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THE FIRST SNOW.—A SKETCH ON BEAVER HALL HILL, MONTREAL.—By E. Jump

THE DOMESTIC DIFFICULTY.

Whilst the bonny Scotch lasses o' "Bonnie Dundee" are holding meetings and discussing their grievances on the other side of the Atlantic, the matrons of Montreal are assembling in large numbers under the protecting wing of the Protestant clergy, to hold what one of the reverend speakers called an "experience meeting."

The proceedings at the first meeting were opened with a long exhortatory prayer and a series of ten-minute sermons, or homilies, duly divided into "subjects for consideration," and followed up by discussions limited to five minutes—for each speaker. The first lecturer on "Family Training, with a view to meet the exigencies of the case," was philosophical, scientific and suggestive. The speaker urged the necessity in a new and rapidly developing country of the fusion of class distinctions, and the bringing up of the families of the present generation to a sense of self-reliance and self-help,—and in reference to the employment of domestic servants they should be rather looked upon "as helps" of the family than as persons in an inferior position. He proposed that culinary science be taught as an art to all young ladies, and that the accommodation, situation and furniture of the kitchen should be remodelled so that it should be an apartment equally comfortable and cheerful as the less essential "parlour." The discussion which arose on this question was not confined to the subject, but meandered mildly all round it. One gentleman had a touching regret for the "domestic institution" of the Southern States; a lady recommended longer terms of service, and a ladies' combination to "fix the rates of wages," and to define a domestic servant's duties! A venerable clergyman considered that extravagantly high wages "had a tendency to lower the morale." (Did he ever experience a "moral declension" from this cause?) One clergyman had very nearly converted his servant-man by compounding a felony; another had some fragrant reminiscences of his Indian luxury of a "body servant" or "valet de chambre;" whilst the most popular of all the speakers was the excellent young divine, who was disposed to offer a premium for any servant girl in Montreal who had quietly suffered herself to be ill-treated, whom he proposed to exhibit in a glass case to the curious public, "Barnum" fashion, we presume "for charitable purposes only. A light broke unexpectedly upon the meeting, just as it was beginning to be very "dusky." A "School-master abroad" from "London Town,"—or very near it, proposed that the ladies should establish a "Servants' Home and Registry Office" in Montreal and communicate with the matron of his "Home" in London. He would undertake to send them out third and fourth rate servants, keeping all the first and second-class for the London market, as they required the best articles. If, however, the quality would suit he would guarantee the quantity. An earnest Teetotaler advised the ladies to become total abstainers by way of example—at which the ladies smiled, and one of them declared with the most touching earnestness, that she for one was not willing to "despise the good creatures of God,"—at which the ladies laughed. The question of "How to raise the morale of domestic servants," was discussed mainly from a religious point of view. And the practical result of the meeting was to form a Ladies' Committee to deliberate over the various suggestions made, and devise some plan of action.

An adjourned meeting of the ladies was accordingly held at the Natural History Society's rooms, which were again crowded. The meeting again opened with religious exercises and but little progress appeared to have been made. It was, however, considered desirable to establish a "Home for Domestic Servants," and a "Registry Office," probably in connection with the Protestant House of Refuge. Meantime we learn the servants are about to follow the example of the "maids of Dundee," and will hold a meeting to discuss their view of the "situation."

It is quite possible that the result of this movement will be to enable the two or three hundred ladies who thus associate themselves together (chiefly English and Scotch members of our leading Protestant congregations) to improve their own facilities for obtaining what may be called "the pick of the servant market," with the obvious result of raising the wages of superior servants, whose abilities and character receive the additional guarantee of these ladies' approval. But will the community, as a whole, be benefited by this movement? Peter, who is poor, will be robbed of a good steady servant to pay Paul, who is rich; but as a question of Political Economy or of Social Science what good has been, or is, likely to be accomplished? Is domestic service the only kind of labour which "groaneth and travaileth" until the "kingdoms are moved?" Certainly not. No thoughtful man can take a bird's-eye view of the social upheavals which are now going on in every community upon the face of the earth—without regarding the "servant question" as a "storm in a tea-cup"—as a mere bagatelle, as a tiny outside vortex which is a part of great whirlpool rapids which, hurrying along with Niagara vehemence, will land this generation and the next—where? That man would be a bold one who would venture to predict what changes will occur as the result of Chinese immigration into America and Indian travel and education in Europe.

The boundaries of the seas of ignorance and superstition are broken up by the tide of overflowing population, which will sweep away before it much that appears stereotyped and

settled in the minds of the homely Anglo-Saxon race. What is to be the issue of the conflict between capital and labour, between employer and employé, between design and execution, between brain work and handicraft? It has to be fought out in Great Britain, where the yeast of discontent is fermenting in every industrial occupation, paralyzing for the time being the manufacturing interests of that great country. The solution is to be found, so far as our past experience teaches us, in the reduction of manual labour by novel appliances of machinery—and wherever labour can be saved even in household work, a true economy of time, temper, and money will be realized.

The labour question will not be solved by immigration—competition is scarcely possible in so large and elastic a country as this great Dominion—but habits may alter and adapt themselves to the exigencies of a new order of society, which may be after all a condition not less happy or enjoyable than those of our forefathers—and this is what the situation indicates. People who emigrate to Canada, wish, very naturally, to retain as much as possible the habits and customs and family arrangements which they have brought up to consider "comfortable." And as soon as they begin "to get along" and make "comfortable incomes," they make their homes more and more "Scotch," or "Irish," or "English," respectively. And those who are "well-to-do" set the fashion here, as in other countries, to those immediately below them in the social scale.

Much has been done (though not enough) in Montreal to meet the requirements of the English and Scotch "middle class" community. Tenement houses, where the kitchen is laid out for the convenience and comfort of the mistress of the house and the family, are a great social advance upon the Parisian and Scotch systems of "flats" or "chambres en suite," and the American system of boarding-houses and hotels.

The question now to be solved is, not how can we increase the supply of this unsatisfactory class of labour, which destroys all the comfort of home-life, by the clanking of unwilling chains and the demand for an unearned wage—but how can we supersede it? On this we shall be prepared to offer a few suggestions in our next issue.

MR. SPROUTS, HIS OPINIONS.

(Continued.)

Bearing in mind my promise to visit Mr. Sprouts, I accordingly found myself, a few days after my last interview with him, ascending the hill of Beaver Hall. As I entered the sacred precincts of this exclusive and highly refined neighbourhood, where the very side-walks seem to be saturated with gentility—suggesting also in their seedy and dilapidated condition a not uncommon kind of shabby gentility—a mysterious thrill vibrated through my whole frame. Instinctively I began to twiddle my mustache, to assume a military bearing, and to twirl my walking-stick in a *dégage* and nonchalant manner; while my uncertain accents flowed softly from my lips with that hesitating and musical *à-à-à-à*, peculiar to the denizens of this favoured region. Arrived at the highly genteel and, consequently, excessively inconvenient mansion of my friend, I gave a vigorous pull at the bell. The door was opened by his man-servant, who, in common with most Montreal flunkies, seemed as much at home in his livery as a City Councillor at a Governor-General's reception. I had previously seen this unhappy being on the box of Mr. Sprouts' carriage, evidently overwhelmed by a sense of his top-boots, which were fearfully and wonderfully constructed, and gazing round him with a wistful expression that seemed to appeal to some kind Christian to come and rescue him from his unfortunate position. His boots were evidently undermining his constitution. The leather had entered into his soul. By this melancholy mental I was ushered into the Sprouts' drawing-room which, it is needless to remark was, like most of our fashionable reception-rooms, furnished in the most severe and artistic manner, and did not in the least suggest a *bric-à-brac* shop in Wardour Street, or the Lowther Arcade Bazaar. Here "Betsy," attired in a broadcloth of gorgeous hue and a head-dress which struck terror to my soul, rose to receive me. Her *tout ensemble* suggested the startling combination of an Eastern sunset, an Aurora Borealis, and a bed of prize tulips. She tendered me the tips of her fingers and sinking back on the sofa, exhausted with the effort, said in languid accents, "How de do, Mr. DeBoots, how werry hinclement the weather is."

I may here be permitted to remark that my name is "De-Boots," and that our family came over with William the Conqueror, in whose service my ancestor occupied the proud position of "Buskin Burnisher,"—a post of high consideration and not synonymous, as our detractors have enviously asserted, with that of the shoe-black of modern times. Our family chronicles also state that my ancestor was frequently the recipient of the most flattering personal attention from the Conqueror, and often enjoyed the distinguished honour of being kicked by Majesty when the royal corns were more than usually troublesome. Hence it will be seen both by birth and descent I am fully entitled to mix with the most select of our society, and I confidently expect that the result of this public announcement will be the reception of numerous invitations from our upper hundred and fifty; in anticipation of which I have ordered a new dress-coat, and have taken several lessons in deportment from a distinguished professor.

I responded most courteously to Mrs. Sprouts' greeting, and after a few trivial remarks enquired with genuine interest how she liked our Montreal society. "Well, reely, Mr DeBoots," she replied, "we have a werry nice circle, but since the millingary left it's hextremely limited, and society now-a-days is getting so werry miscellaneous that one has to be most pertickler about one's visiting list, or else we gets mixed hup with hall sorts of people."

I felt that this was very true and suggested, with an eye to the DeBoots' pedigree, that all candidates for admission to the sacred circle should be compelled to furnish satisfactory evidence of unblemished descent for, say, three generations. But Betsy did not seem to think that this

would answer, and indeed on mature consideration, I felt compelled to admit that this rule, if rigidly carried out, would probably tend still more to contract the already limited circle. We therefore, after a full discussion of this most interesting topic, came to the conclusion that candidates must continue to be judged by the two great tests of wealth and good breeding, all due allowances being made for the possessors of the first qualification, because, as Mrs. Sprouts pertinently remarked, it wouldn't do to be as pertickler with wealthy people as with them as didn't keep no carriage.

I then inquired after Mr. Sprouts. "Oh! Mr. DeBoots," Betsy exclaimed, "Josef is a killin' of me. His vulgarity is a breakin' my hart. You wouldn't hardly believe it, but it was honly yesterday as Mrs. Councillor Buggins, as belongs to one of our tip-top families, was a wistin' me, when Josef he comes into the drawin'-room in his shirt sleeves, with a 'orrid pot of beer in 'is 'and, and wanted me and Mrs. Buggins to 'ave some. I thought I should have fainted."

I consoled with Mrs. Sprouts as well as I could, and then mildly suggested in the interest of Mr. Sprouts that, after all, many people, high up in the social scale, imbibed malt liquor—of course always by the advice of the family physician—but Betsy was too much for me.

"Yes, Mr. DeBoots, but then they does it on the quiet and never lets nobody know, and then there's no harm in it. Of course if Josef had brought it in when there wasn't nobody here it would have been a different thing. And I do 'ope," she continued tartly, "that you ain't a going to hincourage Josef in his vulgarity, becas if you are you won't get no hincivations to my 'ouse."

This was not encouraging to the result of my embassy, and I felt considerably relieved when Mr. Sprouts made his appearance and proposed an adjournment to what he called "his snuggery."

Mr. Sprouts' "snuggery" was fitted up in strict accordance with the owner's peculiar ideas of comfort. The floor was sanded, in imitation of the parlour of an old fashioned English public house, and numerous triangular shaped spittoons filled with sawdust were dispersed about the room. In one corner was a kilderkin of Molson's porter, symmetrically balanced on the opposite side by a similar vessel of Dow's ale, offering every facility for the composition of Josef's favourite beverage, "arf and arf," and evincing a laudable desire on the part of the proprietor to encourage home manufactures. The walls were covered with sporting prints in gay colours, while in the place of honour over the fire-place hung an oil painting of Mr. Sprouts' famous donkey, the immortal "Neddy."

I looked with much interest on the portrait of this intelligent quadruped about whom I had heard so much. Mr. Sprouts noticed this and said with a sigh:

"Ah! that was a hanimal. Do you think, old feller, that there's a futur state for donkeys?"

I professed myself unable to give any decided opinion upon this abstruse polemical point, and Mr. Sprouts continued—

"Dooring the six years as we lived harmoniously together that hanimal never once shirked his dooty. Like that feller in the play as I used to see at the Surrey theayter—he 'died with his 'arness on his back.' I wish he was alive and here now. He wouldn't 'ave gone and naught no eperzootics like all the hosses has. Why, I never knowed that critter have a day's illness except the time when the bull terrier chewed the end of his tail off, and then I cauterized it with a hot flat iron and stuck Betsy's chignon on to the end of it, and he was as right as a trivet next day, and looked as 'andsome as paint. But, lor! what a row the old lady kicked up about her blessed old chignon! Ah! how that woman's altered since we come into the fortun'. I really believe if that dear hanimal was here now she'd be too proud to ride behind him."

"This sickness is a sad thing for the poor horses, is it not?" I said.

"Yes," replied Mr. Sprouts, "and if you was in the hemploy of the City Passenger Railway I rayther fancies you'd think it was a sad thing for the poor men too. You see the hosses they has a holiday and gits their wittles all the same; but they tells me that the Company's been a docking the men's wages, so I expects they don't find it much of a holiday. I'm disgusted with the Company. Why don't they set all hands to work to scrub out the cars with plenty of soap and water and repair the track in St. James Street? They wants it bad enough."

I thought this was a remarkably good idea on the part of Mr. Sprouts; but as he seemed to be getting a little excited I changed the subject and enquired if he had attended the ceremony of the presentation to the city of the Queen's statue.

"Yes," he answered, "I was there of course, and a werry nobby speech Lord Dufferin made too. He's a brick is our Governor. There ain't no humbug about him, and I means to call on him when he comes to live in Montreal; but I wish that somebody would give some of our public men a 'int to dress a little nobbier when they goes to a cerrymony of this kind—blest if some of 'em doesn't seem to think that when they gets their boots shined and puts on an old stovepipe hat as they're in full dress. I felt raly ashamed of some of 'em."

"But what do you think of the statue, Mr. Sprouts," I enquired. "Don't you think it's very fine?"

Mr. Sprouts hesitated a little and then said: "Why, you see I ain't much of a judge about them things. If it was a donkey now or anything in the vegetable or shell fish line, I'd back my opinion agin anybody's. Of course as that statter was made by a cellybrated London artist and cost a heap of money, heverybody feels bound to admire it werry much. But between you and me, old feller, if it had been designed by a local hartist and cost about half as much, there'd have been plenty of faults found about it."

"By-the-by, Mr. Sprouts," I said, "you take some interest in educational matters, do you not?"

"Yes," he replied, "I'm on the Committee of that there Mercantile Libery, and Betsy she's attendin' a course of lecturs by Goldwin Smith. But, lor! there don't seem to be no grattitude in the world. You see the Libery has been a going down 'ill ever so long, and the young men seems to want something amooing, so I hofferred to put up a skittle alley at my own expence, and blest if some of 'em didn't hobject and said they didn't think as skittles was elewatin' to the mind. Not elewatin'! all I know is that when I've been playin' a few games of skittles and 'avin' a pot or two of beer, I always feels werry considerably elewated. Besides, as I said at the meetin', if you turns the cathedral into a concert room I don't see why you shouldn't 'ave skittles in the Libery."

Miscellaneous.

An English contemporary points out a curious mistranslation in the *Te Deum* as we have it in our Prayer-book. It is in the passage "Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting." The words "to be numbered" do not occur in the earliest Latin texts; *Munerari* is the word used, so that the passage should read "Make them to be rewarded," &c., the transposition of the "m" and "n" making all the difference in meaning. The error has existed for centuries, and long usage has so sanctioned it as to make alteration next to impossible.

