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# Canadian Illustrated News

Vol. II.—No. 19.]

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## PUBLIC OBLIGATIONS.

Last week we endeavoured to show that Canada would make a serious mistake if it undertook to fulfil the obligations entered into by the Coalition Government delegates of 1864-5, with the Imperial Government, regarding fortifications. The money at stake—somewhere between a fifteenth and a twentieth of the public debt of Canada—might, however, be profitably employed in other works. If it is to be borrowed at all, and perhaps it would be better that it were not, there are other objects on which it might be much more profitably expended than in setting man-traps for our own people against a conjunction of circumstances which, if they ever occur, will only place us in a worse position for defence than we are at present. Canada wants no fortifications; but she does want increased means of communication between her distant Provinces. No country is perhaps more unfortunately situated than this, with respect to its existing avenues of

inter-communication; and hence we think that the first and most urgent of the public obligations resting upon its shoulders, after that of protecting the National Credit, is to increase the number of its railways and canals.

The present generation can well afford to assume a moderate increase of taxation to pay the interest of such loans as might be required to commence a general system of public improvements. But we are strongly convinced that by a well-devised system of policy between the General and the several Local Governments, the waste and, at present, unproductive lands of the Dominion might be turned to such account as would secure the construction of nearly every great public work which the Dominion requires, without costing the country a dollar. The Provinces in which these works have to be built would benefit to an extent that would fully warrant their giving such a portion of their wild lands as would guarantee their construction. But apart from any considerations of

provincial enterprise, the Dominion, having the whole North-West under its control, ought to be able to trade off its broad acres by the million for hundreds of miles of railway or canal, as science or experience may prove to be best adapted to the wants of the country. It ought not surely to be a hard task to prove to the local governments that the giving away of lands, in return for the construction of needed public works, is an actual gain to their Provinces. Suppose, for instance, that to a responsible gravel road company were ceded, in alternate blocks, every other mile square along a line through what is now an unbroken wilderness in return for the construction of a good road, is it not clear that the Province would more than double the value of its land through the enhanced price it would obtain for the reserved portion? Extend the same principle to canals and railways, making the land grants proportioned to the value of the works, and there is not a doubt but that skill and capital



THE MAPLE LEAF BASE BALL CLUB, GUELPH, ONT.

McLEAN, c. f.    STEVENSON, 3 b.    W. SMITH, sub.    SIMLEY, p.    CROSS, 1 b.    STEELE, r. f.    NICHOLS, c. Captain.  
GOLDIE, l. f.    COLSON, 2 b.    T. SMITH, s. c.

would at once be set to work to complete those undertakings of which this country, as well for the daily wants of commerce, as for the uncertain claims of defence, stands so much in need.

By some such process the anxiously desired North Shore Railway from Quebec to Montreal might be secured. Similarly the Canada Central, by a renewal of its once ceded land grant privilege, might be extended to Lake Huron; and thence the Canadian Pacific might be continued to and past Fort Garry, through the Leather Head, or some more favourable pass (if such exists) in the Rocky Mountains, until it carries the "iron horse" to the shores of the Pacific. With the same means the short and easily built canal at the Sault Ste. Marie might be provided for on the Canada side, and one source of national humiliation for ever removed. Nor do we know why the Bay Verte, the Ottawa and Georgian Bay, or the Ontario and Huron canals, could not be constructed by similar aid. Even French war loans take, at present, in the English money market, but these surely have no more substantial foundation than a loan guaranteed by its equivalent in Canadian soil. The Western Province has done good work by its free grants, its Drainage Act, and its Immigration policy. But we think it might do still better by disposing of its wild, and therefore in every sense *waste*, lands by trading them off under proper terms for the creation of much needed public works, either in the shape of railways or canals. Every other Province in the Dominion might well do likewise: and, above all, we hope the Canadian Government will not forget that it holds the rich dowry of the North-West, for nothing so much as the great obligation resting upon it of opening a railway track on British American territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

#### BAZEILLES.

Within the last few weeks the name of Bazeilles has become known over the globe, and has everywhere called forth a thrill of horror and pity from those who read the account of the tragic episode with which it is inseparably connected. Once a happy, thriving village, tenanted by a simple peasantry, it is now nothing but a heap of ruins, covering in many places the bodies of its late inhabitants—a sad example of the stern inviolability of military law. Owing to the annoyance caused by bands of armed peasantry who followed and harassed the Prussian armies on their victorious march Paris-wards, it was found necessary to issue an order adjudging the punishment of death to all, not belonging to the regular army, who should be found with arms in their hands. In accordance with this order the inhabitants of Bazeilles, who even to the women had wielded arms against the invaders, were made the objects of a terrible and cruel vengeance.

It was on the 31st of August that a Bavarian division, having, after a hard day's fighting, succeeded in crossing the Meuse, found themselves attacked on the plain between the village and the river by a body of Marines and Franc-Tireurs. For some time the French fought obstinately but at last they were compelled to retire within the village, from whence they poured a murderous fire upon the German troops. The German general summoned the village to surrender, and on receiving a refusal, sent back a message to the effect that he would give the inhabitants one hour to reconsider their decision, and if at the end of that time they persisted in their refusal he would burn the place over their head. After waiting an hour and ten minutes the command to attack was given. The Germans entered the village and were received with a murderous fire from every window and loop-hole. This strengthened them in their resolution for revenge, the more so as it was seen that the inhabitants of the village were taking part in its defence. By means of explosive petroleum balls the village was soon set in flames, and before night Bazeilles was nothing but a collection of blackened ruins. The church, the chateau, everything was destroyed. Many of the inhabitants perished in the ruins, and many more were shot for their violation of the Prussian orders. Not a house was left standing; the village was literally wiped off the face of the earth by the infuriated Bavarians. An eyewitness thus describes this scene of utter desolation:—"No description can convey an idea of the completeness of the destruction which has fallen upon the place. All that can be said is that a month ago there was a bright busy village, or rather small town, consisting of half a dozen streets and numbering nearly 3,000 inhabitants. A well-to-do town, too, evidently, with plenty of good shops, cafés, rows of neat and even handsome houses, and every sign of comfort and prosperity. Now about one-half of these houses are mere blackened shells with bulging, tottering walls; the other half are simply represented by heaps of rubbish. From one end of the village to the other there is nothing remaining that can be called a house. I see the Duke of Manchester attributes the destruction to shells; but it seemed to me far too complete to be accounted for in that way. Shells might have burned down or shattered clusters of houses, but they must have left some untouched, here and there; nor was the village a wooden one like the Moselle villages, which, set on fire anywhere, would burn from end to end like tinder. The French story is that the Bavarians were irritated by their losses and the obstinacy of the defence of the Marines, and in revenge burned the place over the heads of the inhabitants. The opposite account says that the inhabitants, even the women, were found with rifles in their hands firing on the troops, and that as they had already lost severely in this way, it was necessary to make an example at last to show that the King's proclamation was not to be a dead letter; but that the inhabitants were cleared out before the village was set on fire. It is difficult for any one who knows anything of German troops to believe that they would, out of mere spite and without orders, burn down an entire village, and more difficult to imagine a German officer giving them such an order. In the French versions of this, as of every incident of the war, there is a good deal of exaggeration. If you were to believe the local reports, nearly the

whole population lies buried under the rubbish; but one of the villagers, who would not be likely to understate the case, put the number at about fifty, and even this, I have reason to believe, is over the mark. Poor fellow! it was pitiful to hear his sobs as he pointed out what had once been his house and garden. I do not know, however, that I did not pity nearly as much a poor dejected cat sitting among the ruins of the house it belonged to. The poor thing was the picture of despondency and self-neglect, and clearly had not washed her face ever since the storming of the village. She sat there on a heap of debris mewing piteously, every now and then running out into the road as a troop of sight-seers came by, to see if there was any member of her family among them."

#### AN INNOCENT VICTIM

The picture with which we present our readers under the above caption illustrates a little war incident that has formed the subject of a couple of pictures by a well-known and talented German artist. The picture we have selected for reproduction is the second of the two, forming a sequel to one entitled *The Bereaved Mother*. The subjects for both are well chosen. In the first the bereaved mother, a mare, is being led away by a trooper, while its little foal, tied to the stable, is whinnying to its dam to return. The poor mare looks lingeringly back at its offspring, but the relentless trooper drags her along to the camp, where she is destined to form a mount for some cavalier dismounted in a recent engagement. In the second picture the mare, having evidently lost her rider, returns instinctively to her offspring, to find it, alas! lying dead where she left it, struck by some stray ball, while she who had been through the thickest of the fight escaped with a wound or two. There is a vast amount of pathos about this little incident, with the spirit of which the painter has become deeply imbued. This two pictures are well and carefully executed and are well worthy of reproduction.

#### MOVING POWDER FROM ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

Our view shows the magazine in the centre of the Island, which has a capacity for storing upwards of 12,000 barrels of powder. The Imperial authorities shipped 6,000 barrels to England and Quebec, and transferred a large quantity to the Canadian government. Some of the powder lately removed had been in Canada since before the rebellion of '37-'38 and yet it was found on trial to be quite as good as new.

This removal of stores is but an incident in the fulfilment of the long declared policy of the ruling powers of the Empire to throw the burthen of local defence upon the colonial governments, and only in case of foreign invasion to defend the colonies with all the strength naval and military at the command of the Imperial Government. It can scarcely be said that this country has been unfairly treated in this matter. About ten years ago an Imperial officer, Colonel Lysons, was instructed to report upon a Scheme of Militia organization which would enable Canada to conform to this advanced stage of Imperial treatment to teach the colonies the duties of national life. It cannot therefore be a surprise now to find that save the fortified points of Quebec and Halifax, which are held for Imperial strategic reasons, Canada is virtually abandoned to its own resources for defence, save in case of attack by a foreign nation.

The removal of the powder from the Magazine on St. Helen's is not, however, the only incident having some scenic and suggestive properties in connection with this important military change. It is known that at Kingston, Montreal and several other points where Military Stores were lodged the Imperial government did not by any means ship everything across the Atlantic. On the contrary the control of these, if not the absolute ownership was vested in the Dominion war department, and on our last page will be found a view, which speaks for itself of this interesting ceremony.

#### THE ENGAGEMENT AT ST. RÉMY.

The little village of St. Rémy, in the department of the Vosges, was the scene, on the 6th ult., of one of the most furious encounters that have occurred since the commencement of the war. The village, which is situated at a short distance from Epinal, was at that time occupied by a body of Baden troops, under the command of Major-General von Gengenfeld—their lines extending as far as the hamlet of Nonpenteize. At half-past nine on the morning of the sixth the position was attacked by a considerable force of French, consisting of part of the new army of the south, and numbering some 14,000 men, reinforced by battalions from the south under General Pethévren, with two battalions of artillery. The Prussians reached only half the number of their opponents, but by their admirable coolness, and thanks to that deadliness of aim for which the German soldier is so remarkable, they were able to repulse the attack of the enemy, and to throw them into inextricable confusion. Three times the French charged with an impetuosity that seemed irresistible, and three times they were repulsed with terrible loss. It was the old story over again. The Germans waited until the advancing lines had reached within a few paces of their bayonets, and then opened a murderous fire that made terrible havoc in the attacking ranks. For six hours the battle raged in this manner, but after the last charge the French soldiers threw down their arms and turned tail, making in the direction of Rambervilliers. The Badeners followed, carried the Bois des Jumelles at the point of the bayonet, and by four o'clock the rout was complete. The German loss in this encounter was singularly small, considering the furious attacks made by the French infantry, and by the Turcos in particular—20 officers and 400 men killed and wounded. The French, on the other hand, lost considerably. Some 13,000 men were killed or wounded, 62 officers and 600 men unwounded being also taken prisoners.

An illustration given on another page shows a desperate attack made by a party of Turcos upon a regiment of Jagers. The manner in which these "advancers of civilization" fight is almost without a parallel. They advance at full tilt, every man for himself, leaping and springing along like so many animated rubber balls, until they reach the enemy's ranks, when they throw themselves upon the foe with a spring, attacking as it were from above, and fighting more like wild beasts or demons than like human beings. Fortunately for the Germans, their system of reserving their fire until every shot will tell, has generally prevented the Turcos from following their usual tactics, and resulted in their utter discomfiture.

#### THE MAPLE LEAF BASE BALL CLUB, GUELPH, ONT.

The Maple Leaf Base Ball Club of Guelph, the Champion Club of the Dominion, was organized in 1864; and since its establishment this Club has been very well sustained, and with it as a leader Base Ball Clubs have sprung up in every village and town within a radius of 50 miles. It has beaten all the first-class clubs of Canada. In September, 1869, the club played for the Silver Ball (emblematic of the championship of the Dominion) at London, beating the Tecumseth Club of London, by 42 to 20. This year they have played nine match games, (of which five were for the championship) losing but one, and that with a picked nine at Syracuse.

The following table will show the number of runs made by each side:

REVIEW OF SEASON'S PLAY.					
Date.	NAMES OF CLUBS.	Where played.	M. L. runs.	Opp. runs.	
June 24	Maple Leaf vs. Aberfoyle	Guelph	4	22	
July 22	" " Independents, Dundas	"	24	22	
Aug. 16	" " Y. Canadian, Woodstock	"	24	13	
Aug. 27	" " Mutual, Hamilton	"	29	9	
Sept. 13	" " Flour City, Rochester	Rochester	75	17	
" 14	" " Picked Nine	Syracuse	15	21	
" 15	" " Ontario	Oswego	42	12	
" 29	" " Maple Leaf, Hamilton	Guelph	24	23	
Oct. 7	" " Flour City, Rochester	"	47	8	
Total runs.			371	116	

Several of the Nine have received handsome offers (as much as \$1,500 per year to one member) to join different professional Clubs in the United States. The pitcher, Smiley, is medium paced, and bothers the batsmen greatly, but the *forte* of the Nine is in their fielding, which is unsurpassed by any amateur club and few professionals in the country. The Nine have been "brought up" in and around Guelph, and only one is not a Canadian. The club numbers 139 paid members; they have beautiful enclosed grounds. Next year they purpose taking a trip to Montreal and playing a picked Nine from the Province of Quebec.

#### A ROMAN SCENE

It is not easy to suppose that there is any one, be his religion or his training what it may, whose deepest interest is not stirred by the mention of the name of the capital of the Caesars, the metropolis of the Roman empire, the centre and head-quarters of the Western Church, now become the capital of united Italy. There appears to be a charm connected with this city, the old mistress of the civil and the modern mistress of the religious world, a charm due neither wholly to its antiquity and its many and glorious reminiscences, nor to its present position as the Inspector of modern Art and the Centre of authority for the largest body in the world professing the Christian Religion, but which springs rather from all these influences and thus acquires the immense influence which it sways over every member of the civilised community. Who is there amongst us that has not felt this strong unaccountable desire to visit this wonderful city—so well named the Eternal, this city which produced the noblest, the grandest men that ever walked the earth; the city of Horatius, Curtius, of Regulus and the Scipios, the Gracchi, the Catos and the Caesars, Who has not longed to tread the ground pressed by the feet of Cicero, Seneca and Paul, and to gaze upon the innumerable monuments that attest the wealth and the power of the imperial line of Caesars; to wander among the countless arches of the Coliseum, that wonder of ancient Rome, and depict to himself those magnificent entertainments given within its walls, when the applause of the careless multitude was heard beyond the Tiber; to stroll along the Via Sacra, and in fancy take part in those glorious triumphs that followed the return of the Roman conqueror, when the hero of the hour passed proudly along in his triumphal car, surrounded by his victorious legions and followed by his humbled captives. Every stone, every monument has its history and tells its story of noble deeds and grand achievements. Taking your stand by the Coliseum, what a page of history lies mapped out before you. To the right that stupendous amphitheatre hallowed by the blood of saints and martyrs who "fought with beasts" rather than dishonour their creed, and suffered for the enjoyment of the gaping multitude that flocked to see how Christians died. Further on, on the same side, a sight that may well make one ponder; the ruins of the old heathen temple of Venus and Roma, now embraced by the massive walls of a Christian convent. Then straight on in front towers up the campanile of the Capitol, and that grand old Arch of Titus, with its storied sides, telling how Jerusalem, the holy city, and the chosen people the Jews fell beneath the unconquerable arm of Rome. What food for meditation such a scene as this supplies, especially at a time like this. One's thoughts naturally revert to those days, nearly three thousand years ago, when this great city was in its infancy, and peacefully lay, a mere group of shepherd's huts, on the side of yonder Palatine. Then it took to itself power, it increased, conquering the neighbouring nations as it grew. Then its domination extended beyond the seas, it became a great and dreaded Republic, until it reached the zenith of its glory. The Republic gave way to an Empire, and in its Golden Age the little hamlet found itself the proud mistress of the world. Then it fell, and fell low. It became the prey of rude, untaught barbarians, who wondered at the magnificence with which they found it dressed, and stripped it of its ornaments. Gradually the ancient city, the glory of Italy, fell into decay, but in the meantime it had become the centre of Christianity—of the religion of a continent—and once more it proudly raised its head.

#### THE MONTREAL FOXHOUNDS.

The majority of newspaper readers who, on taking up their paper at the breakfast-table on Saturday morning, read an announcement to the effect that "the Hounds will meet at — to-day, at 11 sharp," let the matter take but little either of their time or attention. They know certainly what fox-hunting is, or at least they have a vague idea that it is a sort of follow-my-leader on horseback, with a fox for a leader that is certain to lead one a scramble over hedges and ditches more unpleasant than otherwise. So they just run over the announcement in a listless manner, as they would over the advertisement of a great sale of pig-iron, or for tenders for lockage-repairs, and then the matter slips entirely from their memory, or if it should recur to them it is only to suggest the thought that they thank their stars that they are not as some other men are, and that they can be content to stay at home and provide themselves with decent, quiet amusement, with-

out going "ramping and rairing" over the country like a pack of heathenish, untamed Gallowlasses. It is certainly a pity that amongst us who pride ourselves on our English connections, our English habits, and our English sports and pastimes, the one sport which of all others is *par excellence* English, should meet with so little encouragement. And it is certainly desirable that where, as is the case here in Montreal, and in Toronto, a party of gentlemen devote time and means to the acquirement and maintenance of hounds, they should meet with more support and countenance than has yet been given to the Montreal Foxhounds. The hounds have been an institution here for over forty years and have been a source of constant anxiety and expense to the club, the members of which have, however, persevered steadily in their object, and are now, we are glad to hear, in a more satisfactory position than they have taken for a long time past. The hounds were originally imported from England at great trouble and expense. Their numbers have been gradually increased by successive importations, and they now count sixteen couple, with eight couple of puppies that will be ready to run next season.

