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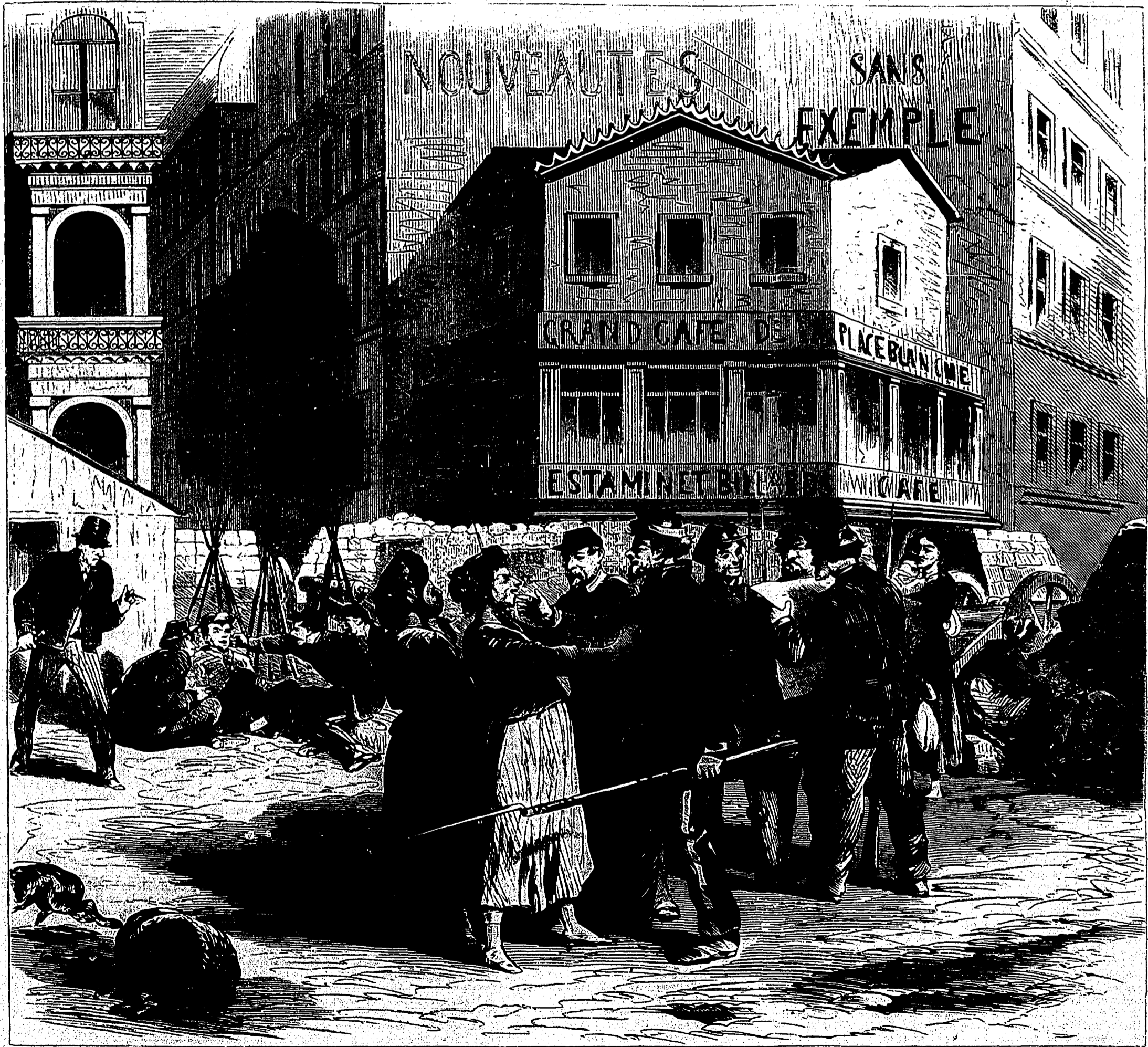
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THE CIVIL WAR IN PARIS.—BARRICADE ON "PLACE BLANCHE."—SEE PAGE 307.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 70.—MR. J. D. ARMSTRONG.

We place before our readers this week the portrait of the champion short race snow-shoe runner of Canada, Mr. J. D. Armstrong, who is a true specimen of a Canadian, not an English, Irish, Scotch, or French Canadian, but of the four combined, thus being simply a *Canadian*. He is a son of Mr. James Armstrong, Queen's Counsel of Sorel, P. Q., and was born at the manor house of de Lanaudière, in the County of Maskinongé, on the 5th Feb., 1849, being now 22 years of age; his parents, grand parents and great grand parents having all been born in this Province. In form he is rather slight, and being 5 feet 11 inches in height he seems slighter than he really is. His average weight is about 144 lbs. Being naturally spare his running weight is only a few pounds less. His muscular development is very strong, but not being constitutionally so he has had great disadvantages to work against, and he has had to run all his races without training. The first race run by him for a prize was at Berthier, whilst attending school there in 1866. This race he won easily. He afterwards was absent at college for a year, and in the fall of 1867 entered the mercantile house of Messrs. Leeming & Cowie, in this city, where he remained up to a couple of months ago. His first race in Montreal was at the foot races of 1867, when he carried off the visitors' race from 16 competitors. In the winter of 1867-8 he won the Hamilton Cup, the race being a half-mile in heats, and he winning two straight heats. In a match race of half a mile he beat James Henderson, winner of the Montreal Club Cup of that year. He next won a quarter mile race at the Grand Trunk races. In the summer of 1868 he won five races at different meetings in the city, in one of these beating the champion spurt runner Durkin. The snow-shoeing season of 1869 stamped him the champion spurt runner both in hurdle and flat races, he winning 11 out of 13 races. One of his best races was the half-mile for the Stephens Cup, when he beat among others, Harper, Stevenson and Vosburg. The same day he beat F. O. Wood in the hurdle race. At the G. T. R. races on the 13th February, he won the dash and hurdle races, beating Rose and Torrance in the former. On the 20th of the same month at the Montreal Club races he won the 100 yards dash and the quarter-mile hurdle race, in the latter race coming in 40 yards in advance of any of the 17 competitors. He also won the same races at the Alexandra meeting, and at the Dominion races won the 100 yards and quarter-mile dashes. On the 1st March, at the Ottawa races, he won the 100 yards hurdle race, beating Kavanagh, the Ottawa champion. During the summer of 1869 he won three prizes, the principal one being a Cup, the prize for the hurdle race at the Athletic meeting. This was one of the most closely contested races ever run in the city, and four heats had to be run before it could be decided.

Sickness prevented him from taking part in any of the snow-shoe races of 1870. In October last he however won the quarter-mile dash at the Athletic races, beating the Prescott champion (Fraser) by 30 yards in 58 seconds. His greatest triumphs were still to come however, for though he ran in seventeen races during the past season he was not beaten in one, and the names of those he had to contend with show that he had no mean rivals; for instance, Keraronwe, Wood, Becket, Massey, &c. His best races this season were at the Grand Trunk races, where he beat Wood and Becket in the hurdle race; at the Montreal races, where he took the dash from Wood and Young, making the fastest time on record, 11 seconds; and at the Maple Leaf races, where he beat Massey in the quarter-mile race, beating the previous fastest time (his own) by 5½ seconds, his time for that race being 1:04½. His last, and by his friends considered his greatest victory, was his beating the Indian, Keraronwe, by 40 yards in a quarter of a mile. About this race there was some dispute, but the referees to whom the points were left for judgment decided that Armstrong had fairly won the race, and accordingly the medal was presented to him at the first annual dinner of the Canada Snow-shoe Club, of which he is a member. Mr. Armstrong has left this city on a business engagement, and will be absent for some years. His prizes, consisting of cups, medals, &c., are no less than thirty-nine in number, and some of them intrinsically of great value. Certainly he has won many victories for such a brief campaign.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

(From a Special Contributor.)

Prominent among the magnificent ideas evolved by the present wonderful decade, that which calls for the aggregation of nationalities must ever stand forth upon the page of future history. The germ of this stupendous thought appears to have long lain dormant, deep down in the national heart of many and diverse races. More recently, its minor key note announces the unification of Italy; and anon, its major, the Grand March of the united German hosts, accompanied by the clash of arms, and the deep bass of the cannons' roar.

The Cæsar of the north has, undoubtedly, long silently brooded over his schemes for a concentrated Pan-slavism, which, if realized, might make him the "Autocrat" of not only "all the Russias," but all the round world. Darkly he broods, persistently and constantly he plans and labours for the mighty end—which comes not yet. Why similar conceptions of national thought have not ere this pressed upon the national British, remains a problem unsolved.

She who is called "the mother of invention," seems to have suggested it, another, named "the parent of safety," counsels,

and the resistless motive power of Anglo-Saxon power urges it on; the time and tide of the great political world awaiting the event.

Britannia-Mater must have slept! and yet, throughout her long, deep sleep of insular security, as recent signs tell, she must surely have nursed dreams of rule and dominion over land and sea; wherever shines the sun.

Will she now awake? Will she open her eyes to behold the splendid realization of the most wondrous dream which ever entered the human imagination since the whole human race congregated upon the plains of Shinar?

This present era, when the envy of unsuccessful rivals, the hatred of crowned despots, and malice of rioting, thieving, red-republican assassins, all combine to hurl their poisoned darts at the majestic brow of dear Old England—when the gathering together of hostile races and ungrateful offspring threaten her—or sedition and bigotry aim at her life, the time demands that every loyal British subject who breathes the free British air should stand ready on the going forth of the word.

I. To proclaim that it is now expedient our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, shall henceforth be named and styled "Empress of the United British Empire."

II. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, together with all the Dominions, Colonies, Provinces, Islands, Stations and Dependencies owing allegiance to Her Majesty, or subordinate to her Government, to be united and confederated together under the title of "The United British Empire."

III. The said united British Empire to be governed by Her Majesty and her successors, being Emperors and Empresses by and through an Imperial Parliament; composed of representative members from, and elected by, the following National Family Groups, viz:—

Firstly—The British Isles, proper.

Secondly—The Dominion of Canada, and all the British North American Provinces, Islands and Territories.

Thirdly—British India, and all Possessions, Islands and Stations upon, or adjacent to, the coasts of Southern and Eastern Asia.

Fourthly—The British West Indian Islands, and Central and South American Possessions, Plantations, and Settlements.

Fifthly—The British African Provinces, Colonies, and Islands.

Sixthly—The Australian Provinces, New Zealand, and adjacent Islands.

Seventhly—All the British Polynesian Islands.

Eighthly—All other detached civil possessions, peopled by the British races, and not herein before mentioned, which may hereafter, from motives of safety or mutual interests, apply in due form for admission into the said United British Empire.

IV. Each of the above named National Family Groups to have a National Parliament, with subordinate Local Parliaments for Provinces composing each of said groups, respectively.

V. The Imperial Parliament to hold perpetual session at the city of London, England, excepting the Lord's Day and Holy-days, and to have control and jurisdiction of peace and war, foreign relations, the army and navy, and all other matters concerning the general interests of the whole empire.

VI. The National Parliaments to meet at their several capitals once in every two years, unless convoked oftener by competent authority; and to have control and jurisdiction over all matters specially concerning its own National Family Group.

VII. The Local Parliaments to meet at their several Provincial capitals once in every year, or as often as convoked by competent authority; each to have the control and jurisdiction of all municipal and internal affairs within its own Province, and not conflicting with, or abating, the powers conceded to the Imperial and National Parliaments.

VIII. A great Pan-Anglican Convention to be summoned to meet, so soon as shall be found practicable, in the above city of London; for the purpose of adopting the preliminary measures, and inaugurating the new programme of the United British Empire, as aforesaid.

The foregoing furnishes a mere outline, or linear sketch, of an idea cherished and often spoken of during nearly half a century by the writer, who had the honour of placing it before the public, in a somewhat different dress, in the summer of 1867. Hoping that much good may come of it, both to our beloved and honoured Queen and country, it is now with much diffidence submitted in its present form, more dogmatical than argumentative, for the sake of brevity and clearness; the immense magnitude of the subject being most oppressively felt by a humble backwoods man, who, as the direct descendant of one of the U. E. L., believes that he may safely count upon the indulgence of greater minds and far abler pens in thus presuming to discuss plans of Empire and Government.

W. R. D.

COLONIAL DEFENCES.

The action taken by the British Government with reference to the self-defence of her colonies, thereby throwing on them the whole cost and responsibility, has been met in most instances, in an earnest and effectual manner, and means are being taken to organise excellent forces of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The British colonist, in whatever part of the world he may have taken up his residence, is of a practical disposition, and whether agreeing or not with the decision of the Imperial Government, he at any rate sets to work earnestly to meet the occasion. Australia has certainly been one of the first to recognise the necessity of providing sufficient military and naval forces, both for the due performance of her own administrative functions, and for the effectual resistance to any threatened invasion. In carrying out the designs already in contemplation, the home authorities have shown a laudable desire to assist, by putting the commissioners appointed to carry them out in communication with their contractors, and allowing their own officers to inspect the various stores and equipments when completed. Perhaps in no branch of the public service is greater vigilance and foresight necessary than in that which is responsible for the prompt and skilful treatment of sick and wounded soldiers, and the experience of many years has enabled the Army Medical Department to adopt and recommend certain medical equipments and appliances which have been tested by campaigning and actual service. There are now on their way to Melbourne, by the "Thyaira," a military medicine chest for use in hospital, and two complete

sets of medical field panniers of the latest patterns, designed and supplied by Messrs. Savory & Moore, of 143 New Bond Street, London, for the use of Her Majesty's Army. These equipments are intended for the use of the forces about to be raised at Melbourne for the protection of the flourishing colony of Victoria. The medical field panniers are designed to convey all the appliances, both medical and surgical, that may be required by a Regiment in the field and during a march. Within the compass of two panniers of ordinary size, and the regulation weight, are contained, on the one side, some thirty different drugs, with all the required accessories of scales, weights, &c., each so accessible as to be obtained in a moment; medical comforts for the sick and wounded, such as brandy, concentrated beef tea, arrowroot, &c.; a lamp with reflector, and such adjustment as enables it to be used in warming a small quantity of food. In the other pannier may be found the case of operating instruments, tourniquets of different kinds for field use, bandages, plasters, sheeting, splints, and everything to hand. The panniers may be used on or off the mule's back, and are so constructed that they can be made to form a very good and firm operating table by placing them on the ground, throwing open the lids, and securing them in the required position. The advantage of this arrangement, when the surgeon is in the open field, far from houses, is obviously very great. Many of these panniers have been purchased by foreign Governments, including Russia, Prussia, Peru, &c., and Messrs. Savory & Moore obtained the silver medal at the last (1867) Paris Exhibition, as well as the London Exhibition of 1862, for "excellence of manufacture of medicine chests, and for an ingenious method of fitting medical panniers for military service." We have given a drawing of these appliances, and hope that the corresponding appointments of the other branches of the service will be selected with equal discrimination.

THE GUN-BOAT "PRINCE ALFRED."

The gun boat "Prince Alfred" which for more than four years has been the pride of the Canadian Navy (!) was formerly a passenger steamer running between Sarnia and Green Bay, Michigan. The vessel was purchased on behalf of the Canadian Government by Captain Wyatt in the early part of 1866, when the Fenian raiders had aroused the Government to the necessity of making some preparations for defence on the Lakes. Under Captain Wyatt's superintendence the "Prince Alfred" was transformed so as to adopt her for gun-boat service. She carries the 12 lb. Armstrong guns and four 14 lbs. brass howitzers; she has accommodation for seventy-five men, including officers, and is at present commanded by Capt. Fraser, a most efficient officer who has seen long service on the Upper Lakes. The "Prince Alfred" is 170 feet long, 30 feet beam, and 13 feet hold. She is one of the fastest screw steamers on the Upper Lakes. During the coming season the boat will be used as a training ship for the several artillery companies stationed at the Lake ports, so that they can be made available for defence, either on land or water.

LONG LAKE.

We are indebted to Professor Bell, of the Geological Survey, for the view on Long Lake, which we publish in the present number. It is from a sketch taken last summer by Captain Edgar A. Dickinson, who accompanied one of the exploring parties sent out by Government. Long Lake is situated north of Lake Superior, and is likely soon to become of interest from the fact that it lies directly across the course of the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway. Professor Bell informs us that its proper, or Indian, name is Kenogami, which means "Long Narrow Lake." It discharges northward by the Kenogami-Sibi, or Long Lake River (known also as the English River) into the Albany. The height of land separating the waters of the St. Lawrence from those flowing into Hudson's Bay, lies, therefore, between Lake Superior and Long Lake, passing very close to the latter. Long Lake has been supposed to have a length of from 100 to 200 miles, and to approach within four or five miles of Lake Superior. Prof. Bell, who made an accurate survey of it last summer, reports that this is not the case. He finds its total length to be about 54 miles, and its southern extremity to lie at a distance of about 30 miles from the nearest point on the shore of Lake Superior. Its general course is about N. N. E., its breadth varies from two chains to two miles, averaging, however, one mile and a quarter, except towards the south end, where it is very narrow. The same gentleman informs us that the whole country between Lake Superior and Long Lake, and for some distance down the latter, is rugged and mountainous, and, indeed, that this is true of most sections for 50 or 60 miles north of Lake Superior. But at this distance the hills diminish rapidly, and a vast extent of level country stretches to the north. Our view is taken near the northern limit of the hilly region, the commencement of the great level tract being seen in the distance. The point of observation is at the intersection of the line run by Mr. Beatty in 1870, and the western shore of Long Lake.

PRINCE BISMAROK.

The Emperor-King has conferred the title of Prince upon Count von Bismarck, just as in 1814 his father, Frederick William III., rewarded the greatest general Prussia had reared since the great Frederick with the title of Prince Blucher de Wahlstadt, in remembrance of his victory over Marshal Macdonald and a French army, whom he drove out of Silesia in 1813. To support his new dignity he gave him the estates of Wahlstadt and Kriebowitz, in Silesia, which his grandson now possesses. It is intended to deal in an equally liberal manner with Bismarck, by asking the German Parliament to vote him a million of thalers, equivalent to \$750,000. The title of prince, conferred upon Bismarck, will be limited in its descent to his eldest son—otherwise, according to the European practice (and this accounts for the immense number of titled persons abroad), his sons and daughters would be princes and princesses to the end of the chapter. The Blucher title was first perpetuated, by the order of primogeniture, by a royal decree in 1861. Bismarck, who was born on April 1, 1815, was created a count in 1865. The title "Von," appended to his name, indicates that he is noble. His principal estates, purchased in 1867, are in Pomerania, as well as his father's estates.