The silver medal of the Royal Humane Society has been voted to James Fudge, a boy fifteen years of age, who swam with a line in his mouth to the rescue of the master and crew of the barque "Thames," which was wrecked on the rocks at Alderney, in a dense fog, a strong current running at the time; to Aberan Appu, for saving fifty-three persons who were in danger of drowning in a flood at Gampola, Ceylon; and to Stanley H. le Fleming, a youth of seventeen, for saving Amelia Brown, who was in danger of drowning while bathing at South-sea.

MITRAILLEUSE EXPERIMENTS.—The French Government having finally resolved to maintain the mitrailleuse for the army, though with modifications in its structure, experiments to determine the changes that may be necessary are about to be commenced by the commission constituted at Tarbes under the direction of General Aubac. It is believed that this weapon ought to be used in batteries and half-batteries, not singly, in order to secure the best results. Thereby a line of fire of great extent and destructiveness may be obtained. It is with a view to settle this point definitely that the experiments are about to be now continued at Tarbes. There will be alterations in detail besides, and it is expected the mitrailleuse will thus become a most formidable engine of destruction.

Dead men's bones are the latest articles de Paris. M. Mathieu Mougny made a very fair living by selling delicately carved crucifixes, statuettes, snuff-boxes, and candlesticks, fashioned from this unpleasant material, and found plenty of purchasers, from the originality of his wares. The ever-inquisitive Parisian police, however, pounced upon the unlucky bone-merchant, and enquired where he got the bones. After some hesitation, he acknowledged that he bought them from the grave-diggers. A pleasant prospect truly for a gay Parisian to think that he may unknowingly take a pinch of snuff from a box formed from the remains of his aunt, or for a strict Monarchist to contemplate that after his death his own skull may become a candlestick, and serve to throw a light on the pages of an ultra-Radical journal.

A burning cave has just been discovered in Morocco, not far from the town of Fez. The pit in question is designated under the name of Beniganzeval. Its orifice is about ten feet above the ground, and twelve feet wide; and sheets of flames issue intermittently, but, what is remarkable, always in an horizontal direction, as if driven by a bellows through a retort. There is no eruption of stones or lava, but the fire is driven by such force to the orifice that it is accompanied with a loud hissing noise, while the current is sufficiently strong to blow away anything placed near the opening. The researches made to discover the origin of the phenomenon have led to no result; but the hypothesis generally admitted is that there exist beds of coal in the mountain on the side of which this cavern is situated, and that the fuel having become ignited, the combustion is maintained by the draught of air, and will continue so long as the flames shall find anything to feed on.

A gentleman who rejoiced in the title of King of the Bagmen has just departed this life in Paris, after a long and rather prosperous reign. He arrived at the purple in a manner which the Americans would call "smart," and filled his throne on the elective principles. Casimir Morand was the name of the deceased monarch, who began life by travelling for a large house at Bordeaux. Many years ago he suddenly quitted his humble dwelling in the Faubourg St. Denis, and installed himself in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the cholera was then raging and carrying off the nobility. Casimir used to wander about the streets, and directly he found a house where a duke, marquis, or count had departed this life, he would go home and write a letter to the dead man, to the effect that, in compliance with his instructions, he had the honour to inform him that the wine he had ordered had arrived in Paris, &c. The heirs never objected to receive the liquor, and to console themselves for their loss, and in two months Casimir disposed of £10,000 worth of wine, and was elected king of the bagmen.

Here is a fresh anecdote about Dickens.—Somewhere about the middle of the serial publication of "David Copperfield," happening to be out of writing-paper, he sallied forth one morning to get a fresh supply at the stationer's. He was living then in his favourite haunt at Fault House, in Broadstairs. As he was about to enter the stationer's shop, with the intention of buying the needful writing paper, for the purpose of returning home with it, and at once setting to work upon his next number, not one word of which was yet written, he stood aside for a moment at the threshold to allow a lady to pass in before him. He then went on to relate—with a vivid sense still upon him of mingled enjoyment and dismay in the mere recollection—how the next instant he had overheard this strange lady asking the person behind the counter for the new green number. When it was handed to her, "Oh, this," said she, "I have read. I want the next one." The next one, she was thereupon told, would be out by the end of the month. "Listening to this, unrecognized," he added, in conclusion, "knowing the purpose for which I was there, and remembering that not one word of the number she was asking for was yet written, for the first and only time in my life I felt—frightened!"

A correspondent writes: A short time ago an old man named Dinochau departed this life at Paris in narrow circumstances. He had for nearly half a century kept an eating-house, to which all flocked, and it was only necessary for a Bohemian to bring out a tolerable work to get credit. Dinochau was the resort of all poor authors and newspaper hacks who were out of pocket, and the consequence was that when this "Restaurateur des Lettres," as he was humorously called, died, his heirs and creditors found nothing in his strong box but bills amounting to a goodly sum. A great many of the convivial scribblers who tasted Dinochau's good cheer preceded him to the grave, such as Henry Murger, whose "Vie de Boheme" no doubt had tickled the heart of the tavern-keeper, for the author died owing him 1,250*fr.* In the list of debtors, too, there are many Victorines, Ernestines, Armandines, &c., one daughter of Eve imposing on the gallantry of mine host over 3,000*fr.* Two days back these interesting documents were put up for sale, and though there was a fair attendance of old clothes dealers from the Temple, the unredeemed paper, representing over 100,000*fr.*, was knocked down for 4,350*fr.* to M. de Villemessant. The editor of the *Figaro* has already published the names of several of the most notorious creditors, dead and alive, and his object in making the purchase is to force certain noisy demagogues of the press to settle their outstanding accounts. This is a novel feature in newspaper warfare, but M. de Villemessant is always taking the public by surprise with some new trick of his imagination.—*Newspaper Reporter.*

Our Illustrations.

THE FIRST SNOW.

A sketch on Beaver Hall! "And why particularly on Beaver Hall, pray?" we fancy we hear a coamopolitan reader exclaim. "Why may the scene not be equally well at Quebec, or Toronto, or Ottawa, or anywhere else where snow falls and children play?" Because, O citizen of the world, our artist, happening to be on Beaver Hall the other day, came across a group of merry, ruddy checked children, just let loose from the public school hard by, who were playing and tumbling about on the new-fallen snow, full of fun and venial devilment. "Just the thing for a sketch," he exclaimed. Out came the note-book and pencil, down went the needful notes—the merry group, the surroundings, and the *facilis descensus* for which Beaver Hall is famed—and the result is the sketch on Beaver Hall which fills the first page. Don't quarrel with the title. A sketch on Beaver Hall it is, but by filling in the surroundings by the imagination, you may suit the scene to any locality you like best.

VIEW AT THE HEAD OF LAKE SHEBANDOWAN

The readers of the News have, through the medium of our illustrations, become pretty familiar with the scenery at most of the principal points on the Dawson Route to Red River. This week we add another view to our list of illustrations of the North-West—the Station at the head of Lake Shebandowan, by Mr. Wm. Armstrong, of Toronto. The view shows the Cashabowie River, and a party of Blackstone Indians camped on the high ground opposite the Station.

VIEW OF THE LOWER TOWN, PARIS, ONT.

Not many weeks ago we produced a view of the Lower Town, Paris, after a sketch furnished by a correspondent. Unfortunately the sketch was anything but correct, and on the appearance of the number containing the view, the Ontario Parisians were highly indignant at what they considered—not wholly without reason—a caricature of their town. In this issue we endeavour to make amends for any offence we may have unwittingly caused the dwellers on the banks of the Grand River by reproducing a view taken by an artist who never errs—old Sol himself. The great mistake in our first view was that the artist had sacrificed exactness to effect—introducing trees where there were no trees, and otherwise touching up his sketch with an eye to the picturesque. The view we publish this week may be relied upon as correct, though it lacks much of the picturesque beauty of the sketch. The photographer is Mr. W. H. Davis, of Paris.

THE WHIRLPOOL, NIAGARA.

has already been the subject of illustration in these pages. In this issue we reproduce a sketch thereof by a gentleman with whose artistic work our readers are already familiar. The Whirlpool is so well known that description seems almost unnecessary. But as Mr. Holley's book on Niagara is comparatively new, we feel justified in quoting his very interesting remarks on this subject. He divides the Niagara River into three sections: first, from Lewiston to the Bend above the Devil's Hole; second, thence to the head of the rapid above the Railway Suspension Bridge; and third, thence to the present site of the Falls.

In the second section is found the Whirlpool, one of the most interesting and attractive portions of the river. The large basin in which it lies was cut out much more rapidly than any other part of the chasm. And this for the reason that, in addition to the thick stratum of shale, there was, underlying the channel, a large pocket, and, probably also, a broad seam or cleavage filled with gravel and pebbles. Indeed there is a broad and very ancient cleavage in the rock-wall on the Canada side, extending from near the top of the bank to an unknown depth below. Its course can be traced from the north side of the pool some distance in a north-westerly direction. Of course the resistless power of the falling water was not long restrained by these feeble barriers, and here the broadest and deepest notch of any given century was made. The name, Whirlpool, is not quite accurate, since the body of water to which it is applied is rather a large eddy, in which small whirlpools are constantly forming and breaking. The spectator cannot realize the tremendous power exerted by these pools, unless there is some object floating upon the surface by which it may be demonstrated. Logs from broken rafts are frequently carried over the Falls, and when they reach this eddy, tree trunks from two to three feet in diameter and fifty feet long, after a few preliminary and stately gyrations, are drawn down endwise, submerged for awhile and then ejected with great force, to resume again their devils way in the resistless current. And they will often be kept in this monotonous round from four to six weeks before escaping to the rapids below. The writer has seen the bodies of a man, a horse and a hog, floating together in unconscious equality for weeks before this eddy.

The cleft in the bed-rock which forms the debouché of the basin is the narrowest part of the river, being only four hundred feet in width. Standing on one side of this gorge, and considering that the whole volume of the water in the river is rushing through it, the spectator witnesses a manifestation of physical force which makes a more vivid impression upon his mind than even the great Fall itself. No extravagant attempt at fine writing, no studied and elaborate description can exaggerate the wonderful beauty and fascination of this pool. Separated from the habitations of men, at a distance from any highway, lying secluded in the midst of a small tract of wood, which has fortunately been preserved around it, and in which the dark and pale greens of stately pines and cedars predominate, and impart a shade of deeper green to the borders of the water in the basin below, while within the basin the waters are rushing onward, plunging downward, leaping upward, combing over at the top in beautiful waves and ruffles of dazzling whiteness and shaded down, through all the opalescent tints, to the deep emerald at their base; whirling, rippling, rushing, tumbling, dancing, flashing, roaring, murmuring, sighing, singing, every liquid note and tone clear and distinct, in the grand diapason which includes the voice of many waters; ever varying, never presenting the same aspects in any two consecutive moments; incarnation of change and emblem of eternity, the holder is now lost in admiration, anon clapping his hands in glee, and again looking with moistened eyes as he comprehends more and more the many-sided and varied beauties of the matchless

scene. Hyperbolic as this may appear to careless travelers, it will seem but simple truth to true students and lovers of nature. None of those who may visit the Whirlpool should fail to go down the bank to the water's edge. On a bright summer morning, after a night shower has laid the dust, cleansed and brightened the foliage of shrub and tree, purified and glorified the atmosphere, there are few more inviting and charming views.

THE BALL AT RAVENSBRAG.

As stated last week, the festivities attendant upon the recent visit of H. E. the Governor-General to Montreal, culminated in a grand ball given by Sir Hugh Allan, at Ravensbrag. Of the ball itself it is hardly necessary to speak, but a brief description of the ball-room may be found acceptable. It is a spacious and elegant apartment in the south-western wing of the building, twenty-two feet in height, and floored with handsome *parqueterie*. The walls are pale blue and gold, decorated with large mirrors and gilt cornices. Leading from it still in a westerly direction is the large conservatory, which is 60 ft. by an average width of 30 ft. A small but elegant ante-room gives access from the large conservatory to the green-house, a building of about 37 ft. by 25 ft. Some idea of the extent of the mansion and its adjuncts—namely, conservatories—may be had from the fact that the total frontage (facing the city) is 292 ft., by an average depth of 50 ft. The coach-houses, stabling, &c., are in proportion to the requirements of such an establishment. They also are built in a most substantial manner of stone in keeping with that of the residence itself.

In our description of Sir Hugh Allan's residence we stated that the architect of the building was Mr. Hopkins, of the firm of Hopkins & Wily. This, we are informed, is not correct. We understand that the plan of the main building of the mansion was made by Messrs. Speir & Roy, the latter being at that time draughtsman with, and subsequently successor to Mr. Speir, in partnership with Mr. Fowler. The ball-room and conservatory were added to the building at a subsequent period, from the designs of Messrs. Fowler & Roy. Further alterations and improvements have from time to time been made in different portions of the house. Among others, and the most recent, are the erection of a new billiard-room; the addition of an ante-room to the ball-room, and the entire painting and decorating of the latter—all of which were executed under the superintendence of Messrs. Hopkins & Wily.

Text descriptive of

THE P. E. I. TANK LOCOMOTIVE,

and of

THE FASHION PLATE,

will be found respectively in the Science and Ladies' departments.

Canadian Progress.

It is proposed to establish an implement factory at Colborne. The first train on the Canada Central Railway extension from Sand Point to Renfrew was run on the 6th ult.

The Montreal Telegraph Company have completed stringing their wires over the line of the Hamilton and Lake Erie Railway as far as Caledonia.

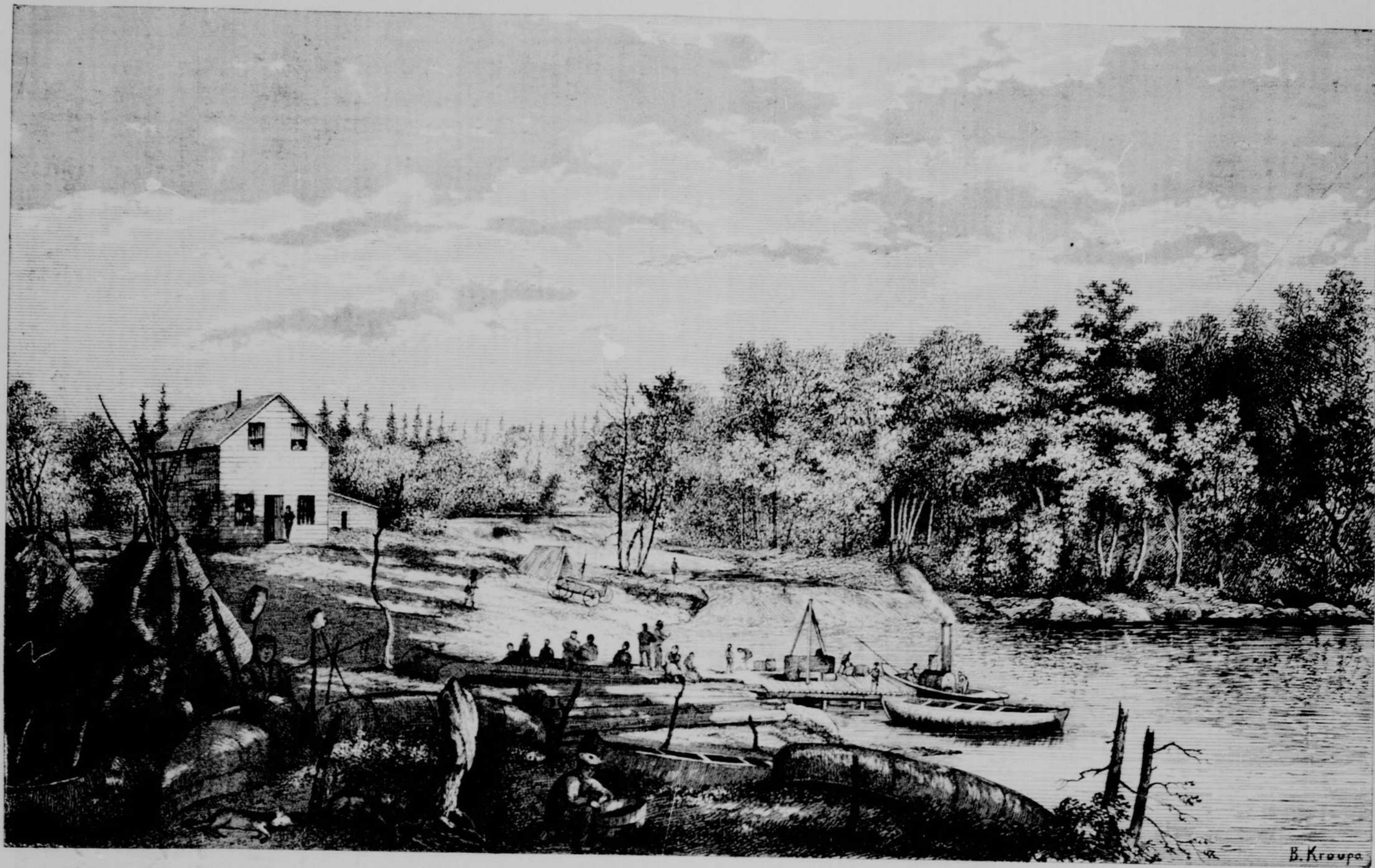
The Hamilton *Evening Standard* says it is currently reported that a new manufacturing company of large means is prepared to make an offer for the Toronto Crystal Palace and several acres of ground adjoining.