It is with a view of exciting, if possible, a little more interest in the good old English sport that we publish this week a double-page illustration of the meet held last Saturday at Verdun—on the lower Lachine Road—the residence of John Crawford, Esq., Master of the Montreal Foxhounds. This illustration, sketched by our own artist just before the start, is worthy of careful inspection, as it will be found to be almost perfect in its details, and as minute as a sketch of the kind could be. It would, of course, be impossible in a mere sketch to reproduce the human features with sufficient exactitude to form a series of portraits, but, notwithstanding, the likenesses of the principal characters in our illustration will be found sufficiently accurate to ensure recognition.

The following original poem, if set to music, would make a good hunting song for Canadian Clubs.

SNAFFLE AND SPUR.

There is music in the ripple as the good ship cleaves the brine,  
And the log reels out right merrily three knots beyond the nine,  
When the saucy Nereids toss their laughing foam-locks on the breeze,  
And the dolphin vainly toils behind his rival of the seas,  
But give me the first deep note that wells from out the whimpering  
[pack,

Where Juno speaks to Challenger—Gaylass the cry flings back,  
When o'er the troubled gorse at length the yellow blossoms stir,  
And we know the morning work's begun of Snaffle and of Spur.

Calabria's skies are azure, o'er St. Mark the moonbeam smiles,  
Soft sighs the whispering Auster through the bright Levantine isles;  
Blithe is our English summer noon when the sailing shadows slide  
Over oorn-fields green, and meadows gay with cowslip's modest pride.  
But give me November's cloudy skies, November's woodlands dun,  
When the reeking fallows yield the scent breast high through half the  
[run;

Where from the quivering covert sounds the startled woodcock's whirr  
Unharm'd she soars—to-day is given to Snaffle and to Spur.

Gay ride Rome's soft curl'd darlings, brave robes Russ nobly wear,  
Wrapped in the web of Orient loom, the spoil of northern bear;  
O'er courser swifter than the wind the Arab's caftan waves,  
The Ottoman's steed curvets in housings wove by Georgian slaves.  
But give me the sturdy hunter of Irish bone and blood,  
And I envy not the Bedouin Sheikh the choicest of his stud,  
Nor robes of silk or velvet, nor choicest ermine fur,  
Match half so well as scarlet cloth with Snaffle and with Spur.

And although our hand be scarce so light, our nerve so firm, to-day,  
As when last we heard by cover-side the cry of "gone away!"  
Nor roll of years, nor leagues of foam, nor toil of distant climes,  
Can ever blot from out our hearts the record of old times,  
When in the foremost flight we rode, nor ever turned aside,  
Nor cared to think how high the wall, the roaring brook how wide!  
And still to days of hound and horn we lovingly recur,  
And we drain this other cup to-night to Snaffle and to Spur.

GEORGE SPAIGHT.

THE NEEPIGON REGION.

No. 3.—VIEWS ON THE NEEPIGON RIVER.

The first rapid encountered in ascending the Neepigon River terminates half a mile North of the Red Rock Hudson's Bay post, at the mouth of the River. Our view No. 4 represents the scene at the head of this rapid looking North towards the small Lake of about four miles long through which the river runs. View No. 5, we have not deemed of sufficient importance to reproduce. It represents a northern view on the river near Camp Alexander, some six or seven miles further up than the first and about two miles below, (S. of) the second rapid. To the north of the second rapid, the river again widens out into a Lake, considerably larger than the one previously mentioned North of this Lake is the High Rock portage; and our view No. 6 represents the scene looking towards the south from this portage. We have now reached a distance of about 18 miles from the mouth of the river. A reference to the numbers on the map already given in our issue of the 22 ult., will enable the reader to understand exactly the position of the several scenes sketched. Much valuable information about the country around Neepigon may be expected from the explorations conducted during last summer at the instance of the Canadian and Ontario Governments.

The *Globe* of Oct. 31st, speaking of the surveys north of Lake Superior, conducted during the season, says:—"The various surveyors who have been employed all summer in the country north of Lake Superior have returned by the *Chicora*, which arrived at Collingwood on Friday evening. We learn from some of these gentlemen that Mr. J. A. Fleming, P.L.S., who was sent out by the Ontario Crown Lands Department, has made an exploration from Salter's Base Line to the Michipicoten River, and thence westward nearly to the Pic, surveying many of the rivers and lakes intersected by his line, or lying between it and Lake Superior. Mr. Walter Beatty, P.L.S., acting under instructions from the same Department, has run an exploration line from the east shore of Lake Neepigon to Long Lake, and thence eastward to the Pic River, connecting it by traverses with the line formerly run by Mr. Herrick, and explored and mapped much of the country between Lake Neepigon and Long Lake. Messrs. Beatty and Fleming's line is parallel with Mr. Herrick's and twenty miles north of it, or at an average distance of forty-five miles from Lake Superior. Professor Bell, assisted by Messrs. McKellar, McKenzie and Kirkpatrick, has, we understand, made topographical and geological surveys of White River and Lake, Black River (of Pic), the Great Pic River and McKay's Lake, the Little Pic River and Whitefish Lake, Steel River and Mountain Lake, Long Lake and the English River (which discharges it), nearly to the Albany and Pine Lake, lying upon its course; together with several lakes and rivers between Lake Neepigon and the English River. By means of these surveys the position of the water-shed which forms the boundary between Ontario and

Rupert's Land can now be defined, and the important question settled as to the territorial extent of our jurisdiction in these parts. In a geological point of view they will also be of great interest and utility to this Province and the Dominion at large, as we learn that they will enable the officers of the Geological Survey to map the distribution and extent of the various mineral-bearing formations which are now beginning to attract so much attention. We understand that Professor Bell has also succeeded in defining the southern boundary of the great Silurian Basin of Hudson Bay. We noticed the other day the return of Mr. Alfred Waddington from the Neepigon River. It appears that, in company with Mr. Henry Wilson, he examined the valley of the river all the way from Lake Superior to Lake Neepigon, and expressed himself highly pleased with the result. Mr. Austin has returned from his exploration of part of the tract between these lakes, and Mr. L. Russell from a flying visit to the Gull River and the Seine. The results of the labours of all these gentlemen, together with Professor Bell's survey, last year, of Lake Neepigon and the surrounding district, will give a new appearance to the map of the country north of Lake Superior; and we may now, for the first time, discuss intelligibly the whole question of railway communication with our North-West Territories. We quote with satisfaction the progress thus made toward the development of an extensive region which has hitherto received less attention than its importance demanded."

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE OF PECULIAR NAMES—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

(Continued.)

WHY IS A TAILOR SAID TO BE THE NINTH PART OF A MAN?—This contemptuous expression has been too long tolerated as an offensive imputation on a respectable trade, from which it is not likely to have taken its origin. The English word coward is derived from the Italian *codardo*, which comes from *coda*—a tail—a *codardo* or coward being one who hangs behind. The literal meaning of coward is therefore a *tailor*; and may not the proverbial vulgarism now connected with the trade of tailor be traceable to a pun on this word? When we speak with contempt of a tailor, we really mean a poltroon of any kind, who is a *codardo* or *tailor*; and if we knew our etymology better, we should not regard it as an aspersion on the useful fraternity of the shears and thimble, although ignorant usage has for generations so perverted the term.

THE DEUM.—A solemn hymn of the Roman and Greek Churches, beginning with the words *Te Deum laudamus*, We praise Thee, O God. It is generally supposed to have been the composition of St. Augustin, A.D. 390. It is sung as a national thanksgiving for a victory, a bounteous harvest, or the removal of some signal evil.

TRETOTALLER.—An artisan of Preston, Lancashire, England, named Richard Turner, in addressing temperance meetings made constant use of this word, for want of one to express how great a drunkard he had once been, and how great an abstainer he then was. He used to exclaim, "I am now a *Tee-totaller*." This is the origin of the word.

TRICOLOR.—The flag of the Bourbons was white. The tri-coloured flag, which consists of a stripe of blue, white, and red, owes its rank as a national emblem to chance. At the first French revolution, a distinguishing sign was wanted, and the readiest which occurred was that of the colours borne by the City of Paris, blue and red. This was forthwith adopted; but, to conciliate certain influential members of the national guard who were not hostile to the king, white, the colour of the Bourbons, was afterwards added. Thus arose the flag which was borne throughout the wars of the revolution, and which Louis XVIII., by an unfortunate stroke of policy, did not continue at the restoration. The obligation to maintain the tri-colour is now engrossed in the charter.

U

UNION JACK.—When James VI., of Scotland but I. of England ascended the English throne, he caused the flags of the two countries to be amalgamated, and being accustomed to sign his name *Jacques*, from the French, the flag came to be called the Union Jack.

UNDER THE ROSE.—There has arisen much petty controversy about the expression, "Under the rose," different origins have been assigned. Some assert that it ought to be spelt, "Under the *rows*," for in former days almost all towns were built with the second story projecting over the lower one, a piazza or row as they termed it, which may still be seen at Chester and other old towns, and whilst the elders of the families were sitting at the windows, their sons and daughters were making love "under the rows." The other is more elegant. Cupid, it is said, gave a rose to Harpocrates, the God of Silence; and from this originated the practice that prevailed amongst Northern nations of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the table when it was intended that the conversation was to be kept secret.

Another origin is the following:—This phrase, implying strict secrecy, is thus explained in the *British Apollo*, p. 320:

"You must know, sir, the Rose was an emblem of old, Whose leaves by their closeness taught secrets to hold;  
And 'twas thence it was painted o'er tables so oft  
As a warning, lest when a frankness men scott  
At their neighbour, their lord, their fat priest, or their nation,  
Some amongst 'em, next day, should betray conversation."

V

VALENTINE'S DAY—14th February; Valentine was a pope or bishop of Rome in the 9th century, who, on the 14th of February, established an annual custom of the poorer clergy drawing patrons by lots for the commenced year—and these patrons and benefactors were called Valentines. After his death he was canonized as a saint, and his feast-day was kept on that day which was thought to be his birth-day. The custom of sending valentines, seems to have been copied by the laity from the clergy, and is of very ancient date in Britain, being almost of 1,000 years standing.

VANDALISM.—Among the wretched intrigues at Rome, Aetius was put to death by the nominal emperor Valentinian. He was by himself slain by Petronius, who succeeded him, and desired the hand of his widow. She invited the Vandals of Africa to avenge the murder of her husband; and under Generalism they landed at Ostia, and marched to Rome. The new Emperor was murdered in the streets; and again, in 455, the imperial city was plundered. There was little treasure to

tempt the barbarians; and thus, perhaps in disappointment they destroyed the works of art, the last relic of the glories of Rome. Hence has arisen the expression Vandalism, as applied to those who are inimical to fine arts.

VATICAN.—The word "Vatican" is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings, containing 7,000 rooms, on one of the 7 hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1,200 feet in length, and about 1,000 in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of the cruel Nero.—It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the 6th century, erected an humble residence on its site. About the year 1060, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Aragon. In 1605, Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for many years. It is now the repository of multitudinous treasures of art.

Vatican comes from *vates*, a prophet, because it was here that the Roman Augurs foretold future events. The "Thunders of the Vatican." This term was first used by Voltaire, the great French poet, A.D. 1747.

VOLCANOES.—Of all the postulates for a general theory of volcanoes, the simplest and best founded, (supported by the fact that the temperature of the earth increases with the depth in every parallel of latitude, and by evidence of the great extent of rock once fused beneath the surface,) is the igneous fluidity of the interior of our planet—a vast sea of melted rock underlying the cooled and solidified crust, which may remain at rest for ages beneath enormous areas, but is liable to be locally excited and uplifted by the force of compressed power.

VILLAIN AND RASCAL.—Two words of totally different import now to what they originally had. They signified retainer, or follower. In the first edition of the English Bible occurs the following. "I, Paul, a rascal of Jesus Christ."

W

WEIGHTS IN ENGLAND.—The original of all weights used in England, was a grain of wheat, taken out of the middle of the ear, and well dried, 32 of which were to be considered as a pennyweight. But it was afterwards thought sufficient to divide the same pennyweight into 24 equal parts, still called grains, being the least now in use.

WHIG AND TORY.—Burnet, who was contemporary with the introduction of these terms, gives the following account of the former:

"The south-west counties of Scotland have seldom corn enough to serve them through the year; and the northern parts producing more than they need, those in the west come in the summer to buy at Leith, the stores that come from the north; and from a word (*whiggam*) used in driving their horses, all that drove were called Whiggamors, and, shorter, the Whigs. Now, in that year, before the news came down of the Duke of Hamilton's defeat, the ministers animated the people to rise and march to Edinburgh; and they came up, marching at the head of their parishes with an unheard-of fury, praying and preaching all the way as they came. This was called the Whiggamor's inroad; and ever after, all that opposed the court came in contempt to be called Whigs."

Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, quotes this passage: yet by placing against the term Whig, the Saxon word *Whæg*, synonymous to whey, or sour milk, he seems not to reject another derivation, which has been assigned to it by some writers.

Echard says—"Great animosities were created by these petitioners and abhorers, and they occasioned many feuds and quarrels in private conversations; and about the same time, 1680, and from the same cause, arose the pernicious terms and distinctions of Whig and Tory, both exotic names, which the parties invidiously bestowed upon each other. All that adhered to the interest of the crown and lineal succession, were by the contrary branded with the title given to the Irish robbers; and they, in return, gave the others the appellation of Whig, or sour milk, formerly appropriated to the Scotch presbyterians and rigid covenanters."

Tindal, in his introduction to the continuation of Rapin's History, notices the distinction between the principles of the parties, but does not inquire into the etymology of the terms.—Vol. 1.

Toland, in his *State Anatomy*, considers the words as mere terms of reproach, first applied to each party by its enemies, and then adopted by each as a distinction.

The words themselves are but late nicknames, given by each party to the other in King Charles the Second's reign; Tories in Ireland, and Whigs in Scotland, being what we in England call Highwaymen; and you, public robbers.

Hume, the historian, says—"This year, 1680, is remarkable for being the epoch of the well-known epithets Whig and Tory, by which, and sometimes without any material difference, this island has been so long divided. The court party reproached their antagonists with their affinity to the fanatical conventiclers, who were known by the name of Whigs; and the country party found a resemblance between the courtiers and the banditti in Ireland, who were known by the name of Tories."—Vol. VIII.

These are the principal writers in which the origin of the terms is noticed.

Y

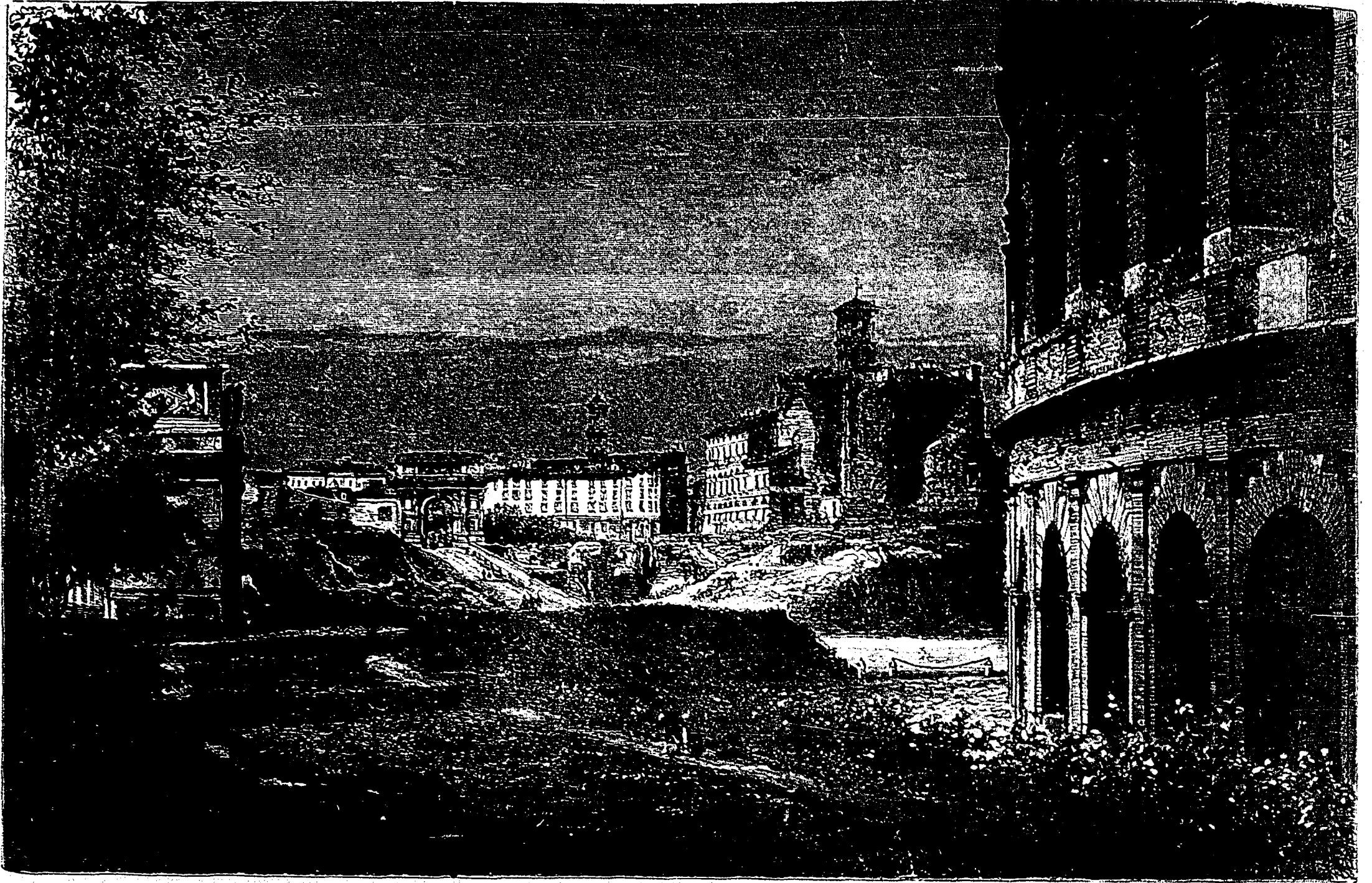
YANKEE AND YANKEE DOODLE.—The first is derived from the manner in which the Indians endeavoured to pronounce the word in English, which they rendered *Yenghees*, whence the word *Yankee*. In a curious book on the Round Towers of Ireland, the origin of the term "Yankee Doodle" is traced to the Persian phrase, "*Yanki dooniak*," or "Inhabitants of the new world."

