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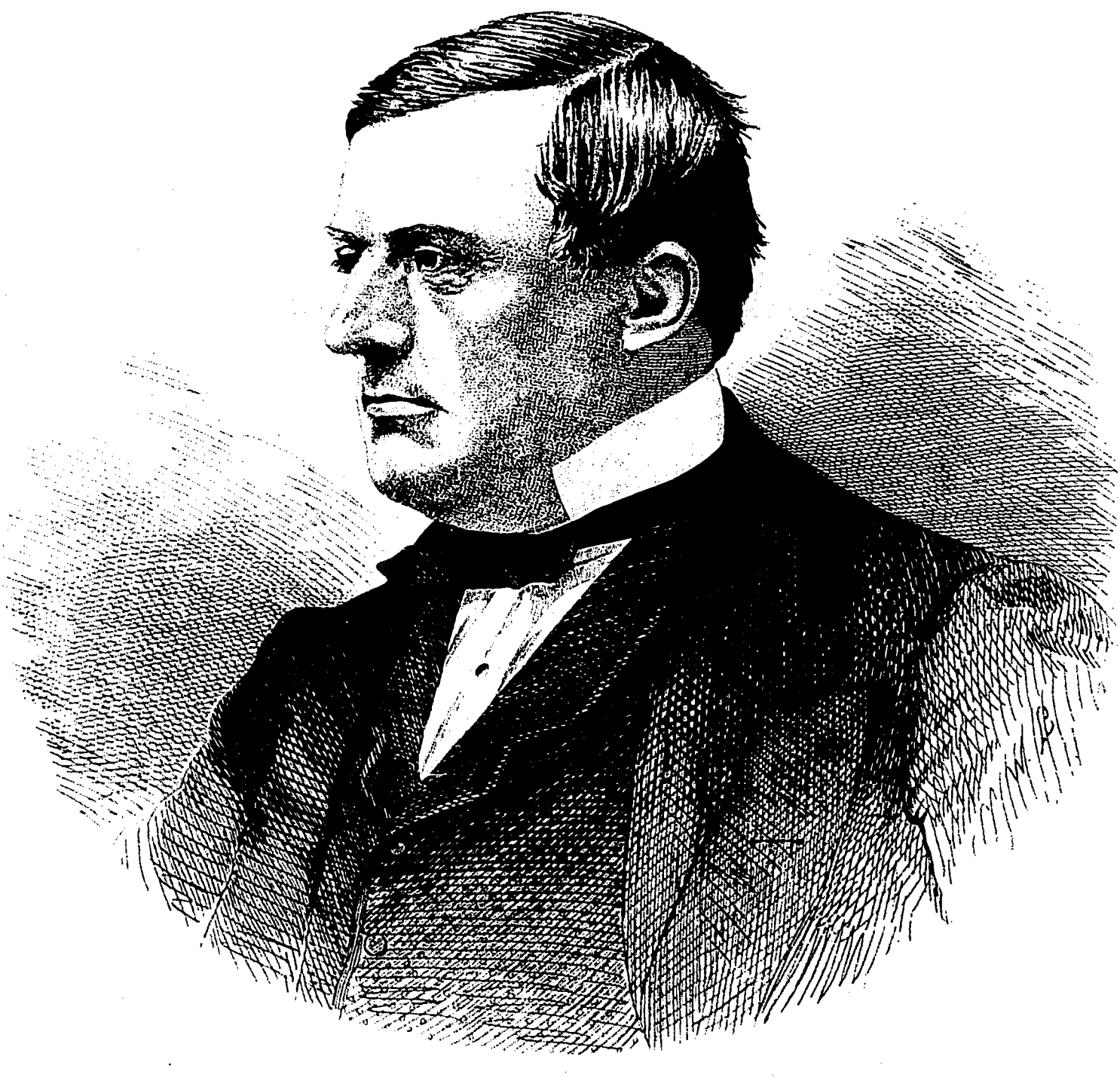
It is not too much to say that the oldest public man in Canada has scarcely filled a larger space in the discussion of public affairs, or has had his name kept more persistently before public attention than Mr. C. J. Brydges, the Managing Director of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Not that Mr. Brydges has been a politician in the ordinary sense of the term, or that he has ever sought the popular confidence as a Legislator, but because the great railway interests with which he has been connected in Canada, or rather, we should say, at which he has been at the head, for the past eighteen years, have had to rely upon Parliamentary action to give legal sanction to their many projects of extension, amalgamation, financial arrangements, &c., &c. Without this Parliamentary sanction for new projects, railway enterprise would be checked, for the Legislature has wisely guarded the public interest by compelling Corporations, or combinations of individuals, to get the warranty of law for their schemes, usually called their charter or an amendment thereto. Now, it is perfectly clear that to be a successful promoter of railway enterprise it is necessary to possess some of the qualifications of the statesman and the diplomat; to be, in fact, endowed with those qualities that make the successful politician. For, unless he is able to convince the Legislature that the new scheme on hand, or the proposed alteration in the old one, will be to the public interest, it would be but a

may sometimes be guarded; and thus it comes to pass that politicians, seeking popularity, have a strong temptation to resist the applications by chartered corporations for fresh powers, however reasonable or mutually advantageous to the public and the corporation the demand may be.

Charles John Brydges, as we learn from Mr. Fennings Taylor's Biographical Sketch in "Notman's Portraits," was born near London, England, in 1827. His family was descended from Sir Simon de Brugge, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and fought at the battle of Hastings. At fifteen years of age, Master

C. J. Brydges began life as clerk in a merchant's office, and a year later secured an appointment to a junior clerkship in the office of the London and South-Western Railway Company. During the ten years, or thereabouts, in which he was in the employment of this Company, he was promoted through successive stages until he gained the office of Assistant Secretary. Aspiring to a still higher position, he applied for the post of General Manager of the Madras Railway, but failed to secure the appointment. Shortly afterwards, in the fall of 1852, he was appointed Managing Director of the Great Western of Canada Railway, then under construction, and rapidly approaching towards completion. On this occasion, under date Nov. 19, 1852, the Directors of the Company from whose employment he had just retired, put on record the following entry in their minutes:

"The Directors desire to express to Mr. Brydges, on his quitting the service of the London and South-Western Railway Company, their warm approbation of his long, faithful, and able services, their regret at his quitting the Company, their hope that he may be equally successful in rendering efficient services to the Company by whom he is engaged, together with their belief



C. J. BRYDGES, Esq., MANAGING DIRECTOR GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

waste of time for him to go before the Legislature with his project. The intention of all such legislation is to combine, with the fullest liberty for private or corporate enterprise, the greatest amount of public benefit; and unless the Legislature can be persuaded that these ends are to be promoted, or at least the latter one, it would be guilty of a gross wrong to grant the powers sought. A company may be permitted to be the judge of its own interests, but the interests of the public are in the keeping of the Legislature, however mistakenly they

Now, it is in this administrative capacity that Mr. Brydges has commanded so large a share of attention in Canada. He has broached the boldest conceptions in railway administration, and has maintained them in the face of difficulties that would have utterly discouraged a man of ordinary mental vigour and fertility of resource; and he has carried them through to a successful issue, and been sustained in the wisdom of his course by consequent results, to an extent that has fairly earned for him the title of "The Napoleon of Railways."

that he will be equally fortunate in securing the esteem and good will of all with whom he is connected."

This flattering certificate was supplemented by the presentation to Mr. Brydges of a handsome silver tea service, as "a perpetual memento of the heartfelt regard with which they bid him adieu." His value to the Company he had just left was still further made manifest by the fact that, on the resignation of the Secretary of that Company, the Directors made immediate application to the London Board of the Great Western to release Mr.

Brydges from his engagement with them in order that they might confer upon him the Secretaryship of the Company he had so long and faithfully served. This application was not successful, however, and Mr. Brydges prepared to remove to his newly-chosen field of labour. Before leaving England he received many lasting tokens of friendship; among others, a silver inkstand from the members of the "London and South-Western Literary and Scientific Institution," of which he had been Hon. Secretary and one of the first promoters.

Mr. Brydges arrived in Canada in January, 1853, and took up his residence at Hamilton, the Canadian headquarters of the Great Western Company. He proceeded without delay to organize the working staff of the road, and in this task he proved his intimate knowledge of human nature which must so often have stood him in good stead while regulating the places and promotions of the great armies of employees he has had to command, embracing in their ranks all classes and kinds, from the eminent engineer and skilled mechanic down to the humble stoker or day labourer, and from the ablest and most experienced office man down to the simple copying clerk. We remember many of those who in the early days of the Great Western were appointed by Mr. Brydges to different posts in the service of the Company, and it is matter of surprise that, after a lapse of more than fifteen years, so many of them to-day occupy positions of higher trust and responsibility, either under Mr. Brydges on the Grand Trunk, or in the service of other Railway Companies. To be able to surround himself with able officers is one of the chief elements in the success of a commander; and in this matter Mr. Brydges has certainly given high proof of his ability. The personal attachment to himself of the employees under him has been so often evinced publicly during his Canadian career that in this notice we shall not attempt to enumerate them all: but we may remark that they prove how judiciously and fairly he has acted by those who have been engaged under him.

In January, 1854, a portion of the Great Western line was opened, and within the year the whole line from Suspension Bridge to Windsor. The traffic bade fair to exceed the most sanguine expectations of the early promoters of the enterprise, the dividend on the third year being as high as eight per cent. This sudden prosperity was, perhaps, a misfortune for the Company, for it undoubtedly tempted many of its warm friends to favour the construction of the Southern, or what was formerly known as the "Bertie" line, skirting the Lake Erie Shore almost parallel with the Great Western. Mr. Brydges, on the other hand, while cultivating closer and more extended connections with the American roads East and West, stoutly, and, as it subsequently appeared, successfully, resisted the Southern scheme. The discussion on this question was a long and acrimonious one, arraying in its progress many former friends in personal antagonism; but in the end the Southern scheme totally collapsed, and the animosities it created have doubtless long ago been healed by time. It is worthy of note, however, that some two years ago, a speculative (or speculating) American succeeded in reviving the charter in the Ontario Legislature; and that the final success of the road is only now being utterly destroyed by the construction, by the G. W. R. Co., of what is called the "Air line" or branch from the Great Western Station at Glencoe to the Buffalo and Lake Huron (or G. T.) Station at Canfield. By the partial use of the Great Western and Grand Trunk lines this new road will give the shortest possible route from Detroit to Buffalo, and will therefore be of advantage to both. At least the fact that both companies surrender the use of a part of their track to complete the line proves that the managers are working in accord in the matter. It has to be stated that the Directors in England fully sustained Mr. Brydges in his opposition to the views of his Canadian colleagues in the Directory on the subject of the Southern Railway.

The discussion of this Southern Railway question, upon which the stockholders of the Great Western were so much at variance, led to numerous virulent attacks upon the general management of the line; and the reduction of dividend consequent upon the increase of railway facilities and the depression of trade, gave point to these charges, which in a time of high dividends would have passed without notice. A committee was sent out to Canada to investigate these charges, and their report, though not sustaining to any degree the complaints made, was considered so unfair towards the management of the road that it was rejected by the shareholders, and Mr. Brydges sustained by a large majority. During the discussion of these two questions—the Southern Road and the Great Western Management—his powers as a writer were frequently tested, and the extraordinary tact, ability, and, we may add, plausibility, which he displayed were confessed by all parties. In the "railway literature" of that time, his contributions are pre-eminent for elegance

and force, as well as closeness and clearness of argument.

Mr. Brydges, who had fought the question of management on both sides of the Atlantic, having spent the winter of '60-61 in England, returned to Canada after the discomfiture of his opponents, and the citizens of Hamilton entertained him at a monster banquet at the Crystal Palace in May, 1861. There was an immense gathering, including many prominent men from a distance; it was, in fact, a complete ovation. On that occasion the employees of the railway presented him with a magnificent service of plate, which cost \$3,000 at Tiffany's, New York; and the old employees of the road who had left its service expressed their regard and esteem by presenting him with a splendid gold watch and chain.

The question of amalgamating the Great Western and Grand Trunk Companies next became the topic of discussion. Mr. Brydges, on behalf of the former, and Mr. Watkin for the latter, favoured the project, and the preliminary agreement was approved by the Boards of the two Companies. At this time, '61-62, the press of Canada teemed with angry discussion on railway affairs, and Mr. Brydges came in for his full share of censure as well as praise. For a few months, from the preliminary agreement between the companies until September, 1862, he managed both lines; but the amalgamation having completely fallen through, he resigned the management of the Great Western, and has since continued to hold his present position on the Grand Trunk Railway. It was not long after this, if they had not already commenced, that negotiations took place for the amalgamation of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway with the G. T. R., an agreement for which was finally completed between the two companies within the next two years; and the sanction of the Canadian Parliament was sought for the arrangement. The bill ran the gauntlet for several sessions, but it finally passed at Ottawa in 1866. The leasing of the Buffalo Suspension Bridge (now being built) by the G. T. R. is another of those bold projects by which Mr. Brydges has shewn his capacity for what may fairly be called Railway Statesmanship, in order to place his company in the front rank among the railway enterprises of the continent. It is gratifying to state that at the last general meeting of the English stockholders in London his policy and his administration were both heartily endorsed.

During the last ten years Mr. Brydges has been the honoured guest at many banquets throughout the country, but our space forbids any detailed allusion to them. He holds the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Grand Trunk Brigade of Volunteers, and is also one of the four Commissioners appointed to superintend the construction of the Intercolonial Railway.

CHRISTMAS IN THE FATHERLAND.

Nowhere, perhaps, throughout the world, not even in England—certainly not in Canada—is Christmas more carefully observed than in Germany. Take what part you will of the Fatherland, from Pomerania to Swabia, from Westphalia to Silesia—among the charcoal-burners of the Black Forest, on the vine-covered slopes of the Rhine land, the whole country is given up to joy and thanksgiving, the cares and troubles of business are lost sight of for the time, and nothing is permitted to occur that might mar the gaiety of the festive season. It is not in Germany that when Christmas Day falls upon a Sunday, the next day's holiday is denied to the working people. In some parts, nearly the whole of the month of December is set apart as a holiday, and throughout the whole country both the week before and the week after Christmas Day are given up entirely to the festivities of the season. Everyone that can manage it spends the holidays at home—the student leaves his university, the apprentice his workshop, and in many cases the servants, as many as can be spared, are allowed a few days to spend with their friends.

