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# Illustrated News

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"OUT FOR AN AIRING."

## CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

June 1.—After routine Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD introduced his bill for the readjustment of Parliamentary representation. The bill proposes that for the next ten years the House shall consist of two hundred members; divided as follows among the six Provinces of the Confederation:—Ontario, 88; Quebec, 65; Nova Scotia, 21; New Brunswick, 16; Manitoba, 4; and British Columbia, 6. Thus Ontario will be entitled to six new members, Nova Scotia to two, and New Brunswick to one. In order to provide for the increase of representatives, new constituencies are created. Thus, in Ontario, the county of Huron is divided into three Ridings, each returning a member; Grey and Wellington are each divided into three Ridings; and the county of Muskoka is erected into an Electoral District. Among the cities Toronto is to return three members, Hamilton two, and Ottawa two. Alterations are also made in the division of certain counties. In the Province of Quebec the city of Montreal is to be divided into three wards, and an addition is made to the county of Quebec for electoral purposes. In Nova Scotia the counties of Cape Breton and Pictou will each return an additional member, and a similar addition is made to the representation of St. John, N. B. Manitoba is divided into four electoral districts, Selkirk, Provencher, Lisgar, and Marquette, each of which returns one member. In British Columbia four electoral districts, viz., New Westminster, Cariboo, Yale, and Vancouver, return one member each, while the fifth, Victoria, returns two. Hon. Mr. BLAKE criticized the bill as in some points going too far, and Mr. WORKMAN expressed his astonishment at the contemplated change in the division of Montreal. Sir GEORGE E. CARTIER explained that the object of the clause affecting Montreal was to obtain a more equal representation of the Protestant population of the city. Some unimportant discussion followed, and the bill was finally read a first time. The Pacific Railway Bill then came up for its third reading. Mr. MILLS moved an amendment preventing the Government from granting to any company having among its shareholders members of Parliament, the public money and lands for the construction of the Pacific Railway. This was lost (42 to 88) and the bill was read a third time. Some miscellaneous business was then gone through, and the House rose at six.

June 3.—Mr. SIMARD called attention to the state of lawlessness now prevalent in the port of Quebec, owing to the operations of the crimps. He read several extracts from a local paper describing the state of affairs, and urged the Government to take immediate steps to bring about a reformation. Several other members spoke on the subject, and Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD replied that the local water police force would be increased to thirty men, and this, he believed, would be amply sufficient to put a stop to crimping. Conversation then turned on the death of the late Hon. JOHN S. MACDONALD, and it was arranged that, in order to allow of members attending the funeral the following day, all important business should be postponed until the evening sitting. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD paid a feeling tribute to the character and memory of the deceased, whom he described as sincerely attached to his country and its best interests, a Canadian in heart and soul, if ever there was one. Mr. CHAUVEAU (in French) and Messrs. MACKENZIE, DORION, and BLAKE (in English), followed in the same strain, Mr. MACKENZIE observing that the differences between himself and the deceased had been only political and not personal, and that he (Mr. Macdonald) had been a friend of every member of the House. Some private bills were advanced a stage, and the House went into committee to make an amendment to Mr. COSTIGAN'S Dual Representation Bill. On the motion for the third reading, Hon. Mr. BLAKE moved an amendment providing that no person who is a shareholder in the Canadian Pacific Railway Company shall be eligible to a seat in the House, and that any member becoming such a shareholder shall thereby vacate his seat. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD hereupon came out with a sharp attack upon the mover for thus insinuating the corruptibility of members, and reminded the House that when the hon. gentleman formed his own Ministry in Ontario he adopted the method of subsidizing local railways with a most lavish hand in order to increase his majority from one to twenty. Hon. Mr. BLAKE replied in strong terms, denying the accusation made against him, and casting it back on his accuser, whom he branded as unworthy of the position he occupied if, after so many denials, he did not withdraw the unfounded allegations affecting the Ontario Government. A vote was then taken on the amendment, which was lost: yeas, 55; nays, 90. Mr. BODWELL moved an amendment to exclude Ontario from the operations of the bill. Lost on a division. Mr. GEOFFRION moved to strike out the provision that all the voices cast for a member so disqualified should be thrown away, and the returning officer shall declare the candidate who has the next largest number of votes duly elected. Lost. Yeas, 42; nays, 81. Mr. COSTIGAN'S amendment was then carried on a division. On the motion for the third reading, Mr. GEOFFRION moved in amendment, that it be recommitted for the purpose of amending it so as to apply to members of all Local Legislatures in the Dominion. Lost. Yeas, 43; nays, 77. The motion for the third reading was then put and carried: Yeas, 70; nays, 36. Mr. BLAKE then rose and announced, amid loud laughter and the cheers of the Opposition, that the Bill as it now stood did not prevent members of the House of Commons from sitting in the Ontario Legislature. The House then adjourned at one a. m.

June 4.—The House went into Committee of Supply and passed several items. On that for Immigration some conversation took place, Hon. Mr. POPE stating that during the present season strenuous efforts would be made to encourage immigration. After recess Hon. Mr. LANGEVIN moved the House into committee on his resolutions in reference to the enlargement of the canals of the country. He made a long speech in favour of his canal policy and was replied to by Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE. Several members followed, and the House went into committee and rose and reported. The House then went into Committee of Supply and passed several items, sitting until one o'clock.

June 5.—Some time was taken up in dealing with private and local matters. Mr. O'CONNOR then moved the second reading of the bill to extend the law as to the carrying of dangerous weapons, but after a brief debate the motion fell through. In the absence of Mr. Harrison Sir GEORGE CARTIER moved the second reading of an act to amend the act relating to advertisements of stolen goods. By the law as it now stands any publishing of advertisements for the return of

stolen goods for which no questions would be asked is subjected to \$250 fine, the whole to go to the informer. By the amendment proposed suits could only be entered by the consent of the Attorney-General, and limiting the time for suit to six months after the offence. Mr. BLAKE opposed the bill, and the debate was then adjourned to allow of the framer of the bill being present. Mr. Tremblay's bill to provide for taking the poll at parliamentary elections by ballot got the six months' hoist. Mr. FOURNIER moved the second reading of the bill to provide for the appointment of the returning officers at general elections, and explained that the object of the bill was to prevent the Government from appointing their political supporters to the office of returning officers, leaving the office in the hands of those persons who had by law filled the office before the Union; and to prevent partiality being shown by returning officers. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD moved the three months' hoist, and a debate ensued which lasted until six o'clock. After recess several private bills were read and the debate was resumed. Finally the motion for the three months' hoist was carried: Yeas, 95; nays, 52. Mr. CAMERON'S bill to make notes drawn on the last day of the month payable at the end of the calendar month was read a second and third time. Some items of the estimates were passed in Committee of Supply and the House rose at 12.10 a. m.

June 6.—The Patent Bill received its third reading and the House went into Committee of Supply and passed some items. Mr. HOLTON protested against Judge Johnston's being allowed to receive salaries for his several appointments. Sir GEORGE E. CARTIER and Dr. SCHULTZ, however, justified the action of the Government, and were sustained in their view, on a vote of 92 to 58. On the vote for the militia coming up, Mr. HOLTON wished the appropriation to be reduced very considerably, and was supported by Mr. MACKENZIE, but their objections were successfully replied to by the Minister of Militia, who said that, had he the power, he would be only too glad to increase the pay of the Volunteers. The House adjourned at 12.45 a. m.

June 7.—On the motion for the third reading of the Patents Bill, Mr. CHAUVEAU moved that the 7th clause be struck out, and the following substituted "Any patent for invention patented in another country, which shall operate against any *bonâ fide* manufactures of patented articles in the Dominion at the time of the passing of the bill and such patent shall expire at the same time as a foreign patent, unless the letter is renewed, in which case it shall exist as long as a renewed patent." After some discussion the amendment was declared lost. Mr. CHAUVEAU then moved to amend the 7th clause by striking out the words "twelve months" and inserting the words "five years," and adding the following words: "That the renewal of the patent in another country, shall be considered for all purposes of this clause as an original granting of same." After some discussion the amendment was rejected. Yeas 25; nays 119. The bill then passed its third reading. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD moved the second reading of the bill for the readjustment of parliamentary representation. Mr. MACKENZIE opposed the bill as violating the principles of representation by population, and accused the Premier of manipulating the constituencies affected by the bill to advance the interests of the party he led. The motion was carried. The House then went into committee to consider a resolution to impose tonnage dues on seagoing vessels entering and leaving the port of Montreal, and a wharfage rate on goods landed in that harbour. Sir FRANCIS HINCKS explained that it was intended to reduce the Tonnage dues from 15 cents to 3½ cents a ton, and to increase the wharfage rates almost ten per cent. Several bills were read a third time and the House in committee of supply passed several items and adjourned at one a. m.

June 8.—Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD moved the second reading of the amendments to the Representation Bill. Mr. MACKENZIE opposed the bill and moved an amendment "allotting the new members for Ontario in succession in such manner as to give, so far as practicable, representation to those parts of the population which would by the present provisions be excluded from their fair share of political power." After some debate the amendment was lost: yeas, 47; nays, 97. Mr. MILLS moved a similar amendment, which was also lost: yeas, 44; nays, 95. Other amendments were offered and lost, and finally the motion for a third reading on Monday carried, and the House adjourned at six.

## "OUT FOR AN AIRING."

The perambulator is an institution in all well-regulated communities, and though young men and old bachelors do object to its being run against them on the sidewalk by some careless nursemaid, yet there are many promenaders who are glad to meet it, and declare as they look at the precious load, "What a dear little baby!" Of course all the little babies are "dear," and very many of them are the subjects of more compliments at a time when they do not appreciate them than when mature years have developed their characters. This, however, is a feature in human nature which is not immediately associated with our illustration of "Out for an airing." Presumably the artist meant to indicate that mamma was just taking a peep under the curtain to see that baby was all right; or it may have been that he had in his mind's eye one of the many adorers of babyhood whose feelings find expression in the exclamation "What a dear little thing!" The picture is from an original sketch by a German artist, and is inserted to excite the sympathy of fond mothers and soften the hearts of crusty old bachelors and severe policemen. Fresh air is a capital medicine for both old and young, and no favourable opportunity for a pleasant promenade should ever be thrown away.

## GARRISON PENNY READINGS AT HALIFAX.

The system of "Penny Readings," or cheap intellectual entertainments, has for thirty years or more been quite popular in Britain, and during the last five or six years has become very popular in Canada. We believe that Ottawa may still claim the palm as being foremost in the support of these innocent and instructive gatherings. One of the proprietors of the Ottawa *Free Press*, when on the staff of the *Times*, broached the idea, and it was so warmly supported that soon several churches, school-houses, and Benevolent Societies' rooms were appropriated regularly on stated nights for the purpose of a "Penny Reading." The Soldiers' Institute at Halifax is

used for a similar purpose, under the patronage of Sir Hastings Doyle. As an evidence of the interest taken in the "Garrison Readings," we may mention that in a programme before us we find all ranks represented in some part, from Col. Martindale, C.B., who gave a reading, down to Private Putman, who favoured the audience with a comic song.

## THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Our illustration, after a sketch made by a French artist of a scene of which he was an unwilling witness, shows a party of tourists and some peasants overtaken by the lava on the evening of the 25th of April. A full account of the eruption and of its many attendant disasters appeared in a former number. Our illustration speaks sufficiently for itself.

## OFF THE TRACK, NEAR DOUGLAS MOUNTAIN.

The following is the fuller description which should have accompanied the illustration in last issue:

The Nerepis Valley is about thirty miles from St. John. Lofty hills with bald, rugged sides and summits surround it. A small stream winds through the intervals; many farm houses of unusually ornate description are seen peeping from behind the clumps of elm, birch, and maple that garnish this very picturesque valley. The locality is much admired by travellers on the E. & N. A. Railway. The most notable elevation in the neighbourhood is the Douglas Mountain, named after a former Governor of New Brunswick, Sir Howard Douglas, who took his dinner on the Table Rock on its top one fine summer day. At the foot of this frowning monarch of the forest, the St. John bound train from Bangor recently went off the track. There were quite a number of distinguished musicians on board *en route* to attend the St. John Musical Convention, including the celebrated Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston. Fortunately the train was nearing Welshford, and the breaks down, otherwise it might have gone hard with the musicians and many others. The engine off, and an hour's detention was the result of a wood pile falling on the track as the train neared the station.

## THE ROMAN FORUM.

Under Gregory VII. the Roman Forum, which had once been the scene of so much splendour, became a perfect rubbish-heap. This heap, which entirely covered the marbles and mosaics that had witnessed the triumphs of the palmy days of Rome, is now being removed, under the superintendence of M. Rosa, the celebrated Italian archaeologist. Already several interesting discoveries have been made, and many more may be expected, for we know that the neighbourhood of the Forum was as rich in architectural beauties as it is in historic associations. At the beginning of the sixth century A. U. C. the edifices in this neighbourhood were twice destroyed by fire, and on the site were erected temples and basilicas which met with the same fate in the great fire under Nero. The latest discoveries are the remains of these ancient buildings. Among the many ornaments of the Forum of ancient Rome were the Temple of Concord, the Temple of Saturn, the Temple of Castor and Pollux, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the Temple of Venus and Roma, the Arch of Titus, the Basilica Julia, the Basilica of Constantine, and the column of Phocas. Nearly all of these, or at least parts of them, remain; and the number of interesting ruins is being rapidly increased, thanks to the antiquarian ardour of M. Rosa. Our illustration shows the latest discoveries, with the arch of Septimius Severus in the distance, the Colosseum to the left, and to the right those three wonderful columns of Pentelic marble that excite the admiration even of the least enthusiastic sight-seer.

## "PENSEROSA."

The painter of the picture we reproduce over the above title, M. Leopold Robert, is certainly a Frenchman, or he would have taken Milton's creation as his model. His *Penserosa* is a love-lorn damsel very different from the

"pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of cypress lawn,  
Over her decent shoulders drawn."

## THE STEAMSHIP "TYRIAN."

In our last issue we gave an illustration of the Steamship Tyrian, one of the Anchor Line, which in 1864 commenced running to St. John N. B. with the Caledonia, 1393 tons, making two voyages and proceeding hence to New York for their outward cargoes. In 1865, the Britannia, 1392 tons, and United Kingdom also touched at St. John, on their way to New York. In 1866, the United Kingdom and Venezia, 656 tons, called at the same port and then proceeded to New York. In 1867, the Acadia, 749 tons, made three trips to St. John, taking her outward cargoes from the same port, the Venezia also coming the same year. In 1868, the Acadia made four trips to St. John, the Grecian, one. In 1869, the Dorian, United Kingdom, Acadia, Caledonia, Acadia, all loading at St. John, except the United Kingdom, which went to New York for her outward cargoes. In 1870, the Britannia, Tyrian, Tyrian, Tyrian, Dorian, Sidonian, all loading at St. John, showing a steady increase in the trade until, in 1871, between Spring and Fall the sailings were equal to a steamer every three weeks.

Owing to its safety, regularity and despatch the Anchor Line has become very popular. The new and magnificent steamship Olympia, of 2500 tons, has been added to the fleet plying to St. John this season. She has already made one round trip and is expected out shortly with about 150 hardy Shetlanders to work on the Rivière du Loup Railway. The rapidly increasing trade of St. John will soon require a first class steamship weekly.

According to the *Danske Tidender* of Thorshavn (Feroe Islands) a monstrous association of pirates has been discovered at Reikiavik, and immense stores of plunder found concealed in caves. It is understood that the disappearance of many ships may be traced to their doings.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Institution, Mr. F. A. Abel, F.R.S., chief chemist of the War Department, delivered an interesting lecture on "Substitutes for Gunpowder." He opened his discourse by briefly referring to the attempts made without any success, to apply more powerful explosive agents than gunpowder, and especially gun-cotton, to artillery. He next alluded to the more promising results obtained in small arms, especially those arrived at by the Gun-cotton Committee in 1867-8 with the Snider rifle and compressed gun-cotton, the explosion of which was controlled by the superposition of inert material between the particles. He then described some results obtained during the search for a safe and powerful agent for use in shells, and illustrated by experiments the influence of various physical and mechanical conditions upon the susceptibility of substances to explode by concussion, &c. This was followed by an account of picric powder, one of the safest of violent explosive agents, which has been shown to be a satisfactory material for shells, in regard to safe use and manufacture. With respect to progress in the application of explosives to mining and engineering purposes, Mr. Abel especially commented on gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine, and explained how the latter, the most dangerous of explosives in its pure liquid state, had been converted by Mr. Alfred Noble into the solid or plastic form, termed dynamite, which can be conveniently and safely used. Some other preparations of nitro-glycerine resembling dynamite were then noticed, including lithofracteur; and the individual merits of gun-cotton and dynamite were compared with each other and with gunpowder. It was shown that the first two are about equal in regard to power, and that, though they are very superior to gunpowder where great violence and suddenness of action are required (as in the removal of rocks and in the demolition of military works), yet there are certain applications in which the gradually explosive action of gunpowder is the most valuable, and which, in fact, render it irreplaceable. The readiness with which nitro-glycerine preparations freeze at rather high temperatures, in which state their successful employment demands special arrangements, was noticed as an inherent defect; while their plastic condition when unfrozen was described as a decided advantage, since they can be tightly rammed into blast holes of irregular form, for which use compressed gun-cotton is not so well adapted. The absolute safety of the manufacture of compressed gun-cotton, its secure preservation in the damp state, and the expeditious restoration of its powers by drying, were demonstrated; and the keeping qualities of these explosives were shown to be much more reliable now than in former times, when the conditions of their pure and uniform manufacture were not so well understood. The cause of the Stowmarket gun-cotton explosion of August last was then examined, and demonstrated to have been clearly due to accidental causes, totally unconnected with the stability of the material itself. The results of some recent experiments, instituted by the Government Committee on Gun-cotton on the south coast, were described as having thrown considerable light on the cause of the violence of the Stowmarket explosion, and to have demonstrated the advisability of placing dry gun-cotton under the same restrictions as other explosive agents. In conclusion, Mr. Abel referred to some interesting results, recently arrived at by Dr. Sprengel and himself, indicating that the application of explosive agents is still a fruitful subject for investigation.

**PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF COFFEE.**—An interesting communication was recently made at a meeting of the Academy of Science in Paris in regard to the value of coffee as an article of food. Attention was called to a statement of Mr. Gasparin, in 1850, that the miners of Charleroi preserved their health and great vigour of muscular force, by the use of less than half of the nutriment indicated as necessary by theory and daily observation. Using food containing less nitrogen and carbon than the daily ration of the monks of La Trappe, whose countenances are pale, and who exercise scarcely one-fifth as much as an ordinary workman, these Belgian miners were most industrious and energetic in their labours. The secret of the difference was stated by Mr. Gasparin to consist in the use every day by these miners of a pint of an infusion of about an ounce of coffee, prepared in two quarts of water, which served the purpose of counteracting the injurious effect of an insufficient supply of food. Reference was also made to an experiment in 1860, by Mr. Jousand, in which, by the use of a decoction of about an ounce and a half of powdered coffee, a young man was kept, with no other food whatever, in good health and strength for seven days, during which time he took more active muscular exercise than usual, without any special inconvenience. The particular deduction from these experiments appears to be that coffee has an important action in preventing denutrition and emaciation. An illustration of this is seen, according to the author, in the effect upon the urea. In one experiment, about half a grain of caffeine was consumed daily, and the amount of urea was diminished 28 per cent.; while an infusion of about two ounces of roast coffee diminished it by 20 per cent. This is asserted to be the result by very careful experiments of a physiologist upon himself, proving that caffeine and roast coffee diminish the oxidation of the system, and temper the process of denutrition. The excessive frequency and intensity of the beating of the heart was also found to be reduced in several instances. It is probable, according to the author, that a similar action is exerted by some other substances—the Paraguay tea, especially, which, it is well-known, enables the natives of the Andes to subsist for a long time on an incredibly small amount of food.

**ANILINE COLOURS POISONOUS.**—According to Drs. Vohl and Eulenberg, of Cologne, aniline colours are poisonous. Aniline itself is an acknowledged poison, and all colouring matters containing unchanged aniline are therefore capable of poisonous effects. In the preparation of the colours the strongest oxidizing agents are used, and of these many are violent poisons, as arsenic acid, chlorides of zinc and tin, antimony and lead compounds. If any of these substances remain in the manufactured colouring matter, of course the article is dangerous; not of itself, for this is innocuous, but from the metal poisons it contains, and from the acids combined with them, as hydrochloric, acetic, arsenious and picric acids. Moreover, many colouring substances are manufactured from the residues of aniline factories, and these contain the largest amounts of poisonous matters. These last, on account of their less cost, are exclusively used, principally for red carpets, toys, common articles of confectionery, bonbons, drops, etc.;

also for toys made from transparent rubber, and for nursing bottles. Cases of poisoning from woollen and mixed goods, dyed with aniline colours, are known. The same is true of phenil colours, and the subject demands strongly the adoption of sanitary regulations.

**A NOVEL THEORY.**—A German physician has lately started the theory that the fearful disease known as small-pox originates from an excess of albuminous matter in the blood, and that this is to be prevented by the administration of common salt. The habits of children in indulging too freely in sweetmeats he considers one great cause of this undue development of albumen, and coffee and tea, if highly sugared, tend also to excite it in adults. An organic acid, such as lemon juice, he considers the best means of freeing the blood, when clogged with too much albumen, and he alleges that by taking these simple remedies in the way of precaution, he has, for upwards of twelve years past, frequented or taken up his abode in the most pestilential small-pox hospitals of Europe and South America with entire impunity.

**NARCOTIC ACTION OF TOBACCO.**—Vohl and Eulenberg have investigated the narcotic action of tobacco, especially examining the action of tobacco smoke. As the result of their analysis, they are led to the opinion that the disagreeable symptoms of the incipient smoker and the chronic affections produced by excessive smoking, as well as the poisonous effects of tobacco juice when swallowed, are due to the pyridine and picoline bases, and not to the nicotine. They explain the fact that stronger tobacco can be smoked in cigars than in a pipe, by finding that more of the volatile bases are present in pipe smoke, more especially of the very volatile and stupefying pyridine; while in a cigar little pyridine and much collidine are formed.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**OLDEN TIME MANNERS.**—Lady Holland once sent her page round the table to Macaulay to tell him to stop talking. She told Rogers, "Your poetry is bad enough, so pray be sparing of your prose." At a dinner in South Street, she fidgeted Lord Melbourne so much by making him shift his place when he was seated to his liking, that he rose up, exclaiming, "I'll be — if I dine with you at all;" and walked off to his own house, fortunately at hand. She requested a celebrated dandy to move a little farther off, on the ground that her olfactory nerves were offended by his blacking; the blacking which he vowed was diluted with champagne. Shortly after M. Van de Weyer's arrival in England as Belgian Minister, he was dining with a distinguished party at Holland House, when Lady Holland suddenly turned to him, and asked, "How is Leopold?" "Does your ladyship mean the King of the Belgians?" I have heard," she rejoined, "of Flemings, Hainauters, and Brabanters; but Belgians are new to me." His reply was, "My lady, before I had the honour to be presented to you, I have often heard you spoken of not only as a woman of intelligence and wit, but as a woman who had read much. Well, is it possible that you in your many readings have never met the book by a person named Julius Cæsar, who in his 'Commentaries' gives to our population the name of the Belgians, and this name we have preserved till our days?"

The latest duel recorded in the French journals, and reproduced by the *Courier des Etats Unis*, is of a novel and bloodless description, although waged between two rival journalists. The weapons used were umbrellas! And each of the combatants exultingly claims the victory for his *parapluie* and himself. Each tells his tale in *Figaro*, the *Punch* of Paris. The combatants were MM. Rogat and Ratisbonne; the place—the public street, on the Boulevard Montmartre; the weapons—umbrellas. M. Rogat opens his story thus:—"The umbrella duel is one of the traditions of the *Journal des Débats*. For, once on the street did not Sainte-Beuve attack Villemain? and after a brilliant passage of umbrellas, Villemain, severely stricken, took to his heels, abandoning his arms on the field of battle, like Demosthenes, 'ingloriously leaving his shield behind him.' Yesterday I encountered Ratisbonne on the street. The god of battles for the first time inspired him. He sought to quarrel with and struck me with his umbrella. I, too, had an umbrella, which, compared to that of my adversary, was as a Toledo blade contrasted with an ordinary weapon. I charged furiously back upon him. His sword—I mean his umbrella—being an inferior one, lost courage, and broke in his hands. I then spared him. Ratisbonne, adjusting the pieces of his broken weapon with an air of satisfaction, cried aloud, 'I have long sought this!' which I repaid by giving him a little more over the shoulders. A sergeant of police intervened, took us to a police station, and then sent us different ways about our business." He then adds a lament that a journalist should have provoked "so ignominious a contest" so disreputable to "the profession." "But all is for the best under this best of republics!" *Per contra*, M. Ratisbonne sustains the honour of his umbrella in another letter, giving his version of the affair, but declares he "inflicted upon him the chastisement he merited," and that he "successfully parried" with his umbrella the thrusts of M. Rogat.

At a time when the question of Women's Rights is debated so keenly, a clever little pamphlet published by Messrs. Blackwood, entitled "Why Women cannot be turned into Men," may be read with profit both by the supporters and opponents of the movement. The writer attempts to show, with considerable success, that the radical intellectual difference between the two sexes lies in the uninventiveness of women as compared to men. If women had been left to themselves, he asserts, corn would still be ground as it is in the East, in hand-mills; the spinning-wheel and distaff would hold their ground in every cottage; and the sewing-machine would never have come into competition with the domestic needle. It may be observed, by the way, that this uninventiveness is not necessarily confined to one sex. In India and China, mankind as well as womankind have lain for generations in a kind of intellectual torpor, content to use the appliances of their remote ancestors, without ever discovering anything new. Reverting to our pamphlet, the author traces this intellectual divergency to the diverse occupations of the man and woman in their original savage state. But how about their descendants? This is where the author's argument breaks down. If men begot men, and women women, we could understand this difference being transmitted through successive generations, but he is obliged to admit that women have

fathers as well as mothers, and the assertion with which he qualifies this admission, namely, that in their physical conformation women take much more after their mothers than their fathers, is, we think, contradicted by experience. It is usually understood that children of both sexes follow the mother in mind, the father in body. But though we dispute our pamphleteer's premises, we do not quarrel with his conclusion, namely, that there is a rooted and ineffaceable mental difference between the two sexes. The tone of this little essay is altogether sensible, moderate, and kindly; it is equally free from the sneering cynicism which too often characterises the conservative side in this inter-sexual agitation, and from the vehement self-assertion which occasionally distinguishes the party of reformers, and which tends in the estimation of moderate people to injure a good cause.

According to the last accounts from Constantinople, a serious difference has occurred among the leading Turks there on the question of the succession to the throne. Under the law which has regulated the succession during the last 500 years, the crown always passes to the eldest male of the Imperial family whose father was on the throne at the time of his birth, so that as a rule the Sultans have been succeeded, not by their sons, but by their brothers. It was in accordance with this law that the present Sultan, Abdul Aziz, ascended the throne on the death of his brother, Abdul Medjid, (25th of June, 1861) though the latter left seven sons. Abdul Aziz has four sons, the eldest of whom, Youssouf Izeddin, was born on the 9th of October, 1857, and is consequently, under the above law, disqualified for the crown, since at the time he was born his father was not as yet Sultan. The lawful heir is the eldest son of Abdul Medjid, Murad Effendi, who was born during his father's reign, on the 21st of September, 1840; but a strong party at Court now urges the Sultan to introduce the European system of succession, and declare his eldest son his heir. The old Mahometan party, however, is strongly opposed to such a course, which it considers would involve a departure from the precepts of the Koran, and as under the Koran a Mahometan is only bound to obey his sovereign in so far as he keeps within its restrictions, this opposition might lead to very serious results if the Sultan were to adopt the above proposal. Moreover, it is feared that the Princes of Servia and Roumania, the Khedive of Egypt, and the Bey of Tunis, who as it is bear with impatience the suzerainty of the Sultan, would seize the opportunity for declaring themselves independent if a Sultan were crowned who, according to the law which existed at the time when they did homage at Constantinople, would not be the rightful heir to the throne.

**NOTES ABOUT RATS.**—A writer in *Science Gossip* relate the following curious notes on rats:—"A gentleman, who has passed many years of his life at St. Helena, told me lately several stories about rats, so curious that I thought them worthy of record. He said that at one time the common brown rat was extremely common all over the island, in fact, a perfect pest; and to avoid its attacks his father had constructed a large store, rat proof: namely, a rat once in could not get out again. A number, however, came in with produce and goods from the ships, and bred there. Around this store were venetian blinds to the windows, and one day one of his men, when it was raining, watched a rat sitting on the venetian and putting out his tail to collect on it the drippings of water at the edge: he then withdrew it and licked it. The servant told his master, who immediately understood that the rats could get no water inside the store, and therefore directed that a butter firkin should be cut down to four or five inches, and in the top a large circular wire rat cage trap should be fixed. Several small planks were placed for the rats to get up to the entrance to the cage, which exactly fitted the firkin. No food would have induced the rats to enter the trap, but water did, and many were thus captured. There is one peculiarity with these rats, namely, their very often building or making their nests in the trees. I have in India several times found rats' nests in trees; but they have always been stonemasons' nests, such as deserted abodes of the squirrel or sparrow; but here my friend, who is no naturalist, tells me that they construct them principally of fir spines, on the ends of the boughs some twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, in the common fir trees. The spots selected are just where the overlapping bough nearly meets the lower one. He said that all know the rats' nests, and that he had seen them fired at, when many rats were killed and fell out to the ground. He could tell me no more, and I think that, if original nests, as he held them to be, some grass must be woven in their construction, as fir spines have but little power of cohesion. The situation of these nests was worthy of notice, although there is scarcely a situation where a rat's nest has not been found.

Foreigners are frequently astonished at the fondness of Americans for moving houses upon rollers from one part of a town to another. The custom, however, is not entirely free from disadvantages—a fact of which the residents of Flushing, Long Island, have just at the present a lively sense. A few days since a Baptist church in that village undertook a trip across the town. The peripatetic church, with the dignified slowness befitting its sacred character, consumed several days in reaching the principal street, and when it had reached the centre of the highway, leaving it nearly impassable except along the curb-stone, an injunction suddenly brought it to a stop. It now blockades the street, and must continue to do so until the injunction is modified or removed. It must certainly be embarrassing to the Flushing citizen to find his chief avenue occupied by a wandering church—not to mention the probability that the midnight reveller will be apt to impute intoxication to an edifice that he finds occupying the gutter when it should be elsewhere.

The Rev. Dr. M'C— was one day dining at a large party, when Mr. Erskine and some other lawyers were present. A great dish of cress was handed round after dinner, and Dr. M'C— helped himself much more largely than any other person; and, as he ate with his fingers, with a peculiar voracity of manner, Mr. Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of demnation. Resolved to give him a hit for the apparent grossness of his taste, and his manner of eating, the wit addressed him with: "Dr. M'C—, you bring to my mind the great King Nebuchadnezzar!"

The company were beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion, when the reverend vegetarian replied: "Ay, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I am eating among the brutes!"

HON. GEORGE KING,  
M. P. P., ATTORNEY-  
GENERAL, N. B.

Mr. King is quite a young man, and has risen to political distinction with great rapidity. He is the second son of the late George King, and was born in St. John, on the 8th October, 1839. He was educated at the Wesleyan University, Connecticut, where he graduated in 1859. Returning to his native city he devoted himself to the study of the law and was admitted to the New Brunswick Bar in 1863. His professional career, though short, has been very successful, and his political promotion has been more rapid than usually falls to the lot of young politicians to enjoy, though the Hon. Mr. Blake, of Ontario, is an almost parallel instance. Mr. King entered the local Legislature in October, 1867, representing the city and county of St. John, in the room of the Hon. Col. Gray, elected to the Canadian House of Commons. In February, 1869, he was appointed a member of the Executive Council, and in June of the following year was sworn in as Attorney-General, having succeeded the Hon. Mr. Wetmore, then raised to the bench.

His calm dignity in the House and his logical style of oratory have made him a general favourite, so that he is regarded as one of New Brunswick's "rising" men. His speech on the School bill, which has recently excited so much attention both in and out of New Brunswick, was a masterpiece of clever argument. By-and-bye Mr. King will no doubt win fresh laurels at Ottawa.

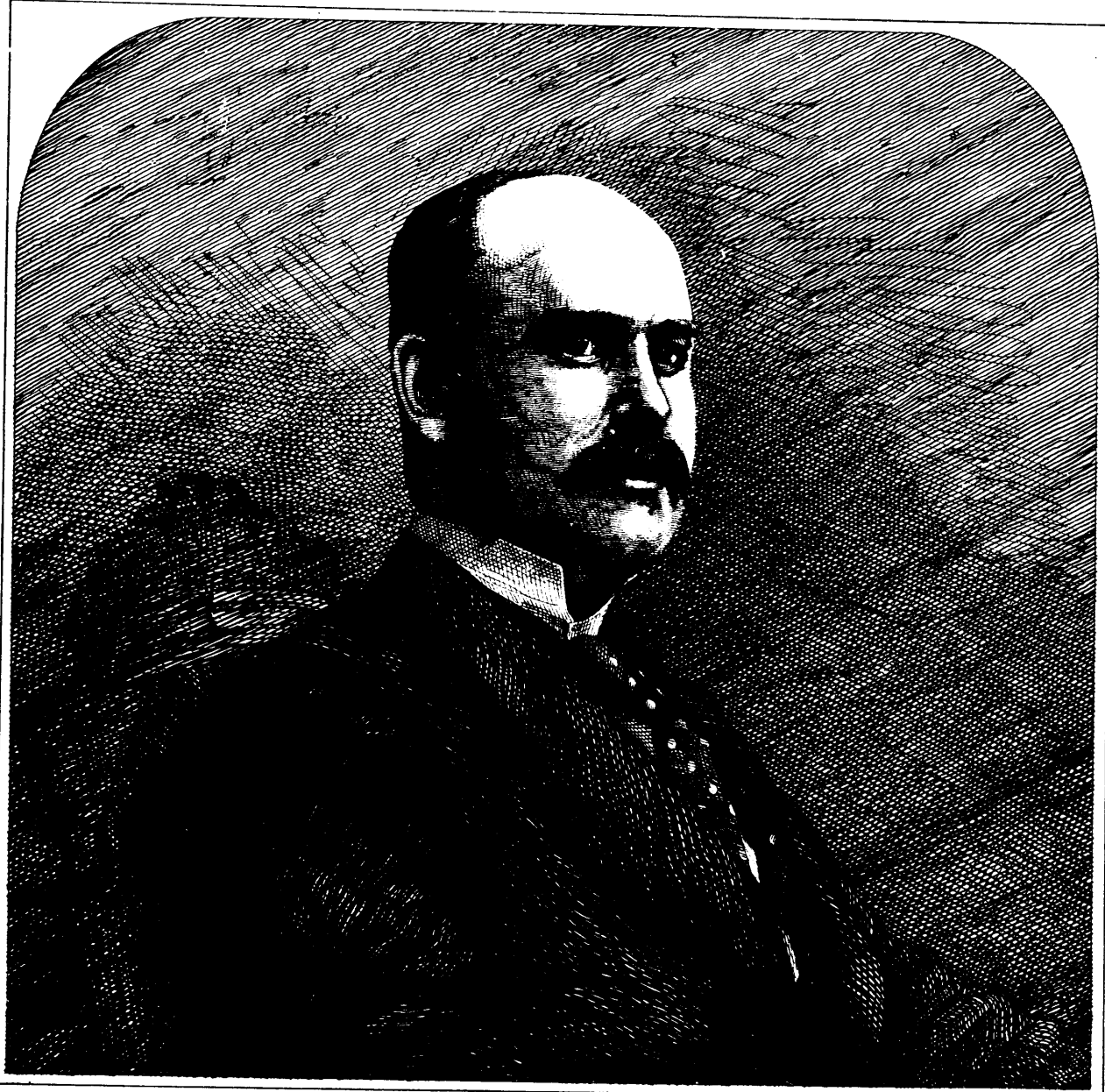
#### PIRATE HARBOUR.