Sunday reading for political contractors—the Book of Job.

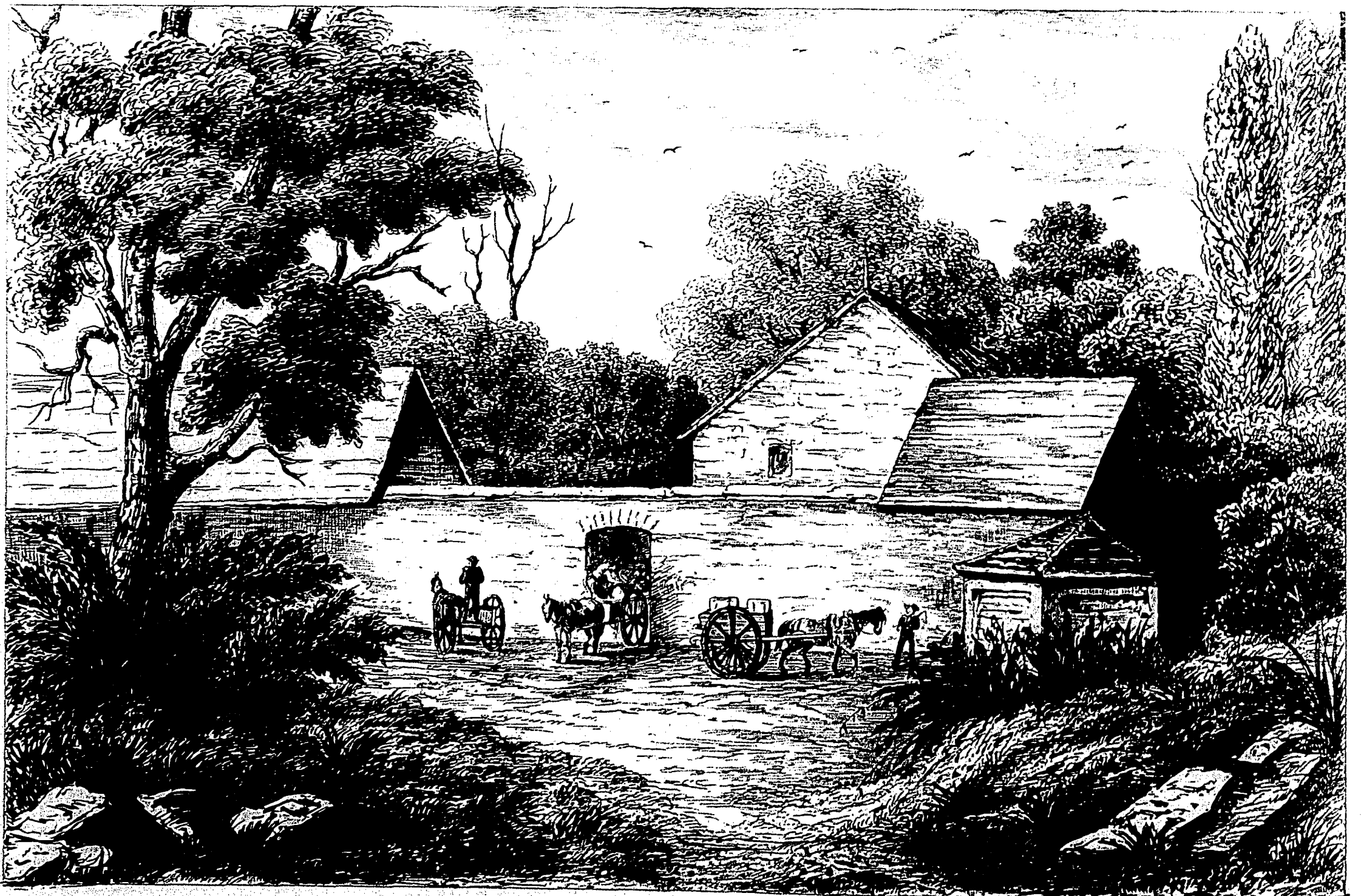
"Drowned in dodging a potato thrown by William Stubbs," was the verdict of a Toledo jury.

Disraeli says: "I think I am rather fond of silent people myself; I cannot bear to live with a person who feels compelled to talk because he is my companion."

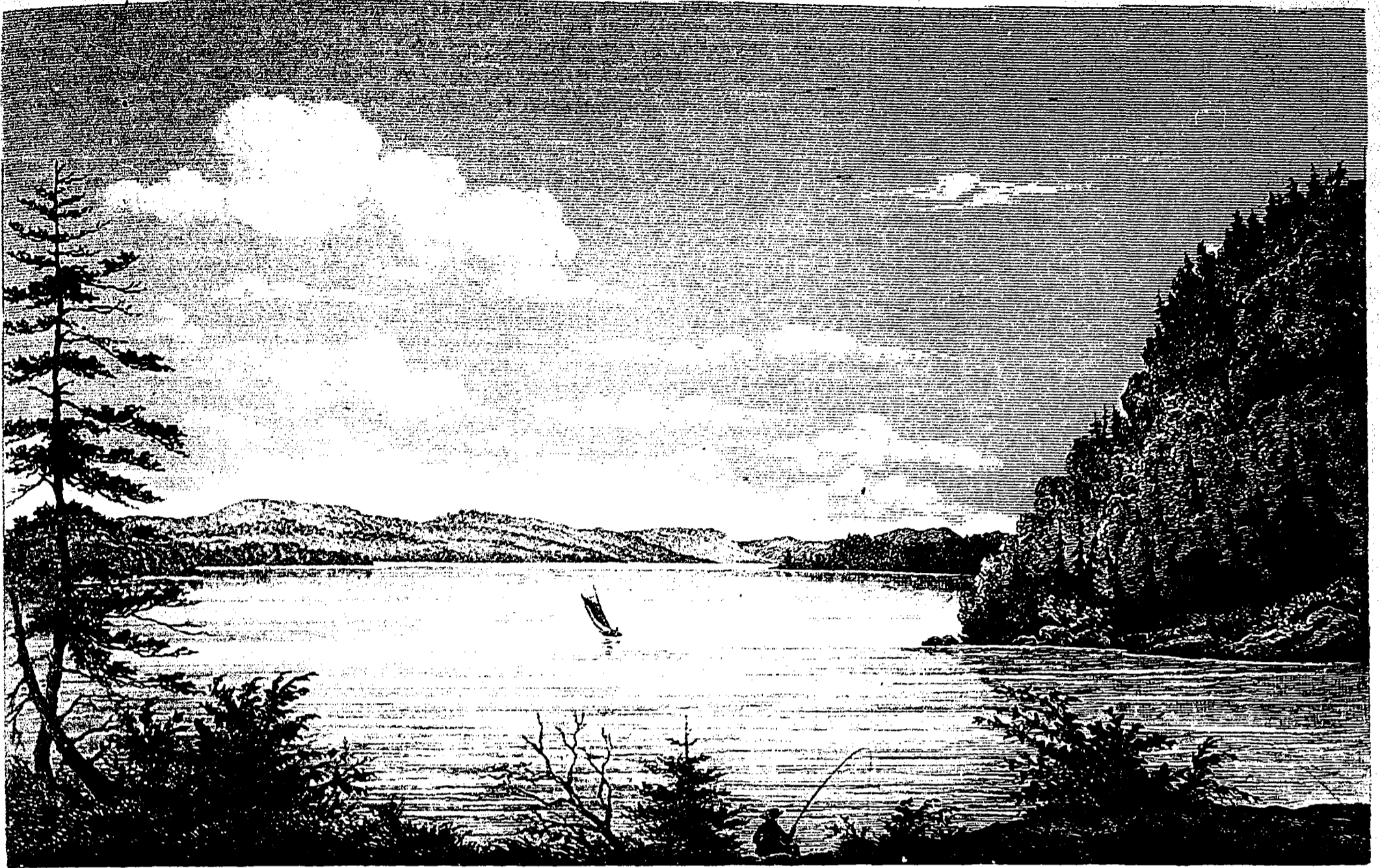
During the fight at Saarbrücken on the 6th of August, a Merciful Brother gained great credit for his heroic conduct. The bullets began to fall like hailstones about the ambulances, when the brother bent over two soldiers placed in his care, covering them with his body, saying, "No, you have already had enough; now let the bullets strike me!" That was true courage.



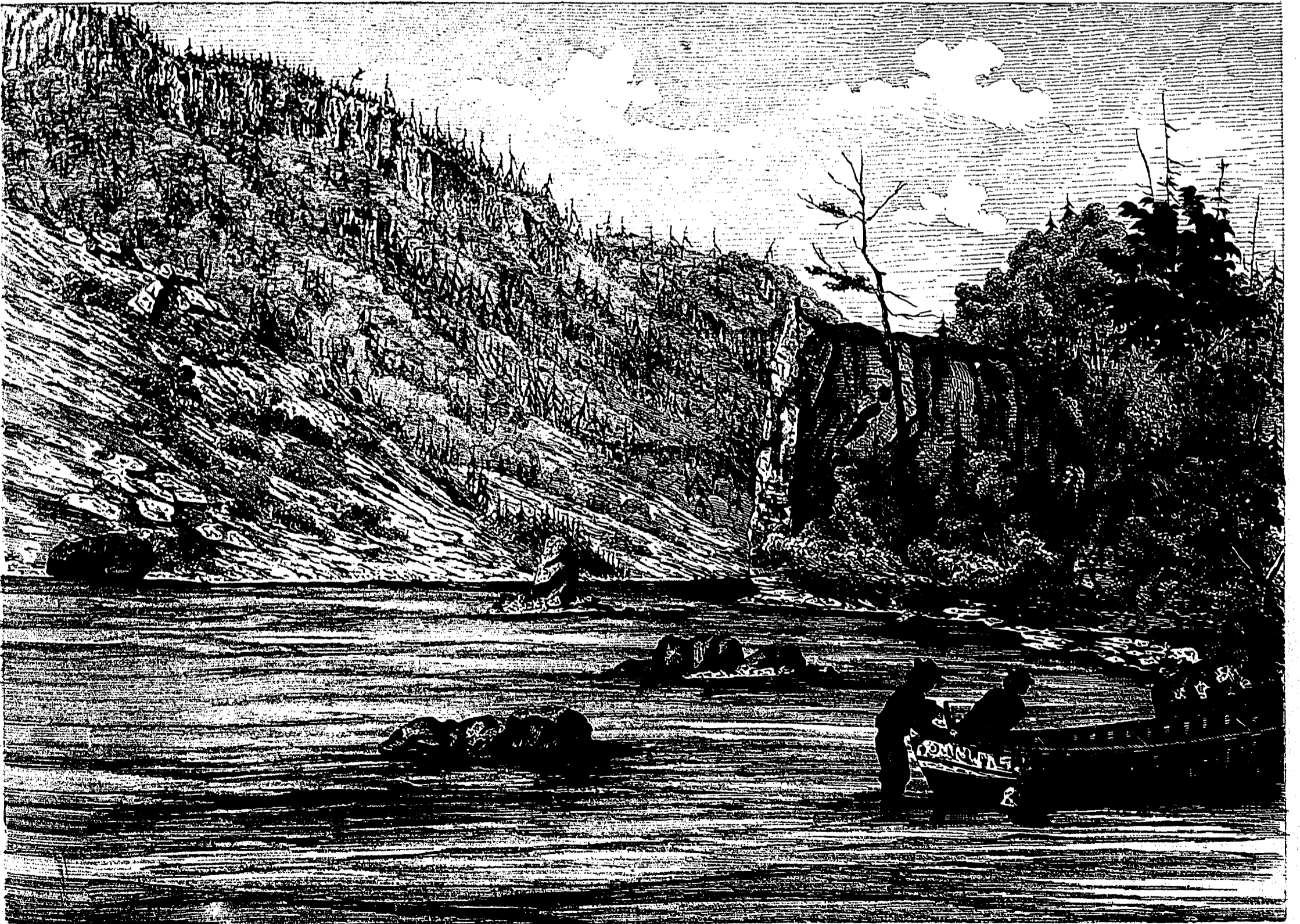
ROME.—SCENE IN THE VICINITY OF THE COLISEUM



MOVING POWDER FROM THE MAGAZINE ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, MONTREAL. FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.



NEEPIGON, No. 4.—HEAD OF FIRST RAPID. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.



NEEPIGON, No. 6.—SCENE ON THE RIVER, LOOKING SOUTH FROM HIGH ROCK PORTAGE. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY  
NOVEMBER 12, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Nov. 6.—	Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. St. Leonard. Riots at Montreal, 1837. Lincoln elected President, 1860.
MONDAY,	" 7.—	Battle of Tippecanoe, 1811. Battle of Mooltan, 1848.
TUESDAY,	" 8.—	Milton died, 1674. Battle of Warsaw, 1794.
WEDNESDAY,	" 9.—	Arnold at Quebec, 1775. Prince of Wales born, 1841.
THURSDAY,	" 10.—	Luther born, 1483. Remarkable dark day and French Cathedral burnt at Montreal, 1819.
FRIDAY,	" 11.—	St. Martin, C. Battle of Chrysler's Farm, 1813.
SATURDAY,	" 12.—	Montreal taken by the Provincials in the American Rebellion, 1775. Charles Kemble died, 1854.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1870

RECENT telegraphic reports render all the more certain the prospect of a chain of European entanglements, which from the first breaking out of hostilities seemed a possible result of the war. When the Emperor surrendered at Sedan, we spoke of the event as one which might perhaps render the war equally embarrassing to the Hohenzollern as to the Napoleonic dynasty, for the reason that the action of the Emperor would restore the Republic, or, at least, liberate the—until then—chained demon of Revolution. The world had not long to wait for the first fruits of King William's ill-starred success. Three days after, the Republic was proclaimed in Paris, and in about a fortnight more the head of the recently formed Italian Kingdom, throwing to the winds his obligations contracted by the "September Convention," entered the Papal States and dethroned the Pope from his civil rule. The King pleads as his excuse the force of the Revolution—that gigantic power of national upheaval which Napoleon took by the throat on the 2nd December, 1852, and crushed to the earth and held down for just seventeen years and three quarters!

Yet, all these years Napoleon was the recipient of the rankest abuse from the greatest enemies of the Revolution. Perhaps they were right. We are not the apologists of Napoleon; his schemes may have been chimerical; certainly they were often faulty in their execution, and, perhaps, in their planning, too seldom inspired by a due regard for the rights of *meum* and *tuum*. But wherein is he worse than his brother Sovereigns of the age? Is there not a "Court policy" in the secret archives of every State in Europe? A policy, not of internal progress and external fraternization, but a policy having for its ultimate aim the injury of some neighbour for selfish aggrandisement? The story of Poland is too old to be repeated; of English aggression in India, it were needless to speak. But, to start from the period of the Crimean war, how many plans among European Courts have come to light, quite as dark as the Czar's designs upon the "sick man" of Constantinople? And some of them have been carried out with just as much effrontery as the late Nicholas began his intended scheme of spoliation by throwing his troops into the Principalities for the bland and innocent purpose of securing "material guarantees" for the fulfilment of his requisitions upon the Sublime Porte. This precautionary measure for a satisfactory settlement, was the signal for France and England to strike for the independence of Turkey, or rather for the freedom of the Dardanelles; and the Crimean war, with all its lessons and its well known consequences, was the result.

But in whose hands is the freedom of the Dardanelles to-day? The following despatch, dated London, Nov. 1st, may be, like many other cable despatches, a baseless rumour, though there are weighty reasons for according to it, at least a strong probability of truth. It says:

The decline in the Stock Market yesterday is said to be in consequence of the fact that a Cabinet meeting was called for the purpose of considering what steps should be taken in regard to the continued and formidable armaments of Russia. It is stated that Russia has now five hundred thousand men under arms and ready to take the field in the Western Provinces of the Empire. The story of a secret treaty between Prussia and Russia relative to the eastern question, and that, in the event of peace humiliating to France, Prussia has bound herself by a secret treaty to support the revision of Europe as fixed by the treaty of Paris and the liberation to Russia of the Black Sea with the Dardanelles has been received at Vienna with much feeling and a good deal of circumstantiality. This is expected to be the price demanded by Russia for permitting Germany to move untrammelled upon France. It is further affirmed that as Russia does not care to leave the fulfilment of this treaty to the close of the war she is now insisting that in a treaty with France Prussia shall not secure either the fortresses or a serious reinforcement of her strength on this side of the Rhine. Russian diplomats regard it as essential to the safety of Poland and the progress of the Russian empire westward that Germany shall be left more or less exposed to peril from the side of France. In short it is believed in Vienna, and the signs are that it is

beginning to be believed in London, that Russia having led Germany on thus far in the war until her primary object, the prostration of France, has been accomplished, even more completely than was ever hoped or expected, has meanwhile been preparing herself quietly, and is now prepared to exert such a pressure on both combatants as shall secure to her all her objects in the east without imperilling her European weight.

