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Illustrated News

Vol. VI.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



M^{OR}. BOURGET, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF MONTREAL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TRINQUART.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 112.—MGR. BOURGET, R. C. BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

Mgr. Ignace Bourget was born on the 30th October, 1799, in a concession of the parish of Point Levis, known as Arlaka. He was one of a numerous family, his father having thirteen children of whom Ignace was the 11th. He commenced his studies in a small school in a neighbouring parish. He then entered the Quebec Seminary, where, having decided on devoting himself to the priesthood, he passed through a course of theology, and then removed to the college at Nicolet. In 1821 Mgr. Lartigue, the newly consecrated bishop (auxiliary) of Montreal, requested his superior, Mgr. Plessis, to appoint him a secretary to assist him in his many functions. M. Bourget, who was still at Nicolet, was fixed upon, and that year he was transferred to Montreal. During the lifetime of Mgr. Lartigue, M. Bourget entered heart and soul into the plans of the prelate for the improvement of the diocese, and in 1837, Mgr. Lartigue having been definitely appointed titular bishop, M. Bourget was consecrated in the new cathedral—for which Montreal owed much to his untiring activity and zeal—Bishop of Tennesse, *in partibus infidelium*. This was an occasion of great joy among the citizens of the city, to whom the young prelate had endeared himself by his fervent piety, his unceasing activity, and his uniform kindness and consideration. Three years later Mgr. Lartigue died and Mgr. Bourget was appointed to the episcopal see of Montreal, of which he formally took possession on the 23rd April, 1840.

One of the first acts of the new bishop was to appoint a chapter. This institution had existed during the early days of the colony, but soon fell into desuetude. He then devoted himself to promoting the welfare of his diocese by the establishment of religious societies and confraternities. Of these he has introduced or established in the diocese some thirteen or fourteen, among them the Jesuit Fathers, the Oblate Fathers, the Sisters of the Providence, of the Good Shepherd, etc. To Mgr. Bourget is also due the introduction of the Roman liturgy in Montreal. In 1852 the cathedral was burnt down. It was then the Bishop conceived the idea of building a new and magnificent building in the centre of the city—a building that should have no equal on this continent. To this object he devoted himself with his usual ceaseless energy, and he now has the satisfaction of seeing his darling project in a fair way of accomplishment.

The great event of Mgr. Bourget's life—at least one of the greatest—occurred on the 29th ult., when the people of the whole diocese turned out to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, and to renew their pledges of respectful love and esteem. The celebration of the Rt. Reverend Prelate's *novissimum* will form the subject of illustration in our next.

THE VOICE OF THE ROCKS.

A CABINET OF SCIENCE FOR THE DOMINION.

On St. Gabriel street, facing the Champ de Mars, there stands a handsome, three-story building, which, as a large brass plate on the door informs us, is the Museum of the Geological Survey of Canada. Thousands pass before it every day without noticing it, but it is perhaps the most remarkable, and certainly one of the most important buildings in the Dominion. Let us enter it. In the vestibule, seated at a little desk, we find the gentlemanly guardian, who, in reply to our inquiry, informs us that the collection contains a complete series of specimens illustrating the geological character of Canada from the lowest stratum to the highest. The collection being public property the public are allowed to inspect it, free of charge. We are first ushered into a large well-lighted room on the left of the vestibule. Glass cases are ranged along the wall and glass cases set upon long narrow tables in the middle of the floor. These are filled with specimens of primitive or igneous rocks such as form the first and most ancient deposit of the earth and which crystallized from the action of the central fire. There are of course granite and its components, quartz, feldspar and mica. Also, gneiss, sienite, hornblende and porphyry with its rich specks of green and white. In this room, too, are found specimens of the different ores which show the mineral and metallic wealth of the Dominion. Iron is abundant and so is copper. There are traces of silver, and gold dust is imprisoned in diminutive, almost capillary phials. A case is reserved for a graduated exhibition of Canadian coals, chief of which were taken from the magnificent beds of Nova Scotia. In a second room opening on the first are gathered the rocks which are used for building, industrial and decorative purposes. If this is strictly speaking a less scientific show, it is unquestionably of great practical utility. Here are found, in slabs and other wrought forms, marbles of every hue and grain—the buff sandstone, the snowy limestone, the delicately foliated serpentine or verd antique. These are all highly polished and flash like mirrors. Alongside, are exhibited splendid specimens of the chalcedony, the jasper wherewith the gates of Paradise are inlaid, the agate whose magic properties made it the *fidus Achates* of the wandering *Aeneas*, and the purple amethyst whose property once was that it rendered innocuous the heady fumes of wine. In this room, finally, are ranged collections of mineral paints, mineral manures, and lithographic stones.

Having "done" these two rooms, we ascend a first flight of stairs and with it mount to another stratum in the geological scale. This is the Silurian. Here imbedded in the rocks are found the first fossils, remains of the primeval and lowest forms of life. We have spread out before our eyes the crinoids or sea urchins, the sea-anemones or polyps of the Radiata class; the acephala or headless clams, the brachiopods that creep upon their arms, the gastropods that crawl upon their bellies, the pteropods that have pseudo-wings, the cephalopods or mollusks that walk upon their heads. Next come a few species of Articulata. This whole room is full of interest, being especially rich in specimens of the Potsdam and Hudson River groups.

A small room, on the side, is consecrated to the Quebec group. It contains a fine series of trilobites entombed in their beds of slate and limestone. Another small room on the same flat is devoted to the primordial Silurian period and is distinguished for a variety of casts. One monster cast imbedded in the wall is particularly worthy of attention.

We next ascend to the third story and are introduced to all

the higher geological strata. First of these are the middle and upper Silurian, subdivided into the Niagara, Onondaga, Heidelberg and other groups. The Silurian in the disposition of this Museum is made to take a vast range, including the Cambrian and Cambrian strata. This is well enough, though, perhaps, for the purpose of study—to which the Museum ought naturally to be adapted—a more minute and modern classification might be an improvement.

We pass next to the Devonian or old sandstone beds with which the name of Hugh Miller is immortally associated. Here the cases are filled with fine specimens. It would take too long to particularize, but as we move along the splendid array, our eye is caught by a large-eyed, beautifully striated trilobite, the *Phacops Bufo*—an ebony toy such as the voluptuous Cleopatra or the long-tressed Berenice might have worn upon her bosom as an amulet against the treacheries of an amorous fate.

The carboniferous period which follows is not so well represented, though one of the most interesting in the whole geological scale. The higher strata, up to the drift, are likewise singularly meagre. Of detached fossils there are almost none. Canada seems to have furnished few of the great mammals and other animals which swarmed in the waters and woods of the tertiary era. There are some giant teeth and tusks in this room, but they are not labelled. The only authenticated specimen of the kind is a Harp Seal, whose skeleton has been restored. It was found 30 feet below the surface in clay pits, at Montreal, in 1861. Strange, too, to say, Indian remains are very rare. One or two lance heads, an axe, a hammer, a dagger and a few other trinkets are the only relics of the Aborigines who so thickly inhabited this country for many ages.

It will be seen from this cursory description that the Geological Museum of St. Gabriel Street is a vast treasury from which the student of science can draw the vastest and the most accurate stores of information. It was, indeed, for this purpose that the collection was made, and such care has been taken to preserve it in good order. Its position in Montreal is most favourable as being central, though probably, there would be no great objection if it was transported to Ottawa, as has been proposed. Young Canadians who wish to study the history of the earth's crust, leaf by leaf, penetrate all the mysteries of the interior of our globe, and, more especially, learn the transformation which their own native land has undergone in the lapse of infinite past cycles, cannot do better than consult this collection and go over rock by rock.

In conclusion, it may be asked how this vast museum was accumulated? It is the pride of Canada that she was one of the first to appreciate the importance of those geological surveys, since adopted in every civilized State. It was also her peculiar good fortune to have the services of a man, who ranks second to none in scientific reputation, and whose zeal for its favourite profession is commensurate with his proficiency in it. To Sir William Logan belongs the chief glory of the Geological Survey of Canada and of the fine cabinet which we have described. Assisted by an efficient staff he has explored the country from one end to the other, making wonderful discoveries. His reports and other works, embodying the fruit of his researches, are monuments of learning sufficient to immortalize any man. On account of age and infirmities, he has been obliged to resign the direction of the museum, and it is now in the hands of one who is thoroughly competent to succeed him. Let us hope that according as it becomes better known, this museum will be more frequently visited and thus contribute to spread the taste of geological science among our young men.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

Of the signs and tokens of death there is no end. The crowing of a hen is a sure forerunner, so is also the squeaking of a mouse behind a bedstead. If a cow breaks into your garden, there will be a death in the family within six months; if a pigeon enters a house, a child will infallibly die. When a death takes place, all the doors and windows should be unfurnished, as in many parts of the country it is thought that the first pains of purgatory are inflicted by the soul squeezing through the closed doors. We have something like this in Swift's "Journey from this World to the Next," where the spirits, conversing on their way to the throne of "Micros," relate to each other how they had to wait till an open door or window in the house in which the death had taken place, enabled them to get free from it. Every one knows the Celtic superstition of the "fetch," or appearance of one's double, being an immediate forerunner of a violent death. There are very few of the peasantry, or indeed of the better classes, who do not believe firmly in the "Banshee," or that its wail will not bring death or misfortune to the house near which it is heard. There is an old belief that no one can die on a bed containing game feathers; and another, that has some amount of truth in it, that death must take place at the turn of the tide. Shakespeare commemorates this in Madam Quickly's account of Falstaff's death, "a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at turning of the tide." Dickens too, in "David Copperfield," makes old Burkes's spirit go out with the tide. These are some of the most common beliefs and superstitions which are to be found in England. To turn now to a more distant and less enlightened country; the observances among the Chinese are the more extraordinary from their being carried out under the sanction of religion. No Chinaman will open a shop marry a wife, without first "chin chinuing Joss," as it is termed, and casting lots to see if the "gods" are propitious or otherwise. The method of carrying this out is as follows: each temple in China has belonging to it about a hundred stanzas of poetry relating to a variety of subjects; each stanza is numbered and printed on a separate piece of paper; in addition to this, there are a quantity of lots made of bamboo slips about eight inches long, and corresponding to the number of stanzas, and referring to them by number. The individual who wishes to make application to the "god" presents himself before his image on his knees, and after performing the "ro-too," by touching the ground with his head nine times, states his name and residence, the object of his inquiries, and, whether on his own or another's account, he then takes a bamboo tube containing the lots, and shakes it gently before the idol until a slip falls to the ground. He then rises from his knees and picks up this slip, and places it so that the "god" can see the number of the lot written on it; he then takes two pieces of wood, each having a round and a flat side, called a "kapue;" after passing these through the incense, he tosses them into the air before the idol; if they fall so that both round sides are uppermost, the answer is negative and

everything is unpropitious; if they fall with one round and one flat side up, the answer is in the affirmative, and the man may go on his way rejoicing. When a Chinaman dies, and his bereaved relatives wish to communicate with him, a medium is employed. These mediums are females, and are of two classes. One of them professes to obtain and transmit the news required, by means of a very diminutive image made of the wood of the willow tree. The image is first exposed to the dew for forty-nine nights, when after the performance of certain ceremonies it is believed to have the power of speaking. The image is laid upon the stomach of the woman to whom it belongs, and she by means of it pretends to be the medium of communication between the dead and the living. She sometimes sends the image into the world of spirits to find the person about whom intelligence is sought; it then changes into an elf or spirit, and ostensibly departs on its errand. The spirit of the person enters the image, and gives the information sought after by the surviving relatives. The woman is supposed not to utter a word, the message seeming to proceed from the image. The questions are addressed to the medium, the replies appear to come from her stomach; there is probably a kind of ventriloquism employed, and the fact that the voice appears to proceed from the stomach undoubtedly assists the delusion; any way, there are scores and scores of these mediums implicitly believed in, and widows who desire to communicate with their deceased husbands, or people who desire any information about a future state, invariably resort to their aid.—*Belgravia*.

ORIGIN OF COAL.

A mistaken impression is somewhat widely prevalent that, in the coal-fields, we have the remains of ancient forests—in other words, it is supposed that wherever there was a forest in primeval times, there now exists a coal-field of greater or less extent. In connection with this view, also, the opinion is entertained that the forests now in existence will, in the process of time, and after due geological changes, become the coal-beds of future ages. But although, as we shall presently see, the coal-beds are undoubtedly due to the vegetation of former eras, it is far from being the case that the primeval forests became converted in a general way into coal. Conditions of a peculiar, and to some extent exceptional, character were requisite for the formation of coal-fields. If we consider the evidence given by the coal-fields themselves, we shall see what these conditions were. The beds or seams of coal form but a small portion of the thickness of the great geological group of strata to which they for the most part appertain. This group is called the carboniferous, and not uncommonly "the Coal;" but even where coal is most abundant, it forms only a minute part of the whole mass. Thus it has been estimated, Sir Charles Lyell tells us, that in South Wales the thickness of the carboniferous strata amounts, in all, to between 11,000 and 12,000 feet, (or more than two miles;) but the various coal seams do not, according to Professor Phillips, "exceed in the aggregate 120 feet," or less than one-hundredth part of the whole. In North Lancashire the carboniferous strata occupy a depth of more than three and a half miles, with the same relative disproportion between the thickness of the coal seams and that of the complete series of strata. Again, in Nova Scotia, the coal-bearing strata attain a thickness of more than three miles. Here, no fewer than eighty seams of coal have been counted (seventy-one having been exposed by the action of the sea;) but these seams are nowhere more than five feet in thickness, and many are but a few inches thick. Thus it is evident that the formation of coal can have been in progress but a short portion of the time during which the carboniferous series of strata was in process of deposition. Throughout by far the greater portion of that time, other minerals were being deposited. It is next to be noticed that under each coal seam a stratum of ancient soil exists, in which there are commonly found the roots of ancient trees; while above the coal, there is commonly a layer of shale or sandstone, in which not infrequently the trunks of those trees are found either fallen or still in their original position, and only partly converted into coal. The bark remains, but is transmuted into coal; the hollow of the trunk, decaying long before the trunk gave way, is represented by a cast in sandstone. Thus, if we try to picture to ourselves the state of things which existed when such a seam of coal first began to be covered up by the next higher deposit, we see that there must have been trees standing erect above a layer of vegetable matter, the roots of the trees being imbedded in the soil which forms the deposit next below the coal. The vegetable layers may probably have been two or three times as thick as the resulting coal seam, and were reduced by pressure to their present thickness; but such layers cannot at any time have reached to the branches of the forest trees. Then the process of deposition began. This can only have happened when some subsidence of the soil had caused it to be submerged to a greater or less depth. We can infer from the depth of the strata overlying the coal seams that this state of submergence continued in many cases for a long period of time; and it is equally clear that the formation of the vegetable layers themselves must have been a process occupying a considerable time, since tall trees grew before the next submergence took place. So soon as submergence was complete, the tall trees perished and began to decay. The stout trunks above the vegetable layer were broken off and swept away by the sea. The forest itself, properly so called, was for the most part thus destroyed. It was the decaying refuse of the forest, intermixed with the lowlier growths, which formed the coal seam as it now exists. Among these were the lower parts of the trunks of the ancient forest trees. These became converted, like the rest of the vegetable matter, into coal.—*The Cornhill*.

OUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—The result of much scientific research and experiment has within the last few years enabled the medical profession to supply to the human system, where impaired or inactive, the power which assimilates our food. This is now known as "Morson's Pepsine," and is prescribed as wine, globules, and lozenges, with full directions. The careful and regular use of this valuable medicine restores the natural functions of the stomach, giving once more strength to the body. There are many imitations, but Morson and Son, the original manufacturers, are practical chemists, and the "Pepsine" prepared by them is warranted, and bears their labels and trade-mark. It is sold by all chemists in bottles 3s., and boxes of 2s. 6d., but purchasers should see the name

Our Illustrations.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BALL AT TORONTO.

The ball given by Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady took place on Thursday, the 24th ult., at the Parliament Buildings. It was perhaps one of the finest ever given in the Dominion, says the *Mail*, and both in the arrangement of the rooms and the brilliant crowds of fashionably-dressed visitors who thronged the different apartments, presented an appearance which will long be remembered by those who had the honour of witnessing it. The Chamber of the Legislative Council, and that used as the post office, ward room, etc., were elegantly decorated with wreaths, garlands and festoons of fir dotted with roses, the sides of both Chambers being lined with crimson cloth. The greater part of the raised platform upon which the members' seats are usually placed had been moved, and an entirely new floor laid down; the fittings of the post office were also removed, leaving a large open space in the centre of each room open for the dancers. Upon the wall were hung large mirrors and a number of excellent engravings in handsome frames, while at the sides were the usual seats and lounges for the benefit of chaperones. In the Council Chamber, the magnificent full-length portrait of Her Majesty, from the City Hall, having been brought here, occupied a prominent position on the north wall. The band in this chamber was located in the gallery. In the other and largest room, in addition to the decorations before mentioned, there were a couple of handsome trophies of bayonets and ramrods, supplied from the armoury of the Queen's Own, there being also a dais for the reception of the Vice-regal party. The band in this apartment was placed in a covered music chamber erected outside the windows, which were of course thrown open, being draped with crimson curtains. The floors in both chambers were well waxed, too well indeed, the lobbies between the two being carpeted and lined with seats. The long chamber over the lobbies was used as a refreshment room, and supper was laid in the old library, which was decorated for the occasion with bunting, the passages to and from it being laid with crimson cloth.

