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# Wholesale News

Vol. V.—No. 1.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1872.

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"FROZEN TO DEATH."—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

## "FROZEN TO DEATH."

Only two babies, mere waifs of humanity,  
Huddled together, half covered with rags;  
A father and mother half plunged in insanity  
By the drink from the bottle they had drained to the dregs.

What of it? Their dwelling was merely a "den,"  
Broken windows; no firewood; not even a bed.  
Can we wonder, if, with the cold atmosphere, when  
The frost should have numbered these babes with the  
[dead?

Philanthropists maunder, philosophers sneer,  
The *doctrinaires* preach a new gospel of life;  
But the poor and the ignorant ever are near  
Seeking help in their struggles through this world's strife.

"Frozen to death!" The policeman came round,  
"Lumps of marble" ere then had the babies resembled.  
Next the Coroner arrived, and a verdict was found,  
Of "Frozen to death," by the jury assembled.  
Frozen to death! Frozen to death!!

ALPHA.

We referred in our issue of the 13th to the sad calamity which had occurred in a "den" off Kempt Street on the bitter cold night of the previous Sunday. Our artist has made it the subject of an illustration which appears on the front page of this issue. In addition to the kindly act previously mentioned of Sergeant Carson in saving another family from freezing the same night, Policeman James Murphy, we understand, relieved a small household from the pangs of starvation by supplying them with food. A little more activity in discovering the whereabouts of *Les Miserables*, and relieving their immediate wants, would be no discredit to the well-known, if not always wisely directed, benevolence of the wealthier portion of the citizens of Montreal. Our readers are referred to our No. of the 13th for particulars of the event illustrated on the previous page. It would not be entertaining to repeat them.

## OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

## No. 98.—ALBANI, (Mlle. EMMA LAJEUNESSE.)

In the list of Canadian celebrities whose portraits have from time to time appeared in these pages no one of an observant nature can have failed to remark the large predominance of men of a practical turn of genius. Politics, divinity, with the legal and medical professions, are all fairly represented, while representatives of the arts and sciences are few and far between. In this respect the sciences are even better off than the arts, for though we have many scientific men whose names, at least, are well known outside Canada, our children of art enjoy a reputation but little better than local. This is the rule, though exceptions have occurred—as in the case of Adolph Vogt and of Paul Kane, both not long since deceased, whose talents as high-class painters were recognised and appreciated both across the border and beyond the Atlantic. Music has been even less fortunate than its sister art. With the exception of Mlle. Lajeunesse few Canadians have yet earned a reputation in the world of song.

Mlle. Lajeunesse, better known as L'Albani, has been frequently claimed by the journals on the other side as an American, while even in Europe she is known as the American songstress. She is, however, a thorough-bred *Canadienne*—Canadian by extraction, birth, and education. She was born at Chambly and at an early age manifested such extraordinary musical talent, that her friends entertained great hopes for her future. Her father was especially sanguine and frequently expressed a conviction that as a *prima donna* his daughter would one day take the musical world by storm. At the age of twelve the young girl was already starring through the province with her younger sister. Later on she exhibited a decided *penchant* for a religious life, and had already, we understand, selected the Convent of the Sacred Heart as her future sphere, when she was induced to pay a visit to Albany. This visit proved the turning point in her career. It was her custom for some time to sing on Sundays and festivals in the R. C. Cathedral, and Sunday after Sunday crowds were attracted by her clear voice and magnificent rendition of the solemn music of the Catholic Church. Two or three years afterwards she visited Europe in company with a wealthy French family, and after some months spent in study finally made her *début* at one of the southern Italian cities. Her success was at once complete, and her father's predictions verified. On her subsequent appearances she was enthusiastically received, and on one occasion last year, at Messina, the audience gave her a perfect ovation. Fifteen times was she called before the curtain that night, and no less than two hundred bouquets and wreaths were cleared off the stage after her final withdrawal.

Mlle. Lajeunesse now occupies a fully recognised position among the *prime donne* of Europe. In Italy—the land of song *par excellence*—she is an especial favourite. Her professional name, Albani, was adopted in gratitude to the place where she achieved her first great success.

A crusty old bachelor says that "love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little 'dying,' and a great deal of lying."

## EQUITABLE LIFE INSURANCE CO., N. Y.

On the last page of our present issue we give an illustration of the unveiling of the statuary at the Head Office of the above named Company on the occasion of the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to New York. Speaking of the circumstance, a New York paper says:—"The march up Broadway elicited the loudest applause. At every step the Duke was greeted with demonstrations of respect, and acknowledged the courtesies by raising his chapeau and bowing respectfully. As the Duke's carriage reached Trinity Church, the bells chimed forth the National Hymn of Russia, while the bands stationed along this end of the route gave a similar reception salute. On reaching the edifice of the Equitable Life Assurance Company, No. 120 Broadway, the Duke's carriage paused, and all eyes were directed toward a huge canvas screen displayed on the façade. At a signal the curtain was withdrawn, revealing an elegant piece of statuary by J. Q. A. Ward. It represents a classical figure of "Protection" shielding a mother and babe. It was made in Italy, of Carrara marble, and weighs ten tons. The central figure is twelve feet in height. This massive building was tastefully decorated with bunting. The windows were thronged with young ladies, whose salutations occasioned repeated bows from the Duke."

This Company has introduced a new system of Insurance entitled the "Tontine Savings Fund Assurance," which may be thus explained: The surplus or profits on policies is ascertained and declared at the end of ten, fifteen, or twenty years, as may have been elected by the assured at the time of application. The amount of every policy terminating by death in the *latter being accumulated for those who survive*. Persons discontinuing their payments before the profits are divided, receive no surrender value for their policies, but forfeit the same, including profits, for the benefit of those who continue. Thirty days grace is given in the payment of premiums, but when this is accepted a fine at the rate of ten per cent. per annum will be exacted. It is calculated that if a person insured under an ordinary life policy for \$10,000 at the age of 37 (annual premium \$281.70,) should elect the *ten year class*, he will at the end of that time be able to terminate his policy, and receive therefor a sum in cash greater than all the premiums paid by him; should he prefer to continue his policy he may have an annuity which, with future dividends, will almost cancel subsequent premiums. In lieu of either of these methods he may take a paid up policy for \$7,000, having been insured meanwhile for \$10,000. The same option, with still more profitable results, is open to those electing either of the other classes. If any person should elect the *fifteen year class*, he may, on the same assumptions, at the expiration of that time withdraw in each *fifty per cent.* more than he paid in; or he may have an annuity which will pay his premiums, and yield, in addition, a constantly increasing income; or he may have a paid up policy for \$14,000. If he should elect the *twenty year class*, he may, on the same assumptions, withdraw in cash more than double the amount paid in; or receive an annuity that will pay premiums and leave him an income of more than double their amount; or receive a paid up policy for \$22,000. This system derives its names from Lorenzo Tonti, an Italian who first applied the principle to life annuities. The Equitable is fortunate in having for its manager in this City, Mr. J. W. Gale, whose business capacity and genial manner eminently qualify him for the duty of making the company still more popular.

## ST. LEWIS GATE, QUEBEC.

Modern warfare, or rather modern improvements in the art of war have rendered nearly valueless the ancient mode of circumvallation for the defence of cities. Quebec has long been regarded with curious eyes by strangers on account of its walls, gates, *glacis* and citadel. The gates are now becoming merely historic names, so far at least as their military value is concerned. The promontory on which the old capital stands has been fortified by nature to a degree that renders it equally strong either against the ancient or the most modern mode of attack. To maintain this position it has been deemed no longer necessary to keep up the gates, so by way of improvement and convenience for the peaceful traffic of ordinary life, St. Lewis Gate was demolished last summer, the serpentine reaching to it straightened, to do which, a portion of the *glacis* had to be cut away, and a splendid line for travel is now established over which passes a large amount of the local traffic which centres in Quebec. The old gate, first built by the French authorities, was repaired and very much improved by the English, the works having been commenced in 1818, and continued for some time. They had become practically useless, however, and have been demolished as far as the demands of this utilitarian age require. One by one the ancient landmarks disappear.

## MAINADIEU.

The picturesque little fishing town of Mainadieu is situated on the eastern coast of Cape Breton, and directly opposite to the dangerous island of Scatterie, which is shown in the distance of the sketch, and is separated from the mainland by the narrow strait known as the Tittle. The harbour of Mainadieu is small and obstructed at its entrance by bars, but is a safe and convenient refuge for schooners and small craft seeking shelter from the storms of this inhospitable coast. Formerly the loss of life from shipwrecks in this vicinity was appalling, and the cliffs for miles are strewed with the graves of emigrants; but, thanks to the splendid lighthouses now on the coast, a shipwreck of late years has been a rare occurrence.

## RIVER PHILIP, CUMBERLAND COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA.

The beautiful river from which the village, a part of which is shown in the sketch, derives its name, rises in the Cobequid Mountains, and flowing north empties into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence near the town of Pugwash. The river in former years was noted as the finest salmon and trout stream in the Province; but, owing to the almost criminal neglect evinced in carrying out the wholesome fishery regulations of the Dominion, no fish of any value are now allowed to ascend above the tideway, mill and factory dams effectually preventing them. The Intercolonial Railway spans the river a short distance below the village with an iron bridge of three hundred feet in length.

## ANNAPOLIS, N.S.

Annapolis, formerly the capital of Nova Scotia, is situated at the *debouchure* of the river into the basin of Annapolis. It was a fortified town of sufficient strength to meet the requirements of the primitive warfare waged between English, French, and Indians in the early years of the settlement of the Province. Earthworks of considerable extent commanded the approaches both by water and land, and a block house—the type of many similar structures in other parts of the Province—capable of successful defence against anything less formidable than cannon-shot and shell, occupied a prominent position within the works, and served as a last retreat for a beleaguered garrison. Since the withdrawal of the troops the Government property has fallen completely into decay, and the town itself has felt severely the removal of the powerful source of its trade and prosperity. The opening of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, however, has done much towards the revival of business in the ancient capital by placing it in daily communication with Halifax and St. John, N. B., and constituting it a *dépôt* for large quantities of freight which now seeks this as the most direct route from the English market to those of Western Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and from its position as the natural port of shipment for the surplus produce of the entire district traversed by the railway, as well as of the extensive mineral deposits in the vicinity as yet only partially developed. There is no reason why the future prosperity of Annapolis should not be in every way commensurate with the well-known energy and business enterprise of its people. The suburbs of the town are made beautiful by the neatly-kept grounds and homesteads of many of the best families of the Province who have clung to the old town through sunshine and storm, and from these have gone out some of Nova Scotia's most honoured names, among whom may be mentioned the late Sir Samuel Cunard and General Williams of Kars.

## MONCURE D. CONWAY ON THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial.)

Not long ago I happened to meet the Prince at the Cosmopolitan Club, and found that his face was not all outside. There was something genial and kind about it, and I could see something of the frankness of the boy to whom I had been introduced in Pike's Opera House. He is not remarkable for profundity, but his conversation is that of an educated man, with some humour. What struck me most was his entire openness, and the entire absence of affectation. He was surrounded by a score of young men, mostly literary characters, and so far from his manner showing any arrogance or demanding any recognition of his rank, he seemed to me to be conscious of it only as a bore—a thing he would like to fling off, and mix in with the others on equal terms. When he rose to go, and the gentlemen in the club stood up—a usual form in the presence of royalty—the Prince showed some honest confusion, bowed to those present with deference and left the room modestly and quickly. The impression he left on my mind was that there is much more good in him than is popularly supposed—more good nature and good sense. It is just possible that his entire frankness and openness have caused him to be lampooned when secret fellows get the reputation of blamelessness. The public generally believes that he was guilty of licentious conduct in the Mordaunt case. I have it from an intimate of the Queen's family that when his name appeared in that case the Prince immediately visited the Queen, and entering into her presence said: "I have come, my Queen and mother, to say that I am entirely innocent of any misconduct in the matter with which my name is connected." I asked the informant, "Did the Queen believe him?" "Believe him!" was the reply; "the Queen knows the Prince too well to believe he would come to her with a lie in his mouth." There have been many statements to the effect that the Prince is a drunkard. It is quite untrue. The Prince smokes more than the anti-tobaccoists would recommend, but there is no trace in his face or eye of excessive drinking. At the same time it must be understood that I am remembering here only his good traits, and saying what is due against false rumours; I do not underestimate his faults because I do not choose this moment to mention them. One thing may be regarded as a fault, or the reverse, according to the mind of his critic. The Prince has shown a singular insensibility to the demands made upon him as the next representative of English royalty. My own opinion is that he was so bored through all his childhood, and boyhood, and youth, by being officially guarded, protected, watched—the nurse delivering him to the doctors, the doctors to that endless series of household officials, of whom Sir Charles Dike has told us so much latterly—that when he became his own master he fulfilled the remark of Solomon or somebody else: "Train up a child and away he'll go." He loves English sports—hunting, shooting, horse-racing—and good company, spiced with flirtation; but I have no idea that he is, in any respect, beneath the average of European aristocracy in intelligence or character—nay, I am pretty sure he is above it. The rumours that he is unkind to his Princess were rife several years ago, but they have entirely passed away; the blooming, happy face of the Princess contradicted them steadily until now, when, worn away until she has become a mere ghost, her utter anguish attests the love between them. After the Prince had been delirious for a week, his first interval of consciousness was shown in the words—"This is the Princess's birthday."

REMEMBRANCE.—Did you ever seriously set to wondering who would really miss and mourn you when you had crossed over the river? Do so, and you will learn how little you are. When the best of us drift out on the unseen, our places here are speedily filled, tears are displaced by smiles, the voice of lamentation turns into the voice of gladness; if we are remembered at all, it is only as memories, sad, tender, or beloved, as our ways fashioned them, unless when we leave a little bill unpaid, when a leaven of bitterness will mingle with the other feelings over our departure.

MISPLACED FEAR.—All languages have a literature of terror about death. But living is far more terrible in reality than dying. It is life that foments pride, that inflames vanity, that excites the passions, that feeds the appetites, that founds and builds habits, and establishes character, and, binding up the separate straws of action into one sheaf, hands it to the future, saying, "As ye have sowed, so shall ye reap;" and again, "As ye rip, so should ye sew!"



