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General Illustrated News

Vol. IV.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1871.

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AGRICULTURAL, INDUSTRIAL AND ART EXHIBITIONS.

The "annual fairs" are now nearly over; at least the two great Provincial ones are past. One of these was held at Quebec, the other at Kingston, and both have proved pre-eminently successful. The spirit of competition, which is one of the best incentives to industry, has full play at these annual gatherings, and much good is done by the mere stimulation of the desire to excel. There can be little question but that these exhibitions do develop much waste of energy; that sometimes a large cabbage, or a mammoth squash, a prize calf or a premium pig, may represent an amount of care and expense altogether disproportioned to their actual value; but, nevertheless, though the forcing process may sometimes be encouraged among people who resolve, at all hazards, to get a prize, yet, even their efforts are productive of much good as pointing out the limits of profitable breeding and cultivation. It cannot be wise to produce a prize pig of many hundreds of pounds at a cost of twenty cents per

pound, when pork is worth less than fifteen. It is so throughout every department of industrial and mechanical labour; hence it frequently happens that the costly product—that which has no commercial value proportioned to its cost—carries off the prize. In spite of this we heartily endorse the following remarks from the *Montreal Gazette* as regards the benefits which these annual assemblies confer:—

"When the first Provincial Exhibition was held in the Western Province at Toronto in 1846, the entries were only 1,150 in number, and the total amount awarded in prizes was but \$1,100. Pass over ten years, and in 1856 we find an Exhibition held at Kingston with 3,791 entries, and a sum of \$6,799 distributed in prizes. After another decade had flown, a Provincial Exhibition was held in Toronto in 1866 with 6,279 entries, and the sum of \$10,288 awarded in prizes. Even this result, however, was surpassed by the one held at Hamilton in 1860, when there were 7,532 entries, and the sum appropriated for prizes was \$12,946.

Besides these great Provincial Exhibitions, with their

"thousands of entries, one city after another has had, or is having, its annual show, agricultural, horticultural, and industrial. The result of these displays has been eminently satisfactory. The entries have, as a rule, been more numerous than heretofore; the articles exhibited have been more excellent after their kind; the exhibitors have been more painstaking; the crowds of visitors have been greater and more enthusiastic; and wherever a fair has fallen behind the expectations formed of it, there has been some ground for presuming that to occult causes connected with the management or the locality was the blame attributable, and not to the falling off or absence of interest in these occasions. In short, all the accounts which have filled the columns of the Dominion press during these busy September days, indicate very clearly that amid the great diffusion of information at the present day, the knowledge bearing upon the more successful cultivation of the soil has not been neglected. We would go further and say that the improvement of methods of agriculture, of stock-raising, of fruit-growing, and other



THE QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. O.

"branches of husbandry, is being pursued in many quarters with a degree of attention, energy, and intelligence equal to that devoted to any other vocation."

The Quebec Exhibition was held during the week ending the 16th Sept., and at the meeting the Hon. Mr. Skead, President of the Ontario Association, suggested the holding of a Dominion Exhibition next year, which we are sorry to notice was rejected at the Ontario Annual Meeting, held at Kingston on the 28th ult., the subject having been deferred until better means of communication shall have been established between the Eastern and Western Provinces. The Ontario Exhibition will be held next year at Hamilton. Our illustration shows the Fine Arts Department of the Exhibition at Quebec.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 86.—THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR. CRONYN, OF LONDON, ONT.

On the 22nd of last month the Right Rev. Benjamin Cronyn, D.D., first Lord Bishop of the diocese of Huron, Ont., died at his residence in London at one o'clock in the morning. For some time previously he had been in failing health, and a coadjutor (styled Bishop of Norfolk) with right of succession had already been chosen in the person of Dr. Hellmuth. It was understood for some time that Dr. Cronyn had been suffering from disease of the heart, and his death, though deeply affecting the feelings of the people of his whole vast diocese, was not unexpected. The *London Advertiser* gives the following account of His Lordship's career:—

"The late Bishop Cronyn was the son of Thomas Cronyn, Esq., of Kilkenny, Ireland, and was born in that town in the year 1802, being 'hus at the time of his death 69 years of age. He received his early education in his native town and pursued his later studies in Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated as B.A., in 1822, being also divinity prizeman for that year. Devoting himself to the service of the Church of England and Ireland, he was ordained, and served his first curacy under Carus Wilson in the North of England. He was subsequently appointed to a curacy in Longford County, Ireland.

"About this time, the township of Adelaide having been settled by a colony of retired army officers and others, who being desirous of the services of a minister of the Church with which they had been connected, the Rev. Mr. Cronyn was induced to emigrate to this country in 1832, with a view to settling in that section. Arriving in London, on the way to his new parish, he stopped here with his family over Sunday, and preached. The members of the church here were so favourably impressed with the discourse of the new minister, and anxious for the services of a man of culture as well as piety—for in the early days educated clergymen were not numerous in Canada—they used every exertion to induce him to remain here. He went out to Adelaide for a brief visit, but the strong desire of the congregation in London, as well as his own personal preferences, seemed to point out this as his proper sphere of labour. The necessary arrangements were accordingly made, and he was appointed to the incumbency of the congregation here, by, we believe, the Bishop of Quebec.

"For nearly a quarter of a century the Rev. Mr. Cronyn was the esteemed minister of the Episcopal Church in this place. To his earnest and continued efforts is largely due the prominent position occupied by that denomination, not only in the city, but in the surrounding country. His influence was used in securing from the Government those large tracts of glebe lands, which have been a not unfruitful source of revenue to that body in London, and also in Adelaide. At the same time he was no bigot, but always had a kind word and helping hand for all moral and religious enterprises, no matter by whom conducted, so long as they had for their objects the welfare of the people and the advancement of religious truth.

"The increase in the dimensions of the Episcopal Church of Canada at last rendered necessary the subdivision of the Provinces into a larger number of sees; and in this manner the Diocese of Huron came into existence. The election of a Bishop devolving upon the clergy and laity of the new diocese, the general popularity of Dr. Cronyn (he had received his degree of D.D. from Trinity, Dublin, in 1855), seemed to point him out as the most acceptable person for that office, as was abundantly proven by the large majorities he received at the election on the 9th of July, 1857, over his only important competitor, Archdeacon Bethune, of Toronto. The bishop-elect at once proceeded to England, where, in the following October, he was duly consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chapel at Lambeth Palace.

"Since that time, the late Bishop has exercised the supervision of his extensive diocese with care and energy, until his failing health admonished him that it would be impossible longer to continue his active labours. He not only had the care of all the churches, but he also retained a special interest in his old charge, remaining rector of St. Pauls until 1866. Among other enterprises in which he took a deep interest, and for which he laboured earnestly, was the Bible Society. For a long time the active friend and supporter of the Upper Canada and British and Foreign Bible Societies, he was, on the organization of the London Auxiliary, unanimously elected its president—an office which he held till his death. His last public appearance, outside his own church, was at the annual meeting of this Society last spring.

"His failing health rendering it impossible for him to continue the work of his office with that faithfulness and energy which always characterized him, he announced to the Synod of the Diocese at its meeting in June, the necessity for the election of a coadjutor bishop. This was his last appearance. His recommendation was adopted by the church in the election of Dean Hellmuth, who was consecrated only a few weeks since. Being enabled for the past few months to try such remedial measures as rest and travel could give, some of his friends had hoped for some improvement in his health. But their hopes were vain. About a month since he returned home; but only returned to die among his relatives."

The following, in relation to the funeral obsequies of the late Bishop, is copied from the *London Evening Herald*:

"The funeral of the Rev. B. Cronyn, D.D., late Bishop of Huron, which took place on the afternoon of Sept. 25, was one of the largest and most imposing which has ever taken

place in London. All classes of the community participated in paying respect to the memory of departed worth, and expressing their sympathy with the family of the deceased in the severe bereavement through which they have been called to pass. At two p.m. the procession commenced to move from See House, Westminster, in the following order:

The Bishop of Norfolk. Medical Advisers. Collegians and Teachers. Clergymen of the Diocese. Churchwardens. Mourning Carriages, with Pall-Bearers. Hearse. Carriage of the Deceased. Four Mourning Carriages with Relatives. Board of School Trustees, and Teachers of Public Schools. His Worship the Mayor, and London Board of Aldermen. Friends and Acquaintances.

"The funeral cortege moved along Ridout, and up Dundas and Richmond Streets, to St. Paul's Cathedral, the muffled bells tolling as the procession approached and passed into the cathedral, where the service was read by the Bishop of Norfolk. Two 'Minor Glorias' were sung by the choir from the Psalms, and the 'Dead March in Saul,' played on the organ by Mrs. Raymond as the procession left the cathedral, after which it reformed and proceeded to St. Paul's cemetery, the deceased being interred in the family vault, by the graves of his first wife and son. The scene at the cathedral was a most impressive one, the spacious edifice being draped in mourning, and crowded with people. The funeral cortege numbered ninety-six carriages. All the stores were closed along the line of the procession, and the streets were crowded with spectators."

No. 87.—THE LATE HON. L. J. PAPINEAU.

A land mark has been removed; an ancient one, too, when we remember the brief career of Canada. The Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, the O'Connell of Lower Canada, whose political career was, in the main, contemporary with that of the great Irish Liberator, died at his residence, Montebello, on Friday, Sept. 22, at the patriarchal age of eighty-five. It is seldom that the span of human life bridges over so many years; but some of the most noted of the great men of the world, alike in religion, science, literature, politics, and the profession of arms, have attained more than the allotted threescore and ten; and we may justly assume that these are Nature's favourites, strong in intellectual as in physical constitution, and the even balance of each to the other, preserving to the utmost term, vitality in both. But at length, even strong men must succumb, and Papineau, though he lived in, can scarcely be said to have lived with, the present generation. His parliamentary career ended in 1854, but his political life expired with the collapse of the rebellion of '37-'38, of which he was an active promoter. It has been remarked of him that he showed "from first to last"—and, in his case, there was an immense space between—"the rare quality of consistency." But it was the consistency of the monolith, unbending, non-progressive, incapable of appreciating the true spirit of freedom. Thirty years after the troublous times, more than twenty years after his return from exile, his consistency glued him to the extreme opinions—begotten of the pressure inflicted by the enforcement of opinions in the other extreme—long after his countrymen had outgrown their influence. Lafontaine, Morin, Cartier, and others had led away the French Canadians into far more practical, far more beneficial ideas regarding politics than Mr. Papineau could conceive; and he left the Legislative Assembly, at the close of the session of 1854, with the conviction upon the public mind, if not upon his own, that he was shorn of his influence. Since that time he has been almost lost to public view, and those who do not know his early efforts in the cause of his fellow-countrymen are almost surprised that he should be spoken of as a man of historical note. But he played a most important part in the history of his country, and a part, too, which helped to bring about a result to which he was most heartily opposed. It is not remarkable that one who was born in 1786, who was a Frenchman by descent, who was of indomitable will, of high ambition, and of great talent; who dreamed also of Republics in America that should even teach Republicanism to Europe—that such an one should have been deeply inculcated, in his youth, with the principles of the first French Revolution is, we say, by no means remarkable, especially when we remember that these principles were fostered in him by the tyrannical government under which his fellow-countrymen were compelled to live. But that these principles should survive, for nearly half a century, the existence of the only causes that could be pleaded in excuse for their ever having been entertained, furnishes an example of consistency more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Louis Joseph Papineau was born in Montreal, in Oct. 1786; his father was a notary and also a distinguished public man in his time, having been born in the same city some forty years before. He was for many years a member of the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, wherein he displayed much ability and unflinching attachment to the Crown. He died in 1840, when his son, Louis Joseph, was an exile, for having supported the standard of rebellion. Louis Joseph finished his education at the Seminary of Quebec, and was called to the bar in 1811. In 1808 or '9 he was first elected to the Assembly, and in 1815 was chosen Speaker, which office he held, with the exception of a period of two years, until 1837. In 1820, when Lord Dalhousie became Governor, he appointed Mr. Papineau to a seat in the Executive Council, which, however, was refused, Mr. Papineau being then in direct hostility to the Government, and acting with, or rather leading the Opposition party. Two years later the project of the Union of Upper and Lower Canada having been broached, Messrs. Papineau and Neilson went home to England and were successful in postponing the consideration of the question. In 1827, such was the antagonism between Mr. Papineau and the Governor, that the latter refused to recognise him as Speaker, although duly elected by a large majority of the Assembly. Of course the Assembly maintained its ground; the Governor, Lord Dalhousie, in a pet dissolved the Assembly, resigned his office, and was succeeded by Sir James Kempt, who, after the next election, duly accepted Mr. Papineau as Speaker, thereby giving him a triumph of no ordinary significance. Political troubles grew worse as time went on, and Mr. Papineau grew more violent with them. In 1836 he declared that "Republican institutions should prevail throughout this continent and would furnish, hereafter, republics to Europe."

When the rebellion broke out in the latter part of the following year, after a vain effort by Governor Gosford to bring the Assembly to reasonable action, Mr. Papineau fled from the

storm he had helped to raise, but was powerless to control. In this he but took the course which is most generally adopted by political agitators. From 1837 to 1839 he resided in the United States; then he removed to Paris, where he lived in retirement until the issue of the amnesty proclamation, when he returned to Canada in 1847. Soon after he entered Parliament, in which he continued until 1854. But his old influence over his fellow-countrymen was gone. Though his eloquence was unmatched in the House, and his sincerity undoubted by every one, yet his narrow crotchets of disunion, his worship of, and preaching for, lost issues were looked upon as mere reminiscences of a bygone age. His genius and his eloquence were still admired, but his statesmanship no longer commanded adherents, so he retired into private life, where for seventeen years he enjoyed the calm of a green and sturdy old age, and the personal esteem of those who best knew his character.

MARIA S. RYE AND "OUR WESTERN HOME."

By reference to No. 9 of Vol. I. of the *C. I. News*, published January 1, 1870, our readers will find a description of "Our Western Home," into which the old Court House at Niagara was transformed and formally opened, for the reception of juvenile emigrants from England brought out under Miss Rye's care, on the 1st December, 1869. In the present number we give a view of the "Home," as also a portrait of Miss Rye and some of her protégées occupying the verandah of the "Home."

Miss Rye's philanthropic work has not altogether escaped criticism; but as "there is nothing so successful as success," she can certainly so far defy her opponents, for the results that have attended her labours towards the placing of women and children in a fair way to provide for themselves in Canada, have been extremely gratifying; and she is just about going to England again to bring out the sixth hundred of young girls, nearly five hundred having already been provided for, save nine, who are at present in the "Home." There are over one hundred and forty desirable applications still on record, and awaiting the arrival of the next instalment, to be filled, so that it will be seen that Miss Rye can confidently appeal to the charitable to aid her efforts, seeing that she has already provision for more than she can conveniently bring at one trip.

Out of the four hundred and eighty young girls brought out and placed, only twelve, or two and a half per cent, have been returned as being unmanageable, and there are five of these at present in the "Home." This result surely shows far more of a success than the most sanguine could have hoped for, and must strengthen Miss Rye's faith in the wisdom of her scheme for rescuing the "gutter children" from a life of misery and crime. In her efforts it is to be remembered that Miss Rye works solely on her own responsibility, and not as implied in the July number of *Good Words*, at the instance of any society or benevolent committee. Another mistake occurs in the same article, where it is stated that she has secured provision for the emigration of 1,500, whereas the number has been actually 3,000. With these exceptions the admirable paper in *Good Words*, written by Mr. W. Gilbert, is eminently calculated to forward the cause which Miss Rye has in hand, and we shall avail ourselves of the information it gives concerning the earlier portion of Miss Rye's philanthropic career:

"When only sixteen years of age she was a most useful teacher in the Sunday Schools and other parochial institutions attached to Christ Church, Chelsea. She afterwards succeeded Miss Mary Howitt as secretary to the association for obtaining the Act of Parliament known as Sir Erskine Perry's Married Women's Property Bill. She then edited for some years the *Englishwoman's Journal*. She also became an active member in the Woman's Employment Society, and other female enterprises; but, disapproving of the women's political rights movement, which then began to be entertained by many of the members, she separated from the society, and determined to organize, single-handed, a new source of employment for women—law copying; and for that purpose, after having made herself mistress of the business, she secured an office in Portugal street, Chancery Lane.

"Although considerable success attended the movement—many of the most celebrated solicitors' firms having consented to patronise it—the number of applicants for employment far exceeded the amount of work which the office was capable of affording. In some manner to alleviate the disappointment thus caused, especially among the young lady applicants of good education, Miss Rye, in conjunction with her friend Miss Jane Lewin, determined to find for them some other employment congenial to their habits and education. After a little consideration, having raised the sum of £750, they applied it to assist governesses to emigrate to Australia; first securing, in the principal colonial cities, the services of women willing to take them under their protection on landing. In the history of this movement, which was a decided success, a fact is noticeable which well merits publication, tending, as it does, to prove the strict integrity of the average class of English educated women.

"The plan adopted by Miss Rye and Miss Lewin in assisting the governesses to emigrate, was simply as follows:—The applicants were requested to raise from their friends as much money as they conveniently could, the surplus being contributed from the £750 capital in the hands of the promoters, trusting to the integrity of the applicants to reimburse them for the advance. It is now ten years since this system came into operation, and one hundred and fifty governesses have been assisted to emigrate, all of whom have found occupation in the colonies. Of the £750 advanced to them in different sums as loans, there remains a deficiency in the original capital of only £50, and the greater portion of that is accounted for in the cost of postage, stationery, and incidental office expenses.

"From the success attending this movement, Miss Rye determined to extend her scheme to female emigration in general. For this purpose she relinquished the law copying to her friend Miss Lewin; and having raised sufficient funds, she took charge of a number of female emigrants, of the class of domestic servants, to New Zealand. These being comfortably established, she visited some of the principal towns in Australia, for the purpose of forming committees to take under their protection the young women sent out from England; and she then returned to the mother country. The women assisted by Miss Rye to emigrate to Australia have, in the situations found for them, maintained an integrity and honourable reputation fully equal to that of the best class of family servants in the metropolis."

Possibly annoyed at the opposition she encountered, Miss

VARIETIES.

