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FRIDAY

Illustrated News

VOL. IV.—No. 18.

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THE CHILDREN'S OFFERING.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Oct. 5, 1871.

Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co. are very busy making guns, and an agent of Dr. Gatling, the patentee of the invention known as the celebrated "Gatling Battery Gun," is at present in Newcastle, making arrangements with Sir William Armstrong & Co. for the manufacture of a number of those most important accessories to modern warfare. Her Majesty's Government has already given orders to the Elswick Ordnance Company to supply 36 of these weapons for experimental purposes; 24 of the quantity ordered are to be of a small size, with barrels of a calibre of 0.577 inches, at a cost of £245 each, and will be available for field service, a certain portion to be attached to each battery of artillery in the field; the remaining twelve are to be of the description termed "medium sized" Gatling, and will possess a calibre of 0.75 inches. Their cost will be £325 each. These last it is proposed to make use of in case-mated forts or garrison batteries. They are all to be supplied with an apparatus termed the "Kinne attachment," by which the gun traverses itself as the crank is revolved, through the agency of a "double action V. screw." This, however, can be thrown out of gear by a simple movement, if the aim is required to be stationary. The improvement by which such of the locks as may be damaged can be withdrawn at any time through an aperture in the rear casing of the lock cylinder, will also be adopted. Owing to the recent strikes in the North of England, the process of manufacturing the guns could not be proceeded with during the past spring and summer months; but now that Dr. Gatling's agent is actively employed in pushing the matter forward, we trust shortly to hear that the order has been completed, and ere long that every field battery in our corps of Royal Artillery has been provided with "a machine gun." The nature of the rifling to be adopted has been another cause of delay in manufacture; that made use of by the United States not being considered altogether satisfactory.

The importance which will probably attach to the use of such weapons for our future armaments can hardly be over-estimated. Their terrible effect and precision of aim will be understood when we state that the result of experimental practice at Shoeburyness proved them to be equal in their destructive powers to all other known guns—including small arms—at 300 yards, and immeasurably superior to the best from that distance up to 1,000 yards. What they can do beyond such a range has not as yet been shown decisively, for at the trial adduced, the Gatling gun was only sighted up to 1,000 yards, and the practice made by it at 1,500 yards, although not particularly good, was no criterion of what it could do.

The Royal Agricultural Society of England have had a successful meeting at Wolverhampton. Perhaps a short sketch of the formation and progress of the Royal will be of interest to Canadian readers.

The society originated in a conversation at the Smithfield Club dinner, in the year 1837, over which the first Earl Spencer—a name inseparable from agricultural progress—presided. A short time after, Mr. Haudley, also a name well known in connection with farming, communicated with his lordship on the subject of forming an association in the place of the Board of Agriculture, which was dissolved in 1816; and about the middle of 1837 a meeting—attended by, among others favourable to the idea, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Chichester, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir James Graham—was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, and the society formed, under the title of the English Agricultural Association, the resolution on which it has all along held aloof from party politics being moved by the late Sir Robert Peel. The first list of members comprised 265 names, including eight peers, of whom the late Duke of Wellington was one. The first Show held by the society took place at Oxford in July, 1839; and it is interesting to observe from what small beginnings the association has grown to its present proportions, and gained for itself a name which is known all over the civilized world. The total number of entries was only 496, and there were but 48 prizes altogether, varying in amount from five to fifty guineas, the total sum distributed not exceeding £849. Machinery seems to have been almost completely ignored, or at least was confined to swing-ploughs and patent harrows, the number of entries of implements being 221, shown by fifteen makers. The whole area of the show yard comprised but four acres, and the total cash received for admission to the show yard was £1,209. The aims of the Society, as set forth in the royal charter, are—"The general advancement of English agriculture and the attainment of the following national objects, viz:—First, to embody such information contained in agricultural publications and in other scientific works as has been proved by practical experience to be useful to the cultivators of the soil. Second, to correspond with agricultural, horticultural, and other scientific societies, both at home and abroad, and to select from such correspondence all information which, according to the opinion of the Society, may be likely to lead to practical benefit in the cultivation of the soil. Third, to pay any occupier of land, or other person (who shall undertake, at the request of the Society, to ascertain by any experiments how far such information leads to useful results in practice), a remuneration for any loss that he may incur by so doing. Fourth, to encourage men of science in their attention to the improvement of agricultural implements, the construction of farm buildings and cottages, the application of chemistry to the general purposes of agriculture, the destruction of insects injurious to vegetable life, and the eradication of weeds. Fifth, to promote the discovery of new varieties of grain, and other vegetables useful to man, or for the food of domestic animals. Sixth, to collect information with regard to the management of woods, plantations, and fences, and on every other subject connected with rural improvement. Seventh, to take measures for the improvement of the education of those who depend upon the cultivation of the soil for their support. Eighth, to take measures for improving the veterinary art, as applied to cattle, sheep, and pigs. Ninth, at the meetings of the Society in the country, by the distribution of prizes, and by other means, to encourage the best mode of farm cultivation and the breed of live stock. Tenth, to promote the comfort and welfare of labourers, and to encourage the improved management of their cottages and gardens." The excellent objects

thus set forth have been steadily kept in view, and their accord with the sense and feeling of the country has been sufficiently testified by the marvellous success which the Society has achieved. In now numbers some 6,000 members, and has an accumulated fund exceeding £30,000. A few of the statistics of the present meeting, just by way of comparison, will show the enormous strides made by the Society in rather over thirty years, and will at the same time indicate the progress of agriculture during the same period. The entries of live stock alone number nearly 1,300, and the aggregate value of the prizes amounts to the very large sum of close upon £5,000. Agricultural implements, machinery, and general exhibits, compose a large part of the show, the number of stands being 363, in which are shown no less than 7,650 articles. The area of the show yard, instead of being four acres, measures upwards of sixty. Such is the early history and object of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, which held its thirty-second annual exhibition at Wolverhampton this year.

The strike in Newcastle is now at an end, the men coming off victorious.

A match between the Chambers' four-oared crew and Winship's comes off in a month's time. Great excitement prevails and large sums of money are being laid.

The "Home Rule" movement in Ireland is causing considerable anxiety amongst commercial men. Politicians are active, and journalists are flocking to Ireland, to see and hear for themselves, what cause there is for "Home Rule." Mr. Gladstone has publicly announced his determination to resist it. So has the Home Secretary, Mr. Bruce. Disraeli is careful, yet, in committing himself, until he sees the "Home Rule" programme.

The foot and mouth disease amongst cattle is very prevalent in England. Butchers' meat is now 11d or 22c. per pound. We have had a successful harvest.

R. E.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 88.—THE LATE COL. BALDWIN

It does seem to us that the Province of Ontario has an act of restitution to make to the family of the late Col. Baldwin, in his lifetime so highly respected and so very generally known throughout Upper Canada. The claim of Col. Baldwin's family is not unlike that of the Bouchette family against the Province of Quebec. Both are good in equity, and the Legislatures of each Province ought to discharge them. We are quite sure that the people would sustain their representatives in voting such an appropriation to the parties interested as would vindicate the public honour and satisfy the claims of justice. The following letter, which we copy, will explain the facts in Col. Baldwin's case, which needs no long or laboured argument to support it:

(From the United Service Gazette, Sept. 16th.)

MR. EDITOR,—Your journal being the military organ of the United Kingdom, and a proper medium for drawing the attention of all who may feel for the undeserved misfortunes of the family of a brave officer, now dead, and who may feel inclined to aid in alleviating their distress, I take the liberty of asking you to insert in the *Gazette* the following facts:—The late Col. Baldwin first entered the service of his country, in the navy, at the early age of fourteen years, and through ill health was obliged to leave that service; but, bent on a military career, he joined the army at sixteen, in the 83rd Regiment, from which he was promoted into the 50th, upon the express recommendation of the late Sir Thomas Picton, one of whose aides-de-camp he was, on account of his gallantry. Whilst serving in the Peninsula with these regiments, he was present at the battles of Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Balajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nive, Nivelle, Orthes, Toulouse, for which he was awarded a medal with ten clasps; at Talavera he was wounded in the head; at Balajoz, leading stormers, he was twice thrown from the scaling ladders; and at Fuentes d'Onor he received a ball through his arm, for which he had a pension. In the 87th Regiment he acted as brigade-major in Jamaica and in other parts of the West Indies. About 1823 he came to Canada, having retired on half-pay, and settled near Toronto, on land where he resided until his death in 1861. In the rebellion of 1837 and 1838, and when invasion from the United States was imminent, he raised a regiment and promptly carried it to the frontier. The necessity of immediate service precluded him from advertising for tenders for clothing his regiment, and he contracted with a clothier at Toronto, who furnished, as it afterwards appeared on service, worthless clothing, which was replaced by Col. Baldwin. On the return of the troops from service, and the colonel's refusal to pay for this worthless material, he was sued by the contractor, and in order to pay the amount of the judgment, was obliged to sell his half pay, and from that time until he died he had a struggle for existence, and at his death left a widow and six daughters (all young) unprovided for. His son, Mr. Thomas Baldwin, became an ensign in the 100th Regiment, raised in Canada, and whilst at Gibraltar, took the Rock fever, and died very soon after he went to Ireland on sick leave. Thus the last stay of this helpless family was cut off in the service, and the widow and daughters left without a protector. The family have suffered, and are still suffering, great misery in this hyperborean climate of Canada, and know not where to look for assistance to relieve them from their pitiable fate. Some friends of the late Col. Baldwin advised a petition to the Honourable the House of Assembly and Government of the Province of Ontario, which was presented, but, unfortunately, was refused a hearing. The sole cause of the misfortunes of this brave and unselfish soldier was his devotion to his country's service, and by it his family has been ruined and left destitute, yet such is the apathy of feeling in the Parliament of the Province in which Col. Baldwin lived, that the petition in behalf of his suffering family has been refused a hearing. If this sad but true tale has produced an interest in your breast, may I ask you to make it known through your columns, which may, I hope, lead to a recognition of the claims of the widow and those dependent on her, in quarters powerful to aid and sustain them?—I am, &c.

Melbourne, Province of Quebec,
August 13, 1871.

A VOLUNTEER OF 1837.

No. 89.—THE LATE PAUL KANE.

Among native Canadian artists the name of Paul Kane deserves to hold high rank. His sudden death on the 20th of February last, from an abscess of the liver, was deeply regretted by the many friends who knew the gentle and genial qualities of his nature. His father was a retired English officer, and his mother a Dublin lady of good family. Paul was born at Toronto on the 3rd Sept., 1810, and was, consequently, in his sixty-first year at the time of his death. He was educated in Toronto, and there commenced the study of painting. More than thirty years ago he visited Italy in pursuance of his art, studying the treasures of Rome, Naples, Genoa, Florence, Venice, and Bologna. While in Rome a medal was conferred on him by Pope Gregory the sixteenth, bearing the coat of arms of His Holiness. After an absence of about nine years, Mr. Kane returned to Canada, and travelled extensively throughout the Southern and Western States, and the British North American territories. As the result of these travels, he gave to the world the "Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America," published in London (Eng.) in 1859 by Messrs. Longman & Co. This work excited very great interest at the time of its publication, from the large mass of valuable information it contained, as well as on account of its numerous and life-like illustrations. The work was highly commended by the leading English reviews, and to show that it was regarded with equal favour on this side the Atlantic, we take the liberty of quoting from a New York paper the following notice, written, we believe, by Mr. F. S. Cozzens, who knew Mr. Kane, and appreciated his talents:—

PICTURES OF INDIAN LIFE.—Among the literary items in a late number of the London *Examiner*, we find a notice of a work lately published there by Longman & Co., entitled "Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America," etc. The artist whose experiences are thus given to the world, is Mr. Paul Kane, of Toronto, Canada, who made a long sojourn, some twelve or fourteen years ago, among the wild tribes roaming the banks of the Columbia River and the ravines of Oregon, extending his explorations to the then scarcely heard of Island of Vancouver. Entirely "on his own hook," and as ready with his rifle as with his pencil, this brave pathfinder devoted himself to the task of commemorating by his art the remarkable men and manners and customs of the strange communities of which, from time to time, he found himself a transient member. The result of these labours appeared in many hundred clever sketches brought home by him on his return to Canada. From these sketches he steadily set himself to work out an extensive series of oil paintings, embodying all that is interesting and curious in the wild prairie and mountain life of the remote regions traversed by him. Several years were devoted by him to the completion of these remarkable records of the races whose extinction is as inevitable as the advancing track of the fire-car of the "children of the pale faces," whose only monuments are the trees that fall and perish; and whose architectural remains annually resolve themselves into a heap of rotten birch-bark and black ashes. The true records of these passing tribes are the transcripts brought from among them by the hardy adventurer whose graphic power is united to the physical endurance indispensable to him who would grapple with the hostilities of the savage wilderness. Of such men is Paul Kane. In the life-pictures painted by him—the greater number of which are now in the collection of Mr. G. W. Allan, of Toronto—is embodied a history of the latter days of the red man, displaying him in his various phases of costume, from the primitive and scanty garb of half a dozen streaks of paint and a feather, through the several stages of buckskin and blanket until he becomes more civilized and less of a gentleman. In their summer ramble to Canada, Americans may see twelve of Mr. Kane's pictures in the Parliamentary Library at Toronto, by which they were purchased by a special grant—the spirit of a private gentleman outbidding the Government, we believe, for the whole series, which should have been secured by them as the germ of a characteristic national collection. The book mentioned at the commencement of this article, is the result of the journals kept by the artist throughout his wanderings, and must be a work of great interest, owing to the author having found his way into many by-ways diverging from the best known paths of that singular region. We have not seen the book, but hold ourselves qualified to speak upon it, from our long established acquaintance with Paul Kane, his pictures, and his *verbo* narratives of what he saw and went through, all of which, doubtless, is well set forth in his "Wanderings."

During the later years of his life, Mr. Kane, having settled down in his native city, pursued his favourite art until his eyesight failed him. As alluded to above, his chief patrons were the Hon. G. W. Allan, and the Canadian Government. Among his best productions, outside his Indian scenery, is a full length portrait of Queen Victoria, after the picture by Chalons. His death was quite sudden, he having walked to the city in the afternoon of the day on which he died. In the *Canadian Journal* appeared, from the pen of Prof. D. Wilson, an able review of his artistic abilities, and a sketch of his life. A writer in the *Athenaeum* in reviewing his travels, described him as "an American artist who had studied in Europe, and apparently unites the refinement of the old world with the energy of the new." Such an artist well deserves a place in our Canadian portrait gallery.

THE CHILDREN'S OFFERING.

This is the work of a foreign painter, Gabe, concerning whom we have been quite unable to glean any tidings, except to learn that he is not now living. There is evidence of much true taste and poetic feeling in this simple composition: seated on the shaft of a large fluted column, which, with the massive Corinthian capital, might have been, in long past ages, a portion of a magnificent temple, is a young girl who has woven a chaplet of flowers to do honour to the Virgin.

whose figure, it may be supposed, is visible in the wayside cross. Her brother, a juvenile *pifferaro* of the genuine Savoyard type, is playing a hymn on his shrill pipe, while his companion seems to be silently uttering an *Ave Maria*. We have often seen what may be called "wayside devotion" treated by painters of most countries, but never more pleasantly and poetically than we find it here; and certainly, never with so great originality: even the grand fragments of old architecture are made striking accessories in the composition.

The picture, as the manner in which it is engraved shows, is painted in a broad and somewhat dashing manner: it is very rich in colour; the warm hues of an Italian evening being heightened by the brilliant tints of the groups of flowers. *Art Journal.*

THE GREAT CANADIAN HUNTER, M. FRANÇOIS MERCIER.

