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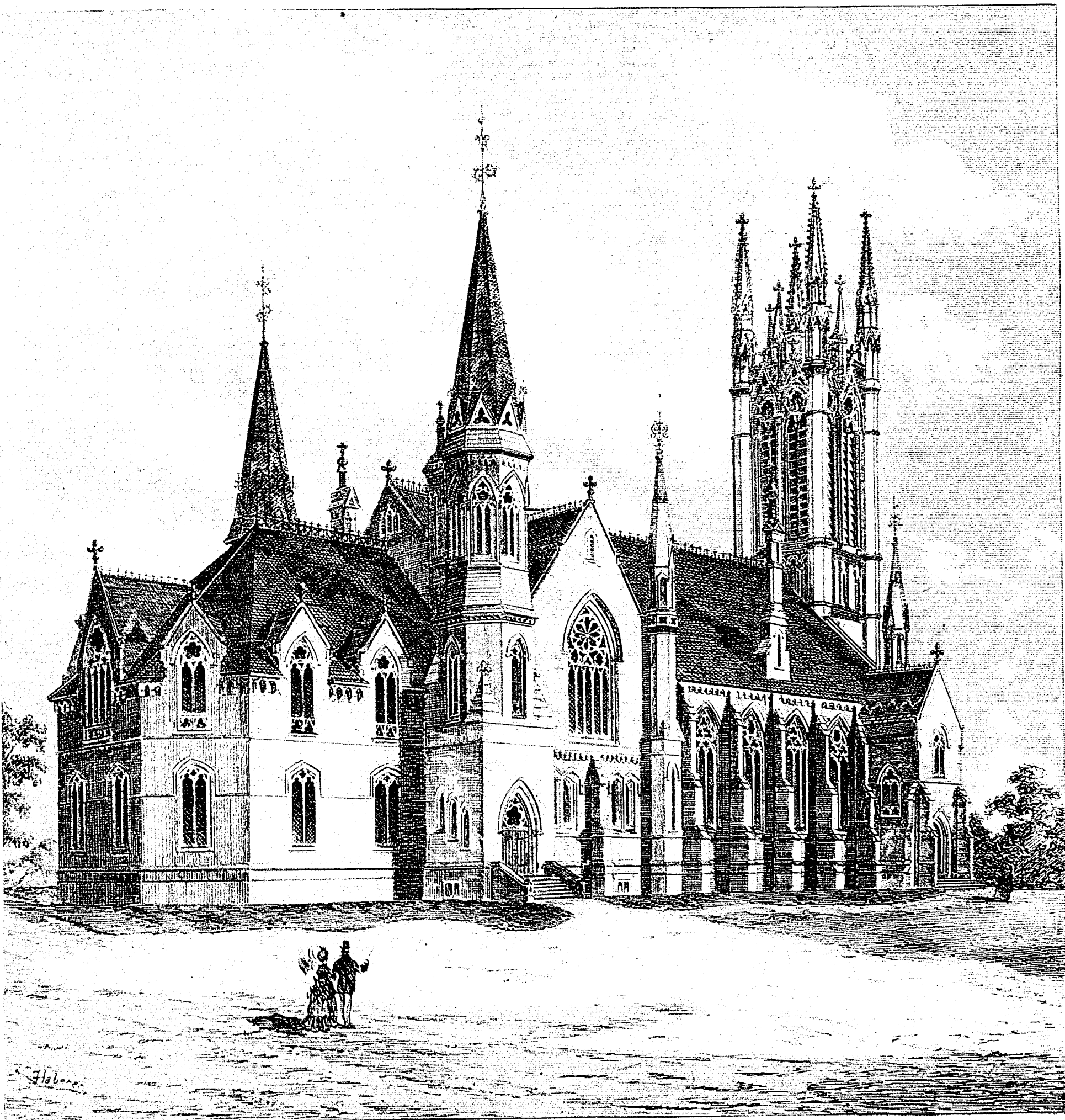
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Illustrated News

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TORONTO.—THE NEW WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.—SEE PAGE 242.

CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

The fifth session of the First Parliament of the Dominion of Canada was opened by His Excellency Lord Lisgar, on the 11th inst., with the following speech:

Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate:
Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The auspicious recovery which the mercy of Providence vouchsafed from well-nigh mortal illness, of the Prince of Wales called forth a universal expression of joy and thankfulness throughout the Empire. All classes of people testified their deep sense of relief from the anxieties of a long and painful suspense, by joining their beloved Queen in a public Thanksgiving, which proved in vastness of attendance and unanimity of feeling, the grandest and most impressive ceremony ever witnessed in the British Capital. I invite you to follow the good example on the fifteenth day of this month. It was thought advisable to defer the solemnity until after the meeting of Parliament, and I feel assured that the members of the two Houses as well as Her Majesty's faithful subjects throughout the Dominion, will be anxious to unite in celebrating the occasion with all becoming observance and loyal alacrity.

Your meeting has itself been postponed to a later date than usual, upon considerations of Imperial as well as Colonial interest, and at the instance of Her Majesty's Government.

The young Province of Manitoba was last September threatened with an invasion of lawless persons from the United States. Prompt measures for resistance were adopted by the local authorities, and attended with the best results.

In order to reassure the people of that Province, and to prevent a recurrence of the outrage, I ordered a force of 200 militiamen to be sent to Fort Garry. Notwithstanding the inclement season of the year, the troops surmounted the difficulties of the march with energy and success; thus proving not only their own discipline and endurance, but also the value of the route through our own territory.

The accounts of the expedition will be laid before you, and you will be requested to pass a bill to indemnify the Government.

A copy of the treaty made at Washington last year, between Her Majesty the Queen and the United States of America, in which the Dominion has so great an interest, will be laid before you.

So much of the papers of the completed correspondence as can be made public without injury to the interests of the Empire or of Canada will also be at once submitted for your information, and your attention will be invited to this important subject.

A conference was held at Ottawa in September last, on the subject of immigration, at which the Government of the Dominion, as well as those of every Province, were represented. A scheme for joint and several action was provisionally arranged, to which I invite your attention.

I do not doubt that you will be inclined to make ample provisions for the encouragement of immigration, with the maintenance and extension of which the development of the vast natural resources of Canada is so vitally interwoven.

Since last session the Union of British Columbia with Canada has been happily consummated, and her representatives now take part in your deliberations.

In order to open up and settle the fertile territory of the North-West, and to link British Columbia therewith, it will be necessary for you to make provision for the construction of a railway to the Pacific Ocean, in conformity with the terms of Her Majesty's Order in Council uniting British Columbia with the Dominion.

An appropriation was made in the last session for preliminary survey of the route for this railway. The work has been diligently prosecuted, and a report of the progress achieved will be laid before you.

You will, I trust, concur with me in thinking that the long contemplated improvement and extension of our system of canals ought to be vigorously prosecuted. The rapid increase in the trade of Canada, and the importance of competing for and accommodating the commerce of the Great West, render it necessary that the means of transport by water should be cheapened and facilitated. I have to request your serious consideration of this subject, and, in connection with it, the expediency of providing a direct water communication between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy.

The decennial census having been taken last year, the duty of readjusting the representation in Parliament of the four Provinces originally constituting the Dominion, devolves upon you now according to the terms of the Union Act. A measure for the purpose will accordingly be submitted for your consideration.

Among other measures, bills will be presented to you relating to the Judges of the Superior Courts; to the regulation and management of the public lands and mines of the Dominion, Manitoba and the North-West territories, and for the amendment of the laws relating to the public health.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The accounts of the last year will at once be laid before you, and likewise a statement of the receipts and expenditures of the current year up to the close of the last month. It is gratifying to me to be able to announce to you that the revenue for the past, as well as that for the current year will be considerably in excess of what was estimated, and that consequently there is no reason to apprehend embarrassment from the immediate commencement of the contemplated public improvements.

The estimates for the ensuing year will be submitted to you, and I trust that you will be of opinion that the supplies which my Government will ask you to vote for the service of Her Majesty, can be granted without inconvenience to Her Canadian subjects.

Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate:

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I have all the more satisfaction in recurring to your counsel and assistance at this period, inasmuch as I may congratulate you on the general prosperity of the country, and the fortunate issue of the steps taken to unite and consolidate the vast territories which now form the Dominion. I feel assured that you will continue to devote the same assiduity as in the past, to the augmented labours which the exigencies of more numerous constituencies, and a wider sphere of operations, demand at your hand; and I earnestly pray that your efforts

in the path of duty may be so happily guided as to maintain peace and justice in all the borders of our land, and ensure the happiness and lasting welfare of all classes of its inhabitants.

SENATE.

April 12.—After preliminary business, Senator CAMPBELL moved, seconded by Senator ST. JESU, that when the House adjourns, it stand adjourned till Tuesday, in order to give the members an opportunity to take part in the thanksgiving observances.—Carried. Senator GIRARD moved the adoption of the reply to the address; seconded by Senator ROBERTSON. In answer to Senator BUREAU, Senator CAMPBELL stated that the papers relating to the Washington Treaty would be laid before both Houses on some day, but what day that would be he could not yet tell. The reply to the address was adopted, and the House adjourned at 4:30.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

April 11.—On the return of the members from the Senate Chamber, after the ceremony of introducing new members had been proceeded with, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD moved to postpone the consideration of the address until the next day. Mr. MACKENZIE asked whether it was the intention of the Government to lay the correspondence relating to the Washington Treaty before the House before the discussion on the address. Sir JOHN replied that it would not be brought down until after the discussion. The motion was carried, and after a brief debate on the doubtful election in Manitoba, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD moved that when the House adjourn on Friday it stand adjourned until Tuesday to allow members to take part in the General Thanksgiving on that day. The House adjourned at 4:30 p.m.

April 12.—The Speaker took the chair a few minutes before four. After the presentation of several petitions, Mr. NATHAN, of British Columbia, moved the reply to the address. Taking up the various points of the speech, he concluded by expressing his belief that before long the newly admitted province, British Columbia, would take its place as one of the most important members of the Dominion. Mr. CARTER (Brome) seconded the motion. Mr. MACKENZIE congratulated the mover and seconder on the manner in which they had performed their duty. He denied that the Opposition had objected to the acquisition of British Columbia. On the contrary, they had always advocated it, and only opposed the manner in which it was conducted. He expressed his surprise at the extraordinary statement with reference to the unusually late meeting of the House, that the House had not been called before owing to instructions from the Home Government. The session should have opened much earlier in the season. He proceeded to criticise the speech, which he characterised as being remarkable, not for the great measures foreshadowed therein, as had been said by the seconder of the motion, but for the entire absence of such foreshadowings. After alluding to the statement of the Minister of Marine that the Government intended to proceed with the deepening of Lake St. Peter, he expressed his regret that no mention of such intention had been made in the speech. He then spoke of the speech delivered by the Hon. Secretary of State before the Young Men's Christian Association of Ottawa. The most extravagant and unjustified language used by the Minister on that occasion was unwarrantable. He saw no reason to fear an American invasion, and thought it most unreasonable that the four millions here should expect the thirty millions on the other side of the water to tax themselves, not only to maintain a costly navy, chiefly kept up on account of the colonies, but also a standing army here to be the sole means of defence against the irresponsible and rapacious people on the other side of the line. He also criticised the Treaty, and charged the Government with deliberately violating the law in respect to the subsidy to Nova Scotia, which had led to a presentation of claims from New Brunswick. No doubt Quebec would follow, and Ontario likewise. He further complained that no mention was made of a Supreme Court Bill, and Governor Archibald's strange conduct in Manitoba was not even alluded to. Sir FRANCIS HINCKS replied, defending the Government and justifying the course followed by the Premier in the matter of the Treaty. It was unfair to attach responsibility to the Premier, for all responsibility had been accepted by the Imperial Government. Hon. Mr. HOLTON protested against this view, which he held to be utterly indefensible and unconstitutional. No power on earth, he argued, could have controlled the Premier of Canada where Canadian interests were at stake other than the Parliament of Canada. He expressed his dissatisfaction at the delay in calling Parliament together, and with regard to the speech of the Secretary of State said that he held the whole Ministry responsible therefor. Hon. Mr. MACDONALD saw nothing at all in the address which should delay its adoption. As a loyal subject of the British Crown he was prepared to ratify the Treaty. Under the present system, in all matters of treaties, we must act under imperial direction, and be subject to imperial action; and if we wished to change this we must change our present position. The honourable gentleman concluded by defending himself against the attacks of the member for Lambton. Sir FRANCIS HINCKS rose to make a correction. What he had said was that the Government disapproved of the Treaty at the time and had protested against it. He did not say that the Government would oppose the Treaty. As the consequence of these protests a long correspondence had taken place which, when it came before the House, would show that there was entire accord between the Imperial and Canadian Governments. After recess Hon. Mr. MACDONALD resumed the debate, and expressed his gratification at the explanation of the Finance Minister. The first nine paragraphs of the address having been passed, Mr. MASSON (Terrebonne), on the reading of the tenth paragraph, protested against the expression "leader of banditti" applied by the member for Lambton to Riel. The remaining paragraphs passed, and the resolutions were referred to the Committee to draw up the address for presentation to the Governor-General. Hon. Mr. HOLTON said the House should have an explanation from the Premier of his action at Washington. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD thought it would be highly inexpedient and not for the public interest to discuss the question now. Of course the Government as such, and individually, were responsible for the country. He declined in the meantime to discuss the question of his own personal responsibility on this subject until

the proper time came, and he would then be prepared to discuss it to the fullest extent. The address founded on the resolutions was read the first, second and third time, and ordered to be engrossed and presented to the Governor-General. The House then adjourned at 8:15 p.m.

SCENES ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

We give this week two views on the St. John River, N. B., from the pen of our special artist in that province, Mr. E. J. Russell.

THE PRINCE'S LODGE, HALIFAX.

On the 10th May, 1794, H. R. H. Prince Edward arrived at Halifax in H. M. frigate "Blanche" from the West Indies. Beamish Murdoch, in his history of Nova Scotia, goes on to say:—"The colonists were dazzled and impressed greatly by the residence of the young prince, Edward, who brought with him the personal reputation he had earned for great activity and zeal in his military profession. Independently of the *telus* which his rank gave him, he gained the hearts of the civilians by his affability, benevolence and liberality. His generosity was displayed in many ways. He gave employment to workmen of every kind—labourers, painters, masons, carpenters, &c. He interested himself sincerely in the welfare of families and individuals, and this feeling continued during his life: for long after he bade a final adieu to Halifax, his exertions and influence were often used to procure commissions, pensions or employment for persons whose parents he had known while here. He remained, in fact, the ready patron of Nova Scotians until his death; so that if there were some little exaggeration of eulogy or reverence given him in Halifax, his heart responded to the genuine good feeling which overflowed in his favour, and many of our people had cause to bless his memory. In military life, the case was somewhat different. Educated on the continent of Europe, his ideas of discipline partook too much of the severity and rigour then prevalent in the armies of Germany, and he never was a popular commander,—having had difficulties sometimes with his officers, but more serious ones with the men under his command, especially at Quebec and Gibraltar; at the last named place a serious mutiny resulted. He was characterized through life by a strong sense of duty, a strict conscientiousness, much self-denial and personal hardihood: avoiding all effeminate habits and indulgences, while alive to the charms of music and society. He paid a sincere respect to religion, and in every instance exhibited a native dignity of behaviour. The excellent qualities that distinguished the prince have been evidently inherited by the illustrious lady, his only daughter, whose virtues and upright disposition add honour and respect to the grandeur of the British throne."

In a private letter from Sir John Wentworth, then Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia, to John King, Esq., under-Secretary of State, 27th September (1799), he says the Duke of Kent "has entered upon his command with infinite activity, and ideas extremely enlarged, since his departure from hence. The arrangement in contemplation promises a plentiful circulation of money, and improvement to this province. He is now residing chiefly at my house near town, which he requested to re-occupy." (This the place called the Prince's Lodge, about 6 miles from Halifax, on the west side of Bedford Basin, where Prince Edward made great improvements, but as the erections were all of wood, they went to decay when unoccupied, and now there is hardly a vestige of them). "And I have accordingly lent it to him during his stay in Nova Scotia; although I have not another place to go to for a day's retirement. However, it must be sold for he wrote to me, and now says he has more pleasure in that villa than any other place out of England."

The Duke of Kent used to give musical parties and entertainments in the "Round" or "Music House."

THE NEW W. M. CHURCH, TORONTO.

The New Metropolitan Wesleyan Methodist Church, McGill Square, the corner stone of which was laid by the Rev. W. Morley Pumphrey, on the 24th of August, 1870, was dedicated and opened for Divine service on the 4th inst. The *Globe* gives the following description of the building:

"The building was designed by Mr. Henry Langley, architect of this city, assisted by his brother, Mr. Edward Langley, and was erected by Mr. Joseph Gearing, contractor. It is in the French gothic style of the fourteenth century. Its extreme dimensions are 216 feet in length, by 104 feet in width. The auditorium is 124 feet long by 68 feet wide, and with the gallery which runs entirely around the inside of the church, contains easy sitting accommodation for about 1,800 persons; when necessary, however, about 2,400 persons can be provided with seats. In rear of the church is a chancel-shaped chapel, or lecture-room, 69 by 60 feet, with an upper floor, on which is an infant class-room. On this end of the building, at the junction of the lecture-room with the main portion of the edifice, are two very handsome towers, finished with spires, each one hundred and thirty feet high. The main tower, which is 120 feet in height, rises from a square base against the other end of the wall of the building, and each of the four angles is formed into an octagonal turret seven feet in diameter. The basement walls of the building are of Georgetown and Queenston stone, and the superstructure is of white brick with cut-stone dressings. The roof is covered with variegated slates tastefully arranged, and the ridge is richly crested with elaborate cast iron ornaments. The wood-work of the inside of the building is grained to resemble oak, the floor is carpeted with crimson and black floor-cloth, and all the pews are upholstered with crimson damask. The case of the organ, which is a most elaborate one, is stained in imitation of chestnut wood. The windows of the edifice being of stained glass, it is in the daytime filled with that "dim religious light" which is so appropriate to a building of its character. On the wall above the window that is over the main entrance door of the building is a beautiful scroll bearing the words "Holiness becometh thy House, O Lord." At night the church is lighted by gas proceeding from burners arranged in circles beneath patent tin reflectors above the capitals of the columns supporting the roof. Up to the present time the building and its furnishing together with the ground on which it stands, has cost about \$135,000, including the price of the organ, \$6,500."

