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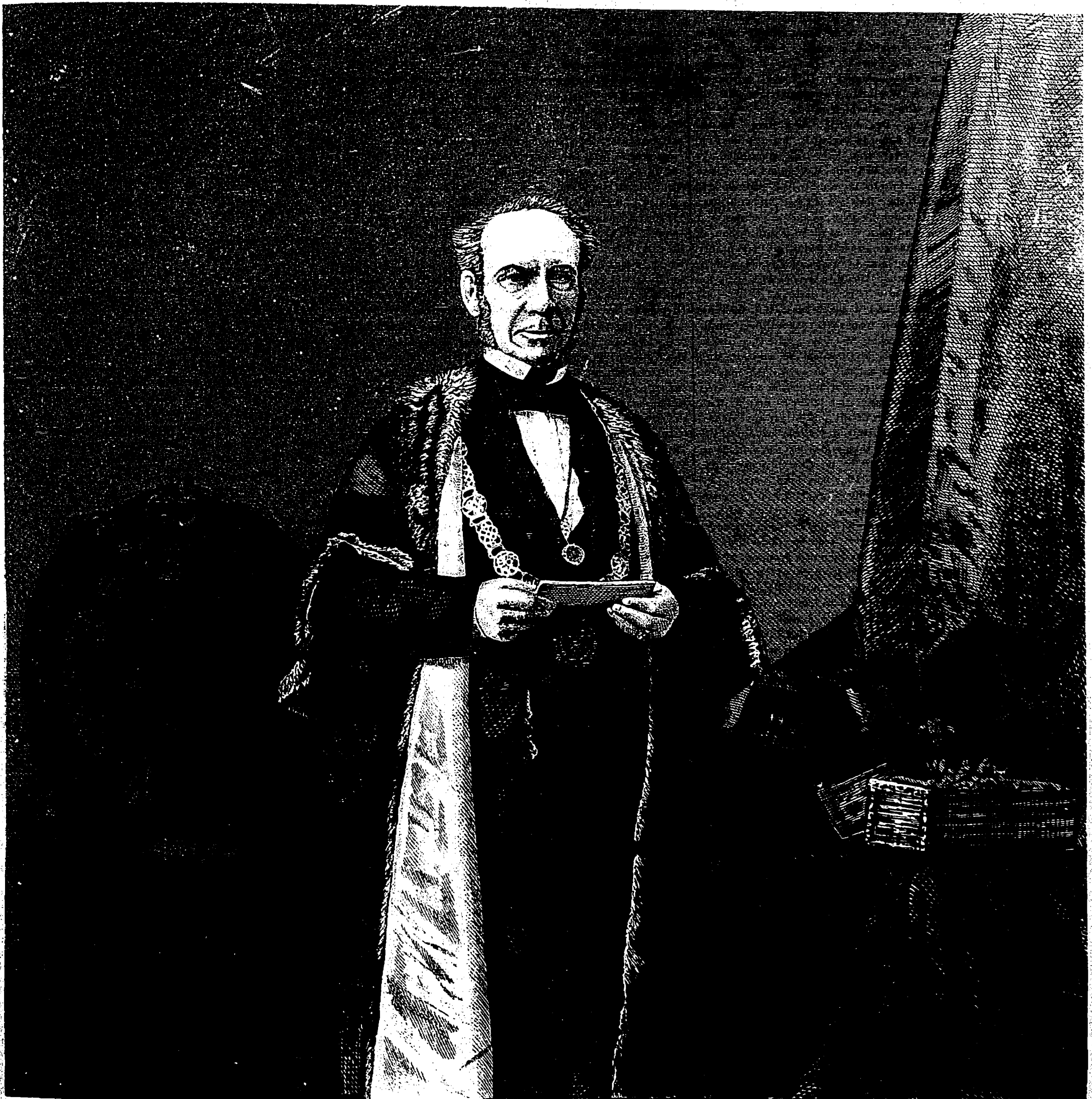
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OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



WILLIAM WORKMAN, Esq., MAYOR OF MONTREAL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 46.—WILLIAM WOREMAN, ESQ.,

MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

The position of Mayor of a city is invariably one of great responsibility, and when the city presided over happens to be of great commercial or political importance, the duties and obligations of the office are multiplied as its honours are enhanced. To discharge these duties to the general satisfaction of the citizens requires a rare combination of abilities—the clear judgment with the suave manner, the strong head with the kindly heart. Of the present Mayor of Montreal it may truly be said that he has achieved unusual distinction in the performance of his duties, for though his first election was keenly contested he has since been returned twice by acclamation. As Montreal contains three important Parliamentary constituencies, the measure of the confidence extended to Mr. Workman by all classes and creeds of the population, may be judged by this fact of his return for two years in succession without opposition. This extraordinary confidence from his fellow-citizens has been handsomely earned by Mr. Workman, and is, therefore, equally creditable to their perspicacity and his ability.

Mr. Workman was born near Belfast, in the North of Ireland, and came to Canada in 1822 or 1823, after having spent some three years of service with the Royal Engineers on the Irish Survey. He was then quite a young man, and his debut in Montreal was made as assistant-editor and conductor of what was then one of the oldest journals in the city, the *Canadian Courant*. With him was associated in this work a younger brother, Dr. Benjamin Workman, now assistant at the Toronto Lunatic Asylum, of which another brother of the subject of our notice, Dr. Joseph Workman, is the Superintendent, whose fame is certainly not confined to Canada. Two years after the date last mentioned, or about forty years ago, Mr. William Workman abandoned journalism, wisely for himself, no doubt, and entered into mercantile life as book-keeper for the then well-known firm of Frothingham & Co., in which he soon became a partner, and the style of the firm was then changed to Frothingham & Workman, by which it has since been widely and favourably known throughout the length and breadth of Canada, and in which Mr. Workman's brother, the Member of Parliament for the central division of the city, is now a partner.

Mr. William Workman had a most successful business career in this firm, and retired from it in 1853 with an ample fortune. In 1849 he was elected President of the City Bank. He still retains that honorable and responsible position, and at the offices of the bank from one till three o'clock may be daily seen crowds of people desirous of consulting him either on private or on public business. As a business man he took a leading part in the promotion of all public improvements, such as the forwarding of railway and steamboat lines, the formation of Insurance or other Companies for the benefit of the public interests, and especially for the encouragement of domestic manufactures. In such like enterprises Mr. Workman frequently held offices of trust and responsibility, and liberally contributed his capital, as he does still, to their furtherance. In fact, like some other of our great merchants whose fortunes were mainly made by transactions in imported goods, he has been a most energetic promoter of Canadian manufactures, and an earnest advocate of Canadian industry. We do not attempt even to enumerate the many important undertakings with which his name has been associated; but it may be mentioned that he was the founder of the City and District Savings' Bank, now a powerful institution, whose splendid new premises, at present being erected, were recently illustrated in our pages. Mr. Workman was the first President of this Bank, and held the office continuously for six years. In return for his gratuitous services in this capacity, and in acknowledgment of his safe and successful administration of the Bank's affairs, Mr. Workman was, some years ago, presented with a handsome service of plate.

In politics Mr. Workman is a Liberal, and was a strong supporter of the Lafontaine-Baldwin party, to whose school of politics he was warmly attached, and, like many other of the men in Canada who are the leading citizens of to-day, he imbibed his first settled notions in politics under the leadership of these great statesmen. Holding these political views, and always taking an active and prominent part in public affairs, Mr. Workman was brought into close intimacy with the leaders of the French Canadians, and through many years of political agitation and change he has been in hearty sympathy and co-operation with them for those constitutional and administrative reforms, the securing of which has done so much to promote the social well-being and commercial prosperity of the country. In 1869 Mr. Workman was first elected to the Mayoralty by a very large majority, and last year and this year his election was by acclamation. His popularity is not confined to any class or section of the citizens, for he is esteemed by all; and many strangers, we are sure, carry away with them grateful recollections of the generous hospitality enjoyed at his residence, which, with the magnificent grounds attached, is one of the finest in Montreal. Whether as to public business, formal ceremonial, or social entertainment, Mr. Workman is equally *suaviter* in the discharge of the duties of his responsible position.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

No. 12.—BRITISH COLUMBIA—FISHERIES, &c.

By the Rev. E. M. Dawson, Ottawa.

One of the chief sources of the wealth of British Columbia consists in its fisheries. The neighbouring seas literally swarm with all conceivable varieties of fish, and send periodically immense shoals of salmon through the numerous streams into the interior of the country. One small river, the Chilukweyuk, a tributary of the Fraser, may be mentioned, as it shows in what extraordinary numbers a fish so useful, essential even to man in an uncivilized State, distributes itself over the length and breadth of the land, by means of the smallest as well as the largest streams. In June and July salmon ascend the Chilukweyuk in such vast numbers that, although they die off into every rivulet, as they toil up stream, and fill even the pools left on the prairies and flat lands by the receding floods, they find their way, when their progress is not stayed by impassable cataracts, to the remotest affluents. In a very shallow stream, scarcely of sufficient depth to cover an ordinary-sized salmon, Mr. Lord, the naturalist, saw the fish crowding so much that they pushed one another out of the water, high and dry, upon the pebbly banks. Each, with its head up stream, struggled and fought hard for precedence; so that with one's hands only, or by means of a gaff or crook-stick, tons of salmon could have been procured by the simple process of hooking them out.

The native population does not seem to be sufficiently numerous to diminish perceptibly the quantities of fish ascending the rivers. Their instinct prompting them to keep swimming up stream, salmon are often found with their noses quite worn off, their heads bruised and battered, their fins and tail ragged and torn, their bodies emaciated, thin and flabby. The Indians say that all the salmon that come up to spawn die, and naturalists admit that very few ever again reach the saltwater after the spawning season. This fearful mortality cannot arise from the distance the fish have to travel from the sea up stream, or any obstacles that impede their progress. They die in thousands at the Chilukweyuk river, which is only two hundred miles distant from the sea. In the Columbia they ascend as far as the Kettle Falls—one thousand miles—and have been caught many hundred miles farther up. But they die there, too, as well as in these streams, the course of which is much shorter. They work their way up Snake River as far as the great Shoshonee Falls, more than a thousand miles, against a rocky stream, and they perish there, just as they do in the rivers that are close to the ocean.

According to the opinion of Mr. Lord, the common salmon, called *Quinnat* at the mouth of the Columbia, *Sesmet-Leek* at the Kettle Falls, and *Satup* by the Nesquallys, does not return to the sea after having ascended the streams for the spawning season. It cannot, or at least does not, feed in fresh water, and so dies of starvation. Corroborative of this fact is the circumstance that this kind of fish can never be tempted to take any kind of bait in fresh water above the tide mark. The Indians declare that it never *eats* when in the rivers, and they have no tradition of a salmon being taken with bait. European anglers have been alike unsuccessful. The haughty fish were above temptation. So testifies the naturalist of the San Juan Boundary Commission. "The most killing salmon flies of Scotch, Irish, and English ties, thrown in the most approved fashion, were trailed close to their noses, such flies as would have coaxed any old experienced salmon in the civilized world of waters to forget its caution. Hooks, cunningly baited with live fish, aquatic larvæ and winged insects, were scorned, and not even honoured with a sniff." Nor did this bad fortune arise from any error in our naturalist's philosophy. Other members of the Commission also tried their angling skill and powers of fascination, but with the same ill-success. The most ardent lovers of angling need not, however, be discouraged. In the numerous estuaries and long inland canals, which intersect so wonderfully the whole coast line of British Columbia, salmon are readily and easily caught with hook and line.

The salmon called by the Indians *Cha-cha-tool*, may be classed next to the *Quinnat*. It ascends the rivers at the same time as the latter fish. It is a distinct species, styled by Sir J. Richardson, *Salmo Gairdneri*. It has a shorter and thicker head than the *Quinnat*, a straighter back and more slender figure; the tail is not nearly so much forked, and the nose is rounded and blunt looking. It is of a much lighter colour and thickly freckled with oval black spots. Its average weight is from 8 to 11 lbs. It frequents the Fraser, Chilukweyuk and Sumass rivers, and is common in all the streams along the mainland and island coasts of British Columbia. When this fish first arrives in the rivers its flesh is most delicious—fat, pink, and firm, and finer than that of the mammoth *Quinnat*. The Indians highly prize this salmon, and pack them, when dried, in bales apart from the others.

The salmon that ascend the rivers in autumn are not to be compared with the *Quinnat* and *Cha-cha-tool*. The *Salmo Lycopodon* of Pallas, called *Hooked Snout* by the fur traders, arrives in October, and somewhat earlier in the Fraser and other northern rivers. It is an ugly, unprepossessing, hook-nosed, dingy-looking fish. Large numbers of these fish return to the sea after spawning, but in a sadly emaciated state, which shows that although they feed sparingly during the winter months in the fresh water, they do not hold an absolute fast. These salmon are very abundant. Dr. Scouler states

that there were such myriads of them in Observatory inlet that a stone could not have reached the bottom without touching several individuals—their abundance surpassing imagination to conceive. The Doctor and his party killed sixty of these fish in a little brook, with their boarding pikes. The Indians take great numbers of them when young and weighing only from six ounces to a pound, in the bays, harbours, and numerous inlets which surround the island of Vancouver, and along the coasts of British Columbia and Oregon. Their fishing is equally successful in the Sumass, Chilukweyuk and Sweltz rivers, as well as in all the lakes that are accessible to fish from the sea. These trout-like young salmon are easily caught with bait of any kind. They rise greedily to a gaudy fly, and seize even a piece of their brethren if carefully tied round a hook. It is believed that they go down to the sea with the floods as the spring salmon ascend.

The *Salmo paucidens* is a very fine fish, although not very large, never attaining a weight of more than from three to five pounds. It derives its name from the small number and weakness of its teeth, which are wide apart, and not strongly implanted. It is a beautiful fish; the back is nearly straight and of a light sea-greenish colour; the sides and belly are silvery white; the tail is very forked, and, like the fins, without any spots. It abounds in the torrents which descend from the Cascade Mountains and in the lakes that are connected with them. The *Paucidens* is called by the Indians *Steon*, and is also known as the *Red Charr*, although the red is not distinctive, every fish of the species acquiring this colour after being a short time in the rivers.

The hump-backed salmon, *Salmo Proteus* of Pallas, known of the Fraser River Indians. This fish differs widely from the hook-nosed salmon. Its chief peculiarities are the hump on its well arched back, and the form of its under-jaw, which turns up and terminates in a protuberance or knob. Its teeth are much more numerous, sharper and smaller than those of the hook-nose. The tail is deeply notched, and thickly spotted with dark oval-shaped marks. This salmon is exceedingly abundant in the rivers of British Columbia. Mr. Lord, when on a trout-fishing excursion on a clear and beautiful stream, a tributary of the Fraser, saw these fish toiling up in thousands. They were so thick in the ford that he had great trouble to ride his horse through. The salmon were in such numbers about the animal's legs as to impede his progress, and frightened him so, that he plunged viciously and very nearly had his rider off. The flesh of this salmon is not much prized by the Indians. It is said to be, at least as regards the fresh run fish, white, soft and tasteless. It ascends to the heads of the remotest tributaries, and has been seen where the water was so shallow as to leave its back uncovered.

The dog salmon, (*Salmo Canis*) need hardly be mentioned, as it is believed to be nothing else than the male of the *Salmo Lycopodon*, or *hook-nose*, which, after having gone up the rivers, have got safely back to the sea, recruited their energies, and returned again to encounter anew the dangers of the inland waters. The teeth of these salmon are large at the time of their first appearance. On their second or third visit to the rivers, they are very much larger and fang-like. Hence the name Dog Salmon (*Salmo Canis*).

The Indians of British Columbia rely so much on the success of salmon fishing, that if it were to fail them, or if they were, by any means, cut off from obtaining supplies of food from this source, they must starve. This fish, in a preserved state, is almost their only food, throughout the long and severe winter of the mountain regions. It is also, during the winter season, the principal food of the clerks and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, at their inland and more northern posts. It has scarcely yet become an article of commerce, although, indeed, at Fort Langley, on the Fraser, the H. B. Company salt several hundred barrels of salmon, yearly, which they export to the Sandwich Islands and to China. Some attempts at carrying and exporting salmon have been made by speculators, but they have always failed either from want of capital or bad management. A considerable trade in salmon is now, however, carried on at Victoria, the capital of Vancouver Island.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF STRASBURG.

In connection with the Illustration given on another page, of a scene in Strasburg during the bombardment of the city, we give an account of the destruction of the celebrated library and of the nave of the cathedral by the Prussian fire. A correspondent of the *Industrial Alcein*, who arrived in Strasburg the day before the siege was commenced, gives in his letter a very graphic description of the state of the city.

