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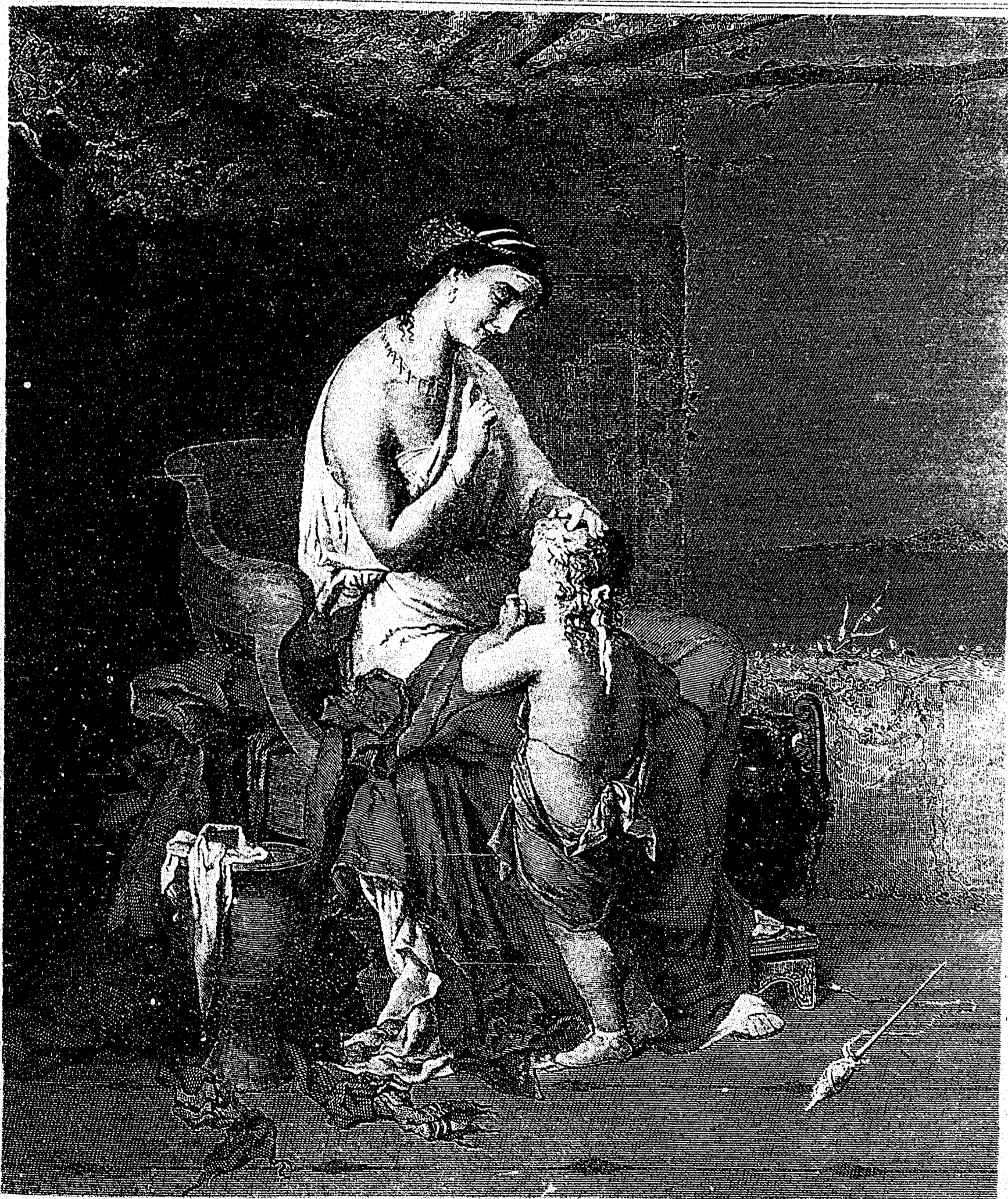
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THE REPROOF.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 93.—THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. IRVINE.

A distinguished Canadian, full of years and honours, has passed away. John George Irvine, for many years principal aide-de-camp to the Governor General, died at Quebec, on Tuesday, the 31st Oct., in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He had of late years been subjected to severe attacks of paralysis, and though his strength rallied to an extent that almost surprised his friends, yet they were warned that his time might not be much longer in this world. Col. Irvine was the son of the Hon. James Irvine, a gentleman who for many years occupied a seat in the Legislative Council, and was one of the leading merchants of Quebec. The Colonel was born in Quebec, in December, 1802, and, when at a suitable age, was sent to Edinburgh to complete his education at the University in that city. He subsequently received a commission in the 31st Regiment, but did not long continue in the regular service. In the troublous times of '37-'38 Mr. Irvine was active in the support of the Crown, having raised a company of Volunteers at the first sign of outbreak. In 1838 he raised a regiment one thousand strong for service in Canada, which remained on duty for two years, when it was disbanded. For all these military services Col. Irvine was highly complimented by his superiors. In 1837 he served as extra aide-de-camp to the Earl of Gosford, then Governor General, and in 1840, on the disbandment of his regiment, was appointed Quarter-Master General of Militia. From time to time up to the hour of his death, Colonel Irvine has filled the respective offices of extra Provincial and principal aide-de-camp to the successive Governors General, or Administrators of Government, in Canada. The genial amiability of his nature, the courtly gentleness of his manner, added to his practical knowledge of military affairs, made him peculiarly fitted for the discharge of the delicate duties connected with his office, and perhaps no man in Canada was more admired and respected, certainly very few more generally known. One of the late Col. Irvine's most pleasing services was his acting, by special appointment, as Adjutant-General of Militia in attendance on H. R. H. the Prince of Wales during his visit to Canada in 1860. For his efficient conduct on that occasion he received the thanks of His Royal Highness as well as of the Governor-General. Mr Fennings Taylor in his "Sketches" says of Colonel Irvine:—"Being brought into contact with the different noblemen and gentlemen who have successively governed or administered the Government of Canada, the subject of our sketch has, we believe, had the great good fortune to be appreciated and trusted by them all. In truth, it could scarcely be otherwise, for the Colonel appears to combine in his person qualities that do not always meet in the same character. He is a cheerful and a genial man, and yet a discreet and a guarded one. He is fond of society, delights in its innocent amusements, and enjoys with a pure relish the charms of social intercourse, and yet it is to be observed that he is as prudent as he is popular. People will learn nothing from him which he ought not to communicate. The ties of honour and confidence, by which he is bound to all Governors and to all Governments, are held to be inviolable, and they are therefore always guarded with religious aspect." This estimate of the deceased gentleman's character is not overdrawn, and the fact of his qualities and conduct being such explains his uninterrupted popularity. Colonel Irvine leaves a large family all in good positions, one of them being the Hon. Solicitor-General for Quebec, another at present commanding the Volunteers at Fort Garry, and the third Assistant Controller in H. M. service.

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Oct. 28, 1871.

LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND—A DAY'S RAMBLE.

When the brain and nerves are suffering from an unduly prolonged mental strain, the best remedy is a walk of fifteen or twenty miles. This restorative acts as a counter-irritant, and by withdrawing the nervous irritation from the brain, it directs it to the muscular system, where it is safely and healthily expended. The result is relief and rest for the brain, and renewed mental vigour. Having felt lately a touch of that mental lassitude that springs from a tension of the mental faculties continued too long without due intervals of rest, I resolved to adopt the above prescription, and devote a day to pedestrian exercise. Knowing from experience the benefit of having an object in view, when entering on an excursion, I decided on paying a visit to a little fishing village a short distance from St. John's, where I had never been previously. A brief account of this walk may interest the readers of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, as furnishing a glimpse of life as it goes on in this out-lying portion of creation.

THE ROAD TO BLACKHEAD.

The village to which I directed my footsteps is named Blackhead, and lies a few miles south of St. John's harbour. The road to it runs over a bleak range of hills that stretches along the coast, winding along the shoulders, through the gorges and over the lower summits of these hills, till it emerges at a small indentation of the coast which affords a slight shelter for fishing boats. Here, amid the clefts of the

rock, a few fishermen have built their huts along the summit of a low cliff at whose base the swell of the mighty Atlantic is making perpetual music. On leaving St. John's, the road strikes at once up the steep declivity of the South Side Hill. It is a rough, narrow mountain road, but sufficiently well made for present purposes. On pausing to take breath, when half way to the summit, the traveller enjoys a fine view of the city of St. John's, from end to end, stretching along the northern side of the splendid, land-locked harbour. In a bright day, and at a distance, the city looks remarkably well, with its forest of masts, its busy wharves, lofty fish and oil stores, its sombre wooden houses, its church spires rising above their roofs, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, on its commanding site, overlooking the whole, and standing out most conspicuously.

AUTUMN WOODS.

A sudden turn of the road now completely shuts out the view of the city; and the traveller finds himself in a little gorge between two hills, piles of red sandstone rising precipitously on the right, in wild, fantastic shapes, and a rounded summit, covered with stunted firs, mountain ash and birch trees on the left. The red sandstone is older by many ages than Hugh Miller's Old Red Sandstone, being one of the strata of the Cambrian or Huronian formation which is developed throughout the whole southern portion of the island. The gorgeous colouring of the foliage of the trees at this season (October 20th) at once arrests attention and refreshes and charms the eye. Very touching and suggestive it is to note how, just before the chilling blasts of November come, to wither the leaves and mingle them with the dust, nature, for a few brief days, glorifies them with a splendour and beauty such as they could not boast of in the bloom of summer. What variety and depth of colouring—what harmonies and contrasts, far beyond the painter's art—what warmth and richness in some of the tints! Does it not remind one of that "brightening before death" of which we meet so many instances, glorifying the approaching decay of the tomb with fore-gleams of immortality? A coming resurrection, a glorious spring-time are heralded by both. The short-lived beauty of the dying foliage is very sweet. Even the humble shrub on which the huckle-berries grow has now a strange beauty of its own, being clad in deepest crimson. On my walk, I note whole acres of these crimson-covered shrubs surrounding the grim rocks with loveliness, as the sunbeams light up the little valleys and the sides of the hills. Then, the leaves of the birch have assumed an orange tint which contrasts beautifully with the dark green of the firs with which they are intermingled. The mountain-ash has put on a soberer yellow hue, and the ferns stand in russet brown. The poplar has donned crimson robes, and the beech still retains its glossy green which renders the former more effective. The colours, too, come out in large masses, not in individual detached leaves, so that everything tawdry or little in its effect is prevented. With the sun shining on them, the effect is even grand. Indeed sunlight is like the breath of life to the pomp of autumn—wanting it, there is little splendour—with it, the effect is wonderful beyond description. It is like varnish bringing out the hidden veins in a piece of rich wood. When the passing cloud intercepts the sunbeams, I observe that the landscape, even with all the bright colouring, is dull; but when the cloud passes away, and the sun shines out, the whole scene becomes a bright picture, glad and cheerful. At an elevated spot, on the little road winding among the hills, I took my stand for a few minutes, and enjoyed the view of the breadth of wood, as far as the eye could reach, watching the effect of the passing clouds, now darkening the tints and now causing them to flash out in the full light of the sun. The sombre green of the firs seemed to furnish the shadows of the picture and to act as a foil to the brightness. Close to the ground, in spots, are the red patches of huckle-berry bushes, little islands amid the landscape, or, here and there, encircling a huge gray boulder with their scarlet glories. Instead of being lost in the universal emerald of summer, each tree now stands out in its individuality, and has its own peculiar colour. And yet, though the variety of shades is endless—yellow, purple, brown, scarlet, glowing crimson, orange and yellow—there is still a oneness of effect. Nature scatters the hues with careless hand, but there are no abrupt contrasts—nothing to shock or disturb. According to the progress each tree has made towards decay so are the varieties of colouring. Out of scantiest materials all the wonderful effects are produced. As we gaze, however, we are conscious of a feeling of sadness. All this glory indicates decay, and prophecies the near approach of winter with its icy chains. As yet, the early frosts have not come; but in a few more days the woods will have a soberer hue, as winter begins to breathe on them. The shrubs will be stripped of their scarlet glories; the leaves will become russet-brown, or assume a sombre, frost-bitten hue; and the glories of autumn will vanish "like the bubble on the fountain," when the surly blasts of November sweep over the landscape:—

"Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad:
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad!

"Ah! 'twere a lot too blessed
For ever in thy coloured shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye;

"And leave the vain, low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
And waste its little hour."

BRYANT.

A HOWLING WILDERNESS.

At the end of the second mile along this mountain track, the scene changes. The scanty woods are left behind; scarcely a particle of vegetation is visible; the whole surface of the ground is packed with boulders, so closely that not a shrub has been able to take root. Some tufts of wild grasses manage to struggle into sunlight, in spots where a little streamlet trickles among the rocks; and where a boulder has been split by the frosts, and a little soil has formed in the cleft, some humble bramble has rooted itself and stands up, a solitary witness of the supremacy of life over death. But the whole scene is one of grim desolation, like the bottom of some prime-

val ocean suddenly left dry. The closeness with which the boulders are packed resembles the work of human hands. Some of them are of immense size, and are perched on hill-summits on a knife-edge. Many are conglomerates, showing the water-worn pebbles of ancient sea-beaches, of which their mass is mainly composed. Whence came these myriads of rock-fragments, most of them unlike the neighbouring rock-formations? The region must once have been the bottom of an ancient ocean, over which, during the glacial period perhaps, icebergs and ice-floes ploughed their way, and into whose waters the glaciers extended widely their crystal walls. From mountain chains no longer in existence, these gigantic navvies rent off the rock-masses, and strewed them over the ocean's bed, which, in the course of ages, rose above the surface, and now forms the hilly range through which I am wandering. Venerable fragments are these of a world that has vanished—of some pre-Laurentian realms, whose dust now strews the floor of the Atlantic. These dark, weather-beaten boulders, what a tale they could unfold of the illimitable past—of the changes and convulsions that occurred half a million years ago! Rightly looked at, they too are beautiful, no less than the gaily-tinted leaves. Hoary monuments—wrecks of vanished creations—fragments of primeval worlds that have been quarried by the glacier, and clasped in the embrace of the iceberg, and slept for hundreds of centuries at the bottoms of sea, and been again and again raised to the upper air to be once more submerged, and now in these latter days destined to visit once again "the glimpses of the moon,"—ye, too, are venerable and beautiful!

A LONELY DEATH-BED.

Another mile through this stony wilderness is passed, and I come to a little wooden cross by the wayside. It marks the spot where, a few years ago, the body of a hapless traveller, who perished in a snow-storm, was found. It is a lonely, desolate place—an awful death-bed, with the savage winds shrieking among the summits, and hurling the blinding snow-drifts on their wings of gloom, and chilling and freezing the current of life. We picture the poor traveller staggering on through the snow-storm, thinking of the blazing hearth in the home that is to see him no more,—of the anxious hearts that are beating for him far away. Hope and love animate him for one more struggle, but in vain. He feels the fierce blasts freezing his life's blood, and the stupor of death seizing on him. He stumbles and falls, and, with a cry for mercy, he sinks into the chill embrace of death, and lies stiff and stark with the snow for a winding sheet. May Heaven preserve us from such a terrible death!

ANNALS OF THE POOR—FILIAL AFFECTION.

Hitherto I had met no human being on this lonely mountain-road; but at a turn in the way I now see two women before me, trudging along, bound, like myself, for Blackhead. They prove to be chatty and communicative. The eldest informs me that they are sisters, the daughters of a poor widow who is dependent on the dole of three shillings a week from the Poor-relief Fund. They have at home a little brother ten years of age, and the mother is weak and sickly. Once a week, all the year, in the heats of summer and amid the storms of winter, this poor girl traverses this wild road to get her mother's pittance; and purchase and carry home the little food it procures—walking sixteen miles in a day and carrying home the two stones of Indian meal and the pint of molasses, and perhaps a quarter of a pound of tea and a few cakes of biscuit to fence off starvation for another week. When the road is deep with snow and the cold intense, one wonders how a young girl, twenty-two years of age, can accomplish such a task; but she does it, and cheerfully too. "Is it how does we live," she says, "with three shillin's a week? Well, we doesn't live, thin—we starve like; and if it wasn't for the neighbours that cuts and hauls us our wood in winter, we would perish entirely. But they niver forgets us,—and sends mother many's the male when the snow's on the ground. What kind of a place is Blackhead? Well, bleak and cowlid and nothin' but rocks. Don't I feel it cowlid walking to St. John's in winter? I don't mind it—sure mother would die of hunger if I didn't go for her allowance—and thank the Lord, I niver had a day's sickness, only last year when I had the fayer. No, I niver wears gloves in winter—couldn't get them and don't miss them. I just takes my bundle under my shawl and covers my hands with it. No, I niver covers my ears in winter, and niver got frost-burnt. I earns somethin' at the fishery in summer, but the work's hard and the wages goes mostly in clothes. How much did I earn this summer? Well, three pound fifteen in four months. Used to get only two hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, when fish was plenty. Worked at heading, salting, washing, and carrying the fish. Wore out four pair of boots. They charges awful for anything you take up on credit—about double then. Brother Mick will be able to help mother a bit, in three or four years—and then maybe I may get married—but I couldn't leave mother now—she would perish without me." Such is a sample of the annals of the poor. On approaching the village, the two girls, unloosing a bundle, produced two pair of tolerably decent boots, and after divesting themselves of the wretched feet-ware in which they had been walking, they entered Blackhead, tidy and clean,—a little bit of self-respect that I think was quite admirable, in the midst of their deep poverty. On enquiry in the village, I found that the tale of this poor girl was true in every particular, and that her devotion to her mother was the theme of admiration in the little community. She often took the road for St. John's, I was told, in weather such as that a strong man would scarcely venture out of doors. Though so hardy out of doors, her face tells a tale of slow starvation.

A FISHING VILLAGE—HUMBLE LIFE.