The opening services were held at 11 a. m., by which time the church was crowded to its utmost capacity by a most re-

spectable congregation. Precisely at eleven o'clock the Rev. W. M. Punshon, the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of Newark, U. S., and the Rev. Dr. Wood, took seats on the platform, seated around which were the Revs. Dr. Green, G. Cochrane, Dr. Ryerson and S. Rose. The service was opened with a voluntary by Mr. Turvey on the organ, "He shall feed His flock, from Handel's Messiah." The Rev. W. M. Punshon then conducted the devotional exercises. The Rev. Dr. Wood delivered a prayer, after which the choir sang a chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God." The Rev. D. Green then read the first lesson, which was taken from the 6th and 7th chapters of the 2nd book of Chronicles. The second lesson was read by the Rev. G. Cochrane, from the 10th chapter of the 2nd Epistle to the Hebrews, and the 19th verse. After the singing of a hymn, the Rev. Dr. Tiffany delivered a most eloquent and impressive sermon from the 45th chapter of Isaiah, and the latter clause of the 21st verse.

The Rev. Mr. Punshon then delivered a prayer, after which a collection was taken up and a handsome sum realized. Mr. Punshon stated that the probable cost of the edifice including the ground would be about \$123,000. Of this amount \$59,000 had been paid, but they still had to collect \$73,000. If it was possible to carry on the work of the church with a debt of \$50,000, then they had 23,000 to make up, which he hoped they would do that day. He then called upon

Mr. David Preston, from Detroit, who came and addressed the meeting. He entreated the congregation to come forward liberally and clear the church from debt. A list was then opened and in about three quarters of an hour \$20,000 was subscribed. The Rev. Mr. Punshon then read the usual form of dedication service, the trustees of the church (21) standing round the altar railing and repeating a certain portion of the service after the minister. The services were brought to a close, after which the greater portion of the congregation adjourned to the bazaar, which was held in the old Tabernacle. In the evening a concert was given in the church.

THE MISGUIDED FIDDLER.

(From the Graphic.)

This is not the title which Mr. A. W. Bayes has given to his clever picture, recently exhibited in the Dudley Gallery, and simply styled "Blind." But we think we have a right to charge the dog of the sightless musician with a want of the sagacity which is generally attributed to his tribe, for allowing his master thus to expend his dulcet melodies fruitlessly in front of a shut-up house. If doggie, in the present instance, was as clever as the famous pointer mentioned in *Pickwick*, he would surely decipher the words on the board, "These Premises to Let," and would at once drag his employer away in a more lucrative direction. But possibly he entertains a quadrupedal fellow-feeling towards the unlucky cat, which still haunts the premises like an unquiet ghost. Perhaps, he thinks, that a tune from those strings, which are popularly supposed to be due to a feline organism, may arouse sympathetic feeling in her desolate breast. And what is the tune which the musician is scapting? Evidently something which puss parodies thus: "Oh! where and oh! where, is my former mistress gone?" or, "The Cat I left behind me."

THE FAVOURITE SPANIELS.

This is a picture one might, without much fear of being wrong, put down to one of Vandyck's pupils. The plumed hat and the two dainty beribboned favourites remind one at once of the days of King Charles who gave his name to the breed of lap-dogs then so fashionable. The subject, too, is just such a one as the courtly painters of the day delighted to choose.

THE PRINT SELLER.

This admirable little sketch of German peasant life requires no explanation. The scene is supposed to be laid in the Bregenzer Wald, near the south-eastern end of the Lake of Constance; in upper Tyrol, but verging close on the boundary of Wurtemberg. The reader will notice the quaint costumes of the women, half Tyrolese and half Swabian.

JEWELLERY FOR GENTLEMEN.

A short time ago a magisterial potentate delivered himself of an opinion from the bench that it was hard that the rate-payers should be taxed because certain silly persons indulged in tempting gold chains, and other articles of metallic finery. Without altogether coinciding with this sentiment, we so far agree with it as to believe that the spectacle of a young gentleman bedizened with superfluous and extravagant decorations is not a pleasant one to contemplate—except for a thief, who may regard it from an artistic and professional point of view. It might be difficult, perhaps, to pass a definite sumptuary law on the subject, and, as a matter of fact, good taste and good manners already make a rule which few but Tit-bit Titmouse care to violate. The sort of gentry who used to flourish rings outside their gloves in the days of Albert Smith's gent have disappeared. Their successors inherit many of their customs, but are not guilty of this barbarous excess in vulgarity. At the same time they are bad enough. We have only to glance into certain shop-windows, and note the singular preparations of electro-plate offered these creatures, to understand how curious and primitive is their instinct for ornament. They are content almost with the beads which dazzle the eyes of an African chief. They will put on the most barefaced and impudent brazen lockets, and mount a pin topped with a bit of glass, with an air of proud satisfaction that has something pathetic as well as ludicrous in it. In their favourite music-halls, where the complete genesis of the end may be studied, you will see them sporting—that is their own phrase—cheap arcade gew-gaws and neckties *en suite* in a mode which renders almost realistic the violent costume of the lilted clown who is entreating them from the stage. But our magistrate need not be afraid that they will be perilous attractions to the predatory tribe. The thief will not be deceived by candlestick gold or Bristol diamonds. In a different social caste it is not thought fit to exhibit capital on the person in the shape of rings, studs, pins, chains, or lockets. If any of these are employed they are, it is presumed, justified by their modest dimensions, or artistic value. Yet youth will be a little luxurious, and it is exceedingly hard, for instance, to prevent

Newcome, in his first season, from displaying a weakness for charms and amulets. Newcome, as he leans over the billiard-table, rattles against it a remarkable variety of lockets and exotic coins. You may be sure he will recover from this vanity after a short experience. If he attends races, he will observe how impossible it would be for him to vie in jewellery with the hook-nosed, yellow-fingered fellow who lives upon the turf. The fashion of excessive jewellery is also highly popular with proprietors of flash gin taverns, and the whole race of inferior show-people and their surroundings. Newcome ought to be cured of his propensity by witnessing illustrations of it in the extreme. Some men, indeed, are incorrigibly jewel-bitten, if the expression may be permitted. They cannot pass by a window containing an effigy of the evil one in jet, with carbuncle eyes, set up as a pin, without coveting or compassing the possession of that pleasant and brilliant device. The oddities of design invented to fascinate are as curious and as surprising as the substances employed for the manufacture of salmon-flies. For pins, a beetle, a horse, a horse-shoe, a jockey, a triangle, a hammer, a bird, a dog, a whip, a sword, a gun, a skull—these are only a few of the baits displayed for the capture of the jewel-buyer. Then there are punning-pins, in which a stupid joke may be said to be literally crystallised; romantic pins, indicating by Greek letters that the wearer is of a faithful disposition. Stud and wrist-fasteners do not afford opportunities for so much inventive eccentricity as the pins, but we have seen the industrious and masonic symbols, and the portraits of remarkable persons, all converted to these accounts.

The fashion of wearing jewellery is of, at least, respectable antiquity, and, in fact, would seem to have preceded that of wearing anything else. Men, indeed, might be almost philosophically differentiated as a jewel-wearing animal. No gorilla or other Darwinian connection of ours has, as yet, been caught with as much as a single ring on his finger. We have a monopoly of the taste. The instinct, being so universal, must, we suppose, be a wholesome desire to gratify. The fashion of our day has ruled, however, that jewellery can only be worn in abundance—by ladies. There are few women, despite the authors who write enthusiastically of "her only ornament being the single rose in her hair," who are not improved in appearance by the addition to their costume of well-selected bracelets or brooch. These ornaments need not necessarily be extravagant or pretentious, but they ought to be appropriate to age and complexion, and springly employed. And here we may remark that our jewellers have improved wonderfully of late years in jewel-designs for ladies. That they have not done so in the case of gentlemen arises, we suppose, from the circumstance that sumptuousness in that direction on the part of the stronger sex is dying out. We are pretty sure that it is, and, therefore, the official recommendation which we quoted at the commencement of this article may be accepted as a piece of sensible, though not altogether necessary, advice.—*Globe, London, Eng.*

HOW A MAN FEELS WHEN FREEZING.

During the recent cold weather, Dr. McMillan, a young dentist, while travelling from North Middletown, Ohio, to the adjoining town of Paris, was overcome by the intense cold, and came near being frozen to death. He narrates his experience, in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, as follows:

"After having proceeded about three miles on my journey, my feet became very cold. By stamping my feet upon the floor of the buggy I imagined I was perfectly warm, as my feet troubled me no longer, and the cold sensations through my body ceased. I, however, felt dull and sleepy, like a man who is drunk. I didn't care for anything. At this point, I believe, I began to freeze, and ought to have known it, but felt so comfortable that I did not examine my situation. After I had driven about three miles further my hat was blown off, but being in a hurry to reach Paris, I did not stop to hunt for it. When I had proceeded perhaps a mile further, letting the reins lie in the bottom of the buggy and paying no attention to my driving, my horse shied off the side of the road and ran upon a rock pile. I then attempted to get the lines and pull him off, when I discovered I had lost the entire use of my right, and could barely use the left hand; with this one I attempted to pull him off the rocks, but the buggy wheels being locked, I could not do it. I then got out of my buggy, and in doing so struck the bridge of nose across the wheel and cut it severely. I then went to the head of the horse, took hold of the bit and attempted to pull him around, but he would not move. I then commenced to unharness him, with the expectation of pulling the buggy off the rocks myself, feeling all the time very sleepy. When I had almost completed the task of unhitching the horse from the buggy, the desire for sleep became so great that I could bear it no longer, and I laid down upon the rocks by the side of the horse and went to sleep. I must have lain there some fifteen or thirty minutes, when I was aroused by a coloured boy who found me. Upon his asking me where he should take me, I told him to Paris, still not being aware of my critical condition. Upon arriving in Paris, my feet were put into cold water, which entirely, I think, cured them, as they do not hurt me. My left hand does not give me much pain, and I think will be all right in a few days; but my right hand was badly frozen, nothing seemed to do it any good and I am afraid I shall lose three, if not four, of my fingers. Last night, when I arrived in Paris, I could give no account of myself, but this morning I remember every incident."

THE DEMONS OF ART AND LITERATURE.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, whose lectures on demonology were mentioned in our issue of the 6th of April, began his concluding lecture, on the 23rd of March, by alluding to the Greek furies, described by Æschylus as the appointed scourgers of evil doers, their name, Eumenides, signifying well-meaning, but who, in later times, were regarded as punishing from a Divine necessity. Afterwards Jupiter was invested with this power, but could only exercise it with the consent of the Dii Consentes and Involuti. Under theological transformation these gods became devils, and the Eumenides were called "dogs," an ancient name. Then arose a new Pandemonium, corresponding to the Pantheon, and the old combat between light and darkness, Ormuzd and Ahriman, reappeared as a raging struggle between Paganism and Christianity. In proof of this Mr. Conway referred to the beliefs of the early Fathers of the Church and to old frescoes, one of which, in the fourteenth century, represented devils bolstering up the statues of the gods and keeping them from falling

off their pedestals. By degrees these grand statues were made ugly, and the beauty transferred to those of the Madonna and saints, and eventually art was turned against the shrines of Greece which it originally built. Mazzini once said, "All true art must either sum up and express the life of a closing epoch or announce and proclaim the life of an epoch destined to succeed it." But when Christianity came to Greece art had already summed up the past, and its very existence depended upon the new order. By the necessity of the time art was religious; there was no printing; and the symbols and the Scriptures could only reach the people as they were painted on the church walls. Hence proceeded the horrible faces given to the arch-fiend and his attendant imps, such as they appear in pictures of the temptation of St. Anthony and other saints, some of which verged upon caricature, showing the dawn of unbelief. Then arose the doctrine that the whole world be longs to Satan, and that he has the power of causing storms, diseases, and other calamities; and even Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says:—"The air is not so full of flies in summer as it is at all times of invisible devils." To Satan, then, was consigned all that was gay and beautiful, with all learning, science, and reason, and the divine kingdom was limited to those who abandoned the world altogether. The vastness of this concession, however, led to the idea of sorcery, which was in good part a revival of paganism. Devils were said to be conjured up to bestow the wealth of which they were masters, for compacts such as that made by Faust with Mephistopheles; and the performances of witchcraft assumed a religious form, and at the periodical witch-Sabbaths was said to the devil. That some good qualities were attributed to Satan Mr. Conway proved by relating several legends which describe his kindness to the oppressed and suffering, and he alluded also to the circumstance that the Church has changed the tree-god Odin into St. Nicholas and the Christmas-tree in Germany, adding that Satan obtained the name "Old Nick" from the belief that the saint, after rewarding good children with gifts, carried off the bad ones. The forms and characters of Pan, Mercury, Neptune, and the satyrs were gradually transferred to the Devil, followed by the representations of him in the miracle-plays, and his ignominious treatment by the Vice, traces of which still appear in the Pantaloon and Clown of modern pantomimes. The work of turning demons into mythological forms began with Dante, who passes through the Inferno hand in hand with Virgil; and, by studying Dante, Swedenborg carried the Inferno into the mystical region of the North. He abolished demons and turned them into labels for sins. Milton made a complete Christian mythology: his Satan is an English Lord, proud, self-centred, and imperious; and there is not a form or heart in his Pandemonium that is not human; and in this he was anticipated by the Anglo-Saxon poet *Cædmon*. In the same way, there is found in the poem of the Whitby monk, twelve centuries old, *Loki*, the god of light and fire, represented with a character resembling the Mephistopheles of Goethe, who says, "I am the spirit which evermore denies." In conclusion, Mr. Conway referred to the connection between psychological science and the problem of evil, and the opinions of Emerson and others on the subject.

ON THE ICE.

Mary Ann went to the front door, last evening, to see if the paper had come. She had been delivering a short address to me concerning what she is pleased to term my "cold molasses style" of moving around. As she had opened the door she remarked, "I like to see a body have a more quick, prompt, emphatic manner," and I reached the door just in time to see my better half sliding across the sidewalk, in a sitting posture. I suggested, as she limped back to the door, that there might be such a thing as too much celerity; but she did not seem inclined to carry on the conversation, and I started for my office.

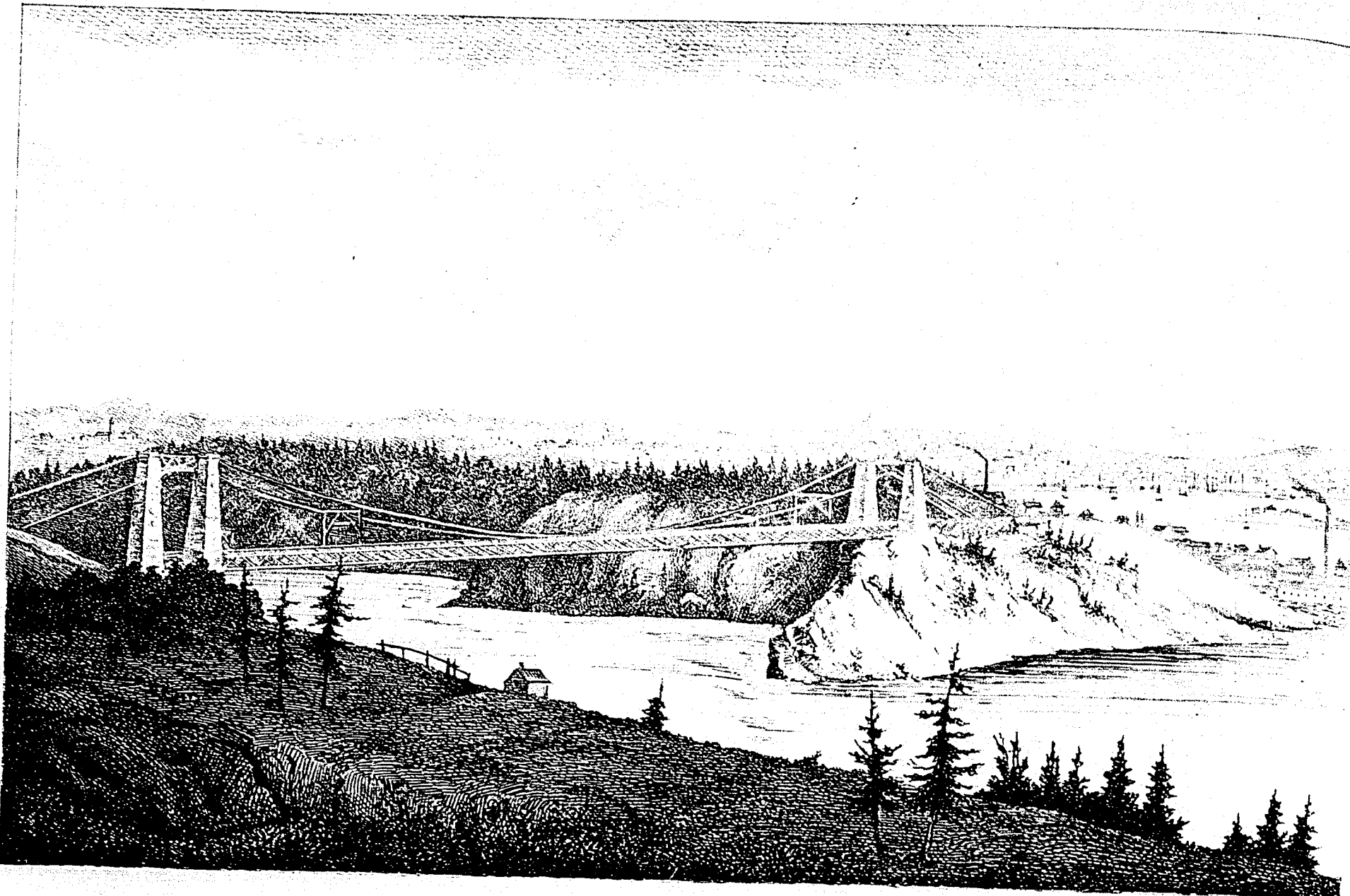
Right in front of me, on the slippery sidewalk, strode two independent Knights of St. Crispin. They were talking over their plans for the future, and as I overtook them I heard one of them say: "I have only my two hands to depend upon; but that is fortune enough for any man who is not afraid to work. I intend to paddle my own canoe. I believe I can make my own way through the world"—his feet slipped out from under him, and he came down in the shape of a big V. I told him he could never make his way through the world in that direction, unless he came down harder, and that if he did he would come through among the "heathen Chinese," and he was really grateful for the interest I manifested. He invited me to a place where ice never forms on the sidewalk.