On the 14th the Prussian line extended in front of one side of the city. On the 15th numerous detachments could be seen, from the tower of the cathedral, advancing towards the city. The people, however, were full of confidence. General Ulrich had issued a proclamation recommending the inhabitants not to lose heart, and giving in detail a list of the forces at his disposal. Up to nine o'clock in the evening the streets were crowded. At half-past nine a strange rushing noise in the air was heard, accompanied by a violent detonation in the distance. Six or seven detonations followed in succession, with the same strange noise in the air. In a few moments the streets were filled with anxious crowds, eager to know the meaning of these unwonted sounds. They had not long to wait. The guns on the ramparts opened fire, and it became evident to all that the city was being bombarded. It would be difficult to describe the anger and indignation depicted, at that moment, on every face in that anxious crowd. It had been generally believed that if the Prussians attempted to bombard the city, they would, at least, first direct their fire

against the ramparts, and spare, as much as possible, the dwellings of the defenceless inhabitants. Until one in the morning the fire was kept up, without doing much damage, it is true; to property, but costing several lives. During that night the first victims of the siege—two women and several children—were killed in their beds by the explosion of Prussian bombs. From Tuesday, the 16th of August, until Monday, the 22nd, nothing of importance occurred. It was understood that negotiations were pending between the commandant, Gen. Ulrich, and the commander of the besieging army. But little was known in the city as to the condition of outside affairs, though it was reported that Bazaine had won important victories at Longeville and Viouville, and that an army, under General Dumont, was marching to the relief of the besieged. On the evening of the 23rd it was rumoured that the negotiations had been broken off. Von Werder had made an ultimatum which Gen. Ulrich had refused; the Prussians were making active preparations for a vigorous bombardment, and siege guns were being brought in all haste from the fortress of Bastadt. The next morning the Mayor issued a proclamation calling upon the inhabitants to endure with courage the dangers of war. At eight o'clock that evening the bombardment commenced. The shops were closed, the inhabitants not employed in the defence or engaged as patrols shut themselves up in their houses, and the women and children withdrew to the only places of safety that remained—the cellars. During the whole of that night the bombardment was kept up without a moment's intermission and with terrible effect. The Quartier de Broglie, in the centre of the city, the abode of all the wealthiest inhabitants, was set on fire, and many of the magnificent buildings utterly destroyed. Later on, the Protestant college was struck by a shell, and in a few moments the whole building was in a blaze. The Temple-Neuf was also set on fire, and now it became evident to all that the library-building, situated between the two last, must also go. Every effort was made to save the treasures of the library, but in vain; shells were falling fast upon the building, and all the attempts of the firemen to extinguish the conflagration were rendered useless. Towards midnight the Temple-Neuf, the library, and the college, which, since the beginning of the siege, had been converted into a hospital, were reduced to ashes. Before morning the Museum of Paintings, the Arsenal, the Rue du Dome and one half of the quartier de la Krutenen were entirely destroyed. On Thursday the bombardment was renewed with increased vigour. What was left of the quartier de Broglie was speedily reduced to ashes. A little later the cathedral was struck by a stray shell, and the wood and zinc roofing of the nave was speedily wrapped in flames. It is at all events gratifying to learn from a recent despatch that the injury done to this noble edifice is but slight and can easily be repaired; and also that the books in the library had been removed before the commencement of the bombardment. Our illustration gives some idea of the scenes which were to have been witnessed day after day within the walls of the city during the five weeks' bombardment it has undergone.

Another correspondent, writing from without the walls, gives the following description of the scene on the first night of the bombardment:—"Since the 21st the real bombardment has commenced, and it was the report of its severe effect resulting in a conflagration of terrible proportions which induced me to undertake the expedition. As evening came on the besiegers, who till this time but occasionally opened from all their batteries an incessant fire of shell and heavy cannon upon the defences of the city which was answered for the first part of the night. But what made the scene one never to pass from memory was the terrible conflagration which burst out in Strasburg about nine o'clock and raged on throughout the night. At the commencement the fire was apparently within the citadel alone, but soon we could see that it raged on various points, and we counted distinctly from eight to ten different fires burning luridly in the black night, and Strasburg stood out before us a city of devastation and raging misery. But even this scene of glowing destruction of a sudden became intensified. It was just close on a quarter to three as I stood watching with breathless interest the rapid succession of shells flying into the doomed city, when, like the flash of a Bengal illumination in a theatre, there shot up a bright glowing flame, wonderfully clear and perplexingly smokeless, that shed a white light through the murky night, and of a sudden lit up the minster with a vividness that instinctively brought a hushed exclamation to the group amid which I was standing: "Good God! the cathedral is on fire." But the next moment convinced us that the glorious old minster on which waves the white flag was untouched. The conflagration, so startling and so tremendous, was elsewhere. Where it might be was indeed matter for speculation, though now we know that it was the arsenal which was destroyed. For hours and hours it burned on, the same glow of clear lambent fire shedding over minster and over the dark outline of the city, against a horizon dotted with lines of lurid fire, an indescribably pallid and ghastly illumination. I left my station as the day dawned, and still the fire was raging; and as I quitted Appenweiser on my way back here there still came forth on the horizon volumes of smoke-clouds to tell the tale of continued devastation."

A despatch dated Strasburg, Sept. 29, says:—"On Tuesday at 4 p. m., a joyful sight of white flags was beheld flying from the cathedral. This was speedily followed by some welcome token of surrender, and from the citadel firing instantly ceased. The universal cheer which rose from one portion of the besieging lines was soon caught up and echoed throughout the entire army. Officers embraced each other, clasping hands. The men followed this example, and some actually cried with joy. Upon entering the city, the sight, which was impressive and sad at the same time, was relieved by the evident joy of the citizens. The commanders of the two forces met for the first time yesterday after the terms of capitulation had been arranged."

A meeting took place just inside the gate on the east side. Gen. Ulrich advanced to Gen. Werder, and with a voice much agitated, said: "I have yielded to an irresistible force when a further resistance was only needless and a sacrifice of lives of brave men. I have consolation in knowing that I have yielded to an honourable enemy." General Werder appeared much affected and placed both hands on General Ulrich's shoulders and said, "You fought bravely. You will have as much honour from the enemy as you can have from your own countrymen." A hasty examination of the city shows it has not suffered as much as was supposed. The exterior of the cathedral appears much injured, but not sufficiently to prevent its restoration in its original shape.

OPENING OF THE WELLINGTON, GREY, AND BRUCE RAILWAY.

We present our readers this week with a view of the important gathering at the flourishing little village of Fergus, Ontario, on the occasion of the opening of the first section of the Wellington, Grey, and Bruce Railway. This railway, when completed, will open up one of the finest agricultural districts in the Dominion of Canada; and divides the largest area of settled or partially settled territory in Ontario, hitherto unsupplied with railway facilities. It embraces the district between the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway on the one side, and the Northern Railway on the other, having the Grand Trunk Railway at its southern boundary, and Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay to the west and north, and it includes the important counties of Wellington, North Huron, North Perth, Bruce and Grey. Taking the growing town of Mount Forest as a centre, a circle of forty-five miles radius might be described, before the commencement of this railway, without touching any of the existing railways or water communications of the country. The Wellington, Grey, and Bruce Railway, starting from Guelph, touching the villages of Elora and Fergus on the Grand River, running up through the northern townships of Wellington, skirting the south-west corner of the County of Grey, thence through the County of Bruce to Southampton on Lake Huron, will almost evenly divide this extensive territory; and with the narrow gauge railway now being constructed from Toronto to Arthur, with some prospect of being continued to Owen Sound, will fully supply the splendid district with railway facilities, and will enormously promote its prosperity.

The Wellington, Grey, and Bruce Railway is a striking illustration of what may be accomplished by steady perseverance and pluck. The first charter for the road was obtained by some gentlemen in Toronto in 1856; but beyond procuring a preliminary survey and report from Mr. Sanford Fleming, nothing was done. The charter was revived in 1864 by Mr. Frank Shanly; but again there seemed little prospect of anything being accomplished: when, in 1865, a few gentlemen in Fergus summoned a meeting of the leading men of the district to be served by the railway, and invited several gentlemen from Hamilton to meet them. Mr. Adam Brown and Mr. Thos. White obeyed this summons; but beyond an expression of opinion as to the importance of the work, nothing practical resulted from the assembly. Other meetings were held, and in July, 1867, the first serious work of the campaign commenced. Meetings were arranged in the Townships, which were attended on behalf of the Company by Messrs. Adam Brown, Wm. McGivern and Thomas White, and at each of these resolutions offering assistance by way of bonus were passed. By-laws were subsequently voted, and up to this time about half a million of dollars have been granted as bonuses by the Municipalities to the Railway. To secure this result involved no little labour, as may be inferred from the fact that no less than twenty-four deputations have visited the Townships during the last five years.

Having secured this municipal basis, the Company opened negotiations with the Great Western Railway of Canada, which resulted in an exceedingly favourable arrangement being made. The Great Western Company agree to lease the line as constructed, to supply it with rolling stock, and to keep it in good running order, making all necessary outlay for maintenance and repairs, and giving to the Wellington, Grey, and Bruce Railway Company thirty per cent. of the gross traffic receipts, towards paying interest on capital, and, in addition, twenty per cent. of the gross traffic interchange between the two systems at Guelph, towards the redemption of the bonds by allotment annually. This arrangement gave an immediate cash value to the securities of the Company, because under it the only contingency upon which depended the payment of the full interest on bonds and a dividend on stock, was the amount of traffic, and that with such a country from which to draw business, made the securities good value for the face of them.

The opening represented in our pages to-day was of the first section. The Railway has been running to Elora since June last, and has had a traffic far beyond the anticipations of its promoters. The opening at Fergus was attended by many thousand people, a special train having gone up from Hamilton, and the people of the surrounding district having poured in to the village in teams to celebrate the realization of what has been with them a long deferred hope. The view represents the scene at Fergus, the Reeve presenting the address of congratulation to the President of the Company, Mr. Adam Brown. A splendid luncheon, followed by a Ball in the evening, were included in the arrangement by which the enterprising people of Fergus celebrated the most important event of their history.

The road is being pushed onward vigorously by the contractor, Mr. Hendrie. In less than a month it will be opened to Alma, six miles from Fergus, and in a couple of months the locomotive, it is expected, will be in Drayton, six miles further. The surveyors are engaged in locating the line through Bruce, and the contract for that county will be given out immediately; so that within the next twelve months travellers will in all likelihood be able to reach Walkerton, the county town, by rail. All will congratulate the Company upon their success thus far, and will wish them a continuance of it in the future. This enterprise is one of the most important that has ever been undertaken in the Western Province since the completion of the Great Western and Grand Trunk railways; and though the rivalry between the aspiring and prosperous cities of Hamilton and Toronto in their respective railway schemes may have caused the circulation of reports detrimental to both of them, we who know the ground on which they are working, the wealth of the country through which their projected lines are intended to pass, and the indomitable energy of the people, need only wish them both God-speed, in the full confidence that they will be amply rewarded by the increased prosperity which the success of their enterprises will undoubtedly create.

THE PULLMAN PALACE CAR "MONTREAL," G. T. R.

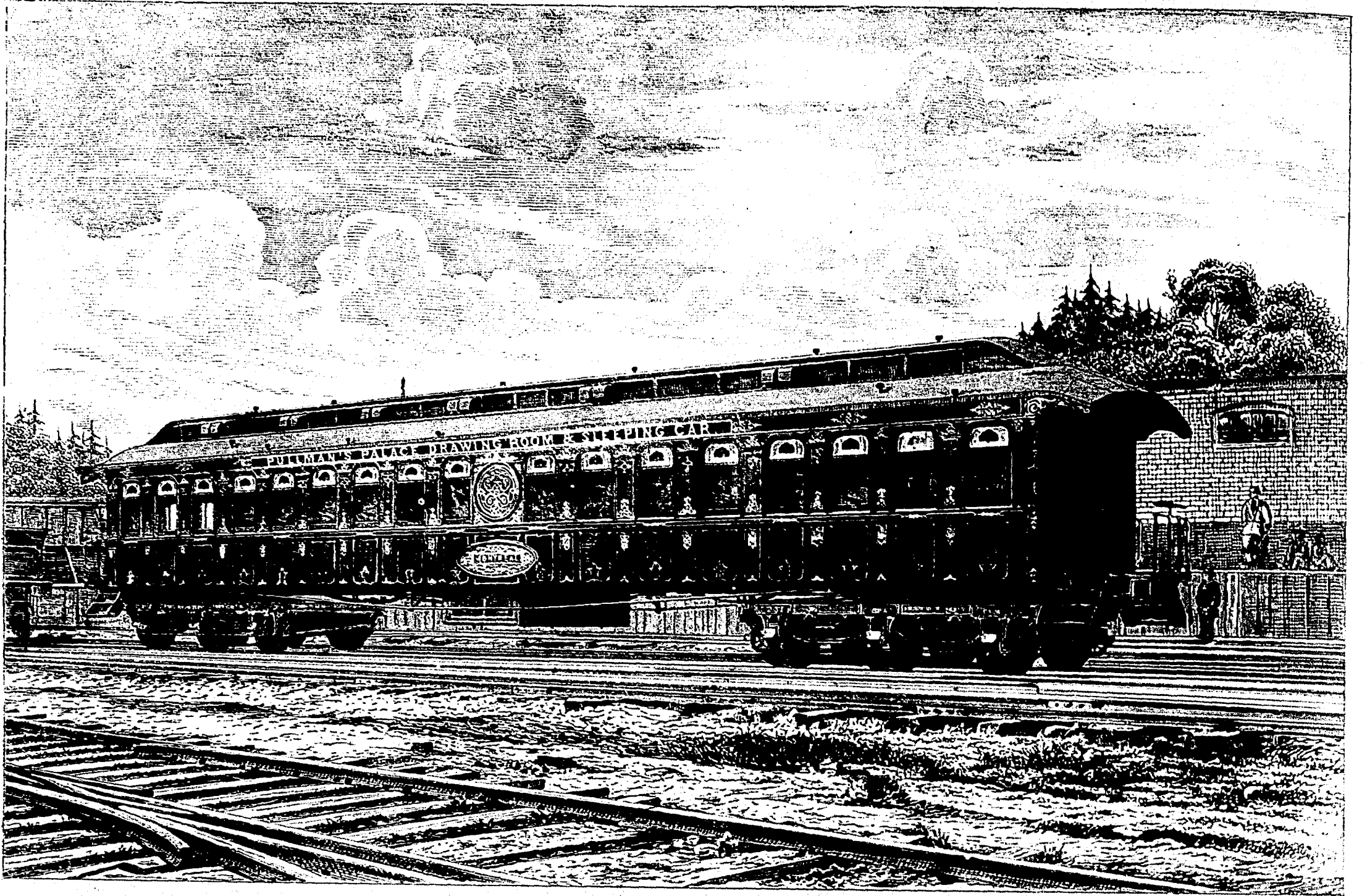
On Monday, the 22nd of August, the first of the Pullman Palace cars was placed on the Grand Trunk Railway at this city, and ran through with the night train to Toronto. On the return trip it was placed at the disposal of the Illinois Press excursionists, most of whom were already familiar with the merits of the Pullman cars, having already travelled in them over the western roads, and they welcomed the car "Montreal" all the more heartily that they had had some

little experience of travelling without the comforts which only the Pullman cars afford. In our issue of the 27th of August last we gave a brief description of the new car which, in company with other members of the city press, we had visited, on the invitation of Mr. Thos. Clark, the Superintendent. The second car, the "Toronto," has just been completed, and both these cars now run regularly on the Grand Trunk between this city and Toronto. It is intended to have two additional cars finished before the winter and eight more next spring, so that the Grand Trunk will then be fully equipped with these comfortable and commodious travelling palaces. The Pullman Car Company owes not a little of its success to the stringent relations it enforces among its employees as to civility and attention to passengers, and cleanliness and comfort on board its cars. By this, and by the unequalled facilities for enjoying every home convenience while being whirled along by the iron horse which the Pullman cars afford, the Company has established its fame among the travelling community of America, and achieved a degree of prosperity almost marvellous. Some five years ago the Pullman Car enterprise was turned into a Joint Stock Company with a capital of \$100,000; and this capital, by successive augmentations, as the business grew, has now swelled to the enormous amount of eight millions of dollars. The Company has now about five hundred cars running, one hundred and fifty in course of construction; and, between the hands engaged in both branches, it has a staff of over three thousand employees. These facts speak eloquently for the service this Company renders to the public, shewing as they do the appreciation of the travelling community; and we believe that on almost every line on which the Pullman cars are run there is a pressing demand for more. We must congratulate the Grand Trunk Railway Company, as well as the Canadian travelling community, on the introduction of these splendid cars into the country; and while we are sure that they will do much to mitigate the inconveniences of travel, we also hope that both the G. T. R. Co. and the Pullman Car Co. will find their adventure here a profitable one. We mentioned before that these cars for Canadian service were being built at the Grand Trunk Railway works at Point St. Charles, in this city, under the personal direction of Mr. Rattenbury. Mr. Clark, the Company's superintendent, has the charge of their running, and under his direction the public may rely upon their every requirement being promptly attended to so far as the facilities, hitherto unequalled, of the Pullman cars will permit. In fine, under the management of this Company, railway travelling, hitherto regarded as a bore, threatens to become a luxury.

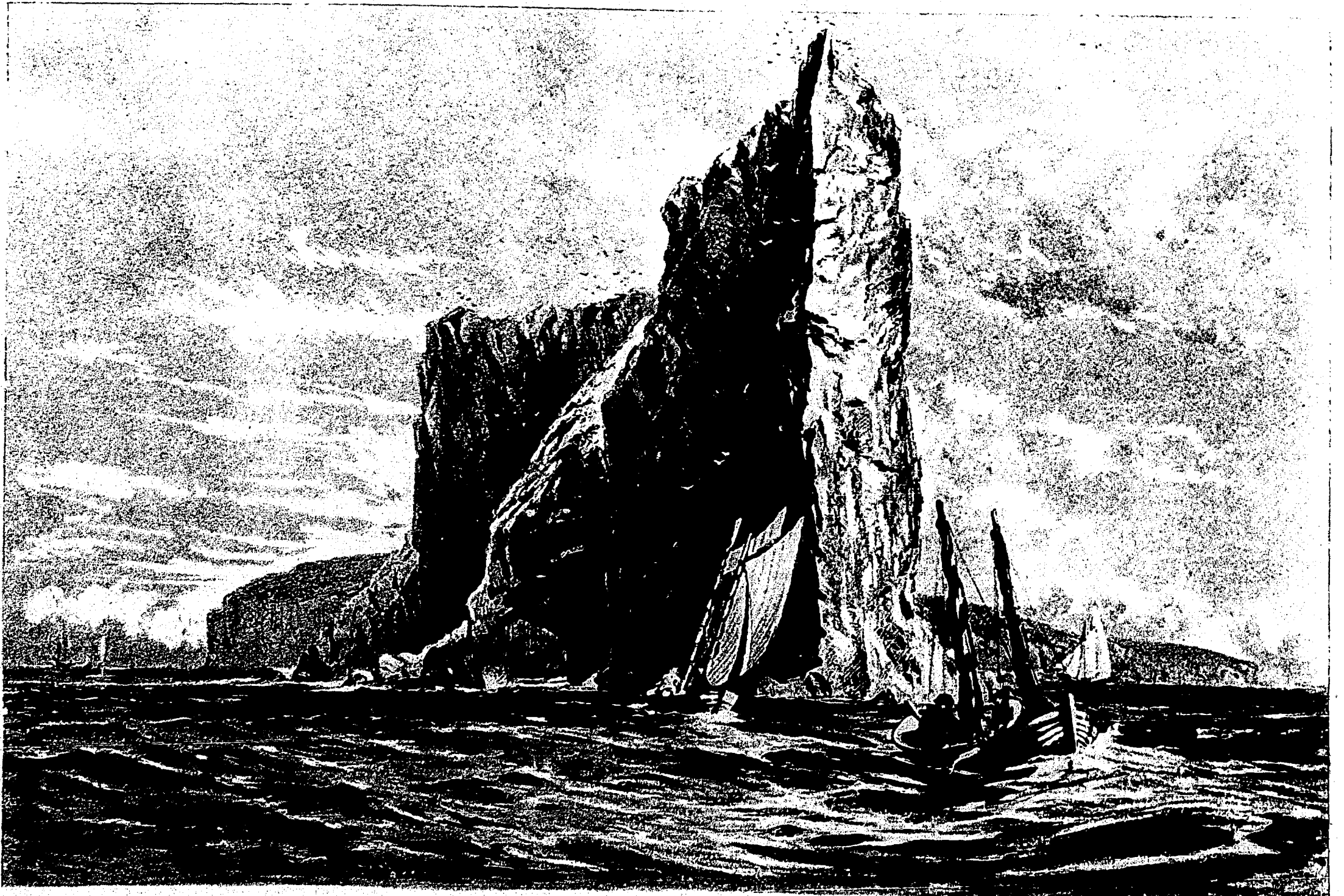
THE PERCÉ ROCK.