Shortly after nine o'clock the visitors began to arrive in rapid succession at the east door till at a few minutes to ten when their Excellencies arrived, the Council Chamber presented a most brilliant appearance. At the time named their carriage drove up to the grand entrance which had been covered in with crimson cloth for the occasion. The Governor-General's Body Guard, who were on duty under Col. Cumberland, saluted, and their Excellencies, attended by Colonel Fletcher and Lieut. Coulson, A. D. C., entered the Council Chamber accompanied by His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Howland, attended by Captain Curtis; Lady Harriet Fletcher, who accompanied their Excellencies—the quadrille band of the 10th Royals playing "God Save the Queen." Their Excellencies then proceeded round the room, receiving and responding to the bows of their guests. The first quadrille was then formed, His Excellency the Governor-General opening the ball with Mrs. Howland, Lady Dufferin dancing the quadrille with His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor. His Excellency, who was in plain evening dress, over a white waistcoat, wore the ribbons and orders of the Bath and St. Patrick—Lady Dufferin's dress being composed of pink silk trimmed with tulle, and Brussels lace flounces looped up with roses and white lilac. On her head a diamond tiara and flowers similar to those on the dress. Her ornaments were a diamond necklace and earrings, and several bracelets.

The appearance of the two ball rooms as the evening wore on became of charming effect. The ladies' dresses showed a degree of taste which was not only marked in individual instances, but throughout the entire assembly the arrangement of the different dresses as to shape and choice of colour would have done credit to an assembly at the Tuileries in its bygone days. Pink undoubtedly predominated, and was presented of all material and tint. There were some very handsome dresses of green silk, and others of pale corn colour, which lighted up well under the brilliant lighting of the rooms. The gentlemen, though the majority wore ordinary evening dress, presented a considerable number of handsome uniforms, and many of our Volunteer corps were there in their quiet, though somewhat sombre dress.

Refreshments were served throughout the evening in most excellent style, the guests being obliged to enter by one door and leave by another, thus preventing that annoying crush caused by conflicting streams of people in a narrow doorway, which is usually to be dreaded and gone through in affairs of this kind.

At midnight the supper-room was thrown open, and a steady throng of hungry dancers continued to attack the really lordly array of viands for the remainder of the evening. During the evening His Excellency the Governor-General danced with the following ladies:—Mrs. Howland, Miss Cumberland, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Miss Crawford, Mrs. J. B. Robinson, Miss Harman, Miss Taylor, (London), Mrs. George Brown, Miss Fraser, (Port Hope), Mrs. F. B. Cumberland, Miss Emily Brown, Mrs. Allan McDougall, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, (Kingston), Miss Heward, and Mrs. Nichol Kingsmill. Lady Dufferin favoured the following gentlemen with her hand:—The Lieut.-Governor, Hon. D. Mowat, Hon. George Brown, and Hon. A. McKellar. Their Excellencies remained till the close of the ball, at about three o'clock.

MESSRS. IVES & ALLEN'S MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT AND WAREHOUSES.

The establishment of Messrs. Ives & Allen, founded by the present members of the firm some thirteen years ago, has developed into what may—for the Dominion—be fairly termed colossal proportions. Our illustration represents the central and main portions of their premises, as seen from William Street looking down Queen Street. The five story iron front building on the left being the new offices and warehouse now finishing and to be connected by an iron bridge as shown above—with the workshops on the right. A glance at the advertisement on the walls of the warehouse will give an idea of the description of goods produced by this firm, although a vast variety of articles are comprised under the general terms of Hardware, Hollowware, &c. Referring to the plan of the streets of this locality (to be found on the last page) it will be noticed that the works extend through three whole blocks, a distance of over 700 feet; consequently, to get any correct impression of this immense establishment, we must visit the different departments in succession.

Commencing at King Street we will first visit the new Stove, Foundry and mounting shops which are just completed and are

fitted up with the latest improved appliances and machinery for making and finishing stoves in the very best style. The foundry, where the stoves are moulded and cast, is nearly 100 feet square, and the main portion of the roof is carried by girders of 60 feet span, thus leaving the moulding floors unobstructed by posts or piers. The cupola for melting the iron is McKenzie's patent, and capable of melting ten tons of iron at one heat. The stove castings, when cleaned, are elevated to the mounting shops in the second story of the front building, and after being put together, the stoves are run upon a tramway across the foundry directly into the warehouse on Queen Street, where the finished productions are all stored.

Passing from the foundry we enter the warehouse fronting on Queen Street, where are the head offices, sample and stock rooms. This building is of immense strength and size, containing 60,000 square feet of flooring exclusive of basement, and is admirably arranged for the storage and hauling of goods. A drive way runs through the centre of the building at either end of which are platform hoists. Several teams can stand in this passage at once, and goods can be received and delivered with the greatest facility, and without encumbering the sidewalks. Passing through several flats which are occupied for storage, we find in the fifth story the Wire Works, now grown to be a flourishing department, and employing a large number of hands. Thousands of yards of wire cloth are produced yearly, also, a great variety of useful and ornamental articles.

Crossing Queen street we enter the main factory buildings—which extend through the block—first, taking a look at the engine which is newly put in, and of 45 horse power. The boiler furnace is fitted up with an improved apparatus, which consumes the smoke and effects a great saving in fuel. This is an invention of Mr. Ives, and for which he has obtained patents both here and in the States, and which is being generally adopted throughout the city.

The first flat of this building is devoted to the manufacture of smoothing irons, 200 tons of which are made yearly. They are first planed off upon automatic lathes, one man being able to tend four at the same time. After leaving the planer, they are finished upon swiftly revolving emery wheels, which leave a high polish upon the face of the iron.

Leaving the upper portion of the building till our return we will go through into the main foundry. Here a bewildering sight meets the eye, men with ladles of glowing melted iron are rushing in every direction, while others are yet working at the moulding, shoveling and stamping the sand into the moulds.

A new system has lately been adopted, and a heat is taken off in the morning as well as in the afternoon, so that castings are made every hour of the day. A new Cupola recently erected upon an improved plan is capable of melting 10 tons per hour. The foundry floor occupies a space of 20,000 square feet, mostly devoted to light hardware and ornamented iron work, but there are ample facilities for making work of the heaviest description. In the jobbing department are turned out building castings, sewing machines, safes and scale castings; also threshing and mowing machine castings, in fact several machine shops and factories are supplied from these works.

Adjoining and shut off from the foundry by thick walls and iron doors is a building used for storing patterns, of which there is an immense number and of great value.

Crossing Prince street we come to a two story building, the lower portion of which is a furnace for melting brass, and where is made the Babbitt Metal, which has a high reputation throughout the country. The upper room is now being refitted and made comfortable as a Reading Room for the use of the workmen during the dinner hour, and will contain files of the daily papers.

Stretching through another block to Duke Street are covered sheds and buildings for the storage of iron, coal, sand, and foundry supplies, which are kept for sale as well as for consumption on the premises. In passing through the foundry on our return we notice the manufacture of *Composite chilled iron work*, such as railings and gates, iron bedsteads, &c., &c., produced by a process which in this country is peculiar to this firm. Hastily passing through the noise and dust of the mill rooms, where the castings are cleaned and polished, we visit the bedstead shops, where a large number of hands are employed, and an immense quantity of both English and American patterns produced, which find their way to all parts of the Dominion. Stepping on to the steam elevator we are taken up to the finishing shops, where are a large number of labour-saving tools, and appliances for fitting and putting together the various articles which make up the extensive catalogue of hardware.

In an adjoining room cut off by iron doors is the japanning and ornamental department, where the goods are covered with various preparations, and dried in large steam ovens.

The number of hands at present employed in these works is between two and three hundred, which will be increased during the next spring, when the new premises are fully in operation, to more than three hundred.

During the past summer many skilled workmen have been imported from England, and a number of French and Belgian mechanics have been engaged.

Besides being manufacturers, Messrs. Ives & Allen are also factors, and take the entire product of several other concerns, the most important of which is the Provincial Hardware Co. of Kingston, whose locks, butts, and other house trimmings are now in general use throughout the Dominion.

The celebrated "Dominion Black Lead," which has become a requisite in every family, is manufactured at the Plumbeo Mines, on the Ottawa River.

CHATEAU-LAFITTE.

Our illustration needs but little explanation. Château-Lafitte, with its sister Châteaux Margaux and Latour, is sufficiently known, if only by name, to explain the scene in the picture, the busy crowds of men and women hard at work bringing in the precious vintage of Medoc. The château in the background, together with the *chais*, are the property of M. Rothschild, who purchased it in 1868 for the sum of 4,500,000 francs.

THE VILLAGE OF ELORA

is situated on the line of the Wellington, Grey, and Bruce Railway, 43 miles from Hamilton, in the centre of a splendid agricultural country. The Grand River, on the banks of which the village is built, furnishes excellent water-power, of which every advantage is taken. There are several mills, and factories in the place, and the enterprise of its inhabitants have made it one of the most thriving villages in the county of Wellington.

Miscellaneous.

Two members of the suite of the ex-Emperor Napoleon have been visiting Kingstown, near Dublin, with the professed object of selecting a residence for the Imperial family. St. Valeres, near Bray, the seat of the late Judge Crampton, has been regarded as suitable.

Dean Swift bequeathed a madhouse to Ireland because, as an epigram relates, no country wanted it so much. According to the French papers, an Englishman, who recently died at Armentière, has followed that eccentric divine's example, by leaving £60,000 for building a lunatic asylum in France. "This preference does us much honour," says *Le Libérateur*, "and probably no similar insult has been paid to this country since old Badlam was built on the plan of the Tuileries, a fact which greatly irritated the French monarch of that day."

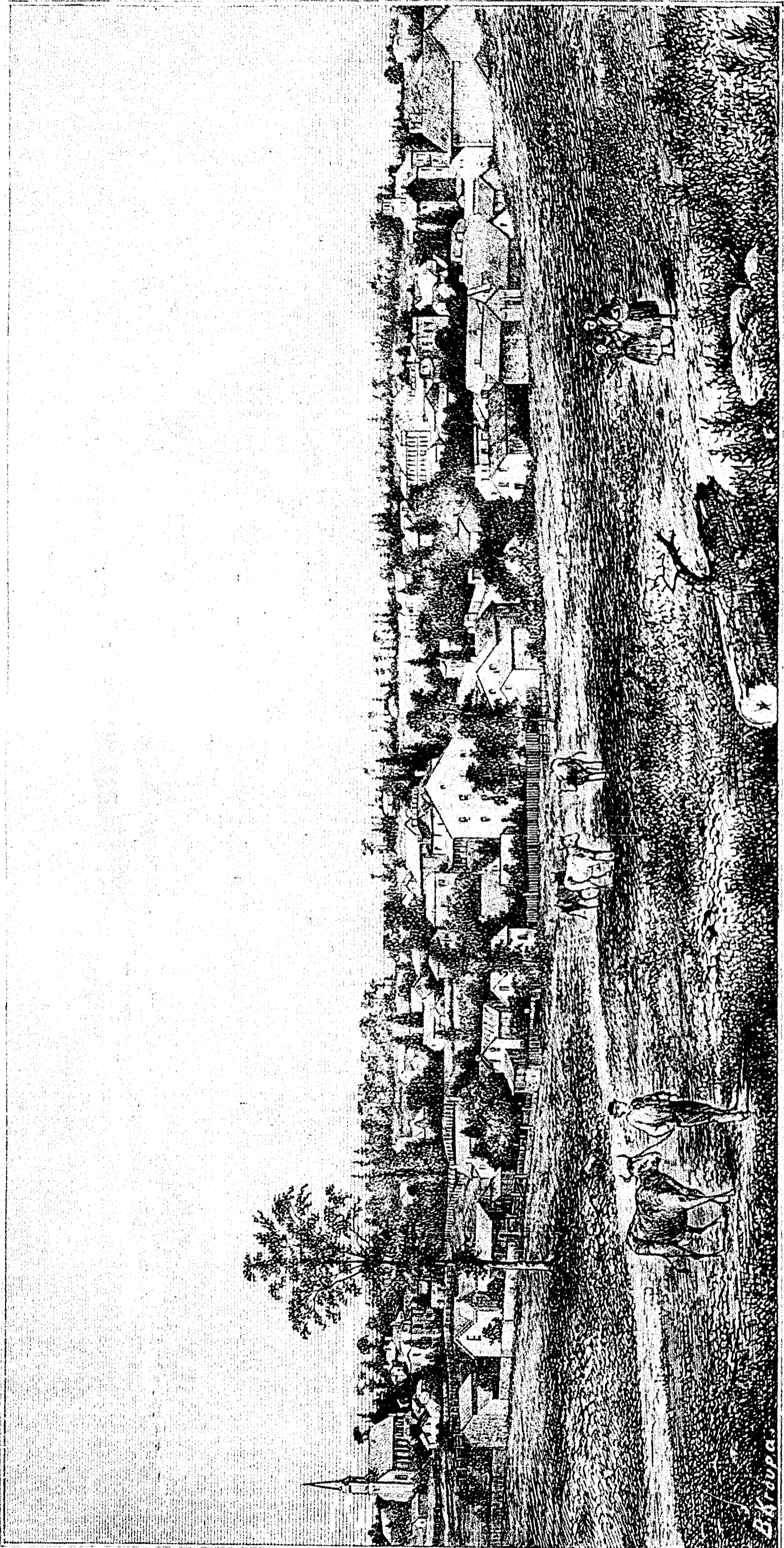
A Paris engineer has just been "hoist with his own petard" in a literal sense—i.e., blown to pieces by the accidental explosion of an infernal machine, whose destructive properties he had intended for the benefit of the Prussians, should another war break out. The man's name was Durieux, and for many months he had laboured assiduously at his benevolent invention, which was to sweep away whole ranks of the enemy at a single discharge. At last the moment came for the final proof. Durieux procured a hundred London toy soldiers, dressed them in the Prussian uniform, placed them before his instrument of vengeance, fired it, and blew himself to pieces.

A Brixton clergyman was recently discovered turning a mangle. The mangling came about in this wise. The clergyman, going his visiting rounds, called on a poor woman who kept a mangle, and who was "at her wit's end" seeing that her husband was ill, and she could get no one to take a turn. "So that she might get her work home in time, so as not to lose her customers." The kindly clergyman listened to her tale, saw her difficulty, and said he supposed turning a mangle required no particular skill—could he do it? The woman protested that such a thing was impossible; but in spite of her remonstrances, the Rev. gentleman insisted on trying his hand, and continued at the work far into the night, until all the clothes were ready for delivery next morning.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.—In May next the grand Austrian Exhibition is to be opened. It is stated that the Austrian Government has set apart ample space for the benefit of exhibitors from this side of the Atlantic. The Dominion will, we believe, be fully represented at this grand world's show. The exhibition palace is situated a short distance east of the city of Vienna. The main building is 3,000 feet long, 82 feet wide, intersected at right angles by 32 transepts, each 274 feet long, by 50 feet wide; each transept has a separate entrance, over which will be marked the name of the country to which it belongs. The palace is arranged geographically from east to west. China and Japan will occupy the extreme eastern, and America the extreme western ends. In the middle of this palace is the great rotunda, the largest roofed building in the world; the iron columns on which it rests are 80 feet high, while the roof itself springs in one clear unbroken span of 354 feet from pillar to pillar, the entire height being 250 feet. The entire space inclosed for the exhibition is 69,430 square metres, or 222,090 square feet. Machinery Hall, built entirely of brick and iron, is 2,600 feet long and 150 wide, divided into a broad central nave for the larger kind of machinery in motion, and two side aisles for small machinery not in motion.

An inventor has recently suggested a form of communism which a good many quiet, respectable householders would probably like to see tried during the ensuing winter. It is proposed that a number of houses should receive in common a supply of hot air or hot water, to be furnished from a suitable outside apparatus of pipes, boiler and furnace, to be paid for in common. The hot air or hot water would be "laid on," like the water; and the system, after being tried with a few streets and squares (a mere business concession in view of a timid public) would afterwards be extended to parishes and whole towns. It is maintained that by the means contemplated warmth could be distributed, at a small cost, throughout the house; so that water would never freeze in the bedrooms, while in the kitchen enough heat could at any moment be turned on for cooking a dinner. It is, perhaps, in favour of this project that as regards the main idea it is not new. In Russia where, during the long and terrible winters the cost of fuel is to every one a matter for serious consideration, a number of adjacent rooms and passages in the same house are often heated from one vast intermediate chimney, with a furnace at the base. When the smoke from the newly ignited wood in the stove or furnace has been allowed to escape, the chimney is closed from the top, and remains warm and a distributor of warmth throughout the day.

An instructive article in a German newspaper makes known by carefully selected statistics, the great increase that has taken place of late years in most European countries in the consumption of articles of food and drink which our grandfathers regarded as luxuries. Of course the increase has been much greater in some articles than in others. In Prussia the yearly consumption of meat per head had advanced from 33 lb. in 1806 to 40 lb. in 1849, brandy had grown from 3 quarts to 8, and wine from $\frac{3}{4}$ quart to 2 quarts. The increase in sugar, again, was from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 7 lb., and in coffee from $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. to 4 lb. These figures do not bring us to the latest times, but the increase has been even in a greater ratio during the years since 1845. Thus, Kolb estimates the total consumption of sugar per head of the population in the area of the Zollverein for the year 1880 at 7.37 lb., and in the year 1864 it had advanced to 9.23 lb. The annual consumption of the population of London is given, on the authority of the *Economist*, as follows:—In the year 1842: Sugar, 16.54 lb.; tea, 1.47 lb.; cocoa, 0.09 lb.; wine, 0.22 gallon; spirits, 0.87 gallon. In the year 1865: Sugar, 41.17 lb.; tea, 3.26 lb.; cocoa, 1.14 lb.; wine, 0.40 gallon; spirits, 0.89 gallon. From these figures it appears that England bears the palm easily in all such matters. From the recent work of M. Bleek, "L'Europe Politique et Sociale," it appears that the sugar consumption of France per head per year is 7.4 kilogrammes, that of Prussia 3.75, Austria 2.46, Russia 1.2, Holland 7.03, Belgium 4.06, while England stands at 19.88 kilogrammes. England also uses above half as much silk as the whole of the rest of Europe.