Then I slid along behind a loving couple on their way to hear Madame Anna Bishop. Their hands were frozen together. Their hearts beat as one. Said he: "My own, I shall think nothing of hard work if I can make you happy. It shall be my only aim to surround you with comfort. My sympathy shall lighten every sorrow, and through the path of life I will be your stay and support; your —," he stopped. His speech was too flowery for this climate, and as I passed, she was trying to lift him up.

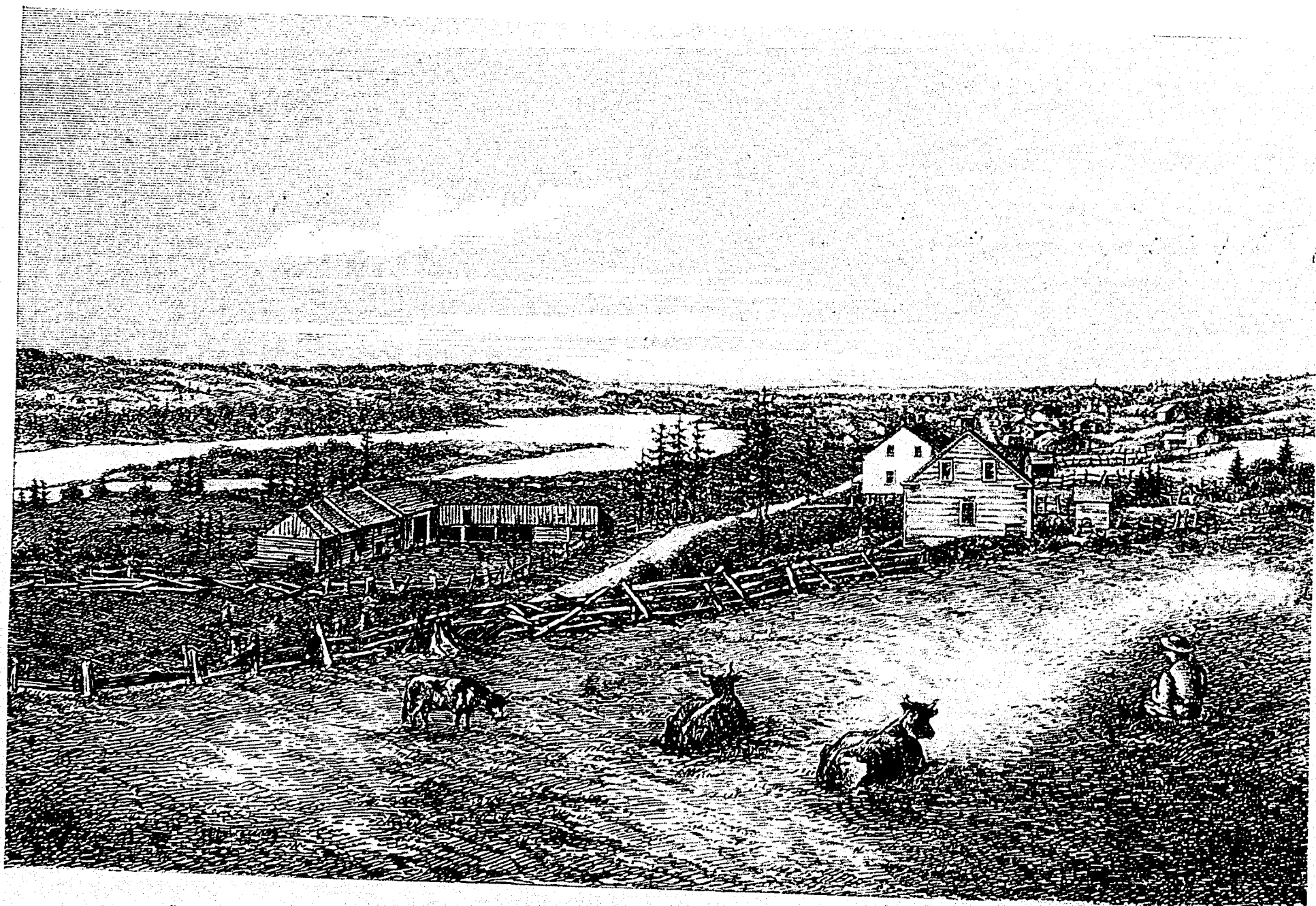
Two lawyers coming from the Court house next attracted my attention. "Ah," said one, "Judge Foster would rule that out. We must concede the two first points. We can afford to do it if evidence sustains us in the third, but on this position we must make our stand, and —," his time was up. I left him moving for a new trial.

I mused. What a lesson the ice teaches us. How easy is humanity controlled by circumstances—and the attraction of gravitation. What a sermon might be preached—I got up and took the middle of the street to prevent further accidents.

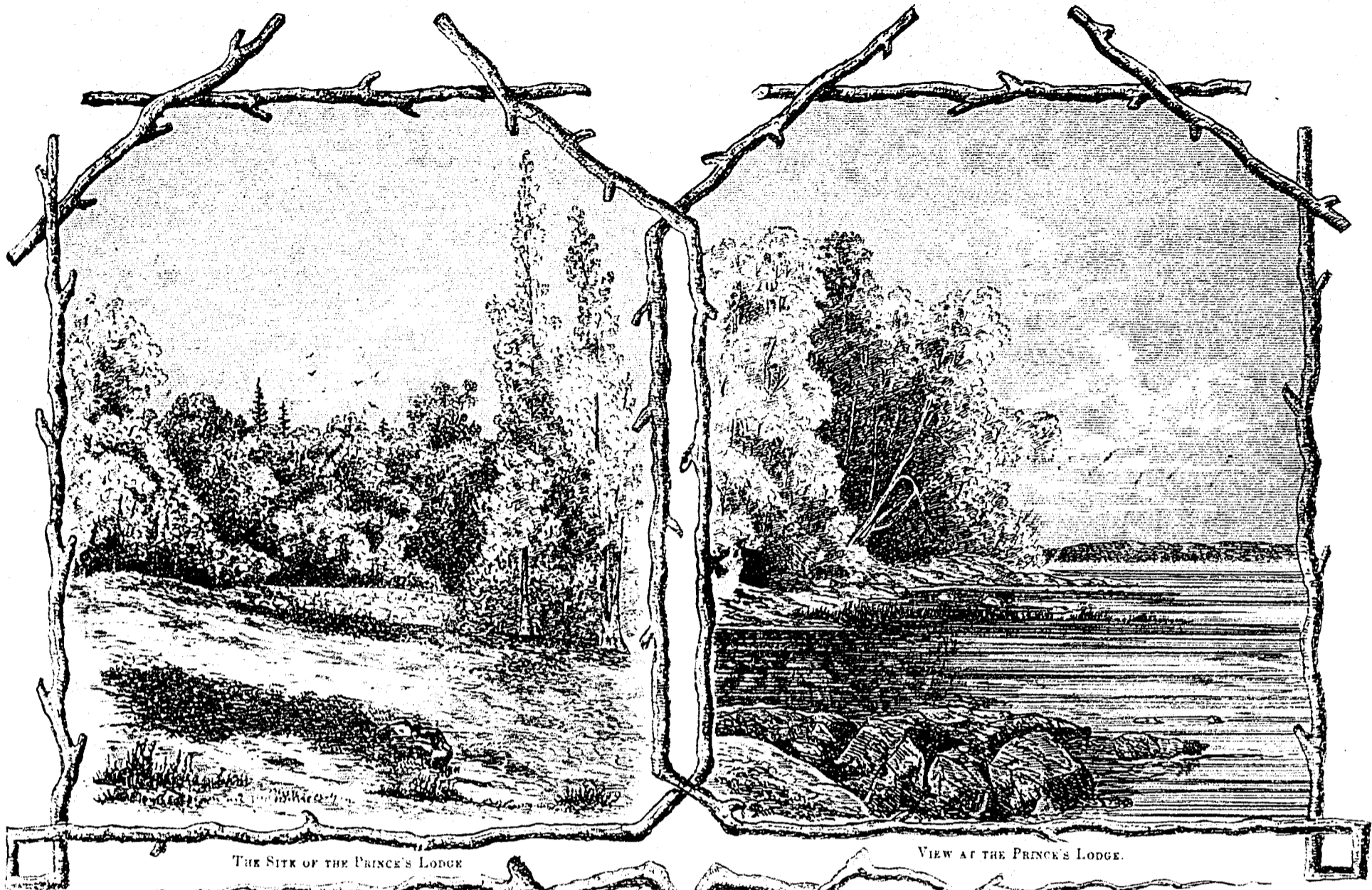
The State of Maine has an order of clergy called "school-house preachers," who farm it, or work at some trade during the week, and on Sunday "exercise their gift." One of these was discoursing recently on the text, "The double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." "My brethren," he began, "two classes of persons are suggested in the text—the single-minded and the double-minded man. Let us firstly consider the first. The single-minded man is the sinner. He follows after wickedness, and his thoughts are wholly bent on mischief. He is the slave and servant of sin. But when he is converted he becomes a double-minded man. He is no longer in bondage to a hard master. He is set at liberty. He leaps and frisks like a horse let loose from the stable. In a word, he is unstable in all his ways."



ST. JOHN, N. B.—THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 242.

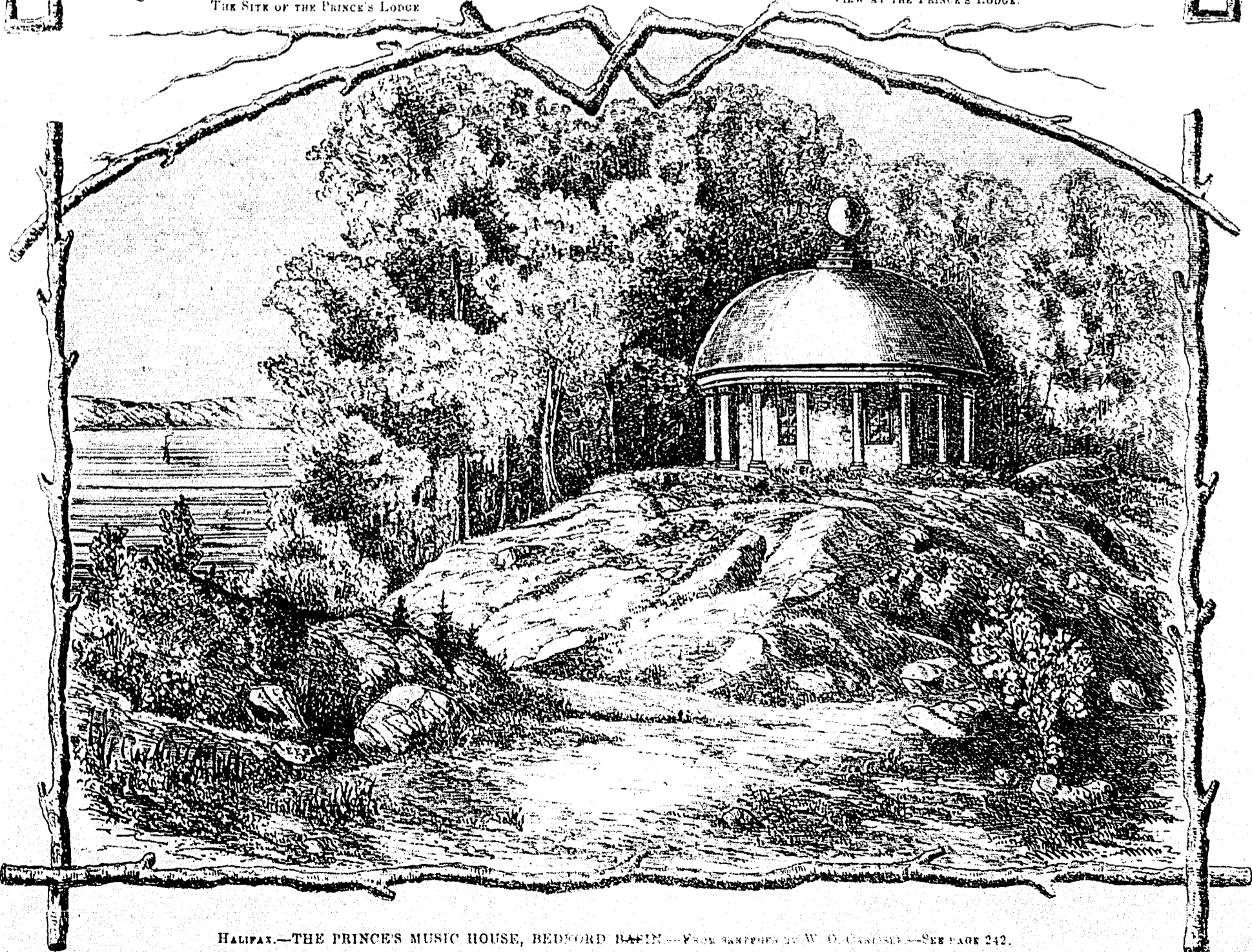


ST. JOHN, N. B.—VIEW UP THE RIVER ST. JOHN, 9 MILES ABOVE THE FALLS.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 242.



THE SITE OF THE PRINCE'S LODGE

VIEW AT THE PRINCE'S LODGE



HALIFAX.—THE PRINCE'S MUSIC HOUSE, BEDFORD BASIN.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. O. CARLSON.—SEE PAGE 242.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1872.

SUNDAY.	April 21.— <i>Third Sunday after Easter.</i>
MONDAY.	" 22.—Odessa bombarded, 1854.
TUESDAY.	" 23.— <i>St. George.</i> Shakespeare died, 1616. Wordsworth died, 1850.
WEDNESDAY.	" 24.—Daniel Defoe died, 1731. Earl Cathcart Governor-General, 1846.
THURSDAY.	" 25.— <i>St. Mark, Er. & M.</i> Cromwell born, 1560. Tasso died, 1586.
FRIDAY.	" 26.—Magellan killed, 1521. David Hume born, 1711. Niebuhr died, 1815. Riots in Montreal, 1849.
SATURDAY.	" 27.—Gibbon born, 1737. Battle of York (Toronto), 1813. Thalberg died, 1871.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 16th April, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 & 244 Notre Dame Street.

	Max.	Min.	Mean.	S.A.M.	P.M.	B.P.M.
W.	47°	32°	39°	30.66	30.65	30.70
Th.	47°	32°	39°	30.65	30.20	30.22
Fri.	46°	31°	38°	30.35	30.24	30.14
Sat.	47°	32°	39°	30.85	30.80	30.80
Sun.	47°	32°	39°	30.85	30.80	30.85
M.	47°	32°	39°	30.03	30.00	29.88
Tu.	48°	33°	40°	30.05	30.05	30.15

Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the NEWS is \$4.00 per annum, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All unpaid subscribers will be struck off the list on the 1st July next, and their accounts [at the rate of \$5.00 per annum] placed in our attorneys' hands for collection.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872.

In a former number we had occasion to allude, at some length, to the very unsatisfactory condition of our Patent Laws. The subject is still exciting much interest on both sides of the line. The Americans threaten to close the laws against Canadians; and, in fact, it is said that the day from which this exclusive policy will date, has already been fixed. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that our neighbours are exceedingly irate, and with good cause, at our meanness (the word is their own) in the matter. Inventors cry out bitterly at the restrictions under which they are placed when they wish to protect their inventions in Canada; and the Press never tires of comparing the liberal provisions of the United States law with the unwise and illiberal spirit of the Canadian law.

In the report of the Commissioner of Patents at Washington, published last January, allusion is made to the disadvantageous position of American inventors in Canada, and the Commissioner suggests that representations be made to the Government at Ottawa with a view to the repeal of the present illiberal law, and the enactment of a measure placing American patentees on the same footing in Canada as that held by Canadians in the States. Speaking of section 24 in the Patent Act of the 8th July, 1870, which gives to citizens of all countries the same rights and privileges before the Patent Office as are granted to citizens of the United States, he says:

"The spirit of this section is praiseworthy, and, to the citizens of countries whose governments reciprocate with similar favours, it is unquestionably just. In other cases, however, the wisdom of this provision is by no means clear. Citizens of the Dominion of Canada, under our general law, can obtain patents here on precisely the same terms as citizens of the United States, while the latter must have resided in Canada one year before they can apply for patents at the Canadian office.

"The effect of this law, practically, is to exclude all citizens of the United States from obtaining patents in Canada, and often the result is disastrous to our inventors.