Some specimens of lead ore have been taken from lot No. 29, concession A, township of Galway, county of Peterborough. The vein from which they were taken is said to be four feet wide. The specimens are rich in lead.

The ballasting on the North Grey Railway is almost complete. The line was to be opened for traffic on the 20th ult., and present indications point to large business, especially with the Owen Sound district, with which it is the nearest railway communication.

The Quebec *Mercury* states that all the stock of the Anticosti Company which has been placed on the market has been already taken up, capitalists being fully assured that this is one of the most promising speculations at present inviting their support. The success which those primarily interested in the undertaking have met with in soliciting the co-operation of those who have means to invest is exceptional, and augurs favourably for the success of the undertaking. We are sure that as information of the resources of the island is disseminated the return to those who are aiding all their development will be increased even beyond their present expectations. Nature has been beyond her wont bountiful; what is required is a population, and we have no doubt that the plans about to be carried into effect will attract not only hundreds but thousands to the Island of Anticosti, whose treasures, like many of the most precious gifts of Providence, have long lain concealed. As we are not now writing a prospectus for the Company, we shall not go into details, which, at so much per line, it would be profitable to present; the accidents which have, within the last few weeks, to say nothing of those which have blurred the records of previous years, render it incumbent on those who can influence public opinion at all to assist in the settlement of the island whose shores have so often been strewn with wrecks. If we could ascertain the loss which has been incurred by the foundering of vessels on this inhospitable coast, the total would be far in excess of the capital stock of the Company by which it has been acquired, and which will derive its profits as much by rendering access to its shores easy and safe as by developing the natural resources of the island.

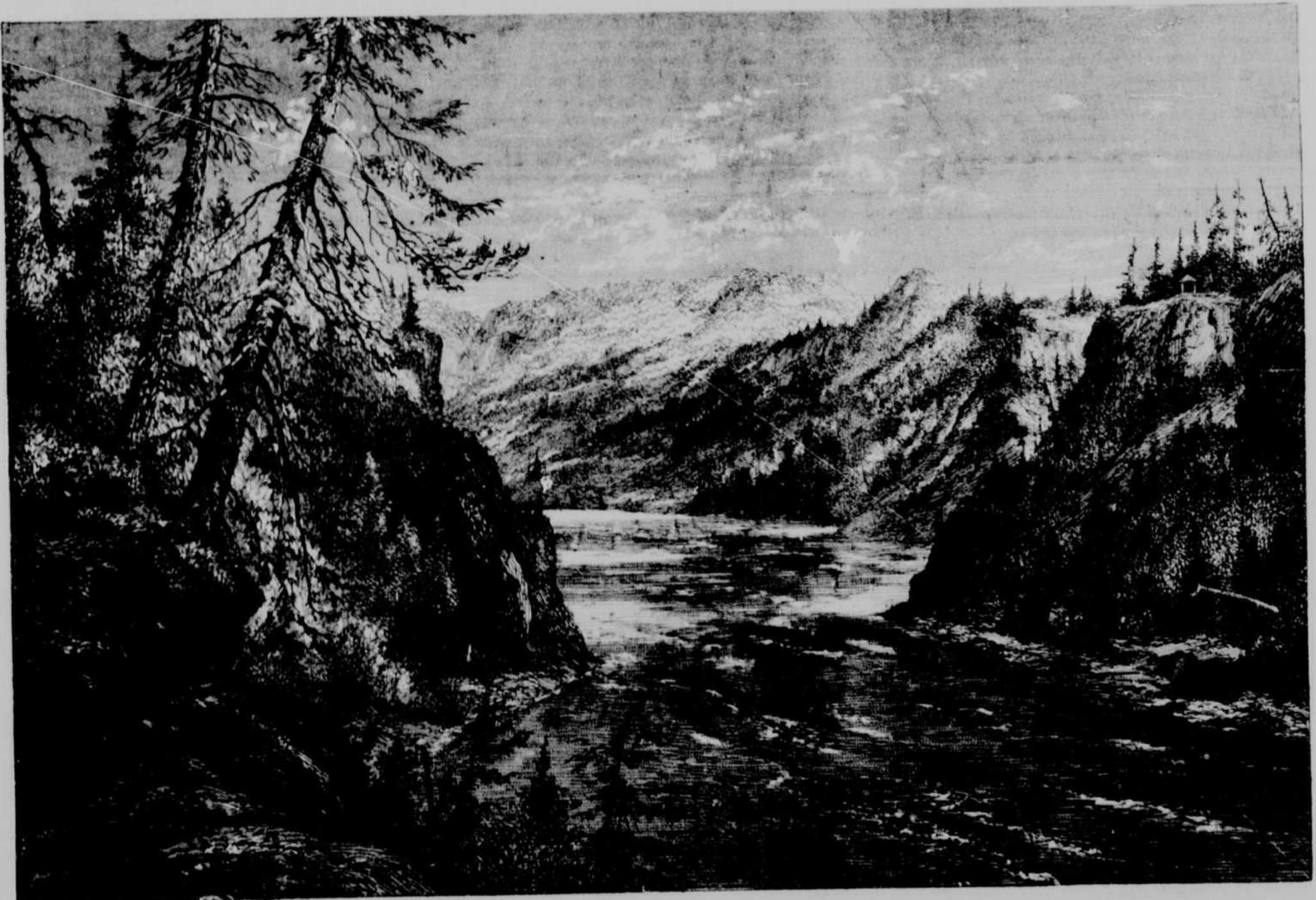
OUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—The result of much scientific research and experiment has within the last few years enabled the medical profession to supply to the human system, where impaired or infective, the power which assimilates our food. This is now known as "Morson's Pepsine," and is prescribed as wine, globules, and lozenges, with full directions. The careful and regular use of this valuable medicine restores the natural functions of the stomach, giving once more strength to the body. There are many imitations, but Morson and Son, the original manufacturers, are practical chemists, and the "Pepsine" prepared by them is warranted, and bears their labels and trade-mark. It is sold by all chemists in bottles 3s., and boxes from 2s. 6d., but purchasers should see the name



THE DAWSON ROUTE TO RED RIVER.—STATION AT THE HEAD OF LAKE SHEBANDOWAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG



PARIS, ONT.—VIEW OF THE LOWER TOWN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. DAVIS.



THE WHIRLPOOL, NIAGARA.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. CARLISLE.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1872.

SUNDAY.	Dec. 8.—	Second Sunday in Advent. Mary Queen of Scots born, 1542. DeQuincy died, 1859.
MONDAY.	" 9.—	Gustavus Adolphus born, 1594. Milton died, 1634. Vandeyck died, 1641. English Cathedral in Montreal burnt, 1856. Hon. R. Baldwin died, 1858.
TUESDAY.	" 10.—	General Williams, the Hero of Kars, born, 1800. Niagara destroyed by the Americans, 1813. Casimir Delavigne died, 1843. Great anxiety manifested throughout the British Possessions respecting the illness of the Prince of Wales, 1871.
WEDNESDAY.	" 11.—	Michael Palaeologus died, 1282. The Great Conde died, 1686. Charles XII. of Sweden killed, 1718.
THURSDAY.	" 12.—	Bollingbroke died, 1751. Colley Cibber died, 1757. Sir M. I. Brunel died, 1849. Victoria Bridge opened for traffic, 1859.
FRIDAY.	" 13.—	St. Lucy, V. & M. Sixtus V. born, 1521. Henri IV. born, 1553. Sully born, 1560. Strype died, 1737. Dr. Johnson died, 1784. Dean Stanley born, 1815.
SATURDAY.	" 14.—	Nostradamus born, 1503. Tycho Brahe died, 1546. Washington died, 1799. Rebels defeated at St. Eustache, 1837. Prince Albert died, 1861.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 26 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Dec. 1, 1872.

	Mean Temp. 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.	Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. previous night.	Rel. Hum.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
Nov. 25	41	50	35	77	29.67	S W	Cloudy.
26	42	51	37	74	30.05	W b S	Snow.
27	43	51	34	78	29.93	W	Overcast.
28	43	53	18	73	30.12	W	Cloudy.
29	43	53	23	80	29.68	Variable.	Snow.
30	44	55	11	78	29.26	W	Cloudy.
Dec. 1	43	50	13	65	29.77	W	Cloudy.
MEAN	43.6	50.5	21.4	75.2	29.78		

Extreme Range of Temperature, 39.5; of Humidity, 33.0; of Barometer, 0.389 inches. Maximum height of Barometer on the 28th, 30.222; Minimum height on the 30th, 29.233.

Whole amount of snow during the week, 6.5 inches, its rain equivalent 0.65 inches, equivalent to 14,706 gallons of water per acre.

NOTE.—The wind during the week was chiefly from the West. The weather dull and overcast. On the 25th there was a rapid thaw with a strong breeze from W b S, causing all the previous snow-fall to disappear.

OUR NEXT NUMBER

The next number of the "ILLUSTRATED NEWS" will contain sketches of the ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY'S BALL, MONTREAL; THE RECENT COLLISION ON THE WESTERN EXTENSION RR., N. B.; the third of the series of SKETCHES IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES, illustrating LITTLE HOPE AND PORT MATOON; and views of THE NORMAL SCHOOL, TORONTO, and of THE NEW BUILDING OF THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

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.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1872.

The news of the death of Mr. Horace Greeley has everywhere created a feeling of profound sorrow. There are few public men whose loss would have caused such deep regret among all parties and creeds as has been universally felt on the announcement of the demise of the late Editor of the New York Tribune. By the soundness of his principles, his unswerving honesty, and his zealous attachment to the truth, he had made himself many personal friends and admirers even among the ranks of his political opponents, by many of whom his death will be as much lamented as it is by those of his own immediate following. It is needless here to repeat the story of Mr. Greeley's life. Not many months have elapsed since his portrait appeared in these pages, accompanied by an account of his long and eventful career. Suffice it to say that after half a century of newspaper life, during which he attained the proud position of head of his profession, he has passed away regretted alike by friend and foe. His death has been generally attributed to overtaxation consequent upon the wear and tear of the recent Presidential election, and augmented by the anxiety and grief caused by the illness and subsequent death of his wife. We do not, however, believe this to have been the primary cause of his death. Mr. Greeley, it must be remembered, was a man of untiring energy; and during the latter years of his life, when he had already passed the limits of middle age, he was accustomed to submit himself to such overstraining of both the mental and vital powers as in all probability sowed the seeds of a disease which last week had such a fatal result. It was no uncommon thing for him to do single handed the work of two men, and to compress into one day the labour of two. Although he never complained of weariness; although perhaps he was never conscious of weariness, there can be no doubt that the process of exhaustion was silently going on, until, hastened by the excitement and anxiety of the past few months, it terminated in the sad event which has thrown his whole country into mourning.

It is always a difficult thing to deal with the character of the departed; to set down fairly and impartially, without malice or favour, the virtues and defects of a dead man. But in this respect Mr. Greeley's biographer will have an easier and less unpleasant task than usually falls to the lot of those upon whom devolves the mournful duty of commemorating for the judgment of posterity the career, the characteristics, and the mental and moral qualities of great men who have gone. Not that Mr. Greeley was faultless. Like all other men he had his defects, but these were outshone and cast into the shade by the greater brightness of his virtues. As a journalist Mr. Greeley has never perhaps had an equal. He was bold and fearless in style, lucid and connected in argument, trenchant in sarcasm, unsparing in censure where he believed censure to be required, and yet without conspicuous for the total absence of bitterness in his nature. A thorough hater of concealment and subterfuge, and a vigorous opponent of corruption in every form, he was unhesitating in his denunciations of those who descended to low trickery and meanness to accomplish their selfish ends. In the inculcation of the principles of morality, temperance, and justice he was indefatigable. The interests of his fellow-men—and especially of his fellow-countrymen—were to him as his own. A liberal and open-hearted man his ears and his purse were alike open to the cries and to the wants of the poor. The workingman will long cherish his memory as of a true and trusty champion; and in him the poor have lost a father and the friendless a friend. In private life Mr. Greeley was remarkable for his devoted attachment to home ties, and his love of his family, the full intensity of which broke out during the fatal illness of his only son, and, more recently, during that of his wife. He was a man of deep religious convictions, a devout and humble

worshipper, and an earnest and true Christian. Ambition and greediness of applause were the great defects of his character. To these was due the great mistake of his life in abandoning his sphere of usefulness to offer himself as a candidate for the Presidential chair. With this last and fatal mistake his career ended. That he was a good man, a just and a true man none can doubt, and now that he has gone to his rest his bitterest enemies cannot deny him the parting salutation, "Sic tibi terra levis."

THE LEGGO PROCESS.—The December number of Lippincott's Magazine in a review of "Saratoga in 1809," by Eli Perkins, says:—

"It is illustrated by a process which bids fair to work serious changes in the business of embellishing our literature. The hundreds of slight designs by Lumley are printed over the pages by a process of photo-etching, which retains the exact touch of the artist, and is more successful in its printing than any other such work that we have seen. The grays are good and open, the blacks intense, while the fine lines are delicate and unbroken. Sometimes the traceries of a vignette are continued quite over the printed page, among the type, giving a novel and capricious effect. This singular and successful process is executed by Leggo & Co., of Montreal, and will, we hope, soon be introduced in perfection among ourselves. The day of deliverance for our artists from the butchery of the wood-engraver's tool is a day they all sigh for, and the sketches before us really seem to retain in perfection the look of the original drawings. We are not apprised of the expense of this process, its rapidity, or its adaptability to large editions."

As we have already had occasion to state, the Leggo process of illustration requires only one-tenth the money and one-tenth the time necessary to produce wood-cut illustrations. By this method we are enabled to reproduce a double-page engraving within one hour of the time when it is received—and that with only two men at work. To reproduce a similar illustration by the wood-cutting process it would be necessary to employ two engravers for fifty hours!

THE NEW VARIETY THEATRE.—Under this new style and title the old Palais Musical has proved an immense success. The manager, of whose energy and enterprise in catering to the public taste we have already spoken more than once, has had many obstacles to overcome, but he has triumphed over all difficulties, and is now reaping the fruits of his pluck and perseverance. Night after night the little theatre is crowded and many persons are unable to obtain admittance. The performances are invariably good and, as far as we have seen, free from any objectionable features. The negro comicities are new and laughable, and the songs, both humorous and pathetic, never fail to bring down the house. We cannot confess to any very great admiration for Miss Lone Lang. Her style is rather too pronounced to suit the tastes of any but the "gods." Miss Gertie Granville possesses a every sweet voice, and is remarkably pleasing in all her characters. Her Marble Tableaux—representations of celebrated pieces of ancient and modern statuary—are simply perfection. The charming performances of the three LaVerde children—one of them a mere dot of a thing—are in themselves sufficient attraction to fill the house; and Castellotti's wonderful tours de force earned him redoubled thunders of applause that might have been "heard beyond the Tiber."