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PHYSICIANS.

(From the Illustrated London News, Dec. 23, 1871.)

The happy recovery of the Prince of Wales from the dangerous illness, which last week seemed to threaten us from hour to hour, with the dreaded announcement of his death, is a theme of general congratulation throughout the kingdom. A few illustrations of the incidents connected with it appear in this Number of our Journal. The portraits of the three physicians who have been in constant attendance upon his Royal Highness during the last four or five weeks seem here to deserve our notice.

Sir William Jenner, Bart., M.D., takes precedence on account of his rank. This eminent medical practitioner was born at Chatham, or Rochester, in 1815, being a younger son of the late John Jenner, Esq., of that place. He was educated, we believe, at University College, London, where he took his degree, becoming M.D. of the London University in 1844. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1852. For some years past he has held the appointment of Physician in Ordinary to the Queen and to the Prince of Wales; and in 1868 a baronetcy was conferred upon him, in recognition of his professional eminence. Sir William Jenner resides in Harley Street. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and has been admitted by the University of Oxford to its honorary degree of D.C.L. He is the author of several esteemed treatises; one "On the Identity or Non-Identity of Typhus and Typhoid Fevers;" another "On Diseases Commonly Confounded under the term 'Continued Fevers;'" one concerning "Diphtheria, its Symptoms and Treatment;" and the Gulstonian Lectures for 1852, on "Acute Specific Diseases." He is physician to University College Hospital, and Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College.

Dr. William Withey Gull, of Brook Street, has long been known as one of the most trusted and successful members of his profession in London. He took his degree of M.D. in the London University in 1846, and was chosen a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1848.

Dr. John Lowe, of King's Lynn, Norfolk, has been the medical attendant of the Sandringham household since the Prince of Wales fixed his country abode there. He is M.D. of the University of Edinburgh, dating from 1857, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in England, and possesses other formal qualifications. His local practice and reputation are considerable.

A correspondent at Sandringham remarks:—Sir W. Jenner would be the first to extol the exertions of his colleague who has earned from all at Sandringham, what he values probably only second to the approbation of his conscience, the deepest gratitude. In Dr. Gull were combined energy that never tired, watchfulness that never flagged—nursing so tender, ministry so minute, that in his functions he seemed to combine the duties of physician, dresser, dispenser, valet, nurse—now arguing with the sick man in his delirium so softly and pleasantly that the parched lips opened to take the scanty nourishment on which depended the reserves of strength for the deadly fight when all else failed, now lifting the wasted body from bed to bed, now washing the worn frame with vinegar, with ever-ready eye and ear and finger to mark any change and phase, to watch face and heart and pulse, and passing at times twelve or fourteen hours at that bedside. And when that was over, or while it was going on—what a task for the physician!—to soothe with kindest and yet not too hopeful words her whose trial was indeed great to bear, to give counsel against despair, and yet not to justify confidence. These things I hear, and it is only just they should be known, for very certain is it that from him of whom they are said not one word of the truth like this would ever come.

This is an illness, too, which severely tests the endurance, the skill, the sleepless watchfulness of the nurses. The Prince has been watched by Mrs. Jones, who was a nurse from St. Bartholomew's Hospital—the same who attended the Princess of Wales throughout the painful adhesion of the knee-joint from which her Royal Highness suffered. She has since remained attached to the household. A second nurse of the Prince, in addition to Mrs. Jones, was Mrs. Thomas, her sister, a fever nurse, also from St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

The portrait of Sir William Jenner is engraved from a photograph by Messrs. Wilson and Beadell; that of Dr. Gull from a photograph by Messrs. Maull & Co.; and that of Dr. Lowe from one by Mr. W. R. Pidgeon, of Lynn Regis.

DOLLY VARDEN AT HER LOOKING GLASS.

(From the Queen.)

The artist has given us a glimpse of Dolly Varden—Dolly Varden at her toilet, practising some extra bewitching mode of balancing that coquettish little hat of hers on her head; and daintily she does it too, as, indeed, she did everything.

What is there in the very name of Dolly Varden that goes at once to our hearts? Dolly was no heroine; she stands on no pedestal; she certainly was neither clever nor accomplished, and, being placed low in the social scale, had no advantages of wealth or education to recommend her. The incidents of her life are not at all out of the usual way. She is commonplace enough in character and *personnel* and all about her is sketchily rather than elaborately delineated. Ordinary materials enough these to go upon; why is it that a being thus ordinarily conditioned should find her way at once to our hearts, and hold her place there undisturbed ever after, as Dolly certainly has done?

The true answer is doubtless to be found in the wondrous truth of the delineation—not a particular or a local truth, not a portrait of some exceptional character, or limited class of characters, however attractive or admirable, but a general and broadly inclusive truth. Dolly Varden, with her simple beauty, her trimness, her tinge of pertness and coquetry, her briskness, and under all these her modesty, her constancy, her truth, and her purest of pure hearts, is nothing less than a type of our national, our English maidenhood—a type, sketched only, it is true, but most wondrously sketched by a supremely master hand.

Dolly Varden is of no rank or position. She is of every rank. Her home is as often to be found in the baronial hall as it is in the cottage; and her headgear is as often composed of pearls or strawberry leaves as of wild flowers. Dolly Varden with ostrich plumes and diamonds are strongly gregarious at the Palace on court days; they eclipse the most bril-

liant orchids at the flower shows; and where there is a bright, happy, blessed home, no matter in what condition of life, from the palace to the cottage, there in the centre of it is sure to be found our dear Dolly Varden.

Dolly is in fact, as we said above, our pure, good, comely English girl, endeared to us by her innate loveableness rather than by any pretension to exceptional ability, great mental power, or exalted beauty; and the merit of the type as well as the universality of its acceptance lies in the fact of its perfect and simple truth, unalloyed by any touch of exaggeration on the one hand or conventionalism on the other. The like cannot be said for others of the received types of our national characteristics. John Bull, for instance—who shall persuade us that the coarse, obese, fat-brained individual that for some generations has done duty with our caricaturists and illustrators as our national presentment, in the least resembles the representative Englishman, with his noble form, his frank and intelligent visage, and his aristocratic bearing? He forms one of a series of false types that have kept their places because they, by common consent, are taken for what they are intended to be. He belongs to the same category as the lank, shivering, frog-eating Frenchman; the wife-selling Englishman; the out-at-elbow poet; the absurd half-idiotic artist; the purple-nosed ecclesiastic; the starved apothecary. These are conventionalisms, and we understand them as such. They are not truths; and they—most of them at least—were forced on our acceptance by caricaturists, of great power certainly, but of some coarseness as well, Hogarth, Rowlandson, Gilray, &c.; hence the long tenure of their places.

In Dickens' sweet type of our countrywomen we miss all conventionalism, all stage effect, all that is forced or highly wrought, and perceive only its exquisite and characteristic national truth. National, we say, for Dolly is essentially English. Dolly is scarcely to be found in Continental parts. Olympé, with her bright eyes and her Gallic cleverness and *esprit*, is excellent in her way and place, and worthy of all admiration, but she is not our own Dolly Varden. Juanna's countenance may be more flashing, and her step among the orange groves of Seville lighter and more graceful, than our Dolly can boast of; but, attractive as she doubtless is, the two, to our thinking, may not compare. Giacinta, of the Romagna, may be a queen, a goddess; but she is not the chosen of our heart of hearts, our dear Dolly Varden.

ON THE TRACK.

(From the Illustrated London News.)

The stern-visaged men in the half-armor of the seventeenth century, steel breastplates and gorgets over their stout buff jerkins and steel morions, instead of helmets with closed vizors, on their heads, may be taken for a party of Cromwell's troops in the English Civil War, detached upon a service of special moment this winter night. Perhaps they are going to intercept a Royalist convoy of provisions or treasure, to secure the person of some influential nobleman journeying to meet King Charles, or to surprise the mansion of a neighbouring knight, as related in one of the tales which we gave in our Christmas Supplement last week. They are certainly intent upon real business, and will do it thoroughly if they come within reach of their object. The picture, by Mr. H. B. Roberts, is an effective composition of its kind, and shows the artist's powers both of conception and of execution, as the reader may judge from our engraving. It reminds us of more than one incident described in Sir Walter Scott's historical romances and poems.

WAITING FOR THE SHOT.

(From the Illustrated London News.)

To lovers of deer-stalking this picture will probably have a stronger sporting than artistic interest. It indicates the supreme moment of suspense in one of the most exciting kinds of field sport. The game is sighted, but at the slightest sign it may vanish, and no chance of overtaking the same herd would in all likelihood be presented for many weary miles. The stalkers must not betray their covert till the far-ranging rifle-bullet has a chance of striking. The shot fired, then the dogs may be let loose, but not one moment before. If a hit, they may yet have far to run before they bring the stag to bay or pull him down. While, however, recognising the special interest of this picture by Mr. James Hardy, jun., to the sportsman, we must not ignore its pictorial merit. It is a capital study of character. The cowering old gillie, with his grizzled hair, weather-worn face, and sharp, grey eye, seems to be almost of the same breed as the leash of shaggy deerhounds, with their sagacious alertness and their bright keen eyes; and the characteristics, both human and canine, are rendered with very skilful and descriptive handling.

MISTLETOE.

Misselto, miselto, misseltoe, mistletoe, whichever you please, the first for choice—the missel-thrush being deemed the propagator of the plant—the latter by custom.

In or out of the woods and forests we know not of any specimen of Nature's flora imbued with more mystery than this. Physicians of body and soul have held it in high repute. In ages far remote it was pronounced sacred, nor is it altogether now divested of this attribute, for though it is seldom seen in our churches, nevertheless its never being employed to decorate them is incorrect, and no great while since a bough of it used to be suspended from the centre arch of chancels, this going far to prove that in churches centuries ago that was its special place. In a calendar appertaining to the "olden tyme" of the Romish Church, it is noted in reference to Christmas Eve, *templis ornantur*, churches are decked (and it does not seem likely) as many of the identical floral ornamentations of the heathens were selected, mistletoe would be rejected. Gay, in his "Trivia," says—

—the festival of Christmas near,  
Christmas, the joyous period of the year  
Now with bright holly all the temples strow,  
With laurel green, and sacred misseltoe.

The medicinal properties of the mistletoe were held efficacious in certain diseases, not only by doctors of celebrity among the ancients, but by those of modern date, though Mead, the famous medico of Queen Anne's reign, had the daring to pronounce it "a superstitious and inefficient medicine." Magicians too employed the mystic plant. In their

superstitious supplications or invocations, in their mythologies or strange rites, some motive power of hope or fear, gratitude or wonderment, must ever have led the heathen, whether in a state of abject ignorance or intellectual advancement. Fetishism, the adoration of material substance, was the earliest and universal religion of the first inhabitants of the earth—we mean the literal worship of stones, trees, and the like. Artificial fetishism, the symbolic worship of material things, is to be seen in nations far advanced in civilization, and notwithstanding its significance is widely diverse in the ideal, it is sometimes dangerously near to the other.

When for the first time a parasitical plant was beheld it must have created the utmost astonishment to people so simple, so unsophisticated as the worshippers of material things. Let any of us imagine, if in our pride we can, what our own feelings would have been on beholding for the first time such an apparently miraculous interposition as one species of the vegetable kingdom in union with another. What could it mean? might well be our exclamation, for what purpose the presumed miracle? That Providence had a purpose, without an actual miracle being wrought, is evident. The observant and thoughtful pondered the thing in their hearts and minds and the power of grafting occurred to them, the art of budding being beautifully alluded to by Virgil when he makes the parent stem astonished at the production of unusual leaves and fruit:—

Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma—

which Dryden translates—

The mother plant admires the leaves unknown  
Of alien trees, and apples not her own—

the apple, by the way, being the most prolific of trees for mistletoe. Thus from its first appearance as a phenomenon, an amazement, a portentous, incomprehensible signification to mortals, to its acknowledgment as the suggestive medium of conferring a boon on the husbandman and gardener, it has been so piously prized as to have called for, and to have retained the epithet of "sacred."

It has again and again been denied that true mistletoe grows upon the oak. This, however, is a popular error. Rare it is, and the rarity of the event very possibly caused the Druids to seize the occasion for making it a matter of much import. No profane hand was permitted to touch it, and it was only when the moon had passed her first quarter that a priest appointed for the office, arrayed in white apparel, a golden crescent fastened to his girdle, approached the plant and performed with a golden hook the ceremony of cutting it amidst the acclamations of the multitudes assembled. And here we may state that one of these crescents being found by a labouring man near Penzance, in Cornwall, was carried by him to a neighbouring antiquary, and thus fortunately has been ensured preservation.

In what way or how far the medicinal properties of mistletoe may have been tested cannot easily be set forth; nevertheless, on returning to this, let us hazard a conjecture. To supply the deficiency of spring grass in Greece and Italy, Theophrastus and Pliny say that it was the custom to feed oxen with the mistletoe, hyphar, and stells after harvest, both hyphar and stells having been conjectured to be species of mistletoe growing on other trees than the oak, the mistletoe proper being more ill-scented, bitter, and viscid or glutinous, and perhaps therefore manifesting effects upon animals which attracted the attention of physicians, who in some form or preparation applied it to the ailments of man. "Quoniam sibi?" who knows, as the Mexicans say, however, here is an hypothesis to go upon.

Whence the custom of kissing under the mistletoe? The origin of this was in all likelihood of religious import, as meaning the kiss of peace and good will at Christmas-tide.