As to the Christmas festivities as practised in Germany, they are much the same as anywhere else. Our own Christmas customs are mere imitations of the old German Weihnacht rites, many of which have been handed down from time immemorial, and are practised to this day with but little alteration. Like us, the Germans have their Yule log, their tree laden with presents, their Christmas carols; but many of their Christmas customs are entirely unknown to us. We have neither the Yule-clap, the Christkindlein, or Christchild, nor the Three Wise Men of the East; our very Father Christmas, or Santa Claus, is of German origin. In Pomerania this worthy gentleman is known as Knecht Ruprecht; his business is to go round some days before the holidays and note down on a huge slate, which he carries, the conduct of the children for whom he will bring presents on Christmas Eve. Unlike our Father Christmas, however, Knecht Ruprecht is no imaginary personage. The character is assumed for the time by one person deputed for the purpose in each village, who dresses himself, before commencing his rounds, in a huge fur coat, a mask, and a flaxen beard, a wreath of ivy on his head, a green girdle round his waist, and a birch-rod covered with bells in his hand. The children, of course, are not in the secret, and stand in great awe of the good Father, for woe betide those that incur his displeasure—birch-rods and pebbles are all their share of the Christmas presents that Knecht Ruprecht brings. On Christmas Eve he makes up his accounts, and prepares his presents for those of the children who have deserved them, and the following day the distribution takes place. After dusk the children are assembled in a room in which they are kept closely guarded until their impatience reaches its height. The door of the adjoining room opens at a given signal, and the happy children rush in with a cry of joy and surprise at the beautiful

sight which awaits them. In the middle of the room is the Christbaum, lighted up with innumerable wax candles, and covered with presents of every description. At the foot of the tree is the manger with the Holy Child—the Christkindlein—the Virgin and St. Joseph, and the magi kneeling in adoration, while around them stand the oxen, looking on as if in wonder at the strange sight; and far up on the topmost branch of the tree is a golden star, emblematic of the wondrous star that guided the Wise Men from the East to the lowly habitation of Mary and Joseph. Then comes the distribution of the presents, of half of them at least—for the remainder are reserved for another occasion—and the yuleclap, or surprise presents, are brought in one after another, causing much merriment by the strange way in which they are done up. Perhaps a large parcel, after almost infinite unwinding, is found to contain only a walnut, which being opened discovers a ring, or a locket; stockings or balls of wool, after this fashion, often contain watches or knives, and even the humble potato is known to have produced such costly articles as diamond pins and pearl rings. After much fun and frolic the wassail-bowl is brought in, the half-burned tapers on the tree are blown out, to be rekindled on New Year's Day, and the tired and happy youngsters are sent off to bed.

Our illustration gives a scene of Christmas home life in a German family—a scene of happiness and contentment such as, alas, was repeated in but few families in the Fatherland last year. The merry, careless student, who blows the smoke in many circling ringlets into the air, has exchanged his gay university cap and sash for the spiked helmet and leathern belt, has laid aside his pipe to take up the needle-gun, and is now far away on the fertile plains of France, spending his Christmas before the walls of Paris. And in the home-circle what a change has taken place! the children's laughter is hushed, the mother's smile has given way to tears, anxiety has taken the place of the peace and goodwill proper to Christmas-tide. And this is the picture that many, many German families offer this Christmas-tide. From the highest to the lowest in the land, in many a home-circle, there is whispered fear, gnawing anxiety for the "our Fritz" who has gone to risk his life at the call of the Fatherland.

BURNING OF CLEMENTS' SASH FACTORY, TORONTO.

On the evening of Saturday, the 17th ult., a fire was discovered, about twenty minutes past seven, under the staircase of Clements' Sash Factory, Front street, Toronto. Mr. McGraw, of the Queen's Hotel, with a few other gentlemen, speedily extinguished it. The origin of the fire, at that particular spot, confirmed Mr. Clements and others in the conviction that the fire was the work of an incendiary, and a strict search was accordingly made, but no further signs of fire were found. However, at eleven o'clock the bells again rang the alarm, the factory being once more discovered to be on fire, and this time seriously. Before the water could be brought into play, the whole building was in one mass of flames, which spread rapidly owing to the combustible nature of its contents. It became necessary to send for the third engine, and soon three strong jets were being poured upon the burning mass. Almost from the outset all hopes of saving the factory were abandoned, and Mr. Clements directed the firemen to devote their energies to prevent the fire from taking hold of Messrs. Jacques & Hay's establishment, which adjoins Mr. Clements' property. Fortunately their efforts were successful, and a still more serious catastrophe was averted. Shortly after the fire broke out in the factory, a convincing proof of the disaster being the work of an incendiary was afforded by the discovery that the stable, which is situated some distance from the factory, was on fire inside. This incipient conflagration was soon extinguished before it had attained any headway; had this not been done, nothing could have saved the immense stock of lumber with which the structure was surrounded. About half-past eleven the roof of the factory fell in with a tremendous crash, and the scene at that time was a grand one, the interior of the building resembling one vast furnace; the floors were consumed very shortly after, and the heavy joists falling at intervals sent into the air myriads of sparks, which, being carried off by the brisk wind, caused great apprehension for the safety of the surrounding buildings. By midnight nothing remained but the mere shell of the building, with its burning contents in one flaming heap in the basement story. At one time fears that the boiler would burst were entertained, but fortunately one of the pipes breaking allowed any steam generated from the water remaining in it after the day's work to escape. An inspection of the place revealed a melancholy scene of desolation, the building being completely gutted, and the valuable machinery bent and twisted into all kinds of shapes. Some idea of the intense heat to which it was subjected may be formed when we state that a portion of the ironwork round the boiler was completely melted. Of all the valuable contents of the factory, and the completed work in it, not a particle remained, and a quantity of valuable lumber in the yard contiguous was completely destroyed, as was also a planing machine which was outside the building. Mr. Clements calculates his loss on stock and machinery at \$8,000, none of which amount is covered by insurance. That the fire was the work of incendiaries appears beyond a doubt, as but a few moments before Mrs. Clements discovered the flames, she distinctly heard the footsteps of two persons leaving the place, but thought nothing of it until alarmed by the unusual light in the yard. The fire broke out the second time inside the building, and, as it seemed, in several places at once; by the time the engines arrived, and they were promptly on the spot, the whole of the interior of the factory was in a blaze. Mr. Clements has offered a reward of \$200 for such information as will lead to the apprehension of the perpetrator of the act.

EXTENDING THE FORTIFICATIONS OF LYONS.

After the fall of Strasburg in September the investing army was divided into two portions, one of which was detailed to besiege the remaining fortresses on the eastern frontier, Schelestadt, Colmar, New Brisach, and Belfort, while the second, under Von Werder, pushed forward into the department of the Jura, for the purpose of attacking the army of the East under Garibaldi, and opening the road to Lyons. The fall of Schelestadt and New Brisach, following so quickly the surrender of Strasburg, created the wildest excitement in the south of France. The most exaggerated rumours were circulated among the terror-stricken inhabitants, who commenced to move from the open country into the fortified towns, where every preparation was being made to offer a stubborn resistance to the invading host. Lyons was the

town that stood in most imminent danger, as being of great strategical importance, and also as one of the richest towns in France. As soon, therefore, as the fall of Strasburg became known, the Lyonnais set to work to repair and extend the fortifications of the city, to store in provisions and to make every preparative for a siege. The illustration shows the inhabitants at work upon their fortifications.

THE OCTROI GATE, AVENUE DE PARIS, VERSAILLES.

Since the occupation of Versailles by the Germans, the whole of the municipal duties have been undertaken by a Prussian corps specially selected for the purpose, who have acquitted themselves of their trust with such fairness and moderation as to have entirely quelled the fears at first entertained by the French population, not only for the safety of their goods and chattels, but even of their own persons. The various officers appointed to fill positions in the government of the town are strictly held to account for their actions, and the result has been a state of order and tranquillity, the more welcome in that it was the least expected. In and around Versailles the inhabitants and peasants have resumed their ordinary avocations, and pursue their daily labours as free from molestation under the Prussian régime as they were under their own government. The peasant women are still to be seen carrying their vegetables and eggs to the village market in the accustomed manner, but it is a queer sight to see them, at the *barrière*, or toll-house, gravely stopping to have their baskets searched by the German picket, and paying the ordinary octroi, or customs fee, at the entrance of the town to the Prussian collector of dues. Such a scene at the Avenue de Paris at Versailles is illustrated on another page.

MILLE CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Mdlle. Nilsson is now in her 37th year, having been born in 1833. Her father was a small farmer on the estate of Count Hamilton, near the little village of Hussaby, situated among the lakes and forests of Smaland, in Sweden. She inherited from her father a great taste for music, and one day was found by him playing on his violin, upon which she had secretly taught herself to perform. The father, who was passionately fond of music, determined to utilize such extraordinary talent, and he accordingly took her round to the fairs or public entertainments which he was in the habit of frequenting. At one of these, the fair of Ljungby, a Swedish magistrate, named Jhemerhjem, was so struck with her splendid voice that after making enquiries he offered her parents to educate her at his own expense. At the house of this gentleman she was so fortunate as to meet with the Baroness de Lenhusen, then Mdlle. Valerius, who, admiring her voice, volunteered to give her singing lessons. These lessons developed to a wonderful degree the vocal powers of the uncultivated little peasant girl. She was afterwards sent to school for a couple of years, and then placed under the tuition of M. Hans Berwald, a talented composer at Stockholm. From this time her course was onward and upward. A sister of the Baroness de Lenhusen, a portrait painter of considerable reputation, being about to visit Paris, invited Mdlle. Nilsson to accompany her, and this invitation the juvenile *cantatrice* eagerly accepted. In Paris she obtained quarters with an English family, and became the pupil of M. Wartel, under whose guidance she remained for three years, when after much consideration she decided, by the advice of her friends, to go upon the stage. She hesitated, from the natural timidity of her character, to enter upon this course, but finally she accepted an engagement at the *Théâtre Lyrique* for three years, at the modest salary of 2,000 francs for the first year, 2,500 for the second, and 3,000 for the third. We may be sure that the shrewd manager felt he had drawn a prize, otherwise he would hardly have sought so long an engagement. In Oct., 1864, Mdlle. Nilsson, being then just twenty-one, made her *début* as Violetta in *La Traviata*, and though her success was hardly what her friends anticipated, it was such as to prove her a most accomplished *artiste*. In the following February she created a perfect *furor* by her impersonation of Astarte in the *Plauto Magico*, and was afterwards most enthusiastically received in *Marta*, *Sardanapalus*, and *Les Bluets*. In 1867 she made her first appearance in London at Her Majesty's Theatre, and made her *début*, as in Paris, in *La Traviata*, having long and carefully studied the part under M. Delle Sedie, a professor of the French Conservatoire. During the same year she sang in *Judas Maccabeus* at the Birmingham Festival, where her great success obtained for her an engagement for the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace the following year. Since that time her fame as a *prima donna* has been firmly established. Wherever she has appeared she has excited the greatest enthusiasm, and her American triumphs promise to equal, if they do not excel, those she achieved in the capitals of France and England. Her concert at Toronto, on the 14th of December, was very numerously attended, and we need not say, created great enthusiasm. It is hoped M. Strakosch will find it convenient to bring Mdlle. Nilsson and the talented *troupe* by which she is supported to Montreal before the season is over.

THE BONSECOURS MARKET.

Our artist has produced an animated picture of the interior of the Bonsecours Market as it appeared on Christmas Eve. It would have delighted the eyes of many an old country butcher if he could have seen the splendid bullocks, sheep, lambs and pigs exposed here. The meat afforded evidence of the excellence of the cattle of this country. There was one peculiar feature wanting, and we hope soon to see it introduced, and that is the decorating of prize beef with gay rosettes and the red berried holly. Then besides the markets in the old world are gay with flags and evergreens, arranged in every conceivable fashion. The fruit stalls are full of every luxury of the season, and made gay with artificial flowers carved out of the potato, the turnip and the carrot, and so exquisitely are they executed that it is difficult to detect the sham. All made dishes and all cold joints are brought on the table ornamented with these vegetable flowers. We sincerely hope a suggestion thus thrown out may arouse a desire on the part of some of the market people to equal in gaiety the Christmas loving people on the other side of the Atlantic. Still, without this the market was an interesting sight to witness the crowds pouring through the interior the other day—the faces all seemed to glow with joyousness and contentment. There you would see a couple far advanced in years consulting

each other in reference to the wants of home, in another group you would perceive a middle-aged couple selecting a large turkey, while their boys and girls with animated countenances that seemed to gleam with satisfaction were devouring with their eyes all the *goodies* around. There were aristocratic and parvenu purchasers commingling. All engaged in relieving the stands of their accumulated loads. Everybody seemed good natured—the *patois* of the French Canadian, the rich brogue of Erin, the broad language of the bonny Scotch woman and the jovial shouting of the jolly English woman sounded in chorus. Turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, partridges, prairie hens, and birds in general hung singly and in bundles. Sirloin of beef streaked twixt lean and fat so nicely that the epicure smacked his lips as he passed, legs of mutton as plump as the celebrated Cotswold, hams and pork in general prodigiously fat; there was one pig, a veritable Daniel Lambert; this gentlemanly fellow weighed 800 lbs., he died of *fatigue* after having his throat manipulated on; then there were sausages equal to the Epping so famous in London. Of fruit and vegetables there were tons upon tons. We thought of Paris as we gazed at this splendid show and wished we could cart a thousand times as much into that besieged city to give the heroic defenders a good honest dinner. But night is coming on, the crowd is thinning, people swarm past with baskets loaded down and purchases complete, the stalls have been thinned out, the country market people are packing up, counting their money and reckoning up their profits, so we will depart, and conclude this notice by the toast of Rip Van Winkle, which we give to all our readers: "Here's to you and your families, and may you all live long and prosper."

TAKING COLD.

The human frame is intended for activity. If we sit still in a close, warm room, we take cold much more readily than when we stir about in the open air. Men seldom take cold who work out of doors; colds among miners are much less frequent than among such mechanics as work most of the time in-doors. A writer in the *Technologist* compares the human body to a locomotive which is intended for activity—to be kept in motion—to run fast or slow as desired; but it must be "managed." "A locomotive can run very fast, but if stopped instantaneously when going at a high rate of speed, it is unjointed as if it had had inflammatory rheumatism for seven years." A skilful engineer tones down his speed gradually; and in this lies the whole secret of not taking cold. It is exposure, or carelessness, after exercise that brings on colds. After walking, or running, or dancing, or any exercise that quickens the circulation, a little current of air from a window, a crevice, from an open door, for a few minutes, just to cause a chill, is sure to produce a cold. Merely stopping on the street in a current of air—as at a corner where the wind breaks or makes an angle—will do the job. Any sudden subsidence of active forces of the body in a temperature that chills will produce cold. The little common sense that is needed, and for the lack of exercise of which so much money is paid to doctors, is to preserve an equable temperature, or, having exercised freely, to recover the proper state gradually and without a chill. This is attained in a most simple and easy manner. After exercise, always seek rest in a sheltered place, where you will be warm, never being hasty to remove hat, gloves, or cape. Let perspiration subside before disrobing, if indoors; and if outdoors, always keep gently moving until the usual condition is attained.—*Scientific Press*.

RIGHT AND LEFT STOCKINGS.—There is a stocking made in England called the "Right and Left Stocking." These stockings are made to fit each foot just as a boot does, thus affording more freedom to the toes than can be obtained from stockings of the ordinary make and shape. They are also more durable, because their exact fit to the foot does not permit of any considerable rubbing or chafing. For these reasons they are much easier to the feet, and are especially desirable by those who have to walk much. The most of the stockings made in this country are abominable things, especially those made by machinery.

A northern bellman once announced that there would be "no Lord's Day next Sunday, as the minister's wife had a big washing, and required kirk to dry the blankets." In like manner the *Hindoo Patriot* of October 3, announces that it will not publish its next number. The thing looks difficult, but here is how the Indian editor gets out of the difficulty:—"This is the third or last day of the great national festival—Durgu-Puja. The whole nation is engaged in worshipping, praying, fasting, charity-giving, and other spiritual pleasures of the season. We are also in the full swing of the engagements, the duties, and the innocent amusements of the season, and have no time to philosophise or moralise. We therefore give notice that the next number of the *Patriot* will not appear in pursuance of a time-honoured custom. We, as well as our establishment, claim the annual holiday." The accomplished journalist appears to be quite as cute as the celebrated Edinburgh magistrate, who in a trial which arose out of the escape of a squirrel from a box, inquired of the defendant "why he didn't clip the beast's wings?" "But, your honour, a squirrel is a quadruped," contended the man. "Quadruped here or quadruped there," said the bailie, "if you had clipped the beast's wings, it couldna hae got awa."

