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DOMINION DAY.—ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY'S PIC-NIC ON THE GROUNDS OF J. HOWLEY, Esq., MONTREAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 34.

DOMINION DAY CELEBRATIONS.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY'S PIC-NIC.

The magnificent grounds on St. Antoine street (west), formerly part of the Hon. Chas. Wilson's estate, and now owned by James Howley, Esq., were the scene, on Dominion Day, of one of the most successful gatherings ever held in the city. The grounds are admirably adapted for the purpose. Sloping gently towards the foot of the plateau which divides St. Antoine from Dorchester street, they exhibit in a most striking manner the beautiful slope which divides the levels between the two streets, and having, besides, a never-failing spring, have given the opportunity of making a beautiful little pond with an island in the centre of it. The trees, both fruit and ornamental, were in prime condition. To glint with the aid of so much of the sun's rays as could penetrate the foliage, through the shade and see the happy crowds on Dominion Day moving about the grounds, was a sight which is not likely soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. These grounds are admirably situated either for public institutions or public amusements. Elevated, shaded and extensive, they present a field for enjoyment, or a healthy location for a school or other similar institution that cannot be surpassed in Montreal. The following account of the pic-nic we copy from one of our daily contemporaries of July 3rd:—

The pic-nic of this Society, no matter where it is held, whether at the Islands of Boucherville; the still more unromantic locality of St. Lambert's, or in the vicinity of the city, is always successful, but never was it more successful than the pic-nic of yesterday. The scene of the pic-nic, if the term may be used, was on the grounds of Mr. James Howley, on Upper St. Antoine street, opposite Canning street, and better grounds for an occasion of the kind could not be found anywhere. The grounds are in every respect as they were said to be, conveniently situated, pretty in appearance, well shaded, with a large stream of water running through, in which is a very pretty island. The grounds were crowded at one time during the afternoon, there being no less than four thousand persons present. A large platform for dancing had been erected, and to the music of a very fair quadrille band, afforded ample accommodation for the numerous dancers who tripped the light fantastic toe until the pic-nic came to a conclusion. The band of the St. Bridget's Society played in excellent style. The following games were contested for:

	1st.	2nd.
1. Running High Leap,.....	\$3 00	\$2 00
2. Running Long Leap,.....	3 00	2 00
3. Race, in heats, 150 yards,.....	3 00	2 00
4. Boy's Race, 100 yards,.....	2 00	1 00
5. Hurdle Race, 3½ ft. hurdles, in heats,.....	3 00	2 00
6. Irish Jig,.....	3 00	2 00
7. Short Race, 200 yards,.....	3 00	2 00
8. Standing Leap,.....	3 00	2 00
9. Hop, Step and Leap,.....	3 00	2 00
10. Boy's Sack Race,.....	2 00	2 00

The Society are indebted to Mr. Howley for accommodation in one of the most suitable localities for a pic-nic, and the saving of several hundred dollars heretofore expended in the hire of steamboats.

At a late hour the pic-nic broke up, every one present on the occasion being sorry to part, and anxious to meet on the occasion of the next pic-nic. It is calculated that the Society will find themselves, on this occasion, considerably over six hundred dollars in pocket.

THE MONTREAL WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION PIC-NIC.

One of the most successful of the entertainments given on Dominion Day was the Excursion to Sorel and Pic-nic, held under the auspices of the Montreal Workingmen's Mutual Benefit Society. The Association had chartered the two well-known steamers of the Richelieu Company, "Berthier" and "Three Rivers," which were securely lashed together and thus steamed down stream, leaving Montreal at an early hour. About fifteen hundred excursionists were on board the two boats, and two bands furnished all the music which could be wished for. The trip down was very pleasant indeed, and the distance was covered by 11 a.m. At Sorel the excursionists disported themselves after their several tastes, and spent a most agreeable day. Embarking about 5 p.m., the homeward run was commenced, during which dancing went on until a late hour. The steamers arrived home at 10 o'clock, and the tired but gratified excursionists landed, well-pleased with their holiday, and thoroughly grateful to the members of the Committee for the able manner in which the whole affair had been conducted. We append the names of the members of the Committee of Management:

John Boyd, junr., Chairman; Alexander McLean, Secretary; Edward McConnell, James Bowels, John Hasley, Hugh Campbell, James Wafer, Joseph Empey, Henry Goodrick, Robert Inglis, James Elliott, Henry Cooper, William Stenhouse, John Lawson, William Bostick, James Aitchison, Alex. Nelson, and Thomas Sheppard.

THE VOLUNTEER CAMPS.

The doings at the camps formed in various parts of the Dominion for the annual drill of the Militia having this year excited unwonted interest, we have been induced to produce in our pages views of the different encampments, together with illustrations of scenes and incidents of camp life, which cannot fail to prove of interest to those who have been prevented, by reason of business or distance, from visiting the gatherings of the volunteers. In this issue will be found views of two of the first named camps, viz., those at Niagara and at Kingston. In subsequent numbers it is our intention to continue the series.

The formation of the Niagara camp—known as that of the fifth military district—commenced on the 6th ult. It was situated on a portion of the common to the southward of the town known as the "200 acre field," a convenient site both as regards facility of access to water, and immunity from inundation in the case of heavy rains. The following is the contingent of men that assembled at this point:

Hamilton Field Battery, Captain Smith, 5 officers, 6 non-commissioned officers, 67 men. Total, 78.

Welland Field Battery, Lieut. Nimmo, 4 officers, 6 non-commissioned officers, 54 men. Total, 64.

Toronto Field Battery, Capt. Gray, 4 officers, 6 non-commissioned officers, 68 men. Total, 78.

St. Catharines Troop of Cavalry, Capt. Gregory, 3 officers, 3 non-commissioned officers, 46 men. Total, 52.

Burford Troop of Cavalry, Capt. Bingham, 3 officers, 4 non-commissioned officers, 41 men. Total, 48.

Grimby Troop of Cavalry, Capt. Book, 3 officers, 8 non-commissioned officers, 36 men. Total, 47.

Governor-General's Body-guard, Capt. E. P. Denison, 3 officers, 4 non-commissioned officers, 28 men. Total, 35.

York Squadron, No. 1 Troop, Lieut.-Col. McLeod, 3 officers, 4 non-commissioned officers, 23 men. Total, 30.

York Squadron, No. 2 Troop, Capt. Currie, 3 officers, 4 non-commissioned officers, 31 men. Total, 35.

Queenston Mounted Infantry, Capt. Currie, 3 officers, 4 non-commissioned officers, 41 men. Total, 48.

2nd Queen's Own Rifles, Lieut.-Col. Gilmour, 29 officers, 39 non-commissioned officers, 334 men. Total, 592.

10th Royals, Lieut.-Col. Boxall, 40 officers, 33 non-commissioned officers, 461 men. Total, 534.

12th battalion, Lieut.-Col. Jarvis, 32 officers, 24 non-commissioned officers, 308 men. Total, 364.

13th battalion, Major Irving, 17 officers, 19 non-commissioned officers, 328 men. Total, 364.

19th battalion, Lieut.-Col. Currie, 21 officers, 35 non-commissioned officers, 331 men. Total, 387.

34th battalion, Major Wallace, 21 officers, 27 non-commissioned officers, 317 men. Total, 365.

36th battalion, Lieut.-Col. Gracie, 30 officers, 29 non-commissioned officers, 152 men. Total, 241.

37th battalion, Lieut.-Col. Davis, 28 officers, 39 non-commissioned officers, 345 men. Total, 493.

38th battalion, Lieut.-Col. Patton, 19 officers, 22 non-commissioned officers, 308 men. Total, 349.

39th battalion, Lieut.-Col. Tisdale, 26 officers, 30 non-commissioned officers, 277 men. Total, 333.

44th battalion, Lieut.-Col. Barnett, 25 officers, 27 non-commissioned officers, 291 men. Total, 343.

Totals—332 officers, 364 non-commissioned officers, 3,967 men. Grand total, 4,653.

To feed this little army 7,210 pounds of bread, 4,800 pounds of meat, 4,800 pounds of potatoes, 600 pounds of sugar, 100 pounds of coffee, 50 pounds of tea, 150 pounds of salt, 8 pounds of pepper, were issued daily; and for cooking meals nine cords of wood per day were consumed. The number of horses in camp was 519, for the maintenance of which 153 bushels of oats, and 9,500 pounds of hay were daily required.

Of the routine of camp life at Niagara little need be said, as in that respect one day very much resembled another. The only exceptions to this were on three occasions, viz.: those of the Field Day on the 9th, the Sham Fight on the 10th, and the visit of the Minister of Militia on the 14th. On the 20th and 21st the break up of camp took place, and the volunteers, many of them with no little regret, forsook their out-door soldier life for their ordinary business avocations.

The following was the daily routine of duties:—Every morning a gun was fired about half-past five o'clock, and immediately after the reveil was played by one of the bands. At sunset, another gun was fired and the retreat sounded. At half past nine at night tattoo was sounded, and at ten the bugle sounded for lights to be extinguished. Thereafter no one was allowed out of camp unless by pass, and all officers and men had to sleep in camp. The hours of meals were: breakfast at eight, dinner at one, and supper at six. The intervening time was occupied by parade, practice at the butts, artillery practice, relieved with an occasional "hop."

The Kingston Camp was formed about the 21st ult, in a beautiful position in the dockyard at Point Frederick, with Navy Bay on the east, Fort Frederick on the south-east, and Cataract Bay and the City to the north-west. The following is the contingent to this camp: 15th, Argyll Light Infantry; 16th Battalion, Prince Edward; 49th, Northumberland; 46th Battalion; 47th, Frontenac; 49th, Hastings Rifles; 57th, Peterboro'; the Northumberland, Durham, Frontenac, and two other squadrons of Cavalry, and the Kingston Battery of Artillery. On the 27th ult. the troops in camp were reviewed by the Adjutant-General, and on the 4th instant a second review was held on Barryfield Common. The camp broke up on the 5th and 6th inst. The routine was of course similar to that of Niagara.

MAORI ROYALTY.

(From the Illustrated Australian News.)

On the grand coach ride across the breadth of New Zealand—which took two very long days to make out—we had the company of Amelia Tanui Arapura and her cousin Victoria Jawgpetur Kanieri, names that, look long and awkward as they may, we shall never forget. Their owners were the first feminine Maories we had met.

At the native pah, or village, of Arowainui, near to Timarou, in the middle island, we had a vision of loveliness that compelled us to rub our eyes to be sure that we slept not. This dream of beauty, in burnished copper colour, was Kiti Kohoota, and it is up to this day, and will be for all days to come, our delight to shut our eyes to all common outward sights and see again this brightest of young womanhood.

Victoria Jawgpetur Kanieri, when at home, was a queen in her husband's right. She was journeying to her Queenhood—the native village of Kaipoi, on the east coast, 150 miles from the town of Hokitika on the west shore of New Zealand. Amelia Tanui Arapura was nothing in the royal way, but had a rich relative on the west coast, who fortunately owned much of the land on which the township is there built, a street in it being named after him. It will strike the considerate reader that Amelia Tanui Arapura was monetary, or likely to be so. We did not know so much until our two days' journey had come nearly to an end, but we were none the less polite to her, for Amelia was pleasant to look upon and to talk to. Fortune had denied her royal honours, but nature had compensated her with something better. Her cousin, Victoria—the Queen Kanieri—was mean-looking compared to Amelia, who was about twenty-two in years, and had a round smiling face, not disfigured with tattoo. She had wondrously expressive eyes and mouth. The eyes were dark and restless, with a glitter about them that had something of the fascinating power ascribed to the eyes of the rattlesnake. If those eyes had fascinated us, in the rattlesnake way, we were certain that the mouth beneath them could eat us. It looked so powerful, did that mouth. The thought would come strongly on us that

nothing that such a mouth laid hold of would ever be let go. We remembered reading of a brigand chief in Italy, who on being pushed over a precipice had seized in his mouth the coat tail of his conqueror, and hung in that way successfully on it. In the distribution of such mouths one had come to our Amelia, and when she put a cigar in the middle of it and smiled 'midst the smoke it seemed as if there was an ordinary sized mouth on both sides of that cigar. Had she attempted to screw up those pulpy lips of hers, to make what is called a "cherry" of them, we considered that the cherry would have been of extraordinary size.

Both Victoria and Amelia looked at their best when sitting. They were long in the back and short in the legs—sitting the higher for that reason, as all Maories do. Their walk from the same cause was anything but the poetry of motion. Amelia's head-gear was novel and strikingly graceful. It consisted of the wings or feathers of some bird of fine plumage, brought from behind one ear and carried to the other, across the forehead. The feathers appeared to have a natural curve that fitted them to their office, and the effect was very good. We saw nothing better in the way of feather ornaments until we got to the northern island, where we met with a gentle Maori who had a feather run through the cartilage between the nostrils. A feather across the face has a very peculiar effect as an ornament. The ring through the nose is nothing to it in that way. As a rival to the moustache that men now so generally adopt it is very formidable, and can be stroked and curled by the fair wearer much in the same manner. If the Empress of the French, or some other leader of fashion, who must now take her place, would only lead off with a little dark and curled feather through the nose, what a success it would be! The ears have had their time. Earrings have been long played out. Let the nose have its day. Fine feathers make fine birds, especially when the feathers are put through the nose. Some one patent it. The rest of Amelia's dress, after the forehead feather, does not merit mention. It was a simple shawl and petticoat, but the shawl had an opening made in it for one arm to come through and have full play, a fashion in shawl wearing that might yet be turned to advantage. The petticoat was secured round the waist by a girdle of native flax woven in two colours. The feet of both ladies were covered, or half covered, with shoes, also of native flax. The shoes were more of the sandal shape than the shape of a shoe, and entirely adapted to the wearer's comfort. They were consequently without high heels, and we will wager that the wearer had no corns.

Queen Victoria smoked a pipe; Amelia preferred cigars. The pipe was of royal size. The largest pipe we had seen, as to size of bowl, in any month. She said it only wanted filling once a day, and we believed her.

In her bosom Amelia had a book! It was an unexpected thing to be found in such company, for Amelia looked the least literary of womankind. Her ways and those of her cousin the Queen were not the ways of the literary. There was, it is true, something Dr. Johnsonish about the manners of the queen, as when she ended a conversation, at any time she liked, by dictatorially saying to us, "too much jaw." She would then subside into silence or brief slumber, and we felt quite shut up for the time. Amelia had another way of "giving us pause." She would fill that majestic mouth of hers with smoke, and emit it directly in our face, thus finishing all talk for ten minutes at least on our part. Our wounded feelings, smarting eyes, and coughing lungs could not always be brought to a name talk again in a hurry. Yet in her bosom Amelia carried a book. We got to see it at last, and found it to be the New Testament in the Maori language. It had been the gift of some missionary, and was carried about by Amelia as a sort of charm, much in the same way as she carried in her ears a shark's tooth set in sealing-wax. To our offer of five shillings for the book she was about to agree, on which we declared off the bargain, until the journey's end. We omitted to state that in the matter of ear ornaments, the Queen and Amelia were peculiar. Amelia favoured a shark's tooth—very white it was—stuck into red sealing-wax, and thereby fixed to a thin ribbon, which was passed through a hole in the ear, the said hole being pierced somewhat larger than such holes usually are with us. This red and white decoration was set at all unsightly against the dark skin of the wearer. We thought of Romeo's comparison of the beauty of Juliet when seen at night, to a rich jewel in an Ethiopian's ear, and saw that Shakespeare had taken notice even of such small matters as the effect of coloured folk's ornaments. Victoria wore an adornment in one ear only. That was a piece of the green stone for which the Middle Island of New Zealand is peculiar, and from which it takes its Maori name—"Te wai pounamu"—(the water of the green stone). This green stone has, from being only an ornament in Maori ears, become the same to the ears and to the watch-chains of many Europeans.

What are the American bachelors about? One by one they are suffering all their great beauties and great heiresses to be carried off by foreigners. Another great conquest has been achieved by Prussia. Miss May Parsons, the brilliant belle of the last season at Compiègne, has just become Princess de Lynar. The Prince is on the staff of King William, and the old Kaiser is said to have taken such great interest in the successful issue of the courtship, that he has expressed a wish that the marriage should take place in Berlin. But even the commands of the Kaiser fell powerless before the resolution of the little American girl, who insisted on being married at her native place, Columbus, Ohio, refusing even the compromise suggested by diplomacy, that of having the marriage ceremony performed at Washington by the chaplain to the Prussian Embassy. The Prince de Lynar was therefore compelled to make the journey to Columbus, passing through London on his way thither a few weeks ago. Such is the discipline observed on the Royal Staff, that the Prince was fairly merely to hint at his impatience to start forth on his love chase, never daring to ask point blank for the *congé*. But Kaiser William good-naturedly set the lover's heart at rest by turning to the Prince at the grand banquet given at Berlin in honor of the return of the Royal Staff while the various toasts were being proposed, and saying, "Prince de Lynar, I drink to the health of your American fiancée, and may we soon behold her at your side here in Germany. A pleasant voyage, Prince, and a safe return amongst us!" The next day the Prince received his leave of absence, and started from Berlin immediately. So the resignation of Count Gerolt, who has been five-and-twenty years Prussian ambassador at Washington, gives rise to a rumour that he will be replaced by the Prince de Lynar, who was for some time secretary to Count Goltz at Paris.

SKETCHES IN PARIS.