Rye, with the exception of a journey made with female emigrants to Canada, abstained for some months from any public philanthropic operations. During the time, however, she by no means remained idle, but occupied herself in making many researches into the condition of the children of the poor population of the metropolis, especially those now known as "gutter children." Among these she found that bad as was the condition of the boys, that of the girls was immeasurably worse. She pondered over their miserable condition and the means to be adopted for relieving it; and at length hearing of the plan adopted by the Rev. Mr. Van Meter for the reclamation of the street waifs of New York, she resolved to imitate it if possible. Before finally deciding, she resolved to test by her own experience whether she could organize with safety a scheme of the kind for the English "gutter children." Having come to Canada with a number of grown up girls, she determined while in the Dominion not only to assure herself of the efficiency of Mr. Van Meter's system, but, in case she found it all that he had described it to be, to apply it to some of the "gutter children" in England. After having found employment in Canada for the emigrants under her charge, she visited Chicago and different places in the West to inquire into the condition of the children whom Mr. Van Meter had taken under his protection. The result was a most satisfactory one, not a single objectionable feature presenting itself in the system adopted by him, though her investigation was made with the closest scrutiny.

Miss Rye, having determined to carry out her project, left the States for Canada, where the inquiries she made were of the most gratifying kind, and many people interested themselves in her scheme.

It is unnecessary here to repeat the narrative of the acquisition of the old Court House at Niagara for the purposes of the "Home," or to give a recital of Miss Rye's efforts in England to raise the necessary funds to bring out her protégés. That she has been successful to an eminent degree the facts we have stated fully prove, and the success so far achieved is but an earnest of still greater triumphs.

BEDFORD RANGE.

Bedford Range, the scene of the recent Dominion Rifle Match, is about eleven miles from Halifax, at the head of Bedford Basin. It is reached by the Halifax and Windsor Railway, a walk of about a mile from the Bedford station, through a very picturesque country, brings one within view of the targets.

The Range is situated in a pretty little valley, with a small stream of clear water winding its way through on its western bank. It was originally a very rich piece of interval, and several beautiful elm trees dotted its surface. Its proximity to the city of Halifax, and its many advantages as a Range for rifle practice, caused the Provincial Government to purchase the valley and its surrounding hill-sides. The regulars use it during the summer months, and are making improvements thereon. A clump of oaks adds very much to the beauty of the officers' camping ground, and being pleasantly elevated above the Range, and commanding a view of the whole valley, is much resorted to by visitors. This is the subject of our sketch, the ammunition tent on the right, the range building in the left corner. Lieut. Col. Mackenzie was in charge of the Range. Col. Laurie acted as umpire. Dr. Morse attended to the sick and wounded. Capt. Ribbey, the "ind-fatigable" acted Secretary on the occasion. Altogether the shooting was of a high order.

On our way to the Range, *en pied*, we were struck with the appearance of

BEDFORD RAILWAY BRIDGE,

and its surroundings. The morning was fine and calm, the shadows were thrown deep down on to the placid green waters of Bedford Basin, framed as it were between the towers of the bridge. The points of land jutting out, the marine villa of W. R. O'Brien, Esq., and sundry small craft with outstretched wings, combined to make a very pretty sketch, which we have endeavoured to portray. The volunteers are on their way to the shooting, smoking, chatting, and relating their nocturnal experience of Halifax life. They, one and all, preferred the luxuries of the city to the chances and mishaps of the "Tented Field," so the 8 a.m. and 7 p.m. were exceedingly convenient for the Sons of Mars.

KAKABEKA FALLS.

The scenery on the interior route to Fort Garry presents many views of interest after leaving Fort William. Already we have given several single illustrations of North-West scenery as well as a series of sketches, by one who formed part of the military expedition of last year; but the magnificently beautiful falls of Kakabeka on the Kamistiquia, some forty miles up the river, are worthy the double page illustration we give in this issue, copied from a drawing by Mr. Armstrong. The portage near the Falls is also shown in the illustration.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.—An ingenious physician of Paris—Renaudot by name—more than two hundred years ago hit upon a good idea for "cutting out" his more learned brethren, which he was not long in putting into execution, to his own small advantage, and the great chagrin of his brother professionals. His plan was an extremely simple one, for he obtained his popularity by the very innocent expedient of collecting information, and then circulating news sheets among his patients, for their special delectation and amusement. But inasmuch as the seasons were not always sickly, and he found he had plenty of time on his hands, he was encouraged by his success to devote his attention more exclusively to the business of journalism, by providing the public at large with news; and accordingly, in 1631, he succeeded in obtaining for himself and family the sole privilege of publishing a newspaper called the *Gazette de France*. Such, at least, is the account of the origin of newspapers given by De Saint Foix.

A CAT IN A STONE.—The *North Wales Chronicle* records another remarkable discovery, even more startling than that of the fish swallowing fishes. It says that "as some quarrymen were blasting a rock at Llanrwst, they found inside an aperture, in what seemed to be a solid stone, an animal resembling, in miniature, a cat, which, when brought to light, was lively and frisky, but it died in the course of an hour. It measured from the nose to the end of the tail $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. What length of time it had been there without being disturbed, it is doubtful to conjecture.

There is something in an anagram after all. A French paper has discovered the meaning of *proletariat*. Of course it is *proletariat*.

The largest rope in the world has been completed in Birmingham. It is about six miles long, five and a quarter inches in circumference, and weighs over 60 tons.

It is reported that bismuth has been discovered at Balhannah, in South Australia, where extensive smelting works have been erected for extracting the metal from the ore.

The True Woman, published at Baltimore, is a cheerful sheet. Its original poem in a late number is headed: "Lines to a Not Beautiful but Very Good Woman in Her Coffin."

A young minister, sitting by his girl, with whom he was quarrelling, petulantly remarked that she was nothing. She said she would not admit that, but she would say that she was next to nothing.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—An old cannon bearing the date of 1672, about the calibre of an 18-pounder, was discovered in some excavations made in Limerick. The gun is supposed to have been used in the siege of Limerick.

Would you be surprised, Brother Jonathan, to hear that Mr. Russell Gurney, M.P., who goes out to New York as commissioner under the Washington Treaty, has already been entrusted with 1,400 claims by British subjects upon the United States?

How the Germans occupied London, and How we Turned them Out! will be told in a pamphlet under that title now in the press. The author is stated to be "one who was more than a spectator" of some of the most stirring scenes of the late campaign.

At the recent East Surrey election the following dialogue took place *à propos* of the Ballot: A voice—Are you ashamed of your vote? Mr. Steer—No. The voice—Then what do you want the Ballot for? (Cheers and laughter) That's the case in a nutshell.

An old traveller tells a pretty tough story about being lost in the woods with his dog, where he could find nothing to eat, and had to cut off the dog's tail, which he broiled for himself, and afterwards gave the dog the bone! We would rather borrow £100 than believe that story.

A prominent German scientific journal contains a laboured review of the various theories of the formation of petroleum, read before the Swiss Association of Natural History, in which many objections are raised against the theory of the production of that fluid from the remains of either animals or plants. A mineral origin is suggested.

When a carpet is taken up to be cleaned, the floor beneath it is generally very much covered with dust. This dust is very fine and dry, and poisonous to the lungs. Before removing it, sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid to kill any poisonous germs that may be present, and to thoroughly disinfect the floor and render it sweet.

One of the London bakers has introduced a dietic novelty in the shape of quinine biscuit. Each biscuit is estimated to contain one-fourth of a grain of quinine, and for delicate stomachs, or where it is desirable to disguise medicine as much as possible, or to combine food with medicine in a perfectly agreeable form, these biscuits are likely to become very popular.

An ingenious German has gained a great reputation in New York by his success in training coach-horses to a grand gait. He used no burr-bit or other cruel contrivance, and people couldn't see how he did it, until it was found that he put magnifying goggles upon his horses, which made cobblestones look like boulders, and they acquired a grand tread by trying to step over them.

Tobacco grown in a cold climate, is stronger than that grown in a mild one, and a similar statement is true with regard to celery. So it appears from an article in the *Journal of the Pharmaceutical Society*, where it is maintained that in the less vigorous vegetation of cold climates, as compared with that of warm regions, the active principles of plants are more concentrated in the leaves.

It is a duty which every man owes to himself, to his family, and to the community in which he lives, to have sufficient knowledge of medicine, that under all ordinary circumstances he may be able to preserve his own health, act intelligently in concert with others to preserve the health of the community, give assistance in case of accident, and aid the physician in the case of disease by proper care and good nursing.

A single-rail tramway has lately been put in operation in India. The cars have four ordinary wheels, placed as usual, and two others, double flanged, placed between the fore and hind wheels, which take the weight of the car and load, and run upon a single-rail in the centre of the road track. The ordinary wheels serve to merely balance the car. The road costs but about one-half as much as the ordinary railing, while the power required for draft is vastly less than on common roads.

The "Chronopher" is the name of an instrument which has been devised in England, to furnish correct time to places at a distance. It is proposed, by the use of this instrument—which will be stationed at the Greenwich Observatory—to flash from thence the true time, once a day, to all the principal cities in Europe, and to every post-office in England. Time-guns will also be fired, bells struck, and balls dropped by the same current, at different and distant stations.

The wise housekeeper should see to it that all the beds should be aired immediately after being occupied. The impurities which emanate from the human body from insensible perspiration, are made up of minute atoms, which, if allowed to remain long, are absorbed by the bed, and will then, to a greater or less extent, vitiate the air for a considerable time afterward. Let the occupant throw the bed open on rising, and as soon as convenient open the windows and ventilate the sleeping-room. One hour's early ventilation is worth two hour's late airing.

The *Medical Gazette* says: "The following curious mode of providing for the payment of the medical profession, prevailed in Ireland under the Brehon laws, prior to the thirteenth century. A law in relation to the doctors, enacted that their fees should be proportioned to the rank of the patient, and the nature of the complaint. It was also held that no fee should

be paid unless a cure were effected. Fourteen *cumhals*, or forty-two cows, for example, was the fee for curing a bishop or local chief, while the health and bodily welfare of a member of the lowest rank of the tribe, were valued at six cows."

A minister at Corry, N. Y., married a couple lately. When he made the usual proclamation concerning impediments, the blushing bride replied: "Go ahead, stranger; I'm all right." He went ahead.

A Pennsylvania ruralist attended the fair recently, and bought a large purple egg-plant. After he had chewed it nearly to a minimum, he plaintively remarked: "They don't raise no such juicy melons now as they did before the war."

An old bachelor says that giving the ballot to women would not amount to anything practically, because they would insist that they were too young to vote until they got too old to take any interest in politics.

An exchange says: "It is not good taste for young men to stay after 10 o'clock when visiting young ladies." A friend of ours says he never noticed any difference in the taste after 10 o'clock. He says it is good any time.

A fac-simile of the *London Gazette* of 1666 has been published in London. It contains a full account of the great conflagration in that city from September 3 to 10, 1666, when 13,200 dwelling-houses, 87 churches, 6 chapels, 4 bridges, 3 city gates, the Exchange building, Custom House, Newgate Prison, and Guildhall were destroyed by fire.

An Illinois constable made a return on the back of a paper thus: "I executed this subpoena by trying to read it to John Mack, but he was drivin' cattle on horseback, and run faster than I could, and kept up such a hollerin' I don't know whether he heard or not. This is the best I could do, and don't know whether the subpoena is served according to law or not."

A rural gent of eighteen summers invested in a banana on the cars the other day; he carefully removed the peel and put it on the seat by his side; then he broke the fruit up in small bits, eyeing it anxiously as he did so. When this was done he picked up the peel, and shook it in his lap, and finally threw the pieces out of the window, remarking as he did so, "That's the fust of them prize packages I ever bought, an' it's the last, you bet."

A QUICK RECOVERY.—A Scottish trader was constantly afraid of his health, and imagined himself ill of every epidemic that was going. At length the cattle plague broke out, and he persuaded himself that he was ill with the disease, and sent in haste for the doctor, going over the symptoms of which he had read in the papers, all of which he fancied he had. "I hope you don't really feel so," said the M. D., "for there is an order by the Privy Council that every beast with these symptoms, must immediately be shot." The trader was soon well again.

An immense trade has sprung up in Paris in little specimens (*échantons*) of the "black bread" of the siege, and in bullets that have killed Communists. Several bakeries are kept in constant employment in maintaining the bread supply, while the importation of bread into the city has largely increased since the world went back again to amuse itself on the boulevards. A vagabond who was questioned by the authorities as to his means of support, lately replied that he was a manufacturer of "souvenirs." He passed his time firing bullets against a brick wall, and selling them after at a franc apiece.

Sleeping on the right side, in addition to permitting a freer action of the heart, has the great advantage of favouring the escape, through the pyloric orifice of the stomach, of that organ's contents by gravitation; the stomach then lying in an inclined position from left to right, which it also assumes when one is in the erect attitude. For people who limit themselves to light or easily digested suppers, or who go supperless to bed, the posture of rest may be a matter of indifference; but to individuals who are inclined to rotundity, or indulgence in hot suppers and accompaniments, the best way to avoid, or facilitate escape from uneasy sensations, is a question of interest.

A Baltimore poet, taking up an old theme, gives the end of Cleopatra in this style:—

She got a little p'ison snake,
And hid it in her gown;
It gave its little tail a shake,
And cooked her goose up brown.

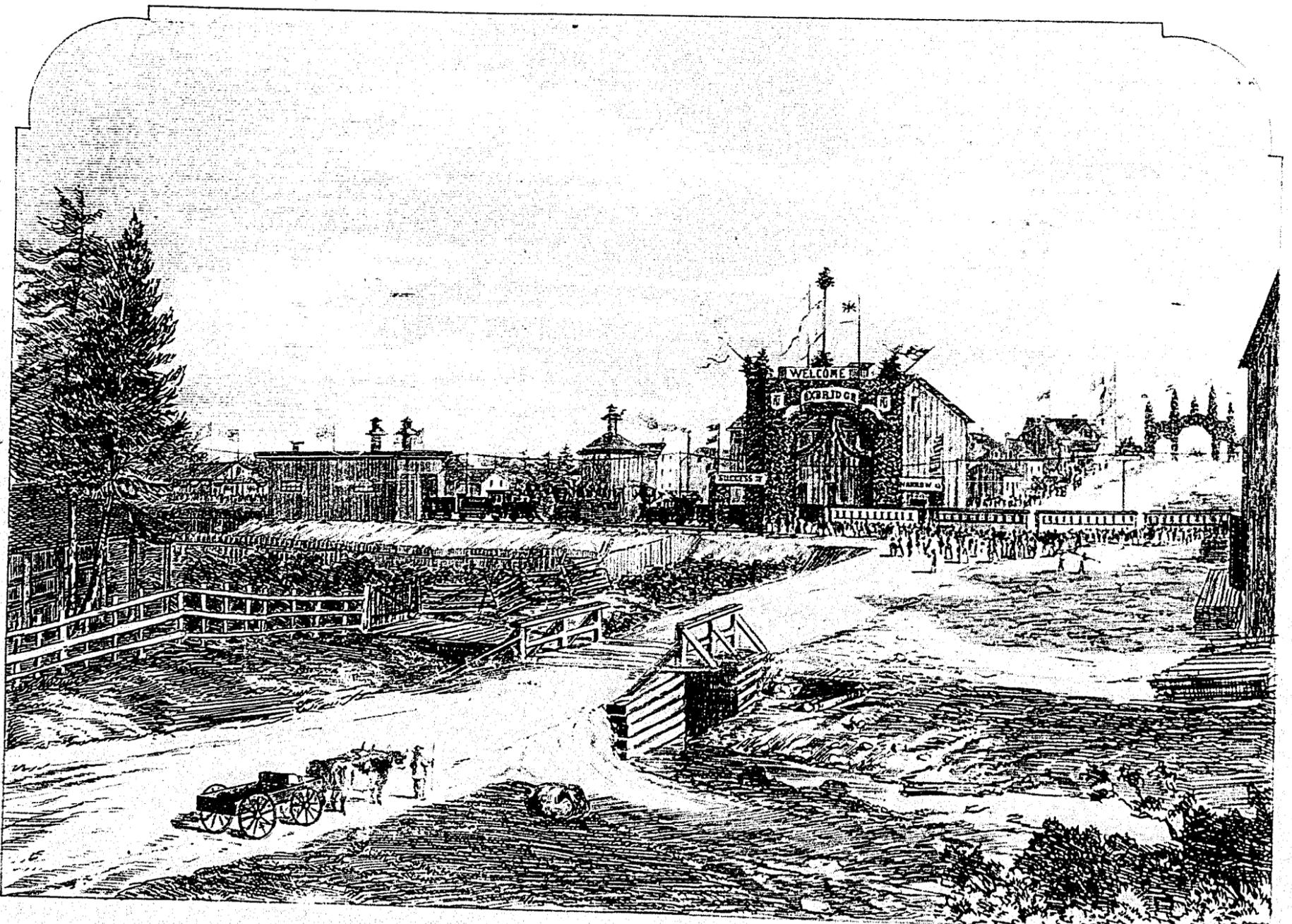
She tumbled down upon her bed,
Where she was wont to lie,
Removed the chignon from her head,
And followed Antony.

