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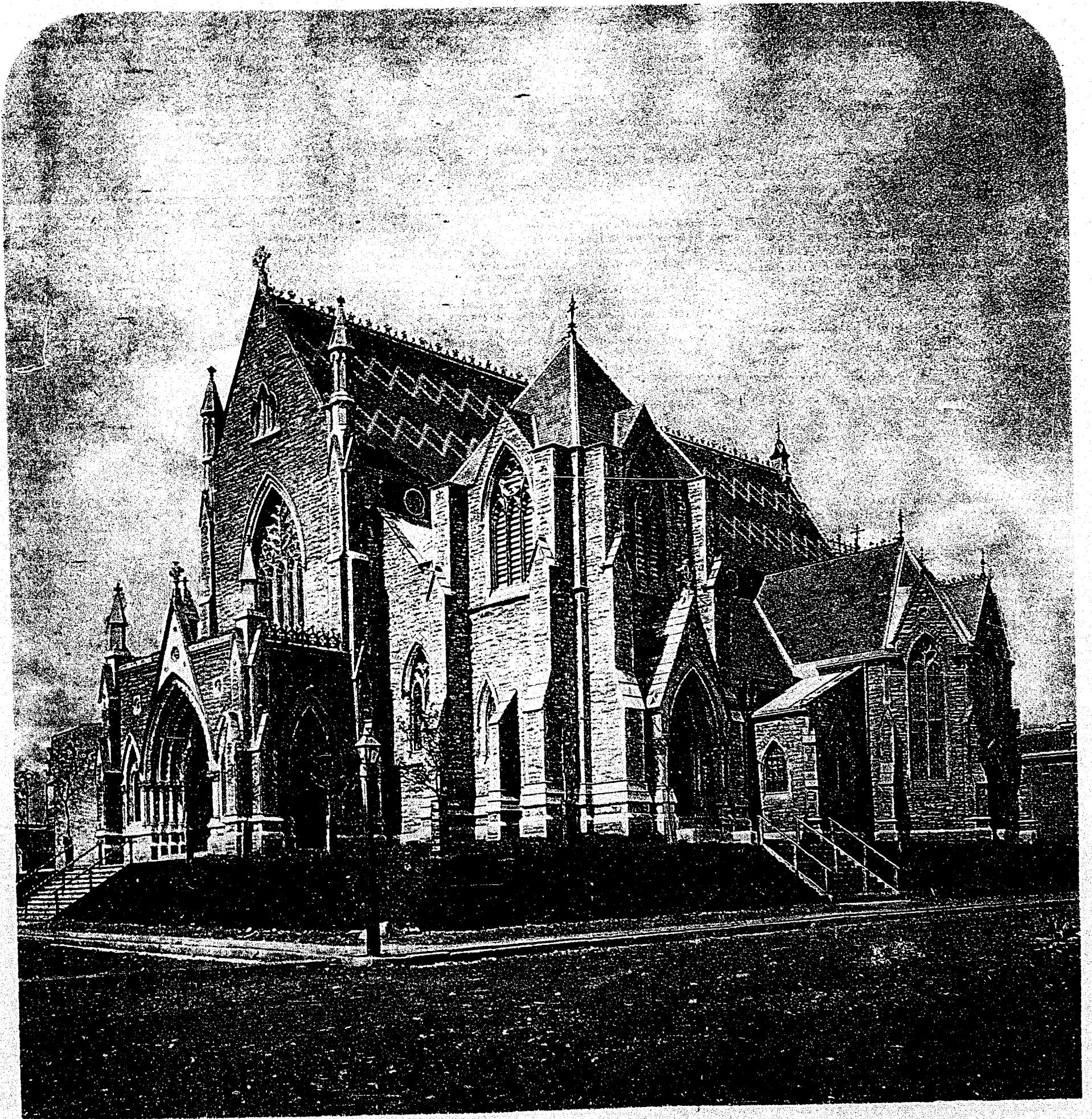
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Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1871.

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ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

BLAYDON-ON-TYNE, July 12, 1871.

The champion crew leave here in a few days for St. John. Renforth is in the enjoyment of good health, and speaks very confidently of success. His comrades are Henry Kelly, Robert Chambers and James Percy, with John Bright as spare man. I don't consider this crew equal to the last, composed of Renforth, Taylor, Martin, and Winship, and some doubts are expressed as to their triumph over the St. John. Several sporting men from the north of England will follow the crew, and betting may probably turn out very brisk.

We are very much agitated in this country at present about the ballot. The opponents of the measure point out America as an example of the uselessness of it. Yet some M. P.'s who have recently visited that country speak of its efficacy, and even lecture the English public about the *morality and sobriety* of the American people as an example worthy of following. I rather imagine those M. P.'s visit that country with eyes shut. No one with due observation can really applaud the morality and sobriety of the American people. Some attention is, however, being paid to the colonies, and a few M. P.'s are thinking of agitating the country in favour of emigration to Canada. A society for that object would be very beneficial; and as we have thousands of labourers and female servants out of employment, it would be a benefit to those people, and at the same time a strength to Great Britain. I look upon our colonies as the future support and the mainstay for upholding the dignity and prestige of our Crown. Hence the necessity of every true Briton assisting in furthering that object.

Republicanism is spreading very fast in England amongst the working classes, and the strike for the nine hours' movement is assuming a very serious aspect. If it continues until winter life and property will not be altogether safe. Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co.'s extensive works are entirely suspended. Belgian workmen are arriving in the Tyne to supply the small manufacturers, but their lives are in jeopardy and some of them have returned to Belgium again. The authorities are very strict in not allowing batches of men to congregate in the streets.

R. E.

THE WIMBLEDON TEAM.

The honour of furnishing the first Colonial team to compete with the best shots of the Empire at the annual tournament at Wimbledon, belongs to the Rifle Association of the Province of Ontario.

We believe it was originally intended that the team should be chosen from the marksmen of the Dominion, but for some cause this was abandoned, and the parties selected represent Ontario alone. We have to-day much pleasure in presenting to our readers the portraits of the various members of the team, together with that of their captain.

LIEUT.-COL. SKINNER.

When the Association decided that Canada should be represented at this year's Wimbledon meeting, it was felt that upon the proper selection of the captain a great deal of the success of the movement depended, and we think the members exercised a wise discretion in choosing the gentleman they did, as it would be difficult perhaps to find amongst all the volunteer officers of the Dominion one more fitted for the duty. Suave and popular in his manners, personally respected in no ordinary degree for his sterling integrity, a great enthusiast in everything pertaining to rifle-shooting and our volunteer soldiery—in a word, a gentleman and a soldier every inch of him, it is universally felt in Ontario that he is the right man in the right place. He is besides fortunate in having at his disposal both the time and the means necessary for the task, and this also is no light matter, when it is considered that the duties of the position—the collecting of the funds and the choosing of the men—has occupied him almost incessantly since October last.

Lieut.-Col. Skinner is a native of the north of Scotland, and when quite a young man he came to Canada to fill a position in the large mercantile house of Kennedy, Parker & Co., of Hamilton, in whose employment he remained for about ten years, when he, along with a younger brother, commenced the wholesale crockeryware business in Hamilton, in which they have been very successful. A few years ago he purchased the beautiful property of Dunelg, in the valley of the Thames, in the neighbourhood of Woodstock, where his family have since continued to reside.

Although his lot has from boyhood been cast in a merchant's office, the subject of this sketch lacks not a few of those qualifications, so characteristic of his countrymen, which tend so much at once to success in, and enjoyment of a mercantile life, and accordingly we find him—as soon as he could prudently do so, retiring from the active management of his business, and devoting his attention mainly to his farm and to his favourite duties as Colonel of the Hamilton active force.

When the volunteer movement was inaugurated in Canada under the auspices of the late Sir A. N. McNab he was one of the first to join the company formed in Hamilton, since which he has never ceased his connection with the volunteer force. In 1860, previous to the visit to Canada of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, he raised the Highland Rifle Company of Hamilton, the members of which he equipped and clothed at his own expense in the garb of their country. From being their captain he has by degrees been raised to his present well-merited rank of colonel. The feeling among the Ontario volunteers towards Col. Skinner may be fittingly expressed by saying that a braver man or better soldier is not to be found within the bounds of our Dominion. This was strikingly evinced during the short campaign with the Fenians in 1866, and is now as much shown in the efficiency of the

battalion which he commands. Equally modest as brave he is a man of few words, with a horror of everything savouring of snam or pretence, his anxiety being to speak by deeds rather than words. In his youth he received a good classical education, and his literary tastes and acquirements are of no mean order. Col. Skinner is still in the prime of life, being now, we believe, in his forty-fifth year, so that we trust he has yet many years of usefulness before him.

Of the various members of the team selected, after several competitive trials of their skill and efficiency, London furnishes one, viz., Captain Wastie; Woodstock one, Captain McLennan, a worthy member of the fourth estate, editor and proprietor of the Woodstock *Times*, and who, we doubt not, will, for the honour of the craft, give a good account of himself; Hamilton furnishes five, viz., Messrs. Murison, Little, Omand, Mason and Sache—the first being an old and esteemed citizen, and an ex-mayor of the "ambitious little city;" Toronto also furnishes five, viz., Captains McMullen and Gibson, Lieut. Birch, and Messrs. McDonald and Jennings—the two latter enthusiastic young Canadians, sons of highly respected gentlemen, the first-named being a son of Judge McDonald of Guelph, and the other a son of the Rev. Dr. Jennings of Toronto; Coburg furnishes one, in the person of one of its most respected townsmen, Mr. McNaughton; Belleville one, Dr. Oronhyatekha, a descendant of one of our old Indian tribes; Kingston one, Mr. Kincaid; Brockville two, Captains Bell and Wilkinson; and Ottawa three, viz., Captain Cotton and Messrs. Harris and Patrick. We believe the latter gentleman, owing to his official duties, had at the last moment to decline going, and time did not admit of his place being filled.

Before the Wimbledon competition took place the "Canadian team" had the pleasure of shooting in a friendly match against a picked team from one of the Liverpool volunteer companies, in which they won by 13 points. In another contest of the same character they were beaten by about an equal number, thus showing that while the new world had not degenerated, it had not gone far ahead of the old, in so far as the two friendly matches could be taken as criteria. At the time of our going to press no details have reached us as to the result of the Wimbledon meeting beyond the bare announcement by cable that the Canadian team had taken several prizes, and that these were distributed by the Princess Louise. The fact of Canadians appearing in the prize roll along with the most distinguished marksmen of the United Kingdom will be sufficient gratification to the public of Ontario for the very small sacrifice made to enable Col. Skinner to carry out his patriotic resolve, and will no doubt give the sturdy volunteers of that noble Province a *prestige* among their brethren in arms "at home" which they never before enjoyed.

Our illustration, from photographs by Inglis, has been grouped to show to the best advantage the likenesses of the several parties. Col. Skinner's keen glance and bushy beard cannot be mistaken, while to his left the well-rounded form of Dr. Oronhyatekha will be readily recognisable by many. On the right of the captain of the team, and the last figure but one on the left side of the picture, stands ex-Mayor Murison cautiously examining the breech of his rifle as if—Scotsman-like—he was determined that all should be in good trim for the coming contest, and that whoever else might fail he at least was determined to preserve his already well-earned laurels.

Since the above was in type we learn that on the first day, the 19th instant, Sergeant Sache, of the 13th Battalion, won one of the Snider Nursery prizes, £2. On the second day Canada was again to the front in the persons of Private Omand, who won a £5 prize, and Dr. Oronhyatekha, who won a £3 prize. On the third day the Prince Imperial of Prussia visited the camp, and, among other incidents, it is recorded that he entered into conversation with one of the Canadian team. There were no competitions concluded on the third day.

CANADA MILITARY ASYLUM.

[The following notice should have appeared in last No., when the illustration of the Asylum was published.]

This excellent institution, as many of our readers are aware, is "for the relief of widows and orphans of soldiers who die while on service in Canada," and is supported by voluntary contributions. It is situated on the St. Lewis road, Quebec, where old and infirm soldiers' widows and orphans are lodged and provided for, but by far the greater portion of the funds of the charity is taken up in affording out-door relief to such widows who, residing in Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, and other parts of the Province, are trying to earn their own living. The Asylum was founded in 1812, since which time it has been the means of extending its benefits to many a poor soldier's widow and orphan. We find by this year's Report that there are at present sixty-nine recipients of the charity, many of whom are of great age—the husband of one old widow was in the Glengarry Light Infantry, a Canadian regiment of active militia which did good service in the old war, and which was disbanded in 1815.

The husband of another was a trumpeter in Sir Ralph Abercrombie's expedition into Egypt; he afterwards served throughout the Peninsula campaign, and was present at the occupation of Paris, his faithful wife, now in her 92nd year, following him throughout. We might mention others, the lives of whom if written would read like a romance. We are sorry to find that the funds of the Asylum have decreased, owing to a loss in the number of subscribers by the reduction of the military force in Canada, but the poor widows and recipients of the charity remain; and we would therefore press upon all interested in its welfare (both civilian and military) the necessity of working earnestly and cordially in making known the benefits which it confers, and in collecting funds for its efficient maintenance.

Subscriptions are received by Rev. D. Borthwick, Montreal; Rev. A. Williams, Toronto; Rev. Canon Innis, London; or Assistant Commissary J. E. Taylor, Honorary Secretary, Quebec.

THE SEVEN FALLS OF ST. FEREOI.

The Province of Quebec is rich in natural scenery. The Ottawa, the Montmorenci, the St. Maurice, and the Chaudière, not to mention a hundred other streams, have their falls or rapids, while the mountain and lake views are varied in their character, and in number scarcely to be counted. Not the least attractive among the river scenes are the seven falls of St. Fereol, where the water of the river tumbles from ledge to

ledge of the solid rock, presenting a scene which is strangely picturesque. St. Fereol is in the Seigneurie of Beauport, county of Montmorenci, about twenty-five or thirty miles below Quebec, on the North Shore. The parish is comparatively poor, but the village is very beautiful, and contains from one thousand to twelve hundred inhabitants. The falls are quite near the village, and in the summer time are visited by great numbers of tourists.

VIEW ON HALIFAX HARBOUR, N.S.

The view which we give in this number of some of the romantic scenery about Halifax harbour is taken from the Dartmouth side, some eight or ten miles above the entrance. It shows the "Narrows," a little over half a mile in width, navigable by the largest vessels. The Narrows open into Bedford Basin, a lovely sheet of water, which, while completely sheltered from the most violent storms, has sufficient exposure to float all the navies in the world. The soil in the neighbourhood is good, but in many places covered with immense boulders of stone.

The harbour of Halifax must be of great importance to Canada in the future. Halifax is the eastern terminus of our railway system—a system destined to extend over the whole of the vast territory between the two oceans—and with its magnificent harbour open all the year round, free from high tides, and always able to shelter all the ships that seek it as a haven, must become one of the most important places in the Dominion. That its harbour should be of such immense capacity and offer so many facilities for shipping seems a forecast of the future greatness of our country. It helps at least to show what it might be made by industry and patriotism.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

In a former number we had occasion to produce a sketch of old St. George's Episcopal Church as it appeared in process of alteration, previous to being converted into a factory. At the same time we referred at some length to the fortunes of the congregation since the opening of the old chapel of ease. In this issue will be found an illustration of the new church built for that congregation at the corner of St. Janvier and St. Francois de Salles streets. The building, which was erected last fall at a cost of over \$50,000, is a handsome specimen of the Gothic style of architecture, and is a new and noble ornament to a city already singularly rich in beautiful ecclesiastical monuments. The services of the church are presided over by the Ven. Dr. Bond, Archbishop of Hochelaga, who is assisted by the Rev. James Carmichael, a gentleman well known and appreciated in church circles throughout the Dominion.

THE ORLEANS PRINCE.

At the present time, when the chances of the French legitimists appear to be fading away, while the possibility of an Orleanist succession seems likely to develop into a probability, it may be worth while to produce the portraits of two of the most active members of the family, who, though being the third and fourth sons of the late Orleanist King, and therefore not direct heritors of the crown of Louis Philippe, occupy an important position before the world as members of the National Assembly.