A correspondent who was in Paris during the whole of the Communist rebellion, thus describes the last scene in that bloody drama.—The night (Monday, 22nd May) was comparatively quiet, save the irregular firing of the insurgents in the Rue Lafayette, and the peppering of the musketry in the distance. On Wednesday morning our insurgents had disappeared; they had withdrawn as soon as the barricade across the Faubourg Montmartre was taken, to the barricades at the end of the Faubourg Poissonnière and the Church of St. Vincent de Paul. We were therefore between two fires, shells exploded on every side, whilst the crackling noise of chassepots was unceasing. People called to one another, telling what they could see, according to the disposition of their windows. One person said he was sure that he had seen (behind the trees of the Square Montholon) a general and his staff; that they had remained there some minutes—*Mais pour sûr ils ne sont pas loin!* Impatience overpowered prudence, and one after another the more courageous or imprudent inhabitants, keeping close to the wall, stole down the street in front, to the place where the insurgents had been firing from the day before, and cautiously peered round the corner, in the hope of catching a glimpse of deliverers. When a shell arrived they all rushed back to their doorways, but came creeping out again directly afterwards. The whole morning passed in this way; but about two in the afternoon, a gentleman at a window better placed than ours, called out, *Ah! les voilà, vive la ligne!* and immediately they came charging down in single file on each side of the street, formed at the top, and started to take the barricade of the Faubourg Poissonnière by assault. Windows were thrown open; handkerchiefs waved; some threw out tri-coloured ribands; others held out whatever they could lay their hands on representing the then national colours. We were delivered—but from this moment up to Sunday morning the fighting scarcely left our quarter, and the insurgent shells fell in all directions. Sleep was impossible. At night the sky was in flames. Each one asked if it would not be his turn next to burn. A cellar was hastily fitted up with some carpets and a stove, the children and the women were installed therein, whilst the male portion of the house was occupied with filling pails and tubs of water, and keeping watch in a warehouse at the back stored with wool and paper cuttings. Bullets and shrapnel shot fell like rain in the court yard, breaking the windows, knocking down the chimneys, and tearing up the slates. Two nights and days of this infernal uproar added to the continual thundering of the batteries of Montmartre, firing broadsides into Père la Chaise and the Buttes Chaumont, brought us to Sunday. Towards two o'clock all was quiet, when there came pouring down from Belleville and Villette the insurgent prisoners: one convoy consisted of about 6,000. At the head came the staff, then the soldiers of the regular army who had fraternised with the insurgents on the 18th of March, their coats and pockets turned inside out: they knew what fate was awaiting them outside the ramparts. Then came the insurgent National Guards, most of them dressed as workmen; they had changed their uniform in the hope of being able to escape, and fought in their ordinary dress. One of these unfortunate beings as he passed threw a dirty piece of paper towards the crowd lining the roadway; a gentleman at my side picked it up, it contained a name and address with the words, 'Please call and say his wife has been killed on a barricade.' I asked one of the Chasseurs à Cheval if all was finished? he told me that the last had surrendered at three o'clock. I started immediately for Belleville.

The Hôtel de Ville was a magnificent structure, dating in part from 1628. The additions of 1842 to this municipal palace cost £640,000, and some of the saloons were the most gorgeous in Paris, perhaps in the world. Here, in the days gone by, the Prefect of the Seine was wont to entertain his 7,000 guests in the great gallery, with its gilt Corinthian columns and 3,000 wax-lights—the whole suite of rooms comprising six or seven grand saloons. In and about the building were five hundred statues and busts of French celebrities, from Charlemagne to Louis XIV. in a full-bottomed wig. As a specimen of magnificence in the modern French taste, the furniture and decorations of the Hôtel de Ville were unrivalled. Here have been enacted many famous and infamous scenes in the history of Paris. Here the first Commune held its bloody sittings; here Robespierre took refuge with his partisans, and was found by the soldiers with his broken jaw, when he had shot himself in despair; the Citizen King, Louis Philippe, was presented here to the people by Lafayette, from a central window; here the soldiers were quartered in 1848; and here in 1871 was the stronghold of the last Commune, as fanatical and destructive as the first.

M. Etienne Arago asks that the Hôtel de Ville should be left in ruins, rearing its sacred and shattered walls in the sinister grandeur they now wear. M. Castagnary rushes at this idea, stigmatising it as nothing but romance, and demands the restoration of the city palace before all; while a third energetically points out the opportunity of totally suppressing the Hôtel de Ville, from which every revolutionary movement has come.

The idea of preserving the ruins is all very fine, and, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks, the Hôtel de Ville is a pretty ruin, and no great harm can ensue by letting it lie in its present condition. But France herself is also a pretty ruin, and although tourists may flock to see her in her sensational condition, and she may make a certain amount of money by thus exhibiting herself, yet judging from her past she ought to have a future, and if not for her own sake, for the sake of that world in which she may be an agent for good as she has been for evil, she should rather strive to rise like a phoenix than yield to the temptation of falling asleep on the ashes of her glory.

A correspondent of the London *Times* observed the other day, while speaking of the courage and ferocity shown by the women of Paris during the late insurrection, that the French nation would be indeed a terrible nation if it consisted entirely of Frenchwomen. The fair sex certainly occupies a more prominent position in France than in any other European country. In peaceful times the lion's share of the work is performed by the women. While Jules and Alphonse are lounging in *cafés* and *cabarets*, sipping pernicious absinthe, or smoking caporal tobacco, Marie and Celestine are hoeing and weeding and digging in the fields, or busily attending to the wants of their customers, if they are in the shopkeeping line. In time of war the Frenchwoman still more strongly asserts her prominence. Every regiment is accompanied by its *vivandières* and its *cantinières*. During the Prussian siege of Paris the women, it can scarcely be denied, showed a more determined

and undaunted spirit than the men, and it is not impossible that if Trochu had modified his plan of operations to the extent of allowing the Amazons of the Seine to march against the enemy, some of the old fervor of 1792 would have been revived and the besiegers would have been discomfited. La Pétroleuse! what a terrible significance has this newly invented name! Is it possible that those who belong to what is emphatically styled the gentler sex can perpetrate such atrocities? We do not believe the Versailles libellers who assert that all such criminals were the scum of Paris. Twelve months ago, probably enough, the Pétroleuse was an industrious, well-behaved woman, with a husband and children. Then came the siege—her husband lost his work, served in the ranks of the National Guard, and was gradually converted into a lounging, dissipated idler. Meantime his wife waited day after day, in the frost and snow, for her scanty share of rations, and had the inexpressible grief to see her children die for want of the nourishment on which childhood thrives. The capitulation must have come as a bitter pang to one who had suffered so much. Can we not imagine that such a poor creature, demoralized by want of work, and with her brain weakened by slow starvation, would hail the establishment of the Commune as a sort of millennium which would cure all her troubles, and would therefore burst into a fury of uncontrollable mania upon its violent suppression? Though the hand of this woman lighted the flame which burnt some of the finest buildings of Paris she is possibly not the most guilty author of the conflagration. Those were the miserable jealousies and ambitions which within twelve months have converted her from a respectable woman into a Pétroleuse? Other people may have to answer this question some day before a tribunal at which all secrets will be made known.

The Grand Opera-House, lately erected on the Boulevard des Italiens, was occupied by the soldiers of the regular army, on Tuesday the 22nd May, without much difficulty, the Communists still defending their barricades in the surrounding streets. An interesting performance then took place, which was plainly beheld from an attic window of the Hotel Chatham, by the correspondent who writes the following:—"Over tiles and turning cowls of chimneys, we could see the vast roof of the New Opera, sloping down on each side of the great bronze Apollo, who holds his gilt lyre above his head, and over which has floated for six weeks an immense red flag. We saw a row of little pigmy men emerge from a corner and climb like insects about the stair-cases which rib the roof. They were soldiers of the Line, in red trousers and white gaiters, for the Opera-House had already slipped out of the hands of the insurgents. A terrible fusillade was meanwhile raging in the neighbouring streets, and we watched with intense anxiety the movements of the red-legged people on the roof. A man crawled cautiously up the balustrade, half enveloped in a huge tri-colour, which he succeeded in planting on the angle of the building. A subdued clapping of hands from the neighbouring windows might be heard: but the whole was not yet complete—the red banner had to be got down from the lyre of Apollo on the front, a by no means easy task, considering that the figure is upwards of 30 feet high, and within direct range of the Federal troops below. Several men endeavoured to shoot it down with chassepot bullets, but this attempt, although reiterated, proving a failure, one young fellow, more daring than the rest, actually climbed from limb to limb of the gigantic bronze, and tore it down with his hands, while bullets whistled around him, striking every now and then the frieze, or coping, of the pedestal. He accomplished his task in safety, and disappeared with his trophy."

PHOTOGRAPHY IN PARIS.—The keen commercial spirit of Frenchmen is beginning to resume its sway in Paris, and the photographers are making capital out of late disasters, and are, it is to be hoped, recompensing themselves for past losses. The Paris correspondent of the *Echo* says:—"Photographs of the ruins from all points of view cram the shop windows by the side of the portraits of the principal Communists. One indignant shopkeeper labels his wares with epithets, such as 'the infamous Pyat,' 'the bloodthirsty Raoul,' 'the fiend Delescluze.' The portraits attract general attention, especially among foreigners, whose only regret is they couldn't see these gentlemen alive. However, I daresay Tussaud will do all she can do to satisfy this want." The correspondent of the *Daily News* casts doubt on the genuineness of these portraits, and says, speaking of the ingenious devices for making shells useful, if not ornamental, which may be seen in Paris:—"There is at least one comfort for the inexperienced in purchasing this kind of relief, namely, that they run little danger of having a supposititious article palmed off on them, seeing that the supply of shells, burst and unburst, in Paris just now, is likely to be sufficient for almost any possible demand. As much cannot be said of the photographs of the leaders of the Commune, which daily attract crowds of passers-by in all the print shops. Many of these portraits are purely fanciful, to my certain knowledge. There is one of Dombrowski in particular, which is not even a bad likeness of the late 'General of the Army of Paris.' In to-day's papers I see a letter from a lawyer, complaining that his photograph is being sold as that of a prominent member of the Commune, and that he by no means appreciates the joke, as he is in continual fear of arrest in consequence." The fear of falling a victim to the assiduity of the photographer is not confined, apparently, to the lawyer spoken of, for "An Old Parisian" from whose experience among the ruins we last week quoted, says, in a subsequent letter in the *Telegraph*:—"I have before referred to going out to see ruins—I distinctly state I decline going out to see any more. I have supped full of them, and they have given me indigestion. I have just been nearly caught by a photographer; but I turned a deaf ear, or rather a closed eye, on that black devil and all his works."

TALK PHOTOGRAPHS.—*Galvani* says that "photographs exist of the ruins of the Vendôme Column in which the portraits of National Guards, in triumphal attitudes, are plainly recognisable. Each of these heads, after having been enlarged, has now been placed in the hands of the detective police. A series of views of the principal barricades also were published just before the troops entered Paris, and several hundred portraits of insurgents are given. The likenesses will in many cases lead to the condemnation of the men so depicted." The *Echo* says:—"Should our own police think it necessary to provide against a similar contingency, the remarkable taste exhibited by all English agitators against the Government for indulging in demonstrations and marching in their thousands will give many opportunities for the execution of instantaneous portraits of all the 'disaffected element' of our population."

VARIETIES.

The Royal "We"—(Generally) *Ennui*.

The Four Seasons—Mustard, Salt, Pepper, and Vinegar.

Curious Crockery and Sloppy Garments—(H)ewers of wood and drawers of water.

The leading champions of "woman's rights" are generally found to be "man's lefts," or disappointed and jilted old maids.

The Detroit papers have discovered a new method of driving away the organ-grinders. Every day or two they have a small paragraph like this: "Organ-grinders in Memphis make about ten dollars a day."

A paper with a descriptive turn walks into rhetoric as follows: "While enjoying these moments—blissful moments which come but twice in a lifetime—once when he finds his mother's preserves, and the other—as mentioned," etc.

AN ORTHOGRAPHICAL MATTER.—A Massachusetts genius advertised his business, the other day, by sending around in the rear of a circus procession a modest one-horse conveyance, carrying a huge banner, inscribed, "T. McCarthy is dyeing on West street; call and see him."

During the late war a vine-grower of Senlis had three casks of wine which he was particularly anxious to save from falling into the hands of the Prussians. He buried them, and on the spot raised a large black wooden cross, on which was painted in white letters the inscription, "Here lie three casks" in the German language. His *ruse* succeeded admirably. The casks were piously saluted.

Some people extract the most abundant gratification out of trifles light as air. An American tourist, visiting the Cumberland Lakes, says: "I was not a little gratified to find that the best omnibus at Windermere station bore the American flag." "This omnibus," says the correspondent triumphantly, "rapidly filled, while the others were forced to start with almost empty benches—a glowing tribute to the popularity of the flag."

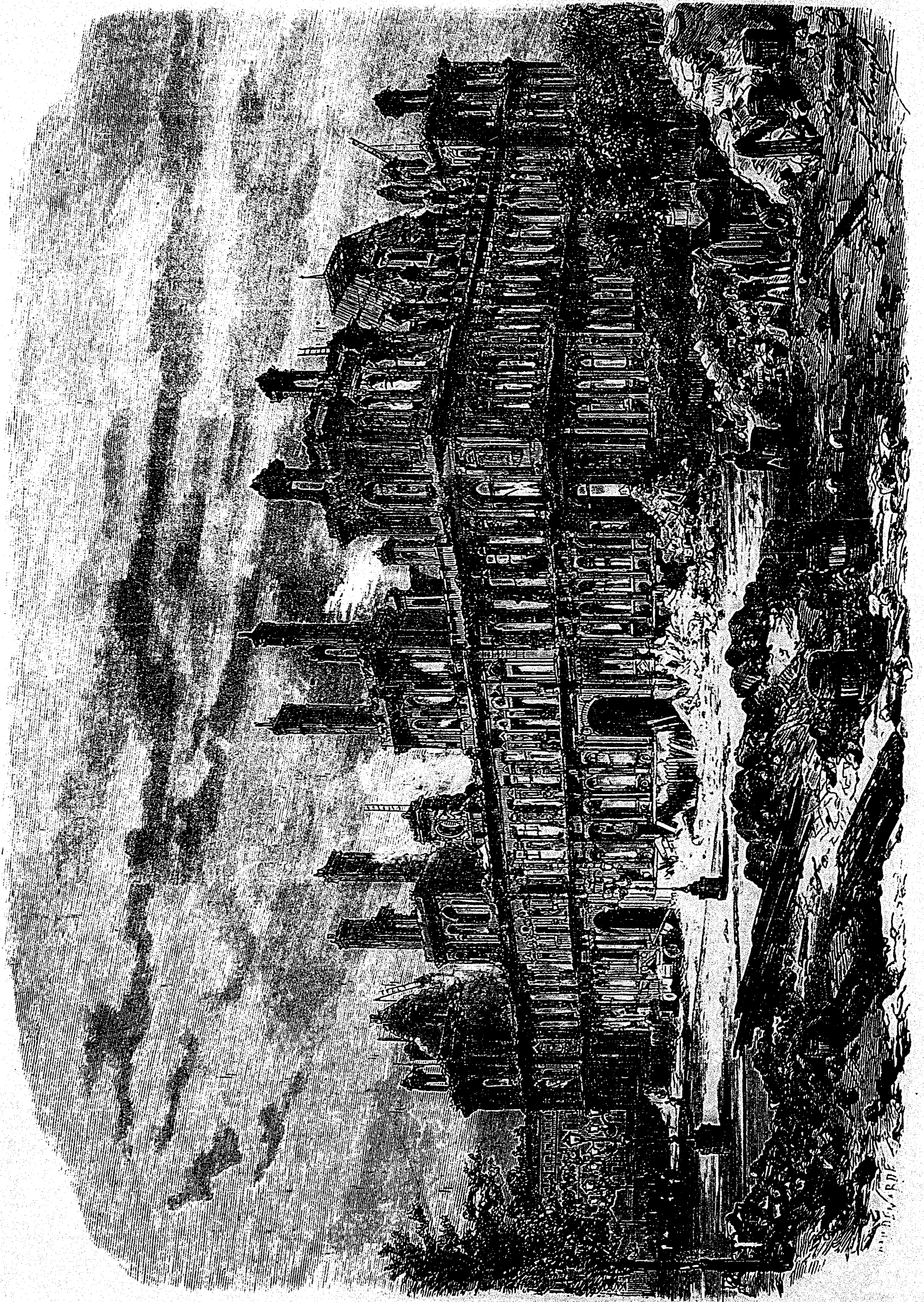
A JOB'S COMFORTER.—I was at the Central Criminal Court. Harry Shepherd was there; he told me a droll anecdote of my old friend Harry Greville, who in the American war was one of four who were doomed to decide by chance which of them should be put to death. The lot fell on Sir Charles Asgill, but he was eventually saved. On the night before his intended execution, Greville was deputed to sit up with him and comfort him. "Well," said one of his friends, "what did you say to keep up his spirits?" "Oh, I don't know," said Greville, "I said, pooh! pooh! never mind."—*Smith's Anecdotes.*

The wickedest woman in New Orleans, as we learn from the *Picayune*, is 70 years of age, frowsy, fat, wrinkled, repulsive, and dressed in black silk. Recently she stood at her gate, and a little bird nestled near her, "when the old woman fixed on the bird her burning black eyes. There was a swift, electric glance shot from them, magnetic in its influence. It appalled even the heart of the bird, the free habitant of forest aisles, where it caught the murmur of leafy serenades: it fluttered and gasped under the spell of that evil eye, then fell to the ground and died." What an extraordinary person!

A couple in Dubuque have a fine way of getting along without work. The wife gave out that her husband had gone to Wisconsin, and that she was left to get along as best she might. This, of course, excited the compassion of all the benevolent people in town; and she has been supported by the different churches during the past winter. The other day a benevolent lady visited the woman, and opened the door without knocking. She was somewhat surprised to see a pair of boots disappear under the bed, and still further astonished when she discovered that the owner of the boots was the husband who was supposed to be in Wisconsin, but who, in reality, had lived comfortably on the pious fraud they had been perpetrating throughout the entire winter.

