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THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO.

Since the great fire in London in 1666, when five-sixths of the English metropolis was consumed and two hundred thousand people rendered houseless, there has been no conflagration in modern times to equal that of Chicago. The London fire swept over a district of some four hundred and thirty acres, that of Chicago has overrun an area nearly four miles in length, and from one to one and a-half in breadth, yet it does not appear to have unhoused so many people as did the great fire in London, the largest number mentioned as having been turned shelterless upon the streets of Chicago being estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand. The calamity is not only startling in its magnitude, but was doubly startling in its rapidity and its attendant horrors. Within a period of four-and-twenty hours the north and the south divisions of the city, with a small portion of the west, were completely overrun with the flames. The fire in its mad fury spared nothing, the very wooden pavement becoming a prey to its insatiable appetite, and it only became exhausted when it had nothing more to feed upon. A kindly fall of rain assisted its extinction and gladdened the hearts of the terror-stricken people who looked on powerless at what they doubtless anticipated was to be the utter destruction of their much beloved Queen City of the West. Language cannot describe the agony, the terror, the sufferings and privations caused by this terrible calamity; but in the very midst of their misery the people of Chicago were cheered by kind words of sympathy and substantial means of relief from other cities. The telegraph had scarcely flashed the dreadful news across the Continent ere relief committees were at work, and within forty-eight hours it was announced that contributions in money from the various cities in the United States had far exceeded a million dollars, and were still rapidly increasing, while throughout Canada the people were equally prompt according to their means; and in London, Liverpool, and in several cities on the European Continent, action had also been taken within the same short time. What a blessing is the Telegraph! How many thousands of lives will it not be the means of saving even in this calamity alone! Immense quantities of clothing and provisions were also forwarded both from Canada and different parts of the United States, thereby relieving the immediate misery within a couple of days of the dire occurrence that caused it. The generosity evoked by this awful catastrophe is the only bright side to the terrible "pillar of fire" that illuminated the waters of Lake Michigan on the night of the 8th and morning of the 9th October, and will be gratefully remembered hereafter as evidence of the kindly feeling existing between the people of different countries.

Below we give, under their respective headings, some details concerning the conflagration, the property and public buildings destroyed, the extent of the devastation, &c., in comprehending which our readers will be much assisted by the map and several illustrations which we print elsewhere:

THE MAP OF CHICAGO.

It will be noticed by the map that the Chicago river, with its northern and southern branches, makes three natural divisions of the city: the north division, bounded on the west by the north branch, and on the south by the main stream; the south division, bounded on the north by the main stream, and on the west by the south branch; and the western division, comprising all that portion of the city lying west of the north and south branches, which meet each other in an almost straight line to form the river which runs through the heart of the city and empties into Lake Michigan. All the business portion of Chicago was comprised in the north and south divisions, where the wharves, elevators, railway depots, &c., were situated, and the heart of the business part may be sufficiently indicated by saying that it was at the northern end of the south division. If Montreal were consumed from the river front back to Craig street, and from Upper Victoria Square to Bleyer street and back to Dorchester—the latter representing the destruction in the west division—its condition would be as nearly as possible like that of Chicago after the fire. This illustration will convey to many of our readers a more exact conception of the extent of the destruction than any minute description of streets and avenues with which they are unfamiliar. In the map which we publish the burnt district is shaded, as accurately as the telegraphic descriptions could guide us, and though the district is small in extent compared with the whole amount of territory embraced within the city limits, yet it comprised the main portion of the wealth and business activity of Chicago.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

On the night of Saturday, the 7th inst., there had been a fire in the Western division, on Canal and Clinton Streets, destroying several blocks of cheap tenement houses, planing mills, &c.; but the flames were subdued by the exertions of the firemen, after having spread over some twenty acres. The total loss was about five hundred thousand dollars, besides one woman burned to death. The fire had been subdued, and no apprehensions of further damage had been felt, until half-past nine o'clock on Sunday night, the 8th, when a fire broke out at the corner of Canal, Port Avenue and Halsted street in the south-western part of the city, about one mile and a half from the Court House Square, and half a mile south of the fire of the previous night.

As this was an extensive pork packing and lumber district, and the wind was blowing so strong directly towards the Court House Square and centre of the city, the devouring element soon got beyond the control of the firemen, who were promptly on the spot and battled heroically with it, but were obliged to retreat from square to square rapidly. In less than one hour the flames had spread over half a mile, and crossed the canal into the extensive lumber and storerooms near Polk street. Here the flames spread with fearful rapidity, and the wind increasing with the flames, threatened the destruction of the entire city, as all efforts of every fire-engine of the city were powerless. The water thrown on the flames seemed only to add to their fury. By this time the streets became blocked with thousands fleeing before the fiery element, unable to save anything; and vast numbers with bare feet and nothing but night-clothes on, filling the air with cries and wailings for children and friends burnt in the flames. The fiery fiend spread rapidly over the southern part of the city, and by half-past one o'clock the new Court House and the immense blocks of marble buildings surrounding it on the west and south sides, including the Chamber of Commerce, were one mass of flames. Here the scene presented was the most awful that imagination can picture. The unfortunate inhabitants of over a square mile of the most densely populated part of the city, over which the fire had passed, were rushing in every direction in a frenzied state of bewilderment. In a few moments the roofs of the Court House, Chamber of Commerce, Merchants' Insurance building, and Coolbaugh's Bank, fell in with a fearful crash. Here an attempt was made to stop the progress of the flames by blowing up some of the large buildings with gunpowder. Five kegs were exploded in Coolbaugh's Bank, but the shattered debris of the wreck only added fury to the flames. The scenes presented here were terrible, and it was now evident that the entire city was doomed to destruction. The flames rushed on with irresistible force and appeared like a huge monster of flame and smoke over a mile and a half long, with a head on Court House Square. Here huge flames would leap up among the clouds of smoke illuminating the whole city as in noon-day for miles around. Presently from sudden gusts of wind they would dart down along the ground and along the walls of adjacent buildings, which would immediately burst out in flame. The Shetman House, on the north side of the Court House Square, next caught fire, the guests rushing out through the doors, or jumping through the windows, in every direction, many escaping without their clothing. Nothing whatever was saved, and it is not known how many persons may have perished there and in the immense buildings surrounding, as no one could go within a mile of the block. From there the flames rapidly advanced to Lake street, burning the Tremont House, and every building on Lake and Water streets to the Central Railroad Depot and Illinois Central Elevator. The whole southern part of the city, from where the fire crossed the canal at Polk street to the Court House Square, and from there to the Illinois Central Railroad Depot, over a mile and a half in length, and from the canal to the lake shore, one mile wide, was one solid mass of flame. This comprises the wealthy and business part of the city, containing the Court House, Palmer House, and the immense new Pacific Hotel, Michigan, Southern and Illinois Railroad depots, all the leading banks of the city, the *Tribune*, *Times*, and all the newspaper offices of the city, Chamber of Commerce, all the theatres and public libraries and halls, all the wholesale houses and large retail houses of the city, and the rich and fashionable residences on Wabash and Michigan Avenues, as far as Harrison street, one mile from the canal. Everything is absolutely lost over this vast area of one mile and a half long and one mile wide of the very heart of the city. Not even a wall or chimney remains standing as far as the eye can penetrate from the outside. From the immense elevators and storerooms along the canal the flames shot across to the north side, burning all the vessels and canal-boats in the canal, and rapidly spread over the north side. Here the extent burnt over is much greater than on the south side, the whole northern division of the city having been consumed from the main river northwards to the suburbs, as far as Lincoln Park. The scenes baffled all description. Thousands of people rushed about frantically moaning and yelling over the loss of dear friends, in a state of the wildest consternation.

By three o'clock on Tuesday morning there was a fall in the wind; a heavy shower of rain fell and the destruction of the city stopped, leaving a fringe of inconsiderable proportions on the south side and a large part of the western division of the city unharmed, but otherwise making Chicago a mass of charred and blackened ruins, and with, it is supposed, not less than five hundred people burnt in the flames.

AN HISTORICAL REMINISCENCE.

It reads like a romance that this magnificent creation of western enterprise should be but as of yesterday; yet, young men are living who were born years before Chicago had any title to be called a city. In 1673 five Frenchmen, under the leadership of Louis Joliet, set out from Canada for the purpose of discovering the source of the Mississippi river. Père Jacques Marquette, a famous Jesuit Priest, whose memory has been perpetuated by giving his name to an enterprising American town on the South Shore of Lake Superior, accompanied the party, as a missionary among the Indian tribes. On their return they came upon a small stream which the natives called Chicago. This is the first record of the river whose northern and southern banks were desolated by the recent fire. About a century and a quarter later, that is, in 1795, the United States acquired several tracts of land from the Indians, among which was a parcel "six miles square at the mouth of the Chicago river," which then entered the lake about half a mile south of its present channel. The first white settler was Joseph Kinzie, who crossed the lake from St. Joseph, Michigan, in 1804. Chicago then became an Indian trading post, and for a time consisted of five houses. The Indian tribes who occupied the neighbouring country were the Potawatomes, the Miamies, the Winnebagoes, the Sauks and Foxes, and the Kickapoos. On the 15th August, 1812, there was a fearful Indian massacre, the record of which gives the usual characteristic tinge to the early history of western settlements. The fort was destroyed and the white settlers killed or dispersed. Four years later peace was established between the United States and the Indians, a large cession of territory was made to the former, and the Chicago fort rebuilt. The new fort was occupied by U. S. troops for seven years, after which it was left to the care of the Indian agent, until 1828, when a fresh massacre was threatened by the Winnebagoes, and a new detachment of regular troops again resumed possession. In 1832

it was under the command of Gen. Scott, and four years later the Indians having removed further west, there was no longer any need for its military occupation.

To give an idea of the rapid progress of Chicago, it is only necessary to mention that in 1830 it had but twelve houses and three suburban residences on Madison Street, with a population of about one hundred souls. On the 10th of August 1833, the town was first organised by the election of five trustees; on the 4th of March, 1837, it was incorporated as a city; and on the 1st of May of the same year the first municipal election was held. Two months later the first official census was taken, and Chicago had then a population of 4,170; within thirty-four years its population had swelled to over three hundred thousand! In 1840 it was but a mere trading post on the extreme Indian frontier, now it is the centre of one of the largest trades, and of the most extensive railway system in the world. The aggregate length of the various lines of railway radiating from it is over eight thousand miles. In addition to this immense facility for land transport, Chicago stands at the head of the most magnificent system of inland navigation to be found on the globe; and its shipments to Liverpool alone for the season of 67-68 amounted to 40,119 tons. The shore line of the lakes, whose trade is largely tributary to Chicago enterprise, is over six thousand miles, while the united area of these inland seas about equals that of the Mediterranean, and the whole line of coast, including the St. Lawrence, is of course immensely greater. In 1838 the whole grain trade of Chicago was represented by 78 bushels; 30 years later, in 1868, it had risen to 57,557,496 bushels of grain and 1,321,295 barrels of flour received! The provision trade of the city began in 1835, and like that of grain has risen to enormous proportions. In the year named about five thousand hogs were packed; while during the season of '69, six hundred and ninety-seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-four were packed, and over a million shipped to eastern ports. It is also the chief lumber market for the people of the North-West.

At the present time it is impossible to calculate the full effects of the fire by which so large a portion of this marvelously progressive city has been devastated; but, judging from its past career, we may safely infer that the damage will be speedily repaired, and that the wondrous energy of the people will soon restore prosperity and re-establish trade in its former channels. When it is remembered that it has been the custom in Chicago, of recent years, to spend annually from eight to ten millions of dollars in new buildings, and that from fifty to seventy-five millions of dollars change hands yearly in real estate transactions, there can be little room for doubting the recuperative energy of the city. The number of new buildings erected in 1868 was about seven thousand, and the cost in the neighbourhood of fourteen million of dollars.

Lincoln Park, which marks the northern boundary of the fire, is situated at the north-eastern end of the city, and contains about two hundred acres. Fronting as it does on the Lake shore, it is exceedingly attractive, especially in summer, when the Lake craft are passing to and fro, in an almost unbroken line. It is about two miles from the main river. In the southern division there are two parks, one about 600 acres and the other 300 acres in extent. In the western division, the main portion of which happily escaped the fire, there are three parks, the improvement of which is, or at least was, until lately, still going on.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

We give illustrations of some of the more important public buildings destroyed by the fire. The Water Works, from their important functions, formed one of the principal of these, and their destruction is perhaps the greatest of any single calamity that has befallen the city. The Lake tunnel which supplies the city is a marvel of engineering skill. From the shore shaft, which is sixty-seven feet deep, it extends into the lake for a distance of two miles in a straight line at right angles with the shore. It is five feet wide and five feet ten inches high in the clear, the top and bottom arches being semi-circles. It is lined with brick masonry eight inches thick. The bottom of the inside surface of the bore at the east end is sixty-six feet below water level, with a gradual slope of two feet to the mile towards the shore shaft. This gives a clear fall of four feet to permit of its being emptied in case of need repairs. The supply of water from this tunnel is practically unlimited, as with a head of eighteen feet it could furnish fifty-seven millions of gallons per day. On the 25th March, 1857, the water was first let into the tunnel to flow through the water pipes and hydrants of the city, and since that date Chicago has enjoyed an unlimited supply of very pure water, with which, however, her firemen were unable to subdue the flames on the night of the 8th inst. The cost of the building was about a million of dollars.

The other buildings which we illustrate, and which fell before the progress of the fire are: The Michigan Southern R.R. Depot, which was also used by the Chicago and Rock Island R. R. Co., and was situated on Van Buren street, opposite La Salle; the Tremont House on Dearborn street, south-east corner of Lake street, one of the largest and most popular hotels in the city, containing about three hundred rooms, all magnificently furnished; and the Chicago *Tribune* building, on the corner of Madison and Dearborn streets. The last named was regarded as a model of architectural beauty, covering an area of 8,712 square feet, and was constructed entirely of what are called "fire-proof" materials, though it succumbed to the intensity of the Chicago fire after several hours' resistance. The cost of the building was \$200,000.

THE TOTAL LOSS.

The loss is variously estimated; but an experienced Chicago merchant has placed it at \$184,000,000. This, however, is probably an exaggeration, as large quantities of grain and several elevators supposed to have been consumed were subsequently found to have been but little injured. The loss, however, is immense, not alone in property, but also in human life, five hundred persons being supposed to have perished. The fire altogether was one of the most disastrous of the century; but we hopefully anticipate that the citizens of Chicago with their wonted energy will soon obliterate many of the traces of its ravages and restore their city to its former commercial activity. They have had at all events a generous manifestation of the world's sympathy in their dire calamity.

The discovery has been made by Captain Ericsson that the heat of the sun is 4,660,000 degrees of Fahrenheit.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHICAGO.

BY JOHN READE.

I.

She sits like a queen on her throne
And vassals kneel at her feet;
She gives the word and her will is done,
For her messengers are fleet.

II.

Some of them fly to the east,
Some of them fly to the west—
And she summons the world to her royal feast,
For she makes mankind her guest.

III.

She gives with a bounteous hand
From the wealth of her ample store,
And the welcome dwellers in every land
Pass through her open door.

IV.

Her lineage no man knows,
For she came like the golden light,
Which silently, noiselessly comes and goes
Through the spectral halls of night.

V.

In the depth of the prairie wild,
The home of the buffalo herd,
One day the voice of a little child
The soul of the desert stirred.

VI.

And the buffalo fled for fear,
By that tiny voice subdued,
And people gathered from far and near
To conquer the solitude.

VII.

Was it thus that she rose to view,
The beautiful queen of the West,
Where brooded the awful Manitou
Over the still lake's breast?

VIII.

She sits like a queen on her throne,
And bright is the crown she wears,
In the wide wide world there is not one
More happy than she and hers.

IX.

Let her enjoy while she may—
Has not somebody said?
"Let us eat and drink and be merry to-day,
To-morrow we may be dead!"

X.

Beautiful Queen of the West,
Ah! if thou couldst but see,
Now while thou deemest thyself most blest,
The doom that is over thee!

XI.

The treacherous sun smiles down
On the face of city and field,
But thou canst not see the heavy frown
Beneath his smile concealed!

XII.

As a mother with gentle care
O'er her sleeping infant bends,
Seems the sky, and yet through the pathless air
The angel of war descends.

XIII.

O Queen, in thy wealth and pride
If thou sawest the danger near,
If thou knewest the woes that thee betide,
Thy heart would freeze with fear!

XIV.

She sits no more like a queen,
Happy and rich and gay,
Her wealth is now with the things that have been,
And her glory has passed away.

XV.

Crushed and bleeding and torn,
In ashes and dust she lies,
And the cry of her thousands left forlorn
Pierces the cruel skies.

XVI.

Fallen is her crown of pride,
Fallen are her palace-domes,
And her streets are ghastly far and wide
With the wrecks of ruined homes.

XVII.

Father and mother and child,
Hungry and cold and woe,
Where the demon-fire held carnival wild,
Find their happy homestead gone.

XVIII.

And young there are who seek
For the living among the dead,
With anguished faces that more than speak
How their inmost hearts have bled.

XIX.

O God! 'tis a pitiful sight!
Look down and in mercy spare
The children whose wail through the livelong night
Pierces the smoky air.

XX.

Thank God for the blessed rain!
Thank God for the hearts that feel
With a brother's love for a brother's pain!
For the words and acts that heal!

XXI.

She is weary and desolate
And her beautiful head bows low,
And the nations mourn o'er her awful fate
And pity her in her woe.

XXII.

But her heart still throbs with life
And her strength will come again,
And her marts with the wealth of the world be rife,
And the voices of busy men.

XXIII.

But oh! may her people learn
From that awful scourge of flame
To fear the God who can say, "Return
To the dust from which you came."

XXIV.

So she may be a queen,
Not in outer splendour alone,
But, in fire re-born and made pure within,
Sit on a stainless throne!

MISS KATE RANOE, (MRS. MOLYNEUX ST. JOHN.)

Miss Ranoe made her first appearance in Canada at the Montreal Theatre, in 1868, in the burlesque of "Black-eyed Susan." After a short season she visited Quebec, and proceeded thence to Toronto to join her husband, one of the editorial writers of the *Globe*. She played one or two star engagements in Toronto with great success. When the Red River expedition was formed she accompanied her husband, who went up as special correspondent of the *Globe*. On the departure of the regular troops Miss Ranoe returned with the head-quarter staff by the same route, and in the winter made the journey across the plains back to Fort Garry, to rejoin her husband, who was Clerk of the Legislative Assembly of Manitoba. An account of the trip through the woods to the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods was written by her and appeared in the *Globe*, as the journal of a lady; and subsequently she delivered a lecture at Toronto and some of the leading cities of Ontario on the subject of the Red River Expedition and Manitoba. She has become, for a short season, the lessee of the Montreal Theatre, and will attract large audiences. We understand that the Misses Holman will also appear with Miss Ranoe.

