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General Illustrated News

VOL. III.—No. 2.

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OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY,

No. 53.—THE MOST REV. ASHTON OXENDEN, D. D.
LORD BISHOP OF MONTREAL, AND METROPOLITAN
OF CANADA.

The changes through which the Anglican Church in Canada has passed within the last twenty years have been of a marked and most important kind: and though preceding, still of the same character as—and it may have been foreshadowing—the similar development of the country's political institutions. Dr. Fulford was the last of "the last three Bishops appointed by the Crown for the Anglican Church of Canada," as well in respect of his consecration and appointment to the See of Montreal, as in respect of his demise, which occurred on the 9th Sept., 1868. Mr. Fenning's Taylor says, in his preface to the excellent work, the title of which we have quoted, (speaking of Bishops Fulford, Mountain, and Strachan) "Within a period of less than six years, all these eminent men have passed to their rest, and . . . the function of the State with respect to the appointment of Bishops may be said to have expired with them." This, in truth, is a brief record of the result of the movement, caused partly by the growth of the Church, partly by her altered relations to the State, which culminated in 1860, when letters patent were issued in the name of Her Majesty, creating Bishop Fulford the Metropolitan of Canada, and elevating Montreal to the dignity of the Metropolitan See. Much of interest may be found in the book referred to, not only with reference to the Anglican Church throughout this country, but especially in the diocese of Montreal;

votes to those names sent down with the approval of the House of Bishops, and, unfortunately, it happened that the Synod and their Lordships utterly failed to come to a common understanding with respect to who should fill the important position. Under these circumstances, an adjournment for six months was resolved upon, in the

British North American Episcopate and others, the name of the Rev. Ashton Oxenden was sent down, the last one transmitted from the House of Bishops, and its mention was hailed with applause. On the first vote, Canon Oxenden was elected by 57 out of 63 clerical, and 44 out of 59 lay votes cast. After this large majority, it was but

a graceful act on the part of the minority to suggest the unanimous confirmation of the election. The result was hailed with very great satisfaction throughout the diocese; and, indeed, among Anglican circles generally, for the first "hitch" in the election had caused no little uneasiness among the most earnest minds of the Church. The Bishops, after the election, entered the Synod, and the warmest congratulatory addresses were delivered on the happy termination of the long-pending issue. It was not known then, however, whether Dr. Oxenden would accept it; for, as remarked by one of their Lordships, it was not deemed prudent to consult the candidates in advance, as, in the great uncertainty of election, it was probable that the most worthy might have declined a nomination. The Synod adjourned until September, to give the Bishop-elect time to consider whether he would accept the office; but the proceedings of the Synod having been made known to him without delay, he agreed to leave the pleasant pastoral duties of the parish of Plunkly, in the county of Kent, and enter upon the more important and arduous duties imposed upon him in a distant field. This decision was only in strict harmony with his previous long career and earnest labours in the cause of



THE MOST REV. ASHTON OXENDEN, D.D.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

and we can fancy that the strong strain to which the new order of things was submitted in the effort to elect a successor to the Most Rev. Dr. Fulford, must have painfully impressed the author with the difficulties of the new position, for we understand the work was completed before the election of Dr. Oxenden as his successor. The Diocesan Synod of Montreal, in conjunction with the Venerable House of Bishops, met shortly after the death of Dr. Fulford, to elect his successor. But the Metropolitan Diocese had to pay for its dignity by confining its

hope that time would remove the difficulty. This hope was not a vain one, for at the meeting in May, 1869, the Rev. Canon Oxenden, of the Arch-diocese of Canterbury, was chosen by a large majority of votes, followed by a resolution unanimously confirming his election. But even this result was not reached without much earnest debate and anxious deliberation. The Synod met on the 11th May, the first day being devoted to the verification of credentials. On the fourth day, and after votes innumerable had been cast for the several members of the

Church. Though devotedly attentive to the duties of his pastorate, he yet found time to give up a considerable portion of his attention to authorship in the cause of religion, and for the spread of the influence of the Church among the people. An Evangelical of a strongly pronounced stamp, he appears yet to have had the faculty of never giving offence to any shade of opinion in the Church; and, to judge from the popularity of his works, he must have shared largely in the sympathy of other Protestant bodies. We have before us a list of twenty-six

different publications from his pen, most of them not rising beyond the dimensions of a pamphlet, and all treating of religious subjects or devotional exercises. Now of these, nineteen have reached the enormous aggregate of about 740 thousand, one of them, "The Earnest Communicant" being set down as in the 180th thousand. Of the others one has reached the 25th edition, another the 16th, and another the 3rd. Here is practical evidence of the extraordinary popularity of Bishop Oxenden's writings, and the convenient form in which he has prepared his several little works for the public proves that his object was to reach the masses of the people rather than to win the applause of the critical and the erudite. In this object the facts just stated show beyond doubt that he has won unexampled success. These works, we understand, may all be obtained of the booksellers in Canada.

The Most Rev. Bishop Oxenden belongs to a very old Kentish family, one of his ancestors having been knighted in 1606. The Baronetcy was first created in 1678, when the title was conferred on the grandson of the first Knight. The present Baronet, Sir Henry Chudleigh Oxenden, is the eldest brother of His Lordship, and the 5th Baronet. Ashton Oxenden was born at the family seat, Broome, Co. Kent, in 1808. He spent his school days at Harrow, and afterwards graduated at University College, Oxford, taking his degree in 1832. In the following year he was ordained and appointed to the curacy of Barham, in his native county, which he held until 1848, when he became Rector of Pluckly in the same county, which position he held until his elevation to the Episcopate. Dr. Oxenden was consecrated Bishop by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, other Bishops assisting, in Westminster Abbey, on the 1st of August, 1869; and on the 5th of the following month was installed as Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada at Christ's Church Cathedral in this city. For ten or twelve years before he left England he was a member of Convocation, being one of the two members from the clergy elected to represent the Arch-diocese of Canterbury in that assembly. Since His Lordship's arrival in Canada his life and the record of his labours are written in the hearts of his people, and his character is held in safe-keeping through the respect and esteem of the whole community, which he has so deservedly won by his unostentatious and gentle manners, no less than by his untiring devotion to the varied and onerous duties of his exalted position.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

The Legislature of Ontario has now before it an amended school law which promises to make considerable improvements in the curriculum of common education, by introducing the study of the sciences as applied to some of the general branches of every-day work. This will, doubtless, prove of great advantage to the rising generation of the Upper Province, and, we doubt not, will stimulate the Legislature of Quebec, which has already shown commendable zeal in the matter of education, to make still further efforts to supply means for developing and improving the intelligence of the Province. But there is a kind of education which, as yet, scarcely comes, except incidentally, within the scope of the schools, and that we have called "physical education," for the want of any more exact phrase by which to designate it. By this we mean the education of the eye, the ear, the hand, &c.; in fact, the education of the senses and of the muscular system of the body. As a rule, it is only incidentally that these are educated. The eye is taught, simply because the mind has to be reached, and it is an exceedingly convenient vehicle for carrying information thereto; the same may be said of the ear; and with respect to the hand, it would only be taught to suffer were it not that the young *élève* must learn to write and "cypber." The training of these important members is, therefore, entirely incidental. They are not recognised except as mere accessories to the acquisition of an object beyond them. Now, we think it is possible that this system might be improved upon with very great advantage. The German watchmaker who, when he took his children to school, warned the teacher never to strike them on the hand, because he desired to bring them up to his own trade, was more of a philosopher, and a truer friend to human progress, than many of the professional teachers of youth who are loaded down with all the honours the universities can bestow. The cruel, barbarous practice of beating the hands, thereby not only damaging the delicate sense of touch, but also injuring the flexibility of the joints of the fingers, ought to be abolished at once, and this, a purely negative step in the art of physical education, we suggest would at least be an important step towards making it practicable with improved chances of success. There are other portions of the body besides the hand, the head, the ears, and the mouth, upon which vindictive or punitively disposed preceptors might vent their corrective sympathy; yet these are the places ordinarily chosen, not only by teachers, but even by parents, and it is, we think, a crime under all circumstances to strike upon any one of them.

If the organs of the senses and the seat of reason are held sacred from physical infliction, both in the family and the

school-room, nature will at least have the opportunity of developing her resources; but there is much more to be done in the way of educating or *drawing out* the latent powers with which she endows her offspring. It is exceedingly pleasant, for instance, to hear baby talk, therefore father, mother, nurse, and admiring friends think no time wasted in trying to put its meaningless prattle into the form of intelligible words. So with respect to walking; everyone will help to teach baby how to put down its foot, step out, and so on. But when the little one can chatter enough to tell its wants, and walk, so as not to be a load in anyone's arms, is it not true that in very many cases physical education ends there, or is left to necessity or the force of circumstances? The dancing or the drawing school may come, after a long time, to atone in part for early neglect; but here again the muscular system is only put under training as a means to an end, whereas it is undoubtedly true that were the muscles and the senses taught, merely for the development of their own power, the process would not only lead to higher capacity for enjoyment, but to much greater adaptability for acquiring knowledge, and far readier capacity for turning it to practical account.

WINTER SCENES IN QUEBEC.

The scenery around the ancient Capital is about the grandest in Canada. Of a summer evening nothing can be more delightful in panoramic effect than a stroll on Durham Terrace, overlooking the river with its many hundreds of ship-lights glistening on the water, and the distant highlands mingling indistinctly with the floating clouds. Our present view belongs, however, to a different season. Snow covers the whole expanse, and ice in clumsy boulders is floating down towards the sea. There is a wondrous sameness about Canadian scenery in winter. The snow is so much alike everywhere; and it fills up chasms, smooths inequalities, makes mounds here, hollows there, and altogether puts a face upon nature which is entirely its own. But even the snow cannot dim the glories of Quebec scenery. From the Citadel, built by nature, looking towards the east the eye ranges over a great part of Lower Town, takes in the Custom House, the Market, the Harbour, Commissioners' stores, &c., &c., with Beauport to the left in the distance. Our illustration is from a photograph by Messrs. Livernois & Biennu.

THE THISTLE CLUB CURLING RINK.

Of all the "national games," properly so called, none have more devoted partisans than "curling." The Scotsman prides himself upon that game as being peculiarly his own. To the indifferent on-looker, especially if he is not a Caledonian, and has heard nothing of the mysteries and the technicalities of curling, the spectacle is indeed an odd one, to see something approaching to a dozen, apparently rational men, frisking about on the ice, some of them with brooms in their hands, others tossing mighty stones along a previously prepared track, and all watching anxiously to see where the "halt" will be made. But curling is too much of a national institution in Canada to require any special description. In fact, we believe the game is better known in this country than in many parts of Scotland. It is a healthful, refreshing exercise and when topped off with a dinner of "beef and greens," offers one of the most pleasant modes out of all the variety which our bracing Canadian climate affords, of spending a winter's afternoon. On the 17th of last month the Thistle Club, of this city, opened a new rink on the upper end of St. Monique Street, and our artist has given an illustration of the proceedings.

"TRAINING."

We are sure our lady readers will thank us for the very faithful reproduction of Levasseur's engraving of Hamon's beautiful picture bearing the above title. Though it is a picture for the summer time rather than the winter, yet even the winter calls upon the patrons of flowers and tender plants for care and protection. In this issue we give a short article on the culture of house-plants, the directions of which, if followed, will enable many of our fair readers to have plants in the spring fit to set out in the garden plot, that would otherwise perish either from the cold or the stifling stove-heat of the house.

GENERAL FAIDHERBE.

Louis Léon César Faidherbe, now Commander-in-Chief of the French Army of the North, was born at Lille on the 3rd of June, 1818. He was educated at the college in that place, entered the Polytechnic School in 1838, then went on to the military school at Metz, which he left in 1842 with a lieutenant's commission in the 1st Regiment of Engineers. He served first in Algeria, where he remained throughout 1844 and 1845. Having obtained the rank of Captain, he sailed in 1848 for La Guadeloupe, where he acquired much colonial experience, and became injured to life in the tropics. Having failed in obtaining an appointment at Senegal, he returned to Algeria in 1850, where he constructed the outlying fort of Bou-Saada, took part in the campaign of Kabylia, under Gen. Saint-Arnaud, and also in the expedition of Gen. Bosquet to the Algerian highlands. The services he performed at the time of the disaster which then occurred were rewarded by the Cross of the Legion of Honour. At the end of that year, 1852, he was, at his reiterated request, sent to Senegal. Here he soon gave proofs of remarkable administrative ability, and after two years' residence, showed such knowledge of the needs, the dangers, the economy, and the practical policy of the colony that, in 1854, he was made Governor of the French possessions in Senegal. M. Faidherbe now devoted himself to the fulfilment of the task he had so long wished to take in hand—the thorough renovation of the colony. He carried on a successful warfare with the Moors of Furza, but his principal warlike achievement was the struggle he carried on for some time, and over a great extent of territory, with the prophet El-Hadjj-Omar, who had conceived the idea of founding a vast Musulman empire in Central Africa, and driving out all foreign intruders. He compelled the apostle of Islam to submit in 1860, and left Senegal to command the subdivision of

Sidi-bel-Abbas, having been made Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers in 1855, and Colonel in 1858. But his absence was soon felt in the colony; his policy was not maintained, his instructions were neglected, and everything retrograded. On the 30th of May, 1863, M. Faidherbe, raised to the rank of Brigadier-General, resumed the reins of government in Senegal. Two years after, his health requiring his return to a less murderous climate, he took the highest command in the subdivision of Boue. M. Faidherbe has written much on the manners, language, and history of the African nations, as well as on the topography, geology, and archaeology of the districts they inhabit. He is a member of the Geographical Societies of Paris, London, and Berlin.

THE ONTARIO TEAM FOR WIMBLEDON.

The idea of sending twenty riflemen from the Province of Ontario to compete next summer at Wimbledon with the best shots of the mother country is received with enthusiasm in all quarters of that Province. Col. Skinner finds it impossible to reply to the large number of letters he receives asking for information respecting the marksmen to be taken by him next summer to England. He has requested us to state, for the benefit of all who are interested in the great event, that his "team" will be composed entirely of "regularly enrolled volunteers in the Province of Ontario;" and that the Snider-Enfield will be the rifle used. If, however, a candidate for admission to the team is a good "small bore shot," so much the better; but no man will be selected exclusively on that account. Mr. Gzowski, the President of the Ontario Rifle Association, is in correspondence with Lord Elcho, and when the required information is received it will be made public.

THE USES OF SNOW.

The snow which falls upon the earth is a tender mantle to infant food-plants which would otherwise perish of frost. In what is called an "open winter," you may see whole fields of young rye and wheat and clover, all pulled up by the frost and laid on the top of the ground to wither and die in the spring sunshine. The frost heaves up the earth, and with it the plants; slight thaws permit the earth to settle and renew its hold, and so successive freezings and thawings gradually uproot entire crops. "Winter killed," is the sad verdict of the farmer, as he contemplates the loss of his labour and seed in the spring; and "winter killed" might be appropriately spoken of the suffering and dying victims of starvation prices which follow the destruction of crops.

True, Nature sometimes in her zeal to protect, covers too deep, and smothers the young plants; tucks in the coverlid so tight that the unseasonable warmth of the earth stimulates their vitality into an attempt at growth, which fails for want of air and light. But such disasters are comparatively rare, and open winters are the most deadly to grain crops. It is also true that in the large territories devoted to grain growing, when a crop fails in one locality it succeeds in another, and so the food-supply keeps pretty steady pace with the demand, but it is none the less true that in many places winter wheat or rye could not be successfully grown without snow to protect these crops from frost.

But snow has another important office to perform. It is a fertilizer. Ask the experienced farmer, and he will tell you that the late snows of spring falling upon the springing crops makes them look green and vigorous, and really nourishes them. It is the bearer of ammonia, an important element of the food of plants, which it collects from the air. We have known thrifty farmers to rise early to plough in a light snow before it melted, being aware of its value, though, perhaps, not realizing in what its virtue consisted. It is also, without doubt, true that open winters are more favourable to the spread of disease than the contrary. It is an old proverb that "a green Christmas makes a full churchyard."

DEATH OF AN ITALIAN COMPOSER.

Mercadante is dead. He was the last of that splendid galaxy of Italian composers, in which Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and Pacini were the brightest stars. Born in Altamura, in southern Italy, in 1798, he brought out his first opera at Naples in his twenty-first year. The work called "The Apotheosis of Hercules" is now quite forgotten, as is the case indeed with most of Mercadante's early operas. The three works on which his reputation will live are "Elisa e Claudio," "Il Giuramento," and "I due Illustri Rivali." In the latter occurs an exquisite tenor aria, *In terra ei divisero*, which Brignoli used to sing here some years ago. The "Giuramento" is the only one of Mercadante's works which can be said to be known to the American public. It has been sung here by several opera troupes, and will be given this month at the Union League Club theatre by Ronconi's party of amateur singers.

Mercadante wrote a great many operas for Naples, Milan, Venice, Turin, Mantua, and Paris; but few of them can be termed successes. In 1836 a work of his was produced with Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, and Tamburini in the cast, but even under such exceptionally favourable auspices it failed to please. It is difficult to tell why Mercadante did not make a better impression. His scores show that he wrote melodies which, if not strikingly original, were certainly graceful and elegant. There are passages in the "Giuramento" which are worthy of any composer; but yet Mercadante never succeeded in winning the popularity awarded to several of his contemporaries in the art of musical composition. His masses have perhaps met with more general acceptance than his operas.

At the time of his death the veteran composer was in his seventy-third year, and occupied an important position as director of the Conservatory of Naples. Of late years his sight has been much impaired.