WHAT NEXT?—A petrified whale has been discovered in Los Angeles county, about 10 miles inland, near Aliso Springs. Petrified trees are at a discount.

THE FASHIONS.

The sunshades and parasols in vogue this year will be invariably heavily trimmed, and of a somewhat larger size than has of late obtained. We produce on another page some elegant patterns, by which we should advise our lady readers to profit, as they can be depended on as the newest and best out.

No. 1 is of pearl-grey grosgrain, lined with white Persian silk and bound with grey grosgrain. The trimmings—all of which are of the same material as the shade—consist of a box-plaiting, pointed at top and bottom and bound with grosgrain. The box-plaiting is overlaid with a fold of grosgrain running *en arc*, and headed by two narrow plaitings bound at top. A plaiting also surrounds the stick at the head, with a grey silk cord and tassels. The stick, which may be of any light wood, is so made that the sunshade, when closed, may be converted into a walking-stick, an appendage that is now considered almost indispensable for the promenade—among those of the *haut ton* at least. The handle, as will be seen in the cut, is at the head, while the point or *ferule* is placed at the lower end.

No. 2 is a most elegant sunshade of blue and white satin. The covering is of light blue satin, trimmed with satin lappets, alternately blue and white, and lined with white Persian silk. The lappets are bound, on the lower edge, with moderately wide blue ribbon, and edged with blue silk fringing; on the upper edge they are also bound with a narrower blue ribbon and edged with a narrow fringe, alternately blue and white, to match the lappets. A roll of blue satin runs round the head of the lappets. Small lappets, as before, *en rosette* at the head of the stick and blue cord and tassel complete the trimmings. The stick should be ivory, with a turned handle.

No. 3.—Brown satin, lined with white Persian silk, trimmed with heavy pinked flounces of satin, as shown in the cut. Rosette and cord and tassel to match, and stick of brown wood with carved handle.

No. 4.—The covering of this is of grey grosgrain of a medium shade, trimmed with four flounces of grosgrain of three different shades of grey, the topmost light grey, the second of a medium shade, and the two lower ones dark grey. The upper flounce is headed with a plaiting of dark grey satin, and the whole is lined with white Persian silk. Ivory stick with a brown satin *ruching* at the head.

No. 5.—Of *penete poutle-de-soie* trimmed with a heavy plaiting, which is headed with head work. Stick of black stained wood headed with a small *ruche* to match the shade.

No. 6 is a sunshade that is sure to become a favourite. It is slightly *bizarra* both in colour and arrangement, but nowadays this can hardly be deemed a fault. The material is *poutle-de-soie* of a shade that can best be described as deer-brown; the trimmings consist of pinked flounces of the same, six to each gore, with silk embroidery of the same shade as shown in the cut. The upper flounce in each gore has a pinked heading. Stick of carved brown wood, and white Persian silk lining.

No. 7.—Of *baste fern* with two pinked headed flounces *en arc*, of the same. Rosette, cord and tassel to match, and Persian silk lining of the same shade as the cover. Stick of polished light wood.

No. 8.—Sunshade of black satin. Three rows of black ribbons *en arc*, with a row of *ruching* on either side. The ribbons should overlap. Stick covered with black leather work, and lining of *couleur de rose* Persian silk.

FIGURES.

No. 1 is of muslin with an embroidered edging headed with a fold of muslin, also embroidered cuffs to match. In front two rosettes of blue grosgrain.

No. 2.—Muslin *fichu* edged with lace, headed with *applique* work. Pink satin bow at the waist.

No. 3.—Back. } Muslin *fichu*, fitted close at the back.

No. 4.—Front. } Trimming of lace, headed with three overlapping folds of muslin, with a small scalloped lace edging above. Three blue bows at the back.

HAVELOCK CHURCH AND LOG-HOUSE.

The little Village of Havelock, in the Township of Litchfield and County of Pontiac, Province of Quebec, affords one of the many substantial evidences of progress that are to be found throughout the Ottawa district. It is incorporated, and though containing a population of but about two hundred souls has the dignity of being the county seat of Pontiac. The village is yet but about twelve years old and is making rapid progress, the first impetus to its growth having been by the building, some ten years ago, during the incumbency of the Rev. John Gribble, of the little church illustrated on another page. Though somewhat rude, it is a neat structure and situated as it was among the ruined pines in that sparsely peopled district of the territorially great county of Pontiac, it seemed a fitting harbinger of the advancement of civilization. Since its erection the Village of Havelock has grown to its present proportions, being mainly composed of neat log-houses such as the one shewn in our illustration. Much credit is due to the Hon. G. Bryson, M. L. C., for the zeal with which he forwarded the building of the church, and for his large contributions towards paying the expenses thereof. Mr. Bryson has also given much attention to the progress of settlement in the village and surrounding country. Havelock is 8 miles distant from Portage du Fort on the Upper Ottawa, at which place there is a steamboat landing. It is connected, through the Montreal Telegraph Company, with the telegraphic system that now spans this continent as well as the Atlantic Ocean, thus giving it means of early communication with the world in general, an object of great interest, on many occasions, to a far inland village with which, at some seasons, postal intercourse must necessarily be slow.

SUNDAY LAKE, E. T.

This lake, which is also called Indian Lake, lies deeply among the hills, between the townships of Garthby and Wolfestown, between two or three miles north-east of Lake Nicolot, and about half a mile from the Quebec Road, from which however it is not visible. It is about two miles long, and at its eastern end is connected by a short stream, a few hundred yards in length, with another somewhat longer lake, called Brecheles Lake. There are no clearances on either.

The view is taken from the eastern or lower end of the lake, and the outlet is close on the extreme right of the picture.

TRAPPING THE LYNX.

The mode of trapping the lynx in Labrador appears to vary but little from the general custom pursued throughout other parts of North America. Our sketch needs no description; it presents a magnificent view, one the like of which is not unfrequently to be met with in the North-Eastern portions of Lower Canada. The scene depicted is at "Seven Islands," about eighteen miles above Moisie, in the County of Saguenay, on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence.

A PARISIAN BARRICADE.

The result of the reverses that have attended the arms of the Communists seems to have strengthened their resolve to hold out to the last. Foiled in their attempts to gain ground outside, they have strengthened their position inside Paris, and are now prepared, in the event of defeat, to contest every inch of ground by a series of hand-to-hand street battles that must inevitably inflict severe losses on the Government troops. All the available spots in the city—such as squares, eminences, or other important places commanding several approaches—have been converted into miniature strongholds, which are carefully guarded by bodies of troops detailed for the service. Neither the *morale* nor the appearance of these troops, as they appear in our illustration on the first page, seems to be very good, but, notwithstanding, they are a *dare-devil* set of fellows enough, and, if hard set, would prove of equally stubborn mettle as their fathers of the old barricading days.

FRESCO PAINTING.

In a lecture, "On Colours and Pigments," Professor Barff said: Experiments in fresco painting have been made in England, and from the result of these experiments, I am very much afraid that many of us have formed wrong impressions about fresco painting.

The ground upon which fresco is painted is a lime ground; and, in order to have a permanent picture, we must have a firm and stable ground. First of all, the wall must be absolutely dry; there must be no leakage of moisture from behind. Lime which has been run (as it is, I believe, technically called by builders) for a year or a year and a half, is best to be employed, for in proportion as the lime has been carbonated (although it must not be so too great an extent) by the action of the carbonic acid of the air, it makes a better and a harder mortar. With this lime must be mixed river sand, of even grain; the sand should be mixed with water, and allowed to pass along down a small stream, so that in the centre of the stream you would have sand the grains of which would be pretty nearly equal in size. This is a point of considerable importance. The reason why new lime cannot and ought not to be used is because it blisters; small blisters appear on the surface, and that of course would be ruinous to a picture. A well plastered wall should not have a blister or a crack in it, and this is secured by having your lime run for some time, of good quality to start with, and mixed with good sand. There is no chemical process that I know of that takes place in fresco painting other than this, that silicates are formed by the action of the lime upon the sand, and carbonates by the action of the carbonic acid of the air upon the lime.

In painting a fresco picture, inasmuch as there is no retouching the work when it is finished, the artist must make his drawing very carefully. The cartoon is made upon ordinary paper; then it is fixed against the wall, where the picture is to be painted. The part where the artist decides to begin his work is uncovered; that is to say, a portion of the paper is turned down and cut away, but in such a manner that it may be replaced. Then the plasterer puts fresh plaster, about an eighth of an inch thick, upon the uncovered portion of the wall; and the plasterer's work is of the utmost importance in fresco painting. The workman ought to practise it well before he attempts to prepare the ground for a large picture, and I have found it of the greatest importance to allow the man to practise for several weeks before he was allowed to prepare any portion of the ground, even for decorative painting. In this way he becomes accustomed to the suction of the wall, and upon the suction of the wall depends the soundness of the ground and the success of fresco painting. When the plaster is first put on, of course it is very soft; the piece of the cartoon is replaced upon it, and the lines of the picture are gone over with a bone point so that an indentation is made, and then the artist begins his painting. At first he finds his colours work greasy; you cannot get the tint to lie on, it works streaky; but you must not mind that, you must paint on, but you must only paint on for a certain time, for if you go on painting too long, you will interfere with the satisfactory suction of the ground, which is so necessary to produce a good fresco painting. Of course, nothing but practice can tell any one the period at which he ought to stop. I cannot describe it, because I should be simply trying to describe a sensation, which I cannot do. After some practice, you know perfectly well by the feel when you ought to stop. If you feel your colour flowing from your brush too readily, you ought to stop at this period. You must then leave your work for a time, and go back to it again. And then you will find, as the plaster sucks in the colour which you have first laid on, that there will be,—it may be in the course of half an hour, it may be an hour; that depends upon the temperature of the atmosphere,—a pleasant suction from your brush, the colour going from it agreeably, and you will find that it will cover better. Now is the time to paint rapidly, and complete the work you have in hand. When the colour leaves your brush as though the wall were thirsty for moisture, you should cease painting; every touch that is applied after that will turn out gray when it dries, and the colour will not be fast upon the wall.

"JUNIUS IDENTIFIED."

A circumstance has lately come to light which is regarded as finally settling at rest all doubts as to the authorship of the "Letters of Junius," and establishing beyond question that Sir Philip Francis and "Junius" were one and the same person. It is this: One hundred years ago, that is to say, in 1770, or 1771, Sir Philip, then Mr. Francis, was on a visit to his father in Bath. At the Assembly Rooms in that then highly-fashionable city he danced on more than one evening with a Miss Giles, a brilliant young lady whose father was afterward Governor of the Bank of England. It was the custom at balls at that time for a lady to keep the same partner for the whole evening; and so it fell out with this pair. Subsequently Miss

Giles received an anonymous note, inclosing some complimentary verses. The note was in one handwriting, the verses in another. Both still exist, and have been in the hands of a Mr. Twistleton, of London, and two "experts," Messrs. Chabot and Netherclift. Now it is declared by all three to be absolutely certain that the anonymous note is in the handwriting of "Junius." This being so, and as Francis had evidently sent it, it was at first taken for granted that the anonymous verses were in the natural handwriting of Francis. The most singular and interesting part of the story follows. Mr. Chabot, after deep study, came to the conviction, not only that Francis could not have written the verses, but that the two—the verses and the note—could not possibly have been written by the same hand. This conclusion was opposed to the views of Mr. Chabot's employer; and, as the *Quarterly Review* says, the case which the expert had been called in to support seemed to have broken down in consequence of his evidence. The intrinsic value of that evidence, and certainly the independence with which it was given, may therefore in some measure be inferred. Mr. Twistleton assented to the professional opinion—we may suppose with some reluctance. Yet it led him to a fortunate trail. The question was: If Francis did not write the verses, who did? A life of Francis had just been published, and mention was found in it that his cousin and familiar associate, Mr. Richard Tilghman, was with him in Bath at the time the note was sent to Miss Giles. It struck Mr. Twistleton that Francis might have got his cousin to act as an amanuensis. Now, in the Letter Book of Francis there are, happily, six letters addressed to Francis by Tilghman. These, with the verses, were now submitted to Mr. Chabot; and he soon gave in his unhesitating conviction that the verses were in Tilghman's handwriting. This is pointed out to be quite characteristic of Francis. He would never put his own natural handwriting side by side with that of "Junius." Addressing Miss Giles in a disguised hand, he naturally adopted the style which he had been so freely using; and, as naturally, got his cousin, who probably never saw the note, to copy the verses. This hypothesis is further sustained by the fact that Tilghman, who was a native of Philadelphia, and wrote from that city, refers to the verses in one of his letters, and, indeed, quotes a couplet from them. This interesting circumstance is but one of a number of remarkable corroborations, arrived at with vast labour and research, that are held to establish beyond all doubt the identity of "Junius" with Sir Philip Francis.

THREE CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.

(From Punch.)

This is from a Liverpool paper:—

PIOUS, educated Gentleman, aged 28, in adverse circumstances, desires to find a Christian who considers it a duty to befriend such.—Address, &c.

The gentleman has a perfect right to term himself "pious." He ought to know whether he is pious or not. But when he calls himself "educated," and then calls out for a Christian who considers it a duty to befriend adverse circumstances, he suggests to us to ask what is understood, in Liverpool, by education.

Here is another:—

COACHMAN AND GROOM.—First-class testimonials of ten years' service from SIR WILLIAM MACARTHUR; none but a respectable family need apply; is open for a fortnight.—Apply, &c.

The haughty Menial (yes, a coachman dwells within your "walls," the word is rightly used) hails from a colony. We rather admire his firmness of manner. He seems a person to be trusted to control fiery steeds. But we do not understand about the fortnight. Probably, if within that time he does not obtain a coach-box to his liking, he means to enter the Legislative Council of New South Wales.

Lastly, here is a gem, set in silver:—

NO CHRISTIANS.—A Young Man, never had the blessing of the use of his limbs through being set on wet grass, earnestly solicits 42 postage stamps. In return he will send, free, six best Nickel Silver Tea Spoons and Tongs to any part of London.—Please address, &c.

After remarking that we were unaware that being "set on wet grass" gave a person the use of his limbs, we demand why the advantages offered by this advertisement are restricted to Christians. Hath not a Jew teacups? Hath not a Jew sugar? Hath not a Jew a milk-jug? If his tea be not sweet enough, doth he not put in more saccharine matter? If it be too hot, doth he not stir it until it cools? Why, also, may not a Turk buy spoons and tongs? Is he not addicted to coffee (not that he stirs it, by the way), and is he not always wanting tongs to lift the charcoal to his pipe? Infidels and heretics, too, may be very sad persons, but it is a persecuting spirit that would deny them tea-spoons and tongs, a spirit akin to Nick rather than to Nickel. However, we hope the advertiser will sell the Spoons.

A French paper publishes some calculations respecting Easter, from which it appears that this feast will fall on the 25th of April in the year 1886. The 25th of April is St. Mark's Day; in that year Good Friday will fall on St. George's Day, and the feast of Corpus Christi on St. John the Baptist's Day. Now there is an old prediction repeated by Nostradamus in his "Centuries":—

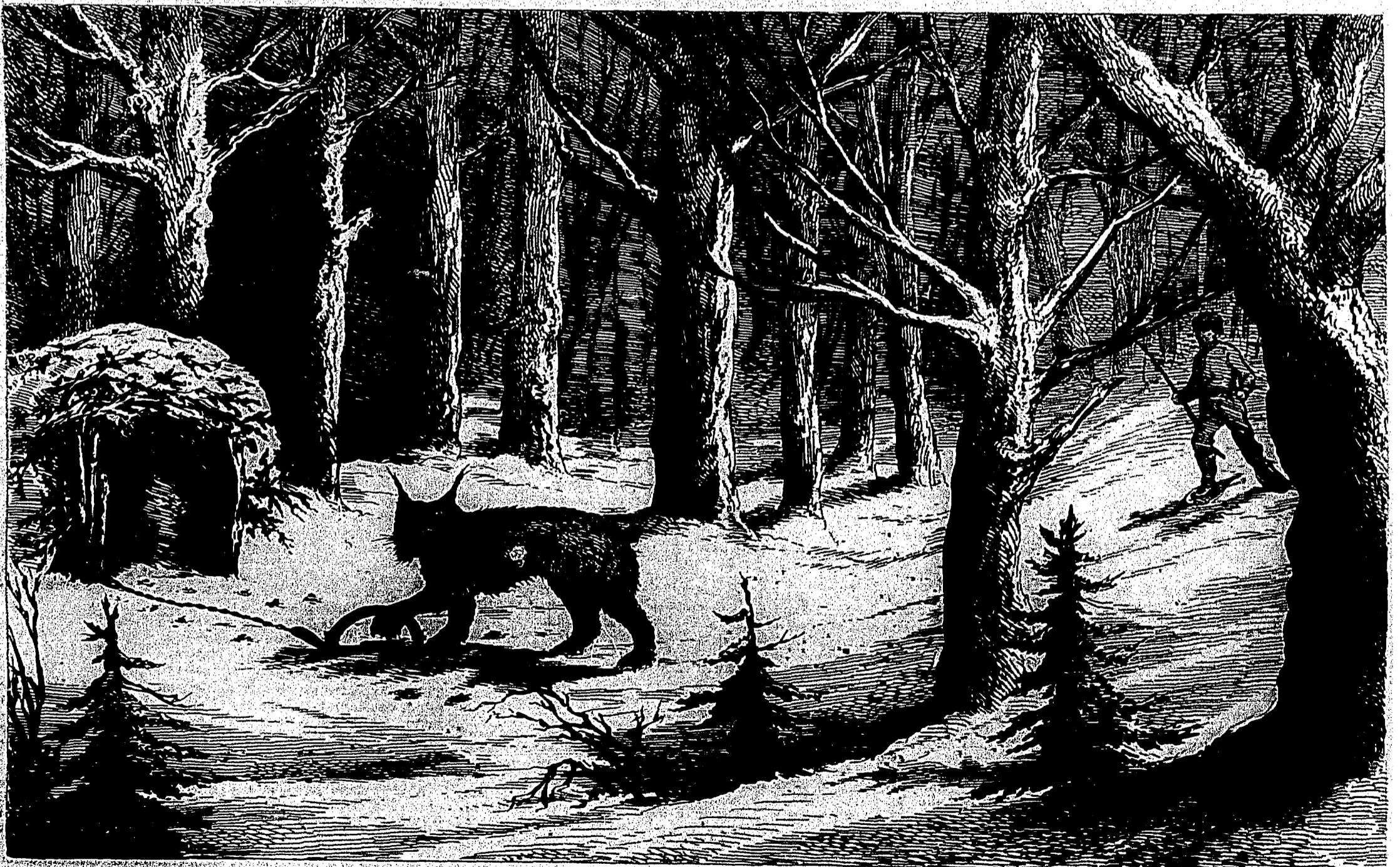
Quand Georges Dieu crucifiera,
Que Marc le ressuscitera,
Et que Jean le portera,
La fin du monde arrivera.