VIEW OF FLORA, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOS. CONNOR.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY

No. 113 —HENRY HOGAN, ESQ.

There are perhaps fewer men better known in Canada and in the States than Mr. Henry Hogan, the late proprietor of the St. Lawrence Hall in this city. That fashionable hostelry has long been considered as one of the established institutions of Montreal, and Mr. Hogan has always been looked upon as an indispensable adjunct to the Hall. The best of friends must part however, and the St. Lawrence no longer knows its old proprietor.

Previous to his departure from the city Mr. Hogan was entertained by a few of his many friends at a complimentary dinner, which took place at the Hall on Thursday, the 17th ult. The chair was occupied by his Worship the Mayor, and the vice-chairs by the Hon. Henry Starnes and A. W. Ogilvy, Esq. Among the guests were U. S. Consul-General Dart, the Hon. P. Mitchell, M. P. Ryan, M. P., Walter Macfarlane, J. F. Sincennes, Col. E. D. David, M. Cuvillier, B. Devlin, Mitchell Innis, William O'Brien, R. Kane, Dr. Campbell, T. H. Clark, J. N. Bockus, J. McShane, J. B. Stevenson, T. D. Shipman, A. Milloy, J. E. Dufresne, W. McNaughton, R. Beaufield, J. B. Dawson, H. G. Strathy, J. B. Lamere, H. Shackell, J. L. Adams, G. T. Nutter, S. H. Wallis, L. S. Benjamin, T. Caverhill, A. McGibbon, W. S. Macfarlane, W. J. Spicer, R. A. Campbell, Wm. Wainright, Theodore Lyman, H. Wainright, S. J. Doran, F. L. Moss, W. Kirwin, Hugh Mackay, J. J. Arnton, A. Force, Frank Bond, Capt. Brown, Capt. Voligny, H. Birks, A. A. Stevenson, Capt. J. B. Auger, J. McGillis, C. Claggett, Robt. Brown, F. Geriken, and the representatives of the daily press. After the cloth had been removed a testimonial was presented to Mr. Hogan, consisting of an elegant three-branch silver and gilt *épergne*, with fruit stands to match, a soup tureen, claret tankard,



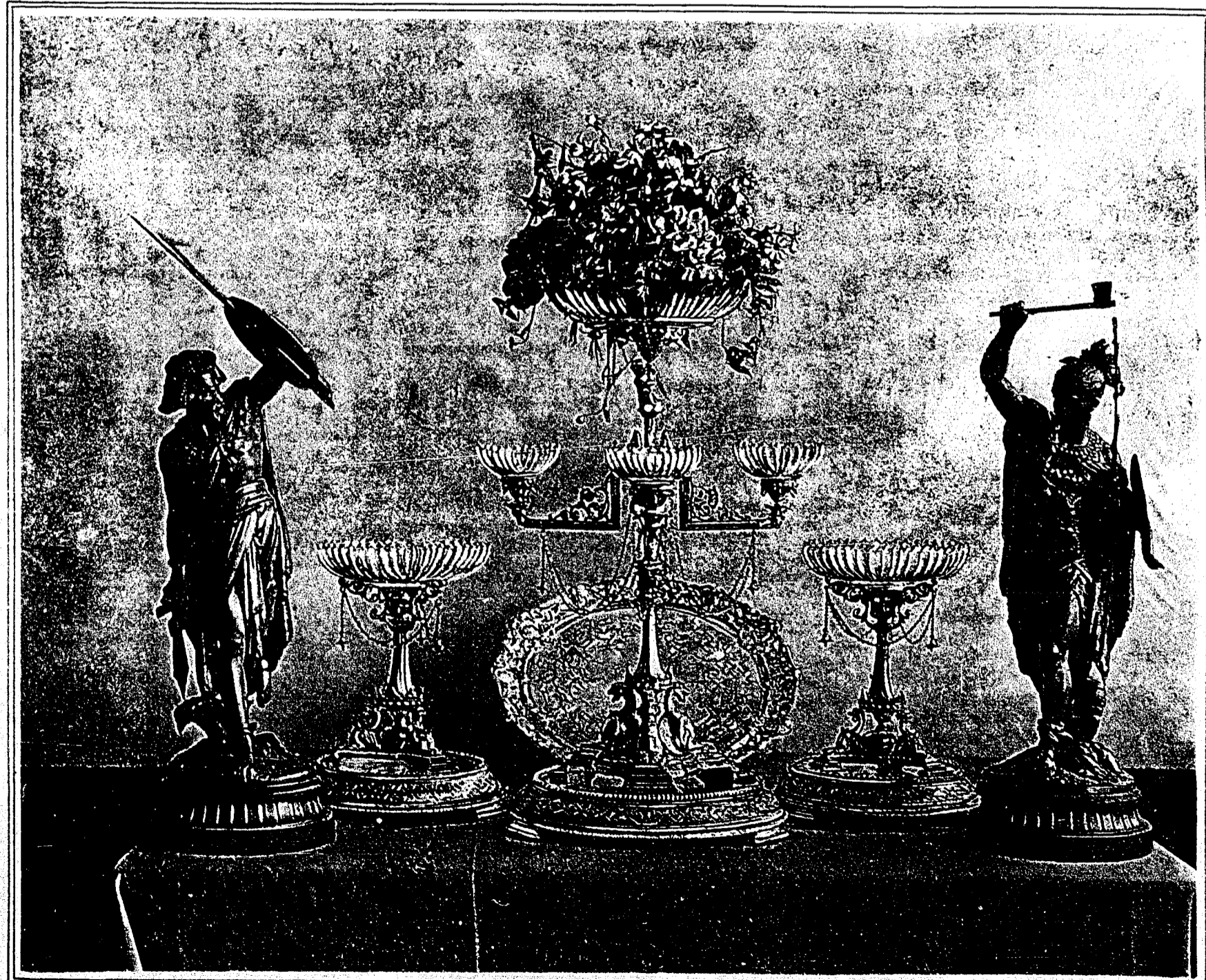
HENRY HOGAN, Esq.,

LATE PROPRIETOR OF THE ST. LAWRENCE HALL, MONTREAL.

ice pitchers, with goblets, and embossed salver, from the well-known establishment of Messrs. Hawksorth, Eyre & Co., of Sheffield, England together with a beautiful marble mantle clock, a pair of bronze statuettes, and a highly finished polished oak escritoire, from Messrs. Savage, Lyman & Co., of this city. The *épergne*, fruit stand and salver, with the two bronze statuettes are illustrated below. The salver bears the inscription: "Presented to Henry Hogan, Esq., by a few friends, on his retiring from the proprietorship of the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal."

Mr. Hogan's numerous friends all over the continent will, we are sure, be glad to hear of this well merited compliment, and unite in wishing him continued prosperity in the future.

Mr. Hogan is a native of Ireland, and was brought to this country when very young by his father, who, we believe, held a commission in Her Majesty's army. Mr. Hogan, sen., died a short time after his arrival in this city, and left his son, Henry, to fight his own battles. The position he now holds in society shows that he was not unsuccessful. Mr. Hogan was first known when in charge of Tetu's Hotel, and such was the satisfaction he gave, when in this position, to the public, that he was later put in charge of the St. Lawrence Hall of which, by his energy and talents, he soon rose to be the proprietor, and succeeded in making it one of the best hotels in the Dominion. Mr. Hogan, like a great many in this country, has the proud satisfaction of being able to boast that he is the architect of his own fortune. Of the goods of this world, amassed by hard work and close application he has never been chary—always ready to put his hand in his pocket, as the public institutions of this city can testify.



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO MR. HOGAN BY HIS MONTREAL FRIENDS.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
NOVEMBER 16, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Nov. 10.—	Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity. French Cathedral, Montreal, burnt, 1819.
MONDAY,	" 11.—	St. Martin, Bp. Battle of Chrysler's Farm, 1819.
TUESDAY,	" 12.—	Montreal surrendered to Americans, 1775. Chas. Kemble died, 1854.
WEDNESDAY,	" 13.—	St. Britius, Bp. Battle of Windmill Point, 1858.
THURSDAY,	" 14.—	Arnold arrived before Quebec, 1776. Sir Charles Lyell born, 1797.
FRIDAY,	" 15.—	St. Machutus, Bp. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham born, 1708.
SATURDAY,	" 16.—	Battle of Lutzen, 1632. John Bright born, 1811. Engagement at Prescott, 1858.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at St. Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Nov. 3, 1872.

	Mean Temp. 3 P. M.	Max. Temp. of Day.	Min. Temp. previous night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 9 P. M.	Mean Length of Day.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
Oct. 28	38	47	32	62	30.47	N E	Clear.
29	40	52	31	63	30.58	N	Aurora.
30	42	53	32	66	30.50	N E	Clear.
31	42	48	35	73	30.39	N E	Overcast.
Nov. 1	44	48	41	84	30.87	E N E	Rain.
2	42	45	41	91	30.69	N	Rain.
3	38	41	36	88	30.03	N E	Overcast.
MEAN	40.8	47.9	38.5	74.8	30.28		

Extreme Range of Temperature, 24.0; of Humidity, 54.6; of Barometer, 0.89 inches.

Whole amount of rain during the week, 1.20 inches, equivalent to 27.34 gallons of water per acre.

OUR NEXT NUMBER

The next number of the

"ILLUSTRATED NEWS"

will contain illustrations of

THE CUPS WON AT WIMBLEDON BY THE CANADIAN TEAM;

H. E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S YACHT "IMOCENE";

THE GREAT TIMBER SALE AT TORONTO,

and the celebration of

MGR. BOURGET'S "NOCES D'OR."

The undersigned has much pleasure in acquainting the public that he has entered into arrangements with Mr. Johnston, C.E., of Montreal, for the early publication of his large "Map of the whole Dominion, from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island, with the Northern and Western States."

This Map is approved and recommended by the highest Geographical Authorities in Canada as being the most accurate, comprehensive and useful Map yet made. It will be the special care and aim of the undersigned to place this valuable work before the Canadian public in a style commensurate with its great merits, early in the ensuing year.

Geo. E. Desbarats.

[See Prospectus.]

SKETCHES IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Our special artist and correspondent in the Lower Provinces, Mr. E. J. Russell, who has recently been on a sketching tour in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, will shortly contribute to the pages of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS a series of views of scenery in the Maritime Provinces, accompanied by appropriate descriptive papers.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

An outcry has recently been raised in England by some tender-hearted and well-meaning people, against the practice, usual both at home and in this country, of flogging criminals convicted of acts of brutal ruffianism. It is needless to say that none of the victims of street rousers' brutality have taken part in this movement, but that it is confined entirely to humanitarians whose views in more than one way would be considerably changed should they ever fall victims to abuses at present held in check only by the severe measures they so violently deprecate. The present outcry was originated by a highly-coloured account of a flogging which recently took place at Newgate published by a newspaper of the sensational stamp. The facts of the case are simply these. One Cohen, a notorious criminal, a rough of the worst kind, who had time and time again been punished for brutal assaults, on this occasion was convicted at the Central Criminal Court of a robbery with violence on a gentleman named Wright, and was sentenced to receive thirty lashes. That he deserved the sentence few people would care to dispute. In company with an accomplice he attacked Mr. Wright from behind, in the usual style of these gentry, and struck his victim a violent blow on the head which felled him to the ground. Mr. Wright was then kicked on the face and body, robbed of a valuable gold watch and chain and £3 in money. In addition to his other injuries his knee-cap was broken

either by a blow or by the fall. For his share in this abominable piece of ruffianism Cohen was sentenced to receive thirty lashes. On the 7th ult., the sentence, which, owing to a bronchial affection under which the prisoner was said to be suffering, had been diminished one half, was put into effect. The scene in the flogging-room was described in a journal of the class already alluded to probably with the embellishments sensational reporters know so well how to employ, and the outcry commenced. It was, it would appear, led by Mr. P. A. Taylor, who denounced the punishment as "a deed of cold-blooded cowardly brutality" and an "orgie of blood and torture," and expressed himself as disgusted with "the bestial details" of the affair supplied in the journal in question. We do not for one moment quarrel with Mr. Taylor's disgust for the sickening description of the affair that appeared in the public print. But we cannot help animadverting upon the fact that he reserves his pity entirely for one of the two sufferers in the case, and that the least deserving. While he lavishes his tears and sympathy on the brutal perpetrator of one of the most ruffianly assaults ever committed in England, he says nothing of the victim of his protégé, the man with the battered head and the broken knee-cap.

Mr. Taylor has found an able supporter in his opposition to the lash in Mr. Jacob Bright. But Mr. Bright founds his objections to flogging not so much on the ground of the inhumanity as on that of the inefficacy of this system of punishment—its utter lack of deterrent effect. He asserts that the Home Secretary states that the diminution of the number of cases of grotting is not due to the use of the cat as a punishment. This may or may not be the case, but it is a singular fact, which Mr. Bright in making this assertion should be able and willing to elucidate, that the falling off, nay, the almost complete disappearance of grotting cases, dates entirely from the introduction of the use of the lash. And further, it is well-known that this penalty is one of which criminals have a most deeply-rooted horror. But granting that Mr. Bright's assertion is correct; that the administration of the cat exercises no deterrent effect upon the class in general to which such ruffians as Cohen belong, it cannot be denied that it does exercise a most wholesome effect upon those who have once undergone this kind of punishment. We have not yet heard of a single case where a criminal who has undergone a flogging for a ruffianly assault has ever been convicted of a similar offence. The lesson taught by the lash is too severe to be forgotten in a hurry. Granting then Mr. Bright's proposition, in the absence of any other efficacious punishment which would have a deterrent effect upon would-be evil-doers, it is certainly advisable to maintain in use the penalty which undeniably keeps in check the brutal propensities of those ruffians who have once felt its weight.

The International Railway and Steam Navigation Guide for November has made its appearance. This is a most valuable hand-book and time-table, and should be kept on hand at all public and private offices.

THE DOMINION CLUB LIST.—We have received from Mr. Archibald McPherson, of Dundas, a list of periodicals supplied by him at Club rates. Great inducements are held out to Postmasters, Carriers, etc. The list contains the names of many Canadian and most of the principal American publications which are offered at special rates. All interested should send for it.

St. GEORGE'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—A very pleasant entertainment in connection with this society was held on Monday night. His Reverence the Dean of Montreal occupied the chair. The programme consisted of piano-recitations by Mr. Boscovitz, some capital readings by Miss Henry and Mr. Keller, a performance by the Gault Bros. Glee Club, and an address by Dr. Bessey. At the close of the entertainment the members of the society publicly renewed their pledges.

APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. J. A. Ardsagh, of Barrie, has been appointed junior Judge for the County of Simcoe, to aid Judge Gowan.

Lieutenant Frederick Rowan, of Hamilton, R. M. 9th Regt., has been appointed an Aide-de-Camp to His Excellency.

It is said that Mr. Urquhart, lately of the Ottawa Times, has been appointed clerk of the Executive Council for the Northwest territory.

Mr. Cyrille Delagrave, the newly appointed Recorder of the City of Quebec, has been created, by the Governor-General, a Queen's Counsel for the Province of Quebec.

Mr. Louis Betournay, for many years junior partner in the firm of Cartier, Pominville & Betournay, has been appointed a Puisne Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench for the Province of Manitoba. The new judge has been created a Queen's Counsel for the Province of Quebec.

His Excellency the Governor-General has appointed Mr. C. S. Gzowski, of Toronto, in acknowledgment of his services in promoting the formation and success of Rifle Associations in Canada, and thus familiarizing the Militia with the use of the rifle as the national weapon, a Staff Officer of the Militia of Canada with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel.

AMUSEMENTS.

PALAIS MUSICAL.—This charming little theatre continues fully up to the mark. Everything has been done by the proprietor to make it a success, and there can be no doubt that the result will be satisfactory both to himself and to his patrons. The house is kept perfectly clean and neat, the chairs are comfortable, the attendants polite and obliging, and the programme entertaining and funny without any tinge of coarseness or impropriety. With such advantages to offer it deserves to be largely patronized.

NEW ROYAL LYCEUM, TORONTO.—The management of this theatre is to be congratulated on the success that has attended their efforts to cater for the pleasure of the public, during last week; the great attraction being Miss Ada Gray in Weaver's sensational drama of *Who's Wife*. Miss Gray, as Goldie Merritt, evinced great ability as a highly cultured actress, in addition to which she possesses great personal attractions. Mr. Vernon, as Terrell Bryson the elder, and Miss Vernon, as Belle, proved themselves to be artistes of no ordinary ability; in the dying scene the former was masterly and the by-play of the latter is seldom equalled. Mr. Spackman as the Old Farmer and Mr. Hudson as Capers maintained their usual standard of excellence. On Monday Mr. J. W. Ward and Miss Winnetta Montague made their appearance before the Toronto footlights, and later in the week Mr. Melville appeared.

NEW BOOKS.

AT THE ALTAR. From the German of E. Werner, author of "The Hero of the Pen." By J. S. L. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

We cannot confess to any admiration for either the object, the style, or the sentiment of this book. It is one of a class now very numerous in Germany, a class which aims at bringing odium upon Roman Catholic establishments and the Roman Catholic religion generally, and which has very fair representatives in French literature in Eugene Sue's "Juif Errant," and in "Le Jésuite," by L'Abbe . . . The hero of the story is a young Benedictine monk—a counterpart in a small way of Father Hyacinthe—whose preaching and bold views attract crowds of eager hearers, and who finally leaves the cloister for the married state. His brethren in the monastery are represented as either nonentities or as demons incarnate, who to compass their end hesitate at no crime. In fact of all the Catholic characters not one is held up to our admiration, while their opponents are brought as near perfection as possible. The publication of "At the Altar" commenced in January last in the *Leipzig Gartenlaube*, an organ whose character for impartiality is none of the best. The translation before us is very fair. The translator has held hard by the original, which he renders closely and correctly; in some places indeed so closely that the German idiom is preserved intact.

