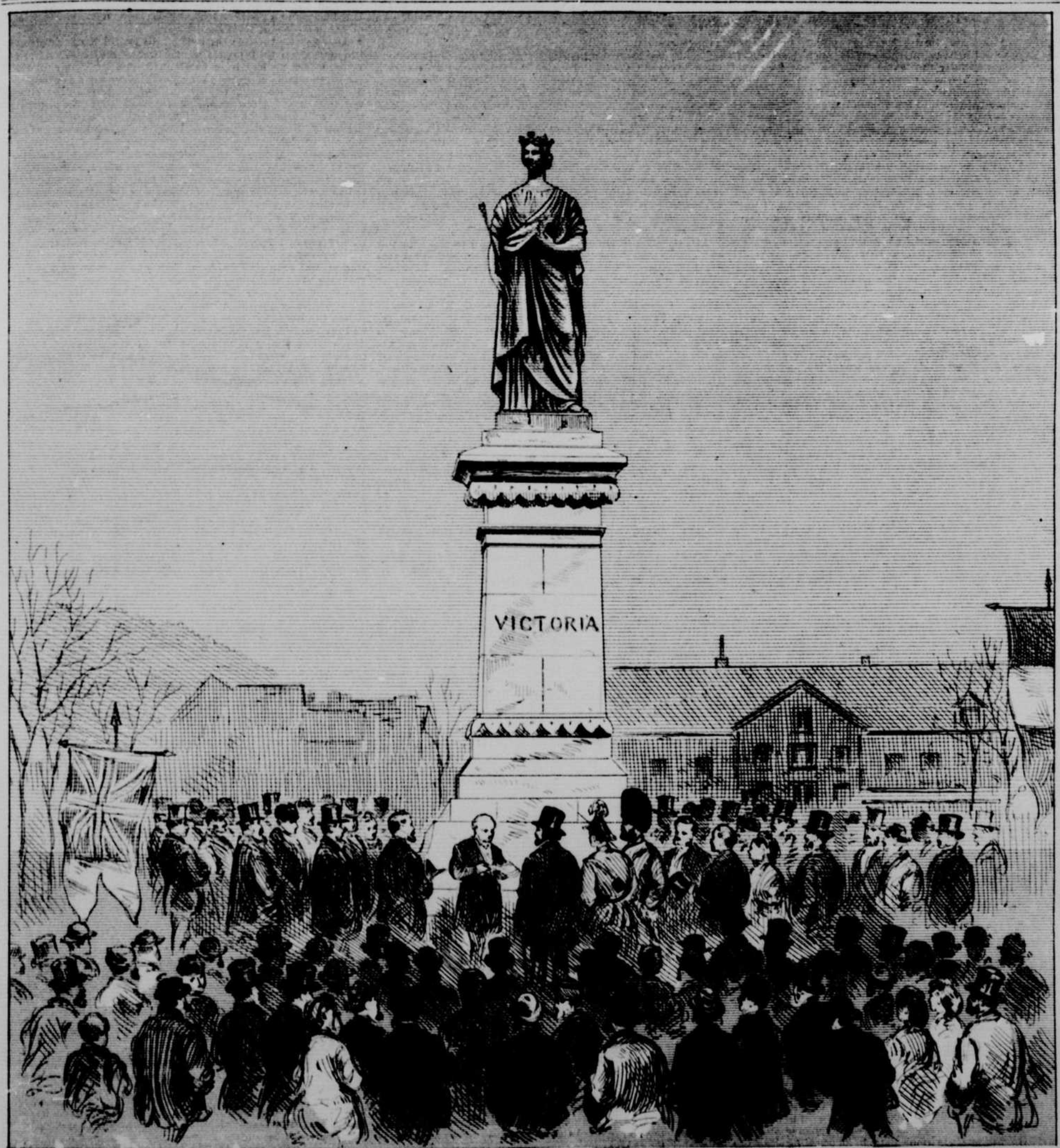


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MONTREAL.—STATUE OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA RECENTLY ERECTED IN VICTORIA SQUARE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGGO & Co.
Marshall Wood

SIR DAVID KIRKE,

FIRST CONQUEROR OF CANADA AND GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(By Our Newfoundland Correspondent.)

The general impression regarding Newfoundland is, that there is nothing to interest the world, either in its present condition or its past history. It is not suspected that a poor colony of fishermen, clinging to the grim rocks on which the wild waves of the Atlantic are ever beating, outside the pale of civilization, and having no share in those great events that stir the pulses of the world and form its history, could have produced any great men, or have been associated, in any way, with those who have moulded the ages and left "their foot-prints on the sands of time." It is true regarding England that—

"Half its soil has walked the rest
In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages."

But what glory, it may be asked, has blended with the dust of this poor isle, or what noble or heroic men have made it the scene of their labours? Brief, uninteresting and barren must be, it is supposed, the annals of a few thousand toilers of the sea, and very flat and homely the story of their fortunes. All this, I humbly submit, is a misapprehension. Human nature is the same everywhere, and human toil and endeavour substantially the same in the first and nineteenth century—

"From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coast of savage Labrador."

The same passions and emotions, the same hopes and fears have been bounding and billowing here, beneath the rough jacket of the fisherman as under the gaudy attire of wealth in "the marble courts of kings." Here has been substantially the same struggle between good and evil as elsewhere—the same commingling of human nobleness and baseness which, when transacted on wider spheres, history gathers into her golden urn and preserves for evermore as part of the precious records of the race. Even in the humble hut of the fisherman, traits of human heroism, pathos, tenderness and unselfish love have been exhibited, such as have furnished themes for the noblest poems, in other lands, and would do so here, had we the poets to sing them and thus render their country famous. Who knew or cared anything about Scotland till Walter Scott lifted the veil and revealed her, not only to her own astonished and delighted inhabitants but to other nations who had hitherto despised or derided the "land of mountain and of flood." The future will, no doubt, produce a Walter Scott for Newfoundland, who will gather up its traditions and superstitions, its tales of peril, and heroic daring among its ice-laden seas, the oddities and humours of its fisher-folk, the tragedy and comedy of human existence as here developed, and perhaps weave them into such charming romances, poems and dramas as shall win the ear of the world. Is such a thing less possible here than among the rude Highlanders of Scotland who have yielded so much poetry and humour to our modern literature? Take the City of St. John's—I venture to say were its history truthfully and vividly written, from the time when the first rude pioneer entered the "Narrows" and startled the Red Indian as he speared the cod-fish over the rocks, through the vicissitudes of its fortune to the present hour, a tale would be told more thrilling than any creation of fancy.

In these humble sketches in the columns of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, I am trying to show that, in the olden time, some of England's best and bravest men made Newfoundland the scene of their labours, hoped great things of it, and attempted great things in connection with it, as a new home for Englishmen. The names of Cabot, Sir Humphrey Gilbert and his half-brother Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Baltimore and Capt. Whitbourne, have already passed in review before us. I come now to the honoured name of Sir David Kirke, of whom hardly anything is known in connection with Newfoundland. He is scarcely named in any history of the country. Sir Richard Bonnycastle, in his historical sketch, passes him over almost in silence. He is barely named in Pedley's "History of Newfoundland," as having introduced a body of settlers, "with the sanction of Parliament"—the latter part of the statement being incorrect; and the author does not seem to have been aware that for twenty years he was Governor of the colony with plenary powers during that long period. Yet it is true that this brave man, who first conquered Canada and Nova Scotia, and wrested it from the grasp of France, laboured heroically to plant a colony here, and may be truly said to have laid the foundation of whatever prosperity has fallen to the lot of Newfoundland. To none of her early rulers is she more deeply indebted than to Sir David Kirke, though perhaps not one in a thousand here has ever heard his name.

A few years after the death of Lord Baltimore, Sir David Kirke arrived in Newfoundland, in the good ship "Abigail," bringing with him one hundred men as the nucleus of a colony. He landed in the spring of 1638, and at once took up his abode in Ferryland, in the house built there by Lord Baltimore. In those days, sovereigns were wonderfully free and easy in assigning to their favourite subjects unlimited rights over vast territories, unmeasured, save in the imagination of those whose liberality was so boundless. Sir David Kirke came to Newfoundland armed with the powers of a Count Palatine over the island, having obtained from Charles First a grant of the whole. In this patent there was neither restriction nor reservation; everything and every right were made over to Sir David as absolute possessor. The royal grantor knew very little of the value of his gift; but Sir David Kirke, who had for years been sailing in the neighbouring seas, trading, and fighting the French, was familiar with much of that region now known as the Dominion of Canada, and quite aware of its vast natural resources and military importance. In particular, he had formed a high idea of the value of Newfoundland, chiefly from the rich sea-harvest which awaited the ingathering around its shores. Accordingly, he came to Newfoundland, determined to make it his home, and to establish there a colony of Englishmen. Before leaving his native land, he formed a company to carry on fishing operations in his newly acquired territory, in which several of the most patriotic and public-spirited noblemen of the day, such as the Earl of Holland and the Marquis of Hamilton, took a part, and aided him with money.

The private career of Sir David Kirke proved him to be a man of courage and energy, as well as of superior practical talent. He had already done a stroke of work for England

in capturing the stronghold of Quebec, and gaining possession of Canada, which was destined to have far-reaching consequences, and to lead ultimately to the establishment of British power on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Descended from an old family of Anglo-Danish free-holders in the county of Derby, he had the blood of the ancient, fighting sea-rovers in his veins. His father, Gervase Kirke, had settled in London, and by his superior business talents, had risen to the position of a wealthy and influential merchant. In those days the passion for maritime discovery and commercial enterprise fired the hearts of Englishmen. Although the discovery of North America was made by Cabot in 1497, yet it was not till the latter half of the 16th century, or more than seventy years afterwards, that any attempt was made by Englishmen to turn it to account. At length the news of the rich harvest Spain was reaping in America began to spread, and all England awoke to a perception of the importance of the prize that lay within their reach. During Elizabeth's reign the spirit of commercial enterprise, and the passion for maritime adventure and discovery pervaded all classes. Trading companies were organized, expeditions planned, and projects of "plantations" in distant lands were eagerly discussed. The nobility and gentry took an active part in these enterprises, not regarding trade as disreputable, and risked vast sums of money in all kinds of commercial adventures. The younger sons of the county gentry flocked to London, and many a rich and noble family was founded then by these traders who had gentle blood in their veins. The father of Sir David Kirke belonged to this class; and with Sir William Alexander and others, formed a Company in 1627, to trade with Canada and establish a settlement there. His ships were engaged in the fish and fur trade of America; and his eldest son, David, born in 1597, had made several voyages at an early age in his father's vessels.

Led by the brave Jacques Cartier, the French early planted themselves in Canada, and under De Monts and Potrincoart, secured possession of Acadia, and established settlements at Port Royal and elsewhere. The distinguished French navigator, Champlain, explored the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, and built a fort on a commanding promontory on the former river, which he named Quebec. Flushed with the success of their colonising plans, the French, in 1627, formed the "Company of New France," to which a Royal Charter granted the whole of North America. Immense enthusiasm was awakened in France; twenty ships were fitted out, the decks of which were crowded with emigrants, to convey food, building materials, guns and ammunition to the new settlements. All looked hopeful, and the French seemed in a fair way of securing an impregnable position in Canada.

At this critical moment war broke out between England and France, and the opportunity seemed favourable for crushing the infant French settlements in America. Without delay a small but well-equipped armament, consisting of three ships, was despatched under the command of Captain Kirke. The result is well known. At Gaspé, Kirke fell in with the French squadron already referred to, under De Roquemont, consisting of twenty ships on their way to Quebec. He attacked and captured the whole fleet; set fire to ten of the smaller vessels, and having filled the remainder with the most valuable stores, he sent them to Newfoundland. In a second expedition he made a clean sweep of the French settlements in Canada and Nova Scotia; Champlain surrendered to him the strong fortress of Quebec, and the whole of these vast possessions were thus, by the bravery and skill of Captain Kirke, annexed to the British Crown. But the imbecility of Charles I. rendered these advantages of no avail. He hastily concluded a peace with France, and anxious to secure his wife's dowry and keep on good terms with the French king, he agreed to surrender the whole conquest won by Kirke. The French were reinstated in all their Canadian possessions, Quebec included; and, at an immense expense of blood and treasure, England had to reconquer Canada a century later. Kirke got no remuneration for his losses except the barren honour of knighthood.

After some years spent fruitlessly in endeavouring to have his grievances redressed, Sir David Kirke grew weary of inactivity, and finding that Lord Baltimore had abandoned Newfoundland, he asked for and obtained from the king a grant of the whole. Thus it is that, after the disappointments of his chequered career, we find him settled at Ferryland in the spring of 1638, virtually king of the island, in virtue of the extensive rights conferred by his grant. His efforts were mainly directed to the development of the fisheries, as he felt convinced that on the bleak and barren portion of the island where he had settled, agriculture could not be prosecuted successfully. Both to British and foreign fishermen he offered every facility for prosecuting their calling by protecting them from pirates, erecting stages for the purpose of drying their fish, and building houses for their shelter during their sojourn. In order to remove injurious impressions from the minds of his countrymen which might operate against the settlement of the island, he published a long and highly interesting account of the country. So well did he manage matters, and such confidence did his government inspire, that before the year 1650, more than three hundred and fifty families had settled in different parts of the island; and had it not been for the narrow, selfish policy afterwards adopted, of prohibiting settlement and endeavouring to drive away settlers, so as to make the country a mere fishing station, the colony would have kept abreast of the sister provinces, and its resources would not be in the undeveloped state in which we find them to-day.

Sir David continued to rule his principality wisely and justly, and under his guidance its prosperity was very decided. Soon, however, the civil war broke out in England; and during the great conflict neither King nor Parliament could give any attention to Newfoundland. Kirke was a staunch loyalist, and during the whole stormy period he considered himself as holding Newfoundland for the King, and kept the Royal standard flying on his fort at Ferryland. His two younger brothers were officers in the King's army, and one of them was knighted for his bravery. When the cause of Charles became hopeless, Sir David wrote offering His Majesty a safe asylum in Newfoundland; but the imprisonment and death of the King frustrated these good intentions. When the Commonwealth obtained supreme power his estates in Newfoundland were all confiscated, and a warrant was issued to Captain Thomas Thoroughgood, commander of the "Crescent," to sail to Newfoundland and bring Sir David Kirke to England to answer the charges made against him. The final decision of his judges was "that he had no authority in Newfoundland under the grant of Charles Stuart; that

all forts, houses, stages and other appurtenances relating to the fishing trade, and established on the island by Kirke and his fellow-adventurers, should be forfeited to the Government as the property of delinquents; that Kirke's own private effects should be secured to him, and he be at liberty to send over his wife and servants to take care of his estate." These were the hard terms meted out to the gallant sailor who had fought so bravely for his country.

He was not the man, however, to sit down hopeless under his troubles. What justice could not accomplish for his case interest secured. He obtained the powerful aid of Claypole, Cromwell's son-in-law, "by making him a present of a large estate in Newfoundland, and promising him a share of the fishery duties." Little "jobs" of this kind were just as rife under the Commonwealth as under the Monarchy, and "lobbying" was practised then under the very nose of the stern Lord Protector. By Colonel Claypole's assistance Kirke obtained the removal of the sequestration upon his property. With the exception of the ordinance and forts all was restored to him; and once more he returned to the island he loved so well to spend the remainder of his days in peace in his house at Ferryland.

But the great sequester, Death, was at hand with his restless claim. Sir David Kirke had been blessed with a most affectionate, devoted wife, and fair daughters and brave sons graced his house at Ferryland. By these he had been cheered and sustained through all the cloud and sunshine of his career; and in the bosom of his family, it might have been hoped, he would spend a tranquil old age. It was not, however, so to be. Two years after his return to Newfoundland he died suddenly in the winter of 1655-6, being only 56 years of age. His dust found a resting-place at Ferryland, near the remains of his predecessor, Lord Baltimore.

After the Restoration the sons of Sir David Kirke received the most shameful injustice at the hands of Charles II., to whose father he had been so staunch and true. Sir Lewis Kirke, the uncle of these young men, presented a petition to the King, in which he recited his own services in the civil war and those of his brother, and prayed that the original grant of Charles I. to Sir David Kirke might be confirmed to his sons. Meantime, however, Cecil, Lord Baltimore, put in a claim to Newfoundland under the grant made to his father by James I. Although the Baltimorees had voluntarily abandoned the country thirty years before, and obtained Maryland instead of it, and in consequence the island had been transferred to Kirke, yet the King in Council now issued a warrant to the widow and sons of Sir David Kirke to deliver up all their property in Newfoundland to Lord Baltimore, and the family, thus ruined, were left to shift for themselves without any compensation. Ingratitude could go no farther than this.

Newfoundland prospered under Sir David Kirke's administration, and soon after his death began to feel the want of his vigorous hand in guiding its affairs. In addition to the vast number of fishermen who frequented its shores in summer, there were now about 1,700 industrious settlers. These petitioned the Lords of Trade and Plantation for a local governor and magistrates, but the merchants and shipowners of Bristol and London, who were interested in the fisheries and trade, opposed this reasonable request, which was in consequence refused. Ten years later Sir Josiah Child published a pamphlet in which he attempted to prove that the shore fishery, carried on by the residents in boats, was ruining the cod fishery carried on from England, and urged that if the population were allowed to multiply, Newfoundland would cease to be a nursery for seamen. Influenced by these representations the Lords of Trade and Plantation issued an order that the whole colony should be rooted out, and the land reduced to a desert. The houses were ordered to be burned and the settlers driven out. Fortunately the execution of this inhuman order was intrusted to Sir John Berry who, while he carried out his instructions, remonstrated warmly against their severity, and after a time the order was annulled. Still all vessels were forbidden to take emigrants to Newfoundland, and settlement was prohibited, only a thousand persons being permitted to remain to look after boats, stages, &c. It was not till 1728 that this wretched policy was finally closed, and a governor at length appointed.

Those who are desirous of making themselves more fully acquainted with the remarkable career of Sir David Kirke, I beg to refer to an interesting volume lately published, entitled *The First English Conquest of Canada*, by H. Kirke. To it I am mainly indebted for the facts embodied in the foregoing paper. This slight sketch proves, at all events, that Newfoundland may properly enroll the name of Sir David Kirke in the list of her worthies whose memory she is bound to cherish.

