot, and the air is fresh and balmy, and one is still able to linger abroad, loitering either in or out of the shade, when the midges cease to bite, and the sun no longer scorches and glares; but the sweet vestiges of summer remain, and everything without doors is pleasant and friendly, and there is the gentle unrecognised regret for the departing year, the unconscious feeling that its glory is going from us, to add the inner charm of soft melancholy to the outer luxury of the atmosphere. I doubt whether Michel Voss had ever realised the fact that September is the kindest of all the months, but he felt it, and enjoyed the leisure of his Sunday afternoon when he could get his niece to take a stretch with him on the mountain-side. On these occasions Madame Voss was left at home with M. le Curé, who liked to linger over his little cup of coffee. Madame Voss, indeed, seldom cared to walk very far from the door of her own house; and on Sundays to go to the church and back again was certainly sufficient exercise.

Michel Voss said no word about Adrian Urmand as they were ascending the hill. He was too wise for that. He could not have given effect to his experience with sufficient eloquence had he attempted the task while the burthen of the rising ground was upon his lungs and chest. They turned into a saw-mill as they went up, and counted the scantlings of timber that had been cut, and Michel looked at the cradle to see that it worked well, and to the wheels to see that they were in good order, and observed that the channel for the water required repairs, and said a word as to the injury that had come to him because George had left him.

"Perhaps he may come back soon," said Marie.

To this he made no answer, but continued his path up the mountain-side.

"There will be plenty of feed for the cows this autumn," said Marie Bromar. "That is a great comfort."

"Plenty," said Michel; "plenty."

But Marie knew from the tone of his voice that he was not thinking about the grass, and so she held her peace. But the want or plenty of the pasture was generally a subject of the greatest interest to the people of Granpere at that special time of the year, and one on which Michel Voss was ever ready to speak. Marie therefore knew that there was something on her uncle's mind. Nevertheless he inspected the timber that was cut, and made some remarks about the work of the men. They were not so careful in barking the logs as they used to be, and upon the whole he thought the wood itself was of a worse quality. What is there that we do not find to be deteriorating around us when we consider the things in detail, though we are willing enough to admit a general improvement?

"Yes," said he, in answer to some remarks from Marie, "we must take it, no doubt, as God gives it to us, but we need not spoil it in the handling. Sit down, my dear, I want to speak to you for a few minutes."

Then they sat down together on a large prostrate pine, which was being prepared to be sent down to the saw-mill.

"My dear," said he, "I want to speak to you about Adrian Urmand."

She blushed and trembled as she placed herself beside him,

but he hardly noticed it. He was not quite at his ease himself, and was a little afraid of the task he had undertaken.

"Adrian tells me that he asked you to take him as your lover, and that you refused."

"Yes, Uncle Michel."

"But why, my dear? How are you to do better? Perhaps I, or your aunt, should have spoken to you first, and told you that we thought well of the match."

"It wasn't that, uncle. I knew you thought well of it; or, at least, I believed that you did."

"And what is your objection, Marie?"

"I don't object to M. Urmand, uncle—at least, not particularly."

"But he says you do object. You would not accept him when he offered himself."

"No; I did not accept him."

"But you will, my dear—if he comes again?"

"No, uncle."

"And why not? Is he not a good young man?"

"Oh, yes—that is, I dare say."

"And he has a good business. I do not know what more you could expect."

"I expect nothing, uncle,—except not to go away from you."

"Ah, but you must go away from me. I should be very wrong and so would your aunt, to let you remain here till you lose your good looks, and become an old woman on our hands. You are a pretty girl, Marie, and fit to be any man's wife, and you ought to take a husband. I am quite in earnest now, my dear; and I speak altogether for your own welfare."

"I know you are in earnest, and I know that you speak for my welfare."

"Well,—well,—what then? Of course, it is only reasonable that you should be married some day. Here is a young man in a better way of business than any man, old or young, that comes into Granpere. He has a house in Basle, and money to put in it whatever you want. And for the matter of that, Marie, my niece shall not go away from me empty-handed."

She drew herself closer to him and took hold of his arm and pressed it, and looked up into his face.

"I brought nothing with me," she said, "and I want to take nothing away."

"Is that it?" he said, speaking rapidly. "Let me tell you then, my girl, that you shall have nothing but your earnings—your fair earnings. Don't you take trouble about that. Urmand and I will go bail there shall be no unpleasant words. As I said before, my girl shall not leave my house empty-handed; but, Lord bless you, he would only be too happy to take you in your petticoat—just as you are. I never saw a fellow more in love with a girl. Come, Marie, you need not mind saying the word to me, though you could not bring yourself to say it to him."

"I can't say that word, uncle, either to you or to him."

"And why the devil not?" said Michel Voss, who was beginning to be tired of being eloquent.

"I would rather stay at home with you and my aunt."

"Oh, bother!"

"Some girls stay at home always. All girls do not get married. I don't want to be taken to Basle."

"This is all nonsense," said Michel, getting up. "If you're a good girl, you will do as you are told."

"It would not be good to be married to a man if I do not love him."

"But why shouldn't you love him? He's just the man that all the girls always love. Why don't you love him?"

As Michel Voss asked this last question, there was a tone of anger in his voice. He had allowed his niece considerable liberty, and now she was unreasonable. Marie, who, in spite of her devotion to her uncle, was beginning to think that she was ill-used by this tone, made no reply.

"I hope you haven't been falling in love with any one else," continued Michel.

"No," said Marie, in a low whisper.

"I do hope you're not still thinking of George, who has left us without casting a thought upon you. I do hope that you are not such a fool as that."

Marie sat perfectly silent, not moving; but there was a frown on her brow, and a look of sorrow mixed with anger on her face. But Michel Voss did not see her face. He looked straight before him as he spoke, and was flinging chips of wood to a distance in his energy.