Were this alleged plot on the part of Russia and Prussia to be carried out, it would follow that, as some authorities have already said, the Crimean war was a mere flagrant waste of life, resulting in no permanent political or commercial advantages to the western nations that engaged in it. But rather it should be said that the abandonment of the policy of maintaining the balance of power among the European States was the mistake which has led to the imminence of catastrophes the ultimate consequences of which few can, in this generation, estimate. It was in defence of the European balance of power, as well as for the protection of Eastern interests, that France and England went to war with Russia. A few years later, the rotten non-intervention theory became popular, and Prussia and Austria profited by it to plunder some of their weaker neighbours. The Italian was followed; and the secret alliance of Napoleon with Prussia, to guarantee the success of the latter, is now no longer a secret; but the unexpected success of Prussia, against a power that had half its troops contending with another enemy in the rear, made the French Emperor change his policy, and suddenly stop the war, the creation of which was probably due in great part to his own connivance. Certainly it is no secret that by his accepting the cession of Venetia from Austria, and by his predominating influence over the revolution-made King of Italy, he spoiled Bismarck's cherished design of marching upon Vienna. It is also a moot-point which no one, unfamiliar with the secrets of Franco-Prussian diplomatic correspondence, can settle, whether Napoleon did not deceive Bismarck or Bismarck Napoleon, in this infamous international intrigue, or whether, at the most modest calculation, one of them did not serve the other as the witches did Macbeth—"Kept the promise to the ear, but broke it to the 'hope.'" Surely there was treason between them; for no sooner had peace been concluded than a most irritating diplomatic correspondence sprung up, at the end of which, and for reasons well-known to himself, no doubt, Napoleon patiently devoured his leek, nor let the world see a single grimace over its unwelcome deglutition. That he felt the disadvantage in which Prussia's too great success placed France has been abundantly evident. But his effort to retrieve it has placed France in a still worse position than even Austria was placed by his intrigue, and the Prussian arms, in 1866; Russia this time performing the office for Prussia that France did then.

Is it likely, however, that Bismarck will triumph over the Emperor Alexander as he did over the Emperor Napoleon? We doubt it very much. The Russian Government has already massed five hundred thousand soldiers in the Western Provinces; and this means that its demands upon Prussia must be fulfilled at the cost of war. Now Prussia cannot grapple with such a powerful enemy, either in the midst, or at the conclusion, of the costly struggle in which she is now engaged; hence the conclusion is safe that in bringing about peace and in settling its terms, Russia will have sufficient influence to prevent Prussia from securing territorial or other advantages which would add to its permanent strength. The mutual exhaustion of the combatants is probably what would best satisfy the desires of Russia; and she sees in the strengthening of either a probable foe to her schemes for the future. So long as Prussia is compelled to reserve her strength for a possible conflict with France, so long does Russia feel secure in the West; and if France should be too much paralyzed to take her old part in the role of international affairs, who, with Prussia a consenting party to Russia's Eastern policy, can prevent her from carrying it out? England may regret her policy of non-intervention when she shall have, single-handed, to face such a foe. The archives of the Foreign Office contain warnings of the designs of Russia upon the Eastern possessions of Britain, dating back more than the lifetime of a generation; and these warnings have been time and again renewed since the days when the old Earl of Aberdeen, the Premier of the Coalition Ministry, which, in 1854, reluctantly declared war against Russia, was a young man in the diplomatic service of his country, and in that capacity, foreshadowed with his own pen the coming storm with which, nearly thirty years later, he battled so feebly. We can well understand the "decline in the Stock market," in the face of the well developed designs of the Russian Bear to clutch the key to the East, when France lies bruised and almost broken at the feet of Prussia. The latter power has little concern with other than European affairs; and the way that all the Governments have over-ridden treaties and solemn obligations when their supposed interests or actual de-

sires inspired them to do so, may have taught Prussia the lesson to abandon, to their own devices, those nations who feel that the aggrandisement of Russia would be their loss, so long as, by her tacit consent to Russian aggression, she may be left free to carry out her own designs. This is, at the time of writing, the threatening cloud, but like many others that have floated across the sky with seemingly dire portent, it may be dispersed by the antagonistic current of events propelled by a stronger hand than that of either King or Emperor.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

No. 14.—BRITISH COLUMBIA.—FISHERIES, &c.

By the Rev. *Æn. McD. Dawson, Ottawa.*

The Indians, as becomes them in their uncivilized state, are also well skilled in the barbarous act of spearing salmon. At Nanaimo river they have a most ingenious way of practising this art, and so destroy the finny tribes in a wholesale fashion. Their first operation is the construction of a weir. This done, they place on the lower side of this obstruction to the ascent of salmon, a stone pavement about six feet wide and fourteen long. This pavement, which is made of white or light coloured stones, leads to an opening in the weir. Between two such paved ways the Indians erect a scaffolding or stage, on which these murderous fishermen, lying with their faces downwards, observed at once any salmon that dares to attempt passing over the white stones. It is no sooner seen than a long barbed spear, which is held in readiness, descends on its luckless person.

A still more ingenious mode of spearing is resorted to in the seas of British Columbia. The salmon of this country, although so fastidious in the rivers, readily takes a bait when in salt water. The Indian sets sail in a light canoe, armed with two spears, one of which is about seventy feet in length, the other twenty and with a barbed end. As soon as good fishing ground is reached in some well sheltered strait or inlet, a small cone of wood which has been previously hollowed and trimmed round its larger end with small feathers so as to resemble a shuttlecock, is placed on the point of the longer spear, which is then thrust down, its full length, in the water. The Indian now cleverly jerks off the small cone, which immediately wriggles up, through the water, like a struggling fish. Such a tempting bait can scarcely fail. The wily savage, who holds the short spear, keeps his eye upon it, and, as soon as a salmon rushes at it, the unwary fish is sure to become his prey.

SALMON TROUT.

The most beautiful of this kind of fish is the SALMON TROUT, or, RED SPOTTED SALMON TROUT (*Salmo spectabilis*.) One of its names is derived from the number of bright red spots along its sides. These are interspersed with spots of a yellow colour on a ground of light green which, on the back, is darker, inclining to grey. The head is rather more than a fourth of the whole length. This kind of trout is seldom above three pounds in weight. Its habits are pretty much the same as those of the larger Salmon. Like them it ascends the rivers from the sea, at certain periods of the year, for the purpose of spawning. In October, when it seeks the fresh water, it is seen in vast numbers pouring into all the rivers which flow into Paget's Sound. The Fraser and its tributaries become alive with this pretty little fish. It swarms alike in all the streams, creeks and inlets about Vancouver's Island. The Indians, as may be supposed, do not spare it. In the neighbourhood of all the waters which it is known to frequent, they erect temporary lodges. This is quite a necessary precaution, as all the members of a family engage in the sport, or rather, business, for such it is with the red men. They have two ways of fishing. They use a rod, with hook and line, in true sportsman fashion. They are not very nice, however, in their choice of bait. But they know what is best. They fasten some rather high flavoured salmon roe to their hook,—which is made of bone or hard wood. They never use the roe fresh, but only after it has become tough by drying, and has acquired a rank, oily smell. The fish seize it greedily, and so are captured in great numbers. They succeed equally well with another kind of bait. This consists in a strip, cut from the belly of a trout, which they wind tightly round the hook, keeping the string part outermost, from the barb to about an inch up the line. It is secured by twisting moose hair closely round it. About a foot from the hook thus baited, a small pebble is slung, and the line is fastened to the canoe paddle, close to the hand. The Indian now paddles slowly along, trolling the bait after the canoe. This is, at least, as good an imitation of a small fish as the minnow or spoon bait, which is so much used in Canadian waters. The Indian's contrivance is eminently successful. He secures by it immense numbers of the larger trout. They can be taken also by means of any showy kind of fly. And this is admirable sport.

The other way in which the Indians trap the salmon-trout is not quite so sportsmanlike. And, in any other waters than those of British Columbia, where the supply of fish appears to be inexhaustible, would have the effect of exterminating this beautiful variety of the Salmonidae. Baskets of various dimensions, some of them fifteen feet in length, and six in circumference, are woven of split vine-maple and strips of cedar bark. These are placed in the centre of the stream, with dams of lattice work extending on each side to the banks, so

that it is impossible for any fish to ascend the river, except through the trap. Instead of lattice work for forcing the fish into the fatal basket, a wall of boulders, rising about a foot above the surface of the water, is often erected. The two ends of this wall, passing obliquely from the banks of the stream, where they meet in the centre, form an acute angle, at which the basket is placed. It is only in the shallower waters that such a wall can be built. It has the effect of forcing the greater part of the stream through the basket, in a stronger and deeper current than it naturally possesses, thus affording a tempting but false pass to the unwary trout. When the fishing party consider the basket sufficiently well filled, they carry it to the bank, and supply its place with an empty one. No sooner are the contents of the well-replenished basket spread upon the sward than squaws of all ages squat round, knife in hand. As the hapless captives lie flapping on the ground, each squaw seizes a trout, rips him up, and, having removed the inside, skewers him open with two sticks. Poles, forked at the end, are now placed in the ground, about fifteen feet apart. Other poles, from which the bark has been removed, and which have been rubbed quite smooth, are placed on the forks. Along these the trout, when split, are strung, and, below them, small smouldering fires are kept up. When thoroughly dried by this process, the fish are packed in small bales which are bound with the bark of the Cedar tree.

(To be Continued.)

THE WAR NEWS.

The past fortnight has brought another great triumph for the Prussian arms. After a long siege, bravely sustained by Bazaine and his army, and vigorously pushed by Prince Frederick Charles, Metz has fallen. It is very generally believed throughout France, and not entirely discredited elsewhere, that the capitulation was the result of secret negotiations which had for some time been pending between the ex-Emperor and Bazaine, having for their object the destruction of the Republic and the re-establishment of the Imperial dynasty. In consequence of this belief public feeling in France runs exceedingly high and has already manifested itself in offensive demonstrations against Bazaine. On his leaving Metz after the capitulation of the 27th ult., he was assailed by an angry crowd who would assuredly have offered him personal violence had they not been restrained by his Prussian escort. The soldiers of the garrison even went further, and declined to abide by the terms of the capitulation. The French appear to be extremely cast down by the news of the surrender of this, the first fortified place in the country. It was expected that Metz would hold out even longer than Paris, should the latter be compelled to submit, and the indignation felt against the faithless general who so soon surrendered his charge is universal. At Tours he has been denounced by the government, at Metz he was hooted by the populace and by his own soldiers, and throughout the whole country he has become the object of the execration of all classes. The result of his surrender has been to increase the detestation now felt by the French for the Napoleonic dynasty and to lessen considerably if not to destroy entirely the slender chances that existed of its re-establishment upon the throne of France.

Accounts differ as to the circumstances which led to Bazaine's capitulation. One correspondent states that the general, upon receiving the formal declaration signed by the ex-Empress, that she was unwilling to sign a treaty involving the cession of French territory or to be a party to any scheme involving the probability of civil war in France, Bazaine exclaimed that he would take all the necessary responsibility on himself. This was on Wednesday night, the 20th. Bazaine immediately sent a parlementaire through the line to Prince Frederick Charles at Pont-a-Mousson. The Prince came up during the night to the Château de Frescoy, where next morning early stipulations were signed for the surrender of the army of Bazaine and the fortress of Metz. The report adds that General De Coffiniers, Commandant of the garrison at Metz, entered a written protest against the surrender, declaring he was able to protract the defence into the winter, that the recent defeats of the Germans had made it practically impossible for them to imperil the possession of the place, and that provisions were in abundance, both for the army and the people. Another report states that Gen. Coffiniers informed Gen. Bazaine that he could supply no more provisions, and that the Marshal's army must shift for itself; whereupon Gen. Bazaine ordered his outposts to cease firing on the Prussians, and five days afterwards intimated his willingness to capitulate. The latter account is corroborated by Gen. Boyer, Bazaine's second in command, who says that the army was "compelled to capitulate to famine." By the terms of the capitulation 150,000 prisoners, including 4,000 officers, fell into the hands of the Prussians. The loss of the besieging army from the commencement of the siege is estimated at 45,000 men in battle and by disease. What is left of this army, consisting of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th Army Corps, with two divisions of Landwehr, making a total of 160,000 men, has received orders to join the army before Paris, and the greater part has already started westwards. It is stated that the surrender of Bazaine was made upon a full understanding with the Prussian Government that the occupation of Metz and Strasburg shall be accepted as an adequate basis of withdrawing the German armies from France and concluding a peace.

But little progress has been made with the siege of the capital. We hear of no attempts on the part of the Prussians to plant new batteries, and it would appear that they are content to follow the starvation policy until all their heavy siege guns have arrived. As the roads by which these must be brought are in very bad condition owing to the late heavy rains, nothing can be done until the roads have been repaired, which will thus probably put off the bombardment for some considerable time. The position of the besieging army is as follows: the Prussians on the north and west with the head quarters of the whole army at Versailles; the Bavarians at Chateau and Secaux, to the south; the Baden contingent to the south-east, in the neighbourhood of Chevilly and Villejuif; and the Saxons to the north-east at Aulnay les Bondy, Sevran and Sivity in the forest of Bondy. The only engagements of importance that have taken place recently in the neighbourhood of the capital have been at Le Bourget to the east of

Fort St. Denis. On Friday week the French drove back the German outposts at this point, took possession of the position and fortified it. On Sunday a division of the Guards attacked the point and after a hotly contested fight drove the French back behind their fortifications.

In the southern province but little has been done, although the French gained a slight advantage on the left bank of the Loire. The Prussians still hold Orleans, but nothing has been heard lately of their movements in this quarter though it is more than probable that they are quietly extending their line northwards with the intention of effecting a junction with the corps marching on Le Mans, and southwards in the direction of Bourges, intending in this manner to hem in Tours, the present seat of the government. In the west the Prussians, 15,000 strong, occupy the whole of the department of Eure et Loire, with head quarters at Dreux. It is reported that they are marching on Le Mans in Sarthe, where the Breton Gardes Mobiles are stationed under Keratry.

In the north, the Prussians under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, who were marching upon Amiens, have retreated hastily towards Paris. Already they have abandoned successively St. Quentin, la Ferte and Gisors. The troops at Beauvais and Soissons are also retreating in the direction of Mezières. It is supposed that this sudden retreat is due to the vigorous measures taken by Gen. Bourbaki, the late commander of the army of the north, to oppose the invasion in this quarter. This general, a Bonapartist sympathiser, is said to have resigned in consequence of his increasing unpopularity with his soldiers on account of his supposed connection with Bazaine and Napoleon.

A decided halt is reported to have taken place in the advance of the Prussians in the east, caused by their defeat between Montbelliard and Besançon. Another corps, however, that recently occupied Vesoul in great force, has marched upon Gray sur Saône, and early on Sunday morning attacked Dijon, which they entered the same evening. Phalsbourg, Bitche and Verdun are reported as still holding out, but Nogent has been evacuated.

It is stated that the French Government will soon be obliged to leave Tours, and that arrangements are now being made for the transfer of the national head-quarters to Clermont Ferrand, in the Puy de Dôme.

The latest despatches received up to the time of going to press contain an announcement from Tours to the effect that Metz has not capitulated; that is, that the garrison, forts and town refuse to adhere to the terms of Bazaine's capitulation, and accordingly the Prussians have resumed their position about the place. On the other hand, a despatch from Saarbrück states that the Prussians occupy Metz, and that the conduct of the inhabitants towards the soldiers is good. Bazaine, with his staff, arrived at Saarbrück on Monday, on their way to Wilhelmshöhe, where they are to report to the ex-emperor. The latest Paris despatches state that the people are strong in their determination to defend the city to the last extremity. Great numbers of new enrolments in the National Guard have been made in order to strengthen the defence of the fortifications. Private subscriptions to pay for cannon to be placed upon the works had already reached a sufficient amount to purchase one thousand pieces, which are being rapidly made at various works. It was estimated that the rations of fresh and salt meats would subsist the city until the end of January. The journals assert that bread will not be dealt out in rations until the 1st of January. The supply on hand is ample. Works on the fortifications are progressing actively in the direction of Bagneux, in spite of the determined opposition of the enemy. A large Redan was in course of construction there, which was expected to add largely to the defensive strength of the line.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

KING WILLIAM AT VERSAILLES.