THE MAGAZINES.

The December number of the Overland Monthly is hardly up to the mark. In the matter of fiction it is especially weak. The principal features of the number are a paper on Arabian Literature and Love Lore, containing examples of the pleasant figurative language of the East; an article on the origin of American Antiquities; and a brief but interesting chapter on the Living Glaciers of California. Joaquin Miller's "Isles of the Amazons" is continued, and is followed by the sixth instalment of "The Northern California Indians."

To-Day is a new-comer, hailing from Philadelphia. Dr. Dio Lewis is its editor, and it is almost unnecessary to say that under his charge it is all that a publication of this kind should be. It contains much pleasant entertaining reading and is very fairly illustrated. One feature of this new venture which must not be overlooked is the sanitary department, in which the Editor, in his "Five-Minute Chats" pleasantly discourses on the laws of health. We can recommend To-Day as a lively, entertaining publication of the success of which we have no doubt whatever.

Scribner's is remarkably apropos this month in the publication of two more than usually interesting papers with reference to the English visitors to this continent. The first of these gives an account of the writer's accidental meeting in the valley of Lauterbrunnen with that most indefatigable of Alpine climbers, Prof. Tyndall, in 1865. The second, which bears the tempting title, "Stories of the Irish Smugglers," is from the pen of Mr. Froude, and is taken from the advance sheets of his new book "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," shortly to be published in New York by Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. This number also contains the continuation of Moncure D. Conway's lecture on Demonology and a pleasant little illustrated article on "Mother Goose." Dr. Holland's continues "Arthur Bonny-castle," which will be found to increase in interest as it grows in length. "New Ways in the Old Dominion" is a descriptive article—profusely illustrated—on Virginia, in which readers of Dilke's "Greater Britain" will not fail to take pleasure. "At His Gates" is completed in this number. The gem of the month's poetry is unquestionable Rose Terry's "Divorced," the wail of a mother separated from her child—an exquisite piece of pathos, that will touch a responsive chord in many a mother's breast.

The December number of Lippincott's Magazine completes the tenth volume. It opens with an instructive paper—the

News of the Week.

first of a series—on "Searching for the Quinine Plant in Peru." The cinchona, the tonic properties of which have proved a blessing to thousands of invalids, is sufficiently known in the state in which it is seen in the druggists' shops, but the natural history of this interesting plant, its habitat, and the manner of gathering it, are all so little understood that we welcome any effort to dispel the popular ignorance. The article is handsomely and clearly illustrated with woodcuts. The other serial contributions consist of the concluding portion of "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," the closing chapters of "Aimée's Story," and the last of the interesting series of papers on the Private Art Collections of Philadelphia. Thus with the new volume will commence an entirely new set of serials. In "Oriental Sports" we have a very good account of some of the recreations of the Oriental nations, notably of the Siamese, Chinese, and Burmese. The descriptions of the astounding juggling tricks of the Hindoos will doubtless be read with some incredulity. The author's strange stories are, however, as anyone who has visited the East will testify anything but overdrawn. Charles Warren Stoddard contributes a beautiful chapter of life in the Pacific Isles—the life of two devoted missionaries who had abandoned their homes in pleasant France to toil in poverty and hardship among a semi-barbarous race. In the fiction department we have both grave and gay, the former represented by "Her Story," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, and the latter by Chauncey Hickox's "Shooting a Monogram."

The best of friends must part. To the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* the December number brings a parting that all will regret. In the current issue the Genius of the Breakfast-table—turn by turn Autocrat, Philosopher and Poet—takes his leave, and, for a while at least, we must accustom ourselves to his absence. "The Jesuit's Mission of Onondaga in 1654" gives a scrap of early Canadian history which will doubtless be extensively reproduced, and eagerly read in this country. Parton's History of Jefferson is continued this month. These papers have, we understand, attracted much attention in England. In "Common Ornament" Charles Akers gives us his theories—some of them totally impracticable except to a millionaire—on the application of art to house decoration and ornamentation. The paper is, however, well worth perusal, and contains hints which will be found of value even by the most modest house-keepers. Perhaps the greatest feature in this number is a paper by John A. Coleman, entitled "The Fight of a Man with a Railroad," in which he relates his experiences of a long litigation with an American railroad, instituted for the recovery of compensation for injuries inflicted by the railroad officials. The reader of this article will have occasion for reflection on the difference of the management and conduct of our Canadian lines and of certain of the roads across the frontier. The result will certainly not be flattering to our neighbours. "An Inspired Lobbyist" is an admirable hit, in the form of a short story, at the political jobbery so rife in the legislative capitals of the States. We cannot boast of being altogether free from this taint of jobbery, but we have not the honour of sheltering among us such a consummate scoundrel and adroit rascal as Mr. Amos Pullwood, of Washington, D.C., and subsequently of Eastburg and Slowburg. Mr. Raffensperger's "Shaker John" is a sad story of a Shaker who leaves the community to enter the world, and after months of silent suffering and hardship, returns only in time to die among his brethren, clasping "Sister Hannah's" hand. The story is told with deep feeling and much genuine pathos.

Harper's Magazine is, we venture to say, the most cosmopolitan periodical in existence. In its pages are to be found matters of interest to all classes of readers and thinkers. The poet, the philosopher, the historian, the artist, the antiquarian, and the devourer of light literature, all find their tastes consulted. The December number—for a copy of which we are indebted to Messrs. Dawson Bros.—is particularly rich in varieties. Two papers, both excellently illustrated, will at once attract the attention of those whose tastes lead them in search of historical or antiquarian information. "Marco Polo and His Book" gives a résumé of the life and travels of the great Venetian, compiled from Col. Yule's excellent work. The wonders detailed by the traveller read like a chapter from the "Arabian Nights." The account of the widespread diffusion of Christianity throughout Central Asia in these early days, and the tradition Polo found current among the Fire-Worshippers, of the Three Kings who went away to worship a Prophet that was born, carrying with them gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, possess intense interest for all classes of readers. In "The Old Romans at Home" Benson J. Lossing describes—in a series of supposed letters from a British envoy of Agricola at Rome to his friend in Britain—the manners and customs, dress, dwelling, and diet of the Romans at the time of Domitian. Under the title of "The Dome of the Continent," Mr. Verplanck Colvin gives us an account of mines and mining in Colorado, and takes us to the summit of Gray's Peak—up to the very life-limit, 15,000 feet above the sea-level. His paper is illustrated with sixteen very effective and beautiful engravings. "The Scottish Covenanters," by Eugene Lawrence, telling the story of the conflicts of Protestantism in Scotland, is very seasonable at a time when Presbyterians have just been celebrating the tercentenary of John Knox. A brief article by N. S. Dodge, on the "Astronomical Year," explains the intricacies of the calendar, and the manner in which they were solved by the decree of Gregory XIII.—a subject on which too little is generally known. Two unusually interesting short stories are contributed—"A Madrigal," by Frances M. Peard, author of "A Rose Garden," and "A Picturesque Transformation," by Julian Hawthorne, a son of the distinguished novelist. Miss Thackeray's "Old Kensington," Charles Reade's "A Simpleton," and Wilkie Collins' "The New Magdalen," are all continued in this number.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1873.—As a marvel of the lithographer's, artist's, and printer's art, Vick's "Floral Guide" is unsurpassed by any publication of its kind. On every page, from title-page to colophon, something

is to be found worthy of study and admiration. Either it is a picture of some novel flower, glowing in gorgeous colours; or a delicate floral heading; or beautifully executed cuts of varieties of flowers or vegetables. On the outside page, magnificently lithographed in gold and colours, is the title, with a fancy border, and groups of flowers at the four corners and in the centre. Turning over we find a coloured illustration of the new Japan Cockscomb, received from Japan only last year; a brilliant variety, with crimson or scarlet branches and a delicately ruffled comb of singular beauty. Opposite this is the title once more, in rustic letters, fancifully ornamented with birds, flowers and foliage. The body of the work is profusely illustrated, nearly the half of every page being devoted to woodcuts. The type-work and paper are both unexceptionable. The reading matter opens with seasonable remarks, with hints on sowing and transplanting, the laying out of gardens, and decoration of windows and dining-tables. Then follows a long illustrated catalogue—occupying a hundred pages—of seeds, flowers, grasses, vegetables and fruits, the price in every case attached. Then more hints on house adornments and garden requisites. On the last page is an illuminated calendar for 1873. Vick's seeds are too well known to need any recommendation from us. A clientele of 200,000 customers is better proof of their excellence than any we are able to give. The "Guide," containing the list of seeds, etc., is published quarterly, and the price for the year is Twenty-Five Cents. Further, any person having paid this price for the "Guide," and afterwards ordering seeds and sending money to the amount of One Dollar or more, can also order Twenty-Five Cents worth of seeds extra—the price paid for the "Guide" for the year.

NEW BOOKS.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE, and Other Tales. By Frederick W. Robinson, author of "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Paper. pp. 132. 56c.

This is a collection of over a dozen short stories by a very popular author, written in an easy, pleasant manner. Throughout the greater part of them there runs a vein of light humour, with here and there a touch of pathos, that reminds one of Dickens. Like Dickens, too, the author is remarkably fortunate in his titles. "Burlie: A Bad Boy," "Tito's Troubles," "Friend Karl,"—these are samples of his happy choice—titles which lure the reader at once. This little collection will be found the very thing for railroad reading. The stories are simple, sufficiently interesting, and short enough to allow of their being read without producing that weariness too often caused amid the jolting and clatter of the cars. For family reading by the fireside it will also be found very acceptable.

A MANUAL OF POTTERY AND PORCELAIN—FOR AMERICAN COLLECTORS. By John H. Freadwell. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 16mo. Cloth gilt. pp. 156. Illustrated.

We have reason to believe that there are in this country some few *connoisseurs*, if not collectors, of pottery, and to these we have great pleasure in recommending Mr. Freadwell's little work. Our space does not at present allow of our entering in the details of the book, but at an early date we shall have occasion to speak of it at some length. In the meantime we content ourselves with merely stating that it will be found a valuable and reliable handbook to all who feel any interest in the fictile art. It contains some twenty-five cuts illustrative of the various kinds of potteries and porcelain, and is supplemented by a series of facsimiles of porcelain marks, and a catalogue of the marks and monograms used by the painters etc., of the Sèvres manufactory. The book is elegantly got up in a blue and gold binding, and both paper and type-work are worthy of the subject into whose service they are impressed.

TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA. Compiled and arranged by Bayard Taylor. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The interest of the public in African exploration has, within the past few years, received such an increase from the published discoveries of Dr. Livingstone and the travels of Mr. Stanley in search of the great African traveller, that we feel justified in predicting for this volume an extensive sale. The Travels in South Africa form the third volume of the new Illustrated Library of Travel and Adventure, edited by Bayard Taylor, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of the correctness and reliability of any work issued under his auspices. The present volume gives a condensed but comprehensive account of the history of South Africa, from the time of the expedition sent by Pharaoh Necho, 600 years before Christ—which there is evidence to suppose really circumnavigated the continent—until the discovery of Livingstone by Stanley during the present year. A chapter is devoted to a description of the native African tribes, and to the elucidation of the geography of this portion of the country. Moffatt's, Anderson's, and Magyar's travels are all concisely related, but by far the greater portion of the book is taken up with Livingstone's journeys with a brief sketch of his plan of operation for the coming years as related by him to Stanley. We content ourselves for the present with this passing notice of a most valuable and interesting book, to which we shall, in a future number, have occasion to refer at greater length.

RECEIVED.

"The Two Ysones," and other Verses. By Edward Ellis. London: Basil Montagu Pickering.

"The Dominion Telegraph Waltzes." Composed by C. A. Gregory. Montreal: Geo. E. Desbarats.

"Mag's Waltz." Composed by A. C. Sedgwick. Cincinnati: F. W. Helmick.

THE DOMINION.—Col. Dennis has left for Manitoba to make half-breed allotments of land. A recommendation has been made for 160 acres of land for the Manitoba volunteers of 1872. —The Ottawa *Free Press* understands that the revised statements of the population of the principal cities stand as follows:—Montreal, 108,225; Toronto, 56,992; Hamilton, 27,176; Ottawa, 21,545; Kingston, 12,469. No mention is made of either Quebec, Halifax, or St. John. —The meeting of the Ontario Legislature has been further postponed till January. —A meeting of bankers and capitalists was held last week in Quebec, when it was decided to establish a forwarding company in connection with the cities of Toronto and Hamilton. —A despatch from Toronto says that it is rumoured that the Ministry contemplates measures for amending the assessment act abolishing most of the exemption, also the assets of the license law; raising license fees and bearing more stringently on unlicensed dealers and parties who violate the law. —In the matter of the rival University scheme, the Archbishop of Quebec seems to have taken the bull by the horns. He telegraphed to Rome to inquire, first, whether the decrees in favour of Laval had been revoked, and, secondly, whether Bishop Bourget might apply to the Legislature for a charter. Cardinal Barnabo immediately telegraphed a negative to the double query. —Lord and Lady Dufferin gave a second State dinner last week at Rideau Hall. —It is said that Judge Ramsay, of Montreal, will shortly succeed Judge Lafontaine at Aylmer. —The President of the Dominion Board of Trade has issued a circular reminding members of the meeting of that body at Ottawa in January, and urging them to have topics of discussion deposited beforehand with the Secretary. —The Knox centenary was celebrated with great pomp at Toronto. —The *Canada Gazette* announces the formation of a new regimental division, to be called the Regimental Division of the Centre Riding of Toronto, with Lieut.-Col. Gzowski as Lieut.-Col.

UNITED STATES.—Gen. McDowell has been appointed Major-General, to succeed Major-General Meade, deceased. —Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor Observatory, reports the discovery of a new planet in the constellation of Taurus. Its right ascension is 65 degrees 26 minutes, declination 19 degrees 36 minutes north. It shines like a star of tenth magnitude; its move is nearly parallel with the equator. —Horace Greeley died on the 29th ult., at 6:50 p.m. He was conscious at the time of his decease, and his death was peaceful. —Anthony Trollope sailed in the "Cuba" on the 27th inst. for Europe.

ENGLAND.—The Sunday meeting of policemen at Hyde Park was a failure, constables recently dismissed from the police force who were expected to be there did not appear. There were only three hundred present, Odger presided, and a remonstrance addressed to the Home Secretary was adopted. Interuption of ruffians brought the proceedings to a stop and compelled breaking up of the meeting. —The Marquis of Londonderry is dead. —The Queen has sent two thousand dollars to Italy for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundation. —Italy and France have asked Austria, Russia, and Great Britain to join them in an effort to adjust the difficulty with regard to the Laurium mines near Athens. —At the Thanksgiving dinner, given by Cyrus W. Field, last week, Mr. Gladstone responded at considerable length to the toast of Great Britain and the United States. After reference to the past history of both countries, he said all occasion of difference and controversy between the two countries had been in their nature temporary, and capable of settlement by intelligent good sense and friendly temper, and the time of that settlement had now arrived when we can speak of it as a thing happily accomplished. The sentiment between the two countries tending toward fraternal union, which heretofore had been liable to opposite and contending currents, can now move with a full and equal flow, with nothing to interrupt it or fix its duration. The ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McCulloch, responded to the toast of the Treaty of Washington. —Parliament is further prorogued until the 6th of February. —In the suit of Hepworth Dixon against the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for alleged libel, the jury awarded the plaintiff damages to the amount of one farthing. —Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is seriously ill.

