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Illustrated News

Vol. V.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1872.

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



THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS UNDER NIAGARA FALLS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 35.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Dec. 23, 1871.

We have nothing startling here at present. So near on Christmas and New Year's holidays, business is flat, nothing but festivities of a social kind will take place for the next few weeks.

A Newcastle owner of a race-horse has just named him "Sir Charles Dilke," by "High Treason," out of "Remedy," by the "Cure," out of "Young Madcap."

There is a good story going about the London clubs to the following effect:—One of the most Gradgrindlike members of the Cabinet, happening to visit a public department a few seconds after the nominal hour for the commencement of business, entered the first room in a long passage, and there beheld a well-dressed youth, who, with his back to the fire, was calmly perusing a morning paper. "Alone?" enquired the Minister. "Ya-as," replied the sole tenant of the office. "Not much to do, I suppose? Plenty of time to read the papers, I see." "Ya-as, plenty—I can always do my work here in twenty minutes." "Oh, you can, can you? Has Mr. — come?" naming the head of the department. "I believe not," replied the newspaper student. "Which is his room, may I ask?" pursued the Minister. "Last on the right along the passage," answered the youth. Thither the Minister repaired, and when the head of the department arrived, the latter was, after the first greetings, informed that it was clear there was ample room for a reduction of the clerical staff. The departmental head protested that he really had not men enough to get through the work. "Oh," quoth the economist, "I know better than that. Why, not ten minutes ago one of them told me he had plenty of time to read the papers, and could get through his work here in twenty minutes." The Under Secretary protested that no clerk in the place could say so truly. "Then come and see him," said the Minister. As they went along the passage they met the youth in question. "Did you not tell me, sir," demanded the right hon. gentleman, "that you had plenty of time to read the papers?" "I did," was the reply. "And that you could do all your work here in twenty minutes?" "Yes." "There," said the Minister, triumphantly, "it is clear your staff must be reduced, Mr. —." "But," stammered the head of the department, "I do not know this gentleman; he is not a clerk here." "Clerk here!" replied the youth, in an injured tone, "I should think not, indeed; I come once a week in the mornings to wind and regulate the clocks. I'm no clerk." And he stalked off in dudgeon, leaving the economical Cabinet Minister to enjoy the joke as he might.

January 2nd, 1872.

We are again in the midst of excitement here. The following challenge has been sent from America to row for the Championship of the World:—

NEW YORK, December 9, 1871.

Editor of the Newcastle Chronicle.

DEAR SIR,—The recent four-oared race on the Tyne having settled the question of the Championship of England in favour of the crew composed of J. Taylor, J. H. Sadler, R. Bagnall, and T. Winship, I hereby challenge said four to row three others and myself a race of four, five, or six miles, straight away or with a turn, for the sum of five hundred pounds (£500) a-side. The race to take place in this country, at either Saratoga, Springfield, or on the Hudson River, as they may prefer, some time during the month of August, 1872; a sufficient sum of money to be allowed the visiting crew to defray travelling expenses. If this challenge is not accepted by Mr. Taylor and his contrerers, it is open to any other four now organized, or which may hereafter be formed. I will also match John Biglin and myself to row a pair-oared race for two hundred and fifty pounds (£250) a-side, five miles, against any two men in Great Britain; the race to take place on the same day or the day following that upon which the four-oared match is decided. Should these matches be made, a series of international regattas, for valuable prizes, similar to those which took place at Halifax, Saratoga, and Longueuil this year, will be arranged to take place during their stay, thus rendering their visit both pleasant and profitable. The treatment received by them and others who have already paid us a visit for a like purpose is a sufficient guarantee that the acceptors will be cordially received and meet with fair play.—Hoping that a prompt and favourable reply may be received, I remain, yours respectfully,

BERNARD BIGLIN.

P.S.—I can be addressed in care of the *New York Clipper* Office.

The famous "Adelaide school" were not slow in taking up the gauntlet so boldly thrown down, and the following letter has been despatched to New York in response to the challenge:—

ADELAIDE HOTEL, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, }
December 27, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Having seen your challenge in the columns of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, I hasten to reply.

I (Mr. Wm. Blakey) will match four men to row a straight-away four-oared race of four miles or thereabouts against Mr. Bernard Biglin's crew, or against any other four in the world; but I feel called upon to make a stipulation as to the scene of action. The Tyne champion crews have twice crossed the Atlantic to give the oarsmen of the New World the satisfaction of a trial, and they think that it is now time for some reciprocity to be shown. If you and your crew will do us the honour of visiting us on Tyneside, we can ensure your receiving the warmest hospitality, a clear course and honourable treatment with regard to the race, and a "good time" whether you win or lose. I offer you the same amount of expenses as was allowed our crews, viz., £200; and I am

willing, in addition, to time the match so that you may have the benefit of attending the Thames, the Tyne, the North of England, Leeds, Nottingham, and other regattas, where substantial prizes are offered for competition. Upon the terms above indicated I will make a match, that is: A crew to be named by me shall row your crew for a stake of £500 a-side, a straight-away race upon the Tyne championship course, from the High Level Bridge to Lemington Point, about four and a quarter miles, your crew being allowed £200 expenses for crossing the Atlantic to row upon our home water.

Should you determine to accept these conditions, you may draw out articles and forward to me, or in the same manner as your letter just received. If they are approved of I will sign them, and the match will be ratified. Trusting to hear from you at your earliest convenience,

I remain, yours truly,

WILLIAM BLAKEY.

Mr. Bernard Biglin, New York.

Thereupon the Newcastle *Chronicle* remarks:—

"We thoroughly endorse Mr. Blakey's stipulation about the proposed match being brought off upon the Tyne. Although no names are mentioned, it is, of course, understood that the present champions, the Taylor-Winship crew, will do battle in Mr. B.'s nomination, and three members of that four are occupied in business, and are moreover married men with families depending upon them. The loss of time and risk of the long journey to America is no light matter to such men, and we are hopeful that our cousins across the water will recognize this fact, and will not demand of our crew that they shall cross the sea a third time in order to make good their title to the championship. That the championship four have the courage and confidence to make the trip again, we have not the smallest doubt, but their friends and supporters have a very natural desire to witness such a contest as would issue from the match proposed, and we trust an arrangement will be made by which it shall take place on the home water. One of the best four-mile courses in the world is to be found upon the Tyne, and the strict enforcement of the conservancy regulations carried out by Mr. Superintendent Stephens ensures a clear track throughout to all comers. Of the hospitality of the town James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, Pa., can speak, and altogether we see no reason why Mr. Biglin should not bring his crew across, and give the British public their first view of American professional rowing."

The champion course on the Tyne, is that shewn on plan in the *Canadian Illustrated News* of Nov. 25th, 1871, from the High Level Bridge to Lemington Point. It is anticipated the Biglin crew will come over, so that the Tynesiders may have a chance of seeing their style of rowing.

Lord Lurgan's celebrated greyhound, Master McGrath, is dead. This well-known greyhound has won the Waterloo Cup three times, and was, according to the latest information, in grand form for the ensuing meeting at Altcar, where, it is anticipated, he would again repeat his former victories. After having won on the last occasion he was sent to Windsor for the inspection of Her Majesty. The death of Master McGrath will have an important effect on the result of the Waterloo Cup of 1872. This dog was completely worshipped in Ireland.

Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co. are very busy making guns for the Turkish Government, of very large calibre.

R. E.

PITT AND CANNING.

When some one asked Mr. Freere about Pitt's supposed frigidity of disposition, he replied with warmth, "No one who really knew Pitt intimately would have called him cold. A man who is Prime Minister at 25 cannot carry his heart on his sleeve, and be hail, fellow! well met with every Jack, Tom, and Harry. Pitt's manner, by nature as well as by habit and necessity, was in public always dignified, reserved and imperious; but he had very warm feelings, and had it not been for the obligations of the official position which lay on him almost throughout his whole life I believe he might have had nearly as many personal friends as Fox." Whether this be generally true or not, there can be no doubt that Pitt had the warmest personal regard for Canning. Ten years his senior, the grave statesman allows his young and brilliant subordinate to let his fancy revel in the political sallies of the Anti-Jacobin. When a few years afterwards Canning was going to be married, Mr. Freere tells us that Pitt took as much interest in the match as if Canning had been his only child. In a worldly point of view it was a good alliance for Canning, whose fortune was not adequate to the political position Pitt would have liked him to hold, and he made old Dundas think almost as much about it as if it had been some important party combination. In 1800, Freere writing to his brother Bartholomew, whose name was judiciously shortened into "Bartle," and who was private secretary to Lord Minto on his mission to Vienna in 1799, says of the marriage:—Canning was married last Tuesday. He dined with me, and was launched into futurity at about half after seven by the Rev. W. Leigh with great composure. Many years after, in 1844, Mr. Freere had much more to tell of the same event. "I was to be best man, and Pitt, Canning, and Mr. Leigh, who was to read the service, dined with me before the marriage, which was to take place in Brook street. We had a coach to drive there, and as we went through that narrow part near what was then Swallow street, a fellow drew up against the wall to avoid being run over, and peering into the coach recognized Pitt and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, sitting opposite to him. The fellow exclaimed, 'What! Billy Pitt, and with a parson, too!' I said, 'He thinks you are going to Tyburn to be hanged privately,' which was rather impudent of me; but Pitt was rather much absorbed, I believe, in thinking of the marriage to be angry. After the ceremony he was so nervous that he could not sign as witness, and Canning whispered to sign without waiting for him. He regarded the marriage as the one thing needed to give Canning the position necessary to lead a party, and this was the cause of his anxiety about it, which I would not have believed had I not witnessed it, though I knew how warm was the regard he had for Canning. Had Canning been Pitt's own son, I do not think Pitt could have been more interested in all that related to this marriage." How strange all this sounds nowadays. The marriage at half-past 7, the dinner before, the hackney coach in which the Prime Minister of England, with the clergyman in full canonicals, nearly runs over a foot passen-

ger in Swallow Street, somewhere on the line of modern Regent Street, on the way to Brook Street, the rude recognition of the "fellow," and Freere's allusion to Tyburn—all these belong to a bygone and long forgotten time. Then it would seem that marriages were far more private and unceremonious than they now are, when grand carriage after grand carriage drives up to St. George's in haste lest 12 o'clock should have struck and the bride be given away before all the world can be witnesses; and when the one clergyman in full canonicals, who suggested a Tyburn tippet rather than a wedding knot, is succeeded by a Bishop, and at least two assisting clergyman for fear that one ecclesiastic alone should be unequal to perform the ceremony. Three things now-a-days add fresh terrors to matrimony—the wedding presents, the wedding breakfasts, and the herd of idle and often noisy spectators. Our fathers were wiser, and escaped all of them by being married quietly after dinner and driving off in the dark to the country.

THE NEW CITY HALL, VIENNA.

For many years past the want has been felt by the people of Vienna of larger accommodation for the transaction of the municipal business. The City Council, after much deliberation, recently resolved upon erecting a new City Hall, and without losing more time, offered three premiums for the best plans for the proposed building. The competition was not confined to German architects, and the inducements offered being large, plans were received from every quarter of the world. France, Italy, England and America, all contributed, and when the competition closed the Building Committee found that they had to adjudicate on no fewer than 63 plans. After much hesitation that of Friedrich Schmidt, the celebrated Viennese architect, was accepted. A better man to direct the building of the new Hall could hardly have been found. Schmidt had already given eminent proofs of his ability, and had earned distinction by his restoration of the Vienna Cathedral and of the upper part of the Stephansturm in the same city.

Already before the architects' competition was opened the City Fathers had taken into consideration the question of site. Several were proposed but none proved to be suitable. In fact the only available place in the whole city where full justice could be done to a handsome edifice was the *glacis* or esplanade, at that time reserved for military purposes. The question of site was thus left in abeyance until the close of the competition, when the City Council, taking into consideration the beauty of Schmidt's design, ventured to petition the Emperor to grant them the much-coveted esplanade; and His Majesty, after inspecting the plans for the new building, was graciously pleased to accede to their demands. Work was immediately commenced under Schmidt's direction, and it is confidently expected that the edifice, when completed, will form one of the finest architectural monuments to be met with in Europe.

WHAT RAILWAY DUST IS COMPOSED OF.

Mr. Joseph Sidebotham has made a microscopical examination of dust blown into a railway carriage near Birmingham. He says: I spread a paper on the seat of the carriage, near the open window, and collected the dust that fell upon it. A rough examination of this, with two thirds power, showed a large portion of fragments of iron, and, on applying a soft iron needle, I found that many of them were highly magnetic. They were mostly long, thin, and straight, the largest being about 1-150th of an inch, and, under the power used, had the appearance of a quantity of old nails. I then, with a magnet, separated the iron from the other particles.

The weight, altogether, of the dust collected was 5-7 grains, and the portion of those particles composed wholly, or in part of iron was 2-9 grains, or more than one half. The iron thus separated consisted chiefly of fused particles of dross or burned iron, like 'clinkers,' many were more or less spherical, like those brought to our notice by Mr. Dancer, from the flue of a furnace, but none so smooth; they were all more or less covered with spikes and excrescences, some having long tails, like the old 'Prince Rupert's drops;' there were also many small, angular particles like cast iron, having crystalline structure.

The other portion of the dust consisted largely of cinders, some very bright angular fragments of glass or quartz, a few bits of yellow metal, opaque, white, and spherical bodies, grains of sand, a few bits of coal, etc.

After the examination of this dust, I could easily understand why it had produced such irritation; the number of angular, pointed, and spiked pieces of iron, and the *Scoria*, or clinkers, being quite sufficient to account for the unpleasant effect.

I think it probable that the magnetic strips of iron are laminae from the rails and tires of the wheels, and the other iron particles portions of fused metal; either from the coal or from the furnace bars. The large portion of iron found in the dust is probably owing to the metal being heavier than the ordinary dust, and accumulating in cuttings such as those between the two stations named.

If I had to travel much by railway through that district, I should like to wear magnetic railway spectacles, and a magnetic respirator in dry weather.

THE GULLY IN BALDWIN'S IRON MINE, HULL.

In connection with the illustration which appears in this issue of the Hull Mines near the capital on the north side of the Ottawa, we copy the following from *The Iron Age*, published in New York:

Between fifty and sixty miles north of the St. Lawrence River, in a line almost straight from Ogdensburg, in the State of New York, stands the City of Ottawa, on the river of that name. This city, which has a population of about 25,000 souls, is the capital of the Dominion of Canada. Its appearance reminds one of the city of Nashville, and the topography of the surrounding country resembles that of the eastern part of the State of Tennessee. The river Ottawa is the most majestic of the inland rivers of Canada, draining, with its tributaries, some of which are four hundred miles in length, an immense area of territory, and it is the great highway of the vast pine lumber trade of the country. Its waters flow into those of the St. Lawrence at points near the city of

Montreal, and, with short reaches of canal connection, there is uninterrupted navigation from Ottawa to Montreal, and from the latter place to Lake Champlain. On the eastern boundary of the capital is the River "Rideau," a sluggish stream, which flows from south to north and empties itself over a precipice into the Ottawa. The "Rideau" is important only as giving a canal connection between the city of Ottawa and the city of Kingston, and thus with the great provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and the city is built on a bold limestone promontory overlooking the river, on the Ontario side. On the north side of the river, immediately opposite the city, there is the large, but sparsely populated, county of Ottawa, whose northern boundary has never been clearly defined, and which stretches far away to the Arctic Ocean. This county is immensely rich in undeveloped natural resources; its surface is dotted over with innumerable large and small lakes, and intersected by streams that abound with the finny tribes, and which will afford the most abundant water-power for manufacturing purposes, and to encourage such industrial operations nature has lavished upon the county boundless forests of oak, elm, beech, birch, maple, and other hard woods, remarkably well adapted for the cabinetmaker. But these vast sources of wealth are merely of secondary importance to the mineral riches which are now known to exist in all parts of the county. There are large deposits of variegated marble, of phosphate of lime, of barytes, galena, graphite and iron-ore, the latter of which must soon be of great commercial importance from its contiguity to the river point.