Francois-Ferdinand-Philippe-Louis-Marie-d'Orleans, Prince de Joinville, is the third son of the late King Louis-Philippe, and was born at Neuilly on the 14th August, 1818. After having completed his studies at the College Henri IV, he was, at the age of thirteen, sent to sea. From that time until the revolution of 1848 the Prince devoted himself to his profession, and succeeded in doing good service for the navy of his country, no less with his pen than with his sword. In 1836 the Prince took the rank of lieutenant, and during that and the following year served with the Mediterranean squadron. In 1838 he obtained command of the corvette "Creole," and joined the fleet under Admiral Baudin, who was entrusted with the mission of obtaining reparation from Mexico. He was present at the bombardment both of St. Juan d'Ulloa and of Vera Cruz, and at the latter place was the first to enter the gates at the head of the storming party. As a reward for his services on this occasion he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and was promoted to the rank of captain. In 1840 the Prince was entrusted with the mission of conveying to France the remains of Napoleon I. The next few years he was employed on cruises in the Mediterranean, to Senegal, and to Brazil, where in 1843 he married Donna Francesca de Braganza, sister of the Emperor Don Pedro II. When war broke out between France and Morocco in 1845, he commanded as rear-admiral a squadron with which he bombarded Tangier and took Mogador, and for these services was appointed vice-admiral. He did not, however, long enjoy this rank, for being in Algiers at the time of the outbreak of the revolution in 1848, he resolved to share the fortunes of his family, and accordingly quitted the service and retired to England, where he remained, with short intervals of absence, until this year. Shortly after the outbreak of the American war in 1861, the Prince, accompanied by his nephews, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, proceeded to the United States, where, on the staff of Gen. McClellan, they witnessed the principal actions of the Virginian campaign of 1862. After the repeal of the act of banishment of the Bourbon family in the early part of the present year, the Prince, together with the other members of the family, returned to France, and at the elections of February presented himself as a candidate for a seat in the National Assembly, and was elected both for the Manche and the Haute-Marne. He chose to sit for the latter constituency, of which he is now the duly elected representative in the councils of the country. During the whole of his career the Prince-Admiral took a deep interest in the welfare of the French navy. First, in 1845, he rendered himself extremely useful to the Admiralty by his solution of the question of the adaptation of steam to vessels of war. Even after his retirement from the navy he continued to render good service to the navy of his country by his writings upon naval matters. Already in 1844 he began publishing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a series of studies on the French navy, which he continued while in exile. Shortly after his return he published, in 1865, a comparative review of the fleets of the United States and France, which excited much attention at the time. In the same journal he also published a well-written and impartial article on his experiences while on McClellan's staff. By his marriage with the Donna Francesca the Prince has one son, Pierre, Duke of Penthièvre, a lad of seventeen years.

Henri d'Orleans, Duc d'Aumale, fourth son of Louis Philippe, was born at Paris on the 16th January, 1822. He was educated, like his brother, at the College Henri IV., and after having finished his education entered the army at the age of seventeen. In 1840 he accompanied his brother, the Duke of Orleans, to Algeria, where he served until 1848, when, though he occupied the high position of Governor-General of Algeria, he withdrew from the army and retired to England, where he has since resided. In 1844 the Duke married Princess Marie-Caroline de Bourbon, daughter of the Prince of Salerno, a member of the Neapolitan branch of the family. The Princess died two years ago leaving one son, Francis, Duke of Guise, who was born in 1854. The Duke d'Aumale is well-known as the most bitter opponent of the Bonapartes to be found in the ranks of the Bourbon family. In 1861 he published in France a paper addressed to Prince Napoleon, under the title of "A Letter on the History of France," but the only result of the venture was to draw down the vengeance of the law on both printer and publisher. The former was condemned to a fine of 5,000 francs and a term of six months' imprisonment, while the latter was fined in the same amount with double the term of imprisonment. Undaunted by this rebuff, the Duke began again, and the following year was announced a "History of the Princes of Condé," by the Duc d'Aumale. Seven years elapsed, however, before this work saw the day, in consequence of lengthy judicial proceedings; but when once the work appeared its success was secured, though this, perhaps, was as much due to the arbitrary persecution to which the Duke had been subjected in the matter as to the intrinsic worth of the book. Nor did the Duke confine himself to mere verbal attacks, witness the challenge sent by him to Prince Napoleon, which the latter took good care to decline. On his return to France the Duc d'Aumale was chosen by two constituencies, Haute-Marne and Oise, and elected to sit for the latter.

CURIOSITY AMONG THE RUINS OF PARIS.

From a French illustrated paper, one of the few which have risen phoenix-like from the ashes of Paris, we borrow the illustration on another page representing a party of curious "strangers" (English of course) on their rounds doing the lions of the ruined city. Let us hope that the artist was troubled with some obliquity of vision, otherwise he might lay himself open to a charge of exaggeration, for never, never can we believe our countrymen have looked as he has made them look. Be that as it may, thus deponeth the French chronicler:

"Mr. Cook (the well-known English excursion agent) has organized a series of excursions from London, which bring us swarms of curious mortals, whom, on payment of so many pounds sterling, he undertakes to pilot through the ill-used capital of France, to feed them, to 'cart' them round, in a word, to distract them from their natural spleen. Mr. Cook was the first to set foot in Paris after the defeat of the Commune. Standing between a smoking ruin and a house shattered by a shell he was struck with the idea of organizing the 'Great Continental Attraction' of the day. Week after week you may see this great man getting out of a railway carriage at the Northern station, and after having grouped around him some twenty, thirty, or forty eager Englishmen, beginning, with Ciceroian eloquence, the history of the Prussian siege and of the horrors of the Commune insurrection.

"Throughout all Paris from end to end does this excursion-contractor drive his flock of travellers. You see them at the Tuileries, at the Ministry of Finance, at the Grenier d'Abondance, and at the magazines at La Villette. To-day it is Croix-Rouge, to-morrow it will be Point-du-Jour, wherever you go, wherever you may be, you are sure of meeting his flock of Englishmen busy collecting mementoes of our ruined monuments—here a bit of charred wood, there a blackened stone.

"When once the whole of England shall have followed Mr. Cook to Paris, there will be left not the smallest tangible souvenir of the catastrophes of the war or the atrocities of the Commune. Only let us hope that after having attacked our ruined monuments Mr. Cook's excursionists will not take it into their heads to demolish what is left us, on pretext of satisfying their hunger for archaeological relics."

The Parisians can well be forgiven for their dislike to be stared at in their misfortunes; but the English do not look upon them without sympathy, nor have they forgotten the old friendship which may yet again be made warm in the glow of mutual prosperity.

M. THIERS' SOIREE.

Among the subjects illustrated in these pages this week will be found the soiree given on Sunday, the 11th of June, by the President of the French Executive, to the members of the Diplomatic Corps, to celebrate the restoration of peace in Paris, and to inaugurate a new era in the political history of France. Among the guests present at the dinner which preceded the reception were Jules Favre, the new Minister of Commerce Lefranc, Lord Lyons, Prince Metternich, and Gen. Fabrice, the Prussian Commandant at St. Denis, who, during the whole entertainment, looked somewhat out of place. At the reception several of the new deputies were presented, among them Prince de Joinville, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Duc de Chartres, who made their appearance quite unexpectedly, and received a most cordial welcome.

THE MONTH OF MAY IN FRENCH HISTORY.—The month of May has always been an eventful month in the annals of France. On the 30th of May, 1431, Joan of Arc was burned at Rouen; on the 14th of May, 1610, Henri IV. was murdered by Ravaillac; on the 23rd of May, 1706, the French were defeated at Ramillies; in May, 1756, began the Seven Years' War; on the 10th of May, 1774, died Louis XV.; the 5th of May, 1789, was the date of the opening of the States-General; on the 12th of May, 1794, Madame Elizabeth was executed; on the 12th of May, 1796, Babeuf's conspiracy was suppressed, and in the same month in the following year Pichegru's conspiracy failed; on the 19th of May, 1802, the "Legion of Honour" was instituted; on the 22nd of May, 1803, war was declared against England; on the 29th of May, 1805, Napoleon I. was crowned King of Italy; on the 5th of May, 1808, Charles IV. of Spain and his son abdicated in favour of Napoleon, and on the 27th of the same month commenced the insurrection in that country. In May, in the following year, Napoleon entered Vienna; on the 3rd of May, 1814, the Bour-

bon dynasty was restored, and Louis XVIII arrived in Paris; and on the 4th of that month, in the same year, Napoleon arrived at Elba. On the 5th of May, 1821, Napoleon died at St. Helena; on the 16th of May, 1830, the Chamber of Deputies was dissolved three months before the abdication of Charles X.; on the 20th of May, 1834, Lafayette died; on the 8th of May, 1837, Louis Philippe being on the throne an amnesty was granted for political offences; and in the same month Louis Napoleon published his "Idées Napoléoniennes;" on the 20th of May, also in that year, Talleyrand died; on the 25th of May, 1846, Louis Napoleon escaped from Ham; on the 7th of May, 1848, the Provisional Government resigned to an Executive Commission elected by the National Assembly of the French Republic; on the 15th the people's attack on the Assembly was suppressed; and on the 16th the perpetual banishment of Louis Philippe and his family was decreed; on the 15th of May, 1855, the Industrial Exhibition was opened at Paris; on the 12th of May, 1859, France having declared war against Austria, the Empress Eugenie was appointed regent, and the Emperor Louis Napoleon arrived at Genoa; on the 21st was raised a loan of 20,000,000 fr.; on the 26th occurred the victory of the French and Sardinians at Montebello; and on the 30th and 31st at Pallalastro. On the 22nd of May, 1864, died the Duke of Malakoff; on the 3rd of May, 1865, the Emperor visited Algeria; on the 6th of May, 1866, at Auxerre, his Imperial Majesty expressed his detestation of the treaties of 1815; and we all know too well what has happened in May, 1871.

INEXTINGUISHABLE STORM AND DANGER SIGNAL.—An Englishman, named Nathaniel Holmes, has patented an "inextinguishable storm and danger signal light," which was first exhibited at the President's meeting of the Royal Society of London, on 22nd of April, when it attracted great attention. Nature gives the following account of it and its uses:—The peculiarities of the signal light are that it is self-igniting when placed in water or thrown on the sea. Contact with water being the only means of igniting the lamp, it is inextinguishable when once ignited; neither wind nor storm has any effect upon the flame. The light is of intense brilliancy, and of great duration, and can be seen for a great distance in the open air. Photographs may be taken by the light of this new signal. Experiments were tried on the evening of the 25th of April, at ten o'clock, in the presence of some scientific gentlemen, to determine its brilliancy as a signal. A lamp was placed in a bucket of water on the top of Primrose Hill, and the light was so intense that after the signal had been burning for twenty minutes small newspaper print could be distinctly read at a distance of seventy feet, notwithstanding that the night was thick and foggy. This new signal light will burn for over forty minutes. In construction the lamp is exceedingly simple, and so contrived that when once burnt the whole may be thrown away. The chemical preparation contained in the lamp is a solid hard substance, free from danger; not affected by heat, and so non-explosive; and the signal is comparatively inexpensive. Its applications for marine signals are numerous. In cases of shipwrecks a few lamps thrown on the sea would illuminate the entire scene, and enable assistance to be promptly and efficiently rendered. For rocket-line apparatus it is equally valuable, as bursting into a flame on falling into the sea, it would indicate the position of the rocket-line. In connection with life-buoys, it would be a mark to the drowning sailor. In life-boat services it would be a signal to the vessel in distress, the brilliant light would greatly assist in the rescue. In cases of salvage, ships' signals, and harbour warnings, the duration of the light renders this new invention of great value. As a railway signal, to be used by the guards and railway porters in cases of accident, it is equally available, and will be of great utility.

INJUDICIOUS EARLY RISING.—One of the very worst economies of time is that filched from necessary sleep. The wholesale but blind commendation of early rising is as mischievous in practice as it is arrogant in theory. Early rising is a crime against the noblest part of our physical nature, unless it is proceeded by an early retiring. Multitudes of business men in large cities count it a saving of time if they can make a journey of a hundred or two miles at night by steamboat or railway. It is a ruinous mistake. It never fails to be followed by a general want of well-feeling for several days after, if, indeed, the man does not return home actually sick, or so near it as to be unfit for a full attention to his business for a week afterward. When a man leaves home on business, it is always important that he should have his wits about him; that the mind should be fresh and vigorous, the spirit lively, buoyant and cheerful. No man can say that it is thus with him after a night on a railroad, or on the shelf of a steamboat. The first great recipe for sound, connected and refreshing sleep is physical exercise. Toil is the price of sleep. We caution parents particularly not to allow their children to be waked up in the mornings: let nature wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour; let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up of themselves in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult or any studies late and just before retiring, has given many a beautiful and promising child brain fever, or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain.—*Journal of Health.*

The Germans often make it a point of accusation against us that we copy their inventions and give them out as our own. There is hardly a thing that we can invent which they do not in the first instance ascribe to German genius; we gain the credit for it by fathering it with a greater spirit of enterprise and liberality of purse. The *Magazin für Literatur des Auslandes* applies the same charge to the science of tobacco smoking. Not that we are supposed to claim historical precedence as smokers, but, according to the magazine, we have been the first to smoke scientifically. Germans smoke without method or artistic object; they make their mouth a chimney which must be puffing night and day; the more tobacco they consume the better. And as for their meerschaums, they might as well be made of brick-clay, so roughly are they handled. English smokers smoke little, but with far more gusto; they treat their meerschaums as they would a child, eagerly watching the progress of colouring and carefully keeping them from harm. Our superiority the journal ascribes partly to female influence, which still makes a pipe or cigar a comparatively rare indulgence, and to the higher price of tobacco in our country.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

VARIETIES.

All the biographies of the great and the good show that not one of them had a fashionable mother.

Fragments of human beings, blown into the air by steam-boat explosions, are spoken of in Arkansas as "atmospheric phenomena."

Some trouble has occurred in an Illinois town by the discovery that a judge has for several months past been swearing witnesses on a dictionary.

A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he should first do when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account." He passed.

The Shaster, or Hindoo bible, forbids a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyebrows, eat dainty food, sit at a window, or view herself in a mirror, during the absence of her husband; and it allows him to divorce her if she has no sons, injures his property, scolds him, quarrels with another woman, or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.

The "wonderful snake woman," who has been exciting sympathy and puzzling the doctors for years with a snake which would show itself in her mouth and then wriggle down out of sight, has been cured at last. A doctor who was quicker and smarter than his professional brethren caught the reptile and pulled it from the woman's throat. It was a black snake, made of India-rubber.

Sir Walter Scott, in his days of law practice, once defended a house-breaker at Jedburg. After the trial the prisoner sent for him, thanked him for his exertions, and said he was sorry he could not give him a fee, but he would give him two bits of information: First, that a yelping terrier inside a house was a better protection than a big dog outside; and, secondly, that no lock so bothered a house-breaker as an old rusty one.

Sunflowers were recommended by a commission of European savants called by Bismarck to rid the air of the taint occasioned by the heaps of dead near Paris. They called the sunflower a precious plant for that purpose, as having a great power of absorbing the nitrogenous matters in which the soil would be so rich, as yielding an excellent oil from its seed, good forage from its leaves and having a combustible stalk which can be used in the domestic fireplace.

A correspondent says, in connection with the New York yacht races: "I understand Mademoiselle Nilsson, whom Dr. Carnochan, the health officer of this port, had been polite enough to invite, with quite a large and distinguished party, on board of his boat to witness the race, behaved, as she usually does, in the most disagreeable way. There is no excuse for her manner, either off or on the stage, for it is atrocious, and, if she is going to remain in this country, she will soon find out her mistake."

Trenton, Tenn., has a haunted house, guarded by a ghost in regulation white, who makes it exceedingly uncomfortable for regular and transient lodgers. An incredulous gentleman recently attempted to pass a night in the haunted house, and received a midnight call from the shadowy proprietor, who withstood the fire of a navy revolver without flinching, and, advancing on the intruder, proceeded to put a bead on him. This incident, vouched for by the local paper, establishes an important fact in ghostology. Though the thinnest of thin air, so far as bullets are concerned, these refugees from the other side of Jordan have substantial bunches of fives, capable of breaking earthly eye, and drawing claret from the material nose.

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—Leith, in his "Travels in Ireland," says:—"In my morning rambles, a man sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a look of squalor in his appearance which I had rarely observed, even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency, and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, but having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back. 'If you are in want,' said I, with a degree of peevishness, 'why don't you beg?' 'Sure, it's begging I am,' was the reply. 'You did not utter a word?' 'No! is it joking you are with me, sir? Look here!' he said, holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat, 'do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes in my trousers, and the bones crying out through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive! isn't it begging I am, with a hundred tongues?'"

