

PRESENT FROM THE QUEEN TO
LADY VICTORIA BLACKWOOD.

By the kind permission of the Governor General we are enabled to publish a representation of a very beautiful locket which has just been sent to His Excellency's infant daughter, the Lady Victoria Blackwood, from her august god-mother, the Queen. The locket is of fine dull gold with a raised medallion portrait of Her Majesty in the centre enclosed in a circle of brilliants and surrounded by an outer border in which pink coral bosses are relieved by pearl and diamond settings. From the locket depend also five drops of the same beautiful coral, the whole forming a royal jewel equally graceful and superb. On the reverse is the following inscription: "To Lady Victoria Alexandra Blackwood from her Godmother Victoria R., 1873."

THE PICWAUKETT HILLS, N. B.

This view is taken from a spot near Hampton Station, distant from St. John about twenty-two miles, on the line of railway. In the foreground is the so-called "Darling's Lake," which is, however, no true lake, but a broad sheet of water formed by the junction of two rivers. In the distance loom up in bold outline the Picwaukkett Hills, round the base of which winds the Kennebecasis.

The original painting is in the possession of J. W. Daniel, Esq., of St. John, N. B.

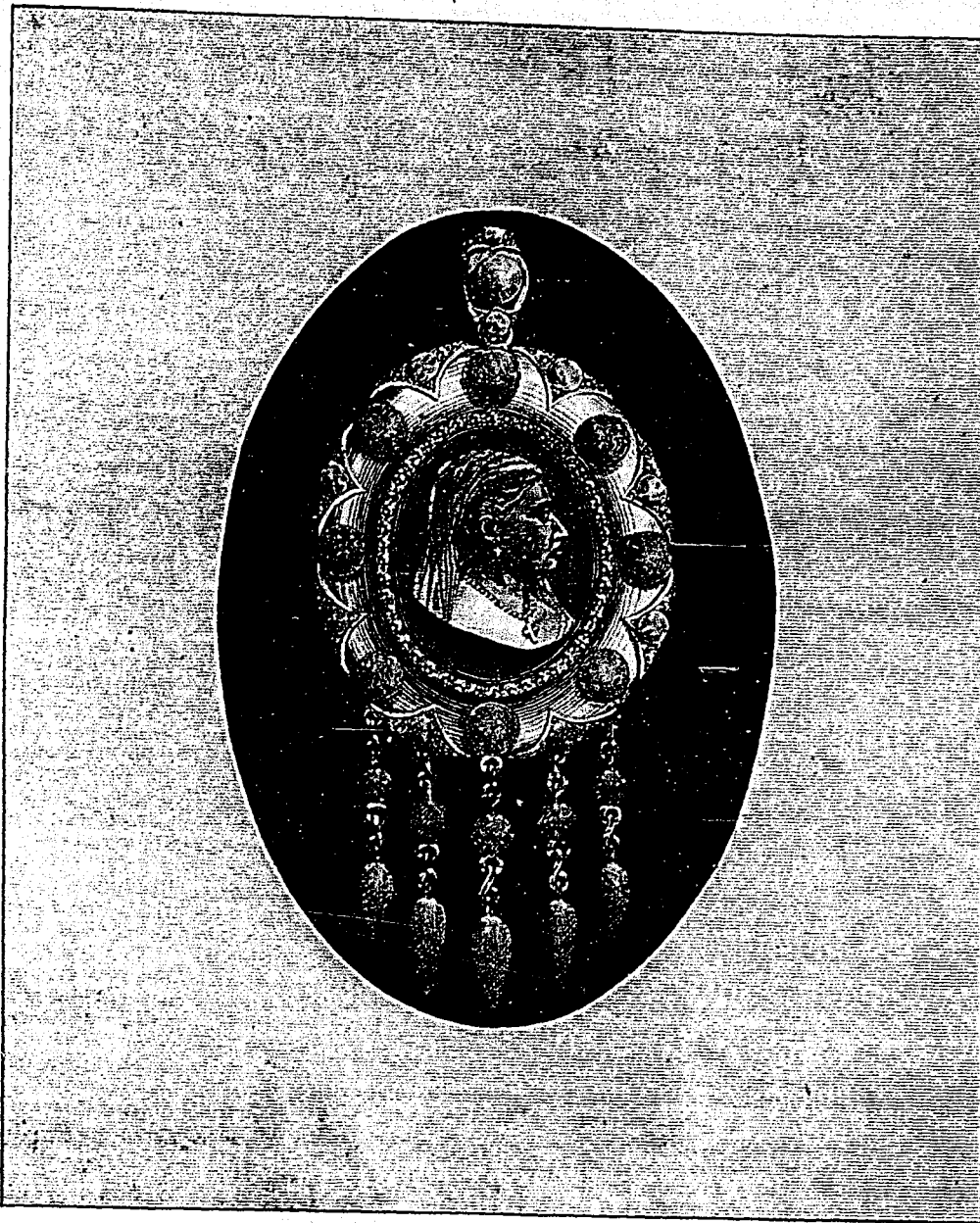
MOONLIGHT ON GRAND LAKE.

Grand Lake lies at a distance of between twenty-five and thirty miles from Halifax. It is eleven miles in length and three broad. The Pictou Railway skirts its shores for some distance, and near its head waters is situated the residence of Col. Laurie. The lake is sometimes known as Seventh Lake, six others lying between it and Halifax. The entire chain is connected by canals.

NORTH SYDNEY HARBOUR THE
DAY AFTER THE GREAT STORM.

This picture represents the effect of the recent great storm at North Sydney, Cape Breton, where thirty vessels were driven high and dry on the shore, most of them subsequently proving total wrecks.

North Sydney is a town of two thousand



LOCKET PRESENTED BY HER MAJESTY TO HER GOD-CHILD,
THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

inhabitants, situated some seven miles from the sea. The principal business of the post is the shipment of coal. From fifty to a hundred vessels may be seen in the port at almost all seasons of the year, loading coal for all parts of the world. The harbour, one of the best in America, would not have been thought so on the 24th and 25th of August last, when large vessels, supposed to have the best possible ground tackle and riding over the best mooring ground in the harbour were rapidly drifting ashore, dragging their anchors, weighing 2,000 lbs., with two hundred fathoms of cable as if they were mere toys. In the town and surrounding country, houses, barns, trees, etc., etc., were flying in all directions.

The illustration is from a sketch by P. Barlow, Halifax.

A French physician has discovered that the peculiar odor of Russian leather has a very beneficial effect upon weak lungs, and he advises consumptive patients to repose upon pillows covered with that material.

The person who declares he has seen J. Wilkes Booth in the flesh since his supposed exit from the world relates the following incident, which he declares to be well authenticated: "While in Shanghai, which has three divisions or settlements of foreigners—Americans, French, and English—his old passion for the stage returning, he and several English and American naval officers and residents, with the countenance of Ward, organized a dramatic club, and Booth, being the leading spirit, was cast in the character of Richard in the play of 'Richard III.' All were astonished at the grace and bearing of the youthful actor throughout the performance, until the little scene where Richard and Richmond fight with such terrific energy, when astonishment gave way to a wild storm of applause, and high over all the tumult came the ominous words, 'Booth! Booth!' meaning very likely the elder Booth. The name, the situation, and the startling words, so piercingly distinct, caused him to become forgetful of where he was. Perhaps the recollection of the burning hate with which his name was heralded throughout the world, caused him to poise his sword and glare like a tiger at the audience. The excitement proved too much for him, and the curtain fell upon an unfinished play with a living Richard."



MONTREAL.—A VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN NEAR THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.