

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM PIC-NIC.

On our first page our artist has depicted a rather novel race which came off on Wednesday week at the pic-nic held on the grounds of the Montreal Lacrosse Club in aid of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum. The contestants were Mr. Tansey, of the Tansey House, and Mr. Doran; the latter running a hundred yards, with a turn, and Mr. Tansey fifty yards. Mr. Tansey carried Mr. Cloran, one of the marshals of the St. Patrick's Society, and 51 lbs. of lead—making a total of 200 lbs.—and being well jockeyed by his rider won the race, thereby becoming entitled to a gold medal. In addition to races there was a football match and also a game of lacrosse between the married and single members of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club. The attendance was, we are happy to say, very good, and the proceedings generally of a most satisfactory nature.

ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA.

This is at present but a small, straggling village on the Red River, but as the country round about becomes settled it will no doubt soon fill up and expand, until it ultimately takes the proportions of a city. It is at present the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical capital of the province, and the residence of the Archbishop, Mgr. Taché, whose palace is seen in background of the illustration to the left of the steamer "International." To the left of the palace is the Catholic College, in the centre is the Cathedral, with the schools to the right, and the nursery in the right hand corner.

THE RICHMOND HILL MURDER IN 1844

is an event which no doubt lives yet in the remembrance of most of our readers. The subject still possesses interest—if interest can be said to attach to such a horrible affair—even for those who do not remember the occurrence, from the fact that Grace Marks, one of the principal actors in the tragedy, has recently been released from the Kingston Penitentiary. This action was taken in consequence of the many efforts recently made in Ontario to obtain the woman's pardon. On the justice and advisability of such a step, opinion is much divided. We say nothing on this question, but proceed at once to relate the details of the tragedy, first premising that our illustration of the house where the murder was committed, is after a sketch taken from nature in 1849, by the Rev. T. Fenwick, of Métis.

Twenty-eight years ago a gentleman named Thomas Kinnear occupied the house in question at Richmond Hill. With him lived a housekeeper and two servants, named respectively James McDermott and Grace Marks. One Friday evening during their master's absence in Toronto, the servants strangled the housekeeper and hid the body under a tub in the cellar. Though they were both young, they were so hard ned that they spent the whole night in the house. On the following afternoon their master came home. Shortly after his return McDermott asked him to come into the harness-room to look at some scratches which he pretended had been made on the saddle. While Mr. Kinnear was on his way thither, McDermott, who had been previously firing his gun at intervals in order to accustom the neighbours to the explosions, and thereby lull suspicion, fired at him, killing him instantly. The next day, some one who had occasion to go to the house found all the doors fastened. Fearing that something was wrong, he raised an alarm, which had the effect of bringing out the neighbours. An entrance was effected and the house searched. First the bloody corpse of Mr. Kinnear was found and, afterwards the putrefying remains of the housekeeper, McDermott and Grace Marks were both absent at the time, and suspicion, of course, fell at once upon them. As there was good reason to believe that they had fled to the United States, and as there was no telegraphic communication, the steamer "City of Toronto" was, as soon as possible, chartered and despatched from Toronto to Lewiston in pursuit. At the latter place, the fugitives, who passed for husband and wife, were caught. They were brought back to Toronto, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. McDermott was duly executed, but the sentence on Grace Marks was commuted to imprisonment for life in the penitentiary at Kingston, from which she has now issued after an imprisonment of nearly thirty years' duration. If we remember rightly, the door in the end shown in the picture is that of the harness-room near which poor Kinnear was, without a moment's warning, ushered from Time into Eternity.

HILLSBORO', N. B.

is, as its name implies, a village on the hills by the side of the Petitcodiac River, fifteen miles from Moncton, with which town it will soon again be connected by the reconstruction of the great bridge which was swept away by the great tidal wave of '69. This village expects also soon to become a station on the Albert Co. R. R., a branch of the E. & N. A. R. R. Until about 15 years ago, Hillsboro' was nothing more than any other quiet farming and fishing settlement, but the opening up and successful working of the mines of Albertite and gypsum quarries have given an impulse to the place, and now the signs of unceasing prosperity are showing up in the new and elegant residences recently erected, and three handsome places of worship that have in the last year or two replaced the old "God's barns" of former days. Hillsboro' also possesses a neat octagonal skating rink. The Albert Mining Company operates the mines of Albertite (bituminous shale) situated some five miles inland from the river, with which they are connected by a tramway. Two pits, respectively 1,000 and 1,200 feet in depth are now open, getting out considerable quantities of coal (?) from which paraffine oil was formerly made, but which is now used almost exclusively for the production of gas. The work at the mines has several times been suspended by the pits taking fire, causing much delay and loss.

The illustration shows the Calcined Plaster Works—the property of the Albert Manufacturing Co. of New York—which were destroyed by fire on the night of the 27th ult. No less than 150 men were thrown out of employment by this disaster, and the loss is seriously felt throughout the neighbourhood of the village.