Dr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent at the head-quarters of the German army, has taken offence at Count Bismarck's flat contradiction of his report of what was said by Napoleon and King William during the celebrated interview at Bellevue, and has, it is said, left Versailles and gone to Strasburg. This is a serious loss to the *Times*, which, according to report, paid Dr. Russell the handsome salary of fifty guineas a week and expenses. His last letter to the *Times* appeared on the 12th. It is dated the 5th, and gives a long and interesting description of the entry of King William into Versailles. He says—

"The entry of the King into Versailles was simply what it was—a great historical event. But there was no attempt to make a show or extract capital out of it. The King is now virtually the head of armed Germany, and he lodges in the halls of the Kings, Presidents, Consuls and Emperors of France by right of conquest, quite sure that 'if the Lord had not been on his side' his own efforts at the head of the German people would have availed nothing. It is not so easy to regulate a royal journey in the midst of war as it may be when royal time-tables are expected to be true to the minute. There are many unforeseen obstacles—troops turn out to see the King; Generals at the head of their staffs are at their head-quarters to do him honour; there is a kind of informal levee along the line; there are hospitals in the field, convoys, ambulances, trains, and, above all, there is the study of positions and the examination of new ground. The Crown Prince, attended by Gen. Von Blumenthal, Count Eulenberg, Col. Von Gottberg, and a certain number of the members of his staff, left Les Ombages early in the afternoon, in order to meet the King on his way at the confines of his command. At half-past four the march of the Prussian battalions in garrison, with drums and fifes playing, and the bands now and then relieving them, put the population on the alert, and many hundreds of the people of Versailles, men and women and children, flocked towards Porte de Buc, along the Rue des Chantiers, and took up their positions along the street and in front of the Prefecture to see 'Le Roi Guillaume' and 'Ce Bismarck' enter the City of the Kings. There was no dense crowd anywhere. Many of the windows were closed along the route, which was promptly lined by the troops, almost from the Barrier up to the gates of the Prefecture. At the left of the gates a company of infantry, with the colours, I think, of the Fifty-eighth Regiment, was drawn up. In the space in front of the grille of the courtyard a great mass of officers were assembled in a picturesque *mélange* of uniforms, flanked by a crowd of people of the town *en bourgeois*, and inclosing groups of strangers, among whom were Gen. Hazen, United States army, and Gen. Percy Herbert. The band of the regiment on duty was station-

ed on the left near the colours, and the people were allowed to come quite close to the grille and up to the elbows of the officers who had assembled to pay their respects to His Majesty. On the whole, there was not, I think, as many people in the streets as there were on the arrival of the Crown Prince. The novelty of Prussians in Versailles may have worn off; but surely a King of Prussia entering as a conqueror must be something worth seeing. After several 'false starts' a train of dusty carriages preceding the royal escort gave that shock to the multitude which the preliminaries of the great event they are assembled to witness always produce. At 5:35 the cheers of the troops who lined the Rue des Chantiers heralded the arrival of the King at last. The officers in front of the Prefecture formed front. The cheers sounded nearer. A *peloton* of lancers with their lances lowered swept round the corner and took up their post on the right front of the Prefecture. These were followed by a small body of dragoons or gendarmes. Then came the Stahlmeister and some mounted *equerries*, closely followed by a general or field officer, at whose heels clattered a troop of lancers, with lances raised, who wheeled round and halted on the flank of the rest of the squadron. Next, in an open carriage, appeared the King. He was covered with dust, but he looked wonderfully well and strong. On his left was the Crown Prince, dusty, and vigorous looking also. The troops cheered, the colours were lowered, the band burst into a wild triumphal blaze of drums and trumpets, and the whole crowd of officers, with upraised casques and caps and shakos, shouted lustily. The *calèche* drew up some thirty yards in front of the Prefecture, and the King bounded rather than stepped out of it, followed by the Crown Prince. His officers pressed forward to greet him, and, with that peculiar mixture of profound respect and heartiness which we cannot imitate, thronged close to the King. He shook hands most warmly with Gens. Von Kirchbach, Voigts, Rhetz, and others, and then, with the Crown Prince a little behind him, strode off to inspect, according to custom, the colour company, drawn up on the left of the palace, which received him with the usual honours. His Majesty walked along the front of the line, and as he went the crowd of Princes, Dukes, Generals, and officers broke their places and followed him, being in turn hummed in by the crowd, to whom in general the *gendarmes* were very indulgent. There was no space cleared—no order kept, and the people got quite close to the person of the royal conqueror. The excitement was quiet. As the King turned he shook hands with the members of the great German Confederation, whose soldiers fight under his banners, stopping now and then to talk to some old soldier servant or some familiar friend, and followed by the Crown Prince, Gen. Blumenthal, Col. Gottberg, and his staff, he strode at last, vigorous, straight, and strong, into the courtyard of the Prefecture, turned round and saluted the uniformed multitude, and then passed into the hall, over the portal of which floated the royal standard. The crowd slowly dispersed, but it was long before the groups of citizens were broken up, and they stood in front of the Prefecture in the moonlight, talking of their new visitor, "C'est un bel homme, ce vieux Guillaume! mais je serais tres content, pourtant, de n'avoir pas vu le bon Roi de Prusse a Versailles." Count Bismarck came into the Hotel des Reservoirs at 6:30, dusty and hungry, with a few officers of the Royal staff, and ordered dinner in the *salle à manger*, which was crowded with the *habitués* of the place. Recognizing Gen. Burnside, who was seated at a table with Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Forsyth, and Mr. Forbes, he took a chair between them, and spoke for some time in the easiest and pleasantest way possible with the former respecting his visit to Paris. Over his head on the wall there was a map, and once he raised his eyes to it and said: "Ah! a map of Germany—as it was." In fact, it was a *carte d'Allemagne*. For the rest of my news you must wait another opportunity. The King of Prussia is to-day in the heart of France, and the Empire is no more."

On Wednesday of last week twelve shocks of earthquake were distinctly felt at Les Ebolements and at Baie St. Paul. Great fissures were again formed, from which water and sand were pouring forth.

Railroad cars can now come through to Ottawa from Chicago without breaking bulk by the change of the gauge of the cars of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway Company.

Some forty-five persons are constantly employed throughout the year in carrying on the Boston Public Library. About half the assistants are young women.

A new form of envelope has recently become quite popular in Germany, and possesses the convenience of enabling one to open a letter when completely sealed up, without the ordinary difficulty of finding an entrance. The arrangement consists in introducing a thread which projects from one of the corners, by pulling which the lower edge of the envelope is cut through without injury to the inclosure, the address, or the stamp.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street

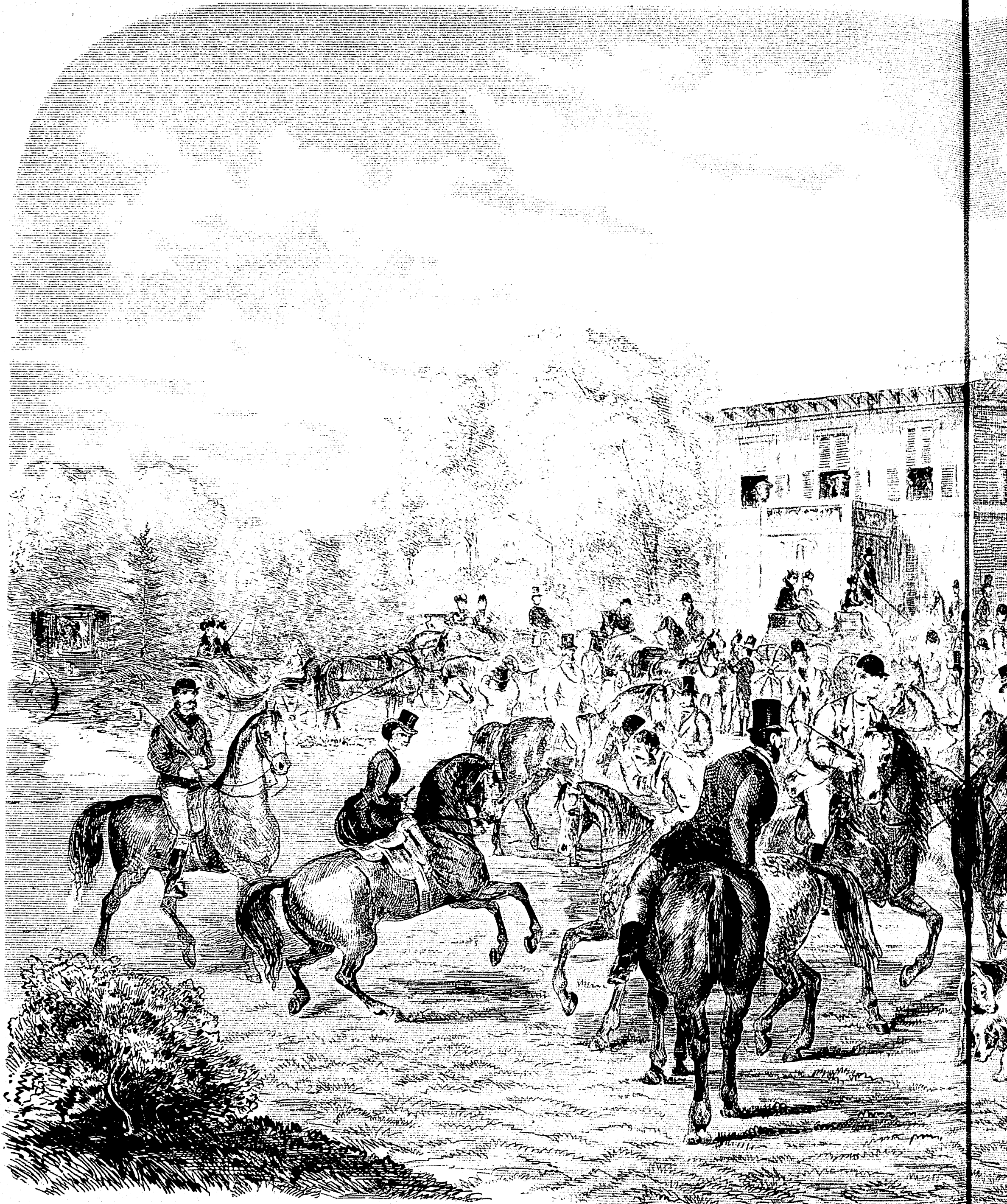
		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	Oct. 26	38°	42°	39°
Thursday,	" 27	35°	39°	38°
Friday,	" 28	38°	43°	40°
Saturday,	" 29	38°	42°	38°
Sunday,	" 30	34°	40°	36°
Monday,	" 31	41°	46°	38°
Tuesday,	Nov. 1	34°	43°	42°

		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN
Wednesday,	Oct. 26	44°	31°	37° 5
Thursday,	" 27	40°	27°	33° 5
Friday,	" 28	46°	33°	39° 5
Saturday,	" 29	43°	32°	37°
Sunday,	" 30	42°	25°	33° 5
Monday,	" 31	46°	29°	37° 5
Tuesday,	Nov. 1	45°	30°	37° 5

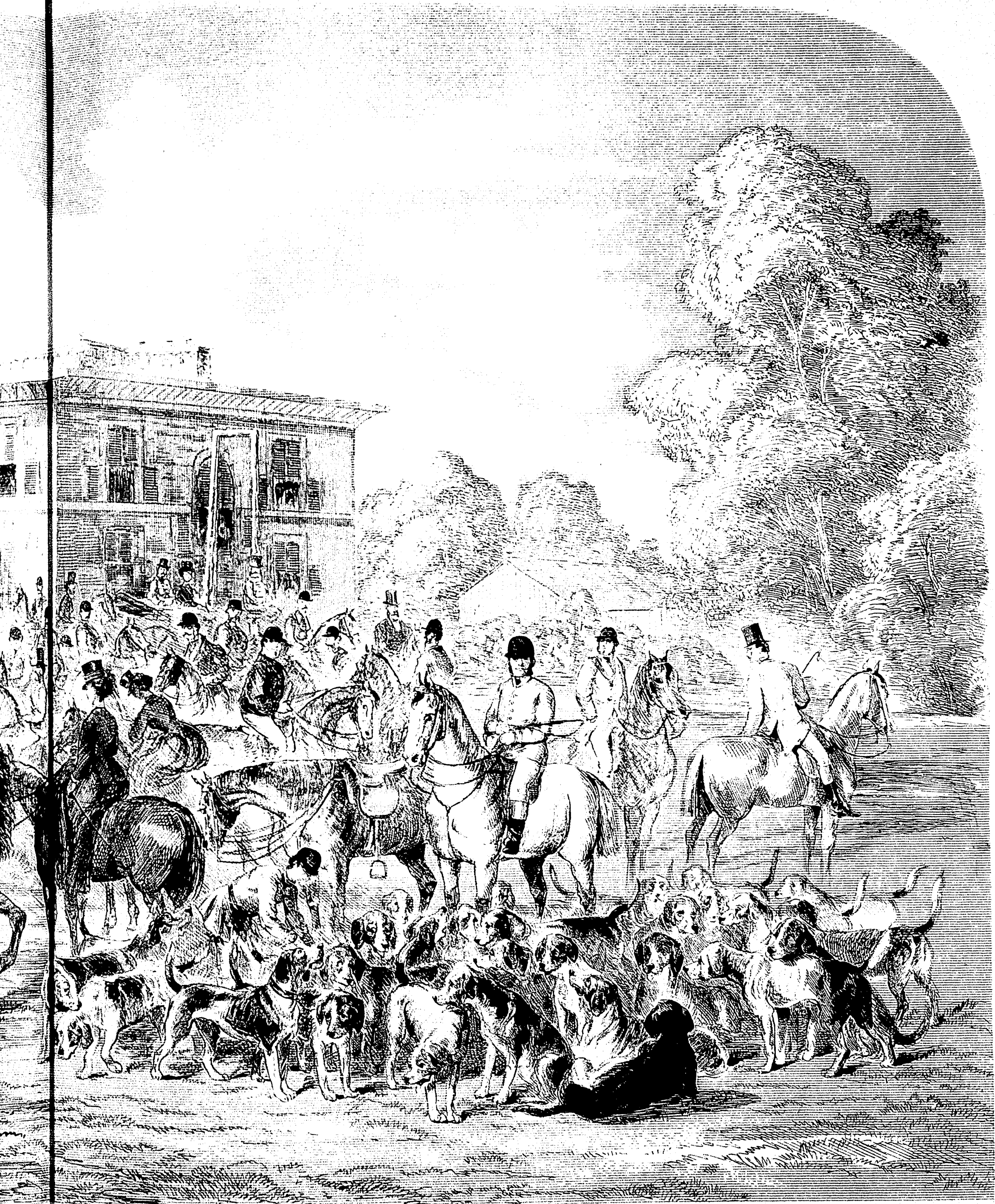
Aueroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	Oct. 26	30.36	30.59	30.62
Thursday,	" 27	30.43	30.17	29.87
Friday,	" 28	30.04	30.15	30.20
Saturday,	" 29	30.20	30.22	30.38
Sunday,	" 30	30.44	30.42	30.20
Monday,	" 31	29.62	29.60	29.64
Tuesday,	Nov. 1	30.08	30.13	30.10





THE MEET OF THE MONTREAL FOX-HOUNDS, AT ST. JEROME.



AT "ERDUN," LOWER LACHINE ROAD. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST

## THE SPIRIT'S ENIGMA.

## Hark to the Spirit!

"I am the poet's day-dream: in the air  
Stirred by my wings the voice of Genius speaks.  
I sat at mace with Petrarch, when he drew  
From Laura's eyes the fount of melody.  
I sped the sigh that rocked St. Anna's walls;  
Wrecked by the cruel world on madness' shore.  
'Twas Tasso's, for the lady of his lyre  
Waiting in music, like a sea-nymph's shell  
Upon Calypso's strand."

## Hark to the Spirit!

"No clime is free from me. I am the bliss  
Pictured so soft in old Arcadia—  
The shaft which Venus feathered, and the bolt  
That shook Olympus. By soft Ille's wave,  
I thrilled Leander upon Hero's lips.  
Pale Sappho at Leucadia wept to me;  
And, led o'er Latmos by her crescent's light,  
I stole with Dian on Endymion's rest."

## Hark to the Spirit!

"I am the crown of empires: yet the curse  
Of kings, who cannot rear the flower they plant  
In the hot air of palaces. That power  
Was mine which called forth Inez from her tomb.  
And set her, livid, on the throne of Spain.  
And bade the princes of the land bow down,  
And pay her fealty. Mine, too, was the wail  
That woke in old Jerusalem, where lay  
The kingly Herod, Mariamne's lord:  
'Twas I that watched her dust, when it was all  
He saw who left it without soul on earth."

## Hark to the Spirit!

"I am the mate of Truth: the strength of all  
Who rule their hearts by a divine law  
Than consecrates a king. I was the light  
That shone about the forehead of young Ruth,  
Gilding the corn-blades which she bore; the ray  
Which pierced the night of Naomi, when the two  
Would not be sundered. And, again, I streamed  
Broad day into the judgment-court where stood  
Firm Rachel by her lord, whose blanched lips cried  
To them who offered him a stranger's help.  
'My wife is here to do it!'"

## Hark to the Spirit!

"Where'er a dirge is heard, my name is breathed.  
The cry of Eve came to me with the first  
On whom the shadow fell in Paradise.  
I sat with Kizpah watching by her slain,  
With David did I weep o'er Absalom.  
And, last, where pierced the thorns on Calvary,  
There knelt I with the "Woman" at the Cross."

E. L. H.

## THE SISTERS.

It was on one of those warm, bright, still summer mornings that always seem to me to belong to the Sabbath, that I accompanied by my sister and her husband, for the first time entered the parish church of the pretty village of Beconsfield. The appointments of the interior pleased me, and I took my seat with a calm, home-like feeling. I was much charmed with the singing, as the service proceeded, and the preacher was an earnest, eloquent man.

I am not conscious of having been inattentive to the duties of the morning, but the eyes will wander sometimes. Our pew was on the left side of the centre division; and in one on the other side of the aisle were two ladies whom, from the exceeding plainness of their dress, I set down in my own mind as sectarians. The ladies appeared young, that is, relatively—about three or four-and-twenty. The youngest was marked, but not at all disfigured, by the small-pox, and by the continued closed eyelids, evidently blind. She was fair, and had a pleasing expression of countenance, frequently improved by the feeling which flitted across her face. I was much interested in her. But her sister, as I presumed her to be, I could not understand, and yet her face was one of those which instantly captivate—a fair, oval, almost faultless face, with dark eyes, and plainly braided brown hair. The imperturbability, however, with which she listened to the music and the sermon surprised me. Once or twice, a colour rose to her transparent cheek, but it could not have been caused by either the singing or the eloquence, for it happened at times when there was apparently nothing to excite.

My visit was to extend only to a fortnight; three days had already elapsed; and as my sister was particularly engaged on the next day, I went out for a stroll by myself, or at least only accompanied by my nephew, Master Frederick Rawlins, a fine little fellow of four or five. I had wandered through green lanes and over grassy meadows until I began to feel rather tired, and was looking at inviting stumps of trees, and green hillocks, when we suddenly came into a bye-lane, in which about a dozen cottages were clustered. Although I knew we must be near home, I looked first at one house, and then at another, purposing to ask for a moment's rest and a glass of water, for the day was very warm.

But one door was closed; at another, a mother was scolding some children; at another, two or three boys, together with an aged man, seated in a wicker-chair, were busily talking, and as busily plaiting some coloured straw—everybody plaited about that village; and so I passed on until I came to the last, and here I stood still. At the open door of the little abode, the blind young lady of the church was seated, a plain muslin cap over her fair hair, and in a dark cotton dress, rapidly plaiting some fine white straw. I was almost glad that her infirmity prevented her seeing my embarrassment; but perceiving that her quick ear had caught the sound of strange footsteps, I said aloud to my little nephew: "Perhaps, Freddy, this lady would be kind enough to let us rest for a few minutes."

"Lady!" repeated Frederick; "why, it is Miss Rebecca."  
"Ah! Master Rawlins, I am glad to see you; how is mamma?" she asked, rising quickly, and taking his little hand.  
"Mrs. Rawlins," I said, in as gentle a voice as possible, "is quite recovering from her little illness, and was in church yesterday."

"How glad I am to hear it. You will pardon me, but are you not a relative of Mrs. Rawlins?"

"Her sister."

"I thought so: your voices are so much alike."