M. François Mercier, whose portrait in hunting costume graces our pages this week, is a member of a well-known Quebec family. Two of his brothers, Messrs. Joseph and Felix Mercier, follow the business of carriage-makers in this city. In 1856 Mr. Mercier, accompanied by another brother—Moise—left Montreal for San Francisco, where they formed, with some other trappers and hunters, a fur-trading company. Alaska was chosen as the scene of their operations, and in that bleak and desolate region they spent fifteen busy and profitable years. M. Mercier has just returned to his native country, after parting with his rights in Alaska to a newly-formed American fur company.

VIEW ON THE PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.

In the present issue we give an illustration, from a photograph taken by Messrs. Leggo & Co., on the south-east corner of Place d'Armes Square, showing the Merchants' Bank and the Ontario Bank; as also (above) the *Cabinet de Lecture Paroissial*. In connection with the latter, we are glad to learn that vigorous efforts are already on foot to add largely to the number of volumes in the Library, which is free for the use of the whole parish. The movement is creditable to our French Canadian fellow citizens, and will, no doubt, prove successful.

THE RUINS OF THE TUILERIES AND OF THE HOTEL-DE-VILLE.

The two illustrations of the ruins of the palace of the Tuileries and of the Hotel-de-Ville, give a very fair idea of the utter ruin of many of the oldest and noblest buildings in Paris consummated during the days of terror that closed the rule of the Commune. In a former number (Vol. III., p. 349) we gave a view of a portion of the gardens of the Tuileries, accompanied by a short sketch of the history of the venerable palace, which is even surpassed in age by the Hotel-de-Ville. The site for this last building was bought, together with the *maison aux piliers* which stood thereon, by the Municipality of Paris in 1347. It extends the whole length of the Place de la Greve, from the Seine to the Rue de Rivoli. Readers of Victor Hugo are familiar with both the Place de la Greve and the *maison aux piliers*. Near the latter, it will be remembered, was the den of the *sachette* or recluse in "Quasimodo."

The first stone of the present Hotel-de-Ville was laid on the 15th July, 1533, by Pierre Nielle, the provost of the merchants. It was at first intended to build it in the Gothic style, and, in fact, the first story had already been raised when the Renaissance style came into vogue, and accordingly the Gothic plan was abandoned, and the erection of the building confided to a cunning Italian architect, Maître Boccador, who furnished designs which were accurately followed by his successors. The work was finally completed in 1695, under Henri Quatre.

TYPHOID FEVER SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH MILK.

There is nothing new about the treatment of this fever by milk. As such treatment may not, however, be the general one adopted, I have been induced to offer my testimony as to its efficacy. It stands to reason that people suffering from disease, quite as much require food as those in health, and much more so in certain diseases where there is rapid waste of the system. Frequently all ordinary food in certain diseases is rejected by the stomach, is loathed by the patient. Nature, ever beneficent, has furnished a food that in all diseases is beneficial—in some directly curative. Such a food is milk. In twenty-six cases we have treated of typhoid fever, its great value was apparent.

To be sure our number is not large, yet sometimes the small indicates the resultant on a large scale. The indications we followed were—1. To check diarrhoea; 2. To nourish the body; 3. To cool the same.

With regard to the diarrhoea in typhoid fever, we believe it ought, if possible, to be checked, or at least restrained; for you might as well think of leaving a sore-throat in scabiness to take its course (being eliminative of fever poison), or irritate it a little, as of encouraging diarrhoea in typhoid fever. Astringents were used in all cases (with occasional doses of ipecacuanha), diluted sulphuric acid being found the most serviceable. The acid was used from beginning to end of the fever. We imagine that, in those cases which recover where diarrhoea is encouraged, the patient got well in spite of the treatment; for we believe that nothing so much tends to extending of ulceration, to hæmorrhage, peritonitis, and protracted convalescence as the use of salines, or such like remedies. Who would think of healing an ulcer by irritating it, by not allowing rest for the reparative powers of Nature to do their work? An ulcer in the ileum requires rest quite as much as one in the leg.

When diarrhoea became violent, the most powerful astringents were used, and, when the bowels were once "locked up," they were so maintained for from ten to fourteen days, with not only no inconvenience, but with decided advantage. To cool the body and to nourish it were the other two indications:

1. As to Nourishment.—That the body in fever wastes rapidly is evident; and from the accumulation of waste material in the blood, and the want of pabulum to feed the fever, the most disastrous results ensue—resulting in death—from the fever drying up the tissues of life. Now, if pabulum can be afforded to repair the textures that, from the action in the fever poison, are being used up, one great, if not the greatest, object of treatment is attained; for fevers obey, like everything else in this world, certain fixed laws. Like an object in

vegetable life, there is the seed, the bud, the unfolding, the full leaf, the withering away and decadence—so with fevers and their incubation, ingravescence, etc. Now, if the body can be sustained until the fever has gone its course, health will result. Milk, of all things, seems best adapted for this purpose; for it is digestible, is relished by fever patients, contains all the requisite material for the nourishment of the entire body—the nervous system in especial, which in fever is always greatly affected. Furthermore, in fever there is great thirst, and patients ardently long for that which will cool the parched mouth. Thus, by interdicting the use of water *in toto* throughout the fever, nourishment can always be given in the shape of cold new milk. Cold beef tea is by no means to be despised, but is much less relished, and not unfrequently loathed when the fever is intense, while milk is then taken with much gusto. Again, cold milk, when the diarrhoea is severe, exercises a most kindly action upon the ileac ulcerations. The rule we adopted was to allow milk *ad libitum*. In some cases quantities, far beyond what could be absorbed by a stomach whose powers of absorption were reduced to a minimum, were taken, a portion of the milk passing in an undigested state from the bowels. This, however, far from, in my mind, being an objection, was a decided boon, for the milk, as it passed over the inflamed and ulcerated ileum, exercised a soothing influence.

2. To Cool the Body.—Now, cold milk is an admirable agent for cooling the body (cold water would do as well, but then new milk nourishes and cools at the same time), and heat is a prominent symptom of fever (*ferveo*, I boil); and a measure of the activity of the fever changes in the body. Another agent used in all these cases was the diluted sulphuric acid, which aided in reducing temperature, in restraining diarrhoea, and, if the theory is to be credited, diminishing the alkalinity of the blood.

CONCLUDING GENERAL REMARKS.—Such were the measures relied upon in the treatment of twenty-six cases of typhoid fever. Six of the cases were adults over twenty-two years of age, ten between nine and twenty-two, the remainder being under these ages. Wine was given in no case during the active continuance of fever, as it increased the diarrhoea (when tried), and prompted delirium. When the fever had left, and the patient became exhausted and sleepless, the wine in three cases did well. Never more than six ounces were required *per diem*, and that only for a few days (in an adult). In two cases where there was great pain in ileum, blisters applied there did good. A few doses of tartar emetic and tincture of opium were used in one case to procure sleep, which it sufficed to do. We believe that milk nourishes in fever, promotes sleep, wards off delirium, soothes the intestines, and, in fine, is the *sine qua non* in typhoid fever.—A. Yule, M. D., in the *Medical Times and Gazette*.

ISSUING BLANKETS, TENTS, &c., &c., FROM THE MILITARY STORES, QUEBEC, FOR RELIEF OF THE CHICAGO SUFFERERS.

Immediately after the news of the terrible catastrophe at Chicago reached Quebec, Colonel Martindale, C.B., the principal Controller in Canada, telegraphed per ocean cable to the Secretary of State for War at home to ask permission to despatch as many tents, blankets, &c., as could be spared, (surplus the requirements of the Troops and Canadian Militia) to be placed at the disposal of the Mayor of Chicago for the benefit of the homeless sufferers by the fire; and upon a reply in the affirmative being received, which was sent at once, no time was lost by Commissary Russell and Assistant Commissary Taylor, the officers in charge of Military Stores, in despatching 300 tents and from 6,000 to 7,000 blankets per Grand Trunk Railway, which Company had offered to take them free. The tents would afford ample shelter for 2,400 people. This simple action of the British authorities in Canada and England speaks to our American cousins in language louder than words of the fraternal feelings that exist between them. We are fondly hopeful that nothing in the future may ever occur to obliterate the kindly recollections that this and kindred acts, on both sides, are calculated to inspire. It is needless to add that our Chicago friends warmly appreciated the kindness shown them. Our illustration is from a sketch by our esteemed contributor, W. O. C.

THE OXY-HYDRIC LIGHT.

The production of a light, the nature and cost of which should enable it successfully to supersede the yellow glimmer generally obtained from ordinary coal gas, has long been a favourite study with chemists and others. The combination of oxygen and hydrogen gases, variously treated, has formed the basis of most inventions having this object in view. But although in many instances the results of practical experiments have demonstrated the fact that such a light can be produced, yet an exposition of that fact on a commercial scale has never been effected until now. This has been due either wholly or in part to complication in manufacture, difficulty in application to purposes of general utility and costliness of production. In fact, the chief difficulty has ever been the expense attendant upon the manufacture of the oxygen gas. The joint researches of Jessie du Motay and others, however, have led to the discovery of a means of producing this gas at about the same cost as hydrogen. Advantage has, therefore, been taken of this circumstance to produce a cheap and efficient light by the admixture of the two gases, in certain proportions. Common hydrogen is highly carburetted and mixed at the burner with oxygen in the proportion of about 2 of the former to 1 of the latter, which burns with a pure white flame. This constitutes the oxy-hydric light, with which the city of New York was partly lighted about a year since. Previously to the outbreak of the recent continental war a part of Paris was also lighted by this means, and we understand that the same system is about to be adopted in Vienna and Brussels. A company is now being formed in London for the purpose of introducing the new light in this country. With the view of proving the economy of this gas—for its use is stated to involve a very great saving over ordinary gas—a series of lengthened practical trials are about to be made at the Crystal Palace, where apparatus for its production on a large scale is now being fitted up. A laboratory examination of the matter and a comparison of the purity and intensity of the oxy-hydric flame with that of ordinary coal gas, tell very greatly in favour of the new light.—*Engineering*.

An Eau Claire, Wis., wife bit her hubby's ear off the other night, and then called him a "tough cuss."

VARIETIES.

The Cairo man who does not have three ague shakes a day is sneered at as being lazy.

Another poor girl has died in Virginia from the use of tobacco at the age of one hundred. She was an orphan.

An Indian groom was 91, and the bride 106. They were married without the consent of their parents.

A coroner's jury at Cairo found that a man had "stultified himself to death with green trash."

"How are you, old hog-stealer," is the way Maine convicts talk to the Governor as he goes through the State Prison.

A man in Wyoming said he never discovered what a splendid woman his cook was until his wife had been three nights locked up in a jury-room.

All persons are warned by Mrs Simmons, of St. Paul, not to pay her husband any money until their prize-fight for the championship is decided.

Pending a suit brought by them for divorce, a Michigan husband and wife eloped together and left their astounded lawyers in the lurch.

A young Eau Claire couple got married "for fun," but found afterward that they were married in earnest, and started for Chicago for a \$5 divorce.

The young men at the Wheeling watering-places have discarded white vests. The young ladies use so much oil on their hair that a vest is only good for one evening on the piazza.

A stranger meeting a man in the streets of Boston, a few days since, roughly accosted him with: "Here, I want to go to the Tremont House!" The deliberate reply was: "Well, you can go, if you won't be gone long."

An Indian cooper showed peculiarity of Hoosier calculation the other day by putting his little boy inside a cask to hold the head up while he nailed it. After it was done he found the bung-hole was the only means for his son's exit.

Some one recommends that Miss Anthony should board at the new Union Square hotel; because when she wished to relieve her put-up feelings she could call up the landlord. His name is Dan.—*Newspaper Reporter*.

At a wedding at Oshkosh, Wis., where chewing gum is the only amusement, the bride and bridegroom, to show their implicit faith in each other, put their arms round each other's waist and swapped cuds of gum. No cards.

The Atlanta *Sun* has an editorial on *Balaam*, over the inevitable initials of A. H. S., and they say one of the compositors lost his reason, all from a mad and impotent desire to follow Scripture and make a proof error.—*Times and Chronicle*, Cincinnati.

An old lady sleeping during divine service in a church in Liverpool, let fall her Bible, with clasps to it; and the noise partly waking her, exclaimed aloud: "What! you have broke another jug, you fool, have you?"

The Yale cabinet has met with a serious loss. A toad, found alive in a rock in Litchfield, but which died soon after, was put in a bottle of alcohol and sent to the college. Some one on the road found the bottle, drank the alcohol, and threw the toad away. A reward of \$100 is offered for the toad.

The following "notice" was stuck up in various places in a certain district of Grayson county, Ky., a short time since: "Notice to all their will be a Big barbecue on Saturday September the 9th 1871, in the territory grayson County and the fair will be 25 Cents a meal and their will be one of the New kinds of swings their on the grown and one of the finest Banger pickers you ever heard gows with the swing free and you all Shall Ride twenty Bounds for ten Cents Come one Come all and hear the Banger."

CHEEKY YOUNG COCKNEYS.—The Detroit *Post* of Tuesday says: Yesterday morning a boy aged thirteen and a girl aged eleven, brother and sister, named O'Neil, arrived at the Central depot from Chicago, and as they were without funds, the boy applied to officer Whalen for a few coppers to buy them a light breakfast. He stated that they lived at London, Ontario, and started for Chicago last Tuesday to see the fire. By telling conductors that they had parents in Chicago they were passed through, and by saying they had lost their parents in the disaster, were passed as far back as this city. As a specimen of young "cheek" this has never been beaten.

In the course of a trial reported by the *Gazette des Tribunaux* a curious specimen was produced of a marriage certificate under the Commune. It ran as follows:—

FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The citizen Anet, son of Jean Louis Anet, and Maria Saint—she engaged to follow the said citizen everywhere and to love him always—ANET MARIA SAINT.

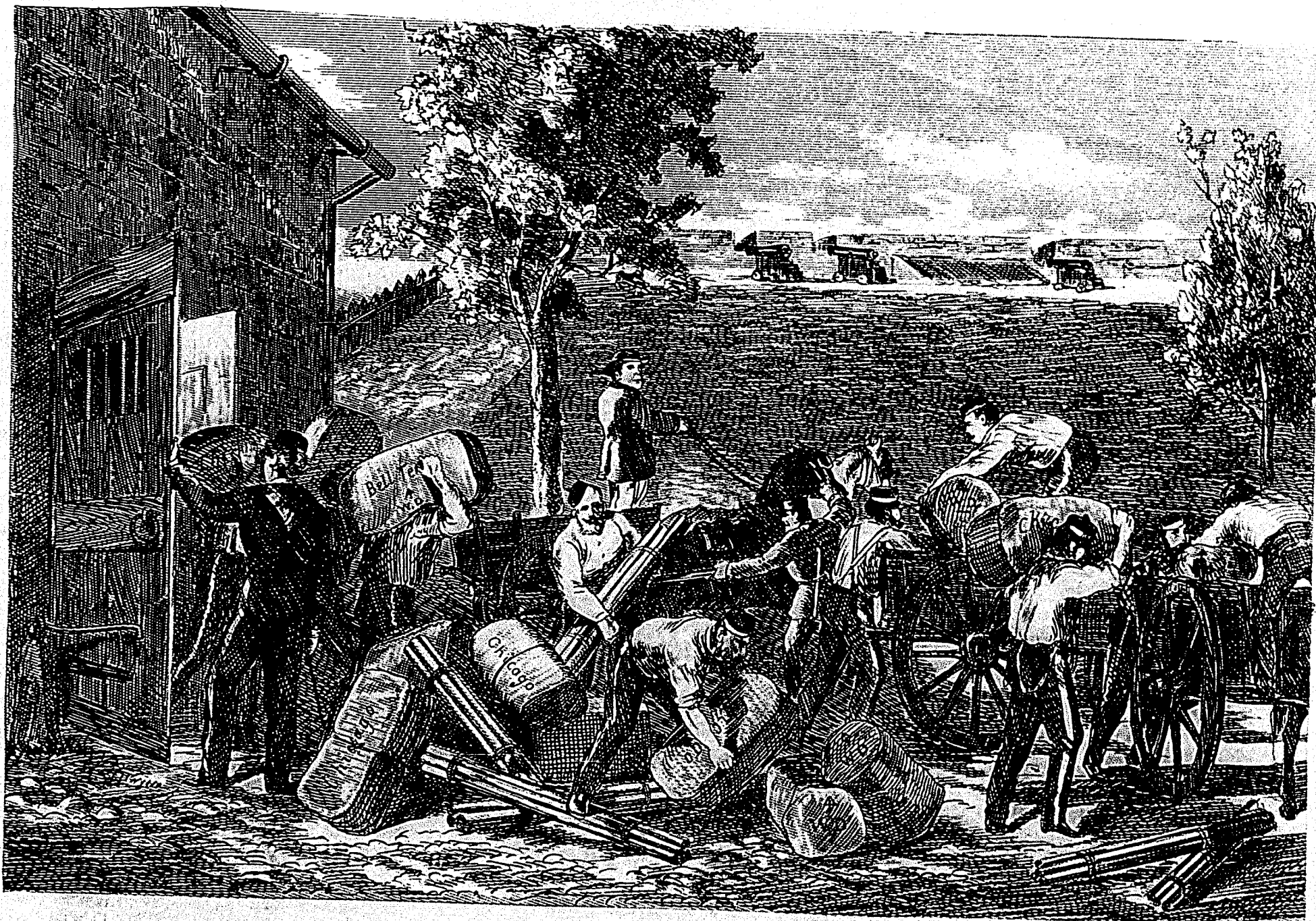
Witnessed by the under-mentioned citizen and *citoyenne*, FERRER, LAOCHE. Paris, April 22, 1871.