KALOOAH. The Adventures of Jonathan Romer, of Nantucket. By W. S. Mayo, M.D., author of "The Barber," "Neyer Again," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This book will probably be familiar to many of our readers. It was first published in 1849, when it met with such a demand that four editions were issued in the comparatively short space of four months. It treats, as its second title intimates, of the adventures of Jonathan Romer, a scion of an old Nantucket family whose members for generations had been "followers of the sea," and were from father to son roamers by nature as well as by name. After some preliminary account of his early life Jonathan tells the story of his wanderings in Africa, where he rescues the beautiful princess Kaloolah from slavery and misery, and escorts her, with many adventures on the way, to her father's kingdom of Framazunda. Of course he marries his lovely protégée, and, to use the language of the story-books, "lived happily to the end of his life," in his father-in-law's domains. "Kaloolah" will be found a capital book for boys' reading, while grown-up people will find in its pages the means of whiling an hour away with profit and pleasure. Jonathan is an incorrigible braggart, and addicted to the use of high-sounding and unintelligible medical terms, but withal he is an entertaining fellow and by no means a bad companion.

RECEIVED.

TRANSACTIONS of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. Session of 1871-2.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

SWINSON'S PROGRESSIVE ENGLISH GRAMMAR. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

THE MARBLE PROPHECY, and other Poems. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

THE FORMS OF WATER. By Prof. Tyndall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA. By Bayard Taylor. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE, and other Tales. By F. W. Robinson. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

VICTOR NORMAN, Rector. By Mrs. Mary A. Denton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

ISOLINA; or, The Actor's Daughter. By E. O. S. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Notes and Comments.

Few persons believed the story, circulated some time ago, that the French Legitimists and Orleanists were about to "fuse." There are no such enemies as rival relations, so it is without surprise that we learn that at the many private dinner-parties, given recently by members of the old French aristocracy to celebrate the Comte de Chambord's fifty-second birthday, no Orleanists were admitted. The halls where the banquets took place were, we learn, draped with white flags, and the only toast drunk was Henri V.

To discontented speakers at public meetings, etc., who are unable to obtain a hearing we recommend a very effective expedient for commanding silence recently employed by a member of an English local board. The only drawback to its successful and harmless use lies in the fact that the consequences are apt to be unpleasant. At a recent meeting of the board the member in question appeared in the board room with a parcel under his arm. This circumstance caused no apprehension, but when the minutes of the previous meeting had been read, to the dismay of all present, he unpacked the parcel and produced a pair of cymbals, on which he began playing, stating that as he could not have his way with regard to a resolution he had wished to introduce, he would take care that no other member of the board obtained a hearing. He then commenced playing on the instruments, occasionally pausing for a few moments to deliver some forcible remark bearing on the question at issue. The board at last, instead of being moved "by magic numbers and persuasive sounds," called in the police, who removed both the cymbals and the performer.

The Rev. Mr. Voysey, whose religious shiftings have earned him a notoriety such as few English clergymen enjoy, has recently started services according to his own ideas of Divine Worship. A correspondent of the *Church Herald* who was present at one of these meetings at St. George's Hall, London, describes them as utterly lacking in reverence, heartiness, and sincerity. The proceedings are, to say the least, somewhat peculiar. After the congregation, who were slow in taking off their hats and careless of preliminary prayer, had taken their seats, Mr. Voysey began the service by reading one of the opening sentences from the Church of England Book of Common Prayer, which was followed by a mutilated exhortation and confession, the name of Jesus Christ being wholly suppressed. The service was choral, and, of its kind, good. The Psalms, as well as the prayers used, are from a revised version of the Prayer Book. In place of Scripture Lessons portions from sceptical writers were read. After a caricature of the Litany, the service was concluded by an extract chanted from "Theism," by F. W. Newman. The sermon was from the New Koran, Chap. I, v. 3. The writer adds that the unwholesome effect of his two hours' visit was not dispelled until he had attended the hearty, sincere, and devout Evensong at St. Alban's, Holborn.

The *Victoria Standard* had an article some time ago on San Juan which developed a new view of that much contested question. The article was published several weeks before the decision of the German Emperor was made, and if the view taken be correct the dispute over the island would appear to have been a case of "Much Ado About nothing"—resolved, in fact, to a mere dispute over a point of honour. The *Standard* in the article in question thinks the importance of San Juan in a strategic point of view has been greatly overrated. Were it in the hands of the Americans to-morrow, it says, and were hostilities to commence between the United States and Great Britain, no fortifications that they could erect could close the channel effectually against British vessels navigating the waters separating San Juan from Vancouver Island. There are no guns at present in use that could stop a British man-of-war passing through De Haro Channel, or even a commercial steamer, if she felt disposed to do so, from batteries erected on any portion of San Juan Island. It is all very well to talk about Brother Jonathan keeping the door of the Pacific; but should any difficulty ever arise between the two nations, it would soon be seen which of them had possession of the key either to open or close it. Thanks, however, to the Washington Treaty, all probabilities of a rupture of the friendly relations between England and the United States have been effectually removed, and it is doubtful if there be a man now living who will see the day that these two Anglo-Saxon nations will wage war with each other. Their policy is peace.

The ballot experiment in England would appear to be anything but a success. Recent despatches state that the voting, which was conducted amid much excitement and confusion, was so slow that by the time the polls closed many of the electors had not recorded their votes. Advices by mail go to show that it has proved a failure in another way, viz., by giving facilities for bribery. A correspondent of the *Times* gives an illustration of this, drawn from personal experience at Preston. He relates the story of the voting of two Irishmen brought to the poll by an electioneer, whose every movement he was able to observe, and who, as professedly "illiterates," required to give assurance as to the candidate of their choice by naming him in the hearing of the agents of both sides. After the process had been duly gone through and the men had emerged from the scene of action, one of them stated that he had "voted," and now he wanted his "prass." What that meant the correspondent does not profess to know; but as "amid some laughter from the bystanders the conductor of the two men hastily came forward and took them off with him," it is not difficult to make a shrewd guess. At all events, it is plain that bribery may be effectively carried on under the mask of the "illiterate," who is bound to proclaim aloud the candidate for whom he votes. And as the use of the cards distributed by the Conservative agents shows how easily the assumed secrecy of the ballot may be evaded, it seems plain that, instead of putting an end to bribery altogether, we have really made it much easier, because, if skilfully done, much more difficult to trace, than it was under open voting.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.

The Bruce Salt Works have been put in operation. Sir Francis Hincks' family has removed to Montreal. Increase of salaries for the Civil Service is being agitated at Ottawa. The corner-stone of the new House of Industry, Kingston, was laid on Monday. Captain Pelletier, on trial at Quebec for the murder of a crimp, has been acquitted. Three men were killed last week on the Toronto, Grey, and Bruce Railway near Owen Sound. A powerful steam whistle has been put in operation on St. Paul's Island, Gulf of St. Lawrence. The great case of the Banque Nationale vs. the City Bank has been decided in favour of the plaintiffs. The celebration of the *noce d'or* of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal proved a perfect success. So much lawlessness prevails in Halifax that the citizens are talking of organizing a vigilance committee. The Lieut.-Governor of Ontario has appointed the 14th inst. a day of public thanksgiving for the Province. Messrs. Manning & Co., of Toronto, have been awarded the contract for deepening the feeder of the Welland Canal. The rumours to the effect that Sir Francis Hincks will resign his seat in the Cabinet have been officially denied. Surveying parties have been organized by the Governments of Ontario and Quebec to settle the boundary line between the two provinces.

It is rumoured that Mr. Simard, ex-M.P. for Quebec Centre, will fill the seat in the Senate vacated by the resignation of the Hon. Mr. Cauchon. His Lordship the Bishop of Quebec is on a visit to the Eastern Townships. His Lordship will then proceed to Ottawa, and be the guest of the Bishop of Ontario. The section of the Quebec Colonial Railway between River du Loup and the bridge of Trois Pistoles will be opened for traffic on the 18th inst. Heavily laden platform cars pass over the bridge daily. It is reported that the Government have decided on the removal of St. John's, Palace, and Hope Gates, at Quebec, and that the esplanade and works between St. Louis and St. John's gates are to be levelled for a public park and placed under municipal control.

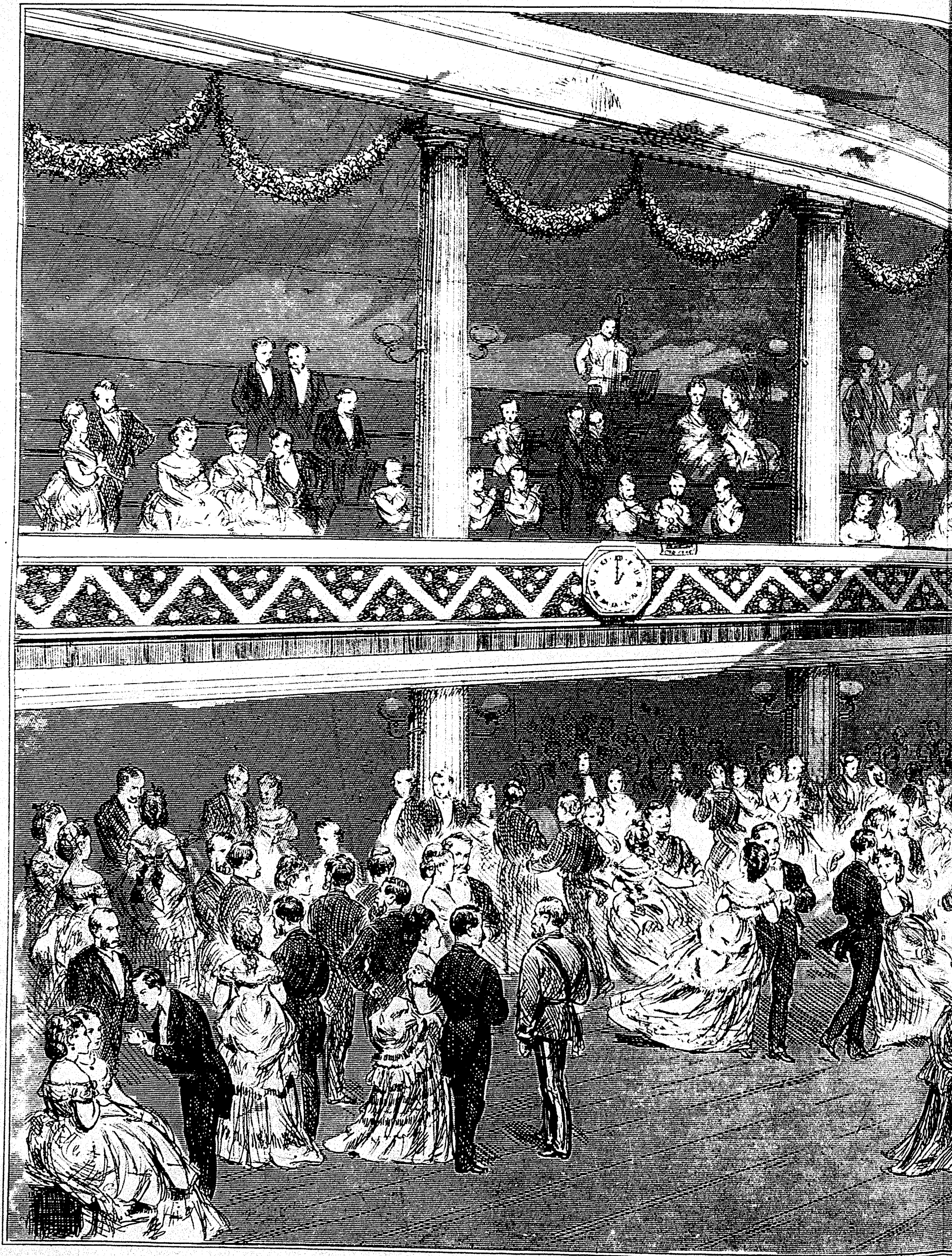
UNITED STATES.

Mrs. Greely died on the 30th inst. The Hon. Jas. A. Griswold died last week. Snow fell lately at Salt Lake and in Maine. Mr. Everts, U. S. Consul at Geneva, has returned. Stanley leaves England for New York to-day, Saturday. Anna Dickenson has been on the stump in New Jersey. The horse disease is extending southwards and westwards. Mr. Charles Francis Adams sailed for New York on Saturday. The Japanese Minister has been examining the Connecticut school system. The monument to Sir Walter Scott in Central Park, New York, was unveiled last Saturday. The Northern Pacific is being pushed on so rapidly that it will reach the Missouri in about a week. The public debt of the United States has been reduced 5,223,417 dollars during the past month. "Springfield Boy," the noted trotting horse, died the other day at Springfield, Mass., from the horse disease. Preparations are being made at Washington for a dinner to Stanley, who is expected to arrive there on the 18th inst. The steamship "Missouri," of the Atlantic Mail Steamship Co., has been destroyed by fire. The loss of life was very great. The great California trotter, "Occident," has been badly defeated by the two great mares, "Goldsmith Maid" and "Lucy." In an interview with Grant at Washington recently, Senator Wilson said he had travelled 50,000 miles and delivered 123 speeches. The jury on the trial of Mayor Hall were unable to agree, and were consequently discharged. The result stood:—7, guilty; 5, not guilty. The New York *Mercury* says that Mayor Hall has charges prepared to commence suit against the proprietor and editor of the *Times* and Harper Bros. A despatch from Springfield, Mass., says that the Chinese Imperial Commissioner of Education, together with his wife, recently joined the South Congregational Church in that city. There is evidently some mistake here. Warrants have been issued in New York for the arrest of Victoria C. Woodhull and Jennie C. Claflin on a charge of libel. The fair libellers have created such an excitement that threats of mobbing them were freely indulged in. Intelligence has been received in New York from the Polar expedition that new and valuable explorations and discoveries have been made. It has been found that what were formerly regarded as separate islands in the Polar Sea, comprise one large area of land, abounding with birds, seal, and reindeer. A full report of all the discoveries will soon be given to the public. At a meeting of the directors of the Eastern and North American Railroad Company of Maine, held recently at Bangor, the terms of consolidation with the Eastern and North American Consolidated Railroad Company of New Brunswick Western extension, were signed subject to the ratification of stockholders, a meeting of whom is called for the 8th instant. The new company will be known as the Eastern and North American Consolidated Railroad Company. The President has signed a proclamation declaring that all the provisions of the acts imposing discriminating foreign tonnage and import duties in the United States are renewed,

and shall henceforth be and remain in full force as relates to goods and merchandize imported into the United States in French vessels, from countries other than France, so long as any discriminating duties shall continue to be imposed by France upon goods and merchandize imported into France in vessels of the United States from countries other than the United States.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The Queen of Spain is *en route*. Marshal Bazaine's trial has been resumed. The cholera has made its appearance in Ireland. A revolutionary conspiracy is on foot in Costa Rica. The horse disease has made its appearance in Devonshire. Lord Penzance, Judge of the English Court of Probate, has resigned. The work on the new Bolivian railway is being rapidly pushed forward. The German Government denies that it has attempted to stop emigration. The pay of French soldiers has been increased by order of the Government. The inundations along the banks of the Po continue to cause much damage. A war on a small scale is being carried on against Russia by the Khan of Khiva. Riotous demonstrations against the new Licensing Act have been made in Liverpool. The German Emperor has conferred on Mr. Hepworth Dixon the order of the Golden Cross. There have been riots at Sheffield. The police were called out and arrested five of the ringleaders. It is expected that by the 1st of January only two milliards of the war indemnity will remain unpaid. The floods in the South of France have subsided. The damage done to farms and vineyards is extensive. It is said that one of the Deputies from Corsica will resign his seat in the Assembly to make room for Prince Napoleon. The Prussian Diet have rejected the reform bill in the teeth of the government. The latter immediately dissolved the Diet. The mortal remains of Heinrich Heine, which were buried in the Montmartre Cemetery, have been disinterred and taken to Hamburg. M. Thiers has informed Princess Clotilde that the decree of banishment enforced against her husband, Prince Napoleon, does not apply to her. The Spanish Cortes has resolved by a vote of 124 against 104 to consider articles of impeachment against the members of the Sagasta Ministry. Mr. Thomas Hughes, better known as the author of "Tom Brown's School-days," has announced to his constituents his decision to retire from politics. The German Government will re-establish next year the councils general in Alsace and Lorraine, in the same form in which they existed under the French dominion. The golden wedding of the King and Queen of Saxony was celebrated at Dresden, on Sunday, with great ceremony. The German Emperor, Empress, and Crown Prince were present. The municipal elections throughout England last week resulted in heavy Conservative gains, which are attributed to the passage by Parliament and enforcement of the Licensing Act. John Francis Maguire the well known Irish member of Parliament for Cork city, and proprietor and editor of the *Cork Examiner*, died last week. He was in the 57th year of his age. A petition was presented to the Cortes to-day by one of the Republican Deputies, asking to urge the adoption of measures looking to the procurement from England of the cession of Gibraltar to Spain. A banquet was given last week in London by the Royal Geographical Society in honour of M. Bartle Frere, who is about to proceed to Africa to promote the cause of abolition of slavery in that country. A despatch from Peking announces that the Emperor of China was married on the 16th of October. There was no outside ceremony other than a procession, which escorted the bride from her residence to the Imperial Palace. A Paris despatch states that the Council General of the Department of the Seine has adopted a resolution in favour of compulsory education and the employment of lady teachers in the public schools, and will petition the Assembly for legislation to that effect. London files report that Messrs. Lowe and Gladstone propose raising the money to meet the American Claims by a loan—probably a cheque or bonds will be issued as a compensation for part of the fifteen millions, so as to spread the payment over a considerable period. Advices from Hayti state that the French Minister threatens to resort to the same measures taken by the Germans for the recovery of \$54,000 due to the French citizens, and has sent for the French Admiral. The Haytiens appealed to the liberality and humanity of President Thiers. A general conference of Jews has been held at Brussels. Delegates from Roumania laid before it the condition of their people in the principalities. They proposed to petition the Roumanian Chamber for full civil and political rights, and stated that their intention of emigrating *en masse* to America has been abandoned. The Marquis of Ripon, who presided over the High Joint Commission which framed the "Alabama" treaty at Washington, delivered an address last week at Ripon, in Yorkshire, upon the results of the arbitration in Geneva. The speaker expressed himself as thankful that all the points involved in the Treaty of Washington had been peacefully and amicably settled. He regarded this as a great step towards the preservation of the peace of the world. Though, said the Marquis, the controversy between the two nations had been sometimes keen and eager, the feelings of the people, as well as the representative government, had never become embittered. He believed that the arbitration at Geneva had been the means of inaugurating good relations between England and the United States, which would long endure.