Mercadante was six years younger than Rossini, and during his whole career was overshadowed by the genius of this eminent composer. While Mercadante was composing his elegant but half-forgotten works, Rossini was producing those ever fresh operas, the "Tancredi," "Barbiero," "Gazza Ladra," "Semiramide," and "William Tell." Bellini and Donizetti both flourished, wrote and died, while Mercadante was laboriously pursuing his career. It will be seen, then, that the man whose death we now record had to compete with the greatest of modern operatic composers, and when they died, or, as in the case of Rossini, ceased to write, he found himself face to face with the rising popularity of Verdi and Pirella. That under such circumstances his operas should be known at all, shows that he was a composer of genuine ability.

IMPORTANT ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY IN IRELAND.—A most important and interesting antiquarian discovery has taken place on Lord Rathdonnell's estate at Gernonstown, county Louth. At a place now called Greenmount, and in former days Drumcath, or the Battle Ridge, there exists an ancient tumulus, or Danish mound, and some few weeks ago Lord Rathdonnell and his brother-in-law decided that an exploration of the tumulus should take place. The men first made an excavation at the southern side of the mound, and came upon a broad passage flagged on the top, and ending about 15 feet from the place where it was first entered. The mound was found to consist of the materials of the ancient sea beach, gravel, sand, and water-worn or rounded stones; but through these were mingled some charcoal and many broken and half-burned bones, human teeth, portions of skulls, and a large portion of the other bones of the human body. About 11 feet from the surface the excavators came upon a small bronze plate lying upon what the finder likened to an edging of snuff-coloured dust or burnt paper. On being carefully cleaned, it was found beautifully ornamented on one side in silver tracing, with the involuted "whorls" and twistings so common on the very ancient Irish monuments. On the other side it bore, in clear and well-defined Runic characters, an inscription which has been translated as follows:—"Tomi (or Tomri) of Solshof owns this sword." The snuff-coloured powder lying about the plate was entirely the remains of the sword-belt. The plate has been transmitted to the Society of Antiquities in Copenhagen, and the opinion of the best Runic scholars is to the effect that this plate, or portion of a sword, belonged to "Tomar of the Torquo" of Dublin, Earl Tanist to the King of Lochlainn, in the ninth century of the Christian era, and the Danish chieftain alluded to by the poet Moore as having the collar of gold torn from his neck by King Malachy. The matter will come before the Archaeological Society of Kilkenny at the next meeting, and no doubt a satisfactory answer will be furnished to all who take an interest in the ancient history of Ireland.

THE SEA ENCRACING UPON ENGLAND.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"House property must be a precarious investment at Whitby, judging from the great destruction of property that has just occurred there, owing to a landslip. A great portion of the East Cliff seems to have taken a header into the sea, carrying with it part of a churchyard, a field, and several houses. The last great land slip at Whitby occurred in 1787, and the present one is only the continuation of a process which has been going on for many hundred years. The sea is steadily gaining on the land of the east coast of England, especially where the geological formation is not of a kind that offers great resistance. But in its attacks on high rocky coasts, such as Whitby presents, after a long period of gradual undermining, a sudden catastrophe ensues. The land cracks at the base, the houses on it slip down, and the rock above cracks and topples over or sinks abruptly, leaving a vast fissure or depression. From Hull nearly up to Flamborough the coast is like a bank composed of sand, pebbles, &c., and village after village has been silently swept away. According to Prof. Phillips, this waste has been calculated as going on at a rate of about two and a half yards in the year, which, upon thirty-six miles of coast, would amount to thirty acres. One mile in breadth has been lost since the Norman conquest, and two miles since the Romans occupied Eboracum." Kiltuca finally disappeared in 1836. Ravenspurm and Out-horne, with its church and burial ground, have vanished. On old Yorkshire maps the words are still to be seen:—"Here stood Auburn, washed away by the sea;" "Hartburn, washed away by the sea;" "Hyde, lost in the sea." In ancient documents mention is made of other places—Friskerke, Tharles-thoep, Redmayr, Pennysmerk, Upsal, Pottersfleet. None of them are to be seen at the present day. On the other hand, it is stated that the sea is receding on our Western coast. If this double action continues, it may be in the future that Liverpool will find itself an inland town, with a dried-up harbour, when Hornsea, Bridlington, and Whitby are only names of the past.

A pamphlet, attributed to the Archduke Albert, has just appeared at Vienna, under the title, "The Year 1870 and the Defensive Power of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy." The author compares the military force of Germany with that of Austria. Germany, he says, has at her disposal for military service from 3 1/2 to 3 3/4 per cent. of her population, or 1,283,000 to 1,347,000 men; while under her present military system Austria could not obtain for her army more than 911,000 men. Germany has 899,000 infantry against Austria's 579,000; 74,375 cavalry against Austria's 49,460; 1,794 guns against Austria's 1,248. Moreover, Germany has 65,000 horses always ready, even when at peace, while Austria has only 27,265, so that at the commencement of a war nearly the whole of the German cavalry can be mounted at once, while Austria would have to obtain more than 20,000 horses over and above her peace establishment. The rapidity, too, with which her troops can be mobilized gives Germany a great advantage over neighbouring nations. "Every State on her frontier, therefore, which cannot equal her in the rapidity and precision of her military system, is not secure against invasion;" and the writer accordingly urges that it is indispensably necessary "for Austria's very existence" that she should accept, without delay, the Prussian plan of mobilization. He also recommends that the whole of the Austro-Hungarian army should be at once provided with the Werndl rifle, of which only about 300,000 have as yet been issued; that Olmutz, Komorn, Pech, the line of the Enns, and the Carpathian passes, should be strengthened, and that a regular system of fortifications should be constructed for the defence of Bohemia.

A Paris paper gives the following:—"The Surgeon-General is reviewing the Garde Mobile. A young garde steps forward. 'And on what ground do you claim an exemption?' 'I have a palpitation of the heart.' 'So much the better,' says Surgeon, turning to the next, 'if your heart palpitates for your country.'"

A wedding in Bridgeport, Conn., was interrupted for a moment, the other day, by an apparently sane gentleman, who stepped up to the bridegroom at the altar, tapped him on the shoulder, and said in an audible whisper: "Before this affair goes any further, I would like to know one thing—who will build the fire?"

VARIETIES.

It is now said that the Royal marriage will take place early in March.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has written a lyrical drama on the war, entitled "Napoleon Fallen."

Mioza Kaglon-Bey, the well-known Tartar Professor and Orientalist, died at St. Petersburg on the 9th inst.

M. de Fonville promises to give a full account of his late balloon voyage from Paris in the next number of *Temple Bar*.

Louis Blanc has let notice be given that he is collecting material and making studies for a history of the siege of Paris.

A new weekly, *The Billet Doux*, addressed "To the Daughters of Eve all over the world," has made its appearance in Dublin.

Sir R. Murchison has been pronounced by his medical attendants to be out of danger, but his recovery must necessarily be slow.

The unweaving of the Schiller monument at Berlin, which was to have taken place last month, is put off till the spring of this year.

A Jewish theatre was opened last month at Warsaw, and the season was inaugurated by the appropriate production of a Biblical drama entitled "Judith."

Professor Fawcett is preparing for publication a course of lectures which he has just delivered at Cambridge, on "Pau-perism: its Causes and Remedies."

A statue of Christopher Columbus was unveiled by a Englishman in the isthmus of Panama on the 22nd of October. It was the gift of the Empress Eugénie.

A proposal has emanated from Edinburgh that a Royal residence in Scotland should be presented to the Princess Louise on the occasion of her marriage.

An Under-Secretary of State, Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, has just published a volume of fairy tales called "Crackers for Christmas," dedicating them to the Princess of Wales.

The "Ascension of the Virgin," by Rubens, at Dusseldorf, has been severely injured. The painting is on wood, which has burst, owing to over-heating of the room.

The more ardent spirits at the University of Cambridge have established a Republican Club. This is its name, and the name expresses the political principles on which it is based.

An enthusiastic Prussian very candidly said to Dr. Russell, "Wait till we get a reverse, and then see if we cannot lie just as well as our neighbours. No! Depend upon it we are great in all things."

Mr. Charles Shaw, Q.C., of Dublin, for some time law adviser to the Duke of Abercorn when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and the author of the draft of the Irish Church Bill, died on Monday, Dec. 13.

New postage stamps of the Republic have come into use in France. They appear to be employed indifferently with those of the Empire; the colours of the latter being preserved for stamps of the same price.

Rome has been visited by the severest flood known there since 1530, causing an immense loss of property. The rain lasted 48 hours. The lower city is entirely submerged, and the Florence Railway is interrupted.

At a recent meeting of the Philological Society, lately formed at Oxford, a proposal was brought forward to introduce into the University the Continental pronunciation of Latin, which has already been adopted at several public schools.

Lord Huntingfield has the reputation of being the best shot in England. An eyewitness saw him bring down a brace of blackcock which rose together unexpectedly in a small cover, each with a single ball from a double-barrelled deer-stalking rifle.

A paragraph lately appeared in the *Times* stating that an eminent publisher has offered £10,000 for the right of printing the revised edition of the Bible now in progress. Now it is said that the head of an old-established firm had offered three times that amount for the privilege.

It is said that the eminent railway contractor, Mr. Brassey, has died worth nine millions of money. He was the embodiment of English enterprise in its best form—"prudence combined with boldness." But perhaps the money left is the best eulogy of his merits on this point.

John Brown is still marching on; he was taken from Sarnia gaol to Kingston penitentiary last week on a sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment. He was convicted for shooting a drill-instructor, and sentenced to be hung, but the sentence was commuted.

The winter fishing is unusually good at the Charlotte Islands, New Brunswick, and the American schooners are out in force. There is no trouble, as they enter at the Custom House and pay cash for what they purchase. Two schooners had already departed last week, loaded with frozen herring, for which they left on the Islands about \$5,000.

The Connecticut farmers are having a fine season of sport. They go hunting for wildcats. A year old wildcat was recently captured in the Hartland mountains, after having killed nineteen sheep. With a ball in its ribs, and one leg broken, it fought off half a dozen dogs, and kept several men at bay. It weighed twenty pounds, and was three and a half feet long.

Mr. H. Attwell, of Barnes, says:—"There can be no doubt that books which have been handled during recovery from fever, at the very stage, that is, when the skin is peeling—frequently become charged with disease-germs. It is of importance that the heads of schools should be aware of the danger of suffering fever convalescents to borrow books, stamp-albums, &c., from the school-room. A stock of suitable books should be provided against the evil day, to be burnt when they have served their purpose."

The Queen has selected a large quantity of the finest Irish lace for the trousseau of the Princess Louise. At the Paris Exhibition the beauty of the Irish lace exhibited attracted universal admiration.

The Canada Temperance Union holds a Convention at Toronto on the 17th inst. Delegates are to be carried over the Grand Trunk and other Canadian Railways to and from the place of meeting for one fare.

The Local Government of Ontario purpose appropriating \$25,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the Ottawa fires in that Province, and \$5,000 for those residing in Quebec. The appropriation is regarded as very liberal.

Mr. Millais has, it is stated, for the first time, painted a picture in the class of landscape proper—a large study of a scene in Perthshire. He has also advanced with the Biblical subject of Aaron and Hur staying up the arms of Moses at the battle with the Amalekites.

The Florence *Opinione* states that on the 2nd inst. a contract was agreed upon by which the Emperor Napoleon sold to the Italian Government the Farnese Gardens, in Rome, with the Palace of the Caesars, the museums, and objects of art found there, for £26,000, adding an express desire that the excavations should be continued.

The survey of a part of the Neepigon Territory has been delivered to the Public Works Department by T. G. Austin, P. L. S. He says that but little of the country is fit for settlement, the soil being rocky. Lake Neepigon he declares to be 308 feet higher than Lake Superior. He reported the ground east and west of a point above navigation on the Neepigon as favourable to the construction of a railway.

The local press of Constantinople announces the death of Mr. Alfred B. Churchill, the editor and proprietor of the Turkish semi-official paper, the *Jeride Itawades*. Mr. Churchill was a most useful coadjutor to Fuad and Ali Pashas in promoting the cause of progress in Turkey. He much improved the character of Turkish printing, and also bestowed attention on the spread of popular literature, publishing several works, which included romantic and poetical novels and biographies.

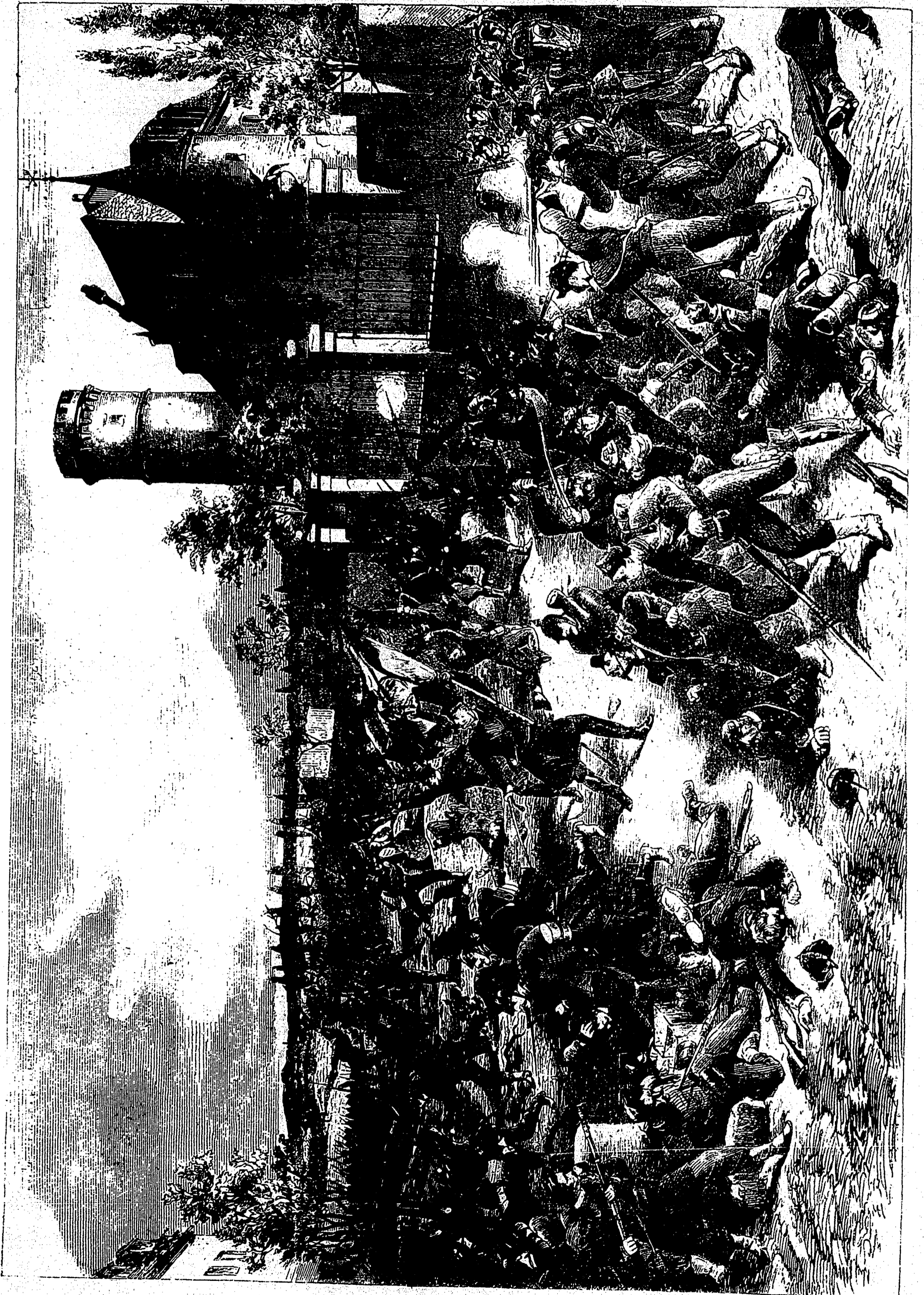
The death is announced of Mr. Thomas Doubleday, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, an active Liberal politician in the north of England, and the author of several works on political, financial, and metaphysical subjects, among them were "The True Law of Population shown to be connected with the Food of the People," "An Essay on Mundane and Moral Government," "The Political Life of Sir Robert Peel, an Analytical Biography," "A Financial, Monetary, and Statistical History of England," and "Matter for Materialists." Mr. Doubleday was also the author of a novel, entitled "The Eve of St. Mark," and a drama entitled "Marius." He was in his eighty-first year.

The death is announced in England of Stephen Glover, who, for over a quarter of a century, has been very popular as a composer of graceful songs, which have been heard in almost every parlour both in Great Britain and this country. "Why do Summer Roses Fade?" "The Monks of Old," and "I Love the Merry, Merry Sunshine," are among his best compositions. Shortly after the appearance of Mr. Dickens's "David Copperfield," Mr. Glover gave to the world the beautiful little duet, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" in which the *Florence* and *Paul* of the novel are supposed to be singers. This duet, at once easy and melodious, had an immense popularity, which it retains to this day. Mr. Glover, who died in London on the 7th ult., had reached his fifty-eighth year.

Some particulars are given of Herr Krupp's balloon gun. It has a carriage and wheels like any other field gun, and can be served by a single man with the greatest ease, as it weighs only about 150 lbs. It can be rapidly aimed in any direction, whether horizontal or vertical. The charge consists of a grenade weighing about 3 lb., the object of which is to make the balloon, filled with gas, explode on its bursting. It is positively affirmed that a balloon can be struck at a height of 2,000 feet, and that the horizontal range of the gun is about five miles. Herr Krupp intends to present twenty of these field-pieces to the army. One has already been despatched, and six are about to follow. The rest will be sent as they are completed, if their services are necessary. Trochu sends up balloons at night in the dark; will Krupp conquer night?