MR. SPROUTS, HIS OPINIONS.

A few weeks ago I was pensively strolling along St. James Street, watching the construction of the new pavement in which so many of our citizens seem to take such undragging interest, and inhaling the balmy odours of the coal tar with which that thoroughfare has been so long impregnated, when I encountered a small gentleman attired in a very voluminous and shaggy coat, with his head surmounted by a white hat with a black band—a style of head-dress popularly known in England as "butchers' mourning."

To my surprise this individual rushed forward, grasped me by the hand with great effusion, and cried in accents that seemed familiar to me, "Wot! old feller, I'm werry glad to see you. How are you?"

Although I fancied his voice and manner were familiar to me, I could not at first recall him to my recollection, and he, seeing my perplexity, exclaimed, "Why, don't yer recollect me? Why, I'm 'Sprouts' as you knowed in London."

I then at once recognized my old acquaintance, Mr. Joseph Sprouts, whose published opinions on "Men and Manners" made some sensation in the old country several years ago. Mr. Sprouts had been a peripatetic vendor of vegetables, in other words a *corteomonger*, but his successful literary venture had brought him into notoriety, and I had the honour of being introduced to him at the Lord Mayor's dinner.

After greeting him with sufficient cordiality, I enquired with some curiosity as to what had brought him to this side of the Atlantic.

"Why," he replied, "the fact is me and 'Betsy' has had a fortune left us, and as I wanted to go into public life, and heard as how the Canadians is werry sensible to merit, *especially when it's got money to back it up*, we thought as how we'd come and try how we liked Montreal."

Our Illustrations.

THE STATUE OF HER MAJESTY IN VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL.

"And have you been here long?" I said.
"Oh," replied Mr. Sprouts, "we've been here werry nigh three months, and I'm become quite a poplar man already. Ah! it's astonishing how quick a feller makes friends when they finds out that he's got the 'mopuses.'"

"And are you engaged in any public undertakings, Mr. Sprouts?" I enquired.

"Lor bless you, yea," he returned. "I'm Director of lots of things; and me and two or three of my friends is a going to start a new Bank and build a railway."

"A new bank!" I exclaimed. "Why, my dear sir, I should have thought there were already more banks than customers? Why, they are as plentiful as corner groceries. How will you employ your capital?"

"Oh! that's all right," he replied, "us and a few of our pertickler friends borrows it all ourselves."

"And what do you do with it?" I said.

"Mr. Sprouts looked carefully round to see that no one was within ear-shot, and said, "Do with it! why, how werry green you are. Why, we speckulates in shares, to be sure."

"But does this pay?" I enquired.

"Well," replied Mr. Sprouts, "it pays us, and that's about all we cares for."

"And the new railway?" I enquired. "Where is it going to?"

"Blest if I know," he answered. "But that's no odds. So long as we gets a pot of money from the municipality and a lot of land for nothing, we ain't werry particular about where it's a-going to."

Is it possible, I thought, that this can be the usual method of constructing railways in Canada!

"But," resumed Mr. Sprouts, "I ain't told you about the fortun'. You recklets old Mrs. Muggins who used to sell pickled whilks and penniwinkles in the New Cut?"

I replied that I remembered that estimable lady perfectly well.

"You see, she died and left Betsy and me all her property on condition that we should assume the name of 'Muggins' and add three vinkles rampant to the Sprouts' arms; so me and Betsy is now Mr. and Mrs. Muggins Sprouts, and you'll see the vinkles on the coat of arms wot we're a having painted, as big as a soup plate, on our new carriage. Betsy, who's become werry genteel since we come into the property, was afraid as how the vinkles would look vulgar, but the cove wot drew the coat of arms he says that we can say that they're 'scallops,' or pilgrim's shells, and signifies that some of our hancestors went to the Holy Land. He says that all people with coats of arms has hancestors wot went to the Holy Land. It seems to me that them Herald fellers supplies hancestors to horder as well as coats of arms, and if, as they say, it's a wise child as knows its own father, it takes a werry smart man to recognize his grandfather after he's been through the Herald's office."

"But look here, old feller," resumed my friend, "I'm a-going to run for Town Councillor werry soon, and if I gets in, as I suppose I shall, as I'm prepared to spend plenty of money over it, there'll be lots of pickings, and p'raps I shall be able to put something in your way—that is if you knows anything about contracts."

I expressed my obligation, but replied that I feared I did not know anything about contracts.

"Oh!" he returned, "it's werry simple. You contracts to do something and draws some money in advance, and then you don't do it. That's the easiest way. Or else you does it werry badly, and gets some member of the Corporation to say as you've lost money by it, and then they gives you some more. I understands that it's a werry paying business."

I was lost in amazement at the readiness with which my friend had adapted himself to the manners and customs of the country, and then enquired how Mrs. Sprouts liked our Montreal society.

A shade of deep sadness overspread Mr. Sprouts' expressive countenance. He said with impressive earnestness: "Old feller, fashionable society is a ruining my domestic happiness. It's a humdermining of Betsy's morals. All her simple and innocent tastes is a being destroyed, and she's becoming himpregnated with all the luxurious wices of fashionable life. You never see a woman so altered. Why, it was only the other day as I hordered tripe and onions for supper thinking as it would recall the happy days of our youth, when our minds was pure and innocent, and our tastes was humdulterated, and blow me if she didn't turn up her nose at the onions, and said they was vulgar. But this aint all, I could have bore this. Yes, lacerated as my tenderest sympathies was I might have bore it with fortitude. But she wanted to stop my beer!! Yes, my boy, and wanted me to drink a wishy washy sour stuff she called 'Sowtern!' 'Sowtern!' he exclaimed with an air of inexpressible disgust, "I suppose they call it Sowtern because it's sour enough to turn the stomach of a pig. No, no, old feller, there's some things as no man is called upon to put up with, and when you touches my beer you touches me on a wital part and I'm a going to consult my lawyer. Why," he cried indignantly, "it's a tampering with the British constitution."

I condoled with my friend on his affliction and expressed my regret that I could be of no service to him, when he replied "I don't know that. You see Betsy thinks a lot of you and p'raps if you was to come up and talk to her you might be able to convince her of the enormity of the offence wot she's been committin' of."

I confess I did not much like the task my friend had imposed upon me, but I hardly saw my way to a refusal, so I expressed my willingness to do as he desired. My friend then prepared to take his leave of me, remarking that he was going to attend the inquiry into the condition of the Fire Brigade.

"By the way, Mr. Sprouts," I said, "what do you think about these charges? Do you think there's anything in them?"

"Well," returned Mr. Sprouts, "I was a talkin' only yesterday to the cove wots a makin' the complaints and I says to him: Look here, old feller, it's werry likely as there's some men in the Fire Brigade as didn't ought to be there; but if every department was in as good a condition as the Fire Brigade is it would be a mighty fine thing for the city, and I fancies that you're a going about this it rather too *impervtyve* a sort of manner, and if you don't prove your charges you'll be looked upon as a *perrypatetic* nuisance, and your reputation will be like the moon when its nearest the earth, pretty much down to *perrygee*. This is joke, but it ain't mine. I got it from one of them classical chaps in the High School."

(To be continued.)

This admirable work of art, from the studio of Mr. Marshall Wood, was put in position at the south end of Victoria Square shortly over a month ago, and was formally presented to the city by H. E. the Governor-General on the 21st inst. The idea of erecting a statue of Her Majesty in the square that bears her name is no new one. According to the *Gazette* it had its inception with Bishop Fulford, who first moved in the matter some eleven years ago. At that time, however, the scheme was not taken up with any enthusiasm; indeed it almost faded out of recollection. But the visit of Prince Arthur to these shores gave the necessary spur to the citizens, and a subscription was opened. A large sum of money was obtained, and then a plaster bust of Her Majesty was sent from the studio of Mr. Marshall Wood, a sculptor who has earned for himself an eminent reputation in England and the Continent of Europe, and whose works have been generally admired for the delicacy of their lines, the beauty of their contour, and the art of their pose. This model so attracted the committee who had the matter in hand, that they at once ordered a bronze cast to be made from it, and this arrived in the country some time ago. A slight difficulty even then presented itself, the whole amount had not quite been raised and the committee were loth to unveil it before that had been done. Some months ago the fund was closed, and the work of erecting the pedestal, which was undertaken by the City Council, began; when it was completed the statue was reared and veiled, but unfortunately some graceless scamp took down the veil on Hallowe'en, and thus the inaugural ceremony was merely a dedication and presentation of the statue to the city.

The afternoon of the day fixed for the ceremony was generally observed as a half holiday, and large numbers of people turned out to do honour to the occasion. It is estimated that not less than twenty-five thousand persons were present in and around the square. The enclosure in the middle of the square had been decorated for the occasion with evergreens and bunting. Within this a platform had been erected, and was divided into three sections, one outer one for the invited guests of the committee, an inner for the officials and the "*crème de la crème*," and a third, at the back of the statue, for the children, who, some two thousand strong, had been gathered from the Roman Catholic and Protestant schools to view the spectacle and sing the National Anthem. About half-past two o'clock His Excellency arrived at the scene of the ceremony, accompanied by a guard of honour furnished by No. 1 Troop of Montreal Cavalry, and was met by the members of the Executive Committee of citizens, headed by Mr. Wm. Murray, chairman of the committee. His Excellency was then conducted amid loud cheering, to the dais where the ceremony of presentation took place. An address, setting forth the purpose of the meeting, was read by Mr. Murray, to which His Excellency replied as follows:—I find it difficult to express in words the extreme satisfaction which I experience in being called upon to perform a duty so appropriate to my office, and so congenial to my own feelings, as that which you have imposed upon me to-day. (Applause.) Among the many circumstances which make me feel at how fortunate an epoch I have arrived in Canada, perhaps there is none more agreeable than the fact that there should have been reserved to me the opportunity of taking part in proceedings, which testify in so marked and genuine a manner the unflinching loyalty and devotion entertained by the inhabitants of this great, prosperous and influential city to our Sovereign and our Queen. (Loud applause.) It is, therefore, with the very greatest satisfaction that I undertake the function which has been allotted to me, and that I now become the temporary depository of the unique and precious gift, with which you, gentlemen, who are subscribers to the undertaking, are desirous of adorning your town, and which you now commission me to hand over as a perpetual ornament and possession to the citizens of Montreal and their descendants forever. (Loud applause.) And, gentlemen, I must say that it is no mean heritage that the future generation will fall heirs to, for there will remain to them, and to those who come after them, long after we and others who have honoured and loved Queen Victoria shall have passed away, this breathing representation of that grace and dignity, that frank and open countenance, that imperial majesty of aspect which, during her lifetime, rendered the presence of the Queen of England more august than that of any contemporary sovereign. (Hear, hear, and loud applause.) It is to you then, citizens of Montreal that I now turn; it is to you I confide this sacred deposit; it is on you I lay the charge of preserving for yourselves and the thousands who come after you this fair image of your Queen, this gracious impersonation of the Majesty of Britain, this type and pledge of our United Empire, this crowned and sceptred symbol of those glorious institutions which we have found so conducive to the maintenance of individual liberty, of constitutional freedom, and of well-ordered government. (Applause.) It was my good fortune, in early life, to be allowed to serve near the person of Her Majesty. At that time no domestic calamity had thrown its ineffaceable shadow across the threshold of her home. It was then, as a spectator of her daily life, its pure joys, its high and elevated occupations, its burdens never neglected but shared and alleviated by the tenderest of husbands and the most sagacious of counsellors; it was then that I learned the secret of the hold which Her Majesty has never lost upon the affections of her subjects in every part of her extensive empire. (Loud applause.) And in later days, when death had shattered the visions of her early happiness, and left her alone and unaided, in the isolation of an empty palace, during the long years of widowhood she discharged the oppressive and responsible duties attaching to her high station, and frequent opportunities were given to me of observing with what patience, self-sacrifice and devotion to the public interest her high and noble nature sustained each day's burdens and discharged its daily tasks. (Applause.) From the dissipations and from the distractions of society and pleasure our widowed sovereign might have shrunk, but from duty never. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) As you cast your eyes upwards at that work of art let the image of the woman as well as of the Queen be enshrined in your recollection, and as he gazes upon those sculptured lineaments let each citizen remember there stands before him an example of prosperity borne with meekness, and of adversity borne with patience, of the path of duty studiously followed, and

of a pure and blameless existence which has been a source of joy and pride to every British heart, and which has shed its holy light upon thousands and thousands of British homes. (Loud applause.) Above all, let every Canadian patriot remember when he contemplates with pride the ever-brightening destinies of his native land, and let your children and your children's children remember, as generation after generation this great Dominion gathers strength and power, that it was under the auspicious government of her whose statue is now confided into your keeping, that these great Provinces were confederated into a still mightier State, and that the foundations of this great Dominion were laid, which I trust is destined to become the brightest ornament and the most powerful adjunct and associate in the Empire of Great Britain. (Loud applause.) Gentlemen, I again thank you for having permitted me to take part in this day's proceedings; I feel that the best return I can make to you for the kind expressions you have used towards myself is to assure you that it is my earnest hope, as it will be my most anxious endeavour, to follow at however humble a distance the example of our beloved Sovereign, who has faithfully walked in the path of the British constitution, and who, during a long reign, has never for a moment failed in her duty to her Ministers, to her Parliament, to her Crown or to her people. (Loud cheering.)

His Excellency also addressed the assembly in French, and was replied to by His Worship the Mayor. The cannon then boomed forth with a royal salute and the band struck up the National Anthem. Then the children who were assembled sang "God Save the Queen" and "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and His Excellency drove away to Ravenscrag, where a ball was given in his honour in the evening.

We may add that the cost of the statue of Her Majesty, including that of the pedestal—the gift of the Corporation—was \$13,000.

"RAVENS CRAG."

As a suitable accompaniment to the illustration of the Queen's statue inaugurated last week by His Excellency the Governor-General, we produce on another page a view of Ravenscrag, the residence of Sir Hugh Allan, who had the honour of entertaining Lord Dufferin during his visit to Montreal.

This charming residence is situated on the slope of the mountain, overlooking the reservoir, and commands a view of the city, the St. Lawrence and opposite shore, with Belœil and Rougemont in the mid-distance and the Green Mountains of Vermont. It is built in the Italian style of architecture, and is most substantially constructed of rock-faced stone work with cut-stone quoins, window dressings and cornices. An imposing stone porch with broad flight of stone steps gives access to the principal or central portion of the mansion. This porch formed the tower stage or tier of the central tower or campanile, and is 20 ft. square by a total height above the terrace on which the residence stands, of 75 ft.

The dimensions of the building are pretty much as follow: The central or main portion consisting of the entertaining rooms, is 84 ft. front by 60 ft. in depth. The wing on the eastern side is 46 ft. by 20 ft., while that on the west, consisting of billiard-room, ante-room and ball-room, is 46 ft. by a depth of 60 ft. The architect of the building is Mr. Hopkins, of the firm of Hopkins & Wely.

MESSRS. SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.'S NEW STORE, MONTREAL.

In these days of keen competition and colossal enterprise, when trades of all kinds are pushed with wonderful ingenuity and remarkable vigour, it is seldom that one can single out from the general mass of active and prominent business men, any who stand out conspicuously from among their rivals, by the magnitude of the undertakings.

The establishment of Messrs. Savage, Lyman & Co., Jewellers, &c., recently opened, seems, however, to merit more than a passing notice, from its striking extent and magnificence, the perfection of its arrangements, and the beauty and excellence of its costly, varied and dazzling stock.

The house was established in 1818 by the late Mr. George Savage, who associated with himself his son Joseph, and carried on business under the style of George Savage & Son, in the brick store, corner of St. Peter and Notre Dame Streets. In the year 1826 the firm removed to the store immediately opposite the church of the Hôtel-Dieu, St. Paul Street, (then the centre of the retail trade.) In 1836 the store now occupied by Messrs. Tiffin Bros., corner of St. D'Azar Lane, was rented for six years; but in 1838 the principal business of the firm was removed to the corner of St. Gabriel and Notre Dame Streets, where it was continued for twenty years. It was removed thence in 1856 to the Cathedral Block—where the firm have remained to the present time—making five removals in the course of the past fifty-four years. Mr. George Savage retired from active life in 1836, Mr. Joseph Savage carrying on the business under the same firm till 1851, when Mr. Theodore Lyman was admitted a partner, and the style of the firm changed to Savage & Lyman, which was continued till 1868, when Messrs. Chas. W. Hagar and Henry Birks were associated with Mr. Lyman under the present style of Savage, Lyman & Co. The store in the Cathedral Block, which at the time was considered an extensive one, has, with the largely increased business arising from the rapid growth of the city, and the continental reputation which the firm has deservedly acquired, proved too small for the purposes of trade. The firm accordingly rented the magnificent premises illustrated in this issue. For architectural style and beauty the building is unsurpassed by any store on the continent, while the interior fittings are, in point of chasteness and elegance of design, quite in keeping with the exterior. Messrs. Savage, Lyman & Co. are determined to merit a continuation of that large and extensive patronage acquired by their straightforward and honourable dealings. Their present stock is the most extensive and varied ever exposed for sale in Canada, and has been personally selected in the various European markets; in fact, must be seen to be appreciated. The store is in fact one of the sights of the city, where visitors are always sure of a courteous welcome and polite attention. Messrs. Savage, Lyman & Co. are deserving of a compliment on the success of their street clock, which stands on an iron pillar opposite the new store, a great boon to the public of a city where the correct time is most difficult to ascertain.

In our Christmas number we hope to illustrate the interior of the store, which is admirably fitted up with beautiful rose-wood counter-cases by J. D. Bennett, and in which is a handsome flooring by A. McIntyre.



MONTREAL.—RAVENS CRAIG, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR HUGH ALLAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGGO & CO.



