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Illustrated News

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MONTREAL.—THE HORTICULTURAL AND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS: A SKETCH AT THE VICTORIA RINK.—By C. KENDRICK.

MR. PULLMAN AND HIS PALACE CARS.

If it be true that he who lends his time and talents to the lightning of any of the disagreeable loads we poor mortals are from time to time compelled to bear, is worthy of the eternal gratitude of his fellows, then the name of the inventor of Pullman Cars should be handed down to all posterity as a great benefactor of his race. For has he not converted that bugbear, a railway journey, into a pleasant and an agreeable undertaking, to which, thanks to his inventive mind, one looks forward rather as a pleasure, than as a tiresome, torturing ordeal which must be got through, though at great cost of comfort and of patience? Verily, Mr. Pullman is the new St. Nicholas, the *patronus viatorum*, the patron saint of the unhappy traveller by rail.

On the 20th August, 1870,—little over two years ago,—the first Pullman Car that ran on public service over a Canadian road, started with the evening train from Montreal destined for Toronto. The name of the pioneer car was the "Montreal," and she—if it be allowable to use the feminine pronoun in speaking of railroad cars—was speedily followed by the "Toronto," the "Sarnia," and the "Portland." By the end of the year twelve cars were running on the road between Sarnia and Portland, all named after places on the line. And now, two years later, the service is performed by near thrice the number.

In addition to the ordinary Palace Sleeping Cars, there are also Drawing-room Cars, which run mainly on the Vermont Central Railroad. These latter are most lavishly furnished, with rich carpets, mirrors, curtains, and moveable drawing-room furniture. They are, in fact, the *ne plus ultra* of luxurious upholstery.

To see the Pullman Cars at their best it is necessary to cross the continent in one of these travelling palaces. On the Union Pacific line are run not only Sleeping, and Drawing-room Cars, but also Hotel Cars, where meals are served in a manner—as regards style, cleanliness, and cookery—worthy of the first restaurants of the Old and New Worlds.

We feel that we cannot do better, in order to give an adequate idea of the comfort attainable in travelling by the Palace Cars, than give some extracts from an account recently published in *Harper's Monthly* of the trip across the continent. We must premise, however, that the trains between Omaha and San Francisco travel at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour only. Were they to go faster the journey would be robbed of much of its attendant enjoyment. At 35 or forty miles the country passed through is a blur; reading, writing, and conversation next to impossible. But at twenty-two miles an hour travelling is a different thing. But we leave it to our traveller to relate his experience.

"You write very comfortably at a table in a little room, called a drawing-room, entirely closed off, if you wish it, from the remainder of the car, which room contains two large and comfortable arm-chairs and a sofa, two broad, clean, plate-glass windows on each side, which may be doubled if the weather is cold, hooks in abundance for shawls, hats, &c., and mirrors at every corner. Books and photographs lie on the table; your wife sits at the window, sewing and looking out on long ranges of snow-capped mountains, or on boundless ocean-like plains; children play on the floor, or watch at the windows for the comical prairie-dogs sitting near their holes, and turning laughable somersaults as the car sweeps by. You converse as you would in your parlour at home: the noise of the train is as much lost to your consciousness as the steamship's rush through the waters; the air is pure, for the cars are thoroughly ventilated; the heating apparatus used seems to me quite perfect, for it keeps the feet warm, and diffuses an agreeable and equal heat through all parts of the car. This is accomplished by means of hot-water pipes fastened near the floor.

"As at sea, so here, the most important events of the day are your meals. The porter calls you at any hour you appoint in the morning; he gives you half an hour's notice of breakfast, dinner, or supper; and the conductor tells you not to hurry, but to eat at your ease, for he will not leave any one behind. Your beds are made up and your room or section swept and aired while you are at breakfast, or before, if you are early risers; you find both water and fresh towels abundant; ice is put into the tank, which supplies drinking-water at the most improbable places in the great wilderness; and an attentive servant is always within call, and comes to you at intervals during the day to ask if you need any thing to make you more contented.

"About eight o'clock—for, as at sea, you keep good hours—the porter, in a clean gray uniform, like that of a Central Park police-man, comes to make up the beds. The two easy-chairs are turned into a double berth; the sofa undergoes a similar transformation; the table, having its legs pulled together, disappears in a corner; and two shelves being let down furnish two other berths. The freshest and whitest of linen and brightly coloured blankets complete the outfit; and you undress and go to bed as you would at home, and unless you have eaten too heartily of antelope or elk, will sleep as soundly.

"From Chicago to Omaha your train will carry a dining car, which is a great curiosity in its way. I expected to find this somewhat greasy, a little untidy, and with a smell of the kitchen. It might, we travellers thought, be a convenience, but it could not be a luxury. But in fact it is as neat, as nicely fitted, as trim and cleanly, as though Delmonico had furnished it; and though the kitchen may be in the forward end of the car, so perfect is the ventilation that there is not even the faintest odour of cooking. You sit at tables which comfortably accommodate four persons; you order your breakfast, dinner, or supper from a bill of fare which contains a quite surprising number of dishes, and you eat from snow-white linen and neat dishes admirably cooked food, and pay a moderate price.

"It is now the custom to charge a dollar per meal on these cars; and as the cooking is admirable, the service excellent, and the food various and abundant, this is not too much. You may have your choice in the wilderness, eating at the rate of twenty-two miles per hour, of buffalo, elk, antelope, beef-steak, mutton-chops, grouse, &c.

"The Pullman hotel car is one of the most ingenious as well as one of the most convenient of all modern arrangements for travel. It can seat forty persons at the tables; it contains not only a kitchen—which is a marvel of compactness, having a sink, with hot and cold water faucets, and every "modern convenience"—but a wine closet, a china closet, a linen closet, and provision lockers so spacious as to contain

supplies for thirty people all the way from Chicago to the Pacific if necessary; its commissary list contains, as I ascertained by actual count, 133 different articles of food; it carries 1000 napkins, 150 table-cloths, 300 hand-towels, and 30 or 40 roller-towels, besides sheets, pillow-cases, &c., &c. And unless you are of an investigating turn, you would never know that the car contained even a kitchen.

"Whenever a sleeping car arrives at the end of a journey, it is laid over for twenty-four hours. Thereupon the porter gathers up the soiled linen for the laundry, and a force of men and women enter the car and take out of it bedding, carpets, and every moveable thing; all are beaten with rods and hung up to air; and meantime the whole car is aired, and the wood-work dusted, rubbed, and scrubbed in the most thorough manner. This is the manner of their housekeeping."

As a fitting accompaniment to our illustrations we publish a portrait of Mr. George M. Pullman, the inventor of the cars that bear his name. Mr. Pullman is of course an American. He began life at the bottom of the ladder; at one time he was a Colorado miner. It is said that he was so poor when he began the experiment of his sleeping cars that he had great difficulty in raising means wherewith to build his first car. Fortune, however, soon smiled on him, and he is now President of the Pullman Car Company which has some six hundred Sleeping, Drawing-room, and Hotel cars running on some hundred different railroads. The railway companies generally own one half of the stock of the cars they use. The Company employs considerably over five thousand persons, and when the new car works near Chicago are completed, will employ some thousand more.

Mr. Pullman has made several efforts to establish his cars experimentally on some of the main lines in England, but there exist serious difficulties in the way of carrying out this idea even as an experiment, although there can exist no two opinions as to the advantages which passengers would secure by their adoption there. Their length, weight, and mode of arrangement are especially against them, and serious modifications would have to be made in their construction and design before they found favour in the eyes of English traffic managers. Mr. Pullman has recently patented in England some improvements in his sleeping cars which we illustrate on another page, the perspective sketch showing the interior of a portion of a carriage containing one set of berths on each side, one side being represented as closed for use during the day, the other open for night service. The smaller drawings are sections of the seats, the one representing it closed for sitting accommodation, the other opened and extended to form a couch.

The arrangement relates to the method of constructing the seats and berths so that they may be more readily and conveniently changed from the condition of a day carriage to a sleeping carriage, and vice versa, than by the modes of construction before used.

To effect this the berth is constructed with a rigid frame of the proper form to receive the bedding, which frame is permanently attached to the side of the carriage by fixed hinges, and when not in use is swung up in a diagonal position, the front edge being secured to a suitable frame attached to the roof of the carriage, and thus closing the recess and forming a closet in which the bedding in that compartment can be placed when not in use, and be entirely secured and protected from the dust, smoke, and cinders. A counterpoise is also introduced, so arranged as to aid in turning up the berth, so that it may be more easily handled.

The upper berths, A, A, each formed of a rigid platform or frame, are provided with a suitable enclosure for the bedding, and made by preference about as wide as the length of the transverse seats, as shown. They are each permanently connected with the side of the carriage by strong hinges at B at a suitable height above the seat, which supports that side of the berth, the opposite side being supported, when it is used, by the jointed suspenders, C, which have a pin joint at each end and near the middle to enable them to fold together when the berth is turned up, as shown, one end of each suspender being attached to the front edge of the berth, and the other end to the roof near the upper corner of the carriage by suitable joint pieces.

When the carriage is used by day the front edge of the berth, A, is raised up to an angular position until the front side of it nearly touches the roof of the carriage, and the lower edge is brought into contact with the cornice frame or moulding, N. The berth is held in this elevated position by a spring catch or other suitable fastening, in which position it is entirely out of the way, and the mattresses, bedding, and other accessories are shut out of sight in the closed triangular recess in the upper corner of the carriage.

The upper berths when made broad as shown, with the bedding and other furniture placed upon them, have considerable weight, and to enable them to be easily handled they are counterbalanced by means of weights, D, running on rods, L, to steady them, and cords, E, working over suitable pulleys and attached to the front side of the berth so that the berths move easily up and down by hand. The weights, D, upon either side of the carriage may be enclosed in a closet in the centre of the carriage, and wire ropes or other cords lead over the pulleys, from them to each berth. If the upper berths are made somewhat narrower they may be so arranged as to be thrown back against the side of the carriage into a perpendicular position, the recess to receive them being in that case formed on the side of the carriage. One of the series of triangular partitions placed between the berths is shown at M, extending from the upper berth to the roof of the carriage and inwardly in a diagonal direction to the cornice, N, which is usually placed just below the sides of the ventilating chamber; the partitions form the ends of the recesses when the berths are turned up. The seats are arranged in pairs facing each other, as shown, and at a sufficient distance apart to give length for a berth between the frames of the backs. The cushions forming the back and seat of each chair are made separate from seat frames, and hinged together at F. When the lower couch has to be made up for sleeping, the seat cushions, G, are drawn forward until the cushion, G', forming the back, lies horizontally on the frames, the cushions, G, meeting together, and one end resting on the bar, H, which turns on a hinge from one of the seats or chairs, as shown. The other ends of the cushions, G, are supported by resting on a cleat of wood fastened to the side of the carriage. A continuous horizontal couch is thus formed by the four cushions, upon which bedding may be placed. The back of the chairs may be made double to receive a sliding partition, I, which sinks between the backs when the carriage is used as a day carriage, and is drawn up against the bottom of the

upper berth when used as a sleeping carriage, and is held up by the spring catches, K, thus affording an additional support to the upper berth. J, is a moveable head board, which when the berth is made up is slipped in to fill up the space at each end of the berth between the sliding partition, I, and the partition, M; it is held in place by suitable attachments which will allow it to be readily removed and placed upon the upper berth with the bedding and enclosed in the recess above the berth when it is turned up.

FIELD AND FLOOD.

The Bangor, Me., races commenced on Tuesday.

The Aurora Races took place on Friday and Saturday last. The Goderich Regatta took place on the 11th inst, and was a great success.

The race for the St. Leger stakes was run on the 11th, and taken by "Wenlock."

The ex-Emperor Napoleon and the ex-Empress visited the "Sappho" last week on the invitation of Mr. Douglas.

The International Regatta at Put-in-Bay was won by the "Ina," of Toronto, the "Oriole" second, and the "Zoe" of Cleveland, third.

The return cricket match between the Halifax Garrison Club and the "Amalgamated Duffers" was won by the former by an innings and 25 runs.

The "Clippers" of Ilion, N. Y., defeated the "Silver Star" Base-Ball Club of Port Hope, on Wednesday week. The score stood 57 to 8. Time, 2 h. 29 m.

The Shamrock Lacrosse Club, of Ingersoll, played a London Club on Saturday last. Unfortunately the Shamrocks had to leave after winning two games out of three.

The Doncaster September Meeting commenced on the 19th. The Great Yorkshire Handicap was won by "Dalnacardoch," "Neapolitan" second, and "Silvester" third.

The Mutual and Beaverwick Rowing Clubs of Albany rowed a three-mile six-oared race last week, the former club winning by about five feet. Time, 17 m. 31 s.

A two-mile four-oared race between Almonte and Pakenham crews came off on the Mississippi, near the latter place, on the 7th. The Almonte crew came in ten lengths ahead. Time, 14 m. 59 s.

It is said that the two mile canoe race between the Shamrock Canoe crew and the Desert Indians, will not take place this season, owing to the red men declining to put up the requisite \$100.

The Campbellford Cricket Club was beaten for the first time in five years last week. Their opponents were an eleven of the Norwood Club. The total score—two innings—was Norwood, 159; Campbellford, 124.

A grand international regatta has been arranged by the Hamilton Yacht Club for the Saturday of the fair week. Two prizes will each be given for first and second-class yachts. The races are expected to be successful.

A shooting match for \$20 a side took place at Fergus, Ont., last week, between Thos. Whiteall, of Fergus, and Levi Henry, of Guelph. Whiteall shot thirteen and Henry eleven pigeons out of twenty, Whiteall winning by two.

An interesting quoit match took place recently at Halifax, between the Studley and Komos Clubs, resulting in a victory for the latter. The following is the score: Studley, 1st game, 24; second, 33; Komos, 44 in each game.

A well-contested game of base-ball was played in the early part of last week by the Boston and Athletic Clubs, the latter of Philadelphia. The score stood five each at the end of the eighth innings, when rain put a stop to the game.

The annual match of the Kingston Rifle Association commenced on the 19th. In the All Corners match the first prize was won by Captain W. Bailey, of the 47th Battalion, Lieut. J. Cotton, of the Ottawa Artillery, taking second prize.

Sporting men will be glad to learn that arrangements have been made to hold a race meeting at Guelph, a few days after the Barric meeting. Several well-known gentlemen in racing circles have taken hold of the matter, and some good sport may be relied upon.

RACING.—A movement is on foot in the States to abolish the ridiculous practice of having more than one judge of a race. It is this official's duty merely to place the horses as they arrive at the winning post. Disputes, disqualifications, etc., should be decided by the Stewards of the meeting.

A return match between the New Hamburg and Haysville cricket clubs came off on the ground of the latter on Saturday, and resulted in a victory for Haysville by a score of 282 to 66. Mr. J. C. Cook, of the Haysville club, made the large score of 148—the largest ever made in the section by a single player.

The *Advertiser* gives the particulars of a novel base-ball match to take place shortly in London, between the officers of the Maple Leaf Club, and the first nine of the same. The understanding is that the first nine shall play with the left hand in batting and throwing, and run around the bases the reverse way. There will doubtless be considerable merriment occasioned by this style of playing.

An exciting whaler race for a stake of \$50 was rowed last week in Halifax harbour between two crews from the Admiral's flag ship "Royal Alfred," one rowing the well-known racing-boat "Blue Nose," and the other a boat known as the "Commercial Wharf Whaler." The former led until quite at the close, when the "Commercial," which had been close behind throughout, took the lead and won.

THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS.—During the visit of the English cricketers at London the weather proved most unfavourable, but, notwithstanding, the game came off, occupying two days, the 9th and 10th. Each side took two innings, the Englishmen making 89 in the first, and 161 in the second. The score of the twenty-two reached 55 in the first innings and 65 in the second, giving the game to the Eleven by 130 runs. The individual scores were smaller than usual, Grace's score in the two innings being 107. On the other side the highest score in one innings was made by Hyman. At Hamilton the play commenced on the 12th, and here the weather was even worse than at London. The English gentlemen took the game in one innings and 16 runs. The score stood: the Eleven, 181; Twenty-Two, 1st innings, 86; 2nd, 79.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE MONTREAL HORTICULTURAL AND AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION

was held this year in union with the Hochelaga Agricultural Society, and was divided into two branches, the Horticultural Show, which opened on Tuesday week at the Skating Rink, and the Agricultural Show, opened at Mile-End the following day. Of course the former attracted in large numbers the "beauty and fashion" of the city while the attractions of the Mile-End exhibition drew crowds of farmers and breeders. Both shows were just as such shows always are, and as our space is very limited we shall waive all description and content ourselves with a passing mention.

