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# Illustrated News

Vol. XXIV.—No. 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1881.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



ACROSS THE LINE.

UNCLE SAM.—“National Policy! British Connection! Protective Tariff! Canada Pacific Railway! Colonization!” And this is your ‘friendship,’ Sir John! Pshaw!!”

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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## TEMPERATURE

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

## THE WEEK ENDING

Dec. 4th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 14°	0°	7°	Mon.. 35°	15°	24°
Tues.. 50°	3°	41°	Tues.. 39°	25°	31°
Wed.. 45°	35°	40°	Wed.. 29°	10°	19°
Thur.. 42°	30°	36°	Thur.. 23°	11°	17°
Fri.. 35°	23°	29°	Fri.. 21°	10°	15°
Sat.. 35°	30°	32°	Sat.. 24°	8°	16°
Sun.. 33°	19°	25°	Sun.. 29°	11°	20°

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cartoon—Guiteau in Court—Incidents of the Trial—The Marriage of the Bishop of Northumberland—Autumn Leaves—Sketches in Wales—Views in Ceylon—Cup Presented to Whitty Colleague Institute.

THE WEEK.—The Power of Humbug—A Patient Audience—Hamlet à la Mode—Princess Beatrice's Birthday Book—Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Our Illustrations—Artist's Haunts in Wales—Views in Ceylon—News of the Week—A Canadian Heroine—The Story of John Osborne—Mike's Confession—None to Care—Francine—A Bold Stroke—Numbers in Nature—Varieties—Ode—The Fate of Copper Tom—Musical and Dramatic—Literary and Artistic—Humorous—Ballroom Etiquette—Our Chess Column.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

There is a prevalent idea in certain quarters that a newspaper is run entirely for pleasure, and that such sublimary questions as money never enter into the proprietor's consideration. It does not probably require a very elaborate argument to prove the falsity of this notion. A newspaper, like every other business, is run upon business principles. Moreover, it requires a large sum of money to support the daily and weekly expenses of a paper, an illustrated paper especially, and unless the money is regularly forthcoming in the way of promptly-paid subscriptions, the proprietors are compelled to provide for heavy outlay without corresponding returns.

The moral of which is, that a newspaper is dependent not only upon the number of its subscribers, but upon the regularity with which their subscriptions are paid. We need large sums of money to meet our weekly expenditure, and we naturally look to those who are in our debt to supply them.

We ask, then, all those who are indebted to us to send us the amount of their subscriptions without delay. Do not say "Four Dollars is a small sum; it can't make much difference to the ILLUSTRATED NEWS if they have to wait a little for it." Four Dollars is little enough, to be sure, but a thousand times four dollars is a respectable figure, and there are nine hundred and ninety-nine others in the same position as yourself. Moreover, if you are in arrears, there is an additional reason why you should settle them without delay. The subscription to the News, which is only four dollars, when promptly paid, becomes four dollars and a half when neglected, and those who leave their subscription unpaid have only themselves to blame if they have to pay the additional sum for expenses of collection and interest.

Save us, then, the annoyance and trouble of collecting the money; remember that the future of this paper, like all others, is in your hands. It is your money that must support it; it is your help that must improve it; it is your fault (if you don't pay) if it is not all you would like it to be; it will be your doing if it is good enough to satisfy you and the public generally.

In conclusion, we beg earnestly to request of all those who owe us for subscriptions that they will remit the amount due up to the first of January next without fail, ASSURING THEM THAT UPON THEIR PROMPT ATTENTION TO THIS REQUEST DEPENDS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, THE FUTURE OF THE PAPER, AND IT MAY BE ITS VERY EXISTENCE.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 10, 1881.

## THE WEEK.

PATTI's career in New York has given a remarkable proof of the power of humbug, which, as erst in London, so to-day in New York "has the suggest of monopolies." The most remarkable if not the greatest singer of the age comes to pay a long promised visit to her native country, and—sings to empty benches. What is to be done? Humbug must be called in to reinforce talent, or the *diva* will have to go home without the triumph on which she counted. So a *deus ex machina* is found in Mr. Abbey and the usual stories are set afloat, the usual lies cooked up for the press, in a word the whole paraphernalia of humbug unrolled before the eyes of the public. They will not come to hear Madame PATTI for herself alone, but Madame PATTI, edited by Abbey, and bound in newspaper notices and advertising puffs, is a treat which no sane New Yorker should miss. So it all comes right after all, and if the public are satisfied we have no right to complain. But Madame PATTI has had one would think a somewhat new experience, and will perhaps in future take the accounts of American love of art with a grain of salt. It is a good world after all—for the humbug monopolists and the manufacturers of large posters.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH and his company, now on a provincial tour, had a singular experience in Connecticut last week. They were to play *Richelieu* at Woodbury, but a delay in the arrival of a baggage train deprived them of their wardrobe and so *Hamlet* was substituted and the characters appeared in their ordinary walking costumes. The difficulty in the case of the Ghost was overcome by the simple arrangement of transposing the outer and inner garments. Some novel points incident to the unusual style of dressing the play were introduced. When *Hamlet*, in the scene on the platform, asked Horatio "What hour now?" the latter referred to his watch while delivering the reply, "I think it lacks of twelve." In the same scene, *Hamlet* made an excellent hit when he says: "The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold," by turning up the collar of his ulster and drawing on a pair of warm gloves. In his private interview with the Ghost, the Prince of Denmark had an opportunity to show his good breeding by lifting his new silk hat politely when his father took leave of him with the words, "Adieu, adieu, Hamlet, remember me."

THE long expected contribution of the Princess BEATRICE to illustrated literature has appeared in due season. The Princess has employed her leisure in designing a "Birthday Book" of peculiar magnificence, and this is just the kind of volume that the generous like to give away at Christmas time. The Princess BEATRICE is not so often seen by the public as several of her kinsfolk, but she is not less popular. Her "Birthday Book" proves that she possesses a share of the talent for design which is common in her House, and that her taste in poetry is simple and unaffected. The book consists, in the first place, of twelve coloured pictures of flowers. January has her snowdrops, February her yellow crocuses, March his primroses, and October his coral-coloured berries. The flowers are very nicely drawn, and the reproductions in colour highly successful. Within each garland of flowers is framed a scrap of verse from the Rev. Dr. BONAR, Mr. MONGELL, Miss F. R. HAVERGAL, or even from comparatively worldly bards, such as WORDSWORTH, and Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, and Miss ELIZA COOK. The rest of the volume, like "MARK TWAIN'S BOOK," consists of empty pages. In these the friends of the fortunate possessor are expected to write

their names under the date of their birth, and perhaps they may add some "sentiment" appropriate to the occasion. Birthday books are by no means rare. Their name indeed is legion. All poets, and some poetasters, have been drawn upon for sentiments. There is a George Eliot "Birthday Book," and we believe a "Carlyle Birthday Book." The latest birthday book is the "Festus Birthday Book," with extracts from the poem of "Festus." If FESTUS, why not FELIX? Next year we may have a sportive birthday book, with extracts from "Felix on the Bat." This work of course is not a companion to "Mivart on the Cat," and is only "scientific" in a cricketer's sense. But among all birthday books, from the "Tupper" to the "Rabelais," we are sure that none will be prettier or more popular than the floral volume of the Princess BEATRICE's "fair false flowers, but the summer's flowers are false."

## MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

The question of legalizing the marriage with a deceased wife's sister is likely to be pressed upon the notice of the country during the coming session. When Mr. GIROUARD's bill was defeated in the Senate last year after having triumphantly passed in the Lower House, the opinion held by many of the majority was that the movement was premature, and it was generally understood that the rejection of the bill was in fact merely the referring of the matter to the larger tribunal of public opinion.

Without for a moment insisting upon the advantages of such marriages, it is impossible to deny that the objections which have been urged against them will not for an instant hold water. What are these objections? To take the religious ground first. The position that the Bible itself forbids such marriages must be abandoned at the start. The Mosaic law provides merely against the marriage of two sisters simultaneously, while the parallel case of the marriage of a brother's widow was in certainly cases absolutely enjoined. Neither did our Lord, while reviewing the questions of marriage and divorce, in any way object to this latter form of marriage, though the subject was brought before Him in so many words.

It may well be conceded that the sentiment of the early Christian Church was against such marriages. But this Church, be it remembered, in its reaction against polygamy, condemned in no measured terms all second marriages, and did not in any way place special stress upon the particular case.

It is impossible in the space of a short article like the present to enter fully into origin of the restriction. The point to be remembered is that it originated amidst a host of other restrictions, amongst others the celibacy of the clergy, which have been abandoned by modern Christianity.

On physical grounds there is of course no tenable objection, and the argument founded upon this fact is one of the strongest in favour of the removal of the restriction. It is not hard to prove that the physical objections to the marriage of blood relations were really at the bottom of their original prohibition. Nature as well as the law forbids the intermarrying of such descendants of the common stock, and the debated question of the marriage of first cousins has been argued almost entirely on this text.