It is not generally known a branch of mistletoe was an emblem of night, and in France and Germany youths were wont to go about, and for aught we know may do so now, carrying branches of mistletoe, and crying "To the mistletoe!" "To the mistletoe!" "The new year is at hand!" and the supposition may not be overstrained that the fair sex accepted the invitation, and kisses were exchanged when lips came into proximity beneath the branch. In northern nations again the mistletoe bough hung aloft on Christmas Eve was significant of the night which for them preceded a new year of redemption. The knowledge possessed by magicians of the occult powers of mistletoe, or the purpose they applied it to—phylacterics, philters, potions, or what not—magicians alone can tell; a slight acquaintance with the doings of Dr. Faustus and the devil—printer's devil—is enough for any honest person to have.—*Land and Water.*

ABSENCE OF MIND.—In 1810, Mr. Frere married Jemima Elizabeth, the Dowager Countess of Erroll. His wife told the story of one of their early meetings. She was then in the zenith of her beauty, and he had been introduced to her at an evening party, and offered to hand her down stairs to procure some refreshment. But he was so much interested in the conversation that, having poured out a glass of negus for her, he drank it himself, and then offered her his arm to go up stairs again, and was only reminded of his mistake by her laughing remonstrance. "This," she added, "convinced me that my new acquaintance was, at any rate, very different from most of the young men around us." One day Mr. Frere called on Mr. Murray in Albemarle Street, and the publisher got so interested in some verses Mr. Frere was reading and commenting on, that he all at once found it was dinner time. He asked Frere to stay; but the latter, startled to find it so late, said he had been married that morning, and had already overstayed the time when he had promised the Countess of Erroll to be ready for their journey into the country.

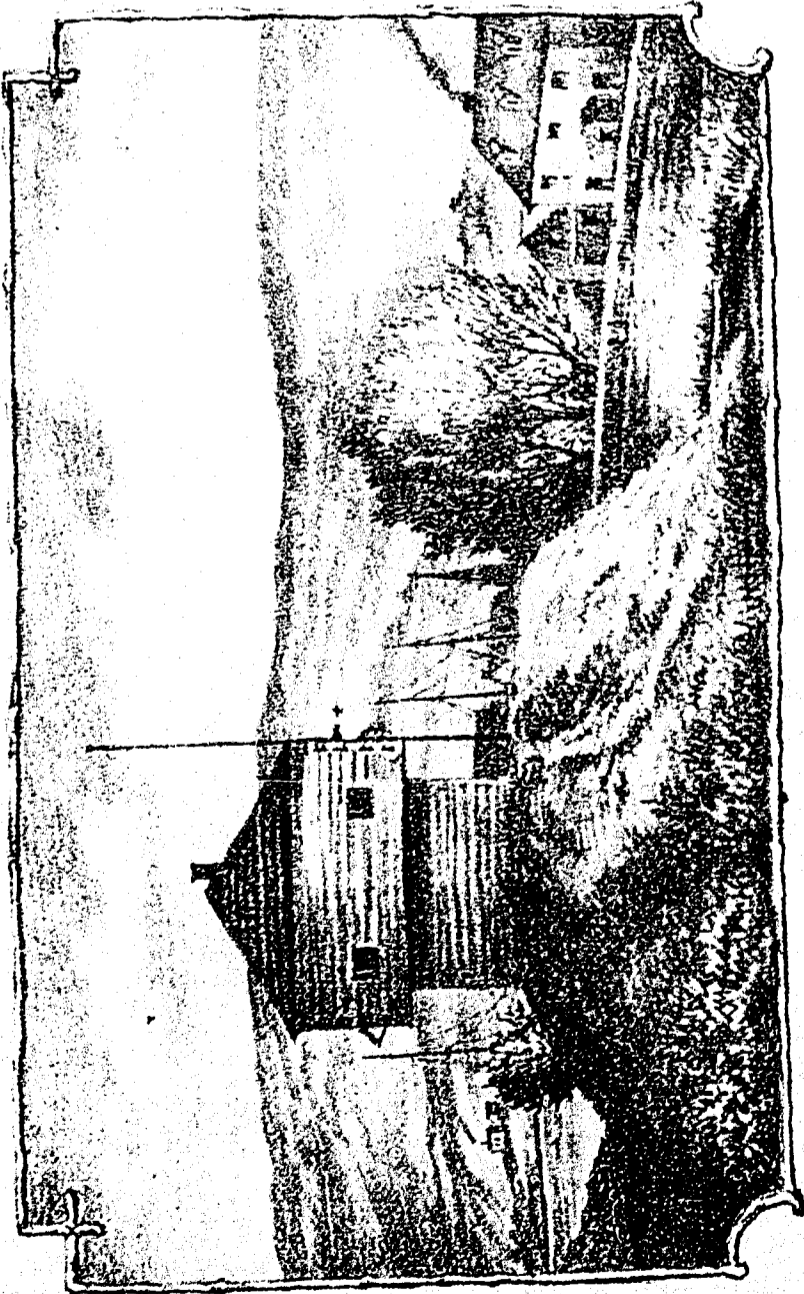
The following dialogue is reported to have taken place between a Virginian and a Yankee picket:—"I say, can you fellows shoot?"—"We reckon we can some. Down in Mississippi, we can knock a bumble bee off a thistle-top at 300 yards."—"Oh, that ain't nothing to the way we shoot up in Vaarmout. I belonged to a military company there, with a hundred men in the company, and we went out for practice every week. The capt'n draws us up in a single file, and sets a cider-barrel rolling down the hill, and each man takes his shot at the bung-hole as it turns up. It is afterwards examined, and if there is a shot that did not go in at the bung-hole, the number who missed it is expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."



RUINS OF FORTIFICATIONS, ANNAPOLIS, N. S.



ANNAPOLIS, N. S.



BLOCK HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS, N. S.



VILLAGE OF RIVER PHILIP, CUMBERLAND CO. N. S.

FROM SCETCHES BY JAMES F. WILSON, DEL. BY G. W. BROWN





SIR WILLIAM JENNER, BART., M.D.

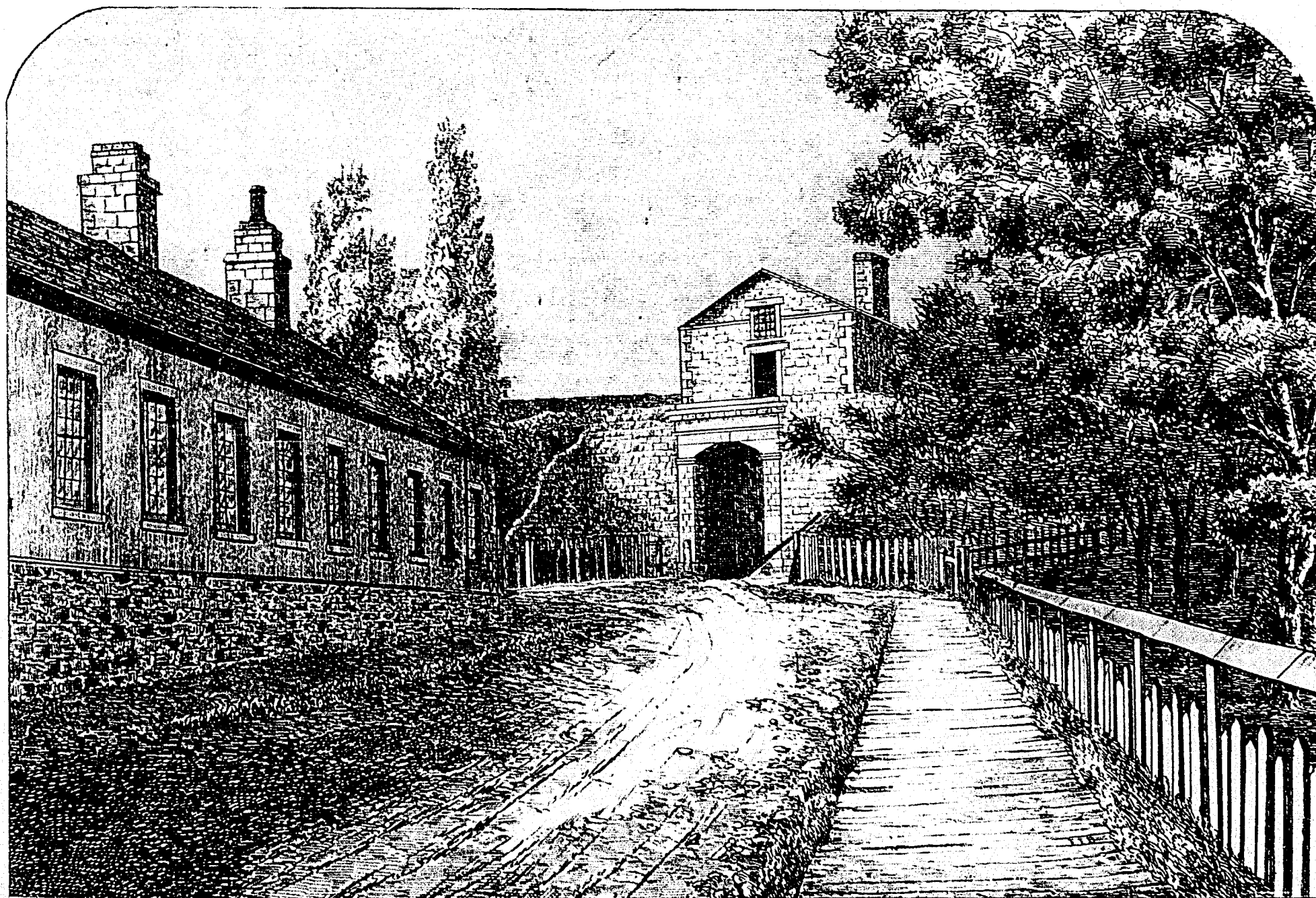


W. W. GULL, N.D.



JOHN LOWE, M.D., OF LYNN REGIS.

THE PHYSICIANS OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.—SEE PAGE 51.



ST. LEWIS GATE, QUEBEC, RECENTLY DEMOLISHED.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1872.

Table with 2 columns: Day and Date. Entries include: SUNDAY, Jan. 28.—Septuagesima. Battle of Aliwal, 1846. Capitulation of Paris signed, 1871. MONDAY, " 29.—Great Fire at Fort Erie, 1855. Paris Forts occupied by the Germans, 1871. TUESDAY, " 30.—Chillingworth died, 1644. Great Fire at St. Catherine's, 1859. WEDNESDAY, " 31.—The "Great Eastern" launched, 1858. THURSDAY, Feb. 1.—Parliament House, Quebec, burnt, 1854. Bourbaki's army crossed the Swiss frontier and laid down their arms, 1871. FRIDAY, " 2.—Purification of the B. V. M. Fire in the Quebec Lunatic Asylum, 1855. Riel deposed by the half-breeds, 1870. SATURDAY, " 3.—St. Blaise, Bp. & M.

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

Table with 7 columns: Day, Date, Max., Min., Mean, 8 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. Data for days from Jan. 17 to Jan. 23.

A GREAT ATTRACTION!

In the first number of the fifth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, to be issued on SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1872, will appear the beginning of a New Story, by

ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

which will be continued weekly until completed. The Story is under publication in Good Words, and is entitled

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANDPERE.

No paper in Canada, save the C. I. News, has the right to publish this Tale in serial form.

POSTPONEMENT.

Having only received the first instalment of this new story we defer the commencement of its publication for a week or two in order to insure its insertion in consecutive numbers. January 6, 1872.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

These Agents will also collect the subscription and the postage.

- Almonte, James Greig. Bothwell, Ont., A. J. Wiley. Bowmanville, Ont., Yellowlees & Quick. Brantford, Ont., A. Hudson. Brampton, Ont., P. L. Woods. Brockville, Ont., F. L. Kincaid. Cobourg, Ont., J. C. Reynolds. Collingwood, Ont., A. Morton. Dundas, Ont., J. B. Meacham. Elora, Ont., Henry Kirkland. Fenelon Falls, Ont., M. N. Munthorne. Fergus, Ont., L. C. Munroe. Fredericton, N. B., H. A. Cropley. Goble's Corners, Ont., N. B. Goble. Goderich, Ont., T. J. Moorehouse. Hamilton, Ont., J. H. H. Mottram. Ingersoll, Ont., R. A. Woodcock. Kincairdine, Ont., F. A. Barnes. Kingston, Ont., Ed. Stacey. London, Ont., Wm. Bryce. Meaford, Thos. Plunkett. Napanee, Ont., Henry Bro. Orillia, Ont., H. B. Slaven. Oshawa, Ont., J. A. Gibson. Ottawa, Ont., E. A. Perry. Paisley, Ont., Jno. Kelso. Pembroke, Ont., S. E. Mitchell. Perth, Ont., John Hart. Petrolia, Ont., N. Reynolds. Prescott, Ont., P. Byrne. Sherbrooke, J. Rollo. St. Catharines, Ont., W. L. Copeland. St. John, N. B., Roger Hunter. Tilsonburg, Ont., W. S. Law. Wardsville, Ont., W. F. Barclay. Wellington Square, Ont., Henry M. DeLong.

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

All OLD subscribers whose subscriptions are unpaid on 1st July next, will be struck off the list.

All NEW subscriptions received henceforward, MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1872.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trade took place at Ottawa last week, the sessions continuing for four days. There were several subjects of practical importance discussed, such as the improvement of river and canal navigation, &c., of the necessity of which there can scarcely be two opinions though parties do differ as to who should pay the expenses. It is argued, for instance, that if Montreal desires the deepening of the channel through Lake St. Peter, it should set about the work itself without begging for Government to do it, and writers in the press have referred to the improvements in the navigation of the Clyde, effected by the citizens of Glasgow, as an example of what Montreal should do. The cases are not analogous. What Glasgow did was to improve the channel to its own harbour; while the deepening of the channel through Lake St. Peter would

be the improvement of the whole system of Canadian Inland navigation which has access to the sea by the St. Lawrence. Kingston might as well be asked to enlarge the St. Lawrence canals, and Toronto the Welland, while Ottawa should pay for improving the Grenville. There should be no discussion as to the responsibility for the work in question, nor any delay in carrying it out. The improvement of the St. Lawrence navigation concerns not Montreal alone but the whole Dominion, even to the Pacific coast, for if a through trade is to be carried, by the Canadian route, from China and Japan, to Europe, the nearest point at which it can take the water in large seagoing vessels, thereby shortening the railway carriage, will form a consideration of no mean importance in determining the volume of such trade, because it will materially affect the cost of transport. It seems therefore childish to regard the St. Peter's channel question as one exclusively affecting Montreal, when it so manifestly appertains to the development of the trade of the whole Dominion, and the consequent productiveness of the public works already existing or under construction.