MONTREAL.—MRS. SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.'S NEW STORE, ST. JAMES STREET.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGGO & CO.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
DECEMBER 7, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Dec. 1.—	First Sunday in Advent. Princess of Wales born, 1844. Governor Macdougall entered the North-West Territory, 1869.
MONDAY,	" 2.—	Cortez died, 1547. Mercator died, 1594. Village of St. Denis burnt, 1837. Disraeli resigned office, 1838.
TUESDAY,	" 3.—	St. Paul's Cathedral finished, 1710. Battle of Hohenlinden, 1800. Belmont died, 1823. Flaxman died, 1826. Hamilton and Toronto section G. W. R. opened, 1856. Church of the Gesu, Montreal, opened, 1865.
WEDNESDAY,	" 4.—	Cardinal Richelieu died, 1642. Hobbes died, 1633. Bishop Plessis died, 1825. Suttee abolished in India, 1829.
THURSDAY,	" 5.—	Montgomery and Arnold besieged Quebec, 1775. Mozart died, 1791. Berwick died, 1788. Martial Law proclaimed, 1837.
FRIDAY,	" 6.—	St. Nicholas, Abp. & C. General Monk born, 1608. Battle of Missisquoi Bay, 1837.
SATURDAY,	" 7.—	St. Ambrose, Bp. & C. Mary Queen of Scots born, 1642. Marshal Ney shot, 1815. Mackenzie defeated at Toronto, 1837.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 26 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Nov. 24, 1872.

Day	Mean Temp. 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.	Max. Temp. of day	Min. Temp. previous night	Mean Rel. Hum. 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
Nov 18	31	35	25	67	30.12	S S W	Overcast.
19	32	32	27	81	29.85	W S W	Snowing.
20	33	34	24	78	29.87	W	Cloudy.
21	29	35	11	75	29.99	W S W	Hazy.
22	32	36	18	90	29.91	W S W	Hazy.
23	32	35	28	89	29.92	S W	Snow P.M.
24	32	39	32	82	30.08	W	Snowing. Overcast.
MEAN	30.0	34.4	25.0	74.4	29.96		

Extreme Range of Temperature, 28.0; of Humidity, 39.0; of Barometer, 0.428 inches. Maximum height of Barometer on the 18th, 30.24; Minimum height on the 20th, 29.76.

Whole amount of snow (its rain equivalent) during the week, 0.30 inches equivalent to 6.787 gallons of water per acre.

NOTE.—The wind during the week was not very variable, chiefly from the W and S W. The weather dull and overcast, no bright sunshine.

THE WEATHER.—On Monday morning Professor Kingston, Director of the Magnetic Observatory, Toronto, caused a bulletin to be placed at the Post Office in this city, stating that dangerous weather may be expected. So far his anticipations were correct, for it blew very hard during the afternoon and night, the Barometer going as low as 29.445.

OUR NEXT NUMBER

The next number of the

"ILLUSTRATED NEWS"

will contain a double-page illustration of

THE BALL AT RAVENSCRAIG,

GIVEN BY SIR HUGH ALLAN IN HONOUR OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL;

begins at

LITTLE HOPE,

being the third instalment of the series of

SKETCHES IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES;

and a winter street scene, entitled,

"THE FIRST SNOW."

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

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

Geo. E. Desbarats.

[See Prospectus.]

AGENTS WANTED.

The Proprietor of this paper wishes to secure the services of two responsible, active, intelligent business men to take charge, the one of the North-western Ontario, and the other of the Eastern Ontario Agencies of THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Exclusive territory and liberal percentage given. Satisfactory references or adequate security required. Apply at once to

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS OFFICE,
Montreal.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributors are requested to take notice that any MS. sent to the Editor on approval must be accompanied by the name and address, in full, of the author.

Rejected MSS. will not be returned unless accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

NOTICE TO INTENDING SUBSCRIBERS.

Persons and Clubs sending in their names NOW, accompanied by \$4.00 for each subscription, will receive THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS from the date of their remittance to 31st December, 1873. 16th November, 1872.

OUR CHROMO FOR 1873.

We are happy to state that we are preparing a fine Chromo for presentation to our subscribers for 1873. The subject and execution being thoroughly Canadian and very artistic, will no doubt please our numerous patrons. It represents a Snow-shoe Party by Moonlight, halting at a farm-house near the Mountain of Montreal, and is taken from a photograph by Notman, coloured by Henry Sandham. It will be printed on plate paper, and be the size of a double page illustration in THE NEWS. We hope to distribute it early in January to our subscribers; and we take this opportunity to request an early renewal of all subscriptions, and trust that our friends will exert themselves to send us each a few new names. The price, \$4.00, is henceforth strictly payable in advance. One remittance of \$20.00 entitles the sender to six copies for one year, which will be addressed separately if desired.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

WHILE the "strong-minded females" in the United States are busy agitating for what they are pleased to term their "rights," their sisters in the old world are advancing their claims to a higher and more satisfactory system of education in a calm and dignified manner that contrasts strangely with the unlovely ways of the American "shrieking sisterhood." From every quarter of the eastern hemisphere we hear of movements in favour of female education. Even Greece and far-away Siam have entered the lists. Truly the seed sown at Edinburg and Zurich has brought forth a goodly harvest.

During the last two or three months the progress of the Female Education movement has been very marked. Commencing with Great Britain we find that the labours of the London Ladies' Educational Association have met with unexpected success. The fourth session of the ladies' classes held under the direction of this society opened on the 21st ult., under the most promising auspices. These classes are conducted by professors of University College, and the list of subjects of study is almost formidable. Mathematics, mechanics, physics, practical chemistry, physiology, psychology, architecture, with the English, French, German, and Italian languages and literature are all to be found on the list. Last session there were no less than twenty-one of these classes, which were attended by nearly three hundred ladies, and this year it is proposed to establish evening classes at reduced fees for the benefit of governesses. Cambridge—another of the centres of this movement—now boasts five separate organizations for the improvement of female education, among which are a college for women, a lending library for female students, a series of classes by correspondence, and a system of lectures for women, associated with four exhibitions and a fund for assisting governesses. In Edinburgh, where Miss Garrett so nobly fought on behalf of her educational and professional "rights," the committee for securing a complete medical education have found a new ally in Mr. Walter Thomson, of London, who has promised £1,000—the half of which has already been handed over—to be devoted, first, to the payment of expenses that have to be incurred in prosecuting the claim of women to the highest medical education obtainable in the University of Edinburgh or elsewhere, and, secondly, to the assistance or encouragement of lady students who have been subjected to extra charges by the obstacles interposed in Edinburgh.

The news from the European continent is equally encouraging. In Russia a Medical College for Ladies is about to be established, for the endowment of which a Siberian lady has generously offered the sum of fifty thousand roubles. Classes are to be formed ostensibly for midwifery, but this, it is said, will not exclude the higher studies of medicine. These classes are to be under the direction of the professors of the Imperial College of Physicians, and the course of studies will be one of four years' duration. In Greece the movement has also made itself felt. At Athens a "Ladies' Association for the Education of Women" has recently been established by some wealthy and influential ladies, under the presidency of Madame Helena Skousé, a niece of the celebrated Capsalis, the hero of Missolonghi. But the most interesting information with respect to Female Education comes from the East. In Siam the movement in favour of improving the lot of women is extending and taking a practical form. In the Siam Advertiser we read that "on the 15th of August the examinations of the Petchaburee Industrial School were held. The young ladies were examined in reading, arithmetic, and geography, and original composition. They took their turns at the black board, and read their original pieces, without evincing any particular embarrassment, although the school-room was crowded, and at the head of the audience were seated the

mother and wife of the Governor, and the Lieutenant-Governor and his wife. This is the more remarkable, too, because but a few months ago these young women were not able to read a word even of their own language."

In Canada the Female Education movement has, especially within the last two years, made considerable progress. Classes have been established for the higher education of women, which have hitherto met with great success. We trust to see the cause meet with fresh triumphs, and heartily wish it God-speed.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

Traditions and customs, saint's days and festivals, have travelled down to us through a long succession of years, and the greatest part of them will, in all probability, be of perpetual observation; for the generality of men look back with almost a superstitious veneration on the ages of their forefathers; and authorities that are grey with time, seldom fail of commanding those filial honours, claimed even by the appearance of hoary old age.

The strongest proof of their remote antiquity, is, that they have outlived the general knowledge of the very causes that gave rise to them.

The prime origin of many of these traditions and observances and ceremonies is, perhaps, absolutely unattainable. Hone and Chambers in their "Book of Days," and Bourne in his "Antiquates Vulgares" have done much to reach the fountain-head of streams which have been running and increasing from the beginning of time.

Christian Rome borrowed many of her rites and ceremonies in the most luxurious abundance from ancient and heathen Rome; some of the ancient Roman calendars of singular curiosity contain, under the immovable feasts and fasts, a variety of observations contributing not a little to the elucidation of many of our popular customs which have an interest even in these days. The Society of Antiquaries in England, and the publishers of "Notes and Queries" have rendered the recesses of these antiquities easier of access.

From the sources named we shall from time to time give brief and, we hope, entertaining information to those of our readers who have not, either from want of time or inclination, paid any attention to the subject. It is a subject full of interest, and cannot be studied without acquiring some useful knowledge of mankind. By the chemical process of philosophy, even wisdom may be extracted from the traditions and ceremonies of our forefathers.

The commencement of the ecclesiastical year is regulated by the feast of Saint Andrew, the nearest Sunday to which, whether before or after, constitutes the first Sunday in Advent. St. Andrew's Day is thus sometimes the first and sometimes the last festival in the Christian year. This year it is the last festival. To the biblical student it is not necessary to speak of the son of Jonas and the brother of Simon Peter.

Tradition informs us that a Christian lady of rank, named Maximela, caused the body of St. Andrew to be embalmed and honourably interred, and that in the earlier part of fourth century it was removed by the Emperor Constantine to Byzantium or Constantinople, where it was deposited in a church erected in honour of the Twelve Apostles. There the body was not allowed to rest, for a pious Greek Monk, named Régulus, so says the Legend, conveyed it to Scotland, and there deposited it in 368 A.D. on the Eastern coast of Fife where he built a church, and where afterwards arose the renowned city and cathedral of St. Andrew's.

St. Andrew has been regarded, from time immemorial, as the patron Saint of Scotland; and his day, the 30th of November, is a favourite occasion of social and national reunion among Scotchmen all over the world; whether the "time immemorial" dates back from the time of St. Palladius who, according to Bede, was first sent by Pope Celestin, in 431 A.D., to the Scots that believed in Christ, or from the reign of Malcolm III. surnamed Canmore, in 1057 A.D., when the name of Scotia, or Scotland was attributed to the country in lieu of its more ancient name of Albania, the chroniclers are silent thereon.

ANCIENT MONTREAL.

"I pray you let us satisfy our eyes with the memorials and the things of fame that do renown this city."

Such was the request of Sebastian to Antonio, in Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night" when he entered the city in Illyria, the residence of the Duke of Orsino. The same desire would be natural to a stranger visiting Montreal, were he of a reflective character, to see the buildings and places associated with the memory of departed worth or greatness; such things are always interesting to the reflecting portion of mankind. It is admitted that "whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present advances as in the dignity of thinking-beings." The prevalence of this feeling is attested by the visits paid to many a spot consecrated to fame by genius, piety, or patriotism.

Unfortunately "the memorials and things of fame that do renown" Montreal are few, and these of comparatively recent date. The buildings of the past are fast disappearing, the towers of the old citadel, the gorgeous palace of the Jesuits, the Recollet Convent and Nunnery are, as it were, dissolved, and, "like an insubstantial pageant faded" have left not a "rack," or vestige, behind. What a pity it is so.

We have no memorial of the altar which was raised upon the birth-night of the city by Maisonneuve in 1642, and decorated by Charlotte Barré with shining festoons of twinkling fire-flies. The name of the founder of the city is not even associated with our streets.

Where are the things of fame that renowned the city at the time of its surrender to Amherst in 1761, when it contained only 3,000 inhabitants? Where are the principal buildings that once stood between Dalhousie Square along the line of Notre Dame street, and the Place d'Armes in which stood a statue or bust of George III., the head of which may now be seen in the Natural History Society's Library, and where Governor Carleton reviewed the troops that attacked and trashed the American Colonel Ethan Allan at Longue Pointe in 1757?

Where are the "old houses neatly built of stone, the better

News of the Week.

sort having a door towards the street, with a seat on each side of it, for amusement and recreation," and the castle hired from the Vaudreuil family described in 1749 by Professor Kalm, of the University of Abo, a celebrated Swedish traveller? Where is the old black nunnery within the walls, and the grey nunnery without the walls just then finished when Kalm visited Montreal; as he says:—"The building is quite ready, but it has not yet been confirmed by the Pope?" Where is the old mill built by the Sulpicians, about 1710, who received one fourth of the grain brought to be ground, and at which mill, or at one of the others built by the priests, the inhabitants were obliged to get all their corn ground at?

Where is the old hospital founded by Madame de Buillon in 1647, and for which she made a donation of 42,000 livres, with its two large apartments for patients, provided with furniture, linen, medicines, and all necessaries, and a small oratory built of stone adjoining it?

Where is the old Recollet Convent, and the church in which the Sulpician Fathers, in 1791, permitted the Rev. John Young, minister of the first Presbyterian congregation organized in Montreal, to conduct worship after the manner of the Covenanters?

Alas! there are scarcely a trace of the old buildings left which were erected at various periods during the reigns of Louis XIV. of France and Charles I. of England.

We regret that the so-called "march of improvement and civilization" should have brought about the destruction of the old Recollet Convent and Church. Its interior, when seen as the rays of the sun streamed through its windows, and lit up the paintings illustrative of the life of the Saviour of the World, must, at least to the contemplative mind, have seemed a sort of visible representation of that "peace on earth and good-will towards men" which permitted, or rather impelled, the Sulpician Fathers to grant, and the Presbyterian Non-conformists to accept the church to worship their Common Father who is in Heaven. To sacrifice such a building to the shrine of Mammon seemed almost like a desecration. We could have wished the voice of Nature had been raised in its behalf, for it is stronger than the rules of commerce. Had there been a necessity for taking down the church for want of space, or in order to widen the street, or for some great public work—well, the regret would not have been so great—but the regret, nevertheless, lingers in the minds of some who have the feelings of veneration for any object which makes them feel within them the bond which unites the most distant eras. The old church in which their ancestors worshipped would, if yet standing, act upon them as the magician's gift, that revives the dead, that animates the dust of forgotten graves.

Doubtless many are influenced by some such feelings as we have feebly expressed, therefore we are glad to be able to insert in our present number—as things of the past—the old Recollet Convent and Church, the Grey Nunnery, the Tower adjoining the Seminary of the Sulpicians; and also the old Bonsecours Church, which is still standing. They are taken from original sketches made by our late fellow citizen Mr. Alfred Rimmer, and were kindly lent us for reproduction by Mr. T. D. King.

Notes and Comments.

The question of what is insanity is one which probably will await solution until the end of the world. In the meantime, however, some interesting information on the point was given the other day at a murder trial in Memphis, United States, when an attempt to establish insanity was made on the part of the defence. Dr. I. K. Allen, being called as an expert, gave the following testimony—"I have," said Dr. Allen, "been a practising physician for nearly thirty years. I have had some experience in cases of insanity, having been for ten years medical superintendent of the Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, and during that time had over 2,000 crazy people under my charge. I have heard the hypothetical case read by Mr. Phelan. I am here as an expert, and before answering the question would like to say that the more I studied the question of insanity the less I understood it; and if you ask me where it begins and where it ends, neither I nor any physician in the world could tell you; in fact, on occasions like this lawyers make fools of themselves in trying to make asses of doctors."

"Who is to be the successor of Pius IX.?" is a question that seems at present to be occupying much attention. A paragraph that recently went the rounds of the Press designated Cardinal Panbianchi as the next occupant of the Roman Chair, and now we learn on the authority of a correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette*, that an attempt is being made to secure the succession for a foreigner, i.e., one who is not an Italian. The writer says that the visits and conferences of Cardinal Bonnechose and Cardinal Cullen at the Vatican and elsewhere have been very frequent. It is no secret, he continues, that the subject of these interviews mainly is the election of a successor to Pius IX. The two cardinals appear to be agreed that on this matter it is necessary to break with the traditional arrangement, according to which the Sovereign Pontiff is usually chosen from among the Italian prelates. They propose, then, to raise the question whether it might not be possible by appointing a foreign prelate, to make a selection in better accord with "the universal character of the Church Catholic."

Those who have read that very interesting novel, "The Maid of Sker," are perhaps inclined to believe that the author has drawn very much upon his imagination in bringing Parson Chowne to death by the hand of his friend when the former was attacked by hydrophobia. This, however, is not the case. A writer in *Notes and Queries* shows that smothering for hydrophobia is nothing new. "A friend of mine," he writes, "a clergyman, on the borders of Wales, told me many years ago of an instance of this mode of treatment; where from the circumstances of the case there was no reason to doubt the evidence. An old parishioner of his was giving him an account of her family, and said—'My first husband died in such and such a manner. My second was smothered.' My friend was naturally startled at such an avowal, but he found she meant simply what she said. Her husband had been in the agonies of hydrophobia, and his friends had adopted what she supposed to be the regular remedy. It had happened many years before, and there was nothing more to be said."

The romance of government is fast disappearing. Secret information obtained by mysterious emissaries is more common in the political novel than in real life. If we may believe the *Levant Herald*, however, statecraft in the Ottoman Empire is not yet wholly deprived of sensational interest. Proposals have, according to this journal, been made to the Grand Vizier for the renewal of certain confidential arrangements, in virtue of which the late A'ali Pasha, paying an annual fee of 160,000*l.*, obtained in exchange a regular supply of private reports and revelations supposed to be indited from behind the scenes of the European Cabinets. The enterprising gentlemen who used to perform these dark and delicate services (this reads like "Vivian Grey") for the defunct statesman, and who were placed on the shelf by his immediate successor, now offer to do the same work for his Highness Midhat Pasha as they did for his Highness A'ali Pasha at the reduced figure of 120,000*l.*, and to throw in by way of bonus an engagement to obtain insertion of "Oriental news" *ad libitum* in the London papers. The acceptance of this offer, bonus and all, by his Highness opens up a vista of "Items from the East." "Nous allons voir du pays."