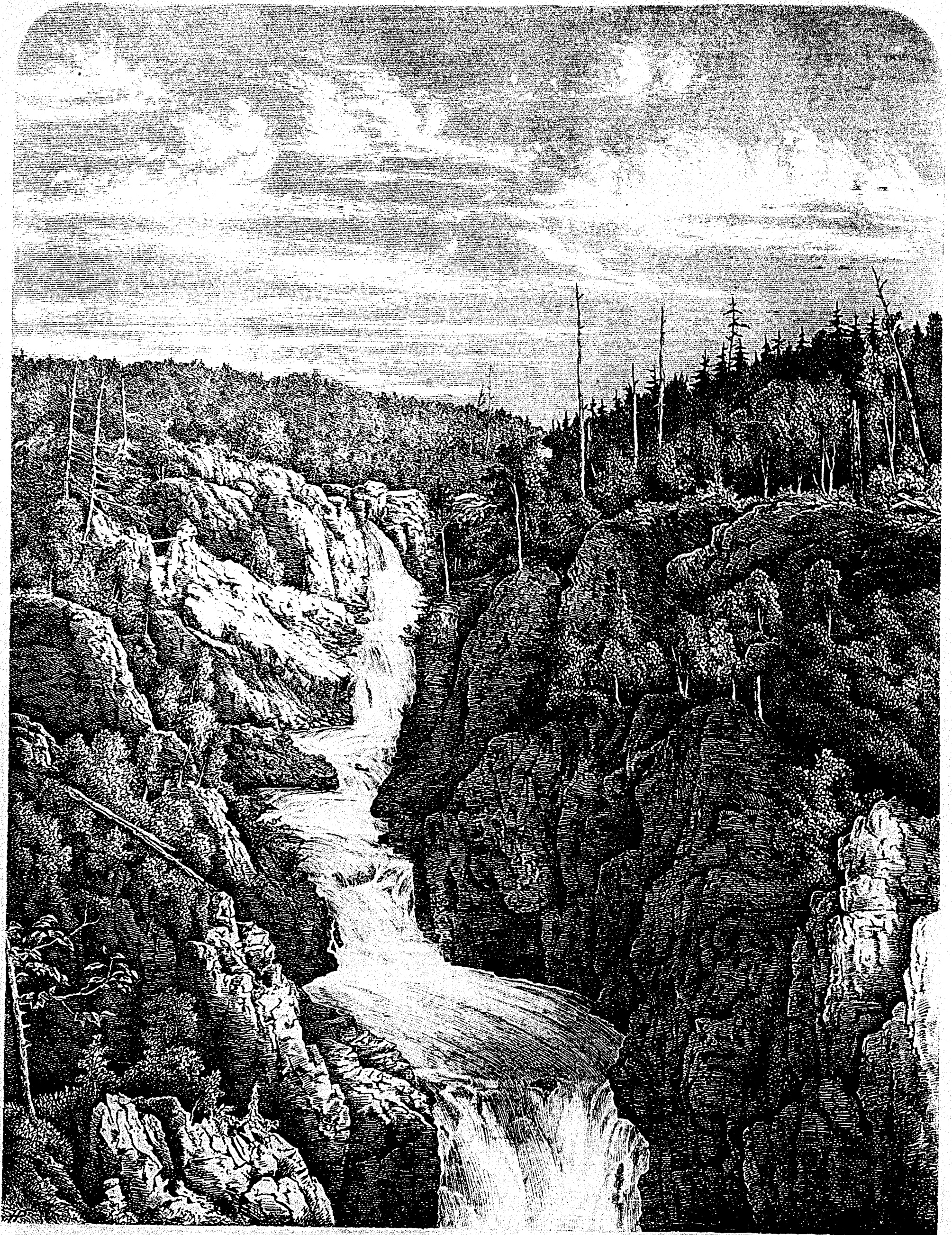
The Kansas correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times* says:—"Pictures in the old geographies used to represent the Indian solitary and in a melancholy attitude on a rock, gazing in a sad reflective way upon a train of cars speeding along in the valley below. He seemed weeping to see the steam horse invading his hunting grounds, and overcome with gloomy forebodings as to his future. I saw the lonely Indian at the railroad depot this morning. He was grumbling because the train was a few minutes behind time, and cursed the depot agent in good missionary English because he did not hurry up and check his carpet bag. He looked delighted when he saw the train coming, shook hands with the conductor when it arrived, borrowed a 'chaw terbacker' of a brakeman; and, as the train moved away, I saw him comfortably stretched out on two seats, eating peanuts."

The old Charleston good livers boasted of their wines, and some of their cellars were stored with the oldest and best. One of them, the well-known J. L., said that he had \$70,000 worth of wine in his cellar when his house was burned during the war. He thought himself, and was thought to be, the best judge of wine in the State. At a dinner party where he was a guest it was secretly arranged to bring him into disgrace in the matter of judgment, and the host sent out to a corner grocery, and for a dollar bought a bottle of wine, and had it put upon the table as a specimen rare and extraordinary. Mr. L. pronounced it the best they had had, and said he: "I recognize the vintage—it is 1784; there is nothing better than this in America." The shout of laughter that followed assured him that he was sold, and the host explained that he had just procured it "around the corner." "Send for the man," said Mr. L., "and let me see if this is so."

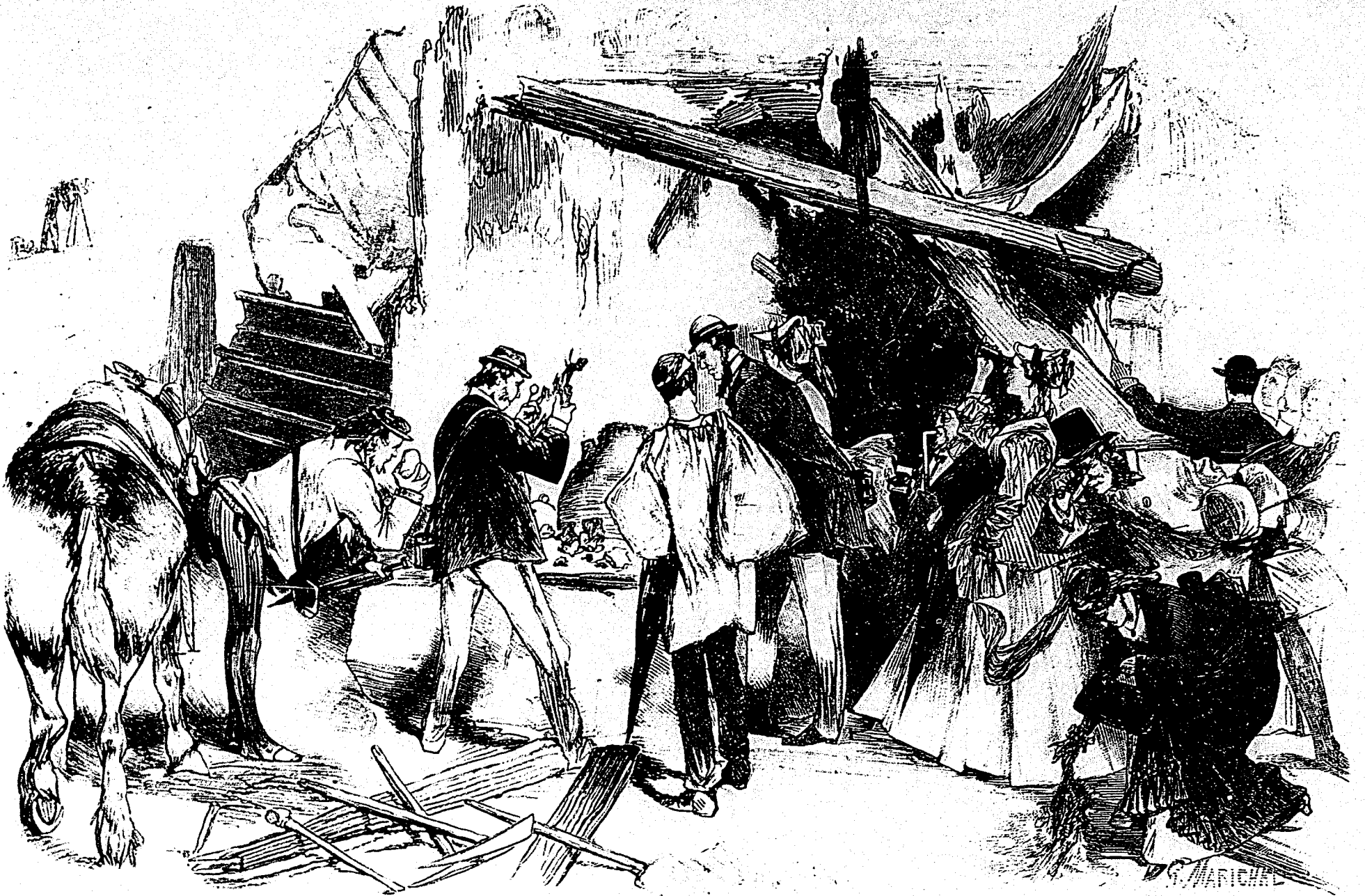
The man soon appeared, and Mr. L. said to him, "Now I will hold you harmless if you will tell me frankly where you got that bottle of wine."

"Well," answered the grocer, "if you will know, I bought it of one of your niggers!"

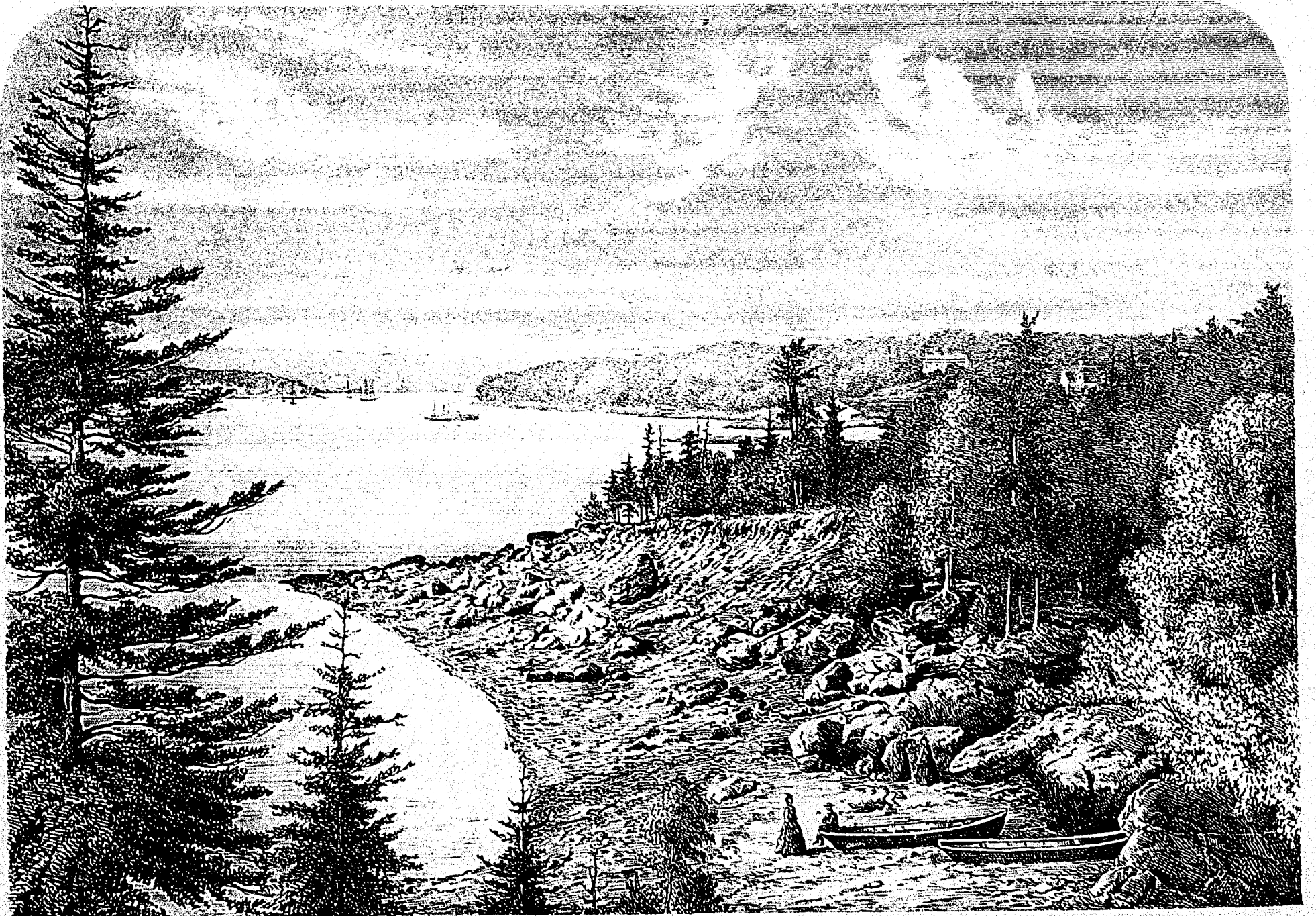
So Mr. L. had them all, and the laugh was now on the other side.



THE SEVEN FALLS OF ST. FEREOLE, 25 MILES BELOW QUEBEC.—SEE PAGE 66.



CURIOSITY.—FOREIGNERS VISITING THE RUINS OF PARIS.—SEE PAGE 67.



VIEW IN HALIFAX HARBOUR.—SEE PAGE 66.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, 22nd July, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 290 Notre Dame Street.

		Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.						Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.		
		9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Su.,	July 16.	65°	74°	66°	76°	56°	66°	29.95	29.90	29.82
M.,	" 17.	72°	72°	65°	75°	55°	65°	29.78	29.78	29.80
Tu.,	" 18.	63°	70°	62°	72°	52°	62°	29.85	29.80	29.87
W.,	" 19.	67°	71°	70°	73°	48°	60°	29.85	29.85	29.86
Th.,	" 20.	65°	73°	66°	75°	52°	63°	29.93	30.00	30.04
Fri.,	" 21.	66°	73°	66°	76°	52°	64°	30.15	30.14	30.14
Sat.,	" 22.	61°	62°	60°	68°	54°	61°	30.15	30.16	30.18

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUG. 5, 1871.

SUNDAY,	July 30.—	<i>Eighth Sunday after Trinity.</i> First English Newspaper published, 1588. J. S. Bach died, 1750. The poet Gray died, 1771.
MONDAY,	" 31.—	Trinidad discovered by Columbus, 1498. Battle of Beauport Flats, 1759. The King of Prussia left Berlin for the Seat of War, 1870.
TUESDAY,	Aug. 1.—	<i>Lemmas Day.</i> Columbus first landed on the American continent, 1498. Battle of Minden, 1759. Emancipation of Slaves in the British dominions, 1834.
WEDNESDAY,	" 2.—	Battle of Blenheim, 1704. Battle of Sandusky, 1813. Capture of the Heights at Saarbruck by the French, 1870.
THURSDAY,	" 3.—	Battle of Fort William Henry, 1757.
FRIDAY,	" 4.—	Shelley born, 1792. Battle of Weissenburg, 1870.
SATURDAY,	" 5.—	Lord Howe died, 1799. Battle of Magagna, 1812.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

MR. ARTHUR MAUGER, late Special Correspondent of this paper in Western Ontario, having resigned his position the Public will please take notice that until further order, CAPTAIN T. O. BRIDGEWATER, our General Agent in Western Ontario, is alone authorised to take orders for subscriptions and advertisements for the *Canadian Illustrated News*.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

July 27, 1871.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1871.

The revolutionary government at present in power in England is forcing democratic ideas into premature maturity. By a somewhat arbitrary, though we believe strictly constitutional, act on the part of the Sovereign, the purchase system in the army has been abolished against the will of Parliament. By a no less arbitrary enforcement of parliamentary discipline the ballot is to be pushed through the House of Commons, if it has not been already. Mr. Gladstone seems to have parted from all his old moorings, and to be drifting along on the surf of the democratic wave now sweeping over the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. No one can tell where he will stop. He resisted the Nonconformist motion for the disestablishment of the English Church, only, we suppose, because he rightly believed that the English mind was not ready for the change. But can it be said of him that he has clung to any principle, for its own sake, that was formerly his? Rather it seems that he who, of all men, was regarded as a man of high principle, has stooped, when in office, to the lowest shifts of expediency, and even blindly elevated to power those whom, in the interests of society, as well as in their own interests, it was the duty of the Government to have controlled with a firm hand. Order and mob rule are incompatible. France has taught us that, if we had not received the lesson nearer home. But England seems to be fast drifting, despite the examples on every side of her, into the arms of unbridled democracy, and the Imperial Ministry now in power is working directly, though we believe unintentionally, towards that end.

We have but to look at the Washington capitulation—Treaty we mean—to see how far England has fallen from her former high estate; to the Treaty of London, wherein the saucy Gortschakoff got everything he wanted for Russia, and practically destroyed all the advantages the Western powers had gained by their success in the Crimean campaign; to the cowardly attitude maintained during the diplomatic discussions between France and Prussia previous to the war; and, finally, to the feeble, or rather unappreciable weight which Britain exercised in settling the terms of peace, to satisfy ourselves that England, under Mr. Gladstone's administration, counts for little among the nations either in the Eastern or the Western hemisphere. He and his ministers make a profession of guarding the honour and dignity of the Empire; but after a little diplomatic swagger they have in every case surrendered all that was asked of them, whether by Russia or the United States. These are the only two powers which by geographical position and national aspiration are instinctively antagonistic to Britain; and these two, the one in the East, the other in the West, look with a jealous eye upon the British de-

pendencies, and even act as if they had sworn to some day appropriate them to their own use. Yet it is precisely before these two powers—her foes in the past, and not unlikely to be her enemies, at least necessarily her competitors, in the future—that England bows down. Is such a policy calculated to perpetuate her greatness? We doubt it.

In the face of these unpropitious indications of Imperial vacillation, the question of the "reorganization of the Empire" is being pressed upon public attention. The agitation for "home rule" in Ireland is accounted *a propos* to the discussion, and it is held that as the demand for local legislation increases in Great Britain the necessity grows for the constitution of inferior or local Legislatures to deal with local questions, leaving the Imperial Parliament to legislate only upon questions affecting the general interests of the Empire. The idea is not by any means a new one; but it is one which the Colonies would probably be slow to accept. In the first place we do not believe that they would willingly give up any of the powers they now possess, *i.e.*, those of levying customs duties, inland revenue, and other taxes; regulating the laws of property, as to succession, &c. Secondly, the Imperial Parliament could scarcely surrender its power of taxation to the local Legislatures which would necessarily have to be established in the United Kingdom, and neither England, Ireland nor Scotland would brook submission to the Imperial Confederation on terms less favourable than those upon which Canada or Australia would be admitted. These are practical difficulties, though involving only matters of detail, and they suggest the propriety of our trying to hang together as we are for a little while longer, until the progress of events shall develop new motives for our seeking a change. At the present time, though we have got what may be called a "peace-at-any-price" government administering Imperial affairs, we need hardly believe that the heart of the Empire has abandoned its former aspirations; nor can we suppose that the trifling representation which would of right belong to the Colonies in case of Imperial Confederation, could in any degree alter or even modify Imperial policy.