As all matters pertaining to iron and iron-ore possess peculiar interest for your readers, I will, with your permission, give you some particulars of the iron ore and its working in the county of Ottawa. So far as now known the iron bearing strata of the county of Ottawa is confined to the township of Hull, the township immediately opposite the city, but it is believed to follow a chain of small hills which run into an adjoining township. The presence of the ore in the township of Hull was discovered many years ago; and in, or about, 1857, operations were commenced by a Mr. Forsythe, of Pittsburgh, who sent ore to the furnaces there, but with what result I do not know. Mr. Forsythe disposed of his interest in the mining location, and about the year 1865 a number of local capitalists formed a company, acquired the property, and commenced operations of mining and smelting. The property comprised some 200 acres of mining land, 9,000 acres of hard wood land, distant from the mine about three miles, and land and wharf privileges on the "Gatineau," a tributary of the Ottawa. In 1866 the company erected a large blast furnace and the necessary complement of charcoal ovens near their wharf. They commenced operations with very favourable prospects before them, having abundance of ore of the richest kind, an unlimited supply of fuel in the shape of the best hard wood, with all other required material for smelting, together with the best facilities for working and for transportation of products to market; but, from causes to be explained, their working was profitless, and in two years they suspended operation. The following is a description of the furnace: height, 38 feet; diameter at the boshes, 10½ feet, and at the throat, 4 5-12 feet; the tuyeres are six in number.

When working under the company's management, the following was the charge: 19 bushels of hard wood charcoal, 450 pounds of mixed ore—black magnetic, and an ore known at the furnace as "red ore," from a slight admixture of hematite—previously calcined; 110 pounds of flux, consisting of white crystalline limestone, 65; clay, 27; and silicious sand, 18 pounds. The average yield of the furnace of gray pig iron was at the rate of 56 per cent. for the ore, while the consumption of charcoal for the ton of metal produced was 170 bush., or about 37 cwt. The cost of the iron thus produced was as follows:

For ore, fuel and wages of men.....	\$22.60
Salaries and general expenses.....	3.90
Cost of a ton of pig iron at Hull.....	\$26.50

The iron produced was used up in the manufacture of car wheels, and for the purpose it was declared to be an excellent quality; but at the prices, which then ruled, taken in connection with the high cost of production, there was no profit in working. The average yield of the furnace was about 6½ tons per day, and during the period of working some 2,500 tons were produced. It is obvious that the cost of production—\$26.50, gold—was, considering the richness of the ore, the cheapness of the fuel, and the great facilities for working, very much in excess of what it ought to have been. The quality of the ore may be understood from the following analysis of two samples, made in 1868, by Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, and embodied in his report to the chief of the Canadian Geological Survey. The first analysis was of a sample of the "red ore," which gave the following result:

Peroxide of iron.....	66.20
Protoxide of iron.....	17.78
(Equal to 58.78 Metallic Iron.)	
Oxide manganese.....	traces
Lime, as silicate.....	.76
Magnesia, as silicate.....	.45
Carbonate of lime.....	2.66
Silica.....	10.44
Graphite.....	.71
Phosphorus.....	.015
Sulphur.....	.280
	99.295

The second sample was black magnetic ore, and the analysis gave the following result:

Magnetic oxide of iron.....	73.90
(Equal to 53.20 Metallic Iron.)	
Magnesia.....	1.88
Alumina.....	.61
Silica.....	20.27
Water.....	3.27
Phosphorus.....	.027
Sulphur.....	.085
	100.042

The two kinds of ore are taken from the same mine, but that known as "red" is found only in small quantities. The analyst remarked, "It is clear that the rich ores of Hull, with proper management, should be smelted with 22 or 23 cwt. of charcoal, instead of from 35 to 38 cwt., the quantity actually consumed." This alone is sufficient to explain the failure to

produce iron profitably at Hull, where the supply of rich ore is abundant, and the quality of the iron made was excellent. I may add to this that the furnace was about two miles from the ore bed, and the wood was drawn several miles to the ovens, and the carriage of the raw material such distances must have needlessly added to the cost of production. After working two years, as I have before mentioned, the company suspended operations, and the mines rested for two years, changing hands several times. At present they are owned in great part, three-fourths, I believe, by Mr. A. H. Baldwin, an energetic gentleman, who has been largely engaged in pine lumbering operations on the Ottawa for the last eighteen years, and who has taken hold of the mining property with a determination to develop its great richness. Under Mr. Baldwin's management mining operations were resumed last spring, and before the close of navigation a fair season's work had been done. Beside a great amount of repairs and surface cleaning, 10,000 tons of fine black magnetic ore was got out and shipped to Cleveland. At Cleveland the ore was mixed with other kinds, Lake Superior, I believe, and the yield of iron was very good. Some of the iron so produced was purchased by the Car Wheel Company of Toronto, and I learn from the manager that it has given the utmost satisfaction. The Hull ore has found very great favour in Cleveland, and Mr. Baldwin has received orders for 20,000 tons at an advance of 50 cents per ton on the prices obtained this year. The work will be vigorously prosecuted this winter, and the ore drawn to the wharf in readiness for shipment on the opening of navigation. The old mine, known as the "Forsythe Mine," is situated on lot 11, in the 7th concession of the township of Hull, and the main vein of ore, where the workings are being carried on, commences at the southeast angle and runs out at the northwest angle. Recently the vein has been traced, by unmistakable surface indications, across three adjoining lots to lot 14, in the 6th concession, a distance of about one mile and a-half. Mr. Baldwin has acquired by purchase these additional lots. The main vein of ore appears to be about 40 feet in width, but there are radiating veins from this, and as the ore bearing strata is irregular and broken up, as if by some mighty convulsion of nature, it is impossible to judge, with any pretence to accuracy, what limit should be placed upon the abundance of the ore. At the farthest limit of the ore bearing strata, as far as traced, the surface is covered with large blocks and fragments of rich ore, as if they had been thrust through the crust of the earth by some violent volcanic effort. A small hill here rises from slightly swampy ground to a height of about 100 feet, exposing on the south side a wall-like face. From top to bottom of this hill the black ore is seen protruding in immense masses through the surface, and the ground all around is strewn with fragments. The base of the hill is about 130 feet in length, and it may be roughly estimated that the cubic contents are 150,000,000 feet. It is certain that the ore-bearing strata is continuous from the present working to the extreme limit of the new property, so that Mr. Baldwin has plenty of material on hand for extensive operations in mining, and smelting too, should he decide upon converting ore to iron. The prospects of making the mine a good paying concern are very encouraging. The ore is exceedingly abundant, and its richness is beyond doubt. The facilities for working are good, as the ore bed is approached from the face, or from below, and from the topography of the locality it is clear that the present working level can be followed from front to rear of the property. It is in contemplation to construct a short line of narrow gauge railway, about two miles in length, from the wharf to the mine, and the waggons may be taken into the workings and loaded from the heaps there. This will reduce the cost of handling and carriage. The facilities for reaching market with products are also good. If ore is the product, as now, it can be conveyed by boat from the wharf on the Gatineau through the Rideau Canal to Kingston, and from thence by Lake to Cleveland, at a cost of \$3 currency per ton. This leaves a fair margin of profit on the working at present prices. Considering the abundance and richness of the ore, and the facilities for working and access to market, I have no doubt but that the mine will, ere long, be a profitable property, and that the Hull ore will have very great influence upon the markets of the country.

F. C. S. R.

BURNING OF THE "HIGHLANDER" AND "HERCULES" AT GARDEN ISLAND, ONT.

Garden Island, a suburb of the city of Kingston, from which it is distant nearly two miles, derives its importance from the shipping and ship-building operations carried on there in connection with the port of Kingston. On the 8th of last month a serious fire occurred there which resulted in the destruction of two vessels representing a cash value of some seventy or seventy-five thousand dollars. Our illustration of the scene is from a sketch by Captain Dix, jr., and the particulars of the fire are gathered from the report of the Kingston Daily News of the 9th ult.:

Between half-past nine and ten o'clock on the night of Dec. 8th a fire was discovered to have broken out on the steamer "Highlander," one of Messrs. Calvin and Breck's Government Tug Line, stationed in winter quarters at the south-eastern extremity of Garden Island. The lateness of the hour favoured the destructive fire-fiend, and the wooden material composing the boat being well seasoned, and as dry as tinder, it was instantaneously enveloped in flames, which shot up in a lurid glare, from stem to stern, illuminating the whole village with a bright red light, and casting a reflection on the heavens, which was distinctly observed for miles around. The fire was quickly noticed, and exertion made to prevent its spread, as on all sides the "burning ship" was encompassed by substances of an inflammable nature which, if ignited, would in all probability have caused very serious loss. To prevent the spread of the fire, the barque "Bessie Barwick" was swung out a considerable distance from the wharf, and a safe distance from the fire. The wind, blowing a gale from the west, was fortunately in the desired direction to protect the property on land; but from a point that endangered the shipping to the port side of the "Highlander." The tug "Hercules," moored inside of the former and securely chained together, could not possibly escape the same fate, under the circumstances. With the consumption of the upper decks of the "Highlander," the fiery element was transmitted to the "Hercules," and in less time than it takes to pen the description, it was likewise a mass of flames, which at one time had assumed an intensity calculated to defeat the efforts of those who were actively engaged in endeavouring to suppress it. About eleven o'clock

several gentlemen of the city, including forwarders, captains, and sailors of vessels, and a number of others, proceeded to the ferry wharf (Kinghorn's), and procuring the attendance of Captain Hinckley, the Engineer, and hands on board, steamed across the channel by the steamer "Pierrepont." A stiff breeze and rolling sea prevailed on the lake, which caused the Pierrepont to lurch heavily, much to the discomfort of her passengers, and it was only after several ineffectual attempts to land that a line was fastened to the steamer "John A. Macdonald," which, on being slackened, permitted the "ferry" moving backward, until her stern came in close proximity to the partially destroyed craft, and allowed a steady stream of water to be poured on the wrecks. The machinery of the "Highlander" had been disjoined, and the support of the "walking beam" having burned, this immense piece of metal fell with a loud crash, and shortly afterwards the smoke stack toppled and fell against the paddle wheel of the "Hercules." At this juncture the steamer "Watertown" arrived, with a hose reel and No. 1 "Deluge" Fire Engine, from the Kingston brigade, and from this, and the donkey engines of the steamers "Hiram A. Calvin," "John A. Macdonald," "Watertown" and "Pierrepont," five volumes of water were directed upon the fire. The "Pierrepont" particularly did good service, not merely at the outset, but throughout the entire night, never once ceasing to assist in confining the flames, which occasionally threatened the destruction of the dock and buildings adjoining, until the ill-fated boat (the "Hercules" scuttled) had settled down in an apparently harmless condition. The horrors of the night were heightened by the melancholy circumstance that a young man named Charles Kelly, belonging to Cornwall, who was fireman on the "Highlander," was burned to death on board the ill-fated steamer. All the rest of the crew lived in the village of Garden Island and consequently slept on shore, leaving Kelly the only occupant of the vessel during the night. The News gives the following history of the burnt vessel:—"The tug 'Hercules' has, heretofore, had a somewhat untoward career, her boiler having blown up, while on the way from Montreal, in the 'St. Lawrence,' and killed Dexter Deline, eldest son of Mr. D. D. Calvin, M. P. P., one of her owners. Since then she was consigned to various missions—for a long period being under the direction of the Government Military Authorities as a gunboat during the Fenian excitement. She was one of the largest and most powerful tugs navigating the lake and river. Her engine, when burned, being all connected and in running order, still stands erect, and may, on that account, prove of more value than that of the 'Highlander.' The 'Hercules' was not insured. Value about \$30,000. The tug 'Highlander' has not been devoid of misfortunes. Repeatedly she had caught fire, but by promptness of action in every case, the fire had been extinguished ere it had partaken of a disastrous aspect, or accomplished much damage. Formerly she was a passenger steamer, one of the Royal Mail Line, and about nine or ten years ago she was rebuilt as a tug, running as such to the present time. There was no insurance on her (as in fact there is none on any of Messrs Calvin and Breck's shipping, they being their own insurers), and her value may be estimated at between \$30,000 and \$32,000.

GRAND DUKE ALEXIS UNDER THE FALLS.

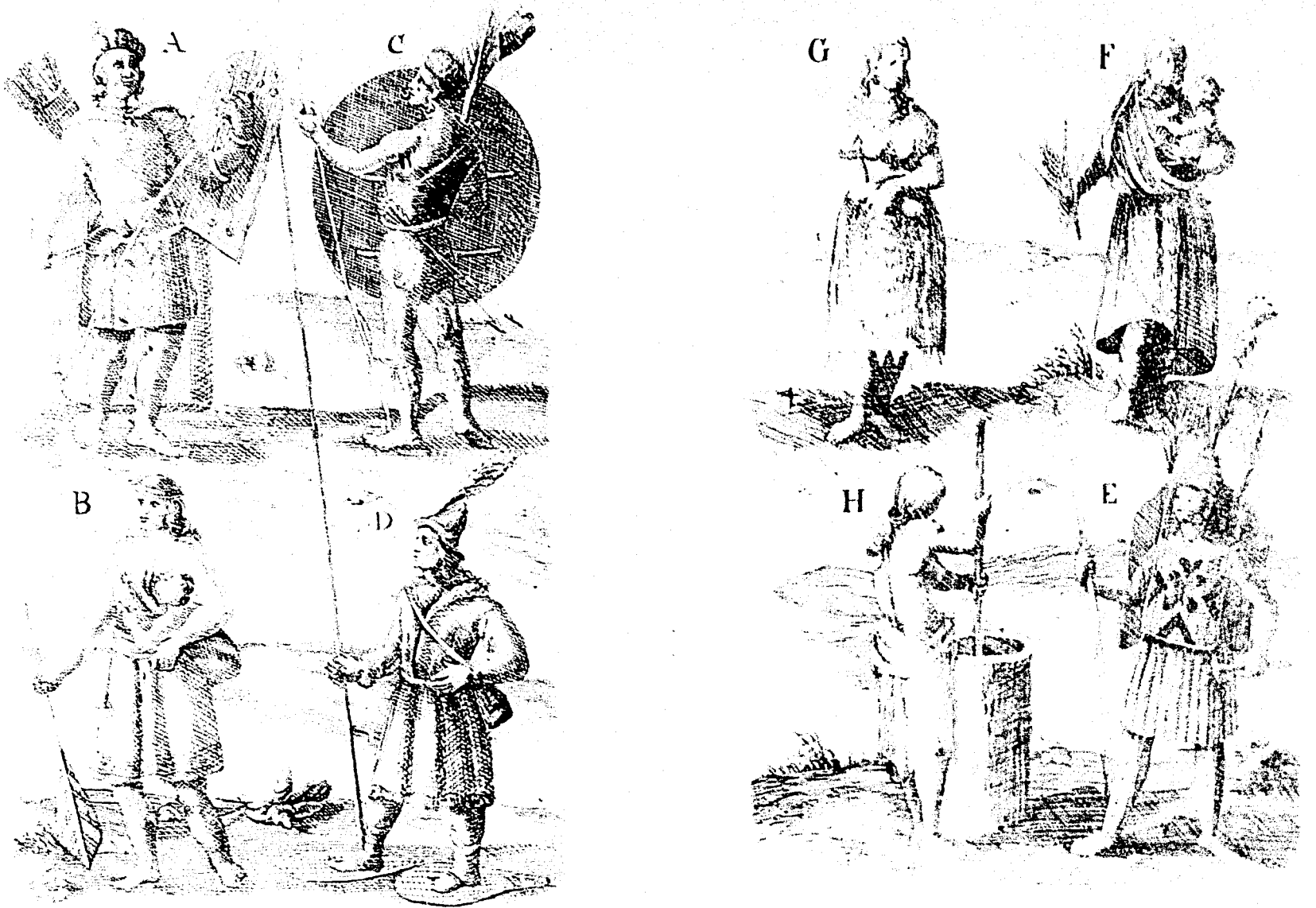
Among the many varieties of Canadian scenery which the Grand Duke Alexis witnessed during his brief visit to this country, "under the Falls of Niagara" will probably be the most memorable. His Imperial Highness having visited Toronto, where a ball was given in his honour by the Hon. D. L. Macpherson, Senator, he left that city by special train for Clifton, where he arrived at half-past one o'clock on the 22nd ultimo. Here the Grand Duke was met by T. C. Street, Esq., M.P., and Col. Sidney Barnett. A guard of honour comprising one hundred men of the 44th battalion Canadian Volunteers, under command of Major Thomas Macklem, was drawn up to receive His Imperial Highness, who on alighting was duly saluted, the band playing the Russian national hymn. The Imperial party were immediately afterwards conducted to sleighs and driven to Barnett's Museum at the Canada side of the Falls. In one of the parlours they were enrobed in the usual India rubber dresses for the descent under the Horse Shoe Fall. On this journey they were piloted by the coloured guides in attendance, and many were the jokes cracked by his Imperial Highness and companions over their novel surroundings. The day was cold and clear, the Falls having on their best winter garb, which, as all know who have visited them in the cold season, is one of the prettiest they ever wear. The Grand Duke expressed himself highly pleased with the visit. He left Niagara for Buffalo, and thereafter went to Chicago, where he spent New Year's Day, and thence to the far North-West. He is bound to do America before leaving for home.

