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Whistling News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1872.

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GAMES AT THE VICTORIA SKATING RINK, MONTREAL.—RACE BETWEEN YOUNG GIRLS.—SEE PAGE 179.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTREAL AND HER RAILWAYS. WOOD AND WATER.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

SIR.—The offer of the Northern Colonization Railway Company to bring in to Montreal a constant flow of pure water for the supply of the city, from the river at St. Jerome, a distance of 30 miles, thus giving, from the natural elevation of the country, an effective head of 300 feet above the city, sufficient for the highest service pipes of the water-works, and saving all the expense, risk, and annoyance of the pumping apparatus at present in use, is one that we would think should, by no means, be despised or neglected. Large navigable rivers, such as the Ottawa, which have other cities upon their upper banks, are, as sewerage is at present managed, very unsuitable sources for the supply of drinking water to the cities lower down the stream, even with the aid of any ordinary filtering apparatus—while we know almost all the filtration in present use to be exceedingly imperfect, and to have little effect upon chymical admixtures. Water that is much discoloured may sometimes be rendered bright by means of a good ordinary filter, but whether all the deleterious principles are taken out of it, is a question that it will require the tests of the chemist to give a satisfactory answer to; and I may say by the way that that most useful functionary should be much more constantly employed than he now is about our food and drink, and the various circumstances and admixtures which affect their quality. A city that has no public analytical chemist is certainly not *in advance* of the times. Now, without wishing to give your readers in Montreal unnecessary pain, I will merely direct their attention to an article which appeared in the *Ottawa Times* of the 1st March, and which will be found in the reading-rooms, to enable them to gather a better knowledge of the nature of the fluid they have in daily use in their households for drinking and culinary purposes. I purposely avoid making a more particular reference to this important subject at present. The wise will look into the matter for themselves. If a railway—this particular railway—will provide the city with pure upland water, as no doubt it may be made to do, one can only entreat the citizens not to turn away hastily from so good an offer—and so much for one branch of this question of the usefulness of a Northern railway. Its great household advantages are, however, very far from being exhausted. Mr. Legge tells us with the greatest verisimilitude that the sum of \$300,000 may be saved annually in firewood, by building and working this new through line, whilst the stock subscription, participating in profits, which has been asked for, is but a million. Such facts are enough to confound us all at the thought of our own dullness. We must have studied our arithmetic to but little purpose at school if we cannot master this simple sum. Letting alone the water supply, our Montreal friends have had this wood question perpetually brought before their notice for, say 20 years past, by the leading journals. It has always been evident to a thinking journalist that there was an abundant supply of wood to the north of the city, and, from its position, competent to reduce the winter prices for fuel to a low figure, if Montreal could but be induced to arouse herself, and make for once a united effort to have it brought in. Making abatement for the increase of the city, and so multiplying only \$200,000 by the 20 years, during which the subject has been agitated, we find as the result of the deferred action of the citizens, a dead loss to themselves and their families of four millions of dollars for that period alone! Against this vast sum we have nothing to inscribe but the simple sad word—*ΑΡΑΘΥ*. Really it is a wonder in the midst of so much indifference that the journalists referred to have not become sadly disheartened or very conceited. Railway proprietors they could not make of themselves, for that requires means. The first energies of emerging civilization are devoted to a due supply of wood and water for household use, and we can only conclude that it is when a community becomes overcharged with knowledge and refinement that such things are neglected. Then come Tichborne cases, and nonsense of many kinds, interfering with the habit of consensic thought on common, as well as on higher matters. So, as we shake off the clouds that have enveloped us, we may begin to remember that it is a pleasant thing to have pure water and good fires, and to have them at a moderate cost. But do not let us suppose that the benefits to accrue from the Northern Colonization Railway are here exhausted. The great Canadian Pacific Through Route is necessary to our existence as a Dominion—should be the grand bond of the future between the mother country and her gigantic child on these western shores. See what the Secretary for the Colonies has just said about this. It will be the great instrument, when completed, of pouring wealth into every one of our eastern and lake ports—the wealth of the Indies, and of China and Japan; and the Northern Colonization Railway, as its Montreal Branch and section, will be the channel for these advantages, as well as for connection with Manitoba and British Columbia. Truly at the present time we are not wrong in saying "our politics are railways." There is no need to assume that it will always be so, but that does not make it the less an essential, unavoidable incident of the times we live in. Let us be faithful to the needs of the time and of our posterity. From the now acknowledged value of our spare lands, the money burden to be apprehended has become wonderfully lightened, and it will also very properly be spread over a long term of years. The Americans are devoting themselves heart and soul to their Northern Pacific line. Whatever may be their faults as a people, they understand the conditions of progress. Railways,

by the needs of their construction, are inextricably bound up with the question of our future immigration, and our future cities and settlements. We need not despise missions and agencies and over-crowded lands, but it is the principle of attraction, after all, that must secure a population for us—the fact being made evident to all that the immigrant will be better cared for, and more comfortably and securely settled here than in other parts of the world—that his life will be protected in his work, and his hours made peaceful in his intervals of rest. If we wish to be prosperous as a people, we must protect the working classes. There is no blinking this plain proposition. Railways will be one chief means to this great end. Through them we shall be enabled to bring work-people and their families to their destination, to organize and develop new Provinces, with their Governments and churches, which, when organized and developed, will, by the blessing of Providence, be bound up together in a bond of fertility and wealth and social happiness, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and so, in many new and unthought-of aspects, be privileged to present a good and striking example before the eyes of a too somnolent and also too irritable world.

Yours, &c.,

X.

THE THANKSGIVING DAY.

(From the *Illustrated London News*, March 2.)

The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, on Tuesday last, went to St. Paul's Cathedral, in the city of London, with her son the Prince of Wales, to give public thanks to God for his recovery from the illness which had well-nigh cost his life.

The procession started from Buckingham Palace at five minutes past twelve o'clock. It was led by the carriage of the Speaker, the Lord Chancellor, and the Commander-in-Chief, and was composed by nine Royal carriages, the eighth drawn by four, and the ninth by six horses. The last two were open carriages. The first seven carriages (which were closed) were filled with ladies and gentlemen of the court; but the eighth conveyed their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Prince George of Wales; while the last carriage was occupied by her Majesty the Queen, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their eldest child, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and Princess Beatrice. The Marquis of Ailesbury, Master of the Horse, was in the eighth carriage, attending the Princes. The only member of the Royal family present, not in the last two carriages, was the Duke of Cambridge, who sat in his own carriage, following those of the Speaker of the House of Commons and the Lord Chancellor. There was a guard of honour of the Coldstream Guards, and sailors of H.M.S. "Excellent," at Buckingham Palace. Lord Charles Fitzroy, Equerry in Waiting, rode by her Majesty's carriage, and a field officer's escort of the Royal Horse Guards accompanied her Majesty, who proceeded through Stable-yard Gate to Pall Mall, Charing Cross, the Strand, Fleet Street, and Ludgate Hill to the great west entrance to St. Paul's Cathedral.

The streets along the whole route were lined with a dense throng of people, standing behind the barriers on each side-pavement; every shop, every window, upper and lower, every doorstep, portico, and balcony, and the roofs of many houses were occupied by eager spectators. Lofty and spacious stands, or covered galleries, in which several tiers of seats rose one above another, were erected at convenient places. There was one in the Mall, behind the wall of Marlborough House; one in Pall Mall, a platform filling the whole inclosed courtyard in front of the War Office; one in front of the Charing Cross Hotel, a superb pavilion, white and gold, lined with scarlet; one inside the railings of St. Mary's Church, in the Strand; another at St. Clement's Church; and an immense range of covered seats, erected by Messrs. Willing, on the site of the New Law Courts fronting the Strand, with another stand, belonging to the same contractors, just inside Temple Bar. The private boxes and temporary balconies, constructed in front of many houses, are too numerous for notice. The multitude and variety of the decorations, in which every householder might consult his own fancy, though combinations of design were frequently apparent, cannot here be described. The procession, as it went along the Strand and Fleet Street, passed under a canopy of standards, banners, streamers, and strings of flowers stretched across from house to house. In regular order along the street stood light Venetian masts, from whose summits countless pennons floated in the breeze, which bore in their centres either trophies of colours or miniature shields. On every side floral decorations, mottoes, and expressions of loyalty were in abundance.

The streets were kept by a strong force of police and military, the traffic of carriages being stopped, and the roadway being cleared also of foot-passengers not furnished with tickets of permission. Bands of school-children sang hymns as the procession went by. The people everywhere hailed the approach of the Royal party with hearty and enthusiastic cheering. All eyes were bent on the last carriage to see the Queen, the Prince, and the Princess of Wales. Her Majesty looked in good health, and she looked happy. So did the Princess. As for the Prince, he looked pale, but not thin, after his illness; he seemed, however, to be in good spirits, and kept taking off his hat to bow to the people who cheered him. The Queen wore a corded black silk dress, trimmed with miniver, and a jacket to match. Her Majesty also wore a black bonnet, with black and white feathers and white flowers. The Princess wore a dress of dark blue satin, with polonaise of blue velvet, trimmed with fur, and a bonnet of blue velvet, with feathers of the same colour. The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a General officer, with the collars of the Orders of the Garter and the Bath. The Duke of Edinburgh wore his naval uniform; Prince Arthur wore that of the Rifle Brigade, and Prince Leopold wore the Highland costume.

At Temple Bar the Queen was met by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and a deputation from the Aldermen and Common Council of the city of London, all in their robes, mounted on horseback. They all alighted, and the Lord Mayor delivered to and received back from her Majesty the City sword, according to the usual custom. But, contrary to general expectation, the gates of Temple Bar were not closed against the Queen, so that it was unnecessary to present her with the keys, and the heralds omitted to sound a flourish. The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and deputation again mounted their white horses, and preceded her Majesty on horseback to St. Paul's, and on arriving there proceeded to take the several places reserved for them in the cathedral. The Lord Chancellor and

the Speaker likewise, on arriving at the west entrance, proceeded to their seats.

It was precisely at one o'clock that her Majesty, having passed up Ludgate Hill, arrived at the great west entrance of St. Paul's, and entered the cathedral through the pavilion, designed for use as a vestibule, erected upon the steps. The approach was by a covered way, the exterior being of crimson cloth, ornamented with such devices as the Royal arms and those of the Prince of Wales. Above was the inscription: "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord." At the top of the steps, which were covered with crimson carpet that contrasted very well with the internal drapery of the vestibule—magenta, relieved with vertical bands of white—the porch of the cathedral had been turned into retiring-rooms for the use of her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales. That set apart for the Queen, on the right or south side, was lined with pink, over which fine muslin was disposed in a variety of patterns. The companion apartment was adorned with a rich blue wall-decoration; and in both rooms were beautiful gilt furniture covered with crimson damask. Skylights in the roof of the retiring-rooms beyond the line of the porch threw a flood of light upon these charming apartments. Other rooms had been provided for the great officers of state, the Bishops, and the cathedral and civic authorities. The Queen was received at the cathedral by the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and by the officers of her Majesty's household who were in waiting at St. Paul's, having come before her in the procession.

The vast interior of the grand cathedral church had been arranged to accommodate a congregation of 13,000 persons. The central space under the dome was allotted to those of highest rank, the Queen, with the Royal family, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the Corps Diplomatique and distinguished foreigners, the Judges and dignitaries of the law, the Lords Lieutenant and Sheriffs of counties, and the representatives of the Universities and other learned bodies. The choir was reserved for the clergy, the screen between the choir and the dome being taken away, so that the congregation under the dome and in the nave could see as well as hear all the service in the choir. The place assigned to her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses was a sort of pew, covered with crimson and inclosed with a brass railing. It was raised two or three steps above a low platform which stood directly across the end of the nave, opening into the central space under the dome, immediately fronting the choir. There was a passage left to the right and left of the Royal pew, from the nave to the dome. In one corner of the central space, to the Queen's right hand, towards the south transept, were the seats of the Indian and foreign Princes, the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh and the Maharanee, the Japanese and the Egyptian Prince. In the corresponding angle, to the Queen's left, towards the north transept, were the foreign Ambassadors. The main floor of the dome space, reserving a broad open passage in front of the Queen to the choir, was divided between the two Houses of Parliament, the Lords to the right, the Commons to the left. The Lord Chancellor and the Speaker, in their robes, sat with the two Houses. Of the two farther corners, the one, or that towards the south transept, was occupied by the Judges, the other by the Lords Lieutenant and Sheriffs. The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London and the Metropolitan Board of Works had the north transept for themselves and their friends. The south transept was partitioned between the Universities and scientific bodies, the persons belonging to India and the colonies, and Nonconformist ministers. In the nave, behind the Queen's pew, were the officers of the Army, on the right-hand side of the long middle passage, and officers of the Navy on the left hand, with two compartments for the Mayors of provincial towns, near the west door. But against the walls, and between the pillars along the nave, and overhead, for a large space within the west door, rose tier above tier of wooden galleries, to which the general public were admitted by tickets. The seats and the fronts of the galleries were covered with crimson serge. The seats in the nave and under the dome were plain rush-bottomed chairs; but those for persons of superior distinction were gilt chairs, or cushioned with fine cloth or satin. People had begun to assemble there between eight and nine o'clock in the morning. The brilliant show of military and official uniforms, quaint Beefeaters' attire, rich and grave robes of state, gorgeous Eastern costumes, and ladies' dresses, with the black gowns or white surplices and academical scarfs of the clergy, who moved freely to and fro in the choir or under the dome, made a beautiful spectacle, the effect of which was enhanced by frequent gleams of bright sunshine through the southern windows, lighting up the medley of fine colours with admirable effect.

The Queen, with the Prince of Wales on her right and the Princess of Wales on her left hand, but taking the Prince's arm, walked up the nave, from the reception-rooms at the west door to the Royal pew, in a procession marshalled by the Lancaster and Somerset heralds, who led the way. It comprised the officers of the Lord Chamberlain's department, the equerries in attendance, the great officers of the Royal household, and those of the Prince's household, the Captains of the Royal Guard and Gentlemen-at-Arms, Garter King-at-Arms, and the other heralds, the Gold Stick and Silver Stick, the Master of the Horse, Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, and Vice-Chamberlain, who walked before the Queen. Behind her Majesty came the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice, with the two boys, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales. Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold followed; then the Duke of Cambridge. The Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and the Chamberlain of her Royal Highness, brought up the rear of the procession.

The Queen was conducted by the Lord Chamberlain to her place in the Royal pew. She and the Prince and Princess, before taking their seats, bowed their heads a few moments in silent prayer. The sun was shining mildly and warmly in the church at that time. The Queen sat or stood during the service, with the Prince of Wales on her right hand; then, next to him, his first-born son, Prince Albert Victor; next to the boy was the Duke of Edinburgh; and then, further to the right, Prince Arthur. On the Queen's left was the Princess of Wales, with the Prince's younger son, little Prince George of Wales; then Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and the Duke of Cambridge.

The service began with the "Te Deum," composed expressly for the occasion by Mr. Goss, and sung by a choir of 250 voices, selected from the best cathedral and chapel choirs in England. They were accompanied on the organ by Mr. Cooper, but the pedals were played separately by Mr. Willis, who built the new organ. Then followed a few responses

from the Liturgy and the Lord's Prayer, intoned by the Rev. J. Coward, the collect beginning "O God, the Protector of all that trust in Thee," the ordinary prayers for the Queen and Royal family, and the general thanksgiving, in which was inserted this clause, "particularly to Albert Edward Prince of Wales, who desires now to offer up his praises and thanksgivings for Thy late mercies vouchsafed to him." A solemn and significant pause was made at these words. The special form of thanksgiving was then read as follows:—

"O Father of Mercies and God of all comfort, we thank Thee that Thou hast heard the prayers of this nation in the day of our trial: We praise and magnify Thy glorious name for that Thou hast raised Thy servant Albert Edward Prince of Wales from the bed of sickness: Thou casteth down and Thou liftest up, and health and strength are Thy gifts: We pray Thee to perfect the recovery of Thy servant, and to crown him day by day with more abundant blessings both for body and soul: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, having ascended the pulpit at the south-east angle of the central space under the dome, at the entrance to the choir, pronounced a benediction. The anthem, composed by Mr. Goss, upon words from the 118th Psalm, was sung with fine effect. The Archbishop then delivered his sermon.

The text was from St. Paul's letter to the Romans, "Members one of another." (Romans xii. 5).

The preacher was distinctly heard by those who strove to listen as far off as the galleries at the west door. When his sermon was concluded, the Thanksgiving Hymn was sung. The verses were written by the Rev. Mr. Stone: the music is a well-known air called "Aurelia," by Dr. S. Wesley. This ended the service. The congregation was dismissed by the Archbishop, with a blessing, a few minutes before two o'clock.

The procession of Court officials was again formed, to conduct Her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses down the nave to the door by which they had entered. Having rested a few minutes in the retiring-rooms of the pavilion, they returned to their carriages, the street procession of which was similar to that for the journey to the Cathedral. Here was a guard of honour of the Scots Fusilier Guards. The guns of the Tower fired a salute, answered by those in St. James's Park. The homeward route from St. Paul's to Buckingham Palace was by the Old Bailey, over the Holborn Viaduct, along Holborn and Oxford Street, to the Marble Arch, by the east side of Hyde Park to Piccadilly, thence down Constitution Hill. The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen went with the procession to the boundary of the city. The streets and house-fronts were as much crowded, along this route, as those in the Strand, Fleet Street, and Ludgate Hill; the decorations were as numerous, as tasteful, and elaborate in Holborn and Oxford Street, more especially near the Circus at the upper end of Regent Street, where a light and graceful triumphal arch was erected. The stands or galleries for spectators in the Old Bailey, on the Holborn Viaduct, and in Holborn-circus accommodated their thousands; but a greater thing of this kind was the stand put up by the Metropolitan Board of Works in Hyde Park. The Queen and the Princess and Princesses were heartily cheered, and did not seem too much fatigued. They arrived at twenty-five minutes to four o'clock. After entering Buckingham Palace, in front of which there was a great crowd, Her Majesty, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, kindly showed herself a moment on the balcony, where they graciously bowed to the people in acknowledgement of the enthusiastic greeting they had received from the Londoners that day.

The illuminations at night were the object of admiration which kept hundreds of thousands of quiet folk out in the street to a very late hour. The centres of attractions were the dome and west front of St. Paul's, the Mansion House, the triumphal arch at the crossing of Farringdon Street, between Ludgate-hill and Fleet Street, and the triumphal arch at Regent-circus, Oxford Street. The dome of St. Paul's was shown by three rings of coloured lamps, at different elevations. The shops of many of the West-End tradesmen and others were decorated with a profusion of ingenious devices. The triumphal arch at the end of Farringdon Street, above mentioned, which is the subject of one of our illustrations, was illuminated with gas jets, displaying the mottoes, "God Bless the Prince of Wales," "Thanks be to God," and "God Save the Queen and the Prince."

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained the Lord Mayor of Dublin and the provincial Mayors at the Mansion House on the same evening. The festival was observed in many cities and towns of the kingdom, and there were special religious services in some places.