This unexpected support should be some comfort to Dr. Cumming, but he may perhaps object to being indebted to a French source for so valuable a corroboration of his usual arguments; he should, however, be reassured by the eminently Protestant character of most French journals at the present moment.

A clergyman had commenced an able discourse, when one of the hearers, an accomplished but eccentric man, exclaimed, "That's Tillotson." This was allowed to pass, but very soon another exclamation followed, "That's Paley." The preacher then addressed the disturber, "I tell you, sir, if there is to be a repetition of such conduct I shall call on the churchwarden to have you removed from the church." "That's your own," was the ready reply.—*Reminiscences of Fifty Years.*



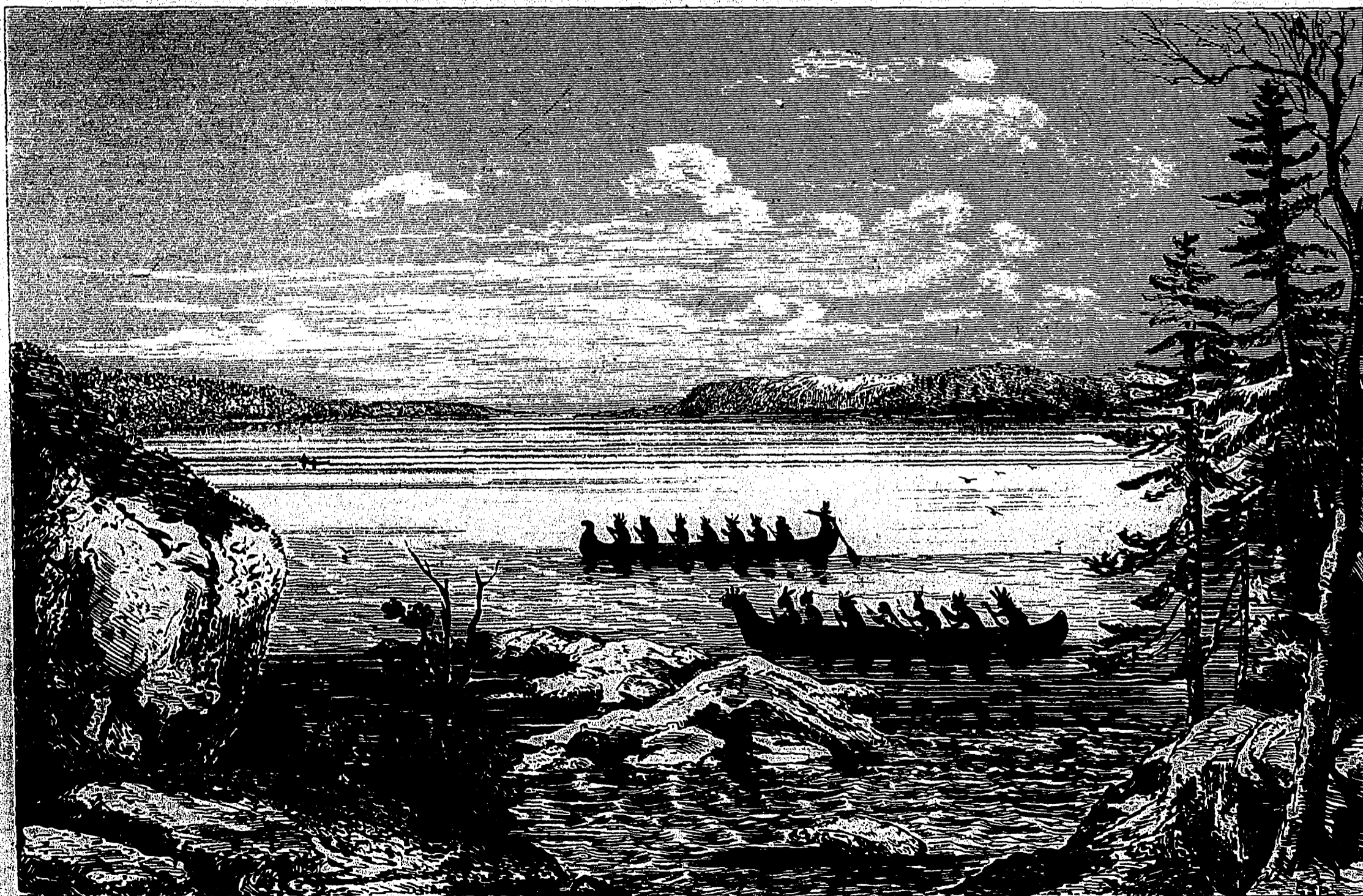
J. D. ARMSTRONG, CHAMPION (SHORT RACE) SNOW-SHOEB OF CANADA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 308.



LABRADOR VIEWS.—No. 10. TRAPPING THE LYNX.—FROM A SKETCH BY N. TRU.—SEE PAGE 307.



COLONIAL DEFENCES.—ARMY MEDICAL PANNIER FOR FIELD SERVICE.—SEE PAGE 306.



LONG LAKE, NORTH OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. A. DICKINSON.—SEE PAGE 306.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, May 13, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

Sun.	May	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.
	7.	42°	50°	46°	54°	33°	43°	29.88	29.88	29.86
	8.	41°	46°	48°	50°	33°	41°	29.70	29.80	29.90
	9.	52°	58°	56°	62°	34°	45°	30.14	30.14	30.08
	10.	56°	56°	51°	56°	40°	45°	30.14	30.14	30.14
	11.	46°	51°	51°	59°	35°	47°	30.10	30.02	29.95
	12.	54°	53°	64°	65°	39°	50°	30.08	30.00	29.94
	13.	50°	51°	48°	54°	34°	44°	30.12	30.10	30.08

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871.

SUNDAY,	May 21.—	Sunday after Ascension. Confederation of the B. N. A. Provinces proclaimed, 1867.
MONDAY,	" 22.—	Institution of the Order of Baronets by James I., 1611. John Wilson, administrator, 1816.
TUESDAY,	" 23.—	Saronaola burnt, 1488. Constitution of the United States ratified, 1788. Mark Lemon died, 1870.
WEDNESDAY,	" 24.—	Linnaeus born, 1707. Queen Victoria born, 1819. Fire at Quebec, 600 houses burnt, 1870. Fenian Raid, 1870.
THURSDAY,	" 25.—	First R. C. Priests settled in Canada, 1615. Princess Helena born, 1846. Rout of the Fenians at Pigeon Hill, 1870.
FRIDAY,	" 26.—	St. Augustine, Abp.
SATURDAY,	" 27.—	Venerable Bede died, 735. Revival of the Order of the Garter by George I., 1725. Battle of Fort George, 1813. Defeat of the Fenian Raiders at Huntingdon, 1870.

THE ROSSIN HOUSE HOTEL.

The following notices of the stores in the Rossin House Block should have appeared in our last week's issue in connection with the description of the Hotel:—

No. 1.—MISS HODGINS, Milliner and Dressmaker.

MISS HODGINS constantly keeps on hand the latest styles and most fashionable patterns direct from New York. Her establishment is much patronized by strangers visiting Toronto, as well as by many of the principal families of the Western Capital. Ladies stopping at the Rossin are specially invited to give her a call.

No. 2.—MESSRS. HOBSTON & TAYLOR, Merchant Tailors and importers of Woollens, Trimmings, &c., No. 2 Rossin House Block.

This firm fills orders in the latest style of fashion, from goods of first rate quality, and is much patronized by frequenters of the Rossin House.

No. 3.—L. C. MENDON, Sewing-Machine Maker.

The MENDON Sewing-Machine is pronounced by those who have used it to be the most useful Family Sewing-Machine in Canada. It will do all kinds of Stitching, &c., &c. Intending purchasers should call at No. 3 Rossin House Block.

No. 4.—WM. HALL, Dry Goods and Millinery, &c.

This establishment keeps a large and varied assortment of Dry Goods, Millinery, &c., and pays particular attention to orders for Dress-making in the latest styles. It is a most convenient "up-town" house for family Dry Goods. All orders promptly attended to.

No. 5.—ROSSIN HOUSE CIGAR STORE.

No first-class Hotel establishment is complete unless it has a good Cigar and Tobacco shop in its vicinity. No. 5 in the Block supplies this want to the Rossin House, keeping constantly the best of Cigars and the favourite brands of Tobacco, &c., &c. on hand.

No. 6.—J. E. PEARSON, Fancy Goods.

A Family Emporium well stocked with Fancy Goods, Toys, &c.; the very place to please the children, and from which to procure gifts or souvenirs for distant friends.

No. 9.—A. ROBERTSON, Boots and Shoes.

At this establishment—the "Gentlemen's Boot and Shoe Store"—only the best of domestic and foreign materials are used, and customers may rely on a complete fit and perfect satisfaction.

Nos. 10 and 11.—R. JORDAN & CO., Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

Keep a large assortment of Groceries of first-class quality, which they sell at moderate rates to city customers, country dealers, &c., &c.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1871.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

SINCE the publication of the *Canadian Illustrated News* first began, the rule regarding prepayment of subscription has not been rigidly enforced. Leniency in this respect was considered good policy for many reasons. We have now to request that our subscribers on receiving their accounts will kindly remit without further delay or notice, and we beg to notify them that after the issue of the Coloured Presentation Plate, which is in progress, the rule of prepayment will be invariably adhered to. The existence of the *News*, and its triumphant progress through innumerable difficulties, entitle us to this mark of confidence from the public. We are only following in this respect the usage adopted by all first-class serial publications, and which experience has shewn to be desirable for all parties.

NOTICE.

Mr. George D. Brown is now visiting our city subscribers, to request payment of this year's subscription; we beg that prompt payment be made to him, and unnecessary travelling for so small a sum spared as far as possible.

THE "capitulation of Washington," as the Treaty recently signed by the Joint High Commission ought to be called, is highly honourable to Canadian statesmanship, if not very conservative of Canadian interests. Against the exorbitant exactions of forty millions of Americans, and the indifference (not to use a stronger word) of the Imperial Government, Canada had but to oppose the

feeble voice of four millions of scattered people, interpreted by one in a Council of Ten. Could we hope for any other than a verdict against us? Considering the situation—the helplessness of Canada, the indifference of Britain and the pretensions of the United States—we have surely come out of the ordeal as safe as the most sanguine could have expected. The few concessions we have gained in return for the very important ones we have been compelled to make have little of tinsel, but much of practical value about them; and though our national aspirations may be wounded it will hardly be possible to prove, under present circumstances, that our pockets have been very seriously injured. True, the Canadian fisheries are thrown open to the whole people of the United States, in a manner that not one State of the Union would open its fisheries to the people of another, and herein Canadians must, per force, feel a certain amount of humiliation. True, our canals on the St. Lawrence are opened to the shipping of the United States, in return for the navigation of some two or three almost unknown and totally valueless Alaska streamlets whose names have scarcely yet found a place on the map. But, on the other hand, there is a substantial advantage in the opening of the American market to the free introduction of the products of the Canadian fisheries; and there is an equally substantial though probably smaller advantage in making American shipping tributary to the support of Canadian canals, as well as to the trade of the contiguous towns and cities, from which, doubtless, American vessels will obtain their supplies, and, when needed, their repairs, in preference to patronising their own ports where prices are so much higher than in Canada. In these respects it cannot but be deemed that Canada has substantial and valuable, if not altogether full returns for the concessions made.

In several respects the new Treaty renders permanent certain arrangements which have, on the one side or the other, been tolerated either as matters of courtesy or commercial advantage. In this light we regard the concession of the St. Lawrence navigation, the Sault Ste. Marie Canal navigation and the mutual continuance of the through bonding system. Indeed, either nation which would disturb these arrangements would, under ordinary conditions, be inflicting the chief injury on itself. Of the special value of the privilege now conceded to Canadian vessels, to navigate Lake Michigan, we cannot pronounce an opinion, though we think that, enlarged to its utmost limits, it is an insignificant *quid pro quo* for the use of the St. Lawrence Canals; and should the ceding of the use of the American Sault Ste. Marie Canal to Canadian craft be made an excuse by the Canadian Government for not proceeding at once with the building of a canal on Canadian territory to connect Lake Superior with the Lower Lakes, we should consider the concession a sad misfortune for Canada.

There is another light in which the reported stipulations of the new Treaty may be regarded. So far as we remember, the freedom of the fisheries and of the navigation of the St. Lawrence were all the substantial advantages that Canada conceded to the United States in return for the free interchange of products authorised by the old Reciprocity Treaty. Now we surrender the only two privileges of consequence which we possessed as an equivalent for Reciprocity, and it is impossible to believe that Americans will entertain the notion of a renewal of the Treaty when they are already in possession of all the advantages we had to bestow upon them in return for their former concessions. At the risk of being considered exceptional, we confess we rejoice very much at the prospect of this consequence that—*hereafter Reciprocity is impossible*.

Canada is thus relieved from all suspense as to the future of United States legislation. She knows the existing terms; knows that she has nothing more to give, if she would save her honour; and therefore she knows that she must go on as she has done for the past five years in obedience to her own policy, which has so far proved—exceptions admitted—to her general advantage and national growth. Thus there is one troublesome question removed from the arena of our politics, and if we can confine our statesmen to the logical principles of free trade and free markets everywhere, there need be but little fear for the continued and increased progress of the country under the new arrangements. If Reciprocity be right it will be impossible to prove retaliation wrong. Therefore Reciprocity but means the enlargement of the area of Protection, and has consequently no logical basis unless the Protectionist theory be admitted. But practically it might have been—and as a fact it was—very useful, as, for instance, in the case of coal, where the Nova Scotians had it near to the American consumers, and the people of Ohio and Pennsylvania near to those of Ontario. Restrictions upon trade are, however, inevitably doomed

to react most disastrously upon those who impose them, and we believe that the United States lose far more than Canada by restricting the importation of Canadian coal, while on the other hand Canada loses more than the United States by imposing a duty upon the American article.

It is not our purpose now to go into a discussion of the details of the Treaty. We merely allude to some of the most prominent features affecting Canada. The San Juan boundary question—which, we suppose, will be settled on the basis of the "Ashburton Capitulation,"—is the only other point not already noticed that materially affects us; for whether the Americans should share us out of a mile or two on the border of a portion of the North-West Territory is really a small question where there is so much land to spare. As to the "Alabama" claims, if we have judged aright, their legality has never yet been admitted by Britain, and—the pocket of the nation being concerned—we shall not be at all surprised to hear that this will be the first question raised by Great Britain when the new commission meets, nor should we be astonished if the United States' claim were thrown out of court. If such a result be not anticipated, why were not our claims for the Fenian raids pressed? And why not other claims of a like character? The British Commissioners, even if callous to Canadian interests, were no novices in international law, and it is our impression that they came to Washington rather to force a general declaration of principle than to gain a settlement upon isolated points. The acceptance by the United States of the principle involved in the "Alabama" question will, undoubtedly, prove so advantageous to Britain in the future, that it will be well worth any money she is likely to be called upon to pay for the past.

The Treaty will probably be accepted by the United States Senate—perhaps before these lines reach our readers. If so, it will certainly be accepted by the Imperial Parliament. Under these contingencies it would be the height of folly for Canada to reject it. We may rely upon it that if the Americans will accept it, it will be as the best terms possible, short of a rupture between the two countries; that such a rupture would be the greatest calamity that could befall Canada; and that to avoid it the least concession possible has been made. We may be thankful also that the Canadian delegate was so "stubborn,"—as reported by the American papers—otherwise the conditions imposed upon us might have been much worse. As they are, we ought to accept them as a full settlement, and be glad that long pending disputes are seemingly on the way towards a pacific solution. No people has a greater interest than the people of Canada in the preservation of peace between Great Britain and the United States; and this fact should never be forgotten in the discussion of international questions.

MISS JEANNIE WATSON.—We are pleased to learn that this lady, so distinguished as a singer, has determined on paying Montreal a visit. She will appear at the Mechanic's Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and, as her fame has preceded her, will, no doubt, be greeted with a full house. Wherever she has appeared, her singing has been spoken of in terms of the highest praise—indeed she has been aptly termed the Scottish Nilsson; and in her rendering of the favourite Scottish songs she is unrivalled. She is assisted by Mr. Hardy, an admirable and versatile comic singer, who has gained the warmest applause on every occasion of his public appearance.

Notre Dame Street, West, is not usually a very favourite haunt of our Montreal promenaders and loungers, but lately, owing to a new attraction lately sprung up in that neighbourhood, it has assumed an unwonted appearance of bustle and activity, and can even at times boast of a crowd. At the fashionable shopping hours, when the husbands are safely away, immersed in the cares of their business, bevy of gaily dressed ladies, some on foot and some in carriages, are to be seen making their way in this direction, while in front of the large building on the corner of St. Helen Street, a crowd of a very composite order is collected, wide agape with wonder at the treasures of millinery artfully displayed behind the plate-glass. This building, be it known, is the Recollet House, the *magasin par excellence* of Montreal, whither flock the city belles—aye, and tourist belles too, in the summer time—to purchase the wherewithal to bedeck themselves, to the destruction of the peace of mind of the too susceptible male race. The windows are arranged with the most consummate taste, and make an appearance that would do credit to the Rue de Rivoli itself in Paris' palmier days. For the past few days there has been exhibited in these windows a table-cover of genuine Delhi manufacture, gorgeous with red and gold—a perfect gem of barbaic magnificence. The price, however, is rather an obstacle to its speedy sale, as few Canadians are wealthy enough to afford \$150 for a mere table-cover; but possibly some Yankee speculator may snap it up and carry it off in triumph to adorn a Broadway window. Inside is to be seen a more modest-looking but costlier fabric, a plain, unpretending grey shawl, price \$200. The material, however,

explains the high price—the finest of fine camel's hair, with heavy silk embroidery. The pattern of the latter is marvelously beautiful, and the whole has the effect of the richest lace trimming. Another speciality in shawls imported by Messrs. Brown & Claggett is a *mélange* of the various tartans, a new and handsome article. A visit to the Recollet House is almost like a visit to a Museum, and is well worth undertaking.