A New York paper says:—"A capital joke, and all the more palatable because it is true and can be vouched for, took place a few Sundays since at one of the prominent Fourth street churches. It seems that a worthy deacon had been very industrious in selling a new church book, costing seventy-five cents. At the service in question the minister, just before dismissing the congregation, rose and said:—"All you who have children to baptize will please present them next Sabbath." The deacon, who by the way was a little deaf, and having an eye to selling the books, and supposing his pastor was referring to them, immediately jumped up and shouted,—"All you who haven't any can get as many as you want by calling on me, at seventy-five cents each." The preacher looked cross-eyed at the brothers, the brothers looked at the clergyman, the audience punched the audience in the side, the bubble grew larger, until it burst in a loud guffaw. Ladies coloured up, crimsoned, blushed, and thanked the Lord for the low price of peopling the earth. There was no benediction that morning worth speaking of. The deacon, after he had found out his mistake, changed his pew from the front of the church to the third from the rear; and though he cannot hear the sermon, he is consoled with the thought that the young ladies can't snicker at him."

VARIETIES.

Senator Nye thinks that Brette Harte meant him in his "Bill Nye" of the heathen Chinese.

The latest style of bonnets has a reef in the main, and the flying jib is well trimmed down.

Type founding and electrotyping have now, for the first time, been introduced into Japan.

LOOK TO YOUR GINGER.—A Boston chemist says that burnt sole leather enters largely into the composition of the ginger put up in packages.

IS IT ANY WONDER?—The average weight of a lady's dress which is supported from the waist is about 15 pounds. Is it any wonder that weak backs are so numerous? Put on suspenders, girls!

On the 17th ult. the final operation in the construction of the Fraser gun was performed at Woolwich. It weighs 35 tons 7 cwt., and will throw a 700lb shot so as to pierce iron armour 15 inches in thickness. The ordinary charge of powder is calculated at 120lb.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—A meeting has been held in Edinburgh for the purpose of making arrangements for celebrating, in August 1871, the centenary of the celebrated novelist's birth. Lord Jerviswoode presided. A committee was appointed to carry out the details of the celebration.

The vintage on the Rhine for 1870 is a failure. German superstition avers that every year written with a cipher at the end is a fatal one for the vintage. The wine of 1860 was anathematized under the epithet of "Garibaldi," and that of 1870 will doubtless be cursed in the name of "Napoleon."

Said a distinguished politician to his son:—"Look at me! I began an Alderman, and here I am at the top of the tree; and what is my reward? Why, when I die my son will be the greatest rascal in the United States." To this the young hopeful replied:—"Yes, dad, when you die, but not till then."

At a dividend meeting held under the bankruptcy of Mr. Dion Boucicault, it was announced that a sum remained in hand adequate to the payment of a further dividend of 1s. in the pound, and the usual resolutions were passed. The failure of Mr. Boucicault occurred many years since. A dividend of 3s. 4d. in the pound has already been declared.

The Chinese in San Francisco are making preparations for the celebration of the most important festival that has occurred in their calendar for ten centuries. Next February will be, according to Chinese testimony, the commencement of another thousand years, and the rejoicings will surpass everything of the kind ever witnessed in celestial life in this country.

During the operations for draining off a farm at Ekenside, near Egremont, Cumberland, the remains of an ancient British settlement have been discovered. Stone and flint implements, such as axes, knives and chisels have been found in large numbers. Some pieces of oak are cut in lengths, evidently from massive full grown trees, such as have not grown in that locality for many ages.

VENERING EXTRAORDINARY.—A curious swindling project is reported from Australia. A deposit of gold and quartz recently supposed to have been discovered in Victoria, Australia, created much excitement. A company was formed, and the shares were rapidly taken and paid for. Further investigations, however, showed that the mine had been veneered with gold leaf, laid on with size and varnish. The projectors of the company have been arrested.

An American Telegraph Company, the Western Union, has supplied a long felt want by inaugurating a new system of telegraphic money orders, extending this to every office on the Pacific Coast, thereby doing the community a great service. The money orders are limited to sums up to \$50. The company is crowded with orders, although they commenced on this system only on the 1st ult.

SWEET ANSWER.—A little boy and girl, each probably five years old, were by the roadside. As we came up, the boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry piteously. The boy stood looking on sullenly for a minute, and then said: "I didn't mean to hurt you, Kate; I am sorry." The little rosy face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said: "Well, if you are sorry, it didn't hurt me."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE ACTION OF CHLORAL AND OPIUM AND CHLOROFORM.—It is said that the action of chloral differs from that of opium and chloroform in the following respect: From the sleep produced by chloral one may be awakened at any time, with instantaneous command of all his faculties, and may then drop off into unconsciousness again. This is not the case with opium. Chloral does not affect the secretions, and is always certain and safe, when the dose is not excessive, even for children. This cannot be said of either opium or chloroform.

Dandruff is caused by wearing close and heavy hats or caps, by the application of oils or dyes to the hair, by excessive brain labour, or uncleanliness, or by all these causes combined. To effect a cure, wear the hair short, let the head-covering be as light and well ventilated as possible, avoid all applications of grease or dyes, exercise the brain less and the body more, and wash the head thoroughly two or three times a day in cold water, and follow each washing with a vigorous rubbing with the balls of the fingers. The better the general health is and the stronger the digestion, the less tendency there will be to this disease, as well as others.

General Paladine is a disputed case of personal identity. The *Echo* says: "It is said that there exists proof positive at the Prussian head-quarters that Gen. D'Aurelles de Paladine is one and the same person with the Duc de Nemours, the second son of Louis Philippe, and uncle of the Comte de Paris, who has chosen this *nom de guerre* under which to fight for his country. Another report asserts that Gen. Paladine is an Irishman, with a much less euphonious name than that which plays a conspicuous part in the telegrams of the day."

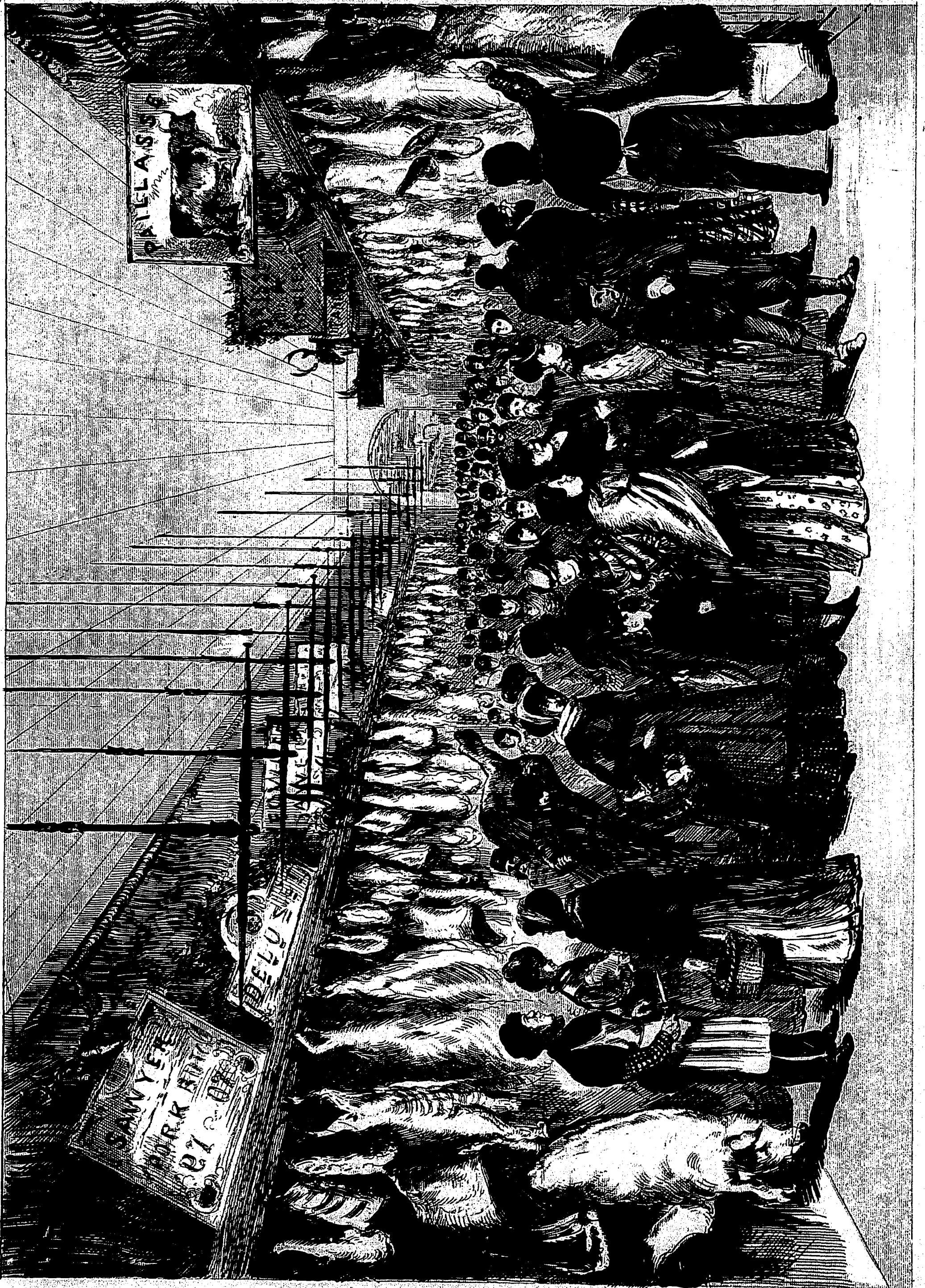


Illustration of the Exhibition of 1871. From a sketch by Mrs. A. G. ...



MODLLE. CHRISTINA NILSSON.



BURNING OF CLEMENTS' SASH FACTORY, TORONTO, ON THE 17TH ULT.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
JANUARY 14, 1871.

SUNDAY,	JAN. 8.—	First Sunday after Epiphany. St. Lucian, P and M. Galileo died, 1642. Prince Albert Victor of Wales born, 1864.
MONDAY,	" 9.—	Expedition against the Mohawks, under De Courcelles, 1666. The Canadas united, 1841.
TUESDAY,	" 10.—	Royal Exchange burned, 1838. Penny Post established in England, 1849. Loss of the "London," 1866.
WEDNESDAY,	" 11.—	First Lottery in England, 1569. Sir Hans Sloane died, 1753. Earthquake at Martinique, 900 lives lost, 1839.
THURSDAY,	" 12.—	St. Bennet. Bonaparte Family banished from France, 1816. Sir Charles Bagot, Gov. Gen., 1842.
FRIDAY,	" 13.—	St. Hilary Bp. The London Times established, 1785.
SATURDAY,	" 14.—	Battle of Corunna, 1814. Great Fire at St. John, N. B., 1837.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1871.

AMONG the questions discussed at the late meeting of the Montreal Board of Trade, held on Tuesday last, next perhaps to that of the "twenty feet channel," about which it seems that Messrs. Hugh Allan and John Young are fated to go down to the grave at variance, no more important subject was brought up than that of the inspection of certain commercial articles. It is exceedingly advisable that leather, of which our shoes are made, should be inspected; that fish—though we all know "stinking fish," without the old woman's crying them, should be submitted to official scrutiny—and that butter—another article that can scarcely get "high" without revealing its elevation to the most indelicate of noses, should undergo a like ordeal. These proposals are all eminently in the interests of commerce, and we unhesitatingly approve the excellent suggestions of the President of the Board of Trade. But are there not other things that require inspection? The merchant, for his own safety, wants his flour, his fish, his butter, &c., to be in the very best condition for market. But anybody knows rotten leather; few can be deceived with stale butter; and not a great many with putrid fish. There are, however, many articles that enter into the daily consumption of the public, in which the common taste is not half so judicially critical; yet these articles not only form an important element of daily use in almost every household but many of them are taxed for the benefit of the national revenue.

It is at this point, if anywhere where the obligation of the Government to protect its subjects is made manifest. An article, no matter what, be it spirits, a perfume, or patent medicine, is subjected to a tax; the vendors profess that it has such or such properties; and in every case where the article fails to be what it is represented, the Government as well as the manufacturers and vendors are guilty as public swindlers. Much of the Government's sin in this matter comes by neglect; but there is undoubtedly a great deal of it by connivance. In our issue of to-day we publish another paper from Dr. J. B. Edwards in continuation of those that have already appeared in our columns, and which we hope have awakened public attention to the death-dealing ingredients that corporations and private individuals are continually vending to the public. But we must say that the "permissive bill" suggested by our contributor is an exceedingly lame and impotent remedy for the gross adulterations of liquor he has so ably exposed. Already the Dunkin Bill has been virtually a dead-letter on the Statute Book for many years; and even had it not been so the principle is utterly wrong. There can be no possible excuse for a Municipality or a State permitting the selling of a noxious compound to the people merely because the person who dispenses it pays for the privilege. By the licensing system the State and the Municipality become in some measure partners with the liquor dealer, and as they give him, so to speak, his permit to supply the public, they ought to take the proper precautions to see that the public are not imposed upon.

Now, the Chairman of the Montreal Board of Trade proposes a general inspection law, and he instances hides, fish, wheat, flour, &c., as among the things that, in the interests of commerce, should come into market with an official brand. Might not the system be extended? Why should not the consumers of tea, coffee, liquors, meat, &c., be equally guarded against imposture? And is there any more reason that a corporation should be permitted to supply a whole city with impure corrupting water, than that a simple private dealer should try to palm off upon his customers a hundred weight or two of rotten fish? It is hard indeed to define the limits at which legislative restraint, when once invoked, should stop. But there cannot be any hesitation in applying to corporations those

checks which society has found from experience that it is necessary to enforce against individuals. The Inland Revenue system has now grown to such proportions, and brings in to the Government so large an amount of money every year, that we think the time has come when, in conjunction with the Customs Department, it should establish a Board of Chemical Analysis, composed of men of acknowledged scientific ability, to whom any citizen might be at liberty to transmit duly certified samples for examination; and upon whose certificate appropriate penalties might be awarded to offenders. The American Government, remiss in so many things, has an admirable system for the testing of the purity of imported drugs. The same careful scrutiny might be extended to other things. Since it appears to be the confirmed fashion that articles of consumption shall bear the chief burthen of taxation, those who use them surely have the right to ask Government that every reasonable precaution be taken to let them reach the public in a state of purity. Usually, however, the case is quite the reverse. It is only when the price of an article is fictitiously enhanced by taxation that the temptation to adulterate it becomes the strongest; and it is in this direction that we should counsel the Board of Trade to push its general inspection law. At the meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade, which takes place at Ottawa on the 18th inst., it is promised that the question will be brought up and discussed with a view to legislative action; and we take this occasion to urge upon the members the propriety of considering whether the principle of inspection might not be carried further than merely to determine the class or commercial brand of the few "simples" alluded to by the chairman of the Montreal Board; whether, in fact, it might not be made to include some general system for the analysis of compounds as well as a scientific examination of "simples," and be sustained by some provision for the signal punishment of adulterators whenever detected. Let them remember that the question is one which affects the "lives of men," and they will surely agree with us that a reform in the direction indicated is very much more important than any general law for the inspection of leather and hides, or even of fish and butter. Against imposture in the purchase of natural products, or simple articles, the public are, as a rule, pretty safe, because each individual purchase is small, and the buyer knows in what he is investing; whereas, in the matter of compounds, comparatively few people have much skill. Yet the trader seeks protection in the "simples," because he buys them in enormous quantities, and has not the time to inspect every bag, firkin, or barrel, whereas, in the matter of compounds, it is suspected that generally the trader is the adulterator. We hope the latter suspicion is calumnious, and should be all the more confirmed in this hope were the Dominion Board of Trade to press upon the Legislature the urgent necessity for instituting searching means to discover all adulterations in food and drink, and to punish the perpetrators.