"If it's that, Marie, I tell you you had better quit of it at once. It can come to no good. Here is an excellent husband for you. Be a good girl, and say that you will accept him."

"I should not be a good girl to accept a man whom I do not love."

"Is it any thought about George that makes you say so, child?"

Michel paused a moment for an answer.

"Tell me," he continued, with almost angry energy, "is it because of George that you refuse yourself to this young man?"

Marie paused again for a moment, and then she replied:

"No, it is not."

"It is not?"

"No, uncle."

"Then why will you not marry Adrian Urmand?"

"Because I do not care for him. Why won't you let me remain with you, uncle?"

She was very close to him now, and leaning against him; and her throat was half choked with sobs, and her eyes were full of tears. Michel Voss was a soft-hearted man, and inclined to be very soft of heart where Marie Bromar was concerned. On the other hand he was thoroughly convinced that it would be for his niece's benefit that she should marry this young trader; and he thought also that it was his duty as her uncle and guardian to be round with her, and make her understand, that as her friends wished it, and as the young trader himself wished it, it was her duty to do as she was desired.

Another uncle and guardian in his place would hardly have consulted the girl at all. Between his desire to have his own way and reduce her to obedience, and the temptation to put his arm round her waist and kiss away her tears, he was uneasy and vacillating. She gently put her hand within his arm, and pressed it very close.

"Won't you let me remain with you, uncle? I love you and Aunt Josey" (Madame Voss was named Josephine, and was generally called Aunt Josey) "and the children. I could not go away from the children. And I like the house. I am sure I am of use in the house."

"Of course you are of use in the house. It is not that."

"Why then should you want to send me away?"

"What nonsense you talk, Marie! Don't you know that a young woman like you ought to be married some day—that is if she can get a fitting man to take her? What would the neighbours say of me if we kept you at home to drudge for us, instead of settling you out in the world properly? You forget, Marie, that I have a duty to perform, and you should not make it so difficult."

"But if I don't want to be settled?" said Marie. "Who cares for the neighbours? If you and I understand each other, is not that enough?"

"I care for the neighbours," said Michel Voss with energy. "And must I marry a man I don't care a bit for because of the neighbours, Uncle Michel?" asked Marie, with something approaching to indignation in her voice.

Michel Voss perceived that it was of no use for him to carry on the argument. He entertained a half-formed idea that he did not quite understand the objections so strongly urged by his niece; that there was something on her mind that she would not tell him, and that there might be cruelty in urging the matter upon her; but, in opposition to this, there was his assured conviction that it was his duty to provide well and comfortably for his niece, and that it was her duty to obey him in acceding to such provision as he might make. And then this marriage was undoubtedly a good marriage—a match that would make all the world declare how well Michel Voss had done for the girl whom he had taken under his protection. It was a marriage that he could not bear to see go out of the family. It was not probable that the young linen merchant, who was so well-to-do in the world, and who, no doubt, might have his choice in larger places than Granpere; it was not probable, Michel thought, that he would put up with many refusals. The girl would lose her chance, unless he, by his firmness, could drive this folly out of her. And yet how could he be firm, when he was tempted to throw his great arms about her, and swear that she should eat of his bread and drink of his cup and be unto him as a daughter till the last day of their joint existence. When she crept so close to him and pressed his arm, he was almost overcome by the sweetness of her love and by the tenderness of his own heart.

"It seems to me that you don't understand," he said at last. "I didn't think that such a girl as you would be so silly."

To this she made no reply, and then they began to walk down the hill together.

They had walked half way home, he stepping a little in advance,—because he was still angry with her, or angry rather with himself in that he could not bring himself to scold her properly,—and she following close behind his shoulder, when he stopped suddenly and asked her a question which came from the direction his thoughts were taking at the moment. "You are sure," he said, "that you are not doing this because you expect George to come back to you?"

"Quite sure," she said, bearing forward a moment, and answering him in a whisper when she spoke.

"By my word, then, I can't understand it. I can't indeed. Has Urmand done anything to offend you?"

"Nothing, uncle."

"Nor said anything?"

"Not a word, uncle. I am not offended. Of course I am much obliged to him. Only I don't love him."

"By my faith I don't understand it. I don't indeed. It is sheer nonsense, and you must get over it. I shouldn't be doing my duty if I didn't tell you that you must get over it. He will be here again in another ten days, and you must have thought better of it by that time. You must indeed, Marie."

Then they walked down the hill in silence together, each thinking intently, on the purpose of the other, but each altogether misunderstanding the other. Michel Voss was assured that she had twice declared that she was altogether indifferent to his son George. What he might have said or done had she declared her affection for her absent lover, he did not himself know. He had not questioned himself on that point. Though his wife had told him that Marie was ever thinking of George, he had not believed that it was so. He had no reason for disliking a marriage between his son and his wife's niece. When he had first thought that they were going to be lovers, under his nose, without his permission,—going to commence a new kind of life between themselves without so much as a word spoken to him or by him,—he had found himself compelled to interfere, compelled as a father and an uncle. That kind of thing could never be allowed to take place in a well-ordered house without the expressed sanction of the head of the household. He had interfered,—rather roughly; and his son had taken him at his word. He was sore now at his son's coldness to him, and was disposed to believe that his son cared not at all for any one at Granpere. His niece was almost as dear to him as his son, and much more dutiful. Therefore he would do the best he could for his niece. Marie's declaration that George was nothing to her,—that she did not think of him,—was in accordance with his own ideas. His wife had been wrong. His wife was usually wrong when any headwork was required. There could be no good reason why Marie Bromar should not marry Adrian Urmand.