THE CEREMONY OF LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING,

now in course of erection at the corner of Craig and Radegonde Streets, Montreal, which took place on Saturday afternoon, the 7th inst., was the occasion of a great gathering of all those who take an interest in the work of the Association, and representatives of all denominations were to be found on the platform at the hour fixed for the commencement of the proceedings. At three o'clock the ceremony was opened by singing a hymn, after which the Rev. Dr. Wilkes read a portion of Scripture, and was followed by the Rev. Canon Bond in prayer. An address was then delivered by Dr. Burns, and the stone of the new building was next laid in due form by Mr. T. J. Claxton, President of the Association, who used a handsome trowel presented to him on the occasion. He then delivered a brief address, recounting the history of the Association and the reasons which induced them to undertake the work in hand. He stated that it was agreed that in the event of the Young Men's Christian Association ceasing to exist—which he hoped would never be the case—the whole property would revert to the Bible Society; thus giving an assurance to the benevolent public of Montreal that the building would permanently be used for religious and beneficial purposes. The cost of the building, including the site, would reach the large sum of \$50,000, but in less than twenty-five years ten times that sum would have been saved to the city. About \$30,000 had already been subscribed by large-hearted and liberal citizens. Some \$20,000 were still needed, nevertheless he believed that the whole amount required would be raised, and the building when completed would be out of debt. Mr. Claxton then called upon the Treasurer, who read a financial statement showing that the amount subscribed reached \$28,728. He at the same time announced that Mr. Claxton, the President of the Association, had promised \$1,000 in addition to his previous subscription of \$2,500. At this stage of the proceedings telegrams received from Toronto, Philadelphia and Boston, sending greetings from the Young Men's Christian Associations in those cities, were read to the meeting. The Rev. Messrs. Wells and Potts, and Mr. Burnell of Chicago, also addressed the meeting, which dispersed after singing a hymn.

On page 181 will be found an illustration of the trowel presented to Mr. Claxton. This very handsome implement was designed by Mr. Alfred Sandham and executed by E. Hendery, silversmith, of St. Peter Street. The spatula is of burnished silver, and bears three medallions in relief, under an open Bible; the rest of the field is filled with gold maple foliage in bold relief, and the whole is set off by a raised frosted border bearing the very appropriate inscription: "Hitherto hath the Lord Helped Us." Of the two upper medallions the one bears a facsimile of the new building of the Association, and the other the date of its foundation and incorporation, with the names of the Directors. The lower medallion is inscribed:

Presented
to
T. JAMES CLAXTON, ESQ.,
on Laying the
Corner Stone
of the
Association Building,
Montreal,
September, 1872.

The handle is of bird's eye maple (which, we understand, is temporarily substituted for ivory) set in sockets of gold, and surmounted at the upper end by a silver beaver, bearing a golden maple branch. The whole is inclosed in a neat box of bird's eye maple, lined with purple velvet.

THE FALLS OF ST. FRISOLE

are formed by the river Maskinonge, three miles from the village of the same name, and nine miles from the Richelieu Company's landing stage at the village of Rivière du Loup. Above the falls, which are some 150 feet wide, and three arpents high, are the extensive saw-mills of Messrs. Boyer & Hudon, employing during the summer 75 men, and during winter 200. In the seignory of Lanandière, in which the falls are situated, are some 1,500 acres of unoccupied lands, covered with pine, spruce, &c.

YOUNG ITALY!

Not the Young Italy of 1847, the secret society of that name who made themselves famous in the years previous to the flight of Pius IX. to Gaeta—the society of whom Mazzini was the leading spirit. Our young Italian recalls pleasanter scenes than those enacted in the days of trouble and turmoil which marked the revolutionary '48. He carries us back over six hundred years to a sunny plain in the neighbourhood of Florence, where a shepherd-boy—picturesquely clad like our shepherd-boy—is amusing himself, while tending his father's flocks, by drawing with a sharp stone upon a piece of slate. Over his shoulder leans a stranger, watching with eager look the boy's deft fingers as the rude sketch gradually takes form, and reveals to his experienced eye the marks of true, though hidden genius. Such another as our "Young Italy" may Giotto have been when the great Cimabue came across him at Vespignano, and gave to the world a painter. Giotto's art, alas, too rare since then; and such as Cimabue, great artist, kind patron, and painstaking master, rarer still.

ABOUT VIOLINS.

In the year 1644 there was born at Cremona a son and heir to the ancient house of Stradivarius, who was christened Antoine. For more than one hundred years the Amatis had made violins, and at this time Nicholas, the most celebrated of the family, was turning out from his quaint old workshop those marvels of sweetness which have made his name famous the world over. While the boy Antoine was growing into a tall, thin young man, he used to linger, day after day, around Amati's door-way, never so happy as when handling and intently studying the master's handiwork. He set his heart on being a violin maker, and so persistently urged his father's consent that it was not only given, but Nicholas Amati induced to receive him as his pupil. The master must have recognised something beyond the common in the boy, for he took him into his confidence, and taught him those secrets of shaping and colouring which have been lost so many years.

With all our boasted tools and experience, no master-workman's violin of our day can compare with the handiwork of those simple men, whose religion found expression in the care and love with which they laboured.

Antoine continued to work in Amati's shop until he was 26 years old, and it was not until the year 1699 that he ventured to change the model his old master had taught him. Then he began to make his instruments larger, the form of the arching somewhat flatter, the thickness greater toward the centre to support the more firmly the pressure of the bridge under the tension of the strings, and gradually thinner toward the sides, to give all the necessary vibration.

The Amati violins have a pure, sweet tone, but not much power; the first and second strings are brilliant and clear in tone; the third round and mellow with power, and the fourth dry and feeble, owing to the narrowness and shortness of the instruments in comparison with their thickness. Stradivarius gave his violins a rich and powerful tone, each string being of equal beauty, and carved the scroll more finely than his master. He chose figured maple for his wood, and varnished his instruments a warm reddish or yellow colour. After the year 1725 his violins are said to have fallen off in workmanship; the arching became a little more raised, the varnish of a browner hue, and the tone less brilliant. He had become an aged man, and doubtless left the work to his sons, only giving them directions. He died at Cremona in 1737, having attained the great age of ninety-three. The ticket which accompanied his instruments commonly bore the inscription: "Antonius Stradivarius Cremona faciebat anno—"

There is a vast difference between four louis d'or, the usual price of a violin then, and one thousand dollars, the sum the same instrument would bring now. And yet three times this amount has several times been paid for a genuine Stradivarius, while one thousand guineas, it is said, were once refused for one.

The most wonderful price ever paid, taken at its present value, was given for a Steiner violin—1500 acres of land, on which a large part of the city of Pittsburgh now stands, were exchanged for one in the early part of this century. The Steiner violins are noted for their sparkling, flute-like quality of tone, especially on the first string. They are of German manufacture, and are made in Tyrol. Jacob Steiner in his old age retired to a Benedictine monastery, where, it is said, he lost his reason, from mortifications at having sold his violins too cheap. However that may be, his most famous instruments were made during the latter part of his life; one of these, known as "Steiner's Elector," from his having made one for each of the twelve electors, brought, in the year 1771, no less than 3500 florins.

The 17th century produced almost all the great violin-makers, and next, perhaps, to Stradivarius, ranks his pupil, Guarnieris, sometimes called "del Gesù," on account of the "I. H. S." often marked on his tickets. He worked at Cremona until 1745, the year of his death. Unfortunately, in his latest days, he became careless, and addicted to drink. For a long time he was imprisoned; but the jailer's daughter fell in love with him, and brought him material to make his violins, selling them for him when finished. In his best days he was most fastidious in the choice of his wood and varnish, which was a brownish red. Paganini used to play on one of his violins; and Spehr said, of another, that it was the finest instrument in the world.—*The Adeline*.

TRANSATLANTIC BRITAINS.—Like Britain, Nova Scotia is the only part of the Atlantic seaboard which possesses extensive deposits of coal and iron. From the Labrador to Cape Horn we find no country that in this respect can ever claim to be a rival, Virginia being its only competitor. Like Britain it has excellent harbours near its beds of coal and iron; but in the extent of its coal deposits and in the value of its iron ores it far surpasses the mineral wealth of the mother country. The vertical thickness of the workable coal-beds of the Pictou Basin is considerably over 180 feet, one seam alone ranging from 36 to 39 feet in thickness, being the largest bituminous seam in the world. It is underlain by another 22 feet, while there are overlying and underlying seams ranging from 3 to 12 feet. Immense undeveloped beds of iron ore are to be found a few miles only from the coal-fields, some of which are of a quality second only to the best Swedish brands, a fact already testified to by Fairbairn and other authorities. In addition to iron ore as a source of future wealth we have underlying these beds of coal immense deposits of fire-clay, equal to the very best that are to be found in the mother country. Nothing but time and capital is needed to create on the Atlantic seaboard of the New World a rival of the Staffordshire "black country," and a competitor of the Clyde. Let us imagine the outlet of the Mediterranean in the British Channel; and let us extend the United Kingdom across Europe, and imagine its eastern limit to be Constantinople; let us also conceive gold mines, as well as unlimited deposits of coal and iron, at the two extremities of such a vast empire, and we can form some idea of the geographical and mineral advantages of the Dominion of Canada, which has a Britain at its eastern and western outlets, between them unlimited prairies that will yet rival the wheat-growing provinces of Russia, and vast virgin forests of timber that are almost inexhaustible; combine with all these advantages fisheries on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts that make the harvests of the sea almost as rich as those of the land, and we may form some conjecture as to the great future that awaits such a country.—*St. James' Mag.*

Whooping Cough is successfully treated by Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. The most stubborn cases are cured in a few days.

CANADIAN PROGRESS.

The first Provincial Exhibition of British Columbia will be held at Victoria on October 19, 1872.

The survey in Manitoba progresses rapidly. Eighty townships nearly have been surveyed this season.

The Hull iron mines, near Ottawa, are to be worked on an extensive scale by wealthy capitalists; smelting is to be resumed at once.

The Cowansville *Observer* understands that the Capel copper mine, near Lennoxville, has been sold to an English company for \$150,000.

The Gardner Sewing Machine Manufacturing Company, of Hamilton, Ont., are about to open an establishment somewhere in the Lower Provinces.

Track-laying on the Rivière du Loup Railway is being carried on with great energy. Last week the work had been completed as far as Keswick, twelve miles from Fredericton.

The St. Catharines *Journal* understands that the Great Western Railway Company has leased the Welland Road for a term of years, and that a third rail will be laid in a short time.

A joint stock company is now being formed in Montreal for the purpose of establishing a cotton factory on the splendid water privilege of the North River at St. Andrews, Argenteuil.

The surveyors of the Hamilton and North-Western Railroad arrived last week at Creemore, Nottawasaga Township, on their way to Collingwood with the survey, and report a very favourable location. A railway to Creemore is now considered sure.

A new branch of industry is about to be established at Goderich which will give work to a large number of hands. Two Toronto gentlemen are about to erect a distillery, to cost about \$50,000, on a site they recently purchased near the river.

Notice is given in the *Canada Gazette* that application will be made for letters patent to incorporate the Canada Car Company. Among the gentlemen connected with the new enterprise are Messrs. John Crawford, Campbell, Blaikie, Moffatt, and McMurich, of Toronto, and Senator Skead, of Ottawa.

Mr. Legge, C. E., of Montreal, has just finished the survey of a line of railway from the Grand Trunk to the Rockland slate quarry. Work on this road will be begun very shortly. The Company are now making a large quantity of excellent slate. They are getting their men from Cornwall, and certainly they are unexceptional in comparison to many of our miners, being remarkably steady men.—*Sherbrooke Gazette*.

The Glasgow and Cape Breton Coal and Railway Company will work eight mines next season. Three are in operation now, the Reserve, the Norway, and Schooner Pond. When the other five are opened the company will be enabled to ship three hundred thousand tons, which will be done next season. The company's wharf at Sydney is 600 feet long, with four lines of rails and seven loading berths, so that three thousand tons of coal can be shipped daily.

A Sarnia paper has the following respecting the petroleum trade:—The production of crude per week (some 10,000 barrels) is now scarcely sufficient for export demands alone, and the prospect of an increase in the supply of it is not good, for unless some new territory is struck, and that soon, it may have the effect of throwing a damper on the enterprise. The sales of crude are fully up to the production, and refined oil is selling well through the Association.

Notice is given in the *Ontario Gazette* that application will be made at the next session of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario for an Act to erect the Municipalities of Orangeville, East Garafraxa, Luther and Amaranth from the County of Wellington, Melancthon from the County of Gray, and Mulmur and Mouna from the County of Simcoe, into a new County for Municipal and Judicial purposes, with Orangeville as its County Town; and also for an Act to incorporate the village of Orangeville as a town.

The *Chatham Planet* says it will be a source of extreme gratification to all persons trading in vessels navigating the River Thames, as well as to the people of Kent, to know that the dredging operations begun at the mouth of the River Thames some weeks ago are already so far completed that there is a good channel through the "bar," containing not less than ten feet of water, a depth great enough to enable any vessel to go into or out of the river with as large a cargo as can be taken through the Welland Canal. The channel is said to be ten feet good.

The Grand River Navigation Co. have, in a spirit of liberality which does them infinite credit, granted right of way through their lands at Grand River, and over the canal and river, to the Hamilton and Lake Erie Railway Co. The construction of the road, says the *Strom*, will benefit the company's works in more ways than one. The immense water-power now running to waste on this river must ere long be utilized, and the stock of the company will be very valuable. No better opening for capitalists exists in Canada than are to be found on the Grand River in this place and neighbourhood.

The first vessel built in Quebec this season will be launched this day, the 21st. She is to be christened the "Lady Dufferin." She is a splendid ship of 1,335 tons, and was built at Mr. Oliver's ship yard for Mr. John Lane. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all 130 feet, breadth 24 feet, depth of hold 24 feet. She is built to class at English Lloyd's, nine years, A 1. The model is of large capacity, and the vessel is intended to be a fast sailer. She is square rigged, the spars are all of red pine, the lower masts and bowsprit are of yellow pine. She is iron keeled throughout, and has been constructed with all the latest improvements, and in the most careful manner.

The Department of Public Instruction, Ontario, with a view to improve accommodation in rural sections, offer a series of prizes to any inspector, trustee, or teacher, for interior plans of school-houses, and for block plans of school sites. For best interior plan, capable of accommodating sixty to seventy children, \$15; for plan of two school-rooms, for 100 to 125 children, \$20; for plan of three ditto, \$25. Prizes of \$20 and \$15, respectively, are also offered for best block plan of a school site. Plans to be addressed to Rev. Dr. Ryerson, chief superintendent of education, up to the 15th November next. Further information may be obtained from school inspectors, or from the Department, Toronto.

No. 110.—H. B. WITTON, ESQ., M. P.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We are indebted to the *Witness* of this city for the following very full account of the career of Mr. Witton, recently returned with Mr. Chisholm for Hamilton. Mr. Witton is the first *bona fide* workingman ever sent up to Parliament and his course will therefore be watched with more than usual interest by all parties, and especially by the class of which he is a model representative.

