

CANADA AMONG THE NATIONS.

The fourth anniversary of Dominion Day seems not an inappropriate occasion to commemorate the high distinction paid to Canada in being invited, through her leading Minister, to take part in a most solemn international duty—that of framing the Treaty of Washington. Treaty-making is about the most important of international diplomatic services, and though the secrets of the council chamber were pretty well kept, considering that the negotiators sat in Washington, enough reached the public to let us understand that the Canadian Commissioner was exceedingly "stubborn," if not absolutely "refractory," in respect of certain rights belonging to Canada, which one of the high contracting parties had much interest in appropriating, and the other, from misconception of its duty, cared little to preserve. In the triangular discussion which took place on the Fisheries, it is manifest by the Treaty that Canada was handsomely defended; for her interests have been left altogether at her own disposal. This concession, made at the request of Great Britain, and concurred in by the United States, is an evidence of the friendly feeling existing in both countries towards the budding nationality of British North America. We hold, of course, that we had right on our side, but we must confess that the *might* was all against us, and, seeing the way that international questions have been settled in Europe during the last twenty years—not to go further back—we cannot but confess that Canada has been most generously treated. If her people decide to accept the terms of the Treaty it will be their own voluntary act; if they reject them, as regards the fisheries, there is no risk of serious consequences. In these respects Canada ought not to be ungrateful to Britain for introducing her to the Council of Nations. Our artist has commemorated the event by an illustration which appears on the front page of the present number. It is fitting on Dominion Day that the growth of the country in national importance should be suitably marked, and surely no event of the year has been more pregnant with significance than that which placed Canada in the position of not merely a party to Imperial Treaty-making, but in some particulars an absolute arbiter between Great Britain and the United States. Let Canadians remember on this day and every day that follows to use their growing power with discretion and in the spirit of justice.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 81.—HON. W. H. DRAPER, C.B.

No name is more honoured in the Western Province than that of Chief-Justice Draper, whose long judicial career, marked by the strictest impartiality as well as the highest legal acumen, has blotted from the memory of men nearly all remembrance of his former political association with what used to be called "the family compact." Those who still remember his political career have certainly long ceased to think of him as a political partizan, and to the generation of to-day he is but known as the able and upright judge who nobly serves his country by impartially administering its laws. Canada has much to be proud of in its judiciary, and no Province can take precedence of Ontario in respect of the character, ability, and fidelity to duty of its Bench. The roll that holds the names of Sir J. B. Robinson, Blake, Draper, &c., &c., is one of which Upper Canada may fairly boast, and the gentleman whose portrait we give in this issue is one who has held a prominent place before the public for more than a generation.

In 1841 he entered the Legislative Assembly of Canada, and for some years was Attorney-General for Upper Canada, and Leader of the Government. Among his other important services to the country, outside of his judicial duties, was his mission to England in 1858, on the subject of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Territories. It was on that occasion that Her Majesty was pleased to confer upon him the honour of Companion of the Bath. The life of a Judge is necessarily one of quiet routine, and in this respect has little of the stirring events which mark the career of the politician. Nevertheless, Judge Draper was so fondly remembered by the people that in 1867 there was a general desire expressed among all political parties that he should have been made Governor of the Province. It is not likely that such an office would have been much to his taste, as, in his judicial associations, he enjoys all the dignity and respect which any political or civil position could bring with it. Several works have been issued from the press by Mr. Draper, the most important of which is "The Upper Canada King's Bench Reports," making two volumes of over five hundred pages each.

MR. SHAW'S STORE ON CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

We give to-day two engravings representing the exterior and interior of one of the finest sales-rooms on the continent, that erected by Mr. Henry Shaw, auctioneer, on Craig street, near the Victoria Square, Montreal. The front on Craig street is of fine gray Montreal stone, neatly, but not elaborately, ornamented. The south-east front on Fortification Lane is also of fine cut stone. A lane in common separates it from St. Patrick's Hall, thereby giving it particular advantages for light and ventilation. The store is forty feet, by one hundred and thirty-six, and is four stories above the basement. The fourth story is splendidly lighted from the large sky-light in the centre, and windows in front and rear and along the south-west side; this story is fifteen feet high in the centre, and is one of the finest manufacturing rooms in the city. This flat,

with the two immediately under it, are occupied by Messrs. M. Roneyne & Co., boot and shoe manufacturers; about one hundred and twenty girls are employed by these gentlemen. In the top flat and on the third flat nearly the same number of men are employed, while the second flat is occupied as their store-room, warehouses, and offices. The upper portion of the building rented to Messrs. Roneyne & Co. has two entrances, one on Fortification Lane, for receiving and delivering goods, and for the numerous hands employed in their manufactory. The large front store next St. Patrick's Hall leads to the principal warehouses and offices. A visit to Messrs. Roneyne's portion of the building during the hours of work will give one a pretty good idea of the enormous growth of the boot and shoe trade in Montreal—a trade scarcely known in this city ten years ago, but which now employs many thousands of hands.