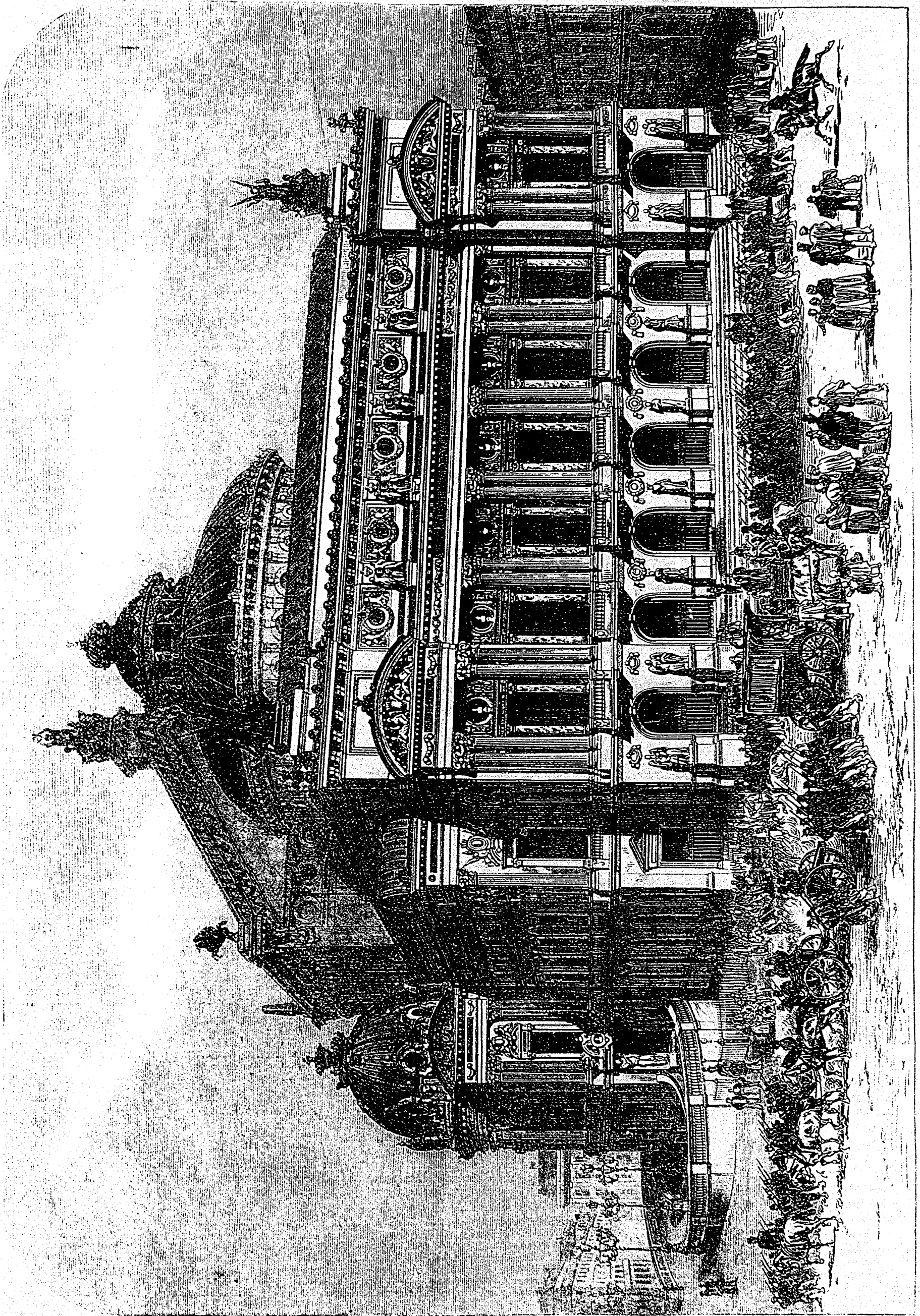
A GIANTIC STRAWBERRY STORY.—People fond of strawberries had better go straightway to Minnesota. A gentleman who has visited that part asserts that he has seen scores of miles of country a degree of latitude north of Fort Totten, which was an almost continuous plantation of wild strawberries, growing in many of the richer spaces, not on horizontal vines, but on bushes, many of them three and four feet high, on which the clusters of this delicious fruit attained a size rarely reached by the most assiduous cultivation. So profuse, he says, was this native production of strawberries on what is called the Pembina mountain—where the plant takes the upright form in the very pride of its exuberant fruitfulness, as if it disdained to creep along the earth with its scarlet crown of glory—that the cart wheels, crushing the berries as they revolved, were red with this wild vintage of the plains, and left long crimson trails behind them. The cows should have followed and gone over the same track, putting cream along it, and shaking ground sugar from baskets attached to their tails.

A wager once came off, the terms of which were as follows: "I will bet any man £100 that he cannot make a million strokes with pen and ink within a month. They were not to be mere dots or scratches; but fair down strokes, such as form the child's first lesson in writing. A gentleman accepted the challenge. The month allowed was the lunar month of 28 days; so that for the completion of the undertaking an average of 36,000 strokes per diem was required. This, at 60 per minute, or 3,600 per hour—and neither the human intellect nor the human hand can be expected to do more—would call for ten hours' labour in every 24. With a feeling of the respect due to the observance of the Sabbath, he determined to abstain from his work on Sundays, and by this determination he diminished by four days the period allowed him, at the same time, by so doing, he increased the daily average of his strokes to upwards of 41,000. On the first day he executed about 50,000 strokes; on the second nearly as many. But at length, after many days, his hand became stiff and weary, the wrist swollen, and without interrupting his progress over the paper, it required the almost constant attendance of some assiduous friend to besprinkle it with a lotion calculated to relieve and invigorate it. On the 23rd day the million strokes, exceeded by some few thousands, "to make assurance doubly sure," were accomplished; and the piles of paper that exhibit them testify that, to the courageous heart, the willing hand, and the energetic mind, nothing is impossible. These interesting papers are not placed in the archives of the Royal Society, of which their author is a fellow, but were claimed and received by the person who made the wager.



RUINS OF THE HOTEL-DE-VILLE, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 35.

W. G. R. D. E.



THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 35.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1871.

SUNDAY.	July 16.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity. Sir Joshua Reynolds born, 1723. First through train from Montreal to Portland, 1853.
MONDAY.	" 17.—Battle of Mackinac, 1812. Earl Grey, Premier of the Reform Administration, died, 1845.
TUESDAY.	" 18.—French invasion of England repelled, 1345. Hampden killed, 1643. Formal vote on the Infallibility Dogma taken in the Council at Rome, 1870.
WEDNESDAY.	" 19.—British took Quebec, 1629. French declaration of war delivered at Berlin, 1870.
THURSDAY.	" 20.—St. Margaret, V. & M. First stone of the Victoria Bridge laid, 1854. Naval engagement at Lissa, 1866.
FRIDAY.	" 21.—De la Barre's expedition against the Senecas, 1684. Burns died, 1796.
SATURDAY.	" 22.—St. Mary Magdalene. Battle of Tyconderoga, 1759. Battle of Salamanca, 1812.

TEMPERATURES in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, 8th July, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 229 Notre Dame Street.

		Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.								
		9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Bar.	July 2	74.9	74.8	74.7	75.0	74.5	74.8	30.10	30.07	30.05
"	" 3	74.8	74.7	74.6	74.9	74.4	74.7	30.10	30.07	30.05
"	" 4	74.7	74.6	74.5	74.8	74.3	74.6	30.10	30.07	30.05
"	" 5	74.6	74.5	74.4	74.7	74.2	74.5	30.10	30.07	30.05
"	" 6	74.5	74.4	74.3	74.6	74.1	74.4	30.10	30.07	30.05
"	" 7	74.4	74.3	74.2	74.5	74.0	74.3	30.10	30.07	30.05
"	" 8	74.3	74.2	74.1	74.4	73.9	74.2	30.10	30.07	30.05
"	" 9	74.2	74.1	74.0	74.3	73.8	74.1	30.10	30.07	30.05
"	" 10	74.1	74.0	73.9	74.2	73.7	74.0	30.10	30.07	30.05
"	" 11	74.0	73.9	73.8	74.1	73.6	73.9	30.10	30.07	30.05
"	" 12	73.9	73.8	73.7	74.0	73.5	73.8	30.10	30.07	30.05

WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK,

IN THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, DR. GEORGE MACDONALD'S GREAT STORY, WILFRID CUMBERMEDE, WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

This story, which is attracting so much attention in England and the United States, has been ceded to the Proprietor of this Journal, who alone possesses the right of publication in the Dominion, in serial form. All persons infringing the same, by publishing or importing periodicals containing this story, will be liable to the penalties of the law.

EVERY PERSON SHOULD READ THIS TALE TO BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS AGENTS.

A NOTICE HAVING APPEARED in the Newspapers relative to

"A Terrible Temptation," BY MR. CHARLES READE.

I beg to inform you, that Messrs. CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN (his London Publishers) have conceded to me, for a valuable consideration, the exclusive right to publish the above great work of fiction, in serial form, for the Dominion of Canada.

The *Illustrated News* is the only newspaper in which "A Terrible Temptation" can legitimately appear, and we warn all newspaper proprietors that proceedings will be taken to stop the circulation of such papers in the Dominion of Canada pirating the said story.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor *Illustrated News*.

Montreal, June 16th, 1871.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871.

NOTICE.

Our Special Correspondent in Western Ontario will oblige by writing immediately to the proprietor of this paper. Several letters sent to St. Catharines and Hamilton to his address remain unanswered.

THE work of recuperation has at length begun in distracted France. Imperialism and monarchy seem almost equally at a discount among the people, and the Republic which they sustain is not the Republic of the Commune. In fact, the Thiers' Government is a monarchy without a King; Thiers himself is but the Prime Minister of the unseen, unacknowledged, ruler of the Kingdom; but France to-day is further from the popular notion of a Republic than she has been any other time within the last seventy years. Even the Count de Chambord, recognising the feeling of his countrymen, patriotically quits the land, after giving his adhesion to the principles of "liberty, decentralization, and universal suffrage." We could have wished that he had left out the last, but socialistic ideas have made such progress in Europe that the poor privilege of voting at elections seems to be accounted an inalienable right. The Empire which Louis Napoleon epigrammatically declared was "peace" went to war and collapsed. The Government of the 4th of September was no more successful, except in that it accepted a humiliating peace after its arms had been everywhere beaten in the field. Of the mad reign of the Parisian Communists, commencing on the 18th of March; of their robberies, their murders and their arsons, it were needless to speak. The one rational theory about them is that the actors were mad—given up to the wild intoxication of iniquity. How the sixteen thousand prisoners may be dealt with, it is of course impossible to say; but when we remember that they are presumably all guilty

of the three great crimes of treason, murder, and arson, we may have some reason to excuse whatever severity may be shewn towards them.

The seeming attachment of the French to their existing form of government has its root in their distrust of the Bourbons and their contempt for the Empire. Could they believe that the heir of Louis the 14th would bring them peace and prosperity he would undoubtedly be invited to the throne. Had they not discovered that the Napoleonic administration was rotten; that the army was incapable; that the civil administration was an organised swindle, they would have welcomed Napoleon the Third back to the Tuileries. But they dislike their ancient rulers, and have lost all faith in the Bonapartes; they have discarded the Communists, and for the present they cling to a government, which, having the form of a Republic, has all the attributes of a monarchy save the Crown and a person to wear it.

France cannot long exist under such a hybrid combination. Thiers is a man among a thousand. He has been his country pass through many vicissitudes, and is doubtless truly patriotic. He has arrived at a time of life when personal ambition may be supposed to be almost dead within him. In her wild paroxysm of agony it seemed that France could have trusted to no truer son. But when the exceptional circumstances pass away; when the Prussian leaves the land and commerce and trade resume their normal sway, will the exceptional government presided over by M. Thiers be satisfactory to the French people? We doubt it very much. And if that government must fall, will it be succeeded by Communist, Bourbonist, or Bonapartist? For the sake of human society we hope the first is extinguished, and for the sake of the world's peace it might be as well if the last were allowed to drop. There remains then but the restoration of the ancient line, for we cannot believe that a thoroughly Conservative Republic will exist very long, either in France or anywhere else, and as for socialism it has in three months been driven back for at least a century. Liberty and decentralization proclaimed by the Count de Chambord are two admirable elements in contributing to the peaceful government of a country; and, possibly, should the Thiers administration adopt them as leading features of their policy, the "Government of France," as at present constituted, may have a long reign, though we can scarcely hope so. A few years, say two or three, in which the national affairs shall be set in order, provision made for the payment of the enormous indemnity to Prussia, and the normal condition of affairs restored in Paris and throughout the Provinces; and what will follow? Another revolution!

Let us hope that France will, this time, take a lesson from her own experience. Europe, and the world at large, can ill afford to see such a country displaced from its high rank among the nations; hence the general feeling of satisfaction at the wonderful recuperative energy of France, manifested as it is under circumstances to the last degree depressing. A few years of stable government with economical departmental administration would do much to repair the misfortunes of the last year; and perhaps still more towards educating the people out of the Napoleonism which, after twenty years of seeming success, has ended in most infamous disaster, and the exposure of a state of weakness that, without the evidence of the war, no man could have believed possible. After that exposure, Napoleonism, or the Empire, should be for ever discarded as an idea associated with the future greatness of France. The Republic cannot last save but a few years; and unless the Bourbons are restored, after having forgotten much and learned something, we see very little hope for the future of the "Fair land." It is very well for optimists to talk of the mission of the "Latin races." But what avails their mission if their time is devoted to cutting each other's throats? Does Italy at the present day count for as much in the world's councils as when under half a dozen different petty sovereignties? What is Spain among the nations? And as to France, has she not touched the lowest depths? We shall not refer now to unhappy Mexico, which Napoleon tried vainly to reform; it is, however, mainly peopled by the "Latin race," and a precious mess they are making of the government of the country. Father Hyacinthe makes an appeal to Italy on the ground of community of origin. We think he would be wiser were he to appeal to his own countrymen, and ask them to accept the principles of law and order, to accept legitimate rule, and submit to properly constituted authority. In these principles, and not in vain ethnological speculations, will the nations find their safety.

"WILFRID CUMBERMEDE."—In our next issue we shall commence the publication of this admirable story, written by Dr. George Macdonald, and now being published in *Saint Pauls*. The Proprietor of the *News* has the exclusive right of publishing this story in serial form in Canada.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE HENRY MACAULAY, Esq.

With very sincere regret we record the death of George Henry Macaulay, Esq., late Secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons. It is not a death merely, but an infamous and brutal murder we have to lament in his untimely taking off. He had been up through Ottawa County representing Mr. Eddy in the recent election contest. On Friday evening of last week (July 7th), he addressed a meeting at Montebello in favour of Mr. Eddy, and the partisans of the opposing candidate, a person named Leduc, set upon him and beat him to death! It was stated in the Montreal *Herald's* despatch from Ottawa that the village physician, being a partizan of Leduc's, refused to attend poor Macaulay after Leduc's friends had maltreated him, and he died in a few hours afterwards. On Monday his remains were interred in the Protestant Cemetery at Ottawa, his funeral having been attended by a large concourse of people. A man named Tranchemontagne has been committed to Aylmer jail for the murder.

George H. Macaulay was a native of Three Rivers, and a member of the Lower Canada Bar. As a writer, he had considerable force, and displayed no small share of ability, some of his brochures having attracted a good deal of attention at the time of their publication. He was also a fluent speaker, equally at home in French or English, and this gift, alas! led him to his fate: for Parliamentary candidates, especially in mixed communities, were always glad to have Mr. Macaulay's assistance. In 1861 Mr. Turcotte (then Speaker of the Assembly) appointed him Speaker's Secretary, and that office he continued to hold up to the time of his death. Every successive Speaker under whom he has served has borne testimony to his great ability and legal acumen. Among the pamphlets of which he has been the author, we may mention "The Political Past, Present, and Future of Canada," (1858.) "The Landed Credit System," (1863.) "The Iron Mines of St. Maurice," &c. Mr. Macaulay leaves a wife and a family of young children.

BRIGNOLI CONCERT COMPANY.—We go to press too soon to speak of the grand concert given by this company last night. They appear again, for the last time, at the Mechanics' Hall this (Saturday) evening. Miss McCulloch and Madame Gilbert, Brignoli and Bonconi, are names that need no flattering notices to make them "draw." Brignoli is an especial favourite in Canada, and will, no doubt, meet with ample encouragement during his present tour.

THEATRE COMIQUE.—This piece of amusement is receiving a large share of public patronage, and the management and performances are such as to give the utmost satisfaction to its patrons. Clever performers appear nightly on the boards before crowded houses.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. McWade closed his engagement last Saturday as Melton Moss in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," and was ably supported by the manager, Mr. Albough, in the character of Robert Brierly. Miss Quinton, as Sam Willoughby, acted with taste and talent, and has insinuatingly gained the applause and esteem of our Montreal public. Mr. Emmet opened the week with Gaylor's comic drama of "Fritz, Our Cousin German." The immense applause and the repeated *encores* he received are his best recommendation. We heartily recommend all play-goers not to miss the chance of seeing him in his impersonation of German character. Mr. Emmet also possesses a good voice, and makes good use of it in his celebrated parlour scene, in which he is immense. Mr. Waugh, as Katrina, acted well; Miss Quinton succeeded admirably as Moppy, and was charming as usual. We predict for Mr. Emmet crowded houses. The well-known Montreal favourites, the Chapman sisters, are advertised for Monday, supported by the celebrated comedian, C. B. Bishop.

A TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCES AT NIAGARA.

"A correspondent of a New York paper thus recites his experiences of a visit to Niagara: "When I first got to Niagara the hack-drivers took a fancy to me. They chased me up so that at one time there were at least twenty of them in a line anxious to do me a favour. It was a queer-looking sight. If I hadn't known I was alive, I would have thought I was a corpse at the head of a funeral procession. Niagara is a nice place to get rid of money. It is full of feather fans with stuffed birds in the middle of them, alabaster whistles, aquaws, bead moccasins, canes cut out of the falls, eagles stuffed with straw, owls chuck full of hay, little birds that wish they were alive, two cents' worth of ice cream for a quarter of a dollar, and such like. You can buy ten cents' worth of anything at Niagara by just paying one dollar for it. This is the greatest place in the world for bridal couples; they are always here, with orange blossoms growing out of the women's heads, and the men done up in black broadcloth, all very susceptible, and all green—very green. I'll tell you something about a bride couple, not a bridal couple. A pair of hack horses are a bride couple, and its about a pair of hack horses I have to write. A fellow who had one of these teams started a conversation with me, and we conversed together thusly:—"Take a ride?" "No." "To Goat Island?" "No." "Lunar Island?" "No." "Suspension Bridge?" "No." "Rapids?" "No." "Whirlpool?" "No." "Devil's Hole?" "No." "Horse-shoe Falls?" "No." "Clifton House?" "No." You see, I'd been to all those places, and didn't sour much to go to them some more. I hadn't been to Lundy's Lane, and when he said 'Lundy's Lane?' says I, 'Who is Lundy?' 'Why,' says he, 'there is where the

MISCELLANEA.