FRANCE.—It is announced that the members of the party of the Right in the National Assembly have selected Gen. Changarnier as their candidate for President of the Republic in the event of the resignation of M. Thiers. —The Committee on the address have completed their report. They propose the immediate nomination of a select committee of fifteen to draw up a bill providing for the creation of a responsible ministry. They declare a reply to the Presidential Message unnecessary, because Thiers is a delegate of the Assembly. The report suggests no solution to constitutional questions. The minority of the committee, favourable to the President, have resolved to prepare a counter report. The report of the majority, which makes the rupture between President Thiers and the Right complete, causes much anxiety in political circles. —The situation in France is very serious. A very excited debate took place in the Assembly on the 30th ult., and a resolution, declaring that in presenting addresses of confidence to the President, the Municipal Councils had violated the law, and that the Minister of the Interior had done so also in receiving them, was passed. It is thought that, as matters stand, the President cannot continue to govern the country.

GERMANY.—A despatch says if Thiers is removed or superseded, the Germans will re-occupy the whole of the departments recently evacuated. —The Lower House of the Prussian Diet has passed the Country Reform Bill by a vote of 288 against 91. —The Emperor has by decree created 25 Peers out of the ranks of the Government officials, Generals, and land-owners.

AUSTRIA.—An Imperial decree has been promulgated, convoking the Reichsrath on 12th December. —Government contemplates introducing an Electoral Reform Bill at the coming session.

ITALY.—Symptoms of revolutionary trouble are discovered in Rome. Orsini bonds have been captured at Florence, destined for the Eternal City, and several arrests have been made of persons preparing to hold a Radical meeting. —Monsieur de Merod, private chaplain to the Pope, is again reported to be ill.

SPAIN.—A sharply contested battle has been fought in Murela, between the troops and the insurgents. The latter were routed with great loss. The insurgents have also been beaten in Lenares, Andalusia, and Arco de La Frontera, with loss of prisoners, horses, and material. Government forces have driven the republicans from Bazara.

CENTRAL AFRICA.—The United States S.S. "Yankee" has arrived at Aden bound for Zanzibar. The U.S. flagship "Colorado's" orders have been changed, and it is rumoured that she will also go to Zanzibar. The British steamship "Briton" is at Aden, awaiting the arrival of Sir Bartle Frere. —The naval officers are enthusiastic over the anticipation of the expedition against slavery. —The Khedive will also send troops to Zanzibar. He desires to anticipate the English Expedition in the seizure of the Lake Regions of the Nile.

CHINA.—Shanghai advices report multitudes dying from the famine in Corea.



C. KENDRICK

MONTREAL.—THE BALL AT RAVENSCRAG IN HONOUR OF LORD DUFFERIN.—By C. KENDRICK.

Science & Mechanics.

THE POTATO ROT.

There can be no doubt that there are certain atmospheric conditions which favour the development and increase of certain minute fungoid growths, which in their turn materially influence both animal and vegetable life. Dr. Lionel Beale, one of our best microscopists, insists most strongly on this point. The very great quantity of rain and the great humidity of the atmosphere during the months of September and October, conditions peculiarly favourable to fungoid growth, may in all probability have had its effect on the potato crop in the Province of Quebec, for all throughout it—more particularly in the Gaspé district and the low lands lying between Montreal and Three Rivers—the potatoes are more or less diseased.

Some eminent botanists and microscopists are firmly persuaded that the disease is traceable to minute fungi or parasitic growth, which first attacks the under side of the leaves of the potato plant, stopping up their breathing pores and preventing the emission of perspiration; consequently the potato plant gets surcharged with moisture, which rots the stem and leaves, and gives the spawn the opportunity of preying upon the tissues most disastrously, for in almost incredibly short space of time the whole plant becomes one putrid mass.

In England the damage done to the potato crop has been immense, and is estimated by a writer in the *Times* at about \$100,000,000; and probably the amount is not exaggerated when the rapid growth of this "potato fungus" is taken into consideration, for it is stated with authority that in a few days a whole tract of country will be overspread by it, and the evil will then be apparently incurable. All fungoid growths are remarkable for their amazing rapidity of development and it is important to bear this in mind.

One of the remedies proposed is to mow the stems down as soon as the disease makes its appearance. This plan often fails, because the tubers may be diseased before the plants are cut down, and when that is not the case the potatoes are often so weakened by the process as to be of little value.

Admitting the cause of the disease to be known there is great contrariety of opinion as to its cure. A writer in the *Gardener's Chronicle* advises growers always to plant early varieties, and to get the potatoes out of the ground as soon as possible. The difficulty is that we cannot tell beforehand when the crop is likely to be affected, and then, when symptoms of disease appear, it is often too late to apply the effectual remedy.

English scientific writers have called attention to the singular circumstance that the periods of maximum sun spots coincide with periods of great national epidemics. The years 1848, 1860, and 1872 are specially cited by astronomers as dates for the periods of maximum sun spots, and in each of these years the potato disease was prevalent, as were also other epidemics. A writer in *Nature* suggests the idea that such diseases may be expected in periodically recurring cycles. Again, may not the same electrical conditions which have been favourable to the spread of the potato disease in Europe have had some share in the production of the "epizootic" malady in America?

It would be well if the Professors of Meteorology would present to the agriculturist some of the physical laws on which meteorology depends, and the relation between the weather and disorders of particular character which affect both animal and vegetable life, or, in other words, the influence of peculiarities of weather on the functions of organized bodies, so as to awaken a more lively interest in the subject of meteorology, when so much depends upon an acquaintance with its laws.

TANK LOCOMOTIVE FOR THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

This is one of a class of locomotive tank engines lately constructed for the Prince Edward Island Railway by the Hunslet Engine Company of Leeds, under the superintendence of Mr. James Livesey, of Westminster. *Engineering* gives the following particulars respecting its make and capacities:

The line for which these engines have been built has a gauge of 3 ft. 6 in., and the engines have outside cylinders, four coupled wheels, and a four-wheeled bogie in front. The cylinders are passed through the frames (which are on one solid plate from end to end), and are secured by flanges all round the steam chests, which latter are enclosed in a chamber under the smoke bars, and are easily accessible by removing the front plate, which is arranged for that purpose.

The water is carried in a saddle tank, and two side tanks, all connected, and containing a sufficient supply for a run of 40 miles. The coke box is placed behind within the cab, and has capacity for a proportionate quantity of fuel.

The firebox is made of Howell's homogeneous metal, and the tubes are of wrought-

iron. The coupled wheels are of wrought-iron with crank bosses and balance weights forged in, and the bogie wheels are of the disc pattern, and are of crucible steel. All the wheels are fitted with Bessemer steel tyres. A powerful brake acts upon the four coupled wheels. The leading end of the engine rests on a circular seat on the cradle of bogie, which is suspended by links (as shown in the transverse section on page 364), from cross stay or girder plates between the bogie frames, thus allowing for both lateral and radial motion. The buffer beams are of oak, with wrought iron plates on both sides; the front beam fitted with cow-catcher and pushing bar; the back beam is fitted with central combined buffer and drag spring.

The boiler is fed by one pump, worked by an eccentric, and one injector—Seller's patent—while the engine is fitted with sand boxes on each side, and with the usual accessories of American engines, such as large and small whistle, bell, &c., all of which are brought under the control of the driver by handles carried through the front of the cab. The latter is wholly of iron, and is fitted with glass lights, hinged to open.

The following are a few of the leading particulars:

Gauge of railway	ft.	in.
Diameter of cylinders	3	6
Length of stroke	1	4
Diameter of wheels (four coupled)	3	6
" bogie wheels	1	10
Centres of coupled wheels	5	6
" bogie wheels	4	0

Wheel base from centre of trailing axle to centre of bogie	12	10
Length of boiler barrel	8	3
Diameter	2	8
63 tubes 2 in. diameter outside.		
Total heating surface in tubes and firebox, 320 square feet.		

One saddle tank and two side tanks, collective capacity, 600 gallons.

Capacity of coke box, 36 cubic feet.

Weight of engine in working trim, 15 tons.

Weight on coupled wheels, 11½ tons.

The engine we illustrate are altogether of very neat and compact design, and will, we have no doubt, give satisfaction. We may mention, in conclusion, that the Hunslet Engine Company have for some time made the construction of small tank engines a speciality. Amongst others they have just completed some for a railway in Brazil of a metre gauge, and they are at present building others for a 3 ft. 6 in. gauge line in Portugal, these latter, which have 14 in. cylinders and 2 ft. stroke, being probably nearly the maximum sized engine for the gauge, so long as ordinary types of locomotives are adhered to.

NEW PATENT GAS.

A patent has been recently taken out by Messrs. Hengst and Muschouf, for the manufacture of gas on an entirely new principle. After the gas has been generated in an ordinary retort, much in the usual manner of generating coal-gas by means of superheated steam, and immediately on its leaving the retort, it passes through a series of pipes or small auxiliary retorts which are heated and charged with a porous substance, which, when in an incandescent state, either absorbs or converts into permanent gas almost the whole of the impurities contained therein, and thus the gas leaves them in a fit condition for use.

The inventors claim the following advantages over any other mode of gas making:

1. The entire freedom from sulphur, ammonia, smoke, or offensive smell in the gas produced.

2. Greatly increased production of gas from a given quantity of coal, and gas of much greater brilliance and illuminating power.

3. A great saving in cost, not only of making gas but in the erection of apparatus employed therein, as by this mode gas may be manufactured from common coal, or even small coal, at a cost not exceeding 8d. per 1,000 ft., and of an illuminating power of 33 candles from a burner consuming 5 ft. per hour.

One great feature of the apparatus is its simplicity of construction. It can be appended to existing works at a small cost. Small works can also be erected on this principle at little cost.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE EYE AND EAR.—Dr. Vogel writes to the *Philadelphia Photographer* as follows: "That the interior of the human eye has been photographed is well known. The experiment is a somewhat cruel one for a living subject; still there are victims who stand it. I know, for instance, a very handsome young lady, whose brother is a physician, who patiently takes extract of belladonna until the pupil has become sufficiently enlarged; the interior of the eye is then illuminated with magnesium-light, and photographed. In a similar manner has the ear been photographed, that is to say, the tympanum only. A tube is inserted, in which is a mirror, inclined at a certain angle. The mirror throws light into the interior of the ear. The mirror is also provided with a central hole, through which the illuminated tympanum can be inspected. A system of lenses projects an image on the sensitive plate, and the picture is made in the ordinary manner."

Courier des Dames.

THE FASHION PLATES.

These illustrations are intended principally to give a general idea of the form and trimmings of some of the costumes and toilettes in vogue in Europe for the winter. No particular directions are given for the material of the different dresses, this being left to the taste or fancy of the reader. In the first plate are given three specimens of in-door costumes, of which one—the fourth in order of grouping—is a *costume de cérémonie*, and is worn with a demi-train. There are also two visiting or promenade costumes, and a costume for a little girl. The second plate gives some very elegant evening and bridal costumes.

WINTER CLOTHING.

According to a writer in *Scribner's Monthly*, a crusade has been commenced by some of the most skillful medical men in New York against the use of furs. The following is a paragraph from the article in question:

"In his experiments to determine the heat-conducting power of linen, cotton, wool, and silk, Sir Humphry Davy found not only that these materials conducted heat in the order given above, linen being the best, but also that the tightness or looseness of weaving possessed an important influence. It is therefore evident that in the selection of winter clothing, and especially of that to be worn next the skin, the material of least conducting power, as wool and silk, should be chosen, and the fabrics should be loosely woven. As regards the external garments the same rules apply with equal force, but in this case care should be taken to remove overcoats and shawls when in a warm room; especially should this precaution be observed in the instance of the furs worn by ladies. The habit of wearing these articles for hours in succession while shopping and visiting, often so weakens the powers of resistance in the wearers that they become the ready victims of inflammations of the throat and lungs. To such an extent does this occur in New York that many of the most skillful physicians advise their patients to discontinue the use of furs, and the advice is often followed with the most satisfactory results.

The University of Melbourne has resolved, by an unanimous vote, that women shall enjoy in future all the facilities for gaining knowledge and taking degrees which are already possessed by men and upon equal terms.

The next move of the ladies' rights enthusiasts is it seems to be to abolish men altogether, for there is a proposal for a United Service Club in London, where no gentleman or male servants are to be admitted. It is hardly the correct title, as "United Service" surely means male and female. Why not call it the Nunery Club?—*Court Journal*.

The following on *dit* has run the round of the papers, and, if not correct, is not unsuggestive. A lady residing in Clifton, Bristol, of good family, and enjoying a fortune in her own right, has just conferred her hand upon a young man of the humblest class, who hitherto has had no higher occupation than attending the "leader" of an omnibus, and attaching drags to the wheels of carriages. The lady in question, it appears, was a district visitor, and in that capacity visited the houses of the poor in a populous district of Clifton. In the course of these visits she happened to call upon the young man's mother, who has been until recently an invalid, and was so much struck with the filial attention and affectionate disposition of the youth, that she took notice of him from time to time. The wedding was celebrated a few days since at one of the churches of the cathedral city of Wells. The juvenile bridegroom has not seen more than seventeen or eighteen summers, while his "better half," whose infatuation has led her to sacrifice position, relatives and friends, is about thirty years of age.

The following anecdote is told of Margaret Kerr, the grandmother of William and Robert Chambers. She was a small, plain woman, strict, critical, and a severe censor of what she considered degenerating manners. As the wife of a ruling elder she exercised a certain authority in ecclesiastical matters; and once, in the presence of several neighbours, lectured the parish minister on a delicate subject—his wife's dress.

"It was a sin and a shame," she said, "to see sse mickle finery."

The minister did not deny the charge, but dextrously encountered her with the Socratic method of argument. "So, Margaret, you think that ornament is useless and sinful in a lady's dress?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then may I ask you why you wear that ribbon around your cape? A piece of cord would surely do quite as well."

Disconcerted with this unforeseen turn of affairs, Margaret determinedly rejoined, in an under-tone, "Ye'll not have long to ask sic a question."

Next day her cap was bound with a piece of white tape, and never afterward, until the day of her death, did she wear a ribbon or any morsel of ornament.

A new *coiffure* establishment in Paris offers its patrons some novel attractions which are thus described by the *Echo*:—To have one's hair frizzed to the sound of soft music is a pleasure

reserved for the ladies who frequent the splendid salons of a new *tablissement de coiffure* in Paris. Far away be the days when the "barber of Seville," or of any other city, was a personage to be treated with gentle irony. Hair-cutting in Paris has mounted beyond the regions of an art, it has almost become a science. Its votaries assemble in vast and magnificent rooms, to which they are introduced by lackeys in rich liveries, and where they are attended by the most "distinguished artistes" with "irreproachable tenue"—able to speak all the languages of Europe. While the gentle operation of the tonsure, and the brushing and the perfuming are in process, a mysterious music is heard pervading the apartments. Gentlemen's boards are softly shaved by razors of "velvet electricity"—the next thing, of course, to "battered lightning"—with the aid of soap, which is, in truth, the honey of Arabia, dissolved in the dewdrops of dawn. Ladies, meanwhile, have their locks frizzed as by an *Æolian breeze*—which may be either "stormy" or "calm," as suits their temperament and style of head-dress. Surely we are in a world of exquisite novelties! Only one thing in the programme recalls the barbarous days of old. The ladies are promised not only "delicate attentions" from their attendants, but also "the most *spirituelle* conversation!"