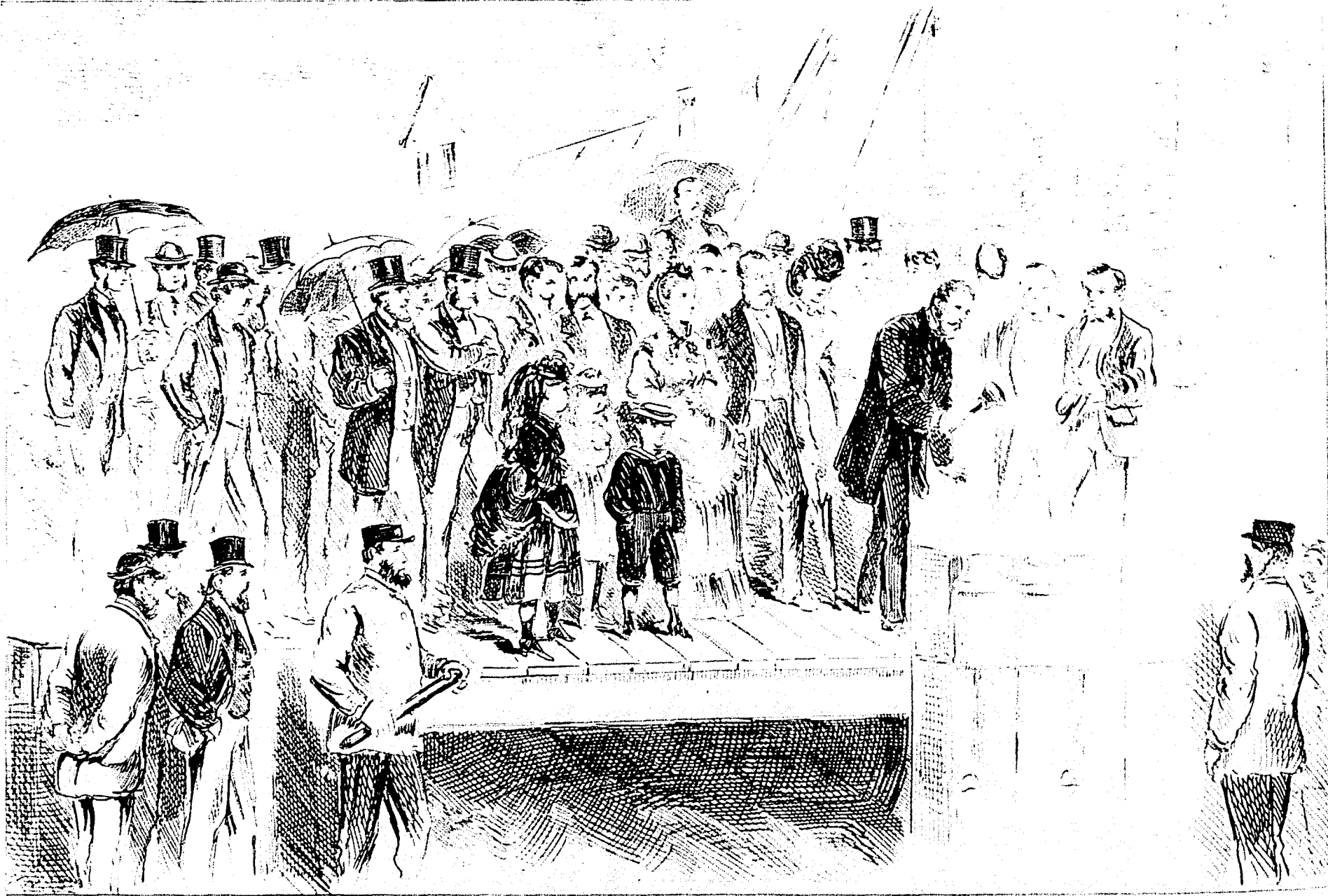
Henry Buckingham Witton, M.P. for Hamilton, was born at the small village of South Lopham, Norfolk, England, October 21st, 1831, and is now forty-one years of age. His birth-place is in the beautiful valley of the Waveny, the delightful scenery of which has been so admirably described by the poet Bloomfield, in his "Farmer's Boy." Near South Lopham is the town of Diss, famed of old as the residence of Skelton, whom Erasmus named "the glory and the light of British Literature." At Diss Mr. Witton received such education, very imperfect and rudimentary, as his parents, who were poor, could with much difficulty and many sacrifices of their own comfort, afford to give him. Here also he was apprenticed to the trade of coachmaking, but in consequence of the discontinuance of this business by his employer, he was thrown on his own resources at the early age of seventeen. His subsequent employments were in Thetford, London and Manchester. In the latter city there has always existed an active public spirit, which is never without its effect on young ingenious minds with a capacity for work in the service of the race. There Mr. Witton was attracted into fields of usefulness, and became a worker in the cause of education and other much-needed reforms, many of which have now happily been accomplished. In 1853 he emigrated to the United States, and for three years remained a resident of Troy, N.Y. In 1856 he removed to Hamilton, Canada, where he has resided ever since and for nearly the whole period has been in the service of the Great Western Railway. For some years past he has been foreman in the paintshop of that Com-



H. B. WITTON, M. P.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ECKKESON.

pany, and has performed his work faithfully and well. On his first appointment the Company profited largely by economies introduced by him—not the pitiable economies from which workmen suffer, but the wise ones of paying for the best article and the best man all that they are worth, and making the most out of them. During all the years of his working life he has been gradually improving his originally scanty education. After coming to Hamilton he acquired French and Latin, and applied himself with enthusiasm to the study of practical geology, astronomy and microscopy, to the latter of which especially he has for several years devoted most of his leisure time. In January of this year he read an able paper before the Hamilton Association, on the "Lower Forms of Life found in Burlington Bay," which was printed in full in the *Hamilton Spectator*. Mr. Witton has the happy faculty of divesting science of dryness and investing it with interest for the most unscientific of his friends. His style is easy and pleasing. He is the possessor of a telescope, an expensive microscope, and one of the most extensive and valuable scientific libraries. His reading, however, has not been exclusively scientific, but varied and catholic, and his knowledge of general literature, history, politics and political economy, makes him an agreeable companion for those who care for neither the mysteries of the stars nor the marvels of the ponds. His life has been essentially a quiet one, spent in work and study. He has in a larger degree than most men commanded the respect and confidence of his fellow-workmen, and many votes were cast for him and his ticket during the late election on grounds purely personal to himself. He is moderate and courteous in speech, and has passed through a severe election contest with more of goodwill towards him on both sides than perhaps ever before fell to the lot of any candidate under similar circumstances. His residence in the States led him to revise many of his earlier opinions on general politics and political economy, which, in a greater or less degree, is not an unusual result with English residents there; the



LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE M. Y. M. C. A. BUILDING: THE CEREMONY

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

most notable instance, perhaps, being that of Professor Goldwin Smith. Since Mr. Witton's residence in Hamilton, he has always voted with the party now known as the party of "Union and Progress." His mother still survives in a hale old age, and will read with pride in the Old World of his triumph in the New and will have the pleasure and gratification of feeling that not in vain were all the efforts and sacrifices she made to give him that education and training which has led to such results."

Mr. Witton's election has attracted some attention on the other side of the line. A New York paper, speaking of the recent elections, pays a well deserved tribute to his energy and determination. It says:—"The most notable incident of the present elections in Canada is the return of Mr. Witton, a painter and *bona fide* workingman, by the people of Hamilton as one of their representatives in the Dominion Parliament. Mr. Witton, though he has all his life earned his daily bread by daily toil, is a highly educated man, having devoted his leisure hours to literature and science. He is moreover, very unobtrusive; and, except as a voter, he took no part in politics before he was lately and so successfully brought from the Great Western Workshops of Hamilton by the "Ministerialists" as a candidate for parliamentary honours. The success of his nomination speech was owing to his long and earnest labour in self-culture in the closet, and not to the tricks to be learned in political pot-houses. His career thus far is fraught with instruction to workingmen, and the position he has attained will be hailed with acclamation by the sons of toil in the Dominion as an honour to them through him. His course in parliamentary life will no doubt be a matter of unusual interest not only in Canada but in Great Britain, to both workingmen and statesmen."

III.—L. A. JETTÉ, ESQ., M.P.

The return of Mr. Jetté for Montreal East may be regarded as the Liberal victory of the campaign—a victory which surprised men of his own party almost as much as it did his opponents.

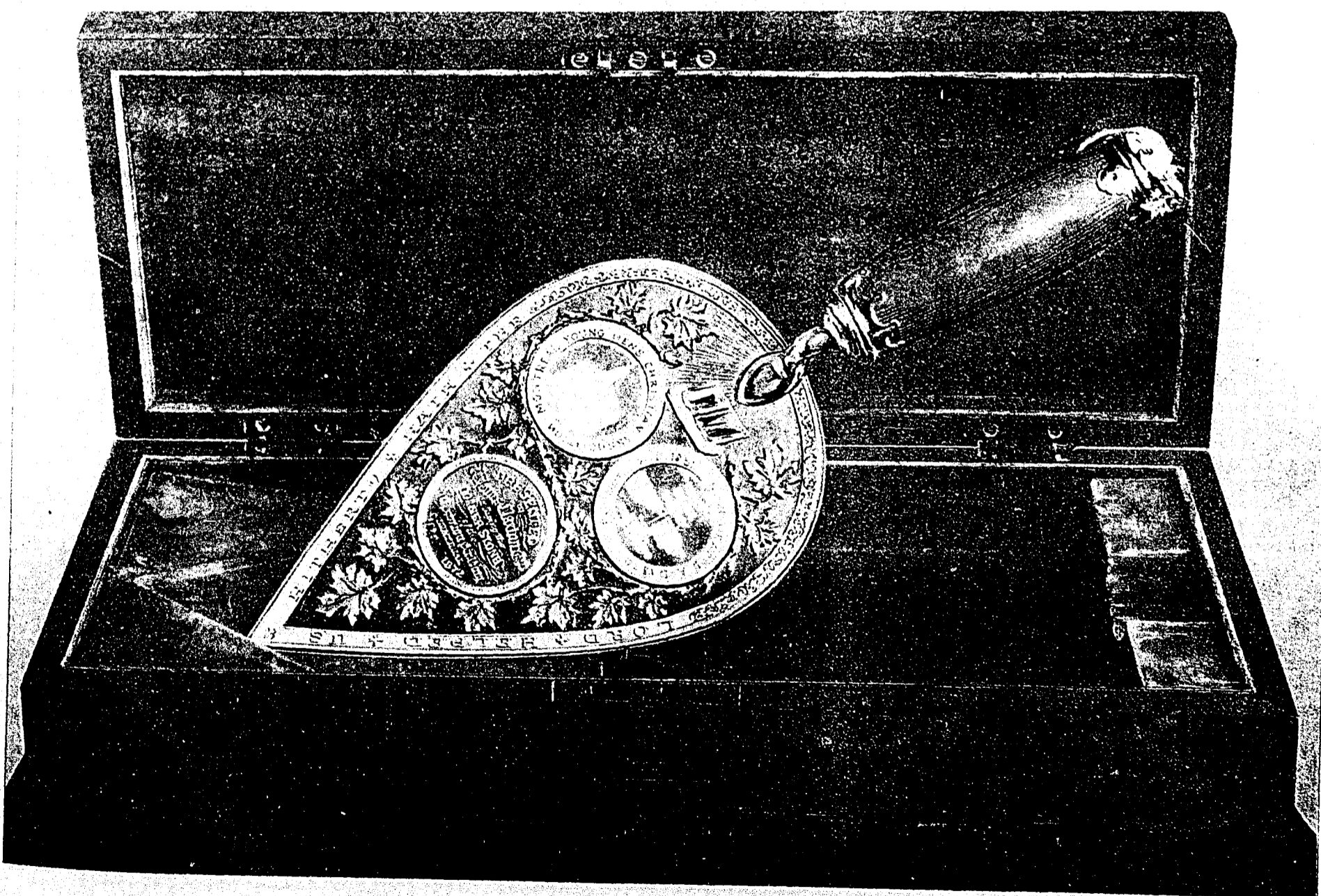


L. A. JETTÉ, M. P.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GRENIER.

That a comparatively young and unknown lawyer should be able to oust the Minister of Militia at his own headquarters appeared sufficiently incredible, but the most enthusiastic believer in Mr. Jetté's success would have hesitated before placing his expected majority at the high figure it actually reached. When we say that Mr. Jetté is comparatively unknown, we ought perhaps to have added, outside his profession. In the practice of the law he has met with signal success, more especially in his connection with the great Lower Canadian cause célèbre—the "affaire Guibord"—in which he was retained on behalf of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and proved himself well-deserving of the confidence reposed in him by his clients. Among his brethren of the Bar he is universally acknowledged to possess unusual tact and clear headedness, qualities which peculiarly fit him for the management of intricate and perplexing cases. Nor is it only in this country that his parts have received the tribute due to their high order. In Belgium, where the above mentioned case attracted no little attention from the legal and ecclesiastical press, Mr. Jetté's able defence won high encomiums even from the advanced Liberal journals, who did not approve of the judgment rendered by the Court of Appeals. As an acknowledgment of the ability displayed in the conduct of the case, Mr. Jetté was soon after appointed correspondent of the "Revue de Droit International" of Ghent, and elected member of the Parisian *Société de Legislation Comparée*, an honour bestowed on only one other Canadian, viz., Mr. Gonzalve Doutre.

In politics the member for Montreal East is identified with the recently organized Parti National, consisting of men who, though thoroughly imbued with Liberal ideas, are unwilling to take the same stand as the Rouges in matters religious. In fact, the Parti National may be defined as Rouge as to politics, and Conservative as to Church matters. By this Parti National Mr. Jetté was put forward, and it is probably owing to this, and to the fact that he was strongly supported by the Bishop and his Clergy—who opposed Sir George on account of



LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE M. Y. M. C. A. BUILDING: THE TROWEL.

Robert HENDERY
All CANADIAN

his vote on the New Brunswick Schools question—that he was enabled to defeat the French-Canadian leader by the unprecedented majority of 1,308.

Mr. Jetté was born at L'Assomption—where his father, who is still living, was a merchant—in 1836. After having completed his studies at the college of L'Assomption, he became, at the age of seventeen, a law-student, and was admitted to the bar four years later, in 1857. During the Macdonald-Sicotte administration, 1862-63, Mr. Jetté was chief editor of *L'Ordre*, supporting that Government.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1872.

SUNDAY.	Sept. 22.—	Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity. Opening of the Old Catholic Congress at Munich, 1871. Bishop Cronyn died, 1870. Hon. L. J. Papineau died, 1871.
MONDAY.	" 23.—	Sieur de Courvelles, Governor of Canada, 1665.
TUESDAY.	" 24.—	Treaty of Amberg, 1549. Samuel Butler died, 1733. Guy Carleton, Lieut.-Governor U. C., 1796. Dean Milman died, 1868.
WEDNESDAY.	" 25.—	Porson died, 1808.
THURSDAY.	" 26.—	Philadelphia captured, 1777.
FRIDAY.	" 27.—	Battle of Busaco, 1810. Steamer "Arctic" lost, 1854.
SATURDAY.	" 28.—	Luskow taken, 1857. Hon. P. McGill died, 1850. Capitulation of Strasburg, 1870.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 26 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Sept. 16th, 1872.

Sept.	Mean Temp.		Max. Temp. of Day.	Min. Temp. of Previous Night.	Mean Rel. Hum.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
	7 A. M.	3 P. M.						
18	55	65	75	45	80	30.25	NE	Rain, Cloudy.
19	55	65	75	45	80	30.24	Variable	Rain, Cloudy.
20	55	65	75	45	80	30.25	S	Cloudy.
21	55	65	75	45	80	30.25	S-W	Rain, Cloudy.
22	55	65	75	45	80	30.25	N to NE	Clear.
MEAN	55.4	65.7	75.3	45.7	80.0			

Extreme Range of Temperature, 22.3; of Humidity, 50; of Barometer, 0.1.

Whole amount of rain during the week, 0.50 inches, equivalent to 21.42 gallons of water per acre.

A NEW NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS, ENTITLED "THE NEW MAGDALEN."

A tale of the Franco-German War, will be commenced in the number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* for the 10th of October, and will be continued simultaneously with its production in London.

The Proprietor of the *News* having secured the exclusive right of its publication in serial form in this country, all parties encroaching on his rights by re-publishing this story, or venturing other periodicals containing the same, expose themselves to the penalties provided by Law.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1872.

At last, after weeks of weary waiting and expectation, the award of the Commissioners assembled at Geneva to decide upon the great cause of contention between the United States and Great Britain has been made known. For some time past public expectation, not only in the two countries directly concerned in the arbitration, but throughout the civilized world, has been on the alert. It was a new thing to see two great and powerful nations, instead of appealing to arms to settle their differences, agree to abide by the decision of umpires, who after a patient enquiry into the claims on either side should give a final and conclusive verdict. And for this reason the case pending has taken so strong a hold upon the interest of outsiders.

The gross sum of damages awarded to the United States by the judgment of the Commissioners is fifteen and a half million dollars—a sufficiently large amount, though not much larger than was of late expected, nor anything as large as the preposterous amount claimed in the first instance by the United States. The litigation is over: the verdict has been given in favour of the United States, but if we examine the different points of the judgment we shall find that with very few exceptions Great Britain has been sustained in her pretensions.