American eagle soared aloft, and, with one fell swoop, plucked a tuft from the mane of the British lion. 'No!' said I. 'Yes,' said he. 'Have they preserved the tuft?' I asked. He said they had. Says I, 'How much to do Lundy?' 'Well,' says he, 'seeing it's you, I'll take you there for a dollar, and you couldn't go for less than that in a wheelbarrow.' I got into his vehicle, and going out everything was all hunky. By and by he came to what he called Lundy's Lane. It was two or three patches of grass with rail fences around them, one brindle cow with a fence around her, and a country road. The driver said he guessed I had better pay. So I gave him a dollar bill, painted green on the back. 'Why,' said he, 'we are in Canada, and I want gold.' Says I, 'I hain't got no gold.' He said I was a sickly looking cuss what had come to the Falls for my health. So he squared himself, and doubled up two fists that looked like lager beer kegs, and said, 'You little withered cuss, you, if you don't come down with a quarter, I'll punch your snoot.' My snoot feels better when it ain't punched, so I came down with the quarter. Then I said, 'I guess I've got enough of Lundy,' and went to get into his waggon, when he yelled out, 'What in thunder are you doing?' I said, 'Getting in.' 'Well,' said he, 'that is cool. You had better get out again, darn'd quick.' Then he broke the news very gently that he had agreed to bring me out for a dollar, and the price for going back would be five dollars. 'No!' said I. 'Yes!' said he. 'Then I'll walk,' said I. 'Walk and be darn'd,' said he. He got on his old rattle box and commenced to move. I looked like one-twelfth dozen mourners at a one hack funeral. He talked to me thusly:— 'Hot, ain't it? shower soon.' Up came the clouds, and down came the rain. I had walked a mile, and I said, 'I guess I'll get in.' I gave him \$5. He said, 'Give me another dollar.' I told him he agreed to take me for \$5. 'Oh,' said he, 'it was pleasant then, but you see it is raining now.' I gave him the money, and finally reached the hotel, and I don't take hacks no more."

LACE.

A writer in *Land and Water* says:—

"The first mention that we find of the word 'lace' was at the coronation of Richard III., when Queen Ann is said to have worn a garment trimmed with 'mantle lace of white silk and Venys gold,' and the French word *dentelle* is of later date than might be imagined. It first occurs in the wardrobe accounts of Marguerite de France, who, in 1545, paid the sum of six livres 'pour soixante aulnes, faire dentelle de Florence pour mettre ades collets.' The scale of charges for this precious commodity was vague, for we soon after find that 'quatre livres' were paid 'pour une aulne de dentelle pour faire deux cornettes pour servir a la dicte dame,' she being Henry the Fourth's first queen.

"Before this we hear of *passament dentelle*. Fashion required that the ordinary *passament* should be made with a too hed edge, and no doubt after a while the finer sorts so named subsided into *dentelle*. Anterior to this even our ancestors were not without a means of decorating their draperies. From the earliest ages they were wont to bedeck themselves with em-broideries, and *passament dentelle* and lace find a common origin in the ancient 'cutwork.'

"There is a peculiar kind of trimming which is very ancient; the ends of the linen were unravelled, and the threads were then planted with geometric precision. The sheet which, upon the disinterment of St. Outhbert, in the twelfth century, was found to have covered his body, was trimmed after this fashion: 'It had round it a deep fringe of linen thread, above which was woven a border of projecting work-manship, fabricated of the thread itself, bearing the figures of beasts and birds.' This sheet was for a long time preserved in the Cathedral of Durham. It was an early specimen of cutwork, the making of which, though it eventually became general, was, until the dissolution of monasteries, looked upon as a church secret.

"This cutwork was made in different ways. Sometimes a network of threads was arranged upon a small frame, and they were crossed and interlaced into many complicated patterns: beneath this network was gummied a piece of cloth called 'quintain,' from a town in Brittany where it was made; the network was then sewn to the 'quintain,' by edging round those parts that were to remain thick, the last operation being to cut away the superfluous cloth, and hence the name. Then again, the pattern was often made without any linen. Threads radiating at equal distances to one centre served as a framework to others, which were united to them in separate triangles, rosettes worked over with heavy button-hole stitch, and this made in some parts a heavy compact embroidery, while the rest was an open work of threads. Greek lace is of this style of manufacture, so also is some of the Venice lace that is remarkable for fineness and beauty.

"The *lacies* of the sixteenth century is quite distinct from this early style of 'cutwork,' though made in a somewhat similar manner. Upon a network of square meshes the pattern was sometimes worked by being cut out in linen *applique*, but more usually it was formed by darning in counted stitches of the mesh. This plain network ground was called 'resseau,' 'rezel,' 'rezent,' and was much used for bed furniture. When this *resseau* was ornamented with a darned pattern or *applique* it became 'lacies,' and was devoted chiefly to the adornment of altar cloths and other sacred draperies.

"When destined for this purpose, the *lacies* was occasionally alternated with plain linen, and the patterns consisted of every conceivable device. *Fleurs de lis*, *sacres coeurs*, family coronets and arms, death's heads, crossbones, and 'tears,' formed at all times the pattern design, according to whether the *lacies* was eventually to adorn an 'altar-cloth,' a 'bed-curtain,' or a 'pall.'

"There was, as lately as the year 1850, a fine specimen of cutwork on the pall that covered the coffins of the fisher-people of Dieppe. It is said to have been worked by some lady who was saved from shipwreck, and who gave it to them as a memorial of her gratitude. This art, as distinct from the manufacture of lace, still exists in the north and south of Europe, and the embroidery that is even now seen on the smock frocks of the labourers of Kent and Sussex, is but a remnant of the custom and of the style of work."

The Queen has sanctioned the restoration of the pulpit and-glass in Her Majesty's Chapel of the Savoy, but the restored metre runs only for the moderate time of twenty minutes, in place of the hour which the original glass measured. May Her Majesty's example be widely followed, especially with respect to the twenty minutes.

It is said that the Empress Eugénie is in treaty for the sale of her diamonds, which are valued at £320,000.

The military history section of the general staff at Berlin is about to prepare an official history of the war of 1870-71.

Horace White defines the Greeley creed as "the right to tax one man for the benefit of another, that both may make money by the operation."

A petition has been sent to England from the Government of New South Wales praying the English Government to annex the Fiji Islands to that colony.

A writer in the *Siecle* speaking of Paris and the necessity of restoring it, says—"The city cannot perish, because it is France! If Paris were to disappear, humanity would no longer know whither to go, and we should relapse into the shades of barbarism." Dear *Siecle*, are you out of that shade.

It may interest cricketers to know that some of the English clubs are seriously considering whether the height of the stumps should not be increased, so as to give the bowlers some chance against the batsmen. There are about twenty gentlemen, several of whom take part in nearly all the English matches of importance, who are seldom or never fairly bowled, and who knock to pieces the most scientific bowling as easily as they would the balls of a village player.

The *Gaulois* observes that "at the moment when we are about to pay Prussia the incredible amount of five milliards, it is well to remember that, after Sadowa, Austria was mulcted in only 30 millions of thalers. But it only required 10 days for her to pay that sum. We have to pay fifty times as much as Austria, but then we call ourselves France. *Noblesse oblige*." That is making the best of a bad job, and is second in idea to the remark of the gentleman who was lately pleased because, in the Hotel de Ville, Paris could now show a finer ruin than that of Heidelberg.

Sixty wealthy young ladies, who took a prominent part in the ceremonial incident to the triumphal entry of the German army into Berlin, adopted as their attire that of Margaret, in Kaulbach's sketch of her first meeting with Faust. Two plaits of their own hair hanging down the back were indispensable. They pledged mutually and, to the municipal authorities, on no account to use false hair. This was an attempt definitively to get rid of the chignon, for they resolved—the one encouraging the other—after once having risked it, to keep to the plaits. Supposing any of their young men prefer the chignon, will the girls keep the pledge? We rather think not.

Dark hair, so long neglected and despised, is again in the ascendant. The blonde is gradually resuming her place side by side, not above the brunette. The blonde is now declared to have maintained her rule so long by variety of artifice, and can, now that her cunning devices are known, be classified as follows:—The Gothic Irish (reddish,) the Saxon English (dark yellow,) the little ridiculous blonde (short, curly, golden,) the cephalic blonde (orange tint,) and the lymphatic blonde (pale straw colour.) Amongst all these the cephalic orange-golden has always been considered the most to be dreaded by men who seek for peace of mind, a calm life, and a happy end.

A rumour is afloat in Berlin to the effect that the old and childless Duke of Brunswick has transferred the succession to the crown of his duchy to the Hanoverian Prince Ernest Augustus, son of the ex-King George. The action of the Duke in this matter, and the alleged connivance of the Prussian Government to the arrangement, has excited some indignation among the "National Liberal" politicians in Berlin, who declare that it is "an un-German policy" thus to retard the unification of the Fatherland.

The *Figaro* tells a good story of the German occupation in France. A lady, it says, residing in the department of the Seine et Marne, had a Prussian quartered upon her from the commencement of the invasion. Fortunately he told her, on taking possession of his apartments, that he was deaf, so that the lady did not hesitate to talk before him as if he were not present, and she even played on her piano after the Prussian had gone to sleep, although he occupied the next room. At last the soldier informed his hostess that he had been ordered elsewhere. "Madame," he said, "je vous souhaite bien le bonjour." "Et moi," said the lady, smiling with exquisite grace, "je te souhaite de te casser le cou dans l'escalier, bandit, voleur, assassin!" "Oh, madame," interrupted the Prussian, "excusez moi, je n'ai pas pensé à vous dire que je n'étais sourd que par ordre du général."

Mr George Cruikshank, who has lived to see his etchings become classical, and the prize of many print collectors, has just brought out a caricature of the "Commune" which, whatever opinion may be entertained of its political discrimination, shows no falling off in vivid and vigorous delineation. A fiend with hoofs and horns, in a blood-stained cap of liberty, with a flask of brandy on one side of his belt and a flask of petroleum on the other, brandishing a dripping dagger and a flag surmounted by a death's head, is depicted, dancing with infernal glee among the mangled bodies and smoking cinders of the burning city. This is the "leader of the Parisian Blood-Red Republic," and the flag bears this inscription, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity: Atheism, or a disbelief in God; seizure of all property; and death to all who oppose the Red Republic." The cartoon is headed—"An awful lesson to the world for all time to come," and below is a suggestion for the suppression of "Red Republicans" in England. (Cruikshank is right.—Ed. C. I. N.)

At the present moment, when the Count de Chambord has at least a chance of being reinstated as King of France, the following description of him, taken from the Life of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart., by Mr. C. Buxton, may be thought interesting. He writes to his daughter, Mrs. Andrew Johnston, from Rome, January 31, 1840: "At the dinner party at Lord Shrewsbury's I was introduced to the Duc de Bordeaux" (afterwards Comte de Chambord):—

"Poor fellow! he has a sweet expression of countenance. Conceive Mrs. — with the same expression and the same extreme clearness and cleanliness of skin, but with broader features, and a stouter person, and a heavier eye, and you have a good picture of the man. The Pretender's course is not a smooth one. If he has either extreme of character he may do well. Let him be excessively quiet, devoid of ambition and

enterprise, that may do. Or let him be clever, daring, sagacious, ambitious, and commanding, and that, perhaps, will do. But, if there is any mixture in his composition—if the least dash of adventure is coupled with his love of ease, or the least love of peace is mingled with his ambition—he will assuredly be a martyr. One cannot see the Duke without liking him, and wishing that he may have the good sense to steer clear of turbulent politics.

Not far from Tappan, on the Palisades, the tree is pointed out from which Andre was hung. It is rather a notable feature in the landscape, and, as a local memorial, helps to break the refrain of the "house in which Washington slept." A traveller was under escort of a farmer thereabouts who pointed out the tree. "That's a famous tree, there." "What is it famous for?" "I don't remember exactly, but I believe a great General was hung there once." "What General—General Washington?" "Yes, that was his name." "What did they hang him for?" "Well, he captured somebody, I believe. I don't remember exactly." "Was it Andre?" "Ay, that was it; they hung him for capturing Andre. I remember now."

A charming anecdote worthy of the ancient days of chivalry is being whispered about amongst the higher circles in London. It seems that one of our young Catholic heroes of high life, always a great admirer of the Empress Eugénie, paid a visit to Chiselhurst last week previous to his departure for Paris. "What can I bring your Majesty from Babylon?" (the name by the Ultramontane party, said the young nobleman, as he bent low over Her Majesty's fair hand. "Nothing," replied the Empress sadly; then suddenly correcting her speech said quietly, "Yes, there is one thing I should love. Bring me a rose from the garden of the Tuileries!" The young man promised to execute this apparently easy commission, and departed in sadness. Yesterday he reappeared at Chiselhurst with a case of purple morocco in his hand, which he reverently presented on bended knees to the Empress. It was the Golden Rose, gift of the Pope to Her Majesty, that he had brought "from the Tuileries." How he had obtained it, or through what long course of adventure he had traced it to the party willing to part with it, will never be known, nor yet at what sacrifice it was obtained. But great was the joy of the illustrious lady on beholding it, and pardonable the feeling which induces her to hope that it will bring a blessing to last to her house and stay the wrath of Heaven. It had always formed part of the altar decorations of the chapel at the Tuileries.—*Cont Journal*.

THE USE OF A LONG NOSE.—The following good story is told of Mozart at the time when he was a pupil of Haydn:—Haydn had challenged Mozart to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the banter, and a champagne supper was to be the forfeit. Everything being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen and a sheet of paper, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and, much to the surprise of Haydn, handed it to him, saying, "There is a piece of music which you cannot play, and I can; you are to give the first trial." Haydn smiled contemptuously at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and, placing the notes before him, struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity, he dashed away till he reached the middle of the piece, when, stopping all at once, he exclaimed, "How's this, Mozart? How's this? Here my hands are stretched out to both ends of the piano, yet there is a middle key to be touched. Nobody can play such music—not even the composer himself." Mozart smiled at the half-excited indignation and perplexity of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with such an air of self-assurance that Haydn began to think himself duped. Running along the simple passages, he came to that part which his teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart, it must be remarked, was favoured, or at least endowed, with an extremely long nose. Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched both hands to the extreme long ends of the piano, and, leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the middle key which nobody could play. Haydn burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and after acknowledging he was beaten, he declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music which he had never discovered.

HOW TO COLLECT ODORS OF FLOWERS.—A fair floriculturist writes that those persons who would secure for themselves genuine odors of flowers, and at the same time pleasantly employ themselves, may do so in the following manner:—Roses, and all flowers containing oils—and most highly perfumed flowers contain a quantity of oil—may be made to yield their aromatic properties by steeping the petals or flower leaves in a saucer or a flat dish of water and setting it in the sun. The petals should be entirely covered with the water, which, by the way, should be soft—rain water would be the best. A sufficient quantity should be allowed for evaporation, and the vessel should be left undisturbed a few days. At the end of this time a film will be found floating on the top. This is the essential oil of the flower, and every particle of it is impregnated with the odor peculiar to the flower. It should be taken up carefully and put in tiny vials, which should be allowed to remain open till all watery particles are evaporated. A very small portion of this will perfume glove-boxes, drawers, apparel, &c., and will last a long time. The odor of musk blossoms is one of the most lasting, as well as the most pungent of floral scents, and is more delicate than, though not so lasting, as the animal product musk.

CHESS.

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

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 31.

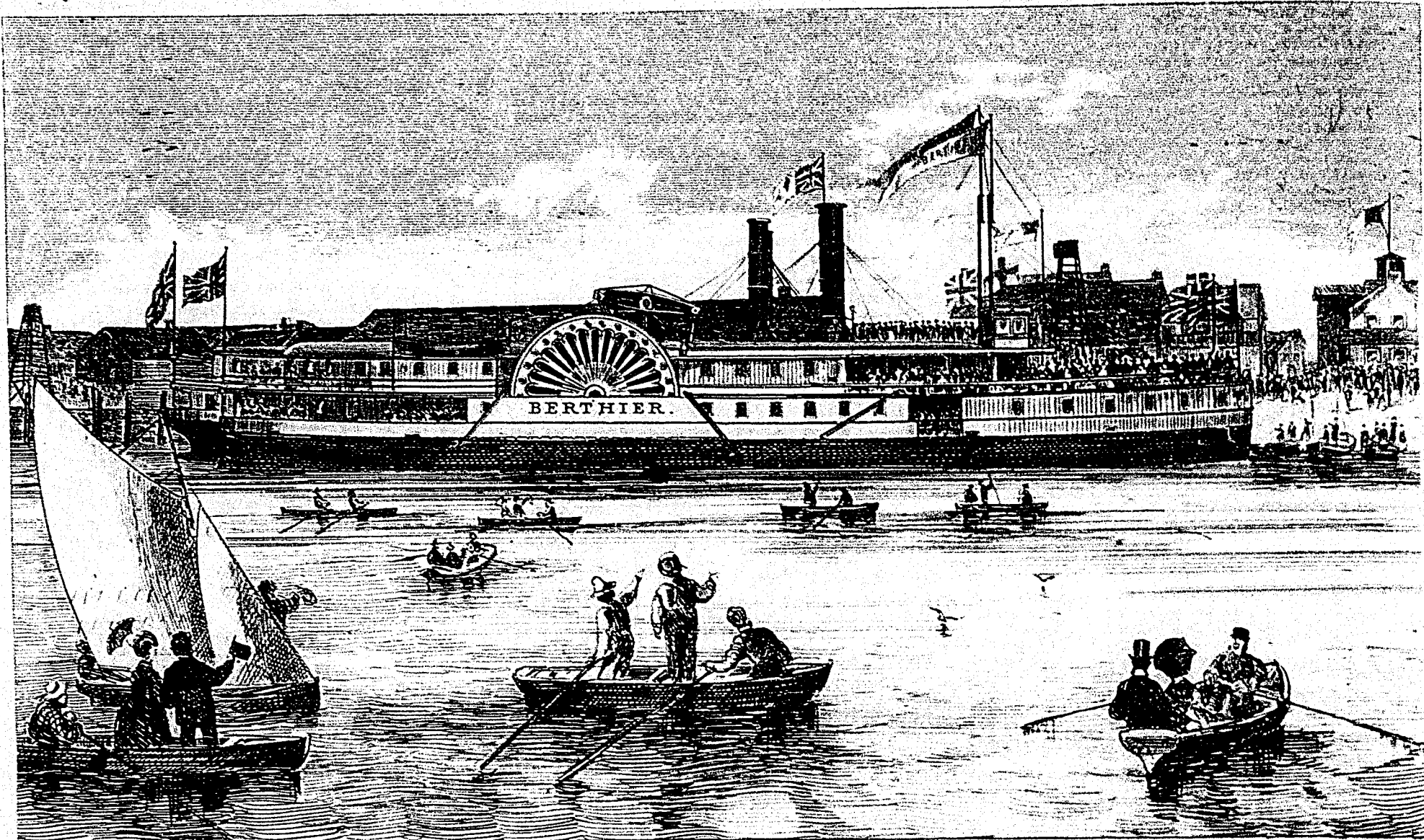
- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt. to Q. 7th. ch. | K. to Q. 4th. |
| 2. B. to Q. sq. | P. moves. |
| 3. P. to K. B. 4th. | P. takes P. (en pass.) |
| 4. B. takes P. mate. | |

CHARADES, &c.

