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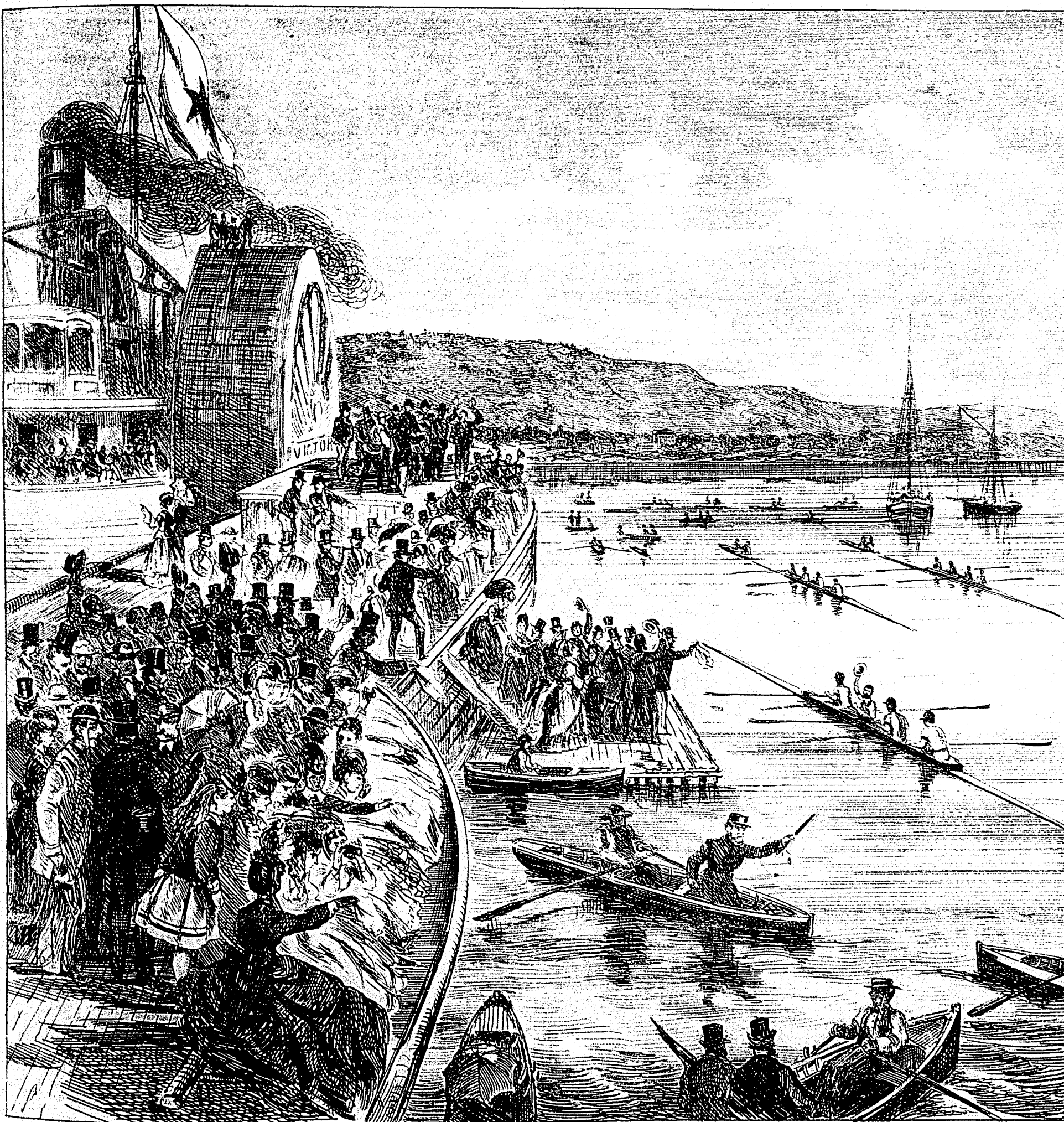
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THE FOUR-OARED BOAT RACE AT LONGUEUIL : THE START.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, August 30.

Our agriculturists are giving great attention to the breeding of pure short horn cattle. They are compelled to do so, as your countryman, Mr. Cochrane, of Billhunt, is a strong competitor. Indeed Canada is becoming so strong at our great sales, that the energy of our breeders is being redoubled. The first in the vanguard is Capt. Gunter, of Weatherby, Yorkshire, who supplied Mr. Cochrane with his "Duchess" 97 for a thousand guineas. The Captain is the breeder of what is generally called "Bate's Blood," which commands higher prices than any other blood. A life of Mr. Bates is in preparation, and I shall supply you with a sketch in another letter, and also a portrait of that wonderful man, which cannot but be of interest to Canada.

The strike for the nine hours still continues in this district, but foreign workmen are being successfully introduced. Serious cases of intimidation and cruelty are practised by the strike hands.

Although the harvest is late in this country, the fine weather we are now enjoying will make it a good year after all. Corn is ripening fast, and cheap bread, fortunately, will be had for the masses.

The Ballot Bill having been thrown out by the Lords, no demonstrations of any importance are being carried on. The people seem lukewarm. The conduct of the Government in the unusual course adopted of abolishing purchase in the army is far from popular, even with the masses.

The intended visit of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne to Canada will not, I understand, take place this year. Next spring, I am informed, if all goes well, will see them in Canada, where, I am sure, they will get a hearty reception.

Several M.P.'s. are contemplating visiting Canada this year, for the purpose of observing the resources of the country for themselves. It is highly desirable our senators should visit the colonies, so as to make them able to talk of the affairs affecting the colonies and inhabitants. Bad legislation often results from want of knowledge. What will do for England will not do for a colony. Hitherto our colonies have been neglected, but a better day is coming, and for our future stability and prestige, the colonies are to be depended on. Hence the anxiety of our senators in making themselves familiar with them by personal observation. In my last letter I mentioned about the establishment of a society for the purpose of urging on emigrants to Canada in preference to the United States. I have been in communication with several distinguished men. Some agree and some differ as to the advisability of such a society. The most important letter is that from Earl Grey, who, as Lord Howick, was under-secretary for the colonies, which brought him frequently before the House of Commons on topics relative to that department, and vindicated Canadian interests (this was in 1830) in a speech of great length, expressing his conviction of the importance of conducting emigration on comprehensive principles, embracing at once the interests of the colonists and the mother country. Earl Grey in his letter to me says:

"I am not surprised to learn the result of your observations on British emigrants in Canada and the United States, and I agree with you in considering it desirable that as large a proportion of the emigrants from this country should be directed to the former instead of the latter, but I confess that I have little belief in the possibility of promoting that by means of any such society as you suggest. Most emigrants will choose their destination from private motives, or from private information.

"A great many follow friends or relatives who have gone before them, the choice of others is determined by information they think they can depend upon obtained from other quarters, and very few indeed would listen to suggestions made to them in the manner you propose. Indeed I should have some fear that the formation of such a society with the avowed object of endeavouring to turn the current of emigration towards the British colonies, instead of to the United States, might excite suspicion, and perhaps if the operations of the society had any effect at all it might turn out to be the very opposite of what was intended.

"I am &c.,
"GREY."

While to a great extent his lordship is right, yet I think by an effort of disinterested persons (I mean not agents receiving pecuniary reward) visiting the agricultural districts in the fall, several agriculturists might be induced to come to Canada. In my next letter I hope to send you some gratifying results of such efforts. Perhaps some thing might be done with a tax. No man can leave the United States without paying a stamp tax on his passage ticket, and I think the same might be done in England. Earl Grey expects to visit Canada this year.

The sad news of Renforth's death cast quite a gloom over the entire district. Many shed tears on the telegraph announcement.

There is some talk of a large number of journalists and editors having a tour in the spring of next year to Canada and the States as far as Chicago. If this be done, the country will be brought before the public very prominently.

The great work of piercing the Alps, now so happily accomplished, has for some time past engaged the attention of scientific men. In 1832 several designs on the subject were presented to the authorities, the most noticeable of which was that of Médail; in 1843 the engineer Mauss produced a machine of his own invention, and an English engineer named Bartlett also furnished a plan. Dr. Colladon, of Geneva, afterwards brought forward his experiments, which greatly facilitated the achievement of the work. The various suggestions were taken into consideration by the committee appointed by Count Cavour in 1857. It was composed of the engineers Sommeiller, Grandis, and Grattoni, who were joined by other engineers during the deliberations. The chief honour of the work is due to Sommeiller, who devised the stupendous perforating machine, by means of which he brought to a rapid termination the work that has gained the admiration of Europe. So accurate an idea was formed of the length of the tunnel, that when the two parties of workmen met in the centre, it was discovered that 12,236 metres formed the total length of the boring instead of 12,220, which were calculated in the estimate of the scheme.

R. E.

THE PROGRESS OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

Different men have different ways of testing the progress of a country. My test is the progress of its literature. The deduction is easily made. Where there is an active commerce, there is a free circulation of money; where money is plentiful, a surplus is devoted to education. Education creates a demand for books and the different forms of reading matter, and to meet this demand publishers eagerly come forward, backed by a host of writers in the diverse walks of letters. In a financial crisis the book-trade is the first to suffer. In an era of financial prosperity literature always flourishes.

Tried by this standard, there can be no question that Canada is rapidly progressing. Twenty years ago, as I am informed, elementary schools were scanty; colleges and academies were few, and making only faint beginnings; special courses were unknown, and the people had little to read beyond newspapers and political pamphlets. Now, all this is changed. The common school system is established everywhere with results that obtained even European commendation; there are colleges and universities mounted on a fair footing; a spirit of inquiry pervades all classes, and the consequence is that Canada is fast laying the foundations of a literature of her own. This is a matter for congratulation. Science, letters and the arts are the triple crown of a people. Dr. Johnson has said that "the chief glory of a nation lies in its authors."

I.

In reviewing the links of this literary progress, I begin with the French language. The distinction is due to its priority of age in Canada, as well as to the exceptional obstacles it has had to contend with. Indeed, considering the position of the Franco-Canadian population, which has been nothing less than a political and social struggle for upwards of a hundred years, it is a marvel that they have preserved the French language in anything like its native purity. Yet this feat has been accomplished. There are writers in the Province of Quebec whose style is up to the highest Parisian standard. Among these I may mention M. Faucher de St. Maurice whose account of his adventures in Mexico under Maximilian was so perfect that its Canadian authorship was publicly denied. I shall further instance Carle-Tou, the elegant *chroniqueur*; M. Hector Fabre, who has mastered the difficult art of *causeries*; and M. Chauveau, whose *recueils mensuels*, in the "Education Journal," were models of French prose.

Within the past few years, Franco-Canadian writers have boldly attempted every branch of composition, and in each, several names have acquired lasting reputation.

Garneau's History of Canada is a work of high aim, solid, learned, and written in that severe style which recalls the manner of Guizot, Barante and DeGerlaché. There may be different opinions about its impartiality, but its literary excellence is beyond cavil. Garneau was followed in the same sphere by the Abbé Ferland, whose untimely death left unfinished what promised to be the most complete of the histories of New France. M. Benjamin Sulte has commenced the publication of the history of Three Rivers from the foundation of that ancient city down to the present day. The first series gives promise of an important work. M. Joseph Tassé has also issued several instalments of a book entitled *Les Canadiens de l'Ouest*, being the biographies of the adventurous men who founded so many towns in the Mississippi Valley, from Milwaukee to Mobile, and explored all the Far West, from Fort York to Walla Walla. M. Tassé is sometimes inaccurate in his information, but his work is in its nature interesting, and his easy style is well suited to the legendary character of his heroes. Other writers have taken up the lighter scraps of Canadian history, such as local traditions, antiquarian curiosities, monographs of distinguished men. Particularly successful among these are M. DeGaspé, author of *Les Anciens Canadiens*, and M. J. M. Lemoine, a gentleman equally at home in the English language, and whose *Maple Leaves* are quite commendable for their sketchiness. One writer has written the parliamentary annals of the country from the beginning of the century till the Union, in 1840, and another has continued the chronicle to the period of Confederation, 1857.

No country, from its peculiarities, presents a fairer field for fiction than does Lower Canada, and its writers have not been slow to improve their opportunity. Several of these novels are sure to live. M. Chauveau's *Charles Guérin* is a description of social manners; M. Gérin-Lajoie's *Jean Rivard* is a gossipy account of pioneer life in the Townships; M. DeBoucherville's *Une de l'Inde, deux de l'ouest* draws some of its materials from the rebellion of 1837-38, and contains an elaborate narrative of the battle of St. Denis. M. Bourassa's *Jacques et Marie* is a brilliant episode of the expulsion of French families from Nova Scotia by the British, another "Evangeline" hardly less touching than the story of Longfellow. M. Marmette, a young writer of Quebec, has lately put forth two historical novels, illustrative of the more ancient days of the Province. One is *François de Bienville*; the other, *L'Intendant Bigot*. And, as I write, there is announced still another romance from the pen of M. Legendre, a young author of the Pontmartin school, who is remarkable for the purity and finish of his style.

Of all the departments of literature, verse is notoriously the most beset by mediocrities and the most arduous even for genuine talent. Yet, here too, I find five names of French Canadians who have achieved a merited popularity. They are Crémazie, a Quebecker, standing at the head; Fréchette, of Lévis, author of *Men Louisa*; Lemay, of Lotbinière, the poet laureate of Laval University; Sulte, of Three Rivers, author of *Les Laurentiens*; and Prud'homme, of Montreal. I have read the works of these poets with a view to criticism, and they all struck me as giving indications of the highest culture. An enthusiastic gentleman, whose opinion I asked on the subject, told me that Crémazie was the Lamartine; Fréchette, the Hugo; Lemay, the Laprade; and Sulte, the Béranger, of Canada. Surely while he was at it, he might as well have christened Prud'homme the Canadian Barrier.

There is nothing like a good periodical to waken up young writers. In a new country, more especially where there must necessarily be plenty of latent talent, all it wants is half a chance to produce itself. This opportunity has often been afforded French Canadian authors. Formerly it was *Les Soirées Canadiennes*; now it is *La Revue Canadienne*. The latter is a monthly magazine published at Montreal, and already advanced in its eighth year. It has formed a galaxy of fine writers in history, philosophy, criticism, and the lighter works of the imagination. Conspicuous among these are M.M. De-

Bellefleur, Royal, DeMontigny, Dunn, Routhier and Trudel. Another service which this magazine has rendered is the publication of ancient manuscripts and official documents relating to the early history of the country. In this way, for the trifling sum of a yearly subscription, the reader may be made acquainted with valuable archives otherwise almost inaccessible.

The French population of Canada may be set down, in round numbers, at a million. Of this number, taking the usual average of ten per cent., not more than 100,000 can be said to be educated, and of the latter—according to another estimate—only a fourth, or 25,000, form what is called the reading public. Now, in view of these figures, the literary activity of French Canadians is a very noticeable fact; and, perhaps, when we come to compare it with the literary movement of other nationalities, we shall be forced to own that the former have proudly and successfully held their own against all rivals. A good word, then, for the Franco-Canadian literature.

II.

We all remember how long it took American writers to attain the honour of literary citizenship in England. It required no less than the genius of Irving to break down the barrier of exclusion. American national literature may be said to date from *The Sketch Book*, and now the popular authors of the United States are as much read in Britain as they are at home.

Canadian literature had precisely the same obstacle to meet, or rather its task was still more difficult, for it had to fight its way into the neighbouring Republic as well as into the mother country. But it, too, has succeeded in partially accomplishing the double triumph. And, singularly enough, it owes this recognition to its poets.

I make no doubt that here, as elsewhere, there has been a prodigious amount of ephemeral verse, which, if collected, would make a most grotesque collection, it being the amiable weakness of every young man conscious of his own talent, to imagine that he must first court public favour in the language of song. But setting these versifiers aside, I find the names of five true Canadian poets.

The first of these, who attracted attention on both sides of the Atlantic, is Charles Heavyside. His works are not the pleasantest reading, and they are far from being faultless, but they have the great merit of originality, which, in this age of parrots, is a quality that must condone many deficiencies. Next comes John Reade, an imitator of Tennyson, whose *Good Night* to his sweetheart is as genuine a bit of inspiration as can be found in any poet, ancient or modern. Charles Mair reminds one of Swinburne. His lyricism is of a lofty flight, and his eye for the picturesque, as exhibited in *Canadian Nature*, is that of a born artist. Surely this writer is not going to spend the rest of his days selling wet and dry groceries under the stockades of Fort Garry. Such a trade may pay him better than verse, but, after all, cannot fame be allied with fortune? Charles Sangster and Isidore Ascher stand well on the list of minor poets, and like all authors of their class, there are passages or detached pieces of their works which are so good that if in each case it were possible, as it is not, to raise the rest of the book to the same level, these poets would stand on the very pinnacle of excellence. Inequality is more common in verse than in any other department of literature.

For some reason that I cannot determine, Canadian works of fiction are neither numerous nor of the highest class, though I will not be surprised if the next important publication announced to the country proves to be a splendid novel.

The series of Madame Leprohon is chiefly devoted to the delineation of social manners at or before the time of the Conquest. Of these *The Manor House of De Villiers* appears to me the best. That work, with *Antoinette De Merceval* and *Mlle Dunmore*, certainly place the authoress at the head of Canadian novelists.

Mrs. Moodie has more individuality. Apart from their literary merit, her *Roughing it in the Bush* and *Life in the Clearings* have a force of realism about them which accounts for their reputation both in England and the United States. Mrs. Noel's best works are *The Secret of Stanley Hall* and *The Merchant's Secret*.

In the domain of history, I find a multiplicity of pamphlets, short notices, and partial relations, but critical research of any extent seems to have been left to the transactions of the Historical Societies. I am not surprised at this, being aware that the pursuit of history requires much time, involves considerable expenditure for the purposes of investigation, and, in these days of superficial reading, is less patronized by the public than it ought to be. There is, however, a good translation of Garneau's History by Bell; and Christie's History of Lower Canada is the only one which we have in English that is at all based on official documents and *pièces justificatives*. Croil, Canniff, Coffin may be consulted with advantage, but the history of Canada from the British standpoint has yet to be written. So have the histories of each of the Provinces. Old Judge Haliburton's work on Nova Scotia was very well fifty years ago, but no one would care to read it today, even if it were reprinted.

My attention has been called to a very singular fact, observable, I believe, no where outside of Canada. It is that most of the young literary men of the country, both French and English, are, or have been, in the civil service. In most cases these youths, discouraged with the prospect of living by their pens, have sought an honourable refuge and a good salary in some Government office. I have been assured that in some cases, where a young writer, dabbling in politics—as they generally do here—has annoyed the authorities by his attacks, these have found means of silencing them with an official appointment. *C'est ainsi qu'on a étouffé tous nos jeunes talents*, said a gentleman to me lately. But be the reason what it will, it is certain that such well-known writers as Morgan, Todd, Taylor, Futvoye, Taché, Lajoie, Gélinas, Harvey, Parent, and many others, are residents of Ottawa. Fortunately, the leisure which they enjoy, and their free access to the large Parliamentary library, gives these gentlemen the opportunity, which they might not otherwise find, of prosecuting their literary studies. So far from any objection being made to this arrangement, I think it speaks well for the country that it thus encourages men of letters.

In the natural sciences the record of Canada is decidedly good. The geological survey has been thoroughly made, and it has brought out a number of eminent men. Sir William Logan and Dr. Sterry Hunt are as well known on the continent

* Mr. Harvey has retired from the Civil Service.—[Ed. C. I. N.]

of Europe as they are here. Their works are not confined to reports of observations, but they contain important discoveries which have enlarged the range of science. In their company must be placed the names of Hinds, Bell, Billings, and Whiteaves. Principal Dawson deserves a niche all to himself.