At length I entered Blackhead, and found it a small hamlet containing between thirty and forty houses, and about 180 inhabitants. A few houses on each side of the road, at the entrance of the village, make a feeble attempt to form a street, and then the effort seems to have been abandoned, and the cottages are built at random among the rocks, along the summit of the cliff, with winding paths between. There is a neat stone chapel at the entrance of the village where all worship on Sundays, the people being all Roman Catholics. It is quite a typical village of Newfoundland fishermen. All round the little cove are seen the "fish-flakes" formed of stout upright poles supporting a horizontal framework covered with boughs, on which the codfish are dried, the free circulation of air being essential to the proper treatment of the fish. A little wooden breakwater extends a short way into the sea, and is of great service to the fishermen in rough weather. Huge, frowning

cliffs rise around, a sea-wall, two hundred feet in height, extending northward as far as the eye can reach. The lighthouse, at the entrance of St. John's harbour, is visible, perched on a shoulder of the hill; the Narrows are invisible, and only a solid wall of rock is seen. It is only when close to it, that the cleft in this wall, which forms the entrance to the harbour of St. John's, becomes visible. The cottages of the fishermen are of wood, most of them one story in height, a porch being erected before each door to fence off the winter blasts. They consist, for the most part, each of one large apartment which serves for kitchen, dining-room and parlour. It is pretty clean and not uncomfortable, with a great fire of logs blazing on the "dog-irons" in the open chimney, on each side of which are benches or "settees." A "dresser" covered with crockery-ware faces the door, and is the pride of the housewife. A table and a few chairs complete the furniture. The sleeping apartments are little closets off the main one, or attics overhead, close to the roof. Before each cottage door may be seen, in fine weather, a rough specimen of the canine species, enjoying his slumbers. These dogs are used by the fishermen in winter to haul their fuel from the woods, on little "catamarans."

NEWFOUNDLAND HOSPITALITY.

As I rambled about, I speedily got into conversation with a young fisherman who kindly invited me into his cottage to rest. His family consisted of a wife, two children, his mother and grandmother. It was very fine to see the old grandmother, eighty-seven years of age, still hale but almost quite deaf, enjoying the warmest corner in her grandson's cottage, and evidently well cared for; and next to her, the mother, sixty years old, both supported by the labours of this stout fisherman, with assistance rendered by another brother. With genuine hospitality, the wife enquired if I should like a cup of tea, after my long walk. The table was speedily spread with a clean cloth; the handsomest tea-set produced, a couple of fresh eggs boiled, a pile of bread and butter in the centre, and a cup of fragrant tea ready. With the keen appetite earned by a long walk over the hill, I enjoyed the meal heartily, and thought the "bake-pot" bread the sweetest I had ever tasted.

WINTER IN A FISHERMAN'S HUT.

It was pleasant, in chatting with the fisherman, to find that the season had been a good one, and that the bulk of the inhabitants would be well off during the winter. His earnings during the summer months reached nearly a hundred pounds; and at the seal-fishery in spring he had made thirty pounds. Then he had a little garden formed by immense labour in clearing away the boulders, in which potatoes, cabbages and turnips enough for winter use, were produced. He had a few kegs of salted "sounds," a few quintals of dried codfish and some caplin. His own hands would bring fuel from the woods, and he had neither rent nor taxes to pay. Evidently he was one of the superior class of fishermen. He informed me he had worked his way out of debt, and had taken up no supplies on credit during the summer, so that he was paid in cash for his fish and bought with cash, at the lowest price, his winter's provisions. Few of our fishermen are in this condition of independence, the vast majority being in the meshes of the ruinous "credit system," and receiving payment in truck. I inquired did they not find it very dreary in winter? "Well thin," he said, "it's rather lonesome to be sure, at times, but we're used to it. Have we any amusements in winter? Well we has a game of cards, and a drap of grog, and sometimes a dance. Have we a fiddler? No; but Mickey Corcoran plays the fife elegantly. I likes a game of cards—the five-and-forty—best of any. Do we get anything to read? Yes; we has a bundle of old newspapers sometimes from St. John's, and when a story book comes along we meets all in one house, and the best hand reads it to us. Yes; I has been often at the "ice"—(seal-fishery)—fell from the top-mast once into the sea and struck the riggin fallin', and had eleven wounds when they hauled me up. No; I niver felt squeamish about killin' young seals; I likes it well; but it is pitiful to see the mothers sarchin' for their cubs and paddlin' over their blood moanin' like. But then people must live, shure. If I didn't kill them somebody else would. The swiles was made to be hunted. There's a man here was fourteen days on the ice; he got on a loose pan of ice, and drifted away from his ship with only two biscuits in his pocket. The water in the hollows of the ice kept him alive for fourteen days, and then he was picked up by a sealer. Yes; we has a school here; the master is an old man, and gets only twenty-five pounds a year and six weeks allowed him to fish, but he's too old for that now. It's a poor livin' for a man that has larnin'."

THE WATER CURE AND HOME SWEET HOME.

I took leave of my kind host and hostess as evening was drawing on, and then I found the rain coming down in torrents. Though an entire stranger to them, they lent me an umbrella which served to keep my head and shoulders dry. A walk of seven or eight miles over these desolate hills tops, with a south-west wind howling through their ravines, and driving the heavy rain in furious gusts before it, was not very agreeable. I found myself speedily converted into the condition of a walking sponge saturated with water. It was a comfort to find, after a time, that the rain could do no more, as no further power of absorption remained; and the gurgling sound from the boots proclaimed that they were full to repletion. This hydropathic treatment completed my cure; and when I reached home all nervous irritability was gone. Then the delight of getting into dry clothing; the blazing coal fire; the meal of hot tea, ham and eggs, so well earned, and eaten with the appetite of a hyena, and the luxurious, dreamy lounge in the easy chair after the toils of the day—what drawing-room enjoyments can compare with these? "Sweet is pleasure after pain." I slept "the sleep of the just" after my ramble, and dreamed of fishing-boats, flakes and "swiles;" and rose in the morning with renovated energies.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND COD-FISHERIES.

Our Newfoundland correspondent's letter, dated the 31st August, relating to the cod and its utilization, may, very appropriately, be supplemented by the four small sketches in the present number of the *News*, shewing the boat used in codfishing; codfishing with the seine; the fishing boats in a squall; and the operations in curing the cod preliminary to the processes of salting, packing and preparing for market. These four illustrations are copied from sketches made after personal observation of the various incidents they represent,

and may, therefore, be relied upon as being correct. The scenes need little description. The first represents the style of boat used on the east side of Newfoundland, usually called a "whale boat," and carrying from two to four men, and from three to eight quintals of fish. These boats generally go on the fishing ground at day-light, returning at sundown. But sometimes they go out in the evening and remain out for the whole night, returning in the morning. The next illustration shows the mode of catching cod with the seine net. The boat carries a crew of seven men, and their *modus operandi* of fishing is to encircle a shoal of cod with the seine, when they sometimes take more than a hundred quintals at a time, a haul which, however, is esteemed more a piece of good luck than of extra management. The actuality of the third scene represented—the boats caught in a squall, is, we are happy to learn, but seldom realized on the east coast of the island, to which these views more particularly refer.

The codfish having been caught, the first care of the Newfoundlanders is to have it cured and ready for market. The last view represents the earlier operations in that important process. Women are generally employed in cutting the fish open. This being done they pass them to the "headers," (also generally women) who deftly press off the head and take out the entrails by a single movement. Head and entrails are dropped by the side of the operating table, and the fish are passed to the "splitter" who takes out the back (or sound) bone with a knife specially made for the work. The fish are then dropped into a box to await the attentions of the salters. These latter place the fish in layers covering each layer with rock salt. When sufficiently salted the cod are hung upon the "flakes" to dry, in the manner described by our correspondent's letter of the 31st August, already mentioned, and to which we beg to refer our readers for further information concerning the great staple industry of Newfoundland.

RUNNING THE RAPIDS—STURGEON RIVER.

Our readers have had numerous illustrations of scenes connected with the Red River Expedition of last year, some of them "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." The illustration in this issue, from a drawing by Mr. William Armstrong, shows a daring adventure on the part of a lady who pluckily accompanied her husband throughout the expedition, and since her return to Ontario has delivered some interesting discourses on the country, the people, and the scenes which came under her observation during that memorable trip. The lady and gentleman who ran Island Rapids, on Sturgeon river, are Mr. and Mrs. St. John, the latter being very favourably known in this city as Lessee of the Theatre Royal, under her maiden name of Kate Ranoe. Mr. St. John, who was formerly an officer in Her Majesty's service, joined the expedition as special correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*. On this trip he was accompanied by Mrs. St. John, who returned to Toronto after staying some time at Fort Garry, and, as already stated, gave some interesting lectures on the Red River country. The sketch which commemorates their adventure at Island Rapids gives a splendid idea of what rapid running is.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, WINDSOR, ONT.

All Saints' Church, Windsor, Ontario, a view of which we give, has a history not uncommon to that of many other church buildings in Canada. When the present incumbent, Rev. I. Hurst, was appointed to the charge in 1859,—the congregation was small, the church seated only 240 persons, and was in debt about \$6,000. The congregation being unable to pay the debt, Mr. Hurst made a collecting tour in England in 1861, during which he raised about £500 with which the churchwardens paid off a large share of the obligations of the church. Thus encouraged, the congregation commenced in earnest to pay the remainder of the debt. Finding the accommodation much too small, and seeing no immediate prospect of raising funds for enlargement in Windsor, Mr. Hurst, with the kind permission of the Bishop of Huron, again visited England, and collected £600, with which the church was doubled in size, and in November, 1866, was reopened and consecrated, the remainder of the debt being assumed by members of the congregation. From this time the debt diminished more rapidly, and on Easter Sunday, 1869, was finally met by an offertory amounting to \$660. At the same time it became evident that the church was still too small, families were waiting for sittings, and could not be supplied. Seeing this difficulty, and unwilling that any impediment should hinder the preaching of the Gospel, Mr. Hurst determined on another appeal for help to his friends in England, and, in September, 1869, set out, returning in June, 1870, having collected £900. With this help another enlargement was commenced last fall, and the church was again reopened on Sunday, 30th April last, able to accommodate nearly 800 persons. This last enlargement consists of north and south transept, chancel, vestry and library. The whole length of the church is now 111 feet and the greatest breadth 57 feet. The view given will render any description of the architecture unnecessary. The interior is plainly but neatly finished, and furnished. The whole of the seats are of oak, oiled, presenting a neat and cheerful appearance, the chancel furniture is chiefly walnut. By the efforts of a few energetic ladies in the congregation, a neat and substantial fence has been erected around the church property, and the interior has been furnished with a good and well adapted chancel carpet, with a new set of lamps, and matting for the aisles. By another effort a very neat and in every way suitable suit of vestry furniture has been presented, the congregation being evidently determined no longer to see the House of God uncared for, but, on the contrary, made comely for Divine service. The roof of the church is ceiled with pine, oiled, and stained, and that of the chancel divided into panels. The chancel window was made by Messrs. Bullock & McAusland, of Toronto, when the church was first built, and is much admired for the richness of its colours. The transept windows are large, and were made by Messrs. Pilkington, of St. Helens, Lancashire, and are considered a very good and effective arrangement of geometrical figures—plain, neat and cheerful. The three arches, in the points of intersection between the aisles and transept, are supported by two groups of four iron columns, forming a light and pleasing contrast with the rest of the stone columns. The vestibule at the west end is separated from the nave by a partition containing 12 glass panels 4 in. in thickness, transmitting light to the vestibule, but not clearly transparent. The opening sermon in the morning was preached by the Rev. M. C. Lightner, Rector of Grace Church, Detroit. In the evening the late Lord Bishop of Huron preached, and

afterward administered the rite of confirmation to 46 persons. The collection, which amounted to \$104 75, was given to the ladies in aid of their fund for furnishing the church.

CONDEMNED MILITARY STORES.

DRAWING OLD CANNON THROUGH LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC—QUEEN'S WHARF, QUEBEC, WITH STORES AND AMMUNITION FOR SALE OR SHIPMENT.

Little by little the last remnants of the Imperial military occupation of Canada are disappearing or being concentrated into very small space. In our present issue we give two illustrations from sketches by our special artist, one of them shewing a gun in a sling waggon being driven through Lower Town, Quebec, to the wharf for shipment to Montreal. The guns not required by the Dominion Government were sold to the firm of Messrs. Ross & Co., of Quebec. Before the guns were delivered over to their purchasers the trunnions were broken off in the manner shown last year, (see No. 20, Vol. 2, pp. 311 and 316 *C. I. News*, Nov. 12, 1870), entitled "breaking trunnions off old guns on St. Helen's Island, Montreal." The citizens of Quebec naturally feel somewhat despondent at the transactions depicted in our illustrations, as they deem them indicative of the departure of the ancient glory of their city. But they have a full supply of far more serviceable pieces of ordnance, either mounted or ready to be mounted. Whereas the stock which has recently passed through their streets was really nothing but rubbish. The horses used in the work of drawing away the guns were hired specially for the purpose, and their drivers were, of course, civilians.

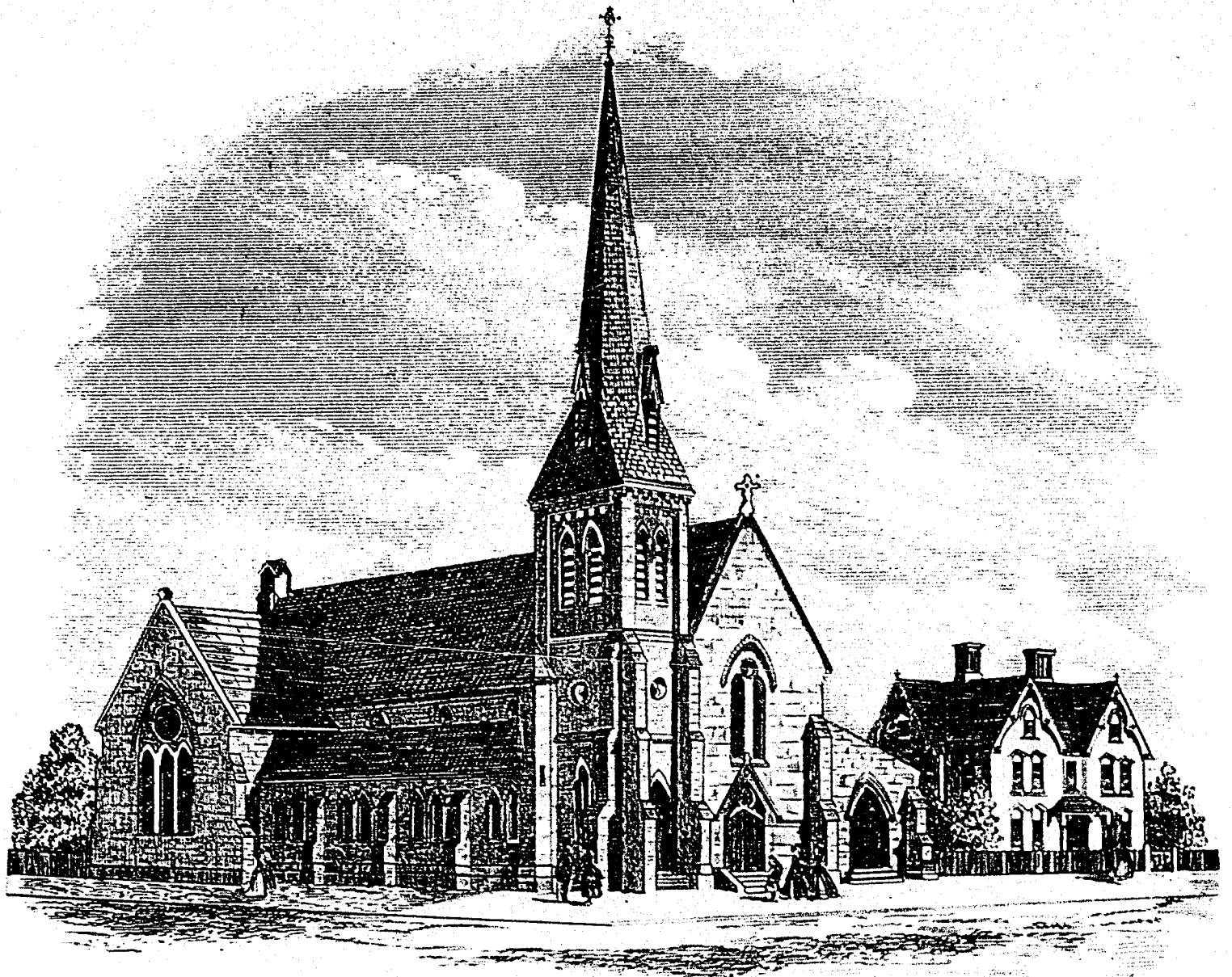
The other sketch shows the Queen's wharf, Quebec, covered with military stores of all descriptions, including heavy guns, field-pieces, shot and shell, coal boxes, waggons, wheel and hand-barrows, &c., &c. Some of them were brought to the wharf for shipment to England; others of them for distribution in Canada. The guns are all either obsolete patterns, or are beyond the requirements of the Canadian Government. The Armstrong guns in the foreground of the picture are 64 pounders; their places being supplied with the same gun but of 110 lbs. calibre. Three of the new ones were mounted some weeks ago.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