TORONTO.—THE GOVERNOR GENERAL



A L L.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.

Science & Mechanics.

The *Vaderland* of the Hague announces that the project of drying the Zuyder Zee (about 50,000 acres) is again brought on the tapis. The example of the Lake of Haarlem is there to show that, notwithstanding the immense difficulties of the task, the ground gained from the sea by the hand of man and devoted to agriculture largely remunerates the expenses of the acquisition. It is known also that the Zuyder Zee was not always the immense gulf it now is, but was once a thick forest, bathed by a river, which, after traversing several small inland lakes, threw itself into the sea near the Texel. About five centuries back the waters of the ocean, rushing in by the mouth of the stream, produced a general inundation.

A STEAM PAVING TOOL.—A novel apparatus of this kind has lately been tried in Paris, namely, a Steam Rammer. As used from time immemorial the rammer is a heavy iron-shod implement which the workman raises about a foot from the ground and allows to drop, as rapidly as he may, successively upon the boulders or blocks to be set. The object of the invention of Mr. Lignier is to save the labourer the severe physical exertion of raising the heavy tool, an exertion producing in time an injurious effect upon the lungs. In the apparatus of M. Lignier the heavy weight is lifted by a small Lenoir gas engine. To the fly-wheel of the engine is connected the rammer of steel, smaller but heavier than the ordinary instrument. The movement of the machine is controlled by the operator, and the rapidity of the operation, according to the inventor, more than counterbalances the greater cost.

We are promised a novelty in war ship building which—so only it is practicable—must be welcomed with open arms by "My Lords" of the Admiralty. Some genius has, it appears, developed a plan for rendering vessels unsinkable. The invention consists of the interposition of an elastic preparation between two thicknesses of wood in the side of the vessel to be protected. When the ship goes into action, and the enemy's shot pierces the sides, holes will, as a matter of course, be made in her hull, but these perforations will, if the invention proves serviceable, be instantaneously closed by the lateral expansion of the elastic compound, and—in the case of all shot-holes below the water line—the influx of water be prevented. An official trial, on an almost microscopic scale, took place recently at Devonport, a wooden box being substituted for a ship, and rifle bullets being employed in place of shot. Fairly satisfactory results were obtained, the perforations closing with considerable promptitude. It is to be hoped that the Admiralty will close with the inventor in an equally satisfactory manner, if their official minds are convinced of the value of his proposal. Only don't let them close their eyes to its merits, if it has any.

The great marine aquarium at Brighton was formally opened to the public on the 12th of August, on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at that place. This establishment is the largest and best appointed of its kind in the world, and has been planned with the sole object of presenting the wonders of the sea in the most complete and attractive manner possible. The building is 715 feet in length, with an average width of 100 feet. Its front consists of five circular-headed arches, connected by terra cotta columns. The exterior of the aquarium is highly ornamental, and presents a very striking appearance. The interior is arranged with a view of furnishing accommodations of ample extent for all the varieties of marine life likely to be brought within its inclosures. The aquarium proper is divided into three corridors: the first subdivided into nineteen bays, and covered by a groined roof of brick. Its extreme length is 229 feet, broken by a central square 55 by 45 feet, in the centre of which is to be placed a terra cotta fountain of elegant design. Fourteen tanks are ranged on each side of this corridor, varying in dimensions from 55 by 39 feet to 11½ by 20 feet. The largest of all, which occupies the whole north side of the square, is over 100 feet in length, capable of accommodating a whale of considerable size. The front of the tank is composed of Portland stone, ornamental iron, and heavy plate-glass, secured by water-proof cement. The second corridor is 89 by 23 feet. It has no tanks, its main purpose being to serve as an approach to the conservatory, the first corridor, and the terrace. The third corridor is 23 feet wide and 160 feet long, and contains 20 tanks, some to be used with fresh and some with salt water. The conservatory is also 160 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 30 feet high; is intended as a lounging and resting place, and is ornamented with a great variety of marine plants and small aquaria. A series of shallow tanks is to be erected on the north wall for the purpose of illustrating the culture of salmon. The whole basement of the building is occupied by reservoirs for the storage of seawater, which is pumped up as required into the tanks; and an arrangement has been de-

vised by which a constant circulation of the water is kept up. The work on this aquarium was commenced in July, 1870, the first brick laid February 2, 1871, and the entire cost of the work was \$250,000. It is under the direction of Mr. John Keast Lord, a well-known naturalist.

IMPROVED TOOL REST.

The principal defect of the ordinary form of tool rest is its difficulty of adjustment. It is fitted with no appliances for making slight changes in its position, particularly such as are constantly required in the execution of fine work, so that for every needed alteration, in the point of application of the tool, considerable time must be wasted in properly setting the rest. The device herewith illustrated, the invention of Mr. C. F. Hadley, overcomes this disadvantage in a very simple and effective manner.

Fig. 1 is a perspective, and Fig. 2, a sectional view. The tool is shown held in a vertical slot in the upright standard by means of a screw bolt from above. This standard fits in a mortise in the upper portion of the device marked A, in which it freely moves, so that its lateral position may thus be adjusted. Pivoted on its end, as shown, to the interior of the metal sleeve, B, is an arm, C, the upper extremity of which is similarly attached to the movable piece, D. Through the latter, a thread is cut in which works the thumbscrew as represented.

The upper portion, A, of the instrument extends down inside the sleeve, B, in which it slides freely. It is evident that, by turning the thumbscrew, the piece, D, will be moved to the right, the arm, C, will be raised to a nearly perpendicular position, and the upper portion, A, carrying the tool, will be lifted. Opposite motion will, of course, take place by a corresponding reversal of the movement of the screw. The height of the tool in the rest may thus be nicely graduated to any desired position, without necessitating the removal of either tool or rest from the machine.—*Scientific American.*

COMBINED PIPE WRENCH AND VICE.

The device illustrated herewith is an ingenious combination tool, which may be used either as a vice for holding gas pipe while cutting screw threads upon it, as shown in Fig. 1, or it may be detached (Fig. 2) from its stand and employed as a gas pipe wrench, or square wrench for large bolts.

A (Fig. 1) is the bracket secured by bolts to the bench. B is an angle plate pivoted to the bracket by the bolt, C. By the curved slot in the former, through which passes the bolt, D, the tool may be inclined as required. B is the upper and horizontal portion of the angle plate, to which the instrument is detachably secured by the bolt, E, through the bar, F. The forward end of the latter is inclined, and upon it are formed teeth. G is a bar, one end of which is rigidly fastened to the bar, F, and the other pivoted to the double bar, H. By means of the holes shown in H, the position and angle of the bars, H and F, can be altered at pleasure. Pivoted to the bar, H, is a curved bar, K, which passes through a slot in the bar, F, and has several holes in it to receive the pin, L, by which it is suitably adjusted to the lever, M. Upon the inner edge of the bar, K, are also cut teeth. The forward end of the lever, M, is slotted to receive the end of the short bar, N, Fig. 2, to which it is pivoted and which serves as a fulcrum. The other end of the short bar, N, enters a slot in the bar, F, to which it is detachably secured by a bolt. The lever arm, M, passes through a slot in the clevis, P, which has a vice screw, as shown, which, when turned inward, presses together the lever arm and the bar, F. By taking the tool from its support, and also removing the vice screw and other portions, substituting for the former the thumbscrew, Q, it becomes, as before stated, a square or gas pipe wrench.

When used as a vice, this invention can be adjusted for holding pipe of various sizes, from three eighths of an inch to four inches. Employed otherwise, two sizes are all that are required, as it forms a square wrench, square to the diameter of the pipe. The inventor states that the tool is especially valuable in the sinking of pipes forming drive wells, the former, after being driven some time, frequently becomes stopped with fine sand, so that it is necessary to withdraw them. This, although it requires increased leverage, can, it is claimed, be readily done with the wrench by slipping a piece of gas pipe over the lever, while the compression on the pipe need not be increased. Using the wrench in this manner, it is stated that a drawn copper tube can be screwed together without injury.

The device can be used in closer quarters than ordinary gas tongs, as the grip can be loosened and another taken every sixteenth of an inch, around the periphery of the pipe, with absolute certainty. The instrument can be made to answer the purpose of a pipe cutter at a small additional cost. It is made of steel castings, and weighs, complete, seven and a half pounds.—*Scientific American.*

Keep them always near, Dr. Colby's Anti-Costive and Tonic Pills.

Courier des James.

FRENCH MARRIAGES.

The youth of England, with its still existing romantic notions on marriage, would be somewhat startled at the prosaic manner in which the generality of French marriages are arranged—yes, arranged; that is the word—and, until this "arrangement" system is done away with, all the sensational pamphlets of Alexander Dumas and his answerers will be written and read in vain! For instance, a *chef de famille* says to his son or nephew, as the case may be, "Mon garçon, you are thirty years old to-day, you have had plenty of time to enjoy the fullest sweets of Bohemian life—it is time to *ramer*—the family must have a head—and you must have sons!" Accordingly he is introduced to a young girl, generally fresh from convent. If she be not positively repulsive in appearance, he gives his consent to the affair, since it *must* take place, and this one may no doubt be as good as any other. Besides, he is a man, and, after all, he is not compelled to give up all his old habits, even when he is married. To be sure, he may not be able to dispose of quite so much time as formerly, but still, there will always remain some leisure hours, when *le roi* will be able to amuse himself! With the girl, however, it is wholly different, *she* is sometimes suddenly fetched from convent purposely to be given to this man, without a word of warning, or a question as to whether or no she likes him. He may be repulsive to her in the extreme, but she has not the power to say no. She has been taught that she may have to marry, but it must be only with her parents' consent and at her parents' request. She is not to know what it is to like or to dislike, till afterwards! Fortunately for her, if the man to whom she is given has the heart and feeling of a gentleman, he may then crush some of the thorns in the poor girl's way; and, maybe, a calm, peaceful married life may be the consequence. Too frequently, however, if the husband be ungenial, and he strive not to render happy the young life given thus powerlessly into his keeping, there comes a time when the woman, emerging from her colourless girlhood, looks into the long, low-lens life before her, and... a story follows, which may be concluded by a *Dubourg dénouement!* Let not happy English wives, proud in their consciousness of loving and being loved by husbands of their choice, be too severe on their oft unhappy sisters *d'autre-mer*. Bad, however, as the private marriage system is, the public one is still worse. By public, I mean those marriages consummated by the aid of paid professional agents. Do not think that I am imposing on your confidence, and am asking you to believe in things unheard of. Marriage agencies are general in France, some of the "profession" having been in business for upwards of forty years, and having amassed large fortunes in the interim, and by the sole aid of their agency! There are women agents and men agents, as there are agents for the poor and agents for the rich. The head of the profession, however, is a gentleman, a count by birth, boasting one of the oldest names of France! He only corresponds with clients in the highest classes of society (and *en robe noire* some families have thus been united who would die of shame if the world knew to whom and to what means they owed their introduction and subsequent union). This "chief" has a large, sumptuous house in Paris, fitted up in the most costly and princely style, and a magnificent country seat in the neighbourhood of Paris. In the town house he "receives" three times a week, and likewise at the country house he holds three weekly "receptions." The system is thus, for a gentleman—he states in full his position, name, fortune, expectations, &c., &c. The *chef*, before proceeding another step, has all this information examined carefully and minutely. If all be found to be correct, then he looks over his correspondence, and if amongst this he finds "that a lady knows of such or such a charming person with so much *tal*" (for a *tal* is indispensable), then he writes to another lady, deputed her to sound No. One, respecting gentleman. If the answer be favourable, then he informs Mr. X, that, if he can entrust a *parente* to call on Madame A, she may there meet a lady who may suit Mr. X. This is done, and if the *parente* approves of Mdlle., an offer is sent by this *parente* to the nearest relation or friend of the young lady, who, all this time, is quite innocent of the conspiracy that is going on against her independence. If the offer is not positively rejected, the gentleman is allowed to call, and if he do not dislike the girl, he renews the offer in person, and, after three days, the contract is drawn up between the notaries of each family, and Monsieur X, and Mdlle. A, become man and wife, and bound by ties which no French law can untie. Each family then pays the *chef* a fee, or percentage on the fortune of the opposite sides, and often it is then alone (that is, when the account is sent in), that the interested parties know to whom they have been indebted for their introduction to each other. Sometimes this fee is therefore disputed, but the *chef* has the protection of the

law on his side, being licensed by Government to carry on this extraordinary business; thus, even when the parties resort to law (which is seldom, for obvious reasons), the *chef* always wins the day, and the opposite side loses caste and somewhat of the prestige of their name—for, though these things are allowed by the best society, they should not be made public. By these occasional lawsuits, however, the world is here and there surprised to learn how such and such a marriage has been brought about. The extent of the *chef's* fortune, gained by the exclusive exercise of his profession, gives, however, some notion of the extent of his connection. Formerly, when rising into fame, he used to advertise to about 150,000 francs a-year; now, however, he has, comparatively speaking, retired from the profession, and only undertakes the most difficult, or the richest affairs. Besides the *chef*, however, there are hundreds of other marriage agents in Paris, for every stage of society, some, indeed, belonging to no society at all, and all these have under agents working for them in all parts of the country. (The *chef* has correspondents in all parts of the world!) Now, having told you how a gentleman places his name on an agent's books, I will tell you how a lady does the same. Of course she is supposed not to know anything of the affair, and a letter is written as if from another person, saying: "She knows of such and such a lady," etc., etc. Her *amour-propre* being thus saved, she trusts entirely to fate, or rather to the *chef's* ability in procuring her a husband of corresponding position and fortune. The rest is but a repetition of what I have already explained. The *chef* himself is a remarkably handsome man, with manners of the old French noblesse school; and looking at him, you wonder how it is he could ever have descended to such a profession. But he does not consider he has lowered himself; on the contrary, he calls himself one of the benefactors of society, and considers he does more good to humanity than any other profession he could name. *Enfin*, this short sketch, which has but one merit, truth, may give some idea of how marriages in France are sometimes made, and knowing this, and knowing also that as yet French law does not allow divorce (though it allows parents to dispose of their children like human cattle), we need not be surprised at the frequent consequences of French marriages in general.—*Queen.*

The Michigan University has just admitted 12 young ladies.

The German Emperor has conferred the Cross of Merit on two Alsatian ladies.

There is a question pending in a French court whether false teeth and the various other artificial accessories of the human form divine are liable to seizure for debt.

The *British Medical Journal* contains an item that cannot fail to interest ladies who wear false tresses and chignons—and where is the lady who does not wear them? This is it:—M. Lullman continues his investigation of the parasitic bodies (*Corynebacteria*) found on the false tresses and chignons commonly worn by ladies. They are to be found at the extremity of the hairs, and form their little nodosities, visible, on careful examination, to the naked eye. Each of these nodosities represents a colony of about fifty protospores. Each protospore is spherical, but, by the reciprocal pressure of its neighbours, it is flattened, and becomes discoid. Under the influence of heat and moisture, it swells; its granular contents are transformed into little spheres, and then into penicillated filaments—little fastidious corpuscles, with a persistent external membrane, and enclosing one or two nuclei. These penicillated filaments, floating in the air, penetrate into the interior of the human organism, reach the circulatory apparatus, and produce, according to this author, various maladies—cardiac affections, especially valvular affections, Bright's disease, pulmonary affections. M. Lullman calculates that, in a ball-room containing fifty ladies, forty-five millions of navies are set free, and he concludes that it is necessary to abolish false hair, which often proceeds from unclean persons."

FROM PENNSYLVANIA. 1
LANCASTER, Pa., July 31, 1871. J

Mr. JAMES I. FELLOWS—Sir: I am pleased to inform you that my health is improving under the use of your Hypophosphites. Excessive tax of the brain had so exhausted my body that I could neither work nor enjoy myself, and it was with difficulty that I could sleep at all. I tried rest, and active exercise, various medicinal remedies, and the most popular physicians, and accidentally heard of your syrup in New York. I purchased three bottles at Caswell & Hazard's, and until I used that nothing relieved me. Now I can eat well, sleep well, work well and feel well, and have good reason to consider your syrup a most surprising and capital restorer of the mind and nervous system, and advised all who have much brain work to take it. You are at liberty to use this as you may.

Yours, very truly,
JEROME SHENK, Insurance Agent.

CENSUS OR NON-CENSUS.