A curious case of serious results from a trivial cause is reported from Constantinople. According to the *Levant Herald* a serious disturbance respecting a loaf of bread occurred at Valide Khan, in Stamboul, on the 8th. A Turkish soldier who was purchasing a piece of bread from a Persian baker thought himself overcharged ten paras in the price, words ensued, which led to blows, and several of the baker's friends coming up, the soldier was getting the worst of it when some forty other soldiers appeared upon the scene, and hurried off the Persian baker and his backers to the nearest police houliouk. Their way, however, lay by Valide Khan, which is well-known as the rendezvous of every tattered Shyite in Constantinople. Here the Persians assembled in great force, and having rescued the captive baker, kept the soldiers at bay. A report that the Persians had risen in arms reaching the neighbouring barracks, a detachment of one hundred and fifty men was told off to quell the disturbance. The soldiers, for some reason unexplained, were ordered to charge the mob, and in the melee which ensued one Persian was killed, and sixteen severely wounded. The Persians now fled for refuge into the upper covered gallery which runs all round inside the Khan, and from this vantage-point kept up the charge of a continuous volley of mangals, earthen water jars, large stones, and every variety of missiles upon the soldiers below, by which a captain and two or three men were injured. The troops, however, were not long in dislodging their assailants from their temporary stronghold, and the latter, after being dispersed right and left, surrendered without further resistance—thirty-six Persians in all being conveyed as prisoners to the Grand Zaptieh. It was not, however, until far into the night that the commotion was entirely quelled.

Miscellaneous.

There are said to be two hundred railway directors in Parliament, and they get their rights.

It is stated in diplomatic circles that the Anglo-French Treaty of Commerce will come into force on the 1st of December next, and last four years.

England has 44 ironclads; Russia, 125 vessels of war of all kinds; and Holland, 17 monitors. France has 50 ironclads and a fleet of 332 vessels besides.

The Khedive of Egypt, with the spirit of a true utilitarian, has commanded a French engineer to convert the tops of the Pyramids into lighthouses for the benefit of the Nile sailors!

Under the empire of Louis Napoleon, which he lampooned, Roebefort had an income of \$136,000 a year. Under the republic, which he sighed for, he dines on a crust in the cell of a prison.

M. Thiers has made an earnest request to an association which proposed to do him the honour to erect a statue of himself in the Place Vendôme. He begs them to wait till the indemnity is paid and the disasters of the war repaired.

The average number of field-marshal of the British Army has been, time out of mind, four. By the death of Sir John Burgoyne and Sir George Pollock in the present year, the list has been reduced to two, and it is not therefore surprising to hear that the Prince of Wales and Lord Strathnairn are forthwith to be raised to that rank.

Bismarck was recently called upon by a Russian lady, who asked him for his autograph. After the chancellor had complied with her request, she said to him: "Prince, may I use your autograph for a noble purpose?" "Certainly," he replied, "but what is it?" "My brother has been exiled to Siberia; let me write an application for his pardon over your name, and the Czar will grant it." Bismarck consented, and Alexander II. informed him, when at Berlin recently, that the pardon had been granted.

The International Exhibition now being held in London is only one of a series, to be continued indefinitely, year by year, one or more principal subjects being selected each year for special illustration. It is announced that the divisions for the next year's display will consist, first, of the fine arts; second, manufactures; third, recent scientific investigations and discoveries of all kinds. That of 1874 is to embrace artificial illuminations by all methods; gas and its manufacture. That of 1875, hydraulics and experiments; supply of water. 1876, photographic apparatus and photography; philosophical instruments, and processes depending upon their use. 1877, health; manufactures, &c., promoting health, with experiments. 1878, chemical substances, products, and experiments; pharmaceutical processes.

The diploma of the princely rank of the Chancellor of the German Empire has just been completed, and it is said to be a truly fine work of art. It consists of three pages, the first of which is occupied with a blazon of the Prince's armorial bearings, the text being contained on the two remaining folios. In the centre of the first page are the arms of the House of Bismarck—namely, a trefoil of oak leaves. To the right and left stand two heralds bearing the arms of Alsace and Lorraine; on the surrounding border are portrayed sheaves of Danish and Austrian flags, a sheaf of French standards being placed above. The crosses of Aalen and of Koeniggratz are suspended from the Danish and Austrian standards, and the Iron Cross from those of France. This cross bears the portrait of the Emperor of Germany. The border is formed of columns, and on a triumphal arch, representing the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile in Paris, and the basements of the columns are decorated with the Iron Cross, and illuminated in the colours of Prussia and the German Empire.

THE DOMINION.—The Intercolonial Railway, from River du Loup to Trois Pistoles, was to be opened this week.—News has been received from London to the effect that Sir George Cartier's health continues to improve.—Mr. Alexander Begg, formerly of the Inland Revenue Department, has been appointed Chief Emigration Agent in Scotland for the Province of Ontario.—At Perth the polling on the by-law granting a bonus of \$70,000 to the Ontario and Quebec Railway took place on the 20th, and resulted in the by-law being carried by a large majority. The vote stood: Yeas, 169; nays, 28. There is great rejoicing in the town on account of the splendid victory of true enterprise and progress.—Stanley is to lecture in Toronto in February.—Mr. Perry, member for North Oxford, has resigned in favour of Mr. Mowat, the new Ontario Premier.—The Customs Department has seized some vessels on the Nova Scotia coast for an infraction of the revenue laws.

UNITED STATES.—The affidavit of President Watson, of the Erie Railway, avers that the company has cause of action against Gould for more than the sum of £9,725,541, to which interest is to be added; that such cause of action arises from the fraudulent detention, embezzlement, and misapplication of the moneys and property of the said company.—A discovery has been made in New York that counterfeit coupons of the Union Pacific Railroad have been circulated. A Broad street firm, deceived by the artistic excellence of the counterfeit coupons, paid them on presentation.—The contributions to the citizens' relief fund now amount to about \$140,000, including \$1,000 gold from Lord Dufferin.—The *New York Tribune*, speaking of Greeley's health, says he has been seriously unwell since his wife's death from nervous prostration, want of sleep and rest during the last month of her illness.—Stanley arrived in New York last week by the "Cuba," and was escorted up the Bay by a delegation from the Geographical Society and the *Herald* Club.

GREAT BRITAIN.—O'Leary, one of the leaders of the recent Hyde Park demonstration in favour of the release of the Fenian prisoners, made application recently before Justice Quain for the withdrawal of summonses to appear, as the charge against him and six others had been abandoned. Applicant stated that he contemplated emigrating to America, where he prospects would be injured should the summonses remain in existence. Justice Quain, in reply to the application, denied that the petitioner would be reproached in America for his act, and expressed the opinion that instead of reproach he was more likely to be regarded in the United States as a martyr, and be given a public dinner and other honours. The Justice, in conclusion, refused to grant the application.—Recent gales in the English Channel have been very destructive in the vicinity of Devonport. The transport steamer *Himalaya* arrived there with the loss of eight of her crew.—Lewis, a Conservative, has been returned to Parliament from Londonderry.—The Shah of Persia has granted an exclusive concession to Baron Reuter, President of the Reuter Telegraph Company, for the construction of railways, tramways and water works, and for the working of mines in Persia.—Sir John Bowring, English politician and author, formerly editor of the *Westminster Review*, member of Parliament, and British minister to China, is dead.—The London Police force is in a state of utter disorganization owing to the suspension of several members for insubordination.—It is reported that a second Ecclesiastical Province of the Roman Catholic Church is to be established in England, with Liverpool as the Metropolitan See.—Field Marshal Sir Wm. Maynard, Governor, has been installed as Constable of the Tower of London.—The Common Council of London have voted a resolution laudatory to the services of Stanley. The resolution will be inscribed on vellum, and forwarded to Stanley in New York.—Destructive gales prevailed throughout Wales last week. Dispatches from various points report the destruction of houses and other property by wind.

FRANCE.—The Left Centre have drawn up a bill prolonging their present term four years; providing for a Vice-President, who shall succeed the President in case of resignation or death, the President and Vice-President to be re-eligible to office only for a second term; one-third of the Assembly to be renewed annually; the President to be entitled to suspend the promulgation of bills passed by any Assembly until after the annual election; then if the Assembly insists on the law it must be promulgated. It is understood this project of law meets the approval of Thiers.—The Committee appointed by the Assembly to draw up a project of electoral law have made their report. They recommend that the age of 21 be retained as the qualification for the exercise of the franchise; that soldiers in actual service be disqualified from voting; and that officers in the army be permitted to vote when placed on the reserve. The law incidentally disfranchises the class of citizens who by the army law are compelled to do military service until the age of 25. It will undoubtedly give rise to a heated debate.—In the Assembly, Deputy Pascal Duprat has introduced a bill for the restoration to the Orleans family of their property confiscated in 1832.—The trial by jury bill passed by a vote of 461 to 178.—The payment of the third milliard war indemnity has been completed. France will have half a milliard ready by the 11th of December.—Gambetta was attacked in the French Assembly last week by the veteran General Changarnier. He did not deign to reply. The Government was likewise blamed by the same speaker, and M. Thiers defended himself. A vote of confidence was then taken and adopted by 167 yeas, against 117 nays. The President, not satisfied with this verdict, will call again for a more deliberate expression of approval.

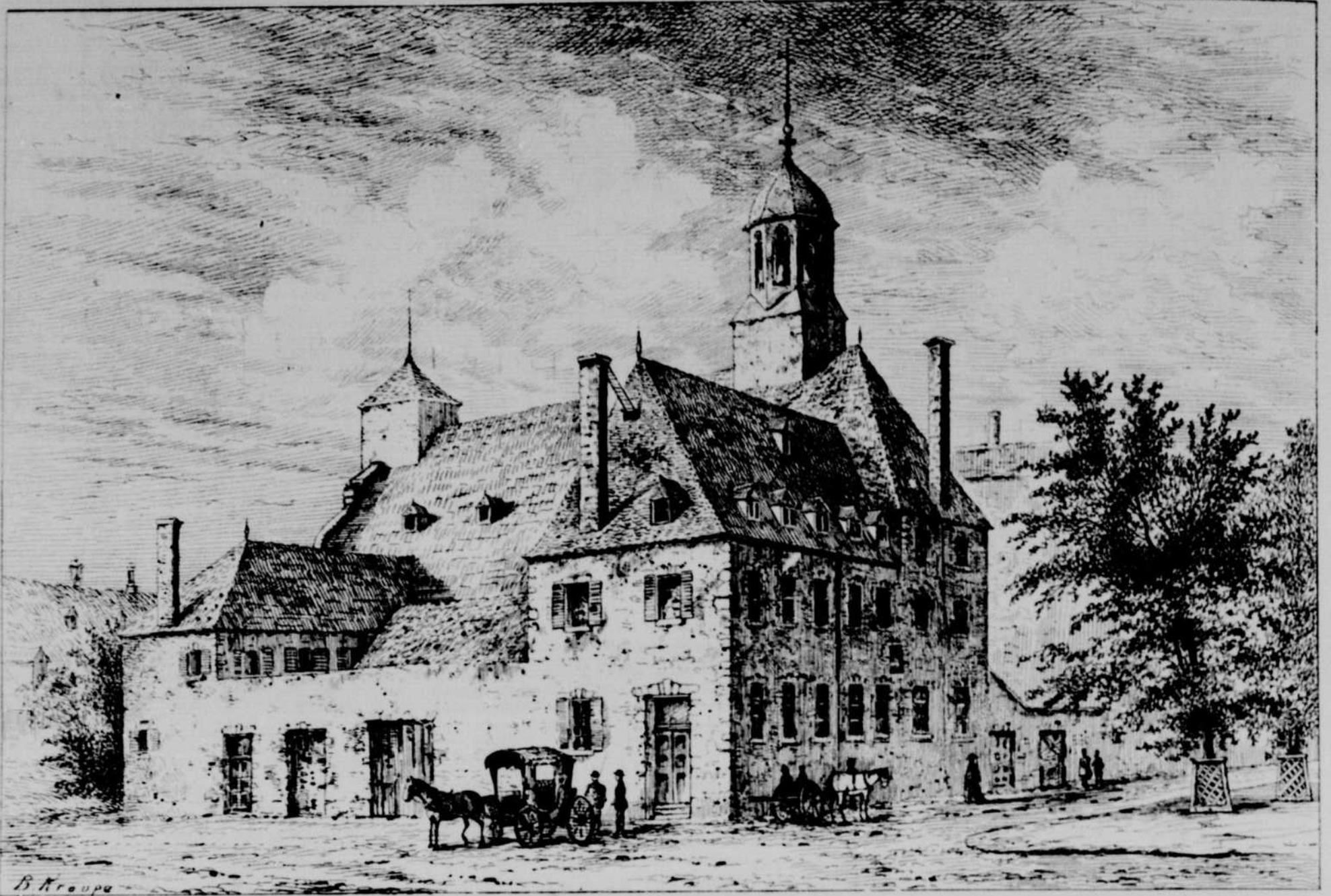
GERMANY.—The German Government, replying to the invitation of Great Britain to assist in the suppression of the slave trade on the eastern coast of Africa, says it will give all moral and diplomatic support in its power for the movement, and will instruct the German Consuls in Africa and in Zanzibar to place their means at the disposal of the expedition now fitting out in England.—The Emperor is determined to carry out his intention of increasing the number of the Upper House of the Diet by the creation of a number of Peers.—The geographical societies of Germany give their approval of the plan for a methodical exploration of Africa. Committees to carry out this purpose are forming.

SPAIN.—Mail advices from Madrid report slight disturbances in the capital on Monday week, on account of the drawings for the military conscription. The lines of telegraph to Barcelona, Gerona, Seville and Cadiz were cut.—The health of King Amadeus is improving.

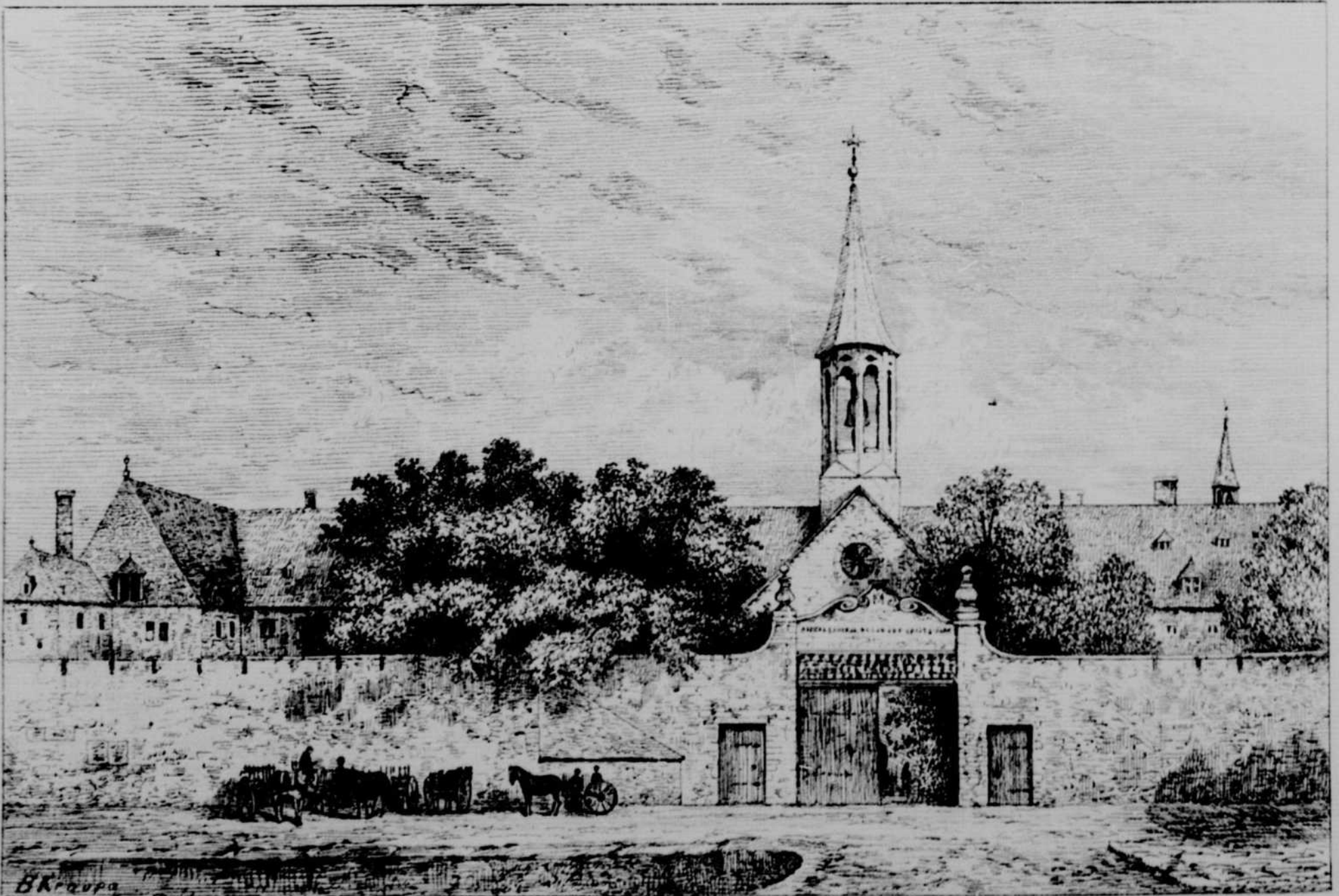
ITALY.—The Pope has given audience to the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch, nephew of the Emperor of Russia. The Grand Duke was accompanied by two generals, and was presented to His Holiness by the Russian Chargé d'Affaires.—Emigration from Italy to the United States has increased to such an extent that the attention of the government has been called to it.

MEXICO.—A telegram dated City of Mexico, Nov. 18th, announces that Congress has assembled and proclaimed Lerdo De Tejada, who is unanimously elected President of the Republic.