I cannot digress into a notice of the educational institutions of Ontario and Quebec; but the great scholars who are connected with some of these and who would be the boast of any country in which they might reside, cannot be passed by in silence. Such men as Ryerson, DeSola, McCaul, Wilson, Raymond, Verreau, and Chandonnet may be styled the guardians of Canadian letters.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the details of the literary movement in the Maritime Provinces, to enter into an account of it, but I know that owing to the compact government which both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have long enjoyed, popular education has met with a high degree of encouragement. I know further that the names of Howe, the two Haliburtons, Gidrey, Boyd and Hamilton, are worthy to be placed by the side of the celebrities of the Dominion, and that with these they present a galaxy to which all Canadians can point with pride.

III.

These signs of progress in both the English and French languages are very satisfactory, but if Canada aims to have a literature of her own—at least, to a certain extent—something more is required. She must be self-sufficing in the way of publishing facilities, and as to "specialities" in both science and letters these must be edited here and not imported from England or the United States.

Now it is precisely in this double respect that I note the advance which Canada has made within the past three or four years. The firms of Lovell and of Desbarats have long been favourably known for their spirit of enterprise and their fine workmanship. One of the Toronto printing houses has likewise had renown. But these establishments are at present no longer restricted to mere printer's work. They have become important publishing centres. To say nothing of the school-books and other volumes put forth by the first-named firm, I shall instance *The Dominion Directory*, which, considering all the circumstances of its production, is a colossal work, creditable both to its authors and the country. *The Complete Works of Champlain*, published by M. Desbarats, at an outlay of \$12,000, is an undertaking worthy of Trubner or Plon.

The copy-right law of 1868, though by no means perfect in all its provisions, has proved of great benefit to the country, and publishers have taken advantage of it to inaugurate a series of home publications. The Canadian houses have already taken a start in the matter, and their reprints of popular works of both English and American writers prove, perhaps better than anything else, how much Canadians have learned to rely upon themselves. The time is not far distant when there will be Canadian editions of most standard authors, as well printed and sold at least as cheap as those imported from abroad.

It was long believed that literary weeklies and pictorial papers could not be produced in Canada. But several have lately sprung into existence and are flourishing. Ontario and Quebec have each a weekly of the kind, made up of light reading of every description, and while both appear equal to American papers of the same standard, their moral tone is healthier, and they really deserve the appellation of "family" papers. With regard to an illustrated paper, the Dominion can point to its own, now nearly in the third year of its existence, as not inferior in any respect to the best pictorials of London, Paris, Berlin, or New York. Nay, to Canada belongs the honour of having first invented the process of reproducing pictures directly from photographs, without the intermediary of wood engraving. This new method is destined with time to operate important changes in the pictorial art, the chief of which will be to place the copies of the finest pictures within reach of the most modest purse.

From weekly publications the natural transition is to monthly ones. It is a long step to take, but the country will take it. Nothing strikes me as better illustrating the progress about which I write, than the fact that the Canadian people are prepared for and demand monthly magazines of their own. It is only yesterday that a gentleman who had witnessed the inauguration of Confederation in 1867, and who has since been away, asked me how the "new nation" had been getting on in his absence. For my answer, I pointed to the first number of a monthly periodical which had just been laid on my table. "I am satisfied," said my friend, "five years ago such a publication would have been impossible."

Besides literary magazines there are special organs devoted to professional and technical studies. Agriculture and Horticulture have several in the different Provinces. There are at least two, to my knowledge, for the Natural Sciences. I have counted four Medical Journals, one Journal of Dentistry, two Law Reviews, and two Journals of Education.

This brief sketch would not be complete without a word respecting the newspapers of the Dominion. They are not only a special department of literature in themselves, but they are the means of fostering and propagating a taste for literature among the masses. The number of Canadian newspapers, including, for reference, those of the colonies not yet united to the Dominion, reaches the handsome total of 390. The distribution is as follows:

Ontario.....	215
Quebec.....	75
Nova Scotia.....	35
New Brunswick.....	30
Newfoundland.....	15
Prince Edward's Island.....	9
British Columbia.....	8
Manitoba.....	3

These papers present a fair average of ability and enterprise, and as to dignity of tone, they are not below the standard of the foreign press. I learn, however, they are not so remunerative as they ought to be, owing to a want of common understanding as to business management. Ontario has its Press Association, but that is not enough. There should be a Dominion Press Association to regulate the rates of advertisements, the vital question of pre-payment, a uniform system of telegraphic reports, and other equally important matters.

Canada has now only to continue the good work which she has begun. If she is destined—as there is reason for believing—to become a great and prosperous nation, it rests with her to take a distinct place in the world of letters.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

St. Catharines is one of the brightest little diamonds in the coronet of Canada.

In 1775 a corps of loyalists, known as Butler's rangers, first settled the district, principally, however, locating themselves in what is now called Niagara. In 1796 Sheriff Thomas Merritt, an officer of high standing in New York State, and of course a loyalist, settled in Grantham, as it was then called. A large proportion of this Grantham was owned by Robert Hamilton, Esq., of Queenstown, who on the death of his wife, Catherine, named the settlement after her, St. Catharines. This name was given the town in 1808. The first church erected was in 1797, the Rev. R. Addison being rector of the same. In 1802 the first hotel was built by Captain Adams, a leading gentleman of the place, and leased by him to another party. This hotel used to stand to the left of the city as seen in the illustration. Capt. Adams' son, the present Col. Adams, is paymaster to the Welland Canal, and an esteemed resident of the district. In the war of 1812 we find the Hon. Wm. Hamilton Merritt, son of the brave old Sheriff, an active officer of cavalry. St. Catharines was often crossed and recrossed by antagonistic troops during the war, in which Captain Merritt played no inconsiderable part. This same gentleman may be considered the actual maker of the present stirring town, as it was he who projected the Welland Canal in 1824 and opened it in 1829. It extends twenty-eight miles from Dalhousie to Port Colborne, and forty-four to Port Maitland. Like the magic touch of the conjurer, this canal caused to spring up not only St. Catharines, but Thorold, Merriton, Port Robinson, Welland and other flourishing little places. The principal manufacturers among the "saints" are first and foremost—Louis Shickluna, shipbuilder, who has spent four million dollars; next, John Rierdon, the largest paper manufacturer but one in the world; Norris & Neelon, who own a large smithy, cooperage and saw factory; Tuttle & Date, proprietors of an edge tool business, one of the most extensive in operation in the Dominion; McFate & Co., variety factory; Helms & Wilson, who carry on an immense lumber and planing mill business; Bishopric, soap factory; Disher & Hait, woollen mills; Von Porphor, established oil works; Wait, Beaver cotton mills, the first established in Canada; Gordon, McKay & Co.'s cotton mills, which are the largest in the Dominion.

Besides these, a host of minor mills, factories and workshops, worked by water and steam power, make the Welland Canal throb with machinery from St. Catharines to Thorold, and give employment to some two thousand operatives of all kinds. The hotels of St. Catharines are superior, the Stephenson and Well nd being very fine buildings.

Besides her manufacturing privileges, St. Catharines owns particularly disagreeable water, which medical men have declared to have curative elements; hence hundreds of people in summer through the hotels of the place to drink of the "bitter waters of Marah;" and the town has become a celebrated watering-place. Dr. Hill has recently added to the water cure establishments, and deservedly enjoys a considerable success.

Papers in St. Catharines obey the Divine injunction given to man after the flood, as they certainly multiply rather fast. First comes the *Evening Journal*, owned and edited by Messrs. Grant, Montgomery, and Cuff; this is a smart racy daily and weekly ministerial paper. It was first started in 1824. The *Evening, Daily and Weekly Times* is owned and run by Mr. P. P. W. Moyer, who has done good service to the Clear Grits in the Welland Election. The *Constitutional*, conservative, edited by a most respected gentleman, Mr. Seymour, now Inland Revenue Commissioner. The *Free Press*, Mr. Fitzgerald, and the *Advertiser* complete the list. Yet another daily paper is in contemplation.

Two large pork packing establishments add to the wealth of the town. The largest is run by Brownlee & McArthur, and is a decided credit to the place. The other is owned by Wingrove & Co. Both firms are vigorously building; as, indeed, half the wealthy people of St. Catharines are doing at the present time.

Still maintaining that prestige which their grandfather, Sheriff Thomas, and their father, the Hon. Wm. Hamilton Merritt, handed down to them, at the present moment we find one of the family member of the Dominion Parliament, and President of the Welland road, another the most eminent historian in the Dominion of Canada.

M.

In this issue we give an illustration of St. Catharines, and two street views, showing some of its principal buildings. The population of the town is said to be about ten or eleven thousand.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, STAYNER, ONT.

The thriving county of Simcoe, in the Province of Ontario, has many flourishing villages, and among these may be mentioned the village of Stayner, situated in the township of Nottawasaga, nine miles distant from Collingwood. It owes much of its prosperity to the fact of its being a station on the Northern Railway. The population is estimated at about one thousand. We give an illustration, copied from a photograph, of the Episcopal Church there, which is a handsome structure and very creditable to the enterprise of the congregation. The Rev. S. Briggs, M.A., is the Incumbent.

The Communist, Félix Pyat, one of the arch-spirits of the movement, who has so long evaded the searches of the Paris police and soldiery, has finally escaped and got to London. Pyat always possessed a happy knack of steering clear of the dangers of enterprises in which he embarked, and on this occasion he was the only considerable exception to the general rule that the leaders of the Commune were killed or taken. He has been in London some time. He remained hid in Paris until the strength of the Anti-Communist storm had in some degree spent itself, until the search had relaxed. He then stole out by the Strasburg railway, and went eastwards towards Switzerland, wisely avoiding the direct route to England, where men who knew him well were specially posted. Next he made a circuit and came to England. He dwells in the classic region of Leicester-square, and like many minor lights of the Commune now in England he is much dependent upon the friendliness of his more fortunate fellow-countrymen.

WHEN WILL I MARRY?

When geese upon the rose tree grow
And oysters wing the realms of space,
When wintry hills are void of snow
And honest toil is no disgrace,
When warmth shall freeze, when frost shall bake,
And old maids leave off drinking tea,
Why then, unless I much mistake,
My love and I shall wedded be.

When doctors cure their patients all
And lawyers think no more of fees,
When small is great and great is small
And pigs make honey like the bees,
When bigots teach the world good will
And all religious sects agree,
And Dick and Tom are Jack and Jill,
My love and I shall wedded be.

When poverty our coffers fillz
And man to man is brother true,
When heartache's cured by Bristol's pills
And you are I and I am you,
When right is might, when black is white
And swells no longer love to spree,
When owls and burglars shun the night,
My love and I shall wedded be.

When matrons never more will scold
And babies all have ceased to cry,
When Constancy grows firm and bold,
And bliss attends the nuptial tie,
Then, when the wintry fields are green,
And May-day decks her Christmas tree
While Folly's nowhere to be seen,
My love and I shall wedded be.

When wise Economy makes all
Young wives with moderate dress content,
Who, ere they answer Fashion's call,
Agree that we should pay our rent,
Yes! when within the book of Time
These glorious changes we shall see,
In that glad day,—that hour sublime
My love and I shall wedded be.

QCILL.

SCIENTIFIC.

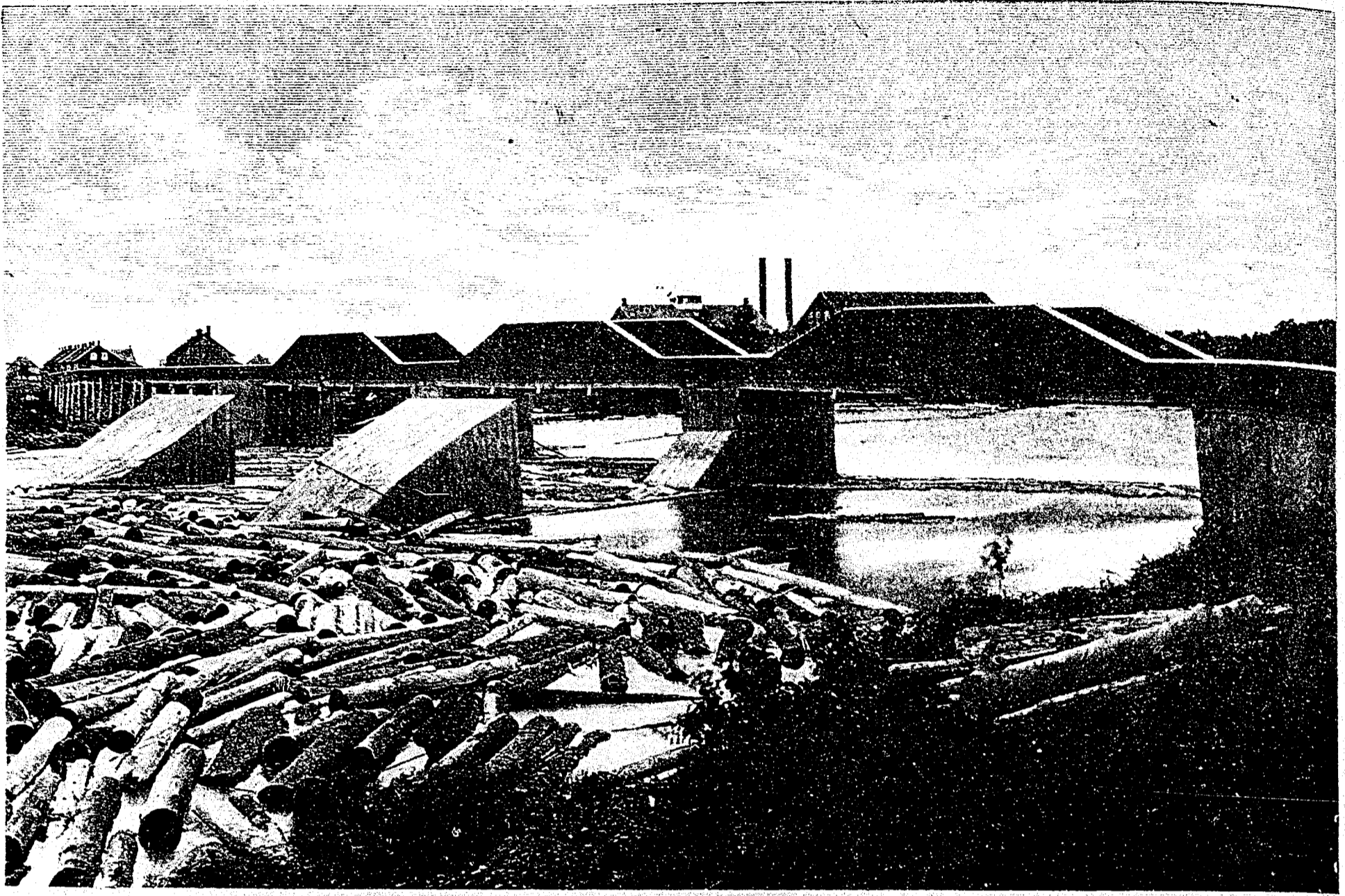
A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week, for want of food at varying intervals, dependent on constitution, habits of life, and the circumstances of the occasion. Instances have been given where persons have been said to live many weeks without eating a particle of food, but when opportunities have been offered for a fair investigation of the case, it has been invariably found that a weak and wicked fraud has been at the bottom of it.

WARM BATHING.—The warm bath is a grand remedy, and will often prevent the most virulent of diseases. A person who may be in fear of having received infection of any kind, should speedily plunge into a warm bath, suffer perspiration to ensue, and then rub dry, and dress securely to guard against taking cold. If the system has imbibed any infectious matter, it will certainly be removed by this process, if it be resorted to before the infection has time to spread over the system, and even if some time has elapsed, the drenching perspiration that may be induced in a hot bath will be pretty sure to remove it.—*Family Herald*.

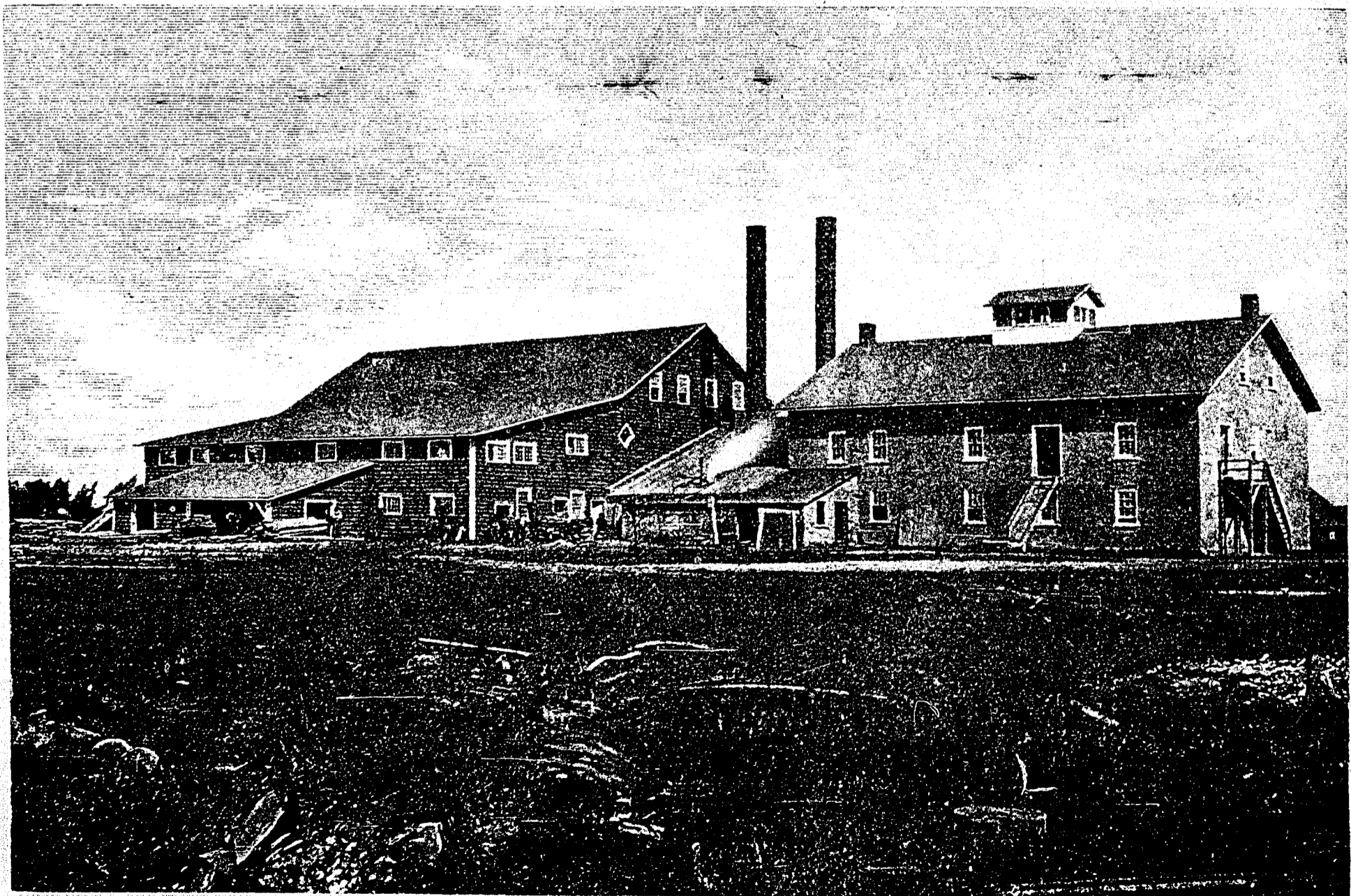
POSTURE OF THE HEAD IN SLEEPING.—It is often a question among people who are unacquainted with anatomy and physiology, whether lying with the head exalted, or on a level with the body is the more unwholesome. Most people consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favour of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels in which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed, higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head ought to be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus and avoid the danger.