Were a bold national spirit abroad in England, strong enough to control the government, the colonies would, doubtless, enter more heartily into the discussion of the project of an Imperial Confederation. But colonists have no assurance that the inhabitants of the British Isles care for the dignity of Empire. On the contrary, they have seen, time after time, men high in popular favour denouncing the colonies as expensive and useless ornaments, embarrassing to the Mother Country. The expression of such sentiments is naturally calculated to provoke a revulsion of feeling among colonists, and thus the tendency at the present day is towards disintegration rather than confederation of the Empire. There are some social or internal reforms that Mr. Gladstone may yet accomplish, which might bring a blessing upon his country; but we do not anticipate that he can do otherwise than spread the feeling we have indicated—that of dismemberment. It will be for those who succeed him and his colleagues in the government, should circumstances then call for it, to mature a scheme for binding more closely together the scattered fragments of the Empire; and one of the most obvious steps towards this end would be for the Imperial Government to assume a responsibility, commensurate with its great interest in the undertaking, for the construction and equipment of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PENTON'S SCIENTIFIC FARMERS' AND LITERARY MAGAZINE, July, 1871, Buffalo, N. Y.; Charles Penton, Publisher, \$1.50 per annum.

This excellent farmer's journal is replete with valuable information and interesting reading matter, and contains many very well executed engravings illustrative of the text. From the latitude in which it is published it is naturally among the best of American agricultural journals for Canadian readers, as the hints and suggestions suitable for the region of western New York require little study to make them applicable to the north shore of the lakes.

KING ARTHUR; a Poem by Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1871.

This handsome volume is a credit to the publishers. The paper, typographical execution and binding are first-class, and reflect much honour on the firm of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. These gentlemen, in virtue of our present copyright law, have engaged in an enterprise which deserves the warmest encouragement from the Canadian people—that of republishing English works, which heretofore were almost exclusively circulated through this country in the editions—often pirated—published by United States Houses. Hunter,

Rose & Co. have been constituted Lord Lytton's Canadian publishers by his own express sanction, and the manner in which they have got out this volume will doubtless commend them to other English authors of distinction. Of the work itself we need say little. It was first published more than twenty years ago, and at that time stood the crucial test of the keenest criticism. Its republication now, after careful revision by the distinguished author, will be hailed with satisfaction by the lovers of Arthurian legend. To those of our readers who have not as yet seen both Bulwer and Tennyson on this theme, we may say that Lord Lytton treats the subject in a manner altogether different from that of Tennyson in his *Mort d'Arthur*; indeed, except as to the characters, we can hardly recognise the story, and none who have read the one would wish to be without the other. Since the days of Milton, probably, no theme has been wrought up with such epic grandeur in the English language as the story of King Arthur. We do not pretend to decide between Lord Lytton and the Laureate as to their modes of treating the subject, for the works of both deserve to take a high rank in English classics. Doubtless the volume before us will receive a liberal patronage in Canada.

RECEIVED.—THE CREATION OF MANITOBA; or, A History of the Red River Troubles. By Alexander Begg. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1871.—Notice in our next.

THEATRE ROYAL.—On Monday evening the Chapman Sisters appeared in the Burlesque of "Cinderella," in which they exhibited a practical knowledge of "how to please," by their charming and easy style of acting. Miss Quinton, as the valet of the mock Prince, was everything that could have been wished, while Mr. Bishop convulsed the audience by his impersonation of a Fat, Fair and Forty beauty, who longed to be settled in life. It gives us much pleasure to hear that Mr. Charles Mathews, the eminent London Comedian, will appear at this theatre next Monday, when a large audience may be expected to greet so great a celebrity. The Holman Troupe is expected again in Montreal early next month, and the theatre-going community look forward with anticipation to the coming of these favorites. It must be most gratifying to the management of the theatre that during the present season such great success has attended their efforts; they have produced nearly every week some new attraction, and this has been done at considerable expense. Their judgment and tact in catering for the public amusement deserves the hearty support which the Montreal people so freely give.

The Tyne crew are expected to arrive in Halifax next week. After rowing the Paris crew at St. John they will return to Halifax for the regatta.

It is stated, on what is believed to be good authority, that H. R. H. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne intend visiting Canada in September.

Mr. Grant, civil engineer, about the 1st instant made a survey of the Hudson's Bay Company's property around Fort Garry, preparatory to laying off the land required for Government purposes.

A train laden with supplies to be sold on Government account at cost prices to immigrants going to Manitoba by the Thunder Bay route, was despatched from Winnipeg to the North-West angle on the 1st inst.

A tremendous storm swept over Newfoundland on the 14th, doing much damage to buildings and shipping. Fears are entertained that the geological expedition under Sir Wm. Logan has been cut off from its route.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Arthur, the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, and the Duke of Cambridge, is to go to Dublin on Monday. The royal visit will be signalled by a series of brilliant *fêtes* and balls, terminating with a grand review.

At a Coroner's inquest held on Monday over the bodies of those killed in the New York riots on the 12th, the jury, after a deliberation of five minutes, returned a verdict to the effect that the parties came to their deaths from the effects of gunshot wounds at the hands of persons unknown.

On Thursday evening of last week Mr. Gladstone formally announced in the House of Commons that Her Majesty had been pleased to cancel the Royal warrant legalising the purchase of commissions in the army. The declaration was received with loud cheering by Government supporters.

The members of the Canadian Press Association returned to Toronto on Saturday, after the completion of their annual excursion. Starting on Tuesday by boat they sailed down the lake to Kingston, and down the river to Montreal. From Montreal they took steamer to Ottawa, where, after visiting the "lions," they were entertained at dinner by the Mayor and Corporation. They returned to Prescott on Friday night, and proceeded thence home.

Among the hitherto almost hidden resources of British Columbia is dog-fish oil. This fish does not come and go with the seasons, but inhabits these waters all the year round, and in such numbers as to be almost literally inexhaustible. Hitherto the extraction of the oil has been carried out on a small scale at Plumper Pass, but it has recently been commenced at Burrard Inlet, where some fifty men, whites and Indians, are successfully engaged in it. The liver of the fish alone is used, and the daily take of oil will average twenty gallons to the man. At Victoria the oil brings forty cents a gallon, but at Puget Sound it commands as high as fifty and sixty cents. It is evident that even when pursued in the simplest manner the trade in this oil is very profitable, and there is no doubt that if the business were prosecuted scientifically and extensively many hundreds of persons would receive profitable employment.

CELERY CULTURE.

Celery is one of those vegetables with which the amateur often makes his most decided failure, although it is one of the most successful crops with the professional gardener, the cause of difference in results being attributed to care and culture at the proper time.—Those who intend growing this vegetable on a large scale should always consult the best and most thorough works on the subject; but the man who only wants a few hundred head of celery may produce them by adopting the following plan:

THE SEED BED.

Celery seed usually germinates slowly, and the plants are exceedingly small and tender when they first appear; consequently a carefully prepared seed bed is positively necessary. If there are no hot-beds that can be used for this purpose, select a warm spot on the south side of a fence or building; and as soon as the frost is out of the ground dig up a bed, say three feet wide and ten feet long, cover it with fine manure, two to four inches deep, and dig it in and mix it with the soil. Rake the bed level and sow the seeds evenly over one-half the surface, leaving the remainder vacant and for use when the plants are large enough for their first removal. Pat down the surface with the back of a hoe or spade, and this will usually cover the seed sufficiently deep; if not, sift on a little very fine soil. Give the bed a good soaking of tepid water, applied through a watering pot with a fine rose. It will not do to dash on water with a pail or some similar vessel.

The seed bed must be frequently watered, and never allowed to get dry, until the plants appear, and thereafter sufficiently to keep them growing. If the plants come up too thickly, thin them out; but as soon as large enough to handle, take up and transplant into rows, beginning on the vacant end of the bed, placing them four inches apart each way; and a bed of the size named will hold about three hundred. The plants may remain in this position until wanted for final planting in the garden, which we usually do about the first to middle of July. Plants that have been transplanted in the seed bed can be safely removed at almost any time, whether the weather be moist or dry.

FINAL PLANTING.

We adhere somewhat tenaciously to the old practice of trench planting for ordinary garden culture. A trench is dug of the required length, or several of them, four feet apart, and one space deep, which, as a general thing, will not be more than six or eight inches, and about a foot wide. This trench is then half filled with fine stable manure, and this is mixed into the soil in the bottom of the trench. The trench, when thus prepared, will be about four inches deep, exclusive of the soil, which has been thrown out upon either bank. The plants are then set in the centre of the trench six inches apart, and, after planting, carefully watered. The reason why we like the shallow trench is the convenience of watering, as when applied it is sure to reach the roots and not spread over the surface, as when level culture is adopted. From this time forward, until the blanching is commenced, all that is required is to keep the plants growing by careful culture, such as frequently stirring the soil and giving water when required.—*Rural New Yorker.*

WHAT THE MICROSCOPE REVEALS—WITH A MORAL.

Lewenboeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of their bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve.

The mites make five hundred steps a second.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows on a meadow.

Moral.—Have some care as to the air you breathe, the food you eat, and the water you drink.—*Home and Health.*

WILLOW LEAF TEA.—Mr. Medhurst, the British Consul at Shanghai, says "the preparation of the willow leaf for mixture with tea is openly practised in the villages on the Hongken side of the Sso-chow Creek, and it has become an industry which claims an important share of the attention of the villages of that and other localities. The banks of the numerous creeks are planted with willow trees, the young leaves of which are collected in April and May, very much in the way that the tea leaf is gathered. The produce is then collected in heaps on the hard threshing floors of the hamlets, and is allowed to undergo a mild fermentation in the sun. The leaves are then manipulated, similarly to those of the ordinary tea plant. They are sorted into kinds, according to sizes, and afterwards roasted in common tea ovens. The appearance of the stuff, after this treatment, is not unlike that of the genuine article, and it is carried to Shanghai, and there intermixed with pure tea, at a ratio of from ten to twenty per cent. The cultivation and preparation of willow leaves were begun in Shanghai about ten years ago, and have increased year by year. The poorer classes near Shanghai have for a long period consumed this leaf as an infusion in place of tea, the latter being too expensive for them to purchase."

As far as he can gather, its use is productive of no ill effect, but its flavour has not the slightest resemblance to any known tea. The cost of the article cannot exceed 2d. per pound, but when mixed with tea, and so sold to foreigners, it must represent a very large profit to the producers.

He thinks the interference of the authorities with regard to this spurious manufacture may shortly be necessary, for the purpose, if not of its actual prohibition (which may not be possible), at all events, of placing it under such control as that foreigners may be in a position to satisfy themselves as to the quantity produced, and the proportion used in mixing, so that the adulterated article may take its proper position in the tea market. From inquiries instituted through the superintendent of police, it transpires that there are at this moment

about 400 piculs—say 53,000 pounds—of this willow leaf in the course of preparation at various drying houses in the foreign settlements at Shanghai. The probable amount made up last season is estimated at not less than 3,000 piculs, or 400,000 pounds. He is not aware that any analysis of the properties of the willow leaf has yet been made at Shanghai, but attention to the above facts will doubtless bring about an investigation of the kind, which is certainly demanded in the general interest, by the rapid expansion which is exhibiting itself in this feature of the tea trade.

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOMS CONTINUOUS.—The following is from Prof. Wyville Thompson's lecture at Edinburgh University:—"A plant cannot assimilate pure carbon, or hydrogen, or nitrogen; it seems that it can assimilate no elementary substance except oxygen, unless it be presented to it in the nascent condition. An animal stands in precisely the same relation to the binary compounds, carbonic acid, water and ammonia. However abundantly, therefore, it might be supplied with these binary compounds which actually contain all the elements necessary for its sustenance, it would surely die of inanition. In order to be capable of affording nourishment to the animal kingdom, these substances must be elaborated to the condition of ternary and quaternary compounds, and this can only be done in the cells of plants. This, then, is the broad and practical distinction between the vegetable and the animal kingdoms. Plants have the power of absorbing, modifying, and organizing inorganic substances, while animals are entirely dependent upon the organic substances thus prepared for their support. Taken in this sense, the distinction between the two kingdoms is most marked, and of the highest practical value; but when we set aside this one peculiar property, which is possessed only by some plants, and only by certain parts of those plants, at certain periods of their life, and especially when we observe certain minute forms, of low organization, on the verge of either kingdom, it becomes absolutely impossible to assign any definite distinctive character. The character which is, perhaps, most palpable and universal, is that a mass of vegetable protoplasm is, at some time during its existence, inclosed in a cell-wall, which is composed of cellulose, or some very nearly allied ternary compound. Animal protoplasm is rarely, if ever, confined in this way; that is to say, in nucleated cells, with cellulose walls, which are found in all plants, and are not found in the animal kingdom. Now, although the power which plants possess of fixing carbon and combining it with the elements of water, is the character which practically distinguishes the vegetable from the animal kingdom, I have already shown that we cannot regard this as by any means a universal test. In this respect broomrapes and dodders are animals. When we pass down by any path we choose, either through animals or plants, we come equally to a great series of very simple forms—mere little masses of protoplasm with a nucleus. Some of these contain peculiarly formed masses of bright colouring matter, green, scarlet, or yellow, and with the possession of such pigment we usually associate the power of decomposing carbonic acid. Many of these bodies have, however, no colouring matter at all, except what is derived from their food. A large number of these simple forms are enclosed in a wall of cellulose, but very many of them are naked or merely covered with a pellicle of firmer protoplasm; while some, such as the plasmodia of the myxogastria fungi are, for some part of their lives, enclosed in a cellulose wall, and, for another part, naked. Going still lower, we have Haeckel's Monera, differing from the others merely in the absence of a nucleus and the total want of differentiation of any part. Even these last are sometimes coloured, and from their chemical reactions it seems very likely that they possess some low form of the peculiar vegetable power. Now, the question is, whether all these considerations lead in any way in the direction of establishing a separate kingdom for these simple beings. I think decidedly not, but it seems to me that they prove almost to demonstration that organic nature must be taken as one whole, that the animal and vegetable kingdoms are absolutely continuous, and that a tree flinging its green flags into the sunshine and feeding on the winds of heaven, is essentially nothing more than a vast colony of a protozoon, comparable to a gigantic mummulate, only building a cellulose instead of a calcareous shell, and developing a special secretion in special organs for the purpose of enabling it to do so."

LABOUR CONDUCE TO LONG LIFE.—In view of the short duration of life entailed by some occupations, it must be regarded as a consoling, yea, a sublime fact, that labour in general does not tend to shorten life; but, on the contrary, by strengthening health, lengthens life; while on the other hand, idleness and luxury are productive of the same results as the most unhealthy occupations. Dr. Guy, an Englishman, in calculating the average duration of life in the wealthy classes, arrived at the very surprising result with regard to adults, that the higher the position in the social scale, the more unlimited their means, the less the probability of a long life.

We have so long been accustomed to consider the possession of riches as the best guarantee for physical welfare, that many will be surprised to hear that "the probability of the duration of life lessens, with regard to adults in each class of the population, in the same degree as the beneficial impulse for occupation is lacking. If a person who for a long time has lived an active life, retires from business, it may be taken for granted, with a probability of ten to one, that he had seized the most effective means to shorten his life." We may smile at the soap maker who, after having formerly retired from business, went nevertheless, on each day of soap-boiling, to his workshop; but it must also be acknowledged that his instinct did not mislead him. Of all conditions of life, idleness is hardest for nature to combat; and this is especially true of persons who have accustomed themselves to a busy life.

WHAT SLEEP WILL CURE.—The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is harder to get. The best rest come from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient.

Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will cure insanity. It will restore to vigour an over-worked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia, particularly that variety known as nervous dyspepsia. It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure the blues. It will cure

the heartache. It will cure neuralgia. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness, however, is not so easy, particularly in those who carry grave responsibilities. The habit of sleeping well is one which, if broken up for any length of time, is not easily regained. Often a severe illness, treated by powerful drugs, so deranges the nervous system that sleep is never sweet after it. Or, perhaps, long continued watchfulness produces the same effect; or hard study, or too little exercise of the muscular system, or tea and whiskey drinking, and tobacco using. To break up the habit are required—

- 1. A clean, good bed.
2. Sufficient exercise to produce weariness, and pleasant occupation.
3. Good air, and not too warm a room.
4. Freedom from too much care.
5. A clean stomach.
6. A clear conscience.
7. Avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep, otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

DINNER TIME.—Dinner time should be at noon, as to the great masses of society. An unfortunate necessity may compel some business men in large cities to take dinners late in the afternoon, and some may follow the practice with apparent impunity, but the risk and responsibility are their own, and there it is left at least for the present. As a common thing persons cannot take into the stomach more food than will last six or seven hours; if more is taken, it cannot be acted upon to advantage by the stomach, nor can the person work well.

Ordinary labour exhausts the strength contained in a common meal in the time specified. Persons may habituate themselves to eat more and work; but taking everything into account, families, consisting of old and young, of strong and weak, of robust and the sickly, will find it most convenient, as an average, to eat at about six hours' interval; and this, with an early breakfast, brings the dinner at noon.

The work since morn whets up the appetite for dinner; the work after dinner grinds up the food, manipulates it in such a manner as to enable the body not only to obtain from it the power to work in the afternoon, but to give something of a surplus, to answer the wants of the system during the night, in connection with a light supper. Hence, the world over, the noon dinner is the great meal of the day; it supplies the wastes of the forenoon's work, and, as just said, gives the power to labour through the afternoon.