THE "MANITOBA" AND CAPT. J. B. SYMES.

The "Manitoba" is a steamer recently built by Messrs. J. & W. Beatty, of Thorold, for the Collingwood and Lake Superior trade. She has only recently been placed on the route, and has given evidence of qualities which cannot fail to make her a great favourite with excursionists. She is 186 feet long, 28 feet beam, 47 feet over all, 11 feet hold. She carries a 300 horse-power engine, with 44 inch cylinder, 9 feet stroke. She has 50 staterooms, which, with the cabins, are fitted up in the most luxurious style, making her altogether a floating palace, whose attractiveness must satisfy the most fastidious. The "Manitoba" cost upwards of \$60,000. She is commanded by Capt. J. B. Symes, a seaman of long experience and known merit. Formerly he was engaged on Lake Huron, and for several years he has been connected with the Collingwood and Lake Superior line. As a careful, considerate, and courteous commander, Capt. Symes has earned a reputation of which he may be justly proud. He has sailed the steamers "Waubesa" and "Algoma," and the Messrs. Beatty have shown their confidence in his ability by entrusting to his care their new steamer "Manitoba." The Captain wears, not without a little honest pride, a magnificent gold watch and chain presented to him by the men at Silver Islet, Lake Superior, last fall. The other principal officers are:—The purser, John McDougall; 1st engineer, J. Fullerton; 2nd engineer, Thos. Rothgrew,—all men of experience and reliability.

LOWER FALLS, YAMASKA RIVER

The Yamaska, or *Rivière-des-Sarrazins*, runs through several counties on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. Its southwestern branch rises from several sources in the townships of Granby, Brome, Sutton, and Durham, which unite at Farnham. The north-east branch is formed by the union of several streamlets, rising in Eli, Acton, and Roxton, and runs through the west angle of Milton, entering the seignory of St. Hyacinthe where it joins the S.-W. branch. Thence passing by the town of St. Hyacinthe, and skirting the county of the same name, as also Kenville and Richelieu, it falls into the St. Lawrence on the north-east side of Bay St. Francis, near the upper end of Lake St. Peter. The river winds for about ninety miles through a rich and fertile country, dotted with numerous villages, and containing some of the best farms to be found in the Eastern Townships. The river has several rapids, and offers great facilities at many points for utilising water power, hence there are many valuable mill sites along its banks, which have been turned to good account. In this issue we give a view, taken below the Lower Falls, near Cowansville, in the Township of Durham. Cowansville is a thriving village on the Yamaska, containing about six hundred inhabitants.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BRIDGE.

In the present issue we give two illustrations of the works on the Intercolonial Railway; one the bridge at Rivière du Loup, and the other the piers of the bridge at Trois Pistoles. These two works embrace the most important bridging to be done on the great national line which is destined to cement the connection between the Eastern and Western Provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and to form, at no distant day, an important link in the great chain of railway which will span the continent on British territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and give the old Empire an independent circuit from its eastern to its western possessions, at the same time that it will render the trade of many countries much more directly tributary to British commerce than it is at present. The sketches from which we copy were made by an accomplished young lady of Montreal.

"LOOK AT BABY IN THE GLASS!"

It is doubtful if the budding intelligence of the human intellect displays anything more extraordinary than the first introduction of "baby" to the looking-glass. Who has not seen the infant clutch the mirror, and try to turn it round in order to see the baby behind? How long this notion of another behind the glass, or how soon the natural intelligence grasps the idea of mechanical reflection, it would perhaps be somewhat difficult to say. But certain it is that the "glass" is a rare attraction for babies; that they like very much to see themselves mirrored there and are seldom weary of looking at their own features as reflected by the glass. The artist whose production we have copied, has faithfully given expression to the outward signs of emotion or feeling which looking at baby in the glass is calculated to create; but the picture is one which speaks so much for itself that we need not descant upon it. We may, however, tell a little story in this connection which was related to us by a friend. He had visited the great Exhibition in London in 1851; at the end of one of the corridors was placed a large mirror, and as he walked forward towards it he thought he saw approaching him a gentleman whose countenance was very familiar. He went onward, intending to salute him whom he believed to have been an old friend, until on approaching the mirror he discovered he was going to salute his own likeness! It is to be feared that the delusion of the "glass" is not confined to babies.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Carbolic acid sprinkled in small quantities about a room will abate those intolerable nuisances, fleas and mosquitoes.

INVISIBLE CEMENT.—Isinglass boiled in spirits of wine will produce a fine transparent cement, which will unite broken glass so as to render the fracture almost imperceptible and perfectly secure.

ACHING CORNS.—Why do our corns ache just previous to rains? Because our feet swell with the sudden depression in the density of the air; and the hard corn, not being elastic, is painfully stretched and pressed.

TO LOOSEN SCREWS AND BOLTS.—When you find screws and nuts have become fast from rust, pour on them a little kerosene or coal oil, and wait a few moments until they become soaked with the liquid. When this is done they can be easily started and the bolt saved.

HOW TO MAKE COMMON HARD SOAP.—Put in an iron kettle five pounds unslacked lime, five pounds soda, and three gallons of soft water; let it soak over night; in the morning pour off the water, then add three and a half pounds of grease, boil till thick, turn into a pan until cool, and then cut in bars.

CLEANING TINWARE.—An experienced housekeeper says the best thing for cleaning tinware is common soda. She gives the following directions: Dampen a cloth and dip in soda and rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry. Any blackened ware can be made to look as well as new.

TO WASH HAIR BRUSHES.—Hair brushes, however dirty, may be washed and kept good for years, without loss of stiffness, by putting a small handful of soda into a pint jug of boiling water. When the soda is melted, put in the brush and stir it about till clean. Rinse it in cold water, and dry in the sun or by the fire. The quicker it dries, the harder the bristles will be.

TO MAKE PICKLES HARD USE ALUM AS FOLLOWS:—To a gallon of vinegar add one ounce of powdered alum. If the vinegar is put into bottles tightly corked and set in a kettle of cold water, with hay or straw between them to keep the bottles from knocking together, and allowed to remain over the fire until the water boils, then removed and kept in the kettle until nearly cool, the vinegar will keep perfectly clear when used for pickles, but it should be added to them cold. Sheets of horse-radish root will prevent all pickles from moulding.

FILL YOUR LAMPS IN THE MORNING.—Scarcely a week passes but we read accounts of trifling accidents from kerosene lamps exploding and killing, or scarring for life, men, women, and children. A simple knowledge of the inflammable nature of the liquid may put a stop to nearly all the accidents. As the oil burns down in the lamp, inflammable gas gathers over the surface. When the oil is nearly consumed, a slight jar will inflame the gas, and explosion follows. If the lamp is not allowed to burn over half way down, accidents are impossible.

MAKING CANDLES.—Many of our farmers who study economy in their domestic affairs, find it more economical to make their own candles than to buy them. Such persons will find that by making the wicks about half the ordinary size, and dipping them in spirits of turpentine, and drying them carefully before the fire, or in the sunshine, before moulding, they will last longer and afford a much clearer and more brilliant light than those made in the ordinary way. A small portion of beeswax, melted with the tallow, has a tendency to prevent their "running," and renders them much more lasting.

HOW TO CLEAN CHROMOS.—In answer to numerous inquiries, *Frang's Chromo* says: "When you clean them, use a soft brush, or wipe them with a soft chamois skin, (a drop of oil may restore clearness,) or with a fine linen rag very slightly dampened. Always tenderly. Next, whenever the original varnish coating is dulled, bruised or rubbed, revarnish it with thin mastic varnish. Chromos, like oil paintings, should not be hung in a dark room, but in one with diffused light, and never exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The chromos after water colours, keep and display better when planted under glass, they lack the protecting cover of the varnish. The larger chromos, after oil paintings, display, as a general rule, best when framed like original paintings. It is not necessary to put any of these under glasses; it is a matter of taste—preserving them, at the same time, from dust and rough handling.

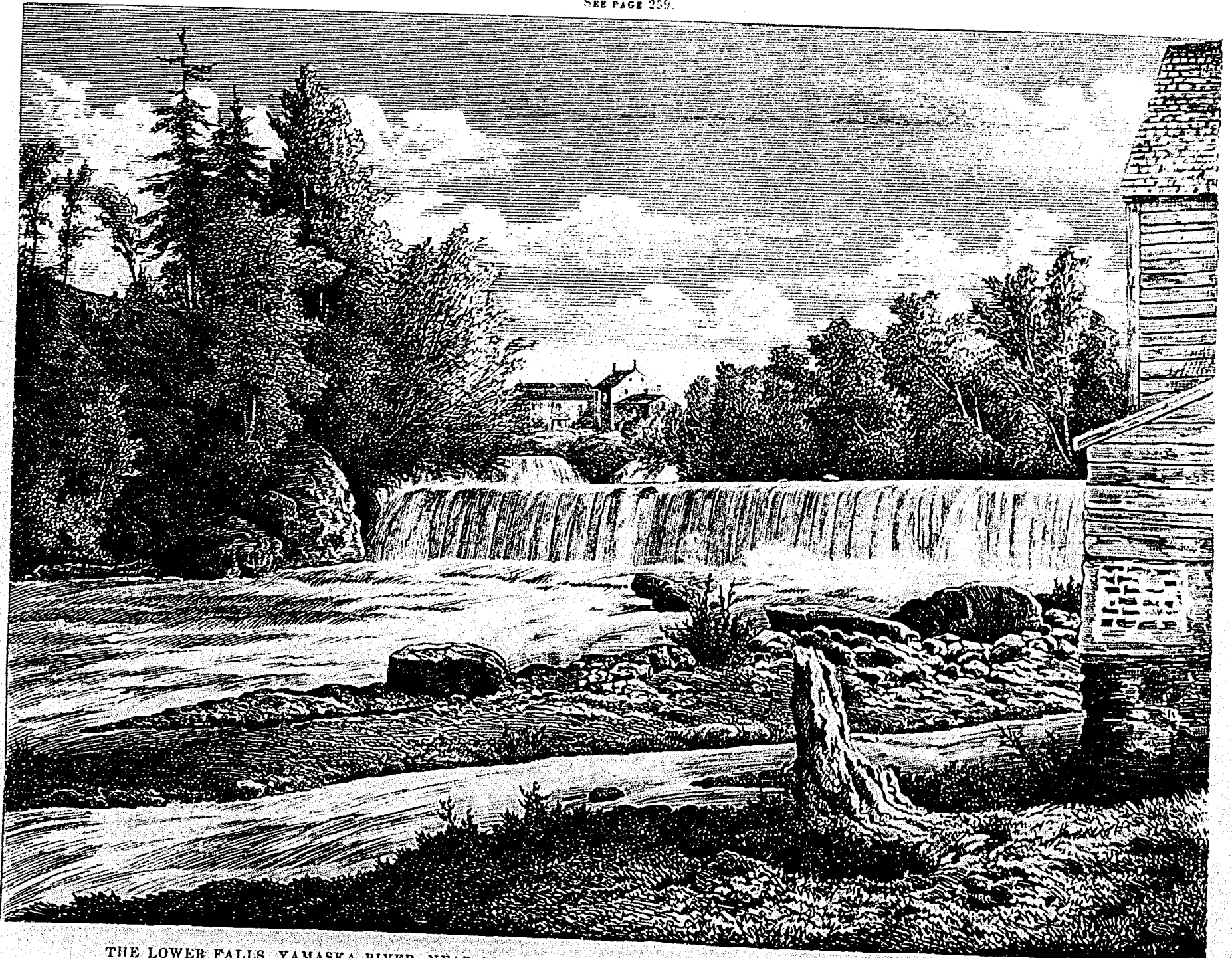
HOW TO DRY PLANTS.—The process of drying plants for an herbarium is very simple. The specimens should be collected when free from dew or other moisture, and spread upon a sheet of blotting-paper, on the third page of the paper. The leaves and flowers should be spread very carefully, so as to show the structure and perfect shape of each. When the plant is thus arranged, the paper is folded together so that the second page rests upon the plant, and after a number are arranged, the whole may be placed in a pile and subjected to a slight pressure for a few days. It is not well to place the plants upon single sheets of paper, because they are very liable to disarrangement and injury. After the plants have become perfectly dry, they may be removed from the blotting paper, and placed between sheets of paper, and if desired may be affixed by touching the under side of the stem and leaves with a drop of mucilage. When practicable the whole plant and root should be preserved.

GLYCERINE AS FOOD AND MEDICINE.—Glycerine is one of the most valuable articles our pharmacopœia can boast, while as an article of food, it is one of the best and most fattening nutriment. Sweet oil, or olive oil, has for ages been an article of daily diet in Palestine and other old countries, and glycerine is an essence of it. It is a perfectly natural and bland fluid, and the most penetrating, perhaps, in all nature. Oil itself will penetrate where water will not, and glycerine, which may be considered the ethereal part of oil, has this property to a most remarkable degree—it penetrates the solid bone.

A medical journal tells us that if poured into a mixture of blood and matter, such as is expectorated from consumptive lungs, it will get between the globules of each and show them with greater distinctness. Being thus penetrating, it is the very best application for feverish sores, for inflamed or dry surfaces, simply from its quality of penetration and evaporability. If applied with a common brush to the surface of the throat in diphtheria, in a few minutes its permeative quality enables it to sink between the molecules of the false membrane, dissolving and detaching it in a few hours. It is the best application known in case of burns.



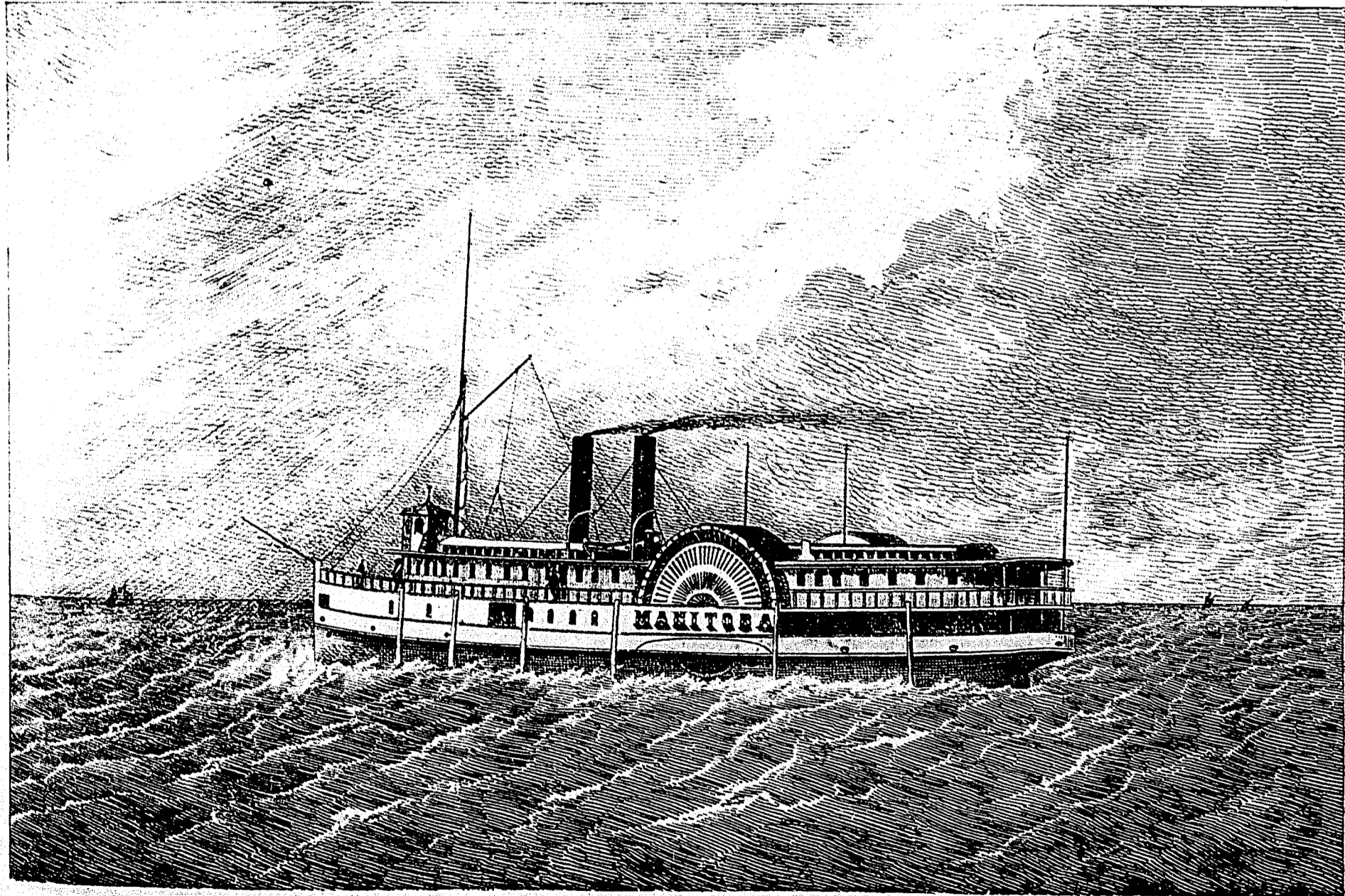
MISS KATE BANOE.
SEE PAGE 259.



THE LOWER FALLS, YAMASKA RIVER, NEAR COWANSVILLE, P. Q.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. W. BUNKER, COWANSVILLE.—SEE PAGE 250.



CAPT. J. B. SYMES, OF THE STEAMER "MANITOBA."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. DAVIS, COLLINGWOOD.—SEE PAGE 259.



THE STEAMER "MANITOBA."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. DAVIS, COLLINGWOOD.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
OCT. 28, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 22.—	Twentieth Sunday after Trinity. Lord Holland died, 1840. Spahr died, 1859.
MONDAY,	" 23.—	Lord Monck arrived at Quebec, 1861. Lord Derby died, 1869.
TUESDAY,	" 24.—	Tycho Brahe died, 1601. Treaty of Westphalia, 1648. Sir J. H. Craig, Governor-General, 1807. Peace of Peking, 1860. Capitulation of Scheestadt, 1870.
WEDNESDAY,	" 25.—	St. Crispin, M. Chaucer died, 1400. Battle of Balaclava, 1854.
THURSDAY,	" 26.—	Hogarth died, 1764. Battle of Chateaugay, 1813. Wreck of the "Royal Charter," 1859.
FRIDAY,	" 27.—	Michael Servetus burned, 1553. Captain Cook born, 1728. Napoleon I. entered Berlin, 1806. G. T. R. section from Montreal to Toronto opened, 1856. Capitulation of Metz, 1870.
SATURDAY,	" 28.—	St. Simon and St. Jude, App. Smeaton died, 1792.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 17th October, 1871, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
W.,	Oct. 11.	64°	63°	59°5	30.01	30.11	30.15
Th.,	" 12.	56°	44°	50°	30.09	30.02	30.09
Fri.,	" 13.	58°	42°5	50°2	30.25	30.45	30.42
Sat.,	" 14.	53°	45°	52°	30.30	30.20	30.15
Su.,	" 15.	67°	48°	56°5	30.07	30.20	30.25
M.,	" 16.	51°	39°5	44°7	30.17	30.07	30.02
Tu.,	" 17.	51°	45°	48°	30.05	30.06	30.07

NOTICE.