Pirate Harbour, so called from the Indian traditions that pirates made it their rendezvous in the early settlements of the country, is one of the several well-sheltered coves on the N.S. side of the strait of Canso, which is frequented by the American fishermen and other small vessels, where they are sheltered from the strong tides of the strait, and get their supplies. The group of buildings in the foreground is the dwelling house, stores and warehouses of Jonathan Hartly, Esq., whose enterprise has built up a large trade, and whose gentlemanly manners and generous hospitality has made him a favourite with customers, visitors and strangers.

#### MINERS' CABIN AT EUREKA SILVER MINE, NEAR TOWN OF HOPE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Eureka Silver Mining Company is the name that has been adopted by the proprietors of the rich silver mine recently discovered in the neighbourhood of the Town of Hope, situated on Fraser River, British Columbia, about eighty miles above the city of New-Westminster. The richness of this mine and its proximity to the navigable waters of the Fraser must, eventually, make it one of the most valuable mines on the Pacific coast. Recent developments in the Cascade range lead to the conclusion that it is one of the most richly argentiferous ranges of mountains in the world.

Lord Lisgar is to sail for England on the 22nd inst.



HON. GEO. KING, M. P. P., ATTORNEY GENERAL, N. B.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

The Jewish bankers of Berlin have organised a species of strike against the persecution to which their brethren are subject in Roumania. They will not take part in the negotiation of any loan to the Roumanian Government, or otherwise assist any industrial project in that country; and they appeal to their connections throughout Europe to assist them in carrying out their resolutions.

"Mummy making" has long been counted among the staple Parisian industries, the products being exported into all countries, and even into Egypt itself. One man alone is said to have manufactured no less than 600 for provincial museums. They are sometimes sent to Alexandria, and then, like the false Pompeian relics manufactured at Birmingham for the benefit of Italian tourists, returned to Europe with a sort of guarantee of genuineness. Very little stock in hand is required to set up this business; some linen bands and plenty of dogs' skin being the principal articles necessary to make these relics of the Ptolemaic era. The mummies are ticketed, Cheops, Pharaoh, &c.; Cleopatras are especially expensive on account of the bandages, which have to be made of lawn.

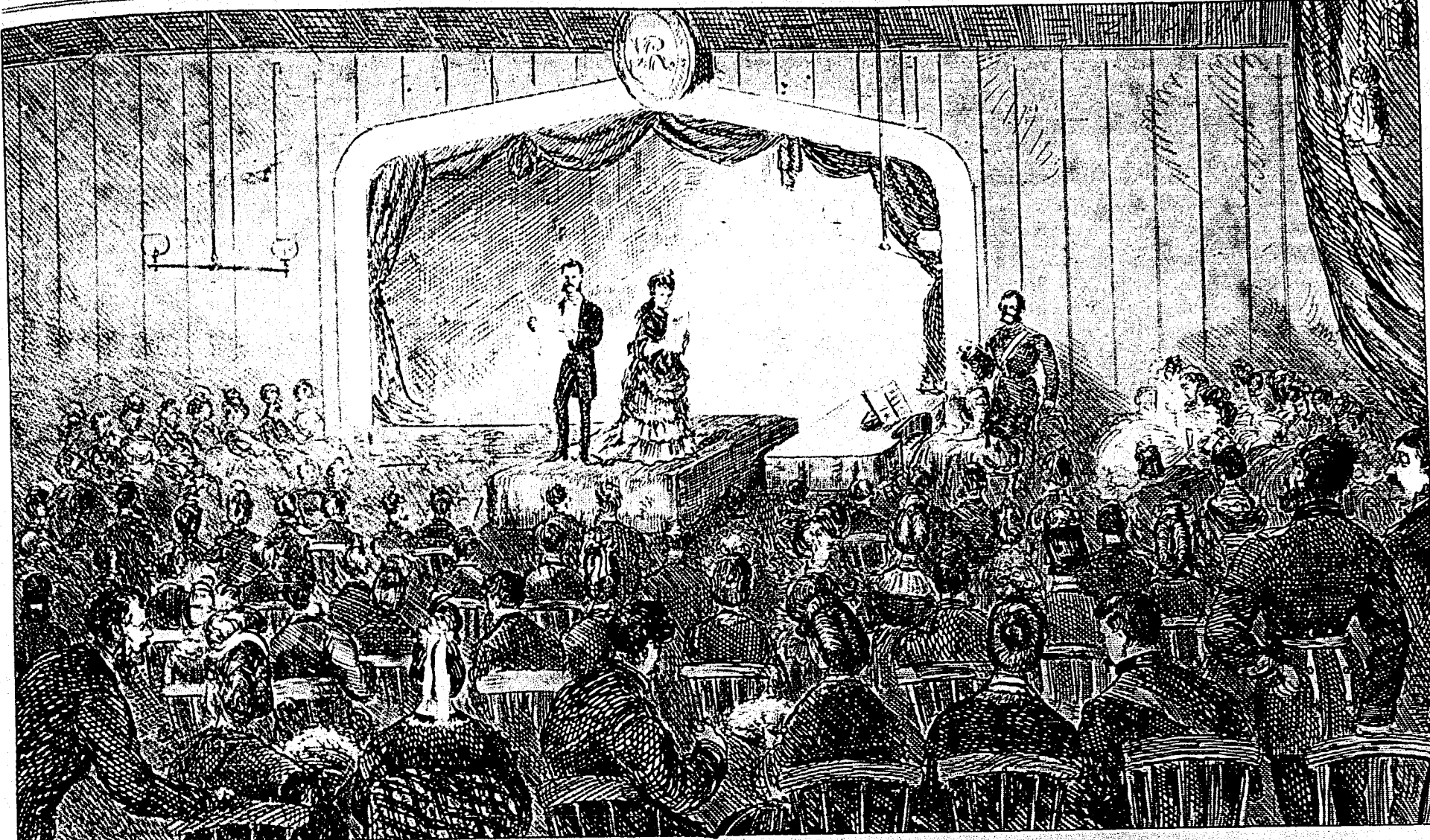
depends entirely upon the motion of the waves; but at sea it is rarely the case that there is not a sufficient motion of the water to raise a vessel several feet. The inventor believes that the apparatus would be a sufficient propelling power for ships not required to travel at a great speed; but would supply ships with a limited quantity of rigging as auxiliary power, and to provide against accident. The working of the invention was shown upon a model ship seven feet in length. The little vessel held its way against the tide, and even in comparatively calm water travelled at considerable speed. The opinion of the spectators seemed to be that the invention is in a somewhat crude state at present; but that it is founded upon a sound principle which, skilfully applied, would be of great value to the mercantile marine."

Mr. Ruskin says to his correspondents:—"Between May and October, any letters meant for me should be addressed to Brantwood, Coniston; between October and May, to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. They must be very short, and very plainly written, or they will not be read; and they need never ask me to do anything, because I won't do it. And, in general, I cannot answer letters; but for any that come to help me, the writers may be sure that I am grateful. I get a great many from people who 'know that I must be good-natured,' from my books. I was good-natured once; but I beg to state, in the most positive terms, that I am now old, tired, and very ill-natured."

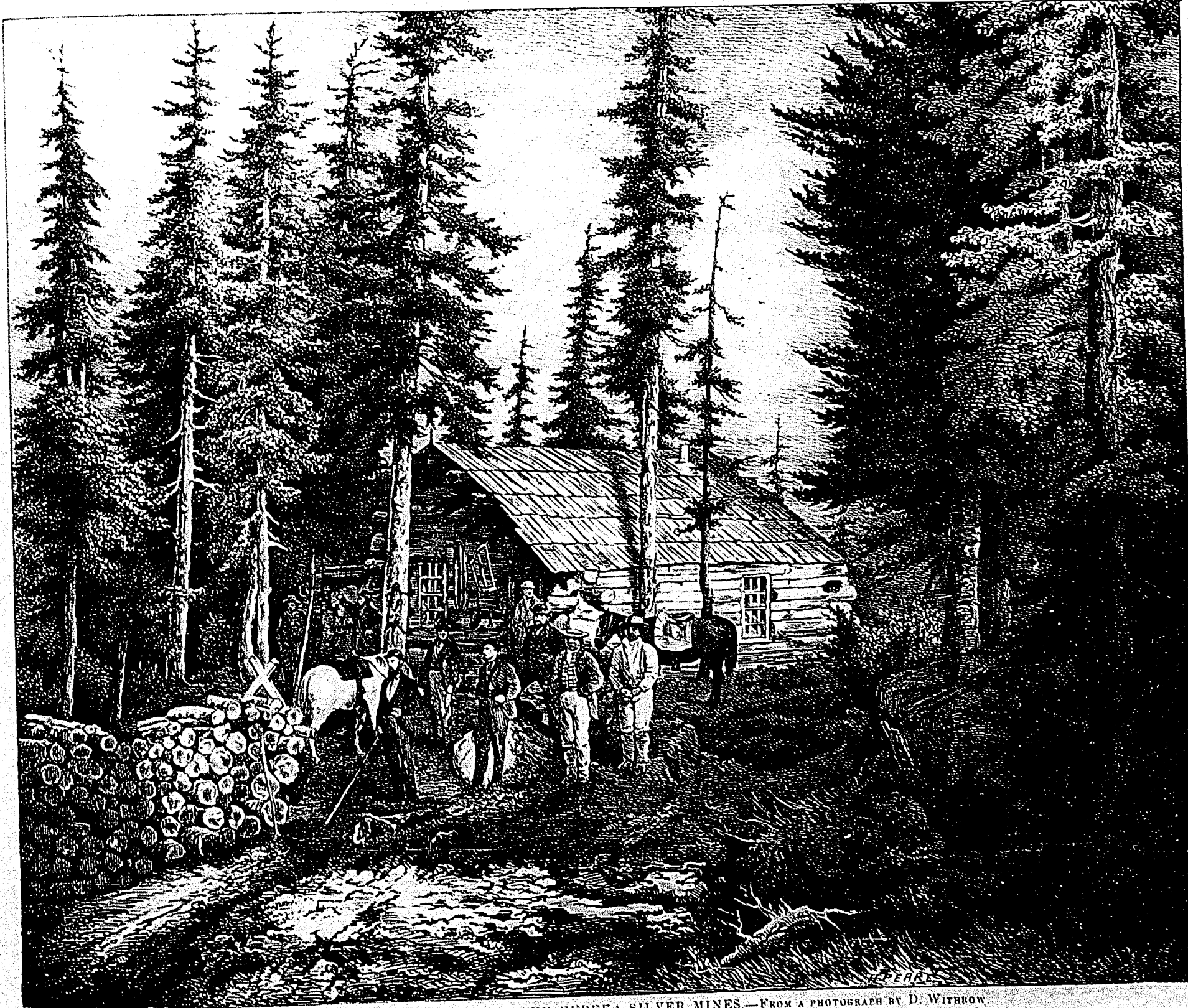
A Goliath's sword, about ten yards long, has been found near Lutzen, in Prussia. The guard or hilt is protected by a serpentine bar 20 inches in length and on the blade there are hooks, probably for dragging the enemy off his horse.



PIRATE HARBOUR, STRAITS OF CANSO, N. S.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. H. SCRANTON.



HALIFAX — GARRISON PENNY READINGS. — FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.



BRITISH COLUMBIA — MINERS' CABIN AT THE EUREKA SILVER MINES. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. WITHROW.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,  
JUNE 22, 1872.

SUNDAY,	June 16.—	Third Sunday after Trinity. G. T. R. from Toronto to Guelph opened, 1856.
MONDAY,	" 17.—	Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775. Ratifications of the Treaty of Washington exchanged, 1871.
TUESDAY,	" 18.—	Battle of Waterloo, 1815. Earl Dalhousie Governor, 1820. G. T. R. opened to Portland, 1853. Grote died, 1871.
WEDNESDAY,	" 19.—	Magna Charta signed, 1215.
THURSDAY,	" 20.—	Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837.
FRIDAY,	" 21.—	Quebec Gazette first published, 1764. Battle of Vinegar Hill, 1798.
SATURDAY,	" 22.—	Great Fire at Quebec, 1865.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 11th June, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 & 244 Notre Dame Street.

	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.	Su.	M.	Tu.
June 5.	69°	69°	77°	76°	69°	68°	78°5
June 6.	49°	52°	54°	55°5	57°	60°	57°5
June 7.	59°	63°5	65°	65°7	63°	64°	68°
June 8.	29.84	29.87	29.97	29.72	29.85	29.72	29.75
June 9.	29.87	29.93	29.95	29.72	29.80	29.70	29.78
June 10.	29.87	29.91	29.87	29.70	29.78	29.65	29.76
June 11.	29.87	29.91	29.87	29.70	29.78	29.65	29.76

Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the NEWS is \$4.00 per annum, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872.

We had occasion a fortnight ago to call attention to the growth of an industry closely connected with the intellectual progress of the country, which, at the same time, gave employment to a large number of people in various grades of society, whose social status would certainly entitle them to high rank in the community as compared with any other class. Very few of the inmates of our gaols, penitentiaries, and reformatories are drawn from that class of the community employed in printing, lithography, or their necessary accessories of binding, paper-making, &c. Yet these industries can be proved to have received less protection from the Canadian tariff than any other. In spite of this neglect, the publishing business, the chief item of which is the daily journal, has grown to an extent that ought to challenge the attention of every man who wishes to make a fair estimate of the nature and diversity of Canadian industry. The brain-work, the labour, and in many cases the long hours out of the twenty-four to which the devotees to this special calling are subjected, are almost unknown to the outside public, yet the press, while talking of "protection to native industry," almost always forgets to say that the press itself is unprotected.

But our argument is not that special protection should be given to the press; for although we protest against the system that allows foreign publishers to flood our markets with books or periodicals, the raw materials of which carry a duty to the Canadian publisher, we have abundant evidence that the skill, industry, and intelligence invested in the business have been equal to the occasion in keeping pace with, or rather in going ahead of, the general growth of the country. It would have been pleasant to have been able to include capital among the list of "forces" that have elevated the publishing business in Canada to a position which contrasts so favourably with the same business in other countries. But it is almost a recognised fact that the pioneer in a new country has generally to suffer pecuniary loss. In the west it has passed into a proverb that it is only the third owner of a sawmill who can make money out of it—the first and second, by the ordinary course of events, having been previously ruined. There is much of truth in the same remark as applied to all other industries. The New York Central Railway passed from the hands of the original proprietors and then from the second to the third owners before it became the splendid property it is to-day.

To remedy this very general evil connected with the incipient stages of nearly all industries the protectionist comes forward with his panacea of a high and almost prohibitory tariff. The cry for "protection to native industry" is very attractive, and when followed up as it ought to be by a national spirit and intelligent economy, is one of the greatest blessings that could fall upon a country. But when this "protection" is secured by legislation which creates artificial prices, giving the Government the minimum of revenue for the maximum of taxation, and imposing on the consumer the highest price for the

smallest quantity of the article, then we hold that the system is an entire mistake and a high crime against the encouragement of what is usually called "native industry." A city contemporary thus summarises a recent article in the New York Herald:

"The New York Herald calls attention to the heavy falling off in the shipment of grain and lumber from the port of New York, and to the almost entire monopoly enjoyed by Canada of the carrying trade of the great West. It has no remedy to offer, however, save the reduction of railway tariffs for the transport of merchandise. Exports," it says, "naturally flow out through the easiest and cheapest channels, and the merchants of Chicago, Toledo, and Milwaukee finding it cheaper to send their grain and lumber down the St. Lawrence to Montreal than by rail to New York, avail themselves of the cheaper route." The Herald adds: "It is impossible for us to allow the immense and daily increasing trade of the West to pass into other hands and enrich a foreign people simply because those who control the railway communication of the country are too stupid to understand their own interest or too corrupt to care for the well-being of the public. If they continue to levy blackmail on the commerce of the country to such an extent as to drive it into other and safer channels it will become a question whether the people, for their own protection, will not be compelled to take the control and direction of the railway system into their own hands."