ON THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD AND DRINK.

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

(Continued from Vol. II., Page 282.)

Although the question of the adulteration of food generally, and the evils to be dreaded from an impure condition of simple diet, such as bread and water, milk and butter, &c., are of considerable importance to the community, and demand active measures on the part of civic rulers for the protection of a helpless public—yet it must be confessed that the subject sinks into comparative insignificance by the side of the colossal evil of intemperance and disease, madness and death, which result from the sale to the public as beverages of the most noxious poisons under the name of "drink." The wilful ignorance of the public in demanding such maddening liquors, and the stolid indifference of public authorities, who profit directly as individuals, and indirectly as communities, by their sale, indicate a condition of society far removed from enlightened Christian nationality!

The evil is so gigantic that I doubt if any remedy short of self-destruction can eradicate it from society. I do not speak from a teetotal point of view, for I regard some simple fermented beverages as wholesome and valuable both as diet and medicine—but I do know, as a matter of observation and experience, that these simple, nutritious beverages are, as a rule, difficult to obtain, and that the public prefer mixtures of fiery and potent spirits which most strictly deserve the name of "poison."

Good German Lager Beer is, for example, taken in moderation, a cup which cheers and warms without intoxication, but the Englishman and the American are not content with this simple beverage. The Londoner wants his "stout" or his "porter" "doctored with licorice, sulphate of iron, cocculus indicus, sweet flag root, quassia, coriander seed, capsicum, caraway seeds, grains of paradise, ginger, roasted beans, burnt sugar, oyster shells, and alum." "This," says Mr. Morris, in his work on "Brewing Malt Liquors," "gives a good face to the beer, and enables you to gratify the sight of

your customers." To detail the adulteration of ale and porter would fill many books.

Mr. P. L. Simmond, in evidence before the Committee of the British House of Commons, says, "at least 250 tons of cocculus indicus are annually imported, chiefly for the use of brewers." Mr. Gay says, "I have ground many cwts. of cocculus indicus, to go into poor men's drink." Mr. Rodgers says it is obtained from the brewer's druggists under the name of "multum." There is no legitimate use for cocculus indicus. It is not used in medicine. It is a stupefying poison. It is illegally employed by poachers to kill fish, but why should its importation continue? and what becomes of it?

Beer may be brewed so as to be a light, wholesome tonic, but such beer does not meet the demand of the tavern-keeper's customers, who desire a strong, heavy liquor, and who get quassia, cocculus indicus, and heavily hopped beer accordingly. But the adulteration of wine is still more extensive, and not less injurious. The "blending" of sherry and port wines is, probably, about the most profitable trade in London. To some extent, the practise of mingling wines of different vintages is legitimate, and tends to improve the average, but it is also largely used for the purpose of covering adulteration. Much port, sherry, and champagne are quite innocent of the juice of the grape, and we should not be far wrong in estimating the amount of genuine wine consumed in Canada under these three names at one per cent., that is, for one bottle of genuine vintage, ninety-nine are manufactured wines, more or less adulterated.

The discovery of the chemical principles which give the characteristic flavours to wines and spirits, has unfortunately assisted the distiller in manufacturing factitious wines and spirits, and this unwholesome trade is assuming very large proportions in this country. It is true that the demand for genuine wines so largely exceeds the supply that the value would rise to a prohibitory price, were not the supply augmented by these mixed and factitious compounds. The result of this would be, as in many of the States, the practical abandonment of wine and the adoption of malt liquors and spirits with the extended use of what are called "fancy drinks." Now the use of "fancy drinks" appears to me to be the last stage of folly. It is a practical abandonment of individual responsibility and places a man as a willing slave at the mercy of the liquor dealer.

It may be an open question whether he be entitled to expect any consideration from this quarter.

The compounder may mix so-called sherry, brandy or gin with lemon and sugar, or egg flip, nutmeg or cinnamon with something which he calls "rum"—but so long as the palate is confused and the sense of flavour harmoniously blended the consumer knows little what he has been taking until to-morrow's headache—or a week's congestion of the liver calls him to account; probably, he then blames "the weather." This is a case in which ignorance is not "bliss," and it is not folly to be wise!

The manufacturers of these potent but toxic beverages are amongst the number of those who make haste to be rich at the expense of the bodies and souls of their fellow-men. They and the vendors of their products are numerous and influential in the community, but if they are not warned by the revelations of fraud which have been exposed in the metropolitan cities of London, New York and Chicago; and if the public authorities in the cities of Canada make no effort to detect and expose their malpractices, they may over-reach themselves by driving that well-abused class of respectable and temperate "moderate drinkers" into the ranks of the "total abstinence" advocates.

If there exists in this country no protection against the treacherous system of adulteration which prevails so extensively and drives so many to madness and death—the alternative of all lovers of good order and temperance in the community must be "*fiat justitia ruat cælum!*"

Of course the argument of liberty of the subject will be raised—"let a man drink" or "let a man abstain," the argument is good if we admit equal information and equal intelligence. But I say let a man know what he is drinking and what are its effects. Let him not slide from lager or Johannisberg or *vin ordinaire* to porter, to cocculus beer, to sham-champagne, to sham-sherry, and to sugar of lead port; or to cayenned whiskey, to butyric brandy, to bag oil rum, and to juniper gin: (which are poisonous drugs falsely sold under a false name, all containing fatal doses of Fusel oil, which destroys the nervous tissue and produces "delirium tremens")
—WITHOUT FAIR WARNING.

And I think this warning may fairly come from me, one who does not consider all fermented liquors indiscriminately as poisonous, one who advocates temperance and intelligence in their selection as diet.

At the same time I am so vividly impressed with the evils inflicted on humanity by our present licentious license, that I should, if no system of examination by analytical commission can reach or effectually check the evil, be an advocate for a permissive bill, to restrain their sale; and would willingly resign my wholesome enjoyment of "a glass of good beer" for the benefit of the whole community, which by the present customs of what is considered respectable society, is now being insidiously poisoned by bad liquor. "*Magna est veritas et prevalebet.*"

OBITUARY.

M. JEAN LANGEVIN.

On Friday evening of last week M. Jean Langevin died at the residence of his son, the Right Reverend the Bishop of Rimouski, at the venerable age of 85. M. Langevin leaves a distinguished family; in addition to His Lordship named, there is the Ven. Grand Vicar of the same diocese, the Hon. H. L. Langevin, O. B., Minister of Public Works, and M. Langevin, who holds an important position in the Civil Service connected with some one of the Secretariats of State. Deceased held for many years a post in the Civil Service, at first of Lower Canada, and after 1841 in that of the United Province. In 1835 he was Assistant Civil Secretary to the Earl of Gosford, then Governor, which office he continued to hold under Lord Durham. After the Union, M. Langevin was transferred to the Crown Lands Department as chief Clerk, which post he held until his final retirement from the service in 1854. A man so fortunate in his family must have surrounded himself with many friends, and it may well be said of him that he has died full of years and honours.

MR. ROLLO CAMPBELL.

On Monday evening, the 2nd inst., Mr. Rollo Campbell died, at the age of sixty-eight years. He was the oldest printer in Montreal, and, perhaps, in Canada, and for many years was Editor and Proprietor of the *Pilot*, published in this city, a spicy little sheet, which he conducted with great ability. Among journalists and politicians throughout the whole country Mr. Campbell's name was familiar. He was a man of genial character, and enjoyed the esteem of a very large circle of friends, who, at this festive season, must have missed his hearty manner in exchanging congratulations. Of late years, since he retired from the printing and publishing business, Mr. Campbell held a position in the Montreal Custom House. His illness was of short duration. His funeral was appointed for yesterday (Friday) afternoon at two o'clock from the residence of his son, Dr. F. W. Campbell, No. 10 Phillip's Square, Beaver Hall.

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE WEEKLY REVIEW. Ottawa: Marshall & Co., publishers.

We have received several numbers of this new candidate for popular favour, which is now being published by Messrs. Marshall & Co., who are well known on the press of Canada. The *Review* is, we believe, under the editorial management of Mr. McLardy, a gentleman of education and ability. Its editorials are written with great force; and its policy appears to be one of strict and impartial independence. We trust the *Review* may have a prosperous career.

CHRONICLE OF THE WAR.

Notwithstanding the rapid advance of the winter and the extremely inclement weather which prevails throughout France, the German army still lies inactive before Paris. Christmas appears to have brought the Prussians little else than disasters, for with the exception of one single advantage—the capture of Mount Avron, a position of little importance—the fortune of war has been invariably against them. In the North Manteuffel has done nothing to follow up his victory over the army under Faidherbe, beyond sending a braggart communication to Trochu, of which the latter took no notice. It is even reported that Faidherbe has recovered from his defeat, and is now marching back to encounter the German army of the north. Both in the north and north-east the Germans are suffering terribly from sickness. In many places ophthalmia has made its appearance and is making terrible ravages among the troops. At Châlons, and other points on the Eastern roads, the hospitals are filled with sick, great delay being occasioned by the transport of the disabled to the forwarding of men and munitions to the capital. In the east the Prussians appear to be retreating before the approach of Garibaldi, who, at latest advices, had occupied Dijon, and was marching forward towards Gray, which had also been evacuated by the Germans. The besieged in Belfort have made a successful sortie, driving the Prussians from their position. Nothing has been done in the south, as the Army of the Loire is at present lying inactive for the purpose of recuperating its forces. After a brief siege, it is reported that Mezières has surrendered; 2,000 prisoners and 106 guns, together with a quantity of stores thereby falling into the hands of the Prussians. Bitché is now the only fortress in Lorraine that holds out.

Rumour states that the Duke of Mecklenburg has been deprived of his command in consequence of his incompetence to keep the enemy at a distance.

Mr. John Creighton, of Kingston, has been gazetted Warden of the Provincial Penitentiary, in the place of the late Mr. James Moir Ferres. The appointment is an excellent one, Mr. Creighton being thoroughly qualified to discharge the duties of the office.

THE LATE COLONEL BOUCHETTE.

The *Volunteer Review* says:—
“The *Canadian Illustrated News* for the 17th ultimo has a portrait and memoir of the late Lieut.-Col. Bouchette, who was undoubtedly one of the greatest men Canada has produced during the first half of the present century. This Bouchette family have written their names in lasting characters on the history of Canada; to Lieut.-Colonel Bouchette's father Great Britain is indebted for the preservation of British America to the Empire. In November, 1775, Capt. Bouchette, commanding an armed vessel at Montreal, carried Sir Guy Carleton in safety from the hands of British traitors and

through the fleet of triumphant rebels to Quebec, at which fortress he arrived just in time to baffle the traitors within the city and defeat those outside—Montgomery and Arnold.

“The services of the son in the war of 1812-15 has been faintly shadowed forth by the *News*, and the scandalous manner in which he was cheated by the peddling House of Assembly of the Lower Province is so notorious as to bring a blush of shame to the cheek of every honest Canadian. All British America has benefited by the labours and services of the gallant Lieut.-Colonel, and all Canada should repay a debt to his descendants which pettilogging humbugs denied to one of the best and greatest men this country has seen. One of those gallant French Canadians, who, as our present Governor-General has aptly said, “fulfilled with scrupulous honour their treaty obligations,” Lieut.-Col. Bouchette's talents and services would have secured a title in Great Britain, but has only resulted in neglect and injustice in his own country. The memory of the gallant provincial soldiers who distinguished themselves during the revolt of the British American Colonies and in the war of 1812-15, and by their loyalty preserved the Dominion of Canada from conquest, has been neglected, and this is a reproach to the people, a disgrace to the Legislature, and an enlightened government has cause to be ashamed of allowing an act of national justice to be so long delayed. Our contemporary should not look to the Province of Quebec alone, Ontario has had the benefit of Lieut.-Col. Bouchette's services, and the just remuneration thereof should not be delayed. In 1814 Lieut.-Col. Bouchette petitioned the House of Assembly of the Lower Province for aid to enable him to publish a Geographical and Topographical description of Canada with maps, that country being then as much known in England as Timbuctoo. A resolution of the House, in Committee of the Whole, advised that £1,500 currency should be set aside for that purpose, but of that sum only £500 was ever realized, although the Committee of the House repeatedly affirmed the original resolution. Col. Bouchette was allowed to impair his private fortune for the public benefit, and finally sink into the grave without the slightest reward for his great services. His family ask common justice, and shall that be denied them? We have repeatedly urged that our Legislative halls should be made a *Valhalla* of for the reception of memorials of Canada's best and bravest, the cost would be a mere trifle compared with the object to be gained—the emulation excited by the contemplation of the country's gratitude to her great men. If patriotism, self-abnegation and valuable services are to be rewarded in a similar way to those of Lieut.-Col. Bouchette we might well despair of the future, but we augur better for the public justice of the Dominion.”

THE ROYAL MATCH.

The approaching marriage of Princess Louise still creates a good deal of interest: not diminished by the little that gets out regarding the purchases being made by Her Majesty in anticipation of the event. The Princess has been laid up so long with the accident to her knee that people had begun to imagine all manner of things concerning the illustrious limb, so seriously troubled by what seemed so small a matter, as a fall when rambling over a Highland hill-side. “White swelling,” “permanent stiffness,” &c., were confidently spoken of as existing or imminent; and it was thought that the fortunate Marquis might have to put up with a lame bride after all. But the hurt seems to be passing off; and it is supposed that the marriage will take place at Windsor, in February.

The Princess, who is about to create a precedent unexampled in our annals for some centuries past, is pretty, graceful, very amiable, accomplished; and would be a respectable artist in any walk of life. The Marquis of Lorne—in whose favour is to be revived an ancient duchy formerly among the rights and titles of the House of Campbell—is rather small, slender, fair, with fine blue eyes and light hair, slightly inclining to red, but just escaping that shade; a warm golden tint that is considered, by many, besides his royal lady-love, to be particularly charming. He is undoubtedly a handsome man; but his physique is indicative rather of elegance than strength. He is not, however, at all effeminate, being well up in all manly sports and exercises, brave, intelligent, and kindly. An Admiral who lives near one of the residences of the Argyll family, and has known the young man from his childhood, declares him to be “one of the best and finest fellows alive,” talks enthusiastically of his uprightness, his geniality, his talents and accomplishments, and winds up by saying “take him altogether, he is one of the loveliest and most lovable natures in the world; and, so far from thinking the match to be so wonderfully good a one for him, I consider that it is the Princess who has the best of the bargain!”

Both appear, however, to be equally enraptured. The Marquis, who was always a favourite with the Queen, since she caught sight, on her visit with Prince Albert to Clumber of “the little Marquis of Lorne, standing on the door step; a dear, fat little fellow,” says the Queen, in her diary, “all pink and white, with curly golden hair, just four years old, in his pretty white dress, and tartan sash, waiting with the Duke and Duchess, the arrival of her Majesty and the Prince.” The Marquis became deeply enamoured of the Princess; and the latter “reciprocated” the sentiments which neither of them ventured to “set before the Queen.” But the natural eyes of the latter could hardly help perceiving how matters stood, and accordingly Her Majesty one day suddenly charged her daughter with having given her heart to the Marquis. The Princess fully admitted the charge, and declared that she could never think of any other suitor. The Queen, who has grown older and wiser since certain similar affairs were dealt with otherwise by her, told the Princess that she was at liberty to follow the bent of her inclination.

