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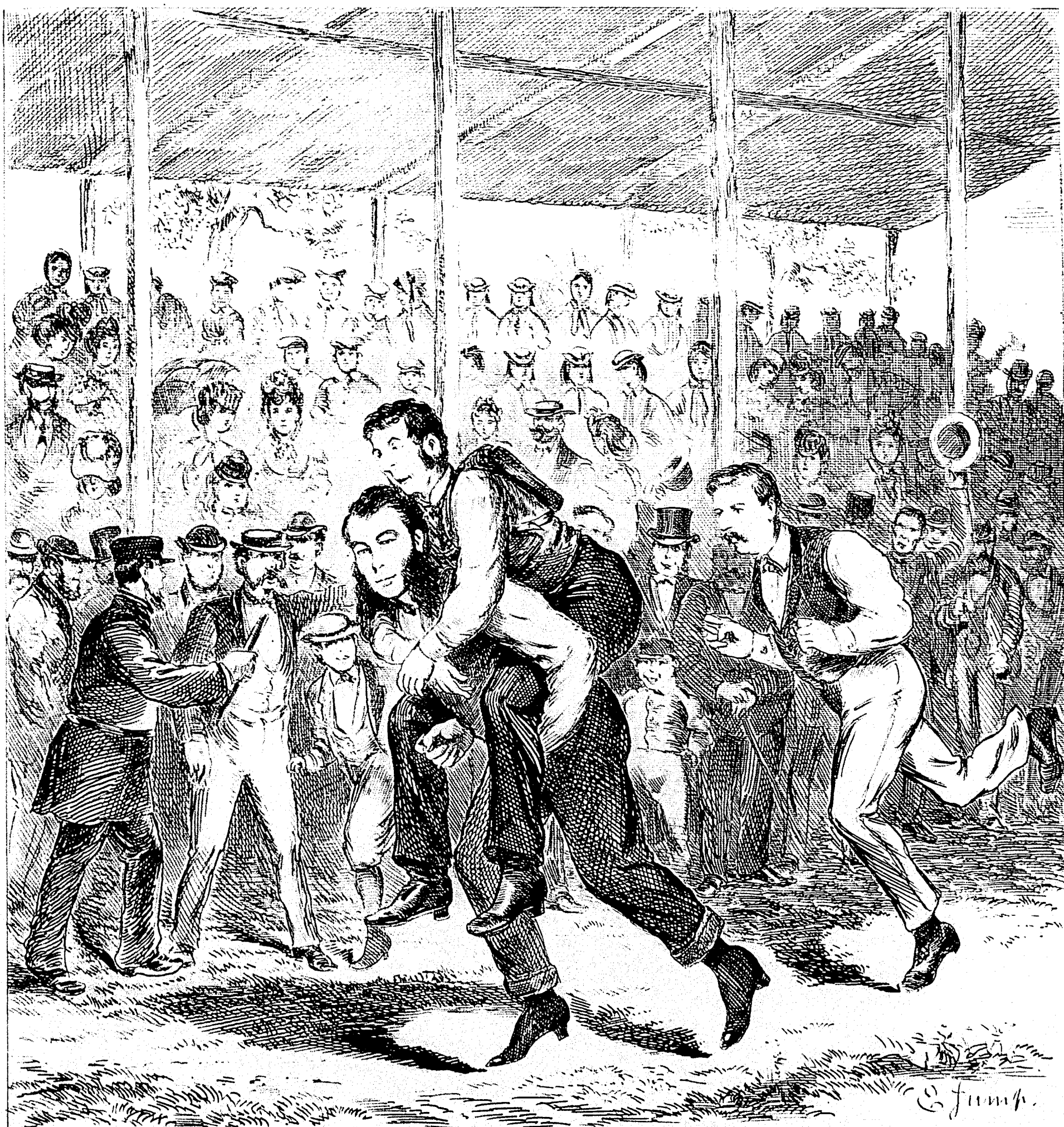
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Wholesale News

Vol. VI.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



MONTREAL.—PIC-NIC ON THE 10TH INST., IN AID OF THE ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM: THE RACE OF THE DAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.

The following description—from a recent number of the *European Mail*—of the constitution and decorations of the Order of St. Michael and St. George cannot fail to be interesting. The ranks of the Order are open exclusively to colonists or those who may distinguish themselves in, or in connection with any of the colonies. Several Canadians are Companions of the Order, and it will be remembered that in the summer of 1870 H. R. H. Prince Arthur was invested with the Grand Cross of the Order.

The Order consists of three classes, and is at present restricted, the first class to twenty five, the second to sixty, and the third to one hundred. Either class, however, can be supplemented by legislative enactment, if occasion should require; the reigning sovereign is the chief of the Order, and a prince of the royal blood, descended from George I., is to be nominated Grand Master of the Order. The Duke of Cambridge now holds this most important office. It is ordained that in all solemn ceremonies the Knights Grand Cross, and the second and third class in their degree, of this order shall have place and precedence next that of and immediately after the Knights Grand Commanders, &c., of the most exalted Order of the Star of India.

The following relates to the qualifications for the Order:—

It is ordained that the persons to be admitted into this most distinguished order shall be such natural born subjects of our Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland as may have held or shall hereafter hold, high and confidential offices within any of our colonial possessions, or such other natural born subjects of our Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as may have held or shall hereafter hold high and confidential offices, or may render extraordinary and important services to us as Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in relation to any of our colonial possessions, or who may become eminently distinguished therein by their talents, virtues, loyalty or services, or who now are, or hereafter may be appointed officers of this most distinguished Order.

The following gives an idea of the character of the insignia of the Order:—

The Knights Grand Cross shall upon all great and solemn occasions and at all investitures of the Order appointed by the sovereign, wear mantles of Saxon blue satin, lined with scarlet silk, and tied with two cordons of blue and scarlet silk and gold, on the left side of which mantles shall be embroidered a representation of the Star of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order, which shall be composed of seven rays of silver, between each of which shall issue a small ray of gold, over all, the Cross of St. George, gules; and in the centre of the said star, within a circle azure, whereon is inscribed in letters of gold the motto "Auspiciis Mellioris Aevi," a representation of the archangel St. Michael holding in his dexter hand a flaming sword and encountering Satan. The Knights Grand Cross shall on these solemn occasions also wear round *chaqueux* which shall be of blue satin lined with scarlet, turned up in front, and embroidered thereon the Star of the Order herebefore described, which *chaqueux* shall be adorned and surmounted by three white ostrich feathers, and in the centre one large black ostrich feather. And we do further command that on all other occasions whatsoever, the Knights Grand Cross shall wear the Star of the said order embroidered upon the left side of their coats or outer garments; and that they shall also wear at all investitures and other solemn ceremonies of the Order, as well as on all days usually termed "Collar Days," a collar of gold, composed alternately of lions of England royally crowned, of Maltese crosses, and of the cyphers S. M. and S. G.; having in the centre of the said collar, our Imperial Crown over two winged lions, *passant gardant*, each holding in his forepaw a book and seven arrows; and at the opposite end there shall be two similar lions, all of which shall be of gold, excepting the crosses, which are to be enamelled white, the whole linked together by small gold chains. To the said collar shall hang the badge of the order, which shall be a gold cross of fourteen points, enamelled, argent, edged, gold, having on one side thereof in the centre within a circle, azure, whereon is inscribed the motto "Auspiciis Mellioris Aevi," in letters of gold, a representation of the archangel St. Michael, holding in his dexter hand a flaming sword and encountering Satan; and on the reverse within the said circle and motto, a representation of Saint George armed on horseback, with a spear, encountering a dragon, which badge shall be ensigned by our Royal and Imperial Crown, gold. On all other occasions the said Knights Grand Cross shall wear the said badge suspended to a richly watered Saxon blue ribband, of the width of four inches, with a scarlet stripe passing from the right shoulder to the left side. And for the greater honour and dignity of the Knights Grand Cross, it is hereby declared that it shall and may be lawful for them upon all occasions to bear and use supporters to their arms; and we do by these presents direct and command our Garter principal King of Arms for the time being to grant supporters to all Knights Grand Cross of the said Order. The said Knights Grand Cross shall also surround their armorial ensigns with the collar, circle, and motto of the Order, and suspend thereto a representation of their badge.

The Knights Commanders shall wear around their necks a ribband of the same colours as the ribband of the Knights Grand Cross, of the breadth of two inches, and pendant therefrom the badge of the Order, which shall be of the same form and appearance as the badge appointed for the Knights Grand Cross, but one size smaller. They shall also wear, on the left side of their coats or outer garments, a star composed of four rays, thereon a small cross of eight points in saltire, argent, surmounted by the cross of St. George, gules; and in the centre, argent within a circle, azure, whereon is inscribed the motto "Auspiciis Mellioris Aevi," in letters of gold, a representation of the archangel St. Michael, holding in his dexter hand a flaming sword encountering Satan. They shall surround their armorial ensigns with the circle and motto of the Order, and suspend thereto a representation of their badge.

The Companions shall wear the badge or small Cross of the Order, which shall be of the same form and appearance as the badge appointed for the Knights Commanders, but smaller, pendant to a ribband of the Order, of the breadth of one inch and a half, from the buttonhole of their coats or outer garments. They shall suspend a representation of their ribband and badge from the lower part of the escutcheon of their armorial ensigns.

SCIENCE NOTES.

In these days of noxious effluvia, when deodorizers are almost as much in request as hair restorers, any new disinfectant will be gratefully received. It is therefore satisfactory to learn from the *Poona Observer* that a valuable discovery in this line has lately been made in India, where, if rumour is correct, it must be doubly welcome. After numerous experiments with roasted coffee the result proves that it is one of the most powerful means, not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced state of decomposition had been kept for some time was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee-roaster being carried through it containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room the effluvia occasioned by the cleaning out of a cesspool so that sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia could be clearly detected, was completely removed within half a minute on the employment of three ounces of fresh coffee. The best mode of using it as a disinfectant is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar, and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate until it assumes a dark brown hue, when it is ready for use.

KOSSUTH ON A NEW TREATMENT OF THE GOUT.—Louis Kossuth communicates to the *New Free Press* of Vienna the remarkable curative properties possessed by a grotto near Pistoia, in the valley of Lucques and Pisa, the virtues of which consist in radically curing the gout, the treatment being easily followed, and lasting from eight to fifteen days. According to M. Kossuth's account, the patient, covered with a bathing gown, descends into the grotto, which is well lighted. There he has only to sit and admire the stalactites, or converse with his friends. After ten minutes he sweats profusely, but not disagreeably. In an hour he is taken out, wrapped in a dannel covering, and, after reposing a little, is subjected to a cold shower bath. The curative principle of this grotto is, however, an enigma. In the warmest parts the air does not show more than 32 to 34 degrees (centigrade), and is less oppressive than the air outside, the water is still colder, but it is heated by the air, the chemical composition of which resembles that of atmospheric air, the only difference being a slight addition of azote. Kossuth attributes the remarkable qualities of the grotto to electro-magnetic agents, and in this opinion he is probably correct.

Some curious experiments have, according to the *Mirror*, been made by a doctor of Montpellier to ascertain the effects of wine, brandy, and absinthe on fowls. Any doubts which may have been entertained as to the disinclination of the birds to adopt intemperate habits were speedily dispelled, for they took to dram-drinking with evident delight, and many an old cock in the chicken-house proved himself quite capable of consuming his bottle a day. It was found necessary at last to limit the allowance of wine and spirits for each bird to six cubic centimetres of alcohol, or from twelve to fifteen of wine daily. The result was that they lost flesh rapidly, more especially those who drank absinthe. Two months of absinthe drinking was found sufficient to kill the strongest cock or hen. The fowls who indulged in brandy alone lasted, however, four months and a half; while the wine-bibbers survived for ten months. It was not only their health which was affected by alcohol; their personal appearance underwent an extraordinary change. An immense development of cocks crests took place. The crests, it is stated, increased to four times their original size, and assumed a hue of unnatural brightness—probably on the same principle that the noses of confirmed drunkards become preternaturally large and red. It is doubtful whether man is justified in trying experiments in drunkenness with the dumb creation merely with the view of ascertaining how far he may himself venture to get drunk with impunity; but having proceeded thus far, he may as well go a step farther, and by the introduction of the teapot into the henhouse find out whether there is any ground for the suspicion entertained in some quarters as to the innocent properties of tea. A few experiments also in "late hours" might be made with advantage at the same time. A party of carefully selected cocks and hens might be allowed to mingle in the festivities of the London season, returning to their roosts at the hour when they usually commence to cackle and crow. It would possibly be found that one week of "political reunions," concerts, balls, and crashes would be as disastrous in its effects as two months of absinthe drinking.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STORY OF A MISER.—The *Italia*, Turin, says the following scene occurred a few days ago at a railway station: "On a bitter cold day a millionaire applied at the ticket-office for a third-class ticket. 'What!' exclaimed the official, who knew him, 'you, sir, take a third-class on such a day as this?' 'Why, I must,' was the cool reply, 'since there is no fourth-class.' 'I beg your pardon,' answered the official, handing him a ticket, 'but there is—here is one!' The man of wealth hastily paid for it, and rushed forward to take his place. On the door-keeper asking to see his ticket, the traveller produced it, but was rather taken aback on being told that the ticket would not do for him. 'And why not?' he exclaimed. 'Why, sir, because it is a dog-ticket!'

ORIGIN OF A SAYING.—A correspondent writes:—"I have vainly endeavoured to ascertain the origin of the saying: 'If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain.' Can you enlighten my ignorance?" It is said that when Mahomet first declared his system of religion to the Arabs, they demanded proofs of his miraculous power, such as Christians claimed for Jesus and Moses. Mahomet replied that it would be tempting God, and provoking His wrath, to grant their demand. Nevertheless, he commanded Mount Sofa to come to him. Of course it didn't. Whereupon he exclaimed: "God is merciful! Had it obeyed my words, it would have fallen on us to our destruction. I will therefore go to the mountain, and thank God that he has had mercy on a stiff-necked generation."—*Literary World*.

An impression prevails among many bathers that the buoyant quality of water is so great that one can safely dive into comparatively shallow water from a considerable height. To all such believers the following case—taken from one of our *English exchanges*—may prove a useful and seasonable warning: One Sunday afternoon, very recently, a man of forty years of age went to bathe at one of the public London baths,

and dived in head first at the end where the water is only three feet six inches in depth and on rising to the surface his head and shoulders were observed to remain under water. One of his companions drew the attention of another to the strange appearance, and asked if their friend "was acting;" but on examination it was found the man was actually drowning. He was instantly taken out and conveyed in a cab to the Royal Infirmary, where he immediately died. It was found that by striking his head against the bottom of the bath he had fractured one of the bones of the spine, sufficient to cause death.

The Paris *Figaro*, always well up in English news, tells us of a wonderful Patagonian young lady, Miss Lydia Cuningham, who was performing with a live boa constrictor in a circus company at Manchester. One day before commencing her task one of the audience stepped forward, and, going up to the leader of the circus, John Mahoney, asked him whether Miss Lydia was really a Patagonian. "Patagonian and Princess," replied John, imperturbably, "who has been good enough to leave her country to break stones on my stomach, and charm the serpents of my menagerie." The performance continued, but John noticed that Miss Lydia hit him harder than usual with the stones. When the time came to show off the serpent, Miss Lydia whistled, and the obedient reptile wound itself round her. Suddenly she blew a second and more peculiar whistle, and the boa immediately sprang upon John, who grew pale and staggered; and upon a third signal the bones of the unfortunate man were heard to crack under the serpent's embrace. The Patagonian then coolly asked to see the man who had doubted her nationality, and recognised him as her father, from whom she had been stolen in infancy. "I know you! wait for me at the 'Star and Garter'" cried she, "while," continues the *Figaro*, "the public dived in horror from the box devouring Mahoney."

HOW LONG SHOULD A MAN STICK TO HIS ENGINE.—A correspondent of the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal*, writing from Rutland, Vt., speaking of the duty and extent of the responsibility of an engine man in case of accident, says:

"Where an accident takes place, such as going down the dump or colliding with another train—a bridge may be gone, a culvert washed away—he may see the fatal leap. I ask you, thinking your experience is worth as much as mine, would there be anything heroic for me to stand on the foot board and plunge with my engine into certain and dreadful death? Is there anything brave about it? Have you no responsibilities here on earth, no matter if you have ten cars loaded with passengers that must follow the engine as the case may be? Now I consider an engineer's responsibility ceases, in such cases, when he has sounded his whistle properly and reversed his engine, opened his throttle, pulled open his sand box. He has done his whole duty to God and man as far as he can to stop the train, and if he has time and opportunity, if he is true to himself, he will try to get off and not go down to the bottom calling for brakes. Many engineers go down and collide and are killed, for the reason they do not have time after doing their duty. I never should feel as if a man was fit to run an engine if he had not courage to do his whole duty. But after he has stood to his post and done all that has been put into his hands to do, then I say he is a man that will try and save his own life."