The rock bearing this name is a curious freak of nature, in the shape of a treble archway of solid rock. It is situated in Malbay, in the county of Gaspé. Bouchette thus describes the Percé Rock in his Topographical Dictionary of Lower Canada:—"This singular fragment is pierced (whence is derived the name of Percé) by two arches, which resemble at a distance the portals of fortifications in ruins, and appears like the remains of some enormous wall which have survived the disaster that destroyed the adjacent works. The spectator may approach it at low water from Mount Joli without wetting his feet. The distance between the mount and the rock is about 50 ft. When the rock is approached for the first time, the spectator trembles lest it should fall upon him; its height is at least 300 ft. and it is about 30 yards in its widest part, but its breadth above the arches is not more than 20 ft. Besides the two great arches, there is a lateral arch on the s. e. side scarcely perceptible from the water. However high this rock may be, it is low in comparison with the adjacent capes s. w. of the village of Percé, which rise one above the other as if mountains piled on mountains had been cut through the middle and one part had fallen into the sea, while the other part remained a naked and frightful chain of precipices of unequal height. The Island of Bonaventure, rather more than a mile from the main land, terminates this picturesque scene, not to be exceeded by any other on the American continent. The great number of mountains and precipices in this place renders it very subject to sudden storms and violent gusts of wind, which has induced some to call it *Terre des Tempêtes*, the land of Tempests. In fact it is an astonishing place, and the fertile fancy of romance would choose it above all others for the scene of marvellous histories and supernatural adventures, visions, spirits and enchantments. Until within a few years this steep rock was considered inaccessible and its only inhabitants were the sea-gull and the cormorant; here they laid their eggs and reared their young in perfect security. A young man of Percé, full of mirth during a holiday, undertook to ascend this rock by means of the lateral arch: his first attempt was unsuccessful—his heart failed him and he descended; but after a minute or two he made a second attempt and to the great astonishment of all the spectators he succeeded, apparently with much ease. He placed a little flag on both extremities of the summit and, by means of ropes and ladders, many others were induced to ascend, partly out of curiosity and partly for the eggs and hay which were there found. The sea-birds being disturbed in their retreat abandoned it, and their departure was considered a public loss, for the fishermen returning from sea in dark and stormy weather were always, if out of their course, guided safely home by the cries of the birds heard from their rocky dwelling; the bold feat of this young man deprived the fishermen of this advantage and the poor of the food which these birds afforded. A police regulation, therefore, with the consent of all the inhabitants, has prohibited any one from ascending this rock during a certain part of the year; this has had the beneficial effect of inducing the birds to return to their ancient habitation, where they now live and multiply under the protection of the law.—Two miles s. it is said that two men-of-war belonging to the squadron that attempted to take Quebec in 1721 were wrecked.—The settlement of Percé derives its name from the rock which the French Canadians call *Roc Percé*."

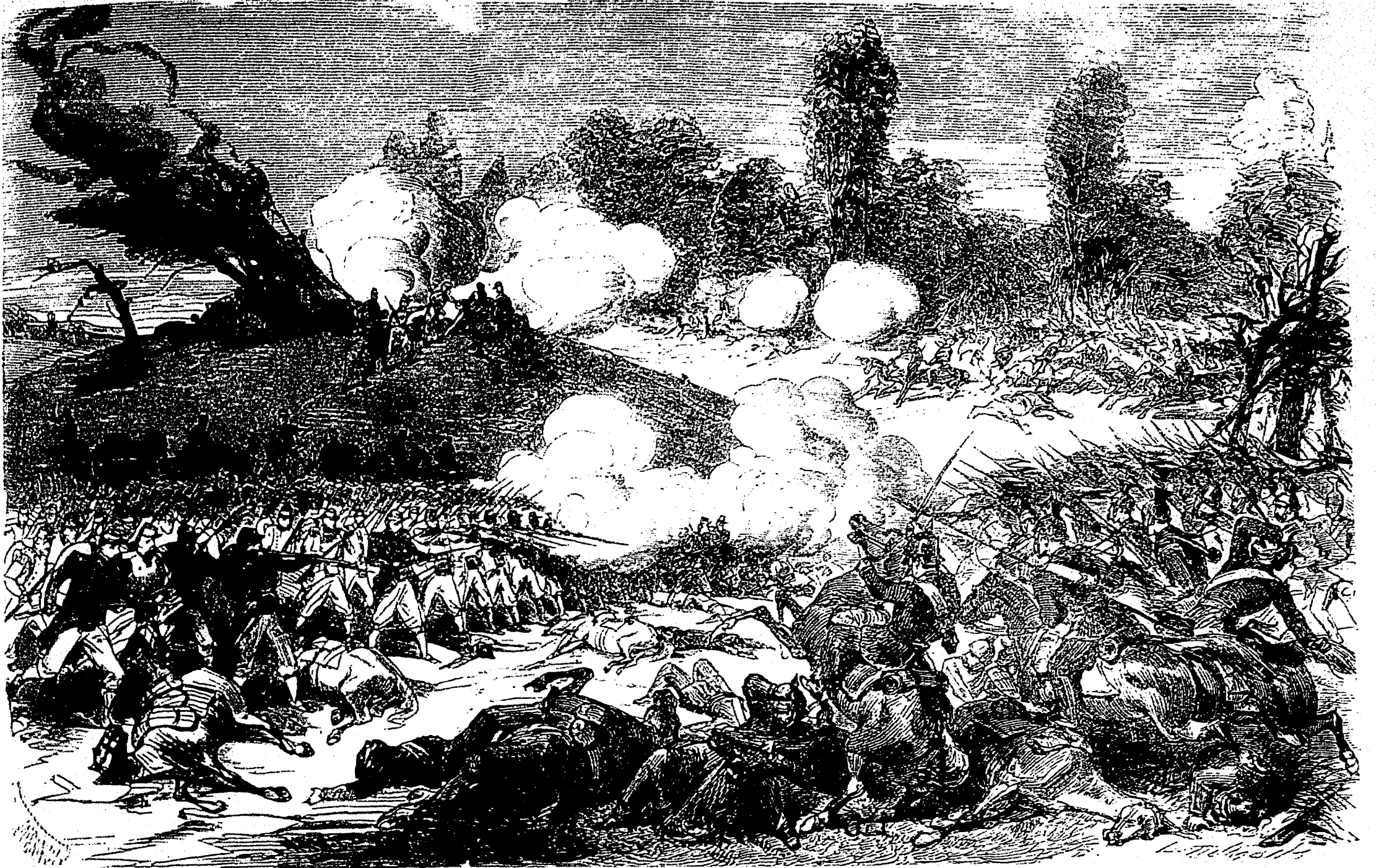
ON THE BREADTH OF SPECTRAL BANDS.—Lippich has given, in Poggendorff's *Annalen*, an explanation of the broadening and other variations of the spectral lines of luminous gases, which he ascribes to changes in temperature. The law he claims to have discovered is that the ratio of the difference of the wave-lengths which correspond to the borders of any spectral band to the mean wave-lengths of such band is constant in the same gas, but in different gases the ratio is directly as the square roots of absolute temperature, and inversely as the square roots of their densities.



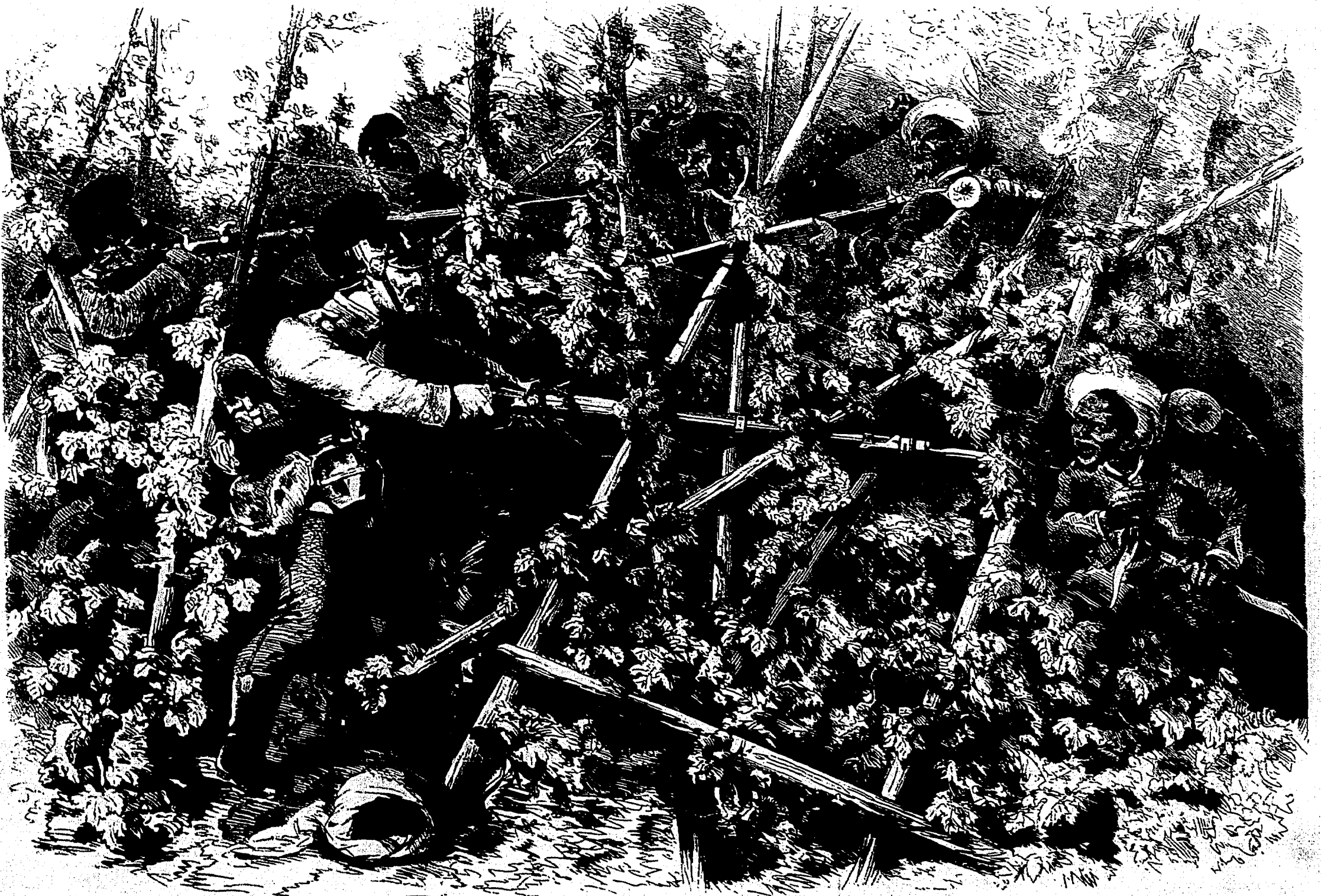
PULLMAN PALACE CAR "MONTREAL" G. T. R.



THE PERCÉ ROCK, GASPÉ. FROM A SKETCH BY C. J. WAY.



THE BATTLE OF COURCELLES.



AN ENCOUNTER IN THE HOP-FIELDS.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
OCT. 15, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 9.—	Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity. St. Denys, M. Sieur de la Barre, Governor, 1682.
MONDAY,	" 10.—	Intercolonial Conference met at Quebec, 1864.
TUESDAY,	" 11.—	Dr Samuel Clarke born, 1675. Guy Carleton, Governor of Canada, 1774.
WEDNESDAY,	" 12.—	America discovered by Christopher Columbus, 1492.
THURSDAY,	" 13.—	Translation of King Edward. Battle of Queenston Heights, General Brock killed, 1812.
FRIDAY,	" 14.—	Great Fire at Quebec, 1866.
SATURDAY,	" 15.—	Law of England introduced into Upper Canada, 1792. Murat shot, 1815.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1870

THE address to General Lindsay, and the public dinner to Col. Wolseley from the citizens of Montreal, previous to the departure for England of these distinguished officers, indicate the deep interest felt by Canada in the withdrawal of the Imperial troops. There are many who refuse to believe otherwise than that the policy recently adopted of denuding the colonies of the military, is but a preliminary step to their total abandonment by the Empire; but there is not a solid foundation for such belief. It is only as a part of the general system of Imperial defence that the retention of the troops in the colonies can be justified; and as the highest military authorities have decided that the concentration of the military strength of the Empire was the best and safest policy, one should be prepared to dispute the correctness of this proposition before complaining of the withdrawal of the troops from the Provinces. With the lessons of the present war before us, we can scarcely have the face to assert that five thousand, or even fifteen thousand soldiers of the line in Canada would materially strengthen the defensive power of Britain in case of attack. As a nucleus for the formation of a Canadian army they would, undoubtedly, be serviceable, but the formation of an army under the fire of the foe is one of those exploits which even well-trained, warlike France has utterly failed to accomplish: so that, unless our volunteers and militiamen are trained beforehand, we should despair of their making an effective stand against a large and well-appointed army, even with the assistance of such a handful of regulars. As to the matter of police duty, or the quelling of internal disorders, it should be acknowledged at once that a community of four millions is perfectly able and willing to be charged with that responsibility, at least so long as it enjoys the privileges of self-government.

For mere municipal service no one pretends that Imperial soldiers are wanted here; and for defensive purposes, the military authorities have decided that they would be more effective at home. Canadians have really nothing to complain of in this. The country is not in danger of invasion, except from one power—the United States; and an invasion of Canada by the United States as an act of war against England, if once resolved upon, would certainly not be abandoned because of a few thousands of soldiers. It is not by tens but by hundreds of thousands that nations must henceforth go to war, and the army of invasion recruited from among forty millions of people would be such numerically and in munitions as to render necessary for effective resistance an army as large as Britain herself could place in the field. These considerations seem to justify the policy of the Imperial authorities, who, in concentrating their forces at home, have them more immediately in hand to move to the point where danger may be threatened.

The course for Canada under the somewhat altered military policy of the Empire is clear. She must encourage the Volunteer movement by permitting the increase of the force. At the present time we believe there are several companies enrolled in excess of the number provided for under the Militia Act, and at the next session of Parliament it should be considered whether the Volunteer force of the Dominion might not be increased from forty to sixty thousand men. With this measure ought, perhaps, to come a more liberal provision for the pay of the men as well as an increase in the number of days of annual drill. The general introduction of military drill into the public schools would also be a beneficial step towards the creation of a body of citizen-soldiers, for the lad who has been trained at school is more likely to become a volunteer through the influence of a taste for military exercises which training almost invariably begets. We have seen that in a few weeks both France and Prussia had not only fully en-

gaged the whole of their immense regular armies, but were compelled to draw largely from the ranks of the citizens; and, of late years, England has shewn her want of confidence in the sufficiency of her standing army by encouraging the volunteers, in which body she has now some 350,000 men enrolled. As yet Canada needs no standing army; nor will she, at least so long as she forms a part of the British Empire. But she ought to keep pace with other parts of the Empire, and with the other nations of the earth, in the diffusion of a military training among the people, and in other measures calculated to prepare for defence in the hour of danger. It may be remembered that during the Crimean war a regiment was raised in Canada, with considerable difficulty and at a cost far exceeding that of recruiting in England. At the present time it is not improbable that ten regiments could be recruited in this country for Imperial service, within the time it took to get up the 100th, and the change is solely due to the great increase of the military spirit of the people, caused by the fostering of the Volunteer movement and the spread of military instruction. What is desirable now is that the Government should call upon Parliament to make further provision for the increase and improvement of the Volunteer organization. The more the country shows itself ready for self-defence the more disposed will England be to prize the connection; and the less likely will be either party to the possible quarrel, to provoke a war between England and the United States, of which Canada would be the battle-field.

DR. MILES' SCHOOL HISTORY OF CANADA.

We have already expressed our approbation of Dr. Miles' School Histories, and given our readers several extracts therefrom. Our attention is recalled to their merits by the appearance of a bitter attack upon them by a gentleman who took an active part in the troubles of 1837, and whose conduct is animadverted upon by the loyal author. It may be a matter of questionable taste for a person in his position to seize the pen of the reviewer for the justification of his political conduct, and to use the opportunity for a general attack upon the book, the author, and the public authorities who have sanctioned its use. It is seldom that a person smarting under a sense of personal aggrievement is fitted to perform calmly and carefully the office of a literary critic.

The ex-General admits that he has made his quotations "at random," and this term would also apply to the whole of his criticism. But there is an evident want of candour in his quotations: the mode he has adopted of picking out a few words here and there from the midst of a sentence, might make any book appear ridiculous, and enables no one to judge of the purity or elegance of the general style.