During this colloquy, Freddy and I having seated ourselves, I looked, with a slight bow, at the imperturbable elder sister, who, similarly attired, was sitting at a small table at needle-work. I asked her to oblige me with a glass of water; she coloured, and, I thought, looked confused; but before she could have complied, the blind sister approached, and, by her fingers and gesture, explained my request. She rose instantly, and my heart sunk within me, as, with a sweet smile, and a really elegant inclination of the head, she presented the water. Could she be deaf? The tears started to my eyes, and my hand trembled as I took the glass. What a fatality! As I looked upon the sweet face, that now seemed to me strangely intellectual, my fatigue was gone. I drank the water, and rising,

pressed the deaf lady's hand, thanked her for the moment's rest, and then turning to the younger sister, took one of her hands in both mine, and said, in rather a tremulous voice, that I should trouble her soon again with a visit, as her house was so pleasantly situated; and then, taking the hand of my little nephew, who was singularly silent, wended my way thoughtfully to my sister's house.

It was a day or two before I had an opportunity of questioning my sister about those afflicted sisters.

"Ah!" she said, "it is a sad story. Their father was a highly respectable solicitor, and Dr. Rawlins' father attended the family as their physician. Poor Rebecca, that is the younger Miss Glenfield, had the small-pox when she was about twelve years of age, and the poor mother, in attending upon her, took it also. Mrs. Glenfield died; Rebecca recovered, but was blind. Mr. Glenfield, it seems, took it sadly to heart; he had loved his wife, and cared little to look upon his blind daughter. He took to speculation, and of course, neglected his business. Then he was seized with the typhus fever; and poor Amelia, that is, the elder Miss Glenfield, in attending upon her father, was attacked in her turn. The father, in this case, died, and Miss Glenfield recovered, but to incurable deafness and absolute poverty; for when the claims upon Mr. Glenfield's estate were satisfied, the helpless girls had scarcely a shilling left."

"But had they no friends?"  
"They had some relatives, and, I believe, at first were kindly treated. They have still some little annuity, and their seat in church; but I suppose nobody cared to take charge of them."

"And so these poor girls were left to God, and their own endeavours. Has Dr. Rawlins given any attention to their case?"

"O yes; he has done a good deal for Miss Glenfield, so far as health is concerned; but the deafness he considers incurable; and as to poor Rebecca, there is no hope." And thus the conversation ended.

During the remainder of my stay at Beconsfield, my visits to the sisters were neither few nor far between, scarcely a day passing on which I did not call at the little cottage in the evening, for we soon became very familiar. It was really gratifying to observe the bright smile that would lighten Rebecca's face, and the sweet intelligent welcome of Miss Glenfield's eyes, that accorded so naturally with the few words she spoke, as my foot crossed the threshold.

On the afternoon previous to my leaving Beconsfield, I of course went to bid adieu; but this was not my only motive. Rebecca's cheek turned pale as I took her hand, and the tears started to Miss Glenfield's eyes as she tried to smile a welcome. This was to be my last visit, and the solitary creatures had become used to my society. This time I could not stay long; so, after a little conversation about our parting, and the hope I had of our again meeting, I drew Amelia a little aside, and asked her whether she thought her sister would feel much disappointed if a doctor pronounced her deafness incurable.

"It has been already pronounced incurable," replied Rebecca quickly; "Dr. Rawlins said he could do nothing more. In fact, Miss Hill, we have dismissed every idea of the sort; yet, if she could recover her hearing even to a slight degree, what a comfort it would be, for you can't think how lonely I am, and so, of course, is she, poor thing: but then she can see."

This was a new revelation, for it had never occurred to me that Amelia's deafness was a deprivation to any but the deprived: but so it must have been, for she scarcely ever spoke except for some general or necessary purpose. During this colloquy, as I saw that Amelia was looking at us inquisitively, I requested her sister to explain my question.

"You are very kind, Miss Hill," observed Amelia, and a faint colour rose to the poor girl's cheek: "but it would be folly in us to think of impossibilities: we must dree our weurd."

"Notwithstanding this, after my return home, I could hardly sit down till I had paid a visit to a well-known aurist, Mr. Morton, of Brook Street. He was a plain-spoken, plain-looking man, rather above the middle height, and with singularly intelligent and expressive dark eyes.

He listened patiently and attentively to my statement; and in reply to the question, as to whether there was any hope:

"It is impossible to say, ma'am," he replied slowly, and as if deliberating, "without seeing the lady. Twenty-three years of age, and has lost her hearing through fever, about four or five years ago; it is a pity I had not been consulted earlier."

"I knew nothing of the case," I replied. "I have only become acquainted with the young lady these last two weeks; and besides, my brother-in-law, Dr. Rawlins, attended her."

"Dr. Rawlins of Beconsfield—a very clever man. But you see, Miss Rawlins, I have devoted myself exclusively to the ear—that is, to the organ of hearing; and a very interesting subject it is. I assure you, Miss Rawlins, that very many patients who have been submitted to me as incurably deaf, have had in reality no organic defect or disease at all."

As he seemed about starting a hobby, I at once resolutely asked when Miss Glenfield could see him.

"Miss Glenfield! She does not belong to the Glenfields of Beconsfield?"

"She is the late Mr. Glenfield's eldest daughter?"  
"Well, that is strange. Why, my brother served his articles to Mr. Glenfield; you see, he was a delicate youth, so it was thought the country would be best."

"But Mr. Glenfield is dead, and the two poor girls are left in comparative poverty."

"Dead! Ah! I remember the fever. But the other daughter—she is not deaf?"

"She is not deaf; but, by a strange fatality, she is blind."

"Blind! Poor things, poor things. Well, bring the young lady any morning you choose—that is, before twelve."

"But, sir," I replied, "Miss Glenfield resides at Beconsfield, so it will be necessary to appoint some particular morning, when we shall be happy to attend you."

"At Beconsfield! Why, I am going to Beconsfield to-morrow. Mrs. Smith of Oaks Lodge has sent for me; she is subject to deafness at her confinements. Hers is only physical weakness. But as I am called in professionally, of course I attend; and perhaps, after all, it is as well. I think your brother attends the family."

"Very likely, sir. But what about Miss Glenfield?"

"Do you give me her address. I shall have to attend Mrs. Smith for two or three weeks; it will be no trouble to me,

you see; and during that time, I shall be able to ascertain whether I can do anything for your friend."

While he was speaking, I had drawn out my card-case and pencil, and on the back of one of my own cards had written, "Miss Glenfield, Woods Cottage, Woods Lane;" and when he had finished speaking, presented the card and a guinea—the usual fee, I believe, of a morning visitor. He took the fee and the card, and after glancing at them, placed both in the pocket of his waistcoat, and then rising as I left my chair, he said: "I take this fee, Miss Rawlins!"—(Miss Rawlins! when he had just read, as plain as the engraver could write, Miss Hill!)—"I receive this fee in testimony that I have undertaken the case; but I take no more. Whatever attendance or medicine Miss Glenfield may require, I will see to myself, and rest assured, I will spare no pains. Good-morning, Miss Rawlins;" and bowing me out, he closed the street-door.

That very morning I wrote to my sister, requesting her to apprise Miss Glenfield of the aurist's proposed visit, and, if possible, to be at Woods Cottage herself the next afternoon; and also to inform me of the result of the interview. In compliance with my request, Caroline wrote that he had come, according to promise; that he had given no decided opinion; that Miss Glenfield had borne the visit remarkably well, but that poor Rebecca had been much agitated.

Well, time passed on, Mr. Morton answering somewhat dubiously my occasional inquiries, till I received a letter from my sister, which rather surprised me; it ran thus: "DEAR LOUISA—I wish you could ascertain positively whether Mr. Morton is married or not. I have asked Frederick—to be sure, only, as it were, casually; and he thinks he is unmarried. But I want to know positively. He comes very frequently to the cottage—more frequently than I am sure a case like hers can require. It is a sad thing to be deaf; but it would be a much sadder thing to have her heart blighted—though, perhaps, it is already too late. If Mr. Morton is married, he sees Amelia no more, except at my house."

I was thunder-struck, and yet not a little amused at the idea of a young girl having her heart blighted by an eccentric surgeon more than twice her age. I determined, however, to run down at once to Beconsfield—run down as I had promised—and see the aurist and Amelia myself. But it so happened that on the next day, when I went to the station, I discovered that I had made a mistake; it was the arriving train I was in time for, the other would not depart for two hours. As I stood on the platform, vexed at my stupidity, and hardly knowing whether to wait or return home, I was accosted by a gentleman, whom, if I had not been addressed as "Miss Rawlins," I should never have recognised as Mr. Morton. He looked ten years younger than when I first saw him; his dress, too, was improved, and altogether he seemed to me a happy, and quite a handsome man.

"Just come from Beconsfield, Miss Rawlins?" said he, taking my hand, and pressing it warmly. "I wonder I did not see you before, but I suppose you must have been in another carriage. All well at home?"

"Quite well, sir; thank you," answered I, rather distantly.

"But how is Miss Glenfield?"

"Very well indeed—getting on nicely. But I see I am detaining you from your friends, as a group of strangers approached to where I was standing; and again pressing my hand, he bowed, and hurried away. I was vexed; but as I had seen the doctor, what use was there in my waiting two hours to go down to Beconsfield?"

In the evening, as we were sitting at tea at home, I introduced the subject of Miss Glenfield's possible cure; and after alluding to Mr. Morton's skill, asked boldly whether he was married.

"Married?" repeated my mother, looking up in surprise. "No, Louisa, no. He is one of those old bachelors who would grudge himself a wife. Why, Anne lived there as housemaid, and she says he keeps the servants on board-wages, and almost starves himself."

"I don't know," said I, vexed to hear the doctor depreciated, "what business Anne has to talk of those who employ her. He seems to me a kind and benevolent man."

"He may be so, Louisa, in his profession," remarked my father, looking up from his evening paper; "but depend upon it, he is not generally benevolent. Why, I once applied to him myself about the poor Poles, and he refused to subscribe one shilling; he never gave to public charities, he said—nor to private ones either, in my opinion."

All this was nearly conclusive, but I resolved to hazard another inquiry. The next morning, I went to a milliner, a friend of ours, who resided in the vicinity of Regent Street. After admiring her elegant novelties, and attending to a little affair of my own, I spoke of my young friend and Mr. Morton, and then smilingly asked whether she worked for Mrs. Morton.

"I work for Mrs. Morton and her family too," replied my friend; "but not the lady of the aurist, but of his brother, a respectable solicitor. In fact, the Mr. Morton you mean has no wife, and if he had, I am afraid the poor lady would scarcely employ me—she went on smiling and shrugging her shoulders—"for Mrs. Morton tells me he is terribly stingy."

As this confirmed what I had previously heard I felt satisfied, but before replying to my sister, resolved to call on Mr. Morton myself.

He was at home, and evidently very glad to see me; but when I said that my sister, Mrs. Rawlins, was very anxious to know when he could pronounce a decided opinion as regarded Miss Glenfield, I remarked that he coloured and seemed rather embarrassed. He paused a moment.

"To tell you the truth, Miss Rawlins," said he hurriedly, "I should like to finish the cure at home." He hesitated. I looked at him, but knew not what to reply. I suppose I must have appeared much delighted, for there was no mistaking his meaning. His own countenance brightened, and he went on, with little circumlocution, to say that he had conceived a great regard for Miss Glenfield; that he was sure she was the only woman who could make him happy; and that he was very desirous of making her his wife.

I could scarcely restrain my feelings at the idea of poor dear Amelia's good-fortune; however, I managed quietly to congratulate him on his choice, to speak in the highest terms of Miss Glenfield's ladylike demeanour, and her amiability and affectionate disposition; "but then," I added, "you know she is poor and friendless, and has a dependent sister."

"As to her sister," replied the aurist, "I like Rebecca almost as well as—as Miss Glenfield; and as to their being friendless, between you and me, Miss Rawlins, I don't think

that much of a loss: I shouldn't like to be troubled with a wife's tribe of relations." Again the word *wife!* but I preserved a calm countenance; and as he hesitated anew, I ventured to ask when the wedding was to take place, "for, I supposed," I added, "Miss Glenfield and you have already settled it."

"Why, no, Miss Rawlins; indeed, Amelia has not settled anything; but I don't think she would object. I wanted to have spoken to you or Mrs. Rawlins; I think Mrs. Rawlins must be ill, for I have not seen her for some time; and, indeed, I did go to Mrs. Morton, my brother's wife, and re-quested her to visit Amelia, telling her that she was a daughter of the gentleman my brother had served his articles to. And what do you think she said—that she had no idea of visiting a mere adventuress! That woman shall never cross my threshold again. Miss Glenfield is a gentlewoman, and could not have used such language. Could not you and Mrs. Rawlins manage the affair? I will write to Amelia this afternoon to prepare her, as to the time, although the essential part I consider settled already; and pray, Miss Rawlins, let the mat-ter be arranged as soon as possible, so that I may be able to attend to business as usual. There will be some little mat-ters of dress required," he went on: "there are two fifty-pound notes for Amelia; if she wants more, you will be so good as to write. Of course, when she is in her own house, she will have everything at her own disposal. And there is another fifty for Rebecca; she will be an essential companion for her sister when I am from home."

I took the notes in a perfect bewilderment. There was I, a young maiden of twenty or so, preparing for my own bridal, which was to take place in a fortnight, quietly arranging with a stranger the preliminaries for the wedding of another.

"But I forgot to tell you, Miss Rawlins," resumed Mr. Morton, "that I am going this evening to Mr. Glenfield, the proctor, Amelia's uncle. He has shamefully neglected her; but as he is her uncle, and is a respectable man, I will ask his consent to the marriage, and invite him to attend, if it was only to vex my brother's wife."

I walked home in a dream. Why do romancers puzzle their brains to bring about their consummations by means of extra-ordinary events and coincidences? Could anything be simpler than the present concatenation, anything wilder than the result? These two poor, lonely, helpless girls, whom I had left sitting by their cottage-door, working for bread—the one in utter darkness, the other surrounded by a dead silence which thunder itself could not break—behold them now coming forth from their solitude into comfort, competence, and society: the blind clothed in smiles of happiness, and feeling no want of eyes as she leans on her sister's arm, and the deaf with love in her full heart, and the music of all nature in her ears! It was delightful to think that I had myself a part in bringing about this consummation; and yet, as I walked, my eyes filled, and in spite of all my efforts, the tears came rolling down my cheeks.

Soon after, my own marriage took place, and I removed to another part of the country. In due time—that is to say, in less than a month—I received a letter from my mother, giving me all the news. My mother stated that she had bestowed as much attention, and felt almost as much interest in Miss Glenfield's bridal, as she could have done in that of one of her own daughters. She added, she was not at all surprised at the interest I had evinced in Mr. Morton's choice: "and I really begin to be of your opinion, Louisa, as to his kindly disposition; and as for his being parsimonious—so far as I have seen—it is rather Mrs. Morton, who will limit the ex-penditure of the family. I wish you had seen Miss Glenfield in her bridal-dress—she looked so beautiful, so calm, so lady-like. Poor Rebecca scarcely knew what to do; but I had her by my side, and she wept her tears on my bosom. Poor girl! she whispered to me that she thought it was the first time she had ever really regretted her loss of sight, she should so like to see her sister."

THE PROPHECY OF BLOIS.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* publishes a document of a prophetic character which just at the present moment possesses a more than ordinary interest. We allude to a prediction well known in certain parts of France as "the Prophecy of Blois." It was made in 1508 by an Ursuline Nun of that city, and she foretold that troubles would come upon both Blois and France in 1848 and in 1870. The former part of her prediction has come true; and therefore there is a probability that the latter part of it may also be realized. While foretelling terrible troubles to France in the present year, the nun went on to predict *le sauveur accorde à la France*, and added that he should be a man whom the country did not expect. According to her prophecy, the *grands malheurs* were to begin after the middle of July—it will be remembered that the war dates from just before that time—and before the vintage. The troubles foretold were to affect the capital especially, in which there was to be a fearful fight and very great massacre. "Both good and bad will fall in battle, for all the men will be called out and only the old men left in the place. The time," adds the nun, "will be short; for the women will prepare the vin-tages, though the men will return to complete the work. Mean-time no news will be obtained, excepting through private let-ters. Presently, three couriers will arrive at Blois, of whom the first will bring tidings that all is lost, the second will be in too great a hurry to stop at all, and the third, who will come by fire and water"—probably, that is, by railway—"will be the bearer of good news. *Te Deum* will then be sung, such as never has been heard sung before; but this *Te Deum* will not be in honour of him who reigned at the first, but for the saviour granted (*accorde*) to France." The Prophecy of Blois ends by a statement to the effect that "the Prince will not be there; they will go and seek him elsewhere; and after the Prince has ascended the throne, France will enjoy peace and prosperity for twenty years."

MANSARD ROOFS.

Now that Mansard Roofs are becoming so exceedingly com-mon in Canada—witness the Lieut.-Governor's residence at Toronto and the Barron's Block now being erected in St. James St., Montreal—the following remarks, made by the *Chicago Tribune* on the occasion of the burning of the Farwell Block, respecting the danger of this style of roofing in case of fire, are well worthy of reproduction:

"The total destruction of this, the largest, finest, and most imposing business structure of its kind in Chicago—the sub-ject of pride to our citizens, and of wonder and admiration to strangers—although rendered a thousand times more pitiful

and deplorable by its loss of human life, may not be alto-gether without an indirectly beneficial result, provided the lessons it teaches are heeded. Experience, in this case, has been a terrible tutor, it is true; but it has demonstrated with awful clearness, facts which will be of the utmost value in future. Untold volumes upon the subject of the safety, utility, expediency, and economy of strictly fire-proof buildings could not have effected so much. To begin at the very top, where the fire began, it is found that the nature and construction of the roof was a calamity. The building was surmounted by a handsome roof of the Mansard style, which was pierced with windows, and which constituted the sixth story above the ground. No sooner did the fire reach the light and destructible material of which the roof is composed, than the whole sur-face was placed beyond the possibility of control. As the seething flames leaped and hissed along the top of the doomed building, the Assistant Fire Marshal, stopping for a moment to gaze mournfully upon the fearful scene, exclaimed to the writer:—Great God! will Chicago never learn better than to put those lumber piles on the top of such buildings?"