In Colmar in Alsace, a man has just died as a double mill Bonnaire who owed his wealth to his hat. About the year 1820, a poor journeyman turner, by the name of Mubie, barefoot and his knapsack on his back, passed through the village in which Messrs. Weil and Boutron had a machine factory. He asked Mr. Weil for work, but not being possessed in his favour by reason of his dilapidated appearance, Mr. Weil sent him away. Sadly yielding to his fate, the journeyman went on his way. All at once the proprietor called him back: "Stop, man, what kind of a hat have you on?" "It is a wooden hat, sir." "A wooden hat? Let me look at the thing. Where did you buy it?" "I made it myself, sir." "And where did you make it?" "On the turning-lathe, sir." "On the turning-lathe? but your hat is oval, and in turning things grow round." "That is true," the journeyman said, "but nevertheless I made the hat as I told you; I changed the centre and turned as I thought it best. I have far to travel and need a hat to keep off the rain, and not having money to buy me one, I made me one myself." Mubie, by instinct, as it were, had discovered the eccentric method of turning which was to attain such importance in modern mechanics. As an expert, Mr. Weil at once saw the importance of this invention. He kept the man with the wooden hat, and soon discovered not only that he was an intelligent workman, but that he had an inventive genius, only needing an opportunity and some little education for its development. Soon Mubie became a partner, and afterwards, changing his name to Mullin, proprietor, made a large fortune by his skill and business tact.

MANOMETRIC OR HIGH PRESSURES.—A recent number of the *Annales Industrielles* gives a description of a new kind of gauge for high pressures. It is based upon the principle of the complete transmission of pressure in liquids, and is composed of a small cylindrical rod, working vertically through an hydraulic packing, and receiving at the end the pressure it is intended to measure. The base of this piston bears against a thin circular plate of india-rubber, held at its circumference by two bolts, and which forms the upper side of a round and flat vessel filled with mercury. The stroke of the piston is very small, in order that there may be no loss by friction against the packing leather, and no sensible variation from the displacement of the level of the mercury in the vessel. If we suppose, in a point in this vessel, a vertical tube, open at both ends, the mercury displaced by the slight movement of the membrane will rise more or less in the tube.

Such a gauge can be graduated with comparing it with a standard gauge; all that is necessary to know being the proportion between the area of the piston and of the membrane. The high pressure gauge was designed by M. Desgoffe; but it must be remembered that a somewhat similar arrangement was proposed by M. Galy-Cazalat, and applied to the construction of gauges for locomotives and for hydraulic presses. It consisted of a vessel of mercury, of which the base was formed of a membrane of india-rubber, and on which was placed a glass tube. The pressure was exerted by a very small piston placed beneath the apparatus. These gauges worked well on locomotives, but the mercury was exposed to frequent shocks, which displaced it in the tube; a special arrangement was, however, schemed to obviate this inconvenience.

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 loungeur 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.

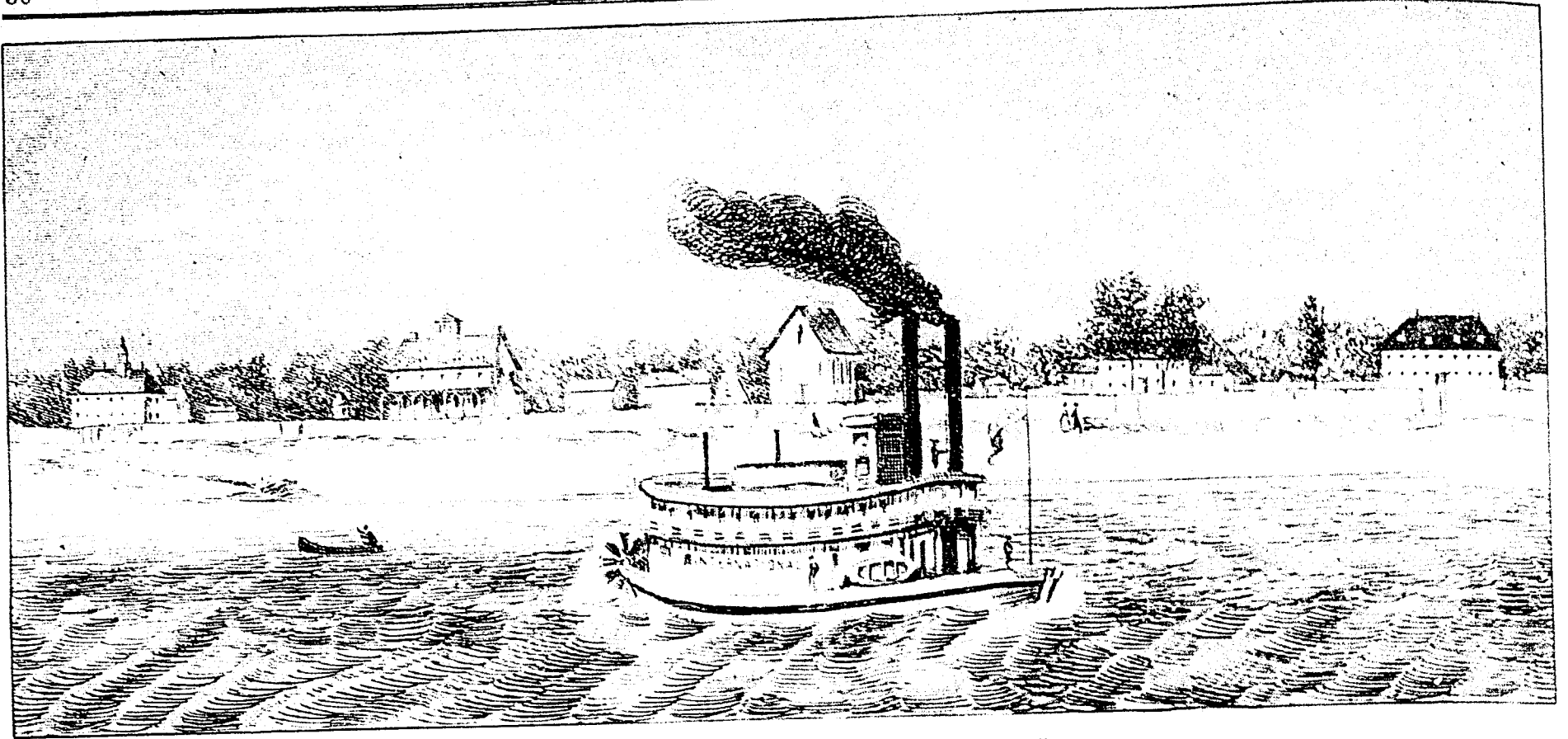
Special articles descriptive of
MURRAY'S BRICK-MAKING MACHINE
and the
FRENCH RIFLED ARTILLERY
appear on page 42.

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 dries 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.

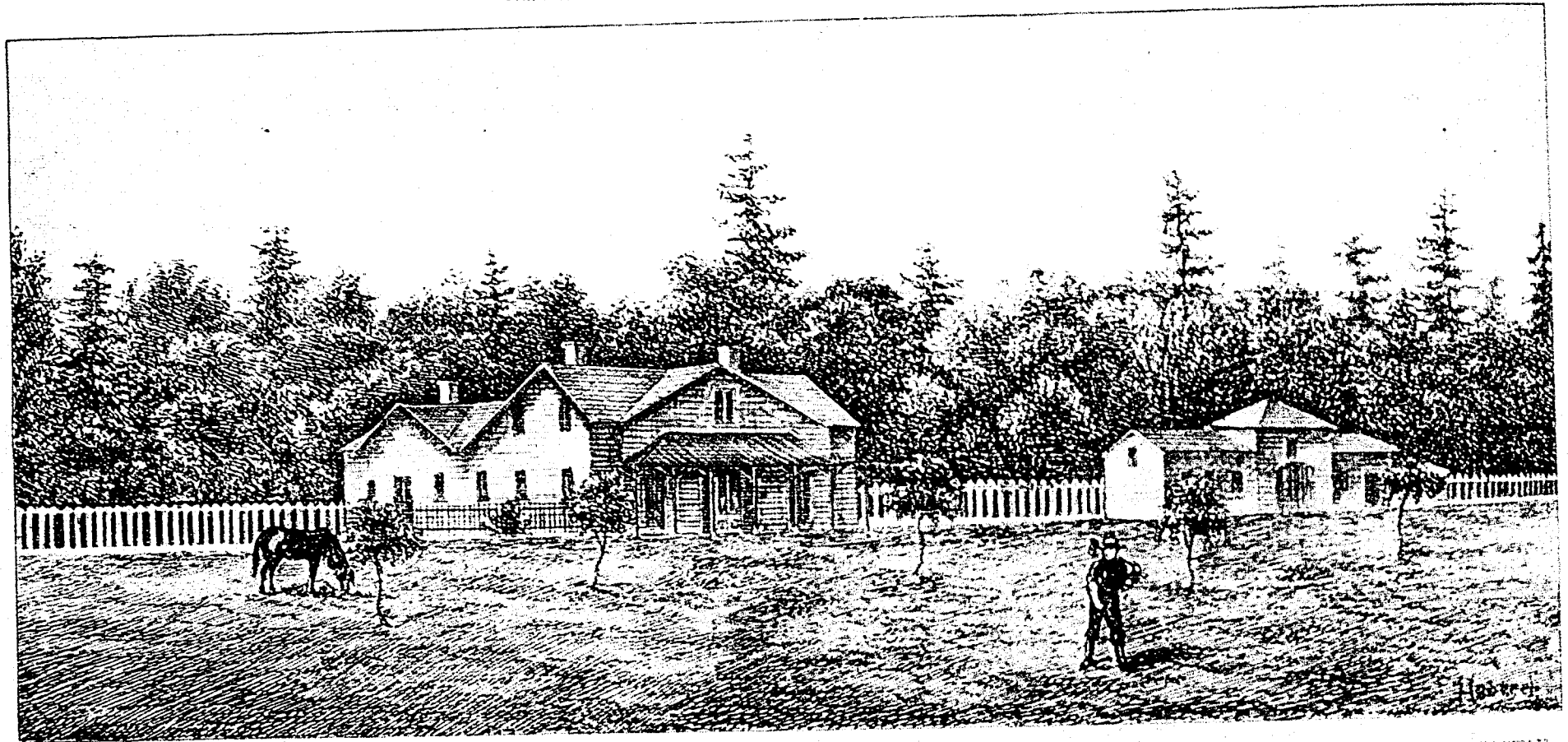
The correspondent of the Paris *Figure* is answerable for the following romantic little narrative, which will doubtless be received open-mouthed by the Parisians as another illustration of the eccentricities of the barbarous islanders:—"Six months ago a rich merchant, named Spineman, in the course of 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.

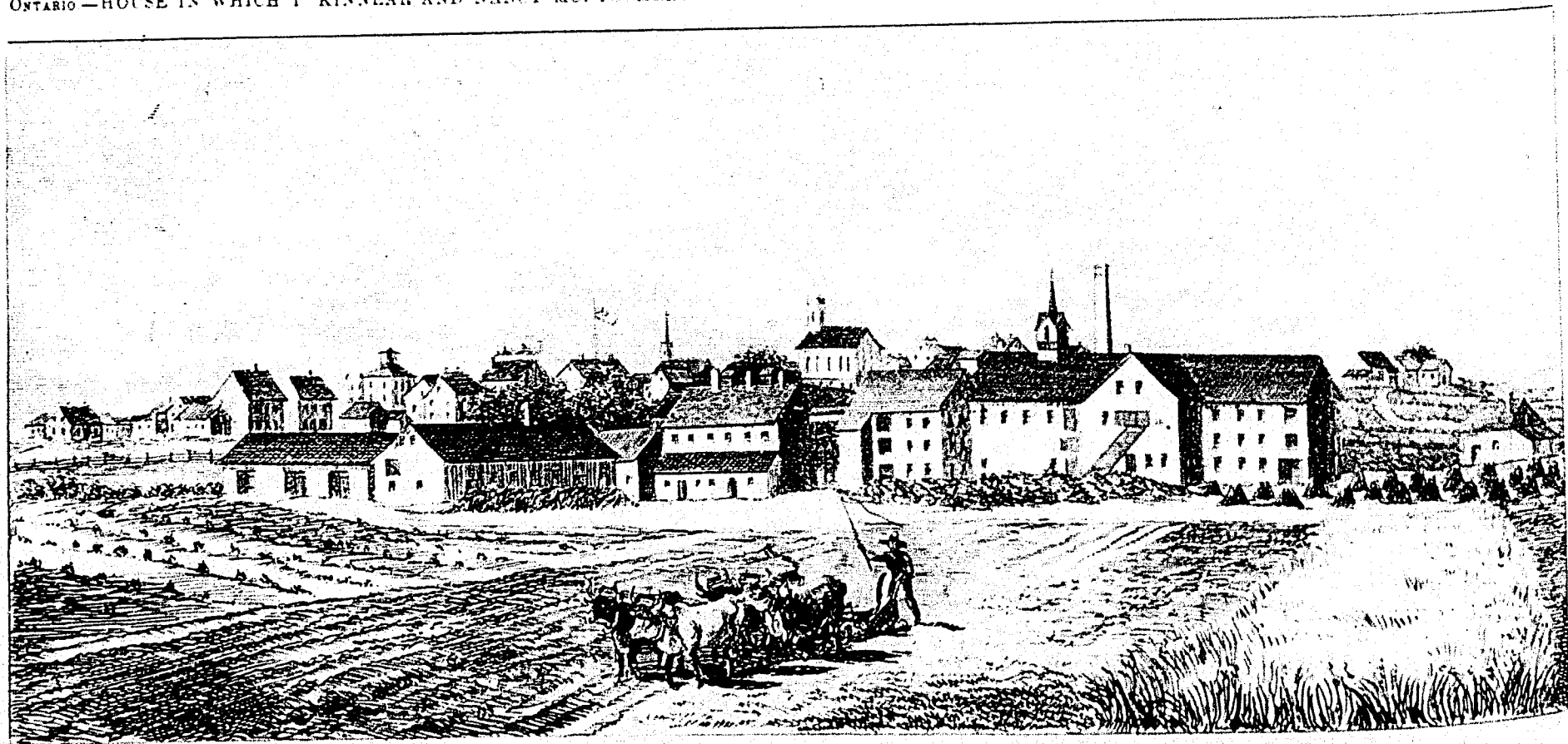
A despatch from Aden announces the arrival there of Stanley, and says he will start immediately for London in company with the son of Dr. Livingstone. He is the bearer of letters from Livingstone for the British Government and his family and friends. Stanley states that when he left the interior of Africa 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.