ENTERTAINMENT.—A most successful dramatic entertainment was given on Friday of last week in the Academic Hall of St. Mary's College in honour of the visit of His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec to Montreal. The Rev. Fathers have acquired quite a name for the entertainments of this kind given at their institution; but that held on this auspicious occasion surpassed in every way their former efforts.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Under the new proprietorship of Mr. De Bar, and the management of Mr. Albaugh, an extraordinary improvement has taken place in the entertainments at the Theatre, and the play-going portion of the community have manifested their appreciation of the efforts of these gentlemen by honouring them with crowded houses nightly. The acting of Mr. John Collins, the Irish comedian, was really beyond criticism, so natural and so true to the various characters he assumed. He was ably supported by the company. There is now an entirely new troupe performing—Mrs. J. A. Oates' Comic Company—and the general approval of their acting is, if possible, still more enthusiastic than that which greeted the former company. We are sure that during the summer months Mr. Albaugh will make the Theatre a place of pleasurable resort, in which good taste will be respected and good acting rendered.

THE INTERNATIONAL COAL AND RAILWAY COMPANY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

The mines of this company are situated at Bridgeport, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and contain, according to the reports of two of the most distinguished geologists in the United States, upwards of eighty million tons of coal. There are five seams underlying the property of this company, covering an extent of four miles, and varying from five to ten feet in thickness. The result of several analyses prove it to be a superior gas coal, "producing more gas than the coals from Newcastle, and of a high illuminating power; the coke, too, is excellent, "making a good fire with but little clinker." The coal has also been found to be an excellent steam coal, and for domestic purposes it is, we hear, unequalled. None has, however, as yet found its way to this market. Within the year past this company have, at an outlay of over half a million dollars, made a connection between their mines and Sydney Harbour, which enables them now to bring up and put on board upwards of 3,000 tons of coal per day. The railway is about thirteen miles long, the shipping pier 1,000 feet in length, and capable of loading six or seven vessels of the largest tonnage at the same time; the depth of water at the bulkhead is thirty-four feet, with a rise and fall of tide of four feet, permitting even the "Great Eastern" to load there with the greatest ease. The railway was built, and the three powerful locomotives and 150 coal cars furnished under contract with the company, by Duncan Macdonald, Esq., of Montreal, and the work is excelled by none in Canada. The pier, a view of which we present to our readers with this issue, is a noble one, and an ornament to as fine a harbour as there is in the world. The principal office of the company is in New York city. The name of the President, Alfred Mackay, Esq., is a guarantee that its interests will not be allowed to languish; its officers and directors rank among the leading men in that city. Messrs. Carbray & Routh, of Montreal and Quebec, who are the agents for the Dominion, kindly furnished us with the view of the pier. We take pleasure in presenting this enterprise to the Canadian public, built and fostered as it has been by the capital of men of New York as well as of Nova Scotia, and it is another proof of how, when capital and energy are combined and rightly directed under the pushing management we have here, giant works grow up as it were out of the earth, where, without this spirit of enterprise, the concealed treasures would have been dealt out in dribbles, or left to lie there without conferring advantage either on the country or the proprietors.

AMUSING DEFEAT OF HOME THE SPIRITUALIST IN ST. PETERSBURG.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Standard* states that Home, the spiritualist, who for some weeks past had been the talk of the fashionable world there, has suffered a complete *fiasco*. The success he had met with in the *salons* of St. Petersburg appears to have turned his head. Judging the Russians by those who believed in him, he expected to find them all equally credulous, and in an evil hour he offered to exhibit his manifestations before a committee of scientific men. The challenge was accepted, the committee stipulating that the locality should be chosen by them; that instead of an ordinary table one of glass should be substituted; and that Home should not enter the room before the time fixed for the experiments. To these conditions Home consented. Six gentlemen, principally professors, met in a room prepared for the purpose at the University of St. Petersburg. Home came at the appointed hour, expressed himself satisfied with the arrangements, and the party formed the chain round the table, and waited patiently for the usual rappings. A lamp, with a powerful reflector, prevented the possibility of any trickery under the table passing unnoticed, and for some time there was no indication of the appearance of the spirits. At length Home pretended to be aware of their presence by the wavering light of a candle on the table; but this was explained as being caused by the ventilator, which was immediately closed, and the candle burned steadily. Then he declared that the arrival of the spirits was announced by a peculiar rushing noise, which was heard by all present; but on searching for the cause it was found that a hot-air pipe had been left open, and on its being shut, the noise ceased. Rather out of countenance by the failure of the experiment thus far, Home next drew attention to the rapidity of his pulse; but this was shown to be the effect of the heat of the room and the excite-

ment of straining the attention for such a length of time; moreover, one of the gentlemen present had exactly the same number of pulsations. Though baffled and confused, Home did not wish to give in, and offered to change the weight of any object in the room. For this the committee were prepared. A pail was placed in a pair of scales, and there it remained without moving the balance in the slightest degree. These experiments took up a great deal of time; everybody was tired; the trial was at an end; but, not wishing to acknowledge himself beaten, Home offered to meet the committee again on a future day. But the next morning he sent word that he was indisposed, and two days after he left St. Petersburg.

The *London Saturday Review*, in one of its recent articles, deprecates the growing tendency of men of business in England to fortify themselves with alcoholic stimulants. The practice, the *Review* alleges, is alarmingly on the increase, encouraged by the high pressure system upon which the commercial avocations of the day are now conducted. "The amount of mischief," says the writer, "which is produced among all ranks of mercantile men by the growing custom of drinking frequent glasses of wine, and especially sherry—not at meals and along with or just after food, but tossed off at odd moments as a mere 'nip,' either out of a private bottle, or at one of the public bars—is producing incalculable mischief. At present a disgusting and ruinous vice is widely practised under a kind of mask. The ravages it causes, both to health and morality, the shattered constitutions and wretched careers, are not traced to their true origin. A yearly list of the young men who either perish in this melancholy way, or are reduced to permanent imbecility, would startle those who have never had their attention called to it. The tales of ruined character are even more terrible than those of ruined health."

A Paris correspondent, writing on the 12th April, says:—"This Red insurrection will have had one good result—it has done much to appease the hatred towards the Germans. The German-spy fever is over. All respectable people would now prefer the Germans to the Communists. Even these latter see now that what they called savageness in the invader—bombardment, shooting of combatants out of uniform, &c.—is to be found among French soldiers at Versailles, and is, in fact, only war. I had a striking instance of this new feeling towards the Germans in the change—the miracle, I should say—which has been worked in the bosoms of the nuns of the convent of L'Espérance close by, in which I have a relation. For the last week or so the whole convent has been busy making up lay dresses in case the nuns should have to leave the convent and hide. I went there yesterday and showed them how to set about making their bonnets, poor creatures, and gave them an old one as a model. I found that my relative, with a dozen of the youngest nuns, had left by the Nord line, and had gone off to the Abbey of Royaumont. They had chosen the Nord because they would soon meet the Prussians there! The Abbess added: 'They will be perfectly safe there—there are 300 Prussians lodged in the convent. They are respectful and even pious. Some are Catholics and some are Protestants, Mais tous sont pieux et d'une convenance parfaite.' I have no doubt this is quite true, but it was as good as a joke coming from the same Abbess who, during the siege, had told me, with upturned eyes, that she heard horrible stories about the treatment of their convents (all vague stories, without even a name mentioned), but that in most cases the nuns had fortunately been able to 'sauver le bon Dieu' (meaning the consecrated wafers). I felt tempted to tell her I thought that was rather reversing the parts, but I withheld this Voltairian remark."

A musician employed at one of the London theatres possessed an ebony flute with silver keys. He seldom used it in consequence of the defectiveness of the upper notes. The musician had as a lodger a tailor, who worked for the theatre. A strong friendship sprang up between the two. One night while the musician was at the theatre the flute was stolen, and suspicion fell upon an old woman who used to do housework. Nothing, however, tended to show her guilt, and the matter was at last dismissed and forgotten. In a few months the tailor left the house, and the musician moved to another town, but the friendship lasted. About a year afterward the musician paid the tailor a visit, and found him in possession of a beautiful bulfinch, who could distinctly whistle three tunes. The performance was perfect, with this exception, whenever he came to a certain high note he invariably skipped it and went on to the next. But little reflection convinced the musician that the note in which the bulfinch was imperfect was the very one which was imperfect on the ebony flute. So convinced was he that he sharply questioned the tailor, who confessed to having stolen the flute, and that all that the bird knew was learned from that same instrument.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury was Bishop of London he invited a poor Lancashire clergyman—the county from which he had himself come—to spend a few days with him at Lambeth. The rev. gentleman duly arrived one day about four o'clock. He was most kindly received. His lordship rang the bell and said, "Get tea for Mr. —." The tea was produced, and the clergyman, dreadfully hungry, thought the bishop had preserved his old country habits, and that he himself had come late for dinner, and that it was now tea hour. He made the best of it, and swallowed his cup with a slice of very wafery bread and butter. With feet over the fender, he and the unaffected bishop chatted till seven o'clock, when his lordship rang the bell again, and said to the servant, "Bring Mr. — a bedroom candle." The poor clergyman was astonished, but thinking the bishop had adopted these primitive habits for example's sake, he followed the light, and a servant showed him to a bedroom. Wary from his journey, surprised, disappointed at being packed off for the night, as he thought, instead of having the good dinner with which he feasted his imagination, the poor man meekly took off his clothes, blew out the candle, and crept into the big bed. But he was scarcely comfortably settled when he heard a tremendous gong echoing through the old corridors. What on earth could it be? Was the place on fire? While pondering whether to drop from the window or bolt into the lobby he heard a knock at his door. "Who's there?" "Are you dressed for dinner, sir?" said the servant, "it's on the table." Here was a pretty business. He had only to call in the servant, make a clean breast of his mistake, order lights, and dress himself with the utmost rapidity for the good dinner he had gone to bed to dream of.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY.

I.
How the bells ring out, with a joyous shout,
From a thousand English domes;
How the anthems rise!
To the upper skies!
From a million English homes.

II.
How the cannon roar, from shore to shore,
Of Albion's sea-girt land;
Answer'd again,
Across the blue main,
From each colonial strand.

III.
How the bugle rings, and the trumpet sings!
And the swelling organs peal;
Hark! only hear!
How the millions cheer!
While other millions kneel.

IV.
How the Red Cross flag, from each castle crag,
Soars over towers and towns!
See the pennons float,
O'er the "Hearts of Oak!"
Who muster in "the Downs."

V.
And why does the note of this great joy float,
And circle the wide world's bound;
From Canada,—
To far Cathay,—
Wherever the sun goes round?

VI.
'Tis the nations' voice who thus rejoice,
In honour of the day;
Which gave the helm
Of this great realm,
To GOOD VICTORIA'S sway!

VII.
For Her, those bells! Those anthem swells!
Those thundering cannons roar!
Those bugles clear!
Those millions cheer.—
For Her those proud flags soar.

VIII.
Such martial airs,—such loyal prayers,—
This day from us demands;
From OUR "Good Queen!"
BELOVED QUEEN!!
QUEEN OF A THOUSAND LANDS!!!

W. R. D.

CHESS.

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

The first game in the match by telegraph between Toronto and Hamilton.

(From the *Globe*.)
PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

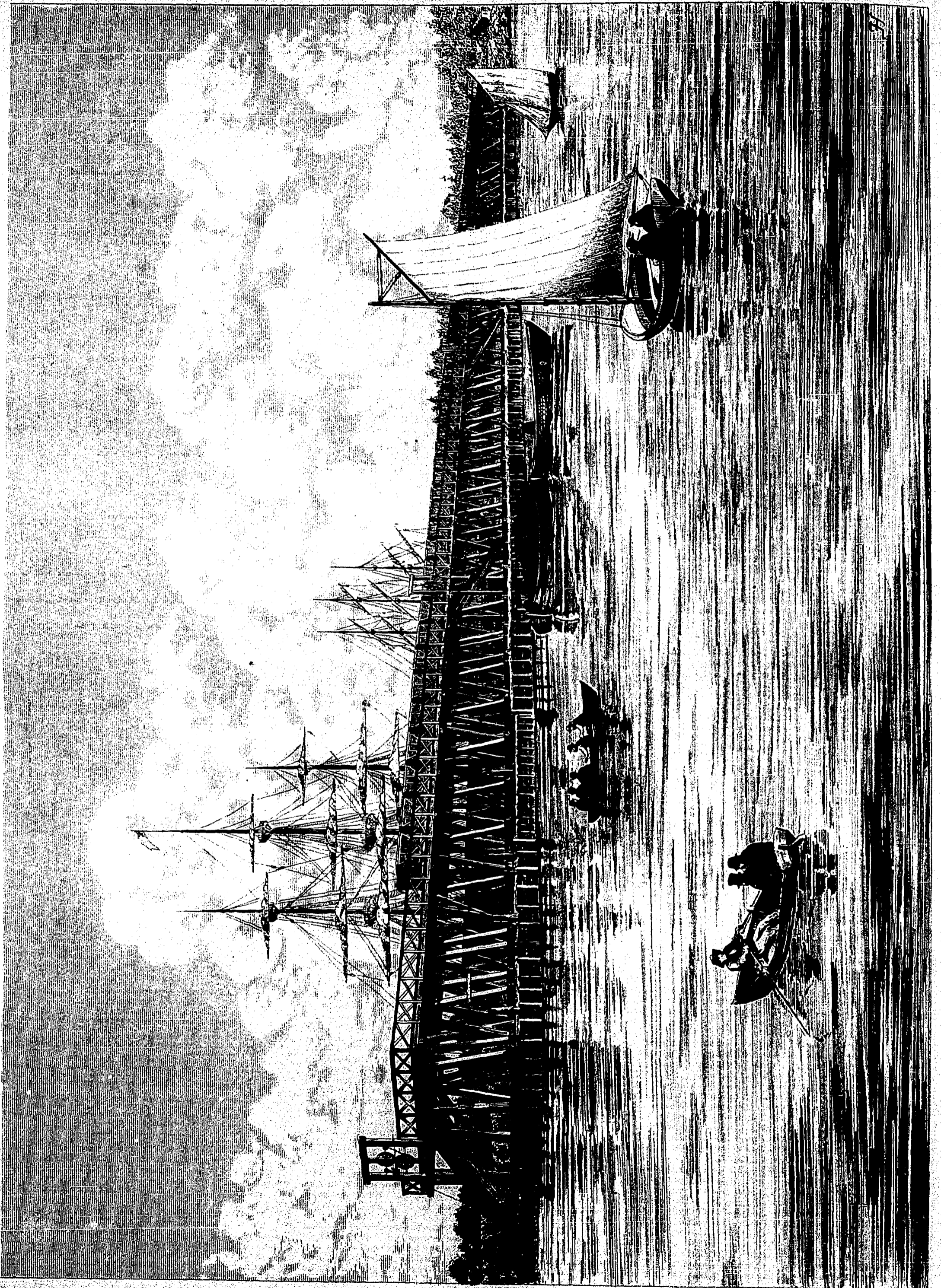
Hamilton.	Toronto.
White.	Black.
1. P. to K. 4th.	P. to K. 4th.
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.	Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
3. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.	B. to Kt. 5th.
4. P. to Q. R. 3rd.	B. to K. 4th.
5. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. (a)	B. to Kt. 3rd.
6. B. to Q. Kt. 2nd.	P. to Q. 3rd.
7. B. to Q. B. 4th.	B. to K. Kt. 5th.
8. P. to Q. 3rd.	Castles
9. Kt. to Q. R. 4th. (b)	P. to Q. B. 3rd.
10. Kt. takes B.	Q. takes Kt.
11. B. to Q. R. 2nd.	Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd.
12. Q. to Q. 2nd.	B. to K. 3rd.
13. Kt. to K. Kt. 5th. (d)	B. takes B.
14. R. takes B.	P. to K. R. 3rd.
15. Kt. to K. R. 3rd. (e)	Q. R. to Q.
16. Q. to K. 3rd.	Q. takes Q. ch.
17. P. takes Q.	Kt. to Kt. 5th.
18. B. to B. sq.	P. to R. B. 4th.
19. P. takes P.	R. takes P.
20. P. to K. 4th.	R. to K. B. 2nd.
21. P. to Q. B. 3rd.	Q. R. to K. B. sq.
22. P. to Q. B. 4th.	P. to Q. R. 3rd.
23. R. to K. 2nd.	P. to Q. B. 4th.
24. B. to K. 3rd.	P. takes P.
25. P. takes P.	P. to Q. Kt. 4th.
26. K. to Q. 2nd.	P. takes P.
27. P. takes P.	R. to Q. Kt.
28. K. to Q. B. 3rd.	Kt. takes B.
29. R. takes Kt.	Kt. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
30. K. to Kt. 3rd.	K. R. to Q. Kt. 2nd.
31. R. to Q. R. sq. (f)	Kt. to Q. 2nd.
32. K. to B. 3rd.	R. takes P.
33. R. takes P.	R. to Q. Kt. 7th. (g)
34. R. to R. 5th.	R. takes P.
35. R. takes R. ch.	Kt. takes R.
36. R. to Q. 3rd.	R. to K. 7th.
37. R. takes P.	R. takes K. P.
38. R. to Q. 5th. ch.	K. to B. 2nd.
39. Kt. to Kt. 5th. ch. (h)	P. takes Kt.
40. R. takes Kt.	R. to K. 5th.
41. R. to Q. Kt. 2nd.	R. to Q. 5th.
42. R. to Q. 2nd.	R. takes R.