But Marie, as she knew very well, had never declared that George Voss was nothing to her,—he was forgotten, or that her heart was free. He had gone from her and had forgotten her. She was quite sure of that. And should she ever hear that he was married to some one else,—as it was probable that she would hear some day,—then she would be free again. Then she might take this man or that, if her friends wished it—and if she could bring herself to endure the proposed marriage. But at present her troth was pledged to George Voss; and where her troth was given,—there was her heart also. She could understand that such a circumstance, affecting one of so little importance as herself, should be nothing to a man like her uncle; but it was everything to her. George had forgotten her, and she had wept sorely over his want of constancy. But though telling herself that this certainly was so, she had declared to herself that she would never be untrue till her want of truth had been put beyond the reach of doubt. Who does not know how hope remains, when reason has declared that there is no longer ground for hoping?

Such had been the state of her mind hitherto; but what would be the good of entertaining hope, even if there were ground for hoping, when, as was so evident, her uncle would never permit George and her to be man and wife? And did she not owe everything to her uncle? And was it not the duty of a girl to obey her guardian? Would not all the world be against her if she refused this man? Her mind was tormented by a thousand doubts, when her uncle said another word to her, just as they were entering the village.

"You will try and think better of it;—will you not, my

dear?" She was silent. "Come, Marie, you can say that you will try. Will you not try?"

"Yes, uncle,—I will try." Michel Voss went home in a good humour, for he felt that he had triumphed; and poor Marie returned broken-hearted, for she was aware that she had half-yielded. She knew that her uncle was triumphant.

(To be continued.)

A MIGHTY SOCIABLE PLACE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

In Nevada there used to be current the story of an adventure of two of her nabobs, which may or may not have occurred. I give it for what it is worth:

Colonel Jim had seen something of the world, and knew more or less of its ways, but Colonel Jack was from the back settlements of the States, had led a life of arduous toil, and had never seen a city. These two, blessed with sudden wealth, projected a visit to New York—Colonel Jack to see the sights and Colonel Jim to guard his unsophistication from misfortune. They reached San Francisco in the night, and sailed in the morning. Arriving in New York Colonel Jack said:—

"I've heard tell of carriages all my life, and now I mean to have a ride in one; I don't care what it costs. Come along."

They stepped out on the sidewalk, and Colonel Jim called in a stylish barouch.—But Colonel Jack said:

"No, sir!" None of your cheap-John turnouts for me. I'm here to have a good time, and money ain't no object. I mean to have the nobbiest rig that's going. Now here comes the very trick. Stop that yaller one with the picture on it—don't you fret—I'll stand all the expenses myself."

So Colonel Jim stopped an empty omnibus and they got in. Said Colonel Jack:

"Ain't it gay, though? Oh, no, I reckon not? Cushions, and windows, and pictures, till you can't rest. What would the boys say if they could see us cutting a swell like this in New York? By George, I wish they could see us."

Then he put his head out of the window and shouted to the driver:

"Say, Johnny, this suits me?—suits yours truly, you bet! Let 'em out! Make 'em go! We'll make it all right with you, sonny."

The driver passed his hand through the stap-hole and tapped for his fare—it was before the gongs came into common use—Colonel Jack took the hand and shook it cordially. He said:

"You twig me, old pard! All right between gents. Smell of that, and see how you like it?"

And he put a twenty dollar gold piece into the driver's hands. After a moment the driver said he could not make change.

"Both the change! Ride it out. Put it in your pocket."

The omnibus stopped, and a young lady got in. Colonel Jack stared for a moment, then nudged Colonel Jim with his elbow.

"Don't say a word," he whispered. "Let her ride if she wants to. Gracious, there's room enough."

The young lady got her portemonnaie, and handed her fare to Colonel Jack.

"What's this for?" said he.

"Give it to the driver, please."

"Take back your money, madam. We can't allow it. You're welcome to ride here as long as you please, but this shebang's chartered—we sha'n't let you pay a cent."

The girl shrunk into a corner, bewildered. An old lady with a basket climbed in, and proffered her fare.

"Excuse me," said Jack. "You are perfectly welcome here, madam, but we can't allow you to pay. Set right down here, mum, and don't be the least uneasy. Make yourself as free as if you were in your own turn out."

Within two minutes three gentlemen, two fat women and a couple of children entered.

"Come right along, friends," said Colonel Jack; "don't mind us. This is a free blow out." Then he whispered to Col. Jim, "New York ain't no sociable place, I don't reckon. It ain't no name for it."

He resisted every effort to pass fares to the driver, and made everybody cordially welcome. The situation dawned on the people, and they pocketed their money, and delivered themselves up to covert enjoyment of the episode. Half a dozen more passengers entered.

"Oh, there is plenty of room," said Colonel Jack. "Walk right in and make yourself at home. A blow-out ain't worth anything as a blow-out unless a body has company." Then a whisper to Colonel Jim, "But ain't these New Yorkers friendly? And ain't they cool about it too? Icebergs ain't anywhere. I reckon they'd tackle a hearse if it was going their way."

More passengers got in; more yet, and still more. Both seats were filled, and a file of men were standing up, holding on to the cleats overhead. Parties with baskets and bundles were climbing on the roof. Half-suppressed laughter rippled up from all sides.

"Well, for clean, cool, out-and-out cheek, if this don't bang everything that ever I saw, I'm an Injun," whispered Colonel Jack.

A Chinaman crowded his way in.

"I weaken," said Colonel Jack. "Hold on, driver! Keep your seats, ladies and gents. Just make yourselves free—everything's paid for. Driver, just rustle these folks around as long as they've a mind to go—friends of ours, you know. Take them everywhere; and if you want more money come to the St. Nicholas and we'll make it all right. Pleasant journey to you, ladies and gents; go on as long as you please—it sha'n't cost you a cent."

The two comrades got out, and Colonel Jack said:

"Jimmy, it's the sociablest place I ever saw. The Chinaman waltzes in as comfortable as anybody. If we'd stayed awhile I reckon we'd had some niggers."