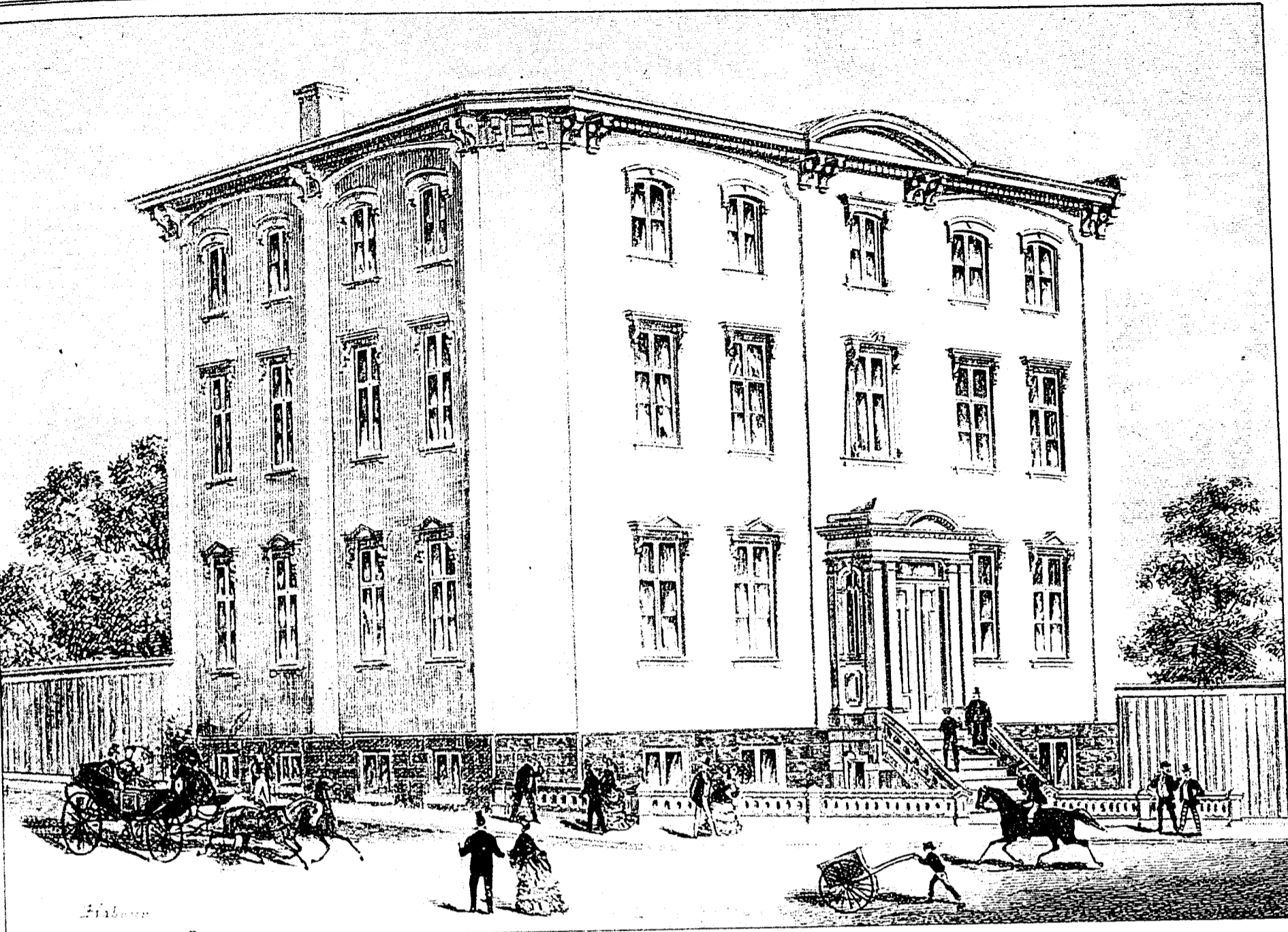
MANITOBA.—VIEW OF ST. BONIFACE.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. G.



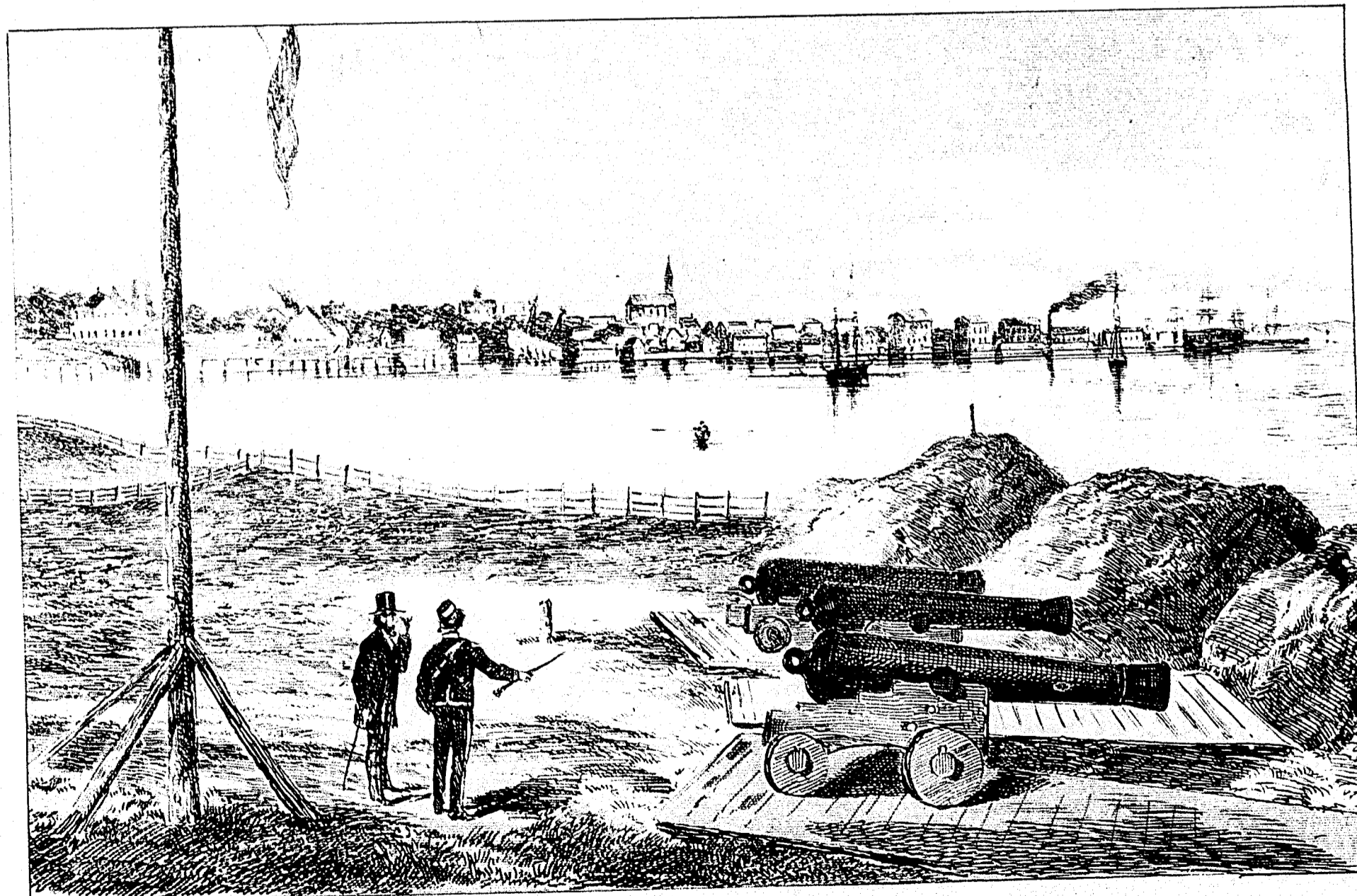
ONTARIO.—HOUSE IN WHICH T. KINNEAR AND NANCY MONTGOMERY WERE MURDERED IN 1844.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN BY THE REV. T. F., AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER.



NEW BRUNSWICK.—THE PLASTER MILLS, HILLSBOROUGH, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.—FROM A SKETCH BY THE REV. F. K. B.



MONTREAL—BUILDING OF THE MEDICAL FACULTY, UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE, (NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION.)



CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. CARLISLE.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
JULY 27, 1872.

SUNDAY,	July 21.—	Eight Sunday after Trinity. De La Barre's Expedition against the Senecas, 1684.
MONDAY,	" 22.—	St. Mary Magdalen. Battle of Tyconderoga, 1759.
TUESDAY,	" 23.—	Canada Union Bill assented to, 1840.
WEDNESDAY,	" 24.—	Gibraltar captured, 1704. Fort Niagara captured, 1789. Alexandre Dumas born, 1803.
THURSDAY,	" 25.—	St. James, Ap. Battle of Lundy's Lane, 1814.
FRIDAY,	" 26.—	St. Anne. Capture of Louisbourg, 1758.
SATURDAY,	" 27.—	Atlantic Telegraph finished, 1866.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 16th July, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 & 244 Notre Dame Street.

	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.	Su.	M.	Tu.
10.	86°	71°	78°	80.00	80.00	29.90	29.90
11.	81°	70°	75°	29.95	29.97	29.90	29.90
12.	89°	66°	77°	29.85	29.82	29.85	29.85
13.	75°	57°	66°	30.20	30.18	30.14	30.14
14.	82°	61°	71°	30.12	30.06	30.00	30.00
15.	90°	65°	77°	30.00	29.90	29.87	29.87
16.	93°	73°	83°	29.87	29.82	29.80	29.80

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Page 33.—Montreal: Pic-nic in Aid of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum. The Race of the Day.
- Page 36.—Manitoba: View of St. Boniface. House where the Richmond Hill Murder of 1849 was committed. New Brunswick: The Plaster Mills at Hillsboro', recently destroyed by fire.
- Page 37.—Montreal: Building of the Faculty of Medicine, University of Bishop's College, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
- Page 40.—"The Happy Mother." From the Paris Salon.
- Page 41.—Fraser's Falls, Murray Bay.
- Page 44.—"Un Coup de Canon." From the Paris Salon.
- Page 45.—Science and Mechanics.—Murray's Continuous-Delivery Brick-Making Machine. French Rifled Field Artillery.
- Page 48.—The Camp at Niagara; Tossing the Blanket.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872.

The subject of the new Patent Law is one on which our neighbours on the other side still feel a little sore. They complain that the provisions of the Act are not sufficiently liberal; that though the principal restrictions which prevented them heretofore from patenting their inventions in this country are removed, there still remain several little inconveniences which, though not of sufficient importance to deter them from taking advantage of the law, are, to say the least, troublesome and vexatious. Nor are their complaints entirely without foundation, for on going through the Act we find several conditions and restrictions which might very well be done away with, and which we hope to see repealed at the first session of the new Parliament. In the mean time we have no doubt that, with the trifling exceptions mentioned, the law will work well, and that the policy followed in framing it will be found to be to the advantage of the country.

The *Scientific American*, an American journal especially devoted to mechanics and manufactures, in reviewing the new law, remarks that it appears to contain a mixture of the English, American, and Continental systems, together with a few original articles. Than such a mixture, supposing it to contain the best features of each system, there could be nothing better, and we hope shortly to see amendments made which shall be based on such a judicious selection. The first objection raised by the journal mentioned is to the clause requiring that an invention for which a patent has been obtained in Canada shall be actually worked in the country within two years from the date of the patent, under pain of forfeiture. Such an arrangement is certainly not so much in the favour of the inventor, but it must infallibly prove a great benefit to the commercial prosperity of the Dominion. Before the close of the second year after the date at which the Act comes into force, we may expect that many new industries will be introduced into Canada, which but for this limitative restriction would have remained on the other side. On the whole we have but little fault to find with this section.

The *Scientific American* next goes on to speak of the clauses affording facilities for the sale of part rights in patents, and for the record of assignments. The wording here is somewhat obscure, and one clause reads as though it were intended to empower the owner of a paltry town right to destroy the validity of the entire patent, should he choose to do so, thus sacrificing the interests of all other owners or workers under the patent, without their knowledge or consent. To effect this nullification of the patent, a part owner has only to import or cause to be imported into Canada a single example of the patented article. Some alteration is required here and will no doubt be made. Another condition that cannot fail to be irksome is that which requires the inventor to stamp every patented article sold by him with the word "patented," followed by the date. The neglect of this precaution renders the patentee liable to a

fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or two months imprisonment in default. As the *Scientific American* very justly remarks:—"The law is specific upon this point; but compliance with it would in many cases be almost impossible. For example, upon needles, hooks and eyes, percussion caps, eyelets, etc., it would be difficult to place a legible stamp." A more practicable way would be to affix a label upon the package where it is not possible to stamp or engrave each separate article.

With these two exceptions the law, as it now stands, is fair and impartial, and there is no doubt that American inventors will avail themselves largely of the inducements offered to them. Already many persons in the States have ordered Canadian patents, and a still larger number are about to make applications as soon as the law comes into force, which will be on the first of September next. The impulse thus given to Canadian manufactures will be immense. What with the influx of foreign capital and the competition that must necessarily arise, a new interest will be imparted to all branches of mechanics and manufactures.

Bearing in mind these facts, and wishing to support the character of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS as a representative journal for all classes of readers, we have decided upon devoting a certain space each week to the description and illustration of new inventions, patented articles, and other matters pertaining to Science, Mechanics, and Manufactures. To those of our readers who are interested in such matters we especially recommend this feature in the News. From inventors, patentees, and others, we solicit contributions, which will be the more acceptable if accompanied by maps, drawings or diagrams. In the absence of original matter, we shall select from the best sources; and as we have been promised assistance from several high authorities in such matters, we trust to make the mechanical department of the News a decided success, and by its means to introduce to the public many ingenious inventions and appliances, and familiarise our readers with a most interesting branch of science.

OBITUARY.

THE HON. GEO. L. HATHEWAY.

The death of the Hon. Geo. L. Hatheway, Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick, took place on the 5th instant at the Queen Hotel, Fredericton, N. B., after an illness of little more than a week. It will be remembered that towards the end of last month Mr. Hatheway was injured, though it was not then thought seriously, in jumping from a train in motion. In so doing he fell, breaking several ribs and receiving a very painful wound on the left hand, which was considerably lacerated by a large seal ring, worn on the little finger, and which was forced upwards about three-quarters of an inch into the flesh. At the first, fatal results were not anticipated. He at once returned to Fredericton, and remained at the Queen Hotel until the sad termination of the accident. Inflammation set in and was checked by his physicians, and it was hoped that he would recover; but on the afternoon of the 4th a change for the worse was apparent, and congestion of the brain having taken place, he died at half-past one o'clock in the morning on the day mentioned. Mr. Hatheway was a kindly, genial man, and although in the course of his political career he came in collision with many persons and parties, he was a very general favourite. His portrait and biography have already appeared in our pages, together with those of the other "Better Terms" Commissioners.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CANADA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL, Montreal, G. E. Desbarats.—The first number of this new publication has just appeared. It is conducted by George E. Fenwick, M.D., professor of Clinical Surgery and Medical Jurisprudence at McGill College, assisted by the Hon. D. McNeill Parker, M.D., of Halifax, Dr. Canniff, of Toronto, and Dr. Bayard of St. John, New Brunswick. The *Medical and Surgical Journal* is conducted in the same form and manner as the *Medical Journal*, recently discontinued, of which it is apparently a continuation.

RECEIVED—reviews to appear next week—"Niagara, Its History and Geology, Incidents and Poetry," G. W. Holley, New York, Sheldon & Co., Toronto, Hunter, Rose & Co.; "In the Track of Our Emigrants," Alex. Rivington, London, Sampson Lowe, Marston, Lowe & Searle; "The Golden Lion of Granpère," Anthony Trollope, Toronto, Hunter, Rose & Co. Also the first volume of the Hon. J. H. Gray's "Confederation of Canada," published by Copp, Clark & Co, Toronto.

A GUTENBERG Bible, one of the few remaining copies of the so-called 42 liners, being a Latin copy printed by Gutenberg between the years 1415 and 1454, has been sold at Erfurth for £212. The book, which was bought by an Englishman, is in a very good state of preservation, barring the loss of a few leaves.

GAMBLING SUPERSTITIONS.