A good joke on a Davenport man has floated up the river from a Southern city. He went South to visit his friends, a short time since, and on the first day of his arrival struck a very lively party of boys. They turned the city round for him and ground him out very limp and humble at 2 a. m., when he was taken home and put in his little bed. Before retiring, the party got up a pleasant surprise for their friend, and damped him with mucilage, adding thereto a shower of feathers stolen from the pillow-case. The champagne hadn't stopped puffing in his head next day at twelve, when he awoke and staggered over to the washing-stand to commence his ablutions. Clapping his hand to his face, he discovered his new beard, and after taking a deliberate survey of the rest of his person, he sung out in a bewildered and perfectly resigned voice: "*Bird—hic—by thunder!*"

THE PRINTERS' "WAYZ-GOOSE."—It is also customary for all the journeymen to make every year new paper windows, whether the old will serve again or no; because on the day they make them the master printer gives them a "wayz-goose;" that is, he makes them a good feast, and not only entertains them at his own house, but besides, gives them money to spend at the alehouse or tavern at night; and to this feast they invite the corrector, founder, smith, joiner, and inch-maker, who all of them severally (except the corrector in his own civility) open their purse-strings and add their benevolence (which workmen account their duty, because they generally choose these workmen) to the master printer's; but from the corrector they expect nothing, because the master printer choosing, the workmen can do him no kindness. These "wayz-goose" are always kept about Bartholomew-tide; and till the master printer have given this "wayz-goose," the journeymen do not use to work by candle-light.—*Moxes, in Mechanick Exercises, 1683.*



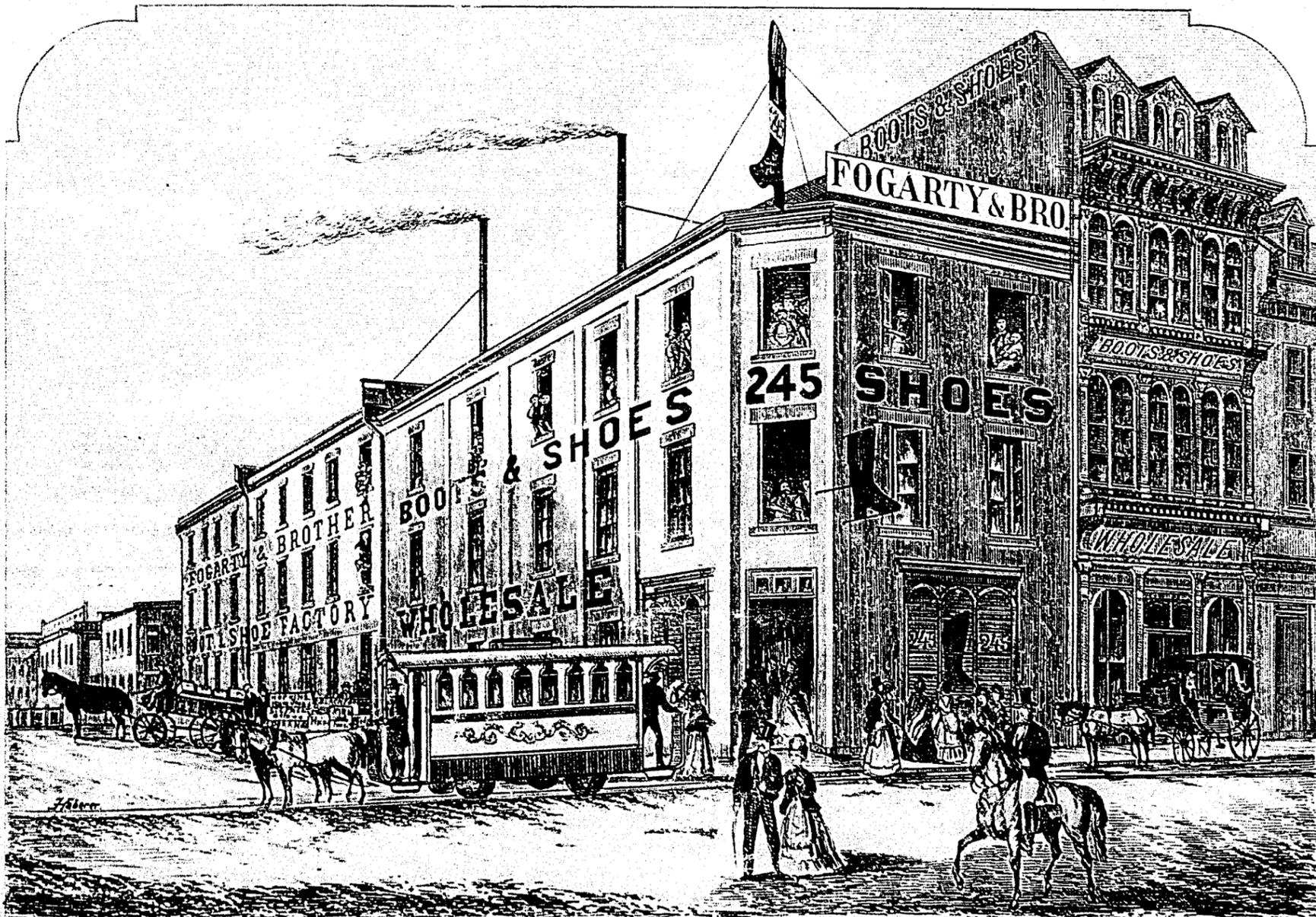
THE LATE BISHOP CRONYN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 226.



OPENING OF THE TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE PAINTED FOR THE PRESIDENT, JOHN SHEDDEN, Esq., TORONTO, BY W. ARMSTRONG.—SEE PAGE 230



THE LATE LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU.—SEE PAGE 226.



THE MONTREAL SHOE TRADE.—No. 1. MESSRS. FOGARTY'S FACTORY, CORNER ST. CATHERINE AND ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREETS.—SEE PAGE 231.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
OCT. 14, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 8.—	Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity. Admiral Phipp defeated at Quebec, 1690. Alfieri died, 1803.
MONDAY,	" 9.—	St. Denis, Abp. & M. Cervantes born, 1547. Sieur de la Barre, Governor, 1682. Proclamation of the King of Italy, declaring Rome an integral part of the kingdom, 1870.
TUESDAY,	" 10.—	Meeting of the Intercolonial Conference at Quebec, 1864. French defeated at Ardenay, 1870.
WEDNESDAY,	" 11.—	St. Ethelburga. Columbus discovered San Salvador, 1492. Guy Carleton, Governor of Canada, 1794. Surrender of Mantua, 1866. Occupation of Orleans by the Prussians, 1870.
THURSDAY,	" 12.—	Robert Stephenson died, 1859. General Lee died, 1870.
FRIDAY,	" 13.—	Translation of King Edward Confessor. Order of the Bath instituted, 1399. Battle of Queens-town Heights, Gen. Brock killed, 1812. Murat shot, 1815. Destruction of the Palace of St. Cloud, 1870. Archbishop Baillargeon died, 1870.
SATURDAY,	" 14.—	Battles of Jena and Auerstadt, 1806. Great Fire at Quebec, 1866.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 3rd October, 1871, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
W.,	Sept. 27.	62°	38°	50°	29.80	29.77	29.72
Th.,	" 28.	55°	48°	51°5	29.70	29.75	29.81
Fri.,	" 29.	54°	44°	4°	30.16	30.16	30.20
Sat.,	" 30.	55°	38°	46°5	30.30	30.37	30.35
Su.,	Oct. 1.	57°	42°	49°5	30.30	30.27	30.15
M.,	" 2.	60°	42°5	51°2	30.15	30.04	29.99
Tu.,	" 3.	60°	47°	53°5	29.75	29.68	29.62

NOTICE.

In the interest of our subscribers we are making arrangements with a News dealer in each city and town to deliver the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS and the HEARTHSTONE at their residences. This will ensure the delivery of every paper in good order. Instead of being folded and creased, the papers will be delivered in folio form, so that the fine steel engravings, published from time to time, will not be spoiled, and the premium plates and other extra publications issued to subscribers, will be delivered as from the press.

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

The subscriptions will be collected by the News-dealers who undertake the delivery; and for the convenience of book-keeping, we have made the current accounts end, as far as possible, with the present year. We beg that subscribers will pay as early as possible, and renew their subscriptions for next year at the same time.

After the 31st December next, the subscription to the NEWS will be \$4.00 per annum, if paid in advance, or within the first three months, after which it will be \$5.00. For six months the price will be in proportion. The postage, at the rate of 20 cents per annum, will be collected by the delivering agent to cover his express and delivery charges.

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

Durie & Son	Ottawa, Ont.
Israel Landry	St. John, N. B.
R. M. Ballantine	Hamilton, Ont.
E. M. Stacey	Kingston, Ont.
Henry & Bro.	Napanee, Ont.
T. B. Meucham	Dundas, Ont.
H. B. Slaven	Orillia, Ont.
Henry Kirkland	Flora, Ont.
A. J. Wiley	Bothwell, Ont.
F. A. Barnes	Kincardine, Ont.
McCaw & Bros.	Port Perry, Ont.
D. C. Woodman	Ferguson Falls, Ont.
P. Byrne	Prescott, Ont.
John Hart	Perth, Ont.
J. A. Gibson	Oshawa, Ont.
N. Reynolds	Petrolia, Ont.
J. C. Reynolds	Cobourg, Ont.
A. Morton	Collingwood, Ont.
Jno. Kelso	Paisley, Ont.
A. Hudson	Brantford, Ont.
W. L. Copeland & Co.	St. Catharines, Ont.
S. E. Mitchell	Pembroke, Ont.
N. B. Goble	Goble's Corners, Ont.
W. S. Law	Tisonburg, Ont.
Perry & Munroe	Fergus, Ont.
Yellowlows & Quick	Bowmanville, Ont.
E. A. Woodcock	Ingersoll, Ont.
Theo. J. Moorehouse	Toderich, Ont.
Wm. Bryce	London, Ont.
F. L. Kincaid	Brookville, Ont.
J. Rollo	Sherbrooke, Quebec.
W. F. Barclay	Wardsville, Ont.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1871.

BETWEEN the countless millions of misappropriated money and the five or six millions of men who are idle, except when engaged in killing each other, the world's industry has to pay a terrible tax for the world's needs and vices. The machinery of civil government is not, to be sure, framed exclusively for the repression of vice; on the contrary, it is fair to assume that the laws enacted for the government of society, the regulation of the rights of property and person, and other matters which come within the pale of civil jurisdiction, aim at a just definition of the terms upon which honest men of all grades in wealth and intelligence may live together in peace and harmony. But the evil inclinations of the human heart have always so frequently manifested themselves that to

restrain with the civil, and sometimes with the military, sword is a recognised duty imposed upon governments. Not merely within the circle of the society under each particular government is this duty imposed; but in self-defence each government is compelled to maintain—either through necessity, or custom—a large standing army to protect its territorial and other rights from the encroachments of its neighbours.

The latter feature is perhaps the more discreditable to the family of nations. That there should be a comptroller Connolly with kindred spirits to manipulate, to the advantage of themselves, the finances of the richest municipality in Republican America, is no more remarkable than that a Hodge should "operate" in army disbursements at Washington, or that the commercial and evangelical circles of English high class society should have been first edified and then scandalised by a Sir John Dean Paul, or that the less pretentious but more open-hearted and generous Irish circles, should have been shamed by the scoundrelism of a Sadleir. These things, bad as they are, and much room as they give to the scoffer; perhaps much temptation to villainy as they give the weak in morals who are needy in pocket; are far less reproachful to the aggregate of humanity than are the national crimes and jealousies which compel the necessity of maintaining immense standing armies, leaning upon the industry of the people, and depriving labour of its full reward because of the number of able-bodied drones it is compelled to maintain. Yet at the present time there is no more popular theme than that of army re-organization. Fortify here; increase the regulars there; arm and drill the reserves in another place; equip and increase the navy, are the common projects of national concern throughout Europe. One is naturally driven to the conclusion that nations are becoming more suspicious of each other's honesty, or more rapacious in their own lusts; and in either case it seems a very poor compliment to the moral teachers of the world, or a very high one to the "pure cussedness" of mankind—the latter, by the way, according to a certain western philosopher, a very strong feature in human nature.

Whatever may be the cause, it is really time, for those who have the direction of public affairs in hand, to consider how far their policy is calculated to win the affections of the people and hold them firm and true in the respect of law and order. Is not the wicked conspiracy called the "International Society" a response to some other combinations that have, from time to time, been formed, in higher quarters, in which the rights and comforts of the people were but very little considered? The Governments of Europe, especially of Continental Europe, would do well to reconsider the policy of their immense military preparations; to enter into an alliance which would assure the first nation which should violate its neighbour's territory that it would have every other in arms against it. Practically, this is the state of the case in civil society: a man violates the law of his State and in the name of the ruling power, whether Prince or people, the whole State is actually arrayed against him. By parity of reasoning a nation which violates the comity of nations, by going to war without a just cause, ought to have the community of nations banded together to resist it, and the nation which should give a just cause for making war upon it ought to receive its punishment from the same community. By such an arrangement the nations of Europe might decrease their armaments by more than one half, thus setting free several millions of men to add to the productive industry of the world, and lighten the burthen of taxation on the toiling millions who have now such a heavy load to bear. International Societies and Communism would fall before such a policy as this, if they were not fostered by pernicious training in the State schools and other places of public instruction. Where mere self-assertion is, in effect, a cardinal element in the popular creed, the science of government becomes hard indeed; and it is to be feared that the bad example of the rulers has at length been but too faithfully followed by their subjects. Honesty between nations would do much to cultivate respect for authority within them.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Murphy, who has been drawing crowded houses during the week, took a bumper benefit last night, and closes his engagement this evening, the piece to be placed on the boards being the Drama of "Help." Next week, commencing on Monday evening, the famous Coleman Children will be the special attraction, and their merits are sure to assure their "drawing."

THE "C. I. NEWS" TELEGRAPH LINE.—In mentioning this adjunct recently made to our business facilities it was inadvertently omitted to explain that for the use of the poles, to mount the wire, we were indebted to the "People's Line" as well as to the Montreal Company, the poles of the former

being used by our line to a very much larger extent, on account of their more convenient situation towards the route between our two establishments.

LITERARY NOTICES.

GUIDE TO FRENCH GENDERS, by Mrs. G. M. Pennée: Quebec, Middleton & Dawson, 1871.

This little work of thirty 12mo. pages is designed to enable the English-speaking community to readily distinguish the gender of French nouns; and in fulfilling this design, which it does most admirably, it will be no small aid to those of English education who are applying themselves to the study of French. There is nothing more perplexing to the young English student of the French language than to distinguish the gender of the nouns, and the little pamphlet before us appears to be the best guide to his judgment that has yet issued from the press. Mrs. Pennée has availed herself of Goodluck's work on "French Genders," and Bolmar's treatise on the same subject, in the preparation of her "Guide;" and in addition to combining the results of the labours of these two works she has added such extra words as by a careful investigation of the Dictionary of the Academy she found necessary. Doubtless the "Guide" will find its way into the hands of many students, and find general favour with teachers.

ALMANACH AGRICOLE, COMMERCIAL ET HISTORIQUE, de J. B. Rolland & Fils, pour l'année bissextile 1872, Montreal.

The Messrs. Rolland have been very prompt in the issue of their Almanac for next year. It is replete with such information as is usually found in the best current annuals, and the arrangement of the matter is excellent.

THE TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.

The wondrous energy of the citizens of Toronto and Hamilton in the promotion of railway enterprise has frequently been a theme for praise in our columns, and this week we insert an illustration of the formal opening of the Toronto and Nipissing road. Our picture is copied from one which was painted by Mr. Armstrong, of Toronto, a frequent contributor to our pictorial pages, for the President of the road, John Shedden, Esq. The opening, which took place on the 14th September, embraced that portion of the line from Toronto to Uxbridge. The following particulars are gleaned from the *Leader's* report of the event. Our Toronto *confidre* says:

"This memorable occasion had been eagerly looked forward to by the promoters of the narrow-gauge railways as the means of inaugurating a new era in the history of railways in Canada, and, thanks to the energy displayed by all parties interested, the success of the undertaking has exceeded their most sanguine expectations. The undertaking, as all are aware, had to encounter a good deal of opposition from rival enterprises and from the misgivings of over-timid individuals—a class of people found in every community, who are almost ashamed of their own shadows. All kinds of evil predictions were indulged in by the enemies of the new system, and it was called all kinds of bad names; but fortune finally favoured it, and the trip to Uxbridge yesterday and the character of the entertainment there have dispelled the fears of the incredulous and convinced the promoters of the road of the value of the venture. As might naturally be supposed, a large crowd of persons eagerly sought the privilege of joining the excursion party, and the directors had much difficulty in confining the number of guests to reasonable limits. Invitations, carefully but generously planned, were distributed far and wide—extending from one end of the Dominion to another. The opponents of the road, as well as its warmest friends, were cordially invited to attend for the purpose of inspecting the character of the work which had been brought to such a successful and satisfactory issue.

"Among the gentlemen who had accepted invitations from Toronto and neighbourhood, and with few exceptions were present, were the following:—Messrs. Gooderham & Worts, Chief-Justice Hagar y, J. J. Vickers, J. H. Morris, W. Copeland, C. Buchan, W. Farrell, F. W. Coate, M. Bradshaw, Ald. Medcalf, Ald. Vickers, W. Beatty, J. Gillespie, W. McLean, F. A. Rolph, Thos. Hamilton (Northern Railway), C. Belford, T. Maclear, T. Gray, T. Griffith, J. D. Merrick, Lieut.-Colonel Boxall, M. Anderson, Captain Jackson, W. S. Lee, F. C. Capreol, B. Haldan, Hugh Miller, A. McFarran, Ald. Hamilton, Hon. W. Macdougall, Judge Duggan, W. B. Phipps, John Stinson, W. M. Clark, W. Thomson, J. Leys, A. B. Lee, A. R. McMaster, G. D. Boulton, John Macnab, Wm. Cawthra, Hon. M. C. Cameron, H. J. Macdonnell, J. E. Smith, W. & R. Griffith, Attorney-General Macdonald, W. Myles, W. Crowther, A. Gregory, George Laidlaw, W. F. Munro, D. R. Briggs, J. Ritchie, S. Mutton, T. C. Clarkson, C. J. Moberly, E. Rutherford, Angus Morrison, M.P., W. Wharin, Hon. J. McMurrich, N. Atkins, William Galbraith, F. W. Cook, W. B. McMurrich, R. N. Gooch, J. Park, J. L. Beardmore, J. McBean, W. Davidson, W. Macdonald, A. T. Fulton, W. Thompson, F. Heward, R. Walker, Isaac Gilmour, F. P. G. Taylor, J. Metcalfe, M.P., J. Harvie, W. Buchanan, A. Fisher, H. Pellatt, D. Coffee, S. Ratcliffe, M. Sweetnam, A. Cameron, J. Robinson, D. Mackay, A. F. Todd, J. Hallam, J. Burns, John Morrison, G. M. Hawke, A. Milligan, Col. Shaw, W. S. Cousins, Dr. Ross, W. Davies, C. Parsons, W. T. Mason, S. M. Trout, A. Dredge, J. Brown, J. Boxall, Hon. J. Robinson, J. Michie, A. S. Oliver, T. H. Lee, J. M. Mason, A. Donaldson, J. Myles, J. Hendrie, W. Armstrong, W. Weatherstone, Ald. Hynes, G. P. Dickson, W. B. McMurrich, W. Kennedy, H. G. Julian, T. D. Harris, P. S. Stevenson, Hon. W. Cayley, W. Alexander, J. Paterson, Dr. Thornton, Ald. A. A. Riddell, Ald. F. Riddell, Ald. Harman, W. E. Elliott, Ald. Adamson, J. Bennett.