Now, might not the advocate of protection to native industry in the United States compel the merchants of Chicago and other western cities to ship their grain by the American railroads, and so enhance its cost that they would have to sell at a loss in Europe? That would be "protection" for the railroads, while it would be destruction for the merchants. But the Herald suggests a more sensible way out of the difficulty. It says it will "become a question whether the people, for their own protection, will not be compelled to take the control and direction of the railway system into their own hands."

Passing over the redundant verbiage in the Herald's remarks it may be noted that it has pretty nearly hit a truth in political economy that has frequently been commented on, and we believe never was disregarded until modern times: That no public highway should be the property of any private individual or corporation. If the United States Government had been endowed with intelligent ideas as to the means for encouraging "native industry," it would have undertaken the building of its public highways on public account; sold the lands made valuable thereby, and without impoverishing its treasury, would have been able to give, what honest industry most of all requires, the cheapest and most direct road to market.

This encouragement to native industry cry is acquiring pernicious force in Canada. It will probably be a stock-card with candidates at the general election which must take place within a few months. Let the people think well what they are doing. To bolster up any one industry at the expense of all others is a mistake, which, though it may bring riches to a few, will undoubtedly bring injury upon the country at large. So far as keeping pace with our neighbours in the reduction of duties upon tea, coffee, or other articles not produced in the country, the Government at Ottawa has acted with great wisdom and promptitude and adopted a course which both protectionist and free trader can approve. But the attempt to manufacture industry by a fictitious tariff—for that is the real definition of protection—must prove a failure. The United States, in spite of the natural resources of the country and the indomitable spirit of their people, have proven it.

### OBITUARY.

#### THE LATE JOHN FRASER.

We deeply regret to have to record the sudden death of Mr. John Fraser, better known by his *nom de plume* of "Cousin Sandy." The sad event occurred at Ottawa, on Friday of last week, he having accidentally fallen down the precipice near the parliamentary buildings, while on a ramble, probably studying out some new poetical or political effusion. His body was found floating in the river about four o'clock in the afternoon. We copy the following obituary notice from the Herald of the 10th inst.

The "Reaper whose name is Death" has within the last thirteen months been unusually busy with his sickle among the literary men of Montreal, having seen fit to gather to himself four from their small ranks, not, however, in the ordinary course of nature, but by the somewhat rude method of accident. To say that these men are dead is without doubt drawing upon them the curtain too abruptly, for they were real actors in the drama of life, and their works and influence will remain. A year ago last Queen's Birthday, Messrs. Spaight and Lodge left to enjoy a day's boating at Lachine, which however, was destined to be their last. Later on in the year Mr. William Tetu proceeded home from the office, received such injuries by being run over as in a few days caused his death, and last of all, about a month ago, Mr. John Fraser, known all over the Dominion as "Cousin Sandy" departed for the capital, never again to exchange with his dear ones their welcomes and feelings attendant on a safe return "Cousin Sandy" was a relic of the days of English Chartism, and among the men

of that time, attained a prominent position to which his powers of searching invective, cutting sarcasm, and pointed humour had in no little tended to make his public life in England. His "Reminiscences of an English Chartist," published in a weekly contemporary, are perhaps the best description, and as these were not completed, it is to be hoped his friends will be able to furnish the information necessary to their continuance. He was a knight of the needle, but business not being as he desired it, he some years ago came to make his way in Canada. He followed his own business for a considerable time at Stanstead, in the Eastern Townships, whence he issued a number of newspaper articles, as well as those poetical polemics, which gave him not only a name but a political status. Literature being his hobby, and public life his aspiration, he soon accepted the position of canvasser for a prominent book house in this city. His travels extended through the length and breadth of Canada, to most of whose journals he contributed, and by whose people the announcement of his sudden and shocking death will be generally received with regret, whether by political friends or by party opponents. A Chartist in England, he was a consistent Rouge or Liberal in Canada, advancing even further than the majority of his compeers. Many of his productions appeared in the Herald, and although they scathed the present Ministry pretty strongly some of his greatest personal admirers were members of the Ottawa Cabinet. Mr. Fraser was of a genial disposition, thereby making many friends, amongst whom the writer was happy to count himself. How Cousin Sandy met his death, has not exactly been determined, but it is believed that he fell from the Lover's Walk, a winding path leading from the Ottawa Parliament House, down the cliff to the water's edge, and striking the rocks was immediately killed. At the inquest it was shown that his back was broken, and that he must have been dead before he had reached the river, in which his body was found floating about four o'clock on Friday afternoon. It is surmised that being a passionate admirer of nature, whilst looking around him he had caught his foot, and slipping, was precipitated over the precipice. His countenance was quite composed, and no sign as of pain or struggle was visible. The body was brought home, and yesterday afternoon interred, the funeral taking place from the residence of Mr. H. Landham, Mr. Fraser's son-in-law. The service was conducted by the Rev. John Foyer, of the Eastern Congregational Church, a cousin of the deceased. The attendance was large, and contained a large number of prominent citizens. The number, however, of parties to have shown their last respects to the deceased would have been much larger had the notices of the obsequies been published earlier, which, however, under the circumstances was altogether impossible.

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENTARY COMPANION, 1872, Edited by Henry J. Morgan. Montreal: Printed by John Lovell.

The latest edition of the "Companion" just issued is very complete. The information is brought up to the present time and includes the Province of British Columbia. It has besides a special value in that it contains the new Legislature of Ontario, and it will be the last edition that will give the first parliament of Canada. It is for sale at Dawson Bros., in this City.

The public dinner tendered by the citizens of Montreal to His Excellency Lord Lisgar, previous to his departure from Canada, will take place at the St. Lawrence Hall on Thursday next.

THE DECKER PARK RACES.—These races were not quite so successful as they would have been had the weather been more favourable. Upon the whole, however, they passed off remarkably well, and nearly all the prizes were contested for and duly awarded. Considering that the "Park" is yet but a new institution, the proprietor may very fairly be congratulated on its success.

Canadian talent does not always go unappreciated across the border. The gentleman referred to in the following extract from a Duluth paper has done much to bring American capital into Canada for the development of the mineral wealth of the Lake Superior region:—"Hugh Wilson, the noted Provincial Land Surveyor, of Mount Forest, Canada, started from Duluth with one assistant and three packers for Fort William and the Lake Shebandowan gold and silver region. This is the same gentleman whose surveys last summer partially developed this region. He goes to complete his work; after which he will proceed to execute a contract he has with the Canadian Government to survey and plant seven townships in the Fort William region."

### POISON IN DRESSES.

The following letter appeared in a recent issue of the Globe, and having been written by a thoroughly scientific man, is worthy of serious attention:

Sir.—Not long since Professor Draper, of New York, called attention to the use of Scheele's green, arsenite of copper, in the colours applied to room-papers, wreaths, tarlatan, and other articles. The matter is not new, but cannot too often be brought before the public. Very recently one of your correspondents showed a still more nefarious use of this green pigment, in colouring sweetmeats.

Having some little time since employed in my family a quantity of bright green tarlatan for a fancy dress, it seemed worth while trying whether this Toronto article were as poisonous as that in New York.

A piece about one inch square was treated with ammonia; a bright blue solution was obtained; test for copper.

Another piece treated with hydrochloric acid lost its colour; the solution boiled with bright metallic copper gave a grey metallic deposit; test for arsenic.

Another piece boiled with caustic potassa gave a red precipitate; test for arsenic and copper.

The potassa solution boiled with metallic zinc gave a gas which blackened paper soaked in nitrate of silver; test for arsenic.

A quantity of the tarlatan, weighing 152 grains, was ex-

tracted by acid and treated with sulphuretted hydrogen; a mixture of the sulphides of copper and arsenic was obtained, from which the latter was dissolved out and its quantity determined. It amounted to 45 grains, representing 36.18 grains of arsenious acid (white arsenic). A full dress of this article, which is remarkably harsh and hard on the sewing needle, may be estimated as weighing about one pound. In this there would therefore be 18.28 grains of arsenious acid. The wearer would be an embodied poison, carrying about with her about one quarter of a pound of white arsenic. Although the pigment may have been formed within the fibre, yet as it has no direct chemical affinity for it, it may be easily removed when the fabric is cut, torn, or worn away. In the case of artificial leaves coloured with this poison the danger would be much greater, as the colour is applied only on the surface. With room papers, especially if unglazed, the danger would be equally great. All these very bright yellowish-green colours should be avoided, as they almost invariably contain arsenic.

H. H. C. Lab. U. C.

Toronto, May 29, 1872.

THE YANKEES IN BOOKS AND ON THE STAGE.

One explanation of our ignorance of the social characteristics of the Americans may be found in the fact that our impressions of them are, partly, derived from the books of travellers who, in hurried journeys through the States, have simply noted such superficial traits of the people as came under their observation in hotels, railroads and steamboats; but also, in still greater degree, I conceive, from those English works of fiction in which natives of the United States have been introduced, the individuals therein delineated being, very generally, accepted by the majority of readers as fair types of the American. In nearly every one of these works, the American figures in either an odious or a ridiculous aspect. To say nothing of those potions of "Martin Chuzzlewit," the scene of which is laid in the United States, I may mention Richard Avenal in Bulwer's "My Novel," the Colonel in Lever's "One of Them," Fullalove in Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash," the Younger Fenton in Yates's "Black Sheep," and the American in "Mugsby Junction." In every instance, whether represented as a man of good social position and presumably fair education, or not, he is made to express himself in a dialect happily combining all the peculiarities of speech of each section of the country from Maine to Texas; and such as, it may safely be affirmed, was never yet heard from the lips of any one human being. It is the same on the stage. In "Our American Cousin," Lord Dundreary is accepted for what it is, an exceedingly clever representation of an individual idiosyncrasy. Asa Trenchard, on the other hand, is received by the audience as a fair type not only of a class, but of a people. Yet Mr. Buckstone, excellent as he is in his own line, so far from giving a fair likeness of the Yankee, does not even present a caricature of him; that is, if caricature be understood in its proper sense, i. e. the humorous or ridiculous exaggeration of features or habits peculiar to the individual or species. Asa Trenchard on the Haymarket stage is simply a vulgar cockney, with a habit of speaking through his nose; and it appears strangely inconsistent that a delicate minded, refined woman like Mary Meredith should tolerate the addresses of such a man. When the play in question was originally produced in New York, Jefferson, of Rip Van Winkle fame, was the Asa Trenchard, and in his hands the character became a fair, unexaggerated type of the native of New England—cool, clearheaded, brave, warm-hearted, but ignorant of the conventionalities of society. Here it would have been *caricature* to the mass of playgoers, their preconceived idea of the character being so totally different.—Fraser's Magazine, for May.

SORTING THE DINNER GUESTS.

The troubles of a hostess during the London season have often been the subject of compassionate and satirical comment. She has been told over and over again that to give a dinner properly requires almost as much skill and judgment as to manage the affairs of a cabinet in what is known as a crisis. She is solemnly warned that she is not to attempt more with her cook than is well within the reach of his stewan capacity. She is again admonished on the loose ideas of space entertained by her class, and on the vicious habit of cramming her room until there is a difficulty in closing the door of it. And it is generally conveyed to her that in any event her gathering will be regarded by nine out of ten who come to it as a period of excremental misery, whose discomforts are enhanced by anticipations of prospective attacks of indigestion. It is only a wonder under the circumstances that the typical hostess does not drop the idea of seeing her friends eat and drink at her table at all, but the custom of dining in company still flourishes, despite the efforts of social essayists to bring it into a kind of comic discredit. Most, if not all of the writers on this topic, appear to us to have forgotten one serious burden which must weigh heavily on the lady of a house who has issued invitations for a formal dinner. We do not exactly allude to the circumstances directly included in our title. We will suppose that after due deliberation by a council of two, or more where daughters are, the cards of request are despatched; the preliminaries have all been gone through; the eligibles and the ineligibles discussed; the select secured; the mixtures of grave and gay, lively and acetous, properly pondered over and successfully solicited. The people ignorant of the importance of this, the first rule in the art of dinner-giving, it would be impossible to instruct. They should give their days and nights to the study of erudite works, sold from sixpence to half-a-crown, in which the deportment and politeness of a countess are assured to a purchaser, who is warned never to hunt pens round a plate with a knife. But we suppose that the very dinner day, or rather evening, itself has arrived, and the guests, chosen with fair discretion, are assembled for the bad quarter of an hour in the drawing-room. Behind the ottoman on which my lady sits, black care reclines, even as he accompanied the horseman in the proverb. She smiles, but answers questions distractedly. You can catch her from time to time sharply surveying the different groups around with a look such as a child wears when reflecting on the composition of a box of bricks' pattern. Now there is nothing in the kitchen to disconcert her. She has dressed nobody in the room out of countenance, and she is quite satisfied with her own toilette. She is simply oppressed with thinking on that awful and momentous question—who will bring who into dinner.

—who will bring who into dinner. If a single lord, or a bishop, or a judge be present, they are easily enough provided for. Their status is assured and determined. But suppose our dinner-party to take place in an upper middle-class house not quite Belgravia, not altogether Bayswater, with a more or less job lot of "genteel" persons and palpable notoriety, beyond a doubt our hostess has no easy task of it, regulating the going in to dinner. Last year, for instance, the widow of the baronet was paired with the one-book lion of the season. The lion is again present, but he has cast his skin, and is not at all of the same consequence that he was this day twelve months. Yet, if he is put off with an unconsidered plain girl, he will not only feel rage in his heart for his hostess, but he may scarify her husband in the *Gum Ticker* which he edits, or he may even become uncomfortably smart as soon as he has devoured his fish. Wiggins, Q. C., lately appointed to the Bench on the Gold Coast, is entitled to be equipped with the wife of a member of Parliament, and she will resent this perhaps in thinking that a still more important personage should have the honour of being her escort. Then, when it comes even to ranging the nobodies, there is the danger of flirting couples manœuvring to sit by one another. In many cases, when their stratagems for this purpose are effectual, the guardian dragon of the lady is a spectacle to glance round an epergne. She scarce disguises her mortification to the unfortunate hostess. And the mischief and bother of having flirting couples at your table is, that they relapse into *ble-u-ble*, and at lulls in the conversation one or the other is detected in the last syllable of a phrase not in the least intended for a general audience. Of course, if the pair should be regular spoons, the matter is worse. They are then moody and absent, and are the plague and torment of the gentleman who comes round with the wines, and of the other gentlemen who officiate with the *entrees*. And the worst of it is, the manuals we referred to above will not help a hostess in the problem of sorting her guests. They are only useful in case you should have a monarch or the Duke of Cambridge to dinner. They can only guide you according to Debrett, to Burke, or the Royal Red Book. Now it seems to us that there is no remedy for the grievance but a heroic one. In the first place, the custom of appointing a lady to a gentleman in the drawing-room for going in to dinner is not perhaps based upon the nicest principles of taste. It may be said to be a relic of barbarism, inasmuch as it illustrates the triumph of a warrior in the social world, who is presented, as it were, if not with the most beautiful, with the most important of the ladies in his district. As it is done openly by a distinct process of selection on the part of the hostess, it is on her side a distinct declaration of her opinion as to the relative value of each of her guests. It is as though she should proclaim aloud "Mr. Jones is superior to Mr. Smith," "My lord, you precede his reverence," "Mr. Inkrun, your novel, your poem, entitles you to the compliment of sailing to soup with my Lady Whistmarker," and so on. We have all our private notions of ourselves, and even though we may not be right or impartial in our estimate, we do not like to have it rudely corrected before company. At many good houses a reform has already been attempted by doing away with the ceremony of appointment, and leaving the guests to go as they may to the dining-room, where they find their names on the back of the *menu* cards on their plates. This is a decided improvement on the arrangement to which we have alluded, and we beg to call the attention of ladies about to give dinner-parties to it. It seems some sort of eclectic privilege for the hostess without embarrassing her with a duty which implies the responsibility of casting up in her mind a social sum, the results of which are pretty sure to give offence and dissatisfaction to one half her company, and the performance of which necessitates a declaration entirely at variance with the instincts of true politeness or of even amiability.—Graphic.

An official despatch from Li Hung-Chang, Viceroy of Chikli, to the Emperor of China, contains an account of a remarkable miracle performed last autumn in the neighbourhood of Tientsin. The Viceroy reports that he has received through the treasurer, Chien-Ting-Ming, a petition from the gentry of Tientsin, headed by Shen Chao-yun, ex-treasurer of Chekiang, stating that, on account of the lowness of the country around Tientsin, and owing to its being the converging point of so many rivers and canals, it has always been subject to floods in wet seasons. Last year the fall of rain was so great that all the rivers burst their banks and converted the country into "one vast ocean," so that the people had no place where to lay their heads. The water continued to rise till, in October, it was from five to six feet high. On the 24th of that month the River God appeared to some boatmen at Yung-fing, a village to the west of Tientsin, and was received with a suitable ceremony into the old Tai-hang temple. The memorialist, accompanied by all the officials, went to the temple and offered devout prayer, and the weather instantly cleared, and the water ceased to rise. The memorialist finds that when any of the gods in the calendar display their power to ward off calamity and benefit the people, it is permissible to memorialise the Throne on the subject. He also finds that in the southern provinces in the Chin-lung sz-tai-wang, and all the other tai-wangs and tsiang-keuns, have frequently been honoured with higher titles and have been placed on the Sacrificial Register, on account of special manifestations which they have vouchsafed. He therefore begs that His Majesty will be pleased, in consideration of the great deliverance brought by the River God, to confer a tablet on his temple at Tientsin. His Majesty has been graciously pleased to accede to the request, and the River God, thus judiciously encouraged, may probably be counted upon in future emergencies.