MENTAL WORK.—The author of "Piccadilly Papers," in London Society, says:—"I know a remarkably able and fertile reviewer who tells me that though over his midnight oil he can lubricate articles with a certain sharpness and force, yet for quietly looking at a subject all round and doing justice to all its belongings, he wanted the quiet morning hours. Lancelot Andrews says that he is no true scholar who goes out of his house before twelve o'clock. Similarly an editor once told me that though his town contributors sent him the brightest papers, he always detected a peculiar mellowiness and finish about the men who wrote in the country. I knew an important crown official whose hours were from ten to three. He had to sign his name to papers; and as a great deal depended upon his signature, he was very cautious and chary how he gave it. After three o'clock struck, no beseeching powers of suitors or solicitors could induce him to do a stroke of work. He would not contaminate the quality of his work by doing too much of it. He would not impair his rest by continuing his work. And so he fulfilled the duties of his office for exactly sixty years before he retired on full pay from the service of the country. And when impatient people blame lawyers for being slow, and offices for closing punctually, and shops for shutting early, and, generally speaking, the wider adaptation of our day periods of holidays and rest, they should recollect that these things are the lessons of experience and the philosophy of society and life."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A correspondent desires to know—but we can't tell—who was the author of the following; perhaps it will amuse those of our readers who have not met it before to attempt a translation:

Mens filius voluntas ego sum ecurta suam caput plenum sed contra hominem die pax.

CHESS.

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

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 32.

- White. Black.
1. R. to Kt. 5th. ch. Kt. in.
2. B. ch. R. takes B.
3. R. to K. 4th. ch. K. takes B.
4. Kt. to B. 6th. mate.

VARIATION.

- 2. K. takes B.
3. R. takes Kt. ch. K. to K. 3rd. (best.)
4. Kt. to Kt. 7th. mate.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 10.

- White. Black.
1. R. to K. 2nd. ch. K. to Q. 3rd. (best.)
2. R. to K. 6th. ch. K. to B. 4th. (best.)
3. Kt. takes Kt. ch. K. takes B.
4. Kt. to B. 4th. ch. K. moves.
5. B. to Kt. 4th. ch. P. takes B.
6. P. takes P. mate.

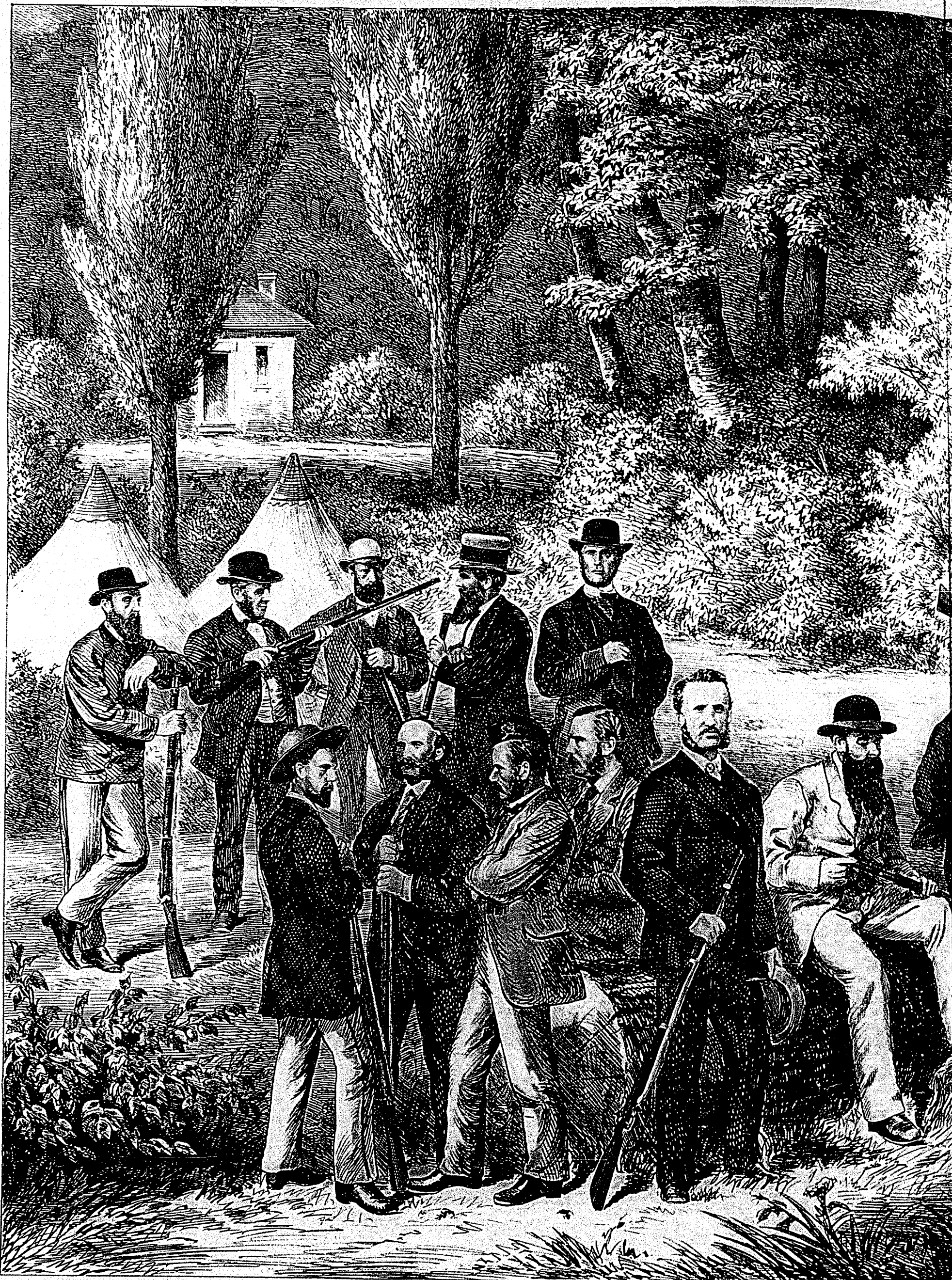
CHARADES, &c.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE NO. 23.

Sir George Etienne Cartier, Baronet. Thus:—Nero. Garter. Tire. Nose. Ice. Rain. Beet. Ge.

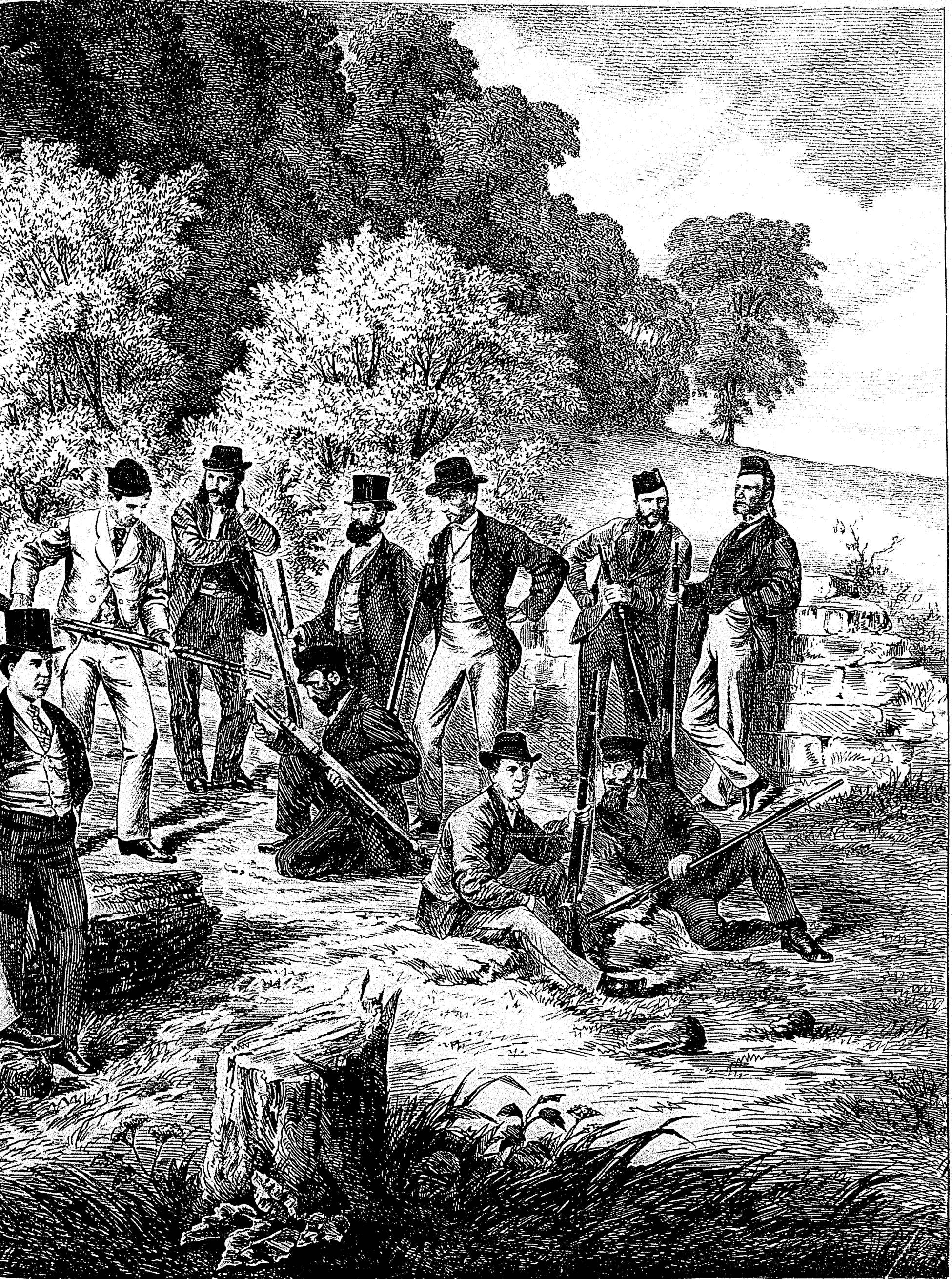
SOLUTION TO CHARADE NO. 24.

The Capitulation at Sedm. Thus:—Satan. Hecla. Pitt. I. O. U. Dead. Tea.



Sergt. McMullen, 10th Royals. George Murison, Pte. 13th Batt. Sergt. Major McNaughton, Cobourg G. A. Capt. Gibson, Toronto G. A. Col. Skinner, Capt. "Team."
 Col. Sergt. Omand, 13th Batt. Joseph Mason, Pte. 13th Batt. Sergt. Kincaid, 14th Batt. Kingston.
 Capt. Werner, 14th Batt. Kingston. Alex. McLonighan, Capt. 22nd Batt. Capt. Cotton, Ottawa G. A.

THE ONTARIO WIMBLED



Sergt. McDonald, Q. O. R. Lt. Little, 13th Batt. Sergt. Major Harris, O. G. A. Sergt. Saché, 13th Batt. Lt. Birch, Q. O. R. Pto. Jennings, Q. O. R.
 Oronvatohka, 49th Batt. Sergt. Wilkinson, G. T. R. Capt. Bell, G. T. R. Capt. Wastio, 17th Batt.

ON TEAM OF RIFLEMEN.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

OUTSIDE.

I.

She is singing a song that she sang for me
Often and often in bygone years.
And my ears are blessed, though my eyes must be
Dim with the darkness that comes through tears.

II.

I am not angry.—I am not mad.—
I do not rave at the fates that kill—
There is something within me that makes me glad,—
Let her love me or not—I can love her still.

III.

If she knew that I heard her sing to-night,
Would the faintest quiver disturb her heart?
Would her ears grow deaf to the gilded wight
Who is using the words of the marriage waltz?

IV.

What matter? I worship her, body and soul—
For a touch of her fingers day and night
I would work and wait till the ashy coal
Of my life rekindled in love's own light.

V.

And I stand outside as proud as a god
With the sold-on thought of what once has been.
In a threadbare coat and shabbily shod,
While minions of fashion surround my queen.

VI.

'Tis many a lonely, wearisome day
Since she sang that song for myself alone—
But her voice is hushed and I go my way
With a widowed heart that has lost its throne.

JOHN READE.

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

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

CHAPTER III.

AT THE TOP OF THE CHIMNEY-STAIR.

I FEAR my readers have thought me too long occupied with the explanatory foundations of my structure: I shall at once proceed to raise its walls of narrative. Whatever further explanations may be necessary, can be applied as buttresses in lieu of a broader base.

One Sunday—it was his custom of a Sunday—I fancy I was then somewhere about six years of age—my uncle rose from the table after our homely dinner, took me by the hand, and led me to the dark door with the long arrow-headed hinges, and up the winding stone stair which I never ascended except with him or my aunt. At the top was another rugged door, and within that, one covered with green baize. The last opened on what had always seemed to me a very paradise of a room. It was old-fashioned enough; but childhood is of any and every age, and it was not old-fashioned to me—only intensely cosy and comfortable. The first thing my eyes generally rested upon was an old bureau, with a book-case on the top of it, the glass-doors of which were lined with faded silk. The next thing I would see was a small tent-bed, with the whitest of curtains, and enchanting fringes of white ball-tassels. The bed was covered with an equally charming counterpane of silk patchwork. The next object was the genius of the place, in a high, close, easy-chair, covered with some dark stuff, against which her face, surrounded with its widow's cap, of ancient form, but dazzling whiteness, was strongly relieved. How shall I describe the shrunken, yet delicate, the gracious, if not graceful form, and the face from which extreme old age had not wasted half the loveliness? Yet I always beheld it with an indescribable sensation, one of whose elements I can isolate and identify as a faint fear. Perhaps this arose partly from the fact that, in going up the stair, more than once my uncle had said to me "You must not mind what grannie says, Willie, for old people will often speak strange things that young people cannot understand. But you must love grannie, for she is a very good old lady."

"Well, grannie, how are you to-day?" said my uncle, as we entered, this particular Sunday.

I may as well mention at once that my uncle called her *grannie* in his own right and not in mine, for she was in truth my great grandmother.

"Pretty well, David, I thank you; but much too long out of your grave," answered grannie; in no sepulchral tones, however, for her voice, although weak and uneven, had a sound in it like that of one of the upper strings of a violin. The plaintiveness of it touched me, and I crept near her—nearer than I believe, I had ever yet gone of my own will—and laid my hand upon hers. I withdrew it instantly, for there was something in the touch that made me—not shudder, exactly—but creep. Her hand was smooth and soft, and warm too, only somehow the skin of it seemed dead. With a quicker movement than belonged to her years, she caught hold of mine, which she kept in one of her hands, while she stroked it with the other. My slight repugnance vanished for the time, and I looked up in her face, grateful for a tenderness which was altogether new to me.

"What makes you so long out of your grave, grannie?" I asked.

"They won't let me into it, my dear."

"Who won't let you, grannie?"

"My own grandson there, and the woman down the stair."

"But you don't really want to go—do you, grannie?"

"I do want to go, Willie. I ought to have been there long ago. I am very old; so old, that I've forgotten how old I am. How old am I?" she asked, looking up at my uncle.

"Nearly ninety-five, grannie; and the older you get before you go, the better we shall be pleased, as you know very well."

"There! I told you," she said, with a smile, not all of pleasure, as she turned her head towards me. "They won't let me go. I want to go to my grave, and they won't let me! Is that an age at which to keep a poor woman from her grave?"

"But it's not a nice place, is it, grannie?" I asked, with the vaguest ideas of what the *grave* meant. "I think somebody told me it was in the churchyard."

But neither did I know with any clearness what the church itself meant, for we were a long way from church, and I had never been there yet.

"Yes, it is in the churchyard, my dear."

"Is it a house?" I asked.

"Yes, a little house; just big enough for one."

"I shouldn't like that."

"Oh yes you would."

"Is it a nice place, then?"

"Yes, the nicest place in the world, when you get to be so old as I am. If they would only let me die!"

"Die, grannie!" I exclaimed. My notions of death as yet were derived only from the fowls brought from the farm, with their necks hanging down long and limp, and their heads wagging hither and thither.

"Come, grannie, you mustn't frighten our little man," interposed my uncle, looking kindly at us both.

"David!" said grannie, with a reproachful dignity. "You know what I mean well enough. You know that until I have done what I have to do, the grave that is waiting for me will not open its mouth to receive me. If you will only allow me to do what I have to do, I shall not trouble you long. Oh dear! oh dear!" she broke out, moaning and rocking herself to and fro, "I am too old to weep, and they will not let me to my bed. I want to go to bed. I want to go to sleep."

She moaned and complained like a child. My uncle went near and took her hand.

"Come, come, dear grannie!" he said, "you must not behave like this. You know all things are for the best."

"To keep a corpse out of its grave!" retorted the old lady, almost fiercely, only she was too old and weak to be fierce. "Why should you keep a soul that's longing to depart and go to its own people, lingering in the coffin? What better than a coffin is this withered body? The child is old enough to understand me. Leave him with me for half an hour, and I shall trouble you no longer. I shall at least wait my end in peace. But I think I should die before the morning."

"Ere grannie had finished this sentence, I had shrunk from her again and retreated behind my uncle."

"There!" she went on, "you make my own child fear me. Don't be frightened, Willie dear; your old mother is not a wild beast; she loves you dearly. Only my grand-children are so ungrateful! They will not let my own son come near me."

