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ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

St. John's, Nfld., April 5, 1872.

ALL ABOUT EELS—THEIR NATURAL HISTORY AND ECONOMIC VALUE.

It is calculated that fully a third of the surface of this island is covered with lakes and ponds. The largest lakes are Grand Lake—sixty miles in length; Red Indian Pond—thirty miles in length; Gander Bay Pond, and Jameson's Lake. The smaller "ponds," as they are called here, are almost innumerable. On the shortest walk into the country you are sure to pass several; and on mounting any considerable eminence, a score or two may often be counted. Most of them are well stocked with trout and eels. Angling is a favourite amusement in the summer season; and the number of splendid trout taken by a single angler, out of a good pond, at times seems almost fabulous. It is, however, with the other inferior inhabitant of our ponds and rivers I am at present concerned—the despised eel. Lowly and commonplace as this fish is, it has points of great interest, and its character and habits form an agreeable study.

CONSUMPTION OF EELS.

It is curious to find that in Scotland there is a strong prejudice against the eel, on account of its serpentine shape, so that it is very seldom eaten. In England, there is no such objection to its use, and "eel-pies" are there considered an article of luxury; while among the poorer classes, the consumption of the coarser and cheaper kinds is very great. On the continent of Europe, eels form no inconsiderable item in the food of large numbers of the population. In the great lagoons of Comacchio, on the Adriatic, eel breeding has been carried on, for more than three centuries, on a most extensive scale, and the capture and cure of this fish form there a most productive branch of industry. The lagoons of Comacchio were once a great unproductive swamp, one hundred and forty miles in circumference, accessible to the waves of the sea, where eels, leeches and other inhabitants of such watery regions, sported about unmolested by the hand of man. They have now been converted into a great eel-pond, by dyking out their waters from those of the Adriatic, and forming a series of canals and pools suitable for the requirements of such a peculiar fishery. A quaint population of eel-catchers now inhabit the islands of the lagoons, and the annual value of the eels taken here is estimated at £150,000 sterling. Among the Italians, the eel is esteemed a nutritious and palatable fish, highly susceptible of the arts of the cook. There is no prejudice here against the eel as an article of diet; but, owing to the abundance of other fish, little attention is given to it, and its use is but trifling in amount. It is evident that the quantity taken might be increased to any amount, so numerous are the ponds, lakes and rivers, in Newfoundland, where it abounds.

NEWFOUNDLAND VARIETIES.

We have here three well marked varieties of the eel—the *anguilla murana*, the conger and the common or sharp-nosed eel. The last named species are caught in almost every stream and pond; the conger is entirely a marine species, and is abundant along many parts of our iron-bound coast. The conger is known to prefer deep water with a rough and rocky bottom. Its principal food is crustacea which its powerful jaws enable it to crush. Often it is found burrowing in the sand, and hiding in holes and crevices of the rocks. The flavour is coarse and it is little used by our population. It is no uncommon thing to see a conger-eel four or five feet in length. Off the coast of Cornwall specimens have been taken weighing more than one hundred pounds, and above ten feet in length. Such enormous fish, with their powerful jaws, often prove very formidable when assailed among the rocks or drawn by a line into a boat; and the landing of such customers is a serious operation.

MIGRATIONS OF THE EEL.

The common eel is by far the most valuable and abundant, and quite as prolific as the generality of sea fish. They are migratory; and although, strictly speaking, fresh-water fish, many remaining all the year round in ponds and breeding there, yet, when following their natural instinct, they migrate at certain seasons towards the sea, and live in brackish water, at the mouths of rivers. Their object in visiting the sea is to deposit their spawn. In this, and other respects, they are the exact opposites of the salmon, which ascend the rivers to spawn in fresh water; and it is a curious circumstance that about the period when the eels are on their way down stream, to find a suitable spawning ground in the ocean, the salmon are on their way from the sea up to the river-heads to fulfil the grand instinct of their nature—namely, reproduction. The periodical migrations of the eel, which are observed in all parts of the globe, take place, according to climate, at different periods from February to May. Here the migration begins in May, when the salmon are ascending the streams. In some rivers, the young eels may be seen going up stream, in incredible numbers. The most absurd theories were at one time prevalent regarding their mode of reproduction. They were said to be "born of the mud," by some—others described them as "growing out of hairs," and others asserted that the young fish grew from particles scraped off the old ones. All these absurd notions have been dispersed by the advances of modern science; and the eel is now known to be oviparous, and to produce its young in the same way as most other fish.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE FISH.

At Langport, in Somersetshire, we are told, the young eels are taken in thousands, at certain seasons of the year, and after being placed in scalding water, are pressed into a mould. This eel-cake is pronounced most delicious eating. Generally, however, eels are either stewed or made into pies. The quantity thus consumed in London is almost incredible. The London eel-market is mainly supplied from Holland, the fish being brought over in vessels fitted up with tanks. The coarse-flavoured congors, which are taken by Cornish fisher-

men and sent to London, are said to be chiefly eaten by the Jews who are the best judges and cooks of fish in the world. They generally fry their fish in boiling sweet oil. Naturalists describe the air-bladder of the eel as very remarkable and much resembling the lung of a snake. The real function of the air-bladder in fish, though deeply inquired into by many physiologists, remains a mystery. A very curious circumstance is related about the effect of cold on eels, in the year 1855, in the sea opposite St. Leonards, in England: "Some few miles out at sea thousands of conger eels were found floating on the surface of the water. They could progress readily in any direction, but could not descend, and consequently fell an easy prey to the boatmen catching them by means of hooks on the end of a long stick. In this manner no less than eighty tons were captured, of all sizes, some being as much as six feet long, and of a surprising circumference. One of them was opened and the air-vessel was found distended with air to the utmost, so as to completely close the valvular opening. It was this evidently that buoyed them up. No other fish were observed in the same condition. The thermometer at this time was very low, and one night went down to 16°." (Buckland). It is evident from this that the eel is much affected by cold, the action of the frost causing the air in their swimming bladders to expand so much that the ordinary muscles cannot expel it at will. In winter, it is no uncommon circumstance to find the eels imbedded in mud and often knotted together in a large mass. In this condition they are often dug out in heaps.

METHODS OF EEL-CATCHING.

When kept in ponds, eels become comparatively tame, and when well fed grow to an immense size. Every one knows the proverb "as slippery as an eel"—one which is founded on the supple and slimy nature of their bodies, which enables them readily to glide through the hands. Their tenacity of life is also well-known, as well as their longevity. The most humane way of destroying life in them is to plunge them into water at 120°. They are taken in various modes. They will bite freely at the hook when baited with small gudgeons or minnows or sticklebacks. "Totting" is another method of capture. It is performed by cutting a hole in the weeds on a gravelly bottom, and stationing a boat there. The fisherman is provided with a short stick, with a cord at the end, to which is attached a bunch of worms, strung on worsted with a leaden plummet in the midst of them. To this curious bait, as soon as it reaches the bottom, the eels crowd and suck at the worms, when the *tot* is quickly drawn up into the boat. The eels drop off into the boat, the *tot* is plunged again and soon again comes up loaded with fish. Nets of a peculiar construction are used in mill-waters. In this island eels are mostly taken with the hook, or in baskets sunk in the brooks, at their outlets into the sea. It is remarkable that the best eels are taken near the banks of a stream where they are invariably found to swim. They are most voracious creatures, devouring greedily aquatic insects, crustacea and mollusca, the spawn of fishes and even fishes themselves. It is mentioned in Gifford's edition of Cuvier's "Règne Animal" that the skin of eels, which has a consistency resembling parchment, forms the object of a small trade in some cities. In Tartary it is used, after being oiled, as a substitute for glass in windows, and the peasantry in some parts wear it round the arm or finger as a cure for rheumatism.

EEL FISHERY OF COMACCHIO.

The greatest eel-breeding establishment in the world is on the lagoon of Comacchio, in Italy. The entire industry of this unique place is founded on a knowledge of the natural history of the eel, especially its migratory tendencies, which admirably adapt it for cultivation. Being moreover remarkably prolific and of tolerably rapid growth, it can be speedily turned into a source of profit. The fresh waters of the lagoon are dyked out from those of the Adriatic; and by means of a series of canals the waters of the sea are admitted into the lagoon at the proper seasons, when the young fry of eels are leaving the sea for the fresh water. About the beginning of February in each year the migration commences, and then there may be seen ascending the Reno and Volano mouths of the Po, from the Adriatic, a great series of wisps, apparently composed of threads, but in reality young eels. Hundreds of thousands thus pass annually from the sea into the lagoon. At the end of April the entrance-slucies are closed. The eels are allowed to grow till the beginning of August, when the great eel-harvest begins and continues till December. The labyrinths being crowded with fish, there is comparatively little trouble in the capture; and the saltier waters of the sea being let in, the migratory instinct of the fish is excited, so that it becomes an easy prey to the fisherman. The eels are not exported fresh from Comacchio, as is done in Holland, but are almost all preserved by cooking before being sent to market. In a huge kitchen they are impaled on spits and roasted before the fire. A workman seated before a block of wood, with a small hatchet in his hand, seizes the eels one by one, and with great dexterity cuts off head and tail, divides the eel into pieces of equal length and throws them into a basket at his side. They are then spitted and roasted before the fire by women—the smaller pieces being fried in olive oil. They are next placed in baskets of open work to *drain* and cool, and afterwards packed in barrels of large and small sizes, in the same manner as herring. A mixture of vinegar and salt is poured into the barrel before it is closed up. Another method of preserving the fish is by salting. This is done by spreading the eels in layers with a stratum of salt between; and when the heap is completed a heavy board, with weights on the top to press it down, covers all, so as to compress the fish and prevent the air from penetrating the pile. After lying in salt for twelve or fifteen days, the fish are packed in barrels, but without any liquid. A third method is to immerse them in brine and then dry them. A barrel of pickled eels contains one hundred and fifty pounds weight, and costs ninety-seven francs. The fish of Comacchio are sent to all parts of Italy, and in Venice, Rome and Naples are greatly in demand. The population of the lagoon is about 7,000, and all are dependent on the eel-fishery. The profits of the immense establishment are very great, as labour is cheap. The whole government is in the hands of the farmer-general or his representative, who up till the termination of the temporal power, rented the fisheries from the Pope. The most rigid discipline prevails; and the population live in the most primitive style, their one grand idea being the fishery, of the ingenuity and productiveness of which they are very proud. Now that pisciculture is everywhere attracting so much at-

tention, and its importance, so generally acknowledged, it may be interesting to know how much may be made by the skilful cultivation even of the humble despised eel. When the nobler salmon has been duly cared for, the eel may come in for a share of attention in British America where it thrives so well.

CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

SENATE.

April 16.—One or two bills passed their first reading, after which an address of congratulation on the recovery of the Prince of Wales was passed, and the House adjourned out of respect to the memory of the deceased Senators Duchesnay and Bell.

April 17.—No business of any importance was transacted.

April 18.—In answer to Senator SARBORN, Hon. Mr. CAMPBELL replied that it was the intention of the Government to introduce a bill to make more liberal the existing laws relating to patents. Hon. Mr. MITCHELL stated, in answer to an inquiry from Senator MILLER, that measures would be taken, with the co-operation of the Home Government, for the protection of the fisheries.

April 19.—Senator SARBORN moved for papers relative to the Arbitration.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

April 16.—After routine business, Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE moved for all papers, correspondence, etc., relating to the disposition of Crown Lands in Manitoba. The Governor of that Province had refused to do anything until the lands had been secured for the half-breeds, and in consequence many immigrants had been placed in a bad position. He said no such favours ought to be shown, and equal justice should be done to all. He would like to know if Governor Archibald's illegal proceedings in the matter had received the sanction of the Government. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD said he had no objection to bring down the papers; but as to the question put, if the hon. gentleman would give notice thereof, he would give him a full answer. Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE moved for correspondence with Lieut.-Governor Archibald and Mr. M. Mcken regarding the Fenian invasion of Manitoba and the relations between the Governor and Riel. It had been alleged that one of Riel's associates, O'Donoghue, had organised the invasion. He would also like to know whether Governor Archibald's resignation had been of his own free will, or whether it had been pressed upon him. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD replied that the Governor resigned last December, but his resignation had not been accepted. Since then he had pressed it so much that the Government had no alternative, but to accept. The motion then passed. Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE moved for papers respecting the location of the St. Clair Canal. He said fifty American captains had told him the canal was constructed on Canadian territory. The motion passed. In answer to Hon. Mr. BLAKE, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD said it was the intention of the Government to introduce a bill to regulate the trials of controverted elections in Manitoba and British Columbia, the provision to be temporary, and the same as those now existing in Quebec and Ontario. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD said some of the papers relating to the Washington Treaty could only be brought down by permission of Her Majesty's Government. The House adjourned at 4:30 p.m.

April 17.—Routine business having been proceeded with, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD stated, in reply to Hon. Mr. HORTON, that, on the resignation of Governor Archibald, a commission had been made out for Judge Johnson, who had gone to Manitoba as recorder, as administrator; but as it was found there was no provision in the Union Act for an administrator, it had been resolved to appoint him Governor until the gentleman who had been chosen to take that post had made arrangements for doing so. Mr. MAGILL moved for a select committee to inquire into and report upon the extent and condition of the manufactures of the Dominion. He believed the resolution would be supported by the patriotism of the country, and concluded by denouncing the speech of one of the members of the Cabinet as tending to produce revolution. Sir FRANCIS HICKES said the Government would offer no opposition to the motion. Hon. Mr. HORTON taxed the ministers with attempting to shirk the duties of responsible government, as they had done last session with respect to their canal policy. He expressed his approval of the remarks of the mover on the speech of one of the ministers. The Hon. Mr. HOWE replied in a striking speech, accusing the hon. gentleman of favouring annexation, and of being a Yankee "from the tip of his nose to the tail of his coat." He denied that he himself had been wanting in loyalty and respect for the British flag, citing instances where his loyalty had been put to the test. He concluded with a sharp attack upon the member for Hamilton for the remarks made by him (Mr. Mackenzie) while he himself was in the North-West. Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE replied, claiming perfect freedom to criticise as he chose the words and actions of the Secretary of State, Hon. Mr. HENNINGTON advocated the treatment of the question of protection or free-trade on a broad national basis. Mr. JONES (Leeds and Grenville) thought manufactures were already sufficiently protected; he moved an amendment for the protection of the agricultural interests. Hon. Mr. BLAKE hoped the agricultural interests would not be forgotten. With regard to the speech of the Secretary of State, he would leave it to compassionate silence. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD regretted the language used by his colleague, but he denied that there were dishonourable sentiments therein. The Secretary of State looked forward to England's abandonment of her colonies, not with pleasure, but with loyal regret. Hon. Messrs. HORTON and BLAKE replied. Messrs. WORKMAN, YOUNG and BODWELL spoke to the motion, opposing protection, and finally the original motion was carried, the amendment having been withdrawn. After some unimportant business the House rose at 6.

April 18.—Hon. Mr. BLAKE introduced a bill for simultaneous elections, and another to secure the independence of the Senate. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD brought down the papers relating to the Treaty of Washington, whereupon Hon. Messrs. MACKENZIE and HORTON charged him with having violated Parliamentary practice by communicating the substance of the correspondence to a newspaper. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD did not deny having communicated the information, but in-

sist that he had not thereby violated Parliamentary usage. In answer to Mr. Masson (Terrebonne), Hon. Mr. Porz announced that it was the intention of the Government to bring in an amendment to the patent laws. In reply to Mr. Merritt Hon. Mr. Turpin informed the House that the system of storm signals would be established for the Dominion, Sir Geo. Cartier replied to a question, that no expenditure would be made upon fortifications this year. Sir Francis Hincks stated, in reply to a question, that the Government had made no detailed claim to the Imperial Government respecting the expenses incurred by the Dominion in consequence of the Fenian raids on Canada; that it would be time enough to make a claim when there was a tribunal to which it could be submitted. Hon. Mr. Blake moved for copies of correspondence respecting the Fisheries, and Sir John A. Macdonald replied that all papers not marked confidential will be brought down. After the transaction of some other business, including a reference to the establishment of the Court of Appeal, the House adjourned at 5 p. m.