The Chicago Post claims to have on its editorial staff a lady of extraordinary abilities. The editor says he "never knew any one who could write with equal ease upon so singular a range of topics with information so exact in detail." Whereupon an envious contemporary asks the Post why it never publishes any of her articles?

FIGHT BETWEEN A COBRA AND A MONGOOSE.

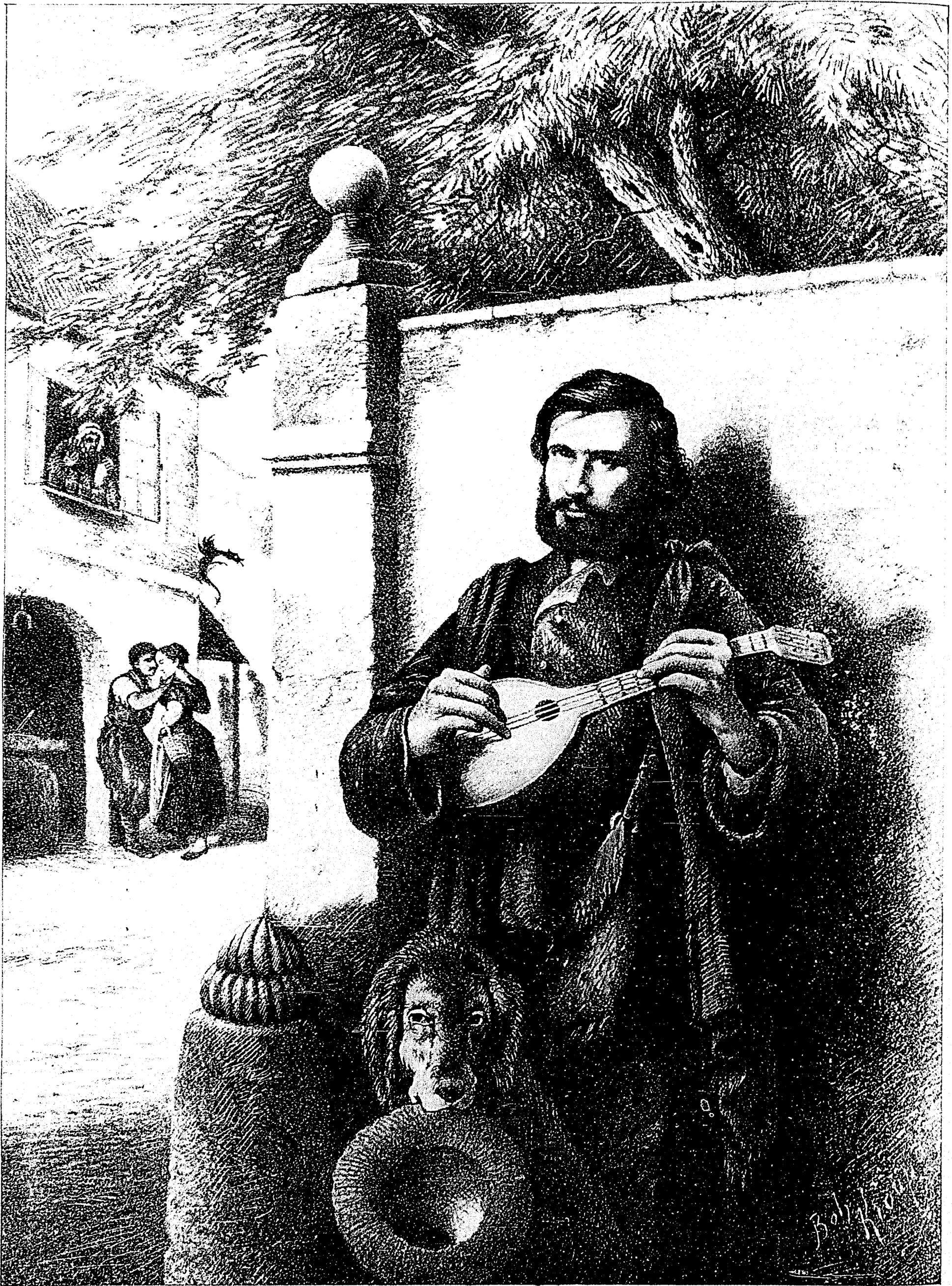
The snake was a large cobra, 4 ft. 10½ in. in length, the most formidable cobra I have seen. He was turned into an enclosed outer room, or verandah, about 20 ft. by 12 ft., and at once coiled himself up, with head erect, about ten or twelve inches from the ground, and began to hiss loudly. The mongoose was a small one of his kind, very tame and quiet, but exceedingly active. When the mongoose was put into the rectangle, it seemed scarcely to notice the cobra; but the latter, on the contrary, appeared at once to recognise its enemy. It became excited, and no longer seemed to pay any attention to the bystanders, but kept constantly looking at the mongoose. The mongoose began to go round and round the enclosure, occasionally venturing up to the cobra, apparently quite unconcerned. Some eggs being laid on the ground, it rolled them near the cobra, and began to suck them. Occasionally it left the eggs, and went up to the cobra, within an inch of its neck, as the latter reared up; but when the cobra struck out, the mongoose was away with extraordinary activity. At length the mongoose began to bite the cobra's tail, and it looked as if the fight would commence in earnest. Neither, however, seemed anxious for close quarters, so the enclosure was narrowed. The mongoose then began to give the cobra some very severe bites; but the cobra after some fencing forced the mongoose into a corner, and struck it with full strength on the upper part of the hind leg. We were sorry for the mongoose, as but for the enclosure it would have escaped. It was clear that on open ground the cobra could not have bitten it at all; while it was the policy of the mongoose to exhaust the cobra before making a close attack. The bite of the cobra evidently caused the mongoose great pain, for it repeatedly stretched out its leg, and shook it, as if painful, for some minutes. The cobra seemed exhausted by its efforts, and putting down its head, tried hard to escape, and kept itself in a corner. The mongoose then went up to it and drew it out by snapping at its tail, and when it was out, began to bite its body, while the cobra kept turning round and round, striking desperately at the mongoose, but in vain. When this had continued for some time, the mongoose came at length right in front of the cobra, and after some dodging and fencing, when the cobra was in the act of striking, or rather, ready to strike out, the mongoose, to the surprise of all, made a sudden spring at the cobra, and bit in the inside of the upper jaw, about the fang, and instantly jumped back again. Blood flowed in large drops from the mouth of the cobra, and it seemed much weakened. It was easy now to see how the fight would end, as the mongoose became more eager for the struggle. It continued to bite the body of the cobra, going round it as before, and soon came again in front, and bit it a second time in the upper jaw, when more blood flowed. This continued for some time, until at last, the cobra, being very weak, the mongoose caught its upper jaw firmly, and holding down its head began to crunch it. The cobra, however, being a very strong one, often got up again, and tried feebly to strike the mongoose; but the latter now bit its head and body as it pleased; and when the cobra became motionless and dead, the mongoose left it and ran into the jungle. The natives said that the mongoose went to the jungle to eat some leaves to cure itself. We did not wish to prevent it, and we expected it would die, as it was severely bitten. In the evening, some hours after the fight, it returned, apparently quite well, and is now as well as ever. It follows either that the bite of a cobra is not fatal to a mongoose, or that a mongoose manages somehow to cure itself. I am not disposed to put aside altogether what so many intelligent natives assert. This fight shows, at any rate, how these active little animals manage to kill poisonous snakes. On open ground a snake cannot strike them, whereas they can bite the body and tail of a snake, and wear it out before coming to close quarters. This mongoose did not seem to fear the cobra at all; whereas the cobra was evidently in great fear from the moment it saw the mongoose.—Professor Andrews, in "Nature."