Our illustrations, from the pencil of our London artist, represent the Civic Procession at the corner of Ludgate Hill on its way to meet the Queen, and the presentation of the City Sword to Her Majesty at Temple Bar.

THE VICTORIA CLUB SKATING TOURNAMENT.

On the evening of Saturday, the 9th inst, a grand skating tournament was held in the Victoria Rink, on Drummond St., which proved to be one of the greatest successes of the season. The programme was a long one, and the competition lists having been well filled, a large audience assembled to witness the entertainment. The races consisted of hurdle, blindfold, dash, and barrel races, with two races for boys, a girls' race, a "back-to-back," and a snow-shoe race. The blindfold and barrel races, being novelties, excited much interest and caused no little amusement. But the attraction of the evening was without doubt the Girls' Race, which brought out several rosy-cheeked little maidens, of whom it was soon perceived Miss Charlotte Fairbairn, apparently about 10 years old, was the queen, though another little lady, Miss Bethune, did exceedingly well, keeping close up to Miss Charlotte, who skated with marvellous skill for one so young. Our artist has selected this race as a subject for an illustration. At the conclusion, Mrs. Col. Bond presented the prizes:—Hurdle race, gold Maltese cross; Blindfold, a pair of skates; Boy's race, silver medal; Dash, locket; Barrel race, pin; Girls' race, 1st and 2nd, lockets; Mile race, gold circular medal; Snow-shoe race, pair of snow-shoes; Boys', silver watch chain; Barrel race, gold ring; Hurdle, purse, \$5; and Back-to-back, \$6.

VIEW ON THE MONT CENIS RAILWAY NEAR MODANE.

This illustration shows the steep grade on the Mont Cenis line between the French entrance to the tunnel, and the town of Modane. A full account of the works on the tunnel, and the new route has already been given in our last volume.

THE GREAT CHASM, B. C.

The Chasm is an immense rift—the result of a volcanic upheaval—which closes one of the great valleys in the Cascade Range, on the road to Cariboo, B. C. It lies at a distance of some twenty-five or thirty miles from the small town of Clinton, at the entrance of Green Timber forest, through which lies the route to the mining regions for nearly sixty miles. The Chasm, which abruptly breaks the evenness of the surrounding ground, forms a terrific abyss measuring from 300 to 400 feet in depth, which runs in the direction of the Cascade Range, increasing in width until it reaches the first undulation of that chain. The ruggedness of the rock, dotted with patches of grass and undergrowth, forms a vivid contrast with the greenness and beauty of the country round about, which is heavily wooded for miles around.

"IN TEARS."

The following amusing take-off on the extravagancies of reporters appears in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in connection with the Royal Procession.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The *Daily Telegraph* of Wednesday, in its account of her Majesty's progress to St. Paul's, mentions a remarkable circumstance which occurred in Pall-mall, and I venture to trespass on your page in the hope that some person cognizant of the fact will kindly give further details respecting an incident that fully deserves to be rendered "historical." As the Royal Procession approached the War Office, the excitement, says the *Telegraph*, became almost painful: "It is scarcely a cheer here. It is a sob of delight. The eyes of many of the women, straining to see the procession from the War Office platform, are streaming with tears, and there are bearded warriors at the 'Rag' over the way, crying like children." I am not surprised, Sir, to hear that the ladies at the War Office wept—ladies at all times are apt to give way to their emotions, and the War Office, with its traditions and aspirations, is a place highly provocative of tears. But that the "bearded warriors" at the "Rag" should become hysterical is a really striking and touching incident. I was in Pall-mall myself, but unfortunately missed the display of feeling recorded by the *Telegraph*. I am ashamed to say that, although standing close to a platform erected in front of one of the clubs, I heard no sobs, but only laughter excited by the ribaldry of the mob as a corpulent gentleman, covered with lace and sitting on a military saddle far too small for him, jolted along the carriage road in evident anguish. The ignorant crowd would have it that he was a police officer, but I am inclined to think he was an Austrian general, for his bearing was that of a man accustomed to warfare, and the tone in which he told everybody jammed up against area railings to stand farther back was truly appalling. Had I been aware of the painful scene that was occurring at the "Rag," I would have immediately elbowed my way to the spot and rendered all the assistance in my power by collecting pocket-handkerchiefs and bottles of smelling-salts from the good-natured crowd and handing them up to the club windows for the use of the "bearded warriors" who were thus overcome by emotion. At the same time I confess that the sight of the "Rag" and the War Office simultaneously dissolved in tears would have almost unmanned me, although accustomed to witness distressing scenes.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Feb. 20.

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

SCIENCE AND ART.

Yet another art treasure trove in Belgium. An Antwerp picture dealer lately bought an old picture on wood for 5*l.* An artist examining it declared it to be a Teniers. It represents a water-course, with two small boats and a few peasants on the banks. The painting has been cleaned and restored, and is to be exhibited at the Cercle Artistique at Brussels.

Some one has been testing the accuracy of thermometers. He took one mounted on box-wood, one on metal, and one very dirty. In the shade one degree covered the range of difference between them. In the sun they differed 10 degrees. The method of mounting seems to make a variation in the effects of heat, and may account partly for the well-known fact that thermometers, as well as doctors, often disagree.

EFFECT OF PETROLEUM ON METALS.—A bronze composed of seven parts of copper, four of zinc and one of tin has been found to be so hard that it is very difficult to work, and is yet of considerable value for certain purposes when worked. So great is this value that various methods have been tried, and much ingenuity applied in efforts to devise a ready method of working the alloy. Quite recently, according to the *Journal de Fabricage et Gazette*, M. Bechstein has attained this desirable end by soaking the alloy in petroleum.

NEW MATERIAL FOR CRUCIBLES.—A new mineral has recently been discovered at Wocheln, in Krain, a province of Austria, which is reported as promising to become of much importance in the manufacture of crucibles, etc., for assayers, steel-making, etc. This mineral is called Wochelit, after the place where it is found. Its chief recommendation lies in its large percentage (50.82) of alumina. Richter has demonstrated that the resistance of crucibles to the effects of heat depends largely upon the amount of alumina contained in the fireclay. The new mineral is found to do best when mixed in about equal proportions with the best fireclay.

DEPOSIT OF MINERAL PAINT.—Our attention, says the *Ludiana Democrat*, has been called to the wonderful productions of sienna or mineral paint, found in large quantities upon the farm of John Cessna, in Banks Township, in this county. This paint comes from a bank of rocks on Straight's Run, and is deposited in large quantities in a dam. It has been pronounced by competent judges a superior article, really better than the sienna imported from France and Italy, for the reason that it is entirely without grit. According to the definitions, it is a silicate of iron, and is also called *terra sienna*. It is estimated that the deposit is inexhaustible, hundreds of thousands of tons being exposed; and this is increased every day by the quantities which flow from the rocks.

GAS POKERS.—It is only quite recently that anything has been done to obviate the trouble invariably attendant upon kindling fires. Various fire kindlers, such as cakes of rosin and sawdust, etc., have been introduced, and found very serviceable; but the latest and most original effort in this direction is a "gas poker," simply a hollow iron tube, shaped like a poker, with perforated holes in one extremity, and the other arranged with a flexible tube, of sufficient length to connect the "poker," when thrust into the stove or grate, with the nearest gas burner. This done a match will light the gas, and in a few minutes you have a fire, whether of wood or coal, without any trouble or litter. Any kind of coal but anthracite may thus be readily lighted. For city use, or wherever gas is used this is the simplest and most effective idea yet brought out.

A new metal has been discovered, consisting of an alloy, of which the composition is a secret known only to the discoverer. It carries the colour of eighteen carat gold, has the greatest ductility and malleability, and hence can be rolled and spun, or cast, to advantage. It will not corrode by water or the atmosphere, and is not influenced by the action of sea water, and thus offers advantages for roofing and sheathing for vessels, and particularly for water-pipes. Its ductility presents facilities for stamped ware, while the sharpness of the castings made from it render any finish unnecessary. Its cost is twenty-six cents per pound in ingots, as compared with the present price of copper, and will range about three cents per pound under that of ingot copper. For builders' hardware, such as knobs, escutcheons, butts, etc., the specimens shown surpass in beauty and can be offered at just half the cost of the bronzed ware of this class now on sale.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce*.

PHOTOGRAPHED NERVE SECTIONS.—Dr. Duchenne, of Boulogne, has presented to the French Academy of Medicine an album containing copies of photographs of the appearances presented by sections of the great sympathetic nerve, the spinal ganglia, the spinal cord, and the medulla oblongata greatly magnified. He fixed the photographs on stone by a process he termed photo-autography, the details of which, however, he does not communicate. It is satisfactory to find him stating that the results confirm the substantial accuracy of the beautiful drawings made by Dr. Lockhart Clarke on the central part of the nervous system, and especially upon the medulla oblongata. In his latter experiments Dr. Duchenne has adopted Dr. Clarke's method of preparation with chromic acid and carmine. He states that certain micrographic details come out with wonderful clearness in the photographs, and that by this means some important additions may be made to our knowledge. He has ascertained that in the white substance of the medulla oblongata there are nerve tubules from thirty-three ten thousandths of a millimeter to three-hundredths of a millimeter in diameter.—*Nature*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A clam, weighing two pounds and seven ounces, was picked up on the beach at Newport the other day.

Eighty-two persons were killed and one hundred and twenty-one injured on the Erie railroad in 1871.

According to the *Illustrated London News* telegrams in connection with the Washington treaty have cost Great Britain £7,277 13*s.* 6*d.*

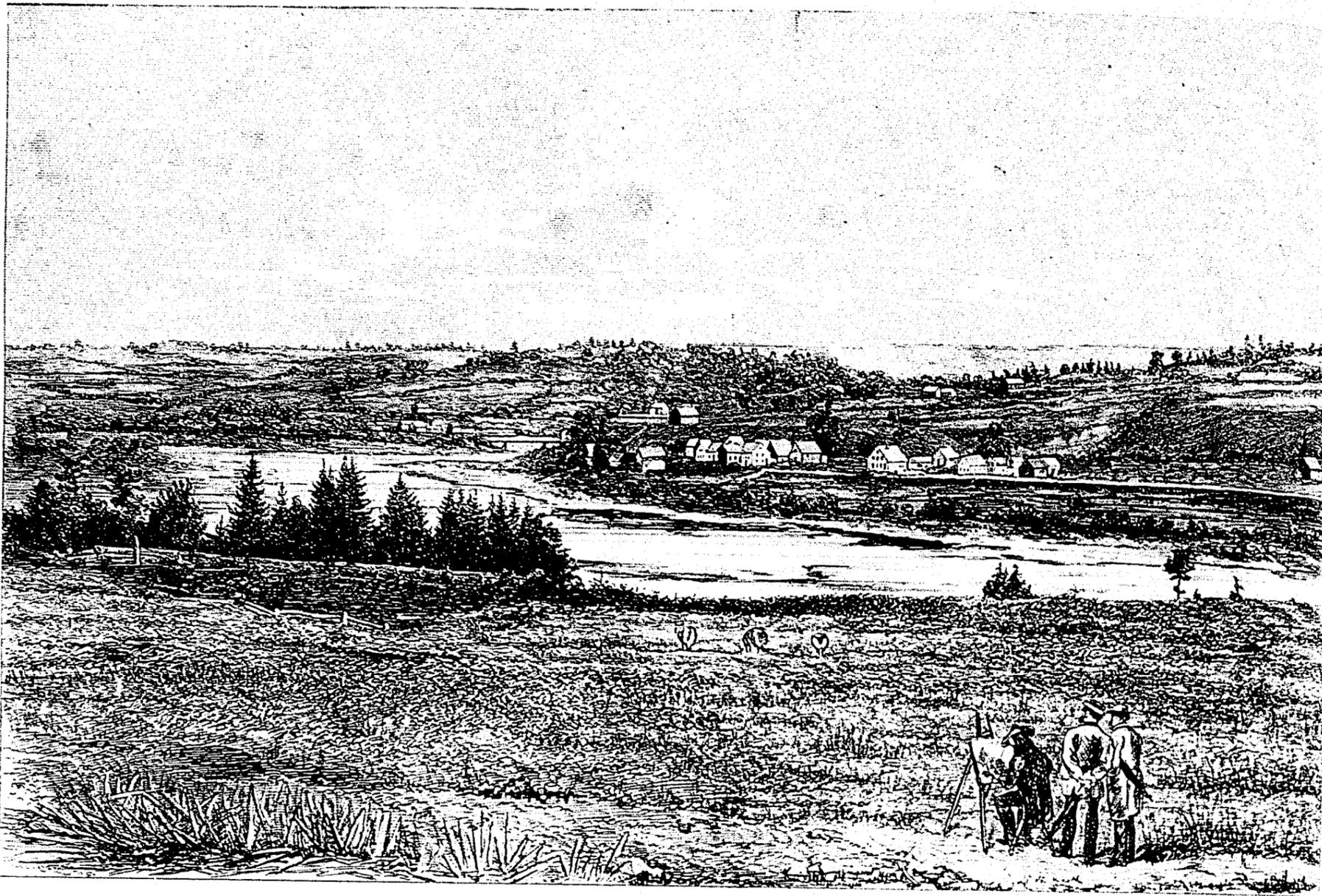
Here is a treasure for Bibliomaniacs. The "Constitution of the French Republic of 1794," bound in human skin, is to be sold at the Hotel des Ventes in Paris, a volume said to have emanated from the famous Meudon tannery denounced to the convention by Galetti. Such binding, however, is by no means rare, as the public library of Burg St. Emonds contains an octavo volume bound with the skin of an executed murderer, and a Russian poet recently presented his lady love with his works bound in the skin of his own leg, which had been amputated some months before.

A CURIOUS SPECULATION.—It seems that when the Edinburgh College Wynd was recently demolished under the powers of the City Improvement Trust, all the oak found in the houses that were pulled down was bought by one person. His object was to manufacture the wood into souvenirs of Sir Walter Scott. This, it seems, has been done, and in many of the shops in the city card trays, paper knives, and other articles have made their appearance, bearing to be made of "Wood from the Birthplace of Sir Walter Scott, College Wynd, Edinburgh." A good deal of taste appears to have been shown in their manufacture.

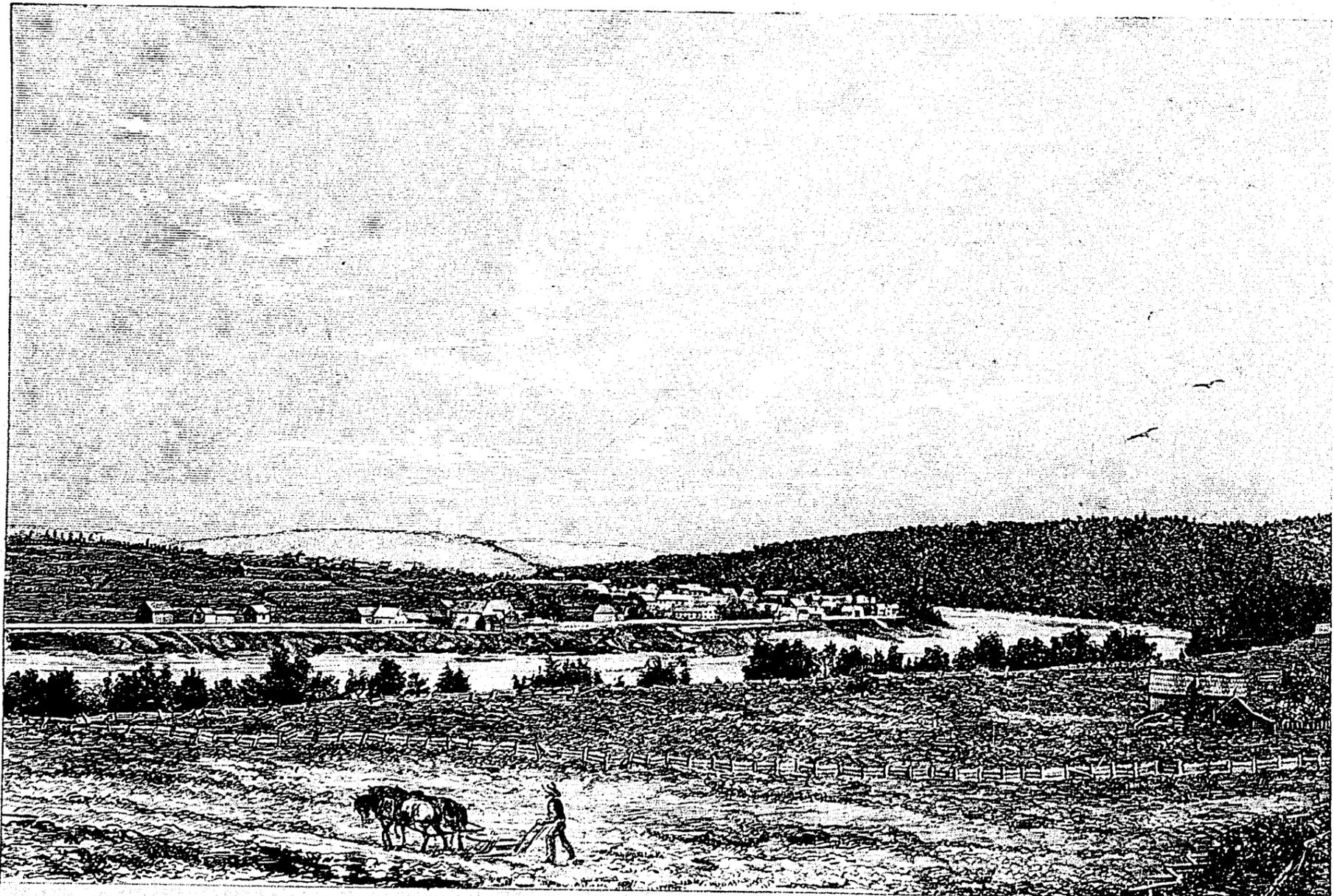
A new Domesday Book is promised at last. The original Domesday Book was compiled in the year 1086. It entirely omitted Northumberland and Durham, and only included parts of the neighbouring counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, but for all the rest of the kingdom was complete. The new Domesday Book is to consist of a complete list of all persons who own land to the extent of an acre and upwards, with the amount of their holdings. The number of the smaller holders in each county will be given, but not their names. No attempt is to be made to follow the ancient example by giving the value of the land.

Prussia, it is reported, possesses a source of wealth which enables her to conduct wars without as great sacrifices as have to be borne by less favoured countries. This source of wealth consists in the possession of the means of obtaining a sufficiency of horses. In December, 1867, in the entire Kingdom of Prussia there were 2,343,817 horses, while the province of Prussia alone, constituting 18.5 per cent of the entire area and containing one-eighth of the population, had at the same time 540,721 horses. Just previous to the Franco-German war the average price paid for army horses was only \$120.

The Berlin correspondent of the *London Times* gives an interesting sketch of the continental Powers. Germany has at her immediate disposal 1,000,000 men; the French army will be raised to 600,000, and in twelve years will be doubled; Austria has more than 600,000 men immediately available; and in a few years the Russian army will number 1,600,000 men. The correspondent mentions, incidentally, that the "entire loss of Germany in the campaign has been lately ascertained as something like 180,000 men, rather more than one-half of whom are invalided."