To this the *Philadelphia Inquirer* adds:— "Mansard roofs are justly liable to the objection of being too much of the character of 'lumber piles,' and it has been noticed, whenever a fire has occurred in this city in a building having this popular style of roof, its destruction has been cer-tain. Underlying the impenetrable slate are thousands of feet of inch thick pine boards, and nearly as many feet of scant-ling, which cannot be reached by the fire-men except from the room in which the conflagration is raging."

"The Mansard is undoubtedly superior, as an embellish-ment to buildings, to the old-fashioned flat or pitched roofs, but they are becoming so common that their utility must be considered, and it is questionable whether it is best to erect lumber piles over squares of expensive buildings, the ignition by the incendiary of one of which may destroy the whole."

IMPLEMENTS OF WAR.

The Paris *Illustration*, in spite of the terrible disasters that have overtaken the French arms, still indulges in jokes on the subject. In a history of war, it describes the implements of warfare, from the club with which Cain slew his brother, down to the implements which will eventually produce a universal peace. We shall commence with 1869:

1869—THE NEEDLE GUN.

But, as the sagacity of man has no limits, he invents the needle gun, an admirable invention, with which one is able to kill ten men at five hundred yards, before the enemy is able to kill one. Triumph of the needle gun! The soldiers became mechanics, and the commanding general is chief engineer. The thirty years' war lasts thirty days.

1870—THE MITRAILLEUSE.

But the chief mechanic of the hostile armies invents the mitrailleuse of the power of forty needle guns. One man can destroy a company in five minutes, at a distance of two thousand yards. The mechanics working the mitrailleuse gain many laurels. The thirty years' war lasts three days.

1880—THE ELECTRICAL GUN.

But the hostile mechanics do not despair; they invent an electrical gun of the power of twenty-five mitrailleuses. A single man destroys a battalion with the greatest of ease in three minutes, and at a distance of two thousand five hundred yards. Triumph of electricity. The thirty years' war lasts a day and a half.

1890—THE STEAM GUN.

From this war is invented the steam gun, which spouts out a continual stream of bullets, is managed like a fire engine, and possesses the power of twenty-five electrical guns. It destroys a regiment at a distance of three thousand yards in a minute and a half. Triumph of steam. The thirty years' war has lasted twenty-four hours.

1900—THE SURPRISE BOMBSHELL.

The mechanical and chief engineer and chemist of the army, beaten by the steam gun, employs the leisure which peace gives him by inventing a stupefying bombshell, with a triple electrical current and a quadruple base of prussic acid—destroying a division at a blow at a distance of ten thousand yards.

But the hostile chief chemist has in the meantime invented another stupefying bomb, composed of twenty-five elements of super-concentrated azote, which annihilates an army corps also at a distance of ten thousand yards. The two kinds of bombshells are shot off at the same time, and the conse-quence is.

GENERAL PEACE.

The two armies sink down as though struck by lightning. Peace ensues, and tranquillity reigns everywhere. The thirty years' war has lasted just three hours.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF DECEMBER 22, 1870, EARTH-QUAKE AND TIDAL WAVE.

Professor Delissier, in *Stewart's Quarterly*, says:

This will be one of the greatest of modern total eclipses of the sun that has taken place: for not only does it occur when the moon is particularly near to the earth, but at a period when the earth is nearest the sun, and also at the time of the winter solstice, the moon likewise occulting the planet Saturn, the planet Venus on the same day being in configuration with the moon, 1° 6 min. south, the moon at the time approach-ing her conjunction with the planet Mercury, which latter body will be only 1° 19 min. south of the moon.

In the opposite part of the heavens, both the planets Jupiter (1° 7 min. north) and the planet Uranus (only 56 min. south of the moon) at a period when the planet Jupiter is approaching in opposition to the sun, which will take place on the 13th December, will exercise a most powerful recip-rocal attractive influence on each other. By the combined in-fluences thus exercised by the Sun, the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Uranus, and the Earth, all being nearly in a right line, a configuration that has not taken place for cen-turies, and which seldom occurs, the effects on the earth will be considerable, creating earthquakes, tidal waves, storms, hurricanes and cyclones. Similar configurations were present at the time of the total eclipse of the 16th August, 1868, when Quito and Callao were destroyed by earthquakes and tidal waves; but even then, the influences were somewhat less than they will be on the 22nd December next.

The eclipse will begin in the North Atlantic Ocean, the

central line moving in a south-easterly direction. Crossing one part of Spain and the Mediterranean Sea, it enters Africa near Oran, and soon afterwards attains its southern limits. The shadow of the moon now moves in a north-easterly direc-tion and leaves Africa, and crossing the Island of Sicily, the south of Turkey, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azof, dis-appears.

The penumbra of the moon decreasing rapidly, leaves the earth with the setting sun in Arabia.

The sun will be centrally and totally eclipsed at noon in lat 36° 38' north, long. 5° 1' west, a little to the north-east of Gibraltar, and near the Lisbon coast, creating tidal waves and earthquakes of great severity, agitating the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, the Bay of Bandy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

GERMAN LOVE OF TOBACCO.—It would be unjust, considering all the abuse levelled at tobacco-smokers, and how often they are solemnly told that tobacco destroys all their energies, not to admit that the success of the Germans in the present war is rather a feather in the smoker's cap. These misguided men seem to live on tobacco: the Uhlans, who in little parties of three or four trot gaily in advance and take possession of fortified towns, invariably carry pipes in their mouths. The mayor of each town is directed to find cigars for everybody before anything else is done. The German troops, it is stated, think but little of a scarcity of provisions—they fight as well with-out their dinner as with it—but tobacco is indispensable to them. On the whole, we fear experience shows that a smoking army is capable of greater endurance and of making greater efforts than a non-smoking army. The gun without the pipe would be of little avail, nor can we be much surprised at this when we reflect that the quantity of foul air we are called upon to inhale in this world is probably far more injurious to health than the tobacco-smoke, which, though it acts as an antidote to the poison of the atmosphere, gets no thanks for its pains, but only reproachful language.—*Full Mall Gazette.*

CHESS.

The following game, (from Walker's Chess Studies) in which M. Des Chapelles gives the odds of "Pawn and Move" to Mr. Lewis, is an interesting and rare specimen of the style of these celebrated masters: the former was predecessor to De la Bour-donnais; and the latter, a most accomplished English player and Chess author.

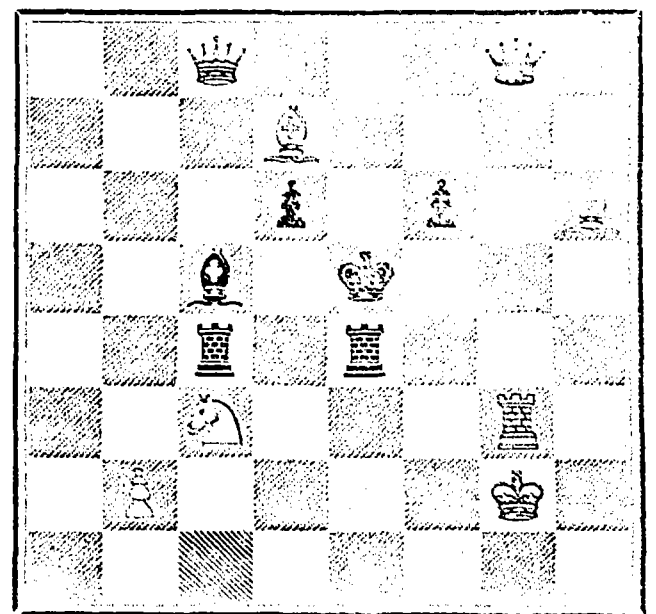
Before playing it over, Black's K. B. P. should be removed.

White.	Black.
Mr. Lewis.	M. Des Chapelles.
1. K. P. 2.	Q. Kt. B. 3.
2. Q. P. 2.	K. P. 2.
3. Q. P. 1.	Q. Kt. K. 2.
4. Q. B. Kt. 5.	K. Kt. B. 3.
5. B. takes Kt.	P. takes B.
6. Q. checks.	Kt. in.
7. K. Kt. B. 3.	K. B. Q. B. 4.
8. K. Kt. R. 4.	K. to B. 2.
9. Q. P. 1.	Q. K. B.
10. K. B. checks.	K. to K.
11. Kt. takes Kt.	P. takes Kt.
12. Q. takes P. ch.	K. to Q.
13. P. takes P. ch.	K. takes P. <sup>a</sup>
14. Castles.	K. R. R. 3.
15. Q. K. Kt. 3.	Q. P. 1.
16. Q. Kt. B. 3.	Q. B. Q. 2.
17. Q. Kt. Q. 5 ch.	K. to Q.
18. Q. Kt. P. 2.	K. B. Q. Kt. 3.
19. Kt. takes B.	P. takes Kt.
20. Q. to Kt. 8.	Q. takes Q.
21. B. takes Q.	R. K. Kt. 3. <sup>b</sup>
22. K. B. Q. 5.	B. K. R. 6.
23. K. Kt. P. 1.	B. takes R.
24. K. takes B.	K. Q. B. 2.
25. Q. R. P. 2.	Q. R. K. B.
26. K. to K. 2.	K. R. P. 1.
27. R. Q. R. 3.	R. K. R. 3.
28. K. R. P. 2.	K. B. P. 1.
29. R. K. R. 3.	Q. R. K. B. 3.
30. Q. Kt. P. 1.	K. to Kt.
31. K. to K.	K. R. R. 2.
32. K. to 2.	K. R. Q. B. 2.
33. K. to Q. 2.	K. R. Kt. 2.
34. K. to Q.	K. R. to Q. B. 2.
35. K. to Q. 2. draw.	

PROBLEM No. 20.

By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 4.

- |                           |           |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| White.                    | Black.    |
| 1. Kt. to Q. B. 6th.      | K. moves. |
| 2. Q. to K. B. 3rd, mate. |           |



THE WAR.—RUINS OF BAZEILLES.



THE WAR.—AN INNOCENT VICTIM.



THE WAR-CHARGE OF TURCOUS AT ST REMY ON THE 5TH ULT

Registered in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1855.

## HILDA; OR, THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. T. NOEL.

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

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

### CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"How did you get all this information? or rather how did your young friends learn so much of this lady's history?"

"Eva's mamma knew her in England when she was called Mrs. Mordaunt. She was then an actress, and it was at that time she married Mr. Harrington, the old man who left her so much money."

"Maud! who are you talking about?" exclaimed Mrs. Castonell, putting down her work and staring at her daughter in unusual excitement.

Maud looked surprised, and a sudden thought flashing through her mind, she asked:

"Was not grandpapa's name Harrington? I suppose it was him she married, and —"

"Maud, you are talking nonsense!" and Mrs. Castonell resumed her work, thinking of what she had heard, and fearing that her daughter's suspicion might be true, yet unwilling to let such a painful idea rest in her mind.

A small clock on the mantle-piece now struck the hour of ten, and at the same moment the door-bell rang. Maud jumped up.

"It is papa! and he will be angry to find me up so late!" Then, fondly kissing her mother, she retreated through one door as Mr. Castonell made his appearance at the other.

This little incident showed very plainly the nature of Maud Castonell's feelings towards her father. There was no lingering to bid good-night; there was a very evident fear of being met with angry words rather than a fond caress, if she remained till his entrance. His temper, naturally irritable, was soured by the great disappointment of his life, and he was accustomed on the slightest occasions to vent his ill-humour on his young daughter and gentle wife, crushing affection in the hearts of both, and exciting in its stead fear, if not dislike. Alas for the happiness of that domestic circle where the father's presence brings no sunshine, where his step is heard with dread!

It was Wednesday night, and the Rev. Mr. Castonell had been doing duty at St. Mark's, holding an evening service there for a few devout members of the congregation. The majority never worshipped in God's House on week days, one day in the seven being considered sufficient for that purpose. After service he had been called to visit a death-bed, and this will account for his returning so late from his parochial duties.

On entering his humble home, the incumbent of St. Mark's hung up his hat and coat in the hall, and laid aside with them his ministerial deportment—his bland manner, his equable temper being only for show, they were never exhibited in the domestic circle.

The sudden retreat of his daughter had not passed unnoticed. His quick eye had caught a glimpse of the slight figure as it vanished, and this apparent disregard of his wishes excited his displeasure.

"Why did Maud sit up so late?" he asked angrily, approaching his wife. "I thought I had sufficiently expressed my wishes on this subject. Late hours are injurious to children."

"She was so deeply engaged telling me some news she heard at school about Mrs. Grant Berkeley, that she quite forgot the hour until the clock struck ten, just as you rang."

"And what was the news?" The tones were gentle. Mr. Castonell's displeasure was quickly merged in curiosity—forgotten in the sudden interest this name awakened.

"Have you any idea who this Mrs. Berkeley is?" asked Mrs. Castonell, looking steadily into her husband's face. He had taken Maud's easy chair on the other side of the work-table.

"No, although it has occurred to me that I have seen her before. Has Maud learned anything of her? I must confess I feel some curiosity about this elegant-looking woman. I always have admired grace and beauty." Mr. Castonell remarked with assumed carelessness, but Edith saw that the interest he felt was greater than he wished to acknowledge.

Maud heard her first husband's name was Mordaunt; that she has a son called Frank Mordaunt. Does that name recall no one to your recollection?"

"By George, yes! your former friend, Pauline Falkner. She married a person called Mordaunt," and there was a sudden animation

in Mr. Castonell's manner and a brightening of his still handsome face, which sent a thrill of jealous feeling through the heart of Edith.

"And now that accounts for the likeness to some one which I perceived in Mrs. Grant Berkeley! but could not remember to whom. The expression of her eyes haunted me as familiar. Those eyes of hers are splendid, flashing like diamonds, yet with such a soft expression when anything reaches her heart and stirs up the deep sympathies of her nature." And Mr. Castonell, leaning his arm on his wife's work-table, shaded his face with his hand, and gave himself up to the pleasant thoughts which this unexpected information called forth.

Then this charming stranger who had evidently fallen in love with his preaching, if not with himself, was Pauline, the young girl he had once so much admired and yet forsaken for another.

That Pauline Falkner loved him in those by-gone days he knew very well. Could it be that now, when fate had thus unexpectedly brought them into the same path in life, she was anxious to renew their acquaintance? that the old admiration and *penchant* had not quite died out. The idea was very flattering, very gratifying to the vanity of Mr. Castonell, and he allowed it to occupy his thoughts, forgetful of the presence of his wife, who sat there thinking, too, but not so pleasantly, while her weary fingers darned his well-worn socks. At length she broke the train of his pleasant reflections by saying somewhat abruptly:

"It seems that Mrs. Grant Berkeley has been married three times. She is living now with her third husband."

There was a slight sarcasm in Edith's tones as she made this observation.

Mr. Castonell removed his white hand from his face, and looked at his wife in surprise.

"Three times! and she is yet so young! about your age. I think, although you look many years older."

"Yes, Pauline and I are both thirty-five; we were eighteen when we were married," replied Mrs. Castonell quietly, betraying neither by voice nor look the pain which her husband's unkind remark caused her.

"And who was her second husband?"

"That was the strangest part of Maud's story. She says his name was Harrington; that he was an old man who left her the fortune she is now enjoying."

Mr. Castonell was listening very attentively. At the name of Harrington he started, and Edith saw in his face the same idea which had occurred both to herself and Maud.

"How very strange!" he exclaimed. "Can it really be your father she married?"

"The thought did suggest itself to me. Maud said she was an actress at the time of her second marriage. Poverty perhaps compelled her to marry for a home, and I cannot help thinking that the old man was my father. I should like to see this Mrs. Grant Berkeley." Edith continued after a short pause. "Although she is changed I am sure I would recognize Pauline Falkner."

"You will have an opportunity of seeing her in church next Sunday. She has taken a pew in St. Mark's."

"So Maud told me, and I am surprised that a lady so fashionable would prefer St. Mark's to the Cathedral."

"I am not at all surprised. No doubt she admires pulpit eloquence." There was a conscious superiority in Mr. Castonell's tones, a proud smile curving his lip which revealed the overweening vanity of the preacher.

"Maud says Mrs. Grant Berkeley dresses magnificently; will she not seem out of place among the plainly-dressed congregation of St. Mark's?"

"But if she chooses to worship with them that is nobody's business; besides, her coming to St. Mark's will attract others in her set, and in that way our church will become fashionable."

"And you would like it?"

"Of course I would! I feel that a man of my talent is out of place in my present sphere. The Cathedral pulpit is my proper place. The congregation there begin to appreciate my talents. The dean sent me an invitation to preach again next Sunday. Flattering, is it not?" and Mr. Castonell's fine eyes flashed with the pride of intellect.

"But where did Pauline meet this Mr. Harrington?" he asked, suddenly resuming the subject of such engrossing interest to him and Edith.

"In England. You know father went to Europe after our marriage, and — see that period we lost sight of him altogether," and Mrs. Castonell sighed as she thought of his estrangement and of the little probability there now was they should ever again meet. She felt almost persuaded that the Mr. Harrington Pauline married was indeed her father.

"Where did Maud get all this information?"

"At school, where all the gossip of the day is discussed; the girls repeat to each other what they hear at home."

"And what else did Maud gather? Did she hear how much money the old man left her? Grant Berkeley was a fortunate fellow to get

such a rich and beautiful wife. Many men in Montreal will envy him."

"If report speaks truly he is not so much to be envied," rose to Edith's lips, and the wish to allude to the gossip Maud hinted at, injurious to the character of Pauline, was strong within her, but the uncharitable words were not spoken, and nothing was said which might lower Mrs. Grant Berkeley in the estimation of Mr. Castonell.

### CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. GRANT BERKELEY.

A BRIGHT pleasant autumnal day. In Canada the Fall is the finest season—the sun nearing the meridian, climbing azure depths and gossamer clouds which might rival the skies of Italy; the streets alive with passers to and fro in their holiday garb, some richly attired, others more simply clad—all answering to the call of the solemn church bells—ringing out distinctly in the clear atmosphere, and hurrying to pay their homage to the Most High on this Sunday morning. Through a suburban part of the city of Montreal a handsome carriage with prancing steeds dashed rapidly along towards St. Mark's Church.

Its only occupant was a lady, richly and elegantly dressed. Her beauty, as well as her elegant equipage, attracted many eyes as the carriage drew up before the entrance of the church, and as she advanced up the aisle to her pew she was followed by the admiring gaze of the congregation.