One or two of these unfair quotations may be instanced in illustration of this injustice.

160. The quotation is: "The mother country put a new face upon the condition and prospects of Canada." Colbert "knew what was good." The first sentence is inverted, and the second is so incomplete as to be useless, for we might infer that Colbert was an epicure. The text reads thus:

160. "The information contained in the last three chapters shews us what state the colony was in towards the year 1683—the population only about 2,000 souls, harrassed almost to death by the fierce Iroquois, and its internal affairs, both civil and religious, disturbed by discord.

"But her case was now taken in hand by the Mother Country and a new face altogether put upon her condition and prospects."

The sentence respecting Colbert reads thus:—"The fact is that Louis XIV. had then an excellent minister named Colbert, who knew what was good for France and her colonies, and who, now, and for 20 years afterwards shewed himself a wise and powerful friend to Canada."

Even Scripture may be perverted by partial quotation, and it is evident that such a mode of treatment is beneath the dignity of true literary criticism.

The great majority of the expressions thus challenged may be fully justified, taken in connection with the context, and remembering that the work is written throughout in a colloquial style for the benefit and instruction of children.

The critic, however, does not content himself with picking out what he deems to be the flaws in the author's style, but favours us with a remarkable example of his own. Criticising the paragraph 313, "Haldimand, a man of a very different character from that of Murray or Sir Guy Carleton," he says: "Why not have shown in a few words that the Swiss Haldimand, a general officer in the British service, with no ideas of government beyond the government of a garrison, governed accordingly."

We think "Brown's Improved Style" would not receive the sanction of the Council of Public Instruction, and that he is not likely to succeed better in his assumption of the character of Diogenes than he formerly did in that of Alexander.

"The School History of Canada" has had since its publication many hundreds of non-military and non-combatant readers—persons who have not "read it in the cars" for the purpose of adverse criticism, but who, sitting down to its leisurely perusal, have found it so entertaining and instructive as to lay it aside again with reluctance.

Its English is colloquial and easy, but concise and grammatical.

It is written for children, and, like Dickens' History of England and Charles Lamb's Tales, it has an easy fluency which children like, and which they understand and remember.

The simple, earnest Saxon is indeed unpolished, but it is for this reason the more expressive, and the better adapted to be placed in French schools as an English reader.

A conference was held on Tuesday last between the Mayors of the several municipalities in the environs of Montreal and His Worship the Mayor and a Sub-Committee of the City Council, to discuss the propriety of enlarging the limits of the City Corporation. The representatives of the extra-mural Corporations were by no means favourable to the project, as they considered it would only bring their constituents additional taxes without counterbalancing advantages. There is much to be said on both sides regarding this project. No one denies the desirability of uniformity in municipal discipline and police administration; but, on the other hand, those beyond the limits can hardly be expected to accept the full burthen of the city's taxes, with but an infinitesimal share in the advantages secured by their outlay.

Cols. Smith, McEachern and Chamberlin have been appointed Companions of the Most Noble Order of St. Michael and St. George, in acknowledgment of their signal services in repelling the Fenian invasion in May last. All recognise that these honours have been well deserved, but already it has been pointed out that some of the Volunteer officers did at least equally important and quite as dangerous service on the Western frontier in 1866, which was not even formally acknowledged. This omission ought, however, to be charged to the regular officers who were in command at the time. It was not General Lindsay who was at the head of the Western division in 1866, nor was Col. Bagot with his regiment in Toronto.

GIANELLI.—The well-known and popular host of the Cosmopolitan, and manufacturer of Italian Bitters and other cordials, entertained a number of his friends at his Cordial Works, Fortification Lane, on Saturday last. He showed his visitors over a part of his premises, explaining the mode of procedure as to the maceration of the roots, filtration and purification of the liquors, &c. The party then sat down to a sumptuous repast, after which toast and song followed, and in the course of the evening Mr. Gianelli explained that his business in the manufacture of bitters and cordials had so greatly increased, that he had resolved to devote his whole attention to it. He had, therefore, disposed of his interest in the Cosmopolitan to his brother, Mr. Joseph Gianelli, who had already had two years' experience in the house. The company warmly congratulated both gentlemen on the success they had met with, and wished them still greater prosperity in the future.

PRINTING INK.—The printers and publishers throughout Canada will be glad to learn that Messrs. Baylis, Wilkes, & Co., gentlemen who had long experience in the same business in England, carry on in this city the manufacture of printing ink of all kinds. As the only Printing Ink factory in the Dominion this new establishment deserves the patronage of all Canadian printers.

A meeting of delegates from several of the Boards of Trade in Canada was held in this city on Wednesday last, for the purpose of forming a Dominion Board of Trade. Hamilton, London, Toronto, Quebec, Kingston, and other places were represented.

WAR SCENES.

Among our illustrations of the war this week we give a plan of Paris, showing the outlying fortifications, suburbs and railways; and a scene at the fight at Wissemburg—an engagement in the hop-fields of the Geisberg between Bavarian infantry and Turcos.

THE WAR NEWS.

No important change has taken place during the week in the position of the hostile armies. Paris remains in the same state of siege, and though several engagements have taken place, in which the Prussians were generally defeated, the situation remains much the same as at the close of last week. For a distance of twenty miles around the walls of the city the country is depopulated and devastated, and at every strong point the Prussians are erecting batteries; on these will be mounted the heavy siege guns lately employed against Strasburg, which, together with the whole force of Prussian cavalry posted before that city, are being moved up to the capital with all possible despatch. Within Paris the preparations for resistance are being continued. Those of the National Guard who were furnished with inferior weapons have been supplied with new breech-loaders, and large numbers of men who are without arms have been detailed as firemen in case of need. A large police force has been enrolled, but there is little need for their services, as the city is quiet and orderly. Preparations have been made to light the city, during the siege, with petrolum, as it has become necessary to cut off all the gas. Electric lights have been placed upon the walls at night, and have already done considerable service in lighting up the surrounding country, and showing distinctly the operations of the enemy. The Prussians have evacuated Fontainebleau, and there are rumours of their having withdrawn still further from their lines. The headquarters of the King, at the close

of last week, were at Ferrières; those of the Crown Prince at Versailles, and of the Crown Prince of Saxony at Grand Tremblay. A rumour coming from Amiens states that the quarters of Mont Valérien had been blown up, and that 100,000 Prussians were annihilated. There appears to be but little truth in this report, but it is certain the Crown Prince has sustained a serious reverse in a battle fought on the banks of the Seine on the 27th. "The victory," says the despatch, "was followed by the evacuation of Versailles and Rambouillet, and the rupture of the German line of investment." Nevertheless, on the 30th, two days after, we find the Prince still occupying Versailles, and gaining a considerable advantage over the French. On the morning of that day the besieged, in force, made a sortie from the city, in the direction of Forts d'Issy and Montrouge. They attacked the sixth corps, occupying the right of the Crown Prince's army, at the same time that another large force, said to be under the command of Ducrot, advanced from the direction of St. Cloud, and attacked the 11th and 5th corps. The object of the attack was evidently to interrupt the work of the investing force. The French force drove the Prussians from their positions, and occupied them before reinforcements could come up. Immediately after the attack commenced, the Crown Prince and his staff hastened from their quarters at Versailles to the field of action. The French advanced under cover of a heavy fire from their forts. The advance posts of the 6th Corps had, in the meantime, fallen back to the main line. After nearly three hours fighting, during which the Prussian lines were unshaken, the French gave way before the heavy fire of artillery, retreating toward the forts. As soon as the backward movement commenced by the French, the 5th German Corps took the offensive, vigorously following the retreating French, cutting off their flight, and capturing many prisoners. The French troops behaved better than on former occasions, when they have attacked the Prussians, but they were compelled to retreat in disorder. The Prussian loss is roughly estimated at four to five hundred. Over four hundred prisoners were taken.

Another account says that by the recent successes of the French troops around Paris, the circle of German investment has been shattered at two points, and repelled to a distance varying from three to six miles, and the French have occupied the position taken in strong force.

There has also been considerable fighting in the neighbourhood of Metz. Repeated sallies have been by Bazaine, and the utmost vigilance is necessary in the camp of the besiegers to repel the continual attacks made upon them. Clermont and Montmédy have been captured, Soissons is surrounded, and the Baden troops relieved by the capitulation of Strasbourg, have been posted throughout Upper Alsace, to clear the country of the armed peasants and sharpshooters who are perpetrating great excesses and annoying the German army in the rear.

Late despatches state that a certain great Prussian General died within the last few days at Rheims; rumour has it that this is no other than Von Moltke, but that great care has been exercised to prevent it being known who the deceased General really is.

The escape of Gen. Bourbaki from Metz, and his visit to the Empress, has led to rumours of an intended capitulation by Bazaine and the Emperor conjointly, on the part of France, thereby ignoring the Republic. The National Defence Government is still at Tours, though it was reported that preparations were being made for its removal further West, in the event of the threatened advance of the Prussians against that city being carried out.

We clip from the Montreal Gazette the following sarcastic lines as to the doings at Niagara Falls, some of which have been such as to eclipse the fame of the great cataract by the infamy of the dwellers in its neighbourhood. Might not the Government of Ontario adopt measures to "reconstruct" these harpies? The Gazette says:

"Attention is once more invited to the beauties of social life as exemplified at Niagara Falls. Some months ago an amiable scion of the illustrious house of Davis was so rash as to shoot to death a coloured person named Price, servant of Mr. Barnett, the great rival in the show business of the patriarch Saul. The homicidal youngster, strange to say, was arrested, and committed for trial on a charge of wilful murder, and stranger still, when consigned to Welland Jail, courteously refrained from walking out of that remarkable building, as is usually the proceeding of its very temporary occupants. For the moment it would almost appear that Niagara had reformed, and was exhibiting itself in the novel aspect of a law-abiding community. A grave offence—murder is a grave offence—had been committed, and some sort of atonement was about to be exacted. Mr. Davis might even be fined for his indiscretion. So fancied the optimists, hailing with rapture the inauguration of a new and better order of things. The optimists went a little too fast, however. Saul, who was also among the prophets, judged more wisely. It was only a nigger who had been killed, and his local experience taught him that niggers were by no means likely to secure an unpleasantly serious local estimate of the value of their lives, nor, in St. Catharines at least, to exact a very costly sacrifice to their manes. And so it has proved, for the trial has just been concluded by the discharge of a disagreeing jury, and the prisoner is out on bail, still competent to carry on the feudal war. This is very gratifying indeed, and will tend powerfully to attract visitors of the Caucasian races. Rightly utilized the precedent can be made to do more for the tavern-keepers and the hack-drivers who own the great cataract than even could have Frank Thorne's suicide. Next season we may expect the advertisements to include sensation items of compelling power. For example, "a coloured man to be shot every Sunday after Divine service," would draw crowds. We throw out the suggestion deferentially for the benefit of well-skilled experts. We make no charge for the hint because, as Canadians, we cannot but feel a pride in the Niagara institution, which we are glad to invite the world to share.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF MAYO.

The sudden death is announced from Bombay of one of the best known, if not the most brilliant peers in the public service of Great Britain. Richard Bourke, eldest son of the fifth Earl of Mayo, born in 1822, and educated at Trinity College, early distinguished himself as Lord Nans, in the House of Commons, and as Chief Secretary for Ireland under Lord Derby. He was never esteemed a man of commanding ability,

but his inexhaustible good temper, the felicity of his disposition, and a certain liberal cordiality of nature, stood him in the stead of stronger qualities. He was allied also by blood to the successful and influential family of the Jocelyns, and while he was a stout and sincere Tory, he contrived to be both liked and looked after by the Liberals. He succeeded to the earldom on the death of his father in 1867, and was sent by Mr. Disraeli to India as Governor-General and Viceroy.

James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, is reported as lying dangerously ill at his residence on the banks of the Hudson. He is now about seventy years of age, and till very recently enjoyed robust health.

The new American Minister to England, Senator Morton, will not leave for England to assume his duties till the beginning of November.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE OF PECULIAR NAMES—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

(Continued.)

P

PERUKE.—An old clever French writer, named Menage, who was a great collector of odd scraps of information upon all subjects, took it into his head once on a time to investigate the origin of the word Peruke. The result of his inquiry he gravely gave to the world in the following shape:—Pilus signifies hair in the Latin, and, by various progressive mutations, the word thus reached peruke: pilus, pelus, pelutus, peluticus, peluticus, peruke. In imitation of this splendid piece of etymology, Professor Porson, a wit and scholar of the first order, traced the word cucumber to Jeremiah King; thus, Jeremiah King, Jeremy King, Jerry King, Jerking, Gerkin, cucumber. Nothing could better illustrate and ridicule strained etymologies than this. But though Menage deserved to be laughed at on this point, he was a meritorious and pleasing writer. It is in connection with our present subject to mention that he was the first person to use the terminative ana, now so often employed; as in Walpoleiana, Johnsoniana, &c. The concluding ana has indeed almost become an independent word, having been sometimes used in an isolated form to designate collections of loose thoughts or casual hints upon literature, or upon things in general. In short, the term is synonymous with omniputerium, the etymology of which it would be superfluous to point out.

PETRELS (Stormy Petrels).—This bird was so called from the Scriptural fact of St. Peter walking on the water of the sea of Galilee—called Petrelis, then Petrels.

PICTS AND SCOTS.—The Picts were so called, because derived from Pictich, a plunderer, and not from picti, painted; and the Scots from Scuite, a wanderer, in the Celtic language.

PORTE, SCRYMGE.—The principal gate at the entrance of the seraglio at Constantinople, is a noble structure of marble, built by Mahomet II, as recorded thereon by an inscription in gold and azure. This gate is called, by way of eminence, the Porte, from the Latin porta, a gate; and from this, one of the most prominent objects about the royal residence of the Grand Turk, does his court derive its common name. Formerly, the gate in question was guarded by fifty mutes, who conversed in signs, and the inmates of the dwelling within were as fettered captives. But, in this respect, at least, our age has seen a great and good reformation. The chains of prejudice have been thrown off, and the women of Turkey are in progress of being restored to the freedom which has been so long withheld from them. The prince, it is said, has set the example by opening the Porte, and permitting those within to enjoy, at their will, the blessed air of heaven.

PRINTING.—Various cities have claimed the honour of this invention; but it is now generally admitted to be due to Haerlem, a town in Holland. It is attributed to Lawrence Koster, an alderman in that city, in 1440. Amusing himself one day in the neighbouring wood, with cutting the barks of trees into letters that formed the initials of his name, he is said to have laid them on paper, and afterwards observed that from the sap their form was impressed on the paper. This accident induced him to make further experiments; he next cut his letters in wood, and dipping them in a glutinous liquid, impressed them on paper, which he found an improvement; and soon after, substituting leaden and pewter letters, erected a press in his house; thus laying the foundation of this noble art, which has thus gradually risen to its present excellence. The art, it is said, was stolen from him by his servant, John Faustus, who conveyed it to Mentz, and from the novelty of the discovery, soon acquired the title of doctor and conjurer.

PROTESTANTS.—The Emperor Charles V., of Germany, called a diet at Spiers, A.D., 1524, to request aid against the Turks, and to devise means for allaying the religious disputes which then raged. Against a decree of this diet, to support the doctrines of the Church of Rome, six Lutheran princes formally and solemnly protested; hence the term Protestants was given to followers of Luther, Calvin, and all other sects which separated themselves from the Romish Church.

THE PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE OCEAN.—It is manifested by the bright scintillations of its waves and the bright green sparks in the wake of a ship, and is caused by minute organic beings, which are phosphorescent while alive.

POLES, (BARBERS) painted red and white.—Originally surgery and shaving were carried on in London by the same person. In 1512 an Act was passed to prevent any besides barbers practising surgery within the city and seven miles round. In 1540 they were united into one corporate body—but then all persons practising shaving were forbidden to intermeddle with surgery, except to draw teeth and let blood—whence BARBER-SURGEONS. They became separate companies in 1745—the surgeons removing to their Hall in the Old Bailey and then to the Royal College in Lincoln's-Inn. Barbers, however, continued to let blood and draw teeth until not a very great many years ago, as many men living still remember the great heaps of teeth in the window of Middle-ditch, one of this class, Great Suffolk Street, Southwark.

PONTIFF.—Pontiff, as every one knows, is a synonym for the Pope, or head of the Roman Catholic Church. Pontifex, from which it springs, bore a precisely similar signification, being applied to the high-priest of the heathen religion, in

the older days of the city of Rome. What does the reader think the word Pontifex or Pontiff signifies, in its plain, true, and original acceptation? A bridge-maker! Pontem facere, in the Latin, signifies to make a bridge; and from this, according to the usual fashion of compounding words in that language, came pontifex, a bridge-maker or builder. All trace, however, of this sense of it merged early in that of high-priest, though in what the change had its origin is doubtful. Some etymologists think that the chief priests in Rome had the charge, attached to their office, of repairing and maintaining in good order a certain bridge of the city, and others say that one high religious official built a splendid bridge at his own cost, and had the name of Pontifex perpetuated, in connection with the priestly office, in token of public gratitude.

PORTER.—Porter got its name from being chiefly used at one time by the class of people in London called by that title.

PUNIC.—(Punic Wars).—The wars between the Romans and the Carthaginians were called "Punic" from the term Pœni, applied by the former to the latter on account of their Phœnician origin.

THE BATTLE OF COURCELLES.

While McMahon was engaged in the series of combats preliminary to the great battle at Sedan, Bazaine was making every endeavour to escape from Metz. He had already been defeated and driven back in a series of engagements with the blockading force, but on the 26th August he gained a slight advantage at Courcelles-Choisy, eighteen kilometres east of Metz. Having mustered his troops in force on that side of the city he fell upon the enemy's camp early in the morning and put them to rout. He was unable, however, to follow up his advantage, and was compelled, after hard fighting, to return to his old position. The great feature of the battle at Courcelles was the charge of the Prussian cavalry, resembling in every respect the celebrated charges of the French cuirassiers at Sedan. One charge was made after another, but the firing of the French was so steady that the Germans were compelled to retire.