HARTLAND, OR BECAQUIMIC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. T. TAYLOR.



ANDOVER, OR TOBIQUE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. T. TAYLOR.

COUNTY POOR-HOUSE,
BERLIN, ONT.

The County of Waterloo has been the first to introduce the Poor-House system in the Province of Ontario. On page 181 an illustration will be found of the Poor-House recently erected at the expense of the County in the village of Berlin. It is a neat and substantial building, and affords a comfortable home for the poor and destitute of the neighbourhood. We understand that the erection of similar institutions is contemplated in various parts of the Province.

NEW BRUNSWICK
VIEWS.

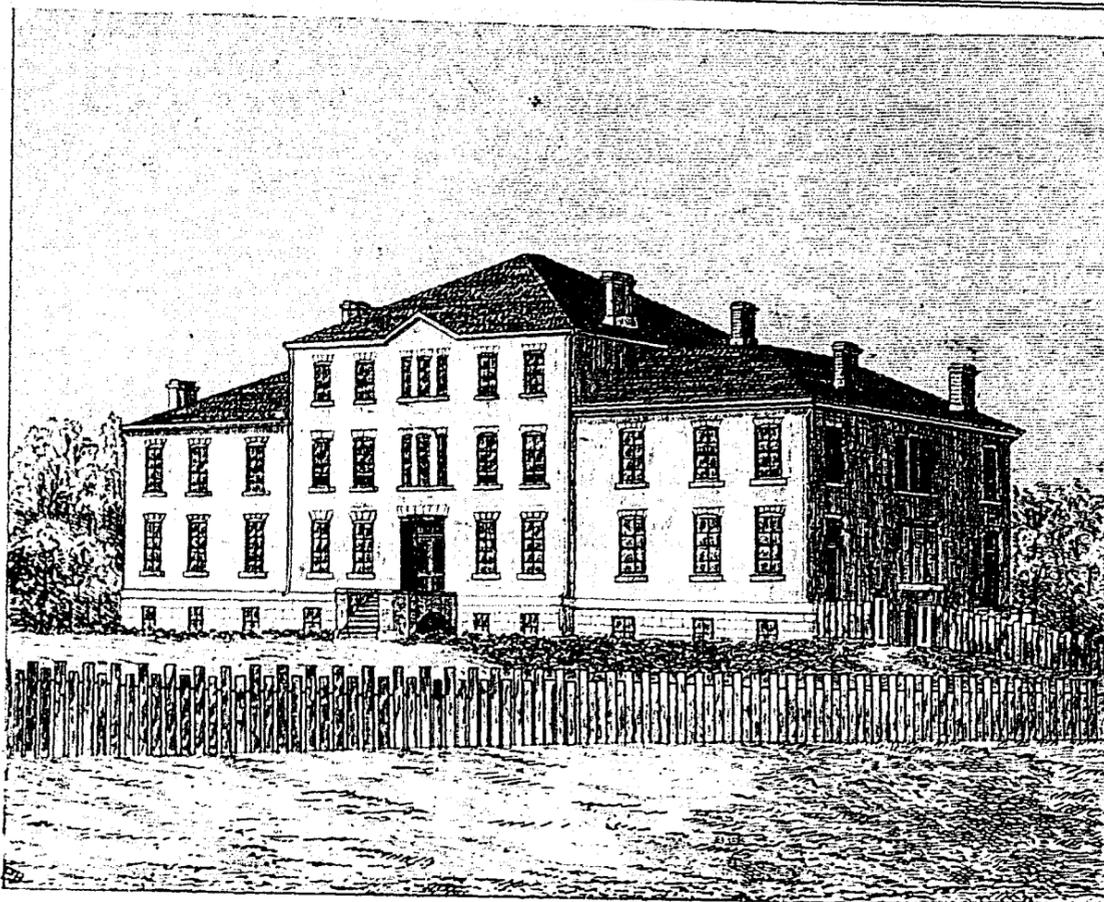
Andover, or Tobique, as it is sometimes called, is a small village pleasantly situated on the banks of the river St. John, nearly opposite the mouth of the Tobique river, at a distance of 130 miles from St. John. It derives its trade principally from the lumbering operations which are carried on to a great extent on the Tobique. The prospects of the village are very promising, and as the surrounding country becomes more settled it cannot fail to grow in proportion. Opposite Andover is an Indian village, occupied by a tribe of Mic-Macs, numbering about 150. The population of Andover may be placed at 400.

The village of Hartland, also known as Becaquimic, is situated in the county of Carleton, at a distance of twelve miles from Woodstock. Its population is about 400.

HUGE TURTLES IN BRAZIL.—The size of Brazilian turtles may be imagined from the fact that the flippers and feet of one, in crawling over the sand, leave a track of two irregular grooves three or four feet apart, as though a great waggon, with cog wheels had been driven over the ground. It is an easy matter to find a turtle's nest by its track. She comes out of the sea and travels far up the beach to lay her eggs in the sand, and dig a hole a foot and a half or two feet deep for the nest. Prof. Hart, who was in Brazil with Prof. Agassiz, says

that he saw a turtle deposit 143 eggs in one of these nests. The eggs are all laid at one sitting, then covered up closely with the sand and left to hatch. The eggs are rather larger than hen's eggs, round, and covered with a tough, white skin. The Brazilians eat the eggs, and also the flesh of the turtle. The creature is captured in a curious way. Two persons go behind it, and taking hold of the shell, turn the animal on its back, in which position it is at the mercy of its captors, as it is impossible for it to turn on its feet again. The hunters are obliged to creep up behind it cautiously, for as soon as it is alarmed it thrusts its fore-paddles into the sand and throws it behind, so that if the pursuers do not quickly close their eyes they are likely to be blinded.

It must be a very painful state of things to have to live



COUNTY POOR-HOUSE, BERLIN, ONT.

"on your own hook." And the worst of it is, that the same position on anybody else's nook would be equally objectionable.

An old lady lately refused to let her niece dance with a young graduate, because she had heard that he was a bachelor of arts, whereby she understood him to be an artful bachelor.

A good sort of a man was recently asked to subscribe for a chandelier for the church. "Now," said he, "what's the use of a chandelier? After you get it, you can't get any one to play on it."

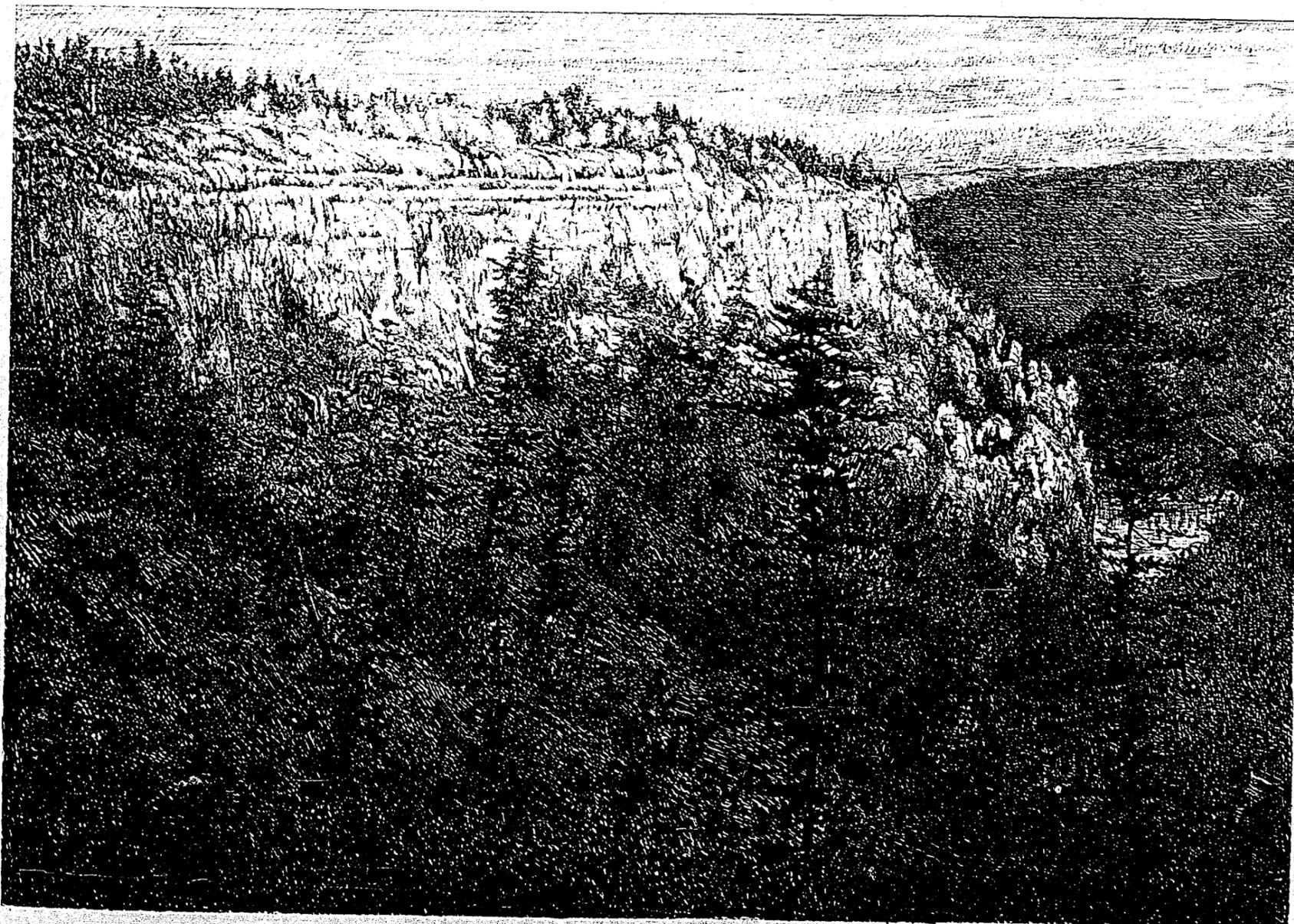
"I'll commit you as a nuisance," said a policeman to a noisy New York loafer, a day or two since. "No one has a right to commit a nuisance," was the reply, and the fellow moved on.

"Sambo, whar you get dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?" "How you know I hab a watch?" "Bekaus I seed de chain hang out of de pocket in front." "Go way, nigger. S'pose you see a halter round my neck, you tink dar is a horse inside ob me?"

Two French men-of-war, the "Faon" and "Cuvier," are continually cruising off the coast of Calais. These vessels are under secret orders, generally supposed to be to the effect of preventing any Bonapartist expedition from landing on the coast of France.

At Baron Krupp's works, Essen, they have cast another "infant" weighing 36 tons, and throwing a projectile of 666 lb., with a charge of 114 lb. prismatic powder. The "infant" is to form part of the port armament of Kiel.

THE GERMANS AND AUTOGRAPHS.—At a sale of autographs just taken place at Leipzig, letters of Goethe ranged from 49f. to 85f.; Byron, 88f.; Casanova, 27f.; Linnæus, 31f.; J. J. Rousseau, 60f.; Schiller, 45f.; Walter Scott, 26f.; Voltaire, 75f.; Young, 77f.; Sebastian Bach, 83f.; and Garrick, 75f.



THE GREAT CHASM, B.C.—SEE PAGE 179.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
MARCH 30, 1872.

SUNDAY.	Mar. 24.— <i>Palm Sunday.</i> Queen Elizabeth died, 1603. Thorwaldsen died, 1844.
MONDAY.	" 25.— <i>Annunciation of the B. V. M.</i> Murat born, 1771. The Slave Trade abolished by the British Parliament, 1807.
TUESDAY.	" 26.—Seminary of Quebec founded, 1663. Bank of England incorporated, 1694. Duke of Cambridge born, 1819.
WEDNESDAY.	" 27.—Peace of Amiens, 1802.
THURSDAY.	" 28.— <i>Maundy Thursday.</i> Canada restored to France, 1632. Marquis de Condorcet died, 1794. Declaration of War with Russia, 1854. British Columbia Resolutions introduced in the Dominion Parliament, 1871. The Commune proclaimed in Paris, 1871.
FRIDAY.	" 29.— <i>Good Friday.</i> Act suspending the Constitution proclaimed, 1838. Keble died, 1866. First Manitoban Representative took his seat in the Dominion House of Commons, 1871.
SATURDAY.	" 30.—Raffaello born, 1483. Vauban died, 1707. The Allied Sovereigns entered Paris, 1814. Lord Metcalfe Governor-General, 1843. British Columbia Resolutions passed, 1871.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 19th March, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & CO., 242 Notre Dame Street.

W.	Mar.	13	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Th.	"	14	18°	0°	22.5	30.35	30.30	30.11
Fri.	"	15	31°	14°	22.5	30.09	30.10	30.05
Sat.	"	16	25°	7°	16°	29.95	30.10	30.17
Sun.	"	17	38°	2°	27°	30.12	30.07	29.59
Mon.	"	18	28°	15°	21.5	29.80	29.70	29.60
Tue.	"	19	26°	9°	17.5	29.75	29.50	29.88
						29.52	29.62	29.67

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

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

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1872.

It is a remarkable feature in English character that while it is credited with the hold-fast stubbornness of the bull dog, it can manifest outbursts of enthusiasm, sometimes quite disproportioned to the circumstances which evoke them. Twenty years ago the whole nation, if not the Empire, went into a *furor* of excitement because it had pleased the Pope to change the title of a few venerable gentlemen administering the affairs of the Roman Catholic Church in England, from Vicar-Apostolic to Bishop; and the result was Lord John Russell's famous "Durham letter" and the passage of the "Papal Aggression Bill" that remained inoperative for several years, and then was sneakily repealed.

The peace party excitement occurred a couple of years later, and was followed with about equal consistency by a declaration of war against Russia; and that in turn was followed by the suppression of the Indian mutiny, when the insurgents caught were fearfully blown to atoms from the cannon's mouth.

Reflecting upon these and other incidents in the historical career of John Bull, we are almost afraid that the boundless enthusiasm over the recovery of the Prince is indicative of a near calamity impending over the head of His Royal Highness, if it be not a "get up" to make the triumph of citizens Sir Charles Dilke, Odger, Bradlaugh & Co., all the more brilliant when they establish the British Republic, with the first named of the firm as President. It may be either of these, or it may be, what we prefer believing, a genuine expression of that loyalty to the Crown and Constitution which underlies all John Bull's grumbings, and overcrops them when the full expression of the will of the nation demands it. The demonstration comes, too, oddly enough, something in the order of time, against its contrast, as did the other incidents mentioned in the eccentric career of this reputedly staid old gentleman John Bull. But a few months ago we heard much of Mr. Scott Russell and his "seven points," by which a number of Tory Peers, in conjunction with a number of Radical workmen, were to have established a mild form of Fourierism throughout England; we had the Premier himself giving no indistinct hints of a possibility that the House of Lords might be reformed out of existence; and we had Sir Charles Dilke spouting Republicanism and denouncing Royal extravagance in his famous Newcastle speech. But the drainage of Lonsborough Lodge was bad; the Prince, on a visit there, caught the seeds of typhoid fever, which developed to an alarming extent at Sandringham; and at once Republicanism, Royal extravagance, House of Lords reform, and several other important questions were shelved; and the

whole nation was excited over the possible results of the Prince's dangerous malady. We do not believe that England's neighbours across the channel, who enjoy so much reputation for vivacity, could have been more intense in their grief, or more demonstrative in their subsequent joy. When the Prince lay "sick unto death," a deep feeling of sorrow overspread the people. When, at last, the crisis had passed, and His Royal Highness began to recover, the cloud was lifted, and murmurings of thankfulness and joy were heard throughout, which soon swelled to a chorus of jubilation, and fittingly found formal expression in the grand pageant of the 27th ult., illustrated and described elsewhere in this issue.

The following extract from a long editorial in the London *Telegraph*, no doubt expresses the real significance of the demonstration:

"Will not all the land be the better for this sorrow and this gladness; or are those who are loyal stealing an unfair advantage from those who are progressive—in thus confirming the amazing fidelity of the people to their historic system? We say 'No,' because here is no servile adherence to a form, no mere blind devotion to a dynasty or a person; it is the demonstration of an intelligent people's mind, who have learned in their slow, sure, organic method of advance, how to abandon all old-fashioned theory of 'Divine Right' and yet to retain the beautiful and strengthening virtues which grow from loyalty and free obedience. What may be the form of Government in Great Britain centuries hence, none can say. To-day we are what we were under Edward, what we were under Elizabeth, what we were under Anne, and the undoubted meaning for the time being of the people's sympathies with Her Majesty, the Prince, and his Princess, is 'Nobis leges Angliæ mutari.' This may disappoint some, and delight others; but true lovers of their land, who would have her follow her proud destiny out in God's way, and not the way of either or of any party, will respect this spontaneous manifestation, and will comprehend that while the Throne is what Her Majesty has made it—while our Monarchy leaves us at once the freest people in the universe and the most orderly—we 'will not change the customs of Britain'—Perchance this proof has come opportunely—providentially—out of the sore sickness of the Prince. Perchance some among us were too highly and impudently experimenting with the majestic structure of our liberties. Let them say their say, for this is England, and speech and thought are free; but let them in their conscience be heedful, when they bid us change, that they have ready at hand for us a nobler scheme of life than this, which recalls such majestic memories, presents so grand a present, and promises so fair a future. It is vain to say the wind blows east, when it blows west. The wind 'bloweth as it listeth;' and precipitate politicians must consider intelligently yesterday's significations. The ardent loyalty of London did not in the least imply that we had all gone back to old notions of Divine Right. It meant that while the Throne is an example of virtue, as well as a centre of law and authority, the people gladly revere, joyfully uphold, and enthusiastically venerate it. Its sorrows shall be the people's sorrows, and its joys the people's joys, and the welfare of the Royal House, so living as the Sovereign has lived, and the continuance of the Royal House, so taught as the Queen has taught it, shall be the welfare and the continuance of the realm. These—and they were noble, true, timely, and wise—were the feelings of the people yesterday.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC IN 1759.

We have some suspicion that the narrative of this expedition was got up for the special purpose of persecuting the editors and readers of the *Canadian Illustrated News* and one of its Quebec correspondents. Whether written by McKellar, Moncrief, or Thompson, it has given rise to an unpleasant discussion which, in so far as we are concerned, ends with Dr. Anderson's letter printed in this issue. Editors do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents; and when correspondents manfully put their own proper names to their effusions it would be unfair on the part of the public to hold the journal accountable as to the matter of fact or the correctness of the logic. Our correspondents have had two rounds each and we close the ring. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*

AROMATIC DENTIFRICE.—The teeth not unfrequently suffer from a disordered stomach, but perhaps more frequently the stomach suffers from unclean teeth. It is certain that decayed teeth give the digestive organs severe and extra duty, or make their owner a confirmed dyspeptic. It is therefore well to have a tooth powder that will clean and preserve the teeth, harden the gums, and give a pleasant taste to the mouth and an agreeable aroma to the breath. Such, we are assured, is Todd's "Patent Aromatic Dentifrice." Its excellence has been highly spoken of by those who have used it, and we recommend our readers to give it a trial if they have not already done so.

THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—In our notice of this reliable and wealthy Company last week we inadvertently omitted to mention the name of Dr. A. H. David, which takes precedence of that of Dr. F. W. Campbell as Medical Examiner for the Company. The mistake was unintended and we take the first opportunity of correcting it.

This is the latest utterly incredible story: Dr. Cattman, superintendent of the bureau of street cleaning in New York, sent in a communication to the Board of Health, petitioning them to cause his salary of \$4,000 to cease and determine after this month, and asking permission to retain the position as an honorary one. The doctor gave as his reason for this strange request that there was nothing to do. His petition was granted, with the thanks of the Board.

THE CITY DEATH-RATE.

The following is from the memorial presented to the City Council on Tuesday evening of last week:

The death-rate of this city during each week of the present year, demands the immediate and most earnest attention of the City Council, to whom is entrusted the care of the public health, as well as of each individual citizen.

The following table exhibits the *Average Weekly Death-rate* of January and February in the present and the last winters; and a comparison of them with the average of the past five years:

	Average week in 1871.	1872.	1867-'71.	1871.	Loss in 1872 over 5 years' average.
CHILDREN	January . . 40.0	71.0	41.1	31.0	29.9
	February . 40.7	81.5	45.2	40.8	36.3
ADULTS	January . . 26.2	38.2	22.3	12.0	15.9
	February . 26.0	36.5	26.4	10.5	10.1
TOTAL	January . . 66.2	109.2	63.4	43.0	45.8
	February . 66.7	118.0	71.6	51.3	46.4

Up to the present winter, from the first year in which returns were published, there has not been a single exception to the facts: 1st, that the excessive mortality of children has taken place during the summer heats; and 2nd, that during the winter cold the death-rate has fallen to the normal standard of cities of the same class. For the last ten weeks however, the deaths have equalled those of summer; being actually 25 per cent above those of last June and August; the first week of March being nine more than the average of last July. If the present rate were to continue through the year, it would carry off 6,062 of our inhabitants; being at the rate of 50 per 1,000, or one in every 19 of the population.

The largest number, but not the whole, of these unnatural deaths are due to small-pox, which continues to be most virulent among the French Canadian portion of the population. It is urgently recommended that the Board of Health immediately use their powers to the fullest extent: and that they call to their aid the best medical advice to arrest the course of the epidemic, by isolation, disinfection, and (if need be) compulsory vaccination.

The season having become unhealthy even in the clear air of winter, there is the gravest reason to apprehend fresh scourges of disease as soon as open weather liberates the ice-bound stanches, and the heats of summer mature the poisonous elements in our porous and often saturated soil. It is necessary therefore that the Board of Health take vigorous measures for a much more effectual cleansing of the city than has been done in former years. The necessary improvements which must be made before we can expect materially to lessen the disgracefully high death-rate of the city, have been repeatedly set forth in the Reports and Memorials of the Montreal Sanitary Association; and need not here be repeated. There is, however, one simple improvement which can be effected at once, with very little expense; and which will materially lessen the pressure of poisonous gases in our drains.

It was proposed by Dr. Baker Edwards, and endorsed by Dr. Sterry Hunt, two of our leading scientific chemists, at the Builders' Meetings held in the Natural History Hall.

Let a connection be made between the fire or chimney of each of the Fire and Police Stations and other public offices of this city, and the nearest sewer. By opening this easy passage, a large percentage of the death-bearing gases would be carried off, if not destroyed; and the danger of their being forced into dwelling houses would be very greatly lessened. This would prepare the way for a general system of ventilation of the city sewers; a work which is absolutely necessary if the Council are in earnest in wishing to save the lives of the inhabitants.

The French practice in building is a good one. Instead of using flimsy lath for thin partitions, they employ stout pieces of oak, as thick as garden palings. These they nail firmly on each side of the framing of the partition, and fill the space between with rubble and plaster of Paris. They coat the whole with the plaster. The floors are managed in the same way, as well as the under side of the stairs. Houses are thus rendered more "fire-proof," or rather less combustible. In Nottingham, England, where they have gypsum in the neighbourhood, as in Paris, they form their floors and partitions in the same solid manner, consequently a building is rarely burned down in that populous manufacturing town.

"ECHO MALIN" is the title of a very beautiful chansonette by Mr. E. B. de St. Aubin of this city. Many of our readers will remember that it was produced amid great applause at the St. Alban's and Gowan's Hall Readings. The song has been translated into English and is equally charming in both languages. We are under a great obligation to the author for this very agreeable addition to our repertoire and have much pleasure in recommending it to our musical friends.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

In *Notes and Queries* we find the following:—"NELSON'S CELEBRATED SIGNAL.—I have often heard my brother-in-law, Sir Provo William Parry Wallis, 'Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom,' who was second lieutenant on board the 'Shannon' in her famous action, and took the ship into Halifax when the captain was disabled and the first lieutenant killed, condemn the misquotation of Nelson's celebrated signal. In order to place upon the pages of *N. & Q.* a record with authority of the true form, I have obtained his written statement. It is as follows:—'With respect to Nelson's signal off Trafalgar, his flag lieutenant (the late Captain Pasco) told me the words were, 'England expects every man to do his duty,' not 'will do;' but, strange to say, the Admiralty perpetuate the error by having the latter words inscribed upon a shield which I have seen.'—HERBERT RANDOLPH."

A STUDENT'S REVENGE.—A student in the Edinburgh University, who was fined a guinea for disturbing his class last week, paid the greater part of it in half-pence, about a quarter of an hour being occupied in counting over the amount. This singular mode of "serving out" the professor who inflicted the fine, was carried out amidst the laughter of the class, by whom the amount had been subscribed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 3.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC IN 1759.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

Sir,—The Canadian Illustrated News and the Quebec Gazette have very unintentionally been drawn into the publication of a very unfeeling and gross libel, calculated to wound the feelings of the relations of the Messrs. Thompson, inasmuch as it attacks their fair fame, veracity, and credibility. Feeling strong in the confidence of the community where they reside, and where their relations have been so long and so favourably known, they are disposed to treat it with contempt; but as it may circulate where they are unknown, I do not think it is too much to expect that you will readily give insertion to the accompanying documents, which place Mr. Thompson, sen., in his true position, thereby establishing the veracity of his son.

I have observed that Mr. W. W. Walkem's communication in the Illustrated News differs very materially from that published in the Quebec Gazette. As my late letter was based on what I read in the Gazette, I may as well give the passage from it containing the sting: "It is a common failing among most people to make out, in regard to their ancestors, a most favourable, and, I will say, sometimes romantic account of their position. This brings me to that claimed for his father in the En-incest by the younger Thompson. He held no such rank as Superintendent of Military Works, as the son would wish the reader to believe; and on this point Dr. Anderson has most recently brought forward very direct proof. I refer to the letters of the Military Secretary, ordering some repairs to be made to Mr. Thompson's house, in consideration of his services in the cheque office of the Royal Engineer Department, which means that he held the common office of time-keeper—Superintendent of Military Works and Time-keeper—a vast difference, all must allow."

Again:—"I really cannot imagine how the senior Thompson was capable of keeping a daily journal, for which, from his position as an ordinary soldier, and his education, he was unqualified." &c., &c. "In order to make the journal tally in some degree with this account of the son, I saw, on looking over the Thompson MS., that the words "Engineer on the Expedition" had been erased by a pen-knife, and "Volunteer on the Expedition" substituted."

Further:—"With regard to the offer to the senior Thompson of the office of Town-Major of Montreal, &c., I come to a most perplexing assertion of the younger Thompson. His father preferred the position of a time-keeper in the Royal Engineer office to one which would have given him an income at least four times that which he would receive in the office here mentioned. Verily, he was no ordinary mortal. It seems absurd."

Perhaps Mr. Walkem's perplexity may be removed when he shall have read the Duke of Kent's warrant; and if he had in his possession, as I have, four folio volumes of the journal of Mr. Thompson, sen., not to say anything of four small but no less valuable memorandum-books, I think he would be compelled to admit that their author was quite competent to keep a journal. I shall only add that the Literary and Historical Society has decided to publish the Account of the Expedition against Quebec; also, selections from the journals.

I remain very faithfully,

WM. JAS. ANDERSON.

Quebec, Grande Allée, February 27, 1872.

(Copy.)

No. 1.

"This is to certify that the bearer hereof, Mr. Jas. Thompson, having been employed as Overseer of Works in the Engineering Department of this place, since the year 1772, has been recommended to me, by the officers under whom he served, for his attention and fidelity, &c.; and having discharged his duty to my satisfaction, during my command, and being an old and faithful servant of the Crown, I have thought fit to continue him in his present employment, and do hereby recommend him to the favour and protection of all officers who may hereafter succeed to this command.

"Given under my hand, at Quebec, this 8th November, 1784.

"(Signed,) FRED. HALDIMAND."

No. 2.

"By General His R. H. Edward, Duke of Kent, &c., &c.

"It having been judged expedient, for the better [L.S.] regulation of the works carried on in the Garrison of Quebec, in the contingent line, under the direction of the Chief Engineer, that an Overseer should be appointed to superintend the artificers and labourers employed in the Department of the officer above named, you are hereby empowered and directed to take upon yourself the several duties attached to such situation, and to hold yourself responsible for the attention, good guidance, and regularity of those placed under your immediate control, carefully observing to obey such instructions as you may from time to time receive through the General Orders, and from the chief or subaltern Engineer; and as a proper encouragement for your exertions in the zealous discharge of this duty, you will be entitled to receive the daily pay of seven shillings and sixpence, Halifax currency, together with the several allowances of lodging and fuel, which, by the general schedule, are attached to the situation of an Overseer of the Works, established as such by warrant from England, or from the Commander-in-Chief.

"Given under my hand and seal, at head-quarters, Halifax, this 22nd day of October, 1799.

"(Signed,) EDWARD.

"By order of H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief.

"(Signed,) JAMES WILLOUGHBY GORDON, Military Secretary.

"To James Thompson, Esq., Overseer to the Works, Quebec."

"Head-Quarters, Halifax, June 21, 1800.

"Sir,—I am honoured with the commands of H. R. H. the Duke of Kent to acknowledge your letter of 28th ult., which was received here yesterday. His R. H. is well convinced of your meritorious and long services; and being always desirous of extending his patronage to those who appear to be deserving of it, he has in the present instance actually anticipated your request, and your warrant was transmitted by me in a letter to Lieut.-Gen. Hunter of 7th April last, and which it is to be hoped will before this period have been safely deposited in your possession.

"I have the honour to be, sir, &c., &c.,

"JAMES WILLOUGHBY GORDON, Military and Private Secretary.

"To James Thompson, Esq., Overseer to the Works, Quebec."

P. S.—Mr. Walkem's communication, which appears in your edition of March 9, with additions and emendations, was published in the Quebec Gazette of the 26th ult., and my reply, as above, in that of the 28th. There is one paragraph at the conclusion of the letter in the Illustrated, which was not in the Gazette, and which is, I think, worthy of note. It is this: "I have now in my hand a letter which will set the whole matter at rest, but which I will not produce for some time to come. Suffice it to say that when produced, the claim of Thompson to this manuscript will be proved to be the most deliberately mendacious claim that was ever made, whose effrontery will exceed that of Tielborne, and whose daring is inexplicable." I must say, Mr. Editor, that I think the force of impudence could no further go. It has been known for some time in Quebec, that Mr. Walkem, sen., was in possession of evidence that he must abandon Major Moncrief's claims, and that authority of as great pretensions as his own, with whom he has been holding sweet communion of late, is about to bring another Richmond into the field, and is prepared to prove that "neither Moncrief nor Mr. James Thompson was the original author," but quite another person—possibly Major McKellar. But what comes then of the wonderful assertions of Walkem, jun., and the dreadful warning that he has critically examined the whole, &c., &c., and that I had forgotten the fact of his having pointed out to me "the name of Major Moncrief on the title page." And what of Walkem senior's rigmorale about the unblemished honour, &c., of a Mr. Pilkington?

I likewise wish to say that I have lately compared and counted the discrepancies between the alleged Moncrief Journal, as published by you, and Mr. Thompson's manuscript, and find that they amount to about two hundred and twenty, the most of them of the most trivial character, but some of them really important, and are omissions in the Moncrief Journal, but which, you will see when the Thompson manuscript is published, add very much to the clearness and force of the narrative. Curious enough, one of the omissions (and a point on which Mr. Walkem, jun., has dwelt) is in connexion with this passage: "The plan to which reference is made in the Journal." Now, after careful examination of Moncrief, I can find no reference to any plan, while under date of 10th September, distinct mention is made of the plan in the Thompson manuscript. Hundreds of copies of the plan prepared by Captains Debbige and Holland, and Lieut. Debarres, as well as drawings taken by order of Admiral Saunders, were at an early date circulated in Quebec and elsewhere.

I find another interpolation in the communication in the Illustrated, thus: "This gentleman accuses me of using very unbecoming language to himself. This I am not aware of, but if I have, the doctor has, to a certain extent, approved of it, as he has followed suit, and by ambiguous satire and innuendo, fairly succeeded in carrying a direct insult to my father."

This is simply untrue: in my letter to you of the 16th ult., I used no ambiguous satire or innuendo. In my relation of interviews with Mr. Walkem, the language is plain and distinct, and I do not think he will be inclined to dispute its correctness. In the paragraph when I charge Mr. W. Walkem with having used unbecoming language, these are my words: "I might retaliate very effectually, but no good could result from it: these are matters which can best be settled between him and myself." Is there any ambiguous innuendo or satire there? There is one other passage where I mention Mr. W.'s name in accounting for Mr. Thompson's Journal being copied. I asked how did Mr. W. come to copy the Moncrief manuscript. I have since learnt that some people have supposed that I had another meaning, but this arose from the fact that Mr. Walkem, who speaks as recklessly as he writes, had mentioned in an office in the Lower Town, during his late visit, that he expected to get fifty dollars for the manuscript from the Proprietors of the Illustrated News.

I remain very faithfully, WM. JAS. ANDERSON.

Quebec, Grande Allée, March 9, 1872.

The Hindoos must believe that there exists some secret power in an old pair of slippers. A lady who fancied that she had been injured by the inhabitants of a village with an unpronounceable name, set out at dead of night, and planting a tormented stick in the public street, hung her old shoes thereon. At morning the whole village was in a ferment. Everybody, from the chieftain downwards, felt insulted and aggrieved. They soon discovered the original owner of the slippers, and forthwith sued her before the deputy magistrate for defamation. The charge is strange, but still more strange the finding of the magistrate, who, having heard the evidence, convicted the delinquent lady. She, however, was not so easily quelled, and, having brought an appeal against the sentence before the high court, the latter body decided that the exhibition of an old pair of shoes could not constitute slander or defamation.

The Walter printing machine, which has been kept a great secret, is now doing work for a Scotch paper. A continuous roll of paper, four miles long, is damped, printed, and cut into sheets at the rate of 12,000 copies per hour. Thirty-six miles of paper are printed each morning in two hours. It pumps up its own ink, and requires no skilled labour, supplying its own skill and brains.

R. V. S., Ottawa.—Declined with thanks.

CHESS.

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

TORONTO v. HAMILTON.

2ND GAME.—PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

White, Mr. H. Northcote. Black, Mr. W. F. McKay. (Toronto.) (Hamilton.)

- 1. P. to K. 4th
2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd
3. B. to Q. B. 4th (a)
4. P. to Q. B. 3rd
5. Castles.
6. P. to Q. 3rd
7. P. to K. R. 3rd
8. B. to K. 3rd
9. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd (b)
10. Kt. to K. R. 2nd
11. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd
12. P. takes Kt.
13. P. to K. B. 4th
14. B. takes P.
15. P. takes P.
16. Kt. to Q. B. 4th
17. Kt. to K. 3rd
18. B. to Kt. 3rd
19. Kt. to K. B. 3rd
20. Kt. to K. R. 4th
21. Kt. takes R.
22. R. to Q. R. 6th (c)
23. P. to Q. Kt. 4th (d)
24. P. to Q. B. 4th
25. K. to R. 2nd
26. B. takes B.
27. P. to Q. B. 5th
28. Kt. to K. B. 3rd
29. P. takes Kt.
30. K. to K.
31. Q. to Q. 2nd
32. K. to K. 2nd
33. K. to Kt.
34. K. to K.
35. Q. to R. 2nd
36. Q. takes B.
37. Q. to Kt.
38. Q. takes R.
39. K. to R. 2nd

- (a) P. to Q. 4th is generally recommended as best.
(b) B. to Kt. 3rd, followed by B. to B. 2nd, might have been better.
(c) This seems hazardous, but it is difficult to suggest a satisfactory move for White at this crisis: Black has the superior position.
(d) B. takes B. and then—Kt. to B. 3rd seems preferable.
(e) The decisive move: the game is now won by force.

3RD GAME.—KING'S BISHOP'S OPENING.

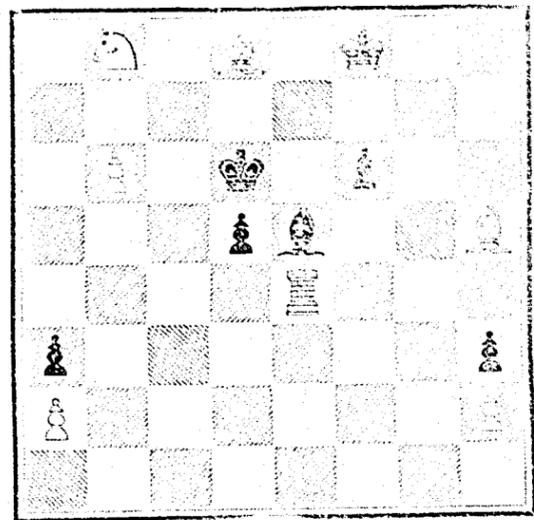
White, Mr. W. H. Judd. Black, Mr. F. T. Jones. (Hamilton.) (Toronto.)

- 1. P. to K. 4th
2. B. to Q. B. 4th
3. P. to Q. 3rd
4. Kt. to K. B. 3rd
5. Castles (a)
6. B. to K. 3rd
7. P. to K. R. 3rd
8. P. to Q. B. 3rd
9. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd
10. Q. to Q. B. 2nd
11. B. takes K. B.
12. P. takes P.
13. B. to Q. Kt. 2nd
14. P. to Q. 4th
15. Q. to Q. B.
16. Kt. takes P.
17. R. to K.
18. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd
19. Q. to Q. 2nd
20. Q. R. to Q.
21. R. to K. 3rd
22. Kt. to K.
23. Kt. takes Kt.
24. K. to R.
25. P. to K. B. 3rd
26. K. to R. 2nd

- (a) P. to K. R. 3rd first would have been more prudent. Black gets a slight advantage in the opening through this omission.