To the more easy comprehension of the award it will be well to divide the claims put forward by the United States into six classes, each of which is dealt with in turn in the decision, but in none of which did the claimants perfectly succeed. The first of these comprises the claims proper, namely, for compensation for damages occasioned by the four vessels the "Alabama," the "Florida," the "Shenandoah," and the "Georgia." These are the original claims, the only ones ever pressed by the United States previous to the session of the Geneva Tribunal, and, naturally, the only ones that the British Government believed to require arbitration. Great surprise was therefore excited when the United States put in a further claim on account of nine other vessels, of which it was alleged four had acted as tenders to the larger cruisers, two had received hospitalities at British ports, two were British vessels converted into cruisers by the Confederate Government, and the ninth had conveyed prizes into British waters. The names of these vessels are the "Tuscaloosa," "Clarence," "Taconey," "Archer,"

"Sumter," "Nashville," "Tallahassee," "Chickamauga," and "Retribution." This was followed by a claim on account of supplementary depredations committed by the "Sallie," "Jeff Davis," and other vessels which had been captured by Southern cruisers and converted into privateers. The remaining classes of claims were those for costs of pursuit, prospective damages, and interest. On the first, second and last classes alone the arbitrators award damages. In the case of the "Alabama," the award is unanimous: in that of the "Florida," the English Commissioner, Lord Cockburn, alone dissented; while in that of the "Shenandoah" he was joined in dissent by the Brazilian representative, Baron do Itajuba. The claim for damages caused by the "Georgia" was thrown out. In the second class the claims on account of the four tenders were sustained, the Tribunal being "unanimously of opinion that these accessories must follow the principals, and be submitted to the same decision." The other claims of this class were disallowed unanimously, except in the case of the "Retribution," in which the vote was three to two in favour of Great Britain. The "Sallie" and "Jeff Davis" claims were excluded from consideration for want of evidence. The Commissioners further declined to grant the costs of pursuit demanded by the United States, such costs not being in judgment before the Tribunal, and being "properly distinguished for general expense of war." With regard to the claims for Prospective Injuries, the decision says: "Whereas prospective injuries cannot properly be made subject to compensation, inasmuch as they depend on native, or future or uncertain contingencies, the Tribunal is unanimously of opinion that there is no ground for award on this head." The interest demanded by the United States is lumped in the gross sum of \$15,500,000 awarded.

Such are the main points of the decision given by the arbitrators and made known on Saturday last. The official document is signed by only four of the five Commissioners, Chief Justice Cockburn dissenting from the judgment in the case of the "Florida" and "Shenandoah," although concurring in that of the "Alabama." Against the amount of damages thus awarded there remains to be set off the amount of the claims of British subjects against the United States for damages inflicted during the war—claims which come under the consideration of the Mixed Commission which has been sitting recently at Washington and which will reassemble next month. These once settled, and the question of the North-West Boundary set at rest, the last cause of dissension between the two countries will have disappeared.

Of the justice of the award no truly honest man will complain. It cannot be denied that in the case of the "Alabama" and the "Florida" Great Britain did not exercise due diligence, and for the damages caused by this lack of diligence it is only right that she should pay. Nor can the sum in which she is mulcted be called excessive; and it is a matter for great congratulation that at such a price she has got rid of a quarrel which would have weakened her, while it must have proved fatal to us. For the manner in which that quarrel has been settled great credit is due the litigants on both sides. In the history of the present time the peaceful arbitrament by which the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain have been removed will be held up as a bright contrast to the bloody war resorted to by the two most civilized European continental nations to settle a question of interests of no greater moment than that involved in the celebrated "Alabama Question." It will endure to all ages as a monument of diplomatic triumph, and an example of patience and humanity to the peoples of the whole earth.

OBITUARY.

COL. STREET, M.P.

By the death of the late member for Welland the Canadian Parliament meets with a great loss. Few public men have achieved such an honourable reputation as that enjoyed by Mr. Street. Himself a staunch Conservative he commanded the esteem of men of all parties. Mr. Street was the only son of the Hon. Samuel Street of Niagara Falls, where he was born. After completing his education he studied for the law, and was called to the Bar of Upper Canada in 1838. At the general elections of 1851 he was returned for the County of Welland, which he represented until the elections in 1854, when he was defeated. In 1861 he was again returned and sat until the Union. At the 1867 elections he was returned by acclamation. Last month he was again returned, by a majority of more than 500 over his opponent. Mr. Street held at different periods of his career many offices of importance. He was at one time President of the Gore Bank and of the Agricultural Association of Upper Canada, and a director of the late Bank of Upper Canada. At the time of his death he was President of the Suspension Bridge Company; a Trustee of the University of Trinity College, Toronto; a director of the British America Assurance Company, and of the Canadian Bank of Commerce; and Lieut.-Colonel commanding the 1st Battalion Welland Militia. He was on more than one occasion offered a seat in the Cabinet, but invariably declined.

AMUSEMENTS.

A MUSICAL TREAT.—We are happy to be able to announce to our readers in this city that Miss Louisa Morrison-Fiset, Prima Donna of the New York Philharmonic Society, assisted by Signor R. Buongiorno, Primo Baritone of the Scala, Milan, the Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and the New York Academy of Music, and Mr. George Smith, the well known American *Tenor de Grazia*, will give a concert in this city on or about the 20th inst.

THE BIJOU THEATRE.—This is the name of the new *théâtre comique* opened on Tuesday evening in the old military chapel on Gosford street. It is hardly worthy the appellation of "theatre" just yet, as the performances, which are conducted both in English and French, were much below the mark; but we trust that the proprietor who has shown much enterprise in catering for the amusement of the public, will meet with sufficient encouragement to allow of the engagement of first class talent. The theatre is tastefully decorated and in this respect fully deserves to be called the Bijou.

WEST LODGE, TORONTO.—This favourite resort has been largely patronized this summer, scarcely a day passing that there has not been a large gathering either of public or private picnics, and when not engaged that way, large numbers of visitors were always to be found availing themselves of the opportunities afforded to enjoy a quiet game of Croquet, Quoits, Archery, &c. The grounds are kept in beautiful order, and we understand the proprietor, Mr. N. Pearce, intends to add to their attraction, for next summer, by making several great improvements, one being a "Maze" or Puzzle Garden. During the winter we believe it is the favourite calling place for sleighing parties as there is a fine room for dancing, &c.

THEATRE ROYAL.—For three nights last week Miss Charlotte Thompson appeared in the character of "Mrs. Vandyke" in "One Wife," a new sensational play, somewhat Frenchy in tone, but abounding in good situations, lively conversation, and well drawn characters—in fact, a play just suited to the talented actress who took the principal rôle. Miss Thompson possesses great ability, which she abundantly proved during the week. Miss Amelia Waugh as "Mrs. Hoffman," the unprincipled adventuress, Miss Johnson as "Mrs. Don Platt," the worldly-minded mother-in-law, and "Mrs. De Pyester" (Miss Alexander), were especially deserving of commendation. On Thursday Miss Thompson appeared in "Madeline, the Belle of the Fairmount," and on Friday took her benefit in "Rich and Poor." On Saturday Mr. Fitzgerald took his benefit, with "The Corsican Brothers" and the trial scene from "Pickwick" on the programme.

NEW ROYAL LYCEUM, TORONTO.—We are glad to hear that the new Lessees and Managers of the Lyceum are meeting with the success their enterprise deserves. With a newly appointed house and a well selected troupe they have given great satisfaction to their numerous patrons. During last week were produced "Two Can Play at That Game," and "A Wonderful Woman," with the Extravaganza "Mazeppa, or the Untamed Rocking Horse" as an after-piece. The company, consisting in great part of old favourites, is all that can be desired, both in point of histrionic ability and painstaking application. Among the ladies Miss Blanche Bradshaw is a great favourite, and Miss Connie Thompson and the other ladies generally make the most of their parts. Mr. F. Drew is a host in himself, and Messrs. Taunhill, Spackman, Lloyd and Halford—all actors of ability—complete the roll of an excellent troupe. The outside arrangements are admirably conducted by the Treasurer, Mr. J. M. Leonard. On Monday Daly's great play "Divorce" was produced. This piece ran 224 nights at Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

Mlle. ROSA D'ERINA.—This gifted and versatile artist, whose portrait appeared in our pages last spring, has, since her appearance in Montreal, achieved a series of brilliant artistic triumphs in Boston, Providence, Taunton, and the other principal towns of the New England States. She has also visited the Lower Provinces where she met with the most enthusiastic receptions. At St. John especially Mlle. Rosa d'Erina was the recipient of the highest honours ever paid in that city to any artist. A torch-light procession was given in her honour, and her many admirers presented her with a handsome portrait of herself in oil, painted by a pupil of Doré, together with a diamond ring and various other tokens of their high appreciation of her great and varied musical accomplishments. All those who had the good fortune to hear the Rose of Erin last spring will be glad to learn that she commences her Canadian Tour on Monday evening next at St. Patrick's Hall with a *re-hérez* programme embracing some of the choicest gems from the Great Masters, including Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Rossini, and Gounod; and also Ballad selections in the rendition of which Ireland's Prima Donna is unrivalled. We are sure that Rosa d'Erina's "Musical Evenings" will be enjoyed by all lovers of the Divine Art throughout the Dominion.

RECEIVED.

- The Maid of Sker, R. D. Blackstone. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
- Michael Faraday, J. H. Gladstone. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
- Little Folk Life, Gail Hamilton. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
- "The Science of Health," for October. New York: Samuel R. Wells.
- The City Water Supply and Latest Reports Thereon. Montreal: "Gazette" Printing House.
- The British Museum, and other poems. By Owen Howell. London: F. Pitman.
- The Fifth Annual Report of the Montreal General Hospital, with a Synopsis of its History to the Present Time. Montreal: John Lovell.
- Report of Chas. Legge, Esq., C. E., on the Proposed Schemes for Supplying by Gravitation the City of Montreal with Water from the Laurentian Mountains.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

It is a peculiar characteristic of the French mind to prefer the *dulce* to the *utile*—the look of the thing to its use. Witness the following from a great English authority on French doings: "A new costume for sea bathers at Trouville has been invented; it is of indiarubber and quite waterproof. It looks well." Unintentional sarcasm evidently—that last sentence. "It looks well," but of what earthly use is a waterproof bathing dress? And yet we have not the least doubt that some of Mr. Darwin's undeveloped relations will be aping this idiotical fashion next season at Long Branch and elsewhere.

A Utica man has recently patented an invention which must meet with great favour from all unfortunate travellers who have suffered—and who has not?—at the hands of the irrepressible baggage-smasher. The new invention is a trunk with the following improvement for circumventing evil-minded expressmen, carters, and hotel-porters: Taking hold of the handle and lifting one end from the floor, a sharp pull draws out a hand-bar similar to those by which a hand-cart is drawn or propelled, and at the same time two strong wheels drop beneath. The trunk is at once a box on wheels, and the traveller can draw it away independent of porters or expressmen.

The little village of Mitchell in Ontario has won an unenviable notoriety in connection with the recent elections. According to a recent number of the *Advocate*, some five hundred sheep belonging to Messrs. Jones and Murphy—two gentlemen who took very prominent parts in the return of Mr. Daly to the Commons—were poisoned the other day by some cowardly scoundrel. On the morning after the election over thirty of the animals were found dead in the field, and fifteen or twenty others have since died. This is the most disgusting piece of election scoundrelism that has come under our notice. What a contemptible outcast the perpetrator of such a dastardly act must be! To sacrifice harmless, dumb cattle to a paltry election grudge—can one conceive anything baser, more inhuman, or more diabolical? We would give something to have the names of the worthies who have disgraced their kind by this act of combined meanness and cruelty.

For years past the "gentleman by Act of Parliament" has been a standing British Institution. Mr. Sampson Brass, of Bevis Marks, was one; so also were Messieurs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, each, individually, and severally, "a gentleman by Act of Parliament." The character, antecedents, and actions of these worthies were not exactly such as to give one a very high idea of the gentleman-manufacturing power of Acts of Parliament. Indeed in the palmy days when these gentry lived and practised gentlemen by Act of Parliament were usually gentlemen by the Act, and by nothing else. It is therefore not without a feeling of commiseration for those indirectly concerned that we note a clause in the new Education Act creating parents "by Act of Parliament." By the Act in question, 35 & 36 Viet., cap. 62, it is enacted that a guardian or any person who is liable to maintain or has the actual custody of any child is a parent. If the parental feeling and conduct of the new "parents by Act of Parliament" is to be gauged by the gentlemanly feeling and conduct displayed by the old "gentlemen by Act of Parliament," we feel inclined to pity the youngsters who come under such "parental" rule.

We always thought the Paris *Figaro* bore the palm for inaccurate information and impossible stories of English life and habits. But after the two following *merveilles* from a well informed New York paper the *chronique* of the *Figaro* had better look to his laurels. "Mrs. Mary Talmadge Van Rensselaer," says the journal alluded to, "who died suddenly in the cars a few days since at Albany, visited England soon after Victoria ascended the throne. She was presented to and became a favourite of the Queen, who said one morning at breakfast that she would give her dominions for Miss Talmadge's beauty." As Her Majesty was not in a position to transfer the crown to Miss Talmadge, any more than it was possible for Miss T. to transfer her beauty to the young—and beautiful—Queen; and as, further, we have always been in the habit of giving Her Majesty unlimited credit for common sense of the highest order, we respectfully decline to believe this story, as also we decline to believe in the geographical acquirements of the author of the following. Says the same journal, "An exciting incident recently occurred at the Yorkshire Station of the Metropolitan Railway, near London, during a heavy thunder-shower. The station is in a deep cutting, in which a large quantity of water accumulated during the rain. A passenger train emerged from the tunnel, and was brought to a stop by the waters, which were so high as to put out the engine fires. The telegraph wires would not work on account of the storm, and the express train was momentarily expected. All efforts to move the train by another engine were unsuccessful; the passengers could not leave the cars on account of the water, which was flowing in a perfect torrent. A few of them, by the greatest exertions, had been removed from the train, when suddenly a shout announced that the express was coming, and a huge wave was seen issuing from the tunnel as the train approached. The same cause, however, which had placed the passenger train in its terrible position, proved its salvation, for the water also put out the fires in the express engine, which drew up, to the immense relief of all the by-standers, within about five feet of the hindmost carriage of the former train." The moderation displayed by this writer is something quite out of the common way, and cannot be too highly praised. In all the accounts of this "exciting incident," or similar incidents, which have hitherto come under our notice the express engine used to stop six inches of the doomed train. But "about five feet!" This is moderation indeed. The only thing that puzzles us is the locality of the incident; the Yorkshire station, of the Metropolitan Railway, near London! As the Metropolitan Railway does not extend outside of London, as there is no station of the name of Yorkshire on the Metropolitan Railway, and, finally, as there is no Yorkshire nearer London than the county of that name at the other end of the kingdom, it is likely the inquirer will find it difficult to "locate" this little incident. If the Americans are going to trifle in this manner with English geography the British will be justified in putting forward "Counter-Claims" of such magnitude as will leave the Americans but little of the fifteen and a half million dollars recently awarded them in compensation for the "Alabama" damages.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE DOMINION.

Several marine disasters are reported from the Lower Provinces.

A large party of Quakers from Pennsylvania have settled in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, Ont.

It is rumoured that Mr. Scott, the Conservative M.P.P. for Ottawa is to be the new Premier of Ontario.

Judgment was given last week by the Court of Review in the Gagy and Brown case adversely to the petitioner.

Seven hundred and eighty-five immigrants arrived in Toronto last month, of whom 230 went to the Western States.

His Excellency the Governor-General visited the Institution of the Good Shepherd at Quebec and the Laval Normal School last week.

A hot discussion took place recently between Attorney-General Clarke and Riel, which resulted in the former challenging Riel to a duel.

The Immigration Agents who have been employed in Great Britain during the last six months returned last week, and have sent in their reports.

An old three-story house on the corner of Sous le Fort and Notre Dame Streets, Quebec, fell in on Friday last, destroying a large amount of property.

Sir George Cartier met with a grand reception from the citizens of Ottawa on Monday. Sir George has been elected for Provencher by acclamation.

Extensive preparations are being made at Toronto for the reception of the Governor-General. A public ball will be given in honour of His Excellency's visit.

Toronto advices state that it is rumoured that the Hon. George Brown will at once re-enter political life and take the lead of his party in the Ontario Legislature.

A rumour from Quebec states that the Hon. Mr. Cauchon is about to be sworn in as a privy councillor and to take the portfolio of Receiver General in the place of Senator Chapais who is about to retire from the Cabinet.

The nominations for the Commons took place in Manitoba on Saturday. Sir George E. Cartier was returned by acclamation for Provencher, Riel and Clarke retiring in his favour. In Selkirk A. E. Wilson, Stewart Mulvey and F. E. Cornish were nominated on the Reform ticket, and Donald A. Smith, as supporter of the Government. Mr. Wilson will likely be returned. In Marquette, Mr. Cunningham, editor of the *Manitoba*, Messrs. Norquay, Vertand and Lynch, were nominated, the latter as a Reformer. In Lisgar, Messrs. Schultz and Hay were nominated.

UNITED STATES.