In the incumbent's pew were Mrs. Castonell and her daughter. Anxiously had Edith watched for the appearance of this lady, and now, instead of giving her usual attention to the service, she allowed it to be attracted towards the beautiful stranger. The mesmeric influence of Mrs. Castonell's eyes attracted hers. She looked towards her, and a pleased look of recognition flashed over the handsome face of Mrs. Grant Berkeley. She was then Pauline Falkner. If Edith had any doubts on this subject they were now removed. What painful reminiscences did the sight of this former friend bring to the mind of Edith! What bitter waters in the fount of memory did she stir within her! How handsome Pauline looked! changed she certainly was, seventeen years must effect that! but Edith could not help acknowledging that she was even more attractive now in her matured beauty and grace than when she last saw her. No doubt her stylish costume gave its own attraction to her appearance. That exquisite little bonnet—a perfect gem of French millinery—would make even a plain face look well! And then Edith looked at her own unfashionable style of dress, and she remembered the plain faded face her glass had revealed that morning as she made her simple toilet.

Then a very natural feeling of regret, nay of something very like envy, stole into her heart, and the painful thought—what a contrast her husband would see between them—would not be dismissed, but kept recurring constantly, disturbing her devotion as well as her peace. Back through seventeen years of wedded sorrow did memory carry the thoughts of Mrs. Castonell to that winter night when Pauline and she first saw Mr. Castonell. What vain regret filled her mind! what yearning for the girlish happiness she then enjoyed! From the face of Mrs. Grant Berkeley Edith's eyes would wander to her husband. Was it because she felt intuitively that there was some secret affinity between them? How well he still looked! unusually handsome this morning—and how he did preach! What a burst of eloquence the sermon was! To those who did not know the man he must appear a saint, but in the eyes of Edith, how fallen! How had the glory with which she had first invested him in bygone days departed! As she looked at him and listened, contrasting his public character with his private, she writhed under the painful thought that he was a hypocrite, and, alas! her husband—the father of her child!

When the service was finished, Mrs. Grant Berkeley walked slowly down the aisle and lingered near the church door, until Mrs. Castonell joined her.

"You here in Montreal, Edith! and not call to see me!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, holding out her hand with a great show of affection.

"I was not aware you were in the city; it is quite a surprise to meet you."

"An agreeable surprise, I hope, Edith," and Pauline looked anxiously at her friend, doubtful it seemed, of the nature of her feeling towards her.

"I am glad to meet you again, Pauline; but why did you not come to see me? You must have known that if Mr. Castonell was in Montreal, I was there also."

"And so I did; but to be candid, I thought you would not care to see me. And now that we have met, Edith, you must come home with me and we will have a talk about old times. I have much to tell you."

Mrs. Castonell hesitated before accepting this very cordial invitation. "I do not like visiting on Sunday," she said.

"You do not call spending the day with an old friend, visiting. Do you forget how many Sundays we have spent together. You have become very religious, Edith; that is a neces-

sary consequence, I suppose, of having married a clergyman?" and Pauline's chiselled lip was wreathed with a sarcastic smile.

"You forget, Pauline, that Mr. Berkeley is a stranger to me, and —"

"Oh, Grant will not be in the way! he is in England at present—went home on business. So we shall be all alone, and can have a delightful *l'le-a-lle*. Come, Edith! get into the carriage, I really can take no refusal."

Edith's curiosity to know more of Pauline's history conquered her religious scruples; besides her naturally great anxiety to find out whether the Mrs. Harrington her friend had married, was her father, justified her in her own opinion.

When Mr. Castonell left the vestry he saw his wife driving away from St. Mark's, with Mrs. Grant Berkeley, and his belief that she was Pauline Falkner was confirmed.

That evening he was to preach at Christ Church Cathedral. Mrs. Grant Berkeley was there, accompanied by Mrs. Castonell. After the service he found both ladies waiting for him at the entrance leading to the vestry. The night was unpleasant—it was raining heavily, and Mrs. Grant said she would drive the Castonells home.

Her greeting of her old admirer was very cordial. He, too, showed considerable pleasure at meeting her again.

"How is it that you did not remember me?" she asked, with a pretty affectation of anger, as they drove homeward. "Edith says you did not recognize me, and I knew you at once the night I first saw you at the Cathedral."

"But did she tell you also how your face haunted me? I knew I had seen it somewhere. I never can remember faces or localities. It is a natural infirmity. Nothing else can excuse my not knowing you."

This was said in Mr. Castonell's sweetest voice, and as the light of a lamp which the carriage was passing, fell upon his face, Pauline saw that the expression of the dark eyes fixed on her was very tender—something of the old passionate admiration flashed on her once more.

### CHAPTER XX.

EVELEEN.

WE must now return to Hilda, whom we left traversing the lonely passage leading to the apartment of old Eveleen. On reaching the door she paused—the sailor might be there she thought; but on peeping into the room she found it was unoccupied. Crossing the small hall into which it opened she approached an opposite door, attracted by a light within. This she perceived was the apartment into which the captain of the wrecked vessel had been put. He was lying on a bed at one end,—there was no other person in the room. Now, therefore, was the time to satisfy her doubts. Cautiously she entered, fearful of disturbing his repose, for by the regular and quiet breathing she knew he was sleeping the deep sleep which succeeds exhaustion. The dim light from a candle burning on a table in the centre of the room was not sufficient to enable her to distinguish the features of that wan face lying there so motionless. With a noiseless tread she took it in her hand and approached the bed. One look at that laggard countenance, so expressive of the suffering he had endured, convinced Hilda that she had not been mistaken that Dudley lay before her,—his well-remembered features met her agonized gaze. Like one petrified she stood gazing at him. The light of the candle glancing on his face awoke him suddenly. He opened his eyes wide in astonishment at seeing the beautiful being over him. In that look Hilda saw at first uncertainty then recognition. Instantly she extinguished the light and stole, trembling, from the room, closing the door noiselessly behind her. This precaution was necessary, for just at this moment Eveleen was seen crossing the hall, carrying a light and a tray filled with refreshments for the shipwrecked sailor. She uttered an exclamation of surprise at meeting her young lady so unexpectedly. Placing her hand upon her mouth to impose silence, Hilda drew the nurse hurriedly into her own room, then shutting and locking the door, she hung herself distractedly into a chair and burst into a wild passion of tears, stifling her sobs, however, lest they might reach the ears of Dudley in the opposite room.

"Holy Biddy! what ails ye, Miss Hilda?" exclaimed the nurse, gazing at her in pitying surprise. "Och, what, alanna! it brakes me could heart to see the tears pouring like rain down your beautiful cheeks."

The wild burst of weeping relieved Hilda's anguish, pent up since the shipwreck, some hours before. She was soon calmer, and in the urgency of the danger from discovery which threatened her, she determined to make a confidante of the faithful servant of her family, on whom she knew she could depend. Dudley had recognized her. He would mention the circumstance of his having seen her to Eveleen, therefore, it was necessary that she should be made acquainted with this beforehand, so as to be on her guard when questioned—as she would undoubtedly be—about the family to whose house he had been removed.

"Eveleen, you loved my mother," Hilda began in low, sad accents.

"To be shure I did! wasn't it meself that nursed her from the day she saw the light of life, and a bitter life it was to her, the poor darlint. Loved her! as the core of my heart I did; aye, better than all the rest of them!" she continued, with mournful tenderness. "But what's come over you, Miss Hilda, to ask me such a question, now?"

"Ah, nurse! I want you to love me for her sake—and to help me too!" Hilda added, impressively.

"Help you, avourneen! shure I'll do that same, never fear. But what's throubling you, darlint?"

"Eveleen, you remember mamma's unhappy marriage; but you do not know all she suffered."

"Och, then, it was the woful marriage, shure enough! To think of her, a rale lady marrying a play-actor! Many a tear I shed aftther she was gone, and if I knew what part of the wide world she was in, I would have followed her to share the hard fortune she brought upon herself. But the masher would never tell me, and many a time I begged him on my knees to forgive her, but 'twas no use. It was the pride that hardened him agin his own flesh and blood,—for the pride of ould Nick himself isn't greater than the pride of the Godfreys."

"But, Eveleen, you never did know the sufferings poor mamma endured—the misery, the want that shortened her days."

"Och, don't talk of it, avourneen; it's all over now and your dear mamma is in glory, for shure the life she led here was purgatory enough for her, the crathur," and the old woman wiped the tears of sympathy from her shrivelled face.

"I must speak of it, Eveleen, that you may understand what I am going to tell you. I have a secret I am going to confide in you. I am in great trouble, and you must help me."

"A saycret is it, agra?" and an undefined fear was expressed in the dark sunken eye.

"Yes, nurse, a secret, you will not betray me, I know."

There was a touching sadness in Hilda's voice, and the chiselled features worked convulsively.

"Betray you! not if I was to gain a King's ransom!"

There was a sudden lighting up of those dark eyes which were fixed with an anxious expression on the agonized face of her young lady.

"I trust implicitly in your fidelity, and as a proof of it I will tell you the painful secret which has almost broken my heart. Eveleen, I am married!"

The words came unwillingly from the pale, trembling lips. It cost the wretched wife an effort to acknowledge it even to the faithful old nurse.

"The saints forbid! Holy Bidy be good to me! Och, Miss Hilda! is it the thruth ye're telling?"

"The sad truth, Eveleen. To save mamma from want I married a man I did not love, whose money made the last few months of her life comfortable."

"And the man himself, who was he, alanna?" There was a gloomy suspicion fastening itself upon the nurse's mind, the painful truth was dawning upon her.

"The captain of the wrecked vessel. The man who lies in the opposite room."

These words were spoken calmly as some persons can enunciate what costs them a death-pang to utter.

Bowing her head upon her hands to shut out the intense anguish of that colourless face, the old woman rocked to and fro with that oscillating motion peculiar to the Irish peasant when in sorrow.

"Och, my grief! What'll be the end of this?" she wailed forth. "Shure if the masher himself should come to know it, it will be the death of him!"

"But he must never know it, Eveleen!" exclaimed Hilda, vehemently. "The secret is known only to you."

"But the man himself, acushla! did not he see you? Shure I met you coming out of the room. Why did you venture into it at all?"

"It was very foolish, I know, but I wanted to find out if it was he. I was wild with the agony of suspense; the terrible dread that all would be discovered."

"And you did the very thing to bring it about! Shure he would never set his eyes on you if you kept out of his way, ochone! You just put your foot in it. It's little sense is in your young head. Why didn't you come and tell me all about it at onct?"

"I am sorry I did not, but I was not quite sure the man was Dudley. It was so unlooked for his coming here. I never thought this would happen."

"Sthrange things do happen shure enough," observed the nurse in tones of deep dejection. "Just to think of the storm driving that ship dead on shore, at the very door, as if it might not as well be lost off some other part of the coast! And then, too, his life must be spared, while others is dhrowned! His life saved!" she repeated angrily, "when it would be a mercy if the wild waves swallowed him up! Och, my grief, if he only was lying cold and stiff like them other sailors they are waking this blessed night! Wouldn't it be the weight off your heart, alanna? But he must be

spared—spared to be the torment of your life, bad luck to him!"

There was fierceness in Eveleen's tones now, she was angry with the Providence that had spared the life of Dudley.

"Did he see you, Miss Hilda?" she resumed after a short silence. "I left him sleeping when I went to get his supper. Maybe he was asleep and never noticed you going into the room."

There was a sudden hope in the old woman's eyes as she turned them on her young lady.

"He awoke when I was standing beside his bed, but he only saw me for a moment, I extinguished the light instantly. He will mention this to you. Try to persuade him he was dreaming. You will know best what to say to him, nurse."

"Lave that to me! I'll bamboozle him, I'll engage!"

"Give him no information about the family—about mamma, I mean. He will, undoubtedly make many inquiries, but you must be on your guard, Eveleen."

"He'll get no news out of me that can hurt you, avourneen. And now it's time for you to go back to the company. The gentlemen have left the dinner-table, and Sir Gervase will be axing for you, for it is the core of his heart you are, ochone! To think of what might be if it only pleased the Lord to let that man be dhrowned this blessed day. Faix it's my lady you might be to-morrow! If I have not a mind to give him a dose and put an end to him!" Eveleen continued with sudden vehemence. "By all that's bad, I'll do it," she added with that wild impetuosity, that recklessness of crime which is so characteristic of the Irish peasant who boasts a Spanish descent.

"Oh nurse, you will not do it! You dare not!" exclaimed Hilda in accents of horror.

"Dare not!" repeated Eveleen, with a scornful curl of her thin lip. "I would dare do anything to serve a Godfrey, and by this cross, I'll never let that man leave this house alive to bring disgrace on your young head, alanna!"

"Nurse, I will denounce you as his murderer if anything happens to Dudley!" exclaimed Hilda with solemn earnestness, her eyes dilating with horror as she regarded the old woman.

"Will, then, I wont do it, as it is so displazing to you, darlint. Shure it was the Devil tempting me that made me think of such a thing. Badcess to him, he is always at one's elbow egging them on to mischief!"

"But it is no use talking," she muttered, as she took up the tray of refreshments and proceeded to Dudley's room, "it is the very best thing could happen to him if I did give the misfortunate man a dhrink that would make him sleep the dremeless sleep of death. That would be the way to keep his tongue quiet, for dead men tell no tales. And who would be the wiser for it? Even if they did bring the crime home to me, who cares? My life is nearly spent, and what matter if the last few years was cut off before the time? Would not it be to serve a Godfrey—to save the young innocent craythur from disgrace who sacrificed herself to keep her mother from starving? And to think that she, a Godfrey born, should ever be brought to that! Shure it's full and plenty was always in her father's house, and she almost dying of hunger! Och, my grief, how some are born to suffer in this world!"

"Oh, here you are at last!" was the exclamation with which Dudley greeted Eveleen, as she made her appearance, "I was afraid you were not coming back to-night."

He was sitting up in bed looking much excited.

"Is it the hunger that's throubling you?" asked the nurse with affected simplicity. "I ax your pardon for keeping you so long without your supper. But you were sleeping so comfortable when I left, I was in no hurry back, bekase, 'ye see, the sleep is the best thing for you. Is it long awake you are?"

To be continued.

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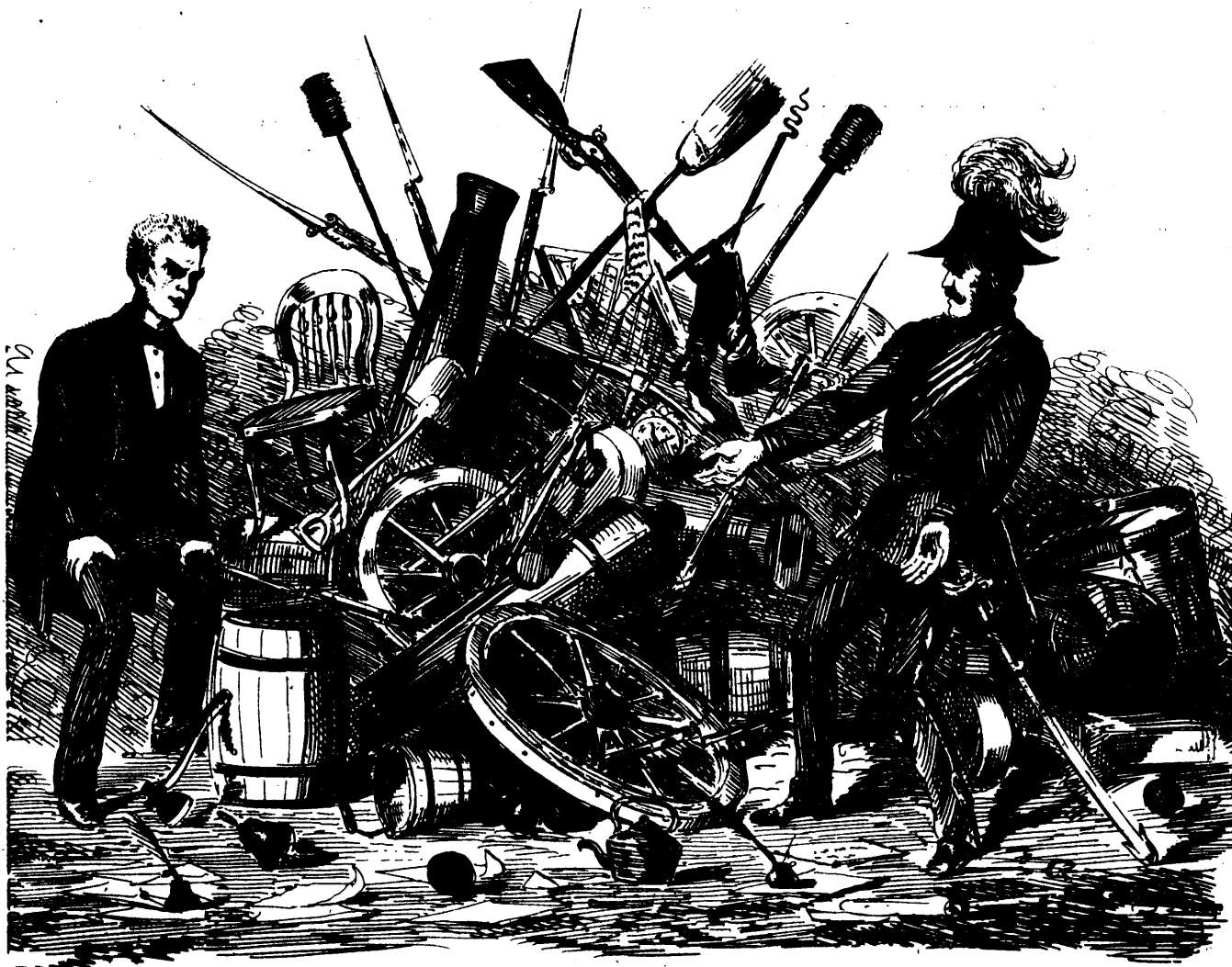


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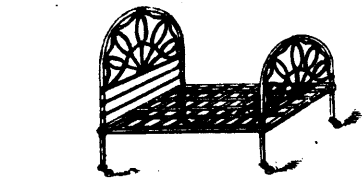
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