Among those from other parts were Messrs. H. Bethour, Sunderland; A. A. Burnham, Cobourg; A. B. Sing, Meaford; Col. Roulton, Port Hope; Mr. Street, Niagara Falls; C. Draper, Whitby; Wm. Bowman, London; J. A. Sangster, Stouffville; H. R. Corson, Markham; J. P. Wheeler, Woburn; J. Coyne,

M. P. P., Brampton; W. Barber, Aquila Walsh, M. P., Ottawa; J. C. Gilchrist, Woodville; M. Morrison, Lindsay; C. R. Sing, Vice-President of the North Grey Railway; M. Carron, Cannington; J. H. Thompson, do; F. Keller, Uxbridge; Hon. H. Aikens, Secretary of State, Ottawa; D. B. Chisholm, Mayor of Hamilton; H. Crosby, M. P. P., Unionville; G. H. Sylvester, Ringwood; J. Reesor, Markham; Wm. Eakin, Unionville; G. Flint, A. W. Busick, Stouffville; R. Henry, King; Isaac Burpee, St. John, N. B.; D. Carmichael, Sunderland; A. Gordon, Manchester; Wm. Hamilton, Uxbridge; J. E. Gould, do; J. Biglan, Port Perry; S. Bellingham, Montreal; R. J. Reekie, Montreal; J. G. Reesor, Markham; N. G. Nelson, Whitby; J. McLean, Montreal; S. Parrish, Uxbridge; Geo. Shier, Brock; B. Rowland, J. G. Scott, G. W. Wheeler, Woodville; J. B. Feasby, Uxbridge; W. M. Button, Markham; Geo. Chester, Scarborough; Judge Burnham, of Whitby; Mr. Higgins, do; H. Macdonnell, do.

THE TRIP TO UXBRIDGE.

The cards of invitation intimated that a special train would leave the Berkeley Street station at nine o'clock, and about that hour that locality was fairly alive with the prominent business men of the city, all eager to get off for a day's enjoyment on the Nipissing. The station was handsomely decorated with flags, banners, and appropriate mottoes, all reminding one of the triumph of the new system of railway. The stirring music of the 10th Royals added to the cheerful prospect of the trip, and the excursion train of ten cars, drawn by two locomotives, was gaily decorated with streamers and evergreens. The engines selected for duty on this occasion were the "Rice Lewis & Son," and the "Joseph Gould." Mr. Joseph Haggis, Superintendent of machinery, had charge of the train, with Mr. Wm. Moore, and Mr. George Blackbird as engineers, while Mr. T. A. Thompson discharged the duties of conductor. Mr. Sims, the Superintendent of the road, was also in attendance, and Mr. Wragge, the engineer under whose direction the road was constructed.

The Directors in attendance were—Mr. John Shedden, president; Mr. Wm. Gooderham, junr., Mr. T. C. Chisholm, Ald. Adamson, Mr. W. Copeland, Mr. George Gooderham, Mr. J. E. Ellis, Mr. J. Gould, and Mr. H. Macdonald.

A start was made about ten o'clock amid the firing of railway torpedoes, and a pleasant run was made to Uxbridge, which was reached about half-past twelve o'clock.

The various stations along the line were handsomely decorated, and triumphal arches were very conspicuous at all the stations. The town of Uxbridge presented a gay appearance; in fact, nearly every street was handsomely decorated in honour of the occasion, and beautiful triumphal arches abounded. This was an event that few inhabitants five years ago dreamed of as possible at this early day, and consequently the enthusiasm was unbounded. The country people crowded into town in hundreds for the purpose of joining in the general festivities, and a gay time they had.

Upon arriving at the station the excursion party were welcomed with loud cheering, and the band of the 10th Royals played "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Mr. Joseph Gould was in attendance to welcome the party to Uxbridge, and after the congratulatory ceremonies had been gone through with, the visitors marched to the drill shed, where a brilliant entertainment had been prepared for them by the well-known caterer, Mr. Webb, of this city. The splendid appearance of the tables, which were arranged to seat three hundred and fifty persons, must have greatly surprised the good people of Uxbridge and the surrounding country; but the Directors were determined to have the entertainment prepared in the most superb style, and Mr. Webb certainly carried out their wishes in the most praiseworthy manner.

Mr. John Shedden, president of the road, occupied the chair, and discharged the onerous duties throughout in a manner that gained for him golden opinions. Seated on his right and left were—Hon. H. Aikens, Secretary of State, Mr. William Elliott, Mr. Walsh, Commissioner of the Intercolonial Railway, Hon. Mr. McMurrich, Hon. M. C. Cameron, Mr. George Laidlaw, Hon. W. Macdougall, Wm. Gooderham, senr., J. G. Worts, Wm. Gooderham, junr., Ald. Medcalf, and others. Mr. T. C. Chisholm, Mr. J. E. Ellis, and Mr. J. Gould discharged the duties of vice-chairmen.

The dinner being over the President gave the usual toasts—"The Queen," "The Governor-General," "Lieut.-Governor of Ontario," "Dominion and Provincial Governments," &c. Success to the undertaking, the health of the President, &c., were among the other toasts. Among the speakers were Chief Justice Hagarty, Hon. M. C. Cameron, Hon. W. Macdougall, C. B., Hon. Messrs. McMaster and McMurrich, and several members of the Legislative Assembly. The lists of toasts having been disposed of the meeting broke up, and the excursionists started on their return home at six o'clock, and after an exceedingly pleasant run of two hours and a half arrived in the city in safety—a distance of forty miles.

MESSRS. FOGARTY & BRO.'S BOOT AND SHOE ESTABLISHMENT ON ST. LAWRENCE, ST. CATHERINE AND ST. DOMINIQUE STREETS.

The Shoe trade in Montreal has developed into extraordinary dimensions within the past ten or fifteen years. Since the date referred to, some twenty or twenty-five large establishments have sprung into existence, or grown up from small beginnings, until now the wholesale shoe business has become one of the most important in the city, giving employment to more than ten thousands hands and profitable investment to some millions of dollars. Among the largest of these is that of Messrs. Fogarty & Bro., which we are now about to describe:

This well-known Boot and Shoe Factory extends back from St. Lawrence Main Street to St. Dominique Street, in two wings, the length of each being one hundred and fifty feet by about twenty-five feet in width.

The one on the corner of St. Lawrence Main Street, with the side fronting on St. Catherine Street, is three stories in height, the basement of which extends the whole length and is divided into three parts, namely, Sole Leather room, Boiler room and Coal cellar. The ground-floor is occupied as Sales-room, Packing and Shipping rooms. In the second story of this building begins the manufacture of Boots and Shoes. The sole leather is first brought up to this department by a hoist from the sole leather room below, and is prepared for use by going through the following process: first, the side of leather is placed in the stripping machine, cut in strips to the required size of the shoe, put into a tank of water and left there until sufficiently soft, when the strips are taken and

passed through the splitting, rolling and dieing machines. The soles being now completed are assorted and placed away in sizes on racks all around this room ready for use. On this flat there is, besides the sole leather machines, two "McKay" flat sewing machines, capable of sewing about eight hundred pairs of boots and shoes per day, besides two "New Era" pegging machines, the whole being driven by steam-power.

The lasters are also on this flat. Their work is to place the insole on the last, put in the stiffener, draw the upper carefully over the last, and after being secured by lasting tacks, place the outer sole over all and tack it in its place; the last is then removed, and the shoe is ready for sewing by the McKay Sole Sewing Machine. It is then taken up to the "team" room on the third story, where the shoe is relasted; passed to the heeler, who builds the heel, after which it is trimmed by the trimmer; then blackened and burnished and the bottom scraped and sand-papered; the shoe is then brushed and placed away to dry; finished completely ready to be packed, and sent to all parts of the Dominion, as the addresses on the packing-cases indicated.

We now descend to the next story, from which we proceed to the new building by a bridge twenty-five feet long crossing the yard of the factory. This building, which was erected last year by the Messrs. Fogarty & Bro., at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, as a shoe factory of their own design, is without doubt the finest building in that end of the city, is four storeys high, and fronts on St. Lawrence and St. Dominique streets; the fronts are of cast iron, the side walls of brick; the length is 150 feet by 25 feet wide; the flats run the whole length of the building, and are lighted at both ends by twelve large windows, and in the centre by a skylight thirty feet long by six feet wide, with well holes on each flat to admit the light to each department; it is also well ventilated throughout. The roof is covered with white tin and galvanized iron. The whole exterior presents a very striking appearance.

In the basement, which is the full length of this building, is placed a large boiler, which heats the whole establishment through innumerable coils of steam pipes, and at the same time runs the steam engine for the factory. Piles of sole leather—English oak tan, slaughter, and Spanish—are stored here ready for cutting up. The first flat is used entirely as a store-room, and is well filled with cases of boots and shoes, rubbers and overshoes, from floor to ceiling, and from end to end. The second flat is occupied as upper leather cutters' department; a portion of this flat, which is the finest in the establishment, is set apart for all the different kinds of upper leather used in the manufacture of the different kinds of boots and shoes. French glove and satin kids, French calf and patent calf, goat and seal skins from the first makers; also, pebble grain, patent cow, buff, kip, cowhide, split, coloured sheep for linings, twilled shoe duck, Canton flannels, felt and prunellas, are here in quantities. The foreman's department is also here, where he gives out, receives and examines, the different kinds of work.

The fitting department, which is on the third flat, is the next attraction, and is immediately over the cutting and upper leather rooms. This immense room is without doubt the finest and best adapted fitting room in Montreal as regards extent and ventilation; it is the whole size of the building, and entirely devoted to the fitting or machining the uppers of boots and shoes. There are here at work 150 girls; the hours are from seven in the morning until six in the evening, with one hour for dinner. They are divided into two classes, namely: operators who run the machines, and fitters, whose business it is to prepare the work for the machines, such as basting, pasting, eyeletting, &c., &c. The average wages of the former is about \$4.00 per week, and the wages of the latter average about \$3.50 per week. Female labour is well adapted to this light branch of the shoe business. The machines used here are some 50 in number, and all of the best makers, comprising genuine Singer's and Howe's; also, Whittemore and Butterfield's wax thread machines.

The fourth flat is altogether occupied by the "teams," and is of the same dimensions as the fitting-room, but it is the best lighted, on account of its being the top flat of the building. In all the departments the walls and ceilings are whitened, which gives the whole interior a lively and lightsome appearance. The quality of the goods manufactured in this establishment is celebrated and justly so, not only for good workmanship, durability and style, but especially for the comfortable manner in which their shoes fit, for their patterns are so designed that to manufacture bad-fitting boots and shoes is an impossibility: a fact which mostly all their customers have testified from time to time. One striking feature in the character of this establishment is the cleanliness, order and regularity that are maintained throughout the whole of the different departments; no waste whatever, everything seemingly turned to advantage.

The hands employed by the Messrs. Fogarty & Bro., number about 300, male and female. The firm turns out about 1,000 pairs per day. Their sales amount to about \$300,000 per annum.

A GERMAN NAVAL INVENTION.—The *Bromberger Zeitung*, in a letter from Dantzic, gives some particulars regarding a curious and interesting addition to the German fleet. Three boats are just now in course of construction in Devrient's dockyard, the destination of which is to place torpedoes under, and thus to destroy an enemy's ships. These boats are built almost entirely of iron, and being about 60 feet long and only 6 or 7 feet broad, they have nearly the form of a fish. The deck is not flat, but round, so as to be but little exposed to damage from an enemy's shot. While employed in active operations no one will be visible on board. Contrary to the usual system, these boats will be steered from the bows; and on the deck, above the rudder, there is a slight elevation to allow the steersman to stand on his feet, and a small opening about an inch wide to serve him as a look-out. As they are intended to operate close to an enemy's vessels the armour will be as thick as is consistent with high speed. The most curious part of the invention, perhaps, is that the tiny screw steamers, or barcassen (long boats), as they are called, use petroleum as fuel, which is contained in a number of iron receptacles in the stern, of sufficient thickness to be impervious to projectiles. The chimney is so small that it can scarcely in any case be hit. A narrow gallery, about a foot broad, and enclosed by an iron chain, runs round the boat. The machines have all been furnished by Stockel and Wagenknecht, so that the boats have been produced in Dantzic from stem to stern. The hold for the torpedoes is in the middle of the boat, as well as the quarters of the crews.

One of the barcassen has already been launched, and is only waiting for her engine. The two others are still on the stocks. A lilliputian steamer has also been constructed in the same dockyard, in which the inspector of the harbour works will be able to go on his rounds with great rapidity. The whole thing is not larger than an average-sized rowing boat; it has no deck, and in the middle is the miniature steam machine, which is no more than 2 feet in diameter, and requires but little attention.

The silver statue of Napoleon I., which had disappeared from the Tuileries, and which half-a-dozen people have been accused of stealing, has been found. It was in an underground passage of the old Louvre, with other objects of art, and has been dug up in perfect condition. The well-known group representing the Prince Imperial playing with Nero's favourite dog—has also been discovered in a similar spot. A good many articles of vertu in the precious metals, that were thrust away at the time of the flight of the Empress, still remain undiscovered, however, and it is believed they have been spirited away to England.

A series of tables showing the strength, cost, &c., of the various armies of Europe has just been published at Vienna. We extract from these tables the following particulars, which show the actual force that each country has at its disposal in time of war:

Russia.—47 divisions of infantry and 10 of cavalry, 8 brigades of rifles and reserve, 149 regiments of Cossacks, 219 batteries of artillery, and 50 of mitrailleuses, making altogether 862,000 men, 181,000 horses, and 2,084 guns. (This includes the troops in the Caucasus, Siberia, and Turkestan).

Germany.—18 corps, including 37 divisions of infantry and 10 of cavalry, and 337 batteries of artillery. This force numbers 824,990 men, 95,724 horses, and 2,022 guns.

Austria.—13 corps, including 40 divisions of infantry and 5 of cavalry, and 205 batteries of artillery and mitrailleuses. The total force is 733,926 men and 58,125 horses, with 1,660 guns and 90 mitrailleuses.

England.—Army in process of reorganization.

Turkey.—6 corps of Nizam (regulars), 12 corps of redifs (reserves), and 132 batteries, making 253,289 men, 34,835 horses, and 732 guns.

Italy.—4 corps, with 40 infantry and 6 cavalry brigades, and 90 batteries: total force, 415,200 men, 12,868 horses, 720 guns.

France.—10 corps, with 32 infantry and 12 cavalry divisions, and 140 batteries: total force, 456,740 men, 46,995 horses, and 984 guns (including mitrailleuses).

Belgium.—145,000 men, 7,000 horses, and 152 guns.

Holland.—35,383 regulars, 87,000 militia, 5,200 horses, 108 guns.

Switzerland.—160,000 men, 2,700 horses, and 278 guns.

Roumania.—106,000 men, 17,675 horses, 96 guns.

Servia.—107,000 men, 4,000 horses, 194 guns.

Greece.—125,000 men, 1,000 horses, 48 guns.

Sweden (including Norway).—61,604 men, 8,500 horses, 222 guns.

Denmark.—31,916 men, 2,120 horses, 96 guns.

Spain.—144,938 men, 30,252 horses, 456 guns.

Portugal.—64,390 men, 6,320 horses, 96 guns.

From the above data it appears that the total of the forces for war purposes in Europe (taking the English disposable force at 470,779 men and 336 guns) is 5,164,300 men, 512,394 horses, 10,224 guns, and about 800 mitrailleuses.

The editor of a newspaper in Richmond, Va., recently received a polite note from a lady of respectability in that city, signed by her full name, announcing that she would, at 8 o'clock in the evening of that day, proceed to take her own life by the most available means, and respectfully soliciting the pleasure of a reporter's company to witness the ceremony. But the lady's friends spoiled the item, by using means to prevent the heart-rending consummation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ST. CATARINES.—This gentleman complains that we gave "some very incorrect details" of St. Catharines in our issue of the 23rd ult., and that the view of St. Paul Street was "most miserable." He also says that St. Catharines ought to be a "City." Were it in our power to give it a city charter, it should not be a day longer without; and were we capable of bringing up to the highest pitch of art local photographers whose pictures we have frequently to copy, we should gladly do so. But, in point of fact, we are compelled to take things as we find them; and in respect of St. Catharines, as of every other place, we did the best with the materials at our disposal, none of the parties referred to having furnished us any special information.

A. M. I. & R. J. C., STAYNER.—Will be attended to next week.

CHESS.

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

ENIGMA No. 14.

(From the Westminster papers.)

By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.

White.—K. at Q. Kt. 6th. Q. at K. R. 3rd. B. at Q. Kt. 2nd. Kt. at Q. 3rd. Ps. at K. 5th. and Q. Kt. 3rd.

Black.—K. at Q. 4th. Bs. at K. 4th. and K. Kt. sq. Ps. at K. 5th. Q. 3rd. and Q. R. 4th.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 34.

White.

1. Kt. takes P. ch.
2. Q. to K. B. 7th.
3. Kt. takes B. mate.

Black.

- K. to R. sq.
- B. takes Q.