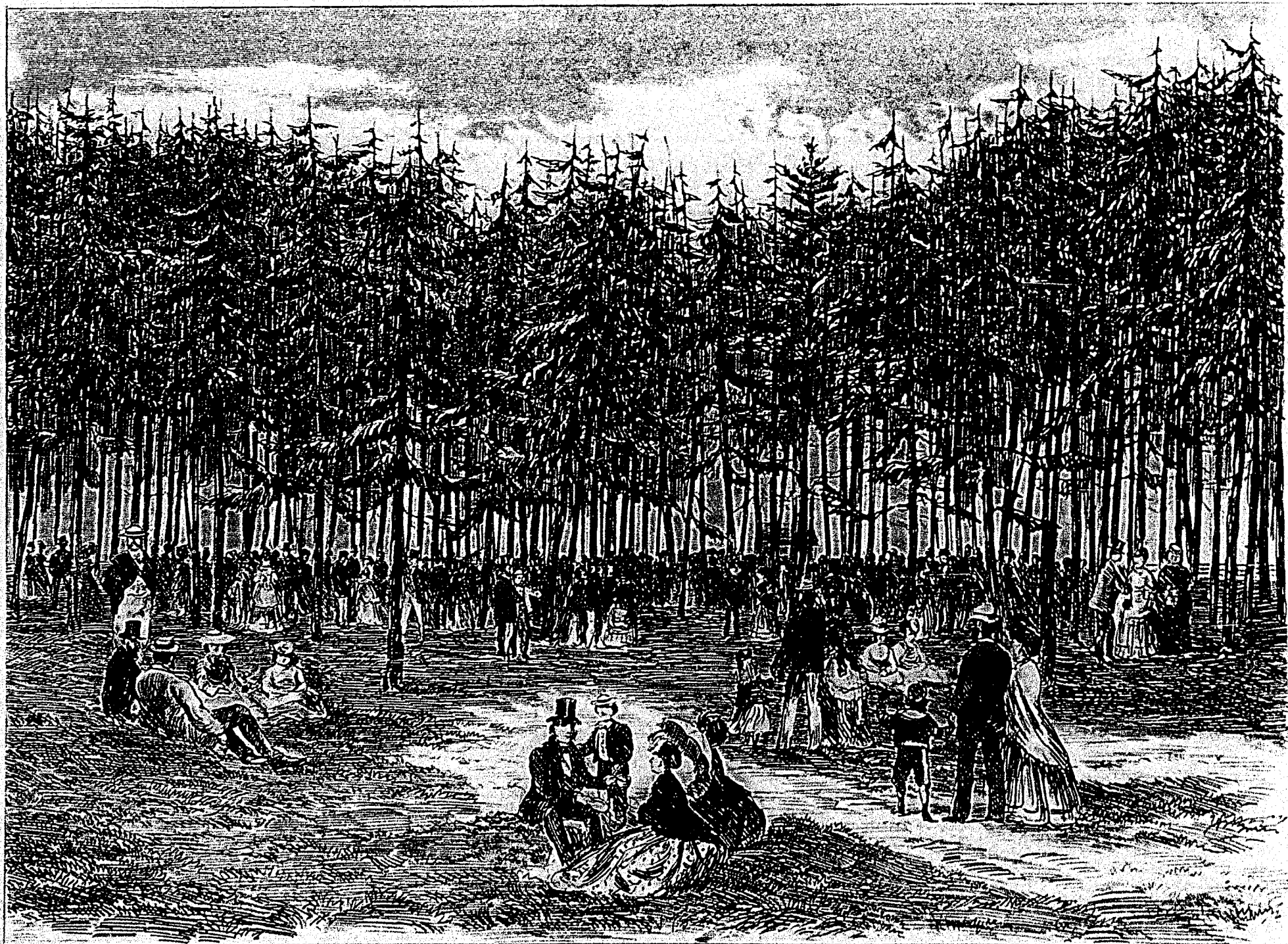
ANSWER TO REBUS, No. 22.

1. Juggernaut. 2. Ostrich. 3. Iodine. 4. New Glasgow. 5. Tea. 6. Habes Corpus. 7. Inch. 8. Gobi. 9. Helen. 10. Crag. 11. Orbit. 12. Mesquite. 13. Muslim. 14. Innocent. 15. Summer. 16. Sculpture. 17. Iowa. 18. Orient. 19. Navy. Joint High Commission. The Washington Treaty.

Pic-nic of the Workingmen's Association, on Dominion Day.—From a Sketch by our Artist.—See page 34.

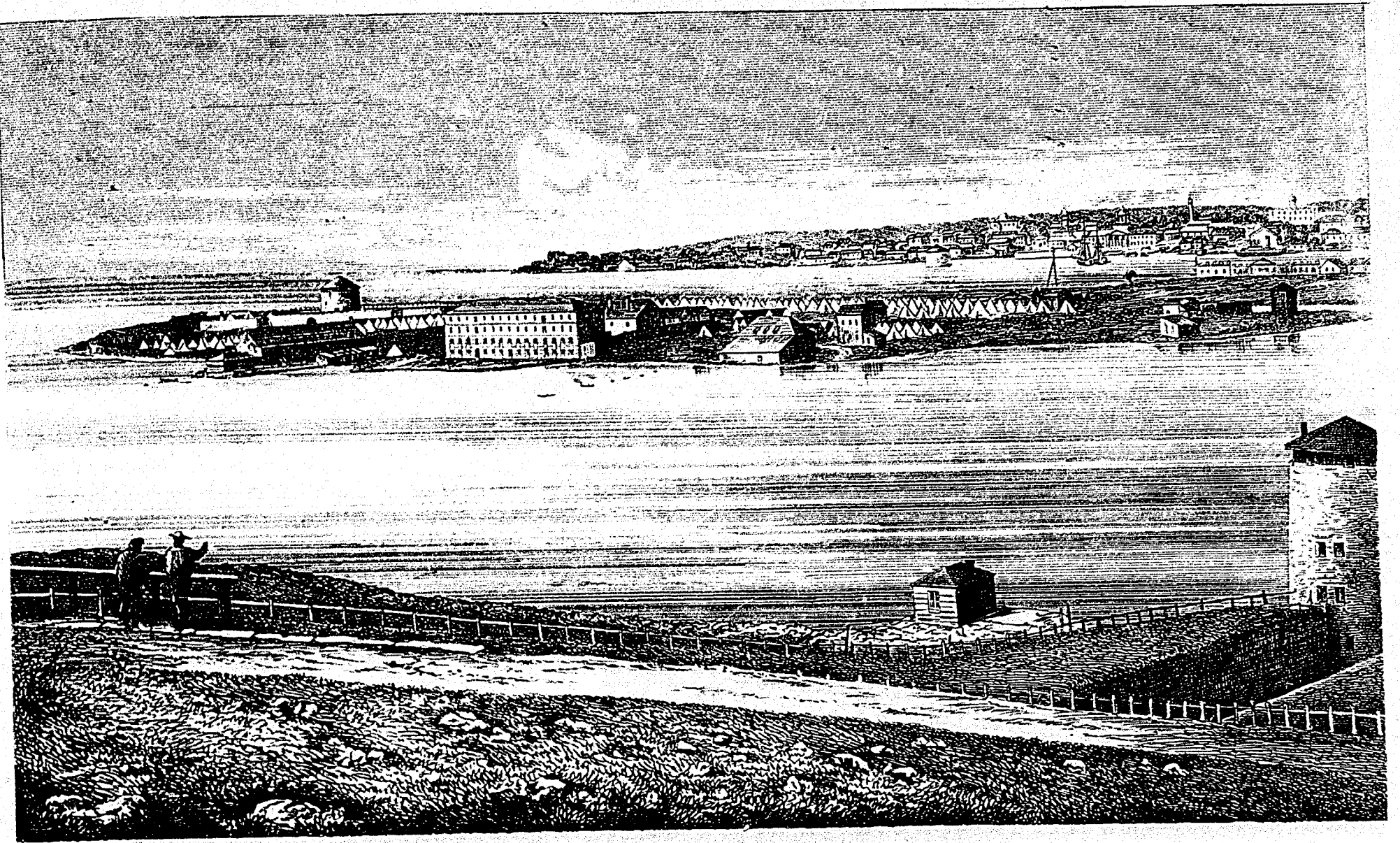


ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER AT SOREL.



SCENE AT THE GROVE.

The Volunteer Camps.—From Photographs.—See page 34.



THE CAMP AT FORT FREDERICK, KINGSTON.



THE CAMP AT NIAGARA.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1888.]

HUGH DAMER'S LAST LEGER.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER V.

"Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word farewell."

I TRIED to get away on Saturday, thinking that my friend would like to be quite alone with the Dashwoods, but it was no use; Hugh was determined that I should stay to the last. So I stayed, and I believe I was of some value in engrossing the manufacturer's society, and listening patiently to a good deal of talk about trade unionism and the manner in which commercial England was digging her own grave, while Hugh and Laura strolled side by side among the shady paths of the shrubberies, and on the broad sunny walk beside the moat, making a poor pretence of being intensely interested in the fish that glanced to and fro under the dark, still water, or in the showy groups of geraniums on the sloping bank.

I knew that they were happy—that it was a halcyon Sabbath for Hugh Damer, though he was forbidden to speak the words that must have risen so often to his lips.

We went to the old church, just beyond the gates of Churleigh Wood, in the morning; and Laura sat under the white marble tablet that recorded the virtues of Hugh Damer's dead mother, while all about and around us were effigies of departed and heroic Damers, who had worn sword or gown in the good days that were gone.

That peaceful Sunday came to a close at last, and I thought at nightfall that there was a look of sadness, and even disappointment, in Laura's expressive face. Perhaps she had expected something more from Hugh Damer than those airy nothings, those graceful compliments which had been his tribute to her that day.

The Dashwoods left very early next morning, and I, who was to depart half an hour later, was present at their departure. I saw a sad, wistful look in Laura's face as she wished my friend good-bye.

"There shall be no change in this place that I can help, Mr. Damer," she said gently; "be sure of that."

"You are an angel of kindness, Miss Dashwood, and I am almost happy that my old home should pass into your hands."

"And yet it was a strange caprice to sell it," she said wonderingly.

"A caprice—yes; but you see it is the nature of men to be fickle."

"And I suppose you are like the rest of your species," she answered, with a faint sigh. "There are some family portraits, by the by, that you will wish to keep," of course, she added shyly. "They shall be sent to you when you are settled."

"You are all goodness. I will ask for them—when I am settled."

"Come, Laura," cried Mr. Dashwood, "are you going to keep Damer there for ever with your chatter? Remember that I have an appointment at Dedham at two. Good-bye, Damer; be sure that this place will always be your home whenever you like to come to it."

"A thousand thanks—good-bye, good-bye, Miss Dashwood."

And so those two parted, with not so much as a farewell pressure of the hands to betray Hugh Damer's love.

"God bless her!" he said softly, after he had stood for some minutes, silently watching the carriage as it drove along the broad road that circled the gardens, and disappeared in the avenue leading to the gates; "God bless her fair young face—she's the sweetest girl that ever I looked upon, and I think she could have loved me, if I had been free to ask for her love."

"Think she could have loved you!" I echoed indignantly. "Why, I know that she loves you, and that you have almost broken her innocent heart by not speaking out like a man. If you had only made a clean breast of it yesterday, when you and she were meandering about the gardens, in an obvious state of mutual spooniness, you might have had everything comfortably settled with old Dashwood this morning."

"No, Fred, it's impossible—I am a beggar."

I had no time to argue the case just then. The dog-cart was waiting to drive me to Doncaster in time for the up-train; I begged Hugh to come straight to me when he came to London, which I expected him to do speedily, to make my quarters his home whenever he was in town, and to trust me fully, in honour of our friendship, which meant nothing if it did not mean a real confidence in each other. He promised to do this, shook my hands heartily, and hurried me off to the dog-cart. My last backward glance showed me the tall figure standing alone upon the broad gravel path by the moat, in the beloved home which was his no longer.

He never came to me; my anxious and laborious inquiries about him resulted only in the vaguest possible information. No one, either in London or at Churleigh Wood, could give me any definite account of his where-

abouts. There was a general impression that he had gone abroad, but no one could say where. He had settled his affairs in a speedy but satisfactory manner, paid all his racing debts in full, and some other creditors, made a composition with others, and so on. Every one spoke well of him and wished him well, but no one could set my mind at ease as to his fate.

I remembered that wild talk of his about making an easy end of all his difficulties with a pistol, and for a long time I was haunted by a dreadful fear. I watched the newspapers for accounts of nameless suicides; I visited dead-houses to look upon hapless creatures found drowned, and unclaimed by the living; I put myself in communication with the police. Happily nothing came of all this, and I began to hope that Hugh Damer had indeed gone to seek his fortune in a newer and wilder world.

CHAPTER VI.

"And now those vivid hours are gone:
Like mine own life to me thou art.
Where Past and Present wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart."

FIVE years went by, and I had heard nothing of Damer. Every autumn I had made a point of spending a week or a fortnight at the pretty rustic village near the gates of Churleigh Wood. Every year I fancied that I should obtain some tidings of my friend, every year I became more attached to the place. I had excellent lodgings in the pretty picturesque abode of a farmer's widow, half cottage, half villa, and my annual visit had become quite an institution.

I had grown very intimate with the Dashwoods in the course of these yearly holidays, and the manufacturer had given me many hospitable invitations to make Churleigh my headquarters. This I did not care to do. The place was too closely associated with my lost friend for it to seem natural to me as a home without him. But it was impossible altogether to resist Mr. Dashwood's friendly advances, and little by little I became a frequent visitor at the noble old house. Laura was still unmarried; no children's voices yet awakened the echoes of the sombre oak-panelled galleries; Hugh's fancy picture of the fair young mother sitting under the cedar with her babies round her had not been realised. She was no less lovely than when I first beheld her as Hugh Damer's guest, but her beauty had a pensive shadow upon it in these latter days, I fancied; and I wondered whether she still cherished the memory of him who had once been master of Churleigh Wood. Her father told me that she had rejected many suitors, and declined more than one eligible alliance.

"It's rather hard upon me, you see," Mr. Dashwood said, plaintively, "for I am getting old and shaky, and I should like to see my little girl married to an honest man, and established in a good position, before I go off the hooks. She'll have a good bit of money when I'm gone, and a young woman with money is a fair mark for every adventurer."

"I think Miss Dashwood is too wise to become the prey of an adventurer," I replied; "her pure mind would never mistake pinchbeck for gold."

"Yes, she is a good girl," the father answered with a sigh; "but I should like to see her married."

"To a man of equal fortune to her own, I suppose?" I said, anxious to find out how the land might have lain for my friend Damer, had he made Miss Dashwood an offer.

"Well, yes," the manufacturer answered, meditatively. "You see, if a man is poor, it's difficult to get rid of the notion that he's more or less of a fortune-hunter. I should like my daughter to marry a man whose means placed him beyond that suspicion."

"Ah!" I thought. "Then there would have been no chance for Damer."

When I went to Churleigh Wood next autumn there was no cheerly, loud-voiced host to bid me welcome. George Dashwood lay in a newly-built vault, near the resting-place of the Damers, and a handsome monument in the old church bore the record of his homely virtues. He had been dead nearly a year, carried off suddenly, in full health and vigour, as it seemed, by a stroke of apoplexy.

Miss Dashwood had been abroad for the greater part of the time since her father's death, the woman at the lodge told me; but she was at Churleigh now, fondly welcomed by the poor of the district, to whom she had ever been a generous friend. She was more devoted to them, even, than of old, the woman told me, seeing no company, and giving the best part of her life to works of charity and benevolence.

I called upon her on the day after my arrival, and found her calm and serenely lovely in her sombre mourning robes. She had a widowed aunt living with her, a sister of Mr. Dashwood's, a homely matron, who had been a small farmer's wife, and whose existence had been spent in the quiet atmosphere of a rural homestead, an honest, kindly soul, who spoke a broad Yorkshire *patois* that was almost like a foreign language to me, and to whom Laura seemed warmly attached.

We talked much of her dead father, and my

heartly praises of him seemed to touch Miss Dashwood keenly.

"You will dine with us before you leave the village, I hope, Mr. Norris," she said, when I was taking my departure. "We are only two solitary women, and cannot offer you a very lively evening, but I know you are fond of the old house."

I accepted the invitation, and dined at Churleigh on the following evening. The curate of the old church, a rather insipid young man, with ritualistic proclivities, had been asked to meet me. We were a very quiet party of four, but there was no dullness for me in that tranquil evening. There was a tender charm in Laura Dashwood's society which I had never found in that of any other woman, and the refinement of all her surroundings seemed more marked now that her father's somewhat *bourgeois* figure was missing from the picture.

We dined in the cedar parlour, and adjourned for our dessert to the library—a noble old room of octagonal shape, large and lofty, with four wide, high windows, opening upon a flower-garden, which had always been sacred to the chateaines of Churleigh. It was a sultry evening, and the four windows were all open; the little lawn beyond them steeped in a tender silvery moonlight, the semi-circle of trees that shut us in from the outer world rising dark and high against a cloudless heaven.

On such an evening one has a natural aversion to artificial light, so, by general desire, there was only one lamp lighted in the library, a moderator, with a large opaque globe, and a dark green velvet shade, which stood on an oaken table in a remote corner of the room.

Miss Dashwood officiated by-and-bye with her own fair hands at a pretty little oval tea-table by one of the open windows, and we drank our fragrant orange pekoe flavoured beverage out of old egg-shell china tea-cups without handles, in a very homelike and friendly fashion. After tea Mrs. Pollard, the farmer's widow, retired to a shady corner, where, I think, she indulged in a placid slumber; while the curate withdrew to the lamp-lit table, and amused himself turning over a portfolio of photographs, collected by Laura during her late travels.