It might be supposed that those who are most familiar with the actual results which present themselves in long series of chance-games would form the most correct views respecting the conditions on which such results depend,—would be, in fact, freest from all superstitious ideas respecting chance or luck. The gambler who sees every system—his own infallible system included—foiled by the run of events, who witnesses the discomfiture of one gamester after another that for a time had seemed irresistibly lucky, and who can number by the hundred those who have been ruined by the love of play, might be expected to recognise the futility of all attempts to anticipate the results of chance combinations. It is, however, but too well known that the reverse is the case. The more familiar a man becomes with the multitude of such combinations, the more confidently he believes in the possibility of foretelling,—not, indeed, any special event, but the general run of several approaching events. There has never been a successful gambler who has not believed that his success (temporary though such success ever is, where games of pure chance are concerned) has been the result of skilful conduct on his own part; and there has never been a ruined gambler (though ruined gamblers are to be counted by thousands) who has not believed that when ruin overtook him he was on the very point of mastering the secret of success. It is this fatal confidence which gives to gambling its power of fascinating the lucky as well as the unlucky. The winner continues to tempt fortune, believing all the while that he is exerting some special aptitude for games of chance, until the inevitable change of luck arrives; and thereafter he continues to play because he believes that his luck has only deserted him for a time, and must presently return. The unlucky gambler, on the contrary, regards his losses as sacrifices to insure the ultimate success of his "system," and even when he has lost his all, continues firm in the belief that had he had more money to sacrifice he could have bound fortune to his side for ever. We propose to consider some of the most common gambling superstitions,—noting, at the same time, that like superstitions prevail respecting chance events (or what is called fortune) even among those who never gamble. Houdin, in his interesting book, "Les Tricheries des Grecs dévoilées," has given some amusing instances of the fruits of long gambling experience. "They are presented," says Steinmetz, from whose work, *The Gaming-Table*, we quote them, "as the axioms of a professional gambler and cheat." Thus we might expect that, however unsatisfactory to men of honest mind, they would at least savour of a certain sort of wisdom. Yet these axioms, the fruit of long study directed by self-interest, are utterly unworthy. "Every game of chance," says this authority, "presents two kinds of chances which are very distinct—namely, those relating to the person interested, that is the player; and those inherent in the combinations of the game." That is, we are to distinguish between the chances proper to the game, and those depending on the luck of the player. Proceeding to consider the chances proper to the game itself, our friendly cheat sums them all up in two rules. First: "Though chance can bring into the game all possible combinations, there are, nevertheless, certain limits at which it seems to stop: such, for instance, as a certain number turning up ten times in succession at roulette; this is possible, but it has never happened." Secondly: "In a game of chance, the oftener the same combination has occurred in succession, the nearer we are to the certainty that it will not recur at the next cast or turn up. This is the most elementary of the theories on probabilities; it is termed the *maturity of the chances*," (and he might have added that the belief in this elementary theory had ruined thousands.) "Hence," he proceeds, "a player must come to the table not only 'in luck,' but he must not risk his money except at the instant prescribed by the rules of the maturity of the chances." Then follow the precepts for personal conduct: "For gaming prefer roulette, because it presents several ways of staking your money—which permits the study of several. A player should approach the gaming-table perfectly calm and cool—just as a merchant or tradesman in treaty about any affair. If he gets into a passion it is all over with prudence, all over with good luck—for the demon of bad luck invariably pursues a passionate player. Every man who finds a pleasure in playing runs the risk of losing."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

OUR SALT EXPORTS.—The altered American tariff in favour of Canadian salt has already enabled our producers to compete successfully with those on the other side of the lines, and to undersell them on their own ground. A hundred sacks of Canadian salt arrived in Saginaw a few days ago, and sold at a profit. The effect has been to depress this branch of industry at that place, and will in a similar degree, we presume, reduce the scope of operations in New York, Ohio, and the Kenawha Valley. It is claimed by our dealers that they can lay down Canadian salt in Chicago, under the new tariff, at less than the cost of manufacture in the United States. Of course, American producers will do their best to reinstate the old duty of 18c. per 100 lbs., but doubtless the consumer is quite willing to continue under the present arrangement.

TWO MILES OF TRACK LAID IN ONE NIGHT.—The new Baltimore and Potomac Railway, which is being now built as a rival to the Baltimore and Ohio, a through line between the East and Washington, was completed through to Baltimore last week in a novel and characteristic manner. The opponents of the road, having failed in all other expedients, had determined to get out an injunction to prevent its passage through Baltimore. Their project becoming known to the officers of the company, all hands—some 300—were massed from all along the line, and, as soon as the court adjourned on Monday, work was begun in earnest in constructing the road and laying the track through the city. Night setting in, they were retarded a little; but the moon soon came out, and they went on the same as ever. At twelve o'clock, nearly half the track was completed, and the men, tired and hungry from their excessive labor, pitched into four waggon loads of provisions, that had been brought along, with a fine relish. Work was renewed with vigour, and before nine o'clock in the morning—the time when it was supposed the injunction was to have been made—the last spike had been driven. The distance of the track laid was about two miles, and crossed three streets, Calverton Road, Franklin and Townsend. At the two latter, double tracks were laid. The hands belonging to the lower section of the road embarked on the train for their quarters, and they moved off amid a chorus of yells and screaming of engine whistles.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A lecturer on spiritualism, addressing an audience recently somewhere in Ontario—it was in Toronto, if we remember right—said that "believers in his system had been called infidels; but this was an old form of reproach. The Romanists had called Luther an infidel; the Lutherans or Episcopalians had called the Wesleyans infidels; and now even the Universalists, putting on airs, called the Spiritualists infidels."

Some of the Ottawa papers express astonishment and incredulity at the report that His Excellency the Governor-General intends spending a portion of the year in Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto. We confess that we fail to see anything extraordinary in His Excellency's determination.

Cases of poisoning by hydrate of chloral are, we believe, extremely rare in this country, and it is with much regret that we notice the death, caused by taking an overdose of this powerful narcotic, of a man in London, Ont. The deceased was, it appears, at one time much addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, for which he subsequently substituted chloral.

There is one disgrace that three of the largest cities of Canada share alike—the insecurity of their outskirts. It is hard to say which is the worst, the bush on the left bank of the Don, the Mountain in this city, or the Plains of Abraham.

An exchange says:—"A medical impostor recently fined before a London court for calling himself M.D., has appealed to the Court of Queen's Bench on the plea that he possessed a diploma from the 'Metropolitan College of New York.'"

A year ago it was Simpson, and now it is Jonathan that is destroying the health of people in England. The first of these names, the reader will remember, was applied by the English milk vendors to the quantum of water put into the milk they sold, in order to reduce it to the desired degree of weakness.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE DOMINION.

The 12th of July was celebrated as usual throughout Ontario. Work has begun on the tower of the Parliament buildings, which is to be raised some three feet in height.

The volunteers who have been encamped at Kingston, Prescott, St. Andrews, and Levis returned home at the latter end of last week.

The Official Gazette publishes a complimentary despatch from Lord Kimberley relative to the passage of the Washington Treaty Bill.

Most of the writs for the elections were issued on Monday. They are made returnable within 50 days for all places excepting Gaspé, Saguenay, and Chicoutimi, and the Provinces of British Columbia and Manitoba.

The bye-law in favour of the Northern Colonization Railway has been voted with the greatest enthusiasm by the County of Ottawa in Hull, Aylmer, Papineauville, the village of Buckingham, and Montebello.

Sir John A. Macdonald left Hamilton on Monday for Glencoe, Harrisburg, Woodstock, and several other Western towns, Toronto being his headquarters during the campaign.

The Digby Races were a great success, some four thousand people being present. The four-oared race was won on Thursday the 11th, by the Digby crew; the St. John second, and Halifax third.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin started on the 8th inst. for River du Loup. After spending a few days with his family at the seat of Thomas Reynolds, Esq., at that place, the Governor will leave in his yacht, the "Dauntless," which he yesterday purchased from Mr. Dobell, on a cruise in the Gulf and the Saguenay.

The second inquest on the Shannonville disaster terminated on Friday last. After five hours deliberation the following verdict was brought in, signed by thirteen out of the eighteen jurors:—"The Jury of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, to inquire into the cause of the death of Joseph Berthoume of the Province of Quebec, after a severe and exhaustive inquest, agree that the said Joseph Berthoume, a passenger on the train, came by his death by scalding on the morning of the 22nd of June, 1872, by the engine running off the rails, about 1,000 yards east of Shannonville station, said accident being occasioned by the fracture of the flange of the right forward wheel of the truck of the engine, and from the conflicting evidence adduced, the jury cannot arrive at a definite conclusion as to the cause of said fracture."

UNITED STATES.

The jury in the Stokes case were discharged on Monday, as they were unable to agree. They were locked up for nearly forty-eight hours. The jury stood eight for murder in the first degree, to four for manslaughter in the third degree. Stokes was remanded to jail, without bail.

Mr. H. P. Watson, Assistant Secretary of War during the war, has been elected President of Erie. Mr. Watson is connected with railroad interests in Ohio, and was recommended by Vanderbilt as a suitable man for the position.

The Baltimore Democratic Convention assembled on the 16th at Ford's Opera House. Beverly Johnson, among other distinguished men, on the platform. The following day the Convention met at ten o'clock, and after a short debate the resolutions adopted by the Cincinnati Convention were endorsed—yeas, 537; nays, 175. Greeley and Brown were then unanimously nominated on the first ballot.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Heavy storms prevailed throughout England on Friday, causing much damage to the crops.

Sir Alexander Cockburn, arbitrator on the part of England on the Geneva Tribunal, is to be created an Earl in recognition of his services.

In consequence of an arrangement concluded with the master-builders, the journeymen in London have resumed work, and it is expected that the other trades will follow their example.

The resignation of Captain-General Valmaseda having been accepted, he left for Spain on the 15th instant. It is reported that the intendente of the Island of Cuba has been removed.

The last Berlin Official Gazette promulgates the law providing for the banishment of Jesuits from Germany. All establishments now under their control must be completely broken up in six months.

A Berlin correspondent of the Standard says that the increasing tide of emigration from Germany to America causes considerable uneasiness to the Imperial Government, and preventative measures are seriously contemplated.

A Madrid special to New York says Dr. Howard has been set free. An order from Madrid offered his release as an act of pardon, to which Dr. Howard demurred, as his acceptance of it might appear an acknowledgment of guilt, and a waiver of his right to compensation. He was then turned or forced out.

The London Echo publishes a private letter said to have been written by a person high in authority at the Vatican, stating that the Pope on the 1st of November last, All Saints Day, bestowed Cardinals' hats upon the Archbishop of Westminster, the Archbishop of Paris, and the Most Rev. Martin John Spalding, now deceased, who was then Archbishop of Baltimore.

The Geneva Board of Arbitrators met on Monday last. It is believed that the session of the Board will last from six weeks to two months. There will be four sittings each week. The English agents will make a strong contest against the American direct claims, but the prevailing impression is that the award in favour of the United States will be a large one.

A despatch from London, dated July 8, says: The House of Lords was crowded to-night. The Ballot Bill was to come up again. It had been passed with amendments which the House of Commons refused to accept, and had been returned to the Upper Chamber for final action; so a contest between the two houses was expected.

CHESS.

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

ERRATUM.—In solution to Problem No. 53, published last week, instead of "Q. to K. 3rd." read "Q. mates."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALLGAIER.—The book can be had from Messrs. Dawson Bros. Price \$1.75. English Edition. R. M. B. Toronto.—Solution to Problem No. 54, received, correct.

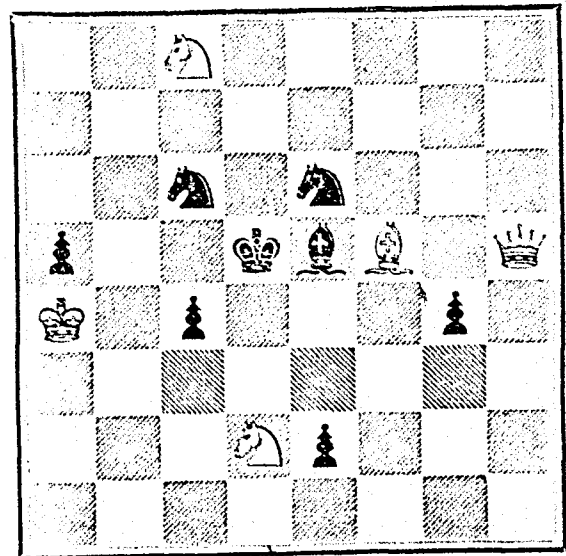
A well contested game between two members of the Montreal Chess Club

SWEDISH CENTRE GAMBIT.

- White. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. P. to Q. 4th 3. P. to Q. B. 3rd (a) 4. K. B. to Q. B. 4th 5. P. takes P. 6. K. Kt. to K. 2nd 7. K. takes B. 8. Kt. to Kt. 3rd 9. R. to K. sq. ch 10. Q. Kt. takes P. 11. B. to K. 4th 12. B. to K. 2nd 13. K. to Kt. sq. 14. Q. to K. R. 5th (b) 15. B. to Q. 4th 16. B. takes Kt. 17. Q. R. to K. B. sq. 18. K. to R. sq. 19. K. R. to K. 2nd 20. K. R. to B. 2nd 21. Kt. takes P. 22. R. takes B. 23. Q. takes R. 24. Q. to Q. Kt. sq. 25. Q. takes R. 26. Q. to K. sq. 27. Q. takes Q. (a) 28. K. to Kt. sq. 29. K. to B. sq. 30. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd 31. Kt. to K. 4th 32. P. to K. Kt. 3rd 33. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd 34. K. to K. 2nd 35. Kt. takes Kt. 36. K. to Q. 3rd

- Black. P. to K. 4th P. takes P. P. takes P. P. to Q. 4th K. B. to Q. B. 4th B. takes P. ch. (b) Q. to R. 5th ch. Q. takes B. Kt. to K. 2nd Castles. (c) Q. to B. 4th ch. Q. to Q. 3rd P. to Q. R. 3rd Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd Q. Kt. to K. B. 3rd Q. takes B. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd ch. Kt. to Kt. 3rd P. to K. B. 4th (d) B. to Q. 2nd B. takes Kt. R. takes R. R. to K. B. sq. R. takes R. ch. Q. to Q. 3rd (e) Q. to K. 4th Kt. takes Q. K. to B. 2nd Kt. to Q. 6th K. to K. 2nd P. to Q. Kt. 3rd Kt. to Q. Kt. 5th Kt. to Q. 3rd (f) Kt. takes Q. P. R. takes Kt. P. to Q. B. 4th wins.

PROBLEM No. 55 By Conrad Bayer. From "Land and Water." BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in five moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 54.

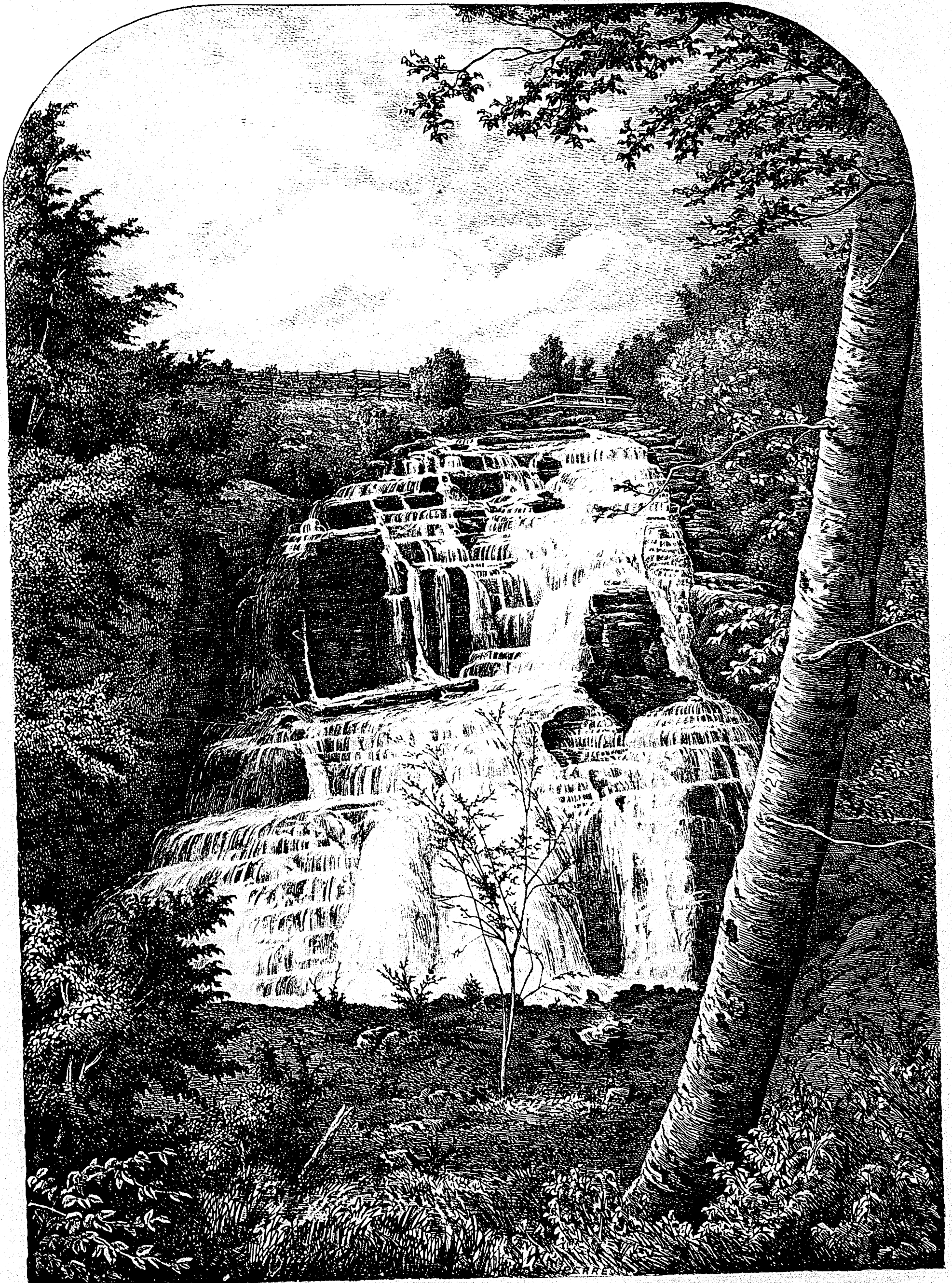
- White. 1. Q. to K. 5th. check. 2. P. takes R. 3. R. to K. Kt. 3rd 4. R. to K. Kt. 5th. mate.