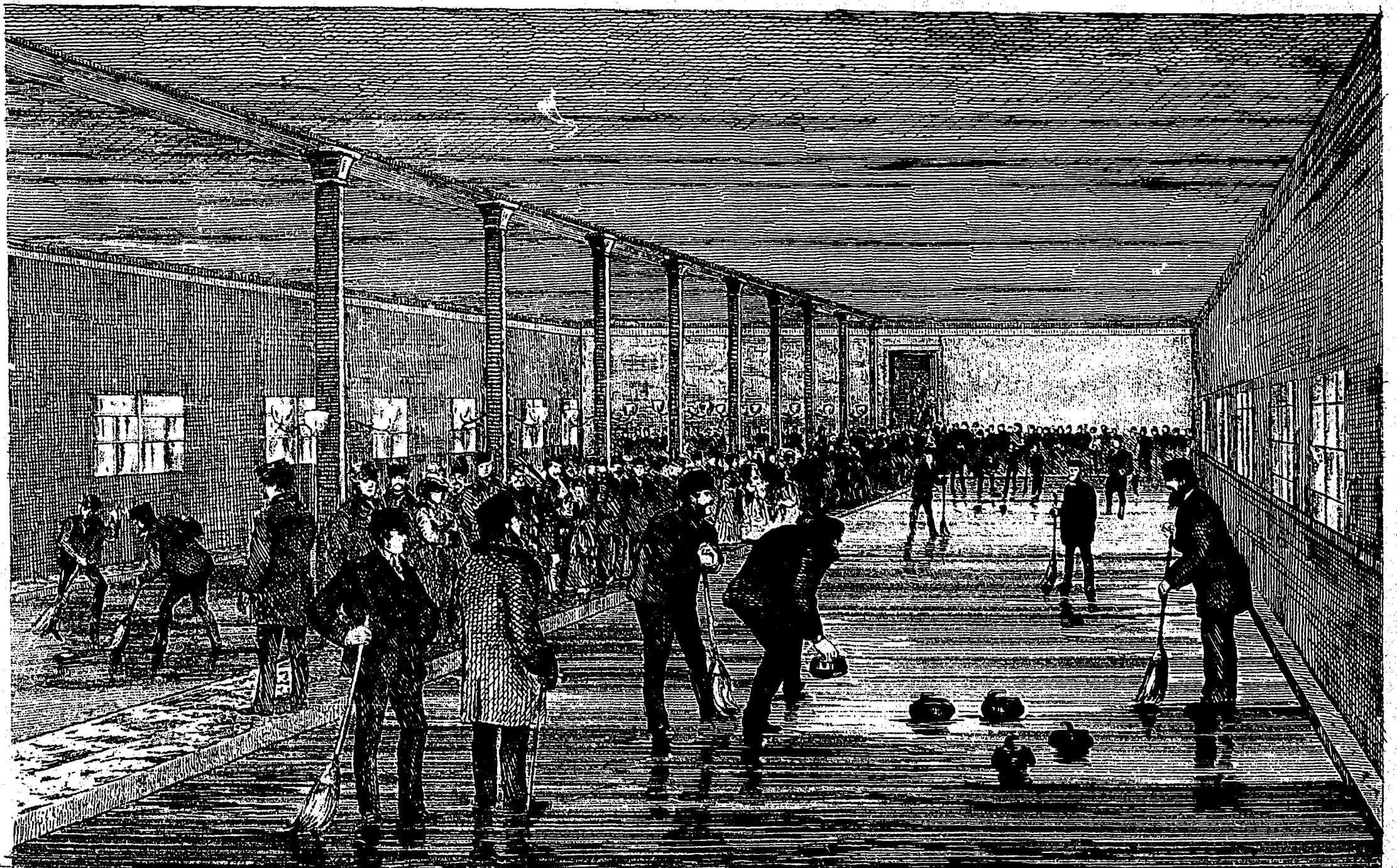
The Chicago *Republican* quotes the statement of the N. Y. *Post*, that "One thousand five hundred and seventy-four registered letters were stolen last year in the United States," and adds:—"We have not at hand the means to verify the statement, but if it is not a very gross exaggeration, the sooner the registration system is abandoned, the better. One of the objections urged against it at the start, was the positive information it placed in the hands of dishonest officials concerning the contents of letters, stimulating cupidity, and provoking rather than preventing crime. The objection seems to have been well-founded. The money-order system, already widely extended and operating safely and satisfactorily, can be easily made to cover all, or nearly all, the ground of the registration business; and it is hardly worth while to longer continue the practice of keeping a directory for the information of mail robbers."

New York is at last to have one market building worthy of a great city. The Manhattan Market Company, capital \$1,000,000, has secured a block of five acres on the North River, bounded by Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth streets, and Eleventh and Twelfth avenues. The building will be as nearly fire-proof as possible, being of stone, brick, and iron; 800 feet long by 200 feet wide, and the covered central area will be the largest in the United States devoted to a like purpose, 160,000 square feet, with ample accommodations, it is claimed, for about 1,000 dealers. It is thought that the stalls can be let at a weekly rental of \$3 to 10, and an annual rent income of \$250,000 is expected. The building will be lighted, from a great overarch dome, by 2,000 burners, arranged so as to flood the place with light, and preclude the necessity of special lighting of their stalls by the dealers. These lights will be communicated with by electricity. The plans for ventilation are of the most comprehensive character, and such as must secure a comparatively pure atmosphere in the hottest weather. There will be four grand saloons, one at each of the great entrances. These will measure, each, fifty-eight by twenty-three feet, and be leased as first-class restaurants.





THE WAR.—CASTING THE ELECTRIC LIGHT OVER PARIS.



OPENING OF THE THISTLE CURLING CLUB RINK, MONTREAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.

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

SUNDAY,	Jan. 15.—	Second Sunday after Epiphany. British Museum opened, 1759.
MONDAY,	" 16.—	Battle of Corunna, 1809. Mrs. Nisbett died, 1858.
TUESDAY,	" 17.—	Franklin born, 1706. Hartley Colliery accident, 1862.
WEDNESDAY,	" 18.—	St. Prisca, V. & M. Old Twelfth Day.
THURSDAY,	" 19.—	York and Lancaster united, 1486. James Watt born, 1736. First Settlement in Hobart Town, 1804.
FRIDAY,	" 20.—	St. Fabian, Ep. & M. Garrick died, 1779.
SATURDAY,	" 21.—	St. Agnes, V. & M. Australia colonised, 1788. Vaccination introduced, 1799.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1871.

No other international question can possibly interest Canadians so much as that of the relations between Great Britain and the United States. On both sides of the Atlantic the Dominion is spoken of as a "semi-independent State." While on the transatlantic side there are those who would share with us the burthen of the defence of the integrity of the Empire to the last dollar and the last man, there are others who think empire and country and nationality a stupid and irrational, or at least a silly sentimental dream; and on the cis-atlantic side, is a powerful nation, greedy of territory, almost guiltless of principle, which impatiently awaits the day when it can flaunt its flag from every tower in our land, firm in the conviction that that day must soon come, and foolishly believing that every annoyance, every humiliation, put upon us will hasten it! Only Canadians can appreciate the full absurdity of these assumptions; only Canadians can understand the lack of patriotism of those who, on the other side of the ocean, blinded by the spirit of trade, or carried away by some absurd notion of "national brotherhood," see no difference between Canada as a part of the British Empire, and Canada as another half-dozen in the constellation of United States. *In medio* is hardly safety for us. It is rather between two fires, or between the extremes of cold and heat, that this Dominion is placed; but, fortunately for us, the very isolation of Great Britain from the other European nations, and her many and irritating disputes with the only power on the Western hemisphere that has strength enough to make itself felt in Europe, has compelled even anti-Colonial statesmen, as they have been called, to turn their attention to those young nations growing up to power and influence, in allegiance to the British Crown, and to ask themselves whether, after all, these communities were not worthy cultivation and encouragement as friends and allies in the future?

Assuredly, nothing but the manifestation of their own strength has saved the Colonies from the last consequences of the Radical policy which, for the past thirty or forty years, has, more or less, guided all parties in England. Their vigorous growth, their sturdy loyalty, their ready faculty of meeting every danger, and their steady progress under all conditions yet imposed upon them, have made an impression upon every thinking mind in Great Britain, and taught the statesmen of the most opposite schools that in them were the capacity for development, and the latent power that would undoubtedly warm into healthy national life. Thus, though the Colonies are railed at nearly as they were in former days, it is but as the beaten partisans of an abandoned superstition that their enemies speak; they may bring up all their old arguments to sustain their favourite theory, but they no longer say, "Cut the Colonies adrift," they dare not follow their own logic to its practical conclusion, and hence, with the most absurd inconsistency, they proclaim to the Colonists a condition of allegiance that never yet existed outside of Utopia—that of "permissive" attachment to the Empire, with the privilege of desertion at any chosen moment. Let us suppose the unlikely misfortune of war between the United States and Great Britain: The military strategists of the Empire would undoubtedly reason that they had, in the St. Lawrence navigation from the ocean to the upper lakes, a splendid line from which, at a hundred different points, the enemy might be attacked. But at the moment of the declaration of war, let Canada take advantage of the permission accorded by a few optimist politicians, and declare her independence, or union with the Republic, and what would be the position of Britain? The coaling stations on the west coast of the Atlantic closed against her fleet; the St. Lawrence barred; her army shut out from all operations until after an enforced landing in the enemy's country; the war in fact reduced to a maritime guerilla in which the enemy would have everything to gain and very little to lose, and Great Britain exactly

the reverse. With British America annexed to the United States the Republic could withstand for twenty years a blockade by the united fleets of Europe, and that without very serious inconvenience. This fact is so well-known that military writers on the question of war with the United States make an essential point of landing an army upon U. S. territory. From no point can this be so readily and so easily done as from Canada; the only feasible alternative being to invade the Pacific States, but that, as a military manoeuvre, has been partially spoiled by the construction of railways from the North and West.

We contend, for these special reasons, as well as for the general dignity of the Empire, that Britain cannot forego her Colonial appanage in North America without loss of power as well as of prestige, while in regard to the interests of commerce, so powerful in England, one has only to look at the proportion, per head, as between the population of Canada and the United States, of British imports, to convince himself how disastrous would it be to British industry did the Morrill tariff gird the Northern half of the Continent. Yet the *Pall Mall Gazette*, speaking of the awkward position of the Home Government with respect to the existing "situation," says:

"The hostility of the United States is the true key to the position occupied by Great Britain, and we should stand a great deal better with the world if we honestly acknowledged it. Those among us who are striving their hardest to put some other construction on Russian and Prussian diplomacy than that which every organ of opinion outside England has placed upon it would most of them admit, if they would speak frankly, that the consideration would reconcile them to turning the other cheek to Count Bismarck after one has been smitten by Prince Gortschakoff is their conviction that if we made a bold step forward on the European political stage the Americans would take us at a disadvantage. The great error of English statesmanship is unquestionably its tendency to tide over the difficulties which arise with the United States by the help of the expedient which comes first to hand. But it is labour lost, and an ultimate rebuff invited, when the Foreign Office meddles with European politics, so long as any American question remains unsettled. No greater blunder was ever committed than the postponement of the "Alabama" grievances. It is true we can never be sure what complaints the Americans will advance. Even the English Foreign Office might be forgiven for not having looked forward to a renewal of the Fishery dispute. The true policy is nevertheless to solve all American controversies as rapidly as possible, and by any issue rather than none. The policy actually followed has been the very worst conceivable. When the "Alabama" claims had been postponed—when the Dominion of Canada had been established—when our American territories were virtually garrisoned by a weak militia, there remained, as M. Thiers put it, not another fault to be guilty of."

It is not difficult to conceive that this feverish anxiety to settle with the American Republic at almost any cost may work serious mischief for Canada in respect of the fisheries or other matters of dispute that will possibly arise hereafter; but if Britain undertakes to shake the United States off her back before resuming her former place in the councils of Europe she will assume a task of extreme difficulty. The *Pall Mall Gazette* itself, in a preceding portion of the article from which we have quoted, gives the most rational explanation of the continued existence of the Anglo-American "difficulty" when it says:—"The truth is that the sentiments of the American people towards the British are like the sentiments of the Athenians towards tyrants. They are the legacy of the past, not the product of the present; and they are kept alive by a series of commonplaces which are of perpetual recurrence in the themes of schoolboys and in the perorations of grown politicians." Now these very facts prove, if they prove anything, that the settlement for which the *Gazette* so earnestly pleads would by no means relieve Britain from the danger of American complications were she to be engaged in a European war. Nobody can have forgotten how American sympathy went out towards Russia during the Crimean war. Nor need we doubt that if the Czar forces a renewal of the struggle the current will again flow in the same direction, and that, too, utterly independent of "Alabama" claims or fishery disputes. The conclusion is obvious: Britain has no motive for making concessions to the Republic that ought not to influence her in dealing with every other power. Dignity, firmness, fair-play, and liberality in the interpretation of treaties, are all qualities the Americans can appreciate, and would, from their very nature, be compelled to respect. But concession; the abandonment of clearly defined rights; a retreat before the battle; will only earn for Britain stronger feelings of antagonism and incite to fresh demands. The fact is that abuse of the British Lion is a Fourth of July theme and a Congressional and Presidential election card. It has been used for these purposes heretofore when the present grievances had no existence; it will be used again long after they have passed into oblivion; and it would be used none the less were Canada ceded to the Republic to-morrow. Britain has but to maintain the strength, naval and military, which her greatness demands, and the policy which knows neither concession to the great nor oppression of the small, and she has very little to fear from the United States, among whose people the political

value of anti-British sentiment is perhaps more truly gauged than it can be by any outsiders, and who, as a rule, regard a war with their own kith and kin as a calamity to be avoided, however much they may feel tickled by abuse of England in stump speeches or Independence Day orations.

CHRONICLE OF THE WAR.

The past fortnight has been one of great importance in the history of the war, and one which, following a season of great inactivity on the part of both the hostile armies, makes the opening of the new year as the beginning of a new era in the course of operations in France. The attack upon and capture of Avron was the signal for the besiegers around Paris to wake to new activity. The position, one of but small value it is true, had hardly been occupied when a determined effort was made all along the besieging line, from Aubervilliers to Issy, to destroy the forts whose continual and well-directed fire harassed the operations of the Germans, and prevented them from planting their guns in suitable positions to commence the bombardment. In the north-east the bombardment of the forts was commenced immediately after the occupation of Avron, but in the south, in the neighbourhood of Issy, Vanves, and Montrouge, operations were delayed until the 5th, when, all being ready, the attack was commenced and continued with considerable success. The casemates of Fort Rosny were destroyed shortly after the commencement of the bombardment, and those of Issy and Vanves after being shelled for forty-eight hours. The two latter forts were bombarded from the batteries at Clamart and Ville d'Issy, throwing shot weighing twenty-four pounds, and shells weighing sixty-five pounds. For some time the fire was vigorously returned with shell of a much greater weight, but the casemates being destroyed, and the barracks being discovered to be on fire, the return fire became less frequent, and finally ceased on Saturday last. Forts Rosny and Nogent, in the east, have also suffered severely, and it is believed that in this direction there is no French infantry outside the fortifications. Paris dates to the 3rd inst., say the damage from the bombardment has been slight. The French losses thus far had been 20 killed and 200 wounded. The citizens and army were clamorous for offensive action.

In the north a great battle was fought on the 3rd, on the left bank of the Seine. The result of this, however, is unknown, both sides, as usual, claiming the victory. Manteuffel, in his despatch announcing the affair, states that three cannon, three flags, and 500 prisoners were captured by Gen. Bauthem, the officer in command. Faidherbe has made no public announcement of any victory, but in a recent proclamation to his army he thanks his soldiers for the victories gained both at Pont Noyelles and at Bapaume. The army under Manteuffel has again resumed its march on Havre. On the 7th 10,000 Germans belonging to this army were defeated by General Ray. The Prussians still hold Rouen, the garrison there having been strongly reinforced. They have also made their reappearance at Yvetot and St. Valery. Gen. Bourbaki is marching towards Nancy, and Faidherbe is making every effort to break through the Prussian line and effect a junction with him at that place, for the purpose of cutting off the Prussian supplies. In the south it is reported that Gen. Chanzy is again marching forward to the relief of Paris. In the west the Prussians have occupied Vendome, and are pushing on still further. A great battle is shortly expected in the east between Von Werder and Garibaldi.

OUR WAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our full page illustration shows the attack made by the Prussian guard on the 30th of October upon the French at Le Bourget. The regiment which made the attack is that known as the Queen Elizabeth's Own, and formed part of the command of Gen. Von Budritzki, who led the attack in person, on foot, and himself carrying the regimental colours. On the opposite page an illustration, from a sketch taken from the Prussian look-out post at the Marly aqueduct, shows the striking effect produced by casting the electric light over the western side of Paris, behind Mont Valerien, which rises darkly frowning in the middle of the view. Another illustration shows a party of Prussian soldiers in comfortable quarters on the outskirts of Paris, in the country-house perhaps of some comfortable, steady-going old *proprietaire*, with whose collar the intruders are making particularly free, judging from the occupation of the couple in the left-hand corner of the illustration. The self-constituted cook is busy at work at the fireplace, over which, on the marble mantelpiece, stand some cups and pots that make an odd contrast to the ornolu clock on one side. The room is littered with baggage and bedding, and the handsome walls are disfigured with nails on which hang the soldiers' accoutrements. On the same page another illustration shows how provisions for the expected siege—consisting mainly of flour and rice—are stored in the theatre of the Casino des Arts at Lyons.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE.