And the game was drawn by mutual consent.

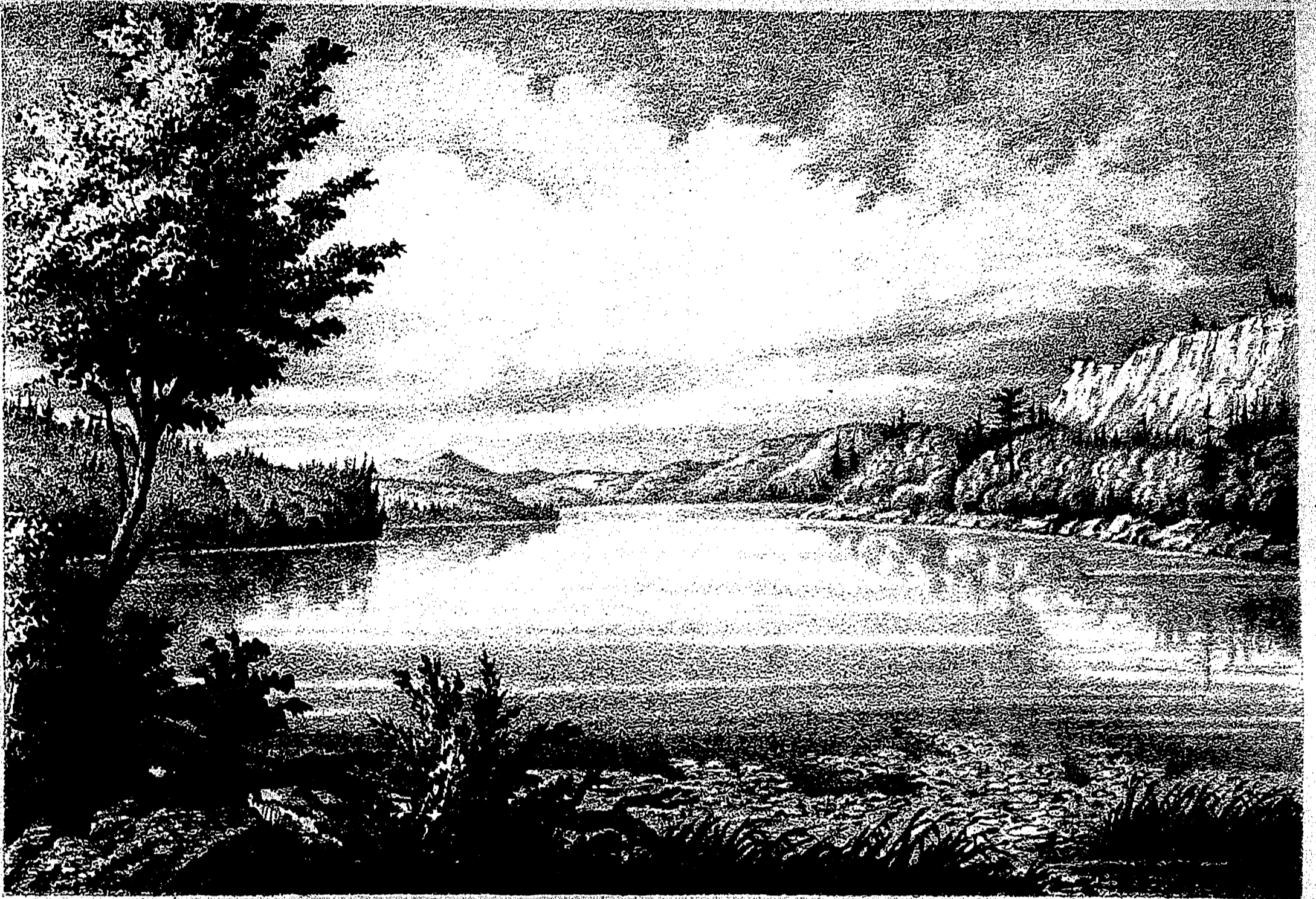
NOTES BY A TORONTO PLAYER.

- (a) This does not seem a strong line of play, as it drives the Black bishop into a good position, and weakens their own Queen's side.
- (b) White's object is to push Q. P. so as to break up Black's centre, and open the diagonal for his own Bishop.
- (c) Whether this Bishop be taken or left, Black's already strong position will be improved.
- (d) With the view of advancing K. B. P. probably.
- (e) The Kt. is badly posted here, and should never have got into play again.
- (f) White has played the best moves all throughout this embarrassing attack.
- (g) Threatening mate: but it is strange they should overlook White's obvious reply which nullifies their attack. They should have checked with R. at Kt. 6th. and White could not have escaped without loss.
- (h) An excellent move, ensuring the draw.

Dr. Gallaudet, of New York, is a very popular preacher. The other day there was a wedding at the church. Entered an old lady. Polite usher says: "Shall I conduct you to a seat, madam?" "If you please, sir," replied the old lady. The ceremony over, old lady turns to one of three young ladies in the pew behind her, and asks: "Do you know the bride?" Young lady says, "I do." Old lady adds: "Will you be kind enough to give her this?" handing the beautiful damsel a card. The inspiring strains of the "Midsummer Night's Dream March" are flooding the church, but the young lady, nevertheless, drops back upon her seat, horror-struck to read: "Mrs. Evans, nurse, No. —, East Sixteenth street."



SHIPPING PIER OF THE INTERNATIONAL COAL & RAILWAY COMPANY OF NOVA SCOTIA, AT SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON: BUILT A. D. 1870.—SEE PAGE 311.



SUNDAY LAKE, GARTHBY, E. T.—FROM A SKETCH BY DR. BOMPAS.—SEE PAGE 307.



CHURCH AND LOG HOUSE, VILLAGE OF HAVELOCK, UPPER OTTAWA.—SEE PAGE 307.

LOVE AMONG THE LILIES.

Like a prisoned poet inscribing eloquent odes to Liberty, Maria van Oosterwyck, pent in the centre of grim old frowning Delft, strove passionately to fix upon her canvas the glorious flowers and fruits of a far-off country, from which the town's every canal, lock, street, wall, and rampart combined to sunder her. By aid of memory, scrap-sketches made on hurried visits beyond the gates, and cut flowers sickening and dying as she drew them, the pale earnest-looking lady worked on. With quite a lily's whiteness in her face, and fair waving hair, that seemed sprinkled with the gold-dust from the lily's cup, pushed back carelessly, so as not to hinder her, and in sober dark woollen dress, only relieved by the large plaited-muslin ruff collar, Maria bent her lithe fragile figure before her easel; poring over one of those small cabinet paintings whose transparent colour, refined taste, and delicate mechanism, shall make them, years and years after thou art dust, Maria van Oosterwyck, cherished possessions even in the choicest collections. She loved her flowers; she loved her art; for these she was content to spend her life: it was no toil, at least it was a toil free from irksomeness, and full of joy, to be true to such love as this. Over her canvas, the flowers at her side, studying the wondrous variety of their hues, tracing their every exquisite curve, and change, and diversity, till she could almost deem that in their marvellous separate loveliness dwelt an individual soul, Maria could well forget the gloomy surroundings of her studio. It was not a pleasant abode for an artist, and least of all for a flower-artist. That murky shadow on the wall is the reflection flung there by the sun, sinking in a Dutch fog, of the church tower which shelters the remains of William Prince of Orange, murdered close by, on a summer's day in 1584, by Balthazar Gerard the Burgundian; that mist upon the window rises from the narrow stagnant poisonous canal below; that smoke beating away in circling clouds comes from the pottery manufactories—far are we not just midway in the seventeenth century—and must not the great demand for Delft earthenware be met in thorough commercial spirit? True, there are trees edging the canals; but no wonder they have lost all charm for Maria; no wonder she can look upon them with eyes of pity only; they are trimmed, and cut, and clipped into fanciful shapes, in execrable Dutch taste! Heartless mutilation of natural loveliness; one might as well look for human beauty in a soldier's hospital after a battle.

Through the mist, through the smoke and the shadow, and over the trees, there were eyes searching out the light form of Maria van Oosterwyck in her studio; and these—gay, bright, pleasant-looking eyes enough—were fixed in the head of Wilhelm van Aalst, a painter also, and a denizen of Delft, whose studio is exactly opposite to Maria's, on the other side of the street. He has set up his easel, and has work before him—a clever enough artist, painting still-life subjects dexterously, and in good repute for his dead game, scraps of armour, and gold and silver cups. But not a very sedulous worker; unable to devote himself to his labours, unable to forget—as the genuine student ever does—that there is a world going on outside his studio walls. Half-a-dozen touches, and he looks out of the window, down the street towards the market-place, or over the way at Maria; then another few touches, and a look in the glass at his own handsome face, and a twirling of his moustache, a pulling at his beard, or a tossing about of his long thick chestnut locks. He makes up his mind at last; and perhaps he hasn't much to operate upon for that matter. He dings away his pallet and brushes, arrays himself in a handsome velvet doublet, blue with narrow silver edging, dons a hat and feather, buckles on his rapier, and struts from his studio. No more work for to-day. He will pay visits; it is really quite a long time since he has seen his friends—twelve hours or so—he will call on Maria van Oosterwyck, and see how her lilies are getting on, and then he will dine—well, perhaps at the Golden Calf round the corner, and finish the evening there.

Absorbed in her lilies, her thin white hand supported by her mahl-stick, with the smallest, finest brush ever seen, defining hair-lines of light upon the outer rims of the flowers, Maria heard not the knock at her door—heard not the step upon the floor—knew not that any one had entered the room—was lost to all but her art, until a hand was laid gently upon her arm, and a voice murmured, accenting tenderly: "Incomparable Maria!"

She started up with quite a little scream, paler than ever, and her soft blue eyes open wide with alarm, like flowers beaten by a storm. She was a lovely specimen of the thorough blonde, flaxen even to eyebrows and eyelashes—a very human lily herself, so pure, and delicate, and lovable-looking.

"You frightened me, Wilhelm," she said, her first surprise a little passed off, and with just the slightest tone of reproval traceable in her voice. She was about to give her hand with the brush in it, but a glance at Wilhelm's gay doublet, and the thought of however so little a streak of cream-white would soil it, stopped her.

"Enthusiast!" Wilhelm went on—"devotee! you have not thought but for this!" and he pointed to the panel on the easel.

"Is it a fault?" she asked.

"No; but it is a reproach to the less devout."

"To yourself, then?" Wilhelm, when will you work? When will you cleave to your easel, and be loath and sick at heart to leave it? So you have quitted work for to-day, and there remain five more good hours of daylight!"

Wilhelm blushed. He was a little crest-fallen at his reception. Had the blue velvet and the silver-edging so small effect as this?

"I have nearly finished the picture of the dead falcon and the jewelled goblet."

Maria shook her head sorrowfully.

"You have not finished as you should finish it, Wilhelm. You may leave off work—you may let it go from your easel—you may barter it for a good price—but you will yet know in your heart that it is not a work such as should bear the name of Van Aalst. Why will you paint only for to-day, for the present hour, to supply your mere needs, and heed for nothing else? You must wish to live, Wilhelm, to be something in the future, to have your name honoured, and your works cherished. You owe this to yourself. Paint fewer pictures, and work more."

"I have not your talent, gentle Maria."

"You have more than my poor talent, Wilhelm, a thousand times. With all my labour, pouring out my life at the foot of my easel, I know I cannot approach the genius you possess, if you would but render it justice."

"I have not your devotion, Maria."

"You loved your art once, Wilhelm; you had high, grand thoughts about it once."

"Boyish dreams."

"They might have been the facts of your manhood, had you chosen so, good friend."

It was hard upon him—who had come to create a sensation, to win the admiration of the fair enthusiast—to meet so chillily a welcome, such a lecture upon his shortcomings. Maria herself began to think so at length, and changed the subject.

"Do you like my lilies?"

"They are exquisite, they are inimitable—full of your own grace, and subtlety, and expression. You have nearly completed them."

"No, there remains much to do. See, these leaves are hardly touched; this bud is more raw colour."

There was a pause. He looked from the panel to her. Standing so humbly and gently before a most marvellous effort of painting, how could he help great admiration and love possessing his heart? How could he hinder them from sparkling in his handsome eyes? His one hand rested on his hip, the other toyed gracefully with the silver tassels of his cloak. He was in his most winning attitude. Maria looked up at him innocently, read something of his thoughts in his face, and then turned away, a little frightened perhaps.

"You remember," he said, at length, in his most musical voice—"you remember, Maria, my first coming here?—my assumed bearing, my affecting to be a dealer, come to purchase your works, when my real aim was to see you, to become acquainted with you?"

"It was a trick, Wilhelm, a shameful trick;" and she moved away from him.

"It was fair, for I loved you."

She put her hand to her heart, as though she had been struck there. She could not speak, but she waved her hand, by her gesture imploring him to desist.

"I loved you then, Maria, and from that day I have loved you more and more. If I have neglected my art, as you say, may not love be my excuse? Let that plead for me. Do not judge too harshly."

She heard him like one in pain, trembling, and with closed eyes. He was about to continue; she placed her hand gently upon his.

"Cease, Wilhelm, I entreat of you."

"You don't love me, Maria?" The question was so music-ally, willingly, fervidly breathed, it was almost irresistible. For some moments Maria could not speak. Her breath came and went so hurriedly, and she trembled so.

"I dared not"—in a broken whisper.

"You doubt me?" She bowed her head affirmatively, and to hide her blushes and her tears.

Wilhelm had had little experience in failure. He was puzzled, amazed. Could it be that his love was rejected? He was about to break out into expostulations, into passionate oaths and entreaties; but a look from Maria stooped him.

"You, who are false to art, can I hope that you will be true to me?"

"But I love you."

"You loved art once, Wilhelm; you neglect it now."

"But I will never neglect you, dearest. I swear it"

"False in one, false in all."

"Maria, this is cruelty."

"Let it be so, Wilhelm, and let us part. Leave me to my lilies; they can never be to me less good, and pure, and true. I cannot quit them to give my troth to one who may one day turn from me, his love fallen from him like a withered leaf. If I surrendered them, Wilhelm, for you, and the time should come, as it would, doubt not, when you would cease to love me—when I should be to you a poor frail woman, charmless, lusterless—I could not bear it. Wilhelm, it would be my death."

"But this a nightmare, darling; it never shall be truth. I love you; I love art; I never ceased to love art. I will always love you both."

But Maria only shook her head sadly, murmuring:

"False in one, false in all"

"But try me. These are not mere words—idle, vain; test them; they will bear it."

She looked at him earnestly; there seemed honesty in his face and in his speech.

"First, then: You will be true to art."

"I swear it."

"You will work honestly; you will be at your easel for six hours a day at least, continuously; painting scrupulously, rendering faithful account of the objects you paint, as they seem to you; not trickily, or to produce rapidly, or to sell quickly. You will shun low company: you will not be seen with Heil, or Brocken, or Vander Noove. You will avoid the Golden Calf; you will cease to make Delft ring with your dissipations. You hear me, Wilhelm?"

"I will do all this, Maria."

"And for six months—mark that: you will do all this for six months."

"I may see you the while, may I not?"

"No, Wilhelm; it is better not; it is better not, for both our sakes. At the end of six months, come to me. Tell me you have done all this faithfully; tell me you have been true to yourself—to art—to me. Tell me that you love art truly, and as you love art, love me."

"And if I do this, you—"

She gave him a little white hand. He pressed it passionately to his lips.

"You are mine, Maria."

"Six months have yet to pass, Wilhelm."

He hardly heard her; he was dashing down the stairs, mad with joy, and hope, and love. In five minutes his blue doublet was off, and he was hard at work before his easel.

The poor lily-lady, pressing her hands upon her head, was too shaken and bewildered, to resume her pencil immediately. Soon, however, she turned towards her flowers, exclaiming with passion:

"True or false, O my lilies, I cannot love you less. I am still yours, and you will still be mine!"

There was a thick crust of snow upon all the gable-roads of Delft; the canals were frozen; thick ice blocked up the river. The six months had passed. Maria was still at her easel. There were no lilies to be had now, only those upon her panel, perfected; so close were they to nature, it seemed not possible to carry imitation further. She was employed in painting a folded drapery of stamped puce-coloured velvet, the background of her picture. She seemed paler than ever now, and

an air of fatigue and suffering haunted her face; yet she worked on in her old, placid, simple, hearty way; the tiny pencils moved to and fro as steadily and perseveringly as ever.

"Six months to-day," she murmured once, halting but for a moment, only to resume again with redoubled energy. But a step on the stairs soon set her hand trembling and her heart beating. She was compelled to desist. Wilhelm entered, splendidly handsome in green velvet, with a thick studding of small gold buttons, a sweeping white feather in his hat, a glittering sword-belt, and heavy fur-trimming on his cloak. There was a triumphant flush upon his face as he walked rapidly towards Maria.

"You have come, then, Wilhelm," she said.

"To claim fulfilment of your promise, dearest."

She fixed her glance earnestly upon his face, gazing into his eyes, as though to read the truth in them.

"You have fulfilled your promise, Wilhelm; you have been true to art; you have worked sedulously, for six hours a day at least, uninterruptedly, without quitting your studio; you have shunned low company and the tavern; you have been true to yourself and to me?"

Wilhelm bowed his glossy head affirmatively before her. He looked very superb indeed. Maria turned away her glance; she was shivering with nervous agitation—not cold, as he thought.

"And I may trust my happiness to your keeping?" she continued, still looking down.

"Dearest Maria, I swear that you shall never repent so doing."

And he twirled the ends of his ample moustache, and dusted his beard with a brodered kerchief, which, tucked in his doublet, had been adding to the curve of his massive chest.

Maria started back from him, and an angry light gleamed in the blue eyes wontedly so soft and gentle. It was like forked lightning breaking out suddenly on a calm summer sky.

"Wilhelm, you would scorn to play with clogged dice; you would beat to the earth any one who said you tricked at cards; you would condescend to dupe no man. Why, then, do you come here to me with a lie upon your lips?—why seek to cheat me? What have I ever done that you should turn against me thus? Is it because I am weak, and a woman, that I am to be treated with falsehoods—won by fraud?"

