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CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.
FROM A PAINTING BY MAGNUS, ENGRAVED BY MANDEL.

FOOD AND ITS ADULTERATIONS.

By J. BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D., F. C. S.

(Continued from Page 6.)

TEA, COFFEE, AND CHICORY.

Dr. Johnson confessed himself to be "a hardened and shameless tea drinker," who for twenty years "diluted his meals daily with the infusion of this fascinating plant," "whose kettle had scarcely time to cool," who "with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morn."

Tea and coffee were introduced into Europe about the same time from different quarters of the globe—tea from China and coffee from Arabia—and it is singular that whilst the British public and the Anglo-Saxon race generally have with common consent given a verdict in favour of tea, so as to give a consumption of more than 2 lbs. per head per annum for the population of the United Kingdom, and whilst it has also been well received in Holland and Russia, yet the population of France, Prussia, and Germany and the Eastern nations prefer coffee and chocolate, and consume from fifty to one hundred times as much of these beverages as of tea.

In Russia tea is flavoured with lemon, instead of cream and sugar, whilst in Germany it is common to add cinnamon or vanilla.

In 1664 the East India Company presented 2 lbs. 2 oz. of tea to His Majesty, and it appeared at the royal table not as a beverage, but in the form of a dish of tea leaves, with pepper, salt, and butter like spinach, but was found so tough that nobody could eat it. Tea gardens and coffee shops were soon after established, from which tobacco smoke was jealously excluded—these became the "gossip centres" and the "casinos" of the period. At the coffee shops an orator was engaged to spout on the subjects of the day, whilst at the tea gardens a band played to lead the dance.

A few years after Theobroma, the food of the gods (first introduced into Europe by the Spaniards from Mexico) came into general use under the name of cocoa, or chocolate, and gradually assumed an important place amongst national beverages.

It has been amongst the triumphs of chemical discovery to find that each of these popular diets contain an identical active principle called "Theine," possessing the properties of an alkaloid, and in many respects resembling quinine.

Since the introduction of these beverages a new style of diet has generally obtained amongst the Anglo-Saxon race, which has greatly aided civilization and which has materially assisted its literature, science and general intellectual progress.

The beef and beer diet of Elizabeth's reign nourished poets, actors, warriors, statesmen and orators of a high order of intelligence, it is true; but the reign of Victoria will be still more celebrated by the achievements and discoveries of tea and coffee drinkers and tobacco smokers of the 19th century. That the unnatural waste of nervous tissue caused by extraordinary mental exertion requires an auxiliary in the form of restorative stimulus, is generally admitted, and the increased application of brain work to ordinary business required by the present age, causes the want of this kind of auxiliary food, or stimuli, to be generally felt. This needful food is furnished by a numerous class of ALKALOIDS. A very similar alkaloid to Quinine has been found in the nervous tissues themselves by Dr. Beuce Jones, which has the same properties. These restoratives, however, should always be regarded as medicines rather than as diets, whether they affect chiefly the nervous or the physical system. Excessive tea drinking destroys the digestive power of the stomach and causes it to reject solid nutritious food. Excessive smoking or chewing also impairs the digestive organs and causes an unnatural irritability of the mucous surfaces. Alcohol, in the same way, is to a certain extent tolerated by the system, but beyond this it is a poisonous irritant to the human stomach [See "Park's Hygiene"—an excellent modern treatise.] It appears to be well established on the highest military authority that even the physical extremes of heat and cold can be best endured by large bodies of men without the use of alcoholic stimulus, and that this power of physical endurance can be promoted by the use of warm stimuli, such as tea and coffee. The evidence is also in favour of the use of tobacco as a stimulant under conditions of exposure to cold and on long marches; and whilst abundant proof exists as to the advantage derived from the choice of warm beverages in preference to raw spirits, the habitual but moderate use of tobacco in smoking, appears from the military statistics to be consistent with the highest degree of vigour and physical efficiency.

It is therefore greatly to be regretted that whilst an improved morale attends the substitution of tea, coffee and tobacco for the heavy stimuli of porter and rum, we do not thereby escape from the frauds of adulteration, nor can we find ourselves landed on any purer platform of commercial enterprise. Tea, coffee and tobacco are thoroughly well adulterated—not less so than beer, wines and spirits; whilst, however, every adulteration of the alcoholic beverages increases their toxic properties, the tendency of adulteration in the case of these vegetable productions is chiefly to dilute them and to stimulate the palate rather than to affect the nervous system. In this respect the frauds of the tea dealer compare favourably with those of the liquor dealer.

The competition between tea, coffee and chocolate has almost ceased, except as a national taste, upon the declaration that

each contains a similar alkaloid, producing like effects upon the nervous system, associated with volatile oils, fixed oils and starchy matter in various proportions, so that each forms a delightful substitute for the other under the various circumstances of health, sickness, or active exertion in which we may demand their aid.

But chemistry has extended our knowledge beyond this point and shown us that Theine is found in a large number of plants belonging to different natural orders, and that if we fail in obtaining a sufficient supply of coffee berries, or tea leaves, we may resort to the leaves of the raspberry or strawberry plant, or of the sive or the holly, or the Ledum, Melaleuca, Leptospermum and Gaultherium, or to the leaves of the Coffee shrub itself, which forms an excellent coffee-tea, which is preferred by the inhabitants of Sumatra to the infusion of the Coffee berries. All these and many more known leaves will yield us warm infusions of Theine—which is the true physiological desideratum.

It may be well worth consideration whether some of these leaves containing Theine may not be commercially available to vary our beverages with palatable and economical results.

Unfortunately, however, our dealers do not look at the subject from this point of view. The consumer wants an infusion of theine. The trader wishes his customer to believe that what he sells is genuine Chinese tea.

Therefore, instead of introducing a new article with the same active principle and similar restorative powers, he seeks to confuse the palate of the tea-drinker, who assists him in this confusion by the use of milk and sugar, so as to make his cup of beverage a "fancy drink."

As a rule the public do not know the taste or flavour of good tea. This is only attained by long practice by the skilful tea-taster, who can thus by an educated and clean palate, and the use of simple infusions in water, judge of the strength, quality and flavour of a sample of tea. This commercial value depends chiefly on delicate aroma, derived from the flowers of the tea-plant, or from other flowers which are gathered with them, and which form a delicate but meretricious standard of value.

In the main, however, the tea-taster in China becomes a good judge of the alkaloidal value of the tea. As in the case of wines, however, the popular taste is vitiated, and demands roughness rather than delicacy of flavour. This depends on the presence of Tannic Acid, which has a rough leathery flavour, and some essential oils which give its fragrance—the former is readily supplied from the leaves of many plants, and the latter can be added artificially.

The teas of commerce contain an average of about 2 per cent. of Theine. Fine qualities of green tea contain as much as 6 per cent.

Having no smell, and scarcely any taste, it does not affect the taste or flavour of the tea—the latter depends wholly upon the Tannic Acid and the Aromatic Oils. There are several plants which are largely used in Brazil and other localities as substitutes for tea. The Paraguay holly, for example, is largely used in Brazil, and has an aroma similar to tea; it is more exciting than Chinese tea, producing a kind of intoxication, and inducing, when used in excess, delirium tremens. This must be partly due to the volatile oils which it contains, as the percentage of Theine is only 1.25. A very large quantity is collected annually in Paraguay. It is chiefly consumed in South America.

The tea plant has been successfully cultivated in Japan, and although less delicate in aroma, it contains a good percentage of Theine, and less of the exciting essential oils, and is less subject to adulteration than Chinese teas.

The Japan tea should, however, be much longer infused to develop its flavour, and may even be boiled with advantage.

In Sumatra, COFFEE LEAVES form the only beverage of the population. They are fragrant, and contain about 1½ per cent. of Theine. The infusion with boiling water is stronger than tea and more nutritious, as much soluble matter being taken up from the leaves as from coffee berries.

It is so highly esteemed in Sumatra that it is a matter of surprise that it is not more largely imported into Europe, as it would be much cheaper and much better than the ordinary qualities of tea.

LABRADOR TEA is the name given to the dried leaves of *Ledum latifolium*, and *Ledum palustre*; plants which grow on the borders of swamps and of lakes on this Continent, and in the north of Europe. It also contains Theine, Aromatic Oil, Tannic Acid, but is more narcotic than Chinese tea. The latter is, however, very powerful when fresh, and is never used until it has been dried for twelve months. Infusion of fresh tea leaves causes delirium; the peculiar essential oils in Chinese tea are, therefore, neither necessary nor desirable.

Whilst so many plants are known which yield excellent and agreeable substitutes for tea, and which possess the same physiological properties, it seems a great pity that these should be neglected by the public—whilst, under the name of tea, they are really buying worthless mixtures of the commonest leaves which give a rough flavour, but yield no alkaloid. The more common adulterations are shown in the illustrations presented, but it is a matter of some trouble and of patient examination to identify these leaves after cut into small fragments and rolled up. The microscope, however, assists in the identification of the leaves. The leaves of the oak, the beech, the plane, the poplar, the willow, &c., may contain

some Tannic Acid, which gives roughness to the flavour, but no Theine or Aromatic Oil, for which tea is so highly esteemed. The adulteration of tea by such means is, therefore, highly fraudulent, and admits of no excuse. The practice is, however, very extensive both in China and in London—the leaves of the Camellia and of the Chloranthus being principally used in China, and an article is also there manufactured under the very honest name of "Tie tea,"—this is very ingeniously rolled up from clay and tea dust, and then "faced" with colouring matter and gypsum, to imitate green tea. In London, Mr. Phillips, the Chemist to the Inland Revenue, reports that eight large factories in London, and several in the country, were employed in re-dying exhausted tea-leaves, which they purchased at 2d. or 3d. per lb. from hotels and clubs, and made up so as to mix with genuine tea. Similar large factories have been detected and seized in Liverpool and Manchester.

It might be supposed that the high price of tea, and the large duty imposed upon it, would be the chief temptation to the practice of adulteration. But it is not so. The temptation lies in the difficulty of tracing the fraud to the real perpetrators, and the general fact that it is no one's business to expose the offence and to punish offenders.

The Inland Revenue department (Imperial) has been a great protection to the public in the matter of teas as imported, but it fails to reach retail frauds. In the case of coffee, which is but half the price of tea, an equal amount of ingenuity has been exercised in the determination to cheat the public, and the public palate has followed the lead of the ingenious adulterator in this as in other cases. When roasted dandelion root and chicory root were used to adulterate ground coffee, the public accepted the admixture as an improvement, just as they formerly accepted the addition of hops to malt liquor, and as they still accept the addition of alum to whiten bread.

And when Chicory was legalized in Great Britain and competition required still further aid to reduce the price of ground coffee,—roasted beans, lentils and mahogany sawdust were used to cheapen the chicory. Experience shows that adulteration has no limits, no bounds, no conscience; that a mere shadow of profit, such as 1 per cent. or less, induces deviation from integrity, wherever the practice is once admitted,—and this social parasite which infests our daily commerce illustrates practically the force of the old adage that—

"The biggest fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
So on—ad infini!"

(To be Continued.)

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PARIS.

As the siege of Paris is now progressing with deadly earnestness, and most unlikely to terminate except by the destruction of the city or the capitulation of its defenders, the "bird's-eye view" which we publish this week will prove of interest to the readers of war news by enabling them to follow the course of the war fiend in his destructive advance upon the beleaguered capital of France. On other pages will be found a Key to the view and an Index to the key by which the position and the names of the most prominent objects in the city may be readily discovered.

VIEWS IN TORONTO.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

This edifice, one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture to be seen in the Ontario capital, stands on the west side of Jarvis St., above Crookshank St. The locality is somewhat removed from the more frequented part of the city, and for this reason this elegant church is less known and less admired than it deserves to be. It is built of white brick, in the long pointed Gothic style. Its length is 85 feet, with a width of 50 feet, forming a parallelogram, which includes the body of the church and the vestibule. The church was erected in 1854, and in the fall of that year it was occupied by the members of the Unitarian creed, who had hitherto held their services first in an old wooden church on George Street, and then, pending the construction of the new church, in a room in the Ontario Hall. On Christmas Eve, 1865, the Jarvis Street Church was fired by an incendiary and very much damaged. It was repaired as soon as possible, and now presents, both internally, and externally from the front, a very handsome appearance. In making the repairs after the fire, the inside of the walls were painted in imitation of cut stone, the ceiling was divided into frescoed panels, and a blank window behind the pulpit was renewed in fresco. The pews on the ground-floor of the church are capable of seating 300 persons, but with the addition of such galleries as the structure would admit, it is calculated that the seating power could be raised to 500. In the basement of the building is a neat and capacious Sunday school-room. The entire cost of the church, inclusive of the price of the building lot, was \$10,000.

THE RICHMOND STREET WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

This large church, though a plain, unassuming building, without other ornament than a massive portico, is known as the Cathedral of Methodism in Upper Canada. It is built of plain brick, but presents a most substantial and not unimposing appearance. It stands on the south side of Richmond Street, a little to the west of Yonge. The church was erected in the years 1844-5, and was opened for divine service on the last Sabbath in June, 1846, by the Rev. Dr. Rieley. The main building is 85 by 65 feet, built after the plan of the St. James Street Church in this city, with some slight modifications. The cost of the original structure was \$16,000, but since its erection the trustees have added vestry and classrooms on the south front, making an additional cost of \$4,000. This, with the cost of the ground, raises the total cost of the church to \$23,400. The Richmond Street Church will, it is

said, seat a larger congregation than any other church in the city of Toronto, as, though not of an extraordinarily large area, it has a capacious gallery running all round it. The organ in this church, one of the finest instruments of the kind in Upper Canada, cost \$1,600.

FIGHT BETWEEN FRENCH PEASANTS AND BAVARIAN TROOPS.

Our illustration represents a scene that has lately been only too common along the track of the victorious Prussian armies in France. In the early days of the war, before the catastrophe of Sedan, we used to be charmed, on reading the accounts of the movements of the invading army, at the orderly and equitable manner in which the Prussian commanders made their requisitions for the necessary food and forage for the maintenance of their corps. There was no outrage, no rapine, no pillage. Everything was fairly and duly paid for, the peasantry were treated with moderation, almost with kindness, until one began to think that the advent of the invaders was, after all, rather a windfall for the peasantry, many of whom were rapidly fattening on the high prices paid by the Prussian commissariat. Now, however, "nous avons changé tout cela." The right of might is the rule, violence is the order of the day, and since the cruel episode of Bazailles the French peasantry know pretty well what to expect at the hands of the German commanders. Where food is not forthcoming a requisition in money is made; and where neither corn nor coin is to be had the unfortunate people, very often, have to pay with their lives for the miserable privilege of being breadless and penniless, and by their poverty alone being exempted from contributing to the support of their enemies. The repeated exactions of the Prussians, their insolent bearing, and their harsh treatment of non-combatants have at length roused a spirit of deep hatred and an unquenchable thirst for revenge in the breasts of the whole French people. And nowhere is this hatred so deeply implanted as among the peasantry—the class which has most suffered at the hands of the Prussians. With them murmurings at the high-handed proceedings of the Germans have given way to open violence and spirited resistance, causing many such scenes as that which we have illustrated.

THE ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.

A letter has just been received from Cadix, which summarizes the accounts obtained from most of the observers connected with the Government Eclipse Expedition. The gentlemen forming that body, on their arrival at Cadix, spent the evening of the 13th and the whole of the 14th on fixing on the most favourable sites for observation. They finally chose as their central observatory the vineyard of San Antonio, very conveniently situated some nine miles nearly due north of the Royal Observatory of San Fernando. The position of San Antonio was accurately determined by Captain Toynbee, who found it to be lat. 36 deg. 37 min. 13 sec. N., long. 24 deg. 45 min. W. of Greenwich. When the preliminary observations had been made, the instruments examined and finally adjusted by Mr. W. Ladd, and the course of observations each was to attempt agreed upon, thirteen of the observers were distributed. The rest remained at San Antonio. The fine weather of the 21st lasted but a day, and at 2 a.m. of the 22nd the clouds and rain returned. A break only came some 48 seconds after the first contact, when a distinct notch was observed on the solar disc. This break was only a change from thick clouds to thin Cir.-S., but they were enabled to observe the time of contact of the limb of the moon with several of the more remarkable solar spots. In the north the sky was partially clear, but in the south no part of the heavens was free from cloud. A very striking change of light on the landscape was noticed when little more than three-fourths of the solar disc was covered, and a chill was felt by all. The thermometer, observed by Captain Toynbee, fell 3 deg. Fah. from the commencement to totality, and rose again 1.7 deg. before the end of the eclipse. The barometer was falling rapidly all the time of the eclipse, and also afterwards, at the rate of 0.04 inch an hour. The wind was west by north true. During totality it lulled, but freshened afterwards, with very heavy rain. The moment of totality approached, and no chance remained of even a momentary break in the thin Cir.-S. that enveloped the sun, and obscured most of the southern heavens. As the crescent became thinner, the cusps were observed first to be drawn out a length of several minutes, and then blunted; the well-known Bailey beads were formed, and the corona burst forth more than 20 sec. before totality. Viewed through a telescope of very moderate dimensions, the spectacle was grand, but the Cir.-S. clouds destroyed almost all the grandeur of the effect for the naked eye. The brightest part of the corona appeared to the unassisted eye to be scarcely more than one-tenth of the sun's diameter, fading rapidly when one-fifth, but being still clearly visible at seven-eighths. Some observed two curved rays, but the general appearance was that of a diffuse light interrupted in four places distinctly, and in a fifth faintly, by dark intervals. The corona was white, and rendered faint by the clouds. The darkness was never sufficient to prevent sketching with comfort without the aid of a lamp. Venus alone was visible. Totality ended by the formation of Bailey's beads, and the corona was visible to the naked eye 15 or 16 seconds after totality. The corona was seen for 2 min. 50 sec., totality lasting less than 2 min. 10 sec. The clouds obscuring the sun appear to have almost destroyed all chance of detecting any except atmospheric polarisation. The observations with the spectroscope were also greatly interfered with by the Cir.-S., and the best instrument was rendered entirely useless. Shortly after totality the clouds thickened still more, and nothing further could be observed. The view of the eclipse obtained near Arcas is described as very magnificent; a sketch was made there by Mr. Warrington Smyth. At the American station near Xeres, there was a break in the clouds which lasted somewhat more than half of totality. But Lord Lindsay's party was the most favoured in Spain, having seen the sun through a rent in the clouds for five minutes, and this time embracing the whole of totality.

MARTIAL BEARING.—The following queer definition of martial bearing is reported by the *Delhi Gazette* as having been given by constable at Jubbulpoor not long since:—Magistrate (to constable): What leads you to suppose that these men are deserters? Constable: Their martial bearing. Magistrate: What do you mean by their martial bearing? Constable: They were very free with their money, were drunk, swore a great deal and wanted to fight. Magistrate: Is that your definition of a martial bearing? Constable: Yes, sir.

WAR INCIDENTS.

It is stated that the Municipal Council of Lyons has passed a resolution proposing that Garibaldi should be appointed a member of the French Government.

The correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner* in Paris, writing on the 27th ult., says that during that week twelve hundred soldiers had been frozen to death in the trenches.

The five German bankers who participated in the subscriptions to the French loan have been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment; Herr Guterbock to two years, Herr Kulp to nine months, Meyer and St. Goar to six, and Levita to three months in a fortress.

The German authorities have established seventy-four post-offices in Alsace since the 1st of October. These establishments employ 87 North German, 17 Bavarian, 9 Württemberg, and 8 Baden officials, 25 assistants, 58 persons formerly French letter-carriers, and 208 country postmen.

A company is formed in London for the purpose of supplying Paris with provisions, by means of an improved air-ship, which the projectors warrant to be capable of safe navigation in any weather. The project is making some stir, and respectable scientific men appear to have confidence in it. The inventor guarantees to travel, with a fair wind, forty miles an hour, and to be able to guide his packet at will.

A correspondent at Havre writes:—A female spy has been lately living at Goderville, who, having attracted the notice of the authorities by her frequent nocturnal excursions, was placed under surveillance. Shortly afterwards twelve Uhlans arrived in the town and escorted her to the Prussian headquarters. Two guns were at the same time directed on Goderville, to prevent any attempt at seizing her which might be made by the French.

French general officers complain that D'Aurelle's military capacity was paralysed by his putting himself into the hands of the Bishop of Orleans. "He not only countenanced by his presence a great deal of nonsense publicly talked by him in the cathedral, but went pottering about with him to the altars of various saints of more or less celebrity. The bishop inflicted a penance upon him, in consequence of which he remained on his knees for four consecutive hours at the altar of a saint when he should have been attending to his business, which in all conscience was pressing enough." So, at least, runs the paragraph.

The following, according to the *Patrie*, were the prices of provisions in Paris in the middle of December:—Small legs of mutton could be procured at 12f., mutton chops at 13f., and sheep's kidneys at 2f. each; geese are 40f.; turkeys, 30f.; ducks, 20f.; chickens, 15f.; dogs, 10f.; and cats, 8f. each. A pike was priced at 25f., eggs at a franc, and sausages at half a franc apiece. Butter was from 15f. to 20f., and lard 5f. the lb. Such articles as coffee, sugar, pepper, and candles had increased from 50 to 60 per cent in price; but the greatest rise seems to have been in salt, which was quoted at 13f. the lb. At the high-class restaurants poultry and butcher's meat were still obtainable, though how they and the provision-shops managed to secure the last no one appears to be aware. Of course such establishments were only patronised by the longest purses, when as much as 4f. was demanded for a mere horse steak at an ordinary restaurant. The consumption of dogs, cats, and rats was considerable; but only the first of these animals appears to be held in esteem by the genuine gourmets, although rats, in one form or another, generally occupy a place in the more varied menus.

It is almost placed beyond doubt that the Prussians are accurately informed of every move made in Paris, although General Trochu when he is about to make a grand display has the gates hermetically closed. The foreign ambulances are suspected of doing business with the enemy, as they enjoy great liberty of action. A story is told of a gentleman attached to one of those institutions, who was engaged the other day in searching for the body of a French officer, when a Prussian entered into conversation with him and ended by asking him to dinner. The ambulance gentleman declined, as it was already late, and he feared that he should be shut out, as he had not got the pass word. "Oh, it that's all that hinders you," was the rejoinder, "I'll give you the word." And to think, said the person who related this anecdote, that there are Frenchmen ready to sell their country for five francs! All the camels, bears, &c., at the Jardin des Plantes have already been eaten, and now butcher Dubois has purchased the three elephants for 27,000f., and is about to lead them to the shambles.

Mr. Gladstone attained his sixty-first birthday on December 29. Mr. Disraeli reached his sixty-fifth year on December 31.

PECULIAR CUSTOMS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.—A correspondent of the *Montreal News* sends the following pleasant gossip from St. John, N. F.:—"Curious it is to mark how the seafaring habits of the people tinge their speech. Servant men and girls are said to 'ship' when they hire for a month or six months. A fine, stout lass will ring at your hall-door and enquire whether you want to 'ship a girl,' and when a young couple are engaged they are said to be 'shipped.' A congregation will talk of 'shipping' a new clergyman. The master of the house, whatever his calling, is invariably the 'skipper.' Even parsons are 'skippers' of the church, and at their homes are inquired for under this familiar designation. The best society is called 'merchantable,' that being the term for fish of the first quality; while the lowest stratum is 'scuff' or 'dun.' Flags are in universal request. Every merchant has his flag at his storeroom or wharf; a vast number of private houses have each a flagstaff, and on holidays or occasions of rejoicing the flags are hoisted. When the schoolmaster desires to indicate that the school hour is at hand he elevates his flag, hauling down 'half-mast' when but five minutes remain, in order to quicken the steps of the loiterers. When in other lands 'holy bells would knell to church,' the 'beadle' raises, on a staff in the churchyard, a standard, on which is emblazoned the mitre and the cross. On the hill that overlooks the harbour of St. John's, mast and yards are erected, and on these the movements of approaching vessels are signalled by flags. At times these yards look like a linen draper's shop, from the quantity of cloth hanging in the wind. A very useful purpose is thus served. The merchant is made aware that his vessel is in sight, and the whole town that the mail-packet or one of Allan's steamers is approaching."

VARIETIES.

Swinburne's new volume of poems is going through the press.

Tougueneff, the famous Russian novelist, is now on a visit to England.

A new edition of the *Lanterne* has made its appearance in Paris. Rochefort is the editor.

"Say, Smith, where have you been for a week back?" "I haven't been anywhere for it. I haven't got a week back."

In a bookseller's catalogue appears the following article:—"Memoirs of Charles I., with a head capitally executed."

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says that Lord Macaulay's speeches were, like Lord Brougham's, written out beforehand, and learned by rote.

A Western editor, speaking of a rogue who lives in his vicinity, says: "The rascal has broken every bank and jail and Sabbath we had in the country for the last five years."

The Countess Guiccioli (Madame de Boissy) has completed her new work, "Lord Byron in Italy," which will contain over fifty letters from the poet hitherto unpublished.

Miss Rose Poe, the only sister of Edgar Allan Poe, is said to be entirely destitute, and is wandering, houseless and hungering, about Richmond, Virginia. She is sixty-six years of age.

A Leipzig publisher has recently issued "The Purveyors of Hell," being an historical description of the secret police system and the secret societies of all times and nations, by D. V. Kazony.

The President's verbal instructions to General Schenk are, not to accept any invitations to public dinners, nor to make public speeches after he assumes his duties as Minister to England.

The Union Bank of London, (Eng.) the employees of which have been prohibited from marrying while in receipt of a salary less than £150 per annum, has received the name of the Anti-Union Bank.

A Shakespearian grammar has just been published in England. It is described as "an attempt to illustrate some of the differences between Elizabethan and modern English." The author is E. A. Abbot, Head Master of the City of London School.

It is said that James T. Fields, late of the great publishing firm of Fields, Osgood & Co., was recently invited to join one of the oldest and best firms in London. He declined, preferring to remain editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Miss E. Garrett, the well-known female M. D., and member of the London (Eng.) School Board, will shortly be married to a Mr. James G. S. Anderson, a gentleman who took an active part in her election.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* at Bordeaux states that despatches found upon a Prussian courier, arrested near the Belgian frontier, prove that Prussia is urging America to insist on the settlement of the "Alabama" claims.

The following was an advertisement in a Tennessee paper: "Lost or strayed from the scribe a shepe all over white—one leg was black and half his body—all persons shall receive five dollars to bring him. N.B.—He was a shepote."

The Milanese papers announce that Offenbach has determined to found a special theatre in Italy for comic operettas, *see ies, &c.*, and that he has succeeded in obtaining the Teatro de la Canobbiana for a period of three years.

The Lords of the Admiralty have presented to Field-Marshal Sir J. F. Burgoyne a flag, mounted on a boat-hook, both of which were saved from Her Majesty's ship "Captain," as a memento of his son, the late Captain Burgoyne, who was lost with that ill-fated vessel.

Mr. John Walker, junr., who arrived in Natal early in October, brought a report that Dr. Livingstone was at Moxambique waiting for a homeward-bound vessel. He had the news at Leydensburg in the Transvaal from Mr. Moodie, who had just returned from Delagoa Bay.

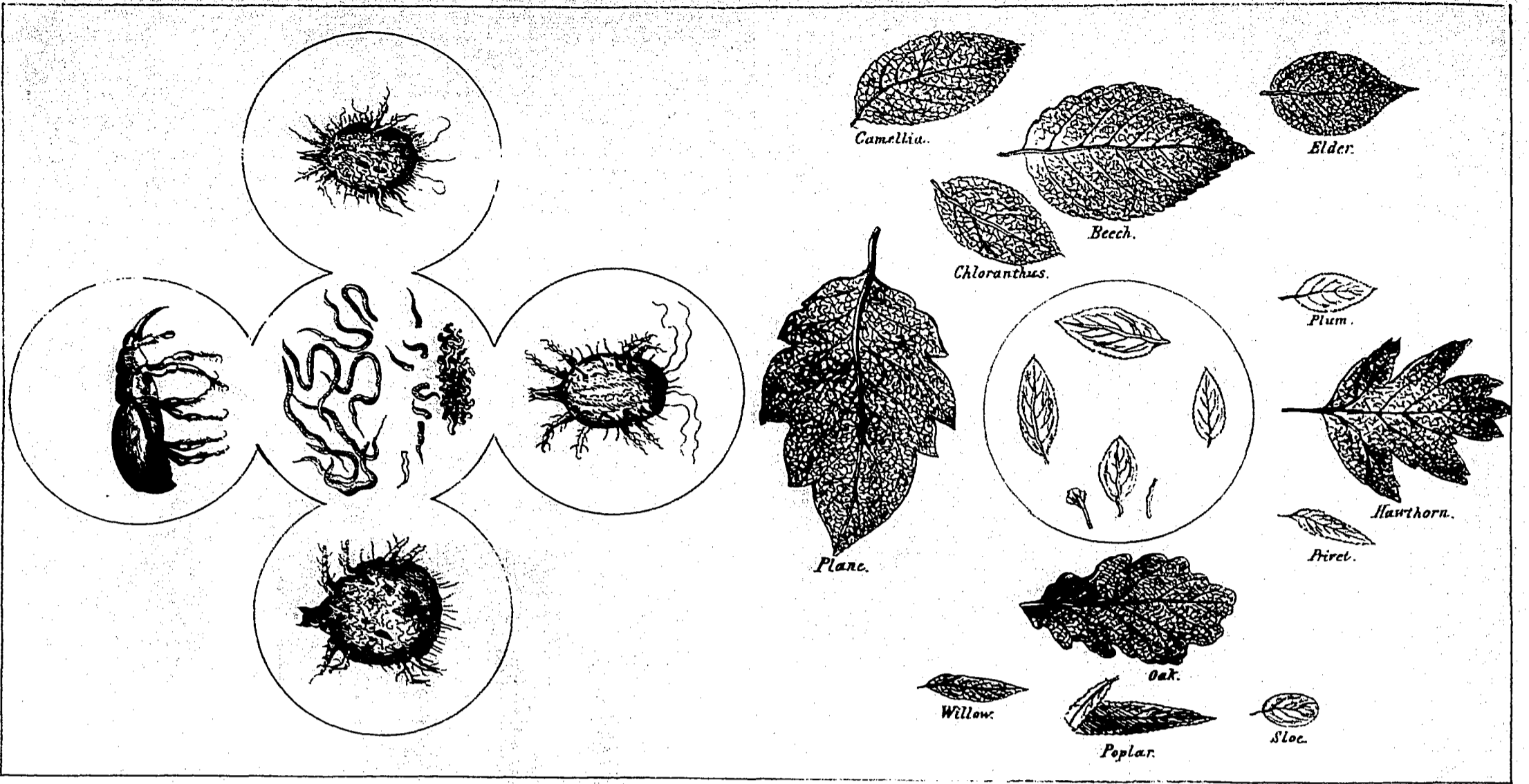
Franz Liszt has again settled in Hungary, where the title of Director-General of Music has been conferred upon him, to be exchanged from that of Director-General of the Hungarian Academy of Music, after that institution shall have been established.

The members of the Ways and Means Committee propose giving General Schenk a dinner before his departure for England. Invitations will probably be extended to Vice-President Colfax, Speaker Blaine, the members of the Finance Committee, and other leading men of both parties.

An exchange says the individuals upon whom the Jenkinses of the press have bestowed the hand and heart of Nilsson number exactly five, namely—1st, Duc de Massa; 2nd, Gustave Doré; 3rd, a young Russian count, "very rich and very deaf;" 4th, a wealthy London banker; 5th, M. Rousseau, "a French gentleman of moderate fortune."

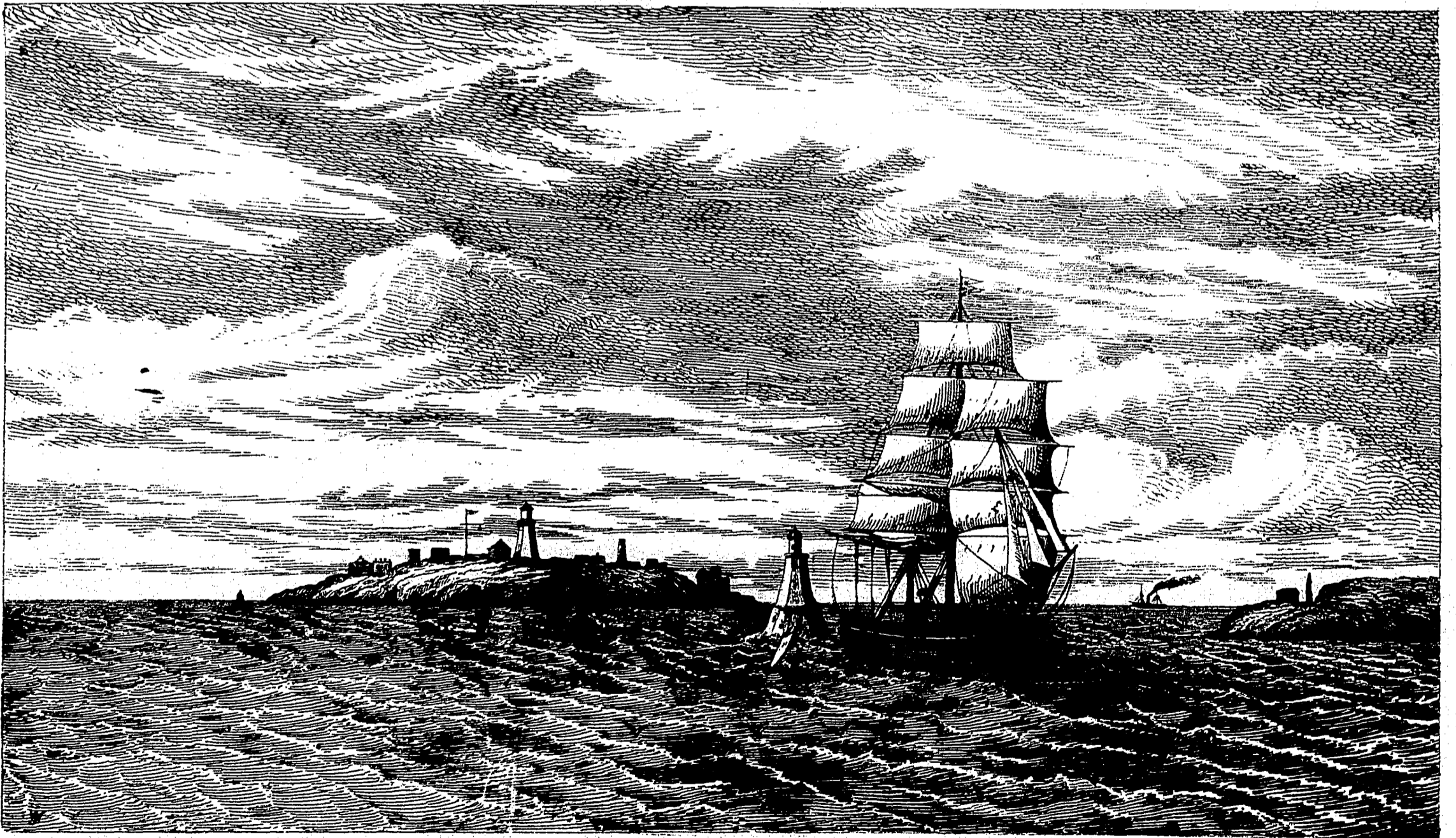
Young men who go to see young ladies have adopted a novel method of obtaining kisses. They assert, on the authority of scientific writers, that the concussion produced by a kiss will cause the flame of a gas-jet to flicker, and easily induce the damsel to experiment in the interest of science. The first kiss or two the parties watch the flame to see it flicker, but soon become so interested in the experiments as to let it flicker if it wants to.

FUNERAL OF A BEE.—A correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* transmits the following:—"On Sunday morning last I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony, which I wish to record for the benefit of your readers. While walking near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing with them the defunct body of a comrade, with which they flew for the distance of twelve yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk; the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downward, to the earth; and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed two little stones, doubtless in memoriam. Their task being ended, they paused for about a moment, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and then flew away to their hive."

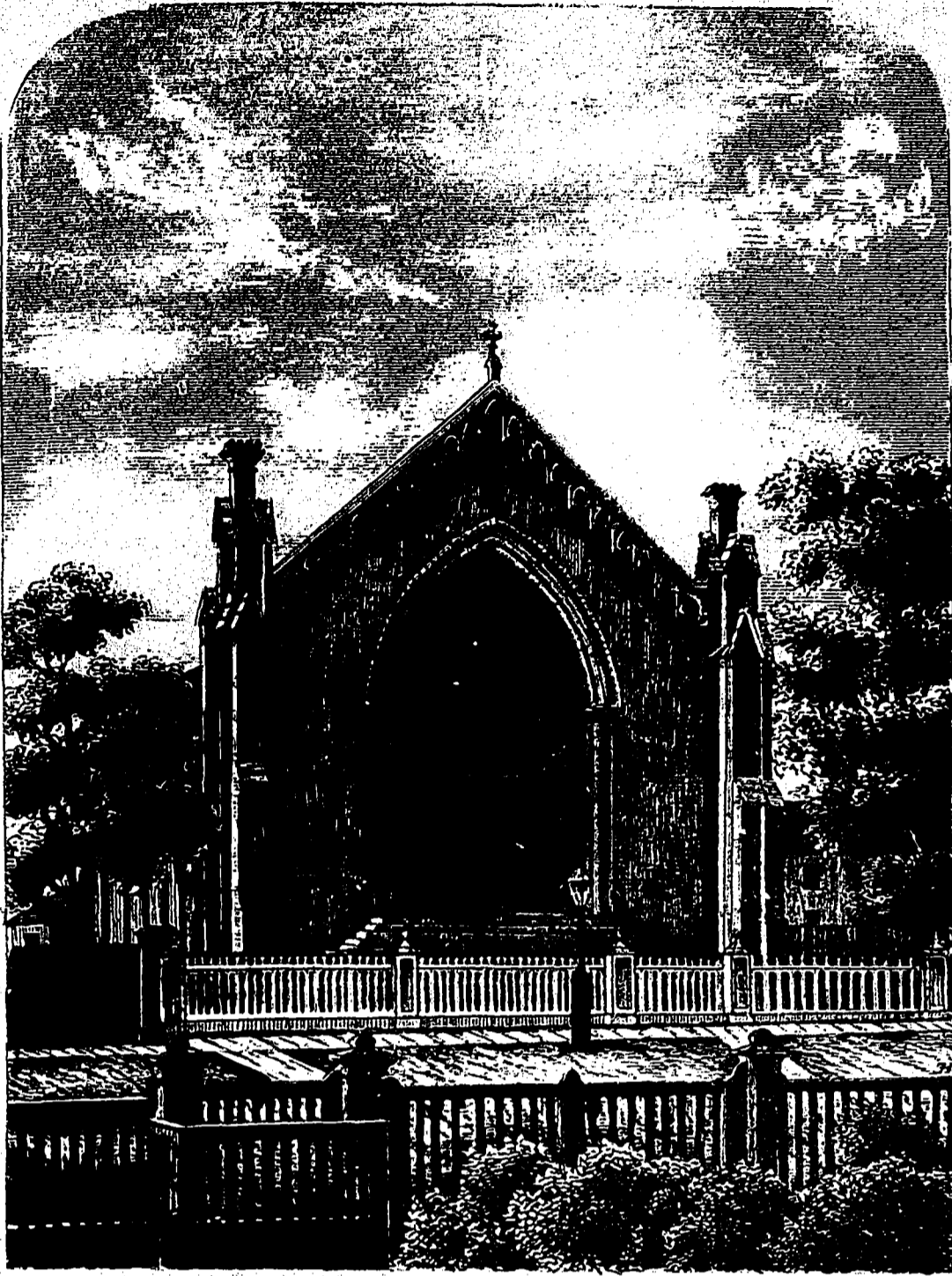


ANIMALCULÆ IN CHEESE.

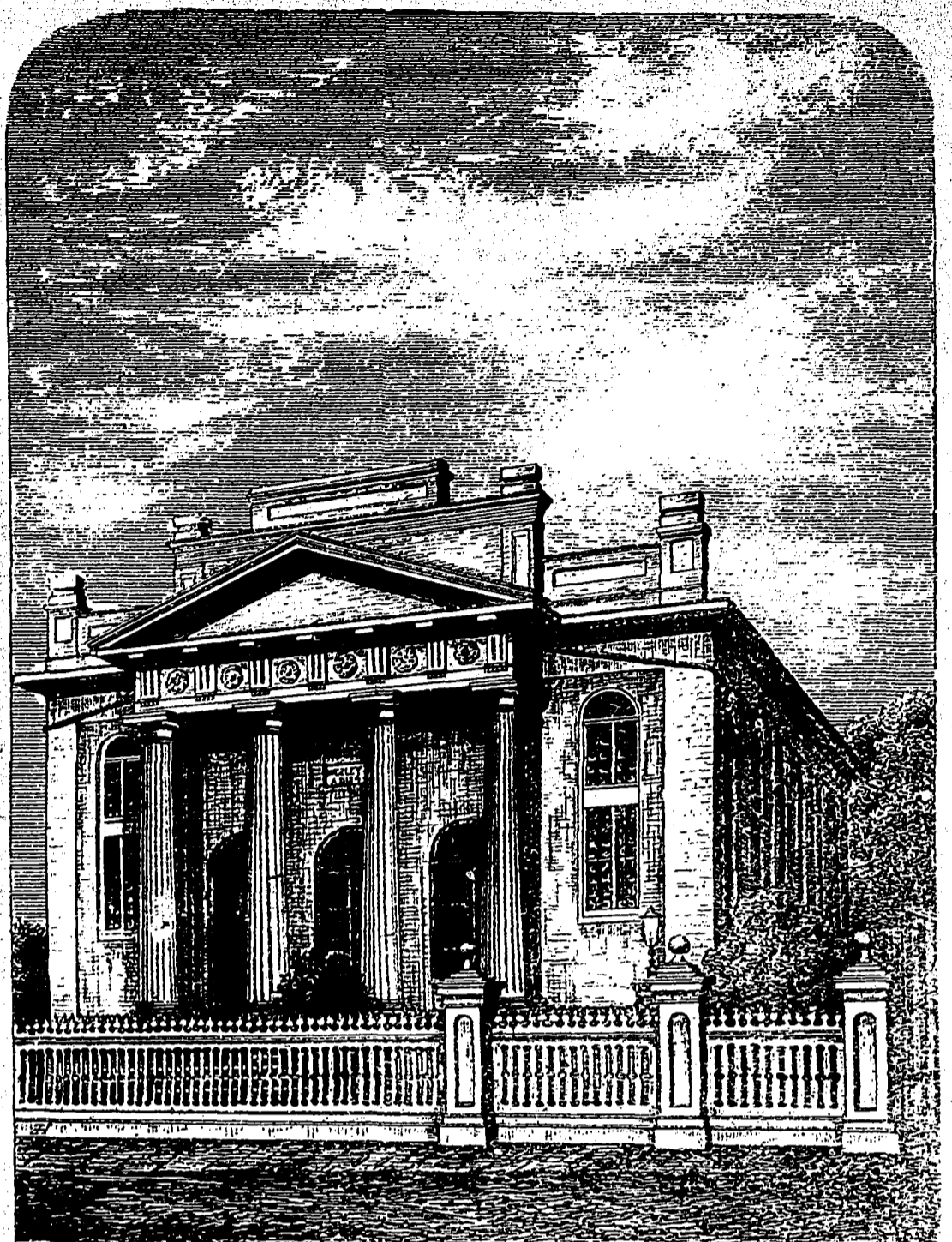
FOREIGN LEAVES FOUND IN TEA.



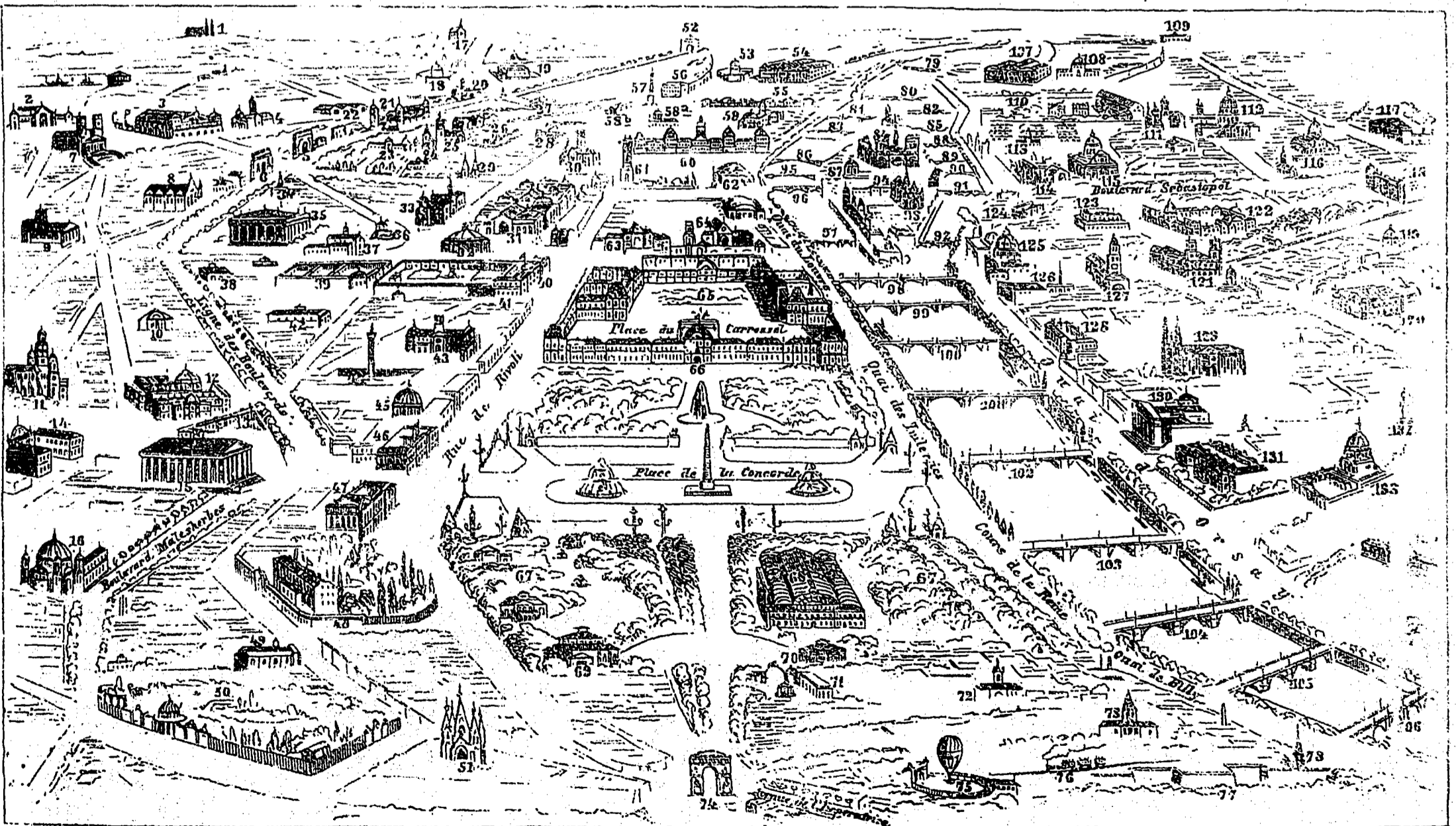
PARTBIDGE ISLAND, HARBOUR OF ST. JOHN, N. B. FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT J. HILL.



THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, TORONTO.



THE RICHMOND STREET WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.



KEY TO BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PARIS.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Jan. 29.—	Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. George III. died, 1820. Victoria Cross instituted, 1856.
MONDAY,	" 30.—	Charles I. beheaded, 1643. British power established in New Zealand, 1840.
TUESDAY,	" 31.—	Ben. Jonson died, 1754. Earl of Elgin Governor-General, 1847.
WEDNESDAY,	Feb. 1.—	Chief Justice Coke born, 1551. Parliament House, Quebec, burnt, 1854.
THURSDAY,	" 2.—	Purification of the B. V. M. Battle of Brienne, 1814.
FRIDAY,	" 3.—	Battle of Princeton, 1777. Washington died, 1799.
SATURDAY,	" 4.—	Earthquake in Canada, 1603.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1871.

We present this week microscopic drawings of Animalcula, found in damaged food such as Flour, Raw Sugars, Biscuits, and Cheese—and of the various leaves used in the adulteration of tea—the latter about one-half the natural size, and taken from nature printed engravings. These are in illustration of the series of articles on the Adulteration of Food by Dr. Edwards which are continued in our present number.

The happy termination of the North-West difficulty, and the almost complete organization of the new Province of Manitoba, are events of such vast importance to the future of Canada, and even of the British Empire, that the people of the present generation can scarcely appreciate their consequences. One of these, and it is to be hoped by no means a remote one in its fulfilment, is the guarantee that the whole vast region, from the old Province line to British Columbia, will be peacefully organized into Provinces, on models already existing within the Dominion, as fast as the influx of population may require; for success in the only place where trouble could have reasonably been apprehended, assures it in those waste places that have yet to be filled up, and which must be occupied according to the terms laid down by the Canadian Government. In a lecture recently delivered by Sir Stafford Northcote on the Dominion of Canada, he speaks in strong terms of the importance of this country to the British Empire, and especially with respect to the Pacific Railway, on British territory, directly connecting England with her Pacific colonies, with Australia, and all her Eastern possessions, *per mare, per terras*. Such a railway would undoubtedly be of immense political value, especially to the Imperial and Canadian Governments, and there is no question but that its commercial importance would be such as, according to Sir Stafford, would "solve the question of the North-West passage."

To secure all these important advantages, it is of the greatest consequence that the line should run solely through Canadian (*i.e.* British American) territory, for a Northern Pacific Railway running some six hundred and fifty or seven hundred miles through United States territory—from Sault Ste. Marie to Pembina—with the vast stretches extending east and west from either point upon our own soil, would not give us a British line, nor fulfil the ends aimed at by its advocates. Yet notice has been given that an application is to be made to Parliament during the approaching session by the "International Pacific Railway Company," for an Act of Incorporation empowering it to construct a line of railway from some point on the Grand Trunk Railway to Sault Ste. Marie, with power to cross the river, either by bridge or otherwise; and also to construct a railway from Pembina *via* Fort Garry to the boundary line between Rupert's Land and British Columbia. The primary objection to this proposal is that Canada desires a *National*, not an *International*, railway, and this fact of itself ought to secure the rejection by the Canadian Parliament of the application. The desideratum has always been to secure an exclusively British line; not from any want of willingness to reciprocate in commercial courtesies, for Great Britain and Canada are about the most liberal countries in the world as regards international trade relations; but to secure the independent control of their own traffic and travel both in peace and war; to take advantage of the facilities which nature offers for improving their own means of communication between the several parts of the Empire, and also to advance their commercial interests which, as regards Britain especially, owe so much of their value to the trade with Eastern nations. It may be said that the line *via* Michigan and Minnesota would equally, or even better, serve the latter purpose, but the national and political disadvantages under which it would labour—not to speak of the contingency of some difficulty, and the certainty of much inconvenience, as regards the route—places the project beyond the category

of those which Canadians ought to sustain as national undertakings, were not that already done by its very title.

But it may be urged in favour of this project, that it is a feasible one and can be accomplished in much less time and with less expense than through the Canadian wilderness on the North Shore; that private individuals are prepared to undertake it with little or no assistance from the Government; that liberal terms will be guaranteed, in the American charter, to Canadian trade, &c. There can be little doubt but that with equal force the International could be more speedily constructed than the line through Canadian territory, especially if the former, as is likely, would amalgamate with existing American roads; but neither the advantage of speedy accomplishment, nor any of the other advantages we have supposed might be offered, ought to blind Parliament to the fact that the building of the International would be a death blow to the national project, and would, therefore, entirely sweep away the political advantages anticipated from the latter. The political influence of the International must, in the very nature of things, operate in the direction of annexation; it cannot possibly favour any idea of Canadian Independence as being in the future possible; nor can it be otherwise than antagonistic to British connection. There is something very different between forming a connection with an American railway to reach an American destination or to connect with the sea, and looping in and out of American territory in order to get from one part of our own country to another, with the whole of the line mainly under American control. The Canadian Government experienced this difficulty last summer at Sault Ste. Marie Canal, and a day may come again when troops may have to be transported from east to west of our Dominion. When objecting to the whole scheme, there is little need of quarrelling with its details; but it may be remarked that commercial prudence would suggest as the first part of the work the building of the link between Fort Garry and Pembina, to connect with the net-work of American railways soon to have a branch at that point, so that American commercial interests would be promoted to the detriment of Canadian. The same prudence would suggest delay in the construction of the road west from Fort Garry to the Rocky Mountains until the denizens were other than the roving buffalo and his hunter, thus making the railway follow, when it ought to precede, Settlement. It is possible also that the "point" of connection with the Grand Trunk would be selected for like prudential reasons, and the national advantages of an interior line through a large portion of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec might thereby be sacrificed. It is true that conditions could be inserted in the charter requiring the completion of portions of the work at fixed periods, but when a charter is once obtained and a beginning made in the work for the construction of which it was granted, then time virtually ceases to be an element in the contract between the company and the Legislature.

There are very weighty reasons why no private company should be entrusted with a charter for the construction and management of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is not an ordinary commercial speculation to accommodate the requirements of existing trade. It is a colonization road, demanded in the interests of political unity and national progress. The Empire requires it for the preservation of its integrity and for securing homes to the surplus population of the British isles; Canada requires it as the cord with which to bind the Confederation together from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and as an indispensable agency in the settlement of the vast and fertile regions that are now lying waste. These considerations all point to the obligation of the Government to undertake the work, and to the propriety of appealing to the Imperial Government for assistance in carrying it out. However the details may be arranged, the general principle ought to be laid down that the wild land of the country should ultimately pay the cost, or at least such a proportion of it as would not make the balance oppressive to carry over to future generations who, reaping the greater portion of the benefits, ought also to bear a share of the expense. This Pacific Railway question is one on which our public men ought to be prepared to act with energy and in a spirit of patriotism above considerations of party politics; and we do not think they will so act if they surrender the right to build the road into the hands of a private company, unless upon terms that will ensure its construction wholly within Canadian territory, and as much inland through the old Provinces as circumstances will permit, so that the St. Lawrence cities of Canada may have an opportunity of competing with those on the Lakes for the trade of the North West; that the Dominion may have an inner as well as a border line of communication, and that the commerce, and even the political education, of the millions yet to occupy the great "Fertile Belt" may not be given over to the American Republic.

LITERARY NOTICE.

LA REVUE CRITIQUE DE LEGISLATION ET DE JURISPRUDENCE DU CANADA. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, No. 1, Jan. 1871. \$4 per annum.

This new venture of a Canadian Quarterly, devoted to the speciality of the Law, and the discussion of public questions from a legal stand-point, deserves to be successful. A feature in it is that the name of the writer is affixed to each article, so that the reader has the benefit of knowing the personal weight to be attached to any opinion advanced—a course which will prove of very great advantage, especially to non-professional readers. Another feature is the publication of each article in the language—whether French or English—in which it is written, a proceeding which has the double commendation of permitting the author to adopt the tongue in which he can best express himself, and of avoiding the risk of errors in translation. About sixty *Avocats* are announced as contributors, actual or intending. The articles in the present number are: *Opinion impartiale sur la Question de l'Alabama*, J. C. Bluntchli; *The Fishery Question*, W. H. Kerr; *L'Arbitrage Provincial*, D. Girouard; *My First Jury Trial*, John A. Perkins; *Revue de l'ouvrage de Mr. Kerr, The Magistrate's Act of 1869, &c.*, E. Carter, C. R.; *Chronique du Palais*, Ivan Witherspoon; *Sommaire des décisions*, W. F. Rainville.

OBITUARY.

We regret to announce the sudden death of the widow of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee. The sad event took place on the night of the 17th instant, when one of her daughters discovered her on her knees by the side of the bed and an open prayer-book before her. Mrs. McGee had suffered much from heart disease since the time of her husband's melancholy end, and she had been warned by her medical adviser some months ago that she might die at any moment. The funeral took place on Friday (20th) at 7:30 a.m., and was attended by a large crowd of leading citizens of Montreal and many gentlemen from a distance. A grand requiem mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, whither her remains had been carried, in the presence of a large congregation, after which the funeral cortege resumed its journey to the *Cote des Neiges* Cemetery, where the body was deposited in the family vault.

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67. Champs Elysées.	

Measures are being taken by the Government to have the route to Fort Garry through Canadian territory ready for the transport of emigrants next season.

An extra edition of the *Gazette* contains the divisions of the Dominion into census districts—90 in Ontario, 83 in Quebec, 19 in Nova Scotia, and 14 in New Brunswick.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE WAR.

The past few days have brought nothing but disasters for the French. At every point, around Paris, in the north, the east, and the west, success has attended the Prussian arms, and the early capitulation of Paris may now be looked for. The bombardment is being continued with the greatest vigour, and so much damage has already been done to the French positions that the return fire has in many places considerably slackened, and at some points has ceased altogether. The Prussian fire is now directed at nearly all the forts around the capital, and on the south the shells fall into that part of the city lying on the left bank of the Seine. Many of the public buildings have been struck—among them the Salpêtrière, the Descartes Lyceum, the Cornille Lyceum, the St. Louis Lyceum, the College of St. Barbe, the Museum, Free School and College of Pharmacy. The distress in Paris is reported as very great; some murmurs have already been heard among the inhabitants—notably among the shop-keeping class—at the continued resistance, and, worse than all, a split has occurred in the Committee of Defence, which at first bade fair to overthrow Trochu's plans, and to terminate in his downfall. He sent in his resignation, which was, however, recalled, and he continues in his position. The first fort on which the fire was opened, that of Issy, is now in ruins, and has been deserted by the garrison, who, before leaving, mined the position, and placed a number of torpedoes to prevent the Germans from occupying the place, and converting it into a stronghold from which they could more easily direct their fire upon the city. Sèvres is also in ruins, and a tremendous fire is being directed upon Montrouge, which must evidently soon share the fate of its sister fortress. There has apparently been some attempt at negotiations, for both on the 15th and 18th *parlementaires* were passing between the city and Versailles. The negotiations, the object of which was kept a secret, fell through, and after three days of almost perfect quiet, hostilities were resumed on both sides. Operations were commenced on the French side by a sortie on the north, between Fort de l'Est and Aubervilliers. After two hours' fighting the sortie was repulsed with considerable losses on both sides. The bombardment of these forts commenced shortly afterwards. On the 19th a last desperate attempt to break through the German lines was made under Trochu's direction, but like its predecessors, it utterly failed. The despatch announcing the defeat says: "The first dash was made early in the morning in the direction of the Bois de Boulogne, towards the entrenchments opposite Fort Montretout, and was successful. The Germans fell back from their positions which were held by the French until evening. The immense masses the French kept pouring out were evidently concentrating their attack on St. Cloud. Versailles was in a commotion. Bodies of picked troops moved along the bank of the Seine. Amid the roar of the guns of Mont Valerien a general attack was made along the line, west and south-west. The advancing columns met the steady fire of the battery of Sèvres, adding to the roar, and constantly shelling the Bois de Boulogne. In the retreat of the French the German troops, in several instances, followed them up, attacking the former in their position on Montretout. The whole French force withdrew upon the slopes of Valerien, under the shelter of the guns of that fort. The general feeling is that the end is close at hand. To-morrow morning a *parlementaire* will be sent to Gen. Trochu, with the information of Gen. Faidherbe's rout. The prisoners captured yesterday concur in the statement that yesterday's sortie was the last desperate effort of the besieged. They say that they were disinclined to fight, and that they were actually driven to the front like sheep to be slaughtered. The Prussian loss in this affair was only four hundred, but that of the French was so heavy that they asked for an armistice of 48 hours for the purpose of removing the wounded and burying the dead. The result of this terrible defeat, occurring almost simultaneously with the defeat of the three armies of the provinces, must be the speedy capitulation of Paris, and, unless other powers intervene, the acceptance by the French of perhaps harder terms than those offered two months ago by the Prussian chancellor.

The principal blow dealt to the French was, however, not so much the repulse of the great sortie of the 19th as the total rout of the army of the north, which, under Gen. Faidherbe, was marching upon the besieging army around Paris with the aim of establishing communications with the besieged and with the army of the Loire at the south. After the repeated defeats of the army of the Loire, crowned by the rout of Chanzy's forces and the occupation of Le Mans by the Prussians, Faidherbe's army was the sole remaining hope of the garrison of Paris. Faidherbe had advanced from Arras in the direction of Paris, by way of Bapaume, where a severe, and apparently undecided engagement took place between his corps and the German army under Manteuffel. He then resumed his march towards the Somme, but was attacked by Von Goeben, who had replaced Manteuffel, and driven into St. Quentin. On the 19th, the same day that Trochu made his unsuccessful sortie, he resumed his march but was again opposed by Von Goeben, and after a severe contest his army was utterly routed and driven back upon Cambrai. Details of the engagement show that the army of the North has suffered a severe blow from which it can hardly recover. The entry of the army into Cambrai was a sad scene of disorder—ragged, shoeless troops in the most miserable plight. The latest despatches announce that Cambrai has been summoned to surrender, and that the bombardment of Longwy is being vigorously pushed. The town itself is said to be in flames.

In the East Gen. Chanzy, after the disastrous battle near Le Mans, fell back upon Laval, the chief town of the department of Mayenne, closely pursued by the army of Prince Frederick-Charles, while a second army, under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, pushed forward by way of the Orne and Mayenne in the direction of Rennes in order to outflank it. On the 16th Chanzy had left Laval, and was falling back farther west. In this quarter the Germans have occupied Alençon and Tours.

In the West the French have met with another defeat. Bourbaki, who had left the northern provinces with a strong force, marched towards Belfort with the intention of relieving that city, which the Prussians have been besieging for nearly three months. On the 15th he made his first attack upon the besieging army, but was repulsed along the whole line. On the following day the attack was renewed, and the French were again repulsed with a heavy loss in killed. On the 17th Bourbaki crossed the Lisaine, 6 miles below Belfort, and with four corps attacked Von Werder's position south of the city. After nine hours' fighting the attack was repulsed, and Bourbaki, badly beaten, commenced to fall back. In the

three days' fighting the Germans lost 4,200 men, while the loss of the French amounted to 7,800. On the 19th Bourbaki had retreated beyond Montbéliard, closely followed by Von Werder.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

(From the Montreal Herald, Jan. 21st.)

On Thursday evening a pleasant entertainment was given by Mr. Desbarats, proprietor of the "Canadian Illustrated News," to all in the employment of the firm. The artists' room was prepared for the occasion and handsomely decorated, flags being draped round the walls, and symbolical illustrations of the various arts employed in the production of the illustrations, printing, &c. Upwards of eighty sat down to the dinner, which was set out in beautiful style, the *cuisine* and attendance being unexceptionable. Mr. Desbarats occupied the chair and did the honours in such a way as to set every one at ease. The dinner being over, Mr. Desbarats said he was glad to welcome them to the first social gathering in connection with the "Illustrated News." They had had many difficulties to contend with and many discouragements, but he could say that amidst them all he had the hearty and cordial co-operation of all by whom he was surrounded. Some of them had been with the firm he might say before he himself had had any part in its management, others had been only for a short time, but all had done their part in the work to be done. For this he returned them his sincere thanks. It had been his intention to have had this meeting during the Christmas week, but the production of the Christmas number with its large supplement had prevented this, and the arrears of work this caused had only been now overcome and that by great exertions. He believed that after the large expenditure that he had incurred in beginning this undertaking and which had yet made no return, there was now a good prospect of a profit, the paper already more than paying its expenses, and he believed it would prove a source of wealth before many years were past, and those who had laboured with him to secure its success would find their interests served by its prosperity. He thought and believed it would be a production creditable to Canada and one which would place her in a different light before the world which hitherto had seen in Canada only a rough and half civilized country. To the friendly notices in the press he referred in strong terms, and expressed the hope that these friendly feelings would remain. He then proposed "The Queen" after some well chosen remarks. The toast, drunk in tea and coffee, was received with loud cheers, the National Anthem, led by Mr. Desbarats, being also sung.

Several other toasts having been proposed and responded to, Mr. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, after some introductory remarks, read an address, beautifully engrossed on vellum, expressing to Mr. Desbarats the warmest wishes of those in his employment and requesting his acceptance of a beautiful silver cup and salver.

Mr. ROBERTSON, rising again read another address, this time to Mrs. Desbarats, with a beautiful gold necklet and locket, which Mr. Desbarats, on behalf of Mrs. Desbarats, acknowledged in the warmest terms.

Speeches were afterwards made by Mr. Robertson, Dr. Rawlings, Mr. L. O. David, Mr. Brymner, Mr. Dumas, Mr. Bossé, Mr. Bureau, and others, and a number of songs sung, and after a happy evening the company separated, highly gratified and with mutual good wishes.

ROUND AND ABOUT TOWN.

The Drawing-Room Theatricals held in this city are without doubt as *recherché* as any held in the Dominion. It was supposed that the departure of the Imperial forces from Canada would mar much of the pleasure of the lovers of social gatherings. It is true that the army add much to society in every garrison town and city where they are stationed. And when they undertake theatrical representation they have important adjuncts in their splendid bands and the well-drilled supernumeraries with which they can crowd the stage. Despite these requisites great praise was earned by the ladies and gentlemen who appeared in the Drawing-Room Theatricals. The dresses have been rich and characteristic, the make-up of each individual well worthy of imitation on the regular stage; while the *tout ensemble* was irreproachable. At the conclusion of the performances the fashionable votaries of Terpsichore enjoyed the fascinating movements of the Waltz, the Galop, and the Lancers. Refreshments during the evening were provided of a light and delicate nature. There are three more performances before these enjoyable entertainments will be brought to a close.

JEAN PRUME'S CONCERT.—The violin has probably achieved the reputation of as many lovers of music as any instrument known. If Thalberg, Gottschalk, Henri Hertz, Strakosch, and Arabella Goddard have achieved great fame through their performances on the pianoforte; if the human voice has had an almost divine interpretation when a Malibran, a Jenny Lind, a Sontag, a Patti, or a Nilsson have revelled and warbled till the listener sat enthralled and entranced, the violin is almost human in its tones, it is capable of expressing every emotional feeling, from profound sorrow to exuberant joy. Paganini is immortalized by its association, Sivori is remembered in every capital in Europe, Viextemps has brought forth exquisite strains year after year to new listeners, Olo Bull has banished many a frown from the brow and caused many a heart to thrill with joy far away in the wilds and backwoods of America. The violin is a joyous, happy interpreter of music; the Highlander to its tune will leap through his sword dance; the native of the "Emerald Isle" will make time merry with his "jig;" the negro will shuffle through his "break down;" while the black-eyed, lace-veiled Signorita of Andalusia will abandon herself to the delicious reveries of its music.

Mr. Prume is a violinist *par excellence*, he possesses a wonderful ear; he handles his bow with delicacy, and yet with force. His *piece de resistance* (in fact it is that of all violinists) was of course the "Carnival of Venice." It was rendered with a degree of emotional sentiment that recalled memories that had remained long dormant, and it evidently aroused enthusiasm, judged by the manifestations of his hearers. The concert was a success in every sense, the programme being

well selected and the artists understanding the adaptability of their voices to the music.

THE HOLMAN TROUPE—The three weeks of the Holman engagement are drawing to a close. The artists, one and all, have much improved on acquaintance; they have worn off that want of competence and shyness they first exhibited. The coldness of the Theatre has not only been sufficient to chill the audience, but it has frozen the dollars in the pockets of the public; it is a wonder that the voices of the performers have not been frozen too, and that they did not warble snow flakes and small icicles. Mr. George Holman on Monday night played the "Brigand Chief;" his personation was artistic, finished, in fact admirable. Mr. Reuben, the tenor, if he would only throw his heart into his character would be more successful; his voice is sweet, his face pleasing, and he dresses with taste. Mr. Bellew has mistaken his vocation; by all means let him give up the stage. His place is in the lecture-room. To recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade" as he did the other evening is a fortune to any man if he will turn his attention to readings. His father is one of the most successful and popular readers in England.

THE MASONIC BALL—The ball of the Elgin Lodge at St. Patrick's Hall on Thursday evening, January 19, was a most enjoyable event. Lovely women shone resplendent and radiant in their dresses, their glorious faces, their happy smiles, and their beautiful forms; they moved like sylphs and syrens through the groves of men who pined for them. The Committee—Messrs. T. Allen, P. O'Neal, J. A. Guhn, and John Gay—were amiable and attentive. The Worshipful Master, Mr. C. D. Hanson, was benign as becomes a brother. Every one seemed to have a brother—they were all brothers, direct descendants of Adam. The regalia were rich, and some were indeed gorgeous. The symbols, however, are a closed book to us. Signor J. Hazazer, as Master of Ceremonies, was a capital selection. The dancing went on without a hitch, and every gentleman was provided with a partner without fuss or noise. The supper was well served.

Montreal, despite the cold weather, is alive with amusements. Parties, dinners, and balls make our fashionable homes delightful. Pleasant reunions are constantly held in halls and churches. Lectures and readings draw respectable audiences, and the sleighs whirl along and the snow still falls.

"Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet—
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along;
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak.
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!"

The death of a Millionaire is an event of some value to the Government. The price of the stamp on which the inventory of George Baird's property of Statchell is written, is £13,000. He leaves £25,000 to charitable objects, £200,000 to each younger son, and £50,000 to each daughter. The eldest son gets the remainder of £918,457, 17s. 9d., besides six estates.

CHESS.

ENIGMA NO. 7.

White.—K. at his B. 3rd.; R. at Q. R. 7th.; B. at Q. B. 3rd.; Kt. at K. B. 6th.; P. at K. Kt. 4th.
Black.—K. at his R. 3rd.; R. at K. R. sq.; P. at K. Kt. 3rd.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 24.

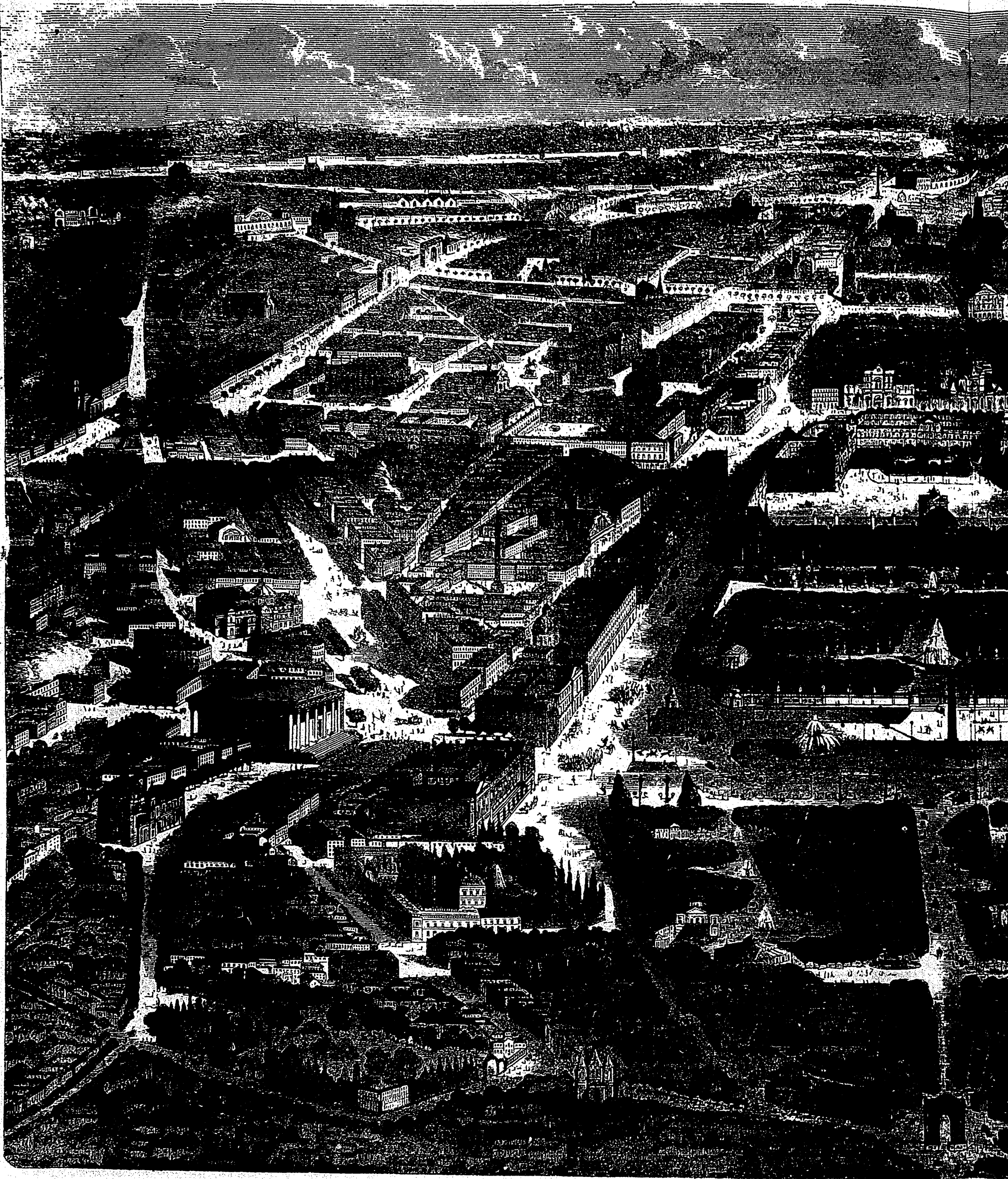
White. Black.
1. K. to Q. B. 4th. K. to his 4th.
2. R. to K. B. 6th. K. to his 5th.
3. Kt. to K. 3rd. K. to his 4th.
4. Kt. to Kt. 4th. ch. K. to his 5th.
5. P. mates.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Monday, Jan. 23, 1871, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday, Jan. 17	6°	8°	7°
Wednesday, " 18	8°	9°	6°
Thursday, " 19	—9°	—4°	3°
Friday, " 20	12°	28°	29°
Saturday, " 21	28°	30°	28°
Sunday, " 22	—3°	—10°	—14°
Monday, " 23	—22°	—17°	20°
	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Tuesday, Jan. 17	10°	6°	8°
Wednesday, " 18	11°	6°	8.5°
Thursday, " 19	6°	—9°	—1.5°
Friday, " 20	30°	—4°	13°
Saturday, " 21	32°	24°	28°
Sunday, " 22	22°	—14°	4°
Monday, " 23	—14°	—24°	—19°

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected

	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday, Jan. 17	30.26	30.32	30.40
Wednesday, " 18	30.72	30.78	30.80
Thursday, " 19	30.92	30.90	30.81
Friday, " 20	30.52	30.41	30.35
Saturday, " 21	30.06	30.00	29.90
Sunday, " 22	30.20	30.25	30.30
Monday, " 23	30.29	30.65	30.70



BIRD'S EYE VIEW

SEE KEY, PAGE 53, AND INDEX



VIEW OF PARIS.

FOR 53, AND INDEX TO KEY, PAGE 54.

B. S. S. S. S.

THE AGED STRANGER.

"I was with Grant," the stranger said;
Said the farmer: "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant," the stranger said;
Said the farmer: "Nay, no more—
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat my humble store."

"How fares my boy—my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar."

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant"—"Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer. "Say no more;

"He fell in battle—I see, alas!
Thou did'st smooth these tidings o'er—
Nay; speak the truth whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core."

"How fell he; with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
O! say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked, before,
That I was with Grant—in Illinois—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spoke him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore,
That aged man who had worked for Grant,
Some three years before the war.

BRET HARTE.

LOOKING FOR DIAMONDS IN NATAL.

The following account of the operations of a South African diamond-hunter is given in a late number of the *Natal Mercury*:

"When we got here (a place called Hebron) we found about twenty waggons and fifty people. There are now about 150 here I should think, a good many from Mooi River, and several from Natal. It took us three days to make a cradle, pitch our camp, and get square. We commenced washing on the 18th of August and have been at it ever since, but without success, but that is nothing, as we are going to haul out some soon. They find on the average about five diamonds a day now; no very large ones; the biggest about eleven carats. About ten days ago a beauty of ten carats was found. I immediately secured a claim next to where it was found, the only bit of ground vacant. They have been finding diamonds all round us, and I am sure we shall get something out of it—I dare say about two as big as peas. I could have sold the claim to-day for £100, but did not. We are working another claim below, too, and are just in the middle of them, but it seems to be all chance. I don't mind as long as we can pay expenses. I think in the long run one is sure to hit on a 'big'un.' If we don't have any luck in about three weeks' time I think we shall move down to Pniel, Gong Gong, or Bang Bang—(bright names, eh?)—about twenty or thirty miles down the river. I think they find larger and more perfect stones there. Hebron is at present a very quiet little place. We are all pitched on the banks of the Vaal River, which is about 300 yards wide with trees on each side and very pretty. The camp extends about a mile, and there are about eighty waggons. You see huts of all sizes and shapes, and all kinds of wonderful contrivances for riding on the ground. Spring carts, buck waggons, tent waggons, carts rigged up on the front wheels of a waggon, ditto on the hind wheels, Scotch carts, &c. We get up at sunrise, have a cup of coffee, and then cart ground down to the river till eight o'clock. We then have breakfast, after that wash and cart the stones till say three o'clock, and then till sundown pick up ground ready for next day. The sorting is the worst of the work, it is awfully tedious looking over the stones. We have a large cradle with two sieves; the top sieve lets through stones as big as nuts; the bottom one much smaller stones. We put a lot of stuff in the top sieve, rock the cradle, while a Kafir pours water on, till all the small stones have gone through the top sieve and the dirt is all off. We then look roughly over the big stones in the top sieve and throw them away. The bottom sieve is then emptied on to a table, and we have to look carefully over the stones. As yet we have only managed to pick up, cart on, wash and sort, two cartloads a day; three of us work—myself, R, and a Kafir. There are lots of people I know, but after working all day a fellow feels too tired to go out at night, and I generally read for an hour and then go to sleep. R. went to Klipdrift last week. He says they are a lively lot there, and on this side of the river desperadoes are so numerous that quiet people will rather avoid the locality. Pniel, on the other side, is a very pretty place. There are numbers of ladies there; no grog is allowed to be sold, and everything is quiet and jolly.

I saw a diamond the other day that a Koranna picked up; it weighed 62 carats, was a perfect beauty, nearly square, of a pale straw colour, and shone like a sun. A Mr. Rose bought it; he gave, I think, a waggon and oxen, 50 head of cattle, £50 worth of goods, £300 worth of sheep. I should say the diamond was worth £6,000. It was about as big as a large walnut with the shell on and square. I felt after looking at this monster that I could have pitched a 10-carat diamond into the river. It was worth paying to see. We have now dug about three feet, and are on a large stony bottom, but shall go through this and see what is below. I think the big ones lie deep. A friend of ours came with a Boer and his wife. He himself had married a young Boer lady. The ladies agreed that if they found a diamond they would go halves. About three days after their arrival the Boer's wife picked up a 10-carat diamond close to the tent. They wanted to cry off their agreement. There was a great row about it. L. claimed half on account of his wife. He watched his opportunity, and when the Boer was showing it to a fellow who wanted to buy he snatched it out of his hand and refused to give it up, but sold it for £85, giving the Boer £42 10s. and sticking to the

rest himself. Cleverly done, this. We think nothing here of a diamond as big as a nut; wouldn't walk a step to see one.

My idea of the diamond-fields is this: a man can make a living, and may make a fortune. You ought to bring all you want for several months, have a large tent with table and chairs, books, &c., and live pretty well. In fact, make up your mind to stay a long time, and go steadily working on, and the chances are you make money. One number of a company ran away with a diamond the other day from Klipdrift. Five hundred pounds reward is offered for him. I pity him if caught. There have been diamonds picked up there within the last few days, weighing 77, 68, and 54 carats. Only one single man is left in Mooi River Dorp. We have plenty of food and everything we want. When we find a diamond we are going to eat a pot of jam. You should see my hands; they are black and as rough as files, and my nails and the tips of my fingers are wearing away with pulling stones about. I look an awful cut-throat scoundrel. I sleep with a revolver under my pillow, in case our sable friends should see fit to come down on us."

THE LATEST FASHIONS IN BALL DRESSES.

Fig. 1—This elegant dress is made of white turlatan, set off with blue flowers. The underskirt has two *bouillonné* rows edged with box-plaiting, and a narrow box-plaited flounce at the bottom, headed with a *bouillonné* and a box-plaiting; all of white turlatan. The overskirt is trimmed to correspond, with a *bouillonné* and two rows of box-plaiting. It is looped up on either side in front with wreaths of blue flowers, forming a *tablier*. The waist, of white turlatan, is puffed all over, and cut square at the neck with a row of corded silk, and a sprig of blue flowers at the right shoulder. Blue silk belt, and blue flowers in the hair.

Fig. 2—Dress of pink satin with pink flowers. The skirt has thirteen narrow pinked flounces, of the same material as the dress; deepening as they near the bottom. The panier is trimmed to correspond. The waist has a *berthe* made of a row of pink flowers edged above with two *ruches* of pinked satin, and below with a single *ruche* of the same broadening towards the centre. A second *ruche* passes over the arm. The belt is of pink satin with a cluster of pink flowers behind. Pink flowers in the hair.

Fig. 3—Over and underskirt of white *crêpe de Chine* and white satin waist covered with white *crêpe de Chine*. The underskirt has a *volant* headed with a double *ruche* and edged below with a single *ruche* of the same material. The overskirt is gathered up, as shown in the plate, with two rows of bouquets of rosebuds. The waist is cut in two points in front and is worn without a belt. The *berthe* is formed by a double *ruche* of *crêpe* edged with white lace. Two *ruches* over the arms, a bouquet of rosebuds at each shoulder, and a wreath of rosebuds crossing the bust from the right shoulder. Roses in the hair.

Fig. 4—Dress of pink tulle. The skirt has four box-plaited flounces of pink tulle, each with a row of narrow puffing of the same material; and medallions to correspond, formed by a centre of puffing with a box-plaited edging. The puffing should be laid over pink satin. The baby-waist of pink tulle, cut nearly square at the neck, with a puffed plaited edging to correspond with the flounces. Long hanging sleeves, entirely open in front, and trimmed with a puffing and plaiting as above. Belt and *tablier* of pink satin. A camellia and a trailing spray in the hair, and similar sprigs depending from the shoulders.

Fig. 5—Skirt and waist of light-blue turlatan. The skirt has two flounces of the same material, scalloped out and headed with a row of blue satin ribbon. Four blue satin rosettes at the corners of the upper flounce. The waist is trimmed to correspond and has a narrow lace edging at the neck.

Fig. 6—Sea-green gauze forms the material of this dress, which consists of an underskirt, an overskirt and a *basque*. The underskirt has a *volant* headed by a box-plaiting and two rows of green satin ribbon. The overskirt is looped up at the sides and behind and falls in two squares reaching nearly to the head of the *volant*. The trimming corresponds with that of the underskirt, as does that of the *basque*. At the back of the waist is a rosette of green satin ribbons with loops of the same falling over the overskirt, forming a panier. The *berthe* is of plaited gauze with two rows of green satin ribbon and a spray of daisies on each shoulder. A spray of daisies is worn also in the hair.

COMPLETION OF THE MONT GENIS TUNNEL.

The last diaphragm in the middle of the Mont Genis Tunnel was bored on Dec. 25, amid repeated shouts of the spectators from one side to the other, of "Long live Italy!" The great tunnel through the Alps passes under the Mont Frejus, about sixteen miles west of the Mont Genis and the pass known by that name. It is therefore very incorrectly termed the Mont Genis Tunnel. It cuts through the watershed of the Rhône and the Po, which in this part of the Alps is a crest varying from 7,000 feet to 10,000 feet above the sea. Mont Tabor, the highest part of this crest, is a few miles to the west of the tunnel, and is 10,430 feet above the sea, while the Mont Genis pass, the lowest point, is about the same distance to the east and is 8,800 feet above the sea. The height of the observatory on the summit of the ridge over the tunnel is 9,676 feet. The levels of the valleys on the north and south of this crest or watershed are respectively 3,611 feet and 4,380 feet. This difference of level, upwards of 750 feet, by which the valley on the south or Italian side exceeds the northern or French side, would seem at first sight to offer some difficulties in constructing the tunnel, especially if much water had been met with. By taking advantage, however, of the form of the valley, the railway will be carried by a zigzag on the mountain side to some hundred feet higher level before entering the mountain on the French side, reaching the entrance of the tunnel at 4,046 feet. There thus remains a difference of 334 feet, which, when distributed over the $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, is found to be equivalent to a gradient of 44 feet in a mile, or 1 in 120. The tunnel has not been in course of actual construction more than twelve years, but it had been suggested as long ago as in 1841, in a pamphlet published at Lyons by Signor Medail, of Bardoneche. This pamphlet was brought under the notice of Charles Albert, at that time King of Sardinia, in whose dominions were included the whole valley of the Arc, as well as both sides of the mountain crest. The work was thus from the first exclusively Italian, and France only became interested in it when it took possession of Savoy. The work has been

carried on throughout from both sides by Italian engineers according to the terms of the treaty by which Savoy was ceded to France. The King referred the matter to the Minister of the Interior to make due inquiries, and the engineering and physical questions involved were submitted to the consideration and judgment of M. Maus, a Belgian, who was engineer-in-chief of the Turin and Genoa Railway, then in course of construction, and Professor Sismonda, a very eminent geologist employed in the preparation of a geological map of Sardinia, since published. These two gentlemen, after visiting and carefully examining the whole of the chain between Mont Genis and Mont Ginevra, reported favourably of the line selected by M. Medail, which was ultimately adopted. The matter then went into the hands of other engineers, who have now undertaken the work for the Government; but as, on further investigation and calculation, based on the rate of progress of similar works already undertaken, it was estimated that at least thirty-five years would be required for the tunnelling, even if no unexpected difficulties and no accidents supervened, it was natural enough that the Government should pause before deciding on a work of such magnitude entirely for the benefit of a future generation. Then came the question whether by some mechanical contrivance it might not be possible to accelerate the progress. It was soon found altogether out of the question to attack the tunnel at any point between the two extremities. In most cases when railway tunnels are required a shaft or many shafts are sunk from the surface, and the work goes on from each shaft towards both ends, at the same time that the two ends are being driven. In this way, by means of two shafts, a tunnel of three miles might be divided into six sections of half a mile each, and so in proportion. But in the case before us the height of rock above the tunnel would be as much as 1,500 feet at a distance of less than half a mile on the Piedmont side, and almost as much on the Savoy side. To sink two shafts to a depth of 1,500 feet in an Alpine country, and after all leave an interval of more than six miles, was not to be considered for a moment. The whole distance (seven and a half miles) must therefore be pierced from the two ends. A machine was contrived by M. Maus which, taking advantage of the water power abundantly available on both sides of the mountain, was expected to reduce the time required for the work by one-fourth, but owing to the political events of 1848 this machine was never actually put together and used. After the disturbed times had passed, and when Italy became a kingdom, the engineer charged with the execution of the work had perfected the ingenious and most effective machinery that has since been used for performing the rocks. Some time, of course, elapsed before operations could be carried on with steadiness and vigour, but for many years past the tunnelling has been going on, not only steadily, but with gradually increasing certainty and facility, and the work is now, as we have already seen, almost in a complete state.

GENERAL CATECHISMS

(INTENDED FOR THE USE OF ALL SCHOOLS OF EVERY VARIETY OF CREED).

[From Punch.]

Historical and Scientific Question. Where was the Hebrew Lawgiver on the extinction of the Ozokerit of that period?

(Opportunity for Advertisement—unintentional, but evident.)

Answer deferred until either Dr. SMITH, BISHOP COLENSO, or PROFESSOR MOLSTON throws some additional light on the Egyptian darkness of this subject.

Q. Who is O'Zone?

Ans. An Irishman.

Q. Who were the Kings of Cologne?

Ans. FARINA & SONS, none other genuine.

Question for Prizemen in Ecclesiastical History. Who was ARJUS?

Ans. He was a Heretic, who played on a Dolphin's back.

Q. And—what were the Aryan Races?

Ans. They were got up in the East, and were ridden on wild asses. Not much money ever changed hands at these meetings.

Q. Was a PALÆOLOGUS a bird or a Pope?—Give your reasons for your answer.

(Unanswered as yet.)

Q. Without descending to personality, state what you know of RIZZI, the last of the Barons.

Ans. He was a friend of LORD LYTTON's, in Rome. Nothing further has ever been heard of him.

Q. Who was ARNOLD of Brescia? At what time did he become Head Master of Rugby?

(Answer deferred.)

The above questions will lighten the labours of the Educational Board and Educational Boreders.

Yours,

ONE OF THE FORMER.

A German soldier writes from Versailles to the *Swabian Mercury*:—"The 6th Corps witnessed yesterday (13th) an amusing incident. While some companies were eating their dinner 300 red-trousered Mobs appeared at a short distance, running as fast as they could towards our positions. Our musketeers cast a longing look on the remains of the roast mutton and hastily seized their rifles, while the Mobs kept waving their pocket-handkerchiefs and begging for mercy. The *pauvres garçons* came up to our foreposts and implored on their knees a compassionate reception, stating that they were tired of the perpetual sentry service, and had therefore secretly deserted. It was the work of a moment to disarm them, and to send them back unarmed to Fort Ivry, Homeric laughter being indulged in on the part of the 6th Corps."

THE "AGONY COLUMN."—One of the most curious domestic results of the siege of Paris is the distension of the "agony column" (so called) of the *Times* with tender and sympathetic announcements from alienated Parisians who have sought refuge in London. In a late issue of that paper appeared no less than thirty-two announcements of this sort, headed "Paris," and generally commencing with the expressive appeal, "*Prière à quiconque lira ces lignes.*" The language of some of the unfortunate lady-refugees becomes here and there pathetic; but we are happy to observe that the exiles mostly agree in the communication of tidings to their relatives and friends in Paris that they are well and comfortably housed in the great metropolis of London. *Whitaker.*

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES
OF THE
LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

GOING TO AMERICA.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLANKETEERS.

It is an hour before day-break, 19th of June. Under Lud's leading a thousand weavers are marching in groups between Ardwick Green and Stockport on the London road from Manchester. Also, women and some children, and a few revolutionary wealthy gentlemen in waggons. The weavers carry a folded blanket and wallet of provisions. Hence the term, Blanketeers.

Other thousands are expected from towns and villages of Lancashire. And more thousands from Carlisle and Scotland, with thousands from the West of England; all are to assemble on Hampstead Heath, London; there to join with the Metropolitan multitudes and follow the leading of Sir Hullah Baloo, M. P., to the Houses of Parliament, and the Throne.

Their views vary. The greater number expect to compel Parliament to enact a law prohibiting steam and water-power weaving. A lesser number are not to be satisfied unless they "abolish" the King, titled aristocracy, private property in land, level social ranks, equalize fortunes. Their cry is: "Abolish! abolish!"

Samson Steelyard advocates a tax on machinery, the product to pension men and women over fifty years old, displaced from work by new inventions. And to defray costs of settlement on Crown lands in Canada for such as may desire to emigrate and found a new order of landed gentry.

Humfry Horn remarks: "For me, I go forth in moral force only. But Lud says to me, says he, if so be that is how you go, why carry the threshers' flail? I carry the flail, says I, as emblem of honest labour, and for a staff. To sow the seed and thresh the sheaf; what labour under the sky is more honourable? Unless, indeed, to sow the seed of the Word, and reap with the saints. I would not be here only to give counsel by the way, and conduct worship at times of rest."

Bess of-the-Barn is there to take Humfry home. She also carries the emblem of honoured labour—a flail, as a staff, and for a possible defence.

Lud retorts to Humfry, whom he calls the "Holy Thresher!"

"Armed demonstration is moral force. We present that first. If concessions do not follow, then we draw the sword,—last argument of peoples as well as of Kings."

Ized Bold, a representative man of some wealth, youngest of a numerous family, was named for that reason after the last letter of the alphabet. He tells that having no church given name he is free. He has contributed liberally to the Blanketeer outfit, being patron-in-general of conspiracies against things as they are; but is not going farther on the road to London than is safe, only as far as the Druid Grove. "There," says he, "I testify for primeval thought in its purity; there we celebrate the midsummer festival of physical nature."

Ized Bold is small in stature, but indomitable in purpose; looks to be a ruler some day; stands widely astride, "as if grasping the globe with his feet, while his mind grasps the universe." So the poetess, Redwald, his wife, describes him. Tabitha Redwald, thin, tall, gaunt, is mother of the babe Zoroaster. This pair favour the logic of pikes and guns; they would level and abolish. But the Redwald pronounces and Ized agrees, that: "Thinkers of lofty intellect are demanded, in the sequences of necessity, to remain in reserve until revolutions terminate, then to emerge to the front." And again she pronounces, and Ized agrees: "Only widest, highest mental capacities can reconstruct society out of broken thrones, extinguished aristocracies, over-turned churches, secularized priesthoods, emancipated serfs, liberated minds."

They claim to be heirs, in a possible contingency, of Dame Dorothy Eecley, of Wiltshire, the lady of estate who keeps the gipsy in a gilded cage, from which she would willingly, but cannot now dislodge him. Failing that inheritance Ized and Redwald, with a company of Iconoclasts and Virgins of the Sun, emigrate to North America to found a socialist community on the shores of the Lake of the Thousand Islands. Says Tabitha;

"Over the horizon of revolution genius discerns the rising of the Light of Irdale. Or, should we get the Irdam estate, through bequest or otherwise, the moral irradiance may be termed the—Light of Irdam."

They believe in each other, and in the babe

Zoroaster, but in nothing else, except in the individual "me." "This product of physical nature," "me," is the limit of human knowledge," says Ized.

"Light of Irdam!" the Redwald soliloquizes, "Superb the conception." To resuscitate primeval thought. To build and embellish a temple of the sun, transcending all other temples in majesty and beauty. Central hall of science on the planet we inhabit. And for all future time, establish the festivals of physical nature at Irdam Tower. Or, failing our succession to the Tower, in the Western world, by the shores of the Lake of the Thousand Islands."

After resting a day at Stockport, awaiting contributors, the Blanketeers advanced. They arrive in the Druid Grove, a place of boulder stones, before daylight on Midsummer morn. There they sit on the grass, eating a scanty breakfast, still debating on what had best be done.

Tommy O' Owdham inclines to go home. He has eaten most of the provisions which should have lasted to London. In fluent vernacular Tommy contends that: "Bad trade comes of paper money, and shutting up of gold in banks. Abolish bank-notes. Demolish banks. Liberate Gold. The cry of the true reformer must be, from this day, liberate gold, liberate gold. The question this morning is: What gold can we liberate between this and London? Where is the first bank? At Stafford? That is a long way. I think I'll go whom to Owdham."

Says Samson Steelyard: "The true way to redress inequalities of fortune is to elevate the lowly. Create new employments. Enlarge the old. Open new markets in the world. Populate colonies. And, as Bess of the Barn has just said: 'Religion is our birthright.' The sentiment of adoption inherent in every human being should be cultivated, not repressed, as Tabitha, lost, lost woman of genius, and Ized Bold would have it, the drivelling infidel!"

Prepared for a festival of physical nature, or some portion of its ritual, Ized Bold and Tabitha Redwald have with them, in waggons, fourteen Iconoclasts—singing men; and fourteen Virgins of the Sun—singing and dancing maidens. The Virgins are prettily arrayed in white robes with garlands of flowers in their beautiful hair, and over the shoulders scarfs of green. The Iconoclasts wear mantles of white and scarlet, with grey hats, shape of canoes inverted. Standing on the Druid stones they await the rising sun. At first gleam of the orb above the horizon, men and maidens drink milk, as the only libation agreeable to purity of primeval thought, and chant Ized's midsummer anthem in musical accord. Then they descend from the boulder stones and step gracefully, trippingly to the music of the Redwald's "Summer day round-a-lay fa la la."

When this is ended, the Iconoclasts and Virgins, Tabitha and Ized Bold, depart to their waggons to go home, there to await the events of revolution. Two of Lud's orphan wards are among the dancing Virgins, and have with them, for safe keeping, and to amuse him, the waif Toby—lost heir of that lordly Lillymere Hall, near by.

Bess of the Barn, with Steelyard and Humfry Horn on either side, stands on the central boulder of another group of the Druid stones. Pious weavers surround them uncovered. In eloquent fervour Steelyard cries aloud for wisdom, as "much wanted on this day." And protests, in name of their good cause, against the iniquity of the Iconoclasts, "the idiotic, stark-mad, infidel idolatry of Ized Bold."

They are singing a psalm when, hark! A cry of alarm. They stop and listen. It is repeated. "Cavalry! military! yeomanry! cavalry!"

Tabitha, with the babe Zoroaster in arms, and the dancing maidens in white and green, come back running, screaming in terror. Six yoke of oxen, standing at the smithy door near by, have taken fright at the advancing, prancing, trumpeting cavalry. They scamper down the lane, heads tossing in the air, or with horns tearing the earth, tails erect, lowing, bellowing.

The scared Blanketeers, interrupted in debate, or breakfast, or prayers, run hither and thither, they know not where, mistaking the bullocks, in a cloud of dust, for galloping dragoons. But Steelyard, Bess of the Barn, and Humfry Horn remain unmoved on the prominent boulder stone. Or, they move only to kneel and extend the arms in prayer.

The oxen soon pass, and are gone. The cavalry halt. Major Clifford, who is in command, rides out in front, demanding why the weavers are assembled there. Being told they are travellers on a lawful journey, he orders them to disperse and return home. Some start off at once, most do not. The Major calls a magistrate to read the Riot Act and rides back to the lane to consult Lord Royalfort, who is there in his carriage.

Lud forms the companies of Blanketeers nearest him in a hollow square, pikes in front, to resist cavalry, telling them that is the order of battle, they must stand firm, and await the attack.

Lord Royalfort directs the Major to admonish the misguided weavers, and send them home. To arrest the leaders if they re-

fuse to go. He may have the Riot Act read, but not to shed blood. "Be guarded in that," the Conservative of Conservatives insists. "Blood spilling of the people is perilous if it can be avoided. It may be avoided here. Move the squadron gently, and urge the wretched weavers home. Let us not hazard a public convulsion in making political martyrs. This I direct as Lord-Lieutenant, Major Clifford. Now, proceed, and be gentle with the unhappy handloom weavers. Be gentle, Clifford, though firm."

The Major returns to the troops at a fast trot, drawing his sword as he approaches to repeat what the Lord-Lieutenant has said. That instant, without word of command, the Yeomanry draw swords and advance at the gallop. Under a wild, over-powering, whelming, whirling charge, the Blanketeers lie prostrate in heaps, or scatter in flight.

Again without command, heedless of the trumpet calls to halt, the Yeomanry, instinctively combative at sight of the pikes, wheel and return, riding the discomfited pikemen to earth. They slash with swords and curse. The weavers, mostly defenceless, feebly parry the cuts and thrusts. The Iconoclasts are within the smithy, and disrobing in haste. The maidens in white and green and the children are trodden under hoofs of the horses. Ized is a prisoner. Steelyard falls under a sabre cut. Bess of the Barn, with Humfry Horn, are dragged from the boulder stone, while still kneeling in prayer, and handcuffed, charged as "foremost ring-leaders." Proof of which they carry threshers' flails for weapons. Tommy of Owdham is soon at bottom of the hill on way home, bruised in the head by hoof of horse, one ear slit by cavalry sword.

Now the Yeomanry sheath swords, laugh, and are glad. Lord Royalfort is grieved. He foresees a tempest of popular commotion, with undesirable debates and inflammatory speeches.

He foresees Sir Hullah Baloo moving for Committees to inquire into the Druid Grove massacre.

Small doubt but Lud and Humfry Horn will be hanged. Possibly, also, Bess of the Barn, and Steelyard, who made themselves so prominent. Accusation and law run in that direction. "Innocent of evil intent? Nonsense; what were they doing there if innocent of evil intent?" That is the voice of power and of newspapers.

"Next to the national peril of political blood-spilling," says the Conservative of Conservatives, the deep Lord Royalfort, "is the sowing of dragon teeth in making popular martyrs." And so, the counsels of his sagacity prevailing, the Blanketeers in prison are liberated. They are to emigrate and occupy free grants of Crown lands in Canada.

To be continued.

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HILDA;
OR,
THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MISS J. V. NORL.

Author of the "Abbey of Rathmore," "Passion and Principle," "The Secret of Stanley Hall," "The Cross of Pride," &c.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER XLII.—Continued.

Maud was singularly attractive; the radiant beauty of girlhood was hers. Hilda looked at her with something like envy when she thought of her own faded beauty, and prayed that her youthful loveliness might never be blighted as hers had been.

The ladies were still at the breakfast-table when a servant entered with letters he had just brought from St. John's. There were two for Miss Tremayne, and one for Mrs. Castonell. One of Hilda's letters was from Cecil Godfrey, the other had an English post-mark, and her face crimsoned with some powerful emotion as she recognized the writing. With trembling eagerness she opened it, and soon the light of joy flashed over her face, driving away the previous gloom.

"There must be something very pleasant in that letter, Hilda," remarked Maud, archly. She had been watching with surprise the change in her countenance. "Is it a love-letter? I do wish somebody would write to me. I have no correspondent."

Instead of replying, Miss Tremayne rose hastily from the breakfast-table and left the room to conceal the wild agitation, the extravagance of joy that letter caused.

Mrs. Castonell was so absorbed in her own letter she did not observe Hilda's absence. Maud sat looking at her, wondering what it could be about. It was written in a business hand; who could be her mother's correspondent? Mrs. Castonell read and again read the letter in silence, her countenance expressing the emotion its unexpected contents caused her.

It was from a lawyer in London, informing her that Pauline Falkner had made over to her a considerable amount of money, sufficient to maintain her and her daughter comfortably for the rest of their lives.

What an unlooked-for good fortune to befall Edith, she on whom the storm of adversity had beaten so long! The blessing of competency—neither poverty nor riches—was now hers; the fortune, so long unjustly withheld, restored at last.

The sudden and tragic death of Mr. Castonell had for a time deprived Pauline of reason. During her temporary insanity she was removed to a convent in the Alpine valley, where she was then residing. After her recovery a profound melancholy settled upon her spirit, and, under the influences surrounding her in the convent, she determined to withdraw from the world which no longer had any charms for her, and lead a life of self-renunciation and penance within its walls.

Part of her fortune she retained, bestowing it on the sisterhood of St. Ursula, whom she joined, the rest she willed to Mrs. Castonell.

"What is there in that letter to make you look so pleased, mamma?" Maud at length inquired, very eagerly. "Any good news?"

"Yes, very pleasant news, Maud, we have come into the possession of a fortune," and there was a light of happiness in Edith's face which her daughter had never observed there before.

"A fortune! who has been so kind as to die and leave us one?" asked the delighted girl, in surprise.

"Mrs. Grant Berkeley —"

"Is she dead?" interrupted Maud, her face suddenly losing its bright expression.

"No, only dead to the world, she has retired into a convent in Switzerland."

"And turned Roman Catholic? changed her religion?"

"Yes, she has adopted a new faith. Pauline never had any religion," said Edith, rather bitterly.

"A life of penance and mortification is the best thing for her. To retire into a convent is just what she ought to do," remarked Maud, decidedly.

"She could devote her life a sacrifice to God without immuring herself in a convent," said Edith, gravely. "However, I am glad to hear of her repentance. She has sinned deeply, and deep should be her contrition. It is well for her she is allowed time to repent instead of being cut off suddenly," and Edith's face coloured as she thought of Castonell, shot down in the midst of his wicked career.

"How glad Frank Mordaunt will be to hear of his mother's reformation!" observed Maud. "Poor Frank, how much he suffered at that dreadful time, mamma."

"Yes, poor fellow, he felt as we did, the same horror at the sin, the same grief at the desertion."

While Mrs. Castonell and her daughter were talking over the good news contained in the lawyer's letter, Miss Tremayne was alone in her apartment giving way to the wild excitement of joy.

The letter which caused her so much emotion was from Sir Gervase Montague, written in an impassioned style, declaring that the barrier so long dividing them had been at length removed by the hand of death, and announcing his intention of soon visiting Canada to plead his cause himself.

Enclosed in the Baronet's letter was an extract from an English paper announcing the wreck of the "Margaret Jane,"—Dudley, captain,—which foundered off the western coast of Ireland, when all on board perished.

Who can describe the feelings of Hilda as she read these lines and perused her lover's letter. What an intense surprise! what a rush of joy did this unexpected information produce! She had given up all hope; she had bowed her spirit in resignation to her fate, and now the happiness so long desired, so lately despaired of, was hers at last. Every cloud was gone from her horizon, the chain that bound her an unwilling wife was broken, the marriage tie snappd by the icy hand of death. She was free! Oh, the ecstasy of that thought!

In the selfishness of her joy she forgot to mourn the sad fate of poor Dudley. One idea alone possessed her mind—one exultant feeling of happiness at her release was alone experienced.

It was some time before she could compose herself sufficiently to return to the breakfast room, where she had left Mrs. Castonell and her daughter. They gazed in surprise at the change which had passed over her during her temporary absence. The beautiful, happiness, with its magic wand, was rapidly restoring much of her former beauty. She found it hard to restrain the exuberance of her spirits, the feeling of intense joy was so powerful, so new to Hilda, she had never experienced it before.

"Our retirement is going to be broken in upon," she said, as calmly as she could speak, as she seated herself beside Mrs. Castonell on returning to the breakfast-room. "We are going to have visitors. My cousin, Cecil Godfrey, has written to say he intends paying me a visit, and will leave Ireland by the next steamer for Quebec."

Maud Castonell looked up eagerly. Hilda

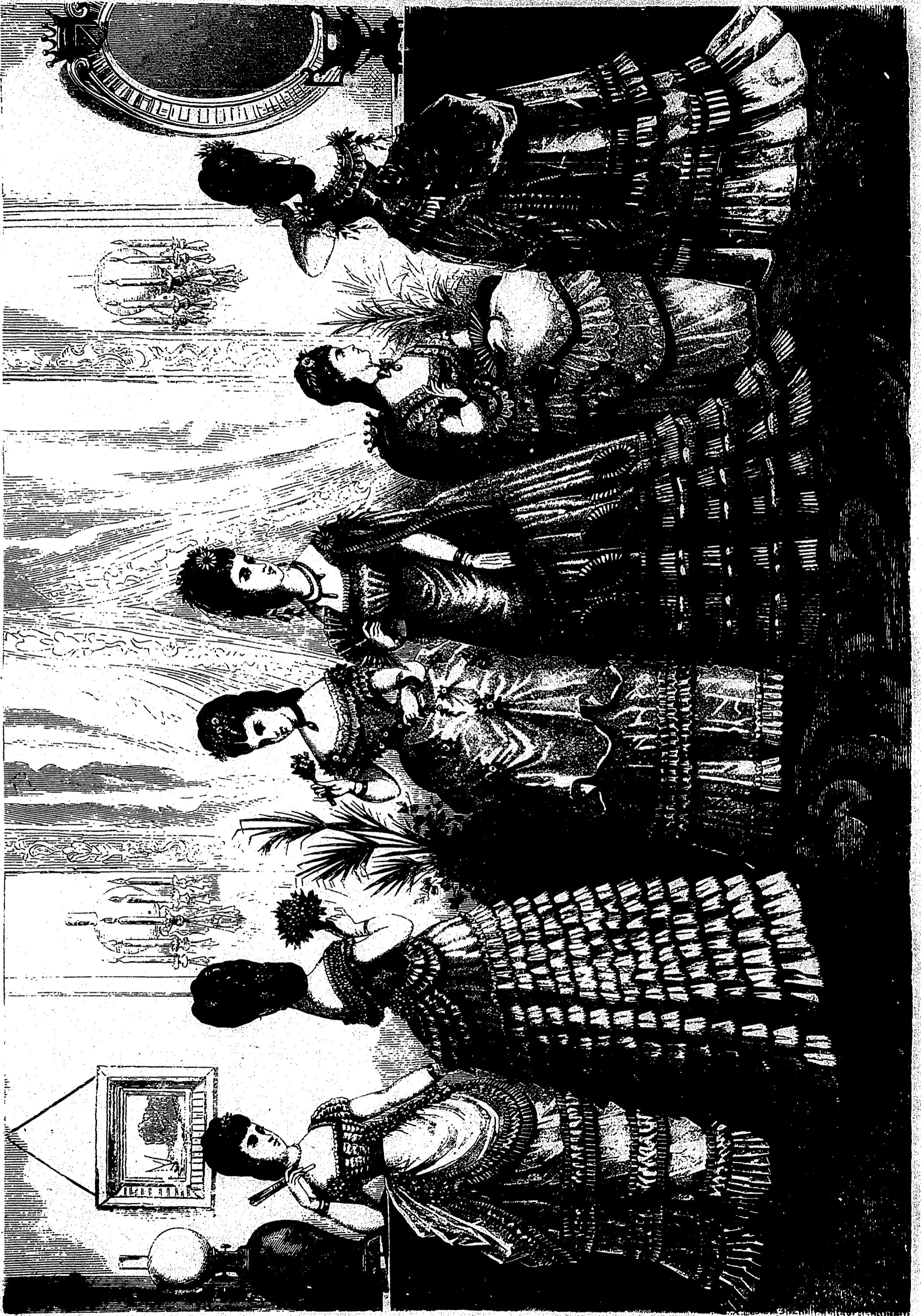


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.



FIGHT IN THE FOREST BETWEEN FRENCH PEASANTS AND A BAVARIAN FORAGING PARTY.

smiled at the arch expression of that bright blue eye.

"Was the letter from your cousin Cecil?" she asked with a significant smile.

"I had two letters; one was from him."

"And the other?"

"Was from Sir Gervase Montague. He is also coming to Canada."

"I thought as much," remarked Maud pointedly. "I knew he would come one of these days."

"Are you not glad to hear of Cecil's intended visit, Maud?" Hilda continued, blushing at her young friend's remarks. "You know you have often found it dull here, so different from Montreal."

"I am glad to hear of the arrival of anyone to enliven our solitude," replied the young girl frankly.

"Cecil will be a *beau* for you, Maud, and mind you play your cards well, for he is a good *parti*; he has an estate worth some thousands a year."

The arrival of a gentleman at the Lodge—as Miss Tremayne's residence was called—was something pleasant to look forward to. It would break the monotony of their quiet life, and Maud Castonell's beautiful face betrayed the pleasure Hilda's information gave her.

"What sort of person is Mr. Godfrey?" asked Mrs. Castonell.

"Quite handsome, mamma. Hilda has his likeness. You have seen and admired it," remarked her daughter in surprise at the question.

"Yes, I know, but my question referred to Mr. Godfrey's character."

"Cecil is a young man with fine principles. I like him very much, and feel considerable pleasure at the prospect of seeing him again."

"When do you expect Sir Gervase and Mr. Godfrey," asked Maud.

"In about two weeks."

"Will they come out in the same steamer?"

"Very probably they will cross the ocean together. Cecil was aware of Sir Gervase's intention to visit Canada."

"And the purpose that brings him here also, I presume. Does he come to act as groomsmen to the Baronet, or to give the bride away?" and again there was a mischievous gleam in the bright eyes she fixed on Miss Tremayne.

"Not to give the bride away," remarked Mrs. Castonell quietly. "Mr. Grant Berkeley, being Hilda's oldest relative, would do that. And now let us consider what preparations are necessary for the reception of these gentlemen," she continued, turning to Miss Tremayne.

"What rooms will they occupy?"

"Those from which there is the best view of the river and mountains. Cecil is a great admirer of fine scenery. He will be delighted with Canada, I know."

"Then I shall give up my room," said Maud. "It commands the finest view in the house, and I shall occupy one of the back rooms looking out upon the gloomy pine-wood."

CHAPTER XLIII. CONCLUSION.

ABOUT two weeks after this conversation two gentlemen stood on the deck of a steamer ascending the Richelieu from Sorel, eagerly looking out for Miss Tremayne's residence which the captain told them they were now approaching. These travellers were Sir Gervase Montague and Cecil Godfrey. They preferred this route in order to see the scenery and fertile country along the Richelieu which is justly celebrated. Ere long a bend in the river brought them in view of the Lodge; looking so picturesquely conspicuous on the verdant eminence above the water, its grey walls boldly contrasting with the dark pine trees behind. Half an hour afterwards and the steamer was passing below the Lodge, but the shades of night had wrapped the scene, preventing the approach of the steamer being observed from the house.

"We stop here," said Sir Gervase, addressing the captain. "Can you put us and our luggage on shore?"

A boat was soon alongside to remove the gentlemen from the steamer, and in a few minutes they were landed at the foot of the steep stairs leading from the height above to the water. Leaving their servants to remove the luggage, the Baronet and Cecil walked up the gravelled walk leading to the house.

"Hilda will not expect us to-night, we shall take her by surprise," remarked Cecil, "but it will be an agreeable surprise, I know. How long is it since you have seen her, Gervase?"

"About five years. A long, sad time our separation has been, but thank heaven it is ended now."

There were lights in the drawing-room, and through the open windows the brightness was streaming on the parterre outside. The occupants of the room were plainly seen from without. Mrs. Castonell and Hilda sitting at a work-table sewing, and Maud reclining gracefully in a low chair, reading aloud, the clear, sweet intonations of her voice being heard distinctly in the stillness of the night.

"Who is that beautiful girl, Gervase?" asked Cecil in tones of admiration.

"I really do not know," the Baronet replied, glancing towards her. He only had eyes for Hilda, on whose face he could see traces of the

hidden grief borne so long, but now at an end for ever!

As the gentlemen approached the house the sound of their footsteps on the gravelled walk caught the ear of Maud. She looked up eagerly and listened.

"Some one approaches," she remarked, and laying down her book, she advanced to the window and looked out.

Two tall figures were standing within a few paces. She gave a little scream and hastily retreated to her seat, in some alarm.

"Pardon our unceremonious entrance, Hilda," exclaimed Cecil Godfrey, now advancing with Sir Gervase into the room.

Miss Tremayne rose, in joyful excitement, to welcome her guests.

"How did you come? I did not expect you, to-night there is no train from Montreal at this hour," she said hurriedly, trying to appear calm, anxious to hide the confusion, the excess of joy which her sudden meeting with Sir Gervase caused.

"We came by boat up the Richelieu. Gervase wished to see this part of the country, and as this is to be his last visit to Canada he would not again have an opportunity."

"How did you like the scenery along the river from Sorel?" asked Mrs. Castonell, when the ceremony of introduction, and the first excitement were over.

"It is exceedingly romantic! I am delighted with Canada!" was Cecil's enthusiastic answer. "If I had not a place of my own in Ireland, I should be tempted to settle down here the rest of my life. Everything in nature is on a grand scale. Such rivers! Such forests! Even the moon seems larger and the sun brighter," he added, laughing.

"There must be a striking contrast to the eye of a stranger between Canada and the old country," observed Mrs. Castonell.

"There is! Even the people here look different—so happy and independent. You meet none of the wretched peasantry you see in Ireland, who seem afraid to walk erect or look their superior in the face. There is nothing of their servile cringing manner in the poor of Canada. It does one good to breathe the free air of this country."

"You are enthusiastic, Cecil!" said Hilda, smiling at her cousin's outburst of feeling.

"You have not yet seen half the glorious beauty of the land," broke in Sir Gervase warmly.

"I suppose not, but I shall see all before I leave. I am going to make a long stay in Canada! Hilda, I am afraid you will be away before I make up my mind to return to Ireland," Cecil added, with a significant glance at Sir Gervase.

"Cecil intends to bring a Canadian bride home," remarked the Baronet gayly. "He declares the ladies here are remarkably handsome, even surpassing in beauty his own fair countrywomen."

"Equalling them you mean, Gervase," rejoined Cecil hastily. "The Irish ladies yield the palm to none! Am I not right, Hilda?" remember you are half Irish."

"What style of beauty do you admire most, Mr. Godfrey?" asked Mrs. Castonell, amused at the young Hibernian's warmth of manner.

"Bright and fresh-looking," he answered promptly; "golden tresses, blue eyes glittering with mirthfulness, and a figure not particularly tall, but queenlike."

"Really, Cecil, you have a critical eye in beauty. You have described perfection," said Hilda laughing.

"Do I not see it before me," he answered gallantly, bowing to his cousin and Maud Castonell, whose peculiar style of beauty had evidently suggested his description.

"How is old Eveleen?" asked Hilda after a short pause in the conversation.

"Quite well; she declares she cannot die happy unless she sees you again. And, by the way, I have a singular message for you from her. She desired me tell you," Cecil continued mimicking the Irish accent and pronunciation, "that there had been another dreadful shipwreck on the coast last month, and it was mighty strange that the captain of the vessel happened to be the very same man whose life Sir Gervase saved when you were at Innismoyne; but he hadn't the luck to be saved this time, the crythur; he was drowned sure enough, and berried too, for she saw him herself with her own eyes laid with the other unfortunate sailors, whose bodies were washed ashore, in the berrying-ground at Innismoyne." Eveleen also desired me to tell Miss Hilda that she was hoping soon to see her again, and that she was expecting to be able to call her my lady when she next came to Innismoyne, and Cecil glanced archly from his cousin to Sir Gervase.

If there had been any doubt on Hilda's mind about Dudley's death it was now removed by this kind forethought of the old nurse. She smiled sadly, while the others laughed at Eveleen's odd message, she and Sir Gervase alone understanding what information it meant to convey. Hilda now inquired for Lady Millicent Godfrey and Miss Clifford.

"Miss Clifford is no more," Cecil replied with much gravity.

"Hilda looked at him in grave surprise, but perceiving a smile on the face of the Baronet she added: "She is married, I suppose."

"Even so! have you not heard the news? the aristocratic wedding was a nine days' topic of conversation in the fashionable world."

"And whom did she marry?"

"Lord Ashleigh, of course, because he was the most eligible of her two principal admirers," Cecil replied contemptuously. "She refused Lord Percy Dashton in spite of all his attractions, and married that titled doct Ashleigh. How I despise such worldliness! I at least shall marry to please myself, and not gratify Lady Millicent's ambition, for it was chiefly her fault this heartless marriage of Charlotte's. She would have preferred Lord Percy, but *ma mère* was inexorable, would not hear of an alliance with a penniless younger brother."

Was Cecil Godfrey even now forming plans for the future with which that beautiful girl was connected, who was sitting opposite to him, on whom his admiring gaze so often turned? Did he foresee Lady Millicent's opposition to a marriage with her, and was it this thought that imparted that disrespectful bitterness to his tone when speaking of his lady mother?

Some weeks passed on, a period of indescribable happiness not only to Hilda and Sir Gervase, but also to Cecil Godfrey and Maud Castonell. Cecil had fallen in love with her at first sight, he declared seriously to Hilda, and if he could succeed in winning her affections he would not wait for Lady Millicent's consent to their marriage, for it would never be obtained; but that was of little consequence, as he was—thank Heaven!—his own master.

We have now brought our story to a conclusion, and have only to add that late in the fall there were two bridal at the Episcopal Church in St. John's one fine morning, and the sacred edifice was filled with a motley crowd anxious to see the ceremony. Both brides were pronounced to be singularly lovely, the unalloyed happiness of the last two months had restored Hilda's brilliant beauty. They were dressed alike, richly attired in white satin, Brussels lace, and orange blossoms. After visiting the principal cities in the United States, Sir Gervase and Lady Montague, with Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey, embarked at New York for their respective homes in the old country. Mrs. Castonell accompanied her daughter to Innismoyne.

THE END.

Nearly twenty tons of diseased fish were seized in the London markets during the month of December.

A manufacturer in Hamburg was lately giving his partner, then residing in London, some information concerning the progress of their business. As he was sealing his letter the news of the taking of Orleans arrived; he hastened to add a postscript in these words (alluding to the evacuation of the city by the French), "All out of Orleans." The recipient of the letter instantly telegraphed back—"Seven bales of Orleans are on the way."

The steamship Alaska, of the Pacific Mail Company's line, was to leave New-York on January 18th for China, by way of the Suez Canal. This vessel is over four thousand tons burden, and if she passes safely through the canal she will be the largest vessel that has yet made the passage. If the Arizona's trip is successful, it will be proof positive that the canal is available for vessels of her size, which has thus far been considered a matter of considerable doubt. She will stop on her way at Gibraltar, Malta, and one or two other important points in the Mediterranean.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* says that a story which has been going about the clubs for some time strangely illustrates the extreme want of officers in the Loire armies. A young gentleman of Irish family, lately a cadet at Woolwich, with not long to wait for his commission, took it into his head that it was a pity to lose so much good fighting as he lately was daily hearing of. So one night he was wanted at tattoo and not to be found. Nor was he heard of for some days, and then only because he wrote of his having departed to join General d'Anzelles. Since then various accounts have been received of and from him. He not only reached the Army of the Loire, but succeeded in proving his military education to the satisfaction of Gambetta's bureau, and was forthwith gazetted as a captain of artillery.

The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says—Christmas Day passed off quietly, and there was a feeble attempt on the part of the English colony to indulge in the festivities of the season. The great butcher at the top of the Faubourg St. Honoré, over whose door are the arms of England, made a grand exhibition of fancy meat, and purchasers hovered between a *cotelette de mouton* of white bear or a *filet* of the patient dromedary, whose hump, by the way, attracted much curiosity, having all the appearance of being padded with wool. Butcher Dubois also made a fine show of plum puddings, which were often mistaken by the crowd for Prussian cannon balls, and, judging by their appearance, I should say that the German artillery has not forged any projectile more deadly.

Sunday, Jan. 1, 1871, will take its place among the memorable days in Irish history. It marks the close of the connection between Church and State in Ireland.

Mr. Motley will finish his "History of the Netherlands" during his residence at the Hague. The Queen of Holland, who takes a great interest in the work, has placed a cottage at his disposal. He will, therefore, shortly take up his abode there, and resume his literary labours.

A wealthy gentleman, who owns a country-seat, nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estates. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them—an old bachelor—wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."

"I thought I understood you to say that your father was a merchant only a week ago," said a lady to a little girl who was soliciting alms, "and if that is so, how could your family have been reduced to beggary?" "It is true, ma'am; my father kept a peanut stand, and last week he took a bad two dollar bill and failed!"

The *Cologne Gazette* says that at Vienna M. Thiers happened to stay at the same hotel with M. Ranke. The two historians dined together, and M. Thiers put the question:—"Against whom does Germany in fact fight at the moment?" "Against Louis XIV.," answered M. Ranke. M. Thiers did not reply.

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Its artistic excellence places it alongside of the standard illustrated weeklies of the world.—Montreal Daily Witness. An excellent family paper, free from all objectionable matter.—True Witness, Montreal. We have great pleasure in calling attention to the great improvement in the illustrations of the Canadian Illustrated News. Mr. Desbarats deserves to be assisted by the Canadian public in his costly enterprise.—The Globe, Toronto. Such a publication should receive the hearty support of every true Canadian.—Evening Herald and Prototype, London, Ont. No Canadian gentleman's library will be complete without this valuable paper.—Hamilton Evening Times. The paper is so well got up that it should be supported and be in every Canadian house.—Hamilton Evening Journal. Its engravings are very fine and its literary department complete.—Cayuga Sentinel. It should command the support of all Canadians.—The Paris Transcript. An illustrated paper fully equal to those of London, Paris, Berlin, or New York.—The News, St. John's and Nelsonville. No Canadian family should be without it.—Standard Journal. One of the most beautiful illustrated papers on this Continent.—Halifax Citizen. Compares favourably both in literary and artistic excellence with any of the leading illustrated periodicals of the day.—Globe, St. John, N. B. The merits of this admirable publication ought to, and doubtless will, ere long, secure for it a place in every family of intelligence throughout the Dominion.—Yarmouth Tribune. Considerable ability is displayed both in the literary and artistic portions of the paper.—The Court Journal, London, Eng. The Canadian Illustrated News is undoubtedly one of the best artistical papers published in the Colonies which we have received up to this date, and the tout ensemble does great credit both to editor and artist, on whom the task of success of so attractive a weekly depends.—European Mail, London, Eng. This excellent weekly periodical now comes to us greatly improved in its style of illustrations. The credit of establishing a weekly newspaper, profusely and regularly illustrated by photographic plates, belongs to Canada. There is no other paper like it in the world that we know of.—Scientific American, New York.

TERMS:

Single subscription.....\$4.00 per annum. A club of six copies to one address.....20.00 " Postage: 5 cents per Quarter, payable in advance by the Subscribers, at their respective Post Offices. PUBLICATION AND PRINTING OFFICE, 319, ST. ANTOINE STREET, GENERAL AGENCY, 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL. GEORGE E. DESBARATS, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS" ENGRAVING AND PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, 319, ST. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL.

THE PUBLISHER of the Canadian Illustrated News, having become sole Proprietor of the extensive LEGGOTYPING, ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, and PRINTING WORKS from which the Paper is issued, begs to inform the friends and patrons of this Canadian enterprise, and the public in general, that he is prepared to undertake every class of Printing—PHOTOGRAPHIC, LITHOGRAPHIC, and TYPOGRAPHIC, as well as WOOD ENGRAVING, LEGGOTYPING and ELECTROTYPING, which general business he carries on under the name and style of LECCO & CO.

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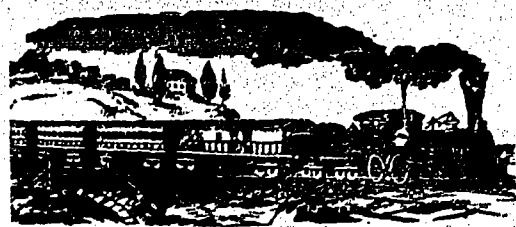
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GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation for Island Pond and intermediate stations at..... 7.10 a. m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central at..... 3.45 p. m. Express for New York and Boston, via Plattsburgh, Lake Champlain, Burlington and Rutland at..... 6.00 a. m. Do. do. do..... 4.00 p. m. Express for Island Pond at..... 2.00 p. m. Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham, and Portland, and the Lower Provinces, stopping between Montreal and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Upton, Acton, Richmond, Brompton Falls, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Coaticook, and Norton Mills, only, at..... 10.10 p. m.

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Montreal, Nov. 7, 1870. 2-21-72



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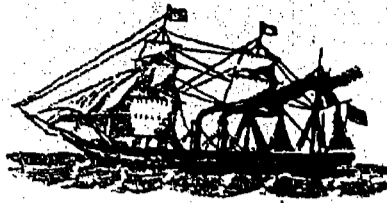
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W. A. LEGGO. GEORGE E. DESBARATS. Montreal, 4th January, 1871.

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GEORGE E. DESBARATS. Montreal, 4th January, 1871.

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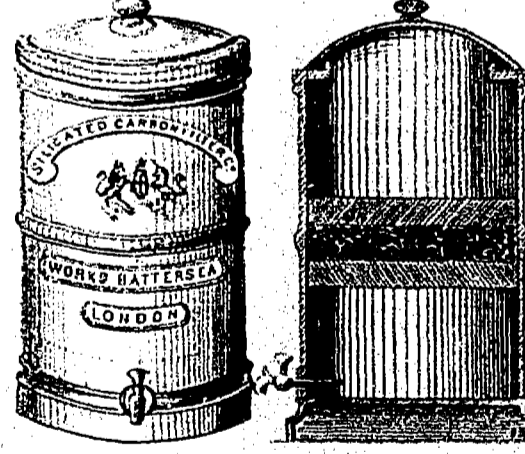
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