The London Medical Times and Gazette tells the following story of a queer patient. M. Latour, referring to the death of M. Cherest while still young, mentions a singular patient who contributed to his income 14,600 francs per annum, and in leap years 14,940 francs. This patient, a well known person in the mercantile world, had a terrible fear of dying, and besought Cherest to pay him a visit while in bed every morning at 9 o'clock, his fee being 40 francs per visit. Cherest consented, and for several years paid his daily visits, always receiving his 40 franc piece. During the last years of his life this patient, a very old man, became really ill, and excited first two visits a day, then three, and then four, always paying his 40 francs for each.

M. de Villemessant, the editor of Figaro, relates an anecdote of Berryer which reminds one of Molière reading his plays to his old servant, and a somewhat similar custom adopted by Sir Walter Scott. Berryer used to say that, when he was addressing the Chamber, instead of seeking to make an impression on deputies, and endeavouring to gather the effect of his oratory by studying the faces of his colleagues, he was in the habit of searching out the least intelligent person in the tribunes, and watching to see if he comprehended him, and he was only satisfied when he had created an impression on this unpromising subject. A celebrated actor used to follow the same plan; he would also select some particular persons in boxes or stalls and exert his talents to make them laugh or weep.

CHESS.

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

Allgair, Belleville; Green Horn, Montreal.—Solution received to Problem No. 50, correct.

HAMILTON v. LONDON.

Game No. 2.—King's Bishop's Opening.

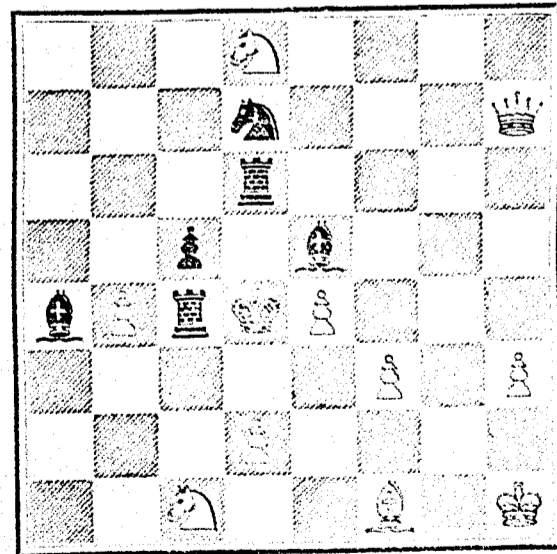
Table showing chess moves between Hamilton (White, Mr. Mackay) and London (Black, Mr. W. K. Kains). Moves are listed in numbered columns for each player.

- (a) P. to K. R. 3rd would have been the correct move.
(b) The attack is vigorously kept up; but White will find it difficult to sustain his doubled pawn, and the open file will be advantageous for Black.
(c) B. to B. 2nd at once seems better.
(d) Black is now so completely blocked and crowded that White's pawn should win eventually with care.
(e) Necessary, before proceeding with the attack.
(f) Unavailing, on account of the hampered position of his King.
(g) The only reply; fortunately for White, it is decisive, forcing an exchange of Queens, and virtually winning a well-contested game of over thirteen hours' duration.

PROBLEM No. 51.

By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 50.

- White: 1. R. to Q. sq., 2. R. to Q. 2nd, 3. B. to Q. R. 5th, die. ch. and mate.
Black: P. moves. Any move.







AFTER A PAINTING BY LEOPOLD ROBERT.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, JUNE 15, 1872.

# PENSEROSA.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## BEAUTY.

## I.

'Tis seen in the blush on the maiden's cheek,  
In the brow so smooth and fair,  
In the shaded eyes that more than speak  
What the lips will not declare.  
'Tis seen in the trees and the flowers that glow  
Beneath the sun's warm smile—  
But the truest beauty that earth can know  
Is a heart that is free from guile.

## II.

'Tis found in the peasant's lowly cot,  
If contentment there be seen.  
For the lass who is thankful for her lot  
Is as beautiful as a queen.  
'Tis seen where waters softly flow  
By many a peaceful isle—  
But the truest beauty that earth can know  
Is a heart that is free from guile.

## III.

'Tis seen on the shore of the sounding sea,  
Where the white waves proudly swell,  
As in daisied hill-side and summer lea,  
And flower-scented dell.  
'Tis found above, around, below,  
Where'er God's mercies smile,  
But the highest beauty His angels know  
Is a heart that is free from guile.

JOHN READE.

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## THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XIX.

MICHEL VOSS at this time was a very unhappy man. He had taught himself to believe that it would be a good thing that his niece should marry Adrian Urmand, and that it was his duty to achieve this good thing in her behalf. He had had it on his mind for the last year, and had nearly brought it to pass. There was, moreover, now, at this present moment, a clear duty on him to be true to the young man who with his consent, and indeed very much at his instance, had become betrothed to Marie Bromar. The reader will understand how ideas of duty, not very clearly looked into or analysed, acted upon his mind. And then there was always present to him a recurrence of that early caution which had made him lay a parental embargo upon anything like love between his son and his wife's niece. Without much thinking about it,—for he probably never thought very much about anything,—he had deemed it prudent to separate two young people brought up together, when they began, as he fancied, to be foolish. An elderly man is so apt to look upon his own son as a boy, and on a girl who has grown up under his nose as little more than a child! And then George in those days had had no business of his own, and should not have thought of such a thing! In this way the mind of Michel Voss had been forced into strong hostility against the idea of a marriage between Marie and his son, and had filled itself with the spirit of a partisan on the side of Adrian Urmand. But now, as things had gone, he had been made very unhappy by the state of his own mind, and consequently was beginning to feel a great dislike for the merchant from Basle. The mean stupid little fellow with his white pocket-handkerchief, and his scent, and his black greasy hair, had made his way into the house and had destroyed all comfort and pleasure! That was the light in which Michel was now disposed to regard his previously honoured guest. When he made a comparison between Adrian and George, he could not but acknowledge that any girl of spirit and sense would prefer his son. He was very proud of his son,—proud even of the lad's disobedience to himself on such a subject; and this feeling added to his discomfort.

He had twice seen Marie in her bed during that day spoken of in the last chapter. On both occasions he had meant to be very firm; but it was not very easy for such a one as Michel Voss to be firm to a young woman in her night-cap, rather pale, whose eyes were red with weeping. A woman in bed was to him always an object of tenderness, and a woman in tears, as his wife well knew, could on most occasions get the better of him.—When he first saw Marie he merely told her to lie still and take a little broth. He kissed her however and patted her cheek, and then he got out of the room as quickly as he could. He knew his own weakness, and was afraid to trust himself to her prayers while she lay before him in that guise. When he went again he had been unable not to listen to a word or two which she had prepared, and ready for instant speech—

"Uncle Michel," she said, "I will never marry any one without your leave, if you will let M. Urmand go away."

He had almost come to wish by this time that M. Urmand would go away and never come back again.

"How am I to send him away?" he had said crossly.

"If you tell him, I know he will go,—at once," said Marie.

Michel had muttered something about Marie's illness and the impossibility of doing anything at present, and again had left the room. Then Marie began to take heart of grace and to think that victory might yet be on her side. But how was George to know that she was firmly determined to throw those odious betrothals to the wind? Feeling it to be absolutely incumbent on her to convey to him this knowledge, she wrote the few words which the servant conveyed to her lover—making no promise in regard to him, but simply assuring him that she would never,—never,—never become the wife of that other man.

Early on the following morning Michel Voss went off by himself. He could not stay in bed, and he could not hang about the house. He did not know how to demean himself to either of the young men when he met them. He could not be cordial as he ought to be with Urmand; nor could he be austere to George with that austerity which he felt would have been proper on his part. He was becoming very tired of his dignity and authority. Hitherto the exercise of power in his household had generally been easy enough, his wife and Marie had always been loving and pleasant in their obedience. Till within these last weeks there had even been the most perfect accordance between him and his niece. "Send him away;—that's very easily said," he muttered to

himself as he went up towards the mountains; "but he has got my engagement, and of course he'll hold me to it." He trudged on he hardly knew whither. He was so unhappy that the mills and the timber-cutting were nothing to him. When he had walked himself into a heat he sat down and took out his pipe, but he smoked more by habit than for enjoyment. Supposing that he did bring himself to change his mind,—which he did not think he ever would,—how could he break the matter to Urmand? He told himself that he was sure he would not change his mind because of his solemn engagement to the young man; but he did acknowledge that the young man was not what he had taken him to be. He was effeminate, and wanted spirit, and smelt of hair grease. Michel had discovered none of these defects,—had perhaps regarded the characteristics as meritorious rather than otherwise,—while he had been hotly in favour of the marriage. Then the hair grease and the rest of it had, in his eyes, simply been signs of the civilisation of the town as contrasted with the rusticity of the country. It was then a great thing in his eyes, that Marie should marry a man so polished, though much of the polish may have come from pomade. Now his ideas were altered, and, as he sat alone upon the log, he continued to turn up his nose at poor M. Urmand, but how was he to be rid of him?—and, if not of him, what was he to do then? Was he to let all authority go by the board, and allow the two young people to marry, although the whole village heard how he had pledged himself in this matter?

As he was sitting there, suddenly his son came upon him. He frowned and went on smoking, though at heart he felt grateful to George for having found him out and followed him. He was altogether tired of being alone, or, worse than that, of being left together with Adrian Urmand. But the overtures for a general reconciliation could not come first from him, nor could any be entertained without at least some show of obedience. "I thought I should find you up here," said George.

"And now you have found me, what of that?"

"I fancy we can talk better, father, up among the woods, than we can down there when that young man is lounging about. We always used to have a chat up here, you know."

"It was different then," said Michel. "That was before you had learned to think it a fine thing to be your own master and to oppose me in everything."

"But when this Adrian Urmand—"

"I am sick of Adrian Urmand," said Michel Voss. George raised his eyebrows and stared. "I don't mean that," said he; "but I am beginning to hate the very sight of the man. If he'd had the pluck of a wren he would have carried her off, long ago."

"I don't know how that may be, but he hasn't done it yet. Come, father; you don't like the man any more than she does. If you get tired of him in three days, what would she do in her whole life?"

"Why did she accept him, then?"

"Perhaps, father, we were all to blame a little in that."

"I was not to blame—not in the least. I won't admit it—I did the best I could for her. She accepted him, and they are betrothed. The curé down there says it's nearly as good as being married."

"Who cares what Father Goudin says?" asked George.

"I'm sure I don't," said Michel Voss.

"The betrothal means nothing, father, if either of them choose to change their minds. There was that girl over at Saint Die."

"Don't tell me of the girl at Saint Die. I'm sick of hearing of the girl at Saint Die. What the mischief is the girl at Saint Die to us? We've got to do our duty if we can, like honest men and women; and not follow vagaries learned from Saint Die."

The two men walked down the hill together, reaching the hotel about noon. Long before that time the innkeeper had fallen into a way of acknowledging that Adrian Urmand was an incubus; but he had not as yet quite admitted that there was any way of getting rid of the incubus. The idea of having the marriage on the 1st of the present month was altogether abandoned, and Michel had already asked how they might manage among them to send Adrian Urmand back to Basle. "He must come again, if he chooses," he had said; "but I suppose he had better go now. Marie is ill, and she mustn't be worried." George proposed that his father should tell this to Urmand himself; but it seemed that Michel, who had never yet been known to be afraid of any man, was in some degree afraid of the little Swiss merchant.

"Suppose my mother says a word to him," suggested George.

"She wouldn't dare for her life," answered the father.

"I would do it."

"No, indeed, George; you shall do no such thing."

Then George suggested the priest; but nothing had been settled when they reached the inn door. There he was, swinging a cane at the foot of the billiard-room stairs—the little bug-a-boo, who was now so much in the way of all of them!

The innkeeper muttered some salutation, and George just touched his hat. Then they both passed on, and went into the house.

Unfortunately the plea of Marie's illness was in part cut from under their feet by the appearance of Marie herself. George, who had not as yet seen her, went up quickly to her, and without saying a word, took her by the hand and held it. Marie had murmured some pretence at a salutation; but what she said was heard by no one. When her uncle came to her and kissed her, her hand was still grasped in that of George. All this had taken place in the passage; and before Michel's embrace was over, Adrian Urmand was standing in the doorway looking on. George, when he saw him, held tighter by the hand, and Marie made no attempt to draw it away.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Urmand, coming up.

"Meaning of what?" asked Michel.

"I don't understand it—I don't understand it at all," said Urmand.

"Don't understand what?" said Michel.

The two lovers were still holding each other's hands; but Michel had not seen it; or, seeing it, had not observed it.

"Am I to understand that Marie Bromar is betrothed to me or not?" demanded Adrian. "When I get an answer either way, I shall know what to do."

There was in this an assumption of more spirit than had been expected on his part by his enemies at the Lion d'Or.

"Why shouldn't you be betrothed to her?" said Michel.

"Of course you are betrothed to her; but I don't see what is the use of your talking so much about it."

"It is the first time I have said a word on the subject since I've been here," said Urmand.

Which was true; but as Michel was continually thinking of the betrothal, he imagined that everybody was always talking to him of the matter.

Marie had now managed to get her hand free, and had retired into the kitchen. Michel followed her, and stood meditative, with his back to the large stove. As it happened, there was no one else present there at the moment.

"Tell him to go back to Basle," whispered Marie to her uncle.

Michel only shook his head and groaned.

"I don't think I am at all well-treated here among you," said Adrian Urmand to George Voss as soon as they were alone.

"Any special friendship from me you can hardly expect," said George. "As to my father and the rest of them, if they ill-treat you, I suppose you had better leave them."

"I won't put up with ill-treatment from anybody. It's not what I'm used to."

"Look here, M. Urmand," said George. "I quite admit you have been badly used; and, on the part of the family, I am ready to apologize."

"I don't want any apology."

"What do you want, M. Urmand?"

"I want—I want—Never mind what I want. It is from your father that I shall demand it, not from you. I shall take care to see myself righted. I know the French law as well as the Swiss."

"If you're talking of law, you had better go back to Basle and get a lawyer," said George.

There had been no word spoken of George returning to Colmar on that morning. He had told his father that he had brought nothing with him but what he had on; and in truth when he left Colmar he had not looked forward to any welcome which would induce him to remain at Granpere. But the course of things had been different from that which he had expected. He was much too good a general to think of returning now, and he had friends in the house who knew how to supply him with what was most necessary to him. Nobody had asked him to stay. His father had not uttered a word of welcome. But he did stay, and Michel would have been very much surprised indeed if he had heard that he had gone. The man in the stable had ventured to suggest that the old mare would not be wanted to go over the mountain that day. To this George assented, and made special request that the old mare might receive gentle treatment.

And so the day passed away. Marie, who had recovered her health, was busy as usual about the house. George and Urmand, though they did not associate, were rarely long out of each other's sight; and neither the one nor the other found much opportunity for pressing his suit. George probably felt that there was not much need to do so, and Urmand must have known that any pressing of his suit in the ordinary way would be of no avail. The innkeeper tried to make work for himself about the place, had the carriages out and washed, inspected the horses, and gave orders as to the future slaughter of certain pigs. Everybody about the house, nevertheless, down to the smallest boy attached to the inn, knew that the landlord's mind was pre-occupied with the love affairs of those two men. There was hardly an inhabitant of Granpere who did not understand what was going on; and, had it been the custom of the place to make bets on such matters, very long odds would have been wanted before any one would have backed Adrian Urmand. And yet two days ago he was considered to be sure of the prize. M. le Curé Goudin was a good deal at the hotel during the day, and perhaps he was the staunchest supporter of the Swiss aspirant. He endeavoured to support Madame Voss, having that strong dislike to yield an inch in practice or in doctrine, which is indicative of his order. He strove hard to make Madame Voss understand that, if only she would be firm and cause her husband to be firm also, Marie would of course yield at last.

"I have seen ever so many young women just in the same way," said the Curé, "and you would have thought they were going to break their hearts; but as soon as ever they have been married, they have forgotten all that."

Madame Voss would have been quite contented to comply with the priest's counsel, could she have seen the way with her husband. But it had become almost manifest even to her, with the Curé to support her, that the star of Adrian Urmand was on the wane. She felt from every word that Marie spoke to her, that Marie herself was confident of success. And it may be said of Madame Voss, that although she had been forced by Michel into a kind of enthusiasm on behalf of the Swiss marriage, she had no very eager wishes of her own on the subject. Marie was her own niece and was dear to her; but the girl was sure of a well-to-do husband whichever way the war went; and what aunt need desire more for her most favourite niece than a well-to-do husband?

The day went by, and the supper was eaten, and the cigars were smoked, and then they all went to bed. But nothing more had been settled. That obstinate young man, M. Adrian Urmand, though he had talked of his lawyer, had said not a word of going back to Basle.