There remains then only the sentimental outcry against the dissensions in families, the jealousy of the wife and sister in law, and the imaginary tragedies founded by the sensational writers upon a somewhat slender basis of even reasonable supposition. Such is human nature unfortunately that we question whether a wife's jealousy of her husband's and sister intimacy would be at all assuaged by the consoling thought that their marriage would be impossible, or at least illegal, when she was dead and gone. Nor on the other hand would the flirting propen-

sities of the amorous pair be much diminished by the same knowledge. Such a supposition as that argues a faith in the law abiding instincts of humanity which is hardly justified by actual experience.

A word then as to the advantages of the permission sought to be accorded. The natural guardian of children unhappily deprived of a mother's care would seem to be the sister of that mother, especially in those cases, by no means an inconsiderable number, in which that sister has formed part of the household, and enjoys the affection of both father and children. The position which is assured her by marriage with the father is that which can alone place her relations with the family on a perfectly satisfactory footing, and establish her right at once to the care of the household, and the respect of the world. Surely no better stepmother can be found than one already related by ties of blood, and swayed by natural affection. And this view of the case is emphasized by the experience of those of the United States which have permitted such marriages. The evidence certainly in the majority of cases goes to prove the satisfactory working of the new relations established between mother and children, and unless popular prejudice has been universally in error, the same cannot be said of second marriages in general.

It seems necessary to insist that the passing of this bill places no obligation whatever upon any one to make this new essay in matrimony. It simply seeks to permit what certainly seems to us as a natural arrangement under the circumstances, provided that the question of second marriages at all is satisfactorily disposed of, as it is admitted to be. No law of Nature forbids the union; the restrictions of the Christian Church are identical with those which forbid second marriages *in toto*; the social advantages seem at least supported by experience. Why continue an unmeaning prohibition unsupported alike by nature or true religious feeling? The social question will be best solved by experience, the restriction once removed, in a few years will be forgotten, and our children will class it with the laws against whistling on Sunday, and other forgotten and meaningless prohibitions.

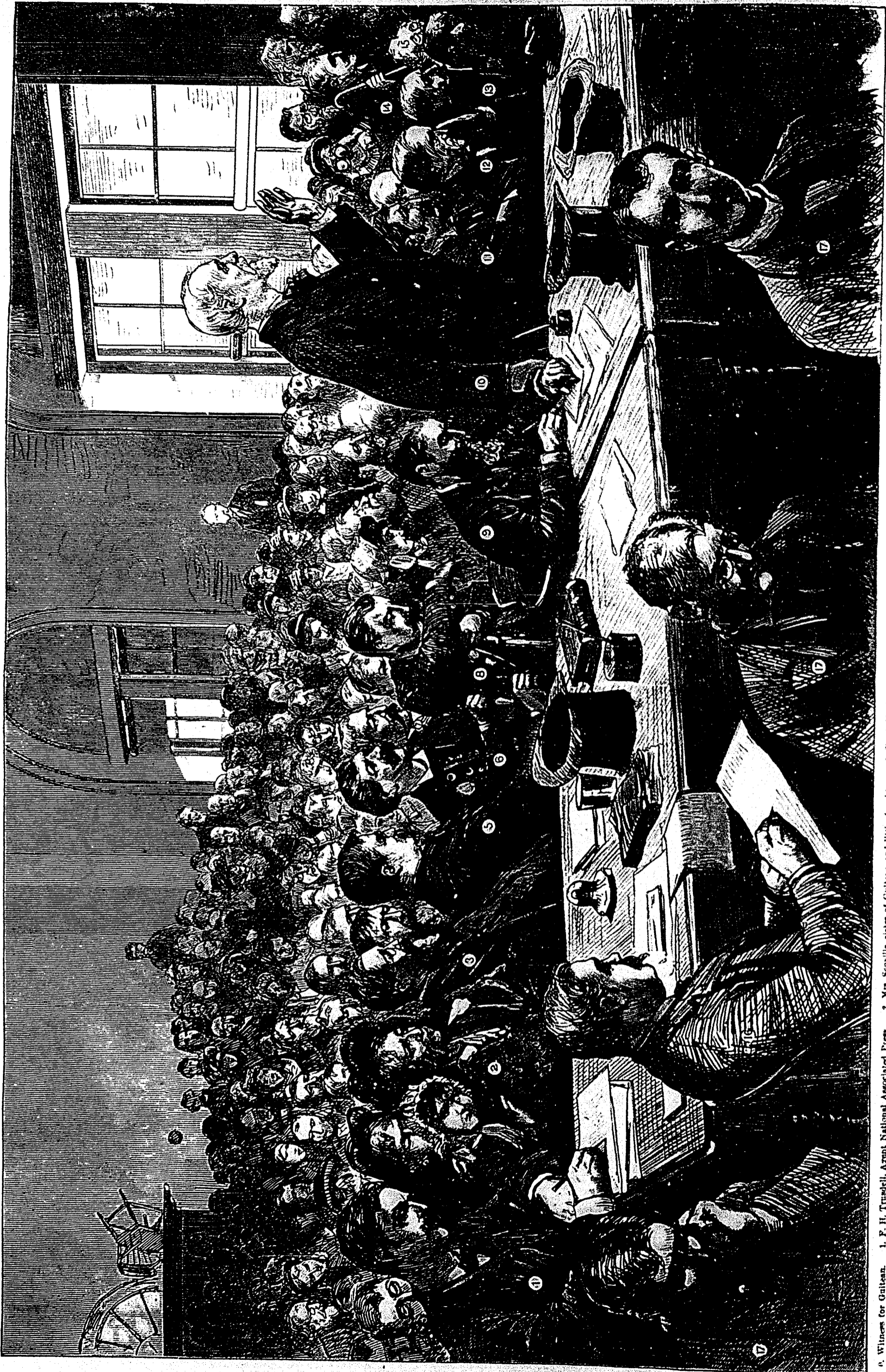
## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WEDDING OF THE BISHOP OF NEW FOUNDLAND AND MISS ARCHIBALD.—The social event of the season—indeed of many seasons—took place at St. Luke's Cathedral, when the Right Reverend Llewellyn Jones, D.D., Bishop of Newfoundland, was united in marriage to Elizabeth Alice, second daughter of His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Archibald. Notwithstanding the cold and disagreeable state of the weather, the church was crowded with spectators, comprising the youth, beauty, wealth and fashion of the city. Admission was by ticket. Bishop Jones arrived at half-past eleven o'clock, attended by Rev. Ambrose Heygate, as best man. The bride entered the Cathedral leaning on the arm of her father and attended by her bridesmaids—Miss Mary Archibald, sister of the bride; Miss F. Binney, daughter of His Lordship the Bishop of Nova Scotia; Miss Lena Henry, daughter of Mr. Justice Henry, of the Supreme Court of Canada. The bride wore an ivory white satin train over a Spanish lace petticoat; Orange blossoms at neck and sleeves; wreath of Orange blossoms and myrtle, and a tulle veil completely covering the dress; pearl necklace, and brooch and ear-rings, gifts of the bridegroom's sister. The dress was a most beautiful one, and the bride looked simply charming. The bridesmaids wore dresses of ivory white gauze, trimmed with Spanish lace and water lilies; hats of Spanish lace, turned up with dark green and trimmed with water lilies. Each carried a basket of lilies and wore gold bracelets—the gift of the bridegroom. The ceremony was performed by His Lordship the Bishop of Nova Scotia, assisted by Rev. Dr. Hill, Rector of St. Paul's. After the ceremony the newly-wedded couple and the guests were driven to Government House, where a sumptuous *dejeuner* was enjoyed. The usual toasts were proposed and honoured, and some very happy speeches were made. The presents were very numerous and valuable. Besides these there were several gifts of money from the relations of the bridegroom, ranging in amounts from five thousand dollars downwards.

THE incidents and scenes of Guiteau's trial will serve to give an idea of the scene in Court, with portraits of the principal actors in the trial.