How I recall this I do not know, for I could not have understood it at the time. The fact is that during the last few years I have found pictures of the past returning upon me in the most vivid and unaccountable manner, so much so as almost to alarm me. Things I had utterly forgotten—or so far at least that when they return they must appear only as vivid imaginations, were it not for a certain conviction of fact which accompanies them—are constantly dawning out of the past. Can it be that the decay of the observant faculties allows the memory to revive and gather force? But I must refrain, for my business is to narrate, not to speculate.

My uncle took me by the hand, and turned to leave the room. I cast one look at grannie as he led me away. She had thrown her head back on her chair, and her eyes were closed; but her face looked offended, almost angry. She looked to my fancy as if she were trying but unable to lie down. My uncle closed the doors very gently. In the middle of the stair he stopped, and said in a low voice,

"Willie, do you know that when people grow very old they are not quite like other people?"

"Yes. They want to go to the churchyard," I answered.

"They fancy things," said my uncle.

"Grannie thinks you are her own son."

"And ain't I?" I asked innocently.

"Not exactly," he answered. "Your father was her son's son. She forgets that, and wants to talk to you as if you were your grandfather. Poor old grannie. I don't wish you to go and see her without your aunt or me; mind that."

Whether I made any promise I do not re-

member; but I know that a new something was mingled with my life from that moment. An air as it were of the tomb mingled henceforth with the homely delights of my life. Grannie wanted to die, and uncle would not let her. She longed for her grave, and they would keep her above ground. And from the feeling that grannie ought to be buried, grew an awful sense that she was not alive—not alive, that is, as other people are alive, and a gulf was fixed between her and me which for a long time I never attempted to pass, avoiding as much as I could all communication with her, even when my uncle or aunt wished to take me to her room. They did not seem displeased, however, when I objected, and not always insisted on obedience. Thus affairs went on in our quiet household for what seemed to me a very long time.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PENDULUM.

It may have been a year after this, it may have been two, I cannot tell, when the next great event in my life occurred. I think it was towards the close of an autumn, but there was not so much about our house as elsewhere to mark the changes of the seasons, for the grass was always green. I remember it was a sultry afternoon. I had been out almost the whole day, wandering hither and thither over the grass, and I felt hot and oppressed. Not an air was stirring. I longed for a breath of wind, for I was not afraid of the wind itself, only of the trees that made it. Indeed, I delighted in the wind, and would run against it with exuberant pleasure, even rejoicing in the fancy that I, as well as the trees, could make the wind by shaking my hair about as I ran. I must run, however; whereas the trees, whose prime business it was, could do it without stirring from the spot. But this was much too hot an afternoon for me, whose mood was always more inclined to the passive than the active, to run about and toss my hair, even for the sake of the breeze that would result therefrom. I bethought myself. I was nearly a man now; I would be afraid of things no more; I would get out my pendulum, and see whether that would not help me. Not this time would I flinch from what consequences might follow. Let them be what they might, the pendulum should wag, and have a fair chance of doing its best.

I went up to my room, a sense of high enterprise filling my little heart. Composedly, yea solemnly, I set to work, even as some enchanter of old might have drawn his circle, and chosen his spell out of his iron-clasped volume. I strode to the closet in which the awful instrument dwelt. It stood in the farthest corner. As I lifted it, something like a groan invaded my ear. My notions of locality were not then sufficiently developed to let me know that grannie's room was on the other side of that closet. I almost let the creature, for as such I regarded it, drop. I was not to be deterred, however. I bore it carefully to the light, and set it gently on the window-sill, full in view of the distant trees towards the west. I left it then for a moment, as if that it might gather its strength for its unwonted labours, while I closed the door, and, with what fancy I can scarcely imagine now, the curtains of my bed as well. Possibly it was with some notion of having one place to which, if the worst came to the worst, I might retreat for safety. Again I approached the window, and after standing for some time in contemplation of the pendulum, I set it in motion, and stood watching it.

It swung slower and slower. It wanted to stop. It should not stop. I gave it another swing. On it went, at first somewhat distractedly, next more regularly, then with slowly retarding movement. But it should not stop.

I turned in haste and got from the side of my bed the only chair in the room, placed it in the window, sat down before the reluctant instrument, and gave it a third swing. Then, my elbows on the sill, I sat and watched it with growing awe, but growing determination as well. Once more it showed signs of refusal; once more the forefinger of my right hand administered impulse.

Something gave a crack inside the creature; away went the pendulum, swinging with a will. I sat and gazed, almost horror-stricken. Ere many moments had passed, the feeling of terror had risen to such a height that, but for the very terror, I would have seized the pendulum in a frantic grasp. I did not. On it went, and I sat looking. My dismay was gradually subsiding.

I have learned since that a certain ancestor—or was he only a great-uncle?—I forget—had a taste for mechanics, even to the craze of the perpetual motion, and could work well in brass and iron. The creature was probably some invention of his. It was a real marvel, how, after so many years of idleness, it could now go as it did. I confess, as I contemplate the thing, I am in a puzzle, and almost fancy something of which this is the sole representative residuum, wrought an effect on me which embodies its cause thus, as I search for it in the past. And why should not the individual life have its misty legends as well as that of

nations? From them, as from the golden and rosy clouds of morning, dawn at last the true sun of its unquestionable history. Every boy has his own fables, just as the Rome and the Englands of the world have their Romuli and their Arthurs, their suckling wolves and their granite-sheathed swords. Do they not reflect each other? I tell the tale as 'tis left in me.

How long I sat thus gazing at the now self-impelled instrument, I cannot say. The next point in the progress of the legend, is a gust of wind rattling the window in whose recess I was seated. I jumped from my chair in terror. While I had been absorbed in the pendulum, the evening had closed in; clouds over the sky, and all was gloomy about the house. It was much too dark to see the distant trees, but there could be no doubt they were at work. The pendulum had roused them. Another, a third, and a fourth gust rattled and shook the rickety frame. I had done it at last! The trees were busy away there in the darkness. I and my pendulum could make the wind.

The gusts came faster and faster, and grew into blasts which settled into a steady gale. The pendulum went on swinging to and fro, and the gale went on increasing in violence. I sat half in terror, half in delight at the awful success of my experiment. I would have opened the window to let in the coveted air, but that was beyond my knowledge and strength. I could make the wind blow, but, like other magicians, I could not share in its benefits. I would go out and meet it on the open plain. I crept down the stair like a thief—not that I feared detention, but that I felt such a sense of the important, even the dread, about my instrument, that I was not in harmony with souls reflecting only the common affairs of life. In a moment I was in the middle of the storm—for storm it very nearly was and soon became. I rushed to and fro in the midst of it, lay down and rolled in it, and laughed and shouted as I looked up to the window where the pendulum was swinging, and thought of the trees at work away in the dark. The wind grew stronger and stronger. What if the pendulum should not stop at all, and the wind went on and on, growing louder and fiercer, till it grew mad and blew away the house? Ah, then, poor grannie would have a chance of being buried at last! Seriously, the affair might grow serious.

Such thoughts were passing in my mind, when all at once the wind gave a roar which made me spring to my feet and rush for the house. I must stop the pendulum. There was a strange sound in that blast. The trees themselves had had enough of it, and were protesting against the creature's tyranny. Their master was working them too hard. I ran up the stair on all fours; it was my way when I was in a hurry. Swinging went the pendulum in the window, and the wind roared in the chimney. I seized hold of the oscillating thing, and stopped it; but to my amazement and consternation, the moment I released it, on it went again. I must sit and hold it. But the voice of my aunt called me from below, and as I dared not explain why I would rather not appear, I was forced to obey. I lingered on the stair, half-minded to return.

"What a rough night it is!" I heard my aunt say, with rare remark.

"It gets worse and worse," responded uncle. "I hope it won't disturb grannie; but the wind must roar fearfully in her chimney."

I stood like a culprit. What if they should and out that I was at the root of the mischief, at the heart of the storm!

"If I could believe all I have been reading to-night about the Prince of the Power of the Air, I should not like this storm at all," continued my uncle, with a smile. "But books are not always to be trusted because they are old," he added with another smile. "From the glass, I expected rain and not wind."

"Whatever wind there is, we get it all," said my aunt. "I wonder what Willie is about. I thought I heard him coming down. Isn't it time, David, we did something about his schooling? It won't do to have him idling about this way all day long."

"He's a mere child," returned my uncle. "I'm not forgetting him. But I can't send him away yet."

"You know best," returned my aunt.

"Send him away! What could it mean? Why should I—where should I go? Was not the old place a part of me, just like my own clothes on my own body? This was the kind of feeling that woke in me at the words. But hearing my aunt push back her chair, evidently with the purpose of finding me, I descended into the room.

"Come along, Willie," said my uncle. "Hear the wind, how it roars!"

"Yes, uncle; it does roar," I said, feeling a hypocrite for the first time in my life. Knowing far more about the roaring than he did, I yet spoke like an innocent!

"Do you know who makes the wind, Willie?"

"Yes. The trees," I answered.

My uncle opened his blue eyes very wide, and looked at my aunt. He had had no idea what a little heathen I was. The more a man has wrought out his own mental condition, the readier he is to suppose that children must be able to work out theirs, and to forget that

he did not work out his information, but only his conclusions. My uncle began to think it was time to take me in hand.

"No, Willie," he said. "I must teach you better than that."

I expected him to begin by telling me that God made the wind; but, whether it was that what the old book said about the Prince of the Power of the Air returned upon him, or that he thought it an unfitting occasion for such a lesson when the wind was roaring so as might render its divine origin questionable, he said no more. Bewildered, I fancy, with my ignorance, he turned, after a pause, to my aunt.

"Don't you think it's time for him to go to bed, Jane?" he suggested.

My aunt replied by getting from the cupboard my usual supper—a basin of milk and a slice of bread; which I ate with less circumspection than usual, for I was eager to return to my room. As soon as I had finished, Nannie was called, and I bade them good-night.

"Make haste, Nannie," I said. "Don't you hear how the wind is blowing?"

It was roaring louder than ever, and there was the pendulum swinging away in the window. Nannie took no notice of it, and, I presume, only thought I wanted to get my head under the bed-clothes, and so escape the sound of it. Anyhow, she did make haste, and in a very few minutes I was, as she supposed, snugly settled for the night. But the moment she shut the door, I was out of bed, and at the window. The instant I reached it, a great dash of rain swept against the panes, and the wind howled more fiercely than ever. Believing I had the key of the position, inasmuch as, if I pleased, I could take the pendulum to bed with me, and stifle its motions with the bed-clothes—for this happy idea had dawned upon me while Nannie was undressing me—I was composed enough now to press my face to a pane, and look out. There was a small space amidst the storm dimly illuminated from the windows below, and the moment I looked—out of the darkness into this dim space, as if blown thither by the wind, rushing a figure on horseback, his large cloak flying out before him, and the mane of the animal he rode streaming out over his ears in the fierceness of the blast. He pulled up right under my window, and I thought he looked up, and made threatening gestures at me; but I believe now that horse and man pulled up in sudden danger of dashing against the wall of the house. I shrank back, and when I peeped out again he was gone. The same moment the pendulum gave a click and stopped; one more rattle of rain against the windows, and then the wind stopped also. I crept back to my bed in a new terror, for might not this be the Prince of the Power of the Air, come to see who was meddling with his affairs? Had he not come right out of the storm, and straight from the trees? He must have something to do with it all! Before I had settled the probabilities of the question, however, I was fast asleep.

I awoke—how long after, I cannot tell—with the sound of voices in my ears. It was still dark. The voices came from below. I had been dreaming of the strange horseman, who had turned out to be the awful being concerning whom Nannie had enlightened me as going about at night, to buy little children from their nurses, and make bagpipes of their skins. Awakened from such a dream, it was impossible to lie still without knowing what those voices down below were talking about. The strange one must belong to the being, whatever he was, whom I had seen come out of the storm; and of whom could they be talking but me? I was right in both conclusions.

With a fearful resolution, I slipped out of bed, opened the door as noiselessly as I might, and crept on my bare, silent feet down the creaking stair, which led, with open balustrade, right into the kitchen, at the end farthest from the chimney. The one candle at the other end could not illuminate its darkness, and I sat unseen a few steps from the bottom of the stair, listening with all my ears, and staring with all my eyes. The stranger's huge cloak hung drying before the fire, and he was drinking something out of a tumbler. The light fell full upon his face. It was a curious, and certainly not to me an attractive face. The forehead was very projecting, and the eyes were very small, deep set, and sparkling. The mouth—I had almost said muzzle—was very projecting likewise, and the lower jaw shot in front of the upper. When the man smiled the light was reflected from what seemed to my eyes an inordinate multitude of white teeth. His ears were narrow and long, and set very high upon his head. The hand which he every now and then displayed in the exigencies of his persuasion, was white, but very large, and the thumb was exceedingly long. I had weighty reasons for both suspecting and fearing the man; and, leaving my prejudices out of the question, there was in the conversation itself enough besides to make me take note of dangerous points in his appearance. I never could lay much claim to physical courage, and I attribute my behaviour on this occasion rather to the fascination of terror than to any impulse of self-preservation; I sat there in

utter silence, listening like an ear-trumpet. The first words I could distinguish were to this effect:—

"You do not mean," said the enemy, "to tell me, Mr. Cumbermede, that you intend to bring up the young fellow in absolute ignorance of the decrees of fate?"

"I pledge myself to nothing in the matter," returned my uncle, calmly, but with a something in his tone which was new to me.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the other. "Excuse me, sir, but what right can you have to interfere after such a serious fashion with the young gentleman's future?"

"It seems to me," said my uncle, "that you wish to interfere with it after a much more serious fashion. There are things in which ignorance may be preferable to knowledge."

"But what harm could the knowledge of such a fact do him?"

"Upset all his notions, render him incapable of thinking about anything of importance, occasion an utter —"

"But can anything be more important?" interrupted the visitor. My uncle went on without heeding him.

"Plunge him over head and ears in —"

"Hot water, I grant you," again interrupted the enemy, to my horror; "but it wouldn't be for long. Only give me your sanction, and I promise you to have the case as tight as a drum before I ask you to move a step in it."

"But why should you take so much interest in what is purely our affair?" asked my uncle.

"Why, of course, you would have to pay the piper," said the man.

This was too much! *Pay* the man that played upon me after I was made into bagpipes! The idea was too frightful.

"I must look out for business, you know; and, by Jove! I shall never have such a chance, if I live to the age of Methuselah."

"Well, you shall not have it from me."

"Then," said the man, rising, "you are more of a fool than I took you for."

"Sir!" said my uncle.

"No offence; no offence, I assure you. But it is provoking to find people so blind—so wilfully blind—to their own interest. You may say I have nothing to lose. Give me the boy, and I'll bring him up like my own son; send him to school and college, too—all on the chance of being repaid twice over by —"

I knew this was all a trick to get hold of my skin. The man said it on his way to the door, his ape-face shining dim as he turned it a little back in the direction of my uncle, who followed with the candle. I lost the last part of the sentence in the terror which sent me bounding up the stair in my usual four-footed fashion. I leaped into my bed, shaking with cold and agony combined. But I had the satisfaction presently of hearing the *thud* of the horse's hoofs upon the sward, dying away in the direction whence they had come. After that I soon fell asleep.

I need hardly say that I never set the pendulum swinging again. Many years after, I came upon it when searching for papers, and the thrill which vibrated through my whole frame, announced a strange and unwelcome presence long before my memory could recall its origin.

It must not be supposed that I pretend to remember all the conversation I have just set down. The words are but the forms in which, enlightened by facts which have since come to my knowledge, I clothe certain vague memories and impressions of such an interview as certainly took place.

In the morning, at breakfast, my aunt asked my uncle who it was that paid such an untimely visit the preceding night.

"A fellow from C——" (the county town), "an attorney—what did he say his name was? Yes, I remember. It was the same as the steward's over the way. Coningham, it was."

"Mr. Coningham has a son there—an attorney too, I think," said my aunt.

My uncle seemed struck by the reminder, and became meditative.

"That explains his choosing such a night to come in. His father is getting an old man now. Yes, it must be the same."

"He's a sharp one, folk say," said my aunt, with a pointedness in the remark which showed some anxiety.

"That he cannot conceal, sharp as he is," said my uncle, and there the conversation stopped.

The very next evening my uncle began to teach me. I had a vague notion that this had something to do with my protection against the machinations of the man Coningham, the idea of whom was inextricably associated in my mind with that of the Prince of the Power of the Air, darting from the midst of the churning trees, on a horse whose streaming mane and flashing eyes indicated no true equine origin. I gave myself with diligence to the work my uncle set me.

CHAPTER V.
I HAVE LESSONS.

It is a simple fact that up to this time I did not know my letters. It was, I believe, part of my uncle's theory of education, that as little pain as possible should be associated with merely intellectual effort; he would not

allow me, therefore, to commence my studies until the task of learning should be an easy one. Henceforth, every evening, after tea, he took me to his own room, the walls of which were nearly covered with books, and there taught me.

One peculiar instance of his mode I will give, and let it stand rather as a pledge for the rest of his system than an index to it. It was only the other day it came back to me. Like Jean Paul, he would utter the name of God to a child only at grand moments; but there was a great difference in the moments the two men would have chosen. Jean Paul would choose a thunder-storm, for instance; the following will show the kind of my uncle's choice. One Sunday evening he took me for a longer walk than usual. We had climbed a little hill: I believe it was the first time I ever had a wide view of the earth. The horses were all loose in the fields; the cattle were gathering their supper as the sun went down; there was an indescribable hush in the air, as if Nature herself knew the seventh day; there was no sound even of water, for here the water crept slowly to the far-off sea, and the slant sunlight shone back from just one bend of a canal-like river; the haystacks and ricks of the last year gleamed golden in the farmyards; great fields of wheat stood up stately around us, the glow in their yellow brought out by the red poppies that sheltered in the forest of their stems; the odour of the grass and clover came in pulses; and the soft blue sky was flecked with white clouds tinged with pink, which deepened until it gathered into a flaming rose in the west, where the sun was welling out oceans of liquid red.