The promises made by the citizen Anet are conspicuous by their absence, while those of the *citoyenne* Maria Saint are extremely comprehensive. It is evident that the *citoyenne* Minck was not invited to these nuptials, or she would never have let her countenance to so one-sided an arrangement.

No WOXDER SUG DIED.—Mrs. Sophia Grosse, late of Kentucky, is dead. How it came about is graphically related in a little narrative prepared by the Grand Jury of Jefferson County. They aver that Carl Grosse, Sophia's husband, "instigated by the devil, and without the fear of God before his eyes," killed Sophia by beating her with a whip and other deadly weapons; by administering to her digitalis, a deadly poison, and platinum, a deadly poison, and other but unknown deadly poisons; and by failing and refusing to give her food, so that she starved to death; and by putting over her a feather bed, whereby she was strangled, and smothered and suffocated to death; and by closing the windows and doors of the room in which she was sick, so that the necessary air was denied her, by reason whereof she was suffocated and killed, and subjected to disease of which she died; and by administering to her medicines which produced her death and brought on diseases which speedily resulted in her death. The jury also assert that she was killed in and by divers other ways and means unknown; out, even without taking these into account, it is not surprising Mrs. Grosse is dead.



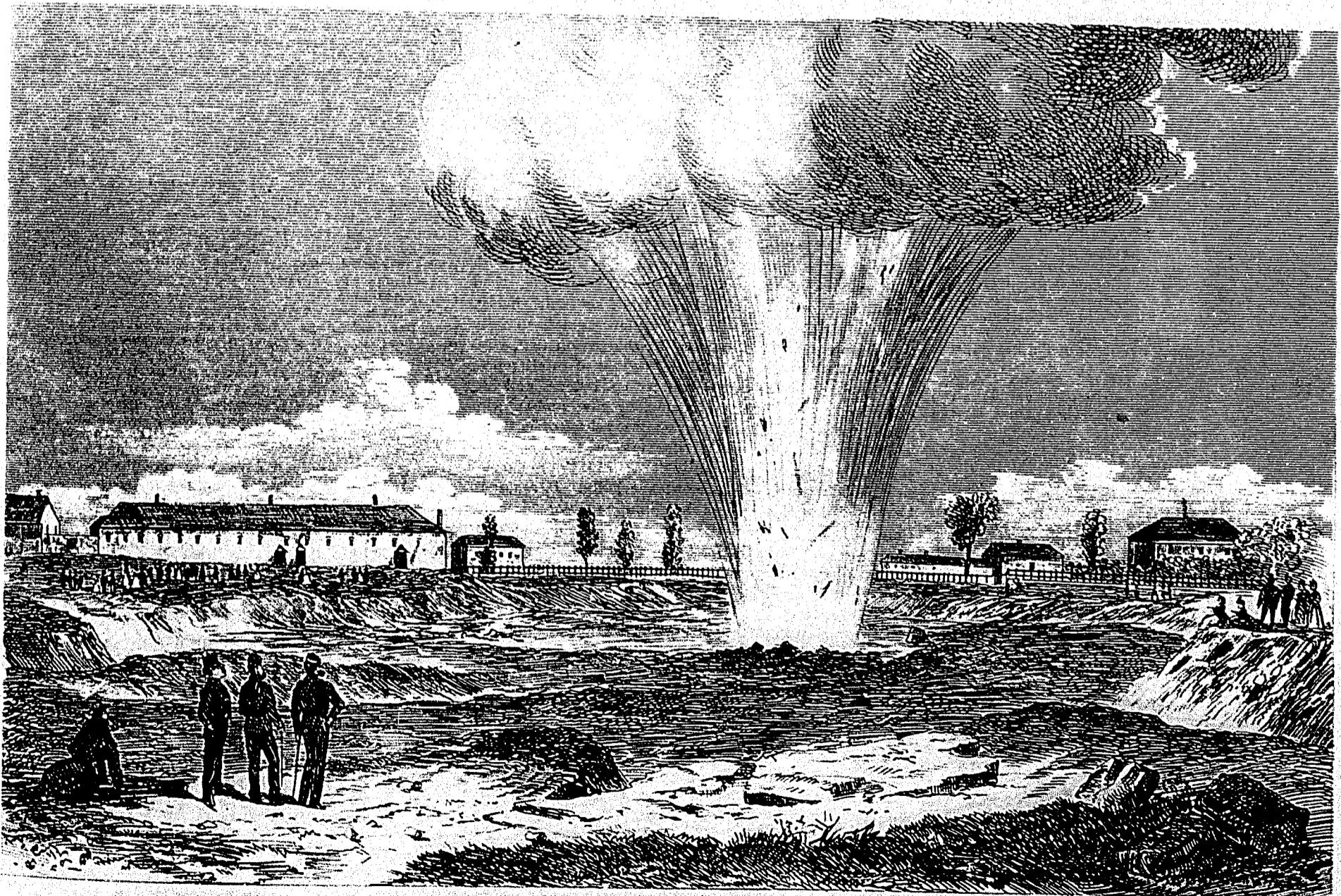
THE LATE COL. BALDWIN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS, QUEBEC.—SEE PAGE 274.



ISSUING TENTS, BLANKETS, &c., TO CHICAGO, FROM THE BRITISH MILITARY STORES, QUEBEC.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.—SEE PAGE 275.



THE LATE PAUL KANE.—SEE PAGE 274.



DESTRUCTION OF CONDEMNED CONGREVE ROCKETS AT QUEBEC.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOV 4, 1871.

Table with 2 columns: Day and Event. Includes dates from Sunday Oct 29 to Saturday Nov 4 with various historical events.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 24th October, 1871, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 7 columns: Day, Max, Min, Mean, 8 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. showing temperature and barometer data.

THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

With the number of the Canadian Illustrated News for Saturday, November 11th, will be issued (gratis) a Supplement containing a double page illustration shewing the Portraits of the Members of the

FIRST ONTARIO PARLIAMENT.

News-dealers and others requiring an extra supply are desired to send in their orders early to secure prompt fulfilment.

"C. I. NEWS OFFICE," Montreal, October 28th, 1871.

THE EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY.

Several pictures will appear in our next issue, illustrative of the FORMAL OPENING

of this important international work, on the 18th instant, when their Excellencies, President Grant and Baron Lisgar, with other American and Canadian celebrities, were present.

"C. I. NEWS OFFICE," Montreal, October 28th, 1871.

NOTICE.

In the interest of our subscribers we are making arrangements with a News-dealer in each city and town to deliver the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS and the HEARTHSTONE at their residences.

We are sure our subscribers will be delighted with this arrangement, and we trust they will assist us and the local agents in extending the circulation of the News.

The subscriptions will be collected by the News dealers who undertake the delivery; and for the convenience of book-keeping, we have made the current accounts end, as far as possible, with the present year.

After the 31st December next, the subscription to the News will be \$4.00 per annum, if paid in advance, or within the first three months, after which it will be \$5.00.

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

- List of agents and their locations: Durie & Son (Ottawa, Ont.), Israel Landry (St. John, N. B.), E. M. Ballantine (Hamilton, Ont.), etc.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B., KINGSTON.—We are happy to be able to say that the "twaddle" will not appear. Thanks for your good opinion of our progress.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1871.

Not the least remarkable among the seeming reactions in public sentiment is that which has led to the formal abrogation of the Treaty of commerce between France and England.

The conclusion has no justification. The French Government may have acted in error; a least it was complained of in England that certain clauses of the Treaty were entirely inimical to British interests.

We are not aware that it has ever been asserted that the protective system does not furnish the State with easier means of raising money from the people, than would the practical application of the free trade theory, pure and simple.

Our American cousins, like the French, are strongly impressed with Protectionist ideas. They, too, had a war, the cost of which rolled them up an immense debt; and they had a Treaty of Commerce with the British Provinces, which they saw fit to abrogate when the requirements of the national exchequer had disturbed the balance that had formerly existed between the burthen

of taxation in Canada and the United States. There may have been political motives to influence their action. It is said now that political feeling—a feeling of hostility to England—is at the bottom of the abrogation of the French Commercial Treaty.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Miss Kate Ranoc's season promises to be a brilliant one—profitable to the Lessee and pleasing to the public. The Misses Holman have fully sustained their already well-earned reputation.

THE HARDY FERNERY.

It is frequently remarked by the dwellers in villa residences that they admire ferns very much, but really in their small gardens there is no room to grow them; now this in the majority of cases is incorrect, for it frequently happens that in such gardens there exists a boundary-wall or a large tree.

To any one having such a spot in their garden, if they wish to improve its appearance, and render it a credit to the other parts instead of an eyesore, we say make a rockery on that place; for although ferns do not like much drip as a rule, they will nevertheless thrive well in such positions.

In the construction of rockwork the amateur should bear in mind that expensive stones for this purpose which some people use are perfectly ridiculous, for if the plants thrive in a satisfactory manner (and that is the object in view at the time of planting) the stones will soon become hidden, and it will then be quite immaterial whether the materials are common or expensive.

The beautiful, soft, and vivid tints of green, which the fronds of ferns assume, are very refreshing, especially during the hot summer days. Independent of this, however, they are very useful for cutting to mix with the various groups of flowers which may be used in the drawing or sitting-room.

In whatever position the rockery is constructed, the outline should be undulating, so that there may be little sheltered bays for the reception of the more delicate and somewhat tender kinds, whilst the more prominent positions may be occupied by bold and distinct-looking species.

All the species and varieties of the British ferns will thrive well upon such a structure. In addition to these all the North American kinds may be planted, several of the Japanese species; and a few of the kinds from New Zealand and Australia will stand out in somewhat sheltered situations.

this purpose; as do also the genera *Equisetum* and *Carex*. The various kinds of British and North American orchids and bulbous plants also form beautiful objects: of these latter, such as Scilla, Autumn Crocus, Anemone, Cyclamen, and Dog's-Tooth Violet, may be mentioned as being peculiarly adapted for this purpose.

Some may be under the impression that this sort of thing is very expensive, and that it would occupy a large space; but as it is of the utmost importance to the owners of small gardens that every available portion of their grounds should be occupied to the best advantage, this is one of the best ways of having a great quantity of things in a small space.—*Land and Water.*

ALL METALS YIELD PIGMENTS OF SOME KIND.

Mercury produces vermilion. Venetian red, mars orange, and yellow and Indian red are produced from iron. Copper gives us emerald green and verdigris. Chromium affords oxide of chromium and chrome yellow. King's yellow and orpiment are made from arsenic. Cobalt blue and smalt from the metal cobalt. Zinc supplies zinc white. Lead supplies white lead, Kren's white flake white, china white, patent yellow, red lead and orange mineral.

Among the colours extracted from animal matter, those distinguished by the brilliant hues imparted through the agency of Prussic acid are most remarkable. This peculiar acid is produced by the calcination of dried blood, and the hoofs and horny parts of animals, and, in conjunction with iron, affords those beautiful and powerful blues known as Prussian and Antwerp blue. Gall stone and Indian yellow are the products of animal economy, and the cochineal insect by a particular treatment and great delicacy in manipulation, is made to yield the most powerful and beautiful crimson known, namely: the carmine and the crimson lakes. Scarlet and purple lakes are also made from the same by varying the mode of manufacture.

Vegetable colours, from the want of permanency, are mostly rejected by the colour maker. Among the few that are retained, the madder root holds the most conspicuous place. The indigo plant and gamboge also afford useful colours in the fine arts. Among the vegetable colours we must class Frankfort black, and that most important pigment, lamp black.

From this brief review, it would seem that all the kingdoms of the material world and all quarters of the globe, are laid under contribution to supply to the painter his stock of colours.

DON'T BEGIN TO BUILD IN AUTUMN.

There are several strong objections against beginning to erect a building with the intention of finishing it next season, or even completing the edifice before cold weather. Masons have often persuaded their employers to dig the cellar and then let them carry up the foundation walls late in autumn, so as to be ready very early the next season to erect the superstructure. Every intelligent mason knows that the practice is not a good one. Yet, as masons are always crowded with foundation work in the former part of the season,—which is the proper time to do such work—if they can induce an employer to commence the foundation of a building in the fall, the masons will gain the benefit of a paying job, and frequently two jobs, as a cellar wall erected just before cold weather will often be so seriously damaged by bearing and settling that a portion—perhaps all of it—will have to be relaid the next season.

When a foundation wall is built with mortar filled in the interstices,—which is the only correct way to prepare a foundation for any building—the mortar near the middle of the wall will not become really consolidated during a period of six months, if the weather be favourable. But if a new wall is exposed to cold weather only a few weeks after it has been built, the green mortar at the middle will be frozen before it is dry, which will damage the wall by bursting the layers of stone or brick asunder, and by destroying the solidifying principle of the lime or cement. After green mortar has been frozen and thawed two or three times, there will be no more strength in a wall than if the stones and bricks had been laid in a mortar made of ashes, sand, and clay.

In most instances, the earth beneath a foundation wall will be frozen more or less, which will destroy its compactness to such an extent that the wall will settle unevenly, often cracking from top to bottom before the superstructure is erected. Besides this, the bank of earth outside of the wall will expand by freezing—especially where it is not of a dry and gravelly character—so that the whole wall will be thrust inward so far beyond a perpendicular position that most of it will have to be taken down and rebuilt. Cellar walls are frequently thrust inward by the frost, even when a heavy superstructure rests on them. It is sometimes as important to exclude frost from a cellar, to prevent freezing the earth outside of the walls, as to keep vegetables from being frozen. The disadvantages of shorter days also, and more stormy weather than we are liable to have in the former part of the season, must be encountered when one commences to build in autumn rather than in the spring. If the foundation wall is built early in the season with good mortar, the entire structure will have ample time to solidify before cold weather, so that it will resist all ordinary thrusts of the earth during the freezing process. When one commences in the latter part of the season, there will usually be more or less unavoidable hindrances when building almost any sort of edifice. Hence, if a builder commences early in the former part of the season, he will be able to meet hindrances without much, if any, real damage.