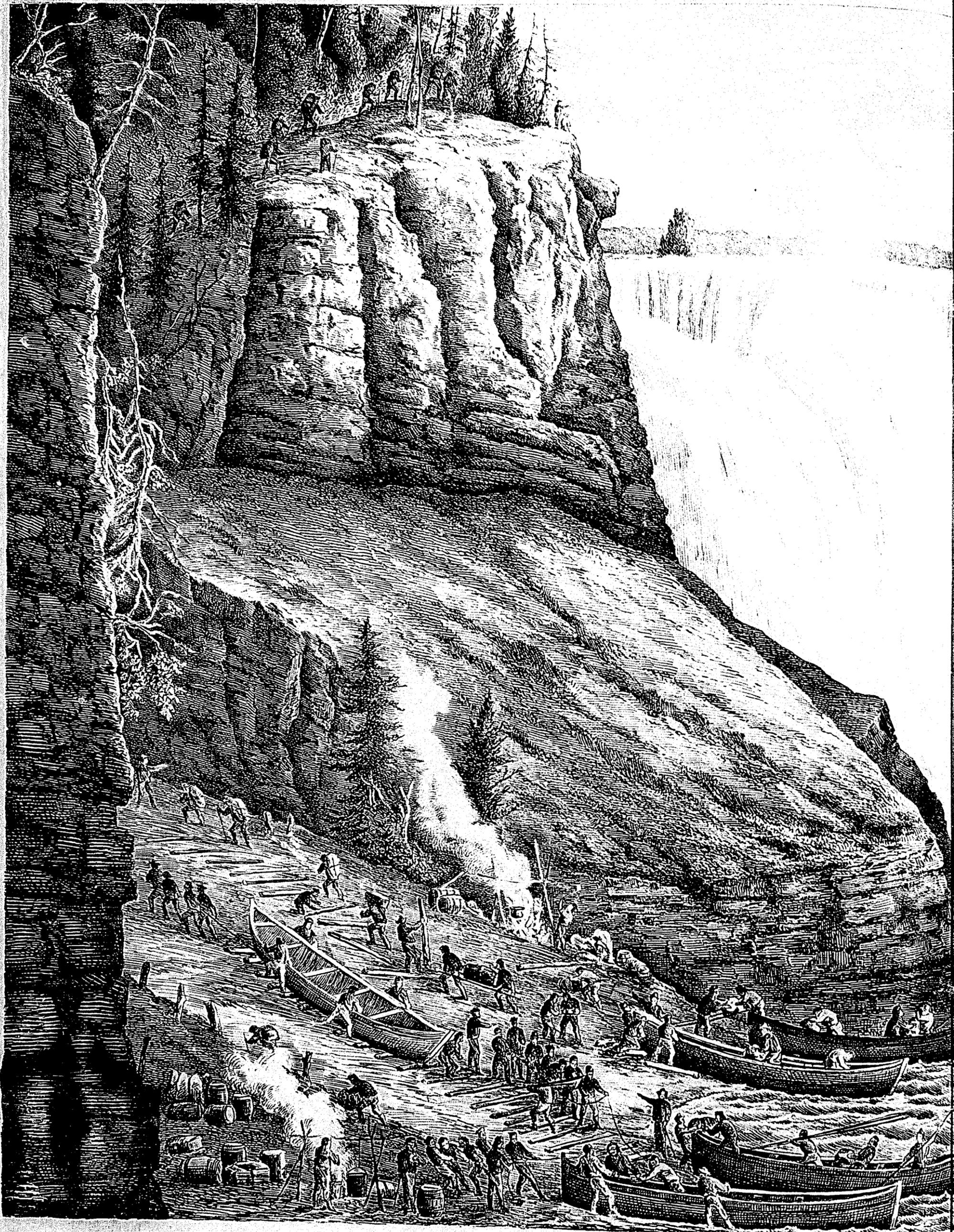
VARIATION.

1. Q. to K. R. 7th ch.
2. B. to Q. 6th. mate.

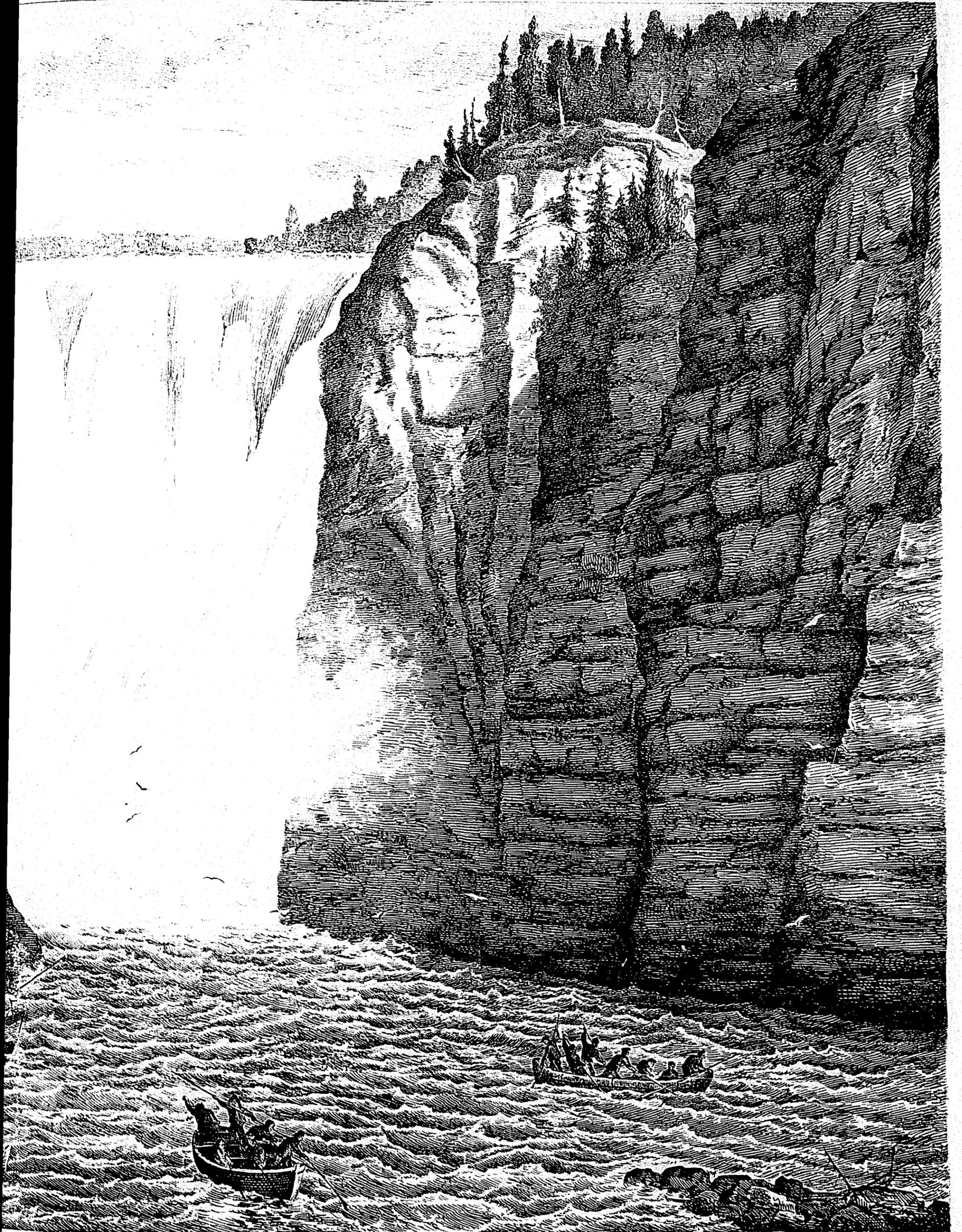
- P. takes Kt.
- K. to B. sq.

DIED.

On the 3rd instant, at the residence of her father, Mr. Globensky, of the Customs Department, Marie Cordilla Eugenie, aged 17 years.



KAKEBEKA FALLS AND PORTAGE



F.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.—SEE PAGE 227

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

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

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FROZEN STREAM.

BEFORE the winter arrived, I was well, and Charley had recovered the fatigue of watching me. One holiday, he and I set out alone to accomplish a scheme we had cherished from the first appearance of the frost. How it arose I hardly remember; I think it came of some remark Mr. Forest had made concerning the difference between the streams of Switzerland and England—those in the former country being emptiest, those in the latter fullest in the winter. It was—when the frost should have bound up the sources of the beck which ran almost by our door, and it was no longer a stream, but a rope of ice—to take that rope for our guide, and follow it as far as we could towards the secret recesses of its summer birth.

Along the banks of the stream, we followed it up and up, meeting a varied loveliness which it would take the soul of a Wordsworth or a Ruskin to comprehend and express. To my poor faculty the splendour of the ice-crystals remains the one memorable thing. In those lonely water-courses the sun was gloriously busy, with none to praise him except Charley and I.

Where the banks were difficult we went down into the frozen bed, and there had story above story of piled-up loveliness, with opal and diamond collars below. Spikes and stars crystalline radiated and refracted and reflected marvellously. But we did not reach the primary source of the stream by miles; we were stopped by a precipitous rock, down the face of which one half of the stream fell, while the other crept out of its foot, from a little cavernous opening about four feet high. Charley was a few yards ahead of me, and ran stooping into the cavern. I followed. But when I had gone as far as I dared for the darkness and the down-sloping roof, and saw nothing of him, I grew dismayed, and called him. There was no answer. With a thrill of horror my dream returned upon me. I got on my hands and knees and crept forward. A short way farther the floor sank—only a little, I believe, but from the darkness I took the descent for an abyss into which Charley had fallen. I gave a shriek of despair, and scrambled out of the cave howling. In a moment he was by my side. He had only crept behind a projection for a trick. His remorse was extreme. He begged my pardon in the most agonized manner.

"Never mind, Charley," I said; "you didn't mean it."

"Yes, I did mean it," he returned. "The temptation came, and I yielded; only I did not know how dreadful it would be to you."

"Of course not. You wouldn't have done it if you had."

"How am I to know that, Wilfrid? I might have done it. Isn't it frightful that a body may go on and on till a thing is done, and then wish he hadn't done it. I am a despicable creature. Do you know, Wilfrid, I once shot a little bird—for no good, but just to shoot at something. It wasn't that I didn't think of it—don't say that. I did think of it. I knew it was wrong. When I had levelled my gun, I thought of it quite plainly, and yet drew the trigger. It dropped, a heap of ruffled feathers. I shall never get that little bird out of my head. And the worst of it is, that to all eternity I can never make any atonement."

"But God will forgive you, Charley."

"What do I care for that," he rejoined, almost fiercely. "when the little bird cannot forgive me? I would go on my knees to the little bird, if I could, to beg its pardon and tell it what a brute I was, and it might shoot me if it would, and I should say 'Thank you.'"

He laughed almost hysterically, and the tears ran down his face.

I have said little about my uncle's teaching lest I should bore my readers. But there it came in, and therefore here it must come in. My uncle had, by no positive instruction, but by occasional observations, not one of which I can recall, generated in me a strong hope that the life of the lower animals was terminated at their death no more than our own. The man who believes that thought is the result of brain, and not the growth of an unknown seed whose soil is in the brain, may well sneer at this, for he is to himself but a peck of dust that has to be eaten by the devouring jaws of Time; but I cannot see how the man who believes in soul at all, can say that the spirit of a man lives, and the spirit of his horse dies. I do not profess to believe anything for certain sure myself, but I do think that he who, from merely philosophical considerations, believes the one, ought to believe the other as well. Much more must the theosophist believe it. But I had never

felt the need of the doctrine until I beheld the misery of Charley over the memory of the dead sparrow. Surely that sparrow fell not to the ground without the Father's knowledge.

"Charley, how do you know," I said, "that you can never beg the bird's pardon? If God made the bird, do you fancy with your gun you could destroy the making of his hand? If he said, 'Let there be,' do you suppose you could say, 'There shall not be?'" (Mr. Forest had read that chapter of first things at morning prayers.) "I fancy myself that for God to put a bird all in the power of a silly, thoughtless boy—"

"Not thoughtless! not thoughtless! There is the misery!" said Charley.

But I went on:

"—would be worse than for you to shoot it."

A great glow of something I dare not attempt to define grew upon Charley's face. It was like what I saw on it when Clara laid her hand on his. But presently it died out again, and he sighed—

"If there were a God—that is, if I were sure there was a God, Wilfrid!"

Very likely Charley and I resembled each other too much to be the best possible companions for each other. There was, however, this difference between us—that he had been bored with religion and I had not. In other words, food had been forced upon him, which had only been laid before me.

We rose and went home. A few minutes after our entrance, Mr. Forest came in—looking strange, I thought. The conviction crossed my mind that it was his footstep we had heard over our heads as we sat in the channel of the frozen stream. I have reason to think that he followed us for a chance of listening. Something had set him on the watch—most likely the fact that we were so much together and did not care for the society of the rest of our schoolfellows. From that time certainly, he regarded Charley and myself with a suspicious gloom. We felt it, but beyond talking to each other about it and conjecturing its cause, we could do nothing. It made Charley very unhappy at times, deepening the shadow which brooded over his mind; for his moral skin was as sensitive to changes in the moral atmosphere as the most sensitive of plants to those in the physical.



"One day, as we were walking together over the fields, I told him the whole story."

I could not answer. How could I? I had never seen God, as the old story says Moses did on the clouded mountain. All I could return was:

"Suppose there should be a God, Charley! Mightn't there be a God?"

"I don't know," he returned. "How should I know whether there might be a God?"

"But may there not be a might be?" I rejoined.

"There may be. How should I say the other thing?" said Charley.

I do not mean this was exactly what he or I said. Unable to recall the words themselves, I put the sense of the thing in as clear a shape as I can.

We were seated upon a stone in the bed of the stream, off which the sun had melted the ice. The bank rose above us, but not far. I thought I heard a footstep. I jumped up, but saw no one. I ran a good way up the stream to a place where I could climb the bank; but then saw no one. The footsteps, real or imagined, broke our conversation at that point, and we did not resume it. All that followed was:

"If I were the sparrow, Charley, I would not only forgive you, but haunt you for ever, out of gratitude that you were sorry you had killed me."

"Then you do forgive me for frightening you?" he said eagerly.

But unhealthy conditions in the smallest communities cannot last long without generating vapours, which result in some kind of outburst.

The other boys, naturally enough, were displeased with us for holding so much together. They attributed it to some fancy of superiority, whereas there was nothing in it beyond the simplest preference for each other's society. We were alike enough to understand each other, and unlike enough to interest and aid each other. Besides, we did not care much for the sports in which boys usually explode their superfluous energy. I preferred a walk and a talk with Charley to anything else.

I may here mention that these talks had nearly cured me of castle-building. To spin yarns for Charley's delectation would have been absurd. He cared for nothing but the truth. And yet he could never assure himself that anything was true. The more likely a thing looked to be true, the more anxious was he that it should be unassailable; and his fertile mind would in as many moments throw a score of objections at it, looking after each with eager eyes as if pleading for a refutation. It was the very love of what was good that generated in him doubt and anxiety.

When our schoolfellows perceived that Mr. Forest also was dissatisfied with us, their displeasure grew to indignation; and we did not endure its manifestations without a feeling of reflex defiance.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN EXPLOSION.

ONE spring morning we had got up early and sauntered out together. I remember perfectly what our talk was about. Charley had started the question: "How could it be just to harden Pharaoh's heart and then punish him for what came of it?" I who had been brought up without any superstitious reverence for the Bible, suggested that the narrator of the story might be accountable for the contradiction, and simply that it was not true that God hardened Pharaoh's heart. Strange to say, Charley was rather shocked at this. He had as yet received the dogma of the infallibility of the Bible without thinking enough about it to question it. Nor did it now occur to him what a small affair it was to find a book fallible, compared with finding the God of whom the book spoke, fallible upon its testimony—for such was surely the dilemma. Men have been able to exist without a Bible; if there be a God, it must be in and through him that all men live; only if he be not true, then in him, and not in the first Adam, all men die.

We were talking away about this, no doubt after a sufficiently crude manner, as we approached the house, unaware that we had lingered too long. The boys were coming out from breakfast for a game before school.

Amongst them was one of the name of Home, who considered himself superior, from his connection with the Scotch Homes. He was a big, strong, pale-faced, handsome boy, with the least bit of a sneer always hovering upon his upper lip. Charley was half a head shorter than he, and I was half a head shorter than Charley. As we passed him, he said aloud, addressing the boy next him:

"There they go—a pair of sneaks!"

Charley turned upon him at once, his face in a glow.

"Home," he said, "no gentleman would say so."

"And why not?" said Home, turning and striding up to Charley in a magnificent manner.

"Because there is no ground for the assertion," said Charley.

"Then you mean to say I am a liar?"

"I mean to say," returned Charley, with more promptitude than I could have expected of him, "if you are a gentleman you will be sorry for it."

"There is my apology, then!" said Home, and struck Charley a blow on the head which laid him on the ground. I believe he repented it the moment he had done it.

I caught one glimpse of the blood pouring over the transparent blue-veined skin, and rushed at Home in a transport of fury.

I never was brave one step beyond being able to do what must be done and bear what must be borne; and now it was not courage that inspired me, but a righteous wrath.

I did my best, got a good many hard blows, and planted not one in return, for I had never fought in my life. I do believe Home spared me, conscious of wrong. Meantime, some of them had lifted Charley and carried him into the house.

Before I was thoroughly mauled, which must have been the final result, for I would not give in, the master appeared, and in a voice such as I had never heard from him before, ordered us all into the schoolroom.

"Fighting like bullies!" he said. "I thought my pupils were gentlemen at least!"

Perhaps dimly aware that he had himself given some occasion to this outbreak, and imagining in his heart a show of justice, he seized Home by the collar, and gave him a terrible cut with the riding whip which he had caught up in his anger. Home cried out, and the same moment Charley appeared, pale as death.

"Oh, sir!" he said, laying his hand on the master's arm, appealingly, "I was to blame too."

"I don't doubt it," returned Mr. Forest. "I shall settle with you presently. Get away."

"Now, sir!" he continued, turning to me—and held the whip suspended, as if waiting a word from me to goad him on. It was a sudden outbreak of the beast in him.

"Will you tell me why you punish me, sir, if you please? What have I done?" I said.

His answer was such a stinging blow that for a moment I was bewildered, and everything recoiled about me. But I did not cry out—I know that, for I asked two of the fellows after.

"You prate about justice!" he said. "I will let you know what justice means—to you at least."

And down came a second cut as bad as the first. My blood was up.

"If this is justice, then there is no God," I said.

He stood aghast. I went on.

"If there be a God—"

"If there be a God!" he shrieked, and sprang towards me.

I did not move a step.

"I hope there is," I said, as he seized me again; "for you are unjust."

I remember only a fierce succession of blows. With Voltaire and the French revolution present to his mind in all their horror, he had been nourishing in his house a toad of the

same spawn! He had been remiss, but would now compel those whom his neglect had injured to pay off his arrears! A most orthodox conclusion! but it did me little harm: it did not make me think that God was unjust, for my uncle, not Mr. Forest, was my type of Christian. The harm it did was of another sort—and to Charley, not to me.

Of course, while under the hands of the executioner, I could not observe what was going on around me. When I began to awake from the absorption of my pain and indignation, I found myself in my room. I had been ordered thither, and had mechanically obeyed. I was on my bed, staring at the door, at which I had become aware of a gentle tapping.