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.—The cathedral is thought by the Strasburgers to be sadly damaged; perhaps the fact that the Germans have taken possession of it is considered by them as only a trifle less horrible than if it had been actually razed to the ground; but I must confess that to stranger eyes it looks, externally, much as it did eight years ago. When the effect of the balls was pointed out, one could, of course, perceive that here a statue had lost an arm or leg; there a long piece of parapet shot away; and, further on, the mullion of a window was splintered; yet, as I have said, these misfortunes were not very noticeable to the eyes of strangers. But on going within the beautiful edifice we were greatly grieved to see the fearful gaps—now closed by boards—and numerous speckings all over the grand coloured glass of the windows. The one most seriously damaged is the clerestory of the nave, immediately facing the organ. The large cinque-foil in the head of this is entirely shot away, and great damage is done to other portions of this and the neighbouring windows. A horrible "obus"—a huge pointed cartridge—came crashing through the glass, flew across the nave of the cathedral, and, smashing in the organ pipes, lodged in the organ itself. Here, wonderful to tell, it remained without exploding. Had it burst, of course annihilation of not only the beautiful organ, but also of great part of the cathedral itself, must have been the consequence. The custodian of the tower has had the dreadful missile mounted on a foot of marble, and on it fixed a brass plate telling the day (or rather the night), month, and year, when the fearful hail of iron and fire fell on the devoted town. The organ pipes have not yet been replaced, but white linen blinds are drawn down over the cruel gaps. More than half of the organ is so covered, thus showing the extent of the damage done. The marvellous mechanical clock is apparently uninjured.—*Builder*.

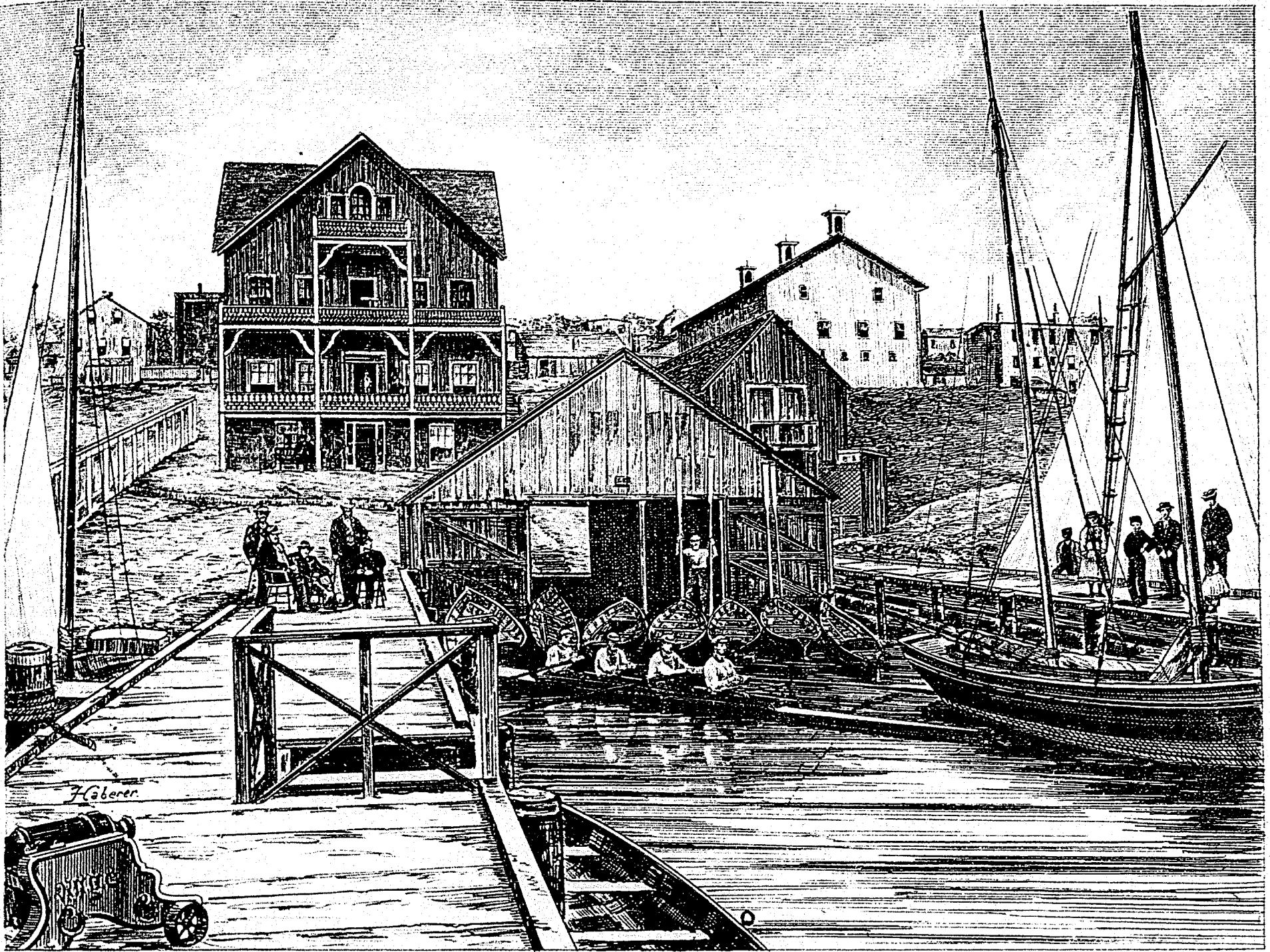
The more prominent members of the British Association, as a result of some private conferences held during the Edinburgh meeting, have resolved to attempt the founding of a permanent Science Union, for the discussion of scientific topics and the diffusion of scientific knowledge in other ways. It is felt that annual meetings, and then only of a fortnight's duration, give to the British Association a somewhat ephemeral character, which does not guarantee positive, and lasting good results.



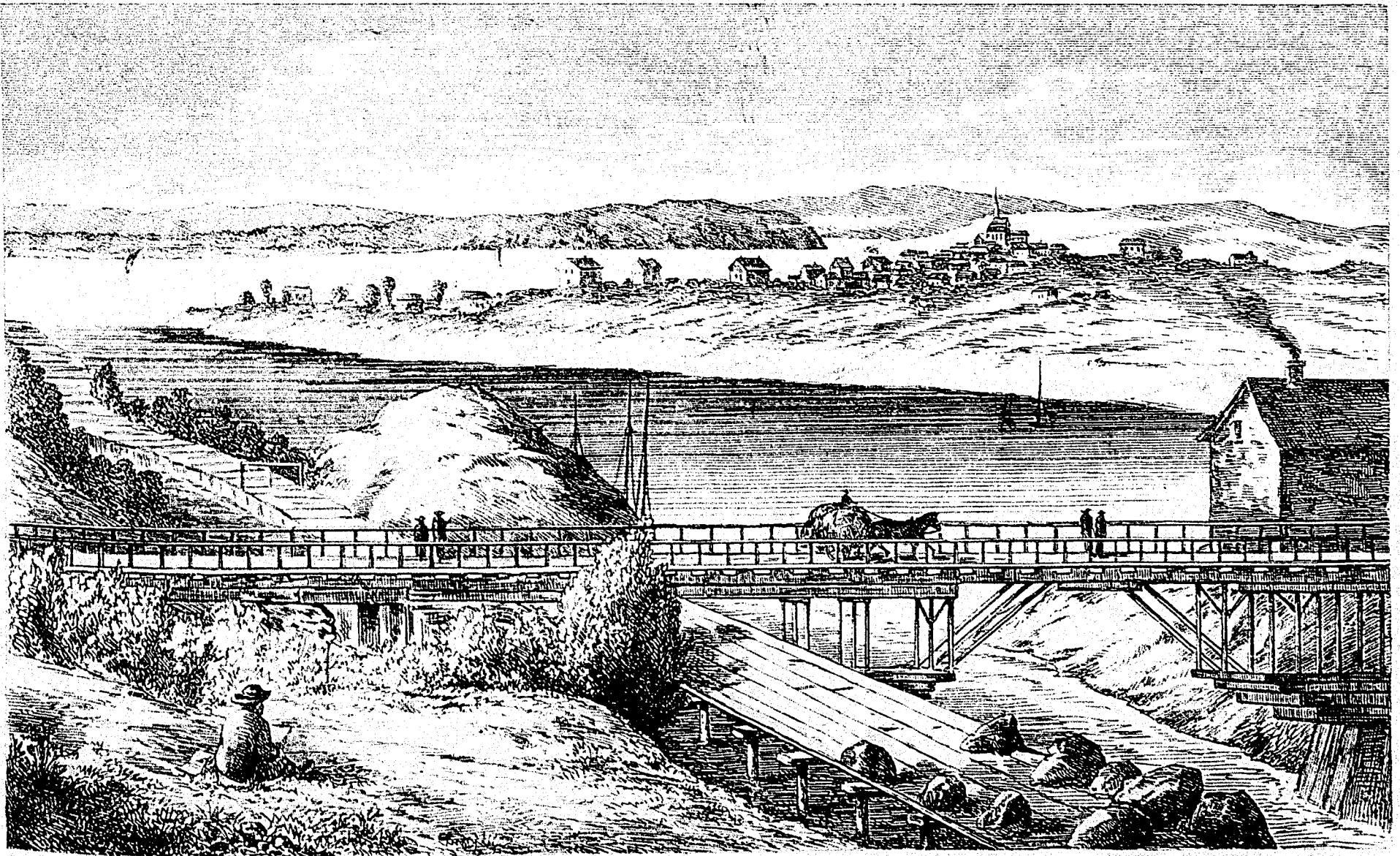
BRIDGE AT PIERREVILLE, ON THE ST. FRANCIS RIVER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGGO & Co.—SEE PAGE 199.



L. A. SENECA'S MILLS AT PIERREVILLE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGGO & Co.—SEE PAGE 199.



THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB HOUSE, HALIFAX.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 199.—SEE PAGE 201



VILLAGE OF CHICOUTIMI, FROM BEYOND THE CHICOUTIMI RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
SEPT. 30, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Sept. 24.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. Treaty of Augsburg, 1555. Samuel Butler died, 1680. Guy Carleton, Lieut.-Governor and Commander-in-Chief, 1766.
MONDAY,	" 25.—Columbus' second voyage, 1492. Lucknow relieved, 1857.
TUESDAY,	" 26.—St. Cyprian. Philadelphia captured, 1777.
WEDNESDAY,	" 27.—Battle of Busaco, 1810. Steamer "Arctic" lost (312 persons perished), 1854.
THURSDAY,	" 28.—Massillon died, 1742. Strasburg surrendered, 1870.
FRIDAY,	" 29.—St. Michael the Archangel. Toronto Crystal Palace opened, 1858.
SATURDAY,	" 30.—St. Jerome. Major-General Sir J. Brock, Pres. Canada, 1811. Whitefield died, 1770.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871.

Is the Government, whether general, State, or municipal, fair game for plunder? Does the law regarding *meum* and *tuum* apply between an individual and either of the constituted authorities named as it does between one individual and another? Is the man who robs the Government a clever financier or a common scoundrel? Socially it appears from the common practice in the United States he deserves the former appellation, but morally he is undoubtedly entitled to the latter. The immense frauds asserted to have been perpetrated in New York city under the financial administration of Comptroller Connolly; the operations at Washington of Mr. Paymaster Hodge, whereby about a million dollars of the public funds were applied to his personal uses or abuses, and the defalcations of Mr. Norton of the money order office in New York, are but elevated examples of the same morality which leads the small shop boy into the habit of stealing "stamps." Intervening between these extremes are defaulting bank officers, thieving clerks, plundering railroad conductors, swindling traders, professional burglars, &c., &c., all of whom from high to low may be classed as common thieves.

Whence comes this frightful tide of immorality? Is the free and independent Government of the United States a failure? Have the sovereign people tacitly sanctioned an organised system of official plunder in return for political party services? It is to be feared that they have. The pride of a party triumph will tempt a man of strong political feeling to wink at many things done by others, which, if left to himself, would be scouted on the score of conscience. But the damaging consequences of this lax public morality have been abundantly manifested in every branch of commercial life. The bank cashier, or commercial clerk says to himself, "if comptroller A may rob the city, and paymaster B swindle the National treasury, why may I not do a little speculation on my own account?" The answer in the negative is very hard to explain, so long as A and B are allowed the full enjoyment of their ill-gotten gains. The difference between the public and the private speculator in the United States is simply this, that the former has a political party, or at least a "ring" at his back, while the latter has not; and hence it follows that when the common thief is caught he is generally punished, while the man who robs the Government almost invariably escapes, and is received in society as a most deserving member.

Our neighbours owe much of this condition of affairs to political partyism, and the balance to vicious social habits. Never was a more degrading doctrine enunciated than that which practically rules American elections—"to the victors belong the spoils!" In political contests there ought to be no spoils—save the spoil of serving one's country honestly, and the fair reward that one's position brings. A party triumph is an infamous thing when made subservient to the interests of the few individuals whom it elevates to power; and creditable only when, in the judgment of those who win it, it is calculated to confer a benefit upon the whole country. So long, however, as elections turn upon the personal issue as to who shall fill this, that, or the other office, so long may we anticipate a continuance of the wholesale corruption, the exposure of which, at the present time, is about the only thing which the American press have to float in the sensation market. There can be no doubt but that the excess to which partyism has been carried has done much to foster this system of corruption. The leaders and organs of each party have sedulously taught their followers that their opponents were selfish, dishonest, and seeking merely their own personal advantage. This has been believed on all sides to such an extent that politics have come to be regarded as a mere game of grab. When to this is added the possible quadrennial change of all government officers, it is hardly necessary to search much further for the cause of the prevalence of speculation among United States officials. It may further be remarked that while earnest

partisans on each side firmly believe their opponents to be ingrained rogues, intelligent and discriminating men have been disposed to say "Arcades ambo!" and to believe that both parties were pretty near the truth in respect of each other's characters. As a consequence, many who ought to exercise considerable political influence, stand altogether aloof from politics, and leave the destinies of the country mainly in the hands of schemers and their dupes.

Canada is not altogether free from the State maladies that afflict our neighbours. True, we have had no million dollar defaulters; true, the petty speculators we have had have generally been overtaken and punished, or compelled to make restitution. But the preaching by one party of the other party's dishonesty has been as persistent—if not in such forcible language—as in the United States. That this has to some extent, perhaps to a very great extent, debauched the public sentiment may very well be believed, and it were much to be desired that party advantage should be subordinated, much more than it has been heretofore, to the public good. To follow in the foot-steps of our neighbours in the matter of party organization; to place the political consciences of whole masses of the people in the keeping of a few "ring" masters, who are working merely for their own personal ends, is the surest way to introduce the same public demoralization and dishonesty which are at this day afflicting the United States. If our country is to be great and prosperous under its very free and practically Republican system of government, it is of the highest importance that the people should regard their franchise, not as a right to be bartered away if they choose; nor as a privilege to be exercised at pleasure, but as a duty imposed upon them in virtue of their relation to the State, the conscientious discharge of which they owe to themselves and to their fellow-countrymen. Generally it is but corrupt constituencies that will have corrupt representatives; it is but a corrupt legislature that will sustain a corrupt executive, and only a corrupt executive that will tolerate corrupt officials. Thus, under the representative system, the remedy for defects in Government is in the hands of the people.

The backing out of the Barton crew of Halifax from the four-oared race at Quebec, has left the question of the "championship of the world" in a strange muddle. Not to speak of the Ward victory at Saratoga, we have the victory (or walk over) of the Paris crew on the Kennebecasis with the same crew declining to run at Halifax. We have the victory of the Taylor crew at Halifax, with the same crew beaten at Longueuil. We have the Barton crew winning at Longueuil, with the same crew backing out of the contest at Quebec. Now, two questions arise: Who are the champions? And how many are there of them? The following extract from a recent number of the *Montreal Gazette* will, we trust, lead to another effort to solve these interesting but puzzling interrogatories:

A CHALLENGE.—The Taylor-Winship crew challenge any crew in America to row them six miles, for £500 starting a side. Race to take place at La Chine on the second of October. Any communications addressed to this (*Gazette*) office will receive attention.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE UNITED STATES PATENT LAW. Instructions how to obtain Letters Patent for new inventions, &c., &c. New York: Munn & Co., at the office of the *Scientific American*.

Messrs. Munn & Co., the enterprising publishers of the *Scientific American*—the best scientific journal on this side of the Atlantic,—have rendered very great service to the public, and especially to inventors and intending patentees, by the timely issue of this neatly bound little volume of 120 pages. The mass of information it contains is surprising. Among other items we may mention the complete census of the United States for 1870; the new Patent Laws in full, with forms, official rules, directions how to obtain patents, copy-rights, regulations for trade-marks, how to sell patents, &c. There is also much very valuable information relating to water-wheels, steam-engines, &c., with 175 diagrams of mechanical movements, &c. It will thus be seen that it is a work of interest to many classes, and of especial value to Canadians concerned in new inventions, since the recent change in the American patent laws. As the price is only twenty-five cents, we bespeak for this little work, the title of which, in brief, is "New Census and Patent Laws," a wide circulation, and heartily commend it to the people of the Dominion. Orders may be forwarded to Messrs. Munn & Co., *Scientific American*, New York.

CANADA FIRST; OR, OUR NEW NATIONALITY. An Address by W. A. Foster, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co., 1871.

This is a pamphlet of thirty-six pages, and the author therein makes a powerful appeal on behalf of Canadian home thought and feeling. It is a spirited address in favour of loyalty to Canada because it is our country, and of faith in its destiny because its resources are great and its people capable

of developing them. The pamphlet is the first of a series to be issued by the publishers, and the public patronage is solicited in the interest of Canadian literature. We wish their undertaking success.

THEATRE ROYAL.—The Freeman Sisters have been liberally patronised and rapturously applauded, in their several performances during the week. On Monday evening Miss Ada Harland will appear on the boards in the romantic drama of "Lola or, Will o' the Wisp," in which she personates five characters.

NEW HOTEL COMPANY.—On account of the immense influx of visitors during the summer, and the growing taste of Canadians for Hotel life, it has been proposed to form a Joint Stock Company for the construction of an immense hotel establishment at the upper end of Victoria Square. The site is a magnificent one, and the increase of travel and growth of the city doubtless warrant the enterprise.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF THE "SARMATIAN"

The gallant new steam-ship "Sarmatian," the pride of the famous "Allan" line, left her builder's hands on the Clyde about a week before she sailed for her first voyage across the Atlantic. Yet so complete was her outfit, that the oldest traveller could discover no lack, even of the smallest comfort or luxury, on taking possession of his spacious berth, and for careful provision, one might readily have supposed that it was an old sea-boat that had profited by the experience of all her former voyages. Her trial trip the week before had been short, and by no means crucial; and in her voyage round from Greenock to Liverpool she had fair sea weather, and had made an easy, but not a rapid run—making about 40 revolutions at 11 knots per hour, equal to about $\frac{2}{3}$ of her calculated speed. No doubt she was under close inspection, and the result showed that her engines and machinery were turned out from the builder's hands in excellent working order. In the Wellington Dock at Liverpool, she was rapidly laden with the assistance of her auxiliary engines fore and aft; and although not brought down to her water-line, she shipped a large cargo, leaving a good deal of merchandize on the wharf, and two bunkers of coal empty, because she could not just graze out of dock. It would appear, however, by the after event, that a grave mistake was committed in not filling up the complement of coals by lighters in the river—for the usual summer allowance of 750 tons proved insufficient under the circumstances to carry her further than the Straits of Belle-Isle. It was expected that the new principles upon which her engines were constructed (viz., high and low pressure combination) would prove economical for the coal, and a fair weather voyage was provided for. It turned out, however, that her furnaces consumed a full proportion of coal, and the weather to be faced was such as few on board had ever before witnessed.