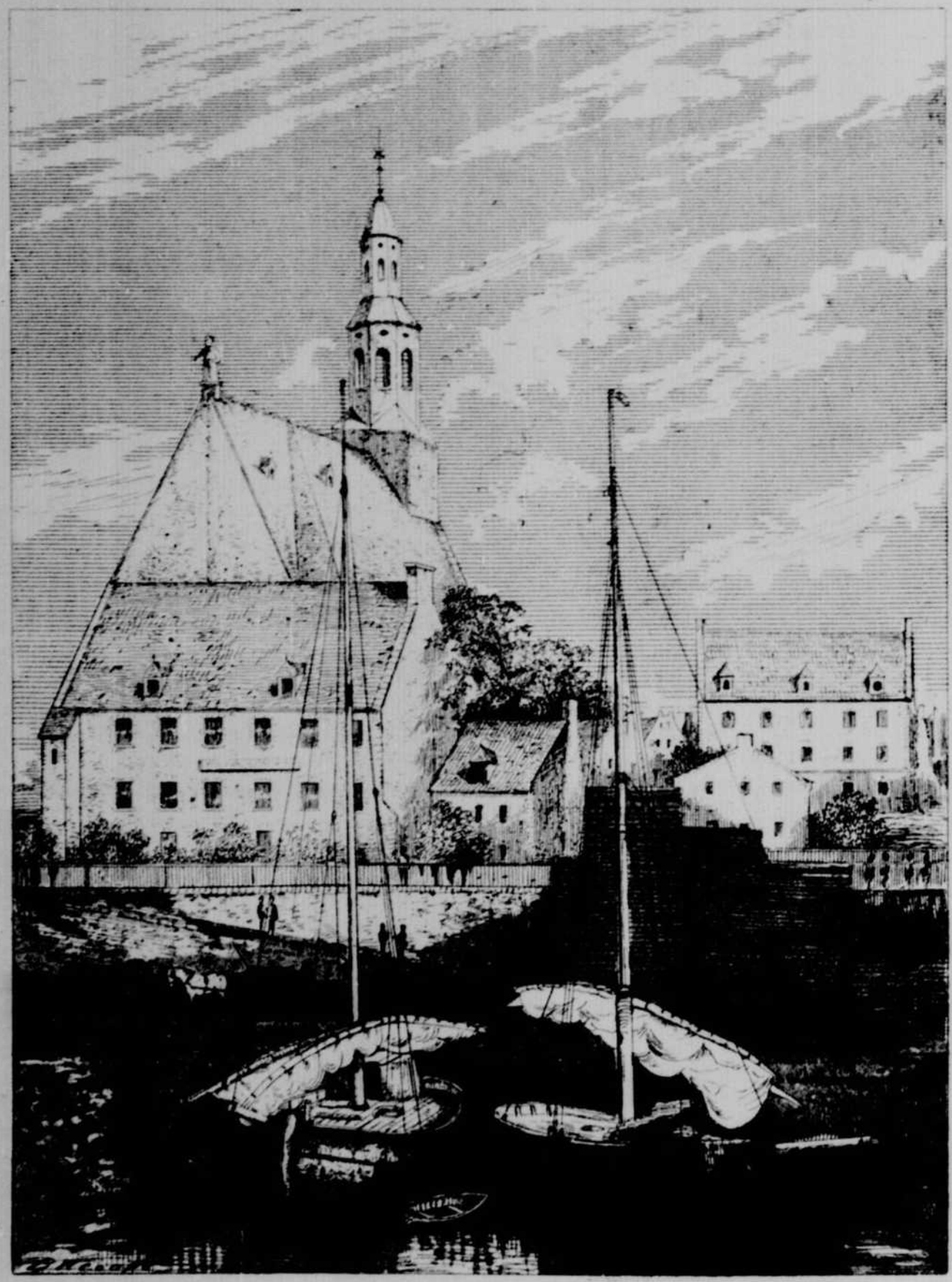
MONTREAL ANTIQUITIES.—BY ALFRED RIMMER.



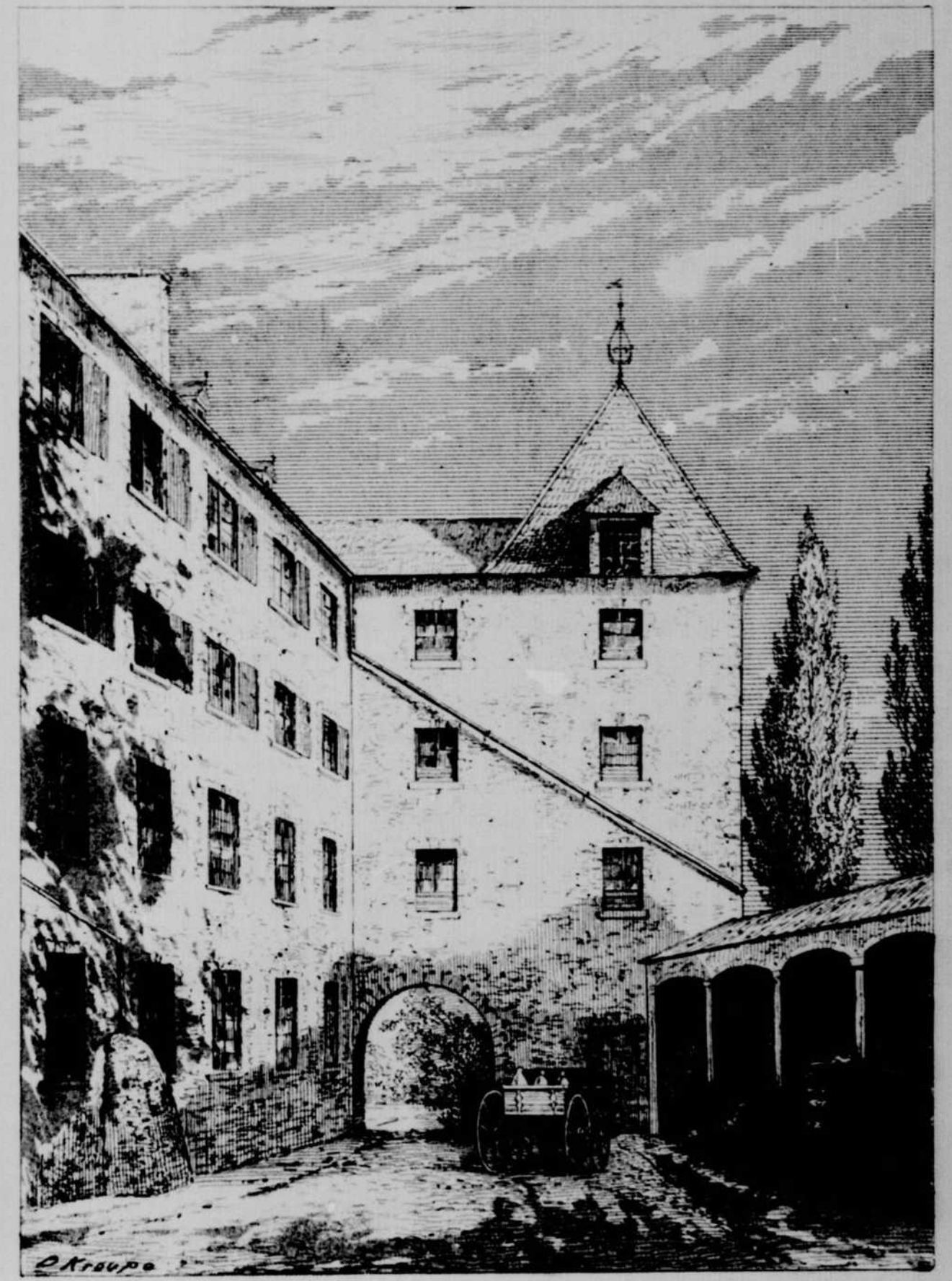
THE RECOLLET CHURCH AND MONASTERY.



THE OLD GREY NUNNERY.



THE BONSECOURS CHURCH.



THE SEMINARY COURTYARD.

Science & Mechanics.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR HORSE POWER WANTED.

One of the results of the prevalent horse epidemic will unquestionably be to give a great impetus to investigations and experiments having for their object the substitution of some perfectly safe and practical motive power for street cars and road vehicles in place of horse and mule power. Certainly no stronger stimulus to inventive genius could be given. We believe that smoke-consuming steam engines can be built, which shall be noiseless in their operations and more easily managed than a pair of horses, that shall work as cheaply as that animal, either on street rails or off them, and which shall be unobjectionable in all respects. The great car and transportation companies of the country would do well to unite in offering a handsome prize for such an invention. This would excite the inventive skill of our mechanics, induce them to experiment liberally, and doubtless, in the end, produce exactly what is wanted.

It is stated, indeed, that a New Orleans scientist has already solved the problem, so far as it relates to street railways. His engine, which has been thoroughly tested and pronounced to work most successfully, is said to effect a saving of thirty-three per cent of the cost of running cars by horse power. No fire is used. The driving engine is of ordinary character. It has a reservoir large enough to contain three hundred gallons of water with steam room above it. The boiler is of steel, and is well covered with non-conducting material to prevent the radiation of the heat. The motive power of the engine is obtained by means of the compression of steam in water, the steam being conducted from a stationary boiler at the end of the track, which dispenses with the firing-up process while under way. The steam with which the engine is charged is sufficient (according to the capacity of the boiler) to perform a trip of from ten to fifteen miles. At the time of charging, the temperature in the boiler is about 380° Fah., the pressure of steam being about one hundred and seventy pounds to the square inch. There is said to be not the least danger of explosion in using this apparatus, as the pressure in the reservoir can never rise above the point reached at the time of charging, and it is necessarily constantly diminishing as the power is expended; while so simple is its construction there is less skill required in handling this locomotive than a horse or mule. Some of the intelligent and ambitious mechanics and machinists of Pittsburgh might find their account in entering the same field of investigation and experiment.—*American Manufacturer, Pittsburgh.*

There has just been discovered, says the *Chronique de l'Industrie*, at San Giovanni Incarico, Province of Caserta, Italy, a petroleum well which promises to yield an extremely rich flow. Abbé Stoppani, a celebrated geologist, has visited the locality, and is of the opinion that the deposit of petroleum must be remarkably large. M. Gonn, an engineer of considerable previous experience in the oil regions of the United States, has already begun extensive excavations.

A novelty in preparation for the Vienna International Exhibition, in the shape of a volume entitled "The Album of American Invention." It is designed to be an elegant medium of exhibiting the peculiarities and advantages of the American works and machinery which may be upon exhibition. The book is to be of mammoth size, to display elegant American press-work and binding, to be divided into appropriate departments, to be extensively illustrated with working drawings of all prominent inventions, and to be printed in three languages—English, French, and German.

NEW DISINFECTANT.—Mr. W. Crookes has taken out letters patent for a new disinfectant and deodorizer, which is claimed to be superior to any known agent hitherto in use. The invention, says the *English Mechanic*, consists in mixing together or passing sulphurous acid into carbolic acid, in order to produce a compound possessing disinfecting, deodorizing, and antiseptic properties of a nature superior to those of the constituents when employed separately. Cresylic acid, or other similar homologue of carbolic acid, or the liquid known as creosote, may be employed for mixing with the sulphurous acid.

CUTTING UP WHALES BY STEAM.—The whaling bark "Java," of New Bedford, is provided with an upright five-horse power engine, to be used in cutting in whales and discharging cargo, hoisting topsails, if required, etc. This must prove a great saving of time and labour, as it usually requires 15 or 16 men to cut in a whale, while, with the help of the engine, six men can easily attend to it. The engine is stationed in the fore-castle, occupying a space ten feet by four feet. It will be the first ever carried to sea in a whaler for these purposes. The idea originated with the first officer of the "Java," Mr. E. T. Fish, of Falmouth, Mass.

That every man contains his own corkscrew inside him has just been proved by a communication to the Académie des Sciences by the Paris Faculty of Medicine. According to this, we are all of us men of "blood and iron," in another than a Bismarckian sense. Each of us carries about him in his blood enough iron to

make a pair of scissors or a corkscrew. Similarly, the material requisite for the construction of four six-pound rifles can be extracted from the blood of forty-two full-grown men. Extending the calculation—after the manner of professional statisticians—it is clear that the 100,000 men killed during the Franco-German war would have yielded enough iron for the casting of 9,524 gun-barrels. After this, no man can say that he is utterly and entirely useless; if he can do nothing else for his country, he can bleed for it, and make it the richer by "a pair of scissors or a corkscrew."

Homeopaths can not compete with one M. Davaine, who recently read a startling paper before the French Academy of Medicine. He described various experiments he had made by the subcutaneous injection of blood derived from an animal poisoned by putrefied blood. He performed twenty-five series of experiments on rabbits and guinea-pigs, thus finding that the virus acquires increased intensity of power and activity by passing through the animal organism. This becomes so tremendous that, to quote M. Davaine's language, "the blood of the rabbit killed by the ten-millionth part of a drop was injected into five rabbits in doses of one-hundred-millionth, the billionth, the ten-billionth, the one-hundred-billionth, and the trillionth of a drop. All died within twenty-five hours." The mathematical calculation involved in ascertaining exactly how much a "trillionth of a drop" is must be something wonderful.

MUSIC AS AN EXPLOSIVE AGENT.—Quite a number of years ago, Professor Tyndall called attention to some interesting experiments which he had made with "sensitive" or "singing flames," as a result of the observed facts that gas-lights will vibrate in a peculiar way under certain conditions when music is made near them. Some time afterward, Mr. Abel showed that explosive substances will generally preserve their stability unless their particles are excited to move in a peculiar way. M. M. Champion and Pallett have now undertaken to prove that as heat alone will not always cause explosives to explode, there must be some musical note or notes which are capable of doing so. One of their experiments was to place iodine of nitrogen in small bags suspended from the strings of a bass viol. When the bow was applied, it was found that the lowest notes occasioned no explosion, while the higher ones instantly did so, at least sixty vibrations per second being required to produce the desired effect.

An ingenious method of stopping leaks in iron ships when at sea has been patented by Mr. Mc-Cool, who effects his object by means of what he calls "safety-plates." These plates are, as artisans say, "dished"—that is, they resemble a dish in shape; consequently, when the hollow side is pressed against the plates of a ship, the "safety-plate" fits close, and will keep water out when held firmly in place with screws. By a clever contrivance, when once the leak is discovered, means can at once be taken for fitting on the new plate. A weighted line is dropped through the hole; this is laid hold of by lines drawn under the ship; the weight is taken off and replaced by a screw bolt; a plate, with india-rubber covering the inner edges, is next screwed to the bolt, is dropped overboard, and drawn into position by the line hanging through the leak; an inner plate is then screwed to the inner end of the bolt; and thus the leak is completely covered on the inside and on the outside, and the water is kept out. That this means of safety can be made use of in the open sea, and under different circumstances, without the necessity of docking the ship, is not the least among its recommendations.

AN IMPORTANT MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—It appears that an accident, as in many other discoveries, is about to render an important service in the cause of medicine, by which the eye will be able to locate many diseases, whose source and locality must now be determined by induction or inference rather than sight. It appears that Dr. Richardson, of London, while experimenting with electricity about two years ago, was surprised to find a portion of his hand so illuminated as to become perfectly transparent. This fact, and also a similar experiment by Dr. Priestley, induced Dr. Thomas Nicholson, of New Orleans, not long since, to pursue the subject till he succeeded in completely illuminating the whole hand. From the result of these experiments it seems that, in order to illuminate the body, it would only be necessary to increase the vividness of the calcium light, and enlarge the magnifying lenses employed, so as to gain sufficient power. When all the internal organs of the human system are thus inspected by actual sight, there will be no need of diagnosing a case to discover the cause or seat of a disease. In the case of wounds or internal bruises, the surgeon can determine at once the location of the bullet, or the condition of the part affected; also tumours, ulcers, or any internal malady, as easily as can a house-keeper the displacement of an article of furniture or an inkspot upon the carpet. It can be readily perceived that this discovery may become an efficient aid to medical science, and an incalculable blessing to mankind.

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

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

6-18 d

Courier des Dames.

Our attention has been drawn to an article from the London *Examiner*, entitled "The Selfishness of Husbands," which appeared in this column a fortnight ago, and in which theories of more than questionable morality are propounded. Some surprise has justly been expressed that such an article should have been allowed to find its way into the columns of the *News*. We say justly, for it has always been a matter of congratulation for ourselves and of gratification to our readers that the *News* bears a high character as a paper conducted on the soundest principles of morality. The insertion of the article in question was the result of a most unfortunate mistake which no one can regret more than we do, and which we will take good care shall not occur again. Of the principles therein set forward, perhaps the less said the better. We content ourselves with expressing our most unqualified disapproval thereof, trusting that our readers will be satisfied with this explanation.

DRESS HINTS FROM PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Queen* gives the following hints on the latest fashions which may be found acceptable:—

The following is a charming black velvet costume for a young married lady. Petticoat bordered with a deep flounce; velvet tunic round in front, and edged with what is called lily of the valley fringe, which looks exceedingly brilliant over the dead black of the velvet. It is carried up to the waist at the sides. A very wide light blue sash, lined with black velvet, falls in loops over the back of the skirt. This sash is so puffed out and voluminous that it quite replaces the tunic. Black velvet bodice, opening over a turquoise-blue faille waistcoat; basque at the back, with blue faille revers; bow without ends in the centre of the waist; another blue bow on the demi-pagoda sleeves. It is easy to change the blue waistcoat and sash for a waistcoat and sash of another colour, and so make variety in the toilette. A black velvet Rubens hat would be worn with this costume; the brim turned up at one side, with a light blue faille bow, an aigrette of blue feathers at the back. No strings, but long black lace lappets are first passed under the chin, and then tied beneath the chin.

Sashes that are a contrast with the dress are in grand favour. I have seen a dress of that peculiar grey shade of green called *vert saur* worn with a pale pink sash; the bows on the bodice and sleeves were also pink. The sash was tied at the side, and the back breadth were covered with flounces to the waist, the tunic being very long in front.

Toilettes for dressy occasions are now very much trimmed with flowers made in a sort of thick silk lace. These flowers are cut out precisely like appliqué of gimp, and are shaded in very bright colours. Garlands of corn flowers arranged between two flounces of straw-coloured tulle looked effective upon a straw faille skirt. Appliqués of similar flowers were also arranged around the tunic.

Very beautiful opera cloaks have recently been introduced; they are in the form of dolmans, and made of white Sicilienne. Tufts of roses are appliqués on the back, on the sleeves and in front of them.