April 19.—After routine business Mr. Mills introduced a bill to abolish dual representation. The returns and petitions on contested elections in Manitoba were referred to the usual committee, after which conversation turned on the lateness of the season at which Parliament was called together this year. Hon. Mr. Howe moved the House into committee to consider the resolution applying \$45,000 annually for five years for a geological survey of Canada. Hon. Mr. Mackenzie regretted that this survey could not be made a portion of the ordinary civil service of the country. He was followed by Hon. Mr. Macdonald who complained of the mismanagement of the Geological Department as regards the printing of the reports, which, he thought, could be done more satisfactorily in Montreal. Mr. De Cosmos supported the grant and called attention to the great natural riches of British Columbia. Several other members spoke on the question of establishing a geological museum at Ottawa, and the House went into committee and reported the resolutions. The House then went into committee on the following resolutions, 1st. That it is expedient to amend section 16 of the government Savings Bank act, 34 Vict. cap 6, by providing that the surplus of the assets of the St. John Saving Banks over its liabilities on the 1st of July, 1867, which have been ascertained to be \$30,560 14, shall be deposited in the hands of the trustees of that institution, to be by them appropriated to some local purpose of public interest, subject to the approval of the Governor in Council, and by providing that the surplus of the assets of the Northumberland and Durham Savings Bank over its liabilities on the 19th of April, '72, shall be left in the hands of the trustees of that institution, to be by them appropriated to some local purpose or purposes of public interest, subject to the approval of the Governor in Council. After some debate the resolution passed. Sir F. Hincks moved, 2nd. "That it is expedient to amend the Act relating to banks and banking by correcting a clerical error in section 72 by protecting innocent parties to notes and bills in certain cases under section 52, and by enabling banks to receive deposits of savings for minors and others under certain limitations."—Carried. After recess Sir Francis Hincks moved, 3rd. "That it is expedient to amend the Act regulating issue of Dominion notes, 33 Vict. cap 16, by providing the amount of any excess over \$9,000,000 may be held by the Receiver-General, partly in specie and partly in deposits in chartered banks." This resolution was also carried after a debate. Sir F. Hincks then moved the fourth resolution, which is as follows: "That it is expedient to consolidate the Acts respecting the Public Debt and the raising of loans so as to make one act applicable to all future loans and amend the same by enabling His Excellency the Governor General in Council, in raising any loan hereafter authorized, to establish a sinking fund not exceeding 2 or 1 per cent per annum for paying off the same and to change the form of any part of the funded debt by substituting one class of securities for another, provided the annual charge of interest be not increased; and to effect temporary loans for a limited time, and at a limited rate of interest, in cases of temporary deficiency in the consolidated revenue fund to meet the charges on it." The resolution was adopted without discussion, and the Committee rose and reported. In reply to Mr. Wallace of Vancouver's Island, Sir George Cartier stated, that the Imperial Government had supplied a force in the waters of British Columbia, to protect the residents living in the outskirts from Indian attacks upon them. After some other routine business was transacted, the House adjourned at 11 p. m. till Monday.

UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE.

Bishop's College was incorporated by an Act of the Provincial Legislature in 1843, and was by a Royal Charter erected into an university in 1853. The design of its founders was to provide a thorough English Protestant education to the youth of the Province, to supply a university education to resident students, and to connect with the Faculty of Arts a Theological College for Episcopalians reading for orders. Its history during these twenty years has been that of a somewhat severe struggle for existence, but it has gradually accumulated friends, alumni, and property, and its prospects were never so promising of ultimate success as they are at the present time, as it has recently been able to add, as originally intended, a Faculty of Medicine to its curriculum.

The College buildings are plain but commodious brick structures of the Elizabethan style, and consist of the Principal's residence, lecture-rooms, museum and library, dining-hall and dormitories, and handsome college chapel. A convocation hall and grammar school, more recently erected, form another block of building in the same style. It is well situated on a picturesque slope rising above the confluence of the rivers St. Francis and Massawippi; and is in the centre of its own grounds, consisting of about forty acres, which are under cultivation.

The "real estate" of the University comprises several farms in the Eastern Townships and unsettled lands; the whole being valued at \$65,100.21, whilst other assets raise the property of the University to \$121,820.19.

There are at present eight Divinity students, twelve Arts students, and twenty-five Medical students; whilst in the Bishop's College school there are about fifty scholars. This school, under the energetic management of the Rector, C. H. Badgley, M. A., is in an excellent state of efficiency, and gives an education to the youth of this Province after the model established at Rugby by the late Dr. Arnold. Besides the literary culture which qualifies the boys for matriculation, great attention is paid to hygiene and to "Muscular Chris-

tianity." For this purpose, not a mere play-ground suffices, but an ample "Gymnasium" furnished with every requisite. Foot-ball, Lacrosse, and Cricket are warmly encouraged by the Rector and masters, also rowing and swimming. A swimming examination is held at the beginning of every summer, and the ample water privileges are divided according to skill and proficiency. The school has also an excellent reading-room and library, apart from the College library. The Medical Faculty holds its winter session in Montreal, and during its first year, just concluded, twenty-six medical students matriculated, five of whom at the end of the session passed their examination in botany, thirteen passed the primary examination, and six passed the final examinations.

On the 4th instant a special convocation was held at Lennoxville for receiving the report of the Dean and conferring degrees. The graduates, with several professors, made up a party of about twenty, for whom a special Pullman Drawing-Room Car was provided, and on their arrival at Lennoxville they were received by the Chancellor, Hon. E. Hale, M. P., D.C.L., and at once welcomed as guests of the College. At convocation the Chancellor presided. Dr. David, D.C.L., Dean of the Faculty, delivered an address to the graduates; Rev. Principal Nicholls, D.D., administered the oath, and the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Quebec gave a congratulatory address to the members of convocation and general audience. In the evening the visitors were introduced to the residents of the neighbourhood at a *Conversazione* held in the College, and the friends of the institution parted with mutual congratulations as to the success of the new faculty.

The charter of the University provides also for a Faculty of Law, which may probably also be hereafter established with a college in Montreal.

The University is under the management of the Bishops of Montreal and Quebec, with a College Board appointed by the two Synods, and fresh life and activity have recently been shown in its managing body.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

The history of the numismatics informs us that the art of engraving dies for medals is of far more recent origin than either of the other arts to which the term "fine" may be applied. Among the Greeks medals and medallions were very rare; the earliest information concerning them dating no further back than the time when Greece was under the dominion of imperial Rome. The peculiarity of modern medals, by which is meant those that have been executed during the last five hundred years, is that they often exhibit the portrait of illustrious persons, not of royal or princely houses—warriors, philosophers, statesmen, poets, &c. Apparently insignificant as these works of art may be, the genius and skill necessary for their perfect production are by no means of a common order; and the study of them by the historian has frequently thrown considerable light upon passages of history otherwise obscure; the information obtained is generally gathered from the inscription, legends, and dates which they supply.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with the desire to encourage every branch of art, some time in the year 1845, commissioned Mr. Wyon, who was universally regarded as the first die-engraver of the time, to execute for him a medal of St. George—the titular saint of his adopted country; and the artist's design of the subject is seen in the engraving produced on our first page. The composition is most spirited, scarcely, if at all, inferior to some of Flaxman's, and the drawing of the horse and his rider is most admirable. The former was modelled from the Prince's favourite horse "Imanu," at Windsor. The inscription on this side of the medal is "Tren and Fes!"—faithful and firm; the obverse bears a portrait of the Prince, who sat for the purpose, with the inscription: "Albertus Princeps Victoria Regine Conjugis, and the date of the year, 1845. The medal is not large, about two inches in diameter, but the workmanship is exquisite.

LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

The late Abraham Solomon, who died in 1862, painted many pictures which rendered his works very popular with those who look for striking incident and individual character. His Art was certainly not refined as a rule, but it told a story effectively, and this will always invite attention.

"Le Malade Imaginaire" is almost the last work he produced; and is unquestionably the most humorous, as it is also one, in every respect, the most clever in delineation of character; for there is point in every figure. The subject is borrowed from Molière's comedy bearing the same title, and the scene lies in the bed-chamber of the hypochondriac, M. Argan, who is visited by his physician, Diafoirus, and the son of the latter, who is training for the profession; the following dialogue takes place:—

Argan. Voilà une femme qui m'aime... Cela n'est pas croyable.

Diafoirus. Nous allons, monsieur, prendre congé de vous.

Argan. Je vous prie, monsieur, de me dire un peu comment je suis.

Diafoirus. (tâtant le pouls d'Argan). Allons, Thomas, prenez l'autre bras de monsieur, pour voir si vous saurez porter un bon jugement de son pouls. Quid dicitis?

Th. Diafoirus. Dico que le pouls de monsieur est le pouls d'un homme qui ne se porte pas bien.

Diafoirus. Bon!

Propped up and pillowed in his easy chair, no wonder the invalid looks up aghast when the young oracle has spoken such ominous words, and he finds them confirmed by the elder man of physic, who, watch in hand, times the beating of the patient's pulse as his jewelled fingers press lightly on Argan's wrist. There is something irresistibly droll in the trio; in the pompous attitude and whole bearing of the physician, who is evidently not inclined to thwart the fancy of his patient, though we can detect a degree of humour in his countenance. And then the dismayed expression of Argan's face, as if he were already doomed to death; while young Diafoirus delivers the sentence with an emphatic upraising of the hand to enforce it; his father, no doubt, had given him suitable instructions what to say.

Toinette, the "femme qui m'aime," makes no secret of the opinion she entertains regarding the sick man's state of health; she is busy mixing a compound of some kind or other for the invalid, who is always requiring a stimulant "to keep up the tabernacle," as we once heard an old Scotch physician remark

to one under his care; but the dialogue of the two doctors amuses her much, and she looks towards Diafoirus as perfectly comprehending its raillery, and also as quite ready to carry on the delusion after he and his son have taken leave.

Every part of this most humorous picture is painted with scrupulous care and attention to details: the costumes of the figures are rich in colour, and the arrangement of light and shade is very effective.

This painter was much accustomed to rely on gorgeous draperies and splendid accessories of every kind to give value to his compositions.—*Art Journal*.

HENRI REGNAULT'S LAST PICTURE.

Ever since the battle of Buzenval, in January of last year, the name of Henri Regnault, the rising young French artist who fell in that engagement, has been constantly on the lips of the Parisians. They hold his name dear as the name of a townsman who did them equal credit on the easel and on the battle-field. No wonder then that when, in March last, it was announced that an exhibition of his works was to be held, all Paris crowded to do homage to the genius of the soldier-artist. By the kindness of Regnault's friends and of the purchasers of his pictures the collection was made almost entirely complete, and was shown at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, of which he was a pupil, and whence he first came out before the world, six years ago, as Grand Prix de Rome. The friends of Henri Regnault were his devoted admirers, as is shown by the exhibition of his drawings, many of which are but waste sheets of his albums, with such faint indications—ordinary artistic notes—as the artist would certainly have wished to remain in privacy. The great attraction of the whole exhibition was his last great picture, "A Moorish Execution in the Palace of the Alhambra," which was hung at one extremity of the gallery. In front of it stood a bronze bust of the painter, about the foot of which his *fiancée* had placed a wreath of white camellias and everlasting flowers. This is the picture we reproduce on another page—a picture that is sure to arrest the eye of the most careless, by the ghastliness of the subject and the startling manner in which it is treated.

THE WARRIOR AND HIS SON.

This admirable picture is from the pencil of the celebrated German artist Hildebrand, of the Dusseldorfer school, some of whose productions have already figured in our pages. This is regarded as his ablest effort and is highly spoken of by art critics.

SNOW DRIFT ON THE ST. LOUIS ROAD, QUEBEC.

We give an illustration in this issue of the appearance of the St. Louis Road, Quebec, in the vicinity of the toll-gate in March last. This winter the snow fell very sparingly in the early part of the season, and seemed to have reserved itself for the early spring. The consequence was that at the time of the year when the snow generally begins to disappear it covered the ground to an extraordinary depth.

JAMES' BAY BRIDGE, VICTORIA, V. I.

This is another of the series of British Columbian views taken by Messrs. Notman on their recent tour through that Province.

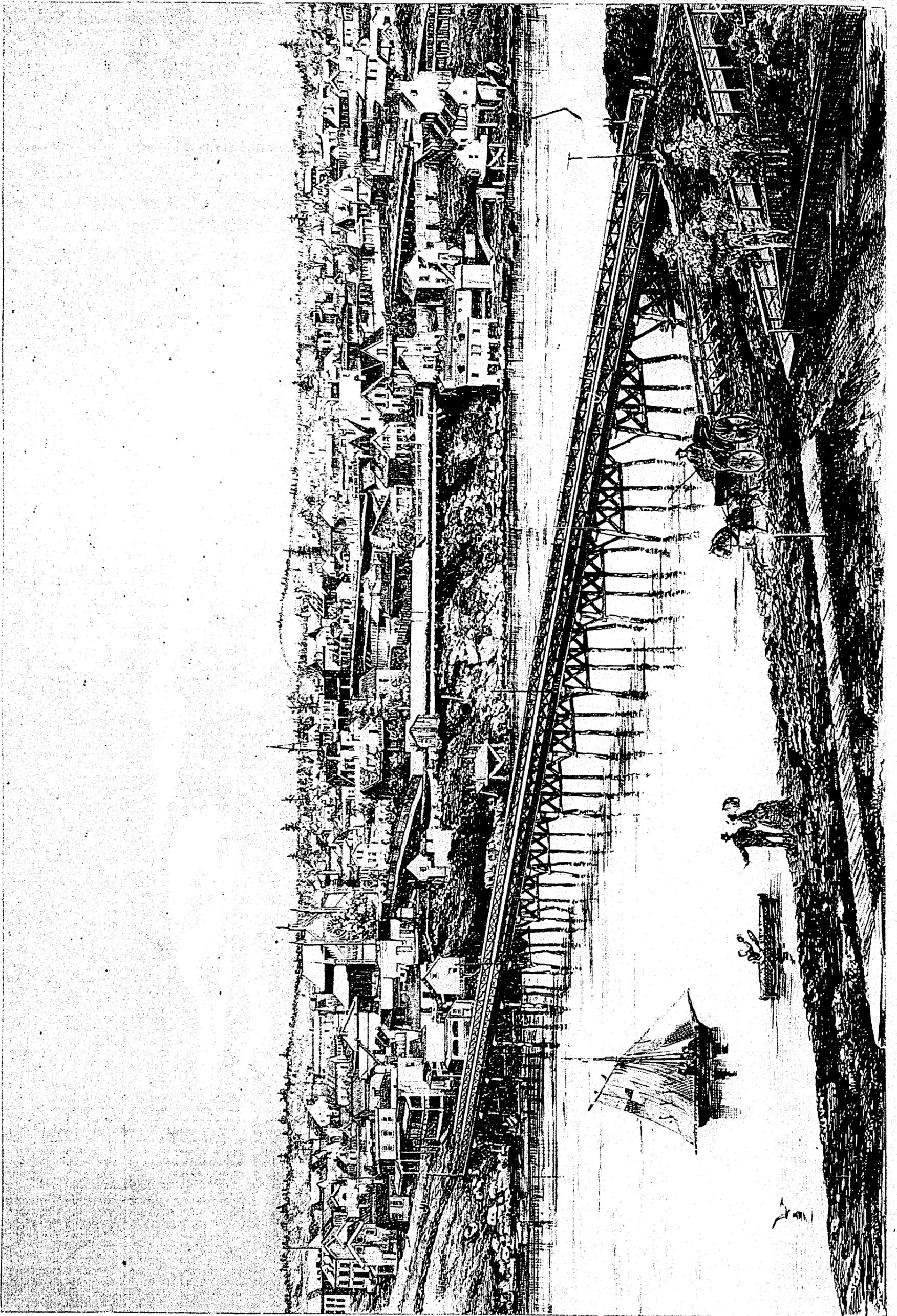
Horse owners will find the Nutritious Condiment of great service at this time of the year. Where green food cannot be obtained it is invaluable. Ask your druggist for a 25 cent packet (2 lbs weight) that you may try it.

CURVED LOCOMOTIVE SMOKE-STACK.—According to the Boston Transcript a Massachusetts invention has lately been tried on the Fitchburg railroad with good results. It consists of a curved smoke-stack, of nearly the shape of a "horn of plenty," attached as ordinary smoke-stacks are, the mouth running backward. Within, near the enlargement at the upper curve, is placed a wire screen at an angle of about 45° with the direction of the smoke, and the usual screen is placed over the immediate outlet. Just below the first screen a perforated steam pipe runs horizontally through the smoke-stack, and is connected with the boiler by a valve-pipe under the control of the engine-driver. As the refuse matter from the furnace passes through the stack, it is moistened by the fine spray ejected through the perforations, thus deadening the particles and increasing their weight. Striking against the inclined screen, they are deflected downwards and led through a proper tube below the engine, falling on the track in a moistened and consequently harmless state. The arrangement does not hinder the draught. Not only is the trouble of cinders upon the train obviated, but damage from fires along the track is also prevented.