Says an English paper: Queen Victoria's life was rendered doubly a burden during the illness of her eldest son by the incessant stream of lotions, decoctions, and medicaments poured in for the salvation of the Prince. One quack, more impulsive and confident than the rest, rushed into the royal pew and made an incoherent appeal to the good mother to accept his nostrum for her sick son, and life would of a certainty be assured.

Heavens! what a sublime scene for a label or an apothecary's show-card! St. George's Chapel, with its gorgeous windows, its rich tapestries, its varied sculptures, its tattered banners borne to battle by the knights dead five hundred years, whose effigies lie in rusty armour below. The congregation comprising the noblest and greatest people in the realm, peers who traced their descent from almost forgotten kings, dukes who were worth a thousand dollars a minute, warriors in gorgeous panoply, decked with jewelled orders won in a hundred memorable fights. In the Royal Pew, the Queen in a flood of tears and a purple robe, the crown on her head, her princes and princesses around her, the British Lion slumbering on a hassock at her feet. Into the Royal Pew rushes the enthusiast, scattering handbills around him as he flies, and, falling on his knees, shrieks, "Your Majesty, give the Prince one tablespoonful every hour and he is saved! My patent Periopticopherous cures gum-boils, small-pox and blood-spavin, makes the skin soft as that of the new born babe, unites broken china, brings out the hair, rouses the secretive organs to healthy action, can be worn for a life-time, and is not to be distinguished from real silver on the closest inspection. Just hear what the Press, the Pulpit and the People say. From the Bunkinsville Weekly Conservative, February—" Ere he can say another word the Queen shrieks, a thousand (1,000) falcions are flashed in air; the intruder is hacked into demitition little fragments, and the British Lion eats him up and licks his chaps for more. But the purpose is effected, the Periopticopherous is advertized though the proprietor has perished—

Heavens! where were Barnum, Helmbold and Jay Cook?

The following, we are assured, is a *verbatim* copy of a letter recently received by a schoolmaster in the West, from a householder in his locality: "Cur, ass, you are a man of no legs, and I wish to inter my sun in your skull." The obscurity and seeming offensiveness of this address disappear on translation. What was intended to be written was: "Sir, as you are a man of knowledge, I wish to enter my son at your school."



THE STREET TROUBADOUR.—FROM A DRAWING BY BOHUSLAV KROUPA.—SEE PAGE 99.



VALENTINE DAY

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

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

CHAPTER LIX. (Continued.)

But, as I still sat, a flow of sweet sad repentant thought passing gently through my bosom, all at once the self to which, unable to confide it to the care of its own very life, the God conscious of himself and in himself conscious of it, I had been for months offering the sacrifices of despair and indignation, arose in spectral hideousness before me. I saw that I, a child of the infinite, had been worshipping the finite—and therein dragging down the infinite towards the fate of the finite. I do not mean that in Mary Osborne I had been worshipping the finite. It was the eternal, the lovely, the true that in her I had been worshipping; in myself I had been worshipping the mean, the selfish, the finite, the god of spiritual greed. Only in himself can a man find the finite to worship; only in turning back upon himself does he create the finite for and by his worship. All the works of God are everlasting; the only perishable are some of the works of man. All love is a worship of the infinite; what is called a man's love for himself, is not love; it is but a phantastic resemblance of love; it is a creating of the finite, a creation of death. A man cannot love himself. If all love be not creation—as I think it is—it is at least the only thing in harmony with creation, and the love of oneself is its absolute opposite. I sickened at the sight of myself; how should I ever get rid of the demon? The same instant I saw the one escape; I must offer it back to its source—commit it to him who made it. I must live no more from it, but from the source of it; seek to know nothing more of it than he gave me to know by his presence therein. Thus might I become one with the Eternal in such an absorption as Buddha had never dreamed; thus might I draw life ever fresh from its fountain. And in that fountain alone would I contemplate its reflex. What flashes of self-consciousness might cross me, should be God's gift, not of my seeking, and offered again to him in ever new self-sacrifice. Alas! alas! this I saw then, and this I yet see; but oh, how far am I still from that divine annihilation! The only comfort is—God is, and I am his, else I should not be at all.