The Indians in Alaska are becoming troublesome.

General Sherman arrived from Europe on Sunday.

A fire at Newark, N.J., last week destroyed \$75,000 worth of property.

O'Connor has consented to accept the nomination of the Louisville Convention.

A defalcation of \$20,000 has been discovered in the treasury of Wayne County, Ohio.

The terrible mountain massacre has at last been proved to be the work of the Mormons.

By an accident on the Pennsylvania R.R. last week thirteen persons were injured.

A boat, supposed to belong to the missing steamship "Bienville," has been picked up bottom upwards.

Two men were killed at the western end of the Hoosac Tunnel last week by the premature discharge of a blast.

On Friday last a fire destroyed Lincoln's kerosene works at Boston and tenement houses. Loss estimated at \$50,000.

Much excitement was caused lately in Baltimore by the failure of several large firms engaged in the coffee and sugar trade.

The Laura Fair trial slowly drags its weary length along. Six hundred persons have been examined and only four jurors obtained.

Sheridan's expedition Westwards has been abandoned owing to the hostility of the Indians in the neighbourhood of the Yellowstone Valley.

Mr. Sumner on his arrival at Liverpool heard of his nomination as Governor of Massachusetts. He states that he will absolutely decline.

Six hundred people—being nearly half the inhabitants of three villages in the neighbourhood of New York—were laid up with ague last week.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The rumour of Miss Nellie Grant's marriage is denied.

A treaty is being negotiated between China and Japan.

The Emperor Francis Joseph left Berlin on the 11th inst.

Rochfort is seriously ill, and it is feared that he cannot live long.

His Holiness the Pope has abandoned all ideas of leaving Rome.

Prince Bismarck has received the honorary citizenship of Berlin.

The Carlists are again becoming troublesome on the Spanish frontier.

Coal is being sent to England from the collieries of the Pas de Calais.

The celebrated Hawaiian volcano, Mauna Loa, has been in active eruption.

Prince Albrecht, Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Army, died at Vienna on Thursday of last week, at the age of 55.

A hurricane has visited the Windward Isles by which much damage has been done to shipping, wharves, and other property.

The last weekly edition of the *Paris Illustration* was seized by the police because it contained insulting caricatures of the Prussians.

An indignation meeting is to be held at Dublin on Sunday to protest against the course of the British Government towards the Irish Press.

The Old Catholics will hold a grand Conference at Cologne on the 21st inst.

Odger has agreed not to contest the Preston election provided the Liberal candidate pledges himself to advocate the abolition of the Game laws.

It is asserted that the Czar of Russia will demand the abrogation of the Treaty of Paris for the purpose of co-operating with Austria and Prussia.

The Spanish Cortes opened on Monday. In the opening speech King Amadeo declared that the Government was determined to put down the rebellion in Cuba.

Eleven of the Narbonne rioters have been tried, convicted, and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from four to fifteen months, and fined from 200 to 500 francs.

A duel took place at Macao recently between the Spanish and Peruvian Consuls, arising out of a dispute respecting a gambling debt. Both combatants have been arrested.

It is said that on the reopening of the National Assembly M. Thiers will propose the nomination of a Vice-President. The President is also in favour of forming a second Legislative Chamber.

The Private Secretary of the Duke de Montpensier has been arrested at Merida. The Government has obtained the clue to a conspiracy on the part of Montpensier in the interest of Don Alfonso.

A terrible landslide is reported near Fraga, a town of some 5000 inhabitants situated on the River Cinca, in Arragon. A barge full of forty human beings was swamped and all perished. Many other lives were lost and a great quantity of property was destroyed.

The Geneva arbitrators publicly announced their award on Saturday. England is to pay to the United States fifteen and a half million dollars for losses caused by the depredations of the "Alabama," "Florida" and "Shenandoah." In the case of the last two vessels Sir Alexander Cockburn dissented from the judgment of his colleagues.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the Cross of the Order of St. Stephen of Hungary on Prince Bismarck, Prince Gortschakoff, and General Manteuffel. Colonel Andrassy has been decorated with the Order of the Black Eagle by the Emperor of Germany, and with the order of St. Andrew by the Emperor of Russia. The Emperor William has made the Emperor of Austria honorary colonel of the Schleswig Holstein Regiment of Hussars, and the sons of the Prince Imperial of Germany have been appointed to colonelcies in the Russian army.

CHESS.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H. B., Kingston.—Solutions received: correct in both cases.

REVIEW OF CHOICE GAMES.

Correspondence Game, played several years ago between the Chess Clubs of Paris and Westminster.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

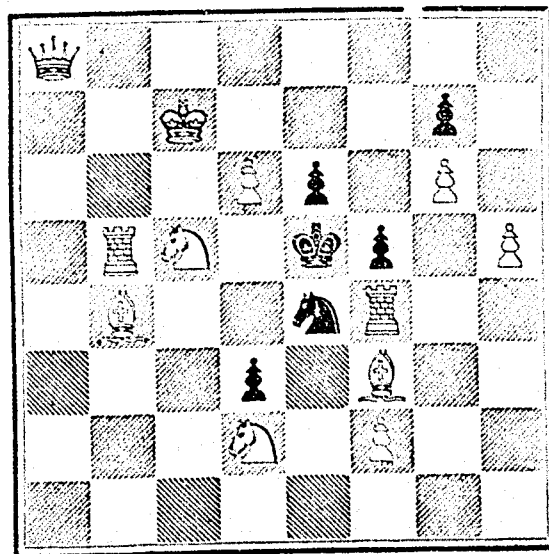
Table showing chess moves for White and Black. White: Westminster. 1. P. to K. 4th, 2. P. to Q. 4th, 3. K. P. takes P., 4. K. Kt. to B. 3rd, 5. K. B. to Q. 3rd, 6. Q. to K. 2nd. ch., 7. Q. P. takes B. P., 8. Q. B. to K. 3rd (a), 9. K. B. to Kt. 5th, 10. K. Kt. to Q. 4th, 11. K. B. takes Kt., 12. P. to Q. R. 3rd, 13. P. takes B., 14. Q. to Q. 3rd, 15. Castles. (c), 16. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd, 17. P. takes Q., 18. K. takes B., 19. P. takes P., 20. P. takes Kt., 21. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd, 22. P. to Q. Kt. 4th, 23. K. takes Q. K. P. (b), 24. P. to Q. Kt. 5th, 25. P. to Q. Kt. 6th, 26. P. to Q. Kt. 7th, 27. R. to B. 8th.

- (a) Castling here would have been far more prudent: this attempt to sustain the pawn seriously compromises their game. (b) The beginning of a formidable attack. (c) Regaining the pawn, with much the superior position. (d) The attack is promptly followed up. (e) The compensation White cannot now avoid serious loss. (f) The best move left apparently. (g) Abandoning the piece in a desperate attempt to retrieve the fortunes of the game by pushing on their advanced pawns.

PROBLEM No. 61.

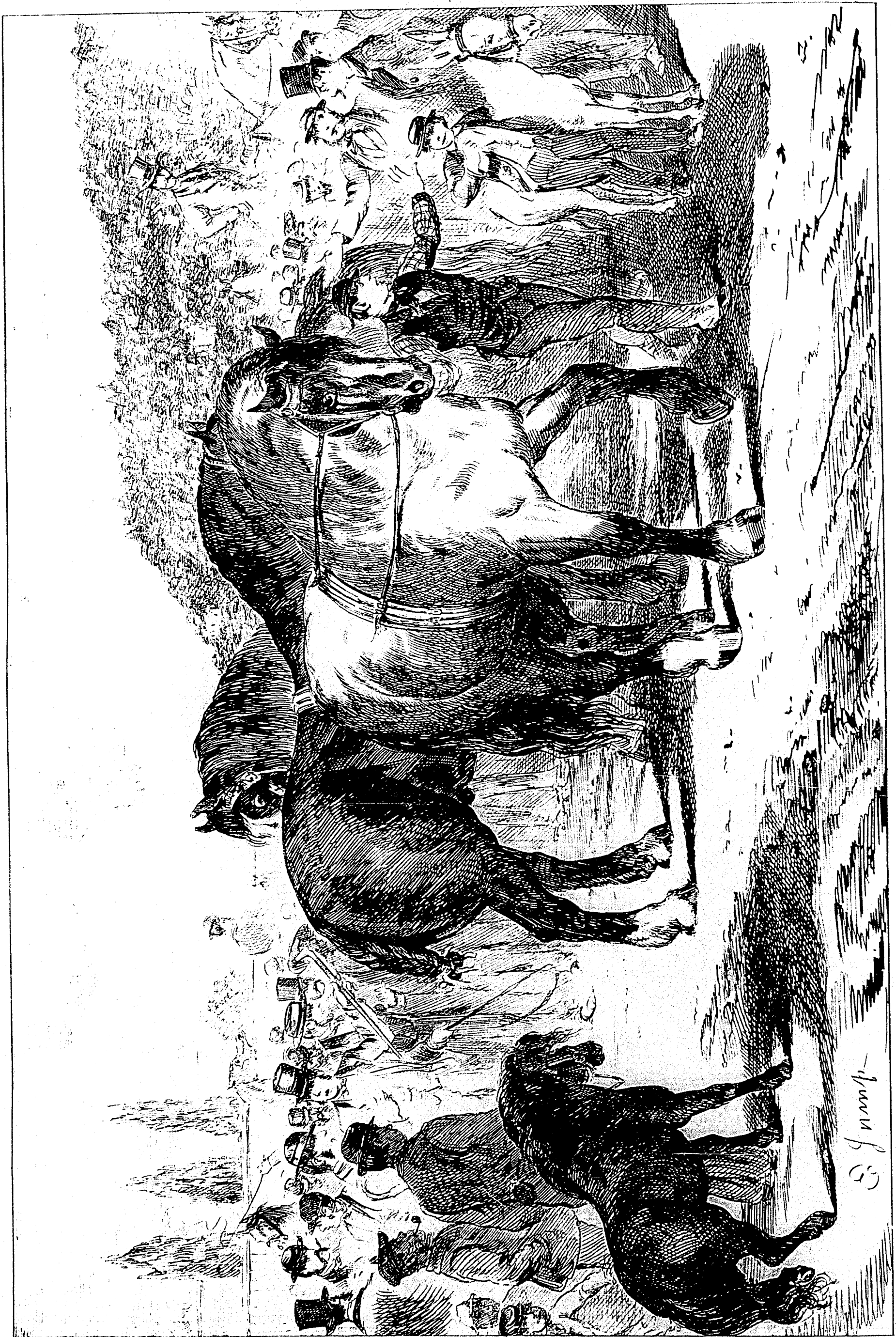
By an amateur of Brooklyn, U. S.

BLACK.

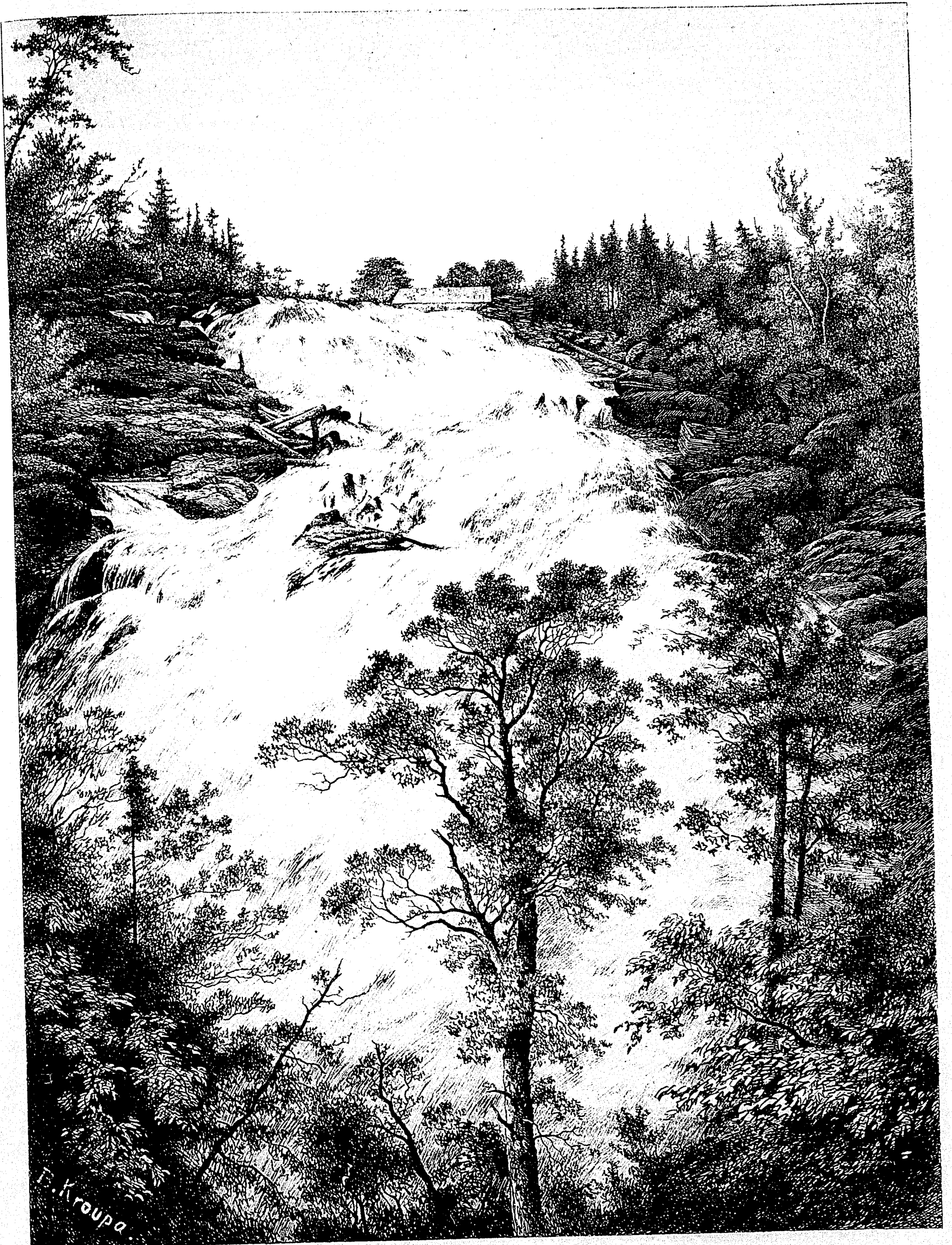


WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.



MONTREAL.—THE HORTICULTURAL AND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS. CANADIAN DRAUGHT HORSES.—BY E. JUMP



THE FALLS OF THE RIVER MASKINONGÉ, AT STE. URSULE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. J. GANNEY.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)
THE MIDNIGHT WINDS.

BY JOHN READE.

I.

Why wail ye, midnight winds? Because the light
Of rosy morning, and the noonday bright,
And the sweet glow of eventide—all, all are lost in
night.

II.

Why wail ye, midnight winds? For hearts forlorn
That miss their eldest or their latest boon,
For those who sorrow o'er the dead they greeted
yesternorn.

III.

Why wail ye, midnight winds? Because our breath
Gathers from all the world the scent of death,
And, soon or late, all that is best and fairest
withereth.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

THE ALBUM.

BY JOHN READE.

CHAPTER II.

He sat there, looking into the blazing fire. It was winter time. There was snow on the ground and the wind whistled drearily. It was five years and more since sorrow began to gnaw at his heart. He was thinking of old times, happy old times when Emma was all his own. He thought of her as she was then, of her bright, sweet eyes, of her fair brown hair, of her tender smile, which was such a solace to him in his early struggles. If she had only remained true to him, how different everything would be! How much more he would enjoy his wealth! How much more pleasure he would take in his deeds of benevolence!

Then he thought of the musical little feet that would run to welcome him whenever he came home, of little faces nestling close to his for a father's kiss!

But, again, he remembered Emma's falsehood and his heart grew hard. He had never asked himself for a moment whether he might not be ever so little mistaken in his suspicions. She had deceived him. He had seen it with his own eyes. He saw guilt in her face when she looked up at him that night, discovered. She bartered away his love for wealth and high position. He had both now, while she — He had never inquired after her, but he knew she had never married; that Mills, her lofty suitor, had never returned. She had been deceived too. Now, perhaps, she would be glad to have him as her husband, now, when her father's purse-pride and her mother's vanity had been humbled. Take her! take a woman who sought him for his money! The very idea disgusted him. Dr. Morton had taken her part. What did he know about it? He had not seen her bending her ear to that fellow's whispers. Extenuating circumstances! No! Doctor Morton, you know nothing about it. I don't care what she told your wife. After her treachery to me, any deceit would be only in keeping. But what a fool I am! Let me forget her.

