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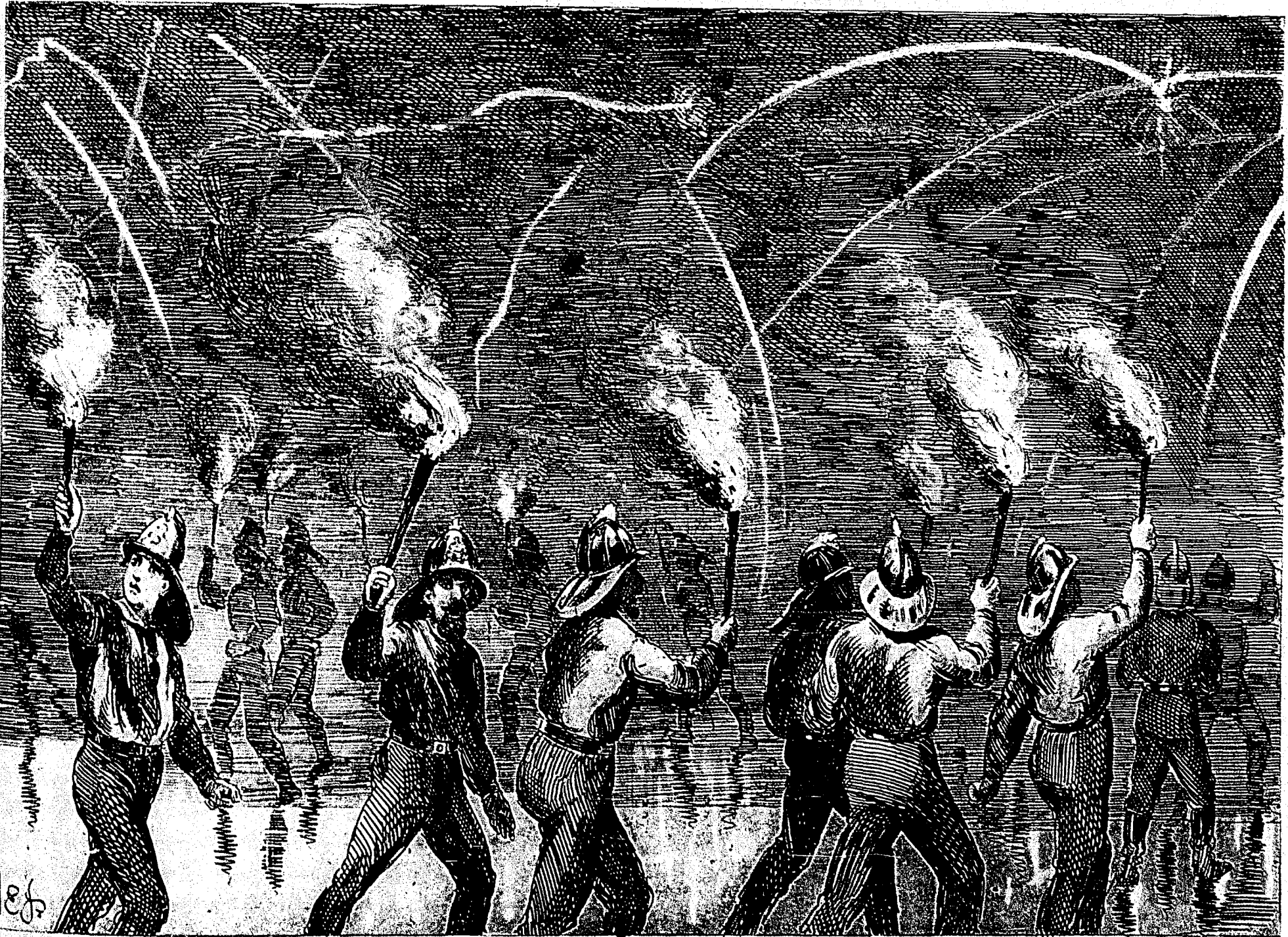
SIR GEORGE CALVERT,—AFTERWARDS LORD BALTIMORE,—COLONIZER OF NEWFOUNDLAND AND FOUNDER OF MARYLAND.

(By Our Newfoundland Correspondent.)

Newfoundland claims the honour of being the "Most Ancient British Colony," and is proud of the distinction. Before Quebec or Boston was founded, or the St. Lawrence or the Mississippi discovered, the modern history of Newfoundland commenced. The first North American land was sighted here; the first Anglo-Saxon colonist planted his foot here. Great and heroic men took part in the colonization of this island; and the glory which their names shed on its history should never be lost sight of. An intelligent acquaintance with its history would help to stir the fires of patriotism in the breasts of its sons, and make them regard it, not with a half-distrustful, shame-faced affection, but as a land to be proud of; and would kindle that love of country which ought to rise above all party or selfish considerations, and all political and ecclesiastical ties. In these sketches of great men

connected with its early history, I have tried to show that Newfoundland has claims to respect and consideration, from the fact that, in former days, it occupied a large place in the thoughts of men who were leaders in those great movements which have shaped the destinies of the world, and whose names hold a distinguished place in the pages of history. The early history of Newfoundland shows that its prospects were once as bright and fair as those of any of the neighbouring Provinces and States that have since grown into prosperity and greatness; and had not that hopeful promise been blighted by unjust and selfish legislation it would be to-day fully abreast of its sister-provinces. Time, the great avenger and redresser of wrongs, has brought about wonderful revolutions. England has long since repented of her harsh step-mother treatment of her eldest-born colony, and reversed her whole policy, leaving us with unrestricted liberties to fulfil our destinies. And now, once more, as in the days of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Captain Whitbourne, the world is learning the importance of Newfoundland, and brighter prospects are opening before her. Her very existence had been almost forgotten, and it had become fashionable to sneer at

her as "the land of fog and codfish." All this is passing away; and now most intelligent and thoughtful men are aware that this island is rich in all those natural resources that are essential to national greatness, and that its commanding geographical position marks it as the connecting link between the Old World and the New. To that New World, by position, it has natural affinities; and more and more will westward proclivities be developed. The Western Continent, close to which it is anchored, is emphatically the land of the future, on which the wearied eyes of humanity are fixed with hope. To it men of all languages, of every country, are bringing the most various elements, and preparing the germs of future growth. No one can doubt that it is destined to be the great seed-field of the world, and that its boundless resources fit it to become the home of the most energetic and powerful community that has ever held the sceptre of dominion. Labour will here find its richest rewards and triumphs; and human energies will here achieve a prosperity without example. In this prosperity Newfoundland cannot fail to have her share, if her sons are true to themselves, and if, rising above the petty conflicts of the



LONDON, ONT.—RECEPTION OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—THE FIREMEN'S TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION IN FRONT OF THE TECUMSER HOUSE.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.

hour, and the narrow views of mere party, they cherish that enlightened and intelligent patriotism which delights not in depreciating the merits of others, but in promoting the highest and best interests of their country, and advancing it in the path of progress.

Newfoundland has reason to be proud that the name of Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland, appears in the pages of her history. Soon after the departure of Whitbourne, on the last day of the year 1622, Sir George Calvert obtained from James I. a patent constituting him proprietor of the whole southern peninsula of Newfoundland, together with all the islands lying within ten leagues of the eastern shores, and giving him the right of fishing in the surrounding waters, all English subjects having, as before, free liberty of fishing. This Sir George Calvert was one of the most distinguished men of the day, and respected by men of all parties for his moderation, liberality of sentiment, fidelity and capacity for business. Foreign travel had enlarged his mind and liberalized his ideas. He was a native of Yorkshire, educated at Oxford, and was chosen by an immense majority to represent his native county in Parliament. Honours were heaped upon him. He was Clerk to the Privy Council, knighted in 1617, and a year after was appointed Secretary of State, with an allowance of £1,000 a year besides his salary. With such brilliant prospects before him, it is surprising to find him contemplating expatriation and settlement on the rude shores of Newfoundland. The explanation is found in a change which his religious opinions had undergone. He had become a Roman Catholic, and no one has ever questioned the sincerity of those convictions which led to a change of his faith, and the sacrifice of his worldly prospects. He openly professed his conversion, and at once resigned his office and its emoluments. The King, however, with whom he was a favourite, persuaded him to continue in the Privy Council, granted him large estates in Ireland, and at length raised him to the peerage under the title of Lord Baltimore. It is supposed, however, that he found himself slighted among his own class on account of his change of faith, and he resolved to retire to some distant spot, where he could practice his religion without molestation, and provide an asylum for his co-religionists who were suffering from the intolerant spirit of the times. He fixed on Newfoundland as his retreat, where already there were several settlements of Puritans who had left England to escape the rigour of episcopal government. In fact, Newfoundland was one of the earliest resorts of the victims of religious persecution in those days. The immense tract, granted by royal patent to Lord Baltimore, in Newfoundland, lies between Piacentia and Trinity Bays, and is joined to the main body of the island by a narrow isthmus, not more than three miles wide. Lord Baltimore named his new possession Avalon, from the ancient name of Glastonbury, where, according to tradition, christianity was first preached in Britain. It is curious to find, in Newfoundland, this trace of one of the myths of the middle ages, in the name of Avalon. The tradition ran that Joseph of Arimathea took refuge in Britain, from the persecution of the Jews, carrying with him the *Holy Grail*,—"the cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord drank at the last sad supper with his own,"—and that he arrived at Avalon, afterwards Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, and there founded a church, on the site of which the great Abbey of St. Albans was afterwards erected. Here stood the ancient Roman town of Verulam. To perpetuate the memory of these events, in the New World, Lord Baltimore called his Newfoundland province Avalon, and his first settlement Verulam. The latter name became corrupted, first into Ferulam, and then into the modern Ferryland.

In 1623 Lord Baltimore despatched a body of colonists to his new possessions, under the command of Captain Edward Wynne, who established himself at Ferryland, forty miles north of Cape Race, a bleak and barren part of the coast, very unfavourable for agricultural pursuits, and only desirable as a fishing station. Had a site for this new colony been selected on the western coast of the island, in the Bay of St. George, or Bay of Islands, in all probability the misfortunes which followed would have been averted, and in the fertile valleys of those bays, thriving towns would have grown up, the coal beds would have been worked, and the fine lands of the interior cultivated, and the history of Newfoundland might have been different from what it is to-day. But it was not so to be. Captain Wynne chose Ferryland, built a house, granaries and store-houses, and set to work vigorously to cultivate the soil. The accounts he sent home were so encouraging that Lord Baltimore removed to Ferryland with his family, built a spacious and handsome house, as well as a strong fort. He spared neither money nor labour on his new settlement, selecting emigrants with the greatest care and using every effort to promote habits of industry and domestic order. The high expectations thus awakened were, unfortunately, doomed to disappointment. The colony did not prosper. The ungrateful soil gave but a scanty return to their labours. The French men-of-war ravaged the coast and reduced the fishermen to great extremity; and although Lord Baltimore gallantly manned two ships at his own expense and drove them away, taking sixty prisoners, yet the French never ceased to harass and threaten his stronghold and cut off his supplies. Sickness too invaded his men and his own health began to fail. Wearied out in contending with these difficulties, and finding too that he had no security here for the free exercise of his religion, Lord Baltimore, after a hopeless struggle of six or seven years, at length petitioned the King for a grant of land in New England. In reply King Charles wrote a kind, sympathetic letter, and advised him to turn his steps homeward, and desist from further attempts at Plantations, for which men of his breeding and culture were not well fitted, and assured him of all honour and respect in the land of his birth. Baltimore, however, could not make up his mind to return home a broken, disappointed man; and renewed his request. Whereupon the King made him a grant of the Province of Maryland. His days, however, were numbered, and before the patent could be drawn up and signed he died, "leaving a name against which the breath of calumny has hardly whispered a reproach."

Before his death he drew up the charter for the Province of Maryland, which was, in 1632, signed and issued for the benefit of his son, Cecil, the second Lord Baltimore; and under its provisions the colony was established. This charter, which has been so highly and deservedly eulogized, showed that in wisdom, liberality and statesmanship, Lord Baltimore was far in advance of his age. The Catholic nobleman was the first to establish in Maryland a constitution which embodied the principle of complete liberty of conscience, and

the equality of all christian sects, together with popular institutions on the broadest basis of freedom. The historian Bancroft says of him: "He deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent law-givers of all ages. He was the first, in the history of the christian world, to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all christian sects. The asylum of papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state."

Newfoundland may well glory in being able to enrol among her worthies the honoured name of the wise and good Sir George Calvert, Lord Baltimore.

POISON AND POISONERS.

The first mention in history of anything like wholesale poisoning dates from 142 B. C. The scene of it was Rome, even then sunk deep in the vices and debaucheries which ended in her final downfall. At the outcome of this state of things, a number of ladies of the patrician class—the nobility, as we should say—entered into a conspiracy for getting rid of their husbands by poison. How many they managed to kill before detection must ever remain a mystery. The fact stands that 170 wives were convicted and publicly executed by Consul Fabius Maximus. From that time down to the 16th century, we hear little more of the crime; but in the 17th century it became absolutely epidemic, especially in Italy and France. England seems to have been afflicted by it in the reign of Henry VIII.; for we find an act of Parliament passed, on the instigation of that amiable monarch, decreeing that persons found guilty of it should be boiled alive. Two persons only were so boiled, we believe—a cook of the Bishop of Rochester, who poisoned 19 persons, of whom two died; and a young woman named Margaret Davy, who poisoned her widowed mother and brother, in order that she might marry the man of her choice and bring him a farm to live on. In Italy, meanwhile, poisoning was being reduced to a science. Half the old stories about conveying death in a kiss, or by the pressure of a hand ornamented with a poisoned ring, are doubtless to be relegated to the regions of romance; but there is, nevertheless, a very tragical substratum of truth to them. So universal did the crime become in Rome, so extremely plentiful were the young widows of three or four husbands, that even the seal of the confessional was not sacred enough to restrain the priesthood from divulging the terrible facts to Pope Alexander VII. The result was a searching investigation, and the discovery of a secret society of husband-poisoners similar to that which existed in ancient Rome, and far more numerous. They met at the house of an old witch named Spara, who supplied them, as it appears from the evidence given subsequently, with "a slow poison, tasteless and limpid, and of a graduated strength which would destroy life either in a day, a week, a month, or a number of months, as the purchaser desired." The secret was kept so well that it was only after years of murder, that it was discovered. When at last the truth did come out, La Spara and 13 of her companions in crime were hanged, many others were whipped half-naked through the streets, and a select few—of the highest rank, need we say—were banished. If we do not mention the notorious Borgia family, it is only because they were no worse—perhaps, notwithstanding the evil name they bear, a little better—than hundreds of their contemporaries in the same rank of life. The next case we come to is that of the old hag Toffania, who, notwithstanding the fate of her predecessor, Spara, was the means, a half century later, of supplying women with poisons which were known to have resulted in the death of 600 persons. How many others may, by her agency, have been killed of whom history knows nothing, must ever remain matter for conjecture. It is supposed, however, that you might quadruple the figures without being wide of the mark. Signora Toffania was garrotted for her crimes, after a lengthy trial, in 1713, and from that time poisoning as an art died out in Italy. In the meantime, however, it had found refuge in France, where the Marquise de Brinvilliers speedily became its high priestess. In order to marry her paramour, St. Croix, she poisoned her husband, who most assuredly would have died, it is said, had not St. Croix, who was in the secret, administered antidotes, being afraid to become himself the lawful partner of so deadly a hand at murder. Her father, to prevent scandal to the family, interfered in her amours. She tried to kiss him to death for eight months, and, this failing, administered a dose which killed him, and wrought the double purpose of removing a troublesome old man and bringing her a handsome legacy. This spent in extravagance with St. Croix, she poisoned her two brothers and her sisters in order to obtain other fortunes to squander. Does the reader wonder how she acquired her murderous skill? In the guise of a sister of charity she "practised" upon the patients in the Hotel Dieu. Does he know how her iniquity came to light? St. Croix fell dead while mixing poisons for her, and left such evidence as compelled her, under the influence of torture, to a full confession. She was beheaded in 1676, a female accomplice having been previously broken upon the wheel for participation in her crimes. She had not only the ingenuity and callousness of a fiend in her, this Brinvilliers, but she had a grim, diabolic humour too. She called her poison "the succession powder;" and by that name it became so popular in France that Louis XIV. had to establish a special, secret, and terrible tribunal to put down the use of it. There is no need to carry the hideous record further. Poisoning as an epidemic has long died out, and the few isolated cases of later date have happened for the most part in our own time, and we are sorry to say, in our own country. There is the same moral to them all. Sooner or later the poisoner is certain to be found out. The crime seems to have a fascination for those who commit it, till they stand self-convicted in the eyes of the whole world. Science, moreover, has made advances which render the trade an extremely risky one, even in the case of a single murder. Let there be but one taint of suspicion, and dissection and poison tests will do the rest. Neither the "manna of St. Nicola of Bari" of La Spara, the "acquetta" of Toffania, nor the "succession powder" of Brinvilliers, can escape the keen investigation of the modern analyst.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Miscellaneous.

The *Presse*, in remarking on the death of Djemil Pacha, observes that of the fourteen diplomatists who sat in the Congress of Paris in 1856, only two are now alive—those are Lord Cowley and Baron de Brunnow.