HYDRATE OF CHLORAL.—Recent medical journals report favorably on the use of the hydrate of chloral for the purpose of allaying brain excitement and producing sleep. It induces sleep with more certainty than opium, and without the injurious effects resulting from the latter. It has curative properties, but on account of its quieting influence it has been called the king of narcotics.

In the eight principal towns of Scotland as many as 2,363 deaths were registered in August. The Registrar-General states that increase of population being allowed for, this is 242 above the average of the month for the last ten years, and, excepting August, 1868, is the greatest number recorded in any month of August since the Registration Act came into operation. The (annual) rate of mortality was 14 per 1,000 persons in Perth, 22 in Aberdeen, 23 in Edinburgh, 31 in Glasgow and Dundee, 34 in Paisley, and 35 in Greenock and Leith. Of the 2,368 deaths, no less than 1,187, or 50 per cent., were of children under five years of age. The zymotic (epidemic and contagious) class of diseases proved fatal in 617 persons, thus constituting 27 per cent. of the mortality. This rate was exceeded in Dundee and Greenock, from the fatality of diarrhoea in these towns. The most fatal of the epidemics was diarrhoea, which caused 258 deaths, or 12.1 per cent. of the mortality.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L. PRENTISS, MONTREAL.—Our artist has carried out your suggestion, as may be seen by reference to cartoon on last page.

CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 3.

By Mr. E. T. B., Quebec.

White—K. at Q. 8th., Rs. at Q. 5th., and Q. Kt. 5th., B. at K. 8th., P. at K. 4th.

Black—K. at his 3rd., Ps. at Q. 3rd. K. 4th. and K. Kt. 3rd.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 18.

White. 1. R. to Q. Kt. 6th Black. Any move. 2. Mates.

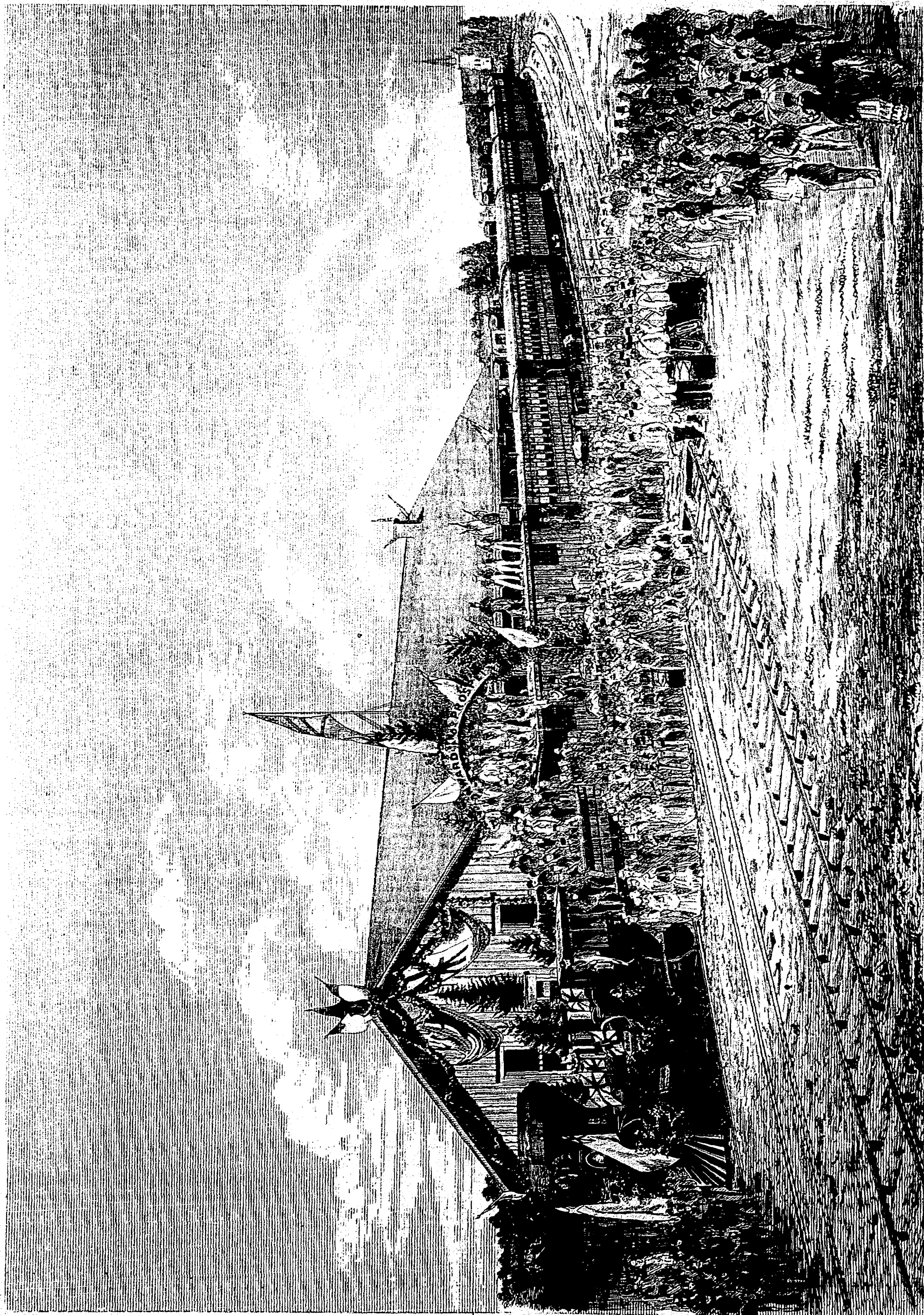
Temperature in sun shade, and barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Oct. 4, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 4 columns: Day, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. Rows include Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday.

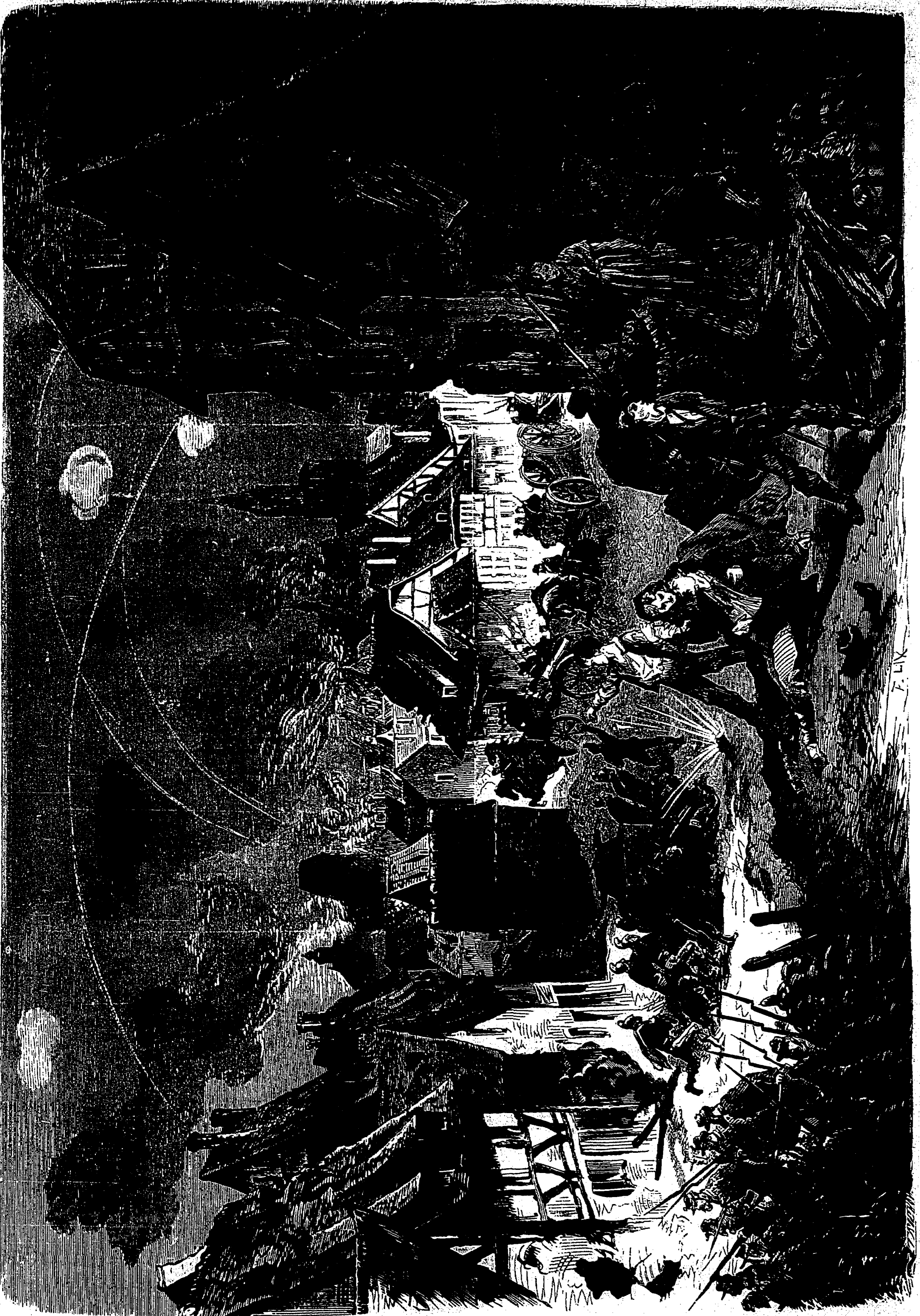
Table with 4 columns: Day, Max., Min., Mean. Rows include Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday.

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

Table with 4 columns: Day, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. Rows include Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday.



OPENING OF THE WELLINGTON, GREY AND BRUCE RAILWAY.



INTERIOR OF STRASBURG DURING THE BOMBARDMENT

F. LIX

THE PICTURE.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

You paint for me a picture filled
With all that life can bless,
And on the frame that holds it gild
With brightest happiness.

You hold it up before my eyes—
Its beauty I must own;
But ah! one fault within it lies,
One fault, and only one.

But that one fault for me can dim
A picture ne'er so fair;
However full of light it seems,
It's dark if I am not there.

Then chide no more my discontent
When I that picture view,
My brightest scenes of joy are blest
For evermore with you.

Still give the picture, I will trace
Your form within its frame;
Not all its other forms shall grace—
That all my heart shall claim.

Not hope alone can give us bliss,
There must be memory too—
So in my picture hope shall kiss
The memory of you.

JOHN READ.

WHO PAINTED THE GREAT MURILLO DE LA MERCED?

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

CHAPTER III.—Continued

"As he almost always had some pictures of mine to restore, and I took vast interest in the processes, I got into a habit of spending a great deal of my leisure in the Baron's atelier. It was about two years after our Murillo disappointment that two pictures in his possession attracted my notice. Upon inquiry, I was astonished to learn that they belonged to those we had, in our aggravation, so hastily condemned. The Baron candidly admitted that the unexpected defeat to his hopes had made him unjust to their merit. Having thrown them aside as worthless, he had refrained, till a little while before, from looking at them again; but upon a calmer investigation, he had discovered that, though by no means of the highest class, they were well worth the pains of restoration. He only hoped the others would turn out as well—they were in hand—his assistant there was at work on one of them now. At that moment this very assistant, rubbing away at the picture indicated, uttered a sudden cry, actually with something so like horror in its tone as to greatly startle us both. At a glance we discovered the cause of his fright. An angular piece of colour, as large as a crown-piece, had broken bodily away from the painting under his fingers. It was perhaps well that I was present, or I fear Baron Mordecai would not have restrained himself to the epithets and expletives he hurled at the poor fellow's head. The man wisely rushed from his incensed master's presence, and vanished. It was some time before the Baron recovered temper enough to scrutinise coolly the injury done.

"Mein himmel!" he exclaimed in his native German, as he did so, "what is here? It is all loose—see!" He was dabbing the surface near the hole with his fingers. "How—what is this? Ach, Gott!" He uttered a cry, as his man had done; for, as he pressed, another flake larger than the former fractured off. As if struck with a sudden thought, he stood for a moment to consider; then, in positively a frantic manner, after glaring at and tossing right and left the tools near him, he began shouting, "Hi! hi! hi! Come here instantly—hi there! Here, come here! Ach!" he went on, as the frightened face of his workman appeared at the door, "bring a paper-knife,—your mistress—ask her for hers. And, hi!—some hot water in a bucket; and, ha!—a sponge—a large one. Quick—make haste—hi! this moment!" "Gott in himmel!" I heard him say to himself, as he pressed his hand to his forehead.

"I really feared his reason was upset. My presence seemed quite forgotten. After a moment he bent down over the fracture, and began rubbing with his forefinger in the hole, muttering all the while to himself something, of which I could only make out detached phrases.

"They often did it—they have done it very often. No concealment so sure! Mein himmel! No way so safe!—covered—hid in this way—why I never guessed it. If—only—if it should—Gott!—a million!—worth a million! I—I beg your pardon, my lord," he said, recovering himself, and looking round confusedly, as his assistant brought him a paper-knife and a large bowl of hot water. "I pray forgive me. I forgot everything but this; what do you imagine I think it is?"

"I cannot guess, of course."
"I think it is a picture in tempera, painted over another picture—and if so, a fine one, be sure—to hide it. It has been done many times, especially in Spain. What—what if?—nonsense though!—but if? Ah, I don't dare hope that—but—I will soon see."

"He appeared to nerve himself as a surgeon does who is about to perform a difficult operation. Indeed he looked not unlike one as, tucking up his sleeves and steadying his hand, he proceeded cautiously to insert the blade of the knife under the edge of the fractured colour. It peeled up bit by bit. Then he applied the sponge and washed the surface—for there was another surface below—and it revealed brilliant colour. He seemed not able to control himself, but burst out in a short, triumphant sort of shout. Again, setting his teeth and compressing his lips, he worked on with knife and sponge; while I, breathless and excited to positive pain, stood by watching the progress he made, till, piece by piece, in little or large flakes, the whole of the superincumbent painting in tempera lay like broken plaster on the floor; and fresh, vivid, in all its glorious harmony of colour, design, and expression, Murillo's greatest, matchless picture was revealed to us perfect as the day he painted it."

"Grand! grand!" I exclaimed. "And it is now in your lordship's possession?"

"Yes. It was long, though, before I could induce Baron Mordecai to part with it. I obtained it at last as a favour for thirteen thousand guineas. He parted with it with very great reluctance; and three months after wanted it back again for fifteen thousand. When I refused, he bid again and again up

to twenty thousand; he wanted to take it to St. Petersburg. Of course no money could buy it—no amount of money. When will you come and see it?"

"Your lordship is very kind—when shall you be at leisure?"

"Oh, whenever you will come. In the morning? say, early in the morning; and we can have a long gossip about that and the other things I have got together. And, madam," he said, addressing my gracious mother-in-law, "perhaps you, and all of yours here, will do me the honour to come to luncheon?"

So it was arranged.

I found his lordship next morning pacing the terrace in front of the house eagerly expecting me. He at once led the way to his gallery. There are few things I more delight in than wandering through a collection—pausing here; glancing there; studying carefully the handling of this master; dodging to get the right point of view, to take in all the effect of that; but, mind you, by myself. There are few things I find more wearisome than being led up to one *chef-d'œuvre*; stationed "just here" to look at a second; dragged away "to tell an opinion" of a third, or to extol "the fine quality of breadth" in a fourth, and—of all objectionable *ciceroni*—by the *dilettante* proprietor himself. He always has in his own mind, with regard to every one of them, foregone conclusions, against which the expression of an independent opinion is nearly sure to clash, and offend, as well, his *amour propre*. Hour after hour was I subjected to such a purgatory on this occasion. Not but that his lordship's collection was really a good one, not but that his lordship was a most delightful guide through it, but—he was monarch of all I surveyed. Inevitably, under such a condition, the power of ownership makes itself felt, if not expressed; submission seems expected, if not demanded; and admiration is called for as a tax imposed, instead of being yielded of free-will to merit for itself.

By the time we had made the circuit of the great gallery, I was so thoroughly jaded that I should have hailed as the greatest relief the appearance of the party from the Rectory, or the sound of the luncheon-bell; but no, there was yet more to see—the Viscount's cabinet of gems and the Murillo.

"It is here," his lordship said, pausing, and playing with the handle of the door before he opened it. "I built this room on purpose for it. If I were Aladdin, the genius should construct a palace on purpose, and my Murillo should occupy the place of the *Roc's* egg. Enter."

I entered. There was but one picture on the walls. Placed opposite to it, at the best point of view, was a *gemma*. The Viscount followed me close, as I advanced to the front. Whether he expected me to utter an exclamatory shout of delight, or pour out broken expressions of rapture, or make any other exhibition of intense feeling, I know not. Apparently he quite approved of the effect the first glances of the picture produced upon me, which was, simply, causing me to sink down overpowered, upon the seat so happily placed for one in my condition.

"Ah!" he exclaimed ecstatically, patting me on the shoulder. "I see—I see! I expected no less. I will leave you to yourself. There are states of pleasure when the presence of another is an intrusion, as much as it is in certain states of grief. You will find me in the gallery."

I am afraid I stared wildly at his lordship as he receded on tiptoe through the door, and then stared no less wildly at the picture before me.

As I live, it was my own painting of Salome and John the Baptist's head!

Ben ath it, framed and glazed, hung the etching that the Viscount had mentioned, fully lettered.

"Pintado por Murillo." "Grabado por Juan Ant^o Salvador Carmona." "El Quadro original existe en la Sacristia del Convento de la Merced, en Sevilla."

I knew the name of Carmona as being the engraver of many of Murillo's pictures. The paper on which it was printed, like the painting, had been made to undergo processes that had given to both the aspect and mellowness of age.

My life has been so on one side of the wicked world—so apart from, so unreachd by, its knaveries, cunning, and frauds—that all my notions of villany are ideal rather than real. Perhaps, too, I am what nowadays is expressively called "jolly green"—meaning, I take it, slow at suspicion; but I could not sit there looking at my own handiwork, with the Viscount's narrative fresh in my mind, and for one moment doubt that he had been made the victim of a cool, calculating, deliberately contrived, marvellously worked-out, gigantic swindle.