It is always objectionable to allow the foundation walls to stand any considerable time without the superstructure. The most complete preparation should be made before the ground is broken. All the lumber should be delivered and stuck up under shelter, so that it may have a long time to dry and become seasoned before it is worked. Then, as soon as the frost is really out of the ground in the spring, dig the cellar, carry up the foundation wall, erect and enclose the superstructure as soon as practicable, let it stand to season, settle, and shrink until autumn; then plaster and finish the inside before cold weather.

By building a dwelling in this manner, all the shrinkage and cracking of the woodwork and the cracking of the walls will be avoided; and the walls will be far more firm than if the plastering had been done in hot weather, when the mortar will dry too rapidly to make a strong wall. Building architectural structures, like the formation of character, is a job of

a lifetime. In building a cottage or a palace, a hennery, pig-gery, or a spacious farm barn, a beginner should avail himself of the practical experience of such builders as have purchased their wisdom at the costly rate of damaging and expensive mistakes in beginning to build in the latter part of the season.—*Technologist.*

MAGNETIC WELLS.—Much has lately been said about certain wells in Michigan, the waters of which are said to contain most extraordinary magnetic properties. The controversy as to the magnetism contained in the water is not yet settled. Professor Winchell gave it as his opinion before the American Scientific Association, at their meeting in Troy last year, that the water was not magnetic; but in his late report to the Legislature, as State Geologist, he so far modified his views as to be in doubt on the subject. Prof. R. C. Kedsie, of the State Agricultural College, at Lansing, asserted that the magnetism was only in the iron tubing, and instanced as a proof of this, a pipe which he had inserted in the ground to the depth of thirty feet, and which had become magnetic. This, however, is no new principle. Every school boy knows that any bar of iron, placed upright, will, after a time, become magnetic.

That the water is strongly magnetic was shown where a wooden pipe, ten feet long, was placed between two lengths of iron pipe. The iron tubing, which the water reached after passing through the wood, was as strongly charged as the first piece.

Whether the magnetism is derived from the pipe or its rocky bed, is a matter of dispute. Experiment proves that it is in the water. Knives held in the stream or rubbed upon the pipes become magnets. The time required to magnetize them varies greatly. Knives have been charged in two minutes. Sometimes, of five knives suspended in a bath tub over night, four will become strongly magnetic, while the fifth will be unaffected. If a compass be held near the running water, or near the pipe, the needle is deflected, more in the latter than in the former case.

Another curious property of the water is its colouring power. Superintendent Crow will show the visitor into a room in which stand goblets, glasses, bottles, tin cups, salt-cellars, and the like, all under a shower of magnetic water. Five days suffice to colour these in turn to a beautiful amber, seeming to saturate the glasses with pale gold. This is caused by the deposit of iron, and gives table-ware a handsome appearance. Some cheap jewelry company, if alchemically inclined, might transmute the baser metals into gorgeous jewelry, and reap unbounded harvests on the principle of the "one almighty dollar." The colour seems to be imperishable, and is beautiful as it is lasting.

QUALITIES OF A GOOD COLLECTOR.

Is on time to a minute when the debtor says "come to-morrow at nine o'clock."

Sits on the steps and waits for his return when he says, "I am just going to dinner."

Insists on stepping out make change when the man "has nothing less than a twenty."

Will go to an "old stager" every day for a month with a cheerful countenance "about that little account."

Doesn't mind edging into a crowd to ask a fellow.

Will take a dollar in part if he can't get ten in whole, and "credit it" with thankful alacrity.

Always suggests a check when the money is not in hand, as he can get it "cashed" to-morrow.

Always has that account "on top" so the man can make no excuse for putting him off.

Don't mind asking for it immediately after being "treated" —or pleasantly entertained.

Is never in a hurry, "can wait till you get through."

Cuts off the retreat of the dodger by crossing over to meet him, or follows him into a store where he goes to hide.

Can cough or salute when the "hard case" wants to pass without seeing him.

In fine—is patient as a post, cheerful as a duck, sociable as a flea, bold as a lion, weather-proof as a rubber, cunning as a fox, and watchful as a sparrow-hawk.—*Columbus Index.*

PLANTS IN BEDROOMS.

Dr. J. H. Hansford, in *The Household*, says that the idea that plants throw off nitrogen in the night to an extent to prove injurious, in any material degree, may have had its origin in the vagaries and speculations of some medical theorists, utterly forgetful of an over-ruling Providence who makes no blunders of this kind. These plants have their labour to perform, so to speak, and we need not trouble ourselves about that, but simply regard all as right.

While the breathing of every living creature, the combustion of fuel, etc., are constantly destroying the oxygen of the air, leaving an excess of nitrogen, the other element of air, (the two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, making pure air,) some means of restoring these relations would seem necessary. This is done by the vegetable creation, the leaves of plants, like lungs, absorbing this gas, and throwing off the oxygen, or restoring the purity of the air.

The animal creation and combustion thus furnish carbon in the form of carbonic acid gas to the vegetable, while the vegetable creation kindly returns to us the oxygen in a gaseous form, and the carbon in a solid, in the form of food; an arrangement with which we need not quarrel. The work is constantly going on, illustrative of the wisdom and the goodness of the Great Father. It is a matter of little importance whether this is in vast creation, on a grand scale, or in our sleeping rooms. It may be remarked that it would be possible to fill our rooms with various articles to an extent to leave too little room for air, and thus deprive ourselves of this necessity of life. We can scarcely have too much of it, as it is our life to a greater extent than many suppose. But even if there might be some of the evils referred to, it does not follow that these rooms should be so closed at night as to exclude all of the outward air or prevent the escape of a large amount of carbonic gas, or supposed excess of nitrogen from the plants. The breathing will leave such an excess, even with no plants in the room, which should be allowed to escape.

Such sleepers have more occasion to fear this deadly gas, constantly produced by breathing, than the "night air," so foolishly dreaded.

In short, while our sleeping rooms are so often too small, it may be advisable to have our plants in some other room, with open doors, that they may aid in purifying the air. We

may rest assured that they will do us far more good than harm; that this law of compensation is in active operation all around us, and is merely another term for the goodness of the Creator.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It has recently been discovered in France that splendid blotting and wound-dressing paper can be manufactured out of sponge. The sponge is reduced to an impalpable pulp by grinding, and is then made into paper by the usual process. The discovery is secured by a patent, and will prove valuable, as the paper thus made is indispensable in dressing wounds.

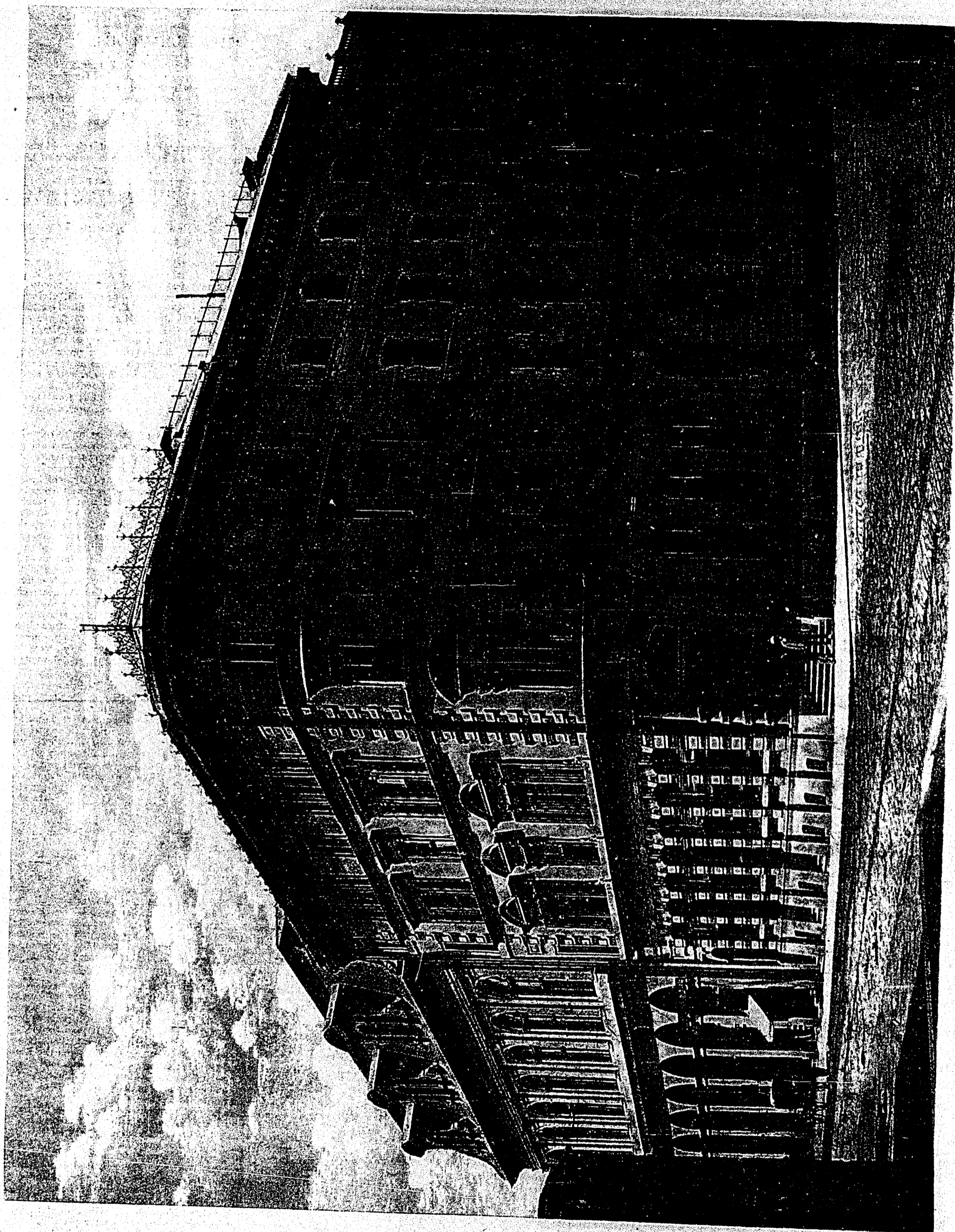
Dr. Prestil, a German naturalist, attributes the cold weather in Europe, during the last spring, to the frequency of aurora borealis and spots on the sun. He says that the same kind of weather, and a frequent occurrence of those phenomena, were observed in 1838, 1840, and 1860, in intervals, therefore, of eleven years, and prophesies a comparatively cool fall for Europe.

R. D. Munson is a persistent Yankee, a native of Williston, Vermont, who has devoted ten of his fourscore years to the achievement of making a clock that is more complicatedly ingenious than the Strasbourg timepiece, and is vastly more serviceable. It runs eight days, and the dial marks the seconds, minutes, hours, and days of the week, month, and year; a thermometer rests against its pendulum, giving the state of the temperature; the ball of the pendulum contains a miniature timepiece, which derives its motive power solely from its vibrating position, and keeps accurate time; with this there is a delightful musical apparatus, which plays an air at the end of each hour, and it is piously preconcerted so as to play only sacred tunes on Sunday, beginning and ending with the "Doxology." On national holidays the airs are diversified patriotically with "Yankee Doodle," &c. This wonderful timepiece presents a black walnut front ten feet deep, and is embellished with profuse scroll-work and national designs.

A new French invention is said to have quite solved the problem of preserving meat and other provisions from place to place, no matter what may be the state of the temperature. The object is effected by filling the vessel or chamber in which these articles are to be kept with a dry cool air, which, by its moisture, as well as low temperature, is found completely effective for the purpose. It is reported that the machines employed in the process are already used extensively by brewers, who have hitherto had to employ ice to keep down the temperature of their beer at certain stages of the manufacture. It is expected that it will be largely employed in churches, hospitals, hotels, and other places where great heat is unhealthy or unpleasant. As an experiment, one of them was fitted up in the steamer "Rio Janeiro," which conveyed to the Brazilian port of that name a quantity of meat, game, &c., which had been shipped in London. On the Equator the thermometer was 107 deg. in the air, while in the chambers devoted to the preservation of these provisions, it was kept at 33 deg. Beef and uncleaned game and fish were preserved by it in Paris for eight days, and were perfectly sweet when served at the table of M. Lavalette, the celebrated diplomatist.

THE VENUS OF MILO.—Art circles in Paris are convulsed about the attitude of the Venus of Milo. The upper portion of the statue rests on the lower half, where the drapery commences, in such a manner that wedges are inserted on the left side to make the body lean over to the right in an attitude of marked repose. In the damp cellars of the Prefecture of Police, where the statue was deposited for safety when the first siege commenced, these wedges became loose and fell out. It was then seen that if the wedges were removed it would make a considerable difference in the pose of the statue. The question now is whether the bust of the goddess should stand bolt upright, or be tipped over upon the right hip with the aid of wedges. Every one admits that the statue is realistic to a wonderful degree. One cheek is bigger than the other, the corners of the mouth are not alike, and the remaining foot, particularly as regards the curvature of the little toe, is not exactly what one would look for in the figure of a goddess unacquainted with shoes or sandals. The wedges certainly conduce to this realistic effect, as they throw the figure into an easy and natural position. But it is generally admitted that the statue is more ideal without the wedges. So the conjecture is that the French antiquarians who found the statue and put its parts together fifty years ago inserted the wedges on their own responsibility and with a false idea of the supposed action of the goddess, as indicated by the fragments of the arms which remain.

German papers inform us somewhat triumphantly that the exaltation of their empire has not gone unrecorded or unappreciated in remote parts of the globe. In the first place, the ruler of the Celestial Empire has paid a conspicuous compliment to "Monsieur son frere" on the German throne. By a decree dated July 26, but only quite recently delivered in Europe, his Celestial Majesty has conferred on the Emperor William the highest title recognized by Chinese court etiquette, Hwang-ti. The conferring of this title, which hitherto the Emperor of China has reserved entirely to himself, on a foreign potentate is an unheard-of thing, the highest distinction that European rulers have ever attained to being the far humbler rank of Hwang Shan. Another tribute of respect has been paid to the Emperor by the Dutch colonists on the Orange River in South Africa, who have elected his Majesty umpire in their dispute with our own Government. Things do not go on quite so satisfactorily in the neighbouring Russia and the allied Austria. German papers express great indignation at the slight put upon their generals by the Grand Duke Constantine on their assembling to greet the illustrious traveller at the railway station of Konigsberg. His Imperial Highness met their loyal welcome with the curt reply that "he was sorry they had put themselves to the trouble." A still greater affront has been offered by Archduke Charles Lewis—if we may credit an account that has passed unchallenged through the entire German press. His Highness, on a visit to the well-known hill Hehe Salve, on the Bavarian frontier, felt so much offended at the sight of an effigy of the Emperor William peacefully hanging on a wall in the inn side by side with prints of the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Kings of Bavaria and Saxony, and some other worthies, that he *propria manu* tore it from its nail, and in the sight of the astonished landlord and landlady consigned it to the flames.



THE MERCHANTS' BANK, ONTARIO BANK, AND CABINET DE LECTURE PAROISSIAL, CORNER OF PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL



FRS. MERCIER, THE CANADIAN HUNTER AND VOYAGEUR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 275.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.)

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

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

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"Well—rather than the belles of Minstercombe should—ring their sweet changes in vain, I suppose I must indulge you."

"A thousand thanks," he said, lifted his hat, and rode on.

My blood was in a cold boil—if the phrase can convey an idea. Clara rode on homewards without looking round, and I followed, keeping a few yards behind her, hardly thinking at all, my very brain seeming cold inside my skull.