This troupe commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal on Tuesday last. The house must have presented a most satisfactory appearance to the lessee, the manager, and all those monetarily interested. The Boxes were resplendent in their array of fashion and beauty, while the Dress Circle was brilliant with youth, age, and elegance. The Gallery was full and the Pit also. The Opera presented was Offenbach's "Grande Duchesse"; all Opera-goers are familiar with the libretto, and therefore it is unnecessary to narrate the story. Offenbach's music has that light and sparkling vivacity of style that always delights a Parisian audience, and it would seem to have a reflex here. Miss Sallie Holman is deliciously pretty, and her abandon of style both in acting and singing impressed the audience very perceptibly. Some of the company were unfortunately labouring under severe colds so common to the season; but the performances nevertheless were such as gave the most gratifying satisfaction to the auditory. The house was cold, and the draughts from open doors (which ought to be remedied) were chilling to those on back seats. The seats for the second night were nearly all secured before the first performance was over, which is sufficient evidence that the Holman Troupe must be immensely popular, and that the manner of interpreting and rendering Operatic music by them is appreciated by the Montreal patrons of the

Theatre. On Wednesday evening Balfe's "Satanella" was performed, followed on Thursday by "Bolle Helene," and on Friday by Balfe's over-popular "Bohemian Girl." This evening the "Lakes of Killarney" will be performed, when Mr. Miers' specialties, Mr. Hudson's comic delineation of character, and Doborn Bamboozled will show to full advantage, and Miss Sallie Holman will sustain three characters. Next week there will be a series of other changes in the repertoire. The sweet faces of the Misses Holman, without the charm of their voices, ought to be enough to attract all our gallants. Mrs. Holman presides at the Piano, and leads with precision, correctness, and thorough musical power.

THE CARE OF HOUSE-PLANTS.

How to make plants grow in the house is a much more important question than how to make them grow in the greenhouse. Few persons have conservatories. Almost every person has a window at which the spring and summer of plant-life may be fostered and maintained during the long winter months.

Formerly almost every house had its plants. The children and the flowers were the chief ornaments of the old homestead. During the last generation, or since the introduction of furnaces and gas, the cultivation of plants in our houses has steadily declined. I propose now to show that this great deprivation and loss to our modern houses is unnecessary, and that plants may flourish as well under the dispensation of gas and the furnace as in the days of the wood-fire and mould-candles.

It may be true that plants will not grow in an artificially desiccated air. The skin and the delicate membranes of the throat and lungs parch in the dry furnace heat just like the leaves of the plants. The freshest complexion becomes wizened by a winter of this sirocco. What then shall be done in our furnace-heated houses? Simply introduce evaporators, which shall furnish to the air at least one-half as much moisture as the air naturally contains at the same temperature in spring or summer. The shrinking of the wood-work of the houses, or warping of furniture, are indications of an unnaturally dry heat, which is fatal to plant, and injurious to animal life.

It is true also, that plants will not thrive in close rooms, charged with the sulphurous acid escaping from the combustion of anthracite or a product of combustion of impure illuminating gas; and in the same atmosphere the throat and lungs of human beings will suffer more or less severely. What is the remedy? Open a ventilator into the chimney, near the top of every room, if you can do no better, and keep it open, at least during the evening, while the gas is burning.

I am prepared to say that furnace-heat and gas-light are no obstacles to the cultivation of plants, observing only the precautions which are equally essential to human health. I think the rule should be broadly stated, that any room in which plants refuse to grow is unfit for human life.

In this connection, it is proper to enter a protest against the barbarous habit of excluding the sunshine from inhabited rooms, especially in winter. Its effect is almost as depressing on children and delicately organized women as upon plants.

There is one other obstacle to the growth of plants in the modern house; which is the plague of insects. Some varieties, especially the microscopic red spider, are uncontrollable in a dry atmosphere, but retire at once before proper evaporation. For the rest improved resources of which I may speak at another time, make it tolerably easy now to keep house-plants free from parasites.

To illustrate theory by fact: I heat a moderate sized house, containing about twenty thousand cubic feet, with a furnace. I find it necessary to expose seven square feet of evaporating surface in the air chamber of the furnace to produce a proper degree of atmospheric moisture. Half this surface would answer with better exposure. About a pint of water is evaporated in twenty-four hours for each seven thousand cubic feet in the house, in raising the temperature from 40° to 70°, two pints in raising it from 30° to 70°, three pints in raising it from 20° to 70°, and four pints in raising it from 10° to 70°, and about five pints in raising it from zero to 70°. Thus, in the extremest of cold weather, it requires nearly six pails of water in twenty-four hours to keep the atmosphere of the house soft and agreeable though not appreciably moist; that is, not nearly as moist as the ordinary summer air at 70°.

At twelve windows north, east, south, and west of the house thus heated, I have about seventy plants, mostly of the common kinds in very fine condition. During several years I have never known them to be injured by the furnace-heat and never by the gas, freely consumed, except in a single instance of an ivy growing near the ceiling of the room during an accidental leaking of gas.

I find that ivies thrive peculiarly under the conditions described, growing well in positions furthest from the light; as, for instance, on the hearth, forming a magnificent fireboard. Six or eight varieties of variegated leaved ivy thrive well with the common I find that roses which have blossomed during the summer of the ground, being potted after hard frost, stripped ruthlessly of every leaf, and trimmed in almost to bare poles are covered with buds within a month at my window, and blossom all winter, great authorities to the contrary notwithstanding. This winter a Madame Bosanquet has left all the rest, showing buds in three weeks, closely followed, however, by the Agrippina Souvenir de Desire, Sarfano, Hermosa, and Sanguinea.

The Chinese-primrose, and coral drop begonia are never out of blossom with me in the winter. A heliotrope, occupying a whole window, gives hundreds of its clusters, beginning in December. The orange, lemon, myrtle, and diosma grow with the greatest ease; and the Daphne odora and laurustinus blossom in their season. Among other plants which I find it good to have in the house, I will mention the varieties of winter and spring blooming cactus, geranium, oleander, abutilon, calla, Tradescantia sobrina (large and small leaved), hoyu, maurandia, tropaeolum, saxifrage, Coliseum vine, Madeira vine, and the usual bulbs.—*Corr. Journal of Horticulture.*

At a recent meeting held in Edinburgh it was arranged that the centenary of Sir Walter Scott, in August next, should be celebrated in that city, and not at Melrose, as was at one time suggested. There will be a grand banquet, and it is also proposed that the centenary should be commemorated in a substantial form by the foundation of scholarships or bursaries in the Scotch Universities, or by some other foundation connected with the cultivation of British literature.

SCIENTIFIC.

The Mediterranean Sea contains of Salt, 2,719 per cent; the Atlantic Ocean, 2,789 per cent; the English Channel, 2,695 per cent; the Pacific Ocean, 2,587 per cent; the Lake Ormiah (Persia,) 19.06 per cent.

OLEOGRAPHY.—This is the name given to the art of fixing on paper the special forms which a drop of oil assumes when poured on water. These forms, or patterns, vary, with every sort of oil, and are exceedingly interesting and beautiful. Oleography may be briefly described thus: Having obtained the oil pattern, lay on it for an instant a piece of glazed surface paper, then take it off and place it on a surface of ink or any other colored fluid in water or spirit. Now wash off any excess of color with plain water; when dry, the pattern is fixed. The paper becomes greasy where the oil is present and thus resists the action of the ink, but it is rapidly absorbed on the blank places.—*Septimus Piesse.*

MOTION.—"There is a definite store of energy in the universe, and every natural change or technical work is produced by a part only of this store, the store itself being eternal and unchangeable." What the learned Helmholtz teaches by these few words is important for us all to know, and it is this: Every force or power, that is, energy, that man exerts himself, or that he sees exerted by other animals, or any power or force exerted by natural phenomena—such as by the wind, the waves, or falling water, or what we may term artificial power or force, as exhibited in a steam engine, or a wound-up clock—is derived from the store of force-energy already existing in things of the earth. There is, in fact, never at any time any new creation of force, but merely a release of it, for the time being, from a state of rest. Hence, force, or energy, merely passes from one thing to another, and it is during this transmission that it becomes apparent under the form of motion.

VARNISH FOR IRON.—The following is a method given by Mr. Weiskopf of producing upon iron a durable black shining varnish: "Take oil of turpentine, add to it, drop by drop and while stirring, strong sulphuric acid until a syrupy precipitate is quite formed, and no more of it is produced on further addition of a drop of acid. The liquid is now repeatedly washed with water, every time refreshed after a good stirring until the water does not exhibit any more acid reaction on being tested with blue litmus paper. The precipitate is next brought upon a cloth filter, and, after all the water has run off, the syrupy mass is fit for use. This thickish magma is painted over the iron with a brush; it is happens to be too stiff, it is previously diluted with some oil of turpentine. Immediately after the iron has been so painted, the paint is burnt in by a gentle heat, and, after cooling, the black surface is rubbed over with a piece of woolen stuff dipped in, and moistened with linseed oil. According to the author, this varnish is not a simple covering of the surface, but it is chemically combined with the metal, and does not, therefore, wear off or peel off, as other paints and varnishes do, from iron."

The death is announced of Mr. Patrick McDowell, R.A., the eminent sculptor. Mr. McDowell was born in Belfast in 1799, and was at the age of twelve apprenticed to a coach-builder in Hampshire; but the bankruptcy of his master set him free, and, having become acquainted with a French sculptor, he found an opportunity of improving the talent he possessed, and when he was hardly of age he set up as a sculptor on his own account. The work which fully established his fame was his figure of "A Girl Riding," which brought him an abundance of commissions, and no doubt helped to secure for him his election to the rank of an Associate of the Royal Academy. In 1846 he was elected to the full honours of a Royal Academician.

THE FASHION PLATE.

Our first four cuts give a mode of dressing the hair for girls between six and twelve that is at present extremely in vogue on the other side of the Atlantic. Nos. 1 and 2 give the front, side and back view of the hair arranged in curls and plaits, while No. 3 shows the manner of dressing it after this fashion. No. 4 is another very favourite mode for girls of twelve or thirteen years of age.

AFTERNOON TOILETTE.

No. 1.—The dress and jacket are of grey *poult-de-soie*, trimmed with three rows of black velvet edging, and narrow black lace. Bows of grey *poult-de-soie* down the front, and muslin fichu with coloured ribbons. The trimming forms two flounces at the bottom of the dress.

No. 2.—The under-skirt is of *pense liffet*, and the over skirt of *pense cachemire*. The former has a broad *volant*, edged above with four strips of *cachemire*, and below with a box-plated edging. The over-skirt is trimmed with a broad band of black velvet, edged on both sides, and with a narrow piping and lace edging in lieu of binding. The body has a velvet *revers* and cuffs, both edged with narrow black lace. The over-skirt should be made very full, and should fall on both sides in a large fold, as shown in the plate.

No. 3.—Costume of brown poplin, with double waist. The skirt has four flounces with diagonal stripes of brown velvet, as shown in the plate. The jacket is trimmed with brown satin, velvet, and buttons, and is drawn aside in front in two *revers*, showing the under-waist of brown satin, with trimmings of the same.

No. 4.—A black grosgrain *paletot*, trimmed with black insertion lace, box-plating and a broad lace fall. Black velvet hat with black ribbons and veil.

No. 5 is of any claret-coloured material, and consists of skirt, jacket and pannier. The trimmings are of velvet, with heavy fringe of the same colour as the dress. The skirt has two flounces of velvet and fringe, with a deep *volant* at the bottom.

CHARADES.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN No. 1.

- Garter.
- Irritate.
- Iris.
- Tien-Tsin.
- Ristori.
- Greece.
- Tire.

Sir George Etienne Cartier.

The usually trustworthy correspondent of the *Pester Lloyd*, writing from Odessa on Nov. 18, estimates the Russian troops on the frontiers of Austria and the Black Sea at over 300,000 men, and declares that there are six frigates at Nikolaieff, besides thirty masked gunboats belonging to the Government.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Monday, Jan. 9, 1871, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 292 Notre Dame Street.

	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday, Jan. 3	10°	22°	6°
Wednesday, " 4	-6°	-1°	-1°
Thursday, " 5	-1°	6°	13°
Friday, " 6	34°	34°	28°
Saturday, " 7	-5°	1°	0°
Sunday, " 8	-6°	-4°	-7°
Monday, " 9	-10°	-2° 5	-5°

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Tuesday, Jan. 3	24°	3°	13° 5
Wednesday, " 4	0°	-10°	-5°
Thursday, " 5	15°	-11°	2°
Friday, " 6	34°	13°	23° 5
Saturday, " 7	2°	-6°	-2°
Sunday, " 8	0°	-9°	-4° 5
Monday, " 9	2°	-15°	-8° 5

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday, Jan. 3	30.10	29.97	30.46
Wednesday, " 4	30.48	30.50	30.50
Thursday, " 5	30.03	29.95	29.80
Friday, " 6	29.83	29.84	29.94
Saturday, " 7	30.40	30.43	30.47
Sunday, " 8	30.50	30.48	30.52
Monday, " 9	30.60	30.66	30.70

CHESS.

The following game (from the Chess-player's Magazine) illustrates an opening which has been frequently played lately by some of our amateurs. The notes are by Mr. Lowenthal:

FIANCHETTO.

White—Mr. Lowenthal. Black—Mr. Owen.

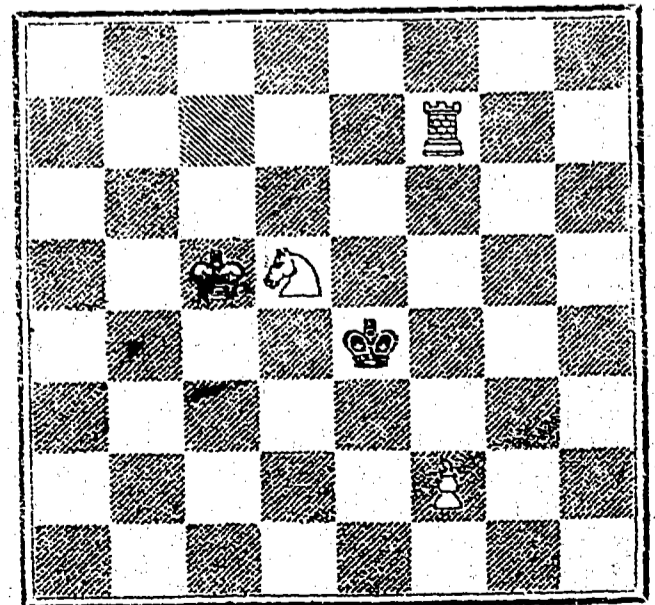
1. P. to K. 4th.
2. P. to Q. 4th.
3. B. to Q. 3rd.
4. B. to K. 3rd.
5. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. (a)
6. P. to K. B. 3rd.
7. K. Kt. to K. 2nd.
8. P. takes P.
9. Castles.
10. Kt. takes B.
11. P. to K. 5th.
12. B. to Q. 2nd.
13. B. takes Kt.
14. Q. to K. 2nd.
15. Q. R. to Q. sq.
16. P. takes P. (en pass) (b)
17. Q. to K. 3rd.
18. Q. to K. R. 6th.
19. Q. B. takes P.
20. Q. to Kt. 5th. ch. (c)
21. B. to K. 2nd. (d)
22. B. to Q. B. 3rd.
23. P. to K. Kt. 4th.
24. R. to K. B. 2nd.
25. Q. R. to K. B. sq.
26. Q. to Q. 2nd.
27. B. takes Q. R. P.
28. P. to R. 3rd.
29. B. to Q. B. 3rd.
30. R. P. takes P.

- P. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
- B. to Q. Kt. 2nd.
- P. to K. 3rd.
- Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
- B. to Q. Kt. 5th.
- Castles.
- P. to Q. B. 4th.
- P. takes P.
- B. takes Kt.
- Q. to Q. R. 4th.
- Kt. to Q. 4th.
- Kt. takes Kt.
- Q. to Q. B. 2nd.
- P. to Q. B. 3rd.
- P. to K. B. 4th.
- P. takes P.
- Kt. to K. 2nd.
- R. to K. B. 2nd.
- P. to Q. P. 5th.
- K. to K. B. sq.
- Kt. to K. B. 4th.
- P. to Q. R. 4th.
- P. to K. 4th (e)
- R. to Q. R. 3rd.
- R. to K. Kt. 3rd.
- Kt. to K. R. 5th.
- Q. to Q. B. 3rd.
- P. to R. 4th.
- P. takes P.
- R. takes P. ch. (f)

And White resigns.