"It has been suggested in various quarters that, with a view to furnishing the Canadian Government a motive for modifying their practically prohibitory law, our own law should be so amended as to limit the rights, granted by the section above referred to, to the citizens of such foreign countries as accord to the citizens of the United States the same protection as is granted to their own citizens. I think, however, that the wiser course may be to open correspondence with the Canadian authorities through the proper diplomatic channels, with view to representing the nature of the injustice to which our inventors are now subjected; and it is hoped that, when the matter is thus brought home to the attention of the Canadian people, the proper remedy will at once be applied. I withhold any special recommendation in the premises to await the result of such correspondence."

The *Scientific American*, which may be taken as the American authority on all matters relating to patents, in reviewing the Commissioner's Report, comments very severely, almost savagely, in fact, on the Canadian policy, and utterly refuses to believe in the efficacy of any representations made to the Canadian Government. It says:—

"As to the Canadians, the Commissioner's eye-teeth are evidently not yet cut. Our neighbours are permitted to come here and take patents at the same rate as our own citizens, but Americans are practically prohibited from obtaining

patents in Canada. The object of this prohibition is to encourage Canadians in the piracy of American inventions, an art in which they have, by years of experience, become adepts. The thing works well for Canada. All our best inventions are quickly picked up, taken over the border, and put into use, without any compensation to the inventor. In some cases, our improved machines are run in Canada and the product sent here to market.

"To remedy this, Commissioner Leggett recommends that correspondence be opened with the Canadian authorities, in the hope of securing a modification of their law. But the Commissioner might as well talk to the wind. Canadian meanness in respect to patents is too deep for cure. They have been written to and expostulated with, for the past twenty-five years, on this subject. Every year some honest minded member introduces a bill in Parliament to reform the matter; but when it comes to the vote, it is invariably defeated. The most flourishing part of Canadian manufactures is derived, directly or indirectly, from piracy of American improvements; and, as long as it pays well, our neighbours are not going to be such fools as to give it up."

This is harsh language, but it can hardly be said to be undeserved. We do not quite agree with the extraordinary statement as to the object of the Canadian prohibition. It is true there may be men scoundrels enough to steal an American invention and patent it in Canada as their own, but if there be any such they certainly deserve to be pilloried. It is, however, a remarkably bold assertion to make, that the object of the prohibition is to encourage Canadians in theft. We cannot believe that our lawgivers have fallen so low as this would imply. And apropos of theft we recommend our cousins to look at home. In the absence of a proper copyright law, piracy is an art not quite unknown in American literary circles, and one in which Americans, to use the words of the writer in the *Scientific American*, "have, by years of experience, become adepts."

We are glad to see that steps are being taken to urge upon the Government the necessity of repealing the present unjust and illiberal Patent Laws, in order to preserve the privileges now enjoyed by Canadians on the other side of the line. The movement has our sincerest wishes for its success, and we trust that this session something will be done to free Canadians from these charges of "meanness" and "piracy," and to prevent the exclusion from the American market with which our inventors are now threatened.

INFORMATION FOR EMIGRANTS.—The Dominion Government has issued a sheet of carefully compiled information for the guidance of emigrants, which will be found invaluable to all proposing to settle in Canada. A full account is given of the geographical position and resources of the country, to which are appended some Statistics of the Dominion, together with Reports of Emigration Agents, and directions to intending emigrants. The different trans-Atlantic routes are shown on a map.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Monday last having been appointed a Day of Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, was very generally observed throughout the country. In most of the cities and larger towns the shops were closed and special services were held in the churches.

FOOD VALUES.

Dr. James C. Jackson, Principal of the "Home on the Hill-side," at Danville, N. Y., publishes this:

With us, as a people, bread and meat constitute the staff of our life, being eminently the staples of our food. Of the grain used, wheat ranks all the other grains in quantity used, as it does all of them in natural fitness. According to Liebig, Bousingault, and other chemists, 157 parts of wheat are equal to 111 parts of rye, 117 of oats, 150 of barley, 138 of Indian corn, 177 of rice, 898 of potatoes, and 1,335 of turnips. In making bread out of wheat after the form or manner which with us is almost universal, certainly quite common, we greatly deteriorate it, inasmuch as to make it less nutritious than it might be; but not only so, we make it noxious, thus disturbing those who eat in many instances, by causing severe irritation of their gastric nerves. In preparing wheat for cooking, the uniform practice is to separate the bran from the flour. When this is done, an analysis of these will show the harm of bolting. The principal solid constituents of the human body are fat, bone and muscle. I offer the following condensation of facts taken from a statement of a scientific gentleman, correspondent of one of the ablest and oldest papers in the State of New York:

1. *The Fat*.—Of this ingredient, 1,000 lbs. of whole grain contributed 38 lbs.; fine flour, 20 lbs.; bran, 60 lbs.

So that the bran is much richer in furnishing the materials of fat than the interior portion of the grain, and the whole grain ground together is richer than the finer part of the flour, in proportion to nearly one-half.

2. *The Muscular Matter*.—One thousand pounds of whole grain, and of the fine flour, contain of muscular matter respectively—whole grain, 156 lbs.; fine flour, 130 lbs.

So that the material out of which the animal muscle is to be formed, the whole meal of wheat contains one-fifth more than the finest flour. For maintaining muscular strength, therefore, it must be more valuable in an equal proportion.

3. *Bone Material and Saline Matter*.—One thousand pounds of bran, whole-meal, and fine flour, contain respectively—bran, 700 lbs.; whole-meal, 170 lbs.; fine flour, 69 lbs.

So that in regard to that important part of our food necessary to all living animals, but especially to the young during their growth, the whole-meal is three times more nourishing than the fine flour.

Taking the three essential elements of a nutritive food thus existing in wheat, and comparing their respective amounts in the whole-meal and in fine flour, we find that, on the whole, the former is one-half more valuable for fulfilling all the purposes of nutrition than the fine flour. "It will not be denied," says Professor Johnson, "that it is for a wise purpose that the Deity has so immediately associated in the grain the several substances which are necessary for the complete nutrition as animal bodies. The above considerations show how unwise we are in attempting to undo this natural collection of materials. To please the eye and the palate, to sift out a less generally nutritive food, and to make up for what we have recourse to animal food of various descriptions. It is interesting to remark, even in apparently small things, how all nature is full of compensating processes."

A report has obtained circulation, that a Geneva Professor has discovered an immense comet, which from its direction must collide with the earth on the 12th of August next. It is also stated that many weak minded people, both in this country and Europe, are very much alarmed at the announcement. So far from such an event being unwelcome to scientific men, nothing could be more acceptable to them than to have a large comet approach near enough to the earth to switch its tail in the face of mankind, for no such body (save Encke's, a very small and distant one) has made its appearance in the heavens since the great value of the spectroscopic in the determination of the constitution of such wandering bodies, was fully understood. The next comet which does approach very near the earth will be closely scanned, and will enable science to determine, with great precision, in regard to its physical characteristics.

As to any harm being apprehended from any such source, there is little need for fear. It has been quite fully determined that the most of them at least are comparatively harmless bodies—nothing in fact but huge "gas-bags" scarcely more tangible than the streak of light sent out into space by a lantern on a dark, foggy evening. There is little doubt but that the earth has passed through the tails of at least two comets within the last forty years, without knowing it at the time—the phenomena attending the passage having, in both cases, been attributed, at the time of the passage, to some peculiar atmospheric phenomena. The first one, about 1837, is well remembered by the writer. The atmosphere over nearly, or all this continent was aglow with a red lurid light, which caused alarms of fire in various parts of the country—the atmosphere having the appearance given by the reflection of a fire at a great distance on a slightly foggy night. The continuance of the phenomena was observed for several hours.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-quarters of a mile in width, and then, being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns, to the depth of one hundred and seventy feet.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4,100 miles long.

The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile and profitable regions of the globe.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being four hundred and thirty miles long and one thousand feet deep.

The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific Railroad, which is over three thousand miles in length.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the natural bridge over Cedar Creek, in Virginia. It extends across a chasm eighty feet in width, and two hundred and fifty feet deep, at the bottom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the great iron mountain in Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.

A lady, writing to her father, described the loss of a favourite cow as follows:—

"Yesterday poor Dolly strayed from the pasture, and unfortunately selecting the railroad track for the route of her neckless liberty, was caught by the late-afternoon train from the north, and left in nearly equal portions on either side of the track."

To which the father promptly and succinctly replied: "Apropos of your cow, see Genesis xv. 17."

Consulting Genesis according to this direction, she read: "And it came to pass, that when the sun went down, and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace and a burning lamp that passed between those pieces."

A friend has given in *Notes and Queries* the following quaint lines, which he learned, from a jolly mason, many years ago, to troll out to a fine Bacchanalian melody:

An ape, a lion, a fox, and an ass,
Resemble the ages of man in a glass;
Nimble as apes till twenty and-one,
Bold as a lion till forty be gone,
Crafty as foxes till threescore and ten,
Then they become asses, and are no more men.

A High Church ritualist in the vicinity of New York ordered a richly embroidered clerical dress to be made in another city, as an Easter present to a rector, the work to be marked "C. O. D.," and forwarded when completed. The vestments came last week, as directed, but judge of the horror of the donor at finding the business ebalistics C. O. D. elegantly worked into the ecclesiastical vestment.

An exchange, describing a fashionable party, speaks of a gallant who whispered to a lady and "took her apart;" and ungraciously adds that "it is a very difficult feat to take a lady apart, these times; but then there is very little left of her afterward."

The last subject discussed by the Virginian Debating Society was, "If you had to have a boill, where would you prefer to have it?" The unanimous decision of the members was, "On some other fellow."

A REMEDY FOR SMALL-POX, BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* writes to that journal as follows:—

The following was written several months ago, but was not forwarded, as the press had been teeming with small-pox "cures," which are generally so evidently worthless, that I hesitated putting my little communication among the prescriptions; feeling almost sure it would meet with no more attention than is accorded to the many, placed daily before the prudently incredulous reader.

But I find it impossible to resist the conviction on my part that to withhold any longer from the public my knowledge of a remedy—or mode of treatment—for variola and its modifications, would be criminal, as well as weak, in view of my confidence as to a successful result.

Some years ago, I had a case of varioloid, in my family, contracted from actual contagion, but not from strictly immediate contact with variola. The patient, my daughter, a child nine years old, carried a muff to church, the day after her mother had loaned it for a short time to a young lady friend in the cars. This lady had just recovered, apparently entirely, from small-pox contracted from her brother, who had returned home from the army, convalescent, but during the period of active desquamation, after a recent and almost fatal attack of small-pox.

Precisely ten days after my daughter carried the muff, on the eve of the tenth day, she was quite ill from a complication of symptoms. The next morning I noticed a number of spots on her skin, alarmingly suggestive of variola. Not having had any experience of such a case, I consulted a friend, a physician, who at once pronounced her disorder varioloid. He thought, too, that it would prove a severe case, as the symptoms, namely, fever, back-ache, head-ache, nausea, and the general appearance of the eruption, warranted such a diagnosis.

I took the case pretty much into my own hands, as I had at once resolved to pursue a line of treatment entirely different from that usually employed in such cases. Some time in the year 1861, I read in a number of the *Scientific American* (of that year), that a new remedy, discovered by a French chemist, namely, *soda sulphice*, was attracting great attention in certain quarters from its success in the treatment of ulceration, etc., and more particularly by its having cured entirely several well attested cases of hydrophobia. Its many valuable properties were fully discussed, verified, and freely endorsed by the French College of Surgeons; and were in substance what is now given in ample detail in the "United States Dispensatory, 1871, thirteenth editorial article—"Soda sulphis."

After some delay, I obtained a bottle of this medicine, and made use of it according to the notice of its properties as occasion gave opportunity, and always with satisfactory results.

To resume the subject of my case of varioloid. I administered to my patient 15 grains of the *soda sulphice*, dissolved in milk well sweetened, every three hours. I also had her entire body oiled effectually with crude petroleum, applied with the bare hand.

The next morning the eruption was absolutely killed and dry; and the disease broken up to the wonder and, I need scarcely add, the great relief of all interested. As no pustules had had time to form, not the least trace of the eruption remained; and in a few days my child was as well as ever.

When the "seventeen year locust" abounded in this region, it was found that the sting of the male locust was so poisonous as to produce serious and, in some cases noted, even fatal effects. A servant girl in my family trod upon a locust, and the sting had to be withdrawn with tweezers. The girl screamed with agony, and said it was "worse than forty bee stings." I gave her about 15 grains of the *soda sulphice*, and kept the wound wet with a cloth dipped frequently in a mixture of equal parts of spirits of ammonia, alcohol, and strong water solution of the *soda sulphice*. Although her foot had swollen amazingly before I had time to prepare my remedies, yet it stopped swelling at once after the first dose and application. A sharp pain went through the foot occasionally, but in a few hours the swelling and pain were entirely gone.

When my interest was first excited by the article referred to, concerning the *soda sulphice*, I urged a prominent druggist to send for it. He consented, stating, as far as I remember, that I should have to wait some time for it, as he should have to order it through a London house. I received it in due time, labelled as above.

I have, since that first supply was exhausted, made use of the American preparation, the sulphite of soda; but I prefer the foreign (French) article, as the American contains a larger percentage of sulphuric acid, and is, in fact, a hyposulphate. However, this now official preparation is equally efficacious.

I used the *soda sulphice* with perfect success, in cases of ulceration, and as a wash for scrofulous discharges of the eyes and glands, at the same time administering it internally, in doses varying from 10 to 30 grains, three times a day.

I would strongly urge the use of the crude petroleum in connection with the *soda sulphis*, for variola and all its modified forms; and in the treatment of measles, scarlatina, or any eruptive disease, whatever its nature may be. The beneficial effect of oiling the skin is well known.

The "crude oil" I use is that sold here in Pittsburgh under the name of "Kiers Petroleum." Several varieties of crude petroleum can be got, on inquiry, that are so clear and pure as to be available for many purposes without refining. Of this article there is, fortunately, no scarcity.

As the latest edition of the "United States Dispensatory" may not be within reach of all interested, I subjoin, from my copy (1871) a portion of what is said of the remedy—*soda sulphice*—under the description of the article, pp. 826, 827.

"Sulphite of soda, (*soda sulphis*.) This salt was first adopted as official in the present edition of the United States Pharmacopoeia."

"Medicinal uses. Sulphite of soda has been used in cases of yeasty vomiting with remarkable success. The matter vomited in these cases has a yeasty appearance on the surface, and is generally found to contain—when examined by the microscope—two microscopic fungi called *sarcina ventriculi* and *toruli cerevisie*. The diseases, in which these medicines (the sulphites) have been recommended, are purulent infection, of whatever origin; malignant pustules; hospital gan-

grene; erysipelas, and other exanthematous fevers; malarial and miasmatic fevers; and in fine, all diseases which may be supposed to depend on absorbed poisons not acting on the tissues, but by a species of fermentation.

"Also, in controlling suppurative ulcers, and all suppurative affections of the mucous membranes, as of the throat; the bronchial tubes, through inhalation by the atomizer; the urinary passages; and the alimentary canal; and in any case where there is reason to think that the local affection is sustained by zymotic influence or invisible organisms, (parasitic, vegetable or animal); and in any disease in which purulent infection of the blood may be produced by the same cause. They almost act as specifics in such cases.

"At certain stages of cancer they operate in the same way, by obviating the effects of putrid fermentations."

Dr. Farnsworth says, in an article on the influence of drugs upon larvæ and insect life in standing water: "A solution of soda sulphite destroyed the inhabitants of the water in one glass, in two hours," etc. By comparing the effects of the different drugs, the Dr. shows that the soda sulphite takes rank with the highest in efficiency.

Thus we have evidence that the soda sulphite is an agent (just beginning to be appreciated) that can be relied on in exterminating noxious parasitic life; also animalcules, that produce or follow upon various diseases; as a remedy for ulcers and sores, for nausea, and vomiting; for eruptive diseases; for poisonous stings and bites; and at the same time possessing no injurious properties whatever, when made use of, internally or externally, in reasonable proportions and quantity.

A recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—An interesting paper was read the other evening by Mr. Hamilton at the Statistical Society on the subject of our Colonies. As may be imagined from the venue, the author treated the matter mainly from the economical and statistical points of view, and his industry "cyphered out" some results which are worth noting. We find that our colonies and dependencies deal with us for nearly a quarter of our exports—for £51,000,000 in £222,000,000. Mr. Hamilton's argument went to prove that that sum was so much added to the aggregate income of the English people. Analyzing the consumption of our produce in the different colonies, and contrasting it with that of some foreign countries, we have the following figures:—In British North America, £1 5s. 8d. per head; in Australia and New Zealand, £8 10s. 3d.; among the white population of the Cape, £8 12s.; and in the West Indies, £2 7s.; while in the United States it is only 12s. 10d., in France 6s., in Spain 2s. 1d., and in Russia 11d. Even our favoured ally, Portugal, in spite of reciprocity and commercial treaties, only takes our goods to the value of 10s. 4d.; Holland figures highly, at £2 16s. 2d., but then it must be remembered Holland is a great depot for German goods in transit. The writer's deductions are obvious. The trade follows the flag. Colonial connection represents important annual receipts, which its disruption would disturb or destroy. With regard to the field the colonies offer to emigration from our overstocked country he notes that their relative area to the mother country is as 44 to 1, not including India and our military dependencies, which are as 8 to 1. In the discussion that ensued, the natural objection was taken that a great portion of that area was really valueless. But even should you reduce it by one-half you do not materially affect the writer's argument, and, for ourselves, we are merely quoting figures, not expressing opinions. In answer to the objection as to the burden the colonies impose on the exchequer, Mr. Hamilton gives facts as follows:—The total expenditure on them from 1853 to 1871 came in round numbers to £44,000,000; the total value of the exports to £450,000,000. Proceeding on the assumption that our exported produce represents so much income, that taxation on English incomes varies from 10 to 20 per cent., and, taking it at the lower figure, Mr. Hamilton assumes that the revenue of these nineteen years must have been £45,000,000. Then he assumes triumphantly that it leaves a balance of a million to the credit side. If he is right, he disposes of the primary financial argument so often urged against our preserving family relations with our grown-up children.