But the great feature of this splendid building is the sale-room on the ground floor occupied by Mr. Shaw himself, very different indeed, in its splendid proportions, from the low dark dingy rooms occupied by Mr. Shaw for many years in St. François Xavier street; different, too, from the crowded ill-ventilated store more recently occupied by him in St. James street. One can see at a glance that this sale-room has been specially built for the display and sales of furniture, pianos, works of art, &c., &c. It is not only the finest sale-room in the Dominion, but it is one of the finest on the continent. Those wishing to dispose of furniture, pianos, or other goods, can have them shown free to the best advantage, and those wishing to purchase will have light and room to see well what they desire.

Our artist has given an excellent view of the interior of this fine sale-room as it appeared during the opening sale in May, 1871. Along the centre are the Vose pianos and other musical instruments for which Mr. Shaw is the agent; on the left is arranged the fine walnut furniture from the Bowmanville manufactory, for the sale of which Mr. Shaw is also the agent; on the right the library of Sir John Rose is being arranged for sale; while in the upper end of the store and towards the rear entrance, the second-hand furniture, mirrors, carpets, and other household effects are being rapidly knocked down to eager purchasers.

The usual semi-weekly sales, established by Mr. Shaw fifteen years ago, will be continued in the new store, and every Monday and Thursday those wanting to purchase or dispose of second-hand furniture, carpets, mirrors, pianos, gaseliers and household effects, will find in his sales the largest and most attractive, and, as they have always been, the most popular market for the sale of such goods in the city.

One word as to Craig street. Here alone we may find sufficient evidence as to the truth of the statement that there has been an increase of 62,000 inhabitants within the last ten years. The fact of business houses being established here, and the crowds of pedestrians which line both sides of the street these beautiful evenings, while Notre Dame and St. James streets are comparatively deserted, would serve to justify the general opinion that, at no distant day, Craig street will be the Broadway of Montreal.

THE ELECTIONS.

The elections have passed off in the Province of Quebec generally with but little excitement, and the result in no way changes the general relations of political parties. In Montreal the Western Division returned Mr. Cassidy by acclamation. The Eastern Division was forced through the force of a contest, but Alderman David's election was carried by a nearly unanimous vote over the person who was put in, in jest, no doubt, to oppose. In the Centre Division the contest was exceedingly close, but quietly and good-naturedly managed. Our artist gives an illustration of the nomination held in front of the Court House, and, as our readers generally know, the electors returned the Hon. L. H. Holton over the late member, Mr. Carter, Q. C., by the small majority of seven.

EAST RIVER, PICTOU, N. S.

East River, Pictou, Nova Scotia, all along its course, presents scenes of quiet rural beauty remarkable in a country notably picturesque. From Pictou Harbour to New Glasgow, a distance of nine miles, it is navigable for large vessels. Above that Town, which is built partly on each side of the river, and is connected by a substantial bridge, it is well stocked with salmon, trout, and gaspereaux. The view shows this part of the river, winding far away in a southerly direction beyond the Albion Coal Mines "the black country," commencing near the Iron Bridge seen to the right. The railroad shewn in the foreground was built and put in operation in 1839 by the "Mining Association," and carries the coals from the pit to the loading ground, a distance of eleven miles. The railroad on the further side of the river, (parallel with which stand the telegraph posts) is the public one, connecting Pictou Harbour at Fisher's Grant, with Halifax; two trains running daily in summer, and one in winter.

The beautifully undulating hills, and well-watered fertile valleys, stretching towards the background, are settled, and successfully farmed, by a law-abiding, industrious, and well-to-do population; almost exclusively of Scottish Highland descent. Both farming and stock-breeding keep good pace with modern improvements. Horses raised in Pictou County are favourably known, and command good prices in United States markets; whilst other farm stock, neat cattle, sheep, swine, &c., are also far above average.

All kinds of cereals, root crops, and such hardy fruits as apples, plums, &c., are readily produced by ordinary cultivation and care.

AN AFRICAN PRINCE ON THE WIFE QUESTION.—The following is from "An African Harem," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for June: "English women think of themselves, always think of themselves, think very little of their husbands; so they are disobedient, self-willed, do what they like, and will not do what their husbands like: but Arab women think more of their husbands than themselves; they live to please their husbands; they are obedient; they are much better than English women, and a man may do with them just as he pleases. Suppose she should disobey him, what does he? He says to her, 'By Allah, I will leave you.' And if she disobey him three times, and he says that three times, she is no longer his wife; she must go back to her father's house. But suppose an Englishman marry a woman, and she prove to have a very bad temper, and disobey him always; a very hot tongue, and scold all day and all night too; lead him a devil of a

life; make him sweat very much with trouble, make him wish to kill himself—what can he do? He can do nothing; he must keep her, and must not take any other woman to wife to comfort him. Ah! the Arab custom is better than the English custom; and the Arab women are better for the man than the English women. I am sure of that."

VARIETIES.