CLOUDED TIGER AND SATYR FOWL.

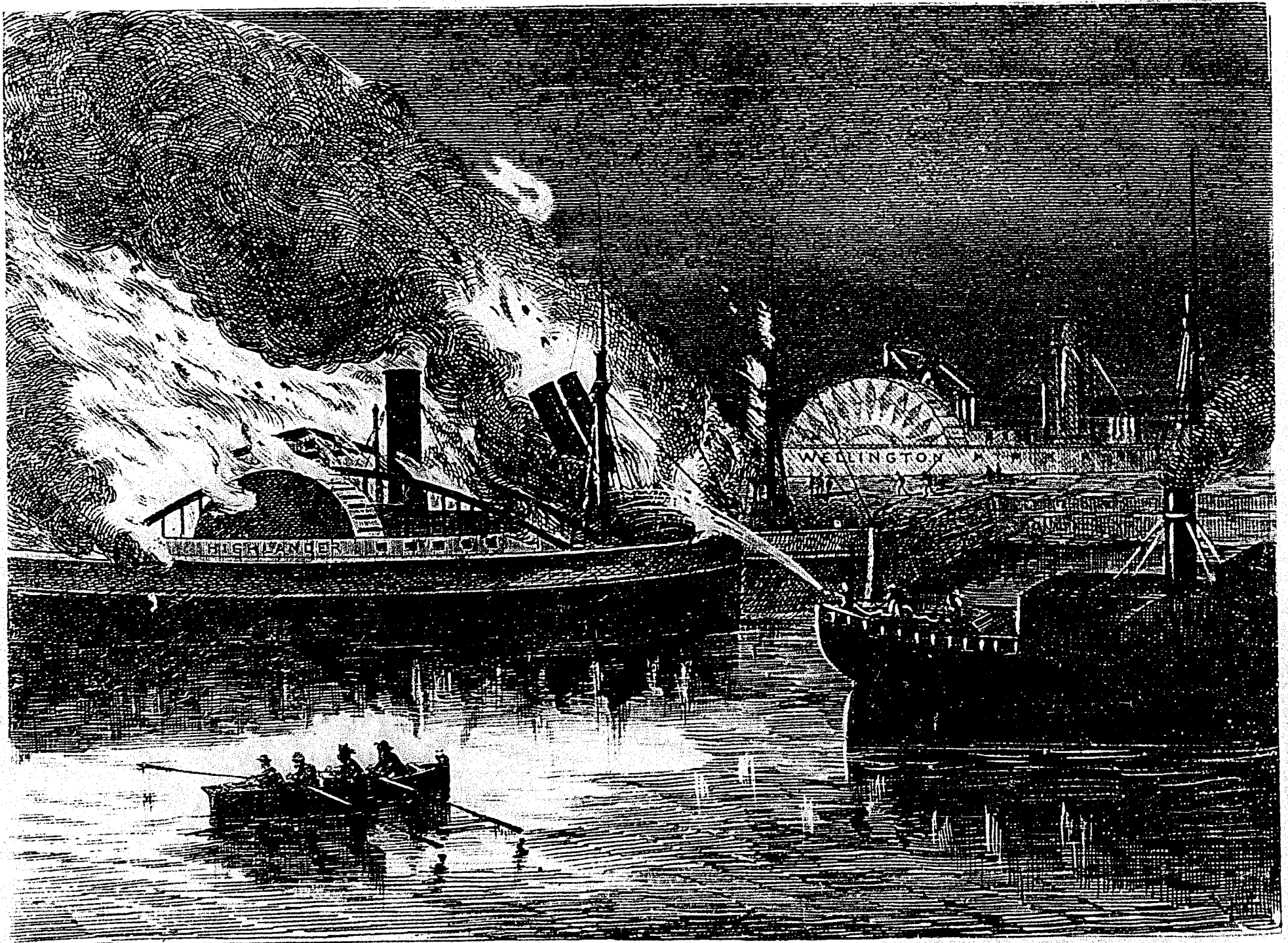
The illustration on page 45 is drawn from animal life in Nepal, a province lying to the south of Thibet. The two quadrupeds of the tiger kind are known as Clouded Tigers, a species first met with by Sir Stamford Raffles in Sumatra, to which was given the technical name of *Felis macroscelis*. In appearance the Clouded Tiger is not unlike the leopard, but it possesses one noticeable peculiarity in the fineness and length of its fur. The ground colour of the fur is a bright greyish-yellow with dark greyish-brown stripes and blotches. The throat, belly, and inside of the legs are white; head and neck striped like the tiger, and back and sides covered with large blotches, or clouds. The singular attitude of the animal in the background of the picture will at once be noticed. Such is invariably the position of the Clouded Tiger while in a state of rest. The animal chooses a convenient branch terminating in a fork. On this it lies, on its belly, with three legs hanging straight down, and the fourth curled round the fork. The Malay name for this animal is *Rime Dahau*, which being interpreted signifies the Cat of the Forked Branch, alluding to this strange predilection for forked branches.

The Satyr Bird, or horned Tragopan, (*Cerionis Satyra*) is a bird of the pheasant kind found in Northern India.

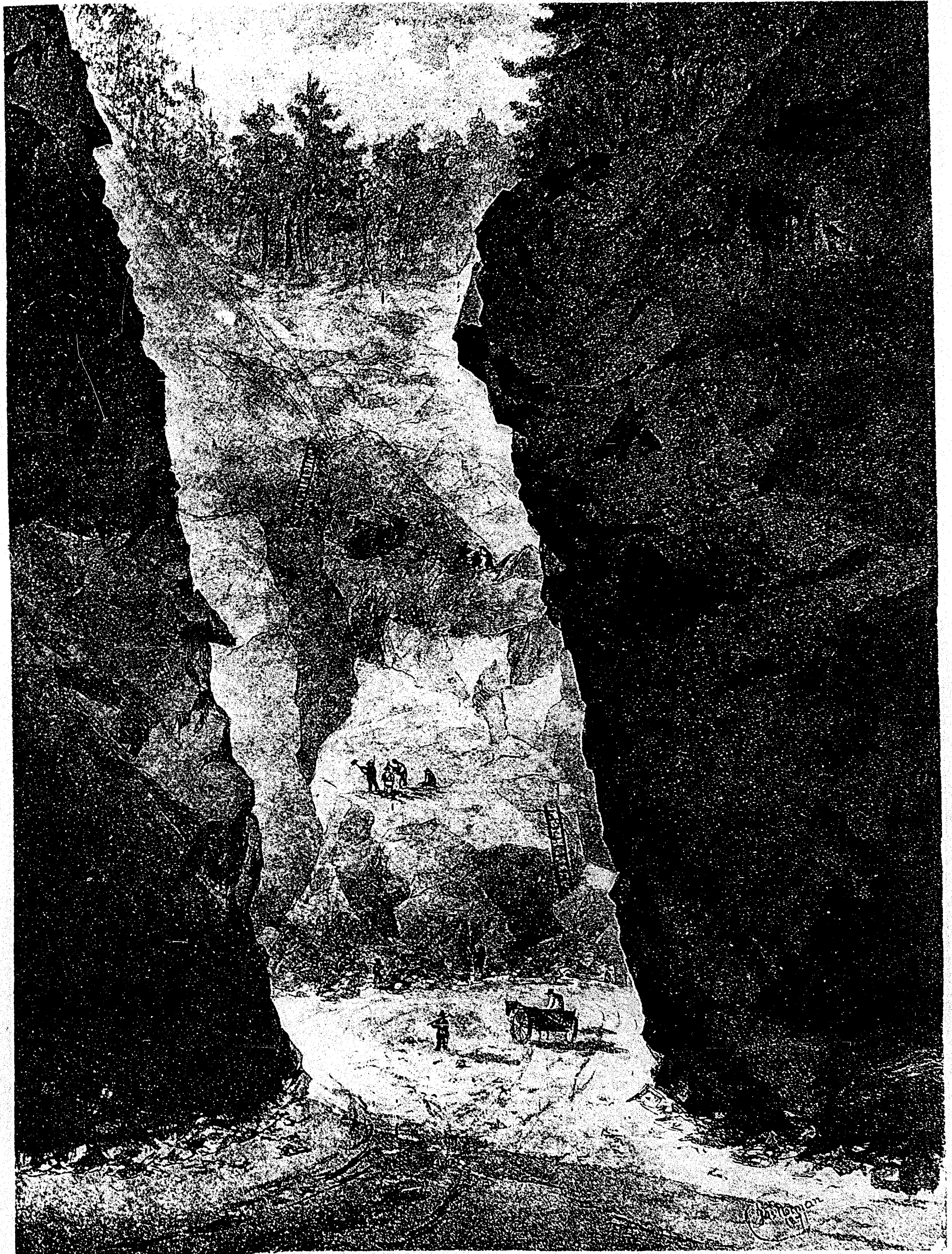
At a meeting of the Kenforth Memorial Committee held at Gateshead, England, on the 6th ult., the chairman stated that the total amount he had placed in the bank on behalf of the fund was £357 16s 3d. It was resolved to advertise for designs for the proposed monument.



FACSIMILES OF ILLUSTRATIONS TO CHAMPLAIN'S WORKS —SEE PAGE 34.



BURNING OF THE STEAMERS "HIGHLANDER" AND "HERCULES" AT GARDEN ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. DIX, JR.—SEE PAGE 36



THE GULLY IN THE BALDWIN IRON MINES, HULL, P. Q.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. NOTMAN—SEE PAGE 35

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
JAN. 27, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Jan. 21.—	Third Sunday after Epiphany. St. Agnes, V. & M. First English Parliament assembled by Simon de Montfort, 1265. Resolutions passed by the British Columbia Legislature in favour of Confederation, 1871.
MONDAY,	" 22.—	Commencement of the South Sea Bubble Excitement, 1720. Pitt died, 1806.
TUESDAY,	" 23.—	Duke of Kent died, 1820. Castle of St. Louis burnt, 1834.
WEDNESDAY,	" 24.—	Bishop Laval resigned, 1688. Frederick the Great born, 1712.
THURSDAY,	" 25.—	Conversion of St. Paul. Bishop Plessis consecrated, 1801. Sir F. B. Head, Lieut.-Governor, Ont., 1836.
FRIDAY,	" 26.—	St. Polycarp, Bp. & M. Dr. Jenner died, 1823. P. O. Money Order system introduced in Canada, 1855.
SATURDAY,	" 27.—	Independence of Greece proclaimed, 1822. Selection of Ottawa as the Seat of Government announced, 1858. Disturbance at Quebec, 1870.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 16th January, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
W.,	Jan. 10.	30°	21°	25°5	30.15	30.20	30.17
Th.,	" 11.	38°	27°	32°5	30.17	29.90	29.72
Fri.,	" 12.	36°	29°5	32°7	29.62	29.70	29.74
Sat.,	" 13.	36°	25°5	25°2	29.79	29.84	29.95
Su.,	" 14.	11°	3°	7°	30.10	30.20	30.25
M.,	" 15.	10°	-5°	2°5	30.20	30.20	30.17
Tu.,	" 16.	11°	-5°	3°	30.17	30.20	30.22

A GREAT ATTRACTION!

In the first number of the fifth volume of the
CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,
to be issued on SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1872, will appear the beginning of a New Story, by

ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

which will be continued weekly until completed. The Story is under publication in *Good Words*, and is entitled

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANDPERE.

No paper in Canada, save the *C. I. News*, has the right to publish this Tale in serial form.

POSTPONEMENT.

Having only received the first instalment of this new story we defer the commencement of its publication for a week or two in order to insure its insertion in consecutive numbers.
January 6, 1872.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

These Agents will also collect the subscription and the postage.

- Almonte..... James Greig.
- Bothwell, Ont..... A. J. Wiley.
- Bowmanville, Ont..... Yellowless & Quick.
- Brampton, Ont..... A. Hudson.
- Brockville, Ont..... P. L. Woods.
- Cobourg, Ont..... F. L. Kincaid.
- Collingwood, Ont..... J. C. Reynolds.
- Dundas, Ont..... A. Morton.
- Flora, Ont..... J. B. Meacham.
- Fenelon Falls, Ont..... Henry Kirkland.
- Fergus, Ont..... M. N. Minthorne.
- Fredericton, N. B..... L. C. Munroe.
- Goble's Corners, Ont..... H. A. Cropley.
- Goderich, Ont..... N. B. Goble.
- Hamilton, Ont..... T. J. Moorehouse.
- Ingersoll, Ont..... R. M. Ballantine.
- Kincardine, Ont..... R. A. Woodcock.
- Kingston, Ont..... F. A. Barnes.
- London, Ont..... Ed. Stacey.
- Meaford..... Wm. Bryce.
- Napanee, Ont..... Thos. Plunkett.
- Orrilla, Ont..... Henry Bro.
- Oshawa, Ont..... H. B. Slaven.
- Ottawa, Ont..... J. A. Gibson.
- Paisley, Ont..... E. A. Perry.
- Pembroke, Ont..... Jno. Kelso.
- Peith, Ont..... S. E. Mitchell.
- Petrolia, Ont..... John Hart.
- Prescott, Ont..... N. Reynolds.
- Sherbrooke..... P. Byrne.
- St. Catharines, Ont..... J. Rollo.
- St. John, N. B..... W. L. Copeland.
- Tilsonburg, Ont..... Roger Hunter.
- Wardsville, Ont..... W. S. Law.
- Wellington Square, Ont..... W. F. Barclay.
- Henry M. DeLong.

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, JANUARY 20, 1872.

How far should the civil government interfere in the affairs personal to its subjects? Should it own and run the railways as in France? Or the telegraph lines as in Belgium and England? Should it dictate the nature of the education to be imparted to youth through the public schools, as in the United States, Canada, and other countries? Or should it confine itself within the bare limits of preserving the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*?

Opinion is very much divided on the subject of the extent to which the civil government may interfere in domestic and personal affairs. But we imagine there is a very broad distinction between the furnishing of material

facilities for the transaction of business and the assumption of the right to control the direction of the intellect. The baneful leaven of that vice in civil government which, for the want of a better name, we call *Cæsarism*, has projected itself throughout the centuries to an extent that one would think impossible if due influence had been accorded to Christianity and science. Both these teach the doctrine of individualism, and the former imposes subjection to the civil power simply as a matter of respect to authority and for the preservation of society. Science, on the contrary, teaches the means of making the elements of nature subservient to the purposes of human convenience and enjoyment. Science is not respectful. It is inquisitive and thoroughly Thomasite in its character. But it has given us the steamboat, the railway, and the telegraph; and these being all practical and very valuable aids to the transaction of the ordinary business of life without trenching at all upon the individuality of the subject, or, as our neighbours say, "citizen," there can be no logical exception taken to their being placed under Government control except the one, which we do not think very sound, that the Government represents only the majority. Let it be recognised that the Government is constituted for all; that it represents the whole people; and then we can have no more objection to seeing it exercising full control over the railways and telegraph lines than we have now in seeing it in full possession of the management of the Post Office.

Postal administration has been extended to the manifest advantage of society. The latest improvement after the sample and parcels post, has been the postal card, a convenience for the introduction of which we are primarily indebted to Austria. France and other continental countries have long set the example of a Government railway system; and even in some of the Provinces of the Dominion the railways have been constructed and held as public property. From the railway and the Post Office the transition is easy to the telegraph wire, and its working in England, under Government, despite some drawbacks at the starting, has been productive of great public convenience. If the Government can administer the Post Office and the telegraph to the greater advantage of the public than can be done by a private Company, why should not the Government undertake the ownership and running of the railways? Already in the Dominion there are a few lines under Government ownership and control, but they have not as yet given much of practical testimony to the wisdom of the system, the reason for which may probably be found in the fact that they were built rather too soon, or that they traversed localities in which the business was not sufficient to give them profitable support.