Miss Dashwood and I were thus left alone at our open window. She was seated in a meditative attitude, looking dreamily out at the moonlit lawn, and for some time I could see that she bore her part in our conversation in a half-mechanical manner, and that her thoughts were very far away. This became so obvious to me after a little while that I left off talking altogether at last; and we sat in silence, both of us looking out at that tranquil garden, so fair in the solemn hush of the warm September night.

"Do you know what anniversary this is?" she asked me, by-and-bye, in a sudden way that almost startled me.

"An anniversary?"

"Yes, the fifteenth—the date of the St. Leger which we saw run with your friend, Mr. Damer. You—you have not heard of him lately, I suppose?" she asked timidly. I doubt whether, in the broad light of day, she would have found courage to ask me that question. Certainly she had never asked it so directly before.

"I have had no tidings whatever of or from him, in all the five years that have gone by since that day."

"Do you think he is dead?" she asked, her voice trembling a little.

"Well, no; I can't bring myself to believe that. You know the proverb about bad news. I think if anything had happened to cut short his career I should have heard of it somehow. I know he had almost made up his mind to emigrate—try his luck in the colonies—and so on."

"I fear he was quite ruined when he sold papa this place."

"Yes, it was all over with him when he brought his mind to that sacrifice."

"And I thought him hard-hearted for parting with his birthplace. How unjust I was."

"Indeed, Miss Dashwood, I do not believe you were disposed to be ungenerous to him."

"Ungenerous! No; he would not have found me ungenerous, if he would only have trusted me."

Her tone was unspeakably tender as she pronounced those few last words.

"There was no one more anxious than I that he should trust you," I said, "for I knew how dearly he loved you."

"Loved me! And you knew that?"

"Yes. I knew that he loved you with all his heart and soul. But he was too proud to offer himself to you in his beggary."

She made no remark upon this. I, too, was silent, for I knew that she was thinking of my friend; knew, as I had known from the first, that she loved him.

Presently—with a suddenness that startled both of us—there came a shadow athwart the moonlight—the tall, gaunt figure of a man—a figure which seemed at once strange and yet familiar to me, and the sight of which set my heart throbbing violently.

He came across the moonlit lawn, and stood facing the window where we sat. Laura Dash-

wood rose to her feet, looking at him intently, very pale in the moonlight.

"Good evening, Miss Dashwood," he said in a low voice, and with that quiet ease of manner which some men would carry with them to the pillory or the block. "Is there any welcome at Churleigh Wood for a wanderer and an outcast?"

"Mr. Damer?" she cried, and I could hear the rapture in the faint yet eager cry.

"Hugh, dear old Hugh!"

I had clasped his hands in mine. How thin and wasted the once muscular fingers felt as I grasped them!

"Why, what is this, dear boy, you are as pale as a ghost?" I exclaimed, as Hugh Damer dropped heavily into a chair.

"I have been very ill on the passage home—intermittent fever or something of that kind—there was no doctor on board ship, but the skipper physicked me in a rough and ready fashion of his own, and at one time he gave little hope that I should ever see the old country again. However I pulled through somehow. I have rather a strong will, you know, Fred, and I grappled with grim death hand to hand. I wanted so to come home."

"After five years, Hugh," I said. "Why not in all those five years?"

"I had a purpose to accomplish, and I waited till it was accomplished. When that was done the home sickness grew upon me like a kind of madness. I overworked myself, perhaps, a little towards the end of my exile; I was so eager to return, to look upon Churleigh Wood once more. But I had not been on board the vessel three days before I was struck down by this wretched fever; and till within a week of our landing I was not able to drag myself on deck. We only reached Liverpool this afternoon, and I have pushed across country as fast as the railways would let me, wasting most wearisome intervals at out-of-the-way junctions, and altogether enduring a prolonged trial of human patience. Thank God, I am here at last! Miss Dashwood—Laura—there was something I would have given the world to say to you on that last happy Sunday we spent in this house—something I dared not tell you then. I have come from the other side of the world to say it now."

When this secret was told I know not; but I know that we finished the evening very pleasantly, weak as Hugh Damer still was. He went home to share my lodgings with me, and my landlady and I nursed him between us, and made a strong man of him in a very short time. This being done, I was fain to return to the busy world, and leave my old friend in possession of my quarters.

Two months afterwards, in the grey, misty November, there was a quiet wedding in the old church amongst the effigies of departed Damers, and the fair young mistress of Churleigh Wood took the name of its old masters.

"Well, darling," Hugh said to his bride, as they stood in the old Gothic porch, waiting for the carriage that was to convey them on the first stage of their honeymoon journey, "I suppose you think you have married a pauper?"

"I know that I have married the only man I ever loved, Hugh," she answered in her low tender voice, "and that is all I have ever thought of."

"Then I am happy to tell you that he is also one of the richest men in Sydney, my pet," Hugh answered, smiling down upon the fair face. "I went away to redeem my fortune and return to you, Laura, or to remain away for ever. There were no half-measures for me. I was a speculator, and a desperate one—for my case was desperate—but an honest one always, dear, and fortune favoured me. I used to fancy that your influence protected and succoured me. There seemed a kind of magic in my success, and the day came at last when I won the great prize and was master of a fortune that I might fairly ask you to share. Only it was pleasant for me to defer telling you this till you had taken me for better, for worse, sweet one, and to know that you would have taken me penniless."

"What need I tell after this? When the happy sound of wedding bells rings out upon the air, one can generally guess the end of the story; although there are those who do come to grief, and ruin worse than death, after marriage."

Those two of whom I have written were very happy; no cloud came athwart their sunshine; and I have seen Laura sitting under the big cedar, with her children round her, and Hugh Damer lying at her feet among his babies—not a lonely exile, wandering far away, broken-hearted, as he had fancied himself doomed to wander when he made the picture.

Churleigh opens its hospitable door to me every autumn. The old master of the Glendown Hunt has gone to that quiet rest from which even the deep-moaned voices of his favourites are not loud enough to waken him, and Hugh has been elected, by the popular voice of the neighbourhood, into that honourable position. He hunts about six times a week; gives hunting breakfasts that are banquet of an almost gargantuan character, and I go down for a run with him now and then, with my portmanteau stuffed full of briefs—

not one of which I look at during my holiday.

Often, on autumnal evenings, pacing up and down by the moat, enjoying the social weed, in a kind of half silence that is pleasanter than talk, we drop out a word or two about that unforgotten Leger.

"It was much better to win the race by your own pluck and industry than by the swiftness of Jezebel's heels, wasn't it, Hugh?" I said.

"Well, I don't know, old fellow," he answered in his careless way. "I lost five years of paradise, and had to work like a galley slave among our friends in the Antipodes. But I suppose it makes a better moral."

THE END.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"I brought away the parcel as given me, but respected Anna's mild charity too well to desecrate her clothes in disguising the skeleton. I looked at the articles a few times, and could have loved them. They remain in the wrappings she gave them in, lying atop of the other feminine raiment; and that is spread atop of the bones."

"All in one packing case? Or is it a trunk?"

"It is a large deal box; five feet and a half, by about twenty inches wide and deep."

"How soon could you fetch that box?"

"In half an hour, with light spring waggon and good horse."

"Say? If I get a customer, what will you sell for, just as the thing is now fixed?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"And bring it right away? Is the packing case, or whatever you call it, secured by a lock? Sure there's no smell? What other female attire is it? Rags? Hospital clothing?"

"A lady's ball dress, and various odds of things, opera cloak, damaged less or more, a crinoline skirt, a veil, a scarf, and opera gaiters. One of our fellows got them from his landlady, now in the States. They had been left at her house. Forget her name. There's a name inside the gaiters."

"Opera gaiters did you say? What are they?"

"Fancy dress boots worn by ladies; pretty things they have been. The skeleton wore them that time I frightened Tush, and the time your nigger was at my rooms, Brand, or Hildebrand, whatever you call him. He was scared, you bet."

"He, he, he! that was good; that was a caution."

"Yes, to see the young nigger was a caution, you bet."

"The money, Dickey; how much money?"

"As I told you, two hundred dollars."

"One hundred, you mean?"

"You know my position, Tom, and may screw me to anything absurd and cruel. But if I get two hundred I go right away to Sacramento, Cal., where my sister is. Write a cheque for two hundred."

"I write no cheque in this matter. Get the waggon; bring the packing case to the private garden door, in the lane rear of the bank. I'll give a hundred dollars on account of the customer; and present you with a hundred from myself, besides defraying expenses. Take these for present use, three two's and a four, making ten. Don't hire a man, drive yourself. The key, give that, please; I take the key in token of contract. He, he, he!"

"There it is, Tom, now I'm off. Will be at your place in an hour, at most. Bring my own luggage to the G. T. R. depot same time. Don't owe anything at Lot Four, so may clear at once."

"Don't owe anything, Dicky? Wonder to hear that. Perhaps they wouldn't let you?"

"Right, they wouldn't let me; and I didn't try to. Inkle's bank would be a poor concern if somebody didn't get deeper in debt to money-lenders than D. Rickaby."

Within the time promised, D. Rickaby returned with the packing case. The purchaser handed him money, repeating several times with emphasis:

"On behalf of a customer, one hundred."

Then:

"Take this second hundred as a gift from myself, dear Mr. Rickaby. Happy at having the privilege; just borrowed that and the customer's payment from mother, for I've none, so to speak, of my own. May prosperity attend you, Dicky!"

A thought of something forgotten flashed on the Inkle mind; he continued:

"Say, come inside the garden; let's try the key before you go."

He tried the key, opened the box, and in the dark groped among the contents.

"The bones are loose, lying in pieces, Rickaby. You said the skeleton was wired and fixed. Help carry to my private cellar, a lumber room I have underneath the bank, and let's examine with a light."

Under a light the contents of the case were looked at one by one, the student explaining that the wiring had been at first imperfect, and was undone to be reconstructed.

"Give back half the money, Dicky, this isn't fair."

"Quite fair, Tom. You'll find a coil of new wire and springs in the box; the work is easily done; be nice amusement for you at night. Good bye."

"Come back, Rickaby, this is a swindle. Return me half the money."

"Not a cent, Tom. Good bye."

"I'll have you arrested."

But the other quickly disappeared through the garden wicket, closing it after him.

Left alone young Inkle laughed in the usual manner, satisfied he had not the worst of the bargain. But the odour was unmistakably bad.

"If I take the concern up-stairs smelling so, it may be felt in the bank, or by the servants doing my rooms. I'll leave it here for the present. Quick lime and charcoal both in store, fortunately, for garden purposes. Scatter some on the floor and box lid; they'll chemically absorb bad odours. Also leave the Anna Liffey clothes, spread out to the deodorizing influences. And burn the rest in the stove upstairs, when examined under the gold ore detector lens."

While scanning the opera cloak and other articles, finding inside the gaiter boots, by aid of the powerful gold ore detector, the name "Agnes Schoolar," a policeman reported to Chief Grynd that he had been watching Inkle's garden-door in the lane.

"Heard high words between young Tom and Rickaby. Guess Dick had sold some of this Rama gold ore which town and country have run insane on all at once. Guess they'd fallen out about the price. Dick had a Steelyard's Mills light waggon in the lane. They had carried in something heavy afore I came up. Must have been heavy or bulky, else they needn't have had a waggon."

"It is well to note everybody's proceedings, Alleroo; at that time of night especially. But the Inkle's being dealers in ores, the incident suggests nothing. What words passed?"

"Only heard Tom cry 'Rickaby, this is a swindle; return half the money.' To which the other replied, 'Not a cent, Tom; good bye.' Then Inkle called 'I'll have you arrested.' I asked Rickaby as he came into the lane, what was the matter; and he said 'Only Tom Inkle as usual not content with his side of a bargain. Brought him some bank valuables in the waggon; we traded, and now he wants to be off the fair thing. Not likely I'm to stand that.' So he drove away. I had nothing to detain him on, but thought it best to report."

"Quite right, Alleroo. Keep a quiet eye on Inkle's garden door in these times of gold rush. If the diggers be getting nuggets and auriferous quartz at Rama, as reported, we'll soon have thieves, perhaps murderers, coming with it at night to sell in a hurry."

And, while the plain clothes constable and chief held this dialogue, Tom, in his private chambers on upper floor of the bank buildings, continued his monologue:

"If this rush to Rama holds on, and gold be found in plenty, I'm bound to have a large share any way. Shall get this skeleton rigged in my wardrobe closet. Any one opening the room door will also open the closet, by connecting wires and springs, and bring the skeleton into view, hideous and grinning. And there I'm like to keep, at least, one private horde of gold."

"Have done Rickaby nicely! Would have given two thousand dollars for the bones rather than not get them. A skeleton watching the treasure!"

"Guarding the gold for me! How delectable the sound of that precious word! Met a man in the backwoods once with teeth of gold, or golden links holding together his teeth. Never envied a human being but him. How rich, luscious, delicious in the mouth the constant flavour"

"I dote on, gloat on, love, adore the alluring treasure. Oh, the rapture that one in his youth like me, should arrive at the crowning climax in human ascendancy—possession of treasure!"

"I'm almost as hilarious over gold as father. And I've youth on my side to enjoy the luxury of possession through a long life time yet, which he has not."

"So young, and so rich already; and so vastly wealthy as I may be! What hordes to be accumulated, and voluptuous indulgences revelled in! Not a desire, or passion in nature but may be indulged, in broadest luxurious rapture!"

"Sin? What is sin to me? Ethnological science, progress of the age will soon and forever extinguish religion."

"If subjugation of dull old age to opinions of the young be sin in eyes of the old, what of it? The young have got charge of the world now, and are best entitled to judge."

"If the science of a monkey ancestry become false by the time I'm old, and religion be again deemed true, I'll repent, he! he! he! Time enough then. I'm not old yet."

"What superlative natural combination is mine! Mother's luxurious tastes, ambition, enjoyment of power. Father's eager avarice, energy, sagacity, eagle-eyed perception of methods and means. Hard to convince me of descent from ring-tailed apes; but small doubt I'm a relation of the Inkle who sold Yarico to the Barbadian merchant. 'Twould be nice though to believe the monkey lineage; and be sure scripture is fable—gives such freedom to a young fellow with gold in hand, and vastly more to be got at. Got at with his mind emancipated from old superstition."

"Splendid idea! If that girl, Anna Liffey, have the secret of knowing where to find rocks of golden ore, and I marry her—my father having already secured the auriferous territory as his and mine, the fortune is princely. It must excel every family revenue hitherto known."

"Will she accept me? Though a girl of science she is said to be also religious."

"Guess I've something in hand sufficient to disgust Miss Liffey with medical students. They say she and Ocean Horn are affianced; the beggarly brat medically educated on charity of Ramasine and his mother. I'll tell her of Rickaby's deception in obtaining her garments to clothe a skeleton. To attire for sport the bones of a young female they possibly murdered. An Ocean Horn may her. Will I dare say this?"

"Failing in that direction, what then? Get her to the bank of Inkle by the garden gate at a late hour on pretence of conferring with father about sale of nuggets. Stain her name. Drive Ocean Horn mad, or get him arrested for something. Must get rid of him, and have Anna Liffey. All of us descended from monkey's, cutest male prevailing, he! he! he!"

During this monologue Inkle junior handled the female attire piece by piece several times; the opera gaiter boots attracting most attention, because of the name read by aid of the lens.

"Agnes Schoolar," he cogitated; "who may she have been? I'll lay those beside the deodorizing charcoal and chloride of lime to be kept a while, and burn the rest; they smell of death. Yet not all, now I think of it. The scarf and cloak and veil smell least; may want them here with the clothes of Anna."

He bundled the dress, shawl, and crinoline into the stove; crumpled old newspapers beside them and looked for a match. It had been disused since winter; the iron funnel and brick flue left unsweped. A thing unusual elsewhere on the Inkle premises, for bank and household moved ever as clockwork in order. But the apartments of the young gentleman none interfered with. He forgot the flues, and forgot that his gross of telegraph matches lay in the disused stove.

So he crushed all in, and finding a fusee lighted the paper; closed the stove door; opened the valve for draught in the flue, and the slide to admit air.

It was done. The matches exploded. The soot caught fire in the piping and brick chimney. In consternation, lest of alarm, Tom closed the valve, a right thing; but opened the stove, drawing out the crinoline, a wrong thing. He trod it under foot in the charcoal brought there to deodorize.

Flame and smoke issued from door of the stove. The charcoal caught from the smouldering crinoline, and its wires remained witnesses to whom they might concern. The charcoal glowing fired the floor.

Half suffocated Inkle raised a window for air, and saw a crowd gathering, the fire brigade coming at a gallop with the reeled-up hose on wheels.

The policeman on the beat when seeing first sparks of fire, hastened to the nearest signal box, Forty-Three. Opened it with the key he carried; pulled down the hook and let go.

Instantly the electric mechanism was in action giving the number of the box, within the office of the Town Hall.

Instantly the operator on duty there touched a spring sending the electric pulsations to the different fire divisions, and to the High Church tower, where the bell sounded; as also in the Church tower at St-eleyard's Mills, two miles off.

"One, two, three, four; one, two, three." Those numbers reading as forty-three—Inkle's bank.

In thirty seconds only from the policeman's pull and let go, the vehicles were horsed and reels on the street coming at a gallop. Attached to high pressure hydrants supplied from Rama River Reservoir, the hose, directed by men of skill, extinguished the fire in a few minutes. Small damage done.

Firemen and constables rushing up-stairs carried Tom out. He soon recovered. Constable Alleroo remained in the room after extinction of the fire, and seeing wires of crinoline with tinder attaching, snatched up other articles of feminine dress and took them away.

"Charcoal and chloride of lime," he said to Chief Grynd; "female clothing in a bachelor's room, crushed into a stove to be burned, then withdrawn; this has a meaning."

"Has a connection, you think, with Dicky Rickaby's visit two hours previously?"

"It may turn out so, by watching."

Two days later young Inkle sent the fire brigade a hundred dollars in acknowledgment of promptitude. Then by influence on his mother, she on his father, another hundred were given by Inkle's bank as an institution; and the two items publicly announced in newspapers.