"The census, it is said, embraces 17,000,000 women: who would not be a census?"—Exchange.
"Mercy on me! what a multitude is here!"—Henry VIII., Act 5, sc. 3.
"Your commission will tie you to the numbers and the time of their dispatch."—Cymbeline, Act 3, sc. 1.
"But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic."—Coriolanus, Act 3, sc. 1.
"Least this great sea of boys, rushing upon me, drown me with their sweetness."—Pericles, Act 3, sc. 1.

Just think of it! Seventeen millions!
Resplendent with multiplied charms.
A host of adorable women
Rushing right into your arms.
Coming one after another,
Faster than flakes of snow;
Myriads hurrying up to be kissed,
And waiting for others to go.
Just think of it! Seventeen millions!
From every land under the skies;
Multitudinous types of figure and face,
A world of wonderful eyes—
Love's wildest visions of possible bliss
Thronged sweetly, suddenly true.
Who wouldn't, if he could, be a Census?
Think! Seventeen millions! Who?
But stop! These seventeen millions,
From every land under the skies,
Can't all be adorable women,
Can't all have wonderful eyes.
There are faces unbecomingly to look at,
Expressions decidedly bad;
Heaps on heaps that are not beauty,
Or have lost the little they had.
There are women who scowl and who squint,
And look oppo-site ways at a time,
An' thinking, hear ever monsters,
Whose kisses would be sin to a crime.
There are horrible objects with wens,
And features all twisted awry,
Terzagants armed with a iron-tick,
And slatterns that smack of the sty.
There are anatomical women,
With most of their bones outside,
And others, like magnified tumors,
That you couldn't embrace if you tried.
There are women with turned-up noses,
And noses bent down flat,
And features drawn, and teeth all gone,
And cheeks like a knuckled-in hat.
There are women all oozed and painted,
More homely than women—I'm told—
Manufactured of cotton, and offered for sale
At current prices of gold.
There are women with hair that comes off,
And teeth which they have to put on,
Who drop slowly apart, like a bunnet,
As you pull out each separate pin.
Women with brains like a hair's,
But tongue enough even for ten,
Whose trade is snoring each other,
And won on who feed upon men.
Amazons, Jerebels, cannibal hags,
Shatterers, simpletons, shrews,
Say sixteen millions of such, and I about
One million a fellow might choose.
You must take them, though, just as they come,
As fast as they can get to you;
On the whole, 'twould seem, viewing it calmly,
As he to perhaps, not to be.
It's a pity to give up the census,
But think of those others, my friend,
And as soon as you start at the head of the line,
You're in for it, down to the end.
It strikes me you'd better not do it,
In view of the risks that you run;
The feeling of constant anxiety
Would take all the edge of the fun;
In fact, the more one reflects,
The more he's constrained to reply,
If the question comes, "What's in a Census?"
"Thank you most kindly, not I."
For myself, if they asked me the question,
I'd answer, as who does, what?
And say, "By your leave, Mr. Census,
There are seventeen millions for you;
I wish you joy of your bargain,
And a quiet night's rest when you've done."
I'll be thankful as name isn't Census,
And rest peacefully happy with one.
—Pean Mouthy.

AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

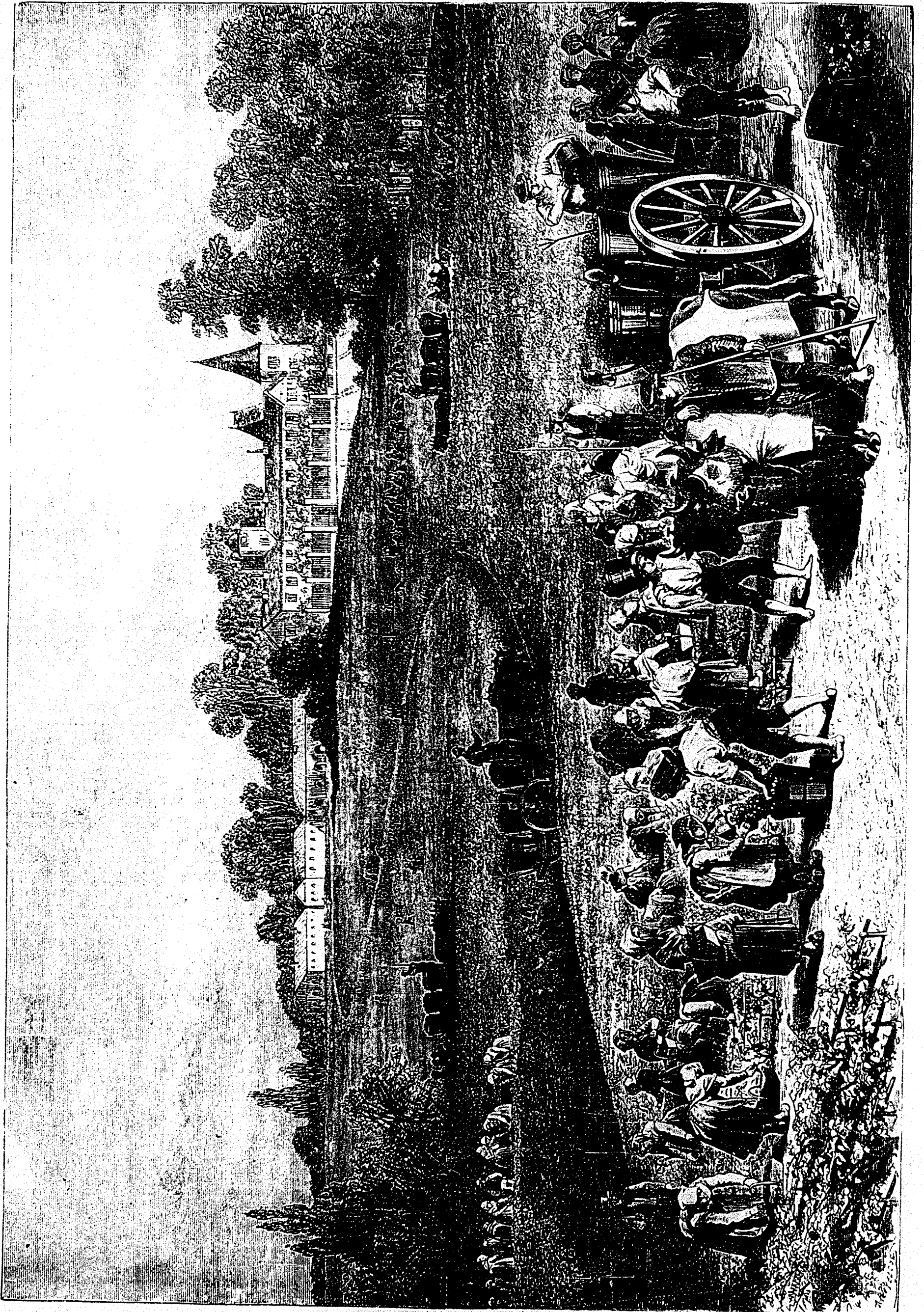
An Incident on the Upper Ottawa.

BY EVELYN SUTHERIDGE.
During the year 18— I was engaged in the service of an extensive lumbering firm on the Upper Ottawa. My functions in the lumber camp consisted in attending to the store established for the convenience of the men, and keeping an account of the general financial receipts and expenditures of the firm. Towards the close of the season, it was in the month of March, I was sent to Montreal for a supply of money to pay off a number of the lumberers who returned to farming operations in the new townships north of Bytown, as it was then called. Owing to a prejudice on the part of the men against paper money I was directed to procure gold and silver, which I did, chiefly English sovereigns and Mexican half-dollars.
I returned as far as Pembroke by stage, and as my road from thence was off the stage-route, I mounted again my faithful steed for my ride of over a hundred miles to the lumber camp. Rozinante, as I called my mare, from a fancied resemblance to the celebrated animal rendered illustrious by the gallant knight of La Mancha, was a tall raw-boned chestnut, of rather ungainly figure, but with an immense amount of go in her. The silver I carried in two leathern bags in the holsters of the saddle, and the gold in a belt around my waist. I carried also for defense one of the newly-invented Colt's revolvers.
The weather was bitter cold, but the exercise of riding kept me quite warm, much more so than when travelling in the stage. The entire winter had been one of unprecedented severity. The snow fell early and deep and remained all through the season. Deer were exceedingly numerous, even near the settlements; and at the camp furnished no inconsiderable portion of the food of the men, varied by an occasional relish of bear's meat.

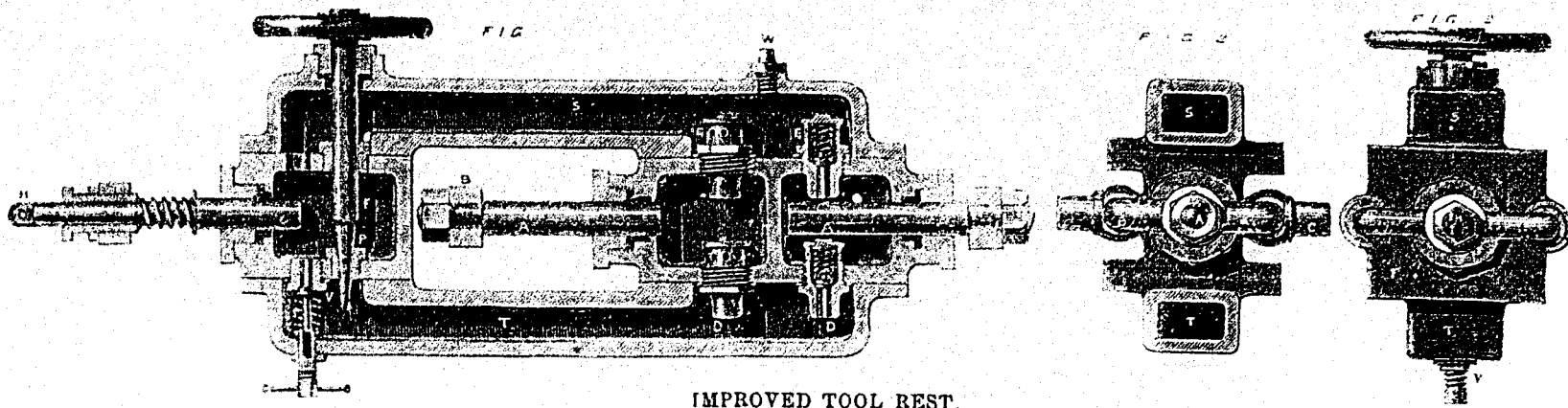
Toward the close of the second day I was approaching the end of my journey and indulging in a pleasant anticipation of the feast of venison I should enjoy, and of the refreshing slumber on the fragrant pine-boughs, earned by continued exercise in the open air. The moon was near the full but partially obscured by light and fleecy clouds.
I was approaching a slight clearing when I observed two long lithe animals spring out of the woods towards my horse. I thought they were a couple of those large shaggy deer-hounds which are sometimes employed near the lumber camps for hunting cariboo—great powerful animals with immense length of limb and depth of chest—and looked around for the appearance of the hunter, who, I thought, could not be far off. I was surprised, however, not to hear the deep-mouthed bay characteristic of these hounds, but instead a guttural snarl which, nevertheless, appeared to affect my mare in a most unaccountable manner. A shiver seemed to convulse her frame, and shaking herself together she started off on a long swinging trot, which soon broke into a gallop that got over the ground amazingly fast.
But her best speed could not outstrip that of the creatures which bounded in long leaps by her side, occasionally springing at her hauns, their white teeth glistening in the moonlight, and snapping when they closed like a steel-trap. When I caught the first glimpse of the fiery flashing of their eyes there came the blood-curdling revelation that these were no hounds but hungry wolves that bore me such sinister company. All the dread hunter's tales of lone trappers lost in the woods and their gnawed bones discovered in the spring beside their steel traps, flashed through my mind like a thought of horror.
My only safety I knew was in the speed of my mare, and she was handicapped in this race for life with about five-and-twenty pounds of silver in each holster. Seeing that she was evidently flagging under this tremendous pace, I resolved to abandon the money. "Skin for skin, yen, all that a man hath will he give for his life;" so I dropped both the bags on the road. To my surprise the animals stopped as if they had been highwaymen seeking only my money and not my life. I could hear them snarling over the stout leather bags, but lightened of her load "Rozinante" sprang forward in a splendid hand gallop that covered the ground in gallant style.
I was beginning to hope that I had fairly distanced the brutes, when their horrid yelp, and melancholy long-drawn howl grew stronger on the wind, and soon they were again abreast of the mare.
I now threw down my thick leather gauntlets with the hope of delaying them, but it only caused a detour of a few minutes. I was rapidly nearing the camp; if I could keep them at bay for twenty or thirty minutes more I would be safe. As a last resort I drew my revolver, scarce hoping in my headlong pace to hit the bounding, leaping objects by my side. Moreover, they had both hitherto kept on the left side of the mare, which lessened my chance as a marksman. The mare, too, who was exceedingly nervous, could never stand fire; and if I should miss and in the moment be dismounted, I knew that in five minutes the maw of those ravenous beasts would be my grave.
One of the brutes now made a spring for the mare's throat, but failing to grasp it, fell on the right side of the animal. Gathering himself up, he bounded in front of her, and made a dash at my body, catching and clinging to the mare's right shoulder. The white foam fell from his mouth and flecked his dark and shaggy breast. I could feel his hot breath on my naked hand. But the fiendish glare of those eyes I shall never forget. It haunts me still in midnight slumbers, from which I wake trembling and bathed in the cold perspiration of terror. I could easily have believed the weird stories of lycanthropy, in which Satanic agency was feigned to have changed men for their crimes into werewolves—ravenous creatures who added human or fiendish passion and malignancy of hate to the bestial appetite for human flesh. If ever there was murder in a glance, it was in that of those demon-eyes that glared into mine, and which seemed actually to blaze with a baleful greenish light—a flame of inextinguishable rage.
I felt that the supreme moment had come. One or other of us must die. In five minutes more I would be safe in camp, or else a mangled corpse. The muzzle of my revolver almost touched the brute's nose. I pulled the trigger. A flash, a crash, the green eyes blazed with tenfold fury, the huge form fell heavily to the ground, and in the same moment my mare reared almost upright, nearly unseating me and shaking my pistol from my hand, and then plunging forward fairly devoured the road in her flight.
As I had expected, the other furnishing beast remained to devour its fellow. I galloped to the camp, almost fell from my mare, which stood with a look of human gladness in her eyes, and staggered to the rude log shanty, where the blazing fire and song and story beguiled the winter night, scarce able to narrate my peril and escape. After light refreshment, for I had lost all relish for food,

I went to bed to start up often through the night under the glare of those terrible eyes, and to renew the horror I had undergone.
In the morning, returning to look for the money, we found the feet, tail, muzzle and scalp of the slain wolf in the midst of a patch of gory snow, also the skull and part of the larger bones, but gnawed and split in order to get at the marrow. And such, thought I, would have been my fate but for the merciful Providence by which I was preserved. We found also, some distance back, the straps and buckles of the money bag, and the silver coins scattered on the ground and partially covered by the snow.
PATE DE FOIE GRAS.
THE PROCESS THROUGH WHICH ONE OF THE GREAT DELICACIES OF OUR TABLE IS OBTAINED.
There are three places in France where the famous goose-liver-pastry tureens are produced, to wit: Toulouse, Nerae, and Strasburg.
The fattening of geese for the tureen is now carried on in Strasburg very extensively. The fatteners or "crammers" buy their birds late in autumn whether lean or half fattened.
The birds are confined in narrow cages, with just room for a movement forward of a few inches, but altogether precludes the possibility of turning round. The cage has a narrow opening in front through which the bird can put its head to drink, a vessel of water being placed before it. Great attention is paid to the cleanliness of the cage. Most crammers keep the birds in cellars and dark places only, caged up as close as possible during three or four weeks' martyrdom.
In the annual cramming process, the maize is soaked in warm water with a little salt in it.
The poor goose is dragged forth for the purpose from its narrow cage by the feeder, who places it firmly between her knees, opens the beak with one hand, and crams the softened maize down the gullet with the other. When the bird has had enough, it is thrust back into its living tomb, and left to digest, in helpless immobility, its forced gorging, till its turn comes round again for another repetition of the same unnatural act. It has usually taken from a fortnight to three or four weeks to cram a goose up to the proper throat-cutting point. In the last stage of the process, the unhappy goose may be said literally to sweat fat through the pores of its body; its cellular tissue, its intestines, its blood, nay, even its evacuation, are absolutely loaded with fat.
Under the unnatural treatment the liver of the bird swells to an enormous size, attaining a weight of one to two, and even three pounds. In the last stage of the fattening process the crammer has to be very careful in the handling of her birds, as cases of apoplexy are by no means rare. An unlucky blow or hard squeeze will sometimes suffice to bring the bird's life to an untimely end. We are told by one of the most expert in her business in Strasburg, that she has literally to watch the bird's eyes for symptoms threatening a premature end. If a goose is permitted to fall a victim to apoplexy instead of the knife, the loss to the feeder is rather serious, as the liver of the dead bird, filled with dark-coloured blood, is held to be of no use to the pastry-cook. When the crammer thinks the time has come for poor fat goosey, the knife puts an end to its miserable life.
The dead bird is properly drawn, the liver being left intact inside, as this most important part must first acquire the necessary degree of firmness before it can be taken out. To this end the carcass is kept hanging for twenty-four hours in a cold and airy place, after which the liver is most carefully removed, so that no scratch or other blemish may be found upon it. A fine liver must look a nice white, salmon, or cream colour. We saw five livers at one crammer, all of them remarkably of large size, averaging from one and a half to two pounds each in weight. These had all come from small birds, weighing when drawn six or seven pounds only.
These birds had been fed three weeks, on an average twice a day, entirely with parboiled maize; the total quantity of Indian corn consumed in the process averaging some twenty quarts per bird.
The livers are neatly wrapped in a wet muzzlin or fine linen cloth, to be taken to the pastry-cook, who pays for them according to size and quality. The pastry-cook seasons and spices the raw liver, after which he places it in the tureen along with truffles and other ingredients. The dearest tureens generally contain only one large liver, while the less expensive contain two or several small livers. We were shown a tureen in the Malsengasse, with an exceptionally large fine liver in it, which, we were told, weighed three pounds one ounce; for this article the proprietor got the small sum of £2 10s. When the contents of the tureen have been duly baked, a layer of fresh hog's lard is poured over the mass to keep it from contact with the air.
It is calculated that the amount of money which the Strasburg pastry-cooks net annually by the sale of goose-liver tureens reaches very nearly one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