The Queen then sent for the Marquis, and signified her consent to his aspirations; after which the affair was duly arranged with the Duke and Duchess. It is probable that, had the young Princess's affections been gained by any other subject, the Queen would have been less disposed to give her consent to such a union. But she has great affection for the whole Argyll family, and has accordingly relaxed the severity of the rule she has hitherto imposed on those who have the honour to be related to her, even among the relatives of her mother, the late Duchess of Kent.—*Montreal Herald Correspondence.*

A special from Rome, Dec. 27, says by a bull issued at Christmas the usual imposing church ceremonies in honour of that festival were dispensed with. But few social festivities were indulged in, and the occasion was altogether one of gloom and dullness.

The following incident of the war, told by the *Verailles* correspondent of the *London Times*, illustrates the deep desire felt among the Prussian, to revenge the insults heaped upon them during the French occupation at the beginning of the century. A Prussian officer and a party of men came to the residence of the Marchioness of B——, an old lady, who had not fled like her neighbours. He seemed to know the name, for he enquired of the villagers where the house was, and if the lady was still living in it. He entered with his men, and stormed and swore in the hall till he saw the mistress. He ordered dinner for his party, spat on the carpet, took up a chair and smashed it against a mirror, threw a vase down from its stand, broke a clock over the chimney-piece, and, behaved, in fact, abominably. The old lady was terrified to death. Dinner was served. The officer complained of the wine, and told his men to throw the bottles through the window till they got better drink. He dined apart, and treated the servants with the utmost insolence. At last, when the orgie was over, he asked to see the lady of the house. He was told she was in bed, ill and frightened. “Where? Oh, in this room! But I am going to sleep here.” The lady had to get up and turn out, and the officer, when in, broke some things, and after a time rang the bell violently. A servant appeared. The officer pursued the domestic, and insisted on seeing the lady. Surrounded by her maids, and pale and fainting, the old lady received him at the door of her room. He took off his helmet, bowed with the utmost courtesy, and said, “Madame, I have accomplished a promise and fulfilled a vow. Your husband was General the Marquis of B——?” “Yes.” “He was in the First Regiment of Hussars that invaded Prussia?” “I know he served in that regiment.” “Well, then Madame, I have to tell you that he came to the house of my grandmother, whose father had fallen at Jena. You think I have acted badly here: but I know how Captain de B—— treated our house. I heard the story when a boy, and I treasured it in my soul. I know the disgrace and ruin he brought upon my name, and I spare you the recital of it. But I made a vow when it seemed the idle whim of a boy, and now in part I have kept it. Good night, Madame, I do not pass a night under your roof. My men will protect you,” and so stalked away.

DERIVATION OF “YANKEE”—The term “Yankee” is a modification of the French term *Anglais*, meaning English. It is stated that the English settlements were called by the aborigine *Ingers* or *Tengers*, and in after years, especially during the struggle between the colonists and the mother country, *Tengers* became modified into “Yankee,” and was used by the British soldiery as an opprobrious epithet. According to Thierry, “Yankee” is a corruption of Yaukin, diminutive of John, a nickname given to the English colonists in Connecticut by the Dutch settlers in New York. Dr. Gordon, in his “History of the American War,” says it was a cant word in Cambridge, Mass., as early as 1713, and that it means excellent—a yankee, good horse, or yankee good cider. He supposes that it was adopted by the students as a by-word, and being carried by them from the college obtained currency in other colonies, and so was subsequently applied to the New Englanders.

Our able contemporary, *L'Opinion Publique*, has increased its form to 12 pages, and will shortly publish Mr. Marmette's historical novel, “L'Intendant Bigot.”

Prince Arthur presided recently at the presentation of prizes awarded by the Science and Art Department of the Privy Council to the students in the Royal Arsenal School, taught by Mr. Thomas Jones, F.R.S.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Monday, Jan. 2, 1871, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 298 Notre Dame Street.

	1870.	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday, Dec. 27	25°	25°	23°	
Wednesday, “ 28	23°	11°	9°	
Thursday, “ 29	—4°	3°	3°	
Friday, “ 30	1°	9°	9°	
Saturday, “ 31	29°	33°	23°	

	1871.			
Sunday, Jan. 1	18°	18°	10°	
Monday, “ 2	20°	29°	26°	

	1870.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Tuesday, Dec. 27	27°	17°	22°	
Wednesday, “ 28	25°	9°	17°	
Thursday, “ 29	5°	—6°	0° 5	
Friday, “ 30	9°	—9°	0°	
Saturday, “ 31	34°	8°	21°	

	1871.			
Sunday, Jan. 1	21°	10°	15° 5	
Monday, “ 2	30°	10°	20°	

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

	1870.	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday, Dec. 27	30.18	30.14	30.04	
Wednesday, “ 28	30.08	30.15	30.23	
Thursday, “ 29	30.12	30.12	30.14	
Friday, “ 30	30.16	30.11	29.93	
Saturday, “ 31	29.67	29.68	29.82	

	1871.			
Sunday, Jan. 1	30.10	30.10	30.14	
Monday, “ 2	29.75	29.50	29.80	

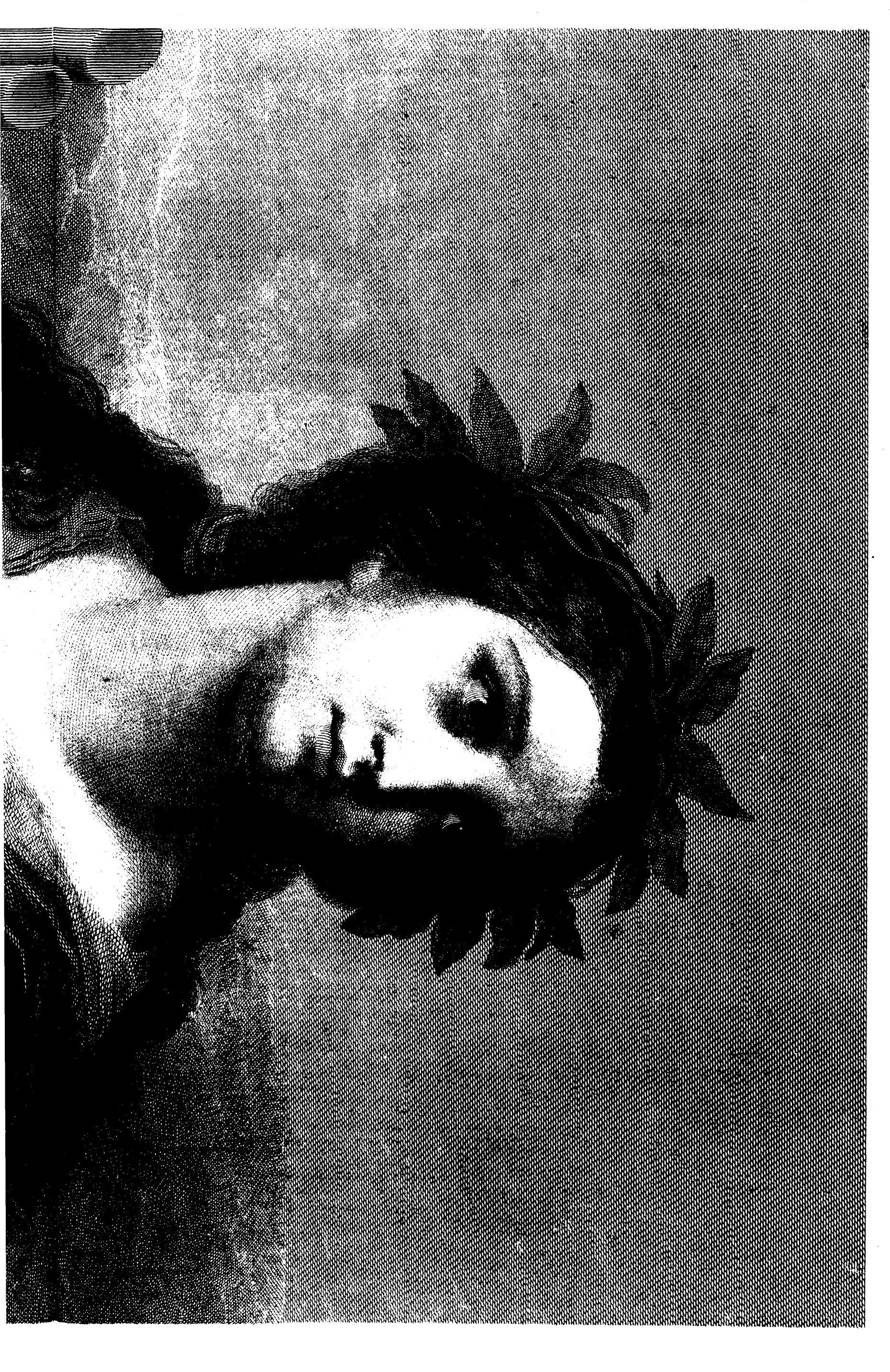
NUMBERED CHARADE.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 4, 13, 7, 11, 22, 19 is an English order of Knighthood.
My 2, 7, 3, 12, 20, 18, 11, 9 is to annoy.
My 12, 7, 21, 1 is a portion of the Eye.
My 11, 2, 5, 15, 20, 1, 12, 14 is a Chinese Town or City.
My 3, 13, 1, 20, 6, 19, 21 is a celebrated Actress.
My 8, 23, 16, 10, 17, 10 is an Island in the Mediterranean.
My 11, 21, 7, 13 is part of a wheel.
And my whole is a prominent Canadian Statesman



AFTER A PICTURE BY H. HOPMANN, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF W. VOGELMANN, IN DRESDEN, ENGRAVED BY J. FRIEDL.

MUSIC.



NUMISMATIC AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

The Montreal Gazette of Thursday has the following communication:

"Again we are called upon to chronicle the events of the past, and we cannot do better than extract from the registers of a few of our Local, Scientific and Historical Societies the records of Canadian history, which would have been forgotten, were it not for the existence of a Society in particular that was organised some eight years since in our midst, through the exertions of a few of our ever foremost citizens, noted for the love of their native or adopted country; and which has saved and is saving from oblivion and total destruction many many existing documents, papers, and memorabilia perpetuating the panorama of incidents beginning with the Aborigines, the Cabots, and Jacques Cartier, including the soul stirring events of the 7 years war terminating with the conquest of Canada, and finally concluding with the ever memorable 1st July, 1867, Confederation Day. These celebrated events are kept ever green before us, and in fact we are brought face to face with them, as if we were living in the day they occurred, by a visit to the cabinet and museum of the "Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal." You may there handle objects of the most primitive description used by the race that at one time knew not what subjection was, and who were sole possessors in right of nativity of this Canada of ours. Medals struck by the respective conquerors to commemorate the many links in the chain of battles that began by the founding of Quebec in 1608, and terminated by the treaty of Ghent, signed on the 24th December 1814, as well as medals of a miscellaneous character bearing testimony to merit and commemorating many notable occurrences, may be found. These, being of an everlasting nature, serve more fully to exemplify the History of Canada than the records of Garnau, Christie, Parkman, &c.

We notice by the report of the President that the Society during the past year has been found to be of more service to its country than hitherto, and has obtained through the kindness of friends and numismatic sympathisers many coins and medals of the rarest and choicest description. For the purpose of obtaining a status and position more standing and lasting, and with the view of bringing its objects and interests more prominently before the public, it obtained an Act of Incorporation from the Legislature of Quebec during last Session. Mr Edward Carter very kindly taking charge of the Bill. And it gave under its auspices a free course of Public Lectures in the Rooms of the Natural History Society. The undermentioned well-known gentlemen, with their usual desire to promote the sciences, were the Lecturers, viz: Rev. Dr de Sola, "History of Hebrew Coinage," Wm. Kingsford, Esq., C. E., "Copper Currency of England," Thos. D. King, Esq., "Truth of Revelation as exemplified by existing Coins and Monuments," Henry Mott, Esq., "A meddling with Medals," all of which being well attended the Executive have decided on continuing the series this Winter. The annual meeting of the Society was held at its rooms, No. 113 Craig street, on Wednesday evening, the 21st December ult., and, after reading of reports and other routine, the following gentlemen were elected officers of the Society for the current year, viz: Henry Mott, Esq., President, re-elected; D. Ross, Esq., Vice-President, re-elected; Major L. A. H. Latour, 2nd Vice-President; R. W. McLachlan, Esq., Treasurer and Curator, re-elected; Governor Hopkins, Esq., Corresponding Secretary. We are requested to state that any gentlemen desirous of joining the Society may do so by sending their names to the Secretary. The annual subscription is placed at the moderate sum of two dollars.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

It would appear from the following that the story set afloat some time ago about the missing member of the Gordon (of Aberdeen) family is really correct, and that the traitor was no less a personage than the young Earl himself. The article copied below from a New York paper is wrong, in at least one particular: It was the grandfather, not the father of the missing young man who was the Premier of the "Aberdeen Ministry"—the Ministry of all the talents in 1854-56. This nobleman died in 1860 at a very advanced age, over four score, we believe, and was succeeded by his son, the taciturn bucolic-mannered Lord Haddo, the father of George Hamilton Gordon, who is the subject of the singular narrative we have quoted. His only surviving brother is now in his 24th year, and will, of course, succeed to the title if the statements narrated can be established:

"Two years ago the following advertisement appeared in nearly every paper in the country:

"Dad: I am well, but we are in affliction, and I long for you, that we may comfort one another. There is a letter to 'Dad' at the post office, New York MA."

It was continued for nearly six months, exciting curiosity and comment. It was followed by a second, as follows:

"MARRIAGE: I have been seriously ill; getting better, but very weak. Come, if you possibly can, immediately, for you are more needed than you can think. (Signed,) MA."

These advertisements, it is now ascertained, were inserted in order, if possible, to find the Earl of Aberdeen, a young man who left his wealth, titles and honors in 1866, when but twenty-five years of age, to follow the sea as a common sailor. The Earldom of Aberdeen is one of the oldest Scotch titles, originating in the seventeenth century. The first Earl was Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. The father of the young man was at the head of the famous Aberdeen ministry during the Crimean war. He was invested with the right to a seat in the house of Lords under the title of Viscount Gordon of Aberdeen, by royal decree, in 1814.—The estate is estimated to yield an income of £40,000 sterling per annum. The young Earl came to this country and shipped as a common sailor on trading vessels on the Atlantic coast. February 6th, 1868, he was made a mate by certificate from the American Shipmaster's Association under the name of George Henry Osborne. On the 26th of November, 1868, he was granted a master's certificate, and was in command of the schr. Walter, of Richmond, Maine. In January, 1870, he shipped as mate on the three-masted schooner Hebra, bound from Boston to Melbourne, Australia, and thence to China. On the sixth day out he was washed overboard and drowned. During the first two years of his absence he remained in correspondence with his relatives, but kept his employment secret. A little more than two years ago his next younger brother and heir presumptive died. He had then ceased

writing home. This explains the "dod" advertisement, that being his pet name. As it and the subsequent advertisement failed to find him, the matter was put in legal hands and able detectives of England and America have since been in search of him. They had succeeded in merely striking the trail at the time of the shipment on the Hebra. Some months ago, having become convinced of his death, a commission was sent from the English Court of Chancery, to gather proofs, with a view to the succession. It is still pursuing its duties and is now in Boston at work. It has obtained photographs of the seaman Osborne, together with specimens of his hand-writing, which fully identify him as the missing Earl. The ship Hebra has been chartered to proceed to England with her ship's company, the same as at the time of Osborne's death, to give evidence of his death. There seems to be no doubt of his death, and that the Hon. John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, the youngest and only surviving brother, succeeds to one of the oldest titles and wealthiest estates in Scotland. The revenues of the estate, which have accumulated during the Earl's absence, alone amount to nearly a million dollars. The Earl had refrained from drawing a single farthing during all his wanderings, but, on the contrary, had accumulated a fund from his earnings, which was deposited in savings banks here and in Boston. It is supposed that it was his intention, when able, to purchase a ship, and sail back to Aberdeen on his own quarter deck, the product of his own industry."