The course along the Irish channel can only be regarded as a delightful pleasure trip. The shores of Man, Ireland and Scotland, afforded much picturesque variety, and as we neared the glorious Giant's Causeway, we peered with delight through each other's telescopes and marine glasses, and began to feel that the stiffness of Regent Street was wearing off and that a bond of good fellowship was arising.

About two p. m. we arrived at Moville, and an enormous party of land lovers started off to spend the last two hours on shore. At 5 p. m. mails and lingering passengers arrived, and we "Heave Ho" for Montreal. The evening is lovely, and we pace the deck and cast our lingering gaze on the rolling hills, a little group lean over the taffrail and chant "Isle of Beauty, fare thee well."

The stiffness of a deck meeting, and its "Who are you?" glances is wearing off rapidly. We begin to recognize old and make new friends. We have already shaken hands with some dozen of fellow passengers who were voyagers on the "Prussian" outward bound, and now Canadian friends enlarge our circle to a large and hearty one. The sun-faced Captain and the lively little Doctor who head the tables, soon tear away the frost of new acquaintanceship.

The table is well furnished with everything good to eat and to drink—but the stewards—well, there are *stewards* and *stewards*. But why do not the builders of the vessel furnish the stewards? Everything furnished by these contractors is of the best, and nothing spared—nothing forgotten. But you would suppose that the stewards, in the aggregate (not individually), are persons specially employed by evil powers to rush together, upset each other, break crockery, shy forks, knives and spoons at each other, forget orders and play a general game of "cross questions and crooked answers." The staff of stewards on this ship was like a re-formed regiment consisting of a dozen veterans who would not pull together and an awkward squad which was being perpetually torn to pieces by conflicting orders. In fact we were swarmed with stewards, but had either to help ourselves or go without our fancies.

The next day (Saturday) however brought us to more serious considerations. A heavy sea and head wind began to stir the bile of the landmen and of the ladies, and the tables thinned. On Sunday the rolling was so heavy that no service was performed and the day passed drearily. Throughout the week the variety consisted in mist and rain, or in heavy sprays, rendering the magnificent deck for the most part unavailable. Soon the wind increases from half a gale to an Atlantic storm. For three days and nights the scene is one of grandeur and sublimity, not unmingled with awe when we think of the mighty venture of a new ship against such elements. "Here," as Dickens describes, "Here roaring, raging, shrieking, howling all night long. Hither come the sounding voices from the sleeping island, and to meet them the blasts from unknown desert places of the world. Here, in the fury of their unchecked liberty they storm and buffet with each other until the sea, lashed into a passion like their own, leaps up in roarings mightier than theirs, and the whole scene is mad-ness."

To be continued.

THE LONGUEUIL REGATTA

On Wednesday, the 13th inst., there was a large gathering of people to witness the four-oared race between the Taylor, the Chambers (late Renforth), and the Barton crews over the Longueuil course. By noon some eight or nine thousand persons were assembled on either bank of the river, and in the steamers, boats and barges upon the water. The scene was a very beautiful one, the village of Hochelaga, the city and the mountain in the background on one side, and the straggling but beautiful village of Longueuil—beautiful at least in the bright sunlight when viewed from the river—on the opposite bank, made up a most enjoyable scene, while the stiff breeze from the north-west imparted a most refreshing sensation to those who, usually pent up in the city, had taken a holiday to enjoy themselves and see the race. But this breeze which was so generally appreciated was the cause of disappointment, for the river became so rough that at one o'clock it began to be apparent that there would be no race. The crews were willing, but on testing the course it was wisely decided that the race should be postponed until the afternoon, to come off not later than five, if the water had then calmed down. But, alas! even at half-past five there was no abatement of the breeze, and the programme was declared in force for the following day.

Thursday morning, (14th), broke bright and promising, and on reaching the starting point about noon it was apparent that the water offered no obstruction to the race. Parties had generally assumed their old positions, though the gathering was much smaller than on the previous day. The Club barge, as on the day before, was pleasantly filled, and the committee, as before, treated their guests with the utmost courtesy and attention. For the following particulars of the race we are indebted to the very accurate report of our city contemporary, the *Gazette*:

The course, five miles in length, has its commencement a trifle below, and about three hundred yards to the left of, the Longueuil wharf, and runs thence in a straight line to the lower end of Green Island, where the stake boats were placed. A current of considerable strength runs almost in line with the track sweeping outwards somewhat at the lower end. The Judges' steamer, and Club barges, three in number, with the Club house, were moored on the inside of the course, just opposite the starting buoys, of which there were three. On the opposite side were several steamers, chartered for the day, displaying a good deal of bunting and presenting a very lively appearance. As the day wore on a considerable crowd gathered along the shores and on the steamers, which was considerably augmented at each succeeding trip of the Longueuil ferry boat. The Club boats, too, were nicely filled, not a small portion of their passengers being of the fair sex.

After considerable waiting, as none of the four oared crews put in appearance, the juveniles were called upon to contribute to the day's sport. The fourth race on the programme—a double scull skiff race, one mile, open to boys under 15 years of age—was called. Two boats were entered, the "Amy," pulled by W. Notman and W. G. Gear, and the "Little Eva," pulled by Charles Easty and William Easty. The "Amy" got first water and went to the fore at once, pulling 36 strokes to the minute, no bad performance for small boys. They continued to gain steadily to the finish, and came in about six lengths ahead, pulling 39 strokes to the minute. A very well deserved cheer was given the boys as they passed the barges.

For the great four-oared race, first on the programme, and the really interesting part of the day's proceedings, every one of course, knew that three crews were entered. They were the Taylor-Winship crew; James Taylor, bow; J. W. Sadler, No. 2; Thomas Bagnall, No. 3; Thos. Winship, stroke. Boat, "Cadey-on-Tyne." The Renforth crew; James Percy, bow; John Right, No. 2; Henry Kelly, No. 3; Robert Chambers, stroke. Boat, "Queen Victoria." The Barton crew, Halifax; Edward Monk, bow; Leonard Young, No. 2; Ezra Weeks, No. 3; Edward Tracey, stroke.

At a little before 3 o'clock the first of the crews was seen to put out from its quarters, and swing quietly up the river, gradually edging outwards and passing behind the vessels moored to the left of the course, which hid them from view, until they had gone beyond the head of the course, when they dropped down to the starting point. There now began a general clearing out about the course of small boats which would persist in getting into the way. Soon the Taylor-Winship men put in an appearance, and last of all, the Renforth crew, wearing crape on their right arms in memory of their late comrade. As they passed up to the starting boat they were greeted with a cheer, which Kelly responded by raising his hat.

Meanwhile, the little tug steamer "Plover" had been run up beside the barge, that the judges, referee, umpires, and members of the press might embark on her to follow the race. And here it may be remarked that his Worship the Mayor and Captain Sheppard acted as judges, Mr. Doran as referee, and Mr. Macdonald as umpire for the Renforth crew; Major Wallace for the Taylor-Winship; and Mr. Wm Notman for the Barton.

At last the boats have drawn their places—the Renforth crew outside, Taylor-Winship No. 2, Barton inside. They puddle quietly up, and wait patiently while everything is made ready for them. The "Plover," which has been waiting for this moment, now puts off and goes down the course, taking up position on the outside. At last all is ready. Capt. Rudolph, Harbour Master, who acts as starter, steps down to a platform below the barge, and asks if the men are ready. They are so. Off fly the shirts and jerseys of the two English crews, while the Barton men content themselves with taking a tighter grip of their oars, and settling themselves in their boat. A pause of a second or two follows, succeeded by the magic word "Go." Like lightning the oars dip, the Renforth men have first water, Taylor-Winship second. Quick and short are the strokes of the Englishmen for a few yards, while the Bartons give a long heavy swing, and then run up to a short, quick, nervous stroke of 42 to the minute. Winship now gives his men a splendid dozen, to which they gallantly respond, and shoots ahead. Down they come, the English crews side by side almost; Barton a length behind. Now they reach the judges' boat, and as they pass, the Renforth boat makes a splendid spurt, and goes up a little. No change in the position of the leading crews apparently takes place for some distance, but the Halifax men are left sadly behind. They, however, are steering a straighter course than their opponents. The Tynesiders are gradually sweeping outwards. As they pass the two-mile buoy, the Winship men 40, Ren-

forth 49, Barton, a couple of hundred yards behind, pull 42. But now the mistake of the leaders becomes apparent, they have gone too far out, by nearly a quarter of a mile, and at last have to turn, and cross at a direct angle to their stake-boats. The Barton men have gone straight and are turned before the others have got half way to their points. The Renforth men are next around the stake-boat and cross into the second place. The Taylor crew has further to go and takes longer. The Barton crew are now leading by quite 250 yards, Renforth crew and Taylor crew almost abreast, Barton pulling 42 strokes, Taylor and Renforth, 41. Gradually the Chambers men work themselves away from Winship and gradually shorten the gap in front, Winship spurts manfully, but can't get past, and after a hard struggle falls away, his stroke going down to 40, and further on, to thirty-nine. Meanwhile Chambers keeps it up in true bull-dog style—he gains steadily though almost imperceptibly. It cannot be done, however; that gap is too long to be closed up, the Barton crew spurt, and their stroke goes up to 44; still Chambers gains on them. Another spurt from the Bartons, and then another, and they pass the barge amidst rounds of applause, winners by about three lengths, Renforth's crew second, 18 seconds behind, Taylor-Winship 3rd, 50 seconds behind. Time of winners 33 minutes, 10 seconds. Time to the turning boat—2½ miles—Barton's, 15 minutes, 20 seconds; Renforth's, 15 minutes, 46 seconds; Taylor-Winship, 16 minutes, 8 seconds.

The race was timed by Mr. Penton, Chief of Police, the crews being registered Barton, 1; Renforth, 2; Taylor-Winship, 3. A protest was entered by the Renforth crew on the ground that the stake-boats had been removed from the place they occupied the previous day. After an examination of the position of the stake-boats and buoys the referee decided that the Barton crew should have the first and the Renforth the second prize.

Our illustration of the race is from a sketch taken just as the three crews were coming to the scratch, the Barton and Taylor having just taken position, and the Renforth closely nearing the starting point.

The next race that followed was the four-oared in-rigger race, four miles, prize \$100. Two entries—the "Youngster," of Longueuil, and the "Vampire," of Lachine. The latter gave up at the first mile, and the "Youngster" walked the course and won the prize. The single scull race, four miles, was won by Kelly. His only opponent was Bagnall, who kept so close that the race was won by a bare quarter of a boat's length. The double scull skiff race which followed was won by the "Vivandiere," pulled by Jos. Bouget and Chas. Fortier, and thus ended the Longueuil Regatta. The Managing Committee of the Longueuil Boat Club deserve much credit for the admirable arrangements they had made, and for the urbanity and promptitude with which they carried them out.

THE MILLS AT PIERREVILLE AND BRIDGE OVER THE ST. FRANCIS.

In our last issue we gave an illustration of the bridge over the Yamaska River on the Drummondville and Arthabaska Railway. Leaving Yamaska our photographer, in company with the other members of the excursion party, made his way to Pierreville on the St. Francis, where are situated the mills usually called the Senecal Mills, owned by a company of which Mr. Senecal is managing partner. In this issue we have two views taken during the trip, that of the bridge over the St. Francis, built upon the boom of the mill dam, and that of the mill buildings. Pierreville itself has been built by Mr. Senecal for the accommodation of the employés at the mills, and the houses of the workmen are described as particularly neat and unusually comfortable. We shall copy the excellent description of the mills and bridge which appeared in the *Herald* of the 9th, and upon which we have already drawn for our information respecting the railway.—"On arriving at Pierreville the party were met by Mr. Senecal, closely muffled up, and by Mr. C. D. Meigs, who has charge of the practical working of the mills. These are extensive and most substantially built, and include saw, grist, box, shingle, carding and fulling mills. A village of very considerable size is grouped around the mills, and a handsome wooden bridge behind the mill keeps open communication between the two sides of the river. There is a little history connected with this bridge. When Mr. Senecal proposed to boom the river for the purpose of retaining the logs, he asked power to build a bridge; in return for the privilege, the bridge to be free of toll and open to all. The only mode of crossing before was a scow, awkward and inconvenient, but 270 individuals were found to sign a petition praying that leave should not be given to erect the bridge. So much for public opinion! But singularly enough the very first man who crossed when the bridge was opened was the man who had taken the most active part in opposing its being built. It is not likely now that the people would return to the old scow in preference to the bridge. Substantial as the works are they were all burned down last year, yet the mills were all re-built and ready again in the almost incredibly short time of forty-seven days! There are for driving the machinery one engine of 130 horse power, and two small ones which are used when only motive power for the grist and carding mills is required. The first place entered is the engine-room, and the remarkable absence of saw-dust and the cleanly state of the yards in the matter of scraps is at once accounted for. Except when starting the fires in the mornings, nothing but saw-dust is used for raising steam and enormous quantities are consumed. There are in the saw-mill six gangs of saws, a very ingenious motion for drawing the logs on the saws, the invention of Mr. Meigs, being applied to them all. The logs are coaxed on to a frame which is let down into the water, drawn up with two logs at a time, which are then sawed as usual, passed, in the case of such as are made into boxes, to small circular saws, where by a series of accurate gauges the sides, ends, bottoms and tops are cut of the exact sizes required, the surplus being used for making shingles and for other purposes so that nothing may be lost. The boxes are made up in shocks, immense quantities being shipped to South America, a large portion by vessels loading off Sorel, what is sent away during the close of navigation, being sent to New York. Here also the wedges and nails are prepared for the Drummondville and Arthabaska Railway and other miscellaneous work done. At the grist mill grain was being busily ground, and the carding mill was just completing its work for the day. Everything was as scrupulously clean as it is possible for anything to be in a mill, where there is always a certain quantity of dust flying about, but it was

evident that nothing was left to the careless inattention of men who are sure not to look after things if not looked after themselves, for the eye of a master seemed to be everywhere."

WHO WANTS TO ENJOY GOOD HEALTH AND A LONG LIFE?

PRACTICAL ADVICE BY A PRACTICAL MAN.

To secure a clear, fresh skin, bright eye, active limbs, a quick brain, and a cheerful, pleasant temper, and if you would enjoy a long life, you should live about as follows:

BREAKFAST.

- Oat meal porridge, with milk and sugar.
- Or, Graham mush, with a little good syrup.
- Or, cracked wheat, with milk and sugar.
- Or, baked potatoes with bread and butter.
- Or, beef steak or mutton chop, with baked potatoes and bread and butter.

If you are thin, and need fat, use the first three; if you are too fat, use the last named two.

Drink cold water, or a little weak coffee.

DINNER.

Beef or mutton, roasted or stewed, with any vegetables you may like (though tomatoes should be used very sparingly,) good bread and butter, and close the meal with a glass of weak lemonade. Eat no dessert, unless it be a little fruit, and eat nothing more till the next morning.

There is no rule in regard to diet about which I am so fixed in my convictions, as that nothing should be eaten after dinner, and I think that the dinner should be taken early in the day; not later, if it can be so managed, than two o'clock. In regard to the precise hour for the dinner, I am not so clear, though for myself one o'clock is the best hour; but in reference to the omission of the third meal, I have, after long observation, no doubt whatever.

Hundreds of persons have come to me with indigestion in some of its many forms, and have experienced such relief in a single week from omitting the supper, that I have, for a number of years, depended upon this point in the diet as the best item in my prescriptions for indigestion. I have never met one person suffering from indigestion who was not greatly relieved at once, by omitting the third meal.

Eat nothing between meals, not even an apple or peach. If you eat fruit let it be with the breakfast and dinner.

Cooked fruit is best for persons of weak digestion. I have met hundreds of people who would digest a large beef steak without a pang, but who could not manage a single uncooked apple.

I think certain dietetic reformers have somewhat over-rated the value of fruit.

Avoid cake, pie, sweetmeats, nuts, raisins and candies.

Manage your stomach as above, and at the end of ten years you will look back upon these table habits as the source of great advantages and happiness.

For thirty years I have been a constant and careful observer (I have no hobbies about diet), and in the light of my own experience and these long observations, I assure you that the table habits I have advised, are vital to your health and happiness.

Pimples, blotches, yellow spots, nasal catarrh, biliousness, liver torpidity, constipation, sleepiness, dullness, low spirits, and many other common affections would generally disappear with the adoption of these rules—*Dio Lewis, in "Our Girls."*

Some of the mystery in which the fragment of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" was involved has been cleared up by Mr. Charles A. Collins, a brother of Wilkie Collins. Mr. Collins was the artist who designed the cover for the book, and being applied to for information on the subject by a gentleman who proposed to dramatize the story, he writes as follows:

"The late Mr. Dickens communicated to me some general outlines for his scheme of "Edwin Drood," but it was at a very early stage in the development of the idea, and what he said bore mainly upon the earlier portions of the tale. Edwin Drood was never to re-appear, he having been murdered by Jasper. The girl Rosa, not having been really attached to Edwin, was not to lament his loss very long, and was, I believe, to admit the sailor, Mr. Tartar, to supply his place. It was intended that Jasper himself should urge on the search after Edwin Drood and the pursuit of his murderer, thus endeavouring to direct suspicion from himself, the real murderer. This is indicated in the design on the right side of the cover of the figures hurrying up the spiral staircase, emblematical of a pursuit. They are led on by Jasper, who points unconsciously to his own figure in the drawing at the head of the title. The female figure at the left of the cover reading the placard "Lost" is only intended to illustrate the doubt entertained by Rosa Budd as to the fate of her lover, Drood. The group beneath it indicates the acceptance of another suitor. As to anything further it must be purely conjectural. It seems likely that Rosa would marry Mr. Tartar, and possible that the same destiny might awake Mr. Crisparkle and Helena Landless. Young Landless himself was to die perhaps, and Jasper certainly would, though whether by falling into the hands of justice or by suicide, or whether taking an overdose of opium, which seems most likely, it is impossible to say."

HOW TO SEE UNDER WATER.