There was small occasion as yet, some of my readers may think. I cannot help it—so it was. When we had gone in silence a couple of hundred yards or so, she glanced round at me with a quick sly half-look, and burst out laughing. I was by her side in an instant; her laugh had dissolved the spell that bound me. But she spoke first.

"Well, Mr. Cumbermede?" she said, with a slow interrogation.

"Well, Miss Coningham?" I rejoined, but bitterly, I suppose.

"What's the matter?" she retorted sharply, looking up at me, full in the face, whether in real or feigned anger I could not tell.

"How could you talk of that fellow as you did, and then talk so to him?"

"What right have you to put such questions to me? I am not aware of any intimacy to justify it."

"Then I beg your pardon. But my surprise remains the same."

"Why, you silly boy!" she returned, laughing aloud, "don't you know he is, or will be, my feudal lord. I am bound to be polite to him. What would become of poor grandpapa if I were to give him offence? Besides, I have been in the house with him for a week. He's not a Crichton; but he dances well. Are you going to the ball?"

"I never heard of it. I have not for weeks thought of anything but—but—my writing, till this morning. Now I fear I shall find it difficult to return to it. It looks ages since I saddled the mare!"

"But if you're ever to be an author, it won't do to shut yourself up. You ought to see as much of the world as you can. I should strongly advise you to go to the ball."

"I would willingly obey you—but—but—I don't know how to get a ticket."

"Oh! if you would like to go, papa will have much pleasure in managing that. I will ask him."

"I'm much obliged to you," I returned. "I should enjoy seeing Mr. Brotherton dance."

She laughed again, but it was an oddly constrained laugh.

"It's quite time I was at home," she said, and gave the mare the rein, increasing her speed as she approached the house. Before I reached the little gate, she had given her up to the gardener, who had been on the look out for us.

"Put on her own saddle, and bring the mare round at once, please," I called to the man, as he led her and the horse away together.

"Won't you come in, Wilfrid?" said Clara, kindly and seriously.

"No, thank you," I returned; for I was full of rage and jealousy. To do myself justice, however, mingled with these was pity that such a girl should be so easy with such a man. But I could not tell her what I knew of him. Even if I could have done so, I dared not; for the man who shows himself jealous must be readily believed capable of lying, or at least misrepresenting.

"Then I must bid you good evening," she said, as quietly as if we had been together only five minutes. "I am so much obliged to you for letting me ride your mare!"

She gave me a half-friendly, half-stately little bow, and walked into the house. In a few moments the gardener returned with the mare, and I mounted and rode home in anything but a pleasant mood. Having stabled her, I roamed about the fields till it was dark, thinking for the first time in my life I preferred woods to open grass. When I went in at length I did my best to behave as if nothing had happened. My uncle must, however, have seen that something was amiss, but he took no notice, for he never forced or even led up to confidences. I retired early to bed, and passed an hour or two of wretchedness, thinking over everything that had happened—the one moment calling her a coquette, and the next ransacking a fresh corner of my brain to find fresh excuse for her. At length I was able to arrive at the conclusion that I did not understand her, and having given in so far, I soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

I TRUST it will not be regarded as a sign of shallowness of nature that I rose in the morn-

ing comparatively calm. Clara was to me as yet only the type of general womanhood, around which the amorphous loves of my manhood had begun to gather, not the one woman whom the individual man in me had chosen and loved. How could I love that which I did not yet know; she was but the heroine of my objective life, as projected from me by my imagination—not the love of my being. Therefore, when the wings of sleep had fanned the notes from my brain, I was cool enough, notwithstanding an occasional tongue of indignant flame from the ashes of last night's fire, to sit down to my books, and read with tolerable attention my morning portion of Plato. But when I turned to my novel, I found I was not master of the situation. My hero too was in love and in trouble; and after I had written a sentence and a half, I found myself experiencing the fate of Heine when he roused the Sphinx of past love by reading his own old verses:—

Lebendig ward das Marmorbild,
Der Stein begann zu aechzen.

In a few moments I was pacing up and down the room, eager to burn my moth-wings yet again in the old fire. And, by the way, I cannot help thinking that the moths enjoy their fate, and die in ecstasies. I was, however, too shy to venture on a call that very morning; I should both feel and look foolish. But there was no more work to be done then. I hurried to the stable, saddled my mare, and set out for a gallop across the farm, but towards the high road leading to Minstercombe, in the opposite direction, that is, from the Hall, which I flattered myself was to act in a strong-minded manner. There were several fences and hedges between, but I cleared them all without discomfiture. The last jump was into a lane. We, that is my mare and I, had scarcely alighted, when my ears were invaded by a shout. The voice was the least welcome I could have heard, that of Brotherton. I turned and saw him riding up the hill, with a lady by his side.

"Hillo!" he cried, almost angrily, "you don't deserve to have such a cob. (He would call her a cob.)" "You don't know how to use her. To jump her on to the hard like that!"

It was Clara with him!—on the steady stiff old brown horse! My first impulse was to jump my mare over the opposite fence, and take no heed of them, but clearly it was not to be attempted, for the ground fell considerably on the other side. My next thought was to ride away and leave them. My third was one which some of my readers will judge Quixotic, but I have a profound reverence for the Don—and that not merely because I have so often acted as foolishly as he. This last I proceeded to carry out, and lifting my hat, rode to meet them. Taking no notice whatever of Brotherton, I addressed Clara—in what I fancied a distant and dignified manner, which she might, if she pleased, attribute to the presence of her companion.

"Miss Coningham," I said, "will you allow me the honour of offering you my mare? She will carry you better."

"You are very kind, Mr. Cumbermede," she returned, in a similar tone, but with a sparkle in her eyes. "I am greatly obliged to you. I cannot pretend to prefer old crossbones to the beautiful creature which gave me so much pleasure yesterday."

I was off and by her side in a moment, helping her to dismount. I did not even look at Brotherton, though I felt he was staring like an equestrian statue. When I shifted the saddles, Clara broke the silence which I was in too great an inward commotion to heed by asking—

"What is the name of your beauty, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Lilith," I answered.

"What a pretty name! I never heard it before. Is it after any one—any public character, I mean?"

"Quite a public character," I returned—"Adam's first wife."

"I never heard he had two," she rejoined, laughing.

"The Jews say he had. She is a demon now, and the pest of married women and their babies."

"What a horrible name to give your mare!"

"The name is pretty enough. And what does it matter what the woman was, so long as she was beautiful?"

"I don't quite agree with you there," she returned, with what I chose to consider a forced laugh.

By this time her saddle was firm on Lilith, and in an instant she was mounted. Brotherton moved to ride on, and the mare followed him. Clara looked back.

"You will catch us up in a moment," she said, possibly a little puzzled between us.

I was busy tightening my girths, and fumbled over the job more than was necessary. Brotherton was several yards ahead, and she was walking the mare slowly after him. I made her no answer, but mounted, and rode in the opposite direction. It was rude of course, but I did it. I could not have gone with them, and was afraid if I told her so she would dismount, and refuse the mare.

In a tumult of feeling I rode on without

looking behind me, careless whither—how long I cannot tell, before I woke up to find that I did not know where I was. I must ride till I came to some place I knew, or met some one who could tell me. Lane led into lane, buried betwixt deep banks and lofty hedges, or passing through small woods, until I ascended a rising ground, whence I got a view of the country. At once its features began to dawn upon me: I was close to the village of Aldwick, where I had been at school, and in a few minutes I rode into its wide straggling street. Not a mark of change had passed upon it. There were the same dogs about the doors, and the same cats in the windows. The very ferns in the chinks of the old draw-well, appeared the same; and the children had not grown an inch since I first drove into the place marvelling at its wondrous activity.

The sun was hot, and my horse seemed rather tired. I was in no mood to see any one, and besides had no pleasant recollections of my last visit to Mr. Elder, so I drew up at the door of the little inn, and having sent my horse to the stable for an hour's rest and a feed of oats, went into the sanded parlour, ordered a glass of ale, and sat staring at the china shepherdesses on the chimney-piece. I see them now, the ugly things, as plainly as if that had been an hour of the happiest reflections. I thought I was miserable, but I know now that although I was much disappointed, and everything looked dreary and uninteresting about me, I was a long way off misery. Indeed the passing vision of a neat unbbonneted village-girl on her way to the well, was attractive enough still to make me rise and go to the window. While watching, as she wound up the long chain, for the appearance of the familiar mossy bucket, dripping diamonds, as it gleamed out of the dark well into the sudden sunlight, I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and turned to see what kind of apparition would come. Presently it appeared, and made straight for the inn. The rider was Mr. Coningham! I drew back to escape his notice, but his quick eye had caught sight of me, for he came into the room with outstretched hand.

"We are fated to meet, Mr. Cumbermede," he said. "I only stopped to give my horse some meal and water, and had no intention of dismounting. Ale? I'll have a glass of ale, too," he added, ringing the bell. "I think I'll let him have a feed, and have a mouthful of bread and cheese myself."

He went out, and had I suppose gone to see that his horse had his proper allowance of oats, for when he returned, he said, merrily:

"What have you done with my daughter, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Why should you think me responsible for her, Mr. Coningham?" I asked, attempting a smile.

No doubt he detected the attempt in the smile, for he looked at me with a sharpened expression of the eyes, as he answered—still in a merry tone—

"When I saw her last, she was mounted on your horse, and you were on my father's. I find you still on my father's horse, and your own—with the lady—nowhere. Have I made out a case of suspicion?"

"It is I who have cause of complaint," I returned—"who have neither lady nor mare—except indeed you imagine I have in the case of the latter made a good exchange."

"Hardly that, I imagine, if yours is half so good as she looks. But, seriously, have you seen Clara to-day?"

I told him the facts as lightly as I could. When I had finished, he stared at me with an expression which for the moment I avoided attempting to interpret.

"On horseback with Mr. Brotherton?" he said, uttering the words as if every syllable had been separately italicised.

"You will find it as I say," I replied, feeling offended.

"My dear boy—excuse my freedom," he returned—"I am nearly three times your age—you do not imagine I doubt a hair's breadth of your statement! But—the giddy goose!—How could you be so silly? Pardon me again. Your unselfishness is positively amusing! To hand over your horse to her, and then ride away all by yourself on that—respectable stager!"

"Don't abuse the old horse," I returned. "He is respectable, and has been more in his day."

"Yes, yes. But for the life of me I cannot understand it. Mr. Cumbermede, I am sorry for you. I should not advise you to choose the law for a profession. The man who does not regard his own rights, will hardly do for an adviser in the affairs of others."

"You were not going to consult me, Mr. Coningham, were you?" I said, now able at length to laugh without effort.

"Not quite that," he returned, also laughing. "But a right, you know, is one of the most serious things in the world."

It seemed irrelevant to the trifling character of the case. I could not understand why he should regard the affair as of such importance.

"I have been in the way of thinking," I said, "that one of the advantages of having rights was, that you could part with them when

you pleased. You're not bound to insist on your rights, are you?"

"Certainly you would not subject yourself to a criminal action by forgetting them, but you might suggest to your friends a commission of lunacy. I see how it is. That is your uncle all over! He was never a man of the world."

"You are right there, Mr. Coningham. It is the last epithet any one would give my uncle."

"And the first any one would give me, you imply, Mr. Cumbermede."

"I had no such intention," I answered. "That would have been rude."

"Not in the least. I should have taken it as a compliment. The man who does not care about his rights, depend upon it, will be made a tool of by those that do. If he is not a spoon already, he will become one. I shouldn't have *iffed* it at all if I hadn't known you."

"And you don't want to be rude to me."

"I don't. A little experience will set you all right; and that you are in a fair chance of getting if you push your fortune as a literary man. But I must be off. I hope we may have another chat before long."

He finished his ale, rose, bade me good-bye, and went to the stable. As soon as he was out of sight, I also mounted and rode homewards.

By the time I reached the gate of the park, my depression had nearly vanished. The comforting powers of sun and shadow, of sky and field, of wind and motion, had restored me to myself. With a side glance at the windows of the cottage as I passed, and the glimpse of a bright figure seated in the drawing-room window, I made for the stable, and found my Lilith waiting me. Once more I shifted my saddle, and rode home, without even another glance at the window as I passed.

A day or two after, I received from Mr. Coningham a ticket for the county ball, accompanied by a kind note. I returned it at once with the excuse that I feared incapacitating myself for work by dissipation.

Henceforward I avoided the park, and did not again see Clara before leaving for London. I had a note from her, thanking me for Lilith, and reproaching me for having left her to the company of Mr. Brotherton, which I thought cool enough, seeing they had set out together without the slightest expectation of meeting me. I returned a civil answer, and there was an end of it.

I must again say for myself, that it was not mere jealousy of Brotherton that led me to act as I did. I could not and would not get over the contradiction between the way in which she had spoken of him, and the way in which she spoke to him, followed by her accompanying him in the long ride to which the state of my mare bore witness. I concluded that, although she might mean no harm, she was not truthful. To talk of a man with such contempt, and then behave to him with such frankness, appeared to me altogether unjustifiable. At the same time their mutual familiarity pointed to some foregone intimacy, in which, had I been so inclined, I might have found some excuse for her, seeing she might have altered her opinion of him, and might yet find it very difficult to alter the tone of their intercourse.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN LONDON.

My real object being my personal history in relation to certain facts and events, I must, in order to restrain myself from that discursiveness the impulse to which is an urging of the historical as well as the artistic Satan, even run the risk of appearing to have been blind to many things going on around me which must have claimed a large place had I been writing an autobiography instead of a distinct portion of one.

I set out with my manuscript in my portmanteau, and a few pounds in my pocket, determined to cost my uncle as little as I could.

I well remember the dreariness of London, as I entered it on the top of a coach, in the closing darkness of a late autumn afternoon. The shops were not all yet lighted, and a drizzly rain was falling. But these outer influences hardly got beyond my mental skin, for I had written to Charley, and hoped to find him waiting for me at the coach-office. Nor was I disappointed, and in a moment all discomfort was forgotten. He took me to his chambers in the New Inn.

I found him looking better, and apparently, for him, in good spirits. It was soon arranged, at his entreaty, that for the present I should share his sitting-room, and have a bed put up for me in a closet he did not want. The next day I called upon certain publishers and left with them my manuscript. Its fate is of no consequence here, and I did not then wait to know it, but at once began to fly my feather at lower game, writing short papers and tales for the magazines. I had a little success from the first; and although the surroundings of my new abode were dreary enough, although, now and then, especially when the winter sun shone bright into the court, I longed for one peep into space across the field that now itself

lay far in the distance, I soon settled to my work, and found the life an enjoyable one. To work beside Charley the most of the day, and go with him in the evening to some place of amusement, or to visit some of the men in chambers about us, was for the time a satisfactory mode of existence.

I soon told him the story of my little passage with Clara. During the narrative he looked uncomfortable and indeed troubled, but as soon as he found I had given up the affair, his countenance brightened.

"I'm very glad you've got over it so well," he said.

"I think I've had a good deliverance," I returned.

He made no reply. Neither did his face reveal his thoughts, for I could not read the confused expression it bore.

That he should not fall in with my judgment, would never have surprised me, for he always hung back from condemnation, partly, I presume, from being even morbidly conscious of his own imperfections, and partly that his prolific suggestion supplied endless possibilities to explain or else perplex everything. I had been often even annoyed by his use of the most refined invention to excuse, as I thought, behaviour the most palpably wrong. I believe now it was rather to account for it than to excuse it.

"Well, Charley," I would say in such case, "I am sure you would never have done such a thing."

"I cannot guarantee my own conduct for a moment," he would answer—or, taking the other tack, would reply:

"Just for that reason I cannot believe the man would have done it."