GUSH.

This propensity to "gush," we are reluctantly compelled to assert, exists much more largely in that sex of which it is so difficult to find anything to complain, than in the sterner and less impressionable sex. Indeed, three-quarters of the aggregate amount of "gush" expended on a thankless race issues from the lips of maidens of from blushing sixteen up to twenty. This is the age, no doubt, for romance and poetry, for theories of great deeds, of hopeless love, of broken vows and broken hearts, and all that sugars the bread-and-butter of that gushing period. It is the age of flashing eyes, of hands clasped in ecstasy, of intense emphasis over what, in the more sober condition of matronhood, is probably viewed in a very different light, and these enthusiastic damsels, while a few reserve their heart-pourings for the sympathetic bosoms of their own familiar friends, do, some of them, pour forth their "gush" with a liberal hand over every one with whom chance brings them in contact. Perhaps no sight is more amusing to the watchful critic than to see *nil admirari*, of solemn countenance and drooping whiskers, taking down "gush," in white muslin and beaming smiles, to dinner. He listens to the fragments of conversation which reach his ears, and pities her futile attempts to find some weak place in her partner's armour of indifference where her earnest remarks may tell. He hears "Gush" say, "Oh, did you see Millais's Flood this year? Wasn't the kitten charming? Oh, I do so love Millais!" and then across the ripple of talk comes the "Wow, wow, wow," of the alarmed *nil admirari*. Failing here, the young lady brings up strong reserves of poetry and romance, and the observer will notice with much amusement how the helpless gentleman looks piteously for reinforcements of dry sherry to help him to carry on his beleaguered defence. We can well remember the countenance of an unromantic friend of ours who was asked by a hisping and gushing partner, in one of the pauses of a waltz, if he "liked poetry with thole in it." His expression showed the lady his soulless condition, and she took it out of him, as the phrase goes, in *deux temps*.

It is singular that this particular time of life in one sex should be found so susceptible to all the influences of "Gush," when in the other the hobbledoy period is one in which density and stupidity reign generally triumphant, and where the appreciation of the beautiful and sublime is looked upon as peculiarly the province of "the girls," and consequently beneath contempt. Can there be two more entirely different creatures than the boy and girl of sixteen—the one desponding with all his heart what the other cherishes and loves, and yet how soon do both unite for the manufacture of private "Gush" of the weakest description.

But there is one particular state of affairs in which, probably, the feminine gushing propensity is more unhesitatingly shown than in any other. Those of us who have entered into the holy state of matrimony know what a long-expected day at last arrives when our home and our hearts are literally turned upside down. A female republic is proclaimed, with an elderly, stout, and important Camp-betta as president, and the head of the hitherto reigning house finds himself deposed, degraded, and despised. He is looked upon as an abandoned creature, whose sole mission it is to walk with creaking boots, bang doors, and wait his meals, and the provisional Government entirely repudiates these qualities. Hungry, anxious, and abashed, he hears, at last, something very like a wail from the upper regions, and he knows well the long-pent up flood gets a "Gush" are loosed, and that it is overflowing its banks. Soon he hears a hurried step; but instead of his maid-servant bringing in his dinner, he finds it is his mother-in-law bringing in "Gush." Of course he is very glad, and he is pleased it is a boy, and grateful to know it is so like himself, and delighted that she is going on so well, and charmed that its eyes are blue, and so on; but—how about his dinner?

There is no doubt that the older the "gusher" grows the more incongruous and inscrutable does "Gush" appear; and the reason for this is, that it is, after all, essentially a child-like quality. In a child there is an entire absence of repression, of reticence; it expresses all its feelings with the utmost animation and exuberance of speech and manner, and it is the utter unconsciousness with which all this is done that makes the abandon of childhood so delightful. But, as years go on, the affectation of child-like nature and the assumption of its manners and speech become the more offensive the older the pretender grows. We all know—more commonly in fiction, but, perhaps, also from actual experience—the middle-aged "Gusher," and how such a character is considered a fair object for ridicule. The elderly spinster, whose face and figure record her age, but whose talk and gestures are of a time left far behind, is indeed a target worthy of satire's shafts. Every age brings with it, naturally, qualities entitled to admiration, but they must be the natural products of the age. To "Gush" at eight is charming, at eighteen silly, but at eight-and-thirty offensive. And yet there are women who think this pretence of youth, at a time when youth no longer exists, is an attractive and pleasant deceit. There is a "youngness" (to coin a word)

which lasts in some natures through life, and which is quite charming, but it never puts on the childishness of "Gush."

And yet "Gush" can be made to look very charming when painted by an artist. The "Gush" of Dora Copperfield was entrancing. In the last number of Mr. Trollope's "Ralph the Heir," two young ladies talk together, in confidence, of their love affairs, and one of them, aged twenty-seven, "Gushes" in such a delightful way that it makes one long to be the fortunate receptacle into which it flows. But this, again, is poured into one bosom alone, and withheld from the rest of the world.—Civilian.

The London Telegraph announces on authority that the demands made upon Prussia by the British Cabinet, relative to the seizure and sinking of English colliers in the Seine, are in a fair way of adjustment.

SACRIFICE ISLAND.—It lies at the entrance of Mahone Bay, about fifty miles west of Halifax, and five or six miles from the town of Lunenburg. Its strange name has an historical origin. The popular story which accounts for it runs thus:—In the old times when English and French struggled for supremacy on the American continent, and when Nova Scotia was kicked like a foot-ball between the rival parties, now taken by force of arms by the one, and anon ceded by treaty to the other, the bitterest hatred existed, as might naturally be supposed, between the settlers of the two nationalities. The hatchet not yet being buried at Dartmouth, nor the pipe of peace smoked, the Indians were, of course, free to side with either belligerent. On the ground of a common creed, as well as for other reasons, they generally favoured the French; and many were the cruelties practised by the combined forces on the hapless foes. On one occasion, it is said that the Indians, incited by the promise of a reward for every Anglo-Saxon scalp, planned the massacre of the crews of seven fishing vessels which lay at anchor off the island above named. They waited for a favourable opportunity, and one was not long in presenting itself. A day came when the crews were absent on the mainland, and a strong breeze was blowing from seaward. The Indians paddled out their canoes and cut the hempen cables by which the vessels were moored. In a short time they drifted ashore. The sailors rowed off toward the island, and were engaged in trying to get the stranded crafts afloat again, when the Indians, who had concealed themselves among the bushes, fell upon them and killed thirty-five men. Their bodies were buried in a trench on the south side of the island, which has, ever since, gone by the name of Sacrifice. Within the memory of living men, numbers of skeletons have been dug up on the spot, so that the legend is evidently founded on fact.—Dalhousie College Gazette.

CLIPPINGS FROM "JUDY."

NOT AT ALL A BAD NOTION.—There is a time for all things. Christmas is the time for a good many things which would not go down at any other time; but surely, if there is a thing just now one fights a little shy of, it is cold water. What, then, is meant by the advertisement one sees everywhere—"The Wonderful Tub (Patent)!" Stay, though!—a thought strikes me.—Is this a gay and festive method of extending the circulation of the Morning Advertiser? Judy is a good-natured old soul, and she throws out this notion out of pure generosity.

THE BIRETTA CONTROVERSY.—The foundation of a new church—All Saints—was laid a few days ago by the Bishop of Winchester. About £250 was collected on the spot; "no small amusement," we are told, "being caused by the Bishop passing round his own collegiate cap for the purpose of receiving the contributions." Bravo, Bishop! Whatever may be the result of the "Biretta and Suchetta" controversy, it is quite plain this sort of cap is the right thing for a *pass-on*.

PLEASANT!—A correspondent inside Paris, who visited the Southern Hospital, writes that he found the following notice posted on the entrance door:—"Whoever shall bring a cat, a dog, or three rats, shall be at liberty to stay to lunch and dinner. N.B.—It is absolutely necessary that the animals should be alive, but their skins may be taken away." It must be fortunate for the person accepting this invitation that the place is an hospital. How many meals, one wonders, would qualify him for a bed inside?

OH DEAR!—"The soldiers at Aberdeen," a Scotch paper informs us, "while on 'their march out' a few days ago, were preceded by two deers walking loosely along Union street. The spectacle was largely patronized by the city boys." Good gracious! "two deers," and "walking loosely!" And, after this, they talk about Scotch morality!

Why is a person chained in prison likely to escape?—Because he's insecure (in secure).

"Look out for the Bugle of Peace," says the advertisement. Judy is informed, upon good authority, that several persons are on the look-out for him with jugs of cold water.

Capital punishment (for them)—Flogging garotters.

A policeman was dismissed from the force a few days since for exceeding his duty in running a train into the station.

We have a blind man in the *Two Roses*, but now Mr. Boucicault has produced his *Jezabel* with a powerful cast. This is too bad.

Is the Watch by the Rhine made of German silver?

Owing to the late severe Frost at a certain theatre, it is said that a certain lady is suffering from an acute attack of Nerve-algia.

The Sun's First Duty on Rising—To strike a light.

A Woman's Bow Ideal—The marriage tie.

A Saint for a Sailor—Saint Salt-Peter.

"It's forty years, my old friend John, since we were boys together." "Is it?—well, don't speak so loud, there's that young widow in the next room."

A Scentry Box—Rimmel's.

Light is a most successful burglar, it is always breaking in upon some one.

We are told "the evening wore on," but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day?

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

GOING TO AMERICA.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

ESSEL BELL, OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The voice of Essel Bell, aged twelve, the orphan child of the Thousand Islands, somewhere far away in America, who came to Scotland two years ago, is heard from the top of the cliffs, up Ogleburn glen, high above the lyn, crying in distress:

"Baby! where is the baby? Over the rocks with something that snatched it away. A great grey eagle, I do believe it was."

And ten minutes later, from a ledge of rock fifty feet below, to which she has fallen, with a projection of turf and bush:

"Help, somebody. Mercy on baby and me, for my leg is broken."

Gipseys from the camp at foot of the Ogle, cutting broom among the rocks, hear the cries. And women at mid-day milking at top of the Lady's Walk hear, and run to help, waving their aprons and shrilly shouting:

"Hoo shoo! Hoo shoo the gled! Where is the infant? Where is Essel?"

Nancy Fair is first on the cliffs, but sees no bird of prey, nor the babe. In terror she has a glimpse of Essel clinging to a bush on the point of a rock far down the precipice. She calls, and the child replies:

"Something snatched away baby from where I laid it to sleep. Help me, Nancy, for my leg is broken."

The shepherd lad, Boy Roy Reuben, comes leaping over bushes, tearing through the holly hedge, his dogs Flowery and Ringy yelping and barking. Hearing the maidens say an eagle has been there, he cries:

"Where is the eagle? I saw one on Cocklaw hill. Most likely it has one of my lambs."

"Worse than that, Roy Reuben, the eagle has flown away with the infant."

"Gracious, Nancy! What infant?"

"The blessed English little thing the woman, Mrs. Ashe, brought here; Edith Ogleburn's babe, Lady Lillymere they say she is now by right, as I hope she is, precious darling. Though how she is not nursing it—Reuben, run to the tinkler's camp at foot of the Ogle. Send help. Run to Branxton for cart-ropes and ladders. Run to Ogleburn town, send the weavers and all the folk. Run, Boy Roy, run like a man."

Boy Roy Reuben, with the speed of his swift dogs, is half-way down the Lady's Walk, while the maid yet speaks.

Stretching over the cliff as far as she dares, farther than is safe, Nancy entreats the child to hold firm by the hazel bush:

"Do not be feared, Essel. Courage, darling Essel. Hold by the bush and look up, do not look down. Ropes and men and ladders will soon be here, Roy is away for them, running like wild."

The weavers arrive, and most people of the "town," for so the hamlet of less than half a hundred houses is termed; the minister and his man, the lame schoolmaster, the tumultuous school let loose. Blind Captain John, of the Royal Navy, led by the hand, and his brother Captain William, with but one leg. Gipseys from the camp—their children and dogs. Salt Lappy brings "cuddy and creels."

And nearly as soon as most, though a reputed invalid, not out of her chamber the last eight months, Old Lady Essel, from the castle, on her galloping shelly.

"The child! The infant! Where is Essel? Where is the babe?"

"Torn limb from limb by the eagle before this, my lady, most likely."

"Who saw the eagle? Was there any eagle? Where did it fly to?"

"Up the hill, my lady, up to the moors."

"No, it came down from the moors, my lady. It flew down the Ogle. Let us divide and hunt—one company take Braidwood Howes; one the Cocklaw plantings; one Branxton meadows; the rest stay here."

"Yes," says the lady, "let brave men and boys stay and help me."

Lady Essel, of Ogleburn, once known as "Angel of the Fleet," has sailed in a man-of-war

"Avast there," she cries, "stand back, you tinklers. Minister and Dominy, please stand aside. Lappy, that is sensible to bring the creels. Give here the block and tackle, and the long cart lines,—this guy line over the outlying branch to guide the basket down the cliff. Make fast to this oak tree. This way; this is the knot that cannot slip; that loop for Essel's waist, this for mine. One creel for the babe, one for Essel; I go down in that. What do you say, Roy Reuben? Let you go down in the creel?"

"Yes, my lady. Do, my lady. Let me go over the cliff to Essel, I am not afraid."

"What if you be killed, Roy?"

"Let me be killed. Rather me than Essel. Rather me than you, my lady. I am willing to risk my life for the babe and Essel."

"So be it, Boy Roy. Get the loop around you. Into the creel."

Some looking on trembled for the lad, who might not have apprehended danger to the lady. For in addition to nautical accomplishments as "Angel of the Fleet," she was reputed at home, like all the ladies of Ogleburn lineage, to possess in her veins one drop of blood too much for a woman. Young Essel, her relative in the third generation, and Lady Lillymere, mother of the babe now lost, a relative in the second, were alleged to possess this one drop of supernatural blood. It was termed witch seed.

Boy Roy Reuben being now in the wicker basket, the lady clasps her hands, looks to heaven, and in a pious tone, says:

"In the name of Mercy go to the rescue of the two innocents." Then to the men at the tackle: "Lower away. Easy, men. Lower away. Let out the guy lines."

Presently, Boy Roy's voice is heard from the ledge, fifty feet below.

"Safe, I have her. I have Essel fast in the creel. Haul away."

At which the lady resumes:

"Pull the guy lines; clear the cliff. Gently, men. Easy. Here she comes. But where is the babe?"

Dominy Todd mutters:

"Witchcraft, as fact's death, the witch seed in the young limmer's veins protects her; that fall would have killed any Christian human creature, yet you see Essel is not hurt. No broken limb, though they said one was broken. See how she runs in the bushes and through the hedge."

Essel Bell is bruised, but cannot be restrained from wildly running, wildly wailing and weeping for the dear lost one.

At the lady's command the basket again descends, and Boy Roy Reuben comes up, but not the babe. What is to be done?