OUR artist's sketch of autumn leaves, which occupies the centre of the paper this week, gives



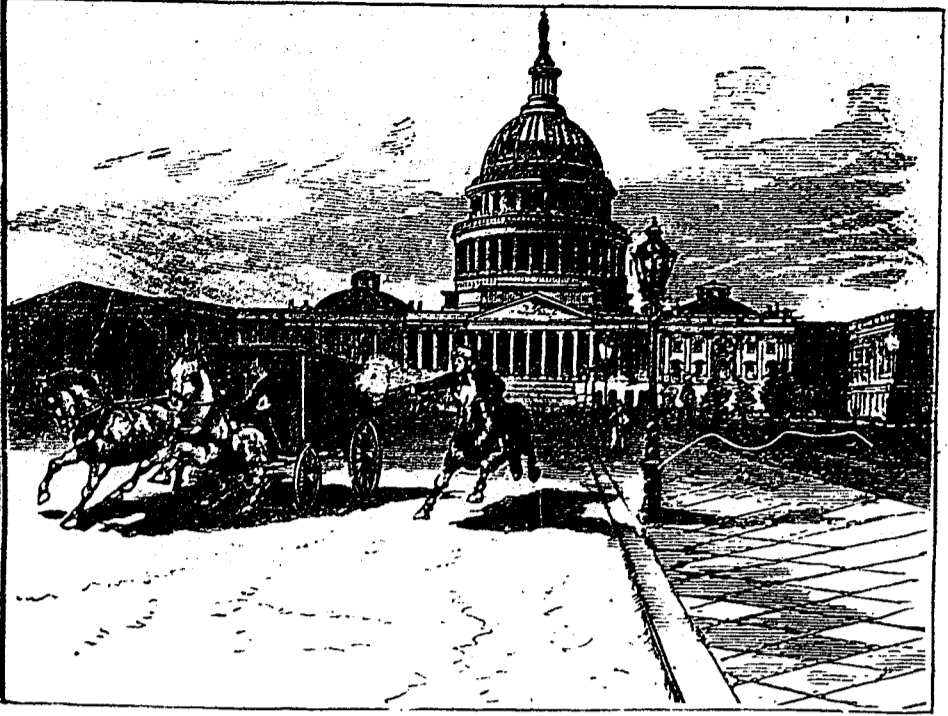


1. F. H. Trusdell, Agent National Associated Press. 2. Mrs. Scoville, sister of Guiteau, and little daughter. 3. Dr. J. H. North, witness for defense. 4. Witness for defense. 5. Officer William Edelin. 6. Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin. 7. Mr. Scoville, counsel for Guiteau. 8. Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin. 9. Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin. 10. Mr. Scoville, counsel for Guiteau. 11. Leigh Robinson, late of counsel for Guiteau. 12. Postage, for government prosecution. 13. E. H. Smith, of Department of Justice, for government. 14. District Attorney Corkhill, for prosecution. 15. Judge Foster, for prosecution. 16. Arthur H. Warren, for defense. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

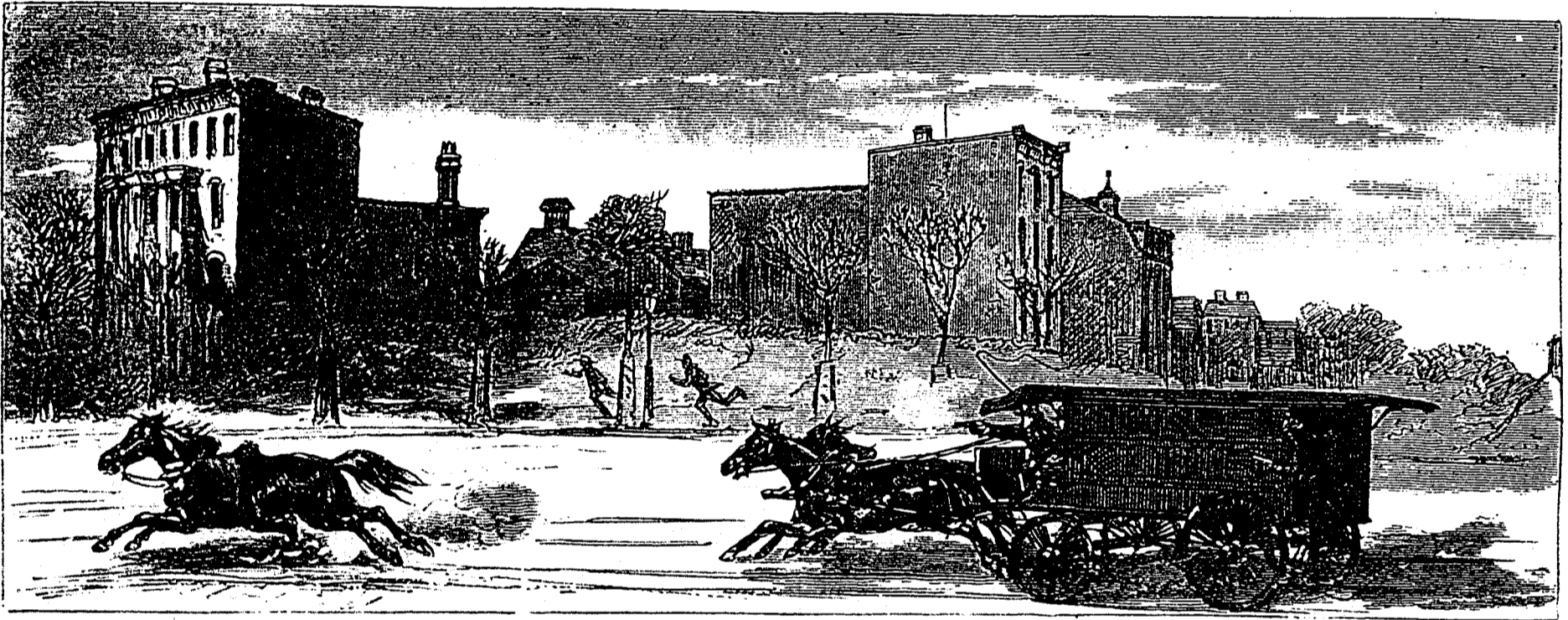
THE TRIAL OF CHARLES J. GUTEAU.—THE SCENE IN COURT.



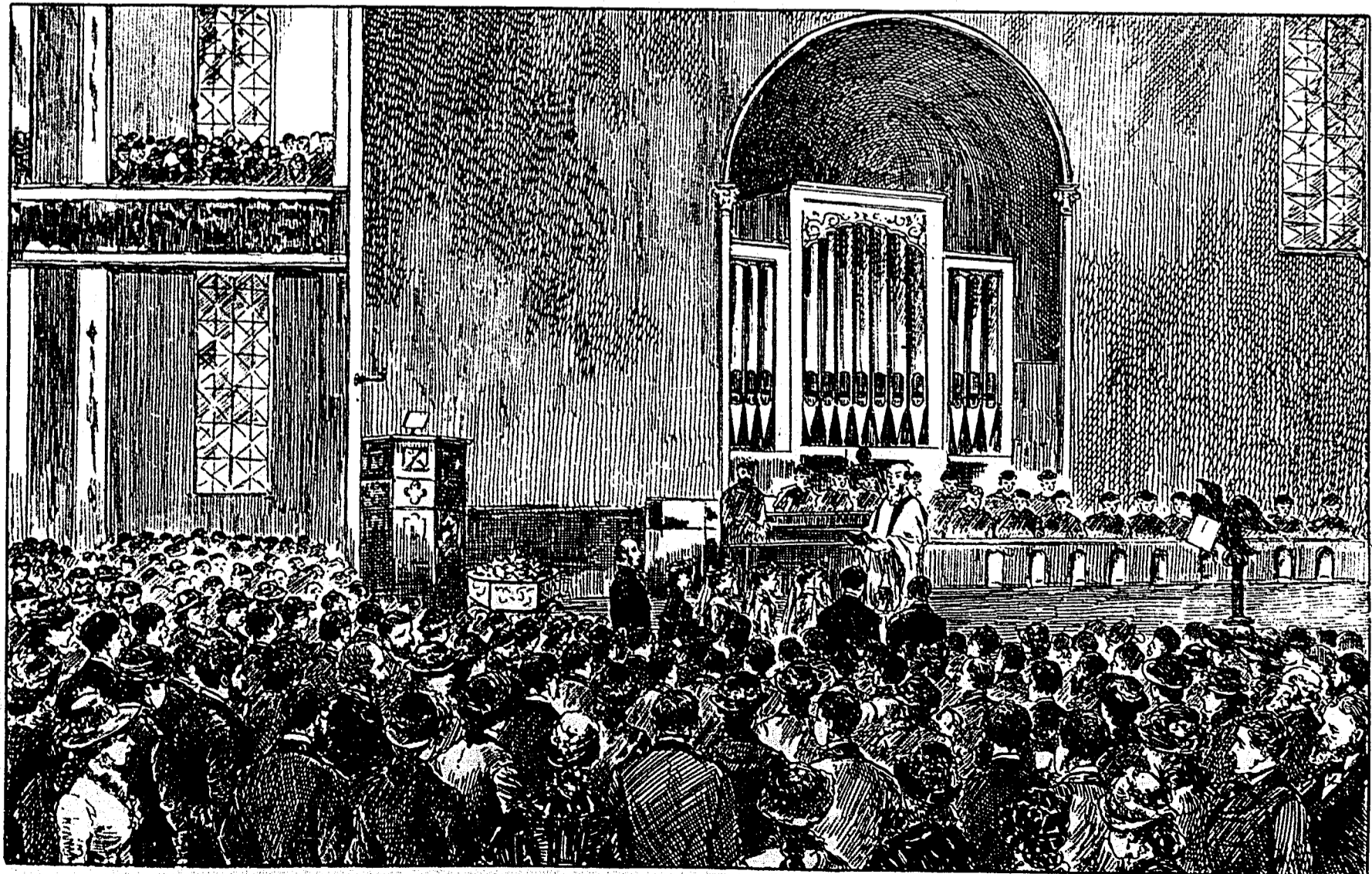
THE CITY HALL, WASHINGTON—COURT-ROOM ON THE RIGHT.