The construction of ovens heated by gas for the purpose of hatching eggs is now so perfect in France that the gas flame regulates its own rate of combustion, and keeps the variations of temperature in the oven within one degree.

"Howling Repentants" is the name adopted by the last new religious sect. These industrious religionists, whose headquarters are in the English metropolis, howl at convenient periods of the day and at two periods in the night.

From a census recently taken in Paris, it appears that there are in the city 1,732,529 Catholics, 30,421 Jews, 17,281 Calvinists, 14,940 Lutherans, 9,432 Anglicans, Methodists and Quakers; 422 Mohammedans, Buddhists and Brahmans; 2,500 persons who declared that they belonged to no religious sect; and two only who had the courage to confess that they were free-thinkers.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—The total number of men actually under arms at the present moment in European and Asiatic Russia is 1,173,879, distributed as follows:—European Russia, 873,467; the Caucasus, 163,759; the Orenburg district, 6,248; Turkestan, 22,294; Western Siberia, 11,044; Eastern Siberia, 14,810; reserve, 82,217. In the event of a war, the army is to be raised to an effective strength of 50,275 officers and 1,771,387 rank and file.

It is stated—we should imagine as a bad joke—that the new Audit Office at Berlin find fault with Marshal Moltke for consuming so much snuff and charging it to the *Regimentsunkosten*, were it even by mistake. An item of 48. for one pound of snuff delivered to the marshal during the campaign has been mercilessly condemned, and the inveterate *prince* ordered to refund the amount to the Prussian treasury. After this Lowe and Cardwell must yield the palm of meanness.

A correspondent of the *Toronto Leader* tells a story of Lord Dufferin which we cannot resist the pleasure of repeating. On Saturday week, between five and six in the evening, three children, the eldest seven, who had been sent out to purchase a newspaper, were standing outside the window admiring the dolls, when two gentlemen passing heard their remarks, and, to the delight of the children, went into the store and bought each of them a nice doll. They came running home delighted to their parents; the two youngest were boys, aged three and a half and five years. Those kind gentlemen were Lord Dufferin and Sir Hastings Doyle.

Touching incidents often occur in the police courts of the city. A few days ago a woman, grossly intoxicated, was picked up in the streets, and taken to Jefferson Market, New York, and locked up. It was ascertained that both she and her husband were confirmed drunkards. They have two children, a girl aged ten and a boy aged eight years, who support them. The boy makes pen-wipers, and the little girl sells them in the evenings. The next morning the girl went to Jefferson Market, and going up to the bench, said, in pathetic tones, "Judge, my mother is locked up, and I have no money to pay to get her out; this is all I have" (handing him a pen-wiper), "and if you take it, and let my mother out, I will bring you a bundle of wipers as soon as we, George and I, can afford them." The Justice, touched by the appeal of the little one, took the wiper, gave her a bill with which to buy something to eat, and then discharged the mother. With tears in her eyes, the little girl thanked him, and led her mother away. The mother of such a child should lead better life.

How people's "personal" relations change with time is shown in the following incident, in which one of the parties is at this moment a member of the British cabinet. Many years ago, as Lady Clementina Davies was posting from Leabury to London, she was entrusted with the purchase of one of the long purses which were then in fashion, and which a young lady friend desired to present to a young gentleman to whom she was engaged, and who was at college at Oxford. One day the young lady and Lady Clementina went to luncheon at his college, and found him a most agreeable and clever man. The purse was presented. "He was," says Lady Clementina, "delighted with it, and every word he said convinced me of his attachment to my pretty young friend. It was, therefore, with much regret that I heard some time afterward that their engagement had been broken off on account of the insufficiency of his fortune." Subsequently the gentleman went to Australia, made a fortune, returned to England, and is now the Right Honourable Robert Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The lady married a parson.

AUTHENTICATED LONGEVITY.—A most remarkable case of longevity is furnished to the *Globe* by a correspondent in Glengarry. The case in question is that of a woman named Ann Campbell, who died in Kenyon, County of Glengarry, on the 15th ult., at the patriarchal age of 130 years. She was born in Scotland, in the parish of Bracondale in Skye, in the year 1742, not long before the defeat of Prince Charles Stuart and his army on the famous field of Culloden Moor. When she was thirty years of age, she engaged as chief dairy-maid with John Murray, Esq., Grishornish, and remained in that family for a period of fifty years. When her services were no longer required by Captain D. Murray, who succeeded his father to the estate of Grishornish, she left the Murray family, and engaged with Mr. Nicholson, Ardmore, in the same employment, and continued in his family for the following seven years. She was then in the eighty-seventh year of her age, but was very active and lively. At this advanced age she emigrated to Canada, where she passed the remaining forty-three years of her life. The correspondent relates that of late years she became the wonder of the section of country in which she lived. As might naturally be expected, she was constantly visited by the curiously disposed of her adopted country, as well as from the neighbouring Republic. He also asserts that she was never sick until her death; never tasted medicine of any kind; was quite active and lively till within two days of her decease. She was in the full possession of her faculties to the last. In proof of her activity he states that she milked twelve cows every day last summer. Her illness at the time of her death was short, and seemingly without pain. Her speech left her only twenty-four hours before death. She died without a struggle. It would appear difficult to find a parallel case.

Our Illustrations.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S VISIT TO THE WESTERN FAIR AT LONDON forms the subject of three illustrations in this issue. The firemen's torch-light procession, illustrated on the first page, was not the perfect success it might have been, owing to the bad state of the weather. But notwithstanding the downpour of rain and sleet the programme was carried out to the letter. Shortly after eight o'clock the London Fire Brigade and their visitors, the Petrolia, St. Thomas, Ingersoll, and Stratford Brigades, formed opposite the Firemen's Hall, and, headed by the band of the 7th Battalion, marched to the Tecumseh House, which was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. Here they halted for some time, and then paraded the principal streets of the city. All along the route torches were carried, and St. Catharine's wheels, Roman candles, and rockets fired in every direction.

The four arches erected on the road from the Great Western station to the Fair Grounds, and the appearance of the grounds at the time of the presentation of the address to His Excellency, when the place was filled with one dense crowd, have also been illustrated by our artist.

Special articles descriptive of the QUARTZ-CRUSHING MACHINE,

and of ABBOTT'S BEE HIVE will be found on pages 282 and 285.

Mr. F. M. Bell Smith furnishes for this number, in addition to the illustrations of His Excellency's visit to London, a sketch of some

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AT THE GUELPH CENTRAL FAIR, held early last month under the auspices of the South Wellington and Guelph Township Agricultural Societies.

The name of John Gilbert, now SIR JOHN GILBERT,

is as familiar as a household word in every country whither English books and periodicals find their way. Chiefly by his historical and Christmas illustrations, he is known in connection with the *Illustrated London News*, to which he has contributed since its commencement. His illustrations of *Stanton's Shakespeare*, *Barry Cornwall's Poems*, published by Chapman and Hall in 1857, the *Percy Tales of the Kings of England*, and *Maxwell's Life of the Duke of Wellington*, are all well known.

As a painter Sir John Gilbert has won a high reputation. In 1836—he was then nineteen—his first exhibited picture, a water-colour drawing, "The Arrest of Lord Hastings by the Protector, Richard Duke of Gloucester," was in the Suffolk Street Gallery, and an oil-painting was in the Royal Academy, then in Somerset House, in the same year. In 1839 he first exhibited at the British Institution, and from that time has been almost constantly represented at that gallery, and occasionally at the Royal Academy. His best known oil pictures are—"Don Quixotte Giving Advice to Sancho Panza," followed by many other subjects from Cervantes; "The Education of Gil Blas;" a scene from "Tristram Shandy;" "Othello before the Senate;" "The Murder of Thomas Becket;" "The Plays of Shakespeare," a kind of tableau in which all the principal characters in each play are introduced; "Charge of Cavaliers at Naseby;" "A Drawing Room at St. James's;" "A Regiment of Royalist Cavalry;" "Rubens and Teniers;" "The Studio of Rembrandt;" and "Wolsey and Buckingham." In 1852 Mr. Gilbert was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1853 a member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. He was knighted in the early part of the year.

HALLOWEEN.

The time-honoured festival which falls this year on Thursday of this week, will have been, by the time this paper reaches the reader, duly celebrated with all the customary rites and observances. The history of the feast has been related time and time again, but the account given in Chambers' *Book of Days*, to which most writers on this subject look for their facts, may, perhaps, be new to many of our readers, so we give it in its entirety:

There is, perhaps, no night in the year which the popular imagination has stamped with a more peculiar character than the evening of the 31st of October, known as All Hallows' Eve, or Halloween. It is clearly a relic of Pagan times, for there is nothing in the church-observance of the ensuing day of All Saints to have originated such extraordinary notions as are connected with this celebrated festival, or such remarkable practices as those by which it is distinguished.

The leading idea respecting Halloween is that it is the time, of all others, when supernatural influences prevail. It is the night set apart for a universal walking abroad of spirits, both of the visible and invisible world; for, as will be afterwards seen, one of the special characteristics attributed to this mystic evening, is the faculty conferred on the immaterial principle in humanity to detach itself from its corporeal tenement and wander abroad through the realms of space. Divination is then believed to attain its highest power, and the gift asserted by Glendower of calling spirits "from the vasty deep," becomes available to all who choose to avail themselves of the privileges of the occasion.

There is a remarkable uniformity in the fireside-customs of this night all over the United Kingdom. Nuts and apples are everywhere in requisition, and consumed in immense numbers. Indeed, the name of *Nutcrack Night*, by which Halloween is known in the north of England, indicates the predominance of the former of these articles in making up the entertainments of the evening. They are not only cracked and eaten, but made the means of vaticination in love affairs. And here we quote from Burns's poem of *Halloween*:

"The auld guidwife's well-hoodit nits
Are round and round divided,
And mony lads' and lassies' fates
Are there that night decided:
Some kinde, eouthie, side by side,
And burn theither trimly;
Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimney
Fu' high that night.
Jean slips in twa wi' tentle o's;
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, and this is me,
She says in to herool!"

He bleezed owre her, and she owre him,
As they wad never mair part;
Till, full! he started up the lum,
And Jean had o'en a sair heart
To see't that night."

Brand, in his *Popular Antiquities*, is more explicit: "It is a custom in Ireland, when the young women would know if their lovers are faithful, to put three nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming the nuts after the lovers. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn together, they will be married."

As to apples, there is an old custom, perhaps still observed in some localities on this merry night, of hanging up a stick horizontally by a string from the ceiling, and putting a candle on the one end and an apple on the other. The stick being made to twirl rapidly, the merry-makers in succession leap up and snatch at the apple with their teeth (no use of the hands being allowed), but it very frequently happens that the candle comes round before they are aware, and scorches them in the face, or anoints them with grease. The disappointments and misadventures occasion, of course, abundance of laughter. But the grand sport with apples on Halloween is to set them afloat in a tub of water, into which the juveniles, by turns, duck their heads with the view of catching an apple. Great fun goes on in watching the attempts of the youngster in pursuit of the swimming fruit, which wriggles from side to side of the tub, and evades all attempts to capture it; whilst the disappointed aspirant is obliged to abandon the chase in favour of another whose turn has now arrived. The apples provided with stalks are generally caught first, and then comes the tug of war to win those which possess no such appendages. Some competitors will deftly *suck up* the apple, if a small one, into their mouths. Others plunge manfully overhead in pursuit of a particular apple, and having forced it to the bottom of the tub, seize it firmly with their teeth, and emerge, dripping and triumphant, with their prize. This venturesome procedure is generally rewarded with a hurrah! by the lookers-on, and is recommended, by those versed in Halloween-squatics, as the only sure method of attaining success. In recent years, a practice has been introduced, probably by some tender mamma, timorous on the subject of their offspring catching cold, of dropping a fork from a height into the tub among the apples, and thus turning the sport into a display of marksmanship. It forms, however, but a very indifferent substitute for the joyous merriment of ducking and diving.

It is somewhat remarkable that the sport of ducking for apples is not mentioned by Burns, whose celebrated poem of *Halloween* presents so graphic a picture of the ceremonies practised on that evening in the west of Scotland, in the poet's day. Many of the rites there described are now obsolete or nearly so, but two or three still retain place in various parts of the country. Among these is the custom still prevalent in Scotland, as the initiatory Halloween ceremony, of pulling *kail-stocks* or stalks of colewort. The young people go out hand-in-hand, blindfolded, into the *kail-yard* or garden, and each pulls the first stalk which he meets with. They then return to the fireside to inspect their prizes. According as the stalk is big or little, straight or crooked, so shall the future wife or husband be of the party by whom it is pulled. The quantity of earth sticking to the root denotes the amount of fortune or dowry; and the taste of the pith or *custoc* indicates the temper. Finally, the stalks are placed, one after another, over the door, and the Christian names of the persons who chance thereafter to enter the house are held in the same succession to indicate those of the individuals whom the parties are to marry.

Another ceremony much practised on Halloween, is that of the Three Dishes, or *Luggies*. Two of these are respectively filled with clean and foul water, and one is empty. They are ranged on the hearth, when the parties, blindfolded, advance in succession, and dip their fingers into one. If they dip into the clean water, they are to marry a maiden; if into the foul water, a widow; if into the empty dish, the party so dipping is destined to be either a bachelor or an old maid. As each person takes his turn, the position of the dishes is changed. Burns thus describes the custom:

"In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The luggies three are ranged,
And every time great care is ta'en
To see them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha weel-loeked joys
Sin' Mar's year did desire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heaved them on the fire
In wrath that night."

The ceremonies above described are all of a light sportive description, but there are others of a more weird-like and fearful character, which in this enlightened incredulous age have fallen very much into desuetude. One of these is the celebrated spell of eating an apple before a looking-glass, with the view of discovering the inquirer's future husband, who, it is believed, will be seen peeping over her shoulder. A curious, and withal, cautious, little maiden, who desires to try this spell, is thus represented by Burns:

"Wee Johnny to her granny says:
'Will ye go wi' me, granny?
I'll eat the apple at the glass,
I gat frae uncle Johnny.'"

A request which rouses the indignation of the old lady:

"She faul't her pipe wi' sic a hint,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
She notie't na an aizie brunt
Her braw new worst apron
Out through that night."

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
I daur you try sic sportin'
As seek the foul thief ony place,
For him to spae your fortune:
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it:
For mony a one has gotten a fright,
And lived and died deleeret,
On sic a night."

Granny's warning was by no means a needless one, as several well-authenticated instances are related of persons who, either from the effects of their own imagination, or some thoughtless practical joke, sustained such severe nervous shocks, while essaying these Halloween-spells, as seriously to imperil their health.

Another of these, what may perhaps be termed *unhallowed*, rites of All Hallows' Eve, is to wet a shirt-sleeve, hang it up to the fire to dry, and lie in bed watching it till midnight, when the apparition of the individual's future partner for life will come

in and turn the sleeve. Burns thus alludes to the practice in one of his songs:

"The last Halloween I was waukin',
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam' up the house-staukin',
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!"

Other rites for the invocation of spirits might be referred to, such as the sowing of hemp-seed, and the winnowing of three *wechs* of nothing, i.e., repeating three times the action of exposing corn to the wind. In all of these the effect sought to be produced is the same—the appearance of the future husband or wife of the experimenter. A full description of them will be found in the poem of Burns, from which we have already so largely quoted. It may be here remarked, that popular belief ascribes to children born on Halloween, the possession of certain mysterious faculties, such as that of perceiving and holding converse with supernatural beings. Sir Walter Scott, it will be recollected, makes use of this circumstance in his romance of *The Monastery*.

Canadian Progress.

The Kingston Town Council have voted a bonus for each of the next five years to an American manufacturing company who wish to start a factory there.

A new stone quarry has been opened at Port Philip, Cumberland County, and shipments of grind-stone and building stone are being made to the United States.

The total shipment of coal oil from Petrolia from July 12 to October 18 amounts to 126,309 barrels of crude oil, 1,170 barrels of refined, and 13,700 barrels of distilled oil.

The promoters of the Guelph and Orangeville railway have given notice that they will apply at the next Legislative Assembly for an act to incorporate a company to construct a railway from Guelph to Orangeville, and thence to Collingwood.

On Tuesday next the G. T. R. Company will commence to reduce the gauge of the line to the 4 ft. 8 1/2 inch standard. The line from Buffalo to Sarnia and Goderich will be first altered, and other sections will follow as soon as occasion demands. By the middle of next summer it is expected the reduced gauge will be in operation as far east as Belleville.

The question of the possibility of opening a good winter port for ocean steamers will receive a practical solution this winter. Paspebiac, on the north shore of the Bay of Chaleurs, is the point chosen and will be visited during the winter months by an ocean steamer. Should the plan be found to be feasible a railroad will be constructed from Paspebiac to Matapebia, there to connect with the Intercolonial.

The Gananoque *Reporter* says the work on the Gananoque & Rideau Railway is so far advanced that in another week (i.e. early this week), it will be ready for the rails as far as the Grand Trunk Station. It is a question however, whether the rails will be laid this fall, as the great advance in iron has rendered them difficult to get, and the G. T. R. is putting down so many new ones that there will be none to spare for outside work.