They search to Cocklaw moor; in Branxton meadow; by the Butterlaw bank; by Edin Ken's Brig; by Enderwick Castle ruins; over by Thripleton Hill, and the deep pond, where somebody saw a large grey bird rest and drink; over by Tire Carl and Sandyford Syke; up to the Mains; down to the sea. They do not find it.

But unknown to any now searching, a female stranger from England is led to the Fairy Oon in the night, and there the babe lies asleep and unhurt. On its dress is Essel Bell's locket bearing her name, playfully attached in the morning. Also, a coral bearing its own name and date of birth—Eustache DeLacy Lillymere, aged at that time ten months. Behind the shoulder is a red mark, in the form of a sword and hand, traceable, perhaps, to Edith having seen Colonel DeLacy Lillymere knighted, kneeling at the throne.

They who ascribed to witchcraft the high mental powers, scientific attainments, and exquisite beauty of the women of Ogleburn lineage, had small difficulty in admitting that the cave of the Fairy Oon—an oven of masonry in a deep recess of the rock, had been the abode of Elfin in the Elfin ages.

Pious weavers of much reading ascribed the oven to refugees in times of persecution. Latterly a Gipseys outlaw had lain in it by day, prowling around the castle walls at night. The lady was alleged to have given the outlaw one interview at her chamber window in the dead of night, which may have led to her being an invalid for eight months.

"Hang them! Hang the whole tribe of the Eccleys!" In sleep, sitting as a jurymen in a Court of Justice late at night, one of the Ogleburns had muttered the words. It was the Admiral, formerly member of parliament, nominee of Dame Dorothy Eccley, Lady of the Manor of Eccley, a decayed borough in Wiltshire. The Dame made choice of a candidate, and the "Pot-wallopers" voted for him at ten guineas a head, that is, all males aged twenty-one or upward, who had "boiled each his own pot" within the bounds of the borough for the last six weeks previous to the issue of the writ for the election.

The man under trial—it was at the Assizes in Berwick-on-Tweed—was accused of unlawfully wounding Abram Logan, of Aytun Law. He was either stealing sheep with other gipseys, killing and skinning them on the field in the night, or assisting by keeping watch on the Aytun road. The verdict was guilty, and the sentence death.

The event led to family feuds. Admiral Ogleburn fought a duel in the matter, and ceased to be member for Eccley. At a new election the Dame and the Potwallopers chose the gay, chivalrous, dashing cavalry officer, Col. De Lacy Lillymere, presumptive heir to the Earldom of Royalfort. In the hope, some London society people alleged, that the Colonel might be matched in marriage with Dorothy Eccley's sister's daughter, the high-born, imperious, beauteous Lady Mary Mortimer.

De Lacy Lillymere, instead of accepting that high alliance, saw Edith Ogleburn, and felt the affinity of his destiny. But more astounding to Dame Dorothy Eccley than that,

the Colonel voted in Parliament for a motion of inquiry having in view the disfranchisement of the borough and all such places as old political nuisances.

"Hang them all! Hang the whole tribe of the Eccleys!" The words rang through the country as a political cry. And the gipseys would have been executed at Berwick but for Dame Dorothy. On her proud Tory knees she bent before the throne, venerable, grey, impassioned in petition, imploring that the convict might not be executed, that disgrace might not fall on the name of Eccley.

And the gipseys were reprieved, to be transported beyond seas, or at the lady's option imprisoned for life. Imprisonment being preferred, the farther concession was obtained of immuring him in an "Iron Cage." This was erected in the gardens, beside the splendid conservatory, at Eccley Manor. It was a pavilion of crystal and gilded metal; richly painted, sumptuously furnished.

To lay a sixpence at the root of every tree in Ogleburn woods, the sixpences to be gathered by the old mortgagees, the Scoolers of Edinburgh, now of London, was a condition to which the Laird of three generations ago subjected himself and successors. All the land belonged to the Scoolers now except the castle and a park, and that also might lapse at the death of the elderly Mrs. Essel Ogleburn, termed by courtesy Lady Essel. To acquire the requisite sixpences members of the family had gone to India, to America, to London, into commerce, into law, into the army, into the navy. They died, or failed in trade, or came home shattered by war; none rich enough to redeem the estate. The Scoolers planted more and more trees on waste spaces, but were prohibited from enforcing the arable lands.

It was to redeem her inheritance, thus strangely imperiled, that Lady Essel built Ogleburn "town," a hamlet of forty houses, peopled chiefly with weavers; provided looms and yarn, bleached and marketed the linen they wove. But new inventions, elsewhere, brought handloom weavers to penury.

When Mrs. Ashe, the babe's nurse, returned from seeing a militia review, with Lucy Lee, Essel Bell's governess, dreadful words of accusation escaped her in passionate anguish. "That was the reason for Miss Essel being kept at home, and I urged, persuaded against my will, to leave the darling with her. Lest of accidents at the review, indeed! Essel was so fond of the baby, forsooth! And my lady, who is reported to have performed such wonders at the cliffs, an invalid in her own room for eight months, except when giving audience at midnight to a gipseys at her window. That I witnessed with my own eyes."

The child Essel Bell, an orphan born in America, sent home to Ogleburn by strangers—they alleged in charity—was under the care and tuition of Lucy Lee. Miss Essel and governess, and Mrs. Ashe with the Lillymere babe, walked on fine days to the hill among the heather. Once she playfully built a castle in the air, the shepherd lad, Roy Reuben, standing by.

"Do you see the golden clouds and the sun, Roy, far out in the West? My native land lies under that dazzling sun. I often dream I am there, and know a lake in my dreams with many islands, and one island contains a rock of gold. You hire with me, Roy, be my servant, go over the ocean with me, and search for the islands in the lake, and then for the rock of gold. I, lady of the golden mine, shall command, and you will dig, and dig up gold, and load my ships. The King will give me a shipload of sixpences in London in exchange. Then we shall come to Ogleburn and lay a sixpence at the root of every tree. And I shall be rightful lady of the castle and all the land between here and the sea. A lady so rich as to be almost a princess."

Says Mrs. Ashe: "You would be, or should be, Lady Roy Reuben if he dug the gold from the earth, guarding you and the treasure all the time."

The governess pronounced this improper conversation for so young a lady. And Essel, with the haughty instinct of her race, acquiesced in the impropriety by silence, and by a contemptuous look at the rustic dress of poor Roy Reuben. But she continued to caress Ringy and Flowery, the dogs, a condescension dearly esteemed by the shepherd boy.

"Putting one thing and another together," says Dominy Todd in the smithy, making a diagram of the Ogleburn family tree on the floor with his crutch, "Essel Bell stands here, just on this twig of the American branch. So, you observe, she has an interest in the inheritance. The creature thought, or may have thought, she could advance herself by dealing unfairly with this babe, Lillymere, the true heir. The eagle story was, very likely is, an invention of the artful creature."

"Shame, Dominy, shame," Thomas Ramage, the smith, rejoins. "Our Peggy says she is a tender-hearted innocent thing, not artful. The lad Roy saw the eagle come down from the hills."

"He may say that. Likely enough Roy Reuben is a confederate. Essel and Boy Roy associated too much on the hill, reading together and lending books to one another. And that governess riding harum-scarum

through the country on horseback, set her up! If they had kept a good pair of taws and given the limmer her scults, as she would have got at my school, they would have cured her of following Boy Roy Reuben to the hill. No, the eagle tale will not serve to tell again."

"But the tinklers, camped in the Ogle, saw the eagle."

"The tinklers! they are likely enough accomplices. Nothing more likely."

"Essel was never at your school, Dominy, else you would have known her better. That young thing, innocent, spotless in character, as we all know her, so winsome and so bonny, how could a young creature like Essel Bell plan and carry out such a horrid plot as the abduction or death of this babe?"

"The old witch, Lady Essel, may have planned it. And that governess, Lucy Lee, very likely got the nurse away purposely, who knows but she did?"

And so the story grew. It spread down to the sea, up to the hills. The Procurator Fiscal heard it and privately inquired, but, discovering no facts, took no action.

Yet, that even suspicions should have arisen, that the Fiscal should have presumed to listen to it an instant, was a deep affront to the old lady of Ogleburn. To gentle, sensitive Essel Bell it was a shock of humiliation and fear.

Suddenly Essel was missing. She had taken but scant change of dress. None knew where she had gone. A few days later Boy Roy Reuben disappeared with Ringy and Flowery, after quietly disposing of his small property, two ewes and three lambs, which grazed with his master's flock as wages. It was said the minister advanced the price, counselling the lad to leave the country without delay.

(To be continued.)

MARK TWAIN ON CHAMBERMAIDS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And they use more hair oil than any six men.

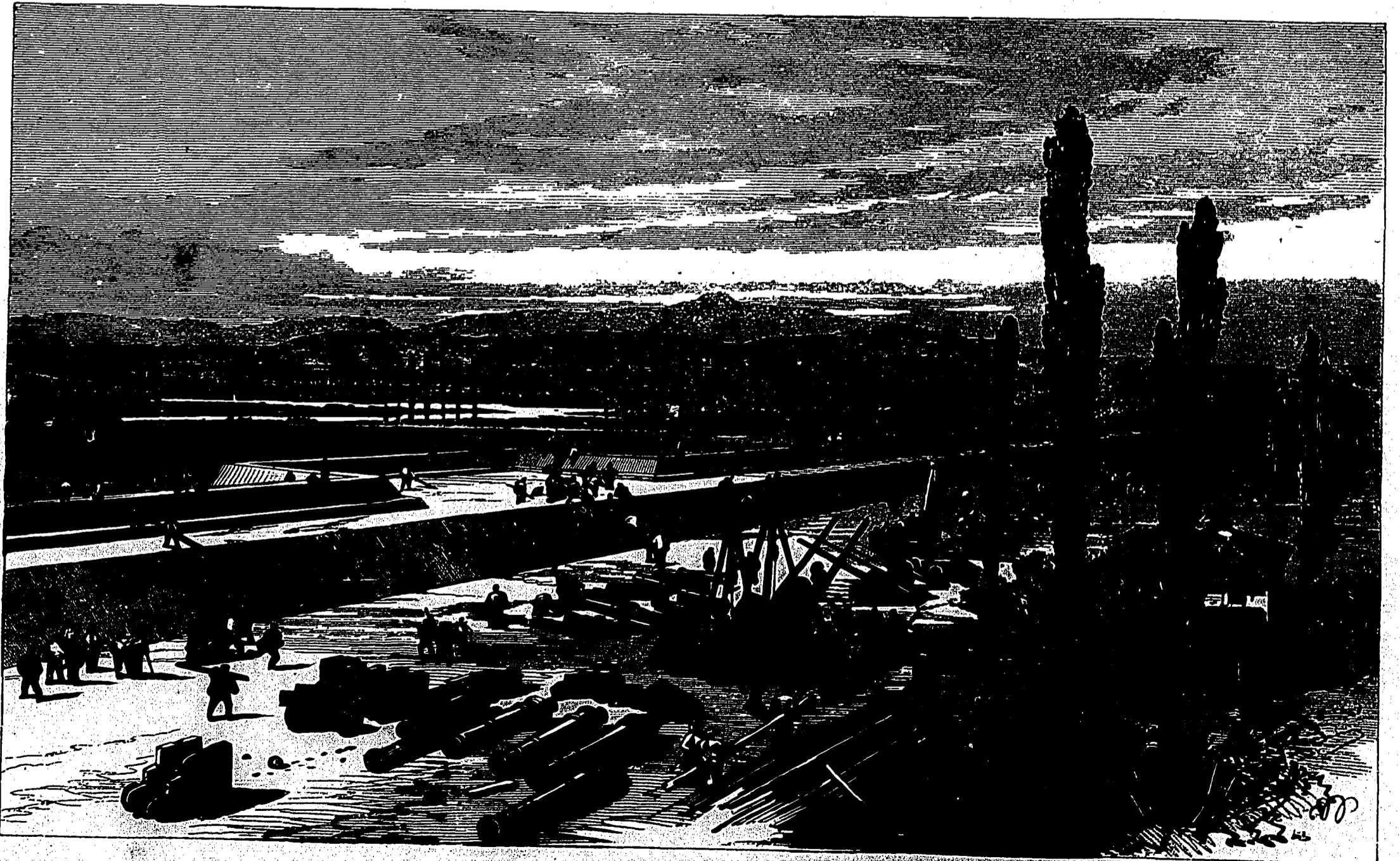
They keep always coming to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony upon you, but after you get up, they don't come any more till the next day.

In England the Postal Card system is not popular, and the New York *Evening Post* says:—"The English Post Office authorities are getting heartily sick of this novelty in correspondence, which can accomplish little good, and is productive of no end of trouble. The number of cards thrown into the London offices is so immense that the postmen cannot possibly deliver them, and the system is made the cheap medium of secret communications in cryptography and sympathetic inks. Experience has abundantly shown in this city that facilities for clandestine correspondence are not in the interest of good morals. What is wanted here is cheap postage for honest correspondents, not a new-fangled method of transmitting frivolous or improper messages at half price."

The Admiralty have recommended to the Treasury that a special pension of £500 per annum should be allowed to the widow of the late Captain Cowper Coles.



THE OCTROI GATE, VERSAILLES



EXTENDING THE FORTIFICATIONS OF LYONS.



CHRISTMAS IN THE FATHERLAND.

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HILDA;

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

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

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

Alas, no! In the eye that met hers in that rapid look she had seen recognition. What would he do? would he speak to her? would the secret so carefully guarded from her relatives, as well as from the world, be soon revealed? Oh those moments! how fraught with agony to her, while to those around how full of enjoyment. If she only could leave the Hall unseen while it was darkened! If she could steal away! The thought seized upon her mind so forcibly that it would not be dismissed. She would try. Mark Berkeley was sitting next her; they were at one end of the bench; they could leave without disturbing anyone. Telling him in a low voice that she felt ill she begged him to take her to the hotel. He immediately complied. Quietly and unnoticed she and Mark passed from the Hall, and taking a cab soon reached the Rossin House. Leaving her there Mark returned to the exhibition.

Once in her own apartment Hilda began to breathe more freely, and to indulge the hope that the threatened danger had passed. Dudley would no doubt miss her from the Hall when it was relighted. He would not, she feared, think he had mistaken another face for hers, but as her relatives were not known to him he would not be able to recognize the party with whom he had seen her, unless—ah! she had forgotten that he would certainly know Sir Gervase Montague.

Would he follow him and the Berkeleys to the hotel? would he find out she was there and demand an interview?

Late into the hours of that miserable night Hilda sat alone, thinking anxious thoughts and indulging in wild passionate regret. The painful excitement of her feelings completely banished sleep; the blessedness of quiet rest, such as Thérèse was enjoying in the same room, was not for her, tortured with such dark forebodings.

The clock of a neighbouring church had struck two hours after midnight; the deep murmur of the city was hushed. Scarcely a sound broke the stillness without, and in the hotel, too, all was quiet; its inmates seemed buried in repose.

Seated at the open window of her apartment Hilda looked out upon the night, welcoming the cool breeze which fanned her feverish brow. The room which she and Thérèse occupied was in an upper story of the Rossin House. As there were many strangers in Toronto the hotels were crowded, and Mrs. Berkeley's party could not find such accommodation as they wished.

One small apartment, on the third floor, was given to the two young ladies, while Mrs. Berkeley, Sir Gervase Montague, and Mark occupied apartments in a different part of the hotel.

Hilda was still sitting at the window drinking in the summer night air, weary but sleepless, when suddenly a lurid glare shot up into the starry sky. With a cry of alarm she looked out and saw vivid jets of flame bursting through some of the windows in the lower part of the hotel.