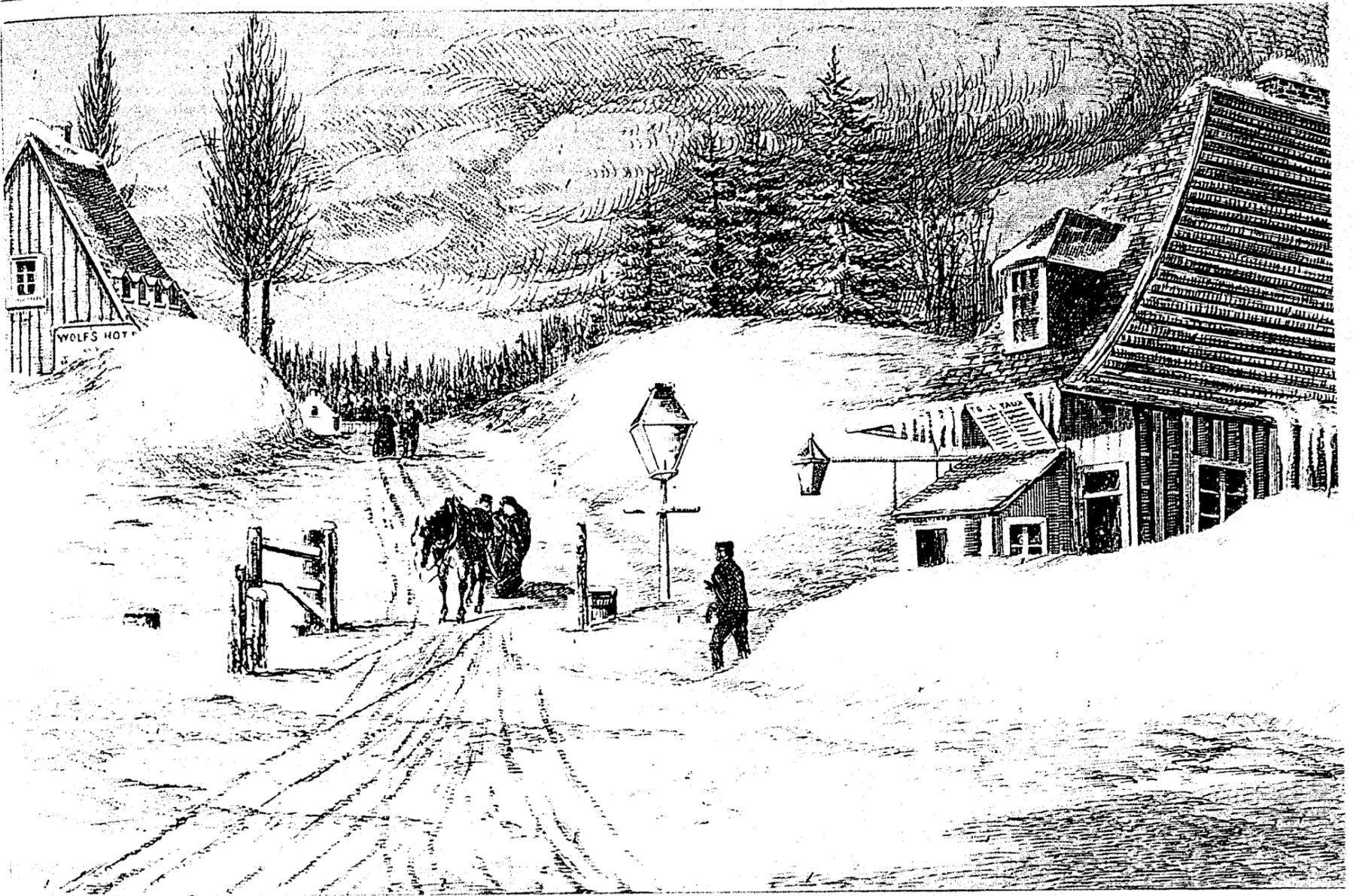
Artemus Ward was born a humorist, was funny from his cradle to his grave. Once when a school-boy, he and a friend got hold of a pack of cards and indulged heavily in euchre. A Baptist minister was stopping at the house, and to secrete the cards, they placed them in his black gown which hung in the closet. But what was his horror to see the minister one day in the river baptizing his converts, and presently the cards commenced to float upon the water, the first card being a couple of bowers and three aces. Well, he got walloped for this, and his aunt pictured to him the humiliation of the minister. Said she, "I don't see how he got out of it." Artemus replied, "I don't see how he could help going out on such a hand as that."

A man out west turned state's evidence, and swore that he was a member of a gang of thieves. By-and-by they found the roll of actual members, and accused the man of swearing falsely. "I was a member," said the man; "I"—happy thought—"I was an honorary member!"

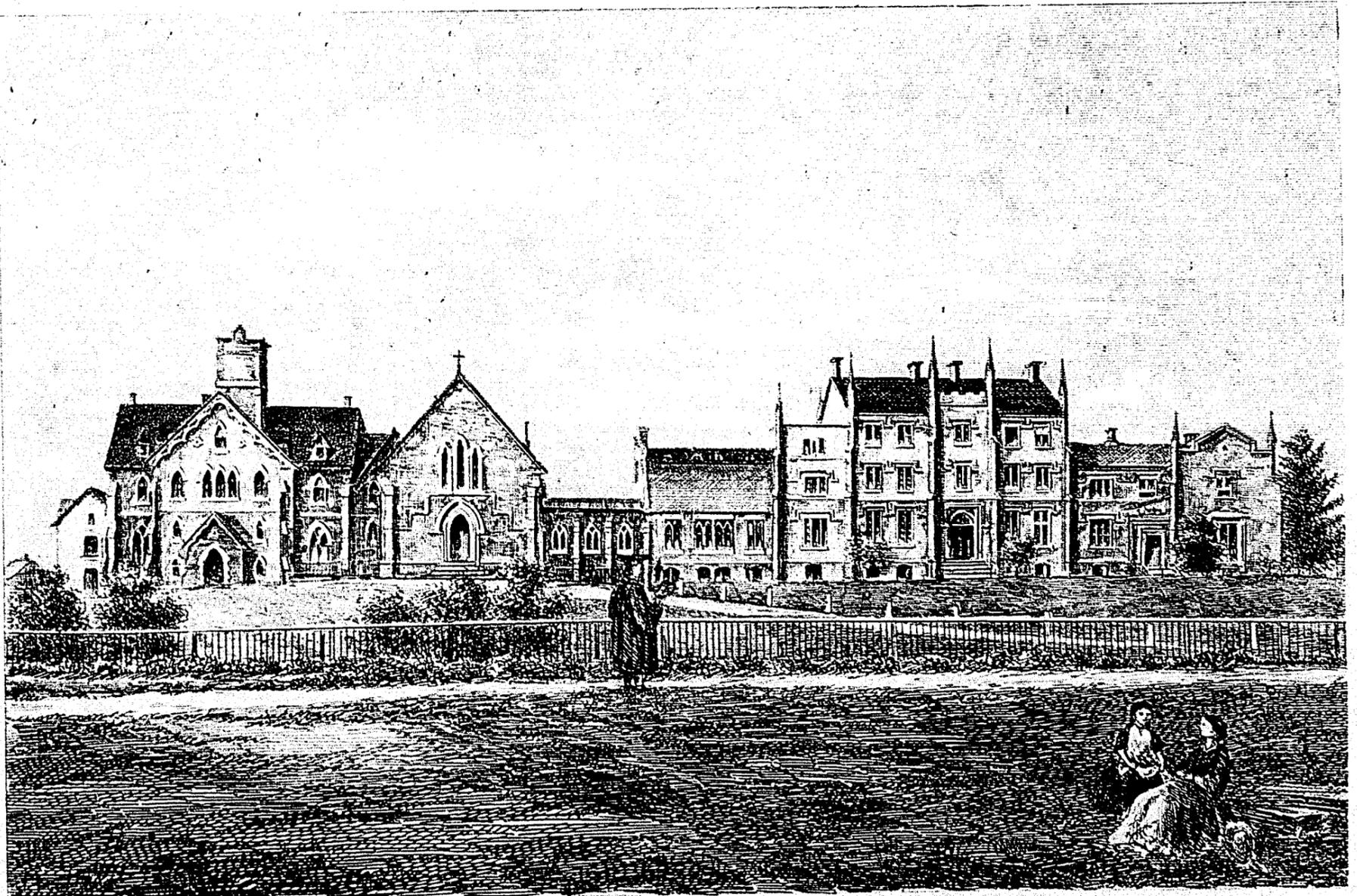
Josh Billings says that the difference between a blunder and a mistake is this:—When a man puts down a bad umbrella and takes up a good one, he makes a mistake; but when he puts down a good one and takes up a bad one, he makes a blunder.



VICTORIA, V. I. — JAMES BAY BRIDGE. — SEE PAGE 259



QUEBEC — SNOW-DRIFTS AT ST. LOUIS TOLL-GATE, MARCH 1872 — FROM A SKETCH BY E. C. — SEE PAGE 259.



LENNOXVILLE.—BISHOP'S COLLEGE —SEE PAGE 259

VICTORIA, V. I. — JAMES HAY BRIDGE. — SEE PAGE 259

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
MAY 4, 1872.

SUNDAY,	April 28.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
MONDAY,	" 29.—Quebec Act passed in the House of Lords, 1856. Proclamation of Peace between England and Russia, 1856.
TUESDAY,	" 30.—Chevalier Bayard died, 1524. Washington first President of the United States, 1795. Lord Elgin attacked, 1849.
WEDNESDAY,	MAY 1.—St. Philip and St. James, App. & M. Duke of Wellington born, 1769.
THURSDAY,	" 2.—Leonardo da Vinci died, 1519. Camden born, 1551. Battle of Lutzen, 1813. Enquiry into the civil condition of Canada, 1828.
FRIDAY,	" 3.—Duration of the Cruise, Jacques Cartier seized Indian Chiefs, 1535. Tom Hood died, 1845.
SATURDAY,	" 4.—Siege of Quebec raised, 1776.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 23rd April, 1872, observed by HERN. HARRISON & Co., 242 & 244 Notre Dame Street.

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	S.A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
W., April 17.	49°	35°	42°	30.15	30.17	30.05
Th., " 18.	52°	31°	41°	30.00	29.77	29.95
Fri., " 19.	51°	34°	42°	29.95	29.85	29.72
Sat., " 20.	55°	38°	44°	30.04	30.05	30.00
Su., " 21.	61°	34°	47°	29.95	29.90	29.85
M., " 22.	49°	34°	45°	29.85	29.96	29.80
Tu., " 23.	41°	27°	34°	30.05	30.00	29.95

Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the NEWS is \$4.00 per annum, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All unpaid subscribers will be struck off the list on the 1st July next, and their accounts [at the rate of \$5.00 per annum] placed in our attorneys' hands for collection.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1872.

The interest in the result of the vote upon the Northern Colonization Railway by-law must be great, indeed, among the citizens of Montreal if they truly appreciate the importance of the success of the enterprise. The progress of Montreal, hereafter, though seemingly inevitable from the city's unrivalled geographical position, may be seriously retarded by a false economy that would refuse the vote of one million dollars to a road that is not only destined to extend the commerce of Montreal within the Province, but to be an important link in the grand chain of communication that will bring to the city the trade of the far North West, of the Pacific Provinces, (in time there will be more than one) and of the eastern countries, seeking for their merchandise the great marts of Europe. The very spirit of nationalism, or pride for the future of the country, ought to inspire the ratepayers of Montreal who are to vote on the by-law. The money charge upon the city is assuredly not a trifle. But when it is remembered that, in the single article of wood alone, the Northern road would save the citizens the full subscription to the stock, and liberal interest thereon, in less than five years, even on the narrow ground of a safe financial investment, the adoption of the by-law must be acknowledged to be a very proper step. It is, of course, to be noted that railways are great competitors with other consumers of fuel; and, as a consequence, we have seen that the lines of railway constructed on a purely commercial traffic and passenger calculation for their profits, have not been too willing to place wood trucks on their trains, for the very sensible business reason that if they aid unduly at present in the transport of fuel from the neighbourhood of their own lines, they are but advancing the price of the article to themselves in the future. The exhaustion of the wood supply has frequently been the theme of speculation and much concernment in the old settlements through which nearly all the Canadian railways now in operation are run. It is not wonderful, therefore, that cord-wood should cease to be a favourite article of transport with them when they daily witness the gradual exhaustion of their present field of fuel supply without being assured of an equally cheap and convenient substitute.

For the reasons stated, we can well understand those who say that certain lines of railway have increased rather than cheapened the cost of fire-wood. It is even quite consistent with past experience to anticipate that in not a few of the townships through which the northern road will pass, it will actually have doubled the price of wood in perhaps less than two years, thereby bringing a profit to the farmer, or, we might say, doubling his wages for the work of clearing his own land for cultivation. The advantages of this result, though indirect, are no less appreciably felt by the commercial classes, in whose prosperity, coupled with that of the farmer, all labour finds its ultimate reward. We remarked in a former issue that it was but reasonable to assume that the railway

would not merely increase the value of agricultural produce, but also of the wood on uncleared lands, while adding considerably to the market value of each acre of ground within its influence. But this increase of value in the country is quite consistent with the decrease of cost to the purchaser in the city, whether in respect of wood or farm produce.

The cheapest rate for carrying wheat by team over good roads, even in winter, may be placed at fifteen cents per bushel for every fifty miles; and the highest rate by rail for the same quantity over the same distance may be estimated at five cents. This shows, taking wheat as the standard, that the railway is cheaper by two-thirds than any other form of land transport, and when we apply this rule to such bulky articles as coal and cord-wood, we can see at a glance that the cost may be very much reduced to the consumer, even when the first price paid to the producer is doubled.

The fire-wood trade in Canada has been, and is still, a peculiar one. It begins with the calculation whether it will pay better to chop the trees on the soil and burn them, or to cut them into cord-wood and sell them. As the long winters make farmers, with their horses or oxen, almost idle except in chopping or teaming, the forest is felled; and the value of the labour of converting trees into cord-wood is variously estimated at from thirty-eight to fifty cents per cord. To load up and draw into the neighbouring village, or the nearest market may be worth about as much, but is estimated according to distance and the state of the roads. Hence in Canada the lowest quotation of firewood begins at the simple cost of production and delivery—the raw material, the tree, being counted as *nil*. This system is quite in keeping with the statement that wood is but seventy-five cents per cord in some of the parishes through which the Northern road will pass; we have seen the best hard maple sold for a dollar per cord in Upper Canada, and the cord was an honest one too—4x4x8—128 feet—something not to be had in Montreal even for fourteen dollars. But it is to the interest of the country at large that firewood should have an intrinsic value as well as the cost of the labour expended and the profits extracted from it. When the farmer feels that his bushland will yield him from twenty to thirty dollars per acre for the wood, or nearly twice the cost of clearing it, he has good heart to push forward the improvement of his farm; and if the railway, while adding so much to the value of the land, can also deliver the same wood in the city at a carriage cost of one and a half to three dollars—as it certainly can—then it is manifest that the citizens of Montreal should never at any season be called upon to pay more than five or six dollars per cord for wood during the next fifty years to come. The supply on the North Shore is practically inexhaustible, and the demand in this city both for domestic and industrial purposes is far more likely to increase than to diminish. Hence, because of this single item, we believe that the citizens of Montreal will do well to vote the million dollars for the Northern Colonization road, even should every fraction of it be sunk without hope of recovery. But of this there can be no fear. Under intelligent and patriotic management the road will be a financial success as well as a national benefit.

Of course there are wider interests involved than those to which we have specially addressed ourselves. The connection through the North Shore line which this road will complete from the Village of Hull to the City of Quebec will give an immense impetus to the improvement of the interior of the country and promote the general prosperity in which the ratepayers of Montreal cannot fail to share. The connection with the Canada Central at Ottawa points to its becoming a link in the great Inter-oceanic railway chain soon destined to be extended over the whole length of the Dominion. But since there are ample local reasons why the citizens of Montreal should assume their due share of responsibility in carrying out this great undertaking, we need not look further for argument in favour of confirming the by-law. It would be well, however, for the people of Montreal to keep in view the strenuous efforts made by Toronto and Hamilton in the promotion of railways; that these cities are not now alone in competing with Montreal for a portion of the wholesale trade of the Dominion, but that Ottawa has also entered the lists as a wholesale mart, and with its increased railway facilities bids fair to save many an up-country trader the trouble of coming all the way to Montreal for his goods. These evidences of general enterprise throughout the country are very cheering signs for the future, and we are quite sure that their promoters will not lose anything, though Montreal will gain much by following their example. The by-law has been pretty thoroughly discussed by the citizens, and we trust that the poll which opens on the 29th inst., will result in an overwhelming vote in its favour.