## CHAPTER XX.

It is probable that all those concerned in the matter who slept at the Lion d'Or that night made up their minds that on the following day the powers of the establishment must come to some decision. It was not right that a young woman should have to live in the house with two favoured lovers; nor, as regarded the young men, was it right that they should be allowed to go on glaring at each other. Both Michel and Madame Voss feared that they would do more than glare, seeing that they were so like two dogs with one bone between them, who, in such an emergency, will generally fight. Urmand himself was quite alive to the necessity of putting an end to his present exceptionally disagreeable position. He was very angry; very angry naturally with Marie, who had, he thought, treated him villainously. Why had she made that little soft, languid promise to him when he was last at Granpere, if she had not then loved him? And of course he was angry with George Voss. What unsuccessful lover fails of being angry with his happy rival? And then George had behaved with outrageous impropriety. Urmand was beginning now to have a clear insight of the circumstances. George and Marie had been lovers, and then George, having been sent away, had forgotten his love for a year or more. But when the girl had

been accommodated with another lover, then he thrust himself forward and disturbed everybody's arrangements! No conduct could have been worse than this. But, nevertheless, Urmand's anger was the hottest against Michel Voss himself. Had he been left alone at Basle, had he been allowed to receive Marie's letter, and act upon it in accordance with his own judgment, he would never have made himself ridiculous by appearing at Granpere as a discomfited lover. But the innkeeper had come and dragged him away from home, had misrepresented everything, had carried him away, as it were by force, to the scene of his disgrace, and now—threw him over! He, at any rate, he Michel Voss, should, as Adrian Urmand felt very bitterly, have been true and constant; but Michel, whose face could not lie, whatever his words might do, was clearly as anxious to be rid of his young friend as were any of the others in the hotel. Urmand himself would have been very glad to be back at Basle. He had come to regard any further connection with the inn at Granpere as extremely undesirable. The Voss family was low. He had found that out during his present visit. But how was he to get away, and not look, as he was going, like a dog with his tail between his legs? He had so clear a right to demand Marie's hand, that he could not bring himself to bear to be robbed of his claim. And yet he had come to perceive how very foolish such a marriage would be. He had been told that he could do better. Of course he could do better. But how could he be rid of his bargain without submitting to ill-treatment? If Michel had not come and fetched him away from his home the ill-treatment would have been by comparison slight, and of that normal kind to which young men are accustomed. But to be brought over to the house, and then to be deserted by everybody in the house? How, oh, how, was he to get out of the house? Such were his reflections as he sat solitary in the long public room drinking his coffee, and eating an omelet, with which Peter Vesque had supplied him, but which had in truth been cooked for him very carefully by Marie Romar herself.—In her present frame of mind Marie would have cooked ortolans for him, had he wished for them.

And while Urmand was eating his omelet and thinking of his wrongs, Michel Voss and his son were standing together at the stable door. Michel had been there some time before his son had joined him, and when George came up to him he put out his hand almost furtively. George grasped it instantly, and then there came a tear into the innkeeper's eye. "I have brought you a little of that tobacco we were talking of," said George, taking a small packet out of his pocket.

"Thank ye, George, thank ye; but it does not much matter now what I smoke. Things are going wrong, and I don't get satisfaction out of anything."

"Don't say that, father."

"How can I help saying it? Look at that fellow up there. What am I to do with him? What am I to say to him? He means to stay there till he gets his wife."

"He'll never get a wife here, if he stays till the house falls on him."

"I can see that now. But what am I to say to him? How am I to get rid of him? There is no denying, you know, that he has been treated badly among us."

"Would he take a little money, father?"

"No. He's not so bad as that."

"I should not have thought so; only he talked to me about his lawyer."

"Ah;—he did that in his anger. By George, if I was in his position I should try and raise the very devil. But don't talk of giving him money, George. He is not bad in that way."

"He shouldn't have said anything about his lawyer."

"You wait till you're pleased as to us, and you'll find that you'll say anything that comes uppermost. But what are we to do with him, George?"

Then the matter was discussed in the utmost confidence, and in all its bearings. George offered to have a carriage and a pair of horses got ready for him, and then to tell the young man that he was expected to get into it and go away; but Michel felt that there must be some more ceremonious treatment than that. George then suggested that the Cur should give the message, but Michel again objected. The message, he felt, must be given by himself. The doing this would be very bitter to him, because it would be necessary that he should humble himself before the scented shiny head of the little man; but Michel knew that it must be so. Urmand had been undoubtedly ill-treated among them, and the apology for that ill-treatment must be made by the chief of the family himself. "I suppose I might as well go to him alone," said Michel growling.

"Well, yes; I should say so," replied his son. "Soonest begun, soonest over,—and I suppose I might as well order the horse."

To this latter suggestion the father made no reply, but went slowly into the house. He turned for a moment into Marie's little office, and stood there hesitating whether he would tell her his mission. As she was to be made happy, why should she not know it?

"You two have got the better of me among you," he said.

"Which two, Uncle Michel?"

"Which two? Why, you and George. And what I am to do with the gentleman upstairs, it passes me to think. Thank heaven, it will be a great many years before Flos wants a husband."

Flos was the little daughter upstairs, who was as yet no more than five years old.

"I hope, Uncle Michel, you'll never have anybody else as naughty and troublesome as I have been," said Marie, pressing close to him. She was indescribably happy. She was to be saved from the lover whom she did not want. She was to have the lover whom she did want. And, ever and above all this, a spirit of kind feeling and full sympathy existed once more between her and her dear friend. As she offered no advice in regard to the disposal of the gentleman upstairs, Michel was obliged to go upon his painful duty, trusting to his own wit.

(To be continued.)

ADULTERATIONS.

While it is very difficult, and perhaps almost impossible, to detect the finer kinds of adulteration in the case of liquors, we are fortunately able to follow the adulterator of the ordinary articles of food, and to detect his practices with certainty. Add perfectly odourless spirit to brandy, and although

the adulteration is notable and profitable, it is beyond the reach of the chemist. Add chicory to coffee, and although the chemist fails to point it out with certainty, the microscopist is not so easily balked. Before the searching power of this wonderful tube, the secret operations of the adulterator become as obvious as if performed in full view; for the microscope reveals to us the ultimate structure of the different vegetable and animal substances, and as each has its own well marked characteristics, it is as easily recognized by the expert as are the faces of his friends by an ordinary observer. No one who has ever seen potato starch could readily mistake it for anything else; chicory and coffee are so unlike that the difference is instantly perceived, and the smallest addition of either one to a sample of the other is readily detected. So, too, in regard to many sophistications of a purely chemical character. Red lead, added to vermilion, is easily separated; sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, when used for the purpose of increasing the strength of vinegar, is readily recognized; sugar, when adulterated with sand, may easily be made to give positive evidence of the presence of the latter; the colouring matter employed for the purpose of converting worthless tea leaves into the "best" green tea, may without difficulty be identified; and the mineral matter, such as *terra alba*, or farinaceous substances such as wheat, corn or potato starch, used for the purpose of increasing the bulk and weight of confectionery, may be determined. There is a wide range of cases in which adulterations may be detected with ease and proved with certainty. Some of the tricks of the wily adulterator show a marvellous ingenuity. Thus some persons, knowing that most ground coffee is adulterated, never buy the ground article, but always procure the whole beans which they either grind themselves or get ground. To meet this case, the adulterator makes up a paste of ground chicory, pea flour, and other cheap materials, and moulds it, by machinery, into the form of the beans. These artificial beans are rolled in a barrel until smooth, roasted to the proper colour, and mixed with a small proportion of genuine beans, to give them the true coffee flavour. The fraud is of course easily detected, as such beans quickly fall to powder when soaked in water; but this example shows the ingenuity and painstaking of the fraudulent classes, who often spend, in efforts to cheat, an amount of labour and ingenuity that, if devoted to some honest undertaking, would be certain to insure success.

Any attempts to suppress the practice of adulteration must be based upon certainty of exposure and punishment. How many children are robbed of their due amount of nutriment by the vile practice of watering milk? How often is the physician disappointed in the effects of the medicines that he prescribes, simply from the fact that these medicines are not pure, some dishonest and avaricious druggist having adulterated them with cheaper and less potent materials, in order that he might make a little gain?

We feel satisfied that the practice of adulteration will never be completely and permanently checked until the government takes the matter fairly in hand, and enacts efficient laws looking to the detection and punishment of this crime.—*Progressive Pharmacy and Good Health.*

CHOLERA AND SUN SPOTS.

Mr. R. G. Jenkins recently read, before the Historical Society of London a remarkable paper on cholera, in which he maintained that the disease is intimately connected with auroral displays and with solar disturbances. "I believe that I am able to show that a remarkable connection exists between the maxima and the minima of cholera epidemics and of solar spots. You are all probably aware that the great astronomer Schwabe discovered that the sun spots have what is called a ten-year period; that is, there is a minimum of spots every ten years. It was also discovered that the diurnal variation in the amount of declination of the magnetic needle has a ten-year period. The same was proved in regard to earth currents, and also aurora. The maxima and minima of the four were found to be contemporaneous. This was a great result; but Professor Wolf, on tabulating all the sun spots from the year 1811, discovered that the period was not ten years, but 11.11 years. This period is now the accepted one for the sun spots, and it has been established for the magnetic declination, and by Wolf for the aurora. Now, it is a curious fact that the last year of every century, as 1800, has a minimum of sun spots, so that the minimum are 1800, 1811.11, 1822.22, 1833.33, etc. The maxima do not lie midway between the minima, but anticipate it by falling on the year 1.77 after a minimum; for example, 1800 was a minimum year, then 1804.77 was a maximum year. Now, cholera epidemics have, I believe, a period equal to a period and a half of sun spots. Reckoning them from 1800, we get as a period and a half the date 1816.66, which was shortly before the great Indian outbreak; another period and a half gives 1833.33, a year in which there was a maximum of cholera; another, 1850.00, that is, 1850, a year having a maximum of cholera; another, 1866.66, a year having a maximum of cholera; another, 1883.33, as the year in which there will be a cholera maximum. It follows from what has been already said that 1783.33 would be a year in which cholera was at a maximum. Now it is a fact that in April 1783 there was a great outbreak of the disease at Hurdwar.

I am not, however, prepared to say that sun spots originate cholera; for they may both be the effect of some other cause, which may indeed be the action of the other planets upon the earth and upon the sun.

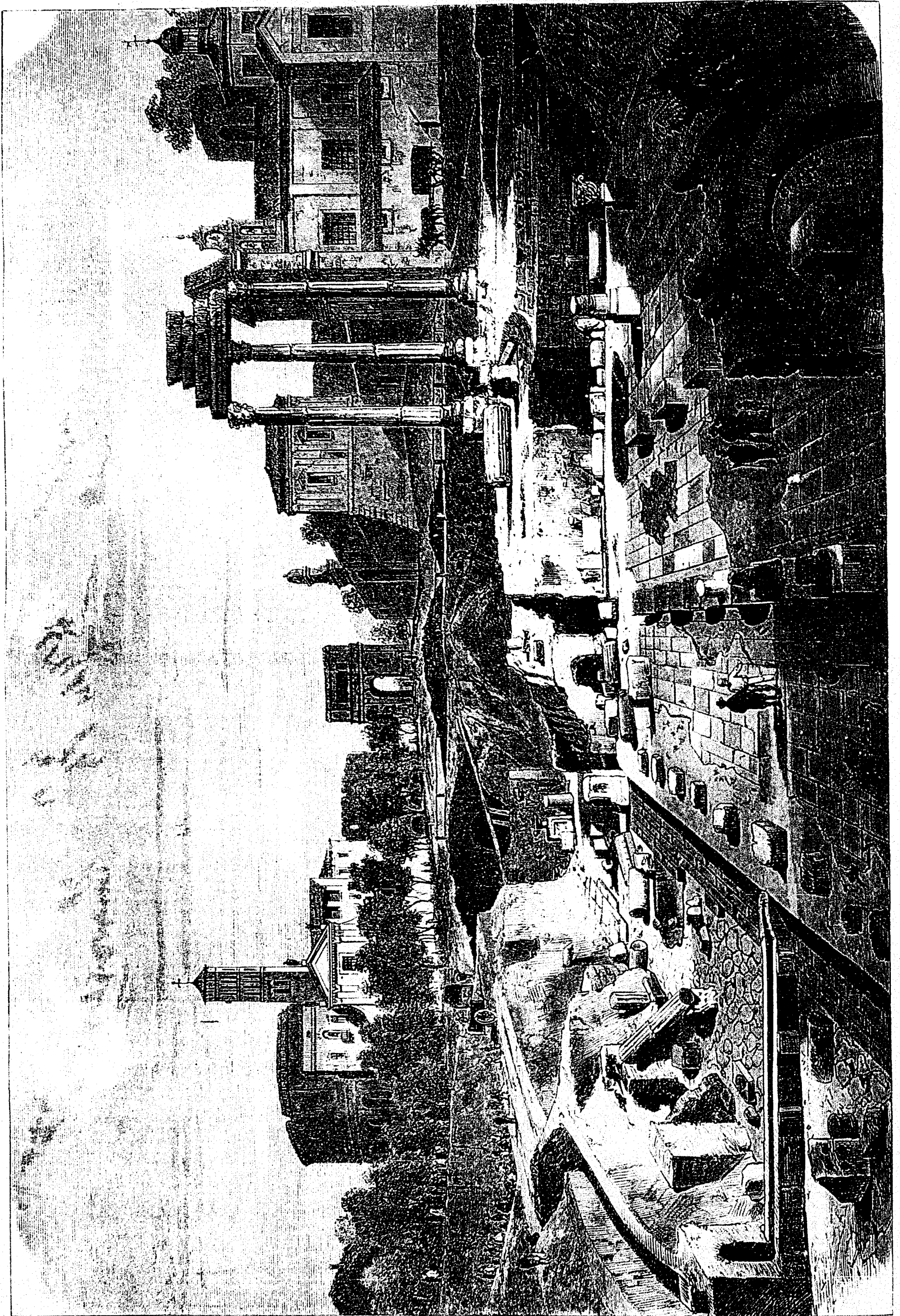
My own opinion, derived from an investigation of the subject, is that each planet, in coming to and in going from perihelion—more especially about the time of the equinoxes—produces a violent action upon the sun, and has a violent sympathetic action produced within itself—internally manifested by earthquakes, and externally by auroral displays and volcanic eruptions, such as that of Vesuvius at the present moment; in fact, just such an action as develops the tail of a comet when it is coming to and going from perihelion; and when two or more planets happen to be coming to or going from perihelion at the same time, and are in, or nearly in, the same line with the sun—being, of course, in the same plane—the combined violent action produces a maximum of sun spots, and in connection with it a maximum of cholera on the earth. The number of deaths from cholera in any year—for example, the deaths in Calcutta during the six years 1865-70—increased as the earth passed from perihelion, especially after March 21, came to a minimum when it was in aphelion, and increased again when it passed to perihelion, and notably after equinoctial day; thus affording a fair test of my theory."

A new cannon of thirty-six tons is about to eclipse the Woolwich Infant of thirty-five tons. Any one who has seen a member of the Infant family must admit that, whatever may be their strength, a more ugly, squat, thick-set race never existed; while, on the other hand, the proportions of the newly-designed cannon will be so slender and tapering as to be almost graceful in appearance. It will be calculated to stand a greater charge of powder, and be doubtless more true in aim at long distances than the 35-ton gun. The new gun is to be employed on land for harbour defence, most probably in some of the new forts at Plymouth, while the use of the Woolwich Infants will be confined to the navy. Of these latter, it will be remembered, the ironclads Devastation and Thunder are each to carry four, in armoured turrets, the guns being mounted in pairs, side by side two in each turret, so that their whole force may be brought to bear at one time, if necessary. In this way nearly a ton and a half of metal—for the shots weigh 700 lbs. each—will be discharged at once; a greater weight than was ever thrown in a broadside by the old first class men-of-war carrying their 120 or 130 guns. And how much more effective the projectiles from these heavy rifled guns will be, it is easy to imagine. The reasons which have led to the construction of a still heavier gun are based, no doubt, on the desire to employ more powder, and thus to expel the shot with greater velocity, and perhaps more certainty. As it is, the penetrative power of the present gun is equal to piercing an armour-plate 14 inches in thickness at fifty yards, while at the distance of 1,000 yards or more the shot would go clean through the side of the Hercules, one of the stoutest ironclads afloat, which has solid iron walls twelve inches thick. These results are obtainable with 80 or 90 pounds of powder, and if this charge is increased in the "Woolwich Infant" to any great degree—say to 100 or 110 pounds—no corresponding energy is put forth, for much of the powder is then thrown out of the muzzle unburnt. By lengthening the gun, therefore, and without enlarging the bore, it will of course be possible to burn more powder before the shot issues from the gun, and it is hoped a higher velocity and greater battering force will then be obtained; the full power of the weapon being, in fact, put into requisition. Instead of 90 pounds of powder 119 may be employed, while the strain upon the inside, or core, of the gun will not be greater than before. Again it is feared by many that the bore of the present 35-ton gun—12 inches—is greater than is compatible with its perfect safety.