Notice is given of an application to Parliament for the incorporation of the St. Lawrence, New York and Bahama Steamship Company, having for its object the purchasing and owning of steam vessels and thereon carrying goods and passengers. Operations to be carried on between ports in the Dominion of Canada (or the United States in the winter season) and the British Possessions in the West Indies, and Mexico. The amount of the Company's capital is fixed at \$500,000, divided into 5,000 shares. The headquarters of the company will be at Quebec.

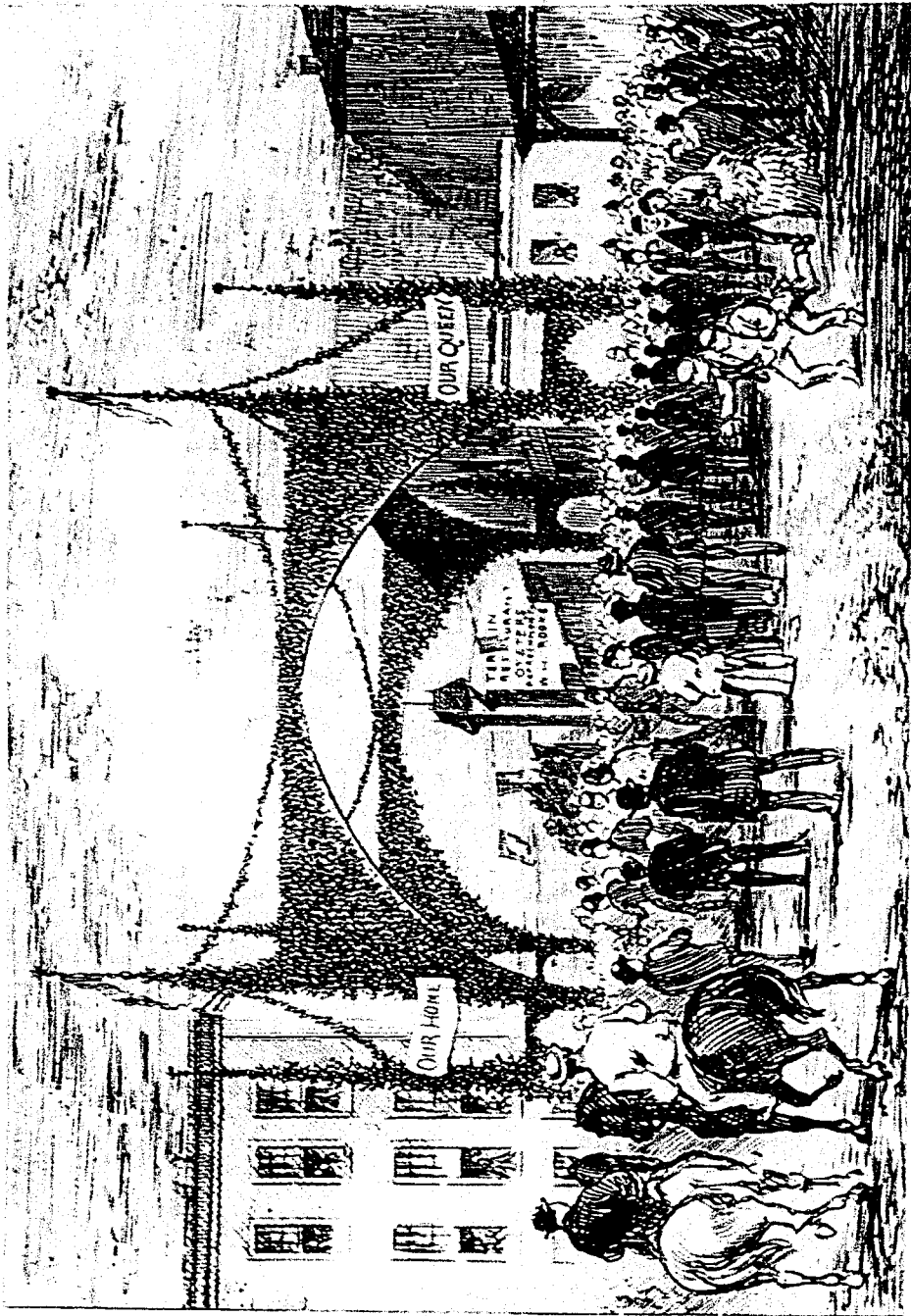
The rapidly increasing consumption of iron and iron goods in Canada may be understood from the following facts:—In 1870 the importation of hardware, cutlery, &c., at Montreal alone, were of the value of \$1,108,857; of iron in bars, rods, pig, &c., \$676,877; and railroad bars, frogs, iron and steel chairs, &c., \$908,692. In the year 1871 the imports of the same classes of goods at the same port were respectively, \$1,406,695; \$1,073,610; and \$1,303,896, which shows an increase in the twelve months of \$1,021,685 on the imports at Montreal alone.

The almost unknown region about Lake Abbitibi, some 160 miles south of James Bay, has recently been explored by a surveying party under charge of Mr. Walter Mowat, of Montreal, who returned to Ottawa last week. The party left in May last, and have been engaged in the work of exploration for nearly six months. Mr. Mowat states that he found unmistakable signs of mineral wealth in the country surveyed, in the shape of copper and iron. He has conceived a very favourable impression regarding the soil, which is much better than previously supposed. A change takes place in the geological formation of the country at the head of Lake Temiscaming, it being less rocky and rugged as it proceeds northward. Near Lake Abbitibi there is a large area of arable land-clay soil, which is suitable for agricultural purposes; it is also a fine grazing soil, being neither barren nor rocky.

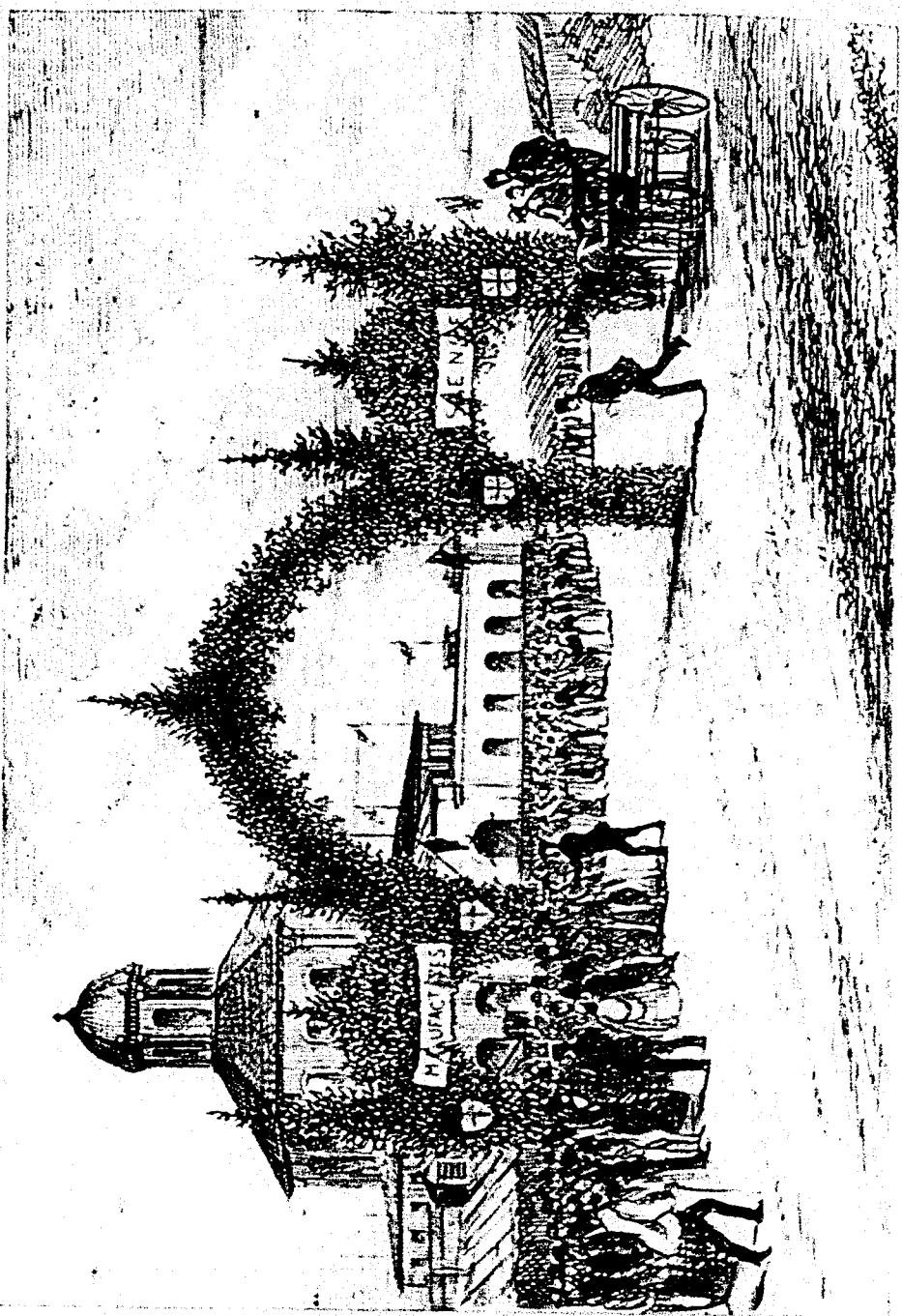
BRITISH COLUMBIAN STATISTICS.

The *Colonist* gives the following synopsis of a recently published statement of the revenue and expenditure for this Province, during the year 1871:

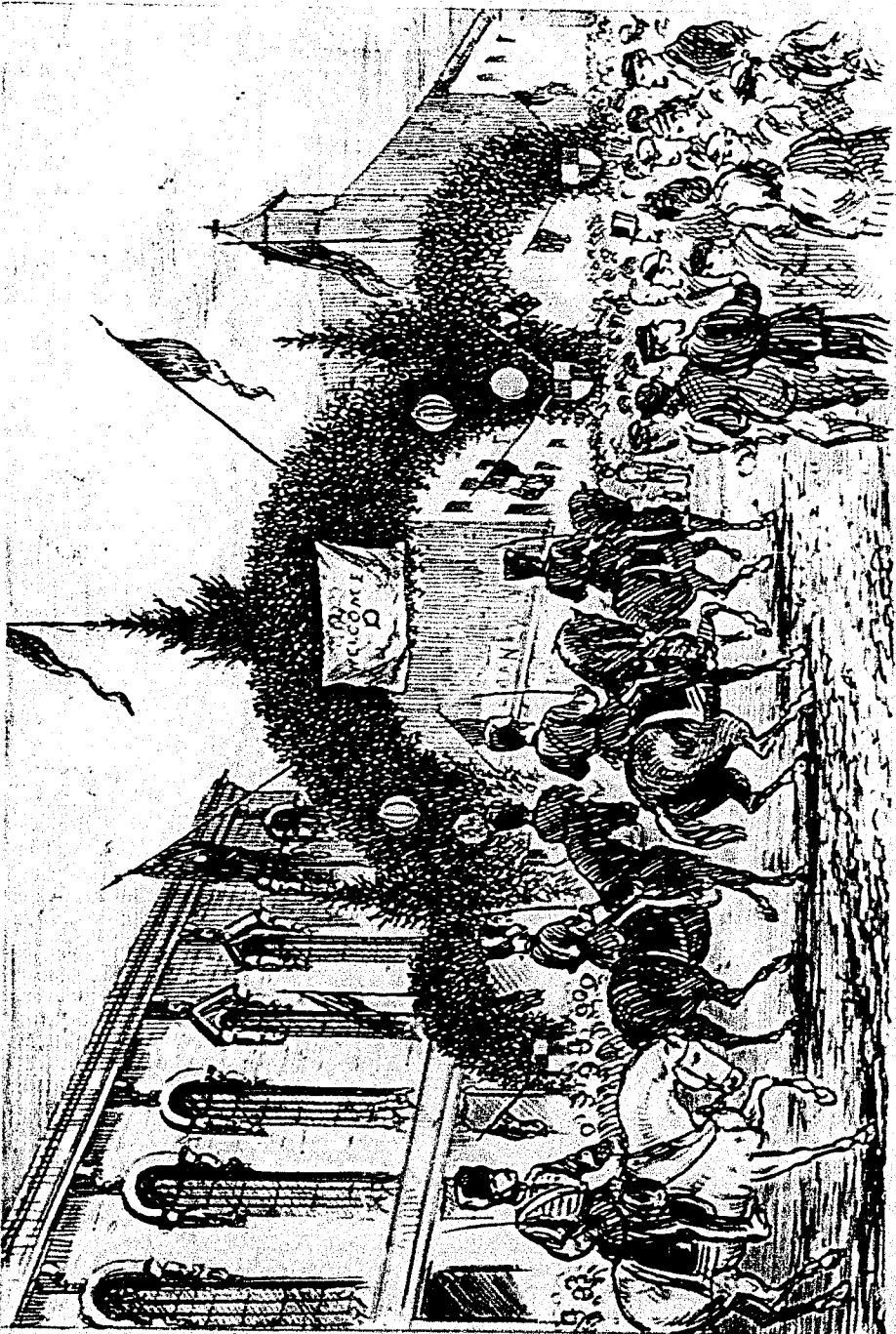
"It will be remembered that on the 20th of July of that year, British Columbia became a Province of the Dominion of Canada. During the six months and nineteen days preceding the Union the total under the head of receipts was \$771,396.19, although the revenue receipts proper only foot up \$322,760.47. From the 20th of July to the 31st of December the revenue receipts proper amounted to \$191,819.55, the gross receipts being \$435,436.69. This makes the total receipts during the year \$1,206,832.38; although, strictly speaking, the revenue receipts proper only amounted to \$514,580.14, the difference being chiefly made up of Federal subsidies. The expenditure during the whole year amounted to an equal sum, less \$3,996.43, being the balance on hand at the end of the year. It should have been remarked, however, that the year commenced with a balance on hand of \$21,392.17, so that, in reality, the expenditure of the year overran the receipts to the extent of \$17,395.76. Perhaps the most unsightly item under the head of expenditure is that of \$120,000, in round numbers, for salaries of officials.