In admitting the right of the civil government to assume all the functions necessary to enable it best to administer to the convenience and aid the industrial efforts of its subjects, whereby the country may become great among the nations, we are not called upon to concede that it should also dictate the conditions upon which the moral culture and intellectual education of every individual are to be determined. Yet that is the pretension of many of our newfangled Reformers. They talk of "free education," which they say, with admirable inconsistency of terms, ought to be made compulsory! There is no doubt that people should be taught, but there is very great—perhaps we should say no doubt at all—whether the State should assume to act *in loco parentis* where the parent is in a condition to dictate a course of training for his children, and when, by no act of his, has he forfeited his rights in the eye of the law. State training has not had a very happy effect in many countries where the matter as well as the manner was dictated by the government, and we think that the old-fashioned system of British freedom was much more calculated to foster individual development and national growth than the modern notion of an Educational Trades' Union in which every child shall be sent through a prescribed course, and his intellect fed with the regulation quantity of intellectual pabulum.

It is the misfortune of governments that they too frequently exceed their commissions. They are instituted for the preservation of peace and the security of property and personal liberty among their subjects. Too frequently they fail in these important functions, and that failure ought not surely to be accounted a recommendation for the performance of higher duties which pertain strictly to the head of the family. Among the last things which any government thinks of teaching in its public schools is the laws under which it is administered; yet these would be wholesome instruction in many cases. Another point of instruction almost universally neglected, and one which would be of the utmost advantage to society, is the imparting of such sanitary instructions and

rules for the preservation of physical health as science has developed. Next in importance, especially to the female portion of humanity, would be a thorough drilling in domestic economy. If the State desires good subjects it may be excused for providing the means, and even for imposing the obligation, of becoming so. But when its programme not only surpasses but even ignores this simple condition, we are brought to doubt whether the *Cæsarism* of Pagan times which sunk the rights of the individual in the pretensions of the State is not yet the prevailing element in the governments of the world. The truest friends of freedom are those who advocate the largest share of individual liberty consistent with obedience to legitimately constituted authority.

DROKER PARK RACES.—The winter races at Decker Park, the first ever attempted in this city, proved very successful. As previously announced the races were held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. The competition was keen and the attendance of visitors large. Mr. Decker has made additional improvements to the race course since we had occasion to notice it last summer. It is now all that need be desired for the purpose to which it is devoted.

The efforts which are being made in this city to meet the present scarcity of fuel have been supplemented by a generous offer by Mr. A. B. Foster, President of the South-Eastern Co. R. R. Company, of one hundred cords of wood, to be distributed among the poor of Montreal, without regard to creed or nationality. It is needless to say that the Corporation have gratefully accepted the timely gift, and the much needed supply may be expected to reach the city in a day or two.

The following items relating to the Prince of Wales' illness occur in the *Court Journal* :—

The unanimity of sympathy with the Royal Family in the affliction which has overtaken them cannot be more forcibly illustrated than by the establishment of the Forty-eight Hours' Prayer in the different Catholic convents throughout the United Kingdom. The Forty-eight Hours' Prayer is unremitting during the time specified, and is chanted by one-half of the religious community, while the other half reposes.

The popular belief that the usual remedies had ceased to be efficacious may be gathered from a rumour which had obtained currency that the Prince's butcher was in readiness all Friday and throughout the night to kill and skin a sheep, that the reeking skin might be utilised for wrapping the Prince's form in it, in the dreaded event of coldness from collapse setting in and refusing to yield to other treatment. There is some warrant in history for this recipe as a Royal one in more than one sense, and of late, as it happens, there have been some contributions in professional journals to the medical archaeology on the subject.

It appears strange that the Government should have so long delayed in giving out a prayer to be used last Sunday throughout the realm, and followed rather than preceded the spontaneous prayer of the Empire. Such was the delay that many clergymen did not receive the notice in time to append the prayer to their services. Where the blame rests, whether individually or collectively, we know not, but it does appear strange that in Protestant England, in a land famed for its Christianity, no prayer should have been prepared until late in last week. In the United States we were anticipated, for the most fervent supplications were offered up in many of the churches and chapels for the safety of the Prince. At Calcutta the same feeling prevailed. At Bombay the Parsees have held a great prayer-meeting on behalf of the Prince, beseeching Favarin, who is the "Izad of Souls," to keep the flame of life burning in the body of the eldest son of the Maharanees of India, their Sovereign and the Sovereign of England. Hindoos and Mohammedans unite in prayer, and Sir Moses Montefiore sent to the Jews of Jerusalem to offer up their prayers. In our own country, it is true, men of all creeds joined in spontaneous prayer, but were left to their own guidance as to the words by the Government that had forgotten its duty, accidentally or designedly.

SUBMARINE ILLUMINATION.—Prof. Pepper has recently made some highly interesting experiments at the London (Eng.) Polytechnic Institution in submarine illumination by means of the electric light as applied in a new and ingenious apparatus, the invention of Messrs. Heinke and Davis. In this apparatus the jet is contained in an air-tight lantern, and produces a perfect and well-radiated light under water. The importance of this invention as connected with all purposes to which the diving bell is applied, can hardly be over-rated, and the professor had no hesitation in expressing an opinion favourable to its efficiency.

CONCERNING A DICTIONARY.—To the request for the loan of an amusing book to pass the time in camp, Coon says :—I lent them Webster's Unabridged, and they started her sloshing around the camp. She went to Murphy's, and from there she went to Jackson Gulch, and now she's gone to San Andreas, and I don't expect I'll ever see that book again. But what makes me mad is that for all they're so handy about keeping her shashaying around from shanty to shanty, and from camp to camp, none of 'em has got a good word for her. Now, Coddington had her a week, and she was too many for him; he couldn't spell the words; he tackled them, regular busters, tow'rd the middle, you know, and they throwed him. Next Dyer he tried her a jolt, but he couldn't pronounce 'em—Dyer can hunt quail and play seven-up as well as any man, understand; but he can't pronounce worth a cent; he used to hurry along well enough though, till he'd flush one of them rattlers with a clatter of syllables as long as a string of sluice-boxes, and then he'd lose his grip, and throw up his had. And so finally Dick Stoker harnessed her up in his cabin, and sweat over her, and wrestled with her for as much as three weeks, night and day, till he got as far as R, and then passed her over to Lige Pickereil, and said she was the all-firedest dryest reading that ever he struck.

PERSONAL SYMMETRY.

Correspondence of the Court Journal.

How seldom is any one found who can judiciously take stock of the mechanism in which we live and move and have our being.

A little knowledge of this sort would prevent the currency of much balderdash about the plastic arts, and enable modest people to form their own criticism on the correctness at least of drawing. People say such an one is herculean, and another a perfect Apollo, without attaching any particular idea to the illustration, save that perhaps one is stout and the other slender and graceful.

The similarity of any two of the ancient master-pieces of sculpture—such as the Antinous, the Laocoon, or the Gladiator, for example—leads to the conclusion that the ancients recognised but one model of symmetry; of which I will here proceed to give the general character.

The head is generally taken as the unit of measurement, and the artist gave nearly or quite eight heads as the stature of the adult, or rather the heroic, male. Suppose a man to stand 5ft. 10in., or 70in.—one-eighth of this measure would give 8.75in. as the perpendicular length of the head; rather a small head for a man of the size supposed.

The explanation is that the ancients took their ideas of symmetry from the athletic class, who do not generally show much brain volume; and secondly, their figures being heroic, or over life-size, they followed the general principle that the higher the development the smaller the cranium relatively to the size of the body. This principle is illustrated in the change from infancy to manhood; the head of a child being one-fifth and that of an adult but one-eighth of the stature, as has been said.

From the head we proceed to the chest, which is the most remarkable and significant feature in the physical structure, and here we find the key to the ancient idea of symmetry, which has not been superseded by any novel standard.

A few years since the Austrian Anthropological Society published the discovery that the capacity of the chest, relatively to the rest of the body, was the measure of the vital force of the individual. This is analogous to the phrenological maxim that, other conditions being equal, the relative size of the brain is the measure of the intellectual power. The thorax, containing the lungs and heart, and representing the capacity of those organs, is undoubtedly the measure of the respiratory power, and probably of the volume of the circulation. In accordance with this principle, which, though new to the moderns, appears to have been perfectly understood by the ancients, the primary condition and striking characteristic of the sculptured models which they have left us in immense thoracic capacity. The Apollo, for instance, with moderately broad shoulders, has an exceptionally wide and long chest. The pelvis is, however, narrow and deep. The mechanical advantage of this peculiarity of structure, no one who studies the statues referred to can fail to observe. It obtains, however, among some of the most distinguished of modern athletes, as witness the ex-champion Heenan. The limbs will be found long, and uniformly rounded and massive. The fingers rather long and tapering but little, and the feet solid and without the swelling arch of instep which is regarded as indispensable to elegance in our day.

A pretty close approximation to this physical ideal is by no means so rare as is generally supposed. I have known among the young men whose bodies—developed by a variety of athletic pursuits, such as hunting, rowing, sparring, swimming, and the moderate use of dumb-bells and clubs—were as fine models of proportion and development as the sculptor need require. To say of a young man whom you meet every day, who is dressed like any other gentleman, and who displays no very salient points of person or gait, that such an one has the figure of the Apollo Belvidere, would strike those whose ideas of that statue are drawn from the very pretty verses in "Childe Harold,"—"Lord of the unerring bow," &c.—as a most flattering hyperbole. But it might be said, in some cases, with very little departure from sober truth. The Apollo was modelled from Nature, and Nature is the same to-day as three thousand years ago. I herewith append what I suppose to be about the measurement of two correctly-proportioned and harmoniously-developed specimens of humanity—one of each sex:

Height (assumed, other proportions will vary with height)	70 inches.	64½ inches.
Weight	168 lbs.	140 lbs.
Shoulders, extreme breadth	19½ inches.	16 inches.
Chest, girth	41 "	35 "
Waist, girth	28 "	24 "
Loins, breadth	13 "	14½ "
Thigh, girth	23 "	24 "
Calf of leg	15 "	14 "
Ankle	9 "	8½ "
Arm	14½ "	12 "
Fore arm	12 "	10 "
Wrist	7 "	6½ "
Neck	15 "	12 "

SARDINES, WHERE THEY COME FROM AND HOW PRESERVED.

There are few delicacies so well known and so highly esteemed as the sardine. The delicious flavour of the fish when the tin is first opened, and the sweetness of the oil (always supposing a good brand), print their charms upon the memory. It will be unwelcome news, however, to many to be told that anything good in this way is exceedingly scarce this season. Unfortunately, it was the same last year. Then the destroying demon of war took away the fishermen from the villages, and, added to this, the fish were scarce, so that more were contracted for than could be delivered. This year it is worse. Few fish of any size have been caught (except some very large), least of all those of the finest quality. The consequence is that the French manufacturers are again unable to carry out their contracts.

The fishery, says the London Grocer, is carried on generally from July to November, all along the west coast of France. Two of the largest stations are at Douarnenez and Concarneau. Fleets of boats go out some few miles and spread out their nets, by the side of which some cod roe is thrown to attract the fish. The nets are weighted on one end and have corks attached to the other, so that they assume a vertical position—two nets being placed close to each other, that the fish trying to escape may be caught in the meshes. Brought

to land, they are immediately offered for sale, as, if staler by a few hours, they become seriously deteriorated in value, no first class manufacturer caring to buy such. They are sold by the thousand. The curer employs large numbers of women, who cut off the heads of the fish, wash, and salt them. The fish are then dipped into boiling oil for a few minutes, arranged in various sized boxes, filled up with finest olive oil, soldered down, and then placed in boiling water for some time. Women burnish the tins; the labels are put on, or sometimes enamelled on the tins, which are afterwards packed in wooden cases, generally containing 100 tins, and then are ready for export.

It does not always seem to be remembered that the longer the tin is kept unopened the more mellow do the fish become; and, if properly prepared, age improves them as it does good wine. But if they are too salt at first, age does not benefit them—they always remain tough. The size of tins are known as half and quarter tins. There are two half tins, one weighing eighteen ounces and the other sixteen ounces gross. The quarter tin usually weighs about seven ounces, but there is a larger quarter tin sometimes imported. Whole tins, and even larger ones still, are used in France, but seldom seen here.

As is well known, the sardine trade is an important branch of industry, very large quantities being consumed in France; and the exportation to England and America is truly wonderful.

The controversy as to whether Copernicus was a Pole or a German, which has been revived by the approach of his four hundredth anniversary, turns mainly on a point which has been the cause of much misconception both in this and other questions. In all the English encyclopædias and other books of reference that we have seen it is stated that the astronomer was born "at Thorn, in Prussia," from which the natural inference would seem to be that he was a German. But the fact is that what was called Prussia at the time Copernicus lived, and for nearly three hundred years afterwards, was not a German country at all, and is not quite Germanized even now, and that Thorn, though it is now part of the dominions of the Prussian kings, only became so in the year 1793, at the second partition of Poland. Before that time it never belonged either to the Prussian monarchy or to the Duchy of Brandenburg, which was the cradle of the present Prussian State. The citizens of Thorn and Dantzic had always regarded themselves as Poles, and having repeatedly sought the protection of the Polish King Casimir against the tyranny of the German military order of the Knights of the Sword, who had overrun the districts on the Polish side of the Baltic, he sent a Polish army into the country in 1454, and after a long campaign finally annexed the territory known as "Royal Prussia," including Thorn, to the Polish monarchy, of which it remained a province until the partition.

Europe, says a Berlin paper, had fifty-six States before the Italian war, while now it has only eighteen, with a total superficial area of 179,362 square miles, and a population of 300,900,000. Of these the German empire comprises 9,888 square miles, and a population of 40,106,900 (according to the census of 1867). The principal States in Europe, with a population of more than twenty-five millions, are:—Russia (71), Germany (40), France (36½), Austro-Hungary (36), Great Britain (32), and Italy (26½); their total population is therefore four-fifths of that of the whole of Europe. A century ago, before the partition of Poland, the Great Powers only possessed one-half of the then population of Europe; thus:—Russia, 18 millions; Austria, 17; Prussia, 5; England, 12; and France, 26—total, 80. The number of Roman Catholics in Europe generally is now 148 millions—35½ in France, 28 in Austria, 26 in Italy, 16 in Spain, and 14½ in Germany; of Greek Catholics, 70 millions—54 in Russia, 5 in Turkey, 4 in Roumania, and 3 in Austria; of Protestants, 71 millions—25 in Germany, 24 in England, 5½ in Sweden and Norway, 4 in Russia, and 3½ in Austria; of Jews, 4,800,000—1,700,000 in Russia, 822,000 in Austria, 1,300,000 in Hungary, and 500,000 in Germany. Dividing Europe into nationalities, there are 82,200,000 of the Slavonic race, 97,500,000 of the Latin races, and 93,500,000 of the Germanic race.

Last week a man fell into the Detroit River and was drowned. The next day attempts were made to find the body by grappling-hooks. While the men were thus engaged, a buyer of junk stuff, named David Bepito, an Italian, who happened to pass up the docks, watched them for a while, and then asserted that he knew of something that would lead to the speedy grappling up of the body. He proposed to get a loaf of baker's bread, put some quicksilver into one end, and seriously asserted that on being thrown into the water it would float to a point directly over the body, and then stand still. He was hooted at, and told to go about his junk buying, not a man believing in the old woman's whim, as they termed it. Bepito went away, but returned in a little while, threw a loaf of bread into the water near where the man went off the dock, and in a moment called the attention of two men below to the fact that the loaf was spinning around like a top. It went partly under the wharf, stood still for a moment, and then went half a block down stream, turning right and left, and, as vouched for by five different men, stood nearly two minutes against the current, which was floating drift-wood right by it. Very much excited, the Italian shouted to the searchers to drag over the spot. They were further down, and it was half an hour before they passed over the spot, but when they did it was hooked into the clothes of the drowned sailor, and he was hauled to the dock.—Detroit Post.

The Empress of Austria, who has just returned to Vienna, paid a visit at Wachring to an asylum for the insane. On Her Majesty's arrival, accompanied by one of her ladies of honour, the director of the establishment was informed that the Empress of Austria had just arrived. He, having already the charge of two insane females each of whom stated herself to be the Empress, imagined that a third case of the same nature claimed his care, and came out attended by two or three of the servants. On discovering his mistake he at once confessed it to Her Majesty, who laughed heartily, and begged to be presented to the two pretenders. This request was complied with, and each of the false Empresses received the actual wearer of the crown of the Hapsburgs in the most affable manner consistent with their estate.