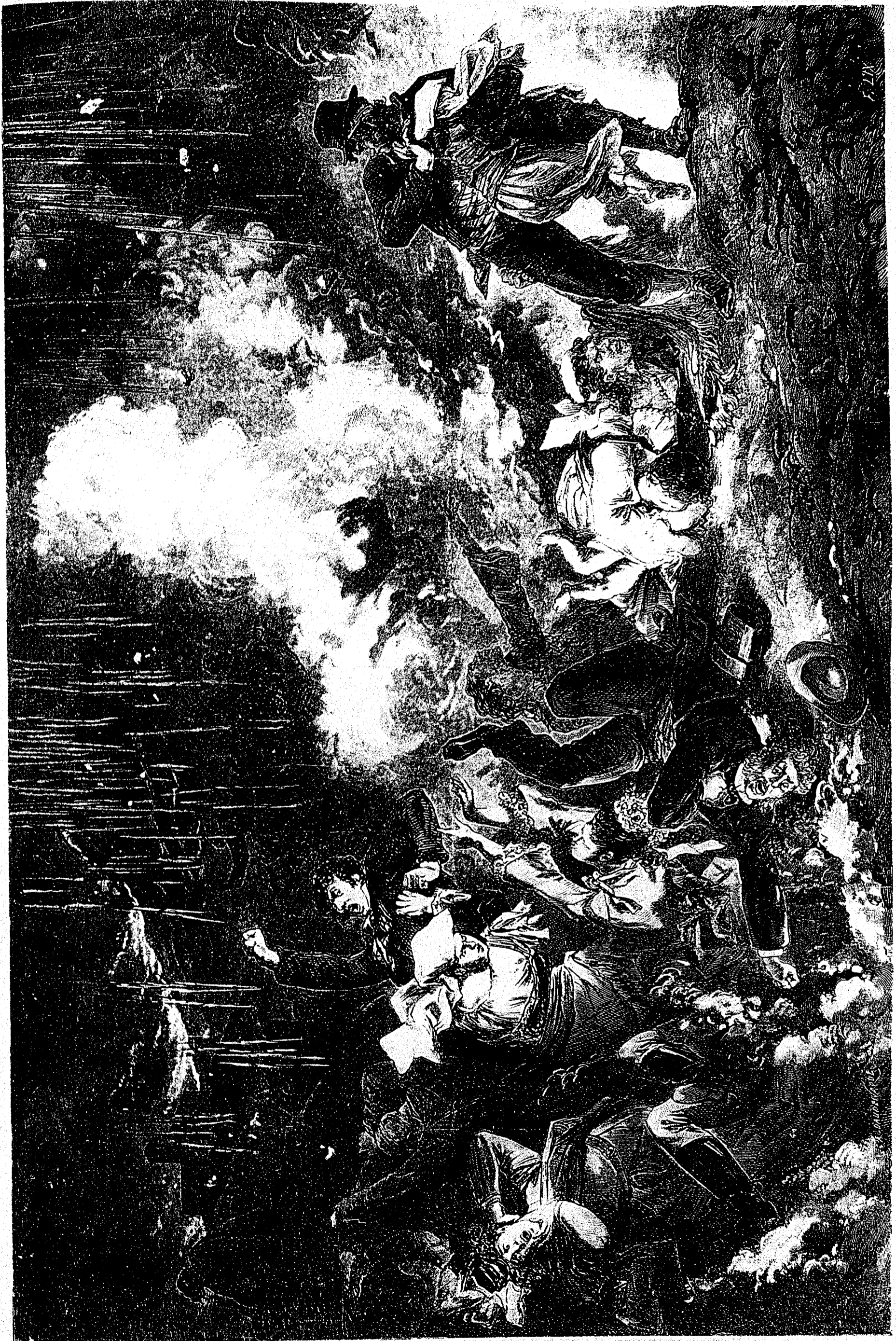
If the account given by the *Dublin Evening Mail* of the adulteration of whisky is correct, it would be advisable for even the most convivial Irishman to be a little moderate in his potations until the Legislature has taken some steps for his protection; and if the advocates of the Permissive Bill would circulate extensively among the working classes authentic descriptions of the frightful poison which they often consume under the name of whisky, they might, in the opinion of the *Mail*, gain a large accession to their ranks. The influence of terror would have a great effect on some who now revolt at the idea of being permissively coerced. The crime of adulteration, it seems, prevails in all parts of Ireland, but the astute people of the North appear to have graduated with high honours in this diabolical chemistry. Dr. Hodges, of Belfast, has recently had occasion to examine several samples of whisky, which he found adulterated with naphtha, cayenne pepper, and vitriol. One sample, described as a fair specimen of the drink sold in low-class public houses, was composed almost entirely of naphtha with a slight colouring of whisky. But even this was outdone by the skill of an itinerant practitioner in a northern county, who by a scientific combination of cayenne pepper, vitriol, spirits of wine, and bluestone, transmutes a gallon of water into a gallon of whisky at the cost of one penny. The physical effects of the consumption of these concoctions are, it is stated, frightful. Indeed, *Delirium tremens* produced by drinking pure whisky is a joke compared to the consequences of indulging in the adulterated article. The coats of the stomach are corroded, the brain disorganized, and the career of the consumer—when not arrested by the hand of justice in consequence of the crimes committed during the madness produced by it—generally ends in paralysis or insanity.

A capital story comes from Barcelona, illustrative of the acuteness of the Spanish police, and the anxiety caused by the Carlist risings, which, though certain to be put down ultimately, are producing mischief everywhere, even in provinces like Catalonia, where Carlism has no vitality. It seems that not long ago a Swedish merchant of Barcelona, Mr. Wennberg, went over to the Balearic Islands for a holiday, accompanied by his wife. When he returned the passengers in the steamer found, to their astonishment, that nobody was allowed to land, and six hours passed, during which their imprisonment lasted. Presently armed men-of-war boats surrounded the vessel, and the police boarded her and demanded the production of the passenger, "Señor Carlos Gustave." This was the Swedish gentleman in question, who was forthwith taken into custody and conveyed on shore to the office of the civil Governor amidst a wondering crowd. Now for whom had the Barcelona police mistaken this middle-aged, blonde Swede of portly habit? For young Don Alfonso, brother of Don Carlos! The absurdity of the thing soon became apparent, because as soon as the news spread dozens of well-known Barcelona men of business poured in to testify that Mr. Wennberg was as well known in the city as the angel with the trumpet on the top of the Custom House—which angel (by the way), according to a favourite Barcelona joke, is said to sound his trumpet every time a virgin passes underneath. In spite, however, of this cloud of witnesses the Swede was detained three hours, when he was curtly told that he might go, without even an apology being offered. This was not the conventional "cortesía Española" but then the conventional "cortesía Española" is a good deal imaginary.

All the fragments of the Vendôme Column have been recovered except a small portion near the top and middle part of the shaft. It has now been ascertained that, in spite of the surveillance of the Commune, some foreigners in the surrounding hotels (Americans, it is said) were able to secure at a high price four large pieces; in addition to which it has now become known that a Swiss, staying at the Hôtel Chatham, became the proprietor of a fifth piece, weighing 3lb. 6oz., of which he has just made a present to an old friend of his.



RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN THE FORUM, ROME.



ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS. TRAVELLERS AND VILLAGERS OVERTAKEN BY THE LAVA

## THE STORY OF A LOOKING-GLASS.

To-day, as I was turning over the papers in an old desk, to find a copy of my prize poem (subject, *Pugna apud Talabiscam nuper commissis*) wherewith to gratify the eyes of Alfred, my eldest, who is at home for the holidays, the first thing which I beheld was the newspaper containing the account of Tom Arklow's death. "The Battle of Talavera" was forgotten in a moment. My first emotion was a sharp and bitter pang of regret for the loss of the truest-hearted friend in the world; the second feeling, an indefinite idea that I was now released from a strange obligation. Putting my hands over my face, and resting my elbows on the faded green baize of the desk, I sat quite silent for several minutes. The thoughts which had hovered about in my brain collected themselves, and took shape and substance. Suddenly the whole truth flashed upon me in a connected form, and I remembered that I had solemnly promised to keep the following queer story a profound secret, till the chief actor in it, poor Tom himself, should have been twenty years in the grave. As the newspaper bore date, January 31, 1840, I am now at liberty to set on record the Story of a Looking-glass.

If I use the first person instead of the third, it will seem more like Tom speaking, and it makes me feel young again to recall his voice.

"I do not know"—this was generally how he used to begin—"I do not know why I accepted Eustace Graydon's invitation to spend the 'Long' with him, for he was not in our set, you know, Charley; but, at all events, accept it I did; and one glorious morning at the beginning of July, I found myself driving up the broad road between the larches which leads to Lauden Friars. Graydon's family were people who had risen from prosperous bankers in the county town to prosperous squires on the county sessions bench; clever, worldly, practical people, with a good chance of a baronetcy in the next generation, and not a scrap of romance in their composition. Eustace Graydon, of St. Caradoc's, was the only son grown up; Phillip, his brother, was a mere child. His woman-kind, as he called them, consisted of five sisters, for 'they were seven' at Lauden Friars.

"I enjoyed myself exceedingly during the early part of my visit. The house was a thoroughly pleasant one to stay at. The horses were good; the dinners neither too sparing nor too sumptuous; the library and the trout-stream both well stocked. Sketching-parties, and rides to see the neighbouring lions, enlivened the fine days. Scott's novels, and the *Edinburgh Review* (then just fresh); the brilliant talk of some of the most rising Whig M. P.s; and last, not least, certain never-to-be-forgotten games of chess with pretty Geraldine Graydon, made rainy days yet pleasanter. So weeks passed on, till one day I noticed an unusual expression of vexation on the forehead of my handsome hostess. There were whisperings, too, amongst the girls, and an unwonted bustle amongst the servants, which indicated something astir. I asked Eustace Graydon, as we stood at the window after breakfast, for an explanation of the mystery. "I am glad you asked," he said, "for I really don't know how I should have had courage to breach the subject with becoming seriousness. We all want to ask you to do us a favour, and not one of us can summon up courage to do it. But as you have asked me yourself, I must needs be spokesman. My father has a letter saying that Sir George Blank, the attorney-general, and his lady, will be here to-day, on their way to town; and Sir George Blank wants to settle what part my father is to play in the grand national drama to be brought out at St. Stephen's next session. It so happens, also, that old Killpack and his four daughters are coming to spend their annual fortnight to-morrow; and as the masons and bricklayers render the wing uninhabitable, we are in distress for room; and unless you will kindly and graciously condescend to sleep in Hester's room—I mean in the room over the library—we shall be puzzled how to provide for their accommodation."

"I laughed at such a slight cause occasioning an instant's embarrassment, professed my perfect and entire readiness to sleep anywhere, and quoted a line from *She Stoops to Conquer* about the charms of three chairs and a bolster."

"Eustace thanked me, and went away to relieve his mother of her household cares. We went out fishing in the morning, and on our return found the new guests arrived. The dinner that day was the least lively I had yet sat down to at Lauden Friars. The great gun, as happens often with great guns in Pulpit House, and Bar, hung fire rather than otherwise. He was an ugly man, who talked blue-book in a raucous voice; besides which, he engaged the attention of Geraldine the whole evening, and disgusted me amazingly. I felt convinced the destinies of our country were imperiled by his share in their direction. The rest of the party—old Killpack, his wife, and the rector of the parish, sociable, simple, Tory folk—were clearly bored beyond all utterance by the self-invited guest; and the whole evening was such a contrast to the former ones, that I could scarcely believe it was passed in the same place."

"At last it was time to retire, and I withdrew to my new sleeping-apartment. Eustace came with me, to show me my way; stayed a few minutes, grumbling at the stupidity of the new comers; and then wished me good-night. I sat for a few minutes before the fire, seeing all kinds of whimsical shapes and figures in its glowing caverns, and then began slowly to undress. I took off my coat, and put on my dressing-gown; but though tired when in the drawing-room, I now felt no inclination to sleep, and was suddenly seized with a desire to finish a volume of *Old Mortality* which I had commenced. The book was, I knew, on the table, and I resolved to go down stairs quietly and get it. Half an hour's reading in bed had become a habit with me. I put on my coat again, and opened my chamber-door. The house was so still, that I hesitated, and thought I would turn back, lest the country guests should get frightened if they heard footsteps creeping stealthily along the corridors. The temptation to know how the skirmish at Drumclog terminated, however, was too strong to be resisted, and I set out. As is usual on such occasions, the stairs seemed to prate of my whereabouts; every board on which I trod creaked, and every door-handle jarred which I turned. I reached the library, however, which was just underneath; secured my prize, closed the door, and set off on my homeward journey. Though I had been shown the way so recently by Eustace, I contrived to miss it; and to my great surprise, as I laid my hand on the door of the room which I considered my own, I heard voices. In a moment I perceived my mistake—I had turned down the wrong passage, and was on the eve of entering the butler's room. Congratulating myself on having been saved from a clumsy blunder, I turned

away, but not before a sentence or two of the conversation going on in the room caught my ear. The words were common enough, and might bear fifty constructions—"I hope he will not see it." Just in that vacant state of mind in which we catch at everything, I immediately fancied that the words referred to me. Thrusting aside the idea as silly, I went back, locked my door, stirred the fire, and began to examine the objects round me. The room itself was of a curious, old-fashioned shape, though the furniture, like that in the rest of the house, was modern. There were two divisions and two fireplaces in the apartment, and a space where one would have expected folding-doors. In the larger of the two divisions, raised a step higher than the other, stood the bed and all the appliances of a comfortable chamber. In the lower and smaller division there was a bath, a toilet-table, and on that table a looking-glass, I have said the appointments of the room were modern; but I must make an exception in regard to this glass, as the carved-work and shape of it were both of a date at least twenty years anterior to everything else.

"I was in capital health, and am—as you know, Charley—the last man in the world to be morbid or fanciful, but yet I was conscious to myself of a feeling of indefinite dread, the like of which I never experienced before, and the like of which, thank Heaven, I have never experienced since.

"I undressed slowly, and got into bed, but just then recollected my novel, which the mysterious sensation evoked by the examination of my sleeping-apartment had quite driven out of my head. I got out of bed, and took the book off a chair on which I had laid it. Just as I was returning, it occurred to me that I should require a table to put my candlestick on. I looked round for one which could be moved without noise. The most suitable seemed a light rosewood one in the second division of the room. To get it, I must needs pass the table on which stood the antique looking-glass. I mention the circumstance, because I was conscious to myself of feeling that passing this was for some inexplicable reason an objection; nevertheless, I went to the little table, and removed some small books and a flower-vase which stood on it placing them on the larger table, whereupon stood the glass. I had placed my candlestick on this table as well. The first time I faced the looking-glass, a white object appeared in it. I had my dressing-gown on, which was of a dark colour, so the reflection could not be of my own figure. Though, as I said before, utterly and entirely exempt from any traces of superstition, I still was at that moment—to use a word which I have often ridiculed—*verruis*. It cost an effort to look again in the glass. I summoned up courage, however, to meet it boldly; and never shall I forget the face that looked into mine.

"There was no image of my own features, not even the faint reflex of them which one sees in looking into a window. An entirely strange face appeared right before me, looking into me and through me with eyes instilled with a terrible fascination. It was a female face, belonging apparently to a beautiful girl just developing into the ripe perfection of womanhood. The complexion was a bright white; the shape not perfectly oval, for the forehead was very square, and the mouth small and open, so as to show teeth not too regular, but very white. The eyebrows were arched and dark; the hair of that pale gold which we see in Raphael's earlier Madonnas. So much I seemed to have remembered afterwards about the face; but at the time I looked at it I thought of nothing but the eyes, so beautiful, and yet strained into an expression of the most intense horror; so bewitching, and yet dilated and bursting with agony, as though ready to start from their red sockets. Of the rest of the figure visible in the glass, I remember little. There was a very graceful neck, and a necklace of flashing emeralds. But ere my first speechless fit of terror at the sight had subsided, a sound enhanced it, for I seemed to see the lips move, and to hear a whispered tone, frozen with terror, murmur the word, *Dead!*"

"The breath that spoke the word then clouded the surface of the glass with a bluish film, and the face was gone!"

"How the rest of that night passed, I cannot tell. I stood for some time looking at the glass, then exerted a strong effort, and rushed out of the room."

"I awoke next morning lying on a couch, on which I had sunk down exhausted. Being very fortunately an early riser, habit woke me, even after that night, at seven. Though I dared not glance into the room where the looking-glass stood, I contrived to dress myself and to appear at the breakfast-party at nine without traces of my disturbed night."

"The day passed off as the old days had passed; we were relieved, soon after breakfast, of the presence of the incubus and his lady; and things went on as they had done before the official visit. I rode, fished, talked, played chess, just as formerly. But all the time I was looking forward to the night with feelings of dread scarcely to be imagined, and fancying the hours moved with an incredible swiftness. In the evening, the family were all in the drawing-room, and the conversation turned on the book we had in reading, *Old Mortality*, and thence passed, naturally enough to the subject of the author of Waverley's most striking characteristics, and specially to his evident belief in supernatural appearances. Nothing new was said upon the subject by any of the party: Mr. Graydon took the incredulous line, and talked about dyspepsia; Mrs. Graydon had the same view, and yet confessed to a weakness in favour of one ghost who had appeared to an uncle of hers. The rector was silent until appealed to, and then professed himself unable to get over Col. Gardiner and Dr. Donne. Old Killpack went to sleep soon after the subject began; but the young ladies, though they had observed throughout the dialogue a discreet silence, were careful to go out of the room together after wishing us good-night. Eustace joined in the conversation now and then in a careless way, but expressed no positive opinion. As for me, I took up a book, and professed myself too absorbed in it to speak, while, alas! all the while I was listening to every common-place sentence with straining ears, and showering blessings on every speaker whose remarks occupied any time, for my dread of the night increased with every minute the clock ticked away. At last the butler entered with the large prayer-book. We knelt down while the rector read prayers, and then wished each other good-night. The family retired. After a quarter of an hour of sheer agony, I nerved myself to seek my chamber. Just as I was leaving the room, Eustace entered.