He rose and determined to work off his low spirits. There were some letters of importance which he had required that day, but could not find anywhere. They might be mixed up with some of his old papers. He would look.

He went to search for these in an old-fashioned escritoire which he had not used for many years. Strange feelings came over him as he glanced at the superscription of one old letter after another. He could hardly resist the temptation to sit down and read them all over again. But he did resist it. He knew it would only plunge him deeper in depression so he searched vigorously for the desiderated letters. In doing so, however, his attention was arrested by a little package, neatly enveloped and sealed. For a few moments he forgot what it was and had even torn off a portion of the covering. It was an album—not one of the modern kind, devoted to photographic portraits, but one of the old-fashioned kind, in which ladies were wont to be flattered in ridiculous verse. Instinctively he opened it. As he turned over the leaves he saw some poetical extracts in a neat, youthful, female hand. There was a date attached to nearly all of them. Edward read:

"Amidst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men
To hear, to see, to feel and to possess,
And roam along, the world's wide denison,
With none to bless us, none that we can bless;
Minions of splendour, shrinking from distress,
None, that with kindred consciousness imbued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less.
Of all that flattered, followed, sought and snud—
This is to be alone, this, this is solitude."
E. D. June, 1853.

The last line was marked in the most feminine manner. Edward read it all over again. This had been written two years before he had ever met her. Many thoughts passed through his mind. He felt himself thinking "Poor Emma" before he knew what he was about. Where was she now? Perhaps just as friendless and lovely as Byron's fancy,

"with none to bless her." A little further on he met with another extract—a verse of Moore's:

"O grant that of all that in life's sunny slumber
Around us like summer barks idly have played,
When storms are abroad, we may find in the number,
One friend like the life-boat to fly to our aid."
August 12th, 1853.

"Poor Emma" came to his lips again. Then he read:

"Believe not each accusing tongue
As most weak persons do,
But still believe that story wrong
Which ought not to be true."
April 21th, 1854.

He fell into a long train of thought. What if he had wronged Emma! Perhaps he had been too jealous, too hasty. She came back to him, as he stood there with the old album in his hand, sweet and innocent. He could see her bending over the book and copying these extracts, as if in anticipation of her own sorrow. He saw her as she first appeared to him in the glory of beauty and hope and maiden modesty. He saw her as she was when she promised to love him, him only for ever. And then came the dark shadow. He saw her as she listened to the impassioned words of Henry Mills. As he thought of that scene he turned over the leaves impatiently. His eye fell on this couplet:

"Oh! what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive!"
Emma Dawson.

May 12th, 1854.

These words struck him like lightning. Why should she write such a passage? Was she, then, always deceitful? Had she never been true to him? Then he looked at the date. That was long before their engagement. Had she deceived others? Impossible. She was only a child or little more when those words were written. What was he thinking of? It was his mad jealousy that suggested all these absurd charges. The lines were written because they pleased the girl's fancy. Who knows but it was her innate truthfulness that prompted her to copy them into her album?

His eye rested on another extract—"Long-fellow's Psalm of Life," copiously underlined. He read it through carefully.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to live that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

He fell a-thinking of himself at these words. Was he moving farther, day by day, on the path to what is best? He had prospered. He was outwardly respected. But was his soul growing larger and purer? Was he really becoming a better man? Then he thought "oh! if only Emma —"

But at this point he was interrupted by a ring at the door-bell. He closed the escritoire and, in a moment, was in the presence of his friend, Dr. Morton.

Edward was always glad to see him. He was particularly glad to see him now, for he was beginning to be very tired of himself. But the doctor said he could not stay long—only a few minutes—as he was on his way to see a patient, a young lady. But he would be glad if Edward would accompany him, as it was, in some sort, an errand of mercy. Edward consented. It was quite usual for him to accompany his friend to the houses of the sick poor. In this way he learned a good deal of the kind of help which was most needed, and, also, of the best mode of rendering it.

After passing through several streets, they at last came to a house which Edward soon recognized as a boarding-house. The doctor desired him to wait in the sitting-room while he went to see his patient. After some time he returned and requested Edward to accompany him upstairs. Edward, knowing that his presence must be necessary, at once complied. The doctor led him into a neat little parlour. On a sofa reclined a young lady, who, though pale from illness, was very beautiful. Her face wore an expression of placid resignation, but her eyes betrayed habitual sadness.

She just raised her face for a moment as the two gentlemen entered the room, but immediately turned her eyes downward and half averted her head, while a blush suffused her countenance.

Edward looked at her with an expression of most mingled emotion. He could scarcely trust the evidence of his senses. He seemed like one in a dream. He looked, in his surprise, from the doctor to the lady, then from the lady to the doctor with almost pitiable embarrassment. But Dr. Morton gave him short space for helpless astonishment. He explained the whole position, which he had led to, by a single word—"Emma Dawson."

"Allow me," said he, "to restore to each other two old and long separated friends." Saying this, he left the room.

We will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. "O Edward!" "O Emma!" Thus the interview began. It ended well, and Dr. Morton was forgiven for his kindly treachery.

As has already been intimated, the Dawsons had come to trouble. The head of the house was almost ruined by speculations which turned out adversely. He tried to stem the

current of disaster for a time, but it, at last, wholly overwhelmed him. About two years previous he had left New York in shame and mortification, to try and repair his shattered fortunes in some smaller city. He had gone to Buffalo. His son, who was engaged as purchaser in a large establishment, was most of the time in England and on the continent of Europe. He had faced ill fortune like a man and it had done him good. He was now in a fair way of succeeding well in the world. Emma, who had for some time been supporting herself by teaching, preferred remaining in the situation which she held in New York. She was indefatigable in attending to her duties and was loved and respected by both her fellow-teachers and her pupils. She bore her sorrow well but she felt it none the less. It was indeed gradually wearing into her constitution. But she would not give up.

One day Dr. Morton met her. She had long ceased to visit at his house, and, of late, he had lost sight of her altogether. But he had not forgotten her. He gave her a lease of invitation to his home and requested her to give him her address. He saw that she was failing in health and he was determined to save her, if he could. So he frequently visited her. His first aim was to induce her to take rest—perfect rest. In this point he succeeded with some difficulty. He next set himself to work to bring an interview between her and Edward. This once accomplished, he had no fear for the result. In this also he succeeded.

It is hardly necessary to say that Emma cleared herself to Edward's satisfaction of all imputation of deceit towards him. It was a harder task to reconcile him to himself—ashamed and remorseful, as he was, for his jealous cruelty. His love, deep and enduring, was his only excuse; his future conduct, he said, would be his reparation. For a while Emma felt a delicacy, owing to her changed circumstances, in renewing her former relations with Edward, but he peremptorily forbade all allusion to that topic. He hoped Emma would accept him, cured now of jealous madness and no longer poor.

When Emma wrote to her parents in Buffalo of their renewed acquaintance and engagement, a pang of shame passed, like a sword, through Mrs. Dawson's heart. She now repented of her former injustice to Edward and of her cruelty to her daughter. And her repentance was no pretence. She is not the first mother who has staked her daughter's happiness on what she was pleased to call a "good match." She was not satisfied till she had induced her husband to write to Mr. Leslie, giving his consent and blessing to his union with Emma.

Emma joined her parents in Buffalo, but she was not to remain with them long. Edward Leslie sits no longer by a lonely fireside. He is as active, as benevolent, as practically friendly to the best progress of the human race as ever he was. And he is also a better and a happier man.

He often tells Emma of his psychological analysis of her album and she has succeeded in explaining its very simple mysteries to his entire satisfaction.

The Dawsons, her parents, have considerably recovered from their fallen estate and their reverses have cured them of unworthy pride. But they are very proud of Emma and her husband.

James Dawson is doing very satisfactorily by all accounts, which is a great comfort to his mother, who once pampered and spoiled him.

Henry Mills is a rising lawyer—not quite so rich hereditarily as was expected, but with such chances as a clever and accomplished man has who makes good use of his advantages. A year's travel cured him of his sudden, and, apart from its consequences, very excusable passion for Emma Dawson.

THE EXP.

Max Adeler is responsible for this celestial story:—There is a Mrs. Smith over in New Jersey who has engaged a coolie to do her work for her. Like all Chinamen, he uses exaggerated and preposterous terms when addressing a superior. And so, a few weeks ago, when he wished to know if he should bring the washtubs up out of the cellar, he approached Mrs. Smith and used the following formula, which he had studied up with great care: "Would the beautiful dove who broods like an angel of peace over this fair heaven of domestic felicity, cooing soft notes to her affectionate mate, desire me to conduct the wooden vessels from the sublime subterranean apartment where they are excluded from the glance of her soft eyes?" Perhaps it was his broken English, or it may have been his warmth of manner, but Mrs. Smith imagined that the wretched Mongolian outcast was making love to her; so she floored him with a broomhandle, rolled him down two pairs of stairs, and then sat on him and thumped him up a lot, while Mr. Smith held him by the legs. The coolie conceived an idea that this ceremony must be invariably incident to the removal of tubs from American cellars—that it was some kind of religious rite which has to be performed always on washing days.

ART AND LITERATURE.

Marshal Bazaine is preparing a reply to Count von Moltke's history of the recent campaign.

Vieuxtemps, the celebrated violinist, has been appointed Professor at the Ecole Royale of Music, at Brussels.

Rosa Bonheur's new painting, "Two Tigers Fighting," is said to be her masterpiece. It is numbered 71 in the list of her works. Meissonier has completed 819 pictures.

Admirers of Tennyson will be glad to know that Messrs. Strahan & Co. are about to publish a new volume of his poetry containing the concluding portion of the Arthurian legend.

It is proposed in New York to erect a statue of Dr. Livingstone by the side of those of Humboldt and Morse. The statue, if erected, will be after the one which already exists in England, executed by Mrs. Amelia Hill. The proposition is most favourably received.

The sale by auction took place on the 20th ultimo of the right of property in the literary and dramatic works of the late Alexandre Dumas, in two lots. Each has been put up at the price of 15,000fr., and an advance of 50fr. was made in both cases, and no more. Consequently, the whole was adjudicated for 30,100fr.

There are many instances of longevity in theatrical life. Wilkes lived 83 years, Quin 73, Garrick 65, Mrs. Garrick 93, Mrs. Clive 75, Beard 75, Rich 70, Macklin 107, Betterton 73, Mrs. Siddons 77, Quick 80, Colley Gibber 80, King 78, Cumberland 79, Dibdin 74, Murphy 78, Yates 97, Bannister 77, Bartley 74, Mrs. Bracegirdle 85, Braham 79, Dowton 89, Farren 85, Mrs. Glover 68, Hurler 72, Ingleton 69, Jack Johnstone 78, Keeley 75, Liston 69, Mrs. Sparkes 83, Lee Surg 85, Vining 78, H. Wallack 73, Mrs. Wallack 90.

WELL-PAID ARTISTS.—Mesdames Adolina Patti, Nilsson, Volpini, and Signor Graziani are now engaged for Russia at the rate of £1,500, £1,400, £900, and £800 per month severally. The charming Madame Lucca has concluded for the New York season at £1,400 per month, and Madame Sanz at £400. The Czar is very encouraging towards establishing a National Academy of Music, and being highly pleased with a rehearsal of "Orphée" by the pupils of the Conservatory, at once decreed to raise the subvention of the establishment by £8,000 per annum.

According to a Berlin letter addressed to the *Cologne Gazette*, the firm of Mittler & Son, entrusted with the publication of the "Staff History of the Campaign in France," is quite unable to execute the orders addressed to it. The presses are kept working night and day, but not a tenth part of the copies written for have yet been supplied. Besides the long announced English translation, a complete Italian translation is promised, and a French translation of the first volume (all that has hitherto appeared in German) is advertised for immediate publication. It is expected that the entire work will be out before the end of next year.

The *Nordische Presse* announces that there has lately been discovered at St. Petersburg the only work of sculpture by the hand of Raphael, consisting of a group in marble, representing a child reposing on a dolphin. Models in plaster and engravings of the group are well-known, but the original, the existence of which at Paris about the year 1779 is uncontestedly proved, has disappeared since then, and it is not improbable, says the *Presse*, that the group which has been found, among other objects of art bought in the time of the Empress Catherine II, to adorn the Palace of the Taurida, is really the original by the chisel of Raphael. Nevertheless, the intelligence is given under reserve.

Gigantic as Sir Walter Scott's powers were, they were of slower growth than the powers of any man eminent in literature. He did not write his "Lay" till he was thirty-four, and he was forty-three when "Waverley" was published. With very rare exceptions, poets and novelists have written their best works in the first flush of youth, and written very little at the age when Sir Walter Scott was throwing off his best novels—that is, from forty-five to sixty. Pope wrote his "Essay on Criticism" in his teens, and that essay, as Dr. Johnson said, at once placed its author in the first rank of critics and poets. Shelley wrote "Queen Mab" at eighteen, and the "Cenci" at twenty-six. All Coleridge's masterpieces were written before he was five-and-twenty. Byron was only twenty-four when he published the first canto of "Childe Harold," and he wrote "Don Juan" at thirty. Burns threw off the "Cotter's Saturday Night" at twenty-six, and "Tam O'Shanter" at thirty-two. "Pickwick" was the work of a youth still serving his apprenticeship to literature. "The School for Scandal" was the work of a man of five-and-twenty, and the first volume of Ruskin's "Modern Painters" was written at twenty-four. "Vivian Grey" was the work of a boy; and Sir Bulwer Lytton had published most of his novels long before the age at which the author of "Waverley" discovered that fiction, after all, was his forte.



YOUNG ITALY.

A YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER.

While every one is speaking of the present season as being remarkable in its characteristics, I have gathered for your readers, says a writer in the *Boston Globe*, some reliable facts of the year 1816, known as "the year without a summer." Few persons now living can recollect it, but it was the coldest ever known through Europe and America. The following is a brief abstract of the weather during each month of that year:

January was mild, so much so as to render fires almost needless in parlours. December previous was very cold.

February was not very cold; with the exception of a few days it was mild, like its predecessor.

March was cold and boisterous during the first part of it; the remainder was mild. A great freshet on the Ohio and Kentucky rivers caused great loss of property.

April began warm, but grew colder as the month advanced, and ended with snow and ice, and a temperature more like winter than spring.

May was more remarkable for frowns than smiles. Buds and fruits were frozen; ice formed half an inch thick; corn killed, and the fields again and again replanted until deemed too late.

June was the coldest ever known in this latitude. Frost, ice and snow were common. Almost every green thing killed. Fruit nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, several in Maine, three in the interior of New York, and also in Massachusetts. Considerable damage was done at New Orleans in consequence of the rapid rise of the river. The suburbs were covered with water, and the roads were only passable with boats.

July was accompanied by frost and ice. On the 5th ice was formed of the thickness of a common window glass throughout New England, New York, and some parts of Pennsylvania. Indian corn was nearly all destroyed; some favourably situated fields. This was true of some of the hill farms of Massachusetts.

August was more cheerless, if possible, than the summer months already passed. Ice was formed half an inch thick. Indian corn was so frozen that the greater was cut down and dried for fodder. Almost every green thing was destroyed, both in this country and in Europe. Papers received from England state "that it would be remembered by the present generation that the year 1816 was a year in which there was no summer." Very little corn ripened in the New England and Middle States. Farmers supplied themselves from the corn introduced in 1815 for the seed of 1817. It sold at from four to five dollars per bushel.

September furnished about two weeks of the mildest weather of the season. Soon after the middle it became very cold and frosty: ice formed a quarter of an inch thick.



GEO. M. PULLMAN.

October produced more than its share of cold weather; frost and ice in common.

November was cold and blustering. Snow fell so as to make good sleighing.

December was mild and comfortable.