VARIETIES.

The approaching marriage is announced of M. Loustalot, grocer, of Vincennes, with the Princess Marmalade, second daughter of the eccentric and defunct Emperor Souloque of Hayti.

A young student wants us to tell him if W-o-o-r-c-c-s-t-e-r spells Wooster, why R-o-o-c-h-e-s-t-e-r don't spell Rooster. We give it up, as we are not engaged in getting up dictionaries.

A lady in Birmingham complains that the first year of her married life her husband called her "my dear," the second "Mrs. A.," and the third year "old sorrel top," which was too much for her to bear.

An Irish paper gets slightly mixed in regard to a recent demonstration in New York Harbour. According to this authority it was "O'Donovan-Russia," and not the "Grand Duke of Russia," who was the victim of the ovation.

The following advertisement appears in the *Petites Affiches*:—"An educated lady, aged 45 years, desires to marry a gentleman between 60 and 70 years of age, who is old and infirm!" This is a real revolution in Parisian affairs.

This epitaph is found in a Western churchyard:
"Here lies the Mother of Children five;
Two are dead and three are alive,
The two that are dead preferring rather
To die with the Mother than live with the Father."

A lisping mother, who had presented her infant at the baptismal font for christening, on being asked by the clergyman, "What name?" responded, in a whisper, "Luthy, Thir," when, to the horror of the whole congregation and the consternation of the mother, he christened the baby—Lucifer.

The following suggestive epitaph appears in *Père La Chaise*:—

"Here lies X.
He was shot by mistake
May 23rd, 1871."
In common politeness the word *pardon* or *excusez* might have been added.

The nine hours movement has given a great impetus to national poetry. A band of workmen marched this week in procession through the West-End with a grand banner, on which was inscribed—

"We our wishes gain to-day,
Nine hours' work for ten hours' pay,
Freely granted by our firm;
Three cheers we give them in return."

The people who read it at their club windows did not seem fearfully agitated.

The best woman's rights item we have seen comes from France. A very beautiful lady of the Di Vernon type, living in Boulogne, sent a challenge to the publisher of a humorous journal, who had "twice concerned himself with her private affairs." A formal acceptance of the duel was returned; the choice of arms was waived, but a decided preference for those of the lady herself was expressed. Reconciliation followed—and the wedding trip is to the United States.

A surprising instance of recklessness is reported from Glasgow. A master baker, who wished to make his Christmas "shortbread" peculiarly attractive, painted it with a green composition. A professor of the Andersonian University, passing the shop of this baker, noticed the peculiarity of the colouring matter on the cakes which were displayed in the window, and was induced to purchase one. He found the "paint" to be largely composed of arsenic! The police were informed of the discovery, and they seized all the painted cakes in the shop. The baker was apprehended, and he then stated the cakes were painted with "emerald green," which he had obtained from a drysalter. Here, it will be seen, were all the preparations for a dozen cases of "accidental poisoning" during the Christmas holidays. We do not know what is to be done with the ignorant baker, but it is clear that the people of Glasgow are much indebted to Professor Thorpe, whose prompt and effectual action cannot be too highly praised.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If our Peterboro' friend will send us a photograph and description of the bridge he mentions, we will be happy to insert them.

CHESS.

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

There has been a highly interesting and numerous assemblage of the leading American players held recently at Cleveland, Ohio, for the purpose of organizing an American Chess Association: P. Ware, Esq., of Boston, was elected President, with Vice-Presidents from the different States.

It has been proposed to hold an annual tournament, open to all comers; in the first one, lately concluded, the score of the winners is as follows:

	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN.
Mackenzie	14	2	2
Hosmer	12	4	2
Elder	11	5	3
Max Judd	10	6	3

Our contemporary, the *Toronto Globe*, in its columns of the 5th inst., requests all Canadian clubs to send him the names of their officers for publication.

ENIGMA No. 18.

White.—K. at Q. B. 6th. Q. at K. sq. Bs. at K. Kt. 5th. and K. B. 5th; Ks. at K. 3rd. and Q. Kt. 2nd; Ps. at K. B. 2nd, Q. 3rd, and Q. B. 4th.

Black.—K. at K. 4th. Bs. at K. Kt. 5th. and Q. 5th; Kt. at K. Kt. 7th. Ps. at K. B. 2nd, K. R. 4th, and Q. 4th.

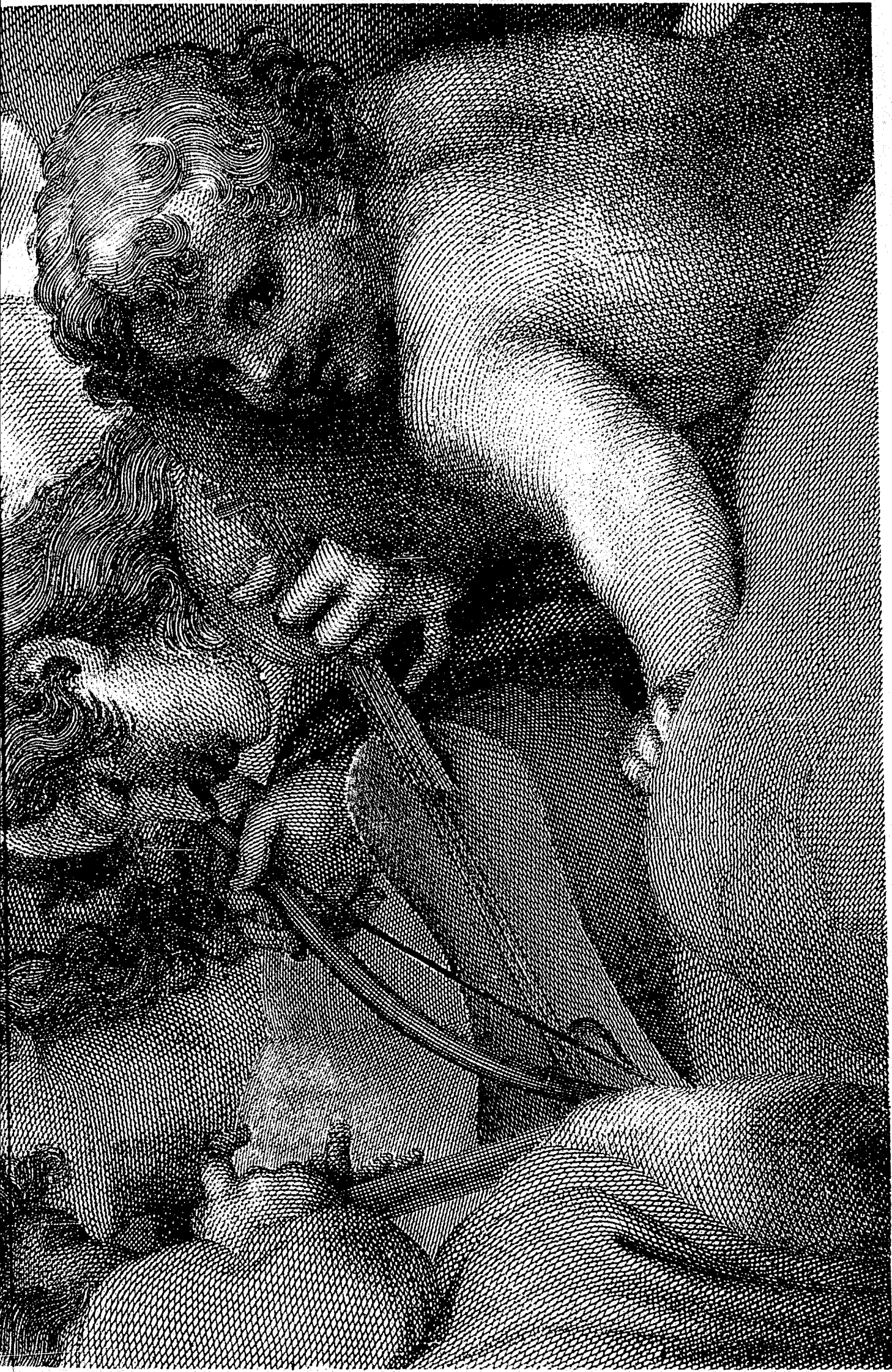
White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 17.

White.
1. R. to Q. R. 2nd
2. R. takes R. ch.
3. E. takes P. mate.

Black.
R. to R. 3rd (best).
P. takes R.





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, JANUARY 20, 1872

GROUP OF ANGELS

FROM A PAINTING BY CORREGGIO IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST AT PARMA.

AS I LAY A THINKING.

DEDICATED TO THE MONTREAL BOARD OF HEALTH.

As I lay a thinking, a thinking, a thinking,
Merry sang the bird on the Christmas berry tree,
And there came a cheerful shout,
From the children's merry rout,
Popping in and popping out,
Round the tree.
As I lay a thinking "I love the children's glee."

As I lay a thinking, a thinking, a thinking,
Sadly sang the bird as she sat upon the tree:
And I saw the fevered face
Of the fairest in the race,
And a boy, with simple grace,
Bathe her brow.
There another form appears,
'Neath a tender mother's tears,
And the hand of death is here
On a babe!
As I lay thinking "Death hath sad sway."

As I lay a thinking, a thinking, a thinking,
"Birdie," I cried, to the songstress on the tree:
"Say—must it be? must the little ones thus pine,
In the merry Christmas time,
And leave heart-ache in the chime
Of its bells?"—
And the birdie only answered "Cruel man—cruel man!"
And I lay a thinking—"Cruel man?"

As I lay a thinking, a thinking, a thinking,
The birdie touched my eyes, and caused me to see—
Trooping forth, from city sewers,
Ghosts and elves, and ghastly ghoures,
Stealing in at midnight hours.
Where children sleep!
And murdering them!—
As I lay a thinking, "Cruel man?"

As I lay a thinking, a thinking, a thinking,
"Birdie," I cry, "my loves are dear to me—
Is there no land,
Where men do understand,
And with earnest, valiant hand,
Combat Death?"
And the birdie carolled forth: "Oh, come!"
"England's the land—I am going home."
And I lay a thinking, "Going home?"

The birdie carolled on, as she sat upon the tree:
"The *sewers* there," quoth she,
"Are as clean as clean can be,
And the *water* filtered free,
From its foul impurity—
Come, follow me!"
And away flew she—
As I lay a thinking, a thinking, "What might be!"

As I lay a thinking, a thinking, a thinking,
"Farewell, my birdie!" I cried most dolefullie,
"But I'll stay and help the men,
Who with heart, and voice, and pen,
Clear out every filthy den,
And save life!
We will trap our cruel sewers—
Filter water clear and pure,
And bring comfort to the poor
Of Montreal!"
And I lay a thinking—"We must stay."

J. B. E.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CANADIAN AND OTHER POETRY.

BY JOHN READE.

Poetry in Canada is at a discount. Epic, dramatic, lyric, spasmodic, it is a drug, a very assafoetida pill, in the literary market. The publishers keep it at arm's length; the public turns up its nose at it. It has no exchange value at all. It is even worse than worthless.

Editors have a nervous dread of it. They would give a weekly salary to the assassin who would strangle it at its birth. They, themselves, know not what to do with it. Type, the fire, or the balaam box, which? The question is distracting. Oh! save us from our friends who have the gift of rhyme. Their poetry is a day-mare and a night-mare, an intolerable burden. And the coaxings, and parleyings, and begging letters! Snub them? This evil is like a hydra. If you snub the very head off it, there it is again all alive-oh! It has a terrible vitality. It is not even vulnerable. You cannot hurt its feelings. Printers, printers' devils, newsboys are all down on it in vain. You might as well kick an India rubber ball. Confound it, if you attempt it you only kick your own shins. Yes, you may curse it, but it is calm and rhythmic all the time.

At last we begin to think that it is like war and other things, a necessary evil.

But, *halte la!* it is not poetry we mean, after all. We have known pretty hard people to be affected by poetry. There is poetry in every human heart. It is not poetry, we mean. It is the sham which calls itself poetry. If we were to utter blasphemies against poetry, we should dread the silent scorn of the "simple great ones gone," who touched the earth and made it musical. It is these native rhymesters we detest, these brawling Canadian poetasters! Poetry in Canada, forsooth! Gold in Bowmanville! No such thing! Poetry does not grow in Canada.

It comes from beyond the sea and beyond the line. Did we not once see Bayard Taylor and fall down and worship him? Did we not drive Dr. Charles Mackay to his wits' end by our adulation, even applauding him when he blundered? Did we not pretend to comprehend Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, and even to admire his nasal twang as if it were Apollo's lyre? And are we not still ready to pay enormously for a glimpse of Mr. Tupper or any other mighty genius of those favoured lands where true poetry is cultivated?

But for a mere Canadian—one of ourselves—to be jingling rhymes is simply unbearable. And those who are impudent enough to do so, will not even confine themselves to Canadian subjects—the beaver and maple leaf—so that sometimes one cannot tell which is Canadian and which is not.

Not many years ago some one discovered a plagiarism in some lines written in an album. After the discovery they were pronounced beautiful, having, however, received rather harsh treatment during their short masquerade. Who was supposed to know whether they were pretty or not while they lay under the stigma of Canadian authorship? Who, indeed?

At the gay capital some years ago many persons were similarly deceived into laughing at some verses of the late Mr.

Moore. Those who humbug us in this way ought to be hanged.

As yet we have no poets in Canada. They have been pronounced not to be indigenous. It is really too bad. And there is the St. Lawrence, and Jacques Cartier and—everything yet to be immortalized. Perhaps, indeed, the Imperial Government might send some out to us, after they have settled this treaty business. There are many, we believe, in England besides Drs. Tennyson and Tupper, (the author of "Proverbial Philosophy"). There may be some to spare. Some are poor and obtain pensions. If we paid the pension, would not England give us the poet? We know one who has had a pension for many years. He is the author of these lines:

"Don't put the pins into your mouth,
O Mary Anne, my precious."

He has written verses even better than these. But these, though peculiar, can be easily distinguished from any Canadian effort.

Some people are envious, and complaints are sometimes made by British members of Parliament that the excellence or usefulness of the verses do not compensate for the Government support. They were so cruel not long ago as to stop the pension of an Irish gentleman who wrote some animating strains with the chorus "Down, down, croppy lie down!" We are not told why this interesting individual called a "croppy," inferentially opposed to recumbency, should thus extend himself. Whether for this omission on the part of the author, or for some other reason, we do not know, but the poet lost his pension. It is believed he was an Orangeman.

Mr. Close, an English poet, was equally unfortunate. An older bard says that there is no greater sorrow than to remember the happy time in misery. What, then, must be the feelings of a poet, who has obtained, and alas! lost a government annuity! It is enough to silence him for ever.

Mr. Close (if he has survived his misfortune) is more popular than popular. He thus touchingly alluded to one of his progeny, who, by the interest of a Colonel Lowther, had been placed in one of the public schools:

"May God reward the Colonel kind
Who gave us such a boon;
Whose kindness got him in this school
At such an age, so soon.
Well may we love Col. Lowther's name
Long life may he enjoy,
Whose patronage has crowned our son,
Made him—a Blue Coat Boy."

Mr. Close's poems are, most of them, eulogistic. Here are some lines written in honour of a Miss Hill, who built a church at her own expense:

"We link thy name with glorious Mrs. Fry,
Whose virtues live for ever, never die!
Miss Burdett Coutts, O noble women three!
Nobler-hearted ladies there cannot be!"

Now that Mr. Close, notwithstanding the "Colonel kind," has been done out of his salary, might he not be induced to come and settle in Canada? We should then have a poet. His large family would also be a great advantage. It would be like importing the muses themselves, and all our "Col. Lowthers" would have bards to celebrate them till Doomsday. It is possible that England would spare this poetic patriarch. Having withdrawn his money, she would surely raise no objection to his withdrawing himself. And surely Mr. Close has, after the treatment he has received, no great reason for attachment to such a "perfidious Albion." But the safest way would be to appoint a Commission of Inquiry. There may be some of our rulers or their friends who have not yet travelled.

SKATING AS AN ART.

(From Land and Water.)