Another question affecting directly the importing trade, and indirectly the consumers of imported goods,—which means everybody—was also discussed. It referred to the mode of appraisement and the allowance of a share of the spoils to the officers in case of a seizure being made. On the latter proposition there ought, we think, to be no two opinions: it is immoral if not infamous, and ought to be abolished. Customs officers are paid by the country for doing their duty, and this system of sharing the plunder is a great temptation for them either to underdo or overdo it. In one case a small bribe from a merchant may secure the passage of a questionable invoice. In the other the prospect of plunder may tempt to an undue confiscation. It is worse than giving half the fine to a common informer—and that we think is a little further than legal patronage of meanness ought to go.

With regard to the proposition introduced by Mr. Ogilvy that a genuine invoice should be held as the expression of the fair market value of the goods, though there is much to be said in opposition to it, it appears to be the one which in practice would give most satisfaction. Against it one may plead that because a merchant gets a bargain in a foreign market of goods at half price it is not fair that he should pass these goods at half the duties they would have carried if purchased in the regular market. But on the other hand the difficulties attending appraisement render the theoretical plan somewhat difficult to administer fairly in actual price. Again, if a dutiable article from a foreign country is sent gratis to Canada, the bona fide invoice would be nil, so according to the plan recommended it must pass free. We think that were the temptation to make improper seizures for the sake of dividing the profits removed the difficulty as to appraisement under the law as it stands would vanish. At any rate no one can truthfully argue that the price paid for goods, though honestly stated in the invoice, always represents their "fair market value," for, if so what would become of the "great bargains" of which we hear so much (and see so little)?

The subject of widest interest discussed at the meeting was that of a Zollverein or Commercial Union with the United States. It is needless to say that the Hon. John Young warmly supported the project, or that Mr. Howland, with as much vigour and, happily, more success, opposed it. The frequency with which this idea has been brought up for discussion in Canada, might lead lookers to believe that there was really a strong party in this country in favour of the scheme. Such, however, is not the fact. The small fraction of the population who favour the scheme are either dreamy doctrinaires or advocates of Annexation. The great bulk of the people have no sympathy with the proposition. The experience of the country since the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty has been such as, upon the whole, to convince Canadians that our trade has much improved within the past few years. And though the desire on the part of Canadians for freer commercial intercourse with their neighbours is very strong, it springs naturally from their adherence to the principle of freedom of trade, and not from any wish to promote political union between the two countries which the Zollverein would undoubtedly do. The terms proposed by the United States National Board will find no favour with Canadians, and we are glad that they were so emphatically condemned by the Dominion Board at Ottawa.

On Tuesday night last, a few minutes before nine o'clock, a number of shot-like reports were heard in and about the Drill Shed in this city, immediately after which about one half of the large roof somewhat slowly glided into the middle of the building. The band of the Prince of Wales Rifles, which was in the building at the time, had a very narrow escape, and

only got off with their lives by rushing into one of the Armouries, the roof of which had luckily, as the event now proves, been strengthened. The roof gave way near the Craig street end, and the break extended for about two hundred feet, the towers being considerably shaken, rendering it absolutely necessary that the front should be taken down. It would seem that the damage will amount to about \$20,000. It is almost a miracle that there was no loss of life. The walls and outside offices are by no means in safe condition.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

DEAR SIR,—I have observed that you have lately published what purports to be an authentic account of the Expedition against Quebec in 1759, by a Major Moncrief. Will you permit me to state that it is simply a copy of the journal of the well-known James Thompson, sen., of Quebec, who died in 1830.

Through the kindness of Mr. J. T. Harrower, grandson of Mr. Thompson, I have for some time past been its custodian, and have it now before me. It bears the following endorsement:—"Transcribed from rough memoranda by James Thompson, jun.;" and "The foregoing is not in the usual mode of my father's recitation, but is not the less authentic. 1821."

Nearly half a century later, a short time before his death, Mr. Thompson added to this note:—"My father held no rank in the army, but volunteered his services, in order to accompany a particular friend, Captain Baillie, who obtained a company in Fraser's Highlanders, which regiment was raised in the town of Tain, Ross-shire, in four days, and numbered upwards of fourteen hundred men, commanded by Col. Simon Fraser. On the passage to Halifax, Captain Baillie introduced my father to the Colonel, who promised to use his interest in procuring for him a commission, but no vacancy having occurred, and the regiment having been disbanded after the conquest of Louisbourg, Quebec, and Montreal, he was left without employment. At length, in 1761, he was offered the situation of Barrackmaster of Quebec, or Town Major of Montreal; but being by profession an Engineer, he chose the appointment of Superintendent of Military Works, which was conferred upon him by General Murray, and which he held until his decease in 1830—69 years, corresponding with the number of years that I have been a member of the Commissariat, having joined on the 15th October, 1798. My father died at Quebec in his 99th year.

The foregoing memo., noted in Jan., 1867.

JAS. THOMPSON, D.C.G."

I had an opportunity of comparing Mr. Thompson's journal with the manuscript initialled P. M., in the Royal Engineer Office, Quebec; they are as nearly as possible verbatim et literatim.

I remain, very faithfully,

WM. JAS. ANDERSON, President Literary and Historical Society.

Quebec, Grande Allée, 16th Jan., 1872.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PUBLIC LEDGER ALMANAC FOR 1872. Philadelphia: G. W. Childs.

In addition to the usual amount of information to be found in annuals of this kind, the Ledger Almanac contains a variety of interesting and valuable information on general subjects. Every one of the ninety thousand subscribers to the Ledger receives a copy of this attractive and useful little book.

ALBUM DE LA MINERVE. Montreal: Duvernay Frères et Dansereau.

Under this title the proprietors of the Minerve are publishing a new ladies' journal, in the French language, devoted exclusively to Fashion, Literature, and the Fine Arts. The first number contains thirty pages of reading matter, a sheet of new music, and a large broadside of fashion illustrations, with description, patterns, etc. The Album will appear fortnightly, and the publishers announce that they will produce monthly a supplement of coloured fashion-plates, which will prove an extra inducement to the ladies. Subscription, \$3 a year. The publication in every way accords well with the acknowledged enterprise of the publishers, and we trust will meet with generous patronage. A host of talented litterateurs contribute to the several branches of which the Album treats. This publication, especially in view of the growing taste for literature among the French Canadians, ought to prove a very great success.

"WESTWARD HO!" A Weekly Journal devoted to the cause of Canadian Immigration. Ottawa: James Morris, Publisher.

We have before us the prospectus of a journal which, under the above heading, is announced for publication at Ottawa, the first number to appear on the 28th prox. The prospectus contains a great deal of information that would be especially useful to intending emigrants from Europe to America, the compilation of which proves that the writer is fully competent



to ably perform the task of conducting a journal in the interest of immigration. The enterprise deserves every encouragement, but unless the Governments come to its assistance to make a circulation for the paper in Great Britain, we must confess that it will enjoy our wishes for, much more than our hopes of, its success. A special organ in Canada to instruct the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland has some geographical and other drawbacks very hard to overcome; but if Mr. Morris succeeds he will have done good service to the country.

LA NOUVELLE FRANCE: LE CANADA. Paris: Gustave Bossange, Agent D'Emigration pour Le Canada.

This little pamphlet contains much valuable information concerning the resources of Canada, shewing its advantages as a field for emigration to those of the French people who do not find themselves so comfortable as they desire. The result of the late census considerably damages the author's figures as to population, but otherwise the brochure will stand the test of criticism, and we trust will do much good in promoting immigration, especially to the Province of Quebec, wherein the emigrés will find a kindred people.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

The Portland (Oregon) *Bulletin* gives the following account of one of the most thrilling incidents we have ever heard of, as occurring on the Oregon and California Railroad, between Portland and Salem:

"When the down train came near one of the stations on the road, it was running at full speed in order to make up time, as it was a few minutes behind. The road at this point runs through a cut something more than a mile in length, and in entering it the road makes a curve, so that the engineer cannot see through it. He had barely gotten into the cut before he saw a woman riding leisurely through it, using the centre of the track. She was not more than halfway through the cut, and barely a quarter of a mile ahead of him. He immediately whistled 'down brakes,' and then sounded the warning.

"The woman, hearing the peculiar death-whistle of the locomotive, looked over her shoulder and saw the train rushing at her. She did not shriek or faint, nor give up all hope, but, like a true Webfoot, her courage rose equal to the emergency, and without a moment's hesitation she commenced swinging her riding whip from one shoulder of her steed to the other, thereby urging him to exert his utmost speed.

"The shrieking of the locomotive caused the passengers to look out of the windows, and upon their discovering what was the matter the wildest excitement ensued. Several jumped forward and seized the bell rope and commenced pulling on it, as if they could stop the train by that means. The brakemen were exerting all their strength on the brakes, and the engineer had cut off the connection, and was doing all that he knew to stop the train, while the woman was doing her best to urge the horse to speed, but all in vain, the locomotive kept gaining on her, and there was scarcely a person on the train who did not expect that both the woman and horse would be killed. There were perhaps thirty feet intervening between the cow-catcher and the horse's heels, when, fortunately for the woman, she observed a place which was a little wider than usual, and with a steady rein she guided the fleet horse from the track and endeavoured to press him against the wall of the cut, in order that the train might pass without injury.

"In doing this the woman was encouraged by Sam Winans, the conductor, who had run forward and got on the locomotive. A few seconds only passed by when the fiery monster poked his nose past the rump of the horse. At this moment Winans threw his whole force against the animal and held him until the train stopped, and then a rousing cheer of gratification and joy at the escape of the woman from a terrible death was given."

Abbe Collet, Vicar of Ploemel, has made excavations in several tumuli near his residence. He found charcoal, tiles, bricks, flint knives and arrows, fragments of glass, iron lance heads, bronze swords, rings of iron and bronze, so mingled together as to prove that the use of stone and bronze was continued until a late period of the iron age.

The Colonne Vendôme will shortly be restored to its former position. All the fragments of the column have been collected at the Dépôt of Crown Property in the Rue de l'Université. There are in all 272 pieces, only two of which will require re-casting—those which formed that portion immediately beneath the capital, representing in relief the soldiers who fought at Austerlitz.

It is reported from Riga, Russia, that Dr. Von Richard has employed chloral in the recent epidemic of cholera in that city—first, to calm the cramps at the outset; secondly, to lessen the precordial anguish in the last stage; thirdly, to arrest the vomiting; fourthly to induce sleep, for which patients have earnestly prayed. It has successfully fulfilled all these indications. In one case, in which the patient was in *extremis*, and had apparently not three hours to live, sixty grains of chloral gave calm sleep; the temperature rose; the pulse fell from 130 to 90, and regained a certain fulness; the *facies cholericæ* disappeared; and the patient was, as it were, snatched from the jaws of death.

Deep ploughing is essential for good beet-root as well as for other crops, and Mr. Thomson, of Edinburgh, whose turnpike-road locomotive, with india-rubber tires, we noticed last year, has invented and constructed a machine, which will run up and down a field, draw a plow, and do many other kinds of farm-work. It has been fairly tried in heavy land, through which it drew merrily a plow that makes three furrows at once; and whatever be the work it is set to do, the cost is much less than when done with horse and cart. As to its capabilities, we are informed that this active agrarian locomotive will run home a crop from the field, fetch lime and manure, and deliver it on any part of the farm, drag out roots of trees, saw timber, and thresh grain.—*Chambers' Journal*.

SCIENTIFIC.

**A NEW MINERAL.**—Professor F. Sandberg announces a new mineral from Guadalcanal, Spain, which he names glaukopyrite, and which has the following centesimal composition: sulphur, 2.36; arsenic, 66.90; antimony, 3.59; iron, 21.38; cobalt, 4.67; copper, 1.14. It occurs, associated with carbonate of lime, tetrahedrite, and pyrargyrite, in rounded aggregations, which, when magnified, are found to be composed of a series of thin layers. Its colour is a light lead-gray, approaching tin-white.

Alcohol, it is well known, can be distilled from anything that ferments, no matter whether the fermenting matter be a loaf of unbaked bread or a reeking garbage-vessel. Thus the garbage is gathered from the houses of citizens, dumped into water-tight vats, boiled for several hours, the grease is carefully skimmed off for soap-making purposes, and the pulpy mass fermented and distilled. The refuse goes to the corn-field, the peach-orchard, or the vine-yard. A barrel of garbage yields three pounds of soap grease and four gallons of proof spirits.

**ENGRAVING ON GLASS.**—Instead of using aqueous hydrofluoric acid for engraving on glass, M. Siegwart recommends a solution of eight parts of any alkaline fluoride dissolved in one hundred parts of water, mixing this solution just previous to use with one part of oil of vitriol. In order to remove every trace of organic matter, the glass before immersion in this bath should be thoroughly cleansed with a solution of bichromate of potassa, acidulated with oil of vitriol. A few hours' exposure is stated to be sufficient at ordinary temperatures to obtain a fine frosted surface.

A committee of the Boston Society of Natural History has for the past twelve years been investigating the subject of the "frozen well" at Brandon, Vt., and in their last report appear to have made but little progress from the starting-point—and that little is backward. The committee report that for twelve years the ice has remained in the Brandon well during the hot months of summer, notwithstanding openings were made in the soil, and a tunnel was run into the gravel bed to give more free access to the warm-surface water. Further on it is asserted that there is nothing in the composition of the water which will explain the freezing, and that no electric current passes through the well or surface soil. And so the committee come to the conclusion that: "The gravel bed, it is believed, was frozen by the cold of previous rigorous winters, and the wave of summer heat has not yet been able to overcome that cold."

Professor Cope has lately published in the *Indianapolis Journal* an account of a visit to the Wyandotte Cave, and of the animal life occurring within its limits. He reports this cave to be as well worthy the popular favour as the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, since, although lacking the large bodies of water of the latter, it is fully equal and even superior to it in the number and beauty of its stalactites. The gypsum regions in the more remote parts of the cave are especially beautiful, this substance occurring in amorphous masses of great purity, or in the form of loose crystals resembling snow. Fourteen species of animals were found in this cave, consisting of a blind fish similar to, if not identical with, that of the Mammoth Cave, seven species of insects, two of spiders, one of centipedes, and three crustaceans. Several of these species, as might be imagined, are destitute of eyes, such organs being unnecessary to them in their subterranean abodes.