LITERARY NOTICE.

SCRIBNER'S FOR MAY.—This popular periodical comes to hand, brilliantly illustrated and as interesting as ever. The number opens with "Travelling by Telegraph," a description of the route from Washington to Niagara over the still unfinished Baltimore and Potomac Railroad and the Northern Central. To those uninitiated in railroad mysteries we recommend this article as very instructive and amusing reading. Following this is a bright little illustrated story by Mrs. Walker, "Fanny Winthrop's Treat," Mr. John H. Treadwell describes "Vasa Fictilia in History," with the aid of exquisite wood-cuts, including a portrait of the vase given to General Dix by Napoleon III.; and Professor Wells has a pictorial paper on the queer little Democratic Swiss Canton of Appenzell. The new novellette, entitled "Druxy Miller's Dowry," by Saxe Helm, author of "Esther Wynn's Love-Letters," is begun in this number, and gives promise of extraordinary interest. Mrs. Oliphant's "At His Gates" is continued, and proves to be a really masterly story; it certainly deserves wide attention. Noah Brooks, author of "The Cruise of Balboa," comes out with a beautiful and pathetic story, "The Waif of Nautilus Island." "Back Log Studies" are continued in this number. Although we are not ready to go exactly into raptures over these sketches, we cannot overlook their merits as containing much sound, practical common sense. No one can be the worse for reading them. Other articles are "Our Educational Outlook," advocating compulsory education; a paper on "Mr. Lowell's Prosody," and another on "Frederic Mistral, the Provençal Poet." The poetry is quite up to the mark, and "Topics of the Time," and "The Old Cabinet," lack none of their usual interest. This number begins a new volume, and among the improvements which should be noted are a new Department entitled "Nature and Science," which opens well with a pregnant summary of practical science; enlargement of "Home and Society," and the consolidation of "Culture and Progress" notes under one head. The Etchings tell the story of an Absent-Minded Man.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC IN 1759.

Those of our readers who take any interest in the dispute as to the authorship of the narrative which appeared in our columns under the above title, will be glad to know that at the last general monthly meeting of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society the following resolution was, after a debate, almost unanimously carried:—

"Whereas an enquiry is in progress, concerning the authorship of a narrative of the Siege of Quebec in 1759, by a committee of the Historical Society, and whereas it is desirable that the members of the Society should be made acquainted with the particulars of the evidence prior to the Society being committed to any decision expressed in its name and behalf: It is resolved that the said committee be instructed to cause minutes to be kept in writing of their proceedings, for the information of the Society; and that the evidence brought before the committee be also communicated to the Society taken in writing and duly authenticated by the signatures of the parties furnishing the same."

THE PATENT LAWS.—We are glad to learn that the much desired change in the Patent Laws is to be made at last. On the 19th instant, the Minister of Agriculture announced in the House of Commons that it was the intention of the Government to bring in a bill for the amendment of the law respecting patents, and in the *Gazette* of this city—a very good authority—we find it stated that it is rumoured in Ottawa that the new law will be very liberal in its provisions. Patents will be given to all inventors irrespective of nationality, but stringent provisions, it is said, will be included requiring the manufacture in the Dominion of the patented article.

In our last issue we credited the two St. John River views which appeared on page 244, to Mr. E. J. Russell. This is incorrect. The view of the Suspension Bridge is from a sketch by W. Carlisle, and the other is copied from a photograph by G. T. Taylor.

CANADIANS, ATTENTION!—We begin to consider ourselves a nation—we begin to think that we have rights, which, as a nationality, we should respect. What those rights are, we doubt not, are quite plain to every thinker. First, we claim as a right, the support of our own people. We don't believe in English, American and French writers flooding our country with their productions. We don't believe in the Americans poisoning the minds of the rising youth with their wishy-washy trash. We do not believe in Canadians turning the cold shoulder to home talent. This has been done. We repeat, that it is no honour to Canadians, or to Canada. Even to-day Canadian publishers would give fifty cents more for a trashy Yankee novel, than one written by their own countrymen for a fair, honourable price. We say to every loyal Canadian, look to this! The question to be decided is Canadian nationality, and freedom; or annexation to the States, and slavery. Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, Grant or Victoria.—*London Herald*.

MORAL.—Subscribe to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Tuesday last, St. George's Day, was pretty well observed throughout the Dominion. In most of the larger places services were held, and the usual entertainments were given in the evening.

MECHANICS' HALL.—On Friday evening, May 3, the Barnabee Concert Troupe will give a grand performance at the above Hall. The Troupe comprises Mrs. H. M. Smith, the eminent soprano; Miss A. R. Clark, an alto of considerable fame; Mr. Fessenden, the tenor, who sang with Tansley, the world-renowned baritone; Barnabee, the humorist, who nightly convulses the audiences of the New England States; and Mr. and Mrs. Heine, the latter a magnificent pianist, the former, violinist (born blind) to H. M. the Queen. We are satisfied that they will play to a crowded audience.

DAMAGES CAUSED BY RATS—ILLUSTRATING THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS.

The following amusing skit appears in Land and Water over the suggestive signature "Sell":—

"The following somewhat singular dispute in private life may interest and perhaps amuse our readers from the striking resemblance which it bears to an important public question which is now the subject of considerable anxiety to the statesmen of this country as well as of America:

"Dr. Dace, a medical practitioner of great repute in the west of England, and who is equally well-known as an ardent naturalist, having heard that two of the old English black rats—now nearly extinct—had been captured near Bath, purchased them, and placed them in a cage in his garden. Unfortunately he did not give them credit for the extraordinary rodent capacities which they possess, and within twenty-four hours of their incarceration, they succeeded in gnawing their way out, and betook themselves to the neighbouring premises occupied by the well-known nursery gardener, Mr. Spokes. This latter gentleman is a great poultry fancier, and boasts of perhaps the choicest bantams to be found in this country. All at once, to his dismay, he found that some animal had commenced to wage war against his feathered pets, and not a day passed but what he found some of his beautiful fowls dead and partially devoured. On the supposition that the damage was caused by rats, he purchased sundry kinds of traps, and eventually tried the services of Bill Ferrat, the celebrated rat-catcher of Salisbury, who, after a week's campaign, succeeded at least in "bringing to bag" (as he termed it) the pair of mischievous rarities that had been imported from Bath by Doctor Dace. The old English black rat, he it known, differs entirely in its habits from the common rat, known to naturalists as the Norwegian, and is not only very cleanly in its habits, avoiding cellars and sewers—the usual haunt of its foul congener—but lives entirely in the roofs of buildings, and it was not until Mr. Bill Ferrat had almost destroyed the roof of an outhouse, that he effected the capture of these bantam-devourers. Mr. Spokes being aware that his neighbour the doctor had lost two black rats, waited upon that gentleman, and claimed damages for the loss of his poultry; the worthy doctor, however, demurred, on the plea that the rats had escaped through no wilful neglect on his part. He admitted that his servant had informed him late in the evening that he had heard the animals gnawing at their cage, but, though it was then bedtime, he had, as soon as he had completed the diagnosis of an interesting case which he was preparing for the Lancet, gone himself to see to their security, but found to his dismay that they had just effected their escape. He ended by saying that if Mr. Spokes seriously contemplated claiming compensation for the loss of his fowls, he, on his part, should prefer a counter claim for the destruction of his rats, which, from their extreme rarity, were of the highest value.

"The unfortunate dispute was carried on until it caused an entire split between the two gentlemen, who had heretofore been always the most friendly of neighbours; and, to smooth matters, some mutual friends stepped in and suggested that they should submit to arbitration in the matter, and it was agreed that each should nominate a friend to draw up the case for the adjudication of three gentlemen in the neighbourhood, whose verdict was to be considered final. Upon this Mr. Spokes named Mr. Goodfellow, an eminent attorney, as his friend, and Mr. Gray, the chemist, consented to act for Doctor Dace. A good deal of conversation took place between these two gentlemen before they succeeded in arranging the case for the arbitrators; but it was done apparently to the satisfaction of both the principals, and the worthy doctor was so well pleased with the part taken by his representative, that he at once appointed him chemist to the county dispensary, which much-coveted post was then vacant and in the doctor's gift. No sooner, however, had the case been laid before the arbitrators than it transpired that Mr. Spokes not only claimed compensation for the fowls that had been actually killed, but for the profit that he might have made out of them, for the expense of rat-traps, for the hire of Mr. Bill Ferrat's services, and even for his own loss of time in assisting at their capture, besides various other items, including one of a most appalling nature in the shape of an estimate for a new roof to the outhouse in which the rats had been discovered. The following is, in fact, a copy of the bill of claims:—

Table with 3 columns: Description, £, s. d. Items include: For thirteen First-class Silver-spangled Hamburgh bantam hens (13 0 0), For two First-class Silver-spangled Hamburgh bantam cocks (6 0 0), For thirteen sittings of eggs that would have been laid (13 13 0), Value of prizes that would have been gained at the poultry shows at Bath, Bristol, and Sarum (9 9 0), Hire of Bill Ferrat, six days at 5s. a day (1 10 0), Beer and refreshment for B. F. (0 18 0), Loss of time in looking after B. F., six days (3 0 0), Four patent rat-traps, at 3s. 6d. (0 14 0), Damage to a pair of trousers during the hunt (0 7 0), New roof to outhouse (13 0 0), By credit four rat-traps, no longer required (half-price) (0 7 0), Total (61 4 0)

"On learning the nature of the claims thus preferred by his opponent, the worthy doctor insisted that he never would have agreed to submit the case to arbitrators had he known that claims of such a nature were to be brought against him, and, upon ascertaining that the wording of the case was so

vague as to admit of such indirect damages being included, he at once cancelled the appointment of Mr. Gray to the dispensary. A great deal of squabbling ensued respecting the matter, and one of the arbitrators, a gallant colonel, suggested that the two parties should fight it out. The other two, however, being more peaceably inclined, submitted that as Mr. Gray had asserted that he never intended that claims for indirect damages should be included, no gentleman could, under the circumstances, insist on taking advantage of an agreement signed under a misapprehension of the meaning conveyed in the wording as actually put on paper. Upon this Mr. Spokes at once withdrew his claims for indirect damages, and the affair was happily brought to a peaceful conclusion, the doctor paying the market price of the fifteen fowls actually destroyed, less the purchase money which he had paid for the rats. That worthy gentleman has had however to submit to no small amount of banter from his friends; in the first place for not having selected a lawyer for his representative in the drawing up of the case, and in the next for having so prematurely recompensed the chemist who had done his work so badly.

RATTLEBONES.

(From July.)

"If you'll pass the pewter," said the Baptist Minister, "I will relate the particulars of the circumstance you refer to."

"We passed the pewter, and he related. 'The reason the doctor was so well up in bones,' he said, 'was all owing to his taking a house that was haunted by a skeleton. The first night, when he was in bed, the skeleton came and tickled his feet, and he lunged out at it, thinking it was rats. A skeleton is the ticklingest thing there is; it's so pointed at the finger-ends, and kind of curly, as it were.

"The next time it came the doctor threw his boots at it, and one of 'em caught it in the ribs, and made it rattle like a Venetian blind in a gale of wind. Then he propped himself up to have a look at it. It looked as if it had had the breath knocked out of it, and was holding its hand to its stomach, as a person would do naturally if they'd happened to have a double-soled shooting-boot there suddenly without any warning.

"'Hullo,' says the doctor, 'who are you?' 'I am a ghost,' it says, 'and was walled up alive in this very room a matter of two hundred years ago, and I've haunted the place ever since.' 'I should have thought you'd have been most tired of the old shop by this time,' says the doctor. 'If you've no objection, I'll go to sleep.' 'Aren't you frightened?' says the skeleton. 'No,' says the doctor, 'but I'm precious sleepy.'

"This seemed to put the skeleton out a little. 'The last three that lived here were scared out of their wits,' it says. 'Perhaps they hadn't many,' says the doctor; 'but don't rattle so, there's a good fellow. I can't doze off comfortably with that noise in my ears.'

"Presently, though, a notion occurred to the doctor. Here was an opportunity to study anatomy seldom to be come across, so it struck him he might as well be civil. Sitting up in bed, then, says he, 'I beg your pardon, but have I the pleasure of speaking to a lady or a gentleman?' 'The fact is, it's so very long ago,' says the skeleton, 'and the legend doesn't go into particulars, but I was walled up—' 'If you'll take the trouble to count your ribs,' says the doctor, 'we'll decide the point easily.' The skeleton counted them: it was a lady. 'If you will kindly retire for a few moments, ma'am, while I resume my apparel,' says the doctor, 'I think we might be able to make an arrangement.'

"The doctor dressed, and the skeleton returned. 'I should fancy,' says he, 'you feel the wind whistle through you rather sharply this cold weather. Perhaps I'd better light a fire.'

"That doctor was dreadfully artful. He got the skeleton into talk, and whilst it jibbered about its wrongs, studied the working of its jaws, and the play of the lower maxillary. 'If you're a gentleman, pray act as such,' says the skeleton. The doctor was counting its vertebrae. 'Don't be foolish,' says the doctor, 'it's for the good of science.'

"After a bit he cries out suddenly, 'I might do a first-rate thing with you, if you're only agreeable. I'll go round the country giving lectures, and you shall do *poses plastiques*.' But the skeleton wouldn't agree. Then there was such a chivey and scrimmage as you never saw the like of, and at last the doctor got hold of the skeleton and crammed it neck and crop into a sack. How to keep it there was the question; but he soon settled that. He happened to have among his effects a signet ring belonging to the good Saint Searify, the martyr, who was boiled alive with onions early in the thirteenth century, and he sealed the sack up with the sacred seal, and so had his prisoner safe and sound.

"But when the night for the lecture came, and he opened the sack again, he found the skeleton had twisted up into a sort of double knot, and when he would have undone it, it fell into a thousand small pieces, and immediately afterwards crumbled to dust.

"'I'll trouble you for the pewter once more,' said the Minister as he thus concluded his story.

The New York Star recently contained an editorial on "Forcible Vaccination." It says "a very interesting question pertaining to the authority and responsibility of the health authorities is soon to be brought before the Supreme Court. It appears that the inspectors attached to the Health Board considered it necessary to vaccinate a child living in an infected district to prevent the spread of small-pox. The parents objected, but the virus was inserted in the child's arm, and the result was, as the parents claim, 'the complete destruction of the child's health and constitution by scrofula,' besides a 'serious assault upon the child, and damages in the sum of \$10,000.' This will be a very interesting case, inasmuch as the result thereof will determine whether the health authorities are empowered to perform forcible vaccination in time of small-pox epidemic, which is a very nice point to decide. No doubt the prevention of the diffusion of any epidemic is necessary. But where parents prefer small-pox to what they might term impure vaccination, then comes the point of question whether or not the vaccinators should be arbitrators of the necessity in the case. Then, again, diseases may be transmitted by the use of improper virus, and if so, who is responsible? Statistics, if we remember correctly, prove that a scrofulous constitution may be disturbed by the purest cow-yrms. At all events, the case will doubtless disclose some

important information in relation to vaccination, if the prosecution do not reap damages.

How FINE SINGERS KEEP IN VOICE.—Wachtel is very excitable as soon as he puts on his theatrical costume, and sometimes even the merest trifle can then affect him to such a degree that he becomes hoarse on the spot. For this temporary hoarseness and dryness of the throat, well known to all the celebrated operatic singers of Europe, the most curious remedies have been employed. Madame Sontag used to eat regularly, between acts, sardines. Frau Dorns would eat baked veal. Frau Desparre drank hot water, and Fraulein Cruvelli, Bordeaux and champagne mixed. Adeline Patti moistens her throat with beer. Fraulein Sax devotes herself to beefsteaks. Frau Kabel ate pears, and Mme. Veglade dried plums. Mme. Viardot Garcia drank constantly hot tea, and Fraulein Von Orgeni a mixture of hot sugar, lemon and rum, which, in tender consideration for her sex, we will call by the harmless name of "punch." Fraulein Von Caride employed for this purpose a lukewarm extract of malt, and Frau Koester used to eat unleavened wafers. Frau Lucca takes pure Bavarian beer between the scenes, and Mme. Trebelli sucks fruit syrups through a straw. Frau Jenny Lind always drank cold coffee. Herr Tichatschek smokes; Sonthem takes snuff; Wachtel drinks seltzer water and milk; Niemann, Bavarian beer; Nachbauer eats dry plums; Padillas, hard bread crust; Carion, fresh fruits; Beck, honey in warm water; Michot drinks plenty of black coffee; Troy takes milk; Mario smokes all the time he is not on the stage; and Borghi-Mano cannot wait for the close of the act, but during the scene, when it is in any way possible, he disappears for a moment at the side in order to take a pinch of snuff.