In the time I had for reflection, I could only arrive at a settled conviction of the fact, and at two resolutions: the first one being, to keep for the present my own counsel; the next, not to rest till I had found out the mystery of that blood-drained head; for all the horrible ideas connected with it were now rendered a hundredfold more cogent by my reflections suggesting, that those who had so little hesitation in employing all means useful for or necessary to their purpose, could have had no scruple in resorting even to murder.

When I rejoined the Viscount I had little difficulty in avoiding discussion, simply by looking intelligent and assentive; while he poured forth his own inexhaustible rapture of admiration of the work, and exultation at being its possessor. The next day I went back to London.

I had elicited from his lordship the two or three facts I required—the address of the late Baron Mordecai, that his relict survived, and that she still occupied their residence at Highgate. I had made up my mind to a certainty that in the Baroness I should discover my old patroness, the black-veiled duenna. Immediately upon my arrival in town I called upon my old friend, confidant, and counsellor, Morris Blake. Morris always asserted that unless he had the assistance of "baccy and strong waters" he was quite unqualified for the two latter offices. By observing what quantity of smoke he pulled out and how much whisky he took in, it was not difficult to estimate the degree of interest he felt in a story. Judging by these tests, I was highly gratified at the effects my tale produced—they were simply immense. "Having done, he gave me for my pains a "world of thanks," and, to use his own phrase, "concurred intirely" in all my conclusions. And then, promising me his personal assistance and countenance, we arranged our plan of operations.

The following morning we went together to Highgate. We were fortunate; there was no difficulty in finding the house—a handsome mansion in its own grounds; and the Baroness was at home. Lest she should remember my name, we had agreed that Blake was to send in his card. There was no hesitation in admitting us, and we were shown at once into a

large apartment, which—although altered by the tapestry I formerly described being transferred to a different side, leaving the windows it before concealed visible—I immediately recognised as the one I had used for a studio. It was occupied by a lady, tall, and enormously fat, with grey hair, but dark eyebrows, dressed in deep mourning. She was seated at a table with what appeared to be a ledger and several account-books open before her. As we entered she turned upon us a glance of the keenest black eyes I had ever seen.

"Good mornin', shen'l'mens," she said; by Jove! with the preliminary wheeze and husky tones recognizable, and to be sworn to, as if heard only yesterday. "Vhat ist your pleasure mit me? Veesh ist Mishter Plake?"

"Yours to command, madam," said Morris, bowing low. "But you'll not remember me. Sure it's my friend here that's wantin' to renew the pleasure of an old acquaintance with you, Baroness."

"An old acquaintance mit me!" she exclaimed, turning on me a searching look. "Vhat ist your name?"

"Permit me the honour, madam," I replied, placing my card before her. "Surely you have not forgotten me?" As she read my card, and I spoke, her expression visibly changed to one curiously impenetrable and defiant.

"I nefare knowd you—I hafef nefare seen you in all mine life. Vhat ist you mean?" she hastily answered, rising, and at the same time pulling a bell.

"Mean, madam? Oh, nothing but to recall myself to your memory. I know it is many years ago, but you can hardly have forgotten that I painted in this room a picture, in which the deaf-and-dumb model, Serafina Pagano, commonly called 'La Principessa,' whom you brought from Florence, and who is now living at Naples, sat for one of the figures, and which picture the late Baron Mordecai sold as a Murillo to Viscount Bribrakment for thirteen thousand guineas, as his lordship told me only the day before yesterday."

As I went on speaking, she turned very pale, and pressed her hand painfully on her bosom; and when I finished, apparently taken quite off her guard, in a hoarse, broken whisper, asked the question that, in reality, acknowledged everything.

"Hafef you tell eem as you vas baint it?"

"No; I have told him nothing yet." My reply seemed to relieve her; but she sank into her seat again, as if unable to support herself.

At the same time, from the door through which I used to go to my bedroom, there entered a man in whom, despite a bald head and other changes which age had made in his appearance, I recognised the individual I had seen under the carriage-lamp, with features, the prototypes of those belonging to the dead head. He seemed sorely startled at beholding the palpable agitation of the Baroness, and demanded in a bullying tone:

"Was giebt's denn? was giebt's denn?"

"Schweig, schweig, Nathan!" the lady answered, holding up her hand and beckoning him. "Zu mir gleich, gleich!"

Long and earnestly they conversed in whispered German. My companion and I curiously noticed how Nathan seemed suddenly, from the first words she spoke to him, to be infected by his mistress's fear and pallor. Gradually, as they continued to converse, we observed stealing over the faces of both the same hard defiant expression assumed at first by the lady. At last the man turned to us, and said, quite in a threatening manner:

"De Baroness Mordecai say she know nothing about de von or de Coder oaf you; an' notin' about no picture at all;—no. So you git away mit you, both at once."

I was about to reply in a very indignant manner; but Morris, turning upon me a look with the irrepressible devil of an Irishman's fun in it, took upon himself to be spokesman. "It was in his very suaveest manner that he said:

"Oh bedad! I was just thinking so, sirr. An' it's sorry I am for any bother we've given the Baroness; an' I hope she'll forgive us, seeing it was only because we wasated we'd settle by a little cosy chat among ourselves, ye see, the trouble she's likely to git out of lawshutes, an' all that, with my Lord Viscount Bribrakment." (good heavens! how he mouthed the title!) "an' also havin' a lot o' queer stories raked up concernin' how the Baron—rest his soul!—used to manufacture old pictures out o' new ones. An' there's that quarer story yet about a kilt man's head—for kilt, somehow, we all know he was—over the likes o' which the rascally police, magistrates, an' editors o' papers'll just make a shine—oh! such a shine! won't they? But there; if it's only disagreeable we're making ourselves—many apologies, madam and sirr—good mornin';—we'll humbly take our leaves,—good mornin'."

Immense was the effect of this "firework" which Morris threw at the pair; every joint of the cracker as it exploded increased their obvious dismay, especially that of the Baroness.

"Shtop! shtop! eef you please. You don't go till I vas shpeak mit you," she querulously entreated, recalling us. She had become more deadly pale, and was pressing her hand with more painful gesture upon her heart. "Nathan, halt des man!" she said, speaking with great sharpness to the man; then she addressed me, moving at the same time to the recess of the farthest window. "You shoost please to coom here. Let me talk a leetle mit you."

I went to her; but it struck me as rather a hardy thing to do, for, as she faced me, I think I never saw a human face with an aspect of such fierce malevolence.

"Now den," she asked, in a short, sharp whisper, "how mo'sh you vant?"

"How much I want!" I repeated, taken completely aback.

"Ach, ya-es! say, how mo'sh money?"

"Money!" I exclaimed, laughing, as her view of what we came for dawned upon me. "My good madam, I don't want any money."

"Himmel's donner! was ist es den as you vants?"

"Baroness," I said, speaking aloud, and moving to the centre of the room, "my friend is of counsel with me in this matter. I can have no discussion with you to which he is not a party. What I want is satisfaction to some very uneasy feelings I have. I ask you, and you must—mind me, you must—explain to me the mystery of that man's head which I painted here, how he came by his death?"

"Gott in himmel!" she interrupted me by exclaiming indignantly. "Vhat!—you tinks we'as mordert eem?"

"I hope not," I replied firmly.

"Vhy, he vas dis man's bruder—Nathan's zwillings-bruder—vhat you calls eems tveen."

"Good Lord!—his twin-brother!" I could not help ex-

claiming, as the wonderful similarity of features recurred to my recollection. "And how was he kil—that is, how did he die?"

"Nathan, you say eem how your boor bruder vas kilt."

The Baroness had to repeat her commands twice before Nathan, who had watched us with a cowed, but malignant aspect, reluctant and sulky, complied.

"He hafe bin in de garten, an' a-cuttin' de grass mit a scyt' fruh in de mornin'. An' vee tinks he puts de scyt' agin de vall; an' den gits oop a latter dere, an' he toomple, oder de latter toomple, an' ach mine himmell! de messer cuts his leck so schwer—oonter de knee—shooost here." The poor man indicated the place with his hand on his own limb.

"Popliteal artery, by Jabes!" interpolated Blake. Nathan paused, regarding Morris doubtfully; but apparently satisfied by the sympathy his face expressed, he continued:

"Mine bruder, ach, mine bruder! no potty hear eem, he cannot git oop; an' he plead, an' he plead; an' vhen vee finds eem, he ist deat'; ja, mine boor bruder ist ganz deat'; ja—ja—deat'!" He became more and more affected as he went on relating the sad event, till, at the conclusion, overcome by his feelings, he rushed from the room.

It was only after a considerable pause that the subject was resumed by Blake inquiring: "And pray, madam, was there any public notice taken of the poor man's death?"

"No-dice!—Gott in himmell!—ya'es. Dere coom de goroner an' eem's jury, an' eet vas in all de bapers."

"Oh, thin, thank you, Baroness. Excuse my curiosity; but how came his head to be painted without iver a body to it?"

"Oh, das vas because he hafe no blut in eem; an' he make so pe-utifool a Shone der Paptist, mit de Princess. Vee hafe pring her mit us to pe mottel for anoder bictur' oaf de jung-frau Cenci; she hafe such eyes for dat she hear not! aber, vhen dis habben, she doos efer so mo'sh betterer for a Salome mit eem, ya'es. So vee cut eem avay his head."

Morris and I glanced at each other, and then at the singular creature before us who, in so indifferent a manner, avowed the cutting off of a corpse's head, without the shadow of a doubt in either of our minds that the act had been done by the fat, jewelled, and nervous hands lying there so composedly on her lap. Her manner, during the latter part of our conversation, had completely changed to one which I can only describe as "gossipy." Suddenly, after a pause, she addressed me:

"Vere doos you leef, now?"

I told her.

"Doos der Viscount coom dere to you?"

"No; I saw him at his own place in—shire."

She looked furtively, yet keenly, or rather knowingly, at me.

"When you vas coom in, vhat vas you say apout de bicture you vas baint, as he hafe it?"

"Yes, madam. He told me the whole story, and how, as well as for vhat, he bought it of Baron Mordecai."

"Ah, I knows noting apout dem tings. Vhat he tink eet vas vhen he buy eet?"

"He bought it for a Murillo, madam, at a cost of thirteen thousand guineas," I replied, severely; but my answer only seemed to amuse her, for she actually laughed.

"Ha, ha, ha! Potztausend! vas for a fool! He is von as tink he know eferytting apout bictures. He see a bicture, an' he say, Dis ist Polemberg; he see anoder, an' he say, Dis ist Cuypp; an' he say, Dis Ostade; oder, Guido Reni; oder, Murillo; an' eef you gontradict eem, you make eem in a great bassion. Hafe you gontradict eem?"

"No, I certainly did not. It would be cruel, as he is so entirely satisfied."

"Oh, you ist vey man, gewiss! He vill nefare forgif you—he hate you alleways—if you gontradict eem. Vee hafe pay you all for your bicture vhat vee hafe bromis?"

"More, Baroness, more. I am bound to acknowledge you acted most liberally."

"An' vhen you coom'd here, doos alle I says I doos for you?"

"Certain'y, in every particular—certain'y."

"Ah, eet vas vhat der Baron say; you vas a perfit shen'l-man; dat eef you gif your vort oaf honour you nefare, nefare forgits eem—ya'es. I hafe lofe you den—a goot deal lofe you; an' I lofe you now fery mo'sh."

I was greatly startled by the tender confession, uttered, as it was, in the wheeziest whine I had yet heard her use. But I was in a much greater degree surprised by the adroit manner in which she managed to shift me from being the "master of the situation," into one in which I had to confess myself the obliged party, the recipient of favours, and the subordinate to pledges which, though given so long ago, were reproduced now in their native freshness, as altogether indestructible by time or circumstance. As for Morris Blake, I believe he thoroughly enjoyed the position affairs had assumed.

"An' he deserves it, Baroness," he struck in; "as well as being exactly the one to appreciate the soft kindness, now his conscience isn't haunted any longer by raw heads an' bloody bones. As for your Murillos an' Viscounts, as they seem mighty well satisfied with each other, I'll go bail he won't interfere by word or deed. Why should he? when, as you told him long ago, 'tis no business of his at all."

This assurance seemed highly satisfactory to the lady, especially when it was corroborated by myself. As we had now neither reason nor excuse for prolonging our visit, we took leave of the Baroness, and that with a cordiality which neither of us would have thought probable when we entered her presence an hour before.

"Supayrb cratur, that!" Morris remarked, as we got into our hansom. "I'd just like to bet to any amount that 'tis she wove the net that caught the Vi—Hollo! hould me, Charley! hould me tight, or I'll be over head an' ears in poetry!"

I could not help laughing, as I assented strongly to his opinion.

"Yes; an' the sentiments the story convarts me to, Charley, is that the pictur'-thrade, bedad! licks horse chauntin' by chalks."

While returning to town, an idea occurred to us which we carried out at once by driving to the British Museum, where, by the courtesy of Mr. B—, of the reading-room, we were enabled to verify, from the *Times* of the date, the account of the accidental death of Nathan's brother.

The Baroness lived till a little more than a year ago. I have a great respect for her memory. I really think she was a good sort of woman in her way. She presented to my youngest child, a girl, a very handsome coral with gold bells, besides a necklace and sleeve-loops of the same with

massive gold clasps; also, at various times, several articles of jewellery, and some splendid old point-lace to my wife. Through her generosity, too, I am the possessor of that embossed and chased silver dish which, whilom, did duty for King Herod's salver in my picture of Salome and John the Baptist's head. As for the picture, when Lord Bricbrakmont died, several years ago, it was disposed of by his heir, a distant relative, without a scintillation of aesthetic taste, to the great Russian dilettante, Prince Dglimgiskoff, in private contract for some incredible amount of money previous to the rest of the collection being dispersed by Christie & Manson. It is, I suppose, in Russia; but wherever it may be, as I see no occasion for further secrecy, I here assert my claim to be the painter of "THE GREAT MURILLO DE LA MERCED."

H. CARL S.

[THE END.]

PUTTING UP STOVES.

In consequence of the arrival of cold weather once more, about these days there is a universal putting up of stoves, preparatory for the winter campaign, and undoubtedly a great deal of profanity is indulged in. One who has had considerable experience in the work of putting up stoves, says the first step to be taken is to put on a very old and ragged coat, under the impression that when he gets his mouth full of plaster it will keep his shirt bosom clean. Next he gets his hands inside the place where the pipe ought to go and blacks his fingers, and then he carefully makes a black mark down one side of his nose. It is impossible to make any headway in doing this work, until his mark is made down the side of his nose. Having got properly marked, the victim is ready to begin the ceremony. The head of the family—who is the big goose of the sacrifice—grasps one side of the bottom of the stove, and his wife and the hired girl take hold of the other side. In this way the load is started from the woodshed towards the parlour. Going through the door the head of the family will carefully swing his side of the stove around and jamb his thumb nail against the door post. This part of the ceremony is never omitted. Having got the stove comfortably in place, the next thing is to find the legs. Two of these are left inside the stove since the spring before. The other two must be hunted after for twenty-five minutes. They are usually found under the coal. Then the head of the family holds up one side of the stove while his wife puts two of the legs in place, and next holds up the other side while the other two are fixed, and one of the two falls out. By the time the stove is on its legs he gets reckless, and takes off his old coat and puts on his linen. Then he goes off for a pipe and gets a cinder in his eye. It don't make any difference how well the pipe was put up last year it will be found a little too short or a little too long. The head of the family jams his hat over his eyes, and taking a pipe under each arm goes to the t'n shop to have it fixed. When he gets back he steps upon one of the best parlour chairs to see if the pipe fits, and his wife makes him get down for fear he will scratch the varnish off from the chair with the nails of his boot heel. In getting down he will surely step on the cat, and may thank his stars if not the baby. Then he gets an old chair and climbs up to the chimney again, to find that in cutting the pipe off the end has been left too big for the hole in the chimney. So he goes to the woodshed and splits one side of the end of the pipe with an old axe, and squeezes it in his hands to make it smaller. Finally he gets the pipe in shape, and finds that the stove does not stand true. Then himself and wife and the hired girl move to the left, and the legs fall out again. Next it is to move to the right. More difficulty with the legs. Move to the front a little. Elbow not even with the hole in the chimney, and he goes to the woodshed after some little blocks. While putting the blocks under the legs the pipe comes out of the chimney. That remedied the elbow keeps tipping over to the great alarm of the wife. Head of the family gets the dinner table out, puts the old chair on it, gets his wife to hold the chair, and balances himself on it to drive some nails into the ceiling. Drops the hammer on his wife's head. At last gets the nail driven, makes a wire-swing to hold the pipe, hammers a little here, pulls a little there, takes a long breath, and announces the ceremony completed. Job never put up any stoves. It would have ruined his reputation if he had

A VISIT TO ROYALTY.

BY MARK TWAIN.

At all hours of the day and night the sailors in the fore-castle amused themselves and aggravated us by burlesquing our visit to royalty. The opening paragraph of our Address to the Emperor was framed as follows:

"We are a handful of private citizens of America, travelling simply for recreation—and unostentatiously, as becomes our unofficial state—and, therefore, we have no excuse to tender for presenting ourselves before your Majesty, save the desire of offering our grateful acknowledgments to the lord of a realm, which, through good and through evil report, has been the steadfast friend of the land we love so well."

The third cook, crowned with a resplendent tin basin, and wrapped royally in a table-cloth mottled with grease-spots and coffee-stains, and bearing a sceptre that looked strangely like a belying pin, walked upon a dilapidated carpet, and perched himself on the capstan, careless of the flying spray; his tarred and weather-beaten Chamberlains, Dukes, and Lord High Admirals surrounded him, arrayed in all the pomp that spare tarpaulins and remnants of old sails could furnish. Then the visiting "watch below," transformed into graceless ladies and uncouth pilgrims, by rude travesties upon water-falls, hoop-skirts, white kid gloves, and swallow-tail coats, moving solemnly up the companion-way, and bowing low, began a system of complicated and extraordinary smiling, which few monarchs could look upon and live. Then the mock consul, a slush-plastered deck-sweep, drew out a soiled fragment of paper, and proceeded to read, laboriously,

"To His Imperial Majesty, Alexander II., Emperor of Russia:

"We are a handful of private citizens of America, travelling simply for recreation—and unostentatiously, as becomes our unofficial state—and therefore we have no excuse to tender for presenting ourselves before your Majesty—"

The Emperor—"Then what the devil did you come for?"