But the oddity in the present case was that he said nothing. I should, however, have forgotten all about it, but that after some time I began to observe that as often as I alluded to Clara—which was not often—he contrived to turn the remark aside, and always without saying a syllable about her. The conclusion I came to was that, while he shrunk from condemnation, he was at the same time unwilling to disturb the present serenity of my mind by defending her conduct.

Early in the spring an unpleasant event occurred, of which I might have foreseen the possibility. One morning I was alone, working busily, when the door opened.

"Why, Charley—back already!" I exclaimed, going on to finish my sentence.

Receiving no answer, I looked up from my paper, and started to my feet. Mr. Osborne stood before me, scrutinizing me with severe grey eyes. I think he knew me from the first, but I was sufficiently altered to make it doubtful.

"I beg your pardon," he said coldly—"I thought these were Charles Osborne's chambers." And he turned to leave the room.

"They are his chambers, Mr. Osborne," I replied, recovering myself with an effort, and looking him in the face.

"My son had not informed me that he shared them with another."

"We are very old friends, Mr. Osborne."

He made no answer, but stood regarding me fixedly.

"You do not remember me, sir," I said. "I am Wilfrid Cumberland."

"I have cause to remember you."

"Will you not sit down, sir? Charley will be home in less than an hour—I quite expect him."

Again he turned his back as if about to leave me.

"If my presence is disagreeable to you," I said, annoyed at his rudeness, "I will go."

"As you please," he answered.

I left my papers, caught up my hat, and went out of the room and the house. I said good morning, but he made no return.

Not until nearly eight o'clock did I re-enter. I had of course made up my mind that Charley and I must part. When I opened the door, I thought at first there was no one there; there were no lights, and the fire had burned low.

"Is that you, Wilfrid?" said Charley.

He was lying on the sofa.

"Yes, Charley," I returned.

"Come in, old fellow. The avenger of blood is not behind me," he said, in a mocking tone, as he rose and came to meet me.

"I've been having such a dose of damnation—all for your sake!"

"I'm very sorry, Charley. But I think we are both to blame. Your father ought to have been told. You see day after day went by, and—somehow—"

"Tut, tut! never mind. What does it matter—except that it's a disgrace to be dependent on such a man? I wish I had the courage to starve."

"He's your father. Nothing can alter that."

"That's the misery of it. And then to tell people God is their father! If he's like mine, he's done us a mighty favour in creating us! I can't say I feel grateful for it. I must turn out to-morrow."

"No, Charley. The place has no attraction for me without you, and it was yours first. Besides I can't afford to pay so much. I will find another to-morrow. But we shall see each other often, and perhaps get through

more work apart. I hope he didn't insist on your never seeing me."

"He did try it on; but there I stuck fast, threatening to vanish, and scramble for my living as I best might. I told him you were a far better man than me, and did me nothing but good. But that only made the matter worse, proving your influence over me. Let's drop it. It's no use. Let's go to the Olympic."

The next day, I looked for a lodging in Camden Town, attracted by the probable cheapness, and by the grass of the Regent's Park; and having found a decent place, took my things away while Charley was out. I had not got them, few as they were, in order in my new quarters before he made his appearance; and as long as I was there few days passed on which we did not meet.

One evening he walked in, accompanied by a fine-looking young fellow, whom I thought I must know, and presently recognized as Home, our old school-fellow, with whom I had fought in Switzerland. We had become good friends before we parted, and Charley and he had met repeatedly since.

"What are you doing now, Home?" I asked him.

"I've just taken deacon's orders," he answered. "A friend of my father's has promised me a living. I've been hanging about quite long enough now. A fellow ought to do something for his existence."

"I can't think how a strong fellow like you can take to mumbling prayers and reading sermons," said Charley.

"It ain't nice," said Home, "but it's a very respectable profession. There are vicars in it, and lots of honourables."

"I daresay," returned Charley, with drought. "But a nerveless creature like me, who can't even hit straight from the shoulder, would be good enough for that. A giant like you, Home!"

"Ah! by the bye, Osborne," said Home, not in love with the prospect, and willing to turn the conversation, "I thought you were a church-calf yourself."

"Honestly, Home, I don't know whether it isn't the biggest of all big humbugs."

"Oh, but—Osborne!—it ain't the thing, you know, to talk like that of a profession adopted by so many great men fit to honour any profession," returned Home, who was not one of the brightest of mortals, and was jealous for the profession just in as much as it was destined for his own.

"Either the profession honours the men, or the men dishonour themselves," said Charley. "I believe it claims to have been founded by a man called Jesus Christ, if such a man ever existed except in the fancy of his priesthood."

"Well, really," expostulated Home, looking, I must say, considerably shocked, "I shouldn't have expected that from the son of a clergyman!"

"I couldn't help my father. I wasn't consulted," said Charley, with an uncomfortable grin. "But, at any rate, my father fancies he believes all the story. I fancy I don't."

"Then you're an infidel, Osborne."

"Perhaps. Do you think that so very horrible?"

"Yes. I do. Tom Paine, and all the rest of them, you know!"

"Well, Home, I'll tell you one thing I think worse than being an infidel."

"What is that?"

"Taking to the church for a living."

"I don't see that."

"Either the so-called truths it advocates are things to live and die for, or they are the veriest old wives' fables going. Do you know who was the first to do what you are about now?"

"No. I can't say. I'm not up in church history yet."

"It was Judas."

I am not sure that Charley was right, but that is what he said. I was taking no part in the conversation, but listening eagerly, with a strong suspicion that Charley had been leading Home to this very point.

"A man must live," said Home.

"That's precisely what I take it Judas said for my part I don't see it."

"Don't see what?"

"That a man must live. It would be a far more incontrovertible assertion that a man must die—and a more comfortable one too."

"Upon my word, I don't understand you, Osborne! You make a fellow feel deuced queer with your remarks."

"At all events, you will allow that the first of them—they call them apostles, don't they?—didn't take to preaching the gospel for the sake of a living. What a satire on the whole kit of them that word *living*, so constantly in all their mouths, is! It seems to me that Messrs. Peter and Paul and Matthew, and all the rest of them, forsook their livings for a good chance of something rather the contrary."

"Then it was true—what they said about you at Forest's?"

"I don't know what they said," returned Charley; "but, before I would pretend to believe what I didn't, —"

"But I do believe it, Osborne."

"May I ask on what grounds?"

"Why—everybody does."

(To be Continued.)

(REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.)

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

The Whistler at the Plough.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN SIGHT OF THE END OF THE STORY. BEGINNING OF THE LIFE OF THE REAL.

The time is a week after the Donna arrived at Quebec. Two in the afternoon. The sky a clear, cold, grey blue; temperature down to zero, nearly. No wind stirring. The sun low in the south-west; ungenial as a friend you once knew, not friendly now; will hardly stay to look on you. A brilliant prime minister weary of serving the unsatisfied.

Groups of people gather on the terrace beside the Governor's residence, site of the historic castle of St. Louis. They walk smartly to sustain warmth. A few looking down southerly into the chimneys of the streets two hundred feet below; and to the river of travelling ice. Or westerly up the slopes of snow; up the rock and citadel walls, to the one visible great gun, standing on its platform out against the light. A bulldog muzzled, but to bark on occasions.

The people pace at quick time for warmth; the men wearing caps, collars, cuffs, gauntlets of fur; the ladies swansdowns, and furs; with the cloud of fleecy white on the head ever becoming, ever convenient.

Two, a man and woman, look occasionally for signals, two miles across to the bold slopes where the town of Levis sits in snow on the crown of the ridge, on the sides of the hill, and along the low level by the frozen river. DePeri, the detective, and the Donna Eurymia.

From easterly, at the elbow of Levis Point, three miles down, the central stream of blue water comes round and into view, carrying platforms of ice set with castles, temples, pinnacles, batteries, monuments; fairyland illusions, glistening like floral bowers. All flashing out on the sun's eye and yours in stars and streams prismatic. It is a navy coming in from the ocean, with broken rain-bows for a lading; the beauty and the glory too abundant to be all concealed though broken.

With the sun obscured, and the tide running out, the procession is a funeral. Grim dead giants going to be buried in the ocean. White elephants drawing grey coaches. Plumes and spectres on the barges; mortuary chapels with broken spires.

Should the bergs at high water meet other ice, nine miles up at a bend of the river, and be immovably wedged, and intense frost set in, this at low ebb, being clear of drift, may freeze and "take." Like a smooth board it will then rise and fall with the tides, and remain a bridge till April. Battalions of infantry exercising on its miles of even surface. Fleets of ice-boats in full sail gliding on the glacial levels; tacking in the wind, each with a crew and complement of merry passengers. Sleights, sledges, carioles to fast trotting horses, mingling with the sailing ice-boat squadrons.

But the river has not "taken" for a bridge yet. And the floating islands are too many and dense for passage of the ferry steamers, or were on the day I tell of.

Canoes, carrying one or two or three passengers, each with a crew of several bold Canadian boatmen, occupy the ferries. The men bring up the canoe and seat the passengers at level of the wharf. Then put it in motion; run by its side, gliding down the incline; launching it in the channel cut for its passage. Then they leap aboard, and rowing reach the first eddying, rapid current.

They paddle or pull over that. They disembark on the first long ice island which may not permit of the canoe rounding its capes, or threading the narrow straits. They haul up the craft and passengers; traverse the travelling island, around pinnacles, through gulleys in its surface; sensible that every minute it carries them astray. They drag the canoe and passengers; bridging chasms with the oars laid for tramways; shouting and giving courage by noise and merry words of humour.

At next open water they launch and embark again; pulling with a vigour, the very excess of athletic prowess, to make up for the true course lost on the floating island.

Again they leap to ice, climbing the piled-up strait; stepping from point to point with precision; bridging crevasses with the oars; hauling the canoe along; extricating one another; shouting courage cheerily.

They work with a measure of heroic toil, perseverance, and success, such as the country at a distance wots not of. They are French Canadians earning what fares they may, while the uncertain season of the floating ice continues; but in addition to fares, making a

good name, which if known to the height of their daring, would be renowned the world over; excelling anything done in the sport of wager races.

Thus, on that day before the powerful Grand Trunk Railway ferry steamers of this day came into service, the passage was made by ten, fifteen, twenty or more canoes. All, after one another, or abreast, traversing a succession of floating islands, and launching alternately in the running eddying tidal currents.

People promenaded on the terrace, and two looked across to Levis town for signals. Others walked sharply for warmth between the terrace and the centre of high fashion and attraction, the St. Louis Hotel, the Music Hall, and Military Staff quarters.

In the St. Louis Hotel, famed on all the continent as the resort of American summer travellers in seasons of happy concord, and at the Russell House on Palace street, and in a private mansion, the Donna Essel Bell Eurymia with portions of her retinue had taken residence.

Parliament was about to assemble, and the lady assumed to have business with public functionaries. But I have not ascertained she had any affairs of concern in Quebec, other than to enfold within the nets laid all around the domain of her love for Lillymere, the hunted bird Agnes Schoolar. To hold Agnes for weal or woe as fortune, in the winter of contrarieties then, might determine when the spring time came with blossoms.

As events might interpret destiny, when the splendour of Eurymia's reason should stand or be overthrown in the passion of a superior mental nature convulsed.

"I perceive the signals, my lady," said De Peri, addressing the Donna. "One up by the church on the hill, one down by the wharf. They are now embarking and have divided in three canoes."

"That is as you designed they should?"

"As I designed they should, my lady."

"We may now descend to the wharf," the Donna remarked, when, like De Peri, she had surveyed with the telescope.

And so they went, and awaited the coming of the three, around and over the floating icebergs.

It was not uncommon that three canoes, starting from the same point, and traversing narrow rapids and eddies among the floating icebergs, should separate and arrive at different landing-places, one before the other two. On this occasion it may have been designed.

The first contained two women, and a man who guarded them. The ladies were severally conducted ashore, over fissures in the ice, by persons standing near, whom nobody interfered with to prevent. And the man was directed to remain in his seat until the canoe was drawn around a berg, when he and the luggage could be landed together. That piece of ice was in motion, and half an hour elapsed before they got to shore.

This person, Adam Schoolar, the tormentor of Agnes, and tyrant of her father and mother, was particular about seeing his luggage safe; and saw it safe. Meanwhile, one of the ladies was driven away by one clothed in furs, who said:

"Best for your safety, Miss Schoolar, to come with me; I'm a friend."

The Donna did not interfere, but followed in another sleigh up Mountain Hill, and out to her hired mansion on St. Foy Road. De Peri, who stood aloof, not speaking to any, remained at the Champlain wharf observing. When all the party arrived, they were directed by some one the nearest way to the asylum for the insane. Agnes was not there.

After search and inquiry, a report was accepted as true that the insane girl had escaped and gone to Montreal; from thence over the line. Another report went around as a whisper that she had drowned herself.

After two nights and days of repose in the St. Foy mansion, during which Agnes was visited by lady members of Eurymia's retinue, who assured her of protection, the Donna in person entered the young lady's chamber.

At entrance she paused, looking mysteriously in the timid young face half a minute; then advanced and embraced, saying:

"Insane? Yes, insane indeed. Mad and beautiful."

To which this response in tones of plaintive entreaty:

"Pardon, dear lady, if I plead for your good opinion; I am not insane."

"Indeed you are. What possesses you to go mad, crazy-headed, lovely girl?"

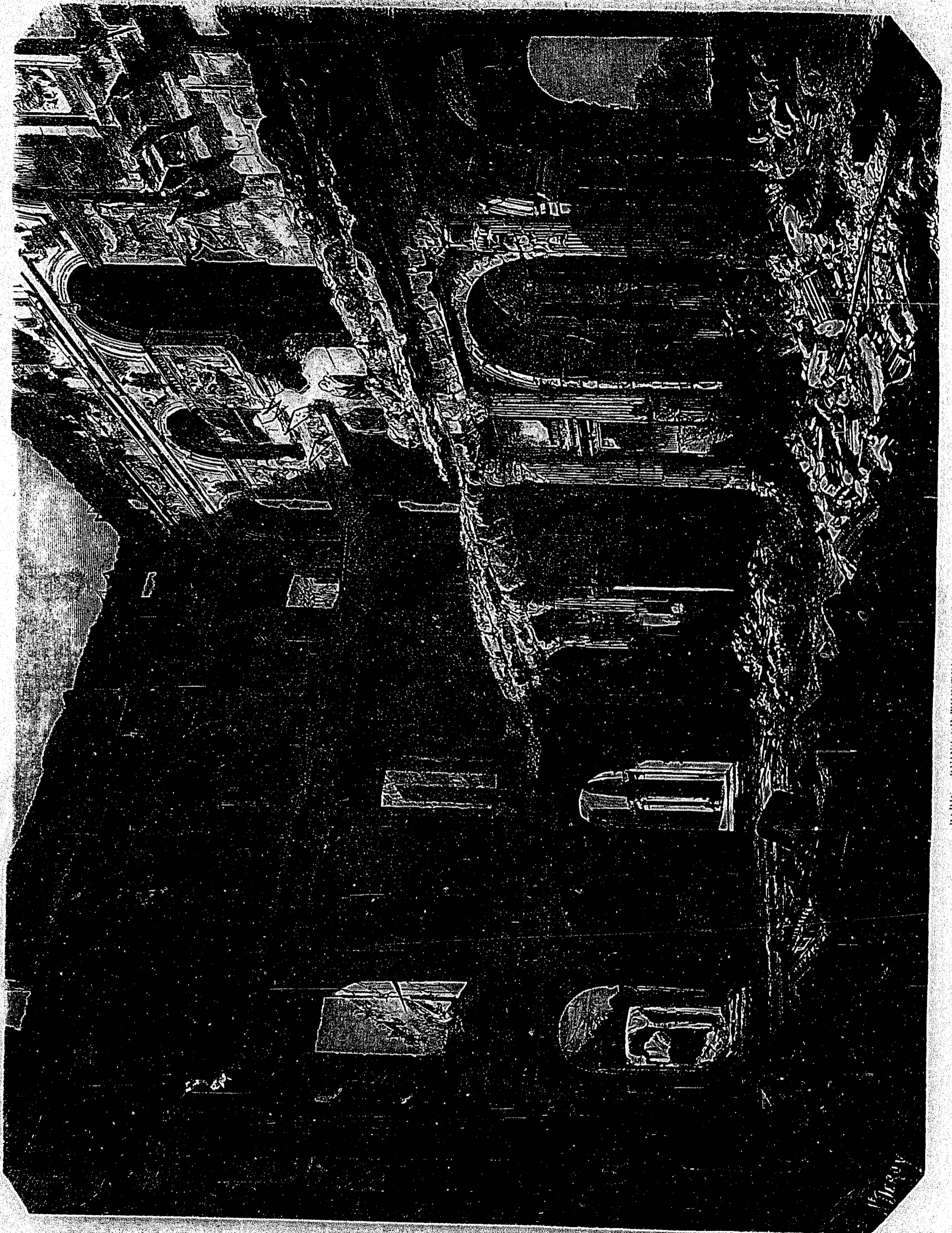
"You are merry with me, dear lady. I know you have cause to be unkind; but I entreat you be not unkind."