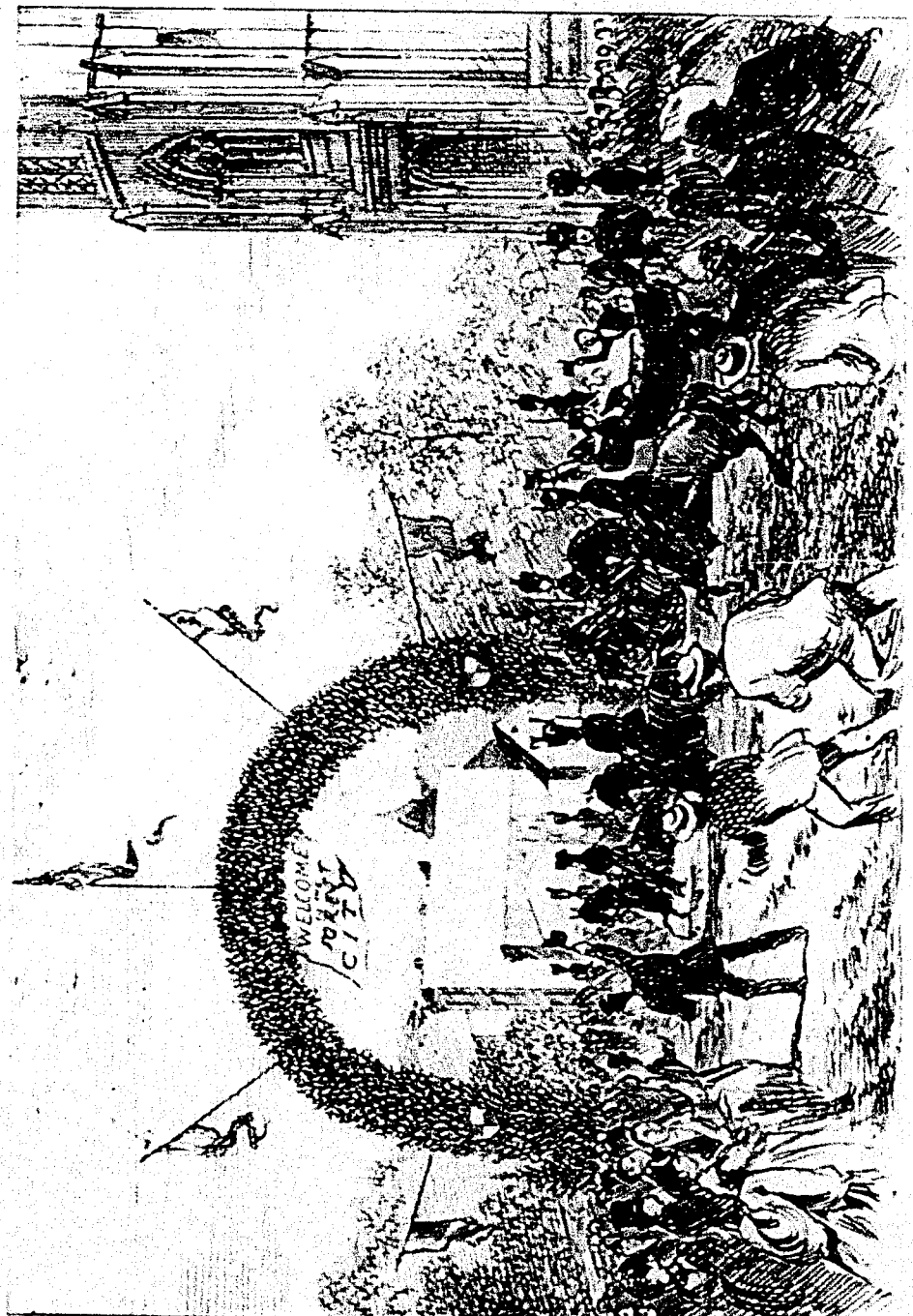
CORNER OF RICHMOND AND GONDAR STREETS



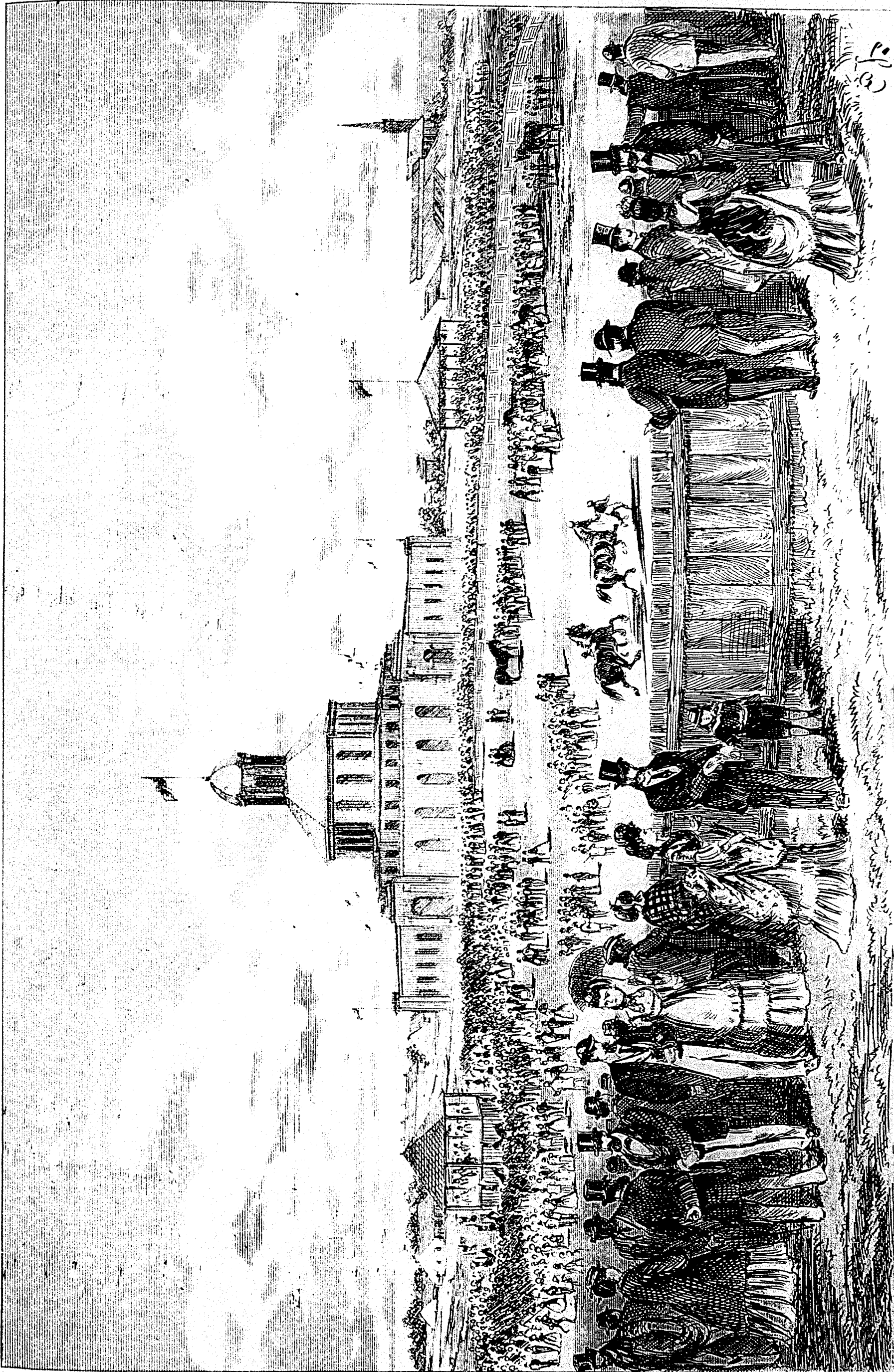
ENTRANCE TO THE FAIR GROUND.



RICHMOND STREET, OPPOSITE THE MUSIC HALL.



RICHMOND STREET, OPPOSITE BY PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



LONDON, ONT.—RECEPTION OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE FAIR GROUNDS AT THE TIME OF THE PRESENTATION OF THE ADDRESS.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Nov. 3.—	Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity. First steam-boat placed on the St. Lawrence, 1809.
MONDAY,	" 4.—	Admiral Benbow died, 1702. Paul Delaroché died, 1836. George Peabody died, 1869.
TUESDAY,	" 5.—	Sir J. Colborne, Lieut.-Governor U. C., 1828. Battle of Inkerman, 1854.
WEDNESDAY,	" 6.—	St. Leonard. Gustavus Adolphus killed, 1632. Colby Cibber born, 1671. Riots at Montreal, 1837.
THURSDAY,	" 7.—	Battle of Tippecanoe, 1811.
FRIDAY,	" 8.—	Cardinal Ximenes died, 1517. Milton died, 1674. Madame Roland guillotined, 1793. Bewick died, 1828.
SATURDAY,	" 9.—	Camden died, 1623. Arnold arrived before Quebec, 1775. Battle of Odelltown, 1838. Prince of Wales born, 1841.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 26 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Oct. 27th, 1872.

	Mean Temp. 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.	Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. previous night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
Oct. 21	48	60	36	72	30.10	Var.	Hazy a.m. Clear p.m.
22	58	70	48	68	30.12	SWbW	Hazy.
23	38	57	46	74	30.44	WNW	Rain a.m. Clear p.m.
24	45	58	35	75	30.50	N	Clear.
25	46	55	35	77	30.38	SE	Clear.
26	45	47	42	82	29.95	NE	Rain.
27	45	50	42	82	29.00	NE	Rain p.m.
MEAN	46.4	56.7	40.7	77.1	30.21		

Extreme Range of Temperature, 33.9; of Humidity, 46.3; of Barometer, 0.26 inches.

Whole amount of rain during the week, 0.853 inches, equivalent to 19.266 gallons of water per acre.

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

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

GEN. E. DESBARATS.

[See Prospectus.]

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

THE event of the past week—one which has excited much comment from the press of all shades of politics throughout the country—is the reorganization of the Ontario Cabinet. That Cabinet, it will be remembered, was formed by the Hon. Mr. Blake on the defeat of the late Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald's Government at the latter end of December last. In it Mr. Blake and Mr. Mackenzie occupied respectively the positions of President of the Council and Treasurer, which they held until last week, when, in accordance with the provisions of the Dual Representation Act, introduced last session by Mr. Colby, they tendered their resignation in order to qualify for taking their seats in the Dominion Parliament. These resignations were duly accepted by His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor, who, acting on Mr. Blake's recommendation, called upon the Hon. Oliver Mowat to form a Cabinet. This invitation Mr. Mowat accepted, having previously resigned the Vice-Chancellorship. The other members of the Administration placed their offices at the disposal of the new Premier, who immediately set about forming his Cabinet. On Saturday last the construction of the new Cabinet was made known. The office of President of the Council, recently held by Mr. Blake, and to which no emolument was attached, was not filled up. Mr. Mowat reserved for himself the office of Attorney-General, with the Hon. Mr. Crooks, who had been Attorney-General under the old Administration, as Provincial Treasurer, in the room of Mr. Mackenzie. Mr. McKellar and Mr. Scott retained their respective offices; the former as Commissioner of Public Works, and the latter as Commissioner of Crown Lands. Mr. Gow, who resigned his office as Provincial Secretary, owing to ill health, is succeeded by Mr. T. B. Pardee, a gentleman of great influence in the House, and who has served his party faithfully during four years of Opposition. Mr. Mowat's action in accepting the invitation of His Excellency has called down the hostile criticisms of nearly the whole of the Conservative Press. It is claimed by this party that politics should be utterly excluded from the Bench; that the moment a newly appointed judge dons the ermine he should leave behind him all political sympathies and animosities, and that he should henceforth be regarded as belonging to no party. This principle, they say, has been most grossly violated by Mr. Mowat, and his action in the matter must tend to

seriously shake the public confidence in the neutrality and impartiality of the Ontario Bench. For, they argue, it is presumable that before Mr. Blake's recommendation was sent in to His Excellency, communication must have been held with the Vice-Chancellor, and here, "we have the unfortunate exhibition of a prominent politician in difficulty caballing with one of the judges of the land to rescue him from his predicament. Clearly, such an approach must have been suggested by the knowledge on the part of the retiring minister that the judge was in hearty political sympathy with him; and in this way we have all our preconceived notions of the neutrality of the Bench rudely dispelled." In reply to these attacks the Ministerial Press of Ontario, led by the *Globe*, utterly deny the correctness of the principle laid down by their opponents. In the first instance, in announcing the personnel of the new Cabinet, the Toronto organ expressly stated that "Mr. Mowat, while on the Bench, has not ceased to be a close observer of public affairs, and has not lost the zest for active political life." This was before the criticisms of the Conservative Press appeared. Now the *Globe* strengthens its argument by citing cases, both in Canada and in England, where men holding judicial appointments have been ardent politicians and even warm partisans; further, cases where occupants of the English bench have continued to sit in Parliament and to hold office whilst still acting as judges of the land. Thus, the Lord Chancellor of England, the Chief Equity Judge, is a member of the Government of the day; the Master of the Rolls is a member of the House of Lords, and may by law be a member of the House of Commons; Lord Ellenborough was at one and the same time Chief Justice of England and a Cabinet Minister; so with Lord Mansfield; Lord Lyndhurst was solicited by the King to form a Cabinet, but declined. Turning homewards the *Globe* goes on to show that Mr. Stephen Richards, only the other day a Cabinet Minister, and still a member of the Legislature, a very pronounced partizan, is sitting as a Judge of Assize at Hamilton. Judge Badgley, in Quebec, was taken from the Bench by the Draper Administration, made Attorney-General, and subsequently relegated to the Bench again; Judge O'Reilly, of Hamilton, resigned his judicial office to contest Wentworth. Judge Wilmot was appointed to the political office of Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick; and, later still, Judge Johnson was made by Sir John A. Macdonald Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba; whilst Chief Justice Morris at the present time is administering the affairs of that Province in the temporary absence of Mr. Archibald. Such are the arguments adduced on either side, and as becomes an independent journal we lay them before our readers without bias or partizanship merely noticing the strong array of facts brought forward by the *Globe* as precedents for Mr. Mowat's action.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW ROYAL LYCEUM, TORONTO.—The lovers of the Irish drama had an unusual treat at this theatre last week. The programme for five nights out of the six embraced the "Colleen Bawn" and "Kathleen Mavourneen," with Dan Thompson, whose reappearance on Toronto boards was hailed with delight, as Terence. Mr. Vernon, as the Squire, exhibited much correctness and expression, and Miss Bradshaw's Kathleen was in her usual happy and graceful style. The song "Molly Darling," which fell to her share, was admirably rendered and was greeted with loud and renewed applause. On Saturday night Miss Nickinson (Mrs. D. Morrison) appeared under the special patronage of H. E. the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin, and of Lieut.-Governor and Lady Howland. The performance consisted of the screen scene from "The School for Scandal"—given by special request—and "London Assurance." Those who have witnessed Miss Nickinson's acting will not need to be told that the evening's entertainment was a perfect success. The theatre was handsomely decorated for the occasion under the superintendence of Mr. Kivas Tully. This week Miss Ada Gray, who comes from the West with high recommendations, appears in her specialties.

PALAIS MUSICAL.—Under the management of Mr. Neville this place of amusement appears to have taken a new lease of life, and to be fast growing in favour; the attendance during the week has been fair and the performances very excellent. Montreal has long wanted a popular place of public amusement "open all the year round," and Mr. Neville appears to have hit the happy medium of giving a good variety entertainment, where all can be pleased and none offended. His effort is well worthy of success, and we feel assured he will achieve it. The songs of Miss Jeannette Kimball and Miss Sophie Neville are worthy of special mention, and the wonderful tricks of Professor LeFort are astonishing enough to make us think ourselves living in the days of necromancy and witchcraft. A very pleasant hour can be spent at the Palais Musical, and we hope to see it become one of the institutions of Montreal.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Penn Monthly* (Philadelphia) is a magazine devoted to high-class literature and to the discussion of questions of public importance, which we find treated in an unusually thorough, thoughtful manner. The October number contains a paper on American Shipping Interests; a translation—the second of a series—from Hoffmann, *The Idea of a University*; another translation, from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the Laws as to the Work of Children in manufactories in Europe; a critical paper on Don Quixote and Gil Blas; with a capital poem, entitled Census or Non-Census; editorial notes, reviews, etc., etc. This publication deserves to be better known in Canada than it is.

Every Saturday has long ago ceased to appear as an illustrated paper. To our mind it is far more attractive in its present form than even in its palmiest days of illustration. It is now devoted to selections from the best English magazines and reviews, which are chosen with much taste and judgment. The present number, that of the 26th inst., contains an installment of Edmund Yates' story "The Yellow Flag," a paper from the *Cornhill* on the Origin of Shakespeare's "Tempest," "An American Humorous Artist," from the *Examiner*; an article from the *Saturday Review* on "Credulity"; "Bishop Grundtrig," taken from the *Spectator*; "The Man with the Nose," a fanciful story from *Temple Bar*; "Bits of a Game of Croquet," from *Tinsley's*; "Legends of Old America," from the *Cornhill*; "About Covent Garden," from *All the Year Round*; and poetry, "A Picture," from *Chambers*. This is certainly a most tempting bill of fare for one week, and a week after week the programme is equally well carried out, it is no wonder that *Every Saturday* meets with so large a sale. As a compendium of English magazine literature, it is certainly unsurpassed.

Scribner's Monthly for November is the initial number of a new volume. With it opens Dr. J. G. Holland's promised serial "Arthur Bonnicastle," a tale of New England life, in autobiographical form, illustrated by Miss Hallock. Miss Edna Dean Proctor discourses pleasantly on Northern Russia and St. Petersburg, and E. W. Sturdy, an officer in the U. S. navy, graphically describes the great earthquake at Orica in 1868, which destroyed the town, caused much loss of life and did great damage to the shipping in port. Both these articles are profusely illustrated. Moncure D. Conway contributes a most interesting paper—recently delivered before the Royal Institution—on mythology and demonology, entitled "The Demons of the Shadow." Col. T. W. Higginson has another admirable article on Hawthorne, and Edward King, of the *Boston Journal*, gives a pleasant account of "An Expedition With Stanley" to Valencia during the insurrection. "The Tienom Deficit" is a clever, quaint little sketch by Hiram Rich. An interesting feature of this number is a group of five poems by as many celebrated poetesses: Christina G. Rossetti, H. H. Celia Thaxter, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and Elizabeth Akers Allen. In "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland discusses Father Hyacinth's marriage, which he strongly defends, Civil Service Reform, and other matters of interest.

NEW BOOKS.

MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Osgood & Co. Montreal: F. E. Grafton. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 183, \$1.00.

Charles Dudley Warner is always a pleasant acquaintance and companion, whether we accompany him on his strolls in Europe, or listen to his pleasant fireside gossip. In his garden he is charming. The delicious manner in which he tells of his troubles and successes, his skirmishes with intruders—boy and bovine—his perpetual warfare with bugs and birds that destroyed his melons and devoured his peas; the curious *mélange* of wit and wisdom with which his conversation is seasoned; his quiet humour and spicy descriptions, combine to make this a most attractive book. For family reading in the long winter evenings we particularly recommend it as always fresh and fragrant, and inspiring a never-flagging interest.

CALIFORNIA: For Health, Pleasure and Residence. A Book for Travellers and Settlers. By Charles Nordhoff, author of "Cape Cod and All Along Shore." New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 255, illustrated.

This is a reprint on fine paper and in large type of some excellent articles descriptive of the journey across the continent by rail and of the wonders of the Pacific Coast which appeared from time to time in *Harper's Magazine*. These papers give a full account of the climate, agricultural and mineral wealth, towns and cities and sights of California, and will be found of especial value to travellers, whether tourists or settlers. The first three chapters are devoted to the Way Out, and Sights on the Way, including a peep at Salt Lake City and the Saints. Many hints are given—both here and in other parts of the book—as to the best mode of travelling, where to stop, what to see, and what to leave alone, in fact the best way of "doing it." Then follow a couple of chapters on the sights of California, with, as before, many valuable hints. We are introduced to John Chinaman, as a citizen, a servant, and a railroad "navy." Several chapters are devoted to agriculture, wine and silk-growing. Gold-mining is, of course, not left out. The principal methods by which the gold is obtained are described and illustrated. The climate of Southern California as a health restorer is particularly recommended, and in an appendix are given tables of the temperature at Clarens (Switzerland), Aiken (Georgia), and San Bernardino and Anaheim (California) which speak sufficiently of the advantages of the southern part of the State as a resort for invalids. In fine Mr. Nordhoff's book gives a full and complete account of the country. The tourist bound for California will do well to take a copy with him, for it will save him in pocket, in time and in temper.