Wilhelm, amazed, puzzled, embarrassed, looked at her. He put forth his hand imploringly; he sought to speak; she waved back his approaches by an angry gesture. You would not have thought such fury could have possessed her. The lily was whirling in a tempest.

"You know that you have broken every letter of your promise; you know that your every act of late has been a falsehood to me; you know that I dare not confide my happiness in your hands; that you are utterly unworthy such a trust. This is nothing. You have a right to act as you will. To stain your name, your genius, your art, with mire, if you will; it is not for me to call for an account. But to act thus shamefully, and crown that shame by a lie, to me, to me, who God knows, never would or could have done you wrong—Wilhelm, Wilhelm, it is too much!"

There were tears now upon her cheeks, like raindrops on a lily.

Wilhelm stood speechless, abashed, and angry. His position was humiliating enough—to cheat, and to be found out too! Yet he tried to pluck up heart; and sturdy lying seemed his safest course—so his weak false mind suggested.

"You wrong me, indeed, indeed."

"Stop!" she cried, putting her hands to her ears to shut out his words. "No more; you have lied enough. Look here!" and she pointed to the window-post: there were hundreds of streaks of lily white. "Each time you have failed in your promise, I have registered the failure here. You have been absent from your studio; you have been idle; you have been gaping at the window, or idling at the door; you have spent days and nights at the Golden Calf. Heil has been with you, and Brocken, and Vander Noove, and—O Wilhelm—others who never should have been!"—and a blush crossed her cheek; it was as a sunset on a lily—"and you have painted worthless pictures. You know it—none better. Oh, in a thousand ways, you have been false; and here, see, here's the record."

In Wilhelm's culprit face, amidst all his shame and confusion, yet lingered an interrogative: "How did you know all this?" She read it in his looks, without needing his words.

"My studio is opposite to yours; I can see you from here as well as you can see me from there."

"Yet your back was always turned?"

She could not help smiling, it was such a wretched, pitiful, school-boy plea.

"You forgot the mirror! With that in front of me, I had no need to turn."

Wilhelm stamped on the ground with rage and disappointment, cursing a thousand times his own stupidity.

"Adieu! Maria van Oosterwyck."

"Adieu! Wilhelm van Aalst."

Utterly crushed and mortified, he moved to the door. There he stood for a moment, rallied a little, and with a feeble broken swagger, with an attempt to conjure back something of his old grand manner, whispered softly:

"And there is no hope, Maria?"

"None!" said the lady stoutly. She was deaf to the voice of the charmer, and he went out banging the door, never to return. The poor girl, her trial over, broke down completely; she fell into a chair, weeping copiously.

"Heaven help me! And I so loved that man!"

With a strange curiosity and weakness, she sent her servant on the following morning to make inquiry concerning him. She learned that he had quitted Delft; it was said for ever. Paris was thought to be his destination. Then Maria was on her knees once more before her panel:

"O my lilies! I am yours for ever—only yours. I will love but you."

And she kept her word, devoting herself to her art, and glorifying it by her devotion. And Europa struggled for possession of her works; not numerous, but all perfect. And Emperor Leopold, and Louis the Magnificent, and England's great monarch, William of Orange—all bought from her easel.

In 1693 she painted her last lily—never having seen again the faithless Wilhelm—never having loved again—still Maria van Oosterwyck.

Among the new papers recently started in Paris is one called *Cain and Abel*. Versailles is Cain; Paris is Abel.

(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 XIX.

A TRUE WOMAN AMONG THE FALLEN IN PRISON.
TEARS OF THE BUSH-WHACKERS PARTING
WITH LADY MARY.

"To ninety-eight of the hundred maidens their coming to the new country was the beginning of better fortunes than their mothers had known, or expected for daughters. Mary M. Ester, at Conway, was one exception in the hundred, and elsewhere there happened another. Mary's mistake of the modes of propriety exacted on Canadian city streets, developed itself in the occurrences lying up the line of this story. The course of the other maidens was smooth and real. Too real, and their coming of too much advantage to the public and themselves, as to hundreds who followed, and hundreds more still following, for me to present them on this page otherwise than to have a passing word with Martha.

"No, Martha, I do not seek to induce too many. No matter how many girls come, they disappear from city service along the frontier, out in the country, in the city industries, or in marriage registers. The ladies of pleasant households are still in quest of girls; and the purer, morally sweeter the households, the more of the maiden 'helps' are required to fill vacancies.

"You think this a contradiction of experiences. So it may seem, but it is the law of nature delightfully operating in adjustment of the balances. It is the law of compensation in the forces of the universe, by which nature redresses her age, and is ever young.

"The dames whose refined and evenly tempered rule inspires good temper, earnest and alert service in their maiden 'helps,' envelope their roofs, gardens, trees in the gardens, with the bloom of a good name. Prudent men of the honey-bee order, of humble means but earnest life, perceive from afar the light and the bloom of the good name, and look there for wives.

"And thus a thousand more of the selected maidens might come to fill the vacancies in households of the cities, towns, villages, and still the demand be unfilled.

"No, Martha. To publish this is not to suggest that mistresses should be harsh to girls, and get them a name of untidiness in order to retain them in long servitude. The natural law of the balances works otherwise. Mistresses of sweet temper inspire a like goodness in the girls, and retain some a long time. And girls who sweeten the air of kitchens with punctuality and good temper have mostly best mistresses. The longer time they are together the brighter the bloom of the good name. The maids do go, sooner or later, and others are attracted from lower household harmonies, discords it may be, to fill the places made vacant by honey-bee men taking away brides. Did they remain in households of discord very likely they never would be sought in marriage. So they look for the better mistresses."

In the matter of Mary M. Ester, a prisoner sentenced to thirty days in Conway gaol for the offence of 'loitering.'

Roy Reuben, Lady Mary Mortimer's literary agent, came from New York, but was refused access, the prisoner being held as a depraved woman. Then he asserted the right of the free born Briton—first and highest appeal; wrote to the "leading journal of Europe:"

"Sir.—Long before you receive this letter," said he, "printed reports may have circulated over the United Kingdom, injuriously affecting the good name of the young women brought out by Miss Isa Eliqueter, and by implication, that lady herself.

"A journalist in a Montreal paper said he had a letter from a man—good angels save all women from such a 'man!'—who came in the ship, a passenger, with the hundred maidens; and that recently he had seen two of them on Sherbrooke Street walking arm in arm with whom?—themselves! He deemed it his duty to have them publicly cautioned in the newspapers. This was done, and mistresses admonished to keep Eliqueter girls within doors.

"I have termed the city 'Beautiful Montreal.' In situation it is charming. The Royal Mountain, wood-covered from the lower slopes to the broad level summit, rising gradually on the west and north.

"St. Lawrence river, two miles broad, gliding along the south and eastern city front. St. Helen's Island in midst of this imperial flood. The Victoria tubular bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway—artery of the life of Canada—with its four-and-twenty piers, two hundred and three hundred feet apart,

spanning the rolling river-sea in wondrous magnitude; noblest achievement in mechanical science.

"The magnificent twin towers of Notre Dame cathedral, in altitude nearly equal to St. Paul's in London. Numerous churches with towers and pointed spires on the higher slopes approaching the Mountain, and on intermediate and lower city streets.

"Palaces of the merchant princes of Montreal, the financiers of the Dominion, and considerably so of the United States, standing on eminent sites, the encircling grounds mostly open to the eye of passengers, and, at this season, each a floral paradise.

"A new city of commercial palaces, rebuilt in place of the old within a few recent years; in magnitude, elegance, splendour, unequalled on this continent, and, so far as I have seen, or may judge by architectural pictorial history, excelling any city in Europe.

"Public fountains throwing out their refreshing waters; drinking cups around, and seats for rest under umbrageous trees. Such is Montreal, commercial metropolis of British America.

"The maiden strangers had arrived but ten or twelve days before; and were at once hired into service. The weather was then excessively hot. Their daily associations were cooking-stoves, ever heated, and continuous culinary odours. They may have been told that the brilliant sky of Canada is the purest, clearest, loftiest of skies; and, therefore, desired to see and contemplate in it the majesty and goodness of Divine Wisdom; or, in absence of sentiment, to breathe fresh air. For, in happy moments of early morning inspiration, the maidens—each from her bedroom sky-lights—may have discerned the exceeding loveliness of the Canada atmosphere; and from thence, too—caged bird—may have obtained glimpses of the beautiful city.

"Sherbrooke Street is two miles long. On it, and near it, stand the palatial mansions of fashion. Those two friendless strangers, each serving in a different family, got their afternoon out, and met. Met to talk and interchange thoughts of new associations and old recollections. Met to breathe the open atmosphere instead of the heated kitchens, on that day of the seven when only they could get out; the day when Jesus walked through corn-fields.

"What more natural or more suggestive of pure, exalted moral thought than to take each other's arms and walk under the shade trees of that distinguished street? But they were recognized as being Eliqueter girls, imported for service in the kitchen; and forthwith the 'man,' who knew their faces, wrote to the papers that they might be publicly admonished, and in another town one was arrested and imprisoned.

"But nothing worse has occurred, and the girls are so well esteemed that all the towns in Canada, and along the frontier of the States, call for more girls, more, and still more Eliqueters."

The public admonition was not wrong at the time, and the "man" did well, notwithstanding the warmth of Roy Reuben. Want of regard for such cautioning brought profound calamity to one of another shipment. Even in Mary M. Ester's case it was moral civilization vindicating the right of society to be purified of "loiterers." And Mary, when she comprehended the full meaning of "loitering," approved the constable's fidelity to duty.

"This imprisonment," she said, "may be a public benefit, if it engage the thought of immigrant girls newly arriving; and if it result in obtaining for Conway a new gaol, with internal arrangements conformable to the public virtue asserted on the streets, and with the better constructed prison a new cart for conveyance of prisoners."

Newspapers about this time contained items of uncertain origin, reproduced from one another, and variously amplified, intimating that an English lady of rank and fortune, distinguished alike for personal graces and magnificent philanthropy, was likely to arrive in America soon. At New York, probably, and make a prolonged tour in the States and Canada, remaining the summer and fall, possibly all winter. It was hoped that her inquiry and observation might result in benefits to women which both the old country and new would appreciate.

One item said:

"A redundant female population in some midland districts of England has long engaged the enlightened care and generosity of this gentleman. She is of distinguished ancestry and noblest rank in the British peerage. But her works of beneficence confer a moral radiance bedimming in its lustre even loveliness of person and high rank. Need it be said—rather, need it be longer concealed after this portraiture, which reaches Canada by way of New York, that the lady who is presently to be central figure in the best circles of society in the chief cities of this western continent is Lady Mary Mortimer?"

And this other paragraph:

"The Illustrious Visitor.—This lady who is soon expected, and for whom philanthropic societies and high-class families are preparing a fitting reception, is sister of the late and

uncle of the present Duke of Sheerness. By the Esterved collaterals of the family tree in Northamptonshire, Lady Mary Mortimer is allied to names dear to American patriotism. At Brynpton the ancestors of Washington lie side by side with Esterveds; and the Franklins repose in their old graves no farther away than the boundary of Lady Mary's estate. The Mortimers have also many offshoots in America.

"Conrad Mortimer, Duke of Sheerness, who two years ago at the age of twenty-three succeeded his father, represents a composite lineage; composite of excellences, from whence springs physical and mental ascendancy. In his person, as Lady Mary in hers, he unites the miscogenation of Norman-French; Brito-Saxon; Irish-Celtic; Celtic-French; Welsh-English; and English-Scottish ancestry.

"If the Mortimers have not intermarried with Americans—though it is hinted as probable they may in person of His Grace the present Duke, and have not drawn from the vitality of the Western nation—young giant in the family of nations—they have contributed well to its good, as they have to its conflicting qualities. Some in the United States who inherit the trust title to exult in a proud nationality, whose fathers or selves have given chivalry to combat, sagacity to council, science to utilities, lustre to learning; who on the oceans of the two hemispheres share largely with Europe in the ruling of the waves, are of the lineage of the Duke of Sheerness. They inherit the same instincts with the older people; aggression, or prudence; impatience of restraint, or submission to moral influences; political hauteur, or pious humility; impulsive generosity, or unreasoning antipathies. The younger and the older nation have the same language and literature, but differ in the orthography of labour and honour; and eighty other words; in nothing else."

"Lady Mary Mortimer, whenever she may arrive; or wherever she may first land—in the States or in Canada—will find open doors and warm hearts awaiting her."

She came. She loitered. She offended. They gave her thirty days. Of the prisoner this was published:

"The woman had been previously warned by the constable on the beat, but looked at him with brazen impudence and still loitered, clearly indicating what manner of life she had lived. A life of levity bearing proof how careless Isa Eliqueter had been in selecting her women, and how cautious ladies should be here in choosing domestic servants from that shipment of girls. A carelessness of selection amounting to imposture on the town of Conway. Only think of the irreparable wrong that might result in families by introducing to domestic service such scum from the old country as this Mary M. Ester!

"It is to be hoped the thirty days in prison will induce her, in dark seclusion, or at hard labour—though it may be feared the congenial associates among whom she is likely to be crowded, will not permit of much amendment,—yet it is to be hoped, we say, that with leisure to reflect on her shameless antecedents, and more shameless audacity in coming here, the woman may repent, and return to the old country from whence she ought not to have been brought away.

"In the open-seated long cart, when this depraved creature, with her vile compeers, was brought from the cells for conveyance to gaol—as the young man Luggy, lately of Ramasine Corners informs us, and while the cart awaited orders to proceed amid the gazing, jeering crowd, cries arose: 'Look! See! The Eliqueter girls going to gaol already!' At these scoffs, and some garbage thrown, by whom was not seen, the woman concealed her face a minute, as if abashed at what a shameless life had brought her to. But quickly regaining her brazen self-possession the head was raised; she affecting to look with scorn on the scene around, to which she had, no doubt, been too long accustomed.

"At the gaol, Luggy gives us to understand, the experienced female searchers and turnkeys were soon confirmed in opinion that Mary M. Ester is one of the most insidious of highflying misdemeanants. Her unusually fine under raiment and comely person proved what she was. Very likely a swindler of the most accomplished type as well as ensnarer."

The following was not published in Conway. Prisoner, to Renshaw the head turnkey:

"Is there no classification? No separation between the unfortunate and the immoral?"

"No, Missus. We take the unfortunates to be immoral. Classification of people in Conway is the same as pretty well all the world over; some are inside the prison and some outside. That iron gate as you came in by, and them 'ere walls' classifies the people of Conway."

"Horrid! There must be many good, moral and religious people in this town differing most essentially from the wicked and depraved?"

"No doubt of it, owd lass; just as thou may differ from them six faggots as are to be in this cell with thee. They are bushwhackers, and thou a town bred bird, I take it. You and they be like to differ. Every-

body differs about everything a'most; and a good thing too. But the only difference I'm bound to know is, that some people be outside the gaol, and some inside. And in course they as be outside include the religious, the good, and the honest—the honest as things go. Were the rogues and such as thou the most in number, the honest—that is, the honest as things go, the religious and good would be inside; thou and the rogues out. And were all alike in quality there would be no prisons large enough to hold all; and nobody to lock them up; which would never do; never do no how."

Abel Renshaw was not entirely the boor this speech might indicate. As he spoke, the penetrating eye, schooled in human miseries, read in Mary's countenance—he hardly knew what, but something deciding him not to place her at night among the six bushwhacking faggots, as he termed the poor sisters of sin who had come down in the prison cart with the stranger.

Renshaw gave his worst bark first, prisoners often said, and tamed down on farther acquaintance. Whereas old Luggy, one of the assistant "keys," fawned at first—much in the manner of the other Luggy, his son, whom we saw at the Ramasine wedding some chapters back, and indulged in secret cruelties to prisoners as soon as convenient. It was from that parental key of the gaol, and his own observation from under a black crape covering his scorched eyes—scorched at the wedding, as you remember, that young Luggy gathered items about the lady "loiterer" for the local itemist of the Conway *Ariel*.

It was a creation of genius poetically pretty and once deemed bold, that of Ariel in the *Tempest*—the magician's messenger who girdled the world, or offered to girdle it in forty minutes. It was thought to be a fine conception in Conway, and indeed was, previous to ocean telegraphy, to name its earliest newspaper the *Ariel*.

It were pity that Luggy the son, or Luggy the under key, had much to do with these pages; but a tide in the affairs of men having canoes on its troubled waters, now and again paddled by such persons, they cannot be altogether avoided.

It may be presumed that a journal so respectable in literary style and morals as the *Ariel*, would not have a staff comprising either of the Luggys. But the itemist found their alliance useful, as did Kiliweek Kiliweek, Esq., a police office lawyer. This gentleman scented clients to be bailed out of prison, or to bring actions for false imprisonment at long distances; scented them in sniffs through stone walls and iron bars. Especially he had a keen perception for cases where delinquents fled into Canada from the States with booty, as American Kiliweeks over the line had for fugitives with booty fleeing from Canada.

To get sentence commuted, or to bail out, or take action for false imprisonment of Mary M. Ester, she had been followed by Luggy the son, and was watched by Luggy the key in the interest of Kiliweek. Thus, from female keys came inklings about the "unusual fineness of Mary's under raiment;" the inklings going to the *Ariel* itemist to stimulate Kiliweek to ply Luggy the Key, that he might press upon the lady prisoner to disclose whether or no she had money to move the court above; and move them all, for bail in the first instance, for false imprisonment by the town of Conway in the second.