CHESS.

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

In addition to the telegraphic matches enumerated in our last, two consultation games were played lately between Toronto and Dundas, both of which were won by the former city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. M. B.—Solution received. Correct. H. & H.—You are correct.

HAMILTON V. SEAFORTH.

GAME NO. 1.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

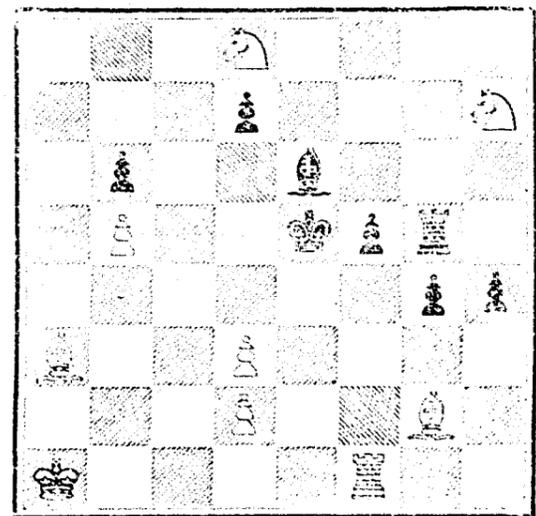
Chess game notation table between Hamilton (White, Mr. F. C. N. Robertson) and Seaforth (Black, Mr. G. E. Jackson). Moves listed include: 1. P. to K. 4th, 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd, 3. B. to Q. B. 4th, 4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th, 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd, 6. P. to Q. 4th, 7. Castles, 8. P. takes P., 9. B. to Q. Kt. 2nd, 10. B. to Q. 3rd, 11. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd, 12. P. to K. R. 3rd, 13. Q. to Q. R. 4th, ch., 14. K. R. to K. 3rd, 15. Q. to Q. B. 2nd, 16. Q. to Q. B. 3rd, 17. K. to K. R. 4th, 18. Kt. takes R., 19. Q. to B. 3rd, 20. B. takes P., 21. K. to K. B. 3rd.

Unfinished.

- 1. The game has been well opened thus far on both sides. 2. Apparently played to weaken the Queen's pawn, but the Queen should have posted at once at B. 2nd. 3. Kt. to K. 2nd, in order to advance the K. B. P., is a much better line of attack in the present variation. 4. Black's game now seems rather preferable. 5. Much better than taking the Kt.—the attack now changes hands. 6. This, we think, should win eventually.

PROBLEM No. 47

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 46.

- White. 1. Kt. to Q. R. 6th, 2. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd, 3. Kt. takes P. mate. Black. B. to K. 4th, Kt. moves.

VARIATIONS.

- White. 2. 3. Kt. to K. 4th, mate. Black. P. moves. 2. 3. B. to Q. B. 7th, mate. B. moves.

DIED.

On the 18th inst., at 366 Dorchester Street, Mary Louise Mabel, infant daughter of Henry R. Gray, Esq.





AFTER A PAINTING BY T. HILDEBRAND.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, APRIL 25, 1872.

THE WARRIOR AND HIS BOY.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

DRUMHARRIFF HILL.

I.

Short is the way from friend to friend—
The quiet village lies below.
And, leading to my journey's end,
The little river windeth slow.
Like yesterday it seems, and yet
I meet few faces that I know:
Is it so long, then, since I crossed
Drumhariff Hill to Pettigo?

II.

There is the path by which we played,
There Castle Termon's battered walls,
And, sure, those eyes, my pretty maid,
My memory at once recalls.
That voice I've heard a thousand times—
It cannot be so long ago
Since you and I together crossed
Drumhariff Hill to Pettigo.

III.

The primrose clusters kiss my feet,
The daisies nod a "welcome back,"
The hawthorn sheds its fragrance sweet,
The sunbeams play along my track.
I feel the blood of other years
Rush through my veins with blissful flow,
As I pass o'er with youthful step
Drumhariff Hill to Pettigo.

IV.

The way is short from friend to friend—
One quaint old gable hid from view,
Where yonder trees with blossoms bend,
I see another peeping through.
I see the forms of those I love
Move in the garden to and fro:
With hopeful heart I hasten down
Drumhariff Hill to Pettigo.

V.

O heart, thou wastest time in vain!
Go back again across the hill!
Go slowly down the shady lane
That leadeth to the ancient mill.
Be still, wild-beating heart! be still!
All, all is changed since long ago,
When, full of life and hope, you crossed
Drumhariff Hill to Pettigo!

JOHN READE.

THE MODERN TANTALUS.

I ACQUIRED this singular soubriquet among my friends from the following adventure:

Our friend Bricker Bracker is well-known as being the possessor of a lodge situated in a deliciously sequestered locality, but, according to Sydney Smith's measure of inconvenient distance, much more than "five miles from a lemon." This was really a drawback to his abundantly proffered hospitality, as the nearest railway station, village inn, public-house, or human habitation, was at least eight miles away. But if there was this drawback in the case of the lodge, there was the advantage that it was so luxuriously victualled, so stored with the choicest wines, spirits, beers, etc., that a band of epicureans might ask for nothing better than to stand a month's siege there, and be regularly beleaguered.

Bricker Bracker, indeed, prided himself on his cellars, where, in bins well lit and comfortably warmed, slept veteran bottles of Bordeaux and Burgundy, keeping each other comfortable, wrapped in what seemed their fur paletots, made of thick cobwebs and mould. Another weakness of our friend Bracker was his taste in glass: his flasks, decanters, and glasses were all of the choicest kind. His theory was that a noble vintage should be nobly received, and that, as a lord used to be entitled to be hanged with a silken rope, so should a nobly-born vintage be carried to its doom in the most elegant vessels. He used to say, also, that the system of introducing black bottles which epicures affected was too plebeian; you missed the rich purple and all the glories of the grape; and thus it was that his sideboard and the shelves of his cabinet were lined with flasks and bottles, all exquisitely engraved all over with trees, and birds, and flowers—marvels of workmanship. But this did not exhaust the special tastes of Bricker Bracker. His gem of a house was fitted with all kinds of mechanical devices for saving trouble; the bells were electric, everything was done by machinery, and the quantity of labels all about the house, with the word "patent" inscribed, was inconceivable. He was, indeed, a species of modern Sir Abel Handy. Every guest had in his dressing-room a sort of simple telegraph, six little knobs, inscribed: "clothes," "hot water," "fire out," "coffee," "boots," "spirits." Besides these, was a little door, which would fly open, discovering a tiny lift, which brought up the article wanted. All this was in the view of dispensing with servants, of whom our friend had a sort of horror. He said they broke his glass, and destroyed property generally, and he hoped soon, with improved machinery, to dispense with all but one or two. His apparatus for uncorking bottles was of singular ingenuity, and he had adapted a recent invention—a sort of screw-stopper, with a key, which has recently come into use—as a protection against the peculations of domestics, and as also useful in keeping the precious juice airtight.

The world was naturally curious about this little menage, and people were eager to be asked down. But Major Philips, however, a rather sneering officer, who had spent his life in "fudging about," and, with his wife, trying to get meat, drink and quarters gratuitously, was almost snarling in his condemnation of the system.

"All the machinery is shabbiness and stinginess," he said. "The man wants to save. While you are staring at and admiring his devices, he is starving you. Depend upon it, though his bottles are fine, the wine he puts in them is poor. It's all stinginess, I know. Cogs and wheels cost very little, for they eat nothing; men and women cost a great deal, for they do."

It was in vain to argue with this sceptic; that I assured him that Bricker Bracker was the most generous and lavish of men; nothing would convince him, and he went about describing the thing as a good joke, contemptuously holding up my friend to ridicule for this elaborate system of stinginess. Somehow, Philips always contrived to be right in his bitter publicly expressed opinions, or to have the appearance of being so, which amounts to the same thing: and on this occasion

was to prove equally right, or have the appearance of right to my confusion. The adventure was as follows:

Our Bricker Bracker sent out invitations for a choice little party of ten, who were to come down and stay the night of the feasting with him. Major Philips was with me at the time; and I turned on him triumphantly. "Now," I said, "I know Bracker sufficiently well to ask him to let me bring a friend to his house; and he knows me sufficiently well to agree to such a proposition. I will bring you if you like, and then you will see how ill-founded and even ungenerous is your judgment."

This was putting him in an ingenious state of embarrassment, as it would put him to proof, as it were, of his assertions, or make him accept a hospitality he had spoken of so contemptuously. But the selfish cynicism of Philips was unassailable.

"I shall go," he said, "because I owe it to myself, and it will give you a lesson. Mark my words, the whole thing will break down."

I said we should see.

On the very morning of the day on which the festival was to take place, a telegram was brought in. Again Philips was with me at the time. "What did I tell you?" he said. "I opened it with dreadful misgivings. It was not a put off; but it went very near it. Bracker had been summoned away to the bedside of a sick aunt."

"Has money, of course," said Philips. "No one would go to a sick aunt pure and simple, still less to a sick aunt's bedside."

But Bracker wrote, he had left everything ready for the dinner—the wines all ranged on the sideboard, ready for drinking. Key would be sent by post. "But take care of my glass. I must not find even a scratch on my precious decanters."

"There!" I cried, "is that the telegram of an inhospitable man?"

"I don't know," said Philips, "the whole looks to me more fishy than ever. Asked to dine, and the first thing is, the host flies! However, you shall see, my boy."

We drove down in great spirits, mustering seven at the least. Arrived at the lodge, we were received by the single servant in charge—an excellent cook—and were shown to our rooms. There each brought all the mechanical resources into play, trying this button and that for "hot water," "boots," etc., and all working admirably. When we came down, the servant brought me and Philips into the dining-room, and the most elegant appetising sight met our gaze. A choice little round table was laid out with exquisite taste, and on the shelf of the little sideboard were ranged, I suppose, at least a dozen decanters of the most elegant shapes, each engrossed over with birds, beasts, landscapes, etc., and each already in possession of the rich juice that was to recruit us.

"Well," I said to the sceptic, "what do you say now? Here is," reading the silver labels round the neck of each, "Amontillado, Chateau-neuf du Pape, Clos Vougeot, '57 claret, port, and your own favourite, some noted old East India Madeira. What do you say now?"

"Wait a little," he said coolly. "When it is in our glasses time enough for all that."

I could have retorted that even when good wine had reached Mr. Philips's interior, he had been known to reserve his gratitude, but I held my peace. On another corner shelf we found liqueurs and cognacs, prime old Scotch and Irish whiskeys, and a silver punch-bowl, of old repoussé pattern, with lemon and sugar, in the correct quantity, lying at the bottom. A neatly written card exhibited minute directions for quantities: a lemon-squeezer, one of the most ingenious bits of machinery, lay beside it, and also a little engine for shoving off the peel. All these incitements whetted the appetites of our party, who were many bottle-men, excellent connoisseurs, and protested they never were in such vein.

Dinner was served, sent up by the lift; we waited on ourselves. We were sharp set, and some one suggested a glass all round of the particular old cognac. I got up myself to fetch the precious cordial. In fact, I was to act as my friend's deputy. "This," I said, holding it up to the light, "I know to be of immense value, and was sold, I believe, at Prince Talleyrand's death. It is the softest and most delicious spirit you ever tasted. Prepare!"

"Help it round," said Philips, "and don't be like an auctioneer."

"Ah," I said, "gentlemen, would you believe it that there is one amongst us who is sceptical as to human hospitality, who requires proof, real proof? Well, it shall be furnished; but I warn that person, that when he shall have filled himself with the excellent vintages, of which he is unworthy, I shall call on him for an honourable avowal and retraction."

The cork did not come out, at least would not receive the corkscrew; when looking at it closer I perceived it to be one of the mechanical corks, which are screwed up tight with a key. "A wise precaution," I said; "this keeps out the air thoroughly." I rang the bell, or rather called down to the attendant through the tube, bidding her send up the key. The reply came promptly that master always kept it himself, and had said he would send it to me by post. Philips burst into a sneering laugh.

"Never mind the cognac," said a stout, jovial guest. "We'll do with the old West India. I never can eat a morsel unless I stimulate with a preparatory glass."

"Nor I," "Nor I," said other voices, with the unanimity of the chorus in William Tell.

"The West India will, in fact, be better," said I, "collaring" that bottle; "we—will—why," I faltered, "why this fellow is corked in the same way. Good gracious! Surely, they cannot all have been—"

I seized the flasks unwillingly one after the other. In the neck of every one, with one exception, had been inserted one of these terrible inventions, each screwed down only too satisfactorily. All the same—West India, Clos Vougeot, claret, "LL," not a bottle thus untreated! All the guests leaped frantically to their feet, for much was involved; their palates were inflamed with anticipation, and each was execrating the vile brass mechanism that shut off the precious fluids. We had the cook up in a moment.

"Where's the key?" was shouted at him desperately. "The key! The key!"

"It was sent to this gent by post. I saw it myself put up."

"I never got it!" I said, despairingly, "I give you my honour, never! But there is another—you can get another?"

"There were but one," said the cook, phlegmatically, "which he kept by his watch-chain—one hopens all."

"Well, send for one."

"Can't be got nearer than London, ten miles there and ten miles back. And the shops would be all shut."

We looked at each other; never were there such despairing faces. Though the soup was served, every one stood up and every one had a bottle, frantically examining it, and as frantically making attempts with prongs of forks and the like. But the workmanship was too secure. What was to be done?

"Oh, this won't do, you know," said the oldest of the party. "I shall be ill if I don't have my drink. We must only knock the necks off."

This solution was hailed with delight, and blessings were showered on his head. But the cook at once interfered.

"Excuse me, gents," he said, promptly, though ungrammatically, "them things is all in my charge, and my master values 'em more than he does his money. He said there wasn't to be a scratch on 'em, and I'll take care there shan't be. No, if that's your line, gents, beg pardon, but they'd best be out of harm's way." With this he hurriedly gathered them up, and putting them safely back on the shelf, stood on guard before them.

The miserable night that followed was really indescribable. We were gloomy and furious. Who could eat, or even speak? The only diversion was the spectacle of men going restlessly over to make one more experiment on the wretched flasks. Were it the contriving something, in a critical case, where life was concerned, more ingenuity could not have been exhibited. Men became transformed into engineers and mechanics. Strange complications with penknives were attempted; but the patentee had done his work too well. We turned with disgust from the dishes; some got up and walked about the room. Then we all quarrelled. The worst was the triumph of Philips, who said that he suspected it all along. Nothing could clear me. It was pronounced, on the motion of Philips, to be the most ingeniously "stingy" trick ever perpetrated, and that Bricker Bracker, with his machineries and "tomfoolery," was the meanest of mankind. As for me, I was acquitted on the uncomplimentary grounds of "weakness of intellect."

"Only let it be a lesson to you for the future," said Philips. "Let him humbug you as much as he pleases, but see that he does not use you as a mechanical engine to humbug other people."

The only thing for it was to order our two carriages and return sorrowfully to town—every one abusing me. It was then they were good enough to confer on me the name of Tantalus, or "Tanty" for short.—*All the Year Round.*

CAREFUL COGIA.—Wherefore, oh my son, dost thou disturb me when I fain would slumber? Fearest thou that I shall never awake to discover to thee the treasure for which thou longest, or fearest thou that a peaceful forty winks may restore me to life? Either way, thy discretion does credit to the training of thy father, and I am pleased, albeit the water thou hast thrown over me is cold. I feel I am not long for this world, wherefore hearken unto my words, which shall teach thee how thou shalt find many sequins, and how to keep them:

"Always select a fool to be thy master; for such will find you a good servant. There be, besides, several reasons why thou shouldst be careful in this regard, and select none but a fool to serve under. Thou art lazy, oh my joy; wherefore none but a fool will keep thee. Thou art careless; and only a fool will think thee good for anything. It is justly said that a fool and his money are soon parted; so much the better for the fool's servant, for does not he who first shakes the tree get the most dates?"

"If a man findeth his couch not soft to his back, he riseth and beateth it with much punches; whereof beware, my son, and be as yielding down to thy master's will."

"Be discreet in thy choice of friends; and be not as thy brother Jac is, who one day is treated, but the next hath to stand treat. As with thy master, so with thy friends; select fools before all others."

"Let thy friends be beneath thee rather than above; for it is those above us we praise, those we fear we speak well of, and those whose favour we seek we treat."