Notes and Comments.

News of the Week.

CHESS.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. P. B., Toronto.—We have mislaid copy of first Problem, and cannot give variations; the second is an improvement in construction, but cannot the bishop interfere? We would suggest placing W. K. at K. Kt. 3rd, and W. Q. at Q. B. 8th.

D. J. W., Belleville.—Solution received; will be happy to hear from you again.

J. H. G., St. John, N.B.—One of the Problems of which we wrote you is No. 63.

G. H. Ramsey, Cobourg.—Your favour received; will present one of the Problems (marked No. 2, which is very neat.) in an early number.

We welcome an addition to the Dominion Chess Clubs in the "St. John Chess Circle," recently organized. Mr. R. Thompson is the President and Mr. E. G. Nelson, Secretary. Further information regarding it can be obtained by addressing the latter, care of Mr. Hall, Stationer, St. John, N.B.

The following is one of the best games played at the late Tourney in Hamilton:—

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

<p>White. Mr. J. Young, (of Toronto.)</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd 4. P. takes P. 5. B. to Q. B. 4th 6. P. to K. R. 3rd 7. P. to Q. 3rd 8. Castles. (a) 9. P. to K. Kt. 4th (b) 10. Kt. to K. Kt. 5th 11. Q. Kt. to K. 4th 12. Kt. takes B. 13. Kt. to K. 4th. 14. Kt. to Kt. 3rd 15. Kt. to K. 4th 16. K. to R. 2nd 17. K. R. to K. Kt. (c) 18. P. takes Kt. 19. P. to Q. B. 3rd 20. K. to Kt. 3rd 21. B. to K. 3rd 22. Q. to Q. 2nd 23. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd 24. Q. R. to K. Kt. (d) 25. B. to K. B. 4th 26. B. takes Kt. 27. P. to Q. B. 4th 28. Q. to K. 3rd 29. K. to K. 30. R. takes Q. 31. P. to Q. R. 4th 32. B. to Q. R. 2nd 33. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd 34. B. to Kt. 35. P. to K. R. 4th (e) 36. Q. R. takes P. 37. Q. R. to K. 3rd 38. P. to K. B. 3rd 39. Q. K. takes P. 40. R. to Kt. 2nd 41. R. from Kt. 2nd to B 2nd 42. R. takes R. 43. K. to R. 3rd (f) 44. B. to B. 5th 45. P. takes B. 46. K. to Kt. 3rd 	<p>Black. Mr. G. E. Jackson, (of Seaford.)</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> P. to K. 4th K. Kt. to B. 3rd P. to Q. 4th K. B. to Q. 3rd B. to K. Kt. 5th B. to K. R. 4th Castles. K. Kt. to Q. 2nd B. to K. Kt. 3rd Q. to K. 2nd (e) P. to K. R. 3rd Q. B. P. takes Kt. P. to K. B. 4th P. to K. B. 5th P. to K. B. 6th (d) K. Kt. to K. B. 3rd Kt. takes Kt. B. takes P. B. to Kt. 3rd P. to K. 5th Kt. to Q. 2nd Kt. to K. 4th Q. to K. B. 3rd Q. to K. R. 5th Q. R. to K. R. takes B. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd Q. to Kt. 4th Q. takes Q. K. to Q. B. K. to R. 2nd B. to B. 2nd P. to Q. R. 4th K. R. to K. (g) K. R. to K. 2nd K. to Kt. B. to K. P. takes P. K. to K. 7th. ch. R. from K. 7th to K. 6th R. takes R. B. to Q. 2nd P. to R. 4th B. takes B. R. to K. 4th K. to B. 2nd.
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And after a few more moves the game was abandoned as drawn.
(a) It might have been better to have played B. to K. Kt. 5th in order to Castle with Q. R. presently.
(b) This and the following move of White was, perhaps, the best line of play in view of the formidable attack threatened by P. to K. B. 4th. (c)
(c) To prevent Kt. to K. 6th.
(d) B. takes Kt., followed by Q. to R. 5th, also seems a strong method of continuing the attack.
(e) This loses a pawn; Kt. takes Kt. ch. would have been better.
(f) P. to Kt. 5th looks tempting here, although slightly hazardous.
(g) Overlooking, apparently, the effect of his adversary's last move.
(h) Oddly enough, neither player appears to have seen, for the moment, that the advanced pawn was in peril.
(i) This was an error; K. to Kt. 3rd seems to leave White with a winning position.

THE KNIGHT'S TOUR.

By F. P. B., Kingston.

Black.

by	his	path	gers	pass	to	from	his
for	dan	them	foot	the	do	he'll	wan
tempt	the	toil	who	care	and	course	and
though	bears	the	by	with	set	der	goal
Knight	and	threads	and	tour	ta'en	many	be
to	suro	his	way	at	cross	the	yet
eye	in	ha	will	mock	to	length	a
ven	stray	his	this	to	come	road	reach

White.

(The Problem which appeared last week should have been numbered 64.)

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 64.

<p>White.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. R. to B. 2nd 2. R. to B. 7th 3. B. takes B. 4. R. mates. 	<p>Black.</p> <p>B. to Q. 2nd (A B)</p> <p>B. takes Kt.</p> <p>K. takes P.</p>
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<p>(A)</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. B. to Q. 4th 2. R. to B. 5th 3. B. takes B. 4. R. mates. 	<p>B. takes Kt. (a)</p> <p>K. moves.</p>
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<p>(B)</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. B. to Kt. sq. 2. R. to Q. Kt. 2nd 3. R. to Kt. sq. 4. R. mates. 	<p>B. moves.</p>
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Other variations are obvious from the above.

(a) If B. does not take Kt. White can play R. to Q. Kt. 5th and mate next move.

MARRIED.

At Ottawa, on the 22nd of October, 1872, Edward C. Malloch, Esq., M.D., C.M., M.R.C.S., to Gertrude Barbara Coultée, eldest daughter of L. M. Coultée, Esq., Sheriff County of Ottawa, Q.

THE DOMINION.

H. E. the Governor-General returned to the capital on Monday.

The out-going Manitoba volunteers arrived safely at Fort Garry on the 23rd ult.

The warrants for land grants to the Red River volunteers of 1870-71 have been issued.

A Halifax despatch states that desertions from the Line, Artillery and Navy are frequent.

The Intercolonial Railroad will be open for traffic between Halifax and St. John on Monday.

The new University buildings at Ottawa, for which plans are now being prepared, will cost fully \$400,000.

A verdict of "Not Guilty," on the ground of insanity, has been returned in the case of Thomas Scott, on trial at Kingston for the murder of his father.

On the first of January next the Reformatory Prison at St. Vincent de Paul, near Montreal, will be converted into a penitentiary for the Province of Quebec.

A change of government is announced in Ontario. Vice-Chancellor Mowatt is the new Premier, Messrs. Blake and McKenzie having retired. The following is the composition of the Cabinet:—Premier and Attorney-General, Hon. O. Mowatt; Treasurer, Hon. Adam Crooks, vice Mackenzie, resigned; Secretary, Hon. T. D. Pardee, vice Gow. Hon. Mr. McKellar and R. W. Scott retain their present offices.

UNITED STATES.

Senator Sumner will sail for New York on the 14th inst.

Tweed surrendered himself last week, and was taken into custody.

The Government is about to adopt a more decisive policy in Cuban affairs.

Between 6,000 and 7,000 Alsatians have arrived in New York since January.

A conductor on a passenger train on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad was shot last week.

The epizootic influenza has made its appearance in the principal cities of the Northern States.

Thomas Cullen, convicted of the murder of Joseph McWilliams at Chicago, has been sentenced to penitentiary for life.

Goods imported into the United States in French vessels, from other countries than France, are to be charged a discriminating duty of ten per cent *ad valorem*.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

A Senate has been created in Mexico.

The Austro-Hungarian Diet closed on the 24th ult.

The Newfoundland cod fisheries have partially failed.

It is proposed to establish a tribunal of commerce in London.

Admiral Sir T. J. Cochrane, of the Royal Navy, died on the 20th ult.

The Spanish insurgents who seized upon Ferrol have been dispersed.

The Royal Geographical Society gave a banquet to Stanley last week.

Telegraphic communication between London and Melbourne is now open.

The question of the cession of Gibraltar is again being agitated in Spain.

Thirty persons were injured last week by the fall of a circus gallery at Sheffield.

The Communists imprisoned in the castle of Oleron complain of ill-treatment.

A large number of emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine sailed for Canada last week.

M. Theophile Gautier, the distinguished French poet, novelist, and critic, is dead.

A conspiracy against Russian rule has been discovered in the Caucasus, and overthrown.

President Thiers has forbidden the sale of caricatures of the ex-Emperor Napoleon and his family.

The coolies in Demerara rose against the planters recently. The rioters were dispersed by the police.

Prince Napoleon's protest against his expulsion from France is to be laid before the National Assembly.

Merle D'Aubigné, the celebrated historian of the Reformation, died suddenly at Geneva on the 21st inst., aged 76.

The British Government has restored the right of registration for transmission abroad to Mr. Bradlaugh's journal.

A bill is to be introduced in the Cortes for the improvement and reconstruction of the Spanish telegraph service.

Advices from Rome announce an inundation on the banks of the Po. Several lives have been lost and much property destroyed.

The coal dealers of Cardiff have reduced the price of coals for steamers' use six shillings per ton, fearing American competition in the trade.

Meetings have lately been held in several Spanish provinces, at which resolutions were adopted demanding the abolition of the conscription system.

The German Emperor has decided the San Juan question in favour of the United States. The award is based on the fact that the Canal de Haro is deeper than the Rosario.

A large meeting in favour of amnesty for Fenian prisoners was held last week at Manchester. Mr. Isaac Butt, M.P., the leader of the Irish Home Rule party, was one of the principal speakers.

An official enquiry is to be made by the French Government into the action of the Ollivier and Palikao governments, which are believed to have provoked the late disastrous war with Germany.

The English press generally praise the efforts of the American Board of Trade to procure reciprocity of trade with Canada, and are of the opinion that the success of the Treaty of Washington has led to the action.

A curious case of evasion of the law took place recently in England. A highly-respectable firm on the banks of the Solent summoned a well-known yachtsman for money's long due, when the Judge before whom the case was brought raised the question, "Does the defendant live in the district?" "He lives on board his yacht," was the reply. "Then," rejoined the judge, "I have no jurisdiction, and the case must be struck out." Witnesses were then called to prove that the defendant had no land residence either in town or country, and the case was dismissed.

In these days of coal-fevers and coal-panics it is pleasant to learn that there is no danger of the supply of that valuable fuel giving out. Nor is it altogether unpleasant to learn that those who engineered the strikes and corners to which the high price of coal in England is due are the men who in the long run will suffer the most—thanks to their own greed. An English coal-master gives it as his opinion that there is plenty of coal in every part of the world, and coal enough in England to supply the world for a thousand years, provided it is only properly worked. As to labour, any amount of it is to be obtained by bidding for it against the farmers. Under these circumstances high prices are impossible, and the only effect of the present prices is to increase the competition, and thus in the long run to bring down the profits of the coal-owner and the wages of the miner to a minimum.

The members of the Institut Canadien de Montreal are about to take a step which, if it meets with any measure of success, is worthy of imitation by the many institutions of the same character scattered throughout the country. It is proposed to make certain amendments to the constitution of that body with the object of making the lecture-room and library of the institution free to all. This is a movement in the right direction and worthy of the heartiest support. At the same time, in the face of the recent decision of the Mercantile Library Association with regard to the introduction of billiards, we may be permitted to doubt if it is reserved for Montreal to take the lead in the establishment of free libraries and lecture-rooms. Literature is, we are sorry to say, anything but a favourite pursuit in the commercial capital of the Dominion.

We wish there were a few more associations in Canada like the Ottawa Valley Immigration Society. If this were the case there can be no doubt that the number of complaints that reach us of intending emigrants to Canada being lured away by the highly-coloured representations of the United States immigration commissioners would be very materially diminished. During the past season, we learn from the Ottawa Citizen, 250 first-class emigrants have been brought out and settled in the vicinity of the capital through the exertions of this truly valuable society. An allowance of \$16 per head is made by the Ontario Government to the society for every man thus introduced into the Province, and by this means the sum of \$1,500 has been added to its funds. With this assistance, and with more complete arrangements for conducting operations, the society will do much during the coming year towards the settlement of the Ottawa Valley.

"Baby-farming" is doomed—so far at least as England is concerned. By the new law, which goes into effect this week, a blow is aimed at this disgraceful system which will effectually overturn it. According to the provisions of this law no person may retain for compensation two or more children less than a year old, for the purpose of keeping them apart from their parents more than twenty-four hours, unless such person shall be the holder of a license to undertake the charge of children. Such license will be granted only on the strength of a magistrate's, clergyman's, or physician's certificate that the applicant for it is of good character, and able to provide the children with sufficient and proper food and lodging, and that the house where the infants are to be kept is fit for the purpose. Stringent precautions are taken against the possibility of causing the death of the child; and in case of death a rigid investigation will be made. This will soon put a stop to the dangerous practice of drugging, almost invariably resorted to by the baby-farmers to get rid of their unfortunate charges. A little further legislation in this direction, with the object of putting a stop to the habitual administration of drugs to children—in the form of so-called soothing draughts—now so much in vogue among all classes, would have the effect of very sensibly diminishing the rates of infant mortality.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an article on London Theatres, says, that in those frequented by the shopkeepers and workmen, what the spectators applaud is not the acting, nor the play, but the sentiments uttered: every flat utterance of feeble morality, especially when verging upon the domestic or the dutiful, touches the audience to the heart. It adds: "It is really impossible to regret this survival of the archaic simplicity of pre-æsthetic ages, in our English shop-keeping and wages-earning classes. At the same time, it shows most undeniably the nature of the gulf—both intellectual and moral—which divides the world of wealth and culture from the world of toil, even now when the same social and religious notions are supposed to be pervading all ranks of society alike. While the fashionable and the educated flock to see 'Nos Intimes' and the 'Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein,' it is certain that the literal English rendering of any such play would be hoisted from the stage before it was half finished by the large majority of the rough and uncultured London people." We may congratulate ourselves that the French taste complained of by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as having obtained such an ascendancy on the upper classes of English society, has not yet made its appearance here. Yet we must lament the fact that for the majority of Canadian play-goers broad farce, and too often low buffoonery possess far greater attractions than either good acting or sound sentiment.



By C. Kendrick.

H A L L O W



Science & Mechanics.

ABBOTT'S HIVE.

Mr. C. N. Abbott, the inventor of the improved bee-hive of which diagrams appear on page 285, gives in *The English Mechanic*, in compliance with the request of several correspondents of that journal, the following account of his invention.—The hive is 17 in. from front to rear, 20½ in. wide, and 11 in. deep inside measure. The front of the stock hive shown on the left is double, there being an inch dead air space between the outer and inner walls, and is intended to bear the brunt of summer weather. The cover is single all round, and is sufficiently protective to the super, which may be supposed to be there. The hive will contain thirteen frames, but if used as a collateral hive, as suggested in the photograph, six or eight frames may be sufficient for the breeding apartment between the dividing boards, and if the remainder of twelve be added equally on either side, they will permit of the collateral store combs being much thicker than if all the thirteen frames were inserted. The frames are of a size to leave only three-sixteenths of an inch to one-fourth of an inch for the bees to pass round. I mention this, as being a necessity; it will be better understood and easier to follow out than any directions as to size of frames, for as the material—i.e., the planking—often varies in width by as much as ¼ in., it must be manifest a general direction as to size would not always be correct. I have added no porch, ½ Langstroth, as in this country there are so many conditions in which such an addition is unnecessary. The entrance is 9 in. wide, and ½ in. high, and although, perhaps, often too large, yet it is so much easier to contract a large entrance than to increase a small one that I fully recommend that size.

The hive front represented on the right is intended for winter wear, although a full super is exhibited on this front is that although double walled, and with dead air space between as in the other case, the outer wall is of glass to admit the sun's rays, instead of being of wood to keep them out. There are also glazed windows in the super cover to permit the sun to shine into the first floor, and dry it out occasionally. The introduction of glass, as above, I consider a speciality, which will do away with the main objection to double walled hives for winter use, for, practically, if of wood entirely, bees in them might as well be in a grave for any benefit they get from the direct rays of the sun, "for what keeps out the cold keeps out heat," unless glass be used.

The entrance is cut out of the hive, and is 9 in. wide, and ½ in. high, as in the other case, and is made so as to permit of effectually clearing the floor-board of any debris which may be allowed by the bees to remain there. Thus it will be seen that there are two entrances of same dimensions, but, as a rule, it will be necessary to close one and modify the other, according to the exigencies of the season. The floor-boards are in two or three pieces, according to width of material, and are screwed up to sides, in fact, they are fixtures. There are differences of opinion as to the relative values of fixed and moveable floor-boards; and although it seems the right thing to give a stock a nice clean dry floor for a dirty wet one, it must be borne in mind that before the floor becomes wet, the hive must be actually too wet to absorb any more moisture, or it would not run down to the floor-board, and in that case a change of floor-board is about as useful as giving a man dry boots when he is wet through, and calling it a change of clothing.