THE ATTEMPT ON GUILTEAU'S LIFE.



THE PURSUIT OF GUILTEAU'S ASSAILANT.  
INCIDENTS IN GUILTEAU'S TRIAL AT WASHINGTON.



HALIFAX, N.S.—THE WEDDING OF THE BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND AND MISS ARCHIBALD.







CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. DECEMBER 10, 1881.





1. UPPER RESERVOIR.—2. HEAD OF EASTERN STEPS.—3. PARK RANGER'S HOUSE.—4. TOLL GATE, COTE DES NEIGES.—5. NEAR THE UPPER RESERVOIR.—6. MONTREAL FROM THE MOUNTAIN.—7. THE WESTERN MOUNTAIN.  
8. EAST STEPS.—9. ON THE FURTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

# AUTUMN LEAVES.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

MIKE'S CONFESSION.

Now Mike was an outlier of very good parts. Yet shy as a church mouse was he; And he came to confess to a new parish priest, Like a pious and true devotee.

NONE TO CARESS.

There had been a Summer shower; roof, window, garden, were washed to a dazzling polish and the wonderful liquid couleur de rose of the moment poured over all an air of enchantment. The slender young woman in deep mourning whom the stalwart proprietor of the awkward vehicle lifted down like a feather accepted her dreaded destination with a smile.

who say it never will be called fur till 'the old deacon' lies aside o' the cretur who writ it. He died suddin, an' was burid' up in the deacon's buril' lot. An' sum say he wusn't burid', but is gone a sea v'yage, an' 'll come back; an' sum say he's been seed boddily round Bowles's Mill moonlight nights. But you needn't be scared, miss. The book is nat'ral harmless. An' if you say so, I'll git it fur you this minit, an' when you're through readin' on't, I'll put it back."

An autobiography, not so very old, for its closing date was 1847. Four hundred pages of yellow letter paper stitched together by the dozen sheets, and finally bound in a wrap of black leather. Written in a fine pointed hand, difficult to read at first, but once mastered in its idiosyncrasies legible at ease. And having this peculiarity: on almost every page, mixed in with the text, were maps carefully drawn and dotted, inclosed in neatly ruled parallelograms, but without any figures or marginal references to show connection with the writing.

Not one—excepting Miss Thatcher. She read every page carefully, even with avidity. One Saturday morning—a beautiful sunny morning, for rainy days could no longer be waited for, the interest of the diary had become so absorbing—Miss Thatcher was early in her favourite place at the old mill, when Tim with a surprisingly long face, accosted her in a startling whisper: "The manscrip's bin called fur."

Hardly had she written this when the sound of a crutch was heard on the mill bridge, and voices, and in another moment the sunny doorway of the mill was darkened by two figures. There was no escape for Louisa. She arose from her love of a corner, with the manuscript in her hand. "I am sure you have come for this," she said to the old deacon. Then she glanced at his companion.

At Church on Sunday the claimant of the Bowles's Mill manuscript appeared in a conspicuous pew, and Louisa Thatcher felt, even when he was not looking at her, that his thoughts were studying her through and through. On Monday morning, as she trudged along the high-road to the school-house, she met him, and he evidently expected a recognition; but intent upon the necessity of absolute dignity in "a district schoolma'am," she vouchsafed him none.

lected, consolingly. That evening he called at Mr. Seaman's with one of the village dignitaries, but the desire of his eyes was upstairs correcting compositions, and he did not gain a glimpse of her.

At noon the next day the mother of flax-haired Nettie, 'pet of the baby class, came with Nettie's luncheon, accompanied by the indefatigable young man, who was then formally presented to Miss Thatcher. From that time they met daily on the way to school and the way from school, walking slowly along the high road and the pretty path that closed it, and giving each other gradually, with all the facility of youth and irresistible attraction, the confidential histories of their young lifetimes. At evening he came to see her.

One evening the young couple were sitting in Mr. Seaman's parlour by the dim lamp, dignified by the mercenary genius of Mrs. Seaman, into "an extra" looking together over the mill manuscript. "I find it so dull," said Leonard Mansfield. "Were it not for one consideration and one conviction, I should never be able to finish it. The consideration is for your sake, because you like it, Louisa; the conviction was the foundation of my coming to claim the record. When my uncle's will was read seven years ago, one clause struck my imagination."

"My share of the legacies took me through college—as my father, one of the dearest and noblest of men, but never fortunate in money-making, could not afford—and furnished me with a small capital to commence law practice. I had more than one compunction though about my benefactor. It seemed to me a shame to accept such benefits from a man in whom I had not even sufficient interest to acquaint myself with his personal history. This year, when I became for the first time encouragingly established in my profession, I determined to commence my vacation by looking up the neglected diary. I confess I do not find myself inspired by its revelation. What did you find, dear Louisa, to kindle you into the request that has haunted me. 'I hope you will love him a little'?"

"I found worlds in it," said Miss Thatcher, sighing so sorrowfully, as she had not done since she had entered her new world of love and loving. "Worlds of what, my darling?" asked the light-hearted young lawyer. He was clasping her hand in one of his as he spoke, and with the other he turned absently the leaves of the time-stained book that lay on the table. A little bit of hand-writing that he knew struck his vision: it was the line on the margin,

"No one to love, none to caress."

Miss Thatcher saw it too. "Yes, I know," she said, softly. "I wrote it there. I could not help it. 'Twas the tribute of my sympathy."

"Let me tell you," she said, disengaging herself from his embraces, "what a strange thing I found, or thought I found, in that diary. First of all, you know, I was drawn singularly into rapport with the writer by my own sad loneliness. I felt the depth of meaning in his complaint. 'Yes,' she said, trembling, 'I must confess, and I do repent, even his complaint against Heaven. Alone in the world. Sometimes that happens.'"

And here let it be explained to the reader that by an accident in the cradle the writer of the diary had been physically repellant, and his sensitive soul exaggerated his misfortune into a barrier between himself and the loving sympathies of all mankind. As for womankind, he knew not—for his mother died at his birth—even its maternal tenderness.

"Leonard, dear," Miss Thatcher went on, "you will think me, perhaps, the most superstitious being; but I think—and the idea has gathered some reasonable pleas—I cannot help thinking that this book is framed as a mode of bequest. I believe the writer, your father's brother, stung with the bitter thought that his hard-earned fortune would be spent by those who never knew or cared for him, devised a method by which a part at least should be the reward of affectionate gratitude." She explained to him then her theory of the maps, and her instinctive construction of one particular map which she had studied at the very last reading in the old mill. Leonard Mansfield's cheek flushed as he listened. At the close he said, "Your reason-

ing is sufficiently plausible to deserve to be tested, and so it shall be. But first promise me one thing; promise me that if this miracle of intuition proves true, you will be my wife to-morrow. My darling, you shall not say 'No.'"

The last day of August the whole village of Red Cedar Pond was thrown into a torrent of excited curiosity.

The excitement began in one of the twin houses on the "Meeting-house Hill" at five o'clock in the morning. Miss Tabitha Butts stood in her night-dress peeping through the blinds of a dormer-window. She never could tell, as she declared afterward, what made her peep.

"She saw the back-door of 'Dick Seaman's' open, and Louisa Thatcher look mysteriously out. Then she saw Tim, the miller's boy, creep stealthily around the porch with a pickaxe and a spade, which he gave to Miss Thatcher, who disappeared with them into the house. Then Tim, stealing back again as far as the lilac-bushes, and cautiously surveying all approaches, put his hand over his mouth and gave a low whistle. Immediately from the horse-shed by the church a man came very quickly, and, nodding to Tim as he passed, hastened to the high road. Miss Tabitha was sure, although the cap was drawn over his face, that this man was the young stranger to the village who had been so infatuated with Miss Thatcher.

Then Miss Thatcher came to the door again and beckoned to Tim, and whispered, and he went around by way of the church, down the plum orchard, to the mill.

A pickaxe and a spade! Miss Tabitha had cold shivers; she could think of nothing but a grave. When, two hours afterward, the coast being clear, she sped across the garden path to the "meetin'-house shed," her fancy lost none of its horrors, for there, in the north-west corner, was a space of freshly-turned mould.

Excitement third was a sealed letter, dropped by Mr. Seaman's Ezra into the post-office at ten o'clock, the hour of general delivery, directed to the trustees of the district school, which body, being in quorum on the spot, opened at once the resignation of Miss Thatcher in favour of the highly recommended candidate for the winter term, to whom they had kindly given her the preference.