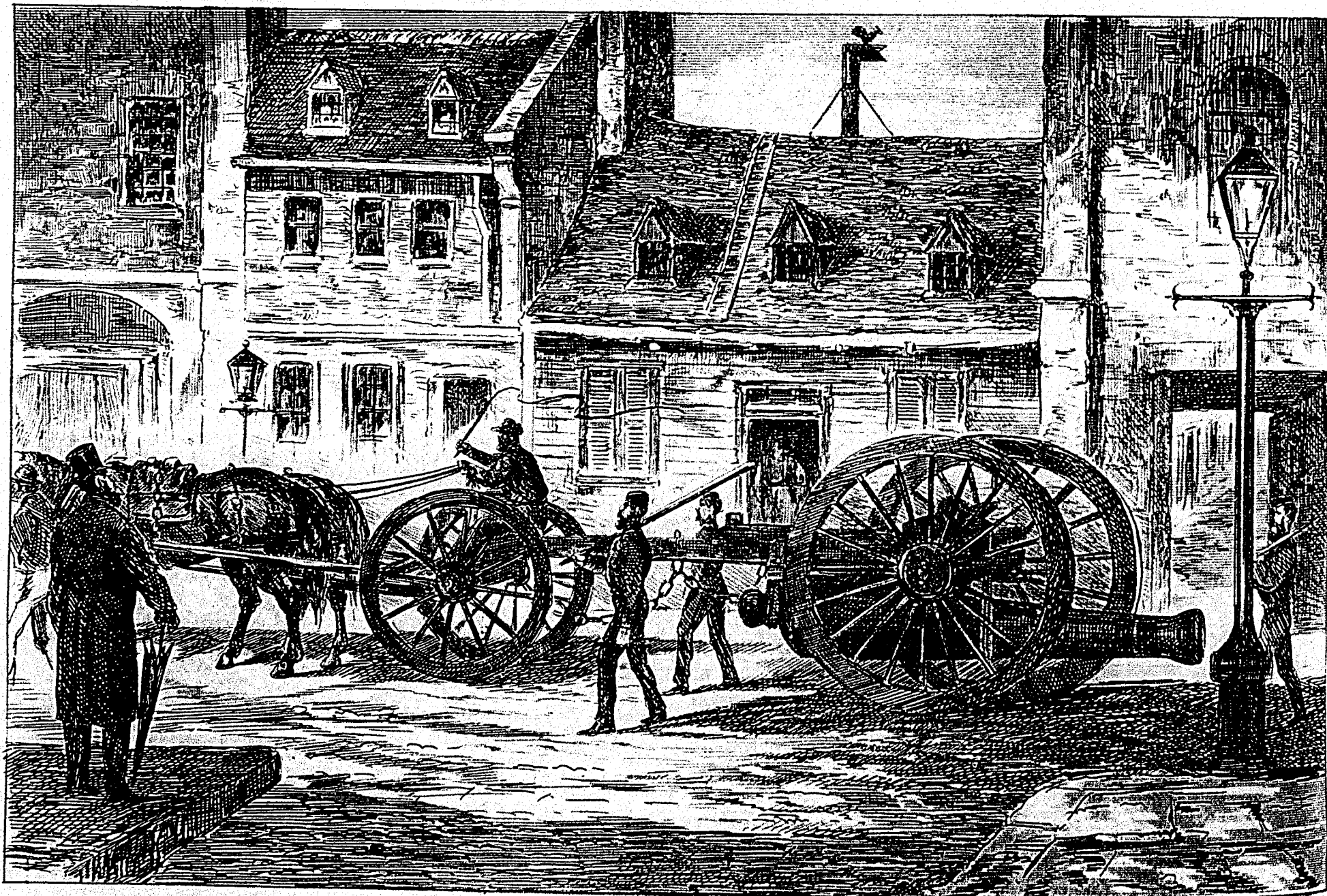
In the Romance of History the sorrows of Queens play a conspicuous part, and it might be easily shown, that those sorrows have for the most part arisen from the custom, often unavoidable, but almost always productive of evil, of selecting the consorts of Kings from among Princesses of foreign race and manners. The history of England and France is full of such examples. The German sovereigns have not been necessarily subjected to the same necessity, because, from the number of kingdoms and principalities into which Germany is divided, there has always been a wide field of choice. The domestic education, too, of German Princes fits them to sustain their social obligations. We could cite a hundred instances of marriages of the class we have referred to, where the conjugal happiness of the contracted parties, arising from similarity of language, habits, ideas and tastes, could not be surpassed by the most fortunate examples in private life. The Empress of Austria entered in her married life under these favourable auspices. She was not regarded as a stranger either by the family or the subjects of her husband. The Royal Houses of Austria and Bavaria have been so often allied before, that they are almost associated by the ties of consanguinity. The first of those unions dates at about the end of the thirteenth century, when the then Elector of Bavaria, Louis II., married Matilda, the daughter of Rodolph, of Hapsburg. Since that time there have been no fewer than twenty-four marriages between various members of the two Houses of Hapsburg and Wittelsbach.

Elizabeth-Amélie-Eugénie, Empress of Austria, was first cousin, on the mother's side, of the late King of Bavaria. On the father's side she is but remotely allied to the Royal Family, being the daughter of a younger scion, the Duke Maximilian Joseph, who married a daughter of Maximilian Joseph, the first King of Bavaria, and sister of Louis the Monarch—the eccentric King of questionable notoriety in association with Lola Montes. She was born on the 24th December, 1837, and is therefore in her thirty-fourth year. When political events led to the abdication of the late Emperor of Austria in favour of the young Archduke Francis Joseph, the family and counsellors of the Duke sought for him a suitable alliance. Tradition pointed to the House of Wittelsbach, and nature had done the rest. A Princess of that family—young, beautiful, accomplished, amiable—had already attracted the regards of the youthful Emperor. They were betrothed on the 13th August, 1853; and after a courtship, in the course of which the conventional ceremonies of Royalty were evaded more than once by the Imperial lover, in order to see and converse with his *fiancée*, (rumour even spoke of his having incurred the danger of assassination by conspirators on one of the occasions) they were at length married on the 24th April, 1854. Scldom was a Royal marriage concluded under more favourable auspices.

Auguste Villemont, one of the pleasantest of French writers, who died during the first siege, was at one time secretary at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and was deluged with pieces by rising authors. It was impossible to read the outpourings of all these spirits, and most of them were never examined at all. However, Auguste Villemont used to relate, with that nasal twang peculiar to the south of France, that he had not always fools to deal with. "One day a young author came to me," he would say, "and asked if the administration had come to a decision respecting a manuscript which he had left to be read. I must acknowledge that the rose-coloured ribbons with which the manuscript was tied had determined me to reject it, and I made up my mind to tell a lie sooner than to peruse the drama. I assured the rising author that I had conscientiously glanced over his work, and had found it written in a style not suitable to our theatre. It was perhaps too well written, &c.; and by way of finishing up, I remarked that people should endeavour to write as they spoke. 'Even when they speak through the nose?' tranquilly demanded the young gentleman. I understood the allusion, and hastened to add that the scenario was devoid of interest. The youth smiled, untied the rose-coloured bows, and spread before my eyes the pages of paper, upon which nothing was written. I could no longer defend myself, but promised the author, on my word of honour, that if he would bring me a piece I would read it. He did so, and it was produced with great success."



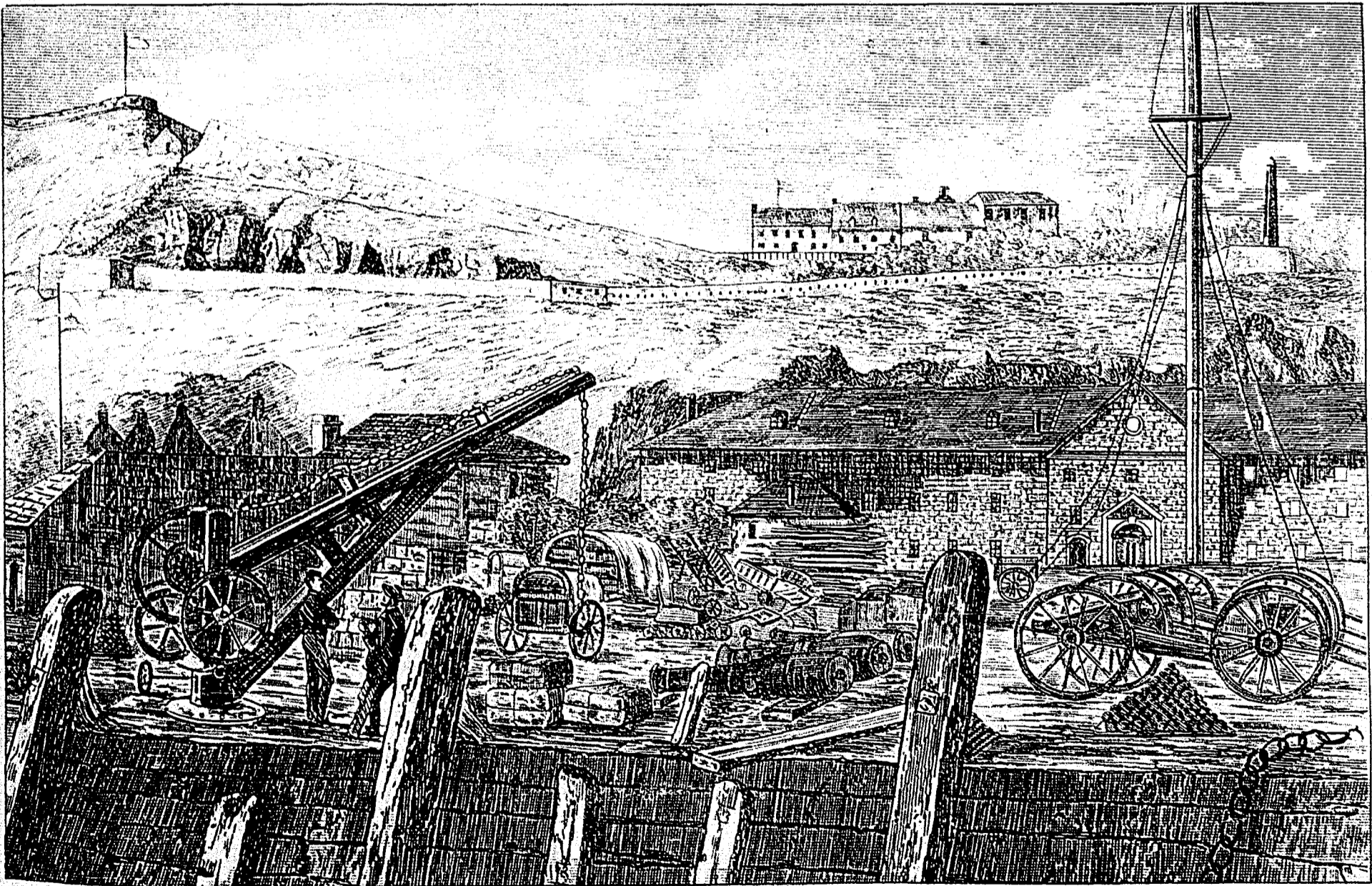
ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, WINDSOR, ONT.—SEE PAGE 323.



DRAWING OLD CANNON TO THE QUEEN'S WHARF THROUGH THE LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C



THE LATE LT.-COL. J. G. IRVINE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 323.



THE QUEEN'S WHARF, QUEBEC, SHOWING THE CONDEMNED STORES AND AMMUNITION ACCUMULATED FOR SALE OR SHIPMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. O.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1871.

Table with 2 columns: Day and Date. Rows include Sunday (Nov. 19), Monday (Nov. 20), Tuesday (Nov. 21), Wednesday (Nov. 22), Thursday (Nov. 23), Friday (Nov. 24), and Saturday (Nov. 25). Each row lists historical events such as births, deaths, and battles.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 14th November, 1871, observed by H. HARRISON at No. 242 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 7 columns: Day, Max., Min., Mean, S.A.M., P.M., 6 P.M. Rows show temperature data for Sun., Mon., Tue., Wed., Thu., Fri., and Sat.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS sending in their names and \$4.00 from this date until the end of the year, will be entitled to the Illustrated News for 1872, complete, and to the numbers of the present year still to be published after the date of their subscription, including the Premium Plate now being printed.

Arrangements have been made to have the Canadian Illustrated News and the Harmonist delivered or taken to subscribers in the following places, by the Agents whose names are annexed.

These Agents will also collect the subscription, and the postage. In most cases, not to interfere with existing postage contracts, the arrangements will take effect only after the 1st January next.

After the 1st December next, the subscription to the News will be taken per annum, it paid in advance, or within the first three months, after which it will be Five Dollars.

Table listing agents for various locations: Bathwell, Ont. (A. J. Wiley); Bowmanville, Ont. (A. J. Wiley); Bradford, Ont. (A. Hudson); Brockville, Ont. (F. L. Kingsall); Dundas, Ont. (J. B. Meecham); Elora, Ont. (Henry Kirkland); Fergus Falls, Ont. (D. C. Woodman); Goderich, Ont. (Theo. J. Moorehouse); Hamilton, Ont. (P. M. Ballantine); Ingersoll, Ont. (R. A. Woodcock); Kinrossville, Ont. (F. A. Barnes); Kingston, Ont. (E. M. Stacey); London, Ont. (Wm. Bryce); Napawan, Ont. (Henry & Bro.); Orillia, Ont. (H. E. Slaven); Port Perry, Ont. (McCaw & Bro.); St. Catharines, Ont. (W. L. Copeland).

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1871.

THE Tammany Hall exposures have given a singular vigour to the anti-democratic agitation in the State of New York, and doubtless, added much to the Republican strength at the recent elections. But when the reputed frauds, committed, if committed at all, by men who are not Catholics, are made use of as an argument for the suppression of Irish, or Catholic, influence in the United States, then it is time that Irishmen should be made aware of what they have to expect in the "free" Republic, compared with the political privileges accorded them in Canada. The following extract from Harper's Weekly deserves to be preserved, as it shows our Irish friends the estimation in which they are held by the most devoted native American organ of the day:

"The same career of priestly rapacity has begun in our own city, and has advanced with more than European vigour. No savage king or servile despot of the Middle Ages was ever more bountiful to his Irish allies than our Democratic rulers. In Europe the wealth of the ruling sect was the slow growth of centuries. In New York two decades have sufficed to enrich the Romish Church from the public treasury. While taxation has risen to an intolerable severity, while the city debt has been steadily increasing until suddenly it is discovered that we are in a condition of almost hopeless insolvency, while enormous frauds have consumed the earnings of the poor and diminished the profits of the industrious, the lavish endowments of a foreign priesthood have never ceased, and millions have been squandered to maintain Catholic institutions, to preserve the integrity of the Romish faith."

The whole article might be copied, but the above will serve as a specimen brick to shew the feelings which actuate the Harpers, or influence the writers for their journal. Their house is conducted on strictly business and propagandist principles, and so far as the influence of its publications extends, and in the United States it is very extensive, we may say truly, that its literal interpretation is "No Irish need apply." The same spirit runs through the whole United States Governmental and social systems. Yet, the Irish, with an insane hatred of British rule, think they serve themselves when they escape the protection of the British flag.

Well, what are the facts? It seems that in New York certain eleemosynary institutions under Catholic control, have received State aid, and the "people" are horrified. The same thing occurs year by year in Canada, yet nobody is excited. In the United States the Catholics are compelled to support the State schools; in Canada

they may have their own, levy their own taxes, and receive from the public chest according to the number of their pupils. In every respect, so far as regards primary education, they are placed on an equal footing with their Protestant neighbours. In the Catholic Province of Lower Canada the Protestants are still more liberally treated than even the Catholic minority of Ontario, though the latter, compared with the position of their co-religionists in the United States, have much to be thankful for, and nothing to complain of.

The subject to which we have alluded, and which is now exciting so large a manifestation of bile among American Republicans, is one which will probably soon engage the attention of the world to a degree that present appearances would hardly lead us to anticipate. But the agitated condition of England, the uncertain position of France, the acknowledged revolutionary state of Spain and Italy, the "religious" movement in Germany, coupled with the many complications being almost daily developed as to questions affecting Eastern policy, point to a probability, if not a certainty, of troubles such as the world has never yet seen. Glad, indeed, should we be to believe that they will not come; but if they do, is it to the United States that the Irish may look with confidence for fair and honourable treatment?

The question of immigration is at the present moment a most momentous one for Canada. There are great public works in process of construction, or projected. There are immense spaces of wild lands to be occupied; countless mines to be opened and worked; everywhere is the harvest of labour ripe for the sickle, while the labourers are but few. Let us in Canada then proclaim the fairness, the freedom and beneficence of our political institutions, and the liberality of our social customs, so that strangers seeking a new home in the Western world may be convinced beforehand of the superior attractions which this country holds out, especially to immigrants from Great Britain and Ireland. Kindred institutions; a municipal system better perfected than that of England or Scotland; an educational system, either secular or religious at option; a liberal code of laws regulating commerce and the ownership of property, and a generous and kindly spirit of social intercourse, are among the attractions which Canada can offer with confidence to the new comer. Add to these boundless scope for the exercise of almost every form of industry which this country undoubtedly possesses, and why, we may well ask, should any of the emigrating classes from European countries seek another place in which to make their new homes? Certainly the Irish emigrant would show good sense by preferring Canada to the United States, for the appearances are that a new crusade, akin to the Know-Nothing, is already on foot, and will soon be developed.

In Canada we have all classes living in peace and harmony. The French, the Irish, the English and the Scotch, the Protestant and the Catholic, take part in the same common affairs of public duty; and should a wrong be done no one is found, as in New York, to charge the crime to a whole community of Christians. The perpetrator and his abettor, are made to bear the consequences; but we never think of singling out the one element of the population to which he may have belonged for special condemnation. The contrast between our affairs and those of New York is somewhat striking, and ought to impress intending emigrants, as well as those from whom they seek advice, with the manifest advantages offered by Canada. The spirit of persecution developed in the extract we have quoted, is not new in the United States, nor do we think it would stop with the utter destruction of the class to whom it particularly refers; but our present object is not so much to show the fanatical tendency of the American mind as to warn a certain class against choosing the Republic in preference to Canada as their future homes.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Miss Kate Rahoe's season at the Theatre is meeting with extraordinary success. In a short time will be presented an original historical drama, which will both delight and instruct the visitors to the Theatre. We are glad that the efforts of the present management are rewarded nightly with crowded houses.

THE ORDER OF MOUNT CARMEL.—Driven from France by the national misfortunes the Superior of the Carmelites has resolved on establishing the principal novitiate of the Order in Ireland. To carry out this intention, the Rev. Father Kelly, a Carmelite Priest, has visited Canada and purposes visiting the United States to collect funds in aid of the new institution. He was most kindly received by His Lordship the R.C. Bishop of Montreal, who not only gave him permission to collect throughout his diocese, but also a handsome subscription. The Jesuit Fathers also subscribed to the Rev. Mr. Kelly's cause, and invited him to occupy their pulpit on Sunday evening last, when he preached, before a crowded and fashionable audience, a most eloquent sermon in vindication of the

Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist and the blessings which its participation conferred on believers. The Rev. gentleman has been warmly received at Quebec and Montreal, the only places in Canada he has yet visited.