For wintering a stock, the hive should be deprived of all combs except those inclosed between the dividing boards, and this will leave ample room on both sides of hive for any operation in the way of warming or drying by artificial means, without disturbing the bees. The frames are hung upon rabbets at top of inner walls of front and back of hive; those in breeding apartment should be 1½ in. from centre to centre; thus, if they are made of material an inch wide, there will be ½ in. between each frame, but only ¼ in. between the outer frames and the partition boards.

In hives that are intended to remain on their stands all means of fixing them in their places are unnecessary nuisances, as they will remain just where they are put, and it is much more pleasant to manipulate a hive unencumbered with a lot of gin-crackery. Notched rabbets are my aversion, and I would sooner recommend, in cases of removal, that each frame be screwed down into its place on the plain rabbet, for in that case one would be able to move the frame laterally after drawing the screws, whereas with the notches every frame must be prized up with the screw-driver to get it out of the rabbet, a proceeding which often necessitates the smashing of portions of combs. In my hive there are no notches, and no bottom rack, and in those for home use no distance tacks, pegs, or pins, but those sent out as patterns, or containing swarms, have their frames fixed by nails or screws in their sides, which stand out to exactly the required distances, the whole being kept firm by two screws which go through one side of hive and

touch and press the frames up together. It is all made of mill-sawn stuff, which is quite good enough for the bees, but could be as easily made of rosewood and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, but bees will no more pay for ornament than sheep will for gilded hurdles—what will do is good enough, and the simpler the better.

The stock hive in front of photograph is unpainted, and was meant to show the make of the thing. It will be seen that the honey board is of thin material in narrow strips—this obviates warping, and permits partial examination and thorough ventilation. The honey board is kept in its place by two pieces of inch board about 3 in. wide; they are slightly hollowed on their underside, so that one screw in centre of each makes both ends pinch hard on the outside strips, and holds all firm, yet at the same time, by loosening the screws a very little, the pieces may be turned on their own centres so as to release either end of the honey-board for removal if desired. A plinth runs along both sides of the hive at bottom to prevent the wet from getting at the end grain of floor board, and both fronts are "weathered" with a similar object. The sides of the super cover come down outside hive, so that no plinth is required, but the front and back rest fair on the ledges which hold down the honey-board, and a plinth at bottom of each breaks the joints and keeps out the weather.

In the making of the super cover the sides are nailed to the front and back, the plinths are nailed along the front and back, and on to the bottom ends of sides, and at each angle a light iron angle plate grips the whole, and being nailed and riveted makes a strong job of it.

Fig. 1 shows, or rather is meant to show, a shortened section of the hive, roughly drawn, but understandable. Fig. 2 is meant for a shortened drawing of side of hive, the inside towards the reader. A A are grooves cut half through the stuff to receive the inner skins of front and back, which form the rabbets on which the frames rest. The rabbet for front glass is formed on the sides by nailing a bit of lath inside at a. At top and bottom the rabbets are wrought out of the solid. Fig. 3 is intended to show the shape of the bottom rail of glazed front—it is wrought out of solid for strength, but might be more easily made in pieces. It is fixed by a screw upwards at each end, and an angle plate at each corner close down to the floor-board. The back or summer front requires little explanation, the whole being formed of one board, nailed on to the rails which make the dead air space, and on to both sides. Still angle plates, the whole depth of the hive, grip each end, and are firmly nailed or screwed to cheeks of hive, and make warping impossible. The material I used for super covers or roofs was 15 in. wide, and in cutting the fronts and backs I wasted very little material, through adopting the idea suggested in Fig. 4, and cutting them out one at a time.

A NOVEL NEWS BULLETIN.

The *Scientific American* gives the following interesting account of a novel News Bulletin in use in New York:—"Madison Square in this city, at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, is one of our most central and notable places. Vehicles and pedestrians converge here from various directions, the square is splendidly illuminated by the new oxygen lights at night, and the locality presents at all times a scene of activity and life. The streets here form a narrow triangle, the sharp apex whereof, covered with a group of small buildings, points directly into the open square. Upon the extreme point of the angle, a diminutive hood or lighthouse has been placed, within which an oxyhydrogen or calcium light and a magic lantern are used to throw pictures, at night, upon a canvas screen, perhaps twenty-five feet high, which is hung from a frame arranged on the roof of the adjoining buildings. The canvas stands in full view from all parts of the neighbouring square, and the apparatus is employed in the evening for the exhibition of illuminated advertisements of all sorts. The advertisements are photographed upon glass, and on being introduced within the lantern, are brought out upon the screen in large characters and beautiful colours.

On the evening of the recent elections, this magic lantern apparatus and screen was put to use as a news bulletin for the *New York Times* newspaper. As fast as the telegrams of the election returns were received at the telegraph office, which is just across the street, they were written off with India ink on transparent pieces of gelatine, placed in the lantern, and instantly shown upon the screen in huge characters, to the delight of the waiting multitude below. The whole square was thronged with people, who made the welkin ring with their shouts whenever the telegrams particularly pleased them. It is probable that ten or twenty thousand persons were present, all of whom enjoyed a fair view and easy reading of this truly novel, conspicuous, and admirable news bulletin.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid cures Flea Bites.

Courier des Femmes.

NON-PUNCTUALITY OF THE FAIR SEX.

We leave it to the impartiality of our readers to judge of the correctness or incorrectness of the following, taken from the *London Civilian*:—"No lady is ever punctual; no lady ever yet had the remotest idea of the duration of five minutes, or an hour, or any other longer or shorter space of time. Indeed, the supreme indifference of women in a matter which men are taught to regard as of vital importance, at once stamps the superior sex as above and beyond the control of mere conventional rules. Men's actions are governed by time: it is the most important element which enters into business calculations. The wild rush of the locomotive is governed and its safety assured by attention to time. Time for the male animal denotes the position of a ship upon the ocean, or it tells the traveller his path in the trackless desert. But a woman is always above the vulgar aids which are found indispensable by the mere animal man. Time never enters into her calculations, or occupies a single moment of her thoughts. She is always late when she keeps an appointment; she devotes precious hours to dressing, and will any day lose a train for the sake of putting on her gloves. The odd thing is that she never thinks of the irritation which she causes by her disregard for the rules of punctuality. A gentleman who grumbles because he has had to wait an hour while the fair object of his affections is putting on her bonnet is "a brute." Time indeed passes with wonderful quickness while the fair one is displaying her ribbons before the glass, or trying the effects of colour or the grace of fold of some new addition to her wardrobe. We are quite willing to allow that the fault of non-punctuality, if it be indeed a fault, is one of a very venial character. The aberrations of the feminine mind, like the movements of the spheres, admit of some approach to calculation; and although the most experienced observer may sometimes fail to tell what portion of her orbit a lady may occupy at any given hour of the day, he may make a pretty accurate guess sometimes by the aid of the useful rule of contraries. An allowance of an hour or two to admit of the fair comet coming to her right place in the social firmament in the evening will usually be a sufficient margin, provided she has not particular reasons for being very much behind. You may always predict with absolute certainty that she will be quite ready to go to the theatre when the play is half over, and that you will blunder with her into the concert-room just in time to disconcert or annoy the finest soprano on the platform. If the reader has ever had the pleasure of going shopping with his wife or sweetheart, he will understand what we mean. You are always dressed and ready a few minutes after the fatal expedition has been arranged, and you stroll about the room, killing time as best you may, until the lady appears. It is useless to read, for she has promised to be ready in a moment; you will not write that note which ought to have been despatched to Jones by last night's post, there would not be time to scrawl half a dozen lines. You kick your heels, and swing your umbrella, until the fatal truth breaks upon you that you have sacrificed the best portion of an hour. When the fair one appears she always has to put her gloves on in the lobby while you stand with the door half open in your hand, and if you grumble about delay, she protests that she has not been five minutes over her toilette. The best part of the morning is gone before you step out of doors; but the worst portion of the business is to come. You sit in agonies in the draper's shop while your companion, apparently in pursuance of some profoundly wise principle, is giving the assistant all the trouble she can. Silks and ribbons are tossed in picturesque confusion on the counter, and as the heap grows larger the fair one finds it proportionately more difficult to make up her mind. You expect every minute that the unhappy assistant will lose his patience, and begin to tear his hair from sheer vexation, or that the proprietor will vote you both a nuisance, and request you to leave the shop. The purchase, when it is made, seems shamefully disproportioned to the trouble which has been given, and you leave the establishment with the conviction that you have sacrificed a morning and contributed to sour the temper of an amiable draper's shopman, and all for the sake of a roll of ribbon or a half-dozen handkerchiefs. Perhaps you have some business of your own to attend to, and you find yourself, at the appointed time, a mile or two from the place. Your companion you find is terribly excited by the various bonnet-shops which you pass in your walk; you are continually stopping, and are compelled to utter a number of meaningless adjectives in praise of the gems of fashion which are exhibited behind the plate-glass. You, of course, are hopelessly late for your own appointments, and the delay has disarranged your business for a whole day. But no argument of yours can convince your fair companion that time is of vast importance in mundane affairs. She regards people who are constantly consulting

their watches as old fogies, and those arrangements of life which depend upon punctuality as relics of barbarism which will wholly disappear when she and her sister take the vulgar affairs of life into their own hands. Oddly enough, the strong-minded sisterhood display quite as much contempt for time as their weaker and charming rivals. A woman of business will make an engagement at eleven and keep it at three. She will procrastinate until the opportunity for concluding a transaction has gone by; and, wonder of wonders! if she be as plain as a Gorgon, she will talk for hours of the fashions, and of such trifles as the best style of trimming for her new dress. As it is quite useless to expect any reformation on the part of woman in reference to punctuality, we would recommend all newly-married men to adopt the scientific method, and study the diurnal aberrations of their better halves. There is sometimes a method in madness, and law may be evolved out of the apparently hopeless chaos of the workings of nature. The course of the domestic orbit must first be studied, and the position and place of the fair one noted in every portion of her daily path. Exceptional affairs, such as theatres, dinners, balls, and kindred matters, require special study, but when the law has been evolved out of the chaos, it may be possible for the wise spouse to indicate, at any hour of the day, the probable place of the fair one.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Fashion seems just now to incline towards simplicity. Much fewer dresses are made with tunics, draperies, and puffings, although one cannot absolutely say they are not worn; but polonaises are preferred to tunics, and the draping of the former is much less complicated than before. The Dolman, which has been so much worn in embroidered *Schleier*, is now extremely fashionable in black velvet, and bids fair to be the favourite shape of the season. The polonaise looks younger, as it defines the figure, but on this account is more trying. The Dolman is convenient, can be thrown on the shoulders over any toilette, and may also be worn at the theatre. It is generally ornamented with passementerie mixed with jet, but may also be trimmed with lace. Jet is profusely used at present for trimming all dresses, and particularly mantles. Black velvet polonaises are more often made open than closed, and are draped at the sides. A ruche of lace or a narrow band of fur may replace the passementerie.

Young married ladies and girls are wearing little jackets of plain black velvet, with revers and buttons of the same, cut with four basques, similar to those that were seen in fairs in the summer. Polonaises may also be made plain, and are not the less pretty. A wide scarf sash of gros grain is tied at the side, and sometimes this scarf crosses over the chest like an order. The deadness of the silk produces a good effect on the velvet. Many velvet skirts are quite plain.

Dinner dresses are made with trains, and the tunic is replaced by graduated flounces to the waist at the back, while the front of the skirt is plain with only one flounce at the edge; the bodice has *partillon* basques at the back and a waistcoat front. For walking dress cloth costumes are strongly recommended. The most fashionable colour for them is green of various shades, olive, moss, or dark *roséda*. A plain skirt of the cloth is quite heavy enough, and it would perhaps be preferable to make it of woollen material or faille to match the shade of the cloth. The polonaise of cloth is ornamented with passementerie of the same colour or black; corals and barrel buttons are much used. If it is desired to make the polonaise more dressy, edge it with feather trimming or fur. Nothing is more fashionable than a polonaise *Lamballe*, of bottle-green cloth, the bodice closed, the skirt open, over a dress of bottle-green *poult de soie*, trimmed down the whole length of the front with a plaiting; the polonaise has pockets at the back; the passementerie and feather trimming are both to be black, but when fur is used the passementerie should be of the colour of the cloth.—*Queen*.

Mr. Fellows is daily in receipt of letters of enquiry, from various parts, respecting his Syrup of Hypophosphites. One recently received, leads to the belief that the public mistake his meaning in reference to its effect in imparting superior energy to the mind. Where the intellect has been impaired by overwork or by kindred causes, the use of the Syrup, together with proper precautions in the use of food, clothing, exercise and rest, will restore full power to the brain and nerves. Superiority of genius consists in great capacity of brain for assimilating material from every quarter, and of developing in proportion, but as by far the greater number are not well endowed by nature, consequently lacking this capacity, it would be quite impossible to find cranium space for material necessary to constitute the brilliant genius. Hence, although the Syrup will assist in restoring the mind which is lost, it cannot change a natural born idiot into an intelligent man.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

A FRAGMENT. (TO J. D.)

Discordant thought might rise to cadence, if
Uttered by thy eyes, that speak a mystery
As deep and undefined as love itself;
As dark as shadow on a midnight sea—
As lustrous as its phosphorescent light.
A look—a touch of Heaven might reveal
A glance—whose wondrous harmonies might find
Pulsating echo in a cloudless life,
Attuned to chords of perfect melody.
A glance—the divine interpretation
Of a dream, toned with music exquisite.

J. G. A.

(REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1868.)

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

FIRST SCENE.—*The Cottage on the Frontier.*

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"I have found this in her pocket," he said, "Here is her name written on it. She must be a countrywoman of yours."

He read the letters marked on the handkerchief with some difficulty. "Her name is—Mercy Merrick."

His lips had said it—not hers! He had given her the name.

"Mercy Merrick" is an English name?" pursued Ignatius Wetzel, with his eyes steadily fixed on her. "Is it not so?"

The hold on her mind of the past association with Julian Gray began to relax. One present and pressing question now possessed itself of the foremost place in her thoughts. Should she correct the error into which the German had fallen? The time had come—to speak, and assert her own identity; or to be silent, and commit herself to the fraud.

Horace Holmercroft entered the room again, at the moment when Surgeon Wetzel's staring eyes were still fastened on her, waiting for her reply.

"I have not overrated my interest," he said pointing to a little slip of paper in his hand. "Here is the pass. Have you got pen and ink? I must fill up the form."

Mercy pointed to the writing materials on the table. Horace seated himself, and dipped the pen in the ink.

"Pray don't think that I wish to intrude myself into your affairs," he said. "I am obliged to ask you one or two plain questions. What is your name?"

A sudden trembling seized her. She supported herself against the foot of the bed. Her whole future existence depended on her answer. She was incapable of uttering a word.

Ignatius Wetzel stood her friend for once. His croaking voice filled the empty gap of silence exactly at the right time. He doggedly held the handkerchief under her eyes. He obstinately repeated, "Mercy Merrick is an English name. Is it not so?"

Horace Holmercroft looked up from the table. "Mercy Merrick?" he said. "Who is Mercy Merrick?"

Surgeon Wetzel pointed to the corpse on the bed.

"I have found the name on the handkerchief," he said. "This lady, it seems, had not curiosity enough to look for the name of her own countrywoman." He made that mocking allusion to Mercy with a tone which was almost a tone of suspicion, and a look which was almost a look of contempt. Her quick temper instantly resented the discourtesy of which she had been made the object. The irritation of the moment—so often do the most trifling motives determine the most serious human actions—bided her on the course that she should pursue. She turned her back scornfully on the rude old man, and left him in the delusion that he had discovered the dead woman's name.

Horace returned to the business of filling up the form.

"Pardon me for pressing the question," he said. "You know what German discipline is by this time. What is your name?"

She answered him recklessly, defiantly, without fairly realizing what she was doing, until it was done.

"Grace Roseberry," she said.

The words were hardly out of her mouth, before she would have given everything she possessed in the world to recall them.

"Miss?" asked Horace, smiling.

She could only answer him by bowing her head.

He wrote, "Miss Grace Roseberry"—reflected for a moment—and then added interrogatively, "Returning to her friends in England?" Her friends in England! Mercy's heart swelled; she silently replied by another sign. He wrote the words after the name, and shook the sand box over the wet ink. "That will be enough," he said, rising and presenting the pass to Mercy; "I will see you through the lines myself, and arrange for your being sent on by the railway. Where is your luggage?"

Mercy pointed towards the front door of the building. "In a shed outside the cottage," she answered. "It is not much; I can do

everything for myself if the sentinel will let me pass through the kitchen."

Horace pointed to the paper in her hand. "You can go where you like now," he said. "Shall I wait for you here, or outside?"

Mercy glanced distrustfully at Ignatius Wetzel. He had resumed his endless examination of the body on the bed. If she left him alone with Mr. Holmercroft there was no knowing what the hateful old man might not say of her. She answered, "Wait for me outside, if you please."