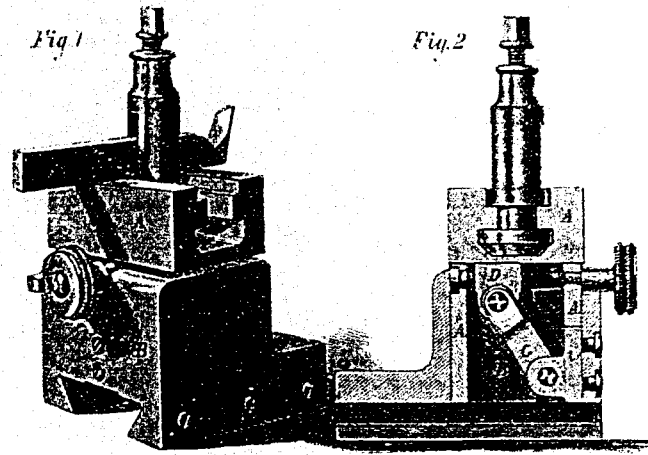
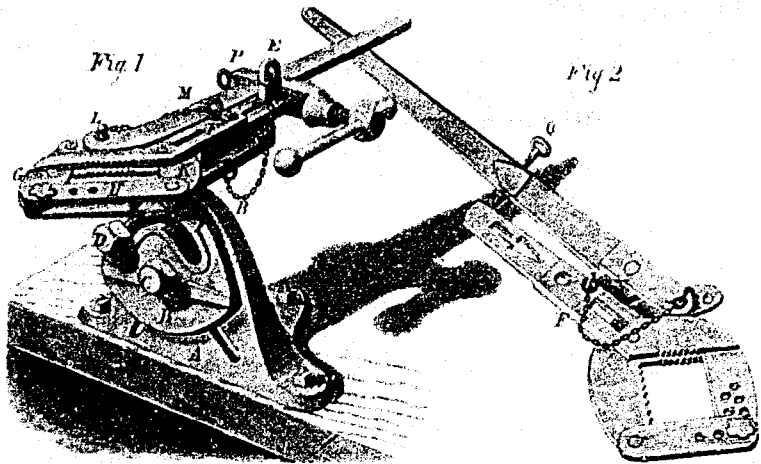
Art and Literature.
A statue to Leonardo da Vinci has been unveiled at Milan.
A new Russian tenor named Mariewitsch, with a magnificent voice, has arrived in Paris.
A new penny weekly paper called the Conservative was to appear in London on the 5th inst.
M. Offenbach has a new one-act operetta ready for the Paris Bouffes, called "Pomme d'Api."
Sothorn has been elected a trustee of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, in place of Charles Dickens.
The Austrian Government has prohibited the sale of the German translation of the "Life of James Fisk."
Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope's library at Florence, consisting of about 10,000 volumes, will be sold by auction at his villa next November.
The Mendelssohn Quintet Club will open a "National College of Music" at Tremont, in Boston, September 16. Their concerting will, in future, probably, be limited to New England.
Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is writing "The Life and Adventures of Alexandre Dumas," in which the singular career of Dumas, and his strange system of manufacturing books, will be related.
The Theatre de la Renaissance, alias the Porte St. Martin, which was burnt down under the Commune, is rapidly being completed, and is expected to be ready by the 1st of next January.
A new musical society has been formed in Paris, entitled "L'Harmonie Francaise," the subject of which is to publish the compositions of its own members. It comprises the best composers of France.
A wealthy amateur of Paris, Anatole Crescent, recently deceased, has left a sum of 120,000 francs for the foundation of a perpetual competition for dramatical and musical composition.
There has just appeared at Baden a new musical phenomenon in the person of Senorita Sanjuan, a Spanish girl, thirteen years old, whose performances on the violin are said to be wonderful.
Madam De Stael said, "If I were mistress of fifty languages I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian."
One of the Paris theatres has been taken on a three years' lease for a novel form of entertainment, if entertainment it may be termed. Every Sunday morning authors will be permitted to read unedited poems or dramas, and composers to play unpublished music.
Mlle. Lucille Toster, who first introduced opera bouffe to New York, which was at the French Theatre on Fourteenth street, under H. L. Bateman's management, is in Brussels, playing legitimate comedy. She is to return to America and appear in her celebrated character of the "Grande Duchesse."
Steps have been taken in Vienna for the erection of a grand monument in honour of Beethoven. Large amounts have already been subscribed, and the government of Austria has granted permission to use the space opposite the "Academy Gymnasium," upon condition that a sufficient amount of money be raised to erect a work of superior merit.
Speaking of pronunciation, Sheridan agreed with Walker that the pronunciation of wind should be wynd, but insisted, contrary to Walker, that gold should be goold. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced wind with a short i, by saying, "I have a great mind to find why you pronounce it wind." An illiberal critic retorted this upon Sheridan by saying, "If I may be so bold, I should be glad to be told why you pronounce it goold."
Mr. J. B. Barnett, a Hebrew scholar, writing in the Jewish Chronicle, asserts that the Prophet Jeremiah, with the remnant of the tribe of Judah, migrated to Ireland, and was no other than the celebrated Irish Reformer and law-giver, Ollam Fola. The prophet brought with him the Lia Faid, or Stone of Destiny, which was subsequently conveyed by an Irish prince to Scotland for coronation purposes, and centuries afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey by King Edward III., since which time all the Kings and Queens of England down to Victoria have been crowned upon it. This stone, Mr. Barnett says, was that which was originally kept in the sanctuary of the first temple of Jerusalem, and was known as "Jacob's Stone," being none other than the stone directly apostrophized by King David as "the stone which the builders rejected," but which was destined for peculiar honours.
Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid cures Stings of Insects.



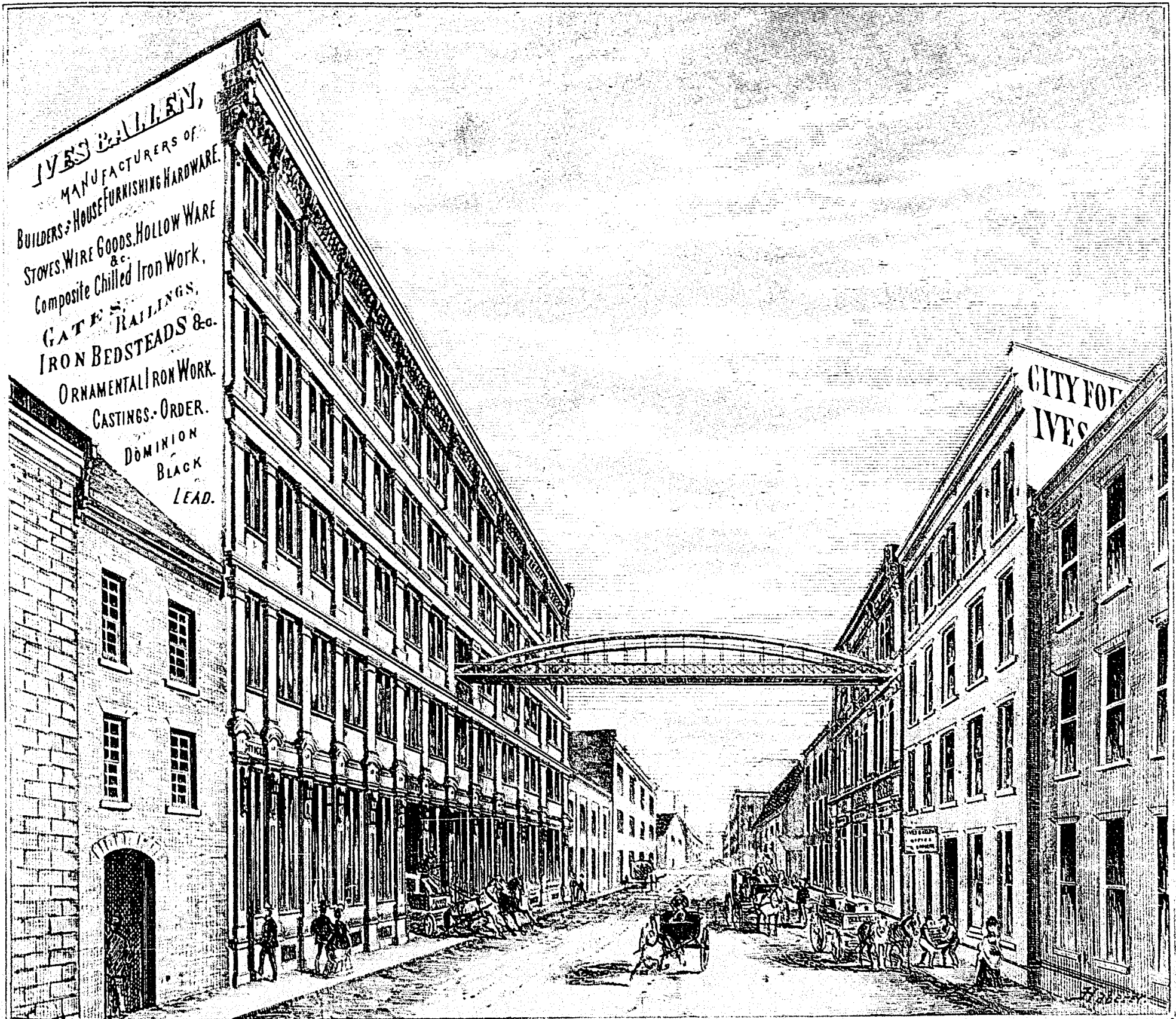
THE VINTAGE IN MEDOC.—THE VINEYARD OF THE CHATEAU LAFITTE.



IMPROVED TOOL REST.



NEAMES' COMBINED PIPE WRENCH AND VICE.



MONTREAL.—MESSRS. IVES & ALLEN'S MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1858.]

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—*Mablethorpe House.*

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

She is prettily dressed in grey poplin, trimmed with grey velvet, and set off by a ribbon of deep red tied in a bow at the throat. She is nearly as tall as Lady Janet herself, and possesses a grace and beauty of figure not always seen in women who rise above the medium height. Judging by a certain innate grandeur in the carriage of her head and in the expression of her large melancholy grey eyes, believers in blood and breeding will be apt to guess that this is another noble lady. Alas! she is nothing but Lady Janet's companion and reader. Her head, crowned with its lovely light brown hair, bends with a gentle respect when Lady Janet speaks. Her fine firm hand is easily and incessantly watchful to supply Lady Janet's slightest wants. The old lady—affectionately familiar with her—speaks to her as she might speak to an adopted child. But the gratitude of the beautiful companion has always the same restraint in its acknowledgment of kindness; the smile of the beautiful companion has always the same underlying sadness when it responds to Lady Janet's hearty laugh. Is there something wrong here, under the surface? Is she suffering in mind, or suffering in body? What is the matter with her?

The matter with her is secret remorse. This delicate and beautiful creature pines under the slow torment of constant self-reproach. To the mistress of the house, and to all who inhabit it or enter it, she is known as Grace Roseberry, the orphan relative by marriage of Lady Janet Roy. To herself alone she is known as the outcast of the London streets; the inmate of the London Refuge; the lost woman who has stolen her way back—after vainly trying to fight her way back—to home and name. There she sits in the grim shadow of her own terrible secret, disguised in another person's identity, and established in another person's place. Mercy Morrick had only to care, and become Grace Roseberry if she pleased. She has dared, and she has been Grace Roseberry for nearly four months past.

At this moment, while Lady Janet is talking to Horace Holmcroft, something that has passed between them has set her thinking of the day when she took the first fatal step which committed her to the fraud.

How marvelously easy of accomplishment the act of personation had been! At first sight Lady Janet had yielded to the fascination of the noble and interesting face. No need to present the stolen letter; no need to repeat the ready-made story. The old lady had put the letter aside unopened, and had stopped the story at the first words.

"Your face is your introduction, my dear; your father can say nothing for you which you have not already said for yourself." There was the welcome which established her firmly in her false identity at the outset. Thanks to her own experience, and thanks to the "Journal" of events at Rome, questions about her life in Canada, and questions about Colonel Roseberry's illness, found her ready with answers which (even if suspicion had existed) would have disarmed suspicion on the spot. While the true Grace was slowly and painfully winning her way back to life on her bed in a German hospital, the false Grace was presented to Lady Janet's friends as the relative by marriage of the mistress of Mablethorpe House. From that time forward nothing had happened to rouse in her the faintest suspicion that Grace Roseberry was other than a dead and buried woman. So far as she now knew—so far as anyone now knew—she might live out her life in perfect security (if her conscience would let her), respected, distinguished, and beloved, in the position which she had usurped.

She rose abruptly from the table. The effort of her life was to shake herself free of the remembrances which haunted her perpetually as they were haunting her now. Her memory was her worst enemy; her one refuge from it was in change of occupation and change of scene.

"May I go into the conservatory, Lady Janet?" she asked.

"Certainly, my dear." She bent her head to her protectress—looked for a moment, with a steady compassionate attention, at Horace Holmcroft—and, slowly crossing the room, entered the winter garden. The eyes of Horace followed her, as long as she was in view, with a curious, contradictory expression of admiration and disapproval. When she had passed out of sight, the admiration vanished, but the disapproval remained. The face of the young man contracted into a frown; he sat silent, with his fork in his hand, playing absently with the fragments on his plate.

"Take some French pie, Horace," said Lady Janet.

"No, thank you."

"Some more chicken, then?"

"No more chicken."

"Will nothing tempt you?"

"I will take some more wine if you will allow me."

He filled his glass (for the fifth or sixth time) with claret, and emptied it sullenly at a draught. Lady Janet's bright eyes watched him with sardonic attention; Lady Janet's ready tongue spoke out as freely as usual what was passing in her mind at the time.

"The air of Kensington doesn't seem to suit you, my young friend," she said. "The longer you have been my guest, the oftener you fill your glass and empty your cigar-case. Those are bad signs in a young man. When first you came here, you arrived inviolated by a wound. In your place, I should not have exposed myself to be shot, with no other object in view than describing a battle in a newspaper. I suppose tastes differ. Are you ill? Does your wound still plague you?"

"Not in the least."

"Are you out of spirits?"

Horace Holmcroft dropped his fork, rested his elbows on the table, and answered:

"Awfully."

Even Lady Janet's large toleration had its limits. It embraced every human offence, except a breach of good manners. She snatched up the nearest weapon of correction at hand—a table spoon—and rapped her young friend smartly with it on the arm that was nearest to her.

"My table is not the club table," said the old lady. "Hold up your head. Don't look at your fork—look at me. I allow nobody to be out of spirits in My house. I consider it to be a reflection on Me. If our quiet life here doesn't suit you, say so plainly, and find something else to do. There is employment to be had, I suppose—if you choose to apply for it? You needn't smile. I don't want to see your teeth—I want an answer."

Horace admitted, with all needless gravity, that there was employment to be had. The war between France and Germany he remarked, was still going on; the newspaper had offered to employ him again in the capacity of correspondent.

"Don't speak of the newspapers and the war!" cried Lady Janet, with a sudden explosion of anger, which was genuine anger this time. "I detest the newspapers to enter this house. I lay the whole blame of the blood shed between France and Germany at their door."

Horace's eyes opened wide in amazement. The old lady was evidently in earnest. "What can you possibly mean?" he asked. "Are the newspapers responsible for the war?"

"Entirely responsible," answered Lady Janet. "Why, you don't understand the age you live in! Does anybody do anything nowadays (fighting included), without wishing to see it in the newspapers? I subscribe to a charity; *they* present with a testimonial; *he* preaches a sermon; *we* suffer a grievance; *you* make a discovery; *they* go to church and get married. And I, though, we, you, they, all want one and the same thing—we want to see it in the papers. Are kings, soldiers, and diplomatists exceptions to the general rule of humanity? Not they! I tell you seriously, if the newspapers of Europe had one and all decided not to take the smallest notice in print of the war between France and Germany, it is my firm conviction the war would have come to an end for want of encouragement long since. Let the pen cease to advertise the sword, and I, for one, can see the result. No report—no fighting."

"Your views have the merit of perfect novelty, ma'am," said Horace. "Would you object to see them in the newspapers?"

Lady Janet worsted her young friend with his own weapons.

"Don't I live in the latter part of the nineteenth century?" she asked. "In the newspapers, did you say? In large type, Horace, if you love me!"

Horace changed the subject.

"You blame me for being out of spirits," he said; "and you seem to think it is because I am tired of my pleasant life at Mablethorpe House. I am not in the least tired, Lady Janet." He looked towards the conservatory; the frown showed itself on his face once more.

"The truth is," he resumed, "I am not satisfied with Grace Roseberry."

"What has Grace done?"

"She persists in prolonging our engagement. Nothing will persuade her to fix the day for our marriage."