"What would you I did?"

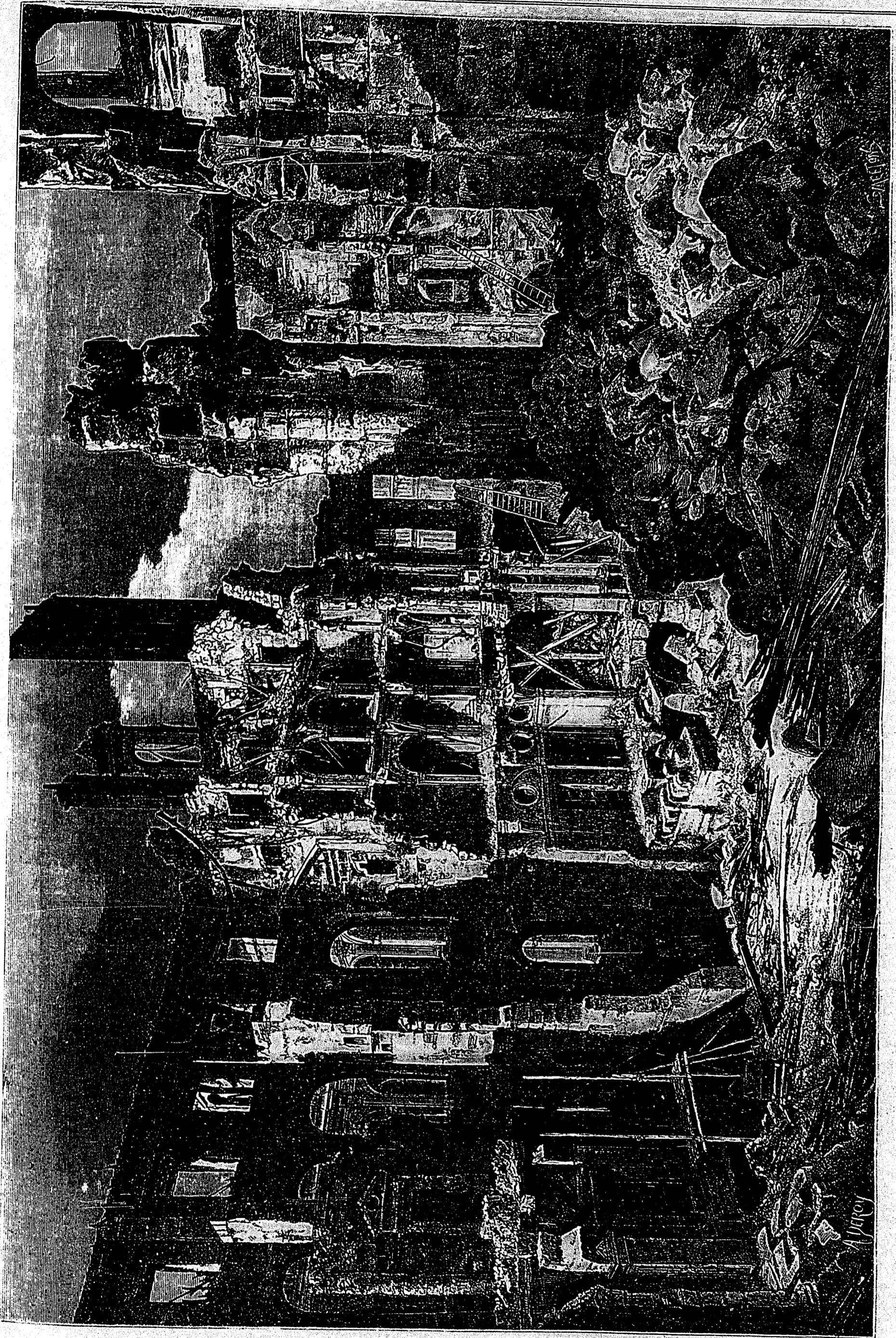
"Protect me from my persecutor, Adam."

"You are protected, Agnes. Yesterday I paid him the amount of the old mortgage on Oglburn Castle, which has descended to you as a heritage. For which fortune he has so pertinaciously pursued you. He pursues no longer, but has taken the money and signed a deed not to disturb you more."

"Noble Donna! Ever generous and considerate. I thank you; thank you. The inheritance of the mortgage was all my poor fortune, but a thousand times I thank you for



PARIS.—RUINS OF THE TUILERIES: INTERIOR VIEW.—SEE PAGE 275.



PARIS.—RUINS OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE: INTERIOR VIEW.—SEE PAGE 275.

paying it away, and giving me release from Adam's persecution."

"No, Miss Schoolar; your fortune remains. Lillymere, as heir after his mother, is to lay sixpences at the root of every tree before the mortgage is discharged. You will have to gather the coins. It was a contract made in a merry hour by some of your predecessors."

"It is generous, dear lady. Far beyond anything ever done by any woman in your position for one in mine."

"You know not that, poor drooping lily. I have more favours to confer; but also a heavy bond to impose, and payment to exact. You love Lillymere?"

"Pardon, gentle lady. In some unguarded moment I glanced at Lillymere, not then knowing him. He was a boy from the work-house humbly clothed, and I pitied him; for I heard him spoken of contemptuously as orphan of some unfortunate hand-loom weaver. I caught the light of his eyes in mine. Sweet Donna Euryntia, you also love him, and know how impossible is the task to undo one's own nature."

"Glanced at him, you say? His eyes met yours; was that all?"

"All for a long while. I rode into battle and, with riding-whip, smote aside a murderous hand with loaded pistol directed to his heart. He said not much then; indeed he spoke hard words in reproof of my indiscretion, as he termed that incident which realized to me a dream of joy surpassing any that ever fell in the way of woman."

"Fortunate Agnes, to have been there at that perilous moment. How wondrous! But you are insane, and dreamy. What came next?"

"Ah, lady! If you doubt me, I'd rather be silent and retain the sweet remainder in the deep recess where it has ever since been guarded. Vigilant silence guarding from profanity of the open air the most precious words ever sealed in the secret casket of a maiden's memory. The most delicious words of music ever spoken to my ear. Most thrilling music that ever charmed one willing to be enchanted. Yes, dear Lady Euryntia, I would retain the precious words a secret until he demands them back; or again makes melody repeating them."

"Oh, prosperous, happy Agnes. Lillymere said something to you which is vital for me to know. Why else this insanity of yours? What were the words?"

"So delicious to my ear they might offend yours, gentle, gracious lady. Pardon if I expose them not to painful commentary."

"I entreat you speak the whole, sweet Agnes, as they were given, you by him. You are the more esteemed by me, beautiful girl, that your heart has in keeping some precious thing committed to you by Lillymere. Tell all, pretty bird. It is meet I should know. Lillymere is very precious to me."

"If so, beautiful, gentle Euryntia, that sweet and tender nature could not bear to listen to the words of love he spoke to me."

"Yes, my flower; I would know the number of the drops of dew lying in the bosom of your pure being, breathed there from lips of Lillymere."

"Ah me, sweet Donna! If there were two Lillymeres how happy both of us. If you can bear to hear what would have killed me if addressed to you, I will dare the utterance. But I fear the offence, gentle Euryntia."

"Speak, Agnes. The words so full of life and love to you, may be terms of doom to me, I know. Speak, I pray you."

"Oh, Donna! you exact from me that which a maiden's reserve may not disclose."

"Speak, Agnes, I pray you."

"It was when riding under escort through a forest at night, some hours after the battle, we were turned back by the falling and exploding of shells around us. Then at the Byner Clyne homestead where the escort rested till day-break, I being about to leave them and ride forth into the wilderness alone; I and Lillymere about to part, he said—Oh, Donna, gentle lady! I have not courage to relate what he said."

"Do you remember the form of the sentences?"

"Every sentence, word, syllable, letter. Every letter of the words of that sweet speech I have selected from the alphabet, one by one, anointing them nightly with my lips."

"Speak the words, Agnes, I pray you."

"It was when we had reached the Byner Clyne homestead the night between the two battles, and we about to part, he said: 'Agnes, if passionate love had a language all its own, and I the master of its eloquence, I'd tell through every hour in all the circuits of the sun betwixt now and death, that I love, I love, I love you!' Those were the words. Pardon me the ungracious pain they may afford you, dear lady."

"I, Agnes, had a dream of the fancy too welcome to be repressed at first; too widely enlarged and enlivened by ambitious aspirations to be easily extinguished now; that his preference might have been for me. It is not so. Indeed from the manner and time of his going from Montreal, I inferred his love was pre-engaged. Repose on your sweet thoughts, Agnes. I leave you a while to seek counsel of my heart and shape my thoughts. The

ladies will attend and cheer you with conversation, books, and music."

A day later the Donna returned, saying: "I, who assumed much of the world out of moral harmony, and thought to reform society, have to go through the process of self-reconstruction. My ultimate trust is in the High and Holy, but as I would teach others I feel that conscience demands I begin with myself."

"Surely, dear lady, the Donna Essel Bell Euryntia is as nearly perfect as any angel in human form may ever be?"

"I am American born, dear Agnes, with paternal ancestry dating to the earliest white settlement in Maryland, and know I inherit good qualities with the great American people; with energy of the English and Irish miscegenation in my father's earlier ancestry. While on the side of my mother I inherited from Scotland, not alone ancestry of superior mind and worth, but also—pardon the strange phrase young lady—a drop of the devil's blood. All the females of the Ogleburn race were said to have possessed it. In old time they were witches. In later days the witchcraft develops to philosophy, poetry, and superior reach of mental powers. And mark what this inheritance of the drop of the blood of the Evil One has done:

"When a child, on a visit from America to Scotland, I had the babe Lillymere in charge one day. Lured by a gipsy, or witch, or magnetic necromancer, I carried the babe into the woods of Ogleburn which was wrong. The two strains of witch seed—DePeri possesses it largely, and affirms it to be a superabundance of magnetic iron held in solution and circulating in his veins,—the two strains of iron blood in the gipsy woman and in me, operated magnetically. I saw visions, went into ecstasy, and on return to reason discovered the babe Lillymere was gone; and the gipsy too. I dared not disclose the whole truth, fearing the people would burn me for a witch. Terribly has my conscience expiated that involuntary error, and the wilful equivocation in veracity. And a thousand fold more terribly has the magnetic fascination of the gipsy over me affected the early life of the heir of Lillymere, and of his mother, my distant kinswoman, Lady DeLacy Lillymere, poor demented wandering Edith."

"To make amends, I have vowed to accomplish, as far as one woman may, some good and great ameliorations in the moral life of my beloved America. Now, I desire to engage the Earl and Countess Royalfort, Lillymere and you, Agnes, to join with Lady Mary Mortimer, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Kinnaird, the Duke of Sheerness, and the galaxy of wealth and fashion in your Imperial Great Britain and Ireland; and work as I and the many illustrious ladies of Republican America will when the war is over, to purify and elevate the social life of the people of toil."

"And, as already said, I begin by reconstructing myself."

The Quebec ice-bridge had formed on the St. Lawrence. Instead of the perilous navigation of canoes in the icebergs, a wide glacial plain lay open. The Donna, paying a year's rent in advance there and at Montreal, said they would take advantage of the magnificent sheet of ice; get to the railway and journey West to the Casa Euryntia in Michigan. She desired to enjoy the luxury of travel in the superb coaches of the Grand Trunk and Great Western Railways in the season of winter. The most enjoyable time of all railway travelling to the mind which accepts delight in contemplating, in close proximity of observation, the triumphs of mechanical science over the wildest conditions of nature; and of the moral science involved in the managerial organization which conducts complexities of traffic over thousands of miles daily and nightly with a regularity equal to the domestic concerns of a common household.

At Toronto, Queen City of Canada West, they associated in the high intellectualities of its people. And at Hamilton renewed the social life, which Euryntia and Lillymere had severally pronounced, on a former occasion, to be poetry.

At the Casa Euryntia in Michigan, they lived till the war was over; joined by the Wandering Shepherdess carrying a lamb as before, and leading two blind sheep, her old companions.

Until the war closed no earthly inducement could draw Lillymere from the field. He held, in the inspiration of high political philosophy, that loyalty to the progressive civilization of the age demanded the conservation of American national life, with the extinction of negro slavery from off the fair face of this majestic continent.

But his devotion and fidelity to the land of his fathers was not the less.

I have imbued into him what is in me. All my busy life until now, I have not ceased to feel, and be weighed down or buoyant under the responsibility, that the honour, peace, and well-being of the British Empire rests on me personally.

When the war was over the friends of Lillymere received him in England. I cannot follow him in the events next succeeding. But I recall one of many joyous days.

Ring the bells, swing the bells, proclaim the day in Irdale. Ring out the peal from

Irdale tower, this is Whitsun well flowering. They came up the dales, over the hills, in pairs and in trooping companies. Some to be wedded, all to make holiday; and be merry on the green at the well dressing.

Among visitors in chariots were the Earl and Countess Royalfort, our Agnes, lovelier than ever; and a nurse holding in arms a baby heir of Lillymere. Squire Steelyard of Canada and the Pealys, Mrs. Inkle and young Tom were there.

Euryntia was there on a visit from the States. The Hon. Mrs. Pensyldine of Philadelphia and lovely Sylva, Duchess of Sheerness; they were there. The Wandering Shepherdess roamed no more, but tended her lambs in the park at Lillymere Hall.

Then the Lillymere party went to Scotland. Euryntia with her superb retinue encamped in her silken tents on Black Castle hill. In the evening Sandy Cowe lighted up the ruins of Enderwick Castle—the fortalice of Ogleburn having disappeared—and entertained in tents a thousand of the friends I once knew. I stood upon a broken tower observing their faces. Not one was old. In the morning all were gone.

But Lillymere lived, and spoke in the nation.

In all the nations the people's freedom increased in degree as a man respected the rights of another man.

THE END

THE Canadian Illustrated News PORTFOLIO, (FOR 1872.)

Which is about to be largely circulated both on the American Continent and in Great Britain, will contain an

ILLUSTRATED DOMINION GUIDE

Descriptive of Canada, its Cities, Public Works, and Scenery, its Industries, Resources, and Commerce, and also a GUIDE to the Principal Cities, Watering-Places, and Tourists' Resorts of Great Britain, together with the Weekly Current Numbers of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

This PORTFOLIO, of substantial and elegant character, will be placed before the Subscribers to that Periodical on the American Continent, in the Reading-Rooms of Hotels in the Principal Cities of America, Canada, and Great Britain; on the Pullman's Drawing-Room Railway Cars, and the Steamboats throughout the Dominion of Canada.