"Be not scrupulous that thy friends be clever (for out of such can nothing but cleverness be got); nor honourable (for honour is the stumbling-block to prosperity); nor pleasant—pleasantness fosters credulity, indulgence, love, and other vices."

"In all things, be to thy friend as the worm is to the carrot."

"Be not eager to fight. If thy foe kiss thy sweetheart, and pull thy nose, smite him not before nor behind, lest thou in thy turn be smitten. Remember it is less easy for thee to recover a black eye than damages in a civil court."

"What availeth angry words? Will they afflict thine enemy so much as a window broken in the night, or the poisoning of his favourite cat?"

"Be not envious, my young Cogia. If thou seest thy brother's basket filled with abundant glass, why waste thy time in soul-tormenting reflections that he is richer than thou art, when a dexterous kick with thy toe will render him as poor as thou!"

"Be prudent and circumspect in thy choice of wives. Getting wives, my son, is like unto catching flies; ensnared by a lustrous wing, thou snatchest hastily at the insect, and flattered thyself thou holdest in thine hand a lovely moth of priceless value, until to thy cost thou findest the creature hath a sting in its tail."

"Seek not for beauty; for beauty quickly faded, like the petals from the poppy, and leave only a poisonous head behind. Beauty is deceptive; like the ray of sunlight that tempts the unwary for to go forth without his umbrella. A lovely woman hath nothing but her beauty for a dowry, and requreth much veils and millinery. Beauty marries either for money or for love. My son, thou art as poor as an undertaker in Paradise, and as ugly as thy mother; therefore is it likely thou wilt safely avoid the evil of marrying a pretty wife? Choose rather an ugly wife; for ill-looks diminish not, but rather increase and multiply. If thou delightest over one wrinkle in thy young bride, how gratified must thou be a year after to rejoice over fifty! As the prudent are few, so are ugly maidens plentiful; whereby thou shalt have little difficulty in obtaining a wife after thine own heart. An ugly bride hath a treasure to her dowry; for without such will no man take her

out of the house of her father. If thou beatest a pretty wife, men will side with her against thee, and carry thee before the Cadi, who indeed will have no pity on thee; but if thou whackest an ugly wife, people shall laugh, and the Cadi say—'sarve her right.' Yet even in thy choice of ugly wives be circumspect, and profit of the tale I will tell thee of a rich merchant of Bagdad and the artful Cadja of Bassora." Here the old Cogia reclined on his cushion and dozed off, and the young Cogia having already done so, the pair slept, the time for going to press came, and the old man's story is unavoidably held over till next week.—*London Hornet.*

REFORM IN THE KITCHEN.

We recently noticed, says the *Graphic*, the inauguration of the Epicurean Club, with utilitarian objects, its scheme being nothing less than the reform of English cookery. The cause is one which should command attention, and the means suggested seem well adapted to its advancement. Our friend Sybarite, who keeps a *chef*, or dines at a Pall Mall Club, may fail to see the necessity for the new movement. There is no place in the world, he will tell you, where you may get a better dinner than in London. And so you can, by paying for it at an inordinate price. But good dinners are not a national institution in England. Dinners *de luxe* are invariably of foreign fashion. The bill of fare is known by a foreign name; the dishes on the list are scarcely to be identified, except through a foreign language. The combinations of food and sauces upon which those who can purchase their enjoyment mostly live are unknown to the mass of the people. They are a mystery even to the middle classes—those whom travel or a habit of inquiry have not drawn in their direction. Even men with money to command its contents must serve an apprenticeship to the knowledge of a good *menu*. They must know what to eat and when to eat it before they can hope to order a dinner; and the same discrimination is required as regards the accompanying wines. But surely it is not necessary to know all this, pleads a plain English friend—say the average Jones. Englishmen, he argues, are the best fed people in Europe; their beef is a proverb, and their mutton might be; nobody can beat them in fish; and their pies and puddings and vegetables are fit for princes. Interfere with their dinners—you might as well interfere with their beer.

All this is true, my dear Jones, but you are—pardon me—just as unreasonable as Sybarite, in not perceiving that the truth is but of partial application. You ought to know that, although a considerable portion of your countrymen are able to dine every day upon good English food, prepared in a good English manner, there is still a more considerable proportion who are able to do nothing of the kind. Leaving the latter class out of the question for the present, let us see how those who can command the best English fare habitually live. And here let us say a word for English fare itself. Who will not agree with Thackeray in his version of our friend, "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus?"—

A plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I pry thee get ready at three;
Have it tender, and smoking, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?

Nothing can be better; but Thackeray was not contemplating the capabilities of an ordinary plain cook, nor the ignorance of the mistress of an establishment who is unable to direct her. Fortunate indeed is he who, in a household containing only one or two domestics, can insure his leg of mutton being "tender, and smoking, and juicy," and its accompaniments of a kind to enable him to "smoke his canaster and tipple his ale in the shade" with satisfaction when they are consumed. The chances are that the leg of mutton is overdone or underdone, or is an unpleasing combination of both—a cinder, say, at the large end, and with a half-raw shank. The potatoes, probably, under pretence of paring, have been cut into octagonal shapes, and have patches of blue about them relieved by an occasional eye; sodden outside, they have a hard centre, like that of a pine-apple. Say that there is, besides, a cauliflower, or one of those vegetables called miscellaneously "greens." Very good things are cauliflowers, and so are greens; but cauliflowers may be too crisp or too mashy, and Mary is accomplished in either extreme; while her greens, besides being brown, have usually the fatal gift of being stringy, and unrelieved from the presence of strangely-scented water. Mary, upon her attention being called to these drawbacks (so sadly interfering with the enjoyment of your canaster and your ale), will say in her defence that she is very sorry, but she is not a professed, only a plain cook, and she didn't know that you were so particular. Smithereens, Mary! (we use the exclamation in place of a worse one) are you so stupid as not to see that nothing but plain cooking is required to make the leg of mutton and its accompaniments perfection in their way, though the cauliflower and greens would be all the better if served with proper gravy or seasoning, instead of the supply of such things being made a toil at the table? But Mary, like her kind generally, confounds plain cookery with bad cookery; if you want a dish properly cooked, she tells you that she does not understand your French fashions. We are aware of a girl who excused herself upon this ground for sending up a dish of whitebait "in one another's being mingled" to the extent of something like a mash.

They have great notions of mashes, by the way—these plain cooks. Try them with rice, when you venture upon a curry, and you will see. With curry it is a great point that every ear of the *bat* should be dry and separate, that it should stand on end, indeed, as much like quills upon the fretful porcupine as is convenient. An accompaniment like a rice pudding is fatal to the best curry; yet all you have to do to secure the porcupine arrangement is to wash the vegetable well in cold water before boiling, so as to get the flour from the outside, and as soon after boiling as the grains begin to swell, throw it into a cullender and pour cold water over it, then return it to the saucepan, dry, and leave a cloth over it until required. There is nothing French about this surely, nothing that the plainest cook ought not to be able to do; but what are you to expect from people who cannot even boil a potato? When we complain of English cookery it is not of the English fashion, but of the English practice; not of English cookery when good, but of English cookery when bad. What we want to see is the same intelligence which the French bring to bear upon their own cookery, brought to bear by the English upon theirs. And this can be done by attending to a few intelligible rules. Indeed, the few intelligible

rules once acquired, an English cook who can read and understand ought to be capable of executing most of the simpler foreign combinations, and so obtain relief from the monotony of plain roast and boiled.

There is another point which should not be forgotten in reference to the latter suggestion, the point of economy. Nothing is so thrifty as good cooking, nothing so wasteful as bad. A well-cooked dish, giving pleasure to the palate, is far more nourishing than an ill-cooked one, which probably produces only indigestion; and nourishing food is secured in the easiest manner by a little attention to soups and stews. A good English dinner, such as our friend the average Jones recommends, is a far from economical meal. Meat, as we all know, is very dear, and the most is not made of it. It is all very well for Thackeray, in the little poem already quoted, to say summarily of the leg of mutton—

And when it has feasted the master
'Twill amply supply for the maid.

We should think that it would, and Mary would find more than enough in the reversion for herself and the policeman besides. But prudent householders make greater demands upon legs of mutton in these days. Yet what do they do with them? They eat them cold, or make of them horribly insipid hash, with a greasy accompaniment, variations in the shape of triangular bits of toast, and a pervading motive of mace. They might do far better if they took a lesson or two from the French, or even availed themselves of intelligible English books on the subject, and they would then find that the French people do not any more than the English people feed upon what are called kickshaws. They may have these on high days and holidays, but kickshaws are no part of the regular *cuisine*. Take that standard dish, for instance, the *pôt au feu*. There is nothing kickshawy about that; it is wonderfully satisfying at the same time that it is fragrant and appetizing. But the English neglect soups and stews most absurdly. If they boil beef or mutton, they throw away soup almost half made, and have no idea of utilising such things as bones, though the latter, with the aid of vegetables, have large capabilities. There is nothing, indeed, belonging to a joint that may not be made available; but in English kitchens all kinds of resources are wasted, and although what we call middle-class people live well, they might live far better at the same cost, and leave something besides for their poorer brethren.

Their poorer brethren—how they live is horrible to think of. They eat bad fish, and worse meat—when they get the latter at all—and have not the slightest idea of cookery. Their ideal is a cut from a joint; and in emulation of this, their scraps of meat are usually roasted or fried. They buy dreadful sausages, intercepted from sanitary inspectors, or saveloys equally deleterious and uneatable, save for the seasoning with which they are disguised. The cheap parts of beef, mutton, or pork—representing what we call giblets in poultry—are probably the most wholesome meat they get, as these are cheap enough to be comparatively accessible when fresh. But even such food as this is half wasted through the manner in which it is cooked; and the French, with much the same material resources as the English, manage to live twice as well. The inculcation of the knowledge and habits which will give the same advantages to our countrymen is a main object of the "Knife and Fork Club;" and if its members do the good they propose to the classes who keep cooks but cannot get a satisfactory potato, and through these to the helpless who have to help themselves, no man will say that they have not earned their own epicurean banquets.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES.—The subject of sympathies and antipathies is extremely curious. Boyle fainted when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water cresses; Erasmus became feverish when he saw a fish. A curious story is told of a clergyman, that he always fainted when he heard a certain verse in Jeremiah read. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the touch of silk or satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach. Mr. Julian Young tells the story of an officer who could not endure the sound of a drum, and ultimately fell dead when compelled to hear it. There are whole families who entertain a horror of cheese; on the other hand there was a physician, Dr. Starke, of Edinburgh, who lost his life by subsisting almost entirely upon it. Some people have been unable to take mutton, even when administered in the microscopic form of pills. There is the case of a man falling down at the smell of mutton, as if bereaved of life, and in strong convulsions. Sir James Eyre, in his well-known little book, mentions three curious instances of idiosyncrasy—the case of a gentleman who could not eat a single strawberry with impunity; the case of another, whose head would become frightfully swollen if he touched the smallest particle of hair; the case of a third who would inevitably have an attack of gout a few hours after eating fish.—*London Society.*

A pedagogue in Indiana, who was "had up for unmercifully wetting the back of a little girl," justified his action by explaining that "she persisted in flinging paper pellets at him when his back was turned. This is no excuse. The Town Crier once taught school up in the mountains, and about every half hour had to remove his coat and scrape off the dried paper wads adhering to the nap. He never permitted a trifle like this to unsettle his patience; he just kept on wearing that gaberdine until it had no nap, and the wads wouldn't stick. But when they took to dipping them in mucilage he made a complaint to the Board of Directors. "Young man," said the chairman, "if you don't like our ways, you'd better sling your blankets and git. Prentice Mulford tort skule here for more'n six months, and he never said a word agin the wads."

The T. C. briefly explained that Mr. Mulford might have been brought up to paper wads, and didn't mind them.

"It ain't no use," said another director, "the children hev got to be amused."

The T. C. protested that there were other amusements quite as diverting.

The third director here rose and remarked, "I perfectly agree with Cheer; this youngster better travel. I consider as paper wads lies at the root uv poppilar education; ther a necessara adjunck uv the skuil system. Mr. Cheerman, I move and second that this yer skoolmaster be shot."

The T. C. did not remain to observe the result of the voting.—*Town Crier, San Francisco News Letter.*

MISCELLANEA.

JAPANESE GREETINGS.—At Meida my groom fell in with a friend, and it was most amusing to see the two lads—half naked, their wonderfully tattooed limbs showing the lowness of their class—meet one another bowing and prostrating themselves with more ceremonious greetings than would be exchanged between two Western potentates:—"Welcome, welcome, Mr. Chokichi! This is indeed a matter of congratulation. You must be fatigued; let me offer you a cup of tea." (All this, by the by, with the word "imperial" thrown in most untranslatably at every step.) "Thank you, sir. This is truly rare tea. *Kekko! Kekko!* delicious! delicious! Whence are you making your imperial progress?" "From Odawara. It is a long time since I have had the pleasure of placing myself before the imperial eyes." And so they went on, with truly Oriental courtesy; nor did there seem any reason why they should ever have stopped, unless I had given a signal for a start, when down they went again in renewed prostrations. Five minutes afterwards I overheard my groom telling one of the other horseboys a long story, the upshot of which was to show what a rogue, rascal, and villain was his acquaintance, whom he had parted with so affectionately, with compliments coming as much from the heart as kisses exchanged between fine ladies.

OLD DOMINIE FORD.—On Colfax Mountains once lived good old Dominie Ford. The Dominie was a good old shell Baptist who distilled apple-toddy during the week and made special prayers and preached doctrinal sermons on Sunday. His *forte* was in praying for specific things, and like the chaplain in the Massachusetts Legislature, he always told the Lord more than he asked for.

One day he had visitors—Major Colfax being present, when he prayed as follows:

"O Lord, Thou knowest the wickedness and depravity of the human heart—even the hearts, O Lord, of our visitors. Thou knowest the wickedness of thy servant's nephew, John Ford. Thou knowest, O Lord, how he has departed from thy ways and done many wicked things, such as swearing and fishing on Sunday; and Thou knowest, O Lord, how he returned, no longer ago than last night, in a state of beastly intoxication, and whistling, O Lord, the following popular air:

"Shoo fly, don't bodder me!"

And the Dominie screwed up his lips and whistled the air in his prayer.

A writer in the *Church Journal* says:—Not long ago it was my evil fortune to sit for half an hour at a dinner table, in one of our large cities, by the side of a woman who impressed me as being the most utterly shallow, frivolous, characterless person I had ever seen. The writer of the "Girl of the Period" articles should have made her acquaintance. She could have given him several new suggestions. After dinner I made enquiry about this woman, and learned to my horror that she was the leading soprano in Dr. So-and-so's church—one of the most fashionable Protestant churches in the city. Think of it, good people! Think of a woman like this, standing up in the reverent atmosphere of the Lord's house, and leading you in the solemn aspirations of praise, the tender confessions of sin, the earnest petitions for illumination and help of which your hymns are the expression! Think of such a person singing "Just as I am," or "Nearer, my God, to thee!"

A CAT STORY.—Leonard, of the *Cleveland Leader*, has invented a sheet-iron cat, with cylindrical attachment and steel claws and teeth. It is worked by clockwork. A bellows inside swells up the tail at will to a belligerent size, and by a tremolo-attachment causes, at the same time, the patent cat to emit all noises of which the living bird is capable. When you want fun, you wind up your cat and place him on the roof. Every cat within a half mile hears him, girds on his armour, and sallies forth. Frequently fifty or a hundred attack him at once. No sooner does the patent cat feel the weight of an assailant than his teeth and claws work with lightning rapidity. Adversaries within six feet of him are torn to shreds. Fresh battalions come on to meet a similar fate, and in an hour several bushels of hair, toe-nails and fiddle-strings alone remain.

I believe there is a tendency in the mind of every human being to kick an old hat out of his way whenever he may encounter it on the sidewalk. I have seen men go into the middle of the street simply to kick one of these dilapidated objects. A few years ago we noticed away ahead a most shocking hat, lying top downward on the sidewalk. A tall, consequential, dignified-looking person was walking slowly on before, and as he approached the dilapidated tile, he raised his right leg and gave it a vigorous kick, which ought to have sent it across the street, and would have done so if the hat hadn't been filled with paving stones. As he limped along we heard him utter the word "d—n!" and his countenance, as we passed him, wore an expression of dissatisfaction.—*Bowditch.*

An instrument has been invented in Germany which will measure, with perfect accuracy, the heat of the hottest furnace. It is based on the principle that the resistance of pure metals to the electric current increases with the temperature in a very simple ratio. A platinum wire of known resistance is coiled around a cylinder of fine clay, and covered with a tube of the same material. The tube is a Daniel's battery, of two cells, and with a resistance measurer, and placed in the furnace whose temperature is to be ascertained. It is then only necessary to read off the indications of temperature on the graduated resistance measure.