During the last half century skating, like various other pursuits and sports, has progressed with giant strides. It has developed, in fact, from a mere exercise into a refined and beautiful art. Not long ago it was considered something of an accomplishment to do the "outside edge" at all. Now there are as many who can do this as there were formerly who could skate at all. He is a dunce indeed who cannot do his backward roll, and even among ladies, of anything under middle age, it is considered rather mild not to be able to skate at all. The professors, those who understand the higher mysteries of the art, have elaborated them to a marvellous degree. The more intricate single figures, executed by a good skater of the present day, constitute a practical adaptation of the principles of balance, at first sight quite incredible, while the concerted figures in vogue at the club require a knowledge of time and steadiness of nerve, and a judgment of pace worthy of a combined Sayers, Angelo, and Fordham. An eight in full swing on the ice is a prettier sight and a greater triumph of science than an eight working on the Thames at Putney or Henley. To make a man a really good skater he requires a regular education, as careful and almost as laborious as that which makes a man an accomplished fencer, or a fair billiard player. Skating has this great advantage, that a thing once learnt is never forgotten—at least it can always be recovered in a very short time. It is, like all other good sport, capable of being improved upon to any extent, perfection being as impossible in skating as it is in chess or cricket. The task, then, of teaching or of learning to skate is really interminable. With every year fresh figures are necessarily invented, and fresh proficiency is acquired. The most that any one can hope to do is to be the best skater of the year.

Skating is among those subjects upon which a few words of practical instruction are worth a whole page of printed directions. Nevertheless, there are a great many lessons that may be taught by mere pen-and-ink rules, and, above all, a great many hints that can be written down to save the beginners from faults and misconceptions. It is not possible for every one to get verbal instruction from a competent master, and even in large places out of London the skaters who are considered the best, and who would be naturally taken as models, have a style spoilt by some hideous fault of which they and their admirers are profoundly unconscious. The correction of faults is perhaps a most important—certainly a more generally necessary—lesson than the description of new figures. A few chapters on skating cannot fail to be interest-

ing to the large mass of our readers who, from various causes, find it impossible to get access to any good club, or even individual good skater, who might put them in the way of doing those figures, or mastering those difficulties that are before them. The following chapters will contain hints rather than detailed directions; and illustrations will be added to give a clearer explanation of the more advanced and more difficult figures. It is to the more advanced skater rather than to beginners, that written instructions must always be most valuable. It is impossible by any amount of printed directions to teach a beginner to do the outside edge. But, that once mastered, a book can suggest and exemplify the various figures which he is now quite able to execute, though he could not invent them on his own account. We shall, therefore, rather hurry over the earlier lessons and pass on quickly to that point where, taking for granted the ability of the skater to do the mechanical part of the business, we have only to show him how to combine the turns and edges so as to execute the various figures. The most valuable part of our instructions, if they shall have any value at all, will be the making known to country skaters, and to Londoners who do not belong to the club, the figures skated by the English Skating Club, and the style which is *de rigueur* there. New figures, as they are introduced and generally approved, are sure always to find their way to the club rink, and our readers may rely on having an explanation of them given when they are worthy of adoption.

Our subject being skating as an *art*, we have nothing to do with mere straightforward skating on the inside edge. But just as children must walk before they can run, so the skater must do the inside edge before he can get on at all. We will, therefore, say just one word or two on the subject of the inside edge forwards before leaving it altogether and proceeding to the edges used in figure skating. But first of all, a word as to skates. During the last two years the use of the *acme* skate of Messrs. Starr and Mann, the American makers, has become so general, or almost universal, as to pretty well supersede all the older kinds. For convenience, lightness, and portability, it is decidedly superior to any. For figure-skating it is to all intents and purposes quite secure enough. Members of the club who have given it a long and severe trial pronounce a verdict that it has proved thoroughly satisfactory. The only thing necessary is a strong, well-fitted, laced-up boot, with a heel perfectly straight, and not, as is commonly the case, slanting inwards as it descends from the foot towards the ground. With such slanting heels the skates can never hold properly, and many people who try the *acme* skates first reject them in disgust from this simple cause alone. For racing or any kind of violent skating this pattern is hardly strong enough; the spring will fly up under a very strong strain, and the whole framework may give way under a heavy man. For more absolute security it is best to have a regular skate-boot, with the blade rivetted on to the sole of the foot. Most of the old school still adhere to this pattern, and feel more comfortable and secure with a skate that they know cannot part company with them. After all it is very little more trouble to carry a boot and skate up to the ice than it is to carry the skate alone.

The A B C of the skater's art, or rather the introduction to that A B C, is the inside edge forwards, in fact, the mere process of progression in a forward direction. No one has ever gone on to figure-skating without first learning the ugly and useless, but necessarily preliminary, step. There is nothing, unless it be a learner of the velocipedic art, more helpless and foolish-looking than a beginner on the ice. His difficulties arise practically from two causes, the awkwardness of his ankles, and the tendency of his feet to slip about in every direction, backwards and forwards, except the right one. The first of these defects must be cured by practice; a day or two will get over it. The second is obviated by attending to one simple hint—"Keep the toes always well turned out." The body must be kept well in front of the feet, and at beginning each stroke the commencing foot should start from close alongside, and, of course, *inside* the other. It is impossible to make the movement graceful, therefore the bending of the body forward is not a fault. Let the beginner attend to these two hints, and in a very few hours he will be able at least to "get along."

Of all the undignified and humiliating positions in which a human being can find itself, there is perhaps none that equals that of a beginner on skates. A feeling of utter helplessness and feebleness is combined with the uncomfortable consciousness that any moment an incautious, or even involuntary movement may bring one constantly or utterly to grief. The sensation is not altogether unlike the well-known nightmare, when, though making frantic efforts to run away, one's legs absolutely refuse to move, and one stands, an abject and powerless creature, a prey to the tortures of dismay. Besides this feeling and the loss of dignity which attends it, there is the actual pain of the tumbling about, which to different persons in different ways is often by no means insignificant. Both the tall and lean, and the short and podgy, suffer their share of bodily inconvenience, the former ornamenting their elbows and other bones with various hues of black, blue, and green, while the latter receive on less angular parts of their anatomy the more ponderous shocks of their heavy falls. So great, in fact, are the troubles, pains, griefs, and terror of a first lesson, that it is almost impossible to induce any one of years of discretion to make the attempt. Ladies are more courageous in this matter than the stronger sex, but then they have almost always a good supply of cavaliers to save them from the dangers that beset their path.

Such being the state of the case, it is evident that any man who should come to the rescue of human kind, and enable them to learn even simply to keep upright on skates without the fear of tumbling down too often in the process, would deserve the gratitude of very many people. And this has actually been done long ago, although very few of us are aware of it in England. In Russia it has long been the almost universal custom to teach ladies and children to skate by means of an iron machine on which they rest, and which makes it absolutely impossible for them to fall. One of these machines was actually started some few years ago by a gentleman near Cheltenham; but this is the only one, as far as I know, that has yet been seen in England, though its construction is simple enough, and the cost very small. Every pond which is frequented by skaters, should have some few of these machines on hire. After a bit, they would soon find plenty of occupants, and the owner of them would make a good thing by their hire. The machine, which is, in fact, a sort of cage, is constructed in the following manner: The lower part of it consists mostly of two long rails of iron turned up at their

two ends. These are intended to rest upon the ice, and to slip along as the skate moves forwards or backwards. They are connected by two other rods of light iron work, which do not rest upon the ice, and keep the running irons about 3½ feet apart. Rising from these same running rails is a light framework of wood or iron supporting a wooden handrail which forms the top of the machine, it is about the height of the back of a chair, and which is so arranged as to be about over the middle of the lower rail, and parallel to the cross wood below. The learner then holds on to the handrail, standing within the square formed by the four rods below; and as he moves forward, resting his weight upon the rail, the whole machine moves forward with him. The advantages which this arrangement possesses over a chair are immense, for it can neither trip and fall forward, nor can the skater pull it down after him as he falls backward, the long rails underneath prevent the possibility of its turning over either way. As the skater proceeds, he bears less heavily on the machine, until at last he can dispense with it altogether. In our next impression we will endeavour to give a sketch of one of these machines, which will at once explain its construction and use.

SCIENTIFIC.

A correspondent of the London (Eng.) *Photographic News* writes as follows:—Do any of my readers desire to be informed of a good remedy for sea sickness? If so, I can supply one which has been instrumental in saving myself, who am one of the worst of sailors, from much suffering during some half dozen sea voyages lately. Take a dose of hydrate of chloral, about twenty grains, dissolved in a wine glass of water, and this, provided the stomach is in good order, and the traveller repose quietly during the journey, will create so soothing an effect that at any rate for eight or ten hours afterwards he will be troubled with no sickness whatever. In one case, indeed, the effect was truly surprising, myself and companions, who had doctored ourselves, being almost the only passengers unafflicted by the malady.

A NEW GAS.—M. Rouille, of Paris, proposes a new method of gas-making, by which the article can be produced economically and with the simplest apparatus in houses, manufactories, etc. The inventor has given to this new illuminating agent the name of "gas autogene." It is formed of air and steam of essence of petroleum. The apparatus is described as not only very simple, but as occupying only a very small space. An apparatus for example for the supply of 1,000 burners does not require more than a square yard, and for a less number in proportion. The gas is said to give a much more brilliant light than ordinary gas and to be much cheaper—in fact, that half a cubic yard of "gas autogene" gives as much light as a cubic yard of ordinary gas, and that it costs only three cents per cubic yard.

HEARING IN LARGE CHURCHES.—This is now made as easy as in the smallest, by the success of an experiment lately put in successful practice in Trinity Church, New York. It consists of a paraboloidal reflector of sound, placed at the back of the pulpit, of which the speaker's mouth is the focus. A beam of sound about ten feet in diameter is thus thrown to the most remote point of the church, and by its flow fills the whole body of the building. The structure is quite ornamental, and in harmony with the general architecture of the whole building. All great public buildings, whether for singing or speaking, may have similar arrangements adapted for their use. A person standing at the farthest door in Trinity Church can carry on a conversation with one in the pulpit, in the lowest tones, even in a whisper.

DURABILITY OF DIFFERENT WOODS.—Experiments have lately been made by driving sticks, made of different woods, each 2 feet long and 1½ inch square, into the ground, only ½ an inch projecting outward. It was found that in five years, all those made of oak, elm, ash, fir, soft mahogany, and nearly every variety of pine, were totally rotten. Larch, hard pine, and teak-wood were decayed on the outside only; while acacia, with the exception of being also slightly attacked on the exterior, was otherwise sound. Hard mahogany and Cedar of Lebanon were found in tolerably good condition. But only Virginia cedar was found as good as when put in the ground. This is of some importance to builders, showing what woods should be avoided, and what others used by preference in underground work.

SOUNDS FROM THE AURORA.—It has long been an article of popular belief that the aurora is a roarer; that is, that it produces a sound more or less distinct. Scientific men, however, have generally been inclined to regard this auroral noise as a mere illusion. Loomis, in his excellent "Meteorology," says: "There is no satisfactory evidence that the aurora ever emits any audible sound. The sounds which have been ascribed to the aurora must have been due to other causes, such as the motion of the wind, or the cracking of snow and ice in consequence of their low temperature." But in a paper read at a recent meeting of the Academy of Science, of Paris, M. Becquerel expressed the opinion that the aurora really does make a noise, and in support of this view quoted the observations of Paul Rollier, aeronaut, who started from Paris in December last, and descended, 14 hours after, in Norway, on Mount Ide, at an elevation of 4,000 feet; "I saw through a thin fog the moving of the brilliant rays of an aurora borealis, spreading all around its strange light. Soon after an incomprehensible and loud roaring was heard, which, when it ceased completely, was followed by a strong smell of sulphur, almost suffocating."

SCIENCE PERFECTING SWIMMING.—Frederick Barnett, of Paris, has invented and patented a very novel yet simple apparatus for swimmers. The invention consists in supplying to man by art the apparatus which has been given to the frog by Nature. For the hands he has a large membranous fin which is held to its place by loops passing over the fingers and a strap around the wrist. The surface presented to the water by these fins is so large as to add greatly to the effectiveness of the strokes, but not so large as to exhaust the muscular power. Their effect is to very much reduce the effort required to swim without them. But the greatest ingenuity is displayed in the form and fitness of the fins for the legs, which are attached to the ankles, and are so formed that they act upon the water, both in the movement of bringing the legs together and throwing them back. They act so finely in treading water, as swimmers call it, that one can really walk, if not on the water, at least in it. The difference between swimming with

this apparatus and without it, is very much like the difference between rowing a boat with a handle and the blade of an oar. The old swimmer has no trouble in using the fins at first trial, and is surprised to find with what strength he can swim without exhaustion. He easily swims twice as fast with the apparatus as without it, and he can sustain himself for hours upon the water, or swim miles with it.

VARIETIES.

A computation of the number of old clothes sent to each male sufferer by forest fires in Michigan, gives him about two hundred pairs of old pants and one hundred pairs of old boots.

A little girl having noticed that after her mother's toilet there was invariably a sprinkling of powder on the carpet, observed on seeing the snow the other morning, "See, mamma! the angels have been using the *poudre de riz*."

A California editor, in speaking of a notorious ruffian in that State, who is supposed to have committed more murders than any other man on the Pacific Coast, says: "He has a wonderful talent for bereaving any family he does not happen to like."

A suicidal Iowan called on the druggist for arsenic, went home, and was soon in the agonies of dissolution before the family. Conceive his disappointment when the apothecary dropped in and told him that the deadly poison was chalk. His wife was the maddest of the two, and now she talks of prosecuting the apothecary for malpractice.

The following singular epitaph appears in the cemetery at Malaga:

Here lies Jean Perrez, who was a
Good father, good son and good husband.
Do not confound him with his younger brother,
Bearing the same name, who is a felon
in the galleys at Ceuta.

A new reading of Macbeth's direction to his servant,
"Put out the light, and then—
Put out the light."

comes from California. The last three words are considered a typographical error. Macbeth naturally wishes to be alone. Shakespeare therefore must have meant to make him say,

"Put out the light,
And then—put!"

A curious coincidence occurred in connection with the Prince's state. A rough old Norfolk farmer, in conversation, utterly repudiated the possibility of a fatal termination to the fever. "Die!" he exclaimed in his broad East-Englian dialect. "Die! Not he. He'll wake up one of these days, and ask for a quart o' ale!" The Prince's revival on Wednesday, and the beverage he asked for, certainly did to some extent fulfil the prophecy.

The following advertisement appears in one of the journals:—"A young man of good family, born in one of the most fertile of our colonies, but who, however, by reverse of fortune is compelled to give pianoforte lessons, desires to marry a young person, aged from 35 to 40 years, possessing about 100,000 francs. The young man has no fortune beyond his physiognomy, which he guarantees to be most handsome. He offers to send his most recent *carte de visite* in proof; he is a most splendid artist. Address," &c.

A lady in a town not a thousand miles away from New York, was considerably annoyed by hens who pecked the loose plastering from the wall. So, one morning, while washing dishes, she thought she heard her fowls pecking as usual, and, dish-cloth in hand, she hastened to open the door, and giving her rag a warlike flourish, she uttered a tremendous "Shoo-o-o!" Imagine her dismay at beholding, not the hens, but a stranger, who, after wiping from his face the drops of dishwater with which he had been sprinkled, said, in a perfectly calm voice: "Well, mum, if you've got any more spare rags, I should like to sell you some tinware for 'em." If that isn't meeting misfortune with a smile, then we don't know anything of the beauties of patience under affliction.

THE NEW SMUGGLING DODGE.—The Ogdensburg *Journal* says:—"Henry Hooker, deputy collector at Morrystown, in this district, seized on Friday two boxes of turkeys, entered at his office, coming from Canada. Each turkey had thrust up into its body a bottle of brandy, and the orifice nearly closed so as to hide the same, and then frozen up. The turkeys thus loaded weighed so much as to attract the attention of the officer, who caused an investigation and detected the fraud. The entry of the brandy, though successfully made into the turkeys, prevented the latter from making safe passage through the custom house. The plunder was sold at auction at the custom house, in this city, Saturday.

Two frisky students of the Troy Polytechnic Institute, while playfully tossing about their room a clean shirt, just returned from the laundry, and belonging, as they supposed, to an absent chum, succeeded, after some considerable skirmishing, in tearing the garment to tatters. This unfortunate termination of their sport somewhat cooled their festiveness; and on holding a council of war, they concluded to tear off the name from the ruined unmentionable, as a cover to the mischief they had done. Proceeding to carry out this resolution, one of the precious pair uttered an exclamation of surprise as he began the work: "Why, I'll be hanged if it ain't my shirt!"