In the interest of our subscribers we are making arrangements with a News dealer in each city and town to deliver the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS and the HEARTHSTONE at their residences. This will ensure the delivery of every paper in good order. Instead of being folded and creased, the papers will be delivered in folio form, so that the fine steel engravings, published from time to time, will not be spoiled, and the premium plates and other extra publications issued to subscribers, will be delivered as from the press.

We are sure our subscribers will be delighted with this arrangement, and we trust they will assist us and the local agents in extending the circulation of the News.

The subscriptions will be collected by the News dealers who undertake the delivery; and for the convenience of book-keeping, we have made the current accounts end, as far as possible, with the present year. We beg that subscribers will pay as early as possible, and renew their subscriptions for next year at the same time.

After the 31st December next, the subscription to the News will be \$4.00 per annum, if paid in advance, or within the first three months, after which it will be \$5.00. For six months the price will be in proportion. The postage, at the rate of 20 cents per annum, will be collected by the delivering agent to cover his express and delivery charges.

Arrangements have been made to have the *Canadian Illustrated News* and the *Hearthstone* delivered at the residence of subscribers in the following places, by the Agents whose names are annexed.

Durie & Son.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Israel Landry.....	St. John, N. B.
R. M. Ballantine.....	Hamilton, Ont.
E. M. Stacey.....	Kingston, Ont.
Henry & Bro.....	Napanee, Ont.
T. B. Meacham.....	Dundas, Ont.
H. B. Slaven.....	Orillia, Ont.
Henry Kirkland.....	Elora, Ont.
A. J. Wiley.....	Bothwell, Ont.
F. A. Barnes.....	Kincardine, Ont.
McCaw & Bros.....	Port Perry, Ont.
D. C. Woodman.....	Fenelon Falls, Ont.
P. Byrne.....	Prescott, Ont.
John Hart.....	Perth, Ont.
J. A. Gibson.....	Oshawa, Ont.
N. Reynolds.....	Petrolia, Ont.
J. C. Reynolds.....	Cobourg, Ont.
A. Morton.....	Collingwood, Ont.
Jno. Kelso.....	Paisley, Ont.
A. Hudson.....	Brantford, Ont.
W. L. Copeland & Co.....	St. Catharines, Ont.
S. E. Mitchell.....	Pembroke, Ont.
N. B. Goble.....	Goble's Corners, Ont.
W. S. Law.....	Tisonburg, Ont.
Perry & Munroe.....	Fergus, Ont.
Yellowless & Quick.....	Bowmanville, Ont.
R. A. Woodcock.....	Ingersoll, Ont.
Theo. J. Moorehouse.....	Goderich, Ont.
Wm. Bryce.....	London, Ont.
F. L. Kincaid.....	Brookville, Ont.
J. Rollo.....	Sherbrooke, Quebec.
W. F. Barclay.....	Wardsville, Ont.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1871.

THE summer season has not passed without a recurrence of those terrible scourges, the prairie or bush fires, which almost annually desolate immense tracts of country. Last year it was the country round Ottawa which was victimised. This year the States of Michigan, Illinois, and Minnesota have suffered with unexampled severity, many thousands of square miles having been laid waste, and not a few pleasant homesteads reduced to ashes. In the cities, too, the fire fiend has held unlicensed riot. Chicago has suffered to an extraordinary degree; the little town of Windsor, in Canada, has suffered in about the same proportion, and Cincinnati was but recently excited by an alarm, the occasion of which happily proved insignificant.

It is not hard to lecture corporations or individuals upon the folly of permitting or being the occasion of the causes which lead to the rapid spread of the flames when they are once kindled. But it would be hard indeed to devise means which could effectively guarantee their prevention. Who can overtake the hunters that carelessly leave their camp fires a-blaze? Or the settler who, in clearing his land, fires the stumps and brushwood which

encumber its surface? Yet these are the parties responsible for the terrible desolation caused by the tremendous fires in the open country, with which so many districts in America are visited year after year. It is impossible, with our immense tracts of forest and wide expanses of prairie range, to have "foresters," or caretakers of the open country in sufficient force to prevent the occasion of the recurrence of these terrible calamities; but nevertheless it might have some salutary influence were statutory regulations framed with respect to the extinction of camp fires, and the means generally that ought to be adopted by sportsmen and bushrangers for the prevention of the spread of fires. To know that stringent laws existed in these respects and that their disregard involved liability to punishment would create a sense of responsibility which seemingly does not now exist. It is not to be supposed that these fires which devastate whole districts of country are the result of design. On the contrary they arise in almost every instance from carelessness; sometimes, indeed, from an unexpected shifting of the wind when the logs and branches on a new clearing are being consumed, but far more generally from the camp fires carelessly left by hunters or others traversing the woods and plains of the country. Wherever Township government is organised there ought to be the most stringent regulations enforced regarding the burning of clearances, and throughout the whole country there should certainly be a law for the management and extinction of camp fires. The terrible fire in Newfoundland, the burning of the Saguenay district, and the Ottawa fire of last year, ought to teach us the importance of taking prompt measures to prevent like recurrences; while the tremendous fires that have been raging during the past few weeks in some of the Western States, add additional emphasis to the many warnings that Canada has received on its own soil.

As for city fires, such as those of Chicago and Windsor, (coupling great things with small), though they suggest the need of more careful municipal administration, they yet partake so much of the nature of unforeseen calamities that but little reproach can be attached to any corporate body on account of their occurrence. It is to be remarked, however, that a very great remissness prevails in most cities regarding the enforcement of the by-laws forbidding the erection of extra inflammable buildings within the Corporation limits. This, added to the prevailing deficiency of water supply, sometimes supplemented by incapable fire brigades, exposes many of the cities of the world to the mercy of the fire fiend—a fiend who has no mercy when his appetite has once been fairly whetted. In Chicago many so called "fire-proof" buildings yielded to the flames, though we are glad to learn that the safes and vaults of the banks and other monetary institutions nearly all passed scatheless through the terrible ordeal. But that fire is a warning that practical science has yet much to teach us before we can safely aver that our cities are beyond the danger of destruction by the flames. There is a manifest deficiency in "fire-proof" architecture. There is also a looseness in the enforcement of corporation laws which ought to be remedied without delay. The *Montreal Gazette* of Tuesday last says:—"There is, we believe, such an officer as a Building Inspector, but it is evident that his only conception of "official duty is drawing a salary." The *Gazette* is generally guarded in its criticisms, and if in this matter the Building Inspector has been unfairly criticised we hope he will vindicate himself. We cannot, however, agree with the *Gazette*, that the by-law relating to buildings is sufficient. On the contrary, we believe that the wooden structures, brick lined exteriorly, which the by-law authorises, are infamous impostures, and, so far from being "ample for the protection of the city," are a constant invitation to the flames; nothing can be more delusive as a preventive against fire than a two-inch wooden wall, protected by a single row of brick, laid lengthways, with chimnies, doors, and windows to supply the necessary draft to the flames within. Were we to apply the epithet they deserve to those who framed such a by-law, we fear they would not be inclined to thank us; and it astonishes us not a little to find the *Gazette* endorsing a system of building so manifestly imperfect, which ought to be absolutely forbidden in every city pretending to civilization. These brick-lined wooden structures ought to be at once and peremptorily forbidden in Montreal. As the city stands at the present day, with its wood and coal yards and its inflammable material in its very centre, what is to prevent it, in case a fire breaks out, from sharing the fate of Chicago?

THEATRE ROYAL.—Miss Ranoe has commenced a season at the Montreal theatre this week with very great success. She has been assisted by the Holman Sisters. "Kenilworth" has had a popular run during the last days of the present week; and on Monday next something new and attractive will be placed upon the boards.

MEMORY.

The memory of languages is quite a distinct faculty, so far as can be judged from recorded instances. Mithridates, we are told, could converse, in their own languages, to the natives of twenty-three countries which were under his sway. Cardinal Mezzofanti appears to have had this faculty in a stronger degree than any other person that ever lived. While educating for the priesthood, he learned Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Spanish, French, German, and Swedish. As a professor at some of the Italian universities, he constantly added to his store, until at the age of forty-three he could read in twenty languages, and converse in eighteen. In 1841, when he was sixty-seven years old, he was as well acquainted with Portuguese, English, Dutch, Danish, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Servian, Magyar, Turkish, Irish, Welsh, Wallachian, Albanian, Lappish, as with the languages which he had first learned; while to Arabic he added Persian, Sanscrit, Koordish, Georgian, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan, Coptic, Chinese, Ethiopic, Abyssinian, and other Asiatic and African tongues. At the time of his death, in 1848, Mezzofanti could write eloquently, and converse fluently, in more than seventy languages. All the other accounts of memory for words are poor compared with this, nevertheless many of them are sufficiently remarkable. John Kemble used to say that he could learn a whole number of the *Morning Post* in four days; and a Gen. Christie made a similar assertion; but it is not known how far either of them verified this statement. Robert Dilloa could repeat in the morning six columns of a newspaper which he had read overnight. During the Repeal debates in the House of Commons, thirty-seven years ago, one of the members wrote out his speech, sent it to the newspapers, and repeated it to the House in the evening; it was found to be the same verbatim as that which he had written out. John Fuller, a land agent in Norfolk, could remember every word of a sermon and write it out correctly after going home; this was tested by comparing his written account with the clergyman's manuscript. Scaliger could repeat a hundred verses or more after having read them a single time. Seneca could repeat two thousand words on hearing them once. Magliabecchi, who had a prodigious memory, was once put to a severe test. A gentleman lent him a manuscript, which was read and returned; the owner some time afterwards, pretending he had lost it, begged Magliabecchi to write out as much as he could remember; whereupon the latter, appealing to his memory, wrote out the whole essay. Cyrus, if some of the old historians are to be credited, could remember the name of every soldier in his immense army. There was a Corsican boy who could rehearse forty thousand words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and then repeat them in the reversed order without making a single mistake. A physician of Massachusetts, about half a century ago, could repeat the whole of "Paradise Lost" without mistake, although he had not read it for twenty years. Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind, could repeat the whole of Virgil's *Æneid*, and could remember the first line and the last line in every page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he became blind.—*All the Year Round*.

PEOPLE WHO SHOULD NOT SMOKE.

In an article on the medical aspect of smoking tobacco, Dr. E. B. Gray asks, in the *Food Journal*:

"Is smoking injurious?" This is an every day question apt to be put by patients to their doctors. Like most broad questions of the kind, it involves far too many considerations to admit of being answered by a plain yes or no. A medical man, who has long been a moderate smoker and watched the effect of the habit on himself and others, here offers what he believes to be the true answer to the question.

First of all, there must be an understanding about the quality of the tobacco to be smoked. Bad—namely, rank, quickly intoxicating, and prostrating tobacco (certain kinds of shag and cavendish, for instance) must always be injurious. Few can smoke them at all—none, habitually at least—with impunity. So too with regard to quantity, even good tobacco smoked to excess will to a certainty be injurious to the smoker, sooner or later, in some way or other. Of the various evil effects of excessive smoking, more will be said presently.

Next, as to the smokers. There are people to whom any tobacco, however smoked, is simply poison, causing, even in small doses, vomiting, pallor, and alarming prostration. Such people never get seasoned to its effects, even after repeated trials; and if they are wise, they will forever let it alone. They will display still further wisdom by not presuming to make laws for others who have not the same idiosyncrasy.

No one can enjoy smoking, or smoke with impunity, when out of health. The phrase "out of health," though it may sound vague, is definite enough to frame a general rule. At the same time, it is useful to know what, if any, are the particular disorders and conditions of health in which tobacco does special harm. As far as the writer's knowledge goes, these have never been specified by medical writers as clearly as is desirable.

To begin, a man with a bad appetite will, if he smoke, most assuredly eat still less—a noteworthy fact for smokers or others recovering from wasting illness or "off their feed" from whatever cause. This effect of tobacco, by the way, while an evil to the sick man who cannot eat enough, becomes a boon to the starved man who cannot get enough to eat; and ample illustration of this was furnished among the French and German soldiers in the recent war. Again no man should smoke who has a dirty tongue, a bad taste in his mouth, or a weak or disordered digestion. In any such case, he cannot relish his tobacco. It should be a golden rule with smokers that the pipe or cigar which is not smoked with relish had better not be smoked at all. Indigestion in every shape is aggravated by smoking, but most especially that form of it commonly known as atonic and accompanied with flatulence. Diarrhoea, as a rule, is made worse by smoking.

One of the commonest and earliest effects of excessive or untimely smoking is to make the hand shake. This gives the clue to another class of persons who ought not to smoke—persons, namely, who have weak, unsteady nerves, and suffer from giddiness, confusion of sight, tremulous hands, tendency to stammer, or any such symptoms. And if tobacco does harm in mere functional weakness, still less allowable is it in actual organic disease of the system; as, for instance, where there exists any degree of paralysis or other sign of degenerative change in the brain or spinal cord. The improper use of tobacco does beyond question somehow interfere

with due nutrition of nerve substance. An illustration of this familiar to oculists and medical men, is the so-called tobacco amaurosis, a failure of vision occurring in excessive smokers from mal-nutrition of the retina. Another class of persons who ought not to smoke are those who have weak or unsteady circulations, and complain of such troubles as palpitation, cardiac pain, intermittent pulse, habitually cold hands and feet, or chronic languor.

Lastly, there is reason for believing that the habitual use of tobacco is likely to retard the due growth and development of the body. If so, no one should become a smoker until he is well past the period of puberty. Boys, moreover, have no excuse for smoking, for they are spared the hard wear and tear of adult life.

Now, after eliminating those who from idiosyncrasy cannot, and those who from bodily ailment or from tender years should not smoke, there will still always be a large residuum of happy folk who can smoke, enjoy smoking, and are indeed the better for it. These are they who use tobacco without abusing it—use it, that is to say, in moderate quantity, in due season, and honestly for the sake of the comfort which it gives them—a comfort every bit as legitimate as that which drinkers of tea, coffee, or wine extract in each case from their favourite beverage.

SHAWLS.

If it be true, as it is said to be, that shawls are once more on the eve of becoming a necessary appendage to ladies' dress, then Indian shawls will again be the greatest luxury that a lady can covet for her wardrobe. A real Indian shawl! Is there any article in woman's attire more beautiful than that—anything which can be compared to it for delicacy, softness, elegance, and richness *et la!* and an old Indian shawl is a rare relic. When I see one I look upon it with veneration, for I think of the wonders it might tell if it could relate its history from its birth. What mysteries it might unfold of warm beating hearts which have throbbled beneath its silken, graceful folds. Such a veteran is in my possession at the present moment. I know a portion of its history, and it has promised to relate the remainder at some future time, when I may perhaps retail it on to you. In the meantime it may not be uninteresting to trace its genealogy back to the first period of its existence.

A real Indian shawl, as every lady knows, should be of the very finest and softest texture—so fine and soft, indeed, that it should be able to be drawn through a wedding-ring. Its next peculiarity is its gorgeous colouring. It is supposed that the mountainous region which produces the real cashmere contains certain chemical properties, by which means the wool acquires those wonderful colours, which are not to be obtained in any other part of the world. The wool itself comes from the Thibet goat, native of upper Asia, and consists of a kind of soft down, which grows immediately under the hair on the animal's head, and is not unlike the eider down in appearance. It is wonderfully fine and delicate, and is generally of a white or grey colour, though sometimes it is yellowish or very dark brown. The preparation of this wool before the dyeing process begins demands the greatest care and attention. It is first washed in lime water, then the down has to be carefully picked from the coarser hair, with which it is generally freely mixed. And as the value of the texture chiefly depends upon the accuracy of this work, it is repeated two or three times on the same wool. Thus prepared, the wool is then transferred to the native spinning-wheel, and as the spinning requires the same amount of care as the cleansing and picking, it is generally performed by young girls and women, whose touch is more delicate than that of man. There are hundreds of thousands of women who spend their lives in this occupation—some from earliest childhood—and for the scantiest of wages. From morning till night they sit bent over the whirring spinning-wheel, by the flickering light of a poor little lamp, which is sometimes half extinguished by the brighter beams of a shining moon; for the delicate wool has to be spun in underground rooms, in order that neither the heat nor the glare of the sun shall rob it of any of its downy softness. Thus grown and blooms many a dark-eyed Hindoo girl—not for a sunny life and pleasure, but to live and die in harness, hard at work of the most monotonous and wearying kind, so that a distant wealthy sister may wrap around her shoulders the luxurious folds of an Indian shawl!

The wool, when spun, is arranged in skeins and sent to the dyer's. Now a dyer of note—and in India dyeing is considered an honourable and hereditary profession—boasts that he can produce no less than sixty different shades of colours, each one having its own particular national name. Thus crimson is derived from the Indian pomegranate blossom, there called *Gulmar*. After the dyed wool has been further prepared in boiling rice-water, and the colours sorted, it is at last transferred to the loom, where it passes entirely into men's hands. The pattern is worked from a black and white drawing, on which are marked the colours, and number of threads required for each colour. The average number of these threads varies according to the pattern, and its complication from 609 to 15,000. I need scarcely say that the more the pattern is complicated the more slowly it is worked. Sometimes it takes three men to work about a quarter of an inch of the pattern during a whole day; and a good shawl is rarely finished under a year or a year and a half.

When the weaver has finished his work the shawl goes to the cleaner's, who cuts off all the ends and knots. Then it goes to the stamp office, where it receives its certificate, and then it passes into the merchant's hands. Here again it undergoes a careful cleansing, after which it is packed in several soft wrappers, and begins its journey through the world, perhaps to grace the shoulders of an empress, queen, or duchess, or perhaps to grace your own fair shoulders, reader mine.—(*Lady's Corner*), *Land and Water*.

IMITATION OF LEATHER.—This is an age of imitations; and the sham is so often taken for the real that even judges themselves have been misled. In manufactures, there is such a constant demand for something new that the best energies of man are severely taxed to meet the requirements of the hour, and it is surprising how promptly this craving is satisfied. As an instance of the extending power of the imitator's art, which will be interesting to carriage trimmers, we have noticed that Messrs. Elkington & Co., of Birmingham, have arranged to produce, by the electrotype process, imitations of the choicest grains of leather. They say that the system of producing leathers *fac simile* of morocco, seal, and other skins,

by means of electro-deposited copper rollers, has now become an established branch of leather manufacture. The fine grain of the most rare and valuable skins can, by this process, be reproduced at a merely fractional cost, as compared with the ordinary imitations.