**HEAT AND THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.**—A paper has recently been published by Koppen, upon the relationship of conditions of heat to the phenomena of growth in plants; his first inquiry being limited to the question connected with the germination of the seed. The general conclusion arrived at was that varieties of temperature were in all cases prejudicial to the growth of the germ, even when amounting to but a few degrees, and these within limits favorable to energetic growth. That is to say, the germination process more rapidly at a low temperature of a uniform degree, than a higher, where subjected to more or less variation. From that we derive the inference that a nearly uniform spring temperature, with a clouded sky, is more favorable to rapid development of vegetation than the alternation of hot days and cool nights, it being of course understood that the mean temperature in each case is about the same.

**EFFECT OF COLD ON GAS.**—It may surprise some of our readers, who have given no attention to such subjects, to learn that the illuminating power of gas depends in a very marked ratio upon the temperature of the air in which it is burned. Thus, it has been found, taking the amount of light emitted at 65 degrees of Fahrenheit as a standard of 100 parts, that at 32 degrees, or the freezing point, the percentage of light is only .76; and that at 4 degrees above zero it is only .33, or about one third of what it is at 55 degrees. On the other hand, increased heat if not accompanied by a corresponding amount of light, since the temperature of boiling water causes an increase of only four per cent. over the standard; and that of 320 degrees, or boiling paraffine, only 18 per cent. The loss of illuminating power upon the application of cold is supposed to depend directly upon the condensation of the hydrocarbon vapours; since, at a temperature of 4 degrees a solid mass was found congealed upon the sides of the tube, containing, among other substances, benzole, ammonia and nitric acid.

**CURIOSITIES OF CHEMICAL SCIENCE.**—An atom of water sometimes makes a most extraordinary difference in the properties of bodies. Thus, to give some more familiar illustration, the addition of an atom of water to starch converts it into sugar; the subtraction of an atom of water from alcohol converts it into ether. But perhaps the most curious change produced by the removal of an atom of water from a body has been recently discovered by Dr. Matthiesen of London. Morphia, the well-known active principle of opium, is commonly used to allay vomiting, and very often performs the duty very effectually. But when morphia has been heated with hydrochloric acid, and an atom of water has been thereby removed, it is changed into the most active emetic known. It is not necessary to swallow it to produce the effect; a very small quantity introduced under the skin, or even, it seems, spilt upon the hand, is quite sufficient to produce vomiting, which, however, soon subsides, and leaves no nausea afterwards. The new body introduced into medicine has been named by its discoverer Ememorphia.

The favourable turn taken by the Prince of Wales on Tuesday was a source of special satisfaction to the street loungers, the boys, and so forth, chiefly because of the statement that the Prince had been drinking a glass of ale. "That's the stuff," said one of them; "a pot o' four-'arf-and-'arf 'ud fetch a man out of his grave!" The newspaper boys late at night tore down the ordinary poster outside of a London daily paper, and stuck up a written placard of their own with the words, "The Prince of Wales having Bitter Beer."

The following is an extract from a letter written by a lady residing in the neighbourhood of Dublin:—"The Prince of Wales's illness is the one topic here, and the sorrow felt by all classes has rather surprised us. A group of at least a dozen working men stopped me on Saturday morning, and, to use their own expression, 'made *bould* to ask me how the fine young gentleman was' I told them the latest telegram. They lifted their hats with the reverence of Irishmen, and a very old man said, 'God look down on his poor mother and wife. God spare him.'"

CHESS.

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

The Montreal Chess Club has received a communication from the Toronto Chess Club, proposing a match by telegraph.

As both cities possess first-class talent, and as there is no doubt of the invitation to a friendly contest being promptly accepted, we are in hopes of chronicling, in course of next month, some of the most interesting games ever recorded in the annals of Canadian chess.

We shall give further particulars as the correspondence progresses.

A lively skirmish played last season in the "ancient capital."

RUY LOPEZ ATTACK.

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|--|---|
| <p><i>White.</i><br/>                 1. P. to K. 4th<br/>                 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd<br/>                 3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th<br/>                 4. P. to Q. 4th<br/>                 5. B. to R. 4th<br/>                 6. B. to Kt. 3rd<br/>                 7. Kt. takes P. (b)<br/>                 8. Castles.<br/>                 9. B. to Q. 6th<br/>                 10. Kt. to Q. B. 6th (e)<br/>                 11. B. takes Kt. ch.<br/>                 12. B. to Q. 5th<br/>                 13. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd<br/>                 14. P. to K. R. 3rd<br/>                 15. P. to K. B. 4th<br/>                 16. P. to K. 5th (d)<br/>                 17. Kt. takes Kt.<br/>                 18. Q. to K. Kt. 4th<br/>                 19. P. to K. B. 5th<br/>                 20. B. to K. R. 6th<br/>                 21. B. takes Kt. P.<br/>                 22. Kt. takes B. ch. (f)<br/>                 23. B. takes Q.<br/>                 24. R. takes B.<br/>                 25. R. to K. B. 3rd, wins.</p> | <p><i>Black.</i><br/>                 P. to K. 4th<br/>                 Q. Kt. to B. 2nd<br/>                 P. to Q. 3rd (a)<br/>                 P. to Q. R. 3rd<br/>                 P. to Q. Kt. 4th<br/>                 P. takes P.<br/>                 Kt. to K. 4th<br/>                 P. to Q. B. 4th<br/>                 R. to R. 2nd<br/>                 Kt. takes Kt.<br/>                 B. to Q. 2nd<br/>                 K. Kt. to B. 3rd<br/>                 B. to K. 2nd<br/>                 Castles.<br/>                 P. to Q. Kt. 5th<br/>                 Kt. takes B. (c)<br/>                 B. to Q. Kt. 4th<br/>                 B. takes R.<br/>                 P. takes K. P.<br/>                 B. to B. 3rd<br/>                 P. to K. R. 4th<br/>                 Q. takes Kt. (g)<br/>                 P. takes Q.<br/>                 P. takes P. (h)</p> |
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(a) P. to Q. R. 3rd, followed by K. Kt. to B. 3rd, are the moves generally recommended by the authorities as best for the defence.

(b) B. to Q. 5th seems preferable.

(c) P. to K. B. 4th, apparently stronger, would have led to many complicated positions, resulting, probably, in about an even game.

(d) Premature.

(e) Black should have taken Kt. with P., remaining with a superior position.

(f) If the Queen retire, Black might have escaped thus:—

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|---|---|
| <p><i>White.</i><br/>                 22. Q. to Kt. 3rd<br/>                 23. Q. to Kt. 4th<br/>                 24. Q. takes B. (best.)</p> | <p><i>Black.</i><br/>                 P. to R. 5th<br/>                 B. to K. 7th<br/>                 B. takes B.</p> |
|---|---|

And the attack is exhausted.

(g) Evidently forced.

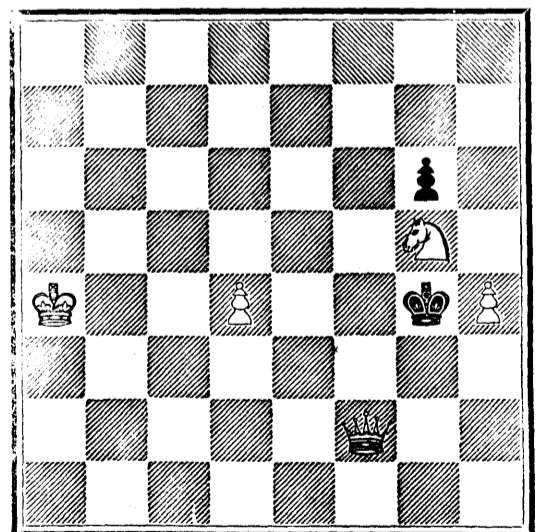
(h) This loses at once; if we mistake not, however, White has a winning position from this point even against the most careful defence. Let us suppose that, instead of this careful move, Black had played, as his best:—21. K. R. to Q. B. sq.—the following is a probable continuation:

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| <p><i>White.</i><br/>                 25. P. takes P.<br/>                 26. P. to Kt. 5th<br/>                 27. K. to B. 2nd<br/>                 28. R. to K. R. sq<br/>                 29. R. to R. 7th<br/>                 30. P. to Kt. 6th, wins.</p> | <p><i>Black.</i><br/>                 K. R. to Q. B. 3rd<br/>                 K. to B. sq.<br/>                 K. to K. sq.<br/>                 K. to Q. 2nd<br/>                 K. to Q. 3rd</p> |
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PROBLEM No. 38

By J. W.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 18.

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|---|---|
| <p><i>White.</i><br/>                 1. Q. to Q. B. 3rd<br/>                 2. P. to K. B. 4th, ch.<br/>                 3. Kt. to Q. B. 2nd, mate.</p> | <p><i>Black.</i><br/>                 B. takes Q.<br/>                 K. to Q. 5th</p> |
|---|---|

VARIATION.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Q. to Q. B. 3rd<br/>                 2. Q. takes B. ch.<br/>                 3. B. to B. 6th, mate.</p> | <p>Kt. takes Kt.<br/>                 K. takes Q. (a)</p> |
|---|---|

(a) If—K. takes B.—Q. to K. B. 6th mates.





"DOLLY VARDEN AT HER LOOKING GLASS."—SEE PAGE 51.



THE CANADIAN CANTATRICE "ALBANI."

M<sup>LL</sup>E EMMA LAJEUNESSE.



[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## LOST THOUGHTS.

My heart's lost children, whither have you fled?  
Or wherefore have you left me comfortless?  
Ungrateful children, whom I nursed and fed  
With my own soul's pure milk, and hoped to bless  
By your ensuing presence the sad days  
When love and friendship shed no more their rays.

Lost in the mighty wilderness of Mind!  
Gone, it may be, to other souls less kind  
Than she who gave you birth, and without care  
For all the little charms to me so fair!  
Will you return no more? Return my own?  
Perhaps you have but slept and will awake.  
Awake to bless me—I am all alone—  
And let no other your sweet solace take!

JOHN READE.

## DROPPING AN ACQUAINTANCE.

PERHAPS, reader, thou didst never chance to have a too highly respectable acquaintance; if so, pass on without perusing this experience, and thank thy stars that thy life has been so fortunate. Many persons, more particularly those who "move in the first circles," and those, upon the other hand, whose lines have fallen in the back-yards of life among the oyster-shells and broken ginger-beer bottles—the Alphas and the Omegas of society—are never troubled with a single too highly respectable acquaintance. It is the youth of the middle-classes, among whose ranks I had myself the misfortune to be born, who alone suffer in this respect, and for the most part without hope of remedy. This dreadful scourge is generally of an age varying from forty-five to sixty, and has almost always, as he is continually telling us, enjoyed the friendship of our father. "I was your father's friend, sir, for many years; I knew him, sir, before you were born or thought of; I wish you may be half so good a man as he" are sentences which our too highly respectable acquaintance carries about with him, as it were, phylactery-wise, or embroidered upon the borders of his garments, so that, meeting him, it is quite impossible to escape from them. I am inclined to allow—for I would be charitable even with an incubus—that he takes upon himself the triple functions of guide, philosopher, and friend, in the first instance at least, from a kindly motive; but afterwards, when he merges all these attributes in the Unmitigated Bore, he has no such humane feeling, but watches our young eyes grow dim, our young mouth open despairingly, our entire being collapse beneath his withering influence with a hideous joy. It is impossible that he can be ignorant of what he is doing in this respect. The serpent, who, after having lubricated his victim, takes the head of him into its mouth, must needs be aware of its own intention of swallowing him, however tedious the process may be, and however great a distance his fore-doomed heels may project at the commencement of the operation; and our Bore is intelligent enough to know that likewise. This cruelty is generally the single crime of our too highly respectable acquaintance; he is a man, I regret to say, without any one of the pleasant vices except, perhaps, that of over-lining; and even this, since he rarely asks us to dine with him, he might, as far as we are concerned, just as well be without. He often, however, invites us to drop in and take a glass of wine in a friendly way, after he has concluded his repast. If we don't go, he tells us on the ensuing day that he is afraid we do not find him the good company he always strives to be to young men, and begs us never to miss a pleasant invitation for the mere sake of coming to listen to an old Twaddle like him; by which means he, of course, irrevocably binds us to his fatal mahogany, upon the next occasion of his asking us thither. "An old Twaddle!" Think of our too highly respectable acquaintance venturing to make use of such a phrase as that! The very term which defines his too respectable self to a hair! What hope can there possibly be of this dear old gentleman's reformation, when he can employ such an expression as that with the most callous indifference, and without one shadow of self-reproach! If, on the other hand, we go to this wine-party—which consists of himself and ourselves, although there is a glass always placed for the chance (another of his absurd self-complacencies) of somebody else voluntarily "dropping in" and joining us—the port we confess is old and excellent, but the conversation—that is to say, the monologue, the endless narration of anecdote—is not now either, but parades of what has been not ill termed the "fine old crust" character. There is some story of his, in connection perhaps with the calling out of the Rutlandshire Yeomanry in 1826—"Or, let me see, would it be in '25 or '27?" (he never gets this right by any chance), which we have probably heard nearly one hundred times. When we enter the room, he is surprised to see us not in full dress; he does not care about such things himself, in the least, but he thinks that not dressing is a bad habit; he may be old-fashioned, and even antiquated, but that is his opinion; all which he, however, prefaces with "My very dear young friend," the lubrication which I have above referred to as being practised by the great serpent family. Presently, and after a story or two, our too highly respectable acquaintance, with a shadow of paleness observable upon his usually glowing countenance, inquires whether we ever do such a thing as smoke tobacco? The first time this occurs, we hasten, under the delusive impression that he is about to offer us some grateful sedative, to affirm that we do, and are extremely fond of doing it. Upon which he replies that he is truly grieved to hear it, and that the very smell of tobacco about the clothes or hair—"And, my dear young sir, you must excuse me if I liken you at present to the Fitcher, a very intense description of polecat"—always makes him exceedingly unwell. Our too highly respectable acquaintance, who is never rude, treads, indeed, upon the very borders of impoliteness in respect of this matter, until we solemnly promise that he shall not have cause to find fault with us again. There is no end to the deep influence which this sort of person may obtain in the mind of a youth by diligent boring; and if it were always to be exercised in the anti-tobacco direction, there would perhaps be little cause to regret it.