Tom also presented two hundred dollars to the police on express terms that no public report should tell of his generosity. Which gift may have been intended to induce the return of small articles taken away in the confusion. If so it failed to take effect. Policemen of the plain clothes order have a remarkable instinct, the world over, for holding to trifles if associated with mystery. Alleroo repeated his remarks:

"A lady's veil and fancy gaiters found in a bachelor's chambers when on fire, at top of the banking house where no female is supposed to have ever been, except his mother on rare occasions, and Betty scrubbing and doing up, isn't all O. K., to say the least of it."

"They were none of the maid's things," replied the Chief; "I might have thought them his sister's had the young fellow not volunteered a statement. I'd have liked his statement the better if unaccompanied with two hundred dollars. That money we retain intact, sealed up, with the veil, scarf and lady's gaiter boots."

"Do you make out any name, or mark?"

"There had been a name, which some chemical agent has partly obliterated. The microscope may bring it up. Meanwhile mum's the word. To every man in the force, it is mum. Understand?"

Alleroo did not reply in words, but nodded. Mr. Grynd reading in the nods: 'Understand,' 'mum.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

ARRESTED FOR MURDER OF ANNA LIFFEY.

"If gold ore underlie the soil we cultivate," said Deacon Pearly to his wife, "it is safer there than above ground. Let it lie where thieves cannot break through and steal."

"Yet, William, it might be useful. See how they as have money get their daughters married—Inkle, for instance—and think on our unmarried girls, Willy."

"Our eldest is married, Nancy; and if wealth and position of a son-in-law be an object, where is such another as Samson Steelyard? And if that other wealth be an object, where are moral character and worth excelling his? If, from amidst the hundreds and hundreds of hand-loom weavers who came from Lancashire and settled in Conway County, as the Scotch in Lanark, one Inkle has arisen eminent for greed of gold, and unscrupulous as to means of getting it, aren't all the rest, with small exception, a contented, moral, patiently working people? Steelyard one of them. All covering the face of a goodly land with milk, and butter, and cheese, and wheat. Aiming at rearing families in the ways of honest industry, moral worth and piety?"

"We have four unmarried daughters, William, and two sons; this farm cannot give all the girls a dowry."

"Nancy, they have your comeliness and womanly ways; no small dowry, as I have found, and knew I should find when first I looked on you. When, years ago, I looked from the loom to behold you milking a cow, Nancy, I was much surer that a treasure lay under the muslin cap than I'm sure of gold lying under the ridges of our farm this day. We'll continue to work on as we've heretofore done, and let the land retain the secrets its Maker and ours committed to it, if it have any."

"Anna Liffey, of the school over which you are a trustee, William, is sought by young men of rich families from far and near, since she found the gold on Redwald bottom. And see how Inkle, of Conway, snapt at that land the moment he heard of nuggets found on it; and now he's selling quarter acre claims for sums I dare hardly believe."

"They who buy the lots may be deceived. As yet they are only digging pits, sluice runs, and quarrying stones. As for Anna Liffey, her life's in danger; all sorts of adventurers flock after her. She's resigned the school."

"Other farmers are prospecting for gold, William; why not us as well?"

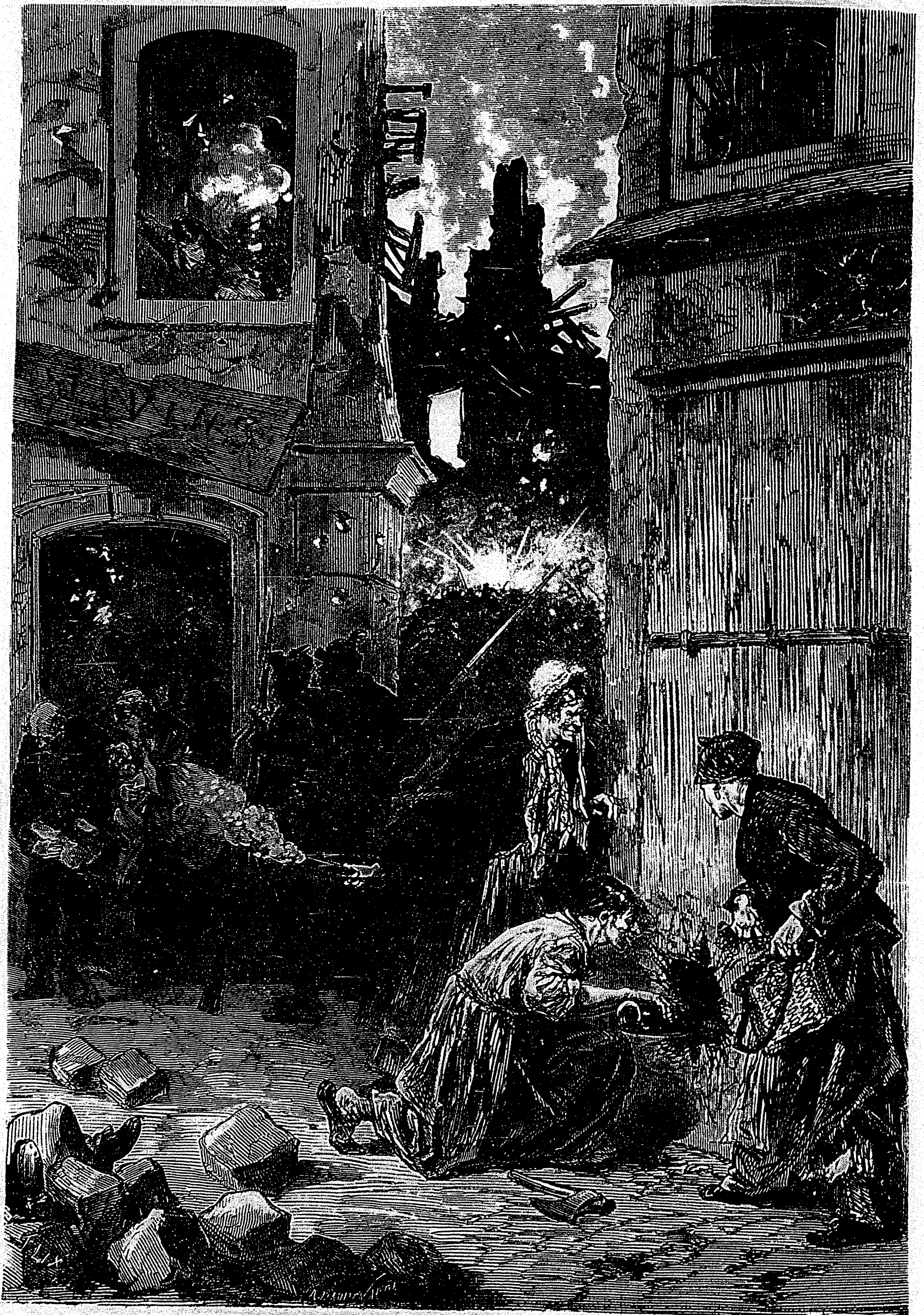
"Only a few, Nancy. The greater part of our worthy and sensible neighbours are, like as the beautiful crop of wheat now growing, standing upright with heads to heaven. The wheat is our gold. If the other gold be in the rocks under the land, time will tell."

"Time will not tell if you don't look and 'prospect' like other people, Willy."

"Who is that coming riding so fast? Young Tom Inkle, I do think. He is putting in his horse. Nancy, give him no encouragement with the girls. I don't like him."

"But if every one is to be discouraged you don't like, William, what are the girls to do? Tom Inkle is goodly in looks, son of the richest man in the country, and careful of business."

"I don't like him, Nancy."



THE LATE CIVIL WAR.—PETROLEUSES AT THEIR WORK OF DESTRUCTION.—SEE PAGE 35.



THE LATE CIVIL WAR.—DELIVERED! WELCOME OF THE PARISIANS TO THE TROOPS OF THE REPUBLIC.—SEE PAGE 35.

"But why, Willy?"
 "I don't like him."
 "Good day, Mr. Pearly; how d'ye do, m'm? Rode along to consult on a little matter of business, Deacon."
 "Come in, Mr. Inkle," said the lady; "come in the parlour, please; let us hear the wonderful news; more gold found?"
 "Just come to talk of it, come to request that you grant leave in writing, Mr. Pearly, to a prospecting party to dig and make assays of ore on your land. I'll guarantee none is carried unlawfully away."
 "No, sir; I will not."
 "Will you sell the farm? I'll buy it right out, right away, money down: name price."
 "I'll not sell the farm, sir. Not a rod of it."
 "How are the young ladies, Mrs. Pearly? Saw Miss Essel at Squire Steelyard's the other day. Every one is full of the praise of Essel Pearly."
 "Yes, the girl is well enough to look at; and, I hope, as good as she looks. Indeed I know she is."
 "Stop, Nancy. If Mr. Inkle came to 'prospect' for gold on my farm, he has got my answer. If to buy the land, he has my answer. All final answers. He cannot look for gold, nor buy. This reply should be sufficient."
 "But suppose, Deacon, I had another errand?"
 "What other errand can you have with me? I don't borrow money; nor do I owe money."
 "William, give the young gentleman leave to speak. Hear what his errand is."
 "Inkle can have no proper business here, Nancy. The sooner he departs the pleasanter for us all."
 "Mrs. Pearly, I could do better with you; the Deacon is too blunt in manner. Suppose I had been constrained by love of charming Essel Pearly to come and ask permission to pay my addresses?"
 "Did you come with that object? You say if you had; did you?"
 "I did, Deacon."
 "Then away from the house as fast as you came. Never shall daughter of ours be permitted to assort with you. Take that for answer, and away."
 "What does Mrs. Pearly say? I prefer having the mother's opinion of me."
 "I cannot say otherwise than my husband in such a matter as this."
 "I was told you speculate on Toby Oman, De Lacy Lillymere, as he now calls himself. But the question of his identity is not settled yet, let me tell you."
 "At which Mrs. Pearly spoke as became her."
 "Mr. Inkle, my husband, I perceive, judged you right, and I did not. You are impertinent. We speculate on nothing for our daughters; though, if half the tales be true, your mother speculated a good deal to get her daughter married lately, and would have preferred De Lacy Lillymere, had she known in time that he is heir-at-law to great estates, and an English Earldom."
 "He heir-at-law to an Earldom! An imposter and forger. I know as much as would half hang him."
 "Sir, we know who De Lacy Lillymere is. I knew him as a babe; have seen natural marks of identity on him at Conway within the last month, which I knew when he was an infant. He is no imposter."
 "Anyway, he is illegitimate, so cannot lawfully succeed as heir to Earl Royalfort, and never will."
 "Never will is too much for you to say, Mr. Inkle. We know he is legitimate."
 "And so you expect Essel Pearly to be the Countess Royalfort! he! he! he!"
 "If you don't get out of this house, Mr. Inkle," cried the Deacon, "I'll call force and eject you."
 "And I'll call force and have Toby arrested. My agents of private inquiry have for months past been on his track. We know his confederates in false pretence and forgery thoroughly. I'd advise you, Mr. and Mrs. Pearly both, to be very careful in connection with him; and not less careful as to how you treat me."
 "How would you choose be treated?"
 "As a gentleman of property and position in society; one offering to pay honourable attentions to your daughter."
 "Have you Essel's permission to say this?"
 "Perhaps not, but with yours I'd be like to have hers; seeing the money I have, and position I offer her."
 "This interview is closed, Mr. Inkle. Go. Go at once. Never set foot on this farm again. Nor for the life of you speak to Essel, or any daughter of William and Nancy Pearly. If you do, it may be dearly rued."
 "And I vow by all that is worth vowing by, that the rascal De Lacy Lillymere will rue the day he came between me and Essel Pearly. Good-bye. The weevil's on your wheat, Deacon."
 "Two men on horseback rode down the lane, arriving at Pearly's homestead gate as Tom got to the saddle. One laid hold of the Inkle bridle rein. The other spoke:
 "You had better alight, young man, and come in the barn or house and talk. Some business you're concerned in wants settling."
 "Who are you?" demanded Inkle—"what is the business? By what assurance do you pre-

sume to hold my bridle rein? See this? Let go!"
 From his breast pocket he drew a revolver, and smartly put the hammer on cock; not as one afraid, but with the courage of a double inheritance from Inkles and Cleggs of Oldham, among whom were no cowards."
 "Let go!" he again exclaimed, spurring his horse. The noble charger, one of Canada's best, which a general or emperor might have been proud of, reared and broke from the stranger's grasp. At the same moment a blow from the second stranger's hickory baton knocked Inkle's pistol to the ground. He would have ridden away, but with the adroitness of a skilled dragoon the man with the hickory sprang his horse across the narrow way of retreat as he delivered the blow, thus interrupting flight.
 They led Inkle to the house, Mr. Pearly following; a man of the farm taking charge of the horses.
 "You asked who we were and what we wanted, but did not wait for a civil answer before your shooter was out; looks bad to be carrying a seven shooter, young man; very bad."
 "Would need to, so many robbers about, and I carrying money most times; though none now thank fortune. So, if you be robbers you'll get no money."
 "Mr. Pearly," said Ragstrath, the man who struck at Inkle with the hickory, "you are a school trustee, and have noted the movements of people around the late chief governess of Ramasine school, Anna Liffey, as well as her movements; how long since she was last seen alive?"
 "I'm not aware she has been seen dead. She absented herself on resigning the place of teacher about three weeks ago. The trustees accepted the resignation; paid the salary, promoted one of the juniors, requiring that she was not to trouble herself and cause commotion in the township, as Anna had, with geological and mineralogical researches. Farther we know nothing."
 "Have you heard nothing?"
 "Some of the trustees heard she had sold gold nuggets and ore at Inkle's bank. Had been seen going in by the garden gate at dusk, and coming out of the bank into the garden, but not from the garden to the lane. So, I heard one of them tell that he had been told. But I gave little heed. To sell gold ore, or dust, or nuggets, was a likely thing if she had them. And to depart with her money to escape scores of worthless fellows seeking to marry her because she had money, and was supposed to know where natural gold lay, was also a step a prudent woman would take. Anna Liffey was a discreet and very superior young woman. Discreet in everything but in raising this commotion in the country about gold."
 "Mr. Inkle," said Ragstrath, facing round; "when did you see Anna Liffey alive last?"
 "Alive last! like Mr. Pearly I've not seen her otherwise than alive."
 "When did you see her?"
 "When? about that time she came at dusk to sell her gold."
 "Where did Anna Liffey go after she had delivered the nuggets, and you had paid the price?"
 "Father paid the price; I had nothing to do with it."
 "You conducted her out of the bank buildings, but not out of the garden; where did she go? But before you reply, be careful. I'm bound by law to give this caution; any statement now made may be hereafter used against you. When conducted out of the bank buildings into the garden, but not conducted out of the garden, where did the young lady go?"
 "Why in name of Jupiter do you presume to ask me such a question? Miss Liffey departed the way she entered. The young lady came there by appointment with my father to sell her gold; to sell it unseen by a crowd of people who constantly pestered her to disclose where the nuggets were found."
 "Isn't she in the garden now?"
 "Don't know what you mean. In the garden now?"
 "Did you demand of her to disclose the place where her mineralogical acumen had discovered precious ore?"
 "Very likely I invited her to assist us; to be one with us; to give information and share the profits. Very likely, as a business man I did."
 "And she refused?"
 "I'll answer no question on a topic about which you can have no right to insult me."
 "She didn't come out of the garden; where is she now?"
 "I conducted her to the lane by a private way through the house; and she departed. I know no more."
 "You know more. Whose bones are they you have in the private cellar where you have been at work some hours nearly every night the last two weeks? Using charcoal to absorb smell, acids and quick lime to consume flesh? Whose bones are they?"
 "If you know about the bones in the cellar, you also know I got them by purchase from the medical student, Dicky Rickaby."
 "The clothes beside the bones, who wore them in open day, not long ago?"
 "I don't know there are clothes. Anyway

nothing is there but what I purchased from Rickaby."
 "Where is Rickaby?"
 "In California, perhaps; am not sure, but think he is."
 "California is a far way off, isn't it?"
 "Rather a way off; but people travel far in these days."
 "Don't you know the clothes are Anna Liffey's, and were worn by her when alive?"
 "I don't know that. If they be, Rickaby got them from her for some purpose."
 "And the bones? Do you admit you murdered Anna Liffey? Consumed the flesh of her body with chemicals and lime; and that those are her bones?"
 "You are two ruffianly imposters, and possibly Anna Liffey's murderers, whoever you be. I answer no more questions, but will at once proceed to town, and have you arrested."
 "Thomas Inkle, you go to town with us. This is a warrant for your arrest. You are in custody. Get us a spring wagon, Mr. Pearly. We'll drive to the gaol, and send for the horses."
 [To be continued.]


An amusing story of a fashionable summer resort on the Potomac is told in the American papers. The captain of a steamboat running on the river was astonished one day lately, upon stopping at the place, to see all the guests assembled with their luggage ready to take passage for Washington. In making inquiries as to the cause of this general exodus he soon discovered that thereby hung a tale. A cat's. It appears that the fare of the hotel had disagreed with the boarders, and not satisfied with complaining, they took French leave. A batch of dough had been prepared for the oven and placed on the table. A playful kitten thought it would be nice to run over it, it looked so snowy, warm, and tempting. Kitty tried it and soon found her delicate little feet sinking in the dough. She struggled to escape, and like Governor Morton in the stolen treaty business, only struggled to sink deeper until this youthful cat disappeared entirely, and so like young Lochinvar went into the yeast. She never rose again, but the bread did. It closed over this unfortunate specimen, not leaving a hair apparent. Cooky of course was not aware that instead of a loaf of bread she had a kitten dumpling, and put the mass into the oven and baked it. When the bread was opened at breakfast next morning the birds did not begin to sing, but the boarders did. They fairly howled with wrath. They knew that there had been a family of kittens, and as hash had been served for breakfast before this extraordinary loaf was opened, the conclusion was natural that the other part of the family had gone into the hash and down their throats. They were first taken with sea-sickness, next with home sickness, and then ensued a general pecking up. The fashionable summer resort was left with no inhabitants but the cook and the baker, and what remained of the family of kittens.