The Rossin House was on fire. The fearful element had been silently doing its work of destruction for some time, while the inmates slept unconscious of their danger. For a few moments Hilda lay back in her chair, as if stunned by the sudden peril.

At length she was roused by a shriek from Thérèse. The crimson light shining into the room made her instantly conscious of their situation as she suddenly awoke, and she gave way to her feelings with childish abandonment. Calmed a little by the assumed composure of Hilda she hastily dressed herself; then both prepared to leave their apartment and seek the rest of their party. On opening their door they found the passage outside filled with smoke, absolutely suffocating from its density and coming up from the hall below. To descend the stairs, therefore, was impossible. Safety was not to be found in that direction.

Hastily, therefore, they retreated into their apartment, shutting the door to exclude the choking smoke, which they already felt affecting their breathing; so that they were obliged to rush to the window and lean out to inhale the purer atmosphere without. Already the fire-alarm had sounded. The city was waking up to the threatening danger; the fire companies were arriving, and anxious spectators were filling the streets.

"But where are Mark and Sir Gervase?"

Thérèse vehemently exclaimed. "Why do they not come to help us? Do they think we can save ourselves?"

"Have patience, Thérèse; you must give them time; we shall be rescued; don't be afraid, they will not forget us. In the meanwhile you had better collect your jewellery; you can at least save that."

"Oh, it can be saved with the luggage," Thérèse carelessly observed.

"The luggage must be lost," said her cousin curtly. "You cannot expect anyone to risk his life to save that."

"Then what shall I do for my wardrobe," asked Thérèse with dismay. "All my beautiful dresses, and that exquisite French bonnet you said was so becoming. Do you really think I must lose all, Hilda," she added with childish regret.

"I am afraid you must, Thérèse. If we are saved ourselves it is as much as we have a right to expect," was her cousin's grave reply.

Some ten minutes passed, which seemed to the excited cousins as so many hours, and now Sir Gervase Montague was seen among the crowd below, directing the attention of the firemen to the part of the hotel where they were.

A cry of pity ran through the crowd when it was known that two young ladies were in an upper room of the burning building waiting to be rescued, and the window at which the two figures were seen distinctly in the brilliant fire-light soon became the centre of attraction to many pitying eyes. A ladder was brought and hastily placed so as to reach the window. As soon as it was secured Sir Gervase stepped eagerly forward with the intention of being the first to ascend.

With breathless interest Hilda watched these proceedings, her heart beating tumultuously with the expectation that she would soon be in safety, rescued by the man she loved. But now what stills that heart's emotion! what makes her shiver with sudden fear and sink fainting into a chair?

A man is seen to start suddenly from the crowd and, dashing before the Baronet, spring up the steps of the ladder with the agility of which only a sailor is capable. Incensed and surprised Sir Gervase closely followed, and both men entered the room almost at the same moment. Quickly both approached the insensible Hilda, each determined on rescuing her unmindful of Thérèse.

"Stand aside!" burst in the deep tones of powerful emotion from the stranger as he placed himself before Sir Gervase. "Save the other lady! this one is my care, the right to save her life is mine alone!" Then, lifting up Hilda with tender care, he folded her passionately in his arms, and passing through the window carefully descended the ladder.

Sir Gervase recoiled and stood like one petrified. The words just uttered revealed the tie that bound that man to her so fondly loved. How humiliating the discovery! how maddening the thought that she was legally the wife of him—bound by the marriage ceremony, by the vows she had tacitly taken to one so entirely un-fitted to her. Death only could sever that tie, his icy hand alone release her from the cruel bondage.

The voice of Thérèse Berkeley recalled his wandering thoughts. She had been regarding him wonderingly. She had not distinctly heard the words that burst from the stranger who carried away her cousin, but she saw that Sir Gervase was strangely moved.

"Will you assist me to descend the ladder," she asked, somewhat resentfully, "or must I call to some one below to come and help me?"

Muttering some apology for his apparent neglect, the Baronet carefully assisted Thérèse to descend and gave her into her brother's care. He then looked anxiously around for Miss Tremayne and saw her still supported in the arms of Dudley, while Mrs. Berkeley was chafing her hands and trying to restore animation. Recovering from her death-like swoon to find herself still in the arms of Dudley, Hilda shivered and closed her eyes again to shut out that passionate reproachful gaze. The Baronet saw the expression of strong repugnance in that quickly closed eye, and his deepest sympathy was awakened for the unhappy Hilda. Involuntarily he approached to snatch her from the encircling arms of the stranger—whom he now recognized as the man whose life he had saved at Innismoyne—but the dread of a scene, should he rouse the husband's jealousy, restrained him. Mark now approached and begged Dudley to restore the lady to his care.

Without saying a word Dudley complied. He had felt the shrinking of that loved form, he had seen the look of aversion in the eye that met his for a moment, and he knew instinctively that Hilda's feelings towards him were unchanged. Quickly turning away to hide the rush of wild regret this thought caused him he disappeared among the crowd.

The next day Mrs. Berkeley and her party left Toronto. On reaching Montreal Sir Gervase bade them a reluctant adieu and proceeded to join his regiment in Quebec.

It was some time before Hilda recovered from the effects of her mental suffering on that miserable night. The excitement of the fire was nothing compared with the shock the unexpected appearance of Dudley caused her.

On his account too she grieved deeply. She could not help feeling that gratitude which his generous conduct—again displayed—so well deserved. The expression of his face haunted her. He looked much altered; he was suffering. She could see that! and she was the cause! But was she not suffering too! how deeply none could tell! And Sir Gervase was wretched, during their brief intercourse she observed that! There were times when his countenance betrayed by its deep dejection the secret sorrow which had wrecked his hopes of earthly happiness. Poor Hilda, the burden of her blighted life seemed too heavy for her to bear. In the pathway of duty alone might she find rest for her troubled heart. Again she made resolutions never to see the Baronet, but to lead a life of seclusion lest she might be thrown once more into his society, hoping that by keeping steadily in the road of self-denial she might find peace, that was all she could hope for now; happiness such as others enjoyed was not for her—never indeed had been hers through her miserable childhood and her blighted youth!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A FATAL SURPRISE.

It was a pleasant day in winter, the snow, that had fallen so noiselessly but steadily through the night, had moderated the intense cold, while it spread its glittering mantle over the face of nature, wrapping the piles of architecture in the City of Montreal, its squares and its thoroughfares, its abodes of luxury and poverty, its mountain and its river in one spotless robe of glistening white. The hour was noon, the sun from his meridian height was flooding the scene with light and making it dazzling.

Before the garden-gate of Mrs. Osburne's house in Rue St. Dominique a sleigh was waiting. Blanche was seen at the window of the pleasant parlour, but the lovely face no longer wore its bright expression, the brow was clouded with some great trouble, and the polished cheek was wet with many tears. Soon Mrs. Osburne came out, warmly wrapped up—it was for her the sleigh was waiting. Blanche followed her to the garden-gate, weeping, yet whispering words of comfort. As Mrs. Osburne was about to get into the sleigh, her niece clung to her as if unwilling to let her go, seized suddenly with some presentiment of evil. Are not such feelings often experienced previously to the coming sorrow, as if its darkness shadowed us before it fell?

"Let me go, Blanche! It is my only hope now to avert this dreadful evil. He will sympathize with my grief; a mother's tears must touch his heart—he is himself a parent." Then kissing her niece fondly, Mrs. Osburne stepped into the sleigh, and gave the driver directions to take her to the counting-house of Berkeley & Son.

And now she is being carried swiftly through the crowded streets, her veil closely drawn over her pallid face to shut out the glad brightness, for to her heavy heart the sun seems shining but in mockery of her trouble. A day of storm and gloom would have been more in accordance with her present feelings, for the gloom of a great trial had shrouded the light of joy from Mrs. Osburne. Like the widow of old, she was mourning an only son, not one removed by the hand of the King of Terrors, but lost by a moral death.

Stephen Osburne had fallen. He who had held such a high place in the opinion of his employers and fellow-clerks had sunk in their opinion, lost their confidence, and become disgraced in the eyes of the world. Lured by the voice of the Tempter into the forbidden path of sinful indulgence, he had in an evil hour staked and lost his employer's money at the billiard-table, and was now in prison waiting his trial for this fraudulent act. In the bitterness of his disappointment at his cousin's preference of Mark Berkeley, he had sought to drown his sorrow in the inebriating cup, and from this step in the downward course his descent into the abyss of ruin was easy.

It was only that morning that the knowledge of Stephen's arrest reached Mrs. Osburne and Blanche. His absence from home on the preceding night had grieved, but not surprised them. It was not the first time they had listened in vain for the returning step of the erring one. But little did they dream that Stephen was spending that night in prison, a prey to anguish and remorse.

The intelligence well-nigh crushed the wretched mother. Indeed she might have sunk under it were it not for the hope suggested by Blanche that Mr. Berkeley might be induced to pardon the unhappy culprit. To endeavour to move him to pity, to implore him to withdraw proceedings against her son, was what now brought Mrs. Osburne from her home to St. Paul Street. Surely Mr. Berkeley would yield to her entreaties. He was wealthy. The loss of two thousand dollars could not render him insensible to the demands of mercy—could not steel his heart against her appeal in behalf of her only son.

Such were the hopes that sustained the unhappy mother and nerved her to go through the trying interview now before her.

On reaching the counting-house of Berkeley & Son, she requested a young clerk with whom she was acquainted, to show her to the mer-

chant's private room. She did not ask for an interview—she feared he might refuse to see her.

Mr. Berkeley was alone, engaged in reading from foreign correspondents, when Mrs. Osburne entered unannounced. He looked up in surprise at his unexpected visitor, then started to his feet in amazement, and gazed at her with a face blanched suddenly with fear. That very plain countenance, so remarkable from the disfiguring mark on one cheek, was recognized though more than thirty years had elapsed since he last looked on it. His face became livid, he shook with over-powering agitation, and the word "Bessie" burst from his white lips in tones of intense emotion.

Mrs. Osburne's agitation on seeing him was not less remarkable. She recoiled a few paces as their eyes met, and stood breathless with eyes wildly staring, as if transfixed by the astonishment that took from her the power of speech. She had seen Mr. Berkeley before, the night of the Floral Exhibition. She had then been struck by the likeness he bore to some one she had formally known, but now the expression of his eye as it encountered hers, the surprise, the alarm, the recognition in it, but above all the tones of his voice as he pronounced her name, all assured her that he whom she thought that night she recognized was before her now—they had met at last!

Her emotion was too great for her feeble frame, weakened by sorrow, and with a faint cry she fell heavily on the floor, and lay there as one dead.

Mr. Berkeley did not at first move to assist her. He stood like one paralyzed. What was there in the appearance of that pale, sorrowing woman to cause the wealthy merchant such alarm—such strange emotion? Was it that he recognized in her one whom he had deeply injured, one whom he never thought to see again, but who had risen up now suddenly before him, to crush him with the weight of her just vengeance, to drag him down from the pinnacle on which worldly prosperity had placed him, and humble him in the dust!

Some minutes passed, and still that lifeless woman lay stretched where she had fallen, unaided, unpitied. The merchant's heart seemed suddenly turned to stone. What cared he if she never moved again. Nay, he would give half his wealth if those eyes never opened to reproach him, if those rigid lips never again moved to publish his sin.

The sound of approaching footsteps at length roused him to the necessity of appearing to do something towards her recovery. Pale, and trembling like a woman, he lifted up the lifeless form of Mrs. Osburne and placed her on a couch, sprinkling water on the death-like face and chafing the cold hands. But the rigid features never moved, the closed eyelids remained sealed as if in death.

A sudden hope thrilled the heart of Mr. Berkeley, and a gleam of selfish joy flashed over his troubled face. She must be dead! there was no pulse, not the faintest throbb of the sad heart.

With a great display of alarm he called for aid and sent in haste for a physician. He did not fear the presence of others now. He believed those white lips would never unclose to proclaim his villainy to the world.

In a few minutes Dr. H—, who happened to be passing, was in the room, and using means to restore animation. Very anxiously did Mr. Berkeley watch the result, dreading lest the skill of the physician might be successful. But nothing could re-animate that form now, life was indeed extinct. The violent rush of emotion had stilled the broken heart for ever.

An inquiry into the cause of her sudden death at once took place. Mr. Berkeley, with apparent sorrow and regret, stated that Mrs. Osburne had come to intercede with him for her son,—he intuitively knew that this was what brought her. She had begged him not to proceed against him, and on his refusing to comply, grief had overpowered her, and she had sunk fainting to the floor before he could move to prevent it. This statement seemed so probable that it was universally believed. Dr. H— declared that her fall had caused immediate death, which was evident from the severe contusion on her temple. Thus the public mind was satisfied with regard to the cause of this melancholy event. Some blamed Mr. Berkeley for his want of clemency, and pronounced him hard-hearted to deny the mother's petition. But most people justified his refusal to withdraw legal proceedings against her son.

Scarcely more than an hour after Mrs. Osburne left her home she was carried to a corpse, and poor Blanche, in her anguish, declared she knew something dreadful was going to happen, her presentiment of evil was so strong. That day Mr. Berkeley performed an act, which was considered noble by his fellow-merchants, but which the benevolent part of the community regretted he had not consented to do some hours before. He procured the release of Stephen Osburne, by refusing to proceed against him. He did even more, he offered to reinstate him in his former situation in his counting-house, believing that the remembrance of his mother's melancholy death would be like a talisman to guard him from

temptation, and that her memory, like a holy influence, would keep him henceforth in the straight path.

This was considered a very imprudent step by those who knew Stephen's late dissipated habits, and they thought such a proceeding strange on the part of Mr. Berkeley, but they knew nothing of the undercurrent of remorseful feeling—the real motive actuating the repentant man.

To be continued.

NOTICE.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Partnership (Limited) heretofore existing between WILLIAM AUGUSTUS LEGGO and GEORGE EDWARD DESBARATS, under the firm of LEGGO & CO. was dissolved by mutual consent on the 31st DECEMBER last.

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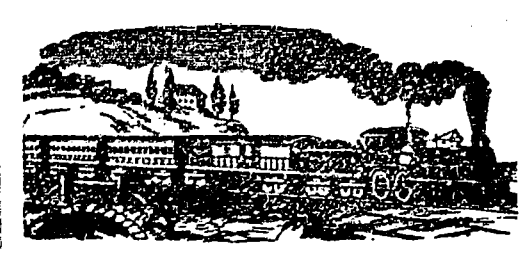
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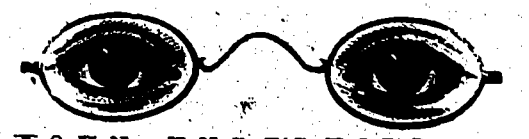
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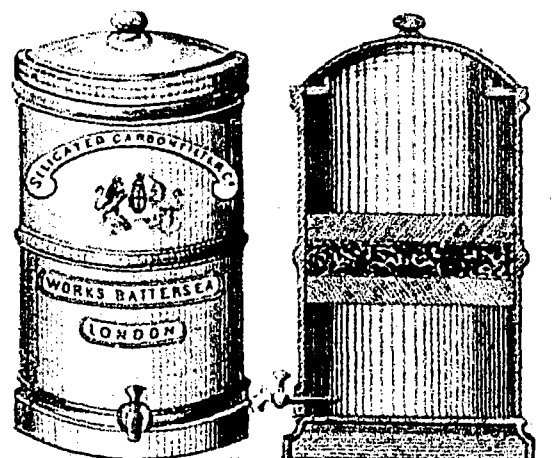
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