LITERARY NOTICES.

1872.—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANAC, published at the Office, 198, Strand, London. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is one of the best of the annuals printed. It contains a large number of magnificent illustrations, the gems of the Illustrated London News for the year; and, besides an ample stock of information common to almanacs, has a vast amount of interesting reading matter. It is, we think, the best almanac in the market for the price.

RECEIVED FOR FUTURE NOTICE.—FROM MESSRS. Dawson Bros. the following publications of Harper & Bros., New York:—Agatha's Husband, by the author of "John Halifax Gentleman;" (Miss Mulock); The Life and Letters of Catherine M. Sedgwick; A Daughter of Beth, &c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE JUDGE AYLWIN

BRISTOL, ENGLAND, 8th Nov. 1871.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

SIR.—In your brief sketch of the late Judge Aylwin, you say "during the troublesome times of '37-'38, Mr. Aylwin espoused the popular side, and as a contributor of the press wrote many vigorous articles against the Government of the day." If by the "popular side" you mean what, in these evil days, was known as the "French party," your information is at fault, and, as a matter of history, erroneous. Mr. Aylwin at that time, and from '34, was a popular man, with the British party, who formed the "Constitutional Association of Quebec," the leading members being John Neilson, Andrew Stuart, Thos. A. Young, George Pemberton, T. C. Aylwin, and John Duval—leaders in their day, and patriots, alas! all gone but the last. Mr. Aylwin's articles were chiefly against the imbecile government of Lord Gosford and the clique who manipulated him.

In one of his letters, Nov. 1837, occurs the following passage:—"Sir John Colborne is the man round whom Britain's sons must rally, and under whose guidance our march, like that of our countrymen heretofore, must be to victory." Again—"To strengthen British interests and, at the same time, to punish rebellion and disloyalty, the six disturbed counties should be disfranchised for twenty years—we shall thus be spared the induction of twelve members of the rebel faction, while the ranks of loyalty will be increased. Men who have dared thus rashly to raise their partial hands against the paternal Government under which they have lived, have forfeited all claims to the privileges of that Government, the exercise of such privileges by such men would be dangerous to the whole Province, while the sentence which would deprive the rebels of their franchise would be doubly just—just towards the guilty and rebellious, and just towards the loyal and well affected." You can judge from the foregoing what side Mr. Aylwin espoused. Such a work as the Canadian Illustrated News I trust may live to form history, and be quoted as authority; surely, then, great care should be exercised when recording the opinions of leading characters.—I am, &c.

AN OLD CONSTITUTIONALIST.

[We accept our correspondent's strictures with due humility, but fail to see wherein we have erred, even according to his own shewing. The extracts he quotes from the late Judge Aylwin's writings are, upon the whole, little creditable to the deceased gentleman's political sagacity, and therefore we are all the more glad that he was so soon transferred from the political arena to the Judicial Bench.—(Ed. C. I. N.)]

A NEWSPAPER IN LITHOGRAPHY.

[From the Lithographer, London, November 11.]

The great diffusion of education, coupled with the effect of railways and telegraphs, have, during the last eighteen years, accomplished a radical change in the relative importance and functions of a newspaper, and the general object of the change has been decidedly better. There is now more real independence of thought, and more true criticism, and a want of that tendency there was of pandering to vulgar prejudice. There is also, amongst other changes the newspaper press has experienced, a vast improvement in its illustrated contemporaries. What improvement has not the last few years seen in this direction? From the humble penny illustrated magazine to the artistic Graphic is a long way, and still the desire for illustrated newspapers is increasing. We hear of a new venture in that way, which is shortly to appear, the news in which is to be printed by letterpress, but the pictures are to be lithographed, not engraved on the wood block. It is quite true that one of our contributors says, "That up to the present time lithography has not been much utilized in this country as an adjunct to typography in journalism, and that there is a great demand, a necessity, indeed, for something that can supersede the wood-engraver's tedious and costly art."

To Canada belongs the honour of having first attempted this, and carried it out with some success. The Canadian Illustrated News, published at Montreal, is an illustrated newspaper, wholly the production of lithography and photo-lithography; we say wholly, for, paradoxically putting it, the letterpress is in lithography. The views, which are all photo-lithographed by a process peculiar in itself, and, we believe, the invention of the proprietor, Mr. G. E. Desbarats, an enterprising French-Canadian gentleman, are direct from the subjects, and the others from drawings taken on the spot, then transferred on the stone, together with the literary matter, and all printed at the lithographic machine, and the effect is really surprising. The newspaper in question enjoys

(* The illustration is that of Mr. Leggo. (Ed. C. I. N.)

we understand, a good circulation, not only in the Dominion, but also throughout the United States. It is the intention of the spirited proprietor to start a daily illustrated paper in the city of New York on the same basis, in which we wish him every success. No doubt this new method of illustrating is destined in time to make important changes in pictorial art, the chief of which will be to give a cheap and good illustrated newspaper by lithography.

THE FINE ARTS IN MONTREAL. A MAGNIFICENT GIFT.

France has shown that she was not indifferent to the sympathies manifested towards her by Canada during the war. Some time ago, the Abbé Chabert, one of the Professors in the School of Design in connection with the Board of Arts and Manufactures, went to Paris to see his former Professors, men most distinguished in the world of art. He had during his visit an opportunity of meeting the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, and to speak advantageously of the natural talent of the Canadians for those studies. His Excellency, on being thus informed, gave the Abbé Chabert to understand that he would be happy to place at the disposal of his school some treasures which the French Government possesses in its museums and libraries for instruction in design and sculpture.

The Abbé had to return in haste to Montreal, and some days after his arrival he received the following letter which speaks for itself.

MINISTRY OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, OF WORSHIP AND THE FINE ARTS.

PARIS, Oct. 5, 1871.

MONSIEUR L'ABBÉ:

I have the honour to announce to you that the Minister has just granted to your School of Design, founded at Montreal, Canada:

- 1st. A collection of plaster models, moulded from the originals, belonging to the Museum of the Louvre.
2. Ten copies of the work of M. Leroy, "Fac Similies of Drawings of Great Masters" 1st, 2nd and 3rd parts.
3. One copy composed of six lithographs of the work of M. Ravaisson, "Models for Teaching Drawing."
4. Four copies of the work of M. Chabal-Dussurgey, a work composed of 26 lithographs representing flowers and fruits.
5. Four copies of the elementary course of drawing by M. Chabal-Dussurgey.
6. Four copies of the treatise on engraving with aquatint, by M. Maxime Galame.
7. Four copies of the "Letter on the Elements of Engraving in Aquatint," by M. Potemont.

M. Dugo, moulder of the Museum at the Louvre, has been invited to hold himself at your disposal for the choice of models granted to the School of Design of Montreal.

Receive, Monsieur l'Abbé, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

The Director of the Fine Arts, Member of the Institute, CHARLES BLANC.

This letter announces in other terms that the French Government puts at the disposal of the Abbé Chabert for the artists and artisans of Montreal objects of art worth from \$6,000 to \$8,000. The collection of models comprises models of colossal dimensions and others of natural proportions, groups and busts—all objects of very great value.—Monroe.

THE REPROOF. (From the Art Journal.)

Within the last very few years a field of subjects, new in modern annals of painting, has been taken possession of by several artists both here and abroad. We allude to the representation of Greek and Roman scenes, both historical and domestic; and a most agreeable variety do subjects of this class present in companionship with others depicting incidents of far later times, or of our own life.

Two Belgian artists have, among foreigners, especially distinguished themselves by works of this kind, Alma Tadema and Joseph Coomans. Our readers who remember the series of illustrated papers on the modern painters of Belgium will doubtless recollect that Coomans appeared in the list; and that we then engraved, in 1868, two of his pictures delineating scenes of old Roman domestic life; both of them very elegant and attractive compositions. The Reproof, which we now engrave, is equally meritorious, though more circumscribed in subject. A young Greek boy, who may possibly grow up to be a Leonidas, a Miltiades, a Pausanias, or, it may be, a Pindar or a Thucydides, has been guilty of some misconduct—perhaps broken his mother's distaff, which lies on the ground—and the lady calls the delinquent to her side to read him a lecture; but the "reproof" is given with true matronly gentleness, the smile on her face almost contradicting her words, while the little fellow looks upwards to his mother as if half ashamed of himself, yet assured of pardon. The group, with its surroundings, has somewhat of a staturesque character, yet it is unconstrained and perfectly natural; while the wavy arrangement of the masses of drapery gives great richness to the composition, and affords the artist opportunity for brilliant colour.

The administration of parental justice takes place on the vine-covered terrace of a villa overlooking the sea; perhaps, on one of the "glorious isles of Greece," which to this day are the delight of travellers.

FACTS ABOUT BUTTER.—HOW IT IS MADE AT THE EAST.

To the Editor of the Scientific American: Our English word, butter, is derived from the Latin butrum; while this Latin word is of exceedingly doubtful origin, but has most probably come from the Greek language.

It is not known positively whether butter was ever made previous to the Christian era, but in our translation of the Bible, the word "butter" frequently appears. In Genesis chap. XVIII, verse 8, we read: "And he took butter and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them," etc. And in Deuteronomy, chap. XXXII, verse 14, the phrase "butter of kine" is made use of. Also, in the Book of Proverbs, chap. XXV, verse 33, we read: "Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter." The word appears also in other passages. But in all these cases, the word refers to something of a fluid nature, and whenever the word "butter" appears in

the Bible it should read, according to most biblical critics, "thick milk" or "cream." The original words meeta heleb (translated churning) signify to squeeze or press, and therefore the latter quotation above should read, "the pressing of the milk bringeth forth milk," and this agrees better with what follows in the same passage, "and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood."

It is not until about the birth of Christ—probably before—that we may have any definite mention of butter, as we understand the word. But it appears that at this time, and indeed for several centuries thereafter, that it was only used instead of oil, as an ointment or as a medicine. The ancient Burgundians were accustomed to besmear their hair with butter, and the ancient Christians of Egypt burned butter in their lamps at their altars instead of oil, a practice also accredited to the Abyssinians. Butter used to be allowed to be burned instead of oil in the Catholic churches during Christmas time, and this accounts for the name "butter tower" which we find at Rouen, in Notre Dame, and elsewhere. In A. D. 1509, George d'Amboise, Archbishop of Rouen, finding the oil foul in his diocese during Lent, permitted the use of butter in the lamps, on condition that each person should pay six deniers for the indulgence, with which sum this tower was erected.

It is a very difficult matter to find out among what nation the practice of making butter originated. Some writers affirm that the ancient Scythians were acquainted with the art 100 years B. C.; and it appears also that the Ethiopians used the article as early as thirty years B. C., as also did the Indians (inhabitants of India). Plutarch speaks of a visit, paid by a Lacedemonian lady, to Berenice, the wife of Delotarus, and says that the one smelled so much of butter and the other of perfume, that neither of them could endure the other. But this must surely have been bad butter. Pliny says that the ancient Germans and Britons (barbarians in his time) made butter and used it as food, and ascribes the invention to these nations. And it is generally believed that the Greeks obtained their knowledge of butter from the Thracians or the Scythians, and the Romans from the Germans.

But whether the ancients knew how to make butter or not, it is quite certain that they did not know how to give it the firmness or consistency of the butter made at the present day. "With them it was poured out like oil; with us it is cut and spread." Their butter, too, must have been very inferior to ours in quality.

We are all well acquainted with our present mode of churning; other nations have some really funny ways of making butter.

In northern Africa, in Egypt, and Arabia, the cream is put into a goat's skin turned inside out, and pressed to and fro like kneading bread. And sometimes they place it on an inclined plane and let it roll to the bottom, and then replace it to run the same course. This method, it is said, produces butter in a short time. Sometimes the skins are kneaded with the feet, as observed by Dr. Chandler while travelling in Greece.

In Bengal they churn every morning that they may have fresh butter for breakfast. They simply stir the milk rapidly with a stick. In some parts of the East they make butter of the milk of the buffalo; but this is in every way inferior to that made from cow's milk.

LABUAN COAL TRIALS.

Trials have recently been carried on with Labuan coal on board the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's s.s. "China," the results of which prove conclusively the great value of that fuel for steam purposes. Compared with English (Newcastle) coal, the same rate of speed was obtained for the same rate of consumption, whilst compared with Lancashire and North Wales coal, a higher rate of speed by half a knot was obtained for the same rate of consumption. Compared with South Wales coal, to obtain the same rate of speed—8 knots—10 per cent. less fuel was used, and by mixing in equal quantities with the small South Wales coal, the 8-knot speed was maintained. The small South Wales coal was then tried by itself, but it only gave a speed of 6 knots. These highly satisfactory results are entirely in accord with elaborate investigations undertaken by order of the Italian Government, and which led to orders being given that the Italian navy in the China Sea should only consume Labuan coal. Since the beginning of the present year, the Spanish mail steamer calls regularly at Labuan on her way from Singapore to Manila. The moment the vessel is fastened to the wharf, convicts run on board with baskets of coal, and the captain has frequently stated that there is no part in the East where he is now coaled with greater facility than in Labuan. There are 200 millions of tons of workable coal in the island, midway between the great centres of commerce in the East; and good coal is sold at the wharf in Victoria harbour for 5 dollars a ton, whereas coal of inferior quality is sent from England to Singapore, Hong Kong, and Manila, where it is sold at from 10 to 14 dollars a ton.

More than fifteen years ago a Chinaman graduated at Yale College. Now we are told that he is about to return, bringing with him thirty other Chinamen, who will enter the same college. This is a new form of Chinese immigration. The solitary Chinaman who has at rare intervals entered an American college has been welcomed by his fellow-students as an interesting novelty. Thirty Chinamen, however, who will form a little colony of their own, and will keep up the customs of dining and dress, will be a new element in collegiate life. The Chinese freshman flying his leisure kite upon the college grounds instead of carrying off midnight gates and nailing up obnoxious tutors; the Chinese sophomore feasting upon the frugal rat instead of lavishing his money in bad champagne; the Chinese junior making his own clothing instead of making the fortunes of designing tailors; and the Chinese senior preferring to translate Confucius into English rather than to flirt with the traditional belle of New Haven, will utterly confound the traditions of Yale and provoke undergraduate hostility to cheap Chinese study.—A. F. World.

During the past week a cat belonging to Mr. Parry, of the Coach Inn, Cefu Byelan, kitteden. Five was the number of kittens brought into the world, but after the style of the Siamese twins, the whole of the five were joined together, and are still joined together, in the sides, the connection being by flesh the same as on the other part of the body or bodies. It appears that the same cat had three kittens joined in a similar way, but the owner drowned them. Apparently this is an age of wonders.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

OH! GIVE ME A HOME!

Oh! give me a home by a stream, Where the wild waving forest trees grow. Where the stars twinkle down with a crystalline gleam. Like the Fairy-land torches in Infancy's dream. On the tremulous waters below. Oh! give me the music of birds. And the beautiful scent-breathing flowers. That speak to the soul in the mystical world— Of a language more mighty than ours. Oh! fair be the morn to my sight. When the dawn opens the eyelids of day. And the evergreen shade, when the sun, in his might. Has gathered the dew-drops that sparkled so bright. And silently borne them away. Oh! give me that stillness serene. When the twilight has mantled the deep. And the rivulet sings, on its pathway of green. To hush the day's echoes to sleep. Oh! give me the blissful repose. That such hallowed scenes must unfold. Where the spirit, unburdened by sorrows or woes. All peaceful and free as the zephyr that blows. Glad converse with Nature may hold. Yes, give me tranquility sweet. With the maid to my bosom most dear. And give me—this last little boon, I entreat. Oh! give me—a thousand a year!!!

VARIETIES.

An unfortunate broker would like to be a missionary, for the purpose of "converting" a few United States aye-twenties.

A Tennessee editor named Figures has subtracted himself from the staff of his paper, and his late patrons cipher his departure from the town.

Under the head of "How we Assist the Devil," a religious paper says:—"We consume millions of gallons of distilled spirit yearly." The editor must be making money.

T. D. Boardman, of Hartford, Conn., who discovered the process of making britannia ware, is still working in the same establishment where he made the discovery sixty-seven years ago.

Great is the American interviewer! Twenty-five reporters were waiting at one time, recently, to interview Mayor Hall. He escaped by a door in the rear. [And the Bohemians reported that fact.]

POOR INK.—William Ink is dead. For 193 years he survived. Now that he has departed the paragraphists have him. Some have said he should have been called "Indelible," and other jokes have passed and will pass upon his devoted—now dead—head. They will say that he is linked with immortality, though ink-origible when a youth. They will say that though ink-reduulous as to his right age, people will yet believe in—copying ink, especially in his power of living. That his friends had no ink-ling of the event, and that he has left no ink-lings behind him. They will ask about his ink-west, and make ink-quiry as to his religion, they will be ink-quisitive about his life and habits, and then pursuing the point ink-question will ask why did not ink-stand. So the puns will go the rounds, and this will be the last of a man whose only crime was, that he bore the name of William Ink.

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 13.

- White. Black.
1. Q. to K. R. 3rd. ch. K. moves.
2. Q. to Q. 3rd. ch. Q. takes Q. (best.)

And the game is drawn.

CHARADES, &c.

ANSWER TO REBUS, No. 23.