It will also be placed in the Saloons of the Ocean Steamers on the Allan Line, the Cunard Line, the Inman Line, the White Star Line, the Guion Line, and the Anchor Line running to Liverpool and Glasgow, and will be found at the Principal Hotels, Watering-Places, and Public Libraries of Great Britain.


Each page will be divided lengthwise into three sections, the central one being occupied by the DESCRIPTIVE AND ILLUSTRATED GUIDE, and the sides arranged in squares of Ten Superficial inches for Advertisements. The charge for each square will be \$25 for one year, payable on demand after publication of the Work.

Advertisers will secure a large amount of publicity, as each advertisement will be kept before the eyes of the really wealthy American, Canadian and British Travelling Public for a period of twelve Months. Advertisements must be sent in not later than Nov. 15th if illustrated, or Dec. 1st if in plain type, as the work will be issued early in January. For spaces apply to

GEO. E. DESBARATS,
Proprietor.

OFFICE OF THE
Canadian Illustrated News,
Montreal, Canada.

4-18 tf



THEATRE ROYAL.
—000—
THE RANOE SEASON.

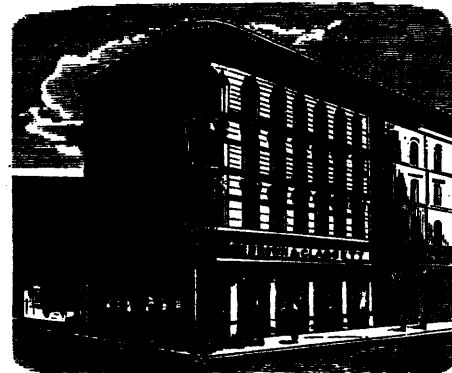
Lessee and Managers..... Miss KATE RANOE.
Stage Manager..... A. R. PERLPS.

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF THE RANOE SEASON.

FRIDAY, 27th instant, Benefit of MISS SALLIE HOLMAN, on which occasion will be performed
ORPHEE AUX ENFERS,
The Tower Scene of "IL TROVATORE," and the Burlesque of
ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA,
Written by a distinguished Amateur of this City.

SATURDAY, 28th,
LALLAH ROOKH and KENILWORTH.

ADMISSION: Dress Circle, 50c.; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle, 75c.; Family Circle, 35c.; Pit, 25c.; Private Boxes, \$4. Seats secured at PRINCE'S Music Store. Doors open at 7; performance to begin at 8. 4-18a



THE STOCK at the RECOLLET HOUSE is now complete in all the departments, embracing the latest novelties in

SHAWLS,
MANTLES,
DRESS GOODS & SILKS,
VELVETS & POPLINS.

MOURNING AND
MARRIAGE OUTFITS
Complete at the Shortest Notice.

BROWN & CLAGGETT,
CORNER NOTRE DAME & ST. HELEN
4-18 tf STREETS.

TO CAPITALISTS.

AN eligible opportunity is now offered to invest \$20,000 to \$30,000 in a business in this city.

A return on the amount of Capital invested, at a rate of interest to be agreed on, will be guaranteed to any one desirous of entering into a limited partnership.

Communications, which will be considered confidential on both sides, can be interchanged through
D. R. STODART,
Broker,
146, ST. JAMES STREET.

TO THE PAPER TRADES.

R. HORSFALL,

5, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal,

WOULD call the attention of
PAPER MAKERS,

PRINTERS,

LITHOGRAPHERS

AND

BOOK-BINDERS,

to his list of

MACHINERY

suitable to these trades, which comprises some of the best and latest patents in existence, whilst the prices are those of the manufacturers.

Amongst others the following may be noticed:

The **WHARFEDALE**

Printing Machine, which is admitted to be one of the best fast Presses in existence, and is daily gaining in favour.

The **"EXPRESS" LITHOGRAPHIC** Printing Machine is capable of producing the finest qualities of work, and has the advantages of

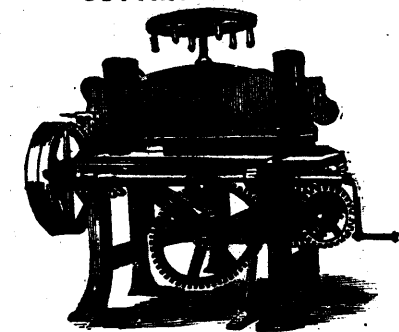
PERFECT REGISTER,

SELF-ACTING DAMPING,

AND

INCREASED SPEED.

THE **"EXPRESS" GUILLOTINE**
CUTTING MACHINE



Cannot be surpassed for speed and power, whilst its price is lower than any other first-class Machine.

PACING MACHINES, with raising table,
PERFORMING MACHINES,
BOOK-BINDERS' ROLLING MACHINES,

and every other description of Machinery for the use of the trade. Prices on application.

All Goods furnished at Manufacturers' price, and no Commission charged to the purchaser. 4-10a

TO THE TRADE.



PLAYING CARDS.

NOW on hand and about to arrive large supplies of

GOODALL'S PLAYING CARDS, FOREIGN PLAYING CARDS,

GOODALL'S ROYAL GAME OF BEZIQUE. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 22, St. Peter Street, MONTREAL. 4-18 d

POSTAL CARDS.

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

LEGGO & CO., 419 St. Antoine Street, AND 1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL. 4-16-17



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tender for River St. Pierre," will be received at this office until noon of Saturday, the 28th October instant, for the improvement of a portion of the Channel of River St. Pierre. Plans and specifications can be seen at this Office, or at the Machine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Monday, the 16th instant, where forms of tender and other information can also be obtained. The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 13th Oct., 1871. 4-17c



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS. Sold by all Dealers throughout the World. 4-15f

JAMES F. F. F., FIRST PRIZE SCALE MANUFACTURER, No. 24 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL. A GENERAL ASSORTMENT ALWAYS ON HAND. 2-23t

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT! GGI THE GGI Brilliant Burning Fluid, Non-Explosive, Inodorous, and no Smoking Chimneys. THE TRADE SUPPLIED, C. T. M. ORR, 661 Craig Street. 4-15 l

CADBURY'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS.

These celebrated Chocolates and Cocoas took the First Prize at the Exhibition, and are guaranteed the purest and finest imported. Their well-known delicious beverage

COCOA ESSENCE, (Registered.) Can be had at all Grocers. Try it. E. LUSHER, 30 LEMOINE STREET, Wholesale Agent for Canada. 4-16-m

COAL! COAL!

PARTIES REQUIRING A FIRST-CLASS article, at an unusually low price, will do well to take advantage of the present opportunity and get their Coal out of the vessels now discharging the following descriptions: it can be seen unloading all along the Wharves. It is all fresh mined:

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA, PITTSBURGH, WELSH ANTHRACITE, NEWCASTLE GRATE, NEWCASTLE SMITH'S, SCOTCH STEAM, NOVA SCOTIA, &c., &c. S. W. BEARD & CO., Foot of McGill Street. 4-6m

G. E. MORTON & CO., Dealers in Books, Periodicals, and Special Proprietary Articles, Patent Medicines, etc. Attention given to the sales of Books and Serial Publications on commission. We keep on hand the Canadian Illustrated News, the Hearthstone, etc. Address No. 195, HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N.S. 4-18 m

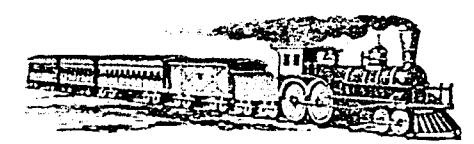
OFFICE OF THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS," MONTREAL, 10th July, 1871.

MY FRIENDS and the PUBLIC are hereby requested to take notice that although Mr. W. ROBERTS carries on his business under the name of ROBERTS, REINHOLD & CO., I have no connection with his firm, and have had none whatever for more than two years. I take this occasion to state that I am in the Establishment of MESSRS. LEGGO & CO., and I hereby solicit for their firm the patronage of those who, being acquainted with me, have confidence in my ability. (Signed.) 4-31f R. REINHOLD.

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS, WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS, OUR STOCK OF MEDICAL, PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS,

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

LEGGO & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS, &c., 319 ST. ANTOINE STREET, AND 1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL. 4-16-17



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Improved Service of Trains for the Summer of 1871

GREAT ACCELERATION OF SPEED.

NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:—

Table with columns for train names, destinations, and departure times. Includes 'GOING WEST' and 'GOING SOUTH AND EAST' sections.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST. Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.00 a. m. Express Train for Richmond, Quebec, and Riviere du Loup, at 5.30 a. m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central at 3.45 p. m. Express for New York, via Rouse's Point and Lake Champlain Steamers, at 4.00 p. m. Mail Train for Island Pond, Portland and Boston, at 2.00 p. m. Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham, and Portland, and the Lower Provinces, stopping between Montreal and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Upton, Acton, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Coaticook, and Norton Mills, only, at 10.30 p. m.

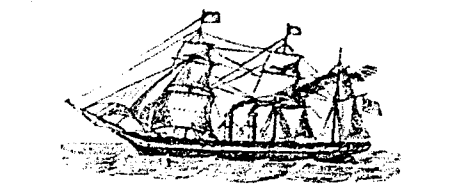
Pullman's Palace Parlour and Sleeping Cars on all day and night trains. Baggage checked through. As the punctuality of the Trains depends on connections with other Lines, the Company will not be responsible for Trains not arriving or leaving any station at the hours named. The Steamers "Carlotta" or "Chase" will leave Portland for Halifax, N. S., every Saturday afternoon at 4.00 p. m. They have excellent accommodations for Passengers and Freight. The Steamer "Linda" leaves Portland for Yarmouth, N. S., every Saturday, at 6 p. m. The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6.00 p. m. for St. John, N. B., &c. Tickets issued through at the Company's principal stations. For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket Office, Bonaventure Station, or at N. 39 Great St. James Street. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-24-17

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT S. GOLTMAN AND CO.'S, 132, ST. JAMES STREET, N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

- HAMILTON. ROYAL HOTEL.....H. E. IRVING. MONTREAL. ST. LAWRENCE HALL.....H. HOGAN. ST. JAMES HOTEL.....OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE.....JAMES GOUIN. PORT ELCIN, ONT. NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL.....WM. ALLEN, Proprietor. QUEBEC. ST. LOUIS HOTEL.....WILLIS RUSSELL & SON. THE CLARENDON... ST. JOHN, N. B., VICTORIA HOTEL.....E. T. CREGEN. TORONTO. THE ROSSIN HOUSE.....G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL...CAPT. THOS. DICK.



ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of Canadian & United States Mails

1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871.

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-noted First-class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double-Engine, Iron Steamships:

Table listing ship names, tonnage, and commanders. Includes POLYNESIAN, SARMATIAN, CIRCASSIAN, CASPIAN, SCANDINAVIAN, PRUSSIAN, AUSTRIAN, NESTORIAN, MORAVIAN, PERUVIAN, GERMANY, EUROPEAN, HIBERNIAN, NOVA SCOTIAN, NORTH AMERICAN, CORINTHIAN, OTTAWA, ST. DAVID, ST. ANDREW, ST. PATRICK, NORWAY, SWEDEN.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

(Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland.)

Rates of Passage from Quebec:— Cabin \$50 to \$80, Steerage \$25

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE

(Sailing from Glasgow every TUESDAY, and from Quebec for Glasgow on or about every THURSDAY.)

Fares from Quebec:— Cabin \$60, Intermediate \$40, Steerage \$24

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGH and ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLAN, RAE & CO.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AGO. SCHMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & Zoon; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALLON; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENSHORN, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20-17

SUMMER WINES!

BARTON & GUESTIER'S, AND NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S CLARETS, SAUTERNES, BARSAC, &c., &c., OF ALL GRADES. REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER AT C. J. BAIRD'S, 22 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-17

MRS. CUNSKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours. References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, &c., McGill College University. Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given. All transactions strictly private. RESIDENCE:—No. 315 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. 4-6c

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

DANCING AND DEPARTMENT.

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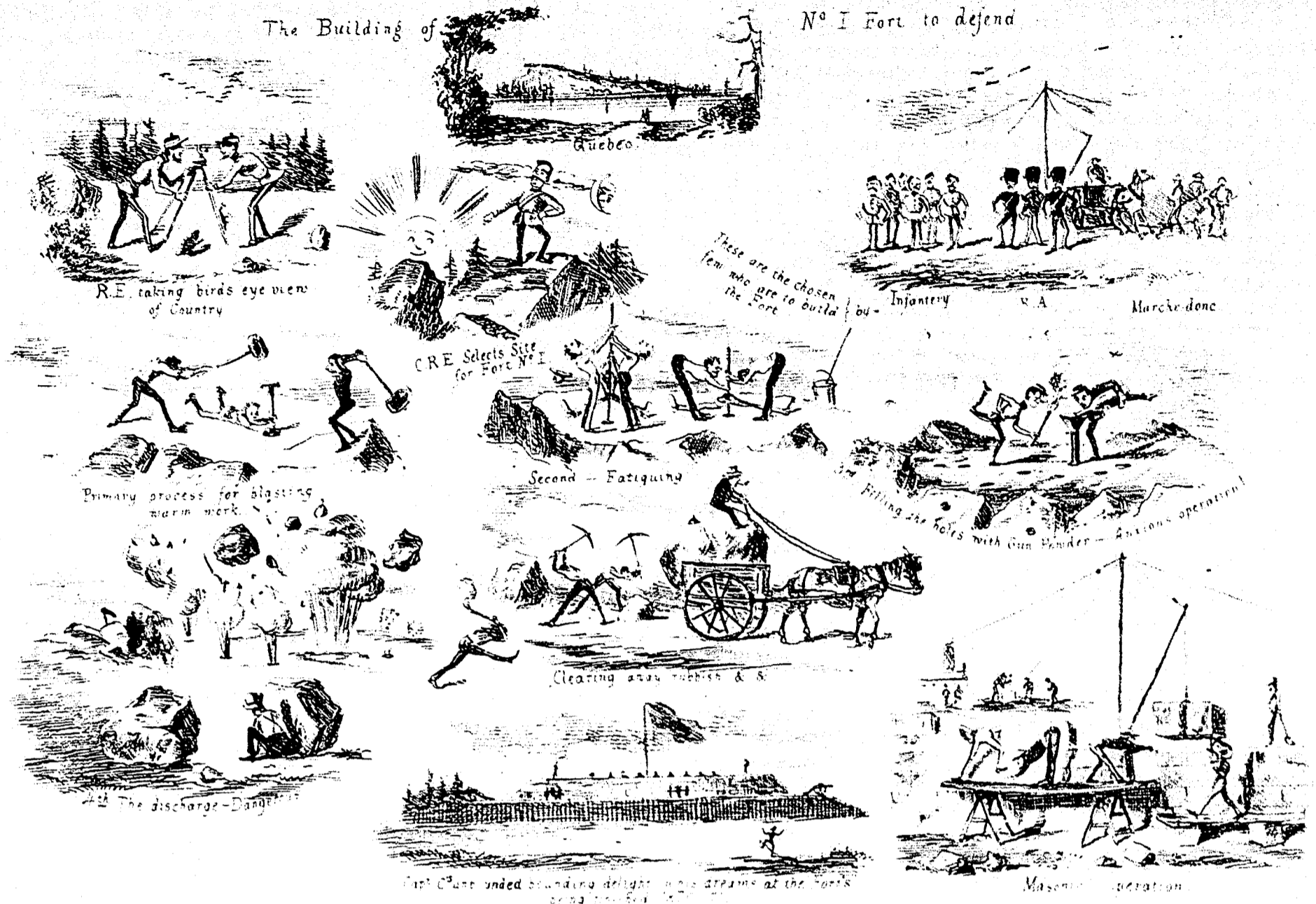
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