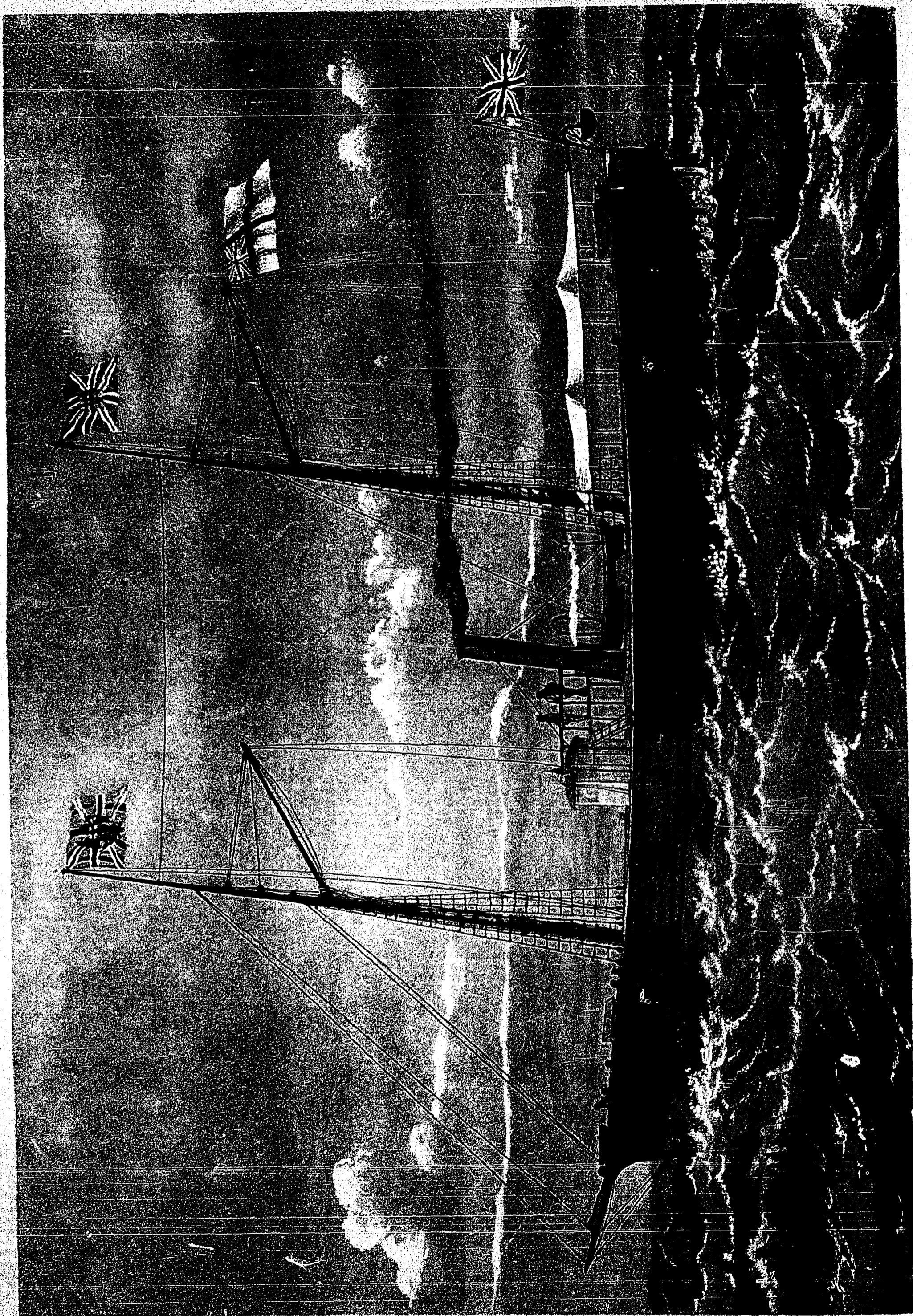
Renshaw, the head key, had a rough-and-ready Lancashire honesty disposing him to protect prisoners from such as Kiliweek. He now interposed between the under key and the lady prisoner, ascertaining that she had no intention nor desire to prosecute for false imprisonment. Nor was she willing to be troubled by the under keys, male or female, on that or any similar topics.

One who came as a spur to prick consciences, Mary also avoided. He was a cheap amateur, employed by somebody to awaken by loudness and coarseness of roaring the women of bushwhacking and shame; of whom Mary M. Ester was assumed to be one of the worst and most dangerous, as testified by the "unusual fineness of the under raiment." Before Mary left the prison the bushwhacker women were moved in conscience, and in all that was of womanly nature within them, by a very different agency than course roaring.

The lives of the bushwhackers touched the heart of Mary Ester. A blessed thing for some of them it proved that they happened to ride with her to prison in that Conway cart of shame; and to others to have been within the bars of iron during her thirty days. The women of that order then under sentences numbered about one hundred; varying during the month, some going away, others arriving.

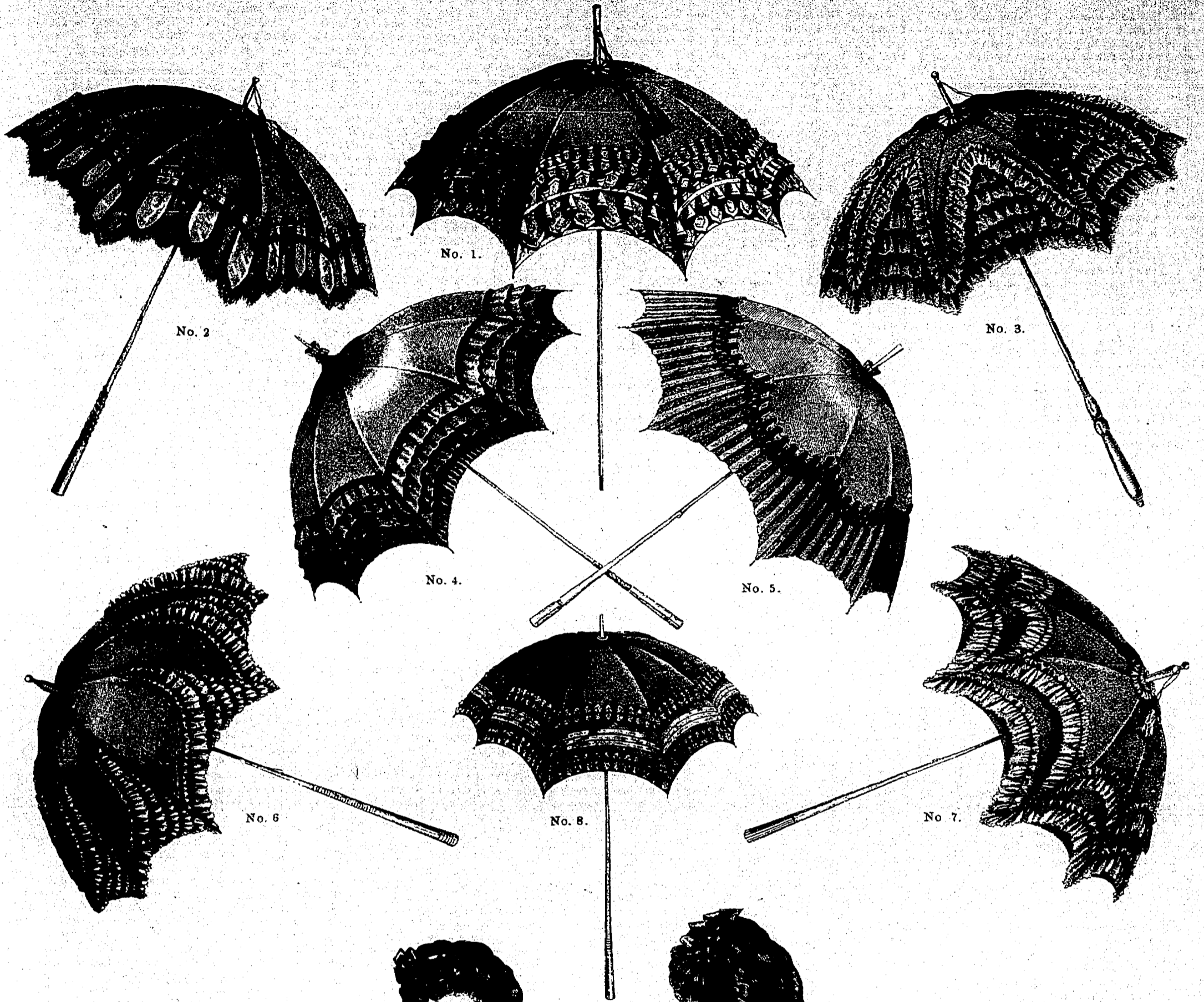
They were an order of social outcasts peculiar to both frontiers, passing between the States and Canada, seeking prisons for asylum in winter, seeking caves in the woods in summer near public highways and towns. Expelled from towns or locked up when found in the streets. Hunted in their bush lairs by constables occasionally. Driven to other side the line from hence. Driven from that side to this after a time in prison or in bush there.

In Conway gaol they seemed at first to resent—some did—the intrusion of Mary into their ranks, by scoffing at her modesty, at her



THE GUNBOAT "PRINCE ALFRED."—FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.—SEE PAGE 306.

SUMMER FASHIONS.
NEW SUNSHADES.



No. 2

No. 1.

No. 3.

No. 4.

F I C H U S.—SEE PAGE 307.

mature years and well preserved beauty; at her neat servant girl attire and the under raiment, pronounced by female keys to be unusually fine.

But the soft low voice, calm equanimity, mild cheerfulness of the gentle prisoner, constrained them as they crowded together in the dayrooms and yards to silence and respectful decorum. A respect increasing day by day, as some obtained from Mary hopeful glimpses of emancipation from the bondage and sorrows of bushwhacking.

Silence at first; then courtesies of manner; next confidence in her goodness, love for her and admiration; one striving with another to win her smile. Then snatches of personal histories were told. All, without exception all had the tale of a fall from a purer life to tell; the tale of man's duplicity to trustful loving woman. Tales of fair girl idolators, believing for a season in the alluring revelation of the young human god who proved to be a demon.

As the day of Mary's departure from prison approached many wept. They wept and clung to her at the last, those tainted sisters of sin, sorrow, bush and prison.

They had no intimation, not a hint, that this prisoner was a lady of rank and fortune; though all felt she was guiltless of any offence other than the innocent accident of "loitering."

But day by day Mary was planning in her own rich mind how to establish Female Colleges of Refuge for the hunted outcast white girl bushwhackers.

Said Renshaw to his gentle prisoner one day:—

"I hear you expect to see old England again?"

"I enjoy that pleasing expectation; but will not return to England yet, not for a year or two. You, being long away, don't think of revisiting your native Lancashire, perhaps?"

"Not think of it! Think of it always. Thought of it ever since I came away. Came away at first intending to go back almost immediately."

"I understood you came as a free-grant settler on Crown lands?"

"In a manner I came as a settler, but couldn't settle. Thou hast spoken so gently to me, though I were roughish in talk with thee at first, that I'll just hint how it was, I couldn't settle on the land. They said it were drink, but that weren't the reason; any way not all the reason, not by half. True, I gave away Lot Eighteen when it was wild bush, for a trifle of dollars some whiskey and tobacco. That same Lot where Steelyard's Mills be now—the great flour mills and woollen factories; the farm which is home-stead to the larger estate where so many choice cattle and horses are bred. Steelyard is our Member of Parliament, and was a poor hand-loom weaver like myself once; as most of the landed gentry of this county were."

"Mr. Steelyard, as a poor weaver, must have been a careful person?"

"Yes; he got his own Lot and he got mine from Inkle, who keeps the bank now, also a hand-loom weaver; and with it the water privileges, which were granted to me as a military and unconditioned settler, but would not have been granted to either of them as weaver immigrants and conditioned occupiers. Steelyard made a better use of the water privileges than I could have done, my mind unsettled as it were. I had a great thing on my mind then, and occasionally since, even now in a manner. But for that I might have made as good a landed squire as Steelyard, or any of them as be gentleman farmers now. I expected to make the beginning of a fortune out of that thing on my mind, and do other persons far from here a great service too; a very great service indeed; and out of their gratitude to me for that service, to get more land by a long sight than Lot Eighteen."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, ma'am. Before I came out I married a woman—a widow—who had a grown-up son same age as I, or a year older; the Widow Lud, of Irdale."

"Stop, please. Lud! Lud! I've heard that name—must have heard that name; Widow Lud, of Irdale? No, I may be in error, proceed, please."

"She has proved a good woman to me; yet, in a sense, our marriage was a misfortune to both of us. Her son hated me for marrying his mother, as why should he not? Had any man married my mother I'd have detested that man and done much as Abram Lud did?"

"Abram Lud! I must have heard that name in connection with ——— proceed, please."

"In connection with the Blanketeer rising to do battle with cotton mills, capitalists, kings, governments, no doubt. The Luds were great leaders in loom-breaking. Simon, the uncle, was hung. Abram, my wife's son, led the Blanketeers out of Lancashire on march to London to fight parliament and compel enactment of a law putting down cotton mills, or failing putting down cotton mills to give compensation to hand-loom weavers thrown out of work by mills and machinery."

"It seems but fair they should be compensated, or be provided with other employment."

"Bless your heart! How compensate hundreds and hundreds of thousands? They

were driven by force of famine to compensate themselves as best they might. I was drill master of yeomanry then, taken from a cavalry regiment on purpose to train a new corps of yeomanry. We attacked the Blanketeers as they marched for London, at Stone Grove. Mayhap you've heard of the battle of Stone Grove in Cheshire, near Lillymere Hall?"

"I may have heard of it, but am not so well informed of those occurrences as you seem to be. What happened at Stone Grove?"

"We scattered the Blanketeers; rode them down, drove them home; took some of them prisoners. Steelyard was a prisoner, our member that now is and chairman of this prison board. Abram Lud was a prisoner. He, being leader, would have been hung only for the good interference in behalf of them all of Earl Royalfort of Lillymere. The Earl told in parliament that the weavers had been punished enough at the battle, and more than enough every day of their poor lives by starvation."

"To herself Mary said: "Just like the Earl, dear, good, generous soul!" but didn't speak? this discourse of the head key being now of most thrilling interest to her. Renshaw continued:

"They were hand-loom weavers, the Earl was reported to say to other members of Government, compelled to live in idle times and starvation through the new inventions. Good for the country at large as the inventions were, they starved the hand-loom weavers. The Earl said that; and pleaded for them, and pitied them; he pitied and pleaded for them."

"And did not you pity them?"

"I was a military man doing my duty, ma'am. A military man is not to judge of who be right or who be wrong; of what be right or be wrong in politics. The Government judges. The soldier is the servant of Government to execute its orders, like as I be in this prison to execute orders of the board. I may have a private opinion, but all prisoners are to me guilty, if sentenced. Guilty I take them to be—even you, begging pardon, Miss. I think your arrest was a mistake, and should not have been made; but being arrested and committed, I was bound by duty to think you guilty—well, I have some discretion, and use it, as you may have noticed."

"You are head turnkey, I'm told; does that mean governor?"

"The office of governor, Miss, has been vacant a time. I'm to be promoted to it. Our county member, Squire Steelyard, has procured me that appointment. And he will, I expect, induce the County Council and Government to build a new gaol, more commodious than this. Also, a governor's residence. Then I may see my good old woman in the place of superior comfort she ought to have been in all her life, bless her! So much for that; now to return to what I was saying."

"Yes, return, please. What happened after the affair at Stone Grove?"

"Somehow I got to know the widow Rhoda Lud at Irdale, and after a time she and I were married. Her son, Abram, was a prisoner at Knutsford and like to be hung. I think I did something towards getting him out, for the old Earl asked many questions of me about hand-loom weavers, knowing I had been one; and I told how they were beaten out of home and work and life by change of times. I think I did Abram Lud some good, but he hated me for marrying his mother, which I don't wonder at a bit. I'd twist the neck of any man who married my mother. Besides, Abram had cause to hate me for doing my military duty against the Blanketeers, of which he was leader, marching to battle with parliament at London. So, hating me, Abram, in a manner, forsook his mother. He came to this country but did not stay on seeing me come; he was that disgusted at a man marrying his mother. He and orphan children of Simon Lud, who was hung, went away right south, and out to Mexico, as I've been told. It was to go after him and get some things—trinkets and a child's dress belonging to his mother he ought not to have carried away, that made me to get money sell Lot Eighteen. The money given by Inkle was too small, and I never came up with Abram, though I travelled South. If he be alive he has the trinkets and child's dress still, for no doubt he meant turning them to account in the same way I did."

"To Mexico! And took Simon Lud's orphan children with him? What children, how many?"

"Little Jonathan and two girls. The girls were long since married to rich Mexican Dons. I heard Jonathan was drowned in the Rio Grande."

"Drowned! And was there no other boy? No other young Lud?"

"There was another boy—a young Lud, so to speak; but not a real Lud. It was about him I had all the trouble of mind already hinted at. He was not a Lud. At Stone Grove, when the yeomanry scattered the weaver Blanketeers, there was a waggon, two or more waggons, with young people and women; of whom were one of the Lud girls, and this child passing as one of them, but not one of them. They were ridden over not designedly, but being in the way the troop rode them down. In all hostile military operations, small or great, innocent persons, women and

children suffer the most. They were ridden down, trodden under hoof and scattered, except they as could not run. That child separated from the rest was badly hurt. It was carried to the dispensary at Lillymere and then to the poor's house. When well enough to be questioned it gave the name of Toby Oman, but could tell no more of itself, except, "mamma go die in coffin; mamma carried long way, put in deep hole in ground." It was quite a young thing, about two years old, perhaps. That boy remained in the parish work-house, was put to the common school, then to a superior school at instance of Earl Royalfort, in belief that he was one of Simon Lud's orphans. Then he was, I've heard, sent to be clerk in the law office of Schoolar and Schoolars, the Lillymere law agents, and is there now, I suppose."

"You say that boy was not a Lud; who was he? What did the name Toby Oman mean?"

"Well, that is coming to the point. That you may understand, I must repeat as said before, my wife is a kind-hearted woman; far out of the common of kind-heartedness even. Most extraordinary person for gathering helpless fellow creatures around her. She has a houseful of orphans, or waifs of children now. Has always had some poor outcast woman and babe, and fatherless children ever since I knew her, and before I knew her. As an instance: Last year when Inkle's bank was building, scaffolding fell and a man was killed. His little son came to the work carrying breakfast, but saw only the father's empty boots. They had been taken from the body when laid out for doctors to examine wounds. The weeping, sobbing child returned home, close beside our house, to his mother, two little sisters and brother, the merest children all; he carrying the father's empty boots. No father to eat the breakfast, or ever again come home; only the empty boots. My wife has had the children on hand ever since, the mother being a poor ailing creature. And since then she has gathered yet more castaways, doing for them all as if her own children."

"With your consent, I may assume?"

"My consent, yes! Wouldn't for the life of me contradict or question what my Rhoda does. Rhoda O'Looney was her maiden name. She is Irish. Then she was Rhoda Lud, and now Rhoda Renshaw."

"She may not be any poorer for all that kindness to the helpless!"