"'Alone,' he said; and his voice had quite lost the languid drawl that he generally adopted—'Alone, Arklow; that is just what I wanted. Sit down here. The servants are gone, and we shall be uninterrupted. I must talk very earnestly;

but before I ask you the question which I am about to put, let me implore you to speak as if I was an entire stranger, and tell me the whole truth, thinking nothing about sparing the feeling of others, and exciting scandal. Since you came down this morning, I have watched you with the closest observation, and I have seen enough to convince me that you never passed a day wherein the interchange of common civilities was more painful, and yet (contradiction, as it seems) never found hours go on so perversely quick. The expression of your countenance this evening whilst they talked about the apparitions of the unseen world, assured me I have not been wrong. You saw something last night in that room over the library?"

"Thus addressed, it was impossible to refuse to explain. I narrated as briefly as I was able the fact which you have heard. When I had finished, he rose, left the room for ten minutes, returned, sat awhile silent, then spoke:

"You have told me exactly what I expected to hear. It is due to you now to tell all the additional particulars with which I am acquainted. Before my father bought this place, it was the property of a family called Vaudeleur. They were Roman Catholics, and traced their pedigree, without a flaw, to the reign of the third Richard. Sir Philip, the last baronet, left one daughter, Hester. She was, report says, 'beautiful exceedingly;' and as the heiress of the largest estates in the county, had many suitors. Amongst them were two brothers, by name Frank and Herbert Wavewood. Hector loved Herbert, the younger and handsomer. I believe she was as sarcastic as she was lovely, and that at some ball she made Frank's plain face and stooping gait the subject of her wit. Sensitive and morbidly jealous, he resolved on humbling the woman who had despised him, and gifted his brother with the prize he himself so coveted. But in order to carry out his plan, he dissembled. Not affecting to conceal his own passion, he assumed a manly, generous tone, saying that one far worthier than he had won the heiress's hand, and that he must now be her father, and not her husband. The wedding-day came. Herbert and Hester were married. In those times, wedding-tours were not considered necessary, and a magnificent banquet and ball were to celebrate the event. The guests were beginning to assemble, and the bride was in her room with her bridesmaids and waiting-women. She was dozing, and seated at her toilet-table. Suddenly a servant rushed into the room, breathless, and flung herself at Hester's feet. Her message was told with frantic incoherence, but the main points of it were too clear. Mr. Herbert had gone out with Mr. Frank for a ride, to wile away the hours between the morning's rites and the evening's revel. They had tried the speed of each other's horses in a race up Windrush Hill—that tall sea-fronting cliff some three miles off westward—Mr. Herbert's horse, it was supposed, had been frightened by some object in the way, had plunged forward, and the rider was dashed to pieces. How Hester looked as she heard the story, I need not tell you, nor, perhaps, that she uttered only the one word, *Dead!* and fell down before the glass, a corpse!"

"And Frank?" I exclaimed.

"He died some years afterwards, but left a confession with the clergyman who attended him in his last moments, to the effect that he had induced Herbert, when excited by wine, to mount an unbroken horse, and had even struck the beast with his riding-whip, to urge him to take the plunge which hurled his brother out of the world."

"And the room?"

"Will never be occupied again. To-night—at least the small part of it which is left—we will spend together in my 'den.' It will remind us of the week before we went in for 'degrees.' I have ordered lights, coffee, and cigars."

"With all my heart; of course, sleep is out of the question. But you will not put any one again to pass the night there; to a woman or invalid, the fright might be fatal."

"To-morrow, the workmen who are building the new rooms in the wing, pull down the library and the chamber over it, and half an hour ago—directly, in fact, that I heard the story of your experience—I went up-stairs and broke the looking-glass!"

**POWDERED COAL FOR UNHEALTHY PLANTS.**—In a communication, addressed to the *Keese Horticulteur*, the writer states that he purchased a very fine rosebush, full of buds, and, after anxiously awaiting their maturing, was greatly disappointed, when this took place, to find the flowers small, insignificant in appearance, and of a dull, faded colour. Informed by the suggestion of a friend, he then tried the experiment of filling in the top of the pot, around the bush, to the depth of half an inch, with finely pulverized stone coal. In the course of a few days, he was astonished at seeing the roses assume a beautiful red hue, as brilliant and lively as he could desire.

He tried the same experiment upon a pot of petunias, and soon after, all the pale and indefinite coloured ones became of a bright red or lilac, and the white petunias were variegated with beautiful red stripes. Some of the lilac petunias became a fine dark blue. Others flowers experienced similar alterations; those of a yellow colour alone remained insensible to the influence of the coal.

The Hon. JAMES SKEAD, Senator of Canada, says: "I am satisfied the Nutritious Condiment is a good food for Horses, and I know of nothing equal to it when the object is to get up the condition of the animal as rapidly as possible. Ask your Druggist for a 25 cent package to try it, or send to the Montreal Depot, 32, St. François Xavier St., for 200 feeds which will be delivered free for \$3.00 to any part of Canada."

5-23d

**HOW THANKFUL WE SHOULD BE.**—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impure blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step towards health. The Indian Medicine widely known as the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills commend themselves to the attention of all sufferers. No mistake can be made in their administration. In Scrofula, Bronchitis, Indigestion, Confirmed Dyspepsia, Liver and Lung Complaints, Rheumatism, &c., &c., the most beneficial effects have been and always must be obtained from the wholesome power exerted by this Indian Medicine over the system. Persons whose lives have been restored to ease, strength and perfect health by the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills, after fruitless trial of the whole pharmacopoeia of physic, attest this fact. 5-22 e

MARRIED BACHELORS.

Men continually mistake their vocation in life, and undertake duties for which they have no natural qualification. The impulsive artist who considers himself a better man of business than his lawyer, and who will therefore manage his own affairs, comes to grief by the way; the famous clown who complains that he is a first-rate tragedian spoilt, and disappears into the provinces to play Hamlet to the natives, as often as not breaks down in the ghost-scene, and tails off into a gag that sets the back benches in a roar; the thick-witted squire who cannot keep a secret to save his life, and who never sees farther ahead than to-day, thinks his rightful mission diplomacy, because he can put his tenants into good humour on rent-day by his bluff jokes, and so undertakes the most delicate bit of social intrigue in his neighbourhood, with the result of universal confusion and a hastened catastrophe; and the poet, whose life is a dream, laments that he was not sent to sea at an early age, because the "clash of elements" delights him, and gives him ideas for a brace of sonnets. If these and other such square men can be kept from carrying out their mistakes into action, and prevented from thrusting themselves into round holes, it is all right—they are saved from failure and provided with a grievance, either of which is an inestimable boon; but if they get the upper hand of circumstances, and are allowed to realise their phantasy, then they make a mess of their lives which no after-efforts can repair. One of the mistakes into which some of them fall, is marriage. There are men who have no vocation for marriage. Home is a word that has no real meaning for them—a place where there is no charm and as little duty. A wife is a tie, a clog, an incumbrance, or at best a painful necessity—anything but a "half" better or worse, a helper, or a companion; and children are locusts that devour hunters and opera-stalls, kid gloves and "little dinners," at an alarming rate of progression, and finally grow up into tall men and women who make the best work of tailors and hairdressers a patent anachronism. These men married one day, because they had committed the unpardonable folly of giving way to a temporary madness they called love, and they recovered by the process; or they sold themselves for so much in the stocks, to find the bargain when concluded too bitter to be digested. They are bachelors by nature, and no legal ties can make them anything else. Their line is essentially single, and they have no notion of life à deux. They give up no old habits of their bachelor days because of the wife at home, recognise no new duties because of their change of state. The utmost concession they make to their condition is to be seen together in formal society, and to receive formal company at home. For anything closer or more domesticated—for tête-à-tête evenings passed with the wife alone, for pleasant little jaunts together, renewing the love-time and honey-moon, for conversation carried on with grace, with spirit, with a desire to please or to shine where she is the only listener, for anything like home joys or home pride—they have no more vocation or desire than they have for rocking the cradle upstairs as the small locusts successively arrive. *Tinsley's Magazine.*

Wendell Phillips, in his lecture on "Street Life in Europe," gives one little incident of street life in America. Thackeray, on a visit there many years ago, was anxious to see a real Bowery Boy, and a friend pointed out to him one leaning against a lamppost, with his hands in his pockets, his "soap-locks" carefully regulated over his eye-brow, and his cigar tilted upright between his teeth. Thackeray was delighted, and determined to interview the monster. So he strode with his manly, sweeping gait, carrying that ever-present benignancy of expression on his face, up to the "boy," and remarked very innocently, "Sir—excuse me—but I want to go to Broadway." The "boy" returned the look with one equally benignant, and replied, "Well, why in thunder don't you go there then?"

This is what usually comes of playing with edge tools:—A fellow in Oregon thought he would be smart, and just have a little fun with a young lady on whom he had waited two or three times. He asked her what she would do if some young fellow asked her to marry him. She smiled, oh, gushingly, and looked good enough to eat, but said nothing. Then he asked her what she would say if he asked her to marry him. She threw her arms around him, and rushed out of the room for her hat and shawl. The poor fellow says he was never married so sudden in his life before. Probably it was the nearest she ever came to being asked, and she thought fooling around with sentiment would be dangerous.

The most ridiculous epithet that can be met with is to be found at Pewsey, in Bedfordshire. It runs in this wise:—  
"Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, Great niece of Burke, commonly Called the Sublime. She was Bland, passionate, and deeply religious; Also she painted in water-colours, And sent several pictures to the Exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones, And of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

A schoolboy, writing on "Extremes," sagely observes that "we should endeavour to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."

**THE MARION WATCHES, Manufactured by THE UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY, are unsurpassed as Reliable Timekeepers.**  
Read the following certificates from railroad men who have tested them:—  
"UTICA, N.Y., Feb. 14, 1870.  
"Watch No. 2617—bearing Trade Mark 'Fayette Stratton, Marion, N. J.'—has been carried by me twelve months; its total variation from mean time being fifteen seconds."  
"I. VROOMAN,  
"Engineer N. Y. C. & H. R."

"Watch No. 4026—bearing Trade Mark 'Edwin Rollo, Marion, N. J.'—has been carried by me two months; its total variation from mean time being three seconds."  
"JOSHUA I. BRAGG,  
"Conductor N. J. R. R."

"Watch No. 1064, Stem Winder—bearing Trade Mark 'Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.'—manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me fifteen months; its total variation from mean time being only one second per month."  
"WILLARD DERRY,  
"Of Derby, Snow & Prentiss, Jersey City, N. J."

"Watch No. 2183—bearing Trade Mark 'Fayette Stratton, Marion, N. J.'—has been carried by me fifteen months; its total variation from mean time being thirty seconds."  
"WM. DUNNE,  
"Baggage Express, Utica, N. Y."

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**JOHN WOOD & SON,**  
325 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.  
The Trade supplied at Manufacturers' wholesale prices.  
Fine Jewellery always in Stock. 5-24 tf

brother accused the Jews of having made away with him. This so excited the fury of the Greek population that they searched the Jewish synagogue, and attacked all the Jewish houses, breaking and destroying everything before them. The Jews found refuge in the houses of the Mussulmans, and these latter, although threatened with attack if they did not deliver them up, courageously refused to do so, and according to the account of the Gallipoli correspondent of the *Levant Herald*, seemed determined to hold out against the Greek mob. In the meantime a Turkish boatman who had pulled hard all night had arrived at Gallipoli bearing a letter from some of the principal Jews in Marmora, begging that help might be sent to them, and it is to be hoped that this request has been complied with.

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The Trade supplied at Manufacturers' wholesale prices.  
Fine Jewellery always in Stock. 5-24 tf

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

After the 25th of June next, emigrants will be sent to Fort Garry at the following rates:—

**TORONTO TO FORT WILLIAM.**  
Adults, \$5; Children under 12 years, \$2.50, 100 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra luggage, 35 cents per 100 lbs.

**FORT WILLIAM TO FORT GARRY.**  
Emigrants, \$15; Children under 12 years, \$8, 150 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra luggage, \$2 per 100 lbs. (No horses, oxen, waggon, or heavy farming implements can be taken.)

**THE MODE OF CONVEYANCE.**  
By Railroad from Toronto to Collingwood or Sarnia.

By Steamer from Collingwood or Sarnia to Fort William.

45 miles by wagon from Fort William to Shebandowan Lake.

310 miles broken navigation in open boats, from Shebandowan Lake to the North-West Angle of the Lake of the Woods.

95 miles by Cart or Wagon from North-West Angle, Lake of the Woods, to Fort Garry.

Between Fort William and Fort Garry, huts and tents will be provided for the accommodation of Emigrants on the Portages. Passengers should take their own supplies. Provisions will, however, be furnished at cost price at Shebandowan Lake, Fort Frances, and the North-West Angle, Lake of the Woods.

**THROUGH TICKETS TO FORT GARRY VIA FORT WILLIAM.**  
Can be had at Toronto, at the stations of the Northern, Great Western, and Grand Trunk Railways.

Emigrants are requested to take notice that packages are limited to 150 lbs. weight for convenience of transport on the portages, and that baggage and supplies must not exceed 450 lbs. for any one emigrant.

After the 1st day of August next, the RED RIVER ROUTE will be in a condition to admit of the transport of heavy articles.

By direction,  
**F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, }  
Ottawa, 30th May, 1872. } 5-24 c

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

TUESDAY, 14th Day of May, 1872.

PRESENT:  
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honourable the Minister of Customs, and in pursuance of the provisions of the 8th Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Chapter 6, intitled, "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Messrs. in the County of Grey and Province of Ontario, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs, and placed under the Survey of the Port of Owen Sound.  
**WM. H. LEE,**  
Clerk, Privy Council,

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

MONDAY, 29th Day of April, 1872.

PRESENT:  
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Inland Revenue, and under the authority given and conferred by the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 8, intitled: "An Act respecting the Inland Revenue," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that in addition to the Ports mentioned in the 19th clause of the Order in Council of the 27th day of April, 1868, and subsequent orders, as the Ports from which Goods subject to Duties of Excise shall be exported in Bond, the following Port shall be, and it is hereby constituted a Port for the above-mentioned purposes, viz:—  
The Port of Shediac, in the Province of New Brunswick.

Certified,  
**WM. H. LEE,**  
Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

THURSDAY, 16th Day of May, 1872.

PRESENT:  
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Public Works, and under the authority conferred by the 58th Section of the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 12, intitled, "An Act respecting the Public Works of Canada," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the following Schedule of special rates for passengers and freight passing over the Nova Scotia Railway between Richmond, Halifax and Pictou, proceeding to or returning from Newfoundland, shall be and the same are hereby approved and adopted.  
Certified,  
**WM. H. LEE,**  
Clerk, Privy Council.

SCHEDULE.

Nova Scotia Railway.

Railway Proportion of Special Rates for Freight and Passengers.

Between Richmond (Halifax) and Newfoundland.

Passengers.

First-class, each.....\$2.50  
Second do. do.....2.00  
Steerage do. do.....2.00

5-24 c

POSTAL CARDS.

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

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

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

**OTTAWA.**  
THE RUSSELL HOUSE,.....JAMES GOUIN.

**PORT ELGIN.**  
NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,.....WM. ALLEN, Proprietor.

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

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

**ST. JOHN, N. B.,**  
VICTORIA HOTEL,.....B. T. CREEGAN.

**TEESWATER, ONT.**  
KENT HOUSE,.....J. E. KENEDY, Proprietor.

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

**WALKERTON, ONT.**  
HARTLEY'S HOTEL,.....MRS. E. HARTLEY, Proprietor.

11tf

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.

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

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

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

160 and 162 St. James Street, MONTREAL. 11tf

TURKISH BATH.

**DR. MACBEAN'S IMPROVED TURKISH BATH.** 140 St. Monique Street, near Crystal Palace, Montreal. Gentlemen's hours (with the exception of Monday morning) 6 to 9 a.m. and 3 to 9 p.m. 4-6az

PHOTOGRAPHER.

**G. B. MURRAY,** PHOTOGRAPHER, 61 BROCKVILLE, ONT., has refitted his rooms and is now prepared to take all kinds of Photographs. Studio—Opposite Victoria Hall, Main Street. 5-14tf

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS, WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS,

OUR STOCK OF MEDICAL, PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS.

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

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

INDIGESTION.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION of Great Britain adopt

**MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPSINE** as the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,

**THOMAS MORSON & SON,** 124, Southampton-row, W. C. London. See name on Label. 4-15 tfvv

THE EXPRESS OFFICE has been removed from Place d'Armes to the new "Cotte Buildings," 84 and 86, St. Francois Xavier Street. D. T. IRISH, Agent. 5-21 d

"The Canadian Illustrated News,"

A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events. Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement, Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats.

Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an., Single Numbers, 10 cents. Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices.

CLUBS: Every Club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address. Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher. Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.



THE CONCENTRATED WATER OF TIVOLI, known as the BATH OF LIFE AND BEAUTY.

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