"—Save the desire of offering our grateful acknowledgments to the lord of a realm which—"

The Emperor—"Oh, d—n the Address!—read it to the police. Chamberlain, take these people over to my brother, the Grand

Duke's, and give them a square meal. Adieu! I am happy—I am gratified—I am delighted—I am bored. Adieu, adieu—vamos the ranch! The First Groom of the Palace will proceed to count the portable articles of value belonging to the premises."

The farce then closed, to be repeated again with every change of the watches, and embellished with new and still more extravagant inventions of pomp and conversation.

At all times of the day and night the phraseology of that tiresome address fell upon our ears. Grimy sailors came down out of the foretop placidly announcing themselves as "a handful of private citizens of America, travelling simply for recreation and unostentatiously," etc.; the coal passers moved to their duties in the profound depths of the ship, explaining the blackness of their faces and their uncouthness of dress, with the reminder that they were a "handful of private citizens, travelling simply for recreation," etc., and when the cry ran through the vessel at midnight: "EIGHT BELLS!—LABBOARD WATCH, TURN OUT!" the larboard watch came gaping and stretching out of their den, with the everlasting formula: "Aye-aye, sir! We are a handful of private citizens of America, travelling simply for recreation, and unostentatiously, as becomes our unofficial state!"

As I was a member of the committee, and helped to frame the Address, these sarcasms came home to me. I never heard a sailor proclaiming himself as a handful of American citizens travelling for recreation, but I wished he might trip and fall overboard, and so reduce his handful by one individual, at least. I never was so tired of any one phrase as the sailors made me of the opening sentence of the Address to the Emperor of Russia.

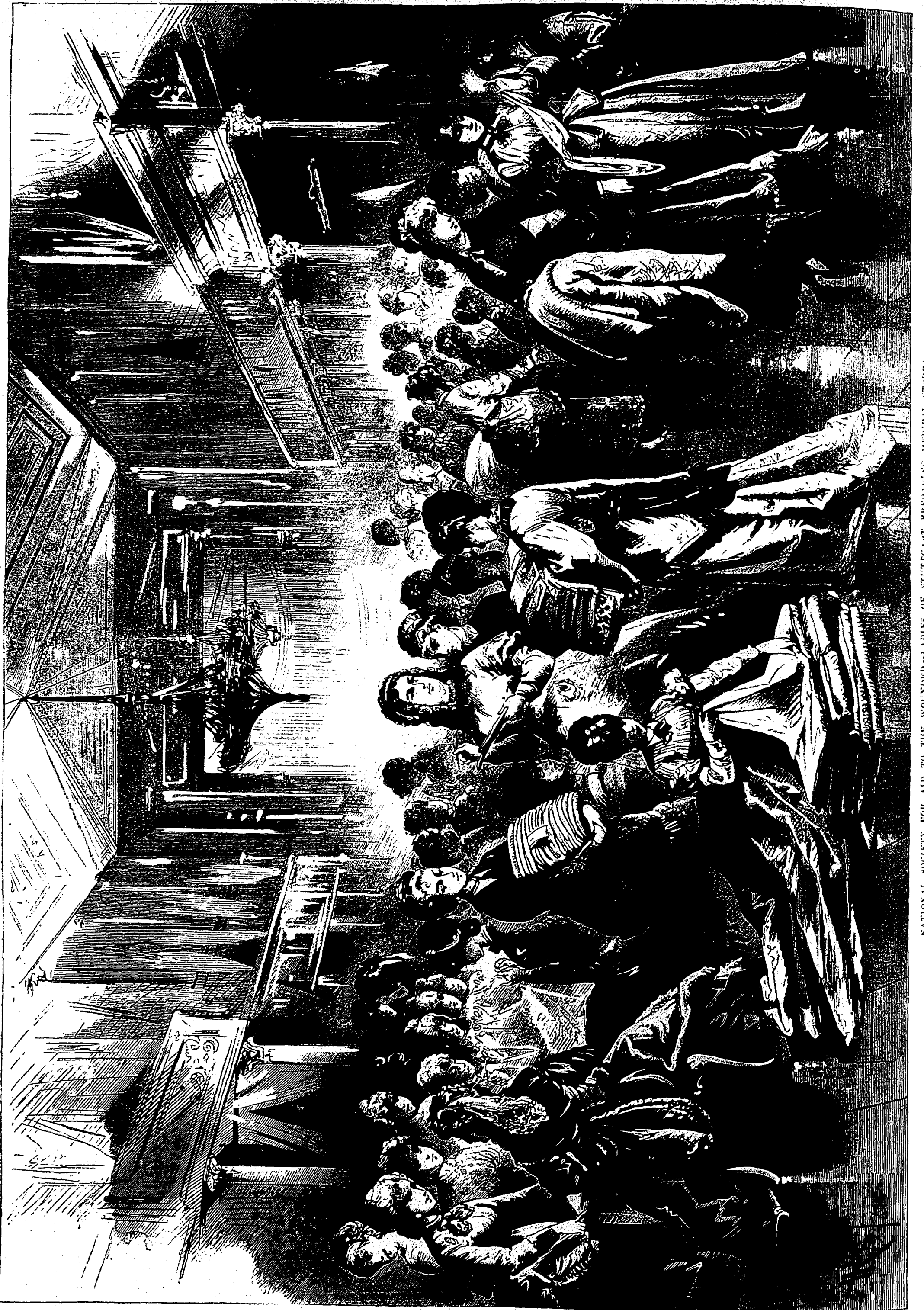
GERMAN FIELD TELEGRAPHS.

One of the correspondents of the *Times*, attached to the German army, gives the following interesting particulars of the manner in which the German telegraph corps is organized. He says:—

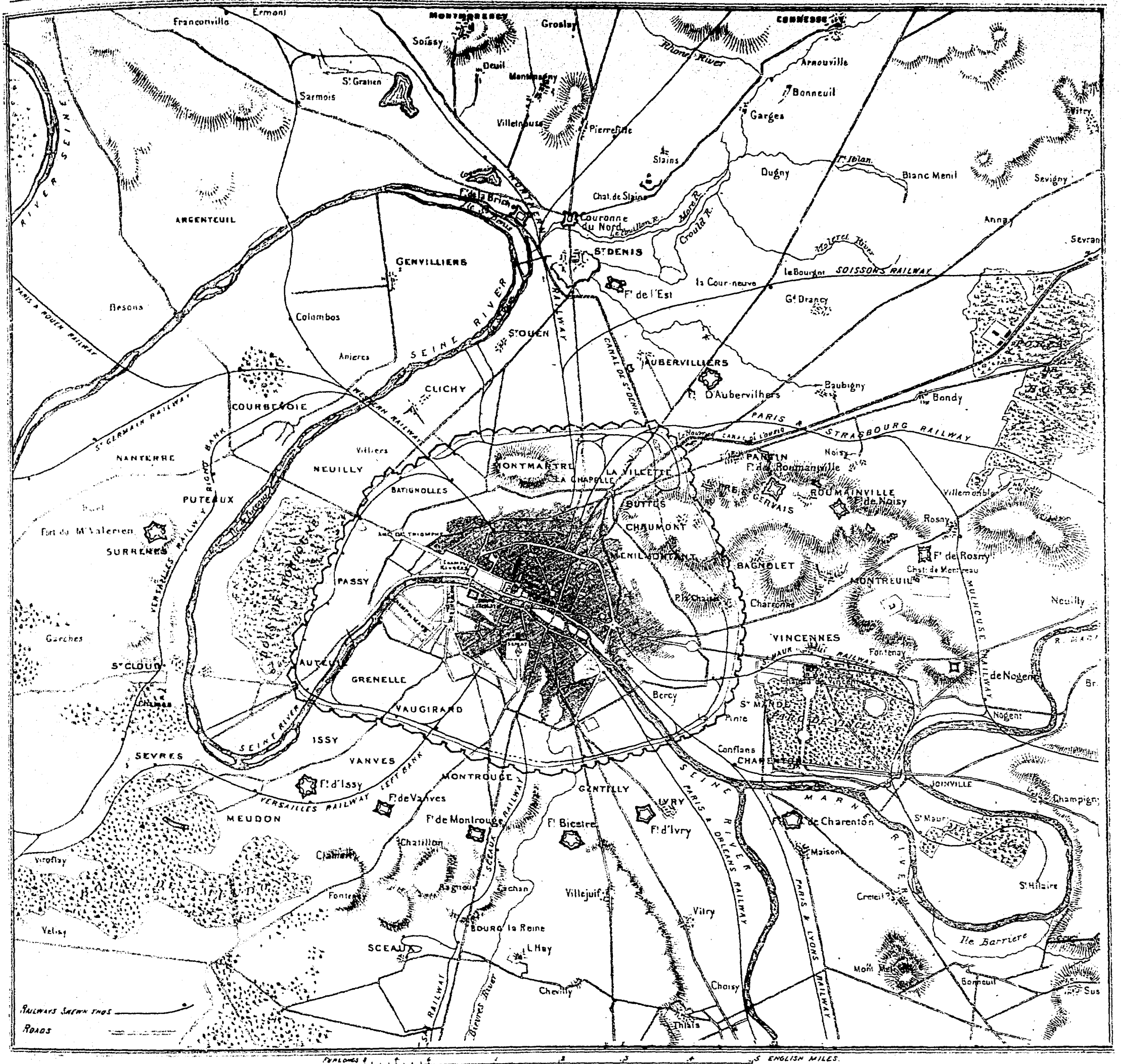
"The telegraph system attached to our army is composed in the following way. To understand it completely it must be recollected, however, that an army is composed of various Corps d'Armée, and each corps of two divisions; therefore the telegraph is divided into three sections—1, the station at the commander-in-chief's; 2, the station at each corps; 3, the station at each division. Sending a message from a division of this army, to London we will say, it first goes to the station of the corps to which the division belongs; thence to the headquarters of the army to which the corps belongs, and then to the nearest main line. Each section has one inspector and five secretaries, or what we should call clerks, four carriages, two smaller ones, and six waggons. The first-named contain the cable, the second the apparatus and batteries, and the last-named the posts upon which the wires are fixed. They carry twenty English miles of cable, and the average time it takes to lay it is three hours to every four miles. The process of laying is naturally the most scientific part of the arrangement, and is conducted in the following manner: An intelligent officer from the army, with some assistant under him, is intrusted with the general supervision of the telegraph of each army, and to him is intrusted the task of directing where the main line shall run. He rides on ahead of the wagon, which proceeds at a footpace, the cable being passed out over a wheel, and indicates to the drivers by means of a piece of paper stuck on a stick or a blazed tree the direction they shall follow. In the mean time, the foot soldiers attached to the telegraph, who are selected from the regiments for superior intelligence, and wear a different uniform, with a large T on the shoulder-strap, are divided into what is called troops, or, in navy language, "gangs" of three men each. The first take the wire as it is payed out, lay it on the ground, and on it a post every 100 yards; the second coming after them, twist the cable round the insulator, which is made of gutta-percha, not glass, as we are in the habit of using, and erect the posts in the ground. This is a matter of great ease, they being about 12 ft. high, and about the thickness of the butt-end of a salmon rod, slightly tapering towards the top. The third troop strain the wire, and ascertain that it is clear of all wood, &c., and, in short, "runs clear." I should mention that whenever it is possible the trees are used as telegraph posts, and, by means of a light ladder, are easily ascended to the requisite height. It is altogether as perfect an arrangement as can be found. They all, however, complain that this war has tried them terribly, as, from the utter break up of the railways by the retreating army, enormous distances have to be traversed before they can touch a main line. I forgot to mention that if necessary, and, in fact, always when on the field of battle, the telegraph is worked by a machine fixed inside one of the carriages. When, however, a house is obtainable, a room is instantly turned into an office."

FEARFUL ALPINE ACCIDENT—ELEVEN LIVES LOST.—A frightful catastrophe has just occurred at Mont Blanc. A party, consisting of eleven persons, reached the summit, and were to return the same evening by the Grands Mulets. As they did not appear, men were sent out to search for them, but, after long and fruitless efforts, were obliged to return unsuccessful. No doubt can now exist that the whole have perished. The travellers were Mr. Cohendal, Scotch; Mr. J. Bean and Mr. J. C. Kendall, Americans; with three guides and five porters, and when last seen they had arrived upon the Dromedary's Hump, an hour's march distant from the summit. They had been seen suddenly to collect together, and to hold fast one to another, and then to disappear in the snow wreaths raised by the wind. It is probable that at this moment they were making a supreme effort to withstand the tempest, so horrible on those heights, that their effort was of no avail, and that they were precipitated together upon the Glacier du Miage, which spreads out on the side of the Alee Blanche. The names of two of the guides were Jean Balmatek and Joseph Breton, who were well known on account of their numerous ascensions.

The songs, either of a warlike or patriotic nature, which have been published in various German newspapers since the outbreak of the war, number, according to official accounts, up to August 22, 634. The first appeared on the 16th of July, and 491 owe their origin to the North German Confederation, while 143 have been written by people of the South German States. A collection of all these songs is preparing, and the work will be sold for the benefit of patriotic aid societies.



NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR AID TO THE WOUNDED.—LADIES OF STUTTGART PREPARING MEDICAL STORES.



PLAN OF PARIS AND SUBURBS.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN WAR.

In a former number some remarks were made as to the origin and object of the Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded in War; an engraving appeared showing a French ambulance of the association, and some details were given as to the organization of this branch of the Society. But besides its active members, who devote themselves to the service of the wounded on the battle-field, the Society numbers in its ranks many who, though their efforts do not require their absence from their homes, are no less energetic or useful in promoting the excellent object of the association, than the self-sacrificing men and women who attend the various armies on their marches, and minister to the wants of the sick and the wounded. In almost every country in Europe the Society has its branch of, so to speak, home-members, whose business is to collect subscriptions, to procure necessary articles and despatch them to the seat of war. Money is, of course, the most acceptable, as money can procure anything that may at the time be most needed, and, besides, pays the salaries of the nurses and surgeons employed by the Society. But there are hundreds of other things required, and donations of any of these are always gladly received. Surgical instruments are needed, and bandages, lint, waterproof sheeting, oiled silk, gutta-serena, tissue for dressing wounds, drugs, and linen. Chloroform is especially needed, and hydrate of chloral—the new hypnotic so superior to opium—blankets, linseed meal, Condy's Fluid, and other disinfectants. Already £100,000 has been subscribed in England, and this sum, it is expected, will be trebled before long. At the beginning of September, there were forty surgeons serving under the Society in the field, or

at the hospitals formed in France and Germany. All these gentlemen understand French and German. Luxemburg is now made the chief base of operations owing to the mass of wounded French, mostly in a pitiable condition, who were accumulated on the German borders. Many of these have already been cared for. From Paris an expedition has been organized in conjunction with the American Aid Society, and this friendly partnership between the surgeons of the two great branches of the English-speaking nation has excited warm appreciation in France. Besides this an international field hospital is to be established at Bingen on the Rhine, under the charge of Dr. Thudichum, aided by the advice and assistance of Dr. Simon, the medical officer of the Prvy Council. The institution will probably become a model establishment.

As to the origin of the Society—it will be remembered that at the International Convention at Geneva, where the absolute neutrality of persons employed in attendance on the wounded in battle was guaranteed, and other rules laid down tending to alleviate the horrors of war, a horrible fact was disclosed, till then either unnoticed or regarded as unavoidable by the public at large, namely, that the ordinary surgical staff of an army is totally unable to cope with the number of wounded after a severe conflict. Again, during the stress of war the supplies of surgical appliances run short in the belligerent countries. Here then are several great and pressing wants. Surgeons and nurses are wanted, instruments are wanted, medicines and other stores are wanted, and the National Society, with the utmost impartiality, sends both to the French and German armies, surgeons and nurses speaking the language of the belligerents, medical comforts of every kind, and whatever other stores are more pressingly needed. The talisman of the

Red Cross ensures careful handling and speedy transmission of the articles so forwarded. Agents are appointed at the headquarters of both armies to make all wants immediately known.

The illustration on the opposite page shows a committee of ladies of Stuttgart, belonging to the South German Branch of the Society, preparing and packing medical stores for the use of the Prussian army.

A REMARKABLE PICTURE OF THE MOON.—An American paper says:—"A bald-headed Boston gentleman was recently importuned by some young ladies to present them with his photograph. He complied with the request; but, instead of presenting them with a picture of his handsome features, sent a very striking view of the back of his head. The joke was duly enjoyed, but the projector was much surprised shortly after to see copies of the picture in the windows of a print store. On inquiring of the attendant, he found to his horror that the sharp photographer had published it as "A remarkable picture of the moon."

The milliners still continue their practice of twisting horrors into finery. Their advertisements, however, are useful as forming an epitome of the story of the war. The *Queen* advertises "Mitrailleuse, a perfectly new fabric, with endless wear," "Drab Fritz, an autumn novelty," "Black silk at panic prices." The French novelties in dress are equally suggestive. "The Revolution Hat" and "The Vendean Hat" have, it seems, appeared simultaneously; these two hats must fight it out as best they can, the general favourite being the "Emigré bonnet."

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HILDA; OR, THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

Author of the "Abbey of Bathmore," "Passion and Principle," "The Secret of Stanley Hall," "The Cross of Pride," &c.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER XII.

A DEATH-BED.

The glorious beauty of a summer sunset is on the St. Lawrence, the dazzling rays glittering in lines of crimson light on the wide waters, gleaming in rainbow tints on the white crests of the foaming rapids, and bathing in a golden flood the wooded islands and picturesque shores of the majestic river.