A great change appears to be taking place in the style of arranging the hair. MM. Albert and Leroy, who were formerly hair-dressers to the ex-Empress Eugénie, have introduced several new styles. Plaits are not abandoned for simple chignons, but they are worn higher, and a wavy Recamier bow is arranged over the forehead, and proves highly becoming to youthful and oval faces. Curis are much worn with evening toilettes. The newest head-dress for full dress is called the *coiffure Mille de Belle Isle*. It consists of a profusion of curls tied together and then arranged capriciously at the top of the head; two curls only fall on the nape of the neck. At the side there is a bow of peculiar make; sometimes it is in the Watteau style, pink and blue; the narrow grosgrain ribbon is used, and both colours are very pale. Other bows are made in two shades of flame colour, and in two shades of rose. Purple velvet bows have steel ornaments, and black velvet bows are studded with what have the effect of gold and silver nails; there is no limit, in fact, in the variety of hair bows.

LADY DRUGGISTS.

It may perhaps interest some of our lady readers to learn that the course of study and the examinations of the Royal Pharmaceutical Society have been thrown open to women, and that two ladies have already availed themselves of this privilege, and are now in attendance on the classes as students. It is further expected that the number of lady students will soon be very largely reinforced.

To attend these lectures it is not essential to be an apprentice or an associate of the society, and the lectures are excellent. The laboratory is not, as yet, open to women students, for the reason that it would be inconvenient for them to work there; but laboratory practice can be obtained in other ways, such as in the chemistry classes for women, organised by Professor Williamson at University College.

This opening to women of the courses of study and the examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society gives them for the first time the opportunity of becoming regularly qualified and registered as chemists. In the dearth of occupations in which women can engage, the opening of one so suitable to them is a fact which cannot be too strongly dwelt upon; and it is one which will afford true gratification to all who are anxious to increase the number of employments open to women.

The examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society are of three grades—(a) The First or Preliminary Examination, for registration as apprentices or students; (b) The Minor Examination, for registration under the Pharmacy Act, 1868, as chemists and druggists; (c) The Major Examination, for registration as pharmaceutical chemists, under the Pharmacy Act, 1852. Certificates of having passed the Local Examinations of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Durham, the Examination of the College of Preceptors, or those of any legally-constituted examining body approved by the Council are accepted in lieu of the preliminary examination.

A new and pretty style of ear-rings is a single pearl or diamond, with a fastening like a screw stud. It is screwed by this into the lobe of the ear, so that the stone seems to rest on the ear with no support.

A pecuniary discussion on this interesting fashionable question: "Who should pay for the bride-maids' dresses?" has arisen in Edinburgh, and been so far decided by the chairman issuing the following interlocutor: Finds the word "maid" in this relation, to be a description of "domestic attendant." Secondly, finds that "a maid" should be recompensed by her mistress.

Miss Kate Field, who is lecturing in the States on "the England of to-day," is fortunate in not being present at the Social Science Congress at Plymouth, as she has lately confessed to having no great liking for philosophers. "They are unpleasant," observes this lady, "to have in the house; they never take their meals regularly, never comb their hair, never buy a new suit of clothes, always wear shocking bad hats, never button their gloves, are so engrossed in improving the human race as never to pay any attention to the individual specimens around them; and last, but worse sin of all, they never notice what a woman has on."

The following extract of a letter from Miss Hannah Moore to Lord Orford may be worth the attention of the ladies who are so very pressing: "My dear Lord, I have been much pestered to read the 'Rights of Woman' (by Miss Wollstonecraft), but am invincibly resolved not to do so. I am sure I have as much liberty as I can make a good use of, now I am an old maid; and when I was young I had, I dare say, more than was good for me. If I were still young, perhaps I should not make this confession; but too many women are fond of government, I suppose, because they are not fit for it. To be unstable and capricious, I really think, is but too characteristic of our sex; and there is, perhaps, no animal so much indebted to subordination for its good behaviour, as woman. I have soberly and uniformly maintained this doctrine, ever since I have been capable of observation, and I do so now in sincerity and simplicity, both from what I felt at home and have seen abroad."

Speaking of "popping the question," we are reminded that it is still customary in the East with Europeans, and we have another short story to tell and bearing upon that interesting topic. A Madras journal records that an English gentleman went down to Pondicherry the other day, fascinated by a certain Pondicherry fair one. Alas! he only knew his own mother-tongue, and his adored damsel only knew French. But a friendly ayah, who actually knew a smattering of French and English, appeared opportunely on the scene. So the gentleman sat on one chair, the lady on another, and the ayah squatted between them on the ground. The gentleman paid his compliments, and sweetly looked unutterable things. The lady replied to the compliments, and looked ditto, and the ayah translated with an oily glee delicious to witness. "Tell the lady I love, I respect, I esteem, I adore her!" said the amorous swain. The question was translated, and a blush ensued; then came the reply, through the ayah, "Missy say she too much pleased—you very fine gentleman." The enraptured lover now poured forth his very soul, which took ten minutes to translate. Like Bottom, but in a far more agreeable way, "he was translated." Then came again a reply—"Missy say she love you too much—oh, so very too much—you one very high-raste sahib—but Missy ask have you got plenty rupee?" The latter replied in the affirmative, upon which the fair one's lips again poured forth a flood of French into English, saying: "Missy she very much love you master, and will marry you honour; will master please to kissy Missy?" The rapturous first kiss then was interchanged; and need we inform our readers a grand marriage was the happy result! The Pondicherry World and his wife were present at the ceremony, and a hundred satin slippers were thrown after the lovely bride and handsome bridegroom as they drove off on their blissful honeymoon tour.—*Queen.*

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

LORD DUFFERIN.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

"Per vias rectas."

Like the swift eagle darting through the air,
Straight and unerring to its destined mark,
Or soaring high the sun as doth the lark,
So seekest thou by ways direct and fair
Tay noble ends of truth and virtue rare,
And soar'st above the devious ways and dark
Of cunning earthly craft, its guile and cark:
The stamp of truest knighthood thou dost bear,
Like Arthur, Briton's "blameless king," who bound
In noble fellowship of chivalry
The goodly phalanx of the Table Round.
Be thine the task to mould the destiny
Of this fair land, to latest times renowned
As home of virtue, truth, and piety.
Niagara, Nov., 1872.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

MIREILLE'S DREAM.

CHAPTER I.

THE Halifax public cannot boast of much experience in Italian opera. The little that has been exhibited there has generally been of an inferior character—worn voices, cranky stage machinery, and wholly inadequate resources of orchestration. Lovers of music, however—and they are very numerous in the Acadian capital—have not failed to throng the theatres whenever the opportunity was offered of hearing the works of the great masters. They willingly overlooked the faultiness of details, for the sake of getting an idea of the whole, and being able to boast that they had spent a few hours under the spell of such geniuses as Rossini, Donizetti, or Bellini.

Some years ago, a company performed there with rather more than ordinary success. In their repertory was included *La Sonnambula*, in which the rôle of Amina was unusually well rendered by a charming young actress from Naples.

The master-piece of poor Bellini had already been represented a couple of times during the week, but the public insisted on a third repetition, for the benefit of the young cantatrice above mentioned. That night the theatre was crowded from pit to dome. I had secured a box entirely to myself, being on such occasions constitutionally averse to any company, however pleasant, that might distract me from an absorbing attention to the glorious music. I was not destined, however, to have this selfish enjoyment that evening, for a little before the performance began, my friend Frank Bowden entered my compartment and informed me that Mireille W., with her aged father and mother, had got as far as the corridor, but could not obtain seats anywhere. Under ordinary circumstances I should not have budged from my place for any body, but on the present occasion, I arose and offered my whole box to the W— family. My reasons for so doing were that Frank was a very particular friend of mine, that Mireille was my cousin, and the most charming of my many female cousins. And also, because Frank and Mireille were dead in love with one another. I made Frank take a seat beside his *inamorata*, while I retreated to the back-ground of the box, where I enjoyed something of my coveted solitude.

There is no need here to enter into an analysis of *La Sonnambula*. It must be heard and heard often to be justly appreciated. It bears the same relation to Bellini's *Norma* that Tasso's *Amina* does to his *Guerrigione*. It is a delicious idyl, redolent of spring-time and the dawn, resonant with the song of birds and the jubilation of happy nature, palpitating with the freshness, the ingenueness, the purity of pastoral loves.

As I said before, the performance was remarkably good for a Halifax theatre. The beautiful rôle of "Amina" was especially well represented by the Neapolitan actress. Her voice was not of vast power or range, but it was rich in the lower notes, and very sweet in the upper register. Though I had heard the opera before by some of the best artists of Europe, I was completely absorbed in the present representation, and discovered beauties in it which I had never yet perceived. Indeed, my attention was so concentrated on the stage, that I took no notice of my companions in the box, nor of the crowd in the pit and galleries. I did not even experience any fatigue from standing upright for nearly three hours.

The last and principal act came on. The young Neapolitan appeared on the thatched roof of her cabin, and descended thence across the slender bridge over the mill-dam. Her eyes were closed, her hair was dishevelled, she was clad in her white night-dress, and in that melancholy plight the somnambulist traversed the perilous foot-path over the dashing waters—dreaming of love. She had a bouquet of wild flowers in her hand, which she plucked, petal by petal, and threw into the flood, while her pale lips murmured the ravishing song:

"Ah! non credea mirarti,
Si presto estinto, O fiore!"

A pin might have been heard to drop in the vast building. Why, I cannot tell, but just

then I happened to glance at my friends before me and perceived that Mireille was a prey to the most violent emotion. Neither her old parents nor Frank noticed it. She was sobbing silently, and from the convulsive movement of her shoulders I could see that she was making vain efforts to contain herself. My attention was, however, soon withdrawn from her by the orchestra working itself up for the grand finale, which I would not have missed for the world. Yes! there it was again that famous rondo, so full of love, of pathos and of melancholy. Our artist seemed to excel herself in singing it. I too wept when I heard:

"Ah! non giunge uman pensiero."

The last note had been played, the curtain had already fallen, and yet the audience were still under the spell of the somnambulist's apparition. Suddenly a cry and acclamation arose demanding the favourite actress before the footlights. In the confusion and noise which ensued, I noticed that the W— family precipitately left the box.

"What's the matter?" I inquired of Frank. "Miss Mireille is very ill," he replied. I followed them to the main entrance and called up their carriage. Frank offered to accompany them home, but old Mr. W. gruffly refused.

CHAPTER II.

MIREILLE'S father was the representative of a class that sorely tries the patience of a hot young lover. He was rude, unmannerly, bearish, and, though wealthy, his affluence had only increased his imperiousness without improving his manners. He was sternly opposed to a match between his daughter and Frank, but why, no one could tell. The young man was every way worthy of the girl. They were of the same station in life, and they had loved each other for years.

Mireille was a pale, delicate creature whose health was always fluttering on the borders of consumption. Medical art had kept her aloof from this, so far, but any slight accident—whether physical, mental or moral—was enough to cast her into it without redemption. Her father loved her well, but, as we have seen, he was a self-willed old fool, who had the pretension to tyrannize her emotion at that critical period of a girl's life—first love. Mireille was a dutiful, good girl, and she tried hard to do her father's bidding, but she could not uproot her love, and the very effort to do it injured her health. It was her misfortune, too, to be of a very nervous temperament. The least excitement set her whole frame tingling, and her artistic predilections were often the occasion of acute pain, which marred her otherwise thorough enjoyment of poetry and music.

No one—not even myself—had gazed on the beauties of *La Sonnambula* as she had. The difference between us was, that being an unreclaimed and perhaps unreclaimable Bohemian, I had no objective love, but only an ideal one, to which I could adapt the situations of the opera, according to my phantasy; whereas she, living solely and wholly in Frank, made him the Count Rodolfo of Bellini's creation, and recognized her own yearnings in those of the adorable Amina. The consequence was that while every note of the immortal partition sank deep into my soul, soothing and tranquilizing it, it proved for Mireille a new language of passionate love, which unstrung her delicate nerves and plunged her into a tempest of emotions which she had never the physical or moral strength to contain. Hence, it was no wonder that at the end of the representation she would be quite ill.

Frank was, of course, much affected at the roughness of old W— that night. Indeed, he took it so hard that he informed me he was tempted to leave the city forever in despair. I tried to console him, and we walked about the streets for a long time, talking on a variety of subjects. Finally I persuaded him to put up at my rooms for the rest of the night.

"To-morrow morning," I said, "I will call on Uncle W— myself, and argue the matter seriously with him. If he won't listen to me, I am sure my aunt will, for she is a kind and sensible woman."

With this assurance we threw away our cigars and entered my bachelor quarters, which were situated nearly opposite the palatial residence of the W—s, on King Street.

CHAPTER III.

NOT more than three hours had elapsed since we had left the theatre, when I fancied I heard some one pulling at my night bell. Frank was fast asleep in an adjoining room, and I had probably slept too, so that I was not quite certain whether I had heard ringing or not. A second pull at the wires, however, left me in no doubt. I ran to the window and inquired who was there.

"It's me, Master John."
I recognized the voice of Nancy, my Uncle W—s's fat cook.

"Master and mistress wants you to come over, right away, sir."

Remembering Mireille's illness, and fearing that something was wrong, I hastily slipped on my clothes and darted down the stair. Nancy was already gone, and I crossed the street at once. On coming to the front door, I found it opened by the cook, who exclaimed breathlessly:

"Run into the garden, sir; run."

I rushed in the direction indicated, and in a moment reached the scene of excitement. In the capacious garden there was a long bower erected for the propping of vines which my uncle was very fond of cultivating. This bower was terminated by a pavilion, some fourteen feet high, in a yet unfinished state. This he intended for a summer house, and for that purpose he was building stone tables and seats in it. On my coming up, what was my surprise to find that Mireille had climbed to the top of the pavilion and was slowly walking along its edge. She had a bouquet of flowers in her hand, the same that I had seen Frank give her at the theatre. Her eyes were closed; she was barefoot and had her night-clothes on.

"This is a case of somnambulism," I whispered to my uncle and aunt, who stood by in the most painful anxiety.

"Yes, and caused by that confounded opera," muttered the old man.

"Never mind the cause," exclaimed the excited mother. "John, you must help us to rescue our child from her perilous position. I am almost paralyzed with fear."

The position was indeed perilous. What was I to do? Mireille had already been called by name and had not answered. To call her too gruffly or loudly would frighten her and cause her to lose her footing. To apply a ladder to the framework of the pavilion was out of the question, for it scarcely held together. It swayed and crackled even under her gentle, measured tread. If she awoke suddenly, she would certainly fall; if she awoke gradually, she could not possibly find her way down with safety. In either case, she would assuredly be precipitated on the fragments of stone and marble below, and from such a height, the fall would be fatal. The only hope of rescue was to have her descend in her somnambulistic state. She would thus come down as securely, though unaccountably, as she had gone up. But how was this to be expected? I communicated my idea to the father and mother who eagerly grasped at it, but were also at a loss how to carry it out. And yet no time was to be lost. At last a bright thought struck me.

"Will you let me do just as I wish?" I asked.

"Oh! yes, yes," they both exclaimed. "Do what you like, so you save her."

Without saying more, I rushed out of the garden, right through the house and directly across the street to my rooms. My plan was made up and I did not hesitate. I pulled Frank out of bed and in a few words explained my notion to him.

"This is your providential opportunity, my boy," I said. "Take that guitar from the wall and come along."

In five minutes we were both back into the garden. I pushed Frank behind a large catalpa near by and then hastened up to the pavilion.

"Well?" said Mr. and Mrs. W— eagerly, seizing my arm.

"All is right," I answered.

"How?"

"Listen," I exclaimed.

Just then, the sweet sounds of a guitar were heard, preluding an air of *La Sonnambula*.

My uncle and aunt looked at me.

"Pat!" I whispered, placing my finger on my lips. Then, in a soft mellow voice—Frank was a very fair tenor—was repeated the enchanting

"Ah! non giunge....."

The effect was magical. Mireille dropped her flowers, raised her sweet face to the moonlight, and with an ineffable smile of happiness, came down slowly from the pavilion to the bower and down along the shafts of the bower to a slanting beam that reached to the ground. Her father and mother rushed up to her.

"You are saved, my child!"

She fell upon their neck and embraced them, then turning quietly round, she asked:

"Whose voice was it that saved me?"

We need not dwell longer on this scene. Our readers can easily guess how it terminated and what came of it.

Of course, I am a favourite and ever welcome visitor at my cousin's, Mireille Bowden. On her wedding day I presented her a magnificently bound copy of *La Sonnambula*, and we often play it together. She has likewise read up in old quaint books the theories of hypnology and somnambulism and penetrated all their mysteries.

It was only last night, that having her little Minnie on my knee, I asked her:

"Will you be a dreamer like your mother, dear?"

And the mother answered for her:

"No! no! Such dreams are dreadful, and it is only once in a century that they come true."

THE END.

Art and Literature.

Stanley is to lecture in Montreal on some day in December.

The second volume of Forster's *Life of Dickens* is announced as nearly ready.

Mr. W. L. Clowes, London, has suggested the publication of a very cheap series of English classics.

Steps are being taken under the auspices of the Scottish Reformation Society to celebrate the tercentenary of the death of John Knox.

Mdme. Nilsson-Rouzaud has written to a friend in New York, stating that she intends to return to America for another tour, at the earliest opportunity.

Dr. Carruthers, of Inverness, is preparing a thoroughly revised edition of the "Cyclopedia of English Literature," which he wrote in conjunction with the late Dr. Robert Chambers.

Earl Russell is about to publish a volume of "Essays on the Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the end of the Council of Trent."

A new publication, to be called the *Workman's Magazine*, will be published in London at the commencement of next year, and will be devoted expressly to the interests of the working classes.

Mr. Charles Reade is engaged at present writing a new tale for the Christmas number of the *Graphic*, and it is rumoured that the subject is of a nature that will recall the famous Tichborne case.

Messrs. Cassell, Peeter, and Galpin will shortly commence the issue of a new serial work, entitled "Old and New London; a Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places," by Walter Thornbury.

The Genevese paper the *Bien Public*, announces that Dr. Merle d'Aubigné has left two volumes, almost completed, on the Reformation, in which the history is carried down to the death of Luther.

James Reid, the author of the popular songs, "The Good Rhein Wein," "The Stout Old Brigadier," and many other well-known songs, died on the 20th ult., in greatly reduced circumstances, at the age of 73.

Judy is about to produce a book of comicallies, five hundred humorous pictures, with descriptive letter-press, selected from her earlier volumes. The work will be printed by Dalziel Brothers, at the Camden Press.