He, however, seldom rests satisfied until he has separated us from the companions of our own age and choice; made us engage a seat for a term of years at his particular chapel; with drawn us from our own profession, and placed us in the office of one of his relatives who generously receives us without premium, but gains at the same our gratuitous services for an indefinite time; and finally married us to his niece, after which we cease to be responsible beings, and only by the visibly increased importance of our too highly respectable

acquaintance—the external swelling of the monster consequent upon the total absorption of its victim—announce our own existence at all.

I first met with my own Mentor, who may very well stand for a type of all his class, at a great Whitebait dinner at Blackwall. I was a lad then only just escaped from school, and of course entirely ignorant of how to conduct myself aright at such a solemnity. Instead of husbanding my magnificent appetite in the proper manner, I actually commenced operations by going twice to Turtle as well as to the Iced Punch which goes along with it, like music with words. A reverend sage, however, portly and dignified, but with an eye which seemed benign, who sat on my right hand, interposed judiciously, and arrested for the time what would have been—and was eventually—a very serious catastrophe.

"Young man," said he, in unctuous but impressive tones, "beware of what you do. Appetite, a gift vouchsafed by the gods to youth, and to youth alone (he sighed), is a talent which, misapplied and recklessly wasted, is almost worse than apathy to food. There is many a man of matured judgment who would have given twice the cost per head of this entertainment—and that will not be less than three guineas, if so little—for the power which you have just been manifesting with regard to that soup. But consider what is to follow; think of the Future, my dear young friend, and guide yourself at all times by the carte. See here, what an enormous distance—no less than five courses off—is that whitebait which we are nominally assembled here to eat. Does the prudent rider, however confident of his generous steed, urge it to full career at the first beginning of the race, or, far less, compel it to surmount any fence a second time? Be temperate, my dear young friend, and restrain your natural impetuosity, or, take my word for it, you will be exceedingly ill."

My highly respectable acquaintance spoke like a book; his prophecy was not unfulfilled. The last thing which I remember, before I succumbed to the various unaccustomed influences of that whitebait feast, was the spectacle of this gentleman refreshing the tips of his ears by means of a napkin dipped in rose water—"A device, my young friend, very noteworthy, as oftentimes renewing the enjoyment of food when your case would seem otherwise hopeless."

I have reason to suspect that, upon the golden grace-cup being handed round on that occasion, I behaved myself somewhat indecorously, and instead of bowing in a stately manner to my opposite neighbour over the goblet, that I put its cover on the top of my head after the Chinese manner, and winked at him. My highly respectable acquaintance hinted at least at something of the sort next day, but blandly added that, being touched with my youth and inexperience, he had made it right with the company. From that moment the yoke was placed upon my neck. This terribly bland old gentleman, with all his faults and weaknesses, became my Old Man of the Sea. Ridicule itself in vain attempted to shake the throne of my tyrant. My once familiar friend, Dick Wildotes, discovered to me the following incident in the past life of my self-constituted guardian, in the vain hope that such a knowledge would set me free. He told me that Mr. Pawkins—whom I was my too highly respectable acquaintance's inoffensive title—was called by his equals—although I did not then believe in the existence of such persons—"Presence-of-mind Pawkins;" and he also told me why. My mentor never narrated the anecdote in my hearing, but, as I am given to understand that he has often done so with much complacency, there is no harm in my retelling it.

Mr. Pawkins, then, was once in a pleasure-boat with some ladies out at sea, the only male in the company, and one of his fair companions had the misfortune to fall overboard. It must have been long indeed before the crinoline epoch; but something or other of that nature buoyed the unfortunate young woman up, so that she was able to take hold of the boat. This was the opportunity which my too highly respectable acquaintance seized to make himself a name, as above. "I saw," said he, "that the boat was a very frail one; I perceived that the young lady's admission amongst us over the gunwale would very probably upset and drown us all; therefore, although I deeply sympathized with her in her misadventure, I caught hold of an oar, and, with the greatest presence of mind, rapped away at her knuckles until she let go." Wherefore he is well called Presence-of-mind Pawkins until this day. I felt that this was by no means a creditable achievement; but the man was still a hero to me. He had somewhat fanatical views upon religious questions, Dick used to tell me, but I went to my too respectable acquaintance's house of worship for all that. He possessed a great deal of house-property, and had christened an entire street of his "Agnr's Buildings;" instead of calling it after the name of Mr. Pinnacles, who was the actual architect. "Agnr's prayer," he observed, "was for neither riches nor poverty, and these buildings are only for the middling class of people." I could not but see the vulgarity of this sort of practical piety, but I felt obliged to forgive my eminent house-proprietor even that.

I ascribe my first determined aspirations after freedom to the continuance of the war in the Crimea; but for that and the unparalleled sufferings to which it exposed me, I might be still bearing my chain; it galled me, however, in such a manner during that epoch, that I was resolved at any hazard to be freed from it. Upon the subject of that campaign, I repeat, my too highly respectable acquaintance out-Pawkinsed Pawkins, bored me beyond the limits of human endurance. Upon every commander, and upon every military movement, he gave an opinion as tedious and as positive as though he had been paid thirty guineas a sheet for it. The late Lord Raglan haunted me like a dreadful phantasm; the very names of Lucan and Cardigan became to me as the beer which has been left in yesterday's tumbler; the bare mention of the Times—whose conduct I admired in secret because he hated it—was to my ill-used ears like Cayenne pepper to the back of a flogged soldier. At last, at a little breakfast-party in my own apartments, whither he came, uninvited, to tread upon me, and patronise the rest of the company, he overstepped all limits, and presented me, involuntarily, with my manumission. The conversation having been directed in the usual Criméan channel, my poor friend Wildotes had the temerity to give it as his opinion that the Sebastopol garrison would continue to have provisions supplied to them in abundance.

"What, sir!" roared my too highly respectable acquaintance, chafed with unwonted opposition, "why, how should that be, when even now, in Archangel, they are giving for the coarsest wheat fifteen roubles the chetwort?"

I am not sure about the number; it may have been fifteen or fifty, but I am certain about "roubles the chetwort."

"I do not know what a chetwort is," cried Wildotes angrily, "and I don't believe that you know either."

I trembled at the audacity of this young man; but the ground-floor, upon which we happened to be, remained firm beneath us nevertheless; and presently, upon the production of a tobacco-pipe, my too highly respectable acquaintance left his youthful enemy in the possession of the field.

"I congratulate you, my dear fellow," cried Wildotes as the door closed with rather a slam behind that portly figure—"my friend, you are a free man."

"Sir," said I with indignation, "it is you that are free, and even impertinent. How am I to defend myself, think you, when Mr. Pawkins catches me alone?"

My position had indeed become such that no choice remained between bidding an open defiance to my too highly respectable acquaintance, or becoming his cringing slave for the remainder of one of our lives. Wildotes and myself, therefore, having resolved ourselves into a committee of private safety, determined upon a course of action which had for its object the immediate dropping of my philosopher and guide.

Our arrangements being completed, I remained in my own apartment, awaiting his august presence in a frame of mind far from enviable; not, as I well knew, that he would manifest any signs of anger—his feelings, when irritated, always taking the much more fatal form of injured virtue—but because he would be sure to proceed to absorb me, with a more than usual amount of previous lubrication. "My dear young friend, in whom I take so great an interest," and "the son of my esteemed old friend" (he followed in the company of my father once, in an Islington omnibus), were, as I expected, among the opening expressions of his harangue; then he bewailed my choice of associates, and my habits of extravagance exemplified in having hot meats at breakfast (of which he had partaken, by the by, himself, with considerable relish); he predicted my certain ruin if I continued in those courses instead of sticking to my desk. As he pronounced this prediction, he approached that article of furniture, upon which a small square piece of card was lying, half-covered by a pen-wiper, as though it courted obscurity. This card he took up and waved in his hand, as was his frequent custom, in order to give effect to his oratory. I turned pale with agitation, and protested that it was a private document. Mr. Pawkins observed in reply that, considering our mutual relations, there could be no such thing as any privacy in documents, and then perused it with attention.

It was now his turn to grow pale.

"Is it possible, young man," cried he, when he had quite finished it, "that this can be yours? Have I nourished you in my bosom so long?"

"Mr. Pawkins," said I, plucking up all my courage, with the knowledge that Wildotes was in the cupboard listening to us, "you have done nothing of the sort."

"In my bosom so long," continued Mentor, as though unconscious of the interruption, "without rendering you incapable of possessing such a!"

"Sir," cried I, as he approached the fire with the evident intention of destroying the memorandum, "that paper is a legal tender; it has a value expressed upon it of three pounds, fourteen shillings, and sixpence; if that is consumed, we shall have to pay the money."

"We?" ejaculated my too highly respectable acquaintance with contempt, but altering his fell purpose nevertheless—"see, young man, did you say? Miserable, hard-hearted, unprofitable, disreputable prodigate, I abandon you for ever!"

My Mentor left the apartment with quite a halo of respectability surrounding the very back of his head.

"Wildotes," cried I, as the young man burst from his concealment, "my friend, my benefactor, I will give you a dinner; your ingenious device has saved me from all further persecution; I have dropped for ever my too highly respectable acquaintance!"

And so, in truth, I had; the simple medium of this effectual release having been merely a *presence-of-mind note*.

In conclusion, I need scarcely add that, in publishing this veracious history, I have no sort of intention of throwing ridicule upon that friendship which is found to exist not seldom between an old man and a youth. Than such a feeling, born of a kindly regard upon the one side, and of an affectionate respect upon the other, there seem to me few things more beautiful. But where there is no real regard, but only officiousness, against which whatever real respect there be must needs be sooner or later chafed away, where dictation is in the place of authority, and a spirit of meddling in that of kind solicitude, the spectacle of an unfortunate young man with a too highly respectable acquaintance is pitiable to see.

## CURIOUS SONG OF A LOVER TO HIS SWEETHEART:—

Your face	your tongue,	your wit,
So fair,	so sweet,	so sharp,
First bent,	then drew,	then bit,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	my heart.
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart,
To like,	to learn,	to love,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
Doth lead,	doth teach,	doth move.
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
With beams,	with sound,	with art,
Doth blind,	doth charm,	doth rule,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart.
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart,
With life,	with hope,	with skill,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
Doth feed,	doth feast,	doth fill.
O face!	O tongue!	O wit!
With frowns,	with check,	with smart,
Wrong not,	vex not,	wound not,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart.
This eye,	this ear,	this heart,
Shall joy,	shall bend,	shall swear,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
To serve,	to trust,	to fear.

The lines may be read either from left to right or from above downwards. They may also be read in various directions.

ANOTHER MAMMOTH CAVE.

THIRTY MILES BENEATH THE EARTH—WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IN SOUTH-WESTERN MISSOURI.

(From the Kansas City Times.)

A week seldom passes by without some new and wonderful discovery being made in the great expanse of country known as the south-west. Of late most of these have been made in the south-western portion of Missouri and the Indian Territory which has been for many years only partially explored by the white man. During the latter part of the war, a cave was discovered near Pineville, McDonald county, Missouri, but the times were so unsettled that beyond a careless, superficial examination of the more accessible portion of it, no general explorations have as yet been made.

Mr. C. C. Carpenter, a gentleman residing in Pineville, in company with one or two of his friends, gives the following as the result of an expedition made last week in search of the wonderful:

The location of this subterranean wonder is sixteen miles south-east of Pineville, McDonald county, the entrance is on Sugar creek, in a ravine bearing the suggestive title of "Bar Hollar." You make your entrance into the bowels of the earth through a volcanic fissure seven feet wide by twenty feet in length; you soon lose sight of day-light, and find yourself in a long entrance-hall fully 100 yards in length, which terminates in the bat room, so named by the explorers from the thousands of bats that swarmed within its dark and hidden recesses; they flew about in swarms, making a terrible noise in the arched roof above. This room has three sides, each with an aperture opening into smaller caverns or side rooms; the dimensions of the room were taken by Mr. Carpenter, and found to be 50x130 feet, the ceiling about 20 feet from the floor. Passing from this room, a walk of about 400 yards, through a spacious hall, and we find ourselves in Barnum's museum, so called from the number of strangely-shaped stalactites found there. This room is in the shape of a horse-shoe. Nature must certainly have intended this room for a church, since the roof is arched in purely Gothic style, with dome and column, and to finish off and make it complete, a pulpit near the centre. The walls of this magnificent cavern are 100 feet high, but one of the most remarkable features about it is a fountain of pure water, four feet in diameter. Turning northward, we find a room 60 feet wide, and filled almost full of a glittering formation of stalactites, which hang in curiously formed pendants from the roof. To the south of this is a room which should be named the bottomless pit, since it apparently has neither bottom, sides or roof. The darkness within it is appalling. Turning to the east the party walked about a quarter of a mile, when they came to a flight of natural steps, forty or fifty in number, terminating in a wide platform which formed the entrance to a mammoth hall, supported by Corinthian pillars of various thickness, and endless in number, all white as snow, and glistening as though studded with millions of diamonds. The hall is probably 200 feet in width, and communicates with a number of passages leading off in various directions, none of which have as yet been explored. Proceeding on their way, the explorers found a river of running water, coming no one knows whence. It is about fifty feet wide and three feet deep. The party followed its course down stream to the falls, where the water goes roaring over a precipice into the darkness below. The party retraced their way to the mammoth hall, crossed the river and proceeded on their way. They passed room after room of endless shapes, and full of natural curiosities.

Miles of caverns were passed through, each having outlets in others, and all dark, but all full of beauty when lighted up with torches or lamps. A lake of pure water was soon reached, which was at first supposed to be a river. Here a rude boat or "dug out" had been brought by a fugitive during the late war. He had explored the lake during the war, and went northward until he thought he was coming to a waterfall, when he returned.

Further explorations on the lake developed the fact that the noise was made by a huge waterfall, where the water came pouring in from above. The water falls a distance of fifty feet. The lake is circular in shape, and has no visible outlet for water. It is about 100 acres in extent. There were eight or ten dark passages found on the bank of the lake, leading in all directions, but the guide accompanying the exploring party lost his courage and refused to go further. The party were often about eight or ten miles from their starting point. They were in the cave 43 hours. Mr. Carpenter says that there is another entrance to the cave 30 miles distant, which old trappers and hunters say leads to the lake. Mr. C. C. Carpenter lives at Pineville, McDonald county, and will take pleasure in making further explorations with any party who may call upon and accompany him.