PROBLEM No. 43 By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

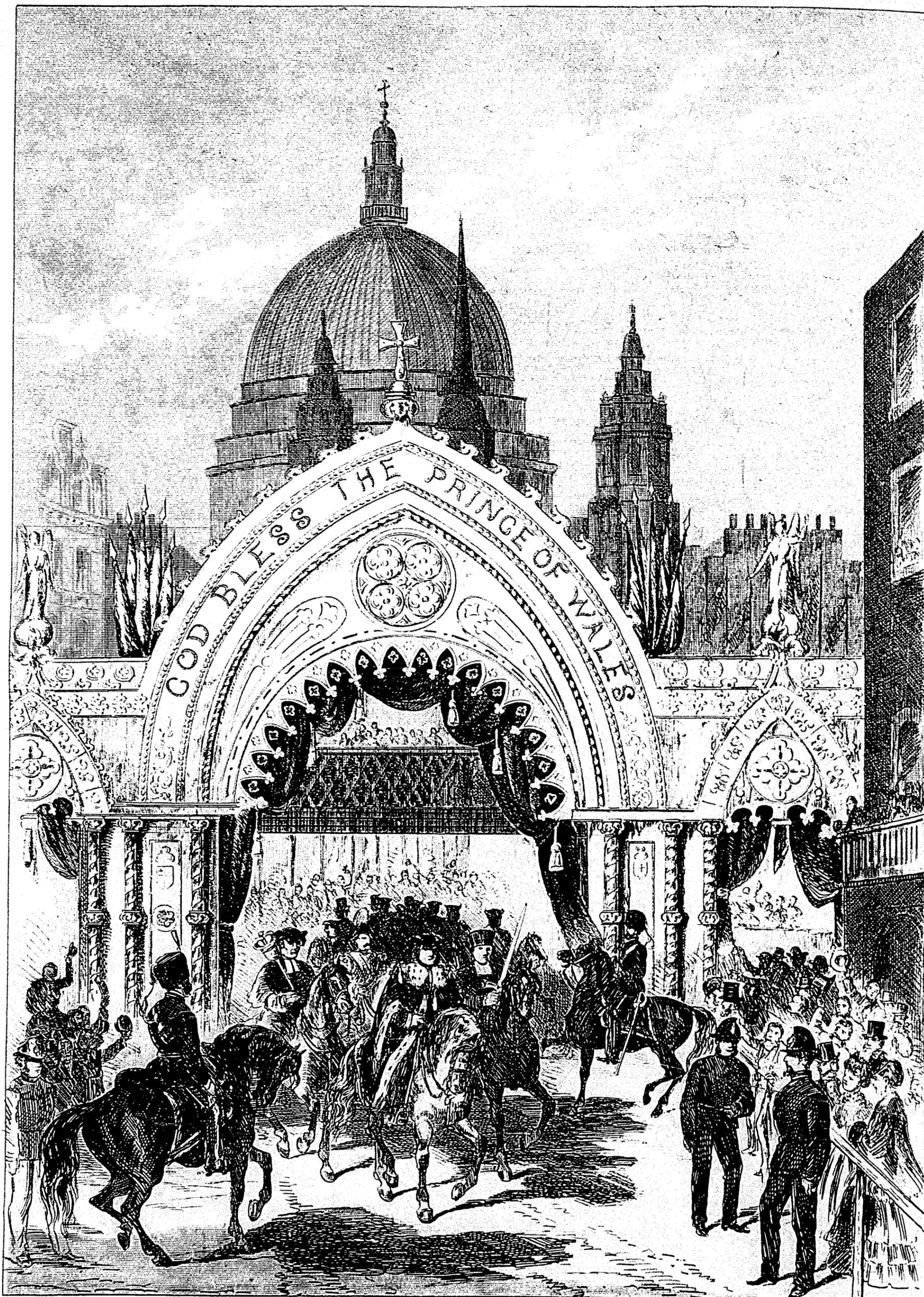
White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 42.

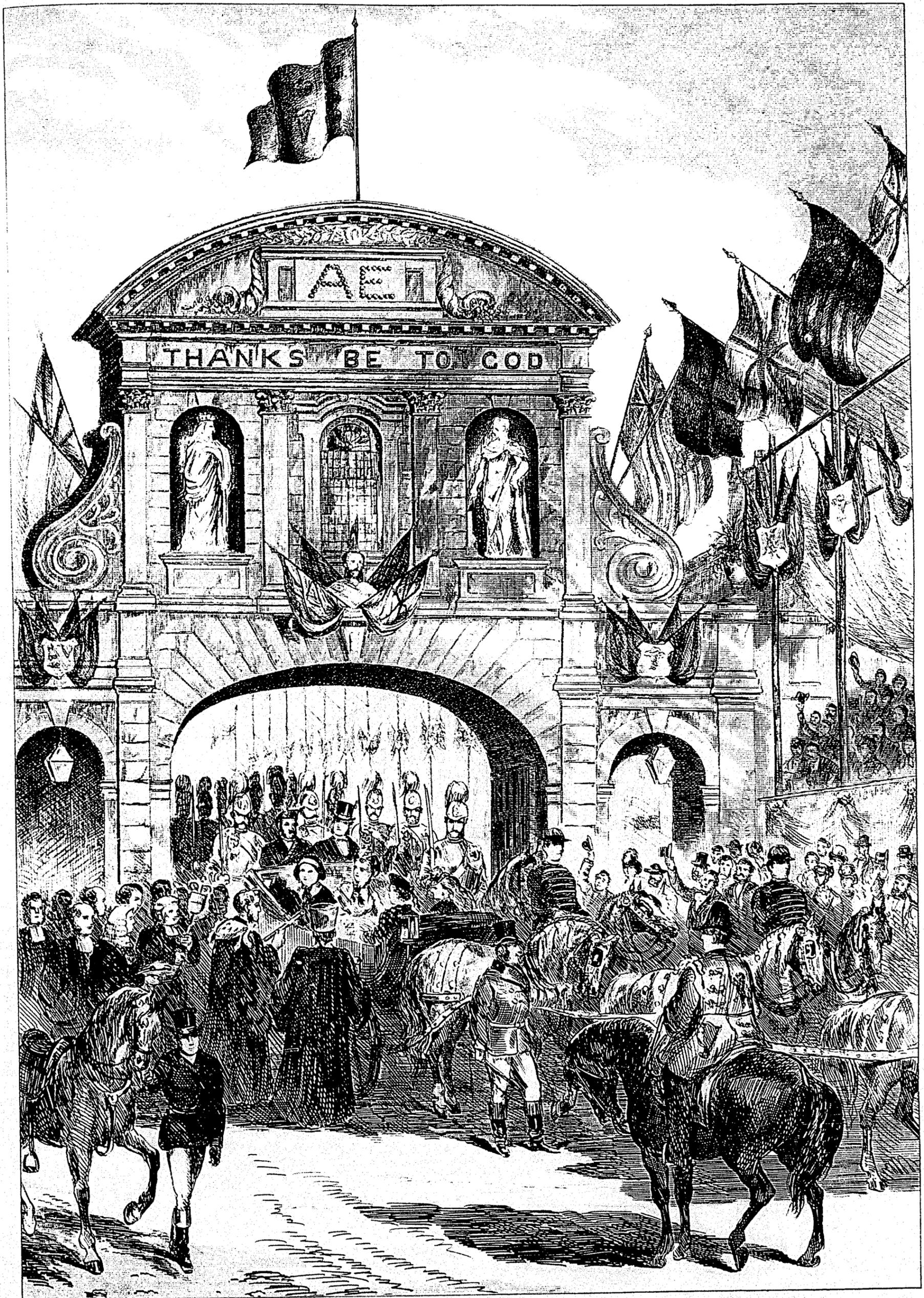
- White. Black.
1. P. to K. B. 6th R. takes P. at K. B. 3rd
2. K. B. to K. R. 3rd R. to K. 3rd
3. Q. B. to K. 3rd R. takes B.
4. Kt. to K. B. 2nd, mate.

VARIATION.

- White. Black.
4. K. B. to K. B. sq., mate. 3. If B. takes B.



THANKSGIVING IN ENGLAND.—THE CIVIC PROCESSION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL LONDON ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 178.



THANKSGIVING IN ENGLAND—RECEPTION OF THE QUEEN AT TEMPLE BAR.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL LONDON ARTIST.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

RESIGNATION.

Beneath the frowns of leaden skies
We say "To-morrow will be fine."
And, piercing through with hopeful eyes,
See far beyond the gay sunshine.

But when the heaven is bright and blue
We search around for cause of fear,
And with foreboding's dismal hue
Bedim the radiant atmosphere.

Oh! better were it still to trust
In Him who rules the sun and rain,
Nor ever doubt that He is just,
Whether He send us joy or pain.

Both are the lessons of His love,
By which our souls are gently led
To look for endless joys above,
When all earth's changing scenes are fled.

JEAN READF.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

"And this is the fellow that wants to marry my daughter! A pretty fool I should be to give Annie to a coward like him!"

So shouted honest Master Joss, the sacristan of the cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of the "Adam and Eve" inn, and looked after the angry retreating figure of Master Ottkar, the head-mason.

As he spoke, an honest young gardener, named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as though the sacristan's words were directed at him. For it was the old old story. Gabriel and Annie had played together and loved each other before they knew the meaning of the word love; and when a few months before, they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to make Annie his wife, her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to offer besides an honest heart and a pair of industrious hands, while Master Ottkar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, sorely against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and poor Gabriel kept away from the sacristan's pleasant cottage, manfully endeavouring to root out his love while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But somehow it happened that, although the docks and thistles withered and died, that other pertinacious plant, clinging and twining like the wild convolvulus, grew and flourished, nurtured, perchance, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping form.

So matters stood, when one day, as Gabriel was passing through a crowded street, a neighbour hailed him:

"Great news, my boy! glorious news! Our Leopold has been chosen Emperor at Frankfort. Long live the House of Austria! He is to make his triumphal entry here in a day or two. Come with me to the 'Adam and Eve,' and we will drink his health, and hear all about it."

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been no true son of Vienna if he had refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

We have already seen how the unexpected appearance, and more unexpected words, of Master Joss met him on his entrance. In the height of his indignation, the sacristan did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

"I declare, I'd give this moment full and free permission to who and young my daughter to any honest young fellow who would wave the banner in my stead—ay, and think her well rid of that cowardly mason."

From time immemorial it had been the custom in Vienna, whenever the Emperor made a triumphal entry, for the sacristan of the cathedral to stand on the very pinnacle of the highest tower, and wave a banner while the procession passed. But Master Joss was old, stiff, and rheumatic, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing on a tight-rope. It was therefore needful for him to provide a substitute; and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed such devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb to dizzy heights, and stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to take his place.

What, then, was his chagrin and indignation when, on broaching the matter that afternoon to Master Ottkar, he was met by a flat and not over-courteous refusal! The old man made a hasty retort: words ran high, and the parting volley, levelled at the retreating mason, we have already reported.

"Would you, dear Master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then, with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner for you as long as you please from the top of St. Stephen's tower."

"You, Gabriel?" said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he was wont to do in former days. "My poor boy! you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never had any practice in climbing."

"Ah, now you want to draw back from your word!" exclaimed the youth, reddening. "My head is steady enough; and if my heart is heavy, why, it was you who made it so. Never mind, Master Joss. Only promise me, on the word of an honest man, that you'll not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend on seeing the banner of our Emperor, whom may Heaven long preserve, wave gloriously on the old pinnacle."

"I will, my brave lad; I do promise, in the presence of all those honest folks, that Annie shall be yours!" said the sacristan, grasping Gabriel's hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of the other.

"One thing I have to ask you," said the young man, "that you'll keep this matter a secret from Annie. She'd never consent; she'd say I was tempting Providence; and who knows whether the thought of her displeasure might not make my head turn giddy, just when I want it to be most firm and collected."

"No fear of her knowing it, for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt, two or three miles in the country."

"And why did you send her from home, Master Joss?" asked Gabriel.

"Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because I was vexed with her; because, to tell you the truth, I was vexed with myself. Gabriel, I was a hard-hearted fool, I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my only remaining child; for my poor boy Arnold, your old friend and school-fellow, Gabriel, has been for years in foreign parts, and we don't know what has

become of him. But now, please God, Annie at least will be happy, and you shall marry her, my lad, as soon after the day of the procession as you and she please. There's my hand on't."

There was not a happier man that evening within the precincts of Vienna than Gabriel, the gardener, although he well knew that he was attempting a most perilous enterprise, and one as likely as not to result in his death. He made all necessary arrangements in case of that event, especially in reference to the comfort of an only sister who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of his intended venture. This done, he resigned himself to dream all night of tumbling from terrific heights, and all day of his approaching happiness.

Meanwhile, Ottkar swallowed his chagrin as he best might, and kept aloof from Master Joss; but he might have been seen holding frequent and secret communications with Lawrence, a man who assisted the sacristan in the care of the church.

The day of the young Emperor's triumphal entry arrived. He was not expected to reach Vienna before evening; and at the appointed hour the sacristan embraced Gabriel, and, giving him the banner of the House of Austria, gorgeously embroidered, said:

"Now, my boy, up, in God's name! Follow Lawrence; he'll guide you safely to the top of the spire, and afterwards assist you in coming down."

Five hundred and fifty steps to the top of the tower! Mere child's play—the young gardener flew them up with a joyous step. Then came two hundred wooden stairs over the clock-tower and belfry; then five steep ladders up the narrow pinnacle. Courage! A few more bold steps—half an hour of peril—then triumph, reward, the priest's blessing, and the joyful "Yes!" before the altar. Ah, how heavy was the banner to drag upwards—how dark the strait, stony shaft! Hold, there is the trap-door. Lawrence, and an assistant who accompanied him, pushed Gabriel through.

"That's it!" cried Lawrence; you'll see the iron steps and the clamps to hold on by outside—only keep your head steady. When 'tis your time to come down, hail us, and we'll throw you a rope-ladder with hooks. Farewell!"

As he said these words, Gabriel had passed through the trap-door, and with feet and hands clinging to the slender iron projections, felt himself hanging over a tremendous precipice, while the cold evening breeze ruffled his hair. He had still, burdened as he was with the banner, to steady himself on a part of the spire sculptured in the similitude of a rose, and then, after two or three daring steps still higher, to bestride the very pinnacle, and wave his gay gold flag.

"May God be merciful to me!" sighed the poor lad, as glancing downward on the busy streets, lying so far beneath, the whole extent of his danger flashed upon him. He felt so lonely, so utterly forsaken in that desert of the upper air, and the cruel wind strove with him, and struggled to wrest the heavy banner from his hand.

"Annie, Annie, 'tis for thee!" he murmured, and the sound of that sweet name nerved him to endurance. He wound his left arm firmly round the iron bar which supported the golden star, surmounted by a crescent, that served as a weather-cock, and with the right waved the flag, which flapped and rustled like the wing of some mighty bird of prey. The sky—how near it seemed—grew dark above his head, and the lights and bonfires glanced upwards from the great city below. But the cries of rejoicing came faintly on his ear, until one long-continued shout, mingled with the sound of drums and trumpets, announced the approach of Emperor Leopold.

"Huzza! huzza! long live the Emperor!" shouted Gabriel, and waved his banner proudly. But the deepening twilight and the dizzy height rendered him unseen and unheard by the busy crowd below.

The deep voice of the cathedral clock tolled the hour. "Now my task is ended," said Gabriel, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and shivering in the chilly breeze. "Now I have only to get down and give the signal."

More heedfully and slowly than he had ascended, he began his descent. Only once he looked upward to the golden star and crescent, now beginning to look colourless against the dark sky.

"Ha!" said he, "doesn't it look now as if that heathenish Turk of a crescent were nodding and wishing me an evil 'good-night?' Be quiet, Mohammed!"

A few courageous steps landed him once more amid the petals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which offered the best, indeed the only coigne of vantage for his feet to rest on.

He furled his banner tightly together, and shouted:

"Hollo, Lawrence! Albert! here! throw me up the ladder and the hooks."

No answer.

More loudly and shrilly did Gabriel reiterate the call.

Not a word, not a stir below.

"Holy Virgin! can they have forgotten me? Or have they fallen asleep?" cried the poor fellow aloud; and the sighing wind seemed to answer like a mocking demon.

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

Now enveloped in darkness, he dared not stir one hair-breadth to the right or to the left. A painful sensation of tightness came across his chest, and his soul grew bitter within him.

"They have left me here of set purpose," he muttered through his clenched teeth. "The torches below will shine on my crushed body."

Then, after a moment:

"No, no; the sacristan could not find it in his heart; men born of women could not do it. They will come. They must come."

But when they did not come, and the pitiless darkness thickened around him, so that he could not see his hand, his death-anguish grew to the pitch of insanity.

"God!" he cried, "the Emperor will not suffer such barbarity. Noble Leopold, help! One word from you would save me."

But the cold night wind, blowing ominously around the tower, seemed to answer:

"Here I alone am Emperor, and this is my domain."

While this was passing, two men stood conversing together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowd.

"Haven't I managed it well?" asked one.

"Yes; he'll never reach the ground alive, unless the sacristan —"

"O no, the old man is too busy with his son, who came

home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of that fool Gabriel until —"

"Until 'tis too late. How did you get rid of Albert?"

"By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself, and fetch the gardener down. The trap-door is fast, and no one within call. But I think, Master Ottkar, you and I may as well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a ripe apple from the stem."

And so the two villains took their way down a narrow street, and appeared no more that night.

Meantime, a dark shadowy fiend sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear:

"Renounce thy salvation, and I will bring thee down in safety."

"May God preserve me from such sin," cried the poor lad, shuddering.

"Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you."

"Will you hold your tongue, you wicked spirit?"

"Or just say that you'll make me a present of your first-born child, and I'll bear you away as softly as if you were floating down."

"Avaunt, Satan! I'll have nothing to do with gentlemen who wear horns and a tail!" cried Gabriel, manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

"Am I really here?" he asked himself, as he awoke; "or is it all a frightful dream that I have had while lying in my bed?"

A cold shudder passed through his frame, followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

"Fool! 'tis is death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw thyself down."

"Must I, then, die?" murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow. "Must I die while life is so pleasant? O Annie, Annie! pray for me; the world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet."

Then it seemed as if soft white wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

"Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted."

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numb arm, and, with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan's dwelling, the old man sat, fondly clasping the hand of a handsome sunburnt youth, his long-lost son Arnold, who had sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures which had befallen him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

At length Arnold said: "I am longing to see Annie, father. I dare say she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?"

The sacristan sprang from his seat.

"Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him!"

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened towards the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

"Where is Gabriel?" cried the sacristan.

"I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap-door."

"But who helped him down?"

"Why, you yourself, of course," replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. "Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it."

"Oh, the villains, the double-dyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all," groaned the old man. "Quick! Arnold, Albert! Come, for the love of God; look up, look up to the spire!"

Arnold rushed towards the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look out at great distances at sea, discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

"'Tis he! It must be he, still living."

"O God!" cried Master Joss, "where are my keys? O that we may not be too late."