Mr. Carlyle is making some additions to his "Life of Schiller," the publication of which in the "People's Edition" of his collected works is accordingly postponed till after the third volume of his "Life of Frederick the Great" has appeared.

Patti and Nilsson are now singing in opera at St. Petersburg, and the friendly rivalry between the two stars creates a pleasant excitement. They do not come into immediate collision, although vying with each other in favourite rôles on alternate nights.

"Vingt Mois de Présidence" is the title of a work brought out, in two parts, by J. Hetzel & Cie., of Paris. It gives the history of M. Thiers's government from the 17th of February, 1871; and examines the constitutional questions of the day. The book is supposed to be inspired, if not written, by M. Thiers.

Mr. W. H. Hart purposes issuing shortly the first part of "Index Expurgatorius Anglicanus," or a descriptive catalogue of the principal books printed or published in England which have been suppressed or burnt by the common hangman, or censured, or for which the authors, printers, or publishers have been prosecuted.

Mr. Robert Dale Owen has contracted with the *Atlantic Monthly* to publish his autobiography, in monthly chapters, beginning with the number for January. The work will be very comprehensive in scope, and likely to prove interesting to a large class of readers, whether they do or do not agree with the author's views on "Spiritualism."

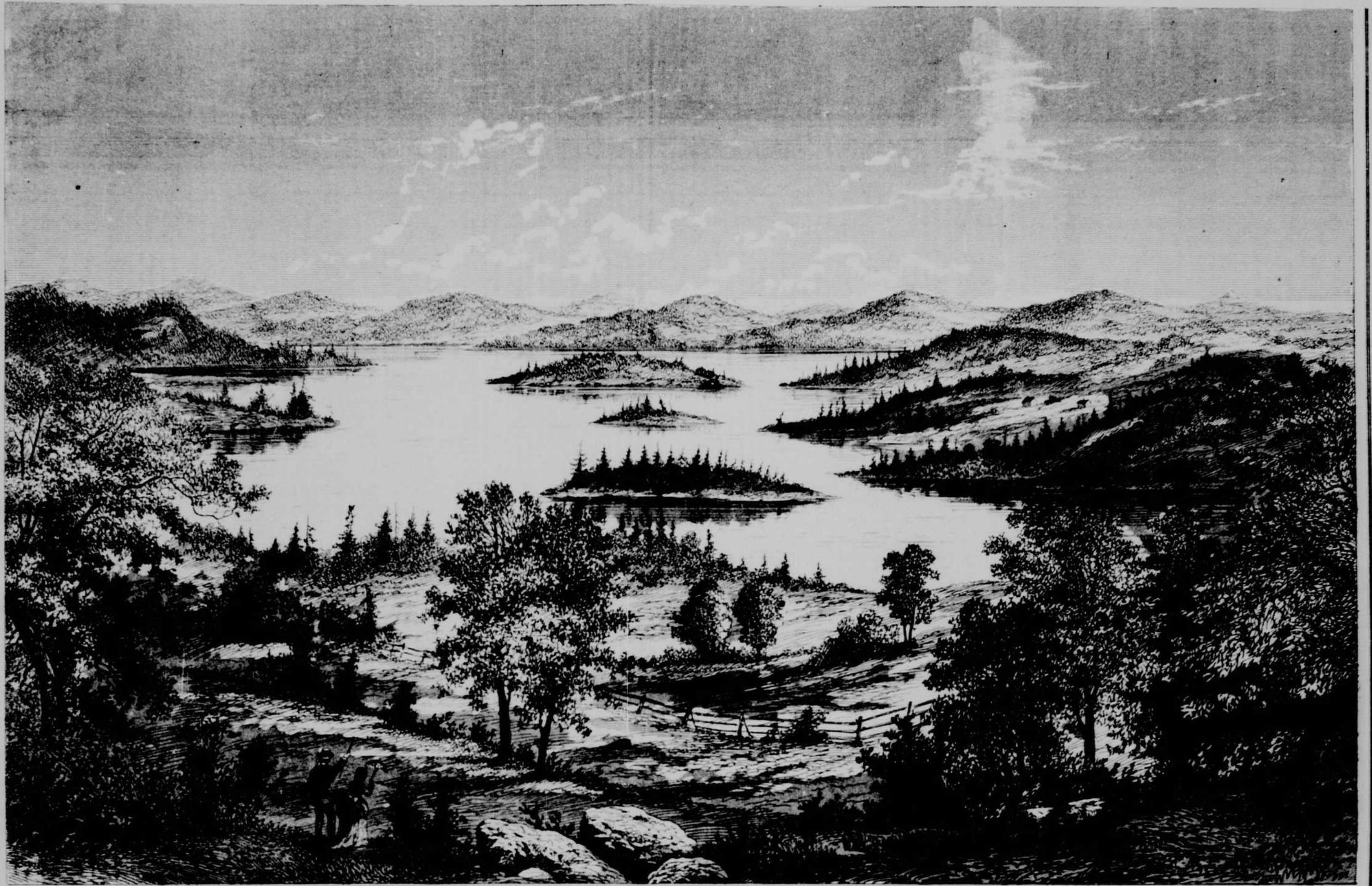
M. Jules Simon, the French Minister of Public Instruction, is forming a collection of copies of the old masterpieces of painting and sculpture, to be made by the best French artists. A large number of Raphaels, Rembrandts, Velasquez, &c., have already arrived from Holland, England, Spain, and Italy, and are now on view at the Palais de l'Industrie.

The Rev. J. Burgon, vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, after much research in the Bodleian Library, has discovered the exact spot where Amy Robsart was buried, and has caused the following inscription to be placed in the chancel of St. Mary's Church: "In a vault of brick, at the upper end of this quire, was buried Amy Robsart, wife of Lord Robert Dudley, K. G., Sunday, 22nd September, A. D. 1560."

The Paris *Figaro*, ever ready to sneer at Victor Hugo, thinks it singular that such an ultra-democrat should choose kings and aristocrats for his themes, and quotes "Lucrèce Borgia," "Marie Tudor," "Roy Blas," "Angelo," "Marion Delorme," "Le Roi s'amuse," and "Hernani," as examples. Does not *Figaro* know that "kings and nobles" are not landed, but mostly held up to reproach in these works? He ought.

It is reported that Madlle. Albani will soon appear at one of the Paris lyric theatres. Here is an *avant-courier* of the event, in the shape of an aerostic from the pen of M. Sylvain St. Etienne:—

A l'Aube elle emprunta son nom si souriant.
L. a fauvette des bois lui donna son ramage;
B. elle a désespéré les hours d'Orient,
A. u théâtre, au salon, chacun lui rend hommage.
N. ilsson, Lueca, Patti, pour votre quatuor,
I. la vous faut d'Albani l. voix au timbre d'or.



EUTOPIA LAKE, N. B.

SKETCHES IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—BY E. J. RUSSELL.
LAKE EUTOPIA, N. B.

That portion of the county of Charlotte, N. B., that lies within a few miles of the Bay of Fundy is extremely rugged and broken. The hills in some parts rise nearly to the dignity of mountains. In many of the valleys formed by these upheaved masses of syenite are found beautiful lakes quietly reposing, protected on all sides by the grim fortresses of nature's handiwork. Within five miles of the Port of St. George, a thriving village at the mouth of the Magaguadavic, can be found the subject of our sketch, "Eutopia," the beautiful, and Queen of New Brunswick lakes, resting in majestic silence, guarded on the west by frowning precipices of red tinted syenite, and on the north, south and east by rolling hills capped with bald granitic heads. The wavelets of this lovely sheet of water break gently on a margin composed of a firm sand of silvery whiteness. Its bosom is decked with many pretty islets garnished with maple and birch. Eutopia is about nine miles in length, and in some places three in width. Its shores are indented with miniature bays and caves, which give wonderful variety of shapes to the lake when viewed from different points. In spring and fall it is a favourite resort for a few Waltonians who know the haunts of the beautiful speckled "three pounds," who lurk in quiet pools resting on gravelly beds. As a *tout ensemble*, no matter from where you view it, Lake Eutopia is charmingly romantic—alas! that there should be any drawback to such a beautiful piece of creation.

When night throws its dark mantle over land and lake and river, the red man cautiously paddles shorewards, he trusts not its witchery of beauty. He believes that fathoms down lurks a monster that may, without warning, suddenly appear and make a meal of Mic-Mac, paddles and canoe. Nor is this superstition confined to the aborigine. The dwellers by the lake nearly without exception firmly believe that a huge fish or serpent has a home in "Eutopia," for have they not seen it, basking sometimes full length of 100 feet or thereabouts, like a huge pine log on the surface of the waters? And does it not occasionally, when in a sportive mood, raise "Ned" generally at the bottom, sending up old logs, spruce edgings, and ancient deposits of various kinds and sorts, causing the water to boil and foam, as if a geyser had suddenly broke loose?

For many years a creature, real or imaginary, has kept up a lively time among people residing near the lake. It is not long since a joint stock company was formed in St. George, with a capital of \$200, for the purpose of procuring nets and apparatus for the capture of the monster. Nets were made and set, and a party of well-known gentlemen, among whom was an officer of the Fishery Department, went from St. John to assist at its capture. They were all armed to the teeth, but unfortunately about that time his "fishyness" became sulky, and the braves who tempted fate and the jaws of an angry monster returned to the metropolis of New Brunswick without bagging their game. The chief Medicine Man of the Mic-Macs swears that a fearful creature with head as large as a puncheon followed him and a brother Indian in their canoe some distance soon after the ice was cut this spring, snapping its bloody jaws in a most horrible manner. The sketch is a faithful representation of the Lake Monster as described by the Medicine Man.

About six years ago, below the red syenite bluffs that range along the western shores of the lake, was found an oval slab of red binary granite 2 ft. long by 18 in. in width, on which was chiselled the form of a human head in well preserved relief. The sketch is a correct copy. This singular piece of ancient sculpture has been the cause of much speculation as to its origin. The style of the head is decidedly Asiatic in character. Who cut it remains a mystery. The slab is in the custody of the Natural History Society of St. John. The mountain ranges of red granite found near the lake are likely to prove of commercial value, if the deposit on investigation is found to be free of faults and suitable for building and monumental purposes, as it rivals in beauty the famous Scottish Peterhead. Of this region a separate sketch will appear in a future number of the News. The Town of St. Andrews is now putting up a very fine Marine Hotel in full view of the beautiful Bay. It will be opened next spring, and will likely be



HEAD CARVED IN STONE, FOUND NEAR LAKE EUTOPIA.

much patronised by Montrealers. A short sail or three hours' drive from thence takes the visitor to "Eutopia," where he will find splendid fishing and perhaps get a chance of seeing the monster.

The lake obtained its name in this wise: When the country was first settled in 1783, the Government granted free lots to a number of disbanded soldiers. The surveyor merely laid out the fronts. After a little time some enterprising fellow endeavoured to explore his estate and found that after wandering a short distance the lake made up for many miles of imaginary property as per chart. The consequence was that the Government, when they were put in possession of the real geographical state of the matter, caused their lands to be extended on the other side of the broad waters of the Eutopian farms.

E. J. R.

DOGS AS BEASTS OF DRAUGHT.

A correspondent of *Land and Water* writes as follows on the practicability of employing dogs as beasts of burden:

Mr. Helps, in his recently published most excellent work, eulogises a so-called "paternal government," as indicating a love for, and tender interest in, the general body of the governed. Unfortunately the paternal instinct does not always point out the best means of securing the desired benefit and happiness. The existing law, prohibiting the employment of dogs as beasts of draught, we hold to be a case in point. No legislative measures have commended themselves more entirely to the good feeling and sense of the country than those passed for the protection of the so-called dumb animals. Martin will live for ever as the originator of the Act which bears his name. The late sea and land bird protection acts, slightly modified as they probably will be redound to the credit of their authors, and the dog-stealing bill, introduced through the exertions of our late revered friend, the "Bishop of Bond Street," adds to the regard in which his memory is held by his friends. The enactment above referred to was passed with the most humane intent, but has always struck me as a palpable and mischievous mistake. I do not hesitate to say, that of all animals used to assist man in drawing loads the only one that does its work willingly, that really enjoys the task committed to him, is the dog. With him "labour that he loves physics pain." Compare this willing and efficient friend to man with other beasts of draught or burden. The camel groans and bites, and works sulkily, reluctantly, and

only under compulsion. The ox, the picture of patient endurance, plods slowly and wearily along, submitting, indeed, under the infliction of goad or lash, but protesting in every member against the unfairness of man in both working and eating him. The ass hates the work imposed upon him, and makes no secret of his feelings. Even the horse, about whose "noble nature" more nonsense is talked, and more lies uttered, than about any other animal, will not work except upon compulsion, and only after being "broken" to it. The most so-called generous and high-spirited of the tribe will, if unrestrained, run directly back to the stall or field he has just been taken from to be put to his daily work, *otium quisquis*. Now the dog, the real friend of man, in fact among beasts, the only one he has, absolutely revels in the act of drawing a load, he dashes at his work in a joyous, hearty spirit, and proclaims, by loud exulting barks, how much he joys in aiding and assisting his beloved master. The work a large dog will do is something very considerable, and of great value. I remember two which drew a heavy load from Charley, in Sussex, to Brighton, a distance of fifteen miles, and back in the day, and that at least three times a week, no doubt earning, by the carriage of parcels one way and of fish the other, a good livelihood for themselves and master. I have seen these animals when let out in the morning, rush barking to their carriage, and struggle to get into their simple harness. I once taught a mastiff to assist in towing a skiff on the Thames, and excepting that he was inclined to run away with his load, he did it capably, and with evident delight. But dogs, it may be said, were sometimes cruelly treated. No doubt they were; so we grieve to know are horses, donkeys, camels, and oxen. It is the use, not the abuse, of the animal I advocate, and although it could hardly be held as an argument, if the act were justified, as two wrongs do not make a right, we might point to the case of these miserable goats, which may be seen at Brighton, and other watering-places, harnessed to a filthy flea-infested carriage, beaten, bullied, and cruelly used by children, nurses, and the boys who drive them. I have often wondered at the idiotic stupidity of the well-meaning persons who, straining at a gnat, were responsible for preventing the really useful and willing dog from doing what he dearly loves to do, and permit creatures like the goat to be tortured by work alike repugnant to their nature and conformation.

HEMLOCK AS A POISON.

No poison claims a higher antiquity or a greater historical interest than hemlock. To the physician there is none that surpasses it in physiological interest. The bare mention of the plant carries one back to the days of the Grecian republic, and recalls the undying name of Socrates, Theramenes, and Phocion—men who have submitted to the baneful influence of hemlock rather than betray the liberty of their country. If we would learn the effect of the Athenian State poison, we may have Plato for our teacher, and for a subject him of whom Cicero justly said "that he was the first who called down philosophy from heaven to earth, and introduced her into the public walks and domestic retirements of men, that she might instruct them concerning life and manners." "Socrates," says Plato, "received the fatal cup without change of countenance or the least perturbation. His executioner directed him to walk about until he should feel his legs becoming heavy. He did so until the chilling operation compelled him to lie down; then it seized upon the more vital parts. The executioner approached him, said to his friends that when the effects of the poison would reach his heart Socrates would depart. Then, uncovering him he found that the lower portion of the body was cold. At this time Socrates spoke these last words to his friend Critto: "Critto we owe Esculapius a cock; pay the debt, and do not forget it," and in a short time was convulsed. The man then uncovered him; his eyes were fixed, and when Critto observed this, he closed his eye-lids and his mouth.

In this account we have ample proof of the action of hemlock. The legs grow heavy, and the chilling effects creep on. The victim no longer able to stand, lies down; at last the respiration ceases, accompanied, as is usual in such cases, by a slight convulsive tremor, the mind remaining clear and tranquil to the last.



THE MONSTER OF LAKE EUTOPIA.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]
LIVER VERSUS LOVE.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED DYSPEPTIC.
(Dedicated to all fellow-sufferers.)

Last week I felt gloomy and horribly ill.
And I longed for a something my blank heart to fill.
So I fell deep in love, and I failed to discover,
That instead of true love, it was nothing but liver.

I mandered, I spooned, like an idiot I acted,
When away from the loved one I felt quite distracted,
And it took a whole fortnight of physic to prove
That I suffered from liver instead of from love.

I believe I proposed, though I really can't say
But I feel very thankful she didn't say yes.
So though I'm rejected, I freely forgive her,
For my love is all gone now, I'm right in my liver.

Moral.

Now, you middle-aged sufferers who suffer like this,
And coddle your agony as though it were bliss,
Just list to my maxim, and what I propose is:
You, of your complaint, make a strict diagnosis.

Take two or three pills every night for a week,
And during that time to the loved one don't speak,
Take a long walk each day, though it rain, hail or
[freeze],
And you'll find that the liver's the seat of disease.

W. H. F.

Montreal, 20th Nov., 1872.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act
of 1868.]

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—*Mablethorpe House.*

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

With that frank avowal, he left the lunch-table, and took a chair near Mercy.

"You will naturally be anxious," he went on, "to know what my offence was. Do you understand Political Economy and the Laws of Supply and Demand?"

Mercy owned that she did not understand them.

"No more do I—in a Christian country," he said. "That was my offence. You shall hear my confession (just as my aunt will hear it) in two words."

He paused for a little while; his variable manner changed again. Mercy, shyly looking at him, saw a new expression in his eyes—an expression which recalled her first remembrance of him as nothing had recalled it yet.

"I had no idea," he resumed, "of what the life of a farm-labourer really was, in some parts of England, until I undertook the rector's duties. Never before had I seen such dire wretchedness as I saw in the cottages. Never before had I met with such noble patience under suffering as I found among the people. The martyrs of old could endure, and die. I asked myself if they could endure, and live, like the martyrs whom I saw round me?—live, week after week, month after month, year after year, on the brink of starvation; live, and see their pining children growing up round them, to work and want in their turn; live, with the poor man's parish-prison to look to as the end, when hunger and labour have done their worst! Was God's beautiful earth made to hold such misery as this? I can hardly think of it, I can hardly speak of it, even now, with dry eyes!"

His head sank on his breast. He waited—mastering his emotion before he spoke again. Now, at last, she knew him once more. Now he was the man, indeed whom she had expected to see. Unconsciously, she sat listening, with her eyes fixed on his face, with her heart hanging on his words, in the very attitude of the by-gone day when she had heard him for the first time!