AN ACTOR'S HAPPY THOUGHT.—The following anecdote exhibits a late Emperor of Russia in a new character, as well as records one of the most happy escapes from an awkward position that ever was effected by wit and presence of mind. Some years ago there was a celebrated comic actor at St. Petersburg named Martinoff. He had the most extraordinary power of imitation, and was so great a favourite with the public as sometimes to venture interpolations of his own, instead of following the advice of "Hamlet" to his players, "to speak no more than is set down for them." The Emperor had a high chamberlain, or a person filling a similar office, named Poloffsky. Whether for fun or malice, Martinoff, while performing, contrived to let fly some puns against this great man, which were very warmly received by the audience. The consequence was, as soon as the play was over, the actor found himself in the custody of a guard of soldiers, who took him to prison, where he was told he was to be confined for a fortnight. Not content with this, Poloffsky either told the Emperor himself, or contrived that it should come to his ears, that the player had actually had the presumption to indulge in imitations of his Imperial Majesty. On his liberation, Martinoff went to court to pay his respects, as usual, and the Emperor told him of the accusation, which he denied. "Well," said the Emperor, "if you ever did so, let me have an imitation of myself now. We know you can do it if you choose." This was an awkward and dangerous position for the poor actor, who felt he should get into trouble for either falling short of or overdoing the character. But the autocrat was determined, and there was no escape. Suddenly a bright thought struck Martinoff, and drawing himself up, he assumed

the exact bearing and manner of the Emperor, and in a voice so like that it made every one present start, he said: "Poloffsky, give Martinoff a thousand silver roubles." "Stop!" said the Emperor. "I have heard quite enough. The imitation is admirable, but the entertainment promises to be too expensive. Give him the roubles, Poloffsky; and now mind, sir, let this be the last time you mimic me here or elsewhere." It is, of course, unnecessary to say that Martinoff, who had expected nothing less than a journey to Siberia, was too glad to pocket the money and escape so easily.

A GOOD STORY IF TRUE.—An early example of an Episcopal prelate officiating in a Presbyterian pulpit crops up, and is said to have occurred in the case of Archbishop Usher, as told in some of the Lives of Samuel Rutherford, the well-known author of the Letters. Some time before the worst of the Irish troubles, Usher is reported to have been in Gallogway, where Rutherford was then a minister, and to have become desirous of seeing him, in consequence of his high reputation for piety and learning. Accordingly, on a Saturday night, so runs the story, he repaired to the manse of the Scotch divine, in the guise of a mendicant, asking for quarters, and was kindly received, and was called in along with the servants to the parlour, where the minister's wife was in use to hear the household their Catechism. When she came to the beggar she asked him, as a simple question, how many commandments there were; to which he answered that there were eleven. This brought down upon him a severe rebuke for his ignorance, as being disgraceful to so old a man. Next morning, Usher was purposely found out by Rutherford, and prevailed on to preach in his pulpit. He chose as his text the verse, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another," from which he deduced the conclusion that to us Christians there are now not ten commandments, but eleven. This announcement made Mrs. Rutherford look up, when, to her dismay, she recognised in the preacher the catechumen of the previous evening, whom she had rebuked for this undeniable doctrine. The story seems to be apocryphal, but many a good story is in that predicament.

FISH SCALE FLOWERS.—Some time ago the writer was present in a large Roman Catholic church on the occasion of some special festival. There were, as usual, grand floral decorations; and besides a profusion of natural flowers, there were also some very choice artificial specimens. Around the edge of the altar was seen an exquisite wreath of pure white glistening flowers, which seemed to be composed of mother-of-pearl, they were so brilliant and lustrous. Upon drawing near to examine them at the close of the service, the secret of the manufacture was discovered, and a Sister of Charity, intrusted with the care of the altar, very civilly explained the method of producing such gorgeous ornaments out of such cheap and common articles as the scales of fish. This wreath, she said, was made in a convent in France, where the art had been brought to such perfection that large prices were readily obtained for even a small wreath. The fish scales (those of shad are the best for the purpose) are spread out to dry without much washing, as that would remove the pearly lustre, and when dry they are lined with thin muslin gummed on to the under side; next wire each scale, which will form a flower petal, taking fine white covered wire such as is used for wax-work. The stamens are made of white wax and waxed spool cotton, which are fastened to a lump of the same substance placed on the end of a stiff wire, just as one would start the foundation of a wax-flower. The petals are then moulded on, and by means of the wires may be bent into any position required. All is pure white; but, if desired, a slight tint may be given by a thin coat of transparent oil paint. For pink, use rose madder; for blue, Prussian blue; yellow, yellow lake; green, mix together the last two colours; reddish brown for shading, burnt sienna; and for violet, mix crimson lake or rose madder with Prussian blue. When the flowers are completed and made up into sprays, they are finished with a coat of white dammar varnish, which will give additional brilliancy to the scales.

THE HUMAN EAR.—It would appear that all our hearing is done in a very literal sense under water, as shown by the following extract from a London paper:

"Prof. Tyndall concluded one of his recent lectures by giving a minute description of the human ear. He explained how the external orifice of the ear is closed at the bottom by a circular tympanic membrane, behind which is a cavity known as the "drum;" the drum is separated from the brain by two orifices, the one round and the other oval. These orifices are closed by fine membranes. Across the cavity of the drum stretches a series of four little bones, one of which acts as a hammer, and another as an anvil. Behind the bony partition, which is pierced by the two orifices already mentioned, is the extraordinary organ called the labyrinth, filled with water; this organ is between the partition and the brain, and over its lining membrane the terminal fibres of the auditory nerve are distributed. There is an apparatus inside the labyrinth admirably adapted to respond to these vibrations of the water which corresponds to the rates of vibration of certain 'bristles,' of which the said apparatus consists. Finally, there is in the labyrinth a wonderful organ, discovered by the Marches Corti, which is, to all appearance, a musical instrument, with its cords so stretched as to accept vibration of different periods, and transmit them to nerve filaments which traverse the organ. Within the ears of men, and without their knowledge or contrivance, this lute of 3,000 strings has existed for ages, accepting the music of the outer world, and rendering it fit for reception by the brain. Each musical tremor which falls upon the organ selects from its tensioned fibres the one appropriate to its own pitch, and throws that fibre into unisonant vibration. And thus, no matter how complicated the motion of the external air may be, these microscopic strings can analyze it, and reveal the constituents of which it is composed; at least such are the present views of those authorities who best understand the apparatus which transmits sonorous vibrations to the auditory nerve."

WITCHCRAFT EXTRAORDINARY.—AN ASTOUNDING CURE.—In a certain locality in the east end of Dundee a little boy about eight years of age had been annoyed for a considerable length of time with a lacerated sore upon his right leg. The sore had originally been produced by an unknown cause. Medical skill had been employed to use all its potency with the view of removing this disagreeable and, as the boy's parents thought, dangerous eruption. However, all that several doctors had tried had no effect, and the consequence was that the boy's mother was in a great state of alarm, attributing the

cause to disease of the thigh joint, and no sooner had she formed this idea than she imagined her boy certainly destined to lose his limb. However, one day an old woman belonging to the "Emerald Isle" made her appearance, and in the course of conversation the state of the boy's leg was discussed. The "wife" at once asked to be shown the sore, which was accordingly done. After looking for some time at it she gave as her opinion that the name of the affliction was "wildfire"—no doubt some technical expression belonging to the "ould country." This being done, she asked the mother if she had any "gold" about her. The earnest parent replied that she could guarantee her marriage ring to be of that metal if that would suit her—the former lady all the while "smiling in her sleeve" at the ridiculous form of the request. The old woman said the ring would do, and with it she rubbed three times round the outside of the sore, and concluded her ministrations by stating that the wound would be blackened by the next day, when she would look back. Accordingly the next day she did so, and it was as she had said. She again went through the same performance as on the previous day, and so on the third and the fourth days, when the sore was quite gone. As this is a fact, perhaps those believers in witchcraft and superstition will be able to understand the reason, although for our part we are inclined to believe that the healing process had set in at any rate. The boy's mother, however, most firmly believes it was owing to the efficacy of the old woman's charm that her boy's leg healed.—Dundee Courier.

VARIETIES.

A Down-Easter being told that his father, noted for his meanness, would tell a lie for six and a quarter cents, indignantly denied the allegation, but at the same time admitted that he might relate sixteen for \$1.

"What makes your cows so cross?" said an old lady to the milkman, the other day. "Cross, ma'am? They are the gentlest things in the world." "Well, the milk is always sour," the matron replied, sharply.

A gentleman traveling in Georgia met an old colored man, on whose hat was encircled the crape of grief. The gentleman said: "You have lost some friend, I see." "Yes, massa." "Was it a near or distant relative?" "Well, pretty distant—'bout 24 mile."

A medical wag says the monkeys in Buenos Ayres suffered more severely than men by the recent yellow-fever plague there, which, according to Darwin, shows that the disease is one we have inherited from our ancestors, and which consequently we shall eventually outgrow.

At the "Grand Hotel," Paris, the other night, a lady, rather excited, rushed down to the "counting-house," and asked hurriedly one of those small, tight-clad boys, who are on duty in that precinct, "Have you the small-pox in the house?" and the boy, who "perfectly understands English," replied, "No; but we expect it every minute, and when it arrives I will send it up to the chamber of Madame!"

Horace Smith, travelling on a Sunday, and being obliged to stop in order to replace one of the horse's shoes, found the farrier was at Church. A villager suggested that "if he went on to Jem Harrisou's forge he would probably be found at home." This proved to be the case; and the officious rustic who had given this advice, and accompanied the horse to the forge, exultingly exclaimed, "Well, I was right, you see! I must say that for Jem—and it's the best thing about him—he never do go to church!"

A day or two ago some of the skaters ventured to display their political opinions by cutting the initials of the Emperor on the ice. These were followed, however, by a band of opponents, who blurred out the N and substituted a fleur-de-lys. Then again came a third party, who, effacing both, cut a gigantic R over the ruins. The police are on the watch to seize all offenders of this kind, and the consternation was great on Sunday to find *A bas Thiers!* carved in letters literally as large as life, right in the centre of the reserved skating pond.

A few days ago Mons Thiers on entering one of the bureaux of the National Assembly was followed by a large dog, who jumped up barking and panting into the President's face. An officious clerk immediately started from his desk and dealt the animal such a terrific blow on the head with a ruler that he rolled back howling on the mat. The clerk, triumphant in the deed, exclaimed, "No dog shall harm our valued President while I am by." To which the President replied in a furious tone as he rushed towards the animal, "But, fool, dolt, idiot, the dog is mine." *Tableau*, with moral, "Surtout point de zèle."

At a church of "colour," near Albany, the other evening, the minister noticing a number of persons, both white and coloured, standing upon the seats during service, called out in a loud voice, "Git down off them seats, both white man and colour; I care no more for the one dan de odder." Imagine the pious minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly singing, in short metre—

"Git down off dem seats,  
Boff white man and colour;  
I cares no more for one man  
Than I does for de odder."

The *Court Journal* has the following "Literary Notice" in a recent issue:

*A Century of Scottish Life*, by the Rev. Charles Rogers (Nimmo). We welcome with pleasure the following beautiful translation from a Gaelic poem:—

With a breezy burst of singing,  
Blow we out the flames of rage:  
Europe's peace, through Europe ringing  
Is, of peace, our lifetime pledge.  
Faldar, aldar, aldar, ari,  
Faldar, aldar, aldar, e,  
Faldar, aldar, aldar, ari,  
Faldar, ari, faldar, e.

It has overcome several compositors, who have tried to set it up, so much, that with flowing tears (of fun) they have invariably handed it along to the next man to go on further with it.





E. SKILES

ON THE TRACK — SEE PAGE 51

Hobbs





“WAITING FOR THE SHOT.”—SEE PAGE 51.



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## WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER LIII. (Continued.)

"Not unjustly though. The property was not his, but yours—that is, as we then believed. As far as I knew, the result would have been a real service to him, in delivering him from unjust possession—a thing he would himself have scorned. It was all very wrong—very low, if you like—but somehow it then seemed simple enough—a lawful stratagem for the right."

"Your heart was so full of Charley!"

"Then you do forgive me, Wilfrid?"

"With all my soul. I hardly feel now as if I had anything to forgive."

I drew her towards me and kissed her on the forehead. She threw her arms round me, and clung to me, sobbing like a child.

"You will explain it all to Charley—won't you?" she said, as soon as she could speak, withdrawing herself from the arm which had involuntarily crept around her, seeking to comfort her.

"I will," I said.

We were startled by a sound in the clump of trees behind us. Then over their tops passed a wailful gust of wind, through which we thought came the fall of receding footsteps.

"I hope we haven't been overheard," I said. "I shall go at once and tell Charley all about it. I will just see you home first."

"There's no occasion for that, Wilfrid; and I'm sure I don't deserve it."

"You deserve a thousand thanks. You have lifted a mountain off me. I see it all now. When your father found it was no use—"

"Then I saw I had wronged you, and I couldn't bear myself till I had confessed all."

"Your father is satisfied then that the register would not stand in evidence?"

"Yes. He told me all about it."

"He has never said a word to me on the matter; but just dropped me in the dirt, and let me lie there."

"You must forgive him too, Wilfrid. It was a dreadful blow to him, and it was weeks before he told me. We couldn't think what was the matter with him. You see he had been cherishing the scheme ever since your father's death, and it was a great humiliation to find he had been sitting so many years on an addled egg," she said, with a laugh in which her natural merriment once more peeped out.

I walked home with her, and we parted like old friends.

On my way to the Temple, I was anxiously occupied as to how Charley would receive the explanation I had to give him. That Clara's confession would be a relief I could not doubt; but it must cause him great pain notwithstanding. His sense of honour was so keen, and his ideal of womankind so lofty, that I could not but dread the consequences of the revelation. At the same time I saw how it might benefit him. I had begun to see that it is more divine to love the erring than to love the good, and to understand how there is more joy over the one than over the ninety and nine. If Charley, understanding that he is no divine lover who loves only so long as he is able to flatter himself that the object of his love is immaculate, should find that he must love Clara in spite of her faults and wrong doings, he might thus grow to be less despairful over his own failures; he might, through his love for Clara, learn to hope for himself, notwithstanding the awful distance at which perfection lay removed.