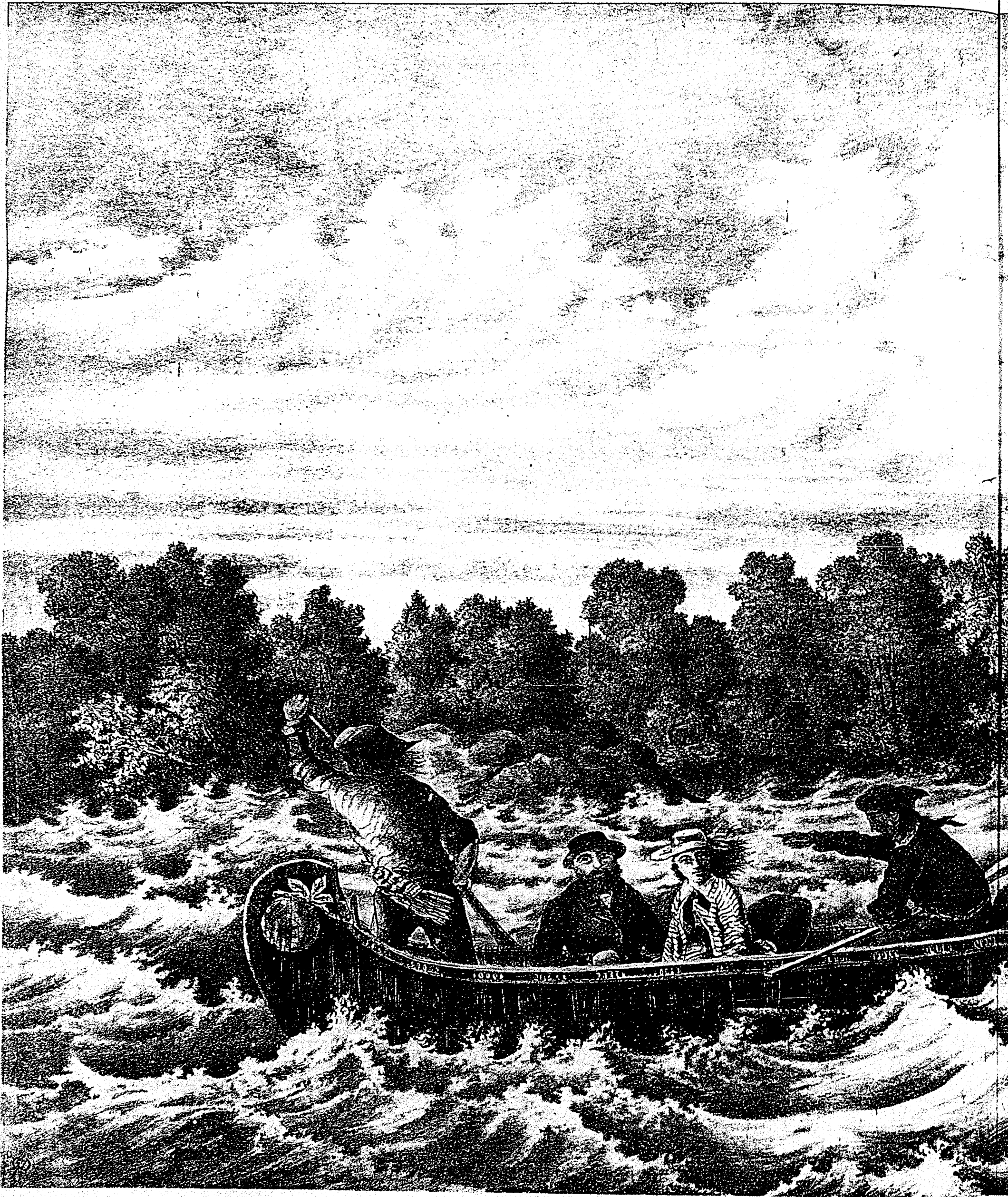
- Thus:—1. Trenell. 2. Hegira. 3. EIL. 4. Wearall. 5. OF. 6. Redentia. 7. Larynx. 8. Devastation. 9. Solerino. 10. Bolko. 11. Ottawa. 12. Amadeus. 13. Trop. 14. Rome. 15. Acnicourt. 16. Coapaxi. 17. Elba.

The World's Boat Race. Halifax, Nova Scotia.

DIED.

In this city, on the morning of the 15th instant, Mr. J. B. Bureau, aged 84 years. The funeral took place yesterday (Friday) morning from his late residence, St. Martin street, to the Côte-des-Neiges Cemetery.

S. R. PARSONS, FURNITURE WAREHOUSE, 603 and 605, CURAGE STREET, in rear of St. LAWRENCE HALL, MONTREAL. A large assortment of FURNITURE in all its varieties and of the latest styles. MATTRESSES, PILLOWS, FANCY BRACKETS, &c., &c. 1-3th



MR. AND MRS. ST. JOHN RUNNING THE

From a sketch by W. Armstrong



ISLAND RAPIDS, STURGEON RIVER.

-See page 323.

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of 1868.]

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

"I mean some day or other to have a rummage in the lumber-room," I said.

"Well, I do think that is the least you can do—if only out of respect to your ancestors. Depend on it, they don't like to be forgotten any more than other people."

The intention I had just announced was, however, but just born of her words. I had never yet searched even my grandmother's bureau, and had but this very moment fancied there might be papers in some old chest in the lumber-room. That room had already begun to occupy my thoughts from another point of view, and hence, in part, no doubt the suggestion. I was anxious to have a visit from Charley. He might bring with him some of our London friends. There was absolutely no common room in the house except the hall-kitchen. The room we had always called the lumber-room was over it and nearly as large. It had a tall stone chimney-piece, elaborately carved, and clearly had once been a room for entertainment. The idea of restoring it to its original dignity arose in my mind; and I hoped that, furnished after an antique fashion as I could compass, it would prove a fine room. The windows were small, to be sure, and the pitch rather low, but the whitewashed walls were panelled, and I had some hopes of the ceiling.

"Who knows," I said to myself, as I walked home that evening, "but I may come upon papers? I do remember something in the farthest corner that looks like a great chest."

Little more had passed between us, but Clara left me with the old dissatisfaction beginning to turn itself, as if about to awake once more. For the present I hung the half-naked blade upon the wall, for I dared not force it lest the scabbard should go to pieces.

When I reached home, I found a letter from Charley, to the effect that, if convenient, he would pay me a visit the following week. His mother and sister, he said, had been invited to Moldwarp Hall. His father was on the continent for his health. Without having consulted them on the matter, which might involve them in after difficulty, he would come to me, and so have an opportunity of seeing them in the sunshine of his father's absence. I wrote at once that I should be delighted to receive him.

The next morning I spent with my man in the lumber-room; and before mid-day the rest of the house looked like an old curiosity shop—it was so littered with odds and ends of dust-bloomed antiquity. It was hard work, and in the afternoon I found myself disinclined for more exercise of a similar sort. I had lashed out, and took a leisurely ride instead. The next day and the next also I remained at home. The following morning I went again to Moldwarp Hall.

I had not been busy more than an hour or so, when Clara, who, I presume, had in passing heard me at work, looked in.

"Who is a truant now?" she said. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Here has Miss Brotherton been almost curious concerning your absence, and Sir Giles more than once on the point of sending to inquire after you?"

"Why didn't he then?"

"Oh! I suppose he was afraid it might look like an assertion of—of—of baronial rights, or something of the sort. How could you behave in such an inconsiderate fashion!"

"You must allow me to have some business of my own."

"Certainly. But with so many anxious friends, you ought to have given a hint of your intentions."

"I had none, however."

"Of which? Friends or intentions?"

"Either."

"What! No friends? I verily surprised Miss Pease in the act of studying her 'Cookery for Invalids'—in the hope of finding a patient in you, no doubt. She wanted to come and nurse you, but dare not propose it."

"It was very kind of her."

"No doubt. But then you see she's ready to commit suicide any day, poor old thing, but for lack of courage!"

"It must be dreary for her!"

"Dreary! I should poison the old dragon."

"Well, perhaps I had better tell you, for Miss Pease's sake, who is evidently the only one that cares a straw about me in the matter, that possibly I shall be absent a good many days this week, and perhaps the next too."

"Why then—if I may ask—Mr. Absolute?"

"Because a friend of mine is going to pay me a visit. You remember Charley Osborne, don't you? Of course you do. You remember the ice cave, I am sure."

"Yes I do—quite well," she answered.

"I fancied I saw a shadow cross her face."

"When do you expect him?" she asked,

turning away, and picking a book from the floor.

"In a week or so, I think. He tells me his mother and sister are coming here on a visit."

"Yes—so I believe—to-morrow, I think. I wonder if I ought to be going. I don't think I will. I came to please them—at all events not to please myself; but as I find it pleasanter than I expected, I won't go without a hint and a half at least."

"Why should you? There is plenty of room."

"Yes; but don't you see?—so many inferiors in the house at once might be too much for Madame Dignity. She finds one quite enough, I suspect."

"You do not mean that she regards the Osbornes as inferiors?"

"Not a doubt of it. Never mind. I can take care of myself. Have you any work for me to-day?"

"Plenty, if you are in a mood for it."

"I will fetch Miss Brotherton."

"I can do without her."

She went, however, and did not return. As I walked home to dinner, she and Miss Brotherton passed me in the carriage on their way, as I learned afterwards, to fetch the Osborne ladies from the rectory, some ten miles off. I did not return to Moldwarp Hall, but helped Styles in the lumber-room, which before night we had almost emptied.

The next morning I was favoured with a little desultory assistance from the two ladies, but saw nothing of the visitors. In the afternoon, and both the following days, I took my servant with me, who got through more work than the two together, and we advanced it so far that I was able to leave the room next the armory in the hands of the carpenter and the housemaid, with sufficient directions, and did not return that week.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TALK WITH CHARLEY.

The following Monday, in the evening, Charley arrived, in great spirits, more excited indeed than I liked to see him. There was a restlessness in his eye which made me especially anxious, for it raised a doubt whether the appearance of good spirits was not the result merely of resistance to some anxiety. But I hoped my companionship, with the air and exercise of the country, would help to quiet him again. In the late twilight we took a walk together up and down my field.

"I suppose you let your mother know you were coming, Charley?" I said.

"I did not," he answered. "My father must have nothing to lay to their charge in case he should hear of our meeting."

"But he has not forbidden you to go home, has he?"

"No, certainly. But he as good as told me I was not to go home while he was away. He does not wish me to be there without his presence to counteract my evil influence. He seems to regard my mere proximity as dangerous. I sometimes wonder whether the severity of his religion may not have affected his mind. Almost all madness, you know, turns either upon love or religion."

"So I have heard. I doubt it—with men. It may be with women. But you won't surprise them? It might startle your mother too much. She is not strong, you say. Hadn't I better tell Clara Coningham? She can let them know you are here."

"It would be better."

"What do you say to going there with me to-morrow? I will send my man with a note in the morning."

He looked a little puzzled and undetermined, but said at length—

"I daresay your plan is the best. How long has Miss Coningham been here?"

"About ten days, I think."

He looked thoughtful, and made no answer.

"I see, you are afraid of my falling in love with her again," I said. "I confess I like her much better than I did, but I am not quite sure about her yet. She is very bewitching anyhow, and a little more might make me lose my heart to her. The evident dislike she has to Brotherton would of itself recommend her to any friend of yours or mine."

He turned his face away.

"Do not be anxious about me," I went on. "The first shadowy conviction of any untruthfulness in her, if not sufficient to change my feelings at once, would at once initiate a backward movement in them."

He kept his face turned away, and I was perplexed. After a few moments of silence, he turned it towards me again, as if relieved by some resolution suddenly formed, and said with a smile under a still clouded brow—

"Well, old fellow, we'll see. It'll all come right, I daresay. Write your note early and we'll follow it. How glad I shall be to have a glimpse of that blessed mother of mine without her attendant dragon!"

"For God's sake don't talk of your father so. Surely after all he is a good man!"

"Then I want a new reading of the word."

"He loves God at least."

"I won't stop to inquire—" said Charley, plunging at once into argument—"what influence for good it might or might not have to love a non-existence. I will only ask—Is it a

good God he loves or a bad one? If the latter, he can hardly be called good for loving him."

"But if there be a God at all, he must be a good God."

"Suppose the true God to be the good God, it does not follow that my father worships him. There is such a thing as worshipping a false God. At least the Bible recognizes it. For my part, I find myself compelled to say—either that the true God is not a good God, or that my father does not worship the true God. If you say he worships the God of the Bible, I either admit or dispute the assertion, but set it aside as altering nothing; for if I admit it, the argument lies thus: my father worships a bad God; my father worships the God of the Bible; therefore the God of the Bible is a bad God; and if I admit the authority of the Bible, then the true God is a bad God. If however I dispute the assertion that he worships the God of the Bible, I am left to show, if I can, that the God of the Bible is a good God, and, if I admit the authority of the Bible, to worship another than my father's God. If I do not admit the authority of the Bible, there may for all that be a good God, or, which is next best to a perfectly good God, there may be no God at all."

"Put like a lawyer, Charley; and yet I would venture to join issue with your first assertion—on which the whole argument is founded—that your father worships a bad God."

"Assuredly what he asserts concerning his God is bad."

"Admitted; but does he assert *only* bad things of his God?"

"I daresay not. But God is one. You will hardly dare the proposition that an infinite being may be partly good and partly bad."

"No. I heartily hold that God must be *one*—a proposition far more essential than that there is one God—so far at least as my understanding can judge. It is only in the limited human nature that good and evil can co-exist. But there is just the point: we are not speaking of the absolute God, but of the idea of a man concerning that God. You could suppose yourself utterly convinced of a good God long before your ideas of goodness were so correct as to render you incapable of attributing anything wrong to that God. Supposing such to be the case, and that you came afterwards to find that you had been thinking something wrong about him, do you think you would therefore grant that you had been believing either in a wicked or in a false God?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you must give your father the same scope. He attributes what we are absolutely certain are bad things to his God—and yet he may believe in a good God, for the good in his idea of God is alone that in virtue of which he is able to believe in him. No mortal can believe in the bad."

"He puts the evil foremost in his creed and exhortations."

"That may be. Few people know their own deeper minds. The more potent a power in us, I suspect it is the more hidden from our scrutiny."

"If there be a God then, Wilfrid, he is very indifferent to what his creatures think of him."

"Perhaps very patient and hopeful, Charley—who knows? Perhaps he will not force himself upon them, but help them to grow into the true knowledge of him. Your father may worship the true God, and yet have only a little of that knowledge."

A silence followed. At length—

"Thank you for my father," said Charley.

"Thank my uncle," I said.

"For not being like my father?—I do," he returned.

It was the loveliest evening that brooded round us as we walked. The moon had emerged from a rippled sea of gray cloud, over which she cast her dull opaline halo. Great masses and banks of cloud lay about the rest of the heavens, and in the dark rifts between, a star or two were visible, gazing from the awful distance.

"I wish I could let it into me, Wilfrid," said Charley, after we had been walking in silence for some time along the grass.

"Let what into you, Charley?"

"The night and the blue and the stars."

"Why don't you then?"

"I hate being taken in. The more pleasant a self-deception, the less I choose to submit to it."

"That is reasonable. But where lies the deception?"

"I don't say it's a deception. I only don't know that it isn't."

"Please explain."

"I mean what you call the beauty of the night?"

"Surely there can be little question of that?"

"Ever so little is enough. Suppose I asked you wherein its beauty consisted: would you be satisfied if I said—in the arrangement of the blue and the white, with the sparkles of yellow, and the colours about the scarce visible moon?"

"Certainly not. I should reply that it lay in the gracious peace of the whole—troubled

only with the sense of some lovely secret behind, of which itself was but the half-modelled representation, and therefore the reluctant outcome."

"Suppose I rejected the latter half of what you say, admitting the former, but judging it only the fortuitous result of the half-necessary, half-fortuitous concurrences of nature. Suppose I said—The air which is necessary to our life happens to be blue; the stars can't help shining through it and making it look deep; and the clouds are just there because they must be somewhere till they fall again, all which is more agreeable to us than fog because we feel more comfortable in weather of the sort, whence, through complacency and habit, we have got to call it beautiful—suppose I said this, would you accept it?"

"But a theory would destroy my delight in nature altogether."

"Well, isn't it the truth?"

"It would be easy to show that the sense of beauty does not spring from any amount of comfort: but I do not care to pursue the argument from that starting point.—I confess when you have once wakened the questioning spirit, and I look up at the clouds and the stars with what I may call sharpened eyes—eyes, that is, which assert their seeing, and so render themselves incapable for the time of submitting to impressions, I am as blind as any Sadducee could desire. I see blue, and white, and gold, and, in short, a tent-roof somewhat ornate. I daresay if I were in a miserable mood, having been deceived and disappointed like Hamlet, I should wish him see there nothing but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. But I know that when I am passive to its powers, I am aware of a presence altogether different—of a something at once soothing and elevating, powerful to move shame—even contrition and the desire of amendment."

"Yes, yes," said Charley hastily. "But let me suppose further—and, perhaps you will allow, better—that this blueness—I take a part for the whole—belongs essentially and of necessity to the atmosphere, itself so essential to our physical life; suppose also that this blue has essential relation to our spiritual nature—taking for the moment our spiritual nature for granted—suppose, in a word, all nature so related, not only to our physical but to our spiritual nature, that it and we form an organic whole full of action and reaction between the parts—would that satisfy you? would it enable you to look on the sky this night with absolute pleasure? would you want nothing more?"

"I thought for a little before I answered."

"No, Charley," I said at last—"it would not satisfy me. For it would indicate that beauty might be after all but the projection of my own mind—the name I gave to a harmony between that around me and that within me. There would then be nothing absolute in beauty. There would be no such thing in itself. It would exist only as a phase of me, when I was in a certain mood; and when I was earthly-minded, passionate, or troubled, it would be elsewhere. But in my best moods I feel that in nature lies the form and fashion of a peace and grandeur so much beyond anything in me, that they rouse the sense of poverty and incompleteness and blame in the want of them."

"Do you perceive whether you are leading yourself?"

"I would rather hear you say."

"To this then—that the peace and grandeur of which you speak must be a mere accident, therefore an unreality and pure appearance, or the outcome and representation of a peace and grandeur which, not to be found in us, yet exist, and make use of this frame of things to set forth and manifest themselves in order that we may recognize and desire them."

"Granted—heartily."

"In other words—you had yourself inevitably to a God manifest in nature—not as a powerful being—that is a theme absolutely without interest to me—but as possessed in himself of the original pre-existent beauty, the counterpart of which in us we call art, and who has fashioned us so that we must fall down and worship the image of himself which he has set up."

"That's good, Charley. I'm so glad you've worked that out!"

"It doesn't in the least follow that I believe it. I cannot even say I wish I did—for what I know, that might be to wish to be deceived. Of all miseries—to believe in a lovely thing and find it not true—that must be the worst."

"You might never find it out though," I said. "You might be able to comfort yourself with it all your life."