The following is the first composition of a five-year old girl, who is destined to make her mark in the world of letters:

A goat is stronger than a pig. He looks at you, and so does the doctor, but a goat has four legs. A boy without a father is an orphan, and if he ain't got a mother he is two orphans. The goat does not give as much milk as a cow, but more than an ox. I saw an ox to the fair one day, with a card tied on his left ear, and we all went in on the family ticket. Mother picks geese in the summer. A goat eats grass, and jumps on a box. Some folks don't like goats, but as for me, give me a mule, with a paint-brush tail. The goat is a useful animal, and smells as sweet as bar's oil for the hair. If I had too much hair I would wear a wig, as old captain peters does. I will sell my goat for three dollars and go to the circus to see the elephant which is bigger than five goats. Father is coming home, and the baby has got the croup.

DEFINITION OF A NEW WORD.—One of the last words introduced prominently to the public is "adumbrating." It is defined to mean the "individualism of preliminary and precipitous prognostication, as eliminated in the irrefragability of never-flinching and never-to-yield-an-inch discomberation. of spontaneous combustion, whether or not, and evincing antediluvian indivisibilities, contemporaneously elucidated by unregenerating consanguinity when sycoelephantical and scintillating approximately to scientific elaboration."

The famous story of the "stuffed captain" in the Prussian army has at length received a satisfactory explanation by the official press. In all Prussian budgets there figures a captain of the 1st regiment of Foot Guards for whose pay the estimates are charged with 1,300 thalers, though the officer's name is not to be found in the army list. The mystery has given rise to many humorous but none the less violent attacks from the progressists, who scented in the item one of the numerous false pretences by which Government was supposed to obtain funds. The "stuffed captain," who was again made the subject of a fierce attack in the latest fight over the budget, turns out to be no other than his Majesty himself, by his Imperial dignity Captain of his own 1st Foot Guards. He does not, however, pocket the 1,300 thalers for his own use, but pays them regularly towards the support of the tallest men in that company of giants, for which, like Frederick the Great, he has a constitutional tenderness.

It has often been said that scarcely a discovery can be made, or an event recorded, for which some passage may not be quoted pat to the purpose, from Shakespeare. A correspondent finds in the "Tempest" the following account of the loss of the "Megæra":—

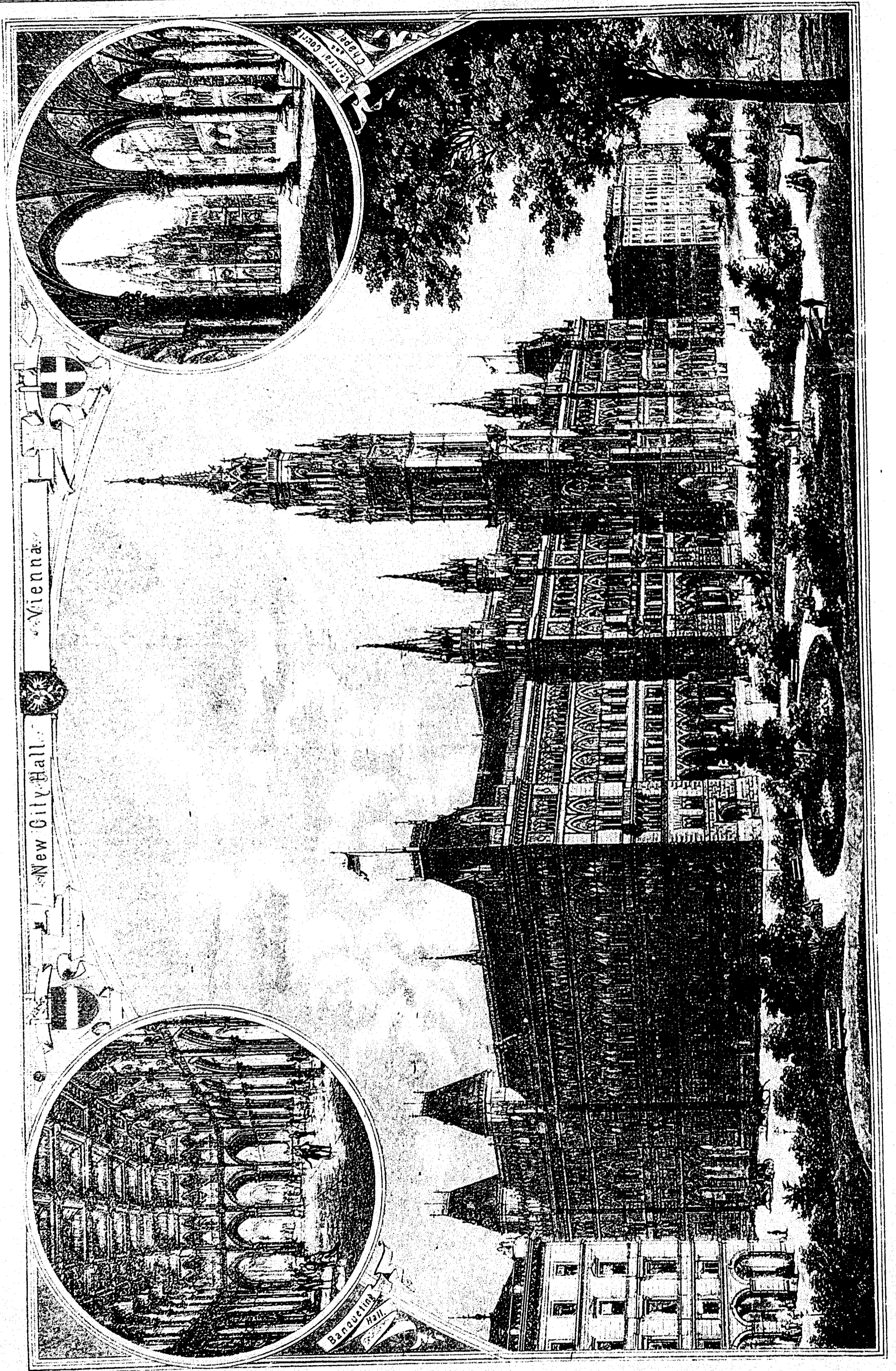
I' the dead of darkness,
The ministers . . . hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self . where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat; . the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea, that roard to us; to sigh
To the wind, whose pity sighing back again
Did up but loving wrong.
Miranda: How came we ashore?
Prospero: By Providence divine.

A remarkable historical ceremony was performed at the Emperor of Germany's recent battues at Goehide. Ever since the elevation of that place to a royal hunting seat, it has been the custom to conclude the banquet in the palace by an "after chase," which the Hohenzollerns appear unwilling to discontinue as its present masters. After the removal of the plates and dishes some plain deal tables are brought into the banqueting-hall with tin spoons of various sizes apportioned to the members of the company according to their respective dignity. Around these tables the company take their seats. The chief amusement of the sport consists in beating and rubbing the spoons on the table so as to produce all varieties of noises imaginable by the contact of wood and tin, the human voice being allowed a proper share in the performance. To add to the uproar, the hunting band play on their French horns, to the accompaniment of loud cracking of whips by servants retained for the purpose. The latter two noises lend the performance a sportsmanlike character. The august personages assembled this autumn at Goehide are said to have proved themselves great proficient in the use of their spoons; and if the entertainment was not as melodious as one of Wagner's operas, Prussian papers inform us that, under the guidance of his Majesty, it was at all events exceedingly mirthful.

One of the very best things we ever heard comes to us from Philadelphia. In that good old Quaker village there resides a doctor so lean and attenuated that the soubriquet of "Old Bones" is far from being a misnomer. This doctor has a student, and that student is trying his level best to be a doctor. He attends to the office while the boss attends to the outside victims. Among the other fixtures of the office is a wired skeleton, so hung and adjusted that it will walk out of the cupboard where it is kept; and by manipulating it rightly, it can be made to go through several grotesque antics. One day while this student sat poring over some medical work the street door opened, and a youthful peddler with a basket of knickknacks presented himself. When told that nothing in his line was wanted the little rascal began to "talk back" in a most impudent manner, and was finally ordered to leave the office. This he refused to do, and thinking to scare him, the student pulled a string and open flew the door where the skeleton was hidden, and that emblem of death sprang out at the boy, who, frightened half out of his wits, dropped his basket and scampered out of the office as though the Old Boy was after him. Taking up a position on the opposite side of the street, he waited further events. Just then the doctor, "Old Bones," came from his study, and learning the cause of the uproar, he went to the door and motioned the boy to come and get his wares.

"No, you don't, I know you, if you have got your clothes on."

A grocer in Elmira was invited to contribute something to a donation party which was to be given to the minister of the church of which he was a member, so he bought a plated dinner castor for two dollars. It had the price marked on it upon a tag, and it occurred to him that he might make the gift more impressive by inserting the figure one before the two, so as to induce the belief that he had expended twelve dollars. He made the alteration, and sent the castor. The next day around came the minister to the store with the present in his hand. He said he thought he could hardly afford to use such expensive jewellery as that in his house, and, if it made no difference to the giver, he believed he would take twelve dollars' worth of groceries instead, and the grocer came gracefully down to precisely that amount. It was hard for that dealer in sugar and coffee, but no more so than for the people who got up the surprise party in Easton. They arranged for a little entertainment of that kind at the house of the minister, and carried with them an unlimited quantity of provisions, expecting to have a fine supper. But the minister's wife supposed the affair to be a sort of donation visit, and very coolly deposited the good things in the pantry. The party waited until 3 a.m. for supper to be ready, but no signs of preparation being visible, they went home hungry, and using language that was unbecoming if not profane. When the next surprise party comes off, the thing is to be explained beforehand. The surprise was too much upon one side in this last one.



THE NEW CITY HALL, VIENNA



THE CLOUDED LEOPARD AND THE SATYR FOWL.—SEE PAGE 37

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER LII. (Continued.)

When I reached Minstercombe, having more time on my hands than I knew what to do with, I resolved to walk round by Spurdene. It would not be more than ten or twelve miles, and so I should get a peep of the rectory. On the way I met a few farmer-looking men on horseback, and just before entering the village, saw at a little distance a white creature—very like my Lilith—with a man on its back, coming towards me.

As they drew nearer, I was certain of the mare, and, thinking it possible the rider might be Mr. Osborne, withdrew into a thicket on the roadside. But what was my dismay to discover that it was indeed my Lilith, but ridden by Geoffrey Brotherton! As soon as he was past, I rushed into the village, and found that the people I had met were going from the fair. Charley had been misinformed. I was too late; Brotherton had bought my Lilith. Half distracted with rage and vexation, I walked on and on, never halting till I reached the Moat. Was this man destined to swallow up every thing I cared for? Had he suspected me as the foolish donor, and bought the mare to spite me? A thousand times rather would I have her dead. Nothing on earth would have tempted me to sell my Lilith but inability to feed her, and then I would rather have shot her. I felt poorer than even when my precious folio was taken from me, for the lowest animal life is a greater thing than a rare edition. I did not go to bed at all that night, but sat by my fire or paced about the room till dawn, when I set out for Minstercombe, and reached it in time for the morning coach to London. The whole affair was a folly, and I said to myself that I deserved to suffer. Before I left, I told Styles, and begged him to keep an eye on the mare, and if ever he learned her owner wanted to part with her, to come off at once and let me know. He was greatly concerned at my ill-luck, as he called it, and promised to watch her carefully. He knew one of the grooms, he said, a little, and would cultivate his acquaintance.

I could not help wishing now that Charley would let his sister know what I had tried to do for her, but of course I would not say so. I think he did tell her, but I never could be quite certain whether or not she knew it. I wonder if she ever suspected me. I think not. I have too good reason to fear that she attributed to another the would-be gift; I believe that from Brotherton's buying her, they thought he had sent her—a present certainly far more befitting his means than mine. But I came to care very little about it, for my correspondence with her, through Charley, went on. I wondered sometimes how she could keep from letting her father know; that he did not know I was certain, for he would have put a stop to it at once. I conjectured that she had told her mother, and that she, fearing to widen the breach between her husband and Charley, had advised her not to mention it to him; while, believing it would do both Charley and me good, she did not counsel her to give up the correspondences. It must be considered also that it was long before I said a word implying any personal interest. Before I ventured that, I had some ground for thinking that my ideas had begun to tell upon hers, for, even in her letters to Charley, she had begun to drop the common religious phrases, while all she said seemed to indicate a widening and deepening and simplifying of her faith. I do not for a moment imply that she had consciously given up one of the dogmas of the party to which she belonged, but there was the perceptible softening of growth in her utterances; and after that was plain to me, I began to let out my heart to her a little more.

After this time also I began to read once more the history of Jesus, asking myself as if on a first acquaintance with it, "Could it be—might it not be that, if there were a God, he would visit his children after some fashion? If so, is this a likely fashion? May it not even be the only right fashion?" In the story I found at least a perfection surpassing everything to be found elsewhere; and I was at least sure that whatever this man said must be true. If one could only be as sure of the record! But if ever a dawn was to rise upon me, here certainly the sky would break; here I thought I already saw the first tinge of the returning life-blood of the swooning world. The gathering of the waters of conviction at length one morning broke out in the following verses, which seemed more than half given to me, the only effort required being to fit them rightly together:—

Come to me, come to me, O my God;
Come to me everywhere!
Let the trees mean thee, and the grassy sod,
And the water and the air.

For thou art so far that I often doubt,
As on every side I stare,

Searching within, and looking without,
If thou art everywhere.

How did men find thee in days of old?
How did they grow so sure?
They fought in thy name, they were glad and bold,
They suffered, and kept themselves pure.

But now they say—neither above the sphere,
Nor down in the heart of man,
But only in fancy, ambition, or fear,
The thought of thee began.

If only that perfect tale were true
Which with touch of sunny gold,
Of the ancient many makes one anew,
And simplicity manifold.

But he said that they who did his word,
The truth of it should know:
I will try to do it—if he be Lord,
Perhaps the old spring will flow.

Perhaps the old spirit-wind will blow
That he promised to their prayer;
And doing thy will, I yet shall know
These, Father, everywhere!

These lines found their way without my concurrence into a certain religious magazine, and I was considerably astonished, and yet more pleased one evening when Charley handed me, with the kind regards of his sister, my own lines, copied by herself. I speedily let her know they were mine, explaining that they had found their way into print without my cognizance. She testified so much pleasure at the fact, and the little scraps I could claim as my peculiar share of the contents of Charley's envelopes, grew so much more confiding, that I soon ventured to write more warmly than hitherto. A period longer than usual passed before she wrote again, and when she did she took no express notice of my last letter. Foolishly or not, I regarded this as a favourable sign, and wrote several letters, in which I allowed the true state of my feelings towards her to appear. At length I wrote a long letter in which, without a word of direct love-making, I thought yet to reveal that I loved her with all my heart. It was chiefly occupied with my dream on that memorable night—of course without the slightest allusion to the waking, or anything that followed. I ended abruptly, telling her that the dream often recurred, but as often as it drew to its lovely close, the lifted veil of Athanasia revealed ever and only the countenance of Mary Osborne.

The answer to this came soon, and in few words.

"I dare not take to myself what you write. That would be presumption indeed, not to say wilful self-deception. It will be honour enough for me if in any way I serve to remind you of the lady of your dream. Wilfrid, if you love me, take care of my Charley. I must not write more.—M. O."

It was not much, but enough to make me happy. I write it from memory—every word as it lies where any moment I could read it—shut in a golden coffin whose lid I dare not open.

CHAPTER LIII.

TOO LATE.

I MUST now go back a little. After my suspicion had been aroused as to the state of Charley's feelings, I hesitated for a long time before I finally made up my mind to tell him the part Clara had had in the loss of my sword. But while I was thus restrained by dread of the effect the disclosure would have upon him if my suspicions were correct, those very suspicions formed the strongest reason for acquainting him with her duplicity; and, although I was always too ready to put off the evil day so long as doubt supplied excuse for procrastination, I could not have let so much time slip by and nothing said, but for my absorption in Mary.

At length, however, I had now resolved, and one evening, as we sat together, I took my pipe from my mouth, and, shivering bodily, thus began:

"Charley," I said, "I have had for a good while something on my mind, which I cannot keep from you longer."

He looked alarmed instantly. I went on.

"I have not been quite open with you about that affair of the sword."

He looked yet more dismayed; but I must go on, though it tore my very heart. When I came to the point of my overhearing Clara talking to Brotherton, he started up, and without waiting to know the subject of their conversation, came close up to me, and, his face distorted with the effort to keep himself quiet, said, in a voice hollow and still and far off, like what one fancies of the voice of the dead:

"Wilfrid, you said Brotherton, I think?"