The system, as described by the *Mechanics Magazine*, is as follows: An ordinary machine roller is fitted with a mandrel, upon which is deposited, by a new process, the copper *fac simile*. The latter is an exact copy of any rare or choice skin required to be reproduced, and it is only by a recent improvement in electrotyping that the difficulty of depositing upon such a substance as leather has been surmounted. An ordinary skin can thus be impressed with the beautiful surface of morocco skin, even to the finest variations of grain, and several thousand may be copied by one deposit. In all cases the actual skin required to be copied must be sent. These rollers are supplied ready for the machine; or, if preferred, manufacturers may send their own mandrels, and have the *fac simile* deposited thereon.—*The Hub*.

CURE FOR LEAD POISONING.—The last published volume of Chambers' Encyclopedia recommends the following treatment as a sure and speedy cure for lead poisoning:—The patient should be placed in a sulphuretted bath, which converts all the lead salts in the skin into the inert black sulphide of lead. These baths should be repeated till they cease to cause any coloration of the skin. At the same time he should drink water acidulated with sulphuric acid or a solution of sulphate of magnesia, with a slight excess of sulphuric acid, by which means an indissoluble sulphate of lead is formed, which is eliminated by the purgative action of the excess of sulphate of magnesia. Iodide of potassium is then administered, which acts by dissolving the lead out of the tissues, and allowing it to be removed by the urine. The palsy may be specially treated, after the elimination of the lead, by electricity, and by strychnine in minute doses. Persons exposed from their occupation to the risks of lead poisoning should be specially attentive to cleanliness, and if they combine the frequent application of the use of sulphuric lemonade, or treacle beer acidulated with sulphuric acid, as a drink, they may escape the effects of a metallic poison.

TREATMENT FOR FAINTING AND LOSS OF CONSCIOUSNESS.—Where the mind becomes intensely excited, it is liable to disturb the circulation to such an extent as to result in loss of consciousness. It is best treated by placing the patient at once on the back with the head slightly elevated and the arms extended; water should be dashed in the face, and the palms of the hands and soles of the feet slapped or rubbed briskly. No more persons should be allowed to gather around than is absolutely necessary for the case; if immediate consciousness is not restored, ice should be applied to the spine, or, in the absence of ice, cold water should be dashed along the spine. Spirits of ammonia may be applied to the nostrils, and brandy or whisky injected into the bowels in extreme cases.

A PARIS OPIUM CLUB.—The *Constitutionnel* says:—“A new club has just been formed in Paris, under the name of the Club des Opiophiles, and owes its existence to the sadness of the present times, and the necessity of escaping the sorrowful reality. The club-house is situated in a magnificent mansion in the vicinity of the Arc de Triomphe, and has been furnished with the most exquisite taste. On a large gallery, all festoons and astragals, are arranged a number of most enticing boudoirs, the principal piece of furniture in which is a most luxurious couch. At the head of each couch is a small night-lamp, intended to set fire to the opium which the smoker inhales. There is, besides, a servant for each smoker, to assist him in all the details. Each member is to note down in a register the sensations he experiences during the trance produced by the effects of the opium. These will constitute the memoirs of the club, and will be published every year.”

EXAMINE YOUR TEAPOTS.—A writer in the *Ohio Farmer* says: A caution has lately been largely copied in the domestic columns of newspapers to the effect that cracked dishes, after being long used for holding gravies and fat of any kind, become rancid and unwholesome. And later comes another, with good medical authority to back it, against using tin vessels—more especially teapots—which have become rusted or blackened inside. The acid contained in the tea, combines with the iron of the exposed portions of the vessel, and forms a chemical compound, not unlike ink. It corrodes and darkens the teeth, and cannot be offensive to the stomach. I have seen the discoloration, both of natural and artificial teeth, prove so obstinate, from this cause, as to require several scourgings with soap and ashes, with a stiff brush, to remove it. When housekeepers hear any of the family remarking, “This tea tastes like ink!” it is time to examine—possibly to throw away—the teapot. The most palatable and wholesome tea is made by steeping in a bright tin or porcelain cup, then pouring into a freshly scalded earthen teapot. Thus treated it will never acquire the astringent quality so deleterious to the teeth and to health.

One of the hotel grievances in this country is that no one on entering the establishment knows what will be the amount of his bill when he leaves it, and it is to be regretted that hotel proprietors in England do not hang up in some conspicuous place some such prospectus as the following, which, according to an Indian paper, is to be found at an hotel at Lahore:—“Gentlemen who come in hotel not say anything about their meals they will be charged for, and if they should say before-hand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, &c., are if they say that they not have anything to eat they will not be charged, and if not so, they will be charged, or unless they bring it to the notice of the manager of the place, and should they want to say anything, they must order the manager for and not any one else, and unless they not bring it to the notice of the manager, they will be charge for the least things according to hotel rate, and no fuss will be allowed afterward about it. Should any gentleman take wall lamp or candle light from the public rooms they must pay for it without any dispute its charges. Monthly gentlemen will have to pay my fixed rate made with them at the time, and should they absent day in the month they will not be allowed to deduct anything out of it, because I take from them less rate than my usual rate of monthly charges.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.”

The Legislature of Quebec is summoned to meet for the despatch of business on the 7th of next month.

During the storm on Sunday last, which created a panic in some of the city churches, we exceedingly regret that a young lady, Miss Annie Clarke, only daughter of John Lowe, Esq., was suddenly killed at Cote des Neiges by the falling of a tree. She had taken a book for perusal, and seated herself in a summer-house; but, alarmed by the violence of the storm, rushed out only in time to be struck by a falling tree. Her skull was fractured, and she died in a few hours without seemingly having recovered consciousness. Miss Lowe was only eighteen years of age, and possessed of great natural ability. Her sudden death is sincerely regretted by a large circle of friends.

Of all possible places whence to date a letter, “The Bottom of the Bay of Naples” is surely one of the oddest. Yet Professor Salmieri, whose own postal address appears to be “Mount Vesuvius,” has received a letter which was not only dated from “The Bottom of the Bay of Naples, 26th August, 1871,” but was written thence on that date. The writer was Signor Toselli, and his business down in such low water was to fix a pleasant sort of a machine called a “sea mole,” which is an iron cylinder filled with powder, and warranted to go off upon the passage over its resting-place of an enemy's ship. Signor Toselli stopped below for four hours, and at the date of his letter there was in the reservoir of compressed air with which he had been supplied a supply for four longer. Signor Toselli says that the element surrounding his machine did not look like water, but like a mass of transparent glass, compact, unmovable, and transmitting sufficient light to enable him to write and read. Immense quantities of fish were passing by in all directions. The stillness was almost painful. In other respects Signor Toselli felt quite well, and had a peculiar pleasure in the act of breathing.

A story, worth repeating, is current, concerning the ethnological excursionists who visited the Island of Aran after the meeting of the British Association in Dublin. Amongst the objects of interest in the once holy island, pointed out for admiration to the assembled savans, was a rude specimen of those domical buildings of beehive form, variously called oratories or clochans. These are stone-roofed structures of narrow proportions, with low entrances, and containing one or more small chambers. Into that selected for inspection only a few of the visitors could at the same time gain admission, and whilst Dr. Wilde, who on this occasion acted the eulogist, was descending on the architectural peculiarities and profound antiquity of a structure once, perhaps, the residence of Firdoloz or Danaan Kings, one of the excluded excursionists, whilst waiting his turn to enter, sought such mysterious information about the mysterious pile as he could glean from the crowd of wondering natives congregated around. “Pray, friend,” said he, addressing an Aranite, “is that a very ancient building? I suppose a thousand years old at least?” “O no, yer honour,” was the reply, “I think it is no more than four or five years ago since Tim Sullivan built it.”

HOW TO KEEP YOUR MONEY SAFE.—How to keep one's money safe is an art which many have desired to learn, and which seems to have been at last discovered by a peasant of Fribourg. This good fellow went recently to the post-office at Lausanne and asked for an order on a certain town. Struck by the fact that the names of the sender and receiver were the same, the clerk made inquiries, and the answer was readily given. Jacques Mathieu was drawing an order in his own favour, which he could only get cashed at the end of his journey, thereby securing himself from the danger of losing or spending his money on the way. “I know myself,” said he, “if I take the money it will not reach Lausanne.” There are a good many people of whom it may be said that their money burns a hole in their pockets, to whom we commend—in the absence of asbestos purses—an imitation of the system of Jacques Mathieu.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A New Hampshire man, when asked to give his consent to the marriage of his daughter, turned with a beaming face to the applicant, and answered frankly, “Yes, yes; and don't you know some likely young man who will take the other?”

Apprehensions of a visitation of the cholera next season have reached Slabtown, and an old resident makes the suggestion that measures should be taken meantime to ascertain the manner in which prayer-meetings are usually conducted.

The Russian mitrailleuse seems to be among the most diabolical machines ever invented by man for the wholesale slaughter of men. It fires from 300 to 400 rounds per minute, or 6,000 in 24 minutes, allowing for pauses and interruptions, the ranges extending to 4,000 paces.

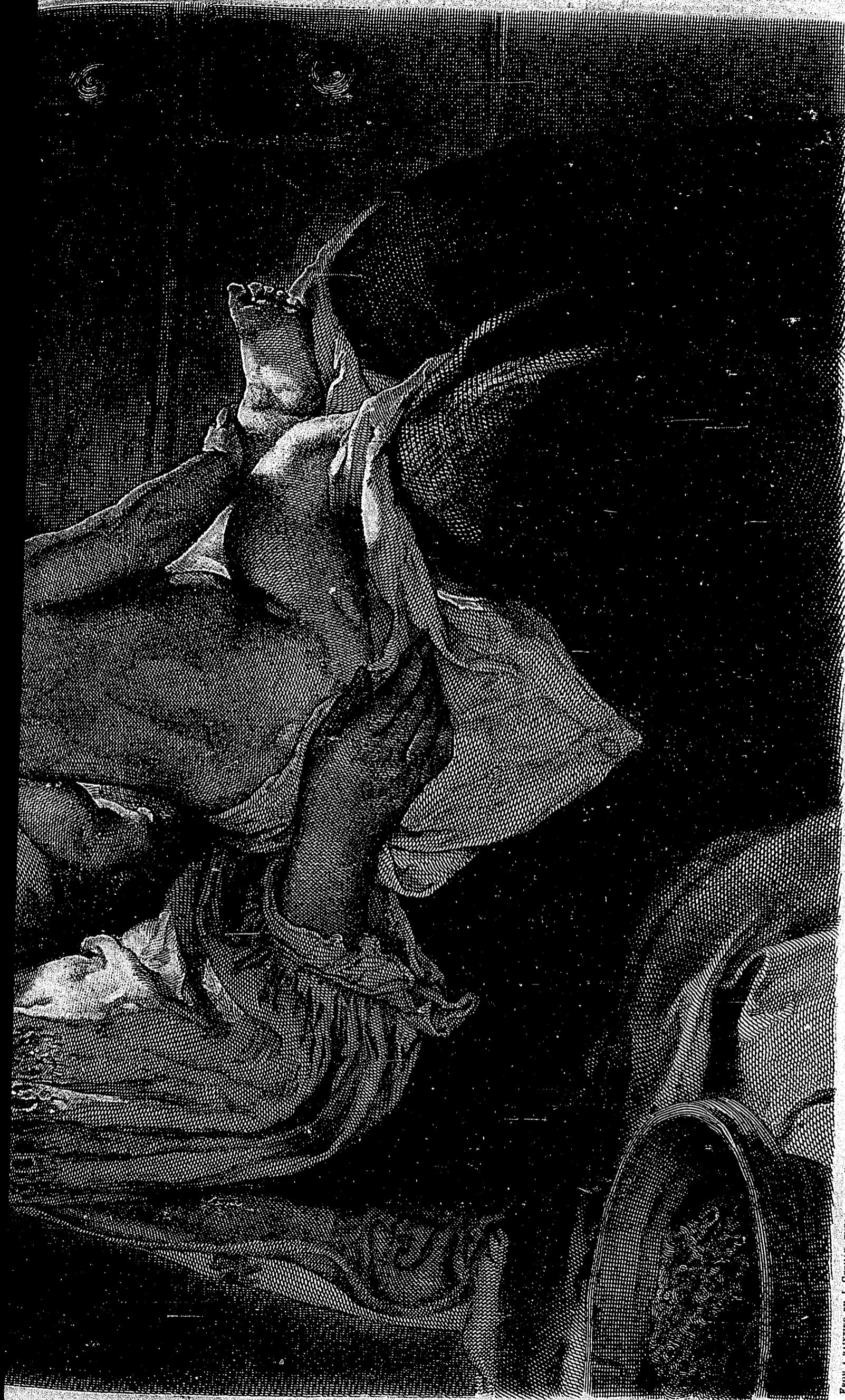
Où l'amour propre va-t-il se nicher? We have been much amused at the reason given by a French journal for the arrival of two hundred Laplanders in Paris. “These people,” says the journal, “although complete savages, have been stirred with pity on hearing of the misfortunes of our country, and have undertaken this long journey for the sole purpose of judging with their own eyes of the barbarous usage we have sustained at the hands of the Prussians.”

A gentleman was describing to Douglas Jerrold the story of his courtship and marriage—how his wife had been brought up in a convent and was on the point of taking the veil when his presence burst upon her enraptured sight and she accepted him as her husband. Jerrold listened to the end of the story, and then quietly remarked, “She simply thought you better than *mon*.”

A clergyman who had been staying for some time at the house of a friend, on going away called to him little Tommy, the four-year-old son of his host, and asked him what he should give him for a present. Tommy, who had great respect for the “cloth,” thought it his duty to suggest something of a religious nature, so he announced, hesitatingly: “I—I think I should like a Testament, and I know I should like a pop-gun.”

TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL MARBLE FOR PAPER WEIGHTS OR OTHER FANCY ARTICLES.—Soak plaster of Paris in a solution of alum; bake it in an oven, and then grind it to a powder. In using, mix it with water, and to produce the clouds and veins stir in any dry colour you wish; this will become very hard, and is susceptible of a very high polish.





FROM A PAINTING BY J. CERMAK, ENGRAVED BY G. V. HOOT.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, OCTOBER 21, 1871.

“LOOK AT BABY IN THE GLASS.”

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,
Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"Ah! but, Mr. Cumbermede, there are other departments of the law which bring quicker returns than the bar. If you would put yourself in my hands now, you should be earning your bread at least within a couple of years or so."

"You are very kind," I returned heartily, for he spoke as if he meant what he said; "but you see I have a leaning to the one and not to the other. I should like to have a try first, at all events."

"Well, perhaps it's better to begin by following your bent. You may find the road take a turn, though."

"Perhaps. I will go on till it does, though."

While we talked, Clara had followed her father, and was now patting my mare's neck with a nice, plump, fair-fingered hand. The creature stood with her arched neck and head turned lovingly towards her.

"What a nice white thing you have got to ride!" she said. "I hope it is your own."

"Why do you hope that?" I asked.

"Because it's best to ride your own horse, isn't it?" she answered, looking up naively.

"Would you like to ride her?" I believed she has carried a lady, though not since she came into my possession."

Instead of answering me, she looked round at her father, who stood by smiling benignantly. Her look said—

"If papa would let me."

He did not reply, but seemed waiting. I resumed,

"Are you a good horse-woman, Miss Clara?" I said, with a feel after the recovery of old privileges.

"I must not sing my own praises, Mr. Wilfrid," she rejoined, "but I have ridden in Rotten Row, and I believe without any signal disgrace."

"Have you got a side-saddle?" I asked, dismounting.

Mr. Coningham spoke now.

"Don't you think Mr. Cumbermede's horse a little too frisky for you, Clara?"

I know so little about you, I can't tell what you're fit for.—She used to ride pretty well as a girl," he added, turning to me.

"I've not forgotten that," I said. "I shall walk by her side, you know."

"Shall you?" she said, with a sly look.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "your grandfather would let me have his horse, and then we might have a gallop across the park."

"The best way," said Mr. Coningham, "will be to let the gardener take your horse, while you come in and have some luncheon. We'll see about the mount after that. My horse has to carry me back in the evening, else I should be happy to join you. She's a fine creature, that of yours."

"She's the handiest creature!" I said—"a little skittish, but very affectionate, and has a fine mouth. Perhaps she ought to have a curb-bit for you, though, Miss Clara."

"We'll manage with the snaffle," she answered, with, I thought, another sly glance at me, out of eyes sparkling with suppressed merriment and expectation! Her father had gone to find the gardener, and as we stood waiting for him, she still stroked the mare's neck.

"Are you not afraid of taking cold," I said, "without your bonnet?"

"I never had a cold in my life," she returned.

"That is saying much. You would have me believe you are not made of the same clay as other people."

"Believe anything you like," she answered, carelessly.

"Then I do believe it," I rejoined.

She looked me in the face, took her hand from the mare's neck, stepped back half-a-foot, and looked round, saying—

"I wonder where that man can have got to. Oh, here he comes, and papa with him!"

We went across the trim little lawn, which lay waiting for the warm weather to burst in-

to a profusion of roses, and through a trellised porch entered a shadowy little hall, with heads of stags and foxes, an old-fashioned glass-doored bookcase, and hunting and riding-whips, whence we passed into a low-pitched drawing-room, redolent of dried rose-leaves and hyacinths. A little pug-dog, which seemed to have failed in swallowing some big dog's tongue, jumped up barking from the sheepskin mat, where he lay before the fire.

"Stupid pug!" said Clara. "You never know friends from foes! I wonder where my aunt is."

She left the room. Her father had not followed us. I sat down on the sofa, and began turning over a pretty book bound in red silk, one of the first of the annual tribe, which lay on the table. I was deep in one of its eastern stories when, hearing a slight movement, I looked up, and there sat Clara in a low chair by the window, working at a delicate bit of lace with a needle. She looked somehow as if she had been there an hour at least. I laid down the book with some exclamation.

"What is the matter, Mr. Cumbermede?" she asked, with the slightest possible glance up from the fine meshes of her work.

"I had not the slightest idea you were in the room."

"Of course not. How could a literary man with a Forget-me-not in his hand, be expected

"No, no, the evening;—and of course I was a little frightened, for I was not accustomed —"

"But you were never out alone at that hour,—in London?"

"Yes, I was quite alone. I had promised to meet—a friend at the corner of ——— You know that part, do you?"

"I beg your pardon. What part?"

"Oh—Mayfair. You know Mayfair, don't you?"

"You were going to meet a gentleman at the corner of Mayfair—were you?" I said, getting quite bewildered.

She jumped up, clapping her hands as gracefully as merrily, and crying—

"I wasn't going to meet any gentleman. There! Your six questions are answered. I won't answer a single other you choose to ask, except I please, which is not in the least likely."

She made me a low half-merry half-mocking courtesy and left the room.