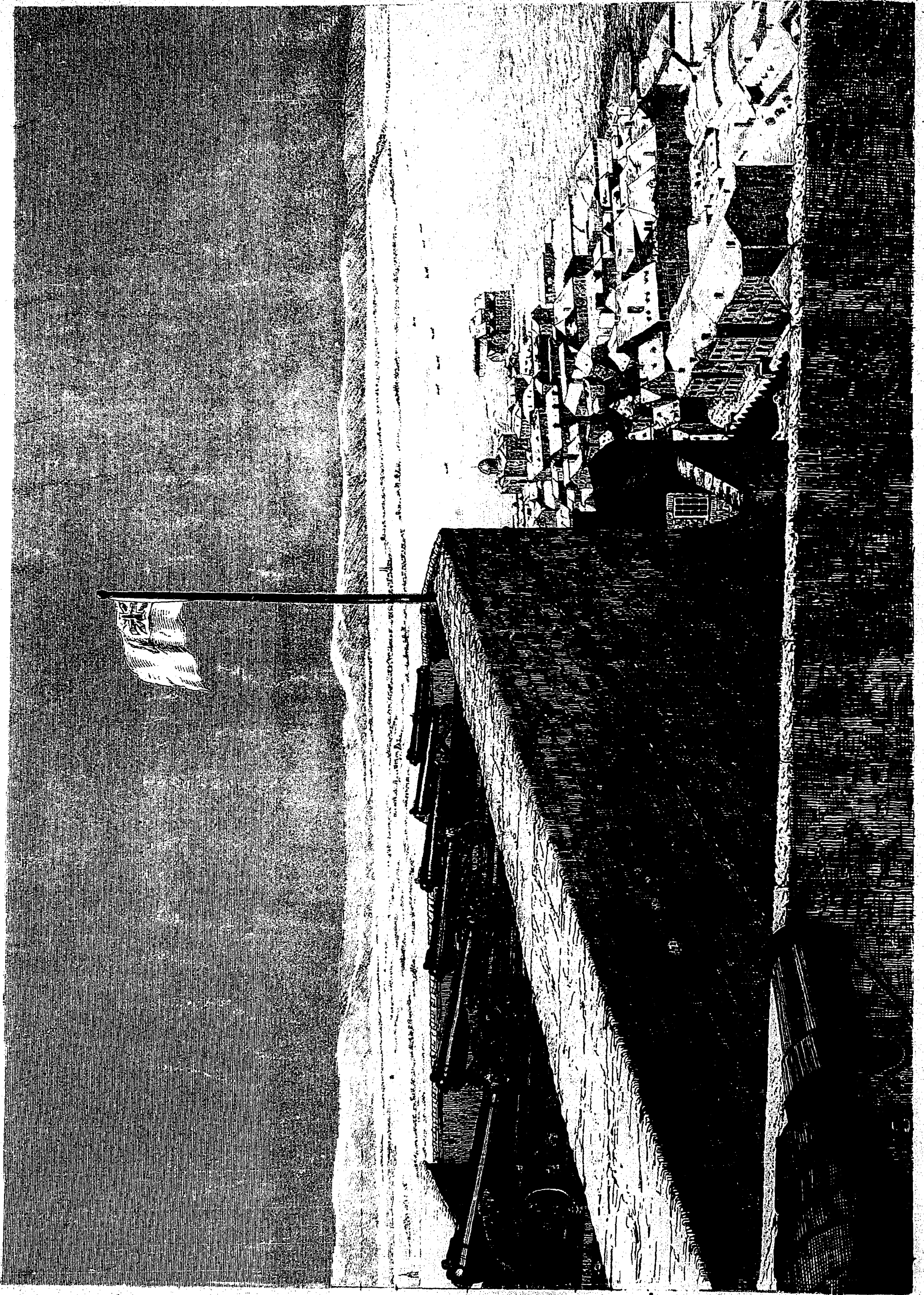
a Kt. to Q. 2nd. is a better move here.
 b Taking P. with P. in passing gives White a fine attack.
 c If 20. B. takes R. P. ch. 20. R. takes B.
 d Q. to Kt. 5th. ch. 21. K. to B. sq.
 With a piece ahead.
 e White, we believe, might have maintained his advantage by taking off the Knight at this point.
 f An ingenious conception, by which Black is enabled to turn the tables in his favour.
 g A pretty termination.

PROBLEM No. 24.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in five moves.



WINTER VIEW FROM THE CITADEL, QUEBEC, LOOKING EASTWARD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAYRHOIS & BERTREU.



TRAINING.

ENGRAVED BY LEVASSUR, FROM A PAINTING BY J. L. HAMON.

The following bitter invective recently emanated from the Garrick Club, and has been printed in some of the London journals:

WAS IST DES DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND?

1
What is the German's Fatherland?
What shores can bound that mighty land?
No longer can the narrow Rhine
Germany's giant-limbs confine,
Which o'er the elastic earth must spread,
As 'twere some huge Procrustes' bed
Made but to serve for breeding-place
To propagate the Teuton race!
From north to south, from east to west,
Where'er it pleases Bismarck best,
From mountain-peak to ocean-strand,
Is all the world your Fatherland?

2
Whatever clime the fragrance shares
Of holy William's unctuous prayers—
Where'er his saintly head reclines
In Heaven's keeping—and the lines—
And with Napoleon's crown puts on
The vices of Napoleon—
Where'er his saintly foot has trod,
By grace of Bismarck and of God—
Where once the winter sunbeams glance
Upon the Uhlan's bloody lance—
Where once their ruthless footing gain
The armies of the recreant Dane—
From Rhine to sea, from sea to Seine,
In Sleswick, Alsace, or Lorraine—
Where'er their steady march they keep
O'er hearts that break and eyes that weep—
Where children starve and women bleed,
To gorge the Prussians' monstrous greed
And preach the Hohenzollern creed—
Where Hell let loose the dogs of war—
Where Famine, Rapine, Murder are,
Stamped with the devil's blackest brand—
Is this your German Fatherland?

3
While, 'mid the dying and the dead,
France bow to earth her graceful head,
And inch by inch, and day by day,
Besieged Paris wastes away,
And Hunger rings the silent knell
Of hearts that Moltke cannot quell,
While Saxon and Bavarian meet
To crawl and cinge at Prussia's feet,
And lay their puny honours down
To garland an Imperial crown;
While Denmark, pillaged, bleeding, torn,
The conqueror's triumph must adorn;
While Austria dares as yet to claim
A separate life—a separate name,
And, lost to decency and pride,
In Prussia's train declines to ride;
While Russia, taught of Geist and Light,
Rides rough-shod over Law and Right,
And to the good old maxim clings,
That treaties are the pawns of kings;
While Italy, to serve her ends,
Makes traffic of the blood of friends;
While England watches coldly by,
As in the dust her old ally
Writes in the slow death-agonies,
Yet thinks to save those bleeding wounds
With rags and lint, with pence and pounds,
By fraud or force, for weal or woe,
The "patient Germans" onward go,
And iron head and hand
Build up the spoilers' Fatherland!
Oh, shame upon your colours! Shame
Upon the vaunted German name!
What if he dealt the foremost blow,
Your old, hereditary foe!
What if his rash, unhastened hand
Lit up the war-fires in the land!
Can all your pedants, all your schools
Teach you no newer, better rules
Than thus to answer wrong with wrong,
To preach the gospel of the strong,
And to the end perpetuate
The bitter legacy of hate?
Germans no more. For what care ye
Aught but the Prussians' slaves to be?
To swell for him the pomp of war,
To hand and feet to Bismarck's car?
Thought, freedom, all ye cast away,
Bow to the Hohenzollern's sway;
And ask, for all ye do and bear,
A corner in his evening prayer.
Reap as ye sow; and when you find
What harvest you have left behind—
When you have worked your evil ends,
And not a nation calls you friends;
When Bismarck, Moltke, William gone,
No more to victory lead you on—
Then bitter shall the waking be
Of your united Germany!
For ye have taken the Prussian's yoke,
And ye have dealt the Prussian's stroke,
And ye have licked the Prussian's hand,
And Prussia is your Fatherland!

* Count Moltke's Danish origin is not so generally known as it ought to be.

A letter from Toulon of recent date reports the loss of one of two iron-cased floating batteries, which were on their way to the mouth of the Rhone, in order to form part of the defences of Lyons. The vessel went down suddenly, head foremost, in 70 fathoms of water, and about 13 leagues distant from the land. Happily no lives were lost, as the crew were all on board the "Robuste" steamer, which was towing the battery; but the material loss is important, as the guns and ammunition were all on board.

WHEN I WAS A SCHOOL-BOY.

Will do I remember those delicious half-holidays at school, when we started off in groups to spend the afternoon among the hills, or by the river-side. With arms twined round one another's necks, in school-boy fashion—my group consisting of three sworn chums besides myself, and our exact destination kept as an important secret from the other groups—would we start off, and plod onwards towards a certain moorburn far up among the green hills. On our way thither, if a small bird chanced to be *chirping* its happy song in the hedges, how instantly were our deliberations stopped, and our curiosity raised to discover the nest: the nest found, how eager to bear the report—eggs or young. We were all naturalists in our own special ways: one had a *prechant* for beetles; another for moths, a third was ever on the *qui-vivis* for bird's eggs; while a fourth, perhaps, kept a heterogeneous collection of caterpillars, to see what they would turn to. Caterpillar-collecting, I may as well observe, was considered capital fun; so was pupa or chrysalis hunting; and I remember, when one of the latter was found, it used to be conveyed to a certain defined portion of ground, the property of its captor, and there buried, and zealously guarded till the time came for its wondrous transformation into the perfect insect. The boy whose chrysalises changed into the greatest variety of insects, was considered exceedingly fortunate, and held a greater rank in our estimation than before.

As "we four" wandered along towards our destination—the hill-burn—the objects that crossed our path were always carefully noted and commented upon. Birds were the chief objects of our solicitude, and many a weary search we made for their nests. Sometimes the skylark would rise mounting before us, with her glorious flood of song; but she, and her song too, passed comparatively unheeded by us, being of secondary importance to the tuft of grass from whence the bird rose, with the possibility of a nest therein. Poor larks! many an egg was stolen from them to grace our collections, and yet the skyward messengers seemed to be as plentiful as ever in the following spring.

At the foot of the hills was a small sheet of water termed the Pot Loch, the margin and depths of which supplied us with many interesting subjects for our collections. We always visited it on our way to the moor-burn, to set lines for pike against our return and to institute a diligent search amongst the adjacent weeds and grass for anything we could find. During those investigations, we always separated, each having his own beat. An exclamation of mingled delight and surprise would cause us to rush to the spot, to be rewarded perhaps with nothing more than a quantity of frog-spawn, or a colony of tadpoles, or, as we called them, *paddle lads*. Then an eager cry from the foot of the loch, with shouts of "Quick! quick!" would bring us panting to the side of the discoverer, our steps thither accelerated from the fear of being too late, and our fears too often realized; for just as the spot was gained, we would receive the annoying assurance that if we had arrived a moment sooner, we would have seen such a monster of an eel—said monster having just wriggled out of sight into the water-weeds. These little accidents only increased our zeal, and were more than made up for by the many curiosities discovered and appropriated. Water-lilies were severed from their sub-aquatic stems; their broad leaves supplied with masses of reeds, and with paper attached, set adrift on the loch. The much-prized but rare bull-rush would sometimes fall to our lot. Gold-coloured beetles were rich treasures, and as such were eagerly sought for; but I confidently affirm, that my delight at finding a beetle more variegated in colour than any before met, could hardly be equalled, certainly not surpassed, by any other pleasure that could have been offered to me.

Then there were water-hens, coots and baldkites; but these were seldom spied, as they usually remained *perdu* in the weeds; we knew they were there, however, from a peculiar single note they occasionally uttered. The heron, from our long acquaintance with him, became a great friend. I do not remember having ever seen two of these birds at once on the margin of the loch, so the solitary individual invariably encountered became the heron. He was, like all his brethren, a very patient, untiring fisher; nor was he very shy either, for, when roused from his meditative position by any of us, he would flap slowly over to the opposite side, and *vice versa*. If, however, he was much disturbed, he flew sulkily away to the neighbouring hillside, there to await our departure; and when we had left the water-side to continue our journey to the hill-burn, we often, upon looking back, just caught sight of him dropping quietly down again to his favourite position on the loch. Besides the heron, there was the hawk. This bird we almost always saw hovering over a deserted slate-quarry on "the hills," we believed to be the same individual from week to week—to have, in fact, an individuality similar to that of the heron; and the exclamation of: "Eh! there's the hawk!" was constantly uttered when he was seen for the first time that day. This hawk frequented, for the most part, the deserted quarry; but we were always at a loss to know what he lived upon, as we never saw him bear away anything in his talons or beak, though he stopped frequently; but he must have lived upon *something*, as he was as thoroughly wedded to the hills as the heron was to the loch. The quarry was a favourite resort of ours on our way to the hill-burn. In it we found soft pieces of slate which formed excellent slate-pencils, besides capital missiles to send skipping along the water.

Those breezy hills were truly our delight. Many a chase we had after the peewees that feigned broken wings to decoy us from their nests—an old trick now, but then ended with delightful, teasing novelty. Once, and once only, was a young peewee discovered. Three of us had bounded away after the parent lapwing, and were too eager in our impetuous chase to hear the fourth boy, who had remained behind, calling to us at the top of his lungs to return, as he had found the young one within a very few yards of where he was lying. At last we three gave up the pursuit in despair; and upon returning to our starting-point, were greeted with hurrahs, and could scarcely believe our senses when we were told to "search, and we should find a wee peesweep close by." We did find it too, easily enough; examined the little hairy ball, and left it in its heather-nest. *Wahaups* (curlews) were plentiful, too, and all cries. These we each learned to imitate, an accomplishment intended by us to beguile the birds into coming within our reach; but our imitation was incomplete, or possibly so like the cry, that the birds never thought of responding, and the result was, that we never got very near them. The plantation on the hillside was at once mysterious and awful to our imaginations. Somehow or other, we always deemed it tres-

pass to set foot within its enclosure, and that if "the man" came, we should be consigned to prison; and yet we could not resist the temptation of wandering through it in search of *cushie doos*. These cushions or wood-pigeons were rather numerous, and built on the larch-trees. But unless the nests were near the ground, we never meddled with them, as the idea of "the man" catching any of us in the wood, and still worse, *speeling*, was intolerable, and had the salutary effect of restraining our longings to climb. Now, we could have enjoyed rambling through this plantation, and would most probably have devoted a good deal of time to it; for the roots of the fir and larch-trees were capital for beetles and pupae, and the cushie doos presented splendid shots for stones; but a wholesome dread of "the man" perpetually curbed our inclinations, and kept us, for the most part, without its dreaded precincts. And how needless were our fears, as we afterwards discovered that "the man" was a mere *myth*!

Arrived at the hill-burn, the first thing we did was to bathe in a large pool. Our dip was usually of short duration, however, as the dread of eel-bites generally hastened our exit from the cooling element. After running about in *cuervo* to dry ourselves, we donned our attire, and then commenced the grand business of the day—*pumping for trout*. I am an angler now, of some experience and tolerable skill; I have all the appliances of rods and reels, fine tackle and nicely dressed flies, and I do not think several dozens of good-sized trout a very great haul on a good day with the water in trim; but what are my later experiences of fishing to those dearly cherished gumping memories! The novelty of handling a five-pounder has worn off considerably; and though it is yet, and always must be, a very jolly thing to hook and play a fine trout, yet the flush of triumph which attended these very juvenile successes can never be restored to my heart or my cheek. The burn where we gumped—that is, caught fish by the hand—was pretty deep in some places, and was skirted by *foggy* (mossy) banks. Under these banks we groped carefully, and wore the trout into a corner or hold preparatory to grasping it. Sometimes when wearing the trout in this manner, the hand and fish would be in contact the whole time, without any disturbance or attempts to escape by the latter; and this remarkable peculiarity we always ascribed to a sort of mesmerism influence, exercised by the hand upon the charmed victim. The process was termed "tickling their tails."

Great indeed was our joy, upon a certain occasion, when one of us landed a trout, one pound in weight, upon the bank. How we gazed and admired, and fondled and gently handled the sparkling prize, fearful of shedding a single scale from his matchless form; how exultingly we beheld him lie panting on the turf, little dreaming of his agony; how, almost fearfully, we gazed around to see if any one else had witnessed the deed, and finally, how carefully we rolled him in a pocket-handkerchief and bore him home. A feat like that was food for a month to us, and served in a measure as a date; thus, to recall some event or other, we reverted to the time the big trout was gumped.

The return from, was a weary job compared with the journey to, the hills. We were always tired long before we reached the school-house, and were glad to get to bed; but next week, the events of last Saturday were recounted, and plans for the following one discussed and matured. The anticipation of these half-holidays was, I am convinced, more delightful than the pleasure itself, great as that pleasure was. How we each thrilled with eager joy when any one proposed something peculiarly novel to be done the following holiday. How we chummed together in our dormitory, in school-hours, and in the play-ground, and strove to be amongst the number of "those who wished to go to the hills" on Saturday. This privilege being only extended by the master to those who deserved it by good conduct, was one we four always tried hard to merit; and on several occasions, how great was our grief when the list came back from the master's room with one of us on the cancelled side. This entailed the remainder of the quartet staying in the playground to keep company with the unfortunate spoiler of the day's fun, for it would have been considered a disgraceful meanness to have left him alone.

Those cherished scenes were revisited by me years after I had left school; but the Pot Loch looked smaller and less imposing, the hills lower, and the quarry had dwindled down to half its original size; the school-house remained unaltered, and the playground and solitary fir-tree we used to climb were the same; but how changed to my mind's eye was everything. Alas! it occurred to me that the school-boy alone sees things as they truly are, while the perceptions of the man are clouded and distorted by the ceaseless train of new objects. On the faces of the boys I saw, upon revisiting my old school, were evidences of fresh feeling which I recognised as akin to mine when I was in a similar position. It was the flush of anticipation—the greatest happiness of life. Musing in this manner, I took my way towards the Pot Loch to see what it was like. There it was in precisely the same place, smaller, to my sophisticated fancy, but still there; and a thousand old pleasures rushed upon my heart, and blinded my eyes, as I actually scared away the heron.