The sentinel drew back with a military salute at the sight of the pass. All the French prisoners had been removed; there were not more than half-a-dozen Germans in the kitchen, and the greater part of them were asleep. Mercy took Grace Roseberry's clothes from the corner in which they had been left to dry, and made for the shed, a rough structure of wood, built out from the cottage wall. At the front door she encountered a second sentinel, and showed her pass for the second time. She spoke to this man; asking him if he understood French. He answered that he understood a little. Mercy gave him a piece of money, and said, "I am going to pack up my luggage in the shed. Be kind enough to see that nobody disturbs me." The sentinel saluted, in token that he understood. Mercy disappeared in the dark interior of the shed.

Left alone with Surgeon Wetzel, Horace noticed the strange old man still bending intently over the English lady who had been killed by the shell.

"Anything remarkable," he asked, "in the manner of that poor creature's death?"

"Nothing to put in a newspaper," retorted the cynic, pursuing his investigations as attentively as ever.

"Interesting to a doctor—eh?" said Horace.

"Yes. Interesting to a doctor," was the gruff reply.

Horace good-humouredly accepted the hint implied in those words. He quitted the room by the door leading into the yard, and waited for the charming Englishwoman as he had been instructed, outside the cottage.

Left by himself, Ignatius Wetzel, after a first cautious look all round him, opened the upper part of Grace's dress, and laid his left hand on her heart. Taking a little steel instrument from his waistcoat pocket with the other hand, he applied it carefully to the wound—raised a morsel of the broken and depressed bone of the skull, and waited for the result. "Aha!" he cried, addressing with a terrible gaiety the senseless creature under his hands. "The Frenchman says you are dead, my dear—does he? The Frenchman is a Quack! The Frenchman is an Ass!" He lifted his head, and called into the kitchen. "Max!" A sleepy young German, covered with a dresser's apron from his chin to his feet, drew the curtain, and waited for his instructions. "Bring me my black bag," said Ignatius Wetzel. Having given that order, he rubbed his hands cheerfully and shook himself like a dog. "Now I am quite happy," croaked the terrible old man, with his fierce eyes leering sidelong at the bed. "My dear dead Englishwoman, I would not have missed this meeting with you for all the money I have in the world. Ha! you infernal French Quack, you call it death, do you? I call it suspended animation from pressure on the brain!"

Max appeared with the black bag.

Ignatius Wetzel selected two fearful instruments, bright and new, and hugged them to his bosom. "My little boys," he said tenderly, as if they were two children; "my blessed little boys, come to work!" He turned to the assistant. "Do you remember the battle of Solferino, Max—and the Austrian soldier I operated on for a wound on the head?"

The assistant's sleepy eyes opened wide; he was evidently interested. "I remember," he said. "I held the candle."

The master led the way to the bed.

"I am not satisfied with the result of that operation at Solferino," he said; "I have wanted to try again ever since. It's true that I saved the man's life, but I failed to give him back his reason along with it. It might have been something wrong in the operation, or it might have been something wrong in the man. Whichever it was, he will live and die mad. Now look here, my little Max, at this dear young lady on the bed. She gives me just what I wanted; here is the case at Solferino, once more. You shall hold the candle again, my good boy; stand there, and look with all your eyes. I am going to try if I can save the life and the reason too, this time."

He tucked up the cuffs of his coat and began the operation. As his fearful instruments touched Grace's head, the voice of the sentinel at the nearest outpost was heard, giving the word in German which permitted Mercy to take the first step on her journey to England: "Pass the English lady!"

The operation proceeded. The voice of the sentinel at the next post was heard more faintly, in its turn: "Pass the English lady!"

The operation ended, Ignatius Wetzel held up his hand for silence and put his ear close to the patient's mouth.

The first trembling breath of returning life fluttered over Grace Roseberry's lips, and

touched the old man's wrinkled cheek. "Aha!" he cried. "Good girl! you breathe—you live!" As he spoke, the voice of the sentinel at the final limit of the German lines (barely audible in the distance) gave the word for the last time: "Pass the English lady!"

THE END OF THE FIRST SCENE.

SECOND SCENE—*Mablethorpe House.*

PREAMBLE.

THE place is England. The time is winter, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy.

The persons are:—Julian Gray, Horace Holmercroft, Lady Janet Roy, Grace Roseberry, and Mercy Merrick.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY JANET'S COMPANION.

IT is a glorious winter's day. The sky is clear, the frost is hard, the ice bears for skating.

The dining-room of the ancient mansion, called Mablethorpe House, situated in the London suburb of Kensington, is famous among artists and other persons of taste for the carved wood-work, of Italian origin, which covers the walls on three sides. On the fourth side the march of modern improvement has broken in, and has varied and brightened the scene by means of a conservatory, forming an entrance to the room, through a winter garden of rare plants and flowers. On your right hand, as you stand fronting the conservatory, the monotony of the pannelled wall is relieved by a quaintly-patterned door of old inlaid wood, leading into the library, and thence across the great hall, to the other reception-rooms of the house. A corresponding door on the left hand gives access to the billiard-room, to the smoking-room next to it, and to a smaller hall commanding one of the secondary entrances to the building. On the left side also is the ample fire-place, surmounted by its marble mantle-piece, carved in the profusely and confusedly ornate style of eighty years since. To the educated eye the dining-room, with its modern furniture and conservatory, its ancient walls and doors, and its lofty mantle-piece (neither very old nor very new) presents a startling, almost a revolutionary, mixture of the decorative workmanship of widely-differing schools. To the ignorant eye the one result produced is an impression of perfect luxury and comfort, united in the friendliest combination, and developed on the largest scale.

The clock has just struck two. The table is spread for luncheon.

The persons seated at the table are three in number. First, Lady Janet Roy; second, a young lady who is her reader and companion; third, a guest staying in the house, who has already appeared in these pages under the name of Horace Holmercroft—attached to the German army as war correspondent of an English newspaper.

Lady Janet Roy needs but little introduction. Everybody with the slightest pretension to experience in London society knows Lady Janet Roy.

Who has not heard of her old lace and her priceless rubies? Who has not admired her commanding figure, her beautifully-dressed white hair, her wonderful black eyes which still preserve their youthful brightness, after first opening on the world seventy years since? Who has not felt the charm of her frank easily-flowing talk, her inexhaustible spirits, her good-humoured gracious sociability of manner? Where is the modern hermit who is not familiarly acquainted, by hearsay at least, with the fantastic novelty and humour of her opinions; with her generous encouragement of rising merit of any sort, in all ranks, high or low; with her charities, which know no distinction between abroad and at home; with her large indulgence, which no ingratitude can discourage and no servility pervert? Everybody has heard of the popular old lady—the childless widow of a long-forgotten lord. Everybody knows Lady Janet Roy.

But who knows the handsome young woman sitting on her right hand, playing with her luncheon instead of eating it? Nobody really knows her.

(To be continued.)

Thousands are daily testifying to the remarkable Curative properties of Dr. Colby's Pills.

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

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

Art and Literature.

Miss Braddon is busy upon another novel, which will be entitled "Strangers and Pilgrims."

Mr. Forrest, it is said, proposes to abandon the stage and appear as a Shakspearean reader, the first experiment to be made this month, in Steinway Hall.

Rubinstein gives a concert in Toronto on the 20th Dec. The thanks of the music-lovers of the Ontario capital are due to Messrs. Nordheimer for this treat.

Rev. Patrice Lacombe's dictionary and grammar of the Cree Indian languages, which he has been engaged on for many years, is about to be published at Ottawa. The Government will take a number of copies for distribution in the North West.

In a recent number of the *Athenæum* the following authenticated spellings of the "great poet's" name are given: "Shaksper, Shaxper, Shaxsper, Saxpere, Shakespeare, Shacksper, Shakespere, Schakespere, Schakespeare, Shakespeyre, and Shaesper."

Fourteen letters of Voltaire, thirteen of which have never been published, have been found by Prince Woronzoff amongst the archives of his family at Odessa. They are addressed to the Count Alexander Woronzoff, who made Voltaire's acquaintance at Mannheim, while attending some *filles* given by the Elector Palatine.

The death is reported of Prince George Galitzin, the representative of one of the oldest noble families of Russia. The Prince had devoted his life to the popularisation of the Russian national style of singing, and the choir which he had formed and always directed has been very highly appreciated in the many towns where the Prince allowed them to be heard.

The Roman Municipality are anxious to place a tablet to Galileo in the Villa Medici, where the Italian philosopher was imprisoned by the clergy. The Villa is, however, occupied by the French Embassy, and M. Fournier objects to the idea. The Municipality have therefore been reduced to placing their tablet on a wall near the villa, where it will record in one brief inscription how Galileo was imprisoned in the house now known as the *Academia Francese*, for the crime of having found out that the earth goes round the sun.

A small painting, which professes to represent the marriage of Shakespeare, has been recently discovered. It appears to be the work of a third-rate Dutch artist, and is in very good preservation. In the foreground an old man and woman weighing out money and jewels are seated at the table, while on the wall behind them hangs a tablet with the following legend, the figure 15 beneath:—

Rare Lymninge with us doth make appere
The Marriage of Anne Hathaway and William
Shakespeare.

In the background is an open door, through which can be seen two persons joining hands.

At Drury Lane, entitled to be called our national theatre, the actors to this day are officially described as "Her Majesty's servants," and have some curious privileges if they chose to claim them. Eight of the principal actors at Drury Lane are entitled to a table at the Royal Palace, together with the right of wearing the Windsor uniform, the right of attending his or her Majesty on State occasions, and the right of shooting on Crown lands without a licence. There is nothing but desuetude to bar these claims, for the right was exercised not more than eighty years ago. —*Court Journal.*

Apropos of the expected new novel from the pen of Mr. Disraeli, it is affirmed that *Lothair* might never have been written but for the illness of Mrs. Disraeli, now Vicountess Beaconsfield. She was making slow recovery, and her husband, anxious to amuse her hours of convalescence, though then pressed with the cares of the Exchequer, contrived to find time to write a chapter of the novel every day, which being written out in his library in the morning, was carried up to the sick chamber, and amused the tedious hours of the invalid in the evening. We are happy to state that no such cause gives impulse to the pen of the distinguished author and statesman now, for Lady Beaconsfield is in very good health.

According to an authority the following is a list of the books which M. Thiers is in the habit of taking with him when he travels:—*Faust*, 2 vols.; *Plutarch*, 4 vols.; *Tacitus*, 1 vol.; *Montesquieu*, 6 vols.; *Winckelman (History of Ancient Arts)*, 8 vols.; *The United Code*, 1 vol.; *Cæsar (Commentaries)*, 1 vol.; *Molière*, 8 vols.; *Juvénal*, 1 vol.; *The Bible*, 1 vol.; *the Works of Bismarck*, 1 vol.; *Adam Smith (Wealth of Nations)*; *J. B. Say (Treatise on Political Economy)*, 1 vol.; *Montaigne*, 6 vols.; *Rabelais*, 8 vols.; *Chateaubriand*, 8 vols.; *Lamartine*, 12 vols.; *the Dictionary of the French Academy*, 1 vol.; *Block (Dictionary of Politics)*, 1 vol.; *Paul-Louis Courier*, 1 vol.; *Voltaire (Œuvres Choies)*, 13 vols.; *Rousseau (Œuvres Choies)*, 14 vols."



SIR JOHN GILBERT.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS

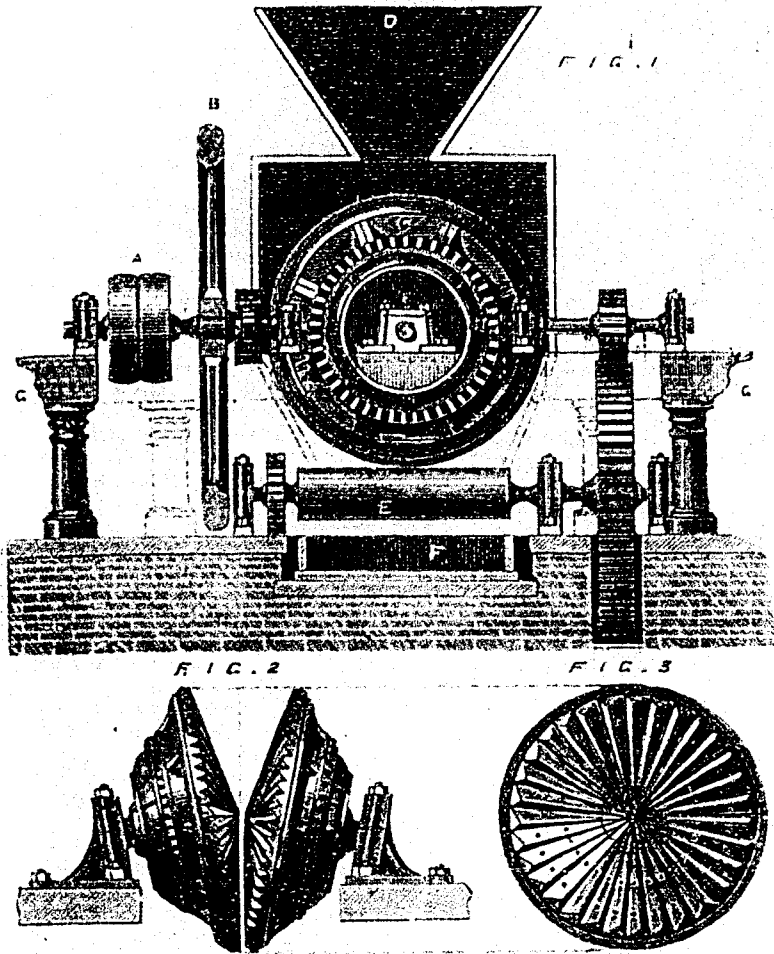
QUARTZ-CRUSHING MACHINE.

The above interesting diagrams of an English quartz crusher were furnished to *The English Mechanic* by a correspondent, Mr. J. W. Fennell, who writes as follows:— In setting out the diagrams inclosed I have somewhat minutely entered into its requirements, viz., the crushing and pulverising the quartz from the gold. The great desideratum is the effectual accomplishment, with the least amount of wear, tear, and cost, these things I have been considering and inclose the result of my study. There are many machines in use and may be used, viz., the pneumatic hammer, rollers, and machines so as to descend in the same manner as

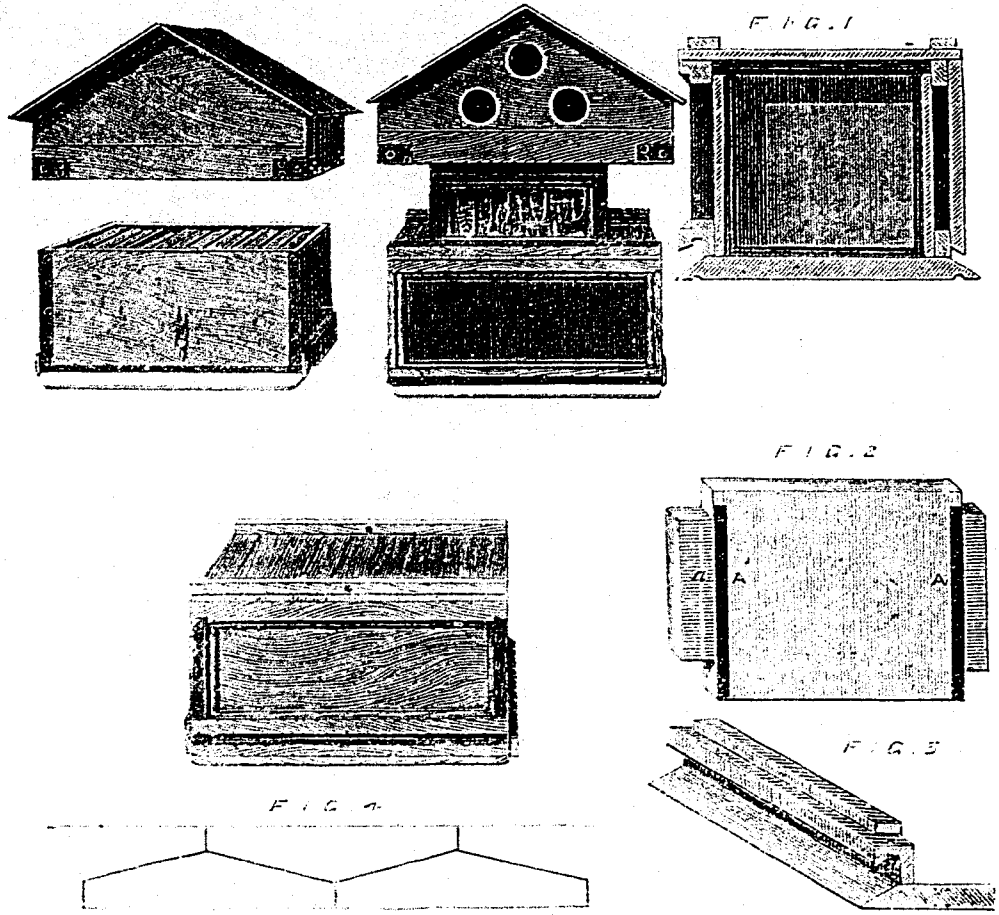
pile-driving machines, but as we live in the age of improvement we must not be surprised at any little result that may crop up. In the diagram Fig 1 is a side section; A, dividing pulleys; B, fly-wheel; C, crushers and pulveriser; D, hopper to feed the same; E, iron rollers; F, trough to receive when crushed. Fig. 2 shows crushers in position, Fig. 3 face of crusher. It will be seen I have arranged the crushers to work in opposite directions to each other; they may be so constructed to work only one way. I thought that arranging them to work contrary to each other would more effectually do the work. I do not see why the serrated grooves could not be bolted on separately in case of breakage of one, or either

one having an undue amount of wear by coming more in contact with hard substances; they should be made of chilled iron or steel.