Speaking of the Bourbon chances in France, the Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—Though for the moment the white flag is laid on the shelf, and the Comte de Chambord has "fallen out of the web of the story," an anecdote related by Chrysale relative to the drapeau blanc is not without its interest. Chrysale says that but for the white brassards worn by the allied armies, the Bourbons would never have returned to France. The allied soldiers in 1814 were very numerous, and, being entirely unacquainted with each other's uniforms, were constantly liable to mistake friends for foes. It was therefore decided at a council of war that all the allied troops should wear a brassard, and a white armband was decided upon as the easiest to procure. The Kings and generals were engaged in deliberating whether they should instal a regency or re-establish the House of Bourbon. Talleyrand, lame, gouty, incapable of moving himself, had sent emissaries through all Paris to sound public opinion. Abbé de Pradt returned and declared that even the allied troops had donned the royal colours. Talleyrand rushed to the window of his house in the Rue St. Florentin, and from there saw some of the allied regiments defiling on the Place de la Concorde with the brassards in question, which duped all Paris. He immediately sent a courier to Hartwell, and Louis XVIII. had just time to arrive. Chrysale, to whom occasion to add:—"Désignons-nous en 1872 des brassards blancs du hasard."

AN UNSINKABLE SHIP.—Captain M. Tweedie, R.A., has addressed an important and valuable suggestion to the Royal Artillery Institution for iron-plating a cruising ship so as to avoid the disadvantage appertaining to iron-plated vessels generally, and to provide a comfortable sea-going ship, fairly capable of holding her own with an iron-clad on an emergency, and yet almost unsinkable. At present, he thinks, neither the iron-clad nor the wooden ship fulfils the necessary conditions—the iron-clad on account of the injurious action of the salt water upon her iron-plating exposed to it, the difficulty of repairing in foreign ports, and her doubtful qualities as a sea-boat; the wooden ship, on account of her being an easy prey to an iron-clad enemy on a sudden outbreak of hostilities, and her liability to be sent to the bottom by the first

shot fired at her. Having got to the limit of iron-plating on the outside of a ship, and yet having a gun able to pierce it, he proposes to put the armour of cruising ships inside. His plan is to spring an arch or dome of iron in-board from the sides of the ship below the water line, the top of the dome rising a little above the surface, covering in the engines, the lower deck, and store-rooms, divided into a series of watertight compartments. This, he contends, would give additional strength to the ship, and, however much her hull might be knocked about, she could not sink unless the arch were penetrated, which, owing to its shape, would be nearly impossible. He also makes suggestions as to the armament and ventilation of the ship, but his main idea is to make a cruiser which shall be virtually unsinkable.

One very sultry evening in the dog-days Garrick performed the part of "Lear." In the first four acts he received the accustomed tribute of applause; at the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection. At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion. It was not tragic, it was evidently an endeavour to suppress a laugh. In a few seconds the old attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner, and the beautiful Cordelia, who was lying extended on a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa, and with the majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for this strange termination of a tragedy in any other way than by supposing that the *dramatis persone* were seized with a sudden frenzy; but their risibility had a different source. A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated in the centre of the front bench of the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who, being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master, at home, naturally supposed that he might here enjoy the same privilege. The butcher sat very far back; and the dog, finding a fair opening, got on the seat, and fixing his fore-paws on the rail of the orchestra, peered at the performers with as upright a head and as grave an air as the most sagacious critic of the day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melting stuff, and not being accustomed to the heat of a play-house, found himself oppressed by a large and well-powdered Sunday periwig, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off and placed on the head of the mastiff. The dog, being in so conspicuous a situation, caught the eye of Mr. Garrick and the other performers. A mastiff in a churchwarden's wig was too much; it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself, at the moment of his deepest distress. No wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

CHESS.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. A. Montreal.—Quite correct; the move you suggest will prevent mate in four moves in No. 44.
"BRITANNIA."—Solution received, correct.

INTELLIGENCE.

SUMMARY OF THE LATE MATCHES BY TELEGRAPH.

Toronto vs. Hamilton.

won.	won.	drawn.
3	2	1

Toronto vs. Seaforth.

(Consultation Games.)

won.	won.	drawn.
2	0	0

Hamilton vs. Seaforth.

won.	won.	drawn.
1	1	4

Hamilton vs. St. Catharines.

won.	won.	drawn.
4	0	1

Hamilton vs. London.

won.	won.
2	1

Belleville vs. Coburg.—One game only was played, but an error occurred in transmitting a move, and the result is disputed.

HAMILTON vs. ST. CATHARINES.

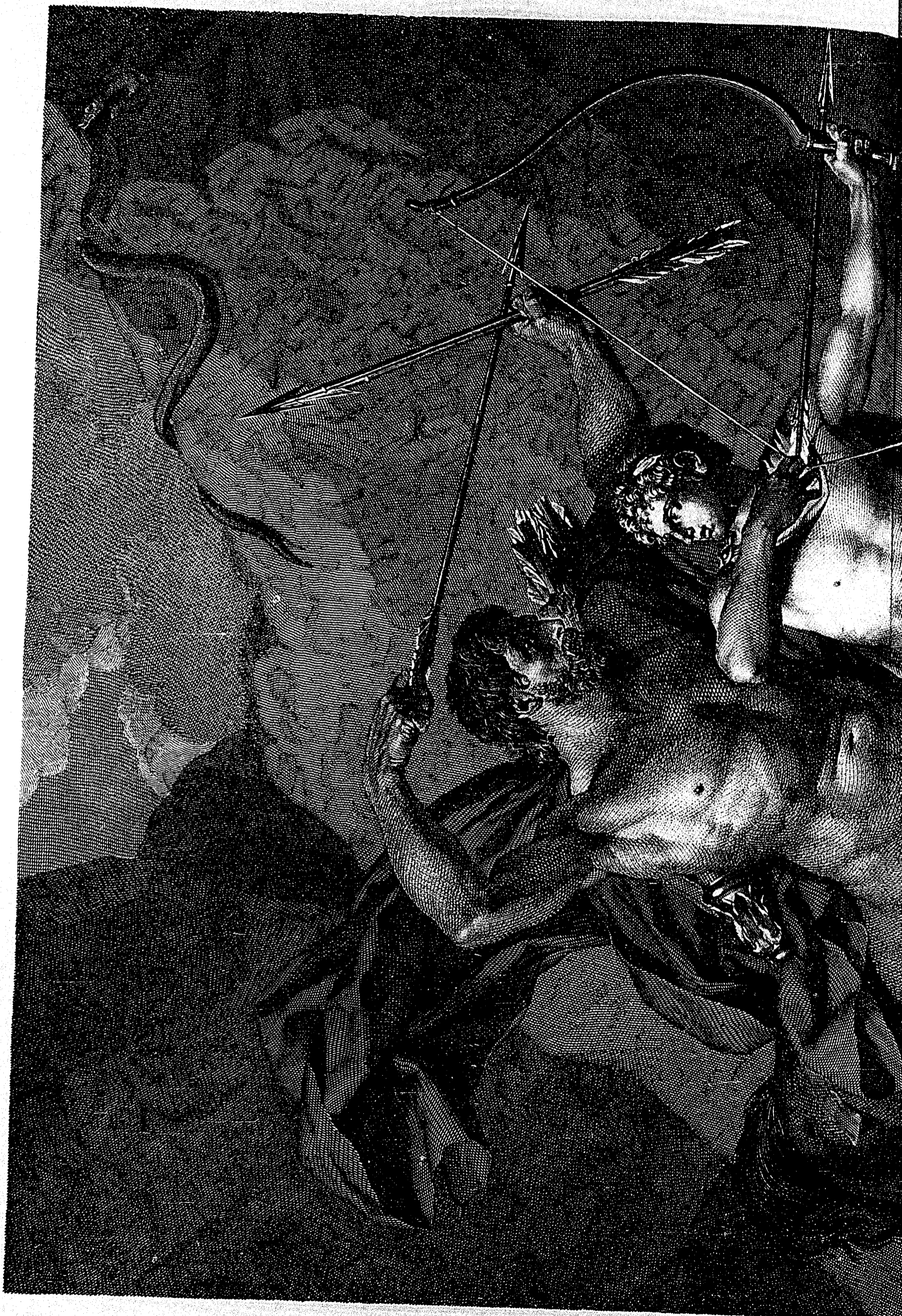
(Match by Telegraph.)

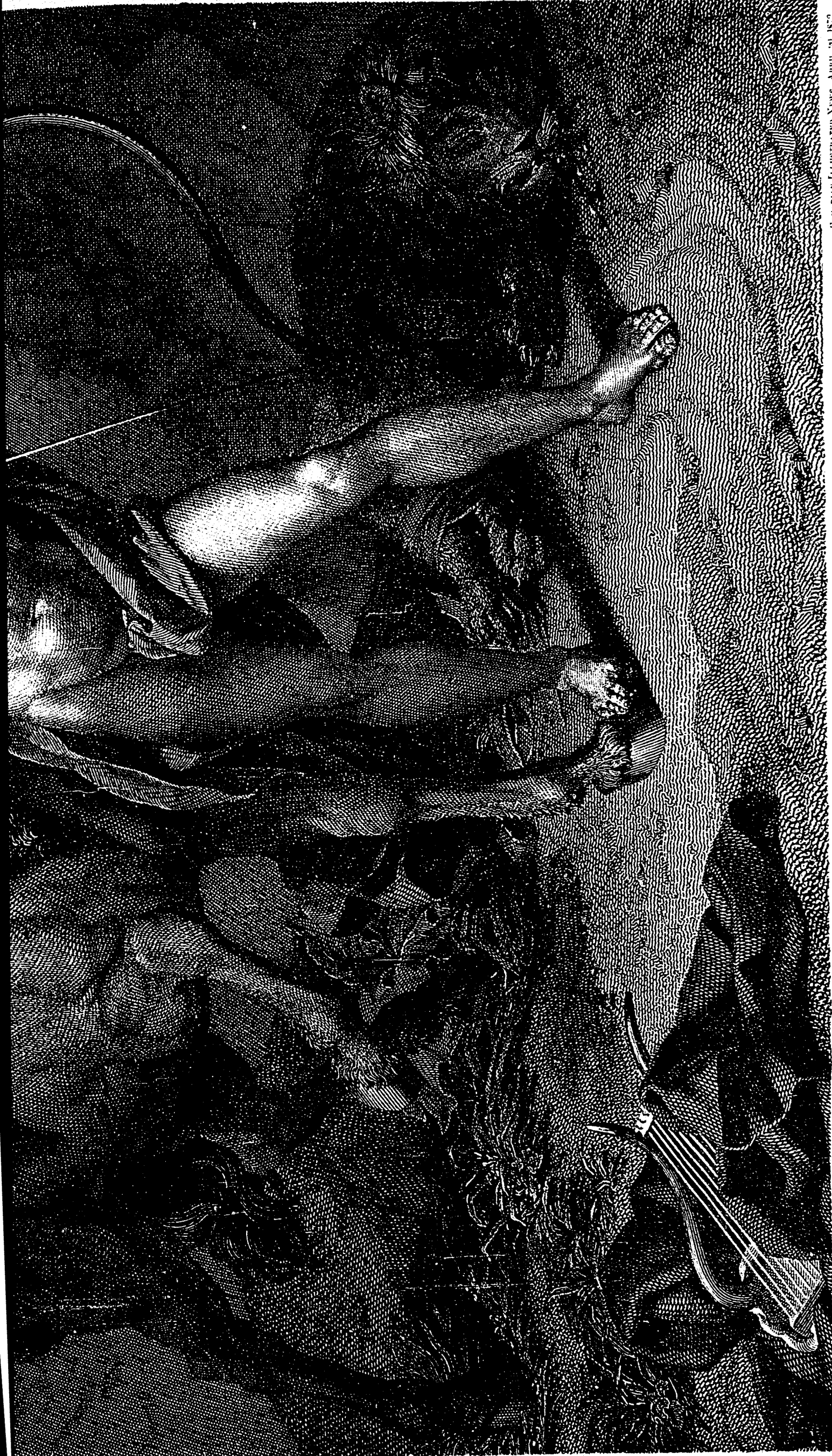
GAME NO. 1.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

St. Catharines.	Hamilton.
White, Mr. C. Hamilton.	Black, Mr. W. H. Judd.
1. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd	P. to K. 4th
2. B. to Kt. 2nd	Kt. to Q. B. 3rd
3. P. to K. 4th	Kt. to K. B. 3rd
4. Kt. to Q. 3rd	B. to Q. B. 4th
5. B. to Q. B. 4th	P. to Q. 3rd
6. P. to K. R. 3rd (a)	P. to Q. R. 3rd
7. P. to Q. R. 4th	Kt. to K. 2nd
8. Q. to K. B. 3rd (b)	P. to Q. B. 3rd
9. Q. Kt. to K. 2nd	Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd
10. P. to Q. 4th	P. takes P.
11. Kt. takes P. (c)	Kt. to K. 4th
12. Q. to K. 2nd	Q. to Q. R. 4th. ch.
13. P. to Q. B. 3rd (d)	B. takes Kt.
14. P. to Q. Kt. 4th	Q. to Kt. 3rd
15. B. takes K. B. P. ch.	Kt. takes B.
16. P. takes B.	Q. takes P. ch.
17. K. to B. sq.	Castles.
18. P. to K. B. 3rd	P. to Q. 4th
19. P. to K. 5th	Kt. to R. 4th
20. Q. to K. B. 2nd	Kt. to K. Kt. 6th. ch. (e)
21. Q. takes Kt.	Q. takes B.
22. R. to Q. sq.	Q. to Q. Kt. 6th
23. R. to R. sq.	Q. to Q. B. 5th. ch.
24. R. to Q. sq.	Q. to Q. B. 5th. ch.
25. Kt. to K. 2nd	Q. takes Q. R. P.
26. K. to B. 2nd	Q. to Q. B. 7th
27. R. to R. sq.	Q. to K. B. 4th
28. K. R. to K. B. sq.	Kt. to Kt. 4th
29. K. to Kt. sq.	Q. to K. Kt. 3rd
30. P. to K. R. 4th	Kt. to K. 3rd.
31. Resigns.	

(a) Losing time: K. Kt. to B. 3rd seems much stronger.
(b) White's difficulties begin after this move, which leaves him a cramped position; the K. Kt. must now remain out of play, until the adversary has acquired a much superior game.
(c) B. takes P. seems much preferable.
(d) Highly imprudent; K. to B. sq. would, even yet, have left a chance to retrieve his game; after the move made, it is virtually lost.
(e) Black's play throughout has been correct, taking prompt advantage of his opponent's errors.





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, APRIL 20, 1872.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. B. ROSSAULT.

EDUCATION OF ACHILLES.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

LIGHT THROUGH DARKNESS.

I.

Up! sorrowing one:
Shake off this gloomy weight of doubt and fear:
Trust, though dark clouds may lower, that yet the sun
With gladness shall appear.

II.

Man was not made to mourn
For aye o'er blasted hopes and withered joys.
Sorrow bides for a night; at dawn's return
Joy spreads her rosy skies.

III.

Much thou hast suffered. Pain
And disappointment, weariness and care
Have closed thee round, with all the dismal train
Of grief and wild despair.

IV.

And evil unbelief,
With dark, rebellious thoughts and words of sin,
Has added to thy outward weight of grief
The pang of guilt within.

V.

Yet up! thy griefs forego:
Nor flounder more, clogged with the weary mire
Of this thy slough of dark despair: for lo!
Help comes at thy desire.

VI.

Eternal, tireless love
Still bends compassionate o'er thy sad distress,
With power divine commissioned from above,
To aid, to cheer and bless.

VII.

Disconsolate no more
Then crape in gloom bewailing thy sad plight.
What boots it careless evils to deplore?
Nay—bid thy griefs good night.

VIII.

And hope thou for the dawn.
At duty's silvery call arise and go:
Forget the past, the pain, the sin; and on—
Forward is ease of woe.

IX.

Forward is hope, is joy—
Reach forward then—yea, press towards the prize.
Fixed on the author of thy faith thine eye,
Earth's evils all despise.

X.

So from this darksome phase
Of lower life, emerged to purer air
Joy's gladdening beam again shall greet thy gaze,
And peace thy bosom share.

JAMES McCLACHLAN.

THE COMMISSARY OF POLICE.

FRANÇOIS DUMONTEL, a painter of Lyon, espoused, in the spring of 1843, Euphrosyne Lamont, a youthful damsel about his own age, and equally poor, enthusiastic, and unreflecting. Both were orphans; and Euphrosyne was a charming brunette, of local celebrity, whose dark southern eyes shone with such brilliancy as she emerged, a blushing bride, from the church of St. Thomas, that the spectators were fain to acknowledge it was not surprising the young artist should have preferred the graceful and blooming Euphrosyne to middle-aged Mademoiselle Médard, the daughter and heiress of the rich silk-mercer in the Rue du Nord, whose sole attractions were *les beaux yeux de sa carotte*. The favour of this lady he was reported to have won by painting her portrait so cleverly, that although it was impossible not to recognise the likeness, the coarse, dry, parchment complexion, vixen eyes, and altogether crabbed aspect of the original, were so judiciously modified and softened, that a very pleasant *ensemble* resulted—an achievement which elicited from more than one shrewd observer the remark, that if François Dumontel were not the great genius he believed himself to be, he, at all events, possessed a skill in likeness-painting, which, diligently cultivated, could hardly fail of realising a fortune. Unfortunately, young Dumontel looked down from the exaltation of his vanity with supreme contempt upon that branch of his art; his genius had wings for a far loftier flight, and next to Euphrosyne, the fame which could not fail to accrue from the exhibition in Paris of his great historic painting—a glittering mass of effulgent uniforms, fiery steeds, and crimson cannon-flashes upon a background of universal smoke, the fanciful representation of a battle in Algeria—lent brightness to the future, upon which, with love, beauty, youth, for his companions, he was now about to enter. Euphrosyne, herself a graceful flower-painter, as well as *artiste en fleurs*, participated the illusions of her lover and husband, but could not for all that repress a start and exclamation of alarm, when, on the evening of the seventh or eighth day of married life, François, who had been for some time profoundly immersed in money-calculations, said abruptly:

"It is plain, *ma belle*, that after paying for our places in the diligence, and the carriage of the picture, we shall have only about two hundred francs left when we reach Paris."