- Black. K. takes Q. K. moves. K. moves.



THE HAPPY MOTHER.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY ADOLPHE JOURDAN, AT THE PARIS 'SALON' OF 1872.



FRASER'S FALLS, MURRAY BAY — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS & BIENVEN

In future this page, as well as page 13, will be devoted to Mechanics, Engineering and Practical Science.

MURRAY'S BRICK-MAKING MACHINE.

Engineering, a well-known and highly esteemed scientific journal, published in England, gives the following account of the machine illustrated on page 45, and of the litigation arising out of the infringement of the patent taken out by the inventor. It says:—

A judgment of considerable importance to inventors, patentees, and infringers has recently been delivered in the Court of Chancery by the Lord Justice James. The cause of action was the infringement, by Messrs. Clayton, Sons, and Howlett, of Mr. Murray's continuous delivery brick-making machine. Before entering into the particulars of the Chancery suit, it may be as well to describe this apparatus, which we illustrate on page 45. Fig. 1 of our engraving represents an elevation of the machine complete; Fig. 2 is a plan of the cutting table; Fig. 3 is an enlarged section showing the method of attaching the cutting wires to the top and bottom bars; and Fig. 4 an end view of the cutting table. The apparatus consists of a pugging mill, moulding die, and cutting table, the two latter apparatus being protected by separate patents; it was the latter portion—the cutting table—which formed the subject of the recent litigation. The pugging mill is cylindrical, instead of being in the form of an inverted cone and being provided with arrangements for cutting off the flow of the clay, as in the ordinary intermittent action machines. The cylindrical form enables it to be worked with less expenditure of power than those in general use. The clay on leaving the pugging mill is conducted to the die, which is so constructed that the faces of the clay are lubricated, the clay being thereby delivered with less friction, and consequently with a smooth and even surface. For the purpose of imparting to the clay a thin film of lubricating material which will insure this smoothness of surface, the sides of the die are made hollow, and contain the liquid lubricant, which exudes from the hollow sides through holes made in their faces. The perforated faces are covered with felt, which becomes saturated with the lubricant, and prevents it running out too quickly. The hollow vessels forming the sides of the die are held in place by screws passing through lugs formed on the mouth of the machine. They are readily removed for cleansing or covering, and are replaced without deranging any other parts of the machine. The lubricant is supplied continuously to the boxes on the cylindrical reservoir shown in our engraving. The clay in passing into the cutting table impinges upon the felt-covered boxes, and carries away with it the necessary thin film of lubricating material.

Assuming that a quantity of clay of sufficient length to form twelve bricks has issued from the mould, this length is cut off by means of a vertical wire mounted in a reciprocating frame, which moves to and fro on guides affixed to the side standards. The proper length of clay thus severed from the advancing mass, is pulled forward by hand on to the cutting table. Arrived there it receives a lateral push, at right angles to its line of previous motion, which forces the mass against a series of fixed wires. This lateral movement of the clay is effected by means of a push-board, which, as it advances, pushes the clay against and past the fixed wires, thus dividing the mass into the required number of bricks. The push-board is actuated by a rack and pinion motion under the table, best seen at Fig. 4, and which is worked by a crank handle. On this handle being released the weight causes the push-board to be at once drawn back to its original position. The bricks thus formed are by this lateral movement deposited on a portable board, on which they are removed to the barrow. Referring to Fig. 3, it will be noticed that the bars to which the cutting wires are connected are slotted. The wires are attached to pins in the upper bar with screws and nuts, and are kept taut by means of india-rubber tension springs. The bars being slotted permits the wires to be shifted either further apart or closer together, thus altering both their gauge and angle, so that the thickness and the bevel of the bricks can be varied to suit the requirements of manufacture. The cutting table is the key to the numerous advantages possessed by Mr. Murray's apparatus, and which consist in dispensing with several auxiliary movements which necessarily encumber and consequently diminish the working efficiency of the intermittent delivery machines with rotary action dies in general use. As the block of clay to be divided up on the cutting table is only an inch longer than is required, a very small amount of waste is thrown back for second manipulation. The removal of the bricks, too, from the machine is effected without their being handled, so that they sustain no injury from that source. It requires but one set of men to attend to one of these machines, so that a great economy of labour results as against an intermittent delivery apparatus, which requires two sets of attendants. In the arrangement under notice, brickwork foundations are unnecessary, the machine being mounted on cast-iron foundation plates.

Such is the apparatus—or at least a portion of it, the cutting table—which gave rise to the action between Messrs. Middleton and Messrs. Clayton. To render this clear we should observe that in Messrs. Clayton's machine the clay runs on to a lubricated metal table, and by a turn of a handle from left to right this table is made to pass under a fence board, which is attached to the frame of the machine, and, being fixed, retains the block of clay in a stationary position, whilst the table recedes from under it. A series of cutting wires travelling with the table pass through the clay, which is left on a portable board on the other side of the wires. By a reverse action of the lever the board with the bricks upon it is placed in a position to be removed from the machine, and the metal table is ready to receive another block of clay. On the other hand, in Mr. Murray's machine the metal receiving table, the standards, the wire bars, and the brackets upon which the portable board rests, are all stationary, being attached to the framework of the machine. The clay is delivered on to the lubricated metal receiving table, and by the action of the lever from right to left—just the opposite of the movement in Clayton's apparatus—the push-board is brought up to the block of clay, which is thus moved to the wires in a parallel course. The action of the push-board being continued forces

the clay between the wires, and it is delivered in the form of bricks on the portable board beyond the wires.

This colourable imitation of Mr. Murray's invention led that gentleman in January, 1869, to apply to the Court of Chancery for an injunction against Messrs. Clayton to restrain them from manufacturing and selling these machines upon the grounds that they were infringements of Mr. Murray's patent; that these machines embodied, in fact, but a transposition of the parts, and a reversing of the action of Mr. Murray's apparatus. Mr. Murray's patent, we may mention, was dated June, 1866, Messrs. Clayton's being dated September, 1868. The cause came before Vice-Chancellor Bacon who dismissed the bill with costs in January last. The Vice-Chancellor came to the conclusion that the plaintiff's patent was invalid on the ground that it has been anticipated by prior inventions. Conscious of the strength of his cause Mr. Murray appealed to the Lord Justices, and they on the 6th of last month (May) delivered their judgment entirely and unreservedly in his favour. In delivering judgment Lord Justice James observed that Mr. Murray had given his own statement of his having been the first and true inventor, and had produced as to the utility and the *de facto* novelty of his invention a mass of evidence—as to which there had been no cross-examination and no contradiction—“in my mind,” said his lordship, “stronger almost than any I had ever witnessed in any case in this court.” The witnesses in the case were engineers, a superintendent of Government works, and practical brickmakers, the sum of whose evidence went to show that the invention was both sufficient and original. One of the witnesses spoke to the bricks being worth two shillings a thousand more than those made by ordinary machines, while Mr. Bernays, the Government engineer, spoke very highly of the superiority of the apparatus over those in general use. To sum up, the Lords Justices were of opinion that there had been no anticipation. They considered the plaintiff's case was fully made out, and they granted him a perpetual injunction against the defendants, who had to pay the costs of the suit. There can be no question as to the perfect equity of this decision, and the only wonder in our mind is how Vice-Chancellor Bacon could possibly have arrived at the conclusion he did?

FRENCH RIFLED FIELD ARTILLERY.

The new French 14-pounder breech-loader may be looked upon as one of the results of the recent war. The artillery in use during the early part of the campaign—that on the La Hitte system—was very defective, though since 1867 experiments had been made with a view to improving it, which resulted in a breech-loading gun of great promise. The experience thus obtained was only turned to practical account when the German armies were approaching Paris. Upon the models obtained, which represented 14-pounder breech-loaders, (generally called “canon Trochu”) 200 field-pieces were made in Paris during the siege under the personal superintendence of the then governor of the capital, General Trochu. Considering the shortness of time, and the many other works which were required for the immediate defence of Paris, the efforts of the French artillerists cannot be too highly praised. According to the “*Histoire Critique du Siège de Paris*,” there was not sufficient steel in the city for the breech blocks, and the steel axes of some of the locomotives brought to Paris had to be used for that purpose. The following account of the gun is condensed from the *Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine*,” one of the best military papers published in Europe:—

“The barrel of the 14-pounder is made of bronze, and has an average weight, with breech, of about 13 cwt., and a diameter of the bore of 3.348 inches. The gun is therefore proportionately heavier than any of the existing field-pieces, though of these two-thirds have a larger bore. The outer shape of the barrel, as seen in Fig. 1, is certainly of a very ancient character. The bore is arranged in a similar manner to that of the Prussian breech-loaders; it is divided into the rifling, the intermediate cone, the space for the charge, and the portion forming the breech. The rifling is 62 in. long, and consists of 14 wedge-shaped grooves, the lands of which get gradually wider towards the mouth of the gun, in order to increase the friction between the lead casing of the projectile and the grooves, and to form a better guide for the projectile. The length of the turn or twist of the grooves of the 14-pounder is only 25 calibres, corresponding to an angle of 7 deg. and 10 minutes. The space for the charge is projected for more than two-thirds of its length with a cylindrical steel lining, which extends also for the whole opening of the bore. The steel lining was perhaps chiefly adopted to prevent any injury to the metal in closing the breech, as well as to check enlargements in the charge chamber, which might happen if the breech and the cartridge are brought into direct contact with the metal of the barrel. The breech itself is very similar to that of the breech-loaders of the French marine and coast artillery of 1864-66; it consists chiefly of two parts, the screw-bolt, *a*, and the door, *b*, Figs. 3, 4, 5. The bolt is made of steel, and is provided for half of its length with left-handed threads of a trapezoidal section, Fig. 6; of these threads one-sixth part of the circumference is cut away, leaving three equidistant places between, corresponding spaces being left in the female screw, cut in the steel lining; this arrangement has been adopted in order to save as much time as possible in opening and closing the breech, for if the plain parts of the bolt part coincide with the threads of the female screw, one-sixth of a turn completely closes the opening. The front part of the bolt, by which the gas-tight joint is made, is cupped, as shown in the figure, the inner cylindrical surface being provided with several twisted grooves; on firing, the brass bottom of the cartridge is pressed into these grooves, and is retained by them after the gun has been fired, so that when the breech is opened, it is withdrawn. The breech-bolt contains also the vent, which passes through the bore in the direction of the axis of the barrel, but takes an inclined direction until it reaches the upper rear edge of the screw-bolt, as shown, in order to facilitate the introducing of the match-tube. The tendency of the screw-bolt to draw out the door of the breech is prevented by the two screws, *c*, which fit into the grooves, *g*, cut at right angles to each other in the outer surface of the screw bolt.

“The outer or rear part of the bolt terminates with two round pins of different diameter, upon which are fastened a wrought-iron crank, *d*, and a bronze handle, *e*; the former is used for loosening or tightening the bolt, the latter for drawing it out or bringing it into the gun. The handle is also provided at the upper part with a trough for the purpose of

catching the match tube thrown out of the vent when the gun is fired. The bronze door, *b*, moves horizontally upon the wrought-iron pin, *l*, at the left-hand side of the rear of the barrel, the door is provided on the right-hand side with a steel catch, *h*, with spring, *i*, and when the breech is shut, the catch, *h*, is secured by the detent, *k*, screwed into the bottom of the barrel. The gun is worked in the following manner:

“*Opening the Breech.*—By a sixth of a revolution of the screw-bolt towards the right-hand side, the screw is drawn off, and the door is opened towards the left.

“*Shutting the Breech.*—The door is closed and fastened, the screw-bolt is put in and secured by a sixth revolution towards the left.

“The serving of the 14-pounder appears to be simple, easy, and requiring but little time, but whether this is really the case only a longer and uninterrupted use of the gun can prove. It might seem doubtful whether the cartridge packing would be perfectly gas-tight, or whether, on the other hand, the gases which penetrate between the threads of the screw may not seriously interfere with the easy movements of the latter. This, however, appears to be certain, that the surface of contact of the breech-bolt with the gun offered by the threaded portions is much too small. The total weight of the breech is about 92.4 lbs.

“The sight of the 14-pounder consists of a fixed metallic tangent scale, to receive which the barrel is provided at the rear end with a vertical hole, and a small steel sight screwed into the disc next to the right-hand trunnion. The whole arrangement is that generally known as a “short line of sight,” its length is 33.543 in., the total length of the barrel being 83.858 in. The projectiles used for the 14-pounders are howitzer and shrapnell shells.

“The howitzer shell has, compared to the bore of the barrel, the considerable length of 9.448 in., or 2.8 calibres; the head, formed with a flattened point, is only a little more than one-tenth of the whole length of the projectile. The cylindrical part of the howitzer shell is surrounded by a thin lead covering with four swellings, between which the cylinder has a diameter equal to that of the bore without the grooves. The weight of the fully-charged howitzer shell amounts to 15 lbs.

The shrapnell shell, of a similar construction to that of the howitzer shell, contains 120 balls of zinc, each weighing rather less than 5 oz. The howitzer shells have percussion fuses of the ordinary French pattern, whilst the shrapnells are provided with time fuses of a construction similar to those used in the Swiss breech-loaders. The cartridge, which is like that used for the French mitrailleuse, is 9.763 in. long, and weighs 3.43 lbs. With respect to the results obtained with this gun it is stated that the initial velocity of the howitzer shell is about 1,312 ft., and that the maximum range is fully 6,000 yards.

The St. Stephen, N. B., *Courier* says a new granite quarry of great value has been discovered at St. George, near the head of Lake Utopia. The stone is of a deep red color and commands a high price in the New York market. We understand it is to be worked by an American company. An engineer and staff are now making arrangements for immediate active operations.

A proposition has been entertained to tunnel under the Strait of Canso, between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, where the strait is only two and a half miles wide, for the purpose of connecting the Island of Cape Breton with the mainland. The cost is estimated at \$1,500,000. This idea is connected with a proposition to run a line of steamers from Glasgow, or other British port, to Louisburg, the most easterly point of Cape Breton.

TO PROTECT IRON AND STEEL.—Prof. F. Grace Calvert, of England, has discovered that the carbonates of potash and soda possess the same property of protecting iron and steel from rust as do those alkalies in a caustic state. If an iron blade is half immersed in a solution of either of the above named carbonates, it exerts so protective an action that that portion of the iron which is exposed to the influence of the damp atmospheric air does not oxidize, even after a period of two years. Similar results have been obtained with sea water, to which have been added the carbonates of potash or soda. The applications of this fact are numerous and important.

A NEW WATER-LEVEL INDICATOR.—M. Plaudié, a French engineer, has designed a new water-level indicator for vertical boilers, in which the water stands from 20 ft. to 25 ft. above the ground, and which is consequently difficult to observe directly. He obtains the indications of the level at a convenient height by the difference in pressure of two liquid columns, the one having a fixed height, and the other being variable, according to the change of level in the boiler. These differences in the pressure are indicated by the movement of a mercurial column inclosed in a U tube, which communicates at each end with one of the tubes just mentioned. This apparatus works very well in the shops at Seraing, and other establishments.

OLD RUBBER.—A fortune awaits the happy inventor who shall teach manufacturers to restore old rubber to the condition in which it was before vulcanization, for with that secret, there would be practically no consumption of this invaluable article. The thing has been done, and successfully, and we have ourselves seen pieces of vulcanized rubber, possessing great strength and elasticity, which were made entirely from old car-springs; but it has never been accomplished on a large scale, and awaits the enterprise and ingenuity of some new Goodyear to develop it.

Meantime, old rubber has its uses. By a system of steaming and passing between rollers, it is reduced to a semi-plastic state, and in this condition is used in combination with a coarse fabric for heel stiffening, a purpose to which it is admirably adapted, its waterproof qualities being of especial value. There is in a neighbouring city a factory devoted entirely to this branch of manufacture, where several hundred tons of old rubber of all kinds are consumed annually.

Old rubber is also largely used to mix with new raw material in the manufacture of all kinds of rubber goods. It serves to give bulk and weight, and, if it does not increase, it certainly does not lessen the strength of the fabric. It may also be mentioned that powdered soapstone, white-lead, terra alba, and other heavy substances enter largely into the composition of almost all rubber goods, the use of which becomes apparent when it is remembered that they are generally sold by weight.

THE TWO SHIPS.

BY BRIT HARTK.

The following beautiful lines will rather surprise those who only know Bret Harte as a man of irresistibly comic humour.

As I stand by the cross on the lone mountain's crest,
Looking over the ultimate sea,
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
And one sails away from the lea;
One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching track,
With pennant and sheet blowing free;
One hides in the shadow with sails laid aback—
The ship that is waiting for me.