The keys were found in the old man's pocket; and all three, rushing through the cathedral-gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young companions.

Albert, knowing the trick of the trap-door, went through it first.

"Call out to him, lad!" exclaimed Master Joss.

A breathless pause.

"I hear nothing stirring," said Albert, "nor can I see anything from this. I'll climb over the rose."

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety, he reappeared at the trap-door.

"There certainly is a figure standing on the rose, but 'tisn't Gabriel—'tis a ghost!"

"A ghost! you dreaming dunderhead," shouted Arnold.

"Let me up!" And he began to climb with the agility of a cat.

Presently he called out: "Come on, come on, as far as you can. I have him, thank God! But quick; time is precious."

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length, a half-unconscious figure, still wrapped in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the "Adam and Eve," laid him in a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little wine down his throat. Under this treatment, he soon recovered his consciousness, and began to thank his deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a mirror hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

"Wipe the hour-frost off my hair, and that yellow dust off my cheeks!"

In truth, his curled locks were white, his rosy cheeks yellowed and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunken; but neither dust nor hour-frost was there to wipe away—that one night of horror had added forty years to his age!

In the course of that day, numbers who had heard of Gabriel's adventure crowded to the inn and sought to see him, but none were admitted save the three who sat continually by his bedside—his weeping young sister, the brave Arnold, and

Master Joss, the most unhappy of all; for his conscience ceased not to say, in a voice that would be heard: "You alone are the cause of all this." By way of a little self-comfort, the sacristan used to exclaim at intervals: "If I only had hold of that Lawrence! If I once had that Ottkar by the throat!" But both worthies kept carefully out of sight; nor were they ever again seen in the fair city of Vienna.

"Ah!" said Gabriel towards evening, "tis all over between me and Annie. She would shudder at the sight of an old wrinkled gray-haired fellow like me."

No one answered. His sister hid her face on the pillow, while her bright ringlets mingled with his poor gray locks; and Arnold's handsome face grew very sad as he thought—"The poor fellow is right; there are few things that young girls dislike more than gray hairs and yellow wrinkles."

"I have one request to make of you all, dear friends," said Gabriel, painfully raising himself on his couch—"do not let Annie know a word of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she'll mind it less, I think; then I'll go into the forest, and let the wolves eat me if they will. I want to save her from pain."

"A fine way, indeed, to save Annie from pain!" cried a well-known voice, while a light figure rushed towards the bed, and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and long embrace. "My own true love! you were never more beautiful in my eyes than now. And pretend that you were dead! A likely story, while every child in Vienna is talking of nothing but my poor boy's adventure. And let yourself be eaten by wolves! No, no, Gabriel; you wouldn't treat poor Annie so cruelly as that!"

A regular hail-storm of kisses followed; and it is said—how truly I know not—that somehow in the general *melée* Arnold's lips came into wonderfully close contact with the rosy ones of Gabriel's little sister. Certainly he was heard the next day to whisper into his friend's ear: "A fair exchange is no robbery, my boy; I think if you take my sister, the least you can do is to give me yours."

It does not appear that any objection was made in any quarter. Love and hope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel's hair to the end of his life remained as white as snow, his cheeks and eyes, ere the wedding-day arrived, had resumed their former tint and brightness. A happy man was Master Joss on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couples—the day when Gabriel's sore-tried love found its reward in the hand of his Annie.

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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Her aunt thought that the marriage should be settled for the earliest possible day,—though she never quite expressed her thoughts. Madame Voss, though she did not generally obtain much credit for clear seeing, had a clearer insight to the state of her niece's mind, than had her husband. She still believed that Marie's heart was not with Adrian Urmand. But, attributing perhaps to very great importance to a young girl's heart, and fancying that she knew that in this instance the young girl's heart could not have its own way, she was quite in favour of the Urmand marriage. And if they were to be married, the sooner the better. Of that she had no doubt. "It's best to have it over always as soon as possible," she said to her husband in private, nodding her head, and looking much wiser than usual.

"I won't have Marie hurried," said Michel.

"We had better say some day next month, my dear," said Madame Voss, again nodding her head.

Michel, struck by the peculiarity of her voice, looked into her face, and saw the unaccustomed wisdom. He made no answer, but after a while nodded his head also, and went out of the room a man convinced. There were matters between women, he thought, which men can never quite understand. It would be very bad if there should be any slip here between the cup and the lip; and, no doubt, his wife was right.

It was Madame Voss at last who settled the day—the 15th of October, just four weeks from the present time. This she did in concert with Adrian Urmand, who, however, was very docile in her hands. Urmand, after he had been accepted, soon managed to bring himself back to that state of mind in which he had before regarded the possession of Marie Bromar as very desirable. For some four-and-twenty hours, during which he had thought himself to be ill-used, and had meditated a retreat from Granpere, he had tried to teach himself that he might possibly live without her; but as soon as he was accepted, and when the congratulations of the men and women of Granpere were showered down upon him in quick succession—so that the fact that the thing was to be became assured to him—he soon came to fancy again that he was a man as successful in love as he was in the world's good, and that this acquisition of Marie's hand was a treasure in which he could take delight. He undoubtedly would be ready by the day named, and would go home and prepare everything for Marie's arrival.

They were very little together as lovers during those two days, but it was necessary that there should be an especial parting.

"She is up-stairs in the little sitting-room," Aunt Josey said; and up-stairs to the little sitting-room Adrian Urmand went.

"I am come to say good-bye," said Urmand.

"Good-bye, Adrian," said Marie, putting both her hands in his, and offering her cheek to be kissed.

"I shall come back with such joy for the 15th," said he.

She smiled, and kissed his cheek, and still held his hand.

"Adrian," she said.

"My love?"

"As I believe in the dear Jesus, I will do my best to be a good wife to you."

Then he took her in his arms, and kissed her close, and went out of the room with tears streaming down his cheeks. He knew now that he was in truth a happy man, and that God had been good to him in this matter of his future wife.

CHAPTER X.

"So your cousin Marie is to be married to Adrian Urmand, the young linen merchant at Basle," said Madame Faragon one morning to George Voss.

In this manner were the first assured tidings of the coming marriage conveyed to the rival lover. This occurred a day or two after the betrothal, when Adrian was back at Basle. No one at Granpere had thought of writing an express letter to George on the subject. George's father might have done so, had the writing of letters been a customary thing with him; but his correspondence was not numerous, and such letters as he did write were short, and always confined to matters concerning his trade. Madame Voss, however, sent a special message to Madame Faragon, as soon as Adrian was gone, thinking that it would be well that in this way George should learn the truth.

It had been fully arranged by this time that George Voss was to be the landlord of the hotel at Colmar on and from the first day of the following year. Madame Faragon was to be allowed to sit in the little room down-stairs, to scold the servants, and to make the strangers from a distance believe that her authority was unimpaired. She was also to receive a moderate annual pension in money, in addition to her board and lodging. For these considerations, and on condition that George Voss should expend a certain sum of money in renewing the faded glories of the house, he was to be the landlord in full enjoyment of all real power on the first of January following. Madame Faragon, when she had expressed her agreement to the arrangement, which was indeed in almost all respects one of her own creation, wept and wheezed and groaned bitterly. She declared that she would soon be dead, and so trouble him no more. Nevertheless, she especially stipulated that she should have a new arm-chair for her own use, and that the feather-bed in her own chamber should be renewed.

"So your cousin Marie is to be married to Adrian Urmand, the young linen merchant at Basle," said Madame Faragon.

"Who says so?" demanded George. He asked his question in a quiet voice; but, though the news had reached him thus suddenly, he had sufficient control over himself to prevent any plain expression of his feelings. The thing which had been told him had gone into his heart like a knife; but he did not intend that Madame Faragon should know that he had been wounded.

"It is quite true. There is no doubt about it. Stodel's man with the roulage brought me word direct from your step-mother."

George immediately began to inquire within himself why Stodel's man with the roulage had not brought some word direct to him, and answered the question to himself not altogether incorrectly.

"Oh, yes," continued Madame Faragon, "it is quite true—on the 15th of October. I suppose you will be going over to the wedding."

This she said in her usual whining tone of small complaint, signifying thereby how great would be the grievance to herself to be left alone at that special time.

"I shall not go to the wedding," said George. "They can be married, if they are to be married, without me."

"They are to be married; you may be quite sure of that," Madame Faragon's grievance now consisted in the amount of doubt which was being thrown on the tidings which had been sent direct to her.

"Of course; you will choose to have a doubt, because it is I who tell you."

"I do not doubt it at all. I think it is very likely. I was well aware before that my father wished it."

"Of course, he would wish it, George. How should he not wish it? Marie Bromar never had a frame of her own in her life, and it is not to be expected that he, with a family of young children at his heels, is to give her a *dot*."

"He will give her something. He will treat her as though she were a daughter."

"Then I think he ought not. But your father was always a romantic headstrong man. At any rate, there she is,—barmaid, as we may say, in the hotel,—much the same as our Flosschen here; and, of course, such a marriage as this is a great thing; a very great thing, indeed. How should they not wish it?"

"Oh, if she likes him ———!"

"Like him? Of course, she will like him. Why should she not like him? Young, and good-looking, with a fine business, doesn't owe a son, I'll be bound, and with a houseful of furniture? Of course, she'll like him. I don't suppose there is so much difficulty about that."

"I dare say not," said George. "I believe that women's likings go after that fashion, for the most part."

Madame Faragon, not understanding this general sarcasm against her sex, continued the expression of her opinion about the coming marriage.

"I don't suppose anybody will think of blaming Marie Bromar for accepting the match when it was proposed to her. Of course, she would do as she was bidden, and could hardly be expected to say that the man was above her."

"He is not above her," said George in a hoarse voice.

"Marie Bromar is nothing to you, George; nothing in blood; nothing beyond a most distant cousin. They do say that she has grown up good-looking."

"Yes;—she is a handsome girl."

"When I remember her as a child she was broad and dumpy, and they always come back at last to what they were as children. But of course M. Urmand only looks to what she is now. She makes her hay while the sun shines; but I hope the people won't say that your father has caught him at the Lion d'Or, and taken him in."

"My father is not the man to care very much what anybody says about such things."

"Perhaps not so much as he ought, George," said Madame Faragon, shaking her head.

After that George Voss went about the house for some hours, doing his work, giving his orders, and going through the usual routine of his day's business. As he did so, no one guessed that his mind was disturbed. Madame Faragon had not the slightest suspicion that the matter of Marie's marriage was a cause of sorrow to him. She had felt the not unnatural envy of a woman's mind in such an affair, and could not help expressing it, although Marie Bromar was in some sort connected with herself. But she was sure that such an arrangement would be regarded as a family triumph by George,—unless, indeed, he should be inclined to quarrel with his father for over-generosity in that matter of the *dot*.

"It is lucky that you got your little bit of money before this affair was settled," said she.

"It would not have made the difference of a copper sou," said George Voss, as he walked angrily out of the old woman's room. This was in the evening, after supper, and the greater

part of the day had passed since he had first heard the news. Up to the present moment he had endeavoured to shake the matter off from him, declaring to himself that grief—or at least any outward show of grief—would be unmanly and unworthy of him. With a strong resolve he had fixed his mind upon the affairs of his house, and had allowed himself to meditate as little as might be possible. But the misery, the agony, had been then present with him during all those hours,—and had been made the sharper by his endeavours to keep it down and banish it from his thoughts. Now, as he went out from Madame Faragon's room, having finished all that it was his duty to do, he strolled into the town, and at once began to give way to his thoughts. Of course he must think about it. He acknowledged that it was useless for him to get rid of the matter and let it be as though there were no such persons in the world as Marie Bromar and Adrian Urmand. He must think about it; but he might so give play to his feelings that no one should see him in the moments of his wretchedness. He went out, therefore, among the dark walks in the town garden, and there, as he paced one alley after another in the gloom, he revelled in the agony which a passionate man feels when the woman whom he loves is to be given into the arms of another.

As he thought of his own life during the past year or fifteen months, he could not but tell himself that his present suffering was due in some degree to his own fault. If he really loved this girl, and if it had been his intention to try and win her for himself, why had he taken his father at his word and gone away from Granpere? And why, having left Granpere, had he taken no trouble to let her know that he still loved her? As he asked himself these questions, he was hardly able himself to understand the pride which had driven him away from his old home, and which had kept him silent so long. She had promised him that she would be true to him. Then had come those few words from his father's mouth, words which he thought his father should never have spoken to him, and he had gone away, telling himself that he would come back and fetch her as soon as he could offer her a home independently of his father. If, after the promises she had made to him, she would not wait for him without further words and further vows, she would not be worth the having. In going, he had not precisely told himself that there should be no intercourse between them for twelve months, but the silence which he had maintained, and his continued absence, had been the consequence of the mood of his mind and the tenor of his purpose. The longer he had been away from Granpere without tidings from any one there, the less possible had it been that he should send tidings from himself to his old home. He had not expected any letter. But when nothing came, he told himself over and over again that he too would be silent, and would bide his time. Then Edmond Gréisse had come to Colmar, and brought the first rumour of Adrian Urmand's proposed marriage.

The reader will perhaps remember that George, when he heard this first rumour, had at once made up his mind to go over to Granpere, and that he went. He went to Granpere partly believing, and partly disbelieving Edmond's story. If it were untrue, perhaps she might say a word to him that would comfort him and give him new hope. If it were true, she would have to tell him so; and then he would say a word to her that should tear her heart, if her heart was to be reached. But he would never let her know that she had torn his own to rags! That was the pride of his manliness; and yet he was so boyish as not to know that it should have been for him to make those overtures for a renewal of love, which he hoped that Marie would make to him. He had gone over to Granpere, and the reader will perhaps again remember what had passed then between him and Marie. Just as he was leaving her he had asked her whether she was to be married to this man. He had made no objection to such a marriage. He had spoken no word of the constancy of his own affection. In his heart there had been anger against her because she had spoken no such word to him,—as of course there was also in her heart against him, very bitter and very hot. If he wished her to be true to him, why did he not say so? If he had given her up, why did he come there at all? Why did he ask any questions about her marriage, if on his own behalf he had no statement to make,—no assurance to give? What was her marriage, or her refusal to be married, to him? Was she to tell him that, as he had deserted her, and as she could not busy herself to overcome her love, therefore she was minded to wear the willow for ever? "If my uncle and aunt choose to dispose of me, I cannot help it," she had said. Then he had left her, and she had been sure that for him that early game of love was a game altogether played out. Now, as he walked along the dark paths of the town garden, something of the truth came upon him. He made no excuse for Marie Bromar. She had given him a vow, and should have been true to her vow, so he said to himself a dozen times. He had never been false. He had shown no sign of falseness. True of heart, he had remained away from her only till he might come and claim her, and bring her to a house that he could call his own. This also he told himself a dozen times. But, nevertheless, there was a very agony of remorse, a weight of repentance, in that he had not striven to make sure of his prize when he had been at Granpere before the marriage was settled. Had she loved him as she ought to have loved him, had she loved him as he loved her, there should have been no question possible to her of marriage with another man. But still he repented in that he had lost that which he desired, and might perhaps have then obtained it for himself.

But the strong feeling of his breast, the strongest next to his love, was a desire to be revenged. He cared little now for his father, little for that personal dignity which he had intended to return by his silence, little for pecuniary advantages and prudential motives, in comparison with his strong desire to punish Marie for her perfidy. He would go over to Granpere, and fall among them like a thunderbolt. Like a thunderbolt at any rate he would fall upon the head of Marie Bromar. The very words of her love promises were still firm in his memory, and he would see if she also could be made to remember them.

"I shall go over to Granpere the day after to-morrow," he said to Madame Faragon, as he caught her just before she retired for the night.

"To Granpere, the day after to-morrow? And why?"

"Well, I don't know that I can say exactly why. I shall not be at the marriage, but I should like to see them first. I shall go the day after to-morrow."

And he went to Granpere on the day he fixed.

(To be continued.)

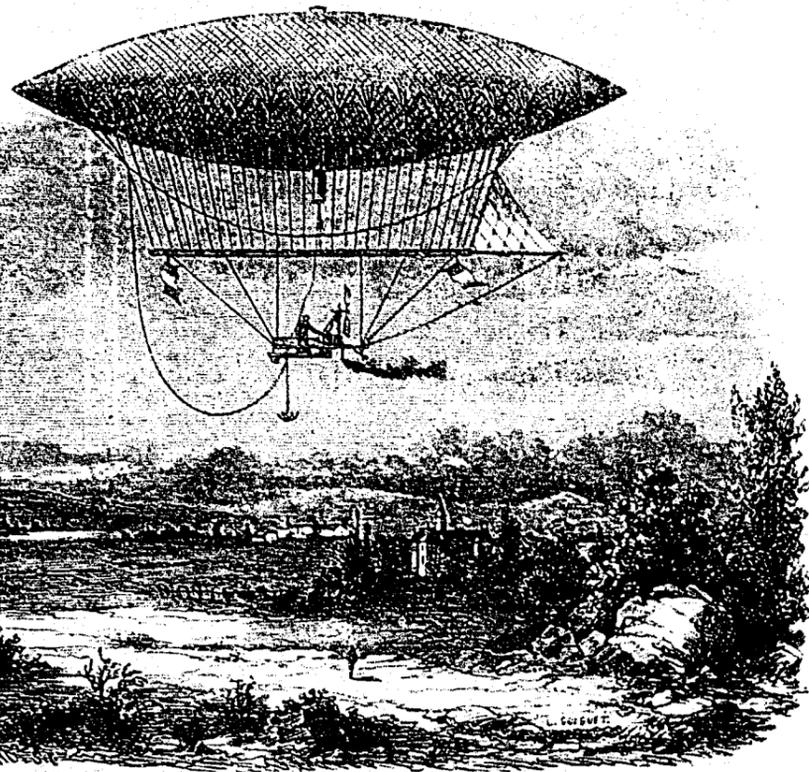
NAVIGABLE BALLOONS

For many years past the question of the possibility of constructing balloons which should be capable of being guided in their mid-air course has formed a subject of intense interest for aeronauts, and one which excited a good deal of attention in the general world of science. Several so-called navigable balloons have been constructed, but few, if any of these, were worthy of the name, the majority turning out miserable failures.

The first real success in aerial navigation was achieved in 1852 by Henry Giffard, who made his trial ascent in Paris on the 24th of September in that year. His balloon was of an elongated form, terminating at each end in a point, and measuring 144 ft. in length and 31 feet in diameter. This was covered with a net, by which it was confined to a large cross-beam, from which hung the car. At one end of the cross-beam was a moveable triangular sail which performed the part of a rudder, the beam itself acting in the same manner as a ship's keel. The great novelty in Mr. Giffard's balloon was the mode of propulsion, which was steam.

The place of the usual car was taken by an engine and tender—the former of 30 man power, and the whole weighing only 330 lbs. By means of this engine a fan, or screw, resembling in shape the usual steamship screw, was put in motion. The object of this screw was to furnish sufficient resistance to the force of the wind to allow of the balloon remaining motionless long enough for it to answer easily to its "helm." Mr. Giffard's first ascension was made under unfavourable circumstances, the wind being very high, but he met with sufficient success to put beyond a doubt the correctness of his principle of aerial navigation.