The *Echo* says:—"Among the many interesting phenomena depicted in the 'hieroglyphics' of the astrological almanacks for next year, we observe a young lady, dressed very fashionably, turning her back towards the beholder, and engaged apparently in coaxing a large black cat, which, in its turn, is taking no notice of anything. The unassisted imagination might interpret this in various ways without hitting upon the true meaning of it; but, happily, the prophet himself explains. He says: 'The female figure, placed prominently in the foreground, indicates the position which woman is destined to occupy in the immediate future, while the fact of her face being turned away from us, and the attention she is bestowing upon the cat, would seem to imply that she will still retain that unobtrusiveness and domesticity which are the greatest charms of her character.' So then both sides are to be satisfied, if compromise can satisfy either. But we greatly fear that this vision will be found unsatisfactory all round. The advocates of 'prominence' will hardly agree to have that prominence merely consist in prominent domesticity, a sort of turning the family life inside out; while their opponents will assuredly object to the coaxing of a black cat being taken as the type of that life in the home which they always speak of as the 'sphere' of woman. While, then, the compromise is a failure, the uncompromising part of the picture is even worse. The young lady has a chignon at least twice the size of her head. The presence of such a monstrosity in a vision of the future is enough to appal the stoutest heart."

The following observations on "the rights of woman" appeared in the October number of *Cobden's New Monthly Magazine*:—"When people talk of the 'rights of women' to perform all the functions of civil life which men perform, they forget that those 'rights' would involve duties which women cannot discharge, and labours which they cannot undergo. They might as well talk of the 'rights' of women to break stones on the road, or to serve in the police, or in the army or navy, or to go out on the whale-fisheries! They forget that women have duties of their own, which would be neglected if they attempted to discharge the duties of men also. Women simply have not the requisite physical strength and capabilities for doing the work of men. A lady-advocate, for instance, would be more likely to be broken down by the fatigue of professional business than an advocate of the stronger sex. She would hardly be able to endure seven or eight hours of legal work day after day in a crowded and noisy court. The nerves and frame of most women would be unequal to such exertions as men are able to undergo in public life. And in litigation (for we will, for argument's sake and to bring the question to a practical test, adhere to the supposed case of female law-practitioners), there would obviously arise a multitude of matters unfit for the ears, much more for the intervention, of the female sex. They could not, then, be lawyers. How could they be physicians, except in the case of their own sex, and of children? They could not be divines, if the rule of an apostle is to be considered as decisive in the matter. The publicity of preaching is contrary to the reserve and retirement which befit the sex, and which nature itself prompts them to maintain. Law, therefore, medicine (with the exception above stated), and divinity are closed against them. As to their intervention in political affairs, these require reasoning, and women are not famous as reasoners, though their intuition be quick and acute. The 'rights of women' are, as all rights must be, limited by the duties and capabilities of the claimants."

WE SAY THEY ARE GOOD.—The Shoshonee Pills are manufactured with the utmost care, serenity, and exactness, from the very active principles, doubly refined and purified, of such of the choicest remedial agents of the vegetable kingdom as to possess them of properties that only meet in harmony the exigencies of every ingredient entering into the composition of the Shoshonee Remedy, and also that give the Pills themselves more desirable qualities for general use than any family pill before the public. On account of the extreme mildness and yet great certainty in action of the Pills, as well as their strengthening and healing effects on the stomach and bowels, and in fact the whole system; along with their permeating and restorative action on the liver, kidneys, skin, &c., &c., we say on account of their superior qualities the Pills are placed on sale as a Family Medicine.

THE POTTLETON SOCIAL.

BY EPHRAIM.

The little town of Pottleton was in a state of unusual excitement.

The public pulse beat with alarming rapidity. The social barometer indicated a change, and general appearances tended towards fever heat.

Groups of persons were standing on the public square, engaged in conversing upon some all important topic. The office of the Pottleton Trumpet was regarded with especial interest. The leaves were blown in the same direction, as if their presence was absolutely necessary, and small clouds of dust met them by appointment to discuss some prominent question. Even the hungry dogs were attracted thither by an unaccountable agency, and showed a total disregard for the safety of their lives, and a bold contempt for the city ordinance in which they figured conspicuously.

A stranger would have at first supposed it to have been the eve of an election; but on second thought he would have discovered his mistake—because everybody was sober. Elections seldom troubled Pottleton; besides it was a moral town, and always appointed its officers for lengthened terms of office; thus saving a large amount of money and a larger amount of time.

It boasted a railroad, a corporation, a town-hall and a bank. It possessed all the requirements a town of its size needed, and so far, was content.

The demoralizing effects of political excitement had not, as yet, contaminated Pottleton, and it rejoiced exceedingly in the high tone of its moral status.

The church clock had just struck the hour of 10 (A. M.) correctly for the first time in a month.

With commendable punctuality the office of the Trumpet was thrown open to a large and eager crowd, which set at naught the strenuous exertions of the constable, sheriff and town clerk, whose several positions were combined in the person of a weak and bald-headed official, who vainly endeavoured to maintain order by observing: "Do keep back, gentlemen, please, and respect the constable." Failing to obtain respect in that capacity, he would appeal in virtue of his office as sheriff, and, town-clerk as a last resource. Whether on account of the thinness of his voice, or a lack of befitting dignity of exterior to command respect, I cannot say; but he suddenly retired from the contest.

The cause of this excitement, which I will presently explain, is based upon the authority of the Trumpet itself, the "official organ of Pottleton and immediate vicinity," claiming a circulation (principally in unpaid subscriptions) greatly in excess of any other paper in the county, and, in consequence the best advertising medium (value taken out in trade to suit the convenience of advertisers) you could possibly select.

It was independent in its political tone, and its opinions were constantly changing. It exhibited a marked caution in its expressions and never left itself open to a prosecution for libel, as it was never known to assume responsibility in any shape whatever. As a proof of its importance as one of the institutions of the country, and illustrating its freedom of the press, it was full of typographical errors which were committed with a corresponding freedom.

In explanation of this overwhelming rush I refer you to the second column of the first page of said Trumpet, which I take the liberty of quoting:

"THE POTTLETON LYCEUM.—The members of this distinguished society will give a grand, scientific, social and literary concert at their Hall this evening, at eight o'clock prompt. Our local talent, of which Pottleton is so justly proud, will meet en masse, and we anticipate an array of literary and classical ability, seldom if ever equalled in the Province."

"Miss Arabella DeLaurey will sing a *bravura* from one of the Italian masters, in her most charming style; and Mr. St. Clair, the gifted baritone, will render his valuable assistance in a duet."

"It is worthy of remark that while we are happy in noting the admirable good taste shown by the committee in the arrangement of its programme, it is also observable that a higher tone of literary excellence and classic ability will be presented to a discriminating public than has hitherto been given by the society."

"We are always ready to admit that a becoming modesty ever characterizes true genius, but we should feel we were doing our citizens an injustice if we failed to predict that Pottleton may yet produce its Shakespeare or its Nilsson."

I regret my time will not admit of giving the whole of this interesting article which the editor had taken unusual pains to "set up" correctly.

With the exception of Miss DeLaurey's *bravura* and Mr. St. Clair's selection the programme was original.

Poems, articles on scientific subjects, papers on domestic economy were all possessed, if of no other merit, that at least of originality.

Never before had Pottleton held such a "feast of reason" for twenty-five cents a head, and it was to be expected such an occasion should be hailed with befitting enthusiasm. Every reserved seat was taken. The principals of the young ladies' seminaries had pro-

mised their pupils an intellectual treat of the highest order; combining instruction with amusement, not forgetting to charge said "treat" to their respective parents and guardians.

Dry goods stores and millinery establishments had a busy day of it. Every available inch of space had been engaged at the Slush House by families from the country.

The brass band, numbering eight pieces, exclusive of the drum and cymbals, was to "proceed" through the town and play in front of the Lyceum in the evening.

The performance was billed to commence at seven o'clock sharp.

At six juvenile patrons of art congregated before the door, and by half-past the side-walk was crowded. The pupils at the boarding-schools went without tea to enable them to be present in time.

Carriages, light and heavy wagons rumbled along the High Street.

The Slush House presented a brilliant appearance.

The Town Hall clock was illuminated in honour of the occasion.

A tasteful monogram, composed of the letters "P. L." was ingeniously constructed out of Chinese lanterns, and suspended in front of the Lyceum. An enterprising member had erected a transparency, with the words, "Literature, Science and Art" boldly inscribed thereon. Below these magic symbols he informed the readers—"sign painting executed at reasonable rates."

The doors opened and the crush came. The constable wisely appointed three specials and presented them with refreshment tickets in consideration of their services.

As soon as the house filled it presented a brilliant appearance. Gayly-coloured dresses of costly silks met the eye at every turn, and contrasted finely with the sombre attire of the gentlemen. Jewels of immense value (if you could judge by the size of their settings) dazzled the eye. Varied types of beauty mingled together in one blazing galaxy of wealth and refinement. Blondes and brunettes outvied each other in the richness of the wardrobe, and the rosy tinge of their complexions. Pearl powder was at a premium. Roman noses buried themselves in elaborately laced handkerchiefs of gossamer fineness.

The unadulterated freshness of the school girls—some were budding into womanhood—mellowed the beauty of the scene. Bracelets of wonderful workmanship were displayed on arms of alabaster whiteness. Chignons of every size, hue, design and quality that you could think of, adorned the heads of the ladies. The atmosphere was permeated with a delicious odor of rare perfumes. Pottleton excelled itself.

The programme was selected with great care and read as follows:

PROGRAMME.

Overture.....The Pottleton Band
Introductory Address....E. Freshwater, Esq.
Paper entitled "Farming and Reform"

[Mr. J. Snugger
Bravura, from *Il Trovatore*....Miss Arabella DeLaurey
Essay, "Thoughts on Keeping an Hotel,"

[A. Fogg, Esq.
Duet, "When Shall the Harvest be?"
[Miss A. DeLaurey & Mr. C. St. Clair,

—
Recess to conclude with refreshment and social gossip.

The orchestra, which had been hard at work, opened the evening's entertainment. It showed evident signs of a premature fatigue. Some of the members presented a foundered appearance from over-blowing.

The selection was fine; but would have been better appreciated had the bass-drum and cymbals not predominated quite so largely, as it marred the effect of the softer toned pieces.

This volume of sound was understood to be an instrumental representation of a battle scene, in which the bass-drum was supposed to be cannon, and the side-drum a volley of musketry. The shrieks of the wounded could be heard from the clarinet with horrible fidelity, and the charge was as beautifully rendered by the 1st E. flat cornet.

After the last shot had been fired and the plaintive wailing of agony from the wounded had sobbed them lves to sleep, the overture closed amidst a gloomy and impressive silence.

E. Freshwater, Esq., came next in order. His appearance was the signal for one continued demonstration of applause.

He bowed repeatedly thrust his hand carelessly through hair which wouldn't curl, coughed sympathetically; astured gracefully, and displayed his *bravura* ring to the best advantage. Laying his hand somewhere in the region of his hear, but suggestively close to his vest pocket, he proceeded:

Ladies and Gentlemen:
When Art and Beauty meet here face to face,
Fair Science also claims of right a place,
With other aspirants to honoured fame,
Glorious Apollo bringing up the train—
Though last, not least, a willing prisoner sure
With graceful mien advances Literature.

(This happy allusion to the Trumpet was publicly acknowledged by its proprietor, who

exclaimed "Not at all," which remark slightly confused the speaker, who was doubtful in what sense the expression was offered.)

Then as we mingle in the busy throng
We pay our homage to the Queen of Song,
While different tastes their different subjects
[choose;

Some worship music—others court the muse,
And as I gaze around this beautiful scene—
Am I awake, or is't some fancied dream?
Can such things be! so lovely, wondrous, grand?
Or is't a romance from sweet fairy-land?
What kindred spirits have I strayed among?
It is, it must be, classic Pottleton!
No flowery language can my thoughts express,
Th' tumultuous heavings of my throbbing breast.
In weak and feeble words I but convey
The pride and happiness I feel to-day,
Then old and young, ye friends and patrons dear,
Thrice welcome all, a thousand welcomes here!

The poetic allusion to the "Queen of Song" evidently referred to Miss DeLaurey, and took immensely.

It was several minutes before Mr. Freshwater recovered sufficient composure to bow himself off the stage.

Well might Pottleton be proud of such talent! As the enthusiasm had toned itself down, Mr. James Snugger made his appearance.

This gentleman had a matter-of-fact business air about him, which told greatly in his favour. With mature deliberation he slowly unfolded his manuscript and launched into business. His writing, like himself, was plain and easily understood. I will endeavour to give you an idea of the substance of his remarks:

He truly observed that a considerable quantity of land is annually wasted through extravagant farming. This is an age of progress; but although an age of progress it should also be one of economy. Mr. Snugger didn't believe in such lavish consumption of earth, and he proved, by carefully drawn-up statistics, that several million dollars are annually thrown away through the recklessness of short-sighted agriculturists. This, he considered, is a retrograde movement instead of a progressive one. He felt it his duty to point out these things, and although he was likely to meet with opposition from prejudiced persons, he was not to be debarred from his object.

Some people might say if he knew so much about these matters why didn't he give them the benefit of his experience? He would do so. Mr. Snugger then went on to show the different kinds of vegetables which would yield the best paying capital. (I will omit this portion of his subject, as it is purely technical.)

His concluding remarks were:
"Build your land on the perpendicular. You thus economize your earth surface and can grow a greater variety of produce."

"You will find this method to work exceedingly well. Get your neighbour to plant something on one side and you something on the other, and you will find your own crop double that of any year preceding. Should your species of vegetable be stronger than his, it is very probable an amalgamation will take place, novel in character as well as agreeable to the palate and useful to science at large."

Mr. Snugger retired, a triumphant smile of self-satisfaction suffusing his ruddy face.

Mr. Snugger's exit caused a general reference to the programme to see what was coming next. Double-barrelled opera glasses were levelled at the stage in expectation of Miss Arabella DeLaurey's entrance.

The prima donna made her *entrée*. With a bow of matchless grace she took in the whole house with one glance of her expressive eye; the soft patting of gloved hands brought forth a smile of singular sweetness, which revealed a set of magnificent teeth—not her own.

The lady was built in the Elizabethan style of architecture and of rugged proportions (vulgarily termed "scraggy.") Her age might have been either twenty or forty. Her face was oval and its expression *spirituelle*. The colour of her hair—or rather the hair she wore—was an intense auburn. Her forehead was broad and intellectual. Her eyes large and penetrating and dilated with *belladonna*. Her nose was of the composite order—Roman above the bridge, Grecian below it. Her waist—well her waist was considerable of a waste.

In one gloved hand she held a mutilated piece of sheet music, and, in the other, a pocket-handkerchief—with her right she arranged the folds of her drapery in the most approved style, and with her left slightly raised her skirt, showing a delicately formed foot encased in a number nine satin gaiter. She stretched herself to her full height, cast a look of contempt at the pianist, which ought to have annihilated him on the spot—but didn't—raised her eyes heavenward, toyed with her bracelet, shook herself together and went in heavy on the Italian.

As nobody knew much about the language everybody agreed upon the correctness of her accent. The only syllables I could hear distinctly were a *moor*, a *moor*, *noor* a *poco del forte* a *moor*, a *poco*. A gentleman who had been to Italy sometime in his youth said she was singing something about "a Dutchman going for a nigger."

Of course Miss DeLaurey was *encored* (that had been provided for beforehand), and she went through the same performance to the

delight of an intelligent audience. The way she rolled her eyes as well as her voice was truly thrilling!

Alfred Fogg, Esq., one of the thinnest men in Pottleton, succeeded the *prima donna*, and read a short essay—"Thoughts on Keeping a Hotel."

Mr. Fogg besides being thin was lantern-jawed and hawk-eyed. His appearance led you to suppose he had never seen the inside of a hotel in his life; but as he was going to tell us something about keeping one, the presumption was he would get fatter by-and-by. His remarks were listened to with much interest, probably because the subject was about something to eat. It made you hungry to look at him, it did indeed.

I will give you his closing remarks:

"I have made up my mind," he said, "that it does require a smart man to keep a hotel. With painful consciousness I am aware that I am not, in this connection, a smart man. I have tried it and ought to know; I have lost money at it, and my experience is from actual knowledge. We must creep, my friends, before we can walk. I crept and kept on creeping, but I never walked in the hotel sense of the word, though my customers did—they walked off without paying. It was a sorrowful stagger with me. I opened a restaurant—not a large one, my means being limited. For the first week I had no customers. The second week business was more encouraging. They came, but brought their own dinners, and I lent 'em the knives and forks."

