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Illustrated News

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SKETCHES AT THE CAPITAL.—THE SENATORS' GALLERY, HOUSE OF COMMONS.—By our own ARTIST.

CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

SENATE.

May 15.—The Senate met, after their week's recess, at 9:30 p.m., and adjourned without transacting any business.

May 16.—Two bills from the Commons were read a first time, after which Hon. Mr. CAMPBELL stated, in answer to a question from Senator GIRARD whether it was intended to give a weight and measures law to Manitoba, that consideration of the question of a uniform system of weights and measures for the whole Dominion would be postponed until next session. He also stated that the Government intended as soon as possible completing the postal system and giving all necessary facilities to Manitoba. The House then went into committee on the bill regarding the public lands of the North-West. Senator GIRARD proposed some amendments in the details of the bill, which it was agreed should be left to be taken under consideration by the Government. Senator BUREAU moved an amendment to the educational endowment clauses, the effect of which would be to devote those lands to the support of separate schools among all denominations. Hon. Mr. ATKINS stated in reply that the bill did not dispose of lands, but simply set them apart as an endowment for the purpose of education. The committee went through the greater part of the bill and reported progress, and the House then adjourned.

May 17.—The House adjourned after several bills had been put through a stage.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

May 13.—The debate on the Washington Treaty was resumed by Mr. BODWELL, who moved in amendment to Hon. Mr. BLAKE'S amendment, "that it is inexpedient at this time to proceed further upon the subject." Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE said, in answer to an inquiry of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, respecting the nature of the amendment of the member for Durham, that it was not a motion of want of confidence. Sir JOHN replied that it was a censure on the Government, although not a direct want of confidence motion. Sir FRANCIS HINCKES followed. He said he proposed to discuss the question under three heads: 1st, Why were the parties responsible for the treaty? 2nd, The treaty on its merits; 3rd, How this House should deal with it. In the first place he said it was quite impossible in legislation that a colonial legislature should take part in a negotiation such as this, and quoted from speeches of members of the House of Lords, in which they held the Imperial Government responsible for the Treaty. With regard to the question of the free navigation of the St. Lawrence, he contended that as the opening of the river as far as Montreal to vessels of all nations had been of great advantage to the country, no loss could be incurred by throwing open our canals to our neighbours on an equal footing with ourselves. He then proceeded to contrast the remarks of members of the Opposition—remarks dictated by mere partisan spirit—with the statesmanlike utterances of the leaders of the Opposition in the House of Lords. He thought the treaty should be accepted, as it was looked upon as a fair one in England; and quoted from the speech of Earl Caernarvon, (one of the warmest friends of colonial connection, and one as deeply opposed to the treaty as any present) who said that if he were Canadian, he should feel that Canada on her confederation had become a part of the Empire, and that he would be prepared to make sacrifices for the Empire. He next referred to Sir A. T. GALT'S speech, and denied the assertion that England was asking us to prepare for independence. He contended that the correspondence did cover the Fenian claims. He also thought the British Government had admitted this. He complained of the manner in which the hon. member for West Durham had treated his argument in respect to the amount of guarantee, and he again repeated the argument used on a former occasion, showing that the guarantee would produce 1½ per cent, which, upon the whole amount, would amount to \$600,000, and if they only got the smaller amount it would amount to \$375,000; but he doubted not the large amount would be obtained from the Imperial Government if the intelligence was true that the clouds between Great Britain and the United States had passed away. Hon. J. H. CAMERON condemned the attack made, the previous Friday, by Hon. Mr. HOWE on the member for West Durham. He paid a high tribute to the talents and statesmanship of the Premier, and proceeded to defend him from the attacks of the Opposition. He then turned to the treaty. He argued that the Premier was an Imperial Commissioner, as otherwise there would have been two contracting powers on one side, to one on the other—an arrangement to which the United States would never have consented. He cited a French authority to show that it was Government who negotiated, and not their agents, through whom they simply acted. He argued that a negotiator could not withdraw from a commission without the consent of the appointing power or Government. In the case of the Premier, if he had resigned he would have been bound to retire from the Cabinet on his return from Washington. He traced the history of the various treaties relating to the fisheries, and argued that this treaty must be advantageous to Canada, inasmuch as Canadians were content with it, and the Americans were dissatisfied with it. He cited the instance of the Ashburton Treaty, by which Maine and Massachusetts were allowed a money compensation in return for cession of territory, to show that such cession of territorial rights was not looked upon as a humiliation. He then showed that the right of Great Britain to navigate the Alaska rivers ceased with the cession of that country to the States; and by this treaty it would be revived. After alluding to Lake Michigan, which he maintained was an inland sea and not a tributary of the St. Lawrence, he concluded with a glowing appeal to the House in favour of the ratification of the treaty, which was received with loud cheering. Messrs. CONNELL and MAGEE followed, opposing the treaty. Mr. POWER (Halifax) and Mr. WALLACE (British Columbia) supported the Treaty, the former contending that it would largely benefit the fishermen of Nova Scotia; and the latter specially commending the fishery clauses as calculated to be of the greatest advantage to the fishermen of the Pacific as well as of the Atlantic coast. Mr. OLIVER and Mr. ROSS (Victoria, N. S.) spoke against the Treaty, and the House, on the motion of Mr. O'CONNOR, adjourned at 11.30.

May 14.—After routine the debate on the Treaty was resumed by Mr. O'CONNOR. After expressing his satisfaction

with it as a whole, he proceeded to criticize the speeches of members of the Opposition; he doubted if the House would accept their statements in preference to the utterances of leading statesmen both in England and Canada. Mr. HARRISON (Toronto West) severely censured the Imperial policy, but entirely exonerated the Canadian Government from any blame in the matter. In a long speech he advocated the adoption of the Treaty, though he confessed there were some points with which he was not satisfied. Mr. MALCOLM CAMERON (Huron) followed in opposition to the Treaty. He made a severe attack on the High Commissioners for the loose way in which the Treaty had been drawn up, and concluded with retorting upon members to the right of the Speaker the charge of a leaning towards independence and annexation. Hon. Mr. TUPPER spoke in favour of the Treaty from a national standpoint, and was succeeded by Mr. JONES (Halifax). With regard to the statement that the American fishermen were disappointed with the Treaty, he said that was brought about by the speeches of Ben Butler, who urged that this was the time for procuring what they had long wished, the placing of a tonnage duty on American fish. It had been said that the trade of the Magdalen Islands had fallen off; but that was a natural result of the abolition of the American slavery and the consequent death of the trade. These fish were altogether bought to feed the slaves. He contended that the fishermen of Nova Scotia were so ill equipped, so inferior in skill, in capital and enterprise that the Americans gaining admission to their fishing grounds would usurp them all. He also contended that the Americans would thereby become possessed of the trade with the West Indies. He concluded with a flat denial of the statement that the majority of the people in Nova Scotia were in favour of the Treaty. Mr. KILLAM (Yarmouth, N. S.) was in favour of the Treaty. He considered that by adopting, and securing permanent peaceful relations with the United States, we would take a long step towards breaking down the tariffs between the two countries and thus securing free trade. Hon. Mr. HOLTON then moved the adjournment of the debate, which was agreed to, and the House rose at midnight.

May 15.—After routine Hon. Mr. HOLTON resumed the debate on the Treaty. He regarded the question as a purely Imperial one, and Canada, he thought, was more interested in the ratification of the Treaty than any other part of the Empire. He considered the fisheries arrangement as entirely fair, and one that would be beneficial for both nations. He thought the Government were to be censured for not insisting on larger privileges in return for the concession of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, but he held that the Americans had a just claim to the navigation of this river from so much of it lying in their territory. As to the status of the first Minister in the Joint High Commission, he maintained that he must be regarded as a Canadian Commissioner, and as such responsible to this Parliament. He denounced the course of the Government in agreeing to accept the Treaty they had first so strongly condemned, for the sake of the Pacific Railway guarantee. It would have been a much more manly and honourable course on the part of the Government frankly to avow that they were called upon to make sacrifices and were willing to make them, in view of what the Empire had done for us. He continued by saying that he would vote against the amendment of the hon. member for South Oxford, but he would vote for the amendment of the hon. member for West Durham, because, while censuring the course of the Government, it did not preclude the possibility of voting afterwards for the second reading of the bill, as he intended doing. Sir GEORGE CARTIER commenced by giving a brief résumé of the state of politics before Confederation. He then spoke of the great value of the fisheries, and denied that by opening them to the Americans any cession of territorial rights was involved. It was in fact only a tariff arrangement. It had been said that the Parliament of Canada having been accorded the right to deal with the fishery clauses, it should have been left free to deal with the navigation of the St. Lawrence. This, he pointed out, was absurd, for the high contracting parties to the Treaty of 1854, treated and determined upon the matters upon which they were authorized to treat irrespective of the legislation of any of the Provinces affected by that Treaty. It was only so far as that Treaty interfered with the customs duties of the British American Provinces, that its provisions were left to the disposal of the various Provincial Legislatures. After recess Sir GEORGE repeated his speech in French. Mr. CAMPBELL (Guysboro', N. S.) spoke strongly in favour of the Treaty, and pointed out as a significant fact that not a single petition or protest had been presented against it. Hon. Mr. DORION traced the history of the "Alabama" claims negotiations, and affirmed that England had only admitted those claims out of consideration for Canada. He denied that the opposition to the Treaty came from the Opposition press, and quoted articles from Ministerial papers to shew that the Government itself had first raised the cry against it. He made an attack on Sir John A. Macdonald for having gone to Washington as Premier of the Dominion, and then sacrificed the interests of his country. He (Mr. DORION) was not willing to barter his country for £2,500,000, nor support a Treaty which was made merely because Canada was a dependency of Great Britain. Mr. SMITH (Westmoreland, N. B.) expressed his determination to support the Treaty, because he thought that from Imperial causes it ought to be accepted. He criticized some of its provisions rather severely, and expressed the opinion that New Brunswick ought as a matter of justice to receive some remuneration for the duty taken off lumber. Hon. Mr. CHAUVEAU, Mr. BAKER, (Missisquoi), and Mr. McDONALD (Lunenburg, N. S.) supported the Treaty, the latter pointing out the great benefit the fishery clauses would confer on Nova Scotia. He also made an able refutation of some of the arguments used the previous evening by the member for Halifax. Mr. FORTIN would vote against both the amendment and the Treaty. Mr. STREET spoke in favour of, and Hon. Mr. ANGLIN against, the Treaty. The latter finally moved the adjournment of the debate, which was consented to, and the House rose at 3 a.m.

May 16.—After routine the debate on the Treaty was resumed. Hon. Messrs. ANGLIN and MACKENZIE denounced the Treaty in strong terms, and were replied to by Hon. Mr. TILLEY, who urged its adoption, as should the House fail to ratify it, it would greatly interfere with the friendly relations existing between this country and the neighbouring republic. Several other members followed on both sides, until finally the patience of the House being utterly exhausted, about midnight members were called in for a division. The vote on Mr. BODWELL'S amendment resulted as follows: yeas, 51;

nays, 125. The vote was then taken on Mr. BLAKE'S amendment, which was also lost—yeas, 52; nays, 125. The motion for a second reading of the bill was carried on the following division—yeas, 121; nays, 55.

Yeas—Messrs. Abbott, Archaubeault, Ault, Baker, Barthe, Beaty, Beaubien, Bellerose, Benoit, Bertrand, Blanchet, Bolton, Bown, Brousseau, Burpee, Cameron, (Inverness) Cameron, (Peel) Campbell, Carling, Carmichael, Caron, Carter, Cartier, Cayley, Chauveau, Coffin, Colby, Crawford, (Brockville) Crawford, (Leeds), Cumberland, Currier, Daoust, DeCosmos, Delorme, (Provencher) Dobbie, Drew, Dugas, Ferguson, Ferris, Galt, Grant, Gray, Grover, Hagar, Harrison, Heath, Hincks, Holmes, Holton, Houghton, Hurdon, Irvine, Jackson, Jones, Keeler, Killam, Kirkpatrick, Lacerte, Langevin, Langlois, Lapum, Lawson, Levisconte, Little, Macdonald, (Kingston) Macdonald, (Antigonish) Macdonald, (Lunenburg) Macdonald, (Middlesex) Masson, (Soulanges) Masson, (Terrebonne) McCallum, McDougall, (Lanark) McDougall, (Three Rivers) McGreevy, McKeagney, Merritt, Moffatt, Morris, Morrison, (Niagara) Nathan, Nelson, O'Connor, Pearson, Perry, Pickard, Pinsonneault, Pope, Pouliot, Power, Ross, Champlain; Ross, Dundas; Ryan, Kings, N. B.; Ryan, Montreal West; Savary, Schultz, Sriver, Shanly, Simard, South Selkirk; Smith, Westmoreland; Sprout, Stephenson, Street, Sylvain, Thompson, Cariboo; Tilley, Tourangeau, Tremblay, Tupper, Wallace, Albert; Wallace, Vancouver Island; Walsh, Webb, Whitehead, Wilson, Workman, Wright, Ottawa County.

NAYS—Messrs. Anglin, Bechard, Blake, Bodwell, Bourassa, Bowell, Bowman, Brown, Cameron (Huron), Cheval, Connell, Coupal, Delorme (St. Hyacinthe), Dorion, Fortier, Fortin, Fournier, Geoffrion, Godin, Joly, Jones (Halifax), Kempt, Macdonald (Glengarry), MacFarlane, Mackenzie, Magill, McConkey, McDougall (Renfrew), McMonies, Metcalfe, Mills, Morrison (Victoria, O.), Munro, Oliver, Paquet, Pelletier, Pozer, Redford, Renaud, Robitaille, Ross (Prince Edward), Ross (Victoria, N.S.), Ross (Wellington, C. R.), Rymal, Scatcherd, Snider, Stirton, Thompson (Haldimand), Thompson (Ontario), Wells, White (Halton), White (East Hastings), Wood, Wright (York), Young.

The House adjourned at 12:45 a.m.

May 17.—After some unimportant matters had been discussed, Mr. FOURNIER moved for correspondence relating to the necessity of appointing Judges for the Province of Quebec. Sir G. CARTIER expressed a doubt as to the existence of such correspondence, though, if there were any, he had no objection to submit it. A debate took place on the subject, in the course of which Mr. DORION pointed out the necessity of establishing a court of appeal in order to lessen the number of appeal cases taken before the Privy Council. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD thought it was the business of the Local Legislatures to ascertain the number of Judges required in each Province; until this was done, the duty of the Government and Dominion Legislature could not begin. He further said that the great difficulty that lay in the way of the establishment of an Appeal Court was the peculiarity of the law in Quebec. Hon. Mr. CHAUVEAU said that, now that the Premier had decided the matter as to the initiative and powers of the Province, under the circumstances he (Mr. Chauveau) would gladly take proper steps to have the actual want supplied. After recess several private bills were read a third time. Mr. COLBY moved the third reading of the bill to repeal the Insolvency Laws. Mr. JONES (Halifax) moved an amendment exempting Nova Scotia and New Brunswick from the provisions of the bill. Mr. GIBBS moved the six months' hoist, which was lost on a division: Yeas, 72; Nays, 80. Mr. BELLEROSE moved a fortnight's postponement. Lost, 72 to 82. The third reading was then carried on a division. Mr. BODWELL then moved the House into Committee on his resolution respecting the change of the gauge of the Intercolonial Railway to 4 ft. 8½ in. After some discussion the debate was postponed, and the House rose at 11 o'clock.

May 18.—This was the first Saturday's sitting of the session. Several bills were advanced a stage, among them the Patent Laws Bill, which was amended so as to protect manufactures already established in the country. The House adjourned at 5:30.

THE CLIPPER SHIP "GREAT REPUBLIC" OR "DENMARK."

This leviathan of wooden sailing ships has at last found a resting place at the bottom of the Atlantic after a very unfortunate career of nearly twenty years.

She was launched in 1853 from the shipyard of the celebrated Donald McKay, of Boston, who was her designer and builder. No expense was spared in her construction. Her extreme length was 320 feet. She was four-decked and four masted; and her speed was expected to have exceeded anything then afloat in the shape of a sailing vessel. After completion she was towed to New York, where she lay until a great fire broke out among the shipping on East River. The conflagration was not subdued until several valuable vessels were destroyed, and the "Great Republic" placed *hors de combat* with the loss of rigging, her spar deck, and many of her top timbers. She was then docked and reduced to a three-decker; she was afterwards chartered by the French Government to carry troops to the Crimea. After successfully carrying out her contract and proving herself one of the swiftest vessels in the world, she was again laid up and remained inactive for many years. Some speculators of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, at last bought her up for a mere song, ran her to St. John, New Brunswick, and took a wood freight to Liverpool. A Liverpool Company then purchased the old ship and converted her into a gigantic collier to carry "black diamonds" to Rio Janeiro, and to sail from thence to St. John for a return cargo of cereals.

The first trip she performed successfully; her load of coals consisted of about 3,000 tons. Her wood cargo was equal to 1,181 standard of deals, the freight of which amounted to £4,139 sterling, the largest parcel that ever left the port of St. John in one bottom. After discharging her coals on her second trip, she was lost on her way to St. John, off Bermuda, her crew landing safely in the ship's boats at that port. She was consigned at St. John to Geo. Thomas, Esq., to whom we are indebted for some of the above particulars.

The illustration is copied from a painting hanging in that gentleman's office, drawn when the ship was last in the port of St. John.

E. J. R.

THE BERMUDA FLOATING DOCK.

The *London Scientific Review*, speaking of this gigantic structure at the time of its construction, some three years and a half ago, says:

"The British Government, being impressed with the absolute necessity of providing dock accommodations for the iron-clad ships and other vessels constituting the North American and West India squadron, determined some time since to build a capacious floating dock of iron for service at Bermuda. When Admiral Sir Alexander Milne commanded on that station he pointed out to the Admiralty this great want. During the past ten years many iron-clads have been added to our fleet; and although most of these have been paved below water line with various compositions, the hulls of most ships after service afloat were exceedingly foul. The iron men-of-war on the North American and West India stations were no exception, but after a shorter or longer time afloat were more or less covered below water-line with barnacles, weeds, and parasites, thus impeding the speed of the vessel and causing other annoyances.

"The want of a dock in the West Indies, in which a ship could be laid up for cleaning the bottom and for necessary repairs, induced the Government to construct a monster floating machine at a cost of nearly £250,000. This dock was built by Messrs. Campbell, Johnson & Co., of the Albert Works, Silvertown, from plans patented by Mr. Campbell, and adopted for the Royal dockyard at Bermuda by Colonel Clarke, R. E., the Government director of works. This great iron floating structure, the largest in the world, is of the following dimensions: Extreme length, 381 feet; width inside, 83 feet 9 inches; width over all, 123ft. 9 inches; depth, 74 feet 5 inches. The weight of the dock is 8,350 tons, and it is asserted that a vessel weighing 10,000 tons or more may be easily lifted, making the total approximate displacement about 19,000 tons.

"The dock is U-shaped, and the section throughout is similar. The iron-clad "Bellerophon," and ships of similar and of smaller size, may be easily received into this capacious hollow, and when once the dock is in position ships forming the squadron on the West Indian station will no longer be subject to great and ever-recurring inconvenience. It is built with two skins fore and aft, at a distance of 20 feet apart. The plans show that the space between the skins is divided by a watertight bulk-head, running with the middle line the entire length of the dock, each half being divided into three chambers by like bulk-heads. The three chambers are respectively named "load," "balance" and "air" compartments. The first-named chamber is pumped full in eight hours when a ship is about to be docked, and the dock is thus sunk below the level of the horizontal bulk-heads which divide the other two chambers. Water sufficient to sink the structure low enough to admit a vessel entering is forced into the balance chambers by means of valves in the external skin. The next operation is to place and secure the caissons and eject the water from the "load" chamber. Then the dock with the vessel in it rises, the water in the dock being allowed to decrease by opening the sluices in the caissons. The dock is "trimmed" by letting the water out of the "balance" chamber into the structure itself. The inside of the dock is cleared of water by valves in the skin, and it is left to dry. When it becomes necessary to undock the vessel the valves in the external skins of the "balance" chamber are opened in order to fill them, and the culverts in the caissons are also opened, and the dock sunk to a given depth. From keel to gunwale nine main water-tight ribs extend, further dividing the distance between the two skins into eight compartments. Thus there are altogether 48 water-tight divisions. Frames made of strong plates and angle iron strengthen the skins between the main ribs. Four steam engines and pumps on each side—each pump has two suction, emptying a division of an "air" chamber—are fitted to the dock, and these also fill a division of the "load" chamber. When it becomes necessary to clean, paint, or repair the bottom of the dock it is careened by the weight of water in the load chambers of one side, and the middle line is raised about five feet out of the water. This gigantic structure is a splendid specimen of workmanship; and, although intrinsically ugly, the skillful toil of the artisan for two years is manifest in the *tout ensemble* of the first great floating dock ever put together in England.

"Two other vessels of this kind, have, we believe, been built and sent abroad—one to Cadiz and another to Callao—in pieces; and this is the only dock fitted in this country ready for transport in a complete condition.

"The question has been asked whether it would not have been judicious to construct an ordinary dock at Bermuda; but when it is remembered that the island itself is only a coral reef, and that no good foundation can be got, the answer is directly given to this query. Then arises a surmise whether such a leviathan machine could successfully encounter bad weather in the high seas. There is no reason to suppose that the dock would founder, because it can be made as tight as a bottle; and should it get in the trough of a heavy sea, end on, the water would enter at one end and flow from the other. It would, in fact, live on the wave like a well corked bottle. The vessels towing it out would have to keep its head to the gale, and avoid collision; then there would be no risk and little danger.

"The Bermuda dock has an enormous rudder, and this has lately been increased considerably in area at the after-end by a large number of planks, in order to give more steering power. Its cutwaters are formed like the bows of a barge, to divide the water, and by that means diminish the resistance, and enable the dock to be more easily towed."

The departure of this huge iron floating dock from the Thames took place easily in the summer of 1869. It was towed along by two powerful ironclads, the "Northumberland" and the "Agincourt," and aided by most favourable weather, arrived safely at Porto Santo, one of the Madeira Islands, on the 4th July, without the slightest mishap. The floating dock was there at once taken in tow by another couple of ironclads, the "Warrior" and the "Black Prince," and was safely brought to its destination.

SKETCHES FROM THE CAPITAL.

The sketches at the Capital which have week by week appeared from the pencil of our artist, require no explanation. In the present number we give a scene in the Senator's Gallery, in which it will be perceived that a very large proportion of the space is devoted to the accommodation of ladies. This, however, is to be attributed to the fact that the venerable gentlemen who fill the upper House with

decorum and dignity have not forgotten the gallantry of younger days, and consequently extend their courtesies not alone to the ladies of their own families, but also to others who may enjoy the privilege of their acquaintance. Those familiar with the galleries of the House of Commons will probably recognize some of the "familiar faces" portrayed; but the sketch is mainly intended to represent what may be seen on any afternoon or evening when the House is in session. It is not uncommon for ladies to sit in the Senators' Gallery, nor for Ministers or other privileged persons to call upon them there and enjoy a friendly *tête-à-tête* while the assembled wisdom in the chamber below is gravely discussing the affairs of the nation.

ON THE CROQUET LAWN.

The Hellmuth Colleges have already been illustrated and described in the *News*. M. Kroupa, who is the Professor of drawing at one of these institutions, furnishes us this week with a scene showing the young ladies on the Croquet lawn. These admirable institutions have done very great service to the western section of Ontario, and given an academic flavour to the atmosphere of the society of the "Forest City," of which its denizens may be justly proud.

NEGRESSES SELLING MAY-FLOWERS.

Our special artist, W. O. C., contributes a lively sketch of a scene at the Provincial Market, Halifax, in which a number of the coloured population are engaged in the sale of May-flowers, the first spring flowers that make their appearance in the woods of Nova Scotia. The vendors, it will be noticed, indulge in the use of the "weed," preferring its flavour to that of their merchandise, which they collect, not for themselves, but for their customers.

THE MODERN GREEK LANGUAGE.—Professor Blackie, of the University of Edinburgh, delivered a lecture on this subject at the Friday evening meeting at the Royal Institution, April 26. He began by asserting that the Greek language is the only living bridge between the intellect of the present and that of the past, having maintained its vitality while Hebrew, Latin, Sanscrit, and all the great bearers of ancient culture are numbered with the dead. There is no such thing, he said, as absolute fixation in living languages, since change is necessarily the very source of life. Nevertheless, the element of mutation inherent in them is controlled by two conservative forces—internal and external; the internal being the powers of commanding intellect, of plastic genius, to which the masses of men instinctively concede an authority in matters of style and expression; the external being the two great institutions of Church and State. In respect to these classes of forces the Greek language possesses a momentum, a spring of permanent energy, in a long succession of poets, philosophers, and scientific men, which created a dictatorship that could only be shaken by disturbing forces of the most violent kind. To this was added the influence of the centralising Government at Constantinople and the intense inspiration of a common Christian Church, popular in its doctrines and aristocratic in its government. It was thus enabled to resist the inroads of the corrupt popular dialect, of whose existence evidence is found in poems, now extremely difficult to understand, even with the help of a learned commentary. At the time of the Crusaders there existed in Byzantium a distinct bi-stratification of the Greek tongue—a classical type of speech used by men of education, and a vulgar type, the organ of the uneducated masses. This continued till the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453; but then, instead of the old classical type ceasing and a new language arising, standing in the same relation to ancient Greek that Italian does to Latin, the weight of inherited intellectual and ecclesiastical authority and the character of the Ottoman policy and religion rendered a fusion of languages impossible. The Greeks hated the Turks intensely, and the smothered embers of patriotism, of which the language was a part, were fanned into a flame by forces which, under different circumstances, would have extinguished them. Thus the languages continued till the great revolt in 1821, sprinkled or spotted over with barbarisms and adulterations, but retaining a stout muscular heart, pumping with genuine Hellenic vitality, and able at any moment to throw off its excrescences. In this state it was found by the great patriot and scholar Koræes (born 1748), the reformer of the language, who retained the grand features of the Romaic idiom and brushed away its superficial defacements, perceiving that, if the language was to be used by Greek men of letters for the improvement of the people, it must be in a genuine, popular form; and thus he wisely made a compromise. For the existing Neo-Hellenic the Greek newspapers are, doubtless, the best standard; but since the restoration a strong tendency to renovation and purity has manifested itself among Greek writers, so that as types of Romaic for philological purposes it is better to take some popular work of the last century, published at Venice or Vienna, before the influence of Koræes began to be felt. With regard to the philological character of modern Greek, the Professor showed how sometimes by curtailment, and sometimes by addition, the original classical form of the words has been considerably changed; but that the rich vitality of the language showed itself in a crop of new terminations and new compounds; while any foreign elements which in the course of time had attached to it were now thrown off like the scurf of a skin disease when a purer blood is made to circulate through the system. The true accentuation of the old grammarians has been retained by the living Greeks; while English scholars have systematically exchanged the ancient beautiful orthoepy for an arbitrary mixture of Latin intonation and English vocalisation. In respect to the future of modern Greek, the Professor expressed his opinion that, after having withstood so many changes, it would maintain its powers, even if the kingdom should be absorbed by a great empire, probably Russia, and that in such case it might supersede Latin and become the Catholic organ of intellectual intercourse between the educated men of all nations.

The teeth in the insane are prone to undergo certain changes. Dr. Langdon Down, who read a paper on this subject recently before the Odontological Society, states therein that from the examination of nearly one thousand cases he has found that he could in the majority of instances state the period at which the imbecility or insanity began.

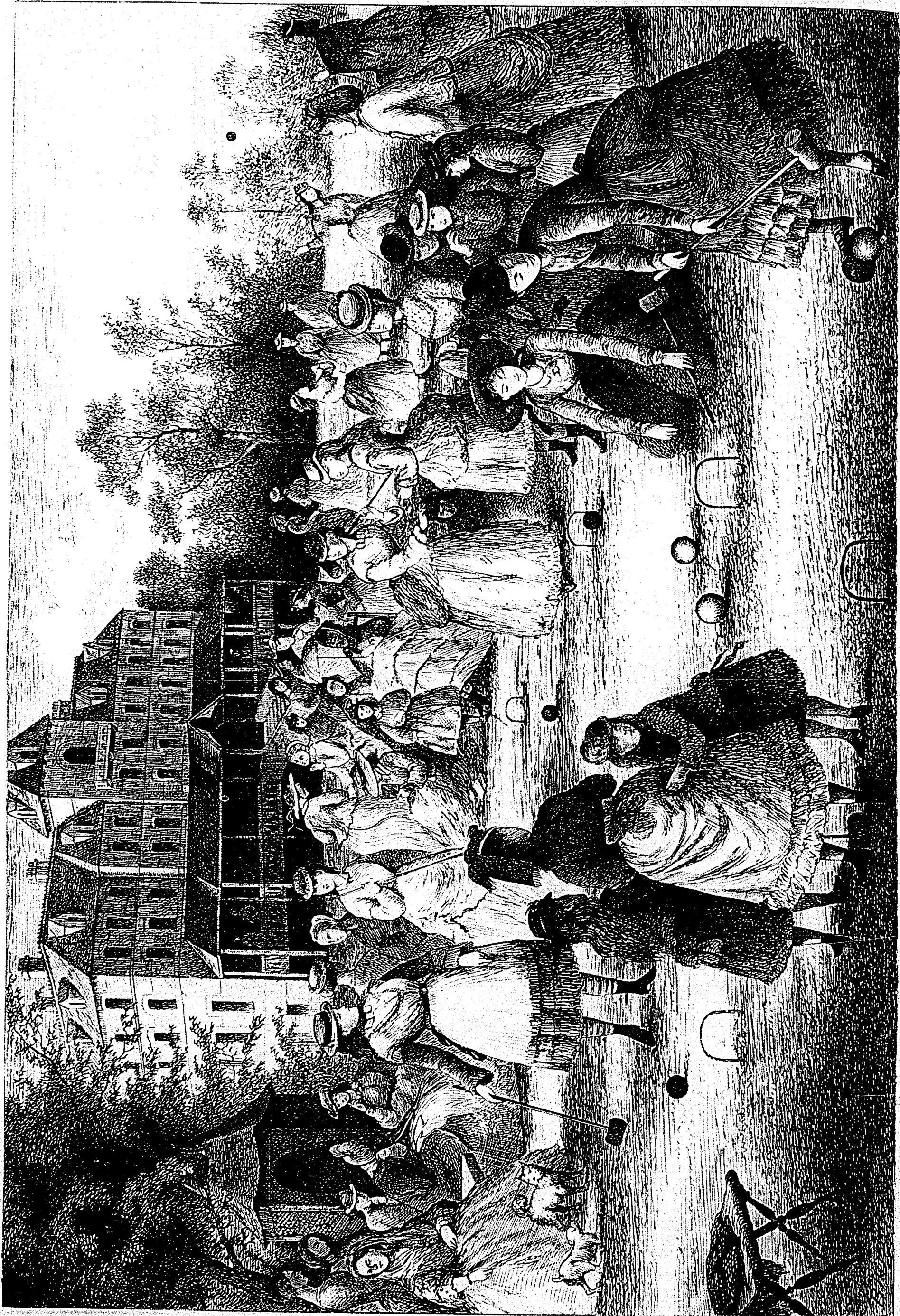
THE IMITATION OF GEMS.—Nowhere has chemistry—the science most essential for this purpose—been brought to greater perfection than in France. Accordingly, none have attained more skill in the art of imitating gems than the French. If the revenue that Paris has derived from this source alone for the last quarter of a century were stated in plain figures, it would seem more fabulous than any story in the "Arabian Nights." But it would seem worse than fabulous to say that three-fourths of those gems which were worn daily, or at least nightly, in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, including those that sparkle on the bosoms of some of our great men, have contributed to that revenue, in proportion to their size and characteristics. Yet it would really be no exaggeration of the fact. Let those who think we want to trespass on their credulity turn to the works of Kunkele, Ners, and Fontainieu. That of M. Fontainieu alone would be sufficient. That learned member of the Royal Academy of Sciences has been enabled by a long series of experiments, to produce a perfectly colourless crystal. This he calls "fondant," or base. He has formed one by each of the five different processes; he has also shown how the various colours are produced, according as a given piece of crystal is intended to be a diamond, an amethyst, an emerald, a ruby, &c. Several German chemists have given the world the benefit of their researches on the same subject, and some have enriched themselves and others by them. This is true, for example, of Professor Lippert, of Dresden, who prepared 3,000 casts; of these one jeweller bought 1,000, and rapidly made his fortune; the remainder were purchased by different jewellers, each of whom obtained the prices of real gems. Since the celebrated experiments of Lavoisier, every person of ordinary intelligence is aware that the diamond is simply pure carbon crystallised, and that it can be burned in oxygen, the sole result of the combustion being carbonic acid. M. Despretz, another French chemist, has actually made real diamonds, having melted and crystallised carbon by means of a galvanic battery; but Nature has so carefully kept the secret to herself thus far, that the learned Frenchman's diamonds are so small as to be visible only with a microscope.

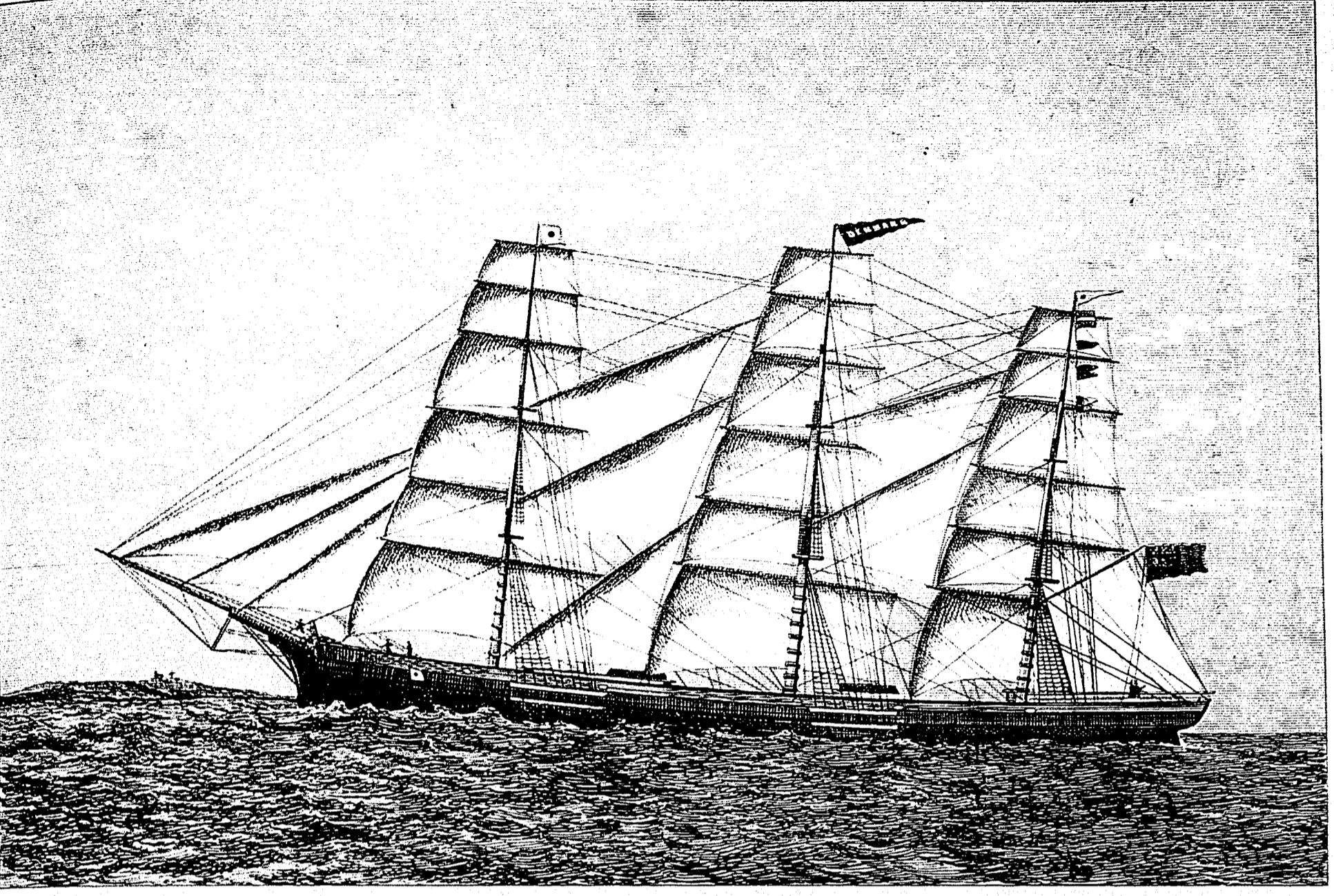
THE PLANETS JUPITER AND SATURN.—Jupiter as an abode of life is a source of wonder and perplexity, and his satellites seems scarcely to serve any useful purpose. He appears as a bleak and desolate dwelling-place, and they together supply him with scarcely a twentieth part of the light which we receive from our moon at full. But regarding Jupiter as a miniature sun, not indeed possessing any large degree of inherent lustre, but emitting a considerable quantity of heat, we recognise in him the fitting ruler of a scheme of subordinate orbs, whose inhabitants would require the heat which he affords to eke out the small supply which they receive directly from the sun. The Saturnian system, again, is no longer mysterious when thus viewed. The strange problem presented by the rings, which actually conceal the sun from immense regions of the planet for years together in the very heart of the winter of those regions, is satisfactorily solved when the Saturnian satellites are regarded as the abodes of life, and Saturn himself as the source of a considerable proportion of their heat-supply.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

QUESTION BY THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS.—What useful properties may be extracted from the bark of a dog? Discuss the manner by which the truth or falsehood of the report of a gun may be tested. Describe an engagement on land. (For the marines this question is meant, therefore the nautical solution which follows will not be admitted. That is, an engagement, &c., consists of a courtship, followed by numerous splicings or heavy damages). How many pounds of the extract of Greek and Latin roots are sufficient to fatten—(1) a wedder; (2) a bullock; (3) a donkey? What is the difference between extracting an aching stump, and extracting the root of an equation? What connection exists (on the maternal side) between a first-floor lodger and the garret-occupier? Note on the last question by a rejected candidate: Most likely the duffer who proposed this question don't know the correct answer himself, and only wants news. I won't tell him. I'm blest if I doo.

To those who are bent on matrimony, but have not found a suitable partner, we offer urgent advice. Let them pack up all their property and start immediately for the mountainous districts to the extreme east of Hungary. They will find that at this season of the year a fair is held of marriageable young men and women. From all quarters long trains of chariots wind their way to the plain of Kalinosa. They are laden with household furniture, and followed by the cattle of the family. In the midst of these goods may be seen the young lady whom her family has brought to seek a husband at the fair. She is dressed in her best, with brilliant silk scarf and scarlet petticoat. These caravans take up their position one after the other on one side of the plain, while on the other side a cavalcade of young men approaches and deploys along the whole line. The men—young Wallachians, for the most part—are dressed in their best goatskins and make what show of horsemanship they can. After both parties have taken up their respective quarters opposite each other, the fathers step forward and begin to negotiate marriages for their children. The questions asked on these occasions are, we fear, of a somewhat sordid character. "How many bullocks?" "How much money?" "Your daughter's furniture looks rather old;—the chest of drawers does not shut properly. I must find something better than that for my son." Such would doubtless be a correct report of the conversations held in this primitive if not poetical Arcadia previous to clinching the matrimonial bargain. The business is, however, carried out with a promptitude equal to its frankness. As soon as the parents are agreed a priest, who is always ready at hand, is summoned. He chants a hymn and gives his benediction, the bride then kisses her parents, mounts the chariot, and starts for some unknown village with a husband whom she has never seen before, the furniture and cattle which her parents have allowed her as a marriage portion following in the rear. Thus every year many unions are contracted by this primitive people, and there is, we must confess, a plain honesty and absence of sham in this style of proceeding. One is apt to compare it with the deceptions and artifices employed in civilized society by those who, pretending to love, only seek to marry fortunes.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

One reason why the Pope thinks so much of American Catholics is said to be that he never takes up an American paper without seeing something about Boston Mass.





ST. JOHN, N. B.—THE CLIPPER SHIP *GREAT REPUBLIC*.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.



HALIFAX, N. S.—NEGRESSES SELLING MAYFLOWERS ON THE MARKET PLACE.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. CARLIS.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
JUNE 1, 1872.

SUNDAY.	MAY 26.—Trinity Sunday. DeCallières died, 1708.
MONDAY.	" 27.—Battle of Fort George, 1813. Earl Durham arrived at Quebec, 1838.
TUESDAY.	" 28.—Canada placed under W. I. Co., 1664. Pitt born, 1766. Fifteen hundred houses burnt in Quebec, 1845.
WEDNESDAY.	" 29.—Restoration of Charles II., 1660. Battle of Sackett's Harbour, 1813.
THURSDAY.	" 30.—Cælius Cyprianus. Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau born, 1829.
FRIDAY.	" 31.—Charlotte Brontë died, 1855.
SATURDAY.	June 1.—St. Nicomache, M. Parliament first met at Toronto, 1797. Fenian Raid, 1868.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 21st May, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 & 244 Notre Dame Street.

	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	M.	Tu.
May 15.	61°	64°	65°	68°	72°	67°	64°
Th.	61°	64°	65°	68°	72°	67°	64°
Fri.	61°	64°	65°	68°	72°	67°	64°
Sat.	61°	64°	65°	68°	72°	67°	64°
Sun.	61°	64°	65°	68°	72°	67°	64°
M.	61°	64°	65°	68°	72°	67°	64°
Tu.	61°	64°	65°	68°	72°	67°	64°

The following, among other illustrations, will appear in our next number:—

OPENING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

From a Sketch by E. J. R.

REPORTERS' GALLERY, HOUSE OF COMMONS,

From a Sketch by our Artist

SCENE ON THE WOODSTOCK & RIVIERE DU LOUP RAILWAY.

From a Sketch by E. J. R.

C. I. NEWS OFFICE,
May 25, 1872.

Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the NEWS is \$4.00 per annum, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All unpaid subscribers will be struck off the list on the 1st July next, and their accounts (at the rate of \$5.00 per annum) placed in our attorneys' hands for collection.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

The bill giving effect to the Washington Treaty, in so far as Canada is concerned, has already passed the House of Commons by a handsome majority. The vote was not a party one, in the strict sense, for some gentlemen who usually vote what is called the straight Ministerial ticket went against it from conviction, while a few may have voted the same way merely to show that they were against the government. A consideration of the vote will, however, show that the representative men of Canada have by about two to one given that endorsement to the fishery clauses of the Treaty which is necessary to make it a binding instrument as respects this country. The fate of the Treaty itself has to be determined by other parties and it will not be before many months of waiting that Canada will be able to know whether the act of its Legislature has been a barren courtesy to Imperial desires, or a substantial act affecting its own future interests.

But whatever may be the result, our young country has come out, as it always came out before, with its honour un tarnished.

No sooner was the treaty made, and written out in the language supposed to be common to both countries, than England and the United States went to wrangling as to its meaning. Angry words were used on both sides, and even Mr. Gladstone had to speak in a way that must have surprised the fragment of the old "peace at any price" faction to which of late years he has so much inclined. But in so far as this country was concerned, if we except a little party bickering—essential to every political transaction according to our way of business—there was neither mistake as to the meaning of the Treaty nor hesitancy as to contributing our share to give it effect.

This fact might almost be supposed to have been mentioned in support of the doctrine that the Canadians understood the English language better than the people of Great Britain or the United States. *En passant*, we may say, they generally speak it better; but in so far as the Treaty is concerned, its terms are not obscure wherein they relate to Canada. Our people had, at first, to swallow the disagreeable notion that our valuable fisheries were to be given away; next to master the idea that an open American market for our fishermen was

probably as good as close Canadian waters against theirs; and, thirdly, that our importers and merchants in the Maritime Provinces might drive a profitable trade with the owners of American fishing craft.

It may have been hard for many to get all these ideas through their heads at once. Indeed, the fever-heat of public opinion on the first promulgation of the Treaty proved conclusively that the national judgment was not, with the facts then under its cognisance, prepared to accept it. But when the matter was weighed on both sides; when it was remembered that it was merely a fragment of the old Reciprocity Treaty in which the *quid pro quo* had been respected with equal, or even greater fairness, then the fever-heat of which we have spoken soon cooled down to an equable and healthy temperature, so that to-day probably even those who voted against it are glad that Canada has so emphatically marked it with the seal of her approval.

Our purpose is not now to discuss either the merits of the Treaty in relation to Canada or the wisdom of the action of the Canadian Legislature concerning it as it affects Dominion interests. Of both it may yet be said, in emphatic if not very elegant phrase, "perhaps nothing will come of it." But *n'importe* as to the result. The fact is on record that as between Great Britain and the United States, Canada has removed the last stone that could have made her a cause of quarrel. If they disagree now, they do so wholly for reasons with which this country is not directly concerned, and the first one of them which would make of this country a sacrifice—either to its malice or its convenience—should, and we think would, be regarded in the eyes of the civilised world as a dastard. There has been a course of statesmanlike conduct in the policy of Canada, and a loyal, if not very noisy, patriotism among its people, which should have by this time impressed both Britain and the United States. When the "Trent" affair occurred, Canadians rushed to arms by the thousand; in fact, that otherwise unfortunate episode gave vitality to the Canadian volunteer system. Again, when the discontented Southerners made Canada their "base of operations," and robbed the bank at St. Albans, this country cheerfully footed the bill, and never yet conceived the notion of looking elsewhere to be reimbursed. We should also add the expenses incurred in respect of the many Fenian raids, were it not that we most firmly believe their being held in abeyance is due, not to Canadian generosity, but to British pusillanimity. However, we can refer to this last act—the ratification, as far as Canada can, of the Washington Treaty, as an admirable make-weight between the incidents already quoted. The "Trent" affair showed that Canada was willing to do or die for Britain; the St. Alban's affair furnished substantial proof that this country would be no party to injustice against the United States. Now, when Britain and the States come face to face, when the latter desires to have undisputed access to the fisheries which the former seems tired of defending, then Canada gracefully acquiesces in the arrangement, leaving her own future interests to be determined or developed by the chapter of accidents. Surely it cannot be said of Canada either in Britain or the United States, that it has played a selfish or unfriendly part. Even should the general negotiations fail and the old disputes remain, Canada has taken for itself a vantage ground from which only stupidity or bad policy can hereafter drive it.

DIET AND DISEASE

The following remarks from the *True Witness* of the 17th inst., are worthy of serious attention. We believe, however, and we think it capable of demonstration to any person whose olfactory nerves have not lost their sensitiveness, that hundreds in Montreal are poisoned annually by defective sewage and impure water. The use of "unclean meats" by which we suppose the *True Witness* means pork, or the flesh of swine in its various forms, is not relatively more common in Montreal than in other cities of the world where "Jews and Mahometans" are nearly all as scarce as here, yet our death rate averages more than three times that of English cities, in which want of any kind of food is a frequent cause of death; and where personal cleanliness is certainly not more indulged in by the masses of the people. Montreal ought to be a healthy city, and the reason why it is not, should be sought for in the incapacity of its rulers, the defects in its laws and the shortcomings in the carrying out of the few which have some merits in them.

But the inquiry suggested by the *True Witness* is deserving of public attention apart from the other causes of the excessive mortality in Montreal, even although the very fact quoted, that the small pox is mostly confined to children, ought to be regarded as exculpating pork.

"Small-pox still continues its ravages in Montreal, and though there are fluctuations or oscillations in the death rate thereby caused, we can scarce congratulate ourselves on any very decided diminution of the terrible disease. One week

the death rate from small-pox declines to 29; the next it is up again to 35; and so it goes on, and apparently will go on, until all who are liable to catch the disease shall have been swept away. Its ravages are for the most part, though not exclusively, confined to children under twelve years of age; to Catholics; and amongst Catholics, to the French Canadians. What there is—something there must be—which makes the latter so exceptionally susceptible to the disease, we cannot pretend positively to say; for as a general rule the French Canadians are cleanly in their houses and their diet is much the same as that of the rest of the population. In the absence of any other hypothesis, we must still cling to that which assigns their apathy—or almost apathy, to vaccination, as the cause of their peculiar susceptibility to the malign influences of small-pox.

"It would be well worthy of the medical profession to attempt to determine whether at all, and if at all, how far, diet has anything to do with the ravages of small-pox; whether, for instance, the Jews—who, if true to their law, abstain from foul feeding, and in particular the use of the flesh of the unclean beast—enjoy to any appreciable extent an immunity from the filthy disease. We have been assured on high authority that they do; but in Montreal their numbers are too small, and the premises with which their experience furnishes us are too limited, to justify us in forming, or attempting to form, any conclusion. The presumption, however, is strongly in favour of the theory, that unclean food tends to make the system of the unclean feeder more liable to the attacks of foul, or unclean disease, such as small-pox, than it would be were he more scrupulous in his diet. Filth of course, neglect of ablutions, of thorough ventilation, and imperfect drainage, are all provoking causes of disease; and it would be well worth the trouble, if some of our scientific men were to address themselves to the task of determining the causes, hygienic and dietetic, to which we must attribute the extent to which small-pox has attained in Montreal since last autumn; and the striking predilection that it has manifested for French Canadians. It would be most important too, in the interests not of science only, but of humanity, to ascertain whether Jews, and those who abstain from unclean food, enjoy in any degree an immunity either from small-pox, or other epidemics. Of course, health and sickness, life and death, are in the hands of the Lord; but there are at the same time certain physical laws which cannot be violated or neglected with impunity; and the observance of which is rewarded by a comparative immunity from many of the diseases and afflictions to which the disobedient are peculiarly liable. A question then that we would propose as worthy of serious attention is this:—Has diet anything to do with small-pox? Do cleanly feeding people, like Jews and Mahometans, enjoy any advantages in the shape of immunity from its attacks, over those who feed grossly, and use unclean meats?"

LITERARY NOTICE.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for June has as many as fifty-three illustrations, those accompanying Mr. Richardson's "Travelling by Telegraph" (second article) being of extraordinary richness and beauty. There are pictures of Harrisburgh, glimpses of the Susquehanna, Havana and Watkins Glens, Seneca Lake, etc., etc. Another interesting illustrated article is on "The City of Warwick," England. Prof. Hilgard, of the U. S. Coast Survey, explains with maps, tables, etc. his curious and important theory of the centre of gravity of populations. Mr. Whitlaw Reid, managing editor of the *Tribune*, ably discusses "Schools of Journalism." Mr. Wilkinson continues his criticism of Mr. Dowell's prose; Mr. Warner gives us another charming chapter of "Back-Log Studies"; Mr. W. J. Stillman presents an interesting sketch of an "English Art Reformer"; Mrs. Oliphant's "At his Gates" is, as usual, strong and masterly; Saxo Holm's "Draxy Miller's Dewy" has a singular rush and breeziness,—this instalment contains an exquisite little hymn by Draxy herself. Then there is a powerful story in the Lancashire dialect, by Fannie E. Hodgson. The separate poems are by Harriet McEwen Kimball, Elizabeth Akers Allen, and Mary L. Ritter. Dr. Holland, in "Topics of the Time," writes of "Theatres and Theatre-going," and "The Loneliness of Farming Life in America." The Old Cabinet talks about "Cousin Bertha," "Our Standing among our Friends," "Talking about the Absent," "Human Sympathy," "The Afterglow," "Imitation," and "The Big Picture." The Scientific Department is well filled; Home and Society, among other timely papers, has an excellent little article (with illustrations) on croquet. Culture and Progress has critiques on Church's "Parthenon," Thomas Moran's "Grand Canon of the Yellowstone," music, new books, etc., and the etchings are very graceful and suggestive. The contributed and editorial papers altogether cover a remarkably wide range.

BERMUDA AS A RESIDENCE.

BERMUDA, May 2nd, 1872.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

SIR,—My attention has lately been drawn to a letter in your columns from W. A. requesting information about climate, society and living in Bermuda.

The temperature in summer rarely exceeds 84° in the shade, and unless yellow fever is imported into Bermuda—by gross neglect of the quarantine laws—the climate in summer is healthy; in the winter it is simply delicious. Yellow fever will not break out in Bermuda, but it will spread if imported. The society is all ladies and gentlemen can desire, and if W. A. likes to live at an hotel or boarding-house, he can do so very comfortably for £16 a month. He would, perhaps, prefer a small house, and he could readily obtain one for £4 a month.

E. M.

MDLLE ALBANI.

The *Illustrated London News* has the following respecting the Canadian cantatrice, Mdlle. Lajeunesse, whose portrait appeared in our pages on the 27th January last:—

"This young lady, whose performances at the Royal Italian Opera have been noticed in our chronicle of musical entertainments, bears an Italian name in public, but is a French Canadian, and her proper name is Emma La Jeunesse. She belongs to the old Acadian family of that name immortalized in Longfellow's 'Evangeline.' She was trained in the study of music from early childhood by her father (himself a skilled musician), who recognized with delight the talents of his little daughter. Losing their mother while still of tender years, she and her sisters were sent to the convent of the Sacré Cœur, at Montreal, to complete their education. But in a few years her proficiency on the organ attracted such attention that, for the peace of the convent, the good sisters were obliged to bid their young guests a tender and sorrowful farewell. Her father then, by the urgent advice of friends, determined to send her to Europe for instructions not attainable elsewhere. Under the care of Baroness Laïtte, she was two years at Paris, where she studied under the famous Duprez. He then sent her on to the old maestro Lamperti, at Milan, who, when he heard her, exclaimed, with reference to her reluctance to go on the stage, 'Ah! there is a fortune in that little throat, but there is only one way to find it.' Several years of hard study followed, till at length, her scruples overcome, she made her debut at Messina, under her present name, in 1870, with entire success. At the end of the first act she was engaged for Malta. Her sojourn in that island was most gratifying. Both Maltese and English residents, with the many travellers, yachtsmen, and Indian officers who make the island a resting place en route from East to West, were delighted to hail the advent of the sweet Canadian nightingale—a rara avis whose feet had never before alighted on that classic yet sterile rock. The fame of her singing, as well as of the grace of her presence and manner, spread to England; and the director of the Royal Italian Opera, having satisfied himself of the truth, secured this new attraction for his establishment. Her debut in England was expected, and indeed, announced in private circles, last July; but Mr Gye, as soon as he heard her in rehearsal, determined, rather than destroy its éclat, to postpone it to the commencement of a new season. Mdlle. Albani therefore resumed her studies at Milan, and last winter sang in the theatre of La Pergola, at Florence, before the most critical audience in Italy, to whom she was heralded by a message from the old maestro that 'he was sending them the most accomplished musician and the most finished singer in style that ever left his studio.' How well she was to redeem his words the Florentines were soon convinced. The papers of Italy repeated her praises, and the *pulce scenico* of La Pergola was carpeted with wreaths and flowers each time she sang. Her crowning effort was in the 'Mignon' of Ambrose Thomas, already condemned in four theatres in Italy, but which in Mdlle. Albani's hands obtained a complete success among the jealous Italians. The degree in which she has succeeded in satisfying a London audience is known to our readers."

SEA SICKNESS.

The *Scientific American* publishes on this subject the following extracts from an article in the *British Medical Journal* by Sir James Alderson, M.D., F.R.S., consulting physician to St. Mary's Hospital:—

The cause of sea sickness and its possible amelioration is a subject particularly appropriate at the present time.

Referring to the experience of sufferers from sea sickness, it is admitted by all that they are most sensible of the miserable feeling at the moment of the descent of the ship. They are also conscious, at that particular time, of an instinctive effort to sigh or take a deep inspiration, the meaning of which is manifest. During deep inspiration, the chest is dilated for the reception of air, and its vessels become more open to admit blood, so that a return of blood from the head is then more free than at any other period of complete respiration; while on the contrary, by the act of expelling air from the lungs the ingress of blood is obstructed. This obstruction is proved by observation when the surface of the brain is exposed by the operation of trephining: a successive turgescence and subsidence of the brain is then seen in alternate motion with different states of the chest. A deep inspiration, therefore, at the time of the descent of the ship tends to counteract the turgescence of the brain.

Sickness is sometimes produced by waltzing. In this case, the same theory of pressure on the brain holds good; but during rapid gyration in waltzing, the blood is acted on differently; it is centrifugal force which causes the blood to rise in the vessels supplied to the brain. There is an additional cause of cerebral disturbance from the confusion of objects rapidly presented to the eye; from this comes giddiness.

In reference to sickness brought on by swinging, I cannot do better than quote Dr. Wollaston: "Sickness, by swinging, is evidently from the same cause as sea sickness, and that direction of the motion which occasions the most piercing sensation of uneasiness is conformable to the same explanation already given. It is in descending forward that this sensation is perceived, for then the blood has the greatest tendency to move from the feet towards the head, since the line joining them is in the direction of the motion; but when, in the descent backwards, the motion is transverse to the line of the body, it occasions but little inconvenience, because the tendency to propel the blood towards the head is then inconsiderable."

The last observation of Dr. Wollaston, quite accurate as to the result, plainly suggests the practical bearing of the subject. Knowing the mode in which the ship's movement acts on the brain, we are at once furnished with the only rational way of averting sea sickness.

The first point is wholly to avoid the upright posture. Every one knows that it is a common practice to lie down, and this is done almost instinctively, but it is also known that to do so, though frequently successful, is not invariably so. The way in which the motion in a swing affects the brain affords the proper explanation why lying down is not invariably successful, and shows that it is necessary not only to take a recumbent position, but to lie in the right direction. A person lying down with the feet towards the bows of the

ship is, while it descends in pitching, in the same position as a person in a swing descending forwards, in which case we have seen that sickness is produced by blood being forced upon the brain. On the contrary, a person lying down with his head towards the bows is, during the descent of a ship, in the position of one descending backwards in a swing, in which case the pressure by the blood will be towards the feet, and therefore, relief rather than inconvenience will be experienced, as the tendency will be to reduce the natural supply of blood to the brain. It is necessary, therefore, not only to lie down, but to do so with the head to the bows; and it is highly desirable that this position should be assumed before the ship begins to move. There is a secondary advantage to be gained by closing the eyes, and so shutting out the confusion arising from the movement of surrounding objects.

If the philosophical explanation here given be the correct one, which there is no reason to doubt, it adds one more to many unanswerable objections to the device of taking passengers in railway carriages on board gigantic vessels. No relief would be afforded by that plan to the miseries of sea sickness, since, except in a perfect calm, nothing can prevent the rising and falling of the ship and the consequent action of the blood upon the brain. The sitting posture would be equally unfavourable with the upright, and there would be, in addition, the common motion of a carriage, which alone, with some persons, produces sickness.

PIANO-FORTE RECITAL.—On the 28th inst. Madame Nina Pizzotti gives a Piano-forte recital at the Mechanics' Hall, on which occasion she will be assisted by a large number of talented musicians. This young lady, who has already made her name famous, is a native of Brussels, though her father was a Spaniard. The programme for Tuesday evening is an exceedingly attractive one, and will doubtless draw a large audience.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF FRANCE offers a prize of 2,000 francs and a medal for the best memoir "On the Theory and Practice of Irrigation." The papers are to be sent to the Secretary before the end of this year.

A NOVEL USE FOR COLMAN'S MUSTARD LABELS.—Ratu Epehi, the Governor of Tai Levu, is getting his taxes in at a fine rate. Upwards of 2,000 dollars, gathered along a coast line of a few miles, explains the whereabouts of our silver currency. A few of Colman's fancy mustard labels have been paid to the native tax-gatherer for dollar notes. The white man who paid these things to the natives for money deserves to have a mustard plaster applied to him by the Government moral health officer.—*Court Journal*.

That science is not above giving its attention to little things, is shown in *Le Moniteur Scientifique* Queneville for March, in which Dr. Queneville desires to save our linen from the destructive effects of soda and other washing-powders, by recommending the following mixture: Two pounds of soap are dissolved in five and a half gallons of nearly boiling water, and to this is added three large tablespoonsful of ammonia and one of spirits of turpentine. In this the linen is to be soaked for three hours, when it is readily cleansed, requiring but little rubbing. Ammonia does not affect linen or woollen fibre as soda does.

THE MOGUL AND THE MASTIFFS.—Sir Thomas Roe took out some English mastiffs to India, as a present to the Great Mogul; they were of marvellous courage. One of them leaped overboard to attack a shoal of porpoises, and was lost. Only two of them lived to reach India. They travelled each in a little coach to Agra; one broke loose by the way, fell upon a large elephant, and fastened on his trunk; the elephant at last succeeded in hurling him off. This story delighted the Mogul, and these dogs, in consequence, come to an extraordinary fortune as Whittington's cat. Each had a palanquin to take the air in, with two attendants to bear him, and two more to walk on each side and fan off the flies. The Mogul had a pair of silver tongs made, that he might, when he pleased, feed them with his own hand.—*Cassell's Natural History*.

The German correspondent of the *London Guardian* says a curious phenomenon is to be seen in the northwest and east of Prussia. An emigration mania is in full progress. In Schleswig-Holstein it assumes extraordinary dimensions; whole villages are being emptied; the people are selling houses and land at ruinous prices,—there is a wholesale exodus. Emigration agents are busy shipping off the people, the greater and superior part to America, and the lesser part to Queensland. Another correspondent writes: "A village with good land in my district has only three families left in it, and they go in a week or two." This mania is fast spreading to Posen and East Prussia. Hundreds camp out at the railway stations, waiting for the trains to convey them away.

It is curious to note the prices paid for wild animals. Sales of the kind are rare, and there are so few persons who have any use for a lion or a tiger that the amounts paid are seldom remunerative to the party disposing of this sort of stock. Wombwell's menagerie, which has been in existence since 1805, was sold by auction at Edinburgh on the 9th ultimo. The performing elephant was purchased for the Manchester Zoological Gardens for about \$3,000. Pelicans were knocked down at \$35 each, a price which would hardly make their exportation from Louisiana remunerative. Wolves brought \$5.50 each, a price at which our English cousins can have all the coyotes on the prairies. A lion was sold for \$450, and a royal Bengal tigress for \$775. A male dromedary brought \$150. The sale realized about \$15,000. These figures are even surpassed in the case of a rhinoceros lately added to a menagerie now in Cincinnati. It was imported directly from Sumatra. The price paid for the animal was \$10,000 in gold, on board of the vessel, the purchaser assuming all risks of landing and transportation. Taking 12 per cent. as the average value of gold, it would bring the cost of the animal to \$11,200 in New York.

M. Francisque Sorey, writing in the *Vive Siede*, mentions an almost incredible rumour. The Lyons Communists, being fully convinced that money is the sinews of insurrec-

tion as well as of war, are said to have hit upon a plan for filling their coffers with little trouble to themselves and at the expense of their enemies the middle classes. They offer to the members of some of the most important houses of business in Lyons to ensure their property against all damage of destruction by fire in case of a successful Red rising, in return for a stipulated monthly payment. Not only have many of the Lyons merchants submitted to this novel system of blackmail, but some of them pay as much as £200 a year for this newly invented insurance against petroleum. The ingenuity of the Rue Grôlée Communists, however, did not stop at obtaining blackmail from their enemies, the rich bourgeois. They have now made it a condition that all who were under their protection shall vote at the municipal elections as the famous committee shall direct. To prevent mistakes, the unfortunate bourgeois are required to show their voting papers to a Communist agent just before dropping them into the urn, and to carry them openly displayed, so that there may be no possibility of their voting for other than the "Red" candidates.

THE SIZE OF LONDON.—Some curious statistics of the size of London have lately been published, taken from the census of 1871. London has a population of 2,853,952. This is more than the combined population of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco, Buffalo and Alleghany City, Pa. To lodge this vast multitude, 770,000 dwellings are required, and the people can consume annually about 4,480,000 barrels of flour, 420,000 bullocks, 2,975,000 sheep, 49,000 calves, 61,250 hogs, and one market alone supplies annually 7,943,750 head of game. This, together with 7,200,000 salmon, besides other fish and flesh, is washed down by 75-700,000 gallons of ale and porter, 4,500,000 gallons of spirits, and 113,750 pipes of wine. 22,497 cows are required to supply the daily consumption of milk. The streets of London are 2,900 in number, and if put together would extend about 4,000 miles. They are lighted by 620,000 lamps, consuming in 24 hours 22,370,000 cubic feet of gas. The water system supplies 77,670,828 gallons daily, while the sewer system carries off 16,629,770 cubic feet of refuse matter. A fleet of 1,800 sail is employed irrespective of railroads, in bringing annually 5,240,000 tons of coal. Bituminous coal is exclusively used, and the smoke arising from this immense quantity is said to be so dense that it can be seen thirty-five miles from the city. To clothe the inhabitants requires 7,150 tailors, 50,400 boot and shoe makers, and nearly 70,000 dress makers and milliners. Berlin, according to the recent census, has a population of 828,913; Paris, in 1867, the year of the Exposition Universelle, 1,889,462; and Constantinople, 1,070,000.

A CENSOR OF LADIES IN 1550.—The moralizers of all ages, Pagan, Jewish and Christian, have agreed in their violent abuse of what they call the "weaker sex," and they have not disagreed as to the principal topics of complaint, which have been those associated with the love of dress and personal ornament. A reverend satirist, whose poems have just been distinguished by the Early English Text Society, shows how severely the clergy could scold the ladies in the reign of King Edward VI. Archdeacon Crowley, to whom we refer, uses language so outrageous that we cannot repeat it here. After denouncing "the cap on their head," and "the fine gear on the forehead," our gentle shepherd proceeds to say:

If their hair will not take colour,
Then must they buy new,
And lay it out in tussocks, . . .
At each side a tussock,
As big as a ball . . .

He then animadverts upon painted faces, bare bosoms, small waists, and hooped skirts, winding up with censures upon shoes and rings. Of course we must believe he exaggerates, but we are bound to believe that the eccentricities of fashion in 1550 bore some resemblance to those of the last twenty years. He supplies us with one feature, however, which can scarcely be said to find a parallel in the attire of our day. We mean the "tussocks" of hair, as he calls them, on each side of the head. Of course he alludes to the custom of wearing the hair in large masses, which rose on each side of the head, as we see represented in ancient portraits and monuments. In another poem the writer says:

Let thine hair bear the same colour
That nature gave it to endure;

and
Paint not thy face in any wise,
But make thy manners for to shine.

One of his rules, by no means objectionable, is this:

Let thine apparel be honest;
Be not decked past thy degree;
Neither let thou thine head be drest
Otherwise than becometh thee.

There is a sentence in one of Crowley's prose compositions, with which we will conclude. It is addressed to the married clergy: "Let your wives, therefore, put off their fine frocks and French hoods, and furnish themselves with all points of honest housewifery, and so let them be an help to your study, and not a let."

An Iowa man recently died from swallowing a pocket-knife and injudicious medical treatment combined. He got along very nicely as long as the knife was closed; but when the doctor gave him opening medicine it killed him.

A new toy has just appeared in Paris. It is a tetrotum with four sides, on which are inscribed the words Legitimacy, Orleansism, Bonapartism, and Republic. The game consists in betting on the side which may turn up when the instrument has been spun.

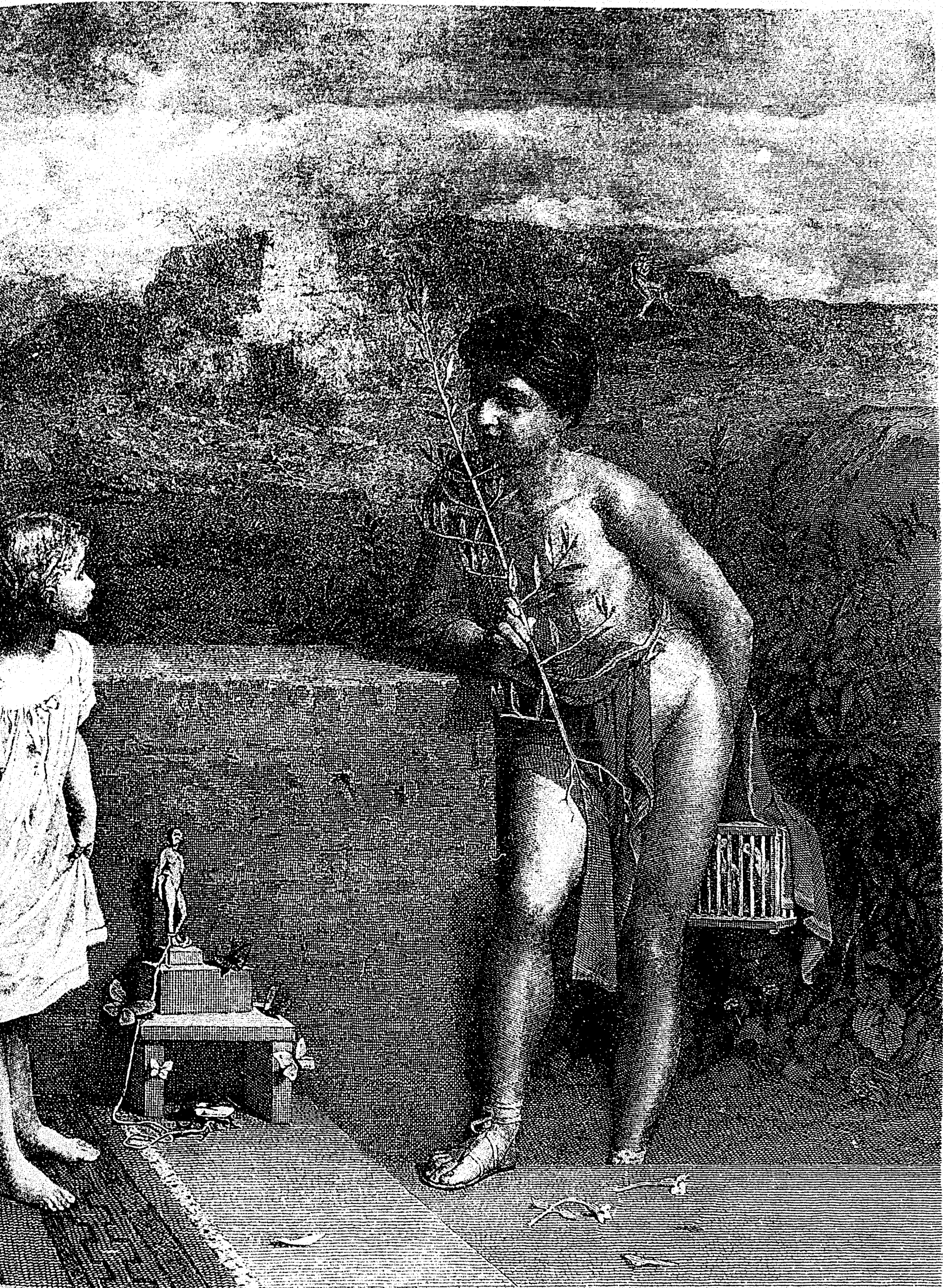
"GIVE YOUR ORDERS, GENTLEMEN."—The late Mr. Gillott heard of Mr. Danby, saw his works, and appreciated them. He asked the price of a certain size of cut-steel, the reply was the picture would be £100. With a flowing style the connoisseur immediately said he would take a dozen.—*Court Journal*.

The *Ellsworth American* publishes the following independent announcement under the marriage head:—Bluehill.—By the Rev. H. P. Guilford, Capt. J. C. Bunker, G. Ellsworth, and Miss Lillie A. Allen, of Bluehill. No cards, no cake, and nobody's business.



AFTER A PAINTING BY HAMON, ENGRAVED BY LEVASSEUR.

"MA SŒUR N'Y EST PAS."



WINTHROP, IMPRIMERIE DE LA GAZETTE

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, MAY 25, 1872.

MY SISTER IS NOT AT HOME."

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

"ICE BOUND."

The scene to which these lines allude, was witnessed by the passengers in the *Scandinavian*, the well-known powerful "S. S." belonging to the "Allan Line," during her first trip to Quebec this season, which, owing to the perseverance of her officers and the energetic skill of her honourable captain, was successfully completed on Monday evening, 29th ult. The subjoined stanzas give a very inadequate idea of the beautiful picture which, panorama-like, was presented to us, and are really just an epitome of thoughts which, unbidden, crowded into my mind at the time. The fields of ice, varying from two to twenty feet in thickness, must perforce have detained any but a most powerful craft for days, maybe weeks, but the *Scandinavian* ploughed through them, and arrived safely in port, at once a credit to her builders, the admiration of her loving freight, and no small guarantee to the security of the "Allan Line."

At midnight it was when the engine ceased
Its monotonous thud, and the ceaseless rush
Of the ocean, washing the sides of the ship,
Was stayed, when a mighty crush

Awakened us up from the coveted sleep
That some had so earnestly wooed, to win
A little repose from the angry strife
From without and the noise within.

We hurried on deck, and with wondering eyes
We beheld that the sea, anon so green,
Was enwreathed with a robe of the purest white
That ever our eyes had seen.

We gazed with a feeling of reverent awe
On a sight so strange, and a scene so grand;
And I know that I felt that my childhood's dreams
Had come true, and the fairy land

That my infantile fancy delighted to paint,
And my infantile sorrows seemed to cheat,
Had sprung from the past as a living thing;
It seemed to be stretched at my feet.

But my fairy land was no land of dreams
That fitfully come as they fitfully go,
But before us outstretching from sea to sea
There was nothing but ice and snow.

Huge masses unshapen surrounded the ship.
And, arresting our progress, seemed to say—
You are detained by a mightier force
Than your own; and here you must stay.

We anxiously waited, and eagerly watched
For the coming of dawn, and return of light,
In the flickering hope that the morning sun
Would dispel the vision of night.

With the breaking of day we assailed our foe,
And charged on the ice with a mercile strength,
Crushing, crushing, and cleaving the rocky mass,
And forcing our way; till at length,

By an almost inhuman effort we scuffled
To be freeing ourselves from the cumbrous mass,
Which claved to the keel of our noble ship,
Refusing to let her pass:

And the wild sea-gulls flew around overhead
And mockingly cawed at our fitful flight,
And the seals paused a moment in sheer surprise,
Then scudded away in a fright.

The scene was changed; and the beautiful banks
Of the river St. Lawrence before us lay,
The green fields stretching right down to the shore,
And the snow-capped mountains, away

In the distance, were tinted with purple and blue,
By the sun that was gradually sinking to rest,
And the sky was bathed in a fiery red
In the far-off shadowy west.

The effort was over, the dangerous ice
That held us so tightly an hour ago,
Was ever so many miles behind,
Away in the gulf below.

And it seems to me now as a long long dream
That suddenly came, as it suddenly went,
Like the visions of youth, and the fairy lands
That to childhood's eyes are lent.

And I think of it now as a day gone by
An experience gained, and a danger past.
'Tis well to be thwarted awhile sometimes,
And our sky to be overcast:

And never a cloud, be it ever so black,
But will either break, or be wafted away;
And never a night, be it ever so long,
But there cometh a break of day.

BY A PASSENGER.

MY FAST FRIEND.

PERHAPS I am naturally rather sore on the subject of legacies. Several old ladies who were supposed to regard my boyhood with favouring eyes have departed, and made no sign to any document in my favour. An old gentleman to whose patronage I was a martyr for several years, left his will unautographed, and though without authentic intelligence on the subject, I firmly believe of course that had he put his name to the parchment—. Well, well; I only allude to these facts in so far as they may account for my thinking that it is, as a general rule, a great misfortune to a young man to be left a little money. Mind, I say a young man. I am no longer one; so let not my present remarks stand in the way of any intentions which may possibly exist to increase the waning balance at my banker's.

As a proof that my anti-legacy opinions are not ill founded, listen to this. When I entered a medical school in London, of which, by the by, I was the brightest ornament for several years, J— was a student there. We became acquainted, and were soon on intimate terms. He was very good-looking, attended lectures regularly, was clever with his hands, a favourite with his teachers, and, in short, was looked upon as the most promising youth about the place. Although we were both hard workers, we began to take an occasional evening stroll through the town, which, as the reader may be aware, is particularly fascinating after nightfall. Sometimes we perambulated the Haymarket; at others, we would cross the bridge, and patronise the theatres over the water; or buying masks, the black of which was anything but a fast colour, and came off copiously on our hands and noses, we would spend an hour or two in Vauxhall, trying to realise the idea, that we were having great fun; and then would walk home with aching feet and empty pockets, but happy in the thought that we had been 'seeing life.' Now, whoever invented that

phrase, so far as London life goes, has a great deal to answer for; all the infidel and otherwise immoral publications that ever were issued, never wrought the same amount of ruin among young men as that absurd lying phrase, 'seeing life.' My dearly beloved brethren, what sort of life was it we used to pay so largely for the privilege of seeing? Was it not a sham from beginning to end? Was it not merely vice endeavouring for an hour or two to appear in a state of reckless mirth and jollity?

But J— and I didn't believe that, not we. Was it not, we imagined, a great privilege to get into a fast set now and then, and appear to be a couple of young swells of enormous wealth, and liberality; to be allowed to pay double for supper in Bazan's cellar, underneath Piccadilly; to stroll into the Haymarket supper-rooms, go up stairs, and wait an interminable length of time for lobster salad which never came; to indulge in that style of repartee termed chaff; to bury our noses and our cares in that nectar of our young Olympus, half-and-half! Of course it was; and for all my moralising, I look with tender pity upon all you young blockheads, who, thinking as I did once, are following in the footsteps of your idiotic elders. But you'll have your eyes pulled open by Time's long skinny finger some day, as mine have been. In the meantime, I warn you that "seeing life" of that description doesn't make you one bit more wide awake, or subtle in the ways of the world, but destroys your health, empties your pockets, and, what is of far greater consequence than either, blunts that keen perception between right and wrong which ought to be to you a coat of triple steel in the battle of life.

Financial deficiencies cut my career about the town very short; moreover, not being built after the Adonis model, and not being ready with my tongue, the life of a fast man was not one in which I was likely to shine. So, relapsing into a quiet plodding student, I spent my days in the anatomical rooms, and my nights in the hospital for the chance of cases of accident coming in; and at last, as all working-men do about a medical school, became a somebody in it. In the meanwhile, I became less intimate with J—, who seldom now appeared at lecture; and it soon came out that his aunt had died and left him money.

"Oh," thought I, "that accounts for the snob cutting me in the Quadrant the other day, as I walked along with a parcel of books under my arm."

I was a poor man, and of course looked with suspicion and disgust on J—, now that he was well off. Confound him! no one ever died for my benefit, except in an anatomical point of view. I felt ill-used, and was never happy except when alone with my grievance.

Time passed on, and I quite lost sight of J—. The autumn vacation came and went, and then the 1st of October, with its introductory lectures and meetings with old friends; then a couple of months' earnest vigorous work, and then Christmas.

Eheu! the thought of Christmas in London almost brings tears to my eyes even now, while my wife sits by me elaborating some coat-of-many-colours for the small Joseph on the rug. There was hard and continued frost that year; and one day, skating on the long water in Kensington Gardens, I bumped up against J—. We fraternised again; but he was not, by any means, the same happy, well-to-do-looking fellow he once was, though there was far more pretension in his manner. He spoke in the peculiar drawl affected by the British swell, was smoking a cigar, and had a capital pair of skates on; but still there was a something about him I didn't like—a seedy look about his cuffs and collar, an up-all-night and home-with-the-milk appearance I had presented too often myself to mistake in others; his right lower eyelid, too, was somewhat variegated—green and yellow with red streaks. In short, said I to myself as I shot along one of the swept paths on the ice:

"J—, my boy, there's something wrong with you; I don't feel as if I envied you so much as I used; I'd sooner be the old slowcoach I am, after all."

And coming to the bank near the small bridge, I took off my skates and walked away up Westbourne Terrace, thinking about J— and all our old larks we had together.

Next day saw me on the ice again. One of the skate-strappers came up and said:

"That gent I seed you talking to last evening, sir, has bin and took my best pair o'skates with him; and though it may be a mistake, it's hard lines on a poor cove like me, and it'll thaw shocking before morning." And so it did. So I went back to the old work, the dear old work, for such I hold anatomy to be. It was the student in the schools, in my day, to dissect till one o'clock, and then go round the hospital. At each bed the surgeon or physician used to stop, and if its inmate happened to be a new one, the dresser or clinical clerk read out the case for the benefit of the students standing round. One day, about two years from the time I met J— on the ice, I went into one of the surgical wards and found the students congregated round a bed, so as to prevent my seeing the patient; but I heard the dresser read:

"John Brown, et. 24; has at present no occupation, but was formerly a medical student; has no particular place of residence, and has spent the last few nights in the streets; is in the habit of spirit-drinking, and is unable to provide himself with proper food; admitted for erysipelas, following a cut on the hand received in a public-house row."

The surgeon made one or two remarks upon the case, and moved away to the next bed, followed by his disciples. I drew nearer to the patient, and saw, to my horror and surprise, in the thin wasted face, the pinched nose, the staring, restless eyes, enough remaining to convince me that this miserable outcast from the London streets was no other than my old light-hearted companion J—.

I almost involuntarily called him by name; a flush of rage and pain passed over his face as he said in a husky whisper:

"Don't speak so loud."

He need not have distressed himself; no one there knew him except myself. He was so changed in appearance that the surgeon could scarcely have been expected to recognize him, while the class was composed of students who had entered the school after his brief career had closed. He was in so excited a condition that I left him; but having the entrée of the wards, I returned after the visit, and sitting down on the locker by his bed, inquired how he had passed the last two years. He was very fretful and nervous, but seemed to have pleasure in talking of himself, and I gathered the following particulars:—At the time he gave up coming to college, and became a man about town, he had not come into his aunt's legacy, which was about £2,000; but he was in-

duced to forestall it by a friend, a fellow he met at a wine-party, with whom he was walking one unlucky day. They looked at some things in the Burlington Arcade, and J— said:

"Now, I'd buy that if I'd the money."
"Not got the money," says his companion: "a man with your prospects hard-up. Didn't you tell me you were down in some old lady's will for a lot of money?"

"Well, but I don't come into it for a year."
"Oh, you innocent, don't you know you can raise the money now, if you feel inclined? I'll put you up to a thing or two, J—, my boy."

So the result of this conversation was, that J— went with this disinterested friend to a loan-society, where J— had to insure his life, at an extra premium too, because the cautious medical referee detected something suspicious in his thorax, which might carry him off before the year expired. Then J— was admitted to a wonderfully mysterious room, in which three gentlemen sat at a green table (one of the three being the disinterested friend who suggested the proceeding), and he was asked to take a seat opposite them, which he did with that humility and respect due to great capitalists. Some financial rite having been performed, he found he had borrowed on the security of the life-assurance policy and his aunt's money in prospect, £1,000, which meant £900, for, of course, there are a few trifling preliminary expenses attending all such matters; so he, who had entered the office almost a supplicant, so subdued was he by the dignity of the establishment, and the sublime suavity of the secretary, came out feeling himself a man of means; he took a cab to the nearest bank, accompanied by this disinterested friend, who introduced him, and got him cheque and cash books, and instructed him in the little technicalities to be observed by a gentleman with a balance at his banker's. Under the auspices of this invaluable adviser, J— became a man about town, which means one who leads a gas-light life in the streets, and frequents places where steady-going people would prefer not being seen. He also indulged in expensive presents to young ladies of the *corps de ballet*, and betted freely with the disinterested friend, who always won. The £900 soon melted away, and he could not pay the insurance premium nor the interest on the loan; and having forfeited his aunt's legacy by these omissions, he became very miserable. Hard living and anxiety had by this time begun to tell severely upon a constitution never very robust. Unable at last to provide himself with proper food, he took to spirit-drinking, and at last subsisted almost entirely upon gin. He had neither funds nor inclination to return to college and resume his professional studies; while at the same time the usual refuge, an assistantship in the country, was shut to a man of his dissipated habits. For the few months previous to his admission into — Hospital, he had hung about the spirit-stores, where he occasionally met some old acquaintance who would give him a shilling or a dram. One night, while he was drinking at the bar of the — public-house in Oxford Street, the disinterested party came in, and affected not to recognize J—, who straightway made some insulting remark, and was turned out by the waiters. In the scuffle, his hand was cut by some glass, and the erysipelas he was suffering from was the result.

"But, old boy," said he, as he finished his story, "it will soon be all right, you know, and I intend turning over a new leaf: people don't die of the erysipelas often, do they?"

I made him no answer, for this malady was at the time epidemic, and slaughtering great numbers of such patients as himself. I knew his chance of recovery was a very slender one. It was therefore with considerable anxiety that I entered the ward next morning, and heard with little surprise that he was considerably worse; the erysipelas had spread over his neck and chest, and he was delirious. The other patients expressed annoyance at being disturbed by the abominable blasphemies he uttered, and we had to remove him into a private room. There I sat by him, administering strong stimulants till he died. Not one sufficiently lucid interval occurred in his hours of apparently great mental and bodily suffering, to give me another opportunity of conversing with him, and ascertaining his wishes upon any worldly matters.

That afternoon, as I was passing out of the hospital, there was a decent-looking girl of eighteen, with an infant in her arms, asking the porter if "there was a patient called J— in the house."

"No, ma'am—none of that name."

"That was the real name," I whispered to him, "of the erysipelas case in — ward."

Her sharp ears heard my remark, and inferred the truth from it; and I found that even poor J—'s death was not unremembered, and that he had one, at least, to follow his pauper funeral.

SOAP A SOURCE OF SKIN DISEASES.

Obscure affections of the skin, of the face of men especially, are well known to specialists to be widely spread. They are commonly classed as *eczema*, and, while causing great discomfort, especially at night, show nothing, or almost nothing to the eye, if the patient be otherwise in good health. Skin specialists frequently ask patients whether they have been using any new sort of soap, but no one seems hitherto to have traced any distinct communication between soap and this troublesome disease.

It is a fact, but very little known to the multitude of both sexes who use the "Prime Old Brown Windsor Soap" of the perfumers' shops, that by far the largest proportion of it is manufactured from "bone grease." Few more beautiful examples of chemical transformation are to be found in the whole range of chemical manufacture than this one. At one end of a large range of buildings, we find a huge shed heaped up with bones, usually such as are of little value to the bone turner or brush maker, in all stages of putrefaction as to the adherent or inherent portions of softer animal matter attached to them, the odour of which is insupportable.

These are crushed and ground to a coarse powder, exposed to the action of boiling water under pressure, sometimes of steam, until the grease and marrow are extracted.

We need not here pursue the subsequent treatment of the rest of the material from which bone glue and "patent isinglass" are prepared, the latter of which we often eat in the soups and jellies of the pastry cooks, and finally to the "bone dust" or phosphate of lime, nearly free from animal matter, which is produced for the use of the assayer and the china manufacturer, etc., as well as for other purposes in the arts,

But let us follow up the bone grease, which is of a dark tarry brown colour, and of an abominable odour.

By various processes it is more or less defecated, bleached and deodorized, and is separated into two or three different qualities, the most inferior of which goes to the formation of railway or other machinery greases, and the latter is saponified, and becomes, when well manufactured, a hard brown soap, still, however, retaining an unpleasant smell. It is now, after being remelted, strongly perfumed, so that, like the clothes and persons of the magnates of the Middle Ages, its own evil odour is hidden by the artificial perfume.

This is the "Fine Old Brown Windsor Soap" of most of our shops. The natural brown colour of the grease gives it the right tint in the cheapest way, without the colouring by caramel, which was the original method of the manufacturer.

Like all other things, there are cheap and dear Windsor soaps: and for the production of the former little is done beyond saponifying and casting into blocks or bars. Were we to rely upon the many experiments that have been made as to the degree of elevation of temperature at which putrescent or other contagious matter is deprived of its morbid power, we might conclude that boiling and saponifying had made this hitherto putrescent grease innocuous.

It seems, however, more than doubtful that such is the fact in this case, for the soap thus made seems to be capable of communicating skin diseases when rubbed on the face for use in shaving.

But another promoter of irritation is not unfrequently also found. Whether it be that it is more profitable to the soap-maker to have a liberal proportion of the finer particles of the ground bone made up with the soap, or that these are difficult to separate completely, the fact is that bars of this "Brown Windsor" soap are to be bought containing a rich mixture of those small sharp angular fragments of bone which before boiling was putrid. When a piece of such soap is rubbed hard to a man's face, the skin is more or less cut and scored by these bony particles held in the soap like emery in a head "lap," and thus the skin is placed in the most favourable state to absorb whatever there may be of irritant, or contagious, or putrid in the soap itself. The existence of the bone fragments is easily verified by solution of the soap in water or alcohol, and examination of the undissolved particles with a lens; and I can readily, if need be, send you a piece of such soap for examination.

Now, without occupying too much of your space, I may just state that I have, while using such shaving soap, thrice suffered from eczema of the face. On the first occasion, I derived no benefit from treatment by the two most celebrated dermal surgeons in London, and at last the disease went away of itself after giving up shaving for a time. I had by me a quantity of this brown soap, and through inadvertence took to using it again, for a time without effect; but when dry and hot weather came, with it came a recurrence of the skin disease, which also again, after some months of discomfort, went away. Curious to make sure whether or not the soap was the real cause, I a third time employed the soap deliberately to see if the eczema was due to it. I was in excellent health, and in about three weeks I found the disease re-established, so that I think the soap must be viewed as found guilty. Good white unscented curd soap is now my resource, and with no ill effects.

Eczema is always a distressing complaint even when affecting those in the most robust health. With those of bad constitution or lowered health, however, it seems to degenerate into bad or intractable skin diseases, so that probably this notice may not be deemed useless or uncalled for.—*R. M., in Nature.*

NAGGING.

It is a popular error to imagine that the art of verbal irritation belongs exclusively to the feminine nature. To be sure, when cultivated by women, it can be brought, perhaps, to its greatest perfection; but it is by no means certain that gentlemen cannot acquire the accomplishment of nagging in a sufficiently intensified degree to make the sexes almost equal on this subject. And although the phrase, to nag, is usually regarded as only applicable to the lower classes of society, and is often heard in the police-court from the ordinary wife-beater, who offers it as an excuse for indulging his propensities, we all know pretty well that the practice is not confined to the warrens of the drunkard, but is understood and recognised in Belgravia as well as in Bermondsey. And, indeed, nagging is a fine art, properly speaking, and the vulgar cannot appreciate its merits. To nag a governess, for instance, is only given to people who are comparatively well off. The process is altogether different from the rough operation of scolding. The latter consists in the point-blank discharge of abusive epithets, in emphatic expressions of contempt and derision; in the mere cudgel-play, as it were, of the wrathful tongue. But to nag requires a deliberate temper. Temper that has been kept and bottled until it reaches a stage of acetous fermentation provokes the due disposition and spirit with which the work of nagging should be approached. A lady, for instance, with a taste for the business, feels a kind of curious pleasure in the fact of having a small justification for exercising her favourite fancy. A little domestic wrong has been done to her; she nurses her chagrin quite tenderly until it ripples to her lips in a succession of ironical terms. The victim would gladly compound for his punishment and take it all at once, even in the awful form of being presented to him in tears and hysterics; but the lady who nags economises her powers of torture, understanding that what it lacks in apparent force is compensated for by its terrible duration. Some women are such experts in nagging that they can divert themselves in this amiable fashion even before company. The experienced nagger will continue during what ought to be a cook's truce to spoil the very appetite of half a dozen ladies and gentlemen at table by a few socio-anatomical prods delivered at each respectively, and always distributed with a smile, as though the sour crab apple were a sweetmeat. Girls will nag until the naggee begins to cry; and this consummation is always enjoyed by the more youthful nagger, who has not yet learned to luxuriate in the mature joy of keeping the victim an inch or so away from the crisis of relief. Old ladies who have been carefully tended by their relatives—of the Mrs. Grummage type—have a licence to nag. As a matter of fact it is, however, interesting to notice how perpetual grumbling and fault-finding agrees with them—vitalises them, so to speak, like a rousing, long-standing-cough. Very amiable

people of either sex seldom reach seventy. The irascible temperament is tough and uncommonly lasting when fed.

In Mr. Charles Lever's most recent novel, "Lord Kilgobbin," there is an excellent illustration given of the nagger in the most elaborate condition of development. Miss O'Shea, or Shea, who comforts Kearney with suggestions on the details of his last hours, who exposes the various raws she can discover within her range of vision with an unflinching pertinacity, is the complete impersonation of the nagger proper. Most of us remember ladies of the same quality amongst our acquaintances. They contrive to remind us of how our book has failed, our whisker dye is evident, our singing a disappointment to an evening party, our wife unfortunate in bonnets, our aunt in the country a trouble to the vicar by starting the religion of the "Peculiar People" in the parish. And these various uncomfortable narratives are conveyed with an air of provoking compassion and interest. Of course, only our nearest relatives have the privilege of nagging directly. They can depreciate our abilities, our appearance, our fiddling, speech-making, or what not, with the full candour of their anxiety for our benefit and welfare. And, yet, would we not often prefer to remain in gross ignorance of these gifts of knowledge, information, and advice the nagger presents us with! We could quite pardon a forgetfulness and want of appreciation which would involve an escape from a shower of disparaging criticisms. And here we must confess that the male nag is, if possible, more intolerable than the female of the same species, when he besieges you with condolences and furtive reminiscences. It must have been deuced hard on you, he observes, to have had that picture rejected by the Academy. It is just like what happened to you last year. Did you notice that article in the *Comet* on your novel? If you did not, your very good-natured friend has a copy in his pocket. The race is universal. The custom of harping on a disconcerting theme with the licence which only familiarity could permit almost makes a man eschew familiarity altogether. *Hinc ille, Jachrymæ.* Hence these bachelors. But there is no security, after all, in single misery. The nag can exist and flourish in the club; you may shun him, but he will lay hold of you some time or other, and confound you with the spectacle of selfish petulance and spleen which he affords over a mutton chop or a cup of coffee. When a lady and gentleman of the tribe come together in the bonds of matrimony, and have turns about and tournaments of nagging, we may drop the curtain over the scene. They furnish comedy for the kitchen, and ultimate jobs for the Divorce Court; out they are almost too miserable for an essayist to speculate upon except with funereal gravity.—*London Globe.*

MARK TWAIN ON CHAMBERMAIDS.

Against all chambermaids of whatsoever age or nationality, I launch the curse of Bachelorhood!

Because!

They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas burner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping, (as is the ancient and honoured custom of bachelors), you have to hold your book aloft in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes.

If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pull your trunk out six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

They always put your boots into inaccessible places. They chiefly enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. This is because it compels you to get down in an undignified attitude and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the boot-jack and swear.

They always put the match box in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put a bottle or other perishable glass thing where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, groping about in the dark, and get yourself into trouble.

They are forever moving the furniture. When you come in, in the night, you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning, or thereabouts; and you will proceed toward the window and sit down in the slop pail. This disgusts you. They like that.

No matter where you put anything, they won't let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get.

They always save up the old scraps of printed rubbish you throw on the floor and stack them up carefully on the table, and then start the fire with your valuable manuscripts.

And they use more hair oil than any six men.

They keep always coming to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony upon you, but after you get up, they don't come any more till the next day.

"PECULIAR PEOPLE."

(From *Punch*.)

People who like the bagpipes.
 People who dislike oysters.
 People who at this period of our commercial prosperity, when writing-paper costs next to nothing, cross their letters.
 People who say leisure, interesting, inhospitable, and applicable.
 People who have no poor relations.
 People who dye their hair.
 People who always know where the wind is.
 People who like getting up early in the morning.
 People who have more money than they know what to do with.
 People who possess a stock of old port.
 People who have never been abroad.
 People who give donations to street-beggars and organ-grinders.
 People who send conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.
 People who take long walks before breakfast.
 People who spend an income on flowers for the button-hole.
 People who light and leave off fires on fixed days.
 People who like paying Income-tax.
 People who go to hot, uncomfortable theatres, full of fees.
 People who buy early and costly asparagus—nine inches of white stalk to one of green head.

People who have no sense of humour.
 People who give large parties in small rooms.
 People who lavish their money on the heathen abroad, and leave the heathens at home to take care of themselves.
 People who have the ice broken to enable them to bathe in the Serpentine in Winter.
 People who look forward to a time when there will be no Income-tax.
 People who keep all their old letters.
 People without prejudices, weakness, antipathies, hobbies, crotchets, or favourite theories.
 Critics who are satisfied with the hanging of the Royal Academy.
 People who have nothing the matter with their digestion, and can eat anything.
 People who take snuff.
 People who hold their tongues.
 People who go on sending contributions to *Punch*.

VARIETIES.

An Illinois paper speaks of three men who have gone crazy recently—"one for love, one for religion, and one on general principles."

Rather equivocal. A sign pinned to a shirt front of a River street store in Troy says: "Would you be without a nice shirt for seventy-five cents?"

The last question that has troubled philosophers is this: Which causes a girl most pleasure, to hear herself praised or another girl run down?

At Pere La Chaise is to be seen the following epitaph:—"Here lies Madame X—, who was gentleness and virtue itself, and so merits an exclusive tomb."

A London debating society proposes at its next meeting to discuss the startling proposition that infanticide, under proper Government control, is a desirable practice to legalise.

An Indianapolis paper advises one of its too enthusiastic contributors to "confine himself to a thin diet for a week or two, and wear a bag of pounded ice in his hat."

A farmer saw an advertised recipe to prevent wells and cisterns from freezing. He sent his money, and received the answer, "Take in your well or cistern on cold nights, and keep it by the fire."

A servant girl told her master the other morning that she was about to give his wife warning and quit the house. "Happy girl! would that I could give her warning and quit the house too!" was the brutal response.

The *Decatur Republican* remarks: "The time of year has arrived when young folks hang on the gates and quarrel and bite each other. Put good strong hinges on the gates, if you have young folks at your houses."

Said a Detroit lady to a gentleman of that city, "You are not a musician, I believe." "No," said he; "If I were the proprietor of a hand organ, set expressly to play 'Old Hundred' I couldn't get over seventy-five out of it."

The following maternal notice recently appeared in the *Davenport Gazette*: "If K. H., who left home, in Davenport, on Thursday, February 29, will write to her mother, telling her where she is, she will not be asked to come home, but her trunk will be sent to her."

A man who was delivering an address at Lawrence a few evenings since, accidentally stepped from the platform on which he stood and fell some distance to the ground, but, striking on his feet, continued, unconcerned, "to come down to the level of my audience."

The *Chicago Post* has the following: "The buzz-saw has slain its thousands, and the mower and reaper its tens of thousands. The season for being killed by base ball opens a little late this year, but a satisfactory report has been received from Racine. Age twelve. Hot liner. In the stomach."

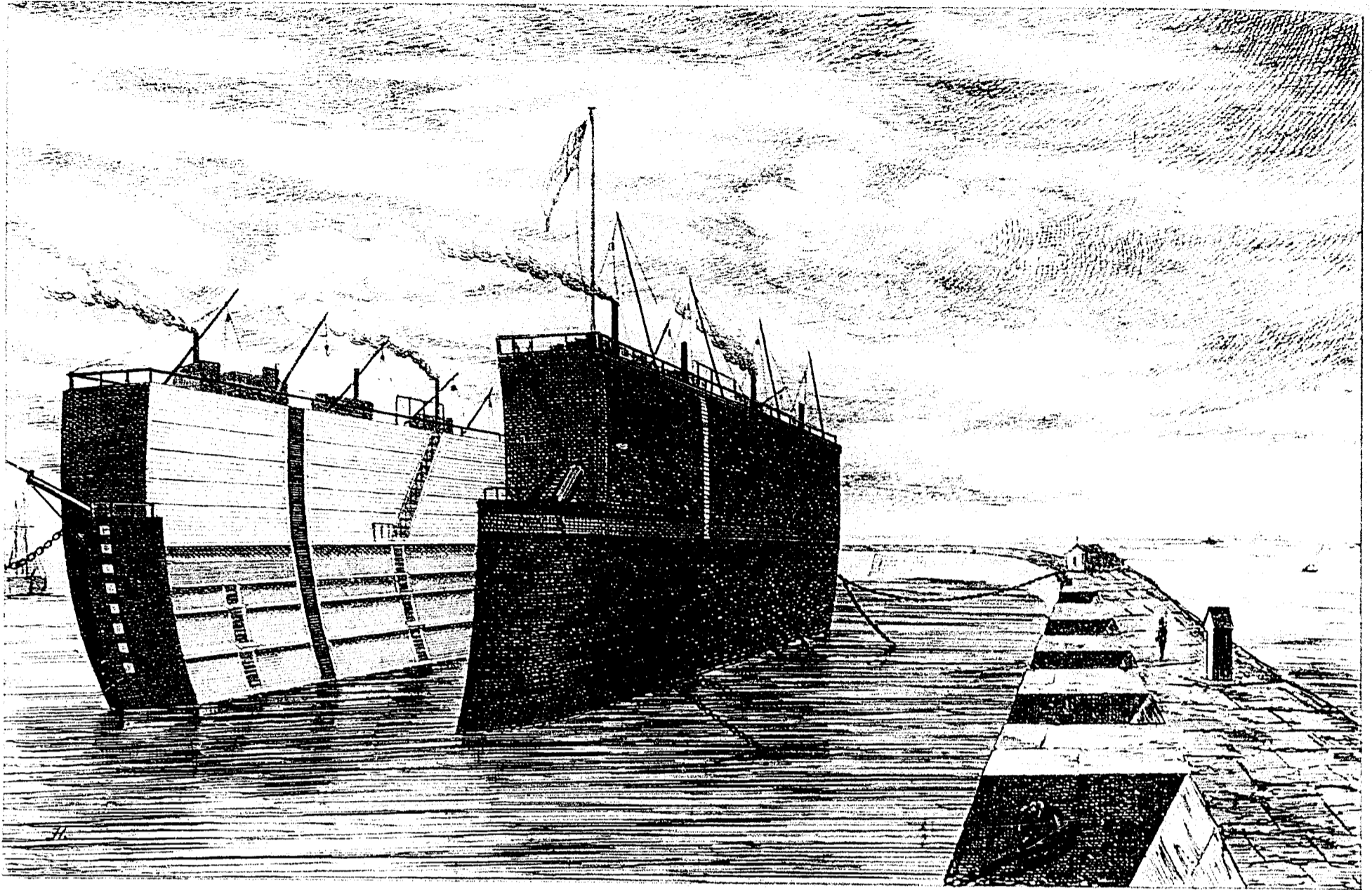
One of the exquisites of Paris in the art of constructing the femininely beautiful in costume to hide the femininely beautiful, has suggested a new colour for silk—namely, "burnt love-letters." Some umbrella maker might improve upon the idea and produce a male umbrella for Don Giovanni, to protect them from betrayed loves' tears.

In Belfast, Me., it goes by the good old Puritanic name of "rum," in Bath they call it "tangle-foot," in Machias it is called "fire-skull," in Bangor they call it "the baby," and drinking is called "kissing the baby," in St. John it is called "Stagger juice," but in Portland, under the vigilant eye of the Sheriff, they do not stop to call it, but drink it at sight.

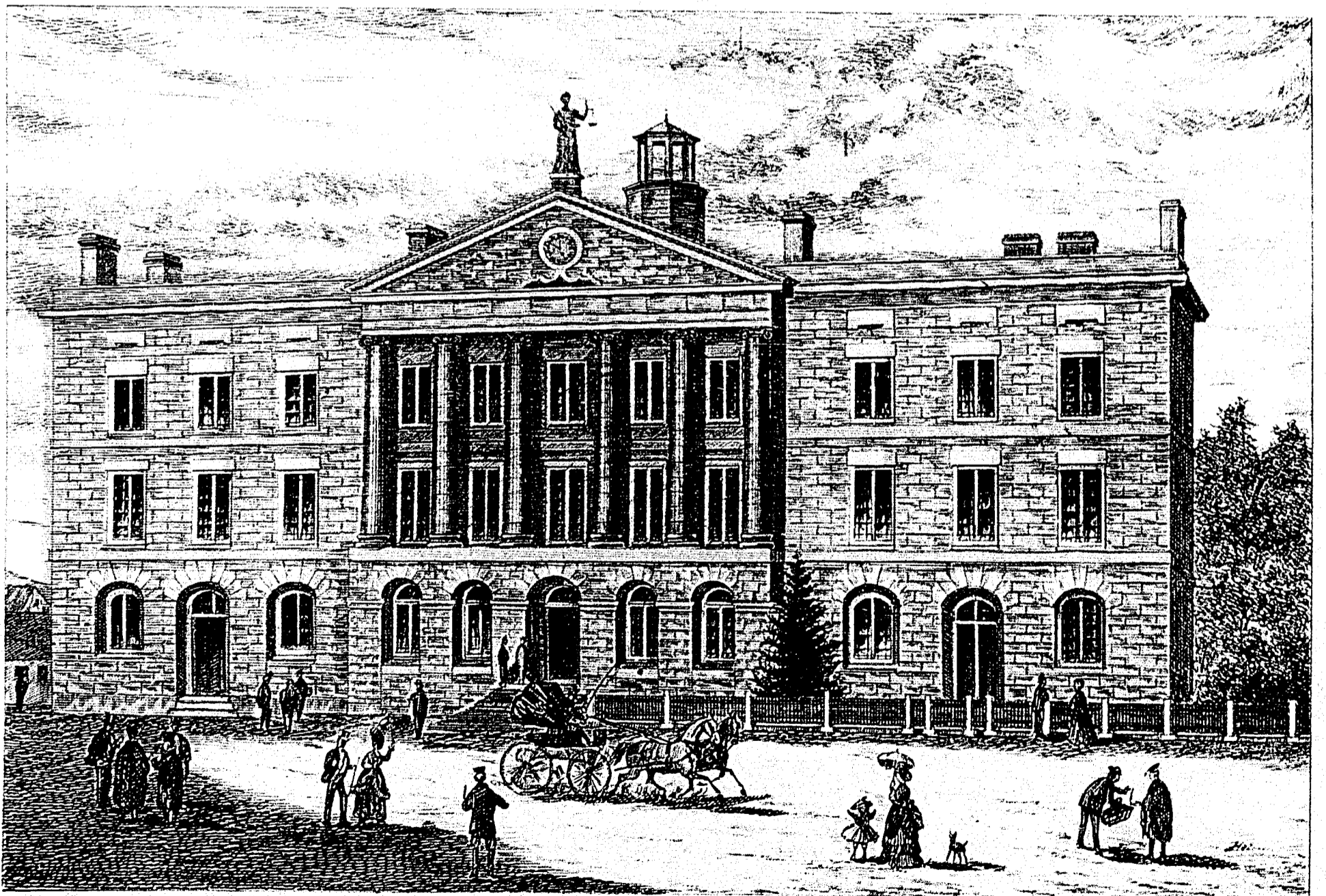
George Washington was once at a dinner party where his host had set him with his back to a fiery red hot stove. Finding it quite too hot for comfort, after some squirming he beat a retreat for a more comfortable position, at the same time explaining the reason. "Why," said the hostess jocularly, "I thought an old General like you could stand fire better than that." "I never could stand fire in my rear," replied the General.

At a sociable of some sort at Cedar Rapids, nineteen mothers accidentally met, each bearing her youngest in unconscious imitation of the well-known wife of the martyred wife of John Rodgers. By and by some indiscreet individual suggested that a vote (by ballot) be taken to decide which one was the handsomest. The mothers voted, the ballots were counted, and one vote was found for each of the nineteen infants in the room! Each woman gave a single, solemn, silent look at her neighbour, and in five minutes every mother among them was on her way home.

During the war some good jokes were heard at the expense of the French knowledge of geography. A recent case shows, however, that some improvement has been made. Two Parisian *bourgeois* of the true type, who had not been eaten during the siege, were this week exchanging the news of the day on the Boulevards. The first one said, "The news from Russia is terrible; twenty thousand persons have been burnt by the fire of Vesuvius." The second Parisian here exclaimed, with a theatrical shudder, "Why that is truly horrible, horrible! Who can have set it on fire?" The first one responded, "It is unknown as yet; but the Sultan will doubtless 'inform himself' and the miscreant will suffer the full penalty of the law."



FLOATING DOCK, BERMUDA.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.



BROCKVILLE, ONT.—THE COURT HOUSE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEO. B. MURRAY



"THE CONVALESCENT."

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

SONNET.

To lose and be unconscious of our loss,
 Be without bread and feel no qualms of death,
 To have no gold and be in love with dross,
 No friendship, yet not mourn its vanished worth—
 This is the greatest sorrow upon earth.
 Making parched eyes, where there is cause to weep,
 Lulling the soul into Lethæan sleep,
 And for nought selling rights of Godlike birth.
 Oh! better, better far it is to know
 Whatever fate or folly takes from us:
 So that we may, though weak and timorous,
 Not without hope, fight with the cheating foe.
 Who mourns the lost may find it, though with pain;
 Who feels no loss can scarce the lost regain.

JOHN READE.

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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

In the meantime Marie was sitting on her bed up-stairs in a most unhappy plight. She really loved her uncle, and almost feared him. She did fear him with that sort of fear which is produced by reverence and habits of obedience, but which, when softened by affection, hardly makes itself known as fear except on troublous occasions. And she was oppressed by the remembrance of all that was due from her to him and to her aunt, feeling, as it was natural that she should do in compliance with the manners and habits of her people, that she owed a duty of obedience in this matter of marriage. Though she had been able to hold her own against the priest, and had been quite firm in opposition to her aunt,—who was in truth a woman much less strong by nature than herself,—she dreaded a further dispute with her uncle. She could not bear to think that he should be enabled to accuse her with justice of ingratitude. It had been her great pleasure to be true to him, and he had answered her truth by a perfect confidence which had given a charm to her life. Now this would all be over, and she would be driven again to beg him to send her away, that she might become a household drudge elsewhere. And now that this very moment of her agony had come, and that this man to whom she had given a promise was there to claim her, how was she to go down and say what she had to say, before all the world? It was perfectly clear to her that in accordance with her reception of Urmand at the first moment of their meeting, so must be her continued conduct towards him, till he should leave her,—or else take her away with him. She could not smile on him and shake hands with him, and cut his bread for him and pour out his wine, after such a letter as she had written to him, without signifying thereby that the letter was to go for nothing. Now, let what might happen, the letter was not to go for nothing. The letter was to remain a true fact, and a true letter.

"I can't go down, Aunt Josey; indeed I can't," she said. "I am not well, and I should drop. Pray tell Uncle Michel with my best love and with my duty, that I can't go to him now."

And she sat still upon her bed, not weeping, but clasping her hands, and trying to see her way out of her misfortune.

The dinner was eaten in grim silence, and after the dinner Michel, still grimly silent, sat with his friend on the bench before the door and smoked a cigar. While he was smoking Michel said never a word. But he was thinking of the difficulty he had to overcome; and he was thinking also, at odd moments, whether his own son George was not, after all, a better sort of lover for a young woman than this young man who was seated by his side. But it never occurred to him that he might find a solution of the difficulty by encouraging this second idea. Urmand during this time was telling himself that it behoved him to be a man, and that his sitting there in silence was hardly proof of his manliness. He knew that he was being ill-treated, and that he must do something to redress his own wrongs, if he only knew how to do. He was quite determined that he would not be a coward; that he would stand up for his own rights. But if a young woman won't marry a man, a man can't make her do so, either by scolding her, or by fighting any of her friends. In this case the young lady's friends were all on his side. But the weight of that half hour of silence and of Michel's gloom was intolerable to him. At last he got up and declared he would go and see an old woman who would have linen to sell.

"As I am here, I might as well do a stroke of work," he said, striving to be jocose.

"Do," said Michel; "and in the meantime I will see Marie Bromar."

Whenever Michel Voss was heard to call his niece Marie Bromar, using the two names, it was understood by all who heard him about the hotel that he was not in a good humour. As soon as Urmand was gone, he rose slowly from his seat, and with heavy steps he went up-stairs in search of the refractory girl. He went straight to her own bed-room, and there he found her still sitting on her bedside. She jumped up as soon as he was in the room, and running up to him, took him by the arm.

"Uncle Michel," she said, "pray, pray be good to me. Pray, spare me!"

"I am good to you," he said. "I try to be good to you." "You know that I love you. Do you not know that I love you?"

Then she paused, but he made no answer to her. He was surer of nothing in the world than he was of her affection, but it did not suit him to acknowledge it at that moment.

"I would do anything for you that I could do, Uncle Michel; but pray do not ask me to do this?"

Then she clasped him tightly, and hung upon him, and put up her face to be kissed. But he would not kiss her.

"Ah," said she; "you mean to be hard to me. Then I must go; then I must go; then I must go."

"That is nonsense, Marie. You cannot go, till you go to your husband. Where would you go to?"

"It matters not where I go to now."

"Marie, you are betrothed to this man, and you must consent to become his wife. Say that you will consent, and all this nonsense shall be forgotten."

She did not say that she would consent; but she did not say that she would not, and he thought that he might per-

suade her, if he could speak to her as he ought. But he doubted which might be most efficacious, affection or severity. He had assured himself that it would be his duty to be very severe, before he gave up the point; but it might be possible, as she was so sweet with him, so loving and so gracious, that affection might prevail. If so, how much easier would the task be to himself! So he put his arm round her, and stooped down and kissed her.

"Oh, Uncle Michel," she said; "dear, dear Uncle Michel; say that you will spare me, and be on my side, and be good to me."

"My darling girl, it is for your own good, for the good of us all, that you should marry this man. Do you not know that I would not tell you so if it were not true? I cannot be more good to you than that."

"I can—not, Uncle Michel."

"Tell me why, now. What is it? Has anybody been bringing tales to you?"

"Nobody has brought any tales."

"Is there anything amiss with him?"

"It is not that. It is not that at all. I am sure he is an excellent young man, and I wish with all my heart he had a better wife than I can ever be."

"He thinks you will be quite good enough for him."

"I am not good for anybody. I am very bad."

"Leave him to judge of that."

"But I cannot do it, uncle Michel. I can never be Adrian Urmand's wife."

"But why, why, why?" repeated Michel, who was beginning to be again angered by his own want of success. "You have said that a dozen times, but have never attempted to give a reason."

"I will tell you the reason. It is because I love George with all my heart, and with all my soul. He is so dear to me that I should always be thinking of him. I could not help myself. I should always have him in my heart. Would that be right, Uncle Michel, if I were married to another man?"

"Then why did you accept the other man? There is nothing changed since then."

"I was wicked then."

"I don't think you were wicked at all;—but at any rate you did it. You didn't think anything about having George in your heart then?"

It was hard for her to answer this, and for a moment or two she was silenced. At last she found a reply.

"I thought everything was dead within me then,—and that it didn't signify. Since then he has been here, and he has told me all."

"I wish he had stayed where he was with all my heart. We did not want him here," said the innkeeper in his anger.

"But he did come, Uncle Michel. I did not send for him, but he did come."

"Yes; he came,—and he has disturbed everything that I had arranged so happily. Look here, Marie. I lay my commands upon you as your uncle and guardian, and I may say also as your best and staunchest friend, to be true to the solemn engagement which you have made with this young man. I will not hear any answer from you now, but I leave you with that command. Urmand has come here at my request, because I told him that you would be obedient. If you make a fool of me, and of yourself, and of us all, it will be impossible that I should forgive you. He will see you this evening, and I will trust to your good sense to receive him with propriety." Then Michel Voss left the room and descended with ponderous steps, indicative of a heavy heart.

Marie, when she was alone, again seated herself on the bedside. Of course she must see Adrian Urmand. She was quite aware that she could not encounter him now with that half-saucy, independent air which had come to her quite naturally before she had accepted him. She would willingly humble herself in the dust before him, if by so doing she could induce him to relinquish his suit. But if she could not do so; if she could not talk over either her uncle or him to be on, what she called, her side, then what should she do? Her uncle's entreaties to her, joined to his too evident sorrow, had upon her an effect so powerful that she could hardly overcome it. She had, as she thought, resolved most positively that nothing should induce her to marry Adrian Urmand. She had of course been very firm in this resolution when she wrote her letter. But now,—now she was almost shaken! When she thought only of herself, she would almost task herself to believe that after all it did not much matter what of happiness or of unhappiness might befall her. If she allowed herself to be taken to a new home at Basle she could still work and eat and drink,—and working, eating, and drinking she could wait till her unhappiness should be removed. She was sufficiently wise to understand that as she became a middle-aged woman, with perhaps children around her, her sorrow would melt into a soft regret which would be at least endurable. And what did it signify after all how much one such a being as herself might suffer? The world would go on in the same way, and her small troubles would be of little significance. Work would save her from utter despondence. But when she thought of George, and the words in which he had expressed the constancy of his own love, and the shipwreck which would fall upon him if she were untrue to him,—then again she would become strong in her determination. Her uncle had threatened her with his lasting displeasure. He had said that it would be impossible that he should forgive her. That would be unbearable! Yet, when she thought of George, she told herself that it must be borne.

Before the hour of supper came, her aunt had been with her, and she had promised to see her suitor alone. There had been some doubt on this point between Michel and his wife, Madame Voss thinking that either she or her husband ought to be present. But Michel had prevailed. "I don't care what any people may say," he replied. "I know my own girl;—and I know also what he has a right to expect." So it was settled, and Marie understood that Adrian was to come to her in the little brightly furnished sitting room up-stairs. On this occasion she took no notice of the hotel supper at all. It is to be hoped that Peter Veque proved himself equal to the occasion.

At about nine she was seated in the appointed place, and Madame Voss brought her lover up into the room.

"Here is M. Urmand come to speak to you," she said. "Your uncle thinks that you had better see him alone. I am sure you will bear in mind what it is that he and I wish." Then she closed the door, and Adrian and Marie were left together.

"I need hardly tell you," said he, "what were my feelings when your uncle came to me yesterday morning. And when I opened your letter and read it, I could hardly believe that it had come from you."

"Yes, M. Urmand;—it did come from me."

"And why—what have I done? The last word you had spoken to me was to declare that you would be my loving wife."

"Not that, M. Urmand; never that. When I thought it was to be so, I told you that I would do my best to do my duty by you."

"Say that once more, and all shall be right."

"But I never promised that I would love you. I could not promise that; and I was very wicked to allow them to give you my troth. You can't think worse of me than I think of myself."

"But, Marie, why should you not love me? I am sure you would love me."

"Listen to me, M. Urmand; listen to me, and be generous to me. I think you can be generous to a poor girl who is very unhappy. I do not love you. I do not say that I should not have loved you, if you had been the first. Why should not any girl love you? You are above me in every way, and rich, and well spoken of; and your life has been less rough and poor than mine. It is not that I have been proud. What is there that I can be proud of—except my uncle's trust in me? But George Voss had come to me before, and had made me promise that I would love him;—and I do love him. How can I help it, if I wished to help it? Oh, M. Urmand, can you not be generous? Think how little it is that you will lose." But Adrian Urmand did not like to be told of the girl's love for another man. His generosity would almost have been more easily reached had she told him of George's love for her. People had assured him since he was engaged that Marie Bromar was the handsomest girl in Lorraine or Alsace; and he felt it to be an injury that this handsome girl should prefer such a one as George Voss to himself. Marie, with a woman's sharpness, perceived all this accurately. "Remember," said she, "that I had hardly seen you when George, and I were—when he and I became such friends."

"Your uncle doesn't want you to marry his son."

"I shall never become George's wife without his consent; never."

"Then what would be the use of my giving way?" asked Urmand. "He would never consent."

She paused for a moment before she replied—

"To save yourself," said she, "from living with a woman who cannot love you, and to save me from living with a man I cannot love."

"And is this to be all the answer you will give me?"

"It is the request that I have to make to you," said Marie.

"Then I had better go down to your uncle. And I went down to Michel Voss, leaving Marie Bromar again alone.

(To be continued.)

In spite of the lamentable result of all past experiments of the kind, somebody in England has published a new "Life of Christ," which is simply a paraphrase in modern style of the sacred narrative. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the version has all "the ornate splendour of a special correspondent's letter." The *Gazette* gives some specimens of the transfiguration, of which we print the following:

"And when she saw him she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said unto her, 'Fear not, Mary.'"

The new version is as follows:

"The presence and the voice of Gabriel filled her with astonishment and dread. There was besides a mystery in his salutation which confused her. The angel perceived her alarm and perplexity, and hastened both to reassure and inform her. 'Fear not, Mary,' he remarked."

In a certain boarding school, a few years since, the scholars and teachers were assembled for morning prayers. The reading and singing were over, and all were resuming their seats, when one of the young ladies, of very short and thick stature, missing her chair, seated herself with a "thud" on the floor. Nobody smiled. All were too decorous for that. The fallen one, embarrassed into momentary loss of common sense, retained her lowly seat, opened her prayer book and appeared to be earnestly engaged in examining its contents. This was almost too much for her companions, and a smile began to struggle on many a fair countenance, when the tutor rose and commenced reading the first morning lesson. He read from the 5th chapter of Amos, as follows: "The virgin of Israel has fallen; she shall no more rise; she is forsaken upon her land; there is none to raise her up." This was too much; the voice of the rector trembled as he looked up and saw the fallen virgin, the scholars turned red in their faces, and the exercises were brought to a hasty close.

A touching story of faithful love comes from Philadelphia. A beautiful young girl became engaged in 1861 to a gallant officer in the Union army. At the close of the war he went to California to seek his fortune. She waited patiently for his return, feeling confident that he would yet come back to her. So the years passed, grey hairs began to show themselves in her brown tresses, her friends no longer ridiculed her, but pitied her as a monomaniac. Last week her fidelity was rewarded. The lover of her girlhood returned from California, bronzed and bearded, a millionaire with a wife and twins.

The latest joke on Greeley is that he is tired of politics and proposes to open a writing school!

IT IS A FACT.—That the Shoshonee Remedy and Pills exercise most wonderful powers in promoting appetite, improving digestion, regulating the bowels, and removing nervousness and debility. The weakest will take no harm from the use of this great Indian Alterative and Tonic Medicine, but will gradually regain their health. The strongest will preserve themselves from many of the mishaps in which their boasted strength and fearlessness of results often betray them. Long suffering invalids may look forward to this rectifying and revivifying medicine with the certain hope of having their maladies mitigated, if not removed by its means.

5-18 d

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5-17f

ENGLISH DINNERS.

Look at the host first, whose whole attention ought to be centred on his guests, and of making the conversation brilliant and, above all, general. Poor fellow, he is working hard at the bottom of the table, through every course, for he has to carve. Of course he carves badly, having never studied that difficult art—breaks a glass or two, jokes in a crestfallen way over the accidents, never hears when he is addressed, or answers vaguely, his entire mind being fixed on the gravy—splashes his cuffs—manual labour in a tight dress-coat covers his brow with honest drops—the sharp corners of his shirt-collar fix themselves into his jaw and bring the tears into his eyes. He eats nothing himself; the reason is obvious, he has not a moment to spare; never was a man so pressed for time, so anxious, so nervous, so bewildered.

Observe the hostess behind a tall pair of fowls. She knows she cannot move her arms freely (what woman in a low-necked dress ever could?), her bracelets entangle themselves with the legs of the fowl and with each other, and clank like chains and gyves. She gladly accepts the offer of the nearest cavalier, made with half a heart, but *noblesse oblige*—to "save her the trouble." Of course the gentleman carves worse than the host, because the dish is not in the right position for him—more crestfallen jokes; conversation flags, all watch him, he becomes more nervous and proceeds still more slowly, he explains that he is awkward; the guests wish he would not explain, as it delays him, and the remark is quite superfluous, his knife slipping, sends a leg dancing across the table, where it settles in a nimbus of grease upon the hostess's lap—she assures him with a glare that she "does not mind, on the contrary." The silence is deadly. At last all are served, one of them having got all the meat, another all the gravy, and none of them any stuffing; the carver then obtains a little flabby scrap for himself, perfectly cold, just as all the other plates are removed.

Now for the rest of the company. They get enough to eat, but seldom the right kind, and they have other sorrows. They are obliged to sit alternately, men and women. It is the merest and remotest chance that they are well matched. It generally occurs that the youngest woman in the room is sent down with one of the oldest men, who may be quite deaf. I have heard a young wife complain that for three years she has never been taken down to dinner by any one under seventy. This is a very common mistake on the part of the hostess, and one which of course dooms "crabbed age and youth" to dullness all dinner time. The oldest and more honoured matrons are often no less unfortunate. A clever woman is seated beside a man who believes that stump-oratory is the sole aim of the "woman's rights" movement, and that an educated wife cannot take care of her husband's house or bring up his children. A beautiful woman is proportioned off with some ascetic ecclesiastic who supposes all beauty to be a snare of Satan. None of the ladies are comfortable. Their feet are cold, their heads are hot, their arms are so confined by their tight low dresses that they can hardly cut their food, and, moreover, their skirts are being crushed by the crowding chairs on either side. In fact they are altogether got up as if for a dance, when to be sure exercise supplies some reason for scanty clothing.

The man nearest the host is in agony about his large and broad-like shirt front; what if that infatuated carver at the end of the table should splash him! He is afraid to look off the dish—he is fascinated by the play of the carving-knife, and if he does turn his head his shirt-collar makes it an act of self-abnegation to address the lady on either hand. There is no possibility of changing the position. The chairs are packed so closely together that each time the footman tries to reach anything on the table his shoulder-knots tear down a chignon. Sometimes sauce descends upon the naked shoulders. Again crestfallen jokes on the crowding and spoiling of a priceless pocket-handkerchief. *En fin*—the ladies begin to draw on their gloves as soon as dessert arrives, (what gloves are worn for at dinner I am at a loss to conceive.) The hostess, after "catching" her own "eye" several times, at last succeeds in catching some one else's. The ladies rise in the middle of a sentence and stumble from the room treading on each other's long skirts and dragging about chairs. As the door shuts the gentlemen overhear the invariable remark on the stairs,—"Difference in the atmosphere outside!"—*St. Paul's Magazine*.

There is a good deal of dry humour in the American Press, especially among the provincial scribes, and evidently there is sufficient available talent in its columns to achieve a success in comic journalism; but unfortunately that talent is somewhat too diffused for the purpose. The following extract from the *Louisville Courier* is a gem in its way: "The *New York Sun*, which is seldom satisfied with things, objects to the proportions of

a rattlesnake recently seen in Carter county, in this State, and described as reaching from one side of the road to the other, while its body was as big as an ordinary churn. The *Sun* says 'that was a very badly proportioned snake,' and that 'it should have been a good deal longer or else a good deal thinner.' We should like to know who is running the snakes of this State, the State herself or the editor of the *New York Sun*? When things come to such a pass that New York arrogates to herself the right to dictate to Kentucky the size and shape of her serpents, it is high time for the trumpet to sound to arms and for the sword to leap from its scabbard."

Consequential damages are looming up in the future to gigantic proportions. It is evident that the Administrative action on the Alabama Claims is to serve as a bright example in the domain of private life. The *Albany Knickerbocker* reports that a most singular case is about to be instituted by one of its well-known citizens against a merchant, for damages in causing the death of his wife, and settling damages at \$10,000. It appears that the merchant, who is a dealer in drugs, was in the habit of selling to the wife of the citizen referred to laudanum for personal use, in a clandestine manner; that the wife, on one occasion, took a dose of said laudanum, which was the immediate cause of death. Previous to the woman's becoming addicted to the use of the drug, she was a healthy, intelligent, and happy woman, a loving wife, doting parent, and industrious helpmate. The husband claims that, through the influence of the drug, his wife lost her health, she became depressed in spirits, and death followed, causing desolation in his home and sorrow in his heart. Believing that all this was produced through the sale of the drug, he claims damages from the seller, on the ground that he knowingly sold the poisonous article, fully aware of its disastrous effects upon the woman in question.—*N. Y. Albion*.

A race with steam has been run and won by a herd of deer. This extraordinary "event" occurred in one of the defiles of the Rocky Mountains and on the line of the great Pacific Railway. The course was six miles long and extremely narrow. At the starting point there was a little stream which proved the occasion of the race, for here a herd of deer were quietly refreshing themselves, when suddenly a train approached. The engine driver thought to frighten the troop and clear the road by letting off steam and blowing his shrillest whistle; but the demoniac appearance of the engine only served to throw the timid animals into such a panic that, instead of stepping aside, they rushed madly into the defile in front of the train. The pass grew now so narrow that there was room only for the train, and still the herd was in front. The driver, thinking time would not allow him to slacken speed sufficiently to save the poor animals, determined to make short work of an unavoidable butchery by putting on full steam. But the intense terror produced by their unearthly enemy had such effect on the deer that, making a supernatural effort, they exceeded in the speed of their despair anything as yet on record. At moments well-nigh overtaken, they finally reached the open, after a course of six miles; and turning aside stopped unharmed to rest themselves, while the train flew on—its passengers loudly applauding so gallant a feat.

Out West the customary fine for kissing a pretty girl against her will ranges from five dollars upwards. It has always been stage etiquette, however, there as elsewhere, to submit gracefully to this infliction when the play required it. *Mdlle. Gindele*, of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, is, nevertheless, of a different opinion. When Herr Neumann, according to the stage directions, ventured to take that liberty, *Mdlle. Gindele* declared herself insulted, and threatened, if she could not obtain reparation from the management, to seek it from the law. The matter was smoothed over, the irate lady pacified, and the opera was again put on the stage. When they came to the obnoxious scene, after Herr Neumann had, as usual, kissed her hand, and to follow the play, should have then kissed her lips also, *Mdlle. Gindele* quickly stopped him with: "There, I will not trouble you for the kiss on the lips." Herr Neumann thereupon quickly replied: "Thank heaven that I have not to kiss that fright." *Mdlle. Gindele* became so excited that she had to be carried in a fainting state to her room. She has again complained to the management. State jurists are deeply interested in the matter, for they want to know whether a kiss given in character to a lady on the stage can be regarded as an insult to the recipient.

A MOSQUITO STORY.—Captain Jones, of Stonington, is responsible for the following:—On his passage from New York a few days ago, he observed, one afternoon, a heavy cloud arise from the land, and, to his great surprise, approach the vessel. Suddenly it broke near him, and covered the deck with

millions of mosquitos, while part of the flock went through the mainsail, leaving nothing but the bolt ropes hanging idly to the spars. Corroborative evidence of this astonishing tale was found in the person of a "down-east skipper," who heard the story, and who, on comparing dates with the narrator, declared that two days afterwards he was boarded by the same flock of mosquitos, and they all wore *canvas breeches*.

The *London Court Journal* says:—A most becoming and gracious gift to the English Church from the American daughter has just reached this country. It is meant for St. Paul's Cathedral, and it is a large silver alms-dish, with most elaborate but chaste ornamentation, having the hemisphere for its central boss, and exhibiting the ark of the Church sailing across the Atlantic. The legend round the boss enumerates the six Ecumenical Councils; on the broad exterior rim is a cross of pearls and amethysts, with large precious stones from America and New Zealand between each of the words "It is more blessed to give than to receive." On the other side is a Latin inscription to this effect:—"Ecclesie Anglicanae per manus Apostolicas Georgii Augusti Selwyn, Episcopi Lichfeldensis, paces ac benevolentia inter-nuntii, Ecclesia Americana, matri filia."

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

MONDAY, 6th Day of May, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honourable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the Act 31st Victoria, Chapter 6, Section 8, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Out Port of Perce, now under the Survey of the Port of Gaspé, in the Province of Quebec, shall be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into a Port of Entry and a Warehousing Port, for all the purposes of the said Act, under the name of "The Port of Perce."

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

MONDAY, 29th Day of April, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Inland Revenue, and under the authority given and conferred by the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 8, intitled: "An Act respecting the Inland Revenue," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that in addition to the Ports mentioned in the 19th clause of the Order in Council of the 27th day of April, 1868, and subsequent orders, as the Ports from which Goods subject to Duties of Excise shall be exported in Bond, the following Port shall be, and it is hereby constituted a Port for the above-mentioned purposes, viz.:

The Port of Shediac, in the Province of New Brunswick.

Certified,

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council. 5-21 e

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WILLIAM WHITE, Secretary.

Post Office Department, Canada, Ottawa, April 10th, 1872. 5-15 d



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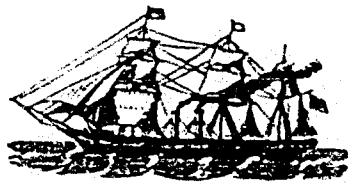
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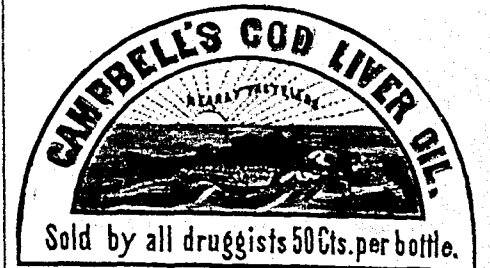
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