Nile travellers, says a letter from Cairo, are not as yet very numerous, nor probably will they come if the war continued. The way through France by Marseilles being shut up has probably something to do with it. People shrink from the sea voyage from Southampton, and the necessity of taking their passage weeks beforehand; and the Brindisi route is looked upon as a doubtful sort of experiment—the long railway journey, and the possible bad boat, were always deterring causes; now few of the people even who have some knowledge of continental travelling know how to get to Brindisi. The mails by that route continue to arrive very punctually. There can be hardly any doubt that under no circumstances will they ever again go by Marseilles. The English Government will probably enforce the clause in their contract with the Peninsular and Oriental Company, by which the latter are obliged, with three months' notice, to commence running steamers from Brindisi. Two well-known people here are at present taking their share in the defence of Paris—M. de Lessops and M. Mariette. Students of Egyptian antiquities will regret the absence of the latter, as all exploration and discovery is at a standstill, and the museum at Boulak is shorn of its chief beauty—the magnificent collection of gold ornaments, placed safely under lock and key by M. Mariette before leaving for his usual summer visit to France. Mr. Rogers, the Consul here, has been fortunate enough to obtain permission to have a cast taken of the trilingual stone found by M. Mariette two or three years ago at Sani, the ancient Tanis. It is to be sent to the British Museum very shortly.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES
OF THE
LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER BOMBVILLE.

GOING TO AMERICA.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

THE SATIN CORSET.

The house of Lillymere is old as the Saxons in England. Surviving the Norman conquest, the civil wars, and other vicissitudes, it has arrived at to-day with but few deflections from a direct line of succession. Its lords, the barons and earls of Royalfort, did not often loiter behind national events. They led. Hence their prominence in history and great estates.

The present Earl, Theodore De Lacy Lillymere, is a Tory of the Tories. A Conservative by instinct, by prescience of reason. Comprehending the present, penetrating the future, he shapes a course demanded by the spirit of the age; lives, thinks, acts, in advance of revolutions. He does not merely speak the axiom—"property has its duties as well as its rights," but practically evolves it. Happy are the people inhabiting the lands of Lillymere.

But the Earl has troubles. The first is, want of an heir in the direct line. This might be a real sorrow and source of gloom to him, as it is to the Countess, were he not compensated in some degree by the presumptive successor, his nephew, the accomplished, brilliant Colonel De Lacy Lillymere, M. P. Yet again, the Colonel is unmarried, and beyond him there is extinction of the peerage. Another trouble staggers Lord Royalfort as statesman: what to do with the myriads of handloom weavers now starving all over England, Ireland, Scotland?

Thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands are stricken down from honest, honorable labour and prosperity by the supreme industrial utility of the age, the steam power loom.

And there is the marriage of the presumptive successor. Lord and Lady Royalfort cannot be uninterested in that. They have cheerfully accepted Dorothy Eccley's suggestion that the bride should be the Lady Mary Mortimer. But De Lacy Lillymere must be a party in this consultation.

"What is psychological affinity," says the uncle to the nephew, who had disguised, under that cumbersome phrase, the old delightful word, "love," in speaking of Edith Ogleburn.

"It may be defined analytically," he replies, "as emanations from two souls interchanging places in sweet communion. But you would speak of the person, I presume, not of the phrase."

"Yes, about that taint of blood in the Ogleburns. One drop in every woman of that family not feminine, in fact not human."

"What is the blood if not human?"

"The Scotch term it witch seed. Women possessing it are said to give birth to witches. I may not give it credence. Indeed I do not. You do not. But the evil reputation is not the less a fact. I dislike the evil reputation. The ancient and noble lineage—I may term it the pure and heroic descent, of the De Lacy Lillymeres, should not be exposed to the taint of even a questionable tradition, or idle legend."

"Lord Royalfort, I do not lightly esteem the lineage of our house. But the spiritual emanation of my being has gone into Edith. Her's has come into me. I see it, feel it, and am purified because my soul is her abiding place, and her's is mine."

"Eustace, if it has come to that I may be silent. But what if this be witchcraft? It seems like it."

"It is witchery! It is the mutual enchantment of the affinities."

"Enchantment of the affinities? It was called love when I was young. But, Eustace, is military service consistent with this exquisite dalliance of the affections? You may be, any day, appointed to regimental command abroad, to higher and more complex duties,—may it not be prejudicial to the service and to Colonel De Lacy Lillymere that so much of him is now feminine, so much less of him manly? How of that? Had you not better resign?"

"No, my lord. The house of Royalfort will never be dishonoured, nor England poorly served by your gallant brother's son. Were I abroad on service now, the spiritual second self, or psychological emanation of Edith Ogleburn would pass through the globe—a current of invisible magnetism, or wander around the circle of the longitudes and find me. I not weaker, but rising nearer to the heroic for her presence. Were I in battle that guardian spirit would be there deflecting the line of bullets, parrying unfriendly sabres. If, by destined fate, wounded, the pure sweet

spirit of Edith would alight on me in the carriage, and minister to body and soul the surgery of love. Either inspiring to health, or by the grace of heaven to a foretaste of the happier life."

"Enough, Eustace, enough. I not seeing this Edith with your eyes, yet perceiving in you what I once was, say no more. But what of Dame Dorothy Eccley who holds so much of your possible fortunes in her keeping? What of the unquenchable pride of Lady Mary Mortimer? What of the borough of Eccley and your seat in Parliament? Postpone marriage with Edith for a time, Eustace, and preserve silence for twelve months, at least."

"We are married, my lord. I have been silent, but silence is no longer possible."

In a magazine of fashion on a street near St. James's Palace, London, Madame Cecilia presides. Edith Ogleburn, a lady of graceful form, wife and mother, though aged only nineteen, very beautiful to look upon, spiritual witchery in her blue eyes, examines and approves the material and mode of certain articles of attire. The corset is of blue and white satin, having intervals of envelope in the embroidery for concealment of money or papers.

At home the maid, Rosa, embroiders the lady's name in gold thread, with the date; and, as directed, inserts within the satin three Bank of England notes of £1,000 each; other notes to the amount of £700; also the lady's certificate of marriage.

Next day this lady, in passionate emotion, rends asunder within her soul that which is wife, from that which is mother. She gives the babe to Rosa and the nurse, Mrs. Ashc, to convey to Scotland for safe keeping, and takes ship from England, constrained to go by spiritual affinity, a magnetic compulsion, irresistible. She seeks the Colonel, Sir Eustace De Lacy Lillymere, but before finding him walks on a field of battle.

The time is six hours after darkness and silence have covered the carnage and the wreck. The dun sulphurous smoke of a dread conflict has settled to blackness. Rain pours into the pools of blood. This lady of slender form wades in the pools. Alone but not afraid. Alone but for this dead man or that; for this heap of carnage and wreck, or that other heap. Most of the wounded, if able to creep, or indicate in the darkness where they might be found, have been gathered to field hospitals. She climbs over shattered artillery, or gropes around it. Onward, and still on, in direct line of the magnetic constraint she glides in the darkness.

None have told her where Sir Eustace fell, nor if he fell. The direction in which the cavalry brigade was engaged, late in the day, has been indicated by the pointing of a weary sentinel's finger, nothing more.

A voice, a faint voice almost at her feet: "Is it you, Edith? It is you. I feel the presence. I knew you would come."

The words are faintly murmured, while yet no eye can discern the person of one or the other.

"Eustace? My love, my life, I am here!" "Yes, I know; knew you would come. Felt the approach coming nearer and nearer. But why did you? And the babe? Where is our darling?"

"I was impelled to come. I know not how. I only know why; to guard dear Eustace. Life of my life! Found you—found you! Will not part again. Knew I should find you. Knew you were wounded the instant it happened. When did it happen? Hurt, my Eustace? Much hurt?"

"Sweet Edith, fatally injured, I fear. Cannot extricate my limb from that artillery wreck, else might have crept to the ambulance. Was unable to call when men passed near looking for wounded. Fainted then. They gone when I awoke. Knew you would come, sweet Edith. Prayed you might come."

"Let me remove this cannon, the broken wheels, this dead horse. Your dear foot under them all! Yes, I can, the strength of giants is in me. Alas, too heavy. I try again. Got it free. Eustace! your dear right foot shattered. You faint! Hope of my life, say you live! Else I die with you."

"Fatally, mortally wounded, Edith! Have much to say. Short time to say it. The baby? Our son? Heir of Royalfort—when I am gone—where is the babe?"

"With Mrs. Ashc to Scotland, to my aunt Ogleburn's."

"Dying on the field of battle. Succession to a title so old, ultimate succession to the Wiltshire estates—all fading away. Pray, dear Edith, for my poor soul that it be not disinherited. Heaven sustain you, and the babe, and me, in this dread hour. Life is passing. Leaving my widow publicly unacknowledged as wife. My child publicly unacknowledged as legitimate. Oh! cruel pride of that proud house of Eccley Manor, and of Royalfort."

"But, Eustace, my husband; the Scotch certificate of marriage is sufficient, is it not? Say again it is. You often said it was. Say it again."

"It is legally sufficient; where is it?"

"In my bodice with the bank notes"

"Keep it there. Place this with it. A fragment written yesterday and witnessed by Drew and Horton when battle was immi-

nent. It satisfies the Royalforts. That Wiltshire old witch, Dorothy Eccley, your enemy and mine, may bequeath her estate to whom it pleases her, the gipsy convict, or the church. The Scotch certificate binds all legally to you not lying within the option of her disposal. I cannot say more. Faint. Pray for me, Edith."

Edith rends her under garments, making bandages for the wound. Surgery of frenzied love; the satin corset, stript from her body, is also a bandage.

"Shall not, must not die. Heaven abounds in mercy for all needs. Live a little longer, sweet Eustace. Does the wound pain much?"

"I bled to death. Your breath, Edith. Breathe into me—kisses of life—kisses of heaven. Heaven is life. Your breath is life. Closer. Breathe into my soul, sweet Edith. More, M—"

"Eustace! Not yet—go not yet. Mercy, dear Heaven! Spare my loved one yet a while."

Alone. Alone on this drear battle-field with her dead.

"Ha! What are you doing here? Who are you? A woman! Plundering the dead? Murdering the wounded belike. Who are you?"

"Man, woman, both of you, have patience. I am Lady Eustace Lillymere receiving the dying breath of my husband. You knew Colonel Lillymere?"

"False, base woman. There is no Lady Lillymere here. None anywhere else. Sir Eustace has no wife. And that gentleman is not here. He is gone to England with dispatches."

"Who is she? Take the plunder from her. Drop her out. Whip her at the gun-wheel. Better they who do the fighting should get the plunder. Take it from her. Give it up, limmer."

"Hold, you ruffians! Release that lady. Touch her—you die."

The voice! It is the voice of Sergeant Clinkengraith of the Foot Guards.

Shots flash and crack in the murky night. Bayonets clash. Steel strikes steel. Groans. Imprecations. Silence. Rain. More rain. Her footsteps—where? The footsteps of Edith seen no more.

Years and years. A freight train, on a branch line of railway in Canada, approaches Chippewa Mills. Will it stop? It stops. Is shunted into the siding, and a laden car detached, then the train departs.

The loading of the car comprises bales of rags, imported from England. Soon they are taken by horse waggons to the paper mill. Hoisted aloft, the bales lie in store, until wanted, then carried on hand-trucks and placed one by one, between two persons at a bench. Only two rag sorters are on this floor to-day.

The polite Englishwoman and the girl Lucy, to whom she acts as mother; as almost more than mother. They work together; the child sorting rags, the woman cutting off buttons, or ripping woollen from linen and cotton, or dissecting old corsets, cutting the cloth, extracting whalebones.

One bale, containing worn-out stays laid in thin layers between smaller fragments of rags is now at the bench. On a two-edged blade projecting upwards, the woman deftly rips open the seams, laying in a heap the splints, which once compressed the forms of maiden or matron; serving woman or daughter of fortune.

In words formed by thought, not spoken, Mrs. Myther—that is her name, feels herself saying:

Blue silk within. Blue and white satin it must have been once. Long ago fashion, too. Who may tell the wearer? Soiled and much chafed outside. Fresh within. Reminds me of a bodice made by Madame Cecilia of St. James's, in my happy young days. Such another was that worn by my Lady Lillymere, when she went to the field of battle. Fair saint, dwelling only a short time on earth, if she be really dead. Lost in a moment to all human knowledge. Gone with him,—the brave, the good, the gallant Sir Eustace! with him, I hope, to their fitting abode.

What punctured cut is this? Through the bone splints? A three-edged cut of a poignard—directly against the heart. This crusted hard brown blood! A mercy a me! This is murder or suicide. Was done with force to puncture the whalebone. Not suicide that cut, it must have been done with force.

Who was she? What was she? Who her enemy? Let me rip with care to examine the coloured silk within.

A mercy a me! Madame Cecilia's own trade mark. Rich this bodice was indeed. Rich it is to this day. Save me! The money, the marriage certificate! That brown hard crust is the blood of Lady Lillymere! My young, lovely mistress Edith Ogleburn. The Bank of England notes, three of £1,000 each, in all close on four thousand pounds sterling. Certificate of marriage: Eustace De Lacy Lillymere, Major in the army. Edith Ogleburn. Married at Springfield, parish of Grefna, Dumfriesshire, Scotland. By me Joseph Paisley. Witnesses: Foster Elliot, of Carlisle; Rosa Myther, of London.

My own handwriting. Mystery of mysteries.

Another paper: "My revered, honoured,

noble relatives, Lord and Lady Royalfort. About to engage the enemy; Death possible; a presentiment says, probable. This paper witnessed, as mine, by Captain Drew and Mr. Greville Horton, certifies that Edith Ogleburn is my wife, a lady of birth and lineage equal to our own. And the babe Eustace De Lacy Lillymere, born ten months after the marriage, is our son; and heir-at-law to all I might have inherited. The absurdities of Dorothy Eccley about the parliamentary seat for her rotten borough, and about her estates, with other occurrences known too well in the family, caused me foolishly to arrange a private marriage. Lady Lillymere, my wife, has a legal certificate of our marriage, duly signed."

"Lucy, my love, slip quietly out upon the stairs. Peep like a mouse. Observe if you see the Buddy Lowry Lundy anywhere around. In the machine room. In the yard. At the wood piles. In the boiler house. In the bleach house. In the paper mill. Keep him in your eye. Glide back if he follows. Lead him with your shadow to other rooms. Not in here."

Lucy vanishes softly, swiftly. Rosa Myther nimbly, but with care, opens the stitching of the rich, the once elaborately embroidered blue and white satin. And in words of thought, not spoken, continues:

Never heard of this document; but the first is witnessed in my own writing. The paper and the money where I myself stitched them there. Before robbery of her raiment, or murder, she has had opportunity to undo the stitches, insert the second paper, and embroider over the seams neatly, in her own style. I know her stitch, and the figure worked in the satin. What was your fate, darling Lady Lillymere? And of the babe? Does the child live? Most horrible of deaths if that child were really snatched away by eagles, as was told. Most cruel stealth of all stealing if the babe was stolen by gipseys. And even if alive, to be disinherited from rightful title and great estates on allegation of illegitimacy.

What had I best do now? Transfer the money to my own dress, meanwhile. Leave the corset aside with its papers until an exchange of linen rags, or purchase, makes them lawfully mine. May say the silk is wanted, and so it is; for Lucy's quilting. Not my money; yet I placed it there. None around here have better claim to the money. Besides, the babe may be discovered. The babe what am I talking about?

Hope Lucy has Lowry Lundy under eye. He is a torment, the creature. Wants another wife; is always after me. Has had wives enough, the little Buddy.

The child flits from doorway to mill corner. From corner to the wood piles, to other doors, other corners. Not in the way a child should be trained. Not in accordance with the free, open, truthful nature of Lucy herself—bright-eyed, light-footed, merry little Lucy—but a natural sequence to the practice of Buddy Lowry Lundy in watching the workers through gimlet holes.

By the mill flume, drawn from the mighty Chippewa torrent, a battlefield of waters, two miles wide, three miles down, down in swift currents and waves. White-crested cavalry, galloping, wheeling, reeling, foaming, in the froth of rage. Three miles of battlefield artillery, in mad impetuosity, shooting white clouds of conflict in the air, thundering near, booming in the distance—cavalry and artillery leaping the fractured continent, down into the vortex. Mighty Niagara! The child looks, he is not by the flume.

By the acres of piled up basswood, raw material of paper, the child looks. He is not there.

At the dark cavernous mouths in the floor, where inexorable rollers draw in blocks of trees to be gnawed to chips by teeth of steel. He is not there.