ONE FOR THE MARINES.—There is a juggler's trick in India, it is reported, which is very striking, and not easily comprehended. A man is seen seated in the air upon the points of three bayonets. One bayonet is withdrawn, and he appears sitting upon the other two. Next, the second bayonet disappears, and yet the third does not pierce his body. Finally, the third bayonet disappears, and the man is seen firmly poised in the air.

A doctor, attending a worthy baronet the other day, received by mistake as his fee a couple of mint lozenges, rolled up in paper. In the evening the baronet found the sovereign and shilling in his pocket, in lieu of the mint lozenges, and on meeting the doctor, asked him how he liked his fee. "Oh! it was very sweet," was the reply. The real fee was soon after presented, inclosed with the following:

"The fee was sweet; I thank you for the hint,
These are as sweet, they've both been through the mint."

A very touching story and allegory is thus related:—A youthful hen found an egg, and, yielding to instinct, set upon it until the process of incubation was complete. Her mother, who had laid the egg, and had taken great pains in shaping and colouring it, came along, and seeing only the broken shell, burst into tears, and said, "Alas, my daughter, who has destroyed my favourite egg?" The feathered offspring quickly responded: "I cannot tell a lie, mother; I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatch it."

COMPANION FOR THE PIG-FACED LADY.—A correspondent of the *Halifax Reporter* writes: "We have a monstrosity at Cow Bay, in the shape of a pig with the face of a human being. It is perfectly formed, with the exception of the head, which is entirely bare, and as red as a boiled lobster, and looks something like a dog's head; but the face is exactly like a human being. The mother (who had a litter of four, the other three being perfect pigs) would not allow it to come near her. At times it would utter cries like the wailing of a child, and at other times like the whining of a dog. It has been killed, and is now in the possession of Dr. Kirkwood, at whose residence it is open to the inspection of the admirers of the curious."

After Susan B. Anthony lectured at Ripon, Wis., she wanted some recreation and amusement, so she took a walk on Sunday around the graveyard there. While she was enjoying the literature of a tombstone, she heard a lot of little boys saying, "That's her," and she thought, "such is fame." Congratulating herself that even the children of the land knew her, she was accosted by an urchin, who said: "Say, ain't you the old woman that walks up the wire on the circus tent to-morrow?"

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.—We extract the following advertisements from the "agency column" of a late number of the *London Times*, omitting only the names:—Should the person now in possession of a leather portmanteau, or its contents, lost at the — station, on Friday, the —th April, and at that time the property of Viscount —, be deterred by feelings of delicacy from restoring the same to the former owner, he would confer a great favour upon him by, at any rate, sending the letters and papers, however interesting, when their perusal shall have been accomplished, to No. — Portland Place, in which case no allusions of a character to wound the feelings of either party will be made in the transaction. Should, however, the individual in question be able to subsume his *mauvais honte* sufficiently to restore the whole, his generosity will be appreciated and rewarded.—"Dog lost: Black Collie, with white breast, white fore legs, white patch at back of neck, and double dew claws. Answers (imperfectly) to the name of 'Booleums Junior.'"

The deafness of a woman has been the cause of a funny mistake, of which her infant child is the victim. She took this babe to church the other day to have him baptised, and while she was waiting near the font she thought she would keep him quiet by feeding him from a bottle of milk. While the child was still taking its milk the mother was summoned to the font. In her agitation she drew the bottle from the babe's mouth hurriedly, when the nozzle came off, and the milk was spilled on the child's new clothes. When the clergyman took the child in his arms, he looked down at it and asked the mother what name should be given it. She, with her mind troubled about the accident, thought he was asking how the clothing became soiled; so she answered, "Nozzle came off." Rather surprised, he asked again for the name, and she, thinking he did not understand her, bawled out, "Nozzle came off, I say!" Whereupon that astonished divine sprinkled water on the child's head, and said, "Nozzle came off Parkinson, I baptise thee," &c.

A gentleman writing of a "long" acquaintance, says that there is among his acquaintances one at least who enjoys a "high" reputation, for he stands over seven feet in his stockings, and though a talented member of the bar, he is a good-natured citizen. He was sitting in the stall of a theatre, when the curtain rose and the actors advanced to their position, a cry of "Down in front!" became general throughout the audience. Their attention was directed toward the tall B—, who, feeling himself the object of remark, thought he was required to settle a little. Looking as if he would like to settle through the floor, he proceeded to raise himself to a standing position, in such a manner, however, as to convey an impression that there was no end to him. At last he did get straightened out to his full length, when, slowly glancing around at the astonished audience, he very deliberately remarked:—"Gentlemen, to satisfy you that I was sitting down, I will now stand up!" A burst of laughter and applause succeeded, the audience and actors became convulsed, the curtain descended rapidly, the manager, with beaming face, came forward, and, amidst the wildest applause, conducted the gentleman to a private box.

By a mistake in the wording of the order, the people of Worcester, Mass., are ordered to remember the houses with Roman numerals instead of Arabic, which were, of course, intended. The *Spy* shudderingly expects to see CCCCLIV. put over its door, instead of simply 444.