The same moment, her father came in, following old Mr. Coningham, who gave me a kindly welcome, and said his horse was at my service, but he hoped I would lunch with him first. I gratefully consented, and soon luncheon was announced. Miss Coningham, Clara's aunt, was in the dining-room before us. A dry, antiquated woman, she greeted me with unexpected frankness. Lunch was half over



A RIDING LESSON.

to know that a girl had come into the room?"

"Have you been at school all this time?" I asked, for the sake of avoiding a silence.

"All what time?"

"Say, since we parted in Switzerland."

"Not quite. I have been staying with an aunt for nearly a year. Have you been at college all this time?"

"At school and college. When did you come home?"

"This is not my home, but I came here yesterday."

"Don't you find the country dull after London?"

"I haven't had time yet."

"Did they give you riding lessons at school?"

"No. But my aunt took care of my morals in that respect. A girl might as well not be able to dance as ride now-a-days."

"Who rode with you in the park? Not the riding-master?"

With a slight flush on her face she retorted,

"How many more questions are you going to ask me? I should like to know that I may make up my mind how many of them to answer."

"Suppose we say six."

"Very well," she replied. "Now I shall answer your last question and count that the first. About nine o'clock, one—day—"

"Morning or evening?" I asked.

"Morning, of course—I walked out of the house—"

"Your aunt's house?"

"Yes, of course, my aunt's house. Do let me go on with my story. It was getting a little dark,—"

"Getting dark at nine in the morning?"

"In the evening, I said."

"I beg your pardon, I thought you said the morning."

before Clara entered—in a perfectly fitting habit, her hat on, and her skirt thrown over her arm.

"Soho, Clara!" cried her father; "you want to take us by surprise—coming out all at once a town-bred lady, eh?"

"Why, where ever did you get that riding-habit, Clara?" said her aunt.

"In my box, aunt," said Clara.

"My word, child, but your father has kept you in pocket-money!" returned Miss Coningham.

"I've got a town-aunt as well as a country one," rejoined Clara, with an expression I could not quite understand, but out of which her laugh took only half the sting.

Miss Coningham reddened a little. I judged afterwards that Clara had been diplomatically allowing her just to feel what sharp claws she had for use if required.

But the effect of the change from loose white muslin to tight dark cloth was marvellous, and I was bewitched by it. So slight yet so round, so trim yet so pliant—she was grace itself. It seemed as if the former object of my admiration had vanished, and I had found another with such surpassing charms that the loss could not be regretted. I may just mention that the change appeared also to bring out a certain look of determination which I now recalled as having belonged to her when a child.

"Clara!" said her father in a very marked tone; whereupon it was Clara's turn to blush and be silent.

I started some new subject, in the driest manner I could command. Clara recovered her composure, and I flattered myself she looked a little grateful when our eyes met. But I caught her father's eyes twinkling now and then as if from some source of merriment, and could not help fancying he was more amused than displeased with his daughter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A HIDING LESSON.

By the time luncheon was over, the horses had been standing some minutes at the lawn-gate, my mare with a side-saddle. We hastened to mount, Clara's eyes full of expectant frolic. I managed, as I thought, to get before her father, and had the pleasure of lifting her to the saddle. She was up ere I could feel her weight on my arm. When I gathered her again with my eyes, she was seated as calmly as if at her lace-needlework, only her eyes were sparkling. With the slightest help, she had her foot in the stirrup, and with a single movement had her skirt comfortable. I left her to mount the horse they had brought me, and when I looked from his back, the white mare was already flashing across the boles of the trees and Clara's dark skirt flying out behind like the drapery of a descending goddess in an allegorical picture. With a pang of terror I fancied the mare had run away with her, and sat for a moment afraid to follow, lest the sound of my horse's feet on the turf should make her gallop the faster. But the next moment she turned in her saddle, and I saw a face alive with pleasure and confidence. As she recovered her seat, she waved her hand to me, and I put my horse to his speed. I had not gone far however before I perceived a fresh cause of anxiety. She was making

straight for a wire fence. I had heard that horses could not see such a fence, and if Clara did not see it, or should be careless, the result would be frightful. I shouted after her, but she took no heed. Fortunately, however, there was right in front of them a gate, which I had not at first observed, into the bars of which had been wattled some brushwood. "The mare will see that," I said to myself. But the words were hardly through my mind, before I saw them fly over it like a bird.

On the other side, she pulled up, and waited for me.

Now I had never jumped a fence in my life—I did not know that my mare could do such a thing, for I had never given her the chance. I was not, and never have become what would be considered an accomplished horseman. I scarcely know a word of stable-slang. I have never followed the hounds more than twice or three times in the course of my life. Not the less am I a true lover of horses—but I have been their companion more in work than in play. I have slept for miles on horse-back, but even now I have not a sure seat over a fence.

I knew nothing of the animal I rode, but I was bound at least to make the attempt to follow my leader. I was too inexperienced not to put him to his speed instead of going gently up to the gate; and I had a bad habit of leaning forward in my saddle, besides knowing nothing of how to incline myself backwards as the horse alighted. Hence when I found myself on the other side, it was not on my horse's back, but on my own face. I rose uninjured, except in my self-esteem. I fear I was for the moment as much disconcerted as if I had been guilty of some moral fault. Nor did it help me much towards regaining my composure that Clara was shaking with suppressed laughter. Utterly stupid from mortification, I laid hold of my horse, which stood waiting for me beside the mare, and scrambled upon his back. But Clara, who with all her fun, was far from being ill-natured, fancied from my silence that I was hurt. Her merriment vanished. With quite an anxious expression on her face, she drew to my side saying—

"I hope you are not hurt?"

"Only my pride," I answered.

"Never mind that," she returned gaily.

"That will soon be itself again."

"I'm not so sure," I rejoined. "To make such a fool of myself before you!"

"Am I such a formidable person?" she said.

"Yes," I answered. "But I never jumped a fence in my life before."

"If you had been afraid," she said, "and had pulled up, I might have despised you. As it was, I only laughed at you. Where was the harm? You shirked nothing. You followed your leader. Come along, I will give you a lesson or two before we get back."

"Thank you," I said, beginning to recover my spirits a little. "I shall be a most ob-

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE. The Whistler at the Plough.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.

"I'll not believe it, Inkle. If Tom was taken by Lillymere he is not hung, be sure of that. Least I think not; would think not; am sure not; would think not. I'm sure Tom would not have so treated Lillymere."

"Don't know that, Tilda. Tom didn't like the fellow. Lillymere assumed airs of moral superiority, and didn't like Tom. No knowing what he may have done if flush of power. I take him to have possessed the blood and pride of an aristocrat. Tom, like me and mine, was democratic."

"Inkle, you are horrid. My son may have had a tiff with Lillymere about Emily; but he would never have harmed him. Nor would the other do owt to injure Tom."

The unpleasant colloquy died away in the mother's weeping. And though Inkle was silent neither of them slept that night.

Next day Rhoda Renshaw arrived in Conway, much the worse for travel seemingly. She was alone, and declined saying where she had been. Her misadventures on the ocean, occasioned by the pirate ship El Abra, were not to be published by her lips. To Inkle's earnest inquiry, she admitted having been as far south as Tennessee eight months previously, and had seen the Red-belt scouts, but heard nothing of Tom.

Rhoda parted from the Duke of Sbeerness, Lady Mary and the rest at New York. And they as soon as restored to health after the fearful sufferings in open boats on the ocean, went to sea a second time and got safely to Liverpool. Agnes Schoolar and her companion excepted.

Agnes, when partially recovered, entreated Isa Antry to forge the passage home. She did not explain all. But Lillymere's love had taken possession of her; had become a part of her physical and mental nature. She felt drawn again to the lines of war to find him. In her thoughts, when awake, his image, action, triumph, defeat, wounds, sickness, death, were present and vivid. In her dreams, when asleep, the dear delicious vision of flowering gardens, wedding bells, a bridal procession and orange blossoms came up. But often they dissolved when the procession reached the church. Cannon balls, grape shot, bursting shells, scattered deadly splinters around, exploding on the altar, slaying father and mother, the bride maids, beadle and churchwardens. Yet strangely descriptive, the fiery explosions of the vision omitted to kill the Venerable Rector of Bolderfield Green, and the tormentor of her life, Adam Schoolar.

The intensity of her love brought around her an atmosphere in which by day and night she lived. Feeling in the weakness of unpaired strength, as if supernaturally strong. Feeling as if transferred into the military costume of Lillymere, riding in battle on his charger. And Lillymere seemed to become Agnes, riding in lady's habit at her side.

And deeper still the amazing illusion. Her soul entered the secret chambers of his soul and body; groping in them as a hand in pockets of another's garments, peering into them as an eye into fair textures held against the light, she discovered in the innermost hiding-place—the folds of a soul within a soul inhabiting his body—demon of horror! She discovered that he loved the Donna Essel Bell Euryria.

That awakened in her the irresistible impulse to travel west to the war.

Insufficiently recovered from the effects of exposure, five days and nights on the ocean, always wet and mostly without food, Agnes took flight in mid-winter as fast as train in snow-storm might travel, to prove if Lillymere still loved. Or, caring for her in a degree, if he loved another more. And Isa Antry, the compliant companion, united in the hazard with her.

They were yet travelling into impenetrable uncertainty in the Western States, when a lady with a retinue emerged from the States into Canada. It was the Donna Essel Bell Euryria. Soon she unfolded initiatory magnificence at Montreal. For aught you might have inferred from her evening assemblies, she seemed given wholly to society, music, the poetry of motion, the pleasant duties of hospitality, and to the irradiation of all by lively wit.

In that lying beyond what you might have discovered, the Donna aimed at subduing the influences of fair, fascinating, wealthy rebel ladies gathered at Montreal from the South, where they held court in circles of fashion and military garrison to subvert the judgment of Canadians, and to cover, under social life, dark

dient pupil. But how did you get so clever, Clara?"

"I ventured the unprotected name, and she took no notice of the liberty."

"I told you I had had a riding-master. If you are not afraid, and mind what you are told, you will always come right somehow."

"I suspect that is good advice for more than horsemanship."

"I had not the slightest intention of moralizing. I am incapable of it," she answered in a tone of serious self-defence.

"I had as little intention of making the accusation," I rejoined. "But will you really teach me a little?"

"Most willingly. To begin, you must sit erect. You lean forward."

"Thank you. Is this better?"

"Yes, better. A little more yet. You ought to have your stirrups shorter. It is a poor affectation to ride like a trooper. Their own officers don't. You can tell any novice by his long leathers, his heels down and his toes in his stirrups. Ride home, if you want to ride comfortably."

The phrase was new to me, but I guessed what she meant; and without dismounting, pulled my stirrup-leathers a couple of holes shorter, and thrust my feet through to the instep. She watched the whole proceeding.

"There! you look more like riding now," she said. "Let us have another canter. I will promise not to lead you over any more fences without due warning."

"And due admonition as well, I trust, Clara."

She nodded, and away we went. I had never been so proud of my mare. She showed to much advantage, with the graceful figure on her back, which she carried like a feather.

"Now there's a little fence," she said, pointing where a rail or two protected a clump of plantation. "You must mind the young wood though, or we shall get into trouble. Mind you throw yourself back a little—as you see me do."

I watched her, and following her directions did better this time, for I got over somehow and recovered my seat.

"There! You improve," said Clara. "Now we're pounded, except you can jump again, and it is not quite so easy from this side."

"When we alighted, I found my saddle in the proper place."

"Bravo!" she cried. "I entirely forgive your first misadventure. You do splendidly."

"I would rather you forgot it, Clara," I cried ungraciously.

"Well, I will be generous," she returned. "Besides, I owe you something for such a charming ride. I will forget it."

"Thank you," I said, and drawing closer would have had my left hand on her right.

Whether she foresaw my intention, I do not know; but in a moment she was yards away, scampering over the grass. My horse could never have overtaken hers.

By the time she drew rein and allowed me to get alongside of her once more, we were in sight of Moldwarp Hall. It stood with one corner towards us, giving the perspective of two sides at once. She stopped her mare, and said—

"There, Wilfrid! What would you give to call a place like that your own? What a thing to have a house like that to live in!"

"I know something I should like better," I returned.

"I assure my reader I was not so silly as to be on the point of making her an offer already. Neither did she so misunderstand me. She was very near the mark of my meaning when she rejoined—

"Do you? I don't. I suppose you would prefer being called a fine poet, or something of the sort?"

"I was glad she did not give me time to reply, for I had not intended to expose myself to her ridicule. She was off again at a gallop towards the Hall, straight for the less accessible of the two gates, and had scrambled the mare up to the very bell-pull and rung it before I could get near her. When the porter appeared in the wicket—

"Open the gate, Jansen," she said. "I want to see Mrs. Wilson, and don't want to get down."

"But horses never come in here, Miss," said the man.

"I mean to make an exception in favour of this mare," she answered.

The man hesitated a moment, then retreated—but only to obey, as we understood at once by the creaking of the dry hinges, which were seldom required to move.

"You won't mind holding her for me, will you?" she said, turning to me.

"I had been sitting mute with surprise both at the way in which she ordered the man, and at his obedience. But now I found my tongue."

"Don't you think, Miss Coningham," I said—for the man was within hearing, "we had better leave them both with the porter, and then we could go in together? I'm not sure that those flags, not to mention the steps, are good footing for that mare."

"Oh! you're afraid of your animal, are you?" she rejoined. "Very well."

"Shall I hold your stirrup for you?"

"Before I could dismount, she had slipped off, and begun gathering up her skirt. The

man came and took the horses. We entered by the open gate together."

"How can you be so cruel, Clara?" I said.

"You will always misinterpret me! I was quite right about the flags. Don't you see how hard they are, and how slippery therefore for iron shoes?"

"You might have seen by this time that I know quite as much about horses as you do," she returned, a little cross, I thought.

"You can ride ever so much better," I answered; "but it does not follow you know more about horses than I do. I once saw a horse have a frightful fall on just such a pavement. Besides, does one think only of the horse when there's an angel on his back?"

"It was a silly speech, and deserved rebuke."

"I'm not in the least fond of such compliments," she answered.

By this time we had reached the door of Mrs. Wilson's apartment. She received us rather stiffly, even for her. After some commonplace talk, in which, without departing from facts, Clara made it appear that she had set out for the express purpose of paying Mrs. Wilson a visit, I asked if the family was at home, and finding they were not, begged leave to walk into the library.

"We'll go together," she said, apparently not caring about a *l'écarté* with Clara. Evidently the old lady liked her as little as ever.

We left the house, and entering again by a side door, passed on our way through the little gallery, into which I had dropped from the roof.

"Look, Clara, that is where I came down," I said.

She merely nodded. But Mrs. Wilson looked very sharply, first at the one, then at the other of us. When we reached the library, I found it in the same miserable condition as before, and could not help exclaiming with some indignation:

"It is a shame to see such treasures mouldering there! I am confident there are many valuable books among them, getting ruined from pure neglect. I wish I knew Sir Giles. I would ask him to let me come and set them right."

"You would be choked with dust and cobwebs in an hour's time," said Clara. "Besides, I don't think Mrs. Wilson would like the proceeding."

"What do you ground that remark upon, Miss Clara?" said the housekeeper in a dry tone.

"I thought you used them for firewood occasionally," answered Clara, with an innocent expression both of manner and voice.

The most prudent answer to such an absurd charge would have been a laugh; but Mrs. Wilson vouchsafed no reply at all, and I pretended to be too much occupied with its subject to have heard it.

After lingering a little while, during which I paid attention chiefly to Mrs. Wilson, drawing her notice to the state of several of the books, I proposed we should have a peep at the armoury. We went in, and, glancing over the walls I knew so well, I scarcely repressed an exclamation: I could not be mistaken in my own sword! There it hung, in the centre of the principal space—in the same old sheath, split half way up from the point! To the hilt hung an ivory label with a number upon it. I suppose I made some articulate sound, for Clara fixed her eyes upon me. I busied myself at once with a gorgeously hilted scimitar, which hung near, for I did not wish to talk about it then, and so escaped further remark. From the armoury we went to the picture-gallery, where I found a good many pictures had been added to the collection. They were all new, and mostly brilliant in colour. I was no judge, but I could not help feeling how crude and harsh they looked beside the mellowed tints of the paintings, chiefly portraits, amongst which they had been introduced.

"Horrid!—aren't they?" said Clara, as if she divined my thoughts; but I made no direct reply, unwilling to offend Mrs. Wilson.

When we were once more on horseback, and walking across the grass, my companion was the first to speak.

"Did you ever see such daubs?" she said, making a wry face as at something sour enough to untune her nerves. "Those new pictures are simply frightful. Any one of them would give me the jaundice in a week, if it were hung in our drawing-room."

"I can't say I admire them," I returned.

"And at all events they ought not to be on the same walls with those stately old ladies and gentlemen."

"Parvenus," said Clara. "Quite in their place. Pure Manchester taste—educated on calico prints."

"If that is your opinion of the family, how do you account for their keeping everything so much in the old style? They don't seem to change anything."

"All for their own honour and glory! The place is a testimony to the antiquity of the family of which they are a shoot run to seed—and very ugly seed too! It's enough to break one's heart to think of such a glorious old place in such hands. Did you ever see young Brotherton?"

"I knew him a little at college. He's a good-looking fellow."

"Would be, if it weren't for the bad blood in him. That comes out unmistakably. He's vulgar."

"Have you seen much of him, then?"

"Quite enough. I never heard him say anything vulgar, or saw him do anything vulgar, but vulgar he is, and vulgar is every one of the family. A man who is always aware of how rich he will be, and how good-looking he is, and what a fine match he would make, would look vulgar lying in his coffin."

"You are positively caustic, Miss Coningham."

"If you saw their house in Cheshire! But blessings be on the place!—it's the safety valve for Moldwarp Hall. The natural Manchester passion for novelty and luxury finds a vent there, otherwise they could not keep their hands off it; and what was best would be sure to go first. Corchester House ought to be secured to the family by Act of Parliament."

"Have you been to Corchester, then?"

"I was there for a week once."

"And how did you like it?"

"Not at all. I was not comfortable. I was always feeling too well bred. You never saw such colours in your life. Their drawing-rooms are quite a happy family of the most quarrelsome tints."

"How ever did they come into this property?"

"They're of the breed somehow—a long way off, though. Shouldn't I like to see a new chainant come up and oust them after all! They haven't had it above five-and-twenty years, or so. Would't you?"

"The old man was kind to me once."

"How was that? I thought it was only through Mrs. Wilson you knew anything of them."

I told her the story of the apple.

"Well, I do rather like old Sir Giles," she said, when I had done. "There's a good deal of the rough country gentleman about him. He's a better man than his son, anyhow. Sons will succeed fathers though, unfortunately."

"I don't care who may succeed him, if only I could get back my sword. It's too bad with an armoury like that to take my one little ewe-lamb from me."

Here I had another story to tell. After many interruptions in the way of questions from my listener, I ended it with the words:

"And—will you believe me?—I saw the sword hanging in that armoury this afternoon—close by that splendid hilt I pointed out to you."