Photography will play a prominent part in the observations of the forthcoming transit of Venus in December 1874. England is preparing eight helio-photographic apparatuses on the model of that at Kew, three of which are ordered by Russia. The Germans will have four; Portugal will send the Lisbon one to Macao; the United States are also having some made, on quite a different plan; and France intends getting four constructed, according to the directions of the late M. Delaunay:



QUARTZ-CRUSHING MACHINE.



ABBOTT'S BEE HIVE.



GUELPH.—AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY AT THE CENTRAL EXHIBITION.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

PRAYER TO DEATH.

(From *Tribulus*.)

Far in the stranger's land I pine—
Dark Death, restrain thy grasping hand.
(Regard O Death, this prayer of mine!)
Until I reach my native land.

There is for me no mother here
To place my ashes in the urn.
(Ah! mournful task!) nor sister dear
Sweet incense of the East to burn:

And with dishevelled hair to stand
And weep beside my new-made grave—
(Oh! till I reach my native land,
Forbear to touch me, Death, I crave!

JOHN READER.

October 7th, 1872.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

BORDER COURTSHIP.

A Tale of the Niagara Frontier.

BY EVELYN ETHERIDGE.

There are few scenes of more calm and placid beauty than the Niagara River from Lake Ontario to Queenston Heights. The banks, in steep escarpments crowned with oak and elm and giant walnuts, or in gentle turf-clad slopes, sweep in graceful curves around the windings of the stream. In places the weeping birch trails its tresses in the waters like a wood nymph admiring her own loveliness. The comfortable farm-steals nestle amid their embowering peach and apple orchards, the very types of peace and plenty. The mighty river, after its dizzy plunge at the great cataract, and mad tumultuous rush and eddy at the rapids and whirlpool, smoothes its rugged front and restrains its impetuous stream to the semblance of a placid old age after a wild and stormy life.

The slumberous old town of Niagara has also an air of calm repose. No vulgar din of trade disturbs its quiet grass-grown streets, the dismantled fort, the broken stockade, the empty fosse, and the crumbling ramparts, where wandering sheep crop the herbage and the swallows build their nests in the mouth of the overturned and rusty cannon, are all the evidence of the long reign of an unbroken peace.

But at the period when our story opens other sights than these met the eye, on opposite sides of the river grim forts frowned defiance at each other, and guarded like stern warders the channel between them. The morning *réveille* day after day seemed the shrill challenge to mortal combat. Sullen and silent, like couchant lions, through the black embrasures the grim cannon watched the opposite shore; and not unfrequently from feverish lips, as if they could no longer hold their breath, hurried at the foe the iron death. The white tents of an army dotted the plain. The marks of recent conflict were everywhere visible, and—saddest evidence of all—was the multitude of soldiers' graves, whose silent sleepers no morning drum-beat should arouse forever. The peaceful parish-church was turned into a hospital, where instead of praise and prayer were heard the groans of wounded men. Everything in fact gave indications of military occupation and the prevalence of martial law.

At the outbreak of the war of 1812-13 Squire Lawson held the important rural position of Justice of the Peace, miller and merchant at the little hamlet which nestled beneath the wing of Fort Niagara, on the American side of the river, at its mouth. But what more concerns our story is, that he was the father of pretty Mary Lawson, a damsel of some eighteen summers, and as blithe and bonnie a lass as ever gladdened a father's heart or inspired a lover's dreams. And lovers Mary had in plenty, but the most eligible of them all, in the opinion of the village gossips, was young Ensign Roberts, attached to the American forces at the Fort.

Not so, however, thought Mary, the favoured of her heart was a smart young Canadian, who for some time had acted as clerk in her father's store, and had shortly before opened a small establishment of his own on the opposite side of the river in the thriving village of Niagara. Every Sunday young Morton crossed in his own light skiff to attend church with Mary; and on summer evenings many were the pleasant sails they had upon the shining reaches of the river, watching the sun go down in golden glory in the bosom of blue Ontario, and the silver moon bathe in its pale light the bosky foliage of the shores, beneath which dark and heavy crouched the stealthy shadows, while the river rippled calmly by.

With the outbreak of the war, however, these pleasant sails and visits ceased. It is one of the dread results of international conflict that the inhabitants of the hostile frontiers, who had previously dwelt in good fellowship and neighbourly helpfulness are often changed to deadly enemies, and even claim for their bitter hostility the sanctions of duty.

George Morton naturally espoused the cause

of his native country, with which, too, all his commercial interests were identified. This brought him at once under the ban of Mary's father, and his visits were interdicted. Ensign Roberts took advantage of the absence of his rival to press his suit, which Squire Lawson favoured as being likely, he thought, to wean Mary from her forbidden attachment to one who was now her country's foe. But he little new the depth and the strength of a woman's affection. The more her royalist lover was aspersed and maligned, the more warmly glowed her love, the more firm was her resolve to be faithful unto death.

Early in the war the British met with a great irreparable loss in the death of the gallant Brock, whose name and military skill were a tower of strength to his country. George fought as a volunteer at Queenston in the bloody conflict which avenged the fate of Canada's "darling hero," and as the minute guns of both the American and British forts boomed above his grave the gentle heart of Mary wept sympathetic tears over her country's fallen foe.

One morning in the spring of 1813—it was on the 27th of May—a brilliant but ominous spectacle greeted the eyes of the garrison and citizens of the town of Niagara. In the early light a crescent-shaped fleet of vessels lay moored on the blue bosom of the lake before the town. The roll of drums, the blast of bugles and the tramp of armed men through the streets were shortly heard. The guns of fort and fleet thundered forth challenge and defiance. The glittering sheen of burnished arms flashed in the morning sun, as barge after barge transferred the hostile force from the fleet to the shore under cover of a heavy fire.

Morton, with the militia company to which he was attached, were lying in a hollow near the shore, to check if possible the advance of the foe. A round shot from the fleet struck the ground in front of him covering him with dirt, and breaking the arm with which he was loading his musket. At the same moment a bullet from the enemy struck his nearest comrade, passing right through his body as he lay upon the ground. A slight quiver convulsed his frame and then it was at rest forever. As the foe advanced in force, driving back the British, George, unable to retreat as rapidly as the rest, was taken prisoner and with others sent across to the American fort.

Personally, George Morton received every kindness from the officer and surgeons of the American hospital; and in the gentle ministrations of Mary Lawson, which he shared with the rest of the wounded, he found a compensation for all his sufferings. Upon his partial convalescence he was released on parole and returned to Niagara to look after his disorganized and partially ruined business. By his skill and industry, aided by the fictitious prosperity caused by the presence of a numerous army, before the winter it had become again exceedingly flourishing, but only to be ruthlessly and completely destroyed.

An opportunity soon occurred for Mary to show her daring and devotion to her lover. The winter of 1813 was approaching. The British army were closing in their lines of attack in order to recover the Niagara frontier. General McClure, the American commander, prepared to evacuate the town; but before doing so he resolved to perpetrate an act of inhuman barbarity, which shall hand down his name to infamy so long as the story shall be told. In order to deprive the British troops of winter quarters he determined to burn Niagara, leaving the innocent and non-combatant inhabitants, helpless women and little children, homeless and shelterless at the very beginning of a Canadian winter.

Amid the active preparations made for the transfer of his forces and material across the river, intelligence of the atrocious design came to the knowledge of Mary Lawson, chiefly through the indignant dissent and remonstrance of some of McClure's own officers against the unsoldier-like cruelty. The intrepid girl's resolve was taken on the instant. She determined under cover of the night to give the alarm to her lover, and through him to the inhabitants, that they might, if possible, frustrate the infamous design, or at least rescue their moveable property from destruction.

It required no small courage to carry out her purpose. The winter had set in early and severe. The river was running full of ice, which rendered crossing, especially by night, exceedingly perilous. To this was added the danger of being challenged, and it might be shot, by the sentries of the American camp. But when did true love in man or woman stop to calculate chances? or hesitate to encounter danger or even death for the beloved one?

It was on the 9th of December—a bleak, cold, cloudy night—that Mary, having secured the aid of her father's faithful servant, Michael O'Brian, a jolly but rather stupid Irishman who knew no fear, escaped from the window of her room after the family had retired to rest, which was not till near midnight, and set forth on her perilous mission of mercy. In order to avoid the American sentries they attempted to cross about a mile above the camp, and in the mirky darkness fearlessly launched their little boat, steering by the lights in the town slumbering unconscious of its fate, where

some patient watcher kept her vigil beside a sick bed.

The dark water eddied and gurgled amid the ice-floes, from which a ghastly gleam was reflected, like that from the face of a corpse dimly seen amid the dark. Occasionally a huge fragment of ice would grate, and crash, and crunch against the frail ribs of the boat, as if eager to crush it and frustrate the generous purpose of its inmates. But the strong arm of O'Brian pushed a passage through the ice, while Mary sat wrapped in her cloak and in busy meditation in the bottom of the boat.

But they had not calculated on the strength of the current, and the resistance of the ice. In spite of every effort they were being rapidly born down the stream. Another danger stared them in the face. Should they be carried into the lake with the floating ice, they might before morning be drifted out of sight of land and perish miserably of cold or hunger; or be dashed upon the ice-bound shore, where they could hear the waves roar harshly, like sea-beasts howling for their prey.

But the bitter north wind, which had been such a source of discomfort, now proved their salvation from this imminent danger. Blowing fresher every moment it arrested the ice-drift, and formed a solid barrier from shore to shore and extending far up the river. But this in turn effectually prevented the progress of the little boat which had almost reached the Canadian shore; and worse still, the dim grey light of morning began to dawn.

Suddenly the sight of a black object in the middle of a white field of now dense ice, and the sound of O'Brian's oar striving to force a passage through, caught the watchful eye and ear of the sentry near whose boat they had unfortunately drifted.

"Halt!" rang out sharp and clear on the frosty air the challenge of the sentry.

"Faith, an' it's halted fast enough I am," answered Mickey.

"Who goes there?" repeated the sentry's voice.

"Sure I don't go at all, that's what's the matter," said the boatman, unconsciously anticipating a slang phrase of later times.

"Advance and give the countersign," exclaimed the enraged soldier, who in martinet obedience to discipline, would challenge a drowning man before trying to save him.

"Bedad! an' it's that same I would if I could," replied the bewildered Irishman, "but I can't walk on wather, and this ice-slush isn't much better."

"Unless you answer I'll fire," shouted the sentry, to whom Mickey's manderings half drowned by the crashing ice and gusty wind, were unintelligible.

"An' that same is the very thing I want, for it's starved wid the cowl I am," said the shivering creature, who with characteristic ingenuity had failed to apprehend the meaning of the menace addressed to him. But a sudden flash and the dull thud of a bullet against the ice beside him interpreted to his sluggish brain the danger in which he stood.

"The saints be betime us an' harm," he exclaimed, devoutly crossing himself. "Oh! sure ye won't murder a body in cowl blood who's kilt entirely already. It's half-drowned and froze I am, without being riddled like a cullender wid your bullets as well."

"Why, Mick-y O'Brian," exclaimed the astonished soldier, who had by the gun flash recognized the familiar features of a quondam friend; "why in thunder didn't you tell your name, man? I might have killed you as dead as a door-nail."

"An' a purty thrick it 'ud be for ye's, too, Tommy Daily. It's not ashamed of my name I am, an' if I'd know'd it was you, I'd tould ye's before. But help us out of this an' I'll bear ye's no malice whatever."

The guard had turned out at the report of the gun, and getting such planks as were available laid them on the floating ice; but still they could not reach the boat. Tommy Daily with fertile ingenuity tying some twine to his ramrod fired it over the skill, when it was easy to send out a strong fisherman's line, which Mick tied to the thwarts, and a dozen strong arms drew the boat ashore.

The benumbed form of Mary was borne to the guard-room, and Ensign Roberts, the officer of the night, immediately sent for

"Why, Miss Lawson," he exclaimed with astonishment, "to what can we owe your presence at such a time and place as this?"

"To the inhumanity of your commander, and to my desire to rescue an innocent people from its consequences."

"I regret, Miss Lawson, that my military duty prevents my permitting you to carry out your generous purpose. You will be entertained here as comfortably as our rude accommodation will allow till the river clears, when you will be sent safely home."

"Is this your generosity to a fallen foe, Mr. Roberts?" she exclaimed; but too proud to ask a favour for her lover from his rival she relapsed into haughty silence.

With the early morning messengers were sent through the town to warn the inhabitants to leave their houses and remove their property; and the soldiers proceeded forthwith to fire the buildings. Then might be seen the women—most of the men were away with the troops—hastily gathering together their own and their children's clothing and a few trea-

sured heirlooms, and with tears and bitter lamentation leaving their sheltered roof, going forth like the patriarch, not knowing whither they went.

Late into the night burned the fires, reddening the midnight heavens with the lurid flames of comfortable homesteads, well-filled barns and stacks of grain. Herds of affrighted cattle rushed wildly over the meadow, the kine lowing piteously with distended udders for the accustomed hands of their milkers at eventide. One hundred and fifty dwellings were consumed, only two or three escaping by accident, one of which still remains; and four hundred women and children were left to wander in the snow or seek the temporary shelter of some remote farm-house or Indian wigwam in the woods. Some wandered for days in the adjacent dismal "Black Swamp," feeding on frost-bitten cranberries, or on a casual rabbit or ground hog.

But a swift and bloody revenge followed the dastardly outrage. In two days the British re-occupied the site of the smouldering town, now but a waste of blackened embers, which the Americans had evacuated—horse, foot, and artillery—not a hoof being left behind. Six days later a strong party of the British crossed the river five miles above the American fort at dead of night. Like an avenging Nemesis shod with silence the column approached the slumbering garrison. Not a word was heard, not a sabre clinked. The sentries were bayoneted before they could give the alarm; and in the early morning watch the sleepers were awakened to the fierce death-grapple with a victorious foe. A sharp stern conflict ensued. The garrison, three hundred strong, was overpowered, and immense military stores and commissariat supplies were taken. Ensign Roberts was among the slain, and Squire Lawson's property was destroyed. Then followed the burning of Lewiston, Manchester, Black Rock and Buffalo, in terrible retaliation for the destruction of Niagara.

It is a relief to turn away from these scenes of war and bloodshed to the record of human affection and heroic self-sacrifice and devotion.

George Morton, crippled, impoverished, sick at heart, and despairing of ever claiming Mary as his bride, returned to the ashes of his ruined home to begin life over again. A partial indemnity from the Government enabled him to resume business on a modest scale, which by thrift and industry grew and increased with the gradual growth of the town. Old Squire Lawson, broken by his losses and by exposure, gradually sunk and died, Mary nursing him devotedly to the last. After years of delay the love of the no longer youthful pair found its consummation in a happy marriage, followed by a calmly tranquil wedded life.

"Although this cruel war," whispered George to his bride upon their wedding day, "has robbed us of all our own worldly wealth, has cost you your father, and has left me a cripple for life, yet it could not take from us the priceless wealth of our affection."

"Nay, dear heart," she replied, "the long trial of our love has purified it from earthly dross, and proved it the type of love immortal in the skies."

In after years to children and to children's children on his knees George used often to recount the perils of those fearful scenes of war and wasting; but no theme was more pleasing to himself and to his youthful auditory, while the comely matron in her mature beauty blushed at the praise of her own heroism, than the episode of the fair Mary Lawson's midnight adventure in the ice on the Niagara.

At a party where questions were asked and facetious if not felicitous answers were expected, a coal dealer asked what legal authority was the favourite with his trade. One answered "Coke." "Right," said the coal dealer. Another suggested "Blackstone." "Good, too," said the questioner. Then a little-headed man in the corner piped, "Littleton." Whereupon the coal dealer sat down without saying anything.

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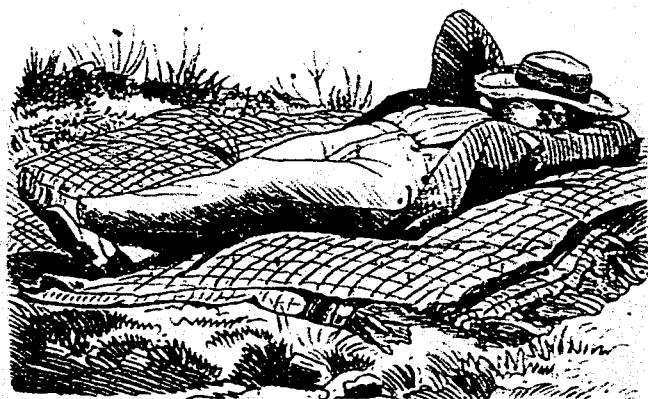
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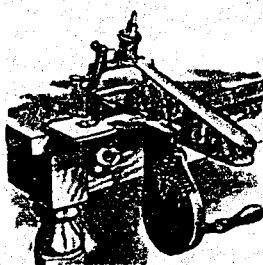
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