"I was wrong," he cried fiercely. "Never to find it out would be the hell of all hells, Wilfrid, I am ashamed of you!"

"So should I be, Charley, if I had meant it. I only wanted to make you speak. I agree with you entirely. But I do wish we could be quite sure of it—for I don't believe any man can ever be sure of a thing that is not true."

"My father is sure that the love of nature is not only a delusion, but a snare. I should have no right to object, were he not equally sure of the existence of a God who created and rules it.—By the way, if I believed in a God, I should say *creator*, not *created*—I told him

once, not long ago, when he fell out upon nature—he had hid hands on a copy of *Endymion* belonging to me—I don't know how the devil he got it—I asked him whether he thought the devil made the world. You should have seen the white wrath he went into at the question! I told him it was generally believed one or the other did make the world. He told me God made the world, but sin had made it. I asked him if it was sin that made it so beautiful. He said it was sin that made me think it so beautiful. I remarked how very ugly it must have looked when God had just finished it! He called me a blasphemer, and walked to the door. I stopped him for a moment by saying that I thought after all he must be right, for according to biologists the world must have been a horrible place and full of the most hideous creatures before sin came and made it lovely. When he saw my drift, he strode up to me like—well, very like his own God, I should think—and was going to strike me. I looked him in the eyes without moving, as if he had been a madman. He turned and left the room. I left the house, and went back to London the same night.

"Oh, Charley! Charley! that was too bad!"

"I know it, Wilfrid, and yet I did it! But if your father had made a downright coward of you, afraid to speak the truth, or show what you were thinking, you also might find that when anger gave you a fictitious courage, you could not help breaking out. It's only another form of cowardice, I know; and I am as much ashamed of it as you could wish me to be."

"Have you made it up with him since?"

"I've never seen him since."

"Haven't you written then?"

"No. Where's the use? He never would understand me. He knows no more of the condition of my mind than he does of the other side of the moon. If I offered such, he would put a idle apology for my behaviour to him—repudiating himself, and telling me it was the wrath of an offended God, not of an earthly parent I had to deprecate. If I told him I had only spoken against his false God—how far would that go to mend the matter, do you think?"

"Not far, I must allow. But I am very sorry."

"I wouldn't care if I could be sure of anything—or even sure that if I were sure, I shouldn't be mistaken."

"I'm afraid you are very morbid, Charley."

"Perhaps. But you cannot deny that my father is sure of things that you believe utterly false."

"I suspect, however, that if we were able to get a bird's-eye view of his mind and all its workings, we should discover that what he called assurance was not the condition you would call such. You would find it was not the certainty you covet."

"I have thought of that, and it is my only comfort. But I am sick of the whole subject. See that cloud!—Isn't it like Death on the pale horse? What fun it must be for the cherubs on such a night as this, to go blowing the clouds into fantastic shapes with their trumpet, cheeks!"

Assurance was ever what Charley wanted, and unhappily the sense of intellectual insecurity weakened his moral action.

Once more I reveal a haunting uneasiness in the expression of a hope that the ordered character of the conversation I have just set down may not render it incredible to my reader. I record the result alone. The talk itself was far more desultory, and in consequence of questions, objections, and explanations, divagated much from the comparatively direct line I have endeavoured to give it here. In the hope of making my reader understand both Charley and myself, I have sought to make the winding and rough path straight and smooth.

CHAPTER XXXVI

TAPESTRY.

Having heard what I was about at the Hall, Charley expressed a desire to take a share in my labours, especially as thereby he would be able to see more of his mother and sister. I took him straight to the book-rooms, and we were hard at work when Clara entered.

"Here is your old friend Charley Osborne," I said. "You remember Miss Coningham, Charley, I know."

He advanced in what seemed a strangely embarrassed—indeed rather sheepish manner, altogether unlike his usual bearing. I attributed it to a doubt whether Clara would acknowledge their old acquaintance. On her part, she met him with some frankness, but I thought also a rather embarrassed look, which was the more surprising as I had let her know he was coming. But they shook hands, and in a little while we were all chatting comfortably.

"Shall I go and tell Mrs. Osborne you are here?" she asked.

"Yes, if you please," said Charley, and she went.

In a few minutes Mrs. Osborne and Mary entered. The meeting was full of affection, but to my eye looked like a meeting of the

living and the dead in a dream—there was such an evident sadness in it, as if each was dimly aware that they met but in appearance and were in reality far asunder. I could not doubt that however much they loved him, and however little they sympathized with his father's treatment of him, his mother and sister yet regarded him as separated from them by a great gulf—that of culpable unbelief. But they seemed therefore only the more anxious to please and serve him—their anxiety revealing itself in an eagerness painfully like the service offered to one whom the doctors have given up, and who may now have any indulgence he happens to fancy.

"I say, mother," said Charley, who seemed to strive after an airier manner even than usual—"couldn't you come and help us? It would be so jolly!"

"No, my dear; I mustn't leave Lady Brotherton. That would be rude, you know. But I daresay Mary might."

"Oh, please, mamma! I should like it so much—especially if Clara would stop! But perhaps Mr. Cumberland—we ought to have asked him first."

"Yes—to be sure—he's the foreman," said Charley. "But he's not a bad fellow, and won't be disobliging. Only you must do as he tells you, or it'll be the worse for us all. I know him."

"I shall be delighted," I said. "I can give both the ladies plenty to do. Indeed I regard Miss Coningham as one of my hands already. Won't Miss Brotherton honour us to-day, Miss Coningham?"

"I will go and ask her," said Clara. They all withdrew. In a little while I had four assistants, and we got on famously. The carpenter had been hard at work, and the room next the armoury, the oak-paneelling of which had shown considerable signs of decay, had been repaired, and the shelves, which were in tolerable condition, were now ready to receive their burden, and reflect the first rays of a dawning order.

Plenty of talk went on during the dusting and arranging of the books by their size, which was the first step towards a cosmos. There was a certain playful naiveté about Charley's manner and speech when he was happy which gave him an instant advantage with women, and even made the impression of wit where there was only grace. Although he was perfectly capable, however, of engaging to any extent in the *babbling* which has ever been in place between young men and women since dawning humanity were first aware of a lovely difference, there was always a certain indescribable dignity about what he said which I now see could have come only from a *believing* heart. I use the word advisedly, but would rather my reader should find what I mean than require me to explain it fully. Belief, to my mind, lies chiefly in the practical recognition of the high and pure.

Miss Brotherton looked considerably puzzled sometimes, and indeed out of her element. But her dignity had no chance with so many young people, and was compelled to show visibly; and while growing more friendly with the others, she could not avoid unbending towards me also, notwithstanding I was a neighbour and the son of a dairy-farmer.

Mary Osborne took little part in the fun beyond a smile, or in the more solid conversation beyond an assent or an ordinary remark. I did not find her very interesting. An on-looker would probably have said she lacked expression. But the stillness upon her face bore to me the shadow of a reproof. Perhaps it was only a want of sympathy with what was going on around her. Perhaps her soul was either far withdrawn from its present circumstances, or not yet awake to the general interests of life. There was little in the form or hue of her countenance to move admiration, beyond a complexion without spot. It was very fair and delicate, with little more colour in it than in the white rose, which but the faintest warmth redeems from dead whiteness. Her features were good in form, but in no way remarkable; her eyes were of the so-called hazel, which consists of a mingling of brown and green; her figure was good, but seemed unelastic, and she had nothing of her brother's gaiety or grace of movement or expression. I do not mean that either her motions or her speech were clumsy—there was simply nothing to remark in them beyond the absence of anything special. In a word, I did not find her interesting, save as the sister of my delightful Charley, and the sharer of his mother's griefs concerning him.

"If I had as good help in the afternoon," I said, "we should have all the books on the shelves to-night, and be able to set about assorting them to-morrow."

"I am sorry I cannot come this afternoon," said Miss Brotherton. "I should have been most happy if I could. It is really very pleasant—notwithstanding the dust. But Mrs. Osborne and mamma want me to go with them to Minstercombe. You will lunch with us to-day, won't you?" she added, turning to Charley.

"Thank you, Miss Brotherton," he replied; "I should have been delighted, but I am not my own master—I am Cumberland's slave at present, and can eat and drink only when and where he chooses."

"You must stay with your mother, Charley,"

I said. "You cannot refuse Miss Brotherton."

She could thereupon scarcely avoid extending the invitation to me, but I declined it on some pretext or other, and I was again, thanks to Lilith, back from my dinner before they had finished luncheon. The carriage was at the door when I rode up, and the moment I heard it drive away, I went to the dining-room to find my coadjutors. The only person there was Miss Pease. A thought struck me.

"Won't you come and help us, Miss Pease?" I have lost one of my assistants, and I am very anxious to get the room we are at now so far finished to-night."

A smile found its way to her cold eyes, and set the blue-sparkling for one briefest moment.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Cumberland, but—"

"Kind!" I exclaimed—"I want your help, Miss Pease."

"I'm afraid—"

"Lady Brotherton can't want you now. Do oblige me. You will find it fun."

She smiled outright—evidently at the fancy of any relation between her and fun.

"Do go and put a cap on, and a cotton dress, and come," I persisted.

Without another word she left the room. I was still alone in the library when she came to me, and having shown her what I wanted, we were already busy when the rest arrived.

"Oh Peasey! Are you there?" said Clara, as she entered—not unkindly.

"I have got a substitute for Miss Brotherton, you see, Clara—Miss Coningham—I beg your pardon."

"There's no occasion to beg my pardon. Why shouldn't you call me Clara if you like? It is my name."

"Charley might be taking the same liberty," I returned, extemporizing a reason.

"And why shouldn't Charley take the same liberty?" she retorted.

"For no reason that I know," I answered, a trifle hurt, "if it be agreeable to the lady."

"And the gentleman," she amended.

"And the gentleman," I added.

"Very well. Then we are all good boys and girls. Now Peasey, I'm very glad you're come. Only mind you get back to your place before the ogress returns, or you'll have your head snapped off."

Was I right, or was it the result of the slight offence I had taken? Was the gracious, graceful, naive, playful, daring woman—or could she be—or had she been just the least little bit vulgar? I am afraid I was then more sensitive to vulgarity in a woman, real or fancied, than even to wickedness—at least I thought I was. At all events, the first conviction of anything common or unrefined in a woman would at once have placed me beyond the sphere of her attraction. But I had no time to think the suggestion over now; and in a few minutes—whether she saw the cloud on my face I cannot tell—Clara had given me a look and a smile which banished the possibility of my thinking about it for the present.

Miss Pease worked more diligently than any of the party. She seldom spoke, and when she did, it was in a gentle, subdued, almost mournful tone; but the company of the young people without the restraint of her mistress, was evidently grateful to what of youth yet remained in her oppressed being.

Before it was dark we had got the books all upon the shelves, and leaving Charley with the ladies, I walked home.

I found Styles had got everything out of the lumber-room except a heavy oak chest in the corner, which our united strength being insufficient to displace it, I concluded was fixed to the floor. I collected all the keys my aunt had left behind her, but sought the key of this chest in vain. For my uncle, I never saw a key in his possession. Even what little money he might have in the house, was only put away at the back of an open drawer. For the present, therefore, we had to leave it undisturbed.

When Charley came home, we went to look at it together. It was of oak, and somewhat elaborately carved.

I was very restless in bed that night. The air was close and hot, and as often as I dropped half asleep I woke again with a start. My thoughts kept stupidly running on the old chest. It had mechanically possessed me. I felt no disturbing curiosity concerning its contents; I was not annoyed at the want of the key; it was only that, like a nursery rhyme that keeps repeating itself over and over in the half-sleeping brain, this chest kept rising before me till I was out of patience with its intrusiveness. It brought me wide awake at last; and I thought, as I could not sleep, I would have a search for the key. I got out of bed, put on my dressing gown and slippers, lighted my chamber candle, and made an inroad upon the contents of the closet in my room, which had apparently remained undisturbed since the morning when I missed my watch. I believe I had never entered it since. Almost the first thing I came upon was the pendulum, which woke a strange sensation for which I could not account, until by slow degrees the twilight memory of the incidents connected with it half dawned upon me. I searched the whole place, but not a key could I find.

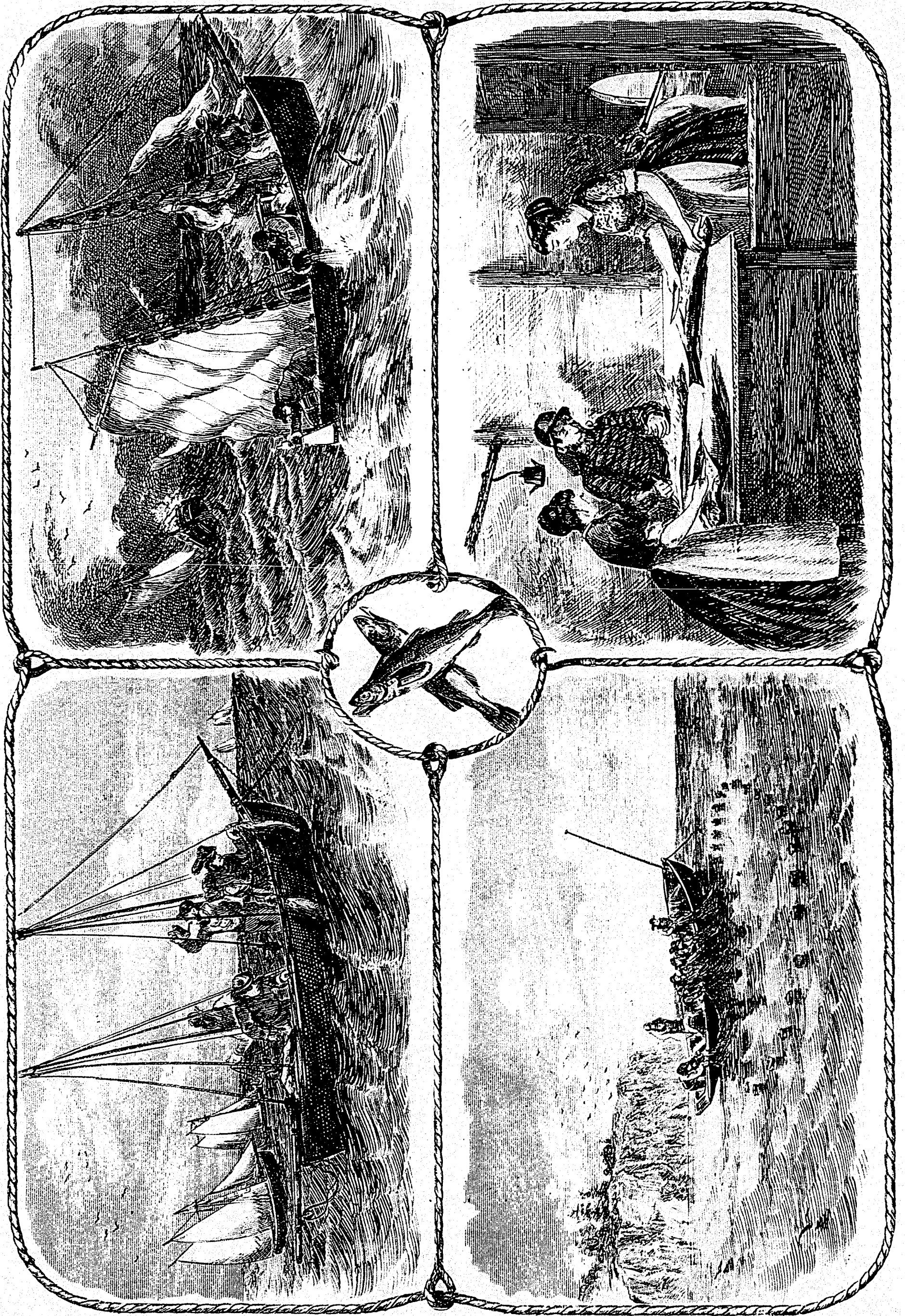
I started violently at the sound of some-

thing like a groan, and for the briefest imaginable moment forgot that my grannie was dead, and thought it must come from her room. It may be remembered that such a sound had led me to her in the middle of the night on which she died. Whether I really heard the sound, or only fancied I heard it—by some half-mechanical action of the brain, roused by the association of ideas—I do not even yet know. It may have been changed or expanded into a groan, from one of those innumerable sounds heard in every old house in the stillness of the night; for such, in the absence of the correction given by other sounds, assume place and proportion as it were at their pleasure. What lady has not at midnight mistaken the trail of her own dress on the carpet, in a silent house, for some tumult in a distant room? Curious to say, however, it now led to the same action as the groan I had heard so many years before; for I caught up my candle at once, and took my way down to the kitchen, and up the winding stair behind the chimney to grannie's room. Strange as it may seem, I had not been in it since my return; for my thoughts had been so entirely occupied with other things, that, although I now and then looked forward with considerable expectation to a thorough search of the place, especially of the bureau, I kept it up as a *bonne bouche*, the anticipation of which was consolation enough for the postponement.