But lo! in the distance the clouds break away,
The Gate's glowing portals I see,
And I hear from the towering ships in the bay
The song of the sailors in glee.
So I think of the luminous footprints that bore
The comfort of dark Gullies,
And wait for the signal to go to the shore,
To the ship that is waiting for me.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE

MYSTERY OF SAINTED GROVE.

BY DION.

The northern coast of New Brunswick, as my readers may observe by a glance at the map of that country, is deeply indented with broad and spacious bays, which might be used as havens for the united navies of the world. The people who inhabit this seaboard, and who are direct descendants of the Acadians who fled at the time when Evangeline set out on her long tramp in search of Gabriel on these two weary feet whose peregrinations have been so poetically recorded in a fourteen-foot measure, are principally occupied in fishing during the summer months. When once the fishing season has set in, the lucrative but somewhat perilous employment engages the attention of the people of all ages. From the hour a child can turn a codfish on the "flakes," (which are low open platforms covered with boughs upon which the fish are laid to be dried,) until the day when he can take his place in the fishing-boat, the principal conversation he hears is connected with the business on which he has entered for life, for rare are the instances of any of those primitive people seeking their fortunes away from the scenes of their early days. Unlike the descendants of almost every other race in America, they cling to the spot familiar to them from their infancy, and remain poor, unambitious and contented because their fathers were, and allow the star of empire to wend its way westward in peace. The subject of fish, with the exception of stories connected with the supernatural world, have alone expanded their minds, and it is therefore little to be wondered at if their capacity for the marvellous is not of the highest order.

Some years ago, it was my good fortune to reside amongst this simple-minded and contented people. A long and severe illness which left me in this world, but not of it, compelled me to seek the bracing air of the ocean in hope that it would restore my usual vigour. This consideration, coupled with a depleted purse which could ill bear the constant drain it would sustain at any of the fashionable watering-places, led me to seclude myself from society and seek a retreat at a small village called "Canoquette," on the shores of the Baie des Chaleurs.

After I had resided a fortnight at the village, finding my health rapidly improving, and the time hang heavily on my hands, I used to amuse myself by going out in the fishing-boats to the "banks," the true "baiting place of woe" to the finny tribes, fishing for cod when they are plentiful, and when the weather was unfavourable for piscatorial pursuits, listening to stories which rivalled those of Baron Munchausen. In this way, and by the distribution of small presents to the children of the village, I gradually gained the confidence of a people, who, from their comparative isolation from the outside world, are naturally prone to be jealous of strangers and reserved in their intercourse with them. When once their esteem was gained they became as communicative as they had been reticent at the commencement of our acquaintance, and I soon discovered I was a welcome guest within their thresholds, where, as our social intercourse became more extended, I grew deeply interested in the short and simple annals of their uneventful lives. Among the inhabitants of the village, my especial favourite was a young fellow of the name of Antoine Landry, a marked man as a village bean, and possessing natural gifts superior to any of his countrymen, and who might have risen to the chief place amongst them, but for one obstacle which stood in the way of his practical usefulness and social advancement. The whole bent of his unmistakable energy was directed to the discovery of hidden treasure secreted on different parts of the coast by Captain Kidd and other notable sea robbers. He had "treasure trove" on the brain, and there was scarcely a sequestered cove or bold promontory on the coast about which he had

not some remarkable circumstance to relate in connection with his favourite subject, and the proofs of the existence of such wealth being hidden in those localities were, if the tales connected with them could be credited, as conclusive as if they had been adduced from Holy Writ. Many had been his excursions to the different El Dorados of his imagination, but, as anticipated by all, save himself, fruitless had been their result. Those descendants of the wanderers from Grand Pre are greatly lacking in the speculative faculty, and although the persuasive eloquence of Mr. Antoine on different occasions had fired the latent germs of enterprise in his companions' unimaginative souls, one night of hard digging, without success, on some dreary secluded foreland, combined with the restless anxiety, and perhaps fear, that the novelty of the undertaking was sure to create was amply sufficient to deter those adventurous spirits from again going abroad on the same errand.

The social standing of poor Antoine had thus greatly suffered in the estimation of those by whom he was surrounded. The elder portion of his people, who acknowledged his industrious and otherwise regular habits, shook their heads with patriarchal importance when the subject was alluded to, and lamented the infatuation that led him at times to forsake the daily routine of his duties, and therefore naturally preferred their daughters to be visited by young gallants possessed of less ambition, and whose aspirations went no higher than a successful summer fishing and a well stored cellar for the winter season.

On the other side, the young men who were his rivals for the smiles of the girls of the settlement, conscious of his superiority to themselves, and aware of the partiality shown to Antoine, found ample play for ridicule in the well-known idiosyncrasy of their competitor in the lists of Cupid, and many and ludicrous were the stories told of the "Chercheur de trésors" and his unsuccessful exploits to relieve the earth of the long concealed but abounding richness that lay beneath its surface. As usual, however, in such cases, the prudent lessons of parents and the ridiculous tales of his rivals, were all forgotten at the appearance of Antoine, and it was admitted on all sides that he was the especial favourite of the village maidens. Perhaps had he been less successful with the fair sex, he might gradually have lost sight of his besetting crotchet, and settled down to win their bright smiles instead of yellow dress; but, knowing that that then confidence in himself could not be shaken, and that nothing could destroy his prestige amongst them, he could well afford to brook the covert sneers of his competitors, and pursue in triumph the even tenor of his way. His perseverance in the pursuit of his darling idea, in the face of all obstacles, justly entitled him to be ranked with Bruce the Scottish King, Palissy the Potter, or Goodyear the Indianrubber man. It only needed the one quality of success, to render him in the eyes of the little world in which he moved, a much more famous personage than any of those indomitable heroes whose names I have recorded. No derision could deter him from persistently seeking the only road to fortune that appeared to present itself, and though he fulfilled his daily avocations as faithfully as any of his people, he clung to the belief that he was yet to be enriched by treasures fished from the bowels of mother earth. In this faith he never faltered, and had his motto been written it would have thus read, "The world is my oyster, and with my spade will I open it."

Being thus separated by a dissimilarity of ideas from those who should naturally have been his associates, he gradually attached himself to one who was a willing and interested listener to a subject that was altogether new to him, and as Antoine never tired of dilating on the theme of money digging. I soon grew to have as intimate knowledge as himself, respecting those sections of the coast upon which, in times of necessity, I might be able to draw on the exchequer of defunct corsairs. Had I not been of a sceptical cast of mind on all subjects that partook of a supernatural character, I might have been indoctrinated with the peculiar views of my infatuated friend, for I possessed implicit confidence in his veracity, and was convinced that whatever he imparted to me was firmly believed by himself. Though younger than Antoine, I had fortunately received my earlier lessons in a school in which superstition was unknown, and when I perceived that all hope of reaching the buried coffers was hedged around by a halo of observances relating to the spiritual world, I set myself to the task of teaching Antoine to look at the matter from a practical standpoint. In this mission I signally failed, our ideas running in different grooves, out of which they could not be severed. In vain I tried to persuade him that if treasure was buried in the localities he named, it being material, should be as easily dug in the day as the night; and as for maleficent spirits keeping watch and ward over it for centuries, I scouted such belief with all the force my incredulity could command. Finding it useless to waste logic on a man in whom the belief in spiritual influences was deeply grounded, in

the hope that by some practical lesson I might convince him of his folly, I fell into the humour of my companion, and agreed to become his partner in a predatory excursion on the subterranean vault of a long departed buccaneer. As my leave of absence had now nearly expired, and the time of my departure drew nigh, it was agreed that I should hold myself in readiness to accompany him on the first suitable occasion. Greatly to my surprise the scene of the proposed exhumation was in a thick wood, almost in the centre of the village. For some reason that I failed to discover, it was called "The Sainted Grove," and was probably one of the most beautiful spots along the coast—standing on a point of land jutting out in the bay; from its elevated and projecting position it formed a prominent feature in the surrounding landscape. It was clad with maples of magnificent proportions, whilst the underwood, if any had existed, having been carefully cleared away, the surface presented the appearance of a well kept park. Stretched beneath the spreading boughs that threw a grateful shade around, I had frequently passed hours in gazing idly on the bay, which was always flecked with the sails of the fishing boats, departing from or returning to the shore. The main road leading to the village skirted the wood, near which in previous years a church had been partially erected and then suddenly abandoned. The walls, which had been raised to the height of one story, still stood in precisely the same state as when the workmen had left. The tubs containing the mortar still stood upon the walls, the upper hoops had fallen through long exposure, leaving the staves widely separated, whilst the once plastic material had hardened into a solid mass. On one side, which had been screened from the violence of the wind by the trees, the scaffolding still remained in its original position; on the others, time and storms had done their work, and it lay scattered around. The deserted church threw an air of desolate beauty around the spot which attracted me to its shades by its natural loveliness, as it did others by its deep and solemn solitude, and it had thus become the chosen retreat of lovers, when Sunday and holidays afforded the village beaux and maidens an opportunity of meeting during the busy fishing season. Such was the delightful retreat in which I was to make my first essay as a money digger, and Antoine the great cap that was to thrust us into the lap of opulence. The conditions of success, however, were, to speak the truth, but slightly conducive to reassure a timid person. On all sides I found that the Grove, although belonging to the Church, possessed a doubtful reputation as being a haunted region. Many could vouch to having seen wandering lights, gliding fitfully among the trees, and burning alternately with a blue, yellow and red flame of most unhealthy brilliancy. On dark and tempestuous nights, and especially on nights when the heavens were lit up with lightning and the roar of the ocean was drowned by the crashing of thunder, a black vessel with low hull had been repeatedly seen gliding along the shore, and invariably anchoring opposite the point. Forty years before, the father of one of the most respectable fishermen, had on such a night as the above, when returning to the village, distinctly observed the vessel anchoring, and from her side descended six headless seamen who rowed toward the Grove; on landing they dragged from the stern of their boat, a man who seemed to be shackled; he then lost sight of them amongst the trees, but, after a few moments had elapsed he heard the most dreadful shrieks as if a person in his last moments was pleading for mercy. Strange stories, too, were told of the causes which operated on the good priest's mind, and led him to forsake the site originally selected for the Parish Church, and which had been so mysteriously abandoned in favour of a situation far inferior in beauty to the position so hastily deserted. On particular inquiry, I soon found that such stories had their origin in the ever excited imaginations of the people, and not from anything that had fallen from the lips of their venerable pastor, who was willing, however, to allow his parishioners to account for the change in a way that perfectly reconciled them to an outlay at which they might otherwise have grumbled, the true reason being, as I afterwards learnt, that it was found to be best to erect the church in the heart of the village, where he could better attend to the spiritual necessities of his flock, losing thus the beauty of his church's position, in his desire to accomplish the beatitude of his church-goers' souls.

Having given my assent to accompany Antoine in this financial wild-geese chase, he opened his mind with the utmost confidence and stated his reasons for concluding that money had been buried in the grove. From his earliest years the story was current throughout the village that the point had been the hiding-place of a pirate's ill-gotten wealth. His grandfather before him had believed the story, by whom it was told to his father, who in turn transmitted it to him. But beyond all the hearsay evidence on the subject, to make assurance doubly sure, he had on this occasion possessed himself of documentary evidence, which he deemed of the most conclusive character.

One day in his boat, when as usual he had endeavoured to draw the conversation to the subject of the enterprise in which we had embarked, finding me perhaps more indifferent than usual, he produced from his breast, where it was placed for safety, a package carefully folded in brown paper, and with an air of triumph told me to open it. After removing the cover, I found a parchment document contained within it; near the top of the sheet was a well executed representation of that sad emblem of mortality, a skull and cross bones; beneath this was traced the bold outline of a bay, with the coast extending on both sides of its entrance; in the centre of the sheet was drawn a mariner's compass, the needle to the north, whilst immediately below the compass was the figure of a hand, beautifully finished, with its index finger extended to a point of land that reached out in the bay. Under these figures, written in the most beautiful style of chirography, were these lines in Old English:

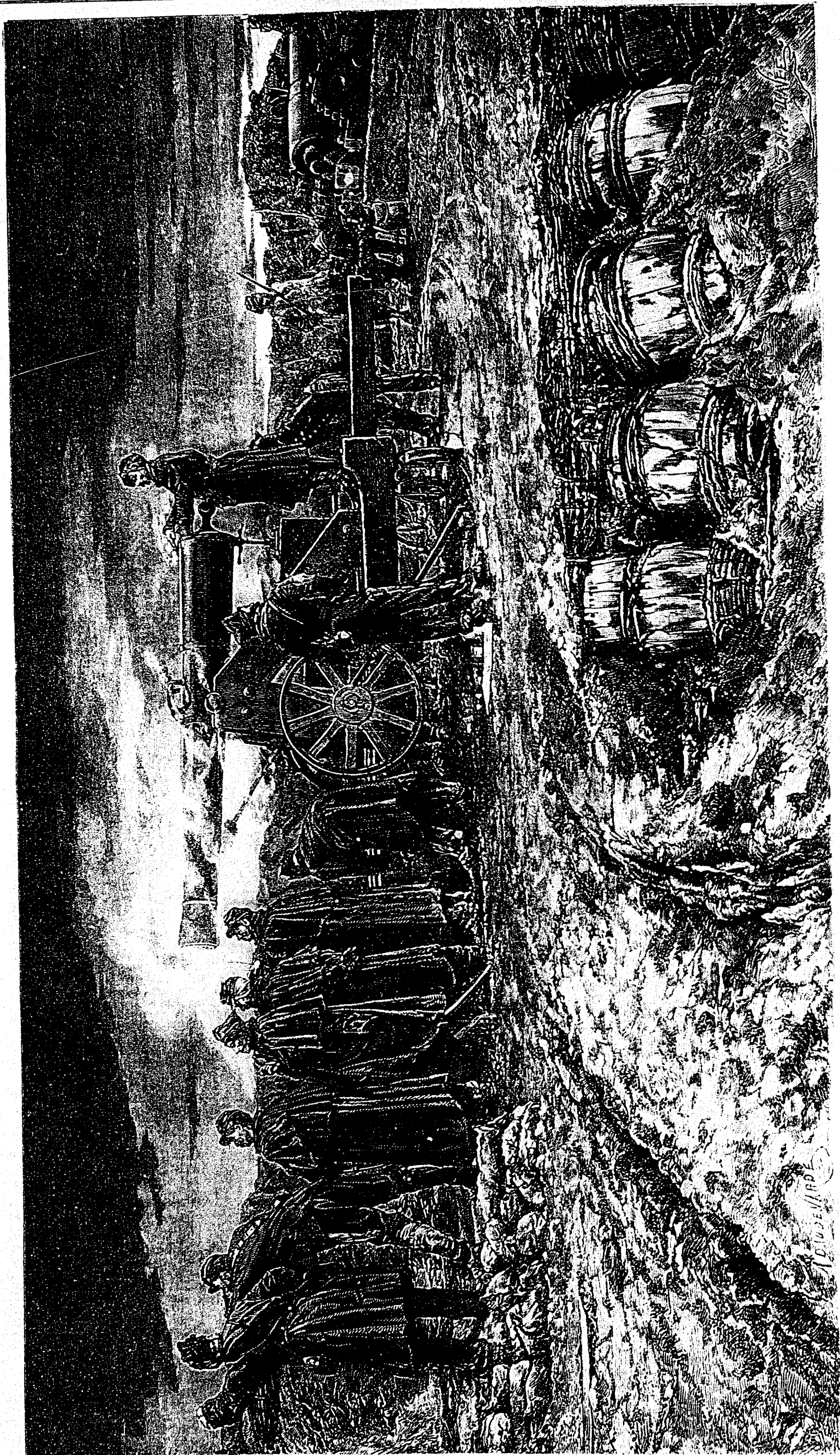
"Upon a high headland overlooking a bay,
Gold, silver, and jewels lie hidden away;
Upon this high headland a maple grove stands,
In its midst grows an ash, triple girded with
bands:
And he who discovers this three banded tree,
Hath the clew to the spot where the treasure
will be.
To the east thirty feet, to the west thirty feet,
Then dig where right angles, from such extremes
meet
On the brow of the bluff overlooking the sea."