"I did, Charley."

"She never told me that!"

"How could she when she was betraying your friend?"

"No, no!" he cried, with a strange mixture of command and entreaty; "don't say that. There is some explanation. There must be."

"She told me she hated him," I said.

"I know she hates him. What was she saying to him?"

"I tell you she was betraying me, your friend, who had never done her any wrong, to the man she had told me she hated, and whom I had heard her ridicule."

"What do you mean by betraying you?" I recounted what I had overheard. He listened with clenched teeth and trembling white lips; then burst into a forced laugh.

"What a fool I am! Distrust her! I will not. There is some explanation. There must be!"

The dew of agony lay thick on his forehead. I was greatly alarmed at what I had done, but I could not blame myself.

"Do be calm, Charley," I entreated.

"I am as calm as death," he replied, striding up and down the room with long strides. He stopped and came up to me again.

"Wilfrid," he said, "I am a damned fool. I am going now. Don't be frightened—I am perfectly calm. I will come and explain it all to you to-morrow—no—the next day—or the next at latest. She had some reason for hiding it from me, but I shall have it all the moment I ask her. She is not what you think her. I don't for a moment blame you—but—are you sure it was—Clara's voice you heard?" he added with forced calmness and slow utterance.

"A man is not likely to mistake the voice of a woman he ever fancied himself in love with."

"Don't talk like that, Wilfrid. You'll drive me mad. How should she know you had taken the sword?"

"She was always urging me to take it. There lies the main sting of the treachery. But I never told you where I found the sword."

"What can that have to do with it?"

"I found it on my bed that same morning when I woke. It could not have been there when I lay down."

"Well?"

"Charley, I believe she laid it there."

He leaped at me like a tiger. Startled, I jumped to my feet. He laid hold of me by the throat, and gripped me with a quivering grasp. Recovering my self-possession I stood perfectly still, making no effort even to remove his hand, although it was all but choking me. In a moment or two, he relaxed his hold, burst into tears, took up his hat, and walked to the door.

"Charley! Charley! you must not leave me so," I cried, starting forwards.

"To-morrow, Wilfrid; to-morrow," he said, and was gone.

He was back before I could think what to do next. Opening the door half way, he said—as if a gripping hand had been on his throat—

"I—I—I—don't believe it, Wilfrid. You only said you believed it. I don't. Good night. I'm all right now. Mind, I don't believe it."

He shut the door. Why did I not follow him? But if I had followed him, what could I have said or done? In every man's life come awful moments when he must meet his fate—dree his weird—alone. Alone, I say, if he have no God—for man or woman cannot aid him, cannot touch him, cannot come near him. Charley was now in one of those crises, and I could not help him. Death is counted an awful thing: it seems to me that life is an infinitely more awful thing.

In the morning I received the following letter:

"DEAR MR. CUMBERMEDE,—

"You will be surprised at receiving a note from me—still more at its contents. I am most anxious to see you—so much so that I venture to ask you to meet me where we can have a little quiet talk. I am in London, and for a day or two sufficiently my own mistress to leave the choice of time and place with you—only let it be when and where we shall not be interrupted. I presume on old friendship in making this extraordinary request, but I do not presume in my confidence that you will not misunderstand my motives. One thing only I beg—that you will not inform C. O. of the petition I make.

Your old friend,
C. C."

What was I to do? To go, of course. She might have something to reveal which would cast light on her mysterious conduct. I cannot say I expected a disclosure capable of removing Charley's misery, but I did vaguely hope to learn something that might alleviate it. Anyhow, I would meet her, for I dared not refuse to hear her. To her request of concealing it from Charley, I would grant nothing beyond giving it quarter until I should see whither the affair tended. I wrote at once—making an appointment for the same evening. But was it from a suggestion of Satan, from an evil impulse of human spite, or by the decree of fate, that I fixed on that part of the Regent's Park in which I had seen him and the lady I now believed to have been Clara walking together in the dusk? I cannot now tell. The events which followed have destroyed all certainty, but I fear it was a flutter of the wings of revenge, a shove at the spokes of the wheel of time to hasten the coming of its circle.

Anxious to keep out of Charley's way—for the secret would make me wretched in his presence—I went into the city, and, after an early dinner, sauntered out to the Zoological Gardens, to spend the time till the hour of meeting. But there, strange to say, whether

from insight or fancy, in every animal face I saw such gleams of a troubled humanity, that at last I could bear it no longer, and betook myself to Primrose Hill.

It was a bright afternoon, wonderfully clear, with a crisp frosty feel in the air. But the sun went down, and, one by one, here and there, above and below, the lights came out and the stars appeared, until at length sky and earth were full of flaming spots, and it was time to seek our rendezvous.

I had hardly reached it, when the graceful form of Clara glided towards me. She perceived in a moment that I did not mean to shake hands with her. It was not so dark but that I saw her bosom heave, and a flush overspread her countenance.

"You wished to see me, Miss Coningham," I said. "I am at your service."

"What is wrong, Mr. Cumbermede? You never used to speak to me in such a tone."

"There is nothing wrong if you are not more able than I to tell what it is."

"Why did you come if you were going to treat me so?"

"Because you requested it."

"Have I offended you then by asking you to meet me? I trusted you. I thought you would never misjudge me."

"I should be but too happy to find I had been unjust to you, Miss Coningham. I would gladly go on my knees to you to confess that fault, if I could only be satisfied of its existence. Assure me of it, and I will bless you."

"How strangely you talk? Some one has been maligning me."

"No one. But I have come to the knowledge of what only one besides yourself could have told me."

"You mean——"

"Geoffrey Brotherton."

"He! He has been telling you——"

"No—thank heaven! I have not yet sunk to the slightest communication with him."

She turned her face aside. Veiled as it was by the gathering gloom she yet could not keep it towards me. But after a brief pause she looked at me and said,

"You know more than—I do not know what you mean."

"I do know more than you think I know. I will tell you under what circumstances I came to such knowledge.

She stood motionless.

"One evening," I went on, "after leaving Moldwarp Hall with Charles Osborne, I returned to the library to fetch a book. As I entered the room where it lay I heard voices in the armoury. One was the voice of Geoffrey Brotherton—a man you told me you hated. The other was yours."

She drew herself up, and stood stately before me.

"Is that your accusation?" she said. "Is a woman never to speak to a man because she detests him?"

She laughed I thought drearily.

"Apparently not—for then I presume you would not have asked me to meet you."

"Why should you think I hate you?"

"Because you have been treacherous to me."

"In talking to Geoffrey Brotherton? I do hate him. I hate him more than ever. I spoke the truth when I told you that."

"Then you do not hate me?"

"No."

"And yet you delivered me over to my enemy bound hand and foot, as Delilah did Samson. I heard what you said to Brotherton."

She seemed to waver, but stood—speechless, as if waiting for more.

"I heard you tell him that I had taken that sword—the sword you had always been urging me to take—the sword you unsheathed and laid on my bed that I might be tempted to take it—why, I cannot understand, for I never did you wrong to my poor knowledge. I fell into your snare, and you made use of the fact you had achieved to ruin my character, and drive me from the house in which I was foolish enough to regard myself as conferring favours rather than receiving them. You have caused me to be branded as a thief for taking—at your suggestion—that which was and still is my own!"

"Does Charley know this?" she asked, in a strangely altered voice.

"He does. He learned it yesterday."

"O my God!" she cried, and fell kneeling on the grass at my feet. "Wilfrid! Wilfrid! I will tell you all. It was to tell you all about this very thing that I asked you to come. I could not bear it longer. Only your tone made me angry. I did not know you knew so much."

The very fancy of such submission from such a creature would have thrilled me with a wild compassion once; but now I thought of Charley and felt cold for her sorrow as well as her loveliness. When she lifted her eyes to mine, however—it was not so dark but I could see their sadness—I began to hope a little for my friend. I took her hand and raised her. She was now weeping with down-bent head.

"Clara, you shall tell me all. God forbid I should be hard upon you. But you know I cannot understand it. I have no clue to it. How could you serve me so?"

"It is very hard for me—but there is no help now: I must confess disgrace, in order to escape infamy. Listen to me then—as kindly as you can, Wilfrid. I beg your pardon; I have no right to use any old familiarity with you. Had my father's plans succeeded, I should still have had to make an apology to you, but under what different circumstances! I will be as brief as I can. My father believed you the rightful heir to Moldwarp Hall. Your own father believed it, and made my father believe it—that was in case your uncle should leave no heir behind him. But your uncle was a strange man, and would neither lay claim to the property himself, nor allow you to be told of your prospects. He did all he could to make you like himself, indifferent to worldly things; and my father feared you would pride yourself on refusing to claim your rights except some counter-influence were used."

"But why should your father have taken any trouble in the matter?" I asked.

"Well, you know—one in his profession likes to see justice done; and, besides, to conduct such a case must of course be of professional advantage to him. You must not think him under obligation to the present family: my grandfather held the position he still occupies before they came into the property—I am too unhappy to mind what I say now. My father was pleased when you and I indeed I fancy he had a hand in our first meeting. But while your uncle lived, he had to be cautious. Chance, however, seemed to favour his wishes. We met more than once, and you liked me, and my father thought I might wake you up to care about rights, and—and—but—"

"I see. And it might have been, Clara, but for—"

"Only, you see, Mr. Cumbermede," she interrupted with a half smile, and a little return of her playful manner—I didn't wish it."

"No. You preferred the man who had the property."

It was a speech both cruel and rude. She stepped a pace back, and looked me proudly in the face.

"Prefer that man to you, Wilfrid! No! I could never have fallen so low as that. But I confess I didn't mind letting papa understand that Mr. Brotherton was polite to me—just to keep him from urging me to—to—you will do me the justice that I did not try to make you—to make you—care for me, Wilfrid?"

"I admit it heartily. I will be as honest as you, and confess that you might have done so—easily enough at one time. Indeed I am only half honest after all: I loved you once—after a boyish fashion."

She half smiled again. "I am glad you are believing me now," she said.

"Thoroughly," I answered. "When you speak the truth, I must believe you."

"I was afraid to let papa know the real state of things. I was always afraid of him, though I love him dearly, and he is very good to me. I dared not disappoint him by telling him that I loved Charley Osborne. That time—you remember—when we met in Switzerland, his strange ways interested me so much! I was only a girl—but—"

"I understand well enough. I don't wonder at any woman falling in love with my Charley."

"Thank you," she said, with a sigh which seemed to come from the bottom of her heart. "You were always generous. You will do what you can to right me with Charley—won't you? He is very strange sometimes."

"I will indeed. But, Clara, why didn't Charley let me know that you and he loved each other?"

"Ah! there my shame comes in again! I wanted—for my father's sake, not for my own—I need not tell you that—I wanted to keep my influence over you a little while—that is until I could gain my father's end. If I should succeed in rousing you to enter an action for the recovery of your rights, I thought my father might then be reconciled to my marrying Charley instead—"

"Instead of me, Clara. Yes—I see. I begin to understand the whole thing. It's not so bad as I thought—not by any means."

"Oh, Wilfrid! how good of you! I shall love you next to Charley all my life."

She caught hold of my hand, and for a moment seemed on the point of raising it to her lips.

"But I can't easily get over the disgrace you have done me, Clara. Neither, I confess, can I get over your degrading yourself to a private interview with such a beast as I know—and can't help suspecting you knew Brotherton to be."

She dropped my hand, and hid her face in both her own.

"I did know what he was; but the thought of Charley made me able to go through with it."

"With the sacrifice of his friend to his enemy?"

"It was bad. It was horridly wicked. I hate myself for it. But you know I thought it would do you no harm in the end."

"How much did Charley know of it all?" I asked.

"Nothing whatever. How could I trust his innocence? He's the simplest creature in the whole world, Wilfrid."

"I know that well enough."

"I could not confess one atom of it to him. He would have blown up the whole scheme at once. It was all I could do to keep him from telling you of our engagement; and that made him miserable."

"Did you tell him I was in love with you? You knew I was, well enough."

"I dared not do that," she said, with a sad smile. "He would have vanished—would have killed himself to make way for you."

"I see you understand him, Clara."

"That will give me some feeble merit in your eyes—won't it, Wilfrid?"

"Still I don't see quite why you betrayed me to Brotherton. I daresay I should if I had time to think it over."

"I wanted to put you in such a position with regard to the Brothertons that you could have no scruples in respect of them such as my father feared from what he called the over-refinement of your ideas of honour. The treatment you must receive would, I thought, rouse every feeling against them. But it was not all for my father's sake, Wilfrid. It was, however mistaken, yet a good deal for the sake of Charley's friend that I thus disgraced myself. Can you believe me?"

"I do. But nothing can wipe out the disgrace to me."

"The sword was your own. Of course I never for a moment doubted that."

"But they believed I was lying."

"I can't persuade myself it signifies greatly what such people think about you. I except Sir Giles. The rest are—"

"Yet you consented to visit them."

"I was in reality Sir Giles's guest. Not one of the others would have asked me."

"Not Geoffrey?"

"I owe him nothing but undying revenge for Charley."

Her eyes flashed through the darkness, and she looked as if she could have killed him.

"But you were plotting against Sir Giles all the time you were his guest?"

(To be continued.)



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PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and under and in pursuance of the provisions of the 19th Section of "The Fisheries Act," His Excellency has been pleased to make the following Regulation:—The waters of Lake Beauport, in the County and Province of Quebec, are hereby set apart from the 1st day of January to the 1st day of May, 1872, for the natural propagation of fish. Certified, WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council. 5-1 c

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, SATURDAY, 16th Day of December, 1871. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and under and in pursuance of the provisions of the 19th Section of "The Fisheries Act," His Excellency has been pleased to make the following Regulation:—The waters of the River Tomkedgwick, in the County of Restigouche and Province of New Brunswick, are hereby set apart for the natural and artificial propagation of fish. Certified, WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council. 5-1 c

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THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES A LA DARWIN.

I
Have you heard of the question the Doctors among
Whether all living things from a monad have sprung?
This has lately been said; and now it is sung—
Which nobody can deny.

II
Not one or two ages sufficed for the feat
It required a few millions the change to complete
But now the thing's done and it looks rather neat—
Which nobody &c.

III
But monads! no longer, these designate well
They're, a cluster of molecules, now, or a cell
But which of the two!—Doctors only can tell;—
Which nobody &c.

IV
Excrescences fast are now trying to shoot;
Some put out a tail, some develope a foot;
Some set up a mouth; some strike down a root
Which nobody &c.

V
Some wishing to walk—manufacture a limb:—
Some rig up a fin, with intention to swim
Some open an eye, some remain dark and dim
Which nobody &c.

VI
Next Hydras, and Sponges, and Starfishes, breed
And fleas, flies, and lobsters, in order succeed
While Ichthyosauri—follow the lead
Which nobody &c.

VII
From reptiles and fishes; to birds we ascend;
And quadrupeds next their dimensions extend;
Till we rise up to monkeys; and so on to MEN
Which nobody &c.

VIII
A deer, with a neck which is longer by half
Than the rest of its family; grows (without chaff)
By stretching and stretching into a GIRAFFE
Which nobody &c.



IX
A very tall pig—with a very long nose
Sends forth a proboscis; right down to his toes
And then; by the name of an ELEPHANT GOES
Which nobody &c.



X
An ape (with a pliable thumb and big brain)
When, the gift of the gab he had managed to gain
As LORD OF CREATION established his reign;
Which nobody &c.!



XI
But I'm sadly afraid; if we do not take care
A lapse to low life, may our prospects impair;
So of Beauty's propensities, let us beware!!!
Which nobody &c.!



XII
Lest, (losing Humanity's nature and name)
And descending—(through numerous ages of shame)
We return—to the monad from which we all came.
Which nobody can deny!!!

P. S. Should auld acquaintance be forgot and the days of auld lang syne?

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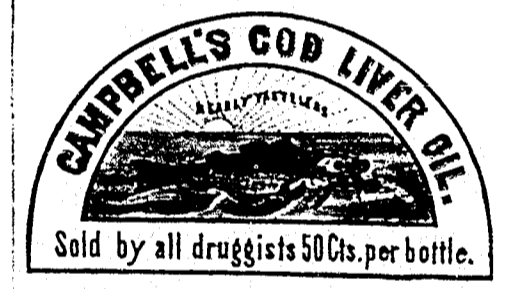
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