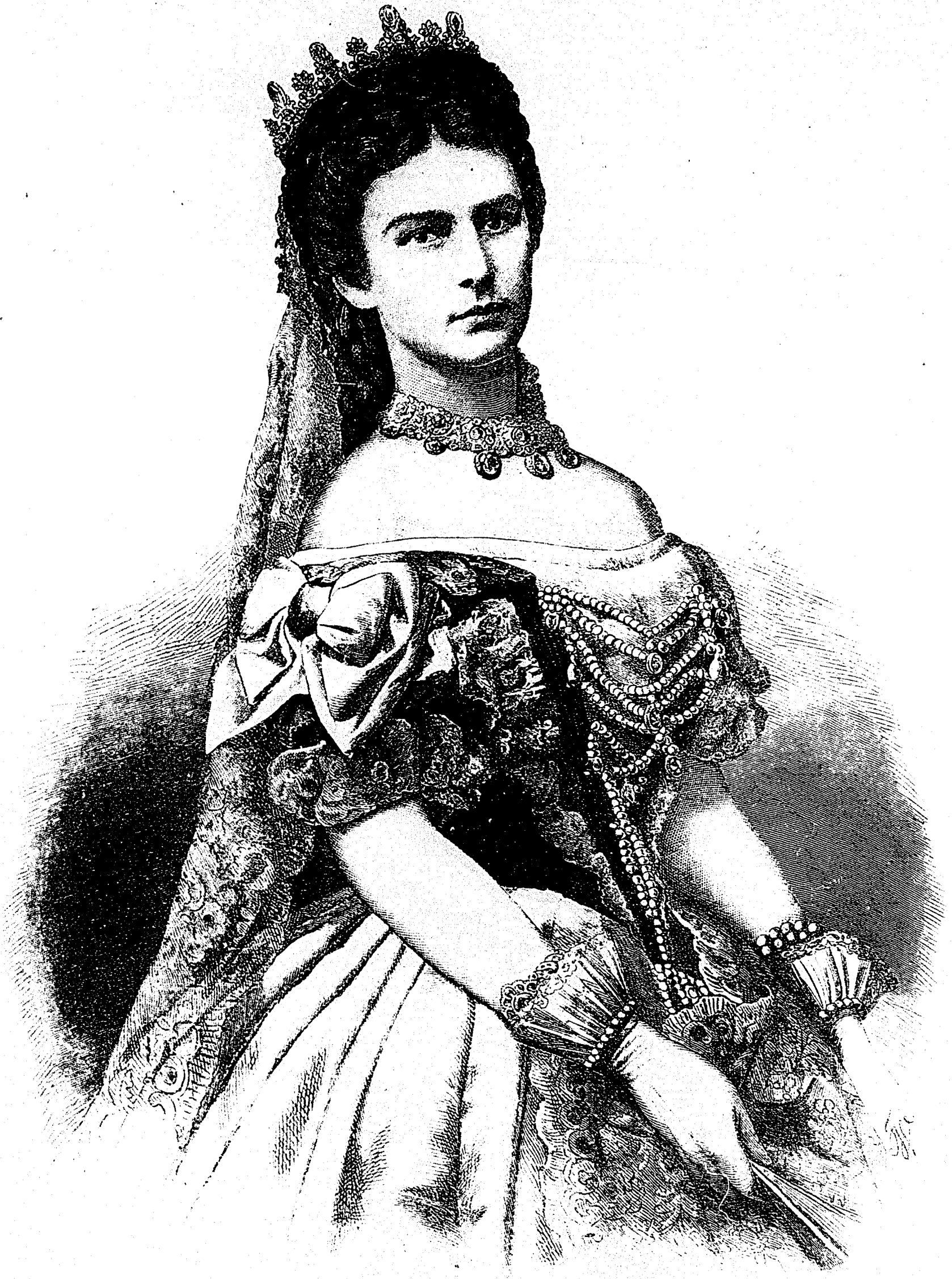
I confess it was with no little quavering of the spirit that I sought this chamber in the middle of the night. For, by its association with one who had, from my earliest recollection, seemed like something forgotten and left behind in the onward rush of life, it was far more than anything else in the house, like a piece of the past embedded in the present—a fragment that had been, by some eddy in the stream of time, prevented from gliding away down its course, and left to lie for ever in a cranny of the solid shore of un-moving space. But although subject to more than the ordinary tremor at the thought of unknown and invisible presences, I must say for myself that I had never yielded so far as to allow such tremor to govern my actions. Even in my dreams I have resisted ghostly terrors, and can recall one in which I so far conquered a lady-ghost who took every means of overcoming me with terror, that at length she fell in love with me, whereupon my fear vanished utterly—a conceited fancy, and as such let it fare.

I opened the door then with some trembling, half expecting to see first the white of my grannie's cap against the tall back of her dark chair. But my senses were sound, and no such illusion seized me. All was empty, cheerless, and musty. Grannie's bed, with its white curtains, looked as if it were mouldering away after her. The dust lay thick on the counterpane of patchwork silk. The bureau stood silent with all its secrets. In the fire-place was the same brushwood and coals, which Nannie laid the morning of grannie's death; interrupted by the discovery of my presence, she had left it, and that fire had never been lighted. Half for the sake of companionship, half because the air felt sulphurous and I was thinly clad, I put my candle to it and it blazed up. My courage revived, and after a little more gazing about the room, I ventured to sit down in my grannie's chair and watch the growing fire, and my eyes went roving about the room. They fell upon a black dress which hung against the wall. At the same moment I remembered that when she gave me the watch, she took the keys of the bureau from her pocket. I went to the dress and found a pocket, not indeed in the dress, but hanging under it from the same peg. There her keys were! It would have been a marvel to me how my aunt came to leave them undisturbed all those years, but for the instant suggestion that my uncle must have expressed a wish to that effect. With eager hand I opened the bureau. Besides many trinkets in the drawers, some of them of exceedingly antique form, and, I fancied, of considerable value, I found in the pigeon-holes what I was far more pleased to discover—a good many letters, carefully tied in small bundles, with ribbon which had lost all determinable colour. These I resolved to take an early opportunity of reading, but replaced for the present, and, having come at last upon one hopeful-looking key, I made haste to return before my candle, which was already flickering in the socket, should go out altogether, and leave me darkling. When I reached the kitchen, however, I found the gray dawn already breaking. I retired once more to my chamber, and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning, my first care was to try the key. It fitted. I oiled it well, and then tried the lock. I had to use considerable force, but at last there came a great clang that echoed through the empty room. When I raised the lid, I knew by the weight it was of iron. In fact, the whole chest was iron with a casing of oak. The lock threw eight bolts, which laid hold of a rim that ran all round the lip of the chest. It was full of "very ancient and fish-like" papers and parchments. I do not know whether my father or grandfather had ever disturbed them, but I am certain my uncle never had, for as far back as I can re-



THE NEWFOUNDLAND COD FISHERIES.—SEE PAGE 323.



THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

SEE PAGE 323.

member, the part of the room where it stood was filled with what had been, at one time and another, condemned as lumber.

Charley was intensely interested in the discovery, and would have sat down at once to examine the contents of the chest, had I not persuaded him to leave them till the afternoon, that we might get on with our work at the Hall.

The second room was now ready for the carpenter, but, having had a peep of tapestry behind the shelves, a new thought had struck me. If it was in good preservation, it would be out of the question to hide it behind books.

I fear I am getting tedious. My apology for diffuseness in this part of my narrative is that some threads of the fringe of my own fate show every now and then in the record of these proceedings. I confess also that I hang back from certain things which are pressing nearer with their claim for record.

When we reached the Hall, I took the carpenter with me, and had the bookshelves taken down. To my disappointment we found that an oblong piece of some size was missing from the centre of the tapestry on one of the walls. That which covered the rest of the room was entire. It was all of good gobelins work—somewhat tame in colour. The damaged portion represented a wooded landscape with water and reedy flowers and aquatic fowl, towards which in the distance came a hunter with a crossbow in his hand, and a queer, lurcher-looking dog bounding uncouthly at his heel: the edge of the vacant space cut off the dog's tail and the top of the man's crossbow.

I went to find Sir Giles. He was in the dining-room, where they had just finished breakfast.

"Ah, Mr. Cumbermede!" he said, rising as I entered, and holding out his hand—"here already?"

"We have uncovered some tapestry, Sir Giles, and I want you to come and look at it, if you please."

"I will," he answered. "Would any of you ladies like to go and see it?"

His daughter and Clara rose. Lady Brotherton and Mrs. Osborne sat still. Mary, glancing at her mother, remain seated also.

"Won't you come, Miss Pease?" I said.

She looked almost alarmed at the audacity of the proposal, and murmured, "No, thank you," with a glance at Lady Brotherton, which appeared as involuntary as it was timid.

"Is my son with you?" asked Mrs. Osborne.

I told her he was.

"I shall look in upon you before the morning is over," she said, quietly.

They were all pleased with the tapestry, and the ladies offered several conjectures as to the cause of the mutilation.

"It would be a shame to cover it up again—would it not, Sir Giles?" I remarked.

"Indeed it would," he assented.

"If it weren't for that broken piece," said Clara. "That spoils it altogether. I should have the books up again as soon as possible."

"It does look shabby," said Charley. "I can't say I should enjoy having anything so defective always before my eyes."

"We must have it taken down very carefully, Hobbes," said Sir Giles, turning to the carpenter.

"Must it come down, Sir Giles?" I interposed. "I think it would be risky. No one knows how long it has been there, and though it might hang where it is for a century yet, and look nothing the worse, it can't be strong, and at best we could not get it down without some injury, while it is a great chance if it would fit any other place half as well."

"What do you propose, then?"

"This is the largest room of the six, and the best lighted—with that lovely oriel window: I would venture to propose, Sir Giles, that it should be left clear of books and fitted up as a reading-room."

"But how would you deal with that frightful lacuna in the tapestry?" said Charley.

"Yes," said Sir Giles; "it won't look handsome, I fear—do what you will."

"I think I know how to manage it," I said. "If I succeed to your satisfaction, will you allow me to carry out the project?"

"But what are we to do with the books, then? We shan't have room for them."

"Couldn't you let me have the next room beyond?"

"You mean to turn me out, I suppose," said Clara.

"Is there tapestry on your walls?" I asked.

"Not a thread—all wainscot—painted."

"Then your room would be the very thing!"

"It is much larger than any of these," she said.

"Then do let us have it for the library, Sir Giles," I entreated.

"I will see what Lady Brotherton says," he replied, and left the room.

In a few minutes, we heard his step returning.

"Lady Brotherton has no particular objection to giving up the room you want," he said.

"Will you see Mrs. Wilson, Clara, and arrange with her for your accommodation?"

"With pleasure. I don't mind where I'm put—except it be in Lord Edward's room—where the ghost is."

"You mean the one next to ours? There

is no ghost there, I assure you," said Sir Giles, laughing, as he again left the room with short heavy steps.—"Manage it all to your own mind, Mr. Cumbermede. I shall be satisfied," he called back as he went.

"Until further notice," I said, with grandiloquence, "I request that no one may come into this room. If you are kind enough to assort the books we put up yesterday, oblige me by going through the armoury. I must find Mrs. Wilson."

"I will go with you," said Clara. "I wonder where the old thing will want to put me. I'm not going where I don't like, I can tell her," she added, following me down the stair and across the hall and the court.

We found the housekeeper in her room. I accosted her in a friendly way. She made but a bare response.

"Would you kindly show me where I slept that night I lost my sword, Mrs. Wilson?" I said.

"I know nothing about your sword, Mr. Cumbermede," she answered, shaking her head and pursing up her mouth.

"I don't ask you anything about it, Mrs. Wilson; I only ask you where I slept the night I lost it."

"Really, Mr. Cumbermede, you can hardly expect me to remember in what room a visitor slept—let me see—it must be twelve or fifteen years ago! I do not take it upon me."

"Oh! never mind, then. I referred to the circumstances of that night, thinking they might help you to remember the room; but it is of no consequence; I shall find it for myself. Miss Coningham will, I hope, help me in the search. She knows the house better than I do."

"I must attend to my own business first, if you please, sir," said Clara. "Mrs. Wilson, I am ordered out of my room by Mr. Cumbermede. You must find me fresh quarters, if you please."

Mrs. Wilson stared.

"Do you mean, miss, that you want your things moved to another bedroom?"

"That is what I mean, Mrs. Wilson."

"I must see what Lady Brotherton says to it, miss."

"Do, by all means."

I saw that Clara was bent on annoying her old enemy, and interposed.

"Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton have agreed to let me have Miss Coningham's room for an addition to the library, Mrs. Wilson," I said.

She looked very grim, but made no answer. We turned and left her. She stood for a moment as if thinking, and then, taking down her bunch of keys, followed us.

"If you will come this way," she said, stopping just behind us at another door in the court, "I think I can show you the room you want. But really, Mr. Cumbermede, you are turning the place upside down. If I had thought it would come to this—"

"I hope to do so a little more, yet, Mrs. Wilson," I interrupted. "But I am sure you will be pleased with the result."

She did not reply, but led the way up a stair, across the little open gallery, and by passages I did not remember, to the room I wanted. It was in precisely the same condition as when I occupied it.

"This is the room, I believe," she said, as she unlocked and threw open the door. "Perhaps it would suit you, Miss Coningham?"

"Not in the least," answered Clara. "Who knows which of my small possessions might vanish before the morning!"

The housekeeper's face grew turkey-red with indignation.

"Mr. Cumbermede has been filling your head with some of his romances, I see, Miss Clara."

I laughed, for I did not care to show myself offended with her rudeness.

"Never your mind," said Clara; "I am not going to sleep there."

"Very good," said Mrs. Wilson, in a tone of offence severely restrained.

"Will you show me the way to the library?" I requested.

"I will," said Clara; "I know it as well as Mrs. Wilson—every bit."

"Then that is all I want at present, Mrs. Wilson," I said, as we came out of the room.

"Don't lock the door, though, please," I added.

"Or, if you do, give me the key."

She left the door open, and us in the passage. Clara led me to the library. There we found Charley waiting our return.

"Will you take that little boy to his mother, Clara?" I said. "I don't want him here today. We'll have a look over those papers in the evening, Charley."

"That's right," said Clara. "I hope Charley will help you to a little rational interest in your own affairs. I am quite bewildered to think that an author, not to say a young man, the sole remnant of an ancient family, however humble, shouldn't even know whether he had any papers in the house or not."

"We've come upon a glorious nest of such addled eggs, Clara. Charley and I are going to blow them to-night," I said.

"You never know when such eggs are addled," retorted Clara. "You'd better put them under some sensible fowl or other first," she added, looking back from the door as they went.

I turned to the carpenter's tool-basket, and taking from it an old chisel, a screw-driver, and a pair of pincers, went back to the room we had just left.

There could be no doubt it. There was the tip of the dog's tail, and the top of the hunter's crossbow.

But my reader may not have retained in her memory the facts to which I implicitly refer. I would therefore, to spare repetition, beg her to look to Chapter XIV., containing the account of the loss of my sword.

In the consternation caused me by the discovery that this loss was no dream of the night, I had never thought of examining the wall of the chamber to see whether there was in it a door or not; but I saw now at once plainly enough that the inserted patch did cover a small door. Opening it, I found within, a creaking wooden stair, leading up to another low door, which, fashioned like the door of a companion, opened upon the roof:—nowhere, except in the towers, had the Hall more than two stories. As soon as I had drawn back the bolt and stepped out, I found myself standing at the foot of an ornate stack of chimneys, and remembered quite well having tried the door that night Clara and I were shut out on the leads—the same night on which my sword was stolen.

For the first time the question now rose in my mind whether Mrs. Wilson could have been in league with Mr. Close. Was it likely I should have been placed in a room so entirely fitted to his purposes by accident? But I could not imagine any respectable woman running such a risk of terrifying a child out of his senses, even if she could have connived at his being robbed of what she might well judge unsuitable for his possession.

Descending again to the bed-room, I set to work with my tools. The utmost care was necessary, for the threads were weak with old age. I had only one or two slight mishaps, however, succeeding on the whole better than I had expected. Leaving the door denuded of its covering, I took the patch on my arm, and again sought the library. Hobbes's surprise, and indeed pleasure, when he saw that my plunder not only fitted the gap, but completed the design, was great. I directed him to get the whole piece down as carefully as he could, and went to extract, if possible, a favour from Lady Brotherton.

She was, of course, very stiff—no doubt she would have called it dignified; but I did all I could to please her, and perhaps in some small measure succeeded. After representing amongst other advantages, what an addition a suite of rooms filled with a valuable library must be to the capacity of the house for the reception and entertainment of guests, I ventured at last to beg the services of Miss Pease for the repair of a bit of the tapestry.

She rung the bell, sent for Miss Pease, and ordered her, in a style of the coldest arrogance, to put herself under my direction. She followed me to the door in the meekest manner, but declined the arm I offered. As we went I explained what I wanted, saying I could not trust it to any hands but those of a lady, expressing a hope that she would not think I had taken too great a liberty, and begging her to say nothing about the work itself, as I wished to surprise Sir Giles and my assistants. She said she would be most happy to help me, but when she saw how much was wanted, she did look a little dismayed. She went and fetched her work-basket at once, however, and set about it, tacking the edges to a strip of canvas, in preparation for some kind of darning, which would not, she hoped, be unsightly.

For a whole week she and the carpenter were the only persons I admitted, and while she gave to her darning very moment she could redeem from her attendance on Lady Brotherton, the carpenter and I were busy—he cleaning and polishing, and I ranging the more deserted parts of the house to find furniture suitable for our purpose. In Clara's room was an old Turkey-carpet which we appropriated, and when we had the tapestry up again, which Miss Pease had at length restored in a marvellous manner—surpassing my best hope and more like healing than repairing—the place was to my eyes a very nest of dusky harmonies.

(To be continued.)

Recently, a gentleman who was swimming off Dover some distance out at sea, and attended by a boat, was seized by a devil fish (the monstrous *pinne* written of by Victor Hugo). The fish seized the swimmer with its suckers, and was dragging him under the water, when the boatman fortunately caught the gentleman by the hair of the head and pulled him away from the clutches of the hideous creature, a portion of the fish still clinging to him. The swimmer was quite prostrate and bleeding in many parts of the body where the fish had seized him, and has since suffered much from the shock to his system. This story comes to us well authenticated.

CULTIVATING SPONGES.—The French and Austrian governments have begun to raise sponges artificially; the former on the shores of the Mediterranean, and the latter on the coast of Dalmatia, and the cultivation is said to be perfectly successful and very profitable.

THEATRE ROYAL.

—000—
RANOE SEASON.

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

FRIDAY, 17th NOV., Benefit of MISS KATE QUINTON, IVANHOE, and two farces.
SATURDAY, 18th NOVEMBER, IVANHOE and BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

MONDAY, 20th NOVEMBER, New Drama, LA PETROLEUSE DE LA COMMUNE.

ADMISSION: Dress Circle, 50c.; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle, 75c.; Family Circle, 35c.; Pit, 25c.; Private Boxes, \$4. Seats secured at PRINCE'S Music Store. Doors open at 7; performance to begin at 8. 4-21a

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN THE MATTER OF J. B. GENDRON,
Trader and Butcher, of Montreal, Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the COURT HOUSE in the Room adapted for matters regarding Insolvency, in the City of Montreal, on MONDAY, the TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY of NOVEMBER Inst., at THREE o'clock P.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.