Excitement fourth attacked flax-haired Nettie's mother, a pleasant-faced little widow, to whom Tim, who had ridden to U— and back again at break-neck speed, brought a note from the Congregational minister of U—, saying he would sup with her that evening, if agreeable, as he was coming to Red Cedar Pond in virtue of his office, a sentence underlined like a pleastry, that so upset the good widow's brain as to spoil the count of her one-two-three-four cakes.

Last of all, and the grand excitement of the day, was the ringing, at four o'clock in the afternoon, of the meeting-house bell. "Who is dead?" every one asked, as the first few strokes were counted; but once fairly set going, the old bell tripped up all calculations; fifty, eighty, a hundred; still on; quickly, jubilantly, ringing not for the dead, but for the living; ringing for a wedding!

Such a scampering as there was up the Mill-bridge road! There was no lack of witnesses to the simple, solemn service, and of the coming down the aisle, on the arm of her young husband, of a delicate little bride, with mourning laid aside for the purest white, the day-lilies on her bosom.

Not married in haste to repent at leisure were the two loving people who took the evening train at U—for a far commercial city, preceded by their good fortune in shape of a strong box filled with Spanish doubloons and English bank notes ingeniously bequeathed by an eccentric misanthrope, and discovered in its hiding-place by a woman's wit, kindled by a woman's sympathy.

In one of the happiest of homes, set apart upon a low embroidery draped pedestal that looks at first glance like a prie-dieu, lies, yellow with age, the long-neglected diary.

Not in vain had the once homeless orphan suffered. Not in vain at one dark moment of her life she accepted as hers the song that never more belongs to her,

"No one to love, none to caress."

GET THE BEST.—Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best, most prompt and safest cure for Cholera Morbus—Dysentery—Sick Stomach—Cramps—Cholic and Cholera Infantum that has yet been discovered. Its popularity is undimmed by age. All medicine dealers sell it.

FRANCINE.

BY NED P. MAH.

"Shall die," the doctor said,  
When the leaves are yellow  
"Don't you be afraid,  
Don't believe the fellow!"

"Or, if you fancy so—  
He is clever say you?  
Tell me not to go  
And I shall obey you."

"Take me in your arms  
When the time approaches;  
Your words act as charms  
For I dread reproaches.

"Or in a pine wood green  
We'll cheat Time by dwelling  
Where no yellow's seen  
'The fatal moment telling."

"Who cares what doctors say—  
Merry was her laughter—  
Live and love to-day  
Let what will come after!"

But the Autumn came—  
Autumn serene and sober,  
Through the window frame  
One day in October.

The breeze a yellow leaf sent—  
Bright and clear the weather—  
Through the open casement  
Fluttering like a feather.

On her bed the leaf fell  
Little golden rover.  
"Ah!" she thought, "you tell  
It will soon be over."

Then her eye awoke  
On her husband falling  
Him with loving glance  
To her bedside calling—

"I shall soon be well,  
We'll go out together;  
You know I love the smell  
Of the clear cold weather.

"I must have a muff  
Seal—but not Alaska  
Phil knows well enough  
My penchant if you ask her."

He kissed her. For the muff  
Then heart-broken sent out  
Next day like a snuff  
Muff in hand she went out.

"I go," she said, "alone,  
O God what gruesome weather!  
Best beloved! don't mean,  
We'll soon be eye together!"

ORIGIN OF ETIQUETTE.

A considerable portion of our lives is regulated by certain rules of behavior, which at first sight appear to be merely arbitrary conventions consciously chosen as symbols of respect and goodwill. Mr. Spencer, in his book on "Ceremonial Institutions," shows that these formal observances—ceremonies of state, religion and social life—are not thus deliberately chosen, but have their origin in spontaneous manifestations of emotion from which they gradually evolve, as a natural product of social life. The manners and customs of mankind in all parts of the world, concerning which Mr. Spencer gives a vast amount of interesting information, illustrates the various phases through which many of the "conventions" of modern life have passed in this process of evolution.

A good example of the gradual evolution of an apparently arbitrary convention is afforded by Mr. Spencer's explanation of the simplest form of salute—the familiar nod. An Englishman passing a friend in the street greets him with a slight nod. "Why? Because it is the custom. But why has custom adopted this particular form of salute? Let us follow Mr. Spencer as he traces it from its origin. A dog, afraid of being beaten, crouches before his master. A small dog, alarmed at the approach of a big one, sometimes throws itself down and rolls over on its back. Both these actions are signs of submission—spontaneous expressions of a desire to conciliate the more powerful. That this is their true interpretation there can be little doubt on comparing them with the parallel behavior of some uncivilized tribes. In an African tribe visited by Livingstone, by way of salute they throw themselves on their backs on the ground, and rolling from side to side, slap the outside of their thighs, as expressions of thankfulness and welcome." Here we have the spontaneous expression of two elements of propitiatory behavior—submission to a superior and joy at his presence. In other tribes this complete form of obsequence is abridged and various modifications of it are found. Prostration on the face is common. A slight further abridgement of this gives us the attitude of kneeling while the head rests on the ground. "In past ages, when the Emperor of Russia was crowned, the nobility did homage by bending down their heads and knocking them at his feet to the very ground." A further modification is produced by the desire to do homage while approaching a superior. In Dahomey "they crawl like snakes or shuffle forward on their knees." This brings us to the attitude of going on all fours; and a still further modification gives the attitude of kneeling. Slightly less abject is kneeling on one knee; and the next step is merely bowing the knee. The Japanese "salute a superior by kneeling; but in the street merely making a motion as if they were going to kneel." This action survives among ourselves as the courtesy. Next, omitting the bend of the knee, all that remains is the bend of the body which accompanied the more com-

plete salute: hence we get the bow, indicating respect; and this passes by insensible transitions from the humble salaam of the Hindu to the familiar nod of an intimate friend. The transition is so gradual and the intermediate phases so abundantly exemplified that it is impossible to doubt that such is the true derivation of this trivial act of modern etiquette.

Similar in origin is the raising of the hat as a respectful salute. In primitive states the conquered man surrenders himself, his weapons and whatever of his clothing is worth having; hence stripping becomes a mark of submission. Cook, for instance, relates of some Tahitians, "they took off a great part of their clothes and put them on us." In another tribe this ceremony is abridged to the presentation of the girdle only. In Abyssinia, inferiors strip to the girdle before superiors. A further abridgement is found among the natives of the Gold Coast who salute Europeans by slightly removing their robe from the left shoulder; but even there special respect is shown by completely uncovering the shoulder. In other tribes they also doff the cap. Hence it seems that "the removal of the hat among European peoples, often reduced among ourselves to touching the hat, is a remnant of that process of unclothing himself by which in early times the captive expressed the yielding up of all he had."

Not less interesting is Mr. Spencer's explanation of the origin of shaking hands. From kissing as a natural sign of affection, to kissing the hand as a compliment, the transition is easy and requires no further explanation; for a stimulation of affection, no less than submission, is an essential part of propitiatory ceremony. "If, of two persons, each wishes to make an obeisance to the other by kissing his hand, and each, out of compliment refuses to have his own hand kissed, what will happen? Just as, when leaving a room, each of two persons proposing to give the other precedence, will refuse to go first, and there will result at the doorway some conflict of movements preventing either from advancing; so, if each of two tries to kiss the other's hand, and refuses to have his own kissed, there will result a raising of the hand of each by the other toward his own lips; and by the other a drawing of it down again; and so on alternately. Clearly the difference between the simple squeeze, to which this salute is now often abridged, and the old-fashioned hearty shake, exceeds the difference between the hearty shake and the movement that would result from the effort of each to kiss the hand of the other."

Kissing, we have said, is a natural expression of affection; and it is curious to note the analogous manifestations among animals and some of the lower tribes of men. A dog displays his affection for his master by licking his hand. A ewe distinguishes her lamb by the olfactory sense and apparently derives pleasure from its exercise. The same sense is used among men not only to distinguish, as in the case of Jacob and Isaac, but also as a mark of affection. Among the mongols, for instance, it is found "as a mark of paternal affection, instead of embracing," while the Burmese "do not kiss each other in the Western fashion, but apply the lip and nose to the cheek and make a strong exhalation."

Among ceremonies connected with marriage the following deserve notice:—"In China, during a wedding visit, each visitor prostrated himself at the feet of the bride and knocked his head on the ground, saying 'I congratulate you—I congratulate you' while the bride, also on her knees and knocking her head upon the ground, replied, 'I thank you—I thank you'."

The following ceremony is scarcely what we usually associate with ceremonious treatment, though in certain fishing villages in Scotland a somewhat similar practice is still observed:—"At Arab marriages there is much feasting, and the unfortunate bridegroom undergoes the ordeal of whipping by the relations of his bride." This is usually explained as a test of courage; but Mr. Spencer looks upon it as a survival from more barbarous times, when brides were frequently carried off by force; and the rough treatment which the bridegroom receives is a lingering modification of the resistance of the bride's friends. This explanation suggests a question about one of our well-known customs, namely, that of pelting the bridegroom with shoes and rice. Are these harmless missiles representatives of the weapons used to repel the invading bridegroom in earlier times?