The gypsum employed in the manufacture of the plaster was brought by a tramway crossing that of the Mining Co., from a quarry some 2½ miles inland, and stored in the long building seen to the left in the sketch. The building with

chimneys, in front of this, was the cooperage, employing 40 coopers, where 320 barrels per day were made up. Piles of staves are seen in the foreground, and stacks of hoop poles to the right. The gypsum was first passed to the furnaces in the building with three chimneys and two ventilators, whence, after burning, the calcined plaster passed up an incline to the grinding mill, where when finely pulverised it was barrelled up at the rate of three to four hundred bbls. per day. The central building with chimney and cupola was the engine-house, and contained two 50 horse-power engines, driving over 180 feet of shafting, which ran the plaster mill, grist mill in the right wing, and the sawmill for staves and heads in the centre wing. Gypsum is also ground raw for application to soils lacking sufficient lime.

BUILDING OF THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

In this issue we give an illustration, from a drawing by the architect, of an extensive building, which is now in course of erection, on the corner of Ontario and St. George Streets, Montreal, for the recently organized Medical Faculty of Bishop's College. The Faculty completed their first session last spring, having a graduating class of six members. The success of their first session at once determined them to erect commodious premises for their occupation, and a lot was secured fronting on the streets named Mr. William H. Hodson, architect, was entrusted with the preparation of plans, and our illustration proves that he has produced a building which does him much credit. The foundation stone was laid about the 27th of May, and it is to be ready for occupation the first week of October. The basement that contains the Janitor's apartments, with fuel cellar, store room, &c., &c. Upon the ground floor, which is entered through a handsome portico, are situated the general lecture-room, capable of seating with comfort one hundred and fifty students, library, students' waiting-room, practical chemistry room, and the laboratory. The passage on this flat is eight feet wide. On the second story is the museum, anatomical lecture-room, demonstrator's room, and a practical anatomy room 30 x 23. Upon the third story is a reading-room, smoking-room, &c., &c. The building has a front of 61 feet on Ontario Street, with a depth of nearly 50 feet on St. George Street. The members of the Faculty are all men of position in their profession in Montreal, and the energy they have shown since their organization has placed their new school upon a firm basis. We understand that the prospects for the forthcoming session are most encouraging. The introductory lecture to the second session will be delivered on Wednesday, the 2nd of October, by Professor Francis W. Campbell.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

The capital of Prince Edward Island occupies a fine position on the south-west shore, at the confluence of three arms of the sea, hardly worthy of the name of rivers, though they were once known as the Hillsborough, York, and Elliott Rivers. Even now, we believe, the title remains, though the names are changed to North, East and West. The harbour formed by these arms is one of the most secure on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The entrance is narrow, not more than half a mile wide, and good shelter is thus afforded to the broad and spacious haven within. The whole island is remarkable for its flatness—"flat as a billiard table" a correspondent remarks—and the neighbourhood of Charlottetown forms no exception. The city stands on a gentle slope, the natural border of which is but a few feet above the level of the sea. The streets are well laid out, some of them being a hundred feet in width; but what first strikes the stranger, especially in muddy weather—and Charlottetown can be muddy—is the total absence of crossings. Another peculiarity of the place is the absence of the names of the streets at the corners, and of numbers on the houses. The town is, however, well laid out, with plenty of trees, avenues and squares.

TWO PICTURES FROM THE PARIS SALON OF 1872.

The first of these, which we have christened "The Happy Mother," appears in the exhibition catalogue under the simple title "Une Mère." It is a picture which, though not calculated to arrest the attention of every passer-by, cannot fail to excite admiration. The subject is, it is true, an old one; but old as it may be, it can never be worn out. The old story of the mother's love and the mother's pride, a favourite of both painter and poet, cannot too often furnish a theme for the brush of the one and the pen of the other. There is something particularly sweet in the tender, gratified look depicted on the face of the young mother in M. Jourdan's picture as she bends over her babe, which contrasts well with the impetuosity of the little creature at her side who is kissing the child at the imminent risk of awaking it. The likeness between the two, the young mother, and—is it sister or daughter—is admirably preserved, while the chubby little fellow on the pillow is perfect.

Of a very different character is M. Berne-Bellecour's picture "Un Coup de Canon." The two, placed in contrast side by side, might not inappropriately be named respectively "Peace" and "War." The "Coup de Canon" is decidedly a taking piece, before which the most careless lounge would pause, and which must have excited much interest in Paris, from the fact of its representing a scene such as many of the visitors at the Salon had become familiarised with during the war. The scene is laid on the Paris bastions near the gate of St. Owen, on a wintry morning during the siege of Paris. A party of muffled-up artillery-men, pale with long vigils and privation, and pinched by exposure to the keen, frosty air, are engaged in watching from behind their cover the movements of the enemy. The central figure of the picture is the great gun Joséphine, so well remembered by those who were present in Paris during the siege. To the right are a couple of the marine gunners, who shared the labours of the regular artillery on the ramparts and in the forts around Paris. This picture took one of the first medals.

Our view of

FRASER'S FALLS.