"Come in," I said; and Charley—who, although it was his room as much as mine, never entered when he thought I was there without knocking at the door—appeared, with the face of a dead man. Sore as I was, I jumped up.

"The brute has not been thrashing you, Charley?" I cried, in a wrath that gave me the strength of a giant. With that terrible bruise above his temple from Home's fist, none but a devil could have dared to lay hands upon him!

"No, Wilfrid," he answered; "no such honour for me! I am disgraced for ever!"

He hid his wan face in his thin hands.

"What do you mean, Charley?" I said.

"You cannot have told me a lie!"

"No, Wilfrid. But it doesn't matter now. I don't care for myself any more."

"Then, Charley, what have you done?"

"You are always so kind, Wilfrid!" he returned, with a hopelessness which seemed almost coldness.

"Charley," I said, "if you don't tell me what has happened—"

"Happened!" he cried. "Hasn't that man been lashing at you like a dog, and I didn't rush at him, and if I couldn't fight, being a milk-shop, then bite and kick and scratch, and take my share of it? Oh, God!" he cried, in agony, "if I had but a chance again! But nobody ever has more than one chance in this world. He may damn me now when he likes. I don't care!"

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; "you're as bad as Mr. Forest. Are you to say such things about God, when you know nothing of him? He may be as good a God, after all, as even we should like him to be."

"But Mr. Forest is a clergyman."

"And God was the God of Abraham before ever there was a clergyman to take his name in vain," I cried; "for I was half mad with the man who had thus wounded my Charley. I am content with you, Charley. You are my best and only friend. That is all nonsense about attacking Forest. What could you have done, you know?—Don't talk such rubbish."

"I might have taken my share with you," said Charley, and again buried his face in his hands.

"Come, Charley," I said, and at the moment a fresh wave of manhood swept through my soul; "you and I will take our share together a hundred times yet. I have done my part now; yours will come next."

"But to think of not sharing your disgrace, Wilfrid!"

"Disgrace!" I said, drawing myself up, "where was that?"

"You've been beaten," he said.

"Every stripe was a badge of honour," I said, "for I neither deserved it nor cried out against it. I feel no disgrace."

"Well, I've missed the honour," said Charley; "but that's nothing, so you have it. But not to share your disgrace would have been mean. And it's all one; for I thought it was disgrace and I did not share it. I am a coward for ever, Wilfrid!"

"Nonsense! He never gave you a chance. I never thought of striking back: how should you?"

"I will be your slave, Wilfrid! You are so good, and I am so unworthy."

He put his arms round me, laid his head on my shoulder, and sobbed. I did what more I could to comfort him, and gradually he grew calm. At length he whispered in my ear—

"After all, Wilfrid, I do believe I was horridly struck, and it wasn't cowardice pure and simple."

"I haven't a doubt of it," I said. "I love you more than ever."

"Oh, Wilfrid! I should have gone mad by this time but for you. Will you be my friend whatever happens?—Even if I should be a coward after all?"

"Indeed I will, Charley.—What do you think Forest will do next?"

We resolved not to go down until we were sent for; and then to be perfectly quiet, not speaking to any one unless we were spoken to; and at dinner we carried out our resolution.

When bed-time came, we went as usual to make our bow to Mr. Forest.

"Cumbermede," he said, sternly, "you sleep in No. 5 until further orders."

"Very well, sir," I said, and went, but lingered long enough to hear the fate of Charley.

"Home," said Mr. Forest, "you go to No. 3."

That was our room.

"Home," I said, having lingered on the

stairs until he appeared, "you don't bear me a grudge, do you?"

"It was my fault," said Home. "I had no right to pitch into you. Only you're such a cool beggar! But, by Jove, I didn't think Forest would have been so unfair. If you forgive me, I'll forgive you."

"If I hadn't stood up to you, I couldn't," I returned. "I knew I hadn't a chance. Besides I hadn't any breakfast."

"I was a brute," said Home.

"Oh, I don't mind for myself; but there's Osborne! I wonder you could hit him."

"He shouldn't have jawed me," said Home.

"But you did first."

We had reached the door of the room which had been Home's and was now to be mine, and went in together.

"Didn't you, now?" I insisted.

"Well, I did; I confess I did. And it was very plucky of him."

"Tell him that, Home," I said. "For God's sake tell him that. It will comfort him. You must be kind to him, Home. We're not so bad as Forest takes us for."

"I will," said Home.

And he kept his word.

We were never allowed to share the same room again, and school was not what it had been to either of us.

Within a few weeks, Charley's father, to our common dismay, suddenly appeared, and the next morning took him away. What he said to Charley, I do not know. He did not take the least notice of me and I believe would have prevented Charley from saying good-bye to me. But just as they were going, Charley left his father's side, and came up to me with a flush on his face and a flash in his eye that made him look more handsome than I had ever seen him, and shook hands with me, saying—

"It's all right—isn't it, Wilfrid?"

"It's all right, Charley, come: what will, I answer."

"Good-bye then, Wilfrid."

"Good-bye, Charley."

And so we parted.

I do not care to say one word more about the school. I continued there for another year and a half. Partly in misery, partly in growing eagerness after knowledge, I gave myself to my studies with more diligence.

Mr. Forest began to be pleased with me, and I have no doubt plumed myself on the vigorous measures by which he had nipped the bud of my idleness.

For my part I drew no nearer to him, for I could not respect or trust him after his injustice. I did my work for its own sake, uninfluenced by any desire to please him. There was in fact no true relation between us any more.

I communicated nothing of what had happened to my uncle, because Mr. Forest's custom was to read every letter before it left the house. But I longed for the day when I could tell the whole story to the great, simple-hearted man.

CHAPTER XXIII

ONLY A LINK.

BEFORE my return to England, I found that familiarity with the sights and sounds of a more magnificent nature, had removed my past life to a great distance. What had interested my childhood had strangely dwindled, yet gathered a new interest from its far off and forsaken look. So much did my past wear to me now the look of something read in a story, that I am haunted with a doubt whether I may not have communicated too much of this appearance to my description of it, although I have kept as true as my recollections would enable me. The outlines must be correct; if the colouring be unreal, it is because of the haze which hangs about the memories of the time.

The revisiting of old scenes is like walking into a mausoleum. Everything is a monument of something dead and gone. For we die daily. Happy those who daily come to life as well!

I returned with a clear conscience, for not only had I as yet escaped corruption, but for the greater part of the time at least I had worked well. If Mr. Forest's letter which I carried to my uncle contained any hint intended to my disadvantage, it certainly fell dead on his mind; for he treated me with a consideration and respect which at once charmed and humbled me.

I fully expected that now at least he would tell me the history of the watch and the sword; even yet I was disappointed. But I doubt whether indeed he could have given me any particulars. One day as we were walking together over the fields, I told him the whole story of the loss of the weapon at Moldwarp Hall. Up to the time of my leaving for Switzerland I had shrunk from any reference to the subject, so painful was it to me, and so convinced was I that his sympathy would be confined to a compassionate smile and a few words of condolence. But glancing at his face now and then as I told the tale, I discovered more of interest in the play of his features than I had expected; and when he learned that it was absolutely gone from me, his face flushed with what seemed anger. For some moments after I had finished, he was silent. At length he said:

"It is a strange story, Wilfrid, my boy. There must be some explanation of it, however."

He then questioned me about Mr. Close, for suspicion pointed in his direction. I was in great hopes he would follow my narrative with what he knew of the sword, but he was still silent, and I could not question him, for I had long suspected that its history had to do with the secret which he wanted me to keep from myself.

The very day of my arrival, I went up to my grandmother's room, which I found just as she had left it. There stood her easy chair, there her bed, there the old bureau. The room looked far less mysterious now that she was not there; but it looked painfully deserted. One thing alone was still as it were enveloped in its ancient atmosphere—the bureau. I tried to open it—with some trembling, I confess; but only the drawers below were unlocked, and in them I found nothing but garments of old-fashioned stuffs, which I dared not touch.

But the day of childish romance was over, and life itself was too strong and fresh to allow me to brood on the past for more than an occasional half-hour. My thoughts were full of Oxford, whither my uncle had resolved I should go; and I worked hard in preparation.

"I have not much money to spare, my boy," he said; "but I have insured my life for a sum sufficient to provide for your aunt, if she should survive me; and after her death it will come to you. Of course the old house and the park, which have been in the family for more years than I can tell, will be yours at my death. A good part of the farm was once ours too, but not for these many years. I could not recommend you to keep on the farm; but I confess I should be sorry if you were to part with our own little place, although I do not doubt you might get a good sum for it from Sir Giles, to whose park it would be a desirable addition. I believe at one time the refusal to part with our poor little vineyard of Naboth was cause of great offence, even of open feud, between the great family at the Hall and the yeomen who were your ancestors; but poor men may be as unwilling as rich to break one strand of the cord that binds them to the past. But of course when you come into the property, you will do as you see fit with your own."

"You don't think, uncle, I would sell this house, or the field it stands in, for all the Moldwarp estate? I too have my share of pride in the family, although as yet I know nothing of its history."

"Surely, Wilfrid, the feeling for one's own people who have gone before is not necessarily pride."

"It doesn't much matter what you call it, uncle."

"Yes, it does, my boy. Either you call it by the right name or by the wrong name. If your feeling is pride, then I am not objecting to the name, but the thing. If your feeling is not pride, why call a good thing by a bad name? But to return to our subject: my hope is that if I give you a good education, you will make your own way. You might, you know, let the park, as we call it, for a term of years."

"I shouldn't mind letting the park," I answered, "for a little while; but nothing should ever make me let the dear old house. What should I do if I wanted it to die?"

The old man smiled, evidently not displeased. "What do you say to the bar?" he asked.

"I would rather not," I answered.

"Would you prefer the church?" he asked, eyeing me a little doubtfully.

"No, certainly, uncle," I answered. "I should want to be sure of a good many things before I dared teach them to other people."

"I am glad of that, my boy. The fear did cross my mind for a moment that you might be induced to take to the church as a profession, which seems to me the worst kind of infidelity. A thousand times rather would I have you doubtful about what is to me the highest truth than regarding it with the indifference of those who see in it only the prospect of a social position and livelihood. Have you any plan of your own?"

"I have heard," I answered circuitously, "that many barristers have to support themselves by literary work, for years before their own profession begin to show them favour. I should prefer going in for the writing at once."

"It must be a hard struggle either way," he replied; "but I should not leave you without something to fall back upon. Tell me what makes you think you could be an author."

"I am afraid it is presumptuous," I answered, "but as often as I think of what I am to do, that is the first thing that occurs to me. I suppose," I added, laughing, "that the favour with which my school-fellows at Mr. Elder's used to receive my stories is to blame for it. I used to tell them by the hour together."

"Well," said my uncle, "that proves at least that if you had anything to say, you might be able to say it; but I am afraid it proves nothing more."

"Nothing more, I admit. I only mentioned it to account for the notion."

"I quite understand you, my boy. Meantime, the best thing in any case will be Oxford. I will do what I can to make it an easier life for you than I found it."

Having heard nothing of Charley Osborne since he left Mr. Forest's, I went one day, very soon after my return, to call on Mr. Elder, partly in the hope of learning something about him. I found Mrs. Elder unchanged, but could not help fancying a difference in Mr. Elder's behaviour, which, after finding I could draw nothing from him concerning Charley, I attributed to Mr. Osborne's evil report, and returned foiled and vexed. I told my uncle, with some circumstance, the whole story; explaining how, although unable to combat the doubts which occasioned Charley's unhappiness, I had yet always hung to the side of believing.

"You did right to do no more, my boy," said my uncle; "and it is clear you have been misunderstood—and ill-used besides. But every wrong will be set right some day."

My aunt showed me now far more consideration—I do not say—than she had felt before. A curious kind of respect mingled with her kindness, which seemed a slighter form of the observance with which she constantly regarded my uncle.

My study was pretty hard and continuous. I had no tutor to direct me or take any of the responsibility of me.

I walked to the Hall one morning, to see Mrs. Wilson. She was kind, but more stiff even than before. From her I learned two things of interest. The first, which beyond measure delighted me, was that Charley was at Oxford—had been there for a year. The second was that Clara was at school in London. Mrs. Wilson shut her mouth very primly after answering my question concerning her; and I went no further in that direction. I took no trouble to ask her concerning the relationship of which Mr. Coningham had spoken. I knew already from my uncle that it was a fact, but Mrs. Wilson did not behave in such a manner as to render me inclined to broach the subject. If she wished it to remain a secret from me, she should be allowed to imagine it such.

(To be continued.)

[REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1858.]

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

"Whom, then, did you aim to save, in striking aside the deadly weapon?"

"Toby, my father's poor clerk."

"Not Lillymere?"

"And you, gallant sir, give me a life in every syllable of those precious words. No, no; not now were four thousand miles too far to come to be exalted to this unexpected, inexpressible joy! But, it was not Simon Lud I rode into the fight to save."

His response, if then formed in thought, was not spoken. The red flash of a cannon from a new position in the night combat, gleamed a moment on the black face of the scraggy forest. The flash soon followed by the roar. A streak of thin fierce light curving as a bow in the sky descended, brushing branches in weirdly whizzing ferocity; then exploding; tearing up stones; scattering fire and iron splinters in the bush thicket.

They had come a mile of the distance, and were riding easy, the escort twenty yards behind. Seeing other flashes, and other shells coming, the Captain called to the escort to halt, wheel about, and to Agnes to turn, and give her stead the rein.

At speed the party rode to camp; but as they approached saw live shells falling. The tent they had lately left was on fire, and the prisoner gone.

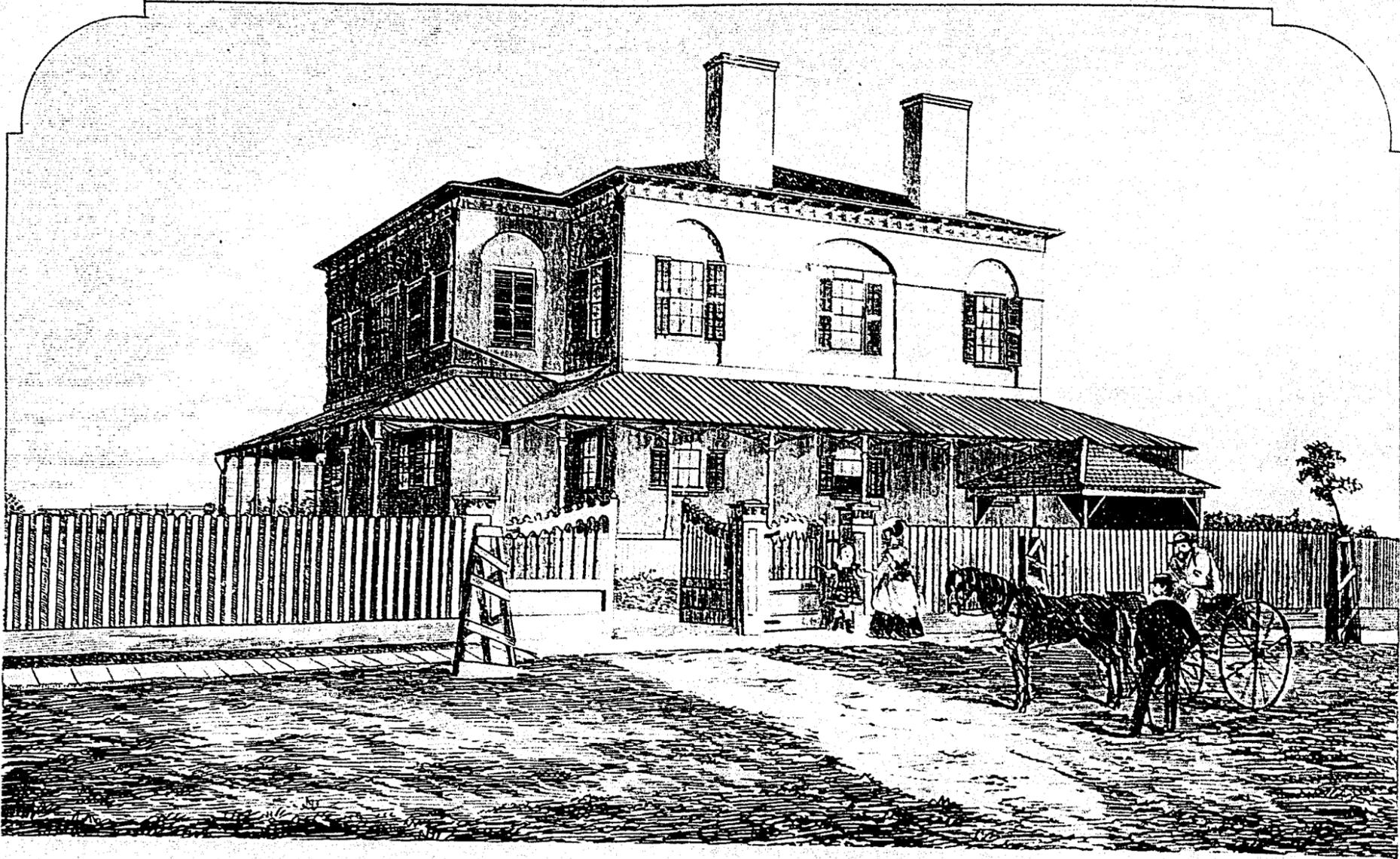
Hearing the Redbolt trumpets, and voice of Tass Cass, they rode in the lurid light to overtake the mounted troop, now out in pursuit of El Abra and the Guerilla scouts accompanying him. So the telegraph told nine hundred miles away, as you lately saw.

CHAPTER XXXV.