Since 1852 this question of aerial navigation was very much lost sight of until it was last year once more brought into prominence by the exigencies of warfare. During the siege of Paris balloons were once more brought into requisition, though strange to say the principle of navigation was utterly overlooked by the Government. The results were what might have been expected. Out of sixty balloons dispatched fifteen fell into the sea or into the hands of the enemy. All this loss might have been easily avoided had Giffard's simple principle of navigation been put into use. As it was only one man be-



GIFFARD'S BALLOON, 1851.

stowed a thought upon it. M. Dupuy de Lôme, the celebrated engineer, offered to construct a balloon which should have steering powers of its own, but he encountered so many delays from the supineness of the Government, and the difficulty of procuring requisite material that his machine was only finished four days before the capitulation. Then came the disorganisation caused by the second siege of Paris. At last M. de Lôme obtained permission to use some buildings at the Fort of Vincennes, and thence, on the 2nd of February, he started on his trial trip. *Engineering* gives the following full account of this interesting voyage:

The construction of this aerial machine, starts with the principle, that to obtain a navigable balloon, the two following conditions must be complied with.

1st. The permanence of the form of the balloon, without any sensible undulation of its surface.

2nd. Obtaining a horizontal axis of least resistance in a direction parallel to the propelling force.

The permanence of form is assured by a fan carried in the

the car	10	8
Diameter of screw	29	6
Pitch of screw	26	2
Ascensional force:	tons.	
With small balloon not inflated	3,799	
" " inflated	3,419	
Number of revolutions of screw per minute to obtain a speed of 5 miles per hour	21	
Time required to fill the small balloon by aid of the fan	15	minutes.

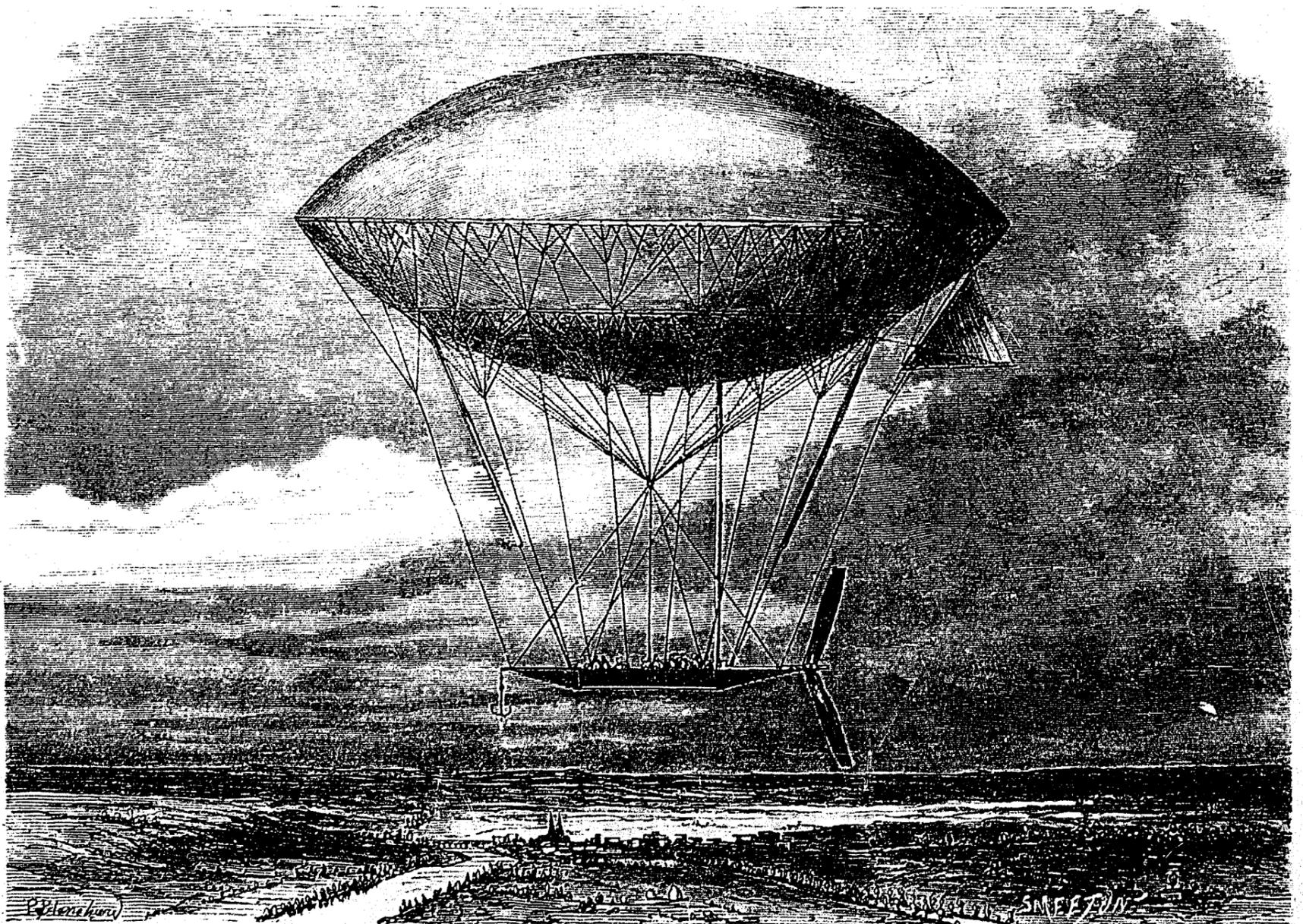
The upper portion of the balloon is covered with an envelope of fabric, which supports the car by a zone placed around the centre of the body. This envelope is then continued below the upper half until it covers about three-fourths of the body. Below the envelope, and attached in a similar manner, is a second zone within the first one, having the form of a cone tangential to the sides of the balloon. The summit of this cone serves to attach the cordage by which the car is sustained. The rudder consists of a triangular sail placed be-

car, and put in communication by a tube with a small balloon placed within the large one at its lowest part. The volume of this small balloon is one-tenth of that of the larger one. It is furnished with a valve opening both within and without, and regulated by springs. The large balloon is provided with two hanging tubes open to the air, and falling for a distance of 25 ft. from the lower part of the balloon. The inflation of the little balloon causes the hydrogen to fall more or less in the hanging tubes, but never sufficiently to force it out of their open ends.

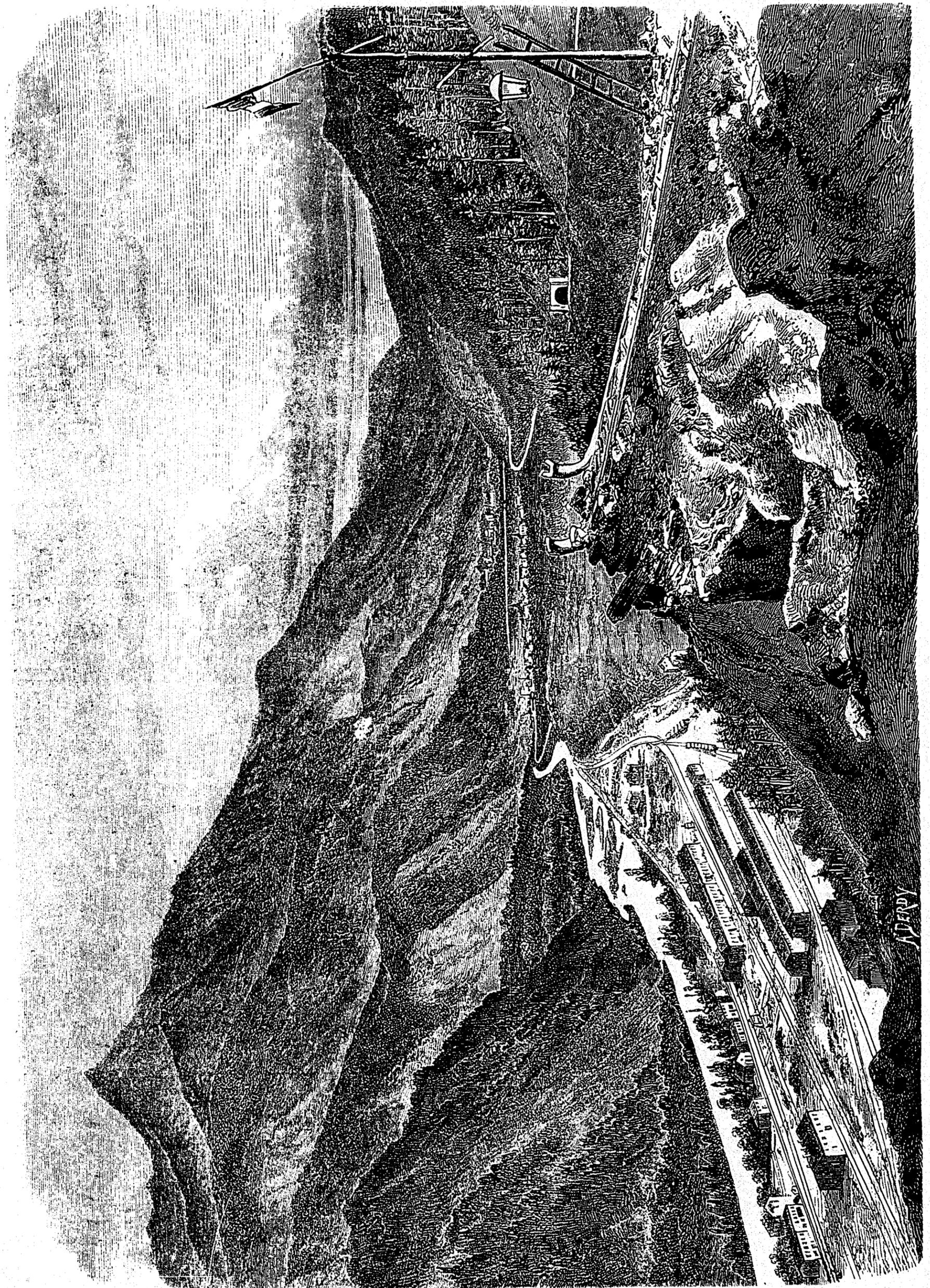
To obtain a horizontal plane of least resistance, the form given to the balloon was that developed by the arc of a circle turning around its chord, and in which the versed sine was nearly one-fifth of the length of the chord.

The following are the principal dimensions of the balloon:

	ft.	in.
Total length from out to out	118	6
Greatest diameter	48	9
Cubic contents	122,000	0
Total height from the top of balloon to the bottom of the car	95	6
Length of the car	41	3
Greatest width of		



DUPUY DE LÔME'S BALLOON, 1872.



THE MOUNT GENIS TUNNEL.—VIEW NEAR MODANE.—SEE PAGE 179.

neath the balloon and near the rear, and it is kept in position at the bottom by a horizontal yard 19 ft. 8 in long, turning round a pivot on its forward extremity. The height of this sail is 16 ft. 4 in., and its surface 161 square feet. Two ropes for working the rudder extend forward to the seat of the steerer, who has before him a compass fixed to the car, the central part of which is large enough to carry a crew of 14 men. The forward and aft parts are formed with a framing of bamboo.

The screw is carried by the car. The shaft can be easily lifted from the rear, and thrown upon a forward support, so that no damage can arise to it, either on departure or arrival. The screw is driven by four men, or by eight men working at a capstan. The gas-escape valves, of which there are two, are placed at the top of the balloon, immediately over the pendent tubes, before spoken of, and through which the cords for working the valves pass into the car. The balloon is made of white silk, weighing about 7 oz. per square yard, with seven thicknesses of caoutchouc superimposed; the envelope also is of white silk. The joints are so arranged that they are stronger than the material itself. On the inner face, three coats of varnish were applied, formed of gelatine, glycerine, pyroligneous acid, and of tannin. Such a varnish is impermeable to hydrogen.

The balloon, properly called, weighs about half a ton, and the total weight of the whole machine is 1.753 tons. The crew, luggage, provisions, instruments, &c., weigh 1.446 tons. Of ballast two-thirds of a ton are taken. Collectively, these figures give 3.85 tons, equal to the full ascensional power of the balloon at the ground level.

M. Dupuy de Lôme had calculated that, with a speed of 5 miles an hour, the resistance of the balloon in the direction of its main axis, would be 24.26 lb., and that the speed of the screw should be 21 revolutions per minute to overcome this resistance. This speed could be easily obtained by four men working for half an hour, and being relieved at the end of that time by four others; with the eight men working together at a capstan 27 or 28 revolutions could be obtained, which would give a speed of about 8 miles an hour.

The stability assured by the system of suspension adopted, is such that even under the maximum effort of eight men working the screw, the equilibrium was only disturbed half a degree, and a man, in walking from one end of the car to the other, only affected it by half a degree.

The apparatus for producing the hydrogen by the action of diluted sulphuric acid and iron turnings, consists of two batteries of 40 casks, each producing at one operation lasting three hours, 5,375 cubic feet of hydrogen, and working alternately.

At the trial trip three days were required to fill the balloon. It was ready on the 1st of February, in the evening, and it was kept inflated all night, but at two in the morning it was allowed to ascend sufficiently to attach the car, rudder, fan, connexions, &c. The loss of gas during the night had been inappreciable, and previous experiments showed that the varnished silk was perfectly reliable. The wind had risen, and the meteorological bulletins were far from being encouraging. However, the inventor decided to make the ascent, and after having repaired a slight damage, he left the ground at 1 p.m.

There were about two-thirds of a ton of ballast on board, and the balloon was in perfect equilibrium. Three hundred and fifty pounds of ballast were thrown out, and the ascending force thus produced carried the balloon up rapidly.

A strong wind was blowing from the south. A few minutes after the departure, the shaft of the screw was lowered upon its bearing, and was started by the eight men together, slowly at first, and then with an increased speed. The rudder was first moved to the right, then to the left, and then was adjusted in order to ascertain how far its influence would be felt by the balloon. When the screw was set in motion, the effect of the rudder was immediately felt, as desired, proving that the balloon had acquired a sufficient speed with relation to the surrounding air.

The experimental trips had a threefold purpose; to ascertain the stability of the balloon, the relative speed that could be obtained, and the manner in which it obeyed the rudder, either on a fixed course, or in tacking. An anemometer previously regulated gave the relative speed of the balloon; a compass attached to the car indicated the direction of movement. To measure the course followed in relation to the ground, a planchette was fixed to the side of the compass parallel to the vertical plane, and in the direction of the true north. The field of the planchette was painted black, the part forming a vertical surface being white. By this arrangement it was very easy to obtain a visual ray in a vertical plane, the verticality of the planchette being assured by the mode in which the compass was hung. By observing any clearly defined object on the ground, passing beneath the observer, and then by turning the planchette in the direction of the same object, when it was shifted from the vertical plane, the direction of the route followed by the balloon could be read direct off the compass.

The same observation gives the speed of the balloon, the height being observed by a barometer.

Between 1.15 p.m. and 2.35 p.m. eight observations were taken of the height of the balloon, of the temperature, of the route measured on the ground in relation to the magnetic meridian, four times with the screw not working, and four times whilst it was being driven by eight men. At 2.35 p.m. it was resolved to descend, and at 3 p.m. the balloon touched ground at Mondécourt, exactly at the village indicated on the map of the route laid out beforehand from the calculated deductions of direction and of speed.

The landing was effected with perfect success and without accident, in spite of the force of the wind. M. Dupuy de Lôme arrives at the following conclusions from the results of the trial. That the stability of the balloon was perfect, that it manifested no signs of oscillation under the action of the eight men working the screw, and that the shifting of the weight in the car produced no sensible movement. The vertical axis was only shifted—under the most trying conditions—a small part of a degree, and longitudinally there was no change.

In comparing the direction of the balloon drifting freely before the wind, with the direction given to it when the screw was in operation, it was found that the resultant made with the normal direction an angle of 12°. It is stated also that the speed given to the balloon, with 27½ revolutions of the screw, was 6½ miles an hour, whilst the rate due to the wind alone was from 26 to 37 miles an hour.

With the same weight for a mechanical motor as that re-

quired by the eight men for driving the screw, a force ten times as great might have been obtained, and the speed due to the balloon under such improved conditions would be 13.60 miles per hour. With such a power it would apparently be practicable not only to make a considerable angle with the wind's direction, but also under favourable circumstances to shape the course of the balloon according to will.

EXPERIENCE OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.—Mr. Brooks, of the *New York Express*, has been travelling in the East, and has done India, China, and Japan. Wherever he goes he seems to have been forcibly struck with the presence of British authority, and the evidences of its power. Coming to Aden, he exclaims; *Encore Anglais! Toujours Anglais!* England for ever and ever and ever! There is the British flag once more on the top of these volcanic crags of Aden! There is the British (white) regiment, and there is another (coffee coloured) regiment; and there is a battalion of British artillery, a fort, &c., &c. Is there no end of England? There is a British steam-engine, condensing ocean salt water for these poor, exiled soldiers to drink, and there is a British steam machine, making ice to cool off the wretches when the volcanic sun is roasting. A few hours' steam beyond this is the little British island of Perim, in the mouth of the Straits of Babel-mandeb, seized by the English, and covered with British guns, to command the entrance to and exit from the Red Sea. Aden, and this whole country round about here, looks as if it had never been finished; never covered with grass, never adorned with trees, but left, as laid out, for the sun to roast and bake, with all who would venture to dwell thereon. Nevertheless, the British have made Aden habitable. They have laid out excellent roads. They have re-made the ancient tanks, where once water was, but not a drop now. They have tempted over the Somali—a bright sort of darkies, without woolly heads—from the African coast, to work for them; and they have tempted the Arabs from the interior to come in on their camels, and sell them notions of many kinds.

REFORMERS AT DINNER.—Warner, in his "Back-Log Studies," in *Scribner's* for April, makes one of his characters get off the following delightful bit of satire on a certain class of moral reformers:—"I attended a protracted convention of reformers of a certain evil once, and had the pleasure of taking dinner with a tableful of them. It was one of those country dinners accompanied with green tea. Every one disagreed with every one else, and you wouldn't wonder at it if you had seen them. They were people with whom good food wouldn't agree. George Thompson was expected at the convention, and I remember that there was almost a cordiality in the talk about him, until one sallow brother casually mentioned that George took snuff,—when a chorus of deprecatory groans went up from the table. One long-faced maiden in spectacles, with purple ribbons in her hair, who drank five cups of tea by my count, declared that she was perfectly disgusted, and didn't want to hear him speak. In the course of the meal the talk ran upon the discipline of children, and how to administer punishment. I was quite taken by the remark of a thin, dyspeptic man, who summed up the matter by growling out in a harsh, deep bass voice, "Punish'em in love!" It sounded as if he had said, "Shoot'em on the spot."

A SOUTH WIND LONGING.