I saw, too, that thus God also lives—in his higher way. I saw, shadowed out in the absolute devotion of Jesus to men, that the very life of God, by which we live, is an everlasting eternal giving of himself away. He asserts himself, only, solely, altogether, in an infinite sacrifice of devotion. So must we live; the child must be as the father; live he cannot on any other plan struggle as he may. The father requires of him nothing that he is not or does not himself, who is the one prime unconditioned sacrificer and sacrifice. I threw myself on the ground, and offered back my poor wretched self to its owner, to be taken and kept, purified and made divine.

The same moment a sense of reviving health began to possess me. With many fluctuations, it has possessed me, has grown, and is now, if not a persistent cheerfulness, yet an unyielding hope. The world bloomed again around me. The sunrise again grew gloriously dear; and the sadness of the moon was lighted from a higher sun than that which returns with the morning.

My relation to Mary resolved and re-formed itself in my mind into something I can explain only by the following—call it a dream: it was not a dream; call it vision: it was not a vision; and yet I will tell it as if it were either, being far truer than either.

I lay like a child on one of God's arms. I could not see his face, and the arm that held me was a great cloudy arm. I knew that on his other arm lay Mary. But between us were forests and plains, mountains and great seas; and, unspeakably worse than all, a gulf with which words had nothing to do, a gulf of pure separation, of impassable nothingness, across which no device, I say not of human skill, but of human imagination, could cast a single connecting cord. There lay Mary, and here lay I—both in God's arms—utterly parted. As in a swoon I lay, through which suddenly came the words: "What God had joined, man cannot sunder." I lay thinking what they could mean. All at once I thought I knew. Straightway I rose on the cloudy arm, looked down on a measureless darkness beneath me, and up on a great, dreary, world-filled eternity above me, and crept along the arm towards the bosom of God.

In telling my—neither vision nor dream nor ecstasy, I cannot help it that the forms grow so much plainer and more definite in the words than they were in the revelation. Words always give either too much or too little shape: when you want to be definite, you find your words clumsy and blunt; when you want them for a vague shadowy image,

you straightway find them give a sharp and impertinent outline, refusing to lend themselves to your undefined though vivid thought. Forms themselves are hard enough to manage, but words are unmanageable. I must therefore trust to the heart of my reader.

I crept into the bosom of God, and along a great cloudy peace, which I could not understand, for it did not yet enter into me. At length I came to the heart of God, and through that my journey lay. The moment I entered it, the great peace appeared to enter mine, and I began to understand it. Something melted in my heart, and for a moment I thought I was dying, but I found I was being born again. My heart was empty of its old selfishness, and I loved Mary tenfold—nor longer in the least for my own sake, but all for her loveliness. The same moment I knew that the heart of God was a bridge, along which I was crossing the unspeakable eternal gulf that divided Mary and me. At length, somehow, I know not how, somewhere, I know not where, I was where she was. She knew nothing of my presence, turned neither face nor eye to me, stretched out no hand to give me the welcome of even a friend, and yet I not only knew, but felt that she was mine. I wanted nothing from her; desired the presence of her loveliness only that I might know it; hung about her life as a butterfly over the flower he loves; was satisfied that she should be. I had left my self behind in the heart of God, and now I was a pure essence, fit to rejoice in the essential. But alas! my whole being was not yet subject to its best. I began to long to be able to do something for her besides—I foolishly said *beyond* loving her. Back rushed my old self in the selfish thought: Some day—will she not know—and at least—? That moment the vision vanished. I was tossed—ah! let me hope, only to the other arm of God—but I lay in torture yet again. For a man may see visions manifold, and believe them all; and yet his faith shall not save him; something more is needed—he must have the presence of God in his soul, of which the Son of Man spoke, saying: "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." God in him, he will be able to love for very love's sake; God not in him, his best love will die into selfishness.

CHAPTER LX.

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

THE morning then which had thus dawned upon me, was of ten overclouded heavily. Yet it was the morning and not the night; and one of the strongest proofs that it was the morning, lay in this, that again I could think in verse.

One day, after an hour or two of bitterness, I wrote the following. A man's trouble must have receded from him a little for the moment, if he describes any shape in it, so as to be able to give it form in words. I set it down with no hope of better than the vaguest sympathy. There came no music with this one.

If it be that a man and a woman
Are made for no mutual grief;
That each gives the pain to some other,
And neither can give the relief;

If thus the chain of the world
Is tied round the holy feet,
I scorn to shrink from facing
What my brothers and sisters meet.

But I cry when the wolf is tearing
At the core of my heart as now:
When I was the man to be tortured,
Why should the woman be *thou*?

I am not so ready to sink from the lofty into the abject now. If at times I yet feel that the whole creation is groaning and travailing, I know what it is for—its redemption from the dominion of its own death into that sole liberty which comes only of being filled and eternally possessed by God himself, its source and its life.

And now I found also that my heart began to be moved with a compassion towards my fellows such as I had never before experienced. I shall best convey what I mean by transcribing another little poem I wrote about the same time.

Once I sat on a crimson throne,
And I held the world in fee;
Below me I heard my brothers moan,
And I bent me down to see;—

Lovingly bent and looked on them,
But I had no inward pain;
I sat in the heart of my ruby gem,
Like a rainbow without the rain.

My throne is vanished; helpless I lie
At the foot of its broken stair;
And the sorrows of all humanity
Through my heart make a thoroughfare.