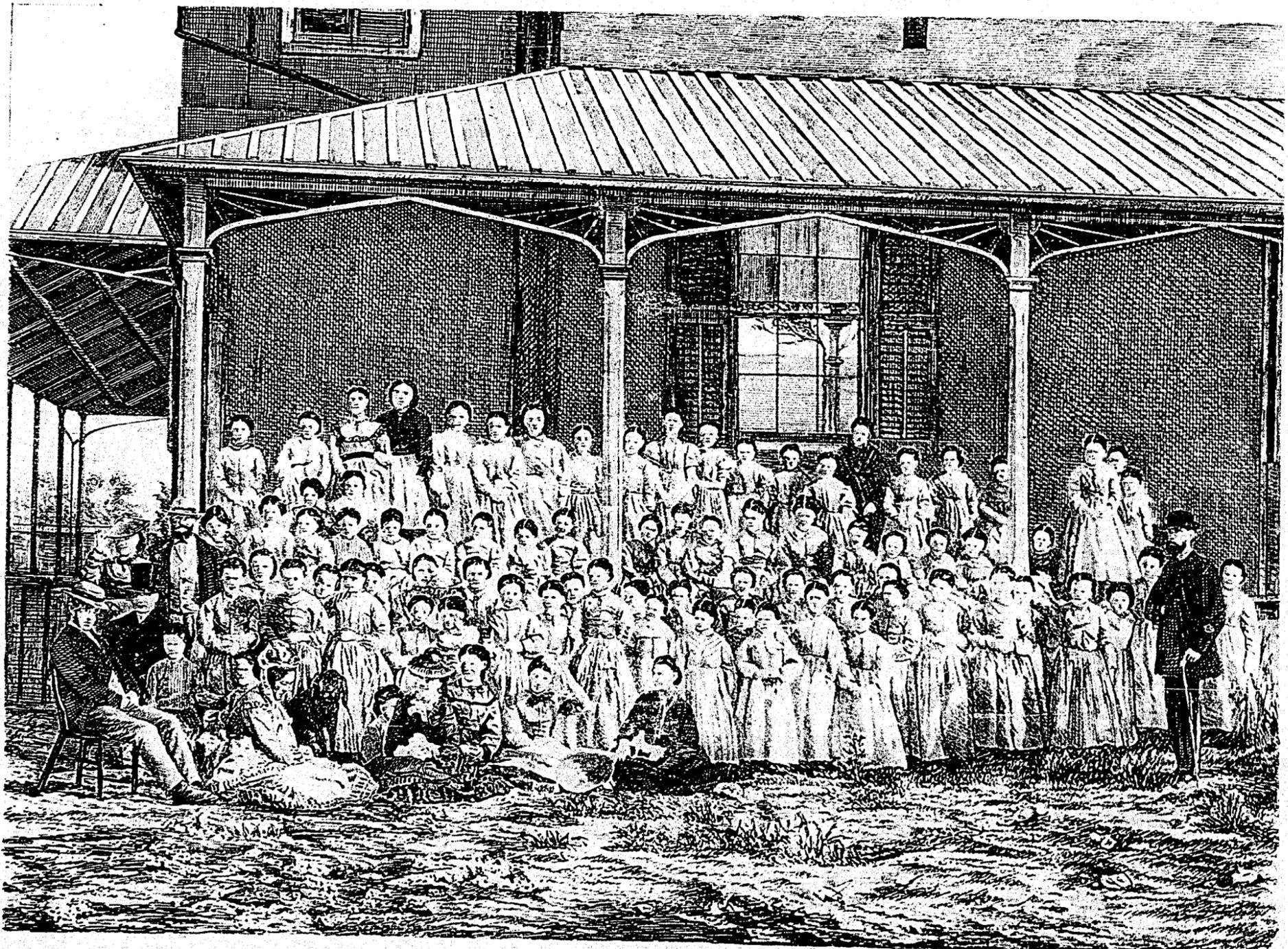
SUNK BY THE SCOURGE OF THE OCEAN, THE
CORSAIR SHIP EL ABRA.

Pursuing into darkness pursuing the Guerillas, the Redbolts rode across a plain, five miles, on tracks well-known in the day, but hazardous then. At foot of a gently sloping eminence they halted and took possession of the deserted Byner Clyne homestead, there to await daylight.

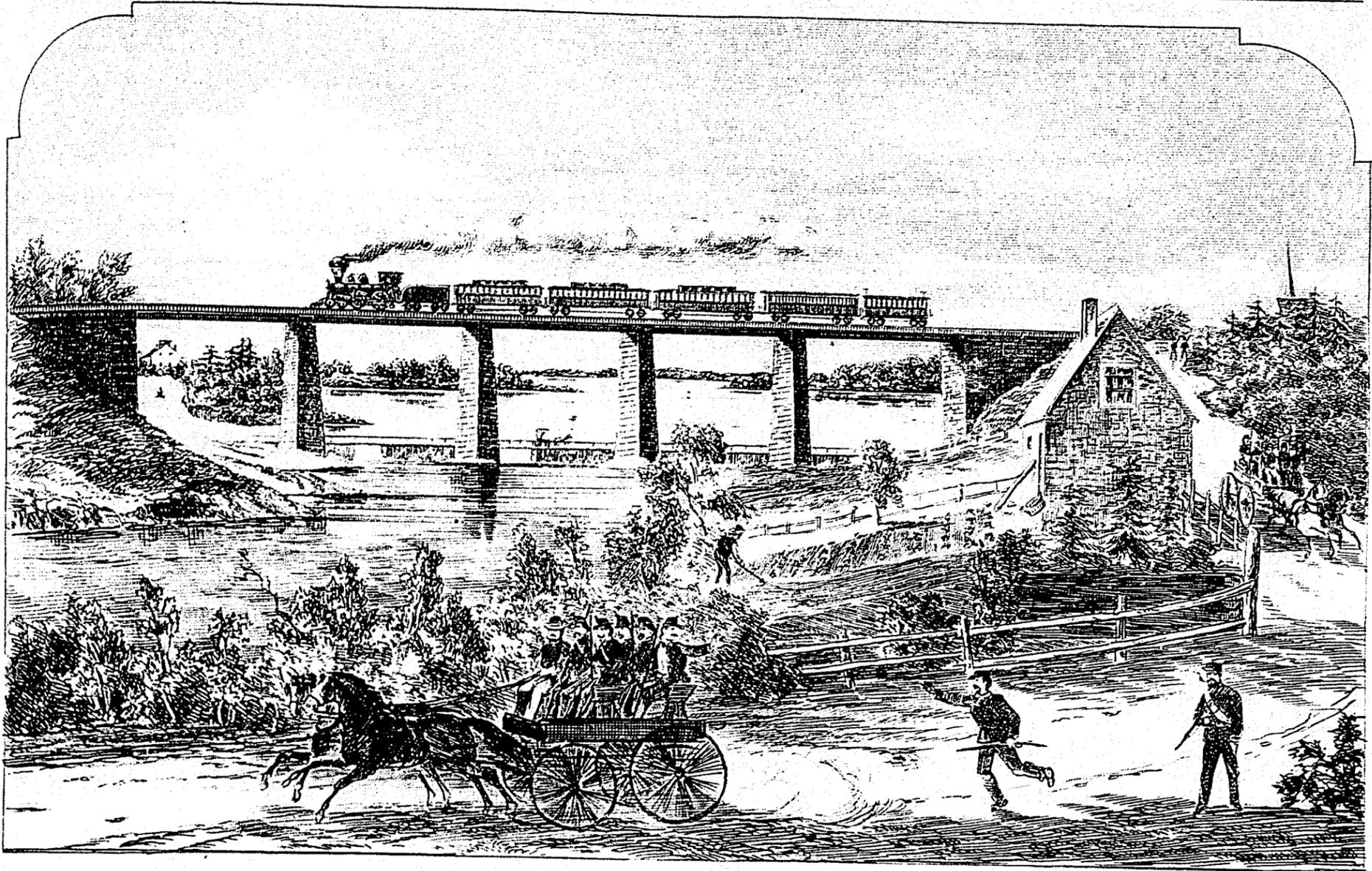
The captain, silent and deeply thoughtful, had given the lead to his lieutenant, and



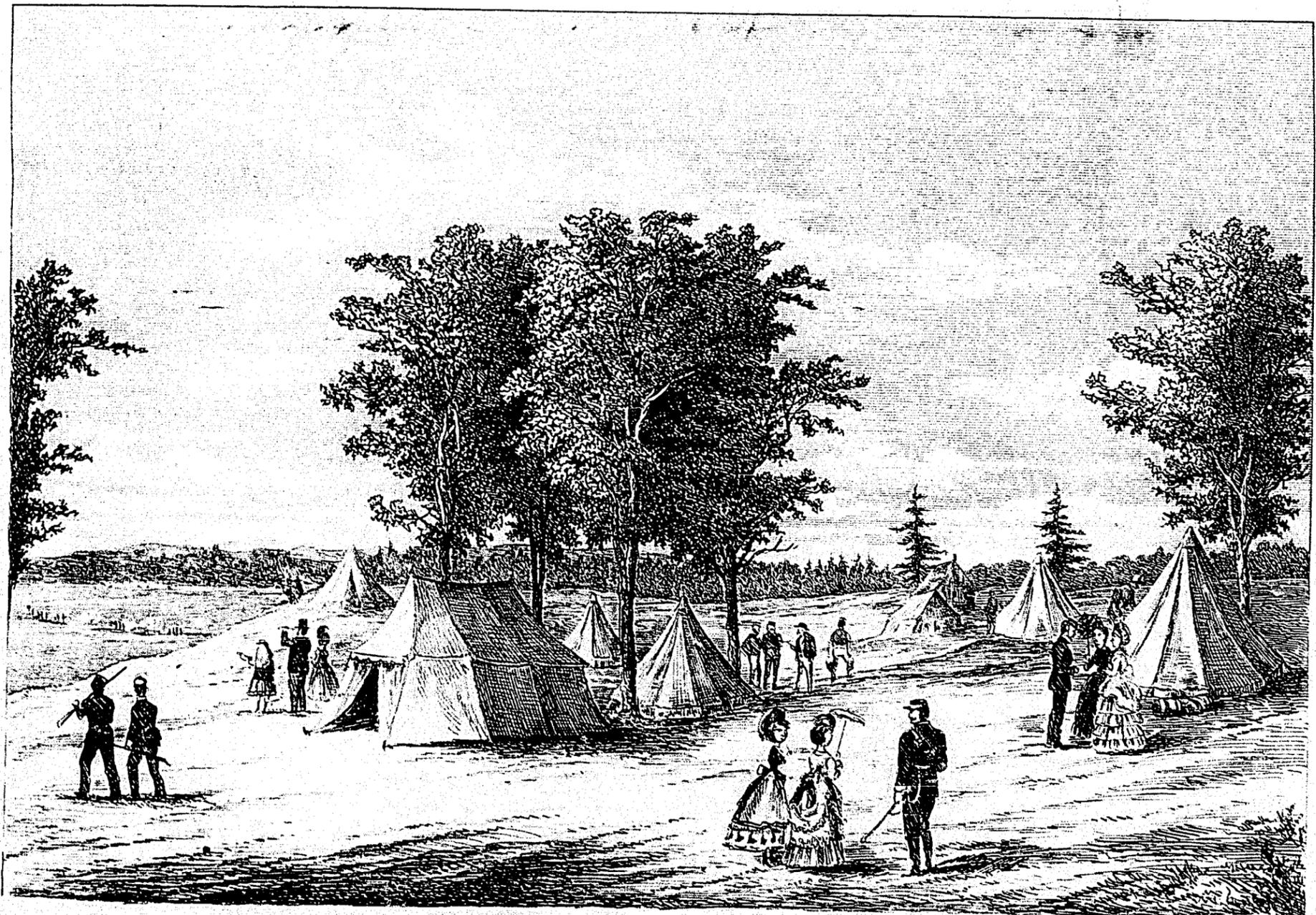
OUR WESTERN HOME, NIAGARA, ONT.—SEE PAGE 226



MISS RYE AND HER PROTÉGÉES



ON THE ROAD TO BEDFORD RANGE: A CONSIGNMENT BY THE 8 A.M. TRAIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 227.



VIEW OF BEDFORD RANGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 227.

came in the rear, looking guardedly to either flank lest of surprise, the lady riding a horse's length ahead of him. She had attempted to place her steed alongside of his and converse; but he replied not to her remarks otherwise than:—

"Permit me, madam, to ride last; we are in a place of danger."

A second time she would have fallen back to companionship, and to remark on the brief, possibly very brief, life-time now before her; but he spoke curtly:

"I beg you will proceed, Madam, in the order we now march in. Should we be so fortunate as to meet when this war is over, explanations may be given. With first daylight I send you under escort to the Provost Guard, where you'll meet the other lady. Should you both be urgent in taking to the duties of ambulance nurses, the authorities in superior position to me will, no doubt, accept the offered help. The Redbolt scouts are on a service where lady nurses cannot be retained."

"Ah me!" sighed Agnes, in bitterness; "his ambition to be a distinguished soldier shuts out every other sentiment. One cold word from him freezes the life in me. Half an hour ago when I thought him tender my heart fluttered in light and warmth. I will ride forth into the night and go away. On, and out into the world, anywhere, and never turn. At last I shall sink to the ground, and my horse will go his way."

While thoughts of this import engrossed the mind of the maiden, the stern captain of cavalry held communion with himself, thus:—

"What luxury of expectancy to revel in happy married life in the bright future, could I believe in the love of Agnes. And could I enclose her for safety within castle walls and palace gardens until this war is ended. And I from this great American conflict parted; transferred to the service of my own nation. To aid in the development of human happiness in my own land. The spirit of ancestry within me tells it is native land, destined to perpetuity of national life, and to a moral grandeur excelling physical magnificence."

After exulting in the grand future of British Empire, he reverted to the lady companion:

"Dare I admit the fond belief this lady comes hither for me alone? Her family are lawyers of acumen and far-reaching policy. She may share their nature. Her father called me impostor while yet I pretended to nothing but what others constrained me to permit them to do. He was unjust and cruel."

"Yet how unspeakably greater is this wrong of coldness to his daughter if she be here really through love for me? Braving perils of ocean and of battle-fields for love of me? I extending no tender hand to hers; to hers more than once offered."

"Am I in love a miser, avaricious, who would thus enrich myself? Take into my inner being the rich love of Agnes, but give nothing in exchange until I prove how true and pure the treasure is she offers?"

"Heavens! what am I trifling with? Perilous my own soul with? The pure passionate love of a young life offered to my acceptance. Her presence here means bride of the future, if I can rise to the full estimate of what it has cost her to conquer the reluctance of delicate perceptions and refined associations, for sake of meeting me at such hazard."

"Mystery of nature! The outflow of a pure moral impulse constrained in this direction, as mine at first to her by lines and links of the affinities, instant as electricity, subtle as unhidden thought."

The villa residence at Byner Clyne bore appearances within of having had visitors not many hours before, although the Redbolts knew it to have been deserted by the Clyne family since Sumter. A kitchen stove was still warm, and fragments of a dinner remained. But to repeated calls no voice answered. Sentinels were posted outside, and the horses picketed in the sheds. Then rooms were allotted; the best in point of furniture and seclusion to the lady.

Captain Lud appointed an orderly to wait on Agnes. Then he went to her himself, leaving open the door, to learn if she had any special instruction to give.

"No, sir, I require nothing. If it pleases you to furnish an escort for me in the morning, well. If not I ride alone, or remain here, as my inclination may be."

"Miss Schoolar, were this a London drawing-room, or were we in peaceful Canada, I might address you in a different attitude. But your personal honour and mine demand —"

A voice interrupting:

"That you go to peaceful Canada."

He looked around, but saw no one who could have spoken, unless some Redbolt troopers in the next room.

"It sounded as a woman's voice," Agnes remarked.

"One of the men," he rejoined, "making himself pleasant at my expense. They begin to suspect me unfit for command seeing a lady in my retinue. An additional reason that we part, Miss Schoolar, to meet—not again until the war is over. I advise that either you return to England at once, or go to Canada. Suppose you go to Conway in Canada and dwell near Mrs. Renshaw—El Abra's mother. She is a woman of a quiet generous nature,

though mother of such a son. No, you had no opportunity to see him. He is gentle or ferocious; generous or cruel; simple as a child or cunning as an evil spirit. Physically powerful; mentally a master among men. Such is the character I've heard of him; and as this night we have experienced. Good-night, madam; may you sleep well."

"You began, sir, talking of El Abra's mother, and don't finish. What would you I did beside her?"

"You would learn all she knows about me. Your discretion, Agnes, might alight on means of communication with me should you desire it. Or you might learn the movements of El Abra in Canada."

"And betray them to you, Captain? Really, you would have me stoop lower than nursing in a field ambulance in track of the Redbolt cavalry?"

"That is not the meaning to be implied, madam. If El Abra, in his escape to-night, has carried the packet with him, which he showed me and described in your hearing, it might be useful to Miss Schoolar to know into whose hands it passes."

"Captain, that packet containing proofs of your birthright was pressed on me by El Abra, when you were absent awhile from the tent. I refused it, lest you might have thought me sordid. I came to America to be near Toby, if wounded, not to assist Lillymere to his title and estates."

"The Guerilla offered the proofs of my birthright? And you, Agnes, declined the burden of their possession?"

"I refused them, saying that if accepted, you'd despise me as sordid."

"Noble Agnes! A time may yet come when all my thanks and all my love may be told."

"Tell it now while I'm alive, Toby. Tell some of it now, dear Toby. That I may have life, going away in the morning; life to await your coming out of this war. Come out of the war now, dear Toby. Will you?"

"Agnes, every sentiment of tenderness must now yield to the duty demanded by the service I'm in."

"El Abra told of the mother, whom you have only known in dreams, being within a day's journey, come from England, looking for you, her lost boy. Will you not go meet her? Protect her? Give her joy at seeing her lost one alive?"

"Miss Schoolar, it may be the Guerilla Chief spoke truth, when he told of the presence at his home of the mother whom I have prayed the Holy Heavens to bring me to, in this life or in another life; she whom I don't know to have seen except in dreams; whose vision comes within me as a part of my own being. It may be true she is within a day's journey, yet not even to that gracious presence could I depart from my post of duty in this crisis of a nation's life—the Hope of Mankind."

He paused at this superlative; then proceeded to another.

"Agnes, if passionate love had a language all its own, and I the master of its eloquence, I'd tell through every hour, in every circuit of the sun between now and death, that I love, I love you!"

"Oh, Toby! Do my poor tingling ears hear you truly?"

"Truly do I speak, Agnes. Hard has it been on me to-night to repress this utterance; but now you have the asseveration."

"And the utterance of the precious words I have heard gives to this timid heart strength. Oh, come out of danger, Toby!"

"I have but faintly spoken the love I bear you, Agnes. It exceeds the compass of language."

"Come out of danger, Toby. Come to England."

"Not until this war is ended; the most righteous war a nation ever engaged in, for suppression of the least justifiable of any rebellion known to history. Not until this supreme conflict ends, could I separate from it to accept the fortune said to be awaiting me in England."