Here is something timely and delicious from Warner's "Back-Log Studies," in the forthcoming April number of *Scribner's*:

Perhaps the influence of the four great winds on character is only a fancied one; but it is evident on temperament, which is not altogether a matter of temperature, although the good old deacon used to say, in his humble, simple way, that his third wife was a very good woman, but her "temperature was very different from that of the other two." The north wind is full of courage, and puts the stamina of endurance into a man, and it probably would into a woman too if there were a series of resolutions passed to that effect. The west wind is hopeful; it has promise and adventure in it, and is, except to Atlantic voyagers America-bound, the best wind that ever blew. The east wind is peevishness; it is mental rheumatism and grumbling, and curls one up in the chimney-corner like a cat. And if the chimney ever smokes, it smokes when the wind sits in that quarter. The south wind is full of longing and unrest, of effeminate suggestions, of luxurious ease, and perhaps we might say of modern poetry,—at any rate, modern poetry needs a change of air. I am not sure but the south is the most powerful of the winds, because of its sweet persuasiveness. Nothing so stirs the blood in spring, when it comes up out of the tropical latitude; it makes men "longen to gon on pilgrimages."

I did intend to insert here a little poem (as it is quite proper to do in an essay) on the south wind, composed by The Young Lady Staying with Us, beginning:—

Out of a drifting southern cloud
My soul heard the night-bird cry—

but it never got any further than this. The Young Lady said it was exceedingly difficult to write the next two lines, because not only rhyme but meaning had to be procured. And this is true; anybody can write first lines, and that is probably the reason we have so many poems which seem to have been begun in just this way, that is, with a south-wind-longing without any thought in it, and it is very fortunate when there is not wind enough to finish them. This emotional poem, if I may so call it, was begun after Herbert went away. I liked it, and thought it was what is called "suggestive," although I did not understand it, especially what the night-bird was; and I am afraid I hurt the Young Lady's feelings by asking her if she meant Herbert by the "night-bird,"—a very absurd suggestion about two unsentimental people. She said, "Nonsense;" but she afterwards told The Mistress that there were emotions that one could never put into words without the danger of being ridiculous; a profound truth. And yet I should not like to say that there is not a tender loneliness in love that can get comfort out of a night-bird in a cloud, if there be such a thing. Analysis is the death of sentiment.

AN EDITORIAL BRUTUS.—Hear us for our debts, and get ready, that you may pay; trust us, we have need, as you have long been trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets that you may promptly

fork out. If there be any among you—one single patron—that don't owe us something, then to him we say, step aside, consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, this is our answer: Not that we care about ourselves, but our creditors do. Would you rather that we went to gaol, and you go free, then pay your debts and keep us moving. As we agreed, we have worked for you; as we contracted, we have furnished the paper to you; but as you don't pay us, we dun you. Here are agreements for job work, contracts for subscriptions, promises for long credit, and duns for deferred payment.

Who is there so ignorant that he don't take a paper?
If any, he need not speak, for we don't mean him.
Who is there so green that he don't advertise?
If any, let him slide, he ain't the chap either.
Who is there so mean that he don't pay the printer?
If any, let him speak, for he's the man we're after.

"FORBIDDING TO MARRY."—Recently an Austrian settler in St. Gall who had resolved to be bound in the bonds of wedlock with a Swiss damsel belonging to the Reformed Church, requested his native parish, Tartsch, to send him the requisite certificate of approval. The parochial authorities, however, informed him in reply that "they could give no marriage consent; if the wooer could find no partner in Switzerland of his own faith he should come to the Tyrol, where there are still enough Catholics of the fair sex able and willing to form matrimonial engagements, and in that case he would find no difficulty in obtaining the approval of the parish."

Readers may remember the shower of prophecies with which Continental journals received the news of the success of the Suez Canal. Great Britain was to lose first her commerce, then her commercial navy, then her supremacy at sea, and finally her Indian possessions. The Mediterranean States were to recover their long-lost Oriental trade, and M. Lesseps was to be the avenger of a hundred sea-board cities ruined by the avarice of England. Well, here is the official return of the tonnage and nationality of the ships passing through the Canal in 1871:—British, 546,621; French, 91,841; Austrian, 43,113; Italian, 29,400; Turkish, 16,959; Egyptian, 13,394; Dutch, 6,711; Russian, 4,820; Belgian, 4,400; American, 4,170; German, 3,520; Spanish, 3,157; Norwegian, 1,316; Portuguese, 919; Danish, 660; Burmanian, 408. Total, 771,409.

Mr. G. H. Lewes writes the following of Dickens:—"One night, after one of his readings, he dreamt that he was in a room where every one was dressed in scarlet. (The probable origin of this was the mass of scarlet opera-cloaks worn by the ladies among the audience having left a sort of afterglow on his retina.) He stumbled against a lady standing with her back towards him. As he apologised, she turned her head and said, quite unprovoked, 'My name is Napier.' The face was one perfectly unknown to him, nor did he know anyone named Napier. Two days after, he had another reading in the same town, and before it began, a lady friend came into the waiting-room accompanied by an unknown lady in a scarlet opera-cloak, 'who,' said his friend, 'is very desirous of being introduced.' 'Not Miss Napier?' he jokingly inquired. 'Yes, Miss Napier.' Although the face of his dream-lady was not the face of this Miss Napier, the coincidence of the scarlet cloak and the name was striking."

Apropos of the Royal Thanksgiving, in Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere's *Memoirs* we read that, at the coronation of George IV., the common councilmen appointed to meet the procession at Temple Bar, mounted themselves on horses hired at Astley's Circus—animals trained, it was hoped, to acquiesce in any decorative pageantry. Secure as they hoped on their red velvet embroidered saddles, the Corporation awaited the advent of Royalty. It came—but, alas! accompanied by certain musical strains to which the fourfooted performers of Astley's were not trained to dance equine quadrilles of elaborate evolutions. A popular air started the neighing votaries of Terpsichore, and *en avant deux, chassez croisez*, unseated some cavaliers, while the released horses of others, accompanied by the unwilling riders of the rest, completed the figure, unchecked by active bystanders, or the imprecations of their angry riders. The *grande ronde*, however, soon dispersed all interference, scattered the crowd, and seated the persistent equestrians in the mud, from which they were extricated with damaged robes, cracked garments, and sprains and bruises—prolonged mementoes of a day's horsemanship in honour of Royalty!

A traveller once lost on a Yorkshire moor, after desperately pursuing a rather hopeless track for some time, had the good fortune to meet a member of a shrewd and plain-speaking sect. "This is the way to York, is it not?" said the traveller.

To which the other replied:
"Friend, first thou tellest me a lie, and then thou askest a question."

The Emperor of China is going to be married, and has imported a pair of elephants for the ceremony. His bride's preparations are even more *grandiose*. For three years the looms of Nankin, Hangchow, and Canton have been making the silks and satins for her trousseau, which will cost half a million sterling. The bridegroom, personating the sun, goes forth in a car with his elephants, while his lady-love is borne in a palanquin formed entirely of strings of pearls. What will the "Women's Dress Association" say to this?

Recently a strange comedy, entitled "A Misunderstanding," was produced at Genoa. The author, Luigi Marchese, had composed it as early as 1811, as a literary curiosity, for the whole work does not contain the letter "r." It was never brought out on the stage until the "Society of Authors" of Genoa, of which Marchese himself had been a member, induced the manager of the theatre to have it performed. It met with a brilliant success.

A lady has found the principle which differentiates the finite from the infinite. She asks the Academy of Sciences a million sterling for the secret.

YOU NOW CAN KNOW THE REASON.—*Podophyllin* (May Apple or Mandrake) has long been known as an active purgative, and has been much used in some sections of our country, (and is now very generally administered by Physicians in the place of Calomel or Blue Pill for Liver Complaints, &c.) Compound Extract of *Colocynthis* is considered by Dr. Nelligan, of Edinburgh, as one of the most generally employed and safest cathartics in the whole Materia Medica. Extract of *Hyoscyamus* given in combination with active cathartics (such as above) corrects their gripping qualities without diminishing their activity. *Vide Nelligan's Materia Medica.* All the above highly valuable remedial elements are with others largely used in the manufacture of the Shoshonees (Indian) Vegetable Restorative Pills.—No wonder they are ahead of all other Pills, as a family medicine. 5-9 d

TO TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

FOR SALE.

THE GOOD-WILL, INSTRUMENTS, FURNITURE, &c., of the DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTALLATION, JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. Any one understanding Telegraphy thoroughly will find this a desirable investment. The advantages now offered by the Institute for practice on a regular basis, and for advertising, will be extended to the purchaser. Other and engaging occupations are the sole cause of this valuable property being offered for sale. For further particulars apply by letter or personally to

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Canadian Illustrated News,

23rd March, 1872. 5-12 H

IMPORTANT TO PARTIES OWNING OR USING MACHINERY.

STOCKS CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

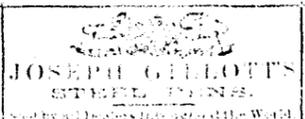
THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thicken in cold weather. From the JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa: I consider Mr. Stock's Oil superior at \$1.20 per gallon than Olive Oil at 70 cents. Yours respectfully, F. W. GLEN, President.

Sold in quantities to suit purchasers at Messrs. LYMAN, CLARK & CO., 23, 24, & 25, St. Paul Street, Montreal, where the testimonials of the principal consumers of Oil in Ontario can be seen. 5-14 H



NOTICE TO LAND SURVEYORS.

DULY COMMISSIONED LAND SURVEYORS who may desire employment in Manitoba during the ensuing season, are invited to communicate by the 1st instant, with this Department, describing the instruments they use. J. C. AIRNS, Secretary of State. Ottawa, 2nd Mar. 1872. 5-11 c



4-17 H

"BEST IN USE."



BAKING POWDER IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15 H

CYANO-PANCREATINE.

THIS MEDICINE, prepared by the Sisters of the General Hospital of Montreal, (Grey Nuns), contains the mercurial which can in any way injure the system.

As a compound, it is entitled to rank amongst the most beneficial of all special remedies, principally in the following cases:

1st. *Dyspepsia* or derangement of the digestive faculties, where it produces astonishing effects throughout all the stages of the disease, provided there be no organic lesion, in which case the Medicament can only impart a temporary relief. Its curative properties have been already tested in a great number of the above mentioned cases, thus leaving no doubt of its efficacy.

2dly. In *Bronchitis* or *Pulmonary Catarrh*, it acts most soothingly, facilitates expectoration, relieves the cough, and brings the malady to a prompt solution.

3dly. In *Colds*, tending to Consumption, it causes a visible change for the better, renders expectoration easy, and assists the stomach to dispose of those other remedies suited to the peculiar nature of the case, thus tending not only to alleviate suffering, but also to prolong life.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—Evans, Mercer & Co., Montreal. For sale in retail by all respectable Druggists and Medicine Vendors. 4-23 H



TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this Office, until Tuesday, the 2nd day of April, at Noon, for the necessary Excavation and Mason-work required for Entrance Gateways, Fence Walls, &c., of the Public Buildings, Ottawa.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at this Office on and after Monday, the 18th instant, where all necessary information can be obtained.

The signatures of two solvent parties, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, 11th March, 1872. 5-11 c

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next Session for an Act to amend the Act of Incorporation of "The Managers of the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland," by allowing the said Corporation to purchase and hold property not to exceed in yearly value the sum of Five Thousand Pounds Currency.

J. S. HUNTER, Secretary.

Montreal, 19th February, 1872. 5-8 H

POSTAL CARDS.

Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively circulated among many of the principal mercantile firms of this city in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' notices to customers, &c. We supply them printed at from \$11.50 to 12.50 per thousand, according to quantity.

LEGGO & CO., 319 ST. ANTOINE STREET, AND 1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL. 4-16 H

INDIGESTION.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION of Great Britain adopt

MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPSINE

as the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists,

and the Manufacturers.

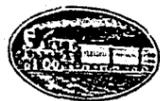
THOMAS MORSON & SON,

124, Southampton-row, W. C., London.

See name on Label. 4-15 H

CANADA CENTRAL

Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 30, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

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

LOCAL TRAIN at 1:10 P.M.

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

LEAVE OTTAWA.

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

MAIL TRAIN at 4:35 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

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

LEAVE SAND POINT

at 5:30 A.M., 9:40 A.M., and 3:45 P.M.

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

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

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

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

H. ABBOTT, Manager. 4-15 H

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

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

CALT, ONT.
COMMERCIAL HOTEL..... HENDERSON DIXON, Proprietor.

MONTREAL.
ST. LAWRENCE HALL..... H. HOGAN.
ST. JAMES HOTEL.....

OTTAWA.
THE RUSSELL HOUSE..... JAMES GOVIN.

QUEBEC.
ST. LOUIS HOTEL..... WILLIS RUSSELL & SON.
THE CLARENDON.....

SOUTHAMPTON, ONT.,
MASONIC ARMS, W. BUSBY, Proprietor.

ST. JOHN, N. B.,
VICTORIA HOTEL..... B. T. CREGG.

TORONTO.
THE ROSSIN HOUSE..... G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager.
THE QUEEN'S HOTEL..... CAPT. THOS. DICK.



TUG SERVICE, UPPER ST. LAWRENCE.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this Office until Noon of Friday, 5th April next, for the maintenance of a sufficient line of Tug Steamers for towing vessels between the upper entrance of the Lachine Canal and the Port of Kingston, and vice-versa, for a term of three or five years from 1st May, 1872, at the option of the Minister of Public Works.

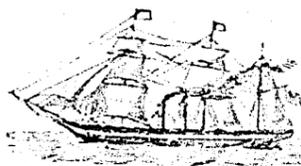
The Tug Line is to consist of not less than nine (9) powerful steamers, and the rates to be paid by the vessels towed are to be the same as those of the tariff of 1871.

Persons tendering for the performance of this service will state the amount of annual bonus they will accept from the Government in addition to the rates to be paid by the vessels towed, and also the names, horse-power and dimensions of cylinders of the steamers to be employed.

The conditions of the contract, and all further particulars, may be obtained on application at this Office on and after the 11th of March instant. The tenders are to be addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Tug Service," and are to contain the signature of two responsible parties who are willing to become security for the due performance of the contract.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 4th March, 1871. 5-11 c



ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of

Canadian & United States Mails

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

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

Vessels	Tonage	Commanders
POLYNESIAN	4,100	(Building)
CIRCASSIAN	3,400	(Building)
SARMATIAN	3,000	Capt. J. Wylie.
SCANDINAVIAN	3,000	Capt. Ballantyne.
PRUSSIAN	3,000	Lieut. Dutton, R.N.R.
AUSTRIAN	2,700	Capt. Brown.
NESTORIAN	2,700	Capt. A. Aird.
MORAVIAN	2,600	Capt. Graham.
PERUVIAN	2,600	Lt. Smith, R.N.R.
GERMAN	2,500	Capt. Trucks.
CASPIAN	2,500	Capt. Ritchie.
HIBERNIAN	2,400	Capt. R. S. Watts.
NOVA SCOTIAN	2,300	Capt. Richardson.
NORTH AMERICAN	1,750	Capt. Miller.
CORINTHIAN	2,400	Capt. J. Scott.
OTTAWA	1,800	Lieut. Archer, R.N.R.
ST. DAVID	1,700	Capt. E. Scott.
ST. ANDREW	1,700	Capt. H. Wylie.
ST. PATRICK	1,700	Capt. Stephen.
NORWAY	1,700	Capt. C. N. Mylins.
SWEDEN	1,700	Capt. Mackenzie.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

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

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

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE

are intended to sail between the Clyde and Portland at intervals during the season of winter navigation. An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGG and ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLAN, RAE & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AVG. SCAMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & Zoon; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERY & GREENHORNE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Greenock Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN Bros., Jam. Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20 H

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain. 37, 39, and 41 Recollet Street. 16 H

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.



JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER.

160 and 162 St. James Street,

11 H MONTREAL.

TURKISH BATH.

D. R. MACBEAN'S IMPROVED TURKISH BATH, 149 St. Monique Street, near Crystal Palace, Montreal. Gentlemen's hours (with the exception of Monday morning) 6 to 9 a.m. and 3 to 9 p.m. 4-6 H

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. Ottawa, 9th February, 1872.

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 9 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS. WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS,

MEDICAL, PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS.

Is now very complete. GREAT VARIETY, BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, and all at very moderate prices. Liberal Discount to large dealers. Orders can be promptly sent by Parcel Post to all parts of the Dominion.

LEGGO & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS, &c., 319 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL. 4-16 H

LEGGO & CO.,

Leggotypers, Electrotypers, Stereotypers, Engraver

Chromo and Photo-Lithographers, Photographers, and General Printers by Steam Power.

Office: No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill, Montreal. Works: No. 319, St. Antoine Street. 4-16 H

Maps, Plans, Book Illustrations, Show-Cards, Labels, Commercial work of every description, executed in a superior style, at unprecedentedly low prices.

THE Canadian Illustrated News PORTFOLIO, (FOR 1872.)

Which is about to be largely circulated both on the American Continent and in Great Britain, will contain an

ILLUSTRATED DOMINION GUIDE

Descriptive of Canada, its Cities, Public Works, and Scenery, its Industries, Resources, and Commerce, and also a GUIDE to the Principal Cities, Watering-Places, and Tourists' Resorts of Great Britain, together with the Weekly Current Numbers of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

This PORTFOLIO, of substantial and elegant character, will be placed before the Subscribers to that Periodical on the American Continent, in the Reading-Rooms of Hotels in the Principal Cities of America, Canada, and Great Britain; on the Pullman's Drawing-Room Railway Cars, and the Steamboats throughout the Dominion of Canada.

It will also be placed in the Saloons of the Ocean Steamers on the Allan Line, the Cunard Line, the Inman Line, the White Star Line, the Queen Line, and the Anchor Line running to Liverpool and Glasgow, and will be found at the Principal Hotels, Watering-Places, and Public Libraries of Great Britain.

Each page will be divided lengthwise into three sections, the central one being occupied by the DESCRIPTIVE AND ILLUSTRATED GUIDE, and the sides arranged in squares of Ten Superficial inches for Advertisements. The charge for each square will be \$25 for one year, payable on demand after publication of the Work.

Advertisers will secure a large amount of publicity, as each advertisement will be kept before the eyes of the really wealthy American, Canadian and British Travelling Public for a period of twelve Months. Advertisements must be sent in not later than Nov. 15th if illustrated, or Dec. 1st if in plain type, as the work will be issued early in January. For spaces apply to

GEO. E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

OFFICE OF THE Canadian Illustrated News, Montreal, Canada. 4-18 H

"The Canadian Illustrated News,"

A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement.

Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats.

Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an. Single Numbers, 10 cents.

Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices.

CLUBS:

Every Club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address.

Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers.

Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher.

Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.



“THANKSGIVING.”

FEBRUARY 27th, 1872.

[From "Punch."]



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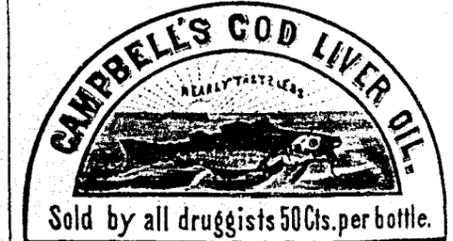
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