Crowning a grassy slope in a romantic spot stands a low rambling house nestling in the cool shade of a clump of magnificent beeches. Its situation is very retired, scarcely a house to be seen for miles on either side. A wide veranda runs along the front of the dwelling, which is almost covered by the luxuriant foliage of creeping plants, and from this a continued flight of steps leads down to the river's brink. On the lowest step might now be seen a youth of some sixteen summers; he is sitting in a listless attitude looking dreamily out upon the water, his mind too deeply occupied to notice the beauty of the scene before him. Besides, it was familiar to him from childhood. Every summer, as long as he could remember, he had sat on that river's bank watching it flowing tranquilly onward, or boiling and surging and breaking in glistening foam over the hidden rocks which vainly obstructed its course. For the last few years of his life the solitude in which he lived had been distasteful. He longed to go out into the world and mingle in its pursuits, and it might be, make himself a name among his fellows, for the stripling had an ambitious nature. This day-dream seemed about to become a reality. A new path in life was opening before him. Only that day had this delightful truth dawned upon him. This was an important era in the youth's existence. Now, the old life of dependence with its many evils—its harshness, its insults—was about to end; to-morrow or next day he would be free to go where pleased, with ample means to procure all the enjoyments of life. No wonder then that the gorgeous sunset lighting up the picturesque scenery of the St. Lawrence was lost upon him, for the grandest scenes of nature are looked upon with indifference when the mind is occupied with events of deepest interest.

Suddenly a step was heard on the veranda above and a voice gently calling him broke the train of his pleasant reflections. He started to his feet and looked up with questioning eagerness in his handsome face. A lady, strikingly elegant in appearance, stood leaning over the veranda looking down upon him, and as the brilliant sunlight caught her figure it revealed the strong resemblance her face bore in its features and expression to his own. Any one, at a glance, would have pronounced them mother and son, and such was the relationship between them, for that lady was Mrs. Harrington, and the youth her son, Frank Mordaunt. The life of solitude to which Pauline was condemned on her marriage with Mr. Harrington, was of a longer duration than she had anticipated. Though in feeble health he did not die as soon as she expected. He lingered on from year to year, a burden, if not to himself, to all around him; but now the hour of release from this miserable existence was at hand—Mr. Harrington was dying.

"He wants you, Frank," Pauline said in a low voice.

"Wants me! isn't he gone yet! I thought it was all over by this time," and there was disappointment in the youth's tones.

"No, nor is he likely to go as soon as we wish," Pauline replied, with irritation. "It must be the trouble on his mind which prevents his passing away quietly," she added, as fearful of being overheard she descended the stairs and seated herself beside her son. "I am glad to get out and breathe a little fresh air," she continued, brushing back the rich masses of dark hair from her heated brow. "It is stifling in that death-chamber this hot summer evening."

"But what can Mr. Harrington want with me?" asked Frank, impatiently. "I am sure he never cared for my company when he was in health; it is many a time he drove me from his presence with a curse—yes, and quickened my movements with a blow," and at the recollection of his step-father's ill-treatment Frank's face darkened with an evil expression. "I wonder how I stood it so long! Nothing but love for you, mother, enabled me to live through the misery of the last eight years."

"You forget, Frank, there was another, and perhaps a stronger motive." There was a slight sarcasm in Pauline's tones which showed she understood the selfishness of her son's character.

"Well, so there was!" he replied doggedly. "But who first taught me to think of that," he added reproachfully. "Who schooled me to submit to a life of miserable dependence for the sake of gain?"

"Well, so I did! because I did not want to part with you—your presence was all that made life endurable," said his mother, soothingly. "All that is past now, Frank. He can never wreak his ill-temper on you or on me. The wealth we have dearly earned will soon be ours," and a smile of exultation flashed over Pauline's handsome face.

"But if he should recover! and he may yet, mother! Old Bob says that he doesn't think he is going to die yet!"

"He will not cheat death this time, Frank, be assured! his days are numbered; the end of all things earthly for him has come."

There was a heartless indifference in the way in which Pauline uttered these words—of such solemn import to a fellow-creature—which showed an utter want of feeling seldom seen in her sex; but the fiery ordeal through which she had passed in the solitude of that Canadian wild, with that crabbed-tempered, tyrannical old man, had hardened her nature and made her rejoice in his death.

"But what can Mr. Harrington want with me? You have not yet told me, mother."

"Oh it's just that whim which took possession of him yesterday when he found he could not recover. I mean the wish to alter his will and leave half his money to his daughter. He wants you to go in all haste for a notary."

"A notary!" repeated Frank, in dismay; "then we shall lose the money after all!"

"No fear of that, you foolish boy! we have the game in our own hands!"

"Then I need not obey him! and it is a comfort to be able to refuse," said Frank, in a voice of self-gratulation.

"But you must!" broke imperatively from Mrs. Harrington.

Frank looked perplexed. "I do not understand you, mother. If the notary comes here how can you prevent him adding a codicil to the will or making a new one if there is time. And in that case we would lose half the fortune."

"How stupid you are, Frank! do not you understand that if you do go to C— for a notary, you need not get back in time. You know it is some miles distant, and the horse may lose a shoe or some other accident may occur," Pauline added, with a meaning smile.

"How long do you think Mr. Harrington will live, mother?"

"He cannot live many hours, his pulse is almost gone, and the dews of death are already on his brow."

"Well! why take the trouble to go at all?" asked Frank, in impatient tones. "Tell him it is too late now. Why did not he think of it before?"

"And so he did. All through the day he has been harping on it continually, bemoaning his cruelty to his daughter, and regretting the will made in my favour. Fortunately, old Bob is ill in bed and as helpless as his master. Were it not for that fortunate circumstance a notary would have been here before now but there was no messenger to send except you, and it was not my pleasure that you should visit C— on such an errand."

"Then why comply at last?" asked Frank, in surprise.

"Simply for this reason, Frank. He offers to give you a large sum in gold which he has hid somewhere in the house. In order to get possession of that we must pretend compliance with his wishes, especially as doing so cannot injure us now, he is so near death."

"Ah, I understand! You are a cunning one, mother! How much money did he say he would give?" and the boy's eyes gleamed at the thought of clutching the glittering pieces.

"Some hundred sovereigns—not a bad reward for going on a foolish errand," replied the heartless woman, with a fiendish laugh as she ascended the stairs, followed by her son.

A few minutes afterwards they entered the chamber of death, and Frank Mordaunt stood beside the dying man. The last rays of sunset flashing on the diamond-shaped panes of the old-fashioned windows stole into the apartment and were now gleaming on the white drapery of the bed, and rendering yet more ghastly in their garish light the haggard face of that helpless old man, struggling there with the Pale Horse and his Rider. The impress of death on those well-known features filled Frank with indescribable awe. It was the first time he had felt the influence of the King of Terrors; he had never before stood beneath the dread shadow. He half repented the deception he was about to practise on the dying man; the voice of conscience was stirred within the boy.

"You want me to go for a notary!" he stammered forth, agitated and undetermined. "Yes! yes! do not lose a moment. I feel I cannot die till I have done justice to my child. How I have wronged her—these many years! withheld what was her due—but now even at the eleventh hour it is not too late!"

The tones were eager but faint, the words were gasped rather than spoken.

"Why do you linger? go at once!" he continued with something of his old imperiousness of manner.

That harsh, commanding voice, Frank had long accustomed to obey; he turned away mechanically to leave the room, undecided yet what to do, when a look from his mother arrested his steps.

"Why do you not ask for the promised reward?" she said—"the gold he promised to give you."

"He can get it when he comes back. Do not detain him now. If you expect mercy when your dying hour comes, let him go at once," wailed forth the unhappy man, turning his glazing eyes appealingly towards his wife.

But she was deaf to the voice of supplication—her heart was unmoved at the sight of the old man's anguish. She felt not the softening influence the presence of death exerts over most minds.

"But Frank wants the money now. Tell him where you have hidden it. He shall not stir a step until he has it in his possession," she added, with determination.

Mr. Harrington pointed to his desk. "The secret drawer," he said, faintly.

Pauline produced the key and searched eagerly, but in vain, for the drawer intimidated. At length she placed the desk on the bed beside the dying man, and with his feeble hand he pressed a secret spring, disclosing a hidden drawer filled with golden pieces. Frank's eyes sparkled at the glittering sight. He eagerly removed the contents to his pockets, and was again leaving the room, when the voice of his step-father stopped him.

"Are you going now? Oh, for the love of mercy, hurry! I will you promise me this?"

"Yes!" faltered Frank, who, under the subduing influence of the hour, meant to do as Mr. Harrington wished.

"Then you will not delay. You will be soon back." There was a piteous earnestness in the beseeching face.

"I will come back as soon as I can. You know it is some miles to C—"

An agonizing thought now struck Mr. Harrington.

"But if it should be too late! and I fear it is! If death should come before you return, promise me to fulfil my dying intentions to my daughter. Swear you will share the fortune I leave, with her," he added, turning with an imploring look from Frank to his mother.

"We will do no such thing!" broke savagely from Mrs. Harrington. "Frank cannot fulfil your dying injunctions, for the money is not his but mine. You willed it to me. Do you think I would have married you on any other conditions! No," she continued, with fierce vehemence. "I sold myself not only for gold, but for revenge! Yes, revenge! don't you understand? to prevent Castonell's enjoying one dollar of that money for which he married Edith. It is all mine now! every dollar! I have earned it in the years spent with you, bearing with your cursed temper, shut up here from the world, and treated more like a slave than your wife!"

The old man was appalled by this unexpected outbreak. The veil which had hidden the true character of Pauline was suddenly withdrawn. There was no longer any need to humour his caprices, to obey his commands. The hour she had long waited for had come at last. The Angel of Death stood ready to break the fetters of wedded bondage, and further dissimulation was unnecessary. No feeling of compassion for the dying withheld her from uttering her true sentiments now. Hers was a passionate and determined nature, and she felt a kind of fierce joy in throwing off the mask self-interest had so long imposed, and expressing some of the scorn and intense hatred she felt for the man who had been to her as well as to others a hard and tyrannical master.

Until this moment hope had sustained Mr. Harrington—the hope to be able to make some reparation to his daughter for his long heartless neglect, by bequeathing to her part of his fortune at the eleventh hour. But as he gazed upon the angry face of his wife—the expression of the flashing eye so hard, so pitiless—as he listened to her cruel words—revealing the true cause of her accepting his hand—as he felt his own utter helplessness, his mortal weakness—every hope was crushed within him. The indescribable anguish of that moment snapped the feeble thread of life and his spirit passed away from earth, leaving on the ghastly face, in death, the impress of his mingled emotions—an expression of rage, reproach and despair, which haunted Frank Mordaunt's thoughts for months afterwards.

Immediately after Mr. Harrington's death, Pauline once more visited England. Her motive in doing this was to enquire if her first husband were still alive. During Mr. Harrington's life she did not venture to make any enquiries, but now it was necessary to discover this before she ventured to appear in the world as Mr. Harrington's widow, possessing his wealth. Someone knowing the circumstances of Mr. Mordaunt's imprisonment, might unfortunately find out that her marriage with Mr. Harrington was illegal, and therefore the money she possessed as his

wife was not legally hers. But these fears—and they had troubled Pauline—were happily dispelled, by the very agreeable information that the convict Mordaunt had died suddenly of heart disease the second year of his imprisonment. Pauline's second marriage had actually taken place a few weeks before this event occurred. Still Pauline thought she had nothing to dread; the affair would never be investigated, for no one would doubt the validity of her marriage with Mr. Harrington. She therefore felt quite secure in the enjoyment of her wealth. How much she regretted she had not known of Mordaunt's death before; what anxiety it would have spared her!

During her stay in England Pauline became acquainted with Grant Berkeley, Mr. Berkeley's eldest son, who was associated with him in business. Attracted by the beauty and wealth of the fascinating widow, Grant made her an offer of his hand, although he was a few years her junior, and this offer Pauline thought proper to accept, although she felt no romantic affection for Grant Berkeley. No second attachment had Pauline yet known, and the passionate love of her girlhood was yet slumbering in the secret chamber of her heart. After an absence of several years Pauline again returned to Montréal. But she returned as a stranger to her native city. Her aunt had married a converted Jew and gone with him to Palestine. She had no other relations; she therefore concealed her identity with Miss Gordon's niece. She would now move in a different sphere, and she hoped no one would recognize Pauline Falkner in the rich and fashionable Mrs. Grant Berkeley.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DINNER PARTY.

HILDA paid particular attention to her toilet the evening of her uncle's dinner party. For two years her vanity had slept, and she had beheld with indifference her brilliant beauty fade, but now, as she stood before the cheval glass, contemplating herself in her new costume, that slumbering vanity awoke, and she experienced a very natural feeling of pleasure at seeing that her beauty, dimmed for a time by suffering, had suddenly recovered its brilliancy, for beneath the magic touch of excitement Hilda was looking like her former self.

The Berkeleys gazed at her in surprise when she entered the drawing-room where they were awaiting their guests.

"What a metamorphose! Really, Hilda, I hardly knew you. You look radiant!" exclaimed her uncle, looking at her with fond admiration.

Mrs. Berkeley said nothing, but she saw it was a false move to induce Hilda Tremayne to join the dinner party, thus exposing Sir Gervase Montague to the witchery of her beauty. Claribel's chance of captivating the baronet, she felt, would now be small indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Grant Berkeley were the first arrivals. Pauline was looking charmingly. Her elegant dress of rose-coloured silk fitted to perfection, and contrasted admirably with her dark eyes and hair. A bandeau of pearls encircled her chignon, which was large enough to suit Thérèse Berkeley's ideas of what was stylish. Pendants of pearl glittered in her shell-shaped ears, and on her finely-moulded arms gleamed bracelets of the same costly gem.

Hilda looked up nervously as Sir Gervase Montague and the Hon. Mr. Cavendish were announced. At the first glance both gentlemen seemed strangers, but a second look at Sir Gervase convinced her that Major Montague stood before her. Altered he certainly looked, and this was owing to the mass of hair he wore on his upper lip and chin, which so changed his appearance that it was difficult to recognize him at first sight. Hilda met him as a stranger, but she saw by the colour that mounted to his face and the look of glad surprise that flashed over it, that he recognized her immediately. However, when he saw her bow without any recognition in her glance as they were introduced, the pleasure faded from his face, and a look of bewilderment grew into it.

The Hon. Mr. Cavendish was a fashionable young man, very like the fast young men in his rank of life at the present day. There was nothing military in his appearance; his style was more of an exquisite. He would be more at home in a lady's boudoir than on the battle-field. His dress was perfection in the most approved style of dandyism. The curl of his light moustache showed the care he bestowed upon it, and the soft masses of his fair hair were arranged with graceful precision. To dress well, to draw fashionable small talk, to waltz, to galop, and to smoke, seemed all he had to do in life, the only purpose of his existence. How many vain, trifling, foppish young men may be met with nowadays who have no higher aim in life than this young officer! The Hon. Mr. Cavendish was immensely taken with Miss Tremayne. He had heard some one casually mention that there was a pretty cousin living with the Berkeleys. But how beautiful she was! Quite distinguished-looking too! It surprised the young aristocrat, who had the narrow prejudices of rank, to meet any one with such an air of elegance out of a certain élite circle in England. He had seen many stylish-looking,

handsome girls since his arrival in Canada, but none with that noble bearing, that graceful pose of the head.

Sir David and Lady Brown and the Misses Brown were the latest arrivals. However, they came in time enough to prevent the dinner being spoiled.

When dinner was announced, Mr. Cavendish offered his arm to Miss Tremayne. Pauline contrived to secure the English Baronet's, leaving the portly Sir David to lead to the dining-room the mistress of the mansion.

To be continued.

THE CAPTIVE EMPEROR'S HOME.

A correspondent writes:—The good people of Cassel display no animosity towards the Emperor Napoleon, and, indeed, why should they? His arrival has been quite a godsend for them.

His retinue are perfectly "jolly." They laugh, talk, and smoke as complacently as though they were still at the Tuileries, and as though the Emperor's misfortunes were nothing but a dream.

In the castle garden this morning I met an officer of the Emperor's household, who, judging by his uniform and demeanour, holds a somewhat dignified position.

"Ah, well!" he rejoined, shrugging his shoulders; "the Emperor was deceived; but never mind, it is only a slight misfortune."

The sacrifice of so many thousands of lives a slight misfortune thought I; but I said nothing.

"There is no doubt," he continued, "that we have met some trifling reverses, but we shall make up for them."

"How?" I ventured to ask. "Do you really think you can put together an army which can offer any substantial resistance to the Prussians?"

"Why not?" enquired the officer. "France has inexhaustible resources. You do not mean to say we are conquered?"

I pointed him to the smoke which was pouring out of the kitchen chimney. "Surely," said I, "you are not waited upon here as conquerors. How can you possibly expect France to drive back the invading hosts when the Emperor, with an entire army, has capitulated, and when another is shut up in Metz?"

"No doubt," he admitted, "we had ill luck at Sedan, but you don't say a word about Phalsburg, Bitsche, and Strassburg, and for very good reason. Metz, too, is that taken?"

"Not exactly conquered, but the Germans have not taken it."

I saw it was useless to discuss the military point, so I turned to politics. "What do you say," I asked, "to the Republic?"

"Perfectly absurd!" he replied. "Can any man in his senses believe in the Government of M. Rochefort? There is no more Republic in France than there is here."

as well he might, for Faily acted as if he were on the side of the Prussians.

"How do you think," I asked, "the war will end? Do you believe the Emperor will ever return to Paris?"

"If we had not believed that we should never have submitted, Prussia will restore order, and take care that peace is concluded with a durable government. If we give the Germans Alsace and Lorraine, the smallest return they can make will be the restoration of the Emperor."

I assured him that Germany considered the Emperor's downfall one of the most gratifying results of the war; but the officer shook his head and, bidding me good morning, walked back into the castle.

I may mention that a post-office and telegraph station have been opened at the castle, and the former at least is quite necessary, for more than a hundred letters actually came to the Emperor the very first day of his residence here.

A gentleman from Alyth, who was lately enjoying a fishing excursion in Glenshee, met with a countryman, and asked how the folks in that quarter were affected by the war.

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