Let such things rest for a while: I have now to relate another incident—strange enough, but by no means solitary in the records of human experience. My reader will

probably think that of dreams and visions there has already been more than enough; but perhaps she will kindly remember that at this time I had no outer life at all. Whatever bore to me the look of existence was within me. All my days the tendency had been to an undue predominance of thought over action, and now that the springs of action were for a time dried up, what wonder was it if thought, lording it alone, should assume a reality beyond its right? Hence the life of the day was prolonged into the night; nor was there other than a small difference in their conditions, beyond the fact that the contrast of outer things was removed in sleep; whence the shapes which the waking thought had assumed, had space and opportunity, as it were, to thicken before the mental eye until they became dreams and visions.

But concerning what I am about to relate I shall offer no theory. Such mere operation of my own thoughts may be sufficient to account for it: I would only ask—does any one know what the mere operation of his own thoughts signifies? I cannot isolate myself, especially in those moments when the individual will is less awake, from the ocean of life and thought which not only surrounds me, but on which I am in a sense one of the floating bubbles.

I was asleep, but I thought I lay awake in bed—in the room where I still slept—that which had been my grannie's.—It was dark midnight, and the wind was howling about the gable and in the chimneys. The door opened, and some one entered. By the lamp she carried I knew my great-grandmother—just as she looked in life, only that now she walked upright and with ease. That I was dreaming is plain from the fact that I felt no surprise at seeing her.

"Wilfrid, come with me," she said, approaching the bedside. "Rise."

I obeyed like a child.

"Put your cloak on," she continued. "It is a stormy midnight, but we have not so far to go as you may think."

"I think nothing, grannie," I said. "I do not know where you want to take me."

"Come and see then, my son. You must at last learn what has been kept from you far too long."

As she spoke, she led the way down the stair, through the kitchen, and out into the dark night. I remember the wind blowing my cloak about, but I remember nothing more until I found myself in the winding hazel-walled lane, leading to Umberden Church. My grannie was leading me by one withered hand; in the other she held the lamp, over the flame of which the wind had no power. She led me into the churchyard, took the key from under the tombstone, unlocked the door of the church, put the lamp into my hand, pushed me gently in, and shut the door behind me. I walked to the vestry, and set the lamp on the desk, with a vague feeling that I had been there before, and that I had now to do something at this desk. Above it I caught sight of the row of vellum-bound books, and remembered that one of them contained something of importance to me. I took it down. The moment I opened it, I remembered with distinctness the fatal discrepancy in the entry of my grannie's marriage. I found the place; to my astonishment the date of the year was now the same as that on the preceding page—1747. That instant I awoke in the first gush of the sunrise.

I could not help feeling even a little excited by my dream, and the impression of it grew upon me; I wanted to see the book again. I could not rest. Something seemed constantly urging me to go and look at it. Half to get the thing out of my head, I sent Styles to fetch Lilith, and for the first time since the final assurance of my loss, mounted her. I rode for Umberden Church.

It was long after noon before I had made up my mind, and when, having tied Lilith to the gate, I entered the church, one red ray from the setting sun was nestling in the very roof. Knowing what I should find, yet wishing to see it again, I walked across to the vestry, feeling rather uncomfortable at the thought of prying thus alone into the parish register.

I could almost have persuaded myself that I was dreaming still; and, in looking back, I can hardly in my mind separate the dreaming from the waking vision.

Of course I found just what I had expected—1748, not 1747—at the top of the page, and was about to replace the register, when the thought occurred to me, that if the dream had been potent enough to bring me hither, it might yet mean something. I lifted the cover again. There the entry stood undeniably plain. This time, however, I noted two other little facts concerning it.

I will just remind my reader that the entry was crushed in between the date of the year and the next entry—plainly enough to the eye; and that there was no attestation to the entries of 1747. The first additional fact—and clearly an important one—was, that in the summing up of 1748, before the signature, which stood near the bottom of the cover, a figure had been altered. Originally it stood: "In all six couple," but the six had been altered to a seven—corresponding with the

actual number. This appeared proof positive that the first entry on the cover was a forged insertion. And how clumsily it had been managed!

"What could my grannie be about?" I said to myself.

It never occurred to me then that it might have been intended to look like a forgery.

Still I kept staring at it, as if, by very force of staring, I could find out something. There was not the slightest sign of erasure or alteration beyond the instance I have mentioned. Yet—and here was my second note—when I compared the whole of the writing on the cover with the writing on the preceding page, though it seemed the same hand, it seemed to have got stiffer and shakier, as if the writer had grown old between. Finding nothing very suggestive in this, however, I fell into a dreamy mood, watching the red light, as it faded, up in the old, dark, distorted roof of the desolate church—with my hand lying on the book.

I have always had a bad habit of pulling and scratching at any knot or roughness in the paper of the book I happen to be reading; and now, almost unconsciously, with my forefinger I was pulling at an edge of parchment which projected from the joint of the cover. When I came to myself and proceeded to close the book, I found it would not shut properly, because of a piece which I had curled up. Seeking to restore it to its former position, I fancied I saw a line or edge running all down the joint, and looking closer saw that these last entries in place of being upon a leaf of the book pasted to the cover in order to strengthen the binding, as I had supposed, were indeed upon a leaf which was pasted to the cover, but one not otherwise connected with the volume.

I now began to feel a more lively interest in the behaviour of my dream-grannie. Here might lie something to explain the hitherto inexplicable. I proceeded to pull the leaf gently away. It was of parchment, much thinner than the others, which were of vellum. I had withdrawn only a small portion when I saw there was writing under it. My heart began to beat faster. But I would not be rash. My old experience with parchment in the mending of my uncle's books came to my aid. If I pulled at the dry skin as I had been doing, I might not only damage it, but destroy the writing under it. I could do nothing without water, and I did not know where to find any. It would be better to ride to the village of Gastford, somewhere about two miles off, put up there, and arrange for future proceedings.