I looked up in my uncle's face. It shone in a calm glow, like an answering rosy moon. The eyes of my mind were opened: I saw that he felt something, and then I felt it too. His soul, with the glory for an interpreter, kindled mine. He, in turn, caught the sight of my face, and his soul broke forth in one word:—"God! Will; God!" was all he said; and surely it was enough.

It was only then in moments of strong repose, that my uncle spoke to me of God.

Although he never petted me, that is, never showed me any animal affection, my uncle was like a father to me in this, that he was about and above me, a pure benevolence. It is no wonder that I should learn rapidly under his teaching, for I was quick enough, and possessed the more energy that it had not been wasted on unpleasant tasks.

Whether from indifference or intent I cannot tell, but he never forbade me to touch any of his books. Upon more occasions than one he found me on the floor with a folio between my knees; but he only smiled and said—

"Ah, Willie! mind you don't crumple the leaves."

About this time also I had a new experience of another kind, which impressed me almost with the force of a revelation.

I had not yet explored the boundaries of the prairie-like level on which I found myself. As soon as I got about a certain distance from home, I always turned and ran back. Fear is sometimes the first recognition of freedom. Delighting in liberty, I yet shrank from the unknown spaces around me, and rushed back to the shelter of the home-walls. But as I grew older I became more adventurous; and one evening, although the shadows were beginning to lengthen, I went on and on until I made a discovery. I found a half-spherical hollow in the grassy surface. I rushed into its depth as if it had been a mine of marvels, threw myself on the ground, and gazed into the sky as if I had now for the first time discovered its true relation to the earth. The earth was a cup, and the sky its cover.

There were lovely daisies in this hollow—not too many to spoil the grass, and they were red-tipped daisies. There was besides, in the very heart of it, one plant of the finest pimpernel I have ever seen, and this was my introduction to the flower. Nor were these all the treasures of the spot. A late primrose, a tiny child, born out of due time, opened its timid petals in the same hollow. Here then were gathered red-tipped daisies, large pimpernels, and one tiny primrose. I lay and looked at them in delight—not at all inclined to pull them, for they were where I loved to see them. I never had much inclination to gather flowers. I see them as a part of a whole, and rejoice in them in their own place without any desire to appropriate them. I lay and looked at these for a long time. Perhaps I fell asleep. I do not know. I have often waked in the open air. All at once I looked up and saw a vision.

To be continued.

A professor in a certain college had taken his class out, on a pleasant afternoon, to exercise them in practical surveying. The next morning they were to be examined on the same. The first man was called up. Said the professor: "How would you go to work to survey a lot of land?" (Deep thinking, but no answer.) "If a man should come to you to get you to survey a lot of land, what would you do?" "I think," said the student, thoughtfully, "I should tell him he had better get somebody else."

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[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES

OF THE

LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

"Since Inkle purchased the estate they have prepared to leave and are now, as you may observe, removing the Temple on planks. They first raised it by jack-screws, laying wooden rollers under. Anchors are carried out ahead two hundred yards with a cable. A capstan, held by the anchors, is worked by horses going round as in a mill course. The capstan winding in the cable hauls forward the house. It's width covers the entire breadth of the road, as you see, sixty feet. It is about twice that length; two floors high, some of it. The rest is a hall.

To all this De Lacy Lillymere listened eagerly, and asked:

"When will the Redwald arrive at the boy's grave?"

Renshaw directing the field glass to the lone bush on side of the hill, near which gold prospectors were digging, said:

"She is there now. I see the tall figure holding the white cross that stood by the grave. She points to where friends are to dig for the boy's remains. Let us hasten up beside them."

Turning to gain an upward path, their faces came to south-west, in direction of the river. A quarter of a mile distant the temple was in view with its white cupola and gala day flags, mostly red.

The flags were displayed as tokens of defiance to enemies of the society, or of triumph that the structure had been removed from its site against a notified prohibition of the new proprietor of the estate. A point of land abutting on an angle above a slope reaching down to Rama lake was its destination; the distance to go being now a hundred feet.

Young Inkle, comprehending the illegal act, rode up to protest. Zena and other residents, who travelled as inside passengers, keeping possession, heard Inkle's demand for explanations. With head from an upper window, the lady, an elderly yet comely person, remarked quietly:

"You are looking for Anna Liffey, did you say? She is not here, sir? Look in the cellar under the bank to home; guess Anna's bones and clothes may be found there; and her beautiful form, chemically consumed, in the garden compost. Your mother is like to have good vegetables in the corn patch next season. No, young man; Anna Liffey is not here."

Cicero Jubal, a man of long thin visage, who spoke little, and then in a low soft voice, looked from another window saying:

"Nay, neow, nay; why should the ye-ung man be he-ung on a tree? Nay, don't get a halter and conduct him to the river. Explain to the gentleman, Zena, why this removal is necessary."

"Explain!" rejoined Tom. "I'll listen to anything in reason on behalf of the proprietor, my father."

"The society," said Zena, "occupied this tumble-down temple, expecting to be in legal possession of a territory of mineral lands. Ere completing the purchase it was desirable to ascertain the probable value of the mineral lands. The society had no design to remain under monarchy. They desired to find the minerals and depart to civilization, whence they came. But Mr. Inkle, being an Englishman, knew the lines of your old institutions, and how to pull lines not known to the society. Mr. Inkle got possession of the mineral lands. The society, not incorporated, failed to complete the purchase sooner. And now this tumble-down temple is all that your old institutions, and very smart father, have left the society. Guess this tumble-down temple is to go along into this waste corner, till such time as the society decides about purchasing other mineral lands. No, sir; really you needn't be at trouble to follow; Anna Liffey is not with us. Look in the compost heap, to home, for Anna's beautiful form, chemically dissolved to be in good season for the corn patch next year. Guess you have her bones and clothes."

To which Cicero Jubal, as before:

"Nay, neow, nay; why should the ye-ung man be he-ung on a tree? Nay, don't get a halter and conduct him to the river."

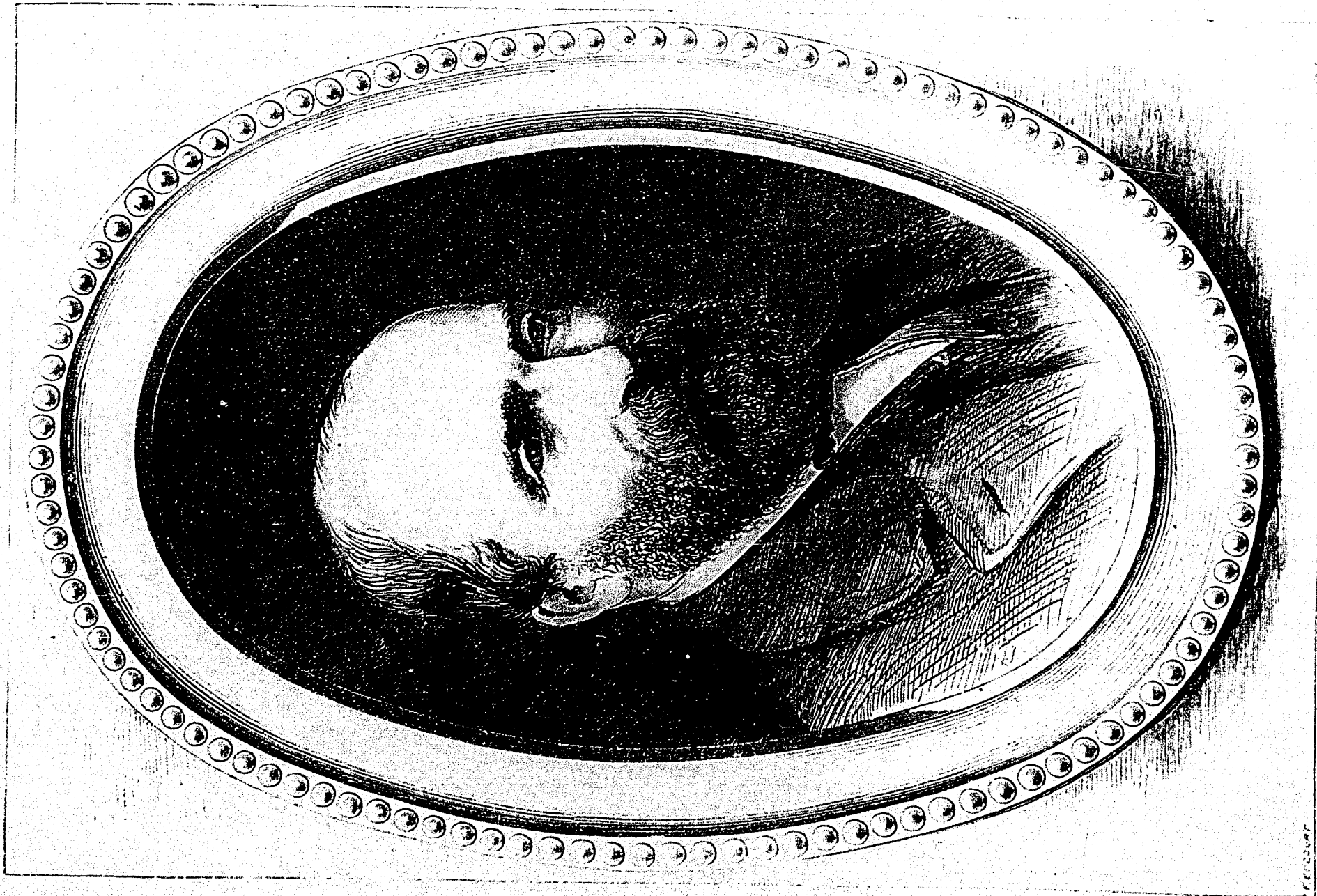
Inkle spurred and would have ridden past the long wooden structure to get in front, but it filled the roadway.

He dismounted, making sign to the grooms that one might come and take the horse. They did not then see him. In a rage Tom set his steel loose, and leapt the fence on foot to get ahead of the temple and stop progress.

Men of the 'leading' or 'prospecting' class sat on the rails. They heard distinctly what



THE DUKE DAUMALE.



THE PRINCE OF JOINVILLE.

W. H. WOOD



SOIREE ON THE 11TH JUNE, AT MR. THIERS', IN PARIS.—SEE PAGE 67.

Zena said; and understood clearly what good Jubal meant. But the public 'peace,' like thin ice, may remain unbroken under considerable pressure, if no leap be made, no blow given, no fall occur.

Tom in leaping the fence fell. Rising smartly he was pushed down; then by a pugilistic arm knocked down. At this moment, a voice screamed from the temple:

"Anna's betrayer, slayer! Innocent Inkle! Anna Liffey's murderer! Save innocent Inkle. Like he may be lynched by bad boys!"

And Cicero Jubal's voice, not now soft, low, slow, screamed:

"Nay, neow, nay! Why should the ye-ung man be lynched? Why should a halter conduct the ye-ung man to the river?"

Soon a halter conducted him towards a single tree, with wide spreading boughs at no great height from the ground. But Inkle fought desperately and broke away wildly pursued. The ice was broken, the peace too.

It was now that Renshaw and Lillymere looked towards the river, discerning the white cupola, and red flags decking the temple. A tumult of voices came on the still atmosphere.

They took the glass by turns, scanning the crowd of people which seemed to pursue some object, dividing, reuniting, wheeling, again dividing and running out straight. Many falling, all scrambling to foot again, and running. Cried Lillymere, who had the field glass:

"Renshaw! come run with me, and help. They're hunting young Inkle; a halter on his neck, and over a bough of the tree!"

The impulsive youth did not wait to say all this in his companion's hearing; but with leap and pace of the antelope sped down the pasture field, and was through the outer crowd before the older, yet equally impulsive Renshaw, ran a third of the distance.

Lillymere had no weapon to strike, which may have been fortunate. With his pocket-knife he severed the lynching noose, and stood between the victim and crowd: the rapidity of action, impetuous manner, heroic countenance staying the arms of some inclined to be ferocious. Cried one who knew the parties:

"That is a generous and true man, anyway. But the other dog, Inkle, would have destroyed Lillymere; now the gallant fellow fights to save him. Let Inkle be tried by a jury ere you go farther ahead."

This suggestion was made, probably, to gain time. Renshaw arrived, and having a staff of strength and no mean arm to wield it, proceeded first to defend Lillymere: he again rescuing Inkle, who was a second time in danger of hanging.

The voice of Jubal continued to scream:

"Nay, neow, nay. Why should the ye-ung man be lynched? Why place a halter on his neck, so many times?"

Hildebrand, the coloured groom, now saw and came at speed, clearing the six bar fence with the agile stilt; scattering the crowd; felling some, nearest Tom, to earth with the heavy whip-handle; and cutting the halter with the sheath knife he carried.

Then the impetuous nigger rode at a mob which surrounded Renshaw and Lillymere, and singling one who aimed a hickory blow at Lillymere, shot the assailant dead.

Next instant, seeing Tom again haltered, and the rope on the bough to draw him up, Hildebrand spurred the charger and with three more barrels disabled as many lynchers. Then the horse swerved, and cantered away with an empty saddle; one stirrup holding the foot of Hildebrand, his head rattling on the ground.

A few lynchers followed; but the greater number remained near Inkle; restrained in part by Lillymere; and in modified degree by Renshaw; the latter caring for Inkle less, for Lillymere more. Partly restrained by them because one was a youth of courage and whispered mystery, the other the county gaoler; but mainly diverted from Inkle's execution by personal antagonisms.

An hour previously murderous ferocity was nearly akin in the ethics of lynching to moral inspiration. It was said, or felt, or desired to be true, that Inkle deserved death. But interests in nugget bearing and in barren claims conflicted. The banker's son's life might assure permanency of title in some; and gold might now be lying there in the matrix where nature hid it awaiting tools and title deeds. These elements came into the strife. Glaring eyes of combatancy flashed on the nerves of opponyency, and they fought; lynchers tripping heels, kicking from behind, and buffeting one another.

Renshaw describing them on a subsequent day, said:

"It was a rough-and-tumble almost as vicious in unfair play, as Knuckleduster and Dreduffin fight up west, in the great organs of public opinion, hitting below the belt as often as fair in your face."

An outflow from the crowd ran to the red flags for weapons, but Jubal was prudent, saying:

"Nay, no weapons. Guess you've all fit as much as is like to be good for you."

Seen by Taura Durra the bull, in his pasture meadow not far away, the combatants ran in groups hither, thither, without intelligible brutal purpose. But the flags of red projected

magnetism on the bull's eye. Something was in progress demanding intervention of short sharp horns.

Taura lowered the head, raised the tail, and came along at an ambling trot; bellowing and boring through scraggy bushes, crashing down fence rails. Then he was silent, came to a stand; and set at a group engaged in hanging Hildebrand, whom they had caught and taken from the stirrup already half dead. The bull setting at the red fox which the executioners waved in triumph, ran at them, overthrowing some, scattering all, and gave Hildebrand with friendly aids time to escape.

Soon after this Inkle escaped by arrival of the Rama forces.

Had the entire crowd of gold dreamers combined against the young banker he must have quickly died; but as already said a considerable proportion of them were interested in his life; from whom arose diversity in the tumult.

Towards evening the commotion having subsided, Jubal opened his temple as a hotel, treating the crowd. In their partial quiescence came a new revolution.

Three separate claims at Redwald bottom, down by the river, had within a few hours yielded gold in good quantities. Thereat everybody in prospecting, civil engineering, mechanical engineering, machine selling, digging, boring and blasting, assaying, joint stock share selling, genteel loafing, vulgar loafing, general speculating, and gambling circles shook hands, congratulating one another, and repeating the news. Only the genteel loafers and the vulgar did not shake hands.

"Gold! Gold! Gold!" they cried: "real gold and a true washing!"

It was found on claims indicated as auriferous by Anna Liffey. Three companies of diggers now contending for the honour of using her name. Claims which Inkle sold at good profit, though not at high prices, and where not the faintest trace was discovered previous to that afternoon.

"Well, this is a caution."

"Guess it is a caution."

"What if those lucky diggers had hung young Inkle for selling barren land and then found the gold?"

"Rather say, what if they had hung him for murder of Anna Liffey, and that young lady of science should then have come in person to give the diggers joy of their fortune?"

"Real gold the assayers pronounce it."

"Yes, real, and true findings."

And so they were. Not questionable washings by joint stock company agencies with shares to inflate; but findings made by working excavators who a few hours earlier, in vexation at owning barren lots, looked favourably on the lynching of young Inkle.

Soon the sentiment prevailed that Anna Liffey might be alive; might have gone away secretly with sufficiency of gold to dower herself as Doctor Ocean Horn's bride, and the Inkles be honest men; honest men after all.

The banker came riding fast, agonized with the one thought of how to save his son if yet alive; how to avenge his death if murdered; how to face the ferocious enemy. But by time of his arrival the name of Inkle came on men's ears as music. The presence of the man who could unlock the auriferous lands giving to each company of adventurers a despotism equal to life and death within their claim, was hailed with shouts of welcome; as glorious summer and blessed harvest might be welcomed in a season of blight and famine.