"Nothing more awaiting but title and estate in England?"

"Perchance my bride, and a bridal day, in presence of which the fair and flowery world will glow in fresher beauty. But even that delectable day and joy must yield, and are postponed until this war is ended. Good night, Agnes. Let us dream."

Agnes observed in her room traces of former occupants, indicating feminine youth and refinement; one or more ladies whom the storm of war had driven forth, as it had drifted herself in. When she had composed tumultuous thoughts to a degree of quietude, sleeping some and dreaming, she was awakened by the opening of a door opposite to that of her entrance, and of the Captain's departure. It had been examined and seemed bolted, its key away. A tremulous voice spoke:

"Miss Hestra, are you sleeping?"

Agnes, peering from the muslin curtains, observed a black woman in white night-dress, holding a taper. The voice spoke again:

"Miss Byner Clyne, are you there?"

Then the woman advanced, drew aside the muslin, held the light higher, lower, this side the face, and that side, muttering:

"The war makes folk so different, I cannot be sure it is Miss Hestra Byner Clyne."

Though this was spoken in the vernacular of a negress, and might here require some bad spelling, Agnes noted that the plural word 'folk' was spoken grammatically. The woman continued:

"I ought to know all the Miss Byner Clynes ever born, yet am uncertain if I ever saw this one. But the war does change folk so much. I've let her sleep. Poor dear, whoever she be, her sleep is good."

Agnes, feeling at heart that this woman was sympathizing and gentle, put forth her hand; touched the fingers of the negress; opened her eyes, and entreated softly:

"Hush! Don't be alarmed. I'm not Miss Clyne, but a friend."

"A friend of the cause?"

"A friend of your cause? Yes."

"We are all rebs here. How you, a young lady, should be sound asleep in this house with those Yankees all around is more than I understand. Are you a prisoner?"

"In a manner I'm a prisoner. They have not ill-treated me, thus far."

"D'ye know Missus El Abra?"

"The great Chief, El Abra? Yes."

"Not the General himself; I mean his mother."

"His mother? Thought his mother was in Canada?"

"She is here. Would you choose see her? She wants to know if you'll escape with her. There is like to be a great fight in the morning. You had best flee in time."

"Where do you go?"

"None know where I take to. I stay by this house; was born here; will die here."

"Are you a free woman, or slave?"

"They say all negroes are now freed, to help the Yankees in this war. If I'm a slave, I'll die in the war a slave, and in this house, which I may call my own almost. The Byner Clynes are good folk, and always treated coloured servants good."

"What is your name?"

"Henny Rinky. If you be friend of the Byner Clynes, you cannot but have heard talk of Henny Rinky, sure."

"Let me explain, Henny, please. I am their friend in the sense of not being an enemy. But I'm a stranger, and would not like you to inform me of anything about the Clyne family, or the rebel cause, which a stranger may have no right to know."

"Are you American born?"

"No; I'm English."

"English! And a prisoner? El Abra is English, they say. Where did you fall into hands of the Redbolts?"

"When they fought with El Abra, some hours ago."

"You'd have to conceal yourself with me underground, if not escaping before the fighting begins. There will be the a'mightiest battle this morn, I'm told, ever fought in creation. Miles and miles, as far as a mule would trot to harness in a day, is full of men a-going to battle at daylight."

"I am likely to go into the battle also, Henny. You spoke of escape; but where escape to? And how, surrounded by armies on all sides?"

"Anyway, best rise now and prepare. The Redbolts will be caught in this trap by daylight or soon after, and every one hung. I'll go now to Rhoda El Abra, and return in ten minutes. Be ready then, if you value life and a woman's honour."

When the coloured housekeeper retired, Agnes leapt from her couch; and while arranging her dress, held conflict with herself, thus:

"Toby and his men to be entrapt and hung! Service of honour dictates, what? I knowing the design not to disclose it, because confided to me by one of those under whose protection I'm to be, if protected at all. Betray confidence; I did not seek the confidence. Must inform and warn Toby at all hazards. But how?"

The captain had locked the lady's chamber door outside. Agnes sought egress, and failing, invited notice by tapping, but none answered.

Presently the black housekeeper returned by the other door, of which she had the key; followed by El Abra's mother, a venerable matron of middle stature, whose abundant hair had become a freckled fawn and white. It descended from beneath a muslin mutch, made in form of a hood, with knots of black ribbon, in clusters of natural curls to her shoulders, and down the back, outside a cloak of Canada grey. They did not delay over formal introductions. The matron, addressing the young lady, said:

"You are Miss Schoolar, the English lady who spoke with El Abra to-night? I've seen him since. He told me what passed. I am in this place by accident, and against my will. Came in search of my son to draw him from this war if possible. If not possible, to save at least some of his property. And now it will be all I can do to escape. There is a way, however, which you also may take. If preferring to go with me you may, possibly after a time, obtain possession of the packet, so important to Lillymere, which you declined to accept a few hours since. If the Captain be discreet he will follow with us, or quickly depart from hence."

Such the substance of a hurried conversation.

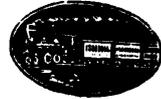
"Give me leave, Senora El Abra —"

"Stay, not that; I'm Mrs. Renshaw from Canada; and going to that country, right away."

"Give me leave, Mrs. Renshaw, to privately consult with Toby, at least to warn him."

(To be continued.)

CANADA CENTRAL —AND— Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY,
SEPT. 25, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

Express at 7:30 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 12:50 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 4:10 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, and arriving at Ottawa at 8:10 P.M., and at Sand Point 9:00 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.

MAIL TRAIN at 5:20 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

at 1:30 P.M., 7:18 P.M., and 9:00 P.M.

LEAVE SAND POINT

at 5:30 A.M., 9:10 A.M., and 4:30 P.M.

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

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

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

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

H. ABBOTT,

Brockville, 1st Sept., 1871.

Manager.
4-15 tf

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BARTON & GUESTIER'S,

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NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S

CLARETS, SAUTERNES, BARSAC,

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See name on Label. 4-15 tfvv

1851. Honorable EXHIBITIONS. Mention 1862.

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CHEAP INSTRUMENTS.

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OPTICIANS and MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS

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

71 & 73, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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

HOSPICE St. JOSEPH.
Montreal, Aug. 5th, 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR:
SIR.—On former occasions our Sisters gave their testimonials in favour of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine; but having recently tested the working qualities of the "Family Singer" manufactured by you, we feel justified in stating that yours is superior for both family and manufacturing purposes.

SEUR GAUTHIER.

VILLA MARIA.
Montreal, Sept. 7th, 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR:
SIR.—Having thoroughly tested the qualities of the "Family Singer" Sewing Machine manufactured by you, we beg to inform you that it is, in our estimation, superior to either the Wheeler & Wilson or any other Sewing Machine we have ever tried, for the use of families and manufacturers.

Respectfully,
THE DIRECTRESS OF VILLA MARIA.

HOTEL DIEU DE St. HYACINTHE.
11th September, 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR, Montreal:
SIR.—Among the different Sewing Machines in use in this Institution, we have a "Singer Family" of your manufacture, which we recommend with pleasure as superior for family use to any of the others, and perfectly satisfactory in every respect.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY
OF L'HOTEL DIEU, St. HYACINTHE.



THEATRE ROYAL

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

FRIDAY EVENING, 5th October. Benefit of Mr. JOSEPH MURPHY. A great Irish, Dutch and Negro Festival.

SATURDAY EVENING, 7th October. Last night of the engagement of Mr. MURPHY, on which occasion will be presented the Drama of

HELP.

MONDAY EVENING, 9th October. Last Week of the Fall Season. Engagement of the youthful Dramatic and Musical *Peeples*, the

COLEMAN CHILDREN.

ALICE, CLARA, and LOUIE.
Who will appear in a new comedy, written expressly for them by T. B. DeWalden, Esq., entitled
THE RISING GENERATION.
During the week they will appear in all their WONDERFUL SPECIALITIES.

FRIDAY EVENING, 13th October. Benefit and Last night but one of the COLEMAN CHILDREN, when a bill of extraordinary merit will be presented.

ADMISSION: Dress Circle, 50c.; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle, 75c.; Family Circle, 25c.; Pit, 25c.; Private Boxes, \$1. Seats reserved at PRINCE'S MUSIC STORE. Doors open at 7 1/2; performance to begin at 8.



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STEEL PENS.**

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501 THE 501

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NON-EXPLOSIVE, INODOROUS,**

NO SMOKING CHIMNIES.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

C. T. M. ORR,
60 Craig Street.

4-1-1

ORIGINAL.

Said Annie to Jean, "I must have a gold ring!"
Said Jean, "I would prefer some other thing."
Oh, dear! everything's so pretty; such goods I adore.
We will each have a work-box in Harper's new Dollar Store."

How time passes by! Still new goods come on.
Oh, ye Allan Steamers, how fast you do run!
As strangers and citizens view the block-
I solicit your call at my new Dollar Store.

Come! rush on, you Public, we won't keep you long.
To the Cathedral Block the central throng;
If you purchased ten times you will still wish for
more.
For every one's rushing for Harper's new Dollar
Store.

4-1/11

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

MY FRIENDS and the PUBLIC are
heretofore requested to take notice that although
Mr. W. ROBERTS carries on his business under the
name of ROBERTS, REINHOLD & CO., I have no
connection with his firm, and have had none what-
ever for more than two years. I take this occasion
to state that I am in the Establishment of MESSRS.
LEGG & CO., and I hereby solicit for their firm
the patronage of those who, being acquainted with
me, have confidence in my ability.

(Signed.)
R. REINHOLD.

4-3/4

TO CAPITALISTS.

AN eligible opportunity is now offered to
invest \$20,000 to \$30,000 in a business in this
city.
A return on the amount of Capital invested, at a
rate of interest to be agreed on, will be guaranteed
to any one desirous of entering into a limited part-
nership.
Communications, which will be considered confi-
dential or both sides, can be interchanged through
D. R. STODART,
Broker,
146, St. JAMES STREET.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the
undersigned, endorsed "Tenders, Welland
Canal," will be received at this Office until Noon of
Wednesday, the 25th day of October next, for the
execution of the following mentioned works on the
WELLAND CANAL:

- 1st.—Construction of a Mooring Wharf, and Deep-
ening the Harbour of Port Bathurst.
 - 2nd.—Lightening the East Bank of the "Deep Cut"
between Allanburgh and Port Robinson.
 - 3rd.—Deepening and Enlarging the Harbour at
Port Colborne.
- Plans and Specifications can be seen at this Office,
and at the Welland Canal Office, St. Catharines,
(where Forms of Tender may also be obtained) on
and after Tuesday, the 10th day of October next.
The signatures of two solvent persons, residents of
the Dominion, willing to become surety for the due
fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each
Tender.

The Department does not, however, bind itself to
accept the lowest or any Tender.
By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 19th Sept., 1871. 4-4-11

L. N. ALLAIRE,
MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION
MERCHANT.

Store: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAPORS: SAULT AU
MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: Corner of
PETER & JAMES ST. QUEBEC. 3-15-22

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WHAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE
building in St. Therese Street, Montreal, now
occupied by the Military Control Department as
Stores. Very suitable for a Wholesale Boot and
Shoe factory, or other similar purposes; also for
Stores. Possession 1st of May.

Apply to
D. R. STODART,
Broker, 48, Great St. James Street

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One of the best Assortment of TRUSSES in the
Dominion, all kinds and sizes, suitable for the
largest adult or smallest child, of the best English
and American manufacture.

Also, Abdominal Supporters, Umbilical Bands,
Suspensory Bandages, Chest Expanders, Eye Shades,
Silk Stockings.

A Selection of Surgical Instruments.
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Branch: 363, St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

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Use Harry Lewis' Bug Exterminating Soap. Cer-
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sale at all Drug Stores, and wholesale and retail at
the

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JAMES GOULDEN,
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Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes.
SODA WATER, cold as Ice, combined with pure
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BRUSHES—Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Shaving, and
Flesh Brushes, Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs,
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Plants, Gooseberry and Currant Bushes, &c., &c.

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For Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes.
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City of Montreal, licensed by the College of
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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
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their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of
Medical aid given.
All transactions strictly private.
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4-11-11

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Proprietor.

Established for the purpose of qualifying Oper-
ators for the new Telegraph Lines now
building throughout the Dominion and the
United States.

This Institution having been established three
years, may now be considered a permanent College.
Its rapid growth and prosperity are due to the de-
mands of the Telegraph community, and the great
success which has attended the Proprietor is due
simply to the able manner in which the system has
been conveyed to the Pupils by the Professors at-
tached to the Institute.

The rapid development and usefulness of the
Electric Telegraph, and the consequent ever-increasing
demand for First-Class Operators renders the
opening of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity.

Telegraphic Superintendents view this move-
ment as one made in the right direction. Commercial
Colleges have, to some extent, assumed the responsi-
bility of teaching in this, as well as in other branches
of business education. The knowledge of Telegraphy
gained in this manner has always been looked upon
as being second rate. So much so that the Colleges
in Chicago, Milwaukee, Buffalo, New York, &c., have
discontinued the practice of Teaching, and recom-
mended the Telegraph Institute as the proper place to
acquire this highly interesting, scientific and profit-
able art.

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study
the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at
present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a
pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify them-
selves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy.
Graduates on leaving the Institute are presented
with a diploma of proficiency, which will enable them
to act immediately as vacancies occur throughout the
Dominion of Canada and the United States. At first
salaries of \$20 a month may be secured; after two
years' experience on the lines, from \$30 to \$50 a
month can be commanded; while in the United States
from \$100 to \$120 per month are paid.

The possession of a knowledge of Telegraphy is espe-
cially open to Ladies; in fact, they are the favorites as
operators both in England and America, commanding
higher wages, as compared with other employments,
than men, while they have the natural facility of ac-
quiring the system sooner. A fair knowledge of reading
and writing are the only qualifications necessary, and
any person of ordinary ability can become a competent
operator. This has been proved by graduates who,
with a very slight education and no idea of the *modus
operandi* of Telegraphy on entering, have become
good operators in a few months. Students have also
an opportunity of learning rapid writing. Some of
our students who could but hardly write their names
now take down a message at the rate of from 25 to 30
words a minute.

THE DUTIES OF AN OPERATOR.

There is no trade or profession which requires so
small an amount of labour, and at the same time
where the employee has the same amount of freedom
and independence, being at all times master of the
instrument over which he presides, generally in an
office by themselves, without either foreman or
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usual hours of attendance required is from 10 to 12
hours per day, less the usual hours for meals. Oper-
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Institute is fitted up in a most complete and practical
manner, with all the usual fixtures, &c., of a regular
Telegraph office on a large scale. Messages of every
description, Train news, arrivals and departures,
Market Reports and Cable messages are sent and re-
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instruction is given to each pupil, according to cap-
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expense are spared to qualify the students for impor-
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may commence their studies at any time, and con-
tinue at the College until they are proficient operators,
without any further charge. There are no vacations.
Hours of attendance, from 9 A.M. to noon, and from
1 1/2 to 6 P.M. The time occupied in learning aver-
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Some pupils who are now on the lines completed their
course of study in from five to eight weeks.
The terms for the full course of instruction is Thirty
Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all neces-
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each student.

A line has been constructed on which students of
this Institute will have actual practice, when suffi-
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tion, the repairs will be conducted by a Professor of
Telegraphy, under the eyes of the students; so that
a really practical knowledge may be attained in
every branch of the Science of Telegraphic Communi-
cation.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Proprietor.

Montreal, June, 1871.

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A GENERAL ASSORTMENT
ALWAYS ON HAND. 2-23-11



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R. M. BOUCHETTE,
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STOCK AT

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**N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring
Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26**

AN ARTIST of good judgment and taste,

accustomed to touching up photographic nega-
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PARTIES REQUIRING A FIRST-CLASS

article, at an unusually low price, will do
well to take advantage of the present opportunity
and get their Coal out of the vessels now discharging
the following descriptions: it can be seen unloading
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SCOTCH STEAM,

NOVA SCOTIA,

&c., &c.

S. W. BEARD & CO.,

Foot of McGill Street.

4-6m

SEA-SIDE DRAMA.



SCENE 1.—THE RENDEZVOUS.



SCENE 2.—THE RUSE.



SCENE 3.—DISGUISED VISIT.



SCENE 4.—GUANT RESCUE.



SCENE 5.—REVEALED AFFECTION.



SCENE 6.—INVISIBLE REWARD.

From "Punch"

"BEST IN USE."

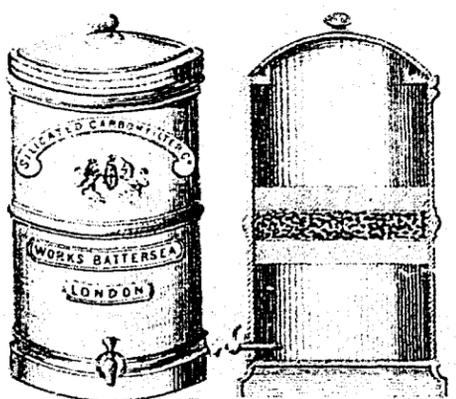
THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 2-15H

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

A BONA-FIDE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM. For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease.

PREPARED BY HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing Chemist, MONTREAL. For sale at all Drug Stores in the Dominion. Price, 25 cents. Druggists can be supplied from any of the Wholesale Houses. 3-25z



PURE AND WHOLESOME WATER.

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED SILICATED CARBON FILTERS.

Besides animalcula of all kinds, these Filters extract Vegetable and Mineral Impurities, making the Water wholesome and refreshing. They are acknowledged to be the most perfect WATER PURIFIER known.

TO BE HAD OF MOST DRUGGISTS. J. V. MORGAN, 89 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal, P. Q. 4-4m

WANTED.—TEN RESPECTABLE YOUNG MEN and Three YOUNG LADIES, to qualify as Telegraph Operators. For particulars see advertisement of Dominion Telegraph Institute. Terms: \$30.00 for the full course, including use of instruments and line. Apply at the Dominion Telegraph Institute, 89, St. James Street, Montreal. Also, at the offices of the C. J. News, Hearsthouse and L'Opinion Publique, No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill. 4-11H

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 18 feet front by 21 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees, and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to D. R. STODART, Broker, 116, St. James Street, 4-12H



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

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

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE

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

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C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-24H

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