It was true! Mercy had been mad enough to listen to him, and to love him. But Mercy was not vile enough to marry him under her false character, and in her false name. Between three and four months had elapsed since Horace had been sent home from the war, wounded, and had found the beautiful Englishwoman, whom he had befriended in France, established at Mablethorpe House. Invited to become Lady Janet's guest (he had passed his holidays as a schoolboy under Lady Janet's roof)—free to spend the idle time of his convalescence from morning to night in Mercy's society—the impression originally produced on him in the French cottage soon strengthened into love. Before the month was out, Horace had declared himself, and

had discovered that he spoke to willing ears. From that moment it was only a question of persisting long enough in the resolution to gain his point. The marriage engagement was ratified—most reluctantly on the lady's side—and there the further progress of Horace Holmcroft's suit came to an end. Try as he might, he failed to persuade his betrothed wife to fix the day for the marriage. There were no obstacles in her way. She had no near relations of her own to consult. As a connection of Lady Janet's by marriage, Horace's mother and sisters were ready to receive her with all the honours due to a new member of the family. No pecuniary considerations made it necessary, in this case, to wait for a favourable time. Horace was an only son; and he had succeeded to his father's estate with an ample income to support it. On both sides alike, there was absolutely nothing to prevent the two young people from being married as soon as the settlements could be drawn. And yet, to all appearance, here was a long engagement in prospect, with no better reason than the lady's incomprehensible perversity to explain the delay.

"Can you account for Grace's conduct?" asked Lady Janet. Her manner changed as she put the question. She looked and spoke like a person who was perplexed and annoyed.

"I hardly like to own it," Horace answered, "but I am afraid she has some motive for deferring our marriage, which she cannot confide either to you or to me."

Lady Janet started.

"What makes you think that?" she asked.

"I have once or twice caught her in tears. Every now and then—sometimes when she is talking quite gaily—she suddenly changes colour, and becomes silent and depressed. Just now, when she left the table (didn't you notice it?), she looked at me in the strangest way—almost as if she was sorry for me. What do these things mean?"

Horace's reply, instead of increasing Lady Janet's anxiety, seemed to relieve it. He had observed nothing which she had not noticed herself. "You foolish boy!" she said, "the meaning is plain enough. Grace has been out of health for some time past. The doctor recommends change of air. I shall take her away with me."

"It would be more to the purpose," Horace rejoined, "if I took her away with me. She might consent, if you would only use your influence. Is it asking too much to ask you to persuade her? My mother and my sisters have written to her, and have produced no effect. Do me the greatest of all kindnesses—speak to her to-day." He paused; and, possessing himself of Lady Janet's hand, pressed it entreatingly. "You have always been so good to me," he said softly, and pressed it again.

The old lady looked at him. It was impossible to dispute that there were attractions in Horace Holmcroft's face which made it well worth looking at. Many a woman might have envied him his clear complexion, his bright blue eyes, and the warm amber tint in his light Saxon hair. Men—especially men skilled in observing physiognomy—might have noticed in the shape of his forehead, and in the line of his upper lip, the signs indicative of a moral nature deficient in largeness and breadth—of a mind easily accessible to strong prejudices, and obstinate in maintaining those prejudices in the face of conviction itself. To the observation of women, these remote defects were too far below the surface to be visible. He charmed the sex in general by his rare personal advantages, and by the graceful deference of his manner. To Lady Janet he was endeared, not by his own merits only, but by old associations that were connected with him. His father had been one of her many admirers in her young days. Circumstances had parted them. Her marriage to another man had been a childless marriage. In past times, when the boy Horace had come to her from school, she had cherished a secret fancy (too absurd to be communicated to any living creature) that he ought to have been her son, and might have been her son, if she had married his father! She smiled charmingly, old as she was—she yielded as his mother might have yielded—when the young man took her hand, and entreated her to interest herself in his marriage. "Must I really speak to Grace?" she asked, with a gentleness of tone and manner far from characteristic, on ordinary occasions, of the lady of Mablethorpe House. Horace saw that he had gained his point. He sprang to his feet; his eyes turned eagerly in the direction of the conservatory; his handsome face was radiant with hope. Lady Janet (with her mind full of his father) stole a last look at him—sighed as she thought of the vanished days—and recovered herself.

"Go to the smoking-room," she said, giving him a push towards the door. "Away with you, and cultivate the favourite vice of the nineteenth century." Horace attempted to express his gratitude. "Go and smoke!" was all she said, pushing him on. "Go and smoke!"

Left by herself, Lady Janet took a turn in the room, and considered a little. Horace's discontent was not unreasonable. There was really no excuse for the delay of which he complained. Whether the young

lady had a special motive for hanging back, or whether she was merely fretting because she did not know her own mind, it was, in either case, necessary to come to a distinct understanding, sooner or later, on the serious question of the marriage. The difficulty was, how to approach the subject without giving offence. "I don't understand the young women of the present generation," thought Lady Janet. "In my time, when we were fond of a man, we were ready to marry him at a moment's notice. And this is an age of progress! They ought to be readier still."

Arriving by her own process of induction, at this inevitable conclusion, she decided to try what her influence could accomplish, and to trust to the inspiration of the moment for exerting it in the right way. "Grace!" she called out, approaching the conservatory door.

The tall lithe figure in its grey dress glided into view, and stood relieved against the green background of the winter-garden.

"Did your ladyship call me?"

"Yes; I want to speak to you. Come and sit down by me?"

With those words, Lady Janet led the way to a sofa, and placed her companion by her side.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAN IS COMING.

"You look very pale this morning, my child."

Mercy sighed wearily. "I am not well," she answered. "The slightest noises startle me. I feel tired if I only walk across the room."

Lady Janet patted her kindly on the shoulder. "We must try what a change will do for you. Which shall it be? the Continent, or the seaside?"

"Your ladyship is too kind to me."

"It is impossible to be too kind to you." Mercy started. The colour flowed charmingly over her pale face. "Oh!" she exclaimed impulsively, "say that again!"

"Say it again?" repeated Lady Janet, with a look of surprise.

"Yes! Don't think me presuming; only think me vain. I can't bear you say to often that you have learnt to like me. Is it really a pleasure to you to have me in the house? Have I always behaved well since I have been with you?"

(The one excuse for the act of personation—if excuse there could be—lay in the affirmative answer to those questions. It would be something, surely, to say of the false Grace, that the true Grace could not have been worthier of her welcome, if the true Grace had been received at Mablethorpe House.)

Lady Janet was partly amused, partly amused, by the extraordinary earnestness of the appeal that had been made to her.

"Have you behaved well?" she repeated. "My dear, you talk as if you were a child!" She laid her hand caressingly on Mercy's arm, and continued, in a graver tone: "It is hardly too much to say, Grace, that I bless the day when you first came to me. I do believe I could be hardly fonder of you if you were my own daughter."

Mercy suddenly turned her head aside, so as to hide her face. Lady Janet, still touching her arm, felt it tremble. "What is the matter with you?" she asked, in her abrupt, downright manner.

"I am only very grateful to your ladyship—that is all."

The words were spoken faintly, in broken tones. The face was still averted from Lady Janet's view. "What have I said to provoke this?" wondered the old lady. "Is she in the melting mood to-day. If she is, now is the time to say a word for Horace!" Keeping that excellent object in view, Lady Janet approached the delicate topic with all needful caution at starting.

"We have got on so well together," she resumed, "that it will not be easy for either of us to feel reconciled to a change in our lives. At my age, it will fall hardest on me. What shall I do, Grace, when the day comes for parting with my adopted daughter?"

Mercy started, and showed her face again. The traces of tears were in her eyes. "Why should I leave you?" she asked, in a tone of alarm.

"Surely you know!" exclaimed Lady Janet.

"Indeed I don't. Tell me why."

"Ask Horace to tell you."

The last allusion was too plain to be misunderstood. Mercy's head drooped. She began to tremble again. Lady Janet looked at her in blank amazement.

"Is there anything wrong between Horace and you?" she asked.

"No."

"You know your own heart, my dear child? You have surely not encouraged Horace, without loving him?"

"Oh, no!"

"And yet—"

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE.

At the Wesleyan Methodist Church, on the 27th instant, by the Rev. A. B. Chamberlain, William Henderson, Esq., to Jessie Weir, eldest daughter of John Cloghorn, Esq., both of Montreal.

Varities.

Of the 1,000 young ladies who fainted last year, 987 fell into the arms of gentlemen, two fell on the floor, and one into a waterbutt.

Josh Billings says—"I waz never went to skule—skule kum to me naturel." His critic says—"Yes, Josh, and left you one." Two of a trade clearly don't agree.

One of the saddest sights in this season of the year is a young man who has waited outside the church of an evening until he is chilled through, only to see his girl walk off with some rascal who has been inside all the time toasting his sinful shins at the stove.

There was one pun of Sydney Smith's that Charles Lever never tired of telling. Mrs. Grote, the wife of the historian, appeared once at a soiré with a queer sort of turban on her accomplished head. "Look at that," said Sydney; "that's the origin of the word grotesque."

Punctuation is a wonderful thing. A man telegraphed to Burlington for a school. "Shall I come, or is the place filled?" The answer properly was, "No! Place filled on the 17th." The telegraph operator received it, "No place filled on the 17th." He went for it and was minus travelling expenses.

An old Scotch lady had an evening party where there was a young man present who was to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak' care o' yoursel when ye are awa, for mind ye they eat puppies in China."

A young man is said to have lost money by betting—on spiders. He wagered that a spider which he would produce would cross a plate quicker than a spider to be produced by a friend. Each spider was to have its own plate. His opponent's spider, however, on being started would not stir, whilst its rival ran with immense speed. The bet was consequently lost, and the loser soon found out the reason why. His friend had a hot plate.

A Scotch Definition of "Nothing"—At Banchoy, in Scotland, lately, the parish school-master, out of curiosity, put the question to the scholars, "What is nothing?" A pause ensued until an unchia whose proflivities for turning a penny were well known among his school-fellows, got up and replied, "It's when a man asks you to hand his horse and jist says thank ye." The answer has since earned considerable notoriety for the youngster.

Here is a graphic description of a fishing excursion. Says the Danbury News: "A North street man went off Saturday noon for a half day of fishing. When he returned he had walked thirteen miles, lost a \$15 watch, sprained his thumb, spoiled an \$11 pair of pants by sitting down on his luncheon, and caught a four-pound mud turtle. He got back in time to help the doctor cut from his oldest boy's foot one of the several fish-hooks he had left at home. He took a cursory view of the situation and went to bed."

A jovial artist was painting some divine, who felt it incumbent upon him to give the painter a moral lecture during one of his sittings. Somewhat in awe of the artist, he began rather nervously; but as the knight of the brush painted away without any sign of annoyance, he gathered courage as he proceeded, and finally administered a pretty good sermon. He paused for a reply, and confessed afterwards that he never felt so insignificant in his life as when the artist, with the urbane but positive authority of his profession, merely said, "Turn your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth."

THE LIFE OF THE BODY is the blood, and the blood is the lever which regulates our spirits and constitution. If we persist in keeping our blood pure we discharge a debt we owe nature, and are invariably rewarded for our trouble and expense.

It is useless to expostulate on the many advantages of sound health, and if you are now in quest of the precious Gift, you are strongly recommended to procure a supply of the Great Shoshonee Remedy and Pills and take as directed. 6-18 d

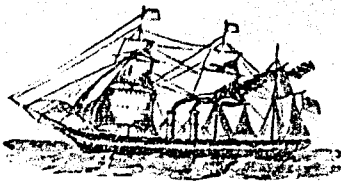
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OTTAWA, 11th October, 1872. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 13 per cent.

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PROSPECTUS OF A NEW, GENERAL, AND DETAIL MAP OF THE WHOLE DOMINION OF CANADA, FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO VANCOUVER ISLAND.

WITH THE Northern and Western States. BY J. JOHNSTON, C.E., MONTREAL. TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE EARLY PART OF 1873 BY GEO. E. DEBARATS.

Size of Map, about 7 ft. x 5 ft. Extending (East and West) from Newfoundland to Manitoba and (North and South) from Hudson's Bay to latitude of New York, drawn on a scale of 25 miles to the inch, and compiled from the latest astronomical observations, Official Surveys, and Records of the Departments of Crown Lands, as well as from County Maps, Local and Railway Surveys. From Manitoba to Vancouver Island will be delineated on a scale of 50 miles to the inch. This arrangement of the map admits of the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being mapped on a scale large enough to show accurately all boundary surveys. The Great N. W. Territory and British Columbia—where comparatively little has been done in the way of actual survey—a smaller scale answers every purpose. The whole Map is thus kept within the dimensions best adapted for general office use.

The following are some of the most important details which have been collated with great care, from the latest Official Plans and Reports:—Recent Explorations and Surveys in the "N. W. Territory;" New Boundary Lines; Electoral Districts and Divisions; New Townships and Mining Locations; all New Railways; Canals and Colonization Roads; the "Free Grant Lands" and New Settlements; Elevations of the Inland Waters and mountainous regions above the Sea—marked in feet—and the correct delineation of all prominent topographical features.

In connection with the General and Detail Map, there will be two SUPPLEMENTARY OR COMMERCIAL MAPS exhibiting the relative geographical position of the Dominion and other countries; showing the great Routes of Travel both by Land and Water; shortest lines of communication; Telegraph lines in operation and projected; distances, &c., &c., with much other new and valuable information. The explored route for the Canadian Pacific Railway with its connections—East and West—with accompanying Prospe. will be accurately laid down from data supplied by the Government Engineer; also, the Route of the Northern Pacific Railway (United States), of which a correct plan of the actual location, specially prepared for this Map, has been sent to Mr. Johnston by the Chief Engineer.

ALL ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS WILL BE MADE TO DATE OF PUBLICATION.

Mr. Johnston has been engaged on the compilation and drawing, unremittingly, for a period of nearly four years. Neither labour nor expense has been economized in the endeavour to gain for this great geographical and topographical work the merit of being the STANDARD MAP OF CANADA for many years to come.

The manuscript has been submitted to the following eminent authorities, receiving their unqualified approval and recommendation:—ANDREW RUSSELL, Esq., Geographer to the Dominion Government.

LEFTE-COL. DENNIS, Surveyor-General. THOS. DRYDEN, Esq., F.R.G.S., Surveyor-in-Chief, Ontario.

SANDFORD FLEMING, Esq., Government Engineer-in-Chief.

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General Agents throughout the Provinces will and it to their advantage to make early application for the sale of this Map, either to GEORGE E. DEBARATS, Esq., Publisher, 310 St. Antoine Street, or to J. JOHNSTON, C.E., 39 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. 6-11 f

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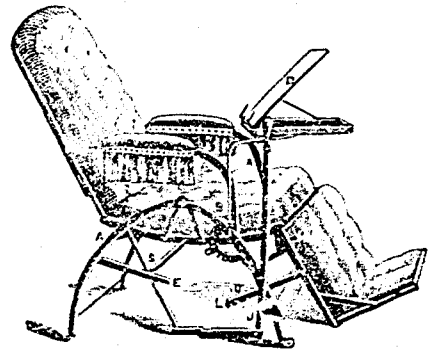
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DOODLE-DE-DOO.



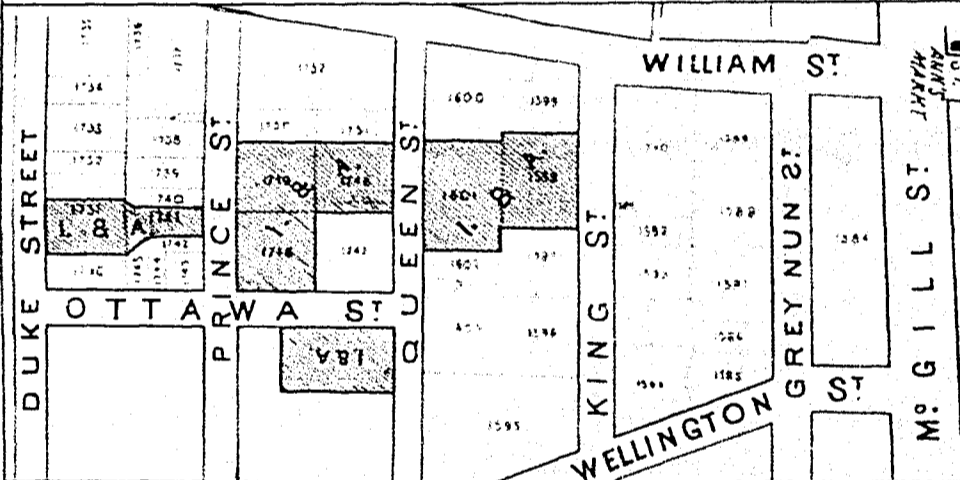
*doodle-dee was a dandy Cook Robin,
He tied up his tail with a yard of blue
lobbin;*

*His tail was no bigger than that of a flea,
Twas the prettiest tail that you ever did see.*

CHORUS.—*Poor doodle-dee, doodle-ae, doodle-de-dee.*

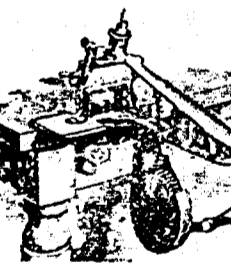
*Now, Doodle-de-dee, was so proud of his tail,
That to show it off better he hopped on a rail,
When a large Thomas Cat jumped over the wall,
And swallowed poor Doodle-dee, tail and all.*

*Now all you young folks that are fond of your clothes,
Let Doodle-dee's tale this moral disclose,
And don't you go thinking of this thing or that,
But of Doodle-de-dee, and the large Thomas Cat.*



PLAN OF IVES & ALLEN'S WORKSHOP AND WAREHOUSES.—SEE PAGE 291.

THE BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, \$10.



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DEAR SIR.—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "HOARBOUND AND CHERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can certify to the above. ALFRED KNUCKLE.
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TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

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EXPRESS at 8:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 1:00 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:40 P.M.
MAIL TRAIN at 3:50 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:20 P.M., making a certain connection with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, arriving at Ottawa at 7:30 P.M.

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