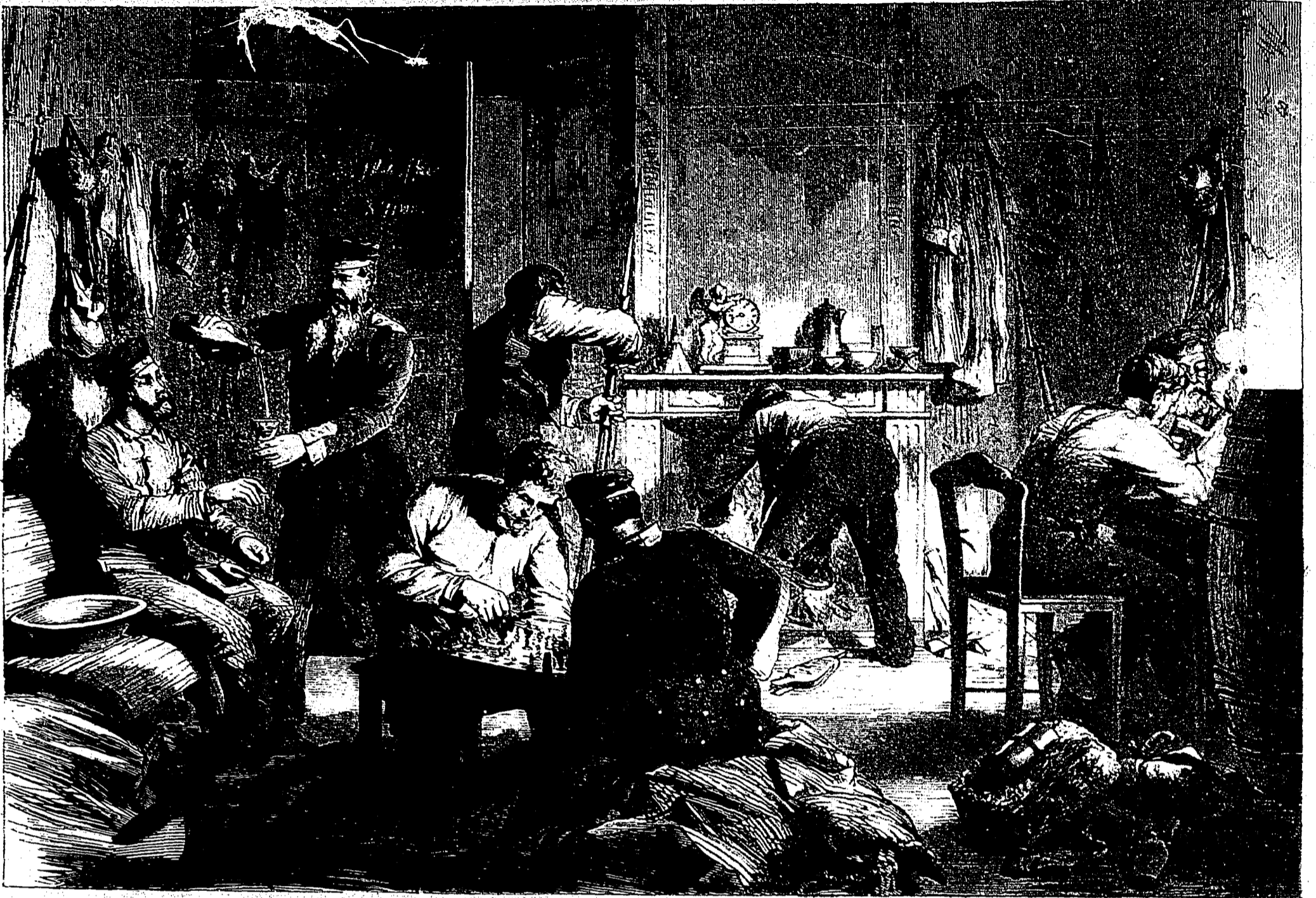
In the vaults of the great cauldrons where pulp of wood, disgorged by the machines, is boiled with straw and bleached. He is not there. In the rooms where pulp of rags and of wood amalgamate. He is not there.

In the halls of the cylinders, where, diluted in water, it spreads on the blankets, issuing in endless webs of paper; not the best paper, possibly, but idealized for charming purity by the angelic journalism for which it is made. Lucy looks. He is not there.

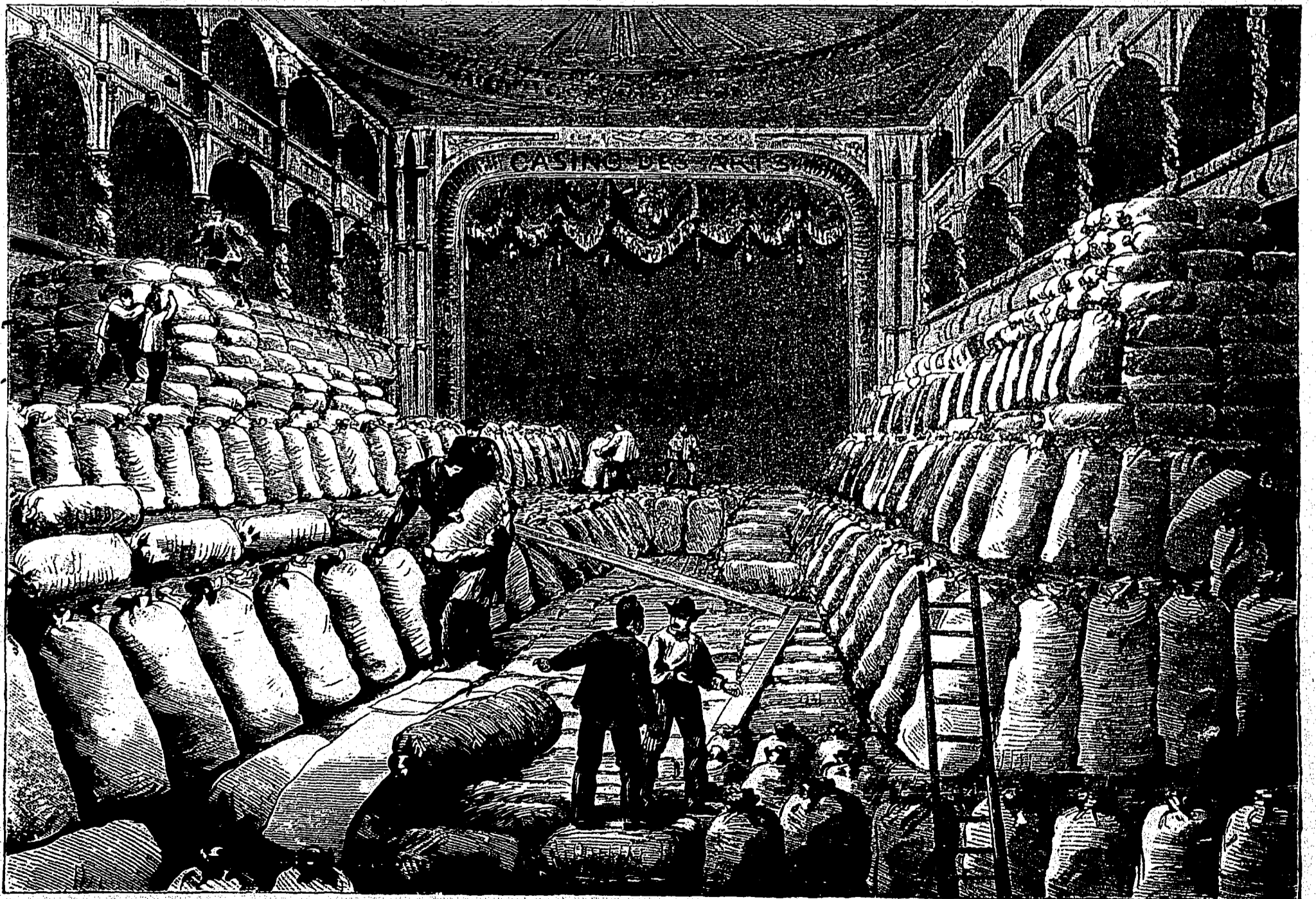
Returning to the rag stores, the child ascends to a floor over the room where Rosa Myther works. There, recumbent on the boards, peering through an opening made for this use, secretly plugged at other times, Lowry Lundy watches the woman below. Dust of the rags ascending, his face is withdrawn to sneeze. Swift in motion though Lucy be, the Buddy sees her. She is likely to remember he saw her.

It is night. In the shanty of thin boards, occupied by Mrs. Myther and the orphan, a lamp burns late. More closely than usual, screens are drawn over windows and chinks. Quietly before, softly again, the woman steps to the porch to make sure she is not watched. And Lucy, before she slept, toil-worn child, gilded around the shanty. No, he did not appear any way around.

But Lowry Lundy is there. Lying flat on the roof, astride over the shingles in shadow of the chimney top, his peering eye looks

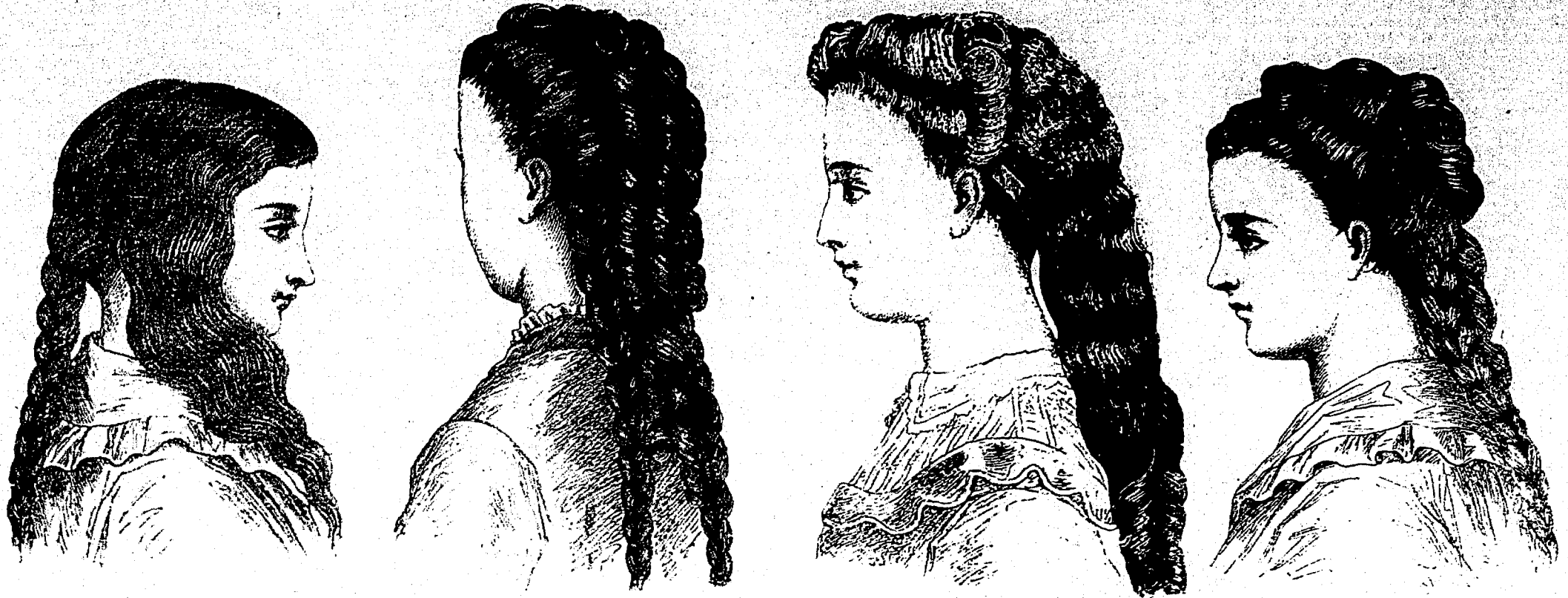


THE WAR.—COMFORTABLE QUARTERS, NEAR PARIS.



THE WAR.—STORING PROVISIONS IN THE CASINO DES ARTS, LYONS.

THE FASHIONS.



3. CURLS AND TRESSES—MODERN OF DRESSING.

1. CURLS AND TRESSES,—(BACK VIEW).

4. WAVES AND CURLS.

2. CURLS AND TRESSES,—(FRONT AND SIDE VIEW).



AFTERNOON INDOOR TOILETTES.

through a secret gimlet bore. He has not seen the money, but is patient and remains late on the shingles. He discerns fragments of the purloined old corset.

Next day Rosa Myther dresses the child in best clothes, and packing the rest for a journey, says:—

"Lucy, I may be arrested on charge of stealing that old rag of a corset. Take this parcel of money, four thousand pounds sterling, all but a hundred and ten. Go to Hamilton by the next train, to Brockville by the mail boat, to Perth by train, and out to Lanark to Squire Clinkengraith, the old Foot Guards' military veteran. Give him the money for safe keeping. Tell him I have found Lady Lillymere's satin corset. Stay there until I come."

To be continued.

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HILDA; OR, THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOBLE.

Author of the "Abbey of Rathmore," "Passion and Principle," "The Secret of Stanley Hall," "The Cross of Pride," &c.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

It is the evening before the sale. Stephen Osburne sits in his lonely home for the last time. What an air of desolation around him! His mother gone, Blanche lost to him too! Never again will that home re-echo her joyous laugh or his mother's gentle voice. That is hushed and silent in the grave, and Blanche's smile is no longer for him.

What an overpowering feeling of loneliness oppresses the unhappy man! How the storms of agony which had swept over him on hearing of his bereavement—lulled for a time in the necessary duties of preparing for his departure—rushes over him again, prostrating him in the depths of contrition. If he had not erred, if he had not placed himself in the power of the law, his mother's fond heart would never have been crushed by Mr. Berkeley's heartless refusal. She would still be in life, and his home would now be cheered by her presence.

What bitter self-condemnation did this thought awaken! What vows of amendment were uttered in the solitude of that lonely room!

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he opened his mother's work-box, which he had placed on the table beside him, and began to inspect its contents. Accidentally touching a spring, a secret drawer unrolled, Stephen had never seen it open; he did not know it was there. Reverently he examined what it disclosed, some mementoes of his mother's early life.

There was a locket with a tress of brown hair and a small packet of letters tied with faded ribbon; but what fixed his attention was the miniature of a handsome young man which reminded him of some one he had seen. Yes, he was sure it looked like Grant Berkeley! He opened one of the letters, which was addressed to Mrs. Osburne. It was written in an impassioned style. The writer addressed her as "dearest Bessie," and signed himself Lewis Tremayne.

He opened others; they were all in the same style, with the same signature. In one of the letters was a piece of folded paper, which Stephen found to his astonishment was a certificate of his mother's marriage with this same Lewis Tremayne. The date was thirty-two years before; then Mrs. Osburne's second marriage must have taken place when he himself was about three years old. Of that other marriage Stephen had never heard her speak. His earliest recollections carried him back a period of thirty years, when he and his mother were living in England.

He imperfectly remembered a handsome house surrounded by trees, but what had made the deepest impression on his childish mind was a pond in the grounds where his nurse used to take him to sail his tiny boat. There was, however, no recollection of a stepfather. His own, he knew, had died shortly after his birth.

Then came a break in his child's memory, and he was on board a ship, going with his mother he knew not whither. Afterwards came the remembrance of a large city and a pretty suburban cottage, where his boyish days were spent.

Then there were days of adversity in consequence of the loss of some American bank. It was during these days Blanche had come to live with them. She was his mother's niece, the daughter of an only brother, a village doctor, who had died in Wales, appointing Mrs. Osburne her guardian, and sending the orphan girl to her care. Blanche had taken their name, living with them ever since as the idol of their household.

"How well did Stephen remember her in her childish beauty! How well did he recollect the passionate love with which he had regarded her even in her girlhood, and all that love was wasted, was worthless in her eyes, compared with the boyish passion of Mark Berkeley! How full of bitterness was that thought. How the strong man shivered with the agony of his feelings.

He was only eighteen when she became the chief support of his mother and cousin. Blanche had a small sum left her by her father, but this was chiefly expended on her education.

Mrs. Osburne had sometimes spoken of her former residence in England when Stephen's early reminiscences introduced the subject, but never had she adverted to her second marriage, the certificate of which was now in his hand.

The reason she had given for leaving England was being obliged to sell her property there on account of the knavery of one who had the management of her money. Who that was she had never mentioned, and Stephen had always understood he was an agent, the person who managed her affairs. Might it not have been this man, Lewis Tremayne, who had then deserted her.

There was a mystery in this matter which Stephen wished to investigate, and late into the hours of that night he sat lonely and miserable, pondering the strange affair.

Why should his mother bear the name of her first husband all through her life, instead of calling herself Mrs. Tremayne? and who was this man? If that miniature was his, how handsome he must have been! and how singularly like Grant Berkeley he looked.

A sudden recollection flashed through the mind of Stephen. Lewis Tremayne was the real name of Mr. Berkeley. So he had heard from an old clerk in the counting-house, who had been in the employment of the late Mr. Berkeley of Quebec, when Lewis Tremayne was taken into the firm. This clerk, old Armstrong, as he was called, knew all about his present employer's early life in that city—the fortunate circumstance at the five years ago which had brought him into notice and won the favour of the former Mr. Berkeley. This old man, Armstrong, had often remarked the strong resemblance that Grant Berkeley bore his father.

This would thus account for the miniature resembling him, and it must be a likeness of his father, Mr. Berkeley, alias Lewis Tremayne, taken when he was a young man.

What a strong light did this discovery throw on this strange affair! In it he saw distinctly the true cause of Mrs. Osburne's death. It was the shock of amazement, caused by the mutual recognition, not the merchant's refusal to pardon her son, which caused that fatal swoon.

What a relief did this revelation bring to the heart of Stephen, tortured by the idea that he had been indirectly the cause of her melancholy end, for such was the plausible tale Mr. Berkeley had got up to shield himself from suspicion.

How little did people dream of the tragic scene which must have preceded Mrs. Osburne's death! But the unprincipled man, bearing so high a place in the opinion of the world, should be unmasked and his character shown in its true light! Then his family must suffer. The pride of the Berkeley's would be laid low. How would Mark feel when the tongue of scandal was busy with his mother's fame spreading the tale of their dishonour from house to house!

How Stephen exulted in that thought! His mother's wrongs and his own bitter disappointment seemed to turn his heart to stone. How he delighted in his power to crush the heart of his rival by the revelation he intended to make. To-morrow's sun would not set till he had bruited his strange discovery through Montreal, till he had avenged his mother's wrongs and published the true cause of her pitiable death.

So great was the excitement of Stephen, that it completely banished sleep, and through the long winter night he sat brooding over his sorrows and watching impatiently for the coming dawn. At length it broke grey and misty into the desolate-looking room, mixing with the yellow glare of the unextinguished gas-light.