"The third week I took in half a dollar. The fourth week, it was on Monday, a gentleman-looking person called upon me and made numerous inquiries. He became interested, and made himself unusually agreeable. I thought he had an idea of buying me out, and I was only too ready to jump at the chance. Feeling my way cautiously I inquired if such was his intention."

"Oh dear, no; by no means."

"Then why this interest in a stranger's affairs?"

"Look here," said he, "do you repose much confidence in human nature?"

"Some, I replied, but very little. Why?"

"Because if you do, repose that confidence in me."

"A transient smile suffused his face as he continued:

"Will you cook this sausage and lend me a quarter? Say, will you?"

"I did neither, and then I knew how sharp a man it required to keep a hotel successfully."

Mr. Fogg was allowed to retire, feeling persuaded that the audience sympathized with him in his great grief.

As soon as Mr. St. Clair appeared on the stage, leading in Miss Arabella DeLaurey, the opera glasses were again brought into requisition, and Mr. St. Clair was greeted with rapturous applause.

They then introduced the latest stage bow and looked at each other.

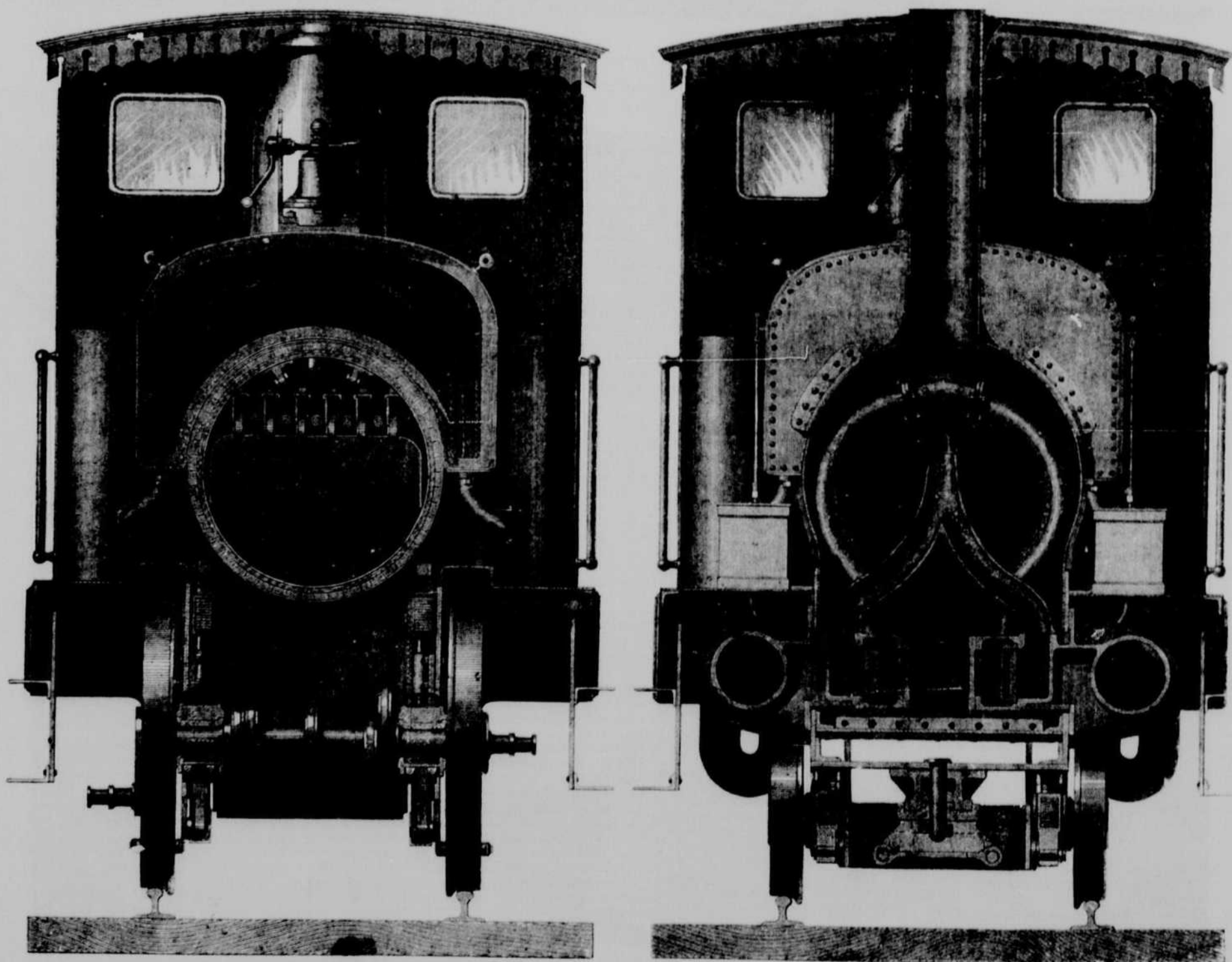
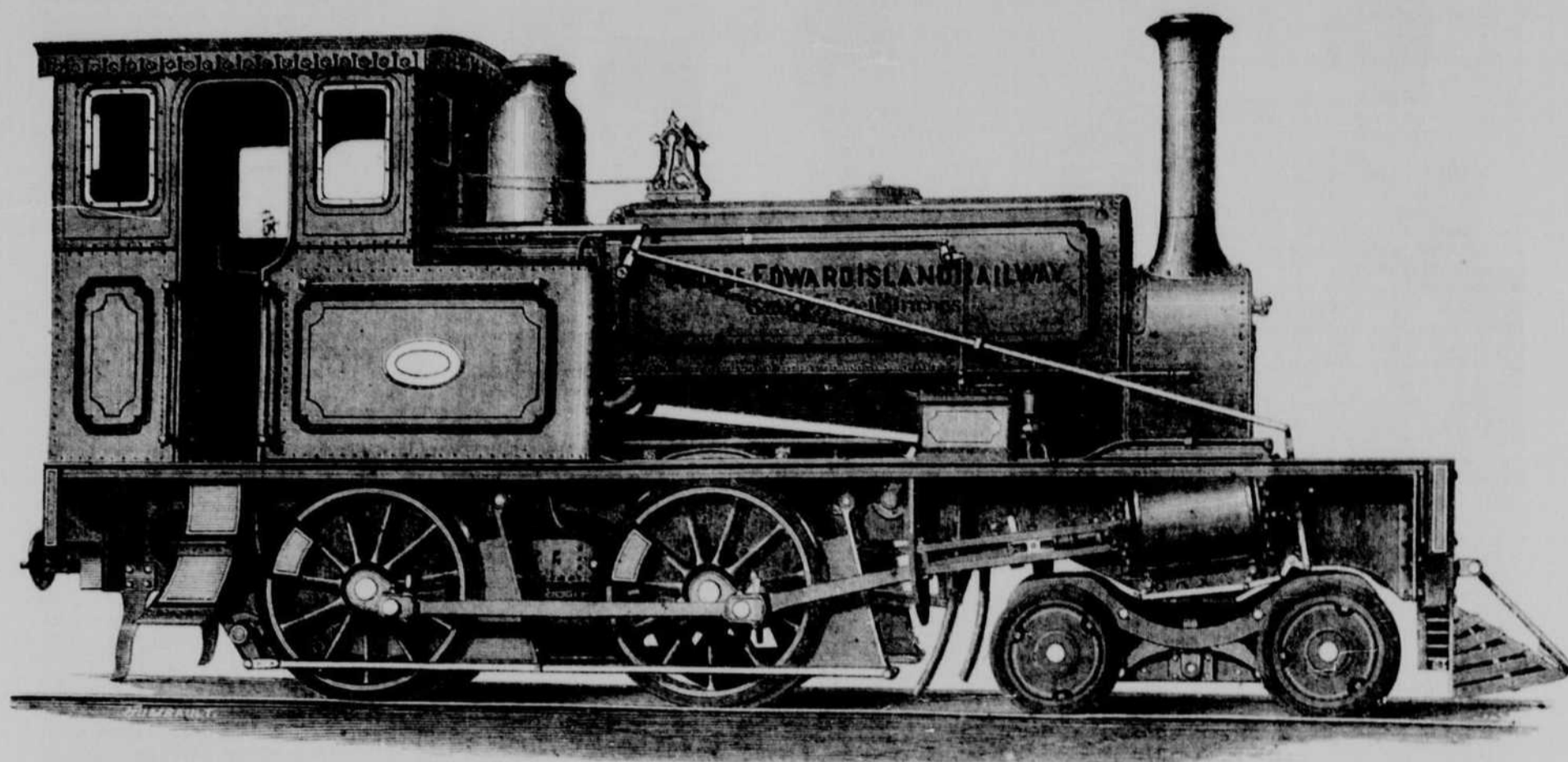
Mr. St. Clair made quite an extensive display of shirt bosom, wrist-bands and white gloves. He first drew public attention to the capacious dimensions of shirt bosom, (his idea evidently being to let people know he had one) then pulled down his wrist-bands to show they were not paper, referred to his collar, looked at his audience attentively, also coughed twice, glanced at the audience scornfully, wiped his moustache and turned to Miss DeLaurey, as much as to say: "I am quite ready, what are you waiting for?" The pianist received the customary scowl and played a prelude to the duet referred to in the programme. The prelude was finished. Mr. St. Clair then asked Miss DeLaurey in a deep tone of voice, "When will the harvest be?" She replied to his question, seemingly much hurt, by asking him, "When will the harvest be?" He deigned no reply; but a sudden inspiration seizing them both they simultaneously repeated the question. An elderly farmer in front "guessed they didn't know much about harvesting." The question was again asked, and the same gentleman expressed his opinion, rather loudly, that if the weather was good the harvest might be a week earlier than last year. This caused a laugh among those who heard it, and was the only answer that applied to the question.

This concluded the musical and literary exercises, and the lyceum adjourned to refreshment and social gossip.

The gastronomical abilities of the cook at the Slush House was severely tested. Ice cream, raspberry cakes, jelly cakes, fruit cakes, custard, coffee, sponge cakes, current cakes, pound cakes, plum cakes, tea, chocolate, apples, nuts, oranges, cold water and etceteras, were partaken of with a vigour that impressed you deeply with the capacity of the Pottletonian appetite. But eating and drinking must come to an end.

The prima donna received her congratulations gracefully, and affected the usual languid air those ladies are supposed to have at their command. She got up a stereotyped smile, which would have looked well in print, and never left her the whole evening. I am sorry to say I could not stay long enough to enjoy all the good things I saw and heard, but I went away fully satisfied that the social should not pass unrecorded.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.



TANK LOCOMOTIVE FOR THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

DECEMBER FASHIONS.



HOUSE AND PROMENADE COSTUMES.



EVENING AND BRIDAL TOILETTES.

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THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE.—*Mablethorpe House.*

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

With those words he began his first extract from the consul's letter.

"My memory is a bad one for dates. But full three months must have passed since information was sent to me of an English patient, received at the hospital here, whose case I, as English consul, might feel an interest in investigating.

"I went the same day to the hospital, and was taken to the bedside.

"The patient was a woman—young, and (when in health) I should think, very pretty. When I first saw her she looked, to my un instructed eyes, like a dead woman. I noticed that her head had a bandage over it, and I asked what was the nature of the injury that she had received. The answer informed me that the poor creature had been present, nobody knew why or wherefore, at a skirmish or night attack between the Germans and the French, and that the injury to her head had been inflicted by a fragment of a German shell."

Horace—thus far leaning back carelessly in his chair—suddenly raised himself and exclaimed: "Good heavens! can this be the woman I saw laid out for dead in the French cottage?"

"It is impossible for me to say," replied Julian. "Listen to the rest of it. The consul's letter may answer your question."

He went on with his reading:

"The wounded woman had been reported dead, and had been left by the French in their retreat, at the time when the German forces took possession of the enemy's position. She was found on a bed in a cottage by the director of the German ambulance—"

"Ignatius Wetzels," cried Horace.

"Ignatius Wetzels," repeated Julian, looking at the letter.

"It is the same!" said Horace. "Lady Janet, we are really interested in this. You remember my telling you how I first met with Grace? And you have heard more about it since, no doubt, from Grace herself?"

"She has a horror of referring to that part of her journey home," replied Lady Janet. "She mentioned her having been stopped on the frontier, and her finding herself accidentally in the company of another English woman, a perfect stranger to her. I naturally asked questions on my side, and was shocked to hear that she had seen the woman killed by a German shell almost close at her side. Neither she nor I have had any relish for returning to the subject since. You were quite right, Julian, to avoid speaking of it while she was in the room. I understand it all now. Grace, I suppose, mentioned my name to her fellow-traveller. The woman is, no doubt, in want of assistance, and she applies to me through you. I will help her; but she must not come here until I have prepared Grace for seeing her again, a living woman. For the present, there is no reason why they should meet."

"I am not sure about that," said Julian, in low tones, without looking up at his aunt.

"What do you mean? Is the mystery not at an end yet?"

"The mystery has not even begun yet. Let my friend the consul proceed."

Julian returned for the second time to his extract from the letter.

"After a careful examination of the supposed corpse, the German surgeon arrived at the conclusion that a case of suspended animation had (in the hurry of the French retreat) been mistaken for a case of death. Feeling a professional interest in the subject, he decided on putting his opinion to the test. He operated on the patient with complete success. After performing the operation he kept her for some days under his own care, and then transferred her to the nearest hospital—the hospital at Mannheim. He was obliged to return to his duties as army surgeon, and he left his patient in the condition in which I saw her, insensible on the bed. Neither he nor the hospital authorities knew anything whatever about the woman. No papers were found on her. All the doctors could do, when I asked them for information with a view to communicating with her friends, was to show me her linen marked with her name. I left the hospital after taking down the name in my pocket-book. It was 'Mercy Merrick.'"

Lady Janet produced her pocket-book. "Let me take the name down too," she said. "I never heard it before, and I might otherwise forget it. Go on, Julian."

Julian advanced to his second extract from the consul's letter:

"Under these circumstances, I could only wait to hear from the hospital when the patient was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak to me. Some weeks passed without my receiving any communication from the doctors. On calling to make inquiries I was

informed that fever had set in, and that the poor creature's condition now alternated between exhaustion and delirium. In her delirious moments the name of your aunt, Lady Janet Roy, frequently escaped her. Otherwise her wanderings were for the most part quite unintelligible to the people at her bedside. I thought once or twice of writing to you and of begging you to speak to Lady Janet. But as the doctors informed me that the chances of life or death were at this time almost equally balanced, I decided to wait until time should determine whether it was necessary to trouble you or not."

"You know best, Julian," said Lady Janet. "But I own I don't quite see in what way I am interested in this part of the story."

"Just what I was going to say," added Horace. "It is very sad, no doubt. But what have we to do with it?"

"Let me read my third extract," Julian answered, "and you will see."