Murray Bay, will be easily recognised by those who are in the habit of frequenting the watering-places of the lower St. Lawrence. The place is one of the prettiest spots in the neighbourhood, and will be remembered with perhaps not wholly unalloyed pleasure in connection with the hilly road leading thereto.

The account to have accompanied the view of

THE GAOL AT WOODSTOCK, ONT.,

which appeared in our last issue, was received too late for publication in that number, and we therefore append it, together with the account of the Canadian Institute at Woodstock, to the description of the illustrations which appear this week.

The building was erected near the centre of the town of Woodstock, between Light and Graham Streets, and fronting on Butler Street, in the years 1854-5, at an expense of about \$25,000. Since its erection some \$5,000 to \$8,000 have been spent in improving it. The building was originally erected in a quasi-Gothic style, with embattled towers, turrets, &c.; but the exigencies of the climate required alterations in the upper part, which have left it of a very composite style—if, indeed, it does belong now to any order of architecture. It has ample room for some sixty or seventy inmates, with a proper classification according to age, sex, &c.; but we are happy to learn from the last Report of the Inspector of Prisons that only seventy prisoners passed through it in the preceding year, and that the greatest number confined at one time was ten, nearly all of whom were committed for minor offences. The County of Oxford contains a population of about sixty thousand, so that this must be considered as indicating a high state of morality therein. We learn from the Report before mentioned that the annual cost to the county of the gaol is about \$3,000, and further that it is one of the best conducted in the Province. We are given to understand that lately as this prison has been built, and much as has been spent in improving it, the newest improvements in prison architecture demand great alterations in order to bring it to the latest standard of perfection. Mr. John Cameron is the present governor of the gaol, and Andrew Ross, Esq., of Braxburn, West Zorra, Sheriff of the County.

CANADIAN LITERARY INSTITUTE, WOODSTOCK.

This edifice was completed in 1862. It fronts to the north, and is one hundred and forty-two feet in length, and (including the enlargement to be completed in a few weeks) is one hundred and three feet deep in the centre. The first flat furnishes rooms for the steward, matron, and servants, and for all the requirements of the boarding department. The next flat is taken up with class-rooms, (7 of which there are nine) chapel-room, library and reception rooms. The two remaining flats are occupied by resident teachers and boarding pupils. There is accommodation for seventy boarders in this building, and for as many more day pupils. There is another building now in process of erection which will furnish accommodation for nearly as many more students.

The school has been in operation only twelve years, and during that time was once entirely consumed by fire. Adding together the "rolls" for the three terms of last year, there was an aggregate attendance of four hundred and eighteen pupils. The school is at present under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Fyfe.

Special articles descriptive of
MURRAY'S BRICK-MAKING MACHINE
and the
FRENCH RIFLED ARTILLERY
appear on page 42.

A FRENCH CANADIAN PLAN TO DRIVE AWAY MOSQUITOES.—A gentleman who has returned from a fishing excursion up the Ottawa, says he was not a little surprised on several occasions to find a peculiar smokey smell in some of the French shanties, into which he called. He finds that the French Canadians use the smoke of a fungus that grows on birch trees, to drive away the mosquitoes. The fungus, which grows to a considerable size on the bark of the yellow, black and white birch, is gathered and dried, and when the dyes become troublesome it is set on fire on the top of the stove or in a pan in the house, and it burns slowly away, retaining the fire like spark. The smoke from it differs very little from that produced by burning rotten birch, but, curious to relate, mosquitoes will not remain where the smoke is. The only difficulty is that the cure is nearly as bad as the disease.

The correspondent of the Paris *Figure* is answerable for the following romantic little narrative, which will doubtless be received open-mouthed by the Parisians as another illustration of the eccentricities of the barbarous islanders:—"Six months ago a rich merchant, named Spineman, in the course of his travels visited Malabar, where he fell in love with a beautiful native, whom he married at the British Consulate, brought to England, and with whom he settled down at Brighton. The lady declining to conform to the Protestant religion, had a hut built in the open fields, where she went every day to perform her religious exercises. A few days ago the husband died, when the unfortunate lady committed Sutteeism"—to wit, roast pig.

According to the *Cologne Gazette*, the most wonderful revolutions are now going on in Japan—a country which, until yesterday, was hermetically sealed against all outward efforts at civilization. Railroads will soon be completed from Yedo to Yokohama, and from Fuzuo to Osaka; and others are in course of construction from Osaka to Miako, from Miako to Tauruga, and from Miako to Yeddo. This vast insulated empire will soon be covered in every direction with railroads, telegraphic lines, and steamboats. At Yeddo, Yokohama, Osaka and Miako, schools have been established upon the European system, where English, French, and German are regularly taught, Chinese being of course also added, as a language indispensable to every Japanese with any pretension to education. Even European costumes are getting into vogue among them.

A despatch from Aden announces the arrival there of Stanley, and says he will start immediately for London in company with the son of Dr. Livingstone. He is the bearer of letters from Livingstone for the British Government and his family and friends. Stanley states that when he left the interior of Africa Livingstone was unwell, but he was nevertheless determined to proceed with his explorations, and will not return home until he completes the great work of ascertaining the source of the Nile.