L. JOS. LAJOIE,

Interim Assignee.

Montreal, 7th November, 1871.

4-21 b

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN THE MATTER OF JOHN CHAMARD,
Grain Merchant, of Montreal, Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the COURT HOUSE in the Room adapted for matters regarding Insolvency, in Montreal, on MONDAY, the TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY of NOVEMBER Instant, at 11 A.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.

L. JOS. LAJOIE,

Interim Assignee.

Montreal, 7th November, 1871.

4-21 b

THE Canadian Illustrated News PORTFOLIO,

(FOR 1872.)

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

ILLUSTRATED DOMINION GUIDE

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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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

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

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

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

GEO. E. DESBARATS,
Proprietor.

OFFICE OF THE
Canadian Illustrated News,
Montreal, Canada.

4-18 if

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

For the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, and for restoring the tone of the vocal organs.

Persons who are troubled with huskiness and a slight hacking cough, consequent upon changes of temperature, should try this preparation of Red Spruce Gum. It has a specific effect in such cases. For sale at all drug stores. Price, 25 cents.

The following recommendation from John Andrew, Esq., Professor of Elocution, speaks for itself, and others from influential men will shortly appear:—

19 Courville Street,
Oct. 19, 1871.

"DEAR SIR,—I have pleasure in recommending your Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. It has frequently been of essential service to myself, and I have on several occasions induced public singers to use it, who have invariably expressed themselves delighted with its effect upon the voice. It has an agreeable taste, imparts a pleasant odour to the breath, and does not produce the dryness of the mouth complained of by those who have used Bronchial Troches."

Yours truly,

JOHN ANDREW.

BE SURE AND ASK FOR
GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.
4-44-tf

251, ST. JAMES STREET, Two doors West Ottawa Hotel, MONTREAL, Nov. 19th, 1871.

To the Ladies and Gentlemen of Montreal: THE UNDERSIGNED, impressed with the want in this city of a pleasant Refreshment Room where no liquors are sold and where palatable meals at reasonable rates may be had, has fitted up at above address two Oyster and Chop Dining Rooms. The rooms are neatly furnished and front immediately on St. James Street, the promenade of the City; polite attention will be given all comers, especially Ladies. As the undersigned is the largest Importer and packer of Oysters in the Dominion, receiving fresh supplies daily, the quality of the Oysters can be particularly recommended. Dining Room opened from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. JOHN B. BUSS. 4-21 d

D. NAGY. 290 & 297, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. MANUFACTURER OF LADIES' MISSES' and GENTS' FURS, SLEIGH and WAGGON ROBES, &c.

I have on hand a fine assortment of all the leading styles of Fur Goods, for Ladies' Wear, in Sable, Mink, Seal, Astrachan, etc., etc. Also a great variety of Bear, Fox, Wolf, and other Robes, which I offer at the lowest price at which it is possible to produce First-Class Goods. Highest market price paid for raw furs. 4-24 d

THE DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, 89 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, P.Q.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

Established for the purpose of qualifying Operators for the new Telegraph Lines now building throughout the Dominion and the United States.

This Institution having been established three years, may now be considered a permanent College. Its rapid growth and prosperity are due to the demands of the Telegraph community, and the great success which has attended the Proprietor is due simply to the able manner in which the system has been conveyed to the Pupils by the Professors attached to the Institute.

The rapid development and usefulness of the Electric Telegraph, and the consequent ever-increasing demand for First-Class Operators renders the opening of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity. Telegraphic Superintendents view this movement as one made in the right direction. Commercial Colleges have, to some extent, assumed the responsibility of teaching in this, as well as in other branches of business education. The knowledge of Telegraphy cannot, in this manner, be always looked upon as being second rate. So much so, that the Colleges in Chicago, Milwaukee, Buffalo, New York, &c., have discontinued the practice of Teaching, and recommended the Telegraph Institute as the proper place to acquire this highly interesting, scientific and profitable art.

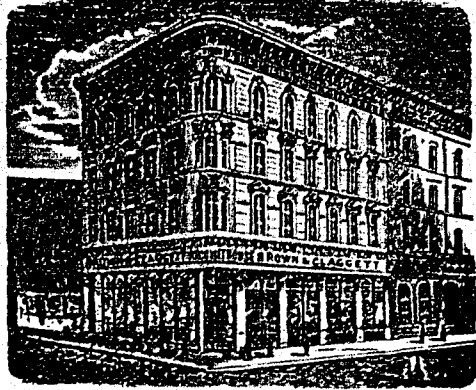
The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. Graduates on leaving the Institute are presented with a diploma of proficiency, which will enable them to act immediately as operators, wherever throughout the Dominion of Canada and the United States. At first salaries of \$30 a month may be secured; after two years' experience on the lines from \$30 to \$40 a month can be commanded; while in the United States from \$50 to \$120 per month are paid.

The possession of a knowledge of Telegraphy is especially open to Ladies; in fact, they are the favorites as operators both in England and America, commanding higher wages, as compared with other employments, than men, while they have the natural facility of acquiring the system sooner. A fair knowledge of reading and writing are the only qualifications necessary, and any person of ordinary ability can become a competent operator. This has been proved by graduates who, with a very slight education and no idea of the mode of operating of Telegraphy on entering, have become successful operators in a few months. Students have also an opportunity of learning rapid writing. Some of our students who could not hardly write their names now take down a message at the rate of from 25 to 30 words a minute.

THE DUTIES OF AN OPERATOR.

There is no trade or profession which requires so small an amount of labour, and at the same time where the employee has the same amount of freedom and independence, being at all times master of the instrument over which he presides, generally in an office by themselves, without either foreman or master, merely to take and despatch messages. The usual hours of attendance required is from 10 to 12 hours per day, less the usual hours for meals. Operators are not required to work on Sundays. The Institute is fitted up in a most complete and practical manner, with all the usual fixtures, &c., of a regular Telegraph office on a large scale. Messages of every description, Train news, arrivals and departures, Market Reports and Cable messages are sent and received, as daily practised on the lines. Individual instruction is given to each pupil, according to capacity of learning the science. Neither pains nor expense are spared to qualify the students for important offices, in the shortest possible time. Students may commence their studies at any time, and continue at the College until they are proficient operators, without any further charge. There are no vacations. Hours of attendance, from 9 A.M. to noon, and from 1:30 to 6 P.M. The time occupied in learning averages fifteen weeks; but this, of course, depends principally on the capacity of the pupil for instruction. Some pupils who are now on the lines completed their course of study in from five to eight weeks. The terms for the full course of instruction is Thirty Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all necessary materials, instruments, &c., are furnished to each student. A line has been constructed on which students of this Institute will have actual practice, when sufficiently advanced. In case of a broken communication, the repairs will be conducted by a Professor of Telegraphy, under the eyes of the students, so that a really practical knowledge may be obtained in every branch of the Science of Telegraphic Communication.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor. Montreal, June, 1871.

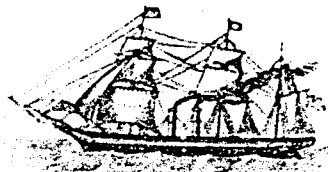


THE STOCK at the RECOLLET HOUSE is now complete in all the departments, embracing the latest novelties in

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

MOURNING AND MARRIAGE OUTFITS Complete at the Shortest Notice.

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



ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of Canadian & United States Mails 1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871.

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

Table listing ship names, destinations, and agents for the Allan Line, including POLYNESIAN, SARMATIAN, CIRCASSIAN, CASPIAN, SCANDINAVIAN, PRUSSIAN, AUSTRIAN, NESTORIAN, MORAVIAN, PERUVIAN, GERMANIAN, HIBERNIAN, NOVA SCOTIAN, NORTH AMERICAN, CORINTHIAN, OTTAWA, ST. DAVID, ST. ANDREW, ST. PATRICK, NORWAY, and SWEDEN.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

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

Table showing rates of passage from Quebec for Cabin, Intermediate, and Steerage.

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE.

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

Table showing fares from Quebec for Cabin, Intermediate, and Steerage.

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Montreal to J. L. FARMER, or HUGH and ANDREW ALLAN, in Quebec to ALLAN, RAY & CO., in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOUSSANG, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AGO. SCHMIDT & CO.; in Rotterdam to G. P. IYDASS & ZOON; in Hamburg to W. GUNSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MACCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERY & GREENHORSE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 79 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN Bros., James Street; or to H. W. A. ALLAN, corner of Yeuville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-24 d

Office of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS," MONTREAL, 10th July, 1871.

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

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT S. GOLTMAN AND CO.'S, 182, ST. JAMES STREET. A. R.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

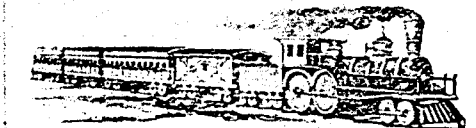
We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List.

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



4-15 d

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

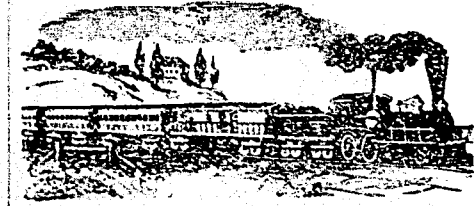


GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, the 30th instant, Trains will leave Montreal as follows:—

- Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7:00 a.m. Day Mail Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 8:00 a.m. Night Mail Train for Quebec, Island Pond, Portland, and Boston at 10:00 p.m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 10:00 p.m. Mail Train for St. John and Rouse's Point, connecting with trains on the Stantead, Shefford and Chazy, and South-Eastern Counties Junction Railways, and with Steamboats on Lake Champlain at 10:00 p.m. Express train for Boston, New York, and Vermont Central at 10:00 p.m. Day Express for Toronto and intermediate stations at 8:00 a.m. Night Express do. do. at 8:00 p.m. Local Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at 4:00 p.m. Accommodation train for Kingston and intermediate stations at 6:00 a.m.

Pullman's Palace Parlour and Sleeping Cars on all day and night trains. Baggage checked through. C. J. BRIDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, October 25 3-24 d



The St. Lawrence & Ottawa Railway Co.

FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL. The Shortest and Best Route from Montreal and all parts east to Ottawa. ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

Winter Arrangement, 1871-72.

On and after MONDAY the 30th OCTOBER, inst., four Passenger Trains will run daily on this line, making CERTAIN CONNECTIONS with those on the GRAND TRUNK, the VERMONT CENTRAL, and the ROME and WATERTOWN RAILWAYS, for all points East, West, and South.

COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS. On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night Express by which Passengers leaving Montreal in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 6.15 the following morning. Charge for Berths 50 cents each.

CONNECTION WITH THE GRAND TRUNK TRAINS AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION CERTAIN AS THIS COMPANY'S TRAINS WILL ARRIVE VALUABLE WHEN LATE.

THOS. REYNOLDS, Managing Director. R. LUTTRELL, Superintendent, Prescott. Ottawa, 29th Oct., 1871. 4-14 d

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

DANCING AND DEPORTMENT.

A. A. McDONALD, 529, CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL, P.Q. 4-18 m

MEAT AND PORK BUTCHERS. MEAT DEPARTMENT—W. S. BROWN. PORK DEPARTMENT—A. REINHOLD. 98, St. CATHERINE STREET WEST, Opposite English Cathedral. 4-14 m

DYERS AND SCOURERS. FIRST PRIZE Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill, Montreal. 2-6 d

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c. RAMSAY & SON, Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain. 37, 39, and 41 Recollet Street. 16th

HABERDASHERS. A. GAGNON, 369 Notre Dame Street. 2-26 d

HATTERS AND FURRIERS. JOHN HENDERSON & CO., 283 Notre Dame Street. 2-27 d

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT. COHEN & LOPEZ, Corner of St. James Street and Place d'Armes Square. 3-3 d

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE. SIGN OF THE GOLDEN PADLOCK. THE SUBSCRIBER is Agent for the Combined Flat and Fluting Iron; the STEAM MOCHA COFFEE POT; the Celebrated SAPOLO for Cleaning and Polishing; also for the AMERICAN BASE BURNER, the best HALL STOVE in the Market. L. J. A. SURVEYER, 224 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. 4-7 d

HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS. JAMES MUIR, 198 St. James Street, Adjoining Molson's Bank. 2-26 d

INSURANCES. THE Imperial, of London, (established 1803), Rintoul Bros., General Agents, 21, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal. 3-6 d

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS. JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER. 100 and 162 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

MERCHANT TAILOR. SAMUEL GOLTMAN, 226 St. James Street. 3-3 d

PHOTOGRAPHER. DESMARAIS, Corner of CRAIG and St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREETS. All sizes of Photographs taken and neatly framed at reasonable prices. Particular attention paid to Copying. 4-6 m

SHOW CARDS. SEND for Catalogue of HICK'S New Show CARDS, 154, St. James Street, Montreal. 3-6 d

TURKISH BATH. DR. MACBEAN'S IMPROVED TURKISH BATH, 140 St. Montague Street, near Crystal Palace, Montreal. Gentlemen's hours (with the exception of Monday morning) 6 to 9 a.m. and 1 to 4 p.m. 4-22

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS. LULHAM BROS., DIAMOND and ETHERSCAN Jewellers, 3, PLACE D'ARMES, next the Canadian Illustrated News. 3-10 d

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO., 271 Notre Dame Street. 2-23 d

LASH & COMPANY, successors to J. G. JOSEPH & CO.'S Retail Business, KING STREET, TORONTO. 3-22 d

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. Ottawa, 10th Nov., 1871. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 10 per cent. R. S. M. BUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

AN ARTIST of good judgment and taste, accustomed to touching up photographic negatives and prints, would find constant employment at this office. Canadian Illustrated News Printing Works, 30 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. 3-21 d

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

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

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

THE COAL DELIVERY NUISANCE.



PEDESTRIAN.—"Carter! I think your treatment of your horse should be brought under the notice of the Society for the prevention of cruelty to Animals!" CARTER, (backing up against the unfortunate traveller).—"Guess you're the animal that wants protection, not the horse!"

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. A NON-VISID PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM. For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease.

1851. Honorable EXHIBITIONS. Mention 1862. FOR GOOD AND CHEAP INSTRUMENTS. C. H. CHADBURN & SON, OPTICIANS and MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS

C. H. C. & SON beg respectfully to invite those visiting Liverpool to favour them with an inspection of their Show-room, which contains the Largest Stock of Optical, Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments in England.

WANTED.—TEN RESPECTABLE YOUNG MEN and Three YOUNG LADIES, to qualify as Telegraph Operators. For particulars see advertisement of Dominion Telegraph Institute.

FOR SALE OR TO LET. THAT LARGE FOUR-STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Thérèse Street, Montreal, now occupied by the Military Control Department as Stores.

CANADA CENTRAL AND Brockville & Ottawa Railways.

GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 30, 1-71. TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:— LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

LEAVE OTTAWA. THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.

INDIGESTION.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION of Great Britain adopt MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPSINE as the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers, THOMAS MORSON & SON, 124, Southampson-row, W.C., London.

J BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., East of MCGILL.

"BEST IN USE." THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.—2-15 M

TO THE TRADE. GOOD ALL PLAYING CARDS. NOW on hand and about to arrive large supplies of GOODALL'S PLAYING CARDS, FOREIGN PLAYING CARDS, AND GOODALL'S ROYAL GAME OF BEZIQUE. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 82, St. Peter Street, MONTREAL 4-15 d

POSTAL CARDS. Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively circulated among many of the principal mercantile firms of this city.

MRS. CUISKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours.

USE ONLY THE GLENFIELD STARCH, EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND, and in that of His Excellency THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

SUMMER WINES! BARTON & GUESTIER'S, AND NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S CLARETS, SACTERNES, BARSAC, &c., &c., OF ALL GRADES. REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER AT C. J. BAIRD'S, 21 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-1/2

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT! GGI THE GGI Brilliant Burning Fluid, Non-Explosive, Inodorou, and no Smoking Chimneys. THE TRADE SUPPLIED. C. T. M. ORR, 661 Craig Street, 4-15-1

CADBURY'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. These celebrated Chocolates and Cocoas took the First Prize at the Exhibition, and are guaranteed the purest and finest imported. Their well-known delicious beverage COCOA ESSENCE, (Registered) Can be had at all Grocers. Try it. E. LUSHER, 30 LEMOINE STREET, Wholesale Agent for Canada. 4-16-m

G. E. MORTON & CO., Dealers in Books, Periodicals, and Special Proprietary Articles, Patent Medicines, etc. Attention given to the sales of Books and Serial Publications on commission. We keep on hand the Compendium Illustrated News, the Heathstone, etc. Address No. 196, HOLLIS STREET, 4-15 m

L. S. ALLAIRE, MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT. STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS: SAULT AU MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: Corner of PETER & JAMES ST., QUEBEC. 3-15-22

FOR SALE. A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Valrennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to D. R. STODART, Broker, 146, St. JAMES STREET, 4-12f

TO CAPITALISTS. AN eligible opportunity is now offered to invest \$20,000 to \$30,000 in a business in this city. A return on the amount of Capital invested, at a rate of interest to be agreed on, will be guaranteed to any one desirous of entering into a limited partnership. Communications, which will be considered confidential on both sides, can be interchanged through D. R. STODART, Broker, 146, St. JAMES STREET, 4-14f

LEGGO & CO., Lectotypers, Electrotypers, Stereotypers, Engravers, Chrome and Photo-Lithographers, Photographers, and General Printers by Steam Power. Office: No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill, (Montreal). Works: No. 819, St. Antoine Street, 4-14f

WE HAVE CONSTANTLY IN YARD—LEIGH COAL—all sizes. WELSH ANTHRACITE COAL, SCOTCH STEAM COAL, PICTOU Do., BLACKSMITH'S COAL, GRATE COAL. J. & E. SHAW, 82 MCGILL STREET, 4-13-m 57 WELLINGTON STREET.

AGENTS WANTED, Male and Female, for new and useful inventions. Enclose stamp to Montreal Manufacturing Company, Box 677, MONTREAL, P. Q. 4-5z Printed and published by GEORGE E. DEPARADE, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.