Starting from his deep sad reverie, Stephen Osburne replaced the locket and the letters in the secret drawer, and, putting the miniature and certificate in his pocket, prepared to go out on his mission of just vengeance, intending first to call at the house of old Armstrong before he went to the counting-house, and show him the likeness, expecting he would at once recognize it for Mr. Berkeley's.

And now we will relate a few incidents in the early life of Mrs. Osburne and Lewis Tremayne, which will help to throw some light on "The Merchant's Secret."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LEWIS TREMAYNE.

A quiet little watering-place on the coast of Devon, a quaint old town in the distance, marine villas peeping out from luxuriant groves, a tiny bay closely shut in by tall

cliffs, their grey summits crowned with rows of neat white cottages for the accommodation of those whom health or pleasure attracted to the place during the watering season.

Below these picturesque dwellings at the base of the cliffs stretched a sandy beach upon which the white crested waves broke with a pleasing monotonous sound. Seaward appeared several white sails glistening in the sunlight as they glided through the calm waters while columns of vapor floating up into the blue heavens pointed out the rapid course of some steamer outward or homeward bound.

Such was the scene that presented itself to the eye of Lewis Tremayne on a beautiful summer evening some thirty-two years ago, as he descended a zigzag path cut in the rock leading from the brow of the cliffs to the strand below. There was another less precipitous descent at a little distance, which at the same moment a lady in widow's weeds was leisurely pursuing. Leaning against a projecting ledge of rock half way down the cliff Lewis stood for some minutes drinking in the sea air so refreshing after his hot walk from the distant town, and listening to the music of the waves as they came and went on the yellow beach below, while his eye wandered admiringly over the scene before him. His fine figure standing out so picturesquely against the dark cliffs behind caught the eye of the lady in black as she gained the beach, and she strolled purposely in his direction. Soon the attention of Lewis was attracted towards her, and he continued to watch her furtively as she approached. Not however from admiration, but from a feeling of surprise that one so remarkably homely should have been married, for married she had been, as her particular style of dress declared. Her slight figure was not ungraceful, but the face was disfigured by a dark red mark almost covering one cheek. As the lady passed at the foot of the rocks where Lewis Tremayne stood looking down upon her, he caught an upward glance, and there was something so pleasing in the expression of the mild grey eye that Lewis began to think there might be other attractions in a woman beside those of beauty. He was still pondering the subject when a little scream was heard, and he saw the widow hastily retracing her steps as if frightened at the approach of a large Newfoundland dog which was dashing towards her barking loudly. There either was alarm or a very pretty affectation of it, and in a moment Lewis had descended the rest of the cliff and placed himself at her side to defend her, if necessary. But the dog passed quietly on, he was evidently in pursuit of some boys who were wandering among the rocks at a little distance.

Laughing at the needless alarm the lady thanked Lewis in the sweetest voice possible, declaring she had an unconquerable dread of dogs. It really was foolish, she knew, but it was a weakness she could not help. The young man strongly suspected that the widow's fear of the dog was merely assumed—a ruse to get up an acquaintance with himself. The idea was very flattering to his vanity, he only regretted that the lady was not more attractive, this little incident would then have more interest in his eyes. Politeness required him, however, to offer himself as an escort during her stroll along the beach, as the formidable looking animal was still roving about. The offer was graciously accepted and the pair who had not known of each other's existence half an hour before, walked on together, conversing familiarly as young people will talk even on a short acquaintance, of sentiment, poetry, literature, and other interesting subjects.

Mrs. Osburne, such was the lady's name, congratulated herself on making so agreeable an acquaintance. So pleasantly did time pass that sunset had crimsoned the picturesque features of the scene, and twilight was beginning to fall, ere Mrs. Osburne thought of leaving the beach. Such a sudden intimacy with a stranger would have been considered highly imprudent in a young lady, but in a widow it was quite allowable—widows being privileged beings, so at least thought Mrs. Osburne. Up the steep broken road she had descended, Mrs. Osburne now returned to the heights above, accompanied by Lewis Tremayne. There they found a handsome pony carriage waiting.

"Yonder is my home," was the widow's observation as she pointed to an antiquated villa crowning a wooded slope about two miles distant. "Whenever you feel disposed to call, I shall be happy to show you that painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds we were talking about. Then gathering up the reins she bowed gracefully and drove off, leaving Lewis gazing thoughtfully after the handsome equipage, and wondering how this little adventure might end. The encouragement given him by Mrs. Osburne was certainly flattering to an obscure individual like himself, a penniless clerk in a bank in the neighbouring town, and the acquaintance thus romantically commenced might turn out to his advantage.

On enquiry Lewis learned that Mrs. Osburne was the widow of a rich eccentric old man, who had married her chiefly from gratitude, she having nursed him through a lingering illness with which he had been attacked during a temporary stay at a pleasant village in Wales, where she resided with her brother.

This brother—the village doctor—had taken Mr. Osburne to his home in order that he might have better attendance, and in this way the marriage of plain Bessie Rutherford to the rich old owner of Seaview, one of the prettiest little estates in the beautiful county of Devon. Mr. Osburne did not long survive his marriage. At his death he left his fortune to his young wife and son, the whole to revert to him on his mother's death, who was left his sole guardian. By this arrangement it was evident the eccentric old man did not contemplate the possibility of his widow marrying again; perhaps from the paucity of her attractions he thought there was little probability of such an event. He forgot that golden charms are powerful to subdue the heart of man.

The acquaintance with Mrs. Osburne, Lewis Tremayne thought was worth cultivating. A sun gilded prospect was opening before him. A marriage with the rich widow seemed very possible. She was evidently captivated by his appearance. Lewis, like most young men, was not wanting in vanity. He would try for this matrimonial prize. His only regret was Bessie's want of beauty, but her money would make amends for her undeniable ugliness, for notwithstanding the sweet expression of her grey eyes she was exceedingly homely, and Lewis was a great admirer of beauty in woman. Such were the interested motives that induced the poor bank clerk to follow up the acquaintance thus commenced, and to present himself a frequent visitor at Seaview.

The courtship was not long, the young widow, as Lewis had conjectured, had fallen desperately in love with him, and contrary to the advice of her friends she joyfully accepted the offer of his hand. Once married his wife's money gave him ample means of enjoyment, for she allowed him unlimited credit at her banker's.

Some months passed on. On various pretences Lewis frequently left home, spending his newly-acquired wealth in fashionable dissipation in London, or on the continent. Too late the neglected wife awoke from her dream of bliss, to find out the miserable mistake she had made in bestowing herself and her money on one who regarded her with indifference if not contempt. They had been married about half a year when Lewis, after a considerable absence, returned unexpectedly to Seaview to be nursed, and recover strength in his luxurious home, after a severe illness which had been brought on by dissipation during a residence in Paris.

An orphan cousin was now living with Mrs. Tremayne, one to whom she had kindly given a home when left destitute by the death of her father. Fanny Rutherford was two years younger than Mrs. Tremayne, and extremely attractive. What a contrast between the cousins in appearance, in manner, in every thing. Fanny's figure Juno-like, her face the Anglo-Saxon style of beauty—the rounded cheeks displaying the colouring of the rose, the soft brown hair, the fair complexion, and the blue eyes. How the eye of Lewis loved to linger on that lovely face, contrasting it with his wife's, and full of bitter repining that fate had not given him the bewitching Fanny for a companion through life. He felt now that he had sacrificed his happiness by marrying Mrs. Osburne. The affluence he had acquired by an union with her seemed worthless in his eyes. If he only were again poor and unmarried, he might hope to gain the hand of Fanny Rutherford! He regained strength slowly, his constitution was much broken by his late dissipation. During his convalescence he had many opportunities of enjoying the society of his wife's cousin, who did all in her power to amuse the invalid, reading to him his favourite authors, and by the charming gaiety of her manner, enlivening the dreariness of his sick-room.

Mrs. Tremayne was almost always present, occupied with her work, during these interviews. She seemed intuitively to feel there might be danger in this pleasant familiar intercourse. Her idolatry for her handsome husband inclined her to jealousy. She was aware of her own want of beauty, and she dreaded the influence of the very attractive Fanny. She regretted having taken the young girl into her family, and she would have sent her away were it not for the dread of exposing herself to ridicule.

Lewis detected the presence of "the green-eyed monster." His observant eye saw the jealous fears agitating Bessie's mind, and he was very careful to do nothing which would give her reason to think her fears were well founded. And yet, in spite of her close surveillance, he contrived to make Fanny Rutherford understand the nature of his feelings towards her, and, by the impassioned language of the eye, she became aware of the impression she had made.

This conquest was very flattering to the vanity of the young girl. She felt a very strong admiration for her cousin's husband. He was well educated, and seemed intellectual, because he was deeply read in the light literature of the day, and could converse well on such subjects. And Fanny had been brought up in retirement, having received only a plain education. To this feeling of admiration was added one of interest from the moment she first saw him brought, pale and languid, to Seaview, and both these feelings were deepened

by the knowledge of his attachment to herself, for love often creates love. Fanny might never have fallen in love with Lewis Tremayne if he had not first conceived that violent attachment for her.

When Lewis Tremayne's health was restored, he did not run away from his home to London, or other places of amusement, as he had formerly done, Seaview now contained for him a greater attraction than any other place on earth.

This unwillingness to leave home startled Mrs. Tremayne, she conjectured the cause, and became more watchful than ever.

A circumstance soon occurred which confirmed her suspicions, and so roused her indignation against the unprincipled girl who had stolen her husband's affections, that she told her to prepare for her immediate departure from Seaview.

Fanny complied, but she did not go alone. That night she and Lewis fled—no one knew whither—he having taken care to provide himself with funds out of his wife's money.

The first wild agony of her desertion over, Mrs. Tremayne discovered that she had sustained a greater wrong at the hand of her worthless husband than she had imagined. All her money in the bank had been withdrawn, and all that was now left of her property was Seaview.

How bitterly did she deplore her folly in trusting so implicitly to the honour of an unprincipled man. By the gratification of her foolish passion in marrying again she had almost beggared herself and infant son. The thought that she had deprived her boy of his father's fortune was a severe punishment to the unhappy woman.

A brother of Fanny's was sent for in all haste to Seaview, and with him Mrs. Tremayne consulted what was best to be done.

To pursue the guilty pair would, he thought, be useless, but they might recover the money Lewis had taken by sending the detectives on their trail, and in this way punish him for the theft.

But Mrs. Tremayne shrank from the publicity of such proceedings. Neither did she wish to pursue with vengeance the man who was her husband, for even his desertion had not yet subdued her passionate attachment to him.

As she no longer possessed a sufficient income to enable her to reside at Seaview, she was obliged to sell the villa, and being anxious to leave the scene of her former happiness and present anguish and humiliation, she resolved to leave England and emigrate to the United States.

The money she got by the sale of Seaview enabled her to live in a plain but comfortable style in a suburban cottage near Boston. By leaving England she would be enabled to conceal from her son, as he grew up, the injury she had done him by putting it into the power of a second husband to squander the fortune he ought to possess.

This was the reason she never revealed to Stephen that second marriage, and that, in order to conceal it, she retained the name of his father instead of that of Tremayne. How often did she secretly lament her folly in marrying again, and despise herself for the vanity that could make her think a handsome young man like Lewis could fancy her, or return the wealth of love she poured out upon him.

Lewis Tremayne and Fanny, who now passed for his wife, remained in London as long as their money lasted, enjoying life and happy in each other's society, untroubled by the reproaches of conscience. At length, when their means of support failed, they embarked for Canada, and arrived almost penniless at Quebec.

A change had come over Lewis Tremayne with his attachment to Fanny Rutherford. His dissipated habits were laid aside at once and for ever, and from the time he arrived in Quebec he steadily applied himself to business, his strong affection for her stimulating him to exertion, with a view to surround her with the comforts she had abandoned for his sake. The fear of a discovery of the nature of their connection haunted them for some years, but as time passed on and they continued prosperous and respected, they began to feel more secure, and to hope their secret would never be found out.

When Stephen Osborne first entered the employment of Berkeley & Son, his familiar name caused Lewis to make some inquiries about him, but on hearing that he was an American from Boston, he thought he had nothing to fear.

Little did he think, in his blind security, that the hand of retributive justice was stretched out towards him, and that the course of events over which he had no control, was hastening the shameful catastrophe which he and the guilty Fanny had been dreading so long.

To be continued.

NOTICE.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Partnership (Limited) heretofore existing between WILLIAM AUGUSTUS LEGGO and GEORGE EDWARD DESBARATS, under the firm of LEGGO & CO., was dissolved by mutual consent on the 31st DECEMBER last, and that the Liabilities and Assets and good-will of the late firm have been transferred to GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

W. A. LEGGO. GEORGE E. DESBARATS. Montreal, 4th January, 1871.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned will continue the business of Engraving, Lithographing, and Printing, including Leggotyping, Photo-Lithographing, Electrotyping, &c., under the name and firm of LEGGO & CO.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS. Montreal, 4th January, 1871.

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WE have constantly in yard for Sale. GRATE COAL, SCOTCH STEAM COAL, AMERICAN ANTHRACITE COAL, WELSH ANTHRACITE COAL, BLACKSMITH COAL, NEWCASTLE COKE, ALL OF THE BEST DESCRIPTION. J. & E. SHAW. Yard: 57 Wellington Street. Office: 82 McGill Street.

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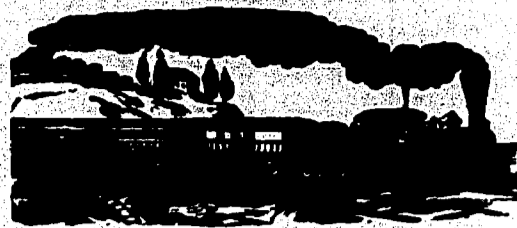
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1870.

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GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. This Syrup is highly recommended for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchial and Throat Affections. FULL DIRECTIONS IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH WITH EACH BOTTLE. PREPARED BY HENRY R. GRAY, DISPENSING CHEMIST, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street, MONTREAL.

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Mail Train for Toronto and intermediate stations 8.00 a. m. Night Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at 8.00 p. m. Accommodation Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at 6.09 a. m. Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at 4.00 p. m. Trains for Lachine at 6.00 a. m., 7.00 a. m., 9.15 a. m., 12 noon, 1.30 p. m., 4.00 p. m., and 5.30 p. m. The 1.30 p. m. Train runs through to Province line.

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C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director.

Montreal, Nov. 7, 1870.



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OTTAWA, 10th Dec., 1870. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 10 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

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It is almost unnecessary to say anything in favour of this Stock. The house has been celebrated for their choice assortment of the Newest and Most Fashionable Goods, imported direct by one of the Firm, thus saving the large profit of the Wholesale Merchant. Take, then, into consideration the fact of the Stock being purchased from the Official Assignee at one-half the original cost, and you will easily see that no house in the trade can offer such inducements.

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BY W. O. C.



1. I get me ready, donning colours becoming, and Gibb's best suit.



2. Arrive at the house of Mrs. Stadacona, who has such sweet daughters.



3. Am whisked (not kissed) by the pretty maid.



4. Final touch.



5. Conversational.—Chorus—"How do? Happy New Year! Same to you!! Charming day!!! (Snowing heavily all the time.) Have a glass of wine!!!! Good morning!!!!"—(4 p m.)



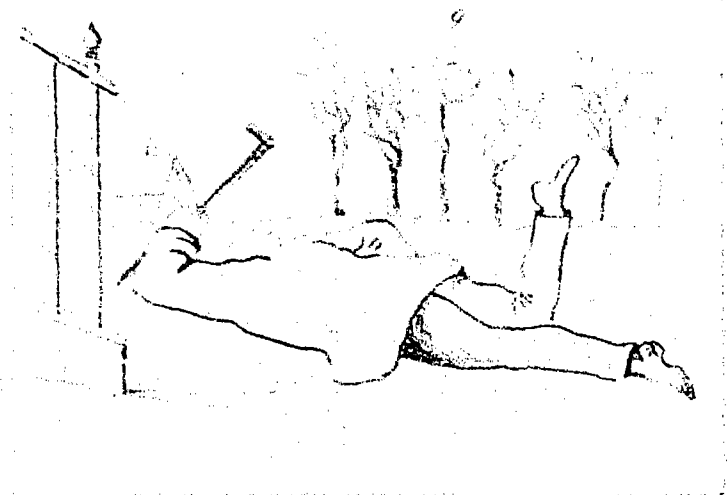
6. Where is papa all this time? Why, here he is in the parlour with the cat and the last Canadian Illustrated News.



7. I conform to the usages of society and drink inferior sherry to the health of Mrs. Caughnawaga.



8. Am overcome by the effects of climate.



9. Foot-path most slippery. May I have many more firsts of January in Canada!

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83 WATCH!

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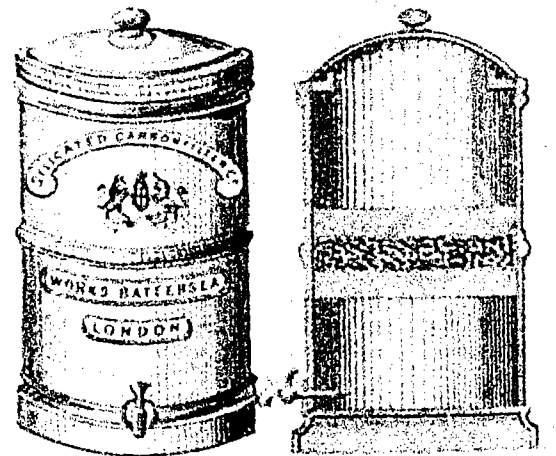
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