The production was evidently the handiwork of an accomplished penman, the bay represented being a faithful drawing of the body of water on which we were then sailing. On the beautifully sketched outline of the coast stood Shippegan Island, with the lagoon separating it from the mainland, whilst on the other side of the bay, the coast was rounded away into an expanse of water that was clearly intended for the Baie des Chaleurs. The work was so elaborately finished that it commanded my admiration, and when I lifted my eyes to inquire into its history I could plainly perceive in the face of my friend an unmistakable look of exultation, as if he had concluded that all doubts on the subject were now for ever silenced. The statement of Antoine concerning the document was to the effect that he had it from a Mr. Daubrey, a direct descendant in the fourth generation from the first mate of the pirate vessel, and that the parchment had been handed down as an heir-loom to the eldest son of the family through different generations. The reason assigned for the treasure remaining so long unmolested was that the vessel in which his piratical ancestor had sailed being wrecked on the coast of England, whither they had proceeded in search of booty, all his companions in crime had been drowned in a storm, and he thrown ashore where he had been rescued from perishing by some fishermen who came timely to his assistance. That for months he lingered in the hourly expectation of death, during which he experienced a change of heart, and sought the blessed comfort that religion alone can bestow, and finally when he recovered he married the daughter of one of his preservers, who had attended him in his illness, and, embarking in business, he lived to be a prosperous and wealthy man and a warden of the church. That only on his death-bed he divulged the secret of the hidden money after exacting from his son a solemn promise never to seek the treasure unless the estates which he had accumulated were lost to the family.

It had been agreed by Daubrey that in company with Antoine he was to dig the hidden hoard as soon as the necessary preparations could be made, but the expedition was delayed by the sudden death of the former. Fortunately, when communicating the story of the document, he had imparted the conditions required for a successful search. As usual, the conditional requirements were of a superstitious cast. It appeared that the great-grandfather of Daubrey had, in company with the captain, second mate, gunner, and two of the crew, gone ashore in an uninhabited bay on the coast of North America, and selected a spot on a point to secrete the treasure; that before burying it they had entered into a compact with Satan, whereby they agreed that with their own hands, and in his presence, they would murder an innocent man on the spot selected on condition that he would keep guard over it until it was again sought by them, which could only be done between the hours of one and two in the morning, in perfect silence, when no moon could be seen, when lightning lit up the heavens and thunder could be heard. But the most novel of the stipulations was that the digger should be provided with a black cat, in which no single white hair could be found, which was to be handed to His Satanic Majesty as a token that the right parties had returned to redeem it. Failing in this particular covenant, terrible dangers threatened the bold intruder who sought the guarded precincts held in trust for the pirates.

Concluded in our next.

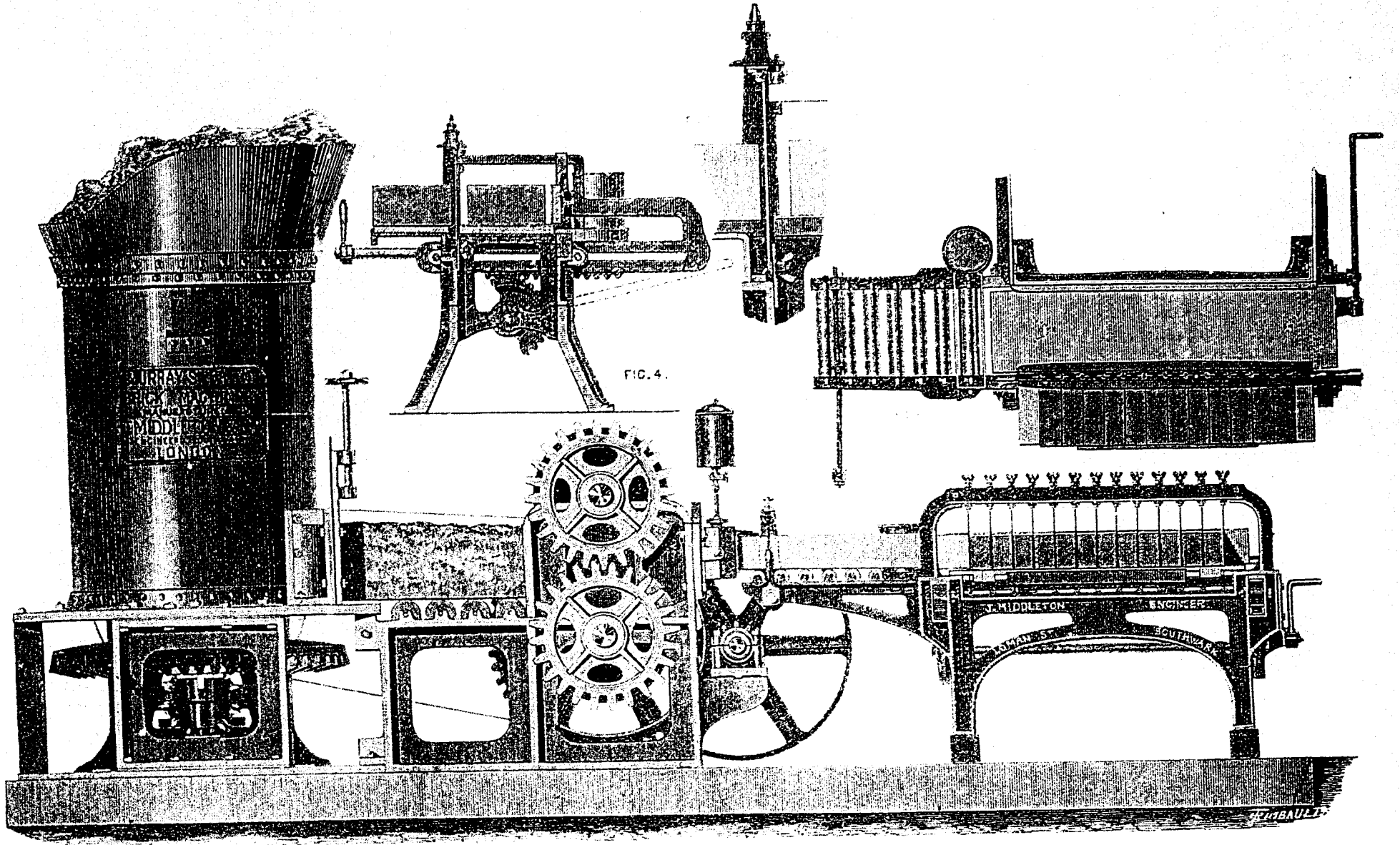
The eldest daughter of Jenny Lind, Miss Virginia Goldschmidt, is reported to have inherited her mother's voice.



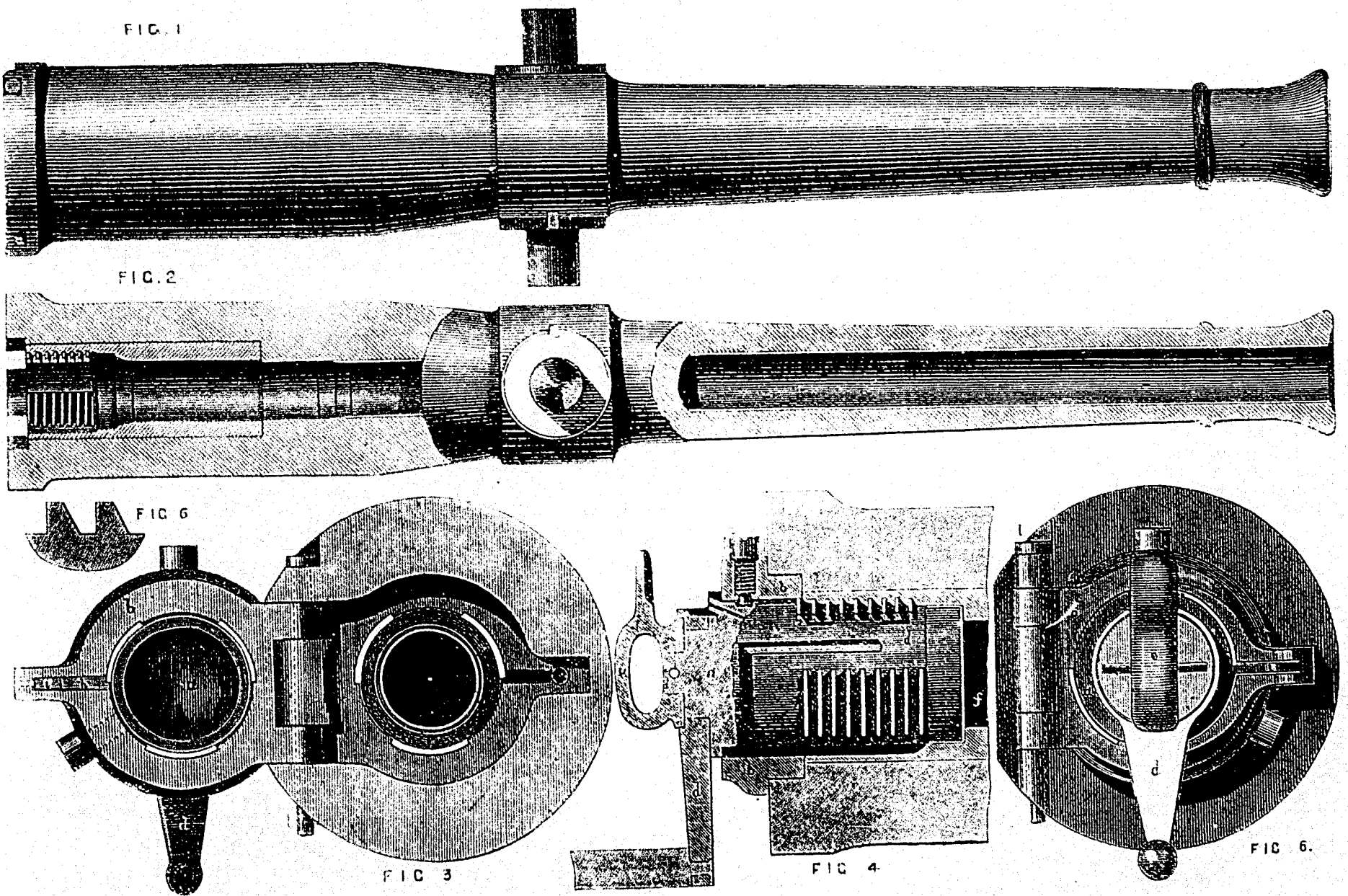
UN COUP DE CANON.
 AFTER THE BATTLE OF BATAVIA, 1817.

ADRIEN VARE

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS



MURRAY'S CONTINUOUS DELIVERY BED-MAKING MACHINE



FRENCH RIFLED FIELD ARTILLERY

A BETTER CHANCE.

Leave me in peace, take back thy troth—thy vow—
Dissolve the trammels of our love—our trust—
Thou hast no need of lover's fondness now.
When thou canst cast its memory in the dust.

Is freedom sweet to thee? It must be so,
Thou hast a boundless world to choose a mate;
A woman's wiles are easy to bestow,
When they can make or mar our lives and fate.

Regret can't dull thy looks nor dim thy joys,
No sad compunction haunts thy cheerful hours;
When life is charged completely with alloys,
'Tis well to grasp but not to hoard love's flowers.

For circumstance, and chance, and fate, and all
That round our puzzling life with weal or woe,
May even shatter love's diviner thrall,
And deaden, like a blight, its sacred glow.

Besides, for man to waste his sighs
Upon a woman's smile, or east his hope
Upon her truth and beauty, is not wise,
And not within ambition's larger scope.

Well—charge me with this weakness—I confess
Thy love was more than all the world to me,
With thee—I lived upon thy loveliness,
Alone—I lived upon thy memory.

I struggled worn and weary in life's race,
Misfortune dogged my footsteps, still I strove,
My only guide thy dear alluring face!
My sole reward thy dear assuring love!

My aspirations stole diviner light
From thee, within my widening life
There crept a sacred calm that put to flight
The fluttering moths of care and buzzing strife.

'Tis weak to consecrate the present time
With dreams whose music sound unmeaningly,
To cast their sunlight in a feeble rhyme!
And build heroics on a memory!

Thy nature cannot grasp enduring faith,
Nor comprehend a boundless hope divine,
A love that laughs at fate and conquers death,
That dwelt with me, but which was never thine.

Go—leave me—seek a better—happier chance,
Thou needst not search a prosperous world in vain;
The spell has fled; I waken from the trance;
Thy charms can't lap me in sweet dreams again.

There surely dwells a being dowered well
With fortune's favours fit for thee to wed,
'Tis easy to evoke a suitor's spell,
Or crush affection till its flowers are dead.

I see thee in the future, bending down
With charming courtesy to kiss his face,
Thy wifely truth the comment of the town,
Thy constancy the marvel of the place.

I hear the rustle of thy silken dress,
Thy regal tread across the sumptuous room,
Where guests pay homage to thy loveliness,
And wonder at its freshness and its bloom!

I mark the dimples of thy sunny face,
That beams its chastened smiles upon the crowd,
While fascinated fools about the place
May sipper homage never breathed aloud.

Beloved within thy home, admired abroad,
It matters not thy blandishments were sold;
Contentment lingers on the gorgeous road,
Paved with the glitter of enchanting gold.

No tarnished memories can ever rise
Upon thy gilded joys; no troublous thought
To force a burning mist to dim thine eyes,
In passing visions which the past has wrought.

Thou art above the weakness of regret,
Poised on the calms of comfort; and thy life,
With its dear righteous solaces, can't fret
A tranquil inner self that needs no strife.

Go—leave me, risk thy chance and fare thee well,
I drop the usual wishes on thy way,
And seek my own, enchanted with the spell
That broke to show me wisdom's clearer ray.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

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of 1868.]

TECUMSEH,

The Shawnee Brave.

BY ALIQUOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG WARRIOR ON THE WAR PATH.

THE sun had gone to rest amid a flood of crimson light, the stars had commenced to shed their pale, gentle rays over the land; it was a night in the first of spring's bright months, when the winter being past and the snow over and gone, the flower appears on the face of the earth and the time of the singing of birds is come. A holy calm seemed over all, as if Nature was offering up to her great Creator her evening sacrifice of prayer and praise ere she settled herself down to sleep in the lap of night; when suddenly a human being might be seen crawling stealthily along the ground,—a glance reveals the fact that he is an Indian warrior, and an Indian warrior upon the war-trail; for he is entirely naked, save that his feet are clad in moccasins highly ornamented with the quills of the porcupine richly coloured and wrought into curious shapes, and around his loins is a narrow band of buffalo hide, from which hang his tomahawk and dreaded scalping-knife, and the scalps of his fallen foes, proclaiming that though evidently the snows of twenty winters had not fallen upon his head, still this was not his first journey on the war path; his long raven locks are fastened tightly together, falling down over his neck and shoulders like the mane of some wild beast of prey; his face is hideous with paint, around the eyes circles of black, the nose coloured a dark blue, and the

rest a deep blood red. In his hand he holds, not his bow and arrow, but a rifle, for already the various tribes were beginning to adopt and use against their makers the more deadly weapons of the white man. But why does this Indian brave creep along so carefully, with footfalls as light and silent as those of a tiger stealing on his prey?

A short distance off is a man sitting quietly on the fallen trunk of a tree which has just yielded to the sturdy blows of his woodman's axe, resting himself after the toils and fatigues of the day before he starts for his home, a mile or so away. John Waggoner sits calmly, fearing no ill, thinking of his fond wife and loving children who with him have left their home in far distant Britain and journeyed over a wide expanse of sea and land to this western world. Little did he imagine that never again would his

Children run to kiss their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

A squirrel in a neighbouring tree chatters to its mate; Waggoner turns to look; that movement saved his life; for as he turned the sharp crack of a musket was heard and a bullet whizzed through his clothes, slightly grazing his body. Up he sprang as the dread war-whoop of the Shawnee resounded through the forest; fear lent wings to his feet, and he fled towards his home, closely followed by the Indian chief, who every now and then uttered his fierce battle cry. Onwards sped pursued and pursuer, but as he burst from the forest a lurid light told the white man that his home was wrapt in flames, and around the blazing house he could see the dusky bodies of the Indians dancing in mad delight, while high above the yells of the savages rose the shrieks and screams of his family. In horror and dismay Waggoner turned from the sickening sight into the dense thicket, and straining every nerve ran until he felt sure that the friendly darkness had shrouded him from the eagle eye of his enemy. The Shawnee warrior, whose name was Tecumseh, after vainly searching for his intended victim, returned to his comrades and the blazing homestead.

Here Tecumseh found that Soocoowa, one of his braves, had been killed; that part of the family had been slain, and the rest taken prisoners.

At once, on the return of their chief, the band having torn the reeking scalps from the dead and seized all the booty they could find, set off on their homeward journey. All night long they traversed the pathless labyrinths of the wilderness, noiselessly and speedily, guided by the stars that looked so peacefully down on this blood-stained earth; and at early dawn emerged from the dark forest on to the shore of a silvery lake, which lay calm and still amid the surrounding trees like some fair sleeping Naiad, the soft breeze raising ripples on its placid bosom gentle as the heavings of the breast of a slumbering beauty. The Indian village, built on a point jutting into this little lake, was silent as a city of the dead, but the whoops of the returning braves soon aroused the sleepers, and quickly hurried forth men, women, and children to greet the victors with shouts of welcome and songs of triumph, to see the captives, and share the plunder.

The poor shrinking, cowering Europeans were at once led to the place of torture. He, whose strong right arm had slain Soocoowa, was attacked by the widowed squaw of that fallen brave, who bit him and gnawed at his fingers and hands like some savage dog. The other friends and relatives of the dead warrior gathered round his slayer and madly cut at him with their knives. The very children plucked out the hairs of his head and his beard, and holding pieces of burning wood to his body laughed in savage glee as the bare flesh blistered and burnt. In vain the poor wretch, tightly lashed to a stake, writhed and shrieked, praying and beseeching in piteous tones that an end might be put to his sufferings; his tormentors only smiled at the agonies he endured, and, accustomed to see the victims of their own race suffer with unflinching stoicism, mocked at his cries. At last a club fell with a heavy hand upon the victim's head, sending his spirit to that blessed place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Immediately his still beating heart was plucked from his poor wounded body, roasted, cut into small portions and distributed by the medicine man among the young braves, who quickly devoured it in the hope that the courage of the captive might at all times animate their breasts.

The fell demon of revenge was now appeased, and Areshoni, the god of war, was satisfied with the sacrifice; so the disconsolate widow demanded and obtained the eldest son of Waggoner to replace the lost Soocoowa in her wigwam and on her couch, while the rest of the captives were at once adopted into the tribe, (according to the custom of the western nations,) to supply the places of those who had lately fallen in battle.

CHAPTER II.

OWNWANASAYAON AND THE MEDICINE MAN.

As Tecumseh stood beside the expiring white man, gazing with silent indifference

upon his tortures and listening with contempt to his cries, a young damsel—clad in the simple attire of the denizens of the forest—approached him, whispered a few words in his ear, and then retired into one of the neighbouring wigwams, whither Tecumseh at once followed.

The hut was of the usual construction, a long low building made of a double row of young trees bent over until touching each other and firmly tied together, the whole covered with large sheets of bark; at either end was a door, while a narrow slit along the roof permitted the egress of the smoke and the admission of light and air; within on both sides was a raised platform running the entire length of the building, but divided off into several compartments, each of which served as the sleeping place of a family; on the ground between the platforms were built the fires needful for the purposes of cooking and warmth, and from above hung in confusion, thrice confounded, the weapons of war and of peace, the products of the chase, the ground and the battle-field.

In one of these compartments, upon a heap of furs and mats, lay a sick warrior, around him stood his family, while scattered on every side in great profusion lay pipes of fantastic shapes, fish-hooks cunningly fashioned out of bone, bows, arrows, tomahawks, pieces of wampum and objects of every kind dear to the savage heart. The previous day the great medicine man of the tribe, being unable to discover the cause, or stay the progress, of the disease which was rapidly carrying the soul of the Indian towards the happy hunting grounds, had solemnly declared that the sickness arose from the warrior having been unable to obtain some earthly possession on which he had set his heart; hence the villagers, unwilling to lose one of the bravest of their braves, and anxious to retain among them one who had words of wisdom from the council fire and deeds of daring for the battle-field, brought gifts and presents, hoping that among them would be found the coveted object, and so the plague would be stayed.

But alas! for Ownwanasayaon the life-restoring gift was not among the offerings of affection, and he sank lower and lower; and Tecumseh, as he came silently up to the bed, saw at a glance that life was ebbing fast, that ere the sun which shone down so brightly had departed for a season, his old friend and comrade would be hunting the shades of the deer and of the bear, with the shades of his bow and arrows, in the far distant land of shadowy trees and rocks. The friends spoke not a word; the Indian never murmurs or complains at the approach of death, for to him the unseen world is not a place of dread.

Suddenly in rushed the Doctor, and violently seizing his patient, pinched him, shook him, beat him, at the same time he howled, he whooped, he shrieked like a very fiend incarnate and rattled a tortoise-shell in the sick man's ear to drive away the female demon, the author of death. Then this skilful leech bit his patient until the blood flowed, and exhibiting a piece of bone which he asserted had come out of the body of the sick man and was the cause of the disease, proclaimed—with all the assurance of a more civilized quack—that before two suns had risen, Ownwanasayaon would go forth in health and vigour from his tent ready to follow the war trail, and would yet win many scalps from his foes.

But alas! for Ownwanasayaon, he grew no better, but rather worse, and sank lower and lower like the flickering flame of a dying fire.

Next, the Medicine man—who by no means had yet exhausted his stock of remedies—despatched messengers to all the other huts, and speedily in came all the old squaws in the village, hideous and ugly; some disguised with the skins of wild beasts, others with horns and feathers on their heads—but naked as was their mother Eve when first she gazed upon her lovely form in the sparkling waters of the crystal fountain: all whooping and shouting.

But alas! for Ownwanasayaon, even this prescription did not cure him, and still he sank lower and lower.

Suddenly high above the din, loud and clear rose the voice of the brave old warrior as he chanted his own death song, as he told of his travels among the far distant tribes of his own wild land—the wonders that he had seen—his deeds of might and daring—the scalps that he had taken—the hearts of braves that he had eaten—his fierce battles with the pale-faces—how he, with Tecumseh and the great Mishikinakwa, had led on the Indians against the army of the Long-knives (the Americans) at the banks of the Miami, and obtained more scalps than there are days in twenty moons,—how he with his own right hand had driven a hatchet into the brain of Butler, the leader of the pale-faces, who were cowards and women, not men and warriors like the braves of the Shawnees—how he had torn off Butler's reeking scalp and hewn out his bleeding heart; and then he laughed a laugh which chilled the hearts of even his savage hearers, as he told how they had given the Americans the land they had so greedily sought for, by filling the mouths of the slain with earth scraped from the bloody battle field. Then with a fierce whoop, his spirit fled away, and he fell back on his couch a lifeless corpse.

An involuntary half-repressed groan escaped from the lips of Tecumseh as the fierce spirit of his friend departed; for to him Ownwanasayaon had been almost as a father; had taught him to use the tiny bow of his childhood—had told him the legends of the prowess of their tribe—had guided and watched over his steps on his first war-path—had saved his life at the imminent risk of his own—had ever been ready to assist, advise and counsel.

Tecumseh was born about the year 1770, upon the banks of the Scioto River; at the same time his mother, Meetheetashe, gave to the world Ellskwatawa and Kumskaka. The father of this trio was killed a few years afterwards at the battle of Kanhawa, and from that time Ownwanasayaon took Tecumseh to his wigwam and trained him up to be brave in battle, wise in council and eloquent in debate.

But now the brave warrior was gone, and, stoic though he was, Tecumseh could not but feel sad as they wrapped the stiffening corpse in his finest garments, painted his face and laid him at the door of his hut. Soon the hour came for burying the dead out of sight, when with his tobacco pipe in his mouth, his tomahawk by his side, his medicine bag and his bow upon his chest, the body was slowly and tenderly lowered into a deep grave with the softest furs;—the earth was replaced, a huge stone rolled upon it, and all was over.

As he stood beside the grave Tecumseh vowed bitter and undying hatred to the pale-faced Long-Knives, and that he would give no rest to the soles of his feet until he had induced all the tribes of the Red men, both far and nigh, to dig up the hatchet, cut down the trees of peace which some of the nations had planted, and hurl the white man from the beautiful land given to them by the Good Spirit; and he called upon the spirits of the grave, the river and the air to hear him and assist him.

CHAPTER III.

YAGOOWEAH AND HER HUSBAND.

TECUMSEH and his friends belonged to the tribe of Shawnees, who, with many of the Delawares, disgusted with the encroachments of the Quaker colony of Pennsylvania, had left their ancient hunting grounds on the River Delaware and had sought an asylum from the greedy white man in the regions where now are thickly scattered the cities, towns and villages of Ohio. The Shawnees (or Shewanees) belonged to the widely-extended Algonquin family, and together with all their kindred had suffered greatly at the hands of the Iroquois—the monarchs of the American forests,—but now they dwelt in peace and amity with those fierce spirits, having been in a certain measure adopted into their confederacy.

In the village, after the events related in the previous chapters, all went on in the even tenor of their ways. The warriors issued forth continually in small bands searching for the scalps of white men, and seldom did they return without them. The young men loitered about, lounging and smoking and gambling, occasionally bestirring themselves sufficiently to launch their canoes on the clear, sparkling waters of the silvery lake, or wander off with their bows and arrows into the shadowy forest. As for the squaws, the young and pretty dressed in their finest, bedecked with wampum beads, radiant with bear's grease and ruddy with vermilion, flirted and danced,—the wives and mothers toiled like slaves, collecting firewood, making canoes, preparing furs and tending babies,—while the ugly old shrivelled hags, with limbs of wire and voices like those of screech-owls, huddled together chattering and crooning.

The captive whites dwelt in safety amid their captors: as before stated, the widow of Soocoowa, after a brief period of mourning, had adopted one of them to replace her lost spouse. George Waggoner, a sturdy young Englishman of eighteen, little relished the idea of being the consort of a squaw, but as it was folly to think of escape he wisely determined to make the best of his situation and bide his time.

Much as Yagooweah loved the youth still little happiness did she enjoy with him; for frequently in the dead of night would she hear the voice of her former lord at her side enquiring in angry tones why she had allied herself to a pale-faced boy; then springing up she would look all around for him, but nothing would meet her eye save the slumbering bodies of her neighbours. At other times the war-whoop of the dead Soocoowa would arouse the sleepers, and when all had sprung to their feet the shrill laugh of a mocking bird would be heard. When again quietness reigned around the fierce growl of a bear at her head would make her scream with terror, or the gentle cooing of a babe at her breast fill her soul with wonder. The poor squaw knew not what to make of all this, and fearing witchcraft was at work she went with her white husband to consult the medicine man. This worthy dwelt in a hut made of the skins of the buffalo, painted with the figures of beasts, birds and fishes, and curious hieroglyphic characters. No one dare enter this tent, but there alone dwelt Ellskwatawa, the Sorcerer, who had power over spirits, could tell the doings of the morrow, make

the bodies of his enemies, however distant, to wither and consume away, and cause the green leaf to grow in winter, the trees of the forest to dance and the waters of the stream to burn like fire.

As Yagooeah and George approached the Sorcerer went forth to meet them, his body naked and painted from head to foot with alternate circles of white, black and red, a band of the feathers of humming-birds across his loins, a necklace of the rattles of innumerable rattlesnakes around his neck, bracelets and anklets of the claws of bears, and his head covered with the head of a wild-cat. Yagooeah told her tale, but before Ellskwatawa had time to reply a voice in the proud tones of Tecumseh called to him from the tent. The Sorcerer rushed thither in a rage at the thought of prying eyes spying into the mysteries of his craft. He returns with a look of astonishment on his face, and as he opened his mouth to ask his visitors if they had seen Tecumseh, from his throat issued the deep, hoarse croak of a frog mingled with the fierce hiss of a rattlesnake. Terror-stricken he turned and fled, leaving Yagooeah to return to her own home more perplexed and alarmed than ever, but with her esteem and respect for her husband, who had shown no signs of fear at these wonderful words, greatly increased.

Among the captives was an orphan niece of Waggoner's wife, a fair young creature, graceful and slender as a fawn, with luxuriant tresses of light brown hair and beautiful dark blue eyes, with a voice gentle as the cooing of doves and a laugh that sounded like the music of crystal waters rippling over a pebbly beach. She had a figure that a goddess would have envied, and a face that Jove himself would have loved to behold. From the first, she was the admiration of all the dusky Abenakis of the Indian camp, who strove to gain her bright smiles by every art and desire at their command. But Miriam Howard was chary of her favours and refused to mate with an Indian lord, although many a chieftain told her that if she would come to them never would she have to toil and work as did the other squaws, but might ever at her own sweet will roam through the boundless forests or sit beside the running waters, free as the bird that flies in the heavens above. Soon after her arrival Miriam had, by the direction of Tecumseh—now a chief of the tribe—been assigned a small hut for herself. A bright-eyed Indian girl waited upon her and watched that she did not try to escape. In her wigwam she spent most of her time, either with some of her fellow prisoners, or alone gloomily brooding over her sad fate, for her heart was far away.

Tecumseh had once sought to get her to share his wigwam and his honours, but she—although for prudential reasons she desired his friendship—told him that her heart was still sad and heavy for her slaughtered friends, and that the Great Spirit would be angry with her if she consented to be the bride of one whose hands were even yet wet with the blood of her kin; and before the sachem could frame a reply a mysterious voice was heard issuing from a neighbouring tree and say:— "O son of Unkeesheno, thou wilt eat crouching for prey, vex not the fair daughter of the pale face? Wait until she comes and asks to be sheltered by thy manly breast. But watch her as a wild bear does its young and feed her as a bird does its mate."

The warrior delighted at thus being addressed by the guardian Oki of the white girl, troubled her no more on the matter; yet he watched over and guarded her most diligently and did all he could to make her days speed happily and pleasantly, ever willing to paddle with her on the placid surface of the waters or listen to her words as she spoke of her native land far away towards the rising of the sun.

(To be continued.)

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MAIL CONTRACTS.

TENDERS ADDRESSED TO THE POST-MASTER-GENERAL, OTTAWA, will be received until FRIDAY, 26th August, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, six times per week, on proposed contracts for four years, from the 1st October next, between Montreal and Berthier and between Berthier and Turco, Rivers.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contracts may be seen, and forms of tender obtained, at the principal offices on the route.

E. F. KING, Post Office Inspector.

Inspector's Office, Montreal, 5th July, 1872.

THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY'S Mail Steamer "Prince of Wales" leaves Quebec on arrival of the 7 A. M. Train from Montreal daily.

Steamer "Queen Victoria" from Ottawa at 7 A. M. Market Steamer "Dagmar" leaves Canal Basin for Carillon every Wednesday and Saturday.

Tickets to be had at the Company's Office, 14 Bonaventure Street.

Single and Return Tickets to Ottawa can be procured at the Grand Trunk Railway Depot.

R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

Montreal, June 15th, 1872.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

TUESDAY, 11th Day of June, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and in pursuance of the provisions of the 5th Sec. of the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency in Council has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Silver Inlet, Lake Superior, be, and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs, under the survey of the Port of Sault Ste. Marie.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

SATURDAY, 25th Day of May, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and in pursuance of the provisions of the 5th Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Chapter 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Salmon River, in the County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, be, and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs, and placed under the survey of the Port of Hillsborough.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

SATURDAY, 25th Day of May, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Militia and Defence, and under and in pursuance of the provisions of the 12th and 13th Sections of the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 49, intitled: "An Act respecting the Militia and Defence of the Dominion of Canada," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the County of Soulanges, one of the Regimental Divisions in Militia District No. 4, established by Order in Council, of the 1st day of October, 1868, be divided into two Regimental Divisions to be known as the 1st and 2nd Regimental Divisions of Soulanges respectively, and that such first Regimental Division shall consist of the Parishes of St. Joseph de Soulanges, St. Ger and St. Ignace du Coteau de Lac and the Village of Soulanges; and that such second Regimental Division shall consist of the Parishes of St. Philippe, St. Theophile, and St. Zephrin, and the Village of Coteau Laubling.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

SATURDAY, 25th Day of May, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the authority conferred by the 12th article of the 22nd Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Chapter 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Horses and Mules or other pack animals bringing provisions or other merchandise from the United States Territory across the Southern Boundary of the Province of British Columbia, be admitted without payment of duty on Bonds being given in an amount equal to double the duty on the animals brought in and conditioned for the due exportation thereof within a period of three months from the date of their entry into such Province, or the payment of the duties upon due entry before the expiration of that delay.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

TUESDAY, 21st Day of May, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Public Works, and under the provisions of the 5th section of the Act 31st Victoria, Cap. 42, intitled: "An Act respecting the Public Works of Canada," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the following rate of toll be, and the same is hereby imposed and authorized to be levied and collected on Timber passing through the Government Slide on the River Duimene, that is to say:

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W. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

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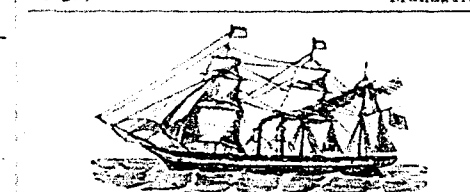
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