But as I went I was conscious of a strange oppression. It was not properly mental, for my interview with Clara had raised my spirits. It was a kind of physical oppression I felt, as if the air, which was in reality clear and cold, had been damp and close and heavy.

I went straight to Charley's chambers. The moment I opened the door, I knew that something was awfully wrong. The room was dark—but he would often sit in the dark. I called him, but received no answer. Trembling, I struck a light, for I feared to move lest I should touch something dreadful. But when I had succeeded in lighting the lamp, I found the room just as it always was. His hat was on the table. He must be in his bedroom. And yet I did not feel as if anything alive was near me. Why was everything so frightfully still? I opened the door as slowly and fearfully as if I had dreaded arousing a sufferer whose life depended on his repose. There he lay on his bed, in his clothes—fast asleep, as I thought, for he often slept so, and at any hour of the day—the natural relief of his much-perturbed mind. His eyes were closed, and his face was very white. As I looked, I heard a sound—a drop—another! There was a slow drip somewhere. God in heaven! Could it be? I rushed to him, calling him aloud. There was no response. It was too

true! He was dead. The long snake-like Indian dagger was in his heart, and the blood was oozing slowly from around it.

I dare not linger over that horrible night, or the horrible days that followed. Such days! such nights! The letters to write!—The friends to tell!—Clara!—His father!—The police!—The inquest!

Mr. Osborne took no notice of my letter, but came up at once. Entering where I sat with my head on my arms on the table, the first announcement I had of his presence was a hoarse deep broken voice ordering me out of the room. I obeyed mechanically, took up Charley's hat instead of my own, and walked away with it. But the neighbours were kind, and although I did not attempt to approach again all that was left of my friend, I watched from a neighbouring window, and following at a little distance, was present when they laid his form, late at night, in the unconsecrated ground of a cemetery.

I may just mention here what I had not the heart to dwell upon in the course of my narrative—that since the talk about suicide occasioned by the remarks of Sir Thomas Browne, he had often brought up the subject—chiefly however in a half-humorous tone, and from what may be called an æsthetic point of view as to the best mode of accomplishing it. For some of the usual modes he expressed abhorrence, as being so ugly; and on the whole considered—I well remember the phrase, for he used it more than once—that a dagger—and on one of those occasions he took up the Indian weapon already described and said—"such as this now"—was "the most gentleman-like usher into the presence of the Great Nothing." As I had however often heard that those who contemplated suicide never spoke of it, and as his manner on the occasions to which I refer was always merry, such talk awoke little uneasiness; and I believe that he never had at the moment any conscious attraction to the subject stronger than a speculative one. At the same time, however, I believe that the speculative attraction itself had its roots in the misery with which in other and prevailing moods he was so familiar.

## CHAPTER LIV.

### ISOLATION.

AFTER writing to Mr. Osborne to acquaint him with the terrible event, the first thing I did was to go to Clara. I will not attempt to describe what followed. The moment she saw me, her face revealed, as in a mirror, the fact legible on my own, and I had scarcely opened my mouth when she cried "He is dead!" and fell fainting on the floor. Her aunt came, and we succeeded in recovering her a little. But she lay still as death on the couch where we had laid her, and the motion of her eyes hither and thither as if following the movements of some one about the room was the only sign of life in her. We spoke to her, but evidently she heard nothing; and at last, leaving her when the doctor arrived, I waited for her aunt in another room, and told her what had happened.

Some days after, Clara sent for me, and I had to tell her the whole story. Then, with agony in every word she uttered, she managed to inform me that when she went in after I left her at the door that night, she found waiting her a note from Charley; and this she now gave me to read. It contained a request to meet him that evening at the very place which I had appointed. It was their customary rendezvous when she was in town. In all probability he was there when we were, and heard and saw—heard too little and saw too much, and concluded that both Clara and I were false to him. The frightful perturbation which a conviction such as that must cause in a mind like his could be nothing short of madness. For, ever tortured by a sense of his own impotence, of the gulf to all appearance eternally fixed between his actions and his aspirations, and unable to lay hold of the Essential, the Causing Goodness, he had clung with the despair of a perishing man to the dim reflex of good he saw in her and me. If his faith in that was indeed destroyed, the last barrier must have given way, and the sea of madness ever breaking against it, must have broken in and overwhelmed him. But, O my friend! surely long ere now thou knowest that we were not false; surely the hour will yet dawn when I shall again hold thee to my heart; yea, surely, even if still thou countest me guilty, thou hast already found for me endless excuse and forgiveness.

I can hardly doubt however that he inherited a strain of madness from his father, a madness which that father had developed by forcing upon him the false forms of a true religion.

It is not then strange that I should have thought and speculated much about madness. What does its frequent impulse to suicide indicate? May it not be its main instinct to destroy itself as an evil thing? May not the impulse arise from some unconscious conviction that there is for it no remedy but the shuffling off of this mortal coil—nature herself

dimly urging through the fumes of the madness to the one blow which lets in the light and air? Doubtless, if in the mind so sadly unhinged, the sense of a holy Presence could be developed—the sense of a love that loves through all vagaries—of a hiding place from forms of evil the most fantastic—of a fatherly care that not merely holds its insane child in its arms, but enters into the chaos of his imagination, and sees every wildest horror with which it swarms; if, I say, the conviction of such a love dawned on the disordered mind, the man would live in spite of his imaginary foes, for he would pray against them as sure of being heard as St. Paul, when he prayed concerning the thorn from which he was not delivered, but against which he was sustained. And who can tell how often this may be the fact—how often the lunatic also lives by faith? Are not the forms of madness most frequently those of love and religion? Certainly, if there be a God, he does not forget his frenzied offspring; certainly he is more tender over them than any mother over her idiot darling; certainly he sees in them what the eye of the brother or sister cannot see. But some of them at least have not enough of such support to be able to go on living; and for my part, I confess I rejoice as often as I hear that one has succeeded in breaking his prison-bars. When the crystal shrine has grown dim, and the fair forms of nature are in their entrance contorted hideously; when the sunlight itself is as blue lightning, and the wind in the summer trees is as "a terrible sound of stones cast down, or a rebounding echo from the hollow mountains;" when the body is no longer a mediator between the soul and the world, but the prison-house of a lying gaoler and torturer—how can I but rejoice to hear that the tormented captive has at length forced his way out into freedom?

When I look behind me, I can see but little through the surging lurid smoke of that awful time. The first sense of relief came when I saw the body of Charley laid in the holy earth. For the earth is the Lord's—and none the less holy that the voice of the priest may have left it without his consecration. Surely if ever the Lord laughs in derision, as the Psalmist says, it must be when the voice of a man would in his name exclude his fellows from their birthright. O Lord, gather thou the outcasts of thy Israel, whom the priests and the rulers of thy people have cast out to perish.

I remember for the most part only a dull agony, interchanging with apathy. For days and days I could not rest, but walked hither and thither, careless whither. When at length I would lie down weary and fall asleep, suddenly I would start up, hearing the voice of Charley crying for help, and rush in the middle of the winter night into the wretched streets, there to wander till daybreak. But I was not utterly miserable. In my most wretched dreams I never dreamed of Mary, and through all my waking distress I never forgot her. I was sure in my very soul that she did me no injustice. I had laid open the deepest in me to her honest gaze, and she had read it, and could not but know me. Neither did what had occurred quench my growing faith. I had never been able to hope much for Charley in this world; for something was out of joint with him, and only in the region of the unknown was I able to look for the setting right of it. Nor had many weeks passed before I was fully aware of relief when I remembered that he was dead. And whenever the thought arose that God might have given him a fairer chance in this world, I was able to reflect that apparently God does not care for this world save as a part of the whole; and on that whole I had yet to discover that he could have given him a fairer chance.

## CHAPTER LV.

### ATTEMPTS AND COINCIDENCES.

It was months before I could resume my work. Not until Charley's absence was as it were so far established and accepted that hope had begun to assert itself against memory; that is not until the form of Charley ceased to wander with despairful visage behind me and began to rise amongst the silvery mists before me, was I able to invent once more, or even to guide the pen with certainty over the paper. The moment however that I took the pen in my hand another necessity seized me.

Although Mary had hardly been out of my thoughts, I had heard no word of her since her brother's death. I dared not write to her father or mother after the way the former had behaved to me, and I shrunk from approaching Mary with a word that might suggest a desire to intrude the thoughts of myself upon the sacredness of her grief. Why should she think of me? Sorrow has ever something of a divine majesty, before which one must draw nigh with bowed head and bated breath:

Here I and sorrows sit;

Here is my throne: bid kings come bow to it.

But the moment I took the pen in my hand to write, an almost agonizing desire to speak to her laid hold of me. I dared not yet write to her, but, after reflection, resolved to send her some verses which should make her think of

both Charley and myself, through the pages of a magazine which I knew she read.

O look not on the heart I bring—  
It is too low and poor;  
I would not have thee love a thing  
Which I can ill endure.

Nor love me for the sake of what  
I would be if I could;  
O'er peaks as o'er the marshy flat,  
Still soars the sky of good.

See, love, afar, the heavenly man  
The will of God would make;  
The thing I must be when I can,  
Love now, for faith's dear sake.

But when I had finished the lines, I found the expression had fallen so far short of what I had in my feeling, that I could not rest satisfied with such an attempt at communication. I walked up and down the room thinking of the awful theories regarding the state of mind at death in which Mary had been trained. As to the mere suicide, love ever finds refuge in presumed madness; but all of her school believed that at the moment of dissolution the fate is eternally fixed either for bliss or woe, determined by the one or the other of two vaguely defined attitudes of the mental being towards certain propositions; concerning which attitudes they were at least right in asserting that no man could of himself assume the safe one. The thought became unendurable that Mary should believe that Charley was damned—and that for ever and ever. I must and would write to her, come of it what might. That my Charley, whose suicide came of misery that the painful flutterings of his half-born wings would not bear him aloft into the empyrean, should appear to my Athanasia lost in an abyss of irrecoverable woe; that she should think of God as sending forth his spirit to sustain endless wickedness for endless torture;—it was too frightful. As I wrote, the fire burned and burned, and I ended only from despair of utterance. Not a word can I now recall of what I wrote:—the strength of my feelings must have paralyzed the grasp of my memory. All I can recollect is that I closed with the expression of a passionate hope that the God who had made me and my Charley to love each other, would somewhere, some day, somehow, when each was grown stronger and purer, give us once more to each other. In that hope alone, I said, was it possible for me to live. By return of post, I received the following:—

"Sir,

"After having everlastingly ruined one of my children, body and soul, for your sophisms will hardly alter the decrees of divine justice,—once more you lay your snares—now to drag my sole remaining child into the same abyss of perdition. Such wickedness—wickedness even to the pitch of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, I have never in the course of a large experience of impenitence found paralleled. It almost drives me to the belief that the enemy of souls is still occasionally permitted to take up his personal abode in the heart of him who wilfully turns aside from revealed truth. I forgive you for the ruin you have brought upon our fondest hopes, and the agony with which you have torn the heart of those who more than life loved him of whom you falsely called yourself the friend. But I fear you have already gone too far ever to feel your need of that forgiveness which alone can avail you. Yet I say—Repent, for the mercy of the Lord is infinite. Though my boy is lost to me for ever, I should yet rejoice to see the instrument of his ruin plucked as a brand from the burning.

"You obedient well-wisher,  
"CHARLES OSBORNE.

"P.S.—I retain your letter for the sake of my less experienced brethren, that I may be able to afford an instance of how far the unregenerate mind can go in its antagonism to the God of Revelation."

I breathed a deep breath, and laid the letter down, mainly concerned as to whether Mary had had the chance of reading mine. I could believe any amount of tyranny in her father—even to perusing and withholding her letters; but in this I may do him injustice, for there is no common ground known to me from which to start in speculating upon his probable actions. I wrote in answer something nearly as follows:

"Sir,

"That you should do me injustice can by this time be no matter of surprise to me. Had I the slightest hope of convincing you of the fact, I should strain every mental nerve to that end. But no one can labour without hope, and as in respect of your justice I have none, I will be silent. May the God in whom I trust convince you of the cruelty of which you have been guilty; the God in whom you profess to believe, must be too like yourself to give any ground of such hope from him.

"Your obedient servant,  
"WILFRID CUMBERMEDE."

If Mary had read my letter, I felt assured her reading had been very different from her

father's. Anyhow she could not judge me as he did, for she knew me better. She knew that for Charley's sake I had tried the harder to believe myself.

But the reproaches of one who had been so unjust to his own son, could not weigh very heavily on me, and I now resumed my work with a tolerable degree of calmness. But I wrote badly. I should have done better to go down to the Mount, and be silent. If my reader has ever seen what I wrote at that time, I should like her to know that I now wish it all unwritten—not for any utterance contained in it, but simply for its general inferiority.

Certainly work is not always required of a man. There is such a thing as a sacred illness, the cultivation of which is now fearfully neglected. Abraham, seated in his tent door in the heat of the day, would be to the philosophers of the nineteenth century an object for uplifted hands and pointed fingers. They would see in him only the indolent Arab, whom nothing but the foolish fancy that he saw his Maker in the distance, could rouse to run.

It was clearly better to attempt no further communication with Mary at present; and I could think but of one person from whom, without giving pain, I might hope for some information concerning her.

Here I had written a detailed account of how I contrived to meet Miss Pease, but it is not of consequence enough to my story to be allowed to remain. Suffice it to mention that one morning at length I caught sight of her in a street in Mayfair, where the family was then staying for the season, and overtaking addressed her.

(To be continued.)

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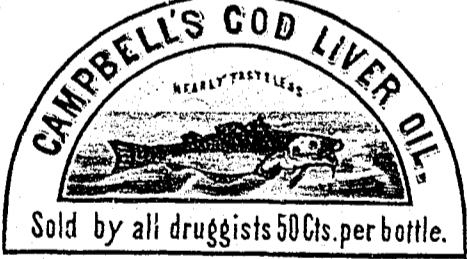
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