He turned to the third extract, and read as follows:

"At last I received a message from the hospital informing me that Mercy Merrick was out of danger, and that she was capable (though still very weak) of answering any questions which I might think it desirable to put to her. On reaching the hospital I was requested, rather to my surprise, to pay my first visit to the head physician in his private room. 'I think it right,' said this gentleman, 'to warn you, before you see the patient, to be very careful how you speak to her, and not to irritate her by showing any surprise or expressing any doubts if she talks to you in an extravagant manner. We differ in opinion about her here. Some of us (myself among the number) doubt whether the recovery of her mind has accompanied the recovery of her bodily powers. Without pronouncing her to be mad—she is perfectly gentle and harmless—we are, nevertheless, of opinion that she is suffering under a species of insane delusion. Bear in mind the caution which I have given you—and now go and judge for yourself. I obeyed, in some little perplexity and surprise. The sufferer, when I approached her bed, looked sadly weak and worn; but, so far as I could judge, seemed to be in full possession of herself. Her tone and manner were unquestionably the tone and manner of a lady. After briefly introducing myself, I assured her that I should be glad, both officially and personally, if I could be of any assistance to her. In saying these trifling words I happened to address her by the name I had seen marked on her clothes. The instant the words 'Miss Merrick' passed my lips a wild vindictive expression appeared in her eyes. She exclaimed angrily, 'Don't call me by that hateful name! It is not my name. All the people here persecute me by calling me Mercy Merrick. And when I am angry with them they show me the clothes. Say what I may, they persist in believing they are my clothes. Don't you do the same, if you want to be friends with me.' Remembering what the physician had said to me, I made the necessary excuses, and succeeded in soothing her. Without reverting to the irritating topic of the name, I merely inquired what her plans were, and assured her that she might command my services if she required them. 'Why do you want to know what my plans are?' she asked suspiciously. I reminded her in reply that I held the position of English consul, and that my object was, if possible, to be of some assistance to her. 'You can be of the greatest assistance to me,' she said, eagerly. 'Find Mercy Merrick!' I saw the vindictive look come back into her eyes, and an angry flush rising on her white cheeks. Abstaining from showing any surprise, I asked her who Mercy Merrick was? 'A vile woman, by her own confession,' was the quick reply. 'How am I to find her?' I inquired next. 'Look for a woman in a black dress, with the Red Geneva Cross on her shoulder; she is a nurse in the French ambulance.' 'What has she done?' 'I have lost my papers; I have lost my own clothes; Mercy Merrick has taken them.' 'How do you know that Mercy Merrick has taken them?' 'Nobody else could have taken them—that's how I know it. Do you believe me or not?' She was beginning to excite herself again; I assured her that I would at once send to make inquiries after Mercy Merrick. She turned round, contented, on the pillow. 'There's a good man!' she said. 'Come back and tell me when you have caught her.' Such was my first interview with the English patient at the hospital at Mannheim. It is needless to say that I doubted the existence of the absent person described as a nurse. However, it was possible to make inquiries, by applying to the surgeon, Ignatius Wetzels, whose whereabouts was known to his friends in Mannheim. I wrote to him, and received his answer in due time. After the night attack of the Germans had made them masters of the French position, he had entered the cottage occupied by the French ambulance. He had found the wounded Frenchmen left behind, but had seen no such person in attendance on them as the nurse in the black dress, with the red cross on her shoulder. The only living woman in the place was a young English lady, in a grey travelling cloak, who had been stopped on the frontier, and who was forward-

ed on her way home by the war correspondent of an English journal."

"That was Grace," said Lady Janet.

"And I was the war correspondent," added Horace.

"A few words more," said Julian, "and you will understand my object in claiming your attention."

He returned to the letter for the last time, and concluded his extracts from it as follows:

"Instead of attending at the hospital myself I communicated by letter the failure of my attempt to discover the missing nurse. For some little time afterwards I heard no more of the sick woman whom I shall call Mercy Merrick. It was only yesterday that I received another summons to visit the patient. She had by this time sufficiently recovered to claim her discharge, and she had announced her intention of returning forthwith to England. The head physician, feeling a sense of responsibility, had sent for me. It was impossible to detain her on the ground that she was not fit to be trusted by herself at large, in consequence of the difference of opinion among the doctors on the case. All that could be done was to give me notice, and to leave the matter in my hands. On seeing her for the second time, I found her sullen and reserved. She openly attributed my inability to find the nurse to want of zeal for her interests on my part. I had, on my side, no authority whatever to detain her. I could only inquire whether she had money enough to pay her travelling expenses. Her reply informed me that the chaplain of the hospital had mentioned her forlorn situation in the town and that the English residents had subscribed a small sum of money to enable her to return to her own country. Satisfied on this head, I asked next if she had friends to go to in England. 'I have one friend,' she answered, 'who is a host in herself—Lady Janet Roy.' You may imagine my surprise when I heard this. I found it quite useless to make any further inquiries as to how she came to know your aunt, whether your aunt expected her, and so on. My questions evidently offended her; they were received in sulky silence. Under these circumstances, well knowing that I can trust implicitly to your humane sympathy for misfortune, I have decided (after careful reflection) to ensure the poor creature's safety when she arrives in London by giving her a letter to you. You will hear what she says; and you will be better able to discover than I am whether she really has any claim on Lady Janet Roy. One last word of information, which it may be necessary to add and I shall close this inordinately long letter. At my first interview with her I abstained, as I have already told you, from irritating her by any inquiries on the subject of her name. On this second occasion, however, I decided on putting the question."

As he read those last words, Julian became aware of a sudden movement on the part of his aunt. Lady Janet had risen softly from her chair and had passed behind him with the purpose of reading the consul's letter for herself over her nephew's shoulder. Julian detected the action just in time to frustrate Lady Janet's intention by placing his hand over the last two lines of the letter.

"What do you do that for?" inquired his aunt sharply.

"You are welcome, Lady Janet, to read the close of the letter for yourself," Julian replied.

"But before you do so I am anxious to prepare you for a very great surprise. Compose yourself, and let me read on slowly, with your eye on me, until I uncover the last two words which close my friend's letter."

He read the end of the letter, as he had proposed, in these terms:

"I looked the woman straight in the face, and I said to her, 'You have denied that the name marked on the clothes which you wore when you came here was your name. If you are not Mercy Merrick, who are you?' She answered instantly, 'My name is'—"

Julian removed his hand from the page. Lady Janet looked at the next two words and started back with a loud cry of astonishment, which brought Horace instantly to his feet.

"Tell me, one of you!" he cried. "What name did she give?"

Julian told him:

"GRACE ROSEBERRY."

(To be continued.)

M. Michelet's second volume of the "History of the Nineteenth Century," is exclusively devoted to the career of Napoleon, as the first was to his origin, and promises some very interesting revelations on the Consulate and Kieber's expedition to Egypt, in lieu of Bonaparte.

Exhaustion and degeneration follow the excessive use of the senses, without due intervals of rest for repair. In order to maintain the wanted energy, the force expended, whether of body or mind, must be restored. When the expenditure of brain matter and other nervous elements is continued by overwork, the early extinction of life itself may be looked for as the result of such degeneration. The ingredients composing Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites are such as constitute healthy blood, re-establish sound nerves and senses, and will consequently not only prevent this exhaustion, but in most cases restore such as is lost.

Varieties.

A St. Louis maiden explains that "Dolly Varden was a character in Thackeray's play of the "Terrible Temptation." Thanks, dear.

One of the newest novels speaks of its heroine as returning to her humble home "when evening approached clothed in the habiliments of woe."

A LONG SERVICE.—A Cheltenham paper has the following announcement:—"St. James's Church.—On Sunday next the afternoon service will commence at half-past three and continue until further notice."

The *Quarterly Journal* is hard on Susan when it says:—"We shall never know the age of Niagara Falls, because Susan B. Anthony is the only person now living who was alive when the Falls were built, and she has forgotten the date."

A good, innocent Philadelphian thinks that newsboys should be more honest. He paid four cents for a paper because the boy cried:—"Battle in North Carolina! Horace Greeley wounded in the leg!" and there was no such thing in it.

The saddest incident of misplaced confidence on record is that of a Connecticut man who rescued another from a watery grave only to find that instead of his long lost brother, it was a person to whom he owed three dollars and a half for turnips.

An Irish gentleman of a mechanical turn took off his gas meter to repair it himself, and put it on again upside down, so that at the end of the quarter it was proved with arithmetical correctness that the gas company owed him three pounds seven and sixpence.

A little girl went up to her mother the other morning and said: "Mamma, the children in the garden would not play with me at first, because you did not wear as nice a bonnet and shawl as theirs, but I told them that you were not my mother, only my lady's-maid."

A Titusville wife placed a toy snake in her husband's boots, and then could hardly get breakfast because of her snickering at his performances when he discovered it. He first looked in the mirror, then went and threw his demijohn of old rye into the mill race.

When you see an old gentleman of sixty on a clear bright day carrying a blue cotton umbrella, tied tightly about the waist with a shoe-string—the umbrella tied, not the old gentleman—you may look out for rain before night, but the probabilities are that you will not see it.

A fellow coming from the top of the Alleghenies in New York, in winter, was asked whether it was as cold there as in the city. He had probably been at some march of intellect school, for he glanced at a thermometer. "Horribly cold," said he, "for they have no thermometers there, and, of course, it's just as cold as it pleases."

One day Hiron went to see Voltaire, but did not find him at home. In order to excite his ire, he wrote on the door: "Old villain." Two days afterward he met the author of the "Henriade" in the street. "I was at your house," he said to Voltaire, with a sneer, "but did not find you at home." "I know it," replied Voltaire; "you left your name on the door."

The customers of a cooper in the Highlands caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their tubs and casks repaired, buying but very little work. "I stood it long enough, however," said he, "until one day old MacCawbrrie brought in an old bung-hole, to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quitted the North in disgust."

A weaver, who lives in a village in Ayrshire, and occupies every Sunday a conspicuous "bottom-room" in the front "laft" of the parish church, was a shameless votary of Morpheus. Day after day, for years, John Thomson regularly laid his head upon the book-board at the reading out of the text, and there did he sleep, yes, sometimes snore, till the conclusion of the discourse. John seemed to think the text all that was necessary; he "dreamed the rest." This at length became intolerably annoying to the clergyman, and two elders were sent to remonstrate with him on the exceeding sinfulness of his behaviour. "I'm a hard-working man a' the week but Sabbath; and though I like the kirk and the minister well enough, unless ye ca' my head off, I canna keep my een open." "Well, John," said the remonstrants "if you will allow Satan to exercise his power over you in this darning, d'wammung way, in the very kirk itself, what gars ye sit in the front laft, where a' body amast sees you? Can ye nae tak a back seat, where your sin mitch be less seen and heard?" "Tak a back seat!" exclaimed John; "na, na, I'll never quit my cosy corner; my father, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather a' sat there; and there sit will John, come o' what will." This remonstrance being found ineffectual, the minister resolved upon the desperate measure of affronting John out of his truly anti-Christian practice, by rebuking him before the congregation, and while he was in the very act. Little, however, did he know the principle of resistance which glowed within the bosom of the drowsy wabster. Next Sunday afternoon, as soon as John had, as usual, sunk into slumber upon the desk, and fairly begun his serenade, he cried: "Sit up, John Thomson!" "I'm no sleeping, sir," quoth John. "Oh, John, John! can ye tell me what I said last?" "On ay, sir; ye said, 'Sit up, John Thomson!'"

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid is all that it is recommended.

Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

T. P. F., Montreal.—Black can easily prevent mate in two moves, by playing Kt to Q. B. 5th.

We join with our contemporaries of the Mail and Globe in welcoming the following clubs, recently inaugurated:—

WHITBY (ONT.) CHESS CLUB.

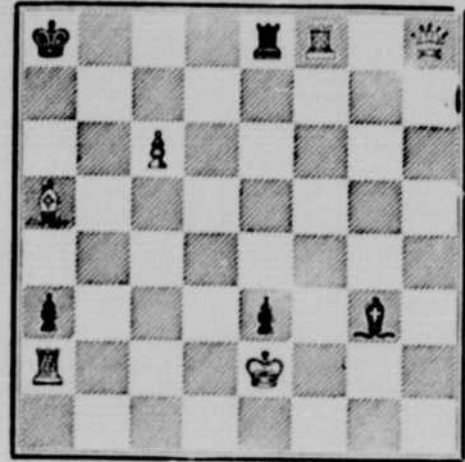
President.....DR. EASTWOOD.
Vice-President.....REV. J. D. CAYLEY.
Sec'y-Treas.....H. B. TAYLOR.

LINDSAY (ONT.) CHESS CLUB

President.....HARTLEY DUNSFORD.
1st Vice-Pres.....J. A. BARROW.
2nd Vice-Pres.....A. W. J. DEGRASSI.
Sec'y-Treas.....F. WHALLEY.

The Globe says:—To judge from the number of new clubs forming, and the increased activity manifested in Chess circles throughout the Dominion, the recent Congress at Hamilton has given quite an impetus to the royal game. We note with pleasure these signs of increasing interest in the pastime in Canada.

PROBLEM No. 65.
By L. R. M. B. Hamilton.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and made in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 65.

- White. Black.
1. Kt. takes K. P. 1. P. takes Kt. (best).
2. Q. takes K. P. 2. Any move.
3. Q. R. or B. mates

THEATRE ROYAL.

MANAGER.....MR. GEO. HOLMAN.

Thursday, Dec. 5.

SONNAMBULA.

Ambina.....MISS SALLIE HOLMAN.
Alvino.....MR. J. BRANDISI.
Count Rudolph.....MR. H. PEAKES.

Friday, Dec. 6.

SATANELLA.

Satanella.....MISS SALLIE HOLMAN.
Count.....MR. J. BRANDISI.
Arimanes.....MR. H. PEAKES.

Saturday, Dec. 7.

Entire Change of Programme, introducing Mrs. ALLAN HALFORD.

Orchestra Chairs, 75c.; Parquette and Dress Circle, 50c.; Reserved Seats, 75c.; Gallery, 25c. Seats secured at Prince's Music Store.

Doors open at 7:30, to begin at 8 o'clock. 6-22 m.

CANADA CENTRAL

Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY MAY 20, 1872.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—
LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

EXPRESS at 8:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 1:00 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:40 P.M.
MAIL TRAIN at 3:30 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:20 P.M., making a certain connection with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, arriving at Ottawa at 7:20 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

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

BOAT EXPRESS at 4:20 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 9:35 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:10 P.M.

EXPRESS at 6:30 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

at 1:40 P.M., 3:10 P.M., and 9:45 P.M.

LEAVE SAND POINT

at 6:00 A.M., 11:40 A.M., and 3:30 P.M.

Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.

Connections made at Sand Point with Steamers to and from Pembroke. Portage du Fort, &c. Freight loaded with despatch, and no transhipment when in car loads.

H. ABBOTT, Manager. 6-21 u

Brockville, 16th May, 1872.

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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 19th 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. Catharine's Cemetery and the Great Western Railway, and sections Nos. 15 and 16 are situated between Brown's Cement Kilns, and what is known as Marlett'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 19th Day of DECEMBER next, where printed forms of Tender will be furnished. A like class of information relative to the works north of Marlett'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. 6-22 d

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PROSPECTUS

OF A

NEW, GENERAL, AND DETAIL MAP

OF THE

WHOLE DOMINION OF CANADA,

FROM

NEWFOUNDLAND

TO

VANCOUVER ISLAND.

WITH THE

Northern and Western States.

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 bona fide surveys. The Great N. W. Territory and British Columbia—where comparatively little has been done in the way of actual surveys—a smaller scale answers every purpose. The whole Map is thus kept within the dimensions best adapted for general office use.

The following are some of the most important details, which have been collated with great care, from the latest Official Plans and Reports:—Recent Explorations and Surveys in the "N. W. Territory;" New Boundary Lines; Electoral Districts and Divisions; New Townships and Mining Locations; all New Railways; Canals and Colonization Roads; the "Free Grant Lands," and New Settlements; Elevations of the Inland Waters and mountainous regions above the Sea—marked in feet—and the correct delineation of all prominent Topographical features. In connection with the General and Detail Map, there will be TWO SUPPLEMENTARY OR COMMERCIAL MAPS exhibiting the relative geographical position of the Dominion and other countries, showing the great Routes of Travel both by Land and Water; shortest lines of communication; Telegraph lines in operation and projected; distances, &c., &c., with much other new and valuable information.

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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.

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ANDREW RUSSELL, Esq., Geographer to the Dominion Government.
LIEUT.-COL. DENNIS, Surveyor-General.
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