"Poorer, no! She says her satisfaction at being useful is riches. She cannot be otherwise; it is her born nature. I don't know hardly how many orphans, or half orphans, or waifs from this prison, or lost, lost creatures of one sort and another we have at home; or out at service, or working their apprenticeships to trades; she doing as a mother for them all; poor unfortunate women, some of them with no homes of their own. Her gathering in of orphans began as I said, before I knew her. That Toby Oman we spoke of, was one of them."

"How did she come by him?"

"A travelling gipsy woman, Moll Fleck by name, came to Irdale in Lancashire, carrying that child. Death was on the woman when she, poor creature, entered the house. She was refused admission at all lodging-houses, till some one told of the private cottage of Rhoda Lud. Coming down from the moors long exposed to weather, Moll Fleck was then past recovery. She told at point of death, the secret of the child's parentage. It was the infant heir of Lillymere. Stolen by some of her tribe in Scotland at instance of somebody else; they gave out it was killed by eagles. It fell to her hand to be made away with, in interest of some who wanted no heir of Lillymere of its family. Her woman's nature recoiled at dealing with the dear thing unfairly. To protect it alive the faithful creature wandered in all lonely places, on the hills, in the dingles, among moors and mosses, carrying that precious creature; infant of Lady Lillymere, heir of the Earldom."

"Gave she any proof of its identity?"

"She had the clothes it wore when lost; trinkets with its name and age."

"Where—where are they?"

"With Abram Lud in Mexico."

"Alas! alas! They may never more be seen."

"They exist, we know that much. But apart from them, my wife would recognise Toby Oman again if seen among ten thousand; by his birth marks and otherwise. She was very, very fond of Toby—of Eustace De Lacy Lillymere, that was the inscription on one article, a child's coral. The necklace of Essel Bell, a companion nurse was also with the babe. It was to restore him to his birthright that I was troubled in mind and could not settle on Lot Eighteen. It was to get money to follow Abram Lud into the States to try could I recover the trinket proofs of the child's identity that I sold Lot Eighteen."

The second day after this conversation Mary's term of thirty days expired. The women of the prison, poor outcast bushwhackers, who had frowned at her superior refinement at first, hung around her now, weeping, clinging to her clothes, to her feet—kissing her feet some of them, praying not to be forgotten in her prayers.

And so she parted from them, emerging through the great gates, slowly walking up the

street. Luggy being on the look-out raised a halloo:

"Eliquester girl! Eliquester girl out of gaol again! Out of gaol again. Blind your spoons! Mind your pockets!"

And the *Arist* had a paragraph next morning in nearly the same words.

(To be continued.)

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

IN HOSPITAL.

(For private, but I hope extensive, circulation.)

I.

Without at all arrogating the title of an "amateur casual," I have certainly at strange seasons and places managed, half by accident, half for adventure's sake, to find myself mixed up in somewhat unwonted company, and thus involved in somewhat unaccustomed scenes. For example, I have camped for many days with overlanders in the far Bush, as well as with our own *voyageurs* on the raft and in the shanty. I have twice dwelt on the tented field, once was at Wimbledon, but the time before was with a real army. I once, having foolishly forgotten a latch-key, sat out the summer's night on the benches of St. James's Park, right under the Duke of York's column, the object of curiosity to weary tramps and of suspicion to vigilant policemen. Under similar circumstances last winter I spent all the morning hours walking up and down the round and round the Champ de Mars, to the intense disgust of the lamp-lighter, who, resenting this Companion of his Solitude, turned the Square into darkness a full hour before the dawn. I have spent two days in the fore-castle of a collier brig, and, as a matter of course, have crossed the Atlantic as a steerage passenger. Each of these experiences seemed curious enough at the time, as I believe they would do to any other average commonplace Englishman indisposed to the ready formation of chance acquaintanceships. But there is one experience which I have omitted, and before which they all seem tame. I have been a patient in the public ward of a General Hospital! If anybody else has ever been the inmate of a Workhouse, of an Asylum, or of a Penitentiary, I have nothing more to say, and yield the *pas*. If any speak; to him do I surrender. Nobody speaks, and I am left master of the field.

I don't suppose that any reader of this page has ever found himself a patient in the public ward of a General Hospital. I decline to admit such a supposition. I never knew anybody who would have permitted it to be hinted of him. Therefore I hold the experience to be unique and interesting, and I proceed to relate it as does one who has escaped from among cannibals, or crossed to St. Helen's island the last day of the *débauché*.

It happened, let me see, about one hundred and fifty years ago, in a city some 20,000 miles from Montreal. I had been unwell for some days, and one particular evening showed symptoms which, from past painful personal experience, I imagined, in my low and nervous condition, to be premonitory of typhoid fever. Some kind friends expressed much commiseration and anxiety for my judicious treatment—out of their neighbourhood and off their hands. They suggested Hospital—best medical attendance, kindest of care, everything that skill and gentle nursing could do to hasten convalescence, pure atmosphere, judicious diet, perfect rest and quiet, total absence of anxiety, all that sort of thing, you know. This sounded very pleasant. Fancies of such Chicking as left undying impression upon Little Dorrit's Maggie's memory, and made "aint it hospitably?" her most rapturous expression of enthusiasm; of cooling drinks to which the iced sherbet of the Arabian Tales was as ditch-water; of the touch of the skillful leech to whom Ambrose Paré was an imposter, and Sir Astley Cooper a dunce; of the soothing music of gentle, compassionate tones, the tones of nurses such as nursed Mirabeau—crowded upon and bewildered me. My thoughtful friends assisted me to rise, and called a cab—they had cabs even in that strange city and that forgotten age. I thanked them with feeble gratitude, and vowed mentally to regard them as the best of men, the most thoughtful of Samaritans. I have no other evidence of delirium, but I know, when I remind myself of this thankful disposition to these people, that I must indeed, for the moment, have been raving mad. They knew it too, and made the cabby go at top-speed, so that I should have no time to recover. Alas, in that strange city and that forgotten age strikes were unknown!

The resident-physician—house-surgeon they would call him here—received us blandly. The anxiety of my conductors had wrapped me up in some child's overcoat, which pinioned me like a straight-waistcoat, and bereft me of all power of voluntary muscular action; so they made me sit down where they would. [Note.—I had the most lively satisfaction in bursting every seam of that garment before it came off, but they never made good the boy's loss.] They spoke a few whispering words, words, as I knew, of tenderest commendation. But for the straight-waistcoat I could have embraced them. I

heard the doctor say that that would be all right; they should have it arranged exactly as they desired. He would take care of me and of their wishes. Exactly as they desired! Aha! But, be still, wild and vindictive spirit, was not all this one hundred and fifty years ago?

He bade me rise and follow him. He spoke compassionately as it struck me, and I thought him a noble-hearted man, whose goodness could have converted Mollere. I have since understood that he had observed, in his keen professional way, my respect for and gratitude to my custodians, and regarded me, not unnaturally, with that mild benevolence common among the savage tribes of his far-off land and forgotten ago towards those specially afflicted by Heaven in the bereavement of their reason. This probably accounts for the fact that he considered it superfluous to make inquiry as to my ailment, or as to the symptoms of which I was conscious, an omission which struck me at the time as strange. In obeying him as well as the little coat would allow, I supposed my dear kind friends would accompany us to my hygienic bower. Something to that effect was suggested, but the most crafty of the two—if, indeed, Beelzebub be wiser than Lucifer—promptly expressing acknowledgment of the thoughtful permission, recollected that he had pressing business in another place, and gracefully complimented the man of healing by the most earnestly spoken assurance that he had no hesitation in trusting the invalid in the Hospital's care. He had not, not the slightest. He then affectionately assured me that he would return in the morning to see how comfortable I had been made. Probably from inability to procure such twenty-million double magnifying microscopes as could assist him to that optical feat, he did not so return. Consequently there was no use the next day for the broken rung of a chair secreted under my pillow—that's what they called it—and the case which I had arranged for the accident ward never gladdened the lecturers there. On the whole, I think he was the wisest.

They, the Samaritans, having thus departed, we, the victim and the executioner, went up stairs. There had been some previous instructions given to a female domestic for preparation of the bower, a fresh vase of flowers, perhaps, or a softer quilt of eider; these little attentions are cheering to an invalid. I entered it with pleased anticipation.

I had never previously appreciated that magnificently conceived hiatus in the great Florentine's Inferno representing the swoon of the poet on his introduction to the Ninth Circle of Hell. But I do now, and though I am not Dante and the Hospital was not Hades, I feebly imitate it above by the asterisks there displayed. For I did swoon—a revolving swoon like Bailey Junior's and Mrs. Gamp's combined in Mr. Fips' chambers at Austin Friars. I found myself in a moderately large, cleanly whitewashed room, lit by the ghost of a lamp which had been deluded into hospital like myself to flicker there into darkness even as should I, and containing four small iron bedsteads, three chairs, two little tables, and a nondescript cupboard in which I afterwards found that the authorities kept bandages and the patients secreted butter. One of the two centre beds was vacant, and had been "arranged" for me. It was to such a bed methinks that Procrustes must have consigned his guests preparatory to cutting them short to fit it at either end according as their caprice might dictate. If it were, no wonder so many of them in reckless desperation cried "heads." The mattress was composed of straw,—I know that, for there were visible all over its uncouth, coarse, and most dingy surface a chain of Great Lakes, so to speak, bubbling up through the sacking. But I hope that no baser animal than man is compelled by the barbarity of his or her keeper to rest upon straw so diabolically inelastic in stable or in byre. Every straw there would have stood unsupported upon its own end, and if I wished a "barring out," in five minutes I might have a stockade across the doorway unassailable save by artillery. There was a pair of sheets over it, between which I was to sleep, and over these a blanket and a counterpane. I give these strange pieces of furniture conventional names for the sake of lucidity, not by any means as indicating that they remotely resembled the articles we, here and now, use for the same purpose. I had previously been disposed to think that our damask and dimity of the collier's fore-castle was not all that could be desired, that occasionally the shanty bedding might have been of more stainless purity. I wronged both and apologize. They were at worst but crumpled rose leaves. Positively the filthiest and most repulsive couch upon which I could have pictured a ghoul fresh come home from the cemetery reposing his gorged carcase was not more abhorrent than this which fell to me. I wonder still how many generations sleep and die upon this "linon" before they wash or change it. I wonder who slept on it before me and what ailed him. I wonder how many corpses it had borne. I didn't wonder at all whose would be the next. My mind was made up. I had been betrayed by my trusted friends; sweetness was no longer in the south wind,

sunshine in the sky, the fields no more were green. The light had died out of life, and I would die too. After all it was an ingenious and a speedy mode of self-destruction.

For all that, instinct compelled me to divest myself only of so little of my clothing as would permit of no portion of my person coming in contact with my shroud. I slept in my hat. I had no gloves, but I put my hands in my boots. A woman, presently entering with a small phial, said: "Take that!" Oh yes, *accipe hoc!* said the Templar when he poignarded his friend. The action discovered the singularity of my mittens. I was not sufficiently *bien ganté*, as it seemed, for the lazaretto, for she took them away with indignation. All that night through I had to keep my fingers in my mouth. "That" was supposed to be a soporific. Not all the opium that De Quincey ever chewed, and he was the champion chewer of them all, could make a man sleep in his shroud, with his fingers in his mouth and his hat on. So I lay through the long watches and the plentiful strange noises of the night and longed for the dawn.

I wonder what rosy-fingered Aurora thought of us when she peeped in next morning. Did she go home that night with the comforting assurance to her Old Man that after all he might as well make up his mind to become that grass-hopper, for that grass-hoppers are better lodged than men? The morning began before six, and began with a stir and a clatter and a rustle ten times more irritating than even hat or gloves. This was the nice quiet place where I should so calmly repose. Why, Morpheus himself couldn't get a wink in it. Strange beings fluttered in and out our rooms with aimless remarks to my companions and impertinent inquiries as to myself until, like Mr. John Lewsome in his delirium, I seemed to see a phantasmagoria of 40,000 tormentors. I was now beginning to be very ill indeed; that typhoid, that kind beneficent typhoid, had called at last to release me. Presently a motherly kindly-voiced woman brought a basin and sponge and washed my face and hands. Presently she gave me a drink of milk. Ah! so did Jael to Sisera, and what did it all end in?

To be continued.



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Admission: Private Boxes, \$5.00; Dress Circle, 75 cents; Family Circle, 50 cents; Pit, 25 cents. Reserved Seats can be secured at PRINCE'S Music Store. 3-20a

Patronised by Her Majesty the Queen.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDON'S Will give Three Entertainments at the MECHANICS' HALL. Under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association on THURSDAY EVENING, 25TH MAY, FRIDAY EVENING, 26TH MAY, AND SATURDAY EVENING 27TH MAY. The Entertainments will consist of READINGS from SHAKESPEARE, SHERIDAN, TENNYSON, SCOTT, and WHITTIER.

The Programme will be changed each night. Doors open at half-past 7; Readings at 8; Carriages at a quarter to 10. Tickets 50 cents; Reserved Seats (numbered) 75c. The sale of Tickets will commence at 10 o'clock a.m., Saturday, 20th May, at the Music Store of H. Prince, Notre Dame Street, to whom all orders may be addressed for those outside the City who cannot attend the sale. Attentive Ushers will direct to seats and provide for the comfort of the audience. 3-20a.

MECHANICS' HALL. TWO NIGHTS ONLY.

Monday and Tuesday, 22nd and 23rd May, Miss JEANIE WATSON.

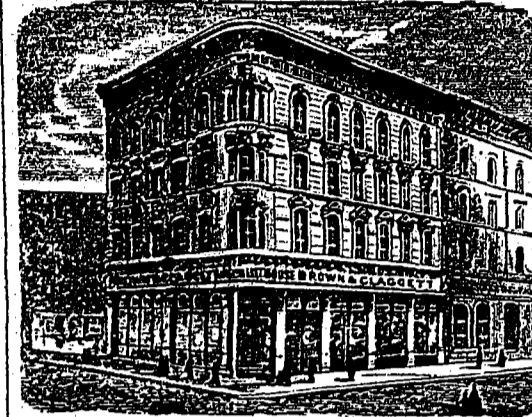
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Admission, 25c.; Reserved Seats, 50c. Doors open at 7:30; commence at 8. Reserved Seats may be secured at Prince's Music Store. FRANK KNIGHT, Business Manager. 3-20a

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CORPORATION OF MONTREAL. ROAD DEPARTMENT. TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Small Sewers," will be received at the Office of the City Clerk until Noon on MONDAY, the 22nd instant, for the construction of Small Sewers in the undermentioned Streets or Sections of Streets, according to specifications and sections on view in the Office of the undersigned.

STREETS. SEWERS 3 X 2 EGG-SHAPED. Great St. James Street—From McGill Street to St. Francois Xavier Street. St. Dominique Street—From end of present drain to Ontario Street. Stanley Street—Throughout the length of said Street. Seaton Street—From Mignonne Street to Logan Street. Logan Street—From Sydenham Street to Seaton Street.

2 FEET CIRCULAR. Languechete Street—From Berri Street to St. Hubert Street. St. Helen Street—From end of present drain to a short distance S. E. of Recollet Street. Notre Dame Street—From end of present drain to Mr. Aylwin's property. Sanguinet Street—From end of present drain to Marie Louise Avenue. The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted. The Road Committee reserve the right of accepting tenders for one or more Sewers.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that it is proposed to construct the above-mentioned Sewers during the present season, and proprietors or tenants in the above-mentioned Streets or Sections of Streets may avail themselves of the opportunity of making their private drains from their houses or yards into the said common Sewers; and proprietors in the said Streets objecting to the construction of said common Sewers, are hereby notified to file such objections with the Road Committee, or City Surveyor, on or before the said twenty-second day of May instant. By Order, P. MACQUISTEN, City Surveyor.

CITY SURVEYOR'S OFFICE, City Hall, Montreal, 13th May, 1871. 3-20a

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 14th April, 1871. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 10 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. The above is the only notice to appear in newspapers authorized to copy. 3-16 ff.



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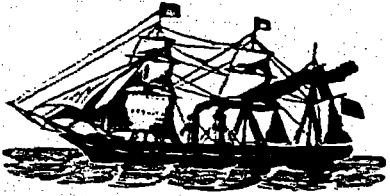
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Accommodation for Island Pond and intermediate stations at.....	7.10 a. m.
Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m.	
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do. do. do.....	4.00 p. m.
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C. J. BRYDGES,
 Managing Director.
 Montreal, Nov. 7, 1870. 2-21-f

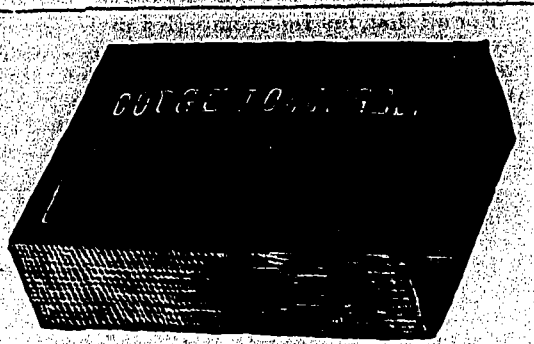
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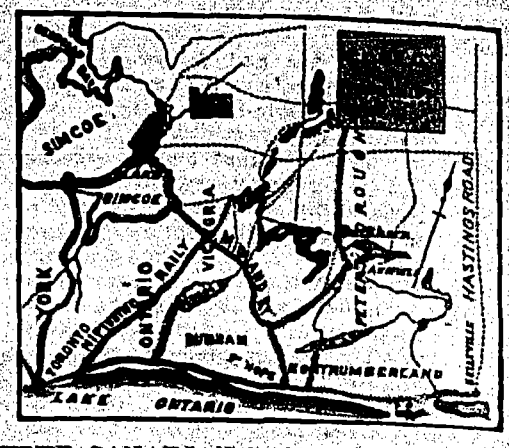
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 LOCAL TRAIN at 3:00 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 8:35 P.M.
 THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:30 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:15 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.
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 LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M.
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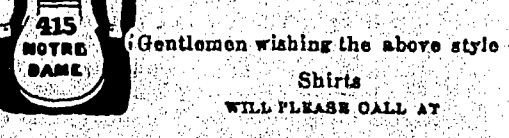
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