

eventful career, from the very day I entered the first office of the Corn-beef Bureau clear till I passed out of the last one in the Dead Reckoning Division. I had got so accomplished by this time that I could stand on one foot from the moment I entered an office till a clerk spoke to me, without changing more than two, or maybe three times.

So I stood there till I had changed four different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading:

"Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?"

"What do you mean, Sir? whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out."

"Will he visit the harem to-day?"

The young man glared upon me awhile, and then went on reading his paper. But I knew the way of those clerks. I knew I was safe, if he got through before another New York mail arrived. He only had two more papers left. After awhile he finished them, and then he yawned, and asked me what I wanted.

"Renowned and honored Imbecile! On or about—"

"You are the beef contract man. Give me your papers."

He took them, and for a long time he ransacked his odds and ends. Finally he found the North-west passage, as I regarded it—he found the long lost record of that beef contract—he found the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to it. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced—for I had survived. I said with emotion, "Give it me. The Government will settle now." He waved me back, and said there was something yet to be done first.

"Where is this John Wilson Mackenzie?" said he.

"Dead."

"When did he die?"

"He didn't die at all—he was killed?"

"How?"

"Tomahawked."

"Who tomahawked him?"

"Why, an Indian of course. You didn't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday School, did you?"

"No. An Indian, was it?"

"The same."

"Name of the Indian?"

"His name? I don't know his name."

"Must have his name. Who saw the tomahawking done?"

"I don't know."

"You were not present yourself, then?"

"Which you can see by my hair. I was absent."

"Then how do you know that Mackenzie is dead?"

"Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. I know he has, in fact."

"We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?"

"Of course not."

"Well, you must get him. Have you got the tomahawk?"

"I never thought of such a thing."

"You must get the tomahawk. You must produce the Indian and the tomahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the commission appointed to audit claims, with some show of getting your bill under such headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it. But that man's death must be proven. However, I may as well tell you that the Government will never

pay that transportation and those travelling expenses of the lamented Mackenzie. It may possibly pay for the barrel of beef that Sherman's soldiers captured, if you can get a relief bill through Congress, making an appropriation for that purpose; but it will not pay for the twenty-nine barrels the Indians ate."

"Then there is only a hundred dollars due me, and that isn't certain! After all Mackenzie's travels in Europe, Asia, and America, with that beef; after all his trials and tribulations and transportations; after the slaughter of all those innocents that tried to collect that bill! Young man, why didn't the First Comptroller of the Corn Beef Division tell me this?"

"He didn't know anything about the genuineness or your claim."

"Why didn't the Second tell me? why didn't the Third? why didn't all those divisions and departments tell me?"

"None of them knew. We do things by routine here. You have followed the routine and found out what you wanted to know. It is the best way. It is the only way. It is very regular, and very slow, but it is very certain."

"Yes, certain death. It has been, to the most of our tribe. I begin to feel that I, too, am called. Young man, you love the bright creature yonder with the gentle blue eyes and the steel pens behind her ears—I see it in your soft glances! you wish to marry her, but you are poor. Here, hold out your hand—here is the beef contract; go, take her and be happy! Heaven bless you, my children!"

This is all that I know about the great beef contract, that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract or any one connected with it. I only know that if a man lives long enough, he can trace a thing through the Circumlocution Office of Washington, and find out, after much labor and trouble and delay, that which he could have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocution Office were as ingeniously systematized as it would be if it were a great private mercantile institution.—*Galaxy*.

A BRIGADE CAMP.—A memorandum from Ottawa recently instructed the Deputy Assistant Adjutant General commanding the District to place himself in communication with officers commanding corps in his district, in order to ascertain and report at once as to what period during the approaching season will be most convenient for carrying on the annual drill of the several corps in Brigade Camp, or otherwise: report to state the most desirable locality for camp, and whether rifle ranges are available or convenient. We believe that this form has been complied with, and that a camp will be formed this month at or near Coburg, in which all the force of this Division, from battalions of infantry and one squadron of cavalry will be concentrated. The benefit of brigading the Volunteers together would be inestimable if the time were extended to a month.—*Coburg Star*.

THE FENIAN RAID.—The American papers publish the following as the casualties sustained by the Fenians in their recent raid on Canada so far as known:—

DEAD.—John Rowe, of Burlington; M. O'Brien, of Moriah; Gen. J. J. Donnelly, of Utica;—Duffy, Dennis Dugan; Edward Griffin, of Rochester; George Hughes; James Michael Evans, of Troy; Francis Ladin, of Newark; Chas. Jas. Clancy—10.

WOUNDED.—Lieut. Edward Hope, of Bridgeport; Frank Carrigan, of Bridgeport; Capt. E. Cronan; James Keenan, of Fort Edward; Lieut. Edward Hollaghan (or Callaghan), of Burlington; Charles Carlton, of Cambridge, Vt.; Daniel Ahorn, of Winoski, Vt.; Michael Flynn, of New York; James Joseph Collins of Boston; Timothy Moriarty; Patrick Downey; Michael Callaghan; James Attridge.—13.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,

Tuesday, 26th day of April, 1870

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR
GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under and in virtue of the 8th Section of the Act 31 Victoria, Chapter 6, intitled:—"An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered that SHANNONVILLE, in the Province of Ontario, shall be, and the same is hereby declared to be, an Out Port of Entry, under the Survey of the Port of Belleville.

WM. H. LEE,
Clerk, Privy Council
21-51.



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OTTAWA, June 3, 1870

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Montreal, March 11th, 1870.

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Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. DESBARATS.

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