"I did all I could to plead for the helpless ones," he resumed. "I went round among the holders of the land to say a word for the tillers of the land. 'These patient people don't want much' (I said); 'in the name of Christ, give them enough to live on!' Political Economy shrieked at the horrid proposal; the Laws of Supply and Demand veiled their majestic faces in dismay. Starvation wages were the right wages, I was told. And why? Because the labourer was obliged to accept them! I determined, so far as one man could do it, that the labourer should not be obliged to accept them. I collected my own resources—I wrote to my friends—and I removed some of the poor fellows to parts of England where their work was better paid. Such was the conduct which made the neighbourhood too hot to hold me. So let it be! I mean to go on. I am known in London; I can raise subscriptions. The vile Laws of Supply and Demand shall find labour scarce in that agricultural district; and pitiless Political Economy shall spend a few extra shillings on the poor, as certainly as I am that Radical, Communist, and Incendiary—Julian Gray!"

He rose—making a little gesture of apology for the warmth with which he had spoken—and took a turn in the room. Fired by his enthusiasm, Mercy followed him. Her purse was in her hand when he turned and faced her.

"Pray let me offer my little tribute—such as it is!" she said, eagerly.

A momentary flush spread over his pale

cheeks as he looked at the beautiful compassionate face pleading with him.

"No! no!" he said, smiling, "though I am a parson, I don't carry the begging-box everywhere." Mercy attempted to press the purse on him. The quaint humour began to twinkle again in his eyes as he abruptly drew back from it. "Don't tempt me!" he said. "The frailest of all human creatures is a clergyman tempted by a subscription." Mercy persisted, and conquered; she made him prove the truth of his own profound observation of clerical human nature by taking a piece of money from the purse. "If I must take it—I must!" he remarked. "Thank you for setting the good example! thank you for giving the timely help! What name shall I put down on my list?"

Mercy's eyes looked confusedly away from him.

"No name," she said in a low voice. "My subscription is anonymous."

As she replied, the library door opened. To her infinite relief—to Julian's secret disappointment—Lady Janet Roy and Horace Holm-croft entered the room together.

"Julian!" exclaimed Lady Janet, holding up her hands in astonishment.

He kissed his aunt on the cheek. "Your ladyship is looking charmingly."

He gave his hand to Horace. Horace took it, and passed on to Mercy. They walked away together slowly to the other end of the room. Julian seized on the chance which left him free to speak privately to his aunt.

"I came in through the conservatory," he said. "And I found that young lady in the room. Who is she?"

"Are you very much interested in her?" asked Lady Janet, in her gravely ironical way.

Julian answered in one expressive word. "Indescribably!"

Lady Janet called to Mercy to join her.

"My dear," she said, "let me formally present my nephew to you. Julian, this is Miss Grace Roseberry—"

She suddenly checked herself. The instant she pronounced the name, Julian started as if it was a surprise to him.

"What is it?" she asked sharply.

"Nothing," he answered, bowing to Mercy, with a marked absence of his former ease of manner. She returned the courtesy a little restrainedly on her side. She too had seen him start when Lady Janet mentioned the name by which she was known. The start meant something. What could it be? Why did he turn aside, after bowing to her, and address himself to Horace, with an absent look in his face, as if his thoughts were far away from his words? A complete change had come over him; and it dated from the moment when his aunt had pronounced the name that was not her name—the name that she had stolen!

Lady Janet claimed Julian's attention, and left Horace free to return to Mercy.

"Your room is ready for you," she said. "You will stay here of course?"

Julian accepted the invitation—still with the air of a man whose mind was pre-occupied. Instead of looking at his aunt when he made his reply, he looked round at Mercy, with a troubled curiosity in his face, very strange to see. Lady Janet tapped him impatiently on the shoulder.

"I expect people to look at me when people speak to me," she said. "What are you staring at my adopted daughter for?"

"Your adopted daughter?" Julian repeated—looking at his aunt this time, and looking very earnestly.

"Certainly! As Colonel Roseberry's daughter, she is connected with me by marriage already. Did you think I had picked up a four'ling?"

Julian's face cleared; he looked relieved. "I had forgotten the Colonel," he answered. "Of course the young lady is related to us, as you say."

"Charmed, I am sure, to have satisfied you that Grace is not an imposter," said Lady Janet, with satirical humility. She took Julian's arm, and drew him out of hearing of Horace and Mercy. "About that letter of yours?" she proceeded. "There is one line in it that rouses my curiosity. Who is the mysterious 'lady' whom you wish to present to me?"

Julian started, and changed colour. "I can't tell you just now," he said in a whisper.

"Why not?" To Lady Janet's unutterable astonishment, instead of replying, Julian looked round at her adopted daughter once more.

"What has she got to do with it?" asked the old lady, out of all patience with him.

"It is impossible for me to tell you," he answered gravely, "while Miss Roseberry is in the room."

CHAPTER IX.

NEWS FROM MANNHEIM.

LADY JANET'S curiosity was by this time thoroughly aroused. Summoned to explain who the nameless lady mentioned in this letter could possibly be, Julian had looked at her adopted daughter. Asked next to explain

what her adopted daughter had got to do with it, he had declared that he could not answer while Miss Roseberry was in the room.

What did he mean? Lady Janet determined to find out.

"I hate all mysteries," she said to Julian. "And as for secrets, I consider them to be one of the forms of ill-breeding. People in our rank of life ought to be above whispering in corners. If you must have your mystery, I can offer you a corner in the library. Come with me."

Julian followed his aunt very reluctantly. Whatever the mystery might be, he was plainly embarrassed by being called upon to reveal it at a moment's notice. Lady Janet settled herself in her chair, prepared to question and cross-question her nephew—when an obstacle appeared at the other end of the library, in the shape of a manservant with a message. One of Lady Janet's neighbours had called by appointment to take her to the meeting of a certain committee which assembled that day. The servant announced that the neighbour—an elderly lady—was then waiting in her carriage at the door.

Lady Janet's ready invention set the obstacle aside without a moment's delay. She directed the servant to show her visitor into the drawing room, and to say that she was unexpectedly engaged, but that Miss Roseberry would see the lady immediately. She then turned to Julian, and said, with her most satirical emphasis of tone and manner, "Would it be an additional convenience if Miss Roseberry was not only out of the room, before you disclose your secret, but out of the house?"

Julian gravely answered, "It may possibly be quite as well if Miss Roseberry is out of the house."

Lady Janet led the way back to the dining-room.

"My dear Grace," she said, "you looked flushed and feverish when I saw you asleep on the sofa a little while since. It will do you no harm to have a drive in the fresh air. Our friend has called to take me to the committee meeting. I have sent to tell her that I am engaged—and I shall be much obliged if you will go in my place."

Mercy looked a little alarmed. "Does your ladyship mean the committee meeting of the Samaritan Convalescent Home? The members, as I understand it, are to decide to-day which of the plans for the new building they are to adopt. I cannot surely presume to vote in your place?"

"You can vote, my dear child, just as well as I can," replied the old lady. "Architecture is one of the lost arts. You know nothing about it; I know nothing about it; the architects themselves know nothing about it. One plan is no doubt just as bad as the other. Vote, as I should vote, with the majority. Or as poor dear Dr. Johnson said, 'Shout with the loudest mob.' Away with you—and don't keep the committee waiting."

Horace hastened to open the door for Mercy.

"How long shall you be away?" he whispered confidentially. "I had a thousand things to say to you, and they have interrupted us."

"I shall be back in an hour."

"We shall have the room to ourselves by that time—Come here when you return. You will find me waiting for you."

Mercy pressed his hand significantly and went out. Lady Janet turned to Julian, who had thus far remained in the background, still, to all appearance, as unwilling as ever to enlighten his aunt.

"Well?" she said. "What is tying your tongue now? Grace is out of the room; why don't you begin? Is Horace in the way?"

"Not in the least. I am only a little uneasy—"

"Uneasy about what?"

"I am afraid you have put that charming creature to some inconvenience in sending her away just at this time."

Horace looked up suddenly with a flush on his face.

"When you say 'that charming creature,' he asked sharply, "I suppose you mean Miss Roseberry?"

"Certainly," answered Julian. "Why not?"

Lady Janet interposed. "Gently, Julian," she said. "Grace has only been introduced to you hitherto in the character of my adopted daughter—"

"And it seems to be high time," Horace added haughtily, "that I should present her next in the character of my engaged wife."

Julian looked at Horace as if he could hardly credit the evidence of his own ears. "Your wife!" he exclaimed, with an irrepressible outburst of disappointment and surprise.

"Yes. My wife," returned Horace. "We are to be married in a fortnight. May I ask," he added, with angry humility, "if you disapprove of the marriage?"

Lady Janet interposed once more. "Nonsense, Horace," she said. "Julian congratulates you, of course."

Julian coldly and absently echoed the words. "Oh, yes! I congratulate you, of course."

Lady Janet returned to the main object of the interview.

"Now we thoroughly understand one another," she said, "let us speak of a lady

who has dropped out of the conversation for the last minute or two. I mean, Julian, the mysterious lady of your letter. We are alone, as you desired. Lift the veil, my reverend nephew, which hides her from mortal eyes! Blush, if you like—and can. Is she the future Mrs. Julian Gray?"

"She is a perfect stranger to me," Julian answered, quietly.

"A perfect stranger! You wrote me word you were interested in her."

"I am interested in her. And, what is more, you are interested in her, too."

Lady Janet's fingers drummed impatiently on the table. "Have I not warned you, Julian, that I hate mysteries? Will you, or will you not, explain yourself?"

Before it was possible to answer, Horace rose from his chair. "Perhaps I am in the way?" he said.

Julian signed to him to sit down again.

"I have already told Lady Janet that you are not in the way," he answered. "I now tell you—as Miss Roseberry's future husband—that you too have an interest in hearing what I have to say."

Horace resumed his seat with an air of suspicious surprise. Julian addressed himself to Lady Janet.

"You have often heard me speak," he began, "of my old friend and schoolfellow, John Crossingham?"

"Yes. The English consul at Mannheim?"

"The same. When I returned from the country I found among my other letters, a long letter from the consul. I have brought it with me, and I propose to read certain passages from it, which tell a very strange story more plainly and more credibly than I can tell it in my own words."

"Will it be very long?" inquired Lady Janet, looking with some alarm at the closely written sheets of paper which her nephew spread open before him.

Horace followed with a question on his side.

"You are sure I am interested in it?" he asked. "The consul at Mannheim is a total stranger to me."

"I answer for it," replied Julian, gravely, "neither my aunt's patience nor yours, Horace, will be thrown away if you will favour me by listening attentively to what I am about to read."

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

Dr. Hall tells the story of a Scotoman who sung most piously the hymn,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
and all through the singing was fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the contribution-box.

A member of the late university crew at Yale was trying the other day, with questionable success, to smoke an asthmatic pipe, when he remarked that it blew better than it pulled. "Yes," replied a scientific, "I have known some people who blew better than they pulled." Member of university crew was silent.

A local paper says that at the North Wilts election some time ago, a voter who resides in a small country town not far from Corsham was applied to several times for his vote. This, however, he resolutely refused to give—"For," said he, "directly after I voted last time the bread rose, and I made up my mind from that time that I'd never vote any more."

What shall we say of that benighted bachelor who, being called on for a toast, gave "Our Future Wives—distance lends enchantment to the view!" And that other one, if possible a shade more reprobate, who proposed, "Woman—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age; bless our stars, and may they always be kept at a telescopic distance!"

The Titusville Press chronicles the following event with modest pride: "Titusville was not the birthplace of the Father of his country," but we have a man residing here who slipped up on a muddy crossing, this forenoon, and sat down on a roll of butter which he was carrying home, and instead of swearing, he simply rose, scraped the butter from his pants into the paper again, and went on again as if nothing had happened."

An itinerant musician has created some excitement in the streets of Waterford and Tramore during the past few days by walking about with a really excellent grinding organ placed in a donkey cart. It has been found out that the wanderer is a gentleman of some property in one of the central counties in Ireland, who has wagered £5,000 that he will support himself and his donkey for six months by grinding his organ.

A lady who had received a severe bite on her arm from a dog went to Dr. Abernethy, but hearing of his aversion to bear the statement of particulars, she merely uncovered the injured part and held it before him in silence. After examining it he said, in an inquiring tone, "Scratch?" "Bite," said the lady. "Cat?" inquired the doctor. "Dog," rejoined the lady. So delighted was the doctor with the brevity and promptness of the lady's answers that he exclaimed, "Zounds, madam, you are the most sensible woman I have met with in all my life!"

FORGIVEN WITH A VENGEANCE.—A couple ran off to get married, and came back to the

bride's house, where she humbly sued for the forgiveness of her father, kneeling at his feet all tears.—"Forgive, forgive me, dearest father!" sobbed the lovely suppliant. "Forgive you!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "why, I am only too glad to get rid of you. Your ill-temper and idleness have been the plague of my life, and make your marriage no loss to me, my dear child. So take her," added the old gentleman, generously, addressing the happy man; "and may you be happy!"

GRATIFYING SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION.—If there is anything that we like in a scientific work it is clearness. When, therefore, we read recently, in medical volume, that "the thalamioptical are the essentials of the sensory tracts, as the corpora striata are of the motor," we felt completely happy, because we perceived at once, with stereoscopic distinctness, precisely what the author meant. What he means is, of course, that the thalamioptical are the essentials of the sensory tracts, as the corpora striata are of the motor. The information is especially gratifying, because we must all be impressed with the conviction that if the thalamioptical had not been essentials of the sensory tracts, existence would at once have become a disgusting and unendurable burden, and woman's love a hollow mockery. As it is, we are filled with a holy and satisfying calm.

Loss of memory is ever the first indication of a disorder or degeneration of Nervous element. The rapidity with which the mind is restored by the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is perhaps the best proof of its power in re-establishing the strength of the nervous system.

No testimony speaks higher of Jacobs' Liquid than its merits deserve.

Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. H. Ramsey, Cobourg.—In your Problem (marked No. 3.) is there not a Bk. pawn required at Q. 5th to prevent Black's playing —2 R. takes Q. B. P., and might not the pawns at R. 2nd and Q. 7th be omitted in that case? It seems to us that a Bk. B. at K. B. 3rd instead of pawn, would be an improvement.

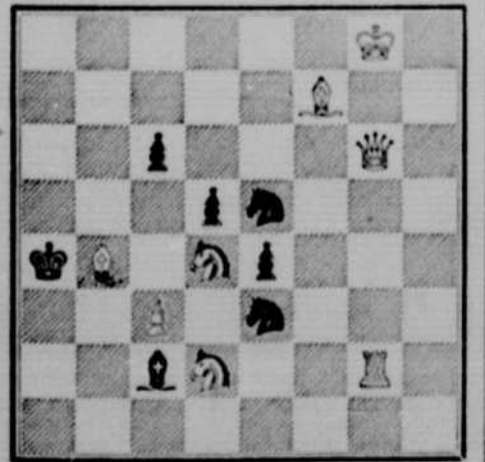
A game played recently in the Montreal Chess Club between two of the leading members.

SICILIAN OPENING.

Table with columns for Black and White moves, listing chess pieces and their positions on the board.

(a) This loses a pawn, but Black has the freer move. (b) Much better than advancing Q. P. (c) Doubling the Rooks seems preferable. (d) Overlooking, apparently, the loss of the "exchange." (e) Forcing an exchange of Bishops, after which the White pawns must win.

PROBLEM, No. 65. By R. H. Ramsey, Cobourg.



WHITE. White to play and made in three moves.



Welland Canal Enlargement!

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Welland Canal," will be received at this Office until Noon of FRIDAY, the 10th Day of JANUARY next (1873), for the construction of Nine (9) Locks and Nine (9) Weirs—the excavation of the Lock and Weir Pits connected with them—the intervening Reaches, Race-ways, &c., on the new portion of the WELLAND CANAL, between Thorold and Port Dalhousie.

The work will be let in sections: four of which numbered respectively 8, 9, 10, and 11, are situated between St. Catharines' Cemetery and the Great Western Railway, and Sections Nos. 15 and 16 are situated between Brown's Cement Kilns, and what is known as Marlatt's Pond.

Tenders will be received for certain portions of the enlargement and deepening of the prism of the Canal above Port Robinson, and for the removal of part of the West bank of the "Deep Cut," &c., &c.

Maps of the several localities, together with Plans and Specifications of the works, can be seen at this Office, on and after FRIDAY, the 13th Day of DECEMBER next, where printed forms of Tender will be furnished. A like class of information relative to the works north of Marlatt's Pond may be obtained at the resident Engineer's Office, Thorold; and for works south of Allanburg, Plans, &c., may be seen at the resident Engineer's Office, Welland.

All Tenders must be made on the printed forms, and to each must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract.

The Department will not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 22nd Nov., 1872.

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BY J. JOHNSTON, C.E., MONTREAL. TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE EARLY PART OF 1873 BY GEO. E. DESBARATS.

Size of Map, about 7 ft. x 5 ft. Extending (East and West) from Newfoundland to Manitoba and (North and South) from Hudson's Bay to latitude of New York, drawn on a scale of 25 miles to the inch, and compiled from the latest Astronomical Observations, Official Surveys, and Records of the Departments of Crown Lands, as well as from County Maps, Local and Railway Surveys. From Manitoba to Vancouver Island will be delineated on a scale of 50 miles to the inch. This arrangement of the Map admits of the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being mapped on a scale large enough to show accurately all boundary surveys. The Great N. W. Territory and British Columbia—where comparatively little has been done in the way of actual survey—a smaller scale answers every purpose. The whole Map is thus kept within the dimensions best adapted for general office use.

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ALL ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS WILL BE MADE TO DATE OF PUBLICATION.

Mr. Johnston has been engaged on the compilation and drawing, unremittingly, for a period of nearly four years. Neither labour nor expense has been economized in the endeavour to gain for this great Geographical and Topographical work the merit of being the STANDARD MAP OF CANADA for many years to come.

The manuscript has been submitted to the following eminent authorities, receiving their unqualified approval and recommendation:—ANDREW RUSSELL, Esq., Geographer to the Dominion Government.

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