The veritable treasure being really in the Redwald drift, was also, doubtless, in the rocks of the Ramasine hills. Of which hills Inkle held legal lock and key. The democratic crowd lately ferocious now strove to get speech of the honoured man; to catch his eye; to reach his ear with cries of:

"Three thousand dollars premium on Number Ten. Four thousand cash down on Number Six. Three thousand five hundred—"

"I take no bids of odd hundreds," interposed Inkle coolly, as if he had done nothing all day but stand selling at auction.

"Quite right, Mr. Inkle; I make it four thousand for Redwald second section, first fourth." To which another: "Three thousand for Redwald second section, second fourth."

Several voices at once: "Four thousand for Redwald second section, second fourth."

And as they cried aloud, waving handfuls of bank bills to catch the eye of the disposer of the auriferous lands, another set of diggers came in with four ounces of gold, rough but pure, just washed from drift in the "Anna Liffey claim." So they now termed it. Then cries in ears of Inkle were resumed, vehemently, entreatingly; cries almost reverent and imploring in tone:

"Ten thousand, cash down, for all of Redwald third section. Seven thousand down for half of Redwald third section, first and second fourths."

At this Inkle interposed:

"I'm tired. Must go to Rama and attend my poor boy, whom miscreants attacked and all but murdered this morning. I'll come to-morrow at ten and sell; with notary and clerks to draw deeds. Good thing if I have not to prosecute somebody. Now take notice; I start selling claims in this hotel, to-morrow; first bids to be ten thousand dollars for quarter

sections; forty thousand dollars for acre sections, not a cent less."

To Jubal he said:

"No, it weren't square; not a bit on't, to go move this hall, or temple, or church, or whatever they call it, in midst of tumult and riot. But thou'lt make a sight of money in it as a hotel; so we may come quickly to terms."

They came to terms; and by pressing invitation of Zena the banker promised to bring Mrs. Inkle to stay the day.

The bruises of limbs and inflamed glands in the necks of son and servant being surgically cared for, and pronounced not very dangerous, the triumphant owner of auriferous territory, and of a bank where gold seemed to grow, drove with his lady in the family chariot from Conway in the morning, followed in other carriages by the notary, and the clerks, with private constables to wait in case of need.

The Jubal House, as the Ized Bold temple of science had been named since converted to a hotel, was not yet arrived at the permanent site. Heavily laden waggons with steam boilers and engines, quartz rock crushers, pumping gear, sawn lumber, implements, frame houses, and provisions, blocked the way of the migratory Jubal. On the previous day he purchased of Inkle the right to remove a rail fence and run the temple into a field, changing the rollers and timber slides from west to south.

With that site gained and occupied, the hotel business began in midst of a prosperity seeming to gladden all the earth.

The gentlemen and ladies of rank, lately spoken of as coming from England, had arrived to congratulate the Duke of Sheerness on his escape from wreck in Niagara torrent. Some of them, report affirmed, to ascertain who and what was Sylvia Pensylidine, who had risen in the air as a balloon, descending on the Duke as a parachute.

Those eminent persons joined Lady Mary Mortimer and party—from which Lillymere, at his own earnest request, was omitted. It comprised the Duke, the Hon. Stephen Pensylidine, his family and other American friends. A pleasant time they made on the lakes and river; and by land in the sumptuous drawing-room cars of the two main lines of Canada, Grand Trunk and Great Western.

They also steamed in the Richelieu boats and the Inland Navigation down the Lower St. Lawrence, loitering a week at historic, picturesque Quebec.

Inspired by novelty of position on bosom of running waters, amid hills, islands, and mountains, under skies of purity and brilliancy, they widened the delightful travel, breathing Elysian ether at beautiful Cacouna, Murray Bay, Tadoussac, and all around in the shadows of Saguenay sublime.

In glamour of mental vision, the younger members of the party floated through enchantments, up the sixty inland miles of Saguenay, the ideally dowered enriching all the rest. Unfathomed mystery in the flood beneath their keel. Overhead, turning to the sky, stupendous monuments of the epochs when the planet in agony gave birth to molten mountains from under the depths of ocean, the Saguenay bulwarks of to-day. Named by early wonder-stricken navigators, Trinity and Eternity.

They returned west by Grand Trunk train from Rivière du Loup to Quebec, enjoying in the morning transparency scenes of beauty, special and unique; offered nowhere else on the continent. All the more charming to the eye of sense and eye of thought, coming unexpectedly. The books of travel not telling of this bowling green, fifty to sixty miles long, bowls three hundred feet diameter, most of the pleasure tourists miss it. Within the panoramic borders they beheld a river six, ten, twelve miles wide; islands in the river; ships flitting free in the wind, scudding out to ocean; or coming from ocean ploughing initial furrows into the future of the Northern temperate zone. Mountains near and far away. Green at the river, then grey and blue. And out on the horizon higher mountains veiled in white, sisters of the North Pole, on tiptoe, peering into the empty chambers of absent storms.

The strangers, ideally revelling in the enchanting loveliness of that railway vision, stretching from Cacouna by Rivière du Loup to Quebec, had also other diversions of thought. At way stations gentlemen entered nearly all speaking French, wearing massive chains and rings of gold. Lady Mary suggested that the habitants, being a thrifty, industrious people, had economised savings and invested in family heirlooms.

"Pardon, my lady," said Roy Reuben, the Secretary, "these are not the habitants proper. The De Lery gold mines lie within the range of hills south of us."

This remark led to inquiries about the precious native ores. When the travellers got to Conway, and rested a day at the magnificent Canada Hall, they heard of the nugget findings at the Redwald farm. Thither in a procession of twenty-two chariots they proceeded, arriving at Jubal House while Inkle was still selling claims.

"Jubal," said the Hon. Mr. Pensylidine, "who'd have thought to find you keeping hotel here?"

"Well, Senator, Americans do travel some

and invest. Zena and I entertain this day in Jubal House, what the world cannot soon equal—Europe's highest nobility, America's greatest citizens. You are all to feel just at home."

They sat down, not eating much perhaps, but enjoying social courtesies as cultured minds may anywhere, but with all the more zest surrounded by things, persons, incidents so fruitful of philosophic thought, or hilarious mirth.

Said Mr. Pensylidine to the Earl of Underlyne, one of the newest arrivals from England:

"Your Lordship, should we be so fortunate as to share in some event to give character to this unexpected meeting in the Jubal House, the party might become historical. Not often that Great Britain and the United States are so agreeably and largely represented."

"Never before, Senator. May it often occur. Come and see us in England."

Lord Underlyne had but just spoken when the event occurred which made them historical.

The Jubal House, not yet in its permanent place, remained on the planks and rollers of locomotion; the rollers wedged.

Competition for gold digging claims proceeded with animation at higher and yet higher figures; Inkle giving titles and taking money, several hundred thousands of dollars.

"This extortion is to stop," said a voice.

The American and English visitors in happy anticipation of national amity, and some of life-long affinities, gave to Jubal's champagne intellectual effervescence.

"This is to stop," said a voice.

It stopped, and Inkle's sale stopped. The Jubal House moved; slowly a few moments, then faster. Soon it got on the steep going down to Rama River. It descended, jolted, leapt, split in two, half going in the river, half remaining on the bank, bursting in conflagration by the overturned kitchen stove.

It seemed a terrible disaster. Ladies drowning apparently; others in hazard of burning, wedged in by fractured timbers. But they came out of water, out of fire, and before the morrow heroes and heroines were more numerous, more likely to live and love, than they possibly could have been with no peril, no rescue, as may be seen another day.

Even to Inkle the event brought gold. To Jubal a new hotel.

"Mother," said Tom Inkle in faltering words, forced out of a three parts stangled windpipe:

"Noble young fellow Lillymere. So is Renshaw, rude as we often thought him."

"And knew him, Thomas."

"Lillymere is a hero, mother."

"I cannot find, Thomas, that any one knows where the young gentleman is, of course we shall be civil to him. But have you nothing to say of my coloured servant, who fought for you?"

"Mother, you know my sentiments about niggers."

"The bull, Taura Durra; they say the bull fought for you."

"Brutal instincts. Don't talk of meers and bulls."

"Tom, even at death's door you are lynchish. Would I were mother of a son like the boy of Tabitha Redwald?"

"Mother, had that boy taken care of his life and limb he might have this day been alive and owning all the gold of the Ramasine hills, and Redwald bottom. Think of that treasure."

"I think of the infinitely greater treasure he gained."

Lillymere and Renshaw listened to one who had assisted in opening the grave, to exhume the ashes of Tabitha Redwald's boy. Said he:

"A thousand silken fibres from the maple tree nearest, and from two elms farther away, had emptied the grave of all but the skeleton. That was enveloped in manifold shrouds of fibrous lace. It could not be removed. The maple tree, faithful to its trust as guardian, kept hold. It was a lovely and holy thing to see, and idealize. She said in low tones, thrilling into one's innermost being: 'As this tree enfolds my Zoa's bodily form so Heaven enfolds the soul, giving to me thoughts and words, every word a seed from the soul of Zoa; every seed germinating as the wondrous story of Zoa's faith is told.'"

"Then, she added: 'The body of Zoa remains in the good keeping of that forest tree, and of the cross which I again set up beside the grave.'"

Two gold diggers were heard talking next day. One said:

"Tabitha Redwald has possession of the treasury that never fails. The more she gives the richer she is."

"Are you touched by this woman and her story?"

"I am touched by Him who gave this woman the story."

Tabitha restored the grave, setting up the emblem of the power that was in her, at head of the tomb. In prospecting, digging, quarrying, all men respected the spot where the boy lay, and passed on.

(To be continued.)



THEATRE ROYAL.

Proprietor, Bes De Bar. Manager, J. W. ALBAUGH. Singe Manager, EUGENE EBERLE.

A DOUBLE COMBINATION. The CHAPMAN SISTERS, AND C. B. BISHOP.

The Great Female Gymnasts, LILA AND ZOE. THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 27th.

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 28th, Last Night but One of the CHAPMAN SISTERS.

Benefit of Mr. C. B. BISHOP. KENT WORTH.

After which, LILA and ZOE in their New Act of Turning a Somersault in the air Blindfolded.

COMMENCING WITH THE COMEDY OF A SERIOUS FAMILY.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 29th. Last appearance of the CHAPMAN SISTERS and C. B. BISHOP.

THE BURLESQUE OF THE FORTY THIEVES.

Striking Old in the Family Jars. After which, LILA and ZOE.

MONDAY, JULY 30th. Engagement for SIX NIGHTS ONLY of the Great English Eccentric Comedian, Mr. Charles Mathews.

NOTICE.—Box Sheet for the Sale of Reserved Seats during Mr. Mathews' Nights, open at Prince's Music Store.

SCALE OF PRICES DURING MR. MATHEWS' ENGAGEMENT: Admission: Dress Circle, 75c.; Reserved Seats, 50c.; Family Circle, 25c.; Pit, 15c.

MANITOBA.—This name sounds so dignified, and of so romantic a character, that it carries with it an air of inviting beauty.

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The St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL.

ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION. Summer Arrangement, 1871.

ON and after MONDAY, the 5th JUNE, 1871, four Passenger Trains will run daily on this line.

COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS. On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night Expresses by which Passengers leaving Montreal and Toronto in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 6:50 the following morning.

FREIGHT NOTICE. A FLOATING ELEVATOR always in readiness at Prescott Wharf, where Storage for Grain, Flour, Pork, &c., can be had.

A CHANGE GAUGE CAR PIT. Is provided in the Junction Freight Shed by means of which Freight loaded on Change Gauge Cars COMES THROUGH TO OTTAWA WITHOUT TRANSHIPMENT.

R. R. GOFF, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN ILLUMINATING FLUID, LAMPS, CHIMNEYS, BURNERS, ETC., ETC., 661, CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. 4-14f

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

MY FRIENDS and the PUBLIC are hereby requested to take notice that although Mr. W. ROBERTS carried on his business under the name of ROBERTS, REINHOLD & CO., he makes use of my name for his own purposes only.

THE DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, 89 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, P.Q.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

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

This Institution having been established three years, may now be considered a permanent College. Its rapid growth and prosperity are due to the demands of the Telegraph community.

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

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy.

There is no trade or profession which requires so small an amount of labour, and at the same time where the employee has the same amount of freedom and independence, being at all times master of the instrument over which he presides.

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For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. A HONORABLE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM.

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THE GLENFIELD STARCH, EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND, and in that of His Excellency THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

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OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE..... JAMES GOCIN.

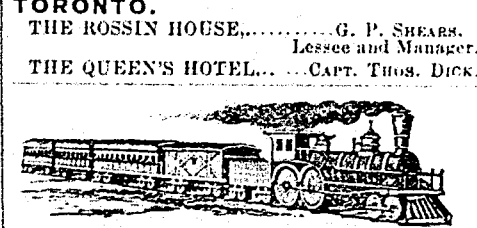
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THE QUEEN'S HOTEL..... CAPT. THOS. DICK.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Improved Service of Trains for the Summer of 1871.

GREAT ACCELERATION OF SPEED.

NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:—

GOING WEST.

Day Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at 9:00 a. m.

Night do. do. at 5:00 p. m.

Mail Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at 6:00 a. m.

Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at 5:00 p. m.

Mixed do. do. at 11:00 a. m.

Trains for Lachine at 7:00 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 12 noon, 3:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m., and 6:15 p. m.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7:00 a. m.

Express Train for Richmond, Quebec, and Riviere du Loup at 8:30 p. m.

Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9:00 a. m.

Express for New York and Boston via Vermont Central at 3:45 p. m.

Express for New York, via Rouse's Point and Lake Champlain Steamers, at 4:00 p. m.

Mail Train for Island Pond, Portland and Boston, at 2:00 p. m.

Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham, and Portland, and the Lower Provinces, stopping between Montreal and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Upton, Acton, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Coaticook, and Norton Mills, only, at 10:30 p. m.

Pullman's Palace Parlour and Sleeping Cars on all day and night trains. Baggage checked through.

As the punctuality of the Trains depends on connections with other Lines, the Company will not be responsible for Trains not arriving or leaving any station at the hours named.

The Steamers "Carlotta" or "Chase" will leave Portland for Halifax, N. S., every Saturday afternoon at 4:00 p. m.

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The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6:00 p. m. for St. John, N. B., &c.

Tickets issued through at the Company's principal stations.

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C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director.

Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-24-1f

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Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 11 per cent.

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OFF TO THE SEA-SIDE.



MISTRESS.—"But you know I engaged you to come next Monday, and my cook has left, and nursemaid goes to-morrow."
SERVANT.—"Yes, mum; but I've changed me mind, and I think I'll go to the sea-side for a month or two."

THE "TERRAPIN."

No. 287 NOTRE DAME STREET.

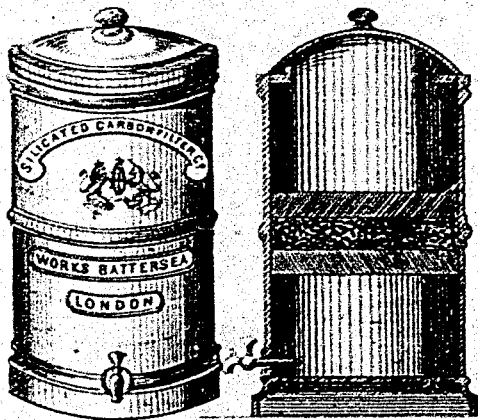
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CANADA CENTRAL AND Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1871.

LEAVE BROCKVILLE. MAIL TRAIN at 6:00 A.M. arriving at Ottawa at 11:30 A.M.

LOCAL TRAIN at 3:00 P.M. arriving at Ottawa at 8:35 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:30 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:16 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA. THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 9:40 A.M. arriving at Brockville at 1:40 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West.

LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M. MAIL TRAIN at 4:45 P.M. arriving at Brockville at 10:10 P.M.

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

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

H. ABBOTT, Manager, Brockville, March, 1871.

MOUNT ROYAL GROCERY. McDONELL BROTHERS, Family Grocers.

HAVE to announce that they have lately entered into that old established Business Stand, (lately occupied by A. L'Esperance), No. 159 St. ANTOINE STREET, corner of Bisson Street.

BOTTLED ALES from best Brewers. All Goods Sold at the Lowest Possible Prices.

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BRUSHES, COMBS, PERFUMERY, SOAPS, and General Toilet Requisites.

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CLARET, SAUTERNES, BARSAC, CHABLIS, CHATEAU YQUEM.

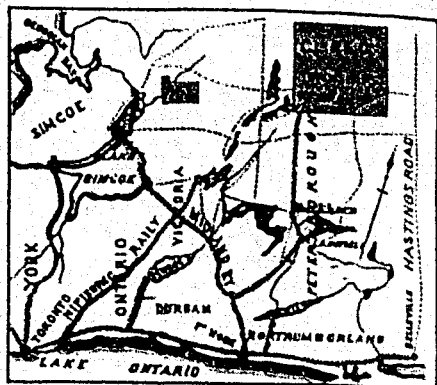
Chateau Margaux, Chateau Lafite, Chateau Latour, Chateau Langoec, Leoville, Batallieu, Moulon, Larose, St. Julien, Medoc, St. Loubes,

Yquem Sauterne, Haut Sauterne, Sauterne, Barsac, Chablis, Latour Blanche, White Graves.

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