"Two hundred francs! No more! Ah, François, that is a very small sum to begin the world with."

"True, *mon amie*; but what then? Guguénard writes me that Vernet sold a picture, decidedly inferior to mine, a short time since, for twelve thousand francs. Twelve thousand francs, Euphrosyne! If mine do fetches half that sum, it is already a fortune."

"You know Guguénard, François, much better than I do, and have, I am aware, confidence in his judgment."

"Entire confidence, Euphrosyne. Have you forgotten the compliment passed by Monsieur Le Vicomte de Parrans upon Henri Guguénard's the engraver's taste in the fine arts?"

"No; I remember it well, and that Guguénard was himself the relater of the anecdote."

"Is not that a little ungenerous, Euphrosyne?"

"Perhaps so," said the young wife, covering with an effort her natural gaiety of tone; "and what is certain is, that I have full confidence in your genius and fortunes, François."

The conversation thus terminated, Dumontel proceeded at once to the Messageries to secure places in the diligence, and Euphrosyne fell into a reverie, from which she was roused by the announcement of "Monsieur Bouis;" and an elderly gentleman, in deep mourning, and wearing the ribbon of the

Legion of Honour, presented himself. He was from Paris, and the sternly sad expression of his pale features was doubtless caused by the death, about three months previously, of his only son in an apparently motiveless duel with a French officer *en retraite*—Le Capitaine Regnaud. The unfortunate young man had been on a prolonged visit at Lyon, at the time of the catastrophe, a circumstance well-known to Euphrosyne, who appeared to be as much startled as surprised by the words "Monsieur Bouis, of Paris." The gentle mournfulness of his greeting, however, quickly reassured her.

"I am the father, Mademoi—. I beg pardon, Madame Dumontel, of the unfortunate Charles Bouis, who, I hope, still lives in your friendly remembrance."

"Assuredly, monsieur," replied Euphrosyne; "and this notwithstanding my acquaintance with your amiable son was of the slightest kind."

"So I understand," said her visitor; "and yet, but for that slight acquaintance, my son would now be alive."

"Comment, monsieur?" exclaimed Euphrosyne, blushing and trembling; "I do not comprehend."

"Not clearly, you mean, my dear madame; but pray do not agitate yourself: a few words will explain my meaning, and justify, or, at least, excuse my presence here. During the night previous to the duel with Captain Regnaud," added M. Bouis, "so inexplicable as having arisen from the few sharp but meaningless words said to have provoked it, my son, foreboding it might be the last time he should address me upon earth, penned a long letter, which after his death was of course forwarded to me. It is only about a fortnight ago," continued the speaker, with increasing emotion, sternly as he strove to preserve a simulated stoicism of tone and manner, "that I found courage to open and read it. One paragraph alone related to you, madame; a brief one, but written with a hand which trembled more at those few lines than all the rest, informed me that he had passionately loved the beautiful *orpheline* of the Grande Rue, Lyon, Euphrosyne Lamont, *artiste en fleurs*; but chiefly from knowing that I would not consent to the alliance, had never disclosed his passion to the said Euphrosyne—in words, of course, is meant," added M. Bouis, "as it is scarcely possible that a sentiment so vivid should not have found interpretation, though that of the lips was withheld."

"Have the kindness, monsieur," said Madame Dumontel, "to confine yourself to what it is needful I should hear. For the rest," she added, with a slight tinge of pride, "a young woman *bien élevée*, and well taught and nurtured, does not permit herself to interpret the demeanour of young gentlemen in whose society she may chance to find herself."

"Excuse me, madame; I would not willingly offend you. I have, however, a few more words to say. Le Capitaine Regnaud was, I have reason to believe, keener sighted than you, and he, moreover, I am informed, greatly admired Mademoiselle Euphrosyne Lamont, declared his preference, and was repulsed—contemptuously repulsed."

"Monsieur Bouis," said Euphrosyne, rising and speaking with vehemence, "this is extreme impertinence on your part. Forgive me," she added, quickly checking herself; "you have, I recognise, a privilege of grief as well as of age, justifying remarks that from others would be intolerable. I can appreciate, moreover, the motive of this questioning. Well, then, sir, the current report you speak of is not precisely correct. Monsieur Le Capitaine Regnaud *insulted* Euphrosyne Lamont, and was by her indignantly spurned and defied. That is the simple truth."

"And this was known to my son?"

"I cannot speak positively as to that, but I have sometimes feared it may have been so."

"And that knowledge, conjoined with Regnaud's surmise that Charles might prove a formidable rival, infused venom into the else slightly irritating words that passed between them at the Café Royal?"

"I can only repeat, monsieur, that I fear it may have fallen out as you suggest."

M. Bouis seemed to reflect for a short time, and then resuming with greater vivacity, said:

"In the presence of so much frankness, madame, I cannot choose but be equally sincere and open. I have been, as you may perhaps have heard, a *commissaire de police*, in the department of the Seine at Oise, residing usually at Versailles, and only lately at Paris, where I am not much known. A considerable succession that fell to me not very long since—of slight value in my estimation now—enabled me to retire from the service—with honour, madame, as the decoration I wear assures you. I have not, however, lost the craft of my profession in abandoning its exercise; and my chief purpose in visiting Lyon was to satisfy myself of the truth or falsehood of a rumour that had reached me, to the effect that Charles had met with foul play at the hands of Regnaud—a villain who had before three murders, by duel, on his head."

"And he glories, I have heard, in those frightful crimes," interjected Euphrosyne with a shudder; "but the day of retribution will surely arrive for him."

"At the hour when I fully satisfy myself that my boy was unfairly dealt with—apart from Regnaud's practised skill with the small sword, which itself converts such encounters into a means of legal assassination—that day, be assured, madame, will have dawned for his slayer. I am now entering upon this duel, as it may fairly be called, with Regnaud, and I foresee, Madame Dumontel, that you will be in a greater or less degree instrumental in bringing about the catastrophe."

"Me, monsieur! You jest surely!"

"On the contrary, I am perfectly serious. Regnaud is not one to relinquish easily a base purpose; and he, I know, leaves Lyon to-morrow by the same diligence as yourself and Monsieur Dumontel for Paris. He would follow you to the world's end, to avenge the wound you have inflicted on his vanity."

"*Mon Dieu*, can it be possible!" exclaimed Euphrosyne with much emotion; "but it is not possible, monsieur. Le Capitaine Regnaud's pretended passion was a fleeting caprice, nothing more."

"That may be; but I am not the less convinced that you, or your facile-tempered husband—madame will excuse my frankness—will require, and not long, first, protection or redress against his machinations. Either or both will be readily afforded you by me, upon application at the address inscribed upon this card. And now, madame, with many thanks for your complaisance, adieu, though but for a short time only, I am pretty confident. Meanwhile, you will not refuse acceptance of this trifle from Charles Bouis's childless father; it is a *souvenir* from the tomb."

He was gone, and upon opening the paper placed in her hand, Euphrosyne found it contained a note of the Bank of France for one thousand francs.

As M. Bouis predicted, Captain Regnaud did in fact quit Lyon by the same diligence as the Dumontels, and he, Regnaud, rightly concluding that his duellist reputation would deter Euphrosyne from hinting anything to her husband which might lead to a quarrel, openly courted the artist's acquaintance during the journey, and so successfully, that upon taking leave of each other at the bureau of the diligence, Paris, a meeting at the *Rocher Cancale* was arranged between them, without the knowledge of the wife, for the next day but one.

The Dumontels settled themselves temporarily in lodgings at Numéro 9, Grande Rue Verte, near the Pont Neuf; and but a few weeks elapsed before the ambitious aspirations of the self-deceived artist were utterly dissipated, not only by the judgment of competent critics, but his own, which, enlightened by comparing his work with those of masters in the art, was fain to admit that whatever genius or aptitude he might possess, long and severe study in the mechanical part of painting must be undergone before he could hope to realise worthily upon canvas the crude idealisations with which his brain throbbed and sparkled. François Dumontel was incapable of resigning himself to the laborious self-discipline required; with the collapse of his soaring visions, the little mental energy he possessed abandoned him; and he yielded, almost without resistance, but not without remorse, to the seductions of his now intimate friend, Captain Regnaud, by whom he was introduced, first to the wine-shops, next to the gaming-tables of Paris. His 1,200 francs were early squandered in those orgies; and two months after her arrival in Paris, Euphrosyne learned from the lips of her husband, rendered frantic by the utterly desperate circumstances in which he was involved, that their last franc was gone, his painting pledged at the Mont de Piété, and that he had, besides, incurred debts of honour to Captain Regnaud, amounting to more than a hundred Napoleons, for which he had given promissory-notes at short dates, one whereof would fall due on the following day. One may imagine the shock of this revelation to poor Euphrosyne, who had been in some way completely blinded to the nature of her husband's pursuits during his long absence from home; but she was of a courageous, elastic temperament, and soon rallying from the blow, all the more quickly that the recollection of M. Bouis's words and promise flashed hopefully upon her mind, she was, before an hour had passed, on her way to that gentleman's house, armed with a written statement of her husband's liabilities, and his solemn promise, that if extricated from the ruin he had brought upon himself and wife, he would never enter a gaming-house again, nor as long as he lived pollute his hands with the touch of dice or cards.

M. Bouis was at home, and Euphrosyne was immediately ushered into his presence. He looked much older and sadder than when she last saw him; but he was unchanged towards herself, judging by his kind recognising smile, and the goodwill with which he took her trembling hand and pressed it with both his.

"Be seated, Madame Dumontel," he said; "I can guess the purport of your visit pretty well; but let me hear it from your own lips."

Euphrosyne complied as well as her agitation and embarrassment would permit, and finished by placing the memorandum drawn up by her husband in the hand of her attentive auditor. M. Bouis glanced over it, and presently said:

"The amount required is a considerable one, but—and his eyes were for a moment raised to a full-length portrait of his son—"you were commended to my kind offices by that poor murdered boy, and I will not fail you in this strait. You shall take the money with you, and a moderate sum besides."

"Ah, monsieur," broke in the weeping wife, "you are too good—too generous."

"And a moderate sum besides," continued M. Bouis, "which will enable your husband to prosecute his studies, if he be sincere in his vows of amendment. But let him perfectly understand," added that gentleman with severe emphasis, "that I do this, and will yet further assist him, upon condition only that he never again plays or associates with Regnaud, and especially that he never again accepts bills or obligations for him or any other person on any pretext whatever. Can I, madame, reckon upon your husband's rigorous fulfilment of these terms?"

"Oh, certainly, monsieur," sobbed Euphrosyne, "François has been imprudent, thoughtless, but his heart, believe me, is uncorrupted; the promise he has given, together with the pledge you require, will be sacredly kept."

"Enough, my dear madame," said Monsieur Bouis, with respectful kindness. "There is a draft for the amount required. One moment," he added, as Euphrosyne was leaving the room; "your husband's promissory-notes have, I happen to know, been discounted by Lemaire, No. 12 Rue Favard; you can therefore withdraw them without Regnaud's intervention, or waiting till they are presented for payment. Au revoir, madame; I shall call and see your husband one of these days."

About six weeks after this occurrence, and rather late in the evening, a middle-aged man entered an *estaminet* in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and bade the attendant *garçon* inform Captain Regnaud, if he called, that his friend Gabriel was waiting for him in the back-room. Gabriel was, it is true, the name given to this person by his acquaintance, though it was shrewdly suspected by at least one of them, in consequence of some half-revelations made under the influence of wine, that he was no other than a certain Jacques Le Maître, an escaped *forçat*, who, by means of a luxuriant black wig, whiskers, moustaches, and beard, and altogether artistic make-up, with the further precaution of never leaving his den, wherever that might be, till after night-fall, had hitherto managed to evade the vigilance of the Paris police. Evidently from his sometimes gloomily preoccupied, and at other times restless, unquiet demeanour, an individual at odds with the settled order of the world, and on this particular evening he seemed more than usually nervous and impatient, which was not surprising, a full hour having passed before Captain Regnaud, himself in a state of great mental disquietude, and flustered, moreover, with drink, entered the small dingy apartment.

"Ah, there you are, sacré night-owl!" exclaimed Regnaud, seizing as he spoke the wine ordered, but untouched, by Gabriel, and swallowing it at a draught. "If I could have

soon you two hours since, I were now eight hundred francs richer than I am."

"Eight hundred francs in two hours is *gros jeu*," remarked Gabriel.

"Yes; I played high and madly. In fact, Gabriel, my friend," continued the captain, "my affairs, as I have before hinted to you, are just now in an awkward state; nevertheless, with your promised assistance, clever *coquin* that you are, all may yet be well."

"Lemaire, then, will take my promissory-note in lieu of that you are so eager to get out of his hands?"

"Not he, the villain! On the contrary, he plainly hints his opinion, and therein, *entre nous*, I agree with him—that my friend Gabriel has half-a-dozen *aliases*—all names well-known to messieurs the police, but not worth a sou upon a bill."

"That remains to be proved, Monsieur le Capitaine. In the meantime, what is to be done?"

"That, my friend, is the question. In the first place, then, one thousand francs, well-nigh all I am possessed of, shall, in case of success, be yours. Ah, that, in your opinion, is speaking to the purpose! Eh, Gabriel?"

"No doubt. I must, however, know without reservation exactly how the said thousand francs are to be earned. I know that such a sum cannot be had for nothing; still, I must know all the whys and wherefores of the business before I engage in it."

"Quite right; I expected no less from your experience and knowledge of the world. Know, then, I am about to confide in your discretion, as I certainly would not in the oath of Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris, or of his Holiness the Pope; and for these plain reasons, my friend—firstly, that you would as lief hang yourself as appear before a magistrate for any purpose whatever; secondly, that if you did so appear, your evidence would not be worth the breath with which it was uttered. You see I am candour itself."

"Precisely. Well?"

"This, then, is the exact situation. But first order in some brandy. You remember, Gabriel," the captain went on to say, as soon as the brandy was placed upon the table, and his companion had resumed his seat, but in such a position that his countenance could only be partially seen where Regnaud sat—"you remember that, about a week after that poor devil of an artist of the Grande Rue Verte so unexpectedly paid his debts, and turned saint, I had a run of ill-luck, and that Lemaire—confound him!—would not lend me a franc without the security of my friend Dumontel, who had taken up his former acceptances in so satisfactory a manner. Well, I knew, of course, that my friend François Dumontel would not lend me his signature to save me from perdition; and so—and so," added Captain Regnaud, gulping down another glass of brandy, "finding there was no help for it, and confident that I should be able to retire the note before the month expired, I—I—, you understand?"

"Not exactly."

"No! then my brain is duller than that flashing eye of yours. I mean that I signed the name of François Dumontel without its owner's consent."

"In plain French, that you forged François Dumontel's signature to a bill for five thousand francs?"

"Just that. Well, Lemaire now refuses to renew it, even if half, as I offered yesterday, were paid down, or take any other security I can get in its place; and it is due in four days."

"Morbleu, but that is embarrassing. I see nothing for it but flight, or—blowing Dumontel's brains out—legally, of course."

"Thou art a shrewd rascal, Gabriel," exclaimed Regnaud with vivacity. "Flight happens to be out of the question, and if nothing better can be done, I must boldly outface the matter, swear the signature is genuine; the imitation, I can answer for it, is perfect, and Dumontel's former acceptances in my favour will naturally give force and colour to my assertion. That course would nevertheless be a dangerous one; and the other expedient you have suggested strikes me as the safest, surest plan."

"It struck me that you might provoke Dumontel to a duel, and slay him. You are an adept, I have heard, at that game."

"You have heard aright; but there are cogent reasons why I should not fight him. In the first place, if he should escape with life, which, however, is not likely, the affair of the bill of exchange would have an ugly look. Next, to kill him would damage me irretrievably with his charming widow, whose good graces I do not yet despair of winning; so that, in brief, Gabriel, if you would earn the thousand francs, you must fight and kill Dumontel yourself."

"I! Bah! you rave!"

"Perfectly sane, if not precisely sober, I assure you, friend Gabriel. What objections have you?"

"What objections? Come, that's pleasant? To begin with, then, he is, you have told me, a good fencer, so that I should have an excellent chance of receiving, instead of a thousand francs, six inches of cold steel for my share of the bargain."

"Tut, tut! There is no risk of that. You shall pink him without the slightest risk to yourself, as I have already four in my lifetime; the last a far smarter fellow than Dumontel—one Charles Bouis of Lyon—What ails thee?"

"A sharp spasm, that's all; pass the brandy."

"The expedient," continued Regnaud in compliance with his companion's gesture, "is as simple as it is safe. I will provide you a *just-au-corps*, or under-shirt, fitting close to the body; so flexible, and otherwise artistically manufactured, that though impenetrable by the keenest sword-point, it cannot, except by the closest, minutest examination, be distinguished from plain flannel. After throwing off your coat, you will open the vest above the *just-au-corps*, before engaging, to shew that all is above board, and the affair is as good as finished—your man as safely and certainly spitted as a fowl."

Gabriel was some time before he made up his mind to accept Regnaud's atrocious proposal; but at last he said:

"Well, the venture is worth trying by a fellow so out of elbows as I am. Where can I meet with this Dumontel?"