The inconsistency between the Chinese custom of wearing white clothing as mourning and the customary black of European nations seems at first sight to indicate a clear case of an arbitrary convention, but it is fully accounted for on the evolution principle. A mourning dress would naturally be of coarse texture, and, among pastoral peoples, hair would be the most available material for the purpose; the hair used being commonly dingy, darkness of colour became the conspicuous feature of mourning. In a crowded agricultural population, on the other hand, where animals available for the purpose are comparatively rare, and hair consequently costly, cotton was the material that naturally established itself as the mourning colour.

Mr. Spencer's book abounds in interesting information about the ceremonies of people in all parts of the world; but the foregoing examples will suffice to illustrate the method by which many of the so-called "conventions" of civilized life are shown to be "natural products of social life." In these days there is a tendency to disregard ceremonial observances; but it is well to remember that, as a check to "rudeness of behavior and consequent discord," ceremonial

restraints exercise a control which cannot well be spared until "mutual forbearance and kindness in society," which from the true principle of social behavior, are sufficiently extended to supersede them.—Home Journal.

A BOLD STROKE; OR, THE CASHIER'S DAUGHTER.

"No; I refuse."  
"Reflect a moment, Myrtle, I beseech you! You hold my life and happiness in your hands," and the voice of Adelbert Tompkins trembled as he spoke these words with an earnestness that forbade, even for an instant, any doubt as to their being the genuine outpourings of his heart.

Myrtle Mahaffy was a beautiful girl, just budding into sweet womanhood, and Adelbert loved her dearly. They had wandered together, this summer afternoon from the maine to the street car, and he had asked her to be his wife. It was in answer to this question—the earnest appeal of a man whose whole nature was wrapped up in a passion he could neither control nor cast aside—that Myrtle had spoken the words with which our story opens. She had watched him closely during an acquaintance of nearly two years, and noted with pain how he sedulously avoided candy stores and ice-cream saloons. "I can never marry a man," she said to her mother one day, "who shies at the sight of a candy store like a country horse at a fire engine." And when the expected avowal came she had kept her word.

Adelbert turned around in a dazed sort of way after Myrtle had rejected him, and walked swiftly towards the dry goods store which had been so fortunate as to secure his services.

All the afternoon Adelbert stood moodily behind the ribbon counter, thinking of how he should revenge himself on the naughty girl who had wrecked his happiness. At precisely half-past four o'clock a fierce joy lighted up his countenance, and, putting on his hat, he left the store.

As the bells of St. Agnes' Church were striking nine, a young man sprang lightly up the steps of a magnificent residence, and was soon seen in the sumptuously furnished parlour. The proprietor of the house, a benevolent-looking old gentleman, entered the room. "Do you wish to see me?" he said to Adelbert Tompkins—for it was he who had sprung lightly up the steps.

"Yes," he replied, "you are the person I seek."

"What would you?" asked the old gentleman.

"You are the cashier in the—Bank I believe," said the young man.

"I am."  
"You have been stealing the bank's money. Do not seek to deceive me. You are a cashier; 'tis enough. Give me \$20,000, or I will expose you and ruin your life. Having heard me twitter, you can choose your own course."

For an instant the cashier did not move, and then going to an elegant escritoire which stood in a corner of the room, he wrote a cheque for \$20,000, certified it, and handed the piece of paper, now a fortune, to the youth.

"I have but one favour to ask," he said, "and that is, that you will marry my daughter. I wouldn't like to let as sure a thing as you are go out of the family. She has \$100,000 in her own right, and when I am dead and the bank directors are in gaol on account of my bookkeeping, it will amply suffice to keep you in comfort."

Two months later, Myrtle Mahaffy, the cashier's only child, became Adelbert's bonnie bride. One child, a blue-eyed boy with golden hair, has blessed the union, and as he sits on his grandfather's knee in front of the fire, and asks in his innocent, childish way, if "papa isn't a smart man," the old gentleman kisses him fondly and says in very soft, low tones.

"You're singing on the right key, now, sonny."—Chicago Tribune.

NUMBERS IN NATURE.

Two or four and its multiples is the prevailing number in the lowest orders of plants, according to which all the parts of ferns, mosses, lichens, sea-weed, and fungi are arranged. Three, or multiples of three, is the typical number of monocotyledonous or endogenous plants, without branches and with parallel veins, to which the grass, the lily, and the palm belong. Five with its multiples is the model number of the highest class of plants with branches and reticulated leaf-veins, to which the apple and the rose belong. The same numerical relations may be traced in the animal kingdom; three being the number of joints in the typical finger and the regnant number in the crustacea; while five, in its correspondent geometric forms, giving the greatest variety consistent with symmetry, prevails among vertebrate animals, and is of frequent occurrence among marine forms of life, being the law of growth of the star-fishes, sea-urchins, and the like. A curious series, in ancient times supposed to possess mystical virtues before it was discovered in nature, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, etc., in which an two numbers added together give the succeeding one, regulates the general arrangement of leaves round the stem of plants, and the seeds round the cone of a pine or a fir. In every department of nature—from the quantitative laws that regulate

the distances, movements, and attractions of the stars of heaven, to the arithmetical laws of definite proportions and equivalents which lie at the basis of all the compositions and decompositions of the substances of the earth, and the numerical relations that are found among all the living creatures, animal and vegetable, that exist on the land, and in the air and water—physical science shows that recurrent or typical numbers have a most important place and influence, and constitute the *Principia* of the universe.

IT BROKE HER DOWN.

In one of the justice's courts the other day a farmer was defendant in a case of assault and battery. The plaintiff had no witnesses, while the defendant had his wife, and the plaintiff's lawyer made up his mind that it was a gone case. He was bracing up, however, to do his best, when the charge was read to the defendant. The wife was deeply interested in every phrase, and her face changed from sober to serious, and from serious to horror as the reading went on:

"Did then and there and with malice aforethought beat, wound, bruise, assault and greatly damn—"

"Hold on!" she cried at this point, "my husband never did that in his life! I was right there and saw it all. All he did was to jump out of the wagon and hit the man a clip on the eye and knock him into the ditch!"

"That'll do—there! there!" put in her husband's lawyer, but she went on:

"He just hit him once and only once, and I'll swear to it!"

Half an hour later, when her husband had paid \$12 fine and costs, the woman was heard to sigh:

"I'm sorry, John, but when they went on with that beating and pounding and malice, and afurethought I was sure you'd get twenty years in prison and it broke me down. You can sell my cow this fall to make up for this."—Detroit Free Press.

VARIETIES.

A new Chicago theatre has two "fashion box seats," containing twenty chairs, each directly in front of the customary proscenium boxes, and so arranged, with the rails slightly above the floor and the seats rising sharply, that a clear view of the occupants can be had from the other parts of the house. The idea is to let handsomely dressed women exhibit themselves, and the astonishing fact in the matter is that they embrace the opportunity.

ACQUIRING AN EDUCATION.—"Why do you wish to leave school at your age?" sadly asked the principal of a country school out near Danville, remonstrating with a sandy haired pupil of twelve: "you have learned comparatively nothing up to this time."

"I've learned one thing mighty solid, auy-haw," persisted the student.

"And what is that?" asked the teacher.

"I've learned that a mistake in spellin' that only fetches a boy a cuff on the ear, keeps a big girl in two hours after school."

"Young man," said the principal handing the boy his books, "you should have left school three years ago."

A Dublin chambermaid is said to have gotten twelve commercial travellers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate bedroom. Here we have eleven separate bed-rooms:

1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11

"Now," says she, "if two of you gentlemen will go in No. 1 bedroom and wait a few minutes, I'll find a separate room for you as soon as I have shown the others to their rooms." Well, now, having thus bestowed two gentlemen in No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, and, you will remember she left the twelfth gentleman alone with the first, and said: "I've accommodated all the rest and still have a room to spare; so if you please step into No. 11, and you will find it empty." Thus the twelfth man got his bedroom. Of course, there is a hole in the saucepan somewhere, but we leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think twice before declaring as to which, if any of the travellers was the "old man out."

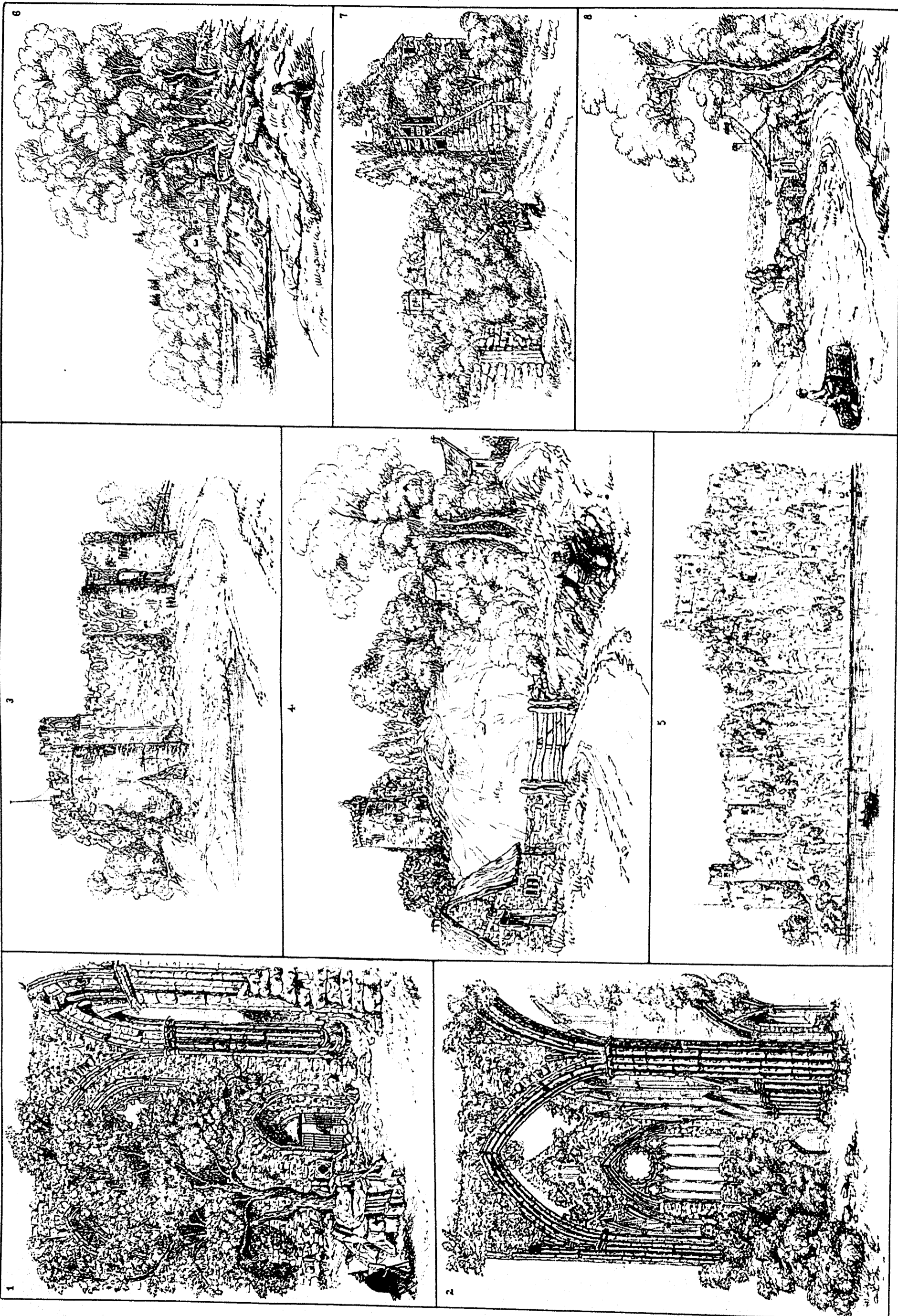
The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

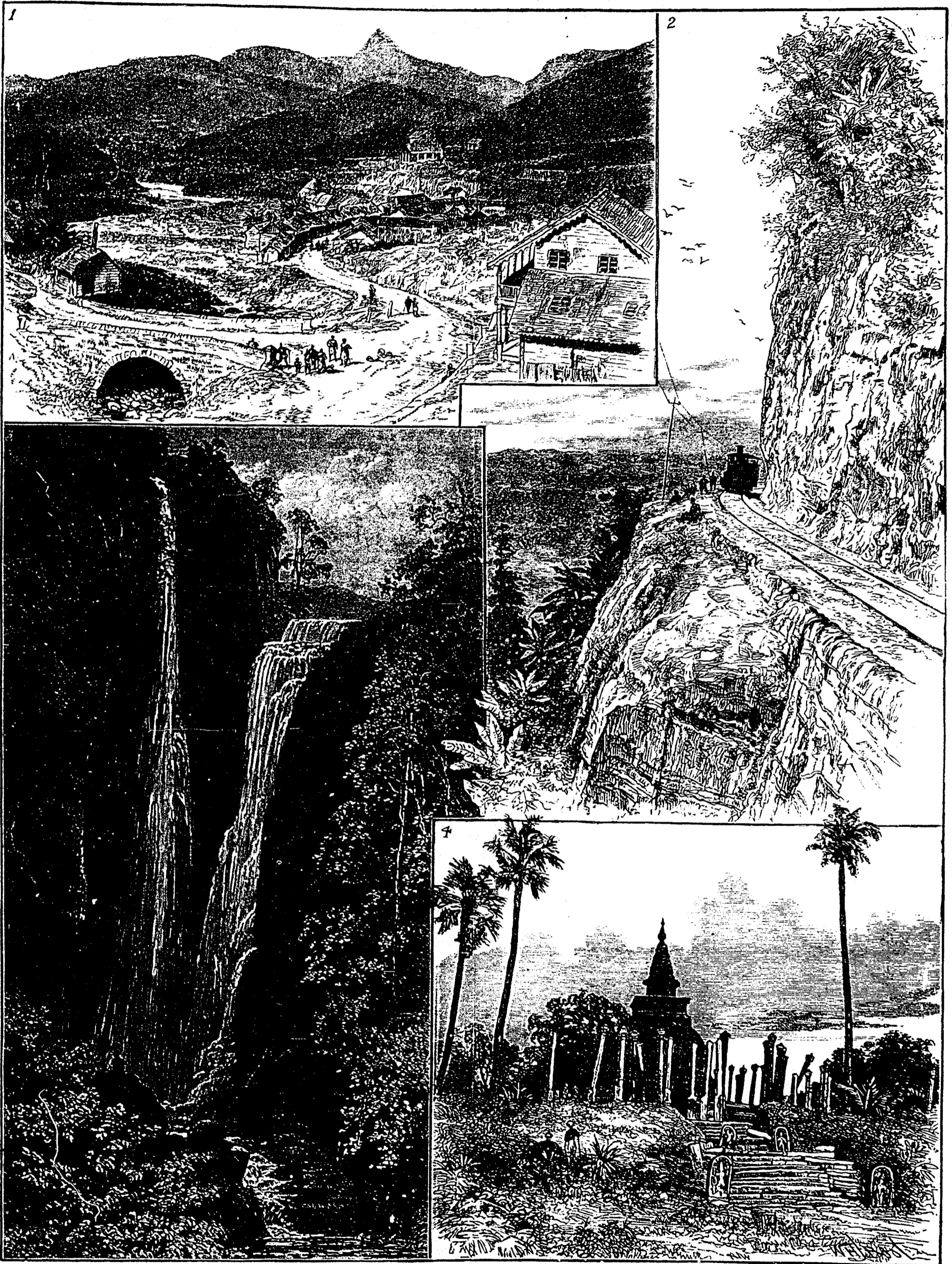
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1. Tintern Abbey.—2. Tintern Abbey—West Window.—3. Slanvair Castle.—4. Chepstow Castle from the River.—5. Chepstow Castle from the River.—6. Near Chepstow.—7. Sydenham Church.—8. On the Banks of the Wye.  
 SKETCHES OF WELSH SCENERY.—DRAWN BY W. M. DOUGLIE, A.R.C.A.



1. Maskelija Coffee District—Adam's Peak in the Distance.      2. Sensation Rock.      3. Ranghodde Falls.      4. Dagoba at Anurajahpoora.

SKETCHES IN CEYLON.—(SEE PAGE 371)



NOTES.

(a) The line of defence adopted by Black in the present game was first brought into notice by the Chicago players.
(b) Probably his best move, as it brings the K rook into operation.
(c) A curious lapse; Q K1 to K2 would make everything safe, as Black in that case could not safely leave his K1 to be taken.
(d) Cutting off the escape of the White King to K2, and also threatening mate in three moves.

- Globe Democrat.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 356.

White. Black.
1. P to Q3. I. Any
2. Mate acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 354.

White. Black.
1. R to Q B2. I. Any
2. Mate acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 355.

A position occurring in a game played recently at the Montreal Chess Club.

White. Black.
K at K R4. K at Q R5
R at Q K1 sq. R at Q B7
Pawns at K R7 and Q R4

White to play and draw the game.

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

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Mails leave New York by Steamer: For Bahamas, 8th and 21st December. For Bermuda, 1st, 15th and 29th December. For Cuba, 10th December. For Cuba and Porto Rico, 3rd, 17th and 22nd December. For Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, 3rd, 15th & 24th Dec. For Cuba and Mexico, 8th and 29th December. For Caracas and Venezuela, 10th & 24th December. For Jamaica and West Indies. For Jamaica and the U.S. of Columbia (except Panama), 15th and 30th December. For Hayti direct, 6th, 17th and 28th December. For Hayti, St. Domingo and Turks Island, 13th Dec. For Havill and Maracaibo. For Porto Rico, 10th December. For Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, 6th December. For South Pacific and Central American Ports, 10th, 20th and 30th December. For Brazil and the Argentine Republic, 5th and 21st December. For Windward Islands, 10th and 26th December. For Greytown, Nicaragua, 16th December.

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HON. JOHN HAMILTON, President of the Merchants' Bank of Canada.

SAMUEL THORNE, Esq., Merchant, of New York.

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By the Mortgage Deed the Company expressly undertakes to pay the interest on the Bonds, semi-annually, when it becomes due, and the principal at maturity. The net proceeds of all Land Sales must be handed over to the Trustees to be held by them, in the first place to secure the performance of the Company's obligation to pay the interest on the Bonds, and, so long as that obligation is punctually performed, to be applied to the purchase of Bonds for cancellation, provided the price does not exceed 110 per cent. and accrued interest; but if the Bonds cannot be bought at or under that price, then the Trustees are authorized and required to designate by lot, from time to time, as funds accumulate in their hands, the bonds that shall be presented for payment and cancellation at 110 per cent. and accrued interest.

This Contract provides that the whole issue of Land Grant Bonds shall, in the first instance, be deposited with the Government, and that the proceeds of all sales thereof shall also be deposited with the Government, and only be paid to the Company as construction proceeds. The interest, at four per cent. per annum, upon the amount remaining in the hands of the Government is, by the Deed of Trust, expressly pledged for the payment of the interest on the Bonds, and cannot be applied to any other purpose.

It will be seen by reference to the accompanying official statement, made by the President of the Company, that the Directors are aiming to have the line of Railway to the Pacific Ocean completed and open for traffic, without availing themselves of their right under the Charter to issue Mortgage Bonds on the Road; and that they fully expect that all the additional capital required to complete the contract, and equip the line, can be obtained by the issue of Common and Preferred Stock. In that case, the only fixed charge on the revenue of the Company will be the interest on these Land Grant Bonds, taking precedence of any Dividend on both Common and Preferred Stock.

These Bonds will be taken by the Receiver General on deposit from insurance companies under the Act 40, Vic. Cap 47.

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Copies of the Act of Incorporation of the Company may be inspected, and copies of the Mortgage Deed of Trust, the President's Statement and the Prospectus may be obtained at the offices of any of the undersigned.

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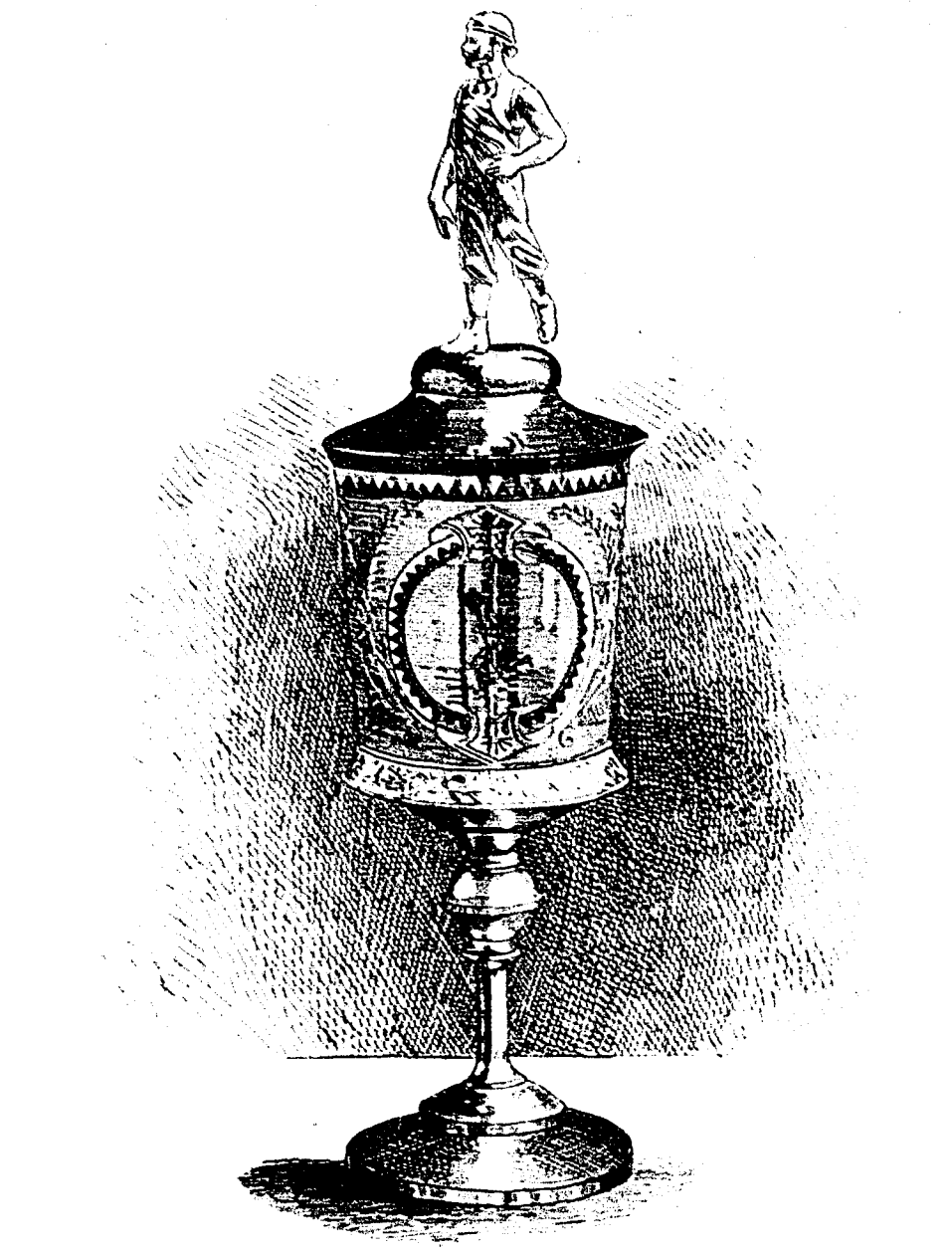
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Tender for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West-end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 55 miles.  
Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.  
This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.  
Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.  
No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."  
F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.  
Dept. of Railways and Canals, }  
Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881. }  
19-30

**"NIL DESPERANDUM."**  
**GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE**  
TRADE MARK. The Great English Remedy. An untailing cure for Venereal Weakness, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing  
**THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,**  
Toronto, Ont., Canada.



CUP PRESENTED BY THE HON. HECTOR LANGEVIN TO THE WHITBY COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S**  
*Jos. Liebig*  
**EXTRACT OF MEAT**  
FINEST AND CHEAPEST  
MEAT-FLAVOURING  
STOCK FOR SOUPS,  
MADE DISHES & SAUCES.  
CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.  
An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility.  
"Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful."  
—See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c.  
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Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 43, Mark Lane, London, England.

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**

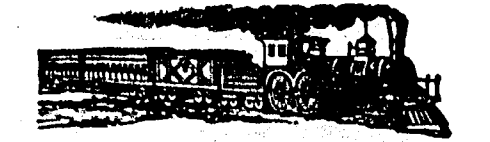
In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—  
*Lea Perrins*  
without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.  
Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.  
To be obtained of  
MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

**THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR.**  
Ask for it, and take no other.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
Trade Mark. (Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.)

**CASTOR FLUID** (Registered.)  
A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle.  
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Sole Manufacturer,  
144 St. Lawrence Main Street.  
19-37a

**THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER**  
Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY  
In every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

**THE COOK'S FRIEND**  
SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.  
For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer.  
**W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS,**  
55 College Street.  
19-37b



**Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.**  
**Change of Time.**

COMMENCING ON  
**Monday, July 25th, 1881.**  
Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.	
Arrive at Ottawa.....	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.	
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.	
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.	
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	
Arrive at Quebec.....	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.	
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.	
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.	
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.		
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.		
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.		
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	6.00 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.30 a.m.		

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)  
Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later than Hochelaga.  
Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.  
Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.  
Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m. All Trains Run by Montreal Time.  
GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES  
TICKET OFFICES:  
13 Place D'Armes, } MONTREAL  
203 St. James Street, }  
Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec.  
L. A. BENEVAL, Gen'l Sup't.

40 ALL-Color Cards, Elegant New Imported Signs, your name in fancy type, 10c., or 40 Postcard Filtration Cards, 10c. AGENTS Complete Sample Book 30c. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N.Y.

**Private Medical Dispensary.**  
(Established 1860), 25 GOULD STREET, TORONTO ONT. Dr. Andrew's Female Pills, and Dr. Andrew's celebrated remedies for various diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary, or sent Free. All letters answered promptly, without charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communications confidential. Address, R. J. Andrews, M. B., Toronto, Ont.

70 Choice Chromo Cards, or 50 elegant new Chromo Cards, name on the Crown Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

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