Eliza Emery warns all the girls in the South and West to look out for her gay, deceiving, runaway husband, David. She says that he has cruelly left her, and told the folks when he started that he was going south-west to preach universal salvation and marry a Hoosier. Eliza thinks he may be easily known, and to prove it says: "David has a scar on his nose, where I scratched it!"

A servant of A. T. Stewart was taken ill with small-pox, and instead of thrusting her out of doors and having her sent to the pest-house, he gave up his house to her, and she now occupies it alone, excepting only her attendants. It is a generous act and deserves especial mention.



"LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE."

AFTER THE PAINTING BY A. SOLOMON.—SEE PAGE 259.



HENRI REGNAULT'S LAST PICTURE.—AN EXECUTION IN THE ALHAMBRA.—SEE PAGE 259.

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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIV.

GEORGE VOSS, as he drove back to Colmar and thought of what had been done during the last twenty-four hours, did not find that he had much occasion for triumph. He had, indeed, the consolation of knowing that the girl loved him, and in that there was a certain amount of comfort. As he had ever been thinking about her since he had left Granpere, so also had she been thinking of him. His father had told him that they had been no more than children when they parted, and had ridiculed the idea that any affection formed so long back and at so early an age should have lasted. But it had lasted; and was now as strong in Marie's breast as it was in his own. He had learned this at any rate by his journey to Granpere, and there was something of consolation in the knowledge. But, nevertheless, he did not find that he could triumph. Marie had been weak enough to yield to his father once, and would yield to him, he thought, yet again. Women in this respect—as he told himself—were different from men. They were taught by the whole tenor of their lives to submit,—unless they could conquer by underhand unseemly means, by little arts, by coaxing, and by tears. Marie, he did not doubt, had tried all these and had failed. His father's purpose had been too strong for her, and she had yielded. Having submitted once, of course she would submit again. There was about his father a spirit of masterfulness, which he was sure Marie would not be able to withstand. And then there would be, strong against his interests, George thought, that feeling so natural to a woman, that as all the world had been told of her coming marriage, she would be bound to go through with it. The idea of it had become familiar to her. She had conquered the repugnance which she must at first have felt, and had made herself accustomed to regard this man as her future husband. And then there would be Madame Voss against him, and M. le Curé,—both of whom would think it infinitely better for Marie's future welfare, that she should marry a Roman Catholic, as was Urmand, than a Protestant such as was he, George Voss. And then the money! Even if he could bring himself to believe that the money was nothing to Marie, it would be so much to all those by whom Marie would be surrounded, that it would be impossible that she should be preserved from its influence.

It is not often that young people really know each other; but George certainly did not know Marie Bromar. In the first place, though he had learned from her the secret of her heart, he had not taught himself to understand how his own sullen silence had acted upon her. He knew now that she had continued to love him; but he did not know how natural it had been that she should have believed that he had forgotten her. He could not, therefore, understand how different must now be her feelings in reference to this marriage with Adrian, from what they had been when she had believed herself to be utterly deserted. And then he did not comprehend how thoroughly unselfish she had been;—how she had struggled to do her duty to others, let the cost be what it might to herself. She had plighted herself to Adrian Urmand, not because there had seemed to her to be any brightness in the prospect which such a future promised to her, but because she did verily believe that, circumstanced as she was, it would be better that she should submit herself to her friends. All this George Voss did not understand. He had thrown his thunderbolt, and had seen that it had been efficacious. Its efficacy had been such that his wrath had been turned into tenderness. He had been so changed in his purpose, that he had been induced to make an appeal to his father at the cost of his father's enmity. But that appeal had been in vain, and, as he thought of it all, he told himself that on the appointed day Marie Bromar would become the wife of Adrian Urmand. He knew well enough that a girl betrothed is a girl already half married.

He was very wretched as he drove his horse along. Though there was a solace in the thought that the memory of him had still remained in Marie's heart, there was a feeling akin to despair in this also. His very tenderness towards her was more unendurable than would have been his wrath. The pity of it! The pity of it! It was that which made him sore of heart and faint of spirit. If he could have reproached her as cold, mercenary, unworthy, heartless, even though he had still loved her, he could have supported himself by his anger against her unworthiness. But as it was there was no such support for him. Though she had been in fault her virtue towards him was greater than her fault. She still loved him. She still loved him,—though she could not be his wife.

Then he thought of Adrian Urmand and of the man's success and wealth, and general prosperity in the world. What, if he should go over to Basle and take Adrian Urmand by the throat and choke him? What if he should at least half choke the successful man, and make it well understood that the other half would come unless the successful man would consent to relinquish his bride? George, though he did not expect success for himself, was fully purposed that Urmand should not succeed without some interference from him,—by means of choking or otherwise. He would find some way of making himself disagreeable. If it were only by speaking his mind, he thought that he could speak it in such a way that the Basle merchant would not like it. He would tell Urmand in the first place that Marie was won not at all by affection, not in the least by any personal regard for her suitor, but altogether by a feeling of duty towards her uncle. And he would point out to this suitor how dastardly a thing it would be to take advantage of a girl so placed. He planned a speech or two as he drove along which he thought that even Urmand, thick-skinned as he believed him to be, would dislike to hear.

"You may have her, perhaps," he would say to him, "as so much goods that you would buy, because she is, as a thing in her uncle's hands, to be bought. She believes it to be her duty, as being altogether dependent, to be disposed of as her uncle may choose. And she will go to you, as she would to any other man who might make the purchase. But as for loving you,—you don't even believe that she loves you. She will keep your house for you; but she will never love you. She will keep your house for you,—unless, indeed, she should find you to be so intolerable to her, that she should be forced

to leave you. It is in that way that you will have her,—if you are so low a thing as to be willing to take her so."

He planned various speeches of such a nature—not intending to trust entirely to speeches, but to proceed to some attempt at choking afterwards if it should be necessary. Marie Bromar should not become Adrian Urmand's wife without some effort on his part. So resolving, he drove into the yard of the hotel at Colmar.

As soon as he entered the house Madame Faragon began to ask him questions about the wedding. When was it to be? George thought for a moment, and then remembered that he had not even heard the day named.

"Why don't you answer me, George?" said the old woman angrily. "You must know when it's going to be."

"I don't know that it's going to be at all," said George.

"Not going to be at all! Why not? There is not anything wrong, is there? Were they not betrothed? Why don't you tell me, George?"

"Yes; they were betrothed."

"And is he crying off? I should have thought Michel Voss was the man to strangle him if he did that."

"And I am the man to strangle him if he don't," said George, walking out of the room.

He knew that he had been silly and absurd, but he knew also that he was so moved as to have hardly any control over himself. In the few words that he had now said to Madame Faragon he had, as he felt, told the story of his own disappointment; and yet he had not in the least intended to take the old woman into his confidence. He had not meant to have said a word about the quarrel between himself and his father, and now he had told everything.

When she saw him again in the evening, of course she asked him some further questions.

"George," she said, "I am afraid things are not going pleasantly at Granpere."

"Not altogether," he answered.

"But I suppose the marriage will go on?"

To this he made no answer, but shook his head, showing how impatient he was at being thus questioned.

"You ought to tell me," said Madame Faragon, plaintively, "considering how interested I must be in all that concerns you."

"I have nothing to tell."

"But is the marriage to be put off?" again demanded Madame Faragon, with extreme anxiety.

"Not that I know of, Madame Faragon: they will not ask me whether it is to be put off or not."

"But have they quarrelled with M. Urmand?"

"No; nobody has quarrelled with M. Urmand."

"Was he there, George?"

"What, with me! No; he was not there with me. I have never seen the man since I first left Granpere to come here." And then George Voss began to think what might have happened had Adrian Urmand been at the hotel while he was there himself. After all, what could he have said to Adrian Urmand? or what could he have done to him?

"He hasn't written, has he, to say that he is off his bargain?" Poor Madame Faragon was almost pathetic in her anxiety to learn what had really occurred at the Lion d'Or.

"Certainly not. He has not written at all."

"Then what is it, George?"

"I suppose it is this—that Marie Bromar cares nothing for him."

"But so rich as he is! And they say, too, such a good-looking young man."

"It is wonderful, is it not? It is next to a miracle that there should be a girl deaf and blind to such charms. But, nevertheless, I believe it is so. They will probably make her marry him, whether she likes it or not."

"But she is betrothed to him. Of course she will marry him."

"Then there will be an end of it," said George.

There was one other question which Madame Faragon longed to ask; but she was almost too much afraid of her young friend to put it into words. At last she plucked up courage, and did ask her question after an ambiguous way.

"But I suppose it is nothing to you, George?"

"Nothing at all. Nothing on earth," said he. "How should it be anything to me?"

Then he hesitated for a while, pausing to think whether or no he would tell the truth to Madame Faragon. He knew that there was no one on earth, setting aside his father and Marie Bromar, to whom he was really so dear as he was to this old woman. She would probably do more for him, if it might possibly be in her power to do anything, than any other of his friends. And, moreover, he did not like the idea of being false to her, even on such a subject as this.

"It is only this to me," he said, "that she had promised to be my wife," he said, "that she had promised to be my wife, before they had ever mentioned Urmand's name to her."

"Oh, George!"

"And why should she not have promised?"

"But, George—during all this time you have never mentioned it."

"There are some things, Madame Faragon, which one doesn't mention. And I do not know why I should have mentioned it at all. But you understand all about it now. Of course she will marry the man. It is not likely that my father should fail to have his own way with a girl who is dependent on him."

"But he—M. Urmand; he would give her up if he knew it all, would he not?"

To this George made no instant answer; but the idea was there, in his mind—that the linen merchant might perhaps be induced to abandon his purpose, if he could be made to understand that Marie wished it.

"If he have any touch of manhood about him he would do so," said he.

"And what will you do, George?"

"Do! I shall do nothing. What should I do? My father has turned me out of the house. That is the whole of it. I do not know that there is anything to be done."

Then he went out, and there was nothing more said upon the question. For the three or four days there was nothing said. As he went in and out Madame Faragon would look at him with anxious eyes, questioning herself how far such a feeling of love might in truth make this young man forlorn and wretched. As far as she could judge by his manner he was very forlorn and very wretched. He did his work, indeed, and was busy about the place, as was his wont. But there was a look of pain in his face, which made her old heart grieve, and by degrees her good wishes for the object,

which seemed to be so much to him, became eager and hot.

"Is there nothing to be done?" she asked at last, putting out her fat hand to take hold of his in sympathy.

"There is nothing to be done," said George, who, however, hated himself because he was doing nothing, and still thought occasionally of that plan of choking his rival.

"If you were to go to Basle and see the man?"

"What could I say to him, if I did see him? After all, it is not him that I can blame. I have no just ground of quarrel with him. He has done nothing that is not fair. Why should he not love her if it suits him? Unless he were to fight me, indeed—"

"Oh, George, let there be no fighting."

"It would do no good, I fear."

"None, none, none," said she.

"If I were to kill him, she could not be my wife then."

"No, no; certainly not."

"And if I wounded him, it would make her like him, perhaps. If he were to kill me, indeed, there might be comfort in that."

After this Madame Faragon made no further suggestions that her young friend should go to Basle.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

The Chicago Post calls Mr. Greeley a "free tirader."

The Louisville Courier-Journal informs a correspondent that Nilsson was not the one who fought at Trafalgar.

A Nantucket storekeeper advertises for sale, "Quart bowls, of all sorts and sizes, ninepence apiece, and various prices."

St. Louis lawyers have adopted the custom of wearing gowns, the people accepting it as an agreeable aid in distinguishing the attorneys from other criminals.

A coloured waiter of a Milwaukee hotel, who is careful of his reputation, has sued a paper for libel in charging him with having been a member of the Georgian Legislature.

Bonner, being importuned to "write an article" favouring larger pay for ministers, said he would write a very short one. He did, and handed it to Dr. McCosh. It was a check for \$5,000.

A young woman in New York has discovered a new remedy for neuralgia, in the shape of lead, which she puts into a pistol and then into her skull. She is now beyond the reach of March winds.

"No peddling aloud in this house," is the legend placarded upon a house in the Mackerelville region of the city. Peddlers visiting that domicile have, of course, to make their bargains in whispers.

A grocery store at Waterville, Me., displays the following notices:—"Candies And Nuts Of All Kind, Cigars, Tobacco Figs, Pipes, Crackers, For Sail Here. Also Apples Per the Peck Or Per the Peice."

Dr. Damrosch, the newly-appointed editor of the New York Musik Zeitung, is unfortunate. A suburban paper copies his first article with the signature changed (by a slight typographical error) to Dambosch.

An amateur correspondent forwarded the following item to an eastern paper: "One day last a sun got mad at his father and up and nuck him down and a mand o that will do Wors god help that man for doing so. O, H, O."

Velocipedes have taken the place of horses in Spanish bull-fights; but as the machines have, unlike animals, no entrails to be torn out, no flesh to be gashed, and no blood to spill, the innovation does not meet with much approbation.

A dispute between the ladies at Richmond, Surrey, as to which had the most intelligent and best instructed cat, was opened by one of the ladies saying that her female puss could stand on its head, and was answered that the opposing female cat was so well instructed that, as a lady, she would never think of standing on her head.

A number of ingenious and impecunious residents of Marshalltown, Iowa, have patented a new process for getting into the show free. They hire the room adjoining the public hall as headquarters for a brass band, and call a rehearsal of some piece, all big drums and bassoons, for the night of the performance. Then the deafened agent, with his fingers in his ears, implores them to come and see the show, and it don't cost them a cent.

The Grass Valley (Cal.) Union gives an obituary notice of a Chinaman called and known as "Crazy Dick," who lost at gambling, in that town, almost all his money. With what he had left he bought a large dose of opium, then went to the Chinese grave-yard, swallowed his consolation and died, surrounded by a great number of his countrymen, who in vain sought to save his life by pouring down his throat sweet oil and warm chicken's blood. We mention the case for the sake of the remarkable prescription, as well as to point out the considerate course of the poor exile in retiring to the cemetery to die, and thus saving the trouble of being carried there.

Some time since two young ladies near Newmarket were bothered by an old gipsy to have their fortunes told, who at length stimulated their curiosity by promising for half-a-crown to show them their future husbands' faces in a pail of water. The water being procured, they were told to look. They did so; when, discovering nothing strange, they exclaimed they saw only their own faces. "Well," replied the gipsy, "those will be your husbands' faces when you are married."

A lady of Kalamazoo,
Whose lover lived on the Yazoo,
Wrote—"Come and be married,"
But her letter miscarried,
And he wed another. Boo hoo!

An old fellow, out in Newaygo,
Was suffering with the lumbago;
He went to the springs
For his vitals and things,
Where his skin turned as dark as plumbago.

A gentleman of Newton-Stewart, says a Galloway paper, had a choice collection of birds, some of them of rare breeds, many of them prize-takers, and all of them more or less valuable. He tended them with great care, was exceedingly fond of his pets, and talked about them in the most enthusiastic manner. Some one having, however, lately reproached him with "worshipping his birds" and having told him that it was a sin to place such a high estimate on anything below the heavens, serious thoughts were aroused in the bird-fancier's breast, and, influenced by a zeal for his soul's welfare, he resolved to get rid of this temptation to creature worship by destroying them *en masse*. He therefore arranged with the owner of a pony cart to come early in the morning with his cart and carry the birds and their cages to the bridge, over which they were to be thrown, cages and all, into the river. In vain did the man entrusted with the performance of this painful mission remonstrate, offering to sell the birds for their owner's benefit. The bird-fancier was determined, and accordingly on Monday morning in last week the cartload of temptation was discharged into the river. Some of the cages, which were of value, have since been recovered; the birds were drowned. The case of one or two of them who had young ones and eggs has excited much sympathy, and a general opinion appears to prevail that no great loss to the community would have occurred had the owner instead of the birds been pitched into the river.

We have been given, without the prelude of the sequence, the following extract from a love letter, which was nearly the cause of an engagement being broken off:—"Do you, then, indeed love me as I love you, Mary?" The lady replied, "You are a cruel and an insulting monster! I will never see you again! I did not dream that you had another Mary, and now you boldly, even before marriage, call me Mary number two." She eventually admitted after much argument that she was not accustomed to the note of interrogation, and believed it always stood for two.