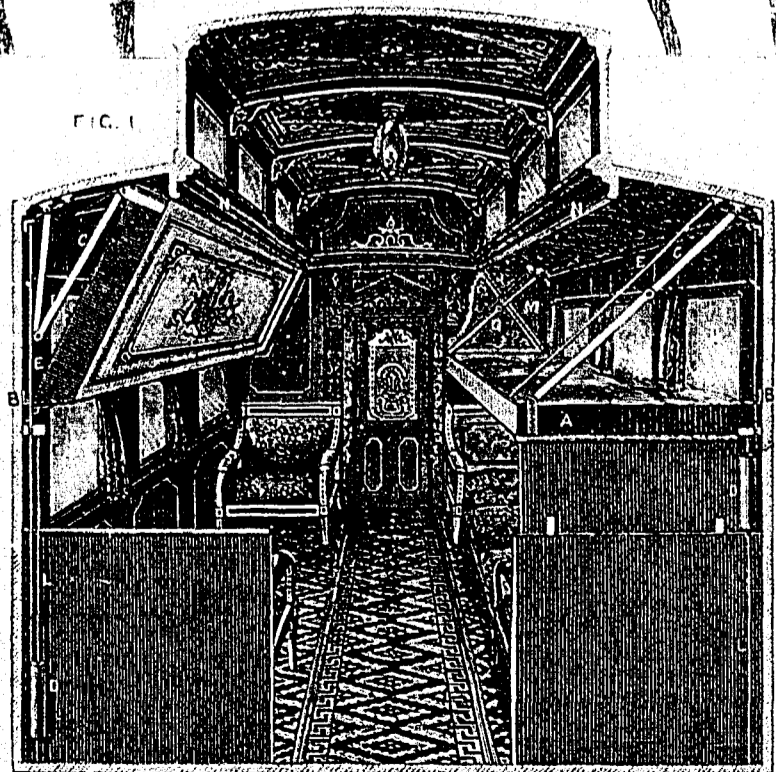
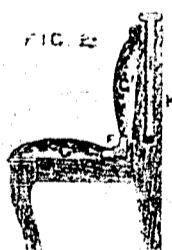
The average wholesale price of flour during that year, in the Philadelphia market, was thirteen dollars per barrel. The average price of wheat in England was ninety-three shillings per quarter.

CONVERSATION.—Of the two sexes, I should say that upon the whole and in the long run women were, *ceteris paribus*, superior to men as conversers. For even admitting (what I think is very doubtful) that they are not generally so well read, and have not so many ideas to communicate as men, their moral and intellectual constitution enables them, when in society, to make a better use of the materials they possess, and that for several reasons. First, because they are less egotistical, and also less selfish than men; consequently they have less of that *mauvaise honte*, which so often makes the

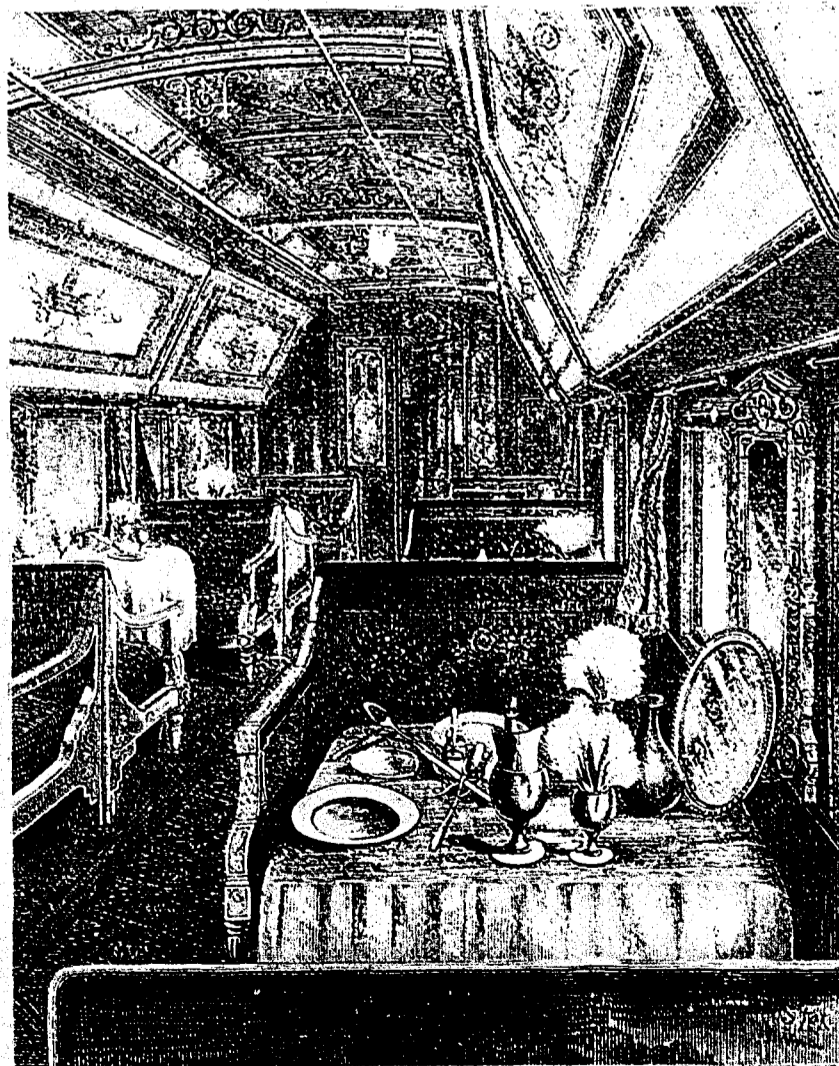
latter silent or awkward in company. For the same reason they are also less likely to be absorbed with their own ideas and opinions, and to treat slightly those of another. Then they have stronger sympathies, greater tact, and more readiness and presence of mind than men. This superiority in conversational power in women over the male sex extends itself even to the lower classes. In agricultural districts, as the clergy well know, the women are much easier to get on with than men, and appear to be much less dull, though probably the difference in this respect arises, not so much from intellectual superiority as from the causes already mentioned; and I suppose it is partly owing to these causes, that women who are believed, by some at least, to be more secretive than men, and who certainly have greater powers of concealing their feelings, are generally less reserved in conversation. We will now consider the relative merits of nations, with reference to the subject we are discussing. On the whole, we should say that the French stand first on the scale; for they possess more of the requisite qualities, with fewer drawbacks, than other nations. They are lively in spirits, witty, ready and full of tact, nor are they at all deficient in reading and observation. Moreover, though a vain they are not an egotistical or a proud people, and, therefore, are not subject to bashfulness. Indeed, they do not seem to dread anything. Now these latter qualities, which the French want, are essentially characteristic of Englishmen. And to these, in a certain degree, we owe our greatness, our superiority to them in dignity and self-respect, but they are also one cause of our inferiority in conversation. The Irish, on the other hand, who have none

of the English bashfulness, and who also have much greater readiness than we have, might stand higher as regards their conversational powers, were it not that they are, generally speaking, less highly educated, and not very intellectual in their tastes. I am speaking here of the better classes, for the peasantry in Ireland are generally more conversable than in England. The Scotch are, generally speaking, too cautious, too much afraid of committing themselves, to shine in conversation. The Germans are grave and taciturn; they think more than they speak. The Italians are rather a conversational people, they seem to have a flow of language and are born orators, but they have more languor and less intellectual cultivation than the French.—*Golden Hours*.

Mr. Henry Prince, of Montreal, has received instructions from Max Strakosch to make arrangements for a grand concert to be given early in October by the great tenor, Signor Mario, Carlotta Patti, Lucca, &c., &c., &c.



INTERIOR MECHANICAL ARRANGMENT OF THE PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR.



DINING ROOM, PULLMAN CAR, UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY.

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THE DAVENANTS.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

Author of "Hilda; or, The Merchant's Secret," "The Abbey of Rathmore," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STARTLING DISCLOSURE.

The night was fine though cold, the crescent moon had set many hours before, but the stars shone splendidly in the ebony sky. At the solicitation of Lascelles Emily rode with him, and his spirited horse took the lead in their early drive, Dr. Seymour's sleigh following with the rest of the party.

"Well, Miss Georgina, how did you enjoy the evening?" was the doctor's first observation as they drove from the hotel.

"Oh, exceedingly! It was a delightful ball!"

"You danced frequently with a very handsome partner? an old acquaintance, I understand?"

"Who—Dr. Delamare?"

"Yes; quite an Adonis, is he not?"

"He is very handsome and agreeable."

"Particularly so, people say; but I must confess he is not to my taste. He is handsome enough, I allow, but he is rather deficient in principle, I fear."

"Why do you make that assertion?" asked Georgina, anxiously.

"Simply from the fact that he holds the marriage tie too lightly. He pays more attention to young ladies than a married man is justified in doing."

What a pang of agony did these words convey to the heart of Georgina Davenant!

"Is he married?"

Her lips formed the words but her voice refused to utter them. Consciousness for a few moments forsook her, but the darkness concealed her deep emotion.

"That young officer with whom you danced the first set seems a nice person," continued the doctor, again addressing Georgina.

He received no answer. In her semi-unconscious state the words fell on her ear, conveying no perception of their meaning to her mind. She was still stunned by the shock the announcement of Delamare's marriage gave her. The news was so unexpected, so overwhelming.

"She is falling asleep, fatigued after so much dancing," remarked Mrs. Seymour, innocently.

Her husband thought otherwise, but he did not again address Georgina. He left her to her own reflections, believing they were not of the most agreeable nature. They rode on for some time in silence, the doctor admiring the starry heavens. The western sky blazed with the light of brilliant constellations nearing the horizon, while in the east were seen ascending "Arcturus with his sons," and the bright Northern Crown.

"What a sublime study is astronomy!" observed Dr. Seymour. "I do not wonder that the Ancients worshipped the celestial orbs. It was a very sensible system of idolatry, and if I had lived in those days I would have been a devout worshipper too. Just look at Sirius, Hermine, glowing with such resplendent light near the western horizon."

"I took that for the Morning Star," said Mrs. Seymour, in sleepy tones, roused from a little nap by her husband's voice.

"Now, Hermine, how could you make such a blunder after all my lessons in astronomy? One must be as stupid as an owl to mistake any of the heavenly orbs for the bright refulgent Dog-Star which shines with unrivalled splendour; besides it scintillates and Venus shines with a steady light."

"It is no use trying to teach me astronomy, Octave, especially now, when I feel so sleepy. All the stars look alike to me. I wonder how you can distinguish one from the other."

"It is quite easy, my dear, if you pay a little attention. Now look to the Zenith, Hermine, and"—

"Where is the Zenith?" asked Hermine, ignorantly.

"Just over your head, there you will see the majestic Leo and the Greater Bear walking in radiant pomp."

"Something is wrong ahead, sir!"

This interruption came from the coachman breaking in suddenly upon the doctor's lecture on astronomy.

"What is the matter?" he asked, jumping up quickly in the sleigh. "Who are those figures on the road before us, Tom?"

"It's Mr. Lascelles and Miss Davenant, sir. I think they have been upset, and that dark object far ahead is the horse running off with the sleigh."

"By George you are right! I see how it is," laughed the doctor. Then lowering his voice he added, addressing Mrs. Seymour, "Eugene, taking advantage of the *tête-à-tête* and emboldened by the shades of night, has been pouring soft speeches into Emily's ear, and

not minding how he was driving, has managed to upset the sleigh and precipitate both himself and her into that snow-drift on the road-side. Drive on faster, Tom! we'll pretend not to recognise them."

Tom, enjoying his master's joke, whipped his horses, and the spirited animals dashed onward.

"Stop, uncle! stop, for heaven's sake! do not leave us on the road," shouted Lascelles.

"Halloo! is it you?" asked the doctor with feigned surprise. "What has happened?"

"Only an upset," was the reply.

"No bones broken, I hope; nothing for me to do, eh?"

"Nothing, unless Miss Davenant should take cold after her exposure to the freezing atmosphere."

"To say nothing of her plunge into a snow-drift," laughed the doctor. "Jump in quickly, Emily. Here, Eugene, wrap the robes carefully about her on that side. My dear, you are half frozen, shivering with the cold! I really shall not trust you another time to his careless driving. What could he have been thinking of? Was he star-gazing?"

A negative, pronounced with some embarrassment, was the answer.

"What then?"

"Conversing with her, of course," broke in Mrs. Seymour. "You didn't expect him to sit silent and mind nothing but the driving?"

"Take my advice, Eugene, and don't select a *tête-à-tête* drive on a cold frosty morning as the best time to introduce such very engrossing topics. You see the result," remarked Dr. Seymour, slyly.

"We are nearing your chateau, Eugene," resumed his aunt, "that house we now passed is within a quarter of a mile of it. Will your servants expect us?"

"Yes, I said it was likely you would return with me. I knew you could not be comfortable at St. John's—the hotels are so full."

Shortly afterwards they came in sight of Eugene's residence. It was an old French dwelling rather imposing in appearance, sheltered by a grove of firs now in their wintry garb. Lights gleamed from some of the windows, and as the merry sleigh-bells announced their approach some domestics were waiting to receive them at the hall door. A table was spread with refreshments in the comfortable dining-room, of which no one partook save Dr. Seymour, who declared the keen frosty air had made him ravenous. The ladies immediately retired to the apartments prepared for them.

The sisters did not share the same room, much to the relief of Georgina, who in her present state of mind desired nothing so much as to be alone. She had not spoken a word to any one since that terrible disclosure of Dr. Seymour's. She felt like one in a dream, stunned, bewildered. Had she mistaken the import of the doctor's words? could she have heard him aright! These questions she asked herself repeatedly. Slowly the conviction that she had not misunderstood him forced itself upon her mind. Stony and motionless as death itself she sat for hours, her head resting on her clasped hands; no tear, no sob relieved the agony of her spirit. The gray dawn of a wintry morning stole into the room mingled with the unextinguished lamp-light, and yet she moved not. The vivid sunshine as the bright orb of day rose o'er the snowy landscape without, lighted up the apartment, gleaming on the golden curls of the bowed head, and still the unhappy girl remained motionless buried in despair. At length from the stupor of grief and the exhaustion of mind and body, she fell into an unrefreshing slumber, from which she was soon aroused by the voice of Emily outside her door.

"The breakfast bell has rung, Georgina; hurry and come down; don't keep Mrs. Seymour waiting. It is very late."

Rousing herself with an effort she cast a bewildered look around; she did not at first realize her situation, but the agony of the preceding hours was waiting in ambush for her, and soon it rolled in upon her mind with overwhelming power, forcing from her crushed heart a cry of anguish. Oh, the intense bitterness of that first awaking after some great sorrow! However, there was no time now to indulge her feelings. She must prepare to join the family circle. Pride, that potent feeling of her nature, forbade that she should in any way reveal her love for Delamare. She was still in her ball costume. In her great distress of mind she had not thought of changing it on retiring to her apartment, but had flung herself wildly into a chair to indulge the passionate grief she had suppressed in the presence of others. As she stood before the glass making a hasty toilet she was shocked at the haggard face it presented to her view. The storm of bitter disappointment and despair which had swept over her had stamped its ravages on every feature. She feared it would betray her heart's secret. She dreaded to meet Dr. Seymour's penetrating eye. With more than her usual care she arranged her hair and dress, then with a stern determination to crush down sorrow, to conceal her sufferings, she descended to the breakfast room, her face pale indeed yet wreathed with smiles—smiles in which there was no sunshine, glittering they were and cold as the moonbeams.

"Late hours don't agree with you, Miss Georgina," was Dr. Seymour's remark as she took her seat at the breakfast table. "You are unusually pale this morning," and he looked keenly at her.

"I shall be better after a good night's rest," she answered quietly; then turning to Mrs. Seymour she began to converse with affected animation about the ball, expressing the pleasure it had afforded her.

"Delamare is a capital dancer, and you honoured him pretty often with your hand," remarked Lascelles, with a light laugh. "It was well Mrs. Delamare was not at the ball, she might have felt jealous."

"Why was she not at the ball?" asked Georgina curiously.

"Oh she is too great an invalid! She never attends such amusements. Poor thing, I don't think she will live long," rejoined Eugene in pitying accents.

How these words thrilled with sudden hope the crushed heart of Georgina Davenant! Suddenly there gleamed a ray of light across the gloom of her despair. Delamare's wife was ill! she might die! How she blessed Eugene Lascelles for these words of consolation! With the sudden hope came the wish for such an event. How stealthily does sin creep into the heart; how carefully ought we subdue its incipient motions. But the longing for another's death Georgina did not subdue. She did not set her foot on the temptation as it crept towards her. She felt that without such a hope life would be a dreary aimless existence; that hope now was like a rainbow spanning the dark storm-cloud which had burst upon her.

Her love for Delamare was idolatry. She had given him all the love of her passionate nature before she knew of the tie that bound him to another. In the first outbreak of agony at the discovery of his marriage she clutched the happiness which the hope of his wife's death imparted, although it was at the expense of conscience. But the voice of that faithful monitor would not be silenced in the heart of the wretched Georgina. Again and again it knocked loudly at the portal she tried to bar against it. It reminded her that to wish for another's death was murder in the sight of heaven, and that to cherish any longer her love for Delamare was a sin. And through the storm which passion was sweeping over her soul principle strove to make itself heard. It bade her remember the unprincipled deception Delamare had practised in concealing his marriage; but in extenuation of this her fond heart pleaded his passionate devotion to herself, and although the glaring impropriety of his conduct in winning her affections could not be concealed, yet her self-love tried to throw a veil over such utter want of principle.