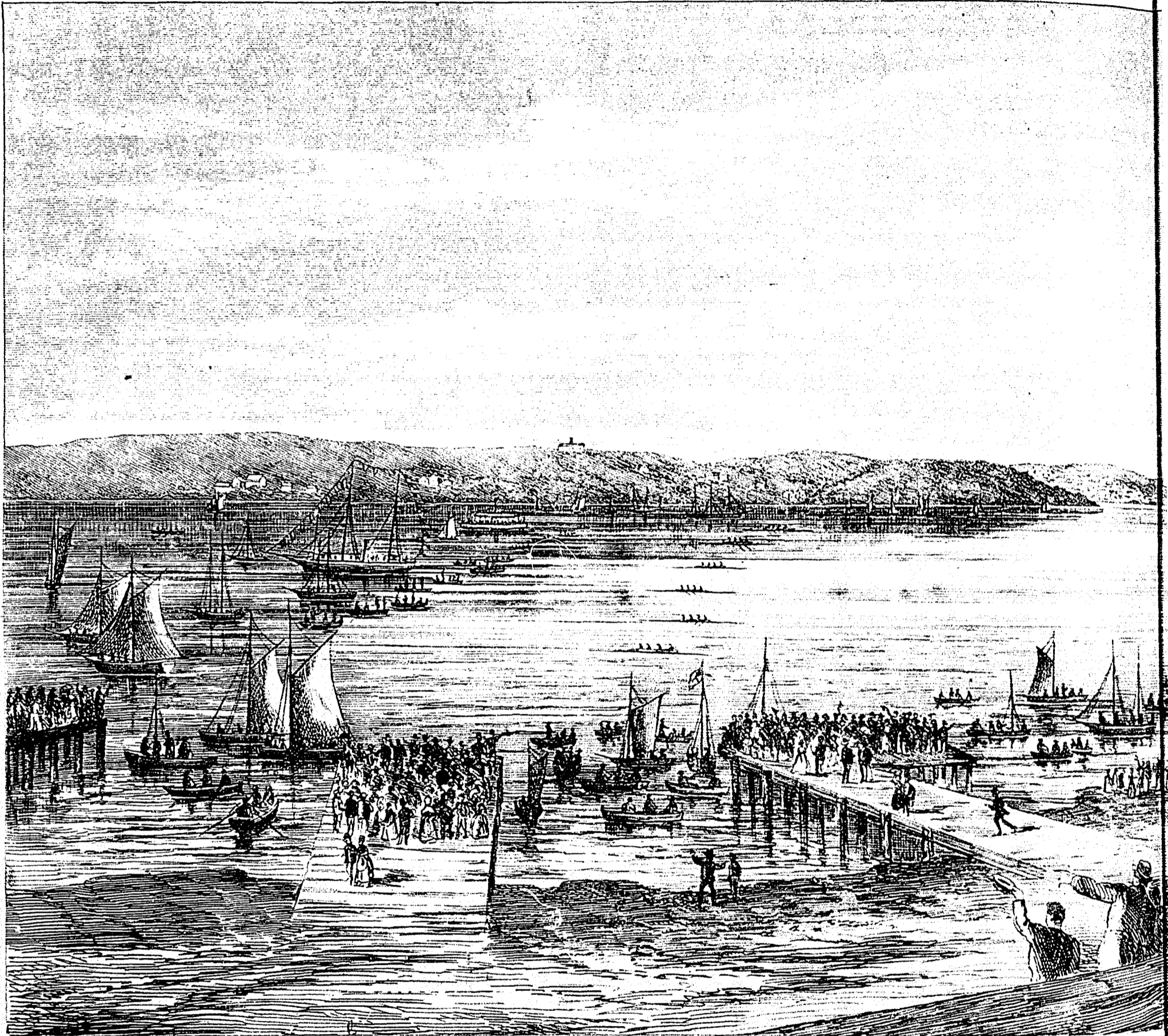
A correspondent of the *Scientific American* writes as follows:—"The Indians of North America do this by cutting a hole through the ice, and then covering or hanging a blanket, in such a manner as to darken or exclude the direct rays of the sun, when they are enabled to see into the water, and discover fish at any reasonable depth. Let any one who is anxious to prove this, place himself under the blanket, and he will be astonished when he beholds with what a brilliancy everything in the fluid world is lighted up. I once had occasion to examine the bottom of a mill pond, for which I constructed a float out of inch plank, sufficient to buoy me up; through the centre of this float I cut a hole, and placed a blanket over it, when I was enabled to clearly discover objects on the bottom, and several lost tools were discovered and picked up. I am satisfied that, where water is sufficiently clear, this latter plan could be successfully used for searching for lost bodies and articles. I would now suggest that this experiment be tried on the sea; for I am satisfied that, with a craft like the Great Eastern, where an observatory could be placed at the bottom, with sufficient darkness, by the aid of glasses we could gaze down into the depths of the sea, the same as we can survey the starry heavens at midnight."

THE GREAT BOAT-RACE AT HALIFAX.

The daily journals having already furnished full particulars concerning the great aquatic carnival at Halifax, which commenced on Tuesday, the 29th August, and ended on Saturday, Sept. 2nd, in which the championships of various aquatic sports were decided, we content ourselves in this issue with an account of the great four-oared race for \$3,000, and the championship of the world, which was won on the 31st ult. by the Taylor-Winship crew, the other English crew, the Chambers, (late Renforth) being headed by the Halifax Pryor crew, which came in second, and the American Coulter-Biglin, which was third. The Paris crew declined to row on account of the roughness of the water; and the Halifax papers have much to say in ridicule of what some of them call the "mill-

intention of postponing the contest until four o'clock in the afternoon. This idea was finally abandoned, and it was determined to start between one and two. At a quarter past one o'clock the signal was given for the boats to take their stations, which were decided by drawing lots. The Renforth at once took their place, followed by the Taylor, American, Pryor, Barton, and Roche. When ranged in order they floated thus:—Halifax on the west side; the Taylor, Renforth, Roche, Pryor, Barton and Coulter, next to the Dartmouth side. Astounding cheers and shouts went up from the immense crowds of beholders as the principal crews fell into position. Some delay was caused by an interloper on the course, but he being disposed of, the word to make ready was given, when the two Tyne and American crews removed their shirts, but the Halifax three kept on theirs. The starter then gave the

opponents on the outside; the American and the Barton crews were straining every nerve, while down the centre sped the Pryor boys, cleaving the water with their bow and dashing the waves aside in grand style. When opposite the Citadel, about the centre of the course, the water began to be quite rough, and the tide appeared to sweep the boats very much in the direction of the western side of George's Island. The English and American built boats were here observed to labour considerably, the Biglin crew seeming especially hard-worked, as they were toiling away with only 32 strokes to the minute, while the Pryor boat, being built to stand the "hop" of the water, rode it out in fine style. At this point the "Lilian" (Roche boat) gave up the contest, and was wisely turned towards home. At length the stake boats off Fort Clarence were washed and turned in the following order and



THE HALIFAX REGATTA.—THE FOUR-

pond champions." However, the St. John men paid their entrance fee, and faced the reproaches of those who accused them of cowardice by quietly turning homeward. The discussion of this matter does not come within our sphere, so we shall pass on to the description of the race, which, it was estimated, was witnessed by about thirty thousand people, about half of whom were strangers to the immediate neighbourhood of Halifax. On the evening of Wednesday, the 30th, the wind blew a strong gale, and again damped the ardour of those who had, two days before, expected to see the race. But Thursday morning dawned bright and beautiful, and the hopes of all were high, though some disappointment was still felt at the withdrawal from the contest of the St. John men. There still remained such a ground swell in the harbour that at nine o'clock in the morning the Committee had formed the

word, and at 54 minutes past 1 there was a flash, a report, and away sped the boats on their course, each man pulling with a will and determination such as one is seldom permitted to witness. At once it became patent to all that the real interest lay in the two English, the American, and Pryor crews. At the start the Renforth men shot ahead, pulling at the rate of 42 strokes a minute, closely followed by the Taylor crew with 41 strokes a minute; the the American and Pryor crews were working hard together, the former swiftly pulling 44, aided by their sliding seat; and the latter showing their long swinging and steady 40 strokes per minute. Onward they went, the stretch down to George's Island being beautiful; all the crews, with the exception of the Roche, which fell behind at the start, keeping pretty well in line. Inside were the Renforth, gallantly leading the Taylor, the latter closely pressing their

time: Taylor, 11.33 past 2; Renforth, 12.43 past 2; Pryor, 12.46 past 2; American, 13.31 past 2; Barton, 13.45 past 2.

Much surprise was felt at seeing the Taylor crew round the stake-boat first, as the Renforth men had been leading all the time on the down stretch, but it appears that the latter were pulling towards the wrong boat, and on discovering their error had to change their course and row in a slanting direction, thereby giving the Taylor boat great advantage and enabling her crew to take a lead.

The home stretch was done in magnificent style. After passing George's Island the Taylor crew was still leading, while the Pryor crew had crept closely upon the heels of the "Victoria." When about one mile and a quarter from the goal the American crew spurted and came up rapidly, at the same moment the Renforth, Pryor, and Biglin crews appearing

almost in line, while the Taylor still kept a handsome lead. Two or three minutes later and the Taylor crew was still maintaining the foremost place, although hard pressed by the Pryor men, whose long powerful strokes were telling in the most wonderful manner. The Americans were spurting their best and gradually lessening the distance between themselves and the Pryor crew. Upon getting within a quarter of a mile from home all the crews appeared to put forth extraordinary efforts, and finally the Taylor crew shot across the line. Crack went the gun and they were the victors, having accomplished the six long nautical miles in 45 minutes and 45 seconds, and winning the proud title of Champions of the World and the substantial prize of \$3,000. Fifteen seconds later came the Pryor crew, the distance between them being one length and a half, and in five seconds more the Biglin

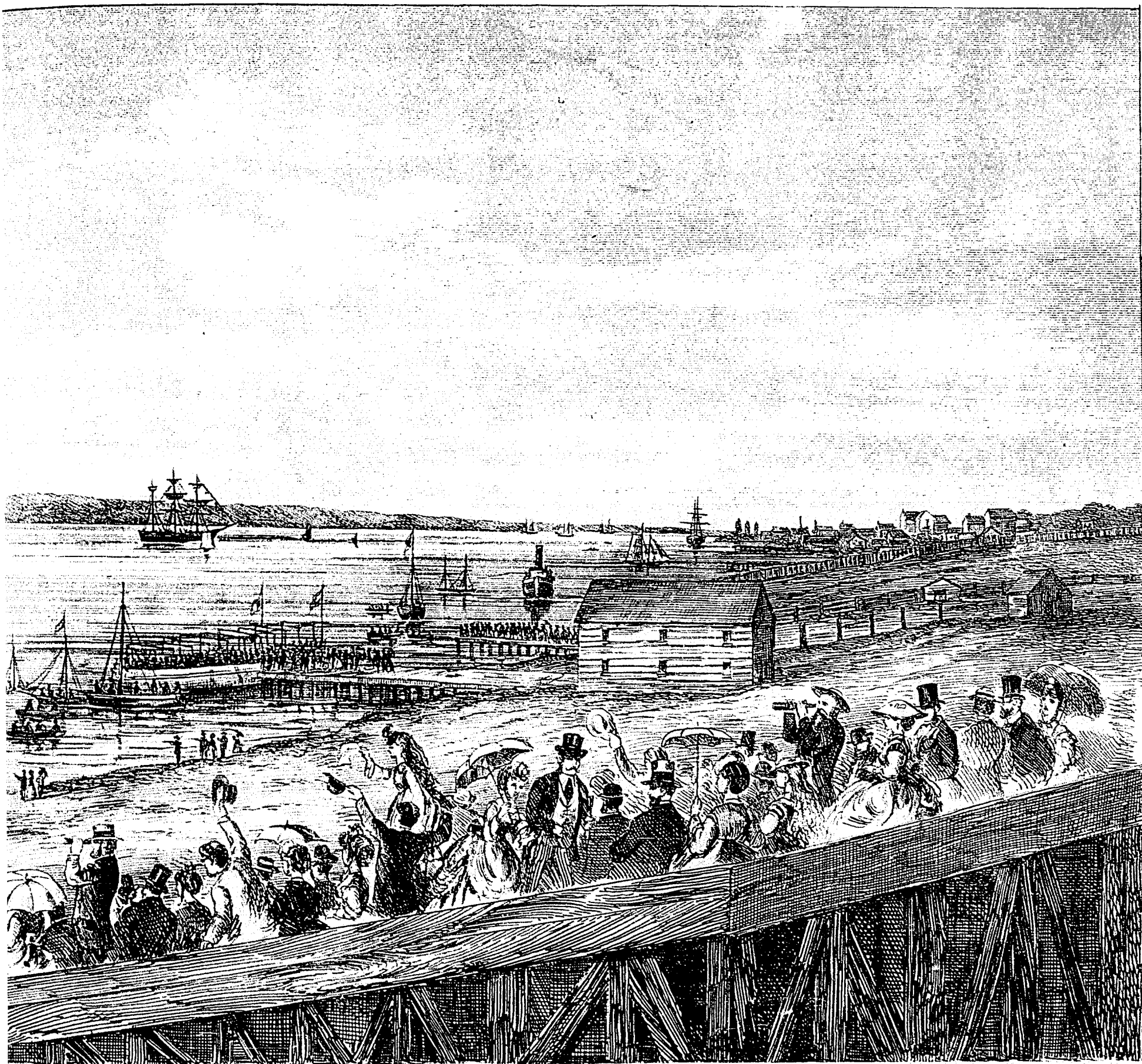
made the Taylor-Winship Crew the Champion Crew of the World, we give an illustration of the Club House of the Halifax Royal Yacht Club, through whose instrumentality the Carnival was arranged, and by whose skilful management it was so successfully carried through. The Club deserve much credit for the energy with which they went to work after the Lachine Regatta of last year, to give a wider range to the competition for the world's championship, and their efforts were crowned with entire success. Though the attention of the outside world was mainly absorbed in the four-oared race, yet the programme for the Carnival contained some twenty-seven or twenty-eight other competitions, embracing all kinds of craft, so that if the boating and sailing capabilities of the Haligonians have not been fairly tested it is not the fault of the Yacht Club.

possesses a Court House and gaol, being the *chef-lieu* of the county of the same name. It derives its commercial importance from the extensive lumbering operations carried on by the Messrs. Price, and has a population of probably less than 1,000. In the foreground of the sketch is the water course that supplies the mills (illustrated in last issue) while beyond the village rise the Ste. Marguerite Mountains.

A late number of the *Kentish Gazette* says:—

The following novel advertisement of a very novel event is extracted from the *Kentish Gazette* of the 29th April, 1794, at the request of an old subscriber:—

“CRICKETING ON HORSEBACK.—A very singular game of cricket will be played on Tuesday, the 6th of May, in Lynsted



E D B O A T R A C E.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.

crew came in, followed by the Renforth, a boat and a half's length or fifteen seconds time behind. A few seconds behind the Renforth came the Barton crew, who held out pluckily to the last, thus terminating the grandest race ever witnessed on this continent. The course was kept well cleared, and the crews were very evenly matched.

Fortunately the great race passed off without any untoward occurrence, and the members of the press who were present testify to the handsome treatment they received from the Committee of the Yacht Club, a special steamer having been placed at their disposal to follow the race over the course.

THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

As a fitting accompaniment to the illustration of the great race which distinguished the Halifax Aquatic Carnival, and

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, CLINTON, ONT.

This neat rural church is built of brick, and was erected during the incumbency of the Rev. J. Carmichael, at present assistant minister of St. George's Church, Montreal. It presents a very picturesque appearance to passengers on the cars on Goderich line of railway. Mr. Racey, of Clinton, aided materially in its construction.

VILLAGE OF CHICOUTIMI, P. Q.

We have already said and illustrated so-much about Chicoutimi and its neighbourhood that we need scarcely repeat here that it is situated at the mouth of the Chicoutimi River, where it enters the Saguenay; is built on the south bank of the

Park, between the Gentlemen of the Hill and the Gentlemen of the Dale, for one guinea a man,—the whole to be performed on horseback.—To begin at nine o'clock, and the game to be played out:—

“A good ordinary on the ground by John Hogben.”

On referring to the copies of the *Gazette* bearing dates succeeding that of the above singular game, we have failed to find any report or other mention of it, though we have every reason to believe that it duly took place as advertised. It must be remembered, however, that our columns a hundred years ago contained nothing in the shape of a comprehensive collection of country news, although we reproduced plenty of interesting London gossip and foreign despatches, together with some bits of Canterbury news.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.)

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

ONE summer morning, we all got up very early, except Charley, who was unfit for the exertion, to have a ramble in the mountains, and see the sun rise. The fresh friendly air, full of promise, greeting us the moment we crossed the threshold: the calm light which, without visible source, lay dream-like on the hills; the brighter space in the sky whence ere long the spring of glory would burst forth triumphant; the dull white of the snow-peaks, dwelling so awful and lonely in the mid heavens, as if nothing should ever comfort them or make them acknowledge the valleys below; the sense of adventure with which we climbed the nearer heights as familiar to our feet on ordinary days as the stairs to our bedrooms; the gradual disappearance of the known regions behind us, and the dawning sense of the illimitable and awful, folding in its bosom the homely and familiar—combined to produce an impression which has never faded.

The sun rose in splendour, as if nothing more should hide in the darkness for ever; and yet with the light came a fresh sense of mystery, for now that which had appeared smooth, was all broken and mottled with shadows innumerable. Again and again I found myself standing still to gaze in a rapture of delight which I can only recall, not express; again and again was I roused by the voice of the master in front, shouting to me to come on, and warning me of the danger of losing sight of the rest of the company; and again and again I obeyed, but without any perception of the peril.

The intention was to cross the hills into the valley of the Lauterbrunnenn, not however by the path now so well known, but by another way, hardly a path, with which the master and some of the boys were familiar enough. It was my first experience of anything like real climbing. As we passed rapidly over a moorland space, broken with huge knolls and solitary rocks, something hurt my foot, and taking off my shoe, I found that a small chiropodical operation was necessary, which involved the use of my knife. It slipped, and cut my foot, and I bound the wound with a strip from my pocket-handkerchief. When I got up, I found that my companions had disappeared. This gave me little trouble at the moment, for I had no doubt of speedily overtaking them; and I set out briskly in the direction, as I supposed, in which we had been going. But I presume that instead of following them, I began at once to increase the distance between us. At all events, I had not gone far before a pang of fear shot through me—the first awaking doubt. I called—louder—and louder yet; but there was no response, and I knew I was alone.

Invaded by sudden despair, I sat down, and for a moment did not even think. All at once I became aware of the abysses which surrounded the throne of my isolation. Behind me the broken ground rose to an unseen height, and before me it sloped gently downwards, without a break to the eye, yet I felt as if, should I make one wavering movement, I must fall down one of the frightful precipices which Mr. Forest had told me as a warning, lay all about us. I actually clung to the stone upon which I sat, although I could not have been in more absolute safety for the moment had I been dreaming in bed. The old fear had returned upon me, with a tenfold feeling of reality behind it. I presume it is so all through life: it is not what is, but what may be, that oftenest blanches the cheek and paralyzes the limbs; and oftenest gives rise to that sense of the need of a God which we are told now-a-days is a superstition, and which he whom we call the Saviour acknowledged and justified in telling us to take no thought for the morrow, inasmuch as God took thought for it. I strove to master my dismay, and forced myself to get up and run about; and in a few

minutes the fear had withdrawn into the background, and I felt no longer an unseen force dragging me towards a frightful gulf. But it was replaced by a more spiritual horror. The sense of loneliness seized upon me, and the first sense of absolute loneliness is awful. Independent as a man may fancy himself in the heart of a world of men, he has only to be convinced that there is neither voice nor hearing, to know that the face from which he most recoils, is of a kind essential to his very soul. Space is not room; and when we complain of the overcrowding of our fellows, we are thankful for that which comforts us the most, and desire its absence in ignorance of our deepest nature.

Not even a bird broke the silence. It lay upon my soul as the sky and the sea lay upon the weary eye of the ancient mariner. It is useless to attempt to convey the impression of my misery. It was not yet the fear of death, or of hunger or thirst, for I had as yet no adequate idea of the vast loneliness that lie in a mountain land: it was simply the being alone, with no ear to hear and no voice to answer me—a torture to which the soul is liable in virtue of the fact that it was not made to be alone, yea, I think, I hope, never can be alone; for that which could be fact could not be such horror. Essential horror springs from an idea repugnant to the nature of the thinker, and which therefore in reality could not be.

My agony rose and rose with every moment of silence. But when it reached its height,

on the very verge of an awful gulf. When I think of it, I marvel yet that I did not lose my self-possession altogether. I only turned and strode in the other direction—the faster for the fear. But I dared not run, for I was haunted by precipices. Over every height, every mound, one might be lying—a trap for my destruction. I no longer looked out in the hope of recognizing some feature of the country; I could only regard the ground before me, lest at any step I might come upon an abyss.

I had not walked far before the air began to grow dark. I glanced again at the sun. The clouds had gathered thick about him. Suddenly a mountain wind blew cold in my face. I never yet can read that sonnet of Shakespeare's,—

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign
eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace,—

without recalling the gladness when I started from home and the misery that soon followed. But my new spirits did not yet give way. I trudged on. The wind increased, and in it came by and by the trailing skirts of a cloud.



AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

and when, to save myself from bursting into tears, I threw myself on the ground, and began gnawing at the plants about me—then first came help: I had a certain experience, as the Puritans might have called it. I fear to build any definite conclusions upon it, from the dread of fanaticism and the danger of attributing a merely physical effect to a spiritual cause. But are matter and spirit so far asunder? It is my will moves my arm, whatever first moves my will. Besides, I do not understand how, except another influence came into operation, the extreme of misery and depression should work round into such a change as I have to record.

But I do not know how to describe the change. The silence was crushing or rather sucking my life out of me—up into its own empty gulfs. The horror of the great stillness was growing deathly, when all at once, I rose to my feet, with a sense of power and confidence I had never had before. It was as if something divine within me awoke to outface the desolation. I felt that it was time to act, and that I could act. There is no cure for terror like action: in a few moments I could have approached the verge of any precipice—at least without abject fear. The silence—no longer a horrible vacancy—appeared to tremble with unuttered thoughts. The manhood within me was alive and awake. I could not recognize a single landmark, or discover the least vestige of a path. I knew upon which hand the sun was when we started; and took my way with the sun on the other side. But a cloud had already come over him.

I had not gone far before I saw in front of me, on the other side of a little hillock, something like the pale blue-gray fog that broods over a mountain lake. I ascended the hillock, and started back with a cry of dismay: I was

In a few moments more I was wrapped in mist. It was as if the gulf from which I had just escaped had sent up its indwelling demon of fog to follow and overtake me. I dared hardly go on even with the greatest circumspection. As I grew colder, my courage declined. The mist wetted my face and sank through my clothes, and I began to feel very wretched. I sat down, not merely from dread of the precipices, but to reserve my walking powers when the mist should withdraw. I began to shiver, and was getting utterly hopeless and miserable when the fog lifted a little, and I saw what seemed a great rock near me. I crept towards it. Almost suddenly it dwindled, and I found but a stone, yet one large enough to afford me some shelter. I went to the leeward side of it, and nestled at its foot. The mist again sank and the wind blew stronger, but I was in comparative comfort, partly because my imagination was wearied. I fell fast asleep.

I awoke stiff with cold. Rain was falling in torrents, and I was wet to the skin; but the mist was much thinner, and I could see a good way. For a while I was very heartless, what with the stiffness, and the fear of having to spend the night on the mountains. I was hungry too, not with the appetite of desire but of need. The worst was that I had no idea in what direction I ought to go. Downwards lay precipices—upwards lay the surer loneliness. I knelt, and prayed the God who dwelt in the silence to help me; then strode away I knew not whither—up the hill in the faint hope of discovering some sign to direct me. As I climbed the hill rose. When I surmounted what had seemed the highest point, away beyond rose another. But the slopes were not over steep, and I was able to get on pretty fast. The wind being behind me, I hoped for some shelter over the highest

brow, but that, for anything I knew, might be miles away in the regions of ice and snow.

I had been walking I should think about an hour, when the mist broke away from around me, and the sun, in the midst of clouds of dull orange and gold, shone out upon the wet hill. It was like a promise of safety, and woke in me courage to climb the steep and crumbling slope which now lay before me. But the fear returned. People had died in the mountains of hunger, and I began to make up my mind to meet the worst. I had not learned that the approach of any fate is just the preparation for that fate. I troubled myself with the care of that which was not impending over me. I tried to contemplate the death-struggle with equanimity, but could not. Had I been wearier and fainter, it would have appeared less dreadful. Then, in the horror of the slow death of hunger, strange as it may appear, that which had been the special horror of my childish dreams returned upon me, changed into a thought of comfort. I could, ere my strength failed me utterly, seek the verge of a precipice, lie down there, and when the suffering grew strong enough to give me courage, roll myself over the edge, and cut short the agony.

At length I gained the brow of the height, and at last the ground sank beyond. There was no precipice to terrify, only a somewhat steep descent into a valley large and wide. But what a vision rose on the opposite side of that valley!—an upright wilderness of rocks, slopes, precipices, snow, glaciers, avalanches! Weary and faint as I was, I was filled with a glorious awe, the terror of which was the opposite of fear, for it lifted instead of debasing the soul. Not a pine tree softened the haggard waste; not a single stray sheep of the wind's flock drew one trail of its thin-drawn wool behind it; all was hard and bare. The glaciers lay like the skins of cruel beasts, with the green veins yet visible, nailed to the rocks to harden in the sun; and the little streams which ran down from their claws looked like the knife-blades they are, keen and hard and shining, sawing away at the bones of the old mountain. But although the mountain looked so silent, there came from it every now and then, a thunderous sound. At first I could not think what it was, but gazing at its surface more steadily, upon the face of a slope I caught sight of what seemed a larger stream than any of the rest; but it soon ceased to flow, and after came the thunder of its fall. It was a stream, but a solid one—an avalanche. Away up in the air the huge snow-summit glittered in the light of the afternoon sun. I was gazing on the Maiden in one of her most savage moods—or to speak prose—I was regarding one of the wildest aspects of the many-sided Jungfrau.

Half-way down the hill, almost right under my feet, rose a slender column of smoke. I could not see whence. I hastened towards it, feeling as strong as when I started in the morning. I zig-zagged down the slope, for it was steep and slippery with grass, and arrived at length at a good-sized cottage, which faced the Jungfrau. It was built of great logs laid horizontally one above the other all with notches hewn through near the end, by which not hex, lying into each other, the sides of the house were held together at the corners. I soon saw it must be a sort of roadside inn. There was no one about the place, but passing through a dark vestibule, in which were stores of fodder and various utensils, I came to a room in which sat a mother and her daughter, the former spinning, the latter making lace on a pillow. In at the windows looked the great Jungfrau. The room was lined with planks; the floor was boarded; the ceiling, too, was of boards—pine wood all around.

The women rose when I entered. I knew enough of German to make them understand my story, and had learned enough of their patois to understand them a little in return. They looked concerned, and the older woman, passing her hands over my jacket, turned to her daughter and commenced a talk much too rapid, and no doubt idiomatic, for me to follow. It was in the end mingled with much laughter, evidently at some proposal of the mother's. Then the daughter left the room, and the mother began to heap wood on the fire. In a few minutes the daughter returned, still laughing, with some garments, which the mother took from her. I was watching every-

thing from a corner of the hearth, where I had seated myself wearily. The mother came up to me, and without speaking, put something over my head, which I found to be a short petticoat such as the women wore; then told me I must take off my clothes and have them dried at the fire. She laid other garments on a chair beside me.

"I don't know how to put them on," I objected.

"Put on as many as you can," she said, laughing—"and I will help you with the rest."

I looked about. There was a great press in the room. I went behind it and pulled off my clothes; and having managed to put on some of the girl's garments, issued from my concealment. The kindly laughter was renewed, and mother and daughter busied themselves in arranging my apparel, evidently seeking to make the best of me as a girl, an attempt favoured by my pale face. When I seemed to myself completely arrayed, the girl said to her mother what I took to mean "Let us finish what we have begun;" and leaving the room, returned presently with the velvet collar embroidered with silver and the pendent chains which the women of most of the cantons wear, and put it on me, hooking the chains and leaving them festooned under my arms. The mother was spreading out my clothes before the fire to dry.

Neither was pretty, but both looked womanly and good. The daughter had the attraction of youth and bright eyes; the mother of goodwill and experience; but both were sallow, and the mother very wrinkled for what seemed her years.

"Now," I said, summoning my German, "you've almost finished your work. Make my short hair as like your long hair as you can, and then I shall be a Swiss girl."

I was but a boy, and had no scruple concerning a bit of fun of which I might have been ashamed a few years later. The girl took a comb from her own hair and arranged mine. When she had finished,

"One girl may kiss another," I said; and doubtless she understood me, for she returned my kiss with a fresh laugh. I sat down by the fire, and as its warmth crept into my limbs, I rejoiced over comforts which yesterday had been a matter of course.

Meantime they were busy getting me something to eat. Just as they were setting it on the table, however, a loud call outside took them both away. In a few moments two other guests entered, and then first I found myself ashamed of my costume. With them the mother re-entered, calling behind her: "There's nobody at home; you must put the horses up yourself, Annel." Then she moved the little table towards me, and proceeded to set out the meal.

"Ah! I see you have got something to eat," said one of the strangers, in a voice I fancied I had heard before.

"Will you please to share it?" returned the woman, moving the table again towards the middle of the room.

I thought with myself that, if I kept silent, no one could tell I was not a girl; and the table being finally adjusted, I moved my seat towards it. Meantime the man was helping his companion to take off her outer garments, and put them before the fire. I saw the face of neither until they approached the table and sat down. Great was my surprise to discover that the man was the same I had met in the wood on my way to Moldwarp Hall, and that the girl was Clara—a good deal grown—in fact looking almost a woman. From after facts, the meeting became less marvellous in my eyes than it then appeared.

I felt myself in an awkward position—indeed I felt almost guilty, although any notion of having the advantage of them never entered my head. I was more than half inclined to run out and help Annel with the horses, but I was very hungry, and not at all willing to postpone my meal, simple as it was—bread and butter, eggs, cheese, milk, and a bottle of the stronger wine of the country, tasting like a coarse sherry. The two—father and daughter, evidently—talked about their journey, and hoped they should reach the Grindelwald without more rain.

"By the way," said the gentleman, "it's somewhere not far from here young Cumbermede is at school. I know Mr. Forest well enough—used to know him at least. We may as well call upon him."

"Cumbermede," said Clara; "who is he?"

"A nephew of Mrs. Wilson's—no, not nephew—second or third cousin—or something of the sort, I believe. Didn't somebody tell me you met him at the Hall one day?"

"Oh, that boy—Wilfrid. Yes; I told you myself. Don't you remember what a bit of fun we had the night of the ball? We were shut out on the leads, you know."

"Yes, to be sure, you did tell me. What sort of a boy is he?"

"Oh! I don't know. Much like other boys. I did think he was a coward at first, but he showed some pluck at last. I shouldn't wonder if he turns out a good sort of fellow! We were in a fix!"

"You're a terrible madcap, Clara! If you don't settle down as you grow, you'll be getting into worse scrapes."

"Not with you to look after me, papa, dear,"

answered Clara, smiling. "It was the fun of cheating old Goody Wilson, you know!"

Her father grinned with his whole mouthful of teeth, and looked at her with amusement—almost sympathetic roguery, which she evidently appreciated, for she laughed heartily.

Meantime I was feeling very uncomfortable. Something within told me I had no right to overhear remarks about myself; and, in my slow way, I was meditating how to get out of the scrape.

"What a nice-looking girl that is!" said Clara, without lifting her eyes from her plate—"I mean for a Swiss, you know. But I do like the dress. I wish you would buy me a collar and chains like those, papa."

"Always wanting to get something out of your old dad, Clara. Just like the rest of you—always wanting something—eh?"

"No, papa; it's you gentlemen always want to keep everything for yourselves. We only want you to share."

"Well, you shall have the collar, and I shall have the chains. Will that do?"

"Yes, thank you, papa," she returned, nodding her head. "Meantime, hadn't you better give me your diamond pin? It would fasten this troublesome collar so nicely!"

"There, child!" he answered, proceeding to take it from his shirt. "Anything else?"

"No, no, papa, dear. I didn't want it. I expected you, like everybody else, to decline carrying out your professed principles."

"What a nice girl she is," I thought, "after all!"

"My love," said her father, "you will know some day that I would do more for you even than give you my pet diamond. If you are a good girl, and do as I tell you, there will be grander things than diamond pins in store for you. But you may have this if you like."

He looked fondly at her as he spoke.

"Oh, no, papa!—not now at least. I should not know what to do with it. I should be sure to lose it."

If my clothes had been dry, I would have slipped away, put them on, and appeared in my proper guise. As it was, I was getting more and more miserable—ashamed of revealing who I was, and ashamed of hearing what the speakers supposed I did not understand. I sat on irresolute. In a little while however, either the wine having got into my head, or the food and warmth having restored my courage, I began to contemplate the bolder stroke of suddenly revealing myself by some unexpected remark. They went on talking about the country, and the road they had come.

"But we have hardly seen anything worth calling a precipice," said Clara.

"You'll see hundreds of them if you look out of the window," said her father.

"Oh! but I don't mean that," she returned. "It's nothing to look at them like that. I mean from the top of them—to look down, you know."

"Like from the flying buttress at Moldwarp Hall, Clara?" I said.

The moment I began to speak, they began to stare. Clara's hand was arrested on its way towards the bread, and her father's wine-glass hung suspended between the table and his lips. I laughed.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Coningham—and added nothing, for amazement, but looked uneasily at his daughter, as if asking whether they had not said something awkward about me.

"It's Wilfrid!" exclaimed Clara, in the tone of one talking in her sleep. Then she laid down her knife, and laughed aloud.

"What a guy you are!" she exclaimed. "Who would have thought of finding you in a Swiss girl? Really it was too bad of you to sit there and let us go on as we did. I do believe we were talking about your precious self! At least papa was!"

Again her merry laugh rang out. She could not have taken a better way of relieving us.

"I'm very sorry," I said; "but I felt so awkward in this costume that I couldn't bring myself to speak before. I tried very hard."

"Poor boy!" she returned, rather more mockingly than I liked, her violets swimming in the dews of laughter.

By this time Mr. Coningham had apparently recovered his self-possession. I say *apparently*, for I doubt if he had ever lost it. He had only, I think, been running over their talk in his mind to see if he had said anything unpleasant, and now, reassured, I think, he stretched his hand across the table.

"At all events, Mr. Cumbermede," he said, "we owe you an apology. I am sure we can't have said anything we should mind you hearing; but—"

"Oh!" I interrupted, "you have told me nothing I did not know already, except that Mrs. Wilson was a relation, of which I was quite ignorant."

"It is true enough though."

"What relation is she then?"

"I think, when I gather my recollections of the matter—I think she was first cousin to your mother—perhaps it was only second cousin."

"Why shouldn't she have told me so then?"

"She must explain that herself. I cannot account for that. It is very extraordinary."

"But how do you know so well about me, sir—if you don't mind saying?"

"Oh! I am old friend of the family. I knew your father better than your uncle though. Your uncle is not over friendly, you see."

"I am sorry for that."

"No occasion at all. I suppose he doesn't like me. I fancy, being a Methodist—"

"My uncle is not a Methodist, I assure you. He goes to the parish church regularly."

"Oh! it's all one. I only meant to say that being a man of somewhat peculiar notions, I supposed he did not approve of my profession. Your good people are just as ready as others, however, to call in the lawyer when they fancy their rights invaded. Ha! ha! But no one has a right to complain of another because he doesn't choose to like him. Besides it brings grist to the mill. If everybody liked everybody, what would become of the lawsuits? And that would unsuit us—wouldn't it, Clara?"

"You know, papa dear, what mamma would say?"

"But she ain't here, you know."

"But I am, papa; and I don't like to hear you talk shop," said Clara coaxingly.

"Very well; we won't, then. But I was only explaining to Mr. Cumbermede how I supposed it was that his uncle did not like me. There was no offence in that, I hope, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Certainly not," I answered. "I am the only offender. But I was innocent enough as far as intention goes. I came in drenched and cold, and the good people here amused themselves dressing me like a girl. It is quite time I were getting home now. Mr. Forest will be in a way about me. So will Charley Osborne."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Coningham, "I remember hearing you were at school together somewhere in this quarter. But tell us all about it. Did you lose your way?"

I told them my story. Even Clara looked grave when I came to the incident of finding myself on the verge of the precipice.

"Thank God, my boy!" said Mr. Coningham kindly. "You have had a narrow escape. I lost myself once in the Cumberland hills, and hardly got off with my life. Here it is a chance you were ever seen again, alive or dead. I wonder you're not knocked up."

I was however more so than I knew.

"How are you going to get home?" he asked.

"I don't know any way but walking," I answered.

"Are you far from home?"

"I don't know. I daresay the people here will be able to tell me. But I think you said you were going down into the Grindelwald. I shall know where I am there. Perhaps you will let me walk with you. Horses can't go very fast along these roads."

"You shall have my horse, my boy."

"No. I couldn't think of that."

"You must. I haven't been wandering all day like you. You can ride, I suppose?"

"Yes, pretty well."

"Then you shall ride with Clara, and I'll walk with the guide. I shall go and see after the horses presently."

It was indeed a delightful close to a dreadful day. We sat and chatted a while, and then Clara and I went out to look at the Jungfrau. She told me they had left her mother at Interlaken, and had been wandering about the Bernese Alps for nearly a week.

"I can't think what should have put it in papa's head," she added; "for he does not care much for scenery. I fancy he wants to make the most of poor me, and so takes me the grand tour. He wanted to come without mamma, but she said we were not to be trusted alone. She had to give in when we took to horseback, though."

It was getting late, and Mr. Coningham came out to find us.

"It is quite time we were going," he said.

"In fact we are too late now. The horses are ready, and your clothes are dry, Mr. Cumbermede. I have felt them all over."

"How kind of you, sir!" I said.

"Nonsense. Why should any one want another to get his death of cold? If you are to keep alive, it's better to keep well as long as ever you can. Make haste though, and change your clothes."

I hurried away, followed by Clara's merry laugh at my clumsy gait. In a few moments I was ready. Mr. Coningham had settled my bill for me. Mother and daughter gave me a kind farewell, and I exhausted my German in vain attempts to let them know how grateful I was for their goodness. There was not much time however to spend even on gratitude. The sun was nearly down, and I could see Clara mounted and waiting for me before the window. I found Mr. Coningham rather impatient.

"Come along, Mr. Cumbermede; we must be off," he said. "Get up there."

"You have grown tough after all," said Clara. "I thought it might be only the petticoats that made you look so tall."

I got on the horse which the guide, a half-witted fellow from the next valley, was holding for me, and we set out. The guide walked beside my horse, and Mr. Coningham beside Clara's. The road was level for a little way,

but it soon turned up on the hill where I had been wandering, and went along the steep side of it.

"Will this do for a precipice, Clara?" said her father.

"Oh! dear no," she answered; "it's not worth the name. It actually slopes outward."

Before we got down to the next level stretch it began again to rain. A mist came on, and we could see but a little way before us. Through the mist came the sound of the bells of the cattle upon the hill. Our guide trudged carefully but boldly on. He seemed to know every step of the way. Clara was very cool, her father a little anxious, and very attentive to his daughter, who received his help with a never-failing merry gratitude, making light of all annoyances. At length we came down upon the better road, and travelled on with more comfort.

"Look, Clara!" I said—"will that do?"

"What is it?" she asked, turning her head in the direction in which I pointed.

On our right, through the veil, half of rain, half of gauzy mist, which filled the air, arose a precipice indeed—the whole bulk it was of the Eiger mountain, which the mist brought so near that it seemed literally to overhang the road. Clara looked up for a moment, but betrayed no sign of awe.

"Yes, I think that will do," she said.

"Though you are only at the foot of it?" I suggested.

"Yes; though I am only at the foot of it," she repeated.

"What does it remind you of?" I asked.

"Nothing. I never saw anything it could remind me of," she answered.

"Nor read anything?"

"Not that I remember."

"It reminds me of Mount Sinai in the Pilgrim's Progress. You remember Christian was afraid because the side of it which was next the wayside did hang so much over that he thought it would fall on his head."

"I never read the Pilgrim's Progress," she returned, in a careless if not contemptuous tone.

"Didn't you? Oh, you would like it so much!"

"I don't think I should. I don't like religious books."

"But that is such a good story!"

"Oh! it's all a trap—sugar on the outside of a pill! The sting's in the tail of it. They're all like that. I know them."

This silenced me, and for a while we went on without speaking.

The rain ceased; the mist cleared a little; and I began to think I saw some landmarks I knew. A moment more, and I perfectly understood where we were.

"I'm all right now, sir," I said to Mr. Coningham. "I can find my way from here."

As I spoke I pulled up and proceeded to dismount.