"At Richard's, the restaurant, not far from the Louvre. He dines there most evenings between five and six o'clock. He is of the true southern breed, and therefore easily provoked."

"And the thousand francs?"

"Five hundred at starting for the Bois de Boulogne, and five upon returning—successful."

"It is a bargain; and now I must begone, for this con-

founded cholice increases upon me, and I must procure some more potent remedy than brandy."

"Good evening, Gabriel. The thousand francs, depend upon it, are as safely yours as if already pouched."

Le Capitaine Regnaud slept soundly at daybreak the next morning, his head glued to the pillow by the strong potations of the previous evening; nevertheless awake he must and did under the infliction of the shouts and shakings of some half-a-dozen gendarmes; and cloudy, mystified as were his wine and sleep oppressed senses, he was soon made to comprehend that he, Jules Regnaud, ci-devant Capitaine de Chasseurs, was on his way to prison, charged with the grave crime of having forged the signature of François Dumontel to a bill of exchange for five thousand francs.

The Cour d'Assises of the Seine, before which Regnaud was arraigned, was in session the next week but one. Various formalities having been gone through, the previously sworn testimony of Lemaire, that he discounted the bill for the accused, and that of François Dumontel, that he had not signed it, nor authorized any one else to do so, was repeated in open court—the accused, who had recovered all his audacity, frequently interrupting the last witness by questions and assertions, tending to shew that he, Dumontel, had given the bill, as he had former ones, in discharge of a gambling debt.

"Listen to me, Regnaud," said the president. "You are acquainted, it appears, with one Gabriel?"

The accused appeared to blench for a moment; but recovering himself, said boldly:

"Yes; I know there is such a fellow, an escaped forçat, I had latterly reason to suspect, and I in consequence kicked him out of an estaminet."

"An estaminet in the Faubourg St. Antoine?"

"Yes—no; I do not precisely remember, Monsieur le Président."

"Did you not confess to him that you had forged François Dumontel's name to this bill for five thousand francs?"

"Never. If he has said so, it is a vile intention to be revenged upon me. And of what worth, Monsieur le Président, let me ask, is the testimony of an escaped forçat, which I contend Gabriel to be?"

"Did you tell him that you possessed a curiously contrived *just-au-corps*, or undercoat, impenetrable by pistol-ball or sword-thrust, by means of which you had been enabled to safely slay four persons in pretended duels?"

"Never! It is all, I insist, a hideous calumny," replied the prisoner, but now ghastly pale, and with much diminished confidence.

"It is certain, nevertheless, Regnaud, that such an article has been found at your lodgings. You have other witnesses, Monsieur le Procureur-General; let them be examined."

"Yes, le Sieur Bouis, ancien commissaire de police, and member of the Legion of Honour."

"Accused," said the President, whilst the huissier was gone in quest of the witness, "do you know the Sieur Bouis?"

"No, Monsieur le Président."

"Look at the witness," continued the President, indicating M. Bouis, who had entered the court, dressed in deep mourning, and wearing, as usual, his ribbon, "and say if you persist in that answer."

"Yes—no, that is" — stammered Regnaud, upon whose forehead large drops of perspiration suddenly broke out.

"You are not quite sure. The witness will refresh your memory."

With quick dexterity, M. Bouis assumed a black wig, whiskers, and moustache, and turning fiercely towards the accused, exclaimed:

"Now, villain, do you know me?"

"Gabriel!" shrieked the accused, surprised out of all self-control—"I am lost!"

There could be no doubt of that; and ten minutes had not passed before Jules Regnaud was convicted and sentenced to the galleys for life—the President expressing his regret that he could not be punished capitally for the murders by duel he had confessed to have committed. He was sent with the next chain-gang to Brest, where he survived this his fifth and last duel, though not fought with sword or pistol, about two years only. I have not been able to discover any further trace of the fortunes of François and Euphrosyne Dumontel, or of the ex-commissary of Police, Bouis.

The Paris *Liberté*, which paper takes special care to instruct its readers in matters appertaining to England, in writing about the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, says that the champions sometimes go down the Thames as far as Kew and even Richmond. "The course is always straight and without turns." Then from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 of bets are made each year at Putney, and the morning after the race fifty suicides are committed in London by losers, who return to town and blow out their brain, "but the custom is so general that no one takes any notice of it." Both Houses of Parliament are present at these jousts, and the Archbishops of York and Canterbury and the Bishop of London occupy a place on the ferry-boat, which ferry-boat, followed by two or three hundred craft, descends the river at the regulation distance of a hundred yards from the rowers. The above information was probably derived by the correspondent of the *Liberté* from the hackney-coachman who charged him six pounds sterling for the journey.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR A RUBBER.—The screw steamer "India," of the Anchor line, plying between Glasgow and New York, put into Halifax, N. S., on February 23rd. She had been twenty-seven days out from Glasgow, having lost her rudder on February 8th. Thirteen days afterwards, she fell in with the American fishing schooner "Joseph H. Chandler," and lashed her to her stern, the schooner steering the strange vessel compounded of two craft dissimilar from each other in every respect.

PINK TREES THEIR OWN INCENDIARIES.—A French writer thinks that the very frequent fires which occur in pine forests in summer, far from any habitation, are not due, as has been commonly believed, to careless or mischievous people, but to the action of the sun's rays concentrated by the globules of resin which exude from the trees. These act as burning lenses, and start the conflagration, which, of course, spreads rapidly among such inflammable material.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE SUNFLOWER AND NITROGEN.—No plant absorbs nitrogen so rapidly as the sunflower, as ravenous as the stomach of an ostrich. A pigeon was buried between the roots of a sunflower, after some weeks not a vestige of the bird was found—the plant had devoured and digested even the feathers.

The Channel tunnel scheme has assumed such practical shape that one-third of the £30,000, which it is supposed will suffice for cutting the experimental drift way, has been subscribed. From Dover to Calais in less than an hour, and with no sea-sickness, will be regarded by many as the very perfection of travelling, although done in a tunnel. M. Thiers believes a tunnel under the Channel is as possible as one under Mont Cenis, but he said recently France could devote no capital to it. Every facility and encouragement would, however, be given to English capitalists.

ANTIDOTE TO CARBOLIC ACID.—The use of carbolic acid as a disinfectant, now so common everywhere, is fraught with danger, as it is a virulent poison; and if it be accidentally taken internally, an effective antidote will be necessary. Dr. Husemann, of Gottingen, suggests, for counteracting its effects on the stomach, a new preparation which he calls *calcaria saccharata* (saccharate of lime), prepared by dissolving 16 parts refined sugar in 40 parts water, and adding 5 parts slaked lime. Digest the mixture for three days, stir occasionally, filter and evaporate to dryness.

AN ABSCESS CURED BY INADVERTENCE.—Dr. Du Hadway reports the singular restoration to health of a man afflicted with psoriatic abscess. The Doctor tried several remedies without success, and at last prescribed two drachms iodide of potassium in six ounces distilled water; dose, a tablespoon-full three times a day. The patient, a foreigner, misunderstood the directions, and swallowed the whole at once. Strangely enough, the 120 grains iodide of potassium did him no harm; but, on the contrary, his appetite, which had been very poor, was restored, and in ten days the abscess was healed. He needed no further medicine, and is completely restored to health.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.—A new explosive has been lately brought under public notice by Dr. Justus Fuchs, of Alt Berun, in Prussian Silesia. It is called fulminatine, and is another kind of nitrite explosive. This new agent differs from dynamite in having a considerably larger contents of nitro-glycerine, and in the 25 per cent of silica contained by the latter being replaced by 15 per cent. of a chemically prepared substance. This hitherto unknown substance is said to possess much greater absorbing power than *kieselguhr*, and, when ignited, to be almost entirely dissipated as gases, thus considerably augmenting the explosive effect. While all the silica of the dynamite is left as a white residue after explosion, fulminatine only leaves a little black carbonaceous remnant. The prices of both explosives are the same.

SIMPLE DISINFECTANTS.—As a simple method of employing carbolic acid, C. Homburgh, of Berlin, proposes to saturate sheets of coarse millboard with the disinfectant in question. The sheets may be hung up in the rooms requiring purification, or a small piece may be torn off when a small quantity only of carbolic acid is wanted. Sheets of millboard, having an area of about seven square feet, and containing about one-fifth of a pound of carbolic acid, are sold in Berlin for a shilling a piece. Dr. Hager gives the composition of a disinfecting paste for use as a washing power. It consists of 100 parts of white clay, 1,000 parts of distilled water, and thirty-five parts of ordinary nitric acid. The mass thus obtained is allowed to stand for a few days, being stirred frequently. The supernatant fluid is then to be poured off, and the clayey mass thoroughly washed with distilled water. Five parts of permanganate of potash are now to be added, and the composition, when dried, is made up into tablets and wrapped in paper saturated with paraffin.

SCARLET FEVER NON-CONTAGIOUS.—Dr. E. H. Lewis, in an interesting article published in the *Northwestern Medical and Surgical Journal*, states some striking facts bearing upon the contagiousness of scarlet fever. From data, gathered during an epidemic in 1870, the doctor concludes that scarlet fever is not caused by sewer gases, or marsh miasms, or decaying vegetable matter, impure water, or the habits of the people; for in the cases observed by him all these causes were absent. The epidemic travelled directly and rapidly through well drained and elevated regions of country, sweeping everything before it. In the cases observed, the Doctor could find nothing to enable him to believe in its contagiousness. He says: "I have not the slightest doubt that the causes of scarlatina depend upon some peculiar condition of the atmosphere favourable to the propagation of the scarlatina poison, and that it travels in a manner similar to epidemic cholera, the principal feature of which it simulates, the difference being that in cholera the force of the disease is spent upon the bowels, while in scarlatina it is expended upon the skin and throat."

IGNITION OF EXPLOSIVES.—Interesting experiments were recently made by Messrs. Leygue and Champion, to ascertain the temperature at which certain explosives ignite. They used for this purpose a bar of copper, which was heated at one end only. It was provided with small grooves, placed 10 centimeters apart from each other, and provided with metallic alloys of different fusibility, so that the temperature of each part of the bar was easily ascertained. The substance under trial was then strewn upon the bar in small quantities, and the place where it ignited gave the temperature of ignition. Thus was it shown that, for their explosion, was required for:

	Deg. Cent.	Fahr.
Chassepot percussion cap powder	191	374
Fulminate of mercury	200	392
Equal parts of sulphur and chlorate of potassium	200	392
Gun cotton	220	428
Nitro-glycerine	257	494.4
Chasse powder	288	550.2
Cannon powder	295	562.8
Picrate of mercury, lead and iron	296	564.8
Picrate powder for torpedoes	315	598.8
" " musket	358	676.2
" " cannon	380	715.8

These researches prove the great explosive power of fulminates and nitrite compounds, while our ordinary gunpowder and picrate powder may be employed with much greater safety.



THE FAVORITE SPANIELS.—SEE PAGE 243.



THE PRINT SELLER.—SEE PAGE 213.



"BLIND."—FROM THE PAINTING BY A. W. BAYES. (THE GRAPHIC)—SEE PAGE 243.

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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

They stayed for an hour at the saw-mill, and Michel, in spite of all that he had said about tobacco, smoked another pipe. While they were there, George, though his mind was full of other matter, continued to give his father practical advice about the business;—how a new wheel should be supplied here, and a lately invented improvement introduced there. Each of them at the moment was care-laden with special thoughts of their own, but nevertheless, as men of business, they knew that the hour was precious and used it. To saunter into the woods and do nothing was not at all in accordance with Michel's usual mode of life, and though he hummed and hawed, and doubted and grumbled, he made a note of all his son said, and was quite of a mind to make use of his son's wit.

"I shall be over at Epinal the day after to-morrow," he said as they left the mill, "and I'll see if I can get the new crank there."

"They'll be sure to have it at Heinman's," said George, as they began to descend the hill. From the spot on which they had been standing the walk down to Granpere would take them more than an hour. It might well be that they might make it an affair of two or three hours, if they went up to other timber cuttings on their route; but George was sure that as soon as he began to tell his story his father would make his way straight for home. He would be too much moved to think of his timber, and too angry to desire to remain a minute longer than he could help in company with his son. Looking at all the circumstances as carefully as he could, George thought that he had better begin at once. "As you feel Marie's going so much," he said, "I wonder that you are so anxious to send her away."

"That's a poor argument, George, and one that I should not have expected from you. Am I to keep her here all her life, doing no good for herself, simply because I like to have her here? It is in the course of things that she should be married, and it is my duty to see that she marries well."

"That is quite true, father."

"Then why do you talk to me about sending her away? I don't send her away. Urmand comes and takes her away. I did the same when I was young. Now I'm old, and I have to be left behind. It's the way of nature."

"But she doesn't want to be taken away," said George, rushing at once at his subject.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say, father. She consents to be taken away, but she does not wish it."

"I don't know what you mean. Has she been talking to you? Has she been complaining?"

"I have been talking to her. I came over from Colmar when I heard of this marriage on purpose that I might talk to her. I had at any rate a right to do that."

"Right to do what? I don't know that you have any right. If you have been trying to do mischief in my house, George, I will never forgive you;—never."

"I will tell you the whole truth, father; and then you shall say yourself whether I have been trying to do mischief, and shall say also whether you will forgive me. You will remember when you told me that I was not to think of Marie Bromar for myself."

"I do remember."

"Well;—I had thought of her. If you wanted to prevent that, you were too late."

"You were boys and girls together;—that is all."

"Let me tell my story, father, and then you shall judge. Before you had spoken to me at all, Marie had given me her troth."

"Nonsense!"

"Let me at least tell my story. She had done so, and I had given her mine, and when you told me to go I went, not quite knowing then what it might be best that we should do, but feeling very sure that she would at least be true to me."

"Truth to any such folly as that would be very wicked."

"At any rate I did nothing. I remained there month after month; meaning to do something when this was settled;—meaning to do something when that was settled; and then there came a sort of rumour to me that Marie was to be Urmand's wife. I did not believe it, but I thought that I would come and see."

"It was true."

"No;—it was not true then. I came over and was very angry because she was cold to me. She would not promise that there should be no such engagement; but there was none then. You see I will tell you everything as it occurred."

"She is at any rate engaged to Adrian Urmand now, and for all our sakes you are bound not to interfere."

"But yet I must tell my story. I went back to Colmar, and then, after a while, there came tidings, true tidings, that she was engaged to this man. I came over again, yesterday, determined;—you may blame me if you will, but listen to me;—determined to throw her falsehood in her teeth."

"Then I will protect her from you," said Michel Voss, turning upon his son as though he meant to strike him with his staff.

"Ah, father," said George, pausing and standing opposite to the innkeeper, "but who is to protect her from you? If I had found that that which you are doing was making her happy, I would have spoken my mind indeed; I would have shown her once, and once only, what she had done to me; how she had destroyed me;—and then I would have gone and troubled none of you any more."

"You had better go now, and bring us no more trouble. You are all trouble."

"But her worst trouble will still cling to her. I have found that it is so. She has taken this man not because she loves him; but because you have bidden her."

"She has taken him and she shall marry him."

"I cannot say that she has been right, father; but she deserves no such punishment as that. Would you make her a wretched woman for ever, because she has done wrong in striving to obey you?"

"She has not done wrong in striving to obey me. She has done right. I do not believe a word of this."

"You can ask her yourself."

"I will ask her nothing,—except that she shall not speak to you any further about it. You have come here wilfully minded to disturb us all."

"Father, that is unjust."

"I say it is true. She was contented and happy before you came. She loves the man, and is ready to marry him on the day fixed. Of course she will marry him. You would not have us go back from our word now?"

"Certainly I would. If he be a man, and she tells him that she repents,—if she tells him all the truth, of course he will give her back her troth. I would do so to any woman that only hinted that she wished it."

"No such hint shall be given. I will hear nothing of it. I shall not speak to Marie on the subject,—except to desire her to have no further converse with you. Nor will I speak of it again to yourself; unless you wish me to bid you go from me altogether, you will not mention the matter again." So saying, Michel Voss strode on, and would not even turn his eyes in the direction of his son. He strode on, making his way down the hill at the fastest pace that he could achieve, every now and then raising his hat and wiping the perspiration from his brow. Though he had spoken of Marie's departure as a loss that would be very hard to bear, the very idea that anything should be allowed to interfere with the marriage which he had planned was unendurable. What;—after all that had been said and done, consent that there should be no marriage between his niece and the rich young merchant! Never. He did not stop for a moment to think how much of truth there might be in his son's statement. He would not even allow himself to remember that he had forced Adrian Urmand as a suitor upon his niece. He had had his qualms of conscience upon that matter,—and it was possible that they might return to him. But he would not stop now to look at that side of the question. The young people were betrothed. The marriage was a thing settled, and it should be celebrated. He had never broken his faith to any man, and he would not break it to Adrian Urmand. He strode on down the mountain, and there was not a word more said between him and his son till they reached the inn doors. "You understand me," he said then. "Not a word more to Marie." After that he went up at once to his wife's chamber, and desired that Marie might be sent to him there. During his rapid walk home he had made up his mind as to what he would do. He would not be severe to his niece. He would simply ask her one question.

"My dear," he said, striving to be calm, but telling her by his countenance as plainly as words could have done all that had passed between him and his son—"Marie, my dear, I take it for granted—there is nothing to—to interrupt our plans."

"In what way, uncle?" she asked, merely wanting to gain a moment for thought.

"In any way. In no way. Just say that there is nothing wrong, and that will be sufficient."

She stood silent, not having a word to say to him.

"You know what I mean, Marie. You intend to marry Adrian Urmand?"

"I suppose so," said Marie, in a low whisper.

"Look here, Marie—if there be any doubt about it, we will part—and for ever. You shall never look upon my face again. My honour is pledged—and yours."