I did not know the way, and for a long time could see no one to ask. The consequence was that I made a wide round, and it was nearly dark before I reached the village. I thought it better for the present to feed Lilith, and then make the best of my way home.

The next evening—I felt so like a thief that I sought the thievish security of the night—having provided myself with what was necessary, and borrowed a horse for Styles, I set out again.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE PARISH REGISTER.

THE sky clouded as we went; it grew very dark, and the wind began to blow. It threatened a storm. I told Styles a little of what I was about—just enough to impress on him the necessity for prudence. The wind increased, and by the time we gained the copse, it was roaring, and the slender hazels bending like a field of corn.

"You will have enough to do with two horses," I said.

"I don't mind it, sir," Styles answered. "A word from me will quiet Miss Lilith; and for the other, I've known him pretty well for two years past."

I left them tolerably sheltered in the winding lane, and betook myself alone to the church. Cautiously I opened the door, and felt my way from pew to pew, for it was quite dark. I could just distinguish the windows from the walls, and nothing more. As soon as I reached the vestry, I struck a light, got down the volume, and proceed to moisten the parchment with a wet sponge. For some time the water made little impression on the old parchment, of which but one side could be exposed to its influences, and I began to fear I should be much longer in gaining my end than I had expected. The wind roared and howled about the trembling church, which seemed too weak with age to resist such an onslaught; but when at length the skin began to grow soft and yield to my gentle efforts at removal, I became far too much absorbed in the simple operation, which had to be performed with all the gentleness and nicety of a surgical one, to heed the uproar about me. Slowly the glutinous adhesion gave way, and slowly the writing revealed itself. In mingled hope and doubt I restrained my curiosity; and as one teases oneself sometimes by dallying with a letter of the greatest interest, not until I had folded down the parchment clear of what was manifestly an entry, did I bring my candle close to it, and set myself to read it. Then, indeed, I found I had

reason to regard with respect the dream which had brought me thither.

Right under the 1748 of the parchment, stood on the vellum cover 1747. Then followed the usual blank, and then came an entry corresponding word for word with the other entry of my great grandfather and mother's marriage.

Meantime, I followed out my investigation, and gradually stripped the parchment off the vellum to within a couple of inches of the bottom of the cover.

Next to the entry of the now hardly hypothetical marriage of my ancestors, stood the summing up of the marriages of 1747, with the signature of the rector. I paused, and, turning back, counted them.

As the entry of the marriage was, on the forged leaf, shifted up close to the forged 1748, and as the summing and signature had to be omitted, because they belonged to the end of 1747, a blank would have been left, and the writing below would have shone through and attracted attention, revealing the forgery of the whole.

With my many speculations as to why the mechanism of the forgery had assumed this shape, I need not trouble my reader. Suffice it to say that on more than one supposition, I can account for it satisfactorily to myself.

I left the parchment still attached to the cover at the bottom, and laying a sheet of paper between the formerly adhering surfaces, lest they should again adhere, closed and replaced the volume.

When I came out, the sky was clear and the stars were shining. The storm had blown over. Much rain had fallen. But when the wind ceased or the rain, I had no recollection: the storm had vanished altogether from my consciousness.

The next thing was to see the rector of Umberden. He lived in his other parish, and thither I rode the following day to call upon him.

I told him that I came to him as I might, were I a Catholic, to a father-confessor. This startled him a little.

"Don't tell me anything I ought not to keep secret," he said; and it gave me confidence in him at once.

"I will not," I returned. "The secret is purely my own. Whatever crime there is in it, was past punishment long before I was born; and it was committed against, not by my family. But it is rather a long story, and I hope I shall not be tedious."

I told him everything, from my earliest memory, which bore on the discovery I had at length made. He soon shewed signs of interest; and when I had ended the tale with the facts of the preceding night, he silently rose and walked about the room.

"And what do you mean to do, Mr. Cumbermede?" "Nothing," I answered, "so long as Sir Giles is alive. He was kind to me when I was a boy."

He came up behind me where I was seated, and laid his hand gently on my head; then, without a word, resumed his walk.

"And if you survive him, what then?"

"Then I must be guided partly by circumstances," I said.

"I want you to go with me to the church, and see the book, that, in case of anything happening to it, you may be a witness concerning its previous contents."

"I am too old to be the only witness," he said. "You ought to have several of your own age."

"I want as few to know the secret as may be," I answered.

"You should have your lawyer one of them."

"He would never leave me alone about it," I replied; "and positively I shall take no measures at present. Some day I hope to punish him for deserting me as he did."

For I had told him how Mr. Coningham had behaved.

"Revenge, Mr. Cumbermede?" "Not a serious one. All the punishment I hope to give him is but to show him the case, and leave him to feel as he may about it."

"There can't be much harm in that." He reflected for a few moments, and then said:

"I will tell you what will be best. We shall go and see the book together. I will make an extract of both entries, and give a description of the state of the volume, with an account of how the second entry—or more properly the first—came to be discovered. This I shall sign in the presence of two witnesses, who need know nothing of the contents of the paper. Of that you shall yourself take charge."

We went together to the church. The old man, after making a good many objections, was at length satisfied, and made notes for his paper. He started the question whether it would not be better to secure that volume at least under lock and key.

Before the end of the week, he had his document ready. He signed it in my presence, and in that of two of his parishioners, who as witnesses appended their names and abodes. I have it now in my possession.

That same week, Sir Giles Brotherton died. (To be continued.)

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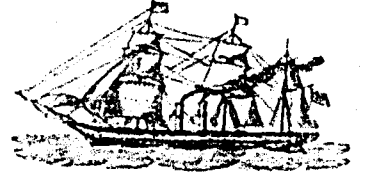


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