"Sit still," he said. "We cannot do better than ride on to Mr. Forest's. I don't know him much, but I have met him, and in a strange country all are friends. I daresay he will take us in for the night. Do you think he could house us?"

"I have no doubt of it. For that matter, the boys could crowd a little."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not above two miles, I think."

"Are you sure you know the way?"

"Quite sure."

"Then you take the lead."

I did so. He spoke to the guide, and Clara and I rode on in front.

"You and I seem destined to have adventures together, Clara," I said.

"It seems so. But this is not so much of an adventure as that night on the leads," she answered.

"You would not have thought so if you had been with me in the morning."

"Were you very much frightened?"

"I was. And then to think of finding you!"

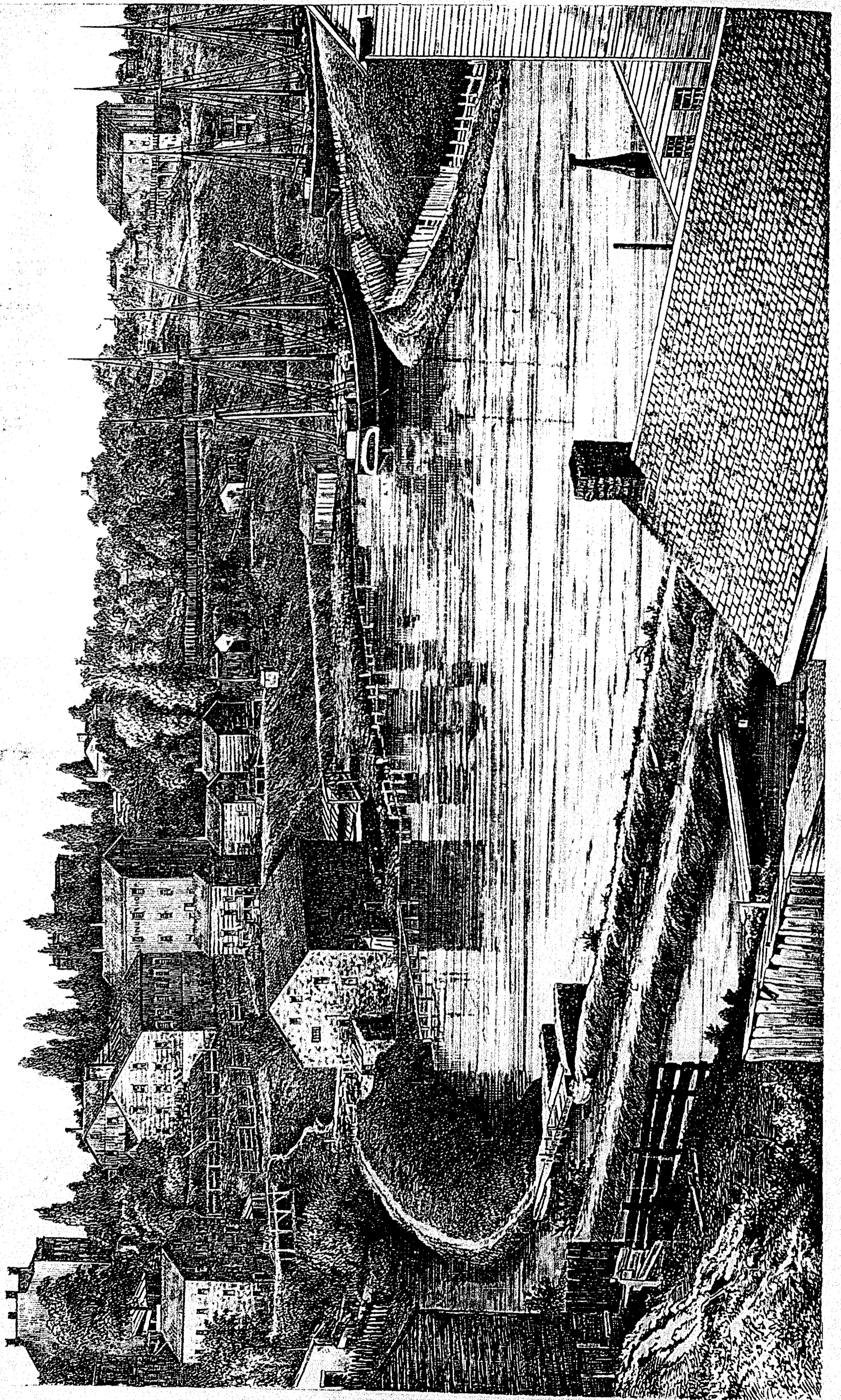
"It was funny, certainly."

When we reached the house, there was great jubilation over me, but Mr. Forest himself was very serious. He had not been back more than half an hour, and was just getting ready to set out again, accompanied by men from the village below. Most of the boys were quite knocked up, for they had been looking for me ever since they missed me. Charley was in a dreadful way. When he saw me he burst into tears, and declared he would never let me go out of his sight again. But if he had been with me, it would have been death to both of us; I could never have got him over the ground.

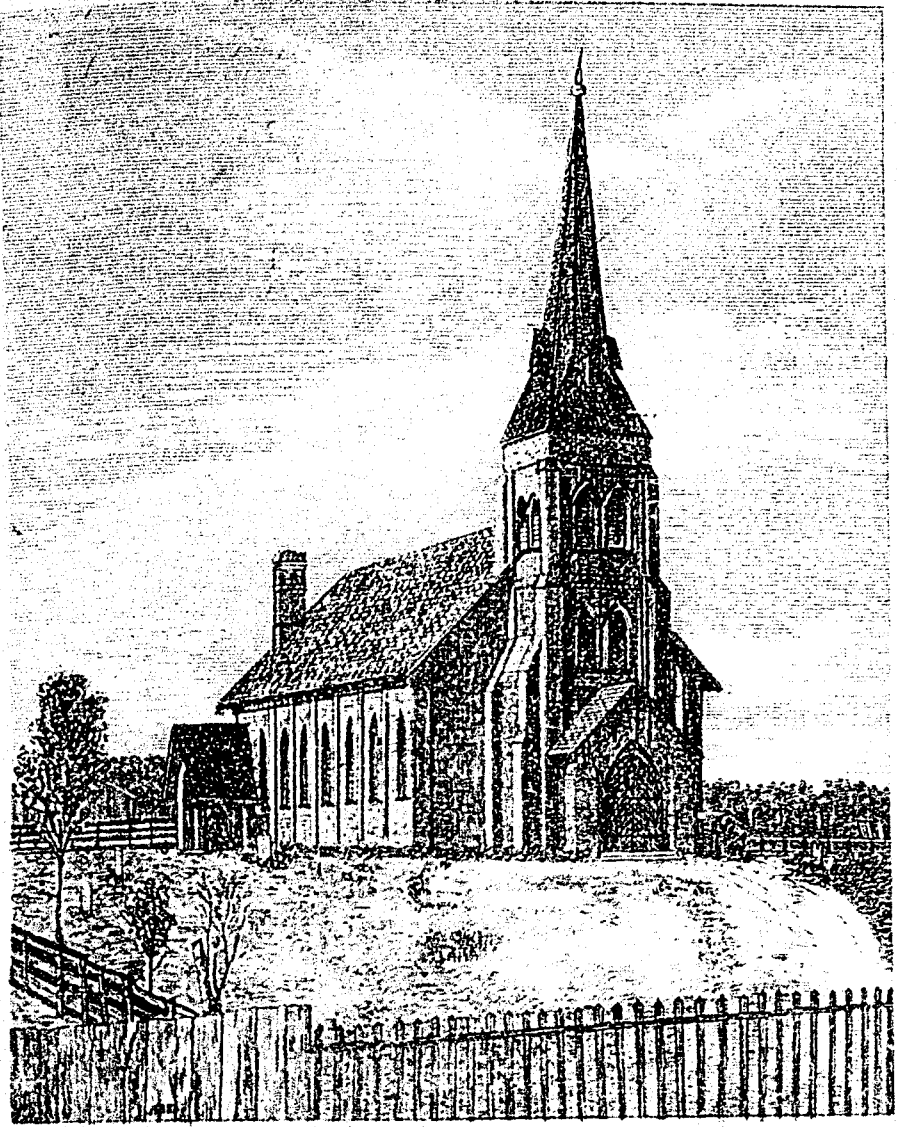
Mr. and Mrs. Forest received their visitors with the greatest cordiality, and invited them to spend a day or two with them, to which, after some deliberation, Mr. Coningham agreed.

(To be continued.)

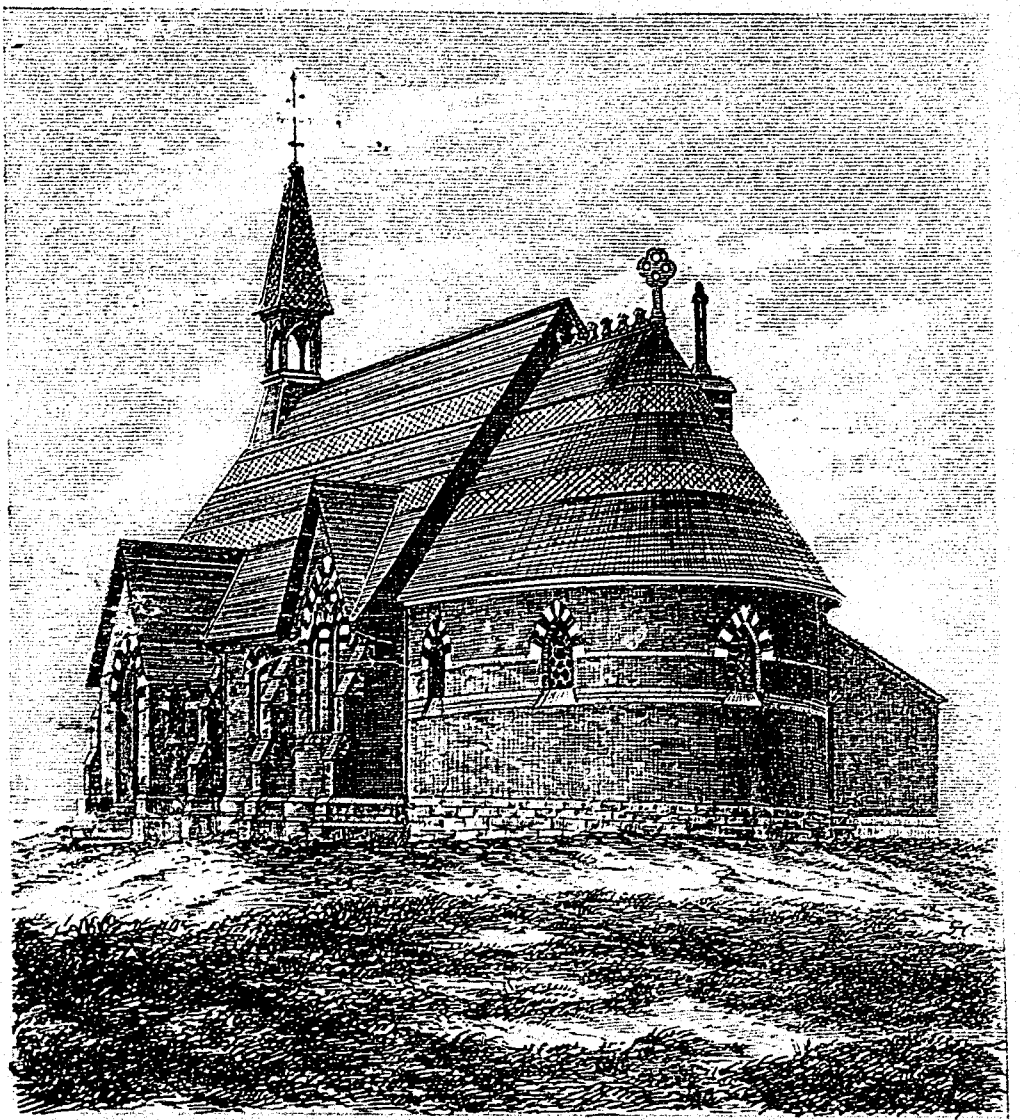
The recent indisposition of the Queen appears to have been a slight recurrence of the neuralgia from which she has suffered so frequently. The attack is not serious, or her children would not continue to so placidly enjoy themselves in different parts of the world.



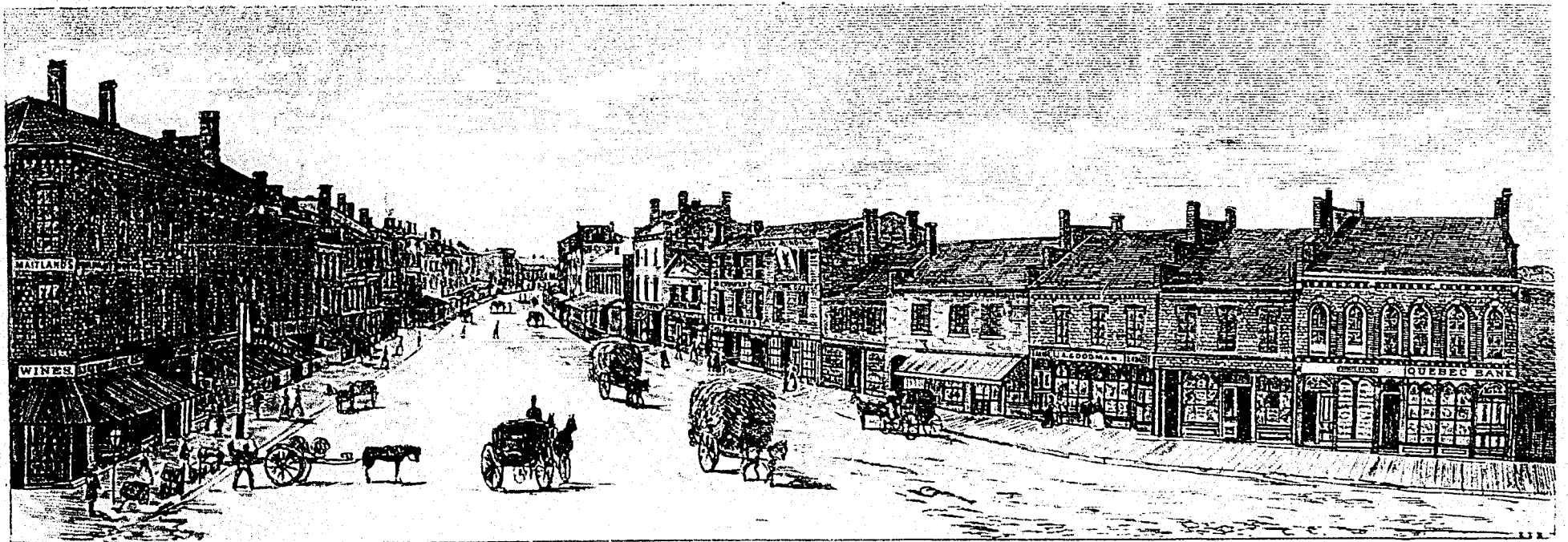
VIEW OF ST. CATHARINES, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. CRAIG.—SEE PAGE 105.



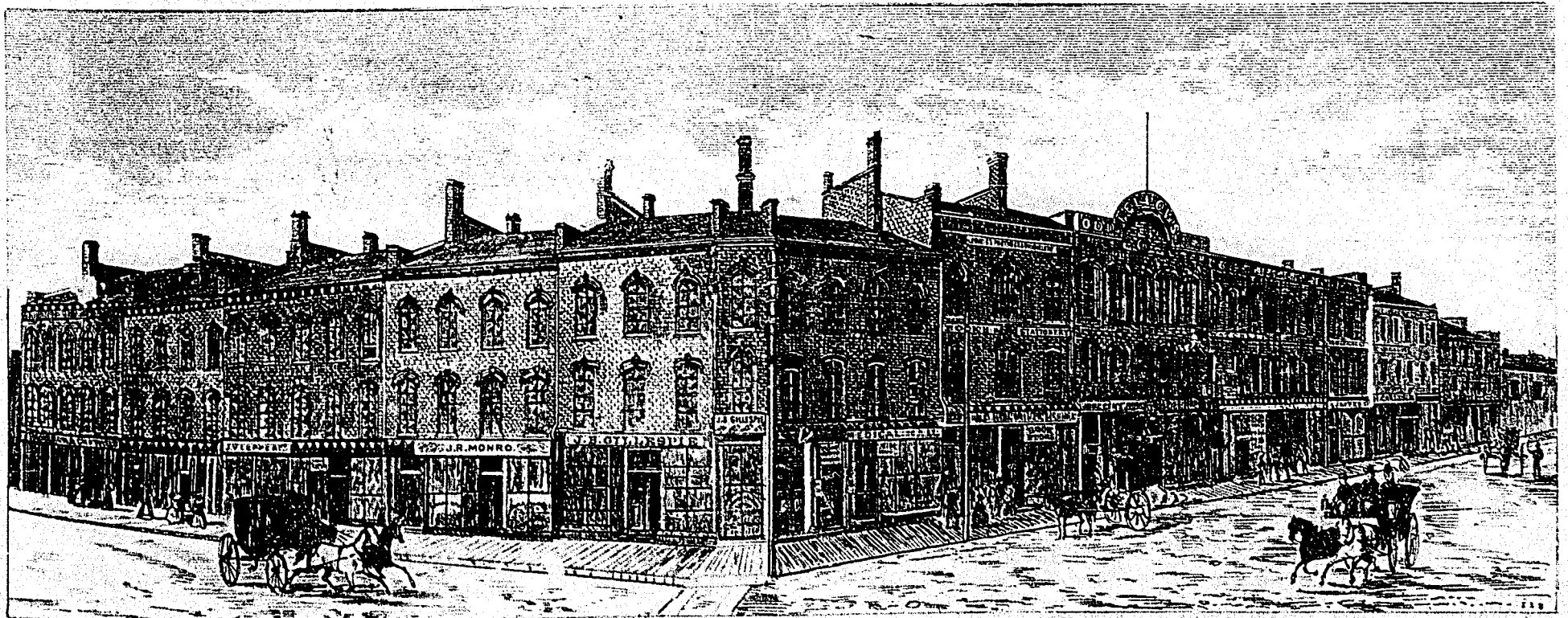
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, CLINTON, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. HONEY.
SEE PAGE 201



THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, STAYNER, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 195.



ST. PAUL STREET, ST. CATHARINES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WM. CRAIG.



CORNER OF YATES AND ONTARIO STREETS, ST. CATHARINES.

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[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

"That is the work to be done. The aged Earl died suddenly last year. Lillymere's identity and legitimacy found, he at once becomes Earl Royalfort."

"That is the business Lady Mortimer and I, her Secretary, have now in hand. And the Donna Essel Bell Euryntia to accompany us to England, to establish that the young gentleman was once the infant DeLacy Lillymere, taken from her in Ogleburn woods, Scotland."

"How splendid in her rich ripe beauty will Essel Bell Euryntia appear! In the Chamber of High Inquest, testifying to events occurring at a time when I, herd boy of Branxton, adored her as child princess of more than earthly beauty. As Fairy Queen of the West, come to tell me of rocks of gold in the gorgeous regions under the setting sun—the Thousand Islands, far away in great America."

"That is the work we have in hand. Yet I shouldn't be greatly surprised, on getting to the army of the West, to find Lady Mary Mortimer with sleeves tucked up, apron on, doing drudge duty as an hospital nurse. Reaching there at close of the battle told of by telegraph, her ladyship and maid were very likely to stretch helping hands to the first of the wounded met."

El Abra's Guerillas, like Simon Lud's Redbolts, were mounted horsemen acting as scouts; penetrating at times far beyond the army corps to which they belonged.

Hiram Orde, Lud's lieutenant, reported to the Captain. He had seen two ladies on horseback in the woods, both accomplished riders. They seemed to have lost their route; occasionally approaching near El Abra's lines, but suddenly halting, spying with telescopes both forces, they wheeled to right or left, vanishing in flight away.