Week after week passed, and still passion waged its fierce contest with principle in the heart of Georgina Davenant. Feebly she struggled to forget, feebly she tried to crush down the passionate yearning for the love she knew was hers, but which she must cast from her. She did not again meet Dr. Delamare, although she never went into society without cherishing the hope of another meeting with him. Did he shun that wish-to-for interview because he feared to hear her passionate reproaches now when the discovery of his marriage must have been made, or was the state of his wife's health such as to confine him to his miserable home? How that thought soothed the bitterness of her grief as with it came the hope that the hand of death would ere long sever the tie that bound him to Louise, for the sinful wish for his wife's death would not be subdued in the girl's heart, so sorely tempted, so incapable of resistance in her own weak womanly nature, unsustained by religious principle.

CHAPTER IX.

MADAME ST. HILAIRE.

Dr. Seymour's conjecture that Lascelles had taken advantage of the *tête-à-tête* drive with Emily to introduce the subject most interesting to him, was correct. Emboldened by the unusual friendliness of her manner he had poured forth his tale of love, make her an offer of his hand. It was at this critical moment that the upset occurred, caused by his intense nervous excitement. This unceremonious breaking up of their conversation, the result of their sudden plunge into a snow-drift, was a great relief to Emily, who, although she had lately schooled herself to think of a union with Lascelles, still hesitated to pronounce the words that must determine her fate. Like Georgina, she slept little during the time she spent in her apartment. She knew that next day Eugene would require an answer, and the hours were passed in earnest self-communion. She felt that her love for Walter Avenell was stronger than death itself. Was she then justified in accepting the hand of Lascelles? Would he be content without that warmth of affection it was not in her power to bestow? Finally she came to the conclusion to reject this offer of marriage, but then came the remembrance of her father's declining health, and their poverty when that should fail. Filial self-devotion urged her to accept the hand of Lascelles, and to lift her family above the

desolating flood which poverty was again preparing to roll towards them, and this worldly consideration at length prevailed. She would become the wife of Eugene Lascelles, but she would not conceal from him her former engagement. She would confess that she never could feel another such attachment. If he could be satisfied with friendship and esteem she would accept his hand, but that was all in her power to bestow. And with this poor substitute for the depths of love of which a woman's heart is capable, Lascelles professed himself satisfied, cherishing the hope that a warmer sentiment would follow their marriage. He had no living rival, and therefore every reason to hope that the memory of the past would fade from her mind, and that with new ties would come a newly awakened interest in life. How easily we persuade ourselves that what we earnestly wish is possible! Our bitterest disappointments often arise from this self-deception, this buoying ourselves up with false hopes.

Not long after the ball at St. John's, the Montreal papers announced the marriage of Eugene Lascelles and Emily Davenant. The wedding was a quiet affair, and before the expiration of the honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles left Canada for the Southern States, accompanied by Mr. Davenant, whose fast-failing health made a residence in a warmer climate absolutely necessary. Clara had accompanied the little party, but Georgina remained in Montreal with Dr. and Mrs. Seymour. Her residence with them, however, was not long. Mrs. Seymour, in her motherly care of Georgina, found fault with her frequent rejection of matrimonial offers, an interference which the haughty girl resented. The consequences were her leaving the protection of her kind friends and becoming governess in a French Canadian family living near Soré.

The children whom it was her duty to instruct in English and various accomplishments were rude, stupid, and unmanageable. At the expiration of her engagement Georgina resigned her unpleasant situation and advertised for another. She was so fortunate as to obtain one where the duties would not be so arduous, as there was only one pupil to educate, and where the salary offered was liberal.

Her new home was situated on the Richelieu, near St. Charles. As she ascended the romantic river in a steam-boat from Soré, her thoughts dwelt upon the possibility of again meeting Delamare. She did not, however, anticipate the dangerous happiness that was before her, if she had, she might have paused before venturing to enjoy it. It was late at night before Georgina reached the chateau, as her new residence was called. She was received with much courtesy by the mistress, Madame St. Hilaire. Fatigued with her journey, she soon retired to her apartment, where, leaving her to wander in the land of dreams, I shall relate some particulars relative to the family in whose house she is at present domiciled.

Madame St. Hilaire was a native of La Belle France. The first years of her married life had been spent at the court of the Empress Josephine. Suddenly, however, she was removed from the gayeties of the Parisian capital, and obliged to accompany her husband to his home in Canada. An unpretentious one it was compared with that to which she had been accustomed, and yet it had an imposing appearance in that Canadian wilderness, where it had been rather recently erected. It was a brick chateau, with high roof, tall chimneys, and numerous windows, flanked at either end with a round turret—built as near as possible to the model of the old baronial residence which Monsieur St. Hilaire's ancestors possessed in France. A blooming flower garden slipped from the front entrance down to the low parapet overlooking the Richelieu. In the background was the primeval forest, while in the distance towered the bold summits of Belœil, Ste. Therese, and Rouville. Many years younger than her husband, Madame St. Hilaire, beautiful and fond of society, drooped like some fragrant exotic on being transplanted from the gayeties of the French court to this Canadian wild. Rumour whispered that there was a secret sorrow devouring the happiness of the young wife. That it was not the loss of fashionable amusements that was preying on her spirits, but an unhappy attachment to an officer in the French army and her separation from home. This report was confirmed when, some time after her arrival in Canada, a stranger of noble appearance was seen to visit at the chateau during the temporary absence of Monsieur St. Hilaire in Quebec, attending his parliamentary duties in the House of Assembly. Suddenly he returned to his home to find there, almost domesticated, the man whom he knew possessed the affections of his wife, who used the claim of kindred as an excuse for following her to Canada. Not long after, the handsome stranger's visits ceased, and it was thought in the neighbourhood that he had returned to his own country, but he was never again seen in the ranks of Buonaparte's conquering army. His fate was a mystery, but like many other unaccountable occurrences, it faded from the public mind.

About three years afterwards, Monsieur St. Hilaire died suddenly, by his own hand it was whispered, and Madame was left a widow with

two children and the possessor of ample means. As she was still young and attractive, it was supposed she would return to France to enjoy once more the pleasures of fashionable life, but the time for such enjoyment with her was past. Dark shadows had gathered round her heart, and a deepening gloom had fallen like a pall upon her spirits. Scarcely three years had elapsed since she had shone at the French court one of its brightest meteors, but the sufferings of that short period had dimmed her beauty, leaving the marks of years on her features. This suffering was of no common nature, for the seed of remorse had taken root in her soul, but to no human ear did she breathe her anguish. Strange stories got abroad. It was said that in one room, situated in the east turret, she spent much of her time, and that no one save herself was ever permitted to enter it.

Years rolled on. Her two children grew up to girlhood. The seclusion in which they lived, and the gloomy austerity of their mother, told severely on their happiness. The eldest, Louise, a sweet tempered, gentle girl, bore meekly the evils of her home, but her sister, Hortense, was of a different character. Gay and fond of pleasure, she grew weary of being shut in from the world with her morose parent, breathing an atmosphere of gloom and restraint, and debarred from innocent enjoyments.

One morning she was missing from her seat at the breakfast-table. The foolish young girl had determined to go out into the world and pluck for herself the fragrant flowers she felt persuaded were growing along its pathways. Five years elapsed before Hortense returned to the gloomy home of her childhood. She had left it strong in health, buoyant in spirit, and full of glittering hope. She returned bowed down with disappointment and sinking into an early grave. Her tale was a sad one, but there are many such painful experiences of life. Youth needs to be early taught that its halcyon fancies are vain and that it must gird itself with patience for the life-battle. During her five years' absence from the chateau, Hortense had tasted little of the pleasures of the world, and for the last twelve months only had enjoyed the happiness of married life. Sudden death had carried off the husband of her choice and left her at the early age of twenty a widow with one child totally unprovided for, and from failing health unable to help herself. And now came the incessant yearning to return to the home she had forsaken. There she and her infant would not feel the ills of poverty, and how light seemed all other evils now in comparison with them! The fear that her mother would not receive her haunted her mind, and full of torturing anxiety she awaited her answer to the latter sent humbly begging permission to return home to die. Her daughter's flight had taught Madame St. Hilaire a useful lesson, had made her feel that the severity and coldness of her manner and the unnecessary restraint she had imposed upon her children were calculated to produce the worst results. She was therefore prepared to receive the repentant wanderer with much love, for often had her heart yearned towards this absent one. Hortense lived some years after her return home, her failing health restored by careful nursing and medical treatment, but the seed of consumption was sown in her constitution by a severe cold caught during her confinement, and death at length claimed the young mother for his own. Her child, the little Stephanie, became the idol of her grandmother, and the love which ought to have been lavished on her own children was poured out at this cherub shrine. Much of Madame St. Hilaire's gloomy melancholy vanished from the time of Hortense's return, and the asperities of her temper were in some degree softened beneath the influence which her grandchild exercised over her mind. Time passed and brought its changes. Louise St. Hilaire became the wife of Dr. Delamare, her mother not daring to oppose this union, because her daughter's happiness depended on it, although she feared her handsome son-in-law was not calculated to make her happy. Stephanie grew up the spoiled pet of the household, and it was for her that Georgina Davenant was engaged as governess at the chateau.

CHAPTER X. STEPHANIE.

It was late the morning after her arrival when Georgina awoke. She might have slept longer, but the loud ringing of a bell outside her chamber door roused her from her slumbers. A suppressed laugh was then heard and the sound of retreating footsteps. Then a door opened and a gentle voice spoke in French in expostulatory tones.

"It's time for her to get up! We have done breakfast these two hours and I want to see her!" was uttered in loud, bold accents in the same language.

Again the bell was rung not very gently. "It is that hopeful pupil of mine, I suppose," said Georgina, as she sprung out of bed, and hastily commenced the business of the toilet. "This beginning does not look very promising, I fear she will give me considerable trouble."

As soon as she was dressed she opened the door of her apartment and came suddenly face to face with a little girl who had evidently been peeping through the keyhole. She was about twelve years old, short of her age, with a figure too much inclining to embonpoint to be light or graceful in its movements. Her face was round and full and the features irregular, the nose very retroussé, yet a bright colour and fine black eyes with a merry good-natured expression made her countenance pleasing. She started back abashed on suddenly encountering Georgina, but she soon recovered her self-possession.

"Soyez la bienvenue, mademoiselle. Je suis charmée de vous voir ici," she said, with rapid pronunciation and an awkward movement intended for a courtesy.

"I do not speak French," observed Georgina.

"Se peut-il? quel dommage! cela est désagréable!"

"But you can speak English?" said the governess, smiling at the grimaces of the child.

"Pas très-bien!" she answered with a shrug of her fat shoulders. "I speak de English imparfaitement."

"I shall teach you to speak it well, if you will try to learn."

"C'est bon! Je commencerai les leçons demain. But I forget—vous ne m'entendez pas."

"You must try and not forget," urged Georgina.

"I will try, mademoiselle, mais c'est très-difficile. Now, you want de déjeuner. Permettez moi to lead you to the salle à manger."

"What a hopeful task to teach this French child," said the governess, wearily, as she followed her young companion down the dark oak staircase, their steps echoing in the silence pervading this gloomy dwelling. Crossing the hall below they entered an antiquely furnished apartment where, on a table, was placed a tray of massive silver containing a breakfast set of exquisite old china. An ivory time-piece struck ten as they seated themselves at the breakfast table.

"Mademoiselle does not rise de bonne heure," observed Stephanie, with an arch gleam in her black eyes. "If you sleep toujours jusqu'à dix heures—ah, par exemple, I speak de French too much. But if you sleep so late tous les jours, dere will be little time for study before mid."

"I shall never be able to get on with this child," thought Georgina. "If she only had a little of the *raisonnée* bon sens natural to children."

Stephanie seemed to read her thoughts from the expression of her countenance.

"You think me one little girl très-mauvaise. You say she will give me beaucoup de peine; but I will not. Je vous assure I love you infiniment. Faisse les belles dames, and you are beautiful comme un ange. Grandmère say I might have holiday and not learn leçons jusqu'à demain, c'est pourquoi, let us begood friend aujourd'hui and don't put on de cross face à présent."

Georgina laughed at this strange mixture of both languages.—Whenever Stephanie was at a loss for an English word to express her meaning she substituted one in her native tongue.—She felt that the only way to govern this strange child was by the influence of kindness, and seeing that she had taken a fancy to herself, she determined to improve this advantage.

"I hope I shall never have cause to put on a cross face," she said kindly. "You will be very good, I am sure, but you have not yet told me your name. What must I call you?"

"Stephanie. Je me nomme Stephanie de Clair."

"Are you named after your mamma?"

"No, after grandmère."

"And your mamma is dead, I believe?"

"Ah, oui! ou plutôt maman! and a sad look passed over the child's joyous face. She was très-jolie. Venez! I will make you see maman. And with her usual *empressment* she led the way into an adjoining room hung round with family portraits.

(To be continued.)

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CAUTION.—BEWARE OF P RACY AND IMITATIONS. Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated that Dr. J. Collis Browne was, undoubtedly, the inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See Times, 13th July, 1864. Sold in Bottles at 1s, 1d., 2s, 3d., 4s, 6d., and 1s. each. None is genuine without the words "DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle. SOLE MANUFACTURER:—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON. 6-12 11

VARIETIES.

A disconsolate Hoosier explains that he has just lost his wife "by death." It was important, says the New York Express, to state particularly that the grim destroyer death had a hand in the job, as there are so many ways now by which a man may lose his wife.

Tying a line on the end of which is a fish hook, to a large rocket, hitching the hook to a man's hat and then getting him to fire off the rocket, is the latest form of practical joking in Troy. It works to the intense astonishment of the victim and the intense amusement of the jokers.

Old Judge W., of —, in the Old Dominion, is a character. He was a lawyer, legislator, judge and leading politician among the old time Whigs of blessed memory; but, alas! like them, his glory departed, and, like many others of his confreres, has gone 'where the woodbine twineth.' 'Notwithstanding the loss of property, and the too free use of apple-jack,' he maintained the dignity of ex-judge, dressed neatly, carried a gold-headed cane, and when he had taken more than his usual allowance of the favourite beverage, he was very pious at such times, always attending church, and sitting near the stand as erectly as circumstances would admit, and responding fervently.

On one occasion a Baptist brother was holding forth with energy and unction on the evils of the times, and in one of his flights exclaimed:

"Show me a drunkard!" The judge arose to his feet, and unsteadily balancing himself on his cane, said solemnly: "Here I am, sir, here I am!"

The elder, though a good deal nonplussed by the unexpected response, managed to go on with his discourse, and soon warming up to his work, again called out:

"Show me a hypocrite! Show me a hypocrite!"

Judge W. again rose, and reached forward across a seat which intervened, touched Deacon D. on the shoulder with his cane, and said: "Deacon D., why don't you respond, sir? Why don't you respond? I did when they called me!"

Squire Johnson was a model lawyer, as the following anecdote will show:

Jones once rushed into the Squire's office in a great passion, and said:

"That infernal scoundrel of a cobbler, Smith, has sued me for five dollars I owe him for a pair of boots."

"Then you owe him five dollars?"

"To be sure I do, but he's gone and sued me—sued me!"

"Then why don't you pay him, if you owe him?"

"Because he's sued me, and when a man does that I'll never pay till it costs him more than he gets. I want you to make it cost him all you can."

"But it will cost you something, too."

"I don't care for that. What do you charge to begin with?"

"Ten dollars, and more if there's much extra trouble."

"All right! There's the X. Now go ahead."

No sooner was his client gone than Squire Johnson stepped across to his neighbour Smith, and offered to pay the bill on condition that the suit should be withdrawn. The shoemaker gladly acceded—all he wanted was his pay. The lawyer retained the other five for his fee, and as the case was not troublesome he made no demand upon his client.

Ten days after Jones came to see how his case was getting on.

"All right," said the lawyer; "you won't have any trouble about that. I put it to Smith so strongly that he was glad to withdraw the suit altogether."

"Capital!" cried the exulting Jones.

"You've done it up brown! You shall have all my business hereafter."

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The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender. By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 12th Sept., 1872. 6-12 11

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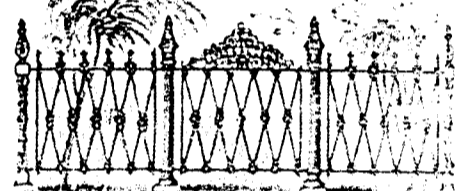
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