Then he hurried out of the room, down into the kitchen, and, without staying there a moment, went out into the yard and walked through to the stables. His passion had been so strong and uncontrollable, that he had been unable to remain with his niece and exact a promise from her.

George, when he saw his father go to the stables, entered the house. He had already made up his mind that he would return at once to Colmar, without waiting to have more angry words. Such words would not serve him at all. But he must if possible see Marie, and he must also tell his step-mother that he was about to depart. He found them both together, and at once, very abruptly, declared that he was to start immediately.

"You have quarrelled with your father, George," said Madame Voss.

"I hope not. I hope that he has not quarrelled with me. But it is better that I should go."

"What is it, George? I hope it is nothing serious." Madame Voss as she said this looked at Marie, but Marie had turned her face away. George also looked at her, but could not see her countenance. He did not dare to ask her to give him an interview alone; nor had he quite determined what he would say to her if they were together.

"Marie," said Madame Voss, "do you know what this is about?"

"I wish I had died," said Marie, "before I had come into this house. I have made hatred and bitterness between those who should love each other better than all the world." Then Madame Voss was able to guess what had been the cause of the quarrel.

"Marie," said George, very slowly, "if you will only ask your own heart what you ought to do, and be true to what it tells you, there is no reason even yet that you should be sorry that you came to Granpere. But if you marry a man whom you do not love, you will sin against him, and against me, and against yourself, and against God." Then he took up his hat and went out.

In the courtyard he met his father.

"Where are you going now, George?" said his father.

"To Colmar. It is better that I should go at once. Good-bye, father," and he offered his hand to his parent.

"Have you spoken to Marie?"

"My mother will tell you what I have said. I have spoken nothing in private."

"Have you said anything about her marriage?"

"Yes. I have told her that she could not honestly marry the man she did not love."

"What right have you, sir," said Michel, nearly choked with wrath, "to interfere in the affairs of my household? You had better go, and go at once. If you return again before they are married, I will tell the servants to put you off the place."

George Voss made no answer, but having found his horse and his gig, drove himself off to Colmar.

(To be continued.)

A Southern newspaper gets very indignant because a Northern writer has said that the women of the South are indolent, and then concedes the whole case by declaring that "they have done nothing" to deserve such an accusation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDIA RUBBER CARRIAGES.—A company is putting up a large factory in Fairfield, Ct., and will shortly engage in the building of carriages made entirely of India rubber, except in axles and tires. A decided superiority is claimed for the material over wood.

OLD SHIPS.—There is a ship now sailing from Holland, built in 1598, when the Prince of Orange was fighting Philip II. of Spain, then at the zenith of his power. A few weeks since, in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, there was a notice that the whale-ship "Rousseau" (one of Stephen Girard's ships, built at Philadelphia in 1801) was then undergoing repairs at New Bedford. Her planking is being removed, the first time for seventy years. The live oak timbers underneath are reported to be as sound as they were the day they were first put together.

BLUE GLASS FOR GREENHOUSES.—We find that Robert Buist, senr., indorses the use of blue glass in greenhouses and other structures for forcing plants, &c. In a communication to *Tilton's Journal of Horticulture* he says:—I applied a coating of Prussian-blue paint, six inches wide, up the centre of each row of panes; the result was electric, and in a few days the plants assumed their beautiful green colour, and the trusses of bloom came to maturity. The greenhouse had been used to grow geraniums for bedding purposes, but they had lost their colour every year about the first of April. The plants were completely rejuvenated by the blue glass.

A NOVEL ADDITION TO THE DINNER TABLE.—The *Brewers' Gazette* says, and it ought to know, that we are to have a revolution, it appears, in wine glasses. London porter requires pewter, and hock a green glass, and it has now been discovered that sherry is not sherry unless drunk out of wood, so that we shall shortly have our dining-tables laid out with tiny carved cups, instead of the orthodox wine glass with which we have been long familiar. At present the idea is only in its infancy, awaiting the artists who have under consideration the design of the new sherry cups. We may, however, mention that they will be larger than the present wine glass, more like the old port glasses which our grandfathers used.

SEC-SYSTEM OF NOTATION.—Dr. Lehmann, of Leipzig, according to the *Mechanics' Magazine*, proposes a new system of notation with 6 as a basis, counting and reckoning with half dozens instead of tens. To avoid confusion, the name *sec* may be changed to *see*, so that we would count one, two, three, four, five, *sec*. The higher figures might be called *twossec*, *threessec*, *foursec*, *seesec* or *sess*. This latter would be equivalent to 36, but would be written 1 and 2 *nights*. It is further proposed to change the type so as to suit the new system. Among the advantages noted is the reduction of the extent of the multiplication table so tremendous now to school-boys and others. The following shows the extent of the tables under the *sec*-system. In making use of the ordinary type, it must be borne in mind that 10 is equivalent to 6:

2x2= 4	3x2= 10	4x2= 12	5x2= 14
2x3= 10	3x3= 13	4x3= 20	5x3= 23
2x4= 12	3x4= 20	4x4= 24	5x4= 32
2x5= 14	3x5= 23	4x5= 32	5x5= 41

The greater ease of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division would guarantee the decrease of errors in arithmetical calculations, etc., etc.

The Paris *Liberté* assures "chroniclers, reporters, and journalists," that the true secret of the man in the iron mask is at length about to be revealed, though it has been declared with much show of probability that an ex-Minister of Louis XIV., M. de Chamillard, who lived to a very advanced age, was the last person capable of clearing up the mystery, and he died refusing to betray the confidence reposed in him.

The unfathomable mystery (says the *Liberté*) which has eluded the grasp of so many historians and bookworms is in the hands of the Princes of Orleans. The tale goes that when the Bastille was taken a document fell into the hands of Philippe Egalité, which showed that after having been banished for twenty-three years, Anne of Austria at length gave birth to a daughter, but Louis XIII. had a boy substituted for his real child. The next year, as we know, the Queen was brought to bed with a second son, afterwards known as Philippe Duke of Orleans, the founder of the present house. It is therefore asserted that Louis XIV. and his descendants are usurpers, and that the Princes of Orleans are the legitimate heirs to the crown of France. In 1789 Philippe Egalité had a pamphlet printed and circulated in the provinces, in which this mystery was divulged, but it is doubted whether any copies are now in existence.

The following account of the project for the restoration of Sebastopol is given by the *Moscow Gazette*:—Towards the end of last month a special meeting of Ministers and other officials was held, under the presidency of the Grand Duke Constantine, for the purpose of considering the plans which had been prepared for their inspection with respect to the proposed alterations in the Crimean harbours. The result was that the Government has determined to found a great ship-building establishment at Nicolaef, but to give Sebastopol a commercial significance, without, however, losing sight of the advantages it offers for the harbouring of a fleet. It is proposed "to concentrate in Sebastopol the means of fitting out and supplying ships of war," and a dock, magazines, and manufactories will be built there for that purpose. The South Bay will probably be devoted to the reception of vessels both of war and of commerce. The eastern side, with the exception of the Korubelnaya Bay, will belong to the naval board, while the west side will be made over to the commercial authorities. As regards the fortification of the port, the following plans are proposed: 1. Land batteries are to be constructed upon the headlands on both sides of the harbour, in order to keep a hostile fleet at a distance; 2. Isolated forts with shore batteries are to be built facing the Cossack, Kamiesch, and Stryeletz Bays, and at Balachava; and the Sussut-Gora position is to be strengthened by separate fortifications and batteries from Balachava to the end of the Great Bay; and 3. For the security of the north side, and in view of a possible debarkation along the river Kacha or at Eupatoria, it is proposed to throw out two forts, disposing them so that they will command the mouths of the river Belbek.

A Pennsylvania Dutchman, who married his second wife indecently soon after the funeral of the first, was visited by a two hours' serenade in token of disapproval. He expostulated pathetically thus:—"I say, poys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves to be making all dis noise ven dere was a funeral here so soon!"

While a rather affected young lady was confiding to her admirer how ethereal her appetite was, and the sensitive delicateness of her own organization, the too matter-of-fact help bawled out: "Say! will ye have yer billed pork and beans now, or wait till yer feller's gone?" The "feller" has been gone ever since.

In Chicago, some boys surreptitiously pinned to the coat of a pedestrian a yellow card bearing the inscription: "Small-pox here; are you vaccinated?" The Times says, "the gentleman met with a perfect ovation wherever he went, but he had pretty much the entire walk to himself."

The women of Damascus, Illinois, take part in the discussions of the Farmer Club meeting. A recent conundrum was, "Shall we dress for comfort or for show?" It was, of course, decided to dress for comfort, and then they all went away, and at the next meeting each appeared with a "three-decker" head-dress and a "Dolly Varden" suit.

"A friend of mine, a veteran commanding-officer of a cavalry regiment," writes Mr. Frank Buckland, the distinguished pisciculturist, "told me that he once found a moorhen's nest with eggs. Upon cracking one of the eggs he discovered that the young bird was alive, and upon the point of hatching. He put it on the ground, and it immediately ran away. 'What I want to know, Buckland,' said my friend, the colonel, 'is how it happened that that young bird did not know I was its mother?'"

Since her reconstruction, Paris—always a city of municipal elegancies—has introduced a new and improved method of lighting her streets. We quote from a letter to the Philadelphia Press the following: "One novelty since the war is the use of a new electric gas for lighting the streets and public buildings. The whole circle of the Boulevards, on the Louvre side of the Seine, is not merely lighted but illuminated in this manner. I do not know how this gas is produced, but it has all the brilliancy of a Bude light, and the cost is inconsiderable. In a short time, no doubt, every street in Paris will be lighted in this manner, with very little expense. There cannot be an explosion, it is stated, and as for an escape of gas that does not matter, as this is inodoriferous. It would be worth while for the ruling powers to send a Commissioner or two over to Paris to inquire into this new system of street illuminations. For domestic use—that is, in dwelling houses—the intensity of the light may be objectionable. In the open air, however, this is an advantage."

A girl of sharp wits in a Western city discovered recently that her lover was about to take another girl to a ball. She thereupon bribed his hackman to permit her to take the reins at the proper moment, and instead of driving the pair to the ball-room, she took them several miles out of town to a dense wood, where she left them exposed to a pelting rain storm—the young lady in a low-necked muslin dress and kid slippers, and her escort in full party togery and thin boots. Their situation was not comfortable, but they found shelter in a neighbouring farm-house, where there happened to be an accommodating minister, and the two, being lovingly disposed by reason of their misadventures, were married. The other young woman now sits in sackcloth and ashes, sadly brooding over her misadventure.

A strange affair is reported from Nottingham. On the evening of the 16th ultimo a young gentleman named Clement James Beecher, of London, who is living with the Rev. J. H. Stocks, at Colwick Rectory, near Nottingham, reading for the university, was walking in a somewhat lonely spot near the Trent, when a man stepped from behind a tree, and saying, "I have got you now," raised his arm to strike. Mr. Beecher received the blow on his left arm, and with his right struck the man in the face. The man then exclaimed, "By G—d, it's the wrong man," and ran away. On Mr. Beecher reaching home, he discovered that he had been stabbed, there being a clean incised wound, about an inch in length, on his arm. This was the story told by Mr. Beecher, and an under-gardener at Colwick Hall, named Munk, was arrested on suspicion of being the offender, but on his being brought before the magistrates, Mr. Patchitt, the magistrates' clerk, asked Mr. Beecher if he could explain how it was that, while the cloth of the coat and the shirt

sleeve had been cut through, there was no corresponding hole in the lining of the coat sleeve. The witness said he had no explanation to offer—he had only spoken the truth. He had not wounded himself. He had no desire to leave the rectory. Mr. Patchitt said the wound could not possibly have been inflicted in the manner described by Mr. Beecher, and it was for the magistrates to decide whether he should be proceeded against for wounding himself, which was a misdemeanor, or for preferring a charge against an innocent person. Munk was then discharged, and the case against Mr. Beecher was adjourned, bail being accepted for his appearance.

QUITTE CORRECT. — The Indian Medicine known as the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills will be found to be the most reliable curative and blood purifier when spring after a long and inclement winter re-opens the pores of the skin and an alterative is required to transfer impurities from the body through these natural outlets. The Remedy and Pills can be confidently recommended as the surest, safest, and easiest means of attaining this desirable end, without weakening the most delicate or incommencing the most feeble. When from frequent chills or impure air the blood becomes foul and the secretions vitiated, this medicine presents a ready and efficient means of cleansing the former and correcting the latter; it may fairly be said of this celebrated Indian Medicine that it radically removes all corrupt and disordered elements from the system. 5-14 d

CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street:—

MONTREAL, March 7th, 1872. DEAR SIR.—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "HOARHOUD AND CHERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can certify to the above. ALFRED KNUCKLE. MR. RICHMOND SPENGLER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

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NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next Session for an Act to amend the Act of Incorporation of "The Managers of the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland" by allowing the said Corporation to purchase and hold property not to exceed in yearly value the sum of Five Thousand Pounds Currency. J. S. HUNTER, Secretary. Montreal, 19th February, 1872. 5-8 i

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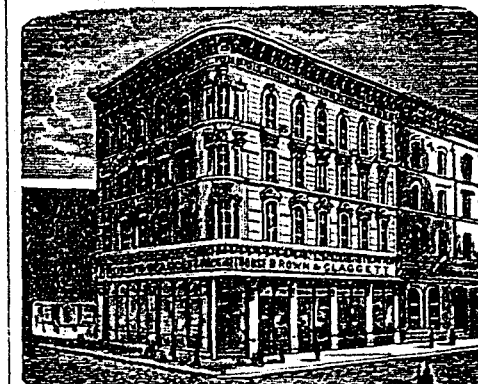
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20th March, 1872. 5-12 tf

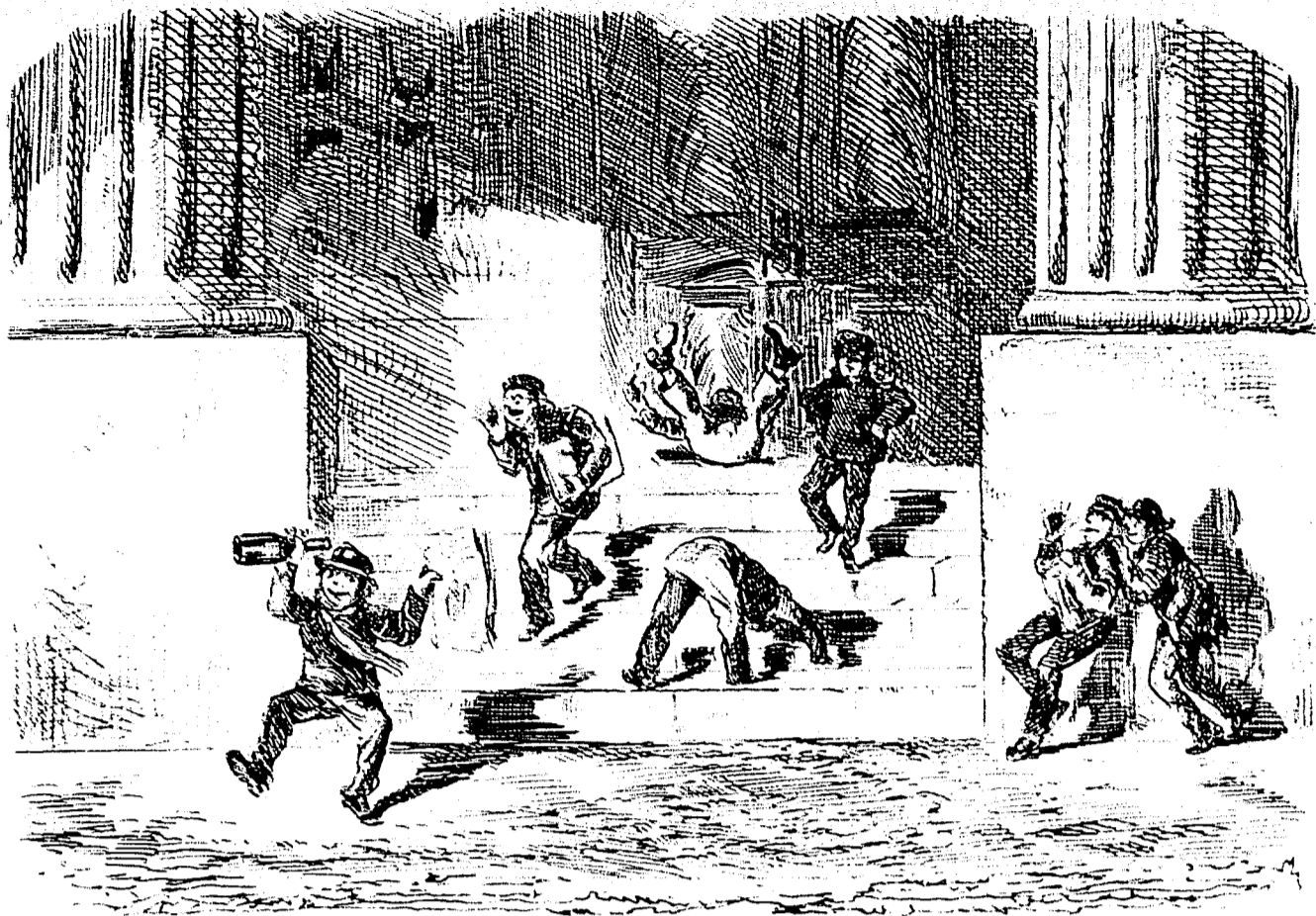
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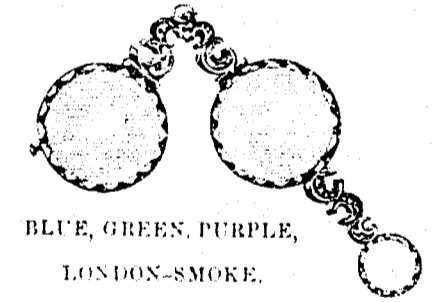


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