"Your inference?" inquired Lud.

"That they are ladies of the country, uncertain which force be friends, which foes; and not knowing a way of escape, are flitting about; scanning hill and plain to the horizon in hope of espying an opening to flee."

"Possibly, Mr. Orde. Yet more likely they are spies watching us. How near did they approach our camp?"

"A few times they've been seen, I'm told, pretty near. Within carbine range fairly; but none of the men had heart to fire on them. When invited by signal to come in they fled. When followed by our best mounted troopers they eluded pursuit."

"Mr. Orde, direct that every Redbolt be informed he is not to fire upon, or do the ladies injury, on pain of drumhead and death. If they can be captured, well. If captured they are to be treated as gentlewomen, and brought to this office."

This direction was given. Soon after silent alarm signals passed round the Redbolt bivouac and outposts that El Abra was in the saddle, stealthily leading a guerilla company by wide detour to take the Redbolt posts by surprise.

The chargers stood ready saddled. In an instant girths were tightened, bridles put over halters. Riders sprang to the stirrups and mounted. Lud at their head. Lieutenant Hiram Orde with the right division, Sergeant Tass Cass with the left. Each looked to his two pistols, and carbine; they knew the sabre to be trusty dangling at the thigh.

Nothing being yet seen like an enemy, Lud demanded:

"How were the two lady riders dressed? Were they armed?"

"In mantles of blue, like the Redbolts. In grey hat and feathers of El Abra's Guerillas," rejoined the Lieutenant.

"Forward!" said Lud softly, as he scanned the openings in the bush with his powerful glass. "The Guerillas glide stealthily among the trees, either to take our out-piquet unawares, or draw us to attack."

"Think El Abra would draw us to the attack?" said Hiram Orde. "Dost think to gratify the old grey Wizard?"

"Right away," replied Lud. "Move quietly down, left in front, under cover and in rear of number three piquet, which at present they seem to avoid. Then ride at them sword in hand, pistol ready. Close and make prisoners before the Wizard has time to do much."

"Don't admire to fight the Wizard," said Orde; "should like to catch and lynch El Abra right away, and be done with the cuss."

"Leave the Magician to me," said Lud, as they quietly approached under cover of a bluff, on top of which stood Redbolt sentinels unscathed from sight of the enemy. "Leave El Abra to me," he repeated, "I feel a presentiment that to encounter the Guerilla Chief in hand to hand fight is in my destiny."

"I could shoot him with the carbine now! Won't I, Captain?"

"Too soon, Hiram; you'd scare the troop. When we get up to them single for shot or sabre some one else."

Rounding the eastern shoulder of the rugged bluff, an old earthquake wave fifty feet high, faces south, the setting sun gleaming in sparkling rays over a sheet of water, and among tall trees this side the water, the enemy were descried between the trees and shore.

Quickly the Guerillas perceived the Redbolts: the dismounted of them dashing down tobacco pipes, and vaulting to the saddle. El Abra from his own silver trumpet sounded the alarm; an elderly man with flowing grey mane and beard, and head of a lion.

Quickly the Redbolts and Guerillas rode at each other's ranks; man for man drawing pistols and shooting. But they who drew swords first had the advantage. They disarmed the pistol hands of men who had yet the sabre to draw, and that interval gave rapid cuts and thrusts.

Soon the sword fight was general. Some men falling to earth wounded with pistol in hand, took aim at combatants still mounted, and shot. But horses, as if knowing unfair play, trode the treacherous under hoof.

The Guerilla, Yaply Stroner, dexterous with his weapon, encountered the Redbolt Tass Cass. They fenced; their steeds, curvetting and circling around and around the pivot of conflict. Stroner, thinking he saw the moment to strike, delivered from the right shoulder with vehemence, the slant cut, one; which Cass received with outward guard parry and point; sending the point to Stroner's heart.

Stroner fell, the charger galloping away. The mishap causing some dismay to men of his side looking on from a distance. But to men engaged the fall of a comrade is seldom a misfortune than a twofold incentive to vehement ferocity.

Much in the same manner Captain DeVoeg of the Guerillas engaged Lieutenant Orde of the Redbolts. Horses plunging, passing, re-passing, and again returning; curvetting, circling, and wheeling on pivots of hind quarters, Hiram Orde at last delivered a cut with death in its force; the cut two from the left shoulder downward. With back handed upward guard parry and thrust, DeVoeg slew Hiram Orde.

Thus the two bands continued for well nigh half an hour; some pairs of combatants pausing a few minutes to breathe, eyeing each other the while with glare of rage. Then one or both bursting in fury from the pause, as some third man's shot—unfairly intervening—laid low a horse, or horse and rider.

At the first El Abra and the Redbolt Captain encountered hand to hand; old man's eye to young man's eye. The lion's mane and head shaking in fiery anger, until hair seemed rising on end. The dash of nimble arm, the defiant attitude of chivalrous Simon Lud evading the mighty arm of the Magician.

When Hiram Orde had fallen and many more, and the battle of flashing steel continued on the line where it began; in the woods remote from where it began; by the shore of the dull lake, the sun now gone down; and some furious horse-men in the lake fleeing and pursuing; partly swimming their horses, and still cutting, guarding, thrusting, parrying, slashing, bleeding, dropping from the saddle and drowning, El Abra paused. Still he kept guard with the eyes of magnetic power which, in his medical career, gained him the name of Magician. He spoke:

"Why, sir, do you assume the name, Simon Lud?"

"It is the name I choose to assume, sir."

"It is not your true name."

"What is my true name?"

"DeLacy Lillymere; now by right Earl Royalfort of England. I had thought to fell you dead to the earth without your knowing whose hand slew you; but I admit the heir of Lillymere is brave, and hard to kill. However, young Lord Royalfort is bound to fall before the moon rise, and already the glimmer of her light comes on the horizon. Long ago I took arms against the ruling powers of England; they were strong, I weak. Weak then but strong now; a wealthier citizen of the South than any Lord in the British Empire. And now I am in the direct way, I trust, to embroil Great Britain and America in jealousies and acrimonies unending. Does it please you, sir, we resume the combat?"

"First your name?" cried the Captain.

"Abram Lud, of Irdale, Lancashire. A handloom weaver once. Leader of Blanketeer insurgents to punish insolent mechanics and factory capitalists who consigned handloom weavers by the half million to penury and death. To punish them and make terms, in the fires of revolution, with the ruling powers in London. Next I was physician, magician, and financier. And again a warrior for the institutions where I made myself the grandee El Abra."

"Abram Lud, I have lately seen your mother, and esteem her."

"So do I esteem my mother, sir; and would have seen her often, had she not wedded with that mean cuss Kenshaw. But unknown to him she has had from me most of the money

with which her numerous works of charity to orphans and outcasts have been performed. Poor Rhoda O'Loney! She is an Irishwoman my mother. Our families have been used to hanging. So, Lillymere, as you're to be hung by the South for taking arms in service of the North, you may as well submit. If you don't submit we two fight it out."

I hardly think El Abra meant other than a fair combat with the Redbolt Captain. But while they still parleyed, several Guerillas came in force to take him prisoner. The Captain defended himself with terrible energy of arm, and adroit management of his noble charger.

A hand was raised to shoot him dead, fingers at the trigger, when a lady with her riding whip struck the weapon aside.

The combat was renewed. The Guerillas fled. El Abra was conducted to the Redbolt camp a prisoner.

Captain Simon Lud to the lady rider:

"May I enquire, madam, are you one of two ladies observed in the woods this morning?"

"I and my maid did ride in the woods this morning. We hoped to find you, Captain."

"You are a lady of this vicinity?"

"No, sir, a stranger; quite a stranger."

"May I enquire name and residence?"

"Agnes Schoolar, of London."

"The equestrienne of Hyde Park?"

"Yes, Toby; no other."

"Why are you here, dear young lady?"

"Come to nurse you if wounded. Forgive the imprudence and presumption. Hearing you had gone into this war, I felt impelled to come."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT BETWEEN THE BATTLES.

WHEN the Redbolt Captain had temporarily disposed of his prisoner, taking care that one so noted for policy and yet so brave as El Abra, should be well guarded but not exposed to unnecessary rigour, he received returns of his killed, wounded and missing. Twenty-five out of eighty, of whom nine were killed, and four mortally wounded. Then he proceeded to the division of the tent where Agnes had been conducted, also under guard.

She was alone. Her dress the dark blue robe as previously seen. For the hat and feathers of grey she had substituted the red fez of Simon Lud's troopers. Probably, judging that grey would have pronounced her an enemy. The long mosquito veil enshrouding the head, was lifted as soon as the Captain entered.

They bowed; but did not yet approach to the touching of hands. He stood erect and apparently cold and haughty. Which perceiving the lady, at first timid and blushing, changed from a glowing complexion to the paleness of death. Had she come from England, under impulse of passionate tenderness to nurse him if sick, to shield him if her feeble arm might, and be received coldly, suspiciously?

So her thoughts ran, while yet he did not speak. Then she trembled, and felt as if life were going out of her; and would have fallen had he not prevented by now extending his arms and banding her gently to a camp chair.

"Pardon, dear Miss Schoolar," he said, "if I seem cold or harsh or ungrateful. But your presence here, under circumstances past and present so unparalleled, is so far out of the role of all things human and rational, that I'm unequal to the discernment of what should be said, what should be done."

"Let me go home now," she murmured. "I feared it was wrong. Now I perceive it was wrong. Any one in the world may do what I must not. At home I'm expected to do what none else in the world would; marry one I flee from. Have fled from. With none to flee to. Let Isa Antry come. I'll go home again and die."

She sobbed, yet still the Captain did not approach to soothe her. He stood deeply pitying in constrained silence. At last he said:

"The woman you name is a prisoner in the Provost Guard, to which you may be removed also, Miss Schoolar. An order came by telegraph to arrest you both as spies. Did I offer myself your bond I compromise your honour and my own. May I entreat some explanation?"

"This is very cruel. We came to offer personal service as nurses of the sick and wounded. We desired to find where, in this wide, wild country, your force might be, and purchased horses. We have a trusty coloured groom who remains with a sutler; the sutler's establishment also sustained by me for gratuitous use, preliminary to our transforming it to an ambulance. Isa Antry is a professional rider, daughter of the master who taught me in London."

"Apart from the danger and hardship, Miss Schoolar, which must be daily confronted in this campaign and throughout the war—for, until the end of the war, or my fall in action, the poor services of Simon Lud continue.—have you sufficiently weighed this matter, small to me, great to you, that when the war ends I'm to be as before, an outcast, without a name I can claim to be my own?"

"I saw you first as my father's clerk Toby;

and did not want to discover you as anything else; though I find you are more."

"How much more, Mademoiselle?"

"You are a hero. One of the bravest of the brave."

Leaving Miss Schoolar under a trusty guard, with orders to have her companion brought, that the two ladies might remain the night together in this comparatively solitary camp—probably as safe for lady strangers in a night of tumult and battle as any within fifty miles—Simon Lud repaired to a part of the tent adjoining, which was prison of his captive El Abra. He may not have known, but it happened that occupants of one heard what was said in the other. As he entered the Guerilla Chief spoke:

"Now I'm your prisoner, Captain, what follows?"

"El Abra, several of my men are slain, some mortally wounded, others less or more wounded, all for the present in a humour unfavourable to rebel guerillas. To keep them at bay now, I've engaged that if you are not court-martialled and shot by noon to-morrow, they are to lynch you at one p. m."

El Abra rejoined, as if not disconcerted:

"What is the name of that flying Amazon attached to the Redbolts, who so nimbly and well served you at a moment of peril? I've heard there is another. Had we such scouts, El Abra's Guerillas would of themselves win the independence of the South. I've just realized our mistake and the want to be supplied. Forthwith I assemble, organize, and lead to battle an Amazonian cavalry of the South."

"But you forget the court-martial and execution before noon to-morrow; failing which the lynching at one p. m."

"Captain, I don't forget. A great battle begun to-day; may continue all night, and will be hot to-morrow. They'll have no time for court-martials, and not a Redbolt of your command will commit murder; far less will you assassinate me yourself. We might, indeed, have fallen in fair fight, one of the other, though I aimed at taking you prisoner."

"You said you had aimed to strike me dead?"

"Rather than myself be stricken dead, yes. More than once you almost unhorsed me. Then I should have slain you if I could, yet probably not. I'm not bloodthirsty. I am in a condition now to fulfil the highest aims, hopes, dreams of your life."

"So you would seduce me to treason?"

"I would have you marry that daring young heroine. She deserves your love. Give her love and honour both. Go home to England. Claim your inheritance."

"El Abra, you are insolent. I am in the service of the United States."

It may have been unladylike; but under such special circumstances you may forgive Agnes that she listened with ear at the canvas of the tent.

"The United States have ceased to be," rejoined the Guerilla.

"No, El Abra. Thirty millions of people will not surrender national life, that a few hundred thousand persons may extend and perpetuate slavery over the continent. My inheritance in Great Britain is to vindicate right against wrong. In this war I'm one with the nation, I humbly but very determinedly serve. Knowing that in this I serve my native England also. They tell me I'm of the race of the Luds of Lancashire, never willing servitors to injustice. If you be Abram Lud, is it becoming in one of the names to fight against the emancipation of slaves?"

"As Abram Lud, I rose against the mechanics who made machines starving to death a million of handloom weavers and their families; while denying to us, or to the sons of weavers, admission to machine-making shops as apprentices. I rose against capitalists who mercilessly crushed the life out of us, and against the rulers of the land who abetted the cruelty of capitalists. I'm logical. In England I asserted the right to rebel. In the States I assert the right to rebel."

"To which the other rejoined:

"If I be a Lud, El Abra, I am also logical. The Ludites rose against tyrannical combinations of mechanics and capitalists. I have drawn the sword in service of the United States against the cruellest combination which ever degraded labour."

"Listen, Captain of the Redbolts. You are a brave young hero. I admire you. El Abra, with his magnetic eye, his magical skill in fence, his muscular force of arm, would in that terrible combat have cut in pieces almost any other swordsman in the world. You are a young hero, I tell you. Nay, don't blush: you are dexterous, and brave, but you are not a Lud. There is not a drop of Lud blood in your veins. You are of good stock, nevertheless; a mixture of Scotch Ogleburn and English Lillymere. I am Irish O'Loney and English Lud, also good stock."

"You trifle with me, El Abra. What proof could you give that I am Lillymere?"

"My revered mother identified you by the marks you bear. Also, the Donna Euryntia, who loves you."

"Loves me! The Donna Euryntia loves me?"

"To distraction. She has taken the wrong side in this war, but means well. Yes, the

Donna identifies you. I, myself, possess and might present to your eyes, perchance to your hands, within five minutes, the coral and locket you wore as a babe when stolen and transferred to the woman who brought you to my mother. Do you start? I could produce even more proofs than the coral and locket. "What more, El Abra? Say what more, but don't harass me to the soul for your amusement." "Captain, as I'm to be court-martialed and shot to-morrow by noon, or, failing that, to be lynched by your men at one, I may infuse into the intervening hours sufficient liveliness to prevent sleep."

(To be continued.)



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WANTED.—TEN RESPECTABLE YOUNG MEN and Three YOUNG LADIES, to qualify as Telegraph Operators. For particulars see advertisement of Dominion Telegraph Institute. Terms: \$30.00 for the full course, including use of instruments and line. Apply at the Dominion Telegraph Institute, 89, St. James Street, Montreal. Also, at the offices of the C. I. News, Hawthorne and L'Opinion Publique, No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill. 4-11t

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND AMENDMENTS THERETO.

IN the matter of HENRI VIDAL and EMILE LEFORT, both of the City and District of Montreal, carrying on trade and business there as Jewellers and Watchmakers, under the name, style, and firm of VIDAL & LEFORT. Insolvent.

The undersigned, ANDREW B. STEWART, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, Merchant's Exchange, St. Sacrament Street, in the City of Montreal, on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-fifth day of OCTOBER next, A. D. 1871, at the hour of THREE o'clock in the afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the Affairs of the Estate generally. The Insolvents are hereby notified to attend. A. B. STEWART, Assignee, 4-13-b

Montreal, 16th September, 1871



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

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

- 1st.—Construction of a Mooring Wharf, and Deepening the Harbour of Port D'Albion. 2nd.—Lightening the East Bank of the "Deep Cut" between Allanburgh and Port Robinson. 3rd.—Deepening and Enlarging the Harbour at Port Colborne.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at this Office, and at the Welland Canal Office, St. Catharines, (where Forms of Tender may also be obtained) on and after Tuesday, the 10th day of October next.

The signatures of two solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become surety for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender. The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 16th Sept., 1871. 4-14-c

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, 8th Sept., 1871. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 12 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for a Bridge," will be received at this Office until FRIDAY, the 29th day of SEPTEMBER instant, at noon, for the construction of two Swing Bridges for the enlarged portion of the Grenville Canal.

Plans and Specifications can be seen on application at this Office, or at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, and at the Engineer's Office, on the work at Grenville, where printed Forms of Tender may also be obtained.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender. By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 8th Sept., 1871. 4-12b

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For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket office, Bonaventure Station, or at No. 39 Great St. James Street, Montreal. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-24-1f



NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates," will be received at this Office until FRIDAY, 2-2h September instant, for the construction and insertion of SIX PAIRS of LOCK GATES for the proposed enlarged Locks Nos. 9, 10, and 11, on the GRENVILLE CANAL.

Plans and Specifications can be seen on application at this Office, or at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, and at the Engineer's Office, on the Works at Grenville, where printed Forms of Tender may also be obtained.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender. By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 8th Sept., 1871. 4-12b

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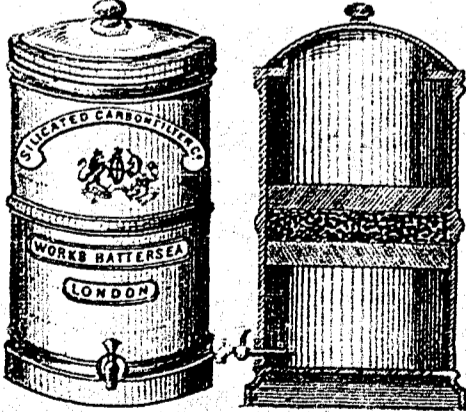
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Now the only RESTAURANT where the Public can visit and, without vexatious restraint, EAT, DRINK, and SUP at pleasure.

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FOR SALE OR TO LET. THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Therese Street, Montreal, now occupied by the Military Control Department as Stores.

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A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence.

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BARTON & GUESTIERS, AND NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S CLARETS, SAUTERNES, BARSAC, &c., &c., OF ALL GRADES. REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER AT C. J. BAIRD'S,

THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY'S Mail Steamer, Prince of Wales

from Lachine, on arrival of the 7 a.m. train from Montreal, daily. Steamer Queen Victoria, from Ottawa, at 7 a.m.

ORIGINAL.

Said Annie to Jean, "I must have a gold ring;" Said Jean, "I would prefer some other thing."

Come; rush on, you Public, we won't keep you long, To the Cathedral Block the central throng;

N. ALLAIRE, MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT. STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS: SAULT AU MATELOT STREET.

CANADA CENTRAL AND Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:— LEAVE BROCKVILLE. MAIL TRAIN at 6:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 11:20 A.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT at 12:00 and 9:00 P.M.

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

"BEST IN USE." THE COOK'S FRIEND

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



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Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of Canadian & United States Mails, 1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871.

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LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

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

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THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE

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

Fares from Quebec:— Cabin, \$60; Intermediate, \$40; Steerage, 24.

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARWELL, or HOGAN and ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLAN, HAY & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Paris to GUSTAVE HORSBACH, 21 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & Zoon; in Hamburg to W. GINSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MACCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORN, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN Bros., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal.

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