"How could you tell it among so many?"

"Just as you could tell that white creature from this brown one. I know it, hilt and scabbard, as well as a human face."

"As well as mine, for instance?"

"I am surer of it than I was of you this morning. It hasn't changed like you."

Our talk was interrupted by the appearance of a gentleman on horseback approaching us. I thought at first it was Clara's father, setting out for home, and coming to bid us good-bye; but I soon saw I was mistaken. Not however until he came quite close, did I recognize Geoffrey Brotherton. He took off his hat to my companion, and reined in his horse.

"Are you going to give us in charge for trespassing, Mr. Brotherton?" said Clara.

"I should be happy to take you in charge on any pretence, Miss Coningham. This is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

Here he looked in my direction.

"Ah!" he said, lifting his eyebrows. "I thought I knew the old horse! What a nice cob you've got, Miss Coningham!"

He had not chosen to recognize me, of which I was glad, for I hardly knew how to order my behaviour to him. I had forgotten nothing. But, ill as I liked him, I was forced to confess that he had greatly improved in appearance—and manners too, notwithstanding his behaviour was as supercilious as ever to me.

"Do you call her a cob, then?" said Clara.

"I should never have thought of calling her a cob. She belongs to Mr. Cumberland."

"Ah!" he said again, arching his eyebrows as before, and looking straight at me as if he had never seen me in his life.

"I think I succeeded in looking almost unaware of his presence. At least so I tried to look, feeling quite thankful to Clara for defending my mare; to hear her called a cob was hateful to me. After listening to a few more of his remarks upon her, made without the slightest reference to her owner, who was not three yards from her side, Clara asked him, in the easiest manner:

"Shall you be at the county ball?"

"When is that?"

"Next Thursday."

"Are you going?"

"I hope so."

"Then will you dance the first waltz with me?"

"No, Mr. Brotherton."

"Then I am sorry to say I shall be in London."

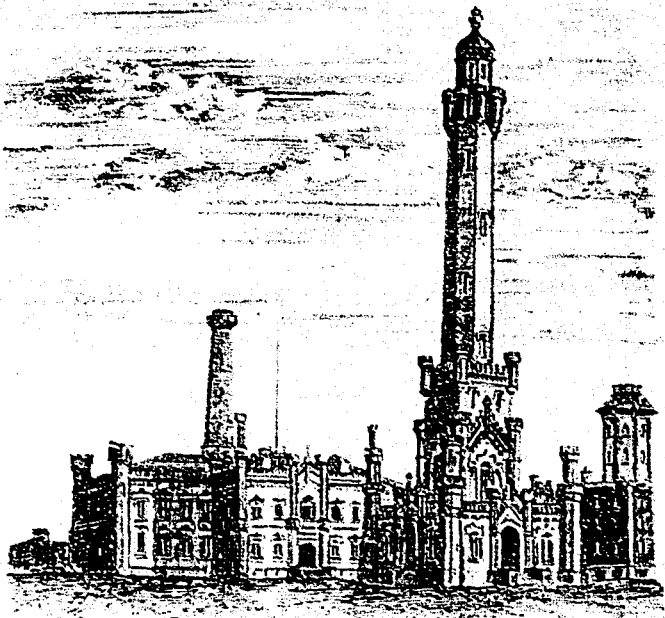
"When do you rejoin your regiment?"

"Oh! I've got a month's leave."

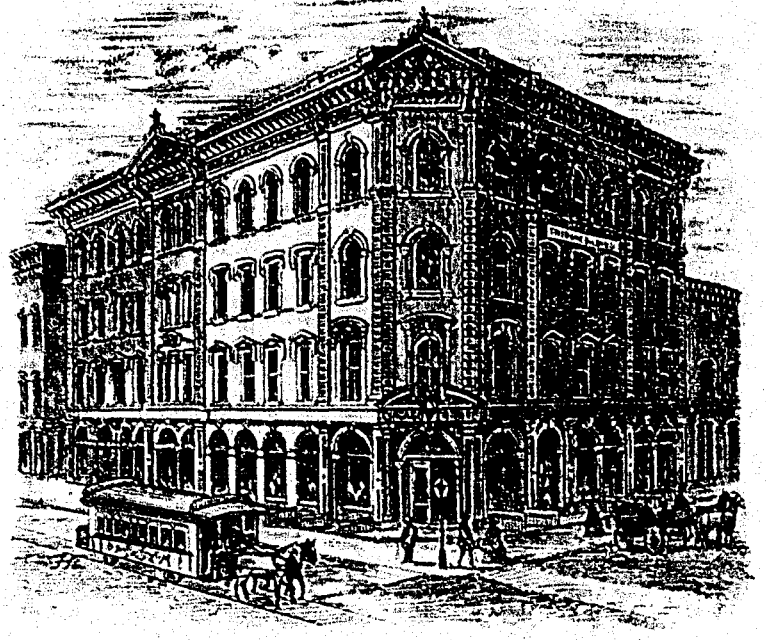
"Then why won't you be at the ball?"

"Because you won't promise me the first waltz."

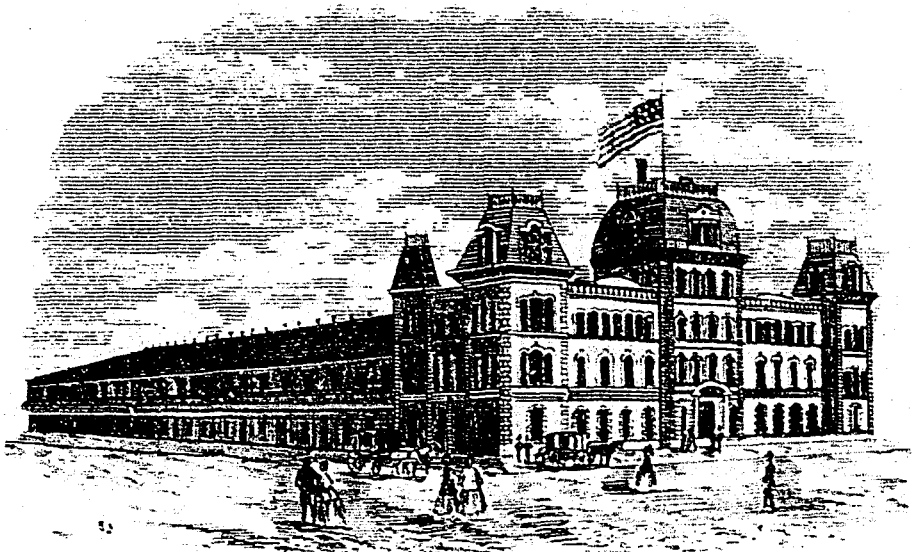
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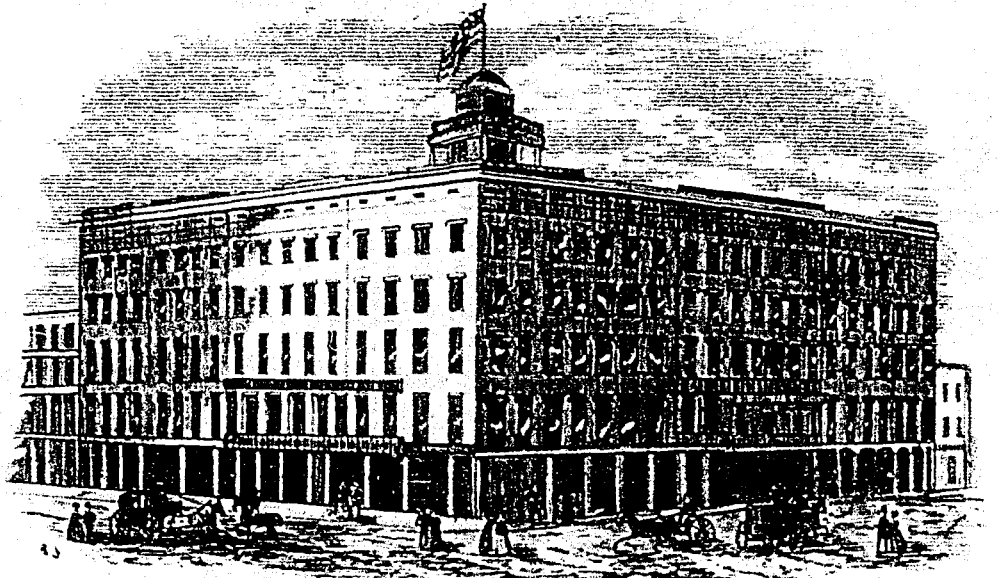
THE WATER WORKS, CHICAGO.



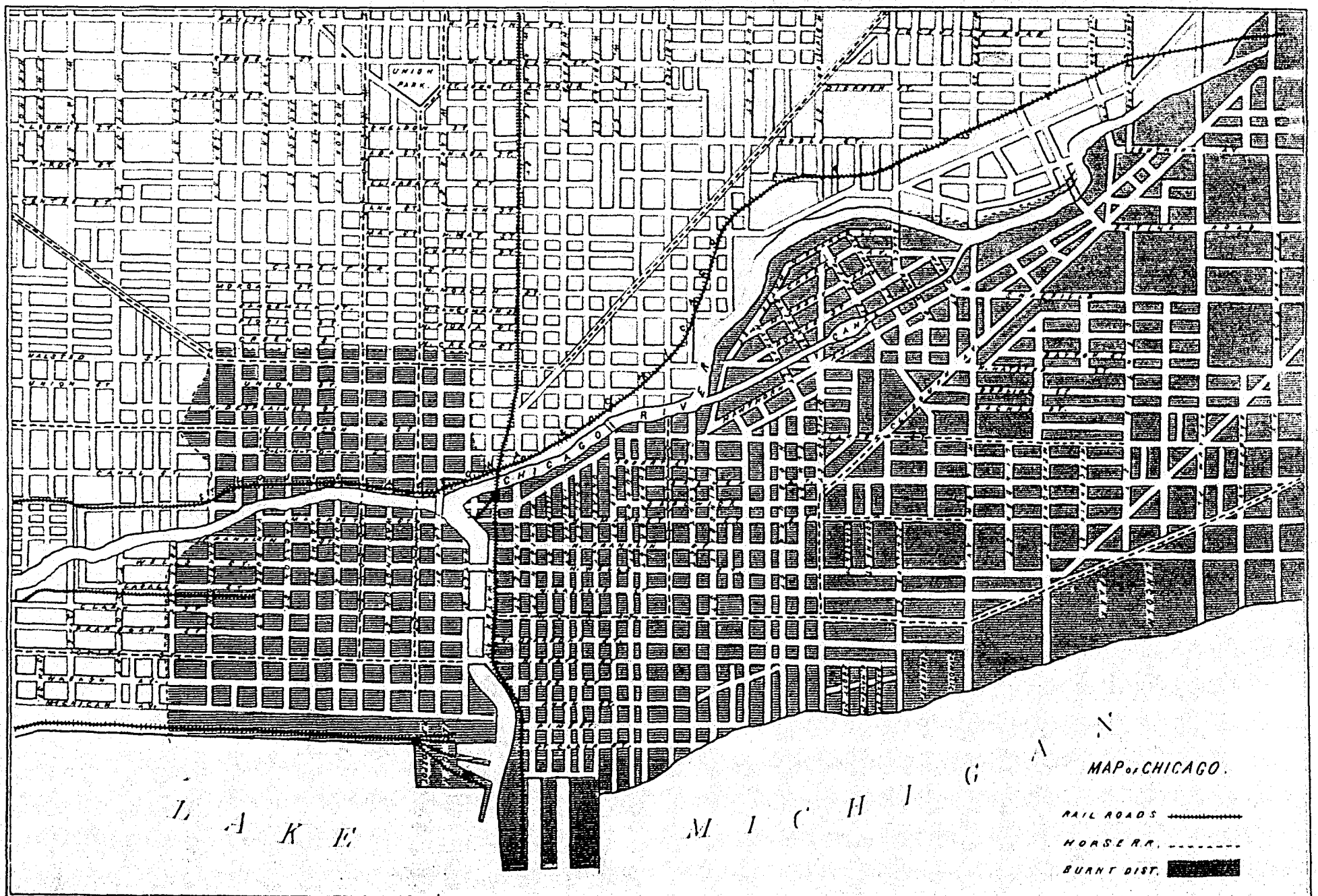
THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE BUILDING.



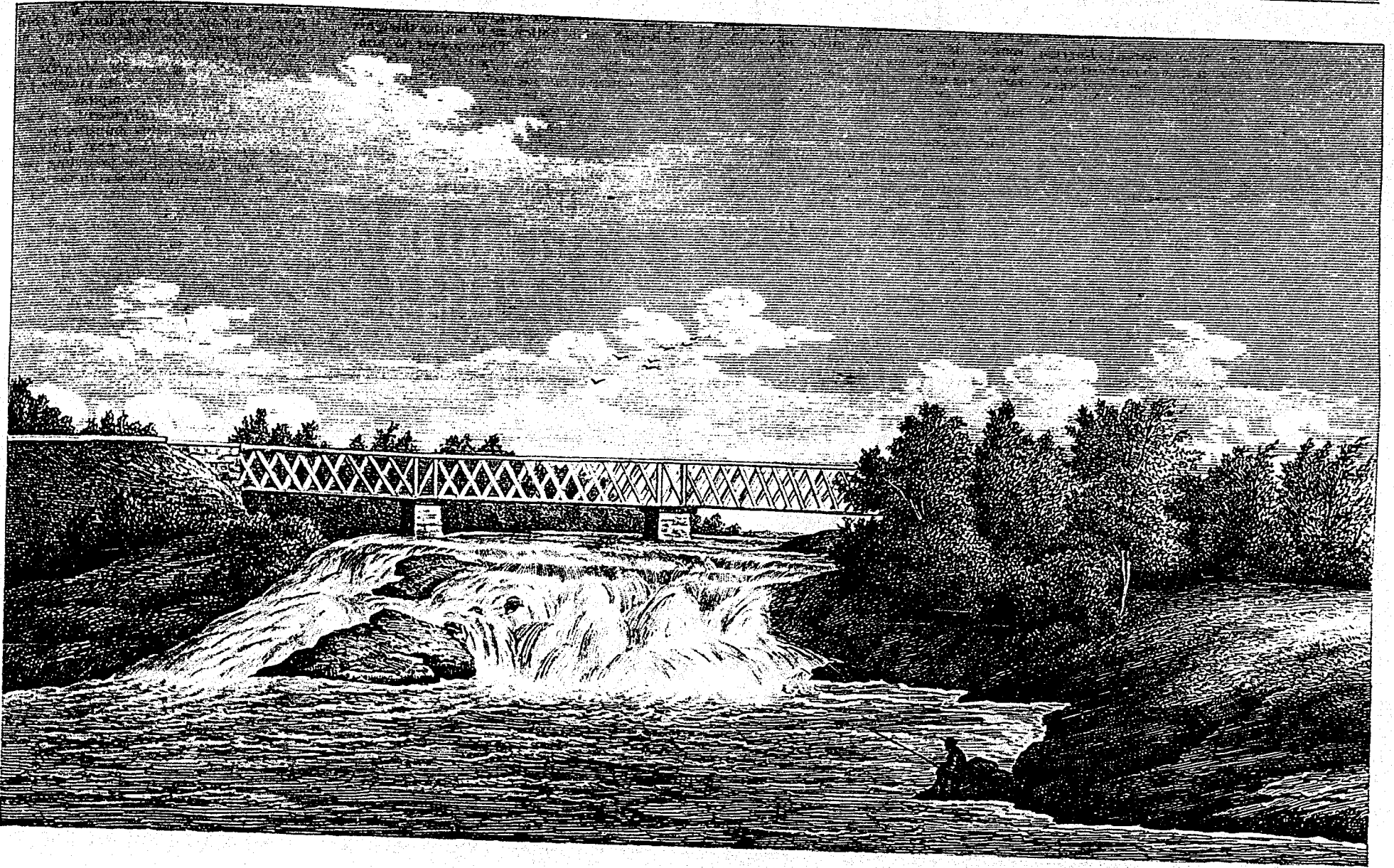
THE MICHIGAN SOUTHERN R. R. DEPOT, CHICAGO.



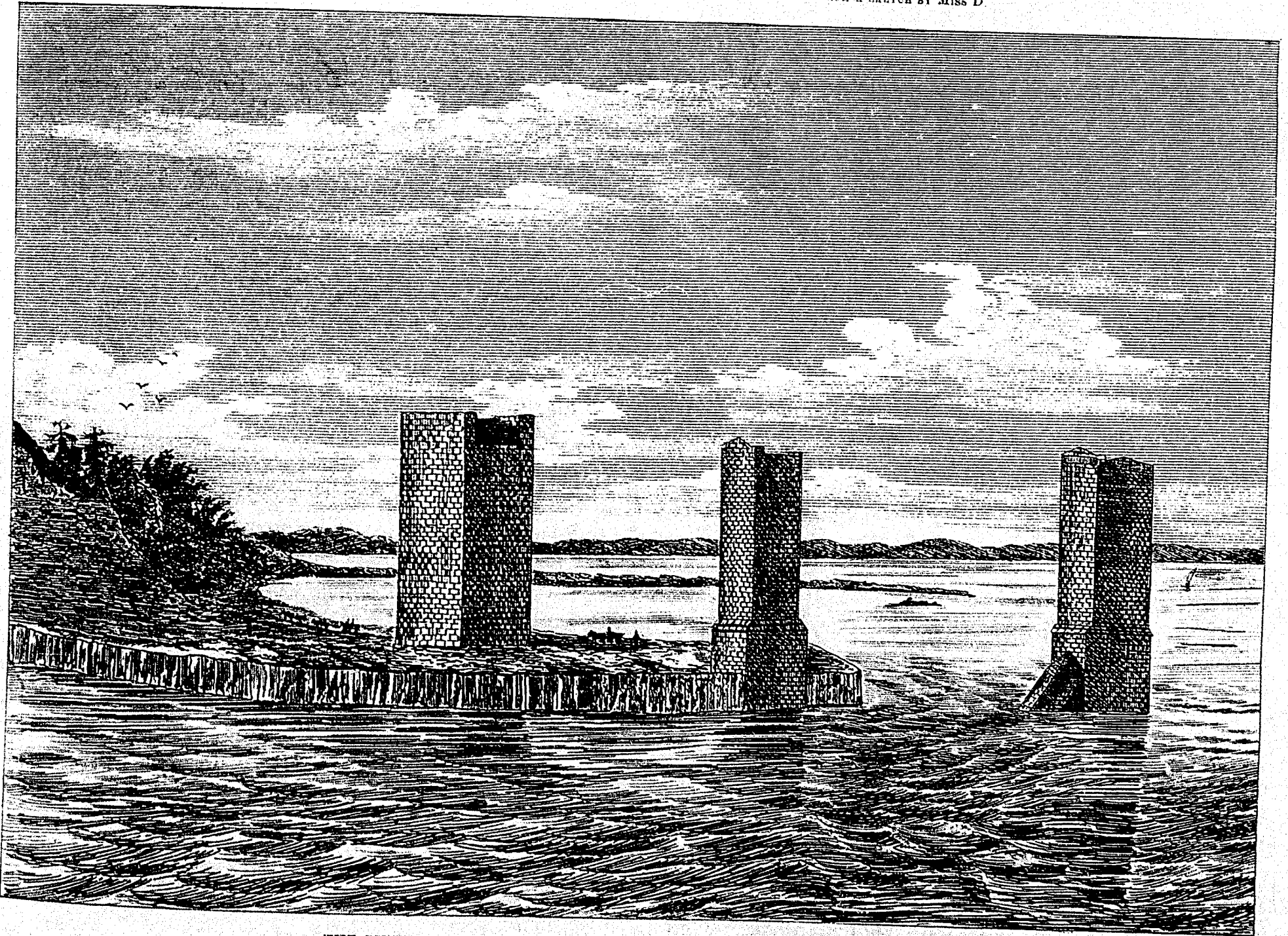
THE TREMONT HOUSE, CHICAGO.