Up in Vermont (says the *Hearth and Home*), there lived a reprobate family named Ransom. Once, however, they were induced to attend a meeting during a revival. They came late, and had hardly taken their seats when the preacher gave out the hymn, "Return, ye ransom sinners, home." "All right," said the old man, getting up in a rage and clapping on his hat. "Come along, old woman and gals, we'll go home fast enough, and everybody in this church knows we didn't want to come."

Mr. Livingstone, an Indiana convict, having a desire to regain his liberty, fastened himself into a box and was carried out of jail. Unluckily, however, the box was laid on the ground head downward, and the convict's feet, instead of his head, pointed toward the zenith. Being unable to extricate himself, he began to howl for assistance, and was soon escorted to his former apartment.

A Western editor was serenaded, and in the next issue of his paper complimented the serenading party on their "judicious taste in the selection of pieces." He was informed by a listener, after publication, that they had played the "Rogue's March."

The greatest run of luck on record is that of a Baltimore cigar dealer, who within the last three months has inherited a big fortune, drawn a big lottery prize, found \$7,000 in the cellar of his house, and lost his mother-in-law.

QUITZ CORRECT.—The Indian Medicine known as the Great Shoshonee Remedy and Pills will be found to be the most reliable curative and blood purifier when spring after a long and inclement winter re-opens the pores of the skin and an alterative is required to transfer impurities from the body through these natural outlets. The Remedy and Pills can be confidently recommended as the surest, safest, and easiest means of attaining this desirable end, without weakening the most delicate or incommencing the most feeble. When from frequent chills or impure air the blood becomes foul and the secretions vitiated, this medicine presents a ready and efficient means of cleansing the former and correcting the latter; it may fairly be said of this celebrated Indian Medicine that it radically removes all corrupt and disordered elements from the system. 5-14 d

E. BEAUVAIS & CO.,

(Late Brodeur & Beauvais.)

IMPORTERS of and Dealers in French, English and American Boots and Shoes and Rubber Goods, 263, Notre Dame Street, desire to call attention to the new establishment just opened at the above address opposite H. A. Merrill's, where they offer a very large and carefully assorted stock of imported Boots and Shoes for Gentlemen, Ladies and Children, of French, English and American manufacture, which will compare very favourably as to price, and are very much superior in material and finish to anything in the market. Call and examine the goods and prices. E. BEAUVAIS & CO., 263, Notre Dame Street.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

MONTREAL, 15th April, 1872.

PERSONS REQUIRING FARMERS, Farm Hands, Mechanics, Labourers, &c., will please apply at the

IMMIGRATION HOME, 151 St. Antoine Street, where Registers will be kept for that purpose. **C. E. BELLE,** 5-17 d Crown Lands and Immigration Agent.

POST OFFICE TIME-TABLE.

POST OFFICE, Montreal, October, 1871.

DELIVERY.	MAIL.	CLOSE.
A. M. P. M.	ONTARIO.	A. M. P. M.
8.00	Ottawa River Route	7.00
8.00	Ottawa by Railway	7.00 6.45
1.00	Province of Ontario	7.00 6.45

QUEBEC.	
8.00	Quebec, Three Rivers, and Sorel, by Steamer
	Quebec, by Railway
7.00	Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthabaska and River du Loup R. R.
8.00	St. Remi and Hemmingford R. R.
2.00	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, and
11.00	St. Johns & Rouse's Point R. R.
2.00	Shelford and the Vermont Junction Railways

LOCAL MAILS.	
11.00	Beauharnois Route Chambly (5 a.m. also) and St. Cesaire
1.20	Contrecoeur, Varennes and Vercheres
1.20	Cote St. Paul and Tanbury West
10.30	Huntingdon
6.00	Lachine
2.00	St. Lambert
2.00	Laprairie
1.30	Longueuil
1.30	New Glasgow, Sault au Recllet
7.00	Trois-Rivieres & St. Vincent Point St. Charles
8.30	St. Laurent, St. Eustache, St. Scholastique, and Belle Riviere
7.00	St. Jerome, St. Rose and St. Therese
7.00	St. Johns and St. Armand Station
8.00	Three Rivers, by North Shore Rd Route

MARITIME PROVINCES.	
7.00	New Brunswick and P. E. I.
7.00	Halifax, N. S.

Newfoundland forwarded daily on Halifax whence despatch is on alternate Mondays, counting from Nov. 25.

UNITED STATES.	
8 A. M.	Boston and New England States, except Maine
2.15	New York and Southern States
2 A. M.	Island Pond, Portland and Maine
12.57	Western and Pacific States and Manitoba

WEST INDIES.	
2.15	Letters, Ac., prepaid for New York, are forwarded daily on New York whence mails are despatched: For Havana and West Indies, for Havana, every Thursday P.M. For St. Thomas, the West Indies and Brazil, on the 22nd of every month.

GREAT BRITAIN.	
7.00	By Canadian Line (Friday).
2.30	By W. & G. Line, for N. Y. (Monday)
7.30 a. m.	a) Postal Car Bags open till 7.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
1.35 p. m.	b) Do do open till 1.35 p. m.
15 minutes	Registered Letters must be posted 15 minutes before the closing of each Mail.
10 a. m., 1 p. m., 6 p. m., 9 p. m.	Street Letter-boxes visited at 10 a. m., 1 p. m., 6 p. m., 9 p. m. On Sunday at 2 p. m.

BUILDING FOR SALE.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Building," will be received at this Office until MONDAY, the 29th Instant, at Noon, for the Building known as the "Banque du Peuple," together with its Out-buildings, Fenice Walls, &c., situate on St. James and other Streets, Montreal, which the Purchaser is to take down and remove. The four Bas-reliefs, however, are reserved by the Government. The materials can, if carefully taken down, be re-used and rebuilt elsewhere. The party purchasing will be bound to have the whole removed and the site cleared within six weeks from the day of acceptance of tender. By Order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, (OTTAWA, 20th April, 1872.)

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

- CALT, ONT.** COMMERCIAL HOTEL, HENDERSON DIXON, Proprietor.
- MONTREAL.** ST. LAWRENCE HALL, H. HOGAN. ST. JAMES HOTEL, H. HOGAN.
- OTTAWA.** THE RUSSELL HOUSE, JAMES GOVIN.
- QUEBEC.** ST. LOUIS HOTEL, WILLIS RUSSELL & SON. THE CLARENDON, WILLIS RUSSELL & SON.
- SOUTHAMPTON, ONT.,** MASONIC ARMS, W. BUSBY, Proprietor.
- ST. JOHN, N. B.,** VICTORIA HOTEL, B. T. CROGON.
- TORONTO.** THE ROSSIN HOUSE, G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, CAPT. THOS. DICK.

CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street.—MONTREAL, March 7th, 1872. DEAR SIR.—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "HOARHOUD AND CHERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can certify to the above. **ALFRED KNUCKLE.** MR. RICHMOND FENNER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

NEW YORK & BOSTON PIANO-FORTE COMPANY,

432, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Sole Agents for the Celebrated HALLET DAVIS & Co.'s Pianos-fortes, Boston, U. S.; W. H. JEWETT & Co.'s Pianos-fortes, Boston, U. S.; GEO. WOOD & Co.'s Parlor and Vestry Organs, Boston, U. S.; WEBER & Co.'s well-known Pianos-fortes, warranted for five years. **THOMAS A. HAINES, MANAGER.** **SPLENDID STOCK OF PIANOS & ORGANS.** Pianos for Hire. Organs for Hire. Pianos exchanged. Repairs properly done. Pianos sold on instalments. Pianos sold on Liberal Terms. Remember the place—432, Notre Dame St., next door to the Red-Net House. **CHEAPEST INSTRUMENTS IN MONTREAL.** 5-15 1/2

INDIGESTION.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION of Great Britain adopt **MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPSEINE** as the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers, **THOMAS MORSON & SON,** 124, Southampton-row, W. C., London. See name on Label. 4-15 1/2

IMPORTANT TO PARTIES OWNING OR USING MACHINERY.

STOCKS' CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thicken in cold weather. From the **JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa;** I consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon than Olive Oil at 50 cents. Yours respectfully, **F. W. GLEN, President.** Sold in quantities to suit purchasers at Messrs. **LYMANS, CLARE & CO., 382, 384, & 386 St. Paul Street, Montreal,** where the testimonials of the principal consumers of Oil in Ontario can be seen. 5-8 1/2

CYANO-PANCREATINE.

THIS MEDICINE, prepared by the Sisters of the General Hospital of Montreal, (Grey Nunners) contains no ingredient which can in any way injure the system. As a compound, it is entitled to rank amongst the most beneficial of all special remedies, principally in the following cases: 1st. *Dyspepsia* or derangement of the digestive faculties, where it produces astonishing effects throughout all the stages of the disease, provided there be no organic lesion, in which case the Medicament can only impart a temporary relief. Its curative properties have been already tested in a great number of the above mentioned cases, thus leaving no doubt of its efficacy. 2ndly. In *Bronchitis* or *Pneumonia Catarrh*, it acts most soothingly, facilitates expectoration, relieves the cough, and brings the malady to a prompt solution. 3rdly. In *Coughs* tending to Consumption, it causes a visible change for the better, renders expectoration easy, and assists the stomach to dispose of those other remedies suited to the peculiar nature of the case, thus tending not only to alleviate suffering, but also to prolong life. **WHOLESALE AGENTS.—EVANS, MERCEUR & CO., Montreal.** For sale in retail by all respectable Druggists and Medicine Vendors. 4-24 1/2-1m

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c. **RAMSAY & SON,** Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain. 37, 39, and 41 Recollet Street. 16tf
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS. **JAMES SUTHERLAND,** PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER. 160 and 162 St. James Street, 11tf MONTREAL.

TURKISH BATH. **DR. MACBEAN'S IMPROVED TURKISH BATH,** 140 St. Monique Street, near Crystal Palace, Montreal. Gentlemen's hours (with the exception of Monday morning) 6 to 9 a.m. and 3 to 9 p.m. 4-6z

PHOTOGRAPHER. **G. B. MURRAY, PHOTOGRAPHER,** G. BROCKVILLE, ONT., has refitted his rooms and is now prepared to take all kinds of Photographs. Studio—Opposite Victoria Hall, Main Street. 5-14tf

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS, WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS, OUR STOCK OF MEDICAL, PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS, is now very complete. GREAT VARIETY, BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, and all at very moderate prices. Liberal Discount to large dealers. Orders can be promptly sent by Parcel Post to all parts of the Dominion. **LEGGO & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS, &c.,** 319 ST. ANTOINE STREET, AND 1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL. 4-16 1/2

LASH & COMPANY, successors to J. G. JOSEPH & Co.'s Retail Business, KING STREET TORONTO. 3-22z

LACHINE CANAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that the water will be drawn out of the "Lachine Canal" on the tenth instant, or as soon after as the repairs can be proceeded with, and will remain out until the necessary repairs have been completed. By order, (Signed) **JOHN G. SIPPELL,** Resident Engineer. 4-15d

MRS. CUISKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours. References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, McGill College University. Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given. All transactions strictly private. **RESIDENCE:—No. 315 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.** 4-6z

TO TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

FOR SALE.

THE GOOD-WILL, INSTRUMENTS, FURNITURE, &c., of the DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, 50 St. James Street, MONTREAL. Any one understanding Telegraphy thoroughly will find this a desirable investment. The advantages now enjoyed by the Institute for practice on a regular line, and for advertising, will be extended to the purchaser. Other and engaging occupations are the sole cause of this valuable property being offered for sale. For further particulars apply by letter or personally to **GEORGE E. DESBARATS,** Canadian Illustrated News, MONTREAL. 20th March, 1872. 5-12 1/2

POSTAL CARDS.

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

"The Canadian Illustrated News."

A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement. Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats. Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an., Single Numbers, 10 cents. Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices. **CLUBS:** Every Club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address. Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher. Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.



A SILHOUETTE BY GAS-LIGHT, OTTAWA, APRIL 20.

By OUR OWN ARTIST.

50 CENTS will buy a pound of CHOICE TEA, either Black, Green, Mixed or Japan, AT THE INDIA & CHINA TEA COMPANY, 39, BLECHY STREET, Montreal. 5-15 m

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



HAWSWORTH, EYRE & CO., Silversmiths, Platers, and Electro-Platers, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

Manufacturers of "Testimonials," Hunt, Racing, Regatta and Curling Clubs, Cups and Plate, Bridal Gifts, &c., finished in the Highest Style of Art, and of most Classic Designs.

JOSEPH WALKER & CO., Agents.

SHOW ROOMS: 16, St. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL. 5-10 m

GRAY'S Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.

Prepared from Canadian Red Spruce Gum. BALSAMIC, SOOTHING, EXPECTORANT, ANTISPASMODIC AND TONIC. (Delicious flavor.) A sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat affections generally. For sale at all Druggists. 25 Cents per bottle. Sole manufacturer, HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 5-4 z MONTREAL.

A CHEMICAL FOOD AND NUTRITIVE TONIC.

ALL the Organs and Tissues of the body are constructed and nourished by the blood which holds in solution the material of which are made bone, muscle and nerve, and distributes to each its proper proportion. To insure perfect formation of this vitalizing agent, there must be complete Digestion and Assimilation. When these functions are deranged there will be Dyspepsia, the food will be imperfectly dissolved from insufficient gastric juice, the blood will become watery and deficient in fibrin, the vital principle, and the whole system undergoes degeneration from perverted nutrition: diseases of the Liver, Kidney, Heart and Lungs, with Nervous Prostration and General Debility result, and the constitution is broken down with Wasting Chronic Diseases. To enable the Stomach to digest food, and to supply the waste going on from mental and physical exertion, Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixr of Phosphates and Calisaya is reliable, and permanent in its effects. Sold by all Druggists at \$1. 4-26zz



ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of

Canadian & United States Mails

1871-72.—Winter Arrangements.—1871-72.

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

Vessels	Tonnage	Commanders
POLYNESIAN	4,100	(Building)
CIRCASSIAN	3,400	(Building)
SARMATIAN	3,000	Capt. J. Wylie
SCANDINAVIAN	3,000	Capt. Ballantyne
PRUSSIAN	3,000	Capt. Dutton, R.N.R.
AUSTRIAN	2,700	Capt. Brown
NESTORIAN	2,700	Capt. A. Ansd.
MORAVIAN	2,600	Capt. Graham
PERUVIAN	2,600	Capt. Smith, R.N.R.
GERMAN	2,500	Capt. Frocks
CASPIAN	2,400	Capt. Ritchie
HIBERNIAN	2,300	Capt. R. S. Watts
NOVA SCOTIAN	2,200	Capt. Richardson
NORTH AMERICAN	1,784	Capt. Miller
CORINTHIAN	2,400	Capt. J. Scott
OTTAWA	1,831	Lieut. Archer, R.N.R.
ST. DAVID	1,850	Capt. E. Scott
ST. ANDREW	1,432	Capt. H. Wylie
ST. PATRICK	1,205	Capt. Stephen
NORWAY	1,100	Capt. C. N. Mylins
SWEDEN	1,150	Capt. Mackenzie

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

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

Rates of Passage from Portland:— Cabin \$70 to \$80, Steerage \$25

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE

are intended to sail between the Clyde and Portland at intervals during the season of winter navigation. An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGH and ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLAN, RAY & CO.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ZOON; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENSHORNE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20 tl

B. COLEMAN, GOLDSMITH AND JEWELLER, 191, St. JAMES STREET, Montreal.

Every article guaranteed to be what is stated. Gold worked and made up to English and American patterns to suit taste. Diamonds, Pearls, and other precious stone setting made a speciality. Presentation Signet Rings, Engraved and made up. Pendants, Ear-rings, Guard Chains, Gentlemen's Lockets with Monograms, Bridesmaid's Lockets, &c., made to order. Gold work remade as desired. Assays made and Estimates of value given. 5-15 m

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 19th April, 1872.

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice. 10 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

4-15tl

CANADA CENTRAL AND Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 30, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:— LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

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

LOCAL TRAIN at 1:40 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:55 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:25 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:15 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

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

MAIL TRAIN at 4:30 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

at 1:30 P.M., 7:35 P.M., and 8:15 P.M.

LEAVE SAND POINT

at 5:30 A.M., 9:10 A.M., and 1:45 P.M.

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

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

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

Freight loaded with dispatch. The B. & O. & C. Railway being of the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, cars will go through on Grand Trunk cars without transshipment.

H. ABBOTT, Manager, Brockville 25th Sept., 1871. 4-15 tl

"BEST IN USE."

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15tl



FOR SALE.

A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 45 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 12 acres of ground. Apply to

D. R. STODART, Broker, 146, St. JAMES STREET.

4-12tl

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