The following curious train of thought was suggested the other day to a Leinster gentleman, on observing in a French paper the signature of Marshall MacMahon to an official document as "De MacMahon"—"The Mac" of the name has already the same significance of intention as the 'de,' and if some etymologists are to be believed, 'ma' is possibly an equivalent, the original name having, perhaps, been 'hon.' And so names are built up from the simple etymological brick to the edifice of many stages. Hon first became converted into 'Mahon,' then into 'MacMahon,' now into 'Demacmahon,' and possibly future changes will, in the course of ages, make it 'Vondermacmahon,' 'Fitzvondermacmahon,' 'Fitzvondermacmahonoff,' according to the designations of the different generations of the family, until at last, in the days when the original fatherland of the family calls home all its scattered children, the name may finally become 'O'Fitzvondermacmahonoffski!'

THE GRECIAN BEND.—I would ask my medical brethren what is, or rather was, the true Grecian bend? I am sure that it was not the ungainly forward stoop which is assumed at the present day, and which clearly originates in the hips or loins, or both combined. My belief is, that it was a natural and national peculiarity in the conformation of the cervical or humeral (neck or shoulders) portion of the spinal column; throwing the head a little more in advance of the bust than is usual with our modern ladies, but at the same time curving it gracefully downwards. In a population of 30,000 I only know one young lady who, in my opinion, has this true Grecian bend, and I need scarcely say that it is neither the result of art nor affectation.—M. D.

A deserted wife in Pennsylvania, who has advertised her errant husband, says: "He is a tall man, about fifty years old, has considerable money and a high forehead, long face and lantern-jawed man, a bad man with a flat like a giant, and has often beat me, and I want him to end his days in a penitentiary, where he belongs; and he wears a gray coat, with a very large mouth, and one blue eye, and one blind blue eye, and a hideous-looking man, and I want him brought slap up in the law with blue pants."

A NEW STORY
 BY THE
 Celebrated English Novelist,
 EDMUND YATES,
 ENTITLED
 CASTAWAY,
 Will appear in the *Hearthstone* simultaneously with its appearance in England, the United States and Australia.
 No other Journal in the Dominion will be permitted to copy this Story, the SOLE RIGHT to which as a serial has been ceded to the *Hearthstone*.


THEATRE ROYAL
 Proprietor, BEN DE BAR.
 Manager, J. W. ALBROUGH.
 Stage Manager, RUGENT EBBEL.
 Engagement for 6 nights only of the talented young Comedian, Mr. J. K. EMMET, who will appear in his wonderful impersonation of FRITZ VON VONDERBLENKENSTOFFENHEIMER, with his new Songs, Dances, and Solos.
LITTLE LOUISE as LITTLE FRITZ.
 (Brought from the States at a large expense specially to play that part.)
 EVERY EVENING will be performed *Waxley's* 3-Act Comic Drama of
FRITZ, OUR COUSIN GERMAN.
 INTRODUCING
 Castle Garden, New York, (now) Phil Bobbat.
 Concert Saloon, (now) Cellar, (now) Exterior of Fritz's Mill, (now)
 MONDAY, JULY 17.
 Engagement of the Montreal Favorites,
The CHAPMAN SISTERS,
 BLANCHE and ELLA,
 Supported by the Celebrated Comedian,
C. B. BISHOP.
 Admissions: Dress Circle, 75c.; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle, 50c.; Family Circle, 30c.; Par. Box, Private Boxes, 50c. Seats secured at Prince's Music Store. Doors open at 7 1/2; performance to begin at 8 1/2.

THEATRE COMIQUE,
 (LATE NORDHEIMER'S HALL)
 BENJAMIN HAYES, Proprietor & Manager.
 HUGH HAMALL, Stage Manager.
 FRED. ROGERS, Treasurer.
 T. F. STONEHAM, Scenic Artist.
 IMMENSE SUCCESS OF THE
GREAT STAR COMPANY.
Hundreds Unable to Gain Admission
 EVERY BODY DELIGHTED,
 EVERY ONE LAUGHS,
 EVERY ONE SATISFIED.
THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
 MONDAY EVENING, JULY 17th.
 FIRST APPEARANCE OF
MISS VALETIA JORDAN,
 Serio-Comic Vocalist, and
MISS MINNIE WESTON,
 Versatile Artist.
 Admission 25 cents; Reserved seats, with fans and programmes, 50 cents. Reserved Seats may be had at Prince's and at Gould's Music Stores.


CORPORATION OF MONTREAL.
PROCLAMATION
\$500 REWARD.
 WHEREAS there is reason to believe that several of the late fires in the City have been the acts of incendiaries, and attempts have been made to set fire to several wood-yards in the City; and whereas apprehensions are entertained that the parties guilty of these acts of incendiarism may attempt to set fire to other premises in the City, I, the undersigned, Mayor of the City of Montreal, do hereby offer a reward of
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS
 to any person or persons (not being the principal offender) who will give such information as shall lead to the apprehension and conviction of the party or parties guilty of any of the late acts of incendiarism, or of any party or parties who may hereafter wilfully and maliciously set fire to or occasion the burning of any premises in this City.
 CHARLES J. COURSOUL,
 Mayor.
 Mayor's Office,
 City Hall,
 Montreal, 6th July, 1871. 1-3a

OFFICE OF THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS," MONTREAL, 10th July, 1871.

MY FRIENDS and the PUBLIC are hereby requested to take notice that although Mr. W. ROBERTS carries on his business under the name of ROBERTS, REINHOLD & CO., he makes use of my name for his own purposes only...

THE DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, 89 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, P.Q.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

Established for the purpose of qualifying Operators for the new Telegraph Lines now building throughout the Dominion and the United States.

This Institution having been established three years, may now be considered a permanent College. Its rapid growth and prosperity are due to the demands of the Telegraph community...

The rapid development and usefulness of the Electric Telegraph, and the consequent ever increasing demand for First-Class Operators renders the opening of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity.

Telegraphic Superintendents view this movement as one made in the right direction. Commercial Colleges have, to some extent, assumed the responsibility of teaching in this, as well as in other branches of business education.

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy.

The possession of a knowledge of Telegraphy is especially open to Ladies; in fact, they are the favorites as operators both in England and America, commanding higher wages, as compared with other employments, than men, while they have the natural faculty of acquiring the system sooner.

THE DUTIES OF AN OPERATOR. There is no trade or profession which requires so small an amount of labour, and at the same time where the employee has the same amount of freedom and independence, being at all times master of the instrument over which he presides...

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor. Montreal, June, 1871.



NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Immigrant Shed, Montreal," will be received at this Office until SATURDAY, the 15th of JULY instant, at noon...

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Office of M. LAURENT, Esq., Architect, 3 Place d'Armes Hill, Montreal.

The names of two responsible persons willing to become security for the due fulfillment of the contract to be submitted with each tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 3rd July, 1871.



NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Dwelling House," will be received at this Office until WEDNESDAY, the 19th instant, at noon...

Plans and Specifications can be seen on and after THURSDAY next, the 13th instant, at this Office, and also at the Office of the Superintendent of the Cornwall Canal.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 8th July, 1871.

L. N. ALLAIRE, MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT. STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS; SAULT AU MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: Corner of PETER & JAMES ST., QUEBEC.

JAMES FYFE, FIRST PRIZE SCALE MANUFACTURER. No. 24 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL. A GENERAL ASSORTMENT ALWAYS ON HAND.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. A BONA-FIDE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM.

For Coughs, Colic, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease.

The Red Spruce Gum has always been held in the highest esteem in this country for the relief and cure of Chest complaints. It is now offered to the public in the form of a delicious and scientifically PREPARED SYRUP.

PREPARED BY HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing Chemist, MONTREAL. Price, 25 cents.

For sale at all Drug Stores in the Dominion. Price, 25 cents. Drugists can be supplied from any of the Wholesale Houses.

TWO ORIGINAL CASES VERY FINE HONEYCOMB SPONGE. JUST RECEIVED FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

SAARG'S TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP. In Packets, Capsules and Liquid.

PERFUMED GLYCERINE AT THE MEDICAL HALL, ST. JAMES STREET.

BRANCH, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

CLARET, SAUTERNES, BARSAC, CHABLIS, CHATEAU YQUEM.

Chateau Margaux, Chateau Lafitte, Chateau Latour, Chateau Langeec, Laguille, Bataillay, Mouton, Larose, St. Julien, Medoc, St. Loubes, Yquem Sauterne, Haut Sauterne, Sauterne, Barsac, Chablis, Latour Blanche, White Graves.

300 Cases of the above WINES just to hand from the celebrated Houses of BARTON & GUESTIER, and NATHL. JOHNSON & SON, Bordeaux.

FRANK B. STREET, GENTS' HOSIER AND HABERDASHER. No. 27 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

Manufacturer and Importer of all kinds of SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, SCARFS, TIES, UMBRELLAS, BRACES, GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, Ac.

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs made to order.

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THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. IN THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

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We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List.

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MONTREAL. ST. LAWRENCE HALL..... H. HOGAN. ST. JAMES HOTEL.....

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TORONTO. THE ROSSIN HOUSE..... G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL..... CAPT. THOS. DICK.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Improved Service of Trains for the Summer of 1871. GREAT ACCELERATION OF SPEED.

NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS. TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:— GOING WEST.

Day Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at 9.00 a. m.

Night do. do. at 10.00 p. m. Mail Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at 6.00 a. m.

Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at 5.00 p. m. Mixed do. do. at 11.00 a. m.

Trains for Lachine at 7.00 a. m., 9.00 a. m., 12 noon, 3.00 p. m., 5.00 p. m., and 6.15 p. m. The 3.00 p. m. Train runs through to Province Line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST. Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.00 a. m.

Express Train for Richmond, Quebec, and Riviere du Loup at 5.30 p. 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, via Rouse's Point and Lake Champlain Steamers, at 4.00 p. m.

Mail Train for Island Pond, Portland and Boston, 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, Riv. Mond, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Coaticook, and Norton Mills, only, at 10.30 p. m.

Pullman's Palace Parlour and Sleeping Cars on all day and night trains. Baggage checked through.

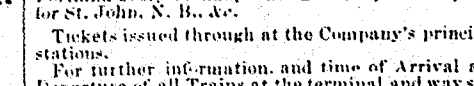
As the punctuality of the Trains depends on connections with other Lines, the Company will not be responsible for Trains not arriving or leaving any station at the hours named.

The Steamers "Carlotta" or "Chase" will leave Portland for Halifax, N. S., every Saturday after noon at 4.00 p. m. They have excellent accommodations for Passengers and Freight.

The Steamer "Linda" leaves Portland for Yarmouth, N. S., every Saturday, at 6 p. m. The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6.00 p. m., for St. John, N. B., &c.

Tickets issued through at the Company's principal stations. For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket office, Bonaventure Station, or at No. 30 Great St. James Street.

C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, June 5, 1871.



USE ONLY THE GLENFIELD STARCH, EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND, and in that of His Excellency THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 1871

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

DYERS AND SCOURERS. FIRST PRIZE Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill. Montreal. 3-6zz

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c. RAMSAY & SON, Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain. 37, 39, and 41 Recollet Street. 16tf

HABERDASHERS. GRANT & CO., 249 St. James Street, First-class Gents' Furnishing. Shirts, Ties, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. 3-21m

A GAGNON, 300 Notre Dame Street. 2-26-zz

HATTERS AND FURRIERS. JOHN HENDERSON & CO., 283 Notre Dame Street. 2-23zz

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT. COHEN & LOPEZ, Corner of St. James Street and Place d'Armes Square. 3-3-zz

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE. SIGN OF THE GOLDEN PADLOCK. STOVES, CUTLERY, REFRIGERATORS, CORNICES, TINSMITHS. L. J. A. SURVEYER. 524, Craig Street. 3-10-zz

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INSURANCES. THE Imperial, of London, (established 1803), Rintoul Bros., General Agents, 24, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal. 3-6-zz

MANUFACTURING AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. LYMAN, CLARE & CO., (ESTABLISHED 1803.) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. MANUFACTURERS OF LINSEED OIL. IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN DRUGS. PAINTERS' COLOURS, OILS AND DYE STUFFS. 382, 384 and 386 St. PAUL STREET. MONTREAL. 2-24-z

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MERCHANT TAILOR. SAMUEL GOLTMAN, 226 St. James Street. 3-3-zz

SHOW CARDS. SEND for Catalogue of HICK'S New Show CARDS, 154, St. James Street, Montreal. 3-6zz

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS. LULHAM BROS., DIAMOND and ETRUSCAN Jewellers. 5, PLACE D'ARMES, next the Canadian Illustrated News. 3-10-zz

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO., 271 Notre Dame Street. 2-25zz

LASH & COMPANY, successors to J. G. JOSEPH & Co.'s Retail Business, KING STREET, TORONTO. 3-22zz

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. Ottawa, 7th July, 1871. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 12 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

LEGGO & Co., Leggotypers, Electrotypers, Stereotypers, Engravers. Chromo and Photo-Lithographers, Photographers, and General Printers by Steam Power. Office: No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill. (MONTREAL. Works: No. 319, St. Antoine street.)

Maps, Plans, Book Illustrations, Show-Cards, Labels, Commercial work of every description, executed in a superior style, at unprecedentedly low prices.

"The Canadian Illustrated News," A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement. Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats.

Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an. Single Numbers, 10 cents. Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices.

CLUBS: Every Club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address. Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher. Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.

THE "TERRAPIN."

No. 27 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Now the only RESTAURANT where the Public can visit and, without vexatious restraint, EAT, DRINK, and SUP at pleasure.

4-2-m JOSEPH CARLISLE, PROPRIETOR.

TAKE YOUR WIFE WITH YOU.—What a blessing is labour, whether of the hand or of the brain! how it sharpens the appetite for sport!

THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY'S Mail Steamer Prince of Wales from Lachine, on arrival of the 7 a.m. train from Montreal, daily.

DAVID CRAWFORD,

GROCER.

Wine and Spirit Merchant.

179, ST. JAMES STREET, 179.

MONTREAL. 3-21-1f

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Therese Street, Montreal, now occupied by the Military Control Department as Stores.

Apply to D. R. STODART, Broker, 48, Great St. James Street

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS INVITED TO Our choicely assorted stock of NEW DRESS GOODS.

KID GLOVES, AND FANCY GOODS. JUST RECEIVED. An Inspection is invited.

ALEXANDER WATSON & Co., 426 & 428 NOTRE DAME STREET. 3-15-1f

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Importer of

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(Next to Wesleyan Church)

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The St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway

FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL.

The Shortest and Best Route from Montreal and all Points East to Ottawa.

ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION. Summer Arrangement, 1871.

ON and after MONDAY, the 5th JUNE, 1871, four Passenger Trains will run daily on this Line, making CERTAIN CONNECTIONS with those on the GRAND TRUNK, the VERMONT CENTRAL, and the ROME and WATERTOWN RAILWAYS.

On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night Expresses by which Passengers leaving Montreal and Toronto in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 6:30 the following morning. Charge for Berths 50 cents each.

20 MINUTES ALLOWED FOR REFRESHMENTS AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

FREIGHT NOTICE.

A FLOATING ELEVATOR always in readiness at Prescott Wharf, where Storage for Grain, Flour, Pork, &c., can be had.

A CHANGE GAUGE CAR PIT

Is provided in the Junction Freight Shed by means of which Freight loaded on Change Gauge Cars COMES THROUGH TO OTTAWA WITHOUT TRANSHIPMENT.

R. LUTTRELL, Superintendent, Prescott. Ottawa, 1st June, 1871. 3-23m



Rather a green 'un.

Old GASTRONOMIC receives a present of a fine turtle. IRISH SERVANT (of an inquiring turn of mind.) "Now, Sur, might I be askin' ye whether that's a real turtle or a mock turtle?"

J. BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., EAST OF MCGILL.

CANADA CENTRAL AND Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE. MAIL TRAIN at 6:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 11:20 A.M.

LOCAL TRAIN at 3:00 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 8:35 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:30 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:18 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA. THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 9:40 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:40 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West.

LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M. MAIL TRAIN at 4:45 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 10:10 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT at 12:00 and 5:00 P.M.

Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.

Freight forwarded with despatch. As the B. & O. & C. C. Railways are the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through in Grand Trunk cars to all points without transshipment.

Certain connections made with Grand Trunk Trains.

H. ABBOTT, Manager. Brockville, March, 1871. 3-11 1f

HELLEBORE! HELLEBORE!

For the destruction of Caterpillars on Cabbage Plants, Gooseberry and Currant Bushes, &c., &c.

CARBOLIC ACID, SOAP, & POWDER. For Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes.

SODA WATER—Cold as Ice, combined with pure Syrups, drawn from the Arctic Fountain.

BRUSHES—Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Shaving, and Flesh Brushes, Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs, Sponges, Cologne, &c.

JAMES GOULDEN, 175 St. Lawrence St., Branch, 263 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL. 3-24-1f

JOHN UNDERHILL, OPTICIAN TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY, 299, NOTRE DAME STREET, (5 doors East of the Place d'Armes.) 21f

THOMAS REEVES, GUN MAKER, AND FISHING TACKLE DEALER. 666, CRAIG STREET, #6. Begs to call attention to his stock of GUNS, PISTOLS, FISHING TACKLE, &c.

AN ARTIST of good judgment and taste, accustomed to touching up photographic negatives and prints, would find constant employment at this office.

MOUNT ROYAL GROCERY. McDONELL BROTHERS, Family Grocers.

HAVE to announce that they have lately entered into that old established Business Stand, lately occupied by A. L'Esperance, No. 159 St. Antoine Street, corner of BASSON STREET, where they always purpose keeping up a fresh and well selected stock of GENERAL GROCERIES.

BOTTLED ALES from best Brewers. All Goods Sold at the Lowest Possible Prices. Goods delivered to all parts of the City Free of Charge.

159 ST. ANTOINE STREET. 4-1f

SUMMER WINES!

BARTON & GUESTIER'S. AND NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S CLARETS, SAUTERNES, BARSAC, &c., &c., OF ALL GRADES.

REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER AT C. J. BAIRD'S, 221 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-1f

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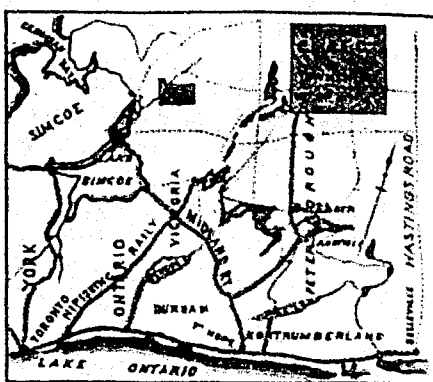
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