MAP OF CHICAGO, SHOWING THE BURNT DISTRICT.—SEE PAGE 258.



THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BRIDGE AT RIVER DU LOUP.—FROM A SKETCH BY MISS D.



THE PIERS FOR THE BRIDGE AT TROIS PISTOLES.—FROM A SKETCH BY MISS D.

plots of refugee emissaries against the country over the line.

And it was all the more agreeable to Eurydia to come on this mission that she needed to assume no false appearances; the world knew her to be of distinguished fortune. She had left her beneficence to the suffering, both in North and South under proper care. And she had with her an invalid, not yet convalescent, picked from a bed of gory mud on a field of battle—the chivalrous DeLacy Lillymere. On him her heart and soul, all the full strong nature of woman glowed as a firmament of illumined, intellectual, pure, passionate love.

On him, for whom Agnes was then travelling south and west into the war, to search for and watch over with love not less psychological and penetrative, passionate and real, but greatly less in the intellectual vitality inspiring, exalting and widening its compass.

Agnes loved the youth whom she had seen in London despised, and ill-treated on account of humble dress and obscurity.

Eurydia loved the youth whom she felt to belong to the race she had sprung from, and to be destined with her in the ordinances of the universe to repress the "yes" and "no" in the life of nations.

Oh, beautiful city, palatial Montreal! As in summer, so in winter. Loftiest of skies, purest of atmospheres, transcending in brilliancy, infinite in poetry!

Sleighs, sledges, cutters, carioles have awakened from dormancy. City and country assume new forms of motion, life, colours.

The floral luxuriance and verdure of hill and plain dropt and departed; and in their stead came the new glory of snow. Sleighs on runners of polished steel, over fields of sparkling ice, glide with the fast trotting horses abreast, or single, or tandem, in silver mounted harness begirt with silver bells. Underfoot in the chariot and around and hanging over, lie the furs and buffalo robes; fox-tail pennants, margins of colours garnishing the rear.

Happy among the robes, the young in years or the old. Lightsome the faces in glow of health, invigorated under the beautiful Canadian sky.

Seated on the cushions, clothed in fleecy clouds—the woolly clouds of Hesperia, furs, shawls, veils. They fit down the slopes, along the streets, around the turnings, through the squares, out on the quays, out on the river; the broad, the frozen flood, dotted with branches of dark green pines, set in the ice to guide the impetuous drivers.

Why people I the gliding chariots with the happy, the good and lovely? Because I know no other. The world is all beautiful, good and true to me, so it treads not on my toes. It is the privilege of this unit, breathing Heaven in the Canada atmosphere, and believing in another Heaven, to walk afoot and apart, and gather up joys which many miss.

All things beautiful and good were made for me. Dry land, lake and river; summer and winter; earth and the universe were made for me.

For my delectation the merchants amass wealth. They build palatial warehouses; year by year in richer splendours. Rear suburban mansions, gardens, and floral conservatories. Equip the family chariots. Mount brave young sons on stateliest, fleetest horses. Enrich the vision with sisters, wives, daughters; furs, satins, laces, shawls of cashmere.

For my delight the royal mountain is leafy and green in summer; gorgeous in autumn; or in winter crowned with the diadem—sparkling, flashing brilliancies set in snow.

For this eye, is the elaborate wedding of the waters encircling the Island and the City of Montreal. Pellucid St. Lawrence, sylvan Indian Ottawa.

For delectation of the eye, gathering up the abounding joy and beauty, the sleighs, sledges, cutters glide swiftly on the glacial plains. Over the lesser lakes, marshes, rivers. Over gates, posts, fences, on levels of high drift in free independency of roads. Onward on the snow direct as the flight of the eagles.

Inspired to speed by the bells on the harness, the horses of vivacity, well fed at resting places, trot to the music of the bells; merrily cheerily tinkling bells. Travellers and horses enjoy the elasticity, the purity, the cheerfulness of the cold clear air.

Essel Bell Eurydia added not often to the gaiety out of doors. Colonel Simon Lud, her Lillymere and ours, had been wounded at his duty to a degree of danger nearly fatal, and was still too feeble to share in robust exercises, or face twenty below zero on the exciting courses of the sleighing. He remained within the palatial residence; and the Donna did not quit him long, though occasionally flashing out as a comet in the constellations.

Humble and restrained in her retirement, Eurydia, when she did come forth, shot along the snow with a retinue of the Pleiades in rapid gliding equipages—sumptuous, superb; preceded and followed by attendants mounted on steeds trained and shod for the conditions.

Peerless Essel Bell Eurydia, the child I met at Branxton. Queen of Beauty; haughty and imperious, wondrously charming, though no longer young.

The glimpses obtained were transient; yet in the very brevity decisive. Inquiry followed admiration. Then the Essel Bell assem-

bles came on the lips of all fashion. The privilege of admission narrowly limited was sought the more. In midst of which, by agencies, her policy to circumvent rebel emissaries was unfolded and diffused.

Of the guests and the policy history may take charge, or oblivion cover. They are not for this page.

Under a guarded self-discipline in all things else; calm and brave in battle of bullets; calm and brave as he had been in that which is a harder battle to fight; where obscurity and conscious mental power have to face the insult of the dull fellow on the step next above; where the upright moral nature has to accept rebuke from hypocrisy cheating it of wages earned,—in all those positions Lillymere had been brave and mostly sagacious.

Under the tenderness of the Donna's nursing, whose delicacy had not to this admitted of spoken love; yet whose gentle attention told him the tenderness was more than a stranger's; more than a nurse's; more than a friend's; not all a sister's; very like a loving woman's;—Lillymere allowed affections new to his mind and alien to his judgment to have root and grow to leaf and blossom.

The affections grew in light of the windows of a woman's pure mind, and fed at her unspoken thoughts. And what they fed on grew and flourished, daily yielding a richer honey dew. The nectar which eyes looking into eyes drink up; time out of mind the food of love.

Lillymere's moral fortitude seemed in danger of failing to sustain the impeccable standard of honour he aimed at, when it became exposed and tried in the radiance of two hemispheres of a world of love. Either of them a sufficiency, more than a sufficiency for a nature too susceptible of impressions from feminine graces. But the light of two illumined the imagination and glowing on the heart at once was equivalent to eclipse, unless he declared a preference. And if preferring for acceptance one, what provision had nature or reason made in him for inoffensively and tenderly setting aside the other?

"If Agnes," said he, to his conscience, "came out of England for love of me, believing I was an outcast of the million hand-loom weavers, thrust from their looms in the rushing up of the sciences and growth of the order of new mechanics, my family of the Luds under ban of the law, it was romantic of her as a lady, though not prudent as a daughter."

"If Agnes came from England loving me, through tender pity that I, the attaché in humblest position in her father's offices, had been insulted and maltreated, her coming was the inspiration of a noble nature."

"If she came primarily to escape a man odious to her sensitive being, and secondarily to woo and wed the poor clerk maltreated by the man odious, the coming was not all for love of me."

"If she came believing, or fondly hoping, I was not the despised Toby, but the heir of Lillymere in temporary obscurity, she aiming to be Countess when I was Earl, the adventure was hazardous, and bold as her style of riding, but not an adventure for love of me."

"Whichever motive prompted her, she rode into the battle bravely, and at imminent risk of her own life, saved mine—for a time."

"I do prefer and accept into my heart as a treasure, the most precious to be conferred by woman, the belief that Agnes came from England out of tender pity for Toby—love for Toby, love for me."

"She has told this, and I must believe her; must believe in a nature so simply trustful and so brave. Brave in the very nakedness of its simple trusting, hoping, loving; trusting and loving me."

"What, that her mother from the first despised me? And her father in grief of his mis-information wronged me? They will change when they know me better. And should they at some time know Simon Lud, or Toby Olan, as husband of their daughter, and she a Countess, they will have learned they are mother and father to a man. A man who could have been a weaver had not the nation trodden down the weavers in triumph of the newer mechanics; but who being DeLacy Lillymere, successor to lines of illustrious Earls, will be what his ancestors were, each in his time and in the conditions of his time, a man to follow or lead in the interests of his country."

Lillymere muttered the latter sentence reclining on a couch for ease of a stiffened limb. Scraps of paper were held in hand and passing thoughts noted with a pencil. The pencil case bore a minute carving of Eurydia's head in ivory set in jewels, with which he seemed conversing. The Donna quietly entered, as was her wont, looking in a mirror reflecting from the couch the patient's form, lest she might disturb the slumber of her hero. He resumed, and the lady, thinking the voice was but the gentle murmur of a dream, remained. Stepping softly behind the head of the couch that she might purloin the ecstasy of beholding her darling hero dreaming, she stood and bent on him slightly. And as she bent her head she wondered to see the mystery of sleep; the eyes but half closed; fingers moving within folds of the draping;

moving as if writing; lips murmuring as if speaking. He wrote slightly of history and of British public policy, as if noting thoughts for future elaboration. Then passed to himself and Eurydia. The scraps of paper falling into keeping of one interested, I am privileged to transcribe a few, thus:

"Through all the Lillymere ancestry the succeeding Earl has been a modification of his predecessor in conformity to changing times. But I cannot yet present myself in England. Must up and away to fulfil the service voluntarily undertaken in loyalty to the civilization of the age, and for conservation of American national life."

"In the liberty allied to safety, and deeply tempered by humanity, the House of Lords in England have in most things led. From crown and church allied in one despotism they conquered for the people Magna Charta and the rights of Habeas Corpus; and in face of recreancy have asserted the permanency of that conquest."

"In face of all the alliances of Plutonic interests the House of Lords wrested from railway companies for the people two penny-a-mile trains daily. Compensation for preventable loss of life and limb. Law of deadlands. Compulsory fencing of machinery. Limitation of working hours in factories. And many ameliorations such as have not been yet obtained in America protective of humanity, nor in any other country."

"As Court of last Appeal the House of Lords, where doubt divides thought, have uniformly given the option of judgment to the side of the weaker person, and to the wider humanity."

"I must cease this writing, reading, dreaming, and end the term of loitering here."

"Not wholly yet bereft of self-control as Antony was. This Cleopatra is too magnanimous and pure to lure away from duty this doubly, trebly wounded Antony. Wounded in heart by entrance of the soul of woman, as well as in body and limb by missiles of battle."

"Wounded in two hearts, had I two. Two wounds in one heart not possessing more than one to be wounded."

"Too pure and noble in high purposes this Cleopatra, Donna Essel Bell Eurydia, to subvert from duty this imperfect Antony."

"Beneficent Heaven! What a peerless woman! Monstress reformatory of the ethics of yes and no."

"Illustrious and most charming daughter of genius! Endowed with loftiest ambition; with all a true woman's moral excellencies; unlimited financial fortune; and possessing widest conceptions of a woman's powers and duty; to utilize the unused forces of perpetual social motion. To compass and apply for moral well-being, outside of religion and supplementary, the greatest force in social nature—fashion. To enchain by fashion all other social powers, and assert in things secular,—veracity, mercy, and justice."

"Veracity, and that justice which includes fair play to the socially inferior, the weak, the unskilled, the young. The weak and young whose lot in life is labour and subjection. Fair play through the hundred steps of aristocracies in society—new world as in old; tyrannies of man to man from step to step downward; mostly increasing in severity by degrees of the descent."

"Truth, justice and mercy. Simple attainments one might think. Preached from Bethlehem to Calvary, pure and simple, by the Immaculate, and in a mixed manner since; not established in the nations yet. All earnest, holy preachers right, each from his place; but the place of none in awful solemnity of the eternity which is their concern, permitting adaptation for moral purposes of the gaiety of natural cheerfulness flowing to waste in all society. To amend this, if I understand aright, is the function of the Eurydian Institutes."

"Illustrious, beautiful, peerless Eurydia! A daring presumption it would be of me to cherish even a passing thought of love for this unapproachable impersonation of beauty, splendour, and the virtues. I may only admire in the distance and restrain the affections, too apt in their vagrancy to go forth where not desired."

"Happily, I am——"

The Donna, shocked at the indelicacy of her position, now she perceived Lillymere was awake and writing, slept softly back, going silently away as she came. The two last passages written, which only her eye alighted on, gave her a glow and gush of bounding joy.

"Ah! He would love! He would love me! And be mine; all my own, did he know the nature and measure of this irrepressible sympathy for him, penetrating through armour of denial, refusing to depart, or be admonished to moderation. Which abides and grows; nourished in light of the glances of his eyes. Fancy magnifying the rays of the light of the glances to a bright and blooming summer noon of the heart. Summer of a woman's life."

"That new moral life of the world which I aimed to develop, where is it? My own great America torn and bleeding in this cruel war. My own compliant heart distracted in this love for Lillymere."

"Ah me! No longer I live above the clouds, sister of the eagles. I have descended to the

level standard of woman which is—better; yes, I think better."

"Better, for now I know he loves. I think he loves; or would love, if assured he is not presumptuous."

"What then? what then for this great ambition? We as one might fulfil grander purposes than I alone could accomplish."

"Oh, my adorable Lillymere! Gallant young hero! Unmatchable beautiful boy!"

The Donna had not read what Lillymere pencilled about Agnes in the preceding paragraphs. Nor the words he was in the act of writing when delicacy drew her away. Which words completed were:

"Happily, I am fortified against Eurydia in the love of Agnes; and by my declaration of fidelity to her. Love for her, that simple child of nature; whose one endowment is a rich store of affection enlivened by youth. No exceeding qualities, other than the beauty of pitying, loving, and trusting me."

Lillymere rose from the couch; beheld himself in the mirrors; arranged his curling auburn hair; and gathered the folds at the waist of his dressing gown. A simple garment to my eyes at first; but made from richest shawls of cashmere I was told; and jewelled at the collar, wrists, and tassels by Eurydia's own hand.

He now felt as if strong. Walked briskly back and forth in the chamber. Then emerged to the corridor which led to the conservatory. There the floral plants of the tropics blossomed in midwinter luxuriant and gorgeous. Though not more profusely there than in the winter conservatories of many other financiers and merchants.

Hearing the Donna's rich voice singing in a rapturous strain of harmony with the grand piano, he entered the drawing-room, standing in admiration. Soon observing him, or sympathetically feeling his presence, the lady ceased; rose, and taking his hand, expressed concern that he should have come from his own chamber, possibly exposed to cold.

"I came to thank you, dear madam, for all this tender nursing; for my cure of wounds, and measureless enjoyments under your protection; and to announce that forthwith—the day after to-morrow at latest—I depart for the war; to resume my place, or any other place allotted me in the mighty conflict."

"Too feeble in health, dear Colonel Lillymere. Pray stay yet awhile, until stronger."

A vice-chamberlain of the Donna's household entered with letters and a telegram for Lillymere. Reading the telegram he turned pale; and with an effort at utterance, said:

"Must go at once. Important affairs demand my presence. I leave to-night."

"Impossible, dear Lillymere. The exposure to cold within three points of zero will kill you. Will kill my dear young friend. Do not go. You are my life, my love; my love and life, dear Lillymere."

"My honour demands I go."

"Your honour? Have any presumed to wrong you? To quarrel? To challenge?"

"No, dear lady. Nothing of that nature. But I must at once set out."

"You will perish, Lillymere. In this weak health you will die. Your life is very precious to me, dear Lillymere. I entreat you stay."

He would not; could not defer the journey; and departed by the night train.

Next day another telegram came to his address, and one to Eurydia, asking she would read that to Lillymere, and forward it to him, or act on it in his behalf should he have left Montreal. It was from Isa Antry, the lady companion of Agnes Schoedar. And read thus:

"Agnes was deluded with hope of seeing you in Canada, and came. The day she arrived this side the line, an order was got to put her in the asylum. Agnes is as sane as I, or any woman living; only tormented by the tyrant, Adam, and another relation whom he terrified. Intercept the party the day after to-morrow at Quebec, with help from the authorities. I am told Government will interfere if you be prompt. To be thrust among the insane will kill Agnes. Hasten to Quebec, I implore you. Instantly, I entreat you. Isa Antry."

"To Colonel DeLacy Lillymere, care of Donna E. B. Eurydia, Montreal."

"I will go instantly," said Eurydia reading the missive. "But what to do? I thought this young person safe at her home in England. Well it happens that Lillymere is away from hence, though in the war. Better for me he is in battle than going to Quebec. I will go to Quebec, and see the asylum. And the insane girl, too. The insane girl, too."

To be continued.

POSTAL CARDS.

Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively circulated among many of the principal mercantile firms of this city in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents and Travellers' notices to customers, &c. We supply them printed at from \$11.50 to 12.50 per thousand, according to quantity.

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Miss KATE RANOE will inaugurate a brief Winter Season, on which occasion will be revived (in honour of the Scott Centenary), the grand romantic, historical and musical Burlesque of

KENILWORTH!
On THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, in which the Montreal favourites, Miss SALLIE HOLMAN and Miss JULIA HOLMAN, will appear. Incidental to the piece the celebrated Vespers, CHARLES ALBERT BOOTH, will go through some of his extraordinary feats.

Performance to commence with a favourite Farce. Admission: Dress Circle, 50c.; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle, 75c.; Family Circle, 35c.; Pit, 25c.; Private Boxes, \$1. Seats secured at PRINCE'S Music Store. Doors open at 7; performance to begin at 8. 4-17a



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tender for River St. Pierre," will be received at this office until noon of Saturday, the 29th October instant, for the improvement of a portion of the Channel of River St. Pierre.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this Office, or at the Machine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Monday, the 19th instant, where forms of tender and other information can also be obtained.

The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 13th Oct., 1871. 4-17a



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

4-15ff
JAMES F. Y. E.
FIRST PRIZE SCALE MANUFACTURER.
No. 24 COLLEGE STREET,
MONTREAL.
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT
ALWAYS ON HAND. 2-23

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!
601 THE 601
BRILLIANT BURNING FLUID,
NON-EXPLOSIVE, INODOROUS,
AND
NO SMOKING CHIMNIES.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.
C. T. M. ORR.
681 Craig Street.
4 15 1

TO CAPITALISTS.

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

GILBURY'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS.

These celebrated Chocolates and Cocoas took the First Prize at the Exhibition, and are guaranteed the purest and finest imported. Their well-known delicious leverage.

COCOA ESSENCE.
(Registered.)
Can be had at all Grocers. Try it.
E. LUSHER,
30 LESOINS STREET,
Wholesale Agent for Canada. 4-16-m

COAL! COAL!

PARTIES REQUIRING A FIRST-CLASS article, at an unusually low price, will do well to take advantage of the present opportunity and get their Coal out of the vessels now discharging the following descriptions: it can be seen unloading all along the Wharves. It is all fresh mined: LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA, PITTSBURGH, WELSH ANTHRACITE, NEWCASTLE GRATE, NEWCASTLE SMITH'S, SCOTCH STEAM, NOVA SCOTIA, &c., &c.
S. W. BEARD & CO.,
Foot of McGill Street.
4-6m

OFFICE OF THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS," MONTREAL, 16th July, 1871.

MY FRIENDS and the PUBLIC are hereby requested to take notice that although Mr. W. ROBERTS carries on his business under the name of ROBERTS, REINHOLD & CO., I have no connection with his firm, and have had none whatever for more than two years. I take this occasion to state that I am in the Establishment of MESSRS. LEGGO & CO., and I hereby solicit for their firm the patronage of those who, being acquainted with me, have confidence in my ability. (Signed.)
4-3ff R. REINHOLD.

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS, WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS, OUR STOCK OF MEDICAL, PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS.

Is now very complete. GREAT VARIETY, BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, and all at very moderate prices. Liberal Discount to large dealers. Orders can be promptly sent by Parcel Post to all parts of the Dominion.

LEGGO & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS, &c.,
303 ST. ANTOINE STREET,
AND
1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL.
4-16-ff

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

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Proprietor.

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

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

The rapid development and usefulness of the Electric Telegraph, and the consequent ever-increasing demand for First-Class Operators render the opening of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity. Telegraphic Superintendents view this movement as one made in the right direction. Commercial Colleges have, to some extent, assumed the responsibility of teaching in this, as well as in other branches of business education. The knowledge of Telegraphy gained in this manner has always been looked upon as being second rate. So much so that the Colleges in Chicago, Milwaukee, Buffalo, New York, &c., have discontinued the practice of Teaching, and recommended the Telegraph Institute as the proper place to acquire this highly interesting, scientific and profitable art.

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. Graduates on leaving the Institute are presented with a diploma of proficiency, which will enable them to act immediately as vacancies occur throughout the Dominion of Canada and the United States. At first salaries of \$20 a month may be secured; after two years' experience on the lines, from \$30 to \$50 a month can be commanded; while in the United States from \$50 to \$120 per month are paid.

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

THE DUTIES OF AN OPERATOR.

There is no trade or profession which requires so small an amount of labour, and at the same time where the employee has the same amount of freedom and independence, being at all times master of the instrument over which he presides, generally in an office by themselves, without either foreman or master, merely to take and despatch messages. The usual hours of attendance required is from 10 to 12 hours per day, less the usual hours for meals. Operators are not required to work on Sundays. The Institute is fitted up in a most complete and practical manner, with all the usual fixtures, &c., of a regular Telegraph office on a large scale. Messages of every description. Train news, arrivals and departures, Market Reports and Cable messages are sent and received, as daily practised on the lines. Individual instruction is given to each pupil, according to capacity of learning the science. Neither pains nor expense are spared to qualify the students for important offices, in the shortest possible time. Students may commence their studies at any time, and continue at the College until they are proficient operators, without any further charge. There are no vacations. Hours of attendance, from 9 a.m. to noon, and from 1.30 to 6 p.m. The time occupied in learning averages fifteen weeks; but this, of course, depends principally on the capacity of the pupil for instruction. Some pupils who are now on the lines completed their course of study in from five to eight weeks. The terms for the full course of instruction is Thirty Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all necessary materials, instruments, &c., are furnished to each student.

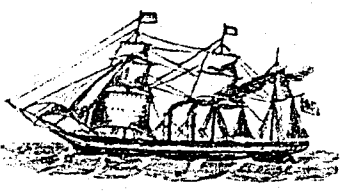
A line has been constructed on which students of this Institute will have actual practice, when sufficiently advanced. In case of a broken communication, the repairs will be conducted by a Professor of Telegraphy, under the eyes of the students; so that a really practical knowledge may be attained in every branch of the Science of Telegraphic Communication.

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

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

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ROYAL HOTEL.....H. E. IRVING.
- MONTREAL.**
ST. LAWRENCE HALL.....H. HOGAN.
ST. JAMES HOTEL.....
- OTTAWA.**
THE RUSSELL HOUSE.....JAMES GOVIN.
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ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of Canadian & United States Mails

1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871.

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

Vessel	Tonage	Commander
POLYNESIAN.....	4,100	(Building.)
SARMATIAN.....	3,600	(Building.)
CIRCASSIAN.....	3,400	(Building.)
CASPIAN.....	3,200	Capt. Scott.
SCANDINAVIAN.....	3,000	Capt. Ballantyne.
PRUSSIAN.....	3,000	Lieut. Dutton, R.N.R.
AUSTRIAN.....	2,700	Capt. J. Wylie.
NESTORIAN.....	2,700	Capt. A. Aird.
MORAVIAN.....	2,650	Capt. Brown.
PERUVIAN.....	2,600	L. Smith, R.N.R.
GERMAN.....	3,250	Capt. J. Graham.
EUROPEAN.....	2,646	Capt. Bouchette.
HIBERNIAN.....	2,424	Capt. R. S. Watts.
NOVA SCOTIAN.....	2,300	Capt. Richardson.
NORTH AMERICAN.....	1,784	Capt. Trocks.
CORINTHIAN.....	2,400	Capt. W. Graham.
OTTAWA.....	1,831	Lieut. Archer, R.N.R.
ST. DAVID.....	1,650	Capt. E. Scott.
ST. ANDREW.....	1,432	Capt. Ritchie.
ST. PATRICK.....	1,297	Capt. H. Wylie.
NORWAY.....	1,300	Capt. C. N. Mylius.
SWEDEN.....	1,150	Capt. Mackenzie.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

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

Rates of Passage from Quebec:—
Cabin.....\$70 to \$80
Steerage.....\$25

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE.

(Sailing from Glasgow every TUESDAY, and from Quebec for Glasgow on or about every THURSDAY.)
Fares from (Quebec):—
Cabin.....\$60
Intermediate.....40
Steerage.....24

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGH and ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLANS, RAY & CO.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 35 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ZOON; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORN; in Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN Bros., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-29ff

SUMMER WINES!

BARTOX & GUESTIER'S,
AND
NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S
CLARETS, SAUTERNES, BARSAC,
&c., &c.,
OF ALL GRADES,
REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER
AT
C. J. BAIRD'S,
221 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-ff

MRS. CUISKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours. References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, &c., McGill College University. Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given. All transactions strictly private.
RESIDENCE:—No. 315 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. 4-6zz

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

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MEAT DEPARTMENT—W. S. BROWN.
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908, ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST,
Opposite English Cathedral.
4-14m

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FIRST PRIZE Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill. Montreal. 3-6zz

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

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JOHN HENDERSON & CO., 283 Notre Dame Street. 2-23zz

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

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SIGN OF THE GOLDEN PADLOCK.
THE SUBSCRIBER is Agent for the Combined Flat and Fluting Iron: the STEAM MOCHA COFFEE POT; the Celebrated SAPOLIO for Cleaning and Polishing; also for the AMERICAN BASE BURNER, the best HALL STOVE in the Market.

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524 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.
4-7ff

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JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER.
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SAMUEL GOLTMAN, 226 St. James Street. 3-3-zz

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

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SEND for Catalogue of HICK'S NEW SHOW CARDS, 154, St. James Street, Montreal. 3-6zz

TURKISH BATH.
DR. MACBEAN'S IMPROVED TURKISH BATH, 140 St. Monique Street, near Crystal Palace, Montreal. Gentlemen's hours (with the exception of Monday morning) 6 to 9 a.m. and 3 to 9 p.m. 4-6zz

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.
LULHAM BROS., DIAMOND and ETRUSCAN Jewellers, 5, PLACE D'ARMES, next the Canadian Illustrated News. 3-10-zz

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LASH & COMPANY, successors to J. G. JOSEPH & Co.'s Retail Business, KING STREET, TORONTO. 3-22zz

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.
OTTAWA, 20th Sept., 1871.
Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 13 per cent.
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.

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

AN ARTIST of good judgment and taste, accustomed to touching up photographic negatives and prints, would find constant employment at this office.
Canadian Illustrated News Printing Works,
319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. 3-24-ff

"The Canadian Illustrated News,"
A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement. Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats.
Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an.
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WANTED.—TEN RESPECTABLE YOUNG MEN and Three YOUNG LADIES, to qualify as Telegraph Operators. For particulars see advertisement of Dominion Telegraph Institute. Terms: \$30.00 for the full course, including use of instruments and line. Apply at the Dominion Telegraph Institute, 89, St. James Street, Montreal. Also, at the offices of the *C. J. News, Hearstetone* and *L'Opinion Publique*, No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill. 4-11H

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.
A BONA-FIDE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM. For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease. The Red Spruce Gum has always been held in the highest esteem in this country for the relief and cure of Chest complaints. It is now offered to the public in the form of a delicious and scientifically PREPARED SYRUP.
PREPARED BY HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing Chemist, MONTREAL.
For sale at all Drug Stores in the Dominion. Price, 25 cents. Druggists can be supplied from any of the Wholesale Houses. 3-25z

CANADA CENTRAL
—AND—
Brockville & Ottawa Railways.

GREAT BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, SEPT. 25, 1871.
TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—
LEAVE BROCKVILLE.
EXPRESS at 7:30 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 12:50 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:30 P.M., connecting at Sand Point with Union Forwarding Company's Steamers.
LOCAL TRAIN at 1:40 P.M.
THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 4:10 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, and arriving at Ottawa at 5:10 P.M., and at Sand Point 9:00 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.
THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.
MAIL TRAIN at 5:20 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT at 1:30 P.M., 7:15 P.M., and 9:00 P.M.
LEAVE SAND POINT at 5:30 A.M., 9:10 A.M., and 4:30 P.M.
Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.
Certain connections made with Grand Trunk trains, Mail Line, and Union Forwarding Company's Steamers.
MORNING EXPRESS leaves Sand Point at 9:10 A.M., after arrival of Steamer from Pembroke, Portage du Fort, &c.

Freight loaded with despatch. The B. & O. & C. C. Railways being of the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through in Grand Trunk cars without transhipment.
H. ABBOTT, Manager. 4-15 tf
Brockville, 1st Sept., 1871.

1871. Honorable EXHIBITIONS. Mention 1862.
FOR GOOD AND CHEAP INSTRUMENTS.
C. H. CHADBURN & SON,
OPTICIANS and MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS
To H. R. H. the late PRINCE CONSORT.
71 & 73, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

C. H. C. & SON beg respectfully to invite those visiting Liverpool to favour them with an inspection of their Show-room, which contains the Largest Stock of Optical, Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments in England, all of the best manufacture, with the most recent improvements, and at the lowest possible prices. Spectacles, Telescopes, Opera and Field Glasses, Microscopes, Lanterns, Pocket Barometers with mountain scales, Models of every description, &c. 4-15 tf

WE HAVE CONSTANTLY IN YARD—
LEHIGH COAL—all sizes.
WELSH ANTHRACITE COAL.
SCOTCH STEAM COAL.
PICTOU Do.
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GRATE COAL.
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4-13-m 57 WELLINGTON STREET.

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

ALL DOWN.



LIZZIE, (interrupting the Milton)—"I have a riddle, Charley, love. Why is my back hair like your moustache?"
CHARLEY—"Hav'nt an idea. Because its so glossy?"
LIZZIE—"No!"
CHARLEY—"Give it up."
LIZZIE, (triumphantly).—"Why, you goose, because its ALL DOWN!"
(Charley's equanimity not recovered all day.)

J BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., EAST OF MCGILL.

TRUSSES! TRUSSES!

One of the best Assortment of TRUSSES in the Dominion, all kinds and sizes, suitable for the largest adult or smallest child, of the best English and American manufacture.
Also, Abdominal Supporters, Umbilical Bands, Suspensory Bandages, Chest Expanders, Eye Shades, Silk Stockings.
A Selection of Surgical Instruments.
JAMES GOULDEN, DRUGGIST,
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Branch: 363, St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

BED BUGS! BED BUGS!!

Use Harry Lewis' Bug Exterminating Soap. Certain death to all insects, &c. Only 25c. a box. For sale at all Drug Stores, and wholesale and retail at the
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175, St. Lawrence and 363, St. Catherine Streets, Montreal.

CARBOLIC ACID SOAP and POWDER, for Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes.
SODA WATER, cold as ice, combined with pure Syrups, drawn from the Arctic Fountain.
BRUSHES—Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Shaving, and Flesh Brushes, Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs, Sponges, Cologne, &c.
J. GOULDEN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
175, ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.
4-12tf Branch: 363, ST. CATHERINE STREET.

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For the destruction of Caterpillars on Cabbage Plants, Gooseberry and Currant Bushes, &c., &c.
CARBOLIC ACID, SOAP, & POWDER, For Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes.
SODA WATER—Cold as Ice, combined with pure Syrups, drawn from the Arctic Fountain.
BRUSHES—Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Shaving, and Flesh Brushes, Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs, Sponges, Cologne, &c.
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175 St. Lawrence St.; Branch, 363 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL. 3-24-tf

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THE MEDICAL PROFESSION of Great Britain adopt MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPSINE as the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,
THOMAS MORSON & SON,
124, Southampton-row, W. C., London.
See name on Label. 4-15 tfv



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tenders, Welland Canal," will be received at this Office until Noon of Wednesday, the 25th day of October next, for the execution of the following mentioned works on the WELLAND CANAL:
1st.—Construction of a Mooring Wharf, and Deepening the Harbour of Port Dalhousie.
2nd.—Lightening the East Bank of the "Deep Cut" between Allanburgh and Port Robinson.
3rd.—Deepening and Enlarging the Harbour at Port Colborne.
Plans and Specifications can be seen at this Office, and at the Welland Canal Office, St. Catharines, (where Forms of Tender may also be obtained) on and after Tuesday, the 10th day of October next. The signatures of two solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become surety for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender. The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.
By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.
Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 16th Sept., 1871. 4-14-c

USE ONLY THE GLENFIELD STARCH, EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND, and in that of His Excellency THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 1867
HOSPICE ST. JOSEPH, Montreal, Aug. 5th, 1871.
Mr. J. D. LAWLOR:
SIR.—On former occasions our Sisters gave their testimonials in favour of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine; but having recently tested the working qualities of the "Family Singer" manufactured by you, we feel justified in stating that yours is superior for both family and manufacturing purposes.
SOUR GAUTHIER,
VILLA MARIA, Montreal, Sept. 7th, 1871.
Mr. J. D. LAWLOR:
SIR.—Having thoroughly tested the qualities of the "Family Singer" Sewing Machine manufactured by you, we beg to inform you that it is, in our estimation, superior to either the Wheeler & Wilson or any other Sewing Machine we have ever tried, for the use of families and manufacturers.
Respectfully,
THE DIRECTRESS OF VILLA MARIA,
HOTEL DIEU DE ST. HYACINTHE, 11th September, 1871.
Mr. J. D. LAWLOR, Montreal:
SIR.—Among the different Sewing Machines in use in this Institution, we have a "Singer Family" of your manufacture, which we recommend with pleasure as superior for family use to any of the others, and perfectly satisfactory in every respect.
THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF L'HOTEL DIEU, ST. HYACINTHE. 4-15 c

FOR SALE.
A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to
D. R. STODART, Broker,
145, ST. JAMES STREET.
4-12tf
FOR SALE OR TO LET.
THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Thérèse Street, Montreal, now occupied by the Military Control Department as Stores. Very suitable for a Wholesale Boot and Shoe factory, or other similar purposes; also for Stores. Possession 1st of May.
Apply to
D. R. STODART, Broker, 48, Great St. James Street
14
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BAKING POWDER
IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15 tf
NEW ARRIVALS AT THE MEDICAL HALL.
FRESH CONGRESS WATER—Pints and Quarts.
GENUINE COLOGNE—Ten Styles.
SAARZ'S GLYCERINE PREPARATIONS.
KVENDEN'S DIGESTIVE CANDY.
BRAGG'S CHARCOAL BISCUITS.
BRAGG'S PURE CHARCOAL.
MONA BOUQUET—Genuine.
SPONGE BAGS—All Sizes.
RAMORNE EX. MEAT.
AND A SPLENDID STOCK OF BRUSHES, COMBS, PERFUMERY, SOAPS, and General Toilet Requisites.
THE MEDICAL HALL, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, AND PHILLIP'S SQUARE. 4-4m



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Improved Service of Trains for the Summer of 1871
GREAT ACCELERATION OF SPEED.
NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.
TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:—
GOING WEST.

Day Express for Ogdensburgh, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at 9.00 a. m.
Night do. do. at 9.00 p. m.
Mail Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at 6.00 a. m.
Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at 5.00 p. m.
Mixed do. do., at 11.00 a. m.
Trains for Lachine at 7.00 a. m., 9.00 a. m., 12 noon, 3.00 p. m., 5.00 p. m., and 6.15 p. m. The 3.00 p. m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.
Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.00 a. m.
Express Train for Richmond, Quebec, and Riviere du Loup, at 5.30 a. m.
Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m.
Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central at 3.45 p. m.
Express for New York, via Rouse's Point and Lake Champlain Steamers, at 4.00 p. m.
Mail Train for Island Pond, Portland and Boston, at 2.00 p. m.
Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham, and Portland, and the Lower Provinces, stopping between Montreal and Island Pond at St. Hyacinthe, St. Hyacinthe, Upton, Acton, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Coaticook, and Norton Mills, only, at 10.30 p. m.

Pullman's Palace Parlour and Sleeping Cars on all day and night trains. Baggage checked through.
As the punctuality of the Trains depends on connections with other Lines, the Company will not be responsible for Trains not arriving or leaving any station within the hours named.
The Steamers "Carlotta" or "Chase" will leave Portland for Halifax, N. S., every Saturday after noon at 4.00 p. m. They have excellent accommodations for Passengers and Freight.
The Steamer "Linda" leaves Portland for Yarmouth, N. S., every Saturday, at 6 p. m.
The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6.00 p. m., for St. John, N. B., &c.
Tickets issued through at the Company's principal stations.
For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket office, Bonaventure Station